HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Whistling for a Lobster.

John Rathburn, who is one of the stingiest men in Galveston, went to the fish market last Sunday. He was accompanied by his dog, which animal's tail was seized by a live lobster. The dog started for home at full speed, the lobster still retaining its hold on the dog's continuation.

"Whistle for your dog to come back," exclaimed the indignant fishmonger.

"Whistle for your lobster to come back," retorted Rathburn."—*Siftings.*

A Delicate Question.

One afternoon as the Hon. W. C. Raines, a lawyer well known in Western New York, was traveling over the Central he was approached by the conductor, who was one of his innumerable friends, and who announced that he wanted his advice on a rather delicate matter.

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, Mr. Raines, the fact is, there's a big, two-fisted fellow forward in the smoker that won't pay his fare."

"Well?"

"Well, what I want to ask you is: Had I better let him ride free, or take a licking?"—*Drake's Magazine.*

A Narrow Escape.

They were telling some pretty tough stories, and presently his turn came.

"Yes," he began, clearing his throat, "people lose their lives sometimes in the foolishest sort o' way. I recollect an Irishman, poor fellow, who some years ago sat down on what he s'posed was a keg o' black sand to smoke his dudeen. After finishin' his fust pipe he got up an' knocked the live ashes right into the keg."

"Many killed besides him?" asked a breathless listner.

"Many what?"

"Killed—blown up."

"Oh, there wusn't no explosion, nuthin' explosive 'bout black sand.—*Free Press.*

Cold Facts.

"We had a very cold winter," said a traveling man to a Westerner on a train between Milwaukee and St. Paul.

"Yes," was the response, "purty cold. Colder up here, I guess, than it was in your State."

"I don't know about that; it was so cold along the lake shore that stove lids froze in the holes, and when a man went to bed at night he had to break the covers with a club before he could turn them down to get under them."

"That's rawther cool, but it's not a patchin' to what we have up in this country. I'll tell you a little experience I had in January. I run a livery stable, and a mountain tough came in to hire a rig. It was so cold that I wouldn't let anything go out, and the cuss got mad and begun to tear around. I follered him out on the street, and the first thing I knowed, he had his pistol out, pointin' it right at me. I thought I was a goner and backed off about twenty feet when he blazed away."

"Did he hit you?"

"No; and that's the funny part of it. The air was froze so hard around the muzzle of the gun that the bullet bounced back and knocked one of his eyes out, and I had to pay the blamed fool's doctor's bill to keep him from suin' me for damages."—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A Woman's Way.

George W. Hemingway was bashful—oh, very, very bashful. Would it never strike twelve? Helen asked herself, as she sat down for a moment and watched him with the other skaters gliding merrily about. While she gazed George did actually strike—struck one—but it was only a fat man, and it took ten minutes to get them untangled; so, after all, it didn't help her metaphor much.

By-and-bye George saw Helen sitting there alone and he bore down upon her. He was still suffering from the embarrassment of his fall. He would conceal his emotions. Like other young men in such time he would be funny. So he said:

"Would you be willing to accept this rink if I'd give it to you?"

That wasn't funny enough to kill, still Helen thought she saw a chance to play a follow and count on the dark red. She hadn't visited two winters in Chicago for nothing. Quick as a flash she slipped in a cartridge loaded for duck.

"Accept this ring?" she coyly faltered. "Oh, George, you are so abrupt—but you—may see papa."

George gasped, but he let the bill go through without debate. Five minutes later the two were skating around the rink as one. George was the won.—*Boston Journal.*

A Bad Break.

Sam Peterby, a merchant from the interior, while attending the Mardi Gras festivities at Galveston, united business with pleasure by purchasing a bill of goods from a prominent firm. He was very politely received, and one of the proprietors showed him over the immense store. On reaching the fourth floor the customer perceived a speaking tube on the wall, the first thing of the kind he had ever seen.

"What is that?" he asked.

"Oh, that is a speaking tube; it is a great convenience. We can converse with clerks on the first floor without the trouble of going down stairs."

"Can they hear what you say through that?" asked the visitor.

"Certainly; and they can reply at the same time."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed the visitor. "May I talk through it?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The visitor put his mouth to the speaking tube and asked:

"Are Sam Peterby's goods packed up yet?"

