

## HE WAS NO SLOUCH.

But the Machinery Didn't Work When He Tried to Demonstrate the Fact.  
(From the Arkansas Traveler.)

Bill Higgonson, a well-known character of the White Springs neighborhood, came to the city in company with several young ladies to one of whom he was engaged to be married. Bill has always thirsted for notoriety. He wants to be known by the leading men in town, and to show the people of his community that, although born in obscurity and reared on the farm, he can address prominent men in a familiar way. While the young ladies were at the hotel Bill went into a wholesale store, and, approaching a man who sat in the office, said:

"Cap'n, you can do me a big favor if you will. I've got a lot of gals in town with me, an' I want to show 'em that I ain't no slouch. I want 'em to go home an' say that Bill—that's me—come to town an' was known by the big bugs. Now, I want to make this agreement with you. I'll go away, an' putty soon I'll come 'round with the gals an' come in here, slap you on the shoulder an' say, 'Old chap, how do you hold out?' Then you slap me, an' say, 'Why, Bill, old boy, I'm glad to see you.' That will be blown all over my country, an' will be with money and character to me, lemme tell you."

The gentleman said that he did not object to helping a young fellow along, and that the aspiring William might come in and slap him, when he would go through with his part of the program.

Bill, highly delighted with the arrangement, went to the hotel and told the girls that he wanted them to take a walk with him. As they walked along toward the store, Bill said:

"Now I'm going to show you 'Liza, that you ain't going to marry no slouch. I'll show you that your own Bill is looked up to an' liked in this town, an' he is on terms with the best of 'em."

The girl laughed self-complacently, and declared that it was nice to marry a man that "wasn't a stranger an' a slouch."

When they reached the store, Bill conducted the ladies to the office, where a man sat looking over accounts. He was not the man with whom the arrangements had been made, but Bill did not recognize the difference. Advancing, he struck the man a pretty heavy slap, and exclaimed:

"Hello, old chap, how are you holding in out?"

The gentleman sprang to his feet and glared at William, but William, without embarrassment, punched him among the ribs and said: "Old chap, how are you holding in out?"

"No foolin', old boy. Don't you remember the agreement?" he added in an undertone. "It's me; don't you recognize the man what seed you jes' now? And then, as he fancied he saw a change of countenance, he jolted the gentleman among the truncate ribs and exclaimed, "How are you holdin' out?"

The gentleman hauled off with an ink-bottle and knocked Bill down. The girls screamed and ran away, and Bill, as soon as he was able to regain his feet, sulked away. When he reached the hotel with his face all besmeared with ink, his betrothed ran to him, punched him in the side and said:

"Hello, old chap, how are you holding in out?"

## Wheat "Plugging."

"The wheat pluggers are about as plenty as the men who always get the best fruit on top of the half-bushel, the good eggs on top of the box, the best hay on the outside of the load, and so on. You see, we spend millions of dollars every year to convert the heathen in foreign lands, while the heathen at home are cheating their neighbors out of their boots. The word plug has reference to a way dishonest countrymen have in cheating grain shippers. They load the bottom of a car with chaff or bran or low-grade grain, and put good grain on top of it, and, as it is sold by sample, when it reaches its destination and the receiver discovers the cheat, the shipper has to make good the loss."

"Is there very much of this plugging done?"

"It is still very common, but not near so much as it used to be. There is never a man sharp enough to invent a trick but there is another one sharp enough to detect it. We drop 'onto' all their little games. And there are dozens, yes, hundreds of country shippers now who can't imagine how we inspectors see the bottom of a car without unloading it."

"Well, it is somewhat mysterious; how is it?"

"You see this," said the dealer, unloosening a charm from his watch-chain; "this is the instrument we use in miniature. By forcing this down through a car of grain and then drawing out the piston we have a vacuum into which, through holes in the side, the grain falls. This gives us a sample of the grain in every inch of the car to the bottom."

"And yet there are still people who will put bad grain on the bottom?"

"Yes, but the complaint is growing less. You see our orders are when we discover a plugged car to give it the lowest grade on our scale. That sickens them. Some time ago a man sent a car of grain in here, with orders to ship it to St. Louis if it didn't grade so and so here. Upon inspection I found, perhaps, two wagon loads of damaged wheat spread over the car about a foot from the top, so it was sent to St. Louis. The inspector passed it. A short time after I heard from the shipper. He said it was loaded just as I said it was, but he thought he would run the risk of its passing here or St. Louis."

"What are some of the other plans used to deceive the alert Inspector?"

"Well, they will put damaged grain all around the edges, for instance, and put little layers here and there through the car. There is a chance of distributing a wagon load of bad wheat through a car so that the Inspector misses it, and, like the men above, they run the risk."

"What is the best trick, in your opinion, you ever discovered?"

