

ASSURANCES.

ETAT ANNUEL

Compagnie d'Assurances TEUTONIA.

DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS, LNE.

Conformément aux dispositions de sa charte, cette compagnie publie l'état suivant de ses affaires pour l'année terminée le 31 décembre 1895.

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THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

PROFESSOR BUMBO JONES LECTURES ON 'WHY AR' DIS THUS'

It Was a Great Lecture and Something Dropped and Brother Gardner Even Hinted That They Had Gotten Hold of the Wrong Man.

When the found of the triangle had called the meeting to order, Professor Gardner arose and said that Professor Bumbo Jones, the colored Henry Clay of the club, was waiting to deliver a lecture before the club on "Why Ar' Dis Thus?" There was no telling how it would pan out, but he thought the club might change it, and therefore ordered the reception committee to show the gentlemen in.

Yes, but why did you go to bed long 'bout half past 9 o'clock. If we have a settee on hand, it may be two hours later. If I ax you what you go to bed for, you answer, to sleep. What do you sleep for? You reply dat it is because nature intended you to sleep.

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A WINDY TALE.

Meeting of the North and South Wind and Why They Moved.

The north wind and the south. Both of them old in icicles and possessing that quality which makes men hunt a fire.

On an empty lot in the east end they met and struggled for supremacy. It was night.

And the darkness was about in large jumps. The local weather prophets had predicted a warm wave. Consequently every one had bought coal and weather strips and prepared for excessive cold—every one who had a close acquaintance with the prophets, that is to say, and understood from experience their ways and means.

The two winds wrestled and sang and howled at each other, sweeping the snow up into piles in the corner of the lot.

It was a corner lot, anyway. A gray bearded old billygoat who lived thereabout held his head high for a few seconds as the Greco-African wrestling match began, and then, with a gentle beat, took his whiskers, and he didn't want them snatched through.

The mud in the streets crackled and snapped as it froze in solid chunks, while the furnaces in the houses puffed and smoked in their endeavor to creep up into the chimneys and quit work. The hired man and girl huddled closer to the fire in the kitchen and told stories of people freezing to death on such nights as this over in the "old country."

Then they hugged closer still. Inside the sitting room the father of the household was reading his paper and rocking the cradle with one foot.

The man of the family had gone to council meeting and would not be back until late, she had said.

The year was 1890. Suddenly the front steps ceased snapping.

Before and After. He—I came here tonight with the distinct idea of proposing to you.

She—I am simply delighted. He (eagerly)—Then you will accept me? She—I didn't say so, did I? I said I was delighted.

He—But— She—Then you refuse me? He—What do you expect me to do? She—Something original. I am tired of all the old ways. One gets that way, you know.

He—I might begin with a statement of my assets and liabilities, would you? She—That is very crisscrossed.

He—True. Suppose I should ask you to be my settee on hand, it may be two hours later. If I ax you what you go to bed for, you answer, to sleep. What do you sleep for? You reply dat it is because nature intended you to sleep.

She—Worse and worse. I can't imagine anything more commonplace. Besides, I wouldn't be yours.

He—Then you refuse me? She—You haven't proposed yet. He—But you have anticipated me. She—Not at all. Even if I married I wouldn't agree to be yours—that is, not altogether.

He—One half? She—You forget you haven't proposed yet.

He—And everything I've said goes for naught? She (somewhat uncertain)—Why, or course.

He—Then I've changed my mind. She—About what? He—(taking her hand)—About proposition of coal.

She—Then what are you going to do? He—Kiss you. She—What, sir, before we are engaged? He (seizing the action to the word)—No. Afterward.

She—You horrid, mean, despicable thing!—Truth.

Reuter Wit. In the town of B—, Conn., there is a factory where yarn is made. A stranger approaching the town one day in a buggy pulled up his horse close to a farmer who was digging potatoes on the other side of the fence.

"Can you tell me where the yarn mill is?" inquired the stranger. "Certainly," was the reply. "Keep straight on till you come to the drink-ing fountain. Right opposite is a wooden block with three doors. The middle door is the one you want."

