FUNNY FOLKS

Stands to Reason.

Mrs. Hayseed (noticing the fire escapes at a city hotel)—I wonder what them outside stairs are fer?

Mr. Hayseed—Use yer brains, Miranda, if you've got any. This is a hotel, ain't it?

"Of course."

"Well, a hotel has all sorts of people in it, and taint likely they all git up at the same time, is it?"

"I s'pose not."

"Course not. Some goes to work earlier than others, and some has to catch trains. I s'pose them outside stairs is so that the early risers can git down to the pump without makin' any noise.—N. Y. Weekly.

Had the Laugh First.

An old gentleman was walking down one of the streets in Manchester when he saw a boy crying outside a house, and thinking he might comfort him, he asked him what was the matter.

"Father's laying the c-carpet down."

"Well, and does that unpleasant task make you cry?"

"No—no; h-he h-hit his thumb."

"Oh! You are sorry for your father, I suppose?"

"No—no, I l-laughed!"—London Answers.

Couldn't Account for It.

Uncle Ezra Wilkins—Hanged if these city fellers hain't queer. Thet young dude thet's with us didn't hev no complaint last summer, but this season he's allus kickin' 'bout the butter.

Hank Hunkins—What's the matter with it?

Uncle Ezra—Cussed if I know. It's the same butter we had last year.—Judge.

Not Impossible.

"You say the defendant then executed a backdown. Are those the words you used?" asked the lawyer who was badgering the witness.

"Yes, sir," answered the witness.

"I would like to have you inform me how a man can 'execute' a backdown."

"Well, sir, he could hang his head, couldn't he?" said the witness, fiercely.—Chicago Tribune.

Fair Warning.

"Don't bother me for money so,"
Said Mr. Cake to Mrs. C.
"Quit thinking that this Cake's all 'dough'
Or pretty soon your cake will be."
—Philadelphia Press.

SUCH A FOOL QUESTION.

"Say, pa, how do the astronomers always know when there is going to be an eclipse?"

"Why, you stupid! Don't you suppose they read the papers, the same as anybody else?—Heitere Welt.

A Father's Song.

To see my happy children play
Doth give my soul delight.
Hi, mother! hurry up, I say,
And stop this awful fight.
—Judge.

Telling the Good News.

Mrs. Youngma—And so my baby got the prize at the baby show? I knew he would. It couldn't have been otherwise.

Old Bachelor (one of the judges)—Yes, madam, we all agreed your baby was the least objectionable of the lot.—N. Y. Weekly.

Terrible.

First Microbe—Did you hear of the accident that happened to poor little Bacillus? Almost crushed to death.

Second Microbe—Oh, dear! How did it happen?

First Microbe—He was sitting on a girl's lip when an awful man kissed her.—N. Y. Sun.

Accounting for His Time.

Jack—Well, how did you spend your vacation?

Bill—Monday I went to the races; Tuesday I went to—let's see—where—Tuesday I——

Jack—(interrupting)—You went to the pawnbroker's, of course. How about Wednesday?—Town Topics.

A Success.

First Surgeon—I performed a very critical operation yesterday, yet I rejoice to say that it was a success.

Second Surgeon—Ah—then the patient lived!

First Surgeon—No, he didn't, but the operation was a brilliant success.—Ohio State Journal.

His Mind Made Up.

Gibbs—It's no use arguing, my dear, I am going to give up our pew in church. I can't stand that new preacher any longer.

Wife—But, John——

Gibbs—But nothing, Maria. I haven't slept a wink for the last three Sunday mornings.—Tit-Bits.

A Light Sentence.

A gentleman now living in this city tells the following story of a negro in Tennessee whose son had been convicted of killing a fellow-workman. A few days after the trial the father was asked what disposition had been made of the case.

"Oh," he answered, "dey done send Johnson to jail for a monf."

"That's a light sentence for killing a man, don't you think?"

"Yes," answered the darky, "but at de end of de monf dey done goin' to hang 'im."—N. Y. Times.

Consoling.

"Take back your heart," the letter said.
With tears his eyes were wet,
Until he found the gift he'd sent
Must be with diamonds set.
—Puck.

DOUBLE PUNISHMENT.

Father—Stop, Elsie, how many more times are you going to play "The Maiden's Prayer?"

Elsie—Mamma makes me play it ten times because I didn't practice yesterday and ten times more because you came home late last night.—Fliegende Blaetter.

