

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

TESTS AND YARNS OF THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Real Estate Quiet—Precaution—A Modest Photograph—Was Disappointed—Not Waiters—He Wanted to Guide.

REAL ESTATE QUIET.

Eastern Man—"Anything stirring in real estate out your way this season?" Western Man (gloomily)—"No-o, not even a landslide."

PRECAUTION.

Briggs—Does your wife laugh when you tell her a funny story? Briggs—Oh, yes. I always tell her beforehand that it is funny.

A MODEST PHOTOGRAPH.

Mrs. Dearborn—Will my feet show? Photographer—Oh, mercy no! I'm not going to make the picture as big as that!

THE EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

"I suppose Fred's letter is about the same silly thing as usual?" "No, it isn't; he didn't mention your name once this time."

WAS DISAPPOINTED.

Wigwag—How does the political situation strike you? Hardpupe I've been looking for one for the past twenty years, and it hasn't struck me yet.

NOT WAITERS.

Mabel—I understand that there were only square dances at Mrs. Flippitt's spall and early.

Maude—Yes; there weren't men enough to go round.

A PROSPECT OF RETRIBUTION.

First Ball Player—They say this umpire's going to get married. Second Ball Player—Is he? I hope he'll know how it is himself not to be let talk back.

HE WANTED TO GUIDE.

Odorous Oliver—Oh, dear, I wish I wuz a snake. Dingy Dick—Gosh! Whaffor? "So's I could move 'bout havin' to git up."

NOT SAFE.

Miss Hugline—My father is very good at reading faces. Mr. Kissam—Then I had better not print any kisses there.

SURPRISED.

"Weren't you surprised when he proposed?" "No. Why should I be?" "Everybody else was."

DIED AS HE HAD LIVED.

Bixley—The ossified man at the dime museum, 'd died this morning. Paley—Poor fellow! I suppose he was resigned.

Bixley—No, indeed. He died hard.

AS APPROPRIATELY NAMED.

Hoax—What is Chisler going to call that statue of his representing a young man in tears? Joak—He calls it "Crossed in Love." Hoax—Oh, I see. Chisler cut him out.

A MONUMENTAL FUN.

Judge—On what grounds do you bring the action? Lawyer—This man refuses to pay the bill for his wife's burial. Judge—Um—that's a grave charge.

EXPLAINED.

Rydes—Wheeler is humped-over, I know, but he's great on the bike. Why, he can ride backward! Walker—Well, he's only following his bent.

AN EMBLY HEIR.

Gadzooks—Keen scheme Wiley has for getting up early; isn't it? Zounds—What's that? Gadzooks—Eats a yeast-cake every night when he goes to bed.

WANTED TO SEE IT WORK.

"Let me take the blamed thing home," said the patient, as the dentist relieved him of his chinking molar. "I want to take it home and poke sugar in it to see it ache."

WORDS FULY SPOKEN.

"Did you hear about that hair-raising story Hone was circulating?" asked the barber in Grabenstater's. "Don't tell it to me," hastily replied the customer. "Keep it for your bald-headed victims."

UNGENEROUSLY.

"It seems to me," shouted Uncle Allen Sparks to the fleeing bloomer girl, whose bicycle had given him a severe jolt at a crossing, "you might stop a second or at least look around to see whether you've knocked anybody down or not. That would be the gentlemanly thing to do."

ABSOLUTE PROOF.

A recruit, wishing to evade service, was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him: "Have you any defects?" "Yes, sir; I am short sighted."

"How can you prove it?" "Easily enough, doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder in the wall?" "Yes."

"Well, I don't."

A SUPERFLUOUS QUESTION.

"These scales," said a Dallas druggist, "are adjusted so nicely that you can tell on them the difference between the weight of a blonde hair and a dark hair."

"Which hair weighs the less?" "The light hair weighs less, of course."

In Maesloup, a mountain resort of Japan, there is a spring of blood-heat temperature. Some of the visitors remain in this water for a whole month with a stone on their knees to keep them from tumbling over in their sleep.

THE SALE OF A WIFE.

Extraordinary Story Showing How Her Golden Brought Ruin.

Here is a story of real life with more tragedy and romance in it than can be found in half a dozen novels. So impressive is it that it has stirred all Germany, where the scene is laid. Thousands who never read a novel with a purpose have heard of this lamentable story, and have learned therefrom a salutary lesson which no novel could teach them with such effect—the lesson, namely, that, according as a man sows so shall he reap, and that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation.