The people in the office must have supposed it was somebody else speaking, for a moment later the distinct reply came back:

"No. We have not packed them yet. We are waiting for a telegram from his town. We believe he is a slippery cuss."

Tableau.—*Siftings.*

A Street Car Romance.

The bleak and uninviting interior of a street car was the scene of a proposal of marriage. The hour was 9:30; the car one of the amber-hued chariots of the Thirteenth and Fifteenth streets line, in Philadelphia, and the interested parties a pretty girl of about nineteen summers, with dark eyes and rosy cheeks, and a young man of two or three and twenty. "Are you cold, Amelia?" came in gentle tones across the car. "Yes, Charley," was the half-whispered reply. Charley snuggled up close and took Amelia's hand in his. He then glanced at her in a loving way, looked across at the reporter, who was apparently asleep, noticed that the conductor was entirely occupied in keeping his feet warm, and, after giving one or two coughs, said, with a smile: "Do you recollect what I told you the first time I met you, Amelia?" "No, Charley. What?" "Why, that I had never been in love, and that it would be a cold day when I'd ask a girl to marry me." "Oh, yes; but why do you ask?" "Well, this is a very cold day, Amelia, isn't it?" "Yes, Charley! but why?" and she blushed as she glanced up at him, and his face drew nearer hers. "Well, will you?" There was a silence for a moment but for the jingle, jingle of the bells and the shuffling of the conductor's feet upon the icy platform. Then she slipped her hand into his, blushed even rosier than before and whispered "Yes." "Bless you, my children," exclaimed the reporter; and as the lovers half started up, abashed at the unexpected discovery of their secret, the scribe shot out of the doorway and hurried away.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Floating Gardens of Mexico.

The climate of Mexico is tropical and its soil rich in flowers, trees and shrubs, as is that of Asia; and it is no wonder that its natives learned long ago how to take pleasure in its natural beauties. Remains of gardens which must have been laid out long before Mexico was conquered by the Spaniards, still exist there, showing that the half-civilized races which dwelt in the southern part of our continent knew the art of decorating nature, and converting their wilds into delightful resorts.

The first floating gardens consisted of masses of earth which became loosened from the main land, and were held together by the roots which lay imbedded in them. Then the Aztecs, seeing that it was possible to have floating gardens, made rafts of reeds and rushes, closely fastened together, and upon these a deep layer of rich earth was put. Thus moving islands were formed, sometimes several hundred feet long and three or four feet deep, and launched out upon the water.

It was upon these floating islands that the Aztecs grew the fruits, flowers and vegetables which they sold in the markets of the towns along the shore. They would push their gardens rignt up to the borders of the town, and so float from one town to another. These strange gardens had their origin in the necessities of the people of a certain locality, who, being shut in by their enemies, were forced to resort to some means to avoid famine. Finding themselves on the borders of a lake, they set to work to make boating islands; and on these they planted corn and other vegetables. They then, by means of long poles, moved the floating gardens from one shore to another, and thus supplied the hungry people. In this way the Mexicans were saved from conquest; and so successful was the plan of making the floating gardens that they became common, and instead of being used solely to raise food, they were planted with trees, and with flowers of the most brilliant colors and delicious perfume.

These floating islands may still be seen in parts of Mexico. Prescott, the historian, speaks of them as "moving like some enchanted isle over the water."

Many of the peasants, living in humble huts of brick or reeds, along the shores of Lake Tezcuco, have these islands as their only farms, whereon they raise and sell the vegetables grown in Mexico, which need but little cultivation and care. Up to within a hundred years beautiful floating gardens were still to be seen on this and other Mexican lakes. Sometimes quaint little edifices peeped from among their luxuriant shrubs and flower-beds; sometimes the pretty paths were overhung with rich clusters of tropical fruits. Such were the gardens of the wealthy nobles of that time, who took holiday trips on their floating gardens, and might move smoothly over the waters, the verdant raft propelled by servants with long, slender poles; and thus travel, reposing amid flower-beds and under deep and luxuriant shadows.

