

# JEST NUTS



**Nellie's Suggestion.**  
"A pretty lot of children you are for a minister to have," exclaimed a pastor, whose children were misbehaving at the dinner table.  
"Then I guess you had better change your business, papa," suggested four-year-old Nellie.

**Wanted to Choose.**  
Ethelbert—Mama, I want a drum in heaven! I couldn't play on a harp! Mama—Well, you'll have to go in with the Salvation army, then!

**A Large Portion.**  
"Say," remarked the bartender sarcastically, "what are you tryin' to do, take enough to last you all summer?"  
"Oh, no," replied the seedy individual, continuing to pour until the glass was full, "one swallow does not make a summer."

**Conflicting.**  
"Gadsby told me he stopped a week at the fair."  
"And he told me he kept a-going every minute."

**She Didn't Mind It.**  
"I hope," said the very young man, after he had sealed their betrothal to a kiss, "that you don't object to my mustache."  
"Oh, no," replied the dear girl in the case, "I did feel a little down in the mouth at first, but I'll soon get accustomed to it."

**Partial Reformation.**  
Mrs. Sniffen—"Did that Lamtum girl ever succeed in reforming her husband?"  
Mr. Sniffen—Not completely, although I hear that she has reached the point where he can resist everything but temptation.—Collier's Weekly.

**Fate.**  
Ethel (ecstatically)—Oh, Charlie, would you just propose all over again, and do it into this phonograph?  
Cholly—Why?  
Ethel—Why, I want to have something to remember you by after you have gone in and spoken to papa about it.

**Paternal Appreciation.**  
"Did you ever read the writings of Marcus Aurelius?"  
"I looked 'em over once," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But after hearing commencing addresses by three of my daughters it doesn't seem to me there is much left for Marcus to say."

**An Insinuation.**  
Maude—"I had some new photographs taken last week."  
Clara—"Did you, really?"  
Maude—"Yes. The artist says the likeness is absolutely perfect."  
Clara—"And did you refuse to take them?"

**Each in Its Place.**  
Willie—"Pa, is there any difference between a violin and a fiddle?"  
"Yes, indeed, my son. If you hear it at a concert or opera it's a violin, but when the man next door plays it it's a fiddle."

**Putting Him Right.**  
"Next time I marry," said the widower, "I'll get a wife I can make shut up."  
"You don't want a wife," replied his friend. "What you want is a folding bed."

**Proof Positive.**  
"No, the bride isn't from Boston. 'Isn't she?"  
"She can't be. Slivter sent her an ornamental bean pot for a wedding gift and she's raising a potted palm in it."

**It Disagreed With Her.**  
"I told you it wouldn't do to invite Willie's teacher to dinner as long as I have to do my own cooking."  
"Why, what happened?"  
"She whipped Willie this morning."

**In the Line of Progress.**  
"Radium is said to cure several complaints, but it is so expensive."  
"Yes, I suppose the druggrists will soon be offering us something just as good.—Puck.

## SHE WAS READY.



Mr. Shyboy—"I love you more than I can tell you."  
Miss Clincher—"Then let the preacher do the talking."

**Makes All the Difference.**  
"I want a policeman to come over and shoot my dog," said a man to the sergeant in charge of the police station.  
"Whose dog is it?"  
"Mine."  
"Your dog? The one you wouldn't let us shoot when he bit a neighbor's boy?"  
"Yes, but it's different now."  
"How so?"  
"He bit me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**A Hard Luck Story.**  
"Stockson came up to me yesterday and said: 'Is it hot enough for you?' And just then he was overcome by the heat and I caught him as he was falling."  
"Then what did you do?"  
"I held him in my arms and called for the police. I told them what had occurred."

**Anything to Please.**  
The wealthy lady came for the portrait of her husband. The artist handed over the picture with a mysterious bundle attached.  
"What is this?" asked the patron.  
"A photograph, madam," responded the artist.  
"And what is that for?"  
"Well, you said you wanted a 'speaking likeness.' That's the best I can do."

**All the Signs.**  
"Why do you think your son is going to turn out to be a genius?"  
"Well, he hates work and won't trim his finger nails, and he's got the idea in his head that the whole blamed world is out after his scalp, so I reckon he must be one of them genius fellers and liable almost any day to do something that'll just natchelly surprise everybody clean dumb."

**The Angel and the Brute.**  
Mr. C.—"What are you crying about, my dear?"  
Mrs. C.—"I have just been reading the old love-letters you sent me before we were married."  
Mr. C.—"That's funny. I was leading them myself the other day, and they made me laugh."

**The One That Gets It.**  
"What did that man ask you in court today?"  
"Why, he wanted to know how many thousand I would get out of the estate of \$5,000."  
"He must have made a mistake."  
"I should say so. Must have taken me to be my lawyer."

