### A Serious Humorist.

My story is a sad one, and won't take long to tell
To any sort of metre I can suit it just as well.
You'll understand my misery before the tale is done.
It all began one hapless day—the day I made pun;
And ever since that fatal hour the people do declare
That I became a humorist, alas! right then and there;
Though to be considered serious I'd give a lot of money,
Whatever I may say or do, they will insist it's funny.

I might perhaps have since escaped the direful consequences
Had I not penned a feeble joke when hardly in my senses.
'Twas printed in a paper of tremendous circulation,
And I was dubbed a humorist by all the laughing nation.
In vain I tried to prove myself a libelled individual,
The fatal truth confronted me—the joke was quite original.
Where'er I went there followed me that dreadful reputation,
And every word I spoke aroused uproarious cachinnation.

If I remarked in casual tones upon the gloomy weather,
The people laughed until they cried, and laughed and cried together;
When I gave information of some accident distressing,
They roared with mighty merriment exceedingly depressing;
And when I failed in business, and despairing told my wife,
She, laughing, vow'd I'd never been so funny in my life!
I dressed in sombre black, assumed a grim, funereal air,
And spoke in wee-enveloped tones, my face distraught with care.

I wept a little when I could, all steep'd in melancholy,
But people only laughed again, and whispered, "Ain't he jolly!"
In fact, the more that I became a sacrifice to sadness,
The more I met the wretched glee that drove me near to madness.
Full half my time is spent declining pressing invitations
To humorous banquets and to write for comic publications,
And scented notes and letters couched in words as sweet as honey—
"Now won't you send your autograph? and please to make it funny."

If I should sink beneath my trials, and leave this mortal sphere,
The world would give me credit for the best joke of the year;
And doubtless folks who came to gaze upon my monument
Would find it quite impossible to keep their laughter pent.
'Tis useless to deny it now, alack! the mischief's done,
And I must be a humorist, tho' an unconscious one.
I've only this request to make, which no one can resist:
Please call me in my epitaph the *Serious Humorist*.

### THE BLACK WATCH.

**Death of Sir Duncan Cameron, the Veteran Colonel of the Regiment.**

General Sir Duncan Alexander Cameron, G.C. B., died at Blackheath on Thursday last. This distinguished officer was born in the year 1808, and the date of his first commission was 1825. He became captain in 1833, major in 1839, colonel in 1854 and major-general in 1859, and finally won the full rank of general after nearly fifty years of service. He was placed on the retired list in 1878. He served with distinction throughout the war in the Crimea, where he was in command of the 42nd Highlanders (the Black Watch) at the battle of the Alma, and commanded the Highland Brigade at the battle of Balaclava. He was further engaged in the expedition to Kertch and at the seige of Sebastopol, and in the assault on the Redan of the 18th of June. For his services he was mentioned in despatches and received the medal with three clasps, as well as many foreign distinctions. He was made an officer of the Legion of Honor, and received also the Sardinian and Turkish medals and the 3rd class of the Medjidie. At the end of the war he received his C. B. In the New Zealand war, 1863-65, he was in command of the forces and conducted the operations at Kolikara, Kohasoa, Trangiriri, the Gate Pah and other battles. For these services he was again mentioned in despatches, gained the medal, received the thanks of the Legislative Council of the colony, and was promoted to K. C. B. Sir Duncan Cameron was made colonel of his old regiment, the Black Watch, in 1863, and he was Governor of the Military College at Sandhurst from 1868 to 1875. In 1873, on his attaining the rank of general, he was promoted to be G. C. B. Sir Duncan married in 1873 Flora, daughter of Dr. Andrew Maclean; she died in 1875.—*London Times, June 12th.*

### For and About Women.

Madame Andre, the portrait painter, has given all her jewels, valued at $20,000, to the Paris Philanthropic Society.

Pundita Ramabal has already secured about $50,000 toward the fund she is raising to establish a school in India for Hindoo widows.

Miss Linda Gilbert has devoted 15 years and most of her fortune to prison reform. She has established 22 libraries in the prisons of different States, and found employment for 6,000 ex-convicts.

In Calcutta, a society of native young men for promoting the marriage of girl widows has been formed. Another has existed for some time, whose members promise not to marry little girls, nor themselves to marry so early as has been the custom.

A number of ladies in Philadelphia get their bonnets very cheaply by having a clever milliner out of employment come to the house. They pay her $5 a day, and in one day she trims up the bonnets and hats for all the women in the family.

Here is a reflection from the *Reflector*: How women can manage to sit bolt upright and not change a position, looking neither to the right nor left, during a sermon in church passes the understanding. A man will sit on the picket fence all the afternoon to see a ball match, but put him in a church pew for three-quarters of an hour and he will wobble all over the seat.

### A Well-Founded Report.

Miss Ethel (confidentially)—Do you know, Clara, that I had two offers of marriage last week?

