

HOW BEN BUTLER GOT RICH.

YOUNG MEN OF TO-DAY MAY DO LIKEWISE
IF THEY FOLLOW ADVICE GIVEN.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER being asked for some suggestions on gaining success, stated that when he was a young lawyer, practising in Lowell, Mass., a bank president advised him to take his little deposit and buy real estate, from which he could be deriving some revenue. The general said that he had but little money and was uncertain as to his future.

"Never mind," said the bank president "go to the next public auction of real estate, bid off a lot with a building of some kind on it, pay down what money you have and give your promissory notes for the balance. You will come out all right."

General Butler says this advice was good. When a man has obligated himself, by his notes, to pay money at a certain time it inclines him to economy. He followed the advice and in time became the owner of several parcels of valuable real estate in Lowell.

Two classes will not be likely to heed such advice—the improvident and the over-cautious. The latter will be apt to say: "It would be all right but for those dreadful promissory notes. They are always running on, and if a man falls sick they do not wait for him to get well."

There is this danger of course, but one can make no business venture without some risk, and with the knowledge acquired by recent investigations of the cause of most ordinary ailments and the means of cure, one runs little risk from that source. It is now known that most of the common ailments have their origin in deranged kidneys. They are the chief blood purifiers of the system and when disordered a breaking down somewhere is soon inevitable, because the poison, which in their healthy condition is eliminated, is carried through the entire system.

Put them in order, and health returns.

C. D. Dewey, a successful man, president of the Johnston Harvester Company, Batavia, N. Y., gives his experience as follows:

In 1882 my health was failing, my head pained me constantly, my appetite was uncertain, I could not sleep soundly. I attributed this to the extreme pressure of business cares, but I grew worse, and finally was confined to my bed for two months. It seemed as though I would "never recover" my former health. Under the aid of stimulants I gradually gained strength, so that in a few months I was able to attend to business, but I could walk only with the assistance of a cane, and then in a slow and unsteady manner. I continued somewhat in the same condition until February last, when I used Warner's safe cure. It has cured me. I consider it a valuable remedy and can highly recommend it.

Young men have but to use ordinary prudence, and when any derangement occurs if they use the same means as did this successful business man, they may feel a constant assurance of their ability to carry to successful conclusion all ordinary business projects, including the care of their promissory notes when due.

CHICAGO culture has added a new phrase to the dictionary of fashionable society, and a new verb to the English language. The *Herald* says: "Misses Stella and Mabel Finney Sundayed with relatives in Waukegan." It is now in order for Stella and Mabel to rise and tell an anxious world how to Sunday.—*Ex.*

GRAMMATICAL NOTE—Present, due; past dun.

A CALIFORNIA astronomer has discovered a new star, and a syndicate has been formed to stake it out in town lots.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MUSIC dealer says that the violin has not improved any since 1720. The same may be said of the violin player who lives next door.—*Norristown Herald.*

MRS. KNAGGS is a Bay City, Michigan, journalist. Leaving out the accident of name and possible position, we sympathise with the male editors and reporters on general principles.—*Ex.*

A MAN out in Lansing, Michigan, is pronounced legally dead. But if a fellow presumes on this some day to lug him off to a dissecting-room, he will be apt to find a disgustingly lively corpse.—*Ex.*

MANY distinguished men have felt proud of the popularity implied by nicknames. Mayor Roche of Chicago can hardly share this pleasurable emotion. He is commonly known by his admiring fellow-citizens as Cock Roche.—*Ex.*

CHOPPED OUT.

PEOPLE who do not believe that perpetual motion is possible never saw a Maine girl in blissful conjunction with a piece of spruce gum.—*Somerville Journal.*

"WHY, Miss Howjames," said the Chicago girl, "you don't mean that it is all over between you and Mr. Grimshaw?" "What I have told you," replied the Boston young lady, haughtily, "is the—the undraped actuality."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"THE people of Siberia buy their milk frozen around a stick, which serves as a handle," says an exchange. Aha! Learned how to whitewash an icicle just like they do in Chicago, eh?—*Arcola Record.*

It may be a question just when it is best to take the risk of losing a man's friendship by refusing to lend him money. An experienced observer says that he is of the opinion that the average friendship is never worth more than \$20.—*Somerville Journal.*

MOST men work to make a name for themselves, but the sign-painter devotes his energies mainly to making names for other people, and spelling and punctuating them in a way to make the whole world marvel, too.—*Somerville Journal.*

THERE may be a place elsewhere for the man who comes in when you are busy and sits on the corner of your desk while he munches an apple, but we have no earthly use for him in this world.—*Somerville Journal.*

"IN our civilization," said a pretentious painter, "there is nothing we need more than art critics." "I don't know that we need them now," some one replied, "but we may need them after awhile." "When, sir?" "After we have artists."

A DEEP MYSTERY.

WHEREVER you are located you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, making thereby from \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Hallett & Co., will start you. Capital not needed. Either sex. All ages. No class of working people have ever made money so fast heretofore. Comfortable fortunes await every worker. All this seems a deep mystery to you, reader, but send along your address and it will be cleared up and proved. Better not delay; now is the time.

It is all well enough to say that thirteen is an unlucky number. But the United States started in business with thirteen States, and seem to be holding her own up to going to press.—*Puck.*

TWO OF A KIND.

PAPA—Why so pensive, my daughter? Eloise—Jack Buffington has just returned all my notes, and everything between us is ended. Papa—Quite a coincidence, my dear. One of his was returned to me this morning.—*protested.—Tid-Bits.*

"O, DEAR!" exclaimed cousin Jane, "my throat is so raw I can't sing any more. Doesn't singing make your throat raw, Uncle Charles?" "I think," was the guarded reply, "that it has a tendency to make those raw who hear me."

"AND what makes you think I'm a slow reader?" asked Merritt. "Because," replied Miss Snyder, "I lent you a book more than a year ago and you don't seem to have finished it yet."—*Judge.*

EGGS-ACTLY.

"Do you recollect Shakespeare's famous remark that 'all the world's a stage?'" "Yes." "Did you ever notice that it applies to chickens as well as to people?" "To chickens!" "Yes. They have their entrances and their egg sits, don't they?"—*Washington Critic.*

IT LENGTHENED HIS DAYS.

BUCK—What's the matter with you to night, Charlie, you look so glum? Charlie—Matter enough! I went to my doctor yesterday, and he said if I'd stop smoking it would lengthen my days. Buck—Well, did you stop? Charlie—Yes, and the doctor was right; this has been the longest day I ever lived.—*Medical Era.*

THOSE HEATHEN DOCTORS.

"COLONEL," said a Kentucky lady to her sick husband, "the doctor says the ice water you are taking is doing you so much good that he thinks he will further increase the dose." "But, my dear," expostulated the sick colonel, "does he understand that it has already been increased to a teaspoonful three times a day?"—*New York Sun.*

HE DIDN'T MIND THE COLOR.

WAITER (to countryman)—There's black bass, sir, and striped bass and white fish and blue fish. Countryman—I don't keer nuthin' about the color, friend, if the fish is fresh.—*New York Sun.*