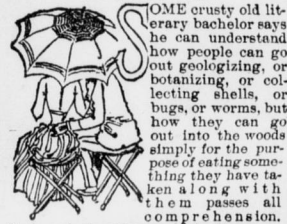


THE PICNIC SEASON.

OFFERS MANY ADVANTAGES IN A SOCIAL WAY.

Picnics Are Recognized as Promotive of Love-Making—The Most Direct Way to a Man's Heart—Mistaken Enterprise at Picnics—Some Ludiicrous Features.

Picnics and Pleasure.



SOME crusty old literary bachelor says he can understand how people can go out geologizing, or botanizing, or collecting shells, or bugs, or worms, or anything they can go out into the woods simply for the purpose of eating something they have taken a long while to prepare with them in a comprehensive manner.



JUST OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS.

bestowed on this axiomatic statement, the Globe-Democrat, may serve to clear up several dark points in sociology, and among them the fact that both at picnics and elsewhere the widow is more attractive than the young girl.

Speaking of the eating, however, few people ever saw a picnic at which from 25 to 50 per cent. of the viands were not rendered unsightly if not un-eatable by carelessness in transportation.

Not so the love making. From the time the pairs of happy lovers climb on the cars or squeeze into the crowded wagons that are to bear them to the Elysian fields, the billing and the cooling



SWINGING THE FLUMP BEAUTY.

go steadily on until the falling shadows put an end to the excursion. There is a pleasing absence of restraint that enables the lover to make more progress during one day than otherwise he would be able to attain during weeks of calls, theater, opera and balls, and many a pair comparatively indifferent to each other have gone to a picnic and returned home firmly set in the resolve to enter as soon as possible on the miseries of matrimony.

THE OLDER ONE—The happiest time in my life was when I was approaching womanhood. The other—Yes? But you always seem happiest when approaching manhood.

they become the objects of derision and the prey of seed-ticks without giving evidence of feeling by so much as a single glance of uneasiness or a solitary furtive scratch. They are happy and that is enough for them; the world may call them fools, and in sober moments they are not altogether sure, but what the world was right; but what does it matter? Anybody has a right to be a fool at a picnic, and armed by this consoling reflection they are armor-plated against criticism.

The picnic, particularly the largely attended Sunday-school or day-school picnic, is, therefore, an admirable place to study human nature, for the human nature is found at its ease and consequently off its guard. The natural tendencies of men show themselves more fully than elsewhere, and it is possible, if anywhere, at a picnic to see what a man really is.

Not less important, however, are the members of several other committees who are commonly self-appointed. The committee on swings has generally the pleasantest job of the picnic; for, after having, at the peril of their lives, arranged the swing in a proper place, cut off a limb or two that interfered with the movement, and pulled the rope up and down until the seat was just right, it is theirs to invite the young ladies to be swung.

A display of enterprise is always pleasing, though when the enterprise is misdirected it has a comical aspect which often excites the risibilities in no small degree.

Much more deprecated, however, is the presence of the operator who, with his rack of cans, his bundle of rings and his log of beer advertisements, does business in a set formula of words.

GOVERNNESS—How long is it since Rome was founded? Little Fanny—Rome was founded 2,848 years ago. Aged Grandmother—Dear me, how time does slip away.



MADE HIM SEASICK
At first he wanted to go to sea—
He thought sea life a joke;
And soon when he saw he couldn't do that
He thought he'd like to smoke
So he hooked a cigar from his father's desk
And he afterward said to me—
"I've had my smoke and it made me feel
Just as if I'd been to sea."
—Carlisle Smith.

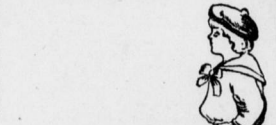
Baby or Boy.
The youngest in our household
Is Fanny, six years old;
His cheeks are reddest roses,
His hair is purest gold.

We often call him "baby,"
And "darling" and "dear," and "pet,"
And if he had a baby
We'd call him these names yet.



