THE FUN IN BADNESS.

IT IS POOR COMPENSATION FOR A CAREER OF CRIME.

The Famous Lecturer, Q. Hope Jones, Cites Some Noted Cases In History to Prove His Contention That Cussedness Doesn't Pay.

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Fellow Citizens of Oshkosh—Permit me to say that I am proud and grateful for this large attendance this evening. Although the admission is free and everybody came expecting a chromo as a free gift, I am grateful all the same. Before beginning my lectures it is usual for me to take up a collection, and I will now proceed with the task. This collection is not necessarily an evidence of your good faith in anything particular, but is intended to pay my back rent and laundry bills and assist me to reach Beaver Dam. It doesn't matter to the undersigned whether you give cheerfully or grudg-

NERO, THE WHITEWASHER.

ingly, so long as you give. A liberal spirit on your part will still further encourage me, but if there is one single knockkneed, slab sided son of a father in this audience who conscientiously feels that I ought to be sat down on, then let him hang on to his nickel. The collection is finished and the proceeds counted. The 250 enlightened and cultivated people before me have chipped in about half a cent apiece, and my labors can be continued in other fields.

My dear people, I want to say a few words to you this evening about the badness of human nature. It is easy to be bad. There is also a good deal of fun in it. It is the bad man who has a fur lined overcoat in winter, a duck suit in summer and champagne and ice cream in the intervals. As I turn the stereopticon light on the canvas you behold the picture of Nero. Up to the age of 24 he was a good man. While other young men were off to the circus or races he was at home helping his mother cut carpet rags or whitewash the cellar. He retired to his couch at 8 o'clock at night instead of whooping things up at the Tivoli. He rose with the lark, and he rose without a head on him, no swearing, no smoking, no drinking—just goodness. One day, after young Nero had been sawing a cord of hickory wood in two, he

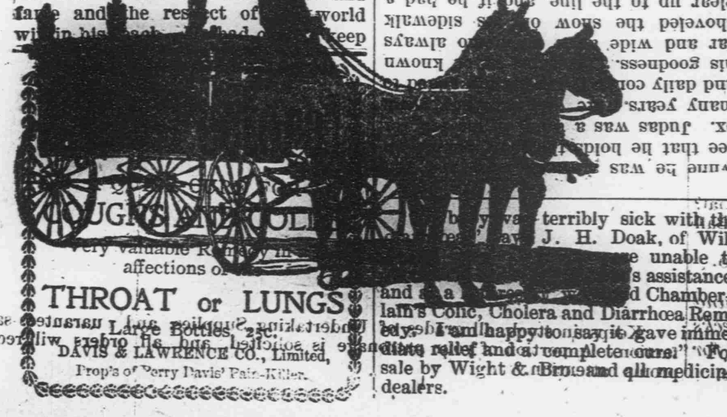
Thousands of Children

are made happy and comfortable by John R. Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water. It doesn't hurt a bit and relieves inflammation at once. Don't take an imitation, the genuine is the only safe preparation, is put up in red cartons and has the name blown in the bottle. Get it for 25 cents at Wight & Bro.'s Drug Store.

sat down to rest his back and figure a bit. The result was that he decided to make a change. He had come to the conclusion that goodness didn't pay. That's where he made a mistake weighing a ton, as all the world knows. History has told you his career. He walked right into the house as a first move and kicked over the churn and upset the flour barrel and then demanded a quarter of his astonished mother and went off on a spree. From that day on he was a cuss on wheels. He painted the old town red every night in the week and got up next day to paint her blue. His mother died of a broken heart, and he sold her flatirons and quilt frames to bet on a chariot race. His father was found dead with tears in his eyes, and young Nero sold off the chickens and pigs and the old homestead to back a gladiator. There was no holding him down except when the Roman constables sat on him. He became a sort of holy terror to the whole Roman empire, and when he finally died there was such general satisfaction that the factory whistles tooted and the wages of the hired girls were advanced a dollar a month.

During his career Nero swam in champagne, traveled in quail on toast and wore the best toga in the empire. He had money in every pocket, admirers in every corner, and high rolled to beat the band. And yet what did it all amount to? He died poor and disgraced, and history hasn't got through abusing him yet. He had traded off an orange grove for a cabbage patch. [illegible] good all [illegible] set to that [illegible] interested man in the third row in particular, that whoever figures that badness is good investment is going to get left. It is full of champagne and race horses and going a-fishing; but, alas, it is also full of blighted souls.

