

HAD SOMETHING BETTER.

The Man Who Didn't Believe in the Potato as a Penwiper.

A spare, nervous looking man, arrayed in a rusty suit of black and carrying a small valise in his hand, went into one of the leading hotels the other day and addressed himself to the clerk:

"I see you use a raw potato as a penwiper," he observed.

"Yes," replied the hotel clerk, who happened to be at leisure and in a mood to be gracious. "It is as good as anything else and keeps the pen from corroding."

"Have you ever made an estimate," asked the stranger, leaning forward and speaking in a confidential tone, "of the probable effect of the general adoption of the potato as a penwiper, or rather a penstickler?"

"I don't think I have," said the clerk.

"It is worth your while, sir," rejoined the man in black, speaking earnestly and hurriedly. "There are in this town today probably not less than 200 hotels that habitually use potatoes to stick their pens in. Each one takes a fresh potato every morning. That uses up 200 potatoes a day. In a bushel there are about 100 potatoes of the size of this one you are using. That makes two bushels a day, or 730 bushels a year. Do you begin to see?"

"My friend!"

"Wait a moment. That is merely the beginning. I have spoken only of the hotels. The use of the potato as a penstickler is growing constantly. It is spreading to mercantile establishments. Imagine what will be the consequences when the hotels and stores and offices of this town use up 100,000 selected potatoes every day! Think of it! The enormous total of 36,500,000 potatoes, or 365,000 bushels in one year in Chicago alone! And every blamed potato gone to waste! A potato, sir, is no good when it is stuck full of ink. It is rendered absolutely valueless. Imagine, if you can—"

"Say, are you?"

"No, sir. I am not a potato enthusiast. I am a plain citizen, with a head for figures and the figures to show for it. With a view of doing what one man can do to prevent a custom thoughtlessly and inadvertently adopted from becoming a national calamity," he proceeded, opening his valise, "I have invented a little arrangement of wood, leather and tissue paper. I call it the comprehensive penwiper. It is, as you see, very much more ornamental than a potato. It is cheaper. It involves no waste of a useful food product. Renewed once a week, it will last a year at a total expense of—"

"I don't want it."

"At a total expense, I was about to say—"

"I don't care what the expense is. I don't want it, hey?"

"You don't, hey?"

"No. I wouldn't have a carload of them as a gift."

"Oh, you wouldn't! You don't care how soon there comes a shortage in the potato crop and the price runs up to \$10 a bushel! That's the sort of man you are, is it? You're willing to go ahead and plunge the country into a potato famine, are you? Rather than spend 25 cents for a useful invention you'd see the whole darned country starve, would you? A man, sir, that will stand right up in the face of facts and statistics—a man that can't be reached by figures and doesn't care for figures—is a man, sir, that would have committed the crime of 1873 if he'd had the chance. That's all, sir!"

He put the comprehensive penwiper back in his valise, shut the latter with a loud snap and with a look of lordly scorn strode away.—Chicago Tribune.

The Rival Beauties.

Dear Girl—I wouldn't go down in a coal mine for the world.

Rival Belle—It's nothing. I went down in one once.

Dear Girl—I know I'd get all black and look like a fright.

Rival Belle—I spent an hour in one, and none of the party spoke of my change in my appearance when we came out.

Dear Girl—But you are a very pronounced brunette, you know.—New York Weekly.

Willing to Accommodate.

Pretty Girl (looking in crowded elevator)—Can you squeeze me in there?

Polite Young Man (promptly)—I don't know, miss. But I can come out and squeeze you.—New York World.

Forgetful.

Professor (about to start on his wedding trip bids his parents farewell, then to his young wife)—Goodby dear—goodby.

"What, you are saying goodby to me too?"

"Why, that's so, you are going with me!"—Back for Alle.

It is said that in Virginia there are 1,000,000 acres of waste land or land that is not under cultivation more than there is under cultivation, while in North Carolina there is double the land not cultivated that is cultivated. Illinois has 4,000,000 of its 20,000,000 that are idle.

A THIRD IRISH PARTY.

Healy's Fight With McCarthy May Cause an Anti-Parnellite Split.

Timothy Michael Healy, the famous Irish M. P. who materially aided in driving Charles Stewart Parnell into retirement and an early grave, after Parnell's social shortcomings had been exploited in the divorce courts, is now endeavoring to force Justin Huntley McCarthy, the present leader of the Anti-Parnellite faction, from his place. Healy is also at odds with John Dillon, M. P., McCarthy's chief lieutenant in the conduct of the party's affairs.



