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THE SUBSCRIPTION PAPER.

A Western man started out with a subscription paper to raise a small fund to sink an experimental shaft in prospecting for coal, and in his rounds he met the town hog, who came to the place without a dollar, and had made a comfortable fortune, speculating on the ignorance, credulity or misfortune of the inhabitants, of the financial embarrassments of the municipality, and when asked to contribute 85 cents to the \$15 fund, said he had no money to invest in "such speculations."

He met the small souled chap, who refused to contribute because somebody else did not.

He met the lordly chap, who gave 15 cents, as he said, without any expectation of ever seeing it again, but as an act of charity, and to get rid of the solicitor.

He met the avaricious gentleman, who would not subscribe unless the experimental shaft was sunk on his land, and with the proviso that no other person be permitted to dig for the coal in five miles of him.

He met the low-spirited citizen, who told him he was a fool for trying to do anything "in this town."

He met the fractious bull-head who was going to "huck again" the project on general principles.

He met the large-minded man who was satisfied the experimental boring would cost "thousands of dollars," and was unwilling to contribute to an insufficient fund.

He met the little great man, who had not been approached in the proper manner and by the proper party, and so would give nothing. He would rather the community at large would suffer and enterprise fail than to give anything unless there was some fuss made over him.

He met the man who wanted it announced in the paper if he gave 50 cents, and the brass band brought out if he condescended to bestow his patronage on the matter.

He met several public-spirited, liberal-minded citizens, who willingly and gladly contributed to the enterprise, the desired fund was raised, the experiment shaft was sunk, coal was found, and now the former one horse town has scores of successful coal shafts in operation, two railroads, five times the population it had before coal was discovered, fine schools and churches and all of its people are prosperous and have plenty.—Reporter.

An Essay on the Vest.

The vest is a useless article of apparel worn by man. It is an incubance handed down from past generations and perpetuated only through pure stupidity. In old times it was termed a "waist-coat." It was then a veritable coat, intended for the protection of the body. The regular coat over it protected only the back and arms, being cut entirely away from the breast. The vest of today is a rudimentary garment. It is simply a vestige of a former fashion. In summer it would be gladly dispensed with did people dare to do so. It adds another thickness for the retention of animal heat. In winter an additional thickness of coat would serve the purpose of the vest. The vest as to use is simply a needless coat without arms. It is principally useful to tailors, enabling them to charge for a needless piece of cloth. A vest always survives other garments. A man will wear out three coats and four pairs of trousers to one vest. Such is the force of custom that no man would dare buy a suit of clothes without the vest, though cut and worn in such a manner that the vest is invisible perpetually. As for vest pockets they are a nuisance. They become sink holes for old matches and notes thrust in a hurry, which one's wife finds because she knows where to look for them. When robbers rob a man they show their contempt for the vest by not taking it. They will deprive a

man of his trousers and his coat. They leave the vest. Of what use is a man clad only in a vest? The vest is only a cause and almost an excuse for a poor-fitting garment. Any man looks better in a buttoned-up coat a la militaire. But a vest perpetuates the frock, double-breasted coat (though why called double-breasted none can clearly tell), and the fit of such a coat never lasts over two months, since it depends almost entirely on the tailor's stiffening and smoothing iron. These are stern facts. A *bas* the vest! Let us form a society for the abolition of the vest. The vest is useless even in charity. Who would give a beggar a vest? It would be mockery.—Graphic.

The Two Editors.

There is a Haytian proverb, says Judge Tourgee, that I have sometimes thought might well apply to news gatherers. It is rather a harsh one; almost coarse. It says: "If you send the buzzard to market, you will have carrion for dinner." I am afraid we have become in the habit sometimes of sending the buzzard to market. I remember many years ago my first association with the public press. A man situated at the head of the newspaper with which I was connected, a man eminent in his community, a man of high standing in his church, of immaculate private relations. He had this one maxim which he gave to his reporters, which he pressed upon them: "Miss anything which happens in the city except a bit of local scandal. That I want. You may leave everything else out if you give me that. That makes my circulation." I have a thousand times put beside him a great rough-worded and rough-hewn printer who rose to be an editor, with whom I was once associated. He always said: "Never put a world of dirt in my columns. If you must tell," he would say with an oath, "if you must tell a mean fact, tell it just as briefly as you can. Don't let me have any of the dirt. Because," he said, "I don't mean to be responsible for corrupting any girl's heart before she puts on long dresses." It was rudely stated. He was a rude man. But I have a thousand times thought that when the meed of honor should come to be parcelled out in that upper and better land, the man that spoke his notions with an oath would stand better than the man of whom the community thought so highly.

A Jury of Eleven Men.

During a trial of a case last week the counsel who was addressing the jury found to his surprise that he was addressing but eleven men. He called the attention of the court to the matter and an investigation was instituted. Where the twelfth man was seemed to be an extremely interesting and absorbing question. The inquiry led to the fact that the aforesaid jury was composed of only eleven men, one having been excused; but when the jury took their places a grand juror happened in, it being recess time with his jury, and seeing an empty chair took it, was sworn to "well and truly try the case," and proceeded to do so for half a day, when he, like the Arab, quietly stole away and rejoined his original jury in the grand jury room.—Somerset, Me., Reporter.

A Novel Sight.

One of the most novel sights, seldom if ever witnessed in any other country except California, can be seen on Dr. Glenn's Colusa county ranch. It is said that men are engaged in thrashing and sowing grain in the same field, while a large volunteer crop is already up two or three inches high and growing nicely. Here is this year's crop of wheat being put into sacks, ready for shipment to the European markets; next year's crop being cultivated in; summer fallowing for the second year's crop and growing crop well advanced for this season of the year.—Bluff Reporter.

Weather Signs.

The signal service bureau has resolved to enlarge its data for foretelling storms, and has ordered or requested its officials and scientifics, or well informed men, to gather all the popular proverbs in existence among all classes of people, including Indians, colored people, and foreigners. Proverbs relating to the sun, moon, stars, rainbows, fogs, dew, clouds, frost, snow, rain—at different times of the day—thunder and lightning—in different parts of the year—winds—at different times of day and from different points of the compass. They are also asked to collect predictions from the actions of animals, including bats, oxen, cats, dogs, horses, mice, wolves, hares, moles, pigs, rats, blackbirds and almost all kinds of birds, various fish, ants, bees, beetles, crickets, flies, spiders, frogs, gnats, wasps, bees; from trees and plants, chickweed, clover, dandelions, ferns, onions, pears, apples, thistles, walnuts, leaves, and also from chairs, tables cracked before rain, etc., coals burning brightly, corns, ditches, doors, dust, lamps, rheumatism, salt, seed, signboards, smoke, soup, sound, strings, toothache, walls. To these are added proverbs relating to the days of the week, the months, the seasons, the weather throughout the year, etc. There are many people who have great faith in weather lore, and a collection of it tested by the scientific observations of the bureau will be both entertaining and instructive.

A Disastrous Subsidy.

The little town of Emden, Me., is in a sad financial plight. It numbers less than 800 people, most of them poor farmers, and, as the place contains no manufactory, the total value is not much over \$200,000. In a sudden burst of enthusiastic belief that a railroad would bring new life and prosperity to its doors, the town voted that enterprise nearly one-fifth of its valuation. The road was not brought to Emden, however, and does not even touch its limits at any point, and the town not only has not increased in its population or business, but has a debt which it is well nigh impossible to pay. The bonds issued have been defaulted, and most of the residents are said to be in favor of repudiating them.

Geological examination of the delta of the Mississippi now shows that for a distance of about 300 miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other with interspaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths in this description have been observed, which it is believed must have succeeded each other. Of these trees, known as bald cypress, some have been found over twenty-five feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 rings; in some instances, too, huge trees have grown over the stumps of others equally large. From these facts, geologists have assumed the antiquity of each forest growth at least 10,000 years or 100,000 for all.

Conductor W. S. Rathbun, of the Lake Shore Railroad, residing in Detroit, Mich., was cured by St. Jacobs Oil of a very severe case of rheumatism. He was delighted with its prompt action and influence.

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Conferred upon tens of thousands of sufferers could originate and maintain the reputation which AYER'S SARSAPARILLA enjoys. It is a compound of the best vegetable alteratives, with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most effectual of all remedies for scrofulous, mercurial, or blood disorders. Uniformly successful and certain in its remedial effects, it produces rapid and complete cures of Scrofula, Sores, Boils, Humors, Pimples, Eruptions, Skin Diseases and all disorders rising from impurity of the blood. By its invigorating effects it always relieves and often cures Liver Complaints, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, and is a potent renewer of vitality. For purifying the blood it has no equal. It tones up the system, restores and preserves the health, and imparts vigor and energy. For forty years it has been in continuous use, and is to-day the most available medicine for the suffering sick, anywhere.

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A cat killed a Louisville boy with a pistol. The weapon lay cocked on a shelf, and the beast stepped on the trigger.

The easiest way to succeed in everything is to undertake nothing but what you can accomplish; but the man who runs no risks accomplishes no great deeds.

SYMPTOMS OF A DISEASED LIVER.
Pain in the right side, under edge of ribs, increasing on pressure; sometimes the pain is on the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder and is sometimes taken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternating with laxity; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left notions something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes attendant. The patient complains of nervousness and debility; he is easily startled; his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low, although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it.

If you have any of the above symptoms, you can certainly be cured by the use of the genuine **DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.**
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