

JOKERS' BUDGET.

AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Dangerous Echo—The Unreality obvious—No Use for Water—A Question—A Comforting Thought, etc.

THE DANGEROUS ECHO.

Mother—My daughter, I am astonished at your conduct with that gentleman. I distinctly heard him kiss you twice.
Daughter—Nonsense, ma. You know very well the conservatory has an echo.
—[Life.]

THE UNREALITY OBVIOUS.

Casper Corker—Say, cull, I dreamed last night that I climbed to the top of a tall mountain, and found a waggin load of gold.
Jonas Deadbeat—Tough when you waked up, wasn't it?
Casper Corker—No; I knowed I was dreamin' or I'd never o' climbed that mountain.—[Chicago Record.]

NO USE FOR WATER.

Wife (severely)—Is this the fish you caught?
Husband—Y-e-s, m' dear.
Wife (shrewdly)—Were you fishing in salt water or fresh water?
Husband—I don't know, m' dear.
Didn't taste it.—[New York Weekly.]

A QUESTION.

Lady (to new servant girl)—I must ask you always to tell me nothing but the truth.
Servant—Yes, ma'am; but please, ma'am, how am I to know whether you can bear it?

A COMFORTING THOUGHT.

Mr. Secondwed—Do you really love me, then, dearest?
Mrs. Secondwed—Ah, how much you can never know. You cannot understand how closely you resemble my poor dear first husband.—[Chicago Record.]

EXPERIENCED.

Ad. Vertyser—We want a man who knows both how to keep his mouth closed and how to stave off the curious.
Applicant—I think I would suit you; I used to be clerk in an information bureau.—[Puck.]

A SLIGHT OBSTACLE.

It was one of those American homes where many a weary hour is whiled away in cutting coupons off bonds, yet love had entered there.

The daughter of the house was to be married on the morrow. In the great drawing-room, where gold and precious stones reflected in myriad tints the mellow radiance of the light turned low, she lingered yet a moment, with her lover by her side.

"Are you sure you are quite—"
Drawing her tenderly toward him as he spoke, he gazed into the depths of her soft eyes.

"—ready to take this, the most important step of your life?"

She smiled.

"Yes, Alfred—"

Her glance was eloquent with love and trust.

"I am ready; that is, I will be as soon as my maid has soiled my dresses sufficiently to get them through the Custom House without duty."

Emboldened then, he imprinted a kiss on her brow.—[Truth.]

RESTRAINING INFLUENCE.

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Billions of Gold Unmined.

An experimental boring, 2,500 feet deep, says the South Africa, was recently made in the Witwatersrand gold field, with a view to testing the life of the auriferous deposits. The result was of the most satisfactory character, and the "strike" has led to calculations of the hidden wealth of these fields, and possibly the following by Mr. Scott Alexander may be interesting as showing the rich possibilities of the future: Circumference of basin, 400 miles; diameter, 127 miles; area, 12,580 square miles, or 360,710,272,000 square feet. Taking average thickness of eight series of blanket beds at 6 feet (equal to 48 feet), equals 16,834,093,056,000 cubic feet of reef or at 15 cubic feet to the ton, 1,122,273,160,000 tons. At 30s. a ton (very low), value of gold equal to 336,681,924,000, or one billion, and seventy-eight thousand and six hundred and six millions two

STRICTLY ROMANTIC.

Editor—Isn't this a rather queer ending to this romance—no marriage mentioned?
Author—I omitted the marriage because I wanted it to be strictly romantic in every detail. There is no romance in marriage.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

A VICTIM OF THE FINANCIAL DEPRESSION.

Walkabout Beggs—Are the hard times hurtin' you any?

Rusty Rufus—They're pullin' me down worse'n anybody I know of. Remember the old hunk on the West Side that's been givin' me 50 cents wanst a week reglar?

"Yes."
"Well, he's quit. He says his wages have been cut down an' he can't afford it no more."

"I'm sorry fur him."

"Fur him? I'm the one to be sorry fur, you miserable hound! I ain't hurtin' him any. He's gittin' his money back out o' me, confound him!"—[Chicago Tribune.]

DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT.

Rosalie—I don't know what to do about Harry. I don't really love him.

Maude—Then why don't you break the engagement?

Rosalie—Because then I know I should fall in love with him.—[Chicago Record.]

HE MEANT BUSINESS.

"So my daughter referred you to me, eh? Well, I hardly understand it. She never consults me except in a financial way."

"Well—ah—sir, that's just it."—[Texas Sittings.]

ANOTHER MATTER ENTIRELY.

Mrs. Dimling (to her daughter)—Why are you so censorious about Amy? The Bible says we must love our enemies.

Miss Dimling—But she's not my enemy. She's my dearest friend.—[Truth.]

THE LOGIC OF IT.

Random Observer—Pardon me, but what are you putting down in your notebook?

World's Fair Visitor—Oh, I'm just putting down the things that have made an indelible impression upon my memory, so that I won't forget them.—[Chicago Record.]

A CHANCE.

Here's a chance for speculation. And for realizing soon—

"My thermometers in the morning and they'll surely rise by noon."
[Cedartown (Ga.) Standard.]

NOT SUFFERING FROM SYMPATHY.

Timid Patient—Your sign says "Teeth Extracted Painlessly." Is that so?

Dentist—Oh, yes. We're hardened to it, you know.—[Chicago Record.]

ODDS AND ENDS.

It sounds rather odd to read in the hardware market reports that cutlery is dull.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

In the speculative world a telegraph operator frequently holds the key to the situation.—[Galveston News.]

