

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Greater than Herrmann—A Saving Philosopher—Rice at the Fair—He Didn't Jump, Etc.

"That Parisian trick—the Vanishing Lady—that Herrmann does is a great one," said Jones. "He covers a lady with a veil, and after a little man riving removes the veil, and the lady has disappeared."

"That's nothing to a young lady in our boarding house," answered Brown. "I have seen ten or twelve persons in the parlor, and this young lady come in, sit down to the piano, and begin to play and sing. In two minutes all the rest had disappeared. Talk about Herrmann! He ain't a patch to her."—*New York Sun.*

A Saving Philosopher.

Wandering philosopher—"Yes, my dear sir, I've reckoned up that by walking down town to my business every day I have saved \$300 in the last ten years." Indifferent fellow (who always rides)—"And your health is better, too?" Philosopher—"Oh, much better." Indifferent fellow—"Well, I am out that much. Good day!" Philosopher—"Ah—by the way could you lend me \$5 for a few days?"—*New York Graphic.*

He was an Estimator.

"What's all this crowd doing here?" asked a stranger, as he found the pavement blocked in front of a Broadway store.

"Why," replied a bystander, "the proprietor offers a prize for the closest guess as to the number of beans in that bottle."

"How are the guesses running?"

"From 900 up to 15,000."

"Oh, pshaw! Why, there must be at least 100,000 beans in that bottle."

"Where might you be from, stranger?"

"I'm from the West. I've been out there estimating the population of cities from the number of names in the directories."—*Tid-Bits.*

Rice at the Fair.

Everybody, almost, knows what a wide out short-up figure Billy Rice, the minstrel, has. Well, about two weeks ago (at least so we are informed) Billy was at an agricultural show in a one-night-stand town, and as he stood in a thoughtful attitude contemplating the exhibit, the editor of the county paper and a farmer passed by.

"Look there," whispered the editor, "that's Rice."

"Where?" inquired the farmer.

"There," said the editor, pointing toward William.

"Rice?" repeated the farmer inquiringly.

"Yes."

"Well, by gosh, it's the funniest rice I ever seen. It looks a blame sight more like a punkin. Let's go an' take a look at it."

Billy met the farmer half way and paralyzed him.—*Washington Critic.*

He Didn't Jump.

Sunday afternoon a man suddenly appeared at a three-story window in an unfinished building on Grand River street and seemed to begin preparations to commit suicide by leaping to the pavement. A crowd of forty or fifty people speedily gathered in a half-circle below, and although all seemed to be aware of what was going on not a voice was raised to prevent the stranger carrying out his designs. He removed his coat and looked down as if estimating the distance. Then he removed his vest and looked down again. Some of the crowd asked each other in low tones if his intention was to jump, and were answered that there was no doubt of it. The man removed his collar and tie after his vest, and then spit on his hands and took his position square in the window. No one below moved a foot. There was half a minute of silence, during which everybody mentally calculated on the exact spot he would strike, and something like a shudder passed over the crowd. Then the unknown spit on his hands once more, raised them above his head, and calmly remarked:

"My friends, this is to inform you that I shall occupy this building November 1 with a large and well selected stock of staple and fancy groceries. I shall do a strictly cash business, and it will be my aim to —"

But the last one had turned the corner. —*Detroit Free Press.*

The Fatal Folding Bed.

An expression of profound gloom on the face of a friend led to inquiries which elicited a tale of sorrow and suffering. "Do I look mournful?" he asked. "Do I bear the appearance of a man whose soul has been entered by the iron of adversity? Well, that's the way I feel."

"You know, I moved day before yesterday. Well, hurt by the unfeeling remarks of my late landlady and the fact that she retained my trunk (as a gage d'amour, I suppose) I sought the seclusion of a West Side boarding house. The room is pleasant and the man who occupies the other half a very nice fellow. Night before last I went home early, and when ready my new chum boldly approached an innocent-looking piece of furniture, and after a little sparing for time let in with right and left and brought to view a comfortable bed. I had never seen a folding-bed before, and was a little astonished."

