

Tests and Jingles.



NOT YET—BUT SOON.

Uncle Doctor Sam—You may have to swallow this pill soon!
Cuba—Well, I may not swallow it peacefully.



His In-Come.

Her Mother—What is your husband's income now?
Her Married Daughter—Well, it's usually anywhere between 1 and 4 o'clock in the morning.



"Before marriage he always looked as neat as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox."

"Yes, and now he looks as if his mother-in-law had sat on the bandbox."



There were some strange folks came to town

From a place little known to renown;
From an isle in the sea
(But that's nothing to me.)

Feejees they were, dressed in brown.
M. W.



A Cruel Nurse.

Mrs. Writup—Why did you discharge that nurse girl?
Mrs. De Swell—She kicked poor little Fido just for biting the baby.



First American Heiress—Do you think Lord De Broke would be an easy catch?

Second American Heiress—My dear he has been an epidemic in society for the past few years.



His Wish.

Gladys—I think the night Bob proposed he had me mesmerized and I had to do just as he wished me to do.
Grace—Oh! then you refused him, did you?"

Out of a fortune of \$775,000 Mrs. Mary Todd, of Oakwood, Hastings, England, left \$5,000 for distribution by her executors to homes for cats and dogs.

What Flowers Cost.

An approximation of the money spent each year in America for cultivated flowers is \$100,000,000. This is an amount equal to the value of all the realty property in the state of Oregon, to one-fifth the value of all coal mined last year, to one-fourth the surplus in the national banks of the United States for the last fiscal year, and almost equal to the net earnings of these banks. It is nearly twice enough to cover the bonded debt of all the New England states combined. New Yorkers spend more for flowers and elaborate floral designs than any other of America's lavish buyers, and their florists glean an annual harvest of \$4,000,000.

There are 20,000 florists in America, the great proportion of whom have entered the business during the last twenty-five years. The citizens of Newport, Cincinnati and St. Louis pay \$1,000,000 annually for their flowers, and \$2,000,000 are spent yearly in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia and Pittsburg. The growers who supply the rose markets of New York city employ an army of a thousand men, and the annual cost of carrying the flowers from the farms to the city is more than \$50,000. This immense industry has been caused by the swollen fortunes of America. The tendency of wealthy people to gauge intrinsic value by the money they must pay out has led florists to cudgel their brains for expensive flowers. In order to make mllady's cotillon bouquet cost fifty or a hundred dollars, ribbons at a dollar and two dollars a yard are often added.

Catchwords are sometimes employed as cognomens, for advertising purposes, and sometimes even a rechristening is permissible, if there is reason to suppose it will bring a new lease of life. The "American Beauty" is not an American rose at all, and there is a discussion as to whether it was produced on English or French soil. Its producer was a Mr. Brady, an English gardener, and it was advertised in France by the name of Madame Ferdinand Jamain. It failed absolutely. Parisian florists derided its "faded color," and Brady brought it to America. It was difficult to produce, because of the odd blend of its color, but once started, it proved the hardest of roses. Mr. Brady came to this country, and having in mind his recent failure in France, sold his rose to Field Brothers, in Washington, for a nominal price.

This firm, who had acquired it for a trifle, advertised it thoroughly, and by making it something of a fad among Washington society women gave it sufficient popularity to sell it for \$5,000. Since then it has made more money in America than any other flower ever sold, and is still coining fortunes for its growers. Brady has not fared so well. He has fallen to the lowest depths of poverty, and has become embittered and hopeless from dwelling on the success that has come to others through his rose.

Survived an Ocean Horror.

There were three survivors of the Bennington disaster at San Diego, Cal., who are not recorded in the official report sent to the navy department, though news of their safety was the first received from the scene of the wreck. They were the pets of Commander Lucyn Young, a little white deer, an Angora cat and a sleek little fox terrier puppy, now grown to manhood with the weight of his trying experience. These three little companions were with Commander Young on every voyage, and each had developed a fine pair of sea-legs, equal to any emergency short of an actual explosion under the decks. Needless to say the animals were petted and spoiled by every one aboard, from the commander to the middies. When they were found unharmed after the explosion, Commander Young telegraphed his wife, "John and I and the three babies are safe." "John" is Commander Young's old servant, who goes with him on all his voyages.

Concrete Result.

"Papa," asked the eminent surgeon's petted daughter, "what is the appendix vermiformis good for, anyway?"
"My, dear," answered the eminent surgeon, "the last one I removed was good for that sealskin sacque you are wearing."—Chicago Tribune.

When a dollar is once broken it is easy to lose the pieces.

USEFUL REMEDIES.

Raw Potatoes for Burns.

I have something I have tried for burns many times, and it never fails. Scrape the inside of a raw potato, apply cold to the burn and cover it with a piece of linen. I don't think a second application will be necessary.

A remedy for dysentery is "meadow fern"—not sweet fern. Pour three pints of boiling water upon an ounce of it and steep for half an hour; strain, cool and drink a wineglassful 3 or 4 times a day. Sweeten with loaf sugar, if agreeable. This is a splendid medicine for teething children and for diarrhoea in old persons.

MRS. H. A. G.

Kerosene on a Tablecloth.

1. What will take kerosene out of a damask table spread? The lamp leaked oil and was not noticed until it had made a very large spot.

2. What will restore the color to an oak chair that has turned white from damp clothes lying over it?

Mrs. S. D. W. (Buffalo, N. Y.)

1. The kerosene will evaporate of itself if you will give it time. If the dust has settled in it, sponge with pure alcohol and hang in the air.

2. Rub the spots with camphorated oil. If one application does not remove the marks, repeat it.

Boracic Acid for the Eyes.

