



UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST.

UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST. DAPPER little man, with a silky, yellow mustache which curled up jauntily at the ends...

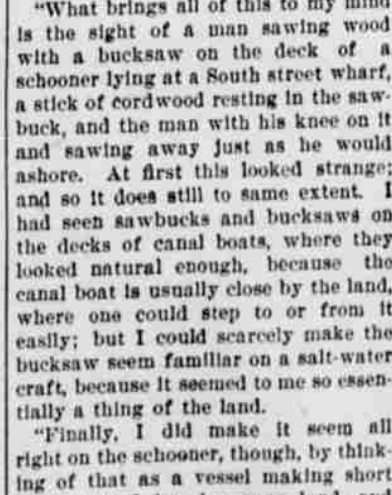
thoroughness and kept his accounts so accurately that Matthews more than once granted his satisfaction.



UNCLE JUDSON'S CRUST WAS BROKEN.

noon. He had grown brown of face, and his hands were calloused and muscular.

AFLOAT AS WELL AS ASHORE. Middle-Aged Man's Discovery of the World-Wide Use of the Buck Saw.

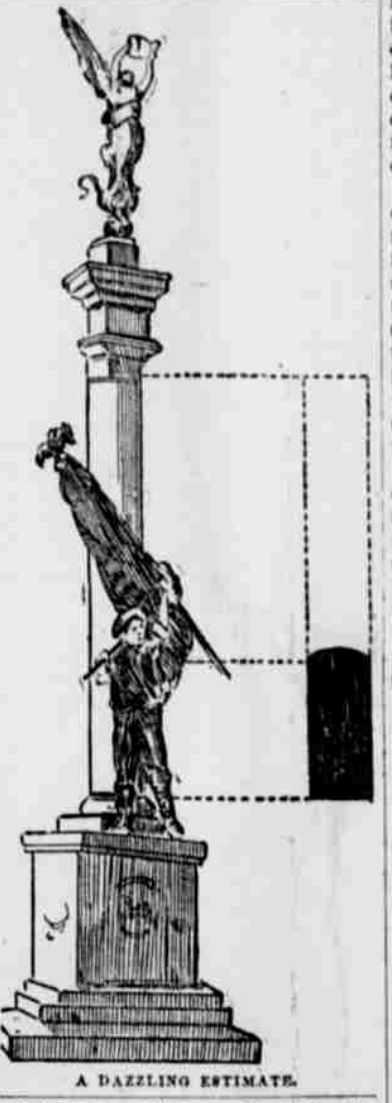


I AM IN SEARCH OF WORK.

understand the science of getting the greatest results from the least effort.

GOLD BY THE FOOT.

Estimated Total Output of the Klondike This Season Is Enormous.



A DAZZLING ESTIMATE.

third of it could be replaced by the gold which the miners and the Alaska Commercial company brought to this city.

SWINGS BATTLE-AXES.

An Intricate Exercise Which Makes Spectators Tremble.



SWINGING BATTLE-AXES FOR CLUBS.

cle with perfect ease and confidence. It is a thrilling spectacle to watch the glittering steel blades crossing each other around the man's head.

WHERE DICKENS WAS BORN.

Novelist First Faw the Light at Portsea, Feb. 7, 1812.



WHERE DICKENS WAS BORN.

Portsea Feb. 7, 1812. His father was then a clerk in the Portsmouth dockyard, earning what was then the comfortable salary of £400 a year.

MEANING OF JANUARY.

Some Ancient Lore Concerning the First Month of the Year.

According to mythology Janus was the god of gates and avenues and in that character held a key in his right hand and a rod in his left.

The Saxons, in a more poetical sense, called it Guili Aftera, or Aefter Yula, signifying "after Christmas."

Then came old January, wrapped well in many weeds to keep the cold away.

The Poetical Cobbler.

Eljah Brown, the cobbler, was enamored of the muse.

And Milton Brown and Dante Brown and Tasso Brown appeared.

Germes Killed by Heat.

In view of the destructive effect of sunlight, especially of the blue to the ultraviolet rays, upon bacteria in winter.

A Strangely Constructed Prison.

With the demolition of Mayas prison in Paris, the first prison in France constructed on the old cellular system has disappeared.

Distances.

The latest computation shows that it is 2,413 miles from San Francisco to Honolulu and 8,050 miles from San Francisco to Manila, Philippine Islands, by way of Honolulu.

Pay of Actors in China.

In China a company of thirty actors can be engaged for \$30 to play as many pieces as may be desired for two days at a stretch.

