

# THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

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

**Why He Looked Sad—Trials of the Underlings—Conjugal Devotion—A Change of Base—Badly Left, Etc.**

What the telegram say, papa? What did the telegram say? You look so worried, so pale and ill—why should we not be gay? Is something wrong at the store, papa? Is mother sick at sea? What did the telegram say, papa, that you look so sad at me? "Nothing," you say. Now, tell me true. Something's gone wrong, I know. For 'tisn't often you look that way, nor often you answer me so. But he answered not the pleading child and never a word did he say. The telegram read: "The gray mare won. And we're in the soup to-day."—*Horsehead's Dazoo.*

**CONJUGAL DEVOTION.**

Doctor—"Did your wife take the buttermilk as I recommended?" Husband—"No, doctor, it was too sour for her, so I put some sugar in and drank it myself."—*Diepense Blactter.*

**THE TELLER'S VACATION.**

Depositor—"Is the teller in?" Manager—"No, he has gone away." Depositor—"Ah! gone for a rest, I presume?" Manager (sadly)—"No; I fancy it's to avoid arrest!"

**BADLY LEFT.**

"There are very few types of the former styles of beauty left," remarked the young man. "Yes," replied Miss Passeigh, with a sigh, "but those who are, are very much so."—*Washington Star.*

**INDEED IT IS.**

He (sadly)—"I had expected, Miss DeNere, that you would have accepted the proffer of my hand and heart." She (coldly)—"And it is the unexpected that always happens, don't you know, Mr. Scobleigh."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**A CHANGE OF BASE.**

"What do you think of Smith?" "I think he is a very bright fellow." "Well, you know he doesn't speak well of you." "What do you suppose I care what an ass like Smith thinks of me?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

**TRIAL OF THE UNDERLINGS.**

"What ails Jones?" "He says he is suffering from dyspepsia." "Why, he doesn't look like a dyspeptic." "He isn't; but his employer is."—*Chicago News.*

**A BRIGHT POLISH.**

"Have you weak eyes?" said a lady to an applicant for a kitchen position who wore blue spectacles. "No, ma'am, but I scoured pots and things so thoroughly that the glitter of them hurt my sight," said the applicant. —*London Tit-Bits.*

**"THREE WAS A CROWD."**

The Disappointed Girl—"It was awful luck. They called at the same time. Both wanted to propose. Neither would go, and—"

The Confidante—"Which one got left?"

"I did."—*Omaha Bee.*

**SHE WAS HEAD OF THE FAMILY.**

"Yes, the ceremony has been performed and John and Mary are one." "Indeed! Which one?" "Well," answered the father of the bride, "from what I know of Mary's mother, I should say—but, ah! here she comes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**A BOND OF UNION.**

Mr. Watts—"Mrs. Briggs and her husband seem to be such a happy pair." Mrs. Potts—"Yes, they are so considerate of each other. She tells me that they had been married three years before either one knew that they were both fond of onions."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

**FAT AND JOLLY.**

"Howdy this morning," says an acquaintance to a fat citizen, who is blowing and steaming with great speed along the sidewalk. "Training for a walk?" "No," puffs the fat citizen, turning his bulging eyes neither to the right nor left, "I'm walking for a train."—*Chicago News.*

**PROSPECTIVE CURTAIN LECTURE.**

Kingley—"Hello! What have you got your best clothes on for and that red rose in your buttonhole?" Bingo—"I just told my wife I was going fishing." Kingley—"Ha! ha! Do you expect to catch anything?" Bingo—"I do when I get home."—*Clothier and Furnisher.*

**AWAITING CONDITION.**

Dr. Emdee—"And you say you haven't touched the medicine I gave you?" Quigley—"No; the bottle said to shake well before using." Dr. Emdee—"What had that to do with it?" Quigley—"I have been waiting to shake."—*New York Herald.*

**TIME FOR DEPARTURE.**

In a Chicago parlor. Augustus Newyork (hearing the tread as if of a mighty host)—"Why, there's a procession passing by, at this time of the night, too." Miss Windecite—"No; that is papa coming home. I know 'his footsteps." Augustus Newyork—"Miss Windecite, I bid you good evening."—*New York Herald.*

**TRUE TO HIS MOTTO.**

She had yawned six times, looked at

the clock four times, and pretended to be half asleep three times, but the young editor who was calling upon her was so much in love that he did not observe these manifestations of weariness. At length she said: "Most newspapers have mottoes, haven't they?" "Some have." "Has yours one?" "Yes." "What is it?" "We are here to stay." "I could have sworn it was something of that kind," she said with a sigh, and the silence was resumed.—*New York Press.*

**THE NATIONAL GAME.**

"Now," said little Johnny, "let's play Indian." "How do you play Indian?" asked Tommy. "Well, you be Indian and I'll be pale face. Now, I'll make a treaty with you that I'll give you your apple. See! There, now I'll make a new treaty with you that I'll eat your apple. See!" "But I won't do it. I'm going to have my own apple." "Oh, no; that ain't the way to play Indian. If you don't do the way I say you'll be a hostile, you know, and I'll blow you full o' holes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**HIS SCHEME WORKED.**

"Tickets, please," said the conductor of a train on a line running east out of Detroit, as he entered the car. There was a very general response in the shape of pasteboard until he came to a farmer who was very earnestly looking out of the window. "Tickets, please," said the conductor. The man paid no attention. "I'll take your ticket, if you please." The man looked up at him. "Hain't got any," he answered, slowly. "Well, the money then. Where are you going?" "Hain't got any money." "Well, then, what are you on here for? If I don't get either money or ticket I must put you off the train." "You wouldn't stop an express train just to put off one man, now would you?" "Wouldn't I? You'll soon see whether I will or not. Now, I want your ticket or the cash, without any more fuss."

"Nary one." The conductor paused for a moment or two and then called the brakeman. "Now, are you going to get off with-out a fuss or will we have to throw you off?" The man sighed and said he would go off quietly. When they got out on the platform and the conductor had his hand on the bell rope the passenger cast his eye over the flying landscape and said: "Ain't there no way we can fix this up?" "Certainly. Ticket or money." After another look the man shook his head. "Let her go, captain." The conductor pulled the rope. The air-brakes scrunched and the train came to a stop. The man stepped off and then handing the conductor a bit of pasteboard, said: "I don't cheat no railway company, captain. Here ye are."

"Why in thunder didn't you give me this before? You can ride five miles further on this ticket. Step aboard lively, now." "Never mind, captain. I would have to walk five miles back if I did. I live over yonder. So long, cap."—*Detroit Free Press.*

**Fruit Eating Animals.**

It is quite curious to note to what extent animals of various kinds devour fruit. The apple is highly appreciated by horses, cows, sheep, goats, hogs, deer, elephants, rabbits, squirrels, domestic fowls and many of the wild animals and birds. The persimmon is greedily devoured in immense quantities by opossums and dogs. The fig is a favorite food among animals, horses, sheep, goats, hogs, camels, elephants and fowls greedily devouring. The cherry as our fruit growers well know, is a delicacy which the whole feathered tribe contend for. Peaches are only relished by a few animals, among which may be mentioned the rabbit. Grapes are eaten with great relish by horses, cows, sheep, deer, hogs, camels, elephants, and sometimes by dogs and many wild animals. Dried fruits of all kinds are eaten with avidity by Esquimaux dogs. Fruits, such as the orange, lemon, lime, shaddock, sour plum, green olive, etc., are snatched by nearly all animals, as they are by worms. Olives, when they have become thoroughly ripe, will readily be eaten by hogs, after they have once acquired the taste. The ostrich will eat many kinds of fruit with enjoyment. Nuts of nearly all kinds are relished and sought after by squirrels, monkeys, hogs, parrots and many other kinds of animals and birds.—*California Fruit Grower.*

**Language of the Brutes.**

It is announced as a new discovery that monkeys have a language of their own, vocal sounds to each of which an idea is attached. That is nothing new. Every observant farmer's boy knows that the cat-bird talks, and the crow and nearly every other animal, and it does not take much study to learn what each means by its words. You know what they say for "come," for "get out," for "here is something good to eat," for "run, there is danger," for "I'm hungry." "Cluck, cluck!" says the mother hen, and every chickling will run full tilt to get the bug or crumb which she says she has. Then "chir-r-r," and the chicks will then scud under the bushes. Hunters used to call the moose and the deer and the wolf. The stag moose required two kinds of invitation—first, the call of his mate, which would bring him toward the hunter, but not near enough for a shot, and then the challenge of his rival, which would bring him with a plunging charge. To say that simians talk is nothing new. Everything talks that has lungs and a larynx.—*Chicago News.*

# NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Chip is again popular this year. Surah silk has quite gone out of favor. Shoulder capes have about had their run. White gloves grow daily more fashionable. Long ulsters are most used for sea voyages. The prettiest parasols are unlined chiffon. A novelty is a parasol composed of ribbons. Rough straw hats are now all called bench hats. Bonnets no longer necessarily match the gowns. Flaring jet collars are inappropriate for summer. There are about 20,000 cash girls in New York City. Yellow revers and cuffs are put on to blue serge coats. Plain velvet dresses are no longer considered matronly. An Ohio girl has married the tattooed man in a neighboring dime museum. The women of Mexico are taking great interest in the woman's work of the exposition. White lace gowns are pretty this season, and make exquisite toilets for all occasions. Shirts made with several rows of shirring below the waist line are not unbecoming. Camel's-hair suitings in very beautiful summer tints are among the handsomest of the season's fabrics. The season's parasols are either very plain or very ornate, the latter mostly of chiffon with prettily carved rustic handles. In early times the Greek ladies, when called upon to take oath, would swear by some male god whose name was frequently taken in vain by their liege lords. The fashions are so simple now that any clever woman with the aid of her maid can vary and originate toilets almost in profusion, even to dinner dresses. The new American prima donna now in London, Miss Saylor, is described as above the middle height, slender, graceful, with a pale, oval face, gray eyes and dark hair. The abnormally high sleeve is passe, and a few very new French tailor gowns show a close coat sleeve lightly trimmed on the top of the arm, with a corresponding trimming at the wrists. Miss Sophia G. Hayden is the gifted young woman whose design for the Woman's Building at the World's Fair Grounds was awarded the premium of \$1000. She is still a very young woman. While Oriental silk is much worn, made up with green or blue velvet sleeves and deep belts, or sometimes trimmed with fine silk floral embroidery applique on the fabric. White is always effective. "Mother Stewart," of Ohio, the originator of the famous woman's temperance crusade of fifteen years ago, has returned from a trip to Europe. Her temperance addresses in Paris are said to have been the first delivered by a woman in that city. Real lace is again a fashionable garniture and those who are fortunate enough to have it packed away are now bringing it forth. Much good imitation of genuine lace is used, the preference being for point Alencon, guipure, or the large-meshed net, without design, finished with a scalloped or mitered edge. Bowls of flowers are the proper things for table decorations at the present time. Some one has invented a silver wire net to cover the bowls and hold up the roses' heads. The wire is concealed by ferns and smilax, the flower stems being stuck through the net into the water. The frame has hooks to grasp the edge of the bowl. They are made to order, and a medium size costs \$1.50. It is rumored that the present style of dressing the hair low and long is the precursor of that monstrosity of coiffure, the chignon. It is difficult to believe it will ever return with all its horrors. The spectacle, common enough at one time, of a woman's head disfigured by a mat, measuring ten inches down, usually palpably false, was one to make the gods weep. Its heralded return even is alarming. A wonderful mantle has been evolved by the genius of Worth, the immortal, for a new Elsa in "Lohengrin." It is made entirely of cloth of gold with white embroidered fleur de lis at intervals. The border, also white, is thickly studded with pearls, rubies and emeralds, while the lower part is composed of nine large hand-painted medallions, representing saints. So heavy is this gorgeous garment that two stalwart pages are required to bear its weight.

**The First Iron Bridge.**

At the present day, when we are accustomed to look upon iron as the chief constructive material with which civil engineers and architects all over the world deal, the first iron bridge that was ever built is a curious sight. This bridge, the arches of which were made of iron, was called "Ironbridge," and it was erected in 1778. It spans a little river in the county of Salop, on the railroad line from Shrewsbury to Worcester, in England. At the present day the structure is surrounded by a thriving little village, which took its name from the bridge. Several iron foundries have been established in the neighborhood. The structure was a timid attempt at what has since developed into an extensive industry. There are three supports; two of them are very small and cross a narrow country road, while the third and largest one spans the bed of the river. It is about ninety-six feet long and weighs 378 tons. The braces were cast at Coalbrookdale, every bar being composed of two segments. Stephenson, the great civil engineer, wrote as follows on the construction of this first iron bridge: "When we bear in mind that the manipulation of cast iron was at the time of its erection in its infancy we cannot help but feel convinced that unblushing audacity alone could conceive of such an enterprise, and the intelligence with which the details were outlined and executed is equal to the boldness of the conception." The bridge is constantly used and is in an excellent condition, a fact which disproves all the ominous clamorings of cranks that the pernicious influences of rust will sooner or later bring danger to the iron bridges of to-day.—*Boston Transcript.*

**An Unhealthy City.**

Cairo for a long time has been notorious as one of the most unhealthy cities of her size in the world, and is likely to remain so unless the French can be induced to abandon their present obstructive policy in Egypt. The town is practically without drainage, and yearly by the necessity of remedying the evil becomes more urgent. Some time ago the Government took the matter in hand, employed a number of distinguished sanitary engineers, and prepared a scheme for a system of sewerage which is generally admitted to be the best and cheapest that could be devised. It was proposed to pay for the improvement by the appropriation of half the octroi receipts of the city, but France will not consent and demands the appointment of an International Commission of three experts to study the question, to invite plans, and to decide as to which is to be adopted; no plan to be adopted unless accepted by all these experts unanimously. The object of this proposition is clear, and, unless it is modified, the drainage plan must be abandoned, at least for the present.—*Times-Democrat.*

**How the Kaiser Trains His Boys.**

It seems that the Emperor of Germany has a great deal of the old Spartan feeling about him—at all events, with reference to the training of his children. His six little sons are subject to a severe regimen by their father. They sleep in a plain, bare room, upon iron cots, with hard mattresses and scant bed-clothing. At seven every morning they take a cold bath, and are then put through vigorous gymnastic exercises.—*Philadelphia Record.*

It is said that 506,832 persons are members of the Congregational Church in this country, and more than one-fifth live in Massachusetts, which thus heads the list.

# Safety on the Sea.

The old tar who sympathized with folks on shore for the dangers they had to face in getting around would have still stronger arguments to sing about if he happened to be on deck now. He could quote the figures of the National Board of Steam Navigation, which show that of the 500,000,000 passengers carried by vessels on American waters and from American ports but sixty-five lives were lost, and defy the statistics of inland travel to approach the results in the high average of safety. But one life lost for every 7,692,307 people carried! Does not this clearly prove that ocean transportation has become a science, ship-building an architectural certainty, and that comfort, convenience and promptness have been wedded to the highest form of safety.—*Philadelphia Times.*

**How a Student Makes Money.**

DEAR READERS—I am able to pay my board and tuition, wear good clothes and have money in my pocket by spending my odd hours and vacations plating jewelry and tabling and selling platters. I have made \$21 per day; never less than \$4. I paid \$5 for my plater to H. K. Delno & Co., Columbus, O. Any one can profit by my experience by writing there for circulars. A STUDENT.

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How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—August Flower the Remedy.

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