

A DETECTIVE'S DISCOVERY.

How Mrs. Poppelman Grew Jealous Over a Mysterious Bur.

"Where did these burrs come from?" and Mrs. Poppelman pulled three real old-fashioned burrs from her husband's coat as he lay on the lounge the other evening.

Now it would have been very easy for Mr. Poppelman to have told where the burrs came from, but he thought it would be a good joke to mystify his wife, so he pretended to be surprised.

"I—don't know."

"Have you been in the country to-day?"

"No."

"Well, it's very singular how a business man can get burrs on his clothes in New York."

"Well, I'll tell you. The health officers have planted burdock bushes on Broadway to purify the air and prevent the horses from having the blind staggers. Sometimes I brush up against these bushes."

"Oh! Mrs. Poppelman eyed her husband suspiciously, but said nothing more."

The next morning two more burrs were picked from his pants.

"Now, I want to know what this means. I went to New York yesterday on purpose to see if there was bushes on Broadway. There wasn't one. Now, I want an explanation."

"Well, I'll tell you, my dear. These are burrs. They are the fruit of a remarkable tropical plant which is now on exhibition at the Fifth Avenue hotel. This plant is twenty feet high. Occasionally I go into the hotel, and while standing under the leaves of this plant, the fruit, which resembles burrs, drops on my clothes."

"What is the name of this singular plant?"

"The botanical name is *Lunium tunolius*."

After Mr. Poppelman had departed the next day his wife sought a detective.

"My husband comes home every night with burrs on his clothes. Now I want you to follow him and find out where he goes."

The detective undertook to solve the mystery. No burrs on Mr. Poppelman's clothes that night—nor the next. The third night he returned with the usual complement. The next day the detective called upon Mrs. Poppelman.

"I've discovered all!"

"What! Is my husband then false to me? Does he go to the country to visit some woman, or does he spend his afternoons at Central park?"

"I followed your husband two days. He attended strictly to his business. The third day he left his office about 2 o'clock, and—"

"Went in the country?"

"No, ma'am. He came to Brooklyn and rode to the vacant lot which he has just purchased on Schermerhorn street. While superintending the erection of a fence around the lot he often came in contact with the burdock bushes, and there is where he gets the burrs."

"Oh, I am so glad. You have done your work well. Good day, sir."

That evening when Mr. Poppelman returned his wife threw her arms around his neck and said: "My dear, I'm so glad to know you are not a villain."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, about those burrs, you know. I put a detective on your track, and he told me that you got the burrs in that lot on Schermerhorn street, and that you are innocent."

"Ha! Ha! So you put a detective on my track, did you?"

"Yes."

"Good joke!" and Mr. Poppelman laid back in his chair and fairly roared with laughter.

"Yes dear, and here's the detective's bill, which you have got to pay."

"To shadowing Mr. Poppelman for three days, at \$5 per day, \$15."

The laughter subsided, and for an hour it was so quiet that you could have heard a burr drop.

Davy Crockett.

Davy Crockett was, in his day, the member of the house of representatives most asked for by strangers. Seated in the log cabin of a Revolutionary soldier, he became noted as a bear-hunter and rifle shot, and he commanded a battalion of mounted riflemen under Gen. Jackson, in the Creek campaign. He finally was elected to congress at Tennessee, and his speeches were always listened to with interest. He was a middle-sized, fine-looking man, with resolute features, and a rather defiant air. Espousing the cause of the bank, he gave offense to many of his constituents who were friends of Gen. Jackson, and published a book written for him at Washington, on the title page of which was his motto:

Remember this when I am dead,
Be sure you are right then go ahead.

The book and his frank speeches returned him to the favor of his constituents, but when the American settlers in Texas made an appeal for help, he went there in command of a company of Tennessee riflemen, and was killed while gallantly fighting at San Antonio de Bexar, in March, 1836. John W. Crockett, a son of David, was elected to congress soon after his father's death, and served for two terms, after which he was elected by the legislature attorney for the Ninth district of Tennessee. Removing to New Orleans, he was for a time associate editor of The National, and he went from there to Memphis, where he died in November, 1852.

A Printer's Working Hand.

A Russian statistician has amused himself calculating the distance traveled in a year by the hand of a printer. He takes the principle that a skillful compositor, working ten hours a day, allowing for distributing and correction, sets up 12,000 letters. In counting the year at 360 working days, he makes them a total 3,600,000 letters. Consequently the distance from the case to the stick and from the stick to case being estimated at one foot, makes in all 7,200,000 feet, there being 23,500 feet in a geographical mile, so that the distance made in a year under these conditions by a printer's hand is in the neighborhood of 300 miles, or a mile a day.

Rest for the Wary.

[Providence Journal.]

