HAZEL GREEN HERALD

SPENCER COOPER, Proprietor.

HAZEL GREEN - - KENTUCKY.

POISON TALK.

A Pharmacist's Chatter About Death-Dealing Drugs and Antidotes.

"The careful druggist never puts poisonous drugs in shelf bottles. He keeps them in the original packages in the poison drawer of his prescription case, under lock and key. But where a druggist makes one error his customers make ten, and yet almost invariably you will find that mistaken doses of poisons are charged to fault on the part of the druggist. Let me show you what I mean. What would you call this?"

He produced a paper containing a white powder.

"Baking-powder?"

"No; guess again."

"Cream of Tartar?"

"Not any. It is arsenic. I may sell a quantity of arsenic on a doctor's prescription, properly label it and caution the buyer to be careful in its use, and yet suffer in my good name through having sold it. How? In this way. The arsenic may be taken out of the original package, or the label may be lost, and the drug placed in a cupboard, whence it may be carelessly taken and used by mistake for baking-powder. The result is a case of accidental poisoning. The first question asked in such cases is: 'Where was the poison purchased?' Without knowing the circumstances of the case at all, thoughtless people at once jump to the conclusion that the mistake was the druggist's. Many a pharmacist's reputation has been blighted in this way, and the evil is so great that our State Association has advised that our druggists color all arsenic—according to a formula which does not interfere with its properties—before selling it, so that it may by no possibility be taken for anything else.

"Oxalic acid has been taken in a number of cases for epsom salts, which it somewhat resembles, the crystals of the acid being much coarser than those of the salts, however. When it has been taken by mistake the symptoms are unmistakable. They are exquisite pain, violent efforts to vomit, dullness, languor, debility, and finally death without a struggle in a very short time after taking the poison.

"There is but little hope with this poison; but if an antidote be taken at once it may be effective. Chalk or magnesia mixed with water, and administered in large doses, is the best that can be used; but if not to be had at once whitewash, swallowed in quantities, may serve the purpose of a counteractant.

"In cases where morphine has been taken through mistake for quinine the symptoms will be that of laudanum poisoning, in which drowsiness is the prominent feature. An emetic should be at once administered, such as mustard-flour, followed by copious draughts of warm water, after which all the attention is to be given to keeping the patient awake and in constant motion. Coffee in large and strong doses will often promote wakefulness when other efforts fail.

"Corrosive sublimate has been mistaken for washing soda, and left about within the reach of children; but arsenic captures more victims than all the others.

"When you have poisoned yourself with arsenic a fetid state of the mouth will be first noticed, followed by continual hawking, constriction of the pharynx and œsophagus or throat, hiccough, nausea, inflammation of the lips, tongue and throat, vomiting, thirst and alternations of heat and icy coldness.

"The first thing to be done, in case no emetic be handy, is to thrust a feather, or even a finger, down your throat sufficiently to bring about the desired result. Swallow milk, white of eggs and water, or flour and water. Follow this with ferric hydrate, which is the best antidote known, in quantities at least twelve times as great as the amount of arsenic taken. The antidote is innocent, however, and may be swallowed in almost any quantity. It should be given in doses of a tablespoonful at a time for adults, and a teaspoonful for children, every five or ten minutes."—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

A LOST CITY.

Only a Few Signs Remaining of a Once Prosperous Town.

One hundred years ago there were 6,000 residents in St. Mary's City, Maryland. To-day there are two houses here. One is an Episcopal Church, and the other is a prosperous female academy. St. Mary's City is in St. Mary's County, in the southern part of the State. It is pleasantly situted on the St. Mary's River, a branch of the Potomac. Last summer St. Mary's City celebrated its 250th anniversary. It was at St. Mary's City that Lord Baltimore and his party landed when he settled Maryland. To-day there is but one family residing here. During the school season there are about fifty young ladies here. There are but few signs of the lost city. Here and there, there are yet to be seen traces of the foundation walls of the little city that was; but even these are about obliterated. At this place was built the first State House in Maryland. Years afterward Annapolis was made the capital. The outlines of the foundation of the old State House are still visible. Many of the imported bricks, which came from England, were used in the construction of the church that was built many years after the capital was changed to Annapolis. Others were used in building the Academy. Imported bricks were used in the construction of many of the original houses in this country. They are about one-third longer, a half-inch wider, and a half-inch thicker than the modern-made brick. They are also much harder, and had more of the appearance of stone than red-clay brick which is now in use.