TIMOTHY HEALY.

Healy hates McCarthy and Dillon as heartily as he hated Parnell after the great Irish leader refused to surrender the scepter, and there seems excellent reason for believing that if Healy does not succeed in driving McCarthy from the chairmanship of the Anti-Parnellites he will cause a split in the most powerful faction battling for Irish home rule. In this event there will be three Irish parties in parliament engaged in a Kilkenney cat sort of strife that will eventually kill whatever little chance Ireland may at present have of securing home rule.

Healy was born May 17, 1855, at Bantry, in the county of Cork. From boyhood he displayed great interest in Ireland's political struggles, and at the age of 25 was arrested for delivering an incendiary speech at Bantry. He escaped conviction, and soon thereafter was elected to parliament from Wexford. Once in the commons he speedily established a reputation, owing to his zeal for Ireland and his marked talent as an orator. In November, 1881, he and T. P. O'Connor attended the Land League convention held in Chicago, and his wealth of Irish wit, his fiery oratory, his pathos and his pugnacity won for him many admirers. The Land League voted \$250,000 to assist the Irish movement, and the American tour was a glorious success. In 1883 Healy served four months in prison for seditious speech, and the following year was called to the Irish bar. In 1890, when Parnell was driven from the party leadership, Healy abused him with a virulence that shocked even the other enemies of Parnell. Since then Healy has been very conspicuous in Irish matters, and he will doubtless have a party of his own before long.

A RAILROAD KING'S GIFT.

Hill Seminary, Its Donor and the Educational Work It Will Do.

Hard by the famous falls of Minnehaha and six miles from the center of the city of St. Paul stands Hill seminary, a new educational institution that will long endure as a monument to the liberality of James J. Hill, the enter-



HILL SEMINARY.

prising president of the Great Northern railroad, and Archbishop John Ireland, one of the ablest Catholic prelates in the United States. Jim Hill borrowed car fare to get to St. Paul, it is said, but now he has more millions than he has fingers, thumbs and toes, and three years ago he gave \$500,000 for the erection of a Catholic school that should bear his name and be an aid in the higher education of Catholics.

Surrounding the college are 40 acres of land, the gift of Archbishop Ireland, who is intensely interested in the project. The immediate campus of the seminary contains six acres, and the six buildings thus far erected are located in the form of a letter U. There is an administration building, a class building, a refectory and a gymnasium, and the two remaining structures are residence buildings. The seminary was recently opened to pupils with great pomp, Mgr. Satoli, the papal delegate in America, officiating as celebrant at the pontifical mass, which was a conspicuous feature of the ceremonies.

The central object of the school is to furnish proper educational facilities for students who desire to enter the priesthood. The branches of study comprise theology, philosophy, scripture, ecclesiastical history, eloquence, liturgy, political economy, higher sciences and higher English literature. Applicants who purpose taking the full course in the seminary must have first passed through a Roman Catholic parochial school and a preparatory collegiate course of six years. Then they must take a course of six years at the seminary, which is called by the faculty an ecclesiastical course.

Each of the two residence buildings or dormitories has sufficient space to comfortably accommodate 120 students, and each student has at his disposal two rooms, a bedroom and a reception room or den, where he may pursue his studies. The class building is two stories high and has four lecture rooms and an auditorium with seating capacity for 900 persons. The administration building contains the residence quarters and offices of the faculty.

Italy and the Export of Antiquities.

Signor di Prisco, an Italian country gentleman, recently dug up on his estate 28 ancient silver vases of Greek workmanship. He tried to sell them in Paris for \$100,000, but under the law forbidding the export of antiquities from Italy the Italian minister of education began proceedings against him.

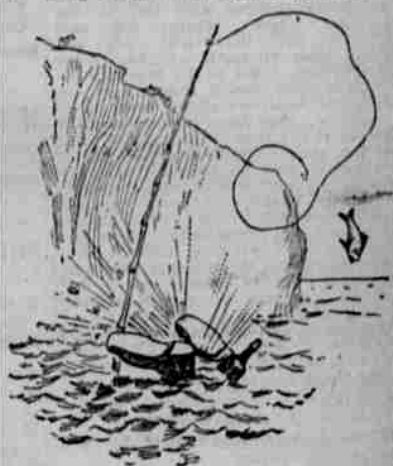
The Wealth of Louisiana.

The state of Louisiana, sugar plantations and all, is worth \$169,162,439.

A Chinese Opal of Poker.

A Chinese gentleman staying at one of our big hotels, finding the time hanging heavy on his hands, asked an American acquaintance to initiate him into the mysteries of the game of poker. Some other men were invited in and the game was played with a \$2 limit. The Chinaman was greatly interested, playing boldly and losing philosophical-ly to the extent of about \$100. Then he called a halt. While they were settling up the game one of the party, desiring to break the solemn silence, said: "Well, Mr. —, poker—how you like him?" The Chinaman shrugged his shoulders and said, with a faraway look in his eyes, "Good game!" and then added quickly, "Not cheap!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Going Under With a Bank Failure.



Molly's Church Benefit.

Parson—Well, Molly, did you like my sermon this morning?

Molly—Oh, yis, your rivivence, 'twas mighty improvin'.

Parson—And what part of it did you like best, Molly?

Molly—In troth, pl'ase your rivivence, I don't remember any part exact-ly, but altogether it was mighty improvin'.

Parson—Now, Molly, if you don't remember it, how could it be improvin'?

Molly—Now, does your rivivence see that linin I have been washin and dhrin- in on that hedge there?

Parson—Certainly, Molly.

Molly—And isn't the linin all the better for the cl'amin'?

Parson—No doubt, Molly.

Molly—But not a drop of the soap and wather stays in it. Well, sir, it's the same thing wid me. Not a word of the sermoin stays in me. But I am all the better and cl'amer for it, for all that.—Household Words.

No Delay.

A large, good, natured looking man, who always stops at a certain up town hotel, was greatly attracted to a little girl in the dining room the other day. She was about two years old, was beginning to run about and talk a good deal and also appeared to be at home in the hotel. After smiling at him across the dining room and making friends with him at a distance, he accosted her in the hall. He asked her the regulation questions put by strangers to children, all of which she answered promptly as her baby fashion would permit.

Finally the old gentleman shook hands with her and said: "You are a nice little girl. Shall I bring you a box of candy tomorrow?"

The little one looked puzzled a moment, then spoke up brightly:

"No; 'co better doe det it now!"

She got the candy that evening.—Chicago Post.

A Remarkable Pig.

A newly married lady who recently graduated from Vassar college is not well posted about household matters. She said to her grocer not long since:

"I bought three or four hams here a couple of months ago and they were very fine. Have you any more like them?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the grocer, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there."

"Are you sure they are all off the same pig?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Then I'll take three of them."—Texas Siftings.

No Possible Danger of It.

Straggles—Missus, won't yer give a starvin man 10 cents?

Kind Lady—And you won't take this 10 cents and get drunk on it, if I give it to you?

Straggles—Lord bless you, mum, I couldn't git drunk on less'n a dollar'n 'alf!—Chicago Record.

Quite Germ-ane to Him.

"Tobacco is an excellent fumigator," remarked Twofar as he lighted up a dead black cigar. "It drives germs out instantly."

"Con't me as a germ," said Good- style as soon as he had one whiff of it.—New York World.

Too Valuable a Life to Be Risked.

Acquaintance—Why don't you go and inspect that fine looking new build- ing they are putting up in the next block?

Building Inspector—I'm afraid it isn't safe to go into it.—Chicago Trib- une.

He Was an Author.

De Writer—Things go and come with me.

Von Bilk—You mean come and go, don't you, my friend?

De Writer—No; I'm an author.—Texas Siftings.

Establishing a Footing.

"All rights reserved," chuckled the onc-legged burglar in the shoe store as he selected a few lefts and moved softly toward the open window in the rear.—Chicago Tribune.

Some Left.

"Have you given fresh water to the goldfish?"

"No, mamma, they haven't drunk what they've got already."—Christian Register.

A Patriot's Dinner.

Marion, the American Revolutionary general, once feasted an English officer on sweet potatoes baked in the fire by a daisy and served on a strip of bark, with a log for a table. It is said that the officer resigned and went home, saying it was no use to try to conquer people who could live on sweet potatoes.

Deliberate treachery entails punish- ment upon the traitor. There is no pos- sibility of escaping it, even in the high- est rank to which the consent of society can exalt the meanest and the worst of men.—Junius.

There is one instrument that no clever woman has ever learned to play, and that is a second fiddle.

THE CITY.

The Illus in my garden blow.

Wide meadows ring my garden round. And pale frail cuckoo flowers are found. For all you see and all you hear. The city might be miles away. And yet you feel the city near. Through all the quiet of the day.

So it smells the earth, new washed with rain. Wet leaves gleam in the moonlight pale, And in the wood behind the lane I hear the hidden nightingale.

