

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

THE CHOICEST OF THE SAYINGS OF OUR FUNNY MEN.

Robinson was Happy—Fell with a Thud—A Generous Bootblack—His Little Boy—How it Worked, &c., &c.

THE PICNIC SEASON.

Now his we to the picnic ground,
With pies of peach and custard;
Where divers snakes meander round,
And frolic in the mustard.



DIDN'T MATTER.

Wire-Puller—Well, Spilkins, I trust that we shall give you a handsome majority when election comes on.

Spilkins—I don't care if it's as homely as a brush fence so long as it's a majority.

A THUD.

The dramatic personne in this little moralette for flirtatious young women are Miss Amy, Miss May, her sister, and Alfred, Amy's suitor.

Alfred—Then you will not marry me, Amy?

Amy—I cannot, Alfred. You have no money.

Alfred—I had not, but I made \$500,000 in Wall street last week.

Amy—Then, love, I am thine.

Alfred—Too late, I proposed and was accepted by your sister May.

May (entering)—Are you ready, darling?

Alfred—Yes, sweetest. We will go right away to Tiffany's.

They go. The curtain and Amy fall with a dull thud together.—Town Topics.

NEAR-SIGHTED.

"So you ran away with one of the Smith twin-girls, eh?"

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Hanged if I know. I'm so near-sighted."—Town Topics.

I TOLD YOU SO.

Brown—You don't look very happy, Robinson.

Robinson—No. I left off my flannels this morning and caught cold.

Brown—That's bad.

Robinson—Oh, I don't care anything about the cold, but my wife told me I was leaving them off too soon.—Life.

AT THE ACADEMY.

Young artist (to friend)—Charley, do you see that lady and gentleman who are looking at my picture and talking in such low, earnest tones?

Friend—Yes.

Young artist—I wish you would saunter carelessly by and find out what they are saying. It looks like business.

Friend (after sauntering carelessly by)—She is blowing him up, Gus, for taking off his flannels so soon.—New York Sun.

REVENGE.

Arthur, who is forbidden to speak at the table, had his revenge the other day. As dinner began he was uneasy, and finally said, "Ma, can't I speak just one word?" "You know the rule, Arthur." "Not one word?" "No, Arthur, not until your father finishes the paper."

Arthur subsided until the paper was finished, when he was asked what he wished to say. "Oh, nothing; only Nora put the custards outside the window to cool, and the cat has been eating them up."—Harpers' Young People.

ANSWERED PROMPTLY.

He was talking to a Kentucky audience on the subject of the tariff. Said he: "Take whiskey, for instance," when every man in the audience arose with the remark, "Thank you; don't care if I do," and the lecturer had to stand treat or die.—Texas Siftings.

A GENEROUS BOOTBLACK.

As a bootblack was passing a tobacco shop he picked up a stump of a cigar from the gutter, and went into the shop and asked for a match. He was met with the reply:

"We don't keep matches to give away."

The boy started out, but stopped at the door, turned back, and asked the proprietor, "Do you sell 'em?" He purchased a box, paid his two cents, and lighted the stump, after which he closed the box and asked the proprietor to put it on the shelf, and said: "Next time a gentleman asks you for a match, give him one out of my box."

KIND TO HIS LITTLE BOY.

"Mother writes that she will be here to-morrow for a short visit, my dear."

"Very well," he replied, and as he left the house he patted his little boy on the head kindly, and said:

"Bobby, didn't you ask me to buy you a tin whistle and a drum, the other day?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, I will bring them to you to-night."

METEOROLOGICAL.

You mustn't hail a man
When he's foggy, I insist;
For melancholy reigns within.
When he's gone he's never mist.
Thus spoke the funny editor
To a man when traveling,
Who, feeling somewhat bored, replied:
"Dew drop this sort o' thing."

A PLAN.