The mulberry tree under which Lord Baltimore offered prayer upon his arrival 251 years ago, still stands, though a great many branches have been cut off, from time to time, to be worked up in canes and other relics, so dear to Marylanders, as well as to some others.—*St. Mary's City (Md.) Cor. Hartford Times.*

—French engineers have succeeded in finding water in the desert country of Southern Tunis. At the depth of more than 300 feet they struck a current which rushed forth from the surface with such velocity as to carry huge stones high into the air.

HOW IT TASTED.

She was a maid of many charms,
As lovely as the rose;
She held her poodle in her arms
And fondly kissed his nose.

Her lover, lying at her feet,
Was envious as could be,
And said: "Oh, give a kiss as sweet
As that, my love, to me!"

She stooped and kissed him on the lips,
Then sprang he to his feet;
She, blushing to her finger-tips,
Inquired: "Well, was it sweet?"

He wiped his mouth, picked up his cane,
And then prepared to jog,
Remarking: "Sweet? Well, to be plain,
It kind o' tastes of dog."

—*Boston Courier.*

A SCHOOL-MA'AM FARMER.

Farmer Thistlepod's Account of Her Manner of Running Various Agricultural Implements—Her Departure a Great Loss to the Farm.

Editor of the Eagle: Noticin' in your columns quite recent a paragraph to the followin':

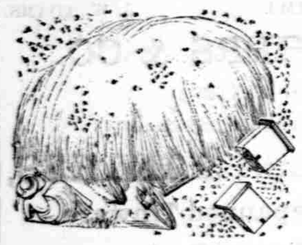
"Miss Ella Witchazel, a charming young school teacher of Villisca, Ia., finding the close confinement and arduous duties of the school-room injuring her health, tried the out-door cure. Instead of spending her winter's salary and summer vacation in a crowded hotel at the seashore, she went on a farm, cut twenty-five acres of prairie hay, harvested forty acres of wheat, gained twenty pounds in weight, a coat of tan for her hands and face, and a rugged health that can not be equaled any where off a farm. There's the girl you are looking for, young man."

Now, what I want to say: I am well aquainted with this young school-marm. Fact is it was my farm she spent the summer on. Nice girl, Ella is, as ever run wild in the sun. We was glad, wife an' me, to have her come, an' she did 'bout as she pleased on the farm. I'd often read in the papers 'bout these young women that taught school in the winter an' farmed in the summer, but I never had any experiences of 'em before.

Well, sir, she farmed. First day, nothin'd do but she must drive the hoss rake. Well, every man an woman that comes from town wants to drive the hoss rake, an' they call

that gittin' in the hay. My little Janey, eleven years old next May, usually drives the rake for us, but she ain't ben feelin' overly peart this summer an' I kinder kept her out of the sun. So Miss Ella gits herself boosted up on the hoss rake—my boy Joe he boosted her—an' then she screamed an' fell off. Then she got on agin, hit the hoss a crack an' away she went on the dead jump out o' the field into the road, hoss a goin', dust a flyin' an' Miss Ella screechin'. Some of the men headed her off an' stopped the hoss. Then she tried it agin. This time she struck right straight through the standin' grass where it was tallest an' thickest and tangledest; hoss a balkin' and tuggin' away by turns, grass holdin' on or comin' up by the roots, rake teeth a snappin'. We got her out of that, and lost a whole day on the rake, gettin' it mended.

