

## The Democratic Sentinel

RENSSELAER, INDIANA.

J. W. MORVEN, Proprietor.

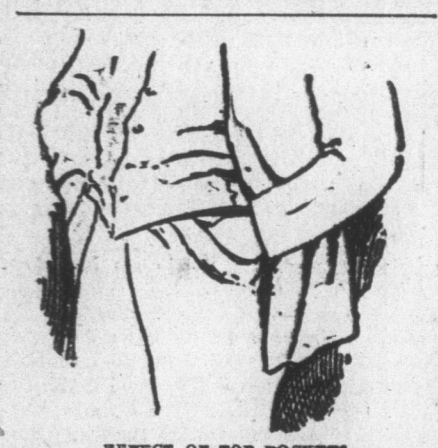
### CARE OF CLOTHING.

VALUABLE HINTS WHICH WILL SAVE TIME AND MONEY.

A "Complete" wardrobe isn't very extensive or expensive—Scheme of Dressing Well on a Small Expenditure—One of What Clothes You Buy.

Suggestions for Men.

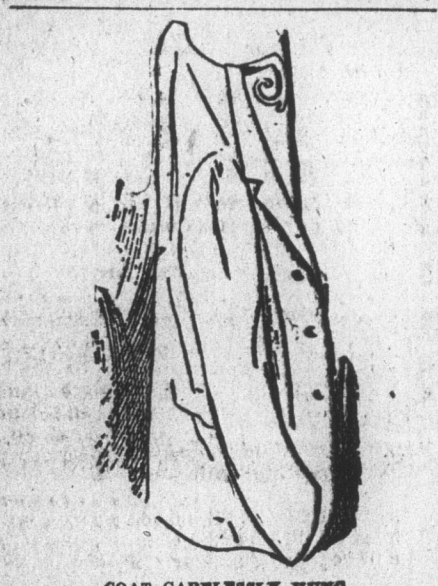
There are few men who recognize the importance of economy in wearing apparel; few who take proper care of their clothing, and still fewer who know how to make the best of what they have, so as to cause their limited assortment to answer all the purposes of an extensive wardrobe. A society man or a man of ample means, of course, need give little thought to these matters. It is the "middleman" who needs advice; the one who cannot keep up with the whims and caprices of fashion; who cannot afford to comply with every suggestion of his tailor and who must either take care of his own clothes or have his wife or some one else do so for him. A complete wardrobe con-



REPECT OF TOP POCKETS.

sists of a dress suit, including a "fuxedo," the ever popular frock coat, the modest diagonal or corkscrew, and the distinctively casemiere or chevrot business suit—at least three changes—and four or five pairs of trousers, varying in color and pattern so as to answer for any occasion and look suitable with any coat and waistcoat. In addition a man should possess overcoats for spring, fall and winter wear, besides an ulster for very severe weather.

By exercising a little care in hanging up or laying down garments, by using the brush and whisk broom now and then, and by having the tailor examine them at intervals, their preservation and their neat appearance will be insured. When arriving at business in the morning, an office coat should be donned. The business coat should not be thrown carelessly



COAT CARELESSLY HUNG.

on a chair or in some corner, but should be hung on a hook or over the back of a chair, and protected from dust. A mistake is often made in hanging a coat on a hook without regard to the hanger, and its weight causes the cloth to bulge out in the most conspicuous part, which draws the garment entirely out of shape. The ordinary wire coat-hanger sold on the street is preferable to the use of the tape hanger attached to the garment, but a wooden shoulder, easily and cheaply made, should be provided, broad enough to prevent the break which the wire shoulder occasions. When sitting down the trousers should be pulled up a trifle at the knees, not enough to shorten them conspicuously at the ankle, but just sufficient to prevent the usual bulging, which makes them so unsightly.

Side pockets in trousers save the waistcoat to a considerable extent, says the New York World.



THIS IS THE WAY TO HANG TROUSERS.

"Top pocket" compels the lifting of the side of the waistcoat whenever the hand is placed therein, which wears off the edge or the binding and causes wrinkles across the body of the waistcoat at the hollow of the waist. During the night the trousers should be placed over a chair in preference to hanging them up by the buckle straps. The latter course, to some degree, draws them out of shape. Throwing them carelessly on a chair produces wrinkles or creases. The use of the modern trousers stretcher does to some extent preserve the shape, but unless properly used it does more harm than good. The waistcoat should be laid flat on the table or elsewhere, instead of hung up at the shoulders. Using a table upon which to brush garments is preferable to any other course, and a little household ammonia should be used to remove spots which the brush or broom does not displace. Carelessness while eating produces these spots more than any other

cause, particularly with portly gentlemen. Those who are careless in this respect should always cover their chest with a napkin while eating.

