

Selections

THE FIRST JOKES.

Do You Know Which the Original Eleven Ones Were?

Miss Agnes Reppier, lecturing on "The Mission of Humor" at the Colony club, New York, said she had been informed that there were eleven original jokes in the world. After she had said her allotted say Mr. Joseph H. Choate arose and, gallant as ever, remarked that he was now sure there were twenty-two original jokes. Any man or woman who produces eleven original jokes in a lecture is a world wonder. With all due respect to Miss Reppier, we are inclined to think that Mr. Choate was too amiable and too receptive.

What are these eleven original, fundamental, basic jokes, not made for a parish or an occasion, necessarily human and universal? Look over the comic weeklies from the beginning of Punch and you will find the same lines of humorous thought, endless repetitions of a fool born jest, ponderous elaboration of a trifle, changes of an old idea to suit time and place. The old jest books—Joe Miller's, and, before his, Poggitt and Bacon—show how our predecessors anticipated us. Plutarch's "Morals" is full of jests and jocose anecdotes that are now fondly thought contemporaneous. Turn to his "Apophthegms or Remarkable Sayings of Kings and Great Commanders" and you find this quip: A prating barber asked Archelaus how he would be trimmed. Archelaus answered, "In silence." Read "The Banquet of the Seven Wise Men," Englished by Roger Davis, A. M., and there a sage is thus reported: "In this mistake, however, I'm much of the youth's mind who, throwing a stone at a dog, hit his stepmother, adding, 'My throw is not lost, however!'"

The favorite jokes in this country have been for years based on the mother-in-law, the farmer and the summer boarder, the city boarding house, spring cleaning (and the stovepipe played an important part) and the greedy goat. The mother-in-law was naturally the victim of the first jocose son-in-law, while there could be no joke about the stovepipe before the existence of the pipe. There is the cannibal missionary joke that has done yeoman's service, but it cannot be older than the appearance of the first missionary. What are the primeval eleven jokes? One of the oldest known to us begins "Old Noah, he had three sons, Shem, Ham and Japheth," but there must have been jokes before the flood. What were the eleven that were preserved in the ark? No doubt the gag about the elephant bringing his trunk was coined by some irreverent looker on who saw in the embarkation only food for mirth. Death by drowning was too good for him. But what jokes did Noah and his sons take with them for daily recreation? We can be sure of only

one—the mother-in-law jest. Will not Miss Reppier tell to the world the other ten?—Boston Herald.

The Stiletto in Italy.

"The reign of the knife and the stiletto, which has been unquestioned in Italy for centuries," says the Rome correspondent of a Berlin paper, "is to be brought to an end. For generations it has been the custom to carry a knife, and those men in the lower walks who had no knife carried a sharpened nail or file to be used on the slightest provocation. The wine is heavy, the blood of the people is hot, their power of self control small. Is it a wonder, then, that, with the murderous instrument always at hand, there should be so many fatal encounters? But the lawmakers have at last discovered that the morals of the whole nation have been influenced for the bad by the knife carrying custom, and laws will be passed similar to those now in force in some parts of the United States of America making it a crime to carry a deadly weapon."

A Fling at the French Army.

General Langlois, a distinguished officer of the French army, has aroused much uneasiness among his countrymen by asserting that the morale and discipline of the military forces of France are in an alarming state of degeneration. All the military enthusiasm of Napoleon's day, he remarks, has evaporated, patriotism is rapidly becoming a thing of the past, and the military organization of the republic, once so removed from sordid influences, is controlled even in the minutest details by politics and politicians. Promotions, furloughs, permits to men in the lowest ranks of the army to marry, says General Langlois, are all subject to the control of civil magistrates in each prefecture, the results being complete anarchy and disorganization in the army.

He Got Homesick.

When Ruben Dario, the new Nicaraguan minister to Spain, arrived in New York recently on his way to his new post, he brought with him from Nicaragua a young man as his secretary. The latter had never been so far away from Managua and at first the greatness of the American metropolis surprised him. Then it actually overawed him, and he became afflicted with that yearning for home that is commonly known as homesickness. When Senor Dario sailed for Madrid his secretary was not with him. He informed the minister that he feared to go farther away from Nicaragua, and the yearning for home overmastering the ambition for diplomatic honors, he returned there "pronto."