Miss Clara (with enthusiasm)—Oh, I am delighted, dear! Then the report is really true that your uncle left you his money.

There is $25,000 in New York awaiting the order of John Anthony Barnes, who left Boston in 1868 and has not since been heard from.

### HOW TO BLEACH THE HAIR.

**Only One Way, and That a Poisonous One, to Obtain Golden Locks.**

It is difficult to stem any story in which champagne is introduced, says the New York *Graphic*. There is a sparkle in the looks of the word, an easy sense of opulence in its sound that wins its way into the most truth-guarded columns of a newspaper. One of the most beguiling of these champagne stories is that women use it for bleaching their hair. It reappears with the periodical recurrence of the sea serpent. The thought of lovely woman floating her locks in a bottle of champagne is always too much for the susceptible youth who works the scissors, and in it goes. Now, the fact is that not even a boarding-school girl would divert champagne from its natural uses to this end. The experiment in the first place is too costly, in the second place women are like creatures to ourselves. They would rather drink it. However, a number of different hairdressers have been interviewed on the subject. The result of these investigations must be painful to the exchange reader and his fervid imaginings. One and all agree that there is no authority for saying that champagne will bleach the hair. The effervescent quality of champagne might lighten the hair a little, as will acids, but something further is required. Naturally each hairdresser is ready to produce that something further. This is in every case a colorless liquid. At one place it is called, we will say, "Dawn;" in another "Liquide d'Or." At a third it appears as under some musical and beguiling syllable, meaning nothing. In every case it is assured that this magical colorless liquid is the only thing that will bleach the hair without destroying it. There are also other preparations, to which a good deal of care has been given to providing them with musical names, to turn hair red, chestnut and other desired tints. In each case the question was plumply asked, "Do you know anything about peroxide of hydrogen?"

"Yes, it will bleach the hair, but it is a powerful acid and will ruin it. Now the 'Dawn' (or the 'Liquide d'Or' or the 'Aureole,' as the case might be) has been analyzed and is medically pure."

To settle all these conflicting claims and testimony an attempt was made to interview Mr. Charles Meyers, the theatrical wig-maker. Mr. Meyers had gone to Europe, but he had left in his place an able assistant, who was dealing out face powder of different tints with a small scoop to waiting customers.

As he was busy he was laconic, but his brief words carried conviction of their truthfulness.

"What do you use to bleach hair?"

"Peroxide of hydrogen, with ammonia added to make it stronger."

"How does it bleach the hair?"

"It is a powerful acid, and bleaches by burning the hair."

"Doesn't that injure the hair?"

"Certainly—ruins it."

"Why do you do it, then?"

"People want it."

"Will nothing else bleach the hair?"

"Nothing."

"What, then, is 'Dawn?'"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"What is 'Liquide d'Or?'"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"What is 'Aureole?'"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"What does peroxide of hydrogen look like?"

"Water."

There seemed to be nothing more to be asked on that subject.

Some face powder was bought as emollient for the young man, and while he was scooping and boxing a few more questions were ventured:

"What will turn hair chestnut?"

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

"Then what will turn it red?

"Peroxide of hydrogen."

He laid down the box of powder, took up 25 cents in exchange, put it in the till, then folded his arms on the counter, leaned on them, and thus delivered himself:

"There are but two things you can do with hair. You can bleach it and you can dry it. If we should put a dozen pieces of hair that looked alike in a bath of peroxide of hydrogen they would come out—more likely than not—all different. It would be owing to the different color tendency of the hair which the oily pigment hides. One might be chestnut, another red, another gold and another flax. That's all there is of it."

"Yes, very well, thank you, sir. But, please," calling this back from the door, "do you suppose that borax or bicarbonate of soda would bleach the hair?"

The young man struggled with his feelings and then answered suavely:

"You can keep your hair clean with borax and soda, and while keeping it clean allow its natural color to show. But in thus drying out all the natural oils you injure the soft and silky texture of the hair, which is a great part of its beauty. Good morning. Not at all."

### Land of Fire.

In Terre del Fuego, as a sea captain tells a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter, a sheep or a baby is considered a fair equivalent for a plug of tobacco or a bunch of matches. If the choice of the price be given he will always give the baby, as there is a much greater demand for sheep than for young Fuegans. * * * Though the Fuegans are very low in the human scale, they are careful not to offend the eyes of strangers. An explorer approaching a boat sees only the best-looking squaw of the party. She handles a paddle at the stern and steers the boat. Her less comely sister—there are always two families on a boat—is hidden ignominiously under the seats.

It has generally been believed that the reduction in average height of French soldiers which followed Napoleon's wars, due, of course, to the immense slaughter in those campaigns, made all of those soldiers the shortest in Europe. But, according to a high medical and military authority in Russia, the minimum height of the Russian and the French conscript is about equal—five feet; while in most other European countries the minimum ranges from five feet one inch to five feet three inches.

