

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

QUESTS AND YARDS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Compensation—The Critic Rebuked—Against Her Will—A Parallel Case—Etc., Etc.

COMPENSATION.

If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. For perseverance overcomes all things of mortal ken; And if you do not get the girl you want or think you do, You're safe in betting you will get The girl that's wanting you.

AGAINST HER WILL.

Mother—If that young man kissed you against your will, why didn't you call me? Daughter—He—he held me so tightly in his arms I couldn't call. "Why didn't you call after he let you go?" "Oh, there wasn't anything to call for then."—[Good News.

A PARALLEL CASE.

"Do you mean to say, grocer, that you are going to charge me for the few crackers and raisins that my boy eats while you are taking my orders?" "Well, I'll be fair, ma'am. If when you go to a book shop to buy a set of novels the bookseller don't charge you for the picture-books your boy hooks, I won't charge neither. I can't say no more than that."—[Harper's Bazaar.

A SARAH JOKE.

He had been out on the sandy wastes of the west and had returned safely. "How is it out there?" inquired a friend. He shook his head dubiously. "Where did you stop?" "At a hotel." "How did they feed you?" "They gave us corn beef, cabbage and scenery." "Scenery?" "Yes." "You couldn't eat that?" "Oh, yes, it was dessert, you know," and he laughed an alkali sort of a laugh with a white crust on it.—[Detroit Free Press.

THE CRITIC REBUKED.

"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" asked the editor. "Sir," replied the haughty man, who stood by his desk, "I am a poet; not a chiropodist."—[Washington Star.

AN AVERAGE BOY.

Father—Little Johnny appears to be hard at work out in the yard. What is he doing? Mother—I don't know, but if he is working hard, it is play.—[Good News.

SCIENCE AND APPETITE.

The old gentleman who takes an interest in natural history was very happy. "Congratulations! Congratulations!" he exclaimed. "What for?" asked his nephew. "I have just discovered a rare bird." "Oh," replied the young man as he turned back to his book, "you'll get used to that after you've been here awhile." "Do you mean to say that such discoveries are frequent?" "Yes. Almost any restaurant will cook 'em that way, unless you tell 'em not to."—[Washington Star.

WITH VERDURE CLAD.

Miss Heigho—You seem very contented, Mr. Rapport. We've been on this wooded island two hours in unbroken silence. Can't you promise something in the nature of a remark? Mr. Rapport—Oh, I beg pardon, to be sure! It's a charming spot, exclusively verdant and delightfully rural. Miss Heigho—Then, I ought not to wonder that you feel so thoroughly at home.—[Truth.

THE CAPTAIN'S INDIGNATION.

Scene on the deck of a mail steamer at sea. Aesthetic Passenger (to Old Salt).—Can you tell me, my good man, the name of that fine bird hovering about? Old Salt—That's a halibut, sir. E. P.—Dear me, quite a rare avis, is it not? O. S.—Duano, sir. I've always heard it called a halibut. E. P.—Yes, yes, my good fellow, but I call that a rare avis, just as I call you a halibut. O. S. (indignantly).—Oh, do you! Then I call that a halibut, just the same as I call you a blooming humbug.—[Tit-Bits.

SHE WAS BOUND TO SAVE IT.

It was the highly cultivated girl's first effort at baking. "Dear me," she said, "there must be something wrong with that loaf of bread." "I think," replied her mother gently, "that you had better throw it away." "Throw away the first bread I ever baked?" "Yes; most of us have to, you know." "Never! I know what I'll do. I'll put some cuneiform inscriptions on it and send it to the seminary museum."—[Washington Star.

A SACRIFICE.

My Sourly—I'm going to have my picture taken to-day. Mr. Sourly's Wife—You will have to make a great sacrifice if you do.

THE BODY AND ITS HEALTH.

"I hear Brown's impromptu speech at the banquet last night was a 'spoon.' What was the matter?" "He'd forgotten to bring the manuscript."

IN THE FALL.

In the fall a fuller smokehouse rises on the farmer's land; In the fall the colored fiddler strides to the dancing band; In the fall a tattered sunset gives the fall leaf its hue; In the fall a young man's fancy sadly turns to bank notes due.

GIRL FRIENDS.

Miss Seare—See what Mr. Chapley gave me—a pretty French reading glass. Miss Sharpe—How nice! I must get one just like it for grandmamma.—[Truth.

SHE LEARNED.

She knew not how to cook, she said, In accents far from gay; But afterward, when they were wed, She roasted him each day.

A YEAR AFTER.

Mr. Benedict—I met Howard to-day. He was surprised to know we are married. Says you told him once you wouldn't marry the best man living.

Mrs. Benedict—Well, the fact is, I did. Mr. Benedict—Is that so? How did you come to change your mind? Mrs. Benedict—Well, the fact is, I didn't.—[Puck.

WITH SLIGHT VARIATIONS.

The man who talked of summer heat Indignantly, of old, The same remarks will soon repeat Concerning winter's cold.

