

**THE JOKER'S BUDGET.**

**WHAT THE HUMOROUS MEN HAVE TO SAY THIS WARM WEATHER.**

**Did Not Consider It—Great-Self-Sacrifice—It was Very Warm—Papa Would Cook—After the Conventions, &c., &c.**

**A VICTIM.**

If ever there was a victim of misplaced confidence in this self-seeking world it is the man who imagines that he is making the congregation believe that he is wide awake while he is taking a little nap in church.—*Somerville Journal.*

**THANKS.**

**Runaway Couple in Kentucky to Minister—Will you join us?**  
Minister—Thanks; I don't care if I do.—*Washington Critic.*

**BIG HEAD.**

**Cawdle—What an astonishingly big head your child has, Dawdle! How in the world do you account for it?**  
Dawdle—Well, you see, old fellow, at the time we were married my wife was leading lady in an amateur dramatic company.

**BROKEN REST.**

**"John," she said, "last night you muttered in your sleep a good deal about 'chips.'"**  
"Yes, it must have been some Saratoga chips I ate down town at lunch. I'm afraid they are not very digestible."

**SOMETHING CHOICE.**

**"Enny good butter?" inquired an old lady of the grocer.**  
"There's never any flies on our butter, madam."  
Then the old lady, whose knowledge of English is limited, said:  
"Well, if flies won't eat it, 'taint good 'nough fer me," and she went across the way where only the choice brands are sold.

**MENTAL TROUBLE.**

**Patient—Doctor, I can't sleep at night. I tumble and toss until morning.**  
Doctor—H'm, that's bad. Let me see your tongue. (After diagnosis): Physically you are all right. Perhaps you worry over that bill you've owed me for the past two years.—*Tidbits.*

**PAINFUL SUSPENSE.**

**"I say, Jones, do you know much about Griggs?"**  
"No, but I shall this afternoon."  
"How's that?"  
"I lent him \$2 yesterday, and he promised to pay it back at 3 o'clock to-day."

**A LINGERING PARTING.**

**Old man (from the floor above)—Is that young man still in the parlor, Clara?**  
Young man (nervously)—Yes, sir; but he is trying to get away.—*Harper's Bazar.*

**WELL-SCHOOLED.**

**Jack Goodfellow's Small Brother—Jack, is there any past tense of due?**  
Jack (gloomily)—Yes, dun.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

**WISDOM.**

**Confirmed Bachelor—How time does fly, Miss Seaside! Why, it was ten years ago that you refused me on this spot. Miss Seaside (who wishes she hadn't)—So long as that! I was young and foolish then, Mr. Smith. Confirmed Bachelor—But we are both older and wiser now.—*Harvard Lampoon.***

**SOUTHWESTERN HOSPITALITY.**

**Native—Be you th' artist feller thet's stopping up t' th' hotel?**  
Mr. Crume (of New York)—I am.  
Native—I heard that you was inquiring fer a chance ter pipe off some still life. I've got a daisy apple-jack plant jest over th' divide, that you're welcome t' draught out.—*Tid-Bits.*

**INFORMATION BY POST.**

**Policeman (to new resident)—Say, there! What're you trying to stuff that letter into the fire alarm box for?**  
New Resident (frantically dancing around the box)—G'way. There's a fire at our house and I'm going to send for the Fire Department.—*Burlington Free Press.*

**TWO IN ONE CHAIR.**

**"Ducky?"**  
"Whatty?"  
"Do you think I am making any progress in courting?"  
"Well, I should say you were holding your own."  
Tableau.—*San Francisco Post.*

**ACQUIRED IN FLORIDA.**

A man who has spent a season in Florida passed through Smithville recently, en route to the North. He said he was taking home with him one wife, three rattlesnakes, an alligator and a receipt for board. The latter he considered the greatest curiosity of all.

**CONSULAR SERVICE.**

**Brown (to Robinson, returned from abroad)—You say you were robbed in Italy?**  
Robinson—Yes, they took every cent I had.  
Brown—I suppose you went to the American Consul for help.  
Robinson—Yes, and he wanted me to lend him \$5.

