EXTRAORDINARY LICENSE.

"It seems to me," remarked one of our citizens the other day, "that physicians are allowed extraordinary license in the manner in which they juggle with the welfare of their patients."

"Now here is Dr.——who was attending Mr.——up to the time of his death, and if he treated him for one thing he treated him for a dozen different disorders. First the doctor said pneumonia was the trouble; then it was consumption. Then the patient was dosed for heart trouble, and so on until just before he died it was ascertained that disease of the kidneys was the real trouble, and that which had been at first treated as pneumonia, consumption, heart disease, etc., were but the symptoms of kidney disease.

"But then it was too late.

"This is only one case in a hundred, and I am beginning to lose faith in the doctors altogether. In fact I havn't had any need for their services since I began to keep Warner's Safe Cure in my house, a little over three years ago. Whenever I feel a little out of sorts I take a few doses of it, confident that the source of all disease is in the kidneys, which I know Warner's Safe Cure will keep in good order, and will eradicate any disease that may be lurking there. Had Mr.——followed a similar course, I have no doubt that he would be alive to-day; but of course all people don't think alike.

"One thing is certain, however, and that is the doctors are allowed a little too much freedom in the way they have of pretending to know that which they really know nothing about. If they don't know what is the real trouble with the patient, they should admit it and not go on and experiment at the cost of the patient's life."

LIGHT AND AIRY.

The Water Meter.

I'm a wicked water meter, Pharisaic water meter,
with a face of white enamel, hard enamel,
trimmed with brass;
But I wear the soft expression of a painted Simon
Peter, looking out into the future like a gold
fish through a glass.

When it happens that the carcass of an infant
alligator plays the mischief with my vitals
in its efforts to get through,
I record the strange occurrence on my brass bound
indicator, by the fraudulent addition of a
hundred feet or two.

O, the miasmatic matter and the poison which I
scatter, by the simple name of water, un
adulterated, pure!
While my friend the undertaker waxes richer,
slicker, fatter, and the druggist's wife and
daughter take a European tour—

O, I often pause and wonder as I ponder o'er my
plunder, pause and wonder why in thunder
honest people let me lie,
Why they do not rise in anger, tear me limb from
limb asunder, and adopt a water meter more
ingenuous than I!

—San Francisco Wasp.

Everything Has Its Use.

Mrs. Honeymoon—I'm sure, dear, I don't know why the crust should be so hard. I followed your mother's recipe.

Mr. Honeymoon—There, there, don't cry I know what we can do with the biscuits. They won't be wasted.

Mrs. Honeymoon—What?

Mr. Honeymoon—If you will put them back in the oven for a few minutes and brown them a little more I'll take them down to the factory and have them cut down, polished and made into a set of jewelry for you.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Another Famous Victory.

It was an autumn evening:
Old Caspar's work was done;
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun:
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild, Wilhelmine.

And as he sat and smoked, he saw
That little maid draw near,
A' holding in her little palm
A severed human ear
While o'er the field appeared in view
Of human segments not a few.

Her brother James came likewise with
The little cart he owns,
Quite filled with legs and arms and dis-
Located collar bones.
Old Caspar looked, and then quoth he:
"It was a famous victoree."

"Across the field are stains of gore,
And whitening bones I see,
As evidence undoubted 'twas
A famous victoree;
And there is proof to back my claim
That 'twas a daisy football game."

—America.

An Obliging Author.

"Your story, Mr. Winterkill," said the magazine editor to the rising young author, "suits me very well. I observe in it some trivial faults, however. For instance, you describe the heroine's canary as drinking water by 'lapping it up eagerly with her tongue.' Isn't that a peculiar way for a canary to drink water?"

"Your criticism surprises me," said Mr Winterkill in a pained voice. "Still, if you think your readers would prefer it, perhaps it would be better to let the canary drink its water with a teaspoon."—Chicago News.

A Memory.

One moonlit night, long, long ago.
Within my memory lingers,
Well I recall her answers low,
The clasp of slender fingers.

Her hand lay lightly on my arm
As home we slowly wandered,
While I the secret of her charm
Resistless, vainly pondered.

That perfect night, her witching grace
Made provocation ample;
The moonbeams lovingly caressed her face
And set a bad example.

At last we reached her father's gate—
"And then," you say, "you kissed her?"
Oh, no! you're too precipitate.
You see, she was my sister.

