

One way to prevent seasickness is to remain on land.

Dewey left Port Said as soon as his ship was coaled. Enough Said.

The wicked mosquito is never satisfied until he lands behind the bars.

A musician ought to enjoy the company of the banjo he picks himself.

Money makes the mare go, but railway officials prefer to run trains on time.

A true friend speaks of your vices to your face and of your virtues behind your back.

The man who can honestly say he doesn't believe in luck has all the money he needs.

Now that the preliminaries in the Dreyfus case have gone beyond the hugging point they will soon get down to real business.

Tom Reed has demonstrated that it is just as easy for a big man to drop out of sight as it is for a small man to leap into temporary prominence.

The St. Louis professor who suggests the name of Usona for this country has missed his calling. He should be writing advertisements for biscuit makers.

The Boston police are looking for a missing girl whose name is given in full as Mary. Possibly this is the Mary whom the lamb loved. Her surname was also withheld.

Spain is not yet barren of colonies. A glance at the map will show that she still possesses the penal settlements of Ceuta and Fernando Po and a piece of the Sahara desert as big as Texas. The Dons are probably holding these choice lots to await a rise in current prices.

Another burglar has been routed, horse, foot and artillery, by a Chicago woman whom he met as he was carrying away a bag of hard-earned plunder. The man must have been a stranger. Native burglars have long since learned that the Chicago woman in her wrath is more terrible than a ten-acre lot full of policemen.

American superiority in every art is becoming recognized the world around. A somewhat embarrassing indication of the high appreciation awarded American skill is given in a dispatch from Sweden, which states that Swedish banknotes are being extensively counterfeited and that "the excellence of the counterfeit seems to prove that the plates were made in America."

The people of other states will be curious to learn how Missouri gets on with her new statute against department stores. It classifies merchandise under 88 separate heads, and imposes a special tax upon any merchant who sells goods of more than one class. As the freedom of trade has hitherto been among the unenumerated rights of the citizen, the courts have yet to pass upon the question whether the legislators can restrict the freedom.

Such is the tendency to specialism in these days that Prof. Hadley, the president-elect of Yale, who is chiefly known as a political economist, would doubtless shrink from being examined in his father's Greek grammar. But after all, of what great use is the Greek language to Americans? What we want to know is the truth: What kind of national, state or local legislation will produce the greatest good to the greatest number? College endowments keep collegians away from a chance to get at the truth. Whether Hadley's ideas are wrong or right they will provoke discussion in a fertile field of reform.

The agricultural department has issued a bulletin treating of the probable success of the efforts of the department to establish the Smyrna fig industry in California. It appears that the fruiting of the Smyrna fig is dependent upon the introduction from the south of Europe and the establishment in California of a little insect which fertilizes the fig. Experimental introductions of the insect were thereupon begun, and some of them brought over in 1898 have succeeded in penetrating the closed flowers of the Capri figs growing at Fresno, making the first step of the experimental work a success. The bulletin adds: "Since the insect has maintained itself for an entire year there is reason to suppose that it will continue to breed, and that California in the near future will be able to place a fig upon the market which will possess the same superior flavor as that which has given the imported Smyrna figs their pre-eminent commercial rank."

Chicago has at last occupied the position London has occupied for so many years, the distinction of adding every year a good-sized city to its population. The best estimates of the directory experts show that during the past year the city has increased in population 136,000, making a total grand population of 2,019,000. Passing the 2,000,000 mark and adding a city of, say, about the size of Indianapolis every year, Chicago will enter the new century with a prospect of leading all its records in the matter of phenomenal growth.

