

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

Making Him Useful. "Did you ever hear about that book agent's hard luck?" "No, what was it?" "He struck a mesmerist. She hypnotized him into the back yard and made him beat carpets for five hours."—Detroit Free Press.

One Example. Freshy—Professor, is it ever possible to take the greater from the less? Prof. Pottersby—There is a pretty close approach to it when conceit is taken out of a freshman.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Holder of a Record. "Who is that lunk party with the medals?" asked the drummer. "That is our town champion," the rural grocer explained. "He has got his picture in the papers more times for being cured of more different diseases than any man in the United States."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Impostor. Tramp—Madam, will you give a hungry tramp tutha 't eat? I'll saw yer weed, now ther law— Woman at the Door—Gilt out! Yew ain't no tramp.—New York World.

"The Railing Passion." "He was a liar to the last," said the editor. "He was?" "Yes. He swore he would die with his boots on and they lynched him in slippers."—Atlanta Constitution.

Inconsequential. His Ludship—But you Americans make such a row about the most inconsequential things, don't you know? Miss Columbia—Yes, I suppose it does annoy you to be so lionized.—Detroit News.

Influence of a Good Face. "I have been told," said she, as they sat in a shady corner of the porch, "that you have rather a grasping disposition."

Not Forgotten. The Waiter—Beg pardon, sir, have you forgotten me? The Waited—Um—I believe I did see you somewhere a long time ago.—New York Journal.

Warding Him Off. Tolliver—Can you let me have \$10 for a week, old man? Duero—What weak old man?—Harlem Life.

Not Done Yet. Spats—They say electricity will run the world in the future, and that the age of steam is passed. Socrates—Oh, I don't know. There is a good deal of vaporing yet.—Pittsburg News.

Hard to Find. Ethel—You may ask papa, Mr. Van Ishe. Van Ishe—My darling, I'll never be able to find him. He owes me \$25.—Washington Star.

Her Age. He—This record says you were born in 1800. She—That is correct. How old would you say I am? "Oh, about 30."

She Doubted It. "I have been told," said she, as they sat in a shady corner of the porch, "that you have rather a grasping disposition."

He Wasn't Particular. "It was a funny thing," said the strange lady in the corner grocery, "but last Sunday my husband was the only man in the church who wasn't asleep."

Good Reason. She—It is remarkable what confidence that Mrs. Storms has in her husband. Believes everything he says. He—Well, why shouldn't she? "Why, man, he's a clerk in the weather bureau."—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Preference. Rose—Why do you prefer Charley Gillig to Fred Felton? I think Fred's twice the man that Charley is. Minnie—He may be, but Charley buys much the finer candy.—Cleveland Leader.

Naturally Surprised. "Did you know, children, that Methusalem completed nine centuries?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Didn't know they had bikes in those days," came from one of the bright ones.—Yonkers Statesman.

Her Thoughts About the Butcher. Fuddy—Between you and me, I believe my wife thinks more of the butcher than she does of me. Duddy—You don't mean it! Fuddy—I do, but I am not jealous. Duddy—Not jealous? Fuddy—You wouldn't be surprised if you knew what kind of thoughts she thinks of him.—Boston Transcript.

He Hoped Not. "William, I hope I didn't see you wink at that girl!" "No, my dear, I hope you didn't."

Not a Discourse on Extravagance. Wife (after returning from church)—You should have been at church this morning. We had a beautiful sermon. Husband—I'll bet you can't repeat the text.

More Likely. "Have you thrown over the bicycle for good, Miss Breezley?" "No, it was the bicycle that did all the throwing over."

Blissful Ignorance. Mr. Buffum—Is it a fact that you can neither read nor write? Illiterate—Don't know. Never tried to do either.—Boston Transcript.

His Good Works. Some well-intentioned person, catching another individual, inquired: "My good man, do you ever do anything to bring light and purity into the homes of your fellow-men?"

The Relationship. A small boy, after critically surveying the new baby, remarked to his mother: "He's got no teeth and no hair. He's grandfather's little brother, ain't he, ma?"—London Fun.

