The Lime-Kiln Club.

Some three months ago, owing to various and repeated attempts to destroy Paradise Hall by fiends in human shape, Samuel Shin asked leave in open meeting to protect the hall by an invention of his own. Leave was granted, and the result was seen as the janitor opened the place Saturday afternoon to make ready for the usual weekly meeting at night. Mr. Shin's invention consisted of a pound of powder innocently stored placed where a stranger would use it to weary of waiting, but Samuel knew that if he fished long enough he was certain to catch a whale.

Sometime during Thursday night a of a coffee mill and slid up-stairs with murder in his thoughts. Perhaps he expected to find Elder Toots asleep up there, and was prepared to dispatch him without mercy, or he may have simply intended to damage the hall about \$18,000 worth and then go away to secretly chuckle over his dastardly work. Be that as it may he reached the ante-room and paused for a moment to cast a glance of contempt at the

on earth. As he mounted the keg there was a dull explosion, which was heard by many people on the street and supposed to have been caused by the said: "You can save considerable exblowing up of a tug down toward Lake

When the hall opened Saturday evening Mr. Shin had all the remains spread directly into Dallas and will have to out on top of Waydown Bebee's plug hat. There was a button, seven hairs, the heel of a sock, a finger-nail, and a part of a document beginning with: this for youp" "No. O, no," the man "To the Hon. the Common Coun --. " A hole in the roof through which self. Ten words, you say?" "Yes, sir. twenty-seven stars looked placidly down It was a stunner, for a fact, and the on the Bear Trap indicated the ulterior man heaved a despairing sigh as he direction taken by the balance of the proceeded to boil his "letter" down to remains. The force of the explosion ten words. He sighed again, after knocked the safe over and broke one reading it through once or twice, and hinge, and the pictures on the walls then scratched out "Dallas Center

meeting opened. "Let it be a furder warnin to de good not to become went on through the dispatch. Occawicked! Wickedness doan' pay. If sionally he would hold it from him at you turn gambler you may hide de arm's length after making an erasure, lars, but de fust thing ye know some last, after much scratching and erasing man will hide de fo bowers in his hat and with many sighs, he came to the an' skoop ye blind. If you turn robber window and said: "Here is the teleyou may stop some plumber on de highway an' make a haul of three hun'red dollars, but de nex' fing you know you bet on a hoss race an' lose de pile. We done without garbling the sense of the have de proofs befo' us dat while de wicked am chucklin' an' grinnin' an' growin fat, death am waitin' at deir elbow to lif 'em higher nor a kite. De Committee on Privileges an' Repose the following expunged edition of his will see to de repairs of de hall, an we will now ambulate to'rs de reg'lar order of bizness. - Detroit Free Press,

Sending a Telegram.

One man reached a long arm over the little crowd clustered at the operator's window and asked for a "blank telegraphic form," explaining that he "wished to send a telegraphic dispatch to his family." Now, when a man speaks of a "telegraphic dispatch" I always wake up and look at him, because the cumbersome title is all at utter variance with the spirit of the telegraph. It's too long. The use of it ews, like this: betrays the man who has little use for SARAH A. FOR the telegraph. The more he uses the wire the shorter his terms. The more nearly he can come to saying "msg" the more content he is. And he doesn't call it a "telegraphic form;" he asks for a "blank," black or red as the case may be. And he never "telegraphs" anybody. He "wires" them. And he doesn't explain to the operator what he wants to do with the blank. Presuma-"msg" and the party for whom it is intended, the operator will know all that he wishes to know-and sometimes much more than you want him to know -soon enough.

