

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

The Maiden's Prayer—A Natural Inquiry—An Opportunity—Too Short to Seize, Etc., Etc.

I care not for the laurel crown That fadeth at a breath; Give to me one of less renown—An orange blossom wreath.

A NATURAL INQUIRY.

Miss Biggun—"Come, Willie, it's time little people were in bed."

Willie—"What's the matter with Mr. Mite going, too?"—Puck.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

He (to heiress)—"They tell me your father has a large heart?"

She—"Yes, he has the heart disease."

He—"I love you."—Munsey's Weekly.

A LONG SERMON.

Holworthy (entering late)—"How long has Dr. Vox been preaching?"

Sexton—"Twenty-two years, sir."

Holworthy—"I guess I won't go in, then."—Harvard Lampoon.

BOARDING HOUSE REPARTEE.

"This egg, madame," said the professor, with asperity, "is not fresh."

"Sir," said the landlady, graciously, "is was laid just one week after you made your last payment."—Bazar.

ACCOMMODATING.

"Will you give me some small change for these notes?" asked the organ grinder.

"Certainly," replied the pedestrian, and then he passed the notes as quickly as possible.—Detroit Free Press.

ONE SECRET SHE KEPT.

Grumpy—"Pshaw! women can never keep a secret!"

Mrs. Grumpy—"Can't eh? Perhaps I haven't guarded the secret that the wedding ring you gave me was plated."—Lawrence American.

YOU CAN TELL THE CLOTHES, THOUGH.

Anxious Escaped Prisoner—"We must get these stripes off, or we'll be caught, sure."

Philosophical Ditto Ditto—"No, we won't. You can't tell a man by his clothes."—Puck.

A HINT.

He—"Smart as you think me, here I am literally and metaphorically at your feet."

She (longing for an osculatory evidence of affection)—"Yes, but you ought to be smart enough to go up head."—Munsey's Weekly.

INSULATION PERFECT.

Smith (in a terrific storm of thunder and lightning)—"Jones, this is getting dangerous. Have you any metal about your clothes?"

Jones (always impetuous)—"Not a dime."—Chicago Times.

TOO SHORT TO SEIZE.

Mrs. Cumso—"John, dear, I wish you wouldn't get your hair cut as short as that."

Cumso—"Why?"

Mrs. Cumso—"It looks like a reflection on my amiability."—Life.

MUSICAL ITEM.

He (enthusiastically)—"If I could always hold those little hands in mine."

She—"What good would that do you?"

He—"Then you couldn't pound that piano any more."—Texas Siftings.

THE FAMILY WAS ALL RIGHT.

Mr. Norman Attie—"Y'now we're quite the people, down in Baltimore. Now, how would you like to marry into our family, Miss Prettyport?"

Miss P—"Oh, I should be delighted, Mr. Attie, if you had an available grandson."—Chatter.

HIGH PRAISE—FROM HIMSELF.

She—"Queer that so handsome a man as Byron should have also been so talented."

He—"Oh, M's Nixon; surely you don't deny that brains and great beauty often go together. I'm far from a fool, I assure you."—Chatter.

LET OUT A REEF.

"By John Henderson, you are getting tremendously stout."

"Yes, I'm thinking of making a corporation of myself."

"Good idea; you've started well. You must have let out that stitch in your side you complained of the other day."

COURTESY IN EXTREMIS.

Executives (politely showing the condemned man the electric chair in which he is about to expiate his crimes)—"Be seated, sir, if you please."

The condemned (a well-bred person)—"After you, sir."—Paris Figaro.

DUX FEMINA.

Ethel Reddy—"Mamma, won't you please ask Dr. Doce to look at my little sick ducklings?"

Mrs. Reddy—"No, no; run away! Dr. Doce isn't a bird doctor."

Ethel Reddy—"Well, papa said last night he was a quack doctor."—Puck.

EVER TRUS.

"How does your husband spend his time evenings?"

"He stays at home and thinks up schemes to make money."

"And what do you do with yourself when he is thus occupied?"

"Oh, I think up schemes to spend it."—Epoch.

