

Humor

SCIENCE VERSUS SENSE

What the Witty Irishman Thought of the Chinese Cooly.

"Ah!" breathed forth the learned professor, peering down into the trench. "May I speak with you one moment?"

"Longer than that, sor!" answered the laborer, climbing out. "Ol can't wait in a moment."

"Excuse me for the assumption, but your principal article of diet is Irish potatoes, is it not?"

"Ol wudn't deny it if Ol cud!"

"Then I can be of inestimable service to you. Not long ago we scientists made tests to discover the relative strength giving qualities of various foods. The result was we discovered that the Chinese cooly, who lives on rice, is able to carry just twice as much, as the Irishman, whose chief food, as you yourself admit, is potatoes. Now that you know the superiority of rice over potatoes as a food of course!"

"But I don't know it, sor."

"But didn't I tell you our tests showed that the cooly carried twice as much as the Irishman?"

"Yis, but that only proved the cooly to be a doun fool, not that rice is better than praties."

"Sir!"

"Sure! Th' Chink carried all he could, an' th' Orlshman didn't, that's all. Th' foreman's ignorance is th' laborer's bliss. It's a fool that lets his boss know all he can do." — New York World.

Brilliant Display.

The Romeo of 1910 gently steered his air yacht to the vine covered balcony.

"Darling," he whispered romantically, "I can see a dozen stars."

"Do be careful, Romeo," cautioned the fair Juliet as she picked a rose from her marble wave. "If pa comes out you will see a thousand stars."

And even then the old gentleman could be heard hunting for his cane.—Des Moines Register.

He Crossed It Out.

A certain medical specialist was in the habit of using a notebook to assist his memory. In the course of time his aged father died. The worthy doctor attended the funeral as chief mourner with due solemnity. At the close he was observed to draw out a notebook and to cross out the words: "Mem.—Bury father."—Argonaut.

Real Fakes.

Pearl—Yes, when they were engaged he told her he had the sweetest nature in the world, but after their marriage she found out he had a nature like a bear.

Ruby—Gracious! He must be one of those "nature fakers" you hear so much about.—Chicago News.

His Idea.

"Rastus, you are southern bred, eh?" "Yessah."

"Then what is your idea of a perfect gentleman?"

"A pukke gen'leman, suh, doesn't say nuffin else to de waiter 'sides his ohdah, suh, 'cepplin' 'yo' brack soun-drel, keep de change."

Not Practical.

"Why are you so dissatisfied with that young man?"

"He spends too much time committing to memory the advice of rich men on how to succeed in life instead of getting out and hustling for business."

—Washington Star.

Just Had to Let Him Do It.

Editor—I hate to refuse Scribbler's poem. It was a good one.

Scribner—Then why did you refuse it?

Editor—Why, he said if I didn't take it he would kill himself.—Judge.

Attempting the Impossible.

"How did Faken, the hypnotist, get along on his last trip?"

"First rate until he tried the impossible. He hypnotized a tramp one day and tried to make him saw wood."—Brooklyn Life.

New Method Mirrors.

Copper very closely resembles silver in many respects, but hitherto no method has been known of depositing it from aqueous solutions on glass so as to form mirrors like those so long made with silver. This is now accomplished by reducing cupric oxide by an aqueous solution of phenyl hydrazine in presence of potassium hydroxide. Some mirrors made in this way have been shown to the London Royal Society by Dr. F. D. Chattock and have a coherent metallic film as brilliant and uniform as that of the silver on glass reflectors used in telescopes and much more beautiful on account of the color.

Quinsy, Sprains and Swellings Cured.

"In November, 1901, I caught cold and had lie quinsy. My throat was swollen so I could hardly breathe. I applied Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me relief in a short time. In two days I was alright," says Mrs. L. Cousins, Otterbein, Mich. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is a liniment and is especially valuable for sprains and swellings. For sale by Keir & Cass.

Hopeful.

Granger—How are you getting along at your house? Timson—Pretty well, on the whole. We are nearly out of everything but debt, and in time, if things go on as they have been going, we ought to be out of that.—Boston Transcript.

Safe Scheme.