"About the cutest thing I have ever

seen, I believe, was this: Eastern shippers would fill sacks with bad wheat and distribute them about the car, standing them on the mouth of the sack, and fill up the car. When they got the sacks covered they would then pull them out, leaving the bad wheat standing in a column just the size of the sacks, you know, and an Inspector might probe all day with his gauge without touching one of those pillars."

"Do you hope to break up this practice in time?"

"We can hardly hope to do that altogether, but we can keep the evil at its minimum, which is about what we are doing now."—*Kansas City Journal*.

## Culloden Moor.

Three miles from Inverness we came upon the low, ridgy Moor of Culloden, whereon was fought the last battle contested on British ground, by a few of the Jacobite clans against the forces of the Government, and the history of which is too well known to need more than mention. The battle took place on that part of the moor where its surface inclines toward the River Nairn, and the Highland clans were drawn up to the west of the present line of graves across the moor toward Culloden House. On all sides the prospect is dark and dreary—like a place that no sunshine can brighten. The castle of Dalrosson raises its square mass above the black moorland to the east; the pine-clad cone of Dun Daviot closes the vista on the southwest. A little to the north of the main road is a depression called the "Stable Hollow," and near it are two small thatched houses, called the "King's Stables," wherein Cumberland's staff had placed their horses. The three great grass-covered mounds where the dead lie are conspicuous above the dark-brown or purple moor, and are usually very green. Local tradition asserts that belated wayfarers, when passing near them, have suddenly found themselves amid the smoke and hurly-burly of a battle, and could recognize by their tartans the clans engaged; indeed, the peasantry believe that a great battle will be fought there again, but with whom or about what none can tell, save that there is always a Laird of Culde-thel, conspicuous on a white horse among shadowy combatants.—*Anon.*

## Squashing a Mouse.

Mrs. Jamieson is a Brooklyn lady, and she had a very sore finger, caused by striking the wrong nail while laying carpets. She had procured the finger of an old kid glove and used it for a finger-stall. Thereby hangs a tale.

While cleaning house the other day she disturbed a mouse and it ran into one of the bureau drawers which was laying on the floor. Mrs. Jamieson is not a timid woman by any means, but, woman-like, she called for her husband. He was shaving himself and he came in with his face covered with lather.

"Smatter?" he asked, with his mouth full of soap.

"There's a mouse in that drawer and I want you to help me kill it," she answered.

Mr. Jamieson isn't at all fond of mice and he'd rather go without them than pay an exorbitant rate for them, but he didn't want to appear afraid, so he went out into the kitchen and procured little Tommy's base-ball bat. He climbed up on top of the bureau, and told Mrs. J. to "fetch on her mice."

"I'll lift the clothes out," she said, and when the mouse jumps you squash him."

She grabbed the clothes out one by one, and finally Jamieson saw the mouse jump. Then he struck at it, upset the bureau and went through the looking-glass, while Mrs. J. went into the kitchen to howl.

They don't commune at the same table now, for what Jamieson mistook for the mouse was the finger-stall on Mrs. J.'s finger.—*New York World*.

## Suicide in Great Cities.

The *Spectator* thinks it not surprising that Paris should be the most given to suicide of any of the large cities. For when pleasure is made the object and end of life, the sources of it most seriously grow less and less, until within a very short time all sources of happiness have been swallowed up in a dreadful ennui, which makes death a welcome end. Naples appears to form an exception to the operation of this supposed law, for in a population of the profession that Paris should be the most given to suicide of any of the large cities. For when pleasure is made the object and end of life, the sources of it most seriously grow less and less, until within a very short time all sources of happiness have been swallowed up in a dreadful ennui, which makes death a welcome end. Naples appears to form an exception to the operation of this supposed law, for in a population of the

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## THE HIGHEST AUTHORITY.

Upon a Subject of Vital Interest, Affecting the Welfare of All.

The following remarkable letter from one of the leading and best known scientific writers of the present day is especially significant, and should be of unusual value to all readers who desire to keep pace with the march of modern discoveries and events:

