

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Plagiarist—He Knew the Cause—Conundrum—Pleasures of Infancy—Wouldn't Trade, Etc.

The man who thinks before he speaks, Discovers with dismay That some one else has said the thing He had in mind to say.

CONUNDRUM.

"What is the difference between a barber and a butcher?" Victim's answer—"There is none."—Judge.

A BOYCOTT.

"Why do all the men at the club shun Thompson?" "Thompson's baby is getting old enough to say things."—Judge.

HE KNEW THE CAUSE.

Giggleton—"I nearly died laughing last week." Parker—"Which one of your jokes were you telling?"—Truth.

PLEASURES OF INFANCY.

Wife—"The baby seems to be very happy to-day." Husband—"Why wouldn't he? He kept me awake all night."—Life.

WOULDN'T TRADE.

Richard—"Would you ever take Noodles for a bright fellow?" Kate—"No, indeed; I should keep the bright fellow."—Boston Transcript.

SCIENTISTS ALL.

Man—"Do you tramps consider your occupation a trade or a profession?" Tramp—"Neither; it's a science."—Judge.

THE HIGHEST BIDDER.

"Miss Cashdown says the Count de Broke, whom she is about to marry, is the first person to appreciate her." "He has demonstrated her purchasing power, any way."—Puck.

AWKWARD.

"Weatherby's in a terrible stew." "How." "One of his friends sent him a \$1200 grand piano on his birthday, and he's only got a \$600 cottage to put it in."—Chicago Record.

AMBIGUOUS.

He—"I am afraid you don't like to have me dropping in on you for these little chats." She (earnestly)—"Indeed, I'm sure your short calls are perfectly delightful."—Chicago Record.

AN AGRICULTURAL SUCCESS.

"How is Dykins getting along with the farm he bought?" "Pretty well. He tells me he saved money on it last year." "How?" "Rented it to another man."—Washington Star.

A SENSITIVE SPIRIT.

"Dear me," exclaimed the lady journalist who was editing a fashionable article, "I must get an old-rose pencil." "What for?" "This piece is describing a brunette, and this shade of blue would be so unbecoming to her complexion!"—Washington Star.

BEGINNINGS OF A BAD HABIT.

"Father," asked little Tommy as he climbed his father's knee, "did you ever see an echo?" "Why, no, my son," replied the parent.

"Well, Willie said his sister went to see one, and it returned her call." And the strong man bowed his head to hide his emotion.—Life.

POLICE JUSTICE.

Commissioner—"Officer, I find, on the testimony of the witness you have brought forward, that you are not guilty of the charges preferred against you. I will, therefore, fine you fifteen days' pay and warn you not to repeat the offence."

Officer (gratefully)—"Thank you, sir; thank you!"—Puck.

CONSIDERATE.

Judge Begad—"Prisoner at the bar, you are charged with shooting the plaintiff through each ear, one foot, an elbow and along the top of his head. What have you to say for yourself?"

Alkali Ike (the prisoner)—"Wal, I didn't have no killin' grudge agin him, and so I jest shot him in the thin places around the edges so's not to hurt him too much."—Life.

WHERE TO BEGIN.

Mrs. Highmind—"I think it's a great pity that one can't find a newspaper that isn't filled with all sorts of horrible crimes. We ought to have an organization to prevent such matter from being printed."

Philosopher—"Would it not be better to have an organization to prevent such crimes from being committed?"—New York Weekly.

COULDN'T KEEP HER AWAY.

"I was afraid, Mrs. Witherby," said Mrs. Snapperly, "that you wouldn't be able to get over to my house this afternoon, for it isn't so easy to get away when you have to do your own housework."

"Oh, I wouldn't have missed coming for anything," said Mrs. Witherby, as she glanced around beamingly at the assembled guests. "I wanted to see just how all my silver and cut glass looked on your table."—Truth.

IMPROVEMENT'S MARCH.

The King of Dahomey shuddered. "Are you sure?" he asked. The Grand Vizier pointed again to the latest dispatches from Europe.

"Very well," said his Majesty, decidedly; "then we must have bicycles in our army too, of course! War!" He mused.

"— is fast becoming mere butchery, killing and maiming—nothing more." No; the King had no choice as between cushion and pneumatic tires. Either served the purpose.—Puck.

AN OBLIGING YOUNG MAN.

The young man's father had decided that he had led a life of idleness long enough, so the other day he had him put to work in his store. Yesterday he asked of the manager of the business:

"How is Charley doing?" "First rate." "Is he industrious? Does he keep busy?"

