

### The Foundations of Michael.

Union County, Indiana, numbers among its taxpayers a good-natured old stranger who is one of the largest men in size ever seen outside of canvas, for nothing. He is also as big in heart as he is in body, and would rather hear a good story than go to church. Another good thing about him is that he can take a joke as well as give one, and enjoys one on himself or his wife's relations with as much zeal as he would on Uncle Dick Haworth himself, or even Tom Burnside, his nearest neighbor; and, by the way, his name is Witt, and he has right by the law of heredity, to be a witty fellow, and he is, in all that the name implies. Among the good ones at his own expense which he hands around to the boys when he goes to a public sale, is one that cured Henry Husted of dyspepsia and made Charley Stivers, the postmaster, smile for the first time since election.

Being a large man, Michael is of course somewhat gifted in the matter of feet far above the common run of mortals. He wears a shoe that could in emergencies be utilized for either a trunk or a cradle, if the wardrobe was not an actor's, or the baby overly large. It is a shoe that would gladden the heart of a city editor, and take the melody out of a spring poet for life. It could give the Bogardus Kicker the choice of innings and break its back at the first lunge. It is a shoe that would bankrupt a boot-blacker and make him a gibbering idiot to the end of his days. In fact, it is a pretty good-sized shoe, not a great deal smaller than the foot of a St. Louis belle, when pinched up in pumps for a ball. In his younger days this massive man wore boots, but he is getting along in years now, and don't feel like walking to the forks of the road every time he wants to pull them off.

A good many years ago, so Michael told the scrivener, he had the misfortune to get his feet poisoned, and they began to swell so rapidly that the cook stove had to be got out of doors to make room for them in the house, but Link, the longest of the four long boys in his giant team, was sent to town with utmost speed, for a keg of liniment, and by taking turns and working hard throughout the night, the long boys rubbed the swelling down somewhat and saved the house.

Some days afterward, when the swelling had come down sufficient for a horse to bear the burden, without suffering incurable curvature of spine, Michael mounted his Norman gelding and went out barefooted to view the country and surprise the natives. He rode on for a time without having his thighs pulled out of joint, and finally halted in the creek to water his horse and soak his inflamed bunions. While sitting there wondering if it wouldn't pay him to go into competition with steam thrashers and tread out the grain, a stranger rode up and gazed at Michael and his feet in speechless wonder.

"Fine day," said Michael, sizing the stranger up, with the habit of a man who sometimes lends money.

"Y-a-s," replied the stranger, still keeping his eyes glued on Michael's feet, in a figurative sense, of course.

"Live in these parts?" from Michael came.

"No; and I'll be hanged if I want to," came from the man of unknown name. "Not if you wail much hereabout in your sleep."

"I have done such things," said Michael, as he spit into the creek, and raised the water; not very much, to be sure, but a little.

"Well, no wonder crops are ruined," the strange man did reply. "But I wouldn't a thought it, hardly. How in the name of shoe-leather you manage to carry them feet around without pulling your knees out 'o' jint is one of the things I don't suppose I'll ever know before I get bald-headed." And the man took another look at the foundations of Michael, and then he mused and bit his nails, and mused again, and chewed his cud and ruminated for quite a spell, and then, says he, quite brusque like: "Well, well, how a body kin be mistaken sometimes, can't they?"

"I don't know," says Michael. "How so?"

"Why, stranger," said the curious man, with considerable emotion, "when I saw you coming on the top of the hill yonder, I looked at you kind o' casual like, but I could a swore you was riding a mare with twin colts," and then he took another look at the feet, wiped the gathering tears from his eyes on his coat-sleeve, spurred his horse into a keen gallop, and was seen no more.

Reader, our task is done, and you can fix up the moral to suit yourself. Still, if you are too thin-skinned to take this story without collateral testimony, you can send on a quarter, to cover cost of boxing, and be accommodated with photograph of the shoes that Michael wears, by the first fast freight.—*Chicago Ledger*.

