

QUIPS AND CRANKS.

The Chinese language contains 40 000 characters, and nearly all of them are necessary in explaining why the Japanese have gained so many victories.

Husband: H'm—er—what's the matter with this cake? Wife (angrily): Nothing at all. The cook-book says it's the most delicious cake that can be made.

"Edith, how can you think that Mr. Littlethink is interesting?" Edith: Why, dear, he wears such beautiful chrysanthemums, and never has anything to say.

She (heatedly): I wish I had known you better before we were married. We haven't a single sentiment that we can agree upon. He: Oh, yes, we have—that last sentiment of yours.

Gentleman: I thought you were a blind beggar? Beggar: That's my lay, Guv'nor. "Well, you are not blind now." "Well, sir, can't a poor fellow take a day off occasionally?"

We are told that all things come round to those who wait, including a bald head, round shoulders, false teeth and ear trumpets, and heaps of miscellaneous trouble. This "waiting" business is not all it is cracked up to be.

Hotel Clerk (to guest from Chicago): Do you require a room with bathroom attached, sir? Guest: No, thanks; I shan't be in town more than a fortnight, and I took a bath a few weeks before I left home. Too much water isn't healthy.

Jack (on the borderland): Can you play any of the latest marches? Maud (lady in waiting): No; I don't know any of the new things. Sophie (mutual friend): She hasn't practiced anything for six months but that old wedding march from Lohengrin.

"But, papa," wailed the young woman, "you can have no idea of how he loves me. He is willing to die for me this minute." "Well," said the old man, scratching his chin thoughtfully, "I don't know that I have any objection to that. I was afraid he wanted to marry you."

Lady: Well, what do you want? Tramp: Me and me pal's left a dispute to you, mim. "What is the dispute?" "As to whether you looks more like Mrs. Langtry or Helen of Troy. We had a bet of a lunch on it, mim; and if you'd kindly decide the bet and loan us the lunch we'd be much obliged."

A young Scotchman was once halting betwixt two loves; one possessed of beauty, and the other of a cow. In despair of arriving at a decision he applied for advice to a canny compatriot, who delivered himself thus: "Marry the lass that has the coo, for there's no the difference o' the coo's value in any twa weemin in Christendom."

Scene, Barber Shop. Tonsorial Artist (surveying his victim): Your hair is getting very thin, sir. Victim: Yes; I have been treating it with antifat. I never liked stout hair. Artist: You really should put something on it. Victim: So I do—every morning. Artist: May I ask what? Victim: My hat. The rest was silence.

A couple of Irishmen were standing near a cotton press in a Texas town watching the huge bales of cotton being reduced to their lowest numerators and denominators, so, to speak. "Tim, I'd loike to put ye under that and squeeze the devil out of yez," said one o' them. "Would ye, indade?" was the reply. "Squeeze the devil out of yerself and there would be nothing left."

Count M— had been out for a day's sport, but had killed nothing. Returning home, he met a little country lad carrying a live rabbit, which the count purchased of him at the price of one franc. But it was necessary that his game should exhibit shot marks; wherefore he hung the rabbit by a rope to the branch of a tree, stood at a distance of a few paces, fired—and severed the

rope which secured the rabbit! The nimble creature ran off, and the count went home with an empty bag.

Two negroes were in partnership down in a distant hamlet in the State of Virginia. They quarrelled and issued the following notice:

NOTIS.

De co-partnership heretofore resisting 'twixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owes de late firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owes will settle wid Mose.

(Signed) George Washington Brown.
(De other partner).

To nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a priceless boon, for it not only strengthens the mother, but also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. For those about to become mothers, it is even more valuable, for it lessens the perils and pains of childbirth and shortens labor. Of all dealers.

Ovarian, fibroid and other tumors cured without resort to surgical operation. For pamphlet, testimonials and references send 10 cents (for postage) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

"Great is Acetocura."

185 Madison street,
Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr. S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "achey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action.

Respectfully yours,
P. O. BAUER.
(P. O. Bauer & Co.)

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