SOME FUNNY THINGS TOLD BY THE HUMOROUS WRITERS.

She was Very Joking-One Reason Why-The Dog was Left-He Came Down Mildly-A Cure for Indigestion, Etc., Etc.

### FULLY QUALIFIED.

"I see," said the dude to the banker, "that you advertise for a young man of unquestioned integrity and good address to become your private messenger. Now my integrity is A 1, and as for my address, it is No. 67 Murray Hill. There's no better in town." But the banker was too busy to talk just then, and the engagement did not take place.

NOT MUCH BREAKAGE.

"I suppose Miss Astorgoold's rejection of young Snipkins nearly broke his heart?"

"No, it didn't break his heart, but it busted his scheme to go abroad on her money."

A WEEPING MOTHER.

Young Man (to editor)—Here is a little poem of a pathetic nature, sir. I showed it to my mother, and she actually cried over it.

Editor (after reading the poem )-You say your mother cried? .

Young Man-Yes sir. Editor-Well, you go home and promise your mother never to write any more poetry, and I think the old lady will dry her eyes.

HE FORGOT ONE COURSE.

"It seems to me, Maria, that we've had nothing but veal, veal, veal for breakfast all this week," remarked Mr.

"You forgot another thing we've had, Robert," replied the old day, quietly, "we've had growl, growl, growl for breakfast every day too."

And then Johnny Bentley was sent away from the table for laughing at "nuthin."

SHE WAS JOKING.

They were on their bridal tour, and she said gaily :

"Now, Fred, we don't want everybody in the car to know that we are newly married, and have them all staring at us. Let us act like real old married people. It'll be such jolly fun.'

"All right," said Fred, calmly. "You just let me have that end of the seat; its lots pleasanter than this. I'll take the pillow, too, and I guess I'll go to sleep for three or four hours. You waken me when we come to the dinner station. Spread that shawl over me, and-

"Oh, I don't care who knows that we're just married," she said. "Sit where you are, dear, and hold my hand."-Tid

## SUMMERING.

He (from Cincinnati)-Where shall you summer Miss De Pester?

She (from Boston)—In Maine. Mr. Gooseboy. We always go there. Papa wants us to fall in New York, but I'd a and she didn't like it at all. - Judge.

# LUCID.

Teacher (to class)-In the stanza what is meant by the line "The shades of night were falling fast?"

Bright scholar-The people were pulling down the blinds.—Puck.

# A CURE FOR INDIGESTION.

"I cook me oop somedings," complained Mrs. Issacstein of Chatham street, "und I vasn't able to eat noddings. Dere was troubles mit dot dyspepsia." "Vat you do for dot?" inquired Mrs. Durkheimer.

"Vell, I dinks I go mit a boarding house und pays by der veek. Den I got

# A LIGHTSOME HEART.

"Children," said a school teacher, "always be cheerful. Whatever falls to your lot to do, do it cheerfully." "Yes indeed, dear teacher," responded

a bright little scholar, "even the 'skeeters sing when they are at work,'

# HE WILL BE ALL RIGHT.

awful, John!

Countryman (drawing a long breath) -Yes'es, but I'm slowly gettin' used to

# PUNISHED.

the father, self-reproachfully, "but it affair, answers the purpose. It kept Johnny from running on the street." "You didn't cripple the boy, did you?" "No, I had false? his mother cut his hair for him. You ought to see the poor boy."-Chicago Tribune.

# WILLING TO RISK IT.

"Do you know, young man," said the old gentleman, looking keenly at him, Gloomy Man—You are right; I am. "that in asking me for my daughter you ask me to part with something that is most dear to me?"

"Yes sir," said the business-like youth, "and I expect she will be rather dear to me, too; but it will take her a long time to run through with fifty shares of gas stock and 600 acres of Nebraska land. I'll risk it." - Chicago Tribune.

# FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

Father (whom Bobby has induced to take him)-Now, Bobby, I don't quite understand this. If the man who throws the ball fails to hit the club after three trails, does that put the umpire out?

Bobby-Pa, do you remember why you sent me to bed last night at 7 o'clock. Father-Why, n-no.

Bobby-It was for asking foolish quesions .- N. Y. Sun.