"Phairest Phlora," wrote an amorous youth who is smitten with the phonetic craze, "phorever dismiss your phears, and ply with one whose phervent phancy is phixed on you alone. Phriends—phamily—phather—phorget them, and think only of the phelicity of the phuture. Phew phellows are so phastidious as your Pherdinand; so phaign not phondness if you pheel it not. Phorego phrolic and answer phinally, Phlora."

"Oh, Pherdinand, you phool," was phair Phlora's curt reply.—Galveston News.

ONE WAS ENOUGH.

Agent—Can I put a burglar alarm in your house, sir?

Citizen—Nop; I had one once.

Agent—What was the matter? Wouldn't it go off?

Citizen—Oh, yes, it went off easily enough. Burglar got into the house one night and carried it off.

A JUDGE.

Judge—The witness swears you stole his coat and have it on. I must, therefore, find you guilty.

Tramp—Oh, well, your Honor, if you're going to judge a man by the clothes he wears, I s'pose I'll have to give in.—Detroit Free Press.

NOT WHAT IT USED TO BE.

Woman to tramp—You must find life very easy.

Tramp—Easy! Why, madame, the amount of brain work that I am forced to do to obtain food, and to partially clothe myself, would kill a weaker man. Competition, madame, has wrecked the profession.

A DIFFERENCE.

"It's a caution how time flies, isn't it?"

"Oh; I don't know. It seems to me that it drags along with leaden feet. You see I expect considerable money next month, and now a day seems like a week."

"Ah, I see. Well, time flies like lightning with me. I have to pay out a great deal of money next month."—Nebraska State Journal.

REPUTATION MADE.

"Young man," he said, "why don't you give up this life of idleness and luxury and try to make a name for yourself?"

"Why, my dear sir, my little English fox-terrier took the first prize at the dog show, b'jove."

A MATCH.

Old gentleman (to small boy)—Are they playing a match game of ball, sonny?

Small boy—Ya's, it's a match 'tween de Goatwilliams and de Harlem Rockies for blood.

Old gentleman—Why aren't you playing.

Small boy—'Cos I don't have ter. I'm der mascot for de Goatwilliams.—Epoch.

AN OPENING.

Boy—Want a boy, sir?

Hobson—What for?

Boy—Why to pay \$3 a week to Saturday night.

Hobson—For doing what?

Boy—Why, for waiting all the week for it.

CLIMATIC IMPROVEMENT.

Montreal lady (to American financier)—Do you not find our Canadian climate rather cold, Mr. Boodler?

American Financier—Oh, not at all; it agrees with me. I left New York because it was too warm for me there.—Texas Siftings.

NO BETTER.

"He's ne better, doctor. You told me to give him as much of the powder as would lay on sixpence. I hadn't a sixpence, but I gave him as much as would lay on five pennies and two half-pennies and it's done him no good at all, at all."

—San Francisco News Letter.



A CHURCH MOUSE.

"I want a warrant for the arrest of a hated rival," said a Western young man. "I may be poor, but no man can insult me and get away with it."

"What's the trouble," asked the Justice.

"Disturbance. It was at the wedding ceremony. I won a girl, and just as I repeated, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' there came from the organ loft in the voice of my hated rival, the word 'Rats.' I go on no wedding trip until this thing is settled."

DELAWARE'S WHIPPING POST.

The Grotesque Court that Condemns Men to the Lash—The Pillory.

New Castle, Del.—Four times a year this old town, that seems to be the connecting link between the last century and the present time, is aroused a little from its lethargy by the Sheriff throwing open the heavy wooden gates of the old jail yard. These four times are upon the occasions of the quarterly whippings of petty criminals who have been sentenced by the Court to stand in the pillory and to be struck upon the bare back by a cat-o-nine-tails in the hands of the sheriff. These whippings are the outcome of a court of quarter sessions of the peace and jail delivery. To the natives of this sleepy old place the whippings have lost most of their attraction, and the audience that gathers in the jail yard upon such occasions is made up principally of children—sometimes little tots hardly able to walk—and loafers of the village, a few curious men from Wilmington, and three or four reporters. The offences for which prisoners are sentenced to the whipping post are the various grades of stealing, from petty larceny to highway robbery and burglary, and the punishment is according to the offence. The pillory sentence accompanies higher grade offences, and the number of lashes is larger to those who aspire to lead in the profession of stealing.

