

THE JOKERS' BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Appropriately So--Hot and Heavy--Saved--Salvage--She Felt It, Etc., Etc.

APPROPRIATELY SO.
First undertaker--How's business?
Second undertaker--Dead slow.

HOT AND HEAVY.
Rusty Ike--I got it hot and heavy at that house.
Tattered Ted--How was that?
Rusty Ike--The woman gave me a hot biscuit.

SAVED.
"A narrow escape," said Li Hung Chang.
As his jacket about him he flung:
"If this war had lasted much longer I might have been Li Hung hung."

SALVAGE.
Mrs. Watts--So it was in the Chicago wheat market that you lost your all?
Everett Wrest--Yes, mum; all save me honor--and an elegant thirt.

SHE FELT IT.
His love, he said, was like the sea.
The maiden answered quick
She thought that he was right in that,
Because it made her sick.

IN THE NORTHWEST.
She (with a newspaper)--Bark is the favorite fuel of the Northwest.
He--Suppose we suggest to our neighbors next door that they send that dog of theirs out there.

OR, RATHER, SELLS.
"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
But somehow with the belles,
In choosing mates for life, it is
The coronet that tells.

HIS BIRTHDAY PRESENT.
Father--So, my dear boy, I wish you many happy returns of the day; and as a reward for your diligence and good conduct I will get the dentist to draw that bad old tooth of yours that gives you so much pain.

CHANGE DESIRED.
Hoax--I wish we might have a little change in the weather.
Joax--What kind?
Hoax--Well, I'd be satisfied if it rained five cent pieces.

DESPERATE.
"It's my last chance," said Li Hung Chang, when he started for Japan. "If I don't make peace any better than I made war I might as well get my goods together and start over for an American lecture tour."

HIS MISPLACED PROPOSITION.
The villain gnashed his gleaming teeth with the grating sound of the breaking up of an ice gorge.
"Ha, ha! my proud beauty," he hissed, "I will yet bring you to the dust!"

The proud beauty smiled a wan little smile.
"Never," she twittered, "you are on the wrong tack. The man to win must bring the dust to me."

THE THIRD OFFICER ON DECK.
"Are you the boss of this ranch?" asked the tramp.
"Yes," said Mr. Timmins, thoughtfully, "I think that at the present moment I can truthfully say that I am the boss here. The hired girl is taking an afternoon off, and my wife is out riding a bicycle."

A MAN OF RESOURCES.
"Wouldn't you like one of these new lamps? Give a light so strong that--"
"Don't want 'em. Got seven grownup daughters."

"Ah, exactly! Let me show you a set of our extra strong parlor furniture. See? Iron clamped and braced underneath. We call 'em our 'courting specials.'"

A SAD OCCASION.
He--I called to see you last evening.
She--Yes?
He--Yes; the servant told me you were not in.
She--Yes; I was so sorry to have missed you.

He--I thought you must be. I heard you laughing up stairs in such grief stricken tones that I almost wept myself out of sympathy.

CAUSE FOR JOY.
Oneman--You look happy over something?
Tother--I am happy. We have a new girl at our house.

Oneman--Ah, let me congratulate you. I suppose you'd be happier if it were a boy?
Tother--Not much. It's the only girl we have ever had that knew her place and kept it and knew her business and attended to it. And we have to pay her only two and a half a week.

Oneman--Oh--ah--or--let me congratulate you more than ever.

UNPRODUCTIVE INDUSTRY.
"I don't know what's going to become of us," said the woman who talks about her family troubles.
"John doesn't seem to get along the way he used to."
"Why, he never seems to be idle."
"Idle! I should say not. He's got a political boom on his hand, and he's full of the Napoleon fad, and is learning Trilby by heart, and belongs to a debating society. If he gets any busier than he is I'm afraid we'll come pretty near starving."

AND SAVED TRAVELING EXPENSES.

"By gosh, I believe in patternizing home institutions," said Uncle Seed in the course of the usual grocery discussion.

