

Pictorial Humor

Very Elevating.
"I see they are going to elevate the stage again," said the dramatic boarder.
"It won't do any good," sighed the man who sits back in the parquet every Monday night. "They may elevate it to the flies, but the women who sit in front will elevate their hats just as high."

Unkind.
Patience—He must have a soft spot in his heart for me.
Patrice—Why so?
"He says he is always thinking of me."

Pure Accident.
Ascum—"What's the matter with Jenkins?"
Gobang—"Met with an accident while hunting."
Ascum—"You don't say?"
Gobang—"Yes, he was hunting for trouble and he accidentally ran up against me."

Choice or Pick.
"Eard a deuced funny joke to-day," said the Englishman. "A laborer says to the foreman: 'Will I need to take my shovel or my pick for that job?'"
"And what did the foreman say?"
"E said: 'Well, you may take your choice.'"

A Natural Theory.
First Office Boy—I asked de boss ter let me off 'cause me grandmother was dead.
Second Office Boy—Wot did he say?
First Office Boy—Asked me who wuz goin' ter pitch at her funeral.—Puck.

HE COULDN'T DENY IT.



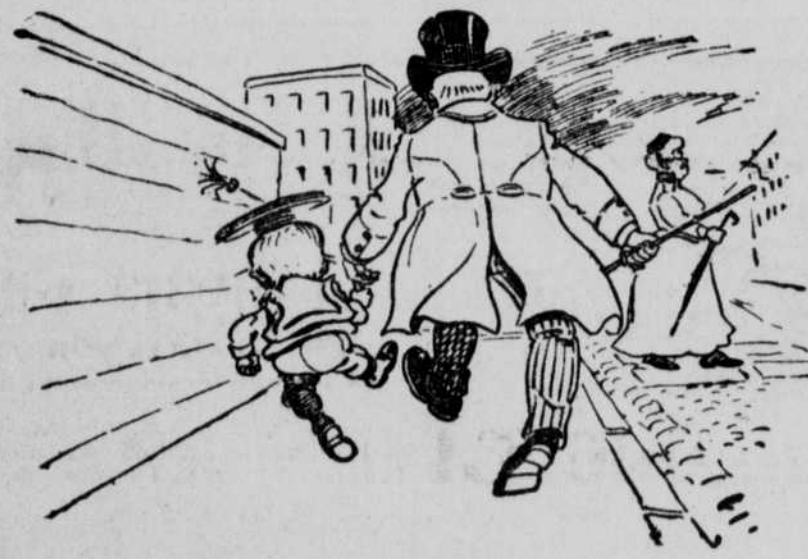
Mrs. Murphy (holding out paper torch)—I see be the paper you're drunk agin.

At the Picture Show.
"Good thing young Swift got off about Doble's latest picture. Hear it?"
"The picture of the wrecked sailors on the barren island?"
"Yes; named by Swift 'No Sale from Day to Day.'"

Expecting Further Trouble.
"So, you've gotten your hair cut, have you?" said the government agent.
"Yes," answered the poor Indian discontentedly. "I suppose the next thing we know, they'll be requiring us to get bald-headed and wear chin whiskers."

His Capacity.
Hixon—I understand Jigsmith is a man of great capacity.
Dixon—That's what. Why, I've seen him drink a dozen glasses of beer without even stopping to blow the foam off.

WISE PAPA.



Willie (aged six)—Say, pop, s'pose some bandits caught ma; would you pay a ransom to get her back?
His Papa—After they had her for a week, they would pay me to take her back.

Their Usefulness.
"What real benefit," asked the disgruntled man, who objected to paying \$3 for a seat, "does the average mortal derive from our prima donnas?"
"They tell him what kind of soap to use," answered the youth.

A Difference of Opinion.
"Whose little boy are you?"
"Well, grandma, Aunt Louise and mamma all claim me, but Farmer Jones says I'm a child of the devil, 'cause I croned some of his apples."