For weak and tired eyes, dissolve one teaspoonful of boracic acid in a cup of warm water. Bathe the eyes night and morning. One who uses this simple remedy will find a pleasant and soothing effect.

A CONSTANT READER.

Having within the month tested the efficacy of the simple remedy upon my own eyes, I cheerfully recommend it.

To Clean a Feather Boa.

Would you please tell me the best way to clean a white feather boa?

E. C. (Chicago).

Make a mixture of powdered starch, borax and fine salt. Stir all together into a bowl and bury the plume in it, when you have rubbed the filaments gently with the prepared starch, handling very carefully, but treating every one. Leave in the powder for three days, then shake out in the wind and curl the feather.

Ink From Typewriter Ribbon.

I took a discarded purple typewriter ribbon put it in a quart of soft water, and although I have all the best ink furnished me free, I prefer the old ribbon ink, as it flows better and does not clot or corrode common or fountain pens. I have been using the same for two years, write a great deal. Writing I did a year ago looks as well as this. Yours to help,

INSURANCE MAN.

To Remove Coffee Stains.

Can you tell me what will remove coffee stains from a silk waist? The waist is a green and blue changeable taffeta.

I have tried the blotter and the hot flatiron, also gasoline, which have no effect.

L. A. M.

As a general rule, which has few exceptions, apply nothing to a stain until you are sure that you are trying the right thing. Blotter and flatiron are very well in their way, but they have set the sugary blemish and the coffee in acting upon the grease. As to the gasoline—it carried on the evil work. You should have sponged out coffee and sugar with pure alcohol, or alcohol and ether. What was left then was grease. To remove this you should have coated the wrong side with powdered French chalk, left it on all night and next day brought blotter and flatiron to the front. I fear you have "set" the stain.

Unwisdom of Cheapness.

William Barclay Parsons is a foe to skimmed work, and at a recent dinner in New York he said: "That man is most unwise who tries to get his work done cheap. Cheap work can always be secured, but the quality of such work is on its face—"

Mr. Parsons, smiling, interrupted himself to tell a story. "There was a man," he said, "who entered a dairy and asked how much the milk was. 'Ten cents a quart, sir,' the young woman behind the counter answered. The man looked disappointed. 'Haven't you got any for 6 cents?' he asked.

"No," said the young woman; 'but,' she added, 'we can soon make you some.'"

Liberty in Business.

F. T. Powers, president of the National Association of Baseball Leagues, was talking in New York about the business management of baseball.

"Baseball," he said, "must be managed liberally. There must be no niggardliness. Otherwise a deadening unpopularity and a great kick ensue. He who tries to conduct baseball on pawnshop lines gets hourly such reproofs as fell to a tobacconist the other day. A newsboy walked into a tobacconist's shop and asked for a light for his cigarette.

"We sell lights here, sonny," said the tobacconist.

"The boy took out a cent. 'All right, boss,' he said; 'let's have a box of matches, then.' He paid for the matches, extracted one, lighted his cigarette, and, closing the box, handed it back to the tobacconist. 'Put this on the shelf,' he said, 'and the next gent what asks for a light give him one on me.'"

The Santa Fe Druggist Who Was Too Greedy.

Mel'on C. Weeks, in the course of an address in Denver on the new pure drug law, told a drug story.

"Dear knows," said Mr. Weeks, "we ought to give the people pure drugs—we charge them enough for them. Sometimes I think we drug dealers would get along better if we didn't show ourselves so greedy in our charges. We are too much like a druggist I used to know in Santa Fe. A miner rode into Santa Fe with dyspepsia one day, consulted a doctor and took his prescription to my druggist friend to be made up.

"Well, how much?" asked the miner when the prescription was finished.

"Let's see," said the druggist. "It's \$1.10 for the medicine and 15 cents for the bottle. That makes—" He hesitated, afraid he might have forgotten something, and the miner said impatiently: "Well, hurry up, boss. Put a price on the cork and let us know the worst."

Always True to Charlie.

Bart Kennedy, the English novelist and sociologist, in the course of a bitter attack on the senate, said in Washington, "The senate is true to the American people. Oh, yes; very true to them. Very true, indeed. Whenever I think how true the senate is to the people the case of Mary Mills comes to my mind. Mary's husband was a soldier. A soldier out in India fighting for his king. And one day a friend said to Mary: 'Mary, are your thoughts always true to Charlie, away out there, fighting the hill tribes?'

"Yes, indeed, they are," Mary answered. 'Whenever a man kisses me I shut my eyes and try to think it's Charlie.'"

The Conceit of Him.

T. A. Daly, the young Philadelphian whose charming book of verse, "Canzon," has set him in the front rank of American poets, was congratulated the other day on his book's remarkable success.

"Well," said Mr. Daly, smiling, "I hope that this success won't make me as conceited as most young poets are. There is, for instance a young poet at the Franklin inn and the day after I had visited the Franklin inn a friend of this young man's said to me: 'I'm afraid you hurt Rimes' feeling last night, Tom.'"

"What did I say?" I asked.

"You said there was only one Shakespeare."

Failure in Giving Good Reason.

J. G. Phelps Stokes has withdrawn his support from the Young Men's Christian Association, because in some of its classes business methods of a very worldly description are taught.

"The association," said Stokes recently, "attempts to give good reasons for teaching the tactics of Wall street. It attempts to reconcile such teachings with its Christian character. On the whole, it fails in this. It fails like the huckster who attempted to account for the miserable condition of his horse. 'Why,' said a woman to the man, 'your horse is a living skeleton. Don't you ever feed him?'

"Feed him?" said the huckster. "Well, that's a good one, that is. Why he's got two bushels of oats and a ton of hay at home now, only he ain't got time to eat 'em.'"

The price of scholarship is study.