

Cannot Retaliate.

"I wish I was an editor," exclaimed a poor devil of a doctor (albeit a very good doctor).

"Want a chance to work nights, I suppose," said a reporter, who was laboring to so mold a doubtful fact as to make it at once readable and probable.

"Yes, or day times; it wouldn't matter much, provided it was some time. But that's not my reason for wishing I was an editor!"

"What particular grievance have you got? Perhaps I can swing your shillalah for you and close your aching void, both at the same time. Loose the animal!"

"Don't you think it's about time for railroad companies to relieve their patrons of the importunities of news agents?"

"No, sir, I do not! The time is long past when the patrons of railroads should have taken a Judge Lynch with them, and a competent and strictly business jury and every telegraph pole should have been made interesting to tourists and coroners. 'Butcher the butchers!' should have been the motto of passengers long ago."

"Mind I don't object to the newsboy who passes through the cars with the daily papers, but I do to the impudent and importunate fiend who seems to be an escaped graduate of Chatham street; the pest who, from morning until night, makes tired passengers wish either that they were at their journey's end, or that they could have the satisfaction of hearing the wheels grinding over him and his obtrusive wares. Up engine-ward he seems to have a grocery, a book and periodical store, a cigar and tobacco stand, a toy store, a news stand, a fruit store, and a curiosity shop, and during the day he is importuned to buy each and every article in each and every establishment.

"I, for one, don't believe that when I buy a ticket and go aboard a train, the company has any right to send aboard a fiend to torment me; that when my wife and I take possession of a seat, a train 'butcher' has a right to any portion of it for storage purposes, or that I am compelled to act as a shelf for its wares, and I to-day acted upon that belief. Soon after we started this morning I purchased a newspaper for myself and a magazine for my wife, though, goodness knows, she didn't get a chance to read a word of it! As I paid the youth for them, I said: 'Now, young man, this is all the literature we shall want to-day. We shall want no political stuff in pamphlet form, extolling the virtues of candidates; we take no active interest in the James gang, the Younger brothers, the Benders, Guitars, or any other of your corps of assassins; we desire no illustrated weeklies showing the last days of the murderers, or the last legs of the ladies of the ballet; our necessities do not include wormy figs, cholera-morbus apples, peppermint prize packages, vegetable-ivory trinkets, 1879 confectionery, or any other part of your carefully selected rubbish. Moreover, we have use for this seat—the whole of it, and shall most strenuously object to holding any of your stock in trade, the more especially as our sick baby is competent to tire out all the lap-room we have. Therefore, my boy, in your commercial wanderings through this car, just skip us!'

"About three minutes later, just as I had got fairly enshrouded behind my paper, my wife exclaimed: 'For goodness' sake, take them away!' I dropped my paper, only to find that butcher holding in front of her a basket of green, wormy, and withered apples, while the pining, fretful child was in the very nice act of biting one of them. I knocked it out of her hand and informed that boy if he brought any more of his stuff near me I'd break every bone in his body, to which he replied: 'Guess not! I pays for selling on this 'ere train, and if you break any bones you'll pay for 'em, and don't you forget it!'

stirring the lady rose softly and slipped through the door. But the guilty dog had marked her. He sprang up and made a dash at her with most undisguised fury, for he saw that his secret was discovered and his character blasted by one whom he now regarded as a hateful spy.

Fortunately, she got the door fast just in time, and at once alarmed the house. But the dog was now so furious that no one dared go into the kitchen, and at last a gun was brought, pointed through an aperture, and he was shot dead.—*Petland Revisited.*

Aggressive Poultry.

Sister Grimes, after hearing the announcement from the pulpit of the annual camp-meeting, at once determined to go.

"Ef the weather permits," she said to her friend, Miss Simpkins, "and Providence is willin', I shall go an' stay through the meetin'."

Accordingly the ancient hair trunk was packed and Sister Grimes set out. The first few miles were uneventful and were passed in counting the telegraph poles and musing upon the infinite. Suddenly change came over the spirit of her dreams. She sat upright, with a startled expression, which soon changed to one of indignation. Suddenly she faced about, and addressing a mild-looking man with a white neck-cloth who sat behind her, inquired in a voice of terror:

"What do you mean by insulting me in this manner?"

"Indeed, madam—"

"You needn't indeed, madam, me. You know you did it, and you needn't do it, you sanctimonious old hypocrite."

"Pray excuse me, madam, but—"

"I won't excuse you, you reprobate."

"What is the matter, madam?" inquired the conductor, who was attracted by Miss Grimes' indignant tones.

"Why, this old sinner has been insulting me."

"What has he done, madam?"

"He has—well, he has been pinching my ank—that is, my feet."

"Madam," said the solemn-looking man, "what a monstrous fabrication."

"Suppose you arise for a moment," suggested the conductor.

"There, he's just done it again!" screamed Sister Grimes.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the accused.