On the Impulse of the Moment.
"What would you say," began the voluble prophet of woe, "if I were to tell you that in a very short space of time all the rivers of this country would dry up?"
"I would say," replied the patient man, "Go thou, and do likewise."

Had Had Experience.
"Do you know anything about drilling?" asked the sergeant.
"Faith, I know all about it," replied the raw recruit; "I worked in a quarry for many years before I joined the army."

Consolation.
Edith—Yale is my favorite. They turn out the best men at New Haven.
Jack—That's what I said when they fired me at the end of the junior year.

WILLING TO BE DISTURBED.



Jones (as he squeezes by her to go out after the first act)—I hope I am not disturbing you, madam.
"Not at all; my husband runs the bar."

Nearly Treasures.
Lucie—I always give the prettiest embroidered things I do to my mother.
Marie—That is kind and thoughtful of you.
Lucie—Yes; then I can borrow them, you know.

Remarks.
"What makes you think he is from Chicago?" He handled his knife and fork properly and used his napkin naturally.
"Oh, I heard him say that he lost two weeks' alimony at poker last night."

No Need to Be Alarmed.
"Mercy! There is somebody peeping in the window!"
"Don't worry. It is only that poor M. Santos-Dumont. He has caught his balloon on the window sill."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

HE WAS ONE.



She (on the hotel porch)—Do you think men are really descended from monkeys?
He—No; lobsters.

She Was Big Enough.

"Run up like a good little girl," said the portrait agent, as he came up the steps, "and ask your mama if she wishes to be enlarged."
"Dacious, no!" lisped Ethel in horror. "Mamma don't want to be any larger; she weighs three hundred pounds, sir."

Excites Boston's Envy.
She—"But you must admit that society in our village is all the time becoming more cultured."
He—"Yes, I hear that at the minstrel show next week instead of end men they advertise 'superior terminal facilities.'"

Overdid It.
"You promised me before marriage that you would make every effort to make yourself worthy of me."
"I know I did, and the result was that I overdid it, and made myself better than you deserve."

No Sympathy There.
"I am going to marry your daughter, sir," said the positive young man to the father.
"Well, you don't need to come to me for sympathy," replied the father, "I have troubles of my own."

Daniel's Specialty.
"Who was Daniel?" asked the S. S. teacher.
"He wuz a hipnystist," promptly answered Willie, who had read the lion story.—New York Mail and Express.

NO CLEAN MONEY IN OIL BELT

Silver Coins Turned Black by Fumes from Texas Wells.

"Money is curiously colored in the oil region," said a gentleman from Beaumont, "and during my recent experience in the Texas city I could not really tell whether I was getting good money or bad half the time. The appearance of the silver in circulation, in and around Beaumont, was a revelation to me, but, of course, men who have been in oil regions before, where the very air is filled with gas, knew just why it was. Shiny dollars are really very rare now in the Texas oil belt. The black oxidized dollar is the rule. The dimes, quarters and halves are black. It is marvelous how quickly the silver will become oxidized."

"I was talking to one of the men who was actively engaged in working at one of the wells, and just for my benefit he made a little experiment. He searched around until he got a new looking dollar, one that had just arrived and had not had time to be affected by the oil and gas of the place. He put the dollar in his pocket and went to work at one of the manholes. He did not remain there a great while."

"When he returned he pulled out the dollar and handed it to me for inspection. It was black enough, and it had not got out of his pocket until he gave it back to me. The gas simply permeated the man's clothes, got into his pocket, and when it struck the silver the necessary chemical processes were set in motion to leave the dollar colored. All the silver which has been at Beaumont for any length of time is in this condition, and the man who would draw the color line on the dollars in the Texas oil belt would simply be unable to do business."

SOLDIER WAS JUSTLY INDIGNANT

Veteran of Civil War Referred to as "Battle Scared" General.