The most celebrated whippings in New Castle took place about 1871, when several celebrated bank burglars, who attempted to rob a Wilmington bank, were made to stand in the pillory for an hour and were afterward given forty lashes. The punishment is the most severe in winter, when it is not an unusual thing for the victims to stand for an hour in a cold rain, and be literally covered with ice before taken down and flogged. Five lashes is the minimum and forty the maximum number. The court that disposes of these criminals and imposes the sentences sits in Wilmington (although this place is the county seat), and is a very austere body. The Chief Justice is 75 years of age. Judge Houston, one of his assistants, is 74 years, and has been on the bench for thirty-three years. The other judge, Paynter, appointed two years ago, is as deaf as a post. These three old judges sit and hear argument before a jury in case after case that should be settled by a Justice of the Peace. Most of the offenders are poor miserable blacks, and it looks to an outsider as a travesty of justice to watch the process. A black boy, for instance, is brought into the court in charge of a deputy sheriff. The Clerk of the Peace (clerk of the courts), who resembles Napoleon Bonaparte, then in a loud, singsong voice reads the indictment of the Grand Jury. This document is a ponderous affair, copied after the old English, as is everything connected with the court, and charges the defendant with stealing two chickens of the value of \$1. The prisoner pleads not guilty, and asks to be tried. A jury is drawn, the Attorney-General, who is the prosecuting officer in all the criminal courts of the State, reads the indictment again, and the hearing of witnesses begins. The result is generally the same. The prisoner is found guilty, and the dignified Chief Justice commands the prisoner to "stand up!" The trembling wretch stands up in the dock, and this is what he hears:

"The sentence of the court is that you pay \$2 restitution money, the cost of the case, be given five lashes on the bare back on Saturday next, and then be imprisoned for a period of nine months. You are now delivered into the hands of the sheriff."

That is a fair sample of the kind of work that often keeps three Judges, the Attorney-General, his assistant, the Clerk of the Peace, the Sheriff, the Grand Jury, and the petit jury occupied for four or five days at a time. For some offences prisoners are put in the pillory only, and not whipped at all. A very few years ago a prisoner convicted of larceny was also, in addition to the specimen sentence quoted, ordered to wear a convict's jacket for six months after his release from prison. That portion of the sentence, which had really become a dead letter, was repealed in 1883. It is a mistaken idea that wife beaters are whipped at the post, when, as a matter of fact, only offences that relate to stealing make the offenders liable to the pillory and the whipping-post.

The whipping post and pillory in use here at New Castle are plain affairs. First there is a heavy upright post about twelve inches square and fifteen feet high. About eight feet from the ground is a platform about six feet square, through the centre of which the post runs. The platform is braced by numerous stays, arranged somewhat like the ribs of a raised umbrella. On either side of the post, about four feet from the ground, is an iron semicircle with flanges at the end. One end is fastened to the post, so as to swing loose. The other end slips over a staple, into which a pin is placed when the wrist of the victim to be flogged is placed against the post and encircled with the iron. The portion of the post above the platform has a cross beam about five feet from the floor, and forms a large cross. The arms of this cross, on either side are cut through the centre, the upper portion lifting as a hinge. Three openings are made in the centre of the arms, one for the victim's head and the other two for his wrists. The upper portion of the arm is lifted up, the prisoner places his head in the lower half of the centre hole and his wrists in those at the side. The upper part of the arm is lowered and fastened at the end, and the prisoner is secured. They are generally compelled to stand in a stooping position, and not on their toes, as some aver.