"Well, you see, he's right considerable about that. Some young men in his position would jump in and try to do things. But he seems just as anxious as can be to keep out of the way."—Washington Star.

A PRACTICAL YOUTH.

Old Gentleman—"Sir, are you able to support my daughter?" Suitor—"No difficulty about that, sir. The 'Home Charity Association' will give us a delightful little flat in a model apartment house, at a merely nominal rent; the 'Bread Fund,' 'Beef Fund,' 'Soup Kitchens' and 'Sick Dainty Charity' will furnish our table without expense, while the 'Flower Mission' can be relied on to donate bouquets for the centre-piece. Coal we can get for almost nothing through another organization; and ice doesn't cost a cent. Clothes, as good as new, may always be had for the asking, and there will really be nothing to pay for beyond our theatre tickets."—Puck.

THE TWO FLAGS.

An American and an Englishman were sitting on the balcony of the Anglo-American Club in Brussels one day last summer, and were whiling away an otherwise unoccupied half hour with a little friendly "chaffing" of each other's nationality. Presently the Britisher, who thought he was getting the better of the duel, complacently remarked:

"I say, old man, you can't imagine what your flag reminds me of!" The American was serious. "Well," he returned, "what is it?"

"Why, it looks to me just like a deuced big gridiron, don't you know?" The American smiled a faint smile, and then quickly observed: "That's all right, Johnny, that's all right. But do you know what your flag reminds me of?"

"Can't imagine," said the other, with the air of one who is bored by a silly question.

"Well, it reminds me of a big red beefsteak that we can fry on our gridiron."

The Englishman withdrew from the contest.—Munsey's Magazine.

A Report on the "Grip."

It is about four years since the epidemic influenza began its ravages in this country, having been originally imported from Europe; and, having become domiciled, it has now entered upon its fifth season of mischief in the United States, although, not with the same severity that has characterized its previous prevalence.

An official report on this malady by medical officials connected with the Local Government Board of Great Britain has recently made its appearance. Therein the existence of an influenza bacillus is reaffirmed. Doctor Klein says that this microbe "is always abundantly present in the bronchial secretions of patients," and "diminish in number as the disease is abated." The germs are disseminated, according to Doctor Parsons, by bringing the affected and healthy together, as in public vehicles and places of meeting, and especially by the poison being present in confined and vitiated air. Doctor Caldwell Smith says: "An individual is affected by breathing at once the expired air from a person suffering from the disease, and I believe this to be the only method of infection." Numerous stories are told to show how the malady is carried from place to place. A music teacher visited two relatives who were victims of it, and three days later was himself attacked. However, he made a round of his pupils before succumbing, and two days afterward ten of them also developed the disease. The ordinary intercourse of a household or business office, letters written and sealed by sufferers, fingering account books whose leaves have been turned with moistened finger-tips by affected persons, and riding in close and crowded railway cars, are among the most common methods of propagation.

Isolation of patients, disinfection of rooms, and ample ventilation are strongly urged as preventive measures. At Brighton the inmates of the borough sanatorium were protected effectually by such precautions as these for two successive seasons, and during a third season the only case was that of a servant returning from a distant place where the disease was prevalent. When she fell ill she was promptly isolated, and thus no one else was affected.—New York Tribune.

Redemption of Old Bills.

A cartload of worn notes arrived at the United States Subtreasury at New York last week for redemption, amounting to \$820,000. This is the largest amount ever presented for redemption in a single day. It takes at least ten days under the most favorable circumstances for the Subtreasury to pay the banks the amounts due them for worn out bills.—National Economist.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Bangs were first worn at the court of Louis XIV. Domestic dress goods in cheviot mixtures are sold at very low price.

"George" Klinge, the poetess, is a Philadelphian, whose right name is Mrs. Georgiana Klinge Holmes.

Mrs. Gladstone is eighty-one years old, and she possesses that vigor and vitality which is so remarkable in her husband.

Signals used at night by ships at sea were invented by Mrs. Martha J. Caston, who, at an advanced age, is living in Washington.

It is generally conceded that the most popular woman in diplomatic circles at Washington is Mme. Romero, wife of the Mexican Minister.

Kid gloves for ordinary wear are painted; only the bright opera tints, such as fashionable ladies wear to match their colored dresses, are dyed.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is a handsome woman, tall and shapely, with regular features and sympathetic eyes. She was brought up in the best English society.

Sophie May, the author of "Dotty Dimple" and "Little Prudy," is recovering in Southern California, from a serious neuralgic affection of the eyes and head.

