

HAD A RAT TRAP.

But He Made a Mistake in Waking Up a Passenger.

It was on one of the Sound steamers coming down the other day. A man of middle age and much dignity had fallen asleep in his rocking chair on the promenade deck, when he was approached by a sharp-nosed, hawk-eyed man of forty, who had a parcel in his hand.

"Hey—you!" he exclaimed as he slapped the sleeping man on the shoulder.

"Sir! How dare you!" sternly demanded the latter, as he roused up.

"I haven't done anything that I can be sent to prison for, have I?"

"What is your business with me, sir?"

"That's better. That's coming to the point. Let me draw up a chair and take it easy while we chat. You told me at Stonington that you thought you would order twelve dozen as a starter. Suppose you double the order and take ten per cent. discount?"

"Sir! What are you talking about, and who do you take me for?" demanded the man.

"Your name is—is Faxon—firm of Faxon & Brown, dealers in hardware, isn't it?"

"No, sir!"

"What! Why, I'd bet a farm agin a wheelbarrow it was! Didn't we have a conversation at Stonington?"

"No, sir!"

"Didn't I show you my centennial rat trap and exhibit its wonders?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't demonstrate the fact that it would catch and hold anything from a mouse to a raccoon, and that the public was bound to buy millions of 'em?"

"Sir! Do you intend to insult me?" shouted the other.

"Not for Joseph. I never insulted nobody. It's curious I have made a mistake. Didn't you spend half an hour yesterday investigating my anti-friction, double leverage, anti-cogless centennial rat trap, warranted to clean out a whole county of rats, mice, chipmunks, gophers and rabbits inside of ten days, or no pay?"

"No, sir! No, sir!"

"Well, that's queer! I'd take my affidavit it was you. And you didn't order twelve dozen, to be shipped the first of the week?"

"Never! You ought to have more sense and manners, sir! Go away about your business!"

"My business is to sell the centennial rat trap—only thing ever invented to entice rats without bait; no delicate machinery to get out of order; no cost for steam power to run it. If I have made a mistake, I beg your pardon."

"Then go away, sir—go away before I forget my position and do you injury!"

"You wouldn't injure a feller for wanting to sell you a rat trap which lays over all other inventions in America, would you? If you ain't the man who ordered the twelve dozen, you may want to give me an order just the same. I will show you how it works."

"No, you won't! Go away, sir—go, or I'll do you harm! You are the most impudent rascal I've met in a year!"

"And you won't look at my trap?"

"No, sir!"

"And you want me to leave you in solitude?"

"At once, sir!"

"Well, I'll do it. Some folks force their inventions upon the public. That ain't my style. My centennial rat trap speaks for itself. I go, sir; but I leave my card. Peruse it at your leisure. All mail will reach me promptly at that address. Send you a dozen on trial, or give a discount of five per cent. on all over three dozen. Send in your orders as early as possible, as the season is forward. Au revoir, sir." —*New York Sun*.

A Horrible Revelation.

She had advertised for the return of her dog, and it was a long-haired sky-terrier—regular valuable thoroughbred. The reward was to be \$10. A stalwart Celt came timidly forward and asked if that was the dog. Being answered affirmatively and paid the reward, the affection of the lady, who kissed and hugged her poor, dear little darling, attracted his attention, and the following skirmish ensued:

"Where did you find the darling?"

"Small comfort would it do to you, madam, did I tell you?"

"But tell me while I caress the angel."

"I can't tell you, because you would not like it."

"But, dear, darling Dandy—was Dandy cold?"

"Sure, madam, I don't know. I saw your advertisement in the paper and recognized him tied to the end of a long stick and a woman washin' off winder with him."—*Philadelphia Press*.

An Innocent Metal.

"Copper is the most harmless of metals," observed the snake editor.

"The people who got caught in the recent collapse do not think so," remarked the horse editor.

"I am speaking on general principles, though."

"Then why is it the least harmful?"

"Because it's in a cent."—*Pittsburg Chronicle*.

Man's Inconsistency.

"There were 70,000,000 pair of suspenders made in this country last year and yet a man will grope about in a dark closet for an hour looking for an old piece of string."—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

CAULIFLOWER is said to have been brought from Cyprus to England in 1163.

Tide Prairies of the Pacific Coast.

But very few, if any, of the hundreds of people now arriving here from inland States know anything about our tide prairies, and for their benefit this article is written. First, they are not mud flats, as many suppose, but they are genuine prairies, built up on the one side by the deposits of the ebb and flow of old ocean, for how many millions of years no man knows, and on the other side by the washings of decayed vegetation from the hills and uplands ever since the hills have stood; the two mixing their deposits and washings together have grown up an alluvial formation which is not nor cannot be excelled for richness in the known world. These prairies extend from the water's edge back to the uplands and up the various streams and are only covered by water at high tide, and even in their wild state grow a nutritious grass which, if not fed down, grows far above the head of an ordinary man.

