

FACTS ABOUT SILVER.

UNCLE SAM OWNS \$500,000,000 WORTH OF IT.

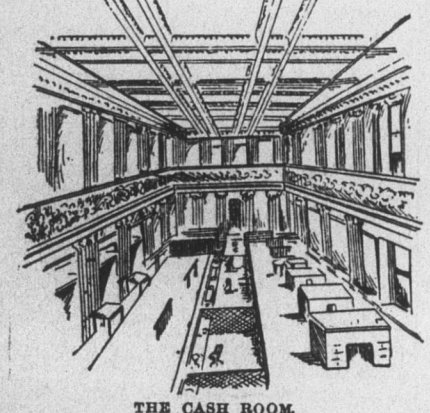
It Would Take Three Hundred Thousand Able-Bodied Men to Carry It—The Making of Silver Money—Money Vaults at Washington.

Bullion in the Mints.

Uncle Sam is carrying a heavy load of silver bullion. Being "dead weight," the stock of the metal now on his hands would burden 300,000 able-bodied men. Sustaining 100 pounds each and marching six feet apart, they would stretch in a single file 350 miles, or as far as from Baltimore to Boston. Stacking their freight in a single heap, they would find that its total bulk was 125,000 cubic feet. Transported by rail, it would require thirty trains of twenty-five cars each, each car taking twenty tons. The silver-miners owners sell their ore to the smelting and refining works; the latter sell the metal in bricks to the dealers in bullion, who dispose of them at the best price they can get. What they cannot sell to Uncle Sam they dispose of in London, which is the world's market for silver. Under the Sherman laws which recently caused so much discussion, the Treasury bought 4,500,000 ounces of silver every month. On three days in each week the Director of the Mint received bids from dealers in bullion who wished to sell the commodity to Uncle Sam. Offers had to be sent in before 1 o'clock p. m. They came by telegraph—nearly all of them between 12:30 and 1 o'clock, because the silver merchants wished to take advantage of the latest quotations. The telegrams were recorded in a book, and those bids were accepted which seemed reasonable.

The Treasury at Washington never handles any bullion. All of it is kept at the mints. In the great coin factory on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, is now stored \$101,000,000 in silver bricks. Uncle Sam owns at present almost exactly \$500,000,000 worth of this metal. Of this mass of value \$175,000,000 is in standard dollars and subsidiary coins, the balance being bullion. Yet only 68,700,000 silver dollars are to-day in circulation, more than five times as many being locked up in the Government vaults unused. They take up a lot of room. One million of them will occupy a space of 250 cubic feet. Oddly enough, a box containing only 150 cubic feet will hold \$1,000,000 in quarters or dimes, because they pack so much better.

Disappearance of Silver and Gold. Nobody has ever been able to explain what becomes of all the silver and gold

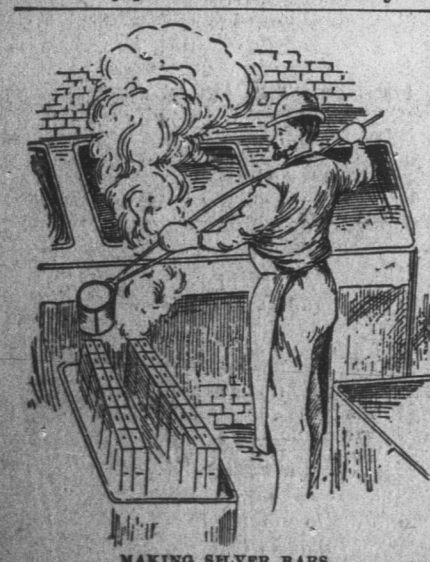


produced in the world. The total loss of both these substances from shipwreck, fire and wear and tear has been reckoned at \$1,400,000 per annum. The entire amount of silver now in the possession of mankind is only equal to what has been produced during the last eighty years. What has been the fate of the great balance? The white treasures of past centuries—where are they? It is an unsolved mystery. At the beginning of the Christian era the precious metals in the Roman empire amounted to \$1,640,000,000. This store shrunk so rapidly during subsequent centuries that at the date of the discovery of America the stock of silver and gold money in Europe did not exceed one-tenth of the sum mentioned. The depleted currency of the old world was made full again by supplies from the new. To-day America furnishes nearly all of the silver used by the inhabitants of the globe. The great source of supply is in the geologists term the Cordilleran system, embracing the Rocky Mountain region, the Mexican plateau and the Andean chain of South America. In fact, the metal is not produced to any important extent anywhere else.

