The Columbus Journal.

VOL. XIX.–NO. 35. COLUMBUS, NEB. WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1888. WHOLE NO. 971.

COLUMBUS

STATE BANK.

COLUMBUS, NEB.

Cash Capital - $100,000.

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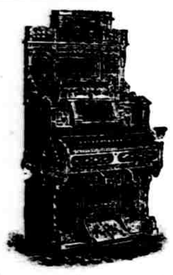

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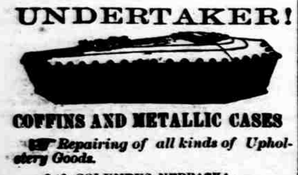

COFFINS AND METALLIC CASES

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6-tf COLUMBUS, NEBRASKA.

CHRISTMAS is here;
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The mahogany tree.
—Thackeray.

"LONG AFORE I KNOWED."

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

This delicious gem of the Hoosier poet is here presented, with due apologies to Judge, which first printed it:

Jes' a little bit o' feller—I remember still—
Ust to almost cry fer Christmas, like a youngster will.
Fourth o' July's nothin' to it!—New Year's ain't a smell!—
Easter Sunday—Circus day—jes' all dead in the shell!
Lordy, though! at night, you know, to set around and hear
The old folks work the story off about the sledge and deer,
And "Santy" stootin' round the roof, all wrapped in fur and fuzz—
Long afore I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz!
Ust to wait, and set up later a week er two ahead:
Couldn't hardly keep awake, ner wouldn't go to bed:
Kittle stewin' on the fire, and Mother settin' near
Darnin' socks and rockin' in the skreeky rocking cheer:
Pap gap', and wonder where it wuz the money went,
And quar'l with his frosted heels, and spill his liniment:
And we a-dreamin' sleigh bells when the clock 'ud whir and buzz—
Long afore I knowed who "Santy Claus" wuz!
Size the fireplace, and figger how "Old Santy" could
Manage to come down the chimbly, like they said he would:
Wisht that I could hide and see him—wondered what he'd say
Ef he ketched a feller layin' for him thataways?
But I bet on him, and liked him, same as ef he had
Turned to pat me on the back and say, "Look a here, my lad:
Here's my pack—jes' ho'p yourse'l like all good boys does!"
Long afore I knowed who "Santa Claus" wuz.
Wisht that yarn wuz true about him as it 'peared to be—
Truth made out o' lies like that-un's good enough fer me.
Wisht I still wuz so confidin' I could jes' go wild
Over hangin' up my stockin's like the little child
Oltitlin' in my lap to-night, and beggin' me to tell
'Bout them reindeers, and "Old Santy" that she loves so well;
I'm half sorry for this little-girl-sweetheart of his—
Long afore She knows who "Santy Claus" is!

HILLSFORD'S HERMIT.

A CHRISTMAS STORY, NOT AFTER THE REGULATION PATTERN.

HILLSFORD is a pretty little village on a river as pure as truth, in the heart of the Iresquissus valley, with mountains walling it in north and south. At the time I write of it had all the requisites of a thriving town, including a population which dripped with self satisfaction. This very comfortable commodity was so dense and universal that it fairly covered the place like a fog.

Hillsford's most remarkable citizen was a hermit, an unkempt and eccentric individual, who lived in a cabin high up on the North mountain, and was known as "Old Weaver." In winter, when the foliage was less abundant, his small dwelling could be seen from the village, a little speck of crude architecture, the smoke from which curled sometimes into the very sky. It was pointed out to visitors, who were told, without loss of time, of the hermit, his civilization defying habits and unspeakable appearance.

But it was difficult to exhibit the man himself. He came down to the village at infrequent intervals and then tarried only long enough to procure some simple necessities and departed without holding speech with any one. The townspeople had tried to break into the privacy of his home without avail. They had been repulsed with looks and gestures which inspired fear and helped to confirm the opinion that "Old Weaver was crazy and had better be let alone."

And surely no man in his right mind could live the life he lived. His hair and whiskers showed no respect for the prevailing fashion in hirsute trimming, and his clothes were a slap at all decent garments. He rarely spoke at all, but when he did his words were briefness itself.

In summer they who went near his cabin sometimes found him sitting outside reading the Bible, an occupation from which they could not easily divert him.

This caused some to decide that he was "a religious crank," and helped to dissipate the theory that he had committed some terrible crime. Hillsford was full of wonder about the hermit's past life and antecedents, but as there was absolutely no way of finding out it was obliged to remain in cruel ignorance. All it knew about him was that several years before the time I speak of he had arrived in the village, purchased a piece of land on the top of the mountain, reared a cabin and begun a life of solitude perfectly incomprehensible to the people of the valley.

