

BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

The Cold Day When He Was Left—
Controlling Feature—Full of Enthusiasm—A Popular Resting Place—Pedestrianism, Etc.

"Bless me, tailor!" Huffy cried:
"You've made these trousers all too wide!
The wind blows way up the inside!"

"Then replied the tailor bold:
"For me this day, too, seemeth cold;
You know, your bill is growing old!"

FULL OF ENTHUSIASM.

Brown—"You show a good deal of boyish enthusiasm over your coming trip to Europe. Why, you've crossed several times before, haven't you?"

Robinson—"Yes, but this is my first trip without my wife."—*Epoch*.

CONTROLLING FEATURE.

Brown—"The facial features plainly indicate character and disposition. In selecting your wife were you governed by her chin?"

Jones—"No, but I have been ever since we married."—*Omaha World*.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Jones (to fat friend)—"Do you walk much?"

Fat Friend—"Well, I should say so. I expect to lose twenty-five pounds."

Jones—"Good idea. The more you lose the more you'll gain, as far as personal appearance is concerned."—*Texas Siftings*.

BUT THE YOUNG MAN DIDN'T GO.

Old Man (at the head of the stairs at 30 A. M.)—"Susie, what time is it?"

Susie (with a second look at Reginald, who loosens his grip)—"A few minutes past 10, papa."

Old Man—"Don't forget to start the clock again when you go to bed."—*Yankee Blade*.

A POPULAR RESTING PLACE.

She—"Don't you admire Gothic architecture in churches, John? There is something about it that suggests repose."

He—"I dunno. Pretty much any style of a church suggests repose to me—provided the pews are comfortable."—*Boston Transcript*.

COMPETENT IN HIS LINE.

Seedy Visitor—"Have you any vacancies on your editorial staff?"

Managing Editor—"Who are you?"

S. V.—"I am a doctor by profession."

Managing Editor—"What could you do on the paper?"

S. V.—"I could edit the general news of the week."—*Voice*.

WHERE FRIENDSHIP CEASES.

Emeline—"Mamma will give her consent only to quick when you ask her, but I'm afraid papa will hold off."

Jack—"What makes you think that? He has always been very friendly with me."

Emeline—"Yes, Jack; but this is a matter of business."—*Time*.

TOUCHED A TENDER CHORD.

Tramp—"Kind lady, will you give me something to eat?"

Lady—"We have some chops left over from breakfast. You can have those."

Tramp (with scornful look)—"Excuse me, they are a little too suggestive of the woodpile. I couldn't take any comfort eating 'em."—*Kearney Enterprise*.

HE WOULD PROVE HIS LOVE.

Amelia (in an insane interval)—"Oh, Arthur, I fear you do not truly love me!"

Arthur (struck to the heart)—"Not love you, my darling! What can I do to prove my devotion?"

Amelia (frantically)—"I know not!"

Arthur (after a pause)—"Will you play something on the piano?"—*Puck*.

A TERRIBLE RISK.

Young Wife—"A tramp came to the door this morning, to get something to eat. I gave him a pie, and he asked me if it was of my manufacture. I said, 'yes,' and then he said he wasn't of much account anyway, and he'd risk eating it. The wretch!"

Young Husband—"I guess, my dear, that that tramp must be a married man."—*Yankee Blade*.

THE DRAWBACK.

Customer—"There's one drawback to a business like yours."

Barber—"What is that?"

"It is impossible for men of your calling to get rid of unpleasant acquaintances."

"I would like to know why?"

"You can't afford to cut anybody."—*Boston Courier*.

GLOOMY PROSPECTS.

Wholesale Merchant—"We will give your boy a chance, sir, to learn the business, but the first year he will not receive any salary."

Father of the Boy (dubiously)—"What will he get the second year?"

"Merchant—"Well, if he is faithful and apt, the second year we will double what he gets the first."—*Epoch*.

A TRIFLE DISCOURAGED.

