

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

RESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Double Reason—A Long Experience—No Use—Haying Things for Mamma, Etc., Etc.

A DOUBLE REASON.

Miss Parade and Miss Beach
Go so much with each other,
Not for friendship, but each
Has an unmarried brother.
—[Judge.]

NO USE.

Reggie Smallfellow (bursting with indignation at having been rudely jostled by a muscular pedestrian)—I say, will you hit that man for a dollar?
Micky Tuffwon—Wot's de use? I jus' struck him for 10 cents an' didn't get a red.—[Troy Press.]

BUYING THINGS FOR MAMMA.

Jessie—I am going to buy my mother some oranges.
Friend—She likes oranges, does she?
Jessie—No, ma'am, she gives them to me.—[Yankee Blade.]

A LONG EXPERIENCE.

Head of Firm—Have you had much experience as a traveling man?
Applicant—I should say I had. I have just walked home from the World's Fair.—[Detroit Free Press.]

SOCIETY NOTE.

Wife—Did you notice, dear, at the party last evening, how grandly our daughter, Clara, swept into the room?
Husband (with a grunt)—Oh, yes! Clara can sweep into the room grandly enough, but when it comes to sweeping out the room she isn't there.—[Texas Sittings.]

DISAPPOINTED.

"Did you have a good time on your western trip," said one girl.
"Lovely," replied the other.
"I'm sure you saw everything there was to see."
"Yes, I suppose so."
"You say that as if you might have missed something."
"Well, you see, to tell the truth, our train didn't get robbed once."—[Washington Star.]

CULTURE.

Visitor (to Boston parrot)—Polly want a cracker?
Parrot—If you please. Won't you have one first?—[Truth.]

AN ADVANTAGE HE ENJOYED.

She (from the hammock)—Have you read "An Exquisite Fool"?
He (with a sigh of hopelessness)—I've been one.—[Detroit Free Press.]

KEER PROTECTOR.

Tommy's Mother—Pshaw, Tommy. You oughtn't to have been frightened because the yacht rocked a little. Look at little cousin Nellie, she wasn't scared a bit.
Tommy—No wonder, she had me there to look after her.—[Chicago Record.]

HE STOPPED HOARDING.

Mrs. Snaggs (reading)—A man in South Duxbury, Mass., has coughed up a ten-cent piece he swallowed some time ago.
Mr. Snaggs—Yes, I've noticed other indications that the hoarding of money is coming to an end.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

NOT A DIME NOVEL HERO.

"My dear Sir," said the grateful father, "how can I reward you for dragging my only daughter from a watery grave?"
"Simply do not expect me to marry her," replied the hero.—[Detroit Free Press.]

A VALID OBJECTION.

He—How do you like Lord Foppington, Miss Barrow?
Miss Barrow—Not at all. He can't pronounce his r's, and I do detest being addressed as Miss Bowwow.—[Tidbits.]

AN IMPOSSIBILITY.

Customer—These collars don't suit me. They don't sit well on my neck.
Clerk—How do you expect them to sit when they are standing collars?—[Pittsburg Bulletin.]

NON-COMMITTAL.

"I say, Charley, been a fishing, eh? Got any fish in your basket?"
Charley (ambiguously)—I have got a good sel.—[Boston Transcript.]

A HINT.

How are you?—Just thought I'd drop in a while to kill time.
"Well, we don't want any of our time killed."—[Boston Globe.]

SAVED BY A NARROW MARGIN.

"Been to lodge have you, Absalom?" said Mrs. Rambo, in a metallic tone of voice.
"Yes, m' dear," replied Absalom.
"What time does the lodge usually let out?"
"About—um—about 11 o'clock."
"And what time do you think it is now?"
"Er—it's about 11, isn't it?"
"It is 2:30. Does it take three hours and a half to come home?"
"Yes, m' dear. Lodge bodies move slowly."
And Mrs. Rambo went gaspingly upstairs to bed.—[Chicago Record.]

MODESTY.

"He's a very modest young man, isn't he?"
"Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even want the credit of his own work."—[Philadelphia Record.]

AT THE YACHT RACE.

