

NO JOKING WITH AN INDIAN.

One Man Who Used Boxing Gloves Found His Cut.

"It is dangerous to joke with an Indian," said Henry L. Purvis of Santa Fe, to the Globe Democrat reporter. "His sense of humor is so dull that he is apt to think himself insulted when he is merely being made the butt of a joke. Several years ago I came very near getting into a serious difficulty for trying to have a little fun at the expense of a certain chief. At that time I was clerk at the supply store of the reservation in Southern Colorado. Life was very dull out there and one day, when a chief, accompanied by about twenty warriors, came to the post, I thought I would get up a little boxing match just to break the monotony. I had a pair of boxing gloves, and after explaining their use to the chief, asked him to put them on with me. He at once agreed and we two went into a vacant room in the rear of the store just to spar a few rounds for points. It seems that the Indian had not fully understood my explanation in regard to the use of the gloves.

After adjusting the gloves I told him how to stand and guard himself. Then I told him to hit me if he could. Indians, you know, never hit with their hands in conflict, and the attempt he made to hit me were awkward in the extreme. All at once I struck out with my right, and catching Mr. Chief under the ear, landed him in a heap on the floor. That was enough for him. Springing to his feet, he tore the gloves from his hands, and, jerking his knife from his belt, he made for me to wipe out what he considered an irreparable insult. Taking in the situation in a moment, I whipped out my revolver, and leveling it at his head, I told him if he moved another step I would blow his brains out. He halted, and I proceeded to explain to him how it all came about, and that no offense was meant. He was loath to believe it, however, and it took him some time to cool down. At last, on my making him a present of a bottle of whiskey, he promised to renounce all hostile intentions, and on leaving the room called his companions and started at once for home. In his visits to the post afterward he always eyed me with suspicion and would never act in the friendly way he had been accustomed to before."

TOO MUCH WARDROBE.

The Manager Didn't Approve of the Juvenile's Luxuriousness.

A manager who had not been paying salaries for a great while called his company together one day and said: "Gentlemen, our next stand is eighteen miles from here, and I have only enough money to pay railroad fares for the ladies and myself, but I met a farmer on a load of hay this morning who had just come over the road. He assures me on his honor as a gentleman and a farmer that the roads are good and the blackberries ripe along the entire route, and here is ten cents—get a plug of tobacco to jolly you up on the way and you won't mind the walk at all."

Well, for so many, many months the ghost had failed at due intervals to salute this little band, that the leading man decided upon remaining in the village and trusting to luck, writes Marie Adair in the Chicago Inter Ocean. In consequence, the juvenile man was obliged thereafter to double the leading part with his own.

After several weeks of this extra work he summoned sufficient courage to demand the price of his laundry.

"How much money do you require?" asked the manager.

"Fifty cents," said the actor. "I had five shirts and—"

"Great Scott!" interrupted the manager, "five shirts! Why, my boy, what folly! I never had but two shirts at a time in my life. How can you get out of hotels with five shirts to carry?"

"Besides," the young man continued, "I am obliged to have a postage stamp."

"What?" exclaimed the manager, "a postage stamp? Do you for a moment think I will give you a postage stamp, and have you writing to some manager for another engagement and leave me in the lurch? No, sir; no, sir. Here's twenty-six cents for your laundry, but don't tell the other boys I gave you money or they'll all be after me."

Part of the Penalty.

At one time in the Michigan City penitentiary there was a renaissance in the moral discipline of the prison and all were compelled to attend chapel regularly. One of the prisoners came to the warden one day and begged to be allowed to remain away from the chapel exercises, as he wanted Sundays to write letters to his friends. The warden looked at the beseeching convict in amazement. "What," he exclaimed, "allow you to stay away from religious exercises all the time? No, sir! Why, man, don't you know that's part of a penalty?" and the convict continued to worship regularly, while the warden led in prayer.—Argonaut.

A Super in Buffalo.

Buffalo feels uneasy because a leper named Sheehan has been visiting the town. The poor man, who is a native of County Kerry, began working on railroads at Pittsburg in 1860, and a few years ago had charge of a gang of Poles and Hungarians. A round spot appeared on his forehead some time ago and has since developed rapidly into tubercular leprosy. He has been treated by many ignorant doctors, and is now doomed to end his days in the lazaretto at Tracadie.

THE JULIUS TOWER.

It Contains the Millions of Germany's War Treasures.

The Julius tower, not far from Berlin, contains the war treasure of 120,000,000 marks yielding no interest. This large sum, consisting of crowns and double crowns, is from time to time, without long notice, counted by two members of the imperial debt committee. Entrance to the well-guarded tower can only be gained if these two members put their complicated keys in the keyhole simultaneously. Needless to say that there is always a sentry at the entrance door. A strict record is kept of the hour of opening and closing the tower. On opening it one enters at once into the rotunda, where the shining 120,000,000 marks are stored. This vast sum is divided into twelve equal parts, each subdivided into ten others of the value of 1,000,000 each. This 1,000,000 is again distributed in ten bags of 10,000 marks each, two-thirds of which sum is in ten-mark pieces. When a revision is ordered the number of the division and subdivisions to be counted is chosen at haphazard.