Sister Grimes leaped from her seat to the aisle, with fire in her eye, and the conductor pulled from beneath the seat a large bag, from a hole in which protruded the head of a large gamecock, glancing fiercely about and lunging with his powerful beak at whatever lay near.

"Madam," said the solemn-looking man, "you see it was your own wretched bird that has done the mischief. You have accused an innocent man of a heinous offense, while you, yourself, are on your way to attend a cock-fight. Thus it is that Satan betrays his followers."—*Boston Globe.*

Rhyming Table of Presidents.

I noticed, a week or two ago, an inquiry concerning a rhyming list of the Presidents of the United States. I had a recollection of having clipped several such lists from papers, and looked them up. The trestest, and therefore the easiest and most useful, for memorizing is the enclosed:

The American Presidential line:
Began in seventeen eighty-nine.
By Washington was the list begun,
With two terms, Adams one;
Jefferson, Madison, Monroe,
Sat for two terms each; and so
John Quincy Adams came for one,
While Jackson through two terms did run;
Harrison died and left four years
For Taylor, one term, and so on;
When Taylor died and left two years
For Fillmore; one term next for Pierce
And for Buchanan; Lincoln then
For two terms, and then came Grant,
Four years for Garfield, who was killed,
And Arthur the vacant office filled.
—*New York Mail.*

A Boy Who Never Sweats.

There is a boy in Putnam County, Tennessee, a son of Jefferson Lee, 10 years of age, who, owing to the peculiar nature of his skin, has never been known to sweat a drop of perspiration in his life. Another phenomenal feature connected with the boy is that he has only four teeth, and he had those when born, having never cut nor shed any since his birth. He is very much affected by the seasons. In the summer he gets exceedingly warm and is compelled, in order to live at all, to keep his head and body wet with cold water, and falls off to almost a skeleton, but when winter comes and cold weather sets in he is enabled to dispense with his bath and grows fat. He is said to be a sprightly boy, with plenty of sense.

In Poland the stones of engagement rings are chosen according to the month in which the engagement was made—the ruby for July, the pearl for May, the sapphire for January, for March the turquoise, which, it is believed, will turn green upon the inconstancy of the giver. The emerald, given in June, is for fidelity, and the Russians expect to have one emerald among the wedding gifts from the husband; it is the omen of certain happiness.

The Wises of Virginia have been noted for generations as a dueling family, but they have not always accepted the challenges sent to them. It is related of Henry A. Wise that a minor politician named Finney challenged him, the message reaching him while he was playing cards. He looked up from his hand, took the challenge, and, after glancing over it, said, tempestuously: "No, sir! I'll not fight him. I would as soon shoot at a poor blind girl."

A deaf family in New Hampshire has been traced back to the fourteenth century in England, and in all that time has regularly shown a succession of deaf mutes. In Maine there is a family in which there are ninety-five deaf mutes, all of them connected by blood or marriage.

"Next to everlasting life," says an atheist, "what is better than eternal sleep?" Nothing for you. A man who cannot enjoy this world can hardly be expected to enjoy the next.

Young Men, Read This.

A dog belonging to the B-s, which was a great favorite of theirs, and regarded as of thoroughly irreproachable training, was charged by some of their neighbors with worrying sheep at night. The family rebutted this charge, on the ground that the dog was fastened up in their kitchen at night, and was never let out until the servants came down in the morning.

The farmers, however, persisted that they knew the dog well, and had seen him going from the sheepfold, though he had managed to escape them. When this was urged so strongly as to make it imperative on the B-s to take some further steps, one of the daughters volunteered to sleep in the kitchen and watch the dog's behavior.

When they made up the young lady's bed the dog seemed very restless and strange, but by and by he settled down and all was silent.

A little after midnight he got up, came to the bed, and sniffed about until he was satisfied himself the lady was not awake. Then he leaped into the window seat, lifted the catch of the shutters, and opened them. Then he undid the latch of the window, which he opened, and disappeared.

After a long absence he came back, closed and fastened the window and shutters, and finished by licking his own feet and the marks which he had left by springing on the floor. To the terror of the sleeping sleeper, he now came and closely scrutinized her; but she kept still, and he at last crept off to his own bed.

As soon as she heard the servants

News of the Victories
Won by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters over diseases are almost daily received by its proprietors. For over a third of a century it has been the theme of constant and grateful acknowledgments from those whom it has cured or protected from disease, from medical men who have watched its effects and adopted it, and from a host of other sources. A noticeable concurrence in this regard of testimony as to the thoroughness of its effects is observable. The public specially commends itself to the consideration of persons afflicted with obstinate forms of maladies to which it is adapted, against which ordinary remedies have proved unavailing. Fever and ague, chronic constipation and dyspepsia, rheumatism and rheumatism, are among the forms of disease which most frequently defy medication, and to the eradication of these maladies the Bitters is specially suited. It is pure, speedy, and agreeable.