A combination of drugging and fretting kills more than half the sick people in the world; a man's enemies can not do him near so much damage as his friends. The world is possessed with the notion that when a man is taken ill, a terrible ado must be kept up, an alteration of nursing and fussing, while preternaturally wise and piercing doctors, sympathizing friends, tearful relatives and chattering nurses add their contributions to the wrong side, and all because somebody is ill and needs chiefly rest.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB

Is Treated to a Few Pertinent Remarks on Physicians' Practices.

"Who am de doctah?" asked Brother Gardner, as Samuel Shinn finally got room for his feet and the meeting came to order.

"In de fust place he am a young man who fars up sidewalks, lugs off gates, takes up two seats in de street kyar, walks six abreast on de sidewalk, cuttates along an' am only two yints removed from a loafer. He graduates. He has larned some Latin, some surgery, and what he doan know 'bout medicine he ain't gwine to practice on. By an' by you h'ar of him as a successful doctah. He has stuck his stakes an' drawn his lines. He has larned dat castor ole an' a gentle cathartic, an' he will purceed from dat to figger what may be good fur typhoid fever."

"De doctah am a wise man. If he finds de pulse up an' de tongue coated he knows dar'am a fever. If it should'n happen to be a fever de medicine would do jist de same good. When he can't tell a case of measles from a case of small-pox he kills two birds with one stone by prescribin' dar de latter."

"If a family doctah should sot down an' tell a patient dat he had bilious fever, an' dat he was givin' him sartin remedies an' dat he would be out in twelve or fourteen days, de patient would expire inside of two hours. De only safe way am to shake de head, seare de wife inter fits, an' pronounce it a case of life an' death whar de chillen must be spanked and tied up, de doctah-bell muffled, an' all de reassurances telegraphed to. It's only after de patient am seen savin' wood de shake an' dat he am told what a clus' heave he had."

"De doctah am a man who sticks. When he gets hold of a case dar' am no let go unless he am pulled off. If he can't cure he kin advise a trip to Mackinaw or Florida, an' if de patient am on cival 'nuff to die on his hands all o'der doctahs am ready to testify dat his life was preserved a hull 'yar longer dan could have bin expected. De doctah who would admit dat a case was too complicated fur him would be hustled out of de ring in no time."

"De doctah am a great stickler fur de 'professional.' It ain't professional to advertise dat he am a doctah. De public mus' take him for a bank robber or a hoss-jockey an' keep up de inquiry 'untl it an' discovered dat he am a doctah. It ain't professional fur two doctahs meet ober de same patient, fur fear he will get well. It ain't professional for one doctah to amit dat anoder has written morphine whar he meant quinine an' killed somebody. Eben when a coroner's jury am sittin' on de body of a butchered woman it ain't professional fur a doctah to call it a case of abortion. It mus' be his opinyun dat de woman was run ober by a train of kyers. Nobody ober h'ars of a doctah makin' mistakes. De undertaker kivers em up an' de eternity take de witness stand. Let us now purceed to bizness."

Street Physiognomy.

But residence streets are those that concern the greatest number of hours, waking and sleeping, in the twenty-four. Takes little to make or mar them. Often when a whole street can be made a blank by the simple fact that its constituent residents have not learned their habits of home life in the right place. If they are of the middle New England classes, for instance, with whom it is a law as fixed as that of gravitation, to keep the front part of the house shut to darkness and silence while the rear is cloven as the theatre of household life, the street is as lifeless as the parlor that line it. There are streets where fashion rules. It is apparent in an excess of ostentatious vases, shell-bordered flower beds, strained efforts of the landscape "artist," and tortures in hedge and tree trimming.

But the proper physiognomy of a street lies between these two extremes, where culture and meanness form a happy and sensible union. Here parlor blinds are always open by day and the front windows are brist with the family lamp or hearth fire by night. Fences, if there are any, are not elaborate fictions of the carpenter or iron founder, but good, plain barriers against truant cows and a reasonable Thus-far-and-no-further-to-lawless rule. The lawns are of good domestic grass, not too assiduously clipped, like the head of a dude; and boys and girls tread them as their own native and trespassless heath. Life and its enjoyment make up an ideal street, and to live well it must have neither poverty nor riches. The bare ground and the squalor of the pauper's hut is out of place. The vain squander upon senseless house and home display are as bad.

The popular street combines evidences of good sense, modesty and thorough bonhomie. Its people must not curtain or hedge each other out too completely. The houses must speak frankly and good-naturedly of frank and good-natured people within. Neatness attends it at every step. Its Augean stables do not infringe on the nostrils of neighbors or the passing pedestrian, and the penetralia of the kitchen makes way with all smells that offend and should be plucked out. Abundant shade from the common and familiar trees that we all enjoy, and sidewalks that do not divide our eyesight with surrounding leanties, are also among its traits. And, last and best of all, the good street must be alive with the flesh and blood of homeloving, friend seeking people. Of such streets the best cities are made.