# DOES IT PRESAGE THE END OF THE WORLD?

## Chicago Preacher Sees in "Kissing Bug" the Locust Shadowed in Book of Revelations.

A new and terrible significance is attached to the advent of the "kissing bug" by Professor A. M. Leonard, the apostle of the Mission of the Messenger of Truth, in Chicago. In a recent discourse before a large audience the speaker pronounced the mysterious pelypes to be the veritable locust which the book of Revelation says shall come from the bottomless pit, attack men with the sting of the scorpion, from the effects of whose bite the victim shall linger five months, and which fastens itself upon those whose foreheads do not bear the seal of the Lord.

He read extensively from the book of Revelation, applying each verse to several recent calamities, such as the cyclone at St. Louis, the sinking of La Bourgogne, and the tornado in Wisconsin. Professor Leonard referred to the historic "dark day" of 1798 and the falling of the stars in 1833 as modern evidences that prophecies of the Bible are fulfilled. In rapid sentences the speaker then delivered his theory of the mission of the "kissing bug." "You have all read of this latest mysterious visitation which has come to the earth," said Professor Leonard—"the so-called kissing bug, which stings men on the lips, and leaves them in terrible agony. Here is what I take to be the Biblical prophecy of their coming from the ninth chapter of the book of Revelation:

"And there came out of the smoke locusts upon the earth; and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power."

"And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree, but only those men which have not the seal of God upon their foreheads."

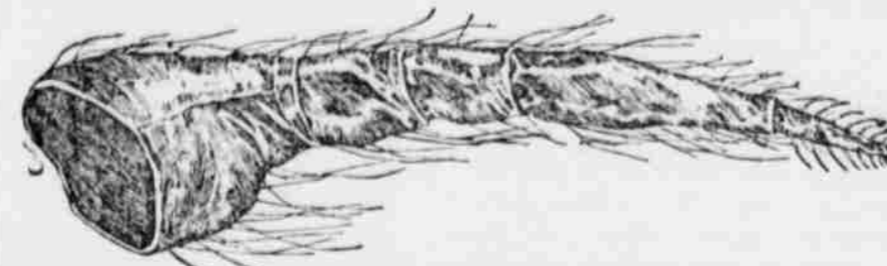
"And to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months; and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion when he striketh a man."

"This is what is said of the coming of the so-called 'kissing bug' in the Bible. This insect which has stung men all over the country, and which is unknown to the scientists.

"Professor Choate of the Field Museum has said that there has never been known an instance of the real 'kissing bug,' or pelypes, which lives

the heavens are above us and that the destroying angel was cast out into the bottomless pit, which is upon this earth itself. From this pit shall rise the source of destruction of all mankind. Everything has been growing worse steadily upon this earth until we are wondering what will come next. Children have been getting so that they do not obey their parents; they spend their time in running about the streets, rushing the growler, and engaging in all kinds of iniquity. I tell you, my friends, that no one realizes how near to the end of all this we are.

"I regard the appearance of this bug as a final warning to the people of this earth to prepare for the hereafter. If they do not heed it is their own fault. How many in this audience accept the statements which I have made as true?"



AN ENLARGED PHOTOGRAPH OF THE "KISSING BUG'S" DEADLY STINGER.

### Married a Prince.

La Cavalleri, the prettiest woman here, perhaps in Europe, is now the wife of the Prince Baratinisky, a member of a proud Russian family, with whom she ran away last April, says a recent cable from Paris. The news that a ceremonial wedding has occurred astounds the boulevards. The prince has for a father-in-law a newspaper peddler on the boulevards. His mother-in-law is a washerwoman, poor and honest, but very unrepresentable and vulgar. He is delighted, however, in his luck in securing their charming daughter, and feels, at any rate at this moment, most amiably toward his parents-in-law. The marriage was hastened by the fact that the profligate Prince Henri d'Orleans was pursuing the woman with such fervor that she was forced to accept one admirer or

His family are furious at the marriage and the prince may not take his plebian wife to Russian.

### MIDSUMMER NIGHT TORTURES.

Country Life During the Hot Weather Is Not a Blissful Dream.

