LOOKING BACK.

Ah, backward-gazing eye,
The sun for thee hath set!
Not thine to prophesy,
But only to forget.
Above a grave, still grieving,
By thy belief misled.
That life is not worth living
Till after it is dead.

Nay, turn not still away
From all that draws sweet breath—
Look not on life, I pray,
Through tears that fall for death!
No less allegiance giving,
Nor needing to forget,
Be happy in believing
What has been, may be yet.
—Inter-Ocean.

WHAT DID MOSES SAY?

Parson Johnson was in very straitened circumstances. He owed the groceryman, the dry goods merchant, the baker, the butcher. His congregation had been rather dilatory in paying him his salary, and, in fact, Brother Johnson liked to live pretty well; hence these unpleasant reminders of the creditor.

Now, while Parson Johnson had been like thousands of others, reveling in the ecstacies of the demise of the old and the nativity of the new year, he had overlooked the very prosaic fact that "time is money," and if he had cast but a casual glance at the condition of his finances he would have found nothing particularly joyful in the said demise of the old and birth of the new year. Had he not been carried away by the ebullitions of an effervescent imagination and viewed the matter from a common sense standpoint, he would have spent his time more profitably than hailing the approaching trouble-breeder.

Matters were indeed growing serious in his household affairs, especially in the culinary department thereof. The butcher, who by the way, was of Hebrew extraction, and responded to the euphonious appellation Moses Gundlebaum—and who, also, was the only butcher in the town, had, upon the morning of this very day, in emphatic terms, declared that Parson Johnson would not receive another ounce of meat from his establishment upon a mere promise to pay. In fact, Moses supplemented this sentence with the further remark that Parson Johnson was in debt to him to the amount of ten dollars, and that in the new addition made to the future by the prompt arrival of the first day of January, he had also renovated his method of doing business, and that in the hereafter—dating from the said first day of January—his steaks, roats and sausages would not leave his shop unless their equivalent in cold, hard, vulgar cash was deposited in his till. Furthermore, he had sent an itemized bill of his account (unpoetic soul that he was) on the evening of the very day of the nativity of the new year to Parson Johnson, with the groveling desire expressed upon a slightly soiled piece of paper, that Mr. Johnson would give the matter his prompt attention by remitting the amount claimed at his earliest convenience.

This was, indeed, an unpleasant subject to contemplate, especially so, since, if the truth must be told, Parson Johnson had not so much as the proverbial red cent in his pocket, and no well defined source from whence to obtain it.

Thus sat poor Parson Johnson, in the conventional "brown study," which was gradually assuming darker and deeper dyes until I might say it was a black study, on the very next day of new year. It must not be forgotten that the parson was a good man and would have gladly paid every cent he owed, had it been in his power to do so. But like a great many good and honest men, he was a timid and over-sensitive man, or, in other words, he lacked the courage to demand of the stewards of his congregation the money justly due him. Like most men afflicted with this infirmity he invariably made his demands, if such they may be called, by inuendo, or, to use a more comprehensible term, by hinting.

The way out of his embarrassment the parson's will had evolved was, that, as on the night of this particular Saturday, he was booked for a sermon, he would choose such a text and expound it in such a manner, that the most impervious of his flock must necessarily be punctured by it. More than this, he had planned a nice little supper after the sermon for the stewards and deacons at the parsonage. He had all these little matters snugly arranged in his mind, all save one, and that was, it might be said a very trivial thing indeed, but it was no less than a question of meat. But the good man dashed this off with the mental remark: "That surely Moses Gundlebaum could not refuse him one more roast, on receiving the assurance that he, Moses, would without any hypotheses be paid on the coming Monday." Having thus rid his mind of this disagreeable subject, he set about to find a suitable text for the evening sermon. He finally selected one from the Third Book of Moses," which, in substance was an admonition that the ox should not be muzzled while treading out the corn.

