ABOUT MILLIONAIRES.

A Calculation as to How Much a Man Can Spend In a Month Without Waste.

It takes a good deal more money to be a millionaire now than it used to do, says the writer of "Undertones" in *The San Francisco Chronicle*. A man isn't of much account as a millionaire nowadays unless he has $20,000,000 or $30,000,000. The next generation will have billionaires, and in a few years more money will be so commonplace that people will turn round on the street and point out some seedy looking individual and say:

"That's Blank; he hasn't got a cent."

You will observe that it is only poor devils who can reason that way. When a man gets money he doesn't reason. He buys. The fact is, there is not so much in this millionaire business as people think. I sat in front of John Mackay at the theater the other night. He didn't have as good a seat as I had, or as good company, even if he was with a senator, and he couldn't get any more out of the performance than I could. I am not so proud, however, as to deny that he possesses several collateral advantages over me and a great many other people. I know a fellow who knows these millionaires. I don't know many myself. It is painful to know a millionaire; it is painful to meet a man who carries enough pocket money all the time to pay off all your debts and set you up in business. I saw a man pick out $2,000 in greenbacks and crumple them up in his hand while he felt for a decent place to make small change. The sight was sickening. I mentally counted it up in columns of Undertones, and it made me ill.

As I was saying, I know a fellow who has acquaintance with these millionaires. His conversation soothed and consoled me to some extent. He deprecated the possession of too much money. So did I. He declared it did not contribute to human happiness to anything like the extent people imagined. I agreed with him. He said, indeed, that the men of moderate means were the only contented men—the only men who enjoyed life. I grasped his hand.

"Yes," he said, "those men all have so much money that can not derive any benefit from it. I dined," he went on, "once with half a dozen millionaires. I've had a better dinner at the club or at the restaurant—but that is no matter. After dinner they began talking of how much money a man could expend in having the most luxurious necessities of life, not speaking, of course, of pictures, or hobbies, or tastes that one could live without. One of them figured it out. He had a complete establishment in town, a wife and a child. He had in the establishment everything that was in the faintest degree necessary for perfect comfort. He had thirteen servants, six carriages, six horses; his wife was the most elegantly dressed woman in town; his child had everything that money could buy. He had, besides, a place in the country, nonproductive, in which he entertained frequently, although not in the style of such places as Belmont. He had twenty-two employes on his country place; he had sixty breeding and racing horses; he had a yacht which cost him about $2,000 a month, and for all these—house in town, place in country, his wife's dresses, his household expenses—he could not without waste expend more than $10,000 a month."

Then I wept.

But the popular idea on the subject of what establishments cost is very vague, and, as a rule, entirely beyond the mark. Several very rich men, who stint themselves in nothing in their houses, who entertain as much as taste can possibly demand, who have every comfort and every luxury, concur in the statement that it is impossible to expend on the running of a household more than $10,000 a month. He can buy pictures and keep adding expensive articles and all that sort of thing, but you can not find luxuries and accessories that cost beyond that amount of money unless you go in for wanton waste, encumbering rather than bringing any return in comfort. So you see all you want is $120,000 a year and the capital, and don't you wish you may get it? One millionaire here, who has a most noted establishment and maintains the most luxurious style admitted that he could not find anything he could make any use of in his household over $6,000 a month. Perhaps that will suit you better. We have lower and cheaper classes of millionaire goods, madame. We have an article we can sell at $1,000 a month, and if that doesn't suit you we can offer you a millionaire's establishment that cost $17,50 a month. You wouldn't care to go lower, surely.

A Shabby Trick.

A deaf old man, wearing shabby clothes and riding in a market wagon was slowly toiling up a long hill with a load of potatoes, drawn by a poor, bony horse. Near the foot of the hill stood the school-house, around which the boys were playing. As the old man passed, one of them said:

"Let's go and raise the end board of that old man's wagon and let the potatoes drop out. Won't it be jolly to see him stare when he gets to the top of the hill and finds them gone?"

"All right," says one and another; let's go."