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Anecdote and Incident

A customer dropped into a book-seller's the other day (says the Bookman) and asked for a copy of "The Lady of the Aroostook." The clerk seemed to be in some doubt about the title, but after a moment's consultation with another salesman, he came forward and said, blandly: "So sorry we haven't got 'The Lady of the Aroostook,' but we can give you 'The Lady of the Tiger.'"

Stephen Girard, the infidel millionaire of Philadelphia, on one Saturday ordered all his clerks to come on the morrow to his wharf and help unload a newly arrived ship. One young man replied, quietly: "Mr. Girard, I can't work on Sunday." "You know the rules," "Yes, I know. I have a mother to support, but I can't work on Sunday." "Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you." For three weeks the young man could find no work; but one day a banker came to Girard to ask if he could recommend a man for cashier in a new bank. This discharged young man was at once named as a suitable person. "But," said the banker, "you dismissed him."

"Yes, because he would not work on Sundays. A man who would lose his place for conscience's sake would make a trustworthy cashier." And he was appointed.

Mark Twain once attended a missionary meeting in Hartford, at which a missionary made an address. After listening to the agonizing story of suffering, Mark Twain said to himself: "For God's sake, send that plate around, so that I can pour my sympathy into it. I'll give you these four one-hundred-dollar bills, and if you can get a piece of paper, I'll write a check for something more. I can very well spare a little money for a cause like that." But the lecturer went on talking, and as he talked, Twain's enthusiasm calmed. "And when the missionary had been talking for half an hour," he continues, "I had saved one of those bills, and when he had talked five minutes more two of those bills were mine again, and when he had been talking an hour I had won all four back, and, by gosh, when he finally did send that plate round, I borrowed ten cents out of it to pay my care-free home."

President Lincoln, when he was a young lawyer practicing in the courts of Illinois, was once engaged in a case in which the lawyer on the other side made a very voluble speech, full of wild statements to the jury. Lincoln opened his reply by saying: "My friend who has just spoken to you would be all right if it were not for one thing, and I don't know that you ought to blame him for that, for he can't help it. What I refer to is his reckless statements without any ground of truth. You have seen instances of this in his speech to-day. Now, the reason of this lies in the constitution of his mind. The moment he begins to talk, all his mental operations cease, and he is not responsible. He is, in fact, much like a little steamboat that I saw on the Sangamon River, when I was engaged in boating there. This little steamer had a five-foot boiler and a seven-foot whistle, and every time it whistled the engine stopped."

A member of Congress was going home very late a few nights ago (the Washington Post says), when he met a young man who was hopelessly drunk. The Congressman happened to know where he lived, and kindly guided him home. The Congressman had no sooner pulled the bell than the door was swung open and a tall and vigorous woman appeared. She said not a word, but grabbed the intoxicated young man by the collar and gave him a shaking that fairly loosened his teeth. Into the hall she shook him and slammed the door. The Congressman was descending the steps, when the door opened again and his friend flew out as if stung from a catapult. He landed at the foot of the stairs, and the Congressman picked him up. He was very much frightened, and he was almost sober. He managed to gasp out: "We don't live here. We—We moved last week." The really interesting thing would be to know what happened to the man who does live there.

The late Judge Richard Clarke presided in the Atlanta circuit of the Superior Court when one of the most remarkable murder trials was in progress. The evidence was conflicting (says the Washington Post), and the judge was called upon to charge the jury on some new and interesting legal points. The judge was a rapid talker. In this instance it was very important that every word he spoke should be correctly recorded, and he so cautioned the stenographer. Then Judge Clarke began. As he warmed up to his charge he was speaking at the rate of two hundred and fifty words a minute. Once he glanced toward the stenographer. That worthy official seemed to be half-sleeping over his work and apparently writing very slowly. "Mr. —, are you getting my words down correctly?" asked the judge. At this the stenographer seemed to wake up. With little concern he replied: "That's all right, judge, fire away. I am about fifteen words ahead of you now."