Parson Johnson was lost in deep meditation in evolving his sermon for the remainder of the day. He had entirely lost sight of secular affairs, so much so, that when the time arrived for him to begin the exercises at the church, he had utterly forgotten all about the order of the butcher. His good wife having gently reminded him of this deficit of the culinary department, he hurredly informed her that as it was now quite late, and that it would be impracticable for himself to attend to the matter, that she should engage the services of their neighbor's oldest boy, a youth of some eighteen years, to do the errand. The youth under discussion, it is to be regretted, had never received that peculiar polish which the poet so truthfully remarks "civilizes mankind and tames the rude and boisterous mind." No, he had never been brought in contact with the simplest of these polished arts. To the contrary, he had avoided them. In all the eighteen years of his life he had shunned the schoolroom and the church, looking upon these benign institutions with fear, distrust and aversion. He was a child of nature in the abstract, a simple youth, yet not wholly bad. For when Mrs. Johnson called at his humble home and asked him if he would go to Moses Gundlebaum's and buy her five pounds of good roast and have the same charged to Mr. Johnson, the youth, whose name, by the way, was Jacob, readily assented, and at once set out upon the errand. He soon reached the establishment of Mr. Moses Gundlebaum, whom he met standing in the doorway with his hands under his greasy apron, as butchers usually stand when not employed, with a rather infelicitous expression upon his Hebraic countenance.

It might be well to remark right here that the social relations existing between Jacob and Moses at this particular time were rather strained. Like most boys who seek their diversions outside of the paternal roof, young Jacob had, in times past, enjoyed some innocent amusements at the expense of his neighbor, the butcher. The foresaid amusement consisting in this—that on a certain occasion some twelve months past, Jacob had hung upon one of the outside meat hooks of the butcher's a certain deceased Thomas cat, with the superscription informing the traveling public that dressed rabbits were to be had "within." While Jacob immensely enjoyed the pleasantry at the time, it can not be said that Moses entirely appreciated or approved of it. On the contrary, he most emphatically disapproved of it, and would have impressed his disapprobation upon the anatomy of Jacob if he had remained to receive it. Ever since, Moses had looked upon Jacob with an evil eye.

"Mr. Gundlebaum," began Jacob, "Mrs. Johnson sent me here to get five pounds of good beef for a roast and have it charged to Mr. Johnson, and he'll pay you next Monday."

"Look a-hear, you tefflish poy, git oud of here; and you tells dot Parson Yonsing to go to grass mit his promises. He gits no more peef from me ondil he pays me vat he owes." So saying, Moses made a grab for Jacob's ear, and the latter, not being in a mood to relish caresses of this nature, hastily departed in the direction of the parsonage.

When he imparted to Mrs. Johnson the results of his errand, that good lady was "in a peck of trouble." What in the world should she, what in the world could she, do? Here were all these people invited to supper by her husband and not a mouthful of meat on the place! In this dilemma she thought it best to at once send Jacob to the church. She instructed him to watch his opportunity and inform the parson of the failure of his mission, and he, good man, would certainly devise some plan to avert the impending calamity.

It so happened, that, when Jacob entered the church, the parson was considerably warmed up in his sermon. It happened that for the first time in a number of years there was not a slumbering member in the fold. The house, too, for the first time in many months, was full. All eyes were riveted upon the animated countenance of the speaker. The good parson, evidently referring to his text again, and assuming the argumentative strain to more forcibly impress his hearers, said:

"And what did Moses say? Ah, what did Moses say? I will repeat it for the third time: What did Moses say?"

As Jacob, whom it will be remembered, was totally ignorant of the solemnity of a religious meeting, and who stood in open mouthed wonder listening to the questions of the preacher, thinking that the questions could be propounded to no other person present but himself, when the last appeal was made promptly responded, in a voice sufficiently loud to be audible to the entire audience, that:

"Moses had said that 'that Parson Yonsing could go to grass with his promises, that he could get no more beef from Moses until he had paid him what he owed.'"

As the result of this interruption can be better imagined than described, I will leave that pleasant task to the reader.—Arkansaw Traveler.

SCARCITY OF WHALEBONE

Will the Coming Woman be Able to Secure Any of It?