### "Bow-Wow."

It is not to be expected that children in their first attempts at scrutinizing objects should be able to take in completely a complex form, like that of an animal, for example, with all its parts and their relations one to another. C. gave ample proof of the fact that the first generalizations respecting form are apt to be rough and ready, grounded simply on a perception of one or two salient points. Thus, his first use of "bow-wow" showed that the name meant for him simply a four-legged creature. About the 15th month this word was thrown about in the most reckless way. Later on, when the dog form began to be disengaged in his mind from those of other quadrupeds, the pointed nose of the animal seems to have become a prominent feature in the meaning of the word. Thus, in his 18th month, C. took to calling objects, such as fragments of bread or biscuit, as well as drawings having a sharp angle, "bow-wow." It is probable that if our little thinker had been able at this stage to define his terms, he would have said that a "bow-wow" was a four-legged thing with a pointed nose. It is, however, only fair to mention in this connection that C. mind had become preoccupied with the image of a "bow-wow." Not long before the date referred to he had been frightened by a small dog, which had crept unobserved into the room behind a lady visitor, lain

quiet for some time under the table, and then suddenly, forgetting good manners, darted out and barked. There were many facts which supported the belief that the child's mind was at this period haunted by images of dogs which approximated in their vividness to hallucinations, and this persistence of the canine image in the child's brain naturally disposed him to see the "bow-wow" form in the most unpromising objects.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

### The Islands Off the Southern Coast of Florida.

In the St. Lawrence there are the Thousand Islands. Whether they fail by one or two that complete roundness of ten times one hundred I do not know. On the southern end of the Gulf State there may be seen on the map a stretch called the Ten Thousand Islands. He was a very unimaginative person, negligibly, having a dread of exaggeration, who named these wonderful islands. He skimped his nomenclature. There are not ten thousand islands, there must be a million of them, and more to spare, almost all of them covered with mangroves. To describe them were a difficult task. I may succeed, perhaps, in giving a faint idea of their number by asking the reader to think of one of those old mosaic floors the Romans delighted in. The infinite countless little bits of stone are the islands, the cement the water. Island after island appears emerging out of these blue bays. Some are but a few acres in size, then there are others with an acre of several square miles. Now the channel between them is so narrow that a boat can not pass, and then it expands to a mile wide. Beautiful silent harbors are entered, with peninsulas jutting into them, and behind comes labyrinth. It is an endless archipelago, all green and smiling. A man might hide himself here, providing he could only live, and remain uncaught forever; tracking him would be impossible. Only here and there on some of the islands is there the appearance of land, perceptible by a thin ridge. You can tell it by the hard wood growing on it. Centuries ago this island might have been on the sea-front, and some storm threw up the sea-bottom. Stretching then out in every direction, these intricate islands block the way. There may be eight, ten, or twenty miles to cross before the mainland would be reached; that is, if you had the wings of a man-of-war bird, and could fly. In a boat, working in and out through this maze, you would have to row maybe one hundred miles, then finally you might fetch up on Florida proper. This would be that hazy country which little boys read about on their maps, spelling it out, "The Everglades," the "Ever" describing the constant appearance of a great deal of water, occasional hummocks, the true home of the alligator, a God-forsaken region, where the saw-grass impedes progress.—*Barney Phillips*, in *Harper's Magazine*.

### Where They Found Him.

Judge Platt is one of those Texas lawyers who spend most of their time in saloons talking politics, or sitting in the District Court room of Austin, spitting tobacco-juice at the stove. Last week he was missing. His friends became alarmed. He was searched for all over town, but in vain. There was some talk of dragging the Colorado River, but it was not carried out, owing perhaps, to Platt's well-known aversion to water.

"Have you looked through all the saloons?" asked one of Platt's friends of a crowd of searchers. "Yes, we have been in every one of them."

"Been to all the hotels?"

"To every one of them."

"Have you been to his office?"

It had actually never occurred to any of them to look for the Judge at his office. That was the last place where they expected to find him. He was found, strange to say, in his office, dead drunk.—*Texas Sifters*.

### Tales of Whistler.

Mr. Whistler's *bon mots* are circulating in society in a fashion calculated to make the bones of Sidney Smith turn in their grave. He has his admirers, as we all know, in spite of Mr. Ruskin; and one of these, worshiping at his feet, in the aesthetic-Burns attitude, murmured, "Ah, Mr. Whistler, I only know of two painters in all the world—Velazquez and yourself." "Why," said Mr. Whistler, in the softest tones, "why drag in Velasquez?"