Silver coin undergoes a loss in weight due to wear and tear of circulation. It falls on Uncle Sam and amounts to about 3 per cent. The "life" of a standard silver dollar rolling through the channels of trade is only fifteen or twenty years, while a quarter does not last half as long, and a dime is even more rapidly perishable. But, whereas only a reduction of one-half of 1 per cent is allowed on gold, no limit is set by the Treasury against the loss of silver. The latter are accepted at face value so long as the mint stamp on them is visible. This rule, of course, does not apply if they have been purposely punched, mutilated or otherwise "killed."

The gold coins of the United States, you see, are the people's money. Uncle Sam issues them at his own expense, the yellow metal in them being worth their face. But the silver dollars and subsidiary pieces are circulated by the

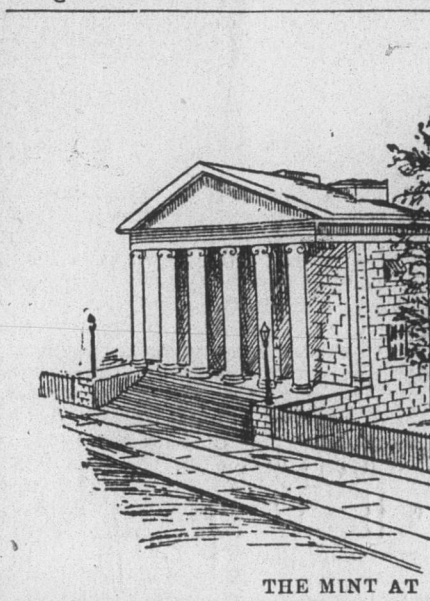
Government on its own account, the profit on them being its own advantage. Intrinsically they are not equal to their face value; in effect they are merely tokens, the stamp of the Treasury making them current. Accordingly, the Government feels obliged to redeem them at any time without deduction, so long as they are in condition to be identified. In a sense, they are obligations to receive it is quite otherwise with gold. With gold coin there is a loss of no small consequence by abrasion in the bags at the Treasury,



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through rubbing against one another; but with silver, this damage is not so important enough for consideration. Bars of pure silver—90-100 fine—are made at the mints and sold to jewelers and other merchants, not so much for their benefit as to save from destruction the coins, which would otherwise be melted for use in the arts. Coin silver is 90-100 fine; sterling is slightly better, or 925-1,000 fine—each being the legal make-up of British silver pieces.

Deposits of Silver. Whereas gold is found pretty nearly everywhere—in sea water, in sand, in rocks quite generally—silver is an element not often come across, comparatively speaking. It readily combines with all sorts of other elements, and thus ordinarily occurs in the shape of chlorides, sulphates, and carbonates, being seldom discovered "native" or pure. Produced by nature in such shapes, it is not pretty to look at, the richest ore sometimes resembling blue sand. That is one reason why it was utilized to only a very small extent by the American aborigines up to the time of Columbus. They knew little of it, though some of their ornaments were



THE MINT AT PHILADELPHIA.

covered with plates of it, beaten very thin. The great deposits of silver in Nevada, Colorado, and elsewhere in the world were made by water. That innocent element, percolating through the earth, picked up out of the rocks small particles of the metal and carried them along in solution. Passing through cracks and cavities, the subterranean currents deposited their loads of the metal and thus, after thousands of years, pockets and fissures were filled with it. Sometimes these deposits were enormous, as in the case of the Big Bonanza, which was a slice of ore 300 feet wide and of unknown depth, extending across the famous Comstock lode. It yielded \$800 to \$1,000 a ton. This was pretty rich, considering the fact that a ton of ore equals only thirteen cubic feet, but ore has been dug in Colorado recently which produced \$12,000 a ton.

