

WIT AND HUMOR.

Captain Ryan, the new British naval attaché, said at a dinner in Washington:

"The strength of the heads of some of our old school farmers is quite incredible. At a harvest supper, a feast similar in its way to your Thanksgiving dinner, there was an old farmer who drank a good deal of champagne. The moment his glass was filled he would toss it off, and then, of course, he would be filled again. But the old fellow grew quieter and quieter the more champagne he drank. A frown settled on his forehead. His eyes flashed angrily under his heavy gray brows. Finally when the waiter filled his glass with wine for the twelfth or thirteenth time, he shook his head and said:

"James, when are you going to put the whiskey on the table? These minerals are getting tedious."

Richard Mansfield's just appreciation of his own talents is sometimes rather forcibly impressed upon his fellow actors. At the production of a recent play Mansfield was personally superintending the rehearsals. The leading woman had a difficult part which she did not do to the satisfaction of the manager. His voice came ominously from the darkness of the wing "Miss K— go over that part again." The actress repeated the lines.

"Again," relentlessly said Mansfield. Once more the actress nervously went through her part. Then a firm stride was heard and Mr. Mansfield stood in the centre of the stage, hands clasped, eyes upturned, his voice booming in deep chest tones:

"Good heavens, would there had been given to this woman a little of the intelligence that was so bountifully bestowed upon me."

A distinguished foreigner was being shown through the Capital by an American friend, and the two gentlemen having spent some time in the gallery passing through the Senate lobby where the portraits of the two great statesmen, Daniel Webster and Henry Clay, hang opposite each other. The guide pointed out these paintings, saying:

"And here you see the portraits of some of the great statesmen of the past."

"Ah, indeed," remarked the distinguished foreigner admiring Webster's stern likeness. Turning around to Henry Clay, he exclaimed with astonishment in his voice:

"But how did you get the picture of this cigar man here?"

James J. Hill, at a country fair, pleased the Minnesota farmers with an apt illustration.

"Reformers of that stripe are reactionists, are tricksters," he said. "They are like the city chap who went to the state fair."

This chap stood looking at a fine steer when a couple of farmers came out and joined him. All three praised the steer. Then the city chap said:

"I wonder what it weighs?"

"Well," said one of the farmers, slowly, "it would be easy enough to guess pretty nigh his weight."

"This farmer," you see, was an expert cattle raiser. He could without difficulty, guess a head of cattle's weight within a few pounds. But the city chap scoffed at him.

"Guess it's weight! Ho, ho," he roared. "You couldn't guess it's weight any more than I could."

"I didn't say I could guess it's weight precisely," said the farmer. "I say I could guess near it."

"Well, I'm a greenhorn," scoffed the city chap, "but here's ten dollars that I can guess as near to that steer's weight as you can."

"I'll take your young man," said the farmer quietly.

"The other farmer held the stakes."

"Guess first," said the city chap.

"Well," said the other calmly and slowly, "I guess 1,975 pounds."

"I guess the same," said the city chap.

"Now give me the money."

"What?" gasped the other.

"Why I bet you're as near as you did and I've done it. I've guessed the same. Give me the money."

Bishop Hartsell, while on a South-

ern tour, met a colored man who was the father of sixteen children, the youngest of whom was scarcely out of arms, and on asking him what the youngest's name was, received this reply:

"Judas 'Scariot, sah."

"You don't mean to tell me that that is really his baptismal name, do you?" asked the bishop.

"Indeed, I do, sah, ain't dat a Scriptural name?"

"Yes, but do you know who Judas Iscariot was?"

"Course I does, sah; but doan de Scripture say it would have been better for Judas 'Scariot if he had never been borned?"

"Yes, but what has that to do with this poor little chap?"

"Dat's jest it, sah; dat's jest it; it would have been better for dis poor little chap if he had never been borned, and dat's why we calls him Judas 'Scariot."

The Rev. Edward A. Horton, of Boston, told this story at a recent banquet of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

"A woman went marketing in Faneuil Hall," said the minister. "She stopped before a stall where were displayed fowl so aged as to seem almost unsaleable."

"What do you sell those for?" inquired the woman, wondering if the proprietor would dare call them chickens.

"We usually sell them for profits, marm," was the curt response.

"Oh, said the woman; I thought they were patriarchs."

Dora—I often wish Providence had made me a man.

Cora—Perhaps he has dear—only you haven't found him yet.

There are two things you need never pay any attention to—abuse and flattery. The first cannot harm you and the second can't help you.

