

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I understand that prima donna failed to give her farewell concert because she had a cold."

"Yes," answered the manager. "How did she contract it?" "Well, it wasn't an ordinary cold. It is what is technically known as a box-office chill."—Washington Star.

The Installment Piano.

"Dolly, why don't you spread out more over the keyboard when you play? You always putter around in just about two octaves."

"I knew it, dear, but you see that's about all we own so far, and when I get off those bounds I feel as if I was poaching."—Detroit Free Press.

He Was Wise.



"No, sah, I wouldn't live in dis town unless dere was odder niggahs livin' here, too."

"Why?"

"'Cos if a white man lost a chicken he'd know jes' whar to look fo' it."

Most Remarkable.

Mr. Kadley—Miss Odley is a queer girl. I heard her remark to another girl that she saw Miss Swellman on the avenue to-day.

Miss Pert—Well, what's queer about that?

Mr. Kadley—The queer part was that she didn't proceed in the same breath to describe what Miss Swellman had on.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Modern Woman's Club.

"We shall neglect nothing!" shouted the president of the Free Woman Club.

"How about husbands, babies and dishes?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, they're nothing."

Bound to Fetch Him.

Anxious Mother—What do you think is the best remedy to get my boy out of bed, doctor?

Doctor—Why, a snowstorm, minstrel tickets or pair of ice skates.

Pertinent Inquiry.

Percy—I've been to a dozen different places trying to get some blank cartridges.

Jack—What do you want them for? Going to blow your brains out?

Limit.

"I am in favor of enlarging the sphere of women," said Mrs. Enpeck.

"Impossible, my dear," rejoined the husband of his wife.

"Why is it impossible?" she snapped.

"Because," he meekly explained, "there's no way in which the earth can be stretched."

Judge's Regret.

"Your honor," said the young lawyer.

"I demand justice for my client."

"I'd be only too glad to accommodate you," answered the judge, "but as the law won't allow me to give him more than six months I am practically helpless."

On His Dignity.



Sam—Mamma bought me a pair of gloves yesterday.

Auntie—Really! What are they?

Kids?

Sam—No, they're men's.—Punch.

Why of It.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the kind lady who had just given up a dime.

"Scuse me, ma'am," rejoined the tramp, "but I hope youse don't t'ink I'm one uv dese silly guys wot goes around lookin' fer trubble."

Cause and Effect.
Mrs. Houser—Yes, I keep two girls, yet I am compelled to work like a slave.

Mrs. Flatleigh—Then why don't you keep another girl?

Mrs. Houser—Oh, if I did that I'd probably have to work nights.

On to His Job.

"That chap who just went out," said the bartender, "is forever dwelling on his wife's talents."

"No wonder," replied the boss, "I'll bet he couldn't exist three days if forced to live on his own."

A Shattered Engagement.

"We agreed to treat each other with perfect frankness."

"How did it work?"

"O, I could stand her frankness; but she wouldn't stand mine."

A Recent Infliction.

Tommy—When was the Reign of Terror, pa?

Pa—Last week, when the cook acted up as if she was going to leave.

Making Heraldry.

Merchant—Phew! Two hundred dollars is pretty steep for that trademark.

Mrs. Merchant—Oh, get a good one; our grandchildren can use it for a coat-of-arms.

Dear Girl.

"Yes," said Subbubs, sighing, "the only girl I really cared for I couldn't have."

"What," exclaimed Backlotz, "that doesn't sound very complimentary to Mrs. Subbubs."

"Oh, she felt as badly about it as I do. You see, the girl wanted \$5 a week and we can't afford more than \$4."—Philadelphia Press.

Reiteration.

"I suppose when you get home late from the club your wife says a good deal about it?"

"Oh, no; she never has much to say."

"You're lucky."

"Oh, not at all. She takes an hour or so to say it, just the same."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Successful Corner.

"That old codger seems to be quite an independent old party," remarked the traveling man.

"By heck!" exclaimed the village wit, "it's no wonder. He op'rated a mighty successful corner in wheat last year."

"What?"

