

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Statistics—She Knew Better
In the Surfs—By Easy Stages,
Prison Statistics.

The superintendent of the Texas penitentiary, at Huntsville, to a newly appointed agent: "You have the privilege of making at any trade you please. The keeper on duty will be glad to see you."

Another gentleman in the same institution wanted to be a sailor.—[Texas Herald.]

SHE KNEW BETTER.
Mrs. Jay-Smith (to grocer)—Ten pounds of sugar.
Grocer (as customer walks out)—I beg pardon, but you didn't pay for that sugar.

BY EASY STAGES.
You—Have you asked Beatie yet?
You—What did she say?
You—That she would take vanilla.

THEIR CONSOLATION.
Heaven, the folks who cannot swing their flight to cooling fountains, for themselves and meekly sing: "From Greenland's icy mountains."

TWELVE GOOD MEN AND TRUE.
Lockins—You were on the jury in a murder trial, weren't you? What the verdict?
Lambson—Acquittal.
In spite of such evidence? What excuse had you?
Lambson—None.

BIS SHINING VITTE.
"I have got a boy," said the proud father, "who is destined one day to shine brilliantly in the political firmament."
"Shows an aptitude for statecraft, eh?"
"No, but he can't write a letter."—[St. Joseph News.]

SHE WAS AWARE OF IT.
Miss Scudds (rejoiced)—I'd have you know, Miss Scudds, that I'm no claim.
Miss Scudds—I know that, Mr. Old-Clams do not live to be 60 years old.
Epoch.

A GOOD OPINION OF HIMSELF.
A brass (after Suively finishes a fish)—Well, I like a liar!
Suively—You egotist!

SHE FISHING FOR SMALL FRY.
Where are you going, my pretty maid?
"I'm going fishing, sir," she said.
"Then fish for me, my pretty maid."
"I have no minnow hook," she said.
—[New York Herald.]

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.
Miss Amy—Shall I play Beethoven's "Moonlight" for you?
Young Dolley (eagerly)—Do you really mean it?
—[Argosy.]

HIS GREAT SORROW.
"Poor man!" exclaimed the impulsive, heart-hearted lady, "you look as if you know some sorrow."
"You are right, mum," answered the blind tramp, gratefully accepting the alms and bowl of fresh milk, "I died."

"May I ask what it is?"
"Yes, mum," he said, with his mouth full, "I lost both parents when I was a child, but a small boy."
"And you no friends?"
"Yes, mum. I had an uncle. I lived with him until I was a good sized chunk of a boy, and then he died."
"And had you no other friends?"
"Only an aunt, mum. I went to live with her next. I was very happy at my aunt's, till—"

"Don't speak of it, my poor man, it awakens painful memories."
"It breaks me all up, mum; but there's no use in coming. My aunt—she—"

"No, she was a widow, my aunt was, and she set up and married again. Married a mean, stingy, ornery old man. He drove me out of the house before he had been there three weeks."
"And then?"
"And then, mum," said the dejected wanderer, a frightful spasm of pain distorting his face at the recollection, "I had to go to work."—[Chicago Tribune.]

COLD COMFORT.
A couple from the humbler walks of life came before a justice of the peace to be married, when the ceremony being over, the bride began to weep copiously.
"What's the matter?" asked the new husband.
"I never told you that I don't know how to cook," sobbed the bride.
"I'm a poet."—[Texas Siftings.]

INSANITY IN THE FAMILY.
Doctor—Your husband appears to be a little down, anxious, and overworked; I see no signs of insanity.
Mrs. De-fa-shion—I'm sure he is in his right mind. Insanity runs in his family, you know.

VERY DULL.
"Anything new, dear?"
"No, things are dreadfully dull."
"Engaged to that little monkey De-fa-shion again?"—[Epoch.]

A TENDER CORRESPONDENCE.

Corra to Jake—Dear Jake: Come tomorrow evening, sure. Papa's at home, but is laid up with a sore foot. See? Corra.