MARK TWAIN ON OCEAN TRIPS.

A Speech That he was not Able to Deliver--No Thought of the Scenery.

New York, May 16.—Mark Twain had one of the surprises of his life the other day. The word "speech" is used advisedly. Some "happies" are enjoyed most of them are suffered. The expectation of the person who imposed this one upon the humorist was that it would go into the latter category, but the unexpected happened and it did not. It is a "triumph" that humorists always take seriously. Mark Twain showed that he really could appreciate a joke.

One morning last week a reporter called at Mr. Twain's—Mr. Clemens—residence, 21 Fifth avenue, and solicited an interview. It was not early morning, in fact, it was rather close to noon—but the reply at the door was that Mr. Twain was still abed. The caller happened to remember, however, that it is one of the eccentricities of the author to spend a good part of his day among the pillows, not in slumber, but in reading and writing, and he pressed down the door that he would see the reporter, and in a few minutes there came down the stairs a vision, the general effect of which was an elaborate dressing gown surmounted by the shaggy white mustache and mass of silver hair, through which peered a pair of laughing and ever-young eyes, which the American public has come to know as a cherished possession. With a word of apology for the intrusion the caller said:

"Mr. Clemens, I should like to submit to you a speech which you never delivered."

"There are many," responded the humorist, obviously puzzled. "I believe that William Pitt and Edmund Burke and a few others—"

"No," interrupted the visitor, "this is one of your own speeches," and the manuscript was submitted as an evidence of good faith.

His wonderful eyes blazed on it for a moment. Then he smiled, and it all came back to him like Mississippi River sunshine, with flags flying and the band playing.

"How in the name of all that is holy—pardon me, I have been reading my daily chapter in the book of Job—but how did you say did you happen to get hold of that?"

He was told, as the facts are recounted below. "The speech is genuine and it is quite true that I did not deliver it," he said at the end. You have my permission to print it."

The circumstances of that never-delivered speech are these: The steamship St. Paul of the American Line was to have been launched from Cramp's ship-yard in Philadelphia on March 25, 1895, and according to custom, a company of prominent persons was present to witness the ceremonies. Ordinarily at the functions the launching is followed by a luncheon in the great sail loft of the ship-building works, where addresses appropriate to the occasion are made.

While the crowd was assembled on the stand awaiting the final word that should send the ship shooting into the stream, a reporter observed

"I do not mean that I care nothing at all for a whale's opinion, for that would be going to 'oo great a length. Of course, it is better to have the good opinion of a whale than his disapproval, but by position is that if you cannot have a whale's good opinion except at some sacrifice of principle or personal dignity it is better to try to live without it. That is my idea about whales."

"Yes, I have gone over that same route so often that I know my way now without a compass, just by the waves. I know all the large waves and a good many of the small ones. Also, I suspect I know every sunset and where it belongs just by its color. Necessarily, then, I do not make the passage now for scenery. That is all gone by."

ONE LONE CLAIMANT.

To Whom Martinique Fund Might Be Sent.

New York, May 14.—Mayor McClellan, after looking up the law, says that it will require a constitutional amendment to permit the city to spend the money raised to aid the sufferers in the Mont Pelée disaster. About \$1,400 was sent in, much of it in cash, and the names of the subscribers are lost. As is well known there was no need of sending money to the devastated island, as all the people near Mont Pelée were killed. As there was no call for the money it was not sent forward. Money in the custody of the city to be spent for a specific purpose cannot be spent for anything else.

"I am informed by people in the finance department," said the Mayor on Saturday, "that we are likely to have the Martinique fund with us indefinitely. I also am informed that even at 2 per cent the fund will double itself every forty-four years, and that in one thousand years this modest fund, if left undisturbed, will amount to the tidy sum of \$12,000,000,000."

It has been suggested that there may be a possible claimant for the fund in the person of the negro convict confined in the jail in Martinique at the time of the disaster. So far as known this man was the only human survivor of the disaster. He joined a circus as a freak the year after the disaster.

DESPERADO'S DARING WORK.

Robber Smashed Jeweller's Window in Winnipeg and Snatched A Tray of Diamonds.

Winnipeg, May 16.—The most daring daylight highway robbery was perpetrated on Main street yesterday afternoon during a blinding rain storm, when a man smashed the window of Henry Birk & Sons, jewelry store with a brick and then snatched a tray of diamond rings.

