

(London (Can.) Advertiser.)

**The Electrical Girl Who Lives Again.**

It is now about three years since the *Advertiser* published the story of the Electrical Girl in the township of Romney. The tale passed through nearly all of our exchanges, and occasionally reappears now. The story in brief was that the girl, was so highly charged with electricity that she could not handle any article of steel. She was a veritable magnet, and needles, knives, etc., would cling to any part of her person. The publication excited a good deal of curiosity concerning the girl, and many people



called upon her at her home. Recently she was taken ill, and the local physicians were called in. She described her peculiar sensations. In her knee-joints severe pains were felt, shooting at intervals, as though a battery were at work and giving her intermittent shocks. The knee began to swell, and the pains spread to other parts of her body, generally becoming permanent in the joints. All the doctors could do was of very little avail. Occasionally slight relief would be obtained, but in wet or murky weather the pains would redouble in violence. Finally, when the doctors had given up treating her, and regarded her simply as a physiological wonder, a tramp called one day at the house. While he was being given a meal he was told about and asked permission to see the girl. He had been a soldier in the Crimean army, and while working in the trenches around Sebastopol, he contracted rheumatism in its most severe form, and noticing that the girl's symptoms agreed with his, he pronounced her to be suffering from rheumatism. The parents of the girl were overjoyed, but were again cast down as they recalled the fact that the doctors had said they could do nothing for her. "Why," said the tramp, "do you want to bother the doctors



about rheumatism? Get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. It cured me, and will cure any case. I know plenty of old soldiers who have been cured of chronic rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil." The advice was taken, and the so-called Electrical Girl is to-day prepared to add her testimony to the thousands of others who bear witness to the efficacy of the Great German remedy.

To the Editor of the London (Can.) Advertiser.

DEAR SIR,—As you have given me a good deal of notoriety by writing of me as the Electrical Girl, I thought I would write to tell you of my condition. . . (Here follows the recital which is summarized above.) My parents obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and to its effects I owe the fact that I am now able to walk without pain, and the swellings in the joints have all disappeared.

Yours very truly,

SUSAN J. HOFFMAN.

**The Joker Club.**

"The Pun is mightier than the Sword."

One of the "describers" of Vanderbilt's palace, New York, says one of the parlour walls is covered with low toned tapestry. This must be changed. High toned tapestry is what William paid for.—*Lockport Union*.

Chicago belles complain that there is too much profanity on the streets. Maybe they think it doesn't hurt to toss your feet up in the air and smash a coal hole top by thumping it with your head.—*Boston Transcript*.

"Strike while the iron is hot," says the proverb, but when the old man is on a strike and his wife is compelled to support the family by taking in washing, she has to iron while the strike is hot.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

The little girl who said the cat had "splinters in her feet," must be a sister to the four-year-old boy who, upon looking at a picture of His Satanic Majesty, innocently exclaimed: "Why he's got prickles in his toes."—*Norristown Herald*.

The plumber came down like a wolf on the fold; The gas leaks were big, and his cheek it was cold; But larger than leaks was the bill that he sent, For it reached from Chicago way over to Ghent.

—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

"How do you say 'pig' in German?" asked an Englishman of an American, as the vessel neared Antwerp. "You needn't say anything," replied the American; "You'll be recognized without explanation!"—*Philadelphia Sunday Item*.

An Austin Sunday-school boy was asked the meaning of the passage in the Bible about "Adam earning his bread by the sweat of his brow." "I reckon it means a fellow must eat until the sweat just runs off him."—*Texas Siftings*.

"I call that rare," said Jones, to a workman who had done some work for him. "Ah," answered the workman, highly tickled. "Yes," went on Jones, "rare, very rare, not half done." That cooked the workman, and he retired.—*Stubenville Herald*.

"If the coat fits you may put it on." He did and got thirty days for it.—*McCann, Jamestown Sunday Leader*. Some men get thirty days that deserve thirty years, and then have the sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

"The Lord helps them that help themselves," quoted the grocer's clerk, as he slipped a half dollar of the boss's money in his pocket.—*Frankford Herald*. Yes, and the last time the Lord helped that fellow he was found in Sing Sing.

Mrs. Pinkham's husband is suspected as jealous of Mr. Benson, and Mrs. Benson is in a rage. The reason for it is the so frequent exchange of profiles through the newspapers. They smile on each other and the public everywhere.

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." "Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."—*Unidentified Exchange*.

He was only a persistent collector, but he greeted his old debtor with a perennial smile as he remarked: "I suppose its the same time-worn excuse to-day—'cashier is out'—isn't it?" "Yes, cash here is out, and so am I. Good morning."—*Hackensack Republican*.

It is just after a man has received his bill for a week's seaside board that he realizes that there

is no place like home.—*Quiz*. True, dear Quiz, but when he comes to pay the milliner's bill for a set of Gainsboroughs all around, home and the seaside board bill are pretty much of a muchness.—*New Jersey Enterprise*.

A red-or-green plush  
Young girl,  
A Russian-hare muff  
Young girl;  
A little fur capery,  
Aesthetic drapery,  
Ten-acre-hat young girl.  
—*Unidentified Exchange*.

Angelina—"I have been to hear Rev. Mr. Mistigush. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He is a very learned man, you know." Frank—"What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina—"Oh, I know he must be, Frank; I couldn't understand at all what he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon."—*Boston Transcript*.

When a fond father presents his son with a new hand sled, nothing pleases him so much as to find it at the foot of the kitchen steps when he goes to the woodshed at night after coal, and have it rear up and throw him into the corner with his head in the coal scuttle and his mind in a condition no one can describe.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

They had been engaged to be married fifteen years, and still he had not mustered up resolution enough to ask her to name the happy day. One evening he called in a particular frame of mind, and asked her to sing something tender and touching—something that would "move" him. She sat down at the piano and sang, "Darling, I am growing old."—*New York Commercial*.

"Is he not coming, Myrtle?" "I guess not," is the girl's reply. "Do you regret his absence my child?" "I do, mother; how deeply you can never know. He was good for two boxes of candy per week. But he has gone from me forever," and, bursting into a storm of sobs, the girl cast herself passionately on a fauteuil and began reading the *New York Ledger*.—*Chicago Tribune*.

How was the trouble reconciled?  
When last I saw Priscilly  
Her teeth were set, and with a shriek  
That made my system chilly  
She made a dash for Josh's wife,  
And like an alligator  
She—well, to reconcile,  
I reckon 'Cilly ate her.—*Wade Whipple*.

A fastidious Poughkeepsie girl has written to the presidents of all the principal colleges in this country to inquire whether she should say "mumps is" or "mumps are." Mumps, like the measles, is probably a very singular disease.—*Exc*. "Yes it is—'tis so—it is. That was the reply from every college.

A prominent citizen whose idiosyncrasy is that of becoming intoxicated and going to bed with his clothes on, was surprised with the following the other morning, from his wife: "You were not as drunk as usual last night, Henry, dear, were you?" "Well I don't know," says he, "what makes you think so?" "Why," she replied, "I see you took your overshoes off before you went to bed."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night*.

"The Steubenville Circus-tent will please send us seven dollars and save trouble. A man who owed us that amount came in the other day to pay it, and, as we held the *Herald* up before our face reading it, he didn't even see our feet, and went out without paying. Send the money, Conn, and save costs."—*Exc*. We always go for the *Herald* as soon as the sanctum lunger appears, and feel safe from intrusion if we hold it between ourselves and the would-be visitor. It convinces the fellow that a wet blanket is meant.