

The Lime-Kila Club.

Some three months ago, owing to various and repeated attempts to destroy Paradise Hall by fiends in human shape...

Sometime during Thursday night a person whose name will never be known unlocked the street door with the crank of a coffee mill...

The human hyena probably cackled with delight as he saw the way prepared for him, but it was his last cackle on earth.

When the hall opened Saturday evening Mr. Shin had all the remains spread out on top of Waydown Bebee's plug hat.

"Let dis be a warnin' to de wicked to pause," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened.

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."

So I watched this passenger write his "telegraphic dispatch." First he asked the operator: "What day of the month is this?"

though his name was as familiar to the operator as it was to his own family. But even this is not uncommon.

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

The operator read it, smiled, and said: "You can save considerable expense and tell all that is really necessary, I presume, by shortening this message down to ten words."

"Let dis be a warnin' to de wicked to pause," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting opened.

Mrs. SARAH K. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CENTER, IOWA. My Dear Wife: I left the city early this morning after eating breakfast with Prof. Morton...

The operator smiled once more, and in his quick, nervous way that grows out of his familiar association with the lightning...

SARAH A. FOLLINSBEE, DALLAS CENTER, IOWA. Left city "morning; delayed by accident; all right; home "evening."

"There, that is all right," he said in the cheery, magnetic way these operators have.

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...

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 of \$564.35.

The Free Church of Scotland has been moved to promulgate a warning against the "sin of admiring the works of nature on the Sabbath day."

RELIGIOUS AND EDUCATIONAL.

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

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 taxation.

The University of Iowa, of which Dr. Pickard is President, graduated this year from its classical department a class of forty, fifteen of whom were ladies.

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.

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.

Government (State) expenditures for education in this country are mentioned as amounting at last accounts to \$81,795,929.

William Booth, the General of the Salvation Army in England, receives and disburses, with absolute control, \$250,000 a year.

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.

Caught by Themselves.

There is a slang phrase now current which aptly expresses the fatality attending the testimony of criminals in court.

"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 Montmartre and took supper," said the first 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 only spent seven francs," said the second cobbler.

"If you only borrowed three, how did you spend seven?" asked the Justice.

"We got credit," answered the first cobbler.

"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 sentence of four months," concluded the Justice.

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.

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 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 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."

"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."

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 fish," 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 creole 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.

How to Catch Frogs.

The Washington Star thus tells how frogs are caught in the Potomac: The manner of catching them is to drift about at night in a skiff among the swamps which line the Potomac and its creeks with a bull's-eye lantern.

Doctor: "Well, Pat, have you taken that box of pills I sent you?" Pat: "Yes, sir, be jabsers, I have, but I don't feel any better yet; may be the lid hasn't come off yet!"

THE BIG FOUR.

They are represented by more people, have more subjects, call often, stay longer—and yet are the most unwelcome guests you can have on your list of visitors.

The first of this precious quartette of unwelcome guests 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 eruptions, 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.

The Stomach, the Blood, the Liver, and the Kidneys constitute

The Big Four.

They are good servants, but bad enemies; for when they rebel against the system, either individually or collectively, a protecting safeguard must be found: this can be done by BIRDSECK BLOOD BITTERS, a certain antidote for the attacks of the BIG FOUR in any shape and form.

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Don't fail to follow directions. Keep the bottle well corked.

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