Let me herewith present you the picture of Captain Kidd, [illegible] pirate. He was a man who had [illegible] and fame and the respect of [illegible] world [illegible] keep



on being good to arrive at that point where men would doff their hats to him and women fall over each other to get a view of the back of his neck. Then he suddenly changed. He flung his goodness to the winds and went in to be a screaming old pirate. He was a hummer from Hummersville. He

CAPTAIN KIDD.

knocked seven bells out of everything he came across and had money to bury on every island he came across. He thought he was having a high old time and that it would last to his eighty-fifth year and that he would then give $10,000 to an orphan asylum and die in his bed. All of you know how he ended. He was still prancing and cavorting and high rolling when the law seized him and he was hung by the neck. He figured it all out before he went his way, and he came to

"I am a switchman," writes A. J. Jennesse, of 9201 Butler St., Chicago, "and am out in all kinds of weather. I took a cold which settled in my kidney and was in very bad shape. I tried several advertised medicines with no benefit until I was recommended to take Foley's Kidney Cure. Two-thirds of a bottle cured me. Wight & Bro.

the conclusion that he hadn't been in it. He wrote it down on his shirt collar in red ink that his having had a high old time was all a mistake and that the farmer who had stuck to corn and potatoes was ahead of the pirate business. I see before me a baldheaded, broad backed man, who is evidently itching to become a pirate bold. I call on him to pause ere it is too late.

Let us take a still more historical case. Behold the picture of Judas Iscariot. It is a sketch made of him

The Appetite of a Goat

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose Stomach and Liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful Stomach and Liver Remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25c at any drug store.

[illegible] man in this audience who closely resembles Judas Iscariot and who may be planning to sell out and cut loose. If so, let my words sink deep into his heart when I say that the result of

JUDAS AT THE PLOW.

badness is inevitable. It may prosper for a short time, but the bad man is busted and laid low when his pride is greatest. It may not pay above 3 per cent to be good, but with a clear conscience, a good crop of potatoes and a sure interest on your money you can fall asleep on the cellar stairs or the kitchen roof and know that all will be well with you when the cows come home to be milked.

M. QUAD.

All Right Now.

"Overwork and loss of necessary sleep made me very nervous and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could execute my solos. A friend advised me to give Dr. Miles' Nervine a trial, which I did and received immediate benefit. In a few days I was entirely relieved. I recommend it to all musicians who suffer from overworked and disordered nerves."

Otto H. Shemmer,
2316 State St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Dr. Miles' Nervine

is sold by all druggists on guarantee, first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free.

Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

They Took Chances.

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It was Moses Harper who begun it. Some one told him that a circus advertisin wagon was slowly but surely approaching the town of Jericho, and he let it be known that he would show up at the postoffice in the evenin and have sunthin to say to interest the hull United States. Nobody could guess whether Moses had found a new way of gittin a hired man up at 4 o'clock in the mornin or was goin to experiment on growin broomsticks, and the crowd was holdin its breath when he showed up. Moses didn't lose no valuable time tryin to find out whether Porto Rico belonged to the United States or to a tobacco trust, but put on his spectacles and said:

"Citizens of Jericho—The toesin has sounded, and we are here tonight to counsel together in the cause of morality. Last year, as most of you know,

"THE ALLURIN COLORS OF VICE AND DEGRADATION."

Jonas Teachout, whose barn faces the highway a mile outside of this town, allowed the circus wagon to paste up pictures on three sides of the buildin. How many tickets for the circus he got in exchange I do not know, and it has nuthin to do with the question. What I'm sayin is that them pictures, in my solemn belief, shocked the morals of this community fur worse than as if ten saloons had been opened in the town. The circus wagon is ag'in approachin. It is creepin along in its sly, insiduous way, leavin the blight of destruction in its path, and if sunthin ain't done Jonas Teachout's barn will ag'in be enwrapped in the allurin colors of vice and degradation. I move that it is the sense of this meetin, and of the community in gineral, that Jonas be struggled with."

Pitts' Carminative aids digestion, regulates the bowels, cures Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Pains, Griping, Flatulent Colic, Unnatural Drains from the Bowels, and all diseases incident to teething children. For all summer complaints it is a specific. Perfectly harmless and free from injurious drugs and chemicals.

"It appears to me," says Deacon Spooner as Moses sat down, "that a p'int has bin made. When Moses talks of allurin colors of vice and degradation, I seem to see before me them pictures of wimen jumpin through paper hoops. However, I'd like to hear from Silas Lapham. I reckon he's interested in the moral welfare of this community."

