

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Reason Why--During the Home Run -- Rank Heresy -- A Change, Etc., Etc.

THE REASON WHY.

He loves to rise at early dawn
When others love to lie.
This is the finest time for him,
Because he is a fly. —[Judge.]

DURING THE HOME RUN.

He heard not the coacher's yelling,
Nor heeded the captain's call,
For the centre field he was whistling,
"After the ball."

RANK HERESY.

Jess--Reverend Dr. Thirdly does not officiate at Society weddings any more; the girls have turned him down.

Bess--Since when?
Jess--Since his sermon on "Put not your trust in Princes." —[Puck.]

A CHANGE.

Mistress--Not going to marry that sweep after all, Jane? Why, I thought it was all settled.

Jane--So it was, mum; but the fact is, I saw him with a clean face for the first time last night, and I can't marry him. You've no idea how ugly he is when he's washed, mum. —[Philadelphia Life.]

HEAVY!

Pickly--What's that derrick in front of your house for?
Munson--Don't know? My wife must be baking biscuit.

ON THE WAY.

"Is my article in the soup?" inquired the good natured litterateur.
"Not yet," replied the editor, "but I'm going to boil it down pretty soon." —[Washington Star.]

A QUICK RECOVERY.

She--I am so surprised to see you out after your sudden illness.

He--What do you mean?
She--Why, they told me after the dinner the other night you had to be carried home. —[Truth.]

WHEN WORDS FLOWED FREELY.

Ethel--I think Clara Perkins has the largest vocabulary and the greatest eloquence of any woman I know.
Isabel--Why, she never says a word during club discussions.
Ethel--No; but you should hear her talk to her canary. —[Judge.]

TOP OF THE LIST.

"There goes a man who leads in letters."
"Ah, indeed! What's his name?"
"A. A. Adams." —[Truth.]

A POOR BARGAIN.

Jess--I'll give you a penny for your thoughts.
Chappie--I was thinking of myself.
Jess--Well, that's the usual way with bargains.

IT WOULD BE A GIVE AWAY.

Dags--I see they have at last deciphered the Hittite hieroglyphics, supposed to be 4,000 years old.
Wags--Really? I hope there are none of my jokes among them.

UNPROFESSIONAL OPINION.

In the studio of a professional painter before his latest picture.
"Well, what do you think of it?"
"In the first place, I ought to tell you, sir, that I am no judge."
"Never mind, let us have your opinion."
"To tell the truth, I--I think it splendid!"
"There, you see what a capital judge you are!" —[La Figaro.]

AT OLD POINT COMFORT.

Penelope Penchlow--Great Heavens, Cholly Chapleigh looks as though he were wearing second-hand clothes.
Dickey Doolittle (with awe)--He is. They were the Duke of Worcester-shire's once, and he is so stuck up about them that he won't speak to us fellows any more.

HIS WEAK SPOT GONE.

"Chappie and Wilkins had a dispute at the club the other night, and Chappie got so excited he lost his head."
"Dear me, how fortunate! Chappie's head was his only weak spot." —[Harper's Bazar.]

A BIBLIOPHILE.

"He's very intellectual and literary, isn't he?"
"Why do you think so?"
"He told me he never felt himself till he was snugly ensconced in his library."
"Well, you see, his folding bed is a bookcase." —[Judge.]

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

Flushly--It is easy to acquire a taste for terrapin.
Dedbrooke--Yes; easier than to acquire the terrapin. —[Truth.]

WISHED HE WAS THERE.

He had just eaten of her biscuits for the first time, and was pensive.
"Darling," asked the bride with a joyous smile, "of what were you thinking?"
"I was thinking," he said slowly, "of Samoa."

"It must be a beautiful place," she said, "but why Samoa?"
There was a far-away look in his eyes as he remarked:
"Bread grows on the trees there." —[New York World.]

AFORDING HER AMUSEMENT.

Watts--Do you always agree with your wife when she makes an assertion?
Potts--Of course I don't. Do you suppose I want the poor woman to have no amusement at all? —[Indianapolis Journal.]

FASTIDIOUS.

Young Wife--John, dear, I'm so glad you are coming home to dinner. Now I am going to make a pie for you by my own self.

