

HUMOR

FOUND.

A Long Search for a Schoolmaster, Which Was Finally Rewarded.

We were sitting on the veranda of a hotel at Niagara Falls when I noticed the man on my right looking sharply at the man on my left, and presently he got up in an excited way and walked about. After a bit he halted before the other man and asked:

"Isn't your name Graham?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you used to teach school at Elmira?"

"Yes, sir."

"In 1893?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a boy named Godkin?"

"Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a package of fireworks under his desk and touched them off?"

"As if it happened only yesterday."

"And you hunted for it?"

"I did. I looked him until he could hardly stand, and I've always been glad of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other, breathing fast and hard. "Do you know that that boy swore a terrible oath?"

"I presume he did, as he was a thorough young villain."

"He swore an oath that he would grow up and hunt for you and pound you within an inch of your life."

"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has come at last!"

He made a dive for the old pedagogue, but the latter evaded him, made a half turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin went over a chair in a heap. Then the villainous schoolmaster piled on to him and licked him until he cried:

"Enough, and it didn't take three minutes to do it. Then he retired to get on another collar and replace some buttons, and I helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait quite long enough, I guess."

"Say! That's where I made a mistake!" he replied. "I see now that I ought to have held off until he had got to be about 100 years old. The old devil is full of 70 now, but he licked me right off the reel, and I'll never have the man to stand up to him again. Here's thirty years' waiting for vengeance knocked into a cocked hat in three minutes!"

New York Sun.

A Paraphrased Order.



Toothless Guest—If you've got some extremely tender steak, you may bring me some.

Hundreded Waiter—Slab 'f yearling for a gunner.—Judge.

They All Agreed.

"Does that razor hurt you?" asked the colored barber, in the uninterested, perfunctory manner usual to him.

"Yes, it does, most decidedly," was the emphatic reply.

The remark brought no change in the situation, and the man in the chair said:

"I told you that the razor hurt me."

"Yes, sah," was the mildly surprised rejoinder. "Free or foh oddah gemmen said it same ting terday."—Washington Post.

Some Other Evening.

Clara—Well, to tell the truth, dear Charley.

Frank—Charley?

Clara—I mean Frank. I declare, how absent minded I am. I thought it was Thursday evening instead of Wednesday.

The Worst Part.

"Barrows' wife is a very beautiful woman."

"Yes, but she has one very disagreeable feature."

"What is that?"

"Barrows."—Harper's Bazar.

Out of Whack.

Driver—This watering car is no good.

Companion—What's the matter with it?

Driver—It squirts water only half way through an open street car.—Chicago Times.

Ambiguities.

"I guess there is no hope for Mr. Jones."

"Why not?"

"Why, he had four doctors visit him yesterday."—Boston Courier.

The Proper Time.

At the Concert—"I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Old, Old Question.

"A strawberry shortcake, my pretty maid."

"Quoth I to the waitress fair."

"A strawberry shortcake fair would I."

"Though it cost of dimes a pair."

"And cover it over with foamy cream."

"And sugar it fair to see."

"And the maiden brought the strawberry cake."

"Bless large and fair to see."

"There was plenty of cake and sugar and cream."

"But where was the strawberry?"

Strawberries, ma'am?" queried the huckster, as she stood in the door of her house in Jersey City.

"How much?" she cautiously inquired.

"Twelve cents a quart, ma'am, or two quarts for twenty-five cents."

"Oh! Well, I'll take two quarts."

"Exactly, ma'am."

He measured out the berries, got his quarter, and drove off, while she disappeared in the house. She came out again after a couple of minutes, however, looked up and down the street, and not being able to see him anywhere she shook her fist in the direction he took and exclaimed:

"I'll know him by the wart on his nose, and I'll get even with him if it takes a year!"—New York Sun.

An Impediment to Sport.



Mr. Fly (who has taken a header)—Bad luck to hat hair restorer, anyway! It's spoiled our slide.—Puck.

An American Girl.

She's great at frying terrapin; A cannibalistic delight; With a screw in pie with dainty crust, Her comical seldom fights her.