"I ain't blamin Jonas 'tall," says Silas. "He got 12 deadhead tickets fur the use of his barn, and I don't believe anybody was the wickeder fur it. If a man can't gaze at circus pictures without goin away and stealin a bar'l of soft soap, then he ain't no man. Did any wife run away from her husband because of them pictures? Did any husband elope with the hired gal because of them?"

"That's a p'int, and I says it's a p'int!" exclaims the deacon as he hustles about. "Them circus pictures was on that barn fur two months, but what fam'ly was busted up through their influence? It's fur Moses to specify whar vice got its toehold."

"I ain't sayin that any fam'lies was busted up," continues Moses, "but I'm talkin 'bout the gineral influence on gineral morality. A circus picture is nuthin but a picture, but it suggests lemonade and peanuts and whisky and poker and bein out late nights. They are like pizen ivy. You come across it in the woods, and it is fair to look upon, and it seems to be rooted in innocence and thrivin in morality. You handle it, and you begin to itch and scratch and find yourself pizened. Like a hydra headed sarpint, it lays in wait to work destruction to the unwary. I hope this meetin and this community air with me and that it will be decided to wrassle with Jonas Teachout."

"Moses didn't seem to make a p'int on the peanuts and lemonade," says the deacon as he scratches his ear, "but he was powerful strong on that pizen ivy bein rooted in innocence. I kin almost see whar circus pictures might influence me to go home and pound my old cow with a sled stake if she didn't keep her tail still while I was milkin, but I'm willin to hear more argyments. Enos Williams, you driv' by that barn twice a day all summer. How did them pictures affect you?"

"Not much different from a huskin bee," says Enos. "I didn't feel no feelin's of wickedness stealin o'er me, but I did sort of make a fool of myself. I found a soft spot in the barnyard and tried to turn a handspring, and fur about two hours they thought my neck was busted. I'm thinkin that hard cider has more gineral influence on gineral morality in this community than circus pictures."

"It's a p'int!" shouts the deacon as he waves his cane on high; "it's a p'int nobody kin git over! It's hard cider that's backin vice all over this county and h'istin innocence over the fence whenever they meet. However, it may be that circus pictures also have their influence. Moses, have you got any more argyments?"

"Of what use?" says Moses as he heaves a sigh and turns away. "Wasn't Sodam warned? Did Sodam heed it? When vice stalks rampant through every household in Jericho and innocence is driv' to the fields to sit under a blackberry bush and weep, then remember what I have said here tonight. I ain't denyin that hard cider is blunt in our morality, but when you add circus pictures to hard cider what do you do?"

"Yes, Sodam was warned, and Sodam fell," says the deacon as he shakes his head, "but I'd like to hear from Lish Billings on this matter."

"It's purty late," says Lish.

"How purty late?"

"Why, Jonas has rented his barn ag'in and got 21 deadhead tickets, and here's one he give me. How's that fur a p'int?"

The meetin stood appalled fur a minit, and then Deacon Spooner looks around and says:

"Jonas has got 20 tickets left, and that means he has 16 more to give away outside his fam'ly. Fellow countrymen, do you take it that this meetin has pledged herself?"

"No, no, no!" shouted the crowd.

"Is it the opinion of this meetin that Jonas Teachout ought to be wrassled with?"

"No, no, no!"

"Then I'm appealin directly to Moses Harper. Moses, will you withdraw them remarks about the blight of destruction, the allurin colors of vice and innocence weepin under a blackberry bush?"

"I might," says Moses after a little reflection, "but I want to be let down easy."

"It shall be done. I'm offerin the follow in resolution to be voted on: 'Resolved, That circus pictures on a barn may or may not affect the moral standard of a community, but we are willin to chance it this year.' All in favor or ag'in will manifest it in the usual way."

The resolution was carried with a whoop, and the crowd piled over itself to get outdoors and look around for Jonas Teachout and beg fur deadhead tickets, and Moses Harper wasn't one of the last.

M. QUAD.

HEALTHY OLD AGE SSS

The majority of persons upon reaching middle age and past find their blood becomes weak and thin, and diseases that were easily controlled in earlier life begin to affect the constitution.

Those predisposed to Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, Gout and other hereditary troubles may escape till then, but as they age the blood, so long tainted and weakened by accumulated waste matters, is no longer able to properly nourish the body, and it becomes an easy mark for disease. At this critical period of life the blood must be re-enforced before it can perform its legitimate functions and rid the system of these poisons, and nothing so surely and effectually does this as S. S. S.

