

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

LAUGHTER-PROVOKING STORIES FOR LOVERS OF FUN.

Domestic Fixture—Putting Him to the Test.—The Most Reliable Method—Presentiments—More to the Purpose—Comparative Antiquity—The Sufferer, Etc.

His wife can fire china, He's clever with a gun, But, as to firing Mrs. Ann, They vote 'em to be done.

Putting Him to the Test. He—"I would die for you!" She—"Really? Go and ask papa for my hand."—New York Journal.

The Most Reliable Method. Dorothy—"Have you read that article on 'How to be Beautiful'?" Anna—"Yes; but I think 'e best way is to be born so."—Pack.

His Origin. Tramp—"Will yer kindly give er hungry mortal er bite ter eat? Fer de past t'ree days." Lady—"Say nothing but saw wood."—Pack.

Comparative Antiquity. New Yorker—"That vase was dug up in Pompeii." Chicagoan—"I'm a lover of curios myself. I've got a shaving mug that was through the fire."—Pack.

Her Only Hope. Lazy Galle—"What are you going to do when your constitution is all worn out?" Progressive Peggy—"Live on my by-laws."—New York Journal.

More to the Purpose. Lord Hamerly—"You've no publication in America like our Burke's Peepage to tell you 'Who's Who.'" Miss Gotrox—"No; but our Bradstreet tells you 'What's What.'"—Pack.

Best He Could Do. "I asked little Tom what physical geography was." "Did he know?" "He said he guessed it was a kind of geography that boys had to learn or take a licking."—Pack.

Presentiments. "You say you felt it in your bones that there was a burglar under your bed?" "Yes; you see, I stuck my foot out from under the covers and he grabbed it."—Detroit Free Press.

He Overlooked a Point. Mr. Saphead—"They say that all beautiful people are weak-minded, don't you know?" Miss Pretty—"That may all be, Mr. Saphead; but you must not forget that all weak-minded people are not beautiful."—Pack.

The Sufferer. "I see in this account of the wedding supper that the table groaned with the delicacies of the season." "Yes; but I'll bet that was nothing to the groaning of the man of the house when he had to pay the bill."—Philadelphia North American.

Amatation. "Do you consider the Electoral College a desirable institution?" inquired the man whose mind is on the nation. "Well," remarked the nervous friend, "I can't help admiring it for the fact that I never yet heard of an Electoral College yell."—Washington Star.

His Injury Located. "And where was the man stabbed?" asked the excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the median line, and about an inch above the umbilicus," was the reply.

A Piffal Position. Miss Goodgirl—"What are you thinking of so intently?" Young Gayboy—"Well, if you must know, I was thinking what the result would be if I should suddenly grab you and kiss you."

Miss Goodgirl—"Oh, Mr. Gayboy, how terrible for you to have such thoughts when no one in the world could possibly come to my assistance!"—Harlem Life.

Her Vindication. "No," said Briggs, "my wife didn't seem to be very badly frightened when we heard that the hotel had caught fire, in spite of the fact that our room was on the thirtieth floor."

"Why, the first thing she said, when we awoke and heard the commotion, was: 'There, now, Joe Briggs, maybe you'll not be so ready to laugh the next time I tell you thirteen's an unlucky number.'"—Chicago News.

Literary Opinion. "I'd like your candid opinion of this new novel," she said to the young man who talks literature a great deal. "Are you sure you want my candid opinion?"

"Yes, I wish to know exactly what you think of it without prevarication or concealment." "Well, to be downright honest with you, I think it is one of the greatest books whose advertisements I have ever read."—Washington Star.

The Victim. "May I ask what is going on in the village?" asked the observant stranger. "We're celebrating the birthday of the oldest inhabitant, sir," replied the native. "She's 101 to-day, sir."

"And tell me, pray, who is that little man with the dreadfully sad countenance who walks by the old lady's side?" "That's her son-in-law, sir. He's been keepin' up her life insurance for the last thirty years."—Tit-Bits.