At last they mostly settled down to the belief that "Old Weaver had been crossed in love." Everybody knew that love, if it did not run smoothly, could upset people completely. This gave him exceptional interest in the eyes of the young and sentimental, although the most imaginative among them could not picture him as having ever been a personage capable of inspiring the divine lunacy.

Never were they fully sensible of his value as a romantic figure until after he had been "written up" for a New York journal. A newspaper correspondent, on his summer vacation, wandered into Hillsford, and, of course, soon heard about the hermit, since he was all there was outside of the usual and uninteresting in the place. He at once spun out a column and a half of solid nonpareil, mostly speculation, tinged with sentiment, about the curious recluse.

This had a good result. It dignified the old man in the minds of the Milfordians. It lifted him from the rank of a crazy old mountaineer to an eccentric hermit, with extraordinary sentimental possibilities behind him.

* * *

It was often said that Weaver would be found starved or frozen to death some time. So every winter there was talk of "looking after him," by those in authority, but it ended in talk, as he was not exactly the kind of man to dictate to. In the vernacular of Simpson's grocery, he was "a hard one to tackle."

In the beginning of the hermit's last winter on the mountain some hunters, driven by cold to his cabin, entered and found him moaning on his rude couch. They spread the news in Milford, and "the authorities" conferred together and decided that it was time to act. But what should they do with him? Nobody could go up to his lodge on the mountain to take care of him; his wretched dwelling contained no comforts. And nobody wanted to take him into his home. There was the county house, where all paupers were sent, but that was near the county seat, seven miles away.

They who were most outspoken in the matter of having him "looked after" and who owned the largest and most comfortable houses, "hemmed and hawed" when it came to a question of taking him in. Some one, in a moment of humane feeling, suggested that the seven miles' journey to the poorhouse might prove dangerous to the sick man, and might even throw serious blame on those who became responsible for it.

However, after much thought and more talk had been put upon the subject, the poorhouse faction prevailed, and the fiat went forth that Old Weaver must be taken charge of by the county, willing or unwilling.

The expedition set forth the next morning. It was principally composed of "the authorities," otherwise hard headed and dictatorial personages, with that degree of heartlessness peculiar to the class known as "prominent citizens." A heavy snow lay upon the ground, and the mountain roads were unbroken. A big sled, generously supplied with straw and lunch baskets, was made ready.

The departure of this hermit capturing expedition was an event. The postoffice loafers gazed upon the imposing spectacle with envy in their hearts, though they cheered the noble philanthropists roundly. The people at the corner drug store were all outside waving their hats and making other demonstrations of good will and interest. The yarn spinners at Simpson's grocery held their tobacco firmly between their teeth and their hands in their trousers' pockets as the sled went by. This was their manner of expressing a very warm interest. Women watched from doors, windows and porches, as women always do, and a swarm of enthusiastic small boys hung on to the sled until driven back when half a mile out of town.

The philanthropists reached Weaver's cabin late in the day, after digging their way through great snowdrifts. All this heroic exertion made them feel more dominant in spirit than ever. The very first rap on the hermit's door had the sound of authority in it, delivered as it was by the formidable fist of the town marshal, backed by the approbation of the other prominent citizens who accompanied him.

There was no response.

The expression of decision on the marshal's face deepened as he began to beat upon the door with both fists and kick it with the thick soles of his tremendous boots.

Still there was no answer.

While they were parleying about whether it was time to use the ax or not the closed shutter of the hermit's single window opened, revealing his haggard face, in which blazed a pair of eyes whose wrathful lightning fairly annihilated the prominent citizens.

"What do you want?" he asked, after a moment of discomfiting silence, as they stood, wordless, under the spell of his unspoken anger.

"We heard you were sick," said the marshal.

"Well?"

"We knew you would need help," said the justice of the peace, "and so came to try to do something for you."

"You have put yourselves to unnecessary trouble. I want nothing."

"But our duty as citizens will not allow us to let a fellow being suffer," said Deacon White.

"Your first duty is to mind your own business," said the hermit.

"Here is Dr. Horsefly, who will help you right off, if you will let us in," said Mr. Smollett, also a prominent citizen. The doctor stood silent, medicine case in hand, the rigidity of the regular's code preventing his doing any trumpeting on his own account.

