

GIVEN TO THE WORLD.

Columbian Exposition Buildings Dedicated.

GLORY AND HONOR.

ORATORY AND MUSIC, AMID SCENES OF GRANDEUR.

EVENT OF A CENTURY.

THE EXALTED OF EARTH WITNESS THE CEREMONIES.

Dignitaries of the Ruling Nations of the World Become the Guests of the Republic's Chief Citizens and Are Escorted to the Scene of the Day's Ceremonies with All the Pomp and Pride of Military Forms—Over One Hundred Thousand People Cheer the Eloquence of Depew and Watson and Hear the Last Chorus of Five Thousand Voices Attune the Melodies of the Dedication Ode—An Elaborate Display of Pyrotechnics.



CHICAGO special: The World's Columbian Exposition has been formally opened.

The series of celebrations consequent upon the dedicatory exercises was inaugurated in Chicago's streets Thursday morning, when the gorgeous civic pageant marched before delighted thousands. The command which put



In motion the mighty column of nearly a hundred thousand opened an event that will go ringing down the ages as the most brilliant page in the history of a great and prosperous nation. No such multitude as surged through the streets has Chicago ever before seen. Political conventions with their crowds and clamor were left far behind, and the scene on the down-town thoroughfares as the great parade moved off will be long remembered alike by Chicagoans and by the visitors who thronged the city.

It was close to the noon hour when the vanguard of stalwart policemen spurred their restless horses and wheeled into line. General Miles and his brilliantly uniformed military aids, and the more brilliantly attired civilians of his staff, came into view, and presently the advance guard of that vast army of 100,000 men was in motion. Everywhere along the line of march the distinguished men as well as the organizations making the most striking displays were greeted with enthusiastic cheering. Though the sun had hid himself behind a bank of clouds, and the sky looked down with a lowering face upon the moving display of animation and color, nothing could damp the ardor of the crowd, and nothing that was worthy escaped their notice. From the grand stand on the Adams street front of the Government Building, Vice President Levi P. Morton, the members of the Cabinet, the Supreme Court, and diplomats from all the nations of the earth witnessed the grand civic parade as it passed in review. In the streets there was a mob; it cannot be called by any other name. This was essentially people's day in the series of ceremonies. Wednesday night's grand ball at the Auditorium was a notable event, but the participants were confined to the upper ten in official and social life. For Governors, legislators and diplomats. Thursday night's military parade was for the same classes. Friday's military parade was confined principally to the limits of the fair grounds, to which admission could



THOMAS W. PALMER

be had only by card of invitation. But Thursday's show was wide open to whoever could get a point from which to see. The bootblack and roustabout, or the laborer, was as free as the millionaire or pet of society.

DEDICATORY EXERCISES.

Impressive Ceremonies in the Great Manufacturers Building.

Friday was the great Columbian dedicatory day proper, and on this day the big programme for which the whole country has been preparing for months was given.

The day's exercises began with a salute of twenty-one guns on the Lake Front.

At 9:15 o'clock the dedicatory parade was started. Gen. Miles and his staff came down the boulevard at the head of a glittering company of United States troops. The even lines of yellow plumes rising and falling in unison, the steady trot of the horses, the quietness and precision of every movement, was a revelation to spectators unused to military pageants.

The staff of Gen. Miles was followed by the mounted band. Then came troops of cavalry, presenting a solid line twelve deep, extending from curb to curb. Three troops of white cavalry,

with tanned and bearded faces; a troop of Indian cavalry, copper-colored and expertly mounted; and a troop of colored cavalry, black and smiling—that is the way they came.

After the cavalry was another mounted band, and then appeared artillerymen, who rattled over the uneven cobbles of 12th street at a smart trot. The regular artillery were followed by a battery of the National Guard. The volunteer boys were not so smart as the regulars, but they looked very businesslike and full of powder.

