

### THE JOKER'S BUSINESS

AND YARDS BY FUNNY MEN ON THE PRESS.

HE KNEW.—The Questions a Girl Asks—Not Quite Understood—In Business—Etc., Etc.

HE KNEW.  
Caller—Can I see Miss Snuggly?  
Servant—She's engaged, sir.  
Caller—Of course she is, and I'm  
the man she's engaged to.  
Servant—Oh.—[Detroit Free Press.]

THE QUESTIONS A GIRL ASKS.  
"Are you certain that you love  
me?"  
"I am."  
"But are you sure that you are  
certain?"

NOTHING CHEAP ABOUT IT.  
Squid—Didn't Timberwheel feel  
cheap when Miss Frisky sued him  
for breach of promise?  
McWilligen—Cheap? Well, I guess  
so. [The Pittsburg Chronicle-Tele-  
graph.]

IN BUSINESS.  
Police Judge—What is your occu-  
pation?  
Errett Wrest—I am a promoter.  
"A what?"  
"A promoter—promoter of chari-  
table impulses. See?"—[Cincinnati  
Tribune.]

HE WASN'T AT ALL GRATIFIED.  
"They say a woman can't keep a  
secret," she said to her lover, who  
had run down from the city for a day  
to see her at the beach.  
"But you can, my darling," he  
said, tenderly.  
"You bet," she laughed; "I have  
been here a whole week and none of  
the young men know yet that I am  
engaged."—[New York Press.]

EXTREME PATERNALISM.  
"And you would prefer to have me  
visit you less frequently," he said.  
"Yes," she answered. "Father  
objects to my receiving so much  
company."  
"And you won't wear my engage-  
ment ring?"  
"No. Father objects to my receiv-  
ing presents from young men."  
"And you decline to meet me oc-  
casionally at the front gate?"  
"Yes. Father has just purchased  
a bulldog, you know."  
His face took on a shade of deep  
annoyance.  
"It is as I feared," he muttered.  
"The country is going all wrong  
through too much paternalism."—  
[Washington Star.]

A NIGHT OF TERROR.  
It was a cloudy night.  
Dark clouds lowered over the world,  
and here and there dropped a fringe of  
fog.  
A shriek pierced the night air.  
She clutched her husband's nose  
wildly in her startled frenzy.  
"Heavens," she gasped in terror,  
and even as she spoke the awful cry  
broke again upon her ears, "the par-  
goric bottle is empty!"  
There was nothing to do but walk  
the floor.—[Detroit Tribune.]

A FLAW SOMEWHERE.  
He—You refuse me?  
She—I do.  
He—Do I look all right?  
She—Yes.  
He [decidedly]—It can't be possi-  
ble. I'm going back to my rooms  
and discharge my man.—[Puck.]

NOT IN HIS ETHICS.  
Mrs. Hussiff—And now, having had  
a good lunch, I want you to saw that  
wood. It won't take you more than  
an hour.  
Rural Ragges (with dignity)—  
You'll excuse me, madam, but in  
making a mornin' call I stick ter  
social etiquette. Twenty minutes is  
my limit, an' that space has elapsed.

ONE EXCEPTION.  
"False one!" he shrieked.  
"Not wholly so," she moaned.  
He became calmer.  
"No," he remarked in quieter  
tones, "that red on the end of your  
nose is natural, I have no doubt."—  
[Indianapolis Journal.]

NO EQUALITY FOR HER.  
Mrs. Scard—The marriage relation  
needs reform. Don't you think that  
both parties should have an equal  
voice in regulating their joint affairs?  
Mrs. Graymare—What! Let my  
husband have as much to say as I  
have? Not much.—[Puck.]

NOT OVER-SENSITIVE.  
"Willie—An' what did Clawence do  
when Bob Slugard kicked him?"  
Aly—He simply said, "G'eat men  
are not sensitive to criticism," and  
walked swiftly away.—[Judge.]

OVERHAULING HIM.  
"How do you like the young wo-  
man from Boston?" asked the young  
man's sister.  
"Oh, very well. Only she uses  
such big words. I gave her a flower  
and she wouldn't call it by anything  
but its scientific name."  
"But you always liked botany."  
"It wasn't her botany I objected  
to. It was her culture."—  
[Washington Star.]

