

# FLASHES FUN.

The Kentucky Tailor—What size will you have these hip-pockets—pint or quart?—Yonkers Statesman.

The Woman—Doctor, I have an awfully tired feeling. The Doctor—Ah! Let me see your tongue.—Brooklyn Life.

"Have you heard the story of the onion?" asked Wattles of Pettigrew. "No? Well, don't breathe it to a soul."—Cleveland Spectator.

Little Edith Parkville—Ma! Mrs. Parkville—What's the matter? Little Edith Parkville—Charlie is lying on the sofa and he's got his head on one of the pillows.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Not for His Health: Hubbubs—Why are you moving from your suburban home? Subbubs—I am all run down. Hubbubs—Malaria? Subbubs—No; gossipy neighbors.—Philadelphia Record.

How to Dine Well: He was hungry and in funds. "Waiter, here's a dollar. Now suggest a good dinner for me. Waiter (in a serious whisper)—Go to some other restaurant, sir.—Philadelphia Times.

"No, I won't give you a piece of my apple," snapped his sister. "And who was it," the boy inquired, reproachfully, "that spoiled the piano so you didn't have to practice for a week?"—Philadelphia Times.

Willie (crying)—Mamma—boo-hoo!—Joe hit me with a great big brick. Boo-hoo! Mamma—And what did you do to him, dear? Willie—I hit him gently with that same little brick he threw at me.—Harper's Bazar.

Bobbs—Old Tittewadd is about dead from insomnia. Says he is afraid to go to sleep. Dobbs—Does he fear burglars? Bobbs—No; but the last time he slept he dreamed of giving away his money.—Baltimore American.

First Long Island Hen—Wha a studious young rooster Mr. Plymouth is, always burning the midnight oil.

Second Long Island Hen—Well it is hereditary with him. You know his mother was a kerosene incubator.

"I didn't know Bragg was a publisher." "A publisher? Who told you he was?" "He did. He said he was 'a disseminator of light literature.'" "Huh! He's a bill clerk in the employ of the gas company."—Philadelphia Press.

Little 4-year-old Harry had been whipped by his father for telling a falsehood, and he ran to his mother for consolation. "When I was your age I never told a falsehood," said his mother. "When did you begin, mamma?" asked Harry.—Tit-Bits.

"What is the use of a man's getting into a crowd and yelling, as he does at a base-ball game?" "Great heavens!" to do it in a crowd. If he were to go away by himself and yell in that manner they would have him in a lunatic asylum in less than a week."—Washington Star.

Tess—He's awful handsome, don't you think? Jess—Handsome is that handsome does. He had the impertinence last night to tell me that he was going to kiss me the first chance he got, and — Tess—Weren't you indignant, though? Tess—I should say. He didn't keep his promise.—Philadelphia Press.

Disadvantage of Strange Surroundings: Mrs. Bingo—You are perfectly welcome to another piece of cake, Willie, but I am afraid it will make you sick. Your mother told me particularly to give you but one piece. Willie Simpson—That's all very well, but I don't know where the pantry is here.—Leslie's Weekly.

"I would give you my seat, sir," said the fair young girl to the pale man who was hanging to a strap in the street car, "but I'm very tired. I have sat through a matinee performance of Rantem, the actor." "Never mind, madam," said the pale man, taking a fresh grip on the strap. "I am Rantem, the actor."—Baltimore American.

Lacked Reciprocity: "I haven't much use for Blithersley," said the proud papa. "Why," asked the proud mamma. "I listened to him for an hour to-day while he told me about what his baby had said, or tried to say, and just as I was about to tell him about ours he left me, saying he had to catch a train."—Baltimore American.

Early Rising: "Pat," said the manager to one of his workmen, "you must be an early riser. I always find you at work the first thing in the morning." "Indade, and Ol am, sir. It's a family trait, Ol'm thinking." "Then your father is an early riser, too?" "Me father, is it? He rises that early that if he went to bed a little later he'd meet himself getting up in the mornin'."—Tit-Bits.

After the Supreme Court Decision: Excited Man (at long-distance telephone)—I want to talk to Fargo, N. D. Voice (at central station)—You'll have to wait a few minutes. Line's busy. Twenty-seven other husbands are trying to tell their wives to come home.—Chicago Tribune.

## WAVE SAVED TWO SHIPS.

Interposed in Time to Prevent a Serious Collision.

