

ORIGINAL ELECTROTYPE

Humorists.

"Can storied rrr or animated bust" excoed in eloquence the words "No Trust?"

It is luck to pick up a horse-shoe, unless, of course, it happens to be attached to a mule's hind leg.

Cucumber socials are in order if you like to go to camp meetings. The agony is in tents.—*New York News.*

Where're you go hunting for snipe, Russ, Take care you don't Popoff in Cyprus.—*Courier-Journal.*

A small boy and a gun are harmless when apart, but they make a terrible combination.—*Puck.*

What sort of dough will make a back-ake?—*Hackensack Republican.* A torn-though.—*New Haven Register.*

If it cost anything to go to church people who never go now would round like wild men for free passes.

Hindoo society is divided into several distinct classes; and nothing can Hindoo them to associate with one another.

The popular demand for three cent beer shows that man not only wants little here below, but wants that little cheaper.

"Yes," sighed the doctor, "it's been a very healthy summer and business is unusually dull, but, thank goodness, the watermelon season will be here in a few days."

Mary had a little lamp. 'Twas filled with kerosene, She blew right down the chimney And vanished from the scene.

"Take back the heart that thou gavest," as the gambler said to his pal, who had passed him under the table the wrong card to fill the flash.—*Puck.*

Somebody has discovered that whenever the grain is cut and hauled in, the tramp makes his appearance on the stubble and demands work or bread.—*Brookville Democrat.*

Michigan thunder jars the wheels of a wagon.—*Free Press.* Dont it do something toward lightning the load?—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

Old man Toil never before realized that he had such a large family. Fellow that haven't seen him for years and years are now claiming kinship.

The boy who swabs his little legs And bathes them with a lotion, Has rambled in the underbrush And poisoned Ivy lotion.

It was woman who first taught man to climb, and steel, and eat apples, but she denies that she ever taught him to make apple-jack, drink it, and come home from the lodge drunk.

Olive Logan says that the next sensation is to be about ladies' stockings. Probably Olive knows some fellow who is going to elope with a pair with a woman in them.

Lightning struck a gospel tent in this city on Sunday and killed a little girl. Preachers attempted to explain the event by saying the electric fluid mistook the place for a circus.

Jeff Davis is represented as desirous of representing Mississippi in the United States Senate. It is possible that Jeff has an idea of becoming the Ben Butler of the South.

It is said that if Grant ever visits Germany again he will be assassinated. The infuriated Tutons have just learned that the General stuck up his nose at Limberger cheese.

Norristown Herald: The London Lancet says a blow on the ear has often captured the drum, and warns parents against boxing children's ears. You can get more music out of a child by applying the slipper a couple of feet below the "drum."

A little three-year-old girl who volunteered to say grace at the table did so as follows: "O Lord, bless the things we eat; bless mamma, and papa, and gramma, and grampa"—and here, casting up her eyes to her grandfather in the next seat, and discovering that he was smiling, the little one closed her prayer by saying: "Behave yourself, grampa—for Christ's sake, Amen."

All Is His Eye.—He was returning from a bath in Long Branch, when suddenly he stopped, turned and clapped his right hand over his cheek and exclaimed in accents wild, "Charley, I've left my right eye in that confounded bathing house."

SOME QUESTIONS.—A categorical question: Did you ever see a cat sup catnap?—*St. John Torch.* Yes; and we've seen the elite catnap at *Dezzer Smith's*. And perhaps you've seen a commentator eat a common later?—*Apriston Herald.*

St. Albans Advertiser: A lady writing from one of the fashionable watering-places declares that the love-neck dress is an abomination into which it is the duty of the press to look. Look! No, sir; if any such abomination approaches us, we'll call the police.

Courtship in Portugal is queerly conducted. When a young man over there gets sweet on a girl, he never hints ice-cream cones, but stands around the cork stone in the broiling sun and permits the damsel to feast her eyes on him from an upper window. If the girl heave a painful sigh on him, he concludes that his addresses are not required, and moves on to the next house.

Upon the green sward with my most adored I sat, and we whispered our love, While the dear little bird repeated our words.

In the great drooping willow above. A modest surprise beamed out of her eyes.

As I prest her dear form to my breast— When dropped from the willer a big caterpillar.

Down her neck—I just imagine the rest!—*Puck.*

BETTER TO WAIT.—The Detroit Free Press is informed that kissing the baby may result in deforming its nose and bringing on its sightlessness. The safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the female persuasion, until it attains the age of sixteen years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger then; and besides, the kisses taste better—we've been told.—*Morrison Herald.*

Washed, washed, morn till night, No get drunke, no go fight; No give sasse Melican man, Worked hardes all he can.

