

## SAM JONES AT HOME.

WAS ONCE A LAWYER BUT BECAME A DRUNKARD.

He Afterward Developed Into a Successful Evangelist—Is a Lover of Animals and Helper for the Poor—Gives as Liberal as Speech.

Lives in Cartersville, Ga. One of the most noted evangelists of the country is Rev. Sam P. Jones, whose home is at Cartersville, Ga. Here, when tired out with his public labors, he joins his family to recuperate. He goes about Cartersville in the slouch hat and plain traveling suit worn on the road, and usually carries a cigar or meerschaum pipe between his lips. He is a great smoker and uses half a dozen cigars every day, besides occasional pulls at the meerschaum. His nervous energy and restless spirit allow him no idleness, and when there is nothing else to do he walks vigorously up and down the veranda or about the yard. His reading is confined mainly to the newspapers, and he is a close student of current events all over the world. He does not pretend to have a library, and if



THE JONES FAMILY.

he did, it is doubtful whether he would ever enter it. Books are too long and tedious for him.

He has made some good investments and looks well after his property. He owns two excellent farms, a grist mill, and some valuable real estate in Cartersville. He has for several years been a director in one of the Cartersville banks, in which he is a stockholder.

The amount of Mr. Jones' charities is enormous. He gives away every year vastly more than is spent on his family. In addition to his public charities, such as gifts to churches, schools, and other institutions, requests come to him daily for help from individuals in every section of the United States. Every mail brings letters asking for money or help in obtaining positions, or donations for various societies.

When it is known that Mr. Jones is at home, his yard is invaded by people



REV. SAM P. JONES.

seeking help. Poor people walk from distant places in the country to ask for a loan of money or help in obtaining work. Old negro "uncles" ask for "a few bushels of corn to make a crop on," or want indorsements to enable them to buy a mule, and numerous black "mammys" vociferously petition "Marshall Sam" to give them a cow that they may keep "all des dead little black pickaninies from a starvin' to def." To all these applications Mr. Jones gives careful consideration, and no deserving individual is ever sent away empty-handed. He seems to learn by intuition who are the really deserving, and often his gifts are placed where no request has been made. The people of Cartersville love to tell of how Sam Jones goes down and buys dry loads of provisions and sends them to old and helpless people, who are usually left to guess the iden-



THE SAM JONES HOME.

tity of their benefactor. It is in works of this kind that the evangelist finds a deeper satisfaction than in his most successful efforts in the pulpit and on the platform.

A Lawyer and Drunkard. Samuel Porter Jones was born in Chambers County, Ala., in 1847. While still a child his father removed to Cartersville after the death of his wife, and Cartersville has since been the home of the Jones family. During the war, when Sherman's forces began to

pour into North Georgia, young Jones made his way to Henry County, Ky. While there he met Miss Laura McElwain, who, in 1869, became his wife, Jones being then a practicing lawyer in Cartersville. Unfortunately, during his boyhood he had acquired a taste for strong drink, which grew upon him until he was forced to abandon the law after less than a year's practice, and for three years he led the most wretched existence. He was driven to want and engaged in various kinds of common labor to obtain a living. He plowed, drove a dray and worked in the iron mines near Cartersville. This was the most gloomy period of his life. He had a family coming out to educate and care for, and to these were added the anxieties caused by ruined health and an empty purse. At this time his father, to whom he had always been devoted, died, and his death in August, 1872, marks the turning point in his son's life.

His conversion was as complete as it was sudden, and since then he has adhered to the cause of religion. His first sermon was preached at Felton's chapel, a few miles from Cartersville, during the absence of the regular preacher and was a success. The ore hauling was abandoned and Mr. Jones at once devoted himself to the work of the gospel.

As the train was stopped a volley was fired into the cab, one shot narrowly missing the fireman, and the two men were ordered to come down. They refused to comply with the demand, and the robbers, only two of them in all, did not insist upon it. The rear brakeman, Timothy Murphy, jumped off the train and ran back to flag any train that might be following. The robbers saw him jump and fired at him, inflicting a flesh wound in the thigh. Conductor E. E. Rice stepped upon the platform to inquire what was the matter and was fired upon, but not touched. The passengers were not molested, but were dreadfully afraid they would be. Women were in hysterics. The men looked for places to hide their valuables. Even if the robbers had decided to work the train they would not have found much without a careful search. The passengers were mostly tourists bound for the northern resorts. James Cannon, of Rock Island, and Herman Pew, of Chicago, were on board, and they gave vivid descriptions of the wild scramble for places to hide valuables.