"I love the sea," the maiden said,
"And like to watch the flying foam."
But suddenly she hung her head
And gasped, "I wish that I were dead,
Or safe on land—oh, take me home!"
—[New York Journal.]

COMFORT ENOUGH.

Foreign Visitor—The Belgian Minister says your Columbian Exposition is the grandest and most beautiful exposition ever given in this or any other country.
Chicago Man—Thank Heaven! Now we can bust happy.—[New York Weekly.]

ARTFUL WRETCH.

He—I wish you would give me one of those photographs you had taken the other day. They remind me of the only woman I ever loved.
She—I'll never speak to you as long as I live. Who was she?
He—You.—[Indianapolis Journal.]

AN ODD CHARACTER.

Here's a man
Built upon a curious plan;
Lived two years in Georgia State,
Never was a candidate;
(Gospel truth: we ain't in fun;
(Paralyzed, and couldn't run!)
—[Atlanta Constitution.]

HIS SUSPICIONS WERE AROUSED.

"Can you tell counterfeit money when you see it?" asked a clerk in the war department of a treasury employe.
"Yes."
"I wish you would look at this \$10 bill."
"Do you think there's anything wrong with it?"
"I don't know; I just borrowed it from Brickleton, and he let me have it the first time I asked him."—[Washington Star.]

A LESSON IN POLITENESS.

Little Ethel—It's awfully impolite to ask for things.
Little Johnny—Course it is. What of it?
Little Ethel—Nothing, only I'm gettin' hungry for some candy I've got in my pocket, and there isn't enough for two.—[Good News.]

AN IGNORANT CAPTAIN.

Old Lady—What's the matter now?
Steamboat Captain—We've run on a sandbar.
Old Lady—Well, why don't you go over it? What's your walking-beam for, I'd like to know?—[New York Weekly.]

AN OLD FAVORITE.

Friend—Well, Tommy, now that you've started to school, what do you like best?
Tommy—Recess.—[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

A COMPANION IN MISERY.

"It was too bad," she said to her husband as they left the theatre, "that that woman with a high hat should have spoiled the performance for you."
"Yes, I had some satisfaction, though."
"How?"
"Watching the man who sat behind you, dear."—[Washington Star.]

COULDN'T EXPLAIN.

"Why don't you get married, dear boy?"
"I must refer you to Miss Jones, who persists in jilting me for reasons of her own."—[Chicago Record.]

ODDS AND ENDS.

"Down is up," said the feather merchant.
Even the sober conductor cannot get along without his punch.—[Galveston News.]

Jagson says the greatest scenterpiece for the table is a slice of limburger.—[Elmira Gazette.]

In all the reduction of pay now going on the wages of sin still remain the same.—[Pittsburg Chronicle.]

In the matter of hairdressing why shouldn't we take the queue from the Chinese?—[Lowell Courier.]

Jones—Robbins gave me this cigar. Brown—I don't blame him.
"Has she given you any encouragement?"
"Oh, yes. She says she will get all of her father's money when he dies."—[Life.]

"I've done so little work," said the policeman, "that my biceps are getting flabby. How I would like to meet a good, clubbable fellow."—[Washington Star.]

"This, I suppose," said the stranger in the city, "is one of your clubhouses?"
"Well, you might call it so."—[Washington Star.]

Father—And I'll give you a nice box of candy if you'll have those teeth pulled.
Tommy (with a wail)—And then I can't eat the candy!—[Chicago Record.]

"What is the difference between 'wages and salary'?"
"Well, generally, one means a great deal of work and some pay, and the other is a good deal of pay and some work."—[Chicago Record.]

She—It can hardly be questioned that every woman is more or less of a mind reader. He—Do you think you could read mine? She—I'd rather not. Mamma is a little particular as to the character of my reading.—[Boston Globe.]

A Large Day's Sawing.

At the sawmill of M. T. Jones & Co. of Lake Charles, La., recently, 191,828 feet of lumber were cut in eleven hours. This is said to be the largest amount of lumber ever turned out of a single circular sawmill in that number of hours.

DEATH IS BARELY PAINFUL.

But Sensations of Approaching Dissolution Are Little Known to Physicians.