"I know one time you thought different," replied Si Hawkins.
"I'd just like to know how it was?"
"W'y, the time you went to New York an' paid \$300 for a brick that you could of got right here at home fer less'n than a nickel."

HEEDLESS OF FARES.
Streeter--There goes a man that has left a great many behind him in the race of life.
Meeter--Who is he?
Streeter--He's a street car conductor.

AN OCEAN CABLE.

Its Manufacture Involves Great Mechanical Ingenuity.

The making of an ocean cable is a task involving a great amount of skill and mechanical ingenuity, and it is something to the credit of the first cable makers that their pattern has not greatly changed in thirty years. When the Commercial Cable company--which, as the most purely American of all the companies, makes an excellent subject for illustration--decided to lay a new Atlantic cable last year the work was intrusted to the firm of Siemens Brothers, of Woolwich, London. As this firm has constructed no less than eight of the eleven cables now linking Great Britain and the United States its methods of manufacture may be watched as typical of the best.

The first care of a cable manufacturer is to secure the very best materials. The copper wire, which forms the heart and essential part of the cable, must be of the purest metal, since the purer the metal the higher its standard of conductivity will be. Every strand and every coil of wire that goes into the cable is expected to reach a certain standard, and to such a degree of excellence is the making of copper wire for electrical purposes brought nowadays that the material submitted is more frequently above that standard than below. The single wires having passed the test for purity and conducting power eleven similar standards are taken and spun into a slender rope in lengths of one mile. Gutta percha insulation is then applied in sheets prepared from the raw material as it comes to hand from Singapore and other Malay ports. These sheets are wrapped by experienced hands so firmly and smoothly round the wire that not an air bubble can remain between the copper and the insulator. The "core" is then ready to be submitted to a galvanometer test, to ascertain whether the insulation is perfect, or as nearly perfect as that very elusive agent, electricity, will permit. That test having been satisfactorily passed a workman, whose sole business it is to attend to the joining of the lengths of cable, splices the ends of the mile lengths. Again the insulation test is applied. The galvanometer indicating no very appreciable loss of electricity, even under the strain of an alternating current of 5,000 volts, the core is passed into the hands of the sheathers, whose care it is to surround the copper and gutta percha with a more substantial protective covering before they are submitted to the rough action of the sea. And now the weight and size of the cable become applicable. Already each mile length has in it some 500 pounds of pure copper and 340 pounds of pure gutta percha. Over this is spun a coat of jute yarn weighing nearly 600 pounds to the mile. Then the cable is made the center of a twisted sheath of steel wires of the stoutest kind, averaging more than 4,000 pounds to the mile. And finally a compound of tar is laid over the whole, which brings its own weight of 800 pounds to the mile. After the tar is applied the cable is coiled and left to soak in tanks of water until such time as the cable ship shall be ready to lay it in its last resting place. Such a cable as this is made at the rate of fifty to fifty-five miles per twenty-four hours.

Magic Liquid.
Much amusement may be afforded at a party by pouring out of the same bottle a liquid which assumes three different colors. This is how it is done: Steep logwood shavings (they may be bought at any drug store) in water, and when a good red color has been obtained pour the liquid into a wine bottle. Take three tumblers and without being observed rinse one of them out with strong vinegar; put a little powdered alum into the second and leave the third without any preparation. Pour from the bottle some liquid into the first tumbler; this will assume a straw color; pour into the second, and the liquid will pass gradually from a bluish gray or black on being stirred with a steel key or any piece of iron which has been previously dipped in strong vinegar; pour into the third and the red liquid will assume a violet tint.

Prettiest Girl on the Label.
A canning company out West has announced that it will put the picture of the prettiest girl in the county on the labels of every can of tomatoes they put up this year. A committee of three unmarried men have been appointed as judges and photos have been coming in at a great rate.

Italy's wine producing capacity exceeds that of all other nations.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

BABY'S HANDS.
Dainty, dimpled, little things,
Soft as angels' plummy wings,
Naught to do but grow.
Awkwardly you move about,
Up and down and in and out.
Tell me do you know
Why such antics you go through?
What you're trying now to do?
Where you want to go?

