CHANGED HEADS.

I DON'T believe there ever was a man who hated another man as I hated Copp. One reason for this I imagined to have been, that there never was a man built as hateful as Copp was.

Copp was a captain—a military man—a boaster, a blusterer and a bully; a coxcomb, a fop and a libertine. His ways were roguish, his acts dishonest, his word wholly unreliable. While I——

I was quite the contrary.

From my earliest youth I had been distinguished from other small boys for my goodness and piety. Before I could speak plainly I began to lecture bad boys on the subject of their sinfulness. They used to punch my head in return. I can, indeed, with deep and heartfelt pleasure, look back upon a pure and spotless life. Gentle reader, go thou and do likewise.

This fellow Copp, however, was in the end the cause of undoing. From the first moment we saw one another we began to disagree. How could it be otherwise—I so good, he so utterly depraved?

I was the chief of the paper-weight and pounce-box department of the circumlocution, and Capt. Copp's accounts came before me for regulation. It was Christmas time, and we were somewhat in arrear with the checking of the Ladyday payments. Copp came and tried to hurry us.

We endeavored to show him how unreasonable he was. He wouldn't be shown. We told him his affairs did not rest with me. He asked whom it did rest with, and I referred him to another department. The other department, as is customary in such cases, referred him back.

We kept on referring him.

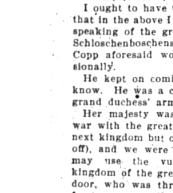
Eventually his papers were found under a paper-weight on my table, where hitherto they had been accidentally overlooked. Whereupon Capt. Copp kicked me; but fortunately this circumstance occurred in the privacy of my own apartment, and therefore did not matter so much.

I was, however, seriously displeased. I ought to have told you before this that in the above I have all along been speaking of the great grand duchy of Schloschenboschenstein, and that the Copp aforesaid would come in occasionally.

He kept on coming and wanting to know. He was a captain in the great grand duchess' army.

Her majesty was at that period at war with the great grand duke of the next kingdom but one (about ten miles off), and we were having it out—if I may use the vulgarism—upon the kingdom of the great grand duke next door, who was threatening an action for trespass against both parties.

Relative to this action for trespass, Capt. Copp and his company, and myself and a couple of junior clerks waltzed



LOST OUR HEADS.

ed upon the great grand duke next door, and took a few field-pieces with us by way of backing up our arguments. The great grand duke with some more field-pieces met us to arrange preliminaries.

The particulars of this transactions are of no moment to the coming narrative. Suffice it to say, then, that one shot only was fired, and that shot was fired by the enemy, and by mistake. Unfortunately, Capt. Copp and I, being at that moment in advance of the soldiery, and within range of the said shot, having a little private quarrel on our own account, we lost our heads.

Affairs were then amicably arranged without further bloodshed.

In this year of grace (1751) the world is disturbed by all sorts of absurdly preposterous and wholly impracticable theories. One maniac is talking of the probabilities of steam locomotion. Another suggests the utilizing of forked lightning to send messages on a wire from one end of the world to the other. Another asserts that at some future time—probably far distant—hair powder and hoops will go out of fashion; and that in some time yet to come, I won't matter a button whether or not a man has well-shaped limbs, as leg-bags will take the place of kneebreeches. But this is too ridiculous.

At the period of which I write—when I and Capt. Copp had our heads blown off—there was a scientific man who had the misfortune to live a little before his time, and who had a theory and a perfectly reasonable one, too, about sticking heads on again. This theory he put in practice upon this occasion. The heads had to be put on while yet warm. He put ours on warm, and the experiment was, with but one exception, in every respect most satisfactory. The only error he committed was that he stuck Copp's head upon my body.

I don't so much blame the doctor. It was not altogether his fault. It is true he might have had the sense to know that Copp's head could never have belonged to me; but personally he was unacquainted with us. We were both about the same size.

Hitherto I had prided myself on the beauties of my mind, while Copp had been vain about the shape of his legs. Copp had calves, I hadn't. By the way, Copp had not got large ones either.

