Women Leech-Fishers.

One of the most peculiar industries in which women ever engage was that of leech-fishing. Sixty years ago leeches were in much greater demand than they are to-day, and their capture and sale proved so profitable that women were willing to make martyrs of themselves for cash. It was mostly Scotch women who engaged in the business. They would wade in the shallow pools of the Lincolnshire carrs, with their legs bared, until the entire surface of their limbs was cavered with the slimy, clinging creatures. When this stage of the fishing was reached, they would go ashore, drag the leeches from their feeding ground, and put them in small wooden barrels, which were then strapped on their backs and taken to the Scotch markets, where they were readily disposed of at good prices.

Libby, McNeill & Libby.

The visitor passing through the plant of Messrs. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, is not only deeply interested in the cutting rooms, cooking kitchens, canning department and the wonderful mechanical contrivances for accomplishing the work speedily, but is greatly surprised by the vastness of their industry of packing and preserving dainty meats and specialties for consumers all over the world.

Some idea of the enormous business of this firm can be obtained from the fact that they require capacity for 300,000 cattle and 100,000 sheep per annum, manufacture forty millions of cans a year or an average of 140,000 cans a day, and require 2,000 employes to meet the demands of their trade. Send a postal card for a booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

A Difference in Tastes.

"I saw you kissing my daughter. I don't like it, sir."

"Then you don't know what's good, sir."—Life.

Reward for Honesty.

When you ask for CASCARETS, Candy Cathartic, and the man offers you tablets in bulk or "something just as good," he is trying to swindle you. We are looking for dishonest dealers like that, for they not only steal our reputation and business, but endanger your health with cheap, unreliable and fraudulent substitutes in order to make a few more cents at your expense. Write us and furnish us with the evidence to convict such frauds and receive a liberal reward, at once. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The spectacle of a mother-in-law ruling a home is beyond question an imposing scene

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

He—That Miss Simkins is awfully shy, isn't she?

She—Yes. I wonder if she gets it from her mother?

He—No; from her father, I imagine. I understand he used to be a great poker player.—Chicago News.

Ordained.

"There's no reason why a politician should not be honest."

"No; it's just one of those things that happens. There is no particular reason why grass shouldn't be black; but it's green, just the same."—Philadelphia North American.

At It Again.

The Savage Bachelor—I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for $25.

The Sweet Young Thing—As usual, woman is at a disadvantage. A good grizzly bear can't be bought for less than ten times that.—Indianapolis Journal.

This Happened in Pittsburg.

Hotel Guest (as fire alarm sounds)—Does the fire department here have any difficulty in locating a fire?

Landlord—Not any more than in any other city, I suppose. But, why do you ask?

Hotel Guest—Well, it's so smoky here I don't see how they ever find the fire.—Chicago News.

Obeying Orders.

"Now, Tommy, give me a definition of ratio."

Tommy—Please, sir, pa said I wasn't to talk politics in school.

Cautionary.

(Slipping the ring on her finger)—Let's keep this secret a little while, darling. Don't say anything about it.

(In a whisper)—I won't, love—till I find out whether the stone is genuine or not.—Chicago Tribune.

An Enjoyable Tramp.

Mildred (from Philadelphia)—You don't seem to like Evelyn.

Penelope (from Boston)—She shows a lack of proper culture. This morning she said she was going to take a tramp up the mountain.

Mildred—Well?

Penelope—Do you not think she might choose as her escort one whose social status is more in keeping with her own?—New York Press.

For Mercy's Sake.

"His wife's name is Mercy. She keeps him busy, too."

"Doing what?"

"Why, running on errands of Mercy."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Buttonless Coat.

Stubb—You ought to go to the minstrels this week. Regular button-busting jokes, they say.

Penn—Who's going to sew my buttons on after they're busted off? You don't know my wife, old man.

Equal Footing.

"Why are ladies so fond of golf?"

"Well, you see, it places them on an equal footing with the men."

At the Polls.

"A woman tried to vote here to-day."

"How'd you get rid of her?"

"Told her to send it by mail, so that it would be sure to receive official attention."—Philadelphia North American.

Then She Went Out.

Tom—What do you think she did when I asked her to let me be the light of her life?

Dick—I don't know. What?