John (nervously)--Very well, dear, mind you do, but not too much crust, you know. I never touch pie crust.

Young Wife--All right, Johnny, then the pie shall be extra nice inside, with a lovely gravy.

John (trying to speak cheerfully)--Yes, darling, but don't put too much inside, you know. I never eat the inside of pies, and I don't care much for gravy.

A MODEST MAN.

Employer--Want to marry my daughter, eh? And next, I suppose, you'll want your salary raised so that you can support her!

Employee--Oh, no sir! I shall expect you to support us both. —[Kate Field's Washington.]

DIPLOMATIC RETICENCE.

The social reformer was paying a visit to the convicts in the penitentiary and asking them various questions.

"And what are you doing here, my friend?" he said to a good looking man in the shoe shop.

"Making shoes," was the reply that discouraged any further inquisition in that direction. —[Detroit Free Press.]

SHE OPENED HIS EYES.

"I've been awake all night. I haven't closed my eyes," remarked the rich old man who had married a young widow.

"Then mamma would get a new silk dress," said the widow's little girl by a former marriage.

"What do you mean?" asked the venerable stepfather.

"I heard her say as soon as you closed your eyes she was going to have a new silk dress and diamonds and things." —[Texas Siftings.]

TAKEN AT HER WORD.

Cora--Why should you weep and be so angry, Belle, since you refused Harry flatly, of your own accord?

Belle--To think that the idiot should take me at my word! Oh, it's terrible! —[Boston Courier.]

HE KNEW BETTER.

Prisoner (to his lawyer)--Sir, do you really believe all you have been saying about me to-day in your speech for my defence?

Lawyer (smilingly)--Why, of course I do!
Prisoner--I don't.

TURTLES THAT FOUGHT.

Two Fishermen Interfere With a Novel and Desperate Battle.

It is no uncommon thing for snapping turtles to be brought into any of the towns of Pennsylvania. On the contrary, "snapper" fishing or hunting is a sport peculiar to the region, hundreds of the big turtles being captured in various ways every week of the season. But it is uncommon for snapping turtles to be brought in just the way that two were brought into Fisher's Eddy a few days ago. The two turtles were very large ones, and one had its jaws closed tightly on the left foreleg of the other, and in that position they were captured by John and James Skelly under the following circumstances:

The two Skelly boys were fishing in the eddy from a flat-bottomed boat when they saw a great commotion in the water a few rods distant. They paddled toward the spot and saw that the commotion was being made by two big snapping turtles which were engaged in a desperate fight. They rushed at one another, and came together with a shock that made them both rebound a yard or more and threw the water about in showers. As they darted around each other--these animals being exceedingly agile and quick in the water, although so clumsy and slow on land--they made savage lunges with their heads at one another's legs, the evident effort of each being to seize the other at a vulnerable point. The collisions and manoeuvres lasted several minutes without either turtle obtaining any advantage, when suddenly one of them dashed through the water toward his antagonist, who waited the onslaught, his yellow eyes glaring and his massive head thrust forward to seize his assailant if possible.

When the latter was within a foot or so of the waiting turtle he dived like a flash and came up under his foe, and, before the latter could ward off the unexpected attack, closed his jaws on one of his fore legs, near the shell. The struggles of the turtle thus caught foul to free itself were so desperate that the water was lashed into foam, and in a short time became colored with blood.

A snapping turtle never releases its hold on anything it may close its jaws on until that object is dead, and the efforts of this turtle to release itself from his foe were not only unavailing, but tended to place him at still greater disadvantage by wearing out his strength. When the spectators of this novel battle saw that there could be no question as to its result they set about capturing both duellists. They paddled close to where the turtles were struggling, and, watching their opportunity, each man seized a turtle by its tail and lifted both into the boat before the turtles knew what was going on. The fishermen were by no means pleased with what they had done, though, for the fight went right on, and the boys were compelled to take a hand in it to maintain a place for themselves in the boat. With the boat paddle and one of the seats they pounded the turtles on their heads until both were stretched on the bottom of the boat. The jaws of the one were still tightly closed on the leg of the other, and remained so for ten hours after the head was cut off. —[New York Sun.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

MANY of the leading newspaper correspondents of this country and Europe declare that there will be a great European war before the summer of '94 is past. There are others who as firmly believe that the wish of the aforesaid correspondents is father to the thought.

