

GOOD LOOKS.

There are more wrinkles in the face of a baby monkey than there are in that of an old baboon.

DOGS OF INTELLIGENCE.

A Strict Sabbatarian and a Traveler in Hansom. The Ladies' Kennel Journal consists of a number of dog anecdotes selected from many sources, new and old.

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.

HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

As the train pulled out of Chicago a quiet, gentlemanly looking man entered the buffet car, and, uncaring himself in a comfortable chair, drew out a long cigar and entered deeply into his paper.

FOR EVERY BICYCLIST

Champion Michael Advises Use of Paine's Celery Compound.



James Michael is the champion long distance bicyclist of the world. He recommends all wheelmen to take Paine's celery compound.

TEA GARDEN DRIPS.

Sweetest and richest flavored table syrup ever made. Try it.

When your liver is inactive, when you are dull and drowsy by day and at night, take Lash's Kidney and Liver Bitters.

HORRID TORTURE.

This is often felt in every joint and muscle of the body by those who, by neglecting to treat the earliest twinges of rheumatism, neglect to treat the malady, as they may say, in its infancy.

One hundred and twenty firemen are required to feed the furnaces of a first-class Atlantic steamer.

Enlarged Joints, From Rheumatism.

Such a Condition Indicates a Chalky Deposit and is Seldom Cured—There is Hope in Some Cases, However.

From an Enriching of the Blood. Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt, wife of Mr. John Pratt, one of the oldest settlers in Olmstead County, Minnesota, for many years has been painfully afflicted with rheumatism in its most aggravating and inconvenient form.

Viola, Olmstead Co., Minn., August 24, 1896. "A little over ten years ago I discovered that the joints of my fingers were enlarging, and very sore. I consulted many physicians, with some slight relief at times from pain, but the joints grew larger and larger, and my neck, shoulders and limbs were so stiff that I could not move them without great pain.

"I started my farm three years ago and have stocked it with shells which I obtained, in many instances, far out at sea. To grow shells successfully, however, according to my experience thus far, the water must not be too deep.

"I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from \$200,000 worth up to almost five times that amount."

"I shall never forget," observes Mrs. Phelps-Ward, "the tone and manner with which he turned toward her. 'Oh,' he cried, 'I meant to give you happiness! And I have given you pain.' 'His accent on the word 'pain' was like the snarl of a wound.'"

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A Pearl Farm.

There is only one pearl farm in the world. It is in the Torres Strait, at the northern extremity of Australia, and belongs to James Clark of Queensland.

Mr. Clark, who is known as "the king of the pearl fishers," originally stocked it with 150,000 pearl oysters. Now 1,500 men—200 of whom are divers and 350 vessels are employed in harvesting the crop.

"I have been 15 years engaged in pearl fishing," Mr. Clark told a correspondent of the Melbourne Age. "I began in a small way and have given the fisheries my close attention during all this time. My experience has led me to the belief that, with proper intelligence in the selection of a place, one can raise pearls and pearl shells as easily as one can raise oysters.

"I started my farm three years ago and have stocked it with shells which I obtained, in many instances, far out at sea. To grow shells successfully, however, according to my experience thus far, the water must not be too deep.

"My pearl shell farm covers 5,089 square miles. Over most of it the water is shallow. In shallow water shells attain the greatest size, and, besides, it is hard on the divers to go down deep for them.

"I ship my pearls to London in my own vessels. The catch each year runs, roughly speaking, from \$200,000 worth up to almost five times that amount."

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Mother—Instead of beating the cat, Willie, I wish you would assume yourself with your doll.

Willie—Yes; but when I beat the cat he howls, and the doll doesn't.—Boston Globe.

Her Weakness. She—You took the words right out of my mouth.

He—You mustn't talk while I'm kissing you.—New York Journal.

Between the Lines. "She says she's 25, but she's 35. I can read it between the lines."

"What lines?" "Those on her face."—Harper's Bazar.

On the Hip. Tenant—Our house is in a frightful condition, Mr. Quarterday. One of the walls has bulged out three or four inches.

Landlord—Ha! Then the house is larger and I shall have to raise your rent.—Philadelphia Press.

His Little Weakness. Inquiring Tourist (in Oklahoma)—What kind of a man is your pastor, the Rev. Jack Jones?

Alkali Ike—Finest kind of a feller! Hain't got but one fault in the world—he's so danged quarrelsome when he is drunk.—New York World.

An Odd Antediluvian. Teacher—Nonn sailed forty days and forty nights.

Dick Hicks—And did it all without a yachting cap.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Job for Ex-Presidents. What shall we do with our ex-Presidents? Why, set them to minding the baby.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

How Could He? She surveyed her lord and master as he lay snoring in the stupor of intoxication. She wrung her hands.

"Oh, how can he drink so!" she wailed.

"How can he?" she continued. "Especially when I don't allow him more than a dollar a week out of his salary for spending money."—Indianapolis Journal.

Causes Belli. "Why does Mrs. Van Meter hate Mrs. McMaisters so cordially?"