Dainty, dimpled, little things,
Clutching, as your cradle swings,
At thin nothingness;
Who can tell what you will hold
When your grasp is firm and bold?
May be honor--may be gold--
May be nothingness!

Dainty, dimpled little things,
Whate'er the future brings
There'll be work for you.
Though you still be soft and white,
You cannot your duties slight
While there's work to do
There'll be burdens to be lifted,
From the bad good must be sifted,
From the false the true;
And though you're so soft and small,
Of this work a part will fall,
Little hands, on you.

A CONSCIENTIOUS DOG.
Jack's master was a painter, and Jack being a lively and spirited little fellow on two or three occasions tipped over a pail of paint in the course of his gambols.

Whenever this happened his master called him up, gave him a lecture and by way of impressing the matter on his mind rubbed his nose in the paint--much to Jack's discomfort.

One day, however, Jack was playing about the paint shop all alone. Suddenly he ran against a paint pail and over it went.

He looked sadly around for a moment and when he perceived that his master was not there to inflict the usual punishment he walked slowly up to the paint, plunged his nose into the hateful mess and ran whimpering away.

TOMMY'S MISTAKE.
Tommy is only 4 years old and that is the reason he made such a funny mistake.

One afternoon mamma dressed him up in his best black velvet suit and took him to the fair in the big town hall.

Tommy opened his great blue eyes very wide when he saw all the funny little houses and strange looking people everywhere around him and he said "Oh," very loud when he discovered the Japanese ladies with their bright dresses, and pretty little fans stuck into their hair. "And now we will go and visit Turkey," said mamma, as she took hold of Tommy's hand.

Tommy's eyes danced. How he did like turkey, particularly his drumsticks! That would be a great deal nicer than drinking tea with the Japanese ladies, he thought, and he smiled and smiled at everybody he felt so happy.

Mamma took him into a beautiful little room, and then they both sat down on a very soft couch and waited. Very soon somebody brought mamma a cup of coffee. Tommy couldn't tell whether it was a lady or a gentleman. It looked like a lady, but she wore the funniest white trousers and a bright red fez, just like his at home.

Tommy smiled again as he said eagerly: "If you please, I'll take the drumstick!"

"What did you say, Tommy?" asked this queer Turkish lady.

"I'd like the turkey's drumstick, if you please," repeated Tommy, politely.

And then how everybody laughed and poor little Tommy can't seem to make out the reason, and I'm afraid he never will till he grows old enough to study geography.

THE LOST PURSE.
Sadie and May lived in a very pleasant home in the country. All day long they would keep house with their dolls and when night came they would tuck them under the long red curtain which hung over one of the large windows. One warm day when it was too hot to play out in the sun they went and sat on the cool, shady porch, and begged grandpa, who had just wakened from an afternoon nap, to tell them a story.

So grandpa said that if they would be quiet he would tell them a short, true story about himself.

Sadie and May promised to be very still.

So grandpa began:
"Once when I was a very little boy I had to take a long, lonely walk through the snow for some tea for my mother. The store was four miles away. As I had told my mother I would go, I ran and got my things and called my dog Bruno, for I never went anywhere without him. I got to the store safely and bought my tea, and as I had \$2 and some change I put it in a small purse which I had in my pocket. I can remember how hard it was walking and how bitterly cold it was. I hurried as fast as I could, because I was afraid I would be late for supper. It was quite dark when I ran upon the porch and into the warm kitchen. How good the muffins smelt that had just come out of the oven! I can remember them yet."

"And did Bruno get home, too?" asked May.

"Oh," said grandpa, "that is just what I am going to tell you. I knew he was not far behind, so I did not wait for him, but went in and gave the tea to mother, then put my hand in my pocket to give her the

change. To my surprise I found it was gone."

"Oh, grandpa!" exclaimed Sadie and May.
"Yes," said grandpa, "it was gone--lost, I thought--and it was so dark and stormy my mother said it was no use to look for it. I was too much troubled to care for my supper, so I sat down by the fire feeling very sad. Soon I heard a scratching at the door, and when I opened it you cannot think how astonished I was to have Bruno bound in and drop something at my feet. Now, what do you think it was?"