The great silver deposits of the world have been struck by chance. The Comstock lode was an accidental discovery. Peru's famous mines were found by a shepherd, who, while climbing a slope of the Andes, lighted some brambles for cooking a frugal repast. A public heater by the flames, attracted his notice by its shining. He took it to Lima, where it was examined and declared to be precious ore. The care-taker of flocks became a millionaire. The richest veins of silver in Chili were found by a mountaineer named Godoy, who hunted guanacos in the Andes.

Uncle Sam's Cash Box. In these times when the statement is made that much money is hidden in insecure places like old stockings and abandoned coffee pots, it may be interesting to know how Uncle Sam protects his millions of silver and gold in his charge and keeps it circulating throughout the country, and protects the millions which come in and go out from the treasury department every day from those inside and outside of the great building, from which issues the financial currency supplying the outside world of business.

The United States Express Company acts as Uncle Sam's messenger boy, and between 8 and 9 o'clock in the

morning or 4 and 5 in the afternoon the visitor to Washington can see the great wagons backed up to the Treasury Building, loading and unloading. These wagons are always accompanied by armed men. They make their way to and fro between the Treasury and railway stations with all possible haste, and flights which progress to be blocked by other vehicles.

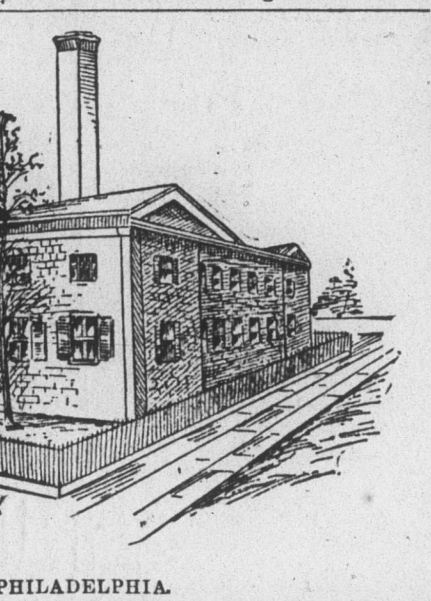
The visitor may go down to the vault where the vast amount of silver is stored by obtaining permission from Mr. Daniel N. Morgan, Treasurer of the United States. When this has been obtained you are escorted down two flights of stairs into the sub-basement, where the walls are very thick and the corridor very narrow. Here you halt before a heavy grating door, behind which a watchman sits night and day. The messenger directs the watchman to open the door and you step inside the corridor where are stored 101,860,000 silver dollars. To enter the vault one must first pass the great door with its multiplicity of combination locks and time locks. Beyond this is a heavy steel door weighing over six tons, which is rolled into place by a windlass and securely locked. Beyond this is the great silver vault which is eighty-nine feet long and fifty-one feet wide, and twelve feet high. Around the outer side of this vault is a corridor about three feet wide which extends clear around the inner vault, which is composed of steel lattice work, strongly riveted together, and which securely holds the millions within.

But even through this steel lattice work you cannot see the white metal which is stored away. All that can be seen is a long row of wooden boxes which are piled up, tier upon tier, from the floor of the vault to the ceiling. In the center of the sides and lining the central corridor of the vault, these boxes are two tiers deep and form a large room on either side of the central aisle of the vault. Inside these two rooms formed by the rows of boxes the silver is stored away in bags, \$1,000 in a bag, the weight of which is sixty pounds; the boxes each hold two bags, so that a box of silver weighs 120

pounds, exclusive of the weight of the box. But this is not all the silver that Uncle Sam has in his strong box. At the right hand of the silver vault is the door of another vault in which some of the gold and silver is stored. In this vault are kept the dimes, quarters and half-dollars. Forty-eight millions of this money and eleven millions in gold are kept in this vault, while in the department of the Controller of the Currency are stored all the Government bonds deposited by the national banks as a security for their circulation, and in other vaults are kept the United States Treasury notes. In another is the supply of money used by the cashier of the United States, in the daily banking operations of the cash room, which acts as a feeder not only to the banks of Washington, but to the banks of the United States at large.