The cause of the error I take it to have been that our bodies were undressed before the operation was performed. When it was concluded and we came to dress again, I got Copp's clothes and Copp got mine, and there was a little matter of fifty gold pieces in my pocket, which Copp appropriated.

But that was a trifle to my other misfortunes; Copp's body walked off with my head to the paper-weight and pounce-box department; while I was left with Copp's brains on my shoulders, and a military career before me, for which I had neither the muscle nor the inclination.

The day after I joined the army, some one whom Copp's head had insulted some time ago called on me and kicked my body.

If, gentle reader, gentle reader, are as muddle-headed as the rest of the world, you may find it difficult to follow the course of this true narrative. It is generally supposed that the head controls the body. That is a mistake. Copp's head would have had its own way, if I had not interfered. I was not going to have my body put to more inconvenience than I could help. As it was, his head got me into quite trouble enough.

My head, meanwhile, was doing all it could to help Copp's carcass to get on in the world. You have no idea what execrably bad handwriting Copp's body had; whereas mine had always been a perfect picture, so regular, so round, so neatly finished off with dots to i's and crossed t's, and all the commas where they ought to be.

But, after all, it mattered little. Before Copp's head got tacked on to my body, my head and body combined had laid the foundation of a fortune which that miscreant's unworthy carcass was destined to enjoy. No sooner had Copp's body stepped into office—than a deputation waited upon it from the great grand duchess, and bestowed upon it a vacant seat in a higher department of the civil service.

From that time forward honors were literally heaped upon my head, and Copp's body got all the benefit of them.

Copp's body was feasted and feted. It rolled in luxurious carriages. It lolled in voluptuous ease; while my body was marching with the troops, badly clothed, worse fed and half the time without any food; for that terrible struggle between our duchy and the duchy next door, which is now a page of history, was then commencing.

What had my body got to do with such matters, I should like to know? My hand, which had hitherto but wielded a pen, had now a musket thrust into it, and everybody but myself was much surprised to find what a bad shot I was.

My regiment marched onward. I hung behind. The general called after me, and I came trotting up.

Copp's head had always had rather a bad name for drink and debauchery, but these failings had been excused because he was a good soldier. You can imagine what a rare Copp's head was in when I missed the target, bungled over my sword practice, and even marched out of step.

It presently came to a pitched battle between Copp's head and my body. I wholly disapproved of Copp's head's moral principles. One thing I objected to was that it would keep drinking. My body was not accustomed to strong liquor, and it made it ill.

Copp's head also wanted to carry on with the other sex. I wouldn't stand it. Copp's head winked at the other sex. I said it shouldn't. It persisted. I said it mustn't. It did it again, in revenge I would shave off its mustachios. It did it again, and I clutched it by the nose and shaved them off. I'd have cut his head off altogether for two pins.

To spite my body, Copp's head refused food, and clenched its teeth all dinner-time. I was determined then, if it wouldn't swallow anything on my account, it should not do so on its own; so I upset all the wine and beer it asked for. This style of quarrelling, though, grew presently to be rather ridiculous, and it made it up again.

But very soon Copp's head began going on worse than ever. His leerings at the opposite sex I have already alluded to, and this, with certain forward persons of the sex aforesaid, more than once got me into a good deal of trouble.

That, however, to which I most strongly objected, was his strong language. He took to calling his brother officers thieves and liars, and some of them didn't like it.

As I expected they would, one of them at last challenged me to fight. Copp's head chose swords; and the result was that Copp's head's antagonist ran me through my body.

I write this upon my death-bed. I am as resigned as I can be with the reflection that my body will suffer the torments which, without the foot of a doctor's error, would have been reserved for the body of Copp.

One thing consoles me in my dying agonies—Copp's head is aching dreadfully.

Still I cannot die in peace when I reflect that my body will be buried under the impression that it belonged to Copp, and that the gravestone will bear Copp's hated name.

Wanted to Get Civilized.