There is a large Mexican city, surrounded by a lake, the streets of which are a series of canals, as are those of Venice. Instead of driving carts and carriages to and fro, the people reach the houses by water. Here the floating gardens might once have been seen, moving to and fro, bearing their still growing burden of fruit, corn and flowers; and it was upon these gardens that the young nobles used to call for their lady-loves, and instead of a drive into the country, give them a ride on the lake, amid the bowers and foliage of their romantic conveyances. The scene, on a soft, moonlit night, as these gardens passed here and there, among the high reeds and rushes, or glided across the open, sparkling waters, must have been a very picturesque one.

Novelties of Trade.

"Bucket shops" are an innovation in Wall street, writes "Hermit" in one of his New York letters to the Troy *Times*, and this leads one to other novelties in trade, some of which are certainly surprising. Here, for instance, is a man whose agents traverse the country bartering mustard for unsalable patent medicines. These travelers are welcomed by the country retailers, the latter being always glad to make an exchange of this kind. There are not less than 3,000 varieties of patent medicines on the price lists of this city, and as many more of different varieties in Philadelphia. The entire list throughout the Union is not far from 8,000, and this dealer is always ready for a purchase. The secret of his success is found in the fact that there is an occasional demand in this city for almost everything. Our druggists frequently receive orders for old fashioned nostrums, and they know that they can be found at this depot for the odds and ends of antiquated quackery. As the purchases are made at a very low mark, a sale is always profitable. Every day large quantities of these nostrums are received from the country, and every day the messengers of the city druggists are dropping in with their orders.

The book traffic, however, has a still lower reach, which is found among the dealers in rags and paper stock. Many apparently worthless volumes are found among their purchases, out of which they carefully save all that may bring more than the price of waste paper. They are placed in the windows, and occasionally a rare and highly valuable book may thus be obtained. These paper-stock dealers also find great quantities of old periodicals among their purchases, which are carefully assorted and form a specialty of trade.

We may also mention in this connection the dealers in second-prints, which are bought in large lots and sold to those who are illustrating works in a fanciful manner. This specialty is increasing, since the indulgence of such taste is becoming almost a mania. We learn from these details that New York affords a market for the cast-off materials of the country. It is a place of such vast resort that the most worthless articles may find customers among the eccentric elements of its population. The old maxim that "what is one man's meat is another man's poison" is recalled by this reference to these old specialties of traffic.

LIVING GUNS.

Vegetable Bombs That Explode—Insect Dynamiters.

"Come around to my place to-night," said a scientist to a writer, "and I'll show you the latest thing in dynamite." The latter was on hand at the time appointed and found around a table a dozen or more faces more or less familiar in the world of biology. In the centre of the table were a number of boxes of various sizes, a dish containing a substance that looked suspiciously like water, and several other articles of an innocent and unexplosive character.

"Speaking about dynamite," said a naturalist, "I have brought a few specimens to illustrate that feature in low life, as their are dynamiters in the lowest animal kingdom, as well as in the higher, and, curiously enough, we might say the same of the vegetable kingdom. I remember a few years ago I was traveling on a small vessel between some of the West India islands, and at one place had purchased a number of curious seeds, placing them under my berth for safe keeping. I was sitting at the small table, hanging on with both hands, in company with a negro passenger, when there came an explosion that sounded as if a barrel of powder had gone off. Something whizzed by my face so closely that I felt the wind, and another projectile struck me full in the breast. The negro was not so fortunate. He uttered a loud yell as the sound came, threw up his hands, and with blood spurting from his face, he went over backward with a crash that brought the skipper and the crew down the hatch in a hurry. We picked him up, and first he swore that I had shot him, and then that I had hit him with a club; but in a moment he recovered from his fright, and we began to investigate.