—Somerville Journal.

The Age of Steal.

Grocer (to clerk)—Did you read about this sugar swindle, James?

"Yes, sir."

"What robbers there are in the world! The days when honest men were in business seem to have gone by."

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, James, you might put another gallon of water in the vinegar barrel while you have nothing to do."—Nebraska State Journal.

Both Mistaken.

He stopped in front of a maiden fair—
'Twas at a waxworks show—
And he said, "How lifelike is her stare!
How natural her golden hair!
Her cheeks! See what a hue they wear!
They actually glow!"

The maiden opened wide her eyes.
"Not only can they walk,"
She said in evident surprise,
"But now it seems these effigies
Are made in such a wondrous wise
They actually talk!"

—Chicago Tribune.

Out of Order.

Customer (after a shave)—Great Scott, barber, that razor of yours is in a terrible condition!

Barber—Yes, sah, I spect it am. I was out to a darnce las' night. Dat razzer needs de grindstone, dat's what it needs.—The Epoch.

Social Debts Promptly Paid.

Mrs. Westend—Who was it called?

Marie—Mrs. Grubbs, I told her you were out.

"Mrs. Grubbs is out making calls, then! Order my carriage quickly. I will return the call before she gets home."—Philadelphia Record.

THE ARIZONA KICKER.

NOTICE.—We desire to give notice to the public at large that the next man who flings a stone against our office door will have to outrun six bullets. We have got tired of the business. We don't want to seem captious, but enough is enough. Tim Reeves, Joe Smith and Hank White will please take notice.

GONE HOME.—News reached town yesterday that William Napoleon Farrington, otherwise known as French Bill, had departed from this world. He was materially assisted by three or four bullets which Hank Henderson fired into him during a dispute about the ownership of a piece of land. We don't know whether Henry was right or wrong, but we have felt for some time that this cold world was no place for Mr. Farrington. He wasn't a bit content, and he was in the habit of shooting at such people as were. He wanted better weather, more latitude for his skill with the pistol, and we truly hope he's got it.

LAME EXPLANATIONS.—A stranger, supposed to be a man who is wanted for murder in Tucson, was discovered hiding under the bridge the other day and taken to jail to be held until identified. That night he dug his way out, and next day the sheriff was around trying to get a hundred dollar bill changed. He says he found the bill on the street, but that story looks fishy. There isn't a man in this town that wouldn't yell a lung out if he lost that much money. The prisoner used a crowbar to dig out with, and the sheriff says he must have had it concealed in his pistol pocket. The official owes us $15, and if we can get our hands on the money this week we shall, in our next issue, advise the public to run him out of town as a dishonest scoundrel.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—Two or three weeks since we denounced Col. Hallimell as a claim jumper, mule stealer and wife deserter, and added a few words to the effect that he would look well at the end of a rope. Saturday evening, as we were talking with the cashier of the First National bank, the colonel approached us and warned us to prepare for death. Greatly to our own amazement and to the intense surprise of the whole street, we didn't run. On the contrary, we sailed into the colonel like a brick house falling on a sand fly, and we had him licked inside of five minutes.

We can't account for these freaks in our nature. Sometimes we fight like a tornado and again we run like a jack rabbit. People intending to lay for us must take their chances.—Detroit Free Press.

A Sister to Him.

"No, Mr. Jackson, I cannot be your wife, as my heart is already in the keeping of another, but I can be a sister to you."

"Oh! 'tis hard to thus be obliged to give you up, Maud, and still your very generous offer to be as a sister to me cannot go unaccepted. Will you be as near a real sister to me as possible?"

"Yes, George, I shall endeavor to."

"There is Jack Fourinhand's sister, for instance. Will you be as loving and attentive to me as she is to him?"

"With all my heart, George."

"Very well, then, sister mine. I shall try to be worthy—ah, I really must be going though—good night, sister." The next day Miss Maud received a package, and upon opening it discovered that it contained—horrors—two pairs of pants, six pairs of socks and a shirt. A note slipped out, and upon reading it, this is what she saw:

DEAR SISTER MAUD—I ascertained from Jack Fourinhand that his sister was in the habit of doing all of his mending. Thinking of our agreement, I bethought me of these few articles of wearing apparel, which are sadly in need of buttons and mending. I have long needed a sister that would look after my clothes, and since you have so kindly consented to act in that capacity you may commence your duties at once. Your loving brother, GEORGE.