But when old ocean's salty brine is fenced off by a dyke is when this land shows off its mettle. It laughs at five bushels of oats, 600 bushels of potatoes, or fifty-six tons of beets or rutabagas are no burden whatever, and year after year it seems to increase in fertility. It has no wear-out, droughts do not affect it, but it toils on year by year and as sure as the farmer puts in the seed and keeps it clear from weeds he is sure of a rich harvest. This land never disappoints the owner, but is as reliable as old ocean itself.—*Montesano (Cal.) Vidette*.

An Indolent Organ.

When the liver is indolent, as it must necessarily be when it fails to secrete the bile in sufficient quantities to meet the requirements of digestion and evacuation, it should be set at work with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The healthful stimulus to activity imparted by this incomparable alterative, speedily evinces itself in a departure of the uncomfortable sensations in the right side; the nausea; fur upon the tongue; indigestion, and sick headache consequent upon inactivity of the liver and the diversion of the bile from its proper channel. Irregularity of the bowels is always and painlessly reformed by the corrective indicated, which is infinitely to be preferred, both because it is safe and more efficacious, to blue pill, calomel, and drenching purgatives of every class. It cures and prevents fever and ague, and rheumatism.

What the Trout Brought.

A story of a Maine judge's love for fishing and shrewdness in gratifying it is told by the *Wilton Record*. He was on the bench when word came that the trout were biting at Weld Pond, and he had a case on the docket for trial. It was a divorce case between an aged couple who had lived together for forty years, and now wanted to be released from the bonds of matrimony. There were many witnesses, and the Judge foresaw that if the case came to trial it would be four or five days before he could get away, so he sent for the old couple and talked the matter over. He gave them good advice, and they finally agreed to try once more to live together in harmony and went away happy. The next morning the Judge started for Weld, and last Friday he landed a twelve-pound salmon. If our judges did less divorcing and more fishing, perhaps society would be quite as well off.—*Lewiston Journal*.

Happy Homes.

Here's a health to the wives and the mothers who are good to their babies to day; Who are glad when they brighten for others The hours that go dragging away.

May their eyes keep the light of gladness, Their hearts hold the fullness of bliss That banishes shadows and sadness—

And what need we ask more than this?

But how can this happiness be kept?

What shall protect those we love—those who make a heaven of the home—from the ravages of disease that is often worse than death that is. In fact, a *lingering death*?

The question is easily answered; Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the standard remedy for all of those peculiar diseases to which women are subject—is what must be relied on to preserve the health of wives and mothers. It prevents those diseases, and it cures them. It is a blessing to women, and therefore a national blessing, because it gives health to those about whom the happiness of home centers, and the strength of a nation is in its happy homes.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, or Anti-bilious Granules; in vials, 25 cents; one a dose. Druggists.

Healthy Eaters.

"As a member of the Committee of Arrangements," said the caller at the hotel, "I want to find out what terms you can give to delegates to a convention to be held in this city next week. We shall need accommodations for fifty or more persons."

"Our regular rates are \$3.50 per day," responded the landlord, "but for a party of fifty I can, of course, make a considerable—By the way, what kind of a gathering is it to be?"

"It is the regular annual State Convention of the Vegetarians' Association."

"My terms," said the landlord, emphatically, "will be \$6 per day."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THERE has never been anything discovered that will equal Dobbins' Electric Soap for all household uses. It makes paint look like new, and clothes as white as snow. It is a pleasure to use. Ask your grocer for it.

MRS. A.—My husband is beginning to reform. Mrs. B.—Indeed? I saw him going in a barroom to-day. Mrs. A.—Yes, I know. He went in for a glass of whisky; but he takes water with it now.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

A WESTERN farmer has a mule with six legs. As four of them are hind legs the farmer thinks of training the animal to run with his face to the driver.

Daniel Webster's Winning Ways.

The following story of Daniel Webster, illustrative of his winning personal traits, told by a leading local lawyer, is believed never to have been made public. Years ago the late Erastus Corning, of this city, as a comparatively young man, made Mr. Webster's acquaintance somewhat intimately. As a result of the friendship it turned out the former indorsed Mr. Webster's note for a considerable sum. When the note fell due protests came to the firm and they paid the note. Knowing Mr. Webster's impecuniosity and not wishing to crowd him, they did not call upon him for security. After some years, and when it was supposed that Mr. Webster's financial condition was improved, Mr. Corning, at the instance of his firm, wrote asking Mr. Webster if he could make it convenient to liquidate the claim. The answer was a courteous note from Mr. Webster, making excuses that just at present he was unable to meet the demand, and ending up by a pressing invitation for Mr. Corning to visit him later, when he would probably be able to pay him or at least to secure the claim satisfactorily. The firm advised Mr. Corning to accept the invitation, which he did. On his return Mr. Corning came home delighted with the pleasures of his visit, and entertained his partners with glowing accounts of the great statesman's hospitalities and descriptions of the charming incidents of the sojourn, in which he ignored mention of the business object which partly impelled the visit. Finally, after he had exhausted description of the visit, one of Mr. Corning's friends said: "Well, I suppose Mr. Webster was pleased because he was able to pay the note?" "Pleased to pay the note," said Mr. Corning; "he not only didn't pay the note, but he so charmed me that he got me to sign another note for \$5,000, and I am thankful he didn't ask me to make it \$10,000, for I don't think I could have resisted his request." Mr. Corning is said to have had a subsequent invitation to visit Marshfield and to have declined on the ground that he could not afford so expensive a pleasure.—*Albany Journal*.