German "Thrift."

The latest story of German "thrift" is told at the expense of the proprietor of a circulating library, which charged for the wear and tear suffered by his books at the hands of his patrons. One volume came back to his scrutiny. "See here," he exclaimed, "there is a hole on page 19 of my beautiful book. And see here," he went on, turning over the leaf, "there is another on page 20."

BIRDS' TONGUES.

Why the Parrot is Able to Imitate Human Speech.

One of the government naturalists at Washington has recently gathered some fresh information concerning the tongues of birds.

Many people suppose that woodpeckers use their sharp pointed tongues as darts with which to transfuse their prey. It is true that the woodpecker, like the hummingbird, can dart out its tongue with astonishing rapidity and that its mouth is furnished with an elaborate mechanism for this purpose, yet, according to the authority mentioned, investigation shows that the object of this swift motion is only to catch the prey, not to pierce it. For the purpose of holding the captured victim the woodpecker's tongue is furnished with a sticky secretion.

Considering its powers of imitating speech, it is not surprising to learn that the parrot's tongue resembles that of man more closely than any other bird's. It is not because the parrot is more intelligent than the other birds, but because its tongue is better suited for articulation than theirs, that it is able to amuse us with its mimicry.

The hummingbird's tongue is in some respects the most remarkable of all. It is double nearly from end to end, so that the little bird is able to grasp its insect prey with its tongue much as if its mouth was furnished with a pair of fingers.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE ANT EATER.

A Harmless Animal That Will Fight Hard When at Bay.

A peculiar looking animal is the ant eater, which is closely allied to the sloth family. Its head is drawn out into a long, tubular muzzle, at the end of which is a tiny mouth just big enough to permit the exit of its long, wormlike tongue, which is covered with a sticky saliva.

This tongue is thrust among the hosts of ants with great rapidity, coming back laden with the tiny insects. To obtain its prey the ant eater breaks open the ant hills, when all the active inhabitants swarm to the breach and are instantaneously swept away by the remorseless tongue.

The jaws of the ant eater are entirely without teeth, and the eyes and ears are very small.

There are several species of ant eater, the largest kind being about four feet long and having a tail covered with very long hair, forming a huge brush. The claw on the third toe of each fore limb is of great size and is used for breaking open ants' and other insects' nests.

Generally speaking, the ant eater is a harmless animal, but at times when at bay it will fight with great courage, sitting up on its hind legs and hugging its foe with its powerful arms.—London Express.

The Perfumed Cloud.

The dentist's sleeve was smeared with a pale dust. He beat it with his palm, and a perfumed cloud arose.

"Makeup," he said, laughing, "the day's usual harvest of makeup. Why the deuce, to front the fierce white light of a dental chair, will women come to me with makeup plastered thick on their pretty faces? They all, or nearly all, do it. Their lips are reddened, their brows penciled, their cheeks rouged, and in a few cases the tiny network of veins in the temples is outlined in blue. Pegging away at their teeth, I mop up all that makeup on my coat sleeve. I smear red over white noses, black over pink cheeks. Phew! Look out!"

And, brushing his cuff again, he leaped back to escape the sweet smelling cloud that filled the air.—Exchange.

Difficult Feats.

"Here are some extracts from a few modern popular novels," said an author as he took down a scrap book. Then he read:

"The worthy pastor appeared at the manse door, his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his loose jacket, while he turned the leaves of his prayer book thoughtfully and wiped his glasses with a distraught air."

"After the door was closed a stealthy foot slipped into the room and with cautious hand extinguished the light."

"Fitzgibbon lingered over his final lemonade, when a gentle voice tapped him on the shoulder, and, turning, he beheld his old friend once again."

"The chariot of revolution is rolling onward, gnashing its teeth as it rolls."—Washington Star.

Greedy Little Salmon.

Little creatures may be very greedy and yet not be able to eat much because of their size, as was illustrated, for instance, in the case of a batch of about 20,000 little Chinook salmon that were hatched out at the aquarium. These young fishes, each about two inches long, would eat so much that their little stomachs fairly stuck out, and yet to feed the whole 20,000 took daily only one pound of liver and a quart of herring roe, both chopped fine.—New York Sun.

An Exception.

"I think," said the merchant, "I'll have to fire your friend Polk. I never saw any one quite so lazy."