S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the blood, improves the appetite, and builds up the general constitution. It is not only the best blood purifier, but the best tonic for old people. It warms the blood, tones the nerves, removes all taint from the blood, and prevents the development of disease.

S. S. S. is the only purely vegetable blood medicine known. Not one particle of mercury, potash or other mineral poison can be found in it, and it may be taken for any length of time without harm.

S. S. S. is the only remedy that reaches deep-seated blood troubles like Scrofula, Cancer, Rheumatism, Eczema, Tetter, etc. It purifies and restores the blood to a healthy, normal condition, and makes it impossible for any poisonous waste materials to accumulate.

If you have an old running sore or an obstinate ulcer that refuses to heal, or are troubled with boils and carbuncles, try S. S. S. It never fails to make a quick and permanent cure of these pests. If your system is run down and you feel the need of a tonic, S. S. S. will strengthen and help you as it has many others to a happy, healthy old age.

S. S. S. cured Mr. H. Borden of Saumsville, Va., of a case of Eczema of thirty-five years' standing, after the best physicians in the surrounding country had failed. This was seven years ago, and there has been no return of the disease.

Mrs. D. R. Johnson, of Blackshear, Ga., was for years afflicted with a severe type of rheumatism, and had used every remedy known and recommended as a cure without receiving any benefit. S. S. S. promptly reached the seat of the disease and made a complete and permanent cure.

If you are in doubt about your disease, and will send us a statement of your case, our physician will give you any information or advice wanted, for which we make no charge.

Book on Blood and Skin Diseases sent to any desiring it. Address Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

S. S. S. IS THE IDEAL TONIC AND BLOOD PURIFIER FOR OLD PEOPLE.

SHAKESPEAREAN PARTS.

The Melancholy Dane Is the Longest of Them All.

The longest part in any Shakespearean play is Hamlet, who is before the audience almost constantly. Hamlet is a constant talker, and it is surprising that in the circumstances he says so many wise things. He has to his share 1,569 lines. Richard III is another long part, as the character speaks 1,161 lines, and next comes Iago, with 1,117 lines. Henry V has 1,063 lines.

One would suppose from seeing the representation or from looking over the play that Othello had more lines than Iago, but it is not the case, for the valiant Moor has only 888 lines. Coriolanus has 886, the Duke in "Measure For Measure" 880 and Timon 883. Antony in "Antony and Cleopatra" does not seem a very long part judging by the appearance of the prompt book, but in reality he has 830 lines.

Brutus in "Julius Cæsar" has 727, Falstaff in "Henry V" 719. Macbeth appears a long part judging from how much he is on the stage in the representation, but in fact he has only 705 lines. Romeo has 618, which is only a few more than the King in "Hamlet," who has 551. Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," although a first class part, has but 507 lines.

The female parts in Shakespeare's plays are not very long. The actress who plays Portia has 589 lines to study. Rosalind has 749, Cleopatra has 670 and Juliet 541. Desdemona has only 389. Beatrice has 309. Only 20 of Shakespeare's women have more than 300 lines each, and some of the most famous of the great bard's feminine creations have comparatively little to say. Cordelia in "King Lear" has only 115 lines, Kate in "Taming of the Shrew," although so conspicuous and voluble, has but 229, while Lady Macbeth has but 211.—Baltimore American.

Smart Alex.

A man being About to die summoned his four Sons to his side and said:

"My sons, I will leave to John one-third of my estate, to Alex one-fifth, to James one-half and to Thomas one-fourth, and thus you will all Share Equally."

John and James and Thomas took Paper and Pencil and began figuring, but Alex took his Hat and started out.

"Where are you going?" the other Three asked. "Do you not Intend figuring out the Problem?"

"Not much," said Alex. "I am Going for a Lawyer to break the Will."

Moral—Sometimes the Lawyer can Relieve the Heirs of Much of the Figuring.—Baltimore American.

She'd Had Enough.

There was a colored baptizing at Sandy Bottom, Billville. The last convert to go under the water was an old colored woman, who all the while had been seated in a rickety buggy drawn by an ancient mule who had been through the civil war.

She came up out of the water all right, but after proceeding a short distance on her way home the mule became unmanageable and upset the buggy in the middle of a deep creek.

The old woman, with drenched garments, clung to a "foot log" just as the parson who had recently baptized her rode up.

