

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

A Foolish Will—Excessive Prudence—Abruptly Ended Its Journey—Quite Daft—Prepared for the Worst—Not in Stock—Thought It Unnatural, Etc., Etc.

"I pity Will with all my heart. But, oh, I fear that we must part. And that at once; For he has never seemed to care To cleave the circumambient air, And so I ask, why should he share My love, the dunce?"

"Now Tom can ride in splendid wise, In fact, he once lugged off a prize." (Just here she sighed.)

"So I must bid dear Will adieu, You'd do the same thing, wouldn't you? Although he's rich and handsome, too, He doesn't ride!"

—Cleveland Leader.

Excessive Prudence.

He—"You insist on my getting my life insured before we are engaged?"

She—"Yes—even before you ask papa."—Harlem Life.

Abruptly Ended Its Journey.

Bibman—"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

Magley—"Of course it did. Did you think it would go through?"—Tit-Bits.

Quite Daft.

"Our cook is crazy about bicycling." "Does she ride much?"

"Ride! She goes on her wheel to hang out the washing."—Detroit Free Press.

Not in Stock.

Floor Walker—"She complains that you didn't show her common civility." Shop Girl—"I showed her everything in my department."—Detroit Journal.

Prepared for the Worst.

"Now, when you ask papa for me, be sure to face him like a man." "You bet I will. He doesn't get any chance at my back if I can help it."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Thought It Unnatural.

Laura—"What do you think of Miss Van Dough's singing? It is entirely by ear." "Noble—"Goodness, I thought it could not be by mouth."—Pittsburg News.

Inexplicable.

He—"Yes, 'because' is a woman's reason—and it is about all the reason she has." She—"It is about all the reason she could have for marrying a man."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cannot Improve Perfection.

He—"I think when a fellow has an opportunity to kiss a pretty girl he ought to improve it." She—"How ungallant! Do you really mean to say that it could be improved?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cannibalistic Tendencies.

"Who is that young fellow?" "That's Jim Dowling, better known as 'Cannibal.'" "Why cannibal?" "His father is a retired missionary, and Jim lives on him."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A Back Number.

"It's strange," said the young woman, "how things go out of vogue. 'Tribby' has gone completely out of style." "Yes," said the young man in bicycle clothes, "she's a '93 model at the latest."—Washington Star.

False Prophets.

"They told me," said he to himself, "that when I married her I would be spoken of as Mrs. Bingle's husband. But they lied." "So they did," said she, who had overheard. "You are not spoken of at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Supreme Power.

"Do you mean to say," thundered the Court, "that you hold any human authority higher than the laws of the land?" "No," stammered the timid witness, "except when I'm at home. My wife makes the laws there."—Detroit Free Press.

Literally Described.

"I hear that our friend recently met with some serious reverses." "Yes," replied the man who wears bicycle clothes all the time. "I was with him when it occurred. He was trying to do some fancy riding and accidentally turned two backward somersaults."—Washington Star.

Artful.

James—"Do you always write a letter in such large script as you are using now? I could not help noticing it." Henry—"No; but this is to a girl. You know they always size a fellow's regard for them by the number of pages he fills."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Used a Jimmy.

"I overestimated my pull," said the man, with a trace of regret. He was a dentist, contemplating the molar that had defied his forceps. "But," he added cheerfully, "there is another influence I can bring to bear." He reached for his miniature crowbar with claw-hammer attachment and vindicated this opinion.—New York Journal.

Explained.

"So that young man says he would lay his fortune at your feet?" said Mabel's father. "Yes." "But he hasn't done so." "N-no." "And perhaps you can tell why?" "I guess, father, that he hasn't had it told yet."

Not Much Improvement.

"I suppose you've got rid of the girl in the next room who played the piano?" "Yes, but there's a woman in there now who keeps her husband awake half the night coaxing him for a new bicycle."

"Do you know the woman?" "Yes, she's my wife."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

A Natural Indignation.

"I want to have this man court-martialed," said the subordinate officer. "I doubt whether his offence is specifically provided for in any way, but something ought to happen to him."

"What did he do?" "He treats serious matters with undignified levity. I had just remarked that the haughty foe would never make me quail, when I saw a puff of smoke and dodged. He observed it, and with what I consider culpable flippancy remarked: 'The haughty foe may not make you quail; but it doesn't have any trouble in making you duck.'"—Washington Star.

A Soldier's Story.

The remains of John H. Herman, the old soldier who died last Wednesday, were buried Saturday morning at the Soldiers' Home. More than usual romance surrounds the career of the deceased. He came from Germany when quite a young man, and secured lucrative employment in Baltimore as a gilder, and in a short while had made a reputation in the line of his trade. One morning about twenty-seven years ago Herman suddenly disappeared, and for ten months his wife and family of little ones heard nothing from him. At the end of this time his wife received a letter, stating that he had enlisted in the army. For twenty-three years he remained in the service, being promoted from private to corporal and then to sergeant, and always re-enlisting as each term of service expired. During most of this time he was stationed in the West, and took part in many bloody encounters with the Indians. He was in the battle of Little Big Horn and at Wounded Knee. Finally his health gave way, and he became a total physical wreck. He obtained his discharge, came East and entered the Soldiers' Home in this city. Two years and a half ago a great desire came over him to see again his wife and children, now grown to their majority. He accordingly wrote to a friend in Baltimore, inclosing a letter to his wife, beseeching her to live with him again. His request was readily granted, and he removed to Baltimore. Three months ago he grew ill with cystic troubles, to which he finally yielded on Wednesday last. The last salute was fired over his grave Saturday morning.—Washington Star.