One evening when his papa
Was sitting all alone,
The little fellow sought him
And made his wishes known.

"I want to tell you something,"
He said, with serious eyes,
"I wish we had a baby
To play the great surprise."



"Well, I declare," cried papa,
"What make you wish so, dear?"
And little Fanny answered
In accents calm and clear—

"I'm tired of being 'Marina,'
And 'dear' I don't enjoy,
I wish we had a boy!
So I could be a boy!"
—Our Little One.

My Old Wife and I.



—Our Little One.

Babykins had a little friend that used to come to visit him once a week. It was the day of the week when the nursery was swept.

Babykins would creep close to the glass, but never could touch the little visitor. One day Babykins thought he would creep around the glass and have a romp with the dear babykins who lived there.

A Little Decisive.

One day a small boy entered a store. The merchant looked at him and asked, "Well, my little man, what will you have to-day?"

"I thought I should have to get a magnifying glass to see you; but I reckon if I get close enough I can find what you look like."

"Oh, I'm older than I'm high, sir," said the boy. "Folks say I'm small of my age. You see, sir, mother hasn't got anybody but me; and this morning I saw her crying because she couldn't find five cents in her pocket-book. She thinks the boy that took the ash-stole it—and I—haven't—had—any breakfast, sir."

"Then his voice choked, and his blue eyes were filled with tears. "I reckon I can help you to some breakfast, my little fellow," said the merchant, feeling in his vest pocket. "Here, will this quarter do?"

"Ah! I am sorry to hear that. Well, here is a little fellow that can take his place. What wages did No. 4 get?"

Then, turning to the astonished boy, he said: "There, my little fellow, go up to the clerk yonder and tell him your name and where you live, and then run home and tell your mother you've got a place at \$4 a week. Come back on Monday morning and I'll tell you what to do. Here's a dollar in advance. I'll take it out of your first week's wages."

Not a True Story.
There is a funny little girl, who reads me every day
The most surprising travels from a volume
Worn and gray.

Childish Chatter.
Some boys are like clocks. They are going all the time, but never get anywhere.

CROSS NEIGHBOR—Are you the boy that took my front gate off the other night? Oliver—No, sir; 'cause the gate's lots bigger than I am, and I couldn't fit it.

"The fellow who is always boasting how he itches for a fight seldom comes to the scratch.—Buffalo Courier.

THE BEGGARS' PARADISE.

NEW YORK A FERTILE FIELD FOR MENDICANTS.

It is Estimated That Gotham Supports 5000 Professional Beggars—They Are Nearly All Frauds.

AMONG the large cities of the world there is said to be no more fertile field for the practice of mendicancy than New York City. Indeed, it is claimed for this city that it is the beggars' paradise; and the cause assigned is the credulity of those who give to beggars, the disinclination in most people to investigate begging cases that appeal to them, a distrustfulness that charity agencies will not help cases that are sent to them (and this is given as the chief element), and finally, inconsiderate lavishness in giving.

Every New Yorker who walks much in the city's streets has met with the solitary and decrepit woman on the cobblestones, grinding when hurly-burly curries. They look forlorn enough to excite the sympathies of the hardest heart.

Despondency is not a state of humility. On the contrary, it is the vexation and despair of a cowardly pride; nothing is worse. Whether we stumble or whether we fall, we must only think of rising again and going on our course.

Texas, the largest of the United States, has an area of 262,290 square miles, says the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche. To the casual reader these figures may seem very little; they show, however, that the Lone Star State is more than fifty-four times as large as the State of Connecticut.

The beggars all make money. Some have been arrested who afterward paid \$100 to a lawyer to prevent being sent to prison. Beggars who are blind or crippled naturally make more than those less unfortunate.

A Wonderful Discovery.
It is reported that Professor Emmerich, of Berlin, has made a very valuable discovery in the treating of infectious diseases. In the course of his experiments he has discovered that the blood of an animal which has recovered from an infectious disease will, if injected into its veins, cure another animal suffering with the same disease.

