

HOW I RAN INTO MATRIMONY.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

I WAS setting type in a Southern State. The editor of the paper was a "Know-nothing" fellow who made up for his lack of knowledge by the free use of big words.

"Say, Eph, I've got an idea." "If you have, I've got one," said I to myself; to him answered: "What is it?"

"You're a good printer and can write pretty well. When I left town last spring to keep way for the 'Gran' jury, your work you done then was well spoke of by the patrons of the 'Eag'."

"Well, what's the idea?" I said, as I distributed the pi.

"This new town out here, where they've put the cotton factory, needs a paper. I've got more stuff here than I want. I s'pose you take some of it, and one of them presses, and give 'em one?"

I went. Begonia was the name of the place. It was in the woods, seventy-five miles from the railroad. A level a mile square had been cut in the forest, and in it the town was built.

The factory stood at one end, up to the front of which ran two rows of red houses, beginning at the other end. Around these were scattered the commercial and social portions of the community. It was a wild business venture, I thought, to start a factory there, but I considered my own scheme and said nothing.

"The city" was not incorporated, and hilarious people had therefore a wide field for the exercise of their predilection. The border Sentinel—that was the name of my paper—did not assume a pious role, but it occasionally admonished the boys to keep their practical jokes for the village square.

This admonition was first wrung from me by the fact that one evening they had a target of my signboard. They laughed at my warning, and said something about dumping my old shop into the road. On a certain Saturday when they had been unusually atrocious they would up their entertainment by shooting an old negro's nose and blowing me the ears. The next issue of the Sentinel contained this paragraph:

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

I AM naturally inclined to skepticism. Being of an investigating turn of mind, and my profession (dentistry) leading me into the realm of physical sciences, I was ever my habit to believe nothing that could not be most satisfactorily proven.

Spiritualism I always considered to be the work of charlatans who should be declared vagrants and placed on the chain-gang, while its devotees I rated as soft-brained people who ought to be confined in an asylum for imbeciles.

But I had an experience that converted me. My wife had read of "seances" that were being given by a medium, and proposed that we go witness them.

At first the suggestion so astounded me that I thought her crazy; but she said of course she did not believe in such nonsense, only thinking it would be a harmless way to spend a pleasant evening.

She enjoyed a sleight-of-hand performance, she said, and she considered these "spiritual" manifestations and materializations as nothing more. I agreed to go, withholding a desperate resolve. I made at the time, I am a man of powerful physical strength and proportions—over six feet high—and would, before this occurrence, have bargained to hold a prize-fighter after I had once gotten my hands on him. I determined that when one of those spirits came near me I would catch and hold it, and prove it real flesh and blood.

We went. There was a good crowd. It was a small room. The only furniture was a cabinet in a corner farthest from the auditors. The room was darkened. To soft music spirits began to appear. They came from the cabinet, in which the medium, a dried-herring old man, weighing one hundred pounds, was seated, and were faintly visible in white raiment. One, larger than the rest, walked off from his fellows and came toward me. "Come a little further," I said to myself, "and I will see whether you are diaphanous material or not." It came. I grasped it firmly around the waist. It made a noise that was neither a groan nor a howl, but seemed like a subdued moan struggling for louder utterance, and dragged me to the cabinet. However, my breath stopped short, my brain reeled, and I lost consciousness for a moment.

The next instant the spirit was gone, the lights were raised, and I stood at the door of the cabinet stupidly gazing at the medium who occupied his seat as when first he entered, sleeping as quietly as an infant.

Trembling, scarcely able to stand, I tottered to my seat and fell into it as limp as a di-hrag. I was frightened, but not fully converted. I felt that nothing short of an immortal could escape my strong hold as this had done; but in search of a confederate, whom, of course, I suspected, I minutely inspected the room. I found no place where one could be hidden. I had the cabinet taken to pieces. No fraud was there.

"Doctor," said the medium, who called at my office next day, "this was a test case, so I am informed by the control. Your intention was understood, and the spirit approached you in consequence. Are you still a skeptic?" "Count me henceforth as a believer," I answered. "Truly, are there more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. The fact that any force can shake me off in an instant, as did that last night, is all-sufficient proof that it is not of this world." HORACE ADLER.

"Men who think themselves the closest investigators are always the most careless," said the "medium," when he had returned to his room. "You converted him," this to the big fellow who sat beside him, with an arm as hard as railroad iron and a hand as big as a canvased-ham. "He was so frightened he couldn't understand how his breath left him so quickly."

"If he could see that, now, he'd knock," said the man, holding up a fist as full of knots as a Zulu's club. "An' speakin' of breath, do you know I come mighty nigh suffocatin' after I got back in that panel closet," pointing to the wall. "It a tight place to be in, in more respects than one."—Chicago Telegraph.

He Found a Job. "Has your husband found work yet, Mrs. McGarrity?" "He hez that, mum. He's a prier hanger."

"A picture hanger? Why, I supposed that required artistic skill and a good deal of taste." "Paste, indeed it does, mum. It takes a dale av paste, sure. The poor bye carries a bucket av it wid him all day, and then sometimes he can't make the blissed picters stick to them ould boards at all, at all."

A Present for a Husband. Furniture Dealer—Yes, madam, there is no nice present for a man than a handsome writing-desk. Look at this one, for example.