"The money," said the children.
"Yes," said grandpa. "The lost purse was safe and sound. How happy I was and how I did hug Bruno! Just think! He had been behind me and had picked the purse up and brought it home."

"What a dear good dog!" said May.
"I like the story very much because it was true."

A Cat Story.

Your readers may be interested in hearing of the crafty trick of a black Persian. Prin is a magnificent animal, but withal a most dainty one, showing distinct disapproval of any meat not cooked in the special way he likes, viz., roast. The cook, of whom he is very fond, determined to break this bad habit. Stewed or boiled meat was accordingly made ready for him, but, as he had often done before, he turned from it in disgust. However, this time no fish or roast was substituted. For three days the saucer of meat was untouched and no other food given. But the fourth morning the cook was much rejoiced at finding the saucer empty. Prin ran to meet her, and the good woman told her mistress how extra affectionate that repentant cat was that morning. He did enjoy his dinner of roast that day (no doubt served with a double amount of gravy). It was not till the potboiler under the dresser was cleaned on Saturday that his artfulness was brought to light. There, in one of the saucers, at the back of the others, was the contents of the saucer of stewed meat. There was no other animal about the place, and the other two servants were as much astonished as the cook at the clever trick played on them by this terribly spoiled pet of the house. But cook was mortified at the thought of that saucer of roast beef. I know this story to be true, and I have known the cat for the last nine or ten years. It lives at Clapham.

A Novel Legal Method.

A novel method of getting rid of men in possession has been discovered by an impecunious lady living in the Rue Theurs, in Paris. In an unguarded moment she opened the door to the men, who had been watching their opportunity for some days. Finding what she had done she tried to frighten the men by making a parade of legal learning. There were severe penalties, she said, for taking possession without securing the attendance of the local police commissary. The bailiffs only laughed at this, whereupon the lady went out to complain, as she said, to the police, and locked them in her flat. Shortly afterward she returned with two policemen and said, "Arrest these men. They have broken into my place." It was in vain that the poor wretches declared that they were honest broker's men. Possibly their looks were suspicious. At all events the policemen, while muttering something about "having heard that sort of thing before," marched them off to the police station. Arriving there they were soon released on production of evidence of their identity. The men contemplate an action for false imprisonment, but meanwhile they have to devise fresh means to secure an entry to the place from which they were so unceremoniously ejected.

Two Pounds of Honey a Year.

A French naturalist with a mathematical turn of mind has been calculating the work by a hive of bees. When the weather is favorable a "worker," according to his estimate, makes usually six to ten trips, visiting forty to eighty flowers, and collecting about one grain of nectar. Even when under extraordinarily good conditions he visits 200 to 400 flowers the amount collected would not exceed five or six grains, and the collection of a pound would occupy several years. A hive contains 20,000 to 50,000 bees, of which only half are occupied in preparing honey, the rest caring for the young and their quarters. In a good day 16,000 to 20,000 bees can, in six to ten trips, visit 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers. For this it would be necessary that the locality should be favorable for honey making, and that the nectar secreting plants should grow near the hive. A hive of 30,000 bees can, then, under good conditions, make about two pounds of honey a year.

Annoying.

Between Salford and Manchester is a glue factory. A lady, who was obliged to take the ride between those two points quite often, always carried with her a bottle of lavender salts. One morning an old farmer took the seat directly opposite her. As the train neared the factory the lady opened her bottle of salts. Soon the whole carriage was filled with the horrible odor of the glue. The old farmer stood it as long as he could, then leaned forward and shouted: "Madam, would ye mind puttin' the cork in that 'ere bottle?"

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

TEXAS proposes to levy a tax of \$50 on all unmarried men of 30 years or over who do not swear under oath that they have tried to enter the matrimonial state.

THE late king of the New England gypsies, who was buried the other day, left an estate valued at \$100,000, indicating that there was considerable method in his peregrinations.