Conductor Rice thought the robbers were amateurs, as they were not disguised nor masked and made no effort at concealment. The leader was a middle-aged man about five feet six inches, with a full beard. The other three were younger, and all were roughly dressed.

Brakeman Murphy was taken to Grand Rapids and had his wounds dressed. He is not seriously hurt. The passengers were in a desperate panic. The women crawled in behind seat backs and the men got in as inaccessible places as they could. The brakeman hastily returned to the conductor and blew the bottom of the car open. Mr. Vannetta concluded that he had done all that valor demanded and opened the door. The robbers immediately demanded the key to the strong box, and when Mr. Vannetta declared he did not have it they used up another dynamite cartridge and burst it open. The strong box was empty and did not even contain a cent. The train did not carry any express.

The robbers left the car in disgust and held a heated argument whether or not to go through the passengers. The train concluded not to do so. Conductor Rice representing that the passengers were mostly poor people who could not afford to lose what little money they had. The robbers relieved Mr. Rice of what small change he had, about \$7.50, missing the well-lined pocket-book which Rice had thrown into the wood box. They also relieved the fireman and engineer of their watches and then with a pleasant farewell to the conductor they gave him permission to move on and disappeared in the woods.

This train is patronized every day by wealthy citizens of Grand Rapids and Northern and Western Michigan, whose business calls them frequently to Chicago.

The express messenger went out with a "train" in the afternoon and was returning on a "dead" trip. There were forty-two passengers. To make sure of a halt ties had been piled on the track half a length ahead of where the engine stopped. The baggage car was not disabled and the train proceeded, arriving at Grand Rapids half an hour late.

Albert Antisdel, of Chicago, superintendent of the American Express Company, said his company had lost nothing by the hold-up. "We had no messenger on the train," said he. "Our night messenger went out on the train that leaves at 11:45."

"Will you send any detectives to the scene of the robbery?"

"Yes, we'll send some men over to help the officers in pursuit of the robbers."

The train was composed of an engine, baggage car, two passenger coaches, and a parlor car.

## RAVAGES OF THE CHOLERA.

Europe and Asia Have Suffered—America Has Been Free.

Through the energetic efforts of the health authorities in New York, the cholera has not entered this country this summer and, as the season is so far advanced, it probably will not do so. Though we have been free from it in Europe, Russia, Arabia, India, China, and Japan the disease raged. It is unfortunate that trustworthy statistics concerning it cannot be obtained from Russia, or from any of the other countries in which it exists, with the exception of Japan. It ravaged several of the western Russian provinces last summer; it did not entirely disappear last winter, and it has been epidemic since the early spring season.

The cholera appeared in Arabia, on the border of the Red Sea, early in the spring, broadcast there, as in other years, by the Mohammedan pilgrims from India to Mecca. Alarming accounts of its fatality were sent out in the spring months and up to June, but nothing has been heard of it for some weeks, and its ravages have doubtless been allayed.

In China the extent to which the cholera has prevailed can only be guessed at, but it is believed that the disease has been widespread. From the trustworthy statistics kept by the Japanese authorities it is learned that up to the close of July there had been 9,500 cases of the disease in Japan, more than one-half of which had proved fatal. This fatality may be regarded as part of the price paid by Japan for her victory over the Chinese, but that price was greater yet, for many of the Japanese soldiers who are yet in China have fallen under the disease. It has recently been epidemic over a large part of the Japanese empire.

In some other countries besides those here mentioned, including Mexico and

## BOLD TRAIN ROBBERS.

HOLD-UP ON THE CHICAGO AND WEST MICHIGAN.

Train Was Running Light and the Villains Were Badly Fooled—Got \$7.50 and Two Watches—Passengers Badly Scared But Not Molested.

