A "Negligence Case" Lawyer.

There is a young lawyer in Brooklyn who has secured a very considerable practice by hunting up negligence cases. They say in Brooklyn that no person can receive an injury on any of the Brooklyn city railroads without having one of this young lawyer's cards thrust at him before the doctor gets through dressing the wounds. The lawyer advances all the necessary funds and prosecutes the case to conclusion, taking a good share of the verdict for his reward. By dint of long practice he has become thoroughly familiar with all the legal lore pertaining to negligence cases, and when the corporation lawyer comes in to defend the case he finds an opponent as well versed as himself in all the nice technicalities of procedure in such cases, who knows all the snares and pitfalls of legal chicanery by means of which litigation is often protracted and plaintiffs tired out when they have a good case.

The result is that when these cases are tried there is lots of fun all around. Sometimes the ponderous corporation lawyer does not happen to be personally acquainted with his young antagonist, and undertakes to snub him, or bully him, or pooh-pooh him. Then the fun is very lively, and the result is that the ponderous corporation lawyer learns that in any contest it is well not to underrate your opponent.—Interview in New York Sun.

An American in the Mountains of India.

Most Americans are satisfied with Darjeeling. It is one mile and a half straight up in the air above the sea, and if you could pile seven towers like the Eiffel, built in Paris, one on top of the other, or fasten thirteen Washington monuments into one long iron cage and run an elevator through the whole, you would just about reach this altitude. I doubt whether there is a village in Switzerland so high as Darjeeling, and I am certain there is nothing in the Alps to compare with the grandeur of its surroundings.

The plains of India send up moisture to the Himalayas which gives them a thousand clouds where the Alps have one, and here you see clouds of all kinds and shapes climbing each other over the hills below you. You see them crawling up the steep sides of the valleys and climbing to your very feet, when they envelop you, and for ten minutes the mist forces it on that you cannot see the horse on which you are riding. A moment later the cloud has passed, and it floats onward toward the snows above.—Frank G. Carpenter's Letter.

A Double Headed Moccasin.

A party of fishermen returned home from the Cut Off, three miles below Galena, Ills., where they had a angling since early morning with splendid success. These particular disciples of Walton not only secured an abundance of black bass, salmon, pike and sunfish, but brought back with them the most decided curiosity in the shape of an copperas moccasin ever witnessed in this city. It was no less than a double headed snake, pure and indisputable, and a monster serpent at that, of the moccasin variety, its length being little short of five feet, and its circumference around the thickest part of its body eight inches plump.

The serpent was killed near the water's edge by Capt. Leo Heit, an intrepid old soldier, who was fiercely attacked by the reptile, and would no doubt have been severely bitten had it not been for his prowess as a marksman and the rapidity with which he drew his revolver from his pistol pocket and fired a couple of balls in rapid succession into the body of his dangerous antagonist.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Politeness is Shown.

Politeness is manifested by courteous inquiries after the friends and families of those whom you meet and in manifesting a cordial interest in them. It is shown by devoting a little space in every letter to "remembrances" for friends. It is a kindly gentle form of politeness to write occasionally to all from whom you have received kindnesses which warrant you in so doing.

It is polite to conform your dress and (in reason) your habits to the tastes or feelings of those whose guest or associate you may be. It is polite and complimentary to inquire after any one of whose acquaintances your friend may have reason to be proud. It is polite, when you are a guest, to endeavor to enjoy yourself and make others do so. It is polite to those who are assembled in any place to avoid heated argument and all noisy remarks or "remarkable" conduct.—Jean Johnson in Jennie Miller Magazine.

A Rothschild Sentenced to Death.

A strange story comes from Hollina, in Bosnia. A rumor is current among the peasants of the district that Baron Albert Rothschild has been sentenced to death, and that his execution will shortly take place unless he succeeds in finding a substitute prepared to suffer death on the scaffold for a consideration of 1,000,000 florins. The authorities at Djellina have for several weeks past been pestered by applicants prepared to have their heads cut off for the benefit of the Austrian Crœsus. It appears, however, that the applicants have formed a syndicate, among whom the million was to be divided, and that lots were to be drawn for the victim. The authorities have experienced some difficulty in attempting to convince the candidates for death that the rumor is without foundation.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Depredations by Swine.

Otto Flook, of New York, who has a residence near Port Jervis, a few years ago imported a number of wild Russian swine for his game preserve. Four years ago they escaped from the preserve and have since been roaming on the mountains. The other day a party composed of members of the Hartwood Park association, while hunting in their preserve, encountered a small herd of these wild swine, and one was shot which weighed 290 pounds. The animals have committed great depredations on the farms.—Philadelphia Ledger.

According to the Necessity.

