

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

"If Cataline Rombustas Pierson ar' in de hall to-night I should like to hev him step dis way," said Brother Gardner as he wiped his spectacles on his elbow and turned his gaze into the southeast corner.

Cataline, who is a young man of 22, very stiff in the back and of ancient ancestry, come forward with a bland smile on his face and his coat buttoned tightly around him.

"Brudder Pierson," continued the President in a fatherly way, "I haf had an eye on you for some time back. Ar' dat a dimun pin you has on?"

"No, sah—it's glass."

"I thought so. Is dar' anything at de end of dat watch chain?"

"No, sah."

"Gold chain?"

"No, sah."

"Hows dat suit of cloze, Brudder Pierson—paid fur or not?"

"No, sah, but I've gwine to pay."

"Oh, your ar'! De tailor was ober to see me las' nite about 'em. Please lemme see dat big roll of money you war carryin' around yesterday."

"I've dun took it apart, sah. It was only a two-dollar bill wrapped around a rag."

"Just as I 'spected! How's yer bo'd, Brudder Pierson?"

"Three weeks behind, sah, but I've gwine to pay up."

"Dat's good news. Owe any borrowed money?"

"Y-yes, sah, but I've gwine to pay it back."

"Den, to sum up, you doan' own de cloze on your back. You ar' cheatin' de public wid a glass dimun, a brass watch chain, an' you an dodgin' creditors in ebery direction. All dis fer what? To put on a leedle style. Brudder Pierson, you am a deceiver; you am a hypocrite; you am a liar. Dar am a heap ob white folks just like you. Sooner dan let the world know dey am poo' dey will commit a crime. Whar dey orter war kaliko dey will buy velvets; whar dey orter pay deir milk bills dey will use deir money to go to de grand opera. Meet 'em on de street an' you'd think dey owned a bank. Go to deir homes an' you'd think you'd stumbled into de poo' house."

"I doan' understand," Brudder Pierson, why you feel called upon to swell. Dem cloze won't hide yer black face; dem fashunab' gaiters won't reduce de size of yer feet; a brass watch chain an' a glass diamun am not gwine to boost ye into high society an' hold ye thar very long. How does you reason dis case, Brudder Pierson?"

"I-I doan' know."

"Well, sah you reason yer seat. De nex' time you appear heah dat chain an' dimun must be missin'. I'll give you just two weeks to part yer har' away from de middle. In abo' fo' weeks, if dat bo'd bill ain't paid up an' de tailor feelin' safe about his money, sunthin' will drap. It will drap hard, an' it will hit you!" Dis club believes in kaliker shirts an' cash down fur grub; in stoga shoes an' house-rent all paid up; in Kentucky-jeans an' no bill at de creditors'; in paper collars an' no dodgin' creditors'. Sit down, Brudder Pierson, an' think it ober."

A MAN WITH A GRIEVANCE.

The Secretary announced the following from Ottawa, Canada:

BROTHER GARDNER.—It has now become the practice for members of different societies the world over to appeal to the Lime-Kiln Club for a judicial decision on eberything that has become a matter of grievance or debate. The sagacity of mind and patient inquiry brought to bear by yours' on questions referred for your consideration is fully recognized. The consequence is that every one appealing to your club feels that his case will be settled on the ground of common sense and justice.

Now, Brother Gardner, my name is Originality Langshan, and I am a man with a grievance. I am a member of the society of the Knights of the Tin Cross. It is a society for the promotion of all kinds of purity of speech and tender care of the feminine sex and the prevention of the alienation of the affections of the wife from the husband. Like every other society for the benefit and solicitude of mankind it has principles which its members are not expected to live up to. It is a society for the benefit of those who are under suspicion and anyone not under a cloud has no use for the society. The inducements held out to the poor wayfarer tired of self-indulgence and the hard path of transgression, are, first, the society will make an angel of him if the material is not too coarse, and second, the candidate is promised to be sent on deputations to the neighboring villages to propagate the principles of the order and establish a club. The members are admitted by a fee and the changes in the character are not wrought by any silent process of elevation. The feelings are harrowed up by laying bare every tender spot you have taken the greatest care to keep covered up, then you are kept on the ragged edge of expectation for three weeks awaiting to be sent on the promised deputation. In addition to all this you are under the salutary restraint of being watched by the brothers, who are ready to pick you up before you fall and to jump on you with both feet when down.