"Thank you," said the stranger and drove on. In due time he came to the fountain and sought the middle door of the wooden block, and it led him up stairs to the office of the local newspaper. The other two doors led to a factory which was looking, by half a mile beyond, — Youth's Companion.

A Man of Honor. The saloon door flew open, and the ragged gentleman struck the sidewalk with indignation, and all of his person from his heels to his hat.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the facetious passerby. "Do? Do, sir? Nothing. Do you think I would imbibe my hands in the blood of a common whiskey seller's hireling? If he were only a gentleman!"

And the ragged gentleman looked at the murder and sudden death. — Indianapolis Journal.

The Power of the Eye. Blazley—I was coming down town in a car this morning, and the conductor came along and looked at me as if I hadn't paid my fare.

Blazley—What did you do? Blazley—I looked at him as if I had. — Roxbury Gazette.

Why Not? Nell—Charlie Sotleigh is a perfect slave to that Smith girl. He is tied to her apron strings.

Belle—Well, why shouldn't a girl love several strings to her beau? — Philadelphia Record.

A Foxy Man. Mrs. Hicks—I'd like to know what you could have to say to that diabolical looking dog outside.

Hicks—I told him if your puddle got lost to come around and I would give him a dollar. — Truth.

With Illustrations to Follow. Muggins—Why is Newtlywed so unpopular? He seems to have lost all his friends.

Buggins—Well, you see, his baby is just at that age when it does funny things for its father to tell about. — Philadelphia Record.

Always the Way. "Plenty of presents up at your house, I suppose? What ones did your boy like best?"

"Those that our neighbor's boy received." — New York Recorder.

SKETCHES BY M. QUAD

An Honest Lot.

I was standing in front of The World building the other day when an old man stopped to say:

"Stranger, I've got all turned around in your town. How do I get to the Bowery?"

"I pointed out the way and added that he'd better be a bit careful how he knocked around among the fakirs."

"Oh, I ain't afraid of 'em!" he exclaimed as he patted me on the shoulder. "When I got into town the other day, I was a little afraid I might be robbed or loused, and so I asked a man to keep \$10 for me till I called for it."

"You asked a perfect stranger to take \$10 for you?" I gasped.

"Why, of course! I kin tell an honest man when I see one. I'm going down on the Bowery after the money now."

"And you expect to find the man?" "Sartinly. Why not? He said he'd take it to oblige me."

"Well, you must be heard of Innocentville sure enough! I never heard of a man being quite so green!"

"Here's his name and number written on a card," said the old man who produced it. "He didn't look like a man who'd swindle anybody."

"Perhaps he didn't to you, but you have been played for a ten. You ought to have known better."

"Then I've been swindled, oh?" "Of course."

"Stranger, I can't believe it. Every body I've met 'peared to be honest folks. Mobo you'd like to go along with me and see if it's all right?"

I had a curiosity to see how the thing would turn out, and accompanied the soft old man. We found the number to be a saloon and the name to belong to one of the bartenders, and the innocent held out his hand and said:

"Mamma, didn't the vicar say that the natives of Gungalooloo wore no clothes?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then why did papa put a button in the bag?" — Punch.

ping as they got colder and colder and whispered to the solid door mat:

"What was that?" "What was what?" demanded the mat with a shiver.

"That noise from the other side of the house. It sounded like something falling."

"The door mat listened. "It is nothing but the eaves dropping." "It is said as an icicle clattered down on the walk."

"Oh," said the steps with a sickly smile, "I thought perhaps it was the masonry in the thermometer getting the cold on the bulb."

And the winds moved their wrestling match on two blocks. — Cincinnati Enquirer.

Unpardonable Presumption. "You know how people that live in that two story house across the way—the Gumposors, or some such name?"

"Yes, I know them when I see them."

"I have a passing acquaintance with them. Speak to them when I meet any of them on the street. Well, one of the girls stopped me while I was out walking the other morning. She said, 'Miss Hixley, your house wasn't broken into last night and robbed, was it?'"

"No, why?" And she said: "I'm glad to hear it. I dreamed last night somebody had got into your house through the kitchen window and stolen ever so many valuable things. Think of the presumption of it! Dreaming about us! And they aren't in our set at all." — Chicago Tri-Week.