The escort was not yet finished, for smoothly and silently came a troop mounted on wheels—the Toledo cadets. The people gave the sixty men a cheer as they passed, which seemed well deserved, for their soldierly appearance and the even manner in which they handled their iron steeds were very noticeable.

The brilliant escort which had passed was none too brilliant for the array of power, wealth, and intellect which was now to follow, when the Governors of the country and the men who have directed the affairs of the Exposition rode and drove in public parade to the dedication of the World's Fair.

First in the line of carriages which followed the troops was the highest representative of the Government of the United States, Vice President Morton, and escort. In company with the Vice President were President Palmer and ex-President Bryan of the World's Fair.

Then followed the Governors of the different States and other notables, with their aids and attendants, the whole making a glittering and imposing spectacle that will be remembered as long as the dedication ceremony should hold a place in history. The parade marched down the gayly decorated boulevard to Washington Park, where the military review occurred.

Starting for the Buildings.

After this event was over the cavalry procession as an escort started from the Washington Park reviewing stand, marching up Palmer avenue and through the way Plaisance to the entrance of the grounds. The route along the whole line was rich with decorations of every description, the colors of all nations being thrown to the breeze in great profusion, with the flags of America and the United States.

At the junction of Cottage Grove avenue and the Plaisance a squad of police under Lieut. Powers was stationed; at the Woodlawn intersection was Lieut. Behm with another squad of police, while between the forces of Powers and Behm there was a space of about half a mile in which there were no police. Into this gap the crowd rushed without hindrance and soon became unmanageable. All was confusion and the crowd thronged the streets, and the progress of the procession.

But everything was later put to rights by the appearance of the troops, which had been held in reserve at the grounds to welcome the parade. The coming of the troops soon restored order among the crowd. The people obeyed with great good humor when the soldiers, who had been formed in line down each side of the road, ordered them back. In a few minutes the whole stretch of road unprotected by the police was picketed by the troops. After the procession had passed the soldiers fell in behind and marched toward the reviewing stand.

When the military parade entered the grounds over the viaduct it made an almost entire circuit before dispersing at the end of the park. Then the dignitaries and invited guests began to enter the big Manufacturers Building and the great procession was over.

Within the Manufacturers Building.

The scene in the great hall, as viewed from the platform at 10 o'clock, was thrilling. It was a spectacle that in coming years will mark an epoch in the march of the nations of the earth. And when away on in the time that is to come American history shall be written, no man in the hall of calm thought will be able to leave without the dedicatory scene, the sight of a man who was not present gain any notion of the meaning of fifty acres of packed humanity? Does he get an impression of vastness when he knows that St. Peter at Rome might be put within the great structure and with room left? What does it mean to say that 100,000 persons may be comfortably seated and room left for 75,000 more?

The chief decorations in the great building were at the rear of the grand stand and arched over the broad carpeted aisle through which the dignitaries sought their places on the platform. From the roof streamers of bunting of yellow and red and white drooped down from the iron girders to the sides of the great iron arches. There was a background of great flags with the stars and stripes drawn smoothly at points and tastefully draped in others, while in the center an eagle carved in stone formed the nucleus of a glorious standard of colors. On one side of this setting, hanging from away up on one of the iron arches, depended the banner of Spain. There was also displayed for the first time on a near-by arch the official banner of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Out upon the great, vast floor, under the arches and the depending flags, a forest of chairs had been placed, and when the crowd had come in and the people had gathered, a great, nervous, moving sea of humanity, speaking and ebbing hum and buzz of talk and comment. The gallery up among the arches of iron and surrounding the entire building was filled and blackened with humanity.

Imagine 10,000 human faces in a bunch in the center of a great field about whom are standing nearly as many more persons. See the stand filled with through preliminary operation for the music which is to come. Diffuse over this entire scene the growing murmur, which at times mounts to a roar, and a faint idea of the scene may be pictured on the mental vision.

