It Might Be Worse.

Restless Roger—It always makes me sad, old pal, to think that this earth is two-thirds water.

Sandy Pikes—O, cheer up! Suppose the rest of it was soap instead of land. —Ally Sloper's.

Nothing Miraculous.

"You had rheumatism in your right leg for years and were cured of it in an instant? How?"

"By being accidentally mixed up in a train wreck. My right leg is a cork leg now."

Eighty Is Plenty.

The other morning we saw a man 86 years old going into a doctor's office. It seems to us that if we were 80 we would have enough.—Lacon (Ill.) Journal.

Visiting Day.

Mrs. A. was more shocked that amused when, in reply to her question, "Who was at Sunday school this morning;" her 4-year-old daughter said, "Everybody but Jesus."

"Why, my dear," said Mrs. A., "wherever did you get such an idea;"

"He was out visiting this morning," the little lady confidently said.

"Daughter," said Mrs. A., "who told you such a story?"

"Nobody didn't tell me, mother, but they just kept singing it over and over again: 'Jesus is calling. He's calling to-day.'"—Success Magazine.

Stubborn.

"Loogy yuh, Brudder Tump!" said Parson Bagster while the congregation was assembling in Ebenezer chapel "I un'erstood yo' to nomernate dat yo would bring our urrin' Brudder Borax Smith to de revival yuh to-night."

"I done did muh best to 'complish muh prognostication, pahson," replied Brother Tump, holding forth an object which markedly resembled a dark complexioned oyster, "but dat 'ar gam blin' man, our urrin' Brudder Borax Smith, was sawtuh reluctant an' handy wid his razzah. I dess nach'ly couldn't bring de gen'leman pussonly, but dis yun am one uv his ears!"—Puck.

Waste of Material.

In process of time it was observed that the multimillionaire philanthropist had ceased giving costly library buildings to towns and cities.

"Why is this, Mr. Canaggy?" the reporters asked him.

"Young men," he said, "what is the use of building great houses for libraries when all a man needs for an education is five feet of books?"

Whereat they marveled, but they could not answer him.—Chicago Tribune.

Another Bwana Tumbo Jingle.

(Contributed by a depraved outsider.)

A lion then sprang into view,
And roared, "There's no use flyin'!
I'm going to make a meal of you!"
But he caught the lion lyin'.

Fly in the Ointment.

"As to this polar discovery," said the distinguished naturalist, "I have only one regret."

"And that is——"

"That the ship in which Peary sailed for the arctics bears the name of a tropical explorer and wild animal killer."—Chicago Tribune.

Latest Consumption Cure.

British and American physicians and students of tuberculosis are much interested in the claim authoritatively made in London concerning the success of a new treatment for tuberculosis discovered by William Doig, a layman. The nature of the treatment is a poultice containing acite and chloride to be placed on the body near the affected membrane or bone. In about a week an ulcer is formed, connected by what is called a ray of inflammation with the diseased organ. This forms a duct through which the pus is drawn out. The ulcer needs to be carefully dressed twice a day with a certain salve. The cure of the diseased lungs is said to be effected in from four to six months.

His Summer Game.

A summer game my fancy suits—
It is the game of picking routes.
Ah, often has ambition soared
To routes that I could ne'er afford.
I study folders, and the trains,
And find rare pleasure for my pains;
And yet, 'tis strange, I never use
The routes that thus I pick and choose.
—Cleveland News.

Left a Name Behind Him.

Daniel—Hello, Jim! Who be yew a-digging that 'ole for?

Jim—Old Lawyer Skinner—'e died yesterday.

Daniel—Oh, what complaint?

Jim—Not a word o' complaint. Family rather pleased than otherwise.—Ally Sloper's.

Bald Men in Danger.

A lady in Clayton, N. J., was caring for her hair when the tonic exploded, badly burning her and furnishing more excitement in the neighborhood than a croupy baby. The pure food people should look into this, for as long as explosive hair tonic is sold the bald man is sitting on a confined volcano.—Minneapolis Journal.