A FRENCHWOMAN, with a view to testing the sustaining powers of chocolate, has lived with no other food for sixty days, losing but fifteen pounds in the interval. "What fools we mortals be." The probabilities are that she has incurred an impaired digestion, from which she will never recover.

MISS RAY FULLER, of Tacoma, was the first woman to reach the summit of Mount Ranier, of Tacoma, 14,444 feet above the level of the sea. She wore a flannel bloomer suit, thick woolen hose and heavy cork shoes, carrying an alpenstock and her own baggage. Few men possess the rare strength, courage and endurance necessary for the achievement of this feat.

THE Ameer of Bokhara, in Central Asia, has modified entirely his habits and customs, as a result of his recent voyage in Russia. He has opened the gates of his palace to Russian ladies, and organized dancing parties. Moreover, this palace, with all its Oriental splendors, does not seem to be satisfactory to the Ameer in general comfort. He has ordered another to be built in the European style, near the Russian Legation, under the supervision of a French architect.

VERY great surprise has been caused by the official report which has been made with regard to recruiting in France during the past year for voluntary engagements for three years' service. In eight corps d'armee the regiments of infantry and artillery are now considerably short of even their peace complement, and in the engineers there has been a quite astounding falling off of numbers. The war spirit is not decidedly very pronounced in France at the present moment.

THE Secretary of War has decided that the United States cavalry shall hereafter be mounted on well-bred horses, instead of half wild and wholly vicious bronchos of the western plains. It is a saying out west that a United States cavalryman ought to be able to ride anything that a cowboy can, and for years they have been mounted on bronchos; but it is said that the cavalryman's equipment of carbine, sabre, etc., brings out all the innate "cussedness" of the beast, and the War Department has ruled that bronchos are too unmanageable and ugly tempered to be fit for cavalry use. The order was promulgated in the department of the Platte the other day, and it is thought that it will have the effect of materially lowering the price of the average western horse.

THE State Department has directed all Consuls of the United States in foreign ports to prepare special reports for publication on the great through lines of traffic in their respective districts, the object being to supply American merchants, travelers and students with authentic information concerning ocean and coastwise lines, railways, navigable rivers and canal lines, and first-class paved or macadamized highways. Among the questions propounded are those relating to the control of the lines by government, corporation or otherwise; the length, condition, and equipment; the size and power of vessels, number of tracks, rates for freight and passengers between terminal and intermediate points, through traffic and short hauls, frequency of communication, and in case of roads overcoming great obstacles the methods adopted are to be specially reported.

TWO adventure-loving Hungarians--Antonio Blim and Louis Budinich--early in August, 1892, started to walk from Buenos Ayres to Chicago. They propose to write a book when they have completed their long pedestrian trip, recounting not only their experience on the journey, but giving as well data of the countries through which they shall have passed that they hope will prove of value to prospective settlers in the southern countries. They have recently reached Panama, where they were made much of by certain high officials, who aided them in raising a considerable sum of money to continue their journey, for their funds had become sadly depleted. Leaving Buenos Ayres Blim and Budinich traveled first to Bolivia, stopping at the chief points of interest on the way. From Bolivia they journeyed up through Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. Much of the country through which they have passed is practically uninhabited, and they have been exposed to all manner of hardships.

HOLLAND has perhaps come nearer than any other nation to successfully solving the problem of what to do with city paupers. Usually they are herded into great poorhouses and fed at public expense. The only work they do is that required to keep the premises where they are housed in order. The charity they live on is doled out to them grudgingly, and they are a heavy expense. Political corruption and private jobbery creep into the management of the establishments where they are kept. That at least is the American system, and it could not be worse. With the thrifty, wise Dutch the idea is not to herd them together, but to scatter them. They are taken from the city slums and distributed upon public farms. Professor Peabody, who gives in the Forum some facts concerning the

Dutch system, says there are no great poorhouses and few able-bodied paupers in Holland. There is a tract of public land containing five thousand acres. It is divided into six model farms, and to one of these is sent the poor persons applying for public relief. If he voluntarily serves till he learns agriculture, he is allowed to rent a small farm for himself, and he what is called a free farmer. Every pauper who is thus reclaimed to honest, regular industry, is so much gain to the State. There is also a forced labor colony, where beggars and vagrants are sent and made to do farm and other work, whether they want to or not.