So I watched this passenger write his "telegraphic dispatch." First he asked the operator: "What day of the month on."-Burdette, in Hawkeye. is this?" There was nothing unusual in that. All men ask that. It is the opening line in the regular formula of sending a "msg." You may know what date it is before entering the office, you may even have it impressed upon your mind by having a note fall due on that day, but the moment you poise your pencil over the blank that date flies from your mind like the toothache from a dentist's stairway. So, when this man asked: "What day of the month is this?" courteously answered him, as a cover to approaching his position, but he did not believe me. He repeated his question and made the operator answer. Then I knew he was very new at it. He spoiled three blanks before he got a 'telegraphic dispatch" written to suit him. But even that was not very uncommon. A man always uses stationery more extravagantly in another man's office than he does at home. Then he wrote every word in the body of the disputch very carefully and distinctly, but scrambled hurriedly over the address as though everybody knew that as well as he did.

though his name was as familiar to the operator as it was to his own family. But even this is not uncommon. A man will write "Cunningham" so that no expert under the skies will tell whether it was Covington, or Carrington, or Cummagen, or Carrenton, and when the operator points to it and asks: "What is this?" the writer will stare at him in blank amazement for a moment, and then answer: "Why, that's my name!" "Well, yes, I know that," the operator will say; "but what is your away in an old nail keg, and the keg name?" Then the man will gasp for Dr. Pickard is President, graduated breath and catch hold of the desk to this year from its classical department look through the transom. A pressure of two pounds on the head of the keg would scratch a match and explode the would scratch a match and explode the powder. Some men would have grown operator, and then glance about the room with a pained, shocked expression, as one who should say: "Gentlemen, you may not believe it, and I do not blame you, but heaven is my witnessperson whose name will never be known here is a man who does not know that unlocked the street door with the crank my name is Cunningham?' This is not unusual. Any operator will tell you that he has met Cunningham scores of times and has mortally offended him every

time by asking his name. Well, my tall man with the thick neck got along a little better than that when he handed the operator the following explicit message:

MRS. SARAH K. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CEN-TER, IOWA.—My Dear Wife: 1 left the city early this morning after eating breakfast with stuffed oppossum over the door leading into the lodge. There stood the innocent nail keg, and the transom was open.

The human hyena probably cackled with delight as he saw the way prepared for him, but it was his last cackle on earth. As he mounted the keg loving husband, ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

pense and tell all that is really necessary, presume, by shortening this message down to ten words. We have no wire send this message part of the way over another line, which adds largely to the cost of transmission. Shall I shorten with the shawl replied, "I'll fix it mywere more or less damaged, but Cadaver Smith came forward and offered to make good the damage out of his own pocket.

"Let dis be a warnin' to de wicked to pause," said Brother Gardner, as the "and narrowly escaped." And so he oker up yer sleeve and win a few dol- to get at the general effect. And at graphic dispatch to my wife. I have not been able to condense it into ten done without garbling the sense of the dispatch, but if you can do it, you would oblige me greatly, as I do not wish to incur any really unnecessary expense."
And with that he handed the operator original message:

Mus. Sarah H. Follinsber — My Dear Wife: Heft the city—this morning after cating—Prof. Morton alive—cause I expected to eat—you at home. But we were delayed by a terrible railroad accident on the railroad. I—being killed—terrible mangled and since died; but lam—the conductor.—I cannot come to Dailas Center—but I can.—I hate—mother and the children. Your loving husband, ROGER K. FOLLINSBEE.

The operator smiled once more, and in his quick, nervous way that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning, made a few quick dashes with his pencil, and without adding or changing a letter in the original message, shriveled it down to its very sin-

SARAH A. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CENTER, Iowa: Left city 'smorning; delayed by acci-

dent; all right; home 'sevening. Roger K. FOLLINSBEE. "There, that is all right," he said in the cheery, magnetic way these operators have. "Fifty cents, sir; only twenty-five cents if we had our own wire into Dallas, sir; we'll have one next spring, too; saves you several dollars, sir. That's right, thank you." And the man went and sat down on a chair bly he wants to write a message. And by the stove and stared at that operator as for the matters referred to in that until the rescuing train came along, as though he were a worker of miracles. And when he got off the train at the junction for Dallas I heard him whispering softly to himself: "Shfollnsbee -clish smorning; nothin smatter; home saftnoon." And I knew that he was practising his lesson and had "caught