Jake to Corra—Dear Corra: I can't come to-morrow evening. I am laid up on account of your papa's sore foot. See? JAKE.—[New York Herald.]

VALUABLE AGRICULTURAL ADVICE.
A Maine farmer recently sent a ten-cent stamp to a man who advertised to send, for that amount, the way to run a farm without being troubled with potato bugs. The answer received was as follows: "Plant fruit trees instead of potatoes."—[Boston Journal.]

AND IT IS PRESUMED HE DID.
"If you think you're going to collect any money from me," said Ardup, doggedly, as he handed back the bill, "you're away off. You can't draw blood from a turnip."

"Maybe not," replied the man with the bill, peeling off his coat, "but I'm going to see if I can't pound a little out of a dead beat."—[Chicago Tribune.]

OH!!!
Carruthers—What do you think of Brobson's new diamond?
Waite—It would make an excellent paper weight.
Carruthers—That's the way he got it. Waite—What do you mean?
Carruthers—He had to pay per weight!

MR. C.—So I see Miss Clara is going to marry Mr. W., the rich young lawyer?
Miss E.—Yes; she found she couldn't very well refuse to accept a legal tender.

A STUDY IN COLORS.
Harry—Belle has a deliciously rich complexion.
Jack—Yes, and she has a father who is deliciously richer.—[Epoch.]

BRUTAL.
She—It is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.
He—Yes. It is better for the florists, for the jewelers, and sometimes even for the lawyers.—[Harper's Bazar.]

THERE CAME A PALL.
Alas, alas, she is engaged, I'm sad as sad can be.
In fact I'm wholly mad—engaged.
For she's engaged to me.
—[New York Herald.]

FILLED THE BILL.
"We have no use for bear stories," said the editor. "Our readers demand something spicier."
"Well," said the man with the manuscript, "this story is about a cinnamon bear."—[Indianapolis Journal.]

A GREAT MANY BIRTHDAYS.
Miss Ortum—Papa, you know, gave me a large cake on my birthday, and studded it with gold dollars—one for each birthday of my life.
Miss Quizz—How nice! And have you spent them all yet?
Miss Ortum—Yes. I bought this new cloak with them.
Miss Quizz—Oh, isn't it just lovely! But you must have paid a big price for it?—[Bazar.]

IT ALL DEPENDS.
"What do you conceive to be the chief end of man, doctor?" asked the Freshman.
"Well," returned the professor thoughtfully, "it all depends. If you are going in for scholarships, I should say the head; if for foot-ball honors, the foot is the end to be cultivated."—[Bazar.]

BELL-PATE'S STORY.
Dullpate (proudly)—Every one laughed when I told that funny story at the table.
Miss Brighteye—Yes, it was real mean of them to laugh at you.—[Good News.]

OBJECTED TO THE QUALITY.
"I'll be doggoned!" exclaimed young Emerson of Boston.
"Don't use such slang," pleaded his sister; "say canine deserted, not doggoned."

A Word to Mothers.
Good mother, maker of numerous pies, mender of numerous hose, overseer of a great province—a household—rest a little, advises a writer in Living Issues. Have a chair by the stove, and when you peep into the oven, sit while you look, yes, even a moment after; you will work all the faster for the short change of posture. While mending have your chair in the coziest corner, where good light will come in, and let the sun strike upon you if possible, so that you may get the strengthening, health-giving influence of it. Drop your hands occasionally and let them rest. Let your eye wander out through the window-glass as far as possible and rest your eyes by looking at something interesting out of doors. Don't rule all the time. Drop the reins of household government for a little while, unbend yourself and sit down on the rug and play with the children, and, as it were, become again a child.

Economize your strength. Sit when you can. Do not hold the baby when it can rest and grow just as well in its crib. By resting when you can, by planning the work to be done, and by being systematic and orderly in all things, a woman's work at home is more easily done.