Tom—Turned me down.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Would Come Around All Right.

They were seated side by side on the parlor sofa and there wasn't room enough between them for an argument.

"George," murmured the maid, after a blissful silence extending over a period of several minutes, "I'm afraid your arm must be very painful."

"Why do you thing so, dearest?" he asked.

"Because," she coyly replied, "it seems to be out of place."

"Oh, well, never mind," said George. "It will come around all right."—Chicago News.

A Retort Courteous.

The Automobile—Get out of the way there, you old stiff! You a has-been.

The Horse—Perhaps. But will you please tell me from what part of your anatomy they cut your porterhouse steaks?—Omaha World-Herald.

One of Many.

Quadds—Hello, old boy! What are you doing now?

Spacer—Writing for the press.

Quadds—Don't you find it rather thankless sort of work?

Spacer—On the contrary, nearly everything I write is returned with thanks.—Chicago News.

The Motive Power.

"Mrs. Lowdly dresses up and goes everywhere and has a good time, but one never sees her husband. I suppose he pays the bills, though, and stays in the background."

"Yes. In other words she is one of those airy creatures who have no visible means of support."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Between Friends.

"I'm just engaged!"

"Indeed? Have you, then, received a great inheritance?"—Humoristische Blaetter.

Old Sayings.

Dick (describing the singer)—She had azure eyes; minstrel-joke hair——

Ida—One moment, Dick! What in the world is "minstrel-joke hair?"

Dick—Why, a rich chestnut, of course. Girls couldn't see through a window with the glass out.

Three Balls in Disguise.

"Say, Dick, oom means uncle, doesn't it?"

"Yes; I believe it's all the same in Dutch."

"Well, it's been a great help to me of late."

"You don't say."

"Yes, when Edith asked where my overcoat was I told her down at oom's. Now, old chap, if I had said down at uncle's she'd seen through it in a minute."

Grip of Steel.

Swipsy—Me old man wuz one of dese friendly men. He'd catch hold of yer hand an' wudn't let go.

Billy—Great Jimmy! Wuz he a cop or a detective?

As to Hair and Whiskers.

Why does a man's hair fall out before his whiskers?

Because it is at least twenty years older.—New York Press.

Horatio Barnes Stormer—They used to call me a "ham," but little did I dream I would ever figure in a "sandwich."

There were Others.

"I married you," he observed, "for yourself alone, but now——"

It was clear that the honeymoon was on its last legs.

"Now I find I have got the whole family."—New York Press.

Not Particular.

"She does all her own cooking, but she says her husband has the appetite of a bird."

"Goodness! She must mean an ostrich."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Took Him Up.

She—Will you buy me that hat?

He—My precious little——

She—Look here! You can either buy me that hat or you can love me precious little.—New York Press.

A Man of Metal.

"The orator is what you call a man of metal."

"Why?"

"They call him 'silver-tongued,' he has gold in his teeth, and he certainly has plenty of brass."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In Fiji Society.

First Fiji Belle—Do you think she has the face to be married with the two-ring ceremony?

Second Fiji Belle—Oh, yes, her face is certainly ample for two rings.—Detroit Journal.

A Precious Gem Story.

The tea things had been cleared away, and the head of the establishment was trying to read the evening paper, while his better half busied herself with some fancy work, and at the same time endeavored to interest him in the gossip of the neighborhood.

"Maria," said he, glancing up from his paper, "did you ever hear the story of precious gems?"

"Why, no," she replied; "what is it?"

"It's an old-time fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," he continued, "about a woman from whose lips there fell either a diamond or a ruby every time she spoke a word."

"Well, go on," she said.

"That's all there is of it, Maria," he replied. "But I was just thinking that if such things happened nowdays I'd open a jewelry shop the first thing in the morning."

And then for thirteen consecutive minutes silence reigned supreme.

The woman who marries a man to reform him seldom lives long enough to finish the job.

Georgie's Gab

"That's a Job some people might Like," paw sed when we was Settin' around waitin' fer it to Git time to Go to bed nite before last. "But thare's whare thay don't no what the contract calls fer."

"What job is That?" maw ast.

"Bein a Emperor," says paw. "Look at Willie over Thare in Gurmenny. Say, that Boy works overtime rite along without extry pay, and he don't git menny Satgrday afternoons off neither."