Origin of the Name. The origin of the name "dolly" has baffled some of the wisest and most learned, the majority of whom have at last come to the conclusion that it comes from "Dolly," a favorite name for girls in England two hundred years ago.

The word "dolly" is not found in the common use in our language until the middle of the eighteenth century, and as far as one can discover, first appears in the Gentleman's Magazine for September, 1761, in the following quotation: "Several dolls with different dresses, made in St. James street, have been sent to the Czarina to show the manner of dressing at present in fashion among English ladies."

Prior to this, the word used to describe the favorite plaything of all girls in all countries and in all ages was "baby," which is to be found together with "poppet" or "puppet" in this sense in the works of most of the great earliest writers.

To Make a Needle. A needle passes through eighty distinct operations before it is perfectly made.

THE CZARS CURIOSITY.

He Destroyed His Daughter's Doll to See How the Mechanism Worked.

The heavy burden of autocracy has not destroyed all the boyish instincts in Nicholas II's disposition, as the following anecdote, heard at a dinner party given in honor of a gentleman named M. Faure's escort in his late journey, proves. The President, after having searched all of the best Parisian shops to find some toys worthy of the little Grand-duchesses' acceptance, and, having bought the everlasting golden rattle for Miss Tatiana, was in despair for something out of the common to give Miss Olga. He at last chose two wonderful dolls, one got up as an elegant lady, the other as an over-dressed little girl; and, after much difficulty, a most complicated piece of machinery was inserted, thanks to which, when wound up, the lady and her daughter began a ludicrous bit of conversation, which is finished by the little girl crying because she is not allowed to ride a donkey on account of her gauze dress.

The baby Grand-duchess was delighted, but not her mother, who, when she saw it, appeared spent an hour on the floor with the child, listening to the squeaky dialogue between the dolls. But the time came when the Princess had to go to bed, while she did very reluctantly. As for the Emperor, he remained an instant in the boudoir after her departure with the two clever artificial ladies who had taken his fancy, while the Empress, M. Faure and some ladies and gentlemen of the Court were talking in the next room. Suddenly a strange noise like that of an infernal machine was heard, followed by a loud cry of dismay, and everybody rushed to see what it was.

There was the Emperor, safe and sound, but with a dismal face, looking at the dolls, which he had partly undressed to find out the secret hidden in their bosoms, while the dolls were chattering away as if they would never stop. The Empress, unable to restrain her temper, snatched up the carpeted board on which were standing the dolls, and shaking them, the Emperor, after having crushed her husband with a withering eye, she said to a gentleman near her: "Please send this away; it is too bad, indeed. The Emperor spoils everything he touches." But Nicholas looked so penitent and the mishap was so funny that she could not help laughing.—Philadelphia Times.

The Habit of Saving. Now that the good times are marching upon us, filling the people cheerful and the country glad, it might be well for all to remember that the best way to profit by the depression is to save something out of the new prosperity for any other possible season of idleness and distress. With the vast abundance that this country has known, the habit of economy has come slowly. Many have seen the wisdom of it, and they are our rich people and the owners of our banks and industrial and banking properties. But the great majority of the people have lived up to their incomes, and when the wages stopped or the salary ceased, grim want stalked in. And so good men and well-to-do women had to go to charity to keep from starvation; had to sacrifice their pride and accept of the public bounty, because in the days of prosperity they had forgotten the future.

Saving comes easily when it is once begun. Do not spend more than you earn. When Peter Cooper earned \$1 he lived on fifty cents of it, and the other successful men will testify how hard the struggle was to save the first money and how easy it was after the habit had been formed. We are going to have some of the greatest years the world has ever known, but no one should let that prospect delude him into spending all he gets. There is a safe way only in saving.—Leslie's Weekly.