"Slow in everything, is he?"

"No, not everything. He gets tired quick enough."—Exchange.

Easy Enough.

"I cannot live but a week longer without you!"

"Really, duke! Now, how can you fix on a specific length of time?"

"Ze landlord fix on it, miss, not I."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE SUN A PUZZLE.

We See Only the Outer Shells of the Great Blazing Orb.

The great ball of fire which we call the sun is not really the sun. No one has ever seen the sun. A series of concentric shells envelops a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing except that it must be almost infinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the solar mass.

That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us. The outermost of the enveloping shells is about 5,000 miles thick and is called the chromosphere. It is a gaseous fluid, tinted with the scarlet glare of hydrogen, and so furiously active that it spurts up great tongues of glowing gas (prominences) to the height of thousands of miles.

Time was when this agitated sea of crimson fire could be seen to advantage only during an eclipse. Now special instruments are used which enable astronomers to study it in the full glare of the sun.

Beyond the chromosphere, far beyond the prominences even, lies the nebulous pallid corona visible only during the vanishing moments of a total eclipse, aggregating not more than seven days in a century.

No one has ever satisfactorily explained how the highly attenuated matter composing both the prominences and the corona is supported without falling back into the sun under the pull of solar gravitation. Now that Arrhenius has cosmically applied the effects of light pressure a solution is presented.

How difficult it is to account for such delicate streamers as the prominences on the sun is better comprehended when we fully understand how relentlessly powerful is the grip of solar gravitation.

If the sun were a habitable globe and you could transport yourself to its surface, you would find yourself pulled down so forcibly by gravitation that you would weigh two tons, assuming that you are an ordinary human being.

Your clothing alone would weigh more than a hundred pounds. Baseball could be played in a solar drawing room, for there would be some difficulty in throwing a ball more than thirty feet.

Tennis would be degraded to a form of outdoor pingpong.

From these considerations it is plain that gravitation on the sun would tend to prevent the formation of any lambent streamers and to pull down to its surface masses of any size.—Harper's Magazine.

Their Knowledge.

"It's been a sinnaah" vouchsafed a recently converted brother during an experience meeting in Ebenezer chapel. "A hee-yus, lowdown, contaminated sinnaah for, lo, dese many years and never knowed it!"

"Don't let dat molest yo', Brudder Newcome," spoke up a sympathetically inclined deacon. "De rest of us knowed it all de time."—Puck.

The Prize Puppy.

Miss Gaddie—Yes, May Roxley is just as mad at her father as she can be. There was a little puppy with a great pedigree that she wanted him to buy for her, and he wouldn't do it.

Miss Ascum—What was it, a French count or a German baron?—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dog Days.

This is the season of the year when the dog star rageth. Sirius "that comes more near the earth than is his want and makes men mad," is the principal star in the constellation Canis Major (the big dog). It may be that he is wrongly blamed, but somehow or other crime and cussedness seem to cut loose at this season. Perhaps it is only the calorific in the atmosphere, and perhaps there are peculiar chemical conditions that arouse the sleeping devil in a man and make him do unheard of things. It is well to beware, and if you feel an attack of diabolism coming on, go lie down and sleep it off.—Exchange.

Lingenfelter and Wells Reunion.

The fifth annual reunion and basket picnic of the Lingenfelter and Wells families will be held on Wednesday, September 2nd, day and evening. All relatives and their friends are cordially invited to attend. COMMITTEE.

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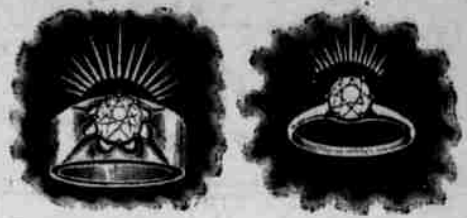
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New Kensington 9:00	11:14 a. m.	9:52 p. m.	4.50
Arnold 9:02	11:19 a. m.	9:54 p. m.	4.50
McIntire 9:31	11:37 a. m.	10:15 p. m.	4.50
Ford City 9:54	12:06 p. m.	11:07 a. m.	4.50
Kittanning 10:14	12:17 p. m.	12:15 a. m.	4.50
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East Brady 10:57	12:55 a. m.	4:25	4.25

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