A number of strange looking specimens drift into the office of Clerk of the Court Paul O. Guerin to be naturalized, but one of the strangest of the species came in a few days ago. He was six feet tall, wearing clothes that just naturally seemed to fall over his huge proportions. He had the careless frizzled whiskers that belong preeminently to the jay, and he spoke in a voice that was much smaller as a voice than he was a man. He walked up to Mr. Guerin, deposited a bulky valise on the floor, and said: "I want to get a civilized paper. I want to be civilized. Are you a man?" "Yes," responded Mr. Guerin, "I am the man. But I cannot give you a civilized paper unless you have been in the United States for five years and in Louisiana for one year." The aspirant after civilization scratched his head. "Well, I ain't been here that long," he said slowly. "I came from over the water only a few months ago, but if you will give me a civilized paper I will pay for it." It was impossible to get mad with such simplicity. "My friend," said Mr. Guerin, solemnly, "you couldn't get a civilized paper if you paid $500 for it."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HE PREACHES TO THE NEWSPAPER PROFESSION.

And Incidentally Tells About the Good Papers in the Country Towns and Cities and the Wicked Papers of the Greater Cities.

Express, rail train and telegraphic communication are suggested if not foretold in this text, and from it I start to preach a sermon in gratitude to God and the newspaper press for the fact that I have had the opportunity of delivering through the newspaper press two thousand sermons or religious addresses, so that I have for many years been allowed the privilege of preaching the gospel every week to every neighborhood in Christendom, and in many lands outside of Christendom. Many have wondered at the process by which it has come to pass, and for the first time in public place I state the three causes. Many years ago, a young man who has since become eminent in his profession, was then studying law in a distant city. He came to me, and said that for lack of funds he must stop his studying, unless through stenography. I would give him sketches of sermons, that he might by the sale of them secure means for the completion of his education. I positively declined, because it seemed to me an impossibility, but after some months had passed, and I had reflected upon the great sadness for such a brilliant young man to be defeated in his ambition for the legal profession, I undertook to serve him; of course, free of charge. Within three weeks there came a request for those stenographic reports from many parts of the continent. Time passed on, and some gentlemen of my own profession, evidently thinking that there was hardly room for them and for myself in this continent began to assail me, and became so violent in their assault that the chief newspapers of America put special correspondents in my pulpit Sabbath by Sabbath to take down such reply as I might make. I never made reply, except once for about three minutes, but those correspondents could not waste their time and so they telegraphed the sermons to their particular papers. After awhile, Dr. Louis Klopsch of New York systemized the work into a syndicate until through that and other syndicates he has put the discourses week by week before more than twenty million people on both sides of the sea. There have been so many guesses on this subject, many of them inaccurate, that I now tell the true story. I have not improved the opportunity as I ought, but I feel the time has come when as a matter of common justice to the newspaper press that I should make this statement in a sermon commemorative of the two thousandth full publication of sermons, and religious addresses, saying nothing of fragmentary reports, which would run up into many thousands more.

There was one incident that I might mention in this connection, showing how one insignificant event might influence us for a lifetime. Many years ago on a Sabbath morning on my way to church in Brooklyn, a representative of a prominent newspaper met me and said: "Are you going to give us any points today?" I said, "What do you mean by points?" He replied, "Anything we can remember." I said to myself, "We ought to be making 'points' all the time in our pulpits and not deal in platitudes and inanities." That one interrogation put to me that morning started in me the desire of making points all the time and nothing but points.

And now, how can I more appropriately commemorate the two thousand h publication than by speaking of the newspaper press as an ally of the pulpit, and mentioning some of the trials of newspaper men.

The newspaper is the great educator of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It is book, pulpit, platform, forum, all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural or mechanical—that is not with n its grasp. All our churches and schools and colleges and asylums and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press.

The institution of newspapers arose in Italy. In Venice the first newspaper was published, and monthly, during the time Venice was warring against Solyman the Second in Dalmatia, it was printed for the purpose of giving military and commercial information to the Venitians. The first newspaper published in England was in 1588, and called the English Mercury. Who can estimate the political, scientific, commercial and religious revolutions that up in England for n e y years past by the press?