### It's Hood's Cat Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures  
world. The testimo-  
nial received by its  
proprietors by the  
hundred, telling the  
story that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures are un-  
paralleled in the history of medicine, and  
they are solid facts. Get only Hood's.  
Hood's Pills cure Constipation, Indigestion.

### SWEETHEARTS STILL

And So They Repeated the Mes-  
sages of Long Ago.

There are in this city a man and a  
woman who have been sweethearts for  
seventeen years, two years before they  
were married and fifteen since that  
time. When they were young and  
perhaps no more "lovesick" than  
most sweethearts usually are, they  
lived in New Hampshire. He was a  
country boy who was ambitious and  
worked hard, so that he could not see  
the parson's pretty daughter down at  
the foot of the valley so often as he  
could wish. But it was just as hard  
for him to go for a day without talk-  
ing to her as for any young man of  
the modern age who calls in evening  
dress and "spoons" unceasingly and  
untiringly.

This young country boy, who was  
so determined a chap that afterward  
in New York he climbed way up to the  
top of the heap in his business, went  
out one night and strung a wire from  
tree to tree down the wooded valley  
to the parson's house. Then he got  
some telegrapher's instruments, ad-  
justed one in his house and one down  
where the parson wrote his sermons

and the maid her love letters, and the  
two set to work to learn telegraphy.  
Afterward till they were married they  
cooed over an electric wire when he  
could not come down from the farm.  
The other evening a gay little party  
sat around a table in a handsome  
house uptown. They were enjoying  
a chafing dish after the roof garden  
and everyone was full of merriment.  
Between the chatting and the gay  
laughter a woman picked up a fork  
and striking a glass gently with the  
prong made, apparently carelessly, a  
jewel clear sounds. They were re-  
peated two or three times until a  
man, the head of the house, who was  
at the other end of the table, looked  
up with a surprised look on his face.  
Then the tinkle was again sounded  
and his eyes glanced quickly down  
the table.

He is a big, stout man now with a  
full face and he does not look a bit  
sentimental, but when he in turn  
picked up a fork and raised it to tap  
his glass he was as awkward as a bash-  
ful country boy. Her eyes were shy,  
too, and a pretty color showed in her  
cheek when the thin, tinkling glass  
answered her message.

Rather a dull thing, this trying to  
telegraph with a fork and a glass af-  
ter years of lack of practice. Maybe  
it was silly, too, for a couple who had  
been married fifteen years to try to  
smuggle love messages across so  
short a distance as the length of a  
table. Dull and silly, perhaps; but  
then they were sweethearts.—[New  
York Tribune.]

### Gold in a Bandit's Cave.

The people of the town of Sabinas  
and surrounding country to the south  
of Lampasas, Mexico, are excited  
over the discovery of a bandit's cave  
in which fabulous wealth is supposed  
to be stored. The cave, says a cor-

### Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

respondent of the St. Louis Globe-  
Democrat, was the rendezvous of the  
famous bandit, El Colorado, and his  
followers, who terrorized all of north-  
ern Mexico about a century ago. It  
is situated in the Iguala mountains,  
near Sabinas, and was first discovered  
three months ago by an old man  
named Cuevas, who in some manner  
had just come into possession of a  
chart giving the location of the cave.  
He and three sons and four other  
relatives started to make an explora-  
tion of the cave. In an inner com-  
partment they found a large pile of  
silver coin of ancient coinage. They  
had filled one sack with the money  
when they were all overcome with  
the fire damp with which the cave  
was filled and only four of the party  
succeeded in reaching the open air  
alive. Old man Cuevas was taken  
very sick as the result of his terrible  
experience and a few days ago he  
died. On his deathbed he confided

to the priest the secret of the cave  
and a party of explorers was at once  
organized to visit and secure the  
treasure. It was headed by Silverio  
Garza, a prominent citizen of Sa-  
binas. They were all driven out of  
the cave by the noxious gases, and  
two members of the party have died  
from the effects of the poison which  
they inhaled. The news of this second  
expedition had become public and  
the authorities have placed guards at  
the cave to guard the treasure until  
further explorations can be made.  
The general government has been  
notified of the situation. U85

Many steamboats made in Pittsburg  
are plying on South American rivers.

The most extensive mines are those of  
Saxony.

Of the population of Montana 66.50 are  
males and 33.50 are females.

### "Good Wives Grow Fair in the Light of Their Works," Especially if They Use

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