For the counting a squad of soldiers is ordered. As soon as some of the 100,000 mark bags are counted and found correct the war treasure is considered to be properly revised. The other large funds—those of the invalids' relief and the fortification building fund—are also overhauled by carefully comparing the coupon sheets, numbers, series, &c., with the original entries. Until the beginning of the new reichstag building, this fund was also kept in the Julius tower. As soon as the work of counting and comparing is finished the auditor's report is drawn up and signed by both functionaries—the two keys are again simultaneously inserted in the locks—and the revision of the war treasure is concluded. The "counters" are drawn up in line and marched back to the barracks, and the "committee" drive off in a cab and the "hoard" is left once more in that absolute quietude which every peace-loving Teuton hopes it may enjoy for many years to come.

FATE OF TWO SPARROWS.

They Were Gaping Peepers on a Steamship When Something Happened.

Two impertinent sparrows met a curious and untimely death in the presence of an interested New York crowd a few days ago. One of the Cunard steamships was being warped in to her dock while crowds of people on the pier and the vessel were chafing at the delay and slowness of the tedious process. A thick hawser fastened to a capstan near the bow was being used in the warping process and was stiff as a pole under the tremendous strain.

The sparrows who had been twittering and chirping about the place fluttered out to examine the hawser. Evidently it was a new perch stretched for their benefit where it would afford a good view of both boat and pier, they thought. They settled on it half way out. At first the slight vibration of the big rope caused them some uneasiness, but they soon got over it and fell to pecking fun at the waiting people. They would glance pertly first at the travelers; then at the expectant friends, and then they would turn to each other and chirp out impertinent, gaudy remarks and twitter with glee until they nearly fell off their perch.

In the very midst of their enjoyment something happened. There was a muffled report and the thick hawser parted like a thread just where the feathered jokers had been standing, causing the deckmen to run as one end came writhing toward them like a snake. It was like the burst of thunder sound in Mrs. Hemans' poem: the birds, oh, where were they? Two little fluffy bunches of feathers rode the crest of a ripple in the water and disappeared under the pier.

"Poor little things. It killed them," said a lady on the pier.

Then a new hawser took the place of the old, the big ship swung in, and everybody pushed forward to greet long-absent friends.

She Felt Safe Then.

It was during a recent small-pox scare in a certain town in the Midlands, in England. An old lady from the country thought she would like to take a cab, but she was rather nervous, having heard that many of the cabs had been used to carry small-pox patients to the hospitals. She asked the driver whether there was any risk of catching the disease. "Not in the least, mum," answered the cabbie; "I've had one of my back wheels vaccinated, mum." Thus reassured, the old lady stepped in and proceeded on her way.

Will Wheat Turn to Cheat?

Some who read this headline will say "yes" and swear to it, while others, equally as well acquainted with the mysterious in agricultural lore, will declare that "like produces like" and that one species of grain never sprung from another. There is but one instance on record in all the annals of agriculture where a spike of wheat has been found in a bed of wheat. This curiosity is, or was quite recently at least, preserved in the agricultural museum in Springfield, Ill.

Jack as Good as His Master.

A prominent Milwaukee lawyer who has a few peculiarities of his own, employs as his stenographer a young lawyer who has even more peculiarities, and some great stories are told about their doings. It is said that when the employer takes his stenographer into his private office to dictate a brief they frequently fall into hot disputes as to the law, and occasionally the young lawyer declines to take down such nonsense as he deems his employer's utterances to be.

Studying to Please.

Sharp-Nosed Woman—Seems to me your paper's all too high priced. Wall-Paper Dealer—This is the entire line of samples of the biggest factory in America, madam, and I guarantee the prices to be as low as any in the market. "Haven't you got something cheaper?" "Surely you don't want anything cheaper than six cents a double roll?" "Is that the cheapest you've got?" "It is."

"I wish you had something for about four cents." (Yelling through the speaking tube). "Harris, send up a sample of butcher's wrapping paper. I believe on my soul Mrs. Hotty Green's here."

Now They Go Slumming.

Country visitors to New York almost always visit Trinity churchyard, the gallery of the stock exchange, Brooklyn bridge and Castle Garden. Since the investigation of New York's crime infested quarters has been given such prominence in the newspapers very many strangers now go "slumming" on their own account, visiting Hester street and the shady precincts in the Tenderloin district.

Testing His Ability.

Lolterer, at railway station—Why does that boy set up a yell every time a locomotive whistles blows? Small Boy—He's tryin' ter see if he's got voice enough to drown the noise of the engine.