"When I am weary of life I shall send for Dr. Horsefly. Until then he must excuse me," returned the hermit, with something like merriment dancing in his wild eyes.

The doctor colored under this deadly insult, feeling it the more because the earth was yet fresh over his two last patients. This offensive defiance of their authority was the tacitly understood signal for a concerted rally of the rescuers. Instinctively they drew nearer together, and one said:

MOANING ON HIS RUDE COUCH.

"Come, come, Weaver, this is no way to do. We are here in the friendliest spirit, and are sincerely anxious to have you taken care of. You are a sick man. You ought not to be alone as you are."

"Well, what do you propose to do with me?"

"Why, why—take you where you will be properly cared for, of course," answered Justice McCracken.

"Now, that is kind, I admit," said the hermit, and he looked at them with a strange, amused expression in his eyes. Believing that they were gaining ground, they grew bolder.

"Yes, we wish to be kind. We can't let you perish up here, you know."

"Well, where do you propose to take me?"

"Hem, h'm: why, you see, Weaver—you see Hillsford has no hospital—and"——

"But you have fixed upon some place for me, I presume?" questioned the hermit, in the tone of one about to surrender.

"Y-e-s," spoke up another. "We thought we would take you to Johnstown."

"Ah, that's the county seat, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"And the county house is near there, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's a good enough place for any one who wants to go there. I don't. Now it is time for you to leave," and he shut the window.

The besiegers conferred together and again began to beat upon the door. Feeling more courageous when Weaver's wild eyes were not on them they called to him that he must consent to go with them, or they would take him by force.

The window opened once more and revealed the gaunt form of the hermit grasping a shotgun. Instinctively the attacking party fell back a few paces.

The hermit spoke: "I will blow the head off any man who again lays a hand upon my door. I am in my own house, on my own ground, and there is not law enough in the republic to permit you to enter and lay a hand on a man who is neither criminal nor pauper. Had you come here proffering private charity I should have resented it, but I should have respected you. As it is I will kill you like dogs if you trouble me a moment more." And he pointed the gun at them in a way that was convincing.

Grumblingly they moved away. "He's right," said the justice, who had a mortal fear of firearms; "he's not a pauper. He owns this ground and he owns the house. If he won't come with us willingly we shall have to let him alone."

"He's as crazy as a kite," piped up two or three others, anxious to cover up their chagrin.

"He ought to be confined as a dangerous lunatic," said the doctor, in whose bosom still rankled Weaver's poisoned arrow.

They reached Hillsford in a crestfallen frame of mind, all agreeing that the hermit might die a dozen times over before they would "put themselves out" to do anything for him again.

Two weeks later, when the weather was bitter cold, Robby Hart, a sturdy 12-year-old, rushed into his mother's sitting room one afternoon, bursting with news. "Old Weaver's in town," he panted.

His mother looked up from her sewing machine with interest. Like everybody else in Hillsford she knew the history of the fruitless siege of the hermit's cabin.

"Yes, he's here; awful sick, too; out of his head, and is lying on the floor in the back part of Hunt's grocery. They're goin' to send him to the poorhouse at Johnstown."

"Not in this terrible weather," said Mrs. Hart, looking alarmed.

"Yes; right off. There's no place here for him, they say."

"No place for a poor old sick man in all Hillsford? We are not so bad as that, Robby, I am sure."

"Oh, but I heard Judge Markle and Deacon White and all of them say so. It's settled."

"I WILL KILL YOU LIKE DOGS."

"Perhaps not," said Mrs. Hart as she began to put on her bonnet and cloak. She was, perhaps, the poorest person of refinement and education in the town and the most benevolent. She was a widow, whose only dower were a boy of 12 and a girl of 9 years. By sewing almost night and day she managed to keep the wolf out of sight.

Accompanied by Robby she went over to Hunt's to see the hermit, and at once knew that he was sick unto death. As the sled which was to transport him to Johnstown drew up at the door Mrs. Hart touched the arm of Judge Russell, who seemed to be clothed with more authority just then than any of the other "prominent citizens" who hovered about, and said:

"I will take care of Weaver if you will send him to my house. He is a very sick man, already greatly exhausted by his journey down the mountain. The drive to Johnstown might kill him."

"Really, Mrs. Hart, you're always doing too much for others. Young Dr. Clay was in here a bit ago, and he said the old fellow oughtn't to be moved so far. But you'd better think twice before you take him. He'll be an awful charge."