Cut Off His Own Leg to Save His Life. Tattooing is not nearly as common among savages as it was before the influence of missionaries began to be felt. Many of the natives of the South Pacific islands, however, still keep up the practice. Every native boy, when he reaches the age of eight years, must submit to the needle. It is a peculiar fact that all Samoans are tattooed alike. Devices representing animals are never used. The tattoo marks run from the waist to the knees in intersecting lines resembling the small checks sometimes seen in cloth fabrics. The lines are so close together that at a distance a nude man appears to be clad in a pair of blue checkbookers.

As an illustration of the capacity of the Samoan to endure pain, the following incident will suffice: A boy, eighteen years old, named Mua, injured his foot on a jagged piece of coral. Gangrene set in and he realized that his leg would have to be cut off to save his life. No surgeon was at hand and the boy decided to perform the operation of amputation himself. He tied a string tightly around his leg above the knee, and, sealing the member at the knee with an ordinary fisher's jackknife. The rudo flaps of flesh were bound together, covered with healing leaves, and, strange as it may seem, the lad recovered. Samoans regard any exhibition of the consciousness of pain as an evidence of weakness.

The Farm a Training School. "If anyone will take the trouble to inquire into the early life of the most prominent business men of the South, he will find, with scarcely an exception, that those who have been the most successful started life with-out fortune, surrounded by the conservative, healthful influences of the country; laboring upon the farm in summer and attending school in winter, following the plow, clad in coarse garments and living on the plainest food, who will in twenty-five years be the leaders in the business world and the presidents of our great railways and the directors of the policies of this country. Such boys are being reared by their hardships in early life, to be followed by great achievements and triumphs and wealth and honor in later life. They are going through a severe training, but time will demonstrate its wisdom.—Atlanta Journal.

Irish Eggs. Ireland has 13,000,000 fowls, and might raise many more, and Irish egg merchant are endeavoring to devise some safe method against the shipments of infected eggs, which have thrown so much opprobrium on the Irish pro-duce.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cellar Wintering.

Bees may be successfully wintered in cellars, if properly managed, but it takes care and experience in most cases to make a sure success of it. A cellar used for bees should be for bees alone and not for other purposes, from the fact that a cellar that contained decayed fruits and vegetables would not be as healthy for bees, because frequently the bees and the cellar would annoy the bees and may result in disaster to them. A part of a cellar that is severely partitioned off exclusively to itself might answer, if proper precautions are always taken on entering, or doing any work in it while the bees are there.—Agricultural Epitome.

Crut Straw on the Floor. It is well to again call attention to the importance of using cut straw on the poultry-house floor after cold weather begins, as it serves to keep the house warm. Leaves are also excellent, but the supply is soon exhausted. It is important to cut the straw short. If only one inch in length, all the better, and use it liberally, spreading it on the floor to a depth of two or three inches. When feeding whole grain to the hens scatter the grains in cut straw, and if the hens will not do so, scatter the grain where they are apparently subject to the same conditions, with the exception of the stocks into which they were grafted. The variety was the Triomphe de Jodoigne, and one was grafted upon a seedling pear, the other upon a quince. Each tree bore about 300 fruits each year, and for three years the fruits when mature were collected, compared and analyzed. The color of the fruits was very different, those upon the pear stock being greenish yellow, while those on the quince stock golden yellow, with a decided rose blush on the side toward the sun.

Ten fruits from the quince stock averaged to weigh 400 grams, against 280 grams on the pear stock. Both fruit and fruit juice on the quince stock had greater density, and it also exceeded that on the pear stock in acidity and in contents of sugar. The sugar was in the proportion of eleven kilograms of the quince stock to seven on the pear stock. The same observations were in the main confirmed by others made some years ago on Winter Doyenne scions on seedling pear and quince stock.—Boston Cultivator.