THE establishment of a holiday to be known as "Bird Day," is favored by Mr. Morton, Secretary of Agriculture, whose name is associated with the observance of Arbor Day, says the Baltimore Sun. In reply to a letter on the subject from the superintendent of schools at Oil City, Pa., the secretary says: "It is a melancholy fact that among the enemies of our birds two of the most destructive and relentless are our women and our boys. The love of feather ornamentation so thoughtlessly persisted in by thousands of women, and the mania for collecting eggs and killing birds, so deeply rooted in our boys, are legacies of barbarism inherited from our savage ancestry. I believe that a public sentiment can be developed so strong and so universal that a respectable woman will be ashamed to be seen with the wing of a bird on her bonnet, and an honest boy will be ashamed to own that he ever robbed a nest or wantonly took the life of a bird." The establishment of "Bird Day," he thinks, would have a wholesome moral effect, and tend to "replace the barbaric impulses inherent in human nature by the nobler impulses and aspirations that should characterize advanced civilization." Apart from sentimental considerations, adds the Sun, the indiscriminate slaughter of birds should be stopped because of the injurious results to agriculture. Many species of birds, perhaps most, are invaluable to farmers as destroyers of insects and worms that prey upon crops. They do far more good than harm, and the cruel and foolish warfare that has been waged against them probably accounts for the increase in insect pests in many sections. The establishment of bird day and the study of the habits and character of the various bird families, would produce an intelligent appreciation of this fact and would enable farmers to distinguish between their feathered friends and foes. "Bird Day" is a good idea, and it is to be hoped that it may be added to the list of our useful holidays.

Theory of the Formation of Hail.

THE interesting theory of the formation of hail and the part which electricity plays in the phenomenon is set forth in a recent lecture. The scientist said that while the hailstone has been to the popular mind, simply moisture that has been congealed in falling through strata of cold air, its production is now shown to involve so many processes that the little sphere attains a new scientific interest. The raw material upon which nature is about to work its alchemy, the hailcloud, is first drawn out by the wind in the form of a horizontal tongue. It becomes rapidly evaporated, producing an intense cold. There are thus formed flakes of dry snow, which, by friction against the minute drops of water, become charged with negative electricity and are then attracted by the positive electricity of the drops of water. The snow flakes behind the cloud are covered with a layer of ice, at first dry and then moistened. They are at the same time charged with positive electricity, and are driven in an outward direction by the positive electricity of the rain drops. Being thus cooled below zero, they break through the cloudy stratum and, becoming charged anew with negative electricity, they are coated with a new snowy layer, and are again attracted by the cloud. Each hailstone, taking a wavy line, becomes enlarged by coating itself with alternate layers of opaque and transparent matter, and is ultimately thrown to the right or the left, occasioning thus the roaring noise which precedes the fall of hail, which then takes place in two parallel bands, separated from each other by a region of rain. —[New York Sun.]

A Queer Old World Custom.

A curious and ancient custom has just been observed at Bourne, Lincolnshire. In accordance with traditional usage, the White Bread Meadow was, by direction of the Charity Trustees, let by auction. A number of boys started in a race, the bidding going on while the boys were running, and the field was ultimately let to the bidder who had made the highest offer at the time the winner broadcast the tape. The rent of the meadow was then expended in "white bread" loaves, which were distributed among the poor of the town. —[Yorkshire Herald.]

A Monster Eagle.

MR. J. R. Davis, of Colquitt, presented us a few days ago with the talon of an immense eagle which he recently killed with his unerring Winchester. The huge bird measured six feet nine inches from tip to tip of wings and seven and one-half inches from rear to front toes. With ease this winged monster could have carried away a small child or lamb. —[Blakely (Ga.) News.]

TREE-CLIMBING CRABS.