#### HEATING.

A Frenchman saw a negro sitting close by a fire which was so hot that it seemed almost a certainty to him that the man must be melted. "I zink I know vy he seet so near ze fire," said the Frenchman after looking wonderingly at the colored man. "He make himzelf into one white man." "How can he do that, please?" "Ah, you see he heat himzelf to ze white heat."

#### FINANCIAL ITEM.

A .- Did you gain anything in your

Wall street speculations? B .- Oh, yes; I acquired the idea that

"Is that all? Why, I could have told you that before you attempted to go

## HE HAD IT READY.

"Good-by, wifey; if I am detained by business and not able to come home to dinner I'll send you a telegram."

Wife (frigidly)—You needn't take that trouble. Here it is. I took it out of your pocket a while ago. - Texas Sift-

### BOYS TOGETHER.

Wife (retrospectively)-I can remember so well, John, how fond you and my first husband were of each other. You were boys together, and your friendship lasted to the end.

Husband (-adly)-Ah, yes, poor fellow! his death has been a sad blow to me. - Harper's Bazar.

#### TWO OF A KIND.

A man strolled into a fashionable church just before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and tapping him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said:

"Dogs are not admitted." "That's not my dog," replied the vis-

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you." The sexton growled, and removed the dog with unnecessary violence .- London

### TADPOLE SODA.

Customer—This is what I call tadpole

Proprietor-What do you mean by that, sir?" Customer-Simply that it has more head than body.

### CHARITABLE VIEW.

Miss Lulu Japonica-Rose Bouche was a hateful thing to leave you out of the dinner she gave for Sir Rotten

Miss Charity Ball-Oh, don't say that! I think she is a very sensible girl!

Miss Lulu Japonica-Well, I think it's very noble of you to say such nice things about her, but---

Miss Charity Ball-Yes, you see, she naturally wished to be the prettiest girl in the room !—Puck.

## A SAD FATE.

"No, ma'am," said the tramp gratefully, as he shouldered his bundle and prepared to start on again, "I don't keer fur nuthin' more to eat, but I'd be obleeged if you'll give me two or three o' them biscuits. I don't carry no good deal rather spring there. A friend weepins, and they've got a savage dog of ours autumed in New York last year at that next house."—Chicago Tribuue.

# NO LAND IN SIGHT.

It is said that the Bishop of London went to see one of his parishioners, a lady with a prodigious family which had recently been increased. As he

rose to leave the lady stopped him with: "But you haven't seen my last baby." "No," he quickly replied, "and I never expect to."

Then, it is stated, he fled. - Christian Union.

IT IS POET.

Instructor-By the way, Mr. Straddle

which is the more general term, poet or Mr. Straddle-Poet. "Can you give me a reason for it?"

"I think so, sir. It is probably because 'a poet is born, not maid."-Indianapolis Tribune.

# BOUND TO LOSE IT.

First Man (with fan)—Didn't you say the other day that the sun was losing its heat? Second Man (with fan)-Yes, all the

scientists agree on that. "Well, I believe it now, The sun Country Wife (at the ballet)-Isn't it can't keep this up very long and have

### any left."—Texas Siftings. THE REASON WHY.

Steve-Yes, poor Blivins does look melancholy, as you say. He still suffers "It was a severe punishment," said from the consequences of an early love

> Maud (instantly interested)-Oh, tell me, did the young lady die or prove

Steve-Neither. She married him.

# THE PEACH CROP.

"What is the matter?"

"I am a Delaware fruit grower, and I have every reason to fear that the peach crop this year is a success."-Texas Siftings.

# HAD BEEN SICK.

The other day a prosperous-looking granger, with money in both pockets and hayseed in his hair, got on a street car in Washington going to the Capitol, and took his seat. Next to him sat a patient man, wearing a patch over one eye. After a while the Granger, who was nearly bursting with curiosity, said to the patient man: "I say, mister, I reckon you're a Con-

gressman, or su'thin of the sort, ain't yer?" "No, I ain't no Congressman," the patient man replied sadly. "I have been

sick, and that's why I look so bad."

## MUSCULAR WOMEN.

A Pair of Stalwart Sisters Who are Skilful Scullers.

[From the Cincinnati Enquirer.]

"Is Miss Mollie in, Mrs. Kane?" The remark was addressed to a bareheaded woman of fifty who stood in the yard of her modest home on the New port bank of the Licking.