A woman of nondescript hair, complexion and eyes may wear light colors quite acceptably if she will put a band of fur around her neck and at the wrists of her gown.

Mrs. Lease, the Kansas politician, recently informed an audience that her name was not Mary Allen, but Mary Elizabeth Lease, and she wished the world to so understand it.

The Scotch United Presbyterians are endeavoring to obtain several women missionaries to go out at once to Manchuria, where 1000 women are clamoring to enter the Christian schools.

Mrs. Annie S. Austin, the newly elected Mayor of Pleasanton, Kan., is described as a woman of more than average intelligence and weighs 200 pounds. She fills the chair of Mayor with ease.

A woman whose neck is thin should never try anything but the square collar. The generously proportioned look best in the V style or the oval. Only perfectly proportioned shoulders should be bare.

Mrs. Cleveland has a young cousin with her for the season, Miss May Huddleston. She is evidently doing as she would be done by and has presented the debutante after the most approved fashion.

Sarah Grand, author of "The Heavenly Twins," is singularly absent minded. One day she lost her pen and a visitor who happened in found her looking after it among the letter "ps" in a French dictionary.

So deep is her interest in the cause of woman's suffrage that Mrs. Nancy Gilman, aged ninety, recently secured 100 signatures to a petition asking the New Hampshire Legislature to grant the right to vote to women.

Miss Alice Cooke has been appointed lecturer in history of Owens College, Manchester. This is the first time a woman has been appointed in a university college in England as a lecturer to mixed classes of men and women.

One gown properly made and becoming is of more use than five or six that have seen much wear and little repair or care. The secret of good dressing does not lie in many toilets, but in suitable and immaculate ones.

Mrs. Stewart, ninety-eight years old, is in a private almshouse in Glasgow. In 1822 she danced with George IV. at a ball in Holyrood Palace. Her uncle was the royal restaurateur in Edinburgh, and procured an invitation for her.

The very latest fad in Gotham is for society women to pose as models for the artists of fashion magazines. They don their new gowns and give sittings, being paid royally for them. The money they earn thus they give to charity.

Charlotte M. Yonge is tall and stately, with large brown eyes, light hair and a very strong face. Her house is filled with books, even to the corridor. Among her treasures are autograph letters from royalty and children thanking her for her writings.

Reduced to almost poverty a woman of London of good family and highly accomplished has started a laundry which she calls "Sweet Lavender." She chose this field because other occupation common to her sex are overcrowded and afford no opportunity to gain wealth.

The Russian furor for black and yellow and for furs is now at its height. Sable, ermine and mink are the favorite furs, and as ermine is royal in price as well as in decoration, the slaughter of white cats is unprecedented. Like glass diamonds, the untrained eye never detects the difference.

While all European royalty was reading her obituary in the papers Queen Mary of Hanover was enjoying the delights of her beautiful garden in Kissingen. She first learned of her "death" from her lady-in-waiting, who was in receipt of numerous telegrams asking about the Queen's last moments.

The Queen Regent of Holland wears the plainest possible clothes, but spends much time and thought on her small daughter's toilets. Everything little Queen Wilhelmina wears is of the most exquisite texture, and all the linen, fairly like in fineness, has the "W" and crown beautifully embroidered upon it.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

THE BEST WAY TO BEGIN DINNER. A doctor says that the proper commencement of dinner should be the old-fashioned dish of soup, and for the reason that it is necessary for the first food taken at dinner should be quickly absorbed, so as to stimulate the nervous system and give tone to the stomach.—New York Journal.

TO COLOR SAUCES.

Caramel, so much used to color sauces, gravies, etc., is made as follows: Heat half a pound of brown sugar in a small kettle and stir it until it is smooth, dark brown butter, but be careful that it does not burn; add gradually a pint of hot water, let it simmer while the sugar, which is scraped from the kettle, dissolves, and then bottle and cork.—New York World.

TINY SHOES.

The material to be employed is chamois leather; cut the shoes into the shape of a tiny sock. Sew them up with the seams on the inside, and then turn them so that any edges may be on the outside. Do not make an opening in the front, but rather let the top be wide enough to admit the little foot and ankle easily. Now crocket a scallop with bright wool or silk around the edge, and out a few little slits just under it, at a distance of about half an inch from each other. Run a ribbon through these, the same color as the scallop, and, drawing it enough to keep the little shoe firm, tie a bow in front. These make nice house shoes for little folks.—Detroit Free Press.

USES FOR FLOUR SACKS.