Old Favorites

The Grave.

There is a calm for those who weep;
A rest for weary pilgrims found.
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their sweet repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head,
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

Art thou a wanderer? Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
Leave! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

There is a calm for those who weep!
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground.

The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die!
—James Montgomery.

Waiting.

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.
—John Burroughs.

THE NEW SAN FRANCISCO.

From Every Point of View It is Far Ahead of the Old City.

The new San Francisco is better than the old, writes Edgar French in a recent number of The World's Work. Fireproof construction of concrete and steel prevails in the business district. New types of architecture have taken the places of old-fashioned structures. Even Chinatown has felt the new impulse and is built better—less picturesque, it may be, but safer. The old landmarks are gone, but few continue to mourn them. A tradition is dead but better traditions are building.

This is especially true in public morals and taste. The old San Francisco clung to a pride on a freedom of life often close to license. Dance halls and restaurants throve on a line of tradition running back to the days of gold, when "everything went." Public gambling was a part of the same superstition.

Here has been a great change. The fire brought the people face to face with every problem of life, and the values of things were readjusted by a new standard. The race tracks are gone by a State law modeled after New York's, and the picturesque revenue of the game has gone with it. Even the nickel-in-the-slot gambling machines, that have traditionally parted the fool from his money, are of the past. And an agent of a national organization of distillers and brewers only recently was warning the saloon men that prohibition stares them squarely in the face if they do not reform.

These things connote a last stage in evolution that is typical of all California. The frontier is gone. The west is like the east in every essential. The problems of San Francisco are the problems of Boston, and the same kind of people are working out their solution.

Named It Himself.

Let any man who is skeptical of a woman's keen sense of humor read this little story and then be converted.

Wife—Robert, if a man were to sit on your hat, what would you say?

Hubby—I'd call him a confounded silly ass!

Wife—Well, then, Robert, don't sit on it any longer; there's a good boy—now get up.

A Yarn of the Sea.

"Yes, I've seen some rough times, sir. Once we was wrecked, and we'd eaten all our provisions. Then we ate our belts, and then the old ship turned turtle, so we ate her, too."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

When a boy is named Charles Sumner, people naturally expect that he will become a lawyer.

Every boy believes that some day he will be able to lift half a ton.

A Good Listener.

The Mistress—Katie, you should not talk so much.

The Maid—No, ma'am.

"No; you should understand that it is your place to listen."

"I do that, ma'am."

"I never saw you when you were, then."

"No, ma'am; you never saw me when I was listening because I was on the other side of the keyhole, ma'am.—Yonkers Statesman.

One on the Old Man.

"Grandpa, how many letters in the alphabet have more than one syllable?"

"Let me see, Tommy; a, b, c, d, e, f——"

"You didn't learn your letters very well when you were a boy, did you, grandpa?"

Lesson from the Past.

Horatius was holding the bridge.

"The boss of the ward," he gasped, "told me this was an easy job, and I wouldn't have anything to do!"

The discovery of the fact, however, that he had been tricked into believing the position to be merely a saloon-keeper's perquisite had only the effect of making him fight all the harder to hold it.—Chicago Tribune.

Merely Postponed.

Mrs. Hewligus (having freed her mind)—Why don't you answer me, if you can?

Mr. Hewligus (helping himself to more meat)—It's unwholesome to quarrel while eating dinner, madam. I'll have good and plenty to say to you after a while.

Latest Achievement of Science.

The young man bent forward.

"Wait a moment, Herbert," said Amelia, producing an implement a few inches long, shaped like a tennis racket, made of silver and specially prepared silk gauze, and holding it up before her lips. "Now, Herbert."

Then they took their first disinfected kiss.—Chicago Tribune.

Growth of the Idea.

"Remember, my son, there is no short cut to learning."

"O, yes, there is, dad. All you have to do nowadays is to read five feet of books."

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