—Peck's Sun.

As to Smiting.

Sunday School Teacher (to new pupil)—We are taught by the Bible that when some one smites us on one cheek we should turn the other to him. Isn't that a beautiful sentiment?

"Yes, ma'am."

"Now, if an enemy were to smite you on one cheek what would you do?"

"I'd pound der top of his head off."—Nebraska State Journal.

After Business Hours.

Gentlemnn (to Uncle 'Rastus)—Uncle 'Rastus, can you get me up a nice hen coop? I think some of raising chickens.

Uncle 'Rastus—Yes, sah, I kin build yo' as fine a hen coop as ebber war built, but I'se too busy whitewashin' jus' now to undertake the job. I tell yo' what I kin do, though, Mr. Smith, I kin work on it nights.—The Epoch.

Concussation.

A Washington 7-year-old received, among numerous Christmas presents, a little pocket diary. The entry:

"Jan. 24, 1889; he didn't," created some surprise until she gave the following (in a tone of injury):

"Johnny Smith" (a little neighbor) "said he was coming over to see me and—he didn't."—Washington Post.

Keep it Warm.

Dude (entering Delmonico's, to waiter; the dude carries a heavy stick with an enormous horse's head)—Hat, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Dude—Coat, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Dude—Cane, waiter!

Waiter—Yes, sir. Have it blanketed, sir?—Life.

Something Better.

First Boy—Been snow balling today?

Second Boy—I should say I had!

"Kill anybody?"

"Not quite."

"Nor I, either. It's got so we can't have fun any more. I'm going to ask father to buy me a shotgun. That will bring 'em down."—Detroit Free Press.

It Came a Long Distance.

Waiter—Here you are, sir; this coffee comes direct from Java.

Guest (who has been waiting a long time for it)—I thought it was further off than that.—Texas Siftings.

Morning on the Sleeping Car.

& FLORIDA R.R. SLEEPER

Mr. Burnap—I don't know where you come from, stranger, or who you be, but, b'gum! I ain't never refused ter shake with a man yet when he puts out his hand.—Judge.

A French woman who is endeavoring to found schools for girls in Algiers divides the proposed studies into two classes, "neutral" and "active." The neutral includes reading, writing, orthography, arithmetic, history and moral philosophy. That is just where the modern Frenchman is most likely to put moral philosophy.

Miss Candy, who is to marry the Duke of Newcastle—who, by the way, is no relation to the Duke of Nocastle who comes to the United States so often—is the daughter of an officer who once served with the khedive's troops in Egypt. Capt. Candy was familiarly known as "Sugar," and his magnificent uniforms made a sensation six years ago in Cairo, a city which is not easily astonished.

HOW JIM WAS BADLY SOLD.

And His Brother Explains That the Other Was Not Scared for a Cent.

"Yes, I'm in mourning," said the man, as he carefully removed his hat and gazed at the piece of crape which hid the band. "It's for my brother Jim, who was planted about five months ago."

"Sick long?"

"Not a minnit."

"Accidentally killed, then?"

"You might call it accident, but it wasn't. It was a case of misreading human nature."

The man tenderly brushed some dust off the crape, put on his hat, and after getting good and ready, started out with:

"Me and Jim had a ranch on the Republican river, out in Kansas. I didn't amount to much, but Jim was a dandy. He could size up a man as quick as you could halve an apple. Didn't know what fear was, and the Injuns was as afraid of him as death. I've put up a $300 monument at his grave, and you can judge by that he must have been a pretty good man."

"Well?"

"Well, late last fall, when we had a stock sale at the ranch, a sort of tramp came along and got in Jim's way. Jim run over him and they had some words. The tramp wanted to fight, and the boys put Jim up to skeer the liver out of him. I'm free to say I didn't like the feller's looks. There was sumthin' back of his every day look, which had a gleam of danger in it. Jim sized him up for a runner, and when I said the chap would fight, Jim whispered:

"'Pete, you never knew me to be wrong. I'll skeer him till all his ba'r loosens at the roots.'

"To make a great spread of it, the boys fastened the two together by their left arms and gave each a bowie knife. They thought the tramp would back water when it came to the tying, but he didn't. He was right thar, and didn't even turn pale. It was agreed that they should fight at the word, and the word was held five minutes to let the tramp wilt. He stood like a rock, and Jim couldn't back, you see, without losing character."