A Curious Flower.

D. M. Taylor, of Indianapolis, has succeeded, after fifteen years' constant effort, in producing a bloom on the American native rose, the so-called great curiosity in the horticultural kingdom. The flower is of a striking beauty, the petals forming an o-tine of the human face surrounded by a helmet. The leaves of the plant fall at night like those of the sensitive plant. It grows in dry sand, the least moisture applied to either leaves or root being fatal.

Worse and Worse.

The Boston Globe thinks time to call a halt on the Anglo-American, to a substituting English terms for the American names used in its reports. United States money. It is a high time to hear a nicker called a "tripper penny," but when it comes to calling a \$5 note a "paw," it's enough to make the eagle stretch his neck and scream.

SCREENS AND POSES.

Devices which Photographers Use to Make Good-Looking Pictures.

"Now, then, sir," said the sitting artist of a photograph gallery, forcing the back of the reporter's head into the vise, "keep the head about so with the chin up; and just try and smile, will you?"

The reporter attempted to smile, but didn't see why he should hold up his chin like a white elephant.

"That is to prevent a deep shadow under the lower jaw. You see, our light comes through the roof. Sometimes we have to fix a screen to throw the light under the chin. We use side screens for people who look like a white line all along the nose. Others are troubled with hollow cheeks, and we have to throw light from the screens into these cavities, and fatten them up, so to speak, with sunlight. Now keep quiet, and look at this corner. Wink, not often, but naturally. Now smile. You are speaking of screens," continued the artist, growing talkative, as the operation was over. "Well, the chief things I have to know are how to use those screens and how to pose customers. If a somewhat lean lady comes here for a picture I must fill her out; if she has wrinkles I must smooth them. Suppose I reflect a screen light across a lady's wrinkles; they will look almost like lines in the finished picture. But let me fill the creases with light, and they will become delicately accentuated tracings. And, of course, such an operation would take ten or fifteen years off her premature age. A brilliant photographic artist in Sixth avenue said to me the other night: 'Give me just the light I want and the proper screens, and I will make you a Venus de Milo out of an old hag, provided she has sufficient structural proportions of that statue.' In principle he was right, though he might not be able to hit the mark exactly in practice."

"So if we go to a real photographic artist," said the reporter, "we are more likely to get a pretty picture than a faithful likeness."

"That doesn't follow. Our power of modifying a person's appearance must be used with judgment. And you must remember that to photograph people just as they are is precisely the way to make a poor likeness. When you meet persons you are acquainted with they talk and smile, express some emotion, or evince a certain amount of animation in their faces, which, unfortunately, they leave behind them at the photographer's door. That's why I always advise people to take a friend with them when they go to a gallery. And that's why I've often taken a better picture of a mother while she was holding a child in position for a photograph than when she was sitting alone. The picture only. When caring for the child she appears just as her friends see her. You know that we seldom see faces as they really are; we only see an appearance. Get an absolutely exact picture of a lady who is sitting alone engaged in doing something which does not interest her, and compare it with her appearance in general. In the first instance, the eyes are more sunken, the corners of the lips lowered, the mouth more compressed, the eyebrows are slightly, the jaw has dropped a little, the eyebrows are straighter, and their lines are less varied. All these changes may, to a non-professional observer, appear unimportant; but their combined influence in making a picture would be very marked. Now, while it is true that our screens and poses and the animated conversation we sometimes start up with a customer do not restore his habitual appearance, they go far to compensate for the loss of it."

The "Tip" Nuisance.

The tip tax is a formidable figure in daily expenses, and an annoyance in the city. That must be paid, though not and doctor's bills languish. If it isn't paid promptly, and with an appearance of cheerful acquiescence, you can't move on. It is an English importation which has grown to overpowering proportions.

When you tip a waiter you don't pay him for what he has done for you. You give him a coin as the tribute exacted by inferiority of his betters. It is tariff levied upon superior position. In some ill-defined way it is supposed to confer honor on the giver, and in an unmistakable way it degrades the receiver. That feature of the transaction, however, disturbs not the waiter. He wants his tip and will have it, regardless of ultimate results. And he knows exactly how to get it, too. He contrives to make the guest understand that he expects it, and that it is a part of the programme which, if omitted, will leave him, the guest, no self-respect at all.

Mr. Yellowplush does all this without swerving a hair's breadth from the strictest outward decorum. He says nothing on the subject of eating, and he simply makes his face, his manner, his attitudes, and his voice convey his wishes. There is no mistaking the significance of the language he employs. The strongest man becomes helpless under this treatment, and is the recipient of a thousand resolutions to discourage the whole expediting business.

