A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why, the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cozy was his office too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs, that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is going to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890.

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

College bred boys are not always the most successful, but they generally have the most fun.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The latest form of ocean breakers is the record breaker.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

He: "I have about made up my mind to enter the army." She: "But suppose there should be a war!"

Food for Consumptives.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is a most wonderful food. It not only gives strength and increases the flesh, but heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Palatable as milk, and in all wasting diseases, both for adults and children, is a marvellous food and medicine.

"I understand you own a baby." "You're mistaken. I'm only its father."

FOR SALE.—A second-hand bank counter at *one-half value*. This is a good chance for some small bank to get a *good* Counter very Cheap. Enquire of P. H. NOEL, Topeka, Kansas.

The floating population is large at seaside resorts.

Do your clothes last as they used to? If not, you *must* be using a *soap* or *washing powder* that *rots* them. Try the good *old-fashioned* Dobbins' Electric Soap, *perfectly pure* to-day as in 1865.

The tramp begging bread at a boarding house is open and above board in his statements.

Vigorous Men and Women.

The vigorous are those who pay attention to the laws of health, of which one of the foremost is, Take care of your digestion. Should a temporary attack of that enemy, dyspepsia, surprise you, foil his subsequent assaults with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. From the stomach come the fundamental supplies which minister to vigor, and, thoroughly transmuted into blood actively circulated, are the maintenance of the system. Pallid in countenance, nervous, attenuated in figure appetiteless, poor sleepers, are the dyspeptic. Reinforced and built up by the great stomachic, the wan and the thin increase in color and in bulk, appetite improves, nervous symptoms disappear, sleep grows tranquil and refreshing, and the intranquility of mind and despondency notable in invalids gives place to lightheartedness, a capacity for racy enjoyment of the good things of this life. Use the Bitters for malarial, bilious, rheumatic and kidney troubles.

An opera to be a rare treat must be well done.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

At the Science Examination: Q.: Which is the best known insulator? A.: Poverty.

Kisses are like an actress' diamonds. The offer are they are taken the oftener their owners are pleased.

Unless a man has a character that won't show dirt he would better keep out of politics.

It will be noticed in the issues of the season that the oyster does not need three R's to strengthen its campaign. One is quite sufficient.

"Mabel, dearest, do you think I could make you happy?" "I should think so: Mrs. Jenkins' husband did her." "How?" "He insured his life for $10,000 then died."

The soft postal cards make fairly good ink blotters, but are most too expensive to be used for that purpose.

HANNAH'S JERSEY.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.

"A fine Jersey!" Wal, yes, sir;
She's made o' the right kind o' stuff.
"Buy her!" Ah, no, sir,
You haven't money enuff.
"Gentle?" To me she's allus bin so,
But she hates men like pizen,
An' to show it she's never bin slow,

"Wouldn't own sich a critter." Wal, no, sir;
To milk her you never would try,
For jest let Jabez come nigh her
An' see how she'll let her heels fly.
"How does she know the difrence?"
Wal, sir, she knows more'n you think;
You see Jabez abused her
While tryin' to larn her to drink.

"How wus that?" Wal, sir, I'll tell you:
It happened in this way: Yer see,
'Twas in springtime—the men wer all busy,
So the milkin' fell on Jabez an' me.
Now he hates farmin', does Jabez,
A.' work allus makes him feel sore,
For he was raised up in the city—
Was clerk in a dry-goods store.

But father's broad acres wur temptin',
An', as I was the only child,
He proposed. Of course I accepted.
Though I think now I must hev bin wild.
Father was sore disappointed
'Cause I choze a husband from town:
His folks that he'd married beneath him—
For him 'twas a mixey cum down
To change his store close for blue drillin',
An' knuckle right down to hard work,
Though I'll say this much for Jabez:
He's never bin known to shirk.
But he likens himself to the eagle,
Tied down to the barnyard fowl.
I fail to see the resemblance—
He's more like a great stupid owl.

He boasts of his great eddication,
But sez 'tis all wasted down here,
Where we're only a set of clodhoppers;
He feels quite above us—that's clear.
Yet, with all of his top-story knowledge,

"GENTLE? TO ME SHE'S ALL'S BIN SO."

He's lettin' the farm run down;
His heart's not in his work, sir,
An' he's allus longin' fer town.

When father was livin' 'twas diferent,
For he allus looked after the farm,
But he wus allin' all winter—
Thot he'd git well when 'twas warm—
But he died. An' then Jabez
Sed the farm didn't pay an' we'd sell;
But I thot different: 'tis my home, sir,
An' I'll not leave it, at least fer a spell.