The post and pillory are used between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, and always on Saturday morning. At 10 o'clock the Sheriff places those under sentence to the pillory in position, the platform being reached by a ladder, and throws the jail yard open to the public. As a rule the spectators are few, but sometimes they may be as many as 200. They are not allowed to annoy the men in the pillory, who never stand there more than an hour, and who squirm and twist with the painful monotony of their position. Then the prisoners to be flogged are brought out one by one, bared to the waist. Their arms are fastened to the post, and a deputy sheriff with a list in his hand, tells the Sheriff how many lashes are to be given. The Sheriff stands to the left, and as he brings the lash down each time the deputy counts aloud. The cat-o-nine tails is not laid on heavily, blood is never drawn sufficiently to run, and the Sheriff, as a rule, are very lenient. Nearly every blow of the leather thong makes a welt, especially upon white men, and the Sheriff distributes the cuts over the entire back. When twenty lashes are given, no matter how gently laid on, the victim's back is in a very tender condition when the operation is over. The last blow is, as a rule, the hardest, and generally surprises the victim, who imagines that he is getting off easily.

Black men pay the least attention to the whipping, and it is not an uncommon thing for them to jump and kick their heels, ask for a chew of tobacco, crack a joke, or laugh as they are led back to their cells. With the white it is different. They squirm a great deal, and frequently give vent to emphatic exclamations. The crowd of spectators is ready to laugh at any semblance of levity on the part of the prisoners, and the one who has enough grit to crack a joke after his punishment is repaid by the greeting of the crowd. The last to be whipped are the men in the pillory, if any there be. They suffer the most, their backs and limbs having become stiffened by standing in one position. The first time a stranger witnesses a whipping the idea is disgusting, but after two or three exhibitions it loses its unpleasant features and is looked on merely as a relic of the old English laws. Two or three years ago at a whipping every one of the victims was white, an event that has never been heard of before in the history of the State. It frequently happens that they are all black. Then the Sheriff struck with his left hand, also a very unusual incident. Women are never whipped now, the last one having been whipped in 1864. Some men have been whipped four and five times, but this is unusual.

A ROMANCE OF THE SOO.

The Remarkable Outcome of the Jilting of Lieut. Reins by an English Girl.

(From the Detroit News.)
Reins' Landing, on St. Joseph's Island, opposite the sailor's encampment, in the Soo River, is always pointed out in a trip up the stream; but time-literated the romantic episode that makes it the most interesting spot along than a hundred years since young Lieut. Reins, in the service of his Majesty King of England, fell head over heels in love with a beautiful girl, the daughter of a country squire in one of the shires near London. The attachment seemed to be reciprocated, and the young officer trusted his betrothed with a confidence worthy a better woman, for the young lady, having many admirers and being somewhat of a coquette, at length fell a victim to a designing and worthless scamp, who managed one day, by submitting false proofs of her lover's disloyalty, to induce her to elope with him.

The shock killed the father, and seemed to quite break the young man's heart. He rallied, however, and soon obtained leave to join the British forces in America, who were engaged in war with the French and Indians. It was in this service that, half reckless of his life, he exhibited daring and bravery which gained for him the rank of Major. It was also in this service that he discovered the grandeur and beauty of the great lakes and their bordering scenery, and it was here that he resolved, when his commission should expire, to live the remainder of his days away from the world. Some years afterward, when he had secured his release from the service, and was about to put his resolution into effect, having been allotted a pension, he received one day from Montreal a letter bearing the postmark of his old English home. The letter proved to have been dictated and was to the effect that his former love, betrayed and deserted by her husband, was on her death bed, but could not die without again seeking his forgiveness, and ended by committing to his care her two daughters, aged 12 and 14 respectively, and imploring him to watch over them for her sake. He hesitated, but the old flame still burned in his heart, as it does ever in a man's heart for a wayward love, and the next day found him on his way to old England, which he had determined never to see again. He had imagined the children destitute, and that consideration had also had its weight in his conclusion to protect them. Imagine his surprise to learn after a short greeting that the estates of their mother's father, willed away at the time of their mad marriage, now came back to them through the death of the relative to whom they were left, and the inheritance amounted to £5,000.