The cost of keeping one's clothing in good order is trifling, either in time or money. To have a tailor examine them occasionally and put them in order is the best and most prudent course. It is a considerable saving in the end. In selecting a tailor for this purpose, one should be chosen who makes the renovating and repairing of clothing a specialty, otherwise the charges will be unreasonably high.

### DEFENDED THE INNOCENT.

A Lie That Saved a Man from a Senseless Mob.

You all know what happened to horse thieves in Nevada thirty years ago. Well, not long after the gold fever broke out I went West to do what I could to help the souls of some men who were seeking their fortunes in that wild country. I established myself at—guilt; and as I was not too much of a prude in religious matters, I really won the confidence of the mining community, who felt a bit of pride that they had a person among them who wanted to see things done "on the square."

One evening as it was getting dark I was standing in front of my cabin, which was a quarter of a mile from the miners' huts. Suddenly a man whom I did not know, but who might have seen me before, came running toward me. He was almost dead with fatigue and terror. The perspiration dripped from his face and hands, though it was a cool evening. His jaws were so parched that he could scarcely articulate a word. He fell on his knees before me hoarsely whispering: "Innocent, innocent!" while he glanced back over his shoulder with a look of dread, his eyes almost bursting from their sockets. In a moment I grasped the situation, and without a word hurried him into my cabin and concealed him.

Five minutes later a party of angry miners, one of whom carried a noose in his hand, drew up before my door. I met them with a cool, inquiring look. "Parson, we're after a horse thief. Have you seen a stranger about here?"

I looked the leader straight in the eye. I knew he would believe me without question. "Yes, ten minutes ago I saw a man running toward the river."

They wheeled about and were gone. They searched the bank until dark, and then concluded that he had drowned in trying to cross the stream, and went on their way.

About 10 o'clock the man whose life my falsehood had saved struck over the hills and doubtless reached one of the neighboring camps.

The missing horse returned to the stable of his own accord about dinner time the next day.

I may add that my conscience never troubled me on the score of what I did.

### The Dead Letter Room.

An interesting portion of the Dead Letter Office is the room in which an accumulation is made of those articles on which an insufficient amount of postage is paid, or which have been incompletely or wrongly addressed, writes Alice Graham McCollin, in an interesting sketch of the presiding genius of the Dead Letter Office, in the Ladies' Home Journal. It is a most heterogeneous collection, ranging in kind from skulls to confectionery, and in value from one cent to one thousand dollars. Sales of these articles are held annually, and after they have been held for claim for over two years, and after every effort has been exhausted to find the owners the parcels become matters of public investment. Most of the packages contain articles of too small value to be sold separately, so parcels containing the contents of several packages are made up and sold at an average price of sixty cents each. The attempt is made to have articles in each package worth that amount. The original wrappers are removed from the parcels, and new ones, on which is written a description of the contents, substituted. This description is also entered in the auctioneer's sale book, and from this description, not from a personal examination, the purchase is made. The sale is held in December, before the holiday season, and continues for about a week. The proceeds, like the money found in unclaimed letters, are delivered to the Third Assistant Postmaster General for deposit in the United States Treasury.

### Dressing the Children.

For the little girl's gowns, after white has been laid aside, soft cashmeres of gray, wood or steel blue are favored, and occasionally one sees a tulle dress of old rose or of the faintest shade of yellow, writes Isabel A. Mallon, in an article on "Dressing Our Little Women," in the Ladies' Home Journal. However, this, of course, is the gown selected for a festivity, and not the one preferred for general wear. Pretty plaids are especially liked for the girl of seven, and with such a gown she will almost invariably have a coat of the same material, with very wide Empire revers, faced usually with a bright color, while her hat is a large felt one, trimmed with rosettes, wings, or feathers.

The shoes and stockings of the small women continue to be black, the former being for state occasions of patent leather, and for general wear of soft kid.

### The Main Thing.

Little Henry's father and mother wish him to be a French scholar, and knowing that a foreign language is most readily acquired in childhood, they have given him a French governess, with whom he is expected to talk French.