Melican loafes all day long, Spilt on Chinee, say no wrong; Stealee michee when he couldse, Lie 'bout chinee, say no goodse.

A Rich Jew.

A dispatch from Wallenstein, Germany, announces the death at that place of Michael Reese, the San Francisco millionaire, who is reported to have left an estate worth \$10,000,000.

Mr. Reese was reported to be the wealthiest Jew in the United States, and with the exception of Senator Sharon, the largest real estate owner in California.

He was also known as a great miser and a most eccentric man in many respects. Born in Germany about 1810, he emigrated to America at the age of 25, with a capital of some \$30,000, intending to go into business.

After speculating in merchandise in the Southern States for a few years he settled in Richmond, Va., and became a successful slave-owner. He made considerable money in this business, but sustaining heavy losses by some unfortunate speculations he left Virginia, and with the remnant of his fortune went in 1850 to California.

There he speculated in merchandise and stocks with remarkable success. Seeing, with almost prophetic sight, the future destiny of California, he invested all his money in land and frequently bartered merchandise for real estate, which was then of very little value.

Land speculation began to flourish, and prices considered fabulous, and when he got his price he would immediately invest it in more land. All this time, too, he was carrying on a sort of stock and note-broking business.

Some say that his business was money-making pure and simple; that he would go into any legitimate business to make money, and that money he would make in any business he undertook.

It is, however, certain that in a few years after settling in San Francisco Michael Reese had the reputation of being a millionaire, and almost up to the time of his death, his fortune was steadily on the increase.

Michael Reese's habits were for many years the talk of San Francisco. He would go to the most absurd lengths to avoid having to pay for a meal. Dining with a friend, he would, if his friend had any bread by him, take his permission to use it.

On one occasion, when he was ordering more, for he was an immense eater, and he usually patronized \$1 table d'hote restaurants, where he ate \$3 or \$4 worth at a meal.

On one occasion, when he was at a restaurant, a keeper begged him not to patronize him any more, "for," said he, "if you go on eating like this either you will bust or I shall."

Mr. Reese's lawyer and most intimate acquaintance was Mr. Felton. He was a great friend of Mr. Reese, and he was not averse to being invited to dinner at a well-known restaurant and asked him to bring five or six friends with him.

Mr. Felton could not believe his ears, but Mr. Reese repeated the invitation, and it was accepted. The same day Mr. Felton, six friends and Mr. Reese went to the restaurant and dined sumptuously, eating the most expensive dishes and drinking the choicest wines.

Mr. Felton was not used to pay the bill, however, and it afterwards turned out that he had obtained a judgment against the restaurant keeper which the man was unable to pay, leaving nothing in the world but his coat.

Mr. Reese was constrained, as he expressed it, to "take it out in eating." This was the only time that he was ever known to treat anybody to anything.

At the time of the great excitement in San Francisco over the Limantour suit Mr. Reese made himself somewhat conspicuously unpopular. It will be remembered that Limantour claimed the greater part of the city of San Francisco under an alleged Mexican grant, and he began to get possession of the property.

When the case came up it was charged that Limantour had forged certain documents, by value of which he made his claim. Criminal proceedings were instituted against him, and he was arrested and put under \$100,000 bonds.

Now one would go bail for him, and Mr. Reese came forward, signed his bond and he was released. There was believed to be some mysterious reason for this action, but nobody ever discovered what it was.

Limantour afterwards withdrew his claim. About twenty years ago a San Francisco woman, of doubtful position, sued Mr. Reese for \$20,000 damages for breach of promise of marriage.

It was universally believed that the suit was only a trick to get money, but the jury nevertheless, seeing that the wealthy Reese who was the defendant, gave her a verdict for \$5,000.

From that time Mr. Reese was as much afraid of all womankind as old Mr. Williams of the city of San Francisco. Mr. Reese was never known to keep a horse or carriage unless he got it accidentally in trade. He would wait minutes at a street corner before getting into a car, in the hope of meeting an acquaintance who would pay for him.

When taunted by a friend one day in regard to his miserly habits, he said: "Well, I can't help it; I know it's foolish, but it's a disease I've got."

In all matters not connected with money he was as liberal as the intelligence and liberal views. In appearance he was very distinguished, being about six feet two inches tall, of fine figure and broad forehead.

It is believed that Mr. Reese has left all the greater part of his fortune to the Jewish charitable institutions. It is known that when he was in New York recently he promised Mr. Jesse Seligman to leave \$100,000 to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum of that city, and other bequests to the amount of \$400,000 are reported.