Shrewd. Muggins—Why is Newtlywed so unpopular? He seems to have lost all his friends.

Buggins—Well, you see, his baby is just at that age when it does funny things for its father to tell about. — Philadelphia Record.

Always the Way. "Plenty of presents up at your house, I suppose? What ones did your boy like best?"

"Those that our neighbor's boy received." — New York Recorder.

THE BICYCLE GIRL.

She glides like a dream from my vision

In the morning all dewy and gray. She glides like a dream from my vision. A nymph from the gardens of Elysium. Past meadows and fountains and flowers. Of birds all melodious swells. My heart beats the silvery strings. Of the beautiful bicycle bells.

She's a bicycle, bicycle girl. With hair of the loveliest curl. She's fresher than clover. My heart beats the silver strings. Of the beautiful bicycle bells.

Her cheeks with the crimson in glowing. With all that the rose could impart. Her dress like a daisy in blowing. A kiss and a curl to her hair. Past meadows, where wild lilies are waving. Their way, over velvet swards. She glides, with a rosy ring. Of the silvery bicycle bells.

She's a bicycle, bicycle girl. With hair of the loveliest curl. She's fresher than clover. My heart beats the silver strings. Of the beautiful bicycle bells.

Notices. Dolly De Mure—(Charles) she was trying to kiss me behind the screen. (Charles) I wondered why you were so queer.—Truth.

Princess Bismarck and the Doctor. Princess Bismarck is fond of asking questions, but does not like to answer them. On one occasion the chancellor called in a young physician who, indifferently proceeded to put him through an exhaustive professional examination.

Bismarck became impatient and finally declared he would not answer another question.

"Very well," calmly replied the doctor. "If you do not want to be questioned, you had better send for a substitute. He is accustomed to treat his patients with out requiring answers from them on any question."

The anxiety of the young doctor caused the chancellor to remain dumb for a moment. He then said: "If you are not satisfied with my answer, you may send for a great physician." — Louis A. Miller.

Would Accept Blanks. A rural visitor at a Fourth avenue restaurant the other day had his first experience with a waiter who, having stumbled upon them, ordered the waiter to take a face and seemed to be very well pleased with the flavor of the waiter's face. "You was his power of water consumption that he kept his waiter at a steady pace between his table and the kitchen. Even then the waiter didn't get as fast enough to keep up with the waiter's pace and he made this helpful suggestion to the waiter."

"Say, mister, bring your own paper a little faster, can't you? They're pokin' good eatin, and I ain't got to stop till I get plum full. Tell that fellow out here he needn't stop puttin' that printing on 'em, 'st 'st send 'em to the platform." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

No Alligators. An Amer can naval officer, visiting the bath in a cyclone, asked a native how he knew there were no alligators in the bay. "There's no alligators here," replied the native. "I've been to the bay and I've seen 'em." — Chicago Tribune.

Entirely Different. "I always call that dog of mine Lame Conclusions," remarked the contrary man. "Because?"

"I know," interrupted the amiable man. "Because he doesn't follow. Ha! Ha! Very good! Very!"

"Not at all, sir. Not at all. I call him that because he has a broken tail." — Chicago Tribune.

An Ardent Wooer. "Give me one kiss at parting, dear," said young Mr. Dukane to his sweetheart. "Give me but one, and I'll ask for no more."

"But you won't be satisfied with one," replied the maiden.

"True, but I'll take the rest without asking." — Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Adaptation. "Are you," she finally faltered, "ready to take a chance?"

"Can you doubt me?" he asked so teasingly.

"Almost everything is adulterated nowadays," she murmured. — Detroit Tribune.

How It Affects Them. Mr. Poplough reading The Ladies' Nursery Bulletin—it says here that goats' milk isn't good for babies.

Mrs. Poplough—And why? Mr. Poplough—it makes them head strong. — New York World.

Likely. Nell—I guess that doctor of mine will give us something to stop the baby's crying now.

"Well—Why? Nell—I'm going to move next door to him. — Brooklyn Life.

As It Is Generally. Miss Chitrous—Do you believe all the disgusting things you read in the newspapers?

Miss Gossip—I do if they're about people I know. — Amusing Journal.

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