

ONE ON THE GENERAL.

The Lieutenant Was a Little Too Clever for Him.

A general, with plenty of time on his hands, one day stood at the window to watch the people passing in the street. While thus engaged, he noticed one of his officers who was without a sword—a grave misdemeanor!

"I'll make him smart for this!" the general exclaimed. "Ten minutes' cross-examination and a month's arrest."

The lieutenant meanwhile approached, all unconscious of the impending storm. When he was within earshot, the general called out:

"Sir, come up here; I want to speak to you!"

The officer looked up and perceived his superior; he remembered that he had left his sword at home, and knew what to expect. Unfortunately there was no means of escape, and he had to face the difficulty as best he might. The general's face was beaming with delight. He had found an opportunity of enforcing the discipline while smoking his weed. The lieutenant stepped into the house, and, in passing through the ante-room, he espied the sword of an orderly hanging on the wall. "The very thing!" he exclaimed, and buckling on the sword, he assumed an air of innocence and opened the inner door, saying:

"You have done me the honor to call me, general."

"Yes, I wanted to ask you—*Bigrel*, Why, the fellow has a sword," the general muttered to himself, as the smile faded from his countenance. "Whatever was it I was going to ask you—Ah! I remember now; about your family—your father, how is he?"

"If he could but know the interest you take in him he would feel highly flattered; unfortunately he died twenty years ago!"

The general stared at his unwilling visitor in speechless amazement.

"Then there is nothing else you have to say to me?"

"Ma foi, no!" the general answered. "Only never go out without your sword; I should have been compelled to place you under arrest if you had left it at home."

"Peste! I'll take good care I don't. See here!" and the young man coolly displayed the arm which was dangling from his waist.

"Yes, I see it's all right, my friend; you may go."

The officer promptly availed himself of the permission. He saluted the general, and on his way through the ante-room hung the sword on its peg. He then left the house. The general had resumed his former post at the window. The next minute he called his wife.

"I say, look at that young officer who is walking away from the house."

"I see him distinctly."

"Is he wearing a sword?"

"No!"

"There you are mistaken. He looks as if he isn't and has one all the time."

The wife made no remark. She is in the habit of taking her husband at his word. As for the officer he was never again seen in public without his saber.—*Le Rappel*.

By Chance.

One of those incidents which present a truth stranger than fiction occurred, not long ago, in a New England State. An amateur photographer, wandering about the country in search of material for his camera, came upon a deserted farm-house, dilapidated and picture-esque.

Just as he had arranged his apparatus to take a photograph of the house, the front door was opened, and a man appeared from within. The contrast between his trim appearance and the general air of decay about him only heightened the effect.

"Stand where you are," cried the artist, "and I'll take your picture."

The man complied, and the picture was taken. Then the two men, approaching each other, fell into conversation, and the one who had appeared in the doorway explained his presence there.

"I'm just on from the West," he said, "and father and mother wouldn't be satisfied to let me come till I promised to look up the old homestead. They left it before I was born, and it has passed into other hands and fallen into decay, as you see, but there's nothing they wouldn't give to set eyes on the old place once more. So I've been prowling about, in every hole and corner, from garret to shed, in order to answer all their questions."

"We can do better for them than that," said the artist, struck by a happy thought. "If you will give me their address, I will send them the photograph I have just taken, as soon as it can be finished."

The young man was, of course delighted, and, a little later, the "old folks at home" were still more so, for one morning's mail brought them a photograph of the old house, sorely changed but still precious, and in the doorway of it stood their son, for whom they had begun to "weary" during his long absence.

Bustles Going Out.

Miss Kuntrified (to dry-goods clerk)—Have you got any bustles?

Clerk—A few. Bustles are going out, you know.

"They be? Gracious, if they go out much further, we girls will have to stand up all the time."

A FOOT-MEASURING machine has been invented by a Lynn shoe manufacturer. With it, it is said, a Chicago girl's foot can be measured in less than half an hour by the watch.

Deserved to Live.

He was only a stable boy, as hardened and unholly as they make them, yet he was an immense favorite with patron and proprietor alike at the Monmouth track, and especially with his fellows of the Morris stables, says the New York Sun. Recently stricken with a very grievous disease, yesterday his physician told him that medicine and science could do nothing more for him. While quickly realizing that he was fast covering the homestretch of life, with the death wire, as it were, plainly visible, the ruling passion in the confiding and always courageous youth thus portrayed itself:

"What's my chances, Doc?"

"Not worth mentioning, my boy."

"One in twenty, you s'pose?"

"Oh, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty, then?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"W—well, perhaps there might be one in a hundred."

"I say then, Doc," pulling the medicine man close down to him and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, "just you go in, do yer best, and put everything on der one living chance."

What Everybody Says

must be true, and the universal verdict of those who have used Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Strengthening Plasters is that there is no doubt of their curative properties. E. Larzelere, agent M. C. R. B., Alton, Mich., says "he was cured of Bright's disease" by the use of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup.

Mrs. M. E. Jones, Prairie City, Iowa, says: "For three years I have been afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and kidney and liver troubles. I have taken Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and applied their Plasters over my stomach and am entirely cured. It is the greatest remedy that I have ever used."