To one who has never seen the behemoth buildings in Jackson Park, it may be impossible to give an adequate idea of the colossal magnitude of the great spectacle. National conventions have been adopted as great assemblies, yet several national conventions could have been held in the lobbies without interference with the people in the main room.

This wonder of the engineering world does not seem a building. The dimensions are mountains and not architecture. Standing against the rail of the inner balcony, sweeping the broad expanse of busy floor, the scene is a landscape and not an interior. The glint and sparkle of rich costumes and the gleam of jewels are seen, and flowers nestling against the darker color

of the uplift. When 100,000 people waved their handkerchiefs, the prospect was that of a thick cotton-field tossed by a high wind. In the exciting moments when enthusiasm took a violent turn, the demonstration was not that of individuals, but of the undulating whole. A man in the thick of this scene



THE SPEAKER'S STAND IN THE GREAT BUILDING.

was as nothing, a black spot mixed and ground into the color of the picture.

When the multitude assembled the people came drifting in granular currents along the narrow avenues. Further along they closed upon each other in the steady push forward until it was difficult to tell one speck from another. Then the natural compression of a jostling crowd did the rest and they were molded into that mighty solid block, filling the outer limits of the floor of the largest building on earth.

It was just 1:45 p. m. when the impatient crowd caught sight of a glittering uniform at the back of the broad stairway leading to the speaker's stand. Milward Adams, manager of the seating arrangements, followed the guard in uniform, who had cleared the way, and proceeded down the stairway before Director General Davis, master of ceremonies. Then came Vice President Morton, Chauncey M. Depew, President Higginbotham, Mayor Washburne, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ireland, Bishop Fowler, and Dr. McCook.

By the time the cheering and waving of handkerchiefs had ended the speaker's stand and seats behind were embanked with the most notable gathering of dignitaries and high officials ever seen in this country outside the national capital. Chief of these, of course, was Vice President Morton, who in his capacity as representative of the President and of the Government had the seat of honor, directly in the front of the center. Next to him on his right were Bishop Fowler and Dr. McCook, while Director General Davis, master of ceremonies, was on his left. In a



GEN. MILES.

surprising strength that his thought won the ear of the guests of the day to whom he addressed himself. Citizens of Chicago, too, responded enthusiastically when he declared the city's greatness and wealth of promise.

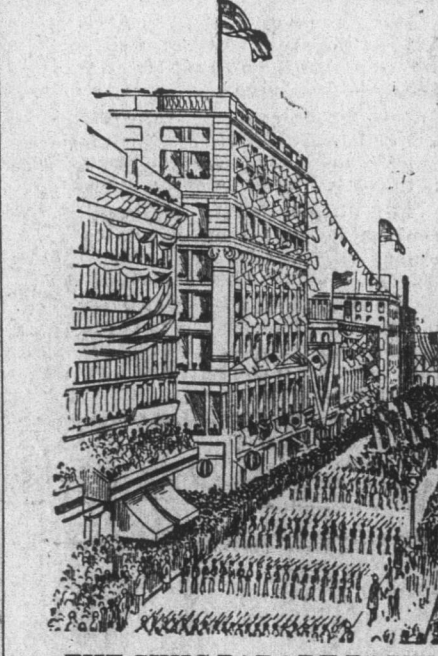
Following the Mayor came readings by Mrs. Sarah Cowell Le Moyne, of New York, from Miss Monroe's dedication ode. The reading comprised only a fragment of the poem, alternating with verses sung by the chorus from music composed by G. W. Chadwick, of Boston.

As Mrs. Le Moyne finished reading Director General Davis presented her with a wreath on behalf of the women of Chicago. This was a simple affair of laurel leaves bound with yellow and terra cotta ribbon. The cheers that followed this act brought Miss Harriet Monroe, the author, to her feet, and she also was presented with a like memento, which she acknowledged by a graceful bow and smile.