There lived in Berlin some years ago a well known brewer who had an unusually pretty wife. The brewer's name is an open secret, but it is not divulged and he is only referred to as H. The pretty wife felt indisposed one day, and a servant was sent for a physician, Dr. S., who lived close by; responded to the call, and the remedies used by him were so effectual that Mrs. H. was soon ever kept on calling, and it soon became evident that he and the brewer's wife had become warmly attached to each other. The physician was unmarried, and the only apparent bar to his happiness was the rigid fact that the adored one was already the wife of another. Dr. S. pondered the matter deeply, and finally took a bold step. Going to the brewer he asked him point blank on what terms he would surrender all claims to his wife—in other words how much he would take for her in solid cash. To this question the brewer gave a prompt answer—Knowing that his wife loved the physician and cared no more for him, he expressed his willingness to dispose of her for 90,000 marks. This offer was accepted. The physician paid the money and married the wife, and the brewer continued to live alone with his only child, a boy.

Evil days, however, were dawning for the brewer. He fancied that he could live at ease on the interest of the money obtained in this infamous manner, and so he disposed of his business and began to live like a gentleman of leisure. But this life did not suit him, and craving excitement of some kind he began to drink heavily, with the result that he was soon laid in a drunkard's grave. Strange to say the physician died about the same time.

The brewer's property, including the infamous money for which he had bartered his wife, was divided between his brother and his young son. The brother, who was in the livery business, spent his share buying coaches and horses and in otherwise improving his property. But, like the brewer, he soon waxed lazy and began to drink heavily, with the same result that he, too, died early. The brewer's son was now a young man and he became sole proprietor of the livery business. The income therefrom was very satisfactory, but he soon became dissatisfied with the business, and so he sold it and determined to live on the interest of the money, which included the 90,000 marks for which his mother had been sold. His next step was to marry a pretty but otherwise undesirable waitress. His friends remonstrated with him, but he would have his own way. He and his wife went to live in Brandenburg street, and it was not long before appalling stories of domestic infidelity began to circulate among the neighbors. The young husband quickly found out that he had made a great mistake, and like his father and uncle, took to drink, which very soon carried him off.

His pretty young widow came into possession of the ill-starred property, and straightway started to spend it lavishly. She kept open house, surrounded herself with all the luxuries that money can buy, and in a short time became the wife of a retired officer of the army. Much of the property had disappeared by this time, and she and her husband went to Potsdam, where they opened a fashionable winery. The ex-waitress presided over this establishment, and by her beauty and seductive wiles soon attracted a host of customers. But the profits of the wine business were not sufficient for her, and she let it be known that persons who wanted money could get it from her, provided they were willing to pay handsomely for loans. Now, as regards money lending the German laws are rather strict, and hearing curious stories about this apparently respectable winery in Potsdam, the law officers determined to make a strict investigation. But when they went to the winery, they found that the birds had flown, and all they could do was to publish a description of the ex-waitress and to charge her with usury. They are trying to arrest her now, and if they catch her she will probably be severely punished.

So from generation to generation this shameful blood money, this money fixed by a husband as the price of his own wife, has wrought incalculable mischief, and the story of the ruin which it has caused teaches a lesson which is not likely to be soon forgotten.

OUR VETERANS DYING.

A Survivor of the War Will Be Hard to Find in a Few Years. The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be

held this year in the month of September at St. Paul. Last year the encampment was held at Louisville, the year before at Pittsburgh, in 1893 at Indianapolis, in 1892 at Milwaukee, in 1891 at Detroit, and in 1890 at Boston. In 1886 the National Encampment was held at San Francisco, and the year previous at Portland, Me. The number of delegates to Grand Army encampments is regulated in each State by the total membership of the posts participating, and this year the G. A. R. of New York State will have but thirty-eight delegates, one less than last year, in the National Encampment at St. Paul. During the last year 2,600 veterans left the posts in this State, a decrease caused mostly by death. One effect of this reduced membership is the putting of New York below Ohio on the G. A. R. roster, Pennsylvania continuing to be at the head of the column.

The Grand Army reached its highest point of membership during the administration of President Harrison. On January 1, 1891, the membership of the Grand Army of the Republic was 385,000, and it increased gradually until January 1, 1894, when it was 387,040. Then a decline began, and on January 1, 1895, the total membership of the posts had fallen to 369,660. On January 1, 1896, the total membership of the Grand Army had fallen to 357,639. Since then there has been a loss of over 2,600 members in New York, and of a sufficient number in other States to bring down the total below 350,000.

In respect of present membership, Pennsylvania stands at the head of all the States with 43,000. Until this year New York followed with 38,036, and Ohio with 36,000, but now Ohio has taken the second place. Fourth on the list is Illinois, with 27,000; fifth, Massachusetts, with 22,000; sixth, Indiana, with 21,000; seventh, Kansas and Michigan and Missouri, with 16,000 each; then Iowa, with 15,000 members, and Wisconsin, with 12,000.

