

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

STORIES AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Using a Boy—His Art—A Sordid Suggestion—Ample Explanation—Heant His Watch, Etc., Etc.

NO COMFORT THERE.
Mad Subscriber—My name's Smith, Editor (coolly)—Yes; I've heard it before. Three Smiths hang for horse stealing in 1881.
Mad Subscriber—You're a liar, sir! My family dived in their beds!
Editor—Ah! I see. Shot 'em 'fore you had a chance to escape!—[Atlantic Institution.

HIS ART.
Mad Subscriber—Ah, Miss Budd, let me introduce Signor Barbini, the great artist. Miss Budd (enthusiastically)—I am so glad to meet you. What is your speciality in drawing?
Signor Barbini (of the opera)—Crowds, Signorina, crowds.

"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD," ETC.
Edith—And so that is the great leader society? Why, I thought he owned an establishment, I have noticed him coming out so often.
Edith—Of course. He goes in daily to have his hat stretched.—[Judge.

A SORDID SUGGESTION.
Since this is leap year, isn't it of course the proper thing for the young woman in the case to purchase her own ring?
—[Washington Star.

AMPLE EXPLANATION.
She (in affright)—Oh, Tom, why do you make such awful faces at me?
He (contemptuously)—I can't help it, dear. My eyes are falling off and I don't want to let go of your hands.—[Judge.

MEANT HIS WATCH.
Miss—Say, Lily, I saw Fred Hardup going into a pawnbroker's yesterday. What ever could he be doing there?
Lily—Oh, I don't know—passing his watch away, maybe!

AN INVARIABLE SETTLER.
George—What's that? You don't call regularly on Miss Sweetie any more? Has she rejected you?
Jack (sighing)—No; I didn't propose.
George—Sura?
Jack—Sura as shooting. One night I went to admire one of her rings and she picked up a trifle closer to examine it and she said, you know.

GEORGE REFLECTIVELY.—Y-e-a, I know. Jack—Well, she took it off and handed it to me.—[Judge.

NOTHING IS MADE FOR NOTHING.
Every part of even the smallest animal's structure is or has been of use to him. Otherwise it never would have been developed.
"Can you tell me, my friend," said an elderly gentleman to the keeper of the menagerie, "what the hump on that animal's back is for?"

"What is it for?"
"Well, of what value is it?"
"Well, it's lots of value. De camel couldn't be no good without it."
"Why not?"
"Why not? Ye don't suppose people'd pay to see a camel without any hump on its back?"

TIME TO UNDERSTAND HER.
Jones (who has quarrelled with his sweetheart, Cora Bellows)—And shall she be parting for ever, Miss Bellows?
Cora Bellows—Of course it shall, unless I told you it should every time she ever quarrelled? It looks like you ought to understand me by this time.

MUCH OUT OF LITTLE.
"Shallow is a man of rather small calibre, isn't he?"
"His wife makes much of him."
"It's surprising where she gets the material to do so."

HAPPILY DESCRIBED.
"What a str Belle and her young man making down stairs," said Mrs. Brown, as the sounds of laughter came rattling up from below at a late hour.
"A str!" said Mr. Brown. "That's a very natural. They're having a spoon."

SURE ENOUGH.
"Oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Passe, with little scream of delight, "there's an advertisement in the paper which says, 'We've wanted.'"
"What's that to us?" said Miss May. "We're not wives."

HE WAS A NOVICE.
Benefactor—Are you too weak to work?
Trump (indignantly)—Sir!
Benefactor—I mean, does it make you tired to work?
Trump—I don't know. I never tried to find out.

SEA SICK.
They were in love, their parents opposed the match, and, by a curious coincidence, they were sent abroad in the same ship.
"And held each other's hands all the way?"
"No; heads."

MAKE AND LET.
Mabel was sitting on the floor playing with her doll, when her aunt said to her: "Mabel, put down your doll and come and see these dolls."
"Oh, auntie, do you mean anything?"

WILLING TO CHIP IN.

Old Bagley—You couldn't support my daughter, sir. I can hardly do it myself.

Young Brace—Possibly not; but every little helps.

WOMAN'S TALK.
When you find two women conversing to-day
With earnestness, if not afraid
To listen, you'll surely hear one of them say,
"And how are you having it made?"
—[New York Press.