"He gets along pretty well, but is not yet to be mistaken for a native Parisian. The other day he discovered that the barn was on fire. He ran into the house quite out of breath."

"O mademoiselle," he exclaimed, rushing into the school-room, "I don't know whether it's la feu or le feu, but anyhow there's a big blaze in the barn!"

BRASIL will greatly oblige the rest of the world by making up its mind as to what kind of government it wants and remaining in that frame of mind four or five consecutive weeks.

WILLIAM T. STEAD, THE LONDON EDITOR.



Editor William T. Stead, of London, who has for some time been studying poverty and crime as they exist in Chicago, has formulated a plan for a better spiritual and material condition. He issued a call to ministers of all religions to form a federation which should be a mighty force in purging municipal affairs of the evils that infest them. In response to his circular many clergymen gathered and the following plan was suggested: That the city be divided into districts, each district to be placed under the care of a church. The members of this church should visit all the houses, tenement and otherwise, in the district, seeking for destitution, both spiritual and material. Physical destitution should then be reported to the proper channels, and religious preferences should be reported to the church for which a preference had been announced.

### A ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

Gratitude Shown by a Soldier for Kind Treatment Years Ago.

Just after one of the big battles, in which the Union soldiers won a great victory, a number of wounded were brought to Harrisburg. Harrisburg at the time had many hospitals in churches, schools and factories, and they were crowded so much that the patriotic citizens volunteered to take the wounded to their homes and care for them. Among those who did this was William D. Martin, of 314 North Third street. He had a son in the army, and naturally his heart went out to the sick and wounded comrades.

There was taken to his house a young soldier who was suffering from four bullet wounds and hurt so badly that it was hardly expected he would recover, chronicles the Harrisburg Telegraph. Mr. and Mrs. Martin nursed him carefully, ministering to his wants, sent for Dr. Rutherford, the elder, to treat him, and in every way made the young soldier as comfortable as possible. For a long time there was no improvement, and Dr. Rutherford expressed the opinion that the lad would die.

But Mr. and Mrs. Martin would not have it that way. They determined to save his life, and after long weeks of suffering the soldier boy, under their careful nursing, began to improve. He became strong and well, and one day there came a time for him to again shoulder his gun and go to the front. As he bade Mr. and Mrs. Martin good-by he said, with tears in his eyes: "If I live I shall never forget you. You will hear from me again."

Occasionally they would hear from him in the army, and when the war ended he returned to his home and began business. In the years that followed Mr. Martin received letters from his soldier lad, and an occasional inquiry as to his business affairs, his prosperity, etc. Recently, after the lapse of thirty years, came a reward unexpected for Mr. Martin. The soldier boy he and his good wife had nursed back to life and health and strength has written him a letter telling him that hereafter he shall take no thought for the future so far as finances are concerned, that the writer is well-off in this world's goods and proposes that Mr. Martin shall share them with him. As a consequence Mr. Martin has gone out of a business that he has conducted for the better part of half a century, and his declining years are made glad by the return of the bread cast upon the waters thirty years ago.

### A STORY FROM COLORADO.

The Truth and a Mountain Lion Pretty Badly Stretched.

A Colorado man has tamed a mountain lion, writes a Denver liar. It is the toughest of beasts—so tough a butcher could not cut its shadow with a hatchet. Dave Snyder, Jr., of 631 Champa street, Denver, shot one of these yellow terrors in Grand Canyon, but the lion failed to die, and bit Snyder through the arm. Then it was captured by the dogs. To be revenged, Snyder fastened the animal between two tall pines, standing seventy feet from each other. It took a double team of mules and six drivers, with two gallons of Utah whisky, half a day to bring those trees together. The plan was to cut the rope and let them fly apart, Grecian style. The great crowds of first citizens expected to see menageries and fiddle strings drop for an hour. The two mining towns of Silverton and Ouray, including Dave Day's "Solid Muldoon" printing office, shut down business to see the fun. At the words, "Let her go, Miss Gallagher!" the rope was cut. The tall trees flew back with the swish and roar of a cyclone. But the lion didn't drop. It stretched. High up in dizzy mid-air the people saw something like a huge yellow sausage (with hair on it) seventy feet long. Two big eyes and a row of teeth glared at one end and a bushy tail wagged at the other. The lion's roar also stretched as thin as a razor and cut the ear like the scream of a buzz-saw. The brute's fur, however, didn't stretch, so there was but a single hair to each square inch of mountain lion. The pluck of the beast took the people by storm. They ordered its life spared. Accordingly the trees were felled and the lion released. When taken down to earth, its anatomy shut up like a Sixth Avenue concertina. Alas! the

