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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

aire Beggar-Accepted-Fun for the Old Men-A Good Cook, Etc., Etc., Etc.

CUPID IN QUARANTINE.

She—I haven't see Grace Ford with her beau, Hal Morris, lately. He is such a promising young doctor. What came between them?

He—The measles.

THE MILLIONAIRE BEGGAR. A beggar died and left ten thousand

pounds,
A marvel 'twas to them that came to see,
Old Witticus ejaculated "Zounds!
Sweet are the uses of adversity."
—[Epoch,

—[Epoch.

"Why you look as though you had been in a battle—as if somebody had been trying to break your neck!"

"Not exactly a battle, just the beginning of an engagement. I proposed to my girl last night."

"I understand. Her father kicked—"

"No, she gratefully, affectionately and enthusiastically accepted me."—

[Philadelphia Times.

FUN FOR THE OLD MAN.

FUN FOR THE OLD MAN. FUN FOR THE OLD MAN.

Miss Gushington—And so you were born in the country, Mr. Plowboy; how you must have enjoyed the game of hiding in the barn when you were a boy.

Mr. Plowboy—Well, no, I can't say I enjoyed it very much. You see, father did the hiding, and all I could do was jump and yell.—[Munsey's Weekly.

A GOOD COOK. Husband-What's the matter with the coffee to-day?
Wife—I don't know; I didn't make

Mother-in-law—Neither did I. Cook—I made it. What's wro

Husband—There's nothing wrong with it. On the contrary, it's the finest coffee I ever tasted.—[Fliegende Blaetter.

CAN AFFORD IT. CAN AFFORD IT.

It is the girl whose pa is sound
Financially—has lots of boodle—
Who with a ribbon drags around
The city's streets a tiny poodle,
—[Boston Courier,

NO INDUCEMENT. Freddie—Let us break this cup.
Little Johnny—No; it doesn't belong
to a set.—[The Epoch.

to a set.—[The Epoch.

Some men down in Belfast thought to puzzle a local jockey by bringing out two sorry-looking equines, one considerably larger than the other, and asking him which was the better one. But he was not caught napping. He looked each carefully over, examined the feet of each, and then rendered judgment as follows:

follows:
"One's worth just as much as t'other."
"How's that?" asked the crowd.
"Well, the big one has got more hide and bones than the smaller one, but the latter has got the best shoes on, which makes it about an even thing."—[Lewiston Journal) ton Journal.

NO DOUBT ABOUT THE HOUSE. hones—Samith, I am told you de-ed your maiden political speech at opera house the other night. How the opera house the other night. How did it go? Samith (with enthusiasm)—Had a tre mendous house, Jehones—perfectly tre

mendous.

"'M—Yes, I know the house is a large
one. How about the audience?"

(With some constraint)—"There was
nearly a hundred of 'en, Jehones—nearly a hundred."—[Chicago Tribune.

PROTECTION BY "BUCKEYES,"

A boy was knocking the horse-chest nuts off a tree on Cass avenue, when a pedestrian observed: "I suppose you think they will act as a charm to ward off rheumatism, but they

von't."
"I didn't suppose they would," replied

the lad.

"Then what do you want of them?"

"To act as a charm to ward off lickings. I know a boy who carried four of them in his pockets and didn't get licked in four straight weeks!"—[Detroit Free Press.

SOMETHING TO BRAG OF.

Ted—I once wrote a poem.

Ned—That's nothing. Every fellow as done that.

Ted—But I sold mine.—[Epoch.

A QUEER SMILE. Captain—Did you deliver the bouquet?

Messenger Boy—Yes, Captain, and didn't the young lady smile when I handed it to her!

Captain—Smile? What sort of a smile?

smile?

Messenger Boy—The same sort of a smile, Captain, that a waiter gives when he receives a half-dollar tip.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A COOKING SCHOOL GRADUATE. She—Darling, please tell the grocer to end me up two quarts of nice, fresh

send me up two quares sponges.

He—You can't get sponges at the gro-cer's, ducky, but I'll stop at the druggist's for them. What kind do you want? She—I want the kind used for making sponge cake, and tell him they must be fresh.—[Seattle Press.

CRUSHING. He-Do you object to my calling? She—Oh, no. What worries me is that you manage to find me at home—[Epoch.

BADLY OUT OF IT. Reporter—Can I see Mrs. B.? Servant—She's out, sir. Reporter—One of the family, then? Servant—All out, sir. Reporter—Well, wasn't there a fire ere last night? Servant—Yes; but that's out, too.

HIS CLOSE FRIEND.

Forrester-Is Broker one of your close Lancaster—Yes; blamed close. He won't lend me a cent.
TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

Real Estate Agent (to Harlem property-holder)—What do you want for that corner lot you offer for sale?

Property-Holder—I am holding it at \$250,000.

Agent—Well, you keep on holding it. Good day.—[Texas Siftings.

REMINDED. Boy—Mister, I want to get a-um—I— want a pint of—a—thunder—I forgot. Druggist's Clerk—Little man, have on forgotten what you came for? Boy—That's it! Clerk—What's it? Boy—Camphor.