He heard her swearing at the refractory mule in vigorous terms; then, taking her in his own buggy and driving to dry land, he said:

"Sister Ca'line, you hez done los' all de salvation what come ter you by de fust baptism; so you must stop right heah en be baptized ever ergin."

"No, suh!" was the reply. "I ain't gwine in dat water no mo'! Didn't dat ole mule baptize me de secon' time?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Fatality Follows Failure

to use Foley's Kidney Cure in time. If taken in earlier stages of Bright's disease and diabetes, it is certain cure. You have noticed the high death rate from these diseases, and it is not wise to ignore early symptoms when a medicine like Foley's Kidney Cure can be had. Wight & Bro.

Absentminded.

"Absentmindedness is a bad thing in business," said the fat man.

"Ain't it, though?" responded the lean man.

"Just look at me, for instance. I went and lost one of my best customers last week by addressing a letter to him as 'Jjohn Hhenry Lloyd.'"—Indianapolis Press.

Muffs were first used by doctors to keep their fingers soft and were adopted by ladies about 1550.

Men marry because they are weary of liberty, women because they desire it.—Chicago News.

V. B. Conklin, Bowersville, O., says "I received more benefit from Foley's Kidney Cure than from months of treatment by physicians." Take no substitute. Wight & Bro.

An Unreliable Adage.

"I suppose you lay a great deal of stress on the adage 'Money talks,'" said the man who gets familiarly facetious.

"No, sir," said Senator Sorghum. "If you had observed as many investigations as I have, you'd know that the success of pecuniary enterprise frequently depends on the ability to keep perfectly still."—Washington Star.

Kind of Her.

May—The girls were all crazy to know whether you are engaged.

Marion—But you didn't tell them, did you?

May—Oh, no! I said that when the time came you wanted to announce it yourself.—Detroit Free Press.

A Swindling Scheme.

For some years past the treasury department has received from time to time letters from all parts of the country asking for information regarding certain large sums of money which, it is alleged, are on deposit in the treasury department awaiting distribution to heirs or persons of great wealth in Europe and America.

Among these noted claims is one by the heirs of a man of the name of [illegible] Haven, who is alleged to have loaned the government of the United States large sums of money during the Revolutionary war. Another well known case is that of the Robert Morris estate, the heirs of which, it is said, are entitled to receive from the government several millions of dollars. The Durkee claim also is well known in the department and involves several millions of dollars. The latest one is that of the heirs of Anneke Jans, who are said to be entitled to receive from the United States something like $90,000,000, which sum, it is said, has been bequeathed from Holland and now awaits proof of relationship.

It is stated at the treasury department that all of these claims are spurious and that they are made the basis of confidence games by agents who work upon the credulity of the uninformed. Agents, it is said, are selling bonds to raise money to prosecute these claims against the government, realizing something like $10 per $1,000 promised in case of success. The treasury department is powerless to proceed against these impostors.—Washington Post.

Not Piety, but Pork.

The following bit of nonconformist humor is taken from "The Farrindons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hankey, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands:

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hankey; "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hankey," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are a-wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are a-wrestling with them.

"Now, take Bateson hisself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork he begins to worry hisself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I says to him:

"'Bateson,' says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again!'"

Machine Made Jokes.

Some time ago a fellow got up a little book giving hints on how to be funny. Copies of this book are evidently in common use by the funny men connected with many of our newspapers. Witness this specimen, which is attributed to a Chicago paper:

He—Who is that ugly old woman over there by the piano?

She—Oh, that's Mme. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

The book tells just how to make a joke of this class in bulk. The same idea will do for a whole batch. "He" asks: "Who is that baldheaded man?" "She" answers: "That is Dr. Quacknostrum, the Hair Renewer man." Again, "He" asks: "What is the matter with the crying brats?" And "She" responds: "Their mother has gone to lecture on the training of children." Once you catch the idea you can produce funny things of this kind automatically, and if you are a funny man on a newspaper your readers will laugh every time and other papers will quote your jokes and give your paper credit for them.—Pathfinder.

The Bibulous Dane.

When the police in Denmark find a man helplessly drunk in the street they drive the patient in a cab to the station, where he sobers off. Then they take him home. The cabman makes his charge, the police department makes his, the agents make their charge for special duty, and this bill is presented to the landlord of the establishment where the drunkard took the last glass that did the business. It is a wonder that certain landlords protest, saying that proofs are insufficient, and that some alleged victims sham intoxication to get into trouble landlords against whom they have a spite.