

### Doing the Drummers.

There were five or six of us drummers out of Chicago who used to bring up in Cairo in a bunch on Sunday, and one of the gang was a billiard expert. I don't mean that he could have held his own with the big guns, but he was way above the common, and runs of from thirty to fifty were every-day things with him. He used to dress up as a farmer, steamboat man, or cattle-buyer, enter a billiard parlor, and after fooling around for a while he would catch a sucker and stick him for the drinks all around. Nearly all the boys in Cairo had got on to his game, when one night we dropped into O'Neil's as a sort of cleaning up. Our man was disguised as a machinist, having greasy clothes and grease on his hands, and when a proper opening occurred he put himself forward. No one seemed to suspect him, and he certainly handled his cue like a green-horn. When he announced his desire to try a game, a man who looked like a river pilot was put forward. He clawed off for a while, and finally said he never played except for money. Our Jim didn't dare give himself away, but four or five of us offered to bank on him to the extent of a hundred dollars.

It was more of a bluff on our part, we found takers right off, and had to put up the long green. It was to be the best two out of three, and of course Jim played off on the first. Five was the highest run he made, while the pilot seemed to be doing his best and made one of thirteen. Jim was thirty-five when the stranger went out, and, believing we had sized up our victim, we put up another hundred. Jim got the first shot on the new game, and, as our money was up, he played for all that was in him. His first run was thirty-seven, and we were tickled all over. Then the stranger took hold and ran forty-two, but Jim ran the game out on his next shot.

This made a game apiece, and the pilot won the "bank." He started off very easy, kept the balls well together, and, after he had counted up to eighty-seven, he halted and asked Jim if he wanted any more. Jim didn't. Neither did the rest of us. We tried to get out gracefully, but the whole crowd gave us the laugh and the information that the pilot was the expert of Chicago, brought down there on purpose to take us down a peg and keep us hard up financially for the next ten years.—*New York Sun*.

### Funny Men in Political Life.

The late S. S. Cox lamented sometimes that he had a reputation for being a "funny man." It interfered with his effectiveness when he wanted to be particularly earnest and impressive. It annoyed him on such occasions to realize that his auditors were waiting, mouths stretched, for the expected joke, when he was endeavoring to speak in all seriousness upon a subject that he had much at heart. But this has been the penalty all humorists have paid when in public life. Tom Corwin, of Ohio, Senator, and Minister to Mexico, was the funniest stump speaker this country has ever produced, but he regretted in his later years that he had ever been a funny man. He advised young men with political ambitions to suppress humorous tendencies in speech-making, and Garfield is said to have profited by the advice, for in early life he had displayed that tendency. "The world builds no monuments to funny men," Corwin used to say, mournfully. "If you would succeed be solemn—solemn as an ass."

Senator Morton of Indiana, the war Governor, as he was called during the fratricidal struggle, scarcely cracked a joke during his later years, though he had quite a reputation for wit as a young man. One of the earliest speeches that he made after becoming a politician was in Terre Haute, Ind., and it was irresistibly funny from end to end, and the people laughed "completely." But Morton saw that that wouldn't do. He argued that a politician who goes into wit as a general thing must expect to sacrifice everything else for it. He will gain little reputation as a sound man. He will never get very high in honors. People will say that he is a good "stumper," but his judgment will be a thing of suspicion. People will dislike to trust him. They will not deem the author of witty sayings capable of originating large, solid measures. So Morton dropped funny speech-making, but he won his next audience by the matchless power of his oratory. And yet, had there been no "Sunset" Cox in our public life, American literature and the American forum would have been the loser.—*Texas Siftings*.

### Undoubtedly Healthy.

"Is this house healthy?" said the prospective tenant to the real estate man.

"Healthy? Well I should say so."

"You speak very positive."

"Yes, I have a right to. The last family in it had the small-pox, from the father to the youngest baby, and not one of them died."—*Merchant Traveler*.

A WHEELING dry goods man complaining of business, said: "Not a woman has crossed that door for two hours." The listener said, half in jest, that plenty would cross it if it was freshly painted. The shopkeeper tried it, and fifteen women flocked in past the paint as soon as it was on.