Housekeepers who have no room for a flour barrel, but still are thrifty enough to bake bread at home, accumulate in time a number of empty sacks, for which at first glance there seems no manner of use. A moment's reflection, however, will show many ways in which they can be turned to account. Perhaps the easiest way to dispose of them usefully is to hem them for dish towels, or to cut them in two and hem for dish-cloths.

If there are small boys and girls in the family they will come in nicely for pants and sleeve linings. Very dainty housekeepers sew up their pillows in a close-fitting case, thus keeping the ticks fresh and clean, the regular pillow case to be slipped on over it and this under case to be washed two or three times a year. Flour sacks are excellent for this purpose.

Country housewives, who are proverbially thrifty, perhaps because they cannot so easily run out "on the avenue" and buy a thing the moment they want it, do not disdain to use these sacks for aprons, faced with turkey red, or feather-stitched with red marking cotton they are sufficiently dainty.

There is a knack in ripping and washing them. Cut the threads with which the sack is closed at the bottom, then, by taking one of the two threads in each hand and pulling you will find the seams unravel easily. Wash out the flour and sizing in several waters, soap the letters well and boil in suds.—Yankee Blade.

RECIPES.

Fruit Johnny Cake—Boil a pint of salted water in a saucepan. When it comes to a boil, stir in a half cupful of rolled oats and boil fifteen minutes, then add a cupful of granulated meal. Spread thinly in a baking pan and strew with chopped raisins and dates, or Zante currants. Cover at first, and bake twenty to forty minutes, according to thickness.

Barley Broth—Take a quart and a pint of stock. Have your barley soaking all day; then add it to the stock one hour before dinner time and allow it to simmer on the back part of the stove until the barley is tender. Just before serving time rub a tablespoonful of butter and two of flour together; add slowly to them half a pint of scalding milk; when smooth turn into the barley broth; bring to boiling point; season and serve.

Eggs with Cheese—Put into a stewpan about two ounces of grated Parmesan or Gruyere cheese, with one ounce of butter, two sprigs of parsley, chopped, and two small onions, chopped, a little grated nutmeg and half a glass of sherry. Put it on the fire and keep stirring until the cheese is well melted. Break six eggs in a basin, put them in the stewpan, stir and cook them on a slow fire. When done, serve with fried sippets of bread around.

Toasted Rusk—Take a portion of the bread dough, roll it out on the board, then add a suitable amount of sugar, say to each pound of dough a tablespoonful of butter; fold the dough over and work carefully until thoroughly mixed, and then bake this in a long, flat pan, so that when it is light and ready for the oven it will not be over two inches high. After it has been well baked and is perfectly cool cut it into slices; toast these slices in the oven until they are a golden brown.

Quick Muffins—One pint of milk, one ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of salt, three cups of flour, two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder or a half teaspoonful of soda and one of cream of tartar, three eggs. Beat the eggs separately until light; add the yolks to the milk, then the flour, which must be more or less, according to the quality. The batter must be thin and poured from the spoon. Now add the baking powder and the well-beaten whites; stir until thoroughly mixed. Make in muffin rings in a quick oven or on the griddle.

Old travelers declare that the finest swimming pool in the world is located at Glenwood Springs, Col.

THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others. ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Glowworm. Shakespeare, whose knowledge of the natural world excites our wonder, and who never missed an opportunity of using an illustration therefrom, makes his Ghost in "Hamlet" say: The glowworm shows the mattin to be near And 'gins to pale his ineffetual fire. When examined in the dark, the light is seen to proceed from the last three segments of the insect's body, the upper side of which emits it in an uncertain, wavering sort of way, the fact of its being handled seeming to alarm the insect. Schultze found that the animal possessed thin, whitish plates on the under side of these segments, each plate consisting of two layers—a front one, yellowish transparent and luminous, and a back one, white and opaque from the presence of a great multitude of doubly-reflecting granules, which Kolliker supposes to consist of urate of ammonia. He also found that branches of the insect's breathing tube ramify among the cells of the front layer, and end in starlike corpuscles. So much for the structure of the luminous apparatus; but as to the cause of the luminosity, there is a variety of opinions. Some savants hold that it is due to a sort of natural combustion, and it is said that if a glowworm be placed in oxygen, the light is greatly intensified for a time; but the animal seems either unable or unwilling to continue it. On the other hand, when Matteucci placed it in hydrogen and carbonic acid—gases which do not support combustion—the light still continued to be emitted for thirty or forty minutes. Phosphorescent undoubtedly is its nature, and that is about all that science can at present affirm. As to the object of this display authorities differ. The common idea has always been that it is intended as a signal between the male and his mate.—Chamber's Journal.

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