Customer—It's very pretty; but what are all those square things? "Drawers, madam. That desk has one hundred and sixty separate drawers."

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

Barnum on Hamburg.

A young lady of this city who is engaged to a well-known young society gentleman recently made an experiment to try the temper and habits of her fiancé which nearly resulted in disastrous consequences.

Reading her morning paper she saw an advertisement for a domestic. The number of the house was that of her lover's, where he kept a sort of bachelor's hall with his father, who was a widower. It occurred then and there to Miss H.—to supply the demand. Not in reason, but by proxy. She knew of a tidy little German girl who was bright and engaging, and who wanted a place. She sent for her and gave instructions as to what she was to do and her, and particularly charged her to observe how Mr. F.—conducted himself, what he ate, and if he was good-tempered and easy to please.

Christine promised to watch everything and report at the end of the week. But before the week was up the girl reported with all her belongings and her eyes overflowing with tears. She had been asked to look Mr. F.'s boots, and had ordered her about as if she were a dog, and he wouldn't eat anything but bread and butter, and all, but would be a use she forgot to wash off the front steps. Then Miss H. sat down and wrote to her lover:

"You are a brute. No man who was not a brute would ask a woman to look his boots and see if her lover's boots were light and engaging, and who wanted a place. She sent for her and gave instructions as to what she was to do and her, and particularly charged her to observe how Mr. F.—conducted himself, what he ate, and if he was good-tempered and easy to please. Christine promised to watch everything and report at the end of the week. But before the week was up the girl reported with all her belongings and her eyes overflowing with tears. She had been asked to look Mr. F.'s boots, and had ordered her about as if she were a dog, and he wouldn't eat anything but bread and butter, and all, but would be a use she forgot to wash off the front steps. Then Miss H. sat down and wrote to her lover:

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Barnum on Hamburg.

About thirty-five years ago P. T. Barnum and I took a lecture tour of Oxford, England, before an audience composed chiefly of under-graduates. The subject was "Humburg" and the citizens were so unruly that Mr. Barnum was unable to obtain a hearing. At length there was a lull, and the speaker, seeing the opportunity, shouted aloud: "Then you don't want to hear anything about Humburg?" "We don't," was the immediate reply. Mr. Barnum gazed at his audience for a minute, and then remarked: "Well, I have got your money, and there is no humbug about that." This statement was received with great applause, and Mr. Barnum was allowed to deliver his lecture without a further interruption.

"Why need it be?" we say, and sigh. When loving mothers fade and die, And leave the little ones who have to live, They leave to guide in life's wayward road. It need not be in many cases. All about us we see dying daily those who have been saved. It seems to be a well-spread opinion that the cause of death is the disease which grows out of female weakness and irregularity that there is no cure for it. She is doomed. But that is not true. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is constantly restoring women afflicted with these troubles to health and happiness. It is the only medicine for their ailments which has made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

Dr. Pierce's Pills, the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial; 50¢ a dozen.

True grandeur does not consist in the possession but in the use of humble means; for new born infants frequently inherit their father's kingdoms and empires.

The saving in clothing where Dublin's Kilkenny is used, forty times the soap bill. It is no new soap, but has been sold for 25 years just as pure as in 1865. Try it. Your grocer has it. It will cost you 10¢.

A light supper, a good night's sleep and the morning breeze made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward.

Deafness Can't be Cured. By the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by concentrating the mucus lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, and when it is entirely closed, deafness results, and the inflammation can be taken out, and the tube restored to normal condition, hearing will be restored forever. This is done by the use of our "Ears" which is nothing but an infallible medicine for the mucus surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars to any case of Deafness cured by our "Ears" that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Sent for circulars free.

At the annual stock sheep sale at Melmore, N.J., was packed for a single ram, and \$2,750 for a Scotch sheep.

Mild, reliable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Vanity is a strange passion; rather than be out of a job it will brag of its ills.

A Pocket Cigar Case and five of "Tansill's Punch," all for 25¢.

One may be better than his reputation or his conduct, but never better than his principles.

Marie Rose, W. T. Carleton, Laura Hellett and many more prominent artists, writers and public speakers use and recommend as the very best remedy for hoarseness or irritation of the throat, and irritating the voice, the Bronchial Wafers made by J. F. Hayes, Boston, Philadelphia. Price twenty-five cents per box. Post paid.

It is seldom that we find out how great are our resources until we are thrown upon them.

Have you a family? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not taken Dr. King's Remedy for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Croup, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why? When a sample bottle is gladly given to you free by a druggist and the large size costs only 50¢ and \$1.

The French military officers are now all armed with revolvers; during the war of 1870 they had none.

It affected with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell 25¢ per bottle.

The Comte de Paris, being an exile, was unable to attend the funeral of the Duke of Portugal.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY RHEUMATISM.

For 20 Years. Plot Knob, Mo., September 3, 1888. I suffered with chronic rheumatism in my knees and hips for many years. I had used crutches. I was treated at times by several doctors, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil. I have had no return of pain in three years. HENRY P. TRAVELS.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Ely Cream Balm is the best remedy for children suffering from COLD IN HEAD.

CATARRH. Apply Balm on each nostril. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.