I ain't come to the grievance yet, but I'm getting there. The chairman of the club at the last fortnightly meeting announced from the chair that he had "received a communication from Hangback Dickinson, of Ironsides, requesting that a deputation be sent from this city to rejuvenate the painfully dormant state of the morals of that much neglected village. I therefore nominate Originality Langshan and Metaphysics Johnsted to take the necessary steps to proceed to Ironsides to establish a club of the Knights of Tin Cross at that place. It is understood that the deputation need not start until after pay day, as they are at liberty to pay their own expenses and charge the same to the newly established club."

The preliminaries have been arranged, excursion tickets purchased, and with a plng hat, white ties and several times marked down bran new dusters, we got on board the cars: the conductor shouted "let er go Smith," and she went. The receiving committee at Ironsides failed to connect, and Metaphysics Johnsted and the narrator had to depend upon their own unassisted efforts to find the hall. Metaphysics opened the meeting by ostentatiously saying he would address the meeting on the subject of metaphysics, and physiology, as connected with the principles of the Order of the Knights of the Tin Cross. Metaphysics enjoyed his own speech and the audience enjoyed a sciaz. The abstract statements were "too much" for the audience and

they failed to catch on from the beginning to the end. As the poet has already said: "There is a speech which is mute."

I was assigned to the silent but more or less and practical work of passing around the tracts containing the great principles of the order to the audience, which was proceeded with, and again as the poet has said: "There is a silence that speaks."

At the conclusion of the proceedings Brother Hangback Dickinson arose and said: "I move a vote of thanks to Brother Originality Langshan for tee original, ubiquitous, vivacious and versatile manner in which he has distributed the tracts. Original, because it requires a man with a great head, who has a genius for that sort of thing; it is such a gigantic, intellectual effort that but few men could stand it without bringing on softening of the brain. He is vivacious and agile, because the manner in which he clambered over the backs of the crowd shows that his experience in climbing over the fence into the melon patch has been turned to good purpose. The radiant and summer butter expression of countenance shows the satisfaction he takes in the work assigned to him, therefore I have great pleasure in moving for a vote of thanks to Originality Langshan, and also that this club give its note of hand for the expenses of the deputation, to be paid when there is money in the treasury."

After the vote of thanks was carried I arose and said the vote of thanks was accepted, and, fellow-brethren of the Knights of the Tin Cross, as you are aware, this is no teetotal society, we are waiting with suppressed expectation for the hospitality usual on occasions of this kind; furthermore hospitality is measured by the quality of the cordial and the size of the glasses. If there are six or seven inches of beer surrounded by cut glass it is an evidence of refined and elegant generosity, if it is a bucket with a tin dipper it is an evidence of generous hospitality without the elegance, but if Brother Hangback Dickinson is to squeeze the curse of Canada out of a jar from under his arm into a broken saucer, then it is evidence of lack of appreciation of the capacity of this deputation, and their efforts to night will be like the little flower that wastes its fragrance on the desert air. Under the saucer business a deputation whose members are constitutionally as dry as a lime burner's boot would lose too much time getting their skins full.

It is unnecessary to add that the hospitality was of the very highest standard. The whole proceedings were brought to b successful close by proposing the ultimate success of the Wyandotte Guild, of the Knights of the Tin Cross, by Brother Metaphysics Johnsted, who scoffed the contents of the flowea vase in which the lilies had been sleeping for a whole week.

Now, Brother Gardner, comes the grievance. In the daily paper of this city, which has an intermittent existence, but generally manages to get out on "Every Saturday," there appears a long report of the establishment of the Knights of the Tin Cross, in Ironsides. There are substantial grounds for the suspicion that Metaphysics Johnsted furnished that report. From the beginning to the end there wasn't the least mention of the name of Originality Langshan or the vote of thanks to him. Now, then, the question for your deliberation and adjudication is this: Was the omission on the part of Metaphysics Johnsted a case of prolonged absent-mindedness, or was it a case of pure casuedness, prompted by that fiend in the human breast "the green-eyed monster."

ORIGINALITY LANGSHAN. Ottawa, Canada, June 20, 1887.

"As to dat qeshun," observed Brother Gardner as he drew himself to his feet, "de Ch'ar will reserve his decision fur six months. An' de Ch'ar furdur hopes dat when any of ours frens in de Dominion write again dey will remember dat ink has gone up a cent a bottle, an' dat dar has bin a riz on paper an' envelopes."

HARD AT WORK. The Committee on the Prevention of Escape from Burning Hotels reported that no less than three colored people had already set to work to invent such a hand fire extinguisher as the Lime-Kiln Club thought was demanded by the exigencies of the hour, and that models of several inventions would probably be displayed before the club at its next meeting. Then, on motion of Givadam Jones, the meeting went home.