The unsuccessful speculator is among those who find it particularly hard either to settle down or settle up.—[Philadelphia Press.]

It is just as well to beware of the professional pedestrian. He nearly always has some scheme on foot.—[Buffalo Courier.]

The financial condition of a railroad cannot be correctly judged by the style of the special car which bears around the Seventh Assistant to the Ninth Assistant Auditor, or something of that kind.—[Philadelphia Press.]

Some of the Kansas rainmakers have the worst kind of luck. It was during a lull in their efforts that a series of extensive and refreshing showers arose and swept over the State.—[Chicago Record.]

The Eton jacket is one of the most absurd-looking things in the world—before a pretty girl puts it on.—[Shoe and Leather Reporter.]

The alligator grows as long as he lives. And he sometimes lives as long as ten or twelve feet.—[Chicago Dispatch.]

Miss Antique—How mean these newspapers are! Here is a column headed "Proposals," and it is about public improvements and such nonsense.—[The Club.]

Brown—How often have I told you not to play ball in the house?

Johnny—Every time you've caught me at it.—[Judge.]

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BLUFFING THE SCRAPPERS.

How a Slim Young Man Intimidated the Sports.

"I saw a funny thing in Cheyenne a few weeks ago," said a Detroit sportsman who returned from a Western trip the other day. "I was wandering around town to see the elephant and chance led me into a big saloon where all the scrappers made their headquarters. Back of the saloon was a building where a professor of the manly art gave instructions, and where the 'pugs' thumped each other at exhibitions. They were trying out a new arrival that day and I should say there were forty or fifty tough-looking chaps in the place. Soon after I entered a young man who had come through from Denver in my car dropped in. He couldn't have been over 24 years of age, while he was over six feet tall and his weight only about 120 pounds. He was long-faced, thin and long-legged and reminded you of nothing so much as a boy on stilts. Two men were getting ready to go on when long-legs peeled off his coat, vest, tie and collar, put them in my charge, and climbed upon the platform."

"That was a deft to the crowd?"

"Exactly, and in about a minute they put a man up to punch his head off. They gave long-legs a second and the first thing he did was to take the glasses off the young man's nose. The latter reached for them and said:

"Excuse me, but I always fight with my glasses on."

"But they'll get knocked off—or jammed into your face."

"Don't you believe it! It's never happened yet, and I don't think it will now."

"The scrapper over in the other corner couldn't make it out. Here was a man so sure of himself that he was going to put up his dukes with a pair of eye-glasses on his nose. He must, perforce, be a knocker-out from Knockersville, and it was better to retreat than to carry around a broken jaw. He therefore retreated. Several others came forward, but when they saw long-legs seated cross-legged in his corner with those glasses poised so jauntily they didn't want anything of him. Then he got up and said:

"Gentlemen, there is no limit to weight. I always fight in glasses, as I'm a little near-sighted. I will, however, remove my glass eye and false teeth if deemed best. Will your best man step up here for a couple of rounds?"

"But no one stepped. He waited a minute or two and then pulled off the gloves with a look of disappointment and got into his clothes and we went out together. He didn't look to me at all like a scrapper, and as we walked down the street I said:

"What sort of a deal were you giving that crowd?"

"A gigantic bluff," he answered with a laugh.

"Are you a fighter?"

"I never struck a blow in my life, not even in fun."

"But suppose one of those scrappers had tackled you?"

"I should have backed down and asked 'em all up to drink. But there was no danger. I've tried it half a dozen times before, and the glasses always settles 'em."

"How about the glass eye and the false teeth?"

"I simply rung 'em in to help on the bluff. Haven't got a false tooth in my head, and both eyes are perfect. It's a bluff of my own invention and works like a charm. Please don't give it away."

"And that afternoon," said the Detroit sportsman in conclusion, "when we took the train east there were a hundred sports down at the depot to see long-legs off, and I'm a duffer if they didn't present him with a bottle of wine and give him three cheers and a tiger!"—Free Press.

Lobsters.

Lobsters often travel in regiments, seeking new feeding grounds. Their migrating armies are always led by the biggest and strongest ones, while the mained and weakly struggle along behind.

A stylish India silk has fine ruffles of satin ribbon. The ruffles are in groups of four, three and two.

Where Women Come From.

Woman's first appearance has been a fruitful subject for the legend mongers. The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved out of ivory and then endowed with life by Aphrodite.

The Greek theory of the creation of woman according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make a woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing with the witchery of mien, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manner and shameless mind.

The Scandinavians say that as Odin, Vili and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm. Sitting down, the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Emilia.

One of the strangest of stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascarenes. In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived. After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became afflicted with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl. The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs; but he was commanded by a voice from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all races of men.

The American Indian myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining. Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize, another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of muskrats, who, being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.

ABOUT BACTERIA.

Bacteria are simply microscopic plants of varying size and shapes, some of them being so small that 15,000 laid end to end would not make a row more than an inch in long. Some are flat, others round or oval, and still others are rod shaped. The oddest form of all is that of the one that is the exact counterpart of a corkscrew. In all cases they are so minute that one needs a powerful microscope in order to study them, and in no case can they be perceived with the unaided eye alone.

In Madagascar.

The island of Madagascar has two distinct climates, two classes of natives, and two classes of fauna and flora. Along the coast it is tropical and malarious, and the natives are darker and larger than in the interior. The interior is a high tableland, and mountainous. There the climate is cooler and the natives smaller and lighter in color than on the coast. But in the interior they are more intelligent, and they rule the island.

Pittsburg and Alabama dealers are competing for coal contracts at New Orleans.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH CURED by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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