Captain (outward bound, to passenger)—"Are you feeling any better to-day, sir?"

Passenger (discouraged)—"No, worse if anything."

Captain—"Oh, you'll be all right in a day or two, so don't give up the ship!"

Passenger—"No, I'll hold on to the ship if I can, but by George, I've given up about everything else."—*Epoch*.

NOT THEM MIXED.

"What kind of a bird do you call that?" asked the heavy-voiced guest of a waiter in the hotel dining-room.

"That's a canvas-back duck, sir."

"Canvas-back?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess not. You've been keeping the canvas-back ducks and the sol-leather-back ducks in the same refrigerator and got them mixed."—*Merchant Traveler*.

A PHILANTHROPIST.

Tramp—"Thank you very much for the lunch, m'm; but could you spare me twenty-five cents?"

Woman—"Mercy! What do you want with twenty-five cents?"

Tramp—"Well, I don't want it for myself, m'm. I'm just collecting a little money here and there, the same as the rest of the profession, and when we get enough we're going to found a home for destitute tramps."—*Judge*.

PROFESSIONAL CONCENTRATION.

"That was a terrible thing," said Jinks to the family physician.

"What was that?" asked the doctor.

"That uprising among the iron foundries."

"No, I haven't heard of it."

"It was a general breaking out; an extremely rash affair."

"But, my dear sir," said the doctor in a far-away pre-occupied tone, "there is nothing remarkable in that. A breaking out is in the natural course of things a rash affair."—*Merchant Traveler*.

WHO WAS DOING.

A dastardly tramp, knowing that she was entirely unprotected, entered the home of a frail, meek-eyed little woman in Montana and said savagely:

"Now, madam, you are to justify 'round and get me up a square meal, an' a mighty good one, too.' Don't let no grass grow under your feet while you're 'bout it, neither, or I'll—"

Half an hour later the frail, meek-eyed little woman hailed a passer-by and said calmly:

"I've got a feller layin' on my kitchen floor tied up with a clothes-line and gagged with a towel, that I'd like you to help me dump him into my wagon so's I kin take him to town. I've an idee a couple of his ribs is broke, an' his head needs sewin' up in three or four places, an' his shoulders 'pears to be out o' joint. He got kinder sassy an' I had ter let 'im know who was boss, yer know."—*Dodge's Magazine*.

The Richest of All Plants.

What is it?

It was formerly placed by the botanists in the class of Urtica, but it is now called Boehmeria, or spearhead nettle.

I will call it by no scientific name; I will simply call it the richest of plants, for it possesses wealth of growth, wealth of development and wealth of fiber. In ordinary light ground, with a little watering now and then by rain or irrigation, no plant will grow so rapidly, no root will multiply more quickly and produce more stalks: no vegetable fiber is handsomer, richer or silkier than ramie.

It is a perennial plant, and when once put in the ground it grows for over twenty years without replanting, giving, according to the climate, two and three crops a year. It is easy of cultivation, requiring only a soil clean and loose. It is planted in straight rows, three feet apart, in a small upland form. The plants must be kept very close, in order to shoot forth straight stalks without any branches. It grows about like willow, an average of fifteen to twenty switches, from six to eight and ten feet high, covered on the upper part with large green leaves, white underneath.

Through its leaves ramie takes its nourishment from the ozone of the air. This developed part of nourishment of the plant, added to the large, extensive propensity of the mother-root, from which run horizontally and down a lot of rhizomes and small roots, explain the extraordinary vitality of the plant and its three or four crops a year in some countries.

The Chinese alone have, for a thousand years past, extensively cultivated the ramie plant; before them the Egyptians were shrouding the dead in magnificent winding sheets of ramie, which to this day are found in the bandages of their mummies. —*Jules Verne*.

A Lapp Wolf Hunt.