"The man had been struck fairly in the nose—a blow so powerful that it was several hours before the hemorrhage could be stopped. When I rose from my seat something dropped upon the cabin floor, and I afterward picked it up, and what do you suppose it was? Nothing but a section of one of the seeds, and they were the explosives. The heat of the cabin had in some way affected them so that they went off like cartridges, and as each was made up of several pieces it had somewhat the effect of grape-shot. One struck the negro as related, another missed my head and shattered a looking-glass behind me, another struck me in the chest, while still another curiously enough, took off the handle of a pitcher or monkey cooler that stood on the table. Four of the seeds didn't go off, and you may be sure I put them in a strong box. A number of seeds," continued the speaker, "have a similar habit of exploding, and it is generally a provision connected with the dispersal of seeds. In the West I have seen trees explode with a report that could be heard nearly a mile; in this case the frost was the cause. There certain insects bore great holes in the bark of trees, rain finds its way in and freezes and away goes the tree as if you had placed a torpedo in it, showing what the expansive power of water will do.

"Speaking of insects," said the host, "reminds me that I have a dynamiter here for exhibition whenever you gentlemen are ready." All were ready and the table were cleared of the boxes except one, which was placed in the center. "I propose, gentlemen," said the dynamite fiend, "to show not only an explosive insect, but the effect of the explosion on others who might possibly be enemies." Upon this he lifted a slide that was attached to the box, and immediately there appeared several medium sized, sprightly beetles that started off around the table in an active go-as-you please race. An inclosure was formed of books and all the beetles removed but one and then a beetle of a different species was introduced, a wild, untamed fellow, that ran over the other at headlong speed. The smaller beetle at first did not seem to notice this treatment, but finally, when it was fairly knocked over, it seemed to prepare itself to resent further attacks. It raised itself high upon its legs, shook its wing covers nervously, and, as the larger insect came around the ring on a dead run, it turned suddenly, unlimbered itself, so to speak, and, as the enemy approached, an audible report was heard, a cloud for a moment hung in the air, and the large beetle fell sprawling in its tracks, and with spasmodic struggles endeavored to back away from the living cannon.

The latter still retained its offensive position, and upon being touched with a pencil again ejected, twice in quick succession, a volatile fluid that gave out a decided pungent odor that was evidently suffocating to the larger beetle. A mouse was now introduced, and as it ran by the dynamite insect it received a discharge that caused it to squeal with pain, and with a convulsive action it reared itself upon its hind legs, and for a few seconds struggled as if in a fit. A kitten subjected to a like discharge spit and rubbed her nose in rage and fear; and finally, after several other discharges, the supply of ammunition seemed to give out.

"There's protection for you," said the delighted owner, taking up the dynamite bug, which was rather long and narrow, having a curious general appearance from the fact that the head and thorax were narrower than the abdomen. 'The beetle,' he continued, 'was brought from China by a friend of mine, or, I should say, he sent me a dozen or so of the larvæ, and I hatched them out in my insect case. It is very common in China and Japan and various parts of the East, and some species in South America. The scientific name is Brachinidoe—that is, that's the family name—but they generally go by the name of the Bombardier beetle, for their habit of bombarding all intruders at short notice. The explosive in this case is a volatile fluid secreted in the body, which the insect has the power of ejecting with such force that it is felt several inches away, and forming for a moment, a cloud as it were, of smoke. To very small animals this may be fatal, and to larger forms it is quite sufficient to stop their progress in a given direction. It stings and burns the human flesh for several moments, and stains it so that the marks are visible for several days.

"Here," said the insect man, taking up the dish of water, "is another living gun," and as he spoke he touched a small object, and a stream of water four inches in length sprang into the air. "The first time I noticed this," continued the speaker, "I was looking down into the water, and was struck by the stream fairly in the eye; and upon investigation I found that it came from the respiratory organ of the common dragon fly. This shooting water method is not peculiar to insects. There are a number of fishes that have a similar habit. One, known as the archer fish, will rise to the surface and eject a stream of water four or five inches above the surface, and so accurate in their aim that they can hit a fly with the gr[illegible] est ease. The long-nosed chaltod[illegible] equally remarkable in this res[illegible] Their bill seems arranged to form a perfect air-gun, through which a drop of water is forced at an insect with unerring aim." The squids have a similar faculty of ejecting a stream of pure black ink, and the writer has seen the face of a person drenched in this way, the inky streams rising four or five inches from the water."—*Philadelphia Times.*

An Incident of the War.