Arctic whalebone made a remarkable advance last week to $5.25 a pound for choice quality, says the New York World. This is the highest price remembered by the trade. Fully 10,000 pounds were sold at $4.70 to $5 a pound; and the commoner kinds, such as Japan sea and northwestern, brought $4.15 to $4.35 a pound. As with all whale products, this article is yearly diminishing in supply, and, unless commerce permits a long breeding rest, it is too much to imagine that any gigantic enterprise can come with the magic aid of scientific economy and manage to organize some sort of a whale-preserve or maritime ranch at a feasible point of the ocean, our noble aquatic animal must soon practically disappear like the buffalo of the prairie.

In late years a few moneyed speculators have continued to get control of the bulk of the "catch," and in the condition of matters all possible cheapness is wiped out. The stimulating whips of enthusiastic jockeys and those of stylish family and road turnouts, the symmetry of comfortable corsets, of bridal or other expensive waists must hereafter pay extra tribute to the extravagant drain that has been going on in whalebone for the last sixty years.

There are many useful substitutes, but none seem to satisfactorily fill the place for best purposes of pure Greenland baleen, or as the witty dressmaker remarks: "Nothing else has such staying excellence."

Worth and a host of foreign and American gown contractors of renown are extremely particular in selecting this material, and cannot be induced to experiment with the best imitations. In fact, no first-class workman or woman would attempt to turn out a bridal, reception, or ball gown that had not an incorporation of genuine whalebone where needed.

The best whalebone is obtained from the Greenland or right whale. There are about three hundred thin plates of it in the mouth of a full grown animal, varying from ten to fifteen feet in length. These are arranged transversely in rows and fringed at the edges with a thready substance, which enables the whale to secure the peculiar suction food on which it subsists.

POWDERLY ON THE READING.

He Says an Emissary of the Combine Has Been Trying to Corrupt Churches.

SCRANTON, Pa., May 9.—Mr. Powderly has made public the startling statement that for some time past a Reading emissary had been in the Lakawanna valley for the purpose of advancing the interests of the combine.

He says that this man had seen every minister and priest of every denomination, to some of whom he offered passes and money. The combine agreed to assume church debts and in at least two instances Catholic priests were approached with offers to pay the cost of erection of parochial schools if the combine should be indorsed and approved by them from their pulpits.

Practice versus Preaching.

He taught his wife the sin of dress
With eloquence and power.
And then played billiards all day long
At sixty cents an hour.
—Cloak Review.

Rhode Island's Population.

The smallest of all the states, Rhode Island, has the largest population per square mile, or 31,844 persons. The figures of the last census show that if the whole union were as densely populated it would contain 945,766,800 inhabitants.

A LAND OF TINY FARMS.

How the Teeming Millions of Japan are Fed and Clothed.

The economic problem of how to relieve the pressure of an increasing population upon limited means of subsistence has not yet been solved in Japan. A temporary, if not a permanent relief is promised in the attempt of the government to encourage emigration to foreign countries. Already thousands have settled in the Hawaiian and other islands of the Pacific.

Japan is so cut up by mountain ranges and almost impassable cliffs that only about one-eighth of the whole area is suitable for operation. The country is so small and the population so great that the wonder is that the people have managed to exist at all. But to the fact that they have lived and thrived their enormous numbers bear testimony. The high cultivation of the land, the vegetarian diet of the people, together with the remarkable "staying power" of the race have made the matter of existence comparatively easy in ages past. But notwithstanding the power of resistance which is characteristic of the people, there must be a limit to their endurance. The rapid increase of the population, together with the drain upon the resources of the country, would surely in a few years have resulted in nothing less than a contest with scarcity, if not an actual fight against famine. But for the present, at least, the calamity has been averted by the emigration of thousands of coolies, which has proven the best thing, not only for Japan and the emigrants themselves, but for the new countries. The decrease of population in the Pacific islands makes it impossible to obtain necessary and efficient labor at home, and the recruiting of the industrial forces by the energetic and skilled Japanese agricultural laborers is just what is needed. Large companies are emigrating nearly every month under contract to remain from three to five years.

Owing to the demand for labor and the efficiency of the Japanese, the terms of the contract are particularly easy. The expenses of the voyage both ways are generally paid, and the emigrant has the privilege of returning at the end of the first year if dissatisfied. He receives better wages and is enabled to live in greater comfort than at home. Other countries have responded to Japan, and just how great the exodus will become within the next few years may depend largely upon the inducements offered.

To an outsider it would seem expedient for the government to bring the island of Yeso under cultivation. The great drawback is the climate, which is much colder than that of the rest of the empire. Japanese dwellings are not built to withstand severe cold, and the natives have made no attempt to make a change in the old forms of dwelling structures.

The land under cultivation in Japan is about 18,000,000 acres, upon the product of which 41,000,000 must be fed. It is unnecessary to add that the farms are small. The average farm is from one to three acres, and a ten acre plot is considered a large farm. So many things are done on the diminutive scale in Japan. Space utilizing and territory saving has been reduced to a fine art.

SERIO COMIC ITEMIZING.

Important Facts Tersely Told by Bright Paragraphers.

What a relief it is to gain information of a serious accident without any of the horrible details that shock the senses and curdle one's blood. What can be more vivid than the following, and yet one smiles rather than shudders, says the New York Ledger, at thought of the mistaken interloper who was cut up:

"The gentleman who recently proceeded to 'clean out' the editor of the ——— Times has consented to postpone operations until the doctors have fixed half a dozen broken bones for him and extract three or four bullets."

Witness the following physiological item. No exhaustive medical treatise could express more:

"A man in Galveston the other day who complained of being over-heated effected a permanent cure by drinking six glasses of ice water without the aid of a physician. He was cool when the coroner came."

Here is another equally good:

"Mr. Collins, of Hartford, bought a ferocious watchdog. Mr. Collins came home late that night. His wife says that his trousers can't be mended. The dog's skin is for sale cheap. Mr. Collins hopes to be able to sit down in a few weeks."

Is not the following brief, comprehensive and to the point?

"Mrs. Swan, of Cohoes, N. Y., lighted her fire with kerosene on Monday, leaving a husband and one child." Here we have a conflagration done up in style:

"John Baldwin, of Grundy, Ia., owned a defective flue. He doesn't own it now. Loss, $600.

A VERY HUMBLE DESPERADO.

When the Right Person Spoke to Him All Others Were Safe.

I don't know who it was in the crowd on the railway platform that started the report that the man sitting on the baggage truck with his hat pulled down over his eyes and a briar-root pipe in his mouth was a desperado. But it wasn't five minutes after the term had been applied to him that I found lots of information at hand. One man took me aside and said:

"I'll tell ye what I'm knowing myself. He killed five revenue officers in South Carolina in one year. He's the gamest man in the country and can shoot both-handed."

A second man came up and added: "It's a mighty lucky thing he's feeling good natured to-day. I'm told that he killed seven men in Kentucky one Sunday morning because he happened to have a headache."

A third man knew where the desperado had wiped out a family, declares the Detroit Free Press, and a fourth and fifth related other instances of cold-blooded murder. The man didn't seem to know that he was being watched and lionized. He sat with the sun at his back, and by and by we saw him begin to nod, and his pipe fell at his feet.

"The tiger sleeps!" whispered a little man with mutton-chop whiskers. "He sleeps now, but beware when he awakes. He was no doubt the man who killed eight negroes just north of me on the cross-road."

I was wondering why the village constable didn't arrest the bad, bad man, when a tall and slatternly woman about 40 years of age opened the door of a mean looking shanty opposite the depot and looked up and down the one long street. Then she looked across at us and shaded her eyes with her hand. She made out the blood-thirsty desperado on the truck and came straight across to him. The truck was close to the edge of the platform, and she grabbed the man's leg and shook him awake.

"Wha—what's the matter?" he growled, as he looked around.

"You, thar'—ax—woodpile—git!" replied the woman, as she pointed across the street.

The man got down in a shambling way, shuffled across the road after her, and a minute later was working with the ax at an old knot before the door.

The man with the mutton-chops was the only one who kept his presence of mind when the climax came. He calmly lit a cigar, tossed the stub of the old one away, and speaking to the score of us said:

"Gentlemen, it's my opinion that all immediate danger has passed and that it will be quite safe for any of us to go around the corner of the freight shed and take a drink!"

HEPHZIBAH'S SPEECH.

"Scribes, Pharisees and Hypocrites, I Could Keep a Better School.

The o'd-time residents of a small town in Maine were familiar with two grim-visaged and dark-complexioned individuals who traveled about the country, each bearing a huge pack or bundle on her back. In winter they used a small hand-sled to carry their goods and belongings. They were known as Hephzibah and Polly Austin, says the Youth's Companion.

Hephzibah was said to have dealings with familiar spirits, and consequently was feared and shunned by those who knew no better than to believe the story. Children especially were sometimes frightened to meet the two women, although they were never known to harm any one.

One day Hephzibah and Polly came down the village street just at the noon recess of the school. The children regarded them quietly until they were supposed to be out of hearing. Then a shout went up, "There goes Hip and Poll Austin."

Unluckily they were within hearing, and the children, seeing Hephzibah drop her bundle and run toward them, fled for refuge into the school house.

To their horror she followed; and, going up to the teacher, related her grievance and asked redress.

The teacher reprimanded the children, and ordered them to their seats, although recess had just begun. This, they supposed, was the end of the who affair; but they were mistaken. Hephzibah grabbed the door case with both hands, and, leaning forward, said: "Scribes, Pharisees and hypocrites, I could keep a better school than this."

Then she joined her sister, who was waiting for her at the door, and both went on their way. Her meaning, undoubtedly was that she would maintain a better discipline among the scholars, and teach them to be civil, even to tramps, like herself.

Totally Lacking.

An army officer writing from Fort Schuyler, N. Y., says: "I read with much amusement the sketch in a late Argonaut entitled 'Our American Army,' and it reminded me of the story of the Irish drill-sergeant in the English army. A squad of newly enlisted men are paraded for his inspection and a preliminary drill. His little visorless forage cap is canted to one side as he struts up and down the line, tapping his leg gently with the inevitable cane or switch. At last he halts in front of an undersized, round-shouldered victim, steps back a pace, places his arms akimbo, and soliloquizes: 'Well, what kind of a man wud it be that 'ud go and 'list a kangaroo for the army with a hoomp on his back like a dog scaaping a pot. Shtip out here. Wud ye know yer facings? Right face. Ah, there ye go to the left —— yer sowl, don't yez know yer right hand from the left? Which hand do ye bless yerself wid? Ye don't bless yerself at all, eh? So ye are a heretic? Git back to the ranks.'"

She Would Join the Cavalry.

A little girl, after watching with interest the passing of a company of soldiers, turned to her mother and said:

"I do wish I was a boy, mamma."

"Why do you wish that you were a boy, Catherine?" asked the mother.

"Because I want to be a soldier and wear a red coat and fire a gun and ride on a horse."

"But all soldiers do not ride horses, you know. Only the cavalrymen and officers ride. Do you think that you would insist on having a horse?"

"Yes, mamma, I wouldn't wish to be a soldier if I couldn't have a horse. I should want the horse because I could get away from the war quicker on his back than I could if I had to run on my own legs."—New York Times.

Privacy in Great Cities.

Nowhere, save in the wilderness beyond the frontiers of civilization, can such perfect privacy be enjoyed as in a large city. The denizens of a busy metropolis have enough to do in attending to their own affairs. They have no time to bestow on the doings of their neighbors and take no interest in them. The curiosity of villages and small towns is insatiable. Espionage is the main employment of at least one-third of their inhabitants. On the other hand, if a stranger takes up his abode among them, he becomes a center of observation—a target for conjecture—a standing topic of conversation.—New York Ledger.

The Famous Mohawk Prayer-Book.

In 1769 Rev. John Ogilvie, assistant minister of Trinity church, New York, had twenty-two Episcopal prayer-books printed in the Mohawk language. These few copies were ordered by him to be bound in calf and gold, and were afterwards used as presents to particular friends. I am unable to say how many of these unique prayer-books are now in existence; one thing is sure, however, any one of them is worth several times its weight in gold. Mrs. John Ogilvie Roorback of Mystic, Conn., has, according to current report, been offered £800 for her copy of the work, the trustees of the British museum being the parties who made the offer.—St. Louis Republic.

A Doubtful Blessing.

The telephone is making the ladies of Honolulu stouter. They used to do their own shopping, marketing, etc. Now they send their orders by telephone, and the lack of exercise has caused an accumulation of flesh.

