

# JOLLY JOKER

Mrs. Tellit—Yes, she is a decided blonde. Mrs. Knockit—Indeed! When did she decide?—Milwaukee News.

"Little boy, haven't I seen you in my Bible class?" "Not unless I walk in me sleep, lady."—New Orleans Picayune.

Ella—Bella married an octogenarian. Stella—I don't think that a girl ought to change her religion for a man.—Chicago Daily News.

"What selection is that the orchestra has just finished?" "I don't know. Sounded to me like neuralgia expressed in music."—Tit-Bits.

Daughter—Did you have to fish much, mamma, before you caught papa? Mother—Fish, my dear, fish! I was bear hunting.—M. A. P.

"How much does it cost to get married?" asked the eager youth. "That depends entirely on how long you live," replied the sad-looking man.

"How is the water in the bath, Lissette?" "Cold, my lady. It turned baby fairly blue." "Then don't put Fido in for an hour or so."—Pittsburg Post.

He—Why are you so sad, darling? She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this is the last evening we can be together till to-morrow.—Chicago Daily News.

Professor (examining medical student)—If you were called out to a patient what is the first question you would ask? Medical Student—Where he lives.

"Splendid color, isn't it?" asked the fishmonger, cutting open a salmon. "Yes," replied the purchaser, "looks as if it were blushing at the price you ask for it."

Wiggs—How do you know he's a foreigner? He has no accent? Wags—No, but he knows so many ways in which this country could be improved.—Philadelphia Record.

"What did the poet mean when he called his country 'the land of the free and the home of the brave'?" "He was probably referring to bachelors and married men," said old Mr. Smithers, sadly.

"What do you suppose, Algernon," the young thing asked, "is the reason the ocean is salty?" "I am sure I don't know," drawled Algy, "unless it is because there are so many codfish in it."—Success Magazine.

The Manager—I've got a new idea for a melodrama that ought to make a hit. The Writer—What is it? The Manager—The idea is to introduce a cyclone into the first act that will kill all the actors.—Tit-Bits.

"I've got to go to Philadelphia," said the hurried traveler, who was fumbling for his pocketbook. "Well," answered the New York ticket-seller, "are you buying transportation or just telling your troubles?"—Washington Star.

Bowers—I understand that the doctors have just had a consultation on Murphy. What conclusion did they come to? Powers—They decided that the patient was not wealthy enough to stand an operation.—Spokane Review.

Ebenezer—Them skeeters makes me think of them city visitors we had the week before last. His Wife—How's that, Eb? Ebenezer—They come pretty near being the worst singers and the biggest eaters I ever see.—Illustrated Bits.

Gladys—Oh, mamma! Here's a note from that long-haired pianist. He says it will be impossible for him to play at our reception to-night. Mamma—What's the trouble? Gladys—Some one stole his wig.—Chicago Daily News.

The Kind Lady—You clear off or I'll set the dog at you. The Tramp—Ah, 'ow deceptive is 'uman natur'. For two nights I've slept in yer barn, eaten yer poultry an' drunk of yer cider, and now yer treats me as an utter stranger.—The Sketch.

"They tell me," said the innocent maid, "that your marriage was the result of love at first sight. Is it true?" "It is," answered the round-shouldered man, sadly. "Had I been gifted with second sight I'd still be in the bachelor class!"—Chicago Record-Herald.

"I hope you will be interested in yonder assignment," said the hostess. "I have assigned him to take you out to dinner." "I shall be," responded the lady addressed. "That gentleman was formerly my husband, and he's behind with his alimony."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Magistrate—Officer, what is this man charged with? Constable—He's a camera fiend of the worst kind, yer worship. Magistrate—But this man shouldn't have been arrested simply because he has a mania for taking pictures. Constable—It isn't that, yer worship; he takes the cameras.—Boston Globe.

"That is a fat, prosperous-looking envelope. Does our salesman send in a big bunch of orders?" "Not exactly. That envelope contains a receipt for his last check, his expense account for this week, a request for a salary raise, and a requisition for some more expensive account blanks."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## Reverse Things.

