

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

STETS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Saunterer—Proportioned to the Stringency—Form a Syndicate—How Those Girls Love One Another, Etc.

THE SAUNTERER.

Oh, tell me, brave aeronaut— And tell me true, I pray— Why do you risk your precious life In such a reckless way?

The hero sadly smiled and said: "A man, by harsh fate whirled, Will risk his all, if only he Can get up in the world."

—[Boston Budget.

PROPORTIONED TO THE STRINGENCY.

Isabel—Clarence, did papa look glad when you asked him if you might have me?

Clarence—Glad! His smile went three times around his head and hung down his back!—[Detroit News-Tribune.

FORM A SYNDICATE.

Sarah—Yes, papa has looked up his record and finds that the wretch is engaged to three of us at this very minute.

Agnes—(another victim)—Oh, isn't it splendid! We can all employ the same lawyer and save quite a little.—[Detroit News-Tribune.

HOW THOSE GIRLS LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

Penelope Perry—What makes you think he is in love with me?

Constance Clover—He asks you to sing.

A SAVAGE CUT.

Tufft Hunter (of London, England)—Is it—aw—twine that you American Indians—aw—caw—t raise mustaches, don'tcher know?

Tony Adams (of Nebraska)—I don't think they can. But what's the matter with some of the fine heads of hair they raise?

TOO EARLY.

"Been fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catch anything?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"I don't know yet. I'll have to ask the doctor."

UNDER SURVEILLANCE.

"I see Mrs. Skinflint has had her late husband's miniature painted and wears it under her chin."

"So? When he was alive she always kept him under her thumb."

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

(Clergyman (to bride)—Do you promise to love, honor and obey?

Terry Hote (to groom)—Hold, on there; that ain't legal.

Clergyman—What's the matter?

Terry Hote—We don't want any subornation of perjury; just make that "love, honor—ah—ah—ah" have her own way.—Puck.

A "COUPE DOUBLE."

Maisie—Mrs. Homeleigh, have you got another face?

Mrs. Homeleigh—No, my dear. What makes you ask?

Maisie—Well, I heard another say you were two-faced; but I thought if you had another face you wouldn't wear the one you do.

IT HAD A PULL.

Groaning Customer—I wish I was like that razor!

Barber—Why sir?

Groaning Customer—I'm just going into politics.—[Chicago Record.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"Will you give me this little hand?" he pleaded lovingly.

"Reginald, this hand is already pledged," she replied.

"I will redeem it," he answered absently, "if you will let me have the pawn ticket."

DISAPPOINTED.

"I am very much disappointed in Reginald," said Mr. Cumrox.

"I suppose so," replied the fond mother. "That seems to be a daily story with you."

"Maybe 'tis. But this came of taking him at his own word. When he got home from school he said that he was a good boxer. So I put him to work in the ware room, and I'm doggoned if he could drive a nail straight."—Washington Star.

A NEIGHBORLY TURN.

He (at the husking bee)—I haven't found a red ear yet.

She—You make me blush up to my ears. Ain't they a little red?

A CARELESS YOUTH.

"Cholly's in disgrace at the club again!" said Willie Wibbles.

"Deah! Deah! You don't say so. He's always in trouble, isn't he? It was only last week that he came out without his tousahs walled up."

"It's worse this time."

"How?"

"This morn'g he forgot to brush and comb his chrysanthemum."—[Washington Star.

THE LAST RESORT.

The Wife—Can you give me any money?

The Husband—I haven't a cent.

The Wife—There isn't any food in the house! What are we going to do?

The Husband—I don't know. I'm afraid we shall have to fall back on your lot of mitton sleeves.—[New York Press.

WELL KNOWN.

"No, said Jaxon, 'a Chicago friend Blower, has a new boy at his house?'"

"Yes, and he has named him Hamlet."

"That's a queer name. Blower isn't at all literary or dramatic, is he?"

"No, but he's a pork-packer."—[Detroit Free Press.

JUST THE MAN HE WANTED.

A man with a thin coat and a very red nose loitered about on lower Main street last night and struck every passer-by for a few cents with which to get a night's lodging.

A tall young fellow came bustling down the street. The red-nosed man stood directly in his path and began: "My friend, I'm a moulder by trade and I got sick last summer and I'm hungry and I want to get a few cents to get something to eat and a night's lodging. I've got seven cents."

"Ah!" said the tall young fellow, grasping his outstretched hand and shaking it cordially, "you're just the man I want to see. Give me a nickel, will you?"

