

JOE HOWARD'S WAY.
How the Famous Correspondent Succeeds in Keeping Young.
Joe Howard, Jr., is a remarkable man. For a good many years we have thought so, and year by year we become more and more convinced of it. As we figure it, Howard is now turned of his sixtieth year; for a period of thirty years he has been the foremost correspondent in the United States; his constituency is larger and his work is better now than ever before, and at this time, too, we find him, after thirty years of conspicuous service, as full of fire, of enthusiasm and of mettle as he was when, during the civil war time, he was frisking hither and thither, framing the most remarkable special dispatches ever sent over the wire to a daily journal.

By those who know Joe Howard he is heartily beloved, for he is a man of cordial nature, of generous impulses and of straightforward methods; by those who are not personally acquainted with him he is very generally misunderstood, as a writer of his bold, energetic and slapdash style is (strangely enough) likely to be, Howard is, to a degree, a man of the world, but without selfishness, without meanness and without deceit. He has made mistakes—some serious ones—and he admits them and is sorry for them; he has been very human, but, with it all, very humane, and that kind of humanity is admirable and lovable. We think very highly and very much of Joe Howard, Jr.

The other evening we were asking Howard how it was that he contrived to keep so young, so vigorous and so buoyant all these years, and he told us it was all because he had kept on good terms with himself.

"A serious mistake that most men make," said he, "is in not understanding, in not being frank with and in not being good to themselves. The golden rule is very lovely and I believe in it, but I also believe that every man should know himself and be good to himself. I have tried to be good to myself and honest with myself all my life. Every night before I go to bed I stand before my mirror and, arranging the collar of my night-gown, or brushing my mustache, or rubbing my old bald head with bay rum, I look at myself in the mirror and I say: 'Ah, Joe, old boy, how are you feeling? You're looking well—not very much like old man—but you're looking fat and happy. Have you had a good day of it? Have you been good to yourself? Have you done any thing to be sorry for? Then, perhaps, I say in answer to these questions: 'No, I've been only fairly good to myself to-day and I'm not as comfortable as I ought to be.' Then I say: 'Come, come, Joe, old boy, don't get blue—don't feel dispirited! Brace up and determine to be more careful hereafter. Don't let me hear you whining or complaining. Go to bed, old man, thinking only of the bright side of life, and get up to-morrow fresh and strong for more good things.' Or very often Joe says to me: 'Yes, I've had a good time to-day—I've been good to myself and I feel like a fighting cock.' Then I say to Joe: 'That's right, old boy! That's the way to feel and that's the way to talk! Now, go to bed and sleep soundly—no monkey business—good-night, Joe, pleasant dreams!' Then I shake hands with myself, turn out the gas and jump into bed, and, heavens, how I do sleep—as soundly and as peacefully as a child! There's nothing like it—there's nothing like being good to oneself and being on good terms with oneself.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

FACIAL PERCEPTION.
Remarkable Fact Bearing on the Subject of an Unrecognized Sense.
Mr. W. H. Levy, who is blind, says in his book, "Blindness and the Blind," that he can tell when he is opposite an object, and can perceive whether it is tall or short, slender or bulky. He can also determine whether it is a solitary object or a continuous fence; whether a close fence or an open one, and sometimes whether a wooden fence, a stone wall, or a hedge.
None of the five senses have any thing to do with this perceptive power, but the impressions are made on the skin of his face and by it transmitted to the brain. He therefore names this unrecognized sense Facial Perception.
The presence of a fog interferes with facial perception, and makes the impressions faint and untrustworthy; but darkness is no impediment. A noise which distracts the attention interferes with the impressions.
In passing along the street he can distinguish stores and private houses, and doors from windows, if the windows consist of a number of panes, and not a single sheet of glass.
A remarkable fact, bearing on the subject of an unrecognized sense, is mentioned by Mr. Levy. A naturalist extracted the eyes of several bats, and covered the empty sockets with leather. In this condition the bats flew about the room, avoiding the sides and flying out of the door without touching the door-case. In flying through a sewer which made a right angle, they turned as the proper angle. They flew through threads suspended from the ceiling without touching them, though they were only far enough apart to admit the passage of the bats' extended wings.—Youth's Companion.

It is not putting things in the right place that bothers a man so much as finding the right place after he has put things in it.—Atchison Globe.

THE INNOCENT READER.
How He is Ensured by the Makers of Nostrums and Toilet Articles.
The popularity of the "reading notice" exceeds any craze which has ever possessed advertisers or seekers after notoriety. Exciting and thrilling incidents of contemporary or historical record begin by chaining the attention of the most casual reader and terminate in a touching appeal for Boggs' soap. Captain Burnaby is said to have made the fortune of Squeers' pills by a mere mention of them in his "Ride to Khiva." If this sort of thing grows with the years as it has with the past, we may look for a new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" containing something of this sort:

"Uncle Tom," said little Eva, as the two sat side by side in the dimly lit summer-house, "won't you tell me about the New Jerusalem?"
"Lor' bress yo' soul," exclaimed the faithful darkey, "what makes yo' gwine ax sich questions all o'er heep?"
"Because," said the child, as a beautiful blush overspread her brow, "I want to know if a little white girl can get there, or if only colored people will pass the beautiful gates?"
"I spees," replied Uncle Tom, "dat dey'll be mostly brackes dere, but dey'll let you in sure 'nough, honey, and he sang in a clear, musical voice fourteen verses of the old plantation hymn:
"De gospel train am movin',
Hop aboard."

"I often thing," said Eva, after Tom had finished his melody, "that I shall not be long in this world. I shall not be here when the spring comes and the flowers bloom, and then, dear Uncle Tom, what will all you poor people do without me? I wish you would gather them all about me so I may tell them how to be good."
The faithful African departed, and in a few minutes returned with all the servants, who ranged themselves about her, wondering what she was going to say.

"Dear, good friends," said little Eva, "I am afraid I shall soon go away to join the bright-winged host on high."
The negroes prostrated themselves on the ground, and, with piteous cries and lamentations, besought their young mistress to remain with them. Uncle Tom stood up, with the tears streaming down his honest black face, and shouted:

"Dere's just one ting, Missey Eva, kin fetch yo' back when yo's mo's gone, and I've got it right hyar."
"What is it?" asked the child; "the Gospel you sang about?"
"No, honey, it am dat ar medicine I done bought down at de store," and with these words he produced a small bottle of Dr. Gander's Golden Godsend and Restorer of Lost Health, and administered a teaspoonful in a wine-glass of water to the sainted child. Eva immediately arose, completely restored to strength, and signed a certificate setting forth the wonderful nature of her cure. She is now practicing for a race on one of Blobs' bicycles.

[This may be regarded as a combination ad., the expense borne mutually by Dr. Gander and the bicycle manufacturer, between whose wares there can, of course, be no competition. Then there will probably be something in this vein:]
"Like a ray from far beyond, aslant the golden, mellow dawn," said Sybil Craydooke, in her quick, original way, as they all stood watching the shadows fall on the distant heights of Old Graylock.

Harry Thorne said nothing, but he glanced at Rosalind, and the bright color flitted across her cheek; she did not speak at once. Her sweet face was aglow with enthusiasm, and as she turned it toward the young man, there was a swift, answering light in his eyes that deepened her rosy blush.
"It seems to me," said Sybil to Uncle Marmaduke, as they stood apart, "that those two were made for each other—made from the beginning, and have been growing nearer and nearer ever since. They are the true poles of a battery, and there is a shock and a spark whenever they meet. How wonderful is the power of true love!"
"And how wonderful the forces of nature," said Uncle Marmaduke, "the electric-battery of which you speak! Is it not a perpetual reminder of the far-off gates where the countless throngs are passing to and fro?"
"Yes," murmured Sybil, turning toward her companion with one of her rare smiles; "and the crystal stream, with its golden lilies, too."
They were silent for a moment, and then the old man said, impulsively:
"Sybil, you've got the right stuff in you. You'll excuse the liberty I take, remembering that I'm odd and eccentric, and have been known as a crank. I'm going to give you something as a remembrance of this sanctified hour. Here it is."
"A present! How good of you." She took the small parcel and opened it eagerly. Then she clasped his hands eagerly in hers, and exclaimed, with trembling voice:
"How can I thank you?"
"Do you know what it is?"
She lifted her face to his, radiant with emotion. Her eyes were moist and her voice wavered like the wind-swept forest, as she answered: "It is Dr. Billous' Electric Beautifier, it opens the pores of the skin and gives one a complexion like the rose dawn. Oh, how can I thank you?"
[This style has a society flavor which insures success and commands a high price.]—N. Y. Truth.