She—And do you really think you would be happy with me as your wife? He—Oh, I am sure I have always been a lucky fellow in games of chance.


$500 WILL PAY FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

THE PROPRIETORS OF Dr. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY

For a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS 50 CENTS.

The Only Guaranteed Cure

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CATARRH IN THE HEAD.

SYMPTOMS OF THE DISEASE.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a "nasal twang"; the breath is offensive; smell and taste impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

COMMON SENSE TREATMENT.

If you would remove an evil, *strike at its root*. As the predisposing or real cause of catarrh is, in the majority of cases, some weakness, impurity, or otherwise faulty condition of the system, in attempting to cure the disease our *chief* aim must be directed to *the removal of that cause*. The more we see of this odious disease, and we treat successfully thousands of cases annually at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, the more do we realize the importance of combining with the use of a local, soothing and healing application, a *thorough and persistent* internal use of blood-cleansing and tonic medicines.

CHIEF RELIANCE.

In curing catarrh and all the various diseases with which it is so frequently complicated, as throat, bronchial, and lung diseases, weak stomach, catarrhal deafness, weak or inflamed eyes, impure blood, scrofulous and other taints, the wonderful powers and virtues of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cannot be too strongly extolled. It has a specific effect upon the lining mucous membranes of the nasal and other air-passages, promoting the natural secretion of their follicles and glands, thereby softening the diseased and thickened membrane, and restoring it to its natural, thin, delicate, moist, healthy condition. As a blood-purifier, it is unsurpassed. As those diseases which complicate catarrh are diseases of the lining mucous membranes, or of the blood, it will readily be seen why this medicine is so well calculated to cure them.

LOCAL AGENT.

As a local application for healing the diseased condition in the head, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is beyond all comparison the best preparation ever invented. It is mild and pleasant to use, producing no smarting or pain, and containing no strong, irritating, or caustic drug, or other poison. This Remedy is a powerful antiseptic, and speedily destroys all bad smell which accompanies so many cases of catarrh, thus affording great comfort to those who suffer from this disease.

PERMANENT CURES.

The Golden Medical Discovery is the natural "helpmate" of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It not only cleanses, purifies, regulates, and builds up the system to a healthy standard, and conquers throat, bronchial, and lung complications, when any such exist, but, from its specific effects upon the lining membrane of the nasal passages, it aids materially in restoring the diseased, thickened, or ulcerated membrane to a healthy condition, and thus eradicates the disease. When a cure is effected in this manner *it is permanent*.

Both Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy are sold by druggists the world over. Discovery $1.00, six bottles for $5.00. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy 50 cents; half-dozen bottles $2.50.

A complete Treatise on Catarrh, giving valuable hints as to clothing, diet, and other matters of importance, will be mailed, post-paid to any address, on receipt of a 2-cent postage stamp.

Address, **World's Dispensary Medical Association,** No. 663 Main Street, BUFFALO, N. Y.



Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PURGATIVE PELLETS

SIZE OF PELLETS.

THE ORIGINAL LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Sold by Druggists. 25 Cents a Vial.

PURELY VEGETABLE! PERFECTLY HARMLESS!

As a LIVER PILL, they are Unequaled!

SMALLEST, CHEAPEST, EASIEST TO TAKE.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. ONE PELLET A DOSE.

SICK HEADACHE,

**Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks,** and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pellets.** In explanation of their remedial power over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence.

BEING PURELY VEGETABLE,

Dr. Pierce's Pellets operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a gentle **laxative, alterative,** or active **purgative,** they give the most perfect satisfaction.

Manufactured by WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.


### WASHED IN HUMAN BLOOD.

**The Ceremonies with Which an Ashantee King's Birthday is Celebrated.**

When an Ashantee King dies a human sacrifice of 200 victims a week is offered for three months. A King's mother died in 1816 and her son slaughtered 3,000 people, 2,000 being persons just captured from the Fantis. To make up the tale every big Ashantee town had to give 100 and every small town ten victims.

A royal burial is a horrible spectacle. At the bottom of a huge grave are laid the heads of the slain. On them the coffin rests. Then just before the earth is thrown in one of the bystanders—a freeman, if of some rank so much the better—is suddenly clubbed, and a gash made in the back of his neck, and he is rolled in upon the coffin. The idea is to send along with the crowd of slaves and prisoners some one who shall look after them as a ghostly "major domo," says a writer in "All the Year Round."

"For a King there remains yet another "custom." At the end of thirty moons the grave is opened, the royal bones fastened together with gold wire and the skeleton placed in a long building divided into cells, the doorways to which are hung with silk curtains.

Then on his birthday the King of Ashantee goes early to the house of the royal dead.