A RUN OF LUCK.

"And you mean to say that your train crossed the chasm where the bridge had burned without being wrecked? Re-markable! What kept it from going down?"

down?"
"As good luck would have it, jus
that moment it was being held up
train robbers."—[Chicago Post.

NOT IN HIS LINE.

Poet—The new \$1,000 bills have a portrait of General Meade.

Friend—How in the world do you know that?—[Brooklyn Life. HIS SHOCKING MISTAKE.

Johnson (trying to be polite to a wall flower)—May I have the pleasure of the next waltz with you, Miss Oldboy? Miss Oldboy (fishing for a compliment)—Thank you, Mr. Johnson; but couldn't you find some younger and prettier girl? Johnson—Oh, yes, but I hate to dance with young and pretty girls.—[The Argosy.

MANAGING TRAMPS,

Mistress-Did anyone call while I was

Mistress—Pixt anyone
out?
Servant—No one, ma'am, exceptin' a
tramp. He wanted somethin' to eat;
but I told him there was nothin' ready,
an he'd have to wait till th' leddy of the
house got back from cooking-school, an'
meb'by she'd make him something.
Mistress—Of all things! Did he wait?
Servant—No, ma'am. He runned.—
[New York Weekly.

A SOURCE OF GAIN.

"Blobson," said the millionaire, "here twenty begging letters. Give them

"Yes, sir."
"You will note that a two-cent stamp is inclosed in each for an answer."
"Yes, sir."
"Well, answer them all on postals."—
[American Stationer.

EQUALLY COMPLIMENTARY.

Johnson—Did Brown say that I had told him a lie?

Brown say that I had told him a lie?

Brown say that I had told him a lie?

He said that he believed that you had accidently told him the truth.—[Munsey's Weekly.

UNDAUNTED. The Daughter—How dare you fairly ound my door down?
The Book Fiend—I beg your pardon,

The Book Flend—I beg your pardon, have I disturbed you?
"Disturbed! Fly or I'll call the police! You have waked our baby."
"Oh! Well, just let me get him to sleep for you while you look over a copy of 'The Slings and Arrows of Outrageous Fortune'—only \$1.—[Texas Siftines.]

Ethel—Have you ever noticed that here is something depressing in the

here is something depressing in the arkness?
Maud—No, but I have often noticed omething pressing.—[New York Her-

Modern Miss (wearily)—Life doesn't seem worth living, aunty. Aunty—I don't wonder, stuck up here in a stuffy flat. What a girl of your age ought to have is a nice little flower gar-den and a good, strong, old-fashioned front gate.—[Good News.

Customer—Lookee here, waiter, this roll is stale! Waiter—How can I help it? Why didn't you come yesterday?—[San Francisco Wasp. THE FINEST FLOWER.

GALL.

"THE FIREST FLOWER.

"The subject of a national flower is being discussed a great deal now, Miss Minnie," remarked a visitor at Minneapolis, to a maiden of that city. "What Jo you think about it?"

"Well," replied Miss Minnie, "I think papa's fancy winter wheat flour rather takes the biscuit."

BEARING THE MARKET.

Wibbles—See here, Wobbles, what are ou doing on the street with a linen dusar and a fan this time of year?
Wobbles—I am going to order some oal, and I don't want the dealer to slap p prices on me.—[New York Weekly.

HONORS ARE EASY. "Your habits will be the death of me," said Mrs. Hirshley.
"Well, your costumes are ruining me," retorted Mr. H.

DURING COURTSHIP.

She—There seems to be something ore aristocratic about electric light than more aristocratic about gas.
about gas.
He—Yes. The gas is often low.--[New York Herald.

Longest Word on Record.

General Charles E. Furlong, who lives at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and is known as one of the great travelers of the age, having been five times around the world, told me that while in Ilandudno, Wales, last summer, he struck the longest word on record. When I asked him what it was he respon ed by pulling out a printed slip, from which I have copied the word, as follows:

"Llanfairpwllgwymgyllgogerychwrndrobwlllandislilogogogoch."

He went on to tell me that this is the name of a parish, on the Anglesea side of Menai Bridge, in the place; that it is the only name of the parish, is in everyday use among the people in referring to the parish, and is all one word, spoken without break or pause. The natives call the place Llanfair, but there are so many other Llanfairs in Wales that some description has to be added in postal addresses. A literal translation of the word is, "The Church of St. Mary, in a hollow of white hazel", near to the rapid whirlpool, and to St. Disilio Church, near to a red cave."—[New York Press.

Far Ahead of Bluebeard.

Far Ahead of Bluebeard.

A native Japanese paper mentions a case of a man, aged forty this year, living in the province of Bizen, who has married and divorced thirty-five wives, and is now married at eighteen, and the reason assigned for this extraordinary example of inconstancy is that he has a younger sister of extremely jealous and rancorous disposition, who from the moment that a bride enters the house, institutes a system of persecution, which soon drives the unhappy woman to ask her husband for a divorce. The husband is helpless to retain the vagaries of his sister, and emnot turn her out, so the wretched business goes on year after year. The native chronicler adds a circumstance which is improbable, even in the far east. He says that in two cases the brides arriving at the door of their future home changed color, and declaring that they recognized the house as one where they had already passed some months of most miserable wedlock, fied without further parley.—[London Globe.

CHILI'S NATIONAL DRINK.

It is Called "Chicha"-How It is Made by the Natives.

In Chili it may be regarded as the national beverage, the great popular provoker of merriment, and the source of all that is truly original in that variation of the Spanish "jota" known in Chili as "la cueca." After drinking a certain amount of "chicha," the Chilian must dance the "cueca." This drink is cooked wine. The operation of making it is as follows: the grapes, having been gathered and brought in, are passed through a sieve or net of quarter-inch cord, with three-quarter-inch openings, forming a tray some three feet long, two feet wide, and ten inches deep. This process removes the berries from the sprigs. The tray being placed over a hopper, and the hopper over a press composed of two fluted cylinders of American oak, the berries pass between the rollers, and juice, skins, pips, and all fall into a vary whence the clear liquid is drawn off with all speed. The sediment may be put into a second press, and more liquid obtained, only this second brewing will give a darker liquid. The final sediment is used for distilling alcohol, or aquardiente. The liquid juice is immediately put into a copper or porcelain boiler, which should be shallow and open to the air. Under this boiler a fire should be lighted, and the liquid boiled gently, the foam being carefully skimmed off as it rises. When the whole is cooked, a little vine-wood ash is thrown in to clarify it, and the liquid is drawn off by a furcies. The liquid, boiled and straned, is poured into a vat and left to ferment; and while there still remains a little fermentation the "chicha" is again strained through a cloth, and bottled with good corks, tied down with string or wire. If stone bottles are used, the "chicha" will remain good for a year or two, after which it loses its peculiar foaming and sparkling quality, and becomes mere ordinary white vine; whereas good "chicha," carefully put up in glass bottles, retains its qualities for four or five years, and compares favorably with most of the champagne in the market nowadays. In making "chicha" skill and

Figures Don't Lie

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One of the guests at an up-town stagdinner, the other night, related an experience at roulette which he claimed to
have had "some years ago," says a writer
in the New York Times. He is well
known in the city as an entertaining
story-teller. He is sometimes inaccurate,
but invariably entertaining. After
modestly stating that he rarely gambled,
he said that on one occasion he had carelessly placed a dollar on -the number
thirteen on a roulette-table, and that
thirteen won five times in succession, his
original wager being allowed to accumutate. All but one of the diners accepted
the tale, and expressed their astonishment at the extraordinary occurrence.
The exception made some rapid calculations on the back of the menu.
"Colonel," asked the exception, presently, "how much did you say you
won?" "I didn't say," replied the
colonel, "but it was several thousand
dollars." "It must have been several
thousand, at least," said the exception,
pleasantly; "I think it must have been
even more. You said nothing about a
limit, so I assume that you were allowed
the usual privilege of playing without a
limit," "Certainly, sir; certainly,"
answered the Colonel, stoutly, but
noticing the exception's figures with some
nervousness; "I requested jocularly that
the limit be removed, and the request
was granted." "Very well," went on
his tormentor; "then you probably
bankrupted that gambling house. If, as
you say, you did not take down your
winnings, you must have won a mighty
fortune. On the first roil of the wheel
you won \$35; on the second, \$1,260; on
the third, \$44,100; on the fourth \$1,643,500; and on the fifth, \$54,022,500; quite
a satisfactory evening's work. What did
you buy with it?" The diners laughed
loud and long. The colonel's face was
very red. "Oh," said he, finally, "that
was only a little pleasantry."

Religion by Telephone.

Religion by Telophone.

The New York Herald's European edition publishes the following: Going to church by telephone was tried yesterday at Christ church, Birmiagham. A correspondent in that city describes the experiment thus: "When the morning service began, there was what appeared to be an unseemly clamor to hear the service, and the opening prayer was interrupted by cries of "Hello, there! Are you there? Put me on to Christ church!" No, I don't want the church, 'etc. But presently quiet was obtained, and by the time the psalms were reached we got almost unbroken connection and could follow the course of the service. We could hear very little of the prayers, probably from the fault that the officiating minister was not within voice-reach of the transmitter. The organ had a faint, far-away sound, but the singing and sermon were a distinct success.

"Different parts of the evening service were put through successfully to London, Manchester, Derby, Coventry, Kiddenminster and Hanley. In every place the greatest satisfaction was expressed.

"The electrical appliances in the church were scarcely visible, nor in any way calculated to disturb the worshipers. Attached to the lectern was an arrangement like a small American circular clock. A similar dise was suspended by a cord to a gas bracket behind the communion rails, and on the edge of the pulpit there was a small brass frame with two more dises.

"In the choir stalls there were altogether four transmitter was of nickel and ebonite, three inches in diameter. Switches were provided, by which the choir leaders could, unseen, turn the choir off or on, as one would do the gas; and the lectern was also controlled from he choir. A switchboard was concealed back of the pulpit, and a handle turned on by the verger when the sermon began,"