Lolterer—What for? Small Boy—He wants ter find out if he's adapted for sellin' papers.

Misplaced Dignity.

At a ball a gentleman was accosted by a lady. Drawing himself up he said, with a patronizing air: "I beg your pardon, but I do not think I have the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"Probably not," was the answer, "as I am your hostess."—London Truth.

Ready for Anything.

Mr. Friepan—Dear Miss Grabber, may I dare to hope that some day you will be my wife? Miss Grabber—You may, Henry; and the sooner the better. Get your life insured and the license to-morrow. We'll get married the day after. Delays are dangerous.—Judge.

Misdirected Sympathy.

An absent-minded landlord called on a tenant to condole with him on the death of a valuable cow. The cause of its disease had been enveloped in mystery, and while explaining it, the landlord, though a kind and sympathizing person, went off into the clouds. The last words of the narrative were: "And would you believe it, when we opened her we found she had been choked by a large turnip that was sticking in her gullet." Here the landlord woke up, and, in a congratulatory tone of voice, observed: "Ah, yes, and so you got your turnip?"

Early Christian Milkmen.

St. Ireneus, one of the very early fathers of the church, in the second century after Christ, writes as follows: "As was said by one, concerning all who in any way deprave the things of God and adulterate the truth, 'it is evil mingling gypsum with milk.'" Some have thought that St. Peter, when he used the expression in his epistle, "the sincere milk of the word," means "unadulterated" milk. Certainly the Greek word which means in one version we translate "sincere," would bear this interpretation.

Buried in the Same Grave.

In the violet calm of evening, just as dusk was deepening into darkness, and the pall of night was settling over the world, she spurned his suit. "No," she said calmly but firmly. "Then I will be avenged," he hissed. Presenting her little brother with a toy pistol he swallowed a phial of prussic acid. They were buried in the same grave.

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OHIO CENTRAL LINES.

Excursion Rates to Louisville, Ky., Account German American Catholic Congress.

For the above agents of Ohio Central Lines will sell excursion tickets at one fare for round trip, Sept. 23, 24 and 25. Limit for return until Oct. 1.

Excursion rates to Bowling Green, Pa. For the Fair at Bowling Green, agents of Ohio Central Lines will sell tickets at a fare and a third for round trip, Sept. 25, 26 and 27. Limit Sept. 28.

Excursion rates to Cleveland account Knights Templar of Ohio State Conclave. For the above occasion agents of Ohio Central Lines will sell excursion tickets at one fare for round trip, selling Oct. 2, 3 and 4. Limit, Oct. 6.

Home Seekers Excursion. On Sept. 25 and Oct. 9, agents of Ohio Central Lines will sell Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets to the Northwest, West and Southwest, at one fare for round trip, \$2.00. Limit, 20 days for return. On Sept. 18th, Oct. 17th and November 14th similar tickets will be sold to points in Michigan at one fare for round trip; limit, 20 days. And on Oct. 2d, Nov. 6th and Dec. 4th these tickets will be sold to the South and Southeast, including Virginia points and the Southern States south of the Ohio River, at one fare for round trip. Limit 20 days for return.

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N. B.—Harvest excursions west and South Sept. 25th and Oct. 8th.

St. Louis Exposition Low rates until Oct. 13th. St. Louis, Mo., Fall festival offers greater attractions...

3 Harvest Excursions 3 Sept. 11, 25 and Oct. 9.

Three grand harvest excursions at about one fare for the round trip will leave St. L., K. & C. Clover Leaf Stations...

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CINCINNATI, LOUISVILLE, CHATTANOOGA and THE SOUTH. Time card January 7th, 1894.

GOING SOUTH. Chicago, Lv. 7:45. Detroit, Lv. 8:00. Toledo, Lv. 8:15. Fostoria, Lv. 8:30. Carey, Lv. 8:45. Marion, Lv. 9:00. Prospect, Lv. 9:15. Delaware, Lv. 9:30. Columbus, Lv. 9:45. Lancaster, Lv. 10:00. Maumee, Lv. 10:15. Nelsonville, Lv. 10:30. Athens, Lv. 10:45. Gallipolis, Lv. 11:00. Middleport, Lv. 11:15. Pomeroy, Lv. 11:30.

GOING NORTH. Pomeroy, Lv. 7:15. Middleport, Lv. 7:30. Gallipolis, Lv. 7:45. Maumee, Lv. 8:00. Marion, Lv. 8:15. Prospect, Lv. 8:30. Delaware, Lv. 8:45. Columbus, Lv. 9:00. Lancaster, Lv. 9:15. Maumee, Lv. 9:30. Nelsonville, Lv. 9:45. Athens, Lv. 10:00. Gallipolis, Lv. 10:15. Middleport, Lv. 10:30. Pomeroy, Lv. 10:45.

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