Though hills of wood about me lie, Soft hushed in dewy deep delight, Yet I can hear the city sigh. Through all the silence of the night.

For me the skylark nests and sings; For me the vine her garland weaves; The swallow folds her glossy wings To build beneath my cottage eaves. But I can feel the giant near.

Can hear all day his sad slaves weep, And when at last the night is here I hear him moving in his sleep.

Oh, for a little space of ground, Though never a flower should make it gay, Where miles of meadow lapped me round And hearse and leagues of silence lay. Oh, for a wind lashed, treeless down, A black night and a lonely way, A silence deep enough to drown The voice that mocks me night and day!

—New York Tribune.

CHINESE GORDON.

The Famous Englishman's Resignation and Prophetic Message to the Khedive.

A correspondent writing to The Scotch American says: One chilly morning in Suez, in the winter of 1879-80, I received a message from Colonel Gordon. He had just landed from Suakin, and wished to see me. I found him seated in a room at the old Suez hotel, with his black secretary and trusty factotum, Mohammed El Tohamy, and a few friends, including the governor of the town.

Poor Mohammed El Tohamy, who was destined to see his master fall at Khartoum and probably shared his fate, was looking cold and miserable, and I noticed he was sipping some hot mixture of which the aroma did not seem familiar.

On my entering, Gordon exclaimed: "I have resigned the governor generalship of the Sudan and am returning to England. The khedive's ministers dared to send me instructions, and so I have resigned. Now, tell me honestly, what will the world say of my work in the Sudan after the years I have spent there? What is the apparent result?"

I said something to the effect that his name would live and be remembered.

"Aye," he rejoined, "but what visible trace remains of my exile and labor? It is now God's will that I should abandon my task, and there is absolutely nothing to show—noting for the world to gaze at except"—he added this with a curious smile and pointing to the shivering son of the tropics at the other side of the table—"except, perhaps, that I have taught my Mohammedan secretary to drink hot toddy at 10 in the morn- ing."

Certainly Gordon's work was not intended for show. At Alexandria he had an audience with the late khedive, Tewfik Pasha, at which he tendered his resignation, and then, removing his fez, the badge of allegiance, addressed some words of stirring advice to his highness, "as from an independent English gentleman." Before embarking for Europe Gordon wrote a famous telegram to the khedive—"Mene, Mene, Tokel, Upha- sin"—which was shown to me and to the correspondent of a great London newspaper, but it is a question whether it was ever dispatched from Malta. In any case, it was curiously prophetic. Within two years the Sudan was in open revolt and Egypt under foreign control.

Both Averse to Interference.

At the corner of Fourth avenue and Smithfield street a lady from Glenwood entered a crowded outgoing car. The conductor knew who she was, and that she resided in Glenwood. He suspected that she had made a mistake, and that she thought she was on a Second avenue car, so he crowded up the aisle and politely inquired:

"Where are you going, lady?"

"That's my business," she tartly replied.

The conductor said nothing more, and the car sped along through the dark, crossing the Monongahela through the covered Tenth street bridge and rapidly putting space between it and Glenwood. When it entered the big Knoxville in- cline elevator and stopped, nobody said a word. After a minute's wait up the precipice it started, leaving the spark- ing electric lights far below.

"My goodness," screamed the Glen- wood woman to the conductor, "where is this car going?"

"That's my business," dryly replied the conductor.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Doubtful Sympathy.

Pat Regan had a face on him that, as he had once remarked himself, was an "offense to the landscape." Next to his homeliness his poverty was the most conspicuous part of him. An Irish neighbor met him recently, when the follow- ing colloquy ensued:

"An how are ye, Pat?"

"Moighty bad, intirely. It's sharrat- tion that's sharrin me in the face."

"Is that so? Sure, an it can't be very pleasant for anyther of yez."—Montana Columbian.

To CONSUMPTIVES

He undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address,

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These doctors guarantee to cure any case of Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Strictures cured no difference how long standing. Spermatorrhoea, Loss of Manhood, or Nightly Emissions, cured permanently. The habit of Self Abuse effectually cured in a short time.

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Your errors and follies of youth can be remedied, and these old doctors will give you wholesome advice and cure you—make you perfectly strong and healthy. You will be amazed at their success in curing SPERMATORRHOEA, STURICULOSIS, NIGHTLY EMISSIONS, and other effects. STRICTURE—No cutting, pain or stretching unless necessary.

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Take a clean bottle of bedstead and urinate in the bottle, set aside and look at it in the morning, if it is cloudy, or has a cloudy settling in it you have some kidney or bladder disease.

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