Prof. Wm. F. King, president of Cornell College, of Iowa, believes that a newspaper reputation is somewhat precarious. At the dinner given in honor of Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, at the St. Denis hotel recently President King told of the experience of a famous general of the civil war, who was described in the leading newspaper of the town where he lived as a "battle scared general."

"The general," continued President King, "was justifiably indignant, and expressed himself to the editor of the paper in no uncertain language. He demanded that a correction be made in the following issue, and to his great dismay on picking up the paper on the following day found himself described as a 'bottle scared general.'"

"There is no fear," said President King in conclusion, "that any of the guests here to-night will go home 'bottle scared.' I notice that inasmuch as the menu contains no wines, the guests have been indulging freely in plain water. However, the edibles have been luscious enough to make the mouth of the Hudson water."—New York Tribune.

The Independent Voter.

Fopianna Caravallio met Luegui Congillio, and discussing the late election, huegui asked Fopi:
"Hello, Fopi; you vota?"
"Yes; you vota too?"
"Sure."
"Vat you vota?"
"Oh, I vota for Davva da Ruz, Billa da Murf givva me two dol for da vota."
"Ha! You tella me Billa da Murf givva you two dol for da vota. Malla-detta Santa Madonna. He only givva me onea dol and mah vota just as good as you. Oh Santissima, da Canaglia Irishman. I will havva his blood. I swear da vendett. I joina da Mafia, two doll for da vota? Vat he taka me for, a rotta bannan, a mouldy lem, a chipa skat. I tella you, Fopi, I lika Davva da Ruz. He wide open man. He talka lika a nice man to da daggo. He givva Milwauk da bridge. He putta da town ona da map. We make him of America da king, vivva Davva da Ruz. But Billa da Murf, oh tristissima, I giva him da stillet, ona dol for mah vota, two dol for yours. He come to my house, he shaka da hand wit ma brud, ma cousino and alla my frienda. He kissa my kidda. He flatter ma wifa, but he only givva me onea dol for da vota. Ah—"

And Luegui went off pushing his banana cart and muttering maledictions on "Billa da Murf."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Inverted Comma.

Mr. Bernard Shaw will have the sympathy of writers—and we should think of composers—in his protest against the use of the apostrophe. He has himself dropped it out of "Aunt," "don't" and "shouldn't"—but not out of "he'll"—before he wrote his protest in "The Author." But why all these inverted commas, "the silly trick of peppering pages with these uncouth bacilli"? You will find none of these bacilli in the Bible. Take this passage, chosen at random: Now Jesus knew that they were desirous to ask Him, and said unto them, Do ye inquire among yourselves of that I said, A little while, and ye shall not see me; and again, a little while, and ye shall see me? The modern compositor would set that passage between two brackets of inverted commas, for it is a quote within a quote. But it is beautifully clear as it stands. And among all Biblical misunderstandings, no one we think has been misled by the absence of an inverted comma. —London Chronicle.

NOT TO BE HURRIED.

TRAINMEN ON SOUTHERN RAILROAD TAKE THINGS EASY.

Conductor "Held Her Up for Yer" While Passenger Went in Search of Game—Obstinate Turkey Delayed Progress Twenty Minutes.

"Speaking about rapid transit, I remember a few years ago traveling on a go-as-you-please train in Florida, and, although it took the greater part of a day to travel thirty miles, I enjoyed that trip." The speaker was Jack Flanning, the crack trap shooter, at the Fifth Avenue hotel, the other day, says the New York Press.

"It was in 1894; I went down to Florida on a hunting trip, intending to join a party at Leesburg. A steamboat carried us up the St. John's river to Astor, all right."

"A dinky-dink line called the St. John's and Lake Eustis railway runs between Astor and Leesburg, a distance of thirty miles, and the return trip takes from 5 o'clock in the morning until midnight. The conductors on trains down south are all called captain and the particular 'genus homo' on this train was Capt. Tucker, and he was all right."

"We hadn't been out of Astor station three minutes before Capt. Tucker was taking the measure of my guns and dogs and wanted to know why I didn't stop off at Sellers Lake."