Four Feet in Diameter and Crack Cocoanuts with Their Claws.

When the naturalists of California have completed their collection of sharks and sea-serpents, British Columbia has a curiosity to present for inspection which they will find fully as worthy of their scientific attention. The specimen, or specimens, for there are two of them, is still alive, and although not yet inured to the chill of northern latitudes, enjoying a fair measure of good health. "It" is a giant member of the crab family, dark green in color, and measuring upward of four feet in diameter, the largest crab that ever crossed a torrid sand or climbed a cocconut tree, and rejoicing in a number of names, of which the "robber crab" is the most familiar and *Virgata* the scientific. Strange to say, neither the specimens secured nor any of their kind have ever been known to enter the water. They belong to the purely land or tree-climbing family, no worthy representative of which has yet found its way into the British Museum, and which are so rare that that institution has entered a heavy bid for one or both of those captured. The museum authorities will send a man all the way from London to take possession if the present owners decide to sell.

The crabs were brought here by the schooner Norma, cocconut laden from Fanning and Washington Islands, which is now discharging her cargo. They were secured on Palmyra Islands, in the South Pacific, and as yet have developed no dangerous propensities, though quite willing to give exhibitions of their strength, breaking broom-handles and such toys as if they were pipe-stems. It would be the simplest thing in the world for them to crush a man's leg or arm in a similar way, but, fortunately, they are slow to anger or to action, and take life so lazily that any one can get out of harm's way on seeing danger ahead. One cocconut a day serves as a meal, the nut being cracked as if it were an egg, and the kernel slowly devoured. In appearance the crabs remind one of nothing so much as overgrown and exaggerated spiders with abnormally developed bodies and a wonderful wealth of legs. Captain F. D. Walker and his sons are very proud of their captives, which they assert are rare as birds of paradise.

Five years ago, he Captain Walker, with his wife and family and seven or eight others, were shipwrecked on a small sand island belonging to the Midway group, where they subsisted for fourteen months on sea birds, eggs, and fish. They had started out from Honolulu on the bark Wandering Minstrel on a shark hunting expedition, and, after passing through the various islands to the south of the Hawaiian group, sought protection from a typhoon near Midway Island. Their ship dragged her anchor and ran on the reef. The crew, numbering twenty-nine all told, escaped in the boats to the land five miles distant. The bark was broken up so badly that nothing was saved from her, and as the island was uninhabited and away out of the path of shipping, their position was the reverse of enviable. Six of the party, after being several months in this fix, left in a small boat to seek help, and have never since been heard of. Half of those remaining succumbed before chance brought the Norma along to rescue the survivors. On the passage to Yokohama with the shipwrecked party the skipper of the Norma died, and when port was reached Captain Walker purchased the vessel.

The record of the adventures of the Walker family on their desert island would read as a second edition of "Robinson Crusoe." The total area of their domain was not more than a thousand acres; it contained no tree, no eatable fruit or vegetable--nothing but a spring of water, a few stunted bushes, and sand. There was at the highest point a rude hut which United States surveyors had at one time erected, and, which, repaired with ropes and wreckage, formed the homestead. The staple and, in fact, only reliable article of diet was seabird--the "goonie" or sea fowl of the Pacific. This was served in every style known to Delmonico and a few more. Once or twice turtles sought the shore, and it may safely be said they were welcome visitors. Twice did the shipwrecked ones attempt to build themselves frail vessels of driftwood, with which they hoped to return to civilization, but just as they were completed sudden storms made wreck of the weary labor of months. —[San Francisco Examiner.]

He Didn't Mind It.

A New York policeman a day or two ago, as he was patrolling his beat, saw a couple of men engaged in a fight. He drew near to separate them as fast as comported with his official dignity, and before he reached them, was horrified to see one of them gouge out the other's eye, which rolled into the gutter. The policeman forgot his dignity and ran shouting toward them, when they took the alarm and started to run away. He managed to catch the one who had dug out the other's eye, and leading him around the corner came upon the other, who was engaged in replacing his lost optic. The officer demanded an explanation, when the injured party said that it was a glass eye, and that the loss of it did not hurt him at all. The disgusted officer let them both go about their business. —[New Orleans Picayune.]