PLEASES A BOY.
Paterfamilias—Have you boys' bicycles?
Dealer—Yes, sir. Do you want a safety or the other kind?
"Hum! Lot's see. Is a safety so named because it is safe?"
"Yes, sir."
"Perfectly safe?"
"Absolutely, sir."
"Then I feel very sure my boy will prefer the other kind."—[Good News.

HARD AT WORK.
Mr. Stokes—What course are you taking at college?
Charlie Rahrah—Oh, I'm a "Special Student."
Mr. Stokes—What studies do you have?
Charlie Rahrah—Baseball and Old Testament History, with three cuts a week on the history.—[Puck.

A WAY OUT OF THE DIFFICULTY.
"I haven't seen your wife out lately, Mr. Goodheart?"
"No. She sleeps at home these days."
"Is she ailing?"
"No. The fact of the matter is, I took her home two of the handsomest bonnets I could find in town, and said she might make a choice of either and I would buy it for her. She has been busy night and day ever since trying to make a choice, and was still as undecided as ever when I left this morning."

YOU SHOULD HELP HER OUT OF HER DILEMMA.
"How can I?"
"Why, take one of them away from her and carry it back to the store. That'll be the one she'll want."—[New York Press.

HORRORS ON HORROR'S HEAD.
Algy (much agitated)—Gwacious! Have you heard that the trouble between Canby and Cheekerton has resulted in a duel?
Jack—Merely no!
Algy—Vas; you should have seen them face each other, pale but intrepid. Lots were drawn, and Canby, poor old fellow, must wear a turn-down collar for the next six months!—[Harper's Bazar.

POPULAR SCIENCE NOTES.

TO CUT GLASS WITH CHEMICALS.—To cut glass with chemicals all that is necessary is to draw a line across it with a quill pen dipped in a strong alcoholic solution of corrosive sublimate. After drying draw the same line with the pen dipped in nitric acid.

PHOTOGRAPHING A RIVER BED.—An instrument has been invented in Germany by which the profile of a river bed may be taken automatically with sufficient accuracy. A curved arm rests on the bottom of the river, and, by means of a recording mechanism, the depth is automatically and precisely regulated on a revolving drum.

THE SUN'S DIRECT RAYS.—The importance of having the direct rays of the sun in health resorts was recently made the subject of an interesting address, in which it was stated that only those climates where even a delicate person can sit or lie for several hours a day during winter, basking in the sunshine, are to be recommended for most complaints. Hyeres and Mentone have great advantages, for example, over other neighboring places, because these are so well sheltered from the mistral or northwest wind, which is the scourge of the Rhone Valley.

A FOLLY-PEOPLED EARTH.—From a series of researches and calculations by M. Ravenstein, a French geographer, it appears that over-population of the globe and the beginning of human decadence may be nearer at hand than most of us have supposed to be possible. The present population, 1,467,000,000 individuals, is distributed over the continents and islands, exclusive of polar regions, in the proportion of 31 inhabitants to the English square mile. Dividing the entire land surface, 46,350,000 square miles, into three sections, this author finds that fertile lands occupy, in round numbers, 28,000,000 square miles, steppes 14,000,000, and deserts 4,000,000. He estimates that the maximum number of person that can be supported throughout the respective regions is 207 per square mile on the fertile lands, 10 on the steppes, and 1 per square mile on the deserts. The present average for India is 175, for China 295, for Japan 264. The investigator concludes that the greatest number of persons the land surface can sustain is 5,994,000,000. The total increase in population is now 8 per cent. per decade—being 8.7 in Europe, 6 in Asia, 10 in Africa, 30 in Australia and Oceania, 20 in North America, and 15 in South America—and at that rate the earth will have acquired all the inhabitants it can maintain in about 180 years, or in 2072. Quite curiously, this date is about that fixed by geologists for the exhaustion of Great Britain's coal supply.

IT IS GENERALLY FELT THAT THE FURTHER THE SOUTHERN COURSE OF THE SPRING.

THE SARATOGA MIRACLE.

FURTHER INVESTIGATED BY AN EXPRESS REPORTER.

THE FACTS ALREADY STATED FULLY CONFIRMED—INTERVIEWS WITH LEADING PHYSICIANS WHO TREATED QUANT—THE MOST MARVELOUS CASE—IN THE HISTORY OF MEDICAL SCIENCE.

