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For Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sick Headache, Chronic Diarrhoea, Jaundice, Impurity of the Blood, Fever and Ague, Malaria, and all Diseases caused by Depletion of Liver, Bowels and Kidneys.

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Extremely Communicative.

"Madam, I am looking for a stray horse," said a man, stopping at an Arkansas house and leaning his chin on the top rail of the fence. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"How long has he been gone?" asked the woman, leaning against the door-facing, and regarding the man with that inquiring look of curiosity which, in the country, so plainly speaks of the scarcity of strangers.

"Been gone about 2 days." "What sort of a horse was he?" "Roan, with white fetlocks."

"How old was he?" "About 10 years." "Good work nag, I reckon." "First-rate."

"Did you raise him?" "No, I bought him at a sale." "Whose sale?" "Old man Bigley's."

"Is Bigley dead?" "No." "What did he have a sale for, then?" "He wanted to sell out and go to town. But I am in something of a hurry. Have you seen the horse?"

"You say he was a good work nag?" "First-rate." "And had white fetlocks?" "Yes."

"And he was a roan?" "Yes." "And he's been gone several days?" "Yes; but, madam, I am in a hurry. Have you seen him?"

"Are you certain that he has white fetlocks?" "I know he has." "And you know that he's a good work nag?"

"Certainly I do. Have you seen anything of him?" "No." "Have you heard anyone speak of seeing him?"

"Yes; since you mention it, I think I have. I heard a man talk about seeing a roan horse with white fetlocks." "That's my horse! Do you know the man's name?"

"No." "Where do you suppose I can find him?" "You can find him out there at the stable." "The stranger went to the stable, looked around, halloed, and returned to the fence. "He's not there."

"Not now." "Didn't you know he wasn't there before I went?" "Yes, I knew he wasn't there before you went."

"Then what the devil did you send me there for?" "To see him. I knowed he'd be there agin you arrive."

"I'll be blamed if I understand you." "Now, look here, stranger, you can't make me tell a lie. You axed me if I'd seed the horse, and I said no. You axed me if I'd heard anybody speak of the horse, and I said yes. You axed me what you would find the man, and I told you. You went thar, and—"

"But who was the man?" "Yourself, stranger." And she turned away to rock a dug-out cradle, while the stranger, shoving down a panel of fence in his anger, turned away and sauntered down the road.

Mrs. Scotchroe's Grief

"I've had my life insured," said Mr. Scotchroe, according to the veracious historian of the Little Rock Gazette.

"Now, in case I die, my wife will receive \$2,000. In case of my death, however, I don't know that she would be benefited, for she has determined to kill herself if anything of a serious nature happens to me. Let me tell you what she did," and Mr. Scotchroe took hold of the two men to whom he was talking.

"Why, she has prepared a bottle of stuff deadly enough to kill a mule. She says that when the money falls due she shall fall—let us say—the contents of the bottle."

"It may be unwarranted incredulity on my part, Scotchroe," replied one of the men, "but I'll bet you \$5 that I can go to your house, tell your wife that you are dead, and—"

"Just go on. Break the news to her gently—I'll stand outside prepared to rush in when she makes a dive for the bottle. Come ahead."

The two men went to Scotchroe's cottage. Scotchroe stood out by the chimney while his companion went in.

"This is Mrs. Scotchroe, I believe," said the man, when a red faced woman opened the door.

"Yes, sir." "Rather a fine day." "Rather."

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Card Playing at Home.

Playing cards for 'pastime' or as an innocent amusement' soon becomes a passion, and when once fixed a man will forego home, family, business, and suffer the loss of his all for the exciting scenes of the card-table.

That accomplished writer, the late Dr. Holland, of Springfield, Mass., said: 'I have all my days had a card-playing community open to my observation, and I am yet unable to believe that which is the universal resort of the starved in soul and intellect, which has never in any way linked to itself—tender, elevating, or beautiful associations—the tendency of which is to unduly absorb the attention from more weighty matters, can recommend itself to the favor of Christ's disciples. The presence of culture and genius may embellish, but can never dignify it.'