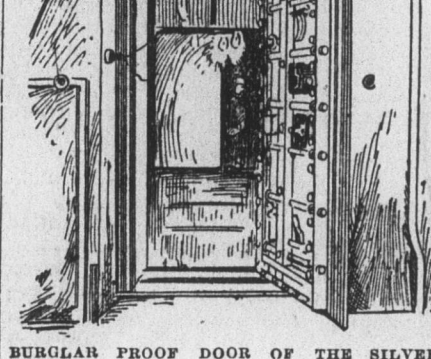
While the Secretary of the Treasury is in general way considered the representative of the Government on financial matters, still the Treasurer of the United States is the direct custodian of Uncle Sam's gold and silver.

Although it is certain that with all the watchfulness with which the gold and silver are guarded, none of the contents of the huge vaults can be stolen, nevertheless, with each change of the treasurer all of Uncle Sam's money is counted, so that the incoming treasurer will only be held responsible for such money as is turned over to him and received by him during his term of office. When the Democratic party came into power in 1885 a careful count of all the money was made and the books and money balanced exactly; when the Republican party came into power in 1889 the count was found



BURGLAR PROOF DOOR OF THE SILVER VAULT.

to be exactly what the books showed it to be in the vaults, and upon the turning over of the treasury to the treasurer the money was again counted, and the accounts found to be correct. Of course each silver dollar is not counted in each gold piece. A bag of silver contains 1,000 silver dollars and should weigh sixty pounds, so in counting the money a bag of silver is placed on the scales and if up to weight, the bag is counted as \$1,000, but if the silver dollars here lost in weight by the wear of circulation then the bag is opened and every dollar counted so that there will be no possibility of a mistake.

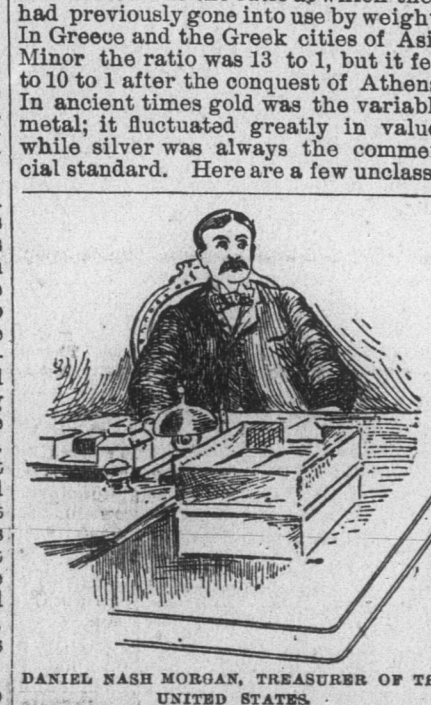


The first mention of silver occurs in the Bible, where Ephraim values his silver at 40 shekels of silver, which are weighed out to him by Abraham. It is stated later on that Joseph's brothers sold him for twenty pieces of the same metal. Silver and gold were counted by weight long before they were coined. The ratio at which they were first coined was the ratio at which they had previously gone into use by weight. In Greece and the Greek cities of Asia Minor the ratio was 13 to 1, but it fell to 10 to 1 after the conquest of Athens. In ancient times gold was the variable metal; it fluctuated greatly in value, while silver was always the commercial standard. Here are a few unclassified.



LOADING UNCLE SAM'S MONEY.

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One of the most peculiar results of last Sunday's cyclone can be seen in East Jacksonville. A large oak tree was twisted by the force of the wind half way round, yet remained upright, and there are no splits or cracks visible upon its surface. This in itself would not be so peculiar were it not for the fact that the tree still stands in its new position, and the limbs which were previously on the west side are now on the east. The body of the tree is probably split so that it will eventually die, but the bark seems to have remained unbroken and intact, and therein lies the peculiarity.—Florida Times-Union.