Wife—The landlord was here to-day and I gave him the rent and showed him the baby.

Hubby—Next time he comes around suppose you show him the rent and give him the baby.

## RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.



No man prays who prays with his lips alone.

A shallow mind soon works up a frothy agitation.

It's easy to let men slide while you're chasing money.

The world would be full of fools if

folly had no bitter fruitage.

It is impossible to appreciate the baldest facts without imagination.

It is a serious reflection on any faith when it has no results in character.

Most homes ultimately have to choose between chairs and children.

The religion that can be laid in a pigeonhole of the life belongs in its cemetery.

No man is a good soldier of the cross who thinks more of his feed than of the fight.

When we make mistakes we talk of destiny, when we succeed we mention only genius.

The soul can no more live on abstractions than plants can live on a theory in botany.

The man who carries his whisky in a wheelbarrow always blames it for leading him astray.

The higher criticism has never done anything like the damage done by neighborly criticism.

There's a difference between being made by meeting dangers and running out to embrace them.

The poorest way to make people appreciate Heaven is to make earth barren of heavenly glory.

If we are sincere in longing for virtuous people we will see that virtue has some soil to grow in.

Many a man thinks the angels stagger in amazement every time he gives a pair of wornout shoes to a tramp.

## A CURIOUS ESCORT.

Not long ago there was burned, opposite the temporary tomb of the late Empress Dowager of China, a great boat which, together with the car on which it was placed, formed part of the funeral procession of that deceased woman. This imitation boat cost more than thirty-five thousand dollars, and the Chinese belief is that, as it burns, it ascends to heaven in its own smoke, and there becomes available for use.

The ceremony is an imposing one, and is only performed at the death of an emperor or empress. But other funerals of the Yellow Nation are accompanied by picturesque and strange details which are also costly.

Mrs. Archibald Little gives the following account of the funeral procession of Prince Yung-li in "Round About My Peking Garden." The prince was the successor to Li-Hung Chang.

"After the soldiers and wardens in picturesque costumes came falconers carrying beautiful hooded birds, and a retainer leading the dead master's hound. Then followed the prince's titles on colored boards, borne by men in palace livery, long green gowns with disks of red or yellow.

"Next were many dogs, does and stags made of green bushes, and ten dogs constructed of gold and silver paper, their heads wagging comically as they were carried. Then a long train of flags and umbrellas, and hundreds of plants in full bloom, the best made of paper, but planted in real pots.

"All manner of insignia were woven out of greenery; lines of Mongol lamas were splendid in brocades; great white banners waved, and professional mourners smoked cigarettes.

"Yung-li's own cart, sedan chair and particular charger passed empty; mock horses made of paper were carted on wheels, adorned with real manes and tails. Then a whole lot of personal possessions, and then the catafalque itself, covered with red brocade."

## The Annual Bath.

The bath, it is said, is the measure of civilization. He who bathes once a day must be a better human being than he who bathes once a week, or once a month, or, like the Mexican Indians, once a year. A writer in *Outing* is the authority for the statement that there is a belief among these people that to bathe is to court sickness and death.

There was a sick boy in a hut where a friend of mine stopped one day, and my friend suggested to the father that a bath might cure him. The father held up his hands in horror.

"A bath! That would kill him!" he exclaimed. "I never bathed in my life, and my children never bathed, and never will."

Down in the low countries they do bathe once a year. At midnight on June 29th—St. Peter's day—the good saint calms the ocean and makes the water harmless, and those within reach of the sea who have sufficient faith in the protecting powers of the saint gather there on that day and recklessly wash their bodies.

At points removed from the coast June 24th is the annual bathing day. This is St. John the Baptist's day, and that good saint has a concession to mollify the rigors of the rivers for the benefit of the would-be clean ones.

One kind of curiosity is a small boy with two grandmothers who isn't spoiled.