Miss Fannie—"I gave myself away last evening."

Miss Jennie—"What! Didn't giving yourself away make you feel cheap?"

Miss Fannie—"Yes, but he called me 'dear.'"—West Shore.

ATTAINED HIS AMBITION.

"Congratulate me, Amelia. I have at last attained the summit of my ambitions. I hold the fate of men in my hands even unto matters of life and death, and—"

"Oh, George, you have been elected a Judge?"

"No; but what is of more importance, I have been appointed a baseball umpire."—Philadelphia Times.

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.

Mrs. Robinson—"Do you still have Dr. S—, dear?"

Mrs. Stokes—"Oh, yes; I couldn't exist a day without him."

Mrs. Robinson—"He doesn't seem to cure you?"

Mrs. Stokes—"No; but just think of the social advantage of having that grand carriage standing in front of the door for half-an-hour every day."—Chatter.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Wilson—"Philson is a man who keeps his word, whatever else may be said of him."

Bilson—"Do you find him so?"

Wilson—"Yes; he borrowed five dollars from me a year ago, and he said he'd never forget my kindness."

Bilson—"And he hasn't?"

Wilson—"No; every time he wants to borrow money he comes to me."—Bazar.

NIPPED IN THE BUD.

A railway passenger, by way of killing time, tries to enter into conversation with another gentleman who has got into the same compartment.

"I have an idea, sir, that your name is quite familiar, Mr.—"

"My name is Ulbozokoriky Kolozohikoff; I came from Poland."

"Ah! then it is not your name, but your face that I seem to remember."

"Very possibly; I spent the last fifteen years in prison, and only came out this morning."

At this point the conversation dropped. —Le Figaro.

A MATTER OF FACT AUDITOR.

"Follow citizens," thundered the impassioned orator, bringing his fist down hard on the table, "what, I ask again, is our country coming to? And echo answers 'what?'"

"Pardon me, sir," interposed a mild looking man in the audience, rising to his feet, "did I understand your question to be: 'What is our country coming to?'"

"Yes, sir."

"And you say echo answers 'what?'"

"That is what I said, sir."

"Then there's something wrong with the acoustics of this building," said the mild looking man, shaking his head in a perplexed way and sitting down again. —Chicago Tribune.

HER LITTLE BROTHER'S BET.

Little Tommy was entertaining one of his sister's admirers until she appeared.

"Don't you come to see my sister?" he inquired.

"Yes, Tommy, that's what I come for."

"You like her immensely, don't you?"

"Of course I admire her very much. Don't you think she's nice?"

"Well, I have to, cause she's my sister; but she thumps me pretty hard sometimes. But let's see you open your mouth once. Now shut it tight till I count ten. There—I knowed you could do it."

"Why, Tommy, who said I couldn't?"

"Oh, nobody but my sister."

"What did she say?"

"Well, she said you hadn't sense enough to keep your mouth shut, and I bet her two big apples you had; and you have, haven't you? And you'll make her stump up the apples, won't you?"

The young man did not wait to see whether she would "stump up" or not. —The Ledger.

The Newest Thing in Thievery.

The newest thing in Inspector Byrnes's line was developed when Detective Wolf brought in Antonio Frosnelo, a lad young in years, but evidently precocious in crime.

Antonio is an Italian, fourteen years old. He lives at 102 Mott street, and for a living blacks passengers' boots on the South Ferry line of boats.

Sunday afternoon young Antonio sauntered into T. Goldsman's photographic gallery, 381 Canal street, and told the artist that he wanted to sit for his picture. The lad was attired in his best Sunday clothes, but his appearance was not quite in keeping with the importance of the event. He said that the picture was to be a present to his sweetheart, a Neapolitan beauty, and he wanted to appear at his very best. He asked the photographer to loan him his watch and chain for the occasion.

All unsuspecting, the photographer did so. The picture was taken, and the operator went into the dark room, leaving Antonio alone. When he came out the boy had gone, and with him the gold watch, chain and medals attached, worth \$200.—New York Sun.

Discoverer of Africa's Diamond Field.

O'Reilly an old man, who is said to have been the first individual to unearth diamonds at Kimberly, South Africa, is quite poor, and obliged to work for his living. He was for many years a trader with the natives, and doing well, but the rush to the fields, he says, "ruined him."

Since diamonds were discovered in South Africa, over \$100,000,000 are said to have been exported.—New York Observer.

It cost the cigarette men \$500,000 last year to supply the packages with pictures, and all have now combined to do away with them.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Sashes are worn in endless variety. Sapphires are coming into fashion. Fashionable millinery is rich in colors.

Evening gowns are bordered with flowers. Soft caps are worn on sea voyages instead of toques.

Pearls appear in the most popular dress embroideries.

Fine English serges are appearing in summer riding habits.

Zouave jacket effects are all but universal in misses' styles.

The favorite confection of the American woman is chocolate.

The styles grow more and more piquant in detail and outline.

Black velvet ribbon is the favorite style of trimming for lace dresses.

The Rev. Anna Shaw is said to be one of the best women orators in America.

Deep yellow and brown, in a simple geometric design, is famous for a dodo.

Diamond orchids—beautiful and costly—are the latest and most artistic things in jewelry.

The white sunshade is novel and pretty, but hard to wear and very trying on the eyes.

The choicest thing yet, in its way, is a parasol of white silk covered entirely in real point lace.

A Japanese Princess is in Berlin studying the management of hospitals and charitable institutions.

Thrifty women who like to utilize half-worn gowns take kindly to the revival of material combinations.

The India cottons and English cretonne are used for summer dresses by women of art-loving textures.

Navy blue or brown flannel in short plaited skirts and plain blouse are the thing for camping out in the woods.

Blue, black, gray and violet are the colors most in vogue. Dress skirts continue plain and almost close-fitting in front.

Ouida, the novelist, has earned more money than any woman of the century with the exception of Mme. Patti, the opera singer.

The visite form of wrap, long banished from the catalogue of cold weather outdoor garments, appears among the summer wrappings.

A well-known London lady of rank has just had a pair of ten-button gloves made in which each button is a diamond. The pair cost \$200.

White lilac, white violet, white hyacinth and orris are some of the delicious scents that ultra fashionable coiffeurs sprinkle in the hair after it is dressed.

Handcuffs of flowers for bridesmaids is the latest caprice abroad, the pretty creatures being yoked together, the one to the other, with a garland of flowers.

A feature of the present style of dress-making is the almost seamless bodice which closes on one side invisibly. All the skirts trail in the back a few inches.

Pauline Maria Elizabeth Wedde, a Thuringian giantess, is good looking and of a handsome, well proportioned figure. She measures about eight feet four inches in height.

A Chinese bride when putting on her wedding garments stands in a round, shallow basket. This is supposed to insure a placid, well-rounded life in her new home.

Butterfly bows of ribbon lace and gauzy stuffs are perched on the brim of large hats immediately over the face. They are cute now but sure to be common presently.

Many of the lighter summer dresses for seaside and country wear show broad silken sashes in brilliant colors and sometimes in black, which greatly enhance their effectiveness.

Miss Alice McGee has been admitted to the bar at Warren, Penn. She is only twenty-one years and passed a better examination than any of the young men who were candidates.

One of the married women judges at the Fenton (Mich.) fair entered several articles in her maiden name in the class of which she was judge and then awarded them the first prize.

Fifty-dollar dressmakers have adopted the French way of fitting a bodice—that is, without cutting a dart in the material. The side gores are cut on the bias and the waist fits like original sin.

Many of the Paris dressmakers are reversing the late rule of fustiness round the feet, and contrive instead to give skirts a semi-peg-top outline by looking narrower round the feet than at the upper part.

The coming season bids fair, from all reports, to be the greatest lace curtain season this country has ever known. The manufacturers abroad are making great preparations to meet the demands of the American market.

The Duchess of Aosta, wife of the late brother of the King of Italy, is one of the richest young widows in Europe. She has \$250,000 in bank, \$200,000 worth of plate, pictures, etc., and an annual State income (pension) of \$80,000.

If you are going to do much walking in the country, either on the mountain or in the woods, you will add greatly to your comfort by your selection of shoes. Oxfords, with over-gaiters, and tourist Tuxedos, are excellent, stylish and comfortable.

A pretty incident accompanied the shower of rice at a recent wedding. As the departing couple were showered with rice, a flock of city sparrows swooped down and covered the pavement, and before they flew away not a grain of rice was left.

The Queen of Roumania in a recent address said: "I shall always maintain that the active life of woman ought not to go beyond the sacred interior of her home, and that the voice of woman sounds nowhere so sweetly musical as on her own hearthstone in the midst of her children."

A marriage license is good until used.

An Infant Giantess.

Pine Level, a hamlet in Texas, just across the line dividing the State from Louisiana, boasts of a phenomenon in the shape of a girl not yet quite ten years old who has already attained the height of five feet, ten inches. She is the daughter of James Rutherford, engineer at the lumber mill of Carter, Robinson & Co., and who is himself a giant in size, while his wife is six feet and a quarter in height.

The girl, who was, her parents say, an unusually small, sickly baby, began to grow when she was about six years old, and in four years has gained two feet and a half, an almost unprecedented growth. She is stout and developed in proportion, and has the strength of a man, but her mind is feeble, or else has been so outstripped by her body as to give it no chance to develop.

The young giantess presents a most remarkable spectacle with her childish face and dress, seated playing in the sand or amusing herself with a doll.—Washington Star.

Before We Turn to Dust.

How long will a human body remain in the earth before it decays until it cannot be distinguished from the surrounding clay is a question as yet undecided by the scientists. Much depends upon the character of the soil and the different elements of which it is composed.

In countries abounding in limestone, or, again, in regions thoroughly saturated with alkaline waters, human flesh will retain a natural color and firmness for an indefinite period of time. The bogs of Ireland have yielded up bodies fresh and natural as life that had been buried in their slimy depths for centuries. It is said to be an historical fact that the bodies of three Roman soldiers were found in a peat bog on the Emerald Isle, in the year 1569 A. D., fresh and lifelike, although they had been buried almost sixteen centuries.—Commercial Advertiser.

A Grateful Japanese Priest.

I know an American who commissioned an agent to go to Japan in order to buy the quaintly carved panels which adorned one of the best and last of the very ancient temples of Japan. The old priest in the temple disliked to part with his treasure and, indeed, he persistently declined to do so while one bid after another, of increasing sums of money, was made to him. Not at all despairing of the capture of this bric-a-brac, my American friend went to a Fifth avenue cabinet-maker and procured a handsome rosewood set of bedroom furniture. This he shipped to the priest. This gift so delured the old Jap that he stripped his temple not only of the panels but of many other things priceless to a connoisseur and sent them over to America.—Chatter.

A Potato for a Penwiper.

"See that potato?" said the clerk, in one of the large hotels, as he pointed to a huge specimen gracefully balanced on the box of toothpicks.

"Yes, sir; what of it?"

"That is my penwiper. I find it the most improved penwiper of the age. When a guest signs the register, I take the pen and hurl its point into the potato. In an instant the pen is perfectly clean and ready for the next signer. The juice in the potato keeps the nib of the pen soft and free from dirt. After the potato gets too old it can be thrown away and replaced by another. I have tried about everything in the line of a penwiper can compare with a good old potato."—Detroit Free Press.

Sir Nove's Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Phila., Pa., to any one in U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins's Electric Soap wrappers. See list of travelers on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

PHILADELPHIA glazed kid is crowding the French article out of the American market.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr., Claire Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

BALTIMORE, Md., is to have a seven-mile cable road to cost \$3,000,000.

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The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

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In early summer the warmer weather is especially weakening and enervating, and that tired feeling prevails everywhere. The great benefit which people at this season derive from Hood's Sarsaparilla proves that this medicine "makes the weak strong." It does not act like a stimulant, imparting feigning strength, but Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up in a perfectly natural way all the weakened parts and purifies the blood.

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N. Y. N-27

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