"Fact. That corner lot o' his'n yander. It yielded 1,200 bushels."—Philadelphia Press.

No Sign.



"Does that new novel turn out happily?"

"It doesn't say. It only says they married."—Brooklyn Standard Union.

Knew the Animal.

Brown—I say, Jones, do you happen to know any one who has a horse for sale?

Jones—I have reasons for believing that Green has.

Brown—Why do you think so?

Jones—Because I sold him one yesterday.

He Hoped So.

"I would like you to consider this poem," said Woody Riter. "I assure you it is entirely original."

"Indeed?" replied the editor, glancing over the first few lines.

"Er—you don't doubt it, do you?"

"Not at all. I'm quite ready to believe there's more truth than poetry about that."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Quite Sure.

"Are you a witness for the prosecution or the defense?"

"I—I ain't quite sure, sir. I'm on the side of that gentleman over there, sir. He's the one that hired me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

An Inquiry.

He—I don't see why you shouldn't believe that you're the only girl I ever loved.

She—Why, did all the other girls believe it?—Judge.

Then He Got Busy.

Slowboy—I say, Miss Willing, are you aware that I am a member of the Press Club?

Miss Willing—Of course not, Mr. Slowboy. How was I to know?

And the next day she told her chum that Slowboy had a perfecting press for printing kisses.

Handicapped.

"In order to enjoy a good night's rest," said the physician, "you should lie on the right side only. It is positively injurious to lie on both sides."

"But how can I help it, doctor?" rejoined the patient. "You seem to have overlooked the fact that I am a lawyer."

Science AND INVENTION

The ostrich is being acclimatized in southern Europe by M. Octave Justice, whose 80 specimens from South Africa are thriving on a farm near Nice.

Oysters are examined by X-rays for pearls by Raphael Dubois, a French investigator. The oysters are not injured, and those containing pearls too small to be of value are returned alive or further growth.

Mons. Charles Fabry of the French Academy of Sciences announces that careful measurements of the light of the star Vega, one of the brightest in the heavens, when it is seen near the zenith in calm weather, show that it is equal to that of a standard candle burning at a distance of 2,560 feet from the eye.

Evidence that animals can count has been collected by Signor Mancini. Horses in the collieries at Hainault have a regular number of daily trips, and invariably seek their stables after the thirtieth. A dog remembered the twenty-sixth buried bone a short time after digging up twenty-five. Birds count their eggs, magpies count only four. The latter is true also of monkeys.

A novel microscope for viewing melted or intensely hot substances has been described to the Vienna Academy of Sciences by Prof. C. Doelter. An electric oven two inches high is mounted on the object stand, and yields temperatures up to 1200 deg. C. In use the lens is separated from the heated object by about one inch. Even at the highest temperatures of the substance under examination, however, both microscope and objective are kept quite cool by a special arrangement of asbestos plates and a spiral tube carrying ice-cold water.

If a vibrating tuning-fork is placed in a flame the sound is markedly reinforced. Starting with this fact, the Rev. T. C. Porter, of England, has devised a new form of phonograph, in which a flame takes the place of the rumpet ordinarily used. The sounds thus reinforced are easily heard throughout a large room. The explanation of the action of the flame is that the sound-waves falling upon it change its combustion from a continuous to an intermittent form, and the burning gas being thus thrown into a series of waves which are more powerful than the original sound-waves, reinforce them and thus magnify the sound.

The Royal Society in London was recently entertained with an account, by R. I. Pocock, of a spider of the Desidae family, living in Australia, which makes its habitation along the seashore, in the crevices of the rocks, between high and low water marks. This location is selected, no doubt, because it abounds with the food that these spiders prefer. But when the tide is in, their homes are covered with water. Instead of deserting them, however, the spiders solve the difficulty by means of closely woven sheets of silk, which they stretch over the entrances, and within which they imprison sufficient air to keep them alive during the time that they remain submerged.

Women Who Betrayed Men.

In nearly every instance of treachery and corruption resulting in a public scandal during the last fifty years woman has played a prominent and ignominious part. The real instigator of the crime, she goes unpunished, bringing to those connected with her ignominy, disgrace, exile and sometimes death.

One of the most notorious of these women who for a time pulled the strings of history was the Baroness de Kaula, a German by birth, who caused the downfall of old General de Cissey, the Minister of War in Paris during the presidency of Marshal MacMahon. The general, infatuated with the baroness, was in the habit of lunching with her at her house close to the Elysee every Thursday, after the meeting of the cabinet council.

While they were at lunch her servants were taking shorthand notes of the ministerial papers in the general's portfolio, which were then forwarded in cipher to Bismarck in Berlin, who has known every Friday morning all that had passed in the French cabinet council on Thursday.

This went on for two years, and might never have been discovered if the baroness had not made the mistake of being too grasping. She succeeded in obtaining from the general, who could refuse her nothing, valuable army contracts for some of her friends; this led to searching inquiries on the part of disappointed candidates, and the whole business came out.—Pearson's Weekly.

First Vessel Through Suez.

Captain Charles P. Jayne, now residing in Boston, had the honor of commanding the first vessel that passed through the Suez canal. The craft was known as the Mouing, and, although of American construction, was sailed under the British flag.

THE POPULAR PULPIT



VIRTUE IS CONTAGIOUS.

By Rev. Geo. H. Hepworth.

"Let him do likewise."—Luke III, 11.

Some one has said that if he were able to create a world he would make virtue contagious instead of vice.

A small degree of observation will show that his efforts in this direction would not be necessary, for the Lord has already done so.

It is not as bad a world as the pessimist would have us think; for the general trend of things is toward the good and not toward the evil; and if you look into the matter carefully you will find that what you call contagion inheres in the pure and noble quite as much as in the impure and ignoble. If it be true that flattered and successful vice allures a great many, it is also true that an honest and knightly life does the same thing.

The career of a business man who brushes aside the restraints of moral principle, who is little more than a highwayman at heart, and who boldly robs, under cover of law, until he counts his millions, is certainly very demoralizing. No one may measure the extent of its unhappy influence. It is startling and dazzling and enticing. A proportion of our youth become bewildered as they look upon it, and forgetting that there is a moral law which forces a man to pay his debts either before death or after, they pursue the tactics of their idol. There is undoubtedly an appealing inspiration in the life of even the wildest adventurer who defies fate, challenges the world, and by dint of audacity, if not of courage, achieves what he calls success. I have no inclination, therefore, to ignore the fact that there is contagion in a life which is brilliant, even though it be at the same time criminal.

But I insist that there is just as much contagion in a good deed as in a bad one—that the holiness of one life conveys itself into another life and produces the same results there.

In physical experiences the agent of communication is a germ or a microbe; in spiritual experiences it is an idea. I have heard physicians say that the contagiousness of a disease depends largely on circumstances. If you are in a thoroughly healthy condition your system closes every door and the germ cannot enter; you enjoy absolute immunity from danger. If, on the contrary, you are susceptible or predisposed to the malady, then the germ takes root and you become ill. Whether or not you catch the disease is determined by the weakness or strength of your own body. Nurses may watch over the dying and never feel the effects of the ailment which saps the life of the sufferer.

It is the same in the moral world. Contagion there depends on yourself also, and to a far greater extent. If you lack spiritual strength and ambition, if your sense of honor is only slightly developed, if your self-respect is at a low ebb, then the example of the man who wins a fortune by nefarious means—like the microbe of typhoid—finds a lodgment in your soul, is cherished and multiplied by its environment, until at last immortality has the resistless sweep of a blizzard and tears up by the roots every heavenly and every manly aspiration.

If you had impregnable uprightness of character, if nefarious methods were abhorrent to you, there would be no attractiveness in vicious deeds, and they would have no more alluring power than the fire has, which may coax you to thrust your hand into it, but which coaxes in vain.

There is contagion in goodness, provided you are in a condition to receive it. A grand and glorious life rouses you to imitation. The reputation achieved by honest methods so affects us that we build a monument to the man who possesses it and tell our boys to go and do likewise. I do not believe that the influence of a pure life can be reckoned, so far-reaching, so inspiring, is it.

When Father Damien died among the lepers of the Sandwich Islands, his heroism and self-sacrifice were so contagious that scores of applicants prayed for the privilege of continuing his work, with the certainty of death as the result. Such was the influence of his lonely, saintly, and godlike mission that it was considered a boon to be immersed within those leprous walls and to fill at last a leper's grave.

It is a mistake to talk of the contagiousness of vice and to ignore that of virtue. This would be a queer world if one could catch the impulse to evil, but not the impulse to good. It may serve the purpose of the orator who seeks a telling period to tell us

this, if he is willing to sacrifice truth to rhetoric, but the stern and glorious facts give an emphatic denial to the statement. Mankind are nobler and truer and more moral than ever before. Public opinion is more generous and more just. We have a larger faith than our fathers, and more true religion than has heretofore been found on the planet. Why is this? Simply and only because truth and honesty and purity and all the nobler qualities of character are contagious, and because the contagion of vice is growing less dangerous year by year.

It is safe to conclude that, after all, this is God's world. For that reason the tide of righteousness should be on the flood, while the tide of vice should be on the ebb, and a little observation will show that this is true.

A LESSON OF IMMORTALITY.

By Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver.

And he charged them and said unto them, I am to be gathered unto my people, etc.—Genesis, xlix., v. 29.

In the above words, which Patriarch Jacob uttered in his dying hour, he intimated that death is not extinction but merely a departure for home, a return to his kindred, a reuniting to his dear ones who preceded him into the land of the living, never to be separated from them again. The righteous and godly man abhors death as the annihilator of body and soul, and finds consolation in the thought that "his redeemer liveth." Yes, that the heavenly portion within him is exempt from death and lives and retains its identity to all eternity. The certainty of death does not ruffle his equanimity, nor does it disturb his peace. He clings to life tenaciously amid the severest trials. It never occurs to him to free himself from suffering by ending his life, for he firmly believes that only God, who gave him a soul, has a right to take it away from him, and the bitter cup which he is draining has been placed at his lips by Providence for some good purpose.

The unbeliever, however, who says that death has no terror for him, and that he looks upon it as a benefactor because it will bestow upon him everlasting rest, is illogical in his conclusion. Because an eternal cessation of activity and a rest of which the human frame is unconscious is more revolting and terrifying to the sound and sensible mind than a life of care and trouble. It is only belief in immortality and resurrection that lends to the idea of eternal rest weight and significance. True, that the belief in resurrection is not mentioned at all by Moses, but by the prophets after him; yet the belief in immortality is not only referred to in the Pentateuch by intimation but even though no reference had been made to it we had been justified in supposing that that belief was deeply rooted in the hearts of the children of Israel. For belief in God can never be perfect without belief in immortality. These two beliefs form one complete unit. He who firmly believes in an all-wise, all-kind, all-just, and omnipotent Creator surely admits that man, who is God's best workmanship, has not been created merely to dwell a short while in this transitory world and then pass away like a shadow; but man has been created to prepare himself on earth for an endless career in the world to come.

Short Meter Sermons.

Denial brings delight,
A whining religion wins none.
Work is the one cure for worry,
Don't judge the nut by the burr.
Sins confessed are half conquered.
Faith is more than fear of the future.
A double mind is always a borrowed one.
A light heart is a lighthouse for hearts.
A man is highest when he is humblest.
A little cheer is worth a lot of criticism.
Duty is the law of which love is the life.
Man judges by our hits, God by our aims.
Piety is the opposite of spiritual pauperism.
The cross is a good symbol but a poor sign.
Religion is never worn out by every day use.
Flowers of rhetoric make poor food for faith.
Nothing is conquered until self is overcome.
A soft snap has a hard catch in it somewhere.
Service for others is the solvent of our own sorrows.
Only a dead honor needs pride to preserve it.
When justice is failing an excuse is a poor umbrella.
Truth cannot be expressed where sincerity is suppressed.
A man's greatness is seen in his recognition of goodness.