Dean Stanley and Jenny Lind.

Dean Stanley actually suffered from listening to music, and yet Jenny Lind once told Max Muller he paid her the highest compliment she had ever received. Stanley was very fond of Jenny Lind, but when she stayed at his father's place at Norwich, he always left the room when she sang. One evening Jenny Lind had been singing Handel's "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth." Stanley, as usual, had left the room, but he came back after the music was over, and came shyly up to the singer. "You know," he said, "I dislike music; I don't know what people mean by admiring it. I am very stupid, stone-deaf, as others are color-blind. But," he said, with some warmth, "to-night, when from a distance I heard you singing that song, I had an inkling of what people mean by music. Something came over me which I had never felt before—or, yes, I had felt it once before in my life." Jenny Lind was all attention. "Some years ago," he continued, "I was at Vienna, and one evening there was a tattoo before the palace performed by four hundred drummers. I felt shaken, and to-night, while listening to your singing, the same feeling came over me—I felt deeply moved." "Dear man," she added, "I know he meant it, and a more honest compliment I have never received in all my life!"—New York Ledger.

Restoration of the Sahara.

French scientists and explorers have been discussing the question of the restoration of the Sahara, and some of them entertain very hopeful views. M. Largeau thinks that the whole atmosphere conditions of the desert can be changed and universal cultivation made possible. Others, not so sanguine, despair of the more arid plateaus, but state confidently that in the depressed portions, such as the tamarisk, acacia, encalyptus and poplar can be grown with success. The poplar proves to be the tree of all others most capable of resisting the influence of the desert. Under the shelter of the trees all kinds of vegetables and fruits can be grown.

Let the Little One Sleep.

"God giveth His beloved sleep," and little children should have plenty of it. It is the tendency of the times to disregard this necessity; hence the increase of nervous diseases among our young men and women. Sleep means growth with young people, and unless there is much sleep there will be no healthy growth. Nature teaches a little child to lie down and sleep whenever it is weary, and after a bath or after its mid-day meal, and it is only through artificial influences that a little child leaves off the habit of taking a daily nap, and it is generally due to the mother's neglect that it is finally dispensed with. Yet the world often sympathizes with the mother rather than the child when toward night baby grows cross and fretful, while the mother often grows impatient, forgetting the long, tiresome day which the little one has endured. What wonder that these little ones grow up into nervous young men and women, with no constitutions to speak of!

Many grown people are pressed for time to accomplish all that they desire, and in their march for gold or daily bread, find little time to rest, yet there is no reason why they should begrudge their children an extra hour's sleep in the morning because they have an inherited idea that it is more healthful for them to rise early, and they fear that if they are allowed to sleep until they naturally awaken, habits of laziness will be formed which will mar their after lives.

Turned to Stone.

The Superstitious Mountains loom up from the arid desert to the east of the Salt River Valley. On the crest of this unique range, and in full view of the rarefied atmosphere for an immense distance from the plain, are hundreds of queer figures, representing men in all attitudes. When you look first you are sure they are men, and a second glance confirms the impression. They represent ball throwers, outlooks, mere viewers of the country roundabout, men recumbent and contemplative, others starting on a foot race, and in every conceivable posture and position. They are not real flesh and blood, however—nothing but stone selenite—yet it is impossible to convince the Indians, and some white men, that they are not genuine. They say they are real mortals turned to stone, petrified by the peculiar condition of the air on the mountains. The Indians will have nothing to do with the mountains. Their belief has grown out of an Apache legend handed down for hundreds of years. They have it that an ancient chief, who had learned of the curious character of the Superstitious Mountains, forbade any of his people to go there. A large band, however, one day discovered a way to get in by a precipitous route, and finally reached the top. It resulted as the chief had said—they never got down alive.

A Dent Clinch.

Cholly—I wonder if your father would fly into a passion if I were to ask him for you? Adelaide—Not if you tell him first that he looks twenty years younger since he shaved off his whiskers.—Cleveland Leader.

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I cannot speak too highly of Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine, for it has done so much for me. I have been a great sufferer from Kidney trouble, pains in muscles, joints, back and shoulders; feet would swell. I also had womb troubles and leucorrhoea. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and Blood Purifier and Liver Pills, I felt like a new woman. My kidneys are now in perfect condition, and all my other troubles are cured.—Mrs. Maggie Potts, 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Backache.

My system was entirely run down, and I suffered with terrible backache in the small of my back and could hardly stand upright. I was more tired in the morning than on retiring at night. I had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I have gained fifteen pounds, and I look better than I ever looked before. I shall recommend it to all my friends, as it certainly is a wonderful medicine.—Mrs. E. F. Moxon, 1043 Hopkins St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I had suffered many years with kidney trouble. The pains in my back and shoulders were terrible. My menstruation became irregular, and I was troubled with leucorrhoea. I was growing very weak. I had been to many physicians but received no benefit. I began the use of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine, and the first bottle relieved the pain in my back and regulated the menses. It is the best kind of medicine that I have ever taken, for it relieved the pain so quickly and cured the disease.—Mrs. Lillian Bippex, Box 77, St. Andrews Bay, Fla.

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