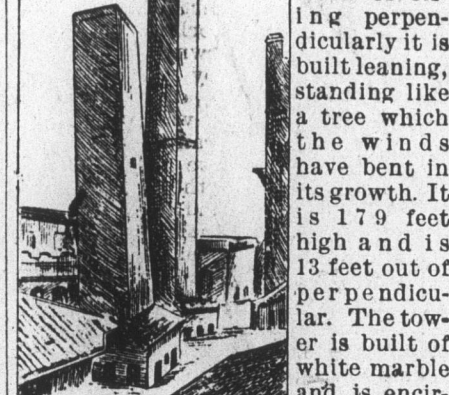
stretching had done its work too well. The lion was now sixteen feet in diameter (half an hour before dinner), with a growl like an ocean fog horn. But the terror was thoroughly tamed and it won every heart. The sheriff used the brute for hunting train robbers. When it got within half a mile of a Bitter Creek outlaw, it stood on its hind legs and shot its head forward like a catapult, pulverizing the cruel robber. And its teeth did the rest. On returning home the smiling countenance of the lion reached town 20 minutes ahead of its tail.

Moral: Never stretch the truth with the hair.

### QUEER ARCHITECTURE.

Three of the Famous Leaning Bell Towers in Italy.

Of the bell towers or campaniles of Italy the most famous is the campanile of Pisa. Hundreds of tourists visit this yearly not so much because it is beautiful as because it is curious. Instead of rising perpendicularly it is built leaning, standing like a tree which the winds have bent in its growth. It is 179 feet high and is 13 feet out of perpendicular. The tower is built of white marble and is encircled by pillars rising one above the other. It was begun in the twelfth century and was 200 years in building. During its construction the foundation settled, throwing the building out of plumb. Notwithstanding its leaning position, the tower is perfectly solid. In its upper story there are seven bells, one of which is a giant of six tons weight.



BOLOGNA LEANING TOWERS. One of the towers is 179 feet high and is 13 feet out of perpendicular.

In Bologna there are two leaning towers. One of these, the Torre Asinelli, is 320 feet high and four feet out of the perpendicular. The defect is due to accident in its construction. The other tower, the Torre Garisenda, was actually begun with the intention of building a leaning tower. The builders could not, however, carry it beyond 163 feet high, and at this height it is ten feet out of perpendicular. The two towers stand near each other in a square in the center of Bologna.

### Prompt Reply.

Some business is best done quickly and with few words. Other business, of a more delicate nature, is commonly entered upon in a more leisurely manner. Now and then, however, a man is found who makes no such distinction.

Farmer Jones sought an interview with Widow Brown. He had long prided himself upon his short-horn cattle; she was, in her way, as proud of her poultry and pigs. "Widow Brown," said he, "I am a man of few words but much feeling. I possess, as you know, between three and four hundred head of cattle. I have saved up eight hundred dollars or so, and I've a tidy and comfortable home. I want you to become my wife. Now, quick's the word with me! I give you five minutes to decide!"

"Farmer Jones," said Widow Brown, "I am a woman of few words—I'll say nothing of my feelings. I possess, as you know, between three and four hundred head of poultry and about ten score of pigs. I have eight hundred dollars' savings and my own earnings. I tell you I wouldn't marry you if it were a choice between that and going to the scaffold. Sharp's my word, and I give you three minutes to clear off my premises!"

### Caloric.

"During your arctic expedition," some one asked an explorer, "how did you get warm when your fuel gave out?"

"Simplest thing in the world," answered the explorer. "Two of us were Republicans and two Democrats, and whenever the thermometer in the hut went below the freezing point we talked politics."

### FOND OF COWBOY SADDLES.

English and Germans Buy Much of the Finest Goods Made in Cheyenne.