The fantasy of a poetical mind can with very little effort call up for mental review such a fairylike ensemble as Shakespeare has so gracefully depicted in that light and airy creation of his, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," but the practical prose slave who sees things only as they actually exist in his own particular circle shrugs his shoulders superciliously and offsets sentiment by a description of a midsummer night reality ungarmented by any decorative frills of imagination. The individual who is envied, perhaps

by those who cannot, as he does, rush away to sylvan shades at the very first approach of warm weather, frequently appears of a morning on the incoming train a veritable wreck from loss of sleep occasioned by those weird and uncanny sounds that are a foe to the slumber of mortals, though perhaps forming a part of the orchestra which interprets terpsichorean measures for Titanic in the moonlight arrayed in diaphanous garments of cobwebs. When his tired eyelids suggest the pleasures of his downy couch an owl with persistent mournfulness begins a serenade that grates on the nerves, and until its identity is established it suggests the wallings of the banshee. If he is perchance wakeful and in the humor to read he finds that his lamp is the mecca for more kinds of flying things than he ever thought could be

### THE SOLDIER'S LEXICON.

A Private's Novel Definitions of Some Military Terms.

One of the privates of the Thirty-first Michigan brought up with him from Cuba part of what is known as "The Private's Dictionary," says the Harrisburg Telegraph. For the benefit of those who are not conversant with military terms some of the definitions are reproduced:

Private—The whole bonnet.  
Colonel—The trimmings.  
Major—An officer of minor importance.

Mule—An irreligious brute of the animal kingdom. His rank is three notches above first sergeant.

Bugler—A third-class private or wind-jammer, who disturbs slumber and poker games.

Meal—A poor excuse for a square meal.

Pass—A thing in demand, not good in a street fight or police court.

Discharge—A ticket to heaven.

Pay Day—A great day in the army, when all men are alike; a day to settle disputes and patronize the canteen.

Canteen—A place where we get our beer and the big head.

Guardhouse—A haven for rest for good soldiers.

Guard Duty—A crime unpardonable.

Drill—A disgrace to any private.

Dress Parade—A sport the officers are stuck on, or Anglo-Saxon for cake-walk.

Crap—A good way to dispose of \$15.00, or the game that made the American soldier famous.

Officers' Meeting—A gathering of thirsty officers in a secret place to discuss politics.

Surgeon—A second-hand horse doctor, who gives you oil for a sprained ankle, and then puts you on double duty.

### An Australian Riding Outfit.

The Australian's outfit is an adaptation of the Briton's. The colonial saddle grows a peaky pommel and a high protecting cantle; the mild English knee-roll becomes in Australia a firm, deep, six-inch pad, and even the back of the thigh is held in place by a solid flange sewed upon the saddle-flap. As with his saddle, so with the rest of the stock-rider's equipment—it is as the Englishman's, but moulded and strengthened to sterner usage. The mild—and mostly ornamental—hunt-hat becomes a ten-foot—and terribly effective—stock-whip. The chain, the curb, the double rein, and all the more or less fancy attachments are stripped from the bridle in favor of the simple snaffle, and a head-piece and single rein of leather, so substantial as to defy the roguery or terror of

## OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes, Gibes and Ironies, Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

### A June Proposal.

She wore a red rose in her golden hair—  
My queen of all the world—so sweet—  
so fair;  
Full tenderly my offered heart she took,  
Then told me calmly that she couldn't cook.

### Church Bells.



She—"What is the attraction that draws you to church?"  
He—"The bells."

### The Educated Thief.

"The testimony is against you," said the police justice, "is clear and conclusive. You spend your time committing petty thefts."

"Yes, your honor," responded the prisoner, venturing to wink at the court, "I am an embodied protest against the existing condition of things. I am a round robin, your honor."

But his honor was equal to the emergency.

"For the next 60 days, anyhow," he said, frowning at the prisoner, "you won't be around robin'. You'll be a fall bird. Call the next case!"