A COMPANY has actually been organized in New York to "build, rent and operate house boats." If the location seems malarious, or if the neighbors are too noisy, it is left with the tenant himself to hire a tugboat and be moved. Unwelcome guests can be avoided by the simple expedient of anchoring a little further from shore.

PHONOGRAPHS are not the safest things in the world to steal. A thief took one in New York and sold it. But it was found and the owner, to identify it, had it repeat the song, "Mollie and I and the Baby," which he himself had sung into it. Thus the instrument testified to its own identity and was returned to its rightful master. A little phonograph instrument on umbrellas and such things might save much trouble.

THERE is a Philadelphia shopkeeper who believes that he does a public service by keeping a stock of cheap valentines all the year round. "The demand out of season," he says, "for this class of valentines is from those who have quarreled with their neighbors. They know I have the valentines, and instead of using clubs or knives on one another they come here and get something that answers the purpose just as well."

ACCORDING to reports made to the British Medical association the signal service observers on the bleak summit of Ben Nevis are free from influenza, catarrhs and chest troubles until they return to lower levels, where they are more susceptible to them than others. It is said that persons living in mountain air where there are no germs of such diseases lose much of the power of resisting them where they are present at lower altitudes.

AN interesting incident connected with recent changes in Corea is that of a native Korean who united with Foundry Methodist Episcopal church in Washington, D. C., when he was a student in this country a short time ago, who is now the magistrate in charge at Ping Yang. He has sentenced the mandarin who so severely persecuted the Christians there just before the war to be beaten with ninety-four blows for his misconduct on that occasion.

AN ENGLISH statistician has calculated that England now takes the first place among the tea drinking nations of the world. The comparatively small population of the island uses almost as much tea in a year as the people of Europe, North and South America, Africa and Australia combined. Last year 214,841,044 pounds were imported, making an average of almost 600,000 pounds a day. The trade in the leaf with China has grown less, while it has greatly increased with India and Ceylon.

THEORIES are best understood in the light of facts, declares the New York Mail and Express. This is a good time to estimate the merits of Lord Wolseley's description of the Chinese and their future. It is as follows: "That people who are destined to be the coming race, overrunning and overmastering all others, with their countless hordes." This is singularly interesting reading in light of recent occurrences, and gives to the critical acumen of Lord Wolseley an importance which it never before possessed.

ACCORDING to the revised records of the war department 2,228,948 men served in the Union army during the civil war. Of these 67,058 were killed in battle, 43,012 died from wounds and 224,586 from disease. This left 1,794,292 to be mustered out. A curious feature of these revised records is that pertaining to Delaware. In 1860 this small State had a population of a little over 18,000 white males between the military ages of 18 and 45, and yet it furnished nearly 14,000 troops, or about 75 per cent. of its available population.

THE recent appointment of the Rev. John P. Chadwick, of the Roman Catholic church of St. Stephen's, in New York, to one of the vacant chaplaincies in the navy makes the third appointment in the service of ministers of that denomination. All of these appointments have been made by President Cleveland. The first Catholic chaplain to be appointed in the navy was the Rev. Charles H. Parks, of New York city, who received a position at the hands of Mr. Cleveland in October, 1889. He was followed by Chaplain W. H. I. Reaney, of Detroit, in November, 1892. The majority of the twenty-three chaplaincies allowed the navy are Baptist; next to the Catholics the Episcopalians are the smallest in number. Compared with parish work on shore a chaplain's position is rather an easy one, but, nevertheless, there is much to do in looking after the spiritual wants of "poor Jack" and to the credit of the corps of naval chaplains it must be said that they have never shirked duty in time of pestilence or danger.