All over North America for many years Cheyenne saddles have been famous, and every equestrian, outside of the United States cavalry and of the northwest mounted police of Canada, has either had his horse tricked out with Cheyenne leather or has wished he had. The fancy work on saddles, holsters and stirrup leathers that once made Mexican saddlery famous and expensive long ago was copied by the Cheyenne makers, who kept up the fame and beauty of American horse trappings, but made them so cheap as to be within the means of most horsemen. In the old days when Western cattle ranged all over the plains and the cowboy was in his glory, that queer citizen would rather have a Cheyenne saddle than a best girl. In fact, to be without a Cheyenne saddle and a first-class revolver was to be no better than the shepherders of that era. When a reporter of the New York Sun found himself in Cheyenne the other day the first places he looked for were the saddle-makers' shops. He was surprised to find only one showy, first-class store of the kind, and instead of there being a crowd in front of it there was no sign of more business than was going at the drugist's, near by, or the stationer's over the way. In one way only did the reporter find his hopes rewarded: the goods displayed in the windows were beautiful and extraordinary. There were the glorious heavy hand-stamped saddles; there were the huge, cumbersome tapaderos; there were the lariats or "ropes," the magnificent bits that looked like Moorish art outdone, and there were the "mule skinner's" and the fanciful spurs, and, in short, the windows formed a museum of things that a cowboy would have pawned his soul to own. The metal work was all such as a cavalry man once declared it, "the most elegant horse jewelry in creation." Englishmen and Germans now buy the fanciest and the best trappings to send abroad to their homes. Hand-stamped saddles cost from \$85 to \$115, but \$35 buys as good a one as a modern man who knows a good thing will care to use. Cowboy saddles were on view—seven of them—with rigging for side seats and in stirrups made in slipper shapes. It is not that there are really half a dozen cow-girls in the world or half a dozen women like the Colorado queen or the lady horse breeder of Wyoming, but there are Western girls who have to ride a great deal, and they have fond fathers and brothers and still fonder lovers; hence the manufacture of magnificent side saddles, all decked with hand-stamped patterns and looking as pretty as the richest Bedouin ever dreamed of horse gear being made. There is still a good trade in cowboy outfits that are ordered from Montana, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Colorado and Texas, and similar goods go to the horse ranches of Nevada, Idaho and Oregon. Moreover, as long as men ride horses there will be a trade in fancy outfits for them.

and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer bottle with a corkscrew.

"Why, that would be murder; you feel no pain at all."

"That's what the dentist told me when I was a boy. I want to know whether you use a jimmy to draw a tooth when the pliers fail, and also whether you will replace, free of charge, any sections of the jaw that may be removed during the operation."

"We won't hurt you at all."

"Then you may go ahead; but I have a friend at the foot of the stairway. He is a larger man than I am, and he can punch a hole through a stove lid; and if I yell once he is coming up here eight steps at a time to knock down the ceiling with you. Do you want to go ahead?"

"I am afraid not; you had better go up street to the veterinary surgeon."—Chicago Tribune.

### A Good Audience.

The Rev. Lyman Beecher was once engaged to preach, by way of exchange for a country minister, and the day proved to be very cold and stormy. It was mid-winter, and the snow was piled in heaps all along the road, so as to make the passage very difficult. Still the Doctor urged his horse through the drifts, till he reached the church, put his horse into a shed, and went in.

As yet, there was no person in the house, and after looking about, he took his seat in the pulpit. Soon the door opened and a single individual walked up the aisle and took a seat.

The hour came for opening the service, but there were no more hearers. Whether to preach to such an audience or not, was only a momentary question with Lyman Beecher. He felt that he had a duty to perform and that he had no right to refuse to do it because one man only could reap benefit; and accordingly he went through all the services, praying, singing, preaching and benediction, with one hearer.

And when all was over he hastened down from the desk to speak to the "congregation," but he had departed. So rare a circumstance was, of course, occasionally referred to, but twenty years after, a very delightful discovery came to light in connection with this service. Dr. Beecher was traveling in Ohio, and on alighting from a stage in a pleasant village a gentleman stepped up to him and called him by name.

"I do not remember you," said Doctor Beecher.

"I suppose not," said the stranger, "but we spent two hours together in a house alone, once, in a storm. I do not recall it, sir," replied the old minister; "pray where was it?"

"Do you remember preaching twenty years ago, in such a place, to a single person?"

"Yes, I do indeed; and if you are the man I have been wishing to see you ever since."

"I am the man, sir; and that sermon made a minister of me, and yonder is my church. The converts of that sermon are all over Ohio."

In telling the story Doctor Beecher would add: "I think that was about as satisfactory an audience as I ever had."