This is one of the best stories, but another of the same kind is worth repeating. "I see you everywhere in nature," said one of his admirers: "in the sky, in the clouds, in the water." "Yes," said the artist, with an air of infinite self-complacency. "Nature is very apt. She shows a decided improvement since I took her up."—*Manchester Times*.

### The Era of "Syndicates."

"Ma, there's a syndicate of bad boys punching brother Johnnie's head at the corner!"

"The little villains!" Mary Catherine, tell the syndicate of policemen at the beer saloon forinst the leather box, an' I'll get a syndicate of the neighbors and go to his rescue immejetly. Where's Johnnie's own syndicate that they ain't on hand to help him?"

"They're gone with a base-ball syndicate to the corner-lot, an' there's a syndicate of fish-peddlers fighting them there now, an' their hands is full. You'll have to get a syndicate of neighbors to help."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

### The Intelligent Drug Clerk.

"You remember I told you yesterday how to cure your wife's chills," remarked the drug clerk to a constant customer.

"Yes," replied that individual. "Well, I made a slight mistake in the remedy."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, I should have said quinine instead of strychnine."—*Drake's Magazine*.

If there is anything on this orb of sin more fidgety than a man with two cigars and no match, it is a boy with unbroken legs in the house on a rainy day.—*Er.*

### Found No Poison.

Dr. Samuel K. Cox, D. D., practical analytical chemist, Washington, D. C., who made thorough and careful analyses, reports that there is neither morphia, opium, emetics nor poisons in the Red Star Cough Cure; that it must prove a boon to those whose symptoms shrink from the use of such compounds, and especially to mothers, who justly dread the evil, and, at times, fatal effects of these dangerous drugs. He further states it is not only free from all opiates, poisons and emetics (a thing which not one cough preparation in ten can boast), but it is altogether an original and most happy combination of the best remedial agents, and is as harmless as it is effective.

### Are Baby Shows Immoral?

Paris, which has at unexpected moments the most extraordinary spasms of morality, has forbidden baby shows, on purely moral grounds, and the only Parisian paper in this city condemns baby shows in general. But why should baby shows be condemned? Why should not maternity be publicly praised and its fruits admired? What is there in the world more beautiful than healthy baby? Why should there not be a decorous pride in motherhood? Why should there not be a pleasant competition in the production of the handsomest and healthiest children? What is there immoral in the exhibition of that which is the evidence of a noble duty rightfully performed? Why should mothers not be encouraged to lead lives that will insure fine offspring? And what more practical way to encourage them than to bestow public favor upon the finest children? Immorality, indeed! The great immorality of our time lies hidden behind those squeamish and fashionably soft women who are afraid to bear children and ashamed to own it.—*New York World*.

### Sedentary Pursuits

Undoubtedly have a tendency to beget dyspepsia, but we not unreasonably meet persons who lead outdoor active lives who are badly troubled with it. It is common to men and women of all avocations, and of the most diverse physical constitution. Bad food and water may cause it. To persons who are casually or constantly its victims, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a boon of value, since it relieves and prevents it, neutralizes bad qualities in food and drink, and is a genial as well as effective medicine. Pallid clerks and indoor operatives in unwholesome factories, mariners and railway travelers, confined to their food and drink, are well to provide themselves with a supply of this pleasant tonic. It is a reliable defense against fever and ague and biliousness, relieves rheumatism, is a good appetizer, and exerts a tranquilizing and invigorating influence upon the nervous system. It is a fine thing, too, in infirm old age.

### The Farmer and the Small Boy.

A Farmer once put his dinner on the fire to cook and started for the field, having first hired a Small Boy to stay in the house and announce when the dinner was cooked by calling through the window; but the Boy deceived the Farmer three times by calling him too soon. Finally the Farmer said to himself: "This Boy is such an awful liar that I will not come when he calls again." Pretty soon the dinner was really ready, and the Boy called. The Farmer did not come, and the Boy devoured the dinner.

Moral: This fable teaches that it pays to believe even a liar when he tells the truth.—*Life*.

### At the Inquest.

Coroner—Were you present when the body of the deceased was taken from the water?

Witness—Yes, sorr.

Coroner—There were no signs of life?

Witness—No, sorr.

Coroner—Well, state the exact condition of the body when it was first taken from the water.

Witness—It was wet, sorr.—*New York Mercury*.

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