Director of Works Burnham formally presented the designers, painters, and sculptors of the Exposition with commemorative medals. Mr. Burnham's voice is not calculated to reach the galleries, and he made no attempt in that direction. As he took his seat he was met by the usual cheer, taken up in the galleries and echoed by the individuals hanging from the girders well up to the dome.

Mrs. Potter Palmer's address, "Work of the Board of Lady Managers," was enthusiastically received. She was introduced by Director General Davis and received with a standing salute, in which the dignitaries joined. The President of the Board of Lady Managers acknowledged this reception by a modest bow and proceeded at once with her report, looking down upon the waving of handkerchiefs and smiling, expectant faces.

N. Higginbotham, President of the Chicago Exposition, made the presentation of the buildings of the Columbian Exposition to President T. W. Palmer of the Columbian Commission. Mr. Palmer, leaning his hand upon the decorated stand, listened to the short, terse



THE CIVIC PARADE PASSING THE REVIEWING STAND.

Opened the Dedicatory Exercises.

The dedicatory exercises were commenced by the great chorus singing the Columbian hymn.

The words of the hymn are as follows:

All hail and welcome, nations of the earth! Columbia's greeting comes from every State; Proclaim to all mankind the world's new birth Of freedom; set on a shall consecrate. Let war and enmity for ever cease; Let glorious art and commerce banish wrong. The universal brotherhood of peace Shall be Columbia's inspiring song.

Then came the invocation of Bishop Charles H. Fowler of California. It was the first test of a speaker's voice before the multitude, and demonstrated instantly the fullness of any attempt to reach more than a small section of the great multitude. Ignorant of the religious nature of the address, the throng turned and rustled until the swelling wave overwhelmed the speaker's voice and sent his words adrift on a sea of sounds.

The invocation over, Director General Davis adjusted his eye-glasses, tossed back the gray locks on his forehead and advanced to the stand, manuscript in

hand. His trumpet-like voice, his well-known features and the commanding office he represented commanded the tumult about him and sent a ripple of silence far into the crowd. His address was a brief recital of national triumphs, closing with a concise statement of the purpose for which the exposition had



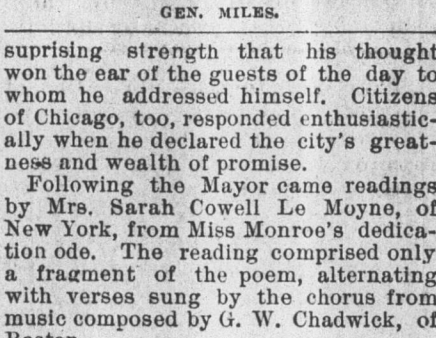
CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW'S ADDRESS.

When Mr. Watson reached the climax of his peroration and stepped toward his seat, there was an instant's hush, followed by deafening cheers that broke out again when Chauncey Depew was announced. Mr. Depew's style was in striking contrast to the Kentucky editor's, but his achievement was unparalleled. Reading his speech, he was seemingly oblivious to the printed words. In moments of excitement he waved the manuscript in emphasis, never losing a word or abating for an instant his perfect command of the striking phrases. His voice, forced to the volume of a great organ, rolled out over the crowd and held it as with a chord of steel. Occasionally some absorbed listener, wrought by the stirring sentiment, spoke his approval and started ejaculations of assent, but the orator never heeded them.

In places the theme changed from Homer's solemnity to a lighter vein, and moved the hearers to laughter, but it was only to relieve the tension for an instant—light touch in a picture of Titanic lines.

When Mr. Depew had concluded, there was no question as to his triumph. He had reached the hearts of his listeners and they responded with reverberating acclaim, a tribute such as even so great an orator could but feel deeply.