Then she tried drivin' a load into the big barn. Had to send to the house for a ladder, an' then all the men had to go clear out of the field while she climbed up on the load. Drivin' in she got the wagon caught in a hedge gap as wide as the Missouri River, run over two stand of bees, upset the load and buried herself under three hundred pounds of hay. It was the safest place for her under the excitin' circumstances; so we jest left her ther' ontil the bees got cammed down an' we got some



work done. Next load she went in on, and then turned all of the men out of the barn while she climbed up into the mow, an' then she wandered around ontil she stepped into a chute and shot down about twenty-eight feet into the cow barn an' lit right on the back of a Jersey calf that was worth $250 of any man's money an hour before. Miss Ella wa'n't killed, but she was that jammed up that she lay in bed two days, an' but for that providence we'd hev ben workin' at that hay yet. An' anybody that wants a broken back calf can have one at his own figgers.

Well, come wheat harvest, she must drive the self-binder. That was a leetle too risky, but she had her own way. But she couldn't be trusted up above the knives, so somebody had to set up there an' hold her on. My boy Joe, he held her on—I told Joe she was a makin' a fool of him—an' if she didn't make him drive around every poppy an' every blossomin' weed she see in that field to save it. Never mind the wheat, but save the blamed weeds. There was only one stump on that three hundred and twenty acres of prairie land, just one stump, an' I hope I may go to seed before Thanksgivin' if that girl didn't run into it an' break the reaper. Lost all the rest of that day a mendin' of it.

Next day, she was that proud an' confident she could drive alone. Well, we tied her into the seat so's't she couldn't fall off

an' she started. Two rod from the start a big, black snake stuck up his head—an' you know how slick them knives amputate a snake? Miss Ella, she gives a faint little squeak, an' faints dead away. My boy Joe—he's always hangin' around—he jumped for the horses, took Miss Ella down and carried her to the house. Money, nor healthy tan, nor rugged appetite, nor nothin' couldn't coax Miss Witchazel into that field agin, an' we got through harvestin' all right. Land, how the men laffed. And yet, we all liked the girl. But the idee of her farmin'. Why, do you know, sir, one day in hayin', she went to town—took one of my best work horses an' was gone all day, an' came home with 'bout twenty yards of blue and white ribbons, and tied 'em on the men's hats and the rake handles, and wanted us all to wear biled shirts, with the sleeves looped up with blue ribbon, go marchin' out to the hayfield, me at the head with the most and longest ribbons, a singin': "We merry haymakers, tra la, la, la, la!" She saw it done that way once in a concert or theayter an' thought that was the way hayin' was always done. An' she was so vexed that she cried when we wouldn't wear 'em. Law, when I put on that hat, ma laid back and laughed till the tears ran down her dear old cheeks. "Job Thistlepod," she said, "if you'll go out an' work in that rig, you'll scare away the grasshoppers." My boy, Joe, he did wear his hat out, but he hid it under the hedge when he got out of sight of the house. I told Joe he was the biggest fool I ever see.

Well, Miss Ella got along fairly well after wheat harvest. Gathered some graceful sprays, she called 'em, of poison ivy one day, and couldn't see out of one eye for nigh a week. One day she took a tin pail to go out after berries, and when she went through the cow pasture the cows thought there was salt in the pail and chased her till she was nigh ready to drop. And she went to the barn once an' tried to harness a young Tuckahoe colt that had never had a halter on him, an' how she got out of the stable alive 's more'n I can tell. But what I wanted to say is that that's about the way the young women who farm so grace

ful in the newspapers usually farm on the farm. But we liked her. An' we hated to see her go. An' she will make a splendid wife for some man, if she can't run a farm, but I don't know about your young men comin' out to look after her, for when she said good-bye to me to go back to town, she throwed her arms around my neck an' gin me a kiss that I says to my boy Joe, standin' by the wagon to take her to town, he was always somewhere around: "Joe," I says, "You'd give your share in the farm for that," an' Joe he didn't seem to care for anything of the kind, an' Miss Ella, she up an' give me another squeeze an' a kiss, an' I saw her looking over my shoulder at my boy Joe and—haw! haw! haw!—*Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

A DECIDED BARGAIN.