GULLS SACRED IN UTAH.

Why Grateful Mormons Impose a Fine for Killing the Bird.

Most interesting of the birds that we saw on our daily walk to the pasture were the gulls, great, beautiful, snowy creatures, who looked strangely out of place so far away from the seashore. Stranger, too, than their change of residence was their change of manners from the wild, unapproachable seabirds, soaring and diving and apparently spending their lives on wings. From this high place in our thoughts, from this realm of poetry and mystery, to come down almost to the tameness of the barnyard fowl is a marvellous transformation, and one is tempted to believe the solemn announcement of the Salt Lake prophet that the Lord sent them to his chosen people. The occasion of this alleged special favor to the Latter Day Saints was the advent about twenty years ago of clouds of grasshoppers, before which the crops of the Western States and Territories were destroyed as by fire. It was then, in their hour of greatest need, when the food upon which depended a whole people was threatened, that these beautiful winged messengers appeared. In large flocks they came, from no one knows where, and settled like so many sparrows all over the land, devouring almost without ceasing the hosts of the foe. The crops were saved, and all Deseret rejoiced. Was it any wonder that a people trained to regard the head of their Church as the direct representative of the highest should believe these to be really birds of God, and should accordingly cherish them? Well would it be for themselves if other Christian people were equally believing, and protected and cherished other winged messengers sent just as truly to protect their crops. The shrewd man who wielded the destinies of his people beside the Salt Lake secured the future usefulness of what they considered the miraculous visitation by fixing a penalty of \$5 upon the head of every gull in the Territory. And now, the birds having found congenial nesting places on solitary islands in the lake, their descendants are so fearless and so tame that they habitually follow the plough like a flock of chickens, rising from almost under the feet of the indifferent horses and settling down at once in the furrow behind, seeking out grubs and larvae and mice and moles that the plough has disturbed in its passage. The Mormon cultivator has sense enough to appreciate such service, and no man or boy dreams of lifting a finger against his best friend. Extraordinary indeed was this sight to eyes accustomed to seeing every bird that attempts to render such like service shot and snared and swept from the face of the earth. Our hearts warmed toward the "Sons of Zion," and our respect for their intelligence increased as we hurried down to the field to see the latter-day wonder. —[Atlantic Monthly.]

A Funny Shoe Story.

A company of idlers on a hotel piazza, says the San Francisco Call, were telling such yarns as are commonly spun in such places, when one of them offered to wager that he had done something as a boy in Tennessee that no other member of the party had ever done or heard of.

"What was it, Colonel?" asked one of the crew.

"I wore out my first pair of shoes without ever having them both on at once."

"Explain."

"Well, you see, it was this way. The shoemaker was slow and I was in a hurry. A boy who has never had a pair of shoes finds it hard to wait. Come Saturday night the man had one of them done, but told me I should have to wait a week for the other.

"Well, give me that one anyhow," said I, and I carried it home. I wore it all that week and all the next, for the fellow didn't keep his word any more than shoemakers generally do; and by the time the second one was done the first one needed repairing.

"And so the thing went on. That shoemaker was so slow and the leather was so poor and I ran about so much that somehow I never once had both shoes on together, and by and by they were gone entirely."

Energy from Water Under Pressure.

A hydro-electric plant of considerable interest is now in course of construction at Antwerp, Belgium. The aim of the work is to avoid the high cost of the continuous current wiring and the high tension of the alternating current, which apparently is disturbing to the Belgian mind. The plant aims to overcome these alleged objections by using water under pressure as a source of energy, which is distributed through street pipes to a number of small stations. In these stations are a number of hydraulic motors driving dynamos which deliver a continuous current over an area of about 1,640 feet radius around each substation. The plant now building has a main station containing two horizontal compound condensing Sulzer engines, with cylinders of 29.9 and 43.8 inches diameter and 41.4 inches stroke, running at a speed of thirty to seventy-five revolutions a minute. They are directly connected to the pumps, which deliver about sixteen and a half gallons of water per revolution each, under a pressure of about 760 pounds. The water is then piped through steel mains to the substations, about seven and a half miles of these mains being required. —[Engineering Record.]