Every skeleton is taken from its richly ornamented coffin, where it has lain surrounded by the things that had been most pleasing to it in life, and is placed on a chair to welcome the visitor.

As the King enters each cell with a meat and drink offering to the departed, the band plays the favorite melodies of that particular King, and unawares the royal visitor signs to the executioners who have followed him, and an attendant is pierced through the cheeks and killed, the King washing the skeleton in the warm blood.

The same work goes on at the next cell, and so on, the fearful work going on far into the night.

The band plays a signal as each victim is slaughtered. Two blasts on the horn mean "Death, death;" three drum taps, "Cut it off;" one beat from a big drum, "The head has fallen."

The signal is taken up by other bands, and all through the city horn-blowing and drum-beating goes on unceasingly.

### He Thought He Could.

Her Parent—Do you think, Mr. Filkins, that you can support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?

Bright Young Man—I think I could if you would let us board with you.

Mrs. Warren, the Colorado cattle queen, who is said to be worth $10,000,000, is the wife of Bishop Warren of the Methodist Church.

### TWO FUNNY BLUNDERS.

**Illustrating the Danger of Using English Acquired from Books.**

A couple of instances of the amusing blunders foreigners may make in speaking English were given me the other day, and I have every reason both to believe them genuine and that they have not before been printed. A lady who had learned English in a school in Europe, where she was accounted remarkably proficient in our language, came to this country to take charge of an establishment. Brought face to face with the practical requirements of everyday life, her English proved less comprehensive and accurate than might have been wished, and the evidences that her vocabulary had been painfully collected from a dictionary rather than from living speech gave a good deal of amusement to those around her. On one occasion she wished to direct a servant to kill a chicken, and after plucking it to bring her the feathers. The form which her direction took was: "Die me that beast and bring me his vestment."

Perplexing as the servant must have found this order, his astonishment can hardly have been equal to that of a carpenter to whom was addressed a still more amusing blunder by this lady. She had an interview with him in reference to some alterations she thought of undertaking in her dwelling, but found the estimates he made so large that she determined not to have the work undertaken. In a short time, however, she found herself so incommoded by the state of the house that she decided that it would be necessary to have the alterations made, even at the figure named by the carpenter. She accordingly sent for him, and once more carefully explained what she wished to have done. To her surprise the man promptly named a price for the work which was considerably in advance of his previous estimate, and his feelings may be imagined when in her consternation her peculiar English betrayed her into saying: "Why, sir, you are dearer to me than when we were first engaged." If the carpenter appreciated a joke he should have scaled down his figures.—*Boston Letter in Providence Journal.*

### Their Ages.

A coincidence occurs in the ages of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential nominees, in that both Thurman and Morton are older than Cleveland and Harrison. Of the four Cleveland is the youngest. The President was born in New Jersey in March, 1837, and he is consequently 51 years old. Harrison comes next. He is 55. Morton was full of a 9-year-old boy's tricks when Harrison was born, and is now 64 years of age. "The Old Roman," Allan G. Thurman, leads them all. He was born in 1813, and Time has cut 74 notches on his stick of life.

### A STRING OF SINGULARITIES.

**Minor Bits of Merit Because Inter-**

Mr. Wa[illegible] of Napa, Cal., who claims that he drove a swarm of bees across the plains in 1849, said some days ago that he had the "queen" of the swarm, and that he intended to take good care of her in her old age, as she led the attacks on bands of Indians in crossing the plains which might have scalped him.

At Louisville, Ky., a few nights ago, John Long, while bathing in the river, became insane, and held a companion under the water till he was nearly drowned, and was biting his arm when assistance arrived.

Rev. James A. Merriman, a former pugilist who met Paddy Ryan and Ben. Hogan and kept saloons in Philadelphia and other cities, is preaching at Atlanta, Ga. He thinks Ingersoll will become a Christian, as after his brother died he said to Mr. Merriman, "I expect to meet my brother again."

A negro at Cypremore Prairie, La., bought a cent's worth of ice-cream of a boy and would not pay for it. Colar Legnon told him he ought to pay for it, and the negro struck him, whereupon Legnon shot the negro dead.

A religious sect called Saints met at South Haven, Mich., on Sunday. When they meet each other they kiss and hug.

Nearly 200 women and some men converts to Mormonism have left their homes in West Alabama for Utah.

Rev. Father Tolten, of Quincy, Ill., is the only colored Catholic priest in the United States. He was born in slavery. He speaks several languages.

### Fashion in Hosiery.

A fashion journal says that stockings ornamented with twisted serpents will be worn with low shoes this summer. As socks are not mentioned the opposite sex will probably wear their snakes in the usual and time-honored fashion.

Lightning can be seen by reflection a distance of 200 miles.

A musical composition often justifies its name. It composes its audiences to sleep.


DUN L. 28 88.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND