

### The Funny Item.

It is becoming quite common to utter the word funny sarcastically, with italic emphasis, and as if with quoted marks. But hundreds of poor mortals who have found the world one too many for them, the lines about whose mouths are deepening every year, and becoming more and more strange to the smile that approaches timidly and hurries away as if it felt itself an unwelcome guest, have had their lives temporarily brightened (perhaps permanently, for life is such a strange thing that the apparently trivial things affecting it cannot, like notes, be estimated at their face value) by this same funny item. It is no light task to dish up day after day, or even week after week, a continual fund of humor. It is not an uncommon belief that a humorist is so with no effort of his own, and can dash off a funny thing with as much ease as he can walk a mile. With such men as Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Bret Harte, and some others, it is, perhaps, just as natural to be humorous as not; but, with the majority, it becomes very much a mechanical effort after all. Have you never seen an attempt at gayety when you knew that underneath it was a pain that gave it pathos in your eyes? So it is not difficult to imagine a so-called humorist, in response to a demand, writing a piece that shall make merry many a sober and saddened heart, while his own is heavy with pain of a bereavement or other loss, or with the burden of a bodily sickness silently and heroically borne. Do you think humor is as easy for the writer as for the reader? Do you think there is no pathos, no tragedy, even, in the lives of those men whose business it is to make fun for the multitude? Several years ago there was in Blackwell's Island Lunatic Asylum an inmate who had made mirth for thousands. He was then a hypochondriac of the extreme kind. Food was disgusting to him; milk was gangrene; all meat was in the last stages of putrefaction. In short, the man who had made others merry was himself dying of the deepest melancholy. Think of Fox, or of Emmett. It is frequently noticed that a funny writer is a man of the gravest expression himself. Depend upon it that here is an illustration that humor means work, hard work. Savants tell us, too, that the reading of the crisp, sparkling items of the funny column, which almost every paper now contains, is injurious to the memory. This is certainly crushing evidence against the poor paragraphs, but don't you think that the heavy laugh these despised items afford you, the dispelling for the time of the morbid feelings we are all prone to as we feel the presence of life's burdens, the stimulus to new activity occasioned by the gleam of merry sunshine that finds its way into the darkness of your spirit, perhaps the new lease of life that is given you by the momentary cheer in the midst of your gloom, are more than compensation for any trifling injury to your memory? But you can make these items a positive aid to your memory. Store the good ones up for repetition. You will have a fund of humor at your disposal, will have pleasant food for meditation, and will be a more welcome companion.

—*London Gazette.*

### The Aborigines of China.

The southern portion of the present domain of China, comprising nearly one-third of the whole, is a comparatively recent addition to the empire, having come under the jurisdiction of the "Son of Heaven" only 2,000 years ago. The original inhabitants of this broad territory were easily subjugated. Portions of them were attached to their conquerors as vassals or slaves, and gradually, by intermarriage and the adoption of the customs of the Chinese, lost their identity and were absorbed by the more powerful race. Traces of this original element are still to be found in many localities, especially among the mountains, and may be seen in peculiarities of speech, customs, and physiognomy. The boat people, everywhere regarded as an inferior race, and numbering in the city of Canton alone 200,000 souls, are supposed to be the descendants of this indigenous race. In the mountain range which forms the northern border of the three southern provinces, and is a continuation of one section of the great Himalayan range, are over 100 tribes of these aboriginal people, who have constantly maintained their independence against Chinese aggressions. Comparatively little is known of them, but from the information derived from travelers, they seem, with few exceptions, to be all of one race, and to be nearly allied to the Shans and Karen of Burma, the Laos tribes, and those of the interior regions of Cambodia and Cochin China. The sublime self-conceit of the Chinese, and their indifference to everything outside of themselves, is strikingly seen in the fact that in all the centuries during which they have lived in constant contact with these various tribes they have learned but little that is reliable concerning their customs, habits of life, traditions, language or government. A few individuals have become interested, and have left brief accounts and some rude sketches, which are all the sources of information from the Chinese side that are available.—*C. B. Henry, in Washington Republican.*

### Making Gun Barrels.

The beautiful waved lines and curious flower-like figures that appear on the surface of gun barrels are really the lines of welding, showing that two different metals—iron and steel—are intimately blended in making the finest and strongest barrels. The process of thus welding and blending steel and iron is a very interesting one. Flat bars or ribbons of steel and iron are alternately arranged together and then twisted into a cable. Several of these cables are then welded together and shaped into a long, flat bar, which is next spirally coiled around a hollow cylinder, called a mandrel; after which the edges of these spiral bars are heated and firmly welded. The spiral coil is now put upon what is called a welding mandrel, is again heated and carefully hammered into the shape of a gun barrel. Next comes the cold hammering, by which the pores of the metal are securely closed. The last, or finishing operation, is to turn the barrel on

a lathe to exactly its proper shape and size. By all the twistings, weldings, and hammerings the metals are so blended that the mass has somewhat the consistency and toughness of woven steel and iron. A barrel thus made is very hard to burst.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

### Andrew Jackson's Death-Bed.

President Jackson was for thirty-one years a diseased man, and the latter part of his life was spent in almost continuous pain. Even on his death-bed he was tortured by officeseekers. "I am dying," said he, "as fast as I can, and they know it; but they keep swarming about me in crowds, seeking for office— intriguing for office." His death-bed scene was a most affecting one. A half hour before his death his children and friends were standing around his bedside, and his adopted son, Andrew, had taken his hand and whispered in his ear: "Father, how do you feel? Do you know me?"