A few weeks ago an article appeared in this paper copied from the Albany, N. Y., Journal, giving the particulars of one of the most remarkable cures of the 19th century. The article was under the heading "A Saratoga Co. Miracle," and excited such widespread comment that another Albany paper—the Express—detailed a reporter to make a thorough investigation of the statements appearing in the Journal's article. The facts as elicited by the Express reporter are given in the following article, which appeared in that paper on April 16th, and makes one of the most interesting stories ever related.

A few weeks ago there was published in the Albany Evening Journal the story of a most remarkable—indeed so remarkable as to well justify the term "miraculous"—cure of a severe case of locomotor ataxia, or creeping paralysis, simply by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, and, in compliance with instructions, an Express Reporter has been devoting some time in a critical investigation of the real facts of the case.

The story of the wonderful cure of Charles A. Quant, of Gaiway, Saratoga County, N. Y., as first told in the Journal, has been copied into hundreds of newspapers and created such a sensation throughout the entire country that it was deemed a duty due all the people, and especially the thousands of similarly afflicted, that the statements of the case as made in the Albany Journal, and copied into so many other newspapers should, if true, be verified or refuted as an imposition upon public credulity.

The result of the Express reporter's investigations authorizes him in saying that the story of Charles A. Quant's cure of locomotor ataxia by the use of Pink Pills for Pale People, a popular remedy prepared and put up by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Morristown, N. Y., and Brockville, Ontario, IS TRUE, and that all its statements are not only justified but verified by the fuller development of the further facts of the case.

Perhaps the readers of the Express are not all of them fully familiar with the details of this marvelous restoration to health of a man who after weeks and months of treatment by the most skillful doctors in two of the best hospitals in the State of New York—the Roosevelt Hospital in New York City and St. Peter's Hospital in Albany—was dismissed from each as incurable and, because the case was deemed incurable, the man was denied the special care of Dr. Ware, to which application was made in his behalf.

The story as told by Mr. Quant himself and published in the Albany Journal, is as follows: "My name is Charles A. Quant; I am 37 years old; I was born in the village of Gaiway and excepting while traveling on business and a little on a winter, have resided here ever since. Up to about eight years ago I had never been sick and was then in perfect health. I was fully six feet tall, weighed 140 pounds and was very strong. For 12 years was traveling salesman for a piano and organ company, and had to do, or at least did do, a great deal of heavy lifting, got my meals very irregularly and slept in every 'spare bed' in country houses to freeze an ordinary man to death, or at least give him the rheumatism. About eight years ago I began to feel distress in my stomach, and consulted several doctors about it. They all said it was dyspepsia, and for dyspepsia I was treated by various doctors in different places, and took the patent medicines I could hear of that claimed to be a cure for dyspepsia. But I continued to grow gradually worse for four years. Then I began to have pain in my back and legs and became conscious that my legs were getting weak and my step unsteady, and then I staggered when I walked, and my back and legs were so stiff that I could not get from the sharp and distressing pains so to take any exercise. The pain was so intense at times that it seemed as though I could not stand it, and I almost longed for death as the only certain relief. In September of 1888 my legs gave out entirely and my left eye was drawn to one side, so that I had double sight and was dizzy. My trouble so affected my whole nervous system that I had to give up business. Then I returned to my home and went to the Roosevelt Hospital, where for four months I was treated by specialists and they pronounced my case locomotor ataxia and incurable. After I had been under treatment by Prof. Starr and Dr. Ware for four months, they told me they had done all they could for me. Then I went to St. Peter's Hospital on Fifth Street, where, upon examination, they said I was incurable and would not take me in. At the Presbyterian Hospital they examined me and told me the same thing. In March, 1890, I was taken to St. Peter's Hospital in Albany, where Prof. H. H. Hunn frankly told my wife my case was hopeless; that he could do nothing for me and that she had better take me back home and save my money. But I wanted to make a trial of Prof. Hunn's famous skill and I remained under his treatment for nine weeks, but secured no benefit. All this time I had been growing worse. I had become entirely paralyzed from my waist down and had partly lost control of my hands. The pain was terrible; my legs felt as though they were freezing and my stomach would not receive food, for I fell away to 120 pounds. In the Albany Hospital they put seventeen big burns on my back one day with red iron, and after a few days they put twelve more burns on and treated me with electricity, but I got worse rather than better, and lost control of my bowels and bladder, and upon advice of the doctor, who said upon a hope for me, I was brought home, where it was thought that death would soon come to relieve me of my sufferings. Last September, while in this helpless and suffering condition, a friend of mine in Hamilton, Ont., called my attention to the statement of one John Marshall, whose case had been similar to my own, and who had been cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In this case Mr. Marshall, who is a prominent member of the Royal Templars of Temperance, had, after four years of constant treatment by the most eminent Canadian physicians, been pronounced incurable. He followed by the order of the Royal Templars of Temperance, and after some months after Mr. Marshall had begun a course of treatment with Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking some 15 boxes was fully restored to health. I thought I would try them, and my wife sent for ten boxes from them, and I began, according to the directions on the wrapper on each box. For the first few days the cold baths were pretty severe as I was so very weak, but I continued to follow instructions as to taking the pills and the treatment, and even before I had used up the two boxes of the pills I began to feel better, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable.