I tell him his brains an' his larnin'
Are just as much needed here
As they ever were up in the city,
For the farm needs a good financier
To make things come out even,
An' balance the profit an' loss—
To know what crops pay the best, sir,
An' not get cheated buyin' a hoss.

The farmer needs somethin' of science,
Likewise a bit o' the law,
To understand effects an' their causes,
An' to make all his trades 'thout a flaw.
Of medicine, too, he needs knowledge—
For how does he cure his pills,
In order to care for his stock, sir,
An' cure their numerous ills.

An' then he must be a good fighter,
For tell of a general you know,
Who fought such a numberless army,
As the persistent potato-bug foe.
To say nothin' of 'hoppers an' chinch bugs
Of tramps an' lightnin'-rod men, too—
An' to vote for the right man at 'lections—
Is there aught he don't need to know?

But Jabez, like all city-bred people,
Looks down on us plain country folk.
Guess they'd find 'thout us farmers
That livin'd soon be a stale joke!
Who'd furnish their bread an' their butter?
Where'd be their pork an' their beef?
Who'd keep all their big mills a runnin?
Yes, without us they'd soon come to grief!

Without us where'd be your railroads,
With all their rush an' their noise?
An' where'd your great men all cum from
If the farmer quit raisin' boys?
When I talk all this to Jabez he scorns it,
An' sez I'm not up with the times;
Thinks he can live without farmin'—
From his brain coin dollars an' dimes.
He thanks God he was not born a farmer,
'Tis such a low calling; but then
'Tis the noblest an' first occupation
God ever gave unto men.
For wasn't Father Adam a farmer?
An' the garden of Eden a farm?
Then why scorn the brown-handed toiler,
Who from the earth gains a livin'
By the aid of his strong right arm?

* * * * * *

Let me see! Where was I?
Out to the barn, I think,
Doin' a part o' the milkin'
An' learnin' the calf to drink.
Wal, the heifer—her mother—was restive
At bein' deprived of her calf,
An' Jabez got riled putty easy—
He's got too much temper by half—
But he managed by some loud takin',
An' several sound blows from his fist,
To frighten her into submission—
On beatin' he'd allus insist.
Wal, when we'd finished the milkin',
There was the calf to be fed,
So he backed it up in the corner,
And into the pail jammed its head.

The calf choked an' struggled—
I sed "Jabez, that's not the best way.
Father allus——." "You shet up, Hannor!"
An' I'd not a word more to say.
"Ther's no use in her suckin' my finger.
That's a reg'lar old fogy plan;
I believe in new ways to do things—
I'm not that kind of a man!"

All this time the calf was a strugglin'—
She didn't seem to like the "new way"—
An' landed Jabez plump in the gutter,
Which hadn't been cleaned that day.
Some way as he was a fallin',
His head got jammed in the pail—
He threw his hands up blindly,
An' caught the old cow by the tail.

Of course at all this commotion,
Though a staid an' dignified beast,
She kicked, and hit poor Jabez
A dozen times at least—
'Thout hurtin' him much tho'—
An' he rose, very black in the face,
Swore at farmers and farmin',
An' cursed the whole bovine race.

Then he knocked the calf down with the milk-stool,
An' kicked it until I cried,
And, though I know it wus wicked,
I was glad his four boys hed died;
For if he'd abuse a poor helpless creetur,
Why wouldn't he abuse his own child?
An' I thot how different was father—
So gentle, so kind, an' so mild.

I looked at the calf, 'twas a gaspin',
An' I took her poor head on my knee.
Raised her up gently an' fed her,
An' that's why she's gentle with me.
She hates Jabez, an' fears him,
An' some way I lost my respect
Then an' thar, in spite of his larnin'
His brains an' his great intellect.

For a man o' his boasted knowledge
To be so easy upset!
Somehow I felt sort o' disgusted,
An' I hain't got over it yet!
I wouldn't give a mill on the dollar
For a man, tho' he's smarter by half
Than all the wise men in creation,
If he'd abuse a poor little calf.

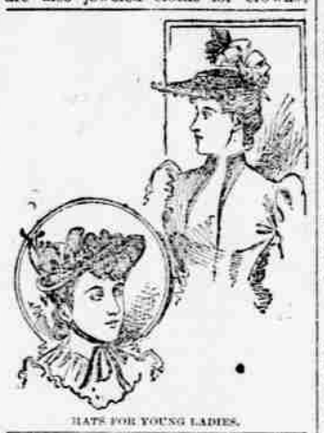
HARVEY, Wis.

GERMAN homeopathists say that salt destroys the teeth. French doctors say it clears the blood. American doctors don't mention the matter, but charge it in the bill.