Kind Fate having taken me to Paris (says a writer in the Sketch), I sat in a corner of the Cafe de la Paix with a native Parisian. Soon a cohort of ragged muffs invaded the boulevard with the last edition of Le Jour. My friend stayed a panting gain, produced a French penny, and took his five centimes change. I stared a bit, for the boy was so poorly clad that a profit on the paper might have been looked for. "We are very different from you Londoners," remarked my friend, guessing my unspoken thought; "you poor have a code of honor—they work for their living. If I had offered that paper-boy the change, he would have told me that he worked for his living, and did not beg. I should have insulted him with the gratuity." I said nothing, but thought a great deal. Some half-hour later the same boy reappeared. I bought a copy of his paper, and gave him twenty centimes so ostentatiously that my friend could not fail to see me. There was a grin of monstrosity, and the gamin turned the corner, probably

Force of Freezing Water. The thickest artillery shells are burst by the expansive force of freezing water.

Sharks of Old. The modern shark is deteriorating. In ages gone by there were ferocious sharks, such as would make a mouthful of you without blinking. 70 feet in length. Plenty of their teeth have been found which are 3 inches in length, whereas the biggest of the teeth belonging to sharks that exist at the present day are 1 1/2 inches long.

Did Not Miss Fire. A Greensburg, Pa., mother while chastising her 12 year old son, the other day, exploded several packages of toy pistol caps which were concealed in the youth's hip pocket. When the smoke had cleared away she discovered that the family was out one suit of boy's clothing and had a badly lacerated son to care for. This is another warning to mothers to make sure their sons are not loaded before applying the padding. You are liable to find almost anything in a boy's pockets.

The Way of Women. "I wish you would help me with this letter, Harry." "Well, dear, what's the difficulty?" "I don't know what to put in the postscript."—Pick-Me-Up.

A man should not be called stingy because he refuses to be held up and robbed by a ticket selling deud; he should be called sensible.

TO STOP LONDON'S GROWTH.

Sixteenth Century Laws Designed to Stop Overcrowding of Population. It is a curious feature in the growth of London that it has always been considered to be overbuilt. As far back as 1580 it was forbidden to erect new buildings, "where none had existed before in the memory of man"—the reasons given that "it was calculated to encourage the existence of the plague; create a trouble in governing such multitudes; bring about a dearth of victuals; multiplying of beggars, and an inability to relieve them; an increase of artisans more than could live together; impoverishing other cities for lack of inhabitants." The decree also stated that "lack of air, arose out of too crowded a city." But it was impossible to stem the increasing tide of population. The only result was to cause overcrowding, which proved a still greater evil than overpopulation, and led up to the horrors of the plague year. Even at the beginning of this century, when London consisted of 100,000 buildings, standing in 8,000 streets, it was decided that London was overcrowded and too big; and there was an outcry because the parishes had to pay \$10,000 per annum to scavengers for removing ashes and refuse from the houses, whereas in former years the scavengers used to pay the parishes \$25,000 for the privilege of taking away the ashes for brickmaking purposes. Those were evidently the days of the "Golden Dustman." Yet building went on, until 1873 there were 6,132 miles of streets and 528,704 inhabited houses. During the Queen's lifetime cobble roadways have almost disappeared; cabs and omnibuses have come into vogue, railways have supplanted the stage coach; the toll gates which met Londoners at every turn have been pulled down; the Fleet prison has gone, with others which had rivaled its evil reputation; Templar bar has been removed; and endless changes effected.—London Standard.

Rather Too Literally. Instances where clerks and others—literally new hands—put rather too literal an interpretation on instructions given to them come within the knowledge of perhaps the majority of employers. Some of these cases are by no means lacking a flavor of the ludicrous.

A rather raw youth, recently fresh from school, was one evening directed to call next day on his way to business and collect a small debt from a retail tradesman.

"It has been overdue six months. Don't come away till you get it," said his principal decisively. Midday arrived and the youth put in no appearance at the office. The afternoon wore on, and still he was absent. Just before closing time a messenger arrived with a note from the debtor.

"Your clerk, armed with a thick stick, has been sitting in the shop since 8:30 this morning. He says he cannot leave till he gets the money. I am unable to give it to him, but I promise faithfully to pay on Saturday. Am I to lock him up with the shop or not?" Needless to say the faithful guardian was withdrawn.

Engaged a new porter, the manager of a manufacturing firm particularly impressed upon him the need of always carrying out his orders to the letter. Soon afterwards a customer, for whom a special article had been made, objected to the price and said he would not pay it. Threatened with a law action, however, he withdrew his protest. The article was then sent home by the new porter.