"Somebody told her they looked enough alike to be sisters."—Detroit News.

A Definition. Freddie—What's a sickle, dad? Cobwigger—It's to cut grass with, my boy. Sometimes you will see a tramp carrying one around with him in the winter when he is looking for work.—New York Journal.

Very Quick. Mrs. Farmer—You say you are a sufferer from quick consumption? Weary Willie—Yes, lady; these five-minute hand-outs is suthin' fierce.—New York Truth.

Thoughtful Husband. Jagsen Bowles (murmuring in his sleep)—I'll bid nine.

Mrs. Brown (not yet asleep)—Poor dear! he's always trying to buy me something handsome at those lovely auction stores.—Omaha World-Herald.

Flooring the Teacher. Teacher—Johnnie, spell needle. Johnnie—N-e-d-l-e.

"Why do you put the t there?" "Every needle has a eye, hasn't it?"—Philadelphia Call.

A Disgusting Sight. Mudge—I think a woman on a bicycle is one of the ugliest sights there is. Yabsley—She isn't half as disgusting as a spectacle as a fellow on a tandem with your own best girl.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Forced Smile. Mother—Tommy, what on earth is baby crying for?

Tommy—He's angry with me, mamma, because I was trying to make him smile with my glove stretcher.—Punch.

The Difference. "There is no occasion for you to envy me," said the prosperous person. "I have as many troubles as you."

"I allow you to do, mister," admitted Dismal Dawson, "but the difficulty with me is that I ain't got nothing else."—Indianapolis Journal.

Corrected. Mrs. Gray—It's positively disgraceful. Black has begun courting again before his dead wife is hardly cool.

Mr. Gray—My dear, I think you wrong Black. I happen to know that his wife was cremated.—Minneapolis Times.

Not Plagiarism. Spats—Hackley is being accused of plagiarism in his last book.

Socrates—I would not say that. He was merely collecting his thoughts.—Pittsburg News.

On the Vestibule Limited. Mrs. Slowboy—Say, Mister Conductor, don't this train stop at Plunkton? Conductor—No, madam. It doesn't even hesitate.

A Contradiction in Terms. Johnny—What is civilized warfare, papa?

Papa—Well, Johnny, a great many people think there isn't any such thing.—Twinkles.

Thoroughly Cured. "George, I hope your boy will never smoke."

"I don't think he ever will. I guess I've thoroughly cured him of all liking for cigars."

"How did you do it?" "I kept him in the room while I smoked one of those cigars you gave me Christmas."—Plain Dealer.

An Enjoyable Performance. She—I understand that Mrs. Krocket played on the piano at the reception last night. Did they appear to enjoy her performance?

He—Oh, immensely. It was the most enjoyable time of the whole evening. Everybody was talking away as if they would split their throats.—Boston Transcript.

No Opportunity to Observe. Mrs. Gasket—Is Mrs. Snopper much of a talker?

Mrs. Ricketts—I don't know, I'm sure; I've never sat in the same box with her at the opera or been with her in a whist game.—New York World.

Not Hard. Sillicus—Is your pugilistic friend a hard hitter?

Cynicus—I've never known him to strike anybody for more than fifty at a time.—Philadelphia Record.

Palatine Method. Mrs. Achem (reading)—The Chinese are a cheerful people. In China, while the dentist pulls the tooth an assistant stands by and drowns the lamentations of the victim in the noise of a large gong.

Mr. Achem—So they have adopted the painless method of extracting teeth in China, too, eh?—Norristown Herald.

A Lesson in Arithmetic. Elphalest—Uncle Ephrim, if yo' kin neck fow shirts under three yahds, how many shirts kin yo' git from one yahd?

Uncle Ephrim—Well, hown hit depends on whose yahd yo's in.

A Mistake. "Of course," said the jeweler, "you meant well, but don't do it again."

"What do you mean?" inquired the man in charge of the repair department.

"You charged that last man so much that instead of having his old watch fixed he bought a new one that I had marked down to cost as an advertisement."—Washington Star.

When to Stop. Ted—Do you think it right to teach a young fellow to play poker?

Ned—Certainly I do. But be sure to stop playing with him as soon as he begins to understand it.—New York Journal.

A Queer Chicken. Mr. More, a chicken fancier of Great Bend, Pa., has a queer chicken. It is a Plymouth Rock, two years old, but in addition to all the characteristics of a fine cock, possesses the natural instincts of a hen. He crows and fights and conducts himself as most chauticleers do; yet he has been known to adopt chickens, mother them, scratch and peck for them, raise a note of alarm when danger appeared and fold them under his wings at night.

He raised two broods of chickens last year. As soon as the chicks hatch under a hen, Mr. More removes them to a small cop, in which the cock is placed. He immediately adopts them, and is a model mother until they are ready to shift for themselves.—New York Press.

Horseflesh in London. The meat inspectors of London have discovered that not only is horseflesh served to unsuspecting customers in the metropolis as beef, but also that goatflesh masquerades as venison at many restaurants.

