

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Cleared from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

Partiment.

The force and value of a remark depend largely on the age and standing of the person who utters it. Leslie Robinson is a boy about four years old. His father was employed for a few days by two maiden sisters, who had some work to be done about their place.

One of them, wishing to see him, said to the other, "Where is Robinson?" Leslie overheard the question, and responded at once in a very demure, drawing manner:

"How—would—it—do—to—call—him—Mister—Robinson?" — *Youth's Companion.*

An Honest Old Rascal.

An old man who takes out ash barrels for a family in Newton was suspected by the mistress of having stolen some tamarinds she had in the cellar. She sent for the man to come to see her, and on being charged with the theft he replied:

"Waal, I saw 'em, and I wanted 'em, and I took 'em, and I ate 'em, and they done me good."

The last clause in the confession of theft was rewarded by a gift of more tamarinds.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Insisting on Accuracy.

The prize-fighters were in their corners, awaiting the call of time. "May the best man win!" yelled an excited man in the crowd.

The referee, a man from Boston, raised his hand authoritatively. "Hold!" he exclaimed, in a voice of thunder. "I cannot permit that to pass uncorrected. May the better man win! Proceed with the contention, gentlemen. The moment has arrived."

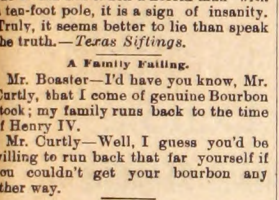
Out of Her Head.

A well-dressed and pretty young woman, who went about in New York saying that she wanted to get married, was promptly clapped into an insane asylum. When a woman wants a husband and does not continually declare she would not touch a horrid man with a ten-foot pole, it is a sign of insanity. Truly, it seems better to lie than speak the truth.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Family Feiling.

Mr. Boaster—I'd have you know, Mr. Curly, that I come of genuine Bourbon stock; my family runs back to the time of Henry IV.

Mr. Curly—Well, I guess you'd be willing to run back that far yourself if you couldn't get your bourbon any other way.



Mrs. McFaddon—Well, what nix? Ef thar sint one o' them Murray Hill gals wid her 'ole mans coat on, same as me!—*Life.*

Cravling Out.

Wife (in a new costume)—What do you think of this? Husband (in disgust)—What a gown!

Wife (angrily)—You brute! This is the very latest style—the Wateau gown.

Husband (sarcas)—That's what I said, m' dear. Wateau gown.—*New York Weekly.*

A Rising Young Man.

"Charley is a very bright lad, isn't he?" "Yes, indeed. He is a rising young man."

"Let's see. Where is he employed now?" "He is running the elevator in the Board of Trade building. Let's go in and see him rise."—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Ornamental, also Useful.

Mrs. Suddenrich—What awful nice spoons them are.

Dealer—Yes, madam; they are our very latest designs.

Mrs. S.—Are they to eat fruit with? Dealer—They are souvenir spoons, madam.

Mrs. S.—Gimme a dozen. Our new French cook makes elegant souvenir.—*New York Weekly.*

Crushed.

The tall youth spoke with a sharp ring in his voice. "I will not be treated as a boy any longer, Maud (Perigo)" he said. "I consider myself a man. I am old enough, at all events, to raise a beard!"

The young lady looked searchingly at the shaded upper lip of her impetuous admirer.

"Then why don't you do it, Harry?" she asked with a plaintive sigh.

Unexpected Obstacle.

"I'm pretty good at tinkering with buzzsaws," softly chuckled the bank robber as he deposited his booty in a bag and turned to go. "What's to hinder me from going into politics?"

"Some other fellow may have a bigger bar!" responded the watching detective, coming forward and submitting for his close inspection the muzzle of a 44-caliber gun.

Substantial Reasons.

Ticks—I see you fellows here in the story have given young Goslow a nick-name.

Wickles—Yes, we call him "Jury." "Why do you call him Jury?"

"Because he's always sitting on a case."

NOTES FOR HOME CONSUMPTION.

Some Practical Advice on How Not to Have a Comfortable Home.