These boys soon caught up with the wagon, quietly raised the end board and the potatoes dropped rapidly out and were scattered along the dusty road. The last bell rang, and in a minute the scholars were sitting quietly in their seats. Delaying the opening exercise, the teacher said:

"As I came into the school-house I saw an old man picking up potatoes from the dusty road. I want to tell you something about him. At the beginning of the civil war he and his only son, a young man of twenty-three, enlisted in the army and fought in many battles, until at Gettysburg he was dangerously wounded and his son killed. It was six months before he could leave the hospital to come home, and what he suffered in trying to live and get well can not be told. Since that time he has had many aches and pains, and it has been very hard for him to earn enough to support his wife and himself. He is very lame, and has to move slowly; it will take him a long time to pick up his potatoes. People say that he never did a mean thing in his life, and he is the kindest man I know."

At this point one of the three boys raised his hand and said he would like to go out and help the old man to pick up his potatoes. The two other boys quickly raised their hands too, and offered to go. The teacher looked pleased and gave them permission. Then the school went on quietly with its afternoon work.

It was a hot day early in September, very dry and dusty, and the sun poured down upon the three boys as they hurried up the hill to the old man, who was leaning with one hand upon the wagon-box to rest.

"Mister" said one of the boys, as he stepped heavily up, "we have done a mean thing, and we are willing to say so. We lifted the end board of your wagon to let the potatoes drop out. Now, if you will sit down in the shade of that tree, we will pick up all your potatoes for you." The old man laid his trembling hand upon the head of the boy, and looking from one to the other, said: "Well! well! my dear boys, you have done a brave thing. Never be ashamed to tell the truth or confess a fault. I will gladly sit down and rest, for I am very tired."

The boys then took the horse and wagon and spent a good hour of hard work in undoing a mischief that took them but a few minutes to plan and carry out.

When the boys returned to the school the teacher said nothing to them; everything went on as usual, only there seemed to be an uncommon thoughtfulness and attention. The pupils had learned a life long lesson. Its value consisted in the object lesson of the three boys willingly doing what they could do to repair the evil effect of a mean action.—*Christian Weekly.*

How Jim Webster Got Off.

"Jim Webster, you are accused of being drunk. I am very sorry to see you here, but I have my duty to perform all the same," and the recorder looked very hard and stern.

"I'se mighty sorry to see myself here, judge. I scarcely ever drinks, but jess now I has so much trouble at home. Dar's nuffin but sickness an' grief and sorrer, and I jess got desperate. Dar's my two chillins at home, and one am as bad off as de udder. I don't know now, judge, which one ob dem is gwine ter die fust," and Jim's voice was shaky as he wiped traces of moisture from his eyes.

The recorder was visibly affected. He said something about there being so much mortality among the children, and finally told Webster that in consideration of his domestic affliction the charge against him was dismissed. Jim went out in high glee, followed by Uncle Moss, who asked:

"What pack ob lies was dat you told de recorder? I jess now passed yore house, and out in de yard was bofe yer chillun."

"Who said dar was anything de matter wid 'em?" asked Jim indignantly.

"You did. I heard you tell de judge dey was gwine ter die."

"And so dey are gwine ter die. I sed I didn't know which one ob dem children was gwine ter die fust, and so I don't. How kin I tell which one am gwine ter die fust? G'way, ole man, yer ought ter be locked up. You is showing' signons symptoms ob being a crank."—*Texas Siftings.*

The Base of His Belief.

The wife of our friend, Deacon H., has a joke on him that she will not keep to herself, but springs on that long-suffering husband at every opportunity.

Not long ago, one of that class of peripatetic distributers of family peace, buyers of cast-off garments, made a call at the residence of the deacon during his absence, and his good lady, as a matter of course, made a raid upon his accumulated wardrobe. Every wife will do that, as Benedicts can testify, to their cost.

The dealer in discarded wearing apparel was invited into the house, the contents of our friend's private closet brought to the light of day, and the dickering commenced. As one article after another was examined and appraised, the purchaser kept up a running fire of comment, which kept Mrs. H. amused, and she remarked:

"You must show more respect for those garments, my good man, for they belong to a deacon."