Five desperate bandits dynamited the express car on the Chicago and West Michigan passenger train, late at Grand Rapids from Chicago at 10:30 p. m., near New Richmond, Tuesday night. The robbers secured only two watches and \$7.50 in money, but their intentions were good. The Allegan County officers were notified, and with daybreak the woods in the vicinity of the hold-up were thoroughly searched, and liberal rewards offered for the apprehension of the robbers. Not only the Allegan County, but also the sheriffs of Ottawa, Van Buren, Kent, and Kalamazoo Counties have been notified, and the officers say that, unless the robbers have a boat anchored across Lake Michigan, they will be caught. The train was bowling along at a rapid rate. When rounding a curve at a place in the road that is lined with forest growth Engineer Debbie caught the gleam of a white light waving across the track. He saw by the reflection that the track was obstructed and brought the train to a stop.

As the train was stopped a volley was fired into the cab, one shot narrowly missing the fireman, and the two men were ordered to come down. They refused to comply with the demand, and the robbers, only two of them in all, did not insist upon it. The rear brakeman, Timothy Murphy, jumped off the train and ran back to flag any train that might be following. The robbers saw him jump and fired at him, inflicting a flesh wound in the thigh. Conductor E. E. Rice stepped upon the platform to inquire what was the matter and was fired upon, but not touched. The passengers were not molested, but were dreadfully afraid they would be. Women were in hysterics. The men looked for places to hide their valuables. Even if the robbers had decided to work the train they would not have found much without a careful search. The passengers were mostly tourists bound for the northern resorts. James Cannon, of Rock Island, and Herman Pew, of Chicago, were on board, and they gave vivid descriptions of the wild scramble for places to hide valuables.

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## CONDITIONS IN NEBRASKA.

Corn Promises a Large Yield, Except in the State's Garden Spot.

A McCook, Neb., correspondent says: On crossing the Missouri River running to Lincoln, the Burlington road agents' party found a prospect which, from an agricultural standpoint, could not be excelled. Corn is luxuriant and sturdy and every stalk shows large-sized ears sticking out from it. It is so far advanced that the uninitiated could be made to believe very readily that it had been harvested from any source. Notwithstanding its fine appearance, however, it is not yet out of danger of frost, and will not be for at least two weeks.

A fine crop of oats has been reaped in this section. Much of it is still in the shock and of good deal of it has been stacked. It is thrashing out from thirty to fifty bushels to the acre and will average about forty. The wheat crop has all been harvested, and farmers are now busy plowing their land preparatory to putting in another crop of winter wheat.

For a Lincoln correspondent it is much less promising. Betsey Waverly, of Fairmont, a distance of sixty miles, is a stretch of country which has usually been described as the garden spot of Nebraska. Crops have always been abundant here, however poorly they may have been in the parts of the State. Last year and this year have been especially favorable to this rule. Somewhat this belt has suffered severely this year. It has rained copiously on all sides of it and all around it, but the clouds refused to give it a drop of moisture until too late to save the crop. A stretch of country sixty miles long and sixty miles wide the crop is a comparative failure. It will only run from a quarter to half a crop, averaging as a whole about one-third an ordinary crop.

Oats have not fared so badly. They are thrashing out from thirty-five to forty bushels to the acre. Heavy rains fell over this section at the end of last week. They came too late, however, to save the bulk of the corn. Very much of it is wilted beyond redemption and a good deal of it has already been cut for fodder. Wheat in this section is thrashing out fifteen bushels to the acre.

West of Fairmont the scene again changes and an ocean of waving corn, strong and luxuriant, is to be seen as far as the eye can reach in every direction. The crop from Hastings to the western boundary of the State is practically made, and a killing frost can now bring it in. It will average not less than sixty bushels to the acre, and very many large fields will yield fifty bushels.

Around McCook is where the disasters of last year were most severely felt. The gains of this year have more than made up for the losses then sustained. The whole section of country looks like a verdant garden, and the people feel buoyant beyond expression. Winter wheat is thrashing out about twenty bushels to the acre and the best fields are yielding thirty bushels. Spring wheat is running from twelve to eighteen bushels to the acre. Oats average from fifty to sixty bushels, the best fields thrashing out 100 bushels. Alfalfa is a new crop here with which the people are delighted. All kinds of live stock eat it with relish, and it is proving to be a fattening fodder. The first year it yields one ton to the acre, but after the third year it yields three crops a year, which foot up seven and one-half tons to the acre. It is worth in the market \$5 per ton, but to feed cattle the results have shown it to be worth \$70 per acre. It is the coming crop all along the flats of the Republican valley.