Testing Grain.

It is by the thumb the miller tests the character and qualities of the grain he grinds; spreading the sample over the fingers by a peculiar movement of the thumb he gauges its value by the thumb itself.

Work on the Hennepin Canal.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, May 9.—The first work on the Hennepin canal was done Wednesday. The route is being cleared for grading. Contracts for clearing will be let in a few days and work will be actively under way by June.

HE GOT THE HAMS.

And Uncle Ned Could Not Help Convicting Himself.

"Ol' Unc' Ned" was up, charged with stealing four hams. They had been found in his possession, and as there was no way getting around that Unc' Ned sought other means of defense.

"Ya-aa, youah honah, I 'mit dat dey was foun' in my house. But 'pon my oat', sah, I did'nt steal 'em."

"Unc' Ned" was a short, thick-set man, with bandy legs, a short beard on his chin and an unctious smile, which he now turned on "his honah" and the court room.

"You see, youah honah, on de night in question, I was walkin' home along the railroa' track. It was purty dark, sah, an' I couldn't see very fur. 'N' den just all at once, sah, a man 'peared befoh me. Lor'! I was frighten', sah, turrible frighten'. 'N' I stoppe-d-d, right stock-still, youah honah."

"And what did this man do, Uncle Ned?" inquired the judge.

"Well, sah, I dunno wovver you'l b'lieve it or no, sah, but dat man hed foh bundles under his ahm, 'n'—"

"Which arm?"

"Foh God, sah, I can't quite disremember, but it must 've been hees off ahm. 'N' den de man comes up w'ere I was standin' 'n' he says, says he, 'Unc' Ned, heah's foh ham'ms.' 'N' I 'spose youah honah now dat I see how eberyt'ing was, dey was de foh hams dat was purliscated, sah. Now, w'en dat man says, 'Heah's foh hams,' I didn't say nothin'. De might be foh hams, an' de mightn', but dat didn' 'sider me. But w'en he went on 'n' says, 'Say, Unc Ned, you take dese foh hams home 'n' keep dem foh me till next week, 'n' I'll gib you two o' 'em,' co'se I took 'em lak any colohed gent'men would. But how do you 'spose dat I c'd tell dey was stolen hams, sah, is what I w'd lak t' know?" And thus Unc' Ned concluded his defense, and took his seat, assuming a very grieved expression.

"Describe the man who met you and told you to take care of the hams for him," said the judge.

"Wa-al," said Unc' Ned slowly, cocking one eye and looking up at the ceiling to help his memory, "it's putty ha-hd to say, youah honah, fur it was dahk, turrible dahk. But ez near ez I kin recollec' he was a short, thick-set sort of a man," (speaking very slowly) "wid kindah bow legs, putty big, wid a bea'yd on hees chin, 'n' ez near ez I could see he was kindah dah-kk complected," describing himself as accurately as any one could have done.

Then there was a roar in the court room, says the Minneapolis Tribune, but "Unc' Ned" was finally acquitted, as no one could prove that he had committed the theft.

MEN WHO BLOW OUT THE GAS.

Are Not Products of the Paragrapher's Brain—The Prize Hayseed.

"Well, said a clerk in a Jersey City hotel to a Mail and Express reporter, "you would be surprised to see some of the countrymen who come into this town. Most of our customers are cattlemen. Many of them come on all the way from the far West with consignments. People think those paragraphs about blowing out the gas are written up in newspaper offices. Why, I tell you we have to watch for that very thing all the time. We send a watchman over the house every fifteen minutes during the night, and it averages three times a month that he finds a room with the gas blown out.

"I struck the funniest experience, however, about two weeks ago. The watchman came down and said gas was escaping from No. 33. I rushed up and knocked at the door. After repeated rapping the old 'jay,' in a voice that sounded as though he had all the bed clothes over his head, yelled: 'G'way fr'm here, now. I don't want no foolishness.'

"'The gas is turned on in your room,' I shouted. 'Open the door.'

"'Open nothin,' he yelled back. 'G'way fr'm there.'

"I put my shoulder to the door, and with a crash the lock smashed and the door flew open.

"'What in thunder did you do with your gas—blow it out?' I asked.

