

## THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

**A Very Different Matter—Mathematical—The Way of It—She Would Manage the Business, Etc.**

"I am married, dear father," I cheerfully wrote, To the truest, most loving of wives; My income is—ugh—but the wealth of our love Will last to the end of our lives."

"You're discarded forever!" he hotly replied, "How dare you wed poverty, shame? 'Tis a sin uncommitted by all until now Who have boasted our family name."

By the way of reply I indicted him thus: "There's a misunderstanding I fear; My income is—ugh—but her income, dear dad, Is exactly five thousand a year."  
—*Toronto Mail.*

### Mathematical.

Visitor—"Well, my little man, have you any brothers?"  
Freddy—"Yes, I have one, but my sister Stella has two."

Visitor—"Why, how can that be?"  
Freddy (in some astonishment)—"Me and my little brother, of course."—*Grip.*

### The Way of It.

"Why did you strike the plaintiff?" was asked of a prisoner in the Police Court the other day.

"Because he said I was no gentleman."  
"Well, are you a gentleman?"  
"I don't suppose I am, sir; but it made me mad to be told of it, all the same."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### She Would Manage the Business.

"John," she said softly, "have you been saying anything about me to mother lately?"

"No, replied John, "why do you ask?"  
Because she said this morning that she believed you were on the eve of proposing to me. Now I do not wish you to speak to mother when you have anything of that kind to say. Speak to me, and I'll manage the business with mother."  
And John said he would.—*Boston Courier.*

### No Time to Lose.

Convalescent (to physician)—"I see your bill, doctor, calls for \$10. How much do you charge a visit?"

Physician—"Two dollars."  
Convalescent—"But you only called three times."

Physician—"Five times, my friend, three times for treatment and twice for my money."

Convalescent—"I guess I had better hurry and pay up."—*Epoch.*

### Brothers and Sisters.

"Now, Bobby," said his sister, sharply, as the boy opened the parlor door, "you get to bed at once!" Then she went on:

"No, Mr. Sampson," she said, gently, "I can only be a sister to—"

"In that case, Miss Smith," interrupted young Sampson, chokingly, "I may as well get to bed at once;" and winding his Newmarket around his form, he strode mournfully homeward.—*Life.*

### In Business Circles.

Coal Dealer (to capitalist)—"I'm trying to organize a retail coal Trust, and want your help."

"Is there any money in it?"

"You bet there is! I'll do all the work and take seventy-five per cent. of the dividends, and you furnish the capital and take the other seventy-five."

"But, my dear fellow, there can't be more than one hundred per cent. of dividends."

"Rats! You don't know anything about the coal business."—*Puck.*

### Blessed be the Peacemaker.

Fred D., five years old, had to learn a verse to recite at Sunday-school. His verse was, "Blessed are the peacemakers." He did not exactly understand what it meant, and his mother explained it to him, telling him that whenever he saw two boys quarreling or fighting, he must be a little peacemaker and try to stop them.

The next night as he was being undressed he said: "Mamma, I was a little peacemaker to-day."

"Were you?" said his mother, "how?"

"I saw two little boys fighting in the street and I stopped them."

"That's a good boy," said his mother, giving him a kiss; "and how did you part them?"

"Why, I just ran up and fired stones at them till they stopped fighting and ran away."—*Boston Globe.*

### Love's Fear.

Dear Friend—"That gentleman who boards at your house seems to be very attentive to you, my dear."

Sweet Girl—"He is and I—I love him. but, oh, what a risk I am running. We are engaged."

"Risk?"  
"Yes, it nearly breaks my heart when the thought comes to me that he may not love me for myself alone but—boo-hoo!"

"Calm yourself, my dear. Why should he marry you if he does not love you?"

"He—he owes mother three months board."—*Oma's World.*

### Life in a Village.

Stranger—"Pretty little village this."  
Native—"Yes, we pride ourselves on its beauty."

S.—"I have always lived in the city, but when I see such a charming place as this I sigh for the quiet and repose of village life. One, however, gets so used to the excitement of a large city that life in the country would be tame, dull; in short, one would die of ennui."

N.—"Think so?"  
S.—"Oh! yes, village life is so calm, so peaceful, one would forget that one belonged to the world and leave it."

N.—"Well, stranger, I don't know much about the excitements of the city, but I know something about those of a village. We've got two sewing circles here, a church choir, a brass band and an amateur dramatic association, and if you move out here, it won't be with ennui that you will die, you bet."—*Boston Courier.*

### Warned.

"Who is that lantern-jawed old chap standing over there, eating pie?" asked a facetious young man from the East of the belle of the evening at a Missouri ball.

