MARK TWAIN AS A PRINTER.

His Recollections of Early Days in the Office of a Weekly Paper.

Response to a Toast at a Ben Franklin Banquet.

"All things change in the procession of years, and it may be that I am among strangers. It may be that the printer of to-day is not the printer of thirty-five years ago. I was no stranger to him. I knew him well. I built his fire for him in the winter mornings; I brought his water from the village pump; I swept out his office; I picked up his type from under his stand; and, if he was there to see, I put the good type in his case, and the broken ones among the 'hell matter;' and, if he wasn't there to see, I dumped it all with the 'pi' on the imposing stone—for that was the furtive fashion of the cub, and I was a cub. I wetted down the paper Saturdays, I turned it Sundays—for this was a country weekly; I rolled, I washed the rollers, I washed the forms, I folded the papers, I carried them around at dawn Thursday mornings, I enveloped the papers that were for the mail—we had 100 town subscribers and 350 country ones; the town subscribers paid in groceries and the country ones in cabbage and cordwood—when they paid at all, which was only sometimes, and then we always stated the fact in the paper and gave them a puff; and if we forgot it they stopped the paper. Every man on the town list helped edit the thing; that is, he gave orders as to how it was to be edited; dictated its opinions, marked out its course for it, and every time the boss failed to connect, he stopped his paper. We were just infested with critics, and we tried to satisfy them all over. We had one subscriber who paid cash, and he was more trouble to us than all the rest. He bought us, once a year, body and soul, for $2. He used to modify our politics every which way, and he made us change our religion four times in five years. If we ever tried to reason with him, he would threaten to stop his paper, and, of course, that meant bankruptcy and destruction. That man used to write articles a column and a half long, leaded long primer, and sign them 'Junius' or 'Veritas' or 'Vox Populi,' or some other high-sounding rot; and then, after it was set up, he would come in and say he had changed his mind—which was a gilded figure of speech, because he hadn't any—and ordered it to be left out: We couldn't stand such a waste as that; we couldn't afford 'bogus' in that office; so we always took the leads out, altered the signature, credited the articles to the rival paper in the next village, and put it in. Whenever their was a barbacue, or a circus, or a baptizing, we knocked off for half a day, and then to make up for short matter we would 'turn over adds—turn over the whole page and duplicate it. The other 'bogus, was deep philosophical stuff, which we judged nobody ever read; so we kept a galley of it standing and kept on slapping the same old batches of it in, every now and then, till it got dangerous. Also, in the early days of the telegraph we used to economize on the the news. We picked out the items that were pointless and barren of information and stood them on a galley, and changed the dates and localities, and used them over and over again till the public interest in them was worn to the bone. We marked the adds, but we seldom paid any attention to the marks afterward; so the life of a 'td' add and a 'tf' add was equally eternal. I have seen a 'td' notice of a sheriff's sale still booming serenely along two years after the sale was over, the sheriff dead and the whole circumstance become ancient history. Most of the yearly adds were patent medicine stereotypes, and we used to fence with them. Life was easy with us; if we pied a form we suspended till next week, and we always suspended every now and then when the fishing was good, and explained it by the illness of the editor, a paltry excuse, because that kind of a paper was just as well off with a sick editor as a well one, and better off with a dead one than with either of them. He was full of blessed egotism and placid self-importance, but he didn't know as much as a three em quad. He never set any type except in the rush of the last day, and then he would smouch all the poetry and leave the rest to 'jeff' for the solid takes. He wrote with impressive flatulence and soaring confidence upon the vastest subjects, but puffing alms gifts of wedding cake, salty ice cream, abnormal watermelons and sweet potatoes the size of your leg, was his best hold. He was always a poet—a kind of poet of the 'Carrier's Address' breed—and whenever his intellect suppurated and he read the result to the printers and asked for their opinion, they were very frank and straightforward about it. They generally scraped their rules on the boxes all the time he was reading, and called it 'hog'wash' when he got through. All this was thirty-five years ago, when the man who could set 700 an hour could put on just as many airs as he wanted to; and if these New York men, who recently, on a wager, set 2,000 an hour, solid minion, for four hours on a stretch, had appeared in that office, they would have been received as accomplishers of the supremely impossible, and drenched with hospitable beer until the brewery was bankrupt.

