A Royal Flush.

Three sports got into a railroad of car,
A railroad car, with a p ck of cards;
They called "hear" "hyar," and "there" was "thar,"
And they always spoke to each other as "pards."
For sports there are, booth good and poor,
Professi nal and amateur,
Where railroad trains are running.

They wanted a fourth at a poker hand.
Three were they, and they were one short,
And they asked a stranger if he'd be the sand
To try a little game for sport,
For strangers there are where men abound,
And you'll always find a stranger round
Where railroads trains are running.

The stranger didn't know the game,
But he was willing to live and learn;
To him the cards were all the same—
"They was to all at first he'd hearn!"
And the sports laughed loud and dealt the pack,
And gave him four queens and a thick legged-Jack.
As they will when trains are running.

And then they bet on the poker hand,
And fattened the pot to a goodly pile,
And they asked the stranger if he would stand,
And the stranger stood, with a simple smile,
And one sport raised the other two,
And the stranger him, as strangers do
Where railroad trains are running.

And then in a solemn, breathless hush,
The three sports showed what they had got;
But aces won't beat a royal flush,
And the stranger gobbled that obese pot.
For strangers and sport are natural foes,
And the former carry cards in their clo'es,
Where railroad trains are running.

—*Christian at Work.*

THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.

Her Eventful Life Apparently Drawing Rapidly to a Close.

The Queen has invited the Empress Eugenie to pay another visit to Scotland this autumn, and it is probable that she will occupy Abergeldie Castle for a shor ttime in October, after the Prince and Princess of Wales have left for the south, says a London paper. According to the European gossips the life of the ex-Empress Eugenie is drawing very near to a close. Were it otherwise there would be still greater grounds for surprise. If the ex Empress' life has not been a long one, at least it has been crowded with events exciting and sorrowful after a manner unparalleled in modern history. Such writers as Irving and Merimee have presented to us the little child in frocks, and as well the graceful girl in her teens, unconscious of the fate which the future held in store for her—grand and gloomy. Splendid as was her career during the second empire—so fair and so familiar in all its features that the sewing girls of Paris put aside their braziers of charcoal and resolved to live and become empresses—it was by no means one of unalloyed enjoyment. Her life was spent under the aim of the assassin, or she was made the target of foes still more merciless—of paragraphers and of polemics, who did not shrink from libelling with impartial malignity the sovereign, the wife and the mother. Even about the days when the second empire was crumbling into the abyss, history has twined a garland of dishonoring invention, and we have the Empress declaring: "This is my little war!" or dismissing the faithful of the Tuileries with the flippant adieu: "My friends, we have played out the farce!" when, all the time, she was engaged with the crowding affairs of a disorganized state, or trembling for her husband and son, or flying for her life from a fate worse than that of the Princess Lamballe.

The life of the ex-Empress Eugenie since the disaster of Sedan has been mournful in the extreme. The crumbling of the fabric of the second empire was followed by the death of her husband, and to this succeeded closely the death of her mother and the taking off of her only child, the gallant and ill-fated Prince Louis. Since he fell, thrust through with Zulu spears, and the hopes of a Bonapartist restoration were smitten by the shock, she has remained a mother of sorrow, mourning for her dead with a sincerity that malignity could not impeach, and that has acquired for her the respect and pity of the world. Rarely, if ever, in the world's history, has so fair a noonday been followed by so black a night. That the end of her days is near at hand no one who has noted the condition of the ex Empress' health can doubt. She will go down to the grave a woman misunderstood and misrepresented, to her generation a flirt, a fanatic and a dictator of foolish fashions, and to the few who have read the lines of her strong character a woman of real talent, of fervid affections, and of virtues beyond the reach alike of denial and of detraction.

Good Night.

The clock on the mantel tolled 1 a. m. and a little past, and still the knight lingered, trying to think of something to say, although it was painfully evident that the baron's daughter was just too sleepy for anything.

"I am afraid," he said at last; "that I am like an auger."

"Wherefore, sir knight?" she asked, yawning with that high-bred courtesy appertaining to the upper classes.