The first encampment of the Grand Army order was held at Indianapolis on November 20, 1866. The several Commanders-in-chief of the Grand Army received much honor in American politics. John A. Logan, Commander-in-chief for three years, was United States Senator and Republican candidate for vice president in 1884. A. E. Burnside, his successor for two terms as United States Senator from Rhode Island, Charles Devens of Massachusetts, who succeeded Burnside, was Attorney-General of the United States, and John F. Hartranft was Governor of Pennsylvania and Collector of the Port of Pennsylvania. Mr. Hartranft's successor, John C. Robinson, was twice Lieutenant-Governor of New York State, and Louis Wagner, elected in 1880, was director of the Philadelphia department of Public Works, of which it is said, C. H. T. Collis, New York Commissioner of Public Works, is a graduate. The late Lucius Fairchild was Governor of Wisconsin. Russell A. Alger, elected in 1889, was Governor of Michigan, and John Palmer, elected at the Detroit encampment in 1891, is now Secretary of State in New York, and one of the numerous Republican candidates for Governor this year to succeed Levi P. Morton. Present circumstances are not favorable to the further growth in membership of the Grand Army of the Republic, and it is expected by the leading men in the organization that from now on there will be a steady and gradual decline, in which the falling off in New York's representation is one of the first tangible and visible evidences.

Two Thousand an Hour.

"Standing on the Boulevard the other night at Eighty-sixth street, New York, watching the throng of bicyclists," said a west-sider. "I counted those going north between the hours of 8.40 and 9.10. There were 545 men and seventy-eight women—623 altogether. I did not undertake to count those going south at the same time, but I should say that at a moderate calculation there were at least half as many more, making the total number passing that point in thirty minutes about 1000. The currents vary in strength—later there would be fewer going up and more going down; but in the busier part of the pleasant evenings a total of 2000 an hour would be a reasonable estimate." —New York Sun.

Cheap Medical Attendance.

A well-known Rockingham county, New Hampshire, physician has kept a running account with one of his patient's family in Kensington for forty years, and lately in looking over the account on both sides it was found that the doctor owed the family \$13.23, and then the account was settled satisfactorily to both parties. The same doctor attended a family in his own town over thirty years, and had been to the patient's house 1,200 times with his team and never received anything for his trouble or time, and during these many years the family had plenty of means to compensate the physician.

A Penny Sold for \$1,000.

A penny was recently sold at auction in England for \$1,000. It was of gold, worth twenty pence (40 cents), and was coined in 1237 by order of Henry III. But two other specimens are known to be in existence. They are in the British Museum.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE LITTLE WHITE LAMB.

Green are the pastures of Sleepy-Land, Fresh are the fields and fair; Wide are the ways to its Wonder-Fold— And my little lamb is there.

Blue are the skies of Sleepy-Land; Clear are the brooks and bright; With a Shepherd-Dream to the Slumber Gate Went my little lamb last night.

O tall Dream-Shepherd, I pray you, hear! Fair thy yoke pasture be, Let down the bars, and bring once more My little white lamb to me.

—[Grac: Goodwin.

ABOUT SOME QUEER BIRDS.

The woodpecker can climb up the stem of a tree like a flash, but he can't climb down it to save his life. The little sap sucker of the same family can do both. The kingfisher dives under the water and catches its fish in its mouth. The crane stands in the water and fishes, and spears its prey with its long, sharp bill, as you might spear an eel with a gig. The crane rises with the fish impaled on its bill and flies away home. I shot a six-foot crane once on the wing that had a two-pound trout impaled in that way. The fish-bird drops into the water like a plummet and seizes its fish in its talons.

HABITS OF FISH IN FEEDING.

It is a common thing for a fish to shake its live prey or other food as a dog might do, perhaps to kill it or tear it into fragments for eating. A dog can help itself by placing a paw on its food. Of course a fish can't do this, but it can shake very vigorously. In feeding the fishes in aquaria the food—excepting, of course, live food—is cut up into pieces of suitable size. Fragments of food thus prepared may hang together by a shred, or a little fish may seize a piece as big as itself, but whether the fish is big or little, if it gets a piece bigger than it can swallow, it is very likely to shake it, and to shake it powerfully, tearing off what it wants, of such part as may be detached by the shaking, and swallowing that, and then darting after the rest as it sinks in the water. There are many kinds of crustaceans, however, crabs and so on, which convey food to the mouth with their claws, as man carries food to his mouth with his hands.

BIRDS AT SEA.

Sir Edwin Arnold, in an account of his voyage to America, which appears in the London Daily Telegraph, says:

"Every day we see playing round the ship and skimming up and down the wave-hollows companies of lovely little terns and sea swallows, the latter no larger than the waste have not by any means followed us from land, living, as gulls often will, on the waste thrown from the vessel. They are vague and casual roamers of the ocean, who, spying the great steamship from afar, have sailed close up, to see if we are a rock or an island, and will then skim away again on their own free and boundless business.

"Yonder tiny bird with purple and green plumage, his little breast and neck laced with silver, is distant 1,000 miles at this moment from a drop of fresh water, and yet cares no more for that fact than did the Irish squire who lived twelve miles from a lemon." If his wings ever grow weary, it is but to settle on the bosom of a great billow and suffer it for a time to rock and roll him amid the hissing spindrift, the milky, flying foam and the broken sea-lace which forms, and gleams, and disappears again upon the dark slopes.

"When he pleases, a stroke of the small red foot and a beat of the wonderful wing launch him off from the jagged edge of his billow, and he flits past us at one hundred knots an hour, laughing steam and canvas to scorn, and steering for some nameless crag in Labrador or Fundy, or bound, it may be, homeward for some island or marsh of the far-away Irish coast.

"Marvellously expressive of power as is our stirring engine, which all day and all night throbs and pants and pulses in noisy rhythm under the deck, what a clumsy, imperfect affair it is compared to the dainty plumes and delicate muscles which will carry that pretty, fearless sea-swallow back to his roost."

THE COYOTE.

The coyote is found on the vast plains of the Missouri, prowling along the edges of the western wilderness. Its range extends all the way from Mexico to the Saskatchewan, and from the Mississippi river to the Pacific Ocean. It lives in burrows. It looks more like a jackal than a wolf. Its color is a dull, yellowish gray, with black clouding, with the exception of its under parts, which are a dirty white. It is from thirty to forty inches long, with a bushy tail measuring from sixteen to eighteen inches in length. Thus the tail is about one-third the length of the animal. The muzzle is sharp and the ears very large, and there is a strong resemblance between it and an Indian dog. Its bark being very much like that of the latter animal.

The coyote is a very fleet beast of prey. It is naturally a thieving and ferocious disposition, and is a compound of audacity and cowardice. It seems to be ever hungry, in fact ravenous. It is extremely wary, and it is very difficult to trap it. It is as cunning as a fox, and at the same time has many of the traits of members of the dog family, to which family it belongs, and, like a dog, it wags its tail as a sign of pleasure.

Coyotes are gregarious, always hunting in packs. They will hang in the rear of

a herd of goats, or a flock of sheep, watching opportunity to pounce on the straggling ones. They are found in tracks of hunters, and trailing to and fro as soon as the camps are broken, they will search the ground and gnaw the carcasses of any edibles that may be behind. Hunger will drive them to the outskirts of civilization, and occasionally they will commit depredations on the yard of an outlying farm. The teeth of the coyote show it to be a carnivorous, flesh-eating animal. However, when hungry, it will feed upon roots, and vegetables or anything else that is palatable.

The coyote is also called the "barking wolf," and because of its bark is often referred to as the "barking wolf." Hearing it is attended with considerable interest, and is sometimes full of adventure. It is therefore, considered quite a sport in western wilds. The teeth of the coyote are similar to those of the rest of the carnivor or wild dog family. They must gnaw, hold the prey; therefore there are long canine teeth. The game animal cut up, therefore, in the front part of their two jaws there are twelve cutting teeth, and back of the long canine teeth there are twenty-six teeth for gnawing, cutting and chewing large particles of food. These animals often suffer from famine.

AMERICAN VICE PRESIDENTS.

An ill-founded Prejudice Against an Office Which Has Been Held by Statesmen. The routine duties of the office of the president are unimportant and the administration of a vice president in the discharge of which he is a member is insignificant. He has less to do with the course of legislation than do the members of the Senate or the House of Representatives. In executive matters a president consults with his cabinet—never with the vice president. The president's private secretary, deed, outranks usually in point of influence and authority the vice president, and the latter personage has been regarded as an amiable figurehead, whose only real importance arises from the possibility of the president's office becoming vacant.

Yet some of the most important in American history, especially in the early days of the republic, have held the office of vice president, and have brought to the discharge of its duties the first vice president of the United States, John Adams, was afterward president, and certainly no New England man was more prominent than Adams in support of the revolutionary signer of the Declaration of Independence, he was accredited as Minister to France in 1777 and as Minister to the United States in 1785, two of the most important offices which an American at that time could fill, and outranked only by the office held by George Washington.

Adams's predecessor as president, was Commander-in-chief of the American army. The second vice president of the United States, Thomas Jefferson, whose participation in the revolution leading up to the Revolution was mainly more active and important than that of any of the members of the cabinet over which he presided. George Clinton, who enjoyed the remarkable distinction of being Governor of New York for eighteen years consecutively (and the first Governor of New York, too), was the fourth vice president of the United States, and Daniel D. Tompkins, who was Governor of New York for ten years, was the sixth.

It has been said often by critics of American political history that the most distinguished statesmen, Mr. Clay, Daniel Webster, and others, like prominence, have by some fatal fatality fallen short of the presidency, and the name of John C. Calhoun of South Carolina has been included in this list. But Mr. Calhoun did not fall short of office, for he succeeded in office as Vice President of the United States for ten years, and after serving as such he was elected President in 1845, defeating William H. Harrison, grandfather of Mr. Cleveland's predecessor. A careful and satisfactory performance of the duties of the vice president, in the case of Mr. Van Buren, led to his subsequent nomination, the presidency, and later Mr. Van Buren, more elected vice president in the contest of 1856, though running outside ticket of a third party. Mr. Van Buren received 800,000 votes in the office of vice president, and has been of less prominence than he was held by distinction by two New York Republicans—Charles Arthur and Levi P. Morton, both of whom afterward president and the latter candidate for that office.

Longevity Among Doctors. The recent death of Dr. Reynolds, in England, at the ripe age of 107 years, has drawn to the attention of the medical world statistics regarding the longevity among medical men. The archives of his province, Dr. Reynolds shows that whereas the average length of life among doctors is 38 years, the longest lives among them had risen to 45 years and 8 months at the present time had been 70 years and 7 months.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate.

"Good Order" Society in Jail. A rather remarkable state of affairs exists in the Maysville jail. There are about twenty-five prisoners now confined there, some of them awaiting trial for the worst of crimes. These prisoners have formed a "good order" society, and organized a mock court to punish offenders. Fred. Bass, who shot and killed Orth Gambia, was chosen judge, and Laughlin, who killed his wife and wife near Augusta, is sheriff. They have adopted laws against spitting on the floor, boisterous conduct, using vile profane language, etc., and these are strictly enforced. Offenders are whipped at a strap. Garrett Breckinridge, awaiting trial for murder, is the executioner. Jailer Johnson says the society has effected a remarkable improvement in the conduct of the prisoners. It is no longer those who formerly made great noise at their home on Fourth street, just above the jail, and Mr. Johnson told him this, and his complaint resulted in the organization of the society. The jailer details two of its members to go up cells each day.—Maysville Bulletin.

Will Found Under the Hall Carpet. The original will of G. H. Blanchard, a Washington, has been filed in the Probate Court, Cambridge. Blanchard lived some time ago leaving a wife and four children, and as no will could be found the members of the family petitioned the court a copy of a will, which they were sure that the husband and she had left a will, but it could not be found. A day or two ago housecleaning was done at the Blanchard house in Cambridge, and the carpet in the front parlor was taken up. Lying underneath it a paper on the floor was the lost will, and it was taken to court and filed. The will bequeaths one-sixth of the property to his wife and the residue to be divided equally among children.—Boston Transcript.

English Popular Songs are at Present in Great Demand in Paris Cafes.

AN OPEN LETTER.

MRS. I. E. BRESSIE SAYS TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

Of Her Melancholy Condition After the Birth of Her Child.

I feel as if I was doing an injustice to my suffering sisters if I do not tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me, and its benefits to the world.

From the moment my little girl was born I felt as if I was in a new world. I was so nervous, hysterical; my head ached with such a terrible burning pain on the top, and felt as if I was drawn tightly above my eyebrows, nausea at the sight of food, indigestion, constipation, bladder troubles, palpitation of the heart, attacks of melancholia would without any provocation whatsoever numbness of the limbs, threatenings of paralysis, and loss of memory to an extent that I feared aberration of mind.

My friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and spoke in terms of what it had done for her. I began its use and gained rapidly. I am a living advertisement of its merits. I had not used it a year when I was the envy of the whole town. My complexion, stumped, girlish looks and a general ill health.

I recommend it to all women. I find it an advantage in being able to say, "I am a mother." All honor to the name of Lydia E. Pinkham; wide and deep in the Vegetable Compound. I can vouch for its merits. My health is now perfect. I am 30 years of age, and I have had seven children in 18 years and 7 months.