The first attempt at this institution in France was in 1631, by a physician, who published the News, for the amusement and health of his patients. The French nation understood fully how to appreciate this power. So early as in 1820 there was in Paris 169 Journals. But in the United States the newspaper has come to unlimited sway. Though in 1775 there were but thirty-seven in the whole country, the number of published journals is now counted by thousands; and today—we may as well acknowledge it as not—the religious and secular newspapers are the great educators of the country.

But alas! through what struggle the newspaper has come to its present development. Just as soon as it began to demonstrate its power, superstition and tyranny shackled it. There is nothing that despotism so much fears and hates as the printing press. A great writer in the south of Europe declared that the King of Naples had made it unsafe for him to write on any subject save natural history. Austria could not bear Kossuth's Journalistic pen leading for the redemption of Hungary. Napoleon I., wanting to keep his iron heel on the neck of nations, said that the newspaper was the regent of kings, and the only safe place to keep an editor was in prison. But the great battle for the freedom of the press was fought in the court rooms of England and the United States before this century began, when Hamilton made his great speech in behalf of the freedom, of J. Peter Zenger's Gazette in America, and when Erskine made his great speech in behalf of the freedom to publish Paine's "Rights of Man" in England. Those were the Marathon and the Thermopylae where the battle was fought which decided the freedom of the press in England and America, and all the powers of earth and hell will never again be able to put upon the printing press the handcuffs and the bonds of literary and political despotism. It is remarkable that Thomas Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, also wrote these words: "If I had to choose between a government without newspapers, and newspapers without a govern- ent, I would prefer the latter." Stung by some new fabrication in print, we come to write or speak about an "unbridled printing press." Our new book ground up in unjust criticism, we come to write or speak about the "unfair printing press." Perhaps through our own indistinctness of utterance we are reported as saying just the opposite of what we did say, and there is a small riot of semicolons and hyphens and commas, and we come to write or talk about the "blundering printing press," or we take up a newspaper full of social scandal and of cases of divorce, and we write or talk about a "filthy, scurrilous printing press". But this morning I ask you to consider the immeasurable and everlasting blessing of a good newspaper.

I find no difficulty in accounting for the world's advance. What has made the change? "Books," you say. No, sir! The vast majority of citizens do not read books. Take this audience, or any other promiscuous assemblage, and how many histories have they read? How many treatises on constitutional law, or political economy, or works of science? How many elaborate poems or books of travel? Not many. In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual. Whence, then, this intelligence, this capacity to talk about all themes, secular and religious; this acquaintance with science and art; this power to appreciate the beautiful and grand? Next to the Bible, the newspaper, swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fence, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting house, laid on the work bench, hawked through the cars! All read it: white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniards, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday and week day. I now declare that I consider the newspaper to be the grand agency by which the gospel is to be preached, ignorance cast out, oppression dethroned, crime extirpated, the world raised, heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the Lord Almighty proclaiming to all the dead nations of the earth, "Lazarus, come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past thirty years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations. * * *

One of the great trials of the newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the shams of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office day by day, go the weakness of the world, the vanities that want to be puffed, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the crack-brained philosophies with story as long as their hair and as gloomy as their finger-nails, all the itinerant bores who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and shams of the world are seen day by day, and the temptation is to believe neither in God, man nor woman. It is no surprise to me that in your profession there are some skeptical men: I only wonder that you believe anything. Unless an editor or a reporter has in his present or in his early home a model of earnest character, or he throw himself upon the upholding grace of God, he may make temporal and eternal shipwreck.