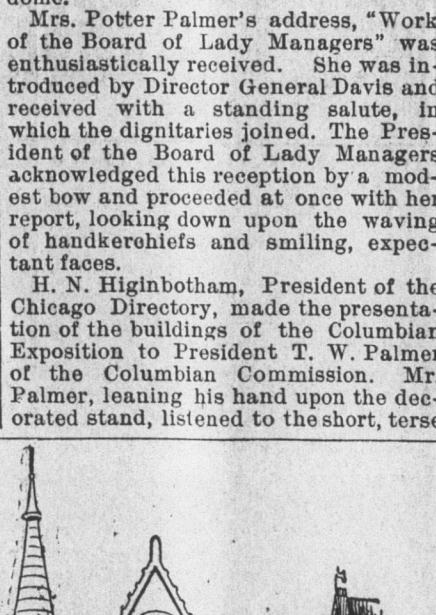
By this time approaching night had turned the great hall into a cavern of eerie shadows. Air lights suspended in clusters warned the tired people of the close of day. Some departed, filtering out in long pedestrian lines, while those who remained crowded closer to



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the front to hear the beautiful closing prayer by Cardinal Gibbons. Then came the chorus, "In Praise of God," the benediction by Rev. C. McCook of Philadelphia, and, at 6 o'clock the farewell words of Director General Davis, announcing the formal close of the exercises.

As the director general finished his speech a battery on the shore announced the final completion of Chicago's trust—the erection and dedication of the great buildings that are to hold the World's Columbian Exposition of 1890. The great Fair had been formally opened.

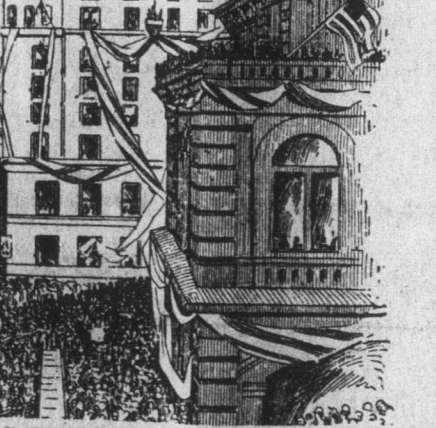


FIREWORKS DISPLAY.

Elaborate Programme in Washington, Lincoln, and Garfield Parks.

As became the dignity of the occasion, the fireworks display Friday night was a record breaker. It was probably the finest pyrotechnic display the world has ever witnessed.

Properly speaking there were three displays, the exhibition having been arranged in that manner to avoid the concentration of great masses of people at one point. At each place the fireworks were exactly alike. Twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of rockets and fire-pieces glowed and sizzled at Washington, Lincoln and Garfield parks. The programme in each park was the same and included about everything that could go up or go off, from the well-known sky-rockets—which on this occasion soared in flocks of 5,000—to huge bombs, weighing 110 pounds, which were thrown 800 feet into the air and exploded gorgeously. There were set-pieces 40 feet high and 60 feet in



MRS. SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE.

length, which, when touched off showed such devices as the sailing of Columbus in fire. A huge fiery balloon was another design.

When President Palmer turned to formally make the presentation, which he did to the President of the United States, Vice President Morton arose. At a signal from Col. Davis the audience stood as one, and prolonged cheers. Vice President Morton, representing President Harrison, stood half facing the audience and speaker, and was asked to dedicate the ground to humanity.

Accepting the trust on behalf of the President of the United States, Vice

President Morton read his speech with an evident appreciation of the greatness of the occasion, pausing in effective periods and emphasizing the national sanction of the Exposition. As he turned to take his chair at the conclusion, the Diplomatic Corps rose and stood until he was seated. That was the signal for more enthusiastic cheering, which continued until the majestic "Hallelujah Chorus" silenced it.

Waterson Delivers the Oration.