The Swedish Lapps live entirely with, by, and upon their reindeer. A Lapp who owns a thousand deer is a very rich man; but as taxes are assessed upon the number of deer, he is inclined to underestimate his herd. The most dangerous enemy to the herd is the wolf, who, if disposed, can kill thirty deer in a night.

A band of wolves can make a rich Lapp poor.

When the snow is deep and soft, and it is announced that wolf-tracks have been seen in the neighborhood of the deer, the swiftest runners on snow-shoes prepare for an exciting chase.

The wolf may have a start of a mile or two, but the track it leaves in the deep, soft snow is so prominent that the hunters can follow it at their best speed. The wolf, though he may run fast, has but a slight chance of escaping the short men who, on snow-shoes, rush through the wood, dart down steep hills, and jump from ledges several yards in height.

Each hunter does his best to outrun the others, for the wolf belongs to the Lapp who strikes the first blow. As soon as the leading hunter is close enough to the wolf, he gives it a heavy blow across the loins with his strong, spiked snow-shoe staff. If there are other wolves to be pursued, he kills it outright; if not, he disables it and waits till all the hunters have arrived before giving the death-stroke.

It Worked Both Ways.

Colonel Mosby relates the following amusing incident, which occurred in a cavalry fight in the Shenandoah Valley in 1864:

In the midst of a sharp cavalry engagement with Sheridan's men in a charge near Berryville, there came riding up our lines like a whirlwind a Yankee soldier on a black horse. A score of men tried to stop him and rider, but the old black horse was up and he went on under control. The rider was sent to Liberty Prison and we mastered the black charger into the Confederate service. A few days later we charged some of Custer's men, and that old horse was ridden into the engagement by one of our soldiers. The old black evened up things, too, for he carried his rider into the Federal lines and never came back."

Measures and Contents.

A barrel requires a measure 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 28 inches deep.

One peck requires a measure 8 inches by 8 2-5 inches square and 8 inches deep.

One gallon requires a measure 8 inches by 8 inches square and 4 1-5 inches deep.

Half a bushel requires a measure 16 inches by 8 2-5 inches wide and 8 inches deep.

Half a gallon requires a measure 8 inches by 4 inches square and 4 4-5 inches deep.

Half a barrel requires a measure 24 inches long by 16 inches wide and 15 inches deep.

One ton of coal requires a measure 4 feet long, 3 feet 5 inches wide, and 2 feet 8 inches deep.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS.

JELLIED VEAL.

Take a good-sized knuckle of veal, cut up and joint the bones; cover with water, salt slightly, and simmer slowly until "done to rags." Take up and remove the bones, chop the meat fine, season with salt, pepper, and herbs if liked; place in a mold, soak two or three pieces of gelatin in a little hot water for twenty minutes and add to the water the veal was boiled in; season, let it boil up, then pour over the veal in the form. When it cools and begins to stiffen put something on it to keep it down, and over that a weight; can use next day. —*Detroit Free Press*.

OYSTER SOUP.

Put over the oysters all their liquor, and stew until the edges begin to curl; then add rich milk slightly thickened with cracker dust, a generous lump of butter, pepper and salt. If liked, put some oyster crackers in the bottom of your soup tureen and pour over the soup. If liked highly seasoned, add small bits of red pepper, which can be removed after cooking, as they are very strong. To serve raw, clean some of the best shells, and place a fine, plump oyster on each one, six on a plate. Serve with a slice of lemon. —*Yankee Blade*.

CHICKEN POT-PIE.

Cut up the bird and boil in sufficient boiling water to cover well; when tender, season with butter, salt and pepper. Make a crust as for baking powder biscuit; roll out half of it about half as thick as you ordinarily would for biscuit; spread over the surface warm (but not melted) butter; cut out and place in your baking tin. Now roll out the remainder of your dough to half an inch in thickness; cut out and place on top of the ones already in the tin. This method enables one to split them apart without injury. Thicken the broth on the chicken with flour, skim out the chicken and enter the halved biscuit for five minutes. —*New York News*.