"Because I bore you," he said, smiling proudly at his good right wit.

"Ah, no," she said; "you remind me of an old flint-lock musket."

"Spoken like a soldier's daughter," quoth he; "and as to how?"

"Takes you so long to go off," she said kindly.

At 1 15 a. m. the portcullis fell with a clang, the draw bridge was raised, and the castle slept. Away in the starlit distance a good knight tramped wearily in the wake of the last car, which had sailed two hours ago, and bitterly reproached himself for not thinking to tell the haughty baron's daughter that her joke was too awfully premature, because muskets weren't going to be invented for nearly 100 years.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

A famine is in the land, not of food, but of vessels to put food in. Some say the production is short, others that the low price of sugars have induced more fruit bottling than ordinary. At all events, fruit jars are very scarce; in fact, quarts are not to be had and have advanced in price very materially. It may be useful to our readers to know that the reliable and well-assorted House Furnishing Store, No. 90 King street west, is the El Dorado for these goods now.

A 114 pound squash is one of the attractions of Walla Walla, Washington Territory.

THE HUMOROUS JOURNALISTS OF AMERICA.

Who They Are and What They Do.

The only two old newspaper humorists who have held their own before the public are C. B. Lewis, of the Detroit *Free Press*, and Robert J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*. Lewis is a veritable prodigy. He has written constantly for ten years, and he has not weakened in the least. Burdette does not write as much, but he has improved, and he has yet to do the best work of his life. We believe Burdette is drifting toward verse-making; if this be true we may look for some exquisite work at his hands after he has learned the difference between a spondee and dactyl, and is brave enough to put his thoughts into rhyme. The foolish fear of being laughed at has aborted many a beautiful poem

Of the more recent humorists, the best are Joel C. Harris, E. W. Nye and Opie Reed. Nye is the most popular, but Reed is undoubtedly the most versatile. Harris' work is simply perfect in its way, but the fact that it is largely confined to dialect sketches prescribes the extent of its popularity, and this extent of popularity will, we believe, diminish year by year. James Whitcomb Riley is beyond all question the best of our numorous poets. Thomas B Chrystol, of the New York *Morning Journal*, is the most promising of the young verse-writers, and he is undeniably the most prolific and most fashionable; it is hard to determine as to the versatility of his humor, as his verses have hitherto been wholly confined within the limits of comicality. When we come to consider the demand for humor which exists in this country, we are amazed to find that there are so few writers capable of answering that demand. It is complained that the humorist writes himself out, but we do not believe it necessarily follows that because one has a talent he must exhaust that talent in two, five or ten years. We do not see why that talent should not endure a life-time. But it must be nursed and fostered and cultivated and improved.

The trouble with the average writer—be he humorously inclined or not—is that he spends the principal of his ability instead of husbanding that principal and subsisting upon the interest. The graveyards of journalism are full of intellectual paupers—those who had all that genius could give a man, but who foolishly and extravagantly lavished their wealth of brilliancy, with no thought of the professional to-morrow, till they found themselves suddenly bankrupt and benighted and objects of universal compassion.—*Eugene Field.*

Henry M. Stanley's Servant.

Mr. Stanley has with him his favorite servant, Dualla, a slim Somali of 23, picked up at Aden, who has acted as his confidential attendant for the last five or six years, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. No one could fail to be attracted by his bright, intelligent face, his genial smile and his answers to some pleasant badinage which his master exchanged with him at luncheon showed a surprising readiness and grasp. With the various points of the Congo question he is thoroughly conversant, expressing his opinions with much decision; of De Brazza, of the missionaries, of the Portuguese and so on. The length of the Congo, from Leopoldville to Banana Point, he is known, and when he appears at a station he is at once recognized as the representative of Mr. Stanley, as whose ambassador in advance he often acts. In fact Dualla is a diplomatist of consummate tact, which does credit to his teaching. His English is wonderfully good, and at present he is acquiring the art of writing. "Dualla is getting whiter every day. Do you use Pear's soap, Dualla?" asked Mr. Stanley, laughing out. Dualla had not tried its virtues. This is not his first visit to London; though it possesses great attractions for him, I am afraid he prefers the gayeties of Paris. Dualla is getting homesick, and is going back to Aden, for a time at least, to friends. "Dualla thinks the white girls very pretty, but I know there is a dusky Somali maiden in the case, eh, Dualli?" Dualla blushed, laughed and beat a hasty retreat. That he has faith in England is evident from the fact that out of the £350 he has saved out of his wages of £80 a year he has invested £250 in consols. The odd £100 he has spent in presents for his friends, like the thoughtful fellow he is.