"I know that," she answered; "but I will take him and do the best I can for him." So the hermit was put upon the sled and delivered at Mr. Hart's like a bale of merchandise. The widow's unselfishness kindled a temporary flame of the same nature in other breasts, and for the moment volunteer help was plenty. She took advantage of some of this to get her patient bathed and barbered and put to bed in a comfortable, Christian way.

Then began for her weeks of care, work and anxiety. The sewing machine was silent, with the unpleasant consequence of low finances. Contributions to the comfort of the sick man fell away as time passed and the affair became an old story. Young Dr. Clay alone remained faithful. The donations of others had dwindled down to advice. All in all Mrs. Hart had "a hard pull of it."

At last the hermit became convalescent. Finding himself in a home where refinement and kindness prevailed, he fell into the ways of its inmates as naturally as if he had been accustomed to civilization all his life. He talked genially and charmingly, and seemed possessed of as much information as any man of the world. Clad in his right mind and conventional clothes, he lost his character of hermit entirely. Many of the signs of age, too, had disappeared under the good offices of the tailor and the barber. He did not look a day over 45.

He was quite well now, but he showed no disposition to return to his semi-savage life, so far as any one outside of Mrs. Hart's home knew.

* * *

Christmas was almost at hand. Hillsford was busy buying its presents and getting up festivities. At Mrs. Hart's the preparations were on a scale so simple that they were almost pathetic.

Two days before Christmas the town had something new to talk about. A middle aged gentleman and lady of the upper class, apparently, arrived at the Hillsford hotel and asked for Weaver. While they rested and dined they were regaled with the story of the hermit's queer doings, the ineffectual attempt to send him to the poorhouse, the widow Hart's interference and everything. Then they were piloted to the Hart door, and for two days afterward, although the town was almost eaten up by curiosity, it could find out nothing at all about them.

It got the whole story on Christmas from The Weekly Chronicle.

THEIR CHRISTMAS GIFT.

Our readers will be surprised and gratified to learn that Mrs. Caroline Hart was married night before last to Mr. Vincent H. Weaver, of New York. The ceremony took place at the bride's home at 8 o'clock. The groom's sister, Mrs. C. P. Stevenson, and her husband, also of New York, and two or three of the bride's closest friends were the only guests.

Mrs. Hart, now Mrs. Weaver, as everybody knows, is one of the most highly respected ladies of Hillsford. Although far from rich, she has been philanthropic to an extraordinary degree.

Every one knows how Weaver, the hermit, fell sick one day early in the winter when he came into town to buy some supplies, and Mrs. Hart had him removed to her cottage to prevent his being taken to the county house at Johnstown. But not until recently did any one know that Herman Weaver the hermit, and Vincent H. Weaver the celebrated author were one and the same.

It has been generally believed that our hermit had been the victim of some cruelty at Cupid's hands, and for this reason had deserted the society of his fellow men. We learn from good authority that this diagnosis was incorrect. He lived in his mountain cabin because he could there devote himself to the work of writing his books without the risk of being lured away by any of the thousand diversions which tempt him from his toil in the city. His character of semi-savage was assumed to protect him from intruders.

Mr. Weaver really did not live in his mountain lodge half the time he was supposed to. Often, for months together, he would be absent, mixing with the wits and litterateurs of the metropolis. He has even been several times to Europe, while the people of Hillsford supposed him to be within his solitary cabin.

Eccentric he is, to be sure. For instance, we have been told that before he spoke of marriage to Mrs. Hart he put $30,000 in her name in a substantial New York bank and settled a handsome sum upon each of her two children. He wished to make her independent before the question of marriage was discussed, and he considered her entitled to all he could do for her for having taken him to her home, thereby saving his life when he was at death's door.

This is a true love match, without doubt. Their Christmas gift is the very best in Santa Claus' pack. It is labeled "Love," and comprehends the better part of earth and a portion of heaven.

Mr. Weaver made a final trip to his cabin on the mountain the other day, and wrote across its door in big letters, "It is not good for man to be alone." Mr. and Mrs. Weaver will build a splendid house here for their summer home, but will spend their winters in New York. They left yesterday to finish the season there. We wish them every happiness under the sun.

This startling piece of news caused many an eye to protrude when it was read. "I always thought that Mrs. Hart was a designing thing. Sly, oh, so sly. I'll warrant she knew that Weaver was a rich man or she never would have taken him in," said a woman who, only a month before, had expressed the fear that the widow "would have old Weaver on her hands for life."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

Who Makes a Good Soldier.

"What sort of a man makes the bravest soldier?" asked some one of an old officer who had often been tried by danger and was never found wanting.