ORNAMENTS ON HATS.

Elaborate and Showy Millinery Is the Rule for This Fall—Four Fashionable Styles.

THE millinery world certainly seems to be going ornamentmad. Within the memory of living woman there has not before prevailed such elaboration and showiness of ornamentation. The mock-jewel fad of the present season reaches its acme in the realm of hats, bonnets, and toques. As to design, everything that belongs either to earth or air is represented. There are also numerous ornaments which could not be classed under the head of "graven images," as they certainly are not in "the likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth." There are also jeweled cloths for crowns;



HATS FOR YOUNG LADIES.

spider webs of jet and of gold on cloth, holding in their meshes insects with gleaming bodies representing precious stones, and with gauzy wings of brilliant metal.

The first illustration shows a hat with a low crown, over which are laid simple folds of velvet, the brim slightly shortened in the back, giving it a scoop effect. The material is velvet in the Stanley brown shade. A high, full bow of the brown velvet and golden-rod yellow epengle ribbon ornament the back. About the edge of the broad brim is a three-inch space between golden wires which is filled in with forget-me-nots in a golden-rod yellow, so placed that they form a lace-like open edge.

The other hat in this same illustration is in black velvet, lace and jet. As felt was a fashionable material during the summer, lace will be worn during the winter. The brim of this hat is jetted in a delicate design and in the back is a high bunch of cock's feathers curving toward the front. This style is particularly becoming to a full, round face.

The Spanish turban shown in the second illustration is the very essence of coquetry. Above the round, dimpling face of the girl with glancing eyes it is simply irresistible. The material is soft, gray-brown velvet, and gold and silver passementerie. The broad, soft crown is of the Tam O'Shanter shape and the close brim has a roll of velvet around the edge, with open spaces alternating with straps of velvet and passementerie extending from the edge to the crown.

The English round hat, which is the companion of the Spanish turban in

SPANISH TURBAN AND ENGLISH HAT.

the illustration, is a particularly becoming style. The wrinkled brim softens the effect about the hair and the six black tips in the back, with a broad-cut jet buckle at the side, gives it a stylish finish.

Nem. Con.

A member of the House of Commons had been paying attention to a young lady for a long time, and had taken her to the House until she was well posted in the rules. On the last day of that session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet of flowers and said to her:

"May I offer you my handful of flowers?"

She replied promptly: "I move to amend by omitting all after the word 'hand'"

He blushingly accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously. —*Pick-Me-Up.*

A January Diary.

Old Gent—Well, my little son, did you try keeping a diary, as I told you?

Little boy—Yessir; here it is.

Old gent looks over it and reads:

Jan. 1—Went in swimming.

Jan. 2—Went fishing.

Jan. 3—Too hot to go anywhere.

Jan. 4—Went and got some ice-cream.

Jan. 5—Guess I'll stop keeping a diary. Too hot to write.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

ASTONISHING success has attended the effort of Dr. Lannelongue, an eminent specialist of Paris, to give intelligence to a little idiot girl. Though four years old, the child could neither walk nor stand, and never smiled nor took notice of anything. The Doctor concluded that the abnormal narrowness of the head obstructed the growth of the brain, and in May last he made an incision in the center of the skull and cut a piece of bone from the left side of it. The result was marvelous. Within less than a month the child could walk, and she is now quite bright—playing, smiling, and taking notice of everything around her.

A NEW black spot has been approaching the great red spot which has been visible on the surface of Jupiter for a dozen years, and according to Mr. A. S. Williams, seems likely to pass either over or under the latter.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

A Grievous Complaint.

"It's hard on a fellow, I do declare!"
Said Tommy one day, with a pout;
"In every one of the suits I wear
The pockets are 'most worn out.
They're 'bout as big as the ear of a mole,
And I never have more than three:
And there's always coming a mean little hole
That loses my knife for me.

"I can't make 'em hold but a few little things—
Some cookies, an apple or two,
A knife and pencil and bunch of strings,
Some nails, and maybe a screw,
And marbles, of course, and a top and ball,
And shells and pebbles and such,
And some odds and ends, yes, honest, that's all:
You may see for yourself 'tisn't much.

"I'd like a suit of some patent kind,
With pockets made wide and long;
Above and below and before and behind,
Sewed extra heavy and strong.
I'd want about a dozen or so,
All easy and quick to get at:
And I shall be perfectly happy, I know,
With a handy rig like that."

—*St. Nicholas.*

Birgalie.