"If you'ens would like to git a shot at a deer," said he, "I'll hold her up (meaning the train) out at the Bay Head."

"Much game out here?" I inquired.
"Some deer out with the cattle, and plenty of quail and robins."

"Finally the train pulled up at a little station called Ravenswood, a decayed village with two or three inhabited houses, and Capt. Tucker pointed in the direction of the bay head and said he would 'hold her up for yer,' and away I went in search of game."

"I was gone about an hour, and bagged about seven or eight brace of quail, and, returning to the train, found trainmen and passengers (there were two besides myself) fast asleep under a shed, the engineer playing a game of solitaire in the baggage car. Capt. Tucker was absent, and, the engineer promising to whistle for me before the train started, I wandered off in the direction of a neat-looking house to get a glass of milk and something to eat."

"Here I found my conductor engaged in conversation with the lady of the house, who was apparently a widow, and on seeing me, the 'genus homo' exclaimed: 'I'll be starting her up in about twenty minutes.'"

"What's keeping us?" I inquired.
"A dratted turkey has just gone on her nest, and she'uns (pointing to the widow) wants to send a dozen eggs to town, and she's just one shy."

"We reached Leesburg that night."

Didn't Know "Pickwick Papers."

That Dickens is no longer the most popular author, especially among the great middle class and the common people, who used to read him gladly, there seems to be no doubt. Henry Sturges Ely, the globe trotter, verifies this by an experience he had the other evening at a boarding house, just out of Washington Square, where he always puts up when visiting this city. He had come in early one evening, and rang up his landlady to know if she had anything he could read. This landlady had long been one of his special admirations for her accurate and general information.

"I'll try the 'Pickwick Papers,'" said Mr. Ely, "if you have it in the house."

"Well, now, I'm sorry," replied the landlady, "but we don't take that. We have 'The Christian Advocate' and 'The Ram's Horn' regular. Perhaps they'll do."—New York Tribune.

How She Scared Tramps.

Timid, unprotected ladies who look under the bed before courting the sweet restorer, and who have been known to keep a masculine hat hanging in the hall to keep away burglars, will be interested in the device of a postmistress of 82 in England, who has taken a still more daring flight of imagination. The only door of the house faces the main street. Opposite the door is a table, and in the middle of the table rests a policeman's helmet.

An inquisitive surveyor, who tells this story in a London publication, asked if she had a policeman lodging with her. She explained with some indignation that the helmet was a blind, for so many tramps came begging that when they saw the helmet they passed on. "The helmet there," concluded the aged spinster, "affords me great security."

Collection of Tavern Signs.

The April exhibition at the Guildhall is to be of French and English painters or the eighteenth century, and one feature of it should be particularly interesting to our readers who contributed so many instances of curious tavern signs. For a collection of signboards is to be made, and already French collectors are being asked for specimens of Chardin, Lemoynes, Nicholas, Watteau and other famous artists who paid their tavern scores with their brush. This method of payment has been common enough with young or struggling artists. The late T. Sidney Cooper painted his way to Brussels, the Royal Oak at Bettws-y-Coed has a signboard done by David Cox and there are a few of the old-fashioned inns on the Thames which cannot show pictures which were paid for in kind.—London Chronicle.

Woman's Uneven Shoulders.

New York Sun: "Have you," said one woman to another in the course of a walk through the shopping district, "noticed how crooked women are getting to be? Look at some of the women who pass us, and see if the right shoulder is not almost invariably lower than the other." The other woman looked, and lo! it was so. "It is the natural result of always having a train to hold up," said the first woman. "Why will women cling to such unreasonable fashions? A train is graceful only when allowed to sweep the ground, and we cannot let it do that in the dirty street, consequently we are everlastingly clutching it to keep it from the pavement, and the position this necessitates is so constantly assumed that the right shoulder is becoming lower than the other. If the thing continues, the boasted carriage of the American girl will soon be an empty boast indeed. The only remedy for the present, the only hope for the future, is to leave off trailing skirts and to go to a gymnasium. There, under the direction of a competent teacher, one who knows how to cure just such defects, train, and never stop until you are straight again."