A Romantic Love Story. Said a Torontic florist the other day: Last spring I used to notice a couple going by here—a fine, manly young fellow and a girl pretty and dainty, with lovely brown hair and dark-blue eyes. They didn't know each other, but when the young man went to business the girl was sure to be somewhere around where she could see him. She lived right around the corner, and she used to come in here and pretend to be examining the flowers as he passed. Then she would look up and down and watch him as he went down the street. One day as he went by she looked up and said to me, "Oh, what a funny hat!" and then carelessly, as she began picking among the flowers, "I wonder who he is." I came very near laughing, for the previous day the young fellow had been in to ask me who she was, and had sent her some flowers. About a week after she came in with a friend, and I heard her telling the friend how somebody had been sending her flowers every morning, and she did wish she could find out who it was. Well, the best part of it all came afterwards. One morning he came in as usual, and the gardener took him back in the conservatory. While he was there the girl entered and stood near the counter looking towards the window. Presently he returned, and as he started for the door briskly he said: "Well, send these flowers as usual up to 24—street." Neither knew the other was near, and hearing the number of her house mentioned she turned around and they met face to face. "Well, I never saw such an embarrassed couple in all my days. She had a big jaquemont near her face, and it would have been hard to tell which was redder, the rose or her cheeks. She turned to the flowers and he passed out. They didn't come any more, but not long ago I saw them going by together. They both looked in and when they saw me he laughed and she blushed."

When a cow steps in the milk pail she also steps into the butter. If she only kicks over the milk she simply wastes her food.

A new invention is the lemon saw. The inventive genius of the age never tires and it ranges all the way from a mousetrap to a harness for electricity.

HOT FLUSHES.

Light weight: A pound of candles. Give a man six feet of earth and he will take a knell.

The inquisitive fellow may not be a sadder, but he is always a "why air" man.

It is when a baggage master comes to handle the luggage of a star actor that he realizes the force of Hamlet's remarks about Yorick—a fellow of infinite chest.

"A guilty conscience needs no accuser," says the proverb, with great truth. The guiltier a man's conscience the more willing he is to worry along without an accuser.

The commencement season is close at hand. It is called "commencement" principally because the fathers of the fair graduates then "commence" to see what they cost.

"Der feller dot can whittle a pooty gody character out of der rough chibs of eery-day life," writes Carl Pretzel, "he was oddified to hat a goot abetito on his tombstone."

Little Man—"I understand, sir, that you called me an unmitigated liar." Big Man—"No, sir; I didn't use the word 'unmitigated.'" Little Man—"Then I accept your apology."

Deotcher (yawning)—"How you vas, Hans. You don't know me no more, ain't it?" Hans—"Mine fren, if you ven shut your mouth so I can see your face, den mebbe I can tell who you vas."

"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season, when hired girls want three dollars a week."

"Yes," said Mrs. Macgillitop as she expatiated on the beauty of her garden, "I have given it great care, and if you come over in a week or so I hope to show you some beautiful scarlet penunias."

Bridget (in the witness box)—"Did he have an impediment in his spache? That he did; for his false teeth were loose an' kep' jumpin' up and down, biting the words in two. Shure it was an impedimint he had!"

A physician has been investigating cats and dogs, and he finds just as many cranks and fools among them as among the human race. He says that every fourth cat is off her base, while every ninth dog is sort of a fanatic.

They had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once. "Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling that told you I was here?" murmured he. "Oh, no," she replied; "I recognized your long legs."

"I say boy," said an excited little gentleman the other day, with his face purple with exertion, "which is the quickest way for me to get to the railway station?" "Run!" was the aggravating boy's response, shouted at the pitch of his voice.

"Did you meet with success?" asked a neighbor of a man who had returned from prospecting for silver in New Mexico. "Oh, yes, I met with success, but success was going the other way. If I could have overtaken success I would have been all right."

"You say you stumped Texas for the Prohibition ticket—what peculiarity of your audience struck you most forcibly?" "Well," said the missionary, "the chunks of clay and pieces of brick struck me most forcibly, but the eggs stayed by me the longest."

The New England Blue Laws.

These laws were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," and became known as the blue laws because they were printed on blue paper. They are as follows:

"The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of this independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

"Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion, and that Jesus is the only king.

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fast days.

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate \$300.

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jewsharp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

"When people refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

"A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offense, ten for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

They Didn't Trust the Judge.