"But don't part with it unless you get the money. He's a tricky fellow," were his instructions. At the customer's house the porter held out his hand for the money. "Here it is," said the gentleman. "But first give me the goods."

"No," said the porter, "not till you give me the cash." So they faced each other, wrangling for half an hour when the porter turned to his employer with the goods, to know if, in the circumstances, he might slightly vary the procedure.

Wouldn't Take Him Long. It is a great satisfaction for a man who possesses learning and a large amount of general information to have also a small son whose bump of curiosity is largely developed, because then the learned father has a never-ceasing opportunity to show off his knowledge.

A friend of one such gentleman—a man of science connected with many learned societies—relates an incident which occurred in his household. This scientific gentleman was going out of his house in a hurry one day, and had his overcoat on and his hand on the door knob, when one of his boys called him.

"Father! before you go will you please tell me something?" "I haven't time now?" "Oh, it's only a little thing!" "Won't it wait till I get home?" "I might forget it."

"Try to remember it—that would be good practice. Good-by." "But it won't take a minute!" "Are you sure?" "Of course!" "Well, go ahead. What is it?" "All I want to know is, how do they work miracles? and how do they make condensed milk?"

And the small boy thought it was very unkind because his father insisted upon postponing the answers until his return home.

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Believed in Either Mode.

"Why didn't they have that baptizing out at the creek the other day?" "It rained furiously while they were on their way out, and before they got half way there the man who was going to be baptized said he was not prejudiced in favor of either mode, and he believed it wouldn't be necessary to go any further with the ceremony."—Chicago Tribune.

The new yacht for the emperor of Russia is a boat of 5,200 tons displacement. Her length is 370 feet, breadth 80 feet 8 inches and depth 33 feet 6 inches. She has been fitted with engines of 10,000 horsepower and is valued at \$480,000.

Next to an Approving Conscience. A vigorous stomach is the greatest of man's blessings. Sound digestion is a guaranty of quiet nerves, muscular elasticity, a hearty appetite and a regular habit of body. Though not always a natural endowment, it may be acquired through the agency of Hostetter's Stomach Balm, which fortifies those who use it against malaria, and remedies indigestion, constipation and rheumatism.

Not Really Living Then.—Ella—Hella says that she has seen but twenty summers. Stella—She ain't counting the years before she had a wheel.

TEA GARDEN DRIPS. Try it, and you will find it better and sweeter syrup than you ever tasted before.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS. We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Fitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "FITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "FITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which CHAS. H. FLETCHER is President.

MARCH 5, 1897. SAMUEL FITCHER, M.D.

CHEAP IRRIGATION. The Hercules Gas Engine Works of San Francisco, Cal., the largest builders of gas, gasoline and oil engines on the Coast, are making extensive preparations for the season's business.

They are filling several orders for large irrigating plants and as this line of their business increases each season, it is safe to say the farmers throughout the State are appreciating the advantages of irrigation with water pumped by this cheap power.

The Hercules Works are at present building an 80 H. P. engine for Geo. F. Packer, Colusa, which will raise 6000 gallons per minute from the river and distribute it over his land. This will be the largest gasoline pumping plant in existence.

TEA GARDEN DRIPS. Sweetest and richest flavored table syrup ever made. Try it.

Brown—But he has lost one leg and both arms. How did she ever come to fancy him? Towne—He's a renegade.

One Guess for every yellow ticket—in every package of Schilling's Best tea. Don't send coupons; save them for something else.

Rules of contest published in large advertisement about the first and middle of each month.

Power for Profit. Power that will save you money and make you money. Hercules Engines are the cheapest power known. Burn Gasoline or Distillate Oil; no smoke, fire, or dirt. For pumping, running dairy or farm machinery, they have an equal. Automatic in action, perfectly safe and reliable.

Send for illustrated catalog. Hercules Special (24 Actual Horse Power) Price only \$185. Hercules Gas Engine Works, 221 Bay St., San Francisco, Cal.

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AMERICAN TYPE FOUNDERS CO., Prop's. (PALMER & REY BRANCH.)

405-407 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms. Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

Mrs. DELLA WATSON, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio, says: "I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend it to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."

FISCHER'S CURE FOR BRUISES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Compound for Bruises. Cures in 10 to 15 minutes. Sold by druggists.

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