"I thought so."

"And why, pray?"

"Well, more especially from the looks of these," holding up a pair of unmentionables.

"What is there about those pants that show their wearer to be a deacon?" inquired the lady, in surprise.

"Nothing much, only you will observe that they are a good deal worn in the seat, and not much in the knees."

Don't you think it was mean for a wife to tell such a thing about her husband? But she does, and seems to enjoy it.—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Bullet in the Brain.

In Rockwayville, Pa., a little girl was recently shot in the head, the bullet actually penetrated the brain matter, and the brain exuded through the aperture. The doctors probed to the depth of three inches in search of the ball. For a time paralysis followed the rupture of the brain, but gradually it wore away and at last accounts the child was in a perfectly normal condition except the unhealed opening. The mental functions seem to be in no way impaired and no danger has resulted from inflammation. Such cases have been heard of before, but they are rare.

Only Five.

"Any lost children down there?" asked a woman's voice through the telephone of police headquarters the other day.

"Yes; five of them," was the reply.

"Only five! I've lost seven, and I wonder where the other two can be!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Mr. Ed. P. Wells, Thetis P. O., Stevens Co., Wash. Terr., was entirely cured of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. He says: "I consider it a wonderful remedy and will always speak a good word for it."

"This beats all," as the egg remarked when it saw the spoon.

A scaleless scamp—the Bartholdi statue would cost $275,483.

A patriot at Rochester, N. Y., voted sixteen times before his trickery was discovered.

Architect Edmund Lagendre, 410 Sutter street, San Francisco, Cal., states that having suffered for a long time with a severe cough, and failing to obtain any relief from doctors and the numerous preparations he took, he became alarmed. Tried Red Star Cough Cure, and one bottle entirely cured him.

A Timid Woman.

The most timid woman on record lives on the East Side, and her husband is now in Chicago on business. She refuses to sleep alone, and her younger sister gives the following account of the means employed to avert danger: "She shuts and locks the door, and then she bolts it at the top and puts a chair against the door knob. Then she puts Harry's revolver under her pillow, and a big dinner bell on a table alongside the bed. Then she opens the window so the neighbors can hear her scream, and keeps the gas on, full head, all night. Then she gets into bed and turns her face to the wall and sleeps like a top. I wish something would happen, just to see what she would do. I know she'd be afraid to touch the pistol, and if it isn't loaded anyway, and I believe she'd be too weak to ring the bell, much less scream."

The infant prodigy grows apace and calls for one more application of that good friend, Salvation Oil, which never disappoints but always kills pain.

Japan boats of a singing fish. It has musical scales, we suppose.

"One Nail Drives Out Another," is a French saying that finds exemplification in the way one disease will substitute itself for another and greater one, in very many cases. Liver disease for instance will soon induce blood disorders, throat ailments, skin affections and eventually, because of impoverished blood, consumption itself, unless, indeed, it be treated in its incipiency and early progress by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" which acts as a specific in these ailments, accomplishing a rapid cure by its powerful alterative action upon the great organs of the body.

Wiggins says New England will have its turn next when earthquakes appear.

Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send ten cents in stamps for large treatise giving successful treatment. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Pensions called for $14,000,000 during November.

Your Friends Will Never Tell You, but perhaps somebody, who isn't your friend, will, that your presence is rendered offensive by the foul, fetid smell of your breath. Every word you utter, though it be the very echo of wisdom and poetry, disgusts your hearers, and your laugh is productive of anything but mirth to them. It is a duty you owe, not only to yourself but to society to remove this cause of offense. D. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will heal the diseased mucous membrane, will bring relief to yourself and others. Do not hesitate to employ it.

At the time of the emancipation there were 4,000,000 negroes in the United States.

Do Not Forget That Carter's Little Liver Pills cure sick headache, often in two hours.

Two hundred and sixty men have been discharged from the Brooklyn navy yard.