"'No,' he replied, 'I didn't blow the gas out. I knew better than that.'

"'Then how did it come to be turned on, as I found it?'

"'Well, I s'pose I didn't quite understand the durn thing. When I got ready to go to bed I turned it off all right 'nough. Then I lit it again to get the hang of workin' it. Then I put it out again, and just as I did so I thought now I'll have a time finding that measly handle in the dark and turn it on when I get up. So, before I went to bed I jist turned it on so's to have it all ready to light when I got up.'"

He Gave the Weight.

Patrick was an employe in a grocery where the scarcity of help had compelled the grocer to take in an assistant who was entirely without experience. One day the grocer, in weighing out a purchase to a customer, searched about the scales for romothing.

"Patrick!" he called out, "where's the pound weight?"

"The pound weight is it. Sure it's Misther Jones that has the pound weight."

"Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean?"

"An sure, didn't yer tell me to be perlite to the regular customers?"

"Of course."

"Well, thin! Misther Jones comes in the next day for a pound of tay. An' says he, when I axed him what quality o' tay he wud have, 'Whatever ye give me,' says he, 'give me the weight!' So I putt in the pound weight in the package wid the tay, perlite like, an' it's himself that's gone wid it!"—Youth's Companion.

Afraid He Would Miss Him.

There was a pistol duel between Smith and Jones. Jones fired and missed Smith, whereupon Smith raised his weapon to take aim and said pleasantly to his opponent:

"Jones, would you be so kind as to step a little nearer, as I am short-sighted, and I don't want to miss you if I can help it."

The World's Population.

Europe's population on Jan. 1 was 380,200,000. The population of each of the other continents was estimated as follows: Asia, 850,000,000; Africa, 127,000,000; Australia, 4,730,000; North America, 89,250,000; South America, 36,420,000; polar regions, 300,000. The total would then be 1,787,600,000.

He Was a Good Little Boy.

He must have been a very bright boy, a very bright little boy, who said to his mother: "I wish a lion would eat me up."

"Why?" the mother asked.

"Because it would be such a joke on the lion; he would think I was inside of him, and I should be up in heaven."

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A. O. U. W.

The supreme lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen convenes at Helena, Montana, June 15th, 1892. For this occasion the Union Pacific System will sell tickets to Helena and return at the low rate of one first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale June 7th to 14th, limited to 30 days from date of sale and 10 days transit limit in each direction. For tickets or additional information apply to J. R. Meagher, agent U. P. System, Columbus. 52-4-5t

The Methodist General Conference.

For the accommodation of those desiring to visit Omaha during the session of the Methodist General Conference, the Union Pacific will sell tickets at one and one-fifth fare for the round trip from all points on its line within 200 miles of Omaha. Tickets on sale May 2, 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, 21, 25, 28 and 30, inclusive, limited to one week from date of sale. For tickets or additional information apply to J. R. Meagher, Agent U. P. System, Columbus. 3-3t

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.
SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

PHYSICIANS COULDN'T CURE HIM. 10 SPRINGVILLE, Hamilton Co., Ohio, June, '89. One bottle of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured me entirely, after physicians had tried it unsuccessfully for 8 months to relieve me of nervous debility. W. HUENNEFELD.

ALTONA, Col., Jan. '90. My wife was troubled with nervousness about one year before she took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and at that time had very severe attacks of spasms, convulsions, and pains in different parts of the body. When in this state her lower jaws would act violently and set sometimes, bite her tongue, breathe heavily, then short, then seemed to stop entirely, get a wild look in her eyes and rolling around, then stop some times, it would take 2 men to hold her in bed, otherwise her body would cramp and bend for hours. She took but two bottles of the Nerve Tonic which cured her entirely of all these torments which myself and wife gladly testify, it truly had the desired effect. D. S. M.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

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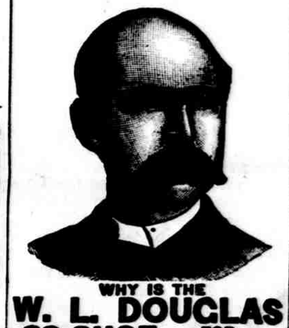

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