Hints on Dairying. As a rule, with any kind of setting now practiced, the cream will all be at the top of the milk, and the temperature stays falling. If it, the temperature is run down to forty-five degrees or below. The more rapid the cooling the more rapid the separation. It is not well to go below freezing. It is best to remove the cream while the milk is sweet, so that the milk can be fed sweet to the pigs or calves. No good dairymen favors letting the milk lopper be positively bad, and the cream is not to be taken too much as a matter with it. When cream is added, thoroughly stir and mix it with the mass. Add no cream for twelve hours before churning, as it will not ripen and churn, and will therefore remain in the buttermilk.

The cream should be churned as soon as it becomes slightly acid. If souring goes beyond this, the acid has to be cut and the butter fats, however, preserved and longest-keeping cream and is free from caseous matter; while some claim that such butter is insipid in flavor and does not keep well.

But sweep cream must be ripened by oxidizing before churning, and experimenters say that it must be churned at a lower temperature than sour cream in order to secure the best yield. The best temperature in which to ripen cream is about sixty degrees, and should be kept cool, but not forty degrees, and the temperature be slowly raised to the desired point of ripening and churning.

The oxidation requires shallow setting or some other method of exposing the cream to the atmosphere. In all deep setting, souring the cream becomes necessary to develop flavor, as the oxidation is only partial.

The natural butter flavor, developed by oxidation, is milder than the lactic-acid developed by souring. Hence it is that many consumers prefer the latter, which they are used to, as nearly all the butter is made from sour cream.

The contradictory opinions in regard to sweet-cream butter appear to come from different ways in which the cream is handled, only a few knowing how to do it. But if one only makes good sweet-cream butter it demonstrates the fact that it can be done.—Colonel T. D. Curtis, in Farm, Field and Fireside.

Farm and Garden Notes. Fowls do not wear overcoats. Only a little crack or nail-hole—but? Only a small leak roosting near said little crack or nail-hole—but? Only a little cold contracted from the little draught—but? It's roun.

Clear, cold water is a great thing in butter making, but hot water is quite as essential. Better cover the sides and roof of the poultry house with tarred (or other) roofing paper, then there will be no cracks.

Don't let the animals become poor by trying to winter them too cheaply. Judicious feeding and care the year round is what we are after. The pigs will, if given the opportunity, do much cleaning where thrashing was done out doors; so will the chickens, and without tending the ground up so much.

Let those who are building up their flocks and herds not neglect to head them with the best and most obtainable. Hence it is that many consumers prefer the latter, which they are used to, as nearly all the butter is made from sour cream.

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Fashion Facts. Bright flannel shirt waists. Iridescent crystal shades for lamps. Various platings of chiffon and lace. Immense circular buckles of steel for hats.

Velveten waists, plain, dotted, plaided and checked. Black embroidery or passementerie combined with silver. Ready-made scrolls of colored braid edged with gold cord. Handsome gold and Rhinestone buttons for fancy silk waists.

Black net blouse fronts patterned with jet and red or green spangles. Black and white neck ruffs edged with a cluster of vari-colored stripes. Pretty wash ribbons, an inch wide and in all shades and colors, can be bought for under ten for thirteen cents a yard, or \$1.25 a piece of ten yards.

Black more trimmed very elaborately on the bodice with jet-spangled silk muslin forms a very elegant and very popular gown for receptions, dinners and afternoon teas. Medium length black coat and velvet capes, covered with silk applications and edged around the high collar and down the front with fur, are one of the many styles in waists.

Chiffon mervellets is the name of a lovely fabric that makes up into ideal gowns, neckwear and light capes. It may be had in both single and double widths, and is not expensive.

When it comes to quality, there is far less difference in the best butter made by deep and shallow setting and by centrifugal separating than dairymen were formerly led to suppose.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

Gowns For Nightwear on Trains.

Pretty gowns for nightwear on steamers and trains in cool weather are of twilled flannel. They are in striped plaid, blue and in darker and less attractive colors. They are prettily made with feather-stitched tucks down the front and collar and ruffles at the wrist, embroidered in simple designs. They are said to wash admirably.—New York Times.

The Outrass Bodices. The outrass bodices of shimmering jet spangles and fine beads, embroidered in a spreading design or sewn in close bands on net and chiffon, was a very conspicuous feature of the variety in dress at the Horse Show. This glittering armor was not always of jet, however, for both gray and white chiffon, heavily embroidered with steel or silver, were prime favorites. Entire bodices of iridescent spangles or black net were also to be seen.

Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their under pockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a closed carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein, if she took me out cowslip picking, or nutting, or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of butter or a parcel of sandwiches, which she often carried like a big bag. I was very young when she stitched up a pocket for me to wear under my frock out of some stuff like bedtickings, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

Successful Woman Farmer. Miss Mary E. Cutler, of Holliston, Mass., is one of the most successful agriculturists in that State. It is now almost thirteen years since she undertook to manage Winthrop Gardens, at her place is called, and, while she still retains active supervision of it, her hardest work has been done. She had been her father's right hand for some years in his struggles against rocks and weeds, which were the principal product of the land when he began to farm, paying \$2000 for the whole sixty-eight acres. When he died and she was left the little schoolhouse which she was teaching and assumed the entire management of the place. Her brothers had left, one to become a lawyer and the other a physician in distant cities. She sought out their friends and relatives, undertook to be a practical farmer.

Ms. Cutler was not afraid of failing, but she took no risks. At first she raised only such things that had already been grown with success upon the farm, and she retained as her superintendent a man who had been employed by her father for a number of years. Affairs turned out well. The woman farmer familiarized herself with every bit of the land she possessed and studied its possibilities. She practically directed the men and worked with them when necessary and she was equally active and alert on the road and in the markets disposing of her crops.—Chicago Chronicle.

As Rare Now as the Dodo. What has become of the woman who used to feast on chocolate eclairs at noon and drink ice cream soda at 4 o'clock in the afternoon? She is as rare as the dodo. Vainly, undoubtedly, is partially responsible for the diets and regimes adopted by the modern girl. She is a logical, thinking creature with more than a superficial understanding of the laws of cause and effect, and knowing that a beautiful complexion, fine figure and repose of manner are synonyms of good blood, perfect digestion and calm nerves, she acts accordingly.

This tendency to be "strong-minded" in the choice of her food is displayed conspicuously at the hotels and restaurants which the modern woman makes her home at luncheon hours. These "lunch shops," as Little Billie would call them, are all in the shopping district. They hold in Fifth avenue and in Broadway below Thirty-first street, the famous pink and purple Tea Room, a certain English bun-shop and a Viennese cafe are the principal haunts of the hungry shopper. Several of the big shops have a restaurant in the same building, but the average woman likes a brief respite from babies and bundles and flees to Broadway for her noon-tide repast.

Her luncheon is usually one of all propriety and to her size, which shows of higher ideals have not been able to eliminate feminine perversity from the logical woman's character. A big, broad shouldered girl will eat a slice of rare roast beef and drink a cupful of hot water with the same cheerful heroism as would her brother, when in training for a football game. The fragile little person with the aureole of curls, whom one would expect to dine off a butterfly's wing, thinks nothing of demolishing a big English chop, a baked potato and a salad.

And oysters, patties of all kinds and rich salads are indulged in by the less Spartan women, but the old-time feast of meringues and cream-puffs, ices and ice water has gone the way of fainting-fits, hysterics and other uncomfortable things.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Putting On Her Wraps. She (smiling)—Your face is too near to mine. He—It's two inches away, and that's as bad as a thousand miles. She (pouting)—It wouldn't be for some men.—Harlem Life.

Bad Digestion, Bad Heart. Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored. E. C. of Greenburg, Md. Mrs. Ellen Colton, Newport, Ind., a woman forty-three years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The cause was indigestion, and the disease was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The case is a fine illustration of the fact that the heart and stomach are so connected that the one is affected by the other.

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SWISS CHEESE.

The Genuine Article Is Made in Huts High Up in the Alps.