I have this moment," said Dr. Holland, "ringing in my ears the dying injunction of my father's early friend, 'Keep your son from cards. Over them I have murdered time and lost heaven.' Fathers and mothers, keep your sons from cards in the 'home circle.' What must a good angel think of a mother at the prayer-meeting, asking prayers for the conversion of her son whom she allowed to remain at home playing cards for 'pastime'?"

The late Bishop Bascom, in denouncing all forms of iniquity, speaks of the gambler who, rather than not to gratify his passion for play, would stake the throne of eternity upon the cast of a die—

who, unwho, by the tears and entreaties of her that bore him, the wife of his bosom, and the children of his own bowels, continues to indulge his hated passion, until the infatuated reprobate would stake his game upon the tomb of his father, or shuffe for infamy upon the threshold of hell.

"Yes," said Mrs. Scotchroe, switch engines have always borne sanguinary reputations."

"Well, this switch engine took sight at Scotchroe and floored him."

"Did it kill him?" "No." "Well he'll be brought home after a while in a sack."

"Will they bring him before dinner?" "I don't know. By the way he had an insurance policy for \$2,000."

"Yes, all I want the money right away."

"Rather unfortunate, but when he was swept up from the track, among the rubbish was found a paper showing that Scotchroe had relinquished his policy."

"What, deceive me in that way, leave me without any support; the miserable wretch. I—"

Scotchroe ran in and attempted to clasp his wife.

"Where's that policy?" "Here it is."

"Give it here. It's just like you to surrender it and get killed."

"Come on Jim," said Scotchroe to his friend; "I want to get the vilest drink to be found in a ten-cent saloon."—Ex.

Marrying for Money.

I heard a sad story of a pretty girl of good family of great ambition, who married the son of a Congressman a few years ago in the belief that the Congressman or the son, or somebody in the family was rich. Of course, the girl was poor and proud and from the South, and she was only too glad to sell herself for the luxury promised her. And of course it turned out the magnificence of the Congressman was hollow, that his diamonds belonged to somebody else, that his horses were another's and that his house and its beautiful pictures and fine books and elegant furniture were really not his. He didn't really have anything except his son, and the son had nothing except his foolish, deluded bride, and the story ended in a very miserable way. It was an old story—so old as to be dog-eared and somewhat ragged.

But it served to remind me of another story, a good one, and that I heard long ago. There was a man named Watkins in a Confederate regiment during the war, who was well on toward middle life; but when his wife came to camp one day she seemed to make him young by comparison. There seemed to be a century's difference between them; and the man, who was as ugly as a Georgia cracker, was handsome beside his wife.

"How did you ever come to marry such an old witch as that?" asked one of his superior officers taking him aside.

"Well, you see," said the man rather sheepishly, "her mother kept a little store down on the corner of the street where I lived, and I used to go there to get what I wanted to eat. One day I found the old woman's ugly daughter all alone in the store. Just as I came in I heard the clink of silver through the loose rafters overhead, and the old woman counting, 'One two three' and so on. I sat down and made love to the girl, and the old woman up stairs kept on counting. Bye-and-bye she was away up in the hundreds—400 450 500. I courted that girl harder and harder as the old woman got higher. Finally she stopped at 900. 'Great Scott!' I said to myself. 'Nine hundred dollars! 'Beloved Sukey, will you be mine?' 'She said she would, and we were married that same day.' 'Well, is that all?' 'No, there was only thirty of those silver dollars; the old woman counted them over thirty times.' Perhaps it would be well to investigate a little every time."

A North Carolinian's Luck in Texas.