TWO "BRECHES" Bibles dated 1610, in an excellent state of preservation, belonging to Rev. G. Pratt, late incumbent of St. Margaret's, Herts, were sold by auction at Herford, England, and fetched 70s and 50s, respectively.

### How to Become a Capitalist.

Somebody must save money, and the people who save it will be the capitalists, and they will control the organization of industry and receive the larger share of the profits. If the workingmen will save their money, they may be not only sharers of profits but owners of stock and receivers of dividends, says Washington Gladden. And the workmen can save their money if they will. It is the only way they can permanently and surely improve their condition. Legislative reforms, improved industrial methods may make the way easier for them, but there is no road to comfort and independence, after all, but the plain old path of steady work and sober savings. If the working people of this country would save for the next five years the money that they spend on beer and tobacco and base-ball, they could control a large share of the capital employed in the industries by which they get a living, and they could turn the dividends of this capital from the pockets of the money-lender into their own. There is no other way of checking the congestion of wealth, and of promoting its diffusion, so expeditious, so certain, and so beneficent as this. I wish the working people would try it.

### Entirely Helpless to Health.

The above statement made by Mrs. S. H. Ford, wife of Gen. Ford, can be vouched for by nearly the entire population of Corunna, Mich., her home for years. She was for two years a terrible sufferer from rheumatism, being confined to her bed most of the time, her feet and limbs being so badly swollen she could scarcely move. She was induced to try a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup. It helped her, and two additional bottles entirely cured her. To-day she is a well woman.

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.

### The Dog Did Not Understand English.

Paul Montonier is the proud owner of a very fine dog and he loves that dog as he loves his life. Some time ago Paul made a trip to the Pacific coast, and he cast about for some good friends who would care for his canine pet while he was away. He at last found a good man and he went away happy in the thought that his dog would be well taken care of. Some weeks later he returned to Chicago, and his first move was to call for his dog.

"For heaven's sake take him away!" cried the friend as Paul appeared, "and don't leave him with me again. Why didn't you tell me that the dog couldn't understand English? I can't speak French and he didn't heed a word I said to him."

Paul had always commanded the dog in French, and, as his friend said, he did not understand or heed English commands. He had been in the pound three times and had cost his temporary keeper something like \$20 during his owner's absence. He advised Paul to send his canine to night school.—*Chicago Herald*.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, SS.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that he will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1880.

A. W. GLEASON,  
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

— Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

### He Took a Copy.

Snagsby, in his office (to trim-looking book agent)—We don't want any of your blasted literature here. Git out!

Agent—I thought you might want a copy of "How to Be Happy Though Married."

Snagsby—Hold! I'll subscribe for my wife. She's been wanting that book these ten years.—*Drake's Magazine*.

### The Fruit of Violence.

In no case is the folly of violence in medicine more conspicuously shown by its fruit than in the effect upon the intestines of excessive purgation. The stomach and bowels are first painfully gripped, then the latter is copiously, suddenly and repeatedly evacuated. This is far beyond the necessities of the case, most unnatural, excessively debilitating. The organs are incapacitated from resuming their function with normal moderation. An astringent is resorted to which reduces them to their former condition of inaction. To this monstrous and harmful absurdity, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the happy alternative. It relaxes gently, naturally, sufficiently, it diverts bile from the blood into its proper channel, it insures healthy digestion and complete assimilation. It is a complete defense against malaria and conquers rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, kidney and bladder trouble.

DOWN in Nashville, Tenn., they devised a shrewd arrangement for enabling voters who could not read to place their cross in the right place on the ballot of the Australian system. They had tin plates made just the size of the ballots, and with slots cut in them at such intervals that the open spaces would come over those names which the voter desired to cross. A young lawyer of Nashville invented the device the night before the election.

IF the Sufferers from Consumption, Scrofula and General Debility will try Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and a permanent benefit. Dr. H. V. Mott, Brentwood, Cal., writes: "I have used Scott's Emulsion with great advantage in cases of Phthisis, Scrofula, and Wasting Diseases. It is very palatable." Sold by Druggists.

ED LANSING, of Troy, recently killed a buck that weighed over 320 pounds. This was the largest deer shot in the Adirondacks this season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1. six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO. Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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