

He Kicked Three Times.

"Yes, we meet with all sorts of people here," answered the railroad conductor, as he sat down in the smoker after making his rounds. "It is a great place to study human nature."

"Aren't there a good many kickers among travelers?"

"Pleatly of them. I could have a fight every hour in the day if I wanted to talk back. There is one in the third seat ahead now. He lives at R—, and he never comes or goes without trying to kick up a row."

"He seems quiet enough."

"But he only seems. I'm expecting every minute to hear his war-whoop. It is just an hour's run to R—, and I'll be makes three kicks in that time."

"I'll go you for a box of cigars."

"Done, old fellow!"

They were shaking hands on it when the man rose up and went to the water cooler. He took two or three sips of water and then walked back to the conductor and said:

"When you get ready to clean the drugs and chemicals out of that coo'er please let me know. Perhaps I can buy half a ton of copperas at wholesale figures."

"That's one," said the conductor, as the kicker took his seat.

The train stopped and another round was made, and the conductor had scarcely taken his seat when the kicker came over and said:

"If there is a window in this coach which can be raised I wish you would label it for me!"

"That's two," whispered the conductor, "and we have sixteen miles to go yet."

The kicker sat down to his newspaper, and he was so quiet for a time that the drummer began to have hopes.

Eight—ten—twelve miles rolled behind the train, and he seemed deeply interested in an article, when he suddenly bobbed up and came over to the conductor.

"I'll bet fifty to one there are fleas in this coach! I've just been bitten by something mighty like one, and I'm going to send in a complaint to headquarters."

"Are you satisfied?" asked the conductor after the kicker had taken his seat.

"I've got to be. And that's his usual practice, is it?"

"O, he's let me off light to-day."

"Well, it's worth a box of cigars to see into human nature in this way," mused the drummer, as the train drew up at R—.

The kicker and the conductor got off together, and the former softly queried:

"Was it three kicks, Tom?"

"Yes."

"And the bet?"

"A box of cigars."

"All right. Bring my half down to-night. I'll be going up again to-morrow, and you see if you can't make it six kicks and two boxes!"—*New York Sun*.

Famous Sound Suggestions.

Teach your daughter how to wear a calico dress and do it like a queen.

Teach her to say "No," and mean it; or "Yes," and stick to it.

Always look in the direction in which you are moving.

Never leave a car, or other public vehicle, when it is in motion.

Never put your head or arms out of a vehicle when it is in motion.

If a horse runs away with you, remain in the vehicle, rather than risk the danger of jumping from it.

In thunder storms keep away from trees, metallic substances, doors and windows. The lower part of a house is the safer.

Never play with firearms. Always keep them beyond the reach of children.

When awake, very young children should never be left alone.

Do not go with loose hair or flowing garments, near dangerous machinery.

Never touch gunpowder after dark.

Never fondle a strange dog.

Never light a fire with kerosene.

Fill and trim your lamps in the daytime. Never trim or fill a lighted lamp.

Keep matches in a closed tin box.

Mosquitoes may be kept away by sponging the body with a diluted extract of pennyroyal, which also allays the pain of their bites.

Before woolen clothes or furs are put away, for the summer, they should be well aired in the hot sun, then sprinkled with camphor and sewed up again. This a sure protection against moths.

The way house plants thrive on the dregs of coffee left at breakfast is wonderful. Bowker itself hardly turns out stronger leafage or such thick bloom. The grounds are a good mulch on the top of the soil, but a little care must be given not to let them sour and get musty in coolish, damp weather—*Yankee Blade*.

Outgrown.

"Mrs. Brown, I guarantee that piece of goods to wash without shrinking."

"Oh, you's slick-tongued 'nuff! Dem's jes de words y' used when I bide dat calico Idee's dress is made on, an' now look at it, shrank up mos' to her knees, when it nigh teched her heels when I made it."

"Why, really, I don't remember ever selling you such goods. Do you remember when you bought them?"

"Lemme see—tink it was 'bout fo' yeas' go."—*Harper's Bazaar*.

The people of the United States are using annually not far from 10,000,000 barrels of salt, and there has been a steady increase of pounds per capita for the last decade.

"EDITOR'S BACK STAIRS."

The Interesting Views of the Late Dr. J. G. Holland.

The columns of the newspapers appear to be flooded with proprietary medicine advertisements. As we cast our eye over them, it brings to mind an article that was published by the late Dr. Holland in *Scrivenor's Monthly*. He says: "Nevertheless, it is a fact that many of the best proprietary medicines of the day were more successful than many physicians, and most of them, it should be remembered, were at first discovered or used in actual medical practice. When, however, any shrewd person, knowing their virtue, and foreseeing their popularity, secures and advertises them, then, in the opinion of the bigoted, all virtue went out of them."