The rook-shed she serves in halls, Her food she's simply lost; You think she lives in a kitchen, But no, she hails from Boston.

This one can cook a mince pie, Or bake a beefsteak fine; The fatty pork dressed with cream Comes from her hands divine.

You'd never see her serve in halls, Come straight from old Mount Kisco; You're off the scent, my trusting friend, The girl resides in Frisco.

Another makes a tarpon hash With rich of watermelon, While another fries a fish.

Her family likes to dwell on, Her sprouts of sugar cane in lard, Drowned in a sauce of Bourbon, Would make you think her Tampa bred, She's got her home in Auburn.

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

More Than He Wanted.

Angry Caller (at newspaper office)—Say, I want that little ad I gave two days ago. "Wanted, an electric battery in good working order," taken out.

Advertising Clerk—What is the matter? Didn't we give it the right location?

Angry Caller—Location be dashed! The blamed ad, overdid the business. My house was struck by lightning last night.—Chicago Tribune.

No Wonder She Kicked.

First Servant—How do you like your new place?

Second Servant—I don't like it at all.

"What is the matter? Do they treat you rudely?"

"Oh, no; but they talk so loud that I can hear every word they say without having to listen, and I ain't used to that."—Texas Siftings.

Too Much for Him.

"Who is that young fellow there all the time writing the long lists of names and figures?"

"Oh, that's a new case in the asylum. He started out this season trying to keep the run of the different baseball leagues, associations, etc., and it was too much for him."—Philadelphia Times.

Finally Caught On.

New Salesman—What are you all laughing at? I don't see anything funny in that story.

Old Salesman (in a whisper)—It's old Spotcash, the proprietor, that's telling it.

New Salesman (loudly)—Ha! ha! ha!—Chicago Tribune.

Patience, for Instance.

Laphson—Why is this artist's advertisement farrowless visits every year, and then keep coming back?

Smiles—Why, that's all right. They call them farrowless towns because they fare so well on them.—Journal of Education.

The City in Summer.

Citizen—I wish to see the health officer.

Clerk—He is not in.

Citizen—Where is he?

Clerk—Gone out of the city for his health.—New York Weekly.

Did Not Exhibit at an Elevation.

Shodgrass—Well, did you go to that balloon ascension?

Snively—Yes, but I was disappointed; the aeronaut didn't show up.—Yonkers News.

Poor Fishing.

First Boy—Did you catch anything?

Second Boy—Not until I got home.—San Francisco Wasp.

A Reasonable Explanation.

Mr. Williams' Relatives.

John Williams, of Bucks county, himself weighing 300 pounds, has died, leaving behind him four sisters and seven brothers, all noted for their extraordinary girth. It can therefore be said of Mr. Williams that he left behind him a wide circle of relatives.—New York World.

The Clocks Revenged.

There is an ebb in the affairs of clocks. Owing to the scarcity of water the motive force of the pneumatic clocks in Paris has been diverted for other purposes, and from noon on until half-past 2 o'clock a. m. the city is without time.—Jewellers' Circular.

Brushley—It's awfully annoying, Mary! Just as I am getting in the last touches on the canvas the blamed cat has to have a fit.

Mrs. Brushley—Perhaps she caught a glimpse of the picture, dear.—Puck.

A Mexican Prince.

The Prince Augustin Iturbide, about whom the papers are making such ado regarding his imprisonment in Mexico, is a well known young fellow in Washington, where he has spent much of his life and where his mother's family all live. He is about 33 or 37, quite well behaved and good looking, but not remarkable. He is a lieutenant of artillery now in the Mexican army, but he is the grandson of an emperor and was the adopted son and heir of Maximilian. There wasn't anything particularly important about the Iturbides though, the Emperor Maximilian having been a soldier of fortune, who was overthrown and shot in 1870.