Why a Detroit Citizen Was Anxious to Negotiate a Loan.

"Say! for heaven's sake lend me two cents!" he gasped, as he rushed into a saloon near the foot of Jefferson avenue yesterday.

"Lend you two cents?"

"Yes, yes! All I want is two cents!"

"See you hanged first!"

"Say! lend me two cents!" exclaimed the man, as he rushed out the door and nearly upset a pedestrian with a sachel.

"I'll give you two kicks instead!" replied the man as he recovered his balance, but the other had skipped across the street to importune the driver of an express wagon. He was finally asked what he wanted of the money, and he explained:

"I was over at the depot. Fellow with a big neck rubs agin me. I tells him to look out. He says he will lick me for two cents. I feels in all my pockets, but I haven't a red. Just imagine my embarrassment!"

"You'd better drop the matter."

"What! when I haven't had a fight for seven months, nor been licked for two years! Never! It's the cheapest offer I ever had, and I'll accept it if I have to steal the money!"

And he continued his way up the street and halted every pedestrian to appeal:

"Say! if you have any mercy on a poor, forlorn man, lend me two cents!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

He Had Cause for Alarm.

Physician—You do not need medicine at all. Take plenty of exercise and a mild tonic—say a bottle of claret every day.

Patient (in alarm)—Oh, no! I can't do that.

"H'm. Temperance man?"

"Oh, no! But the fact is I was in the wine business myself once, and I know how it's made."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The Early Bird Catches On.

"So, Mrs. Yamspinner, you are left a widow?"

"Ye-ye-yes, boo-hoo-o-o-o."

"There, there, don't cry. That won't bring him back."

"I know it, but it will excite sympathy and help me to get another."—*Chicago News.*

A DUDE'S REASON.

FIRST DUDE—[*Putting on a cuff*]—Deah me! It's a we'al pity for a man to lose his arm.

SECOND DUDE—Ah! Why so, Chawles?

FIRST DUDE—Well, the pooh man couldn't weah we'al nice, beautiful cuffs any more, y' know.—*Sam.*

What C. O. D. Stands For.

"What's the meaning of C. O. D.?"

"Collect on delivery."

"Well, I kind o' suspicioned it meant something like that."

"You did?"

"Yes; I got a box by express the other day with them letters on it, and I had to pony up before they'd let me take it, and from that I ciphered it out that they meant 'Come Omediately Down.'"—*Chicago Ledger.*

A Happy Death.

A negro living on Onion Creek came to Austin recently, and the following conversation occurred between him and a city friend:

"How is Pete Jackson?"

"He is done dead."

"Yer don't tole me so. How did hit come about?"

"He died wid digesshun ob de lungs, but surrounded wid de bes' wishes ob de hull neighborhood."—*Texas Siftings.*

His Guilty Conscience.

"Here's a strange phenomenon, hubby."

"What's that, my dear?"

"This paper tells of a night-blooming cereus in Massachusetts that blooms in the daytime."

"Well, that is rather paradoxical."

"Yes, dear, and do you know I've noticed lately a great many evidences of night turning into day."

"My darling, I hope you will not permit your insinuations to become personal."—*Chicago News.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Raw meat, if fed sparingly, is as good as cooked for laying hens.—*Troy Times.*

—If the teeth be brushed with soap daily and once a week with salt, the formation of tartar will be arrested.—*Chicago Times.*

—The Philadelphia *Press* says two-thirds of the orchards reported dying of old age are really starving to death. They need manure.