The Wise Virgins.

Their lamps were trimmed and burning—
So we learn from ancient songs;
They kept them that way, doubtless,
Just to heat their curling tongs.
—Chicago Daily News.

An Earnest Salutation.

"Ah!" said Biggs, as a prosperous-looking man who had cordially saluted Diggs passed on. "That's the way I like to hear a man speak. He seemed sincerely glad to find you alive and well."

"Yes," replied Diggs. "He probably was—he's the president of the company my life's insured in."—Brooklyn Life.

No More Suspense.

"Why did you insist on getting me an upper berth in the sleeping car?" asked the habitually austere lady.

"Well," answered her irrepressible niece, "you have been expecting for so many years to find somebody under your bed that I thought it might relieve your mind to have all doubts on the subject removed for once."—Washington Star.

Another Kind.

First Porter—We had two transom guests at ouah hotel last night.

Second Porter—Transom guests? You ought to learn to speak English. Say "transient guests."

First Porter—But dey wasn't. Dey got in ovah de transom and out de same way!—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

His Business.

"I hold," said the good feeder, "that no man has any business to work on an empty stomach."

"I have to do it very frequently," said the stranger.

"Then I'll bet you've found it does'nt pay."

"Usually it pays as much as $100. I'm a surgeon."—Philadelphia Press.

An Annoying Circumstance.

The crowds will greet the orator
With plaudits loud and clear,
But, somehow, now and then they fail
To vote the way they cheer.
—Washington Star.

WITH HER ALL NIGHT.

Mamma—Now go to sleep, Ethel; remember that little angels are with you.

Little Girl (in strange bed)—One of them is biting me, ma.—St. Louis Globe.

An Observation.

De big man ain' de one dat kicks,
An' acks so imperlite;
It's jes' de little yaller dog
Dat allus wants to fight.
—Washington Star.

Natural Conclusion.

"Henpeck has stopped smoking again."

"Why doesn't he get his wife to give him neckties instead of cigars for birthday presents?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

LOVE AND BUSINESS.

Women Nowadays Engage in Both of These Occupations.

...ory of an Indian G... Who Disposed of Four Husbands—A Texas Romance — Yankee Gowns in Europe.

[Special Correspondence.]

PERHAPS the most formidable enemy to married happiness is a disagreement in financial matters. "Where poverty walks in at the door, love flies out at the window," a true not only of those in the so-called higher walks of life, of whom we read most in this connection, but

MOLLIE FOXWATER.

through all grades of society, for poverty, as we all know, is but comparative. Circumstances recently brought to light exhibit a rather novel aspect of conjugal differences. Not long since a prospecting party discovered a quantity of bleached bones which, upon her arrest, a half-breed Osage Indian woman confessed to having formerly been the property of her four late husbands, who mysteriously disappeared in regular order.

This woman, Mollie Foxwater, educated, well featured, dark-skinned, has traveled widely. She states that on his deathbed her father informed her of the location of a rich mine which he secured after killing its Spanish owners. When needing funds, she visits this mine, which is so well concealed that she has no fear of its being found, and procures all the gold she needs. She declares that she felt a great affection for each of her husbands, treated them well and provided them with the luxuries as well as the necessities of life, but they all became restless and began to bother her with questions regarding the location of the mine, which she feels to be a sacred trust. She then unobtrusively placed them out of sight, and probably out of mind, for each, in his turn, was replaced by another to whom she was equally devoted.

She affirms that none of them ever did "a stroke of work" after marriage, and she fails to understand why they were unwilling to let well enough alone. They followed, and some threatened her, when she started to the mine for supplies. She asserts that she killed him in self-defense. Ten years ago a young man named Mercer, from Illinois, became her first husband. Shortly after returning from a long wedding trip, she stated that he had become tired and probably gone to his childhood home. After three years he was replaced by a farm hand named Grimes, who soon disappeared. Suspicion was aroused, but no proof obtained against her. Mr. Smith, his successor,

NELLIE HIGHTOWER.

was royally treated by his wife, with whom he journeyed extensively, carefree and expenses paid. In about six months his curiosity proved his undoing. He slept with his predecessors. This summer William Winters married Mollie and a few weeks ago his body was found near the road with evidences of slow poison in the stomach. In jail she confessed to the murders. Her Indian blood appears in her physique, but the white blood has dictated her literary pursuits and choice in travel. Her devotion to all her husbands was really marked.