They Employ Ugly Old Women. When a Chinese girl is married, her attendants are always the oldest and ugliest women to be found in the neighborhood, who are paid to act as rolls to her beauty. It is said that some exceptionally ugly old women make their living by acting as professional attendants at weddings.

frightful financial panic that has ever been seen would ensue. The \$500,000,000 worth of the metal now held by the Treasury more than equals the present circulation of silver in the world. Such action on the part of this Government, happily impossible, would almost destroy this substance as money, reducing it to the status of a base metal. After all, it is only rarely that makes gold as gold were as plentiful as iron it would fetch no higher price.

THE FATALISTIC TURK.

How He Braves Death at the Holy City of His Faith.

The accounts given by the pilgrims of the way in which cholera attacked them are terrible in their grim fatalism, says the London Spectator. June 24, two days before the Courban Bairam, upward of 100,000 Mussulmans, Arabs, Turks and Indians had gathered on the sacred mount to hear the solemn address which is delivered to those who wish to become hajji. Many of these people were in the most wretched condition, and some had not even a loaf of bread.

It was here that the disease appears to have struck them, like the blast of a poisoned wind. When next day the onward movement to the holy city began it was found that the ground was strewn like a battle field with the dead and dying, and so terribly virulent was the type of infection thus engendered that it was, says the account, impossible for any living creature to approach the place.

The authorities seem, however, to have realized that something must be done, and that the bodies could not be left to rot. Accordingly, a Turkish regiment was sent to perform the work of burial and to remove any of the pilgrims who still lived. Never did troops in the heat of battle receive a command more fraught with peril. The risk, as it proved, was literally greater than that of facing machine guns, and the moral effect was far more terrible. There are ten men who will face death by bullets to one who will face death by cholera. Yet these Turkish soldiers, with the fatalistic courage of their race, obeyed as they obeyed at Gallipoli.

The battalion, when it reached the mount, was 700 strong. After the work had been done 200 men only remained to go back to the coast. Five hundred of the soldiers had died of cholera. That is, nearly three-quarters of the regiment perished in the work of burial. No doubt English troops would have been upheld by many considerations—by religious feeling and by the instinct of mercy, and they would, moreover, have been well fed.

The Turkish troops probably felt the sense of pity very little, and their officers were almost certainly men with a strong sense of duty. They acted merely from the most naked sense of the duty of not flinching at a command. It was an order given from afar and from above, and that and fate are to them all one.

Her Best.

Mrs. Molesworth, who writes a convincing article in the volume entitled "Woman's Work," concerning the necessity of obtaining "fun, food and fresh air" for all classes of children, says that there are among London's poor thousands of little ones who never had a toy.

Yet still the child's instinct to "make believe" surmounts every practical obstacle, and there is a true story of one little sufferer from a chronic disease whose only playthings were the spots of damp on the wall beside her bed. She played they were real and alive; she gave them names and imaginary qualities.

Another true story shows how far the little candle of a wise and loving word may throw its beams. A teacher at a Sunday school for London's poor was trying to impress upon her little pupils some idea of the real meaning of giving.

"Whatever it may be," she said, "our offering to God should be of our best, of what we prize most."

In one baby heart her words found ready response. Next day a little creature confided her offering to the teacher; it was a carefully tied package, containing a few grains of rice. This was her most precious and perhaps her only treasure.

The Entree to Society.

Of a certain New York clubman, the Recorder tells that he became desperately enamored of a charming widow. She was not unkind of his passion, and invited him down to dine at her place. He was something of a gourmet, and she was richly endowed with the accumulations of her first husband's trade in some patent medicines, the sultor anticipated a delicious little dinner which should make him appear at his very best when it came to putting the momentous question. But when they were at table, the girl served him only cold ham, jelly, tea, and lemonade, his heart fell. He had never made love after a dinner like that, and he could not rekindle the flame. It was no go, and he gave it up. As he was making his adieu, the widow asked, with seemingly simplicity: "My dear Mr. W., how does one get into New York society?" His opportunity had come. It was a mean advantage, but he took it, as he replied: "By not serving lemonade at dinner!" And he hurried to the station.

A Cyclone Story.

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A CURIOUS MONOPOLY.

