

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

Another View—A Popular Version—The Diagnosis—A Finality—The Editor's Theory, Etc., Etc.

This fact in chaste, poetic language oft is as hurled: 'The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world.'

But from a truthful standpoint, This thing can not be put: For the reason that the cradle, As a rule, is rocked by foot.

A POPULAR VERSION. "Are you going to move on the first?" "No; it's cheaper to owe rent."—Hallo.

THE DIAGNOSIS. Dude—"Do you think I have the brain fever, doctor?" Doctor—"Oh, no, but you have the fever."—Detroit Free Press.

A FINALITY. "Jackson tells me the last thing he wrote was accepted. Do you know what it was?" "Yes, his resignation."—Tit-Bits.

SACRIFICE. Tommy—"Does it really hurt you to whip me?" "Mother—"Certainly, my child." Tommy—"Then lick me again!"—Hallo.

NOT A HOST OF A SHOW TO STAY. He—"I hear that Talkins moved out of his house because it was haunted." She—"Oh, I see. He left because the spirit moved him."—Indianapolis Journal.

THE EDITOR'S THEORY. "Poets are born, not made," he said loftily. "I know it," said the editor, "and that is the reason there are so many of them."—Life.

MIGHT BE WORSE. Mrs. Youngbride—"George seems to be different, somehow, since our marriage." Mrs. Sinnick—"Time will remedy that, my dear. He'll soon be indifferent."—Puck.

EXPLAINING A REPUTATION. "You don't seem to give Bykins credit for any originality whatever." "I don't. His memory is so wretched he can't quote correctly; that's all."—Washington Star.

NO DIAGRAMS NEEDED NOW. "Is your daughter improving in her painting?" Mother—"Well, I should say so. Her last picture was so good that only three of the family failed to guess what it was."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE PROOF. "When a woman is in doubt as to whether she will take well in a photograph how is the question usually decided?" "In the negative, you blockhead, in the negative."—Buffalo Courier

SEQUENCE OF IDEAS. "Hello!" exclaimed the telegraph editor. "Here's a first-class article from Kentucky." "You don't say so," responded the absent-minded city editor. "Who's got a cork screw?"—Washington Star.

AN INSTANCE. Miss Passe (stammering)—"They say these photographs don't do me justice, Mr. Seddit." Mr. Seddit (firmly)—"No, they do not. But then justice, you know, should always be tempered with mercy."—Chicago Record.

THE TRAMP A CRITIC UNCONSCIOUSLY. Landleigh—"That snowstorm you have painted is wonderfully realistic." Daubleigh—"It must be. A tramp got into my studio one day, caught sight of the picture, and unconsciously put my fur overcoat before he went out."—Tit-Bits.

MASTERING DETAILS. Mrs. Smith—"Mrs. Uptodate is one of the leaders of the Woman Suffrage movement, is she not?" Mrs. Brown—"Yes, indeed! She's an advanced thinker. Have you read her magazine article on 'How to Stuff Ballot Boxes?'"—Puck.

A MODEST REQUEST. Judge—"Is there any special work you desire to do during your term of imprisonment?" Prisoner—"I would like to follow my regular vocation." Judge—"What is that?" Prisoner—"Commercial traveler."—Hallo.

A LITERARY TRIUMPH. Friend—"Found a publisher for your book yet?" Scribbler—"No; to tell you the truth, old boy, I begin to think that book is a work of genius." "Anybody praised it?" "No; but forty-five publishers have refused it."—Puck.

MADE IT USEFUL. "Hello, Timmins!" said the inventor's friend. "Have you done anything with your flying machine yet?" "Yes." "Anything practical?" "Eminently practical. Part of it I used for kindling, and by putting rockers on the rest I made it into a first-class cradle for the twins."—Washington Star.

A WET BLANKET. "Can you give me a little breakfast, ma'am?" pleaded the tramp. "I'm hungry and cold. I slept outdoors, last night, and the rain came down in sheets." "You should have got in between the sheets," said the woman kindly, as she motioned him to the gate.—Boston Home Journal.

