

A Dog of Fad.
Practical jokes are a foolish sort of fun, and they often lead to consequences that are anything but funny. John B. Gough tells how unluckily one turned out with him when he was a boy.

A young fellow at work in the same book-binder's shop with him thought he would play John a trick. So he took a brush, thrust it into a tub of paste, and holding it close beside his face, called out suddenly—

"John!"

John turned quickly, and striking the brush he got the charge full into his face and hair. The young fellow left him spluttering with pain and vexation, and was laughing loud at the comicality of the joke.

"I'll pay him for that thought John. He took a sheet of paper, and put about a pint of paste on it, then, holding it on the palm of his hand, placed himself in a position at the door, in readiness to return the joke when the companion would venture back.

"If I have to wait here all day," he said to himself, "I'll come up with him!"

At last he heard footsteps on the stairs. John balanced the handful of paste and braved himself for the d—d.

"Now, my boy, you shall catch it!" thought he, trembling with excitement.

A hand was on the latch; the door was opened, and out flew the whole pasty mass into the comical face.

It was a capital shot. But if John laughed he did not laugh long. For, to his horror, when the face was singing out in the public place, he had made a terrible mistake. He had planted the "loose of the shop!"

It could not have been a very pleasant score that followed; and John's explanations and excuses could not have been wholly satisfactory to his exasperated employer. The little joker proved no joke to either of them, certainly, whatever the young fellow who began the pasting may have thought of it.

It cost John his place; the future career of a temperance was turned out of the shop.

GO AND VIEW THE LAND.

These Chaps Represent.

On August 25th, Senator Ladd and Senator George H. Davis, Representatives will be sent from the State, stations of the Wabash Railroad to the Great Farming Regions of the West, Northwest, South and Southern. Tickets are returning for these days for time of sale.

The crops were never so good as this year, and the Railroad Rates, via Wabash, never so low. Whatever section you wish to visit, you will find the Wabash the nearest Wabash ticket agent for passengers as to rates, time of trains, accommodations, etc.

For more information, see the Wabash, write at once to E. CHANDLER, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Now to Help the Horse.

A lady hired a stranger to do some hauling of the other day, on the recommendation of the man's horse. It was such a well-kept, fine animal that she thought the owner must be a good man, and so it turned out.

By some hiring any vehicle drawn by a horse, stock or galled horse, you will be doing much to prevent cruelty, and also teach men that the care of animals pays.

New Orleans Pioneers.

Several training is demanded for all important positions, whether on the farm or in the commercial world. In this connection we call attention to the announcement made in this issue, of the Indiana State University, one of the oldest and most distinguished of strictly business training schools in our country. The professors, Messrs. Reed & Osborne, are men of great ability, and will be sure to impress and spare no expense in maintaining the position of the University at the head of commercial schools. By mentioning this name, you will be sure to be sent to any address by this institution. It is a pleasure to recommend to our readers the excellent work of the Indianapolis Business University.

Reading Room Men.

A colored boy, a stable boy, comes from a farm, near Canton, Ohio, and finds himself in a basket to take to that town. When he arrived there and opened the basket he found, instead of the eggs, eight little chicks, alive and hungry.



An unusual offer—the one that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Unusual, but made in good faith. It's a reward of \$500 for an incurable case of Catarrh. If you have one, the money's for you. But you can't know whether you have one, till you've tried Dr. Sage's Remedy. What's incurable by any other means, yields to that. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. That's the reason the money can be offered. There's a risk about it, to be sure. But it's so small that the proprietors are willing to take it.

The symptoms of catarrh are, headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody, purulent and offensive; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness; offensive breath; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once.

German Syrup

G. Glöger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He bears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that has done such effective work in my family as Boecker's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called, Hoarseness, at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief!"

A man—bright-looking man, caught the clown just as he was entering the green-room.
"Introduce me, Ben."
"H—h—here—catch her with a foot! Look after him! he forgot he was

a woman for the time until Ben coolly turned and said:

"Miss Dick, permit me to introduce an old friend, Mr. Miller, of the—by the way, you're on the press, ain't you?"

"Not the press. The press is the paper here."

"I suppose you'll put a string of stuff about Miss Dick here—Idiots on the bills, you know—confidential this Miller. Nobody knows her name but you."

"She's pretty as a picture," said Miller in a low tone.

"And as good as she is pretty, as my wife, w—l'll tell you. Now, don't overdo the thing—just enough to clinch you know—that's what tells and helps us most. And I'm sure Miss Dick will be ever so much indebted to you."

"You have made too much of it—I shall be very glad, indeed, to be able to talk to her, but not—anyway, any time, she can command me freely."

Dick could only laugh. He did not trust himself to speak. He could scarcely preserve his countenance until he was a good distance in the green-room—the sat down on a camp stool and laughed until his eyes were following her, pursuing with loud cries of warning. The clown's face expressed anger.

"She'll tell Buckett that Mitchell would wish he had bought her," said the clown.

"She'll tell him something before Buckett tells her," said the clown.

"She's perfectly lovely! Such a delicate, sweet little cherub, with the loveliest eyes, the sweetest little mouth, the cunningest little nose, and eyes of heavenly blue. It looks as if it had just dropped from heaven and every tiny feature had been fashioned by the angels."

Mr. Newma—Is it as nice as our baby?

Mrs. Newma—Mercy! no, half.

—Yankee Blada.

Medical Critic.

Mr. Snobell—"What I hate is understanding about dese yore docto's is, what's de ob use ob dese yore post-mawtox zanifications. What does yo think ob dem, Eph?"

Mr. Lilywhite—"Pears to me day must to fools. Day might know it won't be use to cut a person up arter he's dead. Day habber cure him den."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Unfading Color.

Papa Folger—"I wonder what will be the most comfortable place to paint our house?"

Maud—"Habber—habber, time."

"Why do you think so?"

"Look at old Soaker's nose! It never fails, but grows redder every year."—Harrisburg Telegram.

Had Never Been Told So Before.

Concubine—"Excuse me, ma'am; you dropped your handkerchief."

Lady visitor—"Thank you; you are very good."

Convict (eagerly)—Say, ma'am, you couldn't manage to persuade the Gov'r of that, somehow, could you?"—Somerville Journal.

Adapted to the Position.

Jinks—"How did it happen that O'Reilly was forced to go on the bar-bor police?"

Filkings—"They thought he'd be useful in fashin' out snidey. You see, he's a Cork man.—New York Herald.

At Dinner.

Rev. Prolix—"I thought you told me, Mrs. Prolix, that we were going to have fresh eggs for dinner."

Mrs. P.—"They were fresh when I told you, but you must remember you have given us one of your usual sermons since."—Yonkers Gazette.

Time to Stop Footing.

Dr. Gruff (to fashionable patient)—It's merely the same old ailment, my dear madam.

Mr. Style—"Oh, no, Doctor, I really am ill now."

Dr. Gruff—"H'm! If that really is so, I'll have to change the whole course of my treatment."—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Files.

"There are no files on me," said the boarding house steaker.

"Na," replied the boarding house butler, "this house starve to death while they were trying to get their teeth through you."

"But look at the flies on you!" retorted the steaker. "Why don't you run away from them? I'm sure you are strong enough."—Brooklyn Eagle.

His Chief Attraction.

Harry—"Why do you shave off your mustache?"

Will—"I found my best girl was getting too expensive, and have taken this method of having her give me the shake."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Just Like One of the Force.

Police Sergeant—"Well, what has this man been doing?"

Officer O'Grog—"Impersonatin' an officer, sir. Whin I found him sittin' shrank on a beer-keg he said he had just stopped there a minute to tie his hoostrings.—Judge."

On the Blaize.

Romeo Tiecounter (the greatest living Giulietta)—Prather, who was that gentleman to whom you bowed so politely?"

Ragely do Jiggs (of the "Not In It" Combination)—That is the property man of our company.

Property man—"I faith I took him for a Syndicate."

"Everyone so. He is the real estate owner who gives bail when the manager gets into trouble."—Fuck.

Floating Gardens of Cashmere.

The thousands of floating gardens on the rivers of Cashmere are formed by long eelgrass which are woven together in the form of a gigantic mat. These eelgrass grasses, flags, stalks, lilies, etc., are woven on the river or lake banks while their roots are still growing in the slime underneath; the required amount of earth is then superimposed upon the mat; and the mat and its load is a full-fledged "floating garden." They are usually about twenty by fifty yards in extent, and the total depth of the mat and its earthy covering being three feet.

A fisherman Cashmere will sometimes lay his neighbor's garden away from its moorings and sell the produce of the other's soil.

"Na," replied the cashmere, "I'm not the sort of person who ought to know better who think we drink heavy."

Why, if I drink once a day, what do you suppose would become of my nerve?"

"I'd lose my grip and slide off in pain."—Funk.

"I'll just naturally drop right out of the business."

Dick took the milk and emptied the cup.

"I thought it was whisky."

"Well, I know what you thought Thoro's lots of people who ought to know better who think we drink heavy."

When the tent men awoke, they awoke altogether, seemingly. They were very much alive under Mr. Perks' abductions and moving appeals.

"Whoo! Nobody stirring. Here you are! Up, up, scoop, vanish, parabulate, make yourselves scarce!"

"Oh, go away, willya, Perks!" exclaimed a voice that Dick quickly recognized.

"That you, Brown? 'Pon my soul it's gone, w—w for a fact."

"Well, I'm just ready for another nap, and I'm going to have it."

"Nap! Hear him, ye gods! Been sleeping there seven hours to my knowledge; now he wants a nap!"

"First away, Perks."

"I will fire away. I'll bring the elephant around."

"I'll just miss his dog on you; to move, now, Perks. We've plenty of time. Confound you, because your confidence won't let you sleep, you don't want any to enjoy a little rest."

Perks beat a retreat and Dick, who was now wide awake, listened to the hum of voices in the kitchen, to the drivers and sent men whom Perks had sent for him.

He resolved to do, or die in the attempt.

The mare was going at the utmost limit of her speed. The sawdust rose in a gale behind him. The silence was significant—no noise.

Dick took the reins in both hands, ran his right leg over the mare's back, and so tight he was for control, he jerked her bit with all the power he could exert.

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