Yesterday morning when the train came in from Atlanta a long sandy-bearded man hopped down the steps of the second-class car, and planting his feet firmly on the ground he took up a position like a base-ball catcher and prepared to help his household down and out. First came the old lady with a bandbox under one arm and a carpet bag under the other. The resolute man vaulted her in his arms, and dumped her to the ground with a thump that made her exclaim as her glasses dropped from the bridge of her nose: "Mercy on me, John—look out for the children!" and he looked. They kept coming out of the car as fast as he could land them and when at last three little flaxen-haired girls as much alike as three peas came out, the fond parent breathed a sigh of relief as he helped them down and turned to the old woman with the remark: "Count 'em, Molly, and see if they are all here, let's march." The old lady carefully scanned the crowd and feeling satisfied that none were missing signified her willingness to move on. There were just thirteen children in the group. A few of them had been born single, but most of them came into the world by two and threes. The father gave his name as George Hastings, and stated that he was on his way to his old home in Brunswick county, which he had left years ago to live in Texas. Since his stay in that State his greatest success was in raising children. His wife had twins twice and triplets once while in Texas, and fearing that the next return might be worse he sold out and came back to old North Carolina, where he says he intends to stay the balance of his days and toil for meat and bread for his family. A most singular fact is that in all this crowd of children there is not one boy.—Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.

A number of English iron and steel manufacturers, have written that they will visit Tennessee during the latter part of the present month with a view to investigating the natural advantages of the State for the manufacture of iron and steel and cotton goods.

SMALL BITES.

Home after toil, and rest after labor. Do not be misled by an over sanguine disposition.

Judgment and reason should form the basis of all calculations.

Seek through legitimate channels for the means of enjoyment.

To-day belongs to you; to-morrow may be out of your reach.

Living from hand to mouth brings ultimate sorrow and poverty.

Haste makes waste. Be sure of your ventures, and avoid mistakes.

When the harvest is ready, the laborer should not loiter by the wayside.

Truth and soberness belong to the wise; hypocrisy and deception to fools.

Whatever you undertake to do, do well. So shall you receive your reward.

Estimate your expenses within the narrowest limit, and live accordingly.

Borrow not, neither lend, lest you and your neighbor become antagonistic.

Be wise that you may be prosperous; take lessons from experience, and profit thereby.

Beware of promising more than you can perform. I'll try is often better than I will.

Time is precious. Each passing moment is full of opportunities that may lead on to fortune.

Economy must of necessity determine our ends. Without it no business can long be prosperous.

Philosophy teaches many truths it would be well to remember, and apply in every day concerns.

The Wicked Boy.

"What ails your pa's teeth," asked the groceryman of the bad boy. "The hired girl was over here to get some corn meal for gruel, and she said your pa had lost his teeth."

"Oh about the teeth. That was too bad. You see, my chum has got a dog that is old, and his teeth have all come out in front, and this morning I borrowed pa's teeth before he got up to see if we couldn't fix them in the dog's mouth so he could eat better. Pa says it is an evidence of a kind heart for a boy to be good to dumb animals, but it's a darn mean dog that will go back on a friend. We tied the teeth in the dog's mouth with a string that went around his upper jaw and another around his under jaw, and you'd a dide to see how funny he looked when he luffed. He looks just like pa when he tries to smile so as to get me to come up to him so he can lick me. The dog pawed his mouth a spell to get the teeth out, and then we gave him a bone with meat on, and he began to gnaw the bone, and the teeth came off the plate, and he thought it was pieces of the bone and he swallowed the teeth. My chum noticed it first, and he said we had to get in our work pretty quick to save the plates, and I think we were in luck to save them. I held the dog, and my chum, who was acquainted with him untied the string and got the gold plates out but there were only two teeth left, and the dog was happy. He waggled his tail for more teeth, but we had 'n't any more. I am going to give him my teeth some day. My chum says when a dog gets an appetite for anything you have got to keep giving it him or he goes back on you. But I think my chum played dirt on me. We sold the plates to a jewelry man, and my chum kept the money."—Milwaukee Sun.

Men of Means.

A wealthy young fellow was courting a girl of experience, and when he asked her to marry him she was slow to accept.

"My darling," he said, "you should have no fears. Don't I tell you I love you devoutly, and life would be a blank without you?"

"Yes."

"And you need have no alarm about our substantial comforts, for I am a man of means."

"That's just what I don't like. I've seen so many men, and heard 'em talk that I want to carry a gun when I see one coming round. There are so many men of means, and so few given to accomplishing what they mean, that a girl feels like voting for a prohibitory tariff and stopping the growth of the whole lot."

The bank account was shown, and he got the girl.