The circle addicted to levying tips is constantly increasing. Porters, waiters, messengers, baggage-wheelers, janitors, and all orders of servitors who are without pride, belong to the tip-receiving fraternity; but the table-water leads off. He is the most skilled tip-getter. He can reduce the most obdurate to subjection. Only those who never expect to return to the dining-room over which he presides escape him.

Even the female waiter has picked up a little of the art of tip-compelling. She serves in bakeries, dairies and less pretentious places that does the grandiose creature who poses in swell dining-rooms, and is more reasonable in her demands, but she is not to be put off. If the nimble quarter is not forthcoming with reasonable promptitude she grows cold as the expression of insufferable as to the manner. You feel as uncomfortable as a Russian monarch expecting a Nihilist's dagger. After the placatory coin reaches her she smiles and grows as genial as a Florida garden.

His Head Was Level.

"Yes," said the young man "I made my tailor knock off \$5 on the price of the suit before I ordered it. I thought it was better not to owe so much money, and I guess he finally came to look at it in a similar light. He doubtless made up his mind that it would be better to lose \$45 than \$50, which was where his head was level."

Don't jump out of bed immediately on awakening in the morning.

THE TALL SYCAMORE OF THE WABASH.

The special correspondent of the Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal embodied in a recent communication the following from Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees: I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys, with some rheumatism—in fact it was rheumatism of the back. I used St. Jacobs Oil and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely.

New York, Boston, Providence, Hartford and New Haven have started tramp wood-sawing yards.

Nothing better for asthma than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

After hanging one hour, O'Donnell's head was found to be completely separated from the spine.

ADVICE TO CONSUMPTIVES.

On the appearance of the first symptoms—as general debility, loss of appetite, palor, chilly sensations, followed by night sweats and cough—prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore, the greatest aim should be to purify the blood and strengthen the system. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and of unsurpassed value in the treatment of all scrofulous affections, is the best remedy. For weak lungs, spitting of blood and kindred affections it has no equal. Sold by druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption send two stamps to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The directors of the Louisville Exposition have decided to give another show next year.

Pure blood means perfect health. Use Samartian Nerve and the result is certain—i. e., health.

Dujardin's Life Essence cures neuralgia and nervous headache.

"Oh, my back!" is a common exclamation and expresses a world of misery and suffering. It is singular this pain arises from various causes. Kidney disease, liver complaint, wasting affections, colds, rheumatism, dyspepsia, overwork and nervous debility are the chief causes. When this ailing, seek prompt relief. It can be found best in Brown's Iron Bitters. It builds up from the foundation by making the blood and pure. Leading physicians and ministers use and recommend it. It has cured many and if you are a sufferer try it.

Dujardin's Life Essence positively cures hysteria, and all nervous affections.

Did any scientific physician know the formula from which Ammen's Cough Syrup is prepared, he would not only recommend, but prescribe it to his patients troubled with a cough or cold, or any disease of the throat and lungs. Try it. It has no equal. For the benefit of those who would say "another humbug," a trial 15-cent size is prepared. Ask your druggist to get it for you. In bottles at 15 cents, 50 cents and \$1.

"BROWN-PAIN." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases, \$1.

Strength for the weary—Dujardin's Life Essence.

A fire at Candalaria, Nev., on the 18th destroyed sixteen buildings at a loss of \$100,000.

Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria, should enclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Medical Series of pamphlets. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Keely Motor Company recently paid Pennsylvania \$1,150 in taxes on stock.

Mrs. Orelia Marshall, of Granby, O., says: "Samartian Nerve cured me of epilepsy."

Dujardin's Life Essence makes the old feel young again.

Dr. M. T. Gamble, Farmington, Ill., says: "I prescribe Brown's Iron Bitters in my practice and they give satisfaction."

Dujardin's Life Essence conquers nervous debility, loss of memory.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft croup, whooping cough, etc.

For a cough or cold there is no remedy equal to Ammen's Cough Syrup.

I have used Dujardin's Life Essence, and have found all the benefit to be hoped for from its composition. Its marvelous efficacy in sexual exhaustion, so injurious to the system, induces me to recommend its use, as its formula is not secret.

J. BOWEN, M. D., M. R. S. S.

Rev. W. B. Bush, Grafton, Mass., says: "I have derived benefit from using Brown's Iron Bitters for a low state of blood."

Dujardin's Life Essence is THE GREAT FRENCH NERVE TONIC.

Joseph Poole was hung in Dublin on the 18th inst. for killing John Kenney.

THE WEAKER SEX

Are immensely strengthened by the use of Dr. V. Y. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all female derangements and gives tone to the system. Sold by druggists.

The railroad strikers on the Canadian Pacific in Manitoba still hold out.

Dujardin's Life Essence is the remedy for the overworked brain.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. Brown's Bronchial Troches give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

Dujardin's Life Essence gives brain force and vital energy.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c. 25c. 50c. Ask for it. Complete cure Coughs, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat.

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