War-locks.
Compared with the long ages of un-kempt savagery, the era of hair-clipping implements is but of yesterday, and Professor Konrad of Munich, suggests that the fushing of a scalp-mane of a primitive warrior may have served the purpose of striking terror into the hearts of his enemies. The Semites and Caucasians may thus have secured their start in life in the struggle for existence against their wool-headed rivals, and there is no doubt that the plan of the protective contrivance in question is quite in keeping with the business methods of nature. The bristling fur of an enraged wildcat adds at least one-fourth to its apparent size, and the appearance of a hostile savage, with his top-full standing on end, might be approximately realized by teaching man a baboon to march on his hind legs.—[New York Voice.]

THIS FROM BILL ARP

Who Dilates Upon the Love of a Mother.

Mrs. Arp's Fight With the Croup. Remedies World Without End. The Philosophic Pair Discussing Medicine.

CARTERSVILLE, GA., August 1.—The most vital, prominent and beautiful trait in our humanity is the maternal instinct. The love and care which a mother has for her offspring is the saving grace of childhood. Without it the little helpless things would perish in their infancy, and the world become depopulated.

For years and years I have watched these mothers—watched and wondered—and to my mind there is no greater proof of the love of God to the human race than the sense, all-absorbing love of a mother for her child. This love is not founded in any philosophy that we can understand. Why does one child more than another? Why does one own ill-favored, fretful, troublesome offspring more than the beautiful, affectionate child of her neighbor? There are 65,000,000 people in the United States, and everyone of them had a mother—I reckon—though the scriptures do speak of "men that is born of woman," like there might be some other sort somewhere. Perhaps 65,000,000 of them had a mother's love and care during infancy, and if that love and care could have been exclusive, uninterrupted and unimpeded by outside influences what a world of good people we would have.

I was ruminating about this the other night, because about midnight, "when deep sleep fallen upon a man," but not upon a woman with an infant child, there was an alarm up stairs, and my wife struck a match and hurried up to find the little grandchild suffering with the croup. There is nothing in the world that comes so suddenly, and with such a sharp, metallic, rattling, crowing sound that death seems right at the door, and what is to be done must be done quickly or not at all.

The anxious mother trembles and piteously begs for help—help to save her child, her only child, but Mrs. Arp has raised her from the cradle to courtship time, and they have all had the croup, a good deal of croup, and it is hard to scare an old soldier; but still she has a holy horror of this insidious, night-loving, treacherous disease, and she goes to fighting it like killing snakes. Syrup of ipecac is her favorite remedy, but she uses warm lard and turpentine, and flax seed, and onion juice, and cologne, and Dover's powder, and liniment, and warm water, and lobelia and nitrate of silver and some other things when necessary, according to circumstances, and some of them always do the work and bring relief, and I have thought that if a small portion of all these remedies was put in a bottle and well shaken before taken, it would cure most any infirmity that flesh is heir to.

We were talking about the alarm we had the other night and I remarked that the inflammation of the mucous membrane of the larynx was always attended with—
"It was croup," said Mrs. Arp, "the child had the croup."
"Of course," said I, "but you know, my dear, that when all the trachea and bronchial tubes become partially obstructed with false membranes—"

"The child had the croup," said she, "it was a clear case of old-fashioned croup."
"Under such circumstances," said I, "it is essential that the inner surface of the larynx be suffused with absorbents, and the outer epidermis be subjected to counter irritants because—"
"Syrup of ipecac is better than either," said she, and so I subsided.
The next morning, after a case of croup, my wife begins with cologne and quinine to work off the cold, and she generally prevents a return. She takes the lead as the family doctor, and keeps on hand a pretty fair drug store. All that I have to do in such emergencies is to stand around and watch her, and move with alacrity and wait on her, and fire up the stove and bring hot water, and spill some of it on my bare feet and never flinch. It croup was the only infantile trouble our conjugal life would have had a fair share of felicity, but there has been the war and tear and anxiety of feeding and colic and scaria and whooping cough and measles and mumps and wounds and bruises without number, but it's all over at last, for the croup is laid by. We are playing patriarchy now, and helping these young mothers when we can, but we have lost lots of rest and our old age is calm and serene. Mrs. Arp is, I know, for she is on the more than I ever knew her, and I have my carriage to go in either, and she is president of a missionary society, and takes missionary papers, and takes all my little money, into, and the tennis court is right close to the church where the missionaries meet, and I never know where she is exactly, and last night she went to the blind man's meet, and I had to stay at home with the young mother and her child for fear of a seizure.

