

THE JOHNS BUDGET.

WATS AND YARN BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

That Little Loan—In Doubt—Helping Him Out—Up to Date—The Critics, Etc., Etc.

THAT LITTLE LOAN.

Hicks—Say, see here, when are you going to pay me that \$10 you owe me? Dix—Old man, I forgot all about it. I'll make a note of it now.

Hicks—Better make it a sight draft.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

IN DOUBT.

"Are you going to see the play to-night?"

"I am going to the theatre, but whether I shall see the play or only an opportunity to study the latest forms of millinery architecture I cannot tell."

HELPING HIM OUT.

He tried to kiss the maiden true, For fear that he would fail She did as we had better do— She gently drew the veil.

—[Judge.]

UP TO DATE.

First Frenchman—I would challenge you to a deadly combat but for one thing: Second Frenchman—What is that? First Frenchman—There is a clause in my insurance policy against duelling.—[New York Herald.]

THE CRITICS.

Enthusiastic Listener (as the amateur pianist concludes)—I tell you, sir, that was a rare musical treat! Matter-of-Fact Listener—Yes, I thought myself it wasn't very well done.—[Buffalo Courier.]

THE WRONG END.

Mr. Binks (something of a philosopher)—It would be less unpleasant for people to economize if they did not insist on beginning at the wrong end.

Mrs. Binks—Of course. There's Mrs. Winks, for instance. She might have gone without overshoes, and no one would notice it; but, instead of that, she went and bought a cheap bonnet.—[New York Weekly.]

PROPER PRIDE.

He—Wasn't that the Countess of Mohair that just went by? I thought you told me she was a friend of yours.

She—Oh, we meet occasionally, and all that—but I've really been obliged to drop Lady Mohair, I'm sorry to say.

He—Dear me—really. What for?

She—Oh, well—she always deliberately turns her back on me when I try to speak to her, and looks another way when I bow, or else coolly stares me in the face and takes no notice whatever—so now I make a point of cutting her dead.—[Punch.]

NOT POLITE.

He—Truth is stranger than fiction. She (insinuatingly)—It is to some persons.—[Boston Transcript.]

IN A PREDICAMENT.

Nurse—How am I to treat that little tailor who was brought to the hospital to-day? He's terribly thin, you know.

Physician—Put two mustard plasters on him—one on his chest and the other on his back.

Nurse—That's all right, but suppose the two plasters come together?—[Pittsburgh Courier.]

A LABOR-SAVING DEVICE.

Baroness—Clara, bring me that dozen pocket handkerchiefs in which I told you to mark my monogram.

Lady's Maid—Here they are, my lady.

Baroness—But how is this? You haven't marked all of them with my monogram?

Lady's Maid—Indeed, I have, my lady. I marked one with your monogram, and I marked all the others with the word "Ditto."

NEW VIEW.

American Actor—I think these foreign actors should be allowed to come into this country free of duty.

Friend—Well, I don't.

A. A.—Well, I do. There is a recent decision that Egyptian mummies can be imported free of duties, and that's what most of these foreign actors are. Why favor the Egyptians?—[Texas Siftings.]

MODUS VIVENDI.

"You say you want lived off the fat of the land," jeered Walkabout Beggs.

"How'd ye eat it?"

"Ett it with the forks of the road," responded Rusty Rufus.—[Chicago Tribune.]

ONE OF THEM COLD.

Little Girl—It's all nonsense 'bout ole maids never tellin' their age.

Little Boy—Why?

"Queen Elizabeth was an old maid, wasn't she?"

"Yes."

"Well, th' papers say Professor Dryasdust is goin' to lecture on 'The Age of Elizabeth,' so there."—[Good News.]

FINANCIAL REPATTEE.

"I am worth twenty of you," said the dollar bill to the nickel.

"That's what you say," replied the nickel, "but I notice that I can buy a cigar without having to go broke, which is more than you ever do."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

WHERE THE CHICKEN GOT THE AX.

Menagerie Assistant—The big ostrich attempted to swallow a turnip to-day and choked itself.

Manager—H'm! Got it in the neck.

PHYSIOLOGICAL STUDY.

Mrs. Blumfeld—I do have such a time getting my boarders up in the morning. I've tried bell-ringing, gong-banging, door-knocking, and every thing.

Boarder—That shows that the sense of hearing is not easily aroused in sleeping persons.

"I should say it wasn't."

Now there's no doubt on that subject. Try awakening the sense of smell."

"Smell? But how?"

"I think the odor of a broiling porterhouse steak might be effective."—[New York Weekly.]

IN THE WRONG CHAIR.

Uncle Treetop (on his way to dentist's office)—Most likely it'll stop aching by the time I get in the chair. If it does, I swear I'll pretend I've made a mistake and tell him I want a hair cut.

MERCENARY.

Teacher—Now, Robbie, you may name the five senses.

Robbie—The one cent, the nickel, the ten, the twenty-five, and the fifty cents.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Poor Man—Well, did you buy that book telling all about how to economize in the kitchen?

Wife—Yes, I've got it.

Poor man—That's good. What does it say?

Wife—It's full of recipes telling how to utilize cold roast turkey—but we haven't the turkey.—[New York Weekly.]

A PHILOSOPHICAL MIND.

Little Boy—The hens out West must be awful little.

Mamma—Why so?

Little Boy—Uncle John says he's seen hairstones there as large as hen's eggs.

—[Good News.]

AN IRRESISTIBLE BAIT.

"Gentlemen," said the Sheriff, putting his head into the jury room, "if there is no chance of your agreeing, immediately on a verdict the Judge will step out to lunch."

"Tell his Honor he may go to lunch," said the foreman.

"I was about to add," continued the Sheriff, "that the circus comes into town at 2 o'clock, and its 20 minutes to 2 now."

"H'm!" said the foreman, "tell the Judge to hold on half a minute."—[New York Press.]

METHOD IN IT.

Jess—I don't see how you can be such a goose as to engage yourself to Dickey Bird.

Bess—He has a rich bachelor uncle.

Jess—Then who don't you marry the uncle?

Bess—I have to have an introduction first, don't I?

A BELIEVER IN MODERATION.

Jack Ford—Don't be so down on your luck, old man. Remember, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Upperson Walker—Oh, it isn't its uses; it is its abuses I object to.—[Puck.]

VERY LIKELY.

"So she has rejected you?"

"Yes."

"What was the matter?"

"I don't know."

"Feel bad?"

"I do; she is such a sensible girl."

"H'm! If she had less sense you might have got her."

A CURIOUS MARRIAGE.

"Curious marriage that yesterday."

"How curious?"

"The bride was given away, and the girls are saying the groom threw himself away."

A DANGEROUS RIVAL.

"Have you any hopes of winning her?"

"I had, but I haven't now. I have a rival."

"Who is he?"

"Young Tiltednose."

"Is he socially popular?"

"Socially popular? Why, man, he's at the head of our amateur theatrical club."—[New York Press.]

THE RETROUSSE NOSE.

'Tis by a statistician said— And in statistics truth you find— That girls with turned up noses wed Much sooner than the straight-nosed kind.

From this fact the conclusion flows: Though it accords with nature's plan Sometimes to tilt a maiden's nose, It isn't tilted at a man.

—[New York Press.]

Saved By a Spider.

One day a Union soldier was fleeing for his life from Confederate sharpshooters, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch.

At last he saw a hollow log, and needing rest crept into it, feet foremost. His face was but a few feet from the open end.

Shortly after he got into the log a large spider came and spun his web over the open log as much as to say, "I will save you."

He spun his web round and round, backward and forward, until a network was made. Then the spider disappeared.

A short time after the spider had left the log, along came the Confederates. They stopped close to the log where the poor soldier lay nearly frightened to death.

He heard them say there is no one in there, and they passed on. The soldier stayed in his log until next morning, when he made his escape back to his fellow soldiers, and told them of the good spider that saved him from the hands of the enemy.

All animals whose habitat is the Arctic regions turn white in winter.

Our Growing Country.

That there are children now born who will live long enough to see the people of the United States number from one hundred and fifty to two hundred million, says Erasmus Wiman in a recent number of the Engineering Magazine, is a consideration that should have great weight in contemplating the conditions that now are beginning to prevail. If in the ten years just closed the population has increased at a rate of nearly twenty-five per cent, and we now start out with sixty-five million, fifty years at the same rate of progression will bring the population up to very nearly two hundred million. But, even if the same rate is not maintained, and if only one hundred and fifty million is reached, the enormous growth will have consequences of a character that should be considered with special reference to enlarged territory and widened area of opportunity. There is hardly anything more certain under the sun than this growth, and its certainty should deeply impress every one who thinks at all with the importance of making preparations for an increase so momentous.

A Pair of Pats.

Training will do many things, but it has seldom brought together two such incongruous mates as in this story told by the St. Paul Globe:

Little Barbara had been sick, but was convalescent.

"Are you my doctor?" she said, waking up suddenly and finding a strange lady at her bedside.

"No, dear," said the strange lady, "I am your trained nurse."

"Ah, that's better," exclaimed the little girl. "I shall like you very much. Trained nurse," she continued, pointing to a cage hanging near the window, "let me introduce you to my trained canary."

U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dept.), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

ROYAL, Absolutely Pure.

LEAVENING GAS.

Per cent. Cubic in. per

13.06 160.6

12.58 151.1

11.13 133.6

10.26 123.2

9.53 114.

9.29 111.8

8.03 96.5

7.28 87.4

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The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively, . . .

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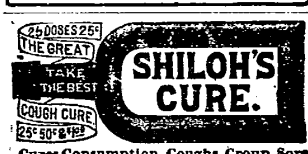
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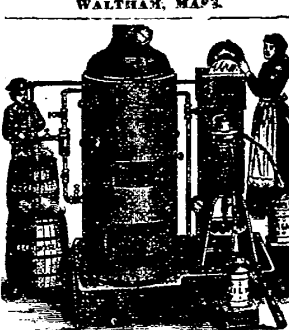
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