The tower near Fort Fisher used by General Grant for observations of the enemy's movements during the final campaign of the war has been entirely destroyed by fire. This tower was 160 feet high, one of the tallest structures of the kind in use during the war. It was planned and built under the direction of Major O. E. Hine, of the engineer corps of the army of the Potomac, a gentleman well-known in this city, and now a property owner just over the river in Fairfax county, Va. The work was done in the last winter of the war just previous to the final operations before Richmond and Petersburg. The tower was built and raised in section is with every piece double and replaceable, in the event of its being carried away by gun shot. Thousands of spectators were attracted to the work, it being at that time quite a novelty in the way of engineering, and a welcome item of interest to break the weary monotony of camp life. On a warm, sunny afternoon in January, 1865, the uppermost sections were hoisted and swung into place with ropes and tackle. More than the usual number of lookers-on, many of them ladies, were assembled on the vast plain which surrounds the city of Petersburg. At the top were a number of skilled mechanics manipulating the ropes at the direction of Major Hine, standing on the ground below. Just as the heaviest piece had attained the desired height and was being carefully swung into place, a half-drunken man was seen to ascend the ladder hand-over-hand, and to mount one of the platforms, on which stood a man with the steadying rope, and endeavor to grapple him. The spectators stood breathless as they realized the danger. A slip of the rope, and the huge mass of timbers would be participated in the midst of the vast throng; all depended on the man at the end of the rope, a stalwart six-footer, Helm by name, known to his comrades as one of the most determined men in his company. Only an instant did the major hesitate, and then his voice thundered out: "Throw him off, Helm; throw him off!" With a quick motion Helm wrapped his rope about a post and clinched with his antagonist. Only a moment did this wrestling contest in mid air continue, and then cool, determined sense gained the better of drunken frenzy, and Helm threw his adversary over the edge down the ladder beneath. Again the spectators were horrified, expecting to see the poor, miserable drunkard dashed to pieces; but that providence which is said to protect drunken men seemed to interfere now, for, slipping and sliding down the ladder, he dropped unharmed, but sobered, to the ground. Then, as it was realized that the danger was past, a ringing cheer went up for the brave fellow whose coolness and prompt obedience had saved the tower and the lives of so many people.—*Washington Star.*

Beauties of Bermuda.

The climate of the islands, writes a Bermuda correspondent to the St. Louis *Republican*, is not tropical. They are in the same latitude as Charleston, and Charleston is far north of the tropic, which passes between Key West and Cuba. The Bermudas are a winterless region, and this is their special merit. Snow, ice and frost are unknown; the temperature rarely is below fifty-five degrees Fahrenheit, and fires for heating purposes are not considered necessary, though, as a matter of fact, the hotels do have fires in the parlors and smoking-rooms for the comfort of invalid guests. There is no languor in the atmosphere; on the contrary, it is highly exhilarating, and walking is not only a heathful exercise but a positive delight. The cedar which covers all the hills, and is the only real wood on the islands, imparts a balsamic property to the air, and the absence of swamps and marsh exempts it from the malarial poison that infects the atmosphere of the West Indies. The summer heat, it is said, never rises above eighty-five, and is never oppressive. All the vegetation of the tropics grows here, but none of it attains the tropical size and luxuriance, and the fruits lack the full flavor and luscious character of the Indies. Irish potatoes, onions and tomatoes, all grown for the early New York market, are the chief productions, and they are diligently cultivated as the source of livelihood to a large proportion of the population. Nearly all the flowers cultivated in hot-houses in "the States" thrive outdoors, and bear one crop of blooms after another all the year round, and one of the surprises that first arrest the attention of a northern visitor is that of seeing potato fields hedged with aristocratic oleanders, and onion beds placed in a setting of geraniums, coleus and begonias.

Strange Murder.

As a means of suicide the small venomous serpents of Oriental countries have always been in vogue—the asp of Cleopatra recurring to every one's memory as a prominent example. In certain parts of Bengal there is said to be a race of gypsies, one of whom for a fee will furnish a small cobra to any applicant, "and no questions asked." A man who desires to commit murder procures one of these reptiles and places it within a bamboo just long enough to let the head protrude a trifle at one end, and the tail at the other. Armed with this deadly weapon the murderer creeps softly to his enemy's tent at dead of night, cuts a hole in the wall, and introduces the bamboo. The tortured reptile, careless upon whom it wrecks its animosity, strikes its fangs into the sleeper, then is withdrawn, and the assassin steals silently away.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

Riding Behind a Team of Deer.

The object that attracts most attention from strangers in the neighborhood of the town of Butte, Colorado, is a team of tame deer. These pets were caught when very young, in the hunting grounds called the Big Meadows. Their captor was an Indian, named Buckhorn, a guide and trapper of the Digger tribe. Indeed, Buckhorn is a man of authority among his people, being the head chief of the Diggers in the vicinity of the Big Meadows. He owns a drove of ponies, but prefers to ride behind his deer. The animals are quite docile. They have large antlers, and as they hold their heads high, the team, when hitched to a buckboard wagon, present a very imposing appearance. The harness does not contain a buckle or clasp; it is made of buckskin from halter to hame strings. The deer are fleet of foot, of course, and it is the boast of Chief Buckhorn that they can outrun any other team.

The large catfish caught in the Gulf of Mexico are now smoked, dried and salted in three days by a new process.

He Left.

Very senseless reasons are frequently given by employes for throwing up their positions, says a Washington paper, but a clerk in one of the departments resigned his position the other day, and gave the most foolish reason for his action which any brain, disordered or otherwise, could conceive of.

"You have resigned your place in Gen. Blank's office, I see, Bob; now what are you going to do?" asked the reporter of the ex-clerk, meeting him one morning.

"Oh, I don't know, yet. I haven't any place just now."

"But what did you resign for, if you can't afford to be idle?"

"I know I can't afford to be idle," replied the clerk, sadly; "but it seemed to me that I could do nothing else. I had to have a little money; I could not get it, and so I resigned my clerkship that I might be paid off."

"How often were you paid off?"

"Twice a month."

"So you didn't get much money when you were last paid?"

"No, it was not much. Oh, I see now that I made a mistake," said the young man, and he walked on, appearing to be in deep meditation, probably for the first time in his life.

How the Baby Came.

In the small hours of the morning Mr. Blank's front-door bell rang violently. The worthy citizen went to the door, where he found his man Michael in a troubled state of mind. Michael said he had that night been blessed with an addition to his family; that the doctor called in attendance had demanded immediate payment for his services. Having no money in the house he had called upon Mr. Blank to borrow some. Michael immediately received what he wanted, and with profuse apologies for calling at such an unreasonable hour, departed. The next morning Mr. Blank's daughters, who had heard the bell ring, asked who it was that had called so late, and they were informed of the circumstances. "Poor little thing!" sympathetically exclaimed a bright little mass of twelve summers; "it came C. O. D., didn't it?"

A Scholarly Lawyer.

An anecdote told by Mr. Choate to a friend illustrates his fondness for the ancient languages: "You recall a visit I once received from Mr. Webster, when I was Senator at Washington, endeavoring to impose upon the people of this Commonwealth that I was an eminent statesman. I saw Mr. Webster's wonderful black eyes peering over my books, as if in search, and asked him what he would please to have. He turned to me with one of his smiles, such as never transfigured the face of any other man or of any woman, and said:

"'I observe, Brother Choate, that you are true to your instincts in Washington as at home—seven editions of the Greek Testament, but not a copy of the Constitution.'"

A Sure Cure.

A number of cures for red noses have been suggested. One, a physician, recommends vaseline and precipitated sulphur as a local application; another suggests that a good strong brine might effectually and permanently cure the trouble; while another who signs himself "Slap-Stick," suggests the remedy that will probably be used in the great majority of cases, viz.: "Keep on drinking and it will turn purple."

Gratefulness.

To be grateful for benefits received is the duty of honest men—one of the sins that most offendeth God is ingratitude.

Bernard Murphy, Champion Youth Walker of Australia, says in the Melbourne *Sportsman*: "On Monday, previous to the match with Ormes, of Sidney, I was attacked with the 'stitch.' I could not walk another yard, and gave up all hope of winning. I was advised to try St. Jacob's Oil. I did so, rubbing a little on my side. I have not been troubled since, and won my match."

Jokes are like eggs: They can never be too fresh.