### Absent-Mindedness.

Legouvé's "Memoirs" contain a story which illustrates the absent-mindedness of Louis Philippe. The brother dramatist, Casimir and Germain Delavigne, had decided to get married simultaneously, and thought it their duty to inform the King of their intentions. Casimir was deputed to convey the news. "Sir, my brother and I intend to marry on Sunday next," he said. "Indeed! At the same time?" asked the King. "Yes, sir." "And at the same church?" "Yes, sir." "Then I need not ask whether it is the same lady!"

Absent-mindedness is given in the same volumes. The hero in this case was Ampere, the electrician and mathematician. He was holding a formal reception, and appeared in his drawing room in his Academician's dress, coat, waistcoat, hat, sword, and all complete, except only the inexpressibles. Of the same Ampere it is told that he once wrote to his son, Jean Jacques, the critic and historian, who was in Rome, a letter so touching and miserable, that the young man hastened home, convinced that his father was seriously indisposed. Next morning at breakfast the father was taciturn and thoughtful. At last he said, "Do you know, Jean Jacques, it is very strange, but I really thought that I should be pleased to see you again? I am not. Do you think of returning to Rome to-day?" And this was when the journey between Paris and Rome meant at least a fortnight's hard traveling.

### Too Thin!

Gold leaf, when beaten into a sheet of the thickness of but 1-250,000th of an inch, appears to be of a beautiful green when held up to the light.

The burglar is not inclined to be talkative, but he is a great bore when he finds the safe locked.—Binghamton Review.

THE tongue wasn't made to tell everything the eyes see or the ears hear.

### MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD.

The Possessor, However, Felt Obligated to Ask a Few Questions.

A man six feet high, with the side of his head wrapped in dry goods, went into a Monroe street dental emporium the other day and sank wearily into a chair. In response to the proprietor's "What can I do for you?" the large man said:

"I have a toothache that is breaking my heart, and I think that I ought to have a fang drawn; but, you see, I haven't been to a dentist since I was a boy, and I want to ask you a few questions before you go to work."

"Go ahead?"

"I want to know whether you prop a man's jaws apart with an iron wedge and then tell him to 'look pleasant, please.'"

"Certainly we don't."

"I want to know whether you fasten one hand in the victim's hair and brace a knee against his throat,



and then draw his tooth as though you were pulling the cork from a beer bottle with a corkscrew.

"Why, that would be murder; you feel no pain at all."

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### 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.

A SCENER shot: Shooting a skunk.—Union County Standard.

WHEN a man fails his friends say he has gone up.—Galveston News.

JAGSON says you never know how empty a man is until he's full.—Elmira Gazette.

WHEN young ladies preside at a church tea they reign as well as pour.—Lowell Courier.

WHAT an awful blow it would be to a long-haired musician to become bald.—Aitchison Globe.

It is impossible to have the last word with a chemist, because he always has a retort.—Boston Courier.

PATIENT—"Doctor, I feel that I am at death's door." Doctor (enthusiastically)—"Oh, don't fear. We'll pull you through."—Puck.

BRIDE—Why do they give us so many things we are too poor to use? GROOM—Yes, this cook-book, for instance.—Detroit Tribune.

WHEN people are slow and behind the times there is nothing like counting them to bring them to their census.—Rochester Democrat.

SHE—"All of which convinces me that you married me for my money." HE—"Well, it may not seem probable, but I honestly loved you."—Life.

TEACHER—"What happened when the lion killed the goose that laid the golden egg?" DICK HICKS—"His goose was cooked."—Brooklyn Life.

"DID Dumley's marriage involve any financial responsibility?" "Oh, yes; his wife requires him to earn enough to pay his laundry bills."—Judge.

BELOVED—"Why, what a time to be calling! It's half-past 9. The lights are out at 10." LOVER—"Just like me, I'm always early."—Detroit Tribune.

SPECTATOR—Doesn't it require a deal of courage to go up in a balloon? AERONAUT—Not a bit, ma'am. It's the coming down in it.—Boston Transcript.

TRAMP—"Please, mum, have you any cold vittles?" HOUSEKEEPER—"I am sorry to say, sir, that everything is hot." (Slams the door.)—New York Weekly.

TRAVELER—"Will you find out for me when the next train comes?" THE OTHER MAN—"I find out? Why, man, I'm a police detective."—Boston Transcript.

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