—The following is recommended as excellent for keeping blood-sucking flies from horses and cattle: Mix twenty parts of glycerine with one part carbolic acid and rub lightly on the hair, but not on the skin.—*Albany Journal.*

—When you are ready to sow your wheat select the choicest and plumpest grain. Shriveled seed should never be used. With good seed one-half the difficulty is removed. Make the seed-bed fine and have all the conditions as favorable as possible.—*Toledo Blade.*

—The oftener carpets are shaken the longer they wear. The dirt that collects under them grinds out the threads. Do not sweep carpets oftener than is necessary. A broom wears them very much. When a carpet is faded, strong salt and water will often restore the brightness of the color.—*Detroit Post.*

—In selecting trees give preference to those with smooth, healthy-looking bark, which have entirely shed their leaves and have plenty of small, fibrous roots. Trees on which the leaves remain after the first frost sets in and stick to the branches in the spring may be regarded as not healthy.—*Exchange.*

—Don't milk a troublesome cow, but turn a calf or two to her and let them do the milking. An average cow will raise four calves to veal age during a season, and these will bring forty to fifty dollars. This is often more than can be made from her milk. The same policy would pay farmers situated at a distance from market. As a rule it will pay them better to let their cows raise calves than to make butter and cheese to sell.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Coffee Cake: Two cups brown sugar, one cup butter, five eggs, one-half cup molasses, one nutmeg grated, two teaspoonfuls cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one-half cup made coffee, three heaping cups flour, one cup raisins, one cup currants, one teaspoonful saleratus dissolved in warm water, one-quarter pound of citron, one teaspoonful lemon extract. Cream butter and sugar together, and be sure to flour the fruit before stirring it in; bake in a moderately fast oven.—*The Household.*

—Chow-Chow: One-half peck finely-chopped green tomatoes, five white onions chopped; salt these over night; in the morning squeeze as dry as possible, then add one small tablespoonful of ground black pepper, one small tablespoonful of ground allspice, two small tablespoonfuls of ground cloves, four of mustard, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of horse-radish, grated, six mountain sweet peppers sliced very finely, one-half pint of white mustard-seed. Mix well and add cold vinegar, say one quart, then put in wide-mouthed bottles.—*Boston Globe.*

DIFFERENCE IN METHOD.

Why Russia Experiences Less Trouble With Subjugated Asiatic Peoples Than Great Britain.

The establishment, by the Russian Government, of branch banks in the Central Asian towns of Khiva and Bokhara, illustrates, perhaps better than any other incident could, the difference between England and Russia in dealing with the half savage peoples of Asia. Although each is known in that continent only as a conquering power, although the methods of each in spreading its dominion have been force and fraud in about equal degrees, and neither scrupled to deceive an enemy or betray a friend whenever a point was to be gained by so doing, the success of the two has been widely different. Russia has not only acquired much more territory than England, but, after its acquisition, it is the source of less trouble. Revolts sometimes occur in Russian Asia, but they are always of purely local origin, are confined to narrow limits, and are suppressed with very little difficulty. Nor does it appear that there is ever felt by the Russian officials any of that constant dread which makes official life in India not worth the living.

The difference is certainly remarkable, but a reason for it is easily found. The Russian Government is rough and unscrupulous in acquiring territory and subjugating peoples, but after the land has once passed under Russian control, it becomes in every sense of the word a portion of the Russian Empire, and its people become Russians. Russia, therefore, has no conquered provinces; one part is just as much Russia as another, and the deputy from Khiva kneels at the throne of the Czar, side by side with the deputy from the Baltic Provinces, while the Lapp and the Turkoman fight shoulder to shoulder in the Russian army, and the promotion of one for gallantry is just as assured as that of the other. There is thus developed in the Empire a sort of national spirit, a pride in the name of Russia, which inspires the Asiatic savage with a new feeling; from being a member of a petty, wandering horde, he has become a citizen of a mighty Empire; he wears the uniform and fights under the eagles of the "Great White Czar;" from depending upon robbery he receives pay; he may even become a General and nobleman of the Empire.