It's easy for a man to get married if he looks good to a young widow.

## Old Favorites

### "Which Shall It Be?"

"Which shall it be? Which shall it be?"

I looked at John, John looked at me. (Dear, patient John, who loves me yet As well as though my locks were jet). And when I found that I must speak, My voice seemed strangely low and weak:

"Tell me again what Robert said, And then I listening bent my head. "This is his letter:—

"I will give A house and land while you shall live, If, in return, from out your seven, One child to me for aye is given."

I looked at John's old garments worn, I thought of all that John had borne Of poverty and work and care, Which I, though willing, could not share,

Of seven hungry mouths to feed, Of seven little children's need, And then of this.

"Come, John," said I, "We'll choose among them as they lie Asleep;" so walking hand in hand, Dear John and I surveyed our band.

First to the cradle lightly stepped, Where Lillian, the baby, slept; Her damp curls lay like gold alight, A glory 'gainst the pillow white:

Softly her father stooped to lay His rough hand down in loving way, When dream or whisper made her stir, And huskily he said, "Not her."

We stooped beside the trundle bed, And one long ray of lamplight shed Athwart the boyish faces there, In sleep so pitiful and fair,

I saw on Jamie's rough red cheek A tear undried; ere John could speak, "He's but a baby, too," said I, And kissed him as we hurried by.

Pale, patient Robby's angel face Still in his sleep bore suffering's trace, "No, for a thousand crowns not him," He whispered, while our eyes were dim.

Poor Dick, sad Dick! our wayward son, Turbulent, reckless, idle one— Could he be spared? Nay, He who gave

Bids us befriend him to the grave; Only a mother's heart can be Patient enough for such as he; "And so," said John, "I would not dare To send him from her bedside prayer."

Then stole we softly up above And knelt by Mary, child of love; "Perhaps for her 'twould better be," I said to John, "quitte silently He lifted up a curl that lay Across her cheek in willow way, And shook his head. "Nay, love, not these."

The while my heart beat audibly, Only one more, our eldest lad, Trusty and truthful, good and glad— So like his father; "No, John, no: I cannot, will not let him go!"

And so we wrote, in courteous way, We could not give one child away; And afterward toil lighter seemed, Thinking of that of which we dreamed; Happy, in truth, that not one face We missed from its accustomed place; Thankful to work for all the seven, Trusting then to One in heaven.

## WOMAN'S STRANGE BEQUEST.

An All-White Funeral and Chopin's March Fifty-Seven Times.

The Vicomtesse de Vaugelet, who has just died at the age of 77, left the bulk of her fortune, estimated at \$100,000, various minor legacies being deducted, to the town of Riom on certain curious conditions, which were all, or nearly all, complied with, a Cincinnati Enquirer's Paris letter says. She insisted on an entirely white funeral, with white trappings, white flowers and white horses.

No white horses were discoverable in the country, but in other respects her wishes were obeyed. The late vicomtesse seems to have been particularly musical, for she bequeathed \$200 to the local band on condition it played Chopin's "Funeral March" continually during the obsequies all the way from the house to the church and from the church to the graveyard, a distance of sixteen miles.

The result was that the band played Chopin's "Funeral March" fifty-seven times and then retired almost inanimate to a village inn, where a portion of the \$200 was consumed in drinks.

Mme. de Vaugelet also left \$6,000 to the French academy, to be bestowed upon a child aged between 5 and 15 years having shown peculiar distinction in music.

There seems to be no time limit for the discovery of the requisite prodigy by the academy. Finally the residue of the vicomtesse's fortune goes to the town of Riom, owing, it seems, to the stubborn disinterestedness of M. Clement, former minister of the colonies, whom for years she implored to be her heir. As he persistently refused, she appointed him only her executor and the town of Riom her residuary legatee.

## All in a Flutter.

For the first time in her life she was about to make a railway journey. When she arrived at the station she didn't know what to do.

She hailed a porter.

"Young man," she said, "can you tell me where I get my ticket?"