"Know you? Yes, I should know you all if I could see. Bring me my spectacles."

These were brought out and put on him, and he said. "Where is my daughter Marian? God will take care of you for me. I am my God's. I belong to Him. I go but a short time before you, and I want to meet you all, white and black, in heaven."

At this all burst into tears, and the General said: "What is the matter with you, my dear children? Have I alarmed you? Oh, don't cry. Be good children, and we will all meet in heaven."

These were Jackson's last words. A short time after this he passed peacefully away. He died a Christian and a Presbyterian.—*Washington letter in Cleveland Leader.*

### American Originality.

There is no doubt a large fund of originality in North America, yet very little of it seems to have been expended on the naming of towns in the United States, for "Kyn's American Business Directory" contains references to 32 Washingtons (last year there were only 28), 20 Bridgeports, 19 Londons, 18 Buffalos, 18 Newark, 17 Brooklyns, 17 Clevelands, 17 Rochester, 16 Hartford, 15 Louisville, 13 Boston, 13 Pittsburghs, 11 St. Pauls, 9 Romes, 8 Cincinnati, 8 Philadelphia, 7 Detroits, 6 Chicago, 5 Milwaukee, 5 St. Louis, 4 Baltimore, 4 Franklins, and 4 New Yorks. This perplexing multiplication of names is partly due to the fact that in the earlier days of the States it sometimes became the duty of a single citizen to provide off-hand designations for several hundreds of places. In 1832, for instance, the Attorney General of New York was directed by the Legislature to find names for 400 new townships. Assisted by "Rollins' Ancient History" and an old atlas, he managed to execute the greater portion of his task in one night, and next morning he triumphantly fulfilled the remainder by utilizing the Christian and surnames of his friends and relations.—*St. James' Gazette.*

### Stirring the Old Gender's Soul.

A lively air on a violin will sometimes set a whole flock of geese wild with delight. On one occasion, at a country wedding, there was a curious performance. After dinner a lady entertained the guests assembled on the lawn with music from an accordion. A flock of geese were feeding in the road just below the house, and with outstretched necks answered back with loud notes of satisfaction. Soon a white gander commenced dancing a lively jig, keeping good time to the music. For several minutes he kept up the performance, to the great delight of the company. The experiment was tried several times for a week or more, and the tones of the accordion never failed to set the old gander into a lively dance.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

### The River Jordan.

When we reached the Jordan I discovered that I had traveled all these thousand miles to view as foul a stream as courses its way through any country on earth. No wonder Capt. Naaman indignantly refused at first to dip seven times in such a river. Indeed, we would scarcely apply the term river to a stream eight feet wide and less than ten feet deep, with a current as swift as a mill-race. Moreover, the mosquitoes were so pestiferous that to dip in the Jordan, as some sentimental travelers insist upon doing, would be to invite a condition of the body resembling scarlet fever.—*Eastern letter.*

A WEDDER in London Truth maintains that there is not really a clever man among all the crowded heads in Europe or their families. The King of Spain, he declares, stopped all his intellectual growth when he became a king. The Austrian Archdukes have elegant tastes but no ability. The King of Italy has nothing beyond occasional spurts of fine feeling, and in the royal houses of Saxony, Sweden, Holland, Belgium, and Bavaria there is nothing above a second-rate dilettante. The brother of the Empress of Austria, who is an occultist, is no exception, for though he has astonishing dexterity and firmness of hand, and a good memory, he is only a seeker after pathological curiosities, and is completely at sea on new case. The rest of the family, the Empress herself, grew up amid horses, and she learned to speak English from her stableman.

THE Churchman says of a phenomenon which often causes astonishment: The reason of the immunity which drunken men are said to enjoy from the consequences of accidents is attributed to the fact that the nerve centers which regulate the heart and vessels are so paralyzed in them as not to be affected by the shock which in sober men would have acted in them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest the circulation and cause death.

A LITTLE boy discovered a bee crawling about on his hand. Finally, the bee stopped for a moment, and, after remaining stationary for an instant, stung the little fellow. When the cry of pain was over, the little child said to his mamma that he did not care for the bee's walking about on him, but he did not like his sitting down on him.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

### DOCTORS FURIOUS.

Shall a Physician Tell the Truth or Not?—A Nice Point in Ethics.