There is no department of a parlor that should appeal more strongly to the mind of domestic comfort than that colored by useful information which generally bears some such head as Home or Household Notes, says the Detroit Free Press. They are, as a rule, readable, and even when they are not scintillating with such grace and beauty as we look for in the kind of writing that comes under the head of literature, yet they are so full of useful information, that they are not only well worth reading, but of sufficient value to warrant one in cutting it out to be pasted in the list for ready reference.

As a rule these notes are in the interest not only of economy, but in the interest of the art of circumventing various pests and of overcoming obstacles that serve to mar the harmony of the spirit of the home beautiful.

We therefore feel that in printing a few notes on the same noble subject that we are helping to fill a long-felt want, and to lead many a brother groping in the dark into the light of our own private lamp of knowledge, which has just been filled and trimmed for the occasion and is warranted not to burn.

To get rid of Croton bugs, take an ordinary paper bag, such as flour comes in, and bait it with almost anything, from cold hominy to potato skins. Lay the bag on its side, and in a few minutes the bugs will begin to flock into it in great numbers. When you think it is about half full approach the bag noiselessly, as though drawing upon a flock of canvas-backs, quickly tip the bag into a standing position, draw the top together and thrust the bag into the kitchen range.

To make the washing easy for the girl provide her with a rowing-machine and have her pull about forty strokes a minute for an hour before retiring at night. With a lively imagination she will soon fancy she is drifting over Lake Placid, after the manner of her mistress, who is so represented by a photograph in the library. She will also get the smell of her back into such an elastic condition that she will bob gracefully up and down the washboard, and from the association of the water feel that she is indulging in a twilight row, while tears of joy fill her liquid blue eyes, and the first lily star shines more softly in the mountain dusk.

To save the money that is required for the purchase of bath brick to put the desired enamel on the knife-blades, have the girl go out and puncture the earth with them. This will give them a fine Birmingham (England) polish, even if they were manufactured in Birmingham, Conn. If the ground happens to be frozen the knife may be driven in to the hilt by the process of hammering. But this does not hold good with razors, which should never be used for prying covers off of boxes, tacks from the floor, or sharpening slate pencils, any more than the can-opener should be used as a substitute for the embroidery scissors that were ruined in cutting through various strips of oil-cloth.

To keep the dog from barking in the middle of the night, take a strap about two inches wide, put the same around his neck and draw his buckle back to the last hole and fasten so tight that while the dog can breathe comfortably, an attempt to bark will make him the unhappy possessor of an ulcerated sore throat that will distress him from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail to such an extent that if a burglar appears he, the dog, will depend on the baby to give the alarm.

If you would have the milk sweet, even during a thunderstorm, be sure to patronize nothing but the condensed article. It would also be a departure embodying a big element of gilt edged wisdom to keep only canned chicken in the establishment if you live in a neighborhood that includes three or four specimens of the African race. If you would get ahead in life and economize on provisions, always weigh your meat and groceries in the presence of the representative, of those worthies who they deliver them, and be sure to be supplied with a pair of scales that will make the things appear lighter than they are.

To preserve your shoes against the teeth of time that delight in biting holes in them, make it a point to wear rubbers in all kinds of weather. It is no worse, or rather no more inconsistent, to wear rubbers on a dry day than it is to carry an umbrella on a day of softest sunshine.

To keep rats at a decent distance from the house throw bits of Limburger cheese around in the kitchen and pantry. The rats will then fly for their lives, knowing that in a day you will have to cast the cheese out, and allow them to return in triumph.

If you would keep your Dresden china intact, keep it for ornament only, and use some cheap imitation ware on your table.

To keep the canary from singing, put a moist shawl over the cage to keep out the sunshine and gave him tonsillitis chilblains.

To prevent the small boy from falling down the well, have only a pump on the premises.

To prevent the ashes from blowing in your face during the process of sifting, always turn your back to the wind. Although this may seem the obvious thing to do, very few people ever think of doing it.

To escape the mortification of having your clothes line robbed, always dry your things on a clothes horse in the kitchen.

In Hard Luck.

A man at Woodland, Pa., lost \$400 by a recent bank failure. The mind of his wife became somewhat affected, and, having \$3,000 in government bonds in the house which he feared she might destroy, he took them out to the currier and secreted them in what he supposed was a safe "nook." The other day he went out to take a look at the bonds and found that the rats had totally demolished them.

New Pupil.