Captain Burch of the British ship Cawdor, from Newcastle, N. S., tells of a narrow escape his vessel had from colliding near the Australian coast with the schooner Golden Shore. A hurricane was raging when the ships nearly came together, and a big wave which came along at the opportune moment averted a disaster. The Golden Shore is owned in San Francisco and was lumber laden.

The Cawdor was in ballast, and a gale arose. In a few hours its fury became terrible. Captain Burch soon realized the folly of sailing in such a sea, and every yard of canvas was stripped from the masts. There was nothing to do but drift, and this the ship did for some time. Soon the bare masts of the Golden Shore hove in sight, she also drifting rapidly in the storm.

As the ships neared one another their positions became perilous. The terrified crews were unable to control them and looked for nothing but the sinking of one or both of the vessels. The Cawdor bore straight down toward the big schooner with a force that meant destruction.

But a few seconds more and the vessels would have crashed together had not something occurred that filled the sailors with wonder. A great wave, as if conscience-stricken, rose between the craft and turned the nose of the Cawdor just enough to prevent the crash that seemed unavoidable. She just missed the Golden Shore. So close were the vessels as the ship, led broadside by the schooner that one could have jumped from the Cawdor to the Golden Shore, Captain Burch says.

When the vessels slipped by one another a cheer went up from one hundred voices. The Golden Shore drifted on, but in the distance it was seen that she had turned completely around. The Cawdor was uninjured.—San Francisco Call.

## WHAT THE FOOL SAID.

Story of an Earnest Seeker, a Quotation and Who Wrote It.

An ignoramus, not knowing the author of the line "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," appealed to a person of discretion. "You don't mean to tell me you don't know?" laughed the person of discretion so rudely that the ignoramus slunk away ashamed. Plucking up his courage he approached a diplomatist: "The same author that penned the line 'Consistency, thou art a jewel,'" was the answer. The ignoramus asked a man who is never caught napping. "Of course I know the author," said the man who is never caught napping. "It's ahem—confound it, I've forgotten. The name is on the very tip of my tongue, but—how stupid—I know perfectly well, you know, but your asking me has knocked it clear out of my head." The ignoramus went to a wise man and told him all. "Three separate students upon three separate occasions were asked three different questions," said the wise man, oracularly. "The first question was, 'What was the exact number of the ancient Greek chorus?' the second, 'What is the cause of the aurora borealis?' the third, 'What is the source of animal heat?' To each question each student gave the same answer, 'I know,' but I've forgotten," and each instructor, it is said, made the same comment, "To think that the only man who ever knew should have forgotten!" Still mystified, the ignoramus asked a fool—there was no doubt about his being a fool, because everybody said so. His answer proved it. "I don't know," said the fool.—New York Evening Sun.

## The Bride's Last Words.

"Now, my dear, don't forget that you must walk down the aisle with dignity. There is no hurry. Keep time to the music and look as indifferent as you possibly can."

"But, mother, I have no ear for music, and how can I keep time?"

"Well, anyway, don't run."

"But, mother, you must remember that it is a long way from the door to the altar, and George is so fidgety. He'd have plenty of time to change his mind if the march was a slow one, and he's my very last chance. If a sprint is necessary, mamma, I'll sprint—and don't you forget it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## The Dearest.

"We are resolved," exclaimed the savages, "to sell our liberty as dearly as possible."

"Then why don't you raffle it off?" we shouted back at them through the gathering gloom.

For we deemed it only just to give them to understand, definitely and at once, that we, even although we were thoroughly British, were yet not devoid of the sense of humor.—Detroit Journal.

## Opposed to Drinking Troughs.

Medical opinion in London is strongly against street drinking troughs for horses, as disseminators of glanderous material.

Too many men in this country vote as they pray—and they never pray unless it is to ask a personal favor.

## Women Must Sleep.

**Avoid Nervous Prostration.** If you are dangerously sick what is the first duty of your physician? He quiets the nervous system, he deadens the pain, and you sleep well.

You ought to know that when you ceased to be regular in your courses, grow irritable without cause, and pass sleepless nights, there is serious



MR. HARTLEY.

tumble somewhere, and nervous prostration is sure to follow.