"That's my brother, Hen," was the icy reply, "an' when I tell 'im what you've said, he'll lick—"

"Oh, you misunderstood me, I meant that long, lank dandy with the clay pipe there by the window."

"That's my beau, young man, and he'll dandy you in 'bout a minit an' two seckinds! Oh, he'll—"

"You surely misunderstood me, I meant that grinning old cuss standing by that fat, ugly old woman in the green dress."

"Them's my paw an' maw, mister, an' if you want to git out of this county alive you'd better start fer tall timber right off. I'll give you fifteen minutes start an' then I'll turn Bill an' my beau an' paw an' maw loose, an' they won't leave a grease spot where you stood last if they kitch up with you. Now you clear out fast!"—*Tid-Bits.*

### Eagles Fight to the Death.

As Hardy Delong and his son Reuben, who live on Black Lake, about eight miles from Ogdensburg, N. Y., were driving along the high way, they saw a large bald eagle sitting on the fence. He was covered with mud. His head was cut and bleeding. Arming themselves with sticks they pushed him off the fence. Though he fell upon his back he showed fight with his talons, but the men captured and put him in their buggy.

Upon closer examination they came to the conclusion that this bird had been engaged in a life and death struggle with something to them unknown. They then began a search, and in a field close by found another bald eagle lying dead. It also was covered with blood and cut and torn about the head and body in a way that must have caused his death, and showing conclusively that he had succumbed to the superior endurance of the bird just captured. Both the live and dead eagles were taken to Mr. Delong's home. The dead bird measured six feet six inches from tip to tip of his wings. The live eagle was shut up and fed, and has improved in strength quite rapidly.—*New York Herald.*

### In the Market Place.

"You have a very sour look this morning," remarked a cucumber to his neighbor, a dyspeptic strawberry.

"Yes," was the tart reply; "one is necessarily unpeevishly affected when compelled to associate with such a seedy party as you are."

"And how by any other name 'twill smell as sweet," shouted an onion near by, with a peel of laughter.—*New York Sun.*

## IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO.

THE CURIOSITY SHOP THAT ARTISTS BUILD AND WORK IN.

**Away From the World—What He Does Up There—Clay, Plaster and Marble—Death Masks.**

It was an ideal. The very atmosphere was different from that outside. Spanish moss hung in great wavy bunches on the wall, while here and there were photographs and medallions. Bits of bright ribbons gave a coquettish effect, and contrasted with the sombre drab of the moss, just as summer does with winter. The mantel was covered with pictures, bits of sculpture in clay and plaster, and a score of sea shells. The room was full of models, easels, casts and busts.

"Where are your hammer and chisel, and marble?" asked a reporter for the *Atlanta Constitution.*

She sculptor laughed heartily. "Now, how many people in Atlanta do you suppose think that a sculptor's first and only work is in marble, and with a hammer and chisel? No, the art is all in clay—every bit. Putting it in marble is merely mechanical. It is just as if we molded in clay, and then by some chemical process could change the clay into marble. There is no art in that—it is all in the clay. After a death mask is perfected, a mold in plaster will be taken, and then it will be put in marble."

"What is the use in changing it into plaster? Why not take the measurements direct from this?"

"It's too soft, and you cannot allow it to harden, for it will crack and draw. There is the death mask of Judge Lochrane. I am making a marble bust of him, and it is being put into marble now."

The mask referred to is in plaster, and being taken by direct impressions from the face of the dead, the mask is a vivid reproduction—the whole effect being heightened by the pallid color. The features were perfect. The eyes were closed as if in sleep, and the general expression is one of peace and of rest.

This was taken soon after death, and the features are perfectly natural.

"That is taken," explained the sculptor, Mr. Fransee, "by impression, the soft plaster being spread over the features, and blown carefully into each crevice and wrinkle. That forms the mold, and the cast is taken by simply running in plaster."

"How do you make a medallion?"  
"From photographs, and then perfect them from life."

"Suppose the model is dead?"

"Then the best of all aids is the death mask. That's true in making a bust as well. But if we haven't that we get as many photographs as we can—front, three-quarters and profile, if possible. Then we work in clay until it is as near perfect as we can make it from what we have to go by, and then get criticisms upon the work from those that knew the dead. After the clay model is perfect the art work is complete."

"Is that clay in a solid lump?"

"Oh, no. We build a frame of straw usually for a bust, and for a larger statue a frame or skeleton of wood or iron. Gas pipe is splendid."

"Where does the clay come from?"