Then came the two greatest features of a great programme—the orations by Henry Waterson and Chauncey M. Depew. Mr. Waterson abandoned his manuscript when Director General Davis announced his name, and walking to the front of the stand took his place before a bewildering tumult of applause and waving hats and handkerchiefs from the throng that had risen to greet him. Without hesitation, except when interrupted by applause, the speaker plunged into his subject. His earnestness, the rich tones of his voice, the commanding personality of the man impressed even those who could not catch his words. Rapidly he reviewed the "Columbian epic," pursuing on to scan the progress of American civilization, closing with an invocation of the greatest solemnity. As he uttered the sentences "God bless the children and the mothers! God bless our country's flag!" a rift in the clouded sky sent a flash of sunlight through the curved roof that centered on the rugged figure of the orator, as though a benediction had been vouchsafed in answer to his plea. The crowd caught the suggestion and became as still as waiting petitioners before the heavenly throne—mute witnesses to the orator's power.

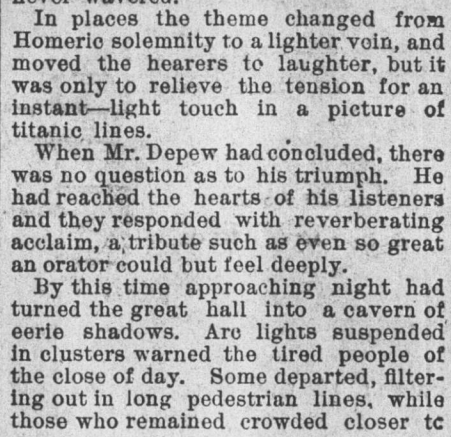
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RESERVED SEATS IN WASHINGTON PARK.

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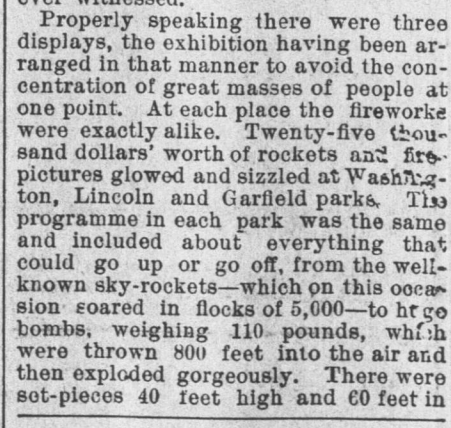


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DIED A-LAUGHING.

The Fatal Effects of a Good Chinese Joke.

Sun Ching-Hsia, a marshal of under graduates told of a certain man in his village who had been killed by rebels when they had passed through the place. The man's head was left hanging down on his chest; and as soon as the rebels had gone his servants secured the body and were about to bury it. Hearing, however, the sound of breathing, they looked more closely and found that the windpipe had not been wholly severed; so, setting his head in the proper place, they carried him back home. In twenty-four hours he began to moan, and by dint of carefully feeding him with a spoon, within six months he had quite recovered.

Some ten years afterward he was chatting with a few friends, when one of them made a joke which called forth loud applause from the others. Our hero, who clapped his hands, but, as he was bent backward and forward with laughter, the seam on his neck split open and down fell his head with a gush of blood. His friends now found that he was quite dead, and his father immediately commenced an action against the joker; but a sum of money was subscribed by those present and given to the father, who buried his son and stopped further proceedings.

The Chinese distinguish five degrees of homicide, of which accidental homicide is one. Thus, if a gun goes off of itself in a man's hand and kills a bystander the holder of the gun is guilty of homicide; but were the same gun lying on a table, it would be regarded as the will of heaven. Similarly a man is held responsible for any death caused by an animal belonging to him; though in such cases the affair can usually be hushed up by a money payment, no notice being taken of crimes in general, unless at the instigation of a prosecutor, at whose will the case may be subsequently withdrawn. Where the circumstances are purely accidental, the law admits of money compensation.—From "Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio."

Fresh Pork Every Day.

At a Southern convict camp, as described in "The American Siberia," the prisoners seldom had any meat except salt pork. A good many pigs were about the premises, however, and the natural desire of the men for fresh meat frequently asserted itself. A certain cell-house was so loosely built that the smaller pigs could slip in through the cracks; a happy circumstance, of which the keen-witted and hungry negroes took full advantage, till the drove dwindled so rapidly as to attract the attention of the authorities. Captain Powell supposes that more than a hundred pigs were disposed of in this way.