Strange Things That Occur on a Little Scholastic County Railroad.

Scholastic County has the distinction of having within its boundaries one of the shortest, if not the shortest, railroads in New York. There is nothing remarkable about the road being short, but there is something really funny in the manner in which the road is run if the following statements in the Albany Argus are true:

In the first place, the road, which runs from Scholastic Junction, on the Delaware and Hudson Railroad, to Middleburg, is but eleven miles long. The road from the junction to Scholastic is owned by several brothers named Vrooman, and from Scholastic to Middleburg by a stock company headed by George N. Frisbee as president. Every year the Vrooman brothers hold a meeting and bid for the lease of their portion of the road for the ensuing year. This year Cornelius Vrooman has charge of the road. He took possession April 5 last, and is showing the people of Scholastic valley an example of a model railroad.

Mr. Vrooman not only manages the road, but he sells tickets at the Scholastic station and acts as conductor on the train between Scholastic and the junction.

The rolling stock of this remarkable railroad consists of one locomotive and two combination passenger and baggage cars. The road employs one engineer, one fireman, one baggageman, and one trainman.

No track gang is employed, and if repairs are needed to the roadbed a farm hand is placed to work by the day.

The revenue from the railroad at present will not cause its owners to build castles, but in the near future their hard work and expenditure of money in operating a road for the convenience of the residents of Scholastic and Middleburg will be rewarded. But these places are growing, and in a few years will have so advanced in population that the present road will be unable to accommodate its patrons. This will then lead to a reconstruction of the road, which will, of course, help those who have labored so hard for the success of the old road.

An amusing incident occurred on the train going from Scholastic Junction to Scholastic one morning recently. There were several Albanians aboard who were going to the Scholastic County fair. Among them was a well-known real estate man, who had been "skidding" the conductor about the frequent stops made by a train to pick up passengers. At a small grove the train halted, and the real estate man, addressing the conductor, said: "Well, what are we stopping here for?"

The conductor turned to his tormentor and without the sign of a smile replied: "You see that bush over there? Well, directly under that is a hen's nest. The engineer saw the hen go on the nest, and he has stopped to wait for the egg." The passengers burst into laughter and the joking real estate man felt like crawling out of the window.

Stories of the Fair.

Apocryph of the ability of the Fair to please every one, Richard Harding Davis writes for Harper's Weekly: "One young woman begged me not to miss a knight made entirely of prunes; another though the best thing she had seen was a man who, during the illumination, walked a tight-rope, with fire-works attached to his feet and hands. A man I know spent the greater part of his time casting a fly-line for a prize, and another in studying his interior anatomy in the Anthropological Building. 'I'll bet you don't know how your liver works,' he said to me; come with me and I'll show you. It's the most interesting exhibit in the place.' Some of the stories of the Fair, whether true or not, are worth preserving—the one, for instance, of the girl who asked a Columbia Guard what was the meaning of the painting titled 'La Cigale,' and which shows a young woman very thinly clad and shivering in the winter's blast. The guard referred to the catalogue and said, promptly: 'La Cigale; it's a comic opera, and that's Lillian Russell.' Or that of the woman who approached a gentleman leaning over the embankment above the basin and asked him where she could see the lagoons. The gentleman pointed with his stick at the water, and the woman peered anxiously over the rail, but on finding nothing there but water, turned to him with a toss of her head, and said, scornfully: 'You think you're mighty smart, don't you?'

They Were Brothers.

Two brothers were once at Count von Moltke's house at an evening party; both were captains of the general staff. The general came up to the group of gentlemen, one of whom was one of the brothers. After joining in conversation, he asked the latter: "Just tell me who is that tall officer, near the fire-place on the other side? I forget his name."

"That's my brother, your excellency," was the answer. The girl who asked over the general's face suggested the idea that he had not obtained the information he wished. Some time after, the general went to another group of people, and there joined the officer whose name he had inquired. Suddenly the others saw him turning away, with the same smile on his face. Afterward, when they inquired from the young officer what the general had asked him, he replied: "He asked me who that officer was over there." "And what did you say?" "I said that he was my brother." The general gave up inquiring the name of the two brothers for that evening.