"It is potter's clay from Ohio. I like the New York potter's clay better, though, and we shall begin using it soon."

"Can you use the same clay over and over?"

"Oh, yes. The same clay would last a life time, but, of course, it is wasting continually."

"Why not use the common clay?"

"It is never free from mica scales and grains of sand. That ruins an artist's tools. Then it is not so pliable nor so cohesive."

"Where does the marble come from?"

"Italy. We can use only Carrara marble. For two thousand years those mines have been worked and there has been no substitute. By far the closest imitation comes from Western North Carolina, and I believe that as they mine deeper, the marble will become as pure as Carrara."

### A Fine View of Humor.

Dumley—"Do you know anything about Grimesby, Brown? He asked me to lend him a hundred dollars this morning."

Brown (laughing uproariously)—"Haw, haw, haw!—asked you to lend a hundred dollars! Well, well! If I had Grimesby's vein of humor I wouldn't be in the fish business. He is a funny dog."—*New York Sun.*

## Why Rain Does Not Fall Equally in All Places.

We have learned that rain is caused by the cooling and condensation of the moisture in the air. Bearing this in mind, let us study the surface of our country and see why the rain does not fall equally on all parts of it instead of falling very abundantly in some places, as in New England and some of the Gulf States, and very sparingly in many parts of the West, as in New Mexico and Arizona.

The winds which blow to this country from the south and east, being warm tropical winds, can hold much moisture, and are full of this invisible vapor of water which they have taken from the Gulf of Mexico and the ocean. Coming to the cooler land, they gradually cooled. Their moisture, therefore, falls as rain while they pass over the land, till, by the time they reach western Kansas and Colorado, the moisture being gone, no more rain can fall. But the winds which come to this country from the north and west are colder than the land, and, as they sweep over it, toward the south and east, they gradually become warmer; so that instead of giving up their moisture in the form of rain, they are constantly taken up moisture from the earth. It is for this reason that our north and west winds are dry winds, and mean fair weather; while the south and east winds bring rain. For this reason, also, the Eastern and Southern States have an abundance of rain; while the Central and Western States are very dry.

And there is still another point to be considered. We already have noted the fact that at great heights the air is cooler. Hence, when a warm wind full of moisture comes blowing across the country and strikes a mountain range, it bends upward and rises high in the air to pass over. In so doing it becomes cooled, giving up its moisture, and passes over to the other side a dry wind. It is for this reason that some islands, like the Hawaiian Islands in the Pacific Ocean, where the winds blow almost always from the same direction, are subject to almost continuous rain on one side while on the other rain is exceedingly rare. This also shows why California, west of the Sierra Nevada mountains, receives sufficient rain to make the soil fit for cultivation; while Nevada, on the east, is nearly rainless and barren. The moisture coming from the south and east is all condensed by the Alleghany, the Rocky, and the Wahsatch ranges; while that from the west is cut off by the Sierras. Hence, the great extent of country known to geologists as the Great Basin—which reaches from Oregon on the north to Mexico on the south, and from Colorado on the east to the Sierras on the west, comprising an area of not less than 200,500 square miles, which is nearly equal to the whole of France—receives over a great part of its surface an annual rainfall of not over four inches, and is therefore a desert.

### A Comfortable Room Secured.

A gentleman from Fresno, Cal., registered at one of the principal hotels in this city, but as there was no room vacant at the time he was told to return in the afternoon. His luck was no better on his return, as more rooms had been engaged by telegraph than a hotel of double the size of the one in question could contain. He was a little indignant, and told the clerk at the desk that, by Jove, he would stop there anyhow, and offered to back his boast with \$100. Among the guests of the hotel was a young lady from the same town as the gentleman, and for whom the would-be-guest of the hotel had a liking. He went to the young lady, told his predicament and determination, and asked the young lady to marry him. She consented, and together they went to the parson and were married. It is sufficient to say the gentleman made good his boast.—*San Francisco Alta.*

### When a Great Artist Begged for Bread.

Jean Francois Millet, the greatest of all modern artists, lived a life of poverty. A sad story of the lack of appreciation of that which is truly great was told to the lecturer by Mr. Quincy Shaw, of Boston. That gentleman possesses about thirty of Millet's finest works, and among them a little picture of a peasant girl, with a head that might be a Leonardo. This picture Millet had taken to every picture shop in Paris to sell for thirty francs—only \$6—to buy food for his starving family, and now the picture would fetch \$15,000. This was one reason why the lecturer advised any one of his hearers who wished to paint to paint for love of the art only.—*San Francisco Alta.*