ANOTHER STORY.

Mrs. Billiger—Why couldn't you have seen my hat was on crooked before we left the house? Billiger—Love is blind.

Mrs. Billiger—Mr. Billiger, I ask you a civil question and I wish you'd answer it.—[Detroit Tribune.

MUST BE GOOD.

Customer—Is this good soap? Dealer—Well, munn, the man who writes poetry about that soap gets \$10,000 a year.

Customer—My sakes! Gimme a dozen bars.—[New York Weekly.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Barber—Do you want a haircut? Victim—Not only one, but all of them [Judge.

Solemn Stranger—All flesh is grass. Deaf Man—Hey? Solemn Stranger—No; grass.—[New York Press.

He—It makes me a better man every time I kiss you, darling. She—Oh, my, Charlie! How good you must be now.—[Brooklyn Life.

"You say he's unpopular." "Unpopular! He is so unpopular that when he has a cold nobody offers him a remedy for it."—[Detroit Free Press.

Citizen—Do you have much trouble arresting tramps? Policeman—Oh, no; no matter how strong a tramp is he will never resist a rest.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Witherby—Didn't your new cook leave rather suddenly? Plankerton—Yes. She got mixed in her dates. She had a policeman and a burglar call on her the same evening.—[Life.

Les Fiances—She—And are you sure you will like married life as well as you do your club? He—Oh, yes. She—And are you so awfully fond of your club? He—Not very.—[Life's Calendar.

Miss Keedick—Mr. Gilley actually offered himself to Miss Darley on a postal card. Miss Gasket—What did she do? Miss Keedick—Refused him. She said she preferred sealed proposals.—[Detroit Free Press.

That a woman has no idea of distance is known by every husband who has heard his wife boast how far she makes her dollars go.—[Acheson Globe.

It is only the women who can lawfully hold up a train.—[New York Journal.

It is a distinct advance for a man to acquire the ability to say, on occasion, "I can't afford it," but he ought to say it just as often to himself as he says it to his wife.—[Boston Globe.

A BORACIO DEPOSIT.

Nearly all the boracio deposits heretofore discovered have been found in the form of incrustations on the surface of marsh lands or nodules buried beneath the surface or of crystals imbedded in the mud at the bottom of shallow lakes. In a few instances those deposits are found interstratified with layers of earth and rock, the entire formation being in a horizontal position, as seen at several points in the Death Valley. But only in the Calico district, San Bernardino County, California, does one of those deposits occur in the form of a regular vein, so uplifted that it requires to be exploited after the manner of a quartz or other ore-bearing lode. This deposit, the property of the Pacific Coast Borax Company, is located on the southeasterly slope of the Calico Mountains, or rather, on a northerly spur of that range. The crude material here consists of that variety of the boracio of time known as colemanite. It is of a vitreous adamantine lustre and exceedingly rich in anhydrous boracio acid. The contents of the fissures are from one-half inch to a depth of over 200 feet hold this proportion in nearly pure mineral.—[Mining and Scientific Press.

THE HYGIENE OF THE TEETH.

"All decay of the teeth," says the London Lancet, "begins from the outside, no such thing as internal decay having ever been demonstrated; hence, if the surface could be kept absolutely clean, no decay could take place, however poor the texture of the teeth. This is of course impossible, but much may be attained by attention to hygienic rules. Parents often ask dentists and medical attendants: 'When ought teeth to be cleaned?' The answer assuredly is: 'As soon as they are teeth.' A very small toothbrush charged with some precipitated chalk, flavored with an aromatic drug to make it pleasant, is perhaps the best means."

THE PULSE AND THE TEMPERATURE.

If you take a thermometer on a hot summer day, and watch it until it runs up under the influence of the sunshine to 98.4, you will see it, when it reaches that point, at the exact temperature of your body, if you are in normal health. Your temperature may fluctuate a fraction above or below 98.4, according to the time of the day or night, but it never varies to any extent until fever or some other kind of disease sets in. Then the temperature begins to do what the pulse would not do—tell just how dangerously sick the person is. And one of the strange things about it is that it does not vary many degrees from this normal point of 98.4, no matter how ill the patient may become. If there is a high fever, it may run up to 101 or 105, and sometimes to 106, but it seldom stays at this last point for any length of time. If it goes up to 108, the good physician who is watching at the bedside of the sick person concludes that death will soon put an end to the suffering. Sometimes, as in cases of cholera, it may drop several degrees below 98.4, but it seems to be impossible for it to change many degrees from the normal point. There are cases recorded where the temperature ran up to 110 or 112 and the patient recovered. The pulse, on the contrary, may change many beats, and still the sick person will not be in danger of death. But, as a rule, if the temperature reaches 108 or 109 death soon follows. A tiny thermometer, called a clinical thermometer, is used to indicate the temperature. It is placed under the tongue, or close to the skin in the axilla, or arm-pit, and left there for a few minutes. By an ingenious arrangement the mercury in the slender glass tube is self-registering so that you may tell how high it was any time after the temperature is taken if the mercury is not disturbed.