"A general demand for reformation is one of the most distinctive characteristics of the nineteenth century. The common people are more enlightened and refined, cry out with no uncertain voice to be emancipated from the slavery of conservatism and superstition which has held the masses in gross ignorance during a large portion of the world's history, and in the time of the 'Dark Ages' came near obliterating the last glimmer of truth. Dogmatic assertions and blind empiricism are losing caste among all classes of society, and the masses are beginning to think for themselves, and to regard authority much less than contempt. Men and women are no longer willing that a few individuals should dictate to them what must be their sentiments and opinions. They claim the right to solve for themselves the great questions of the day, and demand that the general good of humanity shall be respected. As the world has seen every nation and every race of men in every portion of the globe, the demand for reformation is universal. People who a few years ago, endured suffering the most intense, in the name of duty, now realize the utter foolishness of such a course. Men who were under the bondage of bigoted advisers allowed their health to depart; suffered their constitutions to become undermined and finally died martyrs to a false system of treatment. There are millions of people filling unthatched graves who might have lived to a great old age, had they been given proper treatment. There are thousands of people to day thoughtlessly enduring the first symptoms of some serious malady, and without the slightest realization of the danger that is before them. They have occasional headaches, a lack of appetite one day and a ravenous one the next, or an unaccountable feeling of weariness, sometimes accompanied by fits and attacks of severe trouble to the old and a slight cold or rheumatism. It is high time that people awoke to a knowledge of the seriousness of these matters and emancipated themselves from the professional bigotry which controls them. When this is done and when all classes of physicans become liberal enough to exclude all dogmas, save that it is their duty to cure disease as quickly and as safely as possible, to maintain no other position than that of truth, honestly and sincerely and to endorse and recommend any remedy that has been found useful, no matter what its origin, there will be no more quarreling among the doctors, while there will be great rejoicing throughout the world."

"I am well aware of the censure that will be meted out to me for writing this letter, but I feel that I cannot be true to my honest convictions unless I extend a helping hand and endorse all that I know to be good. I have frequently asked me about the remedy and I had heard of remarkable cures effected by it, but like many others I hesitated to recommend its use. A personal friend of mine had been in poor health for some time and his application for insurance on his life had been rejected on account of Bright's disease. Chemical and microscopical examinations of his urine revealed the presence of large quantities of albumen and gravelous casts, which confirmed the correctness of the diagnosis. After trying all the usual remedies, I directed him to use this preparation, and was greatly surprised to observe a decided improvement within a month, and within four months, no tube casts could be discovered. At that time there was present only a trace of albumen; and he felt, as he expressed it, 'perfectly well,' and all through the influence of Warner's Sarsaparilla, the remedy.

"After this I prescribed small medicine in full doses in both acute and chronic nephritis (Bright's disease), and with the most satisfactory results. My observations were neither small in number nor hastily made. They extended over several months and embraced a large number of cases which have proved so satisfactory to my mind, that I would earnestly urge upon my professional brethren the importance of giving a fair and patient trial to Warner's Sarsaparilla, and I urge all to do the same. The blood is obviously in an unhealthy state, especially where glandular engorgements and inflammatory eruptions exist, indeed in many of those forms of chronic indisposition in which there is no evidence of organic mischief, but where the general health is depleted, the face sallow, the urine colored, constituting the condition in which the patient is said to be 'bilious,' the advantage gained by the use of this remedy is remarkable. In Bright's disease the sarsaparilla is a solvent of albumen, to sooth and heal the inflamed membranes; to wash out the epithelial debris which blocks up the tubuli *uriniferi*, and to prevent a destructive metamorphosis of tissue.

"Belonging as I do to a branch of the profession that believes that no one school of medicine knows all the truth regarding the treatment of disease, and being independent enough to believe that any remedy that will not cure patients, without reference to the source from whence it comes, I am glad to acknowledge and commend the merits of this remedy thus frankly.

"Respectfully yours,  
R. A. GUNN, M. D."

Dean and Professor of Surgery, United States Medical College of New York; editor of *Medical Tribune*; Author of Gunn's New York, Genoa, London, and Rome, London has eighty-seven to the million, and Naples only thirty-four.

Taking these figures together and comparing them with the meteorological and industrial conditions prevailing in the several localities, it would appear that the French fondness for suicide may be due partly, indeed, to want of an object in life, but largely to insufficient nutrition, and to the enfeeblement of vital force by faulty habits. It appears to be a growing opinion among physicians that insufficient food, poor digestion, and worry are the chief causes of insanity, as they also are of suicide.—*Boston Herald*.

Ben Butler's Eyes.

Gov. Butler's eyes are somewhat remarkable. One of them, we are told, is near-sighted and the other far-sighted. He puts one close to the page he reads, while with the other he can tell the time on a distant steeple. Without inconvenience, if in a theatre, he can fasten one on the pit and the other on the gallery, where his friends and admirers sit. His eyes are typical of the man. We can see in them great natural powers—telescopic and microscopic—but a lack of co-ordination.

Ringworm.

HALFORD FLYNN, of New York, had so many pimples and blisters on his face that he was ashamed. He tried various remedies without effect. Hood's Sarsaparilla purified his blood, and all blemishes disappeared.

Ringworm.

Mr. Little boy was so badly afflicted with a humor that had to him his hands to keep him from rubbing the sores which it disfigured and discolored. Before he had finished, he had a hood's Sarsaparilla the sores were healed.—L. J. CLEMENT, Merchant, Warner, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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