-A barn in Granby, Oswego County, was struck by lightning recently, the bolt being attracted, it is thought, by the large bronzed vane and horse with heavy iron rod, extending into an elm martre and took supper," said the first flag-staff. The latter was completely shatered, and driven through the side of the building and into the earth, and is unburned. Portions of the vane were carried a long distance. The fine new barn was saved by strong wind blowing in the right direction, but some lesser buildings were burned. Not a particle of rain fell for some time, before or after the buildings burned, and at the same moment of the shock there was not a particle of thunder or lightning, or a only spent seven francs," said the secdark cloud overhead. - N. Y. Times

-For the first time in the history of the commonwealth the State Prisons of New York were self-sustaining in 1881, and there was a surplus to their credit | cobbler. of \$564.35. -N. Y. Sun.

-The Free Church of Scotland has been moved to promulgate a warning and dashed off his own signa- against the "sin of admiring the works sentence of four months," concluded the feel any better yet; may be the lid hasn't ture in a blind letter style, as of nature on the Sabbath day."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

-The Rev. Mr. Green, of Raleigh, N. C., recently immersed 140 persons in seventy minutes. - N. Y. Post.

-- Teachers in the public schools of France are very seldom paid more than \$5 a week, and as the expense for salaries is now a little over \$15,000,000, the Minister of Public Instruction refuses to add to this amount and so increase tax- the merchant service and had sailed on

The University of Iowa, of which ministry.

There were added to the Southern Presbyterian churches in the year ending May last on profession of faith 6,-062 persons, an advance of more than 1,200 over the previous year. There are 6,000 Elders and 4,000 Deacons in the church .- N. Y. Herald.

-Among the '146 youth who graduated at Harvard in 1876 there are now fifty-two lawyers, ten doctors, eight ministers, ten teachers, five architects, three journalists, three manufacturers, three bankers and two artists, and twenty-four are in mercantile and other general business. - Detroit Post.

-Government (State) expenditures for education in this country are mentioned as amounting at last accounts to \$81,-795,929. With a school population of 15,302,862, there is a school attendance of 9,729,189. Germany with her compulsory system has a better record. Out of her school population of 7,500,-000, children to the number of 7,200, 000 constantly attend school.

-William Booth, the General of the Salvation Army in England, receives and disburses, with absolute control, \$250,000 a year. He owns or rents in his name 250 buildings used for religious meetings, directs the work of 15,000 exhorters, and publishes a paper, the War Cry, which circulates 250,000 copies a month. He is well-educated, very winning as a speaker, clear-headed, and arbitrary in management, and, according to general opinion, an honest zealot .- Chicago Tribune.

-Sister Mary Frances Clare, of the Convent at Knock, County Mayo, Ireland, has taken the most practical and useful way of helping her young countrywomen by establishing an Industrial School for Irish girls, in which they are taught cooking, sewing, and all practical home duties. It will certainly prove a blessing to the country, as the opportunities for learning these arts are so limited in their own homes. The care of fowls and bees, the making of butter, and knitting will also be taught in the House of Industry .-- Christian Union.

Caught by Themselves.

There is a slang phrase now current which aptly expresses the fatality attending the testimony of criminals in court. They are almost sure to "give themselves away," that is, to really convict themselves while they are trying to prove their innocence. In a court in Paris recently, two cobblers were charged with stealing fifteen francs from their master's till. The men had asked for some money from their employer, but he had refused and had gone off for the day with his family. So they stole the fifteen francs and themselves started off for a holiday.

"Where did you spend your holiday?" asked the Police Justice. "We took no holiday. We worked

as usual," said the first cobbler. "Come, that won't do. The facts are all against you, although, to be sure, no one saw you take the money from the bag," said the Police Justice. "It wasn't a bag; it was a pine box.

Ah!" (to the other cobbler) "what are you trampling on my feet for?" said the second cobbler. "How do you know it was a pine

box?" asked the Justice. "Why, I've seen the master take money from it more than two hundred times," answered the second cobbler.

"I only brought it home the night before. I had always used an iron box. So he couldn't have seen this two hundred times," said the master.

"Well, when I said two hundred, perhaps I stretched it a little. I saw it at least once that day," said the second cobbler.

"What day?" asked the Justice. "Why, the day that we took the fifteen-Oh, stop trampling on my feet!" said the second cobbler.

"So you acknowledge taking the fifteen francs?" said the Justice. "He means the fifteen pairs of slippers we made that day," said the first

cobbler. "So you worked all day?" said the Justice. "Yes, except that towards evening we were tired and went out to Mont-

cobbler. "But you told your master you had no money. How did you go without money?" asked the Justice.

"We borrowed three francs," said the first cobbler. "Yes, and when we were arrested, they found no money in our pockets.

If we had taken the fifteen francs, there would have been some left, for we ond cobbler. "If you only borrowed three, how

did you spend seven?" asked the Jus "We got credit," answered the first

"Yes, we got credit for nine francs," said the second cobbler.

"I think you've satisfied us of your guilt. That will do. You shall have a Justice. - Youth's Companion

Why a Duel Was Not Fought.

Opposite the city resides Mr. J. M. Harvey, a gentleman who has lived a very adventurous life. Emigrating from a Northern or Western State more than thirty years ago, he came to New Orleans, where he settled, marrying into a very wealthy and prominent creole family. Previous to his settlement in Louisiana Harvey was engaged in several whaling voyages. Having married a creole, Harvey strove to conform to creole ideas and usages, which were quite opposite and repugnant to his old notions and feelings. The transition was certainly a very violent one, from an old skipper, whose tastes had been acquired aboard a Nantucket whaler. to the highly refined rules and customs which govern creole society in Louisiana

At a gay party at a creole neighbor's one evening, where Harvey was present, a game of cards was proposed, and the game was proceeding quite pleasantly when an altercation arose between Harvey and a creole gentleman of high position and for many years an editor, Albert Fabre. The dispute finally became very hot, winding up in words of insult from Fabre to Harvey and in a knock-down from the heavy fist of the latter, the blow inflicting a very dark 'black-eye' upon the unfortunate creole. The next day Harvey was waited upon by a friend of Fabre with a demand for satisfaction and a request to be referred to his seconds, with whom the terms of an early meeting might be arranged. Harvey asked what this all meant. The second replied that he wanted him to meet Mr. Fabre in honorable combat, and thus atone for the blow he had given him.

"But," replied Harvey, "he grossly insulted me and I returned the insult with a blow. I think that makes us even, or, if we ain't even, I'll pay up the balance.

The second was surprised to hear such a response from a gentleman who had married into a creole family, and, as a mutual friend, warned Harvey that if he persisted in this view of the affair he would be tabooed by all his wife's relatives. The suggestion somewhat alarmed Harvey, and he asked his visitor what would be the terms of the proposed combat.

The second, brightening up at the success of his appeal to "the better feelings" of Harvey and at the prospect of a lively affair, quickly responded: "Oh, of course, being the challenged party, you have the choice of weapons.

This announcement was a great relief to Harvey, who knew Fabre to be an experienced duelist, skilled with the pistol and rapier. He therefore asked, with an air of great simplicity, what were the weapons usually employed by gentlemen on such occasions.

"Pistols, swords, rifles, shot-guns, or any dangerous weapon in which you may be skilled."

"I understand you," Harvey replied. "and my weapons are harpoons-hickory handles, ten feet in length; distance twenty feet apart. I have a brace of them, from which your friend can take his choice.1

The creole was astounded, shocked and puzzled; still more horrified was he when Harvey showed him one of these weapons, which had seen good service

on the Pacific. "Why," he exclaimed, "do you think my friend is a fish to be struck by such a tool as this?"

"Fish or no tish," Harvey replied, "that is my weapon. Your friend is quite as skillful in handling sword or pistol as I am with the harpoon. When I challenge him, he will have the choice of weapons, and now I claim the right, as the challenged party, to choose the only one which I feel I can use with

skill and effect." "But, sir, your proposition is bizarre and ridiculous, and will bring contempt on all who are engaged in it. This is a serious affair, sir, and I expect you to treat it seriously.

"You'll find harpoons serious enough," replied Harvey, at the same time going through the harpoon exercise as practised on whaling ships.

The indignant creole retired in extreme disgust. And the next day everybody in the city knew of this spoiled duel. It may indicate the radical difference of ideas of the two races that while Fabre's creble friends reported the incident as one which reflected great disgrace on Harvey, the Americans laughed over it most heartily as a rich joke and a fair commentary upon the absurdity of the duello.—New Orleans Cor. Philadelphia Times.

How to Catch Frogs.

The Washington Star thus tells how frogs are caught in the Potomae: The manner of catching them is to drift about at night in a skiff among the swamps which line the Potomae and its creeks with a bull's-eye dark lantern. When the frogs begin their loud, gutteral conversation with each other, the hunter edges up as near as possible to his game and throws the intensely reflected light from the bull's-eye directly upon the frog, which appears to have the effect of completely paralyzing him. Once the light strikes them they are immovable, and will suffer themselves to be bagged without a murmur. One expert stated to a Star reporter that he took a dozen from off one old rotten log in Hunting Creek, but a big moccasin snake struck out for him, and in getting away he lost nine of them. The frogs are particularly plump this year, and their saddles tender as squab meat.

-Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken that box of pills I sent you?" Pat: Yes, sir, be jabers, I have, but I don't come off yet!"

THE BIG FOUR.

subjects, call oftener, stay longers and yet are the gost unwelcome guests you can have on your list of

The first of this precious quartette of unwelcome guesta gives you an excruciating headache even to think of him.

The second takes away your appetite, debilitates your system, gives you a sallow complexion, and makes you truly miserable generally.

The third bestows upon you a legacy of skin eroptions, and disordered secretions, constipation and

other irregularities too numerous to mention. The fourth takes forcible possession of your peace of mind and health of body, and makes you a perfect martyr to his tyrannical unjust government. He caps the climax, and what little the others have left he robs you of; you cannot eat without fear and trembling, and aleep becomes a stranger to your eyes.

The Stofnach, the Blood, the Liver, and the Kidneys

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are pleased to state that such prejudice does not exist against GARGLING OIL. We do not claim wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we

wonders or miracles for our liniment, but we do claim it is without an equal. It is put up in bottles of three sizes, and all we ask is that you give it a fair trial, remembering that the Oil put up with white wrapper (small) is for human and fowl flesh, and that with yellow wrapper (three sizes) for animal flesh. Try a bottle.

As these cuts indicate, the Oil is used successfully for all diseases of the human, foul and animal flesh. Shake well before using.

and animal flesh. Shake well before using.

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market, regardless of cost. For half a century Merchant's Gargling Oil has been a synonym for honesty, and will continue to be so long as time endures. For sale by all respectable dealers throughout the United States and other countries.



bottle well corked. Chapped Hands, External Poisons, sand Cracks, Poll Evil, Galls of all kinds, Swellings, Tumors, Flesh Wounds, Sitfast, Ringbone, Foul Ulcers, Garget in Cows, Farcy, Cracked Teats, Callous, Lameness, Horn Distemper, Crownscab, Oulitor,

Sprains and Bruises,
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Sore Nipples, Curb,
Cracked Heels, Old Sores,
Epizootic, Lame Back,
Hemorrholds or Piles,
Toothache, Rheumatism,
Spavins, Sweeney,
Corns, Whitlows,
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