"That she is," and out came a young lady of eighteen, swinging a green sunbonnet in her left hand, her face freckled and sunburnt, but whose every movement was that of an athlete, strong, muscular and inured to hardship.

"We've come over to see you and Miss Kate, your sister, do some sculling.' She smiled and sat down on a bench under a grapevine arbor.

"The sculls are on your side of the river, at the boat house, and John is

away, but I guess we can manage it." With no further ado, and while the artist and reporter were examining a neat gold medal indicating that on July 19, 1886, Mollie Kane had won the lapstretch, the proud mother sat by.

"How long have your daughters been sculling, Mrs. Kane?"

Letting both hands on her knees and wagging her head knowingly, "when they wanted Mollie to row in a skiff race, and I see them things they calls shells, I said they shouldn't. Skiffs was only fit for little children and kids; they'd row in the shells or nothing."

boat-riding, anyhow?" "Oh!" shaking her head, "it came natural to em. Why, they were born right on this corner, and we've never lived further than sixty feet from the river, and they took to the water like young ducks-that they did."

"But how did the girls get used to

"You are a river family, then?" "That we all are," said Mrs. Kane with a manifest touch of motherly pride. "Why, one of my sons goes down in the diving-bell."

"But weren't you worried when they were children playing about the water?' "Never a bit. I heard every day that men were being drowned down at the river, but I knew if the girls were born to be drowned they would be, and that's all there was of it."

By this time Mollie appeared in a trim-fitting black dress and said: "I'll get Kate, and we'll soon have these shells." Kate was found at the house of a married sister and the two girls were soon in a skiff rowing down the Licking in a style that made the skiff fairly dance over the water.

The sun poured down its terrible rays red-hot. Strong policemen in Cincinnati were keeling over with sunstrokes, but these two girls crossed the Ohio, riding in the wake of towboats to the boat-house of Herr Schmidt, and in three-quarters of an hour by the watch were back.

It took no time for the ladies to throw the skiff chains to somebody in the boat house, and how they did it no one could tell, but it was no time before both were in their seats, and, backing water, were soon out in the middle of the stream in the shells.

The shells are light, water-tight affairs that upset at the slightest provocation. They weigh about fifty pounds each, and are pointed at each end. In the centre is a hole 16 inches wide by 4 feet long and a sliding seat. The girls sat a little aft of the centre and balanced the fragile craft with the oars. The oar paddles simply skim the surface. Now came the fun. They started out neck and neck.

A crowd of fully two hundred gathered on the Newport Bridge to see the two girls in a boiling sun shooting like mad down to the Licking's mouth, a quarter of a mile away. Then, gracefully turning, they came back. The shells noiselessly shot through the

A novice could scarcely tell any difference between the two girls. Mollie appeared the stouter-her weight is 176, and Kate has the advantage of being lighter, as she weighs only 120 pounds. Mollie was eighteen years of age and Kate her senior by four years, being twenty-two.

Their faces glowed with color. They tossed off their bonnets and their raven locks glistened in the sunlight. As they bent forward and back, their feet braced, the rise and fall of their limbs and motion of their muscular arms were as regular as the beats of a piece of ma-

Capt. I. C. F. Kinsey, of the Olivette. was standing in the forward end of his boat and looking on.

"Any danger of those girls drowning, captain?" "No more than a fish," he laconically

It would not be a bad idea for somebody to get up a sculling race and have it open for ladies; then the Misses Kane

### can do. SIBERIA'S FROZEN ELEPHANTS.

could show the public what a woman

## Stranger-My dear sir, you seem to Tons of Frozen Elephant Meat in Siberia's Refrigerator.

One of the enigmas that have much exercised the ingenuity of geologists is that presented by the frozen-up mam-moths of Siberia. Here are found huge animals that belong to the fossil world, and yet are not mere fossil skeletons, but whole creatures in the flesh, with hair and all intact, preserved in ice like New Zealand mutton, so fresh they may even be cooked and eaten with impunity. How came they there, seeing that, in spite of their hairy sides and back, they are herbivora that have lived in a climate where vegetation is abundant? They are, in fact, nearly allied to tropical and sub-tropical elephants; their bones, found in other places with those of other animals indicate a habitat in the temperate zones.

