

AMERICAN NEWSPAPER WIT

A BATCH OF HUMOROUS STORIES FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A New Papa—Sufficient Cause—Worse Than Mormonism—Swells Becoming More Swollen—Illinois Poetry.

A NEW PAPA. Little Pet—"Do you know that we are to have a new papa?" Little Jack—"No; I dess you is 'staken."

SUFFICIENT CAUSE.

One fine morning Adolphus is observed upon the street deporting himself in a manner becoming a gentleman of elegant leisure.

WORSE THAN MORMONISM.

"Talk about Mormonism," said Bulger; "I don't see what right people have to howl about it when such things as this are permitted in Pennsylvania."

SWELLS BECOME MORE SWOLLEN

He was a fit subject for guying. His pants were put on in such a way that his hip pocket was most convenient.

POETRY IN ILLINOIS.

"I want to see the poetry editor," said a young lady, who stepped very briskly into the room—"the gentleman that puts all those lovely pieces in the paper every Saturday. Don't you think they're sweet?"

ville on our staff," said the horse reporter, "but if you want a few gems from the old masters I suppose you can have them."

"Why, yes. I should think two or three verses would be just the thing."

"There's many a nifty girl, they say, but none lays over me; There's Margaret and Mary, and cross-eyed Lucy Lee;

"Do you think that is enough?" asked the young lady.

"Oh, yes; those verses will give 'em an idea of Alf's gait. Variety is what they want, you know."

"Well, I can give you a chunk of it."

"An Indian girl was sitting where Her lover, Walking-Flea-Patch, lay; Beside her stood a spavined horse

"I've placed the bottle at your head, Oh Walking-Flea-Patch, so that when You strike the town and paint it red

"Now, you see," said the horse reporter, "those selections cover the childish glee and loving trustfulness rackets."

"With fingers weary and worn, In a little five-room flat, A woman sat with eyelids red

Oh, girls with brothers dear! Oh, girls who hope to be wives!

"You're very kind," said the young lady, going.

"Don't mention it. Come in again when you think we are all out."

The Fremont Family.

A New York letter says of John C. Fremont and his family: The residence of the Fremonts is a modest white house, perched high on the inside of the broad road that winds through trees along the New Brighton beach.

Color Blindness.

Little Nell—"Mamma, what is color blind?"

Mamma—"Inability to tell one color from another, dear."

Little Nell—"Then I dess the man that made my g'ography is color blind."

Mamma—"And why, pet?"

Little Nell—"Tause he's got Green land painted yellow."

"A chip of the old block"—The missing arm of the Venus de Milo.

HOPE'S SONG.

The golden dreams of youth Assume a guise of truth Which age keeps never, For Hope's voice singeth ever,

Love's subtle intuition Divines life's glad fruition, Distrusting never; And sweetly Hope sings ever

Love's sacred trust is broken, Heartbreaking words are spoken Her bonds to sever;

Pale hands are crossed in death; Gone is the quivering breath; And still a low voice never

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Women generally are clothes observers.

It seems strange that no matter how much gold a man may steal he is only sent to the penitentiary for the guilt.—Siftings.

A Somerville young lady is said to possess a mania for starting fires. She will get over that when she is married.—Philadelphia Call.

A little girl in church, after the contribution box had passed, complacently said: "I paid for four, mamma. Was that right?"—Anonymous.

"But," said the serenaded man, "I must go out and make a speech. Something must be done to stop the playing of that band."—Boston Post.

An exchange says that Noah was the first pitcher on record. He "pitched the ark within and without." The game was finally called on account of the rain.

A writer in the New York Sun contends that the goose is an older bird than the American eagle. Our experience leads to the belief that it is a good deal tougher.—Troy Times.

The United States has 16.24 medical practitioners to every 10,000 of population. And yet it is quite a common thing for an American to live to a comparatively ripe age.—Boston Transcript.

"I Climb to rest," is the name of Lucy Larcom's latest poem. Whence the inference that her poetry does not pay enough to permit Miss Larcom to room on the parlor floor.—Richester Express.

"Well, sir," said Farmer Furrow to a friend, "I was never so insulted in my life. Why, I was down in Washington last week and one fellow had the impudence to ask me if I wasn't a Congressman."—New York Journal.

It is not so strange that the annexation of Canada to the United States is not strongly advocated by men in positions of public trust. They kind of like to think that in case anything happens Canada is a foreign country.—Lowell Citizen.

"What influence has the moon upon the tide?" asked the professor. The class wistfully replied that he didn't know exactly what influence it had upon the tide, but that it had a tendency to make the untied awful spoony.—Burlington Free Press.

"Who is the first lady in the land?" nervously inquires a contemporary. When you come to Philadelphia, if you will slick yourself up a little and comb the burrs out of your hair we will take you up to the house and introduce you to her. Philadelphia Call.

"Was Early Man a Savage?" asks a magazine writer. That depends. If the early man was dressed to catch the 4 A. M. train, and his collar button fell behind the bureau, the probabilities are that he was as savage as they make 'em.—Norristown Herald.