"Well," he responded, after some thought, "I should say it is the man who keeps the steadiest grip on himself."—Youth's Companion.

And They Were Dazed.

Tennyson is the only living author whose works are used for examination purposes in India, and it was stated the other day that the entire body of candidates at Madras was hopelessly puzzled and dazed by the line: "Was proxy wedded to a bootless calf."—Current Literature.

CHRISTMAS DINNER.

Gastronomic Suggestions Concerning the Observance of This Annual Festival.

Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both!

No other festival is so universally celebrated throughout Christendom as is Christmas, and no festival carries with it quite such a spirit of joyousness apart from its own inherent reasons for joyousness. Century after century poetry and art have been adding to the associations of the Christ child's day new and beautiful conceptions and associations more than making up for the gradual dropping off of the grosser traditions and delights of the Christmas of our early English ancestors, when "the mightiest ale was broached and the boar's head grimly stared" as the "wassail cup" went round.

But if there is less "wassail" the annual feast known as the Christmas dinner remains an interesting feature in the programme of the day's celebration.

There is less novelty in modern Christmas fare than in any other yearly feast except Thanksgiving. The time honored mince pie ranks first as standard Christmas dessert, although a real English plum pudding may take its place, when both are not provided. It is to the Saxons that we are indebted as the originators of the fruity mince pie. The Saxon kings and nobles always had a pie upon their Christmas tables, sometimes so large as to fill up the width of the board. These were often used as a means of presenting surprises in the way of gifts that were hidden underneath the crust. To such excess was the mince pie carried that Cromwell and his followers looked with horror upon it, and the Scotch and English Presbyterians adopted instead what they called plum porridge, and from this plum porridge was gradually evolved the English plum pudding, which today stands as the great rival of the mince pie.

In place of the boar's head and stout sirloin, we long ago adopted that national bird, the turkey, which in the past few years has given way in some households to the goose.

For the housekeeper it is an agreeable fact that the preparation for the Christmas dinner can be made so long in advance. The apples for the mince pies, for instance, many early be selected for peeling, and the fatted heifer killed for suet and meat. This relieves the preparations that under any circumstances will pile up as the day approaches.

A standard receipt for mince pies: Select from the round three pounds of beef—it is best not to have it fat—and boil it in water enough to cover it. Smoked tongue is a valuable ingredient to add with less of the beef. Chop fine and mix with it three pounds of suet, four pounds of apples, four pounds stoned raisins, two pounds of currants, one pound of citron, a quarter of a pound each of lemon and orange peel, the juice of four oranges and four lemons, four pounds of coffee sugar, two grated nutmegs, a teaspoonful each of ground cloves, allspice, cinnamon, mace, pepper and two tablespoonfuls of salt, cider enough to moisten.

The plum pudding may be made ready also in advance and await the glorious day. Here is a receipt which cannot be bettered: Stone a pound of raisins and pour on them a half gill of brandy. Lay on them two ounces of citron, and one each of candied orange and lemon peel sliced, the grated juice and rind of one orange and one lemon, four ounces of blanched almonds, a pound of currants, a pound of suet chopped, a pound of coffee sugar, and the interior of a baker's loaf crumbled, mix well with grated nutmeg, a little cayenne and a teaspoonful of salt. Pour over a gill of sherry and set away in a cool place. Just before boiling the pudding add eight eggs and enough sweet cream to moisten it.

This is Miss Corson's receipt, and she says, "Now let all the young ladies of the house descend and in turn vigorously stir the fruity compound for good luck." Butter the water tight pudding mold, dust with flour, and pack the pudding in, allowing a couple of inches for the pudding to swell. Boil or steam for ten hours, and do not open the mold until the pudding is ready to serve. Just before using boil again for two hours. Just before serving pour over it a glass of brandy or rum, set it on fire and send in blazing. The sauce is made of equal quantities of butter and sugar flavored with rum or brandy.

There is one thing we have not all learned, and that is, that heaven has not granted us stomachs according to our wealth. The rich man cannot eat more than the poor man because he is rich. For that reason there is no use of providing a menu so extensive that even a Christmas day appetite cannot compass it. As we love on this day old times and old friend's turkey, cranberries and chicken salad are not to be elbowed out of the way by any new dishes or four and twenty courses. Here is an old fashioned Christmas day dinner.