At another camp there was a huge negro named George Smith, who had an inordinate appetite for pork, which he gratified in a peculiar manner. He was employed in the cooper shop, and was always more or less under the eye of a guard. The question was, how to catch and kill a pig without attracting attention.

He would take an empty barrel, place it on its side, and throw some corn-meal near the bottom. When a pig went in after the meal Smith quickly set the barrel on end, making a prisoner of the animal. Then he ignited rags and thrust them under the edge. In a short time the pig would be asphyxiated.

While this was in progress Smith would be bustling about, as if hard at work, and in order to drown the squeals of his victim he would vigorously hammer down hoops, making an outrageous noise. When the pig gave up the ghost he reversed the barrel, plunged half his body inside, as if putting in a "head," and proceeded to skin and clean it.

In these close quarters, and without exciting the suspicion of the guards, who were constantly moving all about the place, he turned out as neat a piece of work as any butcher.

When the pig had been converted into pork he rolled the barrel containing it to one corner of the yard, and cooking was the next thing in order. It was managed in an improvised oven over an open fire, and the result would not have discredited a professional cook.

When the thing finally leaked out, Smith owned up that he had eaten fresh pork every day for three months.

Josephine Introduced Handkerchiefs.

It was not until the reign of the Empress Josephine in France that the pocket handkerchief was tolerated at all as an article of public use. No lady would have dared to use one in the presence of others. Even the name was carefully avoided in polite conversation. An actor who would have ventured to use one on the stage would have been hissed off the boards. It was only in the beginning of the present century that Mlle. Duchesnois, a famous actress, dared to appear with a handkerchief in her hand. Having to speak of it in the course of the play she could only summon courage to refer to it as "a light tissue."

A translation of one of Shakespeare's plays by Alfred de Vigny was acted, and the word was used for the first time upon the stage and provoked a storm of indignant hisses from all parts of the house.

The Empress Josephine, although really a beautiful woman, had very bad teeth, and to conceal them she was in the habit of carrying small handkerchiefs trimmed with costly laces, which she raised gracefully to her lips to conceal her teeth. The ladies of the court followed her example, and handkerchiefs rapidly became an important part of the feminine toilet.

The report that a lineman had received an electric charge of 3,450 volts and kept it several minutes, escaping without more serious injury than a burn and a bruise, was of much scientific interest so long as its integrity was unquestioned. For one thing it started a theory that Kemmler and the other murderers who thought they were being electrocuted were really being scared to death. But the lineman's experience proves to have been with less than 500 volts, so his escape loses the character of a miracle, and Kemmler's death cannot be ascribed to any intensity of mental distress.

THE PRISON TRUSTY, a little paper published by the inmates of the Lansing (Kan.) penitentiary, bears as its motto the legend, "The pen" is mightier than the sword." In its local columns it urges the ladies of Lansing to furnish it with society notes, and that they do is evident from the information contained in that department of the paper. It is the custom of man in a free state to speak lightly of "society columns," but even then he reads them on the sly. When he is shut up, as the "Trusty" proves, he hungers and thirsts for them.

A CONNECTICUT OWL has deliberately committed suicide.

There is no authentic report as to the owl's politics.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Tea-Table Salads.

The house fly is among the autumn leaves.—Philadelphia Times.

The sculptor fishes for fame when he makes a cast.—Yonkers Gazette.

A CAMPAIGN lie may be nailed, but caucuses are bolted.—Somerville Journal.

Of course a young woman expects to be killed when she puts on a kilt.—Fun.

It doesn't take much of a hunter to bag his trousers.—Glens Falls Republican.

A "WHISKY STRAIGHT" is decided to be an unmixed evil.—Binghamton Republican.