However, I made no remarks but turned in. Last night my chum was out, and I didn't know what to do. I loafed around the room, now and then casting a glance at the folded bed and admiring its compactness and air of gentility, but somehow I did not feel like tackling it all by myself. But it had to be done. I remembered that my chum had first lifted the top. I did that. But when I let go it came back with a slam that started the baby owned by the second floor front into a wild symphony of woe. Then I sat down and thought. To gain time on the bed I undressed. Say, did it strike you as chilly last night? No? Well, it was. Indeed, it was cold. The combination of that fact and my abbreviated costume urged me to renew the attack. This time I pushed the top past the center of the spring, and when released it went on with a noise loud enough to arouse the pug in the room across the hall. By that time I was reckless. I seized a strap and pulled. The whole thing began to come. I strapped it half way and considered. Considering was hard work. So was holding. I pulled. It came, and I went. But I didn't go far enough, and the bed caught me. I was underneath. The Charleston man on the floor below dreamed he was at home.

"Well, when I got out and took an inventory, I was minus considerable skin, but the accession of my eyebrow balanced things. The bed was open, but the middle was way below the average. But I was too impatient to be particular. With considerable emphasis I turned out the gas and rolled in. As soon as I hit the bed it shut up—that is, as close as it could. It was close enough. For about ten minutes I would have swapped places with any one of the seven anarchists and given him odds. When I got out of that place there was not enough left of the bed-clothes to make a respectable bandage. I know, because I tried it. What I suffered you will never know."

"This morning the landlady informed me, that had she known I was subject to delirium tremens, she would have refused the admittance that gave me a chance to ruin the reputation of her boarding house. As I left the house the boarders poked their heads out and whispered: 'That's him; he had 'em bad last night,' and similar encouraging remarks."—*New York News.*

How \$20,000 Were Saved.

Omaha Banker—"Can't leave your office? Why don't you get a boy to look after it?"

Omaha Lawyer—"Have tried about a dozen and not one was worth keeping. Don't want another one around."

"Why, I saved \$20,000 by an office boy once."

"Eh! How was that?"

"I sent him with a message to a broker, saying that I wanted a large quantity of a certain stock. Well, that stock went way down to zero the very next day."

"You must have been badly caught."

"No, I saved \$20,000."

"Saved \$20,000. How under the canopy could that be?"

"Well, you see I didn't have any of the stock because the boy lost the message."—*Omaha World.*

It is the most humiliating of our continental disgraces that a man can steal \$500,000 in the United States and be protected from punishment by the Canadian government. And it is a sad commentary on our civilization that the two greatest nations of the earth can't agree upon a plan of extradition which shall not be in favor of thieves and rascals.—*Chicago News.*

SCIENTIFIC TRUTH

REGARDING THE FUNCTIONS OF AN IMPORTANT ORGAN.

Of Which the Public Knows But Little—Worthy of Careful Consideration.

To the Editor of the Scientific American: Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 2 years, concerning disorders of the kidneys and the organs which diseased kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced, except in favor of TRUTH. It is needless to say, no medical Journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place it in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ, you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through these filters or sewers, as they may be called, many times a day as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes. From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from sixty-five gallons of blood each hour, or about forty-nine barrels each day, or 8,125 hog-heads a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We slice this delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior. We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn; filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and three-lined, starting from the arteries ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the kidney first begins.

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a thousand and one other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; these delicate membranes are irritated; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally unable to do their work. The pelvic sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is passing through this terrible, disgusting pus, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment! Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have pure blood and escape disease? It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestiferous doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along in every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption in weak lungs, dyspepsia where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. It increases its stroke in number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the result.

But the medical profession, learned and guided, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part, constantly adding fuel to the fire from these suppurating, pus-laden kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say: "My kidneys are all right, I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney disease of so bad a char-

acter that the organs are rotten, and yet they have never there had a pain nor an ache!

Why! Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where there are few nerves of feeling to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When you consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order! Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer! Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is! It is lurking about us constantly, without giving any indication of its presence.

The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined by any means we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down.

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, to 93 per cent., as shown by after-death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

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