An Electric French Girl.

M. Arago, Dr. Cholet and M. Victor Meunier are responsible for the following extraordinary account of an electric girl. The girl, a peasant of 13, called Angelique Cottin, was, M. Meunier tells us in his weekly scientific article, working in a factory, when a small table next to her was violently upset without ostensible cause. Subsequently, in the presence of M. Meunier, she sat on a chair held by several people, when the chair was hurled from their hands. This was tried more than once, with like results, the chair being in one case broken when its holders were strong enough not to let it go. When isolation from the ground was produced by glass none of these effects occurred. The only discomfort which the girl ever feels is a pain in the hollow of the elbow. Before a commission of engineers none of these experiments succeeded, but it is alleged in explanation that the electric properties of her system have through repeated discharges lost their force and finally become exhausted.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Not a Dog Dentist.

New York *Star*: A Grand street dentist was recently asked by one of his lady patients if he would make a set of false teeth for her dog, who, being old, had lost his own. She said she was willing to have the experiment made on her darling, whose digestion was now greatly impaired, and that many other people she knew would be glad to have their pet's absent teeth replaced if her dog's set was a success. The dentist declined to try.

The big stone tower of the Philadelphia public building, now in process of construction, will be finished by the end of 1886, and will then be 340 feet high. From that elevation the iron work commences and goes 195 feet higher, until the crown of William Penn's hat, the height of 535 feet, is reached. The crowning piece in the circle forming the lower part of the tower is a single stone weighing 32 tons.

POSTPRANDIAL SPEAKERS.

Characteristics of Clever Impromptu Talkers, at Home and Abroad.

Lord Coleridge, at the Irvine banquet at St. James' Hall, before our popular tragedian went to America, intimated that an after-dinner speech "consisted of platitudes and anecdotes;" and I remember hearing Mr. James R. Lowell, poet, humorist, and American Minister at the Court of St. James, say that if suddenly called upon after dinner to speak, his mind was more or less a blank, but that on the way home from the feast he thought of ever so many good things he would like to have said. This implied a lack of ready wit, but I fancy Mr. James R. Lowell did himself an injustice by this confession, as his speeches usually have an impromptu air and abound in point and interest. Charles Dickens was an admirable after dinner speaker, but I have no doubt he knew tolerably well before-hand what he was to talk about, and since the lamented death of "Boz" I fancy George Augustus Sala bears away the palm. When this notable journalist rises, poises his chin in the air, rolls his dark eyes upward and sends out his clear metallic chest notes, one feels an assurance that a clever speech is forthcoming, delivered with fluent ease and felicity of expression. I once heard a noble lord, who very frequently makes excellent speeches in the Upper House, declare that he would part with half of his worldly possessions if he could roll off a speech with the facility of G. A. S. This may have been a *facon de parler*, but it certainly implies a large measure of admiration for the oratorial ability of our prince of journalists. To my mind the most wonderful speaker in the world is Henry Ward Beecher, the celebrated Brooklyn divine. He can speak at any time, at any place and on any subject. His pyrotechnic brain, incessantly whizzing and whirling, shoots out thousands of bright thoughts, which he readily clothes in most musical and expressive language. The worst speaker I ever heard is "Dying" Boucicault, who, though a capable Irish comedian and adapter of French plays, boggles and stammers, hesitates and trips when he "rises to respond," and resumes his seat without having produced the slightest effect, except that of disappointment. On the whole I think the Americans are more telling after-dinner speakers than the English. There is Daniel Dougherty, the eminent advocate of Philadelphia; Sunset Cox, Oakley Hall, Ben Butler and Chauncey M. Depew, whose names are well known on this side of the ocean, and who, when they get on their legs, usually corruscate to the edification of their hearers.—*Howard Paul in Hotel Mail.*

The Dress of Modern Fiction.