"Why," maw Told him, "I thot kings and queans and Emperors diden't Haft to do nothin but sine state papers thay never red and ride around in the park to git a nappytite fer Dinner."

"That shows I done wise not goin in fer a Diplomatick career after I married You," paw says. "You'd make a nice wife of a Forren council with all your ignorancy of sich affares, wouldn't you? Sposen I was hired By the Govamunt, tho, and was Sent over to Burlin to see the Emperer. I'd go up to the pallus and ring the Bell, and purty Soon a Survent would come, and I'd say:

"'Good mornen. Is the Emperur in?'

"'No,' the Survent would say, 'he has went out alreddy.'

"'Whare is He?' I'd ast.

"'I fergit whether He's openina Canal or Unvailin a Statute of his grandfawther this mornin,' the survent would answer.

"Then I'd go in and set down and Wate, and purty soon the Emperur would come hurryin in, dressed as a kernel of the Yoolans. After we would Shake hands he would say:

"'You must excuse me for a few minutes. I Got to present a meddle to a feller what Belongs to a Friendly power. He's waitin out in the Hall.'

"So he goes into the Bed room and purty soon he comes out in the youniform of a Drum major in the Rooshen army, and Goes and pins the meddle on to the man Frum the friendly Power and then Comes back, and I Start to tell Him what I want, and He looks at his watch and Hollers:

"'Holy smoke! Here it is a quarter past 10 alreddy. I must go and lay the corner stone of a Chewin Gum facktry. Here's the Fambly album full of pictures of me what you kin look at till I git Back.'

"Then He Dresses Himself like a Judge of the Soup pream court Hurries out so he won't miss the next car. When he comes Back he only jist has time to Dress up as a admiral and Go to Lawnch a new tug Bote. Then it's Time to git his pickture taken in six styles, and That takes Him twenty minits, so when He Gits thru He makes a speach to the assembuld multitood, sayin:

"'My deer childern, thare's only one thing you got to Do to Be the graitest peepul on erth. That's pay your Taxes and Remember That Thare's jist one Reel Thing worth while in this world and I'm it. Always Remember it's me That gives the word when the Whissel Blows and you'll Be happy. France has a grait army. I want to see that sho in Parus next year.'

"Then thay holler 'Hock, Hock' a few times and the Hired Gurl say's dinner's reddy."

"Well," says maw, "you mite tell Him what you want while He's eatin."

"No," paw told Her, "that's one of the Bizziest times of the Day fer him. While the meel is goin on he has to pose fer a Bust of Himself and Dicktate the musick of an opry to Three tipe riters. When he's thru eaten he puts on the youniform of a kernel of the Coldstreem gards and goes out and wins a yot race frum the prince of walls and Takes Furst prize in a shooten match. On his way home he unvails three monuments of His grandfawther and sends frendly messidges to the Forren potentaits.

"'Well, I git started to Tell him what I Dropt around fer when the clock strikes 3, and he jumps up and is Gone. Purty soon he comes out of the closet in the youniform of a Turkish pashaw and says:

"'Excuse me. I got to rite a Letter to the sultan congratulaten Him Becos Him and his sixty-thurd wife Has a Little boy.' After that's done He goes back and Dresses himself like a murry huntsman and goes out and Beats the Record fer killin Stags. It's Beginnin to Git purty Late then, and he's got to open anuther canal, so I Don't care to wait enny Longer, and while He's in puttin on a new youniform I Duck out of Thare, and he telefones me the next mornin tellin How glad he is that him and this Country is on Sich frendly relations."

"Paw," maw says.

"What," says paw.

"I'm glad you ain't no Emperur."

"Why?"

"Becos if you had to Dress and undress that Fast you'd Have every Buttore off inside of two Days and you'd never no whare the pants was what Belonged to your other Soot."

So paw got mad and Sed the whole fambly was always tryin to Run him Down and he wouldn't tell us no more about it.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Pale Blue Air.

The color of pure liquid air is a beautiful pale blue. Before an Eastern college recently was exhibited two samples of liquid air in glass tubes; one was made from air which had been washed to purify it from dust, soot carbonic acid and other impurities. This, when condensed, was a pale blue liquid; the other sample was made by condensing some of the air of the lecture room in which the audience was assembled, and was an opaque, blackish fluid, resembling soup in appearance. It would appear as if condensed samples of air might afford an easy means for comparing different kinds of contamination. It may be possible some day to supply the hospitals of tropical countries where the natural air supply is bad, and the necessity for a better one very pressing, with beautiful blue country air, guaranteed absolutely pure. This can never be accomplished, however, until some means have been provided for transporting liquid air to considerable distances without enormous losses, caused by its return to its former state.

Roast beef that is not well done is a rare thing.

Modern Damascus.

Compared with Jerusalem, Damascus is Parisian. The Jerusalem air presses heavily with its melancholy past. Half a score of sects make it a rendezvous for pillage or for mummery, and its memorials of imperishable events have to be looked at through the dust of perished dynasties. It is mystic, solemn, arcane. Damascus is practical, positive and even merry. The wail of Israel sounds along the arid valleys of Zion, but Damascus sings a voluptuous carol by means of its ice-cool, fabled river. The tinkle of its bells mingles forever with the gurgle of its waters, and above all you hear the silvery laughter of the Syrian girls and catch the dancing humor of their dark eyes through their little veils. Jerusalem has its austere character to sustain. Its temples are tombs. Its weight of poignant history keeps it grave. But in Damascus you are under no obligations to the past that the present cannot make you forget. Its innumerable shuttles and armories call you back to the bustling exigencies of life. The coffee bazars defy melancholy. So this stranded city on the shores of time—the gold on whose mosques never corrodes—basks in the sun and eats figs merrily, just as it did when Saul of Tarsus journeyed that way.—Harper's Magazine.

Violets Chemically Perfumed.

As violets are much in evidence along the London thoroughfares, writes a correspondent, the following incident may be of interest. I was in a chemist's shop when a coster girl entered with a large basket of violets and set it on the floor. I bought a bunch and then noticed the chemist's assistant pass a small glass phial to the girl, the contents of which she emptied into the basket. "Tricks of trade," said the chemist, with a smile, while the merchant gave him a look of sly humor from under her hat. "What was that she bought?" I asked. "A penn'orth of wood violet," he replied. "Those French violets don't smell. They rest on moist moss in the basket, and the moist moss absorbs the perfume. That penn'orth will sell the basket." Then he told me that a "penn'orth" of musk perfume was used to improve the selling quality of pots of musk, and that he had had a hawker similarly ask: "A penn'orth of white rose, Guv'nor." As I went away I figured to my mind an old lady bending over that basket in response to the merchant's observation: "Fresh, ma'am? Just smell for yourself."—London News.

A Mile a Minute.

Sixty miles an hour is the merest commonplace to the mind of the up-to-date railroad man, but it means other things besides those described that are wonderful to the outsider. It means a steam pressure of twenty tons on each piston head every tenth of a second. It means that up in the cab the fireman is throwing into the furnace two-thirds of a ton of coal every hour; one engine burns coal faster than ten men can mine it. It means two quarts of oil every hour to keep her journal box greased and everything running smoothly.

Possibly.

"Pa, why are they called practicing physicians?"

"I guess it's because so many of them merely practice upon their patients until the latter either succumb or get well in spite of the practice."—Chicago News.

Making Everybody Happy.

"What is your theory of life?"

"I think everybody ought to have his own way about everything."

Evolution of the Cranberry.

The cranberry is a product of the country's development, coming forward in the last fifty years from a small, hard, bitter berry to a handsomely shaped and good-sized fruit. As the quality has improved the berries have increased in popularity with consumers, until supplies are hardly sufficient to satisfy normal demands. Rhode Island was the first state to apply scientific methods to cultivation, and the system adopted there has extended to other states, notably Massachusetts, New Jersey and Wisconsin.

A Barnyard Sage.

"No," said the feathered philosopher of the barnyard; "there isn't a turkey that can be said to be truly happy until after Christmas."—Philadelphia North American.

Size of Sahara.

The Sahara Desert is three times as large as the Mediterranean.

Taxes on Bicycles in France.

France receives $970,000 a year from taxes on bicycles.

Street Repairing in Berlin.

In Berlin all street repairing is done at night.

Some men take time and others have it given to them—convicts, for instance.

When writing to advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

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