"And they fought?"

"It wasn't much of a fight. Jim was as handy with the knife as any man within a hundred miles, but he stood no show in that rumpus. The word was given, the tramp made a lightning motion, and the next thing I see was Jim dead on the grass, his head cut almost off. Thar wasn't but one lick struck."

"And—and what?"

"Nothing much. The tramp ontied hisself and walked off, as cool as a bar'l of ice, and we planted Jim on a knoll back of the mule pen."

"What did the crowd say?"

"Said that my brother Jim had better stuck to readin' the character of mules and steers and let strangers alone, and I agreed. I'm in mourning fur Jim, but I allow he bit off more'n he could chaw, and he shouldn't a done it. Crape looks well on mouse color, don't it? It's a reminder that in the midst of life we may bark up the wrong tree."—San Francisco Examiner.

Entertaining a Guest.

Forty years ago every town in New England had its lyceum, and, as one of the winter's recreations, a course of lectures delivered by clergymen, politicians and men distinguished in literature. Hospitality was freely extended to the lecturer, and not infrequently, if he was a notable man, several families invited him to become their guest.

The late Richard H. Dana, Jr., the author of "Two Years Before the Mast," used to tell a story illustrative of the effort made by hosts to entertain their distinguished guests.

Mr. Dana once lectured in a country town, and then walked home with the president of the lyceum, a farmer. After a long silence the farmer said:

"Mr. Dana, I b'lieve you wrote a book once?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I never read it myself; my folk have, though."

Dead silence again fell upon the two until their arrival at the farmer's house, where Mr. Dana was introduced to the invalid wife, who had not been to the lecture.

"My dear," said the farmer, "I believe you've read Mr. Dana's book?"

The wife stared, and then recovering herself, answered: "I b'lieve I've heard speak of it."

Apples were brought in, and with them came the farmer's daughter, a little black eyed, sharp looking school girl.

"Susan 'Liza," said the farmer, "you've read Mr. Dana's 'Two Years Before the Mast,' haven't you?"

Susan 'Liza replied quickly, "No, sir," and there was dead silence till bedtime.—Youth's Companion.

Found the Feelings.

A colored man, who had a load of ashes behind his mule, came to a standstill on Adams avenue the other day. He clucked and yelled and lashed at the mule, but the animal hung his head and refused to budge. Among the spectators was a woman, and as the lashing went on she stepped forward and asked:

"Colored man, do you know that a mule has feelings?"

"Yes, mar'm, I does," he replied, "an' Ize jist about to tackle de same."

He jumped down, gave the animal's tail a twist, and as the beast moved slowly on the man continued:

"Sartin, mar'm—sartin, but how on airth did you happen to diskiber it?"—Detroit Free Press.

An Example of Emphasis.

Teacher—What is accent?

First Pupil—Emphasis or stress on a particular syllable.

Teacher—Correct. Is there more than one kind?

Second Pupil—Yes, sir; primary and secondary accent.

Teacher—In the word "execution" where does the secondary accent or stress fall?

Third Pupil—On the first syllable.

Teacher—Right. Where does the primary accent or stress fall?

Fourth Pupil (who hasn't studied the lesson)—On the neck.—Chicago Tribune.

Sorry for Her.

When Charley put on his first trousers he was very proud. He strutted up and down in front of his mother almost crazy with delight. Then he burst out: "Oh, mamma, pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when"— But an awful consciousness came over him that this bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee, chubby hand pityingly against her cheek, saying, pathetically, "Oh, poor mamma! poor mamma!"—Sunshine.

Got There First.

A little girl was sitting on the floor when the sun shone in her face. "Go 'way! go 'way!" she cried, striking out at it. "You move, dear, and it won't trouble you," said mamma. "I s'ant; I dot here first," said the little one.—Youth's Companion.

Very Low Indeed.

The youngest of the family returned from school yesterday to remark to his mamma "Teacher says it's 30 degs. below the squeezing point."—Rochester Post-Express.

A Popular Play.

Wife—John, I wish you would get tickets for the new play "Hole in the Ale."

Husband—Does the play possess any literary merit?

Wife—The papers say not.

Husband—I'll get tickets for it to-morrow.—Epoch.

—Before the wedding-day a girl generally overrates the man she is to marry, but she more than makes up for her misjudgment afterward.—Somerville Journal.