## THE CUBAN WAR.

The Insurgents Making Headway in the Struggle for Freedom.

Recent reports from Cuba indicate that the insurgent army is gradually encroaching on Havana. It is now on the outskirts of the great sugar district and is increasing its range. According to a letter from the Marquis de Santa Lucia, who some time ago joined the insurgents, the two divisions of the army number 25,000 men and 10,000 of these are well armed and splendidly equipped. One division is under Gen. Antonio Maceo in



GENERAL ANTONIO MACEO.

Santiago, while Gen. Gomez commands another in Camaguey.

Meantime the Spanish army is becoming more and more disheartened and there are numerous desertions to the ranks of the insurgent army. Gen. Canales, who has reached Cuba, announced that he would have the rebellion crushed in a couple of months has utterly failed to make any impression on the insurgents, although nearly 20,000 troops more than he asked for have been sent him. The cry is still for more troops and the Spanish government is serious and that the Spanish forces to-day on the island are unable to cope with the plucky insurgents.

The dining-room of the Howell House at Quogue, L. I., was the scene of a lively fight, Hamilton Fish Jr., son of Senator Fish, who is stopping at the Howell House, with his uncle, Rev. Mr. Fish, appeared at dinner intoxicated and had a fight with a waiter.

George A. Martin, of Sioux City, Iowa, has sued the Southern Pacific Company for \$40,000. He was on his way home from San Francisco on a round-trip ticket which the conductor charged him with having purchased from a scalper and Martin was put off.

Dr. Erasmus D. Jones died at Albany, N. Y., in his 77th year. He was one of the founders of the New York State Homeopathic Medical Society. He was a thirty-second degree Mason.

## COPYRIGHTS.

Anybody Can Get One, but It May Be Worthless.

On the morning of July 4th, newspapers in various sections of the country published a fac-simile of the Declaration of Independence, some of the newspapers going to the trouble of copyrighting the venerable document. That the Declaration should be copyrighted one hundred and nineteen years after its promulgation, and in the face of the fact that it has been frequently reproduced in all its original accuracy, excited a great deal of surprise, and Librarian Spofford was called upon for an explanation. He is quoted in the New York Tribune as saying:

"It is one thing to copyright something and another thing entirely to have that copyright sustained. Under the law, I am compelled to record a copyright for anything that is brought to me. I can not act in a judicial capacity and determine whether a person who seeks a copyright is the author or is entitled by priority to secure the privilege he asks. I remember once that Mark Twain came to me and complained that a number of his early contributions to Western papers had not only been published without his knowledge or consent, but had actually been copyrighted by the literary pirates. 'Sam' Jones' sermons used to be taken in shorthand by unprincipled people, and then copyrighted and published, the real author, of course, not receiving a cent in the way of profits. The same scheme was tried successfully with Ingersoll, but now he copyrights his lectures before he delivers them. So you see an amendment to the copyright law is sadly needed. In this case of the Declaration of Independence, it is absurd to think that the copyright would hold a minute if a test case were made in the courts. The document is everybody's property. Still, if you brought me the Constitution of the United States, I would have to record its copyright if you paid me the legal fee. The Bible has been brought here for copyright any number of times, and every time the request is granted. As for the protection which such a copyright would grant—well, that is a question which some court would have to settle."

## A CLEVER PARROT.

Folly Mimics a Colored Clergyman in Giving Out a Text.

One of the brightest and most mischievous of parrots lives in the Hotel Normandie, at Washington, D. C. This bird can instantly repeat every sound he hears, and he imitates so perfectly that his listeners wonder. Upon a certain Sunday morning his cage was for some reason removed from where it had usually hung and placed in the open window of the linen room of the hotel. Opposite this window are those of an African Methodist church. The church windows were also open, and when the colored minister had given out a text he was astounded to hear his words repeated, in tones even louder than his



THE CULPRIT.

own. The people in church were amazed; but judge their surprise when, as the minister spoke his text for the second time, again it was screamed back at him, with an exact imitation of his voice. A hymn was begun, and the parrot at once joined in, mimicking the singers perfectly. The service was then stopped until a message could be sent to the hotel and the parrot's cage removed.