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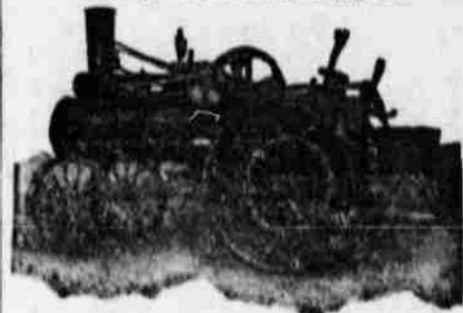
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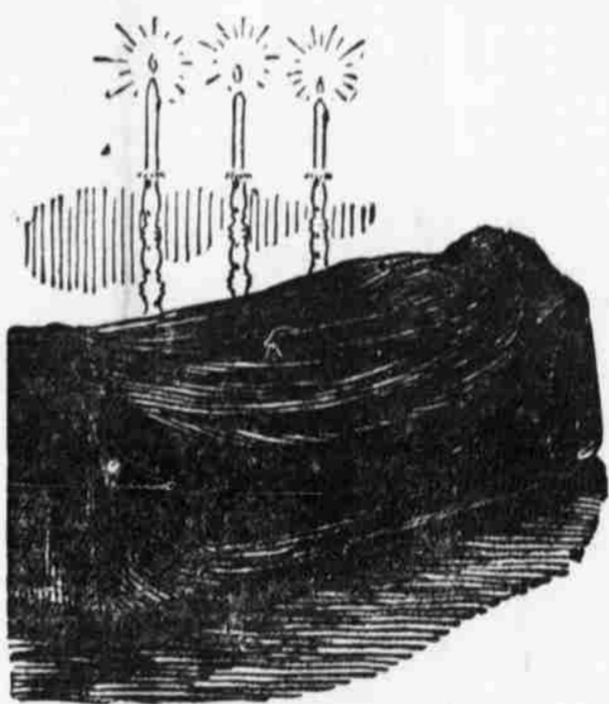
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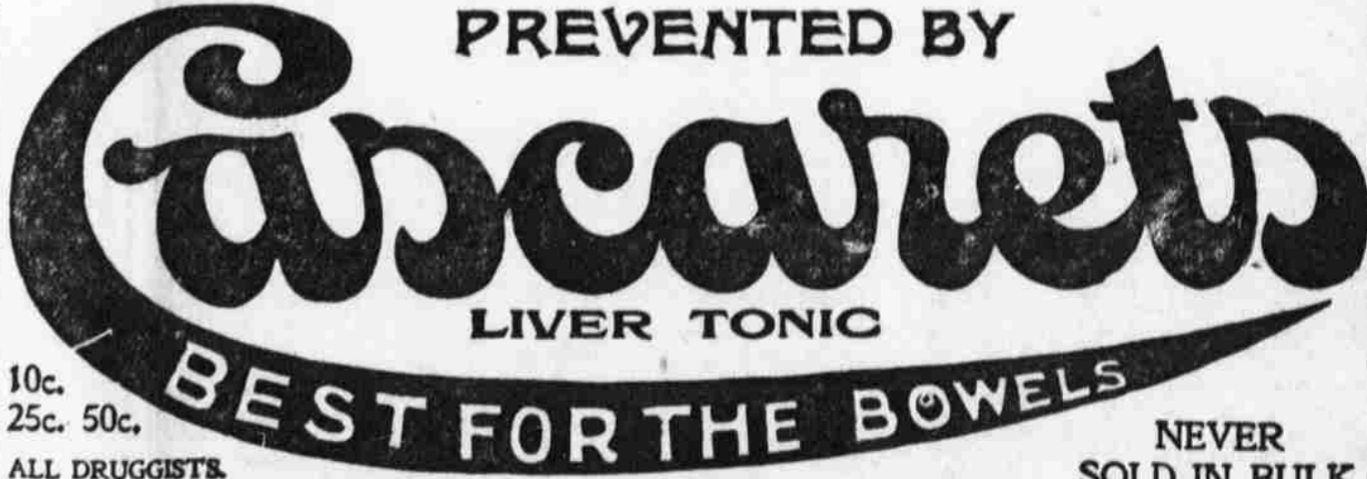


# DEATH

begins in the bowels. It's the unclean places that breed infectious epidemics, and it's the unclean body—unclean inside—that "catches" the disease. A person whose stomach and bowels are kept clean and whose liver is lively, and blood pure, is safe against yellow fever, or any other of the dreadful diseases that desolate our beautiful land. Some of the cleanest people outside are filthiest inside, and they are the ones who not only "catch" the infections, but endanger the lives

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