They must somehow have been caught and than the bicycle rested entirely on napping by a sudden change of elimate, the fault,

and their fate has suggested many speculations concerning the cause of such sudden change. Has the axis of the earth shifted? Have they been caught by mighty floods, followed by mysterious change of climate? Or has the whole country been suddenly upheaved and suddenly depressed? Have they been entombed by a single catastrophe or by a series? etc. The controversy has of late become mixed up with theological controversy, and, as usual, this element has rather magnified the confusion and discordance of hypo-

Under these circumstances I perpetrate the presumption of offering an original explanation which, so far as I can learn, is also new. It is this: Siberia, as a glance at a good map will show, is a vast plain intersected with very long sluggish rivers, extending over a great range of latitude. In the winter the northern regions of this great area include the very coldest part of the known world. In the summer these plains are luxuriant to an extent scarcely credible to those who have not experienced the torrid contradictions of an Arctic summer, due to to the continuance of sunshine all through the day and all the night. The southern limits of these plains are fully within the temperate zone. The Irtish and Ienisei rivers flow from the latitude of Yenice into the Arctic Ocean.

My theory is, in the presence of these data, very simple, viz.: That the mammoths of old behaved on land as the swallows of to-day behave in the air. We know that he'elephant can run, can persevere in running, provided the ground is favorable for such locomotion. What, then, was there to prevent such animal from following the sun at the rate of from, say, 100 miles per day, or 10 deg. of latitude per week, and thereby following the growth of the great supplies of food that so large a beast must require? Following the banks of one of the great Siberian rivers, the southern journey of 2,000 and odd miles would be a mere holiday trip for such monsters, and the return journey down hill still easier.

But such journeys must have exposed them to occasional disasters. An early and sudden arrival of winter, a blizzard, or a flood, would in the ordinary course sometimes overwhelm the hindmost and sweep their carcases into the river. As all those rivers flow northward, these carcases drift with the first winter ice to the places where they are now found, i. e., on the banks of rivers which have been undermined by floods.

### Diphtheria Spread by Cats.

Domestic animals have often not only been suspected but found guilty of spreading infection. In his report on the recent sustained prevalence of diphtheria in Enfield, Dr. Bruce Low, of the Medical Department of the Local Government Board, incidentally states that during the continuance of the epidemic cats were observed to suffer in considerable numbers from illness, and in December, 1887, and January, 1888, there was a large mortality among those animals, so much so that the attention of the dust contractor was directed to it. He stated that never in his previous experience had he seen so many dead cats in the dust heaps. Some households, seeing their cats ill, destroyed them. Though there were no known cases of diphtheria occurring in the practice of the veterinary surgeon at Enfield, yet they saw many cases of "influenza" at this time among animals. The following is an illustration of the possible connection between diphtheria in children and in cats: A little boy was taken ill with what turned out ultimately to be fatal diphtheria. On the first day of his illness he was sick, and the cat, which was in the room at the time, licked the vomit on the floor. In a few days (the child meanwhile having died) the animal was noticed to be ill, and her sufferings being so severe and so similar to those of the dead boy, the owner destroyed her. During the early part of its illness this cat had been let out at nights in the back yard, as usual. A few days later the cat of a neighbor who lived a few doors further off was noticed to be ill. It had also been out in the backyards at night. The second animal, which, however, recovered, was the pet and playfellow of four little girls, who, grieved at the illness of their favorite, nursed it with great care. All four girls developed diphtheria, their mother being convinced that they got it from the cat: and, indeed, no other known source of contact with infection could be discovered. It is easy to imagine cats catching an infectious disease like diphtheria when we remember how often milk and other unused food from the sick room is given to the cat, or by some people thrown out into the back yard for the benefit of their neighbors' cats if they have none of their own. It is a frequent occurrence to see children carrying cats in their arms, and even kissing them. It is obvious that if the cat were ill with diphtheria the children under such circumstances would almost inevitably contract the disease.-London Record.

# A MAD RACE.

"Don't you think that the majority of people are a little off?"

"A majority? Why, bless your heart, everybody's crazy, more or less, and has been from the beginning-with the possible exception of Adam, and I rather thing there was a hereditary taint in his blood. - Boston Transcript.

# THE PAULT.

He-I was no mortified that you should see me fall from my bicycle, Miss Maude, but I can assure you the fault rested entirely on the bicycle.

She-Yes, for a moment, Mr. Geelip,

# THE NEW PHARTON,

Just the Least Bit of a Little Story of Love and a Buggy.