**HE KNEW IT.**

**Old Gent, (sarcastically to young one who has a very fair opinion of his own ability)—So, you think you have a great head on your shoulders?**  
Young Gent—No, sir, I don't think so; I know so. I was out all night with the boys.—*Burlington Free Press.*

**SUBURBAN SUMMER LIFE.**

**Lady Fair (in her summer villa)—Perkins, have the Pinkerton guards had their breakfast?**  
Perkins—Yes, madam; they are now cleaning and reloading their Winchester.  
"Have the night sentinels come in from the park?"  
"They have, madam, and they report that no gangs of tramps have been seen since midnight."  
"Very well. Request the guards to form ranks and be ready to accompany me. I wish to walk a few moments in the garden."—*Omaha World.*

**A SMALL AMOUNT.**

**Judge—you have been convicted of forging a check for \$96.**  
Doomed Man—I hope Your Honor will take into consideration that it is a small amount.  
"Just so. I do take that fact into consideration."  
"I'm glad to hear that."  
"It is my opinion that the man who forged a check for \$96, not having sufficient self-respect to make it at least \$100, deserves no mercy. Ten years at hard labor."

**A GENEROUS OFFER.**

**They were riding together in the moonlight, and he was trying hard to think of something pleasant to say. All of a sudden she gave a slight shiver.**  
"Are you cold, Miss Hattie?" he asked, anxiously. "I will put my coat around you if you like."  
"Well, yes," said she, shyly, with another little shiver; "I am a little cold, I confess; but you needn't put your coat around me. One of the sleeves will do."—*Somerville Journal.*

**A MILD INTEREST.**

**He (at the Boston ball grounds)—Are you interested in baseball, Miss Penelope?**  
She—Only mildly so.  
He—Isn't that Kelly at the bat?  
She—Yes, and he has made a hit (excited)—Oh, watch how beautifully he picks up his feet, and he is sliding for second (shouting)—Good boy, Kelly!—*Judge.*

**A SUMMER VACATION.**

**Minister's Wife—I am so glad that you are going to Europe for the summer, Jasper. I think it was so noble of the church to give you this delightful trip. Of course I should like to go, too, but that is out of the question.**  
Minister—Oh, yes.  
Wife—What is your sermon for to-day?  
Minister—"The poor ye have always with you."—*The Epoch.*

**GROWLING.**

**He was mumbling about tough steak and cold coffee, and making himself generally disagreeable. "Don't growl so over your breakfast, John," said his wife, "nobody is going to take it away from you."—*The Epoch.***

**HOME AGAIN.**

**Mr. Chris Cross—Say, love, a gen'l-man friend's just brought me home all right!**  
Mrs. Cross—Oh, thanks; and now, if he is not too tired, I'd like to have him take you away again!

**AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE.**

**Woman (to tramp)—Why don't you buy your food 'stead of beggin' it?**  
Tramp—Madam, I am too poor to buy even toothpicks.  
Woman—That so? What d'ye do fer toothpicks?  
Tramp—I have to use barb wire fences.

**THE TRIALS OF LIFE.**

**"Don't you find the life of a tramp very disagreeable?"**  
"Not generally, but I'm very much downcast to-day."  
"Really."  
"Yes, I'm a victim of misplaced confidence."  
"How's that?"  
"Well, I saw a grocer wrap up a box of sardines and lay it on the counter. I grabbed for it and ran. I loped about two miles before I opened it, and then I found a cake of soap. I had struck the wrong package. No, life isn't always a bower of roses."—*Lincoln Journal.*

**NOT VERY ANXIOUS.**

**Lady at the polls—I want to vote, sir.**  
Election Judge—All right, mum; how old are you?  
Lady—What?  
Judge—How old are you?  
Lady—Do I have to tell that?  
Judge—Certainly, mum.  
Lady—Thanks, I don't want to vote as bad as that.—*Wash. Critic.*

**COLORED.**

**The following conversation occurred in Cambridge. The "Gertie" referred to is the colored nurse girl of the family:**  
"Mamma, did God make me?" said a little girl.  
"Yes, dear."  
"Did God make Gertie, too?"  
"Yes, dear."  
A short pause.  
"Well, I'm glad he got through making colored ones before he got to me."—*Boston Times.*

**A NEW MEPHISTOPHELES.**

**"Mary, do you see that tall man across the street?"**  
"Yes. What about him?"  
"He has caused more human hearts to ache, he has brought more scalding tears to the eyes of men, and he has driven the sunshine from more homes than any other man in the United States."  
"Gracious. Why, what is he?"  
"He's the proprietor of one of the most successful matrimonial agencies in the country."—*Nebraska State Journal.*

**CRABS AND THUNDER.**

**Why the Soft Shells are so Often Cheap and Numerous.**

[From the New York Sun.]