COUNSEL OF EMINENT PHYSICIANS.

The People of Oakland County Wild with Excitement.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16, 1887.

On the 10th day of December, 1886, I came from Orion to Pontiac to visit my parents, and was taken suddenly ill. Dr. Galbreath, of this place, was called, and after making careful examination of my case, desired a council, and named as councilor, Dr. McGraw, of Detroit. They met in council Dec. 15th, made a careful examination, and pronounced my disease as Cancer of the Liver, and stated that there was no hope for me, and it was impossible to cure me. The pain was very severe and Dr. Galbreath continued his visits, administering quieting powders. A swelling or bunch had formed upon my right ribs almost as large as my fist, and I had given up all hopes of recovery. But having heard of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup, Jan. 1, 1887, and bought a bottle of the Syrup from Mr. Peter Schmitz, a druggist of this place, and took it as directed. About March 1st something broke and the swelling commenced to go down, until it has almost disappeared. Up to this date I have taken two and one-half bottles of the Syrup, and have so far recovered as to be able to visit my neighbors, and am truly rejoicing that I am fast being relieved of such terrible pain, and desiring to acknowledge the benefit I have received in using your Syrup, I send you this statement, hoping you will use it so that others who are afflicted may be benefited and relieved from pain as I have been. Very truly yours,

CHARLES A. SPIER, of Orion, Mich.

PONTIAC, Mich., March 16, 1887.

This is to certify that Mr. Charles A. Spier, my son, has made a correct statement of his case, as I have watched by his bedside during his entire illness.

JOHN SPIER.

DRUGGISTS.

Editor *Weekly Review* and *Justice of the Peace*, Orion, Mich.

J. S. KITCHER, Postmaster.

ORION, Mich., March 19, 1887.

A Sure Sign.

"William," said Mrs. Trembley, "hear that horrid dog. Isn't it awful?"

"Is that the same dog that kept us awake last night?"

"I think so. It sounds unlucky, doesn't it?"

"Didn't you ever hear that the howling of a dog was a sure sign of a death in the family?"

"No. Whose family?"

"The dog's," said Trembley in a firm voice as he stepped out of bed and reached for his revolver."—*Merchant Traveler*.

The Hostetter Stomach Bitters People Score Another Point.

In the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, Judge Shipman handed down an opinion a few days ago in the suit of the owners of the trademarks covering Hostetter's Stomach Bitters against Arnold Theller and Cornell Theller, the compounders, located on Vesey street, New York City, in which it was decided that, although the defendants made use of their own names on the labels affixed to the bottles containing bitters prepared by them, yet as they were evidently designed to imitate the Hostetter labels, they were infringers, and a perpetual injunction was granted together with the costs of the suit. It is the evident intention of the Hostetter people to protect their valuable trademark against all infringers, and the granting of the above injunction will encourage them to renew their efforts against the ravishes of the omnipresent infringer.

It Was Dear.

Fol—By the way, wasn't that a pretty bonnet your wife had on last Sunday? My wife noticed it and called it a dear little thing."

DeRol—"Your wife was right, and you'd agree with her if you saw the bill I've got to pay for it."—*Yankee Blade*.

A Necessary Qualification.

Boston Merchant (to applicant for work)—"You think you could fill the position, do you?"

Applicant—"Yes, sir."

Boston Merchant—"Well, how are you grammar?"

Applicant—"What has grammar got to do with tending store?"

Boston Merchant—"A good deal, sir.

Why, if one of our Boston ladies should come in and ask for maple sugar, and you should say, 'we ain't got any,' do you think she would come again? I guess not."

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call daily on any druggist for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr. Silas Lane while in the Rocky Mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Every one praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists.

STRONG thoughts are iron nails driven in the mind, that nothing can draw out.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
100 Doses One Dollar

A Good Appetite is essential to good health; but at this season the blood may be impure, that tired feeling predominant, and the appetite lost. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system.

Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co. Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

240 LB \$50. 100 LB. Platform, \$10. 1,0