Oyster Soup.
Roast Turkey. Oyster Sauce.
Mashed Potatoes and Turnips.
Boiled Onions.
Celery. Cranberry Sauce. Pickles.
Roast Spare Ribs. Apple Sauce.
Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Plum Pudding.
Mince Pies. Pumpkin Pies.
Assorted Fruits and Nuts.
Confectionery.
Coffee

There are few housewives that need any assistance in preparing any of these good things, so comment is restrained. If a more elaborate and modern menu is required we may offer a word. For example, the procession of the feast will be:

Oysters.
Portage à la reine.
Fried Smelts, Sauce Tartan.
Scolloped Lobster.
Roast Turkey, stuffed with Chestnuts.
Roast Venison, Currant Jelly.
Mashed Potatoes. Sweet Potatoes. Sweet Corn.
Celery. Cranberries. Relishes.
Asparagus, White Sauce.
Roman Punch.
Roast Chicken or Duck, with Lettuce Salad, French Dressing.
Plum Pudding.
Mince Pie. Nemerode Pudding.
Fruit. Nuts. Bonbons. Salted Almonds.
Roquefort Cheese.
Black Coffee.

Miss Corson suggests at the Christmas dinner the old game of snap dragon. Some raisins are laid on a large shallow bowl or platter. A tablespoonful of brandy, alcohol, or any spirit is poured over them and lighted: the sport is to catch a raisin from the midst of the flames without burning the fingers. But don't, oh, don't catch your lace ruffles a-fire and end the merry day in pain.

Today.

O night of nights! O night
Desired of mass so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song:
And shooting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watched their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.

It was so long ago:
But God can make it now,
An as with that sweet overflow,
Our empty hearts endow,
Take, Lord, these words outworn,
Oh, make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
Today—today today! —Jean Ingelow.

Fame, like lightning, generally strikes the man who is not expecting it.—Squire Hobbs.

Nineveh, the capital of the Assyrian empire, was founded by Ashur about 2245 B. C.

Xmas Greetings.

A mayd soe sweete,
A syrd soe neate,
And plentye of holyday cheere.
Olde friends we'll meete
And with hand clasp greete,
For Xmas now is here.

Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snow flakes at Christmas tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

Here is an old Scotch verse concerning Christmas:

Yule's come, and Yule's gone,
An' we have feast enough
Scant look mang us for his like again,
An' Jennie to her wheel.

Seizing a Christmas Chance.

Do you blame him?

The mince pie was a Christmas favorite in the time of the poet Herrick, who wrote of it:

The while the meat is a-shredding
For the rare mince pie,
And the plums stand by
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

The Day Before Christmas.

Fat Turkey—I've been living high lately. Wonder what's the matter. What is this Christmas business anyway?

Thin Turkey (who has consumption)—You will know before night; ta, ta!

It Was a Double Hit.

"Well, good-by," said one as she finally turned to go.

"Well, if you must go, good-by," replied the other.

"Shestnutal" called the Italian who keeps the stand on the corner.

Both women halted and looked back at him in surprise and indignation, and it is not unlikely that he has been overhauled by one of their husbands ere this.—Detroit Free Press.

Percentage of Adulterations.

The Massachusetts board of health examined last year 4,870 samples of food, including 3,080 of milk. The percentage of adulterations, etc., in milk was 38.33, as against 83.9 in 1883, when the law first went into operation. Drug adulterations were reduced to 27.27 per cent. The general percentage was 35.05.—Boston Budget.

That festive Democrat, Sunset Cox, once wrote a book, "Why We Laugh." He will have a good chance this autumn to put together a sequel, "Why We Don't Laugh."—New York Press.

"Did n't Know 't was Loaded"

May do for a stupid boy's excuse; but what can be said for the parent who sees his child languishing daily and fails to recognize the want of a tonic and blood-purifier? Formerly, a course of bitters, or sulphur and molasses, was the rule in well-regulated families; but now all intelligent households keep **Ayer's Sarsaparilla,** which is at once pleasant to the taste, and the most searching and effective blood medicine ever discovered.

Nathan S. Cleveland, 27 E. Canton st., Boston, writes: "My daughter, now 21 years old, was in perfect health until a year ago when she began to complain of fatigue, headache, debility, dizziness, indigestion, and loss of appetite. I concluded that all her complaints originated in impure blood, and induced her to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine soon restored her blood-making organs to healthy action, and in due time reestablished her former health. I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla a most valuable remedy for the lassitude and debility incident to spring time."

J. Castright, Brooklyn Power Co., Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "As a Spring Medicine, I find a splendid substitute for the old-time compounds in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, with a few doses of Ayer's Pills. After their use, I feel fresher and stronger to go through the summer."

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