Another great trial of the newspaper profession is the diseased appetite for unhealthy intelligence. You blame the newspaper press for giving such prominence to murders and scandals. Do you suppose that so many papers would give prominence to these things if the people did not demand them? If I go into the meat market of a foreign city and I find that the butchers hang up on the most conspicuous hooks meat that is tainted, while the meat that is fresh and savory is put away without any special care, I come to the conclusion that the people of that city love tainted meat. You know very well that if the great mass of people in this country get hold of a newspaper, and there are in it no runaway matches, no broken-up families, no defamation of men in high position, they throw the paper unsipid. They say, "It is shockingly dull tonight." I believe it is one of the trials of the newspaper press, that the people of this country demand moral slush instead of healthy and intellectual food. Now, you are a respectable man, an intelligent man, and a paper comes into your hand. You open it, and there are three columns of splendidly written editorial, recommending some moral sentiment, or evolving some scientific theory. In the next column there is a miserable, contemptible divorce case. Which do you read first? You dip in to the editorial long enough to say, "Well, that's very ably written," and you read the divorce case from the "long primer" type at the top to the "nonpareil" type at the bottom, and then you ask your wife if she has read it! Oh, it is only a case of supply and demand! Newspaper men are not fools. They know what you want, and they give it to you. I believe that if the church and the world bought nothing but pure, honest, healthful newspapers, nothing but pure, honest and healthful newspapers would be published. If you should gather all the editors and the reporters of this country in one great convention, and ask of them what kind of a paper they would prefer to publish, I believe they would unanimously say, "We would prefer to publish an evangeling paper." So long as there is an insultous demand, there will be an insultous supply. I make no apology for a debauched newspaper, but I am saying these things in order to divide the responsibility between those who print and those who read.

Another trial of this profession is the fact, no one seems to care for their souls. They feel bitterly about it, though they laugh. People sometimes laugh the loudest when they feel the worst. They are expected to gather up religious proceedings, and to discuss religious doctrines in the editorial columns, but who expects them to be saved by the sermons they stenograph, or by the doctrines they discuss in the editorial columns? The world looks up on them as professional. Who preaches to reporters and editors? Some of them came from religious homes, and when they left the parental roof, which ever regarded or disregarded, they came off with a father's benediction and a mother's prayer. They never think of those good old times but tears come into their eyes, and they move through these great cities homesick. Oh, if they only knew what a helpful thing it is for a man to rest his weary head down on the bosom of a sympathetic Christ! He knows how nervous and tired you are. He has a heart large enough to take in all your interests for this world and the next. Oh, men of the newspaper press, you sometimes get sick of this world, it seems so hollow and unsatisfying. If there are any people in all the earth that need God, you are the men, and you shall have him, if only this day you implore his mercy.

A man was found at the foot of Canal street, New York. As they picked him up for such had been his wages, him to the morgue, they saw by the contour of his forehead that he had great mental capacity. He had entered the newspaper profession, He had gone down in health. He took to artificial stimulus. He went down further and further, until one winter day, cold and hungry, and sick, and in despair, he flung himself off the dock. They found in his pocket a reporter's pad, a lead pencil, a photograph of some one who had loved him long ago. Death, as sometimes it will, smoothed out all the wrinkles that had gathered prematurely on his brow, and as he lay there his face was as fair as when, seven years before, he left his country home, and they bade him good-bye forever. The world looked through the window of the morgue, and said: "It's nothing but an outcast." But I said it was a pagantic soul that perished, because the world gave him no chance.

Let me ask all men connected with the printing press that they help us more and more in the effort to make the world better. I charge you in the name of God, before whom you must account for the tremendous influence you hold in this country, to consecrate yourselves to higher endeavors. You are the men to fight back this invasion of corrupt literature. Lift up your right hand and swear new allegiance to the cause of philanthropy and religion, and when at last, standing on the plains of judgment, you look out upon the unnumbered throngs over whom you have had influence, may it be found that you were amongst the mightiest energies that lifted men upon the exalted pathway that leads to the renown of heaven. Better than to have sat in an editorial chair, from which, with the finger of type, you dictated the destinies of empires, but decided them wrong, that you had been some disgeoned exile, who, by the light of window iron-grated, on scraps of a New Testament leaf, picked up from the earth spelled out the story of Him who taked in Judea and in the world. In eternity, Dives is the Beggar. Well, my friends, we will all soon get through writing and printing and proof-reading and publishing. What then? Our life is a book. Our years are the chapters. Our months are the paragraphs. Our days are the sentences. Our doubts are the punctuations. Our imitation of others the quotation marks. Our attempts at display a dash. Death the period. Eternity the peroration. O God, where will we spend it?

Schopenhauer on Women.