That is all right. Mrs. Arp she would stay if I wanted to go, but she didn't say it very strong, and I me kly told her I didn't care to go, so it's all right. I wanted the young mother to go, too, and leave the child with me, but she looked surprised and said: "No, indeed, I wouldn't leave my child for all the shows in the world."
And that's why I was ruminating over the maternal instinct, and I wish that it prevented all over the world, and would keep these city mothers more at home, instead of going to the theaters, and operas and every night and leaving their tender offspring with a nurse or some poor, tired old mother. If a woman has so little children, and wants to preach or exhort or do something to get her name, nobody ought to object, provided she is fit for the business; but there are not many of that kind in this part of the country—not enough to surprise and alarm the press or people—and so we will not make any fuss about it. Ninety-nine out of a hundred had rather be mothers at home than speakers abroad, and always will, I reckon.

It is the maternal instinct that makes women the best teachers in the world, and the pupils are generally of tender years. Tender is the word—the right word. When a boy gets tough he should be taught by a man—and he generally is. A tough, rough boy has no business in a woman's school. It is fit that a woman should teach and train the young children. Her kind manners and womanly sympathy, patience and gentleness, her mother's training or lack of training at home. Just as a little girl loves her doll, so does woman love a child—anybody's child. Just as a little boy does not love a doll, so does not man love other people's children. Thanks to the human progress, women are now the educators of children on all this broad land. There is nothing in the calling that militates against their modesty or purity of thought, or seclusion from contact with the world, but how far beyond this woman can go, and yet preserve her womanly modesty, her self-respect and the respect of the opposite sex, I do not know.

We read that the warlord of Szechuan was interviewed the other day, and was asked what was the prime cause that brought the prisoners there. It seems that the law makes it his duty to obtain a short biography of every one, and he answered promptly: "The lack of parental control at home and moral training in the schools."
And yet there are fathers who turn their boys loose at an early age, and if a conscientious teacher tries to restrain them it provokes a war and raises a rumpus all over the town. The old landmarks are better than the new ones in this regard. There are like house-crawlers, parents who go by my house every day, and I see a young boy, and I have seen them beg them of a passing negro, and yet these parents wouldn't believe it if told, and perhaps would be very indignant if they were punished for it by the teacher. What man would give his boys a playmate, his office, or his store, or his house? What

man would trust them with his accounts? It is not upon a taxpayer, who has no children to be compelled to help educate other people's children, and he is only reconciled and submits because it is best for the state that all her children should be educated. There is a growing, increasing doubt upon this subject, especially considering the tax that is upon us to educate the negro children, and the ill the good and less thanks we get for it. There are many conservative thinkers who object to being taxed to educate the children of the wealthy, but who would submit cheerfully to a tax for the poor. Private schools are becoming more popular than public schools, because there is more heard in them and better associations, but if we must have public schools let the parents stand by the teachers and sustain them. They are the best watched people in the world, for besides the board of trustees every child is a detective and every mother a sentinel on the outposts. It takes a smart man or a gifted woman to please them all.
BILL ARP, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE LABOR WORLD.

WE have 1,000,000 railroaders. MEXICO has no shoe factories. CHICAGO wants a labor temple. CHINESE are leaving California. NEW YORK carvers work eight hours. CHICAGO has 1100 union longshoremen. NEW YORK has an Italian labor paper. BROOKLYN engineers run a labor bureau. THE GERMAN Government runs lace schools. CHICAGO has a railway employed hospital. CHINESE matting workmen get five cents a day.