During much of the past week soft-shell crabs have been unusually abundant about town. Nocturnal peddlers have hawked them about in saloons by basketfuls; piles of them have appeared on bars, with the ticket displayed above them, "ten cents each;" and even the free-lunch caterers have supplied them to their patrons in quantities. Ten cents each may appear to afford at least a fair living profit on good crabs bought alive in considerable lots at from 40 to 65 cents a dozen, but in reality the profit on that sort of crabs is small. Cleaning and cooking them, the material employed in breading them, the labor of lugging them all over town to find purchasers and the Worcestershire sauce and toast furnished with them, are considerable items in the calculations of the peddlers. Saloon keepers, whose trade teaches them to despise a profit of less than 75 per cent., have no use for the crab business—except perhaps as a concession to the requirements of style—where they have to take the trouble of supplying the delicacy themselves and know that they cannot make more than three, or possibly only two cents per crab.

"But, if the crabs cost so much," asks the unsophisticated one, "how is it that the caterers who make a business of supplying free lunches to beer shops and third-rate liquor saloons can afford to supply them so lavishly, at about the same figures that they do the abominations already described by *The Sun*?" Simply by reason of the frequency of thunder storms within the past week. To those unacquainted with the extreme nervous susceptibility of the crab, cause and effect may seem widely separated in that proposition, but it is perfectly correct all the same. Let a Shrewsbury crab grower put aboard a train for New York 500 dozen of his largest, finest, fattest crabs, all alive and wiggling, nicely packed in cool, wet eel grass. Then let one sharp crack of thunder roll over the train, and by the time its echoes have ceased every crab in the lot will be as dead as any Pharaoh mummified 2,000 years ago. "Why does thunder kill them?" Nobody knows any more about the reason than that it seems to be a fatal shock to their sensitive minds. But the fact is that it does so, which is the main thing.

Those crabs if delivered in New York alive would have been worth 75 cents, or perhaps \$1 a dozen, and even if not very big ones would have readily commanded 40 to 60 cents. But when they arrive dead, the dealer to whom they are consigned makes all possible haste to get rid of them as quickly as possible for any price he can get, for he knows that in three or four hours that remaining on his hands will not only be a total loss, but a nuisance that it will cost him something to get rid of.

The peddlers and free lunch caterers, who keep a sharp lookout for such business opportunities, are quickly on hand to buy up the spoiled crabs. If the thunder caught the timid creatures about the time that the train was getting into Jersey City, so that they are still tolerably fresh, as much as three cents apiece may be got for the first lots but the price quickly falls to two cents, one cent, and even lower.

When bread scraps from hotel and restaurant tables, rebaked and rolled fine, are used instead of cracker dust for breading, with an "imitation" made largely of corn starch, and the cooking is done in a cheap grade of cotton-seed oil, the profit on this sort of crabs, even at very low prices, may be considerable. Physicians differ as to the effect upon the digestive organs of partially decomposed crabs, some saying they do no harm, while others affirm that they have upon some persons a mildly poisonous effect. However that may be, it will be noticed that the peddlers generally urge upon their best customers the liberal use of Worcestershire sauce with them. It is a singular fact, withal, that though there are thousands of dozens of thunder-killed crabs sold in New York every season, it is extremely difficult to find a man who will admit that he ever bought one.

**An American Duchess.**

The American Duchess, is the name which London has already bestowed on His Grace of Marlborough's bride. There is great curiosity about her, her appearance, her fortune, her family, her future and her relations to her husband's family. On the latter point all doubts are put at rest by the dowager Duchess of Marlborough, who approved of the match from the first and who announces that they will come to her house in Grosvenor Square for the first week or two of their stay in London. That disposes of the social question. The position of the Duke's mother is such that her support will insure the new Duchess a good reception. "Anybody with £80,000 a year will have a good reception in London," growled one elderly cynic. That is not quite so, as at least one recent example shows. But a lady who enters London society, backed by the Marlborough family, which includes the Dowager Duchess and Lady Curzon and Lady Randolph Churchill, has little to fear. The American has bought Earl Brownlow's mansion in Carlton House Terrace, which she and her husband will presently occupy.—*London Dispatch.*

A St. Louis hotel clerk claims to have made the discovery that tall men sleep later in the morning than short men, and that persons of a dark complexion invariably require more rest than blondes.

**An Orthodox Squirrel.**

My attention was arrested the other day by what I saw in the window of a little shop. Cages hung from wires and hooks, while their occupants seemed intent upon making the most of their limited space, by leaping from side to side, and from top to bottom. Attracted by an idle curiosity, I entered and accosted the proprietor.

"Well, my friend, you have quite a show of animals. This is a small menagerie in its way, is it not?"

"Rather, sir; I call it my theological shop," said he. "Possibly you may not think it, sir, but these birds and squirrels have a deal of human nature in 'em. Here, now, is a cage with only one squirrel in it. He represents a large and respectable class of religionists. See how sleek and quiet he is. He can't bite anything. He's what I call a thorough orthodox squirrel."

"How, then, does he get his living? How does he crack those nuts in his cage?"