Is not this absurd?

This great man appreciated the real merits of popular remedies, and the absurdity of those that derided them because, while attention was called to the article and the evidence of their cures. If the most noted physician should announce that he had made a study of any certain organ or disease of the body, or make his sign larger than the code size, though he may have practiced medicine and been a leader in all medical counsels, notwithstanding all this, if he should presume to advertise and decline to give his discovery to the public, he would be pronounced a quack and a humbug, although he may have spent his entire life and all his available funds in perfecting his investigations.

Again we say, "absurd."

If an ulcer is found upon one's arm, and is cured by some dear old grandmother, outside of the code, it will be pronounced by the medical profession an ulcer of little importance. But if treated under the code, causing sleepless nights for a month, with the scientific treatment, viz., plasters, washes, dosing with morphine, arsenic and other vile substances, given to prevent blood poisoning or deaden pain, and yet the ulcer becomes malignant, and amputation is made necessary at last, to save life, yet all done according to the "isms" of the medical code, this is much more gratifying to the medical profession, and adds more dignity to that distinguished order than to be cured by the dear old grandmother's remedy.

This appears like a severe arraignment, yet we believe that it expresses the true standing of the medical profession in regard to remedies discovered outside of their special "isms." One of the most perplexing things of the day is the popularity of certain remedies, especially Warner's Safe Cure, which we find for sale everywhere. The physician of the highest standing is ready to concede its merits and sustain the theories the propagators have made—that is, that it benefits in most of the ailments of the human system because it assists in putting the kidneys in proper condition, thereby aiding in throwing off the impurities of the blood, while others, with less honesty and experience derive, and are willing to see their patient die scientifically, and according to the code, rather than have him cured by this great remedy.

Yet we notice that the popularity of the medicine continues to grow year by year. The discoverer comes boldly before the people with its merits, and proclaims them from door to door in our opinion much more honorably than the physician who, perchance, may secure a patient from some catastrophe, and is permitted to set a bone of an arm or finger, which he does with great dignity, yet very soon after takes the liberty to climb the editor's back stairs at 2 o'clock in the morning to have it announced in the morning paper that "Dr. So-and-so was in attendance," thus securing for his benefit a beautiful and free advertisement.

We shall leave it to our readers to say which is the wiser and more honorable.

Freaks of the English Language.

The curiosity of literature are certainly doubled by the English language. There is little wonder that a Frenchman prefers the guillotine to an extended course of English instruction, while the German looks at his task in wild despair and hopes for an early death. The addition of a single letter so changes the pronunciation of a word that one who is unused to the language stumbles at every step. The letter *c* changes a lover *i* to clover; *k* makes a crow a crowd; *k* makes eyed keyed; *g* changes a son into a song; *t* transforms a pear into a pearl; *s* changes a hoe into a shoe; *t* makes bought bought; *w* makes omen into women. Little wonder that some one has called our alphabet pugnacious, and declares that he has known the time when *b* fit, *d* cried, *n* raged, *x* pounded.—*The Academic*.

A Sea Sick Passenger.

On the ocean, cares little about a storm. He is positively indifferent whether he is washed overboard or not. But, set right by a wine-glassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, he feels renewed interest in his personal safety. This fine corrective neutralizes in brackish water—often compulsorily drunk on shipboard, to the grievous detriment of health—the pernicious impurities which give rise to disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels. To the mariner, the tourist, the Western pioneer and miner, the Bitters is invaluable as a means of protection against malaria, when its effects are latent in air and water. To the effects of overwork, mental or manual, it is a most reliable antidote, and to the debilitated and nervous, it affords great and speedily felt relief and vigor.

Compressibility of Water.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Prof. Tait showed theoretically that water could be compressed to about three-fourths of its original bulk. The compressibility of sea-water is .92 of that of fresh water. If the water of the ocean were to suddenly become incompressible, four per cent of the habitable land of the globe would be submerged, because the mean depth of water would be increased 116 feet.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Cataract that can not be cured by taking Hall's Cataract Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprs., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Vest & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

E. H. Van Hoosen, Cashier Toledo National Bank, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

LADY—Biddy, have you seen the little stuffed bird I had in my bonnet?

Biddy—Yis, mum; I put it in the soup to make it a little richer.

The suspender company is beyond danger of suspension. Its business is stretching in various directions.

Growth of Freight Transportation.