"ATESHA" is the title of a good poem, though it sounds like a sneeze.—Picaunce.

A MAN who stutters conveys his thoughts by limited express.—Washington Star.

FANNY is a beautiful name for a wife who delights to raise a breeze.—Galveston News.

MYSTERY always has a delicious charm unless a man is jealous.—Somerville Journal.

The humorists of this country seem to have made a butt of the goat.—Philadelphia Record.

SUCH a thing as a strike by waiter girls was unknown until they put on suspenders.—Chicago Tribune.

NO WONDER the music of the hand-organ is sharp—think how thoroughly it is ground.—Elmira Gazette.

THERE couldn't be a more appropriate insignia for a prize-fighter than a belt.—Philadelphia Times.

MANY a man thinks he can read a woman like a book until he tries to shut her up.—Philadelphia Times.

OF course it is only natural that the engaging girl should be the first to be engaged.—Somerville Journal.

A POET compares love to a river. Because people are all the time falling in, we suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

SLUGGER SULLIVAN retired from the ring slightly disfigured; but his dramatic inability remains unimpaired.

"Did you know his business had run down?" "I suppose so. I heard he was going to wind it up."—Nast's Weekly.

THE alligator gets very little credit in this cold, unfeeling world. Everybody calls him a hard case.—Lowell Courier.

IF every love affair ended in marriage there is not a man in the world who would not be a Mormon.—Atchison Globe.

MATCHER are made in heaven, but love is made right on the summer hotel piazza every night.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE man who can't cut a long story short generally has the same trouble with his store account.—Binghamton Republican.

IN the spring a woman shoos the hens out of the garden, and in the fall a man shoos the boys.—Binghamton Republican.

A MAN who gets choleric over his collar-button has not necessarily got any comma-shaped bacilli about him.—Boston Transcript.

FENGUSON says he wishes the law that compels the saloons to shut up at 12 o'clock applied to his wife.—Binghamton Republican.

WE can't save much by employing electricity to do our work because of the consequent increase in current expense.—Elmira Gazette.

A SUFFERER from a severe cough says that his complaint has one of the modern improvements—a pneumatic tire.—Lowell Courier.

THERE are lots of men who will consider that you are treating them warmly enough if you buy them hot Scotchies.—Binghamton Leader.

THOUGH a man fancies that his wit is like cutlery, he makes a mistake if he undertakes to sharpen it by constant grinding.—Washington Star.

IT was really the sailor on watch who discovered America. Then he called "Land ho!" and gave Columbus a chance to discover it.—Picaunce.

WE wish we were as popular as the woman is with the children when she gets down the cake and takes a knife in her hand.—Atchison Globe.

HUGGER—What would you do if you were me? Mugger—I don't know, I'm sure. I don't believe I'd bear it as well as you.—Binghamton Leader.

LOUISVILLE has a "girl preacher," aged 14, whose professional card bears the legend, "Sunday meetings for men only."—Indianapolis Journal.

"It's perfectly clear that there's a woman in the case," said the policeman when he found a female tramp hiding in a dry goods box.—Buffalo Express.

RIVERS—The cholera bacillus, it seems, is shaped like a comma. Banks—Then why don't the authorities knock its tail off and bring it to a full stop?—Chicago Tribune.

A SOUVENIR postage stamp for the World's Fair is among the probabilities. Whether a premium is to be stuck on it, like the souvenir half dollars, is not yet determined.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE PRISON TRUSTY, a little paper published by the inmates of the Lansing (Kan.) penitentiary, bears as its motto the legend, "The pen" is mightier than the sword." In its local columns it urges the ladies of Lansing to furnish it with society notes, and that they do is evident from the information contained in that department of the paper. It is the custom of man in a free state to speak lightly of "society columns," but even then he reads them on the sly. When he is shut up, as the "Trusty" proves, he hungers and thirsts for them.

A CONNECTICUT owl has deliberately committed suicide. There is no authentic report as to the owl's politics.