IF the crow, a bird which scents designs on its life from afar off, is wise it will absent itself from McHenry county, Ill., in future, the supervisors having offered a bounty of 10 cents for the head of every

crow presented to the county treasurer. Some time ago these same officers put a bounty of 25 cents on woodchucks, and the treasurer has since been obliged to pay out \$400 for woodchuck scalps, which, in the opinion of many of the taxpayers, is a sum greatly in excess of the damage done by these burrowing animals in the county. When the proposition to put a price on the crow was brought forward some ridiculous arguments were made pro and con, and without the least consciousness of their humor. It was contended, for instance, that this bird was not only a corn thief, but he killed young lambs, and was in the habit of perching on the backs of cattle stalled in the mire and picking their eyes out. On the other hand, it was urged that the more crows killed the more there would be, on the theory that for every crow trapped or shot five will gather for the funeral. The idea that crows kill young lambs was very properly characterized as a pure fiction. The crow is a carrion eater, and is always found where a lamb lies dead, but the cause of death is almost invariably exposure.

IMAD NAWAZ YUNG, of Bahadur, India, who, with his wife, is now in Chicago, thus expressed himself the other day: "The incentive to labor is not so great in India, because living is so cheap, even though wages are small. For instance, at the best hotel in India I get the finest meals, most spacious rooms, best service, no extras, no tips, for five rupees or \$1 a day. I am a Mohammedan. The classes in my region intermingle very little. Yes, in religious and philosophical thought India occupies a high place among the nations. But of what good is philosophy in bettering the condition of the poor? Philosophy furnishes the coolies nothing to eat. Indeed, there must be something beside philosophy to make a people strong. I know that the English are supposedly fine rulers. Their system of administering justice is good; their political system is bad. The Indian people do not travel much. There are hindrances even to those educated ones inclined to travel. The English authorities advise--I shall not use a stronger term--the natives not to go out of India, and they especially admonish them against traveling in Russia or America."

SPEAKING of the Carlisle (Pa.) Indian school the Washington Star says: "That the boys are thoroughly imbued with a progressive spirit is shown in the fact that when Congress positively refused to make appropriations for needed additions to the buildings for the boys and for an amusement hall the students went to Capt. Pratt and told him they would give \$1,800 of their earnings for the proposed improvements if he could raise the rest. He accepted the proposition and the improvements were made. It was in this hall that one of the prettiest sights of the commencement week took place. The Carlisle boys are handsomely uniformed and splendidly drilled in all evolutions and in marching, though they carry no guns. Their perfectly fitting uniforms are made by their own tailor, assisted by Indian boys who are learning that trade. Everything the Indian students wear is made by themselves. The girls have a light, airy sewing room, and make all their own clothes, also. The five companies, looking as trim as a lot of bandbox dudes in their bright new uniforms, gave a drill Wednesday afternoon in Gymnasium hall. They all wore white gloves and handsome caps above their dark faces, and the precision with which they maneuvered was something remarkable. The drill was followed by a game of basket ball, played by young Indian girls, in uniforms of blue flannel made in Turkish divided skirt fashion, fastened at the knee, displaying extremely small feet in low, soft shoes and black stockings. One team wore bright red sashes under their loose blouse waists and the other dark blue to match the suits."

Population of the United Kingdom.

In 1894 the population of the United Kingdom, according to the registrar general's returns, was 38,776,154--England and Wales having 30,060,763; Scotland 4,124,691 and Ireland 4,590,700. The birth rate for the year in England and Wales was the smallest on record, 29.6 per 1,000, which is 2 per 1,000 less than the mean for the last ten years. The death rate, 16.6 per 1,000, was also the lowest on record, being 1.5 per 1,000 less than the previous lowest rate, that for 1883, and 2.6 lower than the ten year average.

Structure of Gold Nuggets.

The structure of gold nuggets was the subject of a paper recently read before the New South Wales Royal society. Nuggets upon being cut through and polished, and then etched by chlorine water, were found to exhibit well marked crystalline structure closely resembling that shown by most metallic meteorites, except that in the nuggets the crystals are more or less square in section and show faces which belong to the octahedron and cube.

A Countess as a Trained Nurse.

At the head of the two hundred and fifty women nurses in the hospitals of Japan is the Countess Nere, wife of Admiral Nere. The empress and the ladies of the court occupy most of their time in working for the wounded.