And the red-nosed man was so surprised that he almost did it.—[Buffalo Express.

ARTISTICALLY HANDLED.

"Did you hear about young D'Art, the china painter?"

"No; what is it?"

"He has been served like his own china."

"How is that?"

"His wife's father fired him."

TWO DEFINITIONS.

Bobby—Pop, what is reason?

Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right.

Bobby—And what is instinct?

Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.—[Brooklyn Life.

AMBIGUOUS.

Uncle (reprovingly)—Now, Charlie, what do you keep a horse for?

Charlie Fastdrive—Well, Nunky, I presume I keep him to let him go.—[Godley's Magazine.

THE USE OF THE PRONOUN.

"I really believe that we are descended from the ape," said Doodey.

"I believe you are, too, Doodey," said Cynious; and Doodey wasn't at all pleased.—[Harper's Bazar.

AN ART ILLUSTRATION.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "do you know what the word 'foresight' means?"

"Yes'm."

"Can you give me an illustration?"

"Yes'm."

"You may do so."

"Last night my mamma told the doctor he might as well call around and see me Thanksgiving night."—[Washington Star.

MERELY A REHEARSAL.

"You are charged with mutual assault," said the judge, "and from the appearance of your faces you seem to have been very much in earnest. What have you to say for yourselves?"

"We were merely rehearsing for a foot ball match, your Honor," answered the two young men.

"Oh, if that is the case I will let you go. Let them be discharged, Mr. Clerk."—[New York Press.

DIFFERENT.

He—I have your mother's consent, and now—

She—It can never be, sir. I highly respect you, and will be a sister to you, but—

He—Hold on; you will be a daughter to me. I'm going to marry your mother.—[Truth.

Widest River in the World.

Were it not for a decided difference in the color of the water you would never know when the Atlantic is left and the Rio de la Plata entered. The high-rolling, white-capped billows are the same, and no land is visible, for the great river which James Diaz de Solis discovered is 125 miles wide at its mouth, though with an average depth of only fifty feet.

Sebastian Cabot, who came in the year 1520, soon after the natives had murdered poor Don Solis, dubbed it River Silver, not on account of its color, which might have won for it the more appropriate name of Gold River or River of Chocolate, but because he had wrested quantities of silver from the Indians who swarmed its banks, and naturally imagined that an abundance of precious metal remained in the vicinity.

In point of fact the terms of Argentina and Rio de la Plata (both meaning the same thing with reference to silver) are misnomers, says the Philadelphia Record, for no metals of any sort, precious or otherwise, are found along the banks of the mighty stream, or anywhere near it, and the scanty argentiferous deposits in the hills of the interior have never been worked.

The Indians aforesaid probably obtained the silver which so excited Spanish cupidity from Peru and Bolivia, by some primitive system of internal commerce known only to themselves. To this day metals do not figure in the exports of the adjacent countries—Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina—but such prosaic articles as hides and tallow, horns, wools, preserved and refrigerated meat, etc., for their wealth lies solely in grazing facilities and fertile soil.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

Men delight in giving horrifying examples of the length to which feminine vanity may run, but the supreme climax seems to have been reached in an old Swedish custom. A looking-glass was placed in the coffin of an unmarried woman so that when the last trumpet sounded she might see her own face.

OF MANY NATIONALITIES.

Inhabitants of the Storm-ravaged Region of Louisiana.

Of the 2,008 counted victims of the Louisiana coast floods only fifty-three were negroes, says a letter to the Troy Times. There are few colored people in the section visited by the storm. They are a mixed-up people in that part of Louisiana. The predominating races are Acadians, Austrians, Creoles, Italians, Spaniards, Chinese and Spaniards, the number of each ranging in the order named.

The Acadians are descendants of the people who have been immortalized in Longfellow's poem "Evangeline." These people have large families, frequently from twelve to fifteen children each. The Maillans are full-blooded Tagals from the Philippine islands; these people had no women among them; they had only one stove in the whole colony, and they eat their fish raw. They fraternize well with the Chinese, and are treated by the whites on equal terms. The people called Austrians are genuine Slavs, generally Morlachs from Dalmatia. They speak Italian, a relic of the days when Venice ruled Dalmatia. They are all fishermen, and are an industrious, bold and hardy people. The Italians are the descendants of a colony of Canarian Islanders, who came over to Louisiana during the Spanish invasion. They have a dash of the Berber blood of the Canarian aborigines and are darker than the average Spaniard. Scattered among these various people are a few Americans and Germans and many Creoles.

