



A HEAD ON HIM.

The following anecdote from the columns of an old San Francisco paper is worth preserving:—

A HEAD ON HIM.—At a re-union of "veterans"—Federal survivors of the war between the North and South—in Chicago, was Theodor Davis, the artist of *Harper's Weekly*, who was all through the war. One of the Chicago veterans, who sometimes drank a little too much became very excitable. The visiting, the music, the marching, the cheering had made him quite lively, and he wanted to fight his battles over again; but the boys kept him quiet, and finally got him to bed, and soon he slept like a log. The boys were in the room telling stories when some one called attention to the sleeping comrade, and in a second an idea occurred to Davis, the artist. He got his water-color paints and brushes, and court plaster, and was soon at work with his soft camel's-hair brushes. He first painted two black eyes, then he painted a swelling on one cheek, and on the forehead he painted what looked as though a sledge-hammer had smashed in the skull. Then he took some strips of court-plaster, and stuck one across the painted broken nose, and another across the mouth, sealing both lips. Waiting for the court-plaster to dry, the boys got a strange veteran from Oshkosh to personate a doctor. After a little, the sleeper began to wake up; and one of his friends took a seat by his bedside, felt of his pulse, and, as he opened his eyes, said, "Now don't exert yourself, and don't try to talk. The doctor says you will be all right if you keep quiet." The victim of the joke opened his eyes, and was going to ask what was the matter, when he found his mouth held together with court-plaster, and his voice sounded like that of a man with a hare lip. By this time one of the jokers was having trouble to keep from laughing, so he put a handkerchief to his face, sobbed, and said, "Merciful powers, boys, this is horrible!" At this point the Oshkosh villain said hopefully, "Don't be discouraged my boy; we will pull you through if you don't get excited. I have cured worse cases." Then he took a pair of scissors and cut the court-plaster that held the lips together, and said, "There—how do you feel now? Don't talk much; but don't you feel relieved?" The victim looked at the doctor and at the boys who were picturesquely standing around the bed, and said, "Doc, for Heaven's sake what has happened to me?" The doctor told him to be quiet, and then whispered to him, "You have had the worst fight that man ever had and lived. A man attacked you on Wells street, with a view of robbing you, and you defended yourself; but it was a hard struggle. Mr. Drury, please hand me that hand-glass. There—you can see for yourself. There is a contusion of the brain, the eyes are discolored, and I thought your jaw was broken; but as you can talk, I guess it is only fractured. Don't talk." The victim took a long look at himself, and the first thing he said was, "Is the other fellow alive?" It was all the boys could do to keep

from bursting; but they kept sober faces, and the doctor said the other fellow was alive, but he was the worst used-up man he ever sewed up. He said one arm was broken and one eye out, and his face looked as if a pile-driver had struck it. The victim smiled a satisfied smile as he heard how he had whipped the other fellow; and then the boys asked him if he had any message to send home. He took the mirror and looked at himself again, then said, with a sort of a sob, "Telegraph for my wife!" That was too much, and the boys roared; whereupon the doctor tore off the court-plaster from his nose, another fellow brought a wet towel, and the paint was washed off, and, when the victim was clean, the boys handed him the mirror, and he looked at himself again; and then he saw it was a joke, and he wanted to kill some of them.

EDITORIAL ENTERPRISE.

One day a year or two ago a Greenville, S. C., editor heard that a man was to be lynched in a locality about fifteen miles away, and he put a new pencil in his pocket, hired the fastest horse in town and started for the scene. When he arrived he found a crowd under a tree, and in the circle was the prisoner—a villainous chap, who had committed a heinous offence. The crowd had started to hang him, but several citizens had advanced such arguments in favor of permitting the law to take its course that it had about been decided to take the rascal back to jail. Williams drove up, jumped down, and in a minute or two learned that the affair was off. He had driven fifteen miles to report a case of lynching, and his disgust was profound. Mounting a stump, he began:

"Gentleman look at that thar' hoss. I've foundered him to get here and see this hanging. It will be \$200 out of my pocket, and the only return will be a three-liner in the *News*, saying that you concluded not to hang. Gentlemen, has patriotism died out of this country?"