NOT AT ALL POLITIC. Pilles—"That young Dr. Sagely is a queer person." Squills—"How so?" Pilles—"Mrs. Hyswelle called him in to prescribe for one of her indispositions and he told her there was nothing the matter with her and proved it. And yet he wonders why he doesn't get on better with his rich patients."—Chicago Record.

THEY HAVE THEIR OWN TROUBLES. Friend—"And how is Mr. Coldplunks-to-day?" Mrs. Coldplunks—"Quite ill! The doctor says it is nervous prostration." Friend—"How was it brought on?" Mrs. Coldplunks—"Well, you see, Mr. Coldplunks had just finished his twenty-two story building, when he learned that that odious Van Bank was about to erect a twenty-four story building on the opposite corner."—Puck.

WAITING. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself!" she exclaimed to the tramp, who had stopped at her door. "You ought to have some steady calling." "I have me perfection," he replied, with quiet hauteur. "Well, why under the sun don't you go to work at it? Your right in the prime of life." "I know it. That's jes' what the matter is. I'm an infant prodigy, an' I've got ter wait for me second childhood before I kin resume business."—Washington Star.

ON PARADE. It was a great day in the driving park, and there had never been a finer display of wealth on wheels seen in that locality, and a man had come out to see what it all meant. It was plain he had never seen a carriage parade before. After a bit he turned to one of the great mass of spectators. "What is it?" he inquired, nodding toward the gorgeous pageant. "It's a carriage parade of our most fashionable classes," was the reply. "Oh," said the man, "it's a kind of a parade of the unemployed, is it?" "That's all right," said the man, as if he knew what he was talking about, and he walked away.—Detroit Free Press.

CIRCUMSTANCES. "Oh, papa! Can't I play it?" Little Ethel McGoogin's eyes were filled with tears, the childish voice was pleading.

Mr. McGoogin spoke up testily from behind the folds of his paper. "Emphatically, No!" he said; "if the money I have spent on your musical education has only advanced you sufficiently to strum those vulgar jingles, misnamed 'popular,' leave the piano!" Just then the portiers were stirred. "John," said a sweet, low voice; "I have just received a letter from mother. She doesn't like it at Brother William's, and she will be with us again Tuesday." "Ethel," said the father, "you may play that air." And then, marred by childish discords, the notes of "And the Cat Came Back" shuddered through the room.—Puck.

"Stitch, Stich, Stich." A discussion in England concerning the wages paid shirtmakers has brought out the information, based upon the estimate of a practical shirtmaker, of stitches that are put into every one of these garments:

Table with 2 columns: Item and Stitches. Includes items like 'Stitching the collar, four rows', 'Sewing the ends', 'Buttonholes and sewing on buttons', etc.

Irrigation Bureau. The Department of Agriculture has established a branch known as irrigation inquiry for the purpose of collecting data of the system of irrigation and methods of raising fruit and grain, in the hope that the information thus gained from the practical irrigator and agriculturist will through the reports of the Department of Agriculture be of great use, not only to those engaged in the practical cultivation of the soil by such means, but will be a guide to the intending immigrant and a source of useful information to Congress, thereby aiding that body to intelligently legislate for the good of the settlers upon the arid lands of the United States.—New York World.

The Voices of Nations. The Tartars are supposed to have, as a nation, the most powerful voices in the world. The Germans possess the lowest voices of any civilized people. The voices of both Japanese and Chinese are of a very low order and feeble compass, and are probably weaker than those of any other nation. Taken as a whole, Europeans have stronger, clearer and better voices than the inhabitants of the other continents.—London Lancet.



CHAPPED TEATS IN A COW. This trouble is hardly to be avoided when the milker wets the teats during milking. The wetting and subsequent drying will certainly cause cracks in the skin, and once these happen it is difficult to heal the wounds while the cow is giving milk, as at every milking the cracks are broken open and thus the trouble is made worse. The best remedy is to apply pure vasoline to the teats and soften the skin and the wounds.—New York Times.