First ask your druggist: should he not keep it, we will send on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle or six for \$5.

RHEUMATIC SYRUP CO., Jackson, Mich.

Woman's Rule.

He was lecturing on "Woman's Rule," and he asked the question, "How many men are there present to-night who are run by their wives?"

About three-quarters of the men stood up.

"And now," he said, "how many are present who are run by their wives and who are afraid to acknowledge it?"

All the rest of the men were on their feet in an instant.

Unjust Taxation.

It is unjust to tax the stomach with burthens that it cannot bear. Many silly people thus tyrannize over their servants until it rebels and punishes them as they deserve. Dyspepsia is usually the child of gastronomic folly, but whether this or the natural associate of inherent feebleness from childhood, it is surely and pleasantly remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the finest and most highly sanctioned gastric tonic in existence. As a result of the tone imparted to the stomach, and the increased activity of its digestive and assimilative action, insured by the persistent use of this benign invigorant, general stamina is augmented, the nerves strengthened and tranquilized, and a tendency to insomnia and hypochondriasis defeated. Biliousness, chills and fever, rheumatism and kidney troubles are conquered by this admirable medicine.

Saved a Life.

Solomon Isaackson—Haf you heard the news, Shacob, dot I haf safed those lifies of Reuben Cohen dhis morning alretty?

"Nein, mine friendt, how was dot?"

"He fell off de dock und couldn't schwim."

"Und you schwumped in und hellupped him out?"

"Ach, du lieber! I schreams, 'Come und und I pays you dot \$10 I owe you, und he climbs dot water out like a doock.'—*Time*.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c and \$1.00. Sample bottle free.

"He Was Against Horse Cars.

"It's not far," said a Chicago man to a visitor, "catch that street car and it will take you directly to the place."

"Much obliged, but I have made it a rule not to travel by horse cars."

"Why is that?"

"Because I found that in almost every instance by the time I had caught the car I had covered about two-thirds of the distance to my destination."—*Merchant Traveler*.

A Kindly Feeling.

"There is a great deal of sympathy in that game," said an old man as he sat watching some children play "blind man's buff" on the green.

"Why so?" said his friend.

"Because they are always feeling for their fellow-man."—*American Commercial Traveler*.

The Difficulty Experienced.

In taking Cod Liver Oil is entirely overcome in Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. It is as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy that has ever been produced for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula and Wasting Diseases. Do not fail to try it.

We have great respect for the penetration of the man who discovers good qualities in us.

Is it economy to save a few cents buying a cheap soap or strong washing powder, and lose dollars in ruined, rotted clothes? If not, use Dobbins' Electric Soap, white as snow and as pure. Ask your grocer for it.

DOCTOR—I see little Will has fully recovered. Mother—Oh, yes, Doctor, little Bill was cured by your big bill.

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The Fly Was There.

"A funny thing occurred here the other day," said a barber, as he was putting the finishing touches on a Saturday evening haircut. "A fellow came to be shaved who was somewhat under the influence of intoxicants. He took his seat in the chair and all proceeded well till I had shaved one side of his face, when he stopped me: 'Hold on, I want the thing splained.'

"I asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'There's a fly on my cheek, and you have shaved the lather and whisker off, but the fly didn't move. Now, what's the mazzer with him?'

"I told him there was no fly on my cheek, and he pointed to the mirror and said: 'You think I can't see him. I ain't so drunk that I can't see a fly.'

"All right—what is it?"

"I turned to the glass, and there stood the fly on the mirror and in such a position that from my customer's range of vision it seemed to be on his cheek. He afterward said that he had felt that fly tickling him all the time, and wondered how I could shave under it and not cut its legs off."—*Utica Observer*.

A New Departure

From ordinary business methods is made by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in guaranteeing this world-famed remedy to cure all diseases arising from derangements of the liver or stomach, as indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness, or "liver complaint," or from impure blood, as boils, blisters, pimples, eruptions, scalp disease, salt-rheum, serofulous sores, and swellings and kindred ailments. Money paid for "Discovery" promptly returned if, on fair trial, it doesn't cure.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it.

One Name Unloved.

Alfred (to Mormon) — How many wives have you?

Mormon—Twenty-six; one for every letter of the alphabet.

Alfred—Would you mind giving me their names?

Mormon—Not at all: Amy, Belinda, Clara, Dollie, Elsie, Fanny, Gertrude, Hattie, Ilma, Jennie, Kitty, Lulu, Marie, Nora, Olga, Polly, Queenie, Rose, Sally, Teresa, Ulma, Tenie, Wilhelmina, Yedda and Zerlina.

Alfred—No X?

Mormon—Yes, one not living. My first wife's name was Xantippe.—*Epoch*.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No gripping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache*, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

In 1765, among the greatest English advocates of the right to tax America internally were Greenville, Bute, Bedford and Mansfield; and their opponents, friends to liberty, were Pitt, Barre and Conway.

Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

FARM WAGONS—Best Wagon made \$100. Buggies, Carriages, Harness, etc., at 25c. price. Send for list. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

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