Such is the wonderful story which the Express reporter has succeeded in securing verification of in all its details from the hospital records where Mr. Quant was treated and from the doctors who had the case in hand and who pronounced him incurable. Let it be remembered that all this hospital treatment was two and three years ago, while his cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, has been effected since last September, 1891. So it is beyond a doubt evident that his recovery is wholly due to the use of these famous pills which have been found to have made such remarkable cures in this and other cases.

Mr. Quant placed in the hands of the reporter a certificate of admission to Roosevelt Hospital, which is here reproduced in further confirmation of his statements:—

(RECORDED BY)
ROOSEVELT HOSPITAL.
OUT-PATIENT.
No. 14037. Admitted Sept. 16, 89.
Chas. Quant.
Age 34. Birthplace, N.Y.
Civil Condition, Married.
Occupation, Piano Agency.
Residence, 7 Park Ave., N.Y.
Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
(OVER.)

To verify Mr. Quant's statement our reporter a few days ago, began to feel better, and now, after the use of eight boxes of the pills, at a cost only \$4.00—see!—I can with the help of a cane only, walk all about the house and yard, can saw wood, and on pleasant days walk down town. My stomach trouble is gone; I have gained 10 pounds; I feel like a new man, and when the spring opens I expect to be able to renew my organ and piano agency. I cannot speak in too high terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, as I know they saved my life after all the doctors had given me up as incurable.

By means of this letter access to the records was permitted and a transcript of the history of Mr. Quant's case made from them as follows: "No. 14,037. Admitted September 16th, 1889. Charles A. Quant, aged 34 years. Born U. S. History of the case:—Dyspepsia for past four or five years. About 14 months partial loss of power and numbness in lower extremities. Girdling sensation about abdomen. (November 29th, 1889, not improved, external strabismus of left eye and dilatation of left eye.) Some dizziness in passing water at times; no headache but some indigestion; alternate diarrhoea and constipation; partial ptosis past two weeks in left eye.

"Ord. R. F. B. pip. and Sola."
These are the marked symptoms of a severe case of locomotor ataxia. And Dr. Starr said a case with such marked symptoms could not be cured and Quant, who was receiving treatment in the out-patient department, was given up as incurable."
"There never was a case recovered in the world," said Dr. Starr. And then said: "Dr. Ware can tell you more about the case as Quant was under his more personal treatment. I am surprised, he said 'that the man recovered, as I thought he must be dead long ago.'"

Our reporter found Dr. Edward Ware at his office, No. 162 West Ninety-third street, New York. He said: "I have very distinct recollections of the Quant case. It was a very pronounced case. I treated him several months. This was in the early summer of 1889. I deemed him incurable, and thought him dead before now. Imagine my surprise when I received a letter from him about two weeks ago telling me that he was alive, was getting well and expected soon to be fully recovered."

"What do you think, doctor, was the cause of his recovery?"
"It is more than I know. Quant says he has been taking some sort of pills and that they have cured him. At all events, I am glad the poor fellow is getting well, for he was a bad case and he was a great sufferer."
Dr. Theodore R. Tuttle, of 31 West Eighteenth street, with our reporter is residing at a neighboring hospital, said several cases of this disease in the course of my practice. I will not say that it is incurable, but I never knew of a case to get well; but I will say it is not deemed curable by any remedies known to the medical profession.