SAVED FROM HYDROPHOBIA.

The Madstone Successfully Applied to a Dog-Bitten Cowboy.

Tom Harris, a cowboy from the Staked Plains, Texas, is lying at the Pacific Hotel, in this city, recovering from an attack of hydrophobia. Last Saturday night he was bitten by a "hydrophobia cat" while away from the ranch gathering up stray cattle in the Indian Territory. As the fatal result of such a bite is well known in those parts of the country, the man left the herd at once and rode to Fort Elliott, Tex., in search of a madstone, but failing to find one, he started for Kansas City, where he arrived, Wednesday morning, with his left hand and arm swollen, suffering intense pains. Dr. J. W. Dickson, of this city, who possesses a pair of madstones which his grandfather brought with him from Ireland, was at once sent for and began treatment. The wound is a very small and harmless-looking one, consisting of three tiny teeth marks on the inside of the third finger of the left hand. The madstones have drawn more or less pus from the wound since they were first applied yesterday morning—as much as half an eggshellful at one time. The swelling has decreased in proportion, and the doctor thinks now that the case is under control.

Harris is a very intelligent and well-behaved cowboy. He now feels a great deal better, but admits that he was badly scared over the increasing pain and the constant swelling of his arm. He thinks he has had a pretty serious experience, and refers frequently in his conversation to that contemptible little animal that came near sending him off "unprepared," as he confesses.

Dr. J. M. Dickson has two stuffed specimens of the "hydrophobia cat" at his residence, 1307 Driggs street. He says it is an entirely distinct species different from the skunk or polecat, with which it is often confounded. The animal is no larger than an ordinary gray squirrel, with red eyeballs, and its long, shaggy hair and feelers standing upward and forward. Its bite is always poisonous, and fatal if not attended to. The doctor attributes the frequency of hydrophobia in this Western country to the prevalence of this animal. It is found in Texas, Kansas and Western Missouri. Often, and especially in severe weather, the "hydrophobia cat" will make its way into houses, dugouts and stables, biting people and animals it may come in contact with, and many cases of hydrophobia in domestic and wild animals are due to its bite. Very frequently hydrophobia patients come in from the Staked Plains in Texas and Indian Territory, to be treated with the madstone. Among Dr. Dickson's former patients was Chief Keokukowa, of the Sac and Fox tribe, in the Indian Territory, who was a grandson of the old Chief Keokuk, after whom Keokuk, Ia., was named.

A young woman rushed in upon a wedding party in Paris before the marriage, and presented the bridegroom with a baby, screaming: "Coward, take charge of your offspring." The groom's protests were coldly received, and the bride fainted. But a moment later the intruder said: "I really beg pardon; I made a mistake. This is not the father of my child."

A Singular Accident.

For more than sixteen years Abram B. Shiffer of New Holland, Pa., has not partaken of solid food.

He has lived on milk and other liquid substances. But nevertheless, he is an active and seemingly healthy man. Besides taking the toll on the New Holland pike he deals in horses. He has a wife and two pretty daughters to care for, and he does it in good style, too. In 1870 he was eating a watermelon, a seed of which stuck in his throat, and it has remained there ever since, although many efforts have been made to remove it. The first treatment was mustard internally, but it stuck in the throat, and producing inflammation, a stricture of the oesophagus was the result. Four years later the stricture was reduced, but Mr. Shiffer's ambition to do farm work because a reaction, and the stricture came worse than ever. For ten years the man has had an instrument inserted in his throat to enlarge the opening, otherwise he would be unable to take liquid nourishment. The man is generally in a happy frame of mind, and he hardly troubles himself about his unfortunate condition. He takes the toll just the same.

A BUSHEL of corn makes four gallons of whisky. It sells for \$16 at retail. The Government gets \$3.60, the farmer 40 cents, the railroad \$1, the manufacturers \$4, the vendor \$7.