## "Praying for Papa."

"Did you see that, mister?" said an elevated railroad guard to a New York newspaper man, who stood with him on the rear platform of the first car the other night.

"Yes."

"Well, then," added the guard, "you saw my three little children. They were kneeling at a trunk in front of the window of that house we passed. Over them stood their mother. She was about sending them to bed, but before they go she teaches 'em to pray for me. Yes, and she brings 'em there as I can see 'em."

"And," he added, with a manly attempt to stifle a sob that welled up in his throat, "she has told me what she tells 'em to say."

"What is it?" inquired the auditor.

"I do hope you won't think me foolish, sir, but, as I guess you are a married man and a father, you may care to hear it. You see, it is this way. The kids—they go to bed at 9. That's about the time my train goes by the house. It's right on the line. So, just about that moment she brings the little 'uns up to the trunk in their nightgowns and makes 'em kneel down with their hands clasped on their faces. And then they pray and pray—"

"For you?" was the interruption.

"Yes, you're right. They pray that papa will be good and kind, and keep sober, and bring home all his money, and—"

"The big guard's voice trembled. But he continued after an effort:

"I'm rough, tough and all that, but I love my wife and I love my children. They are the only ones on earth that keep me straight."

More About the Shameless Crow. The crows that live near the soldiers' barracks in India are all sly thieves, but the men like the rogues too well to kill them, and so they decorate them instead. The birds, despite their skill, are caught by being invited into a room. A piece of wire is next passed between the two holes in the upper part, and a little bell, button, or round bit of metal is fastened—each badge to soldiers having its own badge—to

it, the crow is then set free unharmed. Very soon nearly every crow wears its distinctive mark, from which it is easy to tell to what troop or company it belongs. Unhappily, instead of feeling their ornaments are symbols of shame, they are all proud of them, of the bells especially; and one can easily believe that it is funny to see a row of these black rogues perched on a roof, shaking their heads and tinkling their bells.

## MIKE CALLAGHAN.

The Oldest Man in Ireland at the Present Time.

We here present the picture of Mike Callaghan, the oldest man in Ireland. He was born in 1797 and has served in



MIKE CALLAGHAN.

many companies, in Irish and English forces. He does not speak English, but the original Irish tongue.

## GOLD BY THE HANDFUL.

But Clouds of Giant Mosquitoes Keep Treasure Seekers at Bay.

Gold in plenty may be found in the sands of the Volador River, a stream of moderate volume that comes tumbling from the snow line of the Sierra de St. Martha, in South America, but, though the lowland region and the river bed where the precious metal abounds in fabulous quantities are easily accessible, the mosquitoes are so thick and terrible there that all attempts to rifle the sands of the gold have so far failed.

Elisee Reclus, the celebrated French geographer, was the discoverer of this wonderful stream, whose waters sweep over sands that are literally golden. He told the news to the French Vice Consul at Rio Hacha, and this official obtained the concession of this Eldorado.

He took with him when he set out an ingeniously constructed gauze tent of large dimensions. For two days he tried to live under its shelter and watch the operations of his workmen, who toiled in the stifling heat, clothed in thick garments and protected by heavy boots, gloves and veils. At the end of the second day, however, both employer and employee with one accord gave up the struggle and retreated.

The next to try to wring fortune from these auriferous sands was an Italian who obtained permission from the Vice Consul referred to above. The Italian started out with a party of six, who shared with him his belief, and so they took along no special protection against the insects. They endured for less than half an hour the awful torture and then fled.

Yet there are human beings who can venture with impunity into this hell whose guardian demons are mosquitoes, and these are some of the savage natives of the mountains from whose rocky steep the river comes tumbling down. These savages, who are mosquito-proof, are rendered so by their bodies being covered with the scales of that awful disease, leprosy.

But neither gold nor the gauds of civilization will tempt them to labor, and there is no human power, apparently, which will drag them out from their rude caves on the mountain side and make them labor for the white man.—New York World.

## Undesirable Horse.

"Patrick, why didn't you tell me Farmer Laurie had a pony to sell, when you knew I wished to buy one for Ethel?" asked Mrs. James, with considerable severity.