After this successful and confirmatory investigation in New York, our reporter, Saturday, April 2d, 1892, visited St. Peter's Hospital, in Albany, corner of Albany and Ferry streets. He had a courteous reception by Sister Mary Philomena, the sister superior of St. Peter's Hospital, and when told of the case of Mr. Quant, she remembered the case. Said she: "It was a very distressing case and excited my sympathies much. Poor fellow, he couldn't be cured and had to go home in a terrible condition of helplessness and suffering." The house physician, on consulting the records of St. Peter's Hospital, found that Charles A. Quant was entered by Dr. Henry Hunn, assisted by Dr. Van Derveer, who was then, 1890, at the head of the hospital, and that his case being deemed not possible of cure, he left the hospital and was taken to his home, as he supposed to die.

Such is the full history of this most remarkable case of successful recovery from a heretofore supposed incurable disease, and after all the doctors had given him up by the simple use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Truly it is an interesting story of a most miraculous cure of a distressing disease by the simple use of this popular remedy.

A further investigation revealed the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is generally understood, but are a scientific preparation successfully used in general practice for many years before being offered to the public generally. They contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale or sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature.

Our further inquiry the writer found that these pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ontario, and Morristown, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or half dozen) at 50 cents a box, or six cents or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Tragic Joking.

A remarkable story of practical joking is related of a young Frenchman in the "Souvenirs d'un Vieux Libraire." The old fable of the boy who cried "wolf" too often has had few such tragic illustrations in fact. Oswald, a witty and original Parisian, had a mania for practical joking. He was very amusing to his friends, but when his talents were exerted to avenge some wrong there was more bitterness than fun in his wit.

One evening, when a man who had not treated him politely gave a reception, he revenged himself cruelly. The man was slightly deformed. All the hunchbacks of Paris, five hundred in number, presented themselves at his reception! They had received notices from Oswald that if they would go to this address, on this evening, they would learn of a legacy which had been left them.

When a play, written by a man who had roused his anger by reading a newspaper at the wedding of one of his friends, was produced, he prevented its success by inducing two hundred and fifty of his friends to attend it carrying great books. These young men, who occupied prominent seats, read their books while the performance was going on, and whenever there was any applause each one of them, as if moved by clockwork, turned over a leaf. The rustling of the leaves and the spectacle of the men absorbed in reading made the performance a complete failure.

Oswald's friends were always on the lookout for some ruse. He once notified them that on New Year's day he should get the best of them all in some joke, and New Year's morning each received this notice: "Remember." They were on their guard.

As they were leaving a house where they had breakfasted, Oswald suddenly slipped on the steps and fell on his back on the sidewalk. His friends rushed to his assistance, but paused before they reached him.

"This is his ruse," some one said. "Clearly, the man who was so proud of his talent for mimicry was bent on deceiving them all into thinking him a dying man, for he lay there moaning pitifully, his face drawn and twisted as if with terrible pain."

His friends stood around and made jokes and puns, and hummed lines of comic songs, assuring him all the while that they were not deceived by his acting. At last he gave a hoarse, mournful cry, looked at them sadly, and then ceased to moan or writhe. In a never-to-be-forgotten moment of horror and sorrow his friends realized that Oswald was dead.

There are five girls in one family in Eastern Maine, that together weigh 1,052 pounds. The oldest, who is 35 years old, weight 210; the second, 33 years, 238; the third, 31 years, 210; the fourth, 29 years, 200; the youngest, 26 years, 194. All but the youngest are married. The father weighs 210 pounds and the mother 130.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Importations of seed from Canada are confined to peas.

Ladies often compare notes on health, and while they may differ on many points, they always agree that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard female medicine.

The Josephine (Oregon) caves have been explored for about ten miles.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle. Spain is taking vigorous measures to punish Anarchists.

The worst cases of female weakness readily yielded to Dr. Swan's Pastilles. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

Ohio will turn out 25,000,000 bushels of wheat this year.

LOOK—We furnish five H. P. Upright Engine and Steel Boiler for \$100 complete. Other sizes in proportion. Address AMERICAN ENGINE, Springfield, Ohio.

\$50.00—A bright, energetic man or woman would like to take the safe agency for an article which sells in every town or country. It is a very easy and profitable business. Send for the right paper. Good news is worth a price. Write to us.

A WEEK

J. W. JONES, Manager, Springfield, Ohio.