"He doesn't crack anything," replied the man. "He fumbles over the nuts and waits until I get time to crack them for him. I'll tell you how this came about. He has long been the pet of a party who took especial pleasure in preparing his food for him. In order to save the little fellow time and trouble, his master cracked all his nuts, and now the poor squirrel's teeth have grown out of shape, and can't possibly know anything that is hard."

"Well, what has this to do with theology?"

"Oh, a great deal, as I shall now show you. He is just like a great many good people that belong to the church. They live spiritually on the Bible and the terms of their creed, but these things have to be cooked before they are eaten. The clergymen and commentators crack all hard questions and make them so palatable the believers have only to believe; they never think of thinking for themselves on any doubtful or knotty point. After a while they lose the power of doing otherwise, and so live on what others are pleased to feed them with."—*T. P. Wilson, M. D.*

**Made Blind in an Instant.**

A catastrophe such as few men have the stoicism to bear and few survive, has come like a thunderclap upon Charles Cullman of 52 Browne street. Last Saturday night, while auditing the books of the Bellevue Building Association, at their rooms on McMicken avenue, he turned suddenly to one of the bystanders and angrily exclaimed:

"Why do you turn out the gas? I'm not through yet."

"Turn out the gas! What's the matter with you? The gas is burning."

"My God, then I'm blind!" cried Cullman, and, sinking back in his chair, from which he had arisen in his excitement, he buried his face in his hands and moaned and wept like a child.

Dr. Schwartmeyer, his regular physician, was hastily sent for, and only arrived to confirm the worst fears.

Cullman was indeed blind. Without a premonitory sign, without a warning, the blow had come, and as he sat there bemoaning his sad fate, eyes grew dim. Friends took him by the hand and trembled with emotion as they tried to speak words of hope and comfort. The stricken man only moaned: "My wife! My little ones!"

A diagnosis followed, and it was discovered that Cullman had for some time been a sufferer from Bright's disease of the kidney's. The exudations of the albumen from these organs caused uræmic blood poisoning, which gradually prevailed the whole system of the sufferer. Step by step the disease spread, and contraction of the kidneys followed, resulting in inflammation of the retina or optic nerve, hopelessly destroying the sight forever. The case, although not an isolated one, is extremely rare, death generally ensuing before such a crisis arrives.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

John T. Hunter, a Philadelphian, claims to have been the first man to enlist in 1861. He telegraphed Governor Curtin offering his services April 16.

**A Common-Sense Remedy.**

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S PAIN-EXPELLING PLASTERS. These plasters are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

It doesn't matter how tough a young man may be, a good looking girl is very likely to break him up.

**S. JACOBS OIL FOR SWINE.**

**Hog Cholera and all Diseases of Hogs.**

**GENERAL DIRECTIONS.**—Use freely in the hog swill. If they will not eat trench with milk into which a small quantity of the Oil is put.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

An English clogmaker named Greenwood made a bet that he would stay under water longer than anybody in Hereford. He swam out into the river and held their watches to time him. When he had beaten the record they became alarmed, went after him and dragged out his lifeless body. He had won the wager, in one sense, for the doctors decided that he had not drowned, but that death had resulted from the sudden immersion after a heavy meal.

**A Business-like Offer.**

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered, in good faith, \$50 for a case of Nasal Catarrh which could not be cured. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headaches, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and fetid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing in the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting all of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more delicate and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

When an Arab of the desert wants to inquire if his sister is going to leave home for a while he says, "Are you going oasis?"

**The Homeliest Man in Town.**

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on any druggist and get from a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Large bottles, 50 cents and \$1.

Mrs. Partington claims that there are few people nowadays who suffer from "suggestion of the brain."

When a threatening lung disorder, Shows its first proclivity, Do not let it cross the border—Quell it with activity.

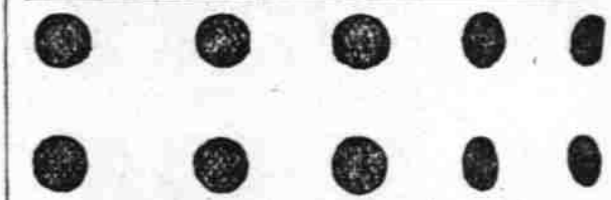
Many a patient, young or olden, Owes a quick recovery All to Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Only a question of time—A fast trotter record.

Would you know the keen delight Of a wholesome appetite, Unrestrained by colic's dire, Headache's curse, or fever's fire, Thoughts morose, or lay chills? Then use Dr. Pierce's pills. Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

An "old stamping-ground"—The Post-Office.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-Water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. For Special Rates for advertising in this paper apply to the publisher of the paper. 129



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