In the early period of railroads in this country, when they were built chiefly to promote local interests, and the movement of either freight or passengers over long distances was a comparatively small portion of the traffic, it was customary for all roads to do their business in their own cars, transferring any freight destined to a station on a connecting road at the junction or point of interchange of the two roads. While this system had the advantage of keeping at home the equipment of each road, it resulted in a very slow movement of the freight. As the volume of traffic grew and the interchange of commodities between distant points increased this slow movement became more and more vexatious. Soon the railway companies found it necessary to allow their cars to run through to the destination of the freight without transfer, or they would be deprived of the business by more enterprising rivals. So that to-day a very large proportion of the freight business of the country is done without transfer; the same car taking the load from the initial point direct to destination. The result of this is, however, that a considerable share of all the business of any railway is done in cars belonging to other companies, for which mileage has to be paid; while, in turn, the cars of any one company may be scattered all over the country from Maine to California, Winnipeg to Mexico.

The problem that constantly confronts the general superintendent of a railway is, how to improve the time of through freight, thereby improving the service and increasing the earnings of the company; and, at the same time, how to secure the prompt movement of cars belonging to the company, getting them home from other roads, and reducing as far as possible upon his own line the use of foreign cars, and the consequent payment of mileage therefor.—*Theodore Vorhees, in Scribner's*

Hunting for Jones.

At Oxford a good deal of fun is poked at the Welshmen who crowd to Jesus College, and are currently believed mostly to answer to the name of Jones. There arrived one evening at the porter's lodge a stranger, and a colloquy began as follows:

Stranger—Kindly direct me to the rooms of Mr. Jones.

Porter—There are forty-three Mr. Joneses in college, sir.

Stranger—The man I wish to see is Mr. David Jones.

Porter—Twenty-one Mr. David Joneses in college, sir.

Stranger—My Mr. David Jones has red hair.

Porter—Seven Mr. David Joneses have red hair.

Stranger (in despair)—This is very awkward. Mr. David Jones asked me to come and take wine with him.

Porter—Why didn't you tell me that at first, sir? Second staircase, ground floor, right. All the other Mr. Joneses drink beer.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

Great rejoicing in the Conover Family—Crutches Laid Aside After Twenty Years' Use.

I have been afflicted with rheumatism twenty years. For the last ten years have been obliged to use crutches. Often my left hip and knee would entirely give out. Have expended a large amount of money for remedies recommended as a cure for that terrible disease; have used the most powerful liniments on my hip and knee to soothe the pain, that I might get a little sleep. My hip and knee had lost nearly all strength by the use of liniments, and I could get no help. I saw an advertisement of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, ordered half a dozen bottles, took them and received some relief, then ordered a dozen. Have taken seven of the last dozen, and I am happy in saying that I know I am being cured. Have not used any liniment since I commenced taking your syrup. When I began taking your syrup I could not take a step without the use of a cane, neither could I turn myself in bed without aid; can now turn in bed without any trouble, can walk about my house and office without the use of my cane, often losing track of it, for the reason when I take a long walk I take it along. My office is four blocks from my house; I have not walked to or from it for over a year until last Thursday, a week. Since that time I have walked to and from it every day, except Sunday. I am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved from such a terrible affliction. Very truly,

S. S. CONOVER,
Agent of the Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Co., Manistee, Mich.

Good Idea.

Youth—Can you give me anything to do, sir?

Merchant—What is your line?

Y.—Clerk, sir.

M.—Clerk? Why, clerks are a drug in the labor market just now.

Y—They are? Well, if that's the case, I had better look for a job as drug clerk.—*Boston Courier*.

Stop that Cough.

Many people neglect what they call a simple cough, which, if not checked in time, may lead to Lung trouble. Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, will not only stop the cough but heal the lungs. Indorsed by thousands of Physicians. Palatable as milk. Try it. Sold by all Druggists.

DRUMMER (to fellow-passenger who has produced a bottle of beer)—Here, take my cork-screw. Fellow-passenger—Thank you, but how can I reciprocate? This bottle only holds enough for one. Drummer—All right. Pass it right over to me, then.

Students, Teachers (male or female), Clergymen, and others in need of change of employment, should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

The suspender company is beyond danger of suspension. Its business is stretching in various directions.

My Smoke House.

A man who lives in Albany, and whose business is that of a clerk, said that he had lately built a house that cost him \$3,000.

His friends expressed their wonder that he could afford to build so fine dwelling.

"Why," said he, "that is my smoke house."

"Your smoke house! What do you mean?"

"I mean that twenty years ago I left off smoking, and I have put the money saved from smoke, with interest, in my house. So I call it my smoke house."—*Youth's Companion*.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over sixty people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to