### A Sensible Health Official.

BALTIMORE, MD.—A decided stir has been caused here over the question as to the right of a physician to certify to the merits of a remedy not in the modern pharmacopoeia. Dr. James A. Stuart, one of the most eminent physicians in the South, and Health Commissioner of this city, has introduced a newly discovered article, and certified officially, not only to its efficacy but to the fact that it replaced old-time preparations of a similar character which analyses had proved, were adulterated and poisonous. The Medical and Chirurgical Faculty, of which he is a member, held that he had violated the code of medical ethics, and much public interest was aroused because of the confidence felt both in his professional standing and official integrity.

It was argued that to thus place a limitation on the acts of a physician, and especially of a health officer, was opposed to the spirit of the age; that such reasoning might have been logical enough when it was to the interest of rulers or societies to invest themselves with a supernatural halo, but now, when thought should be free and untrammeled, such things savored of barbarism. It was the duty of a physician, especially of a health officer, to condemn publicly any remedy which he knew to be injurious, but it was not right to say that he should be debarred from testifying to the merits of anything which he believed to be good.

Dr. Stuart's article, however, would not receive the benefit of such a disclaimer, as the faculty threatened expulsion and talked of time-honored customs, ethics, professional courtesy, and traditions.

But the matter soon assumed a new and surprising phase. A few days afterwards a certificate appeared in the daily paper bearing the autograph signatures of Governor McLean, Attorney General Roberts, Mayor Latrobe, City Postmaster Adreon, Adreas of State, and a councilor of Congress, emphatically endorsing the action of the Health Commissioner, and concurring in his opinion as to the efficacy of the remedy, asserting that they did so from personal experience with it and practical results and observations.

There could be no gainsaying such evidence as this, but, as if to cap the climax, shortly afterwards there appeared another certificate with autograph signatures of leading practicing physicians from all parts of the State, including the physicians of all the cities, the physicians of the Office of Fire Department, the best physician, vaccine physician, and resident physicians of infirmaries, all endorsing the discovery and stating that it had been tested by them in hospitals and private practice for weeks with wonderful curative effect, and that analyses had shown no trace of opiates or poisons, prevalent in other cough mixtures. They further stated that they had been induced to take this step in view of the many hurtful preparations which contained narcotics and poisons, and of the danger consequent on their use. The remedy in question is Red Star Cough Cure. Some words to the effect as to this the narrow arguments of the few, arrayed upon the side of the Health Commissioners, and it is significant that Dr. Stuart has since been appointed to office by the Mayor for a third term, and has had his appointment unanimously confirmed by the City Council.

Owing to the high professional reputation of the gentlemen who endorsed his action, as well as the enviable standing of the owners of the remedy, The Charles A. Vogeler Company, of this city, a wide-spread interest has already been created in the business, not only here, but in Philadelphia, Washington and other neighboring cities. The feeling is generally expressed by professional men that Red Star Cough Cure, on account of its freedom from narcotics and poisons, inauguates a most desirable new departure in medicine. This is the pronounced opinion of authorities like Dr. Fawcett, who has been for thirty-three years resident physician of the Union Protestant Infirmary, in this city, and Prof. John C. Caldwell, M. B., President of medical societies of New York. No one, however, has with a long experience in civil and military hospitals. Both of these gentlemen, together with no less than fifty other practicing physicians of Maryland, have publicly put themselves on record as to the evil of narcotic medicines, and the consequent value and importance of the new discovery referred to. It is conceded that public opinion has completely vindicated Dr. Stuart in his action, and that in his whole course he was actuated simply by an earnest desire to benefit the community at large.

### The Seal of Fidelity.

Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an anecdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindu nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilized world as an instance of humanity's supremest devotion to duty. The story as told to us is that when nearing Montreal the engine-driver of a train saw a great dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The driver blew his whistle, yet the hound did not budge, but, crouching low, was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracting the driver's notice, he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child, which, it is supposed, had wandered on to the track and had gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but, unheeded, had died at its post, a victim to the community at large.

Put up at the Gault House.

The business man or tourist will find first-class accommodations at the low price of \$2 and \$2.50 per day at the Gault House, Chicago, corner Clinton and Madison streets. This far-famed hotel is located in the center of the city, only one block from the Union Depot. Elevator; all appointments first-class.

HOT & GATES, Proprietors.

A Wonderful Substance.

The results which are attending the administration by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard st., Phila., of their revitalizing remedy for chronic disease, give new surprises to patients and physicians every day. If you have any ailment about which you are concerned, write for information about their treatment. It will be promptly sent.

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Brown's Bronchial Troches.

are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat Troubles. Sold only in boxes.

I had a severe attack of catarrh over a year ago, and became so deaf I could not hear a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could bear as well as I ever could, and now I can cheerfully say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh and deafness, take one bottle of Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth \$1,000 to any man, woman or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newman, Grayling, Campbell Co., Mich.

Any person having a bad head and failing to see the benefit to be derived from the great potassium hair renewer Carboline, as now improved and perfected, in the face of the vast number of testimonials from our very best physicians, is surely going blind.

To restore sense of taste, smell or hearing use Ely's Cream Balm. It cures all cases of Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds in the Head, Headache and Deafness. It is doing wonderful work. Do not fail to procure a bottle, as in it lies the relief you seek. It is easily applied with the finger. Price 50 cents by mail. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

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