The desperado had evidently planned the robbery well, and was prepared to escape through every case and before smashing the windows he locked the store doors, thus preventing immediate pursuit by the staff.

After snatching the diamonds he dashed through the Bank of Montreal next door, locked the exit behind him and so far as a chase was concerned, he was a free man. In his haste, however, he upset the tray and lost fifteen out of the sixteen valuable rings it contained. These have been recovered by the police.

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The names Internal, External, Bleeding, Blind, Itching, Suppurating, etc., are simply names of the different stages through which every case will pass if it continues long enough. Piles are caused by congestion or stagnation of blood in the lower bowel, and it takes an internal remedy to remove the cause.

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RINSE WELL

Oh Bishop!—Bishop Niles, of New Hampshire, had a singular experience while attending the recent Episcopal convention in Boston. The bishop, who is a very tall, heavy man, was seated on one of the low settees in the public garden, and when he started to get up found that he had great difficulty in regaining his feet. While in the midst of his struggles a wee tot of a little girl came along and offered her assistance. The bishop ceased trying to rise, and after surveying the little girl critically, replied that she was too small to help. The little girl persisted that she could help, but the bishop was just as sure she could not. "Well," said the little girl finally, "I've helped grandpa lots of times when he was lots drunker than you are."

3,000 MILES TO SAVE DOG.

Seattle Woman Crossed Continent and Spent \$600 to Save Pet.

Philadelphia, Pa., May 15.—Brought on a three thousand mile trip from the Pacific Coast to this city to be operated upon for throat trouble, Chicanita, a pretty Yorkshire terrier has been completely restored to health. The mistress of the canine is Mrs. Isabelle Adams, a woman of much wealth, who resides at Seattle Wash.

The Yorkshire terrier is now six years old. He has been in Mrs. Adams' possession since he was a few days old and named after an Indian chief called Chicanita, who lived near Seattle. The canine is valued at more than \$500 and his name is in several of the pedigree catalogues of the Pacific Coast.

Mrs. Adams is so much attached to him that she has an entire gold service upon which to we dainty meals to the little dog. Early in the year Chicanita showed symptoms of becoming a victim of tuberculosis. His mistress became alarmed and consulted without success the authorities upon dog diseases near her home.

The animal fell into the hands of Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Adams took him to San Francisco. There she was told that the dog had throat trouble, but none of the physicians would operate upon the dog. They told Mrs. Adams that if they did so it would probably mean instant death for her pet. Mrs. Adams hastened across the continent in her search for health for Chicanita.

At Washington and New York she met with disappointment. In this city she took her dog to Dr. William H. C. Neff, of No. 224 North Second street. Dr. Neff performed the operation, with Mrs. Adams as his most interested spectator.

This was about two weeks ago and since then the canine has improved rapidly. Dr. Neff removed a large tumor in the throat, which was gradually choking the animal to death.

Including the cost of the operation, the trip across the continent and other attendant expenses, it is estimated that it cost Mrs. Adams almost \$600 to save the life of her dog.

BURNED IN FIRE.

Chinamen in San Francisco Border on Panic Over Loss of Papers.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 14.—The California Chinese are to make an effort before the highest authorities for complete re-registration of their people.

The contention of the leading Chinese is that more than 65,000 certificates of registration, a great part of which are not duplicated in Washington, were destroyed in the San Francisco fire. It is stated that there are only fifty thousand Chinese in California.

Many of the Chinese are bordering on panic for they realize that should their right to be in the United States be questioned they have nothing to show their legal residence.

For months to come any Chinese who has a possible knowledge of English and American custom will claim on arrest that his certificate was destroyed in San Francisco. The problems that now confront the immigration officials are practically insoluble. The registration now in effect was made 12 years ago. The Chinese claim that this was imperfect and in some respects on a wrong basis.

Sacramento, Cal., May 14.—Rollin Grant, cashier of the New York National Exchange Bank, yesterday placed \$10,000 in the hands of Geo. W. Pettier, vice-president of the California Bakers' Association to be used for relief outside of San Francisco. Mr. Pettier says the money probably will go to persons in Santa Rosa, San Jose and other places, where because of location, aid was not received from the general relief fund of San Francisco.

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Poultry raising pays. People who tell you that there is no money in raising chicks may have tried to make money in the business by using setting hens as hatchers, and they might as well have tried to locate a gold mine in the cabbage patch. The business of a hen is to lay eggs. As a hatcher and brooder she is out-classed. That's the business of the Chatham Incubator and Brooder, and they do it perfectly and successfully.

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