"She tried her prentice hand on man,
And when she formed the lassies, O!"

"What is woman's worth?" asked a fair damsel of a crusty old bachelor. He did not know, so she said: W. O. man (double you O man.) But a woman feels worth little if disease has invaded her system and is daily sapping her strength. For all female weakness, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite prescription" stands unrivaled. It cures the complaint and builds up the system. Send two letter stamps for pamphlet to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A voice from the deep—Coal miners asking for more pay.

Many ladies who for years had scarcely ever enjoyed the luxury of feeling well have been so renovated by the use of Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that they have triumphed over the ills flesh is said to be heir to, and life has been crowned with added charms and fresher beauty.

"Down the chute" is a new phrase for being sent to jail.

Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets." Positively Popular; Provoke Praise; Prove Priceless; Peculiarly Prompt; Perceptibly Potent; Producing Permanent Profit; Precluding Pimples and Pustules; Promoting Purity and Peace. Purchase. Price, Petty. Pharmacists Patronizing Pierce Procure Plenty.

An exchange tells of a "wideawake policeman." Had too much dinner, poor fellow.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

There is hope for dudes. A French scientist claims to manufacture artificial brains.

"Rough on Pain"

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for for aches, pains, sprains. Man or beast 20&50c.

Frazer Axle Grease.

Use the Frazer Axle Grease, 'tis the best in the world—will wear twice as long as any other. Ask your dealer for it, and take no other.

ONLY TWO BOTTLES. Messrs. Johnston, Holloway & Co., wholesale druggists of Philadelphia, Pa., report that some time ago a gentleman handed them a dollar, with a request to send a good catarrh cure to two army officers in Arizona. Recently the same gentleman told them that both of the officers and the wife of a well-known U. S. A. General had been cured of Catarrh by the two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm. Not a liquid or snuff. Price 50 cents.

Mothers.

If you are failing: broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Drgst.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms, also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya," made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

"BEESON'S AROMATIC ALUM SULPHUR SOAP," beautifies and softens Face and hands, heals and cures all skin diseases for sure. 25 cents by "Druggist" or by mail. Wm. Dreydoppel, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Bald Heads,

when you have tried everything else and failed try our Carboline and be happy; it will prove its merits. One dollar a bottle, and sold by all druggists.

Thin People

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, sexual debility. $1.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and $5 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upward per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Can the tailor's nag be properly called a clothes horse?

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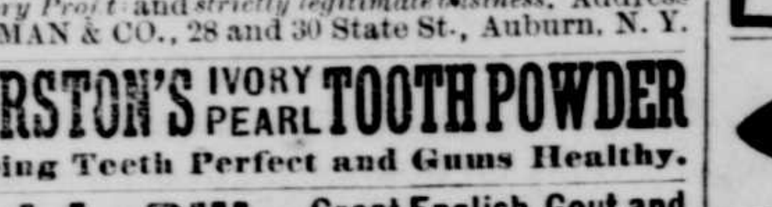
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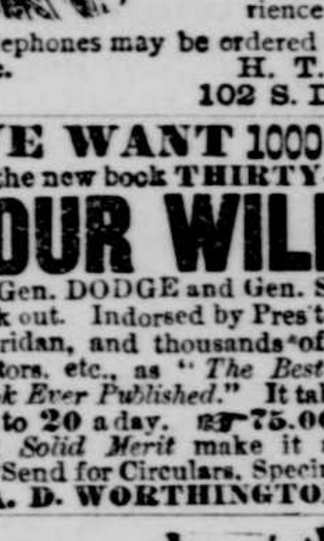
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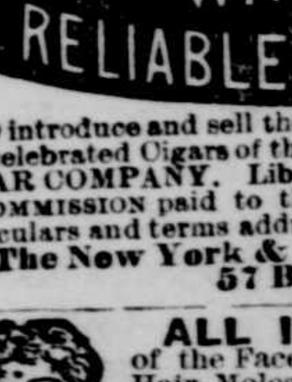


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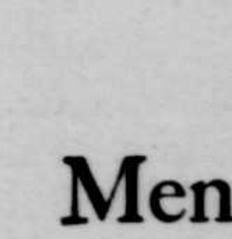
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