He is a saucy little red-bird, who finds his chief pleasure in eating, singing, fighting his mistress and tearing whatever paper he may chance to get hold of into pieces—in fact, he is never so happy as when in mischief. His personal appearance is not much in his favor. His head, with his black face, pink beak, two sharp little eyes, and short "toppy" or topknot, is stuck on a little round, red body about the shape of an apple-dumpling: and this body is supported by a pair of delicate-looking feet, which are continually carrying their owner to places where he has no business to be. A stubby and battered tail, with wings to match, complete the description.

But he is not ashamed of his looks; oh, no; not a bit of it! On the contrary, he appears to think that no one has as fine a coat or as pretty a topknot as Master Birgalie, and, consequently, is very vain of them, making his toilet three or four times a day, and more frequently if he gets the chance. And it is fortunate for his mistress that he does so, for it takes up some of his time, and when not engaged in that, or the equally pleasant occupation of eating and singing, he is certain to be doing something that he should not do.

He is very fond of bathing, and this fondness has not been acquired lately, either, for when Birgalie was a youngster—which was but one short year ago—he thought nothing greater fun than to hop into a dish of water, and there kick and splash until not only he himself but also everything about him was completely drenched.

But not being allowed to bathe as often as he wished, he frequently got into trouble by attempting to steal a bath in liquids that were not intended for that purpose.

One day, aunty came in and found him seated in a cup of oatmeal and water (one of his favorite dishes) and just having a glorious time. But aunty brought his enjoyment to a speedy end, and it took many a washing in pure water to make Birgalie's feather's as soft and smooth as they were before he starched them in oatmeal starch.

Another time he hopped into a big cup of warm coffee, but lost no time in scrambling out again.

After bathing, Birgalie often took it into his little head to try and fly up to the stove pipe, for the purpose of drying himself there. So he would nerve himself for the attempt, spread his wings, and give a grand hop; but that was all he did do, for as his wings were wet he always landed on the floor in a very humiliating manner. Then he would graciously permit us to pack him up in a little basket, and set him out in the sun or under the stove to dry.

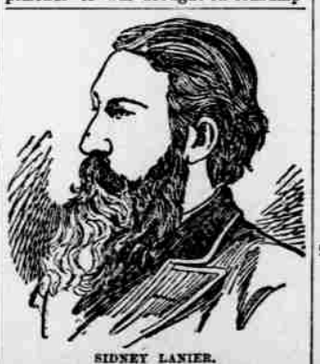
All this sort of thing happened while Birgalie was a youngster, and, of course, not as wise and well-behaved as he is at present. Now when fresh water is given to him in his bath-tub he first sticks in one little foot and draws it out again, and then repeats the operation with the other, after which he hops in with both feet and proceeds to business.

But, as I've no doubt there are a number of you waiting to tell about your clever cats and dogs, chickens, horses, goats, and other animals, I will stop here and reserve the account of the remainder of Birgalie's cunning tricks for some future time.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HONORING A GREAT POET.

A Bust of Sidney Lanier Unveiled at Macon, Ga.

The bust of Sidney Lanier, the distinguished Southern poet, given to the city of Macon by his brother, Charles Lanier, was unveiled in that city recently. The ceremony was attended by a large concourse of people, to whom the name of the dead poet is a household word. Sidney Lanier was but thirty-nine years of age when he died in 1881. He had enlisted in the Southern army at the breaking out of the war, and all through the campaigns in which he took part he occupied his leisure hours in the study of languages, music and poetry. He was captured by the Federals in December, 1864, and the hardships he endured as a prisoner of war brought on consump-



SIDNEY LANIER.

tion, of which he ultimately died. Many of his poems are worthy of a place among the classics, both because of their metrical perfection and the wealth of their imagery.

A Tooth Sold for $10,000.

The last year's [illegible] was sold in Paris in [illegible] for $800. The coat worn by Charles XII. at the battle of Pultowa brought over $100,000. A wig that once belonged to Sterne, the great English writer, was sold at public auction at London a few years ago for $1,050. In 1816 a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton was purchased by a nobleman for $3,650. The buyer had a costly diamond removed from his favorite ring and the tooth set in its place.

DOUBLING the Horn—Fill 'm up again.

"When the robins nest again," she said, "I suppose my cold will get well." So he felt very sad, but suddenly bethought him of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The cough was cured and those two were happy.

"Did you tell Skittles that I was an infamous liar?" "No, I did not. Quite the reverse, in fact. I said you were a famous one."

People call it backache and do nothing for it until the doctor is called in and he pronounces it rheumatism. If they had used Salvation Oil in time the doctor's bill could have been saved.

The Congressional Record is a publication that contains what congressmen would have said in the heat of debate if they had given their words a second thought.