Schopenhauer's mother, Joana, was a singular woman, with whom he was perpetually at war. She was lively, he was grim. She was a sentimentalist, he detested sentiment. She was devoted to society, to gossip, to the conveniences of life. He lived for ideas, and, with an almost savage carelessness poured scorn on the round of "at homes" and aesthetic tea parties. Both were selfish and quarrelsome. We may judge, therefore, that Schopenhauer took his notions of women partly from his mother. It goes without saying that these notions were violent in the extreme, yet not withous some aspects of truth. The "new woman" would rave at his satire on her pretensions; and yet it would do her good to read what Schopenhauer has to say with as much calmness as she can command. Woman is here depicted as emphatically "a lesser man"—indeed, as far below man as to be fit only for the role of the old fashioned German hausfrau. —Self-Culture.

Sierra Leone, Africa.

The settlement of Sierra Leone at one time consisted only of the peninsula terminating in Cape Sierra Leone, with an area of about 300 square miles. The colony, with its protectorate, now includes a large extent of country estimated at 31,000 square miles. The capital, Freetown, possesses the best harbor in West Africa. The scenery of Sierra Leone is said to be very similar to that of the West Indies. The soil is fertile and there is an abundance of pure fresh water. Tropical fruits grow luxuriantly. Pineapples especially are produced very abundantly, while bananas, plantains, avocado pears, mangoes, limes and oranges are not only consumed locally, but are also exported to Gambria Goree and Senegal.

A thinking man is the worst enemy the Prince of Darkness has.—Carlyle.

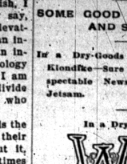
Truth and facts always agree. Error and lies are associates.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

In a Dry-Goods Store—Life on the Klondike—Sure Sign of a Mighty Respectable Newspaper—Flotsam and Jetsam.

In a Dry-Goods Store.



WHERE are the linens kept?" she asked.

"Down stairs," was the reply.

She sweetly smiled and grabbed her train

And quickly hastened by.

Once down she ventured to inquire,

"The linens, are they here?"

"Just three rooms over to the right,

And straight back to the rear."

At last she reached the point proposed,

"The linens?"—like a crash

The answer came across the store.

"They're six rooms over—cash!"

Again she jostled through the crowd,

And faintly asked the clerk:

"The linens, please?" "Upstairs," he said,

With grantalizing smirk.

She reached the top, quite out of breath;

"The linens, sir?" she said.

"In the annex building, five doors up,

And then walk straight ahead."

Accomplishing the long ascent,

Her temper sorely tried,

She sharply asked the man in charge,

With wrath she could not hide:

"Will you tell me where the linens are,

Or if they're in the store?"

"We used to keep them, ma'am," he smiled,

"But do not any more."

Always the Case.

Stranger—Which of these papers is the most highly respectable?

Newsdealer—This one, I guess. Nobody buys it.—Up-to-Date.

A Natural Break.

It was the first time he was being married, and he was naturally a little nervous and upset; but he managed to say "Yes" all right, and at the proper time to Mendelssohn, sailing down the aisle, and to sign his name in the register without making more than a dozen blots.

He thought then that it was finished, but when they got to the church door they found it was raining.

"Confound it," he cried, putting up his umbrella, "another nuisance now."

And then, though he cannot guess why, the people all around laughed, and his mother-in-law fainted, and his wife refused to speak.—Punch.

The Agent and the Colonel.

"May I ask your attention one moment, sir? You may not need it for yourself, sir, but if you have some friend who is addicted to the whisky habit you will be interested in knowing that I have here a preparation guaranteed to remove the craving most effectively. It might be called, in fact, a substitute for whisky——"

"Sah!"

"I beg your pardon. I see I have made a mistake. Good afternoon."—Chicago Tribune.

Conspicuous Example.

"Shiftless as ever, Thomas," said the wealthy uncle. "Still making a failure of life, as you always have done?

"I don't know that I'm such a terrible failure," sulkily answered the poor relation.

"Why, you have nobody but yourself to support, and you can't make both ends meet."

"Well, the rainbow has only itself to support, and it doesn't make both ends meet, either."—Chicago Tribune.

Ambiguous.

Patient (who has had his eye operated on)—"Doctor, it seems to me ten guineas is a high price to charge for that job. It didn't take you ten seconds."