The cardinal objection against the lighter literature of the present day is its lack of sincerity. Form is regarded as of more importance than substance; a pretty external drapery is used to ornament a worthless manikin, and when the reader expects flesh and blood he is confronted with wood. The art which should conceal art is only art made coarse by artificiality; in inartistic niggling at petty details; a commonplace attempt to catalogue a series of readily observed surface phenomena, and to neglect the vital soul beneath. False art has triumphed over nature; the morgue has usurped the place of the arena, and literature has sunk to the low level of busying itself with trifles; with drawing its pictures from the dressmakers' and milliners' dead models, elaborating the insignificant, apotheosizing the ridiculous, and then claiming for its stiff-jointed, artificial-voiced manikins the reward that is due to living men and women whom it so offensively caricatures.—*Boston Gazette.*

Easy of Explanation.

Wall Street News: One of the late failures in Northern Michigan was that of a retail dealer in grindstones—liabilities, $3,350 25; assets, $1,262 18. His explanations were all ready for the first caller.

"You see, I was carrying a stock of 950 grindstones, all sizes, all of 'em provided with holes in the centre."

"Yes."

"The overproduction depressed the market and sent down prices."

"Exactly."

"While the general depression in all kinds of business induced farmers to sharpen their tools on stone walls and put off investing in grindstones."

"Just so."

"And, to add to the rest, rumors of a European complication, the low price of wheat and the cholera excitement weakened the market until grindstones hadn't a ghost of a show."

Tory Island, off which the British gunboat Wasp was wrecked and fifty-two persons drowned, on the 23rd inst., lies off Horn head, a bold promontory which rises some 800 feet above the sea on the northwest coast of Donegal. It is opposite the inlet known as McSwyne's Gun Cove, which derives its name from a curious cavern scooped out of the intensely hard traprock by the fury of the waves, which rush past Tory Island to break on the mainland cost. Into this cavern the surge rushes with extreme violence, producing during a storm a roar which in earlier days was described as louder than a discharge of artillery. Of late years, however, the sea has worn the cave so wide that the report of McSwyne's Gun is greatly diminished. Tory Island lies about seven miles northwest of the cove. It is some three miles long from northwest to southeast, but quite narrow, and its shores are deeply indented by the waves. In old times it had a considerable population drawn there by the security afforded by its isolation in the stormy sea. The ruins of dwellings, churches and crosses are found buried deep in the sand. A round tower also attests the ancient importance of the place, but at present the place has very few inhabitants. There is a lighthouse on the island, with a tower 63 feet high, rising 125 feet above the sea. The Wasp was a steam gunboat of 465 tons and 470 horse-power. She carried four guns, and was employed in particular service. According to the latest navy list that we have seen, the officers of the ill fated vessel were Lieutenant and Commander John D. Nicholls and Lieut Frederick A. Warden.

Eight little girls in Port Chester, N. Y., put the country at large to shame by organizing a fair for the benefit of the Bartholdi statue fund which netted $900.

PREPARING FOR A FUNERAL.

There Was No Corpse—A Remarkable Incident—From Grief to Joy.

It is not often that a man survives to see the preparations for his own funeral, but such happened to Herbert Cannon, a son of Dr. Cannon, of Yarker. The young man, who is clerking for John A. Griffith at Sharbot Lake, was taken ill and his father went out to visit him, and telegraphed home to his mother he was better; but through some error in transmitting it was made to read that he was dead. The mother and relatives at Yarker were nearly frantic with grief. A gloom was cast over the village, relatives from distant places were summoned, the church was draped with kindly hands and friends, and a large number of neighbors came to meet the corpse on the arrival of the train at Harrowsmith. But they were most agreeably disappointed, for the first person to step off the train was Dr. Cannon, who imparted the cheering intelligence that his son was much better. The joy of the mother was as overpowering as her despondency was a short time previously. One individual remarked *sotto voce* "drat thim operators anyway."—*Kingston News.*

The Wheel of Fortune.