Mr. Phoxy—Did you send the Boreums a card for our "at home"? Mrs. Phoxy—Yes. How could I get out of it? Mr. Phoxy—I'll tell Boreum that Jenkins is coming. Boreum owes him money.—Terre Haute Tribune.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is good for little burns and big burns, small scratches or bruises and big ones. It is healing and soothing. Good for piles. Sold by Keir & Cass.

THE BABY'S RASH.

Mints to Anxious Mothers Who Discover Red Spots.

Nothing strikes more terror to a young mother's soul than an appearance of rash on her baby. Unless the eruption is prickly heat, which even the most inexperienced person is likely to know, it indicates illness, and a physician should be called.

But while waiting for him her mind may be much relieved by knowing something of the different forms rash takes and precisely what they mean.

For instance, scarlet fever, that most dreaded of all illnesses, is not to be mistaken for measles by a person versed in the indications of both. In scarlet fever the eruption is bright colored and the spots are so close together that they seem to run in one mass, though each little speck is really clearly defined. It begins on the chest or about the neck and spreads quickly.

Measles show first, to the inexperienced, on the face, but a physician will usually see small spots in the mouth before they appear elsewhere. This particular eruption that develops rapidly from the face to the body is accompanied by swelling and is blotchy.

Rash that is part of chicken pox appears, too, on the face first, as a rule, but its formation is quite different from that seen in measles. In the former it is in little lumps that quickly develop into blister-like looking things. It does not break out all at once, but appears in rotation in different parts of the body, so that at first one portion may be quite clear of any eruption while another is covered. It disappears by drying into crusts that drop off after a time.

German measles, less serious than the common form and frequently first mistaken for it, may show by a rash before there are any fever symptoms. The eruption is usually much paler than in real measles and may be either tiny or fairly large. It sometimes runs in together, but as a rule remains clearly separate and defined. It lasts shorter time than in measles and may fade after two days.

LAVENDER DUMBBELLS.

They Make Charming Trifles For Bazaar Stalls.

Take about a dozen stalks of lavender and tie them together at the base of the flowers with one end of a yard of mauve baby ribbon, shape the flowers into a ball, using extra pieces of flowers to fill up where necessary, and wind cotton round to keep all secure.

The illustration shows several small, round balls of lavender tied together with ribbons, resembling dumbbells.

Nature Fakes.

After a careful and impartial consideration of all the evidence bearing on the subject, says the Indianapolis News, the investigating committee reports that, notwithstanding their long life and apparent respectability, the following are undoubtedly nature fakes:

The bull in the china shop.
The wolf at the door.
The fly in the ointment.
The dog in the manger.
The fish out of water.
The bee in the bonnet.
The flea in the ear.
The rat that was smelled.
Pigs in clover.
Horse and horse.
Time flies.
The Welsh rabbit.
The man on a lark.

Right in His Line.

The illustration shows a small figure of a pugilist standing in a boxing ring, holding a glove.

WANTED
A MILL HAND
EXPERIENCED
ABOUT 18 TO WORK
IN OUR OFFICE

The Perfumes of Araby.

Sometimes a combination of two or more odors gives a much more delightful perfume than either used singly. For example, combine an ounce and a half of some really good violet extract with half an ounce each of rose, tuberose and cassia extract, and the result is a decidedly novel yet delicate and lasting perfume. If to this are added half an ounce of the tincture of orris root, five drops of oil of bitter almond and two and a quarter drams of triple rosewater, the odor is intensified, yet not too strong.

If two and one-half ounces each of extract of rose and tuberose, with 1/2 oz. extract of cassia and two and one-half ounces of tincture of orris root, with a single grain of bitter almond oil, are well blended, a most excellent imitation of a fragrant violet perfume results.

These delicate extracts, it must be remembered, call for care and exactness in blending and most exquisite cleanliness in utensils and bottles, as the oils are so absorbent that they become spoiled, and one's time, money and work are all for naught.

The Perfumes of Araby.

There are charms in great variety that superstitious women carry with them in the firm belief they are indispensable to their success at cards or in other ventures. Now a fashionable modiste in town says many of her customers are equally superstitious about colors. She made a green dress for a woman who liked it greatly. But within a fortnight she was back to the shop with a tale of woe. She said that whenever she had worn it ill luck had come to her or to a friend. The "hoo-oo" was so pronounced, indeed, that she gave the gown away. She told the dressmaker never to make her another frock of that color. The unimaginative dressmaker couldn't see how the color made any difference; but, as she wanted to keep the customer, she was wise enough to nod in sympathy.