The rest of the family emigrated here, where Augustin Iturbide's father married Miss Green, of Washington. They had this one son. During the troubled reign of Maximilian it occurred to him that, as the Iturbides were popular with the masses, it would be a good idea to adopt Augustin. His parents agreed on condition that certain large sums of money and titles of which the Iturbides had been unjustly deprived should be restored to them. "The bargain was made, the 2-year-old child delivered and Maximilian and Carlotta, after formally adopting him, appeared in public with the child seated between them in their state carriages. But the mother, as she journeyed away from Mexico, felt her heartstrings more and more wrenched by the separation. At Puebla she turned back to demand her child.

The Iturbides behaved very handsomely in foregoing all their claims to the money and titles, as far as their recent bargain was concerned. The Emperor Maximilian, though, refused to give him up, and the miserable mother wringed the sole power of the state department at Washington to recover her child. At last, however, when things were getting desperate with Maximilian, he gave the child to the archbishop of Mexico, with orders to convey it to Havana and deliver it to its parents. Along with it Maximilian sent all of the magnificent presents he and the empress had given it, for there seems no doubt that much of their reluctance to part with it came from strong affection for the child.

—Cor. Boston Transcript.

Electricity for Insects.

"It seems to me," a correspondent says, "that the best way to rid cities of mosquitoes is to use electric light." He states that when the are lamps were first introduced into New Orleans the entire insect population of the neighborhood swarms flocked to the city. The region beyond the radius of the lamps was clear of the nocturnal tormentors, while the sidewalks and roads around each light was stricken every morning with dead and dying. He proposes to reverse this operation, and, by hanging enormous clusters of electric lights beyond the outskirts of the city, lure thereto the whole of the neighboring insect population. To the ingenuity of this gentleman is allied a commendable, if somewhat sanguine, commercial instinct, for he adds: "Arrangements might be made for collecting these after they had committed suicide, as they all do, by flying at the lamps, and it is probable that they could be sold as fertilizers for a sum large enough to pay the cost of maintaining the lights."—Detroit News.

Rare Birds Captured.

Thousands of migrating birds were passing over Cedar Rapids, Ia., when they encountered a terrible rain and thunder storm, and, attracted by the electric lights, gathered about them on the streets and attempted to fly into the stores. As a consequence, over 1,000 birds fell dead in the streets from coming in contact with the wires and glass fronts. A great majority of the birds do not inhabit the region, and some very rare specimens were captured alive and caged. Among them was a red poll warbler, one of the rarest birds in the United States. This bird nests in Manitoba and Alaska in the summer, and in the winter goes as far south as the Caribbean sea. Over fifty different species were found.

A Telephone Hint.

Subscribers to the telephone service have complained considerably that when they asked for a number, as, for instance, 100-3, the operator failed to repeat it back to them, and so they did not know whether they had been understood or not. The officers of the company say to subscribers: When that happens hang up your telephone and ring sharply again. The result of this course is that the full force of the ring will then go into the operator's ear (subscribers know how it feels), and a few prescriptions of this sort will effect a cure.—Hartford Courant.

A Dandy Dandelion.

One of those monstrous freaks of nature which are occasionally met with was found by Frank Clemens, Jr., of Ansonia, while at Milford Sunday. It is a dandelion stalk nearly as large as a pumpkin vine, on which are four buds in one compact whole—a sort of double Siamese twin freak, as it were.—Ansonia (Conn.) Sentinel.

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The Bald False Prophet of the Cheyennes.

An Indian runner who came in from Tongue River says that couriers sent out by the Cheyenne Indians to find the new Messiah, or second Christ, saw him and talked with him. They located him in the mountains beyond Salt Lake, and from their description of him he is an old man, with a long white beard which hangs down over his breast. Some days he wears white hair, and at other times he has no hair on his head, from which it appears that he is bald headed and wears a wig.

He made one of the Cheyenne Indians who visited him a high priest, and instructed him in the rites and mysteries of the new religion. He gave him the figures and ceremonies of a new Indian dance, which takes four nights and one whole day to perform. The Cheyennes have just finished their first performance of this religious dance at the Rosebud reservation, and it has occasioned great enthusiasm among them. The Indians are to perform this dance four times in four months (months), and then they will hear again from the new Christ, who will instruct them what further to do. They all believe in the new Messiah, and all work has about ceased among the Cheyennes.