Moves incessantly the most buoyant to-day may be loaded down by adversity to-morrow. One peculiarity of that famous alleviator of human suffering—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, is the fact that in spite of hundreds of imitations and substitutes it has retained its place in the very front rank as a remedy for corns. This must ever be the case as every person who has used it testifies that it is prompt, painless and certain—three grand essentials which, when combined, as is the case with Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, insures a sure pop corn cure. Sold everywhere.

A Paris novelty is a magnifying fan. Two sticks are bored and the holes filled with small lenses of the finest crystal. The wearer covers her eyes with the fan and uses the sticks as an opera glass.

Everybody Ho! Ho!

Read this carefully. If you or any friend are suffering from any kind of pain, internal, local or external, try Polson's NERVILINE, the sure pop pain cure. Nerviline is one of the most elegant combinations ever offered to the public for the relief of pain. Pleasant to take, powerful in effect, sure in results, and cheap because the strongest, purest and most certain pain remedy in the world. You can test this great remedy by going to a drug store and buying a 10 cent sample bottle. Try it at once.

Marion Crawford, the American novelist, will marry a daughter of Col. Berdan, the inventor, in October.

—Dr. S. B. Brittan says: "As a rule physicians do not by their professional methods build up the female constitution, and they seldom cure the diseases to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are often required to restore organic harmony and to strengthen the enfeebled powers of womanhood, and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the medical profession. Among the very best of these remedies I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

That Was What He Said.

"O Mr. Strut!" exclaimed Miss Maidenblush, meeting the leading man at the Boudoir Theatre, "I've got a compliment for you—a splendid one, too. Uncle Frank saw you in the new piece last night."

Strut—"How did he like my assumption—"

Miss Maidenblush—"That's just what Uncle Frank said. He said it was the greatest piece of assumption he ever witnessed."

Strut—"H'm. Glad to have met you, Miss Maidenblush. Good bye."—*Boston Transcript.*

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them *one trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favorably noticed in all the papers,

Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered long, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on bed of misery,

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rehumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Uunder the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say:

"How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters."

"He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable."

"And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

☞None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Trust the Directors.

"Look here!" roared the paying teller, as he jumped into the cashier's office, and held out a newspaper with his thumb on the paragraph. "Look here! Has this bank any political influence?"

"What's the matter?" inquired the cashier, turning pale.

"This paper is urging the annexation of Canada. Now how are you going to stop that?"

"Let it alone," said the cashier, with a resuming smile, as he poked another package of bonds into the tail of his coat. "Be faithful and earnest in your attention to your duties. The bank directors will take care of that annexation scheme. What securities have we in stock on long loans?"—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

Troubles of a Millionaire.

New York millionaire—"Are the girls locked up for the night, wife?"

"Yes."

"Coachman chained?"

"Yes."

"Has the patent butcher-catcher in the front yard been oiled so that it works well?"

"Yes."

"Well, we might as well chloroform the gardener and go to sleep."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Good Average.

A farmer sent his boy to the "sugar bush" to look after the sap buckets.

Presently the boy returned.

"How are they?" asked the farmer.

"W-well," the boy replied, "s-some are h-half f-full, s-some are f-full, an' s-some are r-runnin' over. I g-guess they'll a-average 'bout f-full."

A petition to test the Scott Act in Norfolk has been filed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND ULCERATION, FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

☞ ITS PURPOSE IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY. ☜

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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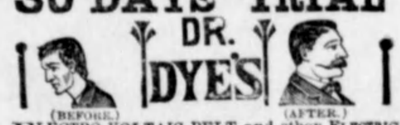
30 DAYS' TRIAL



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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again, I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for my not receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address Dr. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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

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