A neat story of the late Baron Rothschild is told in the French papers. He was very busy one morning, when the Vicomte de L. P. was admitted into his office. The baron, absorbed in his reading, said without lifting his head: "I am at your orders, sir; take a chair."

A certain member of the Detroit municipal government is the possessor of a splendid growth of beard and long, drooping mustaches. Recently he dined away from home, and at the table sat one of those infants you have all read about. After staring for some time in open astonishment at the guest, the interesting youth roared out at the top of his voice: "Ma! ma! he has got a mouth; I saw him put a cracker in it!"—Detroit Journal.

Maid of Texas, ere I go, Tell me if your clock is slow; For I have a train to catch, And must quickly raise the latch.

A Beautiful Head of Hair, long, silken in texture, rich chestnut brown, reaching to the ground; such are the effects of the justly celebrated and widely known Carboline, the prince of all Hair Restorers.

A MODERN RESURRECTION.

A Miracle that Took Place in our Midst—Lives to the Public—The Details in Brief.

The facts are, briefly, as follows: Mr. William A. Crombie, a young man formerly residing at Birmingham, a suburb of Detroit, and now living at 237 Michigan avenue, in this city, can truthfully say that he has looked into the future world and yet returned to this. A representative of this paper has interviewed him upon this important subject and his experiences are given to the public for the first time. He said:

"I had been having most peculiar sensations for a long while. My head felt dull and heavy; my eyesight did not seem so clear as formerly; my appetite was uncertain and I was unaccountably tired. It was an effort to arise in the morning and yet I could not sleep at night. My mouth tasted badly, I had a faint all-gone sensation in the pit of my stomach that food did not satisfy, while my hands and feet felt cold and clammy. I was nervous and irritable, and lost all enthusiasm. At times my head would seem to whirl and my heart palpitated terribly. I had no energy, no ambition, and I seemed indifferent of the present and thoughts for the future. I tried to shake the feeling off and persuade myself it was simply a cold or a little malaria. But it would not go. I was determined not to give up, and so time passed along and all the while I was getting worse. It was about this time that I noticed I had begun to blot fearfully. My limbs were swollen so that by pressing my fingers upon them deep depressions would be made. My face also began to enlarge, and continued to until I could scarcely see out of my eyes. One of my friends, describing my appearance at that time, said: 'It is an animated something, but I should like to know what. In this condition I passed several weeks of the greatest agony.'"

"Finally, one Saturday night, the misery culminated. Nature could endure no more. I became irrational and apparently insensible. Cold sweat gathered on my forehead; my eyes became glazed and my throat rattled. I seemed to be in another sphere and with other surroundings. I knew nothing of what occurred around me, although I have since learned it was considered as death by those who stood by. It was to me a quiet state, and yet one of great agony. I was helpless, hopeless and pain was my only companion. I remember trying to see what was beyond me, but the mist before my eyes was too great. I tried to reason, but I had just all power. I felt that it was death, and realized how terrible it was. At last the strain upon my mind gave way and all was a blank. How long this continued I do not know, but at last I realized the presence of friends and recognized my mother. I then thought it was earth, but was not certain. I gradually regained consciousness, however, and the pain lessened. I found that my friends had, during my unconsciousness, been giving me a preparation I had never taken before, and the next day, under the influence of this treatment, the bloating began to disappear and from that time on I steadily improved, until to-day I am as well as ever before in my life, have no traces of the terrible acute Bright's disease, which so nearly killed me, and all through the wonderful instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, the remedy that brought me to life after I was virtually in another world."

"You have had an unusual experience, Mr. Crombie," said the writer, who had been breathlessly listening to the recital.

"Yes, I think I was the reply, and it has been a valuable lesson to me. I am certain, though, there are thousands of men and women at this very moment who have the same ailment which came so near killing me, and they do not know it. I believe kidney disease is the most deceptive trouble in the world. It comes like a thief in the night. It has no certain symptoms, but seems to attack each one differently. It is quiet, treacherous, and all the more dangerous. It is killing more people, to-day, than any other one complaint. If I had the power I would warn the entire world against it and urge them to remove it from the system before it is too late."

One of the members of the firm of Whitehead & Mitchell, proprietors of the Birmingham Eccentric, paid a fraternal visit to this office yesterday, and in the course of conversation, Mr. Crombie's name was mentioned.

"I knew about his sickness," said the editor, "and his remarkable recovery. I had his obituary all in type and announced in the Eccentric that he could not live until his next issue. It was certainly a most wonderful case."

Rev. A. R. Bartlett, formerly pastor of the M. E. Church, at Birmingham, and now of Schoolcraft, Mich., in response to a telegram, replied:

"Mr. W. A. Crombie was a member of my family at the time of his sickness. The prayers of the church were requested for him on two different occasions. I was with him on the day he was reported by his physicians as dying, and consider his recovery almost a miracle."