How Women Differ from Men.
How women differ from men in their average jury are bound to disagree with the rest just to show that they've got minds of their own; but there is no disagreement among the women as to the merits of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." They are all unanimous in pronouncing it the best remedy in the world for all those chronic diseases, weaknesses, and complaints peculiar to their sex. It transforms the pale, haggard, dispirited woman into one of sparkling health, and the ringing laugh again "reigns supreme" in the happy household.

Cousin FANNY complains at the ridiculous complaints of men about crinoline. Why so? Because they only cover two feet.

Human Calves.

An exchange says: "Nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages result from human calves being allowed to run at large in society pastures." Nine-tenths of the chronic or lingering diseases of to-day originate in impure blood, liver complaint, or biliousness, resulting in scrofula, consumption (which is but scrofula of the lungs), sores, ulcers, skin diseases and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all these. It is pure, speedy, and agreeable.

A Blunt Partisan.
The patriots of New England who labored to secure self-government for the colonies had to encounter their neighbors who were devoted to the King and Parliament.

Among these loyalists were found, here and there, a clergyman who thought it his duty to preach the submission of subjects and the rights of rulers.

One of these clergymen was the Rev. Mr. Chase, of Portsmouth, N. H., who numbered among his congregation Capt. John Blunt, shipmaster and farmer. On the birth of the Captain's sixth boy, it was determined after a family consultation, to name him William, and he was carried to the church to be christened.

It happened on that Sunday morning that the Rev. Mr. Chase, bent on eradicating the growing disloyalty of his people, preached a sermon in denunciation of Oliver Cromwell, a blasphemous revolutionist.

Capt. Blunt, being an outspoken patriot, determined to resent the minister's attack on the Puritan hero.

"What is his name?" asked his clergyman, as the child was placed in his arms.

"Oliver Cromwell," replied the Captain in a distinct voice.

"What—what did you say, sir?" asked the amazed minister, gasping as if he had been struck.

"Oliver Cromwell, sir," said the Captain, in a voice as stentorian as if shouted to his men in a gale. And the boy was christened Oliver Cromwell Blunt.—*Youth's Companion.*

The new Upright Pianos of Mason & Hamlin are highly praised by good judges. They possess a refinement of musical tone which is unique, and the right tone for all. This is owing largely to the new system of their construction. The great experience of Mason & Hamlin in their organ business, with the aid of their large corps of superior musical and mechanical experts, has enabled them, after several years of expensive experiments, to produce a piano which bids fair to do more for their reputation than even their famous organs have accomplished.

Their chief improvement consists in securing the strings by metallic fastenings, instead of pins held by friction, which renders it easy to tune the two strings of each tone exactly in unison. The tone is clear, full, and of great sweetness and purity. Messrs. Mason & Hamlin have made 150,000 cabinet organs. They can hardly hope to reach this number of pianos, but we doubt not their new "uprights" will command a very large sale. Boston Traveller.

Rainbow Rocks of the Yellowstone.

From a natural platform at the very edge of the lower falls, the sight-seer can look 400 feet upward to the top of the heavily wooded banks, and down to the foot of the falls, 309 feet. It is not over forty feet from this natural platform to the other side of the river, and the volume of water compressed into this narrow space is enormous; but as soon as it passes it is transformed into snowy, fleecy foam, and from below rises a thick mist as the water is hurled upon the rocks that break its fall.

Grand as are the falls themselves, the Grand Canyon really gives to the scene its unrivaled charm. One may see turrets, towers, pillars, cones, and hundreds of other fantastic shapes, according as the reins of fancy are loosened. The colors of the rocks include every tint of the rainbow. Below this is a stratum of brown rock, gradually shading into red. Then come orange, or yellow, violet and white limestone. Yonder is a bright, red tower, and beside it is a pillar of black flintstone. Below in a white cone, above a purple arc.—*Correspondence Boston Times.*

The * * * worst pile tumors cured in ten days, rupture in one month. Pamphlet 2c. stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Why is a lady's foot like a locomotive? Because it moves in advance of a train.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN IMPAIRED NERVE FUNCTION.
Dr. J. F. Fenwick, Boston, Mass., says: "I have used it in cases of impaired nerve function, with beneficial results, especially in cases where the system is affected by the toxic action of tobacco."

It is hard to run a newspaper unless it can stand alone.—*Whittemore Times.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM's Vegetable Compound is to be had at the nearest drug store for a dollar. It is not claimed that this remedy will cure every disease under the sun; but that it does all that it claims to do, thousands of good women know and declare.

The wages of the paragrapher—his ink come.—*Governor Herald.*

Why Will You Diet?

Scovill's Sarsaparilla, or Blood and Liver Syrup, for the cure of scrofulous taint, rheumatism, white swelling, gout, goitre, consumption, bronchitis, nervous debility, malarias, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and the heads of families throughout the land, endorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above diseases.

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