His Thoughts Were Elsewhere. The easiness with which aged people fall into a mood of reminiscence is exemplified by an anecdote in the Texas Sittings.

Johnny, who is much interested in American history, thought he would test his grandfather's knowledge of the subject. So, as the old gentleman sat reading his newspaper, Johnny began:

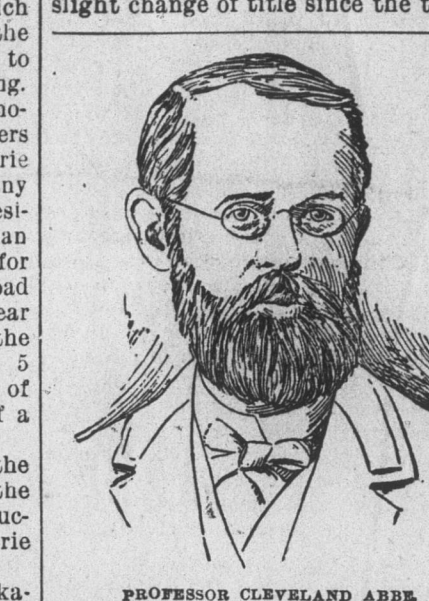
"Grandpa, do you know what great war broke out in 1812?"

The old man lifted his eyes and looked at Johnny over his spectacles. "Why," said he, "that was the year I married your grandmother."

GIVES WARNING OF STORMS.

Professor Abbe, a Government Meteorologist, and His Wonderful Success.

The man who foresaw and foretold the terrible storm which swept the southern coast recently and caused such awful loss of life is Cleveland Abbe, "professor of meteorology in the signal service and assistant to the chief signal officer," as he was originally designated in 1891, a position which he still holds, with a slight change of title since the trans-



PROFESSOR CLEVELAND ABBE.

fer of the weather bureau to the Agricultural Department. The fact that the entire system, of which he is the working head, is the outcome of efforts begun by him while director of the Cincinnati Observatory, makes him a life-saver of unparalleled accomplishment, while, according to Harper's, the destruction of crops and vessels that his predictions have prevented would have mounted up into the multi-millions. In 1870 our federal government took up the work that Professor Abbe started in Cincinnati and enlarged it in every direction for practical utilitarian objects, but it provided only for the application of what little was already known in meteorology. In Professor Abbe's view it is very doubtful whether it is wise to trust the future of meteorology entirely to the uncertainties of political life at Washington. Every State, in his opinion, should have its State weather service, as originally initiated by Gen. Hazen, and every college should have a course in meteorology, while special schools should be established in connection with our great universities for original investigations.

TOWER OF FORTY MARTYRS.

Marks the Scene of Persecution of Christians by Mahomedans.

Twenty-four miles northwest of Jerusalem, in one of the richest and loveliest districts of Palestine, stands the ancient town of Ramleh, a city of perhaps 5,000 inhabitants. It is principally interesting to travelers from the fact that the Tower of the Forty Martyrs, which tradition declares to mark the scene of the sacrifice of many noble Christian lives to the fury of Mohammedan persecution, is situated here. A spiral stairway leads to the top of the tower, where a magnificent view is afforded, the delighted eye ranging across the plain of Sharon from the low Judean hills and the peaks of Samaria to the blue Mediterranean beyond, and on the other side from bleak Carmel to the deserts of Philistia. This superb landscape is dotted here and



TOWER OF THE FORTY MARTYRS.

there by white villages or shadowed by the cool mountains. It is a matter of regret that the names of the faithful forty have not been preserved.

Waves on the Great Salt Lake.

A correspondent of the Companion recently traced a most convincing proof of the weight of the salt laden waters of the Great Salt Lake. A strong gale of wind was blowing over the lake, and driving its surface into low, white-capped ridges, while along the shore the foam lay like fat banks of new-fallen snow. If it had passed across a lake of fresh water of equal extent that wind would unquestionably have produced such an agitation of its surface that navigation in small boats would have been difficult if not highly perilous.