THE USE OF OATS. In feeding oats, especially the whole grain, much depends upon the nature of the hull or chaff. It is not always the heaviest grain which gives the best results. That which is much above the standard weight has most often a rough, gritty chaff which so acts on the stomach as to expel much of the grain in an undigested state. The hull, however soft its texture, is always laxative, and a moderate degree of laxativeness is beneficial, especially to breeding animals, but there is no gain in passing through the heaviest grain in a nearly whole state. Better use a light grain, which will be more thoroughly digested. It is commonly supposed that the oat which sells for the highest price is the best feed, but it is not always the case.—New York World.

SOUP MILK BAD FOR PIGS. Sour milk is death to young pigs, declares D. A. Kent. It is strange that many people have handled pigs for years and never learned that a pig's stomach cannot digest sour milk. And it is passing strange with what stubbornness they insist that sour milk is a healthful food for pigs. I have known of instances where employes jilted with their orders and fed sour milk on the sly, and brought disaster on a whole herd of pigs. Sour feed of any kind is fatal to young pigs, whether fed to the dam or directly to the pigs. The dam should not be fed sour feed for the last month preceding farrowing time. When pigs have attained a growth of sixty pounds, they may be fed sour milk lightly. I have seen pigs of seventy-five pounds weight so badly scorched as to become incurable. This, of course, applies to pigs that have made rapid growth and attained the above weight in a comparatively short period. Age may be reckoned in the time to commence feeding the sour milk, and it may be set down at ten weeks.—Rural Life.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A BUSHEL? By an act of the Legislature of Kentucky the following weights constitute a bushel of each article named: Wheat, sixty pounds. Shelled corn, fifty-six pounds. Corn on the ear, sixty-eight pounds. Rye, fifty-six pounds. Oats, shelled, thirty-two pounds. Barley, forty-seven pounds. Irish potatoes, sixty pounds. Sweet potatoes, fifty-five pounds. White beans, sixty pounds. Castor beans, fifty-five pounds. Clover seed, sixty pounds. Timothy seed, forty-five pounds. Flax seed, fifty-six pounds. Millet seed, fifty pounds. Peas, sixty pounds. Blue grass seed, fourteen pounds. Buckwheat, fifty-six pounds. Dried apples, twenty-four pounds. Dried peaches, thirty-nine pounds. Onions, fifty-seven pounds. Bottom onion sets, thirty-six pounds. Salt, fifty pounds. Stone coal, seventy-six pounds. The term coal includes anthracite, canal, bituminous and other mined coal.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES. Overloading, an ill-fitting collar or an ill-tempered driver is generally responsible for a horse's balking. Prune the grapes now at the first opportunity. If pruned after the sap is in circulation bleeding will result. Mignonette should be planted by everybody. Nothing equals it in fragrance. Plant it early and put in plenty of it. Spraying should not be done in the middle of the day, especially if the sun is hot, or damage to the foliage is apt to ensue. The nearer we can restore our soils to the condition in which the breaking plow first found them, the better crops we may expect. Refuse vegetables, peelings, etc., can be made into a mash with wheat bran and fed to the hens with as great a profit as if fed to the hogs. Fruit-growers should not let the past year's experience discourage them. Scarcely anyline of productive labor was profitable last year. During the first two weeks chicks will do well in a room with no outside run, but after that they should be given a range or they will droop. A prominent breeder of hogs who has kept careful records says that for ten years he has been able to sell stock at an average price of \$5.05 per 100 pounds. Do not crowd the half-grown chickens together in a small coop. This causes disease as well as deformities, such as crooked breastbones and wry tails. Eggs for hatching purposes should not be exposed to a lower temperature than forty degrees above zero. Eggs freeze at about ten degrees above zero, which kills the germ. If a team pulls unevenly the trouble may be remedied by whitening the inside traces and crossing them so as to have the same horse attached to the same end of each single-tree. One case is known where many a heavy load has been pulled by adopting this expedient.

THE TOOTHsome PEANUT.

OUR ANNUAL CROP IS ESTIMATED AT 4,000,000 BUSHELS.