OLD-FASHIONED FROSTING.

To the white of each egg allow one scant cupful of pulverized sugar. Have the eggs as cold as possible in a large platter. Do not beat them alone, but begin by beating half the sugar with them, adding the rest by degrees. Beat about half an hour in a cold place, or till the mixture becomes stiff. Then stir in a little extract or lemon-juice, the latter is nicest. As soon as stiff spread over the cake, which should be previously dredged with a little flour to prevent the frosting from the cake from discoloring the frosting. Put a large spoonful of frosting in the center of the cake, and spread it smoothly with a knife dipped in hot water to prevent its sticking. When all is done set the cake in a cool place for half an hour to harden. If the top is not a good shape, frost the bottom of the cake. Allow the whites of two eggs to frost one large loaf. —*American Cultivator*.

AN EXCELLENT BREAD RECIPE.

Take four large or five small-sized potatoes, boil till tender, drain and mash fine; into this put one teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of white sugar and one-third of a good fresh yeast cake; beat all well together and mold in two balls; place each in a saucer and set in a lukewarm place till several cracks are visible. In the evening make your sponge as follows: Scald one cup of flour, stirring well, leaving no large lumps. When cool enough so it will not scald the yeast, add water till it becomes of the consistency of cake batter, then take the potato ball and one teaspoonful of salt and mix it thoroughly with the batter, after which set it away in a lukewarm place to rise till morning. In the morning, add one cup of flour and one quart of lukewarm water; set away again until it begins to rise, which it will do in about twenty minutes; then knead for about ten or fifteen minutes, and let rise, after which mold into five or six loaves, let rise and bake. The potato ball which was left in the evening must be reserved in a clean, cool, dry place till next baking time. At noon, or in the evening, take three common-sized potatoes, boil, and proceed as before, except leaving out the yeast and putting in your potato ball (reserved from last baking), which answers the purpose, mix thoroughly, and mold in two balls, set away in a warm place till they begin to crack; use one for your sponge and the other reserve till the next baking. —*Yankee Blade*.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Sponge a shiny coat with ammonia and water.

Soak machine oil stains in cold water before washing.

Use none other than good soap in the kitchen, as it saves the hands.

Salt dissolved in alcohol, it is said, will remove grease spots from cloth.

The surest test of a frozen orange is its weight. If it is heavy in the hand it has not been frozen.

Clothes dry out much sooner when powdered borax is put into the hot starch just before using.

A teaspoon of wheat charcoal, taken immediately after a meal, is an excellent remedy for heartburn.

Cold sliced potatoes fry and taste better by sprinkling a teaspoonful of flour over them while frying.

When a felon first begins to make its appearance, take a lemon, cut off one end, put the finger in, and the longer it is kept there the better.

Chemists say that it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauce, etc., if put in when they begin to cook as it does to sweeten after the fruit is cooked.

Individual peppers and salts, fancy and cut glass jugs for oil and vinegar, and quaint mustard pots have usurped the place of castors on the home tables for a long time and continue to do so.

Rusty black casters should be sponged with equal parts of alcohol and ammonia, diluted with a little warm water. When pressing use a piece of alpaca or undressed cambric next the warm iron.

Game of any sort which has just begun to taint may be made fit for eating by cleaning and then washing thoroughly in vinegar and water. Charcoal is excellent also, and small pieces of it should be put inside the birds after cleaning.

The hearts of calves and full grown animals are good, either roasted or braised. Boiled a long time and then chopped fine, warmed in a little hot water and well seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, they make an excellent dish.

POPULAR.

The three hundredth anniversary of the invention of the microscope is to be celebrated in Antwerp in 1890.

Sir John Lubbock has just discovered that the death rate in London is sixteen and one-half per thousand as against seventeen and one-half in other English cities.

In a Moscow foundry castings are made from metals fused in an electric furnace. The operators work two hours per day, the glare being greater than that of the sun, and unendurable for a long time.