This is not the first time this mysterious mine, the Louisiana, has appeared in history, but all that is known of its location is that it is situated in the Grand river hills, Cherokee Nation, I. T. Years ago white men returned to the east with fabulous stories of how the Indians shot golden bullets from the backs of gold-shod horses. Mollie Foxwater made her trips at night to this region, peopled only by full-blooded Indians, who hate a paleface. With her wealth was dearer than a husband.

However, true love often prompts men to daring deeds. This was proven, not long since, in Burlison county, Tex. Richard Forne desired to marry Nellie Hightower. Her father objected, and the young man nearly despaired of winning his good will. The three, with a number of others, were attending a picnic when suddenly Nellie was missed and an inquiry revealed that everyone was ignorant of her whereabouts. Her father, Col. Hightower, strolling along to look for her, came upon a sight the horror of which arrested his steps. His daughter reclined on a rocky ledge. In her lap a monster rattlesnake was coiled, swinging its head back and forth so near her face that its darting, forked tongue nearly touched her with every movement. She seemed in a perfectly relaxed condition, with her eyes fastened on those of the reptile. No one of those who had followed the colonel dared make a noise or movement less the poisonous fangs be driven into the helpless girl. When the father was about to rush forward with uplifted cane Richard Forne caught his arm and begged him not to move, for if the creature were startled the worst would immediately result. The man in horror demanded whether he should remain quiet and witness the awful death of his daughter. The young man craved permission to run the risk of shooting her in the hope of preserving her from the more horrible death. Col. Hightower immediately replied "Shoot quick, boy, if you love her."

Before the words were spoken his rifle was at Forne's shoulder and his finger on the trigger. A report, followed by a loud scream, blended with the colonel's last words, and all rushed forward to find that the best shot in Texas had scared the life out of the girl he loved. The spell which seemed to hold Miss Hightower was broken. Her arms tossed wildly as she sprang up, throwing the withering monster with its mangled head upon the ground. In a short time the girl could speak rationally, although her brain seemed clouded all day. The snake was one of the largest rattlers ever seen. Although a portion of the tail was destroyed, 26 rattles were found. It measured over six feet. The stories of men, birds and animals being hypnotized by snakes do not seem so strange when one hears Miss Nellie's

ELIZABETH WHITE.

experience. While resting, she saw two bright objects under a neighboring rock. They seemed to draw her attention, although she repeatedly looked away. Finally, after gazing a little longer than usual, she found herself unable to remove her eyes from the glistening objects which, as the reptile gradually insinuated itself towards her proved to be its eyes. She was all the time conscious and possessed of the utmost horror, but was unable to move or cry out. Her torture was indescribable, while she was unable to escape from the fascination. Of course, her affection for her deliverer was augmented, her father's objections overcome, and it is to be hoped that they will live happily ever after.

If there are women who are good hypnotic subjects, others win public notice in quite a different manner. A trust has been formed of about 15,000 American dressmakers, with Miss Elizabeth White as organizer and president, not exactly to carry the war into Africa, but to introduce American fashions into Europe. Miss White has just returned from a trip to Paris, Vienna, London and Berlin, where she has established depots where gowns of all descriptions, designed and manufactured by Americans, will be offered for sale. The headquarters of the association is at New York. Miss White declares that American fashions have, for some time, "been the rage" in Paris, which city she visits five or six times each year. French modistes revive old styles. Americans create new ones.

EDWARD JULIAN.

Laugh Was on the House.

A horse belonging to James Milligan, a contractor, engaged in digging out ground for the foundation of a new machinery store at Herald square, New York, was tramping on a wall next to the Hotel Aulic and was hitched to a hoisting rope. As it walked by the windows of the Aulic's kitchen there was an explosion due to blasting. The horse lost its balance, wavered a moment, and then tumbled over a ditch through a window into the Aulics kitchen, when it landed on a full soup tureen and several dozen plates and glasses stacked up on a table, where it reposed gazing around the room with mild reproach in its eyes. The waiters, who were having their dinner on a table close by, fled precipitately, and a crowd of unemployed tragedians indulging their thirst in the cafe hurriedly descended into the kitchen. After investigation, it was decided that the laugh was on the house, and not on the horse, and the tragedians returned to the cafe.

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