—It is in Sophocles that we strike the modern spirit of the ancient classics. It is strange, yet true, that students will stumble on through the Greek authors during four, five or six years, groping about for something tangible, and coming finally to Sophocles or Euripides at the very end of their course will, in a month, have their eyes opened to the fact that the Greeks were really men of flesh and blood, with passions good and bad, with aspirations high and noble, with sins and follies, as men are to-day. It is a proof of the old saying that when one has finished his college course he is ready to go to school.—University (of Vermont) Cynic.

—The New England Farmer recently published an instructive table of the number, size and productiveness of the farms in twenty-six States. The revelations made by this table are surprising. The New Jersey farms lead all the others in the value of their products per acre, it being $10.26; and the Dakota farms rank the lowest in that respect, they yielding an average value per acre of $1.58. New York comes third, and singularly enough, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Massachusetts follow in successive order. But Western farms are so large, and so easily worked, that the gross results satisfy their owners hugely.

—Your liability to be suddenly arrested in your work at any time should make you do the best that is in you today.—Christian Advocate.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Let every man sweep the snow from before his own door, and not trouble himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.

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 outside 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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BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the oldest, safest and best blood purifier and purgative known. They are purely vegetable, therefore harmless. They are always the same and always produce the same effect. Other purgatives require increased doses and finally cease acting altogether. A course of one or two of BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken each night is a positive cure for constipation, headache, and all bilious disorders. If you can't take them plain, get them sugar-coated.

Our life is short; but to extend that span to vast eternity is virtue's work.

A Wonderful Food and Medicine.

Known and used by Physicians all over the world, **Scott's Emulsion** not only gives flesh and strength by virtue of its own nutritious properties, but creates an appetite for food that builds up the wasted body. "I have been using Scott's Emulsion for several years, and am pleased with its action. My patients say it is pleasant and palatable, and all grow stronger cases of Wasting Diseases, and it is specially and gain flesh from the use of it. I use it in all useful for children when nutrient medicine is needed, as in Marasmus."—T. W. PIERCE, M. D., Knoxville, Ala.

"Know thyself," said the old philosopher. "Improve thyself," said the new.

For Coughs, Asthma, and Throat Disorders

use "*Brown's Bronchical Troches*," 25 cts a box.

Some men are born fools, but the majority of us achieve foolishness.

HOW I SAVED MY LIFE.

I was taken sick while at the dinner table with terrible distress in my stomach. Before this I had been hearty and strong. For fourteen days I kept getting worse, despite the efforts of two doctors. I lost forty pounds, and was satisfied that I could live but a few days. My trouble was Stomach and Liver Complaint, resulting in an attack of bilious colic. At this time I saw Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., advertised, and sent for a bottle. I also sent for my physician, and told him that I was going to try the Favorite Remedy. He examined it and told me to use it three days and let him know the result. In the three days I walked four miles. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved my life.—W. S. Bitzer, Slate Mills, Ross Co., Ohio.

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The unthinking are prone to make game of nervousness. Yet this is a very real and serious affliction, the harrassing symptoms of which are rendered all the more poignant by ridicule. The stomach is usually responsible for these symptoms—its weakness and disorder find a reflex in the brain, which is the headquarters of the nervous system. As a nerve tonic and tranquilizer, we believe that not one can be polnted out so effective as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. In renewing vigorous digestion, it strikes the keynote of recovery of strength and quietude by the nerves. Headaches, tremors in quiet sleep, abnormal sensitiveness to unexpected noises—all these modify and ultimately disappear as the system gains strength from the great tonic. Dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, constipation and kidney complaints are subdued by the Bitters.

The stool of repentance has no cushion.

Consumption Surely Cured.

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and postoffice address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

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Having for the past four or five years been troubled with pimples and blotches on my face and body, and finding no relief in any of the chemically prepared soaps and medicines prescribed for me by physicians, I concluded to try your S. S. S. remedy, and have found great relief in the same, four bottles clearing my skin entirely. I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are in the position that I have been in. You can use this letter and my name as a testimonial to the merits of the S. S. S. remedy.
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DON'T BE A GULL
Because a gull is a very foolish bird that will swallow anything you offer it. When you ask for "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut" Smoking Tobacco, and the dealer wants you to try some cheap brand on which he makes a much larger profit, he is simply trying to "gull" you. He knows as well as you do that "Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut" is the most popular and the best Smoking Tobacco on the Pacific Coast.

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