Oh, I just love our school; so many girls, and no end to the boys—Johnny—Lush! I know better'n that!

He Wouldn't Stand It.

There are probably more funny incidents at the Union Depot Bureau of information in a given space of time than at any similar place. As is generally known, a parcel checked at the bureau has to be redeemed by the payment of a dime. A ruddy-faced hayseed stepped up to the window Saturday and said:

"Keep this for me." "Pay for it wen you got it," replied the clerk, preparing to stamp and put a check on it.

"What?" queried the rustic in a surprised tone.

"Pay 10 cents when you got it," reiterated the clerk.

"Wall, I guess I won't," drawled the hayseed. "That collar only cost 10 cents, ding it. You fellows have got gall, I swan."

He walked away very much hurt.—*Albany Argus.*

The Poor Young Wife.

"I want," she said, hesitatingly, as she poised her basket in front of her pretty chin with a thoughtful air, "to get some lettuce."

"Yes'm," said the market man; "here's some; very nice it is, too."

"Is it all that color?"

"Why-er-yes'm; all lettuce is green, you know."

"Oh, of course; but it's too bad. I got a lovely blue dish to put lettuce in, but I'm sure green would look horrible in it. I never thought about there not being any shades, you know."

And as she turned away the market man was almost sure he saw a tear of disappointment in her eye.—*Washington Post.*

He Knew His Gait.

At 10 o'clock the other night a dainty young man, with a step as mincing as a rabbit's, was sailing down Lexington avenue with an umbrella over his head when a policeman growled at him:

"You don't expect a thunder-shower, do you?"

"No, thir, I don't expect no thunder-shower," replied the young man.

"Didn't know but you were carrying that umbrella to keep off the rain."

"No, thir, I am carrying thir umbrella to keep the dew off my ears, thir. The dew makes a fellow's ears look red, ye know, and red ears isn't the style, you thea, and good-night to you, old man!"—*N. Y. World.*

A Bad Break.

At 10 o'clock the other night a dainty young man, with a step as mincing as a rabbit's, was sailing down Lexington avenue with an umbrella over his head when a policeman growled at him:

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Raggs (to fellow-tramp)—Gosh! Why did they set the dogs on ye?

Taggs—I axed that woman up there if she couldn't fix me out wid some cast-off clothes, an', by thunder, she's an old maid!—*Judge.*

He Knew Them.

Ballet Girl—I am going to quit the stage entirely, so I'll just consider myself discharged at the end of the week.

Manager—Why, what's the matter?" "I am going to marry a rich Wall street man."

"My dear young lady. You don't need a discharge. A month's leave of absence will answer the purpose very well."—*Texas Siftings.*

Inherited.

Miss Maidmaid—Do you know, Miss Haughty, that I think your neighbor—the debutante at last evening's reception—is destined to shine in society circles.

Miss Haughty—She ought to. Her father was a bootblack long enough to insure her inheriting remarkable shining qualities.

Wise Man.

She—How do you expect me to pay much attention to you when you pay so much attention to other girls?"

He—Because if I did not pay so much attention to other girls you would not pay so much attention to me.—*Harper's Bazar.*

His Explanation.

Two children were playing on the sidewalk, and a lady passed them. "She's a grass widow," said one.

"What's a grass widow?" asked the other.

"Gracious! Don't you know that?" was the scornful reply; "why, her husband died of hay fever."—*Life.*

Irresistible Attractions.

Sanso—There is one thing that every woman likes to have a finger in.

Rodd—What's that?" Sanso—An engagement ring.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Strange, But True.

There was never a girl so homely that she could live happy without a looking glass.—*Somerville Journal.*

Finger Nails.

An eminent German bacteriologist has recently been studying the impurities found under the finger nails, and has discovered abundant evidence to support popular idea that there is something particularly poisonous about the scum of the nail. In seventy-eight examinations made by the authority referred to, more than fifty different kinds of germs, besides various sorts of mold spores, were found present. These experiments emphasize the necessity of frequently and carefully cleaning the finger nails.

Thousands of Foundlings.

There were 25,000 abandoned children in France last year. The cost of maintaining the foundling asylums of the Republic was about \$1,500,000. This represented the support of 97,000 children. France leads all of the countries of Europe in orphan asylums.

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