An English traveller was passing through Colorado a short time ago, and stayed the night at one of the principal towns in the State. The place was in great excitement: two prisoners had been taken out of the goal and hanged by the mob. On the following day the traveller resumed his journey, and, meeting a citizen in the train, he said, referring to the events of the previous day, "I thought you had given up the practice of lynching people in these parts." Citizen: "Well, we do not trust our judge; we have seen his back-book. He came to us three years ago. He had then ten dollars to his name. His salary was two thousand dollars a year; and when we looked at his back-book the other day he had nineteen thousand dollars to his credit. We do not trust that judge."

FOR THE CURIOUS.

It is estimated that twice as much English as American capital is invested in Mexico.

A hemlock tree measuring five feet and seven inches in diameter was felled in Tioga County, Pa., a few days ago.

A German newspaper devoted to forestry says that for forest culture in Germany there is a decided preference for hickory.

A rosebush in the garden of John A. Conor near Marrysville, has over 800 full blown roses on it and as many more buds.

A devil fish weighing nearly 100 pounds was caught by Daniell Oswald of the Atlantic highlands while he was draining his fish pond.

Boyton's invention still remains only the plaything of one man—not a great invention for general use or even for sport like the bicycle.

The biggest nugget of gold ever found in Wisconsin was washed out Friday on the farm of John Cond, one mile from Rock Elm, Pierce County. It weighed nearly three grains. Several other fine nuggets were found with it.

Why the Crow is Black.

The Indians of the extreme Northwest had some very remarkable legends about the creation, in which the crow takes the leading part, bringing order out of chaos. Perhaps the most curious was that which accounted for the raven coat of the crow. One night, while making a tour through his dominions, he stopped at the house of Can-nook, a chief, and begged for lodging and a drink of water. Can-nook offered him a bed, but, on account of scarcity of water, refused to give him anything to drink. When all the rest were asleep the crow got up to hunt for the water-butt, but was heard by Can-nook's wife, who aroused her husband. He, thinking that the crow was about to escape, piled logs of gum wood upon the fire. The crow made desperate efforts to fly through the hole in the roof where the smoke escaped, but Can-nook caused the smoke to be denser and denser, and when the crow finally regained the outer air he had a black plumage. It was previously white.

Blood Will Tell.

There is no question about it—blood will tell—especially if it be an impure blood. Blotches, eruptions, pimples and boils, are all symptoms of an impure blood, due to the improper action of the liver. When this important organ fails to properly perform its function of purifying and cleansing the blood, impurities are carried to all parts of the system, and the symptoms above referred to are merely evidences of the struggle of Nature to throw off the poisonous germs. Unless her warning be heeded in time, serious results are certain to follow, culminating in liver or kidney disorders, or even in consumption. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will prevent and cure these diseases, by restoring the liver to a healthy condition.

The frock of white pique is again in favor for little girls.

To dream of a ponderous whale, Erect on the tip of his tail, Is the sign of a storm (If he weather is warm), Unless it should happen to fail.

Dreams don't amount to much, anyhow. Some signs, however, are infallible. If you are constipated, with no appetite, tortured with sick headache and bilious symptoms, these signs indicate that you need Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They will cure you. All druggists.

Dotted fabrics are as fashionable as plaided and barred stuffs.

When all so-called remedies fail, Dr. Sage's Catharr Remedy cures.

Costumes of white cloth with embroideries of white silk and silver, and costumes of silver gray cloth with steel embroidery and gray pearls, come among the latest importations from Paris.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted, also M.D. DRUGS and Old Men who are broken-down from the effects of abuse or overwork, and in advanced life feel the consequences of a youthful excess, send for and READ M. V. LUBON'S Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ont.

The better a man knows himself the more indulgent he is to the faults of others.

And now the dude, in style arrayed, Gayly goes forth to prowl and feed; He wits 'neath the fervor of a nocturnal glance, And so do his collar, and his jacket, and his pants.

Belts that have been loosened by getting wet should be thoroughly dried, and fastened together by inserting cement into the cracks with a knife and hammering untidy. A good cement for this purpose is equal proportions of good glue and Prussian gelatine dissolved in the same manner as ordinary glue.

There is a tendency in Paris toward hats with lower crowns.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

Show me the man, writes Sterne, who knows what life is and dreads death, and I'll show thee a prisoner who dreads his liberty.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 308 King Street West Toronto Canada.

When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

People who are subject to bad breath, foetid coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

We are sure to get the better of Fortune if we do but grapple with her.

LADIES Who are Weak, Nervous and Exhausted; who feel themselves losing strength; who are pale, delicate and sickly in appearance, suffering from the many complaints peculiar to women, send for and READ M. V. LUBON'S Treatise in plain, easy to understand language on the Diseases of Women. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East Toronto, Ont.

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