But the waters of the Great Salt Lake, although driven into ridges as just remarked, showed a curious resistance to the wind and the waves, rising to only a slight elevation, moved along with an appearance of lethargy that the eye could not but notice.

Yet there was an immense momentum stored up in those low, heavy, slow-moving waves. Venturing into the water at a point where the depth did not exceed four feet the observer found that it was impossible to stand against them. Their sheer weight swept him resistlessly along.

The curious buoyancy of the water, containing twenty-two per cent. of salt in solution, increased the helplessness of the bather. He was not submerged, as sometimes occurs in the Atlantic breakers, but was lifted and carried like a cork.

It would probably have been impossible to dive through an oncoming wave after the matter practiced by bathers along the Atlantic coast. In the Great Salt Lake people are not drowned through sinking, but strangled while still afloat. The bitter water may enter the air passages with fatal effect, but the body continues to float until it reaches the shore or is picked up.

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—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

If you would curry favor with a man do not rub him the wrong way.—Galveston News.

No one should expect a square meal when making a round of the lunch-houses.—Picaresque.

DEAR! dear! those poor foreigners! How the flies must bother 'em.—World's Fair Puck.

JAGSON says many a man's reputation wouldn't know his charity by sight.—Elmira Gazette.

SOME men own up and "acknowledge the corn," but they do it rather huskily.—Yonkers Statesman.

TEACHER—Define memory. Dull Boy—It's what we always has till we come to speak a piece.—Good News.

THE fellow who was married in the Ferris wheel ought to make a good all-around husband.—Plain Dealer.

"POINTS" in the stock market are probably so called because speculators generally get stuck on them.—Sittings.

"METHINKS I scent the morning air," remarked the swill collector as he drove down Main street at 3 a. m.—Buffalo Courier.

THE latest discovery: "Van Gild-ling is quite a leader of fashion, isn't he?" "H—m—well, he hasn't had appendicitis!"—Puck.

HE—"Did you say the furniture was Louis XIV.?" She—"Yes, Why?" He—"The bills suggest the Reign of Terror."—Beau Monde.

STRANGE to say, many brokers are best pleased with the stock market when it is simply unbearable.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

TRAMP—"Madam, I was not always thus." Madam—"No. It was your other arm yoh had in a sling this morning."—Detroit Tribune.

"THIS Krupp gun is the largest cannon in the world." "But I suppose the Ferris wheel is the largest revolver."—World's Fair Puck.

"I UNDERSTAND that Grabbins has left the city?" "Never mind," replied the man who sneers. "He'll probably be back after it!"—Life.

SHE—"I see the Elizabeth ruff is so return. What in the world shall we do? He (embarrassed)—Er—why can't we put the police on him?"—Truth.

"I PASSED your door last evening, Miss Gildersleeve," remarked young Mr. Gilley. "How kind of you!" remarked the grateful girl.—Harper's Bazar.

MESENGER (in the play)—Lady, I come from Paris. Helen of Troy (forgetting her lines)—Ah, me—er—are the wide skirts going to stay in?—Puck.

SINCE the introduction of poker into society calling is said to have developed an expensiveness hitherto unknown in exclusive circles.—Buffalo Courier.

"AH," said the professor, feeling the boy's head, "persevere, my son; there's room at the top." Then he wondered what the parents were mad about.—Plain Dealer.

PARENT—"What is the difference between the regular and the irregular Greek verbs?" Tommy—"You get twice as many likings learning the irregular ones."—Texas Sittings.

WORKS BOTH WAYS.—Goodman—Do you ever think of the good old saying that it's more blessed to give than to receive? Fugate—Yes, when I've got the boxing gloves on.—Vogue.

MISS FUMERD—My brother is passionately fond of his cigar. I believe he will smoke in heaven. His friend—Oh, there is no doubt that he will smoke in the hereafter.—Music and Drama.

"WHY should a soldier never lose his head in battle?" asked a German captain of a private soldier. "Because if he did he wouldn't have any place to put his helmet on."—Texas Sittings.

HICKS—Jove! I came near giving you one of Mr. Barton's cards instead of my own. Cesar—Dat