An incandescent lamp arrangement for showing the interior of boilers while under steam has been made by a German inventor. The device is likely to be of practical, as well as of scientific, value.

The first astronomical observatory is said to have been erected on the temple of Belus, at Babylon; but one on the tomb of Osymandyas, in Egypt, with a golden circle 200 feet in diameter, and one at Benares, also date from a very early period.

Of the first turkey in America, the only records we have are in the recently discovered fossils of the post-tertiary period. These prove that the turkey not only antedated Columbus, and even the Norseman, but that in all probability he was the original "oldest inhabitant of America."

An electric balance has been exhibited in Paris. The placing in the pan of the object to be weighed closes an electric circuit, when the current operates a motor on the weight and carries the weight out on the beam until an equilibrium is established, breaking the circuit. With the emptying of the pan, the weight returns.

The attempt to acclimatize the Swedish reindeer in the Harz Mountains of Germany has not been quite so successful as was anticipated. The heat of the summer having caused the death of many of the animals. A new attempt is to be made next spring in the Algau, which, it is expected, will give better and lasting results.

It has been shown very satisfactorily that the banana plant contains a greater quantity of pure fiber than any other of the numerous vegetable products used in the manufacture of paper. The adaptation of the plant to commercial purposes will, it is anticipated, revolutionize the paper material market and largely affect the industry.

It is not a fact generally known that the real inventor of the powder used for the "Label" rifles is not the Colonel of that name, but M. Vieille, a young French engineer. M. Vieille will be the fortunate recipient ere long of a prize of \$10,000 awarded every three years, under the auspices of the Academy of Science, to the author of the most important discovery made within that period.

The French Professor of Chemistry, De Millefeurs, recently exhibited before a meeting of Parisian scientists several bricks of petroleum, which he has discovered how to solidify by an original process. The petroleum bricks were hard enough to be handled without inconvenience, yet soft enough to be cut with a touch knife. They burned slowly when touched with a lighted match. Millefeurs says they are non-explosive and insensitive.

A Honolulu paper thus describes a curious substance thrown off by the molten lava and found close to the lakes of fire at the volcano: "It clings to the adjoining rocks in fiber-like threads of a flaxen color, and has the appearance of human hair; but mixed with it are sharp particles of black lava. Considering that this substance is a mineral production, it is wonderfully flexible and tough—bending easily, but not ductile in its present state or capable of being lengthened. It is peculiar to this volcano, and is certainly a singular production."

According to Dr. S. S. Kilvington, the Mississippi River received during the year 1875, 675 tons of garbage and of all, 108,250 tons of night-soil, and 3765 dead animals, from only eight cities; the Ohio, 46,700 tons of garbage, 21,157 tons of night-soil, and 5100 dead animals, from five cities; and the Missouri, 36,000 tons of garbage, 92,400 tons of night-soil, and 31,600 dead animals, from four cities. Dr. Kilvington urges the cremation of most of the refuse, and twenty-three out of thirty-five health officials consulted by him favored the plan.

Uncle Sam's Timepieces.

It costs Uncle Sam thousands of dollars a year to have his clocks wound. Every Monday morning you see men in Washington going about the departments carrying little ladders, like those used by the lamp-lighters. Their business is to wind and keep in order the clocks in the departments. Each man has his own department or a section of the department to look after the clocks, and this is his sole business. In some places men are employed by the month for this purpose, while in other cases the contract is let by the month or year to some enterprising clock repairer, who sends a "journeyman" around to wind the clocks and see whether they are in order, and then goes himself to make such repairs as are necessary.

The cost of winding and caring for the clocks in the departments runs at the rate of \$75 to \$100 a month in each department. There are in the Treasury Department nearly four hundred clocks. Some of these are expensive ones, and cost away up in the hundreds of dollars, though the average value of departmental clocks is not more than perhaps \$15 or \$20 apiece. A good many of the clocks in the halls of the public buildings, and also those in the rooms occupied by the heads of departments are very valuable, costing away up in the hundreds. —*Omaha World-Herald*.