**A Harsh Critic.**  
"Do you think that Bacon put a cipher into the Shakespeare plays?"  
"No," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes. "But there is no doubt that a lot of ciphers have managed to work into the productions of them."

**Asked and Answered.**  
"What is a seraphim?" asked the inquisitive boarder.  
"A seraphim," explained the cheerful idiot, "is a male seraph. The female is called a serapher. See?"

**Where the Danger Lies.**  
Young Hatch—Don't you worry about this leap year business. The pretty girls don't have to propose, and the homely ones are afraid to.  
Old Batch—Yes! But there are the widows!—Browning's Magazine.

**Two of a Kind.**  
"It's simply impossible for me to find bread for my family," said the loafer.  
"Same here," rejoined the bustler. "I have no work for it."

## THE ORIGIN OF SMALLPOX

The literary as well as the pathologic history of smallpox presents many items of very special interest. All readers of the clouded annals of the "Middle Ages" are acquainted with the fact that Arabian writers were for many centuries the recognized apostles of philosophy and physical science—including the sundry departments of medicine and surgery—to the various nations of western Europe. And it is to one of these, Abu Bekker Mohammed ben Zechariah (A. D. 850-922), the earliest and most original of all the great Moslem physicians, that medical science and medical literature are indebted for the first recognition of smallpox as a distinct disease, and its first description in written language. This venerable authority is generally known to posterity as Rhazes, a name which he derived from Rai, the place of his birth. His original description of this formidable disease has been made familiar to English inquirers through the medium of Dr. Greenhill's translation. In addition to his observations on disease proper, the powers of observation of Rhazes, a name which he derived strated by such items of information as: "A man with large ears is stupid, but long lived," and in rational therapeutics, by his recommendation of a cure for melancholia. The antiquity of smallpox, as might well be expected, lost in the mist of ages, but the definite statement has been made by Arab historians that it first appeared in the Abyssinian army of Abrahah at the siege of Mecca in the course of the so-called "elephant war" of A. D. 569 (or 571). The legend is given as follows by one of their best historians, Tabari: "Thereupon came the birds of the sea in flocks, every one with three stones—in the claws two, and in the beak one; and they threw the stones upon them; wherever one of the stones struck there arose an evil wound, and pustules all over. At that time the smallpox first appeared and the bitter trees. The stones udded them wholly. Thereafter God sent a torrent which carried them away and swept them into the sea." Even one of the elephants, having ventured within the sacred inclosure, was struck by a stone and fell a victim to the smallpox. Among the bitter plants which also appeared at that date for the first time the rue and colcyth are especially mentioned.—American Medicine.

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To where Pacific rans  
From never-melting snows,  
To where the orange grows,  
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To bide with these,  
Thy boundless plains to till,  
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Every one within hearing roared when the plainsman replied, "No, I stop for meals."

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## FORGOT THE COLOR LINE

About noon Tuesday, while the veterans were being fed, a scene was enacted that illustrates better than anything else could the fact that the veterans have gathered in reunion without reserve.  
With the inquiring throng comes two old darkeys, clad in gray uniform and wearing Confederate badges. They were both old men, and assisted their feeble steps with sticks. As they came down the long aisles they looked searchingly about, and finally halted at the end, apparently having failed to find what they sought.  
There were several vacant places and one of the old fellows touched an old veteran on the arm and said: "Excuse me, mister, but is there a 'place here for colored men?"  
The old soldier turned around, saw the dark faces looking at him, ran his eye quickly over the gray uniforms, and blurted out:  
"No, sircie they ain't, but by G— if you all ain't good enough to eat with white folks I ain't going to eat no mosh myself. You all eat right here by me, an' if any white man makes a fuss I'll take care of him." A dozen old "rebs," attracted by the talk, turned around and joined with the first white veteran. The old darkeys were made to eat while their white friends bustled themselves by shouting to the waiters such commands as:  
"Oh, you waiter! Give these m— all they can eat!" "Where's the coffee boy at? Here, give those darkeys some coffee and get 'em some buttermilk." "Give them darkeys plenty to eat, boys, and if there ain't enough to go round leave me out 'stead of them."