The Indians are all very mysterious about their new religion and will tell the white men nothing concerning it. They are sullen and dissatisfied, and the military authorities regard the new movement with an apprehension of trouble.

Maj. Carroll says the new Christ is no doubt some old Mormon elder or bishop who is a spiritualist, and is proselyting Indians to Mormonism. He locates him on Green river. It is said that Crow Indians are sending out a delegation to meet the Christ, who is coming to meet the Crows. The cell in the guard house at Fort Custer has been dusted out and prepared for the Messiah if he can be caught.—Helen Cor. Portland Oregonian.

Care of Asparagus.

A knife should never be employed in gathering asparagus. Break off the stems as far below two hours. The soil will snap readily. In this way no injury will be done to other buds and the entire stem can be used for cooking. In climates where sharp frosts are likely to come during the asparagus season it is well to have a little coarse litter between the rows to hastily draw over the tender shoots when the temperature drops. The gathering of the product after the bed is in full bearing should be complete.

Never allow spinning shoots to grow, but keep the plantation clean of sprouts until the season is over. It is a safe rule to close the asparagus season with the advent of early peas. I have had shoots more than one inch in diameter, and by care this may be increased one-half. In arranging for a long season of asparagus amateurs have taken advantage of the fact that every bed is left above the crown of the plant during the season of picking two days. By having a few plants with crowns near the surface the season may be advanced somewhat. The picking from these plants should be discontinued correspondingly early.—Exchange.

A Shower of Ants.

A peculiar sight was witnessed on Main street, Ansonia, recently. It was what might be styled a shower of ants, and lasted nearly two hours. The air was completely filled with the insects. They seemed to come out of the ground. At one time near the postoffice they issued forth in a stream five inches wide. As soon as they reached the pavement they would take to their wings. They came out along the street for 100 yards, and after circling around in the air started in a body down the street. They evidently had midair combats, as the street was full of dead and injured and the wings of others unfortunate. What caused this immigration from the buildings is unaccounted for.—Durby (Conn.) Transcript.

Cutting Mixed Grass.

Common red clover ripens before timothy, and where they grow together you must comprise the time or take an average. The clover should be cut just as most of the heads are beginning to pass out of blossom, which will be about the time that the seeds in the heads of timothy are mostly forming but not ripening. It is, however, better to be a little too early with the timothy than too late with clover. As some days must elapse between the first and the last cutting, some judgment must be exercised to reach a fair average of time.—Country Gentleman.

Future of Beet Sugar.

The beet sugar industry is looming up in our future. In our large territory and great diversity of soil and climate there are, no doubt, large areas just suited to their successful culture, and as these favored sections are brought out by experiment the production of our full supply of sugar at home, as in France and Germany, will be only a question of time. The number of acres of beets grown for sugar, the product and value will be included in the returns of the new census.—Indiana Farmer.

Postmaster Sperry, of New Haven, Conn., is the originator of a plan to be introduced at all free delivery offices throughout the country. It consists of having filled out at every house, as a guide to letter carriers, a card giving the names in full of all persons residing there, including servants and guests.

It was proposed in a recent paper before the Institution of Naval Architects to substitute for the comparatively narrow and deep self righting life boats a more shallow, beamy, non-self righting boat.

An Eiffel tower may rise in Germany. The Bavarian government proposes to build one near Starnberg lake as a monument to Bismarck, and secondarily as an observatory.

A Jewish synagogue to be erected in Baltimore will, it is said, be the only specimen of pure Byzantine architecture in the United States.

TIMBER LAND, ACT JUNE 3, 1878.—NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

United States Land Office, Oregon City, Oregon, April 7, 1890.—Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," George L. Fuller, of Bay City, County of Tillamook, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 209, for the purchase of the e 1/2 of sec. 24, tp. 1 n. r. 8 w. and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Oregon City, Oregon, on Tuesday, the 24th day of September, 1890.

He names as witnesses: J. M. Fuller, C. A. Elliott, A. Neilson, and H. Roberts, all of Bay City, Tillamook County, Oregon. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 24th day of September, 1890.

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