In India there is not the slightest trace of anything of the kind. India is conquered territory, and every day, in a thousand ways, the Indians are made to feel their subordination. They are subjects, and no effort is apparent to conceal the fact. While there has been a marked improvement in their condition since the English conquest, they feel no gratitude for what is done for them, since the English self-interest prompted the military holders of the country to improve it, it being more profitable to have slaves in good than in poor condition. The army is Indian, but no man of native birth has any chance for more than the humblest promotion, and thus there is no special incentive to excellence either on the drill-ground or in the field. The result of this national policy is seen in the continual stirrings of revolution. England is educating the Indians after a fashion, and the enlightenment they receive is just sufficient to make them thoroughly dissatisfied. Russia makes her conquests Russian without taking the trouble to teach them anything further: England is busy giving liberal training to millions of slaves who are all the more rapidly becoming imbued with the idea that they are under a despotism from which they should be glad to escape.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

THE ORIOLE'S SONG.

Impossible to Describe or Reduce the Notes of These Charming Birds.

This bird's song consisted of four notes, and it is curious that although there is a peculiar, rich, flute-like quality by which the oriole notes may be recognized, no two sing alike. Robins, song sparrows, and perhaps all other birds sing differently from each other, so far as I have observed, but none differ so greatly—in my opinion—as orioles. The four that I have been able to study carefully enough to reduce this song to the musical scale, though all having the same compass, arranged the notes differently in every case. The oriole is, of course, not limited in expression to his song. I have spoken of his cry of distress or of war, which was two tones slurred together. The ordinary call, as he goes about a tree, especially a fruit-tree in bloom, seeking insects over and under each leaf or blossom, is a single note, loud and clear. If a pair are on the tree together, it is the same, but much softer.

An oriole that I watched in the Catskill Mountains regularly fed his mate while she was sitting, and as she left the nest after giving her a morsel, he uttered two notes which sounded exactly like "A-dieu," adding, after a pause, two more which irresistibly said, "Dear-y." There was a peculiar mournfulness in this bird's strain, as if he implied "It's a sad world; a world of cats and crows and inquisitive people, and we may never meet again." Perhaps it was prophetic, for disaster did overtake the little family; a high wind rocked the cradle—which also was on a small maple tree—so violently as to throw out the youngsters before they could fly. The accident was remedied as far as possible by returning them to the nest, but whether they were injured by the fall I never learned.

Scolding is quite ready to an oriole's tongue, and even squawks like a robin's are not unknown. The female has similar utterances, but in those I have listened to her song was weaker, lacked the clear-cut perfection of her mate's, and sounded like the first efforts of a young bird. In the case of those now under consideration, the female reproduced exactly her partner's notes, only in this inferior style, which seemed rather unusual. The sweetest sound the oriole utters is a very low one, to his mate when near her, or flying away from her, or to his nestlings before they leave the home. It is a tender, yearning call that makes one feel like an intruder, and as if he should beg pardon and retire. It is impossible to describe or reduce to the scale, but is is well worth waiting and listening for.—*Atlantic.*

—In an unfrequented and almost inaccessible spot on the Navajo Indian reservation, in a wild locality seldom trod by the feet of civilized men, a stone monument, erected by United States surveyors, marks a most important spot. That monument stands on the corners of the State of Colorado and the Territories of Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, and is the only place in the United States where a person can stand with his hands and feet in four different political divisions.—*Salt Lake Tribune.*

—"The first step in taste," wrote the late Leigh Hunt, "is to dislike all artifice; the next is to demand nature in her perfection; but the best of all is to find out the hidden beauty, which is the soul of beauty itself, to wit, the sentiment of it. The lovliest hair is nothing if the wearer is incapable of a grace. The finest eyes are not fine if they say nothing. What is the finest harp to me, strung with gold and adorned with the figure of Venus, if it answer with a discordant note and hath no cords in it fit to be wakened?"