It was the day of the late unexpected water famine in Englewood. In the house of a man in Yale street there was only half a gallon of the precious liquid, and the youngest member of the family, just in from a game of crack-the-whip, was preparing to wash his hands.

"Remember, Tommy," said the father, "the water in that pitcher is all there is in the house. You are the smallest of us, and your share of it ought to be less than any one else's."

"It doesn't go accordin' to size," replied Tommy, pouring half the contents of the pitcher into the wash bowl, "but accordin' to the dirt."—Chicago Tribune.

Pertinent Advice.

Miss Tremmer (after the gangplank slipped)—Oh, good Lord, save me! save me! Don't let me d-drown!

Bill the Boatman—Excuse me, lady, but if you'll shet your mout a minnit you'll help him like thunder.—Judge.

Easy Mathematics.

"It is ninety and seventy-six hundredths miles from Philadelphia to New York," said the teacher. "A cat crawls into the hollow wheel of a freight car in Philadelphia; the wheel is thirty-one inches in diameter; how far does the cat travel when the train goes to New York?"

"About twenty-eight feet," said the smart bad boy at the foot of the class. "It was our cat, and she climbed out of the wheel and got run over before the train pulled out half a car length. When the train got past she looked like a map of the fur producing region of the Hudson bay territory, spread out over"——

But the morning hour having expired, and it being the teacher's day to faint, and the time having arrived, she took up the business on the speaker's desk, and proceeded with the regular order.—Courier Journal.

Revenge.

Lionel—Deah boy, did old Hodges weally forbid you the house?

Archy—Yes, sir. And when I called again, don't you know, he had me arrested at the door.

Lionel—Great heavens, you know—aw!

Archy—But, by Jawve, I've a terwibble wevenge for him, y'knaw.

Lionel—Aw—what—aw?

Archy—Why, you see, deah boy, don't you know he has put it in me power—aw—to—aw—jilt his daughter—aw!—Harper's Bazar.

She Did Both.

Mr. Bohre—Did your sister get a letter yesterday, Johnnie?

Johnnie—Yes, sir.

Mr. Bohre—Did she look pleased or give it a warm reception?

Johnnie—Yep: she did both. After she read the letter she laughed fit to bust, and then she put it in the fire.—Journal of Education.

Officially Denied.

"Poor man, you are badly hurt," said a man, as he assisted a wounded passenger out of the wreck.

"No, I'm not," replied the injured man, who happened to be an official of the railroad. "There's been no accident. You just imagine one. You've been hypnotized."—New York Sun.

Made It Early in Life.

"There is a child who is going to make his mark," said the fond mother, as she passed the baby into the young man's arms.

"Yes," he replied, as he caught sight of the place where the rubber ring had been rubbed on his shirt front, "he's done it."—Washington Post.

One Explanation.

Teacher—I don't see why you can't understand this rule in arithmetic, Johnny. It didn't take me five minutes to understand it when it was first explained to me.

Johnny—Perhaps your teacher explained it to you better.—West Shore.

Of Course.

Bloomer (to ragged urchin)—Your parents left you something when they died, did they not?

Urchin—Oh, yes, sir.

Bloomer—And what did they leave you, my little man?

Urchin—An orphan, sir.—Epoch.

The Muzzled Star.

Mamma (to little Nellie)—Would my little girl like to go out with mamma and look at the stars?

Little Nellie—Oh, yes; and I want you to show me the dog star, mamma—that is, if it's muzzled so that it can't bite.—Epoch.

Poor Man.

Mrs. Dobbins (reading)—Countess Maria von Kensky, of Bohemia, has bagged 133 hares in one day.

Dobbins—Her husband will soon be baldheaded at that rate.—Epoch.

Cause and Effect.

"Will I scream if you kiss me, Mr. Major? That depends. You can't expect effect to precede cause, and you surely don't expect me to jump at the idea!"—Philadelphia Times.

Sometimes They Are H—gs.

"Boys will be boys—you can't hope to change them."

"Well, I wish men would follow out the plan and be men."—Courier Journal.

A Duck of a Doggie.

Miss Canvasback—How do you give your little doggie exercise?

Miss Redhead—I speak kindly to him, and he wags his tail.—Puck.

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OH, MY BACK!
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SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and have sought aid from different physicians without relief. About the 9th of April I was suffering from a very violent attack that almost prostrated me in such a manner that I was bent over. When I sat down it was almost impossible for me to get up alone, or to put on my clothes, when kind Providence sent Dr. Hanley, with the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, to my hotel. I immediately commenced using the tea. It had an almost miraculous effect, and to the astonishment of all the guests at the hotel, in a few days, I am happy to state, that I was a new man. I will recommend the tea to all afflicted as I have been.

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