In spite of their propinquity, these races generally live separate, and one can in traveling a few miles find settlements of pure-blooded people of each nationality. This is a remarkable fact, as many families are natives who can count their American descent back for ten or a dozen generations. They live in the swamps and lowlands, and this accounts for the terrible destruction of life by the storm. They control the entire fishing industry, but the packing houses for oysters and shrimps are owned by Americans. There were 1,830 fishermen lost in the flood; the others were sailors, traders, storekeepers and farmers. The absence of negroes is due to the fact that they have been driven out by the overwhelming numbers of these queer people.

Surgical Instruments.

Within the last ten years there has been a complete revolution in the manufacture of surgical instruments. Anti-septic methods now govern all operations. Not only are wounds kept free from bacterial germs by spraying them with preparations of carbolic acid and other substances destructive to such life, but all the tools employed by the surgeon are sterilized by heat. Even the dressings are cooked in an oven before they are applied. By such means many operations are now performed, with almost invariable success, which until recently were nearly always fatal. For instance, such operations as laparotomy—lately performed on James Gordon Bennett—requiring the cutting open of the abdomen, now succeed in ninety-five cases out of every 100, while formerly only five persons in 100 recovered. This result is wholly due to the discoveries of the bacteriologists.—[Washington Star.

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 not cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

WITNESSED before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 7c.

FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

"Doan's Bronchial Trochee" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the Stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health.

Mrs. Sarah I. Cox, Defiance, O.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Croup, it has no rival; has cured thousands where all others failed. But cure your child in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For Lane Back of Chest, use SHILOH'S PLASTER, 5c.

A Cantonment.

The cantonment at an Indian town means the place where the English live. The native town is usually enclosed by high walls and is accessible only by a few gates. It is brimful of people, who crowd its bazaars or shop streets. Quite outside the town and a mile or two away is the cantonment, an unwall'd district, where each house stands in its own enclosure or compound, and where the regiments—British or native—are quartered in "hives" or rows of huts.

The cantonment usually has wide, well-kept roads, with a grassy margin and avenues of fine trees, giving it the appearance of a great park. The English visitor, if he stays with friends, might be a week without seeing the native town at all, unless his curiosity prompted an excursion in search of it. There is always in the cantonment a club, with a ladies' wing (unless the ladies have a gymkhana or club of their own), and, besides the various parade grounds, a polo ground or tennis court, so that a visitor bent only on amusement has plenty of resources.—[The Nineteenth Century.

At Wabash, Ind., a few days ago when

Trainmaster Courtright, of the Michigan division of the Big Four road, built a fire in his residence he was astonished to discover a thick stream of strange, sticky liquid run down the stovepipe and over the floor. He cleaned it up, but it continued to flow over the floor and the railroad official made an investigation, which revealed that a swarm of bees had lodged in the chimney during the hot weather and made a large quantity of honey, which, when the natural gas fire was lighted, ran down the flue.—[Detroit Free Press.

At Roquette, France, there was an execution the other morning, a horrible

young scoundrel had his head chopped off. A little before the magistrates entered his cell the spokesman announced that the petition for official clemency had been rejected. At the moment as he was about to raise his hat.

"Bravo!" cried the prisoner. "For once in my life I have been spoiled politically."

What moralist is there to whom that exclamation would not bring food for thought.—Once a Week U 47

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative: effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

THE HOME SAFETY RAZOR

EVERY MAN

HIS OWN BARBER

Even if you never shaved before it is absolutely impossible not to use it. It is specially adapted to the young just beginning to shave and the old with tremulous hands, to those who have very tender faces, and to all who value their time of value, as they can shave with ease, comfort and safety in five minutes or less.

Every "Home Safety Razor" is honed and set regularly, and fully warranted in every respect. If your hair is discolored, and it is not, we will mail you one in receipt of \$2.00.

A liberal discount offered to any responsible party who wishes to take the agency for their town. Send for prospectus and price list.

THE HOME SAFETY RAZOR is an elegant and useful present for the holidays.

SIBELL & HURST, SOLE OWNERS.

1222 Chamber Street, New York City.

RISING SUN

STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived.

With Partes, Rameals and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron and burn red.

The Rising Sun Stove Polish is brilliant. Odorless, durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

PENSION

JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C.

Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.

23 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 45 yrs since.

PISO'S CURE FOR