Descriptions of the sensations of those who thought they were about to die, but who passed into a more or less profound state of unconsciousness and afterward recovered, though intense and realistic, cannot be accepted as authentic portrayals of the sensations of the dying, since these persons did not die. The temporary suspension of all the physical signs of life, as in a trance or lethargy, may so exactly simulate death that all may agree that the person is dead, while yet that indefinable something which holds the soul to the body remains and is capable of reinstating the common phenomena of life. We have no reason to assume that the sensations experienced in passing into this state of unconsciousness resemble the sensations of those who have actually felt the earthly house of this tabernacle dissolved. Unconsciousness is not death. It only objectively resembles it. Physicians at the bedside of the dying, while holding the flickering, weakening pulse beneath the finger, eagerly watch for some word or sign expressive of the sensations of approaching dissolution. Nothing, however, of value ever comes to us. Indeed many a life goes out, leaving behind clear indications that there is no appreciation whatever of the great overshadowing change that is upon it, even though the mind remains clear and active to the last.

A mother, hearing me whisper at her bedside, "She is dying," opened her eyes and replied, "I'll be better in a minute," though when the minute had elapsed she had given her last sigh—her last heart-throb. A little girl clinging to her father's hand one sunny morning, said: "Papa, light the lamp; it is getting so dark," and immediately expired. A young man asked, "Why do you all cry? I shall get well soon," and fell back on his pillow, dead. These expressions show clearly that the putting on of immortality was unaccompanied by sensations indicative of the change.

In the great majority of cases death is preceded by a period of unconsciousness, more or less profound, and of greater or less duration. In this state the vital spark goes out painlessly and without any evidence of the mind being illumined for a single instant by returning consciousness. Deathbeds are rarely painful.—[Kate Field's Washington.]

A Woman Electrician.

The first woman electrician in the world hails from the Buckeye State. Her name is Bertha Lammie. Her birthplace is Springfield, O., and her alma mater the Ohio State University, in whose class of '93 she took her degree in "electrical engineering." Miss Lammie will enter shortly the Westinghouse Electrical works at Pittsburg, where she will exercise her skill as a practical electrician on an equal footing with the trained corps employed there.

Despite Edison's advocating woman's adaptability for this branch of science, it remained for Miss Lammie to establish the precedent. Edison employs more than a thousand women in his various electrical works. Untrained, unskilled girls were taken into his service, and their natural delicacy of touch and quickness of perception have developed surprising mechanical results. Whether a practical electrician, however, will ever develop from this army of uneducated women remains to be seen. Nevertheless it was the mechanical dexterity of his women employees that led the wizard to proclaim his faith in the possibilities awaiting woman in the electrical world.

Previous to entering the university Miss Lammie was a country schoolteacher. A country high school prepared her for college. A phenomenal love for mathematics, together with a desire, perhaps, to open a new field for women, urged her to follow the electrical course, which includes civil engineering. The latter embraces practical work in a blacksmith shop.

With an energy, skill and enthusiasm unequalled by any man in the class, Miss Lammie experimented in the handling and testing of steam and gas engines, dynamos, motors, storage batteries, circuits, instruments, etc. She completed the course in three years, making up a year in which typhoid fever kept her from college by extra work. Her record as a student is unsurpassed at the university, whose electrical course ranks deservedly high.

In her brother, a practical electrician, Miss Lammie found encouragement and stimulation to her unique work. It is refreshing to record that this brilliant girl is a physical Juno with brilliant brunette coloring. Her roguish-brown eyes are indicative of abounding animal spirits, as she was the pivot of every mirth provoking frolic at the university, and her amiability made her equally popular with men and women. Indeed so rich in womanliness is this fair young electrician that the greatest obstacle to the pursuance of her new calling lies in the importunities of importunate suitors.

Don't Tease Children.

The positive delight which some otherwise very good people take in teasing children is surprising. "I would sooner discharge a nurse for this fault than for any other," said a wise mother, "and when I find a friend who thinks it an amusing matter to tease my child I reprove him as readily as I would a child for the same offense. I have known dispositions to be utterly ruined through this silly practice."—[New York Recorder.]

Wash rusty gilt frames with spirits of wine.

Then Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

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