An Extraordinary Swallowing Feat.
A German contemporary states that a very peculiar patient was recently under treatment at the Augsburg State Hospital. A man, aged forty, had set himself the task of swallowing some 250 fruit stones.

Mendicancy long persisted in becoming chronic, and cures are affected only rarely. Only one successful case is on record, and that may yet prove vain.

faithful employe of his father. The case was put into the hands of a society, and money was left to work his correction if possible. It appeared that he had learned to beg from being employed as clerk of a Bowery lodging-house, where he saw the success of beggars. He had begged five years when he was recognized. He has been placed at work and given a good job, but he can easily earn twice as much a day by begging than what he is now receiving.—New York Post.

WISE WORDS.

A doubt is the heaviest thing man ever tried to lift. Cheerfulness is health; its opposite, melancholy, is disease. Many a man who tells you how to do a thing can't do it himself.

It is a good plan to say as little as possible about that of which one knows nothing. Pride is a vice which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

There never was found any pretended conscientious zeal but it was attended with a spirit of cruelty. We notice that when a man is economical, and saves up money for a rainy day, one generally comes.

Vast Extent of Texas.

When a man considers how easy he finds it to lend money, he cannot help wondering sometimes that he finds it so hard to get anybody else to lend money to him.—Texas Sittings.

MUSIC TEACHER—"I don't know why you are displeased. Your daughter really sings very well." Father—"Yes; but how is it that she never sings anything but soprano." Schalk.

HICKS—"Brown seems wide awake enough when at his business, but at home he is fearfully absent-minded." Wicks—"But then his wife has a mind of her own, and it is quite unnecessary that he should take his home with him."—Boston Courier.

A PRIVATE SOLDIER, walking arm-in-arm with his sweetheart, met his sergeant when about to enter a cheap restaurant. He respectfully introduced her to him: "Sergeant, my sister!" "Yes, yes," was the reply. "I know; she was mine once."—Le Lit-toil.

THE ELDER—I noticed that Mrs. Van West's father died the other day and left her a lot of land out in Dakota. I suppose she will separate from Van West now. The younger—Separate? Why so? The elder—She will have very good grounds for a divorce, you see.—Brooklyn Life.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious, and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

A GOOD mirror always tells the truth, no matter upon whom it reflects.—Troy Press. WHEREVER the experienced blind man moves there is an era of good feeling.—Troy Press.

WHEN engineers and trainmen are well trained the locomotive goes off on a foot.—Piscayune. NO MATTER how cheap quinine may be it is always a drug on the market.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE ice man now calls every morning at the home of the coal man and does him up.—Dallas News. POLICE officers in hoodlum districts naturally expect to have many a tough experience.—Buffalo Courier.

WHEN a mercantile concern "takes in sail" it is in the interest of the balance-sheet.—Lowell Courier. It is highly probable that the times which tried men's souls found some of their guilty.—Buffalo Courier.

A PECULIARITY about it is that when money is tight it's the business that's apt to stagger.—Philadelphia Times. THE restaurateurs at the Columbian Exposition seem to think that a fair exchange is no robbery.—Indianapolis News.

WITH reference to these shows it may be said a dog's ancestral tree cannot be told by its back.—Philadelphia Times. THE man who knows that he was one kind of a fool yesterday often has a suspicion that he is some other kind to-day.—Ram's Horn.

MRS. SLIMDIET—"Don't you find it a little lonesome sitting down to luncheon all alone?" BORDAIR—"Oh, no, the cheese is here."—Truth. THE women in an insane asylum look, somehow, like the women you meet at home with a church entertainment on their hands.—Acheson Globe.

"POOR Mrs. Chatter is all worn out from talking last night." "Did she lecture?" "Oh, no; it was a whist party she attended."—Chicago Inter Ocean. THE government of Russia has excluded "Uncle Tom's Cabin" from the theaters of that country, yet they call it despotism and inconsiderate.—Philadelphia Ledger.