"Och, mum," replied her man-of-all-work, with a beaming smile, "O'rl not be sayin' that the craychure didn't schlip me mind, jist fer the toime bein', mum; but anyway, he was no baste fer Miss Ethel, mum."

"And why not?" demanded Mrs. James.

"Why, mum, said Patrick, 'shifting his weight carelessly from one foot to the other, 'Farmer Laurie made a great 'pint of the craychure's belin' 'well broke'—it was meself heard him 'shpoken' av it. An' as fer you, mum, yez told me more than wanst that nothin' but a sound animal would yez take, mum, an' that's the livin' truth!"

## He Knew His Mother.

Mrs. Williams is a widow with three boys, whom she has brought up with great firmness. It is one of her rules that obedience to her commands must come immediately, and explanation, if at all, at her leisure.

"Freddy," she said, a short time ago, to her youngest boy, aged 7, "I am going to do something in a few days about which I want to talk to you a little."

"Yes," responded Freddy, meekly. "I am intending to marry Doctor Morse next week on Monday," said his mother, and then she paused for a moment.

"Yes'm," said Freddy again, and then he added, with a look of awe on his small face: "I s'pose Doctor Morse won't know anything about it till the time comes, will he, mother?"

## The Soul.

The Slamese believe that the human soul requires seven days to journey from earth to heaven; hence the prayers of the friends of the deceased person are continued for seven days after the individual dies.

Throw a rock these days and you will hit a woman wearing a shirt waist.

## HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Sprinkles of Spice. Now doth the glad reporter write Those interviews that burn And boom each citizen he knows For President in turn.—Washington Star.

He—The lamp is going out. She—Yes, it hasn't been filled since you came.—Life.

"There goes a man that keeps his word." "He does?" "Yes; no one else will take it."—Philadelphia Press.

He—You can't impose upon me; there are no fools in our family. She—Sir, you forget yourself.—New York Herald.

Sapphira—Truth is stranger than fiction. Ananias—Yes, but that is because we meet truth so rarely.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Candidate—I can't imagine what caused my defeat. Friend—The election of your opponent, I should say.—Albany Journal.

Johnny—Is it true, pa, that people live longer in the country than in the city? Pa—Life seems longer there, my son.—Boston Transcript.

"Yes," papa sighed, "it costs a lot To clothe a summer lass; But when the days are long and hot, I save a heap of gas."—New York Recorder.

Edith—What? Mr. Worth asked you to be his wife? Everybody says he is a woman hater. Kate—Yes, but I don't seem to be the woman.—Boston Transcript.

Bertie D'Gote—When old Gold-bag married Flo, why did she say that she was only 24? Sylvia—Well, you see she made a discount for cash.—Sydney Bulletin.

People are having the same trouble they used to have. If their horse got out of wind they had to walk; now it's the same with the bicycle.—Boston Courier.

Tommy—Paw, what sort of prices are fabulous prices? Mr. Figg—Well, actors' salaries as published in the papers are usually that kind.—Indianapolis Journal.

The acrobat is a paradox. His life is both high and humble; He may be unable to see a joke, But no one is quicker to tumble.—Boston Budget.

Physician—And you have felt this way for several days? H'm! Let me see your tongue. Patient—It's no use, doctor; no tongue can tell how I suffer.—Boston Transcript.

Bumpus—Say, McSmith, I am acquainted with the president of this road. McSmith—Oh, that's nothing; I am acquainted with the porter of this train.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Little Dick—Miss Mamie is awfully shy, isn't she? Little Dot—Why? Little Dick—She has most of her clothes made just like men's, so men won't get in love with her.—The Sketch.

In gallantry the youth again Responds to beauty's call, And goes away on picnics when He'd rather play baseball.—Washington Star.

"Well, my dear, what did you do at the sewing circle to-day?" "Oh, nothing much. We tore up a few repetitions and sowed a few seeds of discord in the congregation."—Harper's Bazar.

"Jamie," sharply called out his mother, "you've been loafing all day. Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do. Take this basket and bring in some kindlings."—Chicago Tribune.

Amateur Artist—I should like to present the last picture I painted to some charitable institution. Now, which would you recommend? Cruel Lady Friend—The blind asylum.—New York Journal.