When a man gets hold of a horse that can pass a milk wagon he begins to take an interest in races.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Giving It Away. Little Eddie—Your nose looks just the same as it always did.

Disturbed. First Cat—Why so sad to-night, Thomas?

Judgment. "There ain't much patriotism about that fellow who just passed us."

Then They Glared. Ethel—Ah, no; I shall never marry.

A Reasonable Deduction. "Yes," she exclaimed; "I don't believe any lady could listen to him for five minutes without being fascinated."



His Nine Lives.

The Dog—How did you feel when that empty bottle passed you?

Her Only Allment. Parson Black—How's yo' mammy dis maw'nin', Ephraim?

According to Rumor. "What a beautiful figure that Miss McClellan has."

Luck. "It's fortunate," exclaimed the genial optimist, pensively, "very fortunate."

Information Wanted. "Bobby, go immediately and wash your face."

In the School of War. "Strange what good fighters society men turn out to be."

Why He Was Troubled. Jack—Come, old man, cheer up. What if she did break the engagement; she's not the only fish in the swim.

He Wanted Excitement. "Who's comin', ma? Or are you goin' to take me somewhere?"



She—Did papa give his consent to your marrying me?

He—Yes, but he made me join his poker club.

She—What for?

He—He said I'd get his money anyway, and that he might as well have some excitement in parting with it.

The Tables Turned. Mr. Oldchap—Are you interested in fossils, Miss Gushley?

A Necessary Adjunct. "Why is it you always will drag me out to these stupid garden parties?"

How He Got a Rest. "How well you look, Dibbs! When did you get back?"

"Get back? It was my wife who went away."

Feminine Enthusiasm.

Wallace—How does it happen that you have no flag flying from your house?

Ferry—My wife insists that we shall wait until the neighbors have all bought theirs and then get a bigger one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Then 'Twas Bedtime.

"Pa!" "Oh, be quiet!" "Pa!" "Well, what is it?"

"What did the Dead Sea die of?"—London Sporting Times.



Hogarth Highton—Me sister is ter be presented at court nex' season.

Cecil May Tutuff—That's nawthin; me brudder wuz before de court yisterday an' his case wuz continued till nex' week, w'en he'll be therz agin.

A Rank Outsider. "Why wouldn't they admit Scribly to membership in the New York War Correspondents' Club?"

"They said he wasn't eligible. It appears that he simply described what was done by the fighters instead of telling the government how to run things."

One in a Thousand. "Wonderful man, that Billings!" "How so?"

"You know he is always playing practical jokes on people."

"Well, when we were out swimming the other night somebody tied his shirt full of knots, and he didn't threaten to 'lick the smart Aleck' if he ever found out who it was."

A Growing List.

"Well, I see that one Chicago girl is the wife of the Governor of the Philippines and another is to share the viceregal throne of India."

"Yes; and I know still another Chicago girl who is at the head of affairs."

"Who is she?" "My wife."

Not His Fault.

"Freddy, why don't you let your mustache grow?"

"Why don't I let it? Good heavens, dear boy, I do, but it won't!"—Boston Traveler.

The Remains.

"Did you save anything out of that wheat venture?"

"Oh, yes, a check stub,"—Philadelphia North American.

At the Bottom of the Sea.

"Who commands the Spanish armada?" asked the teacher in history.

"McGinty," answered the boy who was never known to study his lesson.—Detroit Free Press.

His Criticism.

Sykes—Say, Bill, dat Charlotte Cordeen is a great play. A young gal rushes in an' stabs de villain in a bath tub.

Bill—Well, dat's wot he got fer bathin'.—Denver News.

All in Her Mind.

"Henry! Henry!" she said, in a frightened whisper.

"What's the matter?" he sleepily asked.

"Get up and light the gas, quick. I'm sure there's somebody under this bed!" "Nonsense," he replied. "You imagine it. Go to sleep again. We haven't any members of the Peace union in this family!"

Henry George and the Porter. Henry George was traveling once on a sleeping car. The porter came to brush the dust off him and "work" him for the customary quarter. There were but few passengers. George referred to the fact that Pullman paid his poor black hireling little or naught, and relied on his ability to brush and gongle the public instead, and he determined to give him all the change he found in his pocket. He thought there might be about 60 cents, but there actually was \$3 in quarters, halves and dimes. He gave it all to the ducky, who dropped his broom and stared at the tip and then at George. "This all for me, boss?" he grasped. "It's all for you," replied George. "The ducky looked at the little, rusty, modest man and again at his handful of silver. 'Wow!' he ejaculated; 'it's true as de Good Book puts it, you nevah can tell how fah a toad kin jump twell you sees him hop.'"