How Lightning Kills.

In my article "Why Lightning Usually Kills," which appeared in "Notes for the Curious" on January 7, of this year, I stated that the electromotive force developed by a "bolt of lightning" of the regulation size was 3,300,000 volts, the current about 14,000,000 amperes and the time of discharge about 1-20,000 part of a second. There is no way of measuring the extraordinary amount of energy thus developed so as to give it in figures that would be correct beyond all question, but it is worthy of remark, that the best scientists and electricians say that it is not less than 2,400,000,000 watts, which would be equal to a stroke of 3,284,182 horse power!

At the time the article above mentioned was written I was not in possession of data that would give a clear explanation of the cause of death from lightning stroke, but have since secured it in the following, which is from the pen of one of the best electricians of the day: "The cause of death by lightning is the sudden absorption of the electric current. When a thunder cloud which is highly charged with positive electricity hangs over any certain place the earth beneath it becomes abnormally charged with the negative electric current, and a man, animal or other object standing or lying directly beneath also partakes of the last mentioned influence. If, while the man, animal or other object is in this condition, a discharge takes place from the cloud above, the restoration of the equilibrium will be sudden and violent; or, in language that we can all understand, the negative current from the earth will rush up to join the positive cloud-current, and in passing through the object which separates the two currents, if it be an animate being, will do so with such force as to almost invariably produce instant death."

According to the above, which seems a tenable hypothesis, to say the least, a fellow is really "struck" by the ground current and not by the forked fury from above at all.—[St. Louis Republic.

Education Criminal.

The Russian Government forbids any one possessed of a superior education occupying any post which brings him into direct communication with the people. During a certain period, when the Russian revolutionary party reckoned upon a mass rising of the peasantry and wished to hasten this rising by propaganda, several young people having spent from four to five years in the higher studies, left the universities without passing the final exams or taking their diplomas, in order not to be considered as having more than an average education, and so being enabled to obtain employment in the villages.

This "fraud," which consisted in renouncing not only all hopes of a professional career, but also the pleasures of living in a cultured and intelligent society by enjoying good books, etc., consequently aggravated the "crimes" discovered or even suspected.—[The Idler.

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PECULIAR CUSTOMS.

Down in the time of Domitian the female mourning dress among the Romans was a black gown and white veil; after that time it was a white robe and black veil.

In some parts of Ethiopia men present themselves entirely without clothes before a person to whom they wish to pay especial reverence, in order to show their humility.

The grandees of Spain claim the right of appearing in the presence of the King with their hats on, to show that they are not so much subject to him as other Spaniards are.

Greeks, on the loss of a relative, abstained from wine and agreeable food, took off all ornaments, dressed in coarse black stuff, shaved the head and rolled in the mire or dust.

The Dajakese of Borneo never bury a dead member of their tribe until a slave can be procured, who is beheaded at the interment or cremation, to attend the deceased in the next world.

Before the meeting of every English Parliament the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament are religiously searched, the custom having been kept up ever since the Guy Fawkes plot.

The custom of speaking of the President as "His Excellency" is unwarranted. No such formal title was ever given him by legislative action. His legal title is "the President of the United States."

Pledging one's health was formerly done by the man sitting next the drinker standing up beside him with a drawn sword, in order that no one should stab him while his hands were holding the cup.

A Chinaman buys his coffin often many years before his death and keeps it in his house as a most valuable article of furniture. The most cherished present a son can make to his father is a handsome coffin.

Orthodox Turks shave the head with the exception of a tuft on the crown which is left to insure a tight grip to the angel of the resurrection when he comes to pull them out of the grave on the day of judgment.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlsville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

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"One Year Borrows Another Year's Fool." You Didn't Use SAPOLIO Last Year. Perhaps You Won't This Year.

Corn Bread.

While Col. Murphy is employed by the department of state to tell the Europeans what a good thing corn bread is, can't Secretary Morton employ a few cooks to travel in Illinois and other northern states to show hotel and other cooks how to make corn bread? A European who has heard Col. Murphy lecture must think it rather queer that real siuon-pure corn bread cannot be had in an American hotel, boarding house, or private family north of the Potomac and Ohio rivers.—[Peoria (Ill.) Herald.

He Raised Turnips.

We were talking to an old farmer about the storm and deploring the damage to the corn and cotton crops, when he said: "Yes, 'twas pretty hard on 'em, but that rain done the turnip patches a sight of good." That man looks on the bright side of things.—[Concord (N. C.) Standard.

Miracles Not Ended Yet. WHAT A MINISTER SAYS OF SWAMP-ROOT.

Swamp-Root Cured Me.

After passing off from my system a fearful amount of poisonous matter, imagine my joy to find I was decidedly better. My improvement after that was rapid and uninterrupted, and in six months I was completely cured. Rev. Wm. H. Van Deusen.

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