Not one person in a million ever comes so near death as did Mr. Crombie and then recover, but the men and women who are drifting toward the same end, are legion. To note the slightest symptoms, to realize their significance and to meet them in time by the remedy which has been shown to be most efficient, is a duty from which there can be no escape. They are fortunate who do this; they are on the sure road to death who neglect it. Detroit Free Press.

CANADIAN telegraph tolls are the cheapest in the world.

"I was most dead with heart difficulty, can now do a good day's work, and sincerely recommend Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator as the remedy."—George Gladding, Hartsgrove, O. \$1 per bottle at your drug store.

THE losses of wheat by the floods is estimated at 15,000,000 bushels.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, nervousness, sleeplessness.

CHICAGO will start a laundry to give alms-begging women work.

MENSBAN'S PEPTONIZED BEEF TONIC, the only preparation of beef containing its entire nutritive properties. It contains blood-making, force generating and life-sustaining properties; invaluable for indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous prostration, and all forms of general debility; also, in all enfeebled conditions, whether the result of exhaustion, nervous prostration, overwork or acute disease, particularly if resulting from pulmonary complaints, Caswell, Hazard & Co., Proprietors, New York. Sold by druggists.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup, Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation, 25c.

The secret of the large and constant sales of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound probably lies in the fact that whereas there are many "Bitters" and "Tonics" of equal value, be it more or less, the Vegetable Compound is so completely superior to all other preparations specially recommended for the needs of women that it has practically no rivals.

In 1880 the English speaking population of the globe will be 1,000,000,000.

After Three Days.

MR. CHARLES W. MORRIS, "Eagle" office, Pittsfield, Mass., writes, May 23, 1883: "For several months my wife's mother (Mrs. Amy Boyce) had been in a very precarious condition with dropsy or Bright's disease of the kidneys, and having used all methods and measures for her restoration in the line of treatment by our leading physicians, and having failed to benefit her, her family despairing of seeing her relieved, and gave her up to die. Happening to run across the testimony of a Mrs. Dawley, who had been cured of similar sickness by using Hunt's Remedy, we at once procured a bottle of it, and commenced giving it as directed. After using it three days she was so far improved that she could get from her bed to her chair without assistance (a circumstance that had not happened for months). Previous to taking it she was troubled more or less with short breath, requiring a continuous fanning to keep her alive. This gradually improved as we continued the use of Hunt's Remedy, and on the fourth bottle she was able to set up all day. She was bloated terribly in both limbs and body upward to the lungs. The tenth day the bloating left her bowels and now she is not swollen above the knees. Her kidneys were very bad at the time, discharging being of a bloody character and emitting a sickening odor. I can say that the change in her case has been wonderful, and Hunt's Remedy has worked a miracle in her."

A Cure of Pneumonia. Mr. D. H. Barnaby, of Owego, N. Y., says that his daughter was taken with a violent cold which terminated with pneumonia, and all the best physicians gave the case up and said she could live but a few hours at most. She was in this condition when a friend recommended Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and advised her to try it. She accepted it as a last resort, and was surprised to find that it produced a marked change for the better, and by persevering a permanent cure was effected.

Farmer's try to sell white butter are all of the opinion that dairying does not pay. If they would use Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Co's, and market their butter in perfect condition, they would still get good prices, but it will not pay to make any but the best in color and quality. This color is used by all the leading creameries and dairymen, and is sold by druggists and merchants.

When Doctors Disagree it will be time enough to doubt the reality of Kidney-Wort. Doctors all agree that it is a most valuable medicine in all disorders of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, and frequently prescribe it. Dr. P. C. Ballou, of Monkton, says: "The past year I have used it more than ever, and with the best results. It is the most successful remedy I have ever used." Such a recommendation speaks for itself. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

Decorative art. Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dye. For dyeing mosses, grasses, eggs, ivory, hair, etc. 10c. Druggists keep them. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

A charming solvent, matchless laxative, infallible nerve conqueror, Samaritan Nervine. Rev. Mr. Greenfield, Knoxville, Tenn., says: Samaritan Nervine cured my son of epileptic fits.

Decline of Man. Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by Well's Health Renewer. \$1. Phenix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25c. Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. 25c.

"Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Trochus 15c. Public speakers and singers use Pisco's Cure for hoarseness and weak lungs.

THE want of a reliable diuretic which, while acting as a stimulant of the kidneys, neither excites nor irritates them, was long since supplied by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. This fine medicine exerts the requisite degree of stimulation upon these organs, without producing irritation, and is therefore better adapted for the purpose than any medicinal excipient often resorted to. Dyspepsia, indigestion, acute, and chronic rheumatism, are all cured by it. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

STOMACH BITTERS

ELLY'S CREAM BALM

when applied by the finger into the nostrils will be absorbed, effectually cleaning the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretion. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Agreeable to use. Send for circular.

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Easy to use. A certain cure. Not expensive. Three months' treatment in one package. Good for Colds in the Head, Hoarseness, Diphtheria, Hay Fever, etc. Fifty cents. By all Druggists, or by mail. E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.