Bell Brown looked out from behind the handsome lace curtains at a stylish phaeton, drawn by a pair of beautiful ponies, just passing, and then turned impatiently toward a group of girls at the opposite window.

"If any one else but Dr. Lester had purchased such an elegant new phaeton we might have been excused for enter. taining hopes of enjoying an airing in it; but that confirmed old bachelor would rather take his grandmother out any day than one of us. And I have just made up my mind to have the first ride in the phaeton."

"Easier said than done!" observed saucy Linda Gray. "You know you are speaking of an impossibility now. We will make you a present of your wedding dress if you succeed."

"And if I fail I will give you each a pair of white kids to wear to my wed. ding," Bell answered gayly; and Lawyer Brown's parlors were soon vacated by the merry party that had been spending the afternoon with his only daughter,

"How could I have been so foolish." thought impulsive Bell, as she stood in the door, looking down the quiet street, "He cares nothing for me now, and will think me more childish than ever when he hears of this.'

But she thought how he had passed that afternoon without even glancing up at the window where she had stood hoping at least to receive a bow. And then he raised his hat a moment afterward to old Mrs. Lee. She was quite angry now, as she

new phaeton came slowly down the street again she went quickly down the marble steps, and Dr. Lester, gazing more earnestly than he knew at the dark blue dress and brown curls fluttering in the wind, drew up before the door.

thought of his indifference, and as the

"Doctor," she said, looking up in the grave, handsome face, "are you going over the river to-night?" The gentleman bowed, and looked calmly down on the sweet face that

flushed so brightly as she proffered her request. "There's a lady at Uncle Will's that I want to come over to-night. Will you

stop and bring her with you?" "Certainly. Is your cold any better? You must keep out of the night air or I will not answer for the consequences.

Bell tried to look indifferent, but the brown eyes filled with tears and her cheeks burned hotly as she thought that he would have asked the same question of all the old women in the town. She closed the door with a little more force than was necessary, and, donning her cloak and a large hood, was soon walking briskly in the direction of the uncle's where she had requested Dr. Lester to call for her friend.

It was quite late when the doctor arrived and gave the bell an impatient pull, and, after what seemed an age, a middle-aged lady answered it.

"Is Miss Brown's friend here?" he asked, taking the hand that was quickly

The lady's face flushed, but she answered in the affimative. A slight figure soon appeared, muffled in cloak and hood, and in a hoarse voice bade the gentleman good evening.

Horace bowed in return and looked

curiously down at the little figure. "Are you Miss Brown's friend?" he asked, not knowing what else to say. "Yes, the best friend she ever had," came hoarsely from under the hood. "You seem to have a cold," said Horace, still standing in the door playing with his whip, while his eyes rested on

beneath the hideous hood. "I would advise you to be careful and keep out of the night air as much as possible." "Keep out of the night air, indeed!" Bell's lip curled scornfully as she received the advice given to the stranger,

a long brown curl that had escaped from

as it had been given to her a few hours before. Dr. Lester assisted her down the steps, and Bell, with a triumphant smile, was assisted into the carriage. But that smile died away, and she could have cried with anger and mortification as she found herself in an old buggy that Horace had used until lately, and his father

As they rode along the doctor's thoughts were wandering from his quiet companion to the brown-haired girl who had looked up so shyly when she asked a favor that afternoon. He had quite forgotten the lady by his

had used before him.

side, when a small hand was placed on his arm and a sweet voice said: "Dr. Lester, I am so sorry that I de-

ceived you." He only looked down on the bright young face and soft brown eyes, but did

"Won't you forgive me?" she said pleadingly. "The girls thought I would not get a ride in the phaeton we admired so much, and I was so silly, and promised them white kids if I did not such ceed."

Tears were filling the soft voice, Dr. Lester took the trembling hand is firm clasp, and said earnestly: "But if I call for you to-morrow after noon, will you ride with me in the new

phaeton as the owner's promised wife! The answer must have been satisfactory, for the next day the ponies stood before Lawyer Brown's door, and Bell's lady friends are thinking seriously of preparing the wedding dress she won. Buffalo News.

# FAST TIME.

It was at Saratoga and he had passion-

ately declared his love. "I am wholly yours, Mr. Higgins,"
the happy girl replied, "but would you kindly leave your card before you go?
Not as a guarantee of good faith," she
explained, "but I am curious to know your full name."