His only known relatives in this country are his sisters, Mrs. Rosenfeld and Mrs. Rosenberg, of Chicago. The wives of the senior members of the firm of Rosenfeld, Rosenberg & Co., of that city, and Mr. Frank, a wealthy merchant of St. Louis, the son of a dead sister. A friend of the family said yesterday to the writer that it turns out that the Reese fortune has been left altogether to charitable institutions there may be a contest over the will, though it is not likely that the relatives will object if only part of the fortune is left to charity.

Alexandria in Egypt is threatened with a water famine. The canal, thirty miles long, supplying it from the Nile, has become almost dry. It is choked with mud, the water being diverted by great landowners higher up on their cotton crops. The old Roman cisterns have mostly been broken up for building material, and those remaining are too foul for use.

Memory and hope are set like diamonds above the soul—the one shining dimly through the twilight of the past, the other lighting the archway of the future.

Printers' Anecdotes.

The printer has no more reverence for persons than for creeds. He is a congenial leveller, he holds that no man can be more than man, and that most men are much less. He habitually speaks of the czar of the old Russias as Aleck Bomanoff; the emperor of Germany as Old Dutch Bill; of the pope of Rome as a puff-blower. Bitter is his eyes forms are perillities, and etiquettes a sham.

There is not a grain of hero-worship in his composition; he would not flatter Neptune for his trident nor Jove for his power to thunder. He would as soon be sultan of Turkey for a chew of tobacco; he would invade the grand Llama to a game of draw poker.

Several years before Chief Justice Taney's death the government printing office at Washington had occasion to send him some proof slips of an important decision, and they were intrusted to a printer boy, who appeared at the judge's office and before the judge with "Is Taney in?"

"I presume you wish to see the chief justice of the United States?"

"I don't care a cuss about him. I've got some proofs for Taney."

"I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

"I am not, fellow. I am the Hon. Roger B. Taney."

"Then the proofs are not for you," and the unceremonious messenger would have gone off with them if the judge had not admitted himself to be Taney simply.

On a certain occasion Edward Everett visited the composing room of the Boston *American* at a late hour to read a proof of an oration which he had failed to see at an earlier hour. Extremely particular about his style, he was looking over the proof with a few alterations while the forms were waiting, which so irritated the foreman that he roared out, "Cut it short, Everett—confound it, cut it short; there's no time for patching up bad English."

New Orleans, not long ago, was afflicted with one William, a newspaper boy—he was known typographically as the Great Artesian—who was constantly sending poor articles to the dailies, and hunting the offices to see if they had been used.

One day he presented a copy of the *Picayune* in the morning, nobody being present but a compositor, rather muddled from drink over night, who had taken possession of one of the desks.

Is the editor in?"

"I an-swer—to that name," replied the type, who was very exact and deliberate of speech, and who recognized the bore at once. "May—I be permitted to inquire—the nature—of your—business?"

"I want to know if an elaborate poem of mine, entitled 'The Rose of the South,' has been accepted."

"Mister Will-iams, allow me to say that when I first saw your poem, and I am glad to say that you were a consummate ass; and although I have met you on a great many occasions and under a variety of circum-stances, I have never seen anything in your conduct that has frustrated my opinion of you which I then formed. Good-morning, Mister Will-iams."

From that day Mr. Williams ceased to infest the office of the *Picayune*, in which, after this incident, he was called the Artesian *Drill*.

At a made some absurd blunder in Savannah will learn, on entering an office in Milwaukee, that his blunder had preceded him. Some ludicrous incident of which he is the subject, or object, will cross the continent.

The Standard Oil Company of 123 California St., San Francisco, have on exhibition samples of their celebrated Eastern brand of kerosene.

The Standard Oil Company are the largest manufacturers of kerosene in the world, and have been engaged in the business ever since the first application of petroleum to the lamp.

They are the representatives of oil manufactured by Devoe and Pratt.

Stiles' Hercules Engine.

A notice of which appeared in our columns a few weeks since will be on exhibition at the Mechanics' Institute Fair, to be held in New York, on the 1st of May.

The two cylinders of which will weigh 20 feet in length with a base of 10 inches.

Mr. A. MYERS, A. M., 325 Capp St., San Francisco, is to be credited with first introducing the celebrated Russian Koumiss into this country.

It is a beverage of the most nutritious and healthful qualities as well as its medicinal value.

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Encouragement for the Feeble.

As long as the falling embers of vitality are capable of being re-kindled into a warm and genial glow, so long there is hope for congenial living, and health to no man can be more than man, and that most men are much less.

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