TURKEY's working day is as long as the sun shines. BIRMINGHAM (Ala.) miners get forty-five cents a ton. LINCOLN (Nebr.) unions will build a \$40,000 labor palace.

Texas Nebraska railroads will fight the new eight-hour law. THE Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators has 300 unions. NEW YORK Hebrew trades unions have a naturalization bureau.

LOUISVILLE colored men struck against working with Italians. THE Steam Railroad Men's Union, of New York, has 5000 members. ITALIAN employes of New York sweaters have decided to do no more work at home.

THERE are twenty-six engineers and sixty firemen always on board the City of Paris transatlantic steamship. COMPLAINTS about lack of hands for farm work come Central Georgia, from the West, but particularly from New England. Good pay waits the farm hands everywhere, but they seem to be missing or unwilling to work.

By a new law in India the employment of women and children is not allowed before 5 o'clock in the morning or after 8 o'clock in the evening, and no woman shall be actually employed in any factory in any one day for more than eleven hours and no child more than seven hours. No child under nine years of age is permitted employment.

The Powerful King Snake.

The king snake is the most powerful snake in this country, and is the conqueror of every other species. He wages a constant war upon rattlesnakes, moccasins, vipers and all others, and nearly always swallows his victim. Recently a large king snake, says a correspondent of the Atlanta Constitution, was discovered making a meal of a coachwhip much larger and longer than itself. The coachwhip was yet alive, but the king waded around it and had swallowed its head and about a foot of its body. When the king snake was set at liberty it ran around awhile until it struck the track of the other and then darted off in pursuit.

Judge Pittman was fishing on the bank of a river and saw a coachwhip swimming across from the opposite side. It landed and struck out through the woods. In a little while he saw a king snake in pursuit, which landed at the same spot and disappeared in the woods on the track of its game.

The king snake grows to great size, and is as strong as an ox. It is black, with small white stripes around the body. Their tenacity of life is marvelous. They have been known to crawl off after their heads were washed into a jelly.

Bison vs. Buffalo.

The buffalo of Italy and other parts of southern Europe is an entirely different species from the bison (usually but erroneously called buffalo) of North America. Smaller than that animal, it is yet larger and more powerful than our domestic ox, with large horns which it lays back upon the shoulders when walking or running, owing to a habit of carrying the head with the muzzle projecting forward. It is a native of the East Indies, and was introduced into Italy in the sixth century. As it is very hardy in warm climates and marshy lands, and adapted to carrying heavy loads, it is a useful beast of burden, though the flesh is not as good as that of the ox. The female gives a large quantity of milk of a very good quality. There is also a buffalo in southern Africa which is usually called a distinct species, and is known as the Cape buffalo. This has never been domesticated, but doubtless might be tamed and used if taken young. It is very large, standing five and a half feet high and measuring eight feet from horns to root of tail. The horns are large and long, and carried in the same manner as those of the species spoken of.—[Boston Cultivator.]

The Lizard's Love of Music.

A contributor to the Spectator writes with reference to the discussion of animal aesthetics: "I should like to give you one of my own experiences. When in Switzerland two years ago I made the acquaintance of some lizards, living in the crevices of one of the sunny walls of our garden. As I had somewhere heard that lizards have a good ear for music, I resolved to prove the fact; so one afternoon, armed with a small music-box, I wended my steps to their tomato-covered home. Before I had finished the first tune a considerable audience had collected—an audience it was a pleasure to play to, for the lizards were far more attentive than human beings. Out peered head after head, a little on one side, in a listening attitude. I gave my little friends a musical entertainment, varied by whistling, nearly every day, and before long they got much bolder and would venture right out of their holes and lie motionless on the broad ledge of the wall, their bright black eyes half closed as a rule, but opening now and then to give me a lazy wink of enjoyment."

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