"Right there at the bookin' orfice!" answered the porter, jerking his thumb backward; "throu' the pigeon 'ole."

She regarded the hole, and then she regarded the porter. Her face was crimson with insult.

"You be off, you idiot!" she screamed. "How on earth do you think I'm going to get thro' there? I ain't no blessed pigeon!"—Answers.

We have become used to having people refuse to laugh at our jokes.

What has become of the old-fashioned Salvation Army?

## LET'S GO FISHIN' LIKE THE COUNTRY BOY.



Cuttin' a limb for a fishin' pole, In the cool shade near a sunfish hole; Lolling around on a grassy knoll, Pullin' out "punkin seeds."—Cincinnati Post.

Soakin' his feet in the cooling stream, Stringin' the big rock bass and bream; Just the right spot! Oh! to lie and dream And fish like the country boy.

## TO DAFFODILS.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see You haste away so soon; As yet the early-rising sun Has not attained his noon. Stay, stay, Until the hastening day Has run But to the even-song; And having prayed together, we Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you, We have as short a spring; As quick a growth to meet decay, As you or anything.

We die, As your hours do, and dry Away, Like to the summer rain; Or as the pearls of morning dew, Ne'er to be found again.—Robert Herrick.

## For a Woman's Sake

Kathleen wended her way to Lady Gorton's boudoir, and without waiting to knock pushed open the door and sank down on the nearest chair.

"My dearest child, what is the matter?" exclaimed her ladyship. "Have you had bad news?"

"Enid, I must go home now, this afternoon."

"But why, Kathleen? You must first tell me what has happened, then I will do my best to help you."

"Dear," whispered the girl, kneeling at her friend's feet, "Lord Clifford has proposed to me, and I—I—love him."

"But why say no when you admit you love him?"

"Have you forgotten why I must be different from other girls? Why, it would not be quite right for me to share an honorable man's name?"

"Yes, dear, I had."

"I'd almost forgotten it, too," said the girl, sadly, "while I've been here with you, Enid. Oh, Enid! you can never be grateful enough that no obstacle stood in the way of your marrying Dick."

"Why not leave the old life behind and make your home with Dick and myself? You know we shall be delighted to have you."

"I know, and I thank you a thousand times, but he will be free in about three months' time, and I must keep a home for him to come to. You see, Enid, he is my father after all. I love him still, and his disgrace is mine. How could I, the daughter of a convict, expect happiness?"

Three months had slipped by and the day had arrived on which Kathleen's father would be free. By a curious coincidence a letter had arrived for him a few days previously marked private, the first that had come since his conviction. How many times during those days did Kathleen wonder what that envelope contained? Was it some explanation of the mystery she felt sure surrounded her father?

Kathleen hardly recognized her father in the prematurely old man she met at the prison gates. It was not until they arrived home and he felt her arms around him that his composure gave way, and burying his face in his hands his frame shook with heart-rending sobs.

"Father, father," pleaded the girl, softly, "try to realize, dear, that you're free; that you're to stay with me always; that I'm to look after you. Speak

to me, dear, just one little word of love after all the weary months."

"Kathleen, my darling," said the man, brokenly, "this is the hardest punishment I've had to bear. God knows I've endured hell the last three years, but your love, my child, overcomes me."

"Surely you did not think I should turn from you. I only know you are the victim of fate."

"I did you the greatest wrong of all, child, in pleading guilty to the charge. I ought to have thought then what it would mean to you; but I put some one before you, and that thought has been the hardest part to bear."

"Father, father, do you really mean that you're innocent? Then why—why did you not say so?"

"Because—oh, I cannot tell you."

"Perhaps this letter will explain things," said the girl, putting it into his hand.

With feverish haste he tore open the envelope and without a word read the contents. When he had finished he put the letter into Kathleen's hand and asked her to read it, too. The only fact she seemed to grasp was that her father had borne the punishment for some one else's crime. But why?

Handing the letter back she said, "I don't think I quite understand, dear. Will you not explain?"