T PARAGRAPHS.
—A knotty piece of timber must have smooth wedges.
—None but the brave deserve the fair. And even the brave can't live with some of 'em.—Life.
—It is proposed to discard the use of rivets for steam boilers and to weld them instead by electricity.
—District messenger boys grow up to be good and useful men. They are never fast.—N. O. Picayune.
—It is one of the distressing anomalies of modern life that the man who can't sing does sing.—Burlington Free Press.
—He—"I wash my hands of you forever." She—"And let me suggest, George, that you also change your cuffs."—Burlington Free Press.
—About the only difference between a boodler and a thief is that one holds a public office of trust and the other is too decent and consistent to push himself in politics.—Detroit Free Press.
—Deacon—"I was terribly shocked, my dear, to discover on my way home from church a match game of base-ball being played on the vacant lot near the park." Wife—"Was it that which makes you so late, deacon?"—Epoch.
—Cabby (who has received his correct fare)—"Call yourself a gentleman! Why, I keep a better looking gentleman than you, to black my boots." Faro—"Pity you don't keep another to wash your face!"—Pick Me Up.
—It has always been observed in public bodies that married men are invariably the best debaters. They may not have a chance to talk much at home, but they have unexampled opportunities to observe and learn.—Somerville Journal.
—Class in Physiology—Will some member of the class explain how we hear things? Bright Sprig—"Somebody tells pa something down town, then pa tells it ma as a profound secret, then ma tells it at the sewing society meeting, and then we all hear it."—Omaha World.
—Rosalie—"Did you have a nice time at Mrs. Ferguson's the other evening?" Mabel—"O, delightful! But such awfully homely girls as were there!" Rosalie—"So Mr. Summery was telling me he said there wasn't a decent looking one in the room."—Chicago News.
—So much repetition of the time-honored statement that matches are made in heaven often leads to the suspicion, in view of many recent marriages, that Lucifer has crept back, "unbeknownst," into the celestial sphere, where he is once more setting matrimonial matters at sixes and sevens, after his reputed ancient custom.

Happy Recovery.
There is nothing I now enjoy that I do not owe to having used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy of Roundout, N. Y., at a time when I was suffering all that a human being could suffer. My troubles began in my kidneys, from which I never expected to recover. My physician said I had Bright's disease. Later I had a relapse of cramps, six or eight times a day—how well I remember that day! I saw Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy advertised in our paper. After using three bottles I was well, and I have never had a return of the disease, and though I am over sixty years of age I am vigorous and strong as I was in my prime. What side effects and the many remedies I had taken could not do, Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy did; it stayed the disease and made me well. Hunt's Remedy, Capt. Greenwood says: "DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY, made at Roundout, N. Y., is for sale."
Send for book, how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood Disorders.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
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Warranted to CURE
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She was pretty, a picture and so animated and lovely that it did not seem to look at her. She was all this but she is not now. Poor soul, the roses linger no more in her cheeks, the former beauty of her eyes is gone. She is a woe-begone looking piece of humanity now. She has one of those troubles so common to women and men, Dr. Price's German Epsom Salts, it recuperates the wasted strength, purges the whole system right, restores the roses and the water and makes the woman what she once was, bright, well and happy. "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrap, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Swept by the Tide of Popularity.
To the topmost pinnacle of success, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters stands a shining proof of what genuine merit, backed by the living crowd of proven facts, can attain. The North and South American continents, Europe, Australia, the West Indies, Guatemala and Mexico have all contributed their quota of testimonials to the most favorable and unswerving swell the reputation of this sterling remedy. Among the maladies for which the most convincing and professional testimony proves that it is a benign curative, are chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and acute catarrh, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness, debility, kidney and bladder complaints. It mitigates the infirmities of age, hastens convalescence, and cures the present and all subsequent troubles from exposure and exhaustion. Persons of sedentary habits and laborious occupations will find it an ever useful tonic.

White Elephant of Siam, Lion of England, Dragon of China, Cross of Switzer, land, Banner of Persia, Crescent of Egypt, Double Eagle of Russia, Star of Chili, The Circle of Japan, Harp of Erin.
To get these buy a box of the genuine **DR. C. McLANE'S CELEBRATED LIVER PILLS**, price 25 cents, and mail us the "side wrapper" with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. We will then mail you the above list with an elegant package of oleographic and chromatic cards.

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Use Fio's Cure for Consumption is THE BEST for keeping the voice clear. 25 cents.

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Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.
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That best becomes a man which he is by nature intended to perform.

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FOR
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A Regulator of the Liver & Kidneys.
A SPECIFIC FOR
Scrofula, Rheumatism,
Salt Rheum, Neuralgia,
And all other blood and Skin Diseases.

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CREAM
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WATER MOTER.
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