"I can see that printing office of prehistoric times yet, with its horse bills on the walls, it's 'd' box clogged with tallow, because we always stood the candle in the 'k' box nights; its towel, which was not considered soiled until it could stand alone, and other signs and symbols that marked the establishment of that kind in the Mississippi valley; and I can see also the tramping 'jour,' who flitted by in the summer and tarried a day, with his wallet stuffed with one shirt and a hatful of handbills, for if he couldn't get any type to set he would do a temperance lecture. His way of life was simple, his needs not complex; all he wanted was plate and bed and money enough to get drunk on, and he was satisfied. But it may be, as I have said, that I am among strangers, and sing the glories of a forgotten age to unfamiliar ears, so I will 'make even' and stop."

In New York some of the young women of means and leisure are taking lessons in fencing—all art which Moliere said consisted in "touching and not being touched."

One knows not for whom he gathers.

JUST AS BAD AS PAINTED.

Widespread Commotion Caused by the Terrible Confession of a Physician.

The story published in these columns recently, from the Rochester (N. Y.) Democrat and Chronicle, created a deal of comment here as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal inquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed necessary.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession has been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints, which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner, who was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street, spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics that from '70 to '80, its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off, and is taking off every year, for while many are dying apparently of paralysis and apoplexy, they are really victims of kidney disorder, which causes heart disease, paralysis, apoplexy, etc. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it?"

"A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience; what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?" was asked Dr. S. A. Lattimore, one of the analysts of the state board of health.

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

Dr. Henion was cured five years ago and is well and attending to his professional duties to-day, in this city. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, but that it can be cured if taken in time.

A New French Dollar.

The French government has coined a new dollar for circulation in Tonquin in east. Specimens of the coin are to be seen in London, and it appears to be exactly the same as the Mexican dollar in weight, size and fineness. The superscription, however, is different, and this it is which inspires the criticism, by those who know Chinese, that the later will reject it and will say: "No wantee China sid." It will be remembered that the United States formerly coined a trade dollar for circulation in the east; but its deficiency in fineness (371¼ grains instead of 377½ grains) soon became apparent to the astute natives, and they reverted to the Mexican dollar, large quantities of which are still sent to China. It remains to be seen whether the dollar provided by the French government will be more successful.

Mr. J. D. L. Harvey, proprietor of the Palace Market, Chicago writes that he spent $2,000 in trying to cure his wife of rheumatism, and that St. Jacobs Oil accomplished what all else failed to bring about. He says it is a greater discovery than electricity.

Five-sixths of the Irish people, according to Herbert Gladstone, are followers of Parnell.

When a man's notes are readily endorsed his credit is good. When public men endorse Red Star Cough Cure as being safe, sure and free from poisons, you may be certain it is a great discovery. Price, 25 cents.

Possibly an Oversight.

Tompkins—"I see by the paper that a man has been robbed of $2,000 on one of the Long Branch trains."

Smith—"That so? Wonder how it was done?"

Tompkins—"Don't know unless the porter brushed him off and forgot to give him back the change.—[New York Mail and Express.

Nothing but superlative intrinsic merit can account for the phenomenal reputation achieved, in so short a time, by Salvation Oil. It kills pain. Price 25 cents a bottle.

Hot Springs—Climbing up stairs in August after a delinquent subscriber.

"ROUGH ON ITCH."

"Rough on Itch" cures skin humors, eruptions, ring worm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch. 50c. Jars.

A hickory club is very good lumber to floor a man with.

THE BLOOD MAKES THE ENTIRE CIRCUIT OF THE BODY EVERY SEVEN MINUTES, and whenever this circulation is impeded, or any of its channels are clogged by impurities, disease follows—fever, or a disorder of liver, or kidneys, or scrofula, or dyspepsia. To get at the source of the difficulty, use the blood purifier, DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS.

"My stars!" is a favorite expression with theatrical managers.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

It cost Mr. Irving $60,000 to put Faust on the stage.

Lyon's Patent Metallic Stiffeners prevents boots and shoes from running over.

Of the playgoers of Paris 100,000 are on the stage.

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions. 15c

"Rough on Toothache." Instant relief. 15c.

The full skirt of last season is again the favorite of young girls.

W. N. U., OMAHA. 297—7.