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## WHISTLER'S PEACOCK ROOM

It Has Been Moved from the Late F. R. Leyland's House and Is Exhibited in a London Gallery  
From time to time many people have wondered what would be the ultimate fate of Whistler's "Peacock Room," one of the best known and least known of his works. Everybody has heard of it, but few have seen it. Its present fate is to be in the market.  
The "Peacock Room" was, of course, designed for, and to some extent in spite of, the late Frederick Richard Leyland. It developed out of the dining room in his house in Prince's Gate.  
A large part of this house had been decorated by Norman Shaw, with the assistance of another architect, named Jeckyll, and of Murray Marks. The dining room was entirely Jeckyll's work.  
He designed a wooden ceiling, with pendent lamps, and on the walls an elaborate shelving for the display of Mr. Leyland's fine collection of oriental china. This shelving was carried out in walnut wood, and the panels were fitted with brown Spanish leather decorated with small flowers. The leather alone cost £1,000.  
When Mr. Leyland bought Whistler's "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," which occupied a position of honor in the memorial exhibition at Boston, he placed it in a recess above the mantelpiece of his dining room; and here, so Whistler thought, the surroundings were not quite suitable to the picture.  
The leather was too dark and the flowers were too red. The interferred with the delicacy of his own tints. They were as vulgar fellows in a gracious presence.  
So, with the owner's consent, the



FAMOUS PANEL OF THE QUARRELSOME PEACOCKS. It refers to the quarrel between Whistler and F. R. Leyland. The circular spots of silver and gold symbolize the Almighty Dollar. Whistler also designed the sideboard.

artist set about lightening the one and reducing the other with touches of yellow, but at first only in a tentative way. Apparently, it was during the owner's absence from home that a complete scheme of decoration presented itself to the mind of the artist; and characteristically enough he did not seek the owner's consent before beginning the new work.  
Nearly thirty years have gone by since it all happened. Artist and owner are dead, and it is difficult to know just what each said to the other when they next met. Most gossip may be read about the matter in the Whistler books.  
It is certain that there were disagreements. It is certain that as a consequence of these Whistler introduced into his decoration a symbolic representation of the Almighty Dollar, for there it is to be seen to-day. All the decorations seem to have been carried out by Whistler with only one assistant, and to have been completed in little more than six months—a remarkable achievement.  
The brown leather became a deep, rich, greenish blue—the peacock blue. The red flowers faded quite away. Woodwork was lacquered. Flat spaces were gilded.  
Gold got into the hair of the busy decorators. Gold covered their faces. Paint dropped into their eyes. But on they worked, Whistler now bent upon the floor, now on a scaffolding, now in a hammock slung from a brush roof, and using sometimes a fishing rod, fastened to the end of a fishing rod, the "Princesse," above a sideboard which Whistler probably designed himself, and spreading nearly across the end of the room, came

## WOMEN AS WITNESSES.

The curious case heard before Judge Smyly last week, in which two middle-aged women of evident intelligence swore to two directly opposite stories, suggests the question whether women make reliable witnesses. The late Lord Chief Justice Russell declared once that where no question of prejudice was concerned a woman's evidence was more valuable than a man's. There is no doubt that in noticing small matters of detail women are much quicker than men and have a much better memory, but they are strongly apt to be influenced by prejudice. During the trial of Cahman Reed, the South End murderer, one of the witnesses, an old woman of more than sixty, swore to the identity of the prisoner, although she admitted that she had only seen him once in her life—six months previous when he passed her hurriedly on a country road at 10 o'clock on a November evening. She declared that she recognized him by the flash of his eye. Such minute evidence as this no man living would venture to give, even in a civil action, much less when a human being's life was at stake.—Tatler, London, Eng.

## BORROWING TO MAKE MONEY.

The president of a corporation capitalized at \$130,000,000 was growing to a multi about the difficulty of raising money for the expansion of corporate business. "Borrow it," said the multi. "I don't like to borrow," returned the president, "and I don't want to issue bonds or stock." "I repeat it, borrow! I am borrowing all the time, I am always short of funds and in order to carry on my affairs am obliged to borrow. If I did not borrow I should lose many a good thing that comes the way of ready cash. Why, last year I borrowed heavily and I made over \$2,000,000 that I never should have made except for the borrowing."

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Are not all true men that live, or that ever lived, soldiers of the same army, enlisted under heaven's captaincy, to do battle against the same enemy—the empire of darkness and wrong? Why should we attack one another, fight not against the enemy, but against ourselves, from mere difference of uniform?—Caryl.

## REED'S READY WIT.

"Col. Pete" Heppburn of Iowa is fond of telling how, during his early days in Congress, he once had occasion to consult Mr. Reed, then speaker, with a view to obtaining Reed's advice as to a eulogy on a deceased colleague which Col. Heppburn had been selected to deliver.  
"Give me a general idea of what I shall say," said the inexperienced Heppburn.  
"Say anything except the truth," responded the witty Reed. "It's customary!"

## WAGE WORKERS IN BOHEMIA LAND.

In Bohemia every wage-worker, of whatever sex or age, must have a "work book" which contains his personal description and history and his employer's endorsements. Permission to travel in search of work must be indorsed by the local authorities. In changing locations a residence certificate from original place of residence must be secured and filed at the new location. This work book, therefore, becomes a passport, exhaustive in its way; it must be produced and recorded at each new location and permission to leave the country must be specially stated.

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