The American-made Swiss cheese resembles very closely indeed the genuine article, but there is a peculiar favor to the real article, readily distinguishable by good judges of cheese, which the American makers never have been able to produce. This favor, it is said, is due to a herb which grows in great quantities in Switzerland, and which the milk giving animals feed. Efforts have been made by dairymen to cultivate the herb in this country, but they have failed. A few years ago when A. L. Reynolds was studying the cheese industries of Europe he was being shown over his farm by an old Swiss who had spent a lifetime in the manufacture of cheese. With him was a son of the old man, who spoke a little English. As the group was passing through a pasture where sheep, goats and cows were grazing, turning to his son and pointing to the herb growing with the grass, the old man said: "Tell Herr Reynolds that is the secret of the success of our cheese and the reason his good countrymen cannot equal it."

An opinion prevails that Swiss cheese is made altogether of goats' milk. This is not wholly true. While much goat's milk is used, sheep and cows' milk also are used. It is the custom of the Swiss farmers who have different milk giving animals to mix their milk in the manufacture of cheese.

The genuine Swiss cheese is made mostly in huts, called chalets, high up among the Alps. It is made between the melting of the snow in May and early in September when the pastures on the mountain sides are green and accessible to the milk-giving animals and their herders. In the winter the goats, sheep and cows are taken for shelter down into the valleys, thousands of feet below. The chalets in which the cheese-makers live are located in the midst of the mountain pastures in spots protected from avalanches.

In making the cheese the milk, partly skimmed or not, according to the quality of cheese desired, is put into a large kettle hung over a fire. It is heated to a temperature of 77 degrees, and the kettle is then swung from over the fire and rennet is added to the milk. As the milk coagulates the curd is cut into very fine pieces. The kettle is swung over the fire again, for each particle must be fully exposed to the action of the heat. The heat under the kettle is increased until the curd is at a temperature of 90 degrees. The kettle is then swung off the fire immediately, and the curd and whey stirred thoroughly. The cooking has been properly done the appearance of curd have the appearance of bursts of rice swimming in the whey.

The curd is then collected in a cloth, and all the whey is carefully drained off. Next comes the salting process. The salt is rubbed from time to time on the outside of the cheese, great care being taken to discern when enough has been absorbed. This salting process is continued, by the most careful of the cheese makers, from one to two years, at intervals of a week. The Gruyere cheeses, which are among the best known of the Swiss make, are commonly three feet in diameter and weigh more than one hundred pounds. A properly made cheese of this sort is like a soft yellow paste, which melts in the mouth. It is filled with curdles about one inch of a pea, or larger, one or two in each square inch of cheese.—New York Advertiser.

Facts About Alaska. Alaska is two and one-half times as large as Texas. It is eighteen times as large as all New England. It is as large as the South, including Texas. It is as large as all the States east of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio, including Virginia and West Virginia. It makes San Francisco Bay east of our centre. It is the highest mountain in North America but one—Popocatepetl—in Mexico. It has the only forest-covered glacier in the world.

The Treadwell is one of the greatest gold mines. It has the best yellow cedar in the world. It has the greatest seal fisheries. It has the greatest salmon fisheries. It has cod banks that beat Newfoundland.

It has one of the largest rivers in the world, the Yukon 150 miles from its mouth cannot see the other bank. The Yukon is twenty miles wide 700 miles from its mouth. With its tributaries it is navigable 2,500 miles. It is larger than the La Plata. It is larger than the Orinoco. It discharges one-third more water than the Mississippi. Its water is fresh fifteen miles from its mouth. It has probably more gold in its basin than any other river. Its color is naturally blue to its junction with the White River, 1,100 miles above its mouth.

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Bad Digestion, Bad Heart. Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored. E. C. of Greenburg, Md. Mrs. Ellen Colton, Newport, Ind., a woman forty-three years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The cause was indigestion, and the disease was cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The case is a fine illustration of the fact that the heart and stomach are so connected that the one is affected by the other.

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