A Second Edition of Paris.

Society in Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, is gradually becoming more and more European. One walking the streets just now observes that we have become almost a second edition of Paris, says a correspondent of the *Export and Financier*. The fashions of that gay city are copied by women and men alike, and the fact that we have 200,000 Frenchmen in the Republic, in round numbers, has made a decided impression on the social customs of the people. A man landing here, from Paris finds himself perfectly at home, and would hardly dream that he was so far away from his native land. The same applies equally to a Frenchwoman. She hardly misses the gay life of the gayest capital of all the world. The Englishman, too, finds himself, in a certain measure, among his own kindred here, as to the American a certain lonely feeling is ever present.

The "Speech-Box."

The London *Times* describes the effect of the photograph on Nasr Ed-din, the Shah of Persia. The scene and dialogue make a characteristic interview of the western with the eastern mind. Colonel Gouraud, who represents Mr. Edison and his photograph in Europe, had a "good time" with the Shah at Earl Brownlow's pretty place, Ashridge, where the dusky monarch protested he had spent one of his happiest days in England.

The Shah had never seen the photograph, and Colonel Gouraud fancied he might regard it as an attempted scientific fraud or a clever conjuring trick. The Colonel, therefore, addressed the Shah, saying that if his Majesty prolonged his travels to America he would be afforded as magnificent a welcome there as had been extended to him in this country. This, with more or less import, the Colonel said, all of which was translated to the Shah by Prince Malcom Khan, and indented upon the photograph. Then the speech was wound off as pronounced in Persian by the Prince, whereat the Shah smote his palms together and cried: "Oh! oh!" and "Woo-der-ful!" with a prolonged accent on the Woo.

Anxious for more, his Imperial Majesty bade the poet of the suite recite some verses from the Persian Hafiz into the receiver. In the Persian court and suite it is not only the professors of ancient and occult sciences who have a position, but those of modern sciences, art and literature are included in the retinue.

Out came in due course from the photograph the verses of Hafiz, with the exact intonation of the speaker, which caused the Shah anew to clap his hands and exclaim the utmost surprise. One thing led to another. He spoke into the instrument himself, Prince Albert Victor did the same, and Lady Brownlow followed.

Then the Duke of Abercorn uttered a few sentences; there was laughing, crying and whistling; and, finally, the band played a tune at it; all of which in due succession were afterward reeled off, to the astonishment of the Persians. A pause ensued, and his Majesty laid his hand upon the machine, and Prince Malcom Chan, speaking for his sovereign, said:

"The Shah would like to have that instrument, or one like it."

"It is at his service," said Colonel Gouraud.

"But," said the Prince, "he believes it to be a new one, and the only one you have of its kind in Europe."

"It is his Majesty's as though there were many more," said the astute and courtly American.

"Then the Shah will take it at once to Teheran, and he would like to have some one accompany him to work it," further interpreted the Prince.

The "speech-box," as the photograph was called by the Persians, impressed the Shah greatly. He made incessant references to it during the evening, and as Colonel Gouraud was one of the party at Earl Brownlow's, he had opportunities of explaining the details of this marvelous invention.

The Baboon as an Epicure.

The baboon, writes the Graaff-Reinet (South Africa) *Advertiser*, seems to be changing its nature with the changing climatic conditions. In former years he was a vegetarian, his worst offence being stealing mealies in the gardens when he got a chance. Now he has taken to other ways of getting a livelihood. Said a farmer the other day to a brother farmer: "Have you lots of honey on your farm?"

Answer: "No, the baboons rob all the nests."

"How do they do it? The bees would sting them to death."

The answer was that probably the baboons did the work in the night when the bees were drowsy, sleepy and dull. Any way, he believed the baboons got off with the swag of honey, whenever they could get a nest. Then, Mr. Peter Booysen, of Moiofontein, has his story