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MAN, COW, FIDDLE.

Trio Commemorated on a Tombstone In a Connecticut Cemetery.

In the old cemetery of Central Village, near Plainfield, Conn., is the only tombstone known in New England erected to a cow and its owner. In several cemeteries have been found records that horses, dogs and even cats have been laid at rest beside their masters, but in no other instance on record has a cow had a slab erected in her honor.

The cow's name was Rosa, and the inscription says that she gave two pounds fifteen ounces of butter from thirteen quarts of milk in one day. This was a pretty good record for a cow, and a Jersey at that, the inscription goes on to say.

On the opposite side of the monument is the inscription, "All Ready, Mr. Cady," and below are the words "A Rest." Above is the outline of a fiddle crossed with a bow.

Gordon Cady, to whose memory the stone was erected, was known from the Massachusetts line to Long Island sound and from Providence to the Connecticut river half a century ago as the finest fiddler that ever drew a bow at a country dance. He had two loves, Rosa and his fiddle, both of which found a place on his tombstone.

Martin Kenney's celebrated inn at Stafford was one of the most popular fields for Cady and his fiddle. From the time he started until the final flourish of the bow, when he chanted, "All promenade to seats," there was something doing every minute. Some of the residents here can recall many a time when they danced to his music until the sun's rays lighted the ballroom.

He would yell in between times special instructions to uncertain maidens and swains. Once, seeing a young man at a loss what to do in the middle of a set, he said out, "Swing that girl with the yellow apron on!" And the girl was promptly swung. All such diversions were worked in with his prompting, and no one except the persons addressed paid any heed.

Ten dollars a day or night and all expenses of traveling was the usual charge of Cady for his services in rendering "Money Musk," "Chorus Jig," "The Irish Washerwoman" and "Hull's Victory," which comprised his repertoire. During the dancing season he was continually on the road from one inn to another.

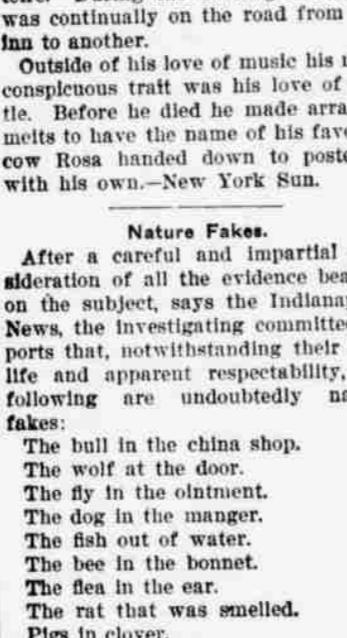
Outside of his love of music his most conspicuous trait was his love of cats. Before he died he made arrangements to have the name of his favorite cow Rosa handed down to posterity with his own.—New York Sun.

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What Ails You?

You feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heartburn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

If you have any considerable number of the above symptoms you are suffering from illosome, sold liver with indigestion, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made me the most valuable medicinal principle known to medical science in the treatment of such abnormal conditions. It is a most efficient invigorator, stomach tonic, bowel regulator and nerve-strengthener.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at its formula will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful heart-forming drugs. It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine, of proper strength, from the roots of the following native American forest plants, viz., Golden Seal root, Stone root, Black Cherry bark, Queen's root, Bloodroot, Mandrake root.

The following leading medical authorities, among a host of others, extol the healing roots for the cure of the disease indicated: Prof. Bartholow, M. D., of Jefferson Med. College, Phila.; Prof. H. C. Wood, D. O., of Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Dr. H. H. Collier, M. D., of Columbia, N. Y.; Prof. John King, M. D., Author of American Dispensatory; Prof. Jno. M. Scudder, M. D., of Philadelphia; Prof. Dr. Wm. H. Johnson, M. D., Med. Dep't, Univ. of Michigan; Prof. Dr. Wm. E. Hart, M. D., of Cornell University, Chicago. Some send Postal Card to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and receive book gratis. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the strongest of all the above mentioned medicines.</