### One Woman's Wisdom.

He had proposed to the idol of his heart, but things had failed to come his way.

"Do you know," he said, as he was leaving her presence forever, "that you are wringing my heart from my bosom?"

"Possibly," she answered, coldly, "but it's either that or marry you and wring the bosoms from your shirts in after years."

Seeing that the case was hopeless the party of the first part lit a cigarette and wandered hence into the hither.

### He Knew What Was Wanted.

"You understand the necessity for making this report as favorable as possible?"

"I think I do."

"Of course we don't want any downright lying about it. You understand that. But we want it—well, as optimistic as it can be made."

"I know exactly what you want. I used to be a census enumerator up in Chicago."

### His Defense.

Flagler—I saw the agent for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals coming out of your house this morning. What's the matter?

Nagdyb—Yes; I had him drop in to warn my mother-in-law.

### Caught the Car.

"Is Mr. Goodheart still paying attention to your daughter?"

"He isn't paying her any attention at all."

"Indeed! Did she jilt him?"

"No; he married her."

### No More to Get.



Sister—So you married for money, eh? Well, did you get it?  
Brother—All she had.

### Makes That a Business.

Pilson—Are you going to take part in that guessing contest?  
Dilson—Oh, no; they'd rule me out as a professional.

Pilson—Professional?  
Dilson—Yes; you know I am connected with the Weather Bureau.

in the South, biting a man. What, then, is this mysterious insect but the visitation of one of the last of those torments which the Bible has declared shall come, and which precedes the final destruction?

Professor Leonard then went on to describe the kissing bug as he has been described by the several victims, and read more extracts from the book of Revelation showing that the new bug corresponded with the fearsome scorpions seen by the apostle John in his wonderful vision. Several women in the audience gave evidence that their nerves were being somewhat wrought up by the lurid arguments of the speaker.

the other. Between two princes she chose the Russian. Prince Baratinisky is a rather uninteresting person of small intelligence and dissipated ways. He has spent a great deal of money, and implicitly believes that he is a distinguished personage. If he is it is purely because of his family descent. For the first thing he has ever done of moment except eat and drink is to marry a washerwoman's daughter. In most respects, however, the girl gets the worst of the bargain, as all the prince's attributes were those owned by his ancestors, while his bride has undoubted qualities, the greatest of which is beauty. La Cavalleri sang at one of the leading entertainment houses, Foll Bergerer. She carried all before her with her beauty. Her complexion is of a beautiful pink and white, her eyes of a heavenly blue, her figure perfection. Her expression is of the chaste, religious sort so popular here at the present time. Their wooing lasted many months. The prince had rivals by the score. He loaded the slinger with jewels and presents. He carried her off from the Prince d'Orleans, who was duly furious, and who, it was said, was ready to fight another of his ridiculous duels about the matter, but who managed to control himself. The prince and princess are spending an idyllic honeymoon. It is not likely that the bride will return to the stage, though it is not clear how the nobleman is situated financially.

any ordinary horse to break them. Crupper, breastplate, martingale—these are used or left aside, according to the build, tricks, and temper of the mount, with a single eye to usefulness, and no thought of the ornamental. I speak of workaday attire and saddlery, not of the fleeting glories of a holiday rig-out; and, speaking thus, it must be said that the Australian's outfit is planned with a single eye to utility.—Harper's Magazine.

### The Father of Arizona.

Charles D. Posten, upon whom the territory of Arizona has just conferred a pension of \$25 a month, is known as "the Father of Arizona." He is the first delegate to congress from that section. He has been a world-wide traveler and is full of stories of China sea pirates and how he governed his little kingdom of Tubac.

### No Mustaches There.

Men exposed to the rigors of the Alaskan winter never wear mustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a mustache becomes imbedded in a solid cake of ice and the face is frozen in a short time.

### Sivilization needs more wrong-fearin, man-lovin men, and less God-lovin pretense.