Norfolk, Va., is the Peanut Market of the World—Cleaning, Grading and Branding the Nuts.

FROM 1866 to the present day the peanut supply has steadily increased, until now the gross amount produced and put upon the market is estimated at 4,000,000 bushels per annum.

Peanuts grow upon a trailing vine, with leaves much resembling a small four-leafed clover. The small, yellow flower it bears is shaped like the blossom of all the pea family; indeed, the agricultural bureau in Washington does not recognize the peanut as a nut at all, but classes it among beans. The soil in which it is cultivated must be light and sandy; after the flower falls away, the flower-stalk elongates and becomes rigid, curving in such a way as to push the forming pod well below the surface of the earth; if by accident this is not done the nut never matures.

They are planted in rows about three feet apart, and the vines spread until the ground is covered by them. Harvesting is done after the first frost, and the yield is often 100 bushels to the acre, making this a more profitable crop than wheat or cotton. The vines, with the nuts clinging to them, are torn up with pronged hoes, and allowed to dry in the sun for a day or two, and then stacked to cure. In about a fortnight the nuts are picked off, the empty ones, which are technically called "pops," being rejected. This picking is done by hand, and is slow work, as an expert laborer can pick only three bushels a day. They come into market in a rough, dirty state, unsorted, and with vine tendrils clinging to the pods.

Norfolk, Va., is called the "peanut market of the world." This may be somewhat exaggerated, for Africa supplies the demand of Europe, but it is certainly the peanut market of the United States. From the surrounding countries come by sloop, by steamer, by freight train, by wagon, by ox-cart, into the hands of the commission merchants, thousands of big, four-bushel bags, containing the peanuts as they leave the hands of the farmer.

All this, though the history of the peanut is interesting enough, would hardly have entitled it to be described among our "American industries." But in 1876 what is now (mis) called a "peanut factory," for the cleaning, grading and branding of peanuts, was established in Norfolk. The value of this product was at once immensely increased, and there are now in Norfolk and its immediate vicinity fourteen of these factories—several of them large, five-story brick buildings, filled with powerful and expensive machinery, and each employing from 100 to 200 persons, both male and female, for all the picking over is done entirely by manual labor.

But though he did not hit on exactly the right name for his new establishment, Mr. Elliott, the founder, not only proved a blessing to the farmers, by increasing the worth of their crop, but made his own fortune, and, standing now at the head of the trade, is known all over the United States as "Peanut Elliott," or the "Peanut King." He is a fine-looking, middle-aged man, with a bright, genial face and manner, and has a cordial welcome for visitors. He conducted a party of us, the other day, over his establishment, and after explaining all the various operations to us in a charming, clear and concise manner, he sent us away bearing each a large bag of "first quality" peanuts, and the most pleasant recollections of our host and visit.

When the peanuts arrive at the factory they are rough and earth-stained, and of all sizes and qualities, jumbled together. The bags are first taken up by iron arms projecting from an endless chain to the fifth floor of the factory. Here they are weighed and emptied into large bins. From these bins they fall to the next story, into large cylinders, fourteen feet long, which revolve rapidly, and by friction the nuts are cleaned from the earth which clings to them, and polished so that they come out white and glistening.

From this story the nuts fall through shoots to the third and most interesting floor. Imagine rows of long, narrow tables, each divided lengthwise into three sections by thin, inch-high strips of wood. These strips also surround the edge of the table. Each of these sections is floored with a strip of heavy white canvas, which moves incessantly from the mouth of a shoot to an opening leading down below at the further end of the table. These slowly-moving canvas bands, about a foot wide, are called "picking aprons." Upon the outer aprons of each table dribbles stream from the shoot a slender stream of peanuts, and on each side of the table, so close together as scarcely to have "elbow room," stand rows of colored girls and women, picking out the inferior peanuts as they pass and throwing them into the central section. So fast do their hands move at this work that one cannot see what they are doing till they cast a handful of nuts into the middle division. By the time a nut has passed the sharp eyes of eight or ten pickers, one may be quite certain that it is a first-class article, fit for the final plunge down two stories, into a bag which presently shall be marked, "Electric Light" brand, and fetch the highest market price.