Eminent Occulist—"My dear friend, in learning to perform that operation in ten seconds I have spoiled more than two bushels of such eyes as yours."—Pick-Me Up.

In the Klondike.

Dawson Dave—Thunderation! You've got genuine butter on your table. How'd you get it?

Placer Pete—I bought it of Juneau Jake yesterday. The blamed pumpkinhead thought it was nothing but a nugget.—Up-to-Date.

Accounted For.

"What's all this Austrian trouble about, anyway?"

"It's all over a question of national language."

"Oh, I see; that accounts for the war of words."—North American.

Crushed.

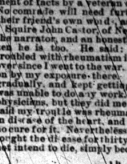
The Poet—My angel, my guiding star; the light of my——

The Lady—Oh, please don't talk shop!—Indianapolis Journal.

A VIGOROUS BATTLE.

From the News Era, Greensburg, Ind.

The following is a straightforward statement of facts by a veteran of the late war. No one made a braver fight for his country than their friend's own words, as here given, Squire John Castor, of Newpoint, Ind., is the name, and he will be known to many Hoosiers as he is too. He said: "I have been troubled with rheumatism in all my joints, my service I contracted in the army. I was laid up by my exposure there. It came on me gradually, and I kept getting worse until I was unable to do any work. I had to call in a physicians, but they did me no good. They said my trouble was rheumatism, as well as in disease of the heart, and that there was no cure for it. Nevertheless I had lived and fought till at least forty years, and did not intend to die, simply because they said



I Want to Swear to That.

I must so I united up some remedies for myself, and finally hearing of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I asked some of my neighbors about the medicine, for it is often used in my several persons in the community, and they recommended it very highly. I procured a box. The pills help d me right away, and I continued taking them. I commenced taking them last fall, and finished taking the sixth box a few months ago. I am not troubled with the rheumatism now,—the decline has entirely left me. I can most confidently recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

These pills are not only good for rheumatism, but are valuable for any disease that arises from impoverished, or bad blood. They co-or act on the bowels.

A Mother at 60.

Mrs. William Gillivray, of 20 Regent street, this city, who is over 60 years of age, has given birth to a baby girl. Her husband, to whom she was married seven years ago, is 74. Mrs. Gillivray has been married twice, and this is her twenty-second child. She married first when 15. The baby is doing well and doing well. Toronto (Ont.) Special to New York Sun.

A GRAND TRIUMPH.

Baffled Many Times but Success Comes at Last.

(From the Grand Rapids Press.)

The following incident would be hard to believe if it had not occurred right here in Grand Rapids, and investigation by our representative has placed it beyond the shade of doubt. The story of the facts is about: Mr. J. H. White of No. 25 Hadley Place, has been an instructor in penmanship in different business colleges for the past fourteen years. He says: "Last October I was suddenly taken ill. I consulted a physician, who said the pain was from gravel stones, gradually grew worse; the pain in my back, side and side. My back swelled up in a great ridge, and I finally grew so bad that I was taken to bed, as helpless as a child. I passed blood, and was delirious at the point that I was like one crazy. The doctor injected morphine to give me relief, but further than that he said he was powerless, and nothing would help any more than a surgical operation. I believe my flesh was literally cooked in the attempts to relieve my agony, everything was used, mustard plasters, turpentine, hot cloths and all such things. I was in this condition, given up by the doctor, and almost out of my mind with suffering. I commenced taking Dean's Kidney Pills, and finally I became well in 20 minutes. After about two hours I had a passage of urine, and passed blood and some gravel stones which greatly relieved me. I rapidly improved, took in all six boxes, and I feel to day entirely well. Mine has been a wonderful case. I feel that I cannot say anything strong enough for Dean's Kidney Pills. My great wish is that they may become well known. They will prove a boon to mankind.

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Dean's*, and take no other.

God sometimes washes the eyes of his children with tears that they may read aright his providence and his promises.

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c, If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Accuracy of statement is one of the first elements of truth; inaccuracy is a peal kin to falsehood.

There are some folks who always feel like speeding the coming guest.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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