—A recent compilation from criminal records shows that for each 10,000,000 of the population the number of murders is as follows in the various countries named: England 237, Belgium 240, France 265, Scandinavia 266, Germany 279, Ireland 294, Austria 310, Russia 323, Italy 504, Spain 533, United States 820.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—In the New York directory the name Smith occupies 38 columns, Brown 20, Miller 18, Clark 13, Williams 11, Jones 10, Ryan 9, Campbell 7, King 6 and Robinson 5. From this it appears that Smith still holds the championship, and Brown maintains the record, but that Jones and Robinson have lamentably fallen off.—*N. Y. Times.*

Young Men, Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for 30 days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor, and manhood guaranteed. No risk incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet, free.

"CAN you tell me what a smile is, little maiden?" "Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."—*Golden Days.*

NOT a defaulting bank officer in Canada has taken the small-pox. What is small-pox good for, anyway?—*Boston Post.*

LITTLE JACK: "My mamma's new fan is hand-painted." "Little Dick: "Pooh! who cares? Our whole fence is."—*N. Y. Independent.*

"THERE are sermons in stone," says Shakespeare. And a Broadway confectioner advertises "ice cream in bricks."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

A VETERAN traveler says the reason so many railroad trains are having centennial celebrations is to enable them to work off the sandwiches their boarding-houses have been accumulating since the towns were established.—*Williamsport Breakfast Table.*

A ROUSING demonstration—Getting a growing boy out of bed.

ADOLPHUS, you are wrong. An artist does not always hang his picture. But he frequently butchers it.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"A SPOTTED ADDER" is a name grimly given by the Boston *Record* to defaulting cashiers.

A SCHOOL-BOARD examiner in Boston lately asked the following questions of a little girl: "What is the plural of man?" "Men." "Very well! And what is the plural of child?" "Twins," was the triumphant response.—*Golden Days.*

ENGAGED couples can now kiss without holding their breath. The onion crop is a failure this season.—*N. Y. Journal.*

THERE is one man in the country who never believes a circus advertisement. He is the man who writes it.—*Puck.*

MOST kinds of roots and barks are used as medicines now, except the cube and square roots and the bark of a pup.—*N. Y. News.*

FITZ has a good-looking daughter who he says will never marry a dude. Dudes usually dislike Miss Fitz.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

TWO NOTED MINSTRELS,

Who Have Won Fortunes and What They Say About Stage Life.

From Stage Whispers.

"Billy" Emerson has recently made a phenomenal success in Australia, and is rich.

Emerson was born at Belfast in 1846. He began his career with Joe Sweeney's minstrels in Washington in 1857. Later on he jumped into prominence in connection with Newcomb's minstrels with whom he visited Germany. He visited Australia in 1874 and on his return to America joined Haverley's minstrels in San Francisco at $500 a week and expenses. With this troupe he played before her majesty, the Queen, the Prince of Wales, and royalty generally. After this trip he leased the Standard theater, San Francisco, where for three years he did the largest business ever known to minstrelsy. In April last he went to Australia again, where he has "beaten the record."

"Billy" is a very handsome fellow, an excellent singer, dances gracefully, and is a true humorist.

"Yes, sir, I have traveled all over the world, have met all sorts of people, come in contact with all sorts of customs, and had all sorts of experiences. One must have a constitution like a locomotive to stand it.

"Yes, I know I seem to bear it like a major and I do, but I tell you candidly that with the perpetual change of diet, water and climate, if I had not maintained my vigor with regular use of Warner's Safe Cure I should have gone under long ago."

George H. Primrose, whose name is known in every amusement circle in America, is even more emphatic, if possible, than "Billy" Emerson, in commendation of the same article to sporting and traveling men generally, among whom it is a great favorite.

Emerson has grown rich on the boards and so has Primrose, because they have not squandered the public's "favors."

"THE canny Scot" ought to go into the fruit-canning business.—*Washington Hatchet.*

A Wonderful Freak of Nature

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