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65 Cents Pays for a Year's subscription to the Weekly American Rural Home, Rochester, N. Y., without premium—"the Cheapest and Best Weekly in the World." 8 pages, 48 columns, 16 years old. For One Dollar you have one choice from over 150 different Cloth-bound Dollar Volumes, 300 to 900 pgs., and paper one year, post-paid. Book postage, 15c. Extra. 50,000 books given away. Among them are: Law Without Lawyers; Family Cyclopedia; Farm Cyclopedia; Farmers' and Stockbreeders' Guide; Common Sense in Poultry Yard; World Cyclopedia; Dawson's (Medical) Counselor; Boys' Useful Pastimes; Five Years Before the Mast; Peoples' History of United States; Universal History of all Nations; Popular History Civil War (both sides).

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For restoring youthful freshness and color to gray hair, use Hall's Hair Renewer.

A neglected cough often terminates fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief.

Austria has tabooed the poker game. Did Francis Joseph get left on three aces?

A Mr. Johnston, student of Omaha Commercial College, is filling a lucrative position as book-keeper for A. D. Morse, Omaha's leading merchant.

F. J. Stimson, "J. S. of Dale," will make his home in New York this winter.

"Consumption Can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. Coons, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of Lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

In the hands of lovely woman the cowhide is mightier than the slipper.

Excursions to the Winter Resorts in the South.

The Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Ry. are now selling round trip tickets, good until June 1st, 1887, at greatly reduced rates, to Mobile, New Orleans, Pensacola, Jacksonville, Cedar Keys, and all the principal points in the south. For further information and tickets, call on or write F. E. Moores, Ticket Agent, or G. N. Clayton, Northwestern Passenger Agent, 1502 Farnam Street, Omaha, Neb.

It is only literary bees that visit the archives.

Mr. Levis's patent Rubber Boot Stiffeners make a boot or shoe look as new.

He is the greatest man who chooses the right with invincible resolution.

A frowning face bespeaks a cloudy day for the soul.

More than one hundred and twenty-five thousand bottles of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup have been sold in the past year by Smith Bros., druggists, Syracuse, N. Y.

A good way for mothers—children tell the truth is to let them alone!

It silvered with age, fade, moulder, lose strength? Thompson's Eye Water restores, 25c.

It doesn't cost much to construct a stalking horse.

Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Sugar coated." They gently stimulate action and good effect on the system, really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them.

Two trains collided near Fargo, Dakota. Both engineers and firemen were killed.

Faithfulness is necessary in all kinds of work. Especially is it necessary in treating a cold, to produce the best remedy, which is Allen's Lung Balsam, and take it faithfully according to directions, and it will cure a cold every time and prevent fatal results. Sold by all druggists at 25c, 50c and $1.00 a bottle.

Poor and aged, mourned Bill Nye can claim $100,000 as his own.

The Cost of Ignorance.

Absence of knowledge of the fact that physical and mental weakness, indigestion, impure blood, and sick headache can be averted by Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic, costs millions of money annually for uncertain and unreliable decoctions.

The loudhum who stands by a friend is as a lamppost, but less useful to a city.

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A good way to make children tell the truth is to tell it yourself.

Testimony Time. For Throat Diseases, Colds and Coughs, Brown's Bronchial Troches have proved their efficacy by a test of many years. Sold only in boxes. Price 25c.

It costs money to advertise, but it costs more money not to advertise.

Among the people of to-day there are few, indeed, who have not heard of the merits of Prickly Ash Bark and Berries, as a household remedy. Teas and drinks have been made of them for centuries, and in hundreds of families have formed the sole reliance in rheumatic and kidney diseases. Prickly Ash Bitters now takes the place of the old system and is more beneficial in all troubles of this nature.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain.

More Money for Your Work.

Improve the good opportunities that are offered you and you will receive more money for your labor. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, will mail you, free, full information showing how you can make from $5 to $25 and upwards a day and live at home, wherever you may be located. You had better write to them at once. A number have made over $50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required; Hallett & Co. will start you. Both sexes; all ages. Grand success attends every worker. Send your address at once and see for yourself.

An old school doctrine—that the teacher is a tyranny.

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Is a Positive Cure For Female Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

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