"Kathie, come and sit where I can see you. When I reached the age of 22 I fell deeply, passionately, in love with a girl whom I hoped returned my affection. But when I put my fate to the test she told me in the gentlest pos-

sible way that it was my friend, Basil Renshaw, she loved, and not myself. Then I met your mother. She was a woman much older than myself. After her death I saw a great deal of Basil and his wife, for, as you know, we were both in the same regiment. Instead of my love for Edith being dead, as I fondly imagined, the sight of her again fanned it into life, and I was only happy on the days I saw her."

"About three years ago there was a fund raised in the regiment for the widows of soldiers who had fallen in a frontier skirmish, of which Basil was made trustee. One day he came bursting into my room with wild-looking eyes and face from which all color had fled. 'Why, old chap, what's up?' I asked. 'Anything wrong with Edith?' 'Guy, for God's sake, help me. They're coming to look at the accounts of the fund to-morrow. And I'm £500 odd short.' 'You're what?' I gasped. 'What the devil d'you mean?' 'What I say,' he muttered, hoarsely. 'I've been losing heavily at bridge lately and had cursed luck on the turf, so I borrowed this trust money to put me straight, hoping my luck would turn and that I could refund it before it was found out. Can't you think of something?' 'Basil,' I replied, looking him full in the face, 'do you know that years ago I loved Edith, in fact, I love her still?'

"I should like to be excused, your lordship," said the man who had been summoned on a jury in England, says Cassel's Journal.

"What for?"

"I owe a man £5, and I want to hunt him up and pay it."

"Do you mean to tell this court you would hunt up a man to pay a bill instead of waiting for him to hunt you up?"

"Yes, your lordship."

"You are excused. I don't want any one on the jury who will lie like that."

It usually takes a stronger hint to induce a visitor to go than was required to get him to come.

Always remember that you'll never make a man love you by playing a practical joke on him.

Well, for her sake I'm willing to plead guilty to this charge and stand the punishment in your stead."

"Guy," he answered, "it's impossible. I could not allow it. 'Yes, you could,' I told him, 'and you will. My only stipulation is, don't ever let Edith know you took the money. She loves you, let her keep her love.'"

They were aroused from their reverie by a cheery voice at the door exclaiming, "May we come in?" An I Lady Gorton, followed by Lord Clifford, came into the room.

After embracing her friend she crossed over to Mr. Stuart and holding out her hand said, "I felt I must be the first to welcome you home. I couldn't let Kathie have you all to herself. And I've brought some one with me, too, some one whom you've got to get very fond of, for I'm afraid he has come to steal a certain little girl from you."

Guy Stuart looked from one to the other as his friends rallied round him, and in a voice that shook with emotion said, "Will you listen while I read this letter?" And as the dying man's confession was read the three listeners in that tiny room gazed with admiration on the man who had sacrificed so much for love's sake.—London Tatler.

## An Indestructible Snake.

Snakes on the pampas of South America have many enemies. Burrowing owls feed on them, and so do herons and storks, which kill them with a blow of their javelin beaks. The tyrant bird picks up the young snake by the tail, and flying to a branch or stone, uses the reptile as a flail until its life is battered out. The large lizard of the pampas, the iguana, is a famous snake killer. It smites the snake to death with its powerful tail. Mr. Hudson, in his "Naturalist in La Plata," tells this story:

One day a friend of mine was riding out, looking after his cattle. One end of his lasso was attached to his saddle and the remainder of the forty-foot line was allowed to trail on the ground.

The rider noticed a large iguana lying apparently asleep, and although he rode within a few inches, it did not stir. But no sooner had the rider passed than the trailing lasso attracted the lizard's attention.

It dashed after the slowly moving rope and dealt it a succession of violent blows with its tail.

When the whole of the lasso, several yards of which had been pounded in vain, had passed by, the iguana, with uplifted head, gazed after it with astonishment. Never had such a wonderful snake crossed its path before.

## Too Much to Believe.

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