No! no! no!" yelled the crowd.

"Does it make any particular difference to this man whether he is hung now or three months later?"

No! no!"

"Gentlemen, I believe in law and order, but I've driven fifteen miles, foundered a hoss, and feel a bit broke up. I don't say that I want to see this man hung, and I don't say that lynching is the best plan, but if he should be swung up and I should be asked to sit on the coroner's jury and bring in a verdict of suicide I don't see how I could refuse. Gentlemen, look at that ar' hoss!"

"Swing him up!" yelled twenty men.

"Look at that wreck of a once noble hoss and tell——"

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd, and up went the man to be left suspended until dead.

A gentleman in a street car, while reading a newspaper, discovered a paragraph that struck him as particularly funny.

"Here is something good," he said to his neighbor, and he read the item to him.

A tired look swept over the gentleman's face, but he never smiled.

Presently the reader came across another paragraph that tickled his fancy.

"I will try him with this one," he said.

He did so, and a tear actually welled out of his neighbor's eye and coursed slowly down his cheek.

"Heavens, man!" was the exclamation, "what's the matter with you? Have you no sense of humor? What do you do to pass away the time, anyway?"

Looking mournfully out of the window the stranger replied:

"I am a proof reader on a comic weekly." —*Philadelphia Call.*

MARY'S LAMB IN A NEW LIGHT.

"Darling" said he, tenderly encircling her slender waist with his larboard arm, "can you tell me in what respect you resemble Mary, of little lamb fame?" "No I can't, dear Henry," she answered, blushing one of those western sunset blushes that betoken cold weather. "Because," said he, as he tenderly stroked the golden hair, "because you have a pet that loves you so." "And now, dear Henry, can you tell me why you are like Mary's lamb?" "No, dear, why am I?" "Because," said she, glancing nervously toward the door, "because you are sure to go. I hear papa coming down the stairs and you know." "Why am I like Mary's teacher?" thundered the old man, poking his head in the door and fondling a seven pound Indian club. "Because," answering himself, "after eleven o'clock its against the rule and I am going to turn you out." As the young man limped painfully away he was heard to mutter to himself. "Well I differ from the lamb in one respect, for I'll never follow Mary any more!" —*Peck's Sun.*

HE HAD BEEN THERE BEFORE.

"Making much money now?" asked a travelling man of a business acquaintance.

"Not much," said he, with great emphasis. "Why, I heard that you were doing great business."

"So I am."

"And not making money!" said the drummer in surprise.

"Young man, twenty years ago I made money, heaps of money, but I served a eleven years' sentence on the strength of it. In my old age, I have grown more cautious. I am contented now with earning it." —*Scissors.*

THOUGHT HE WAS IN CHICAGO.

Backus, the minstrel, had an enormous mouth. One summer he and his fellow-minstrel, Birch, parted—Birch to go fishing and Backus to go to Chicago. When Birch one day had fished for a short time there came a tremendous yank at his hook. Using all his might he pulled to the surface a fish of surprising proportions, and with the largest mouth he had ever seen in any member of the finny tribe. "Great goliathopper, Backus," cried the burnt-cork angler in amazement, dropping his tackle and springing to his feet, "I thought you were in Chicago."

NOT TO BE CULTIVATED.

"So, you have just come up from Vincennes?" asked a ward worker of an acquaintance he had not seen for years.

"Just got in."

"Do you know Jim Baker—one of your big guns, you know?"

"I usta know him"

"I've got a little business, I'd like you to fix up with him."

"It's impossible, for I'm no longer thrown into his society."

"Couldn't you cultivate his society somewhat again?"

"Hardly; it was only yesterday that we planted him." —*Scissors.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says: "I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King-st. East either for a pad or for a treatise, etc.