He Gave His Address.

Harry Furniss tells a good story of a distinguished but irritable Scotch lecturer. The gentleman had occasion to speak in a small town in one of the Lowland counties, and it chanced that he met with a more than usually loquacious chairman. This gentleman actually spoke for a whole hour in "introducing" the lecturer. He wound up by saying, "It is unnecessary for me to say more, but call upon the talented gentleman who has come so far to give us his address tonight."

The lecturer came forward. "You want my address? I'll give it to you. 322 Rob Roy Crescent, Edinburgh—and I'm just off there now. Goodnight!"—May Woman's Home Companion.

Cheaper Beer of Abstinence.

A curious strike is in progress at Rokewood, near Ballarat, Victoria, where, in consequence of the refusal of the local publicans to reduce the price of beer from 6 pence to 4 pence per pint, nearly every resident has signed a pledge to do without beer until Melbourne prices are charged.

Burning Head.

Star City, Ark., May 26th.—A very remarkable case has just occurred here.

Mr. W. H. McFalls has been suffering severely for two years with an ailment that puzzled the doctors and everybody. The trouble seemed to be all in his head, which had a burning sensation all the time.

Sometimes this burning pain in the head would be worse than at other times, but it never left him.

At last he tried a new remedy called Dodd's Kidney Pills and was agreeably surprised to find that the burning gradually disappeared.

An attack of La Grippe has laid him up for the last few weeks, but Dodd's Kidney Pills have banished his old trouble entirely.

His son George used a few of the Pills which his father did not need and they have done him so much good that he says he would not take ten cents a pill for the few he still has left.

Were it possible to peer into the future the chief charm of existence would be lost.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE.

Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Make a companion of vice and you will soon become its slave.

FITS permanently cured. No fee or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The keynote of charity is consideration.

THUNDER MOUNTAIN, IDAHO, A MINERAL TREASURE HOUSE.

Fortunes of Gold Are Being Found in the Center of the State of Idaho.

Thunder Mountain, the new Idaho gold field, is the most promising mineral region in the United States. The richness of this country was not known until late in the fall of 1901, after heavy snows had closed all avenues by which the region might be reached except upon snowshoes. Notwithstanding this fact, Colonel W. H. Dewey of Idaho, and others who have had wide experience in mining, have expended vast sums in the purchase of undeveloped claims. The surface indications are marvelously rich. These gold bearing ledges, from 100 to 300 feet, will run through a mountain parallel to each other. In the Dewey mine, this vast deposit has values running from \$7 to \$4,000 per ton, and the plates of the 10-stamp mill which runs on the ore have to be cleaned of their accretions of gold every six hours.

In a few weeks two miners last spring cleaned up \$7,500 in placer gold, using a small cotton hose to wash the gravel, the water coming from a small reservoir on the mountain side. The mineral zone covers a large section of hitherto unexplored country, and is about 175 miles from a railroad. There are five routes leading to the Thunder Mountain country, viz.: via Ketchum, Mackay, Boise and Weiser, Idaho, and Redrock, Montana, all on the Oregon Short Line railway. A great rush to this mecca for miners is predicted, and "On to Thunder Mountain" will be as familiar as the old watchword, "Pike's Peak or Bust," as soon as the snows disappear so that the camp may be reached with supplies, which will probably be between May 15 and June 1. A scarcity of provisions at present keeps miners away, as flour at \$50 per sack is considered somewhat of a luxury even in the golden land.

Surrounding Thunder Mountain is a large section of country adapted to agriculture and stock-raising.

D. E. Hurley, general passenger agent of the Oregon Short Line railroad, at Salt Lake City, sent an expert to report upon that country, and will cheerfully give any information required as to the routes and general conditions in and around the great mining camp.

He who has a good wife can bear any evil.