The peanuts from the central aprons fall only to the second story, where they undergo yet another picking over, on similar tables, the best of these forming the second grade. From the central apron of these tables Mr. Elliott gathered carefully a handful of peanuts—great, fine-looking ones that we thought should surely have gone into an "electric light" bag. "I'll give you a dollar for every kernel you find in these," he said, presenting them to us. We eagerly cracked them, found them perfectly empty, and regarded Mr. Elliott as a sort of magician, who could see through a shell, if not a mill-stone. "It is the simplest thing in the world," he said, laughing at our bewilderment, "though it always puzzles strangers." And he showed us how a strong current of air blew the empty shells at once into the central division. The third grade of peanuts, or what remains after the second picking, is then turned into a machine which crushes the shells and separates them from the kernels. These are sold to manufacturers of candy while the shells are ground up and used for horse bedding. So no part of this little fruit, vegetable or nut, whichever it may turn out to be, is finally wasted, but all serves some useful purpose.

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The peanut is a little patriot, because it helped the poor soldiers when the war was over; it has stood by the poor farmers during many a desperate season, and now furnishes employment for thousands of laborers, not only in Norfolk, but in many factories at other towns in its section of country. It creates a steadily increasing industry, and there begins to be a demand for our peanuts in foreign countries, as they are far less oleaginous and more agreeable to the taste than those grown in Africa, so there is a fair prospect for a profitable export trade in the future.—New Orleans Picayune.

WISE WORDS.

Backsliding often begins by looking back.

It is the joy of truth to be looked in the face.

A fool sometimes builds his house of books.

A genius is never taken to be one by his looks.

True religion always puts sunshine in the heart.

It isn't the biggest horn that makes the best music.

In the arithmetic of heaven nothing counts but love.

Praise and doubt cannot both live in the same heart.

Growth in knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit.

There is as much kill in a selfish heart as there is in a musket.

Be grateful for your blessings and it will make your trials look small.

There can be no permanent or abiding good in un consecrated wealth.

Benevolence without love has no more heart in it than a grindstone.

A flower will have something sweet to say to you, no matter where you put it.

Persistence can accomplish wonders, but it cannot make a bad egg hatch.

Build a fence anywhere, and the first boy who comes along will want to climb it.

It takes more than philosophy to make a man smile when he has the toothache.

One reason why some men swear, is because it does not take any courage or manliness to do it.

Many a man will open the front door for discontent who tries his best to keep burglars out of his house.—Ram's Horn.

How Indians Raise Hair.

Just when the mutilation of the dead began will never be known, for the origin is lost in the mist of ages, the record extending back beyond even the mythical period of man's existence. In the Book of Maccabees it is recorded that at the termination of one of the battles of which that bloody history is so full, the victorious soldiers tore the skin from the heads of their vanquished foes. This would be evidence that the custom of scalp-taking was one of the indulgences even of those people of whom we have record in the Bible.

Be that as it may, it is an established fact that the custom is a universal one, so far as savage man is concerned. Whether ethnologists can build a theory of a common origin of man from this or not, or whether this can be taken as an evidence that the Indians are the descendants of the lost Israelite tribes because of their habit of securing momentoes of hair from their fallen enemies, is something time alone can develop. Be that as it may, it is a fact that all Indian tribes, to a certain extent, scalp their enemies who have fallen in battle. Some writers on the subject of Indian habits and customs deny this, but I believe that no tribe is absolutely free from the taint of having taken the scalp.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

His Experience Account.

"When I lose anything," says a well-known Maine business man, "I charge it to the account of experience. You may think it strange, but I believe the good-sized sum I have already entered under that head is the most profitable money I ever spent. Adversity is the great teacher if we but heed her lessons. I lost \$500 once in a transaction that gave me information and a proper respect for matters I had deemed of little account, from which I afterward made \$5000. I would not sell my experience account, at my age, for five times what it has cost me, for I shan't live long enough to get sharpened up again."—Lewiston Journal.