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HE GOT HIS ANSWER.

As the train pulled out of Chicago a quiet, gentlemanly looking man entered the buffet car, and, uncaring himself in a comfortable chair, drew out a long cigar and entered deeply into his paper.

He remained so quiet and retained his seat so long that another passenger, whose bearing distinctly stamped him as a commercial traveler man, one of the kind full of chatter and curiosity, could no longer restrain himself.

Addressing the quiet gentleman, he inquired, "Traveling east?"

Slowly removing his cigar, the gentleman turned and looked at his questioner with slightly elevated eyebrows, replying, "Yes."

"New York?" "Yes."

"Pleasure?" "Yes and no."

"Great place, New York. Ever been there before?" "No."

"I'm going home this trip.—New York, you know."

The gentleman made no reply, but resumed his paper. After a little silence the commercial man began again.

"I'm with G. & Co., on Broadway. If you drop in, I'll show you over the city."

"Thank you, it will not be necessary."

"Excuse me, but might I ask what you're going to New York for?"

By this time most of the other passengers were interested. The gentleman, who was extremely annoyed at the drummer's curiosity, laid down his paper and exclaimed:

"I'm going to New York, first, because the train is taking me there; second, because I've got lots of money and can afford it, and, last, because if I like the place I intend to buy it."

The commercial man subsided amid a roar of laughter.—Philadelphia Times.

The Center Table. Some one recently has spoken a word in favor of the old time center table, and it would indeed be a good thing could it be restored.

The very presence of its bright lamp, its periodicals and its books suggests sociability and delightful intercourse. The very opportunity it offers for the drawing up of many chairs is a silent invitation, and it so possesses a subtle charm that it is all its own.

What we most need in our modern social life are informal gatherings where companionship can be enjoyed without the preparation and the fuss attendant upon a dinner or a reception. And, as the center table may properly be called a promoter of just such happy homes, it would be well were it once more given a place.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Following Precedent. "I'm too practical to do as heroes do in books, Miss Slight, so I'll just ask you bluntly, will you be my wife?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Terse. I myself don't believe in those silly, bookish notions, and as the silly bookies always say, yes, I'll tell you bluntly, no, sir, I won't."—Philadelphia North American.

YOU HAVE BACKACHE

Get Rid of It!

It is a sign that you have Kidney Disease; Kidney Disease, if not checked, leads to Bright's Disease,

and Bright's Disease Kills!

Because the Kidneys break down and pass away through the urine.

Heed the Danger Signal

and begin to cure your Kidneys to-day by taking

Safe Cure

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's.

Blood Poison.

Contagious Blood Poison has been appropriately called the curse of mankind. It is the one disease that physicians cannot cure; their mercurial and potash remedies only bring up the poison in a more violent form, resulting in a total wreck of the system.

Mr. Frank B. Martin, a prominent jeweler at 926 Pennsylvania Ave., Washington, D.C., says:

"I was for a long time under treatment of two of the best physicians of this city, for a severe case of blood poison, but my condition grew worse all the while, notwithstanding the fact that they charged me three hundred dollars.

"My month was almost eaten away, my tongue was S.S.S. After I had taken four bottles, I began to get better, and when I had finished eighteen bottles, I was cured sound and well, my skin was without a blemish, and I have had no return of the disease. S.S.S. saved me from a life of misery. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) will cure any case of blood poison. Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SSS

FOR EVERY BICYCLIST

Champion Michael Advises Use of Paine's Celery Compound.



James Michael is the champion long distance bicyclist of the world. He recommends all wheelmen to take Paine's celery compound.

Cheapest Power.

Rebuilt Gas and Gasoline Engines.

In Guaranteed Order. For Sale Cheap

Hercules Gas Engine Works,

57 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H. P.

PRINTERS' SUPPLY HOUSE,

American Type Founders' Co., Proprietors.

PALMER & REY BRANCH

405-7 Sansome Street, San Francisco.

Medical.

DR. RICORD'S Restorative Pills, the great nerve tonic and specific for exhausted vitality; physical debility, wasted forces, etc.; approved by the medical celebrities of the world. Agent, G. STEELE, 635 Market St., Palace Hotel, S. F. Price, box of 50, \$1.25; of 100, \$2.50; of 200, \$5.00; of 400, \$8.00; preparatory pills, 25¢. Send for circular.

CHILDREN TEETHING. Has your child teething? It soothes the child, soothes the pain, always all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. It is the best of all.

Send for our No. 21 Catalogue of Vehicles and Harness. Lowest Prices. HOOKER & CO., 10-18 Drumm St., San Francisco, Cal.

BASE BALL GOODS. Special Rates. We carry the most complete line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods on the Coast. Send for Our Athletic Catalogue. WILL & FINCK CO., 819-820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. BEST IN THE WORLD. In wearing qualities we unsurpassed, actually containing two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oil. USE THIS GREASE! CALIFORNIA MECHANICAL and Druggist generally.

FISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS