

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 13—No. 19.
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NEW YORK AND LONDON, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$4 per year in Advance.



NOT THAT KIND OF A FATHER.

JACK BLAZES (AT MRS. CHINA ASTOR'S TEA)—HERE COMES MY YOUNG NEPHEW! GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR.
REV. MR. KIDD (WHO HAS JUST TAKEN HIGH-CHURCH ORDERS)—EXCUSE ME, I AM FATHER KIDD NOW.
JACK—VERY GLAD TO HEAR IT. CONGRATULATIONS. HOW IS THE LITTLE KID DOING?

Texas Siftings.

Entered at the Post-office at New York, as Second Class Mail Matter.

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NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1890.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.

TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4 00
Foreign countries..... 75c. extra
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

SHRINKS from society—the woolen shirt.

ADVICE to a barber—act well your part.

THIS seems to be the Original Pack-age.

HELD for trial—a session of the police court.

IT is pleasant to hear the truth—about other people.

IT is by dunning his brains that a writer collects his thoughts.

AN office-holder has to define his position occasion-ally, in order to keep it.

A LIGHT-WEIGHT boxer—the man who boxes up strawberries in their season.

EVERY mother owns the best boy—the worst boy belongs next door every time.

IT is frequently the man who never works himself who praises the works of nature.

IT is difficult for a lady who paints to keep her countenance when out in the rain.

YOU can generally get a point on insect life by making yourself familiar with the bee.

AN Iowa man named his boy Twice, so that lightning wouldn't strike him in the same spot.

AUSTIN has a very precise business man who never pays a visit without demanding a receipt for it.

THE Sabbath was made for all men, and that is probably why some unselfish souls don't try to keep it.

"Tom," said the old man, "the switchmen are striking."

"Yes, pa, I never before saw the like;

Every one is; when I just passed the Corners,
Even the blacksmith was trying to strike."

SULLIVAN wants to join the masons. While he has that terrible left of his, what does he want of the Scottish Rite?

THERE is no record of the Good Samaritan distributing tracts. He made tracks, but they led in the direction of the man who had fallen by the wayside.

IT was a very gracious thing that Anna Dickinson once said of Susan B. Anthony: "Her foot has trodden the rough paths to make them smooth for younger women."

We have hung him up on the nearest tree,
For the passers-by to view;
It were wrong to let the miscreant live,
For his crime was one we could not forgive;
He peeped in our editorial den,
Watched the sweat drop off from our busy pen,
And he grinned, as he said with fiendish glee,
"Is it warm enough for you?"

BOB INGERSOLL says if he lives through February he is all right. That reminds me of a man who borrowed ten dollars of me last February, promising to pay it the first of March, if he was alive. As he failed to pay the loan I concluded that he didn't live through February, and is all wrong.



With their wind-tossed curls, and their childish glee!
While coy Cupid guarded their rosy bowers,
They have flown away, like the birds and flowers.

They will come again, in the wondrous sheen
Of next summer-time, with its gold and green;
But we'll not think then they are fair as pearls,
For some smarter man will have won Our Girls.

THE SHAH'S SONS-IN-LAW.

The Shah of Persia won't stand any foolishness on the part of his sons-in-law. They can't move into the palace and board free, with the use of the library and bath-room thrown in. They can't consume his wines and cigars and use his horses without compensation. He only marries a daughter to a very rich man, and as soon as the ceremony is over he immediately confiscates his property. That is the kind of man the Shah is. Then they have to go to work and try to build up another fortune. There is nothing the Shah likes better than to see his sons-in-law hustling around to make a living.

THE PRINTING ART AT THE CHICAGO FAIR.

It has been suggested that a full press exhibit be arranged at the Chicago Columbus Fair, showing the improvements in journalism since it found a footing in this country. 'This would be both novel and interesting. A printing office might be set up, as it existed in Franklin's day, and veteran type-setters gathered, dressed in the costume of the period. One of them might represent old Ben himself, acting as foreman, and firing those admirable maxims of his at the "hands" as he made up the forms. The old press that Franklin worked on is in the Patent Office at Washington, and it should be loaned by the government. In his day only one page of a paper was printed at a time, a four-page paper requiring four impressions. What would be Franklin's impressions now, could he see one of the latest improved presses at work? There were several articles in the old printing office that have disappeared. Who ever sees a "sheepsfoot" now? No office was fitted to carry on business without one fifty years ago. It had various uses—indispensable in locking up forms and could be employed as a hammer. When Artemus Ward was a tramp printer, he had to leave a Western office very hurriedly for getting mad and hurling a "sheepsfoot" at the foreman's head. In the old-time printing office no ink roller was ever seen. It hadn't been invented. The ink was applied with what were called "daubers," a pair of sticks with rags wrapped around the ends. It required no little skill to apply the ink evenly with the daubers. The lever with which the press was "yanked" was called "the devil's tail." The "frisket" was a frame let down upon the form just before it passed through the press, and there was a man whose duty it was to "flv the frisket." Beginning with the primitive office there should be shown the latest improvements in printing newspapers, and you will have a feature quite equal to any displayed at the Paris Exposition.

GOING FOR WILLIAM TELL.

If they are going to take the William Tell story out of the Swiss school books, they will have to yank the Tell armor and cross-bow out of the Berne museum. And perhaps the Tell Chapel on the Lake of the Four Cantons, built on the spot where he leaped from the boat and shot Gesler, will have to go, too. What is the use in disturbing these old traditions. If they didn't happen they might have done so, for is not truth stranger than fiction? It is bad enough for children to be compelled to lose Santa Claus, which must occur at some time, but what is the use telling that that brave William Tell was a myth? Thousands and thousands of Swiss have lived and died, absolutely believing in him, and it didn't do any harm, either.

COMTE DE PARIS.

The promised visit of the Comte de Paris and his son, the Duc d'Orleans, puts this country into a peculiarly painful predicament. On the one hand, the Comte is a veteran of our Civil War, having served with distinction on the staff of McClellan and written a history of his campaigns which is more complimentary than most history. Thus he is our friend and our old comrade. But, on the other hand, he and his family are pretenders to the throne of France—a throne which no longer exists and, in all human probability, will never be rebuilt. France is now a Republic, and in some respects a purer and more equal Republic than the United States. For us to publicly welcome the head of the Orleans family, who has been legally exiled from France, would be an insult to the French Republic as intolerable as if France had given an ovation to Jeff. Davis. To subject the present government of France to this insult is the object of the Comte de Paris in visiting this country, at this time. He ought to receive no official recognition whatever. The fashionable toadies may hire Cad McAllister to get him up a picnic at Newport, and his former comrades may give him a camp-fire and clam-bake; but an exiled Prince should have no official consideration in a free Republic.

China is the *bête noir* of modern inventors. When a man thinks he has evolved something original from his brain, along comes a statement that it was in common use in China a thousand years ago. Some Englishman claimed to have invented paper money, but the British Museum received the other day a Chinese bank-note issued from the imperial mint three hundred years before the first use of paper money in England.



READY TO TAKE HIS WORD FOR IT.

WILDCAT BILL (the cowboy)—I say, Pard, kin you advance me something on this revolver?

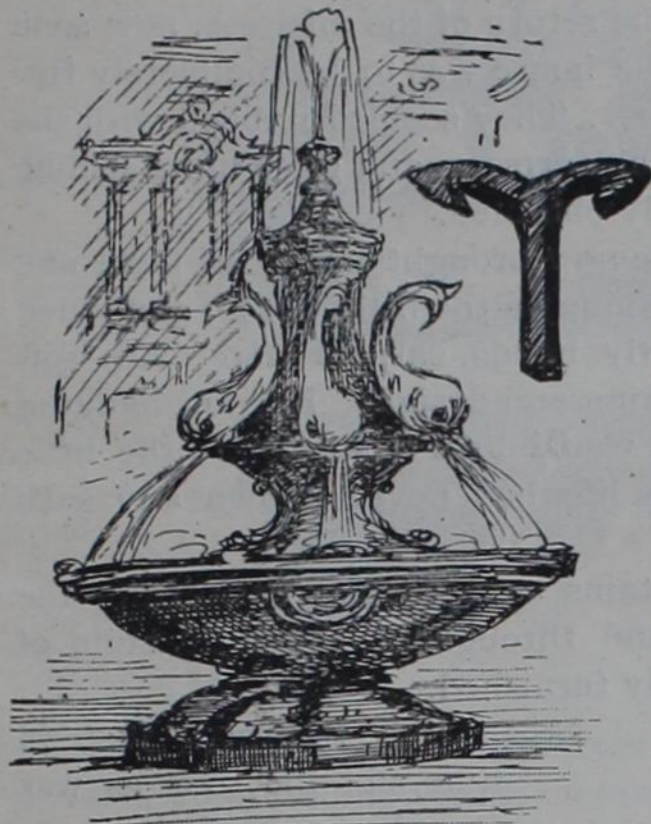
PAWNBROKER—H'm! Vas it in goot order?

Jus' lemme take a couple of shots at you and see!

O, dot vas all right. Nathan, give this shentleman ten tollars.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XLIII.



THE Palace of Versailles was built by Louis XIV., because, as he said, he detested St. Germain, where he was born and lived a good many years. The reason of his dislike was that it commanded a view of the old church of St. Denis, where the Kings of France were buried. It reminded him of what he must come to at last. A pleasure-loving king doesn't

like to be confronted by a cemetery all the time. Versailles was the seat of the court for a lengthy period. There were gathered the rank, genius, wit and beauty of the kingdom while gallantry and intrigue ruled the hour. If you wish to know the life of the court you must read *Les Memoires de Saint-Simon*, who is authority upon *le siècle de Louis Quatorze*.

A remarkable character was Saint-Simon. Born in 1675 of a noble family, he joined the army at an early age, and soon afterward became attached to the court. He had rare opportunities for knowing all that was going on, in the interior life of the court and in domestic and foreign politics. He kept a journal through all his public career, which continued until he was an old man, and when he retired at seventy-five he wrote it out elaborately, and it is now a standard work. He describes in the minutest details the everyday life of the court at Versailles, their costumes, manners, when and how they dined, their amusements, conversations, *bon mots* (jests), forms of etiquette, personal peculiarities, etc. There we learn that Madam Maintenon, the King's favorite, generally attended the conferences of Louis XIV.'s ministers. Indeed these services were frequently held in her private apartments. She took an active part in them, and the King deferred to her judgment in many very important matters of State, greatly to the detriment of the State, sometimes. It may be imagined how disgusted the ministers must have been, except some of the younger ones, who were secretly in love with Maintenon.

This famous lady was the widow of a comic poet named Scarron. Ambitious woman as she was her life with Scarron could hardly have been satisfactory. She aspired to something higher than a man who supported his family by writing funny verses for the comic weeklies and catchy rhymes for soap advertisers, and she struck for the King himself.

She secured a position as governess at Versailles for the royal children. One day she attracted the attention of Louis by the grace with which she helped one of her charges over a mud puddle, and the charming *naïveté* she displayed in wiping the nose of an infantile prince. He advanced her to the position of first assistant favorite very soon, and when rather advanced in years he was secretly married to her, in order to avoid any embarrassment that might arise when they met across the divide.

Many distinguished men lived in Louis XIV.'s time—Le Fontaine, who put *Æsop's Fables* into comic rhyme for the amusement of the Dauphin, Louis' grandson, and which have been admitted into French classics; brilliant, unbelieving Voltaire, of whom Saint-Simon speaks contemptuously as "Son of Notary Arouet, who was my father's notary and mine;" Molière, actor and dramatist, whom Voltaire called Father of French Comedy; Racine, dramatic poet, who was banished

from the court on account of drawing up a report on the distress of the people, and died of chagrin. The motto of Louis XIV. was, "There is nothing to arbitrate." Then there was Massillon, the eloquent preacher, and Bossuet, who knocked the spots off everybody in preaching a funeral sermon. Some of his enthusiastic admirers regretted that they didn't die in season to have Bossuet pronounce the final words; and Calbert, the great financial minister, who rose from humble life to great eminence.

There were great generals in *le siècle de Louis Quatorze*, my children—Turenne, who won many brilliant victories and became Marshal of France; the great Condé, who fought for and afterwards against the royalist cause, with Turenne as his great adversary in the latter cause; and Vauban was the greatest military engineer and tactician France has ever known.

You may have read of Jean Bart. He was a brave privateer in the war against Holland, one of the boldest and most successful of seamen, whose fame became so great that Louis sent for him to come to Versailles. He was rough and uncouth in appearance and manners, and the smooth courtiers dubbed him *l'Ours*, the bear. The King, however, recognized the value of his services in naval affairs, and at an audience he placed a gold chain around his neck and told him that henceforth he was lieutenant in the royal navy. The rough seaman's cool reply was, *Roi, vous avez bien fait*—"King, you have done well." He had enough *sang-froid* stowed away for a three years' voyage.

Volumes have been written upon the life and times of Louis XIV. He had many noble and redeeming qualities, and his faults were the faults of his time. He would hardly be considered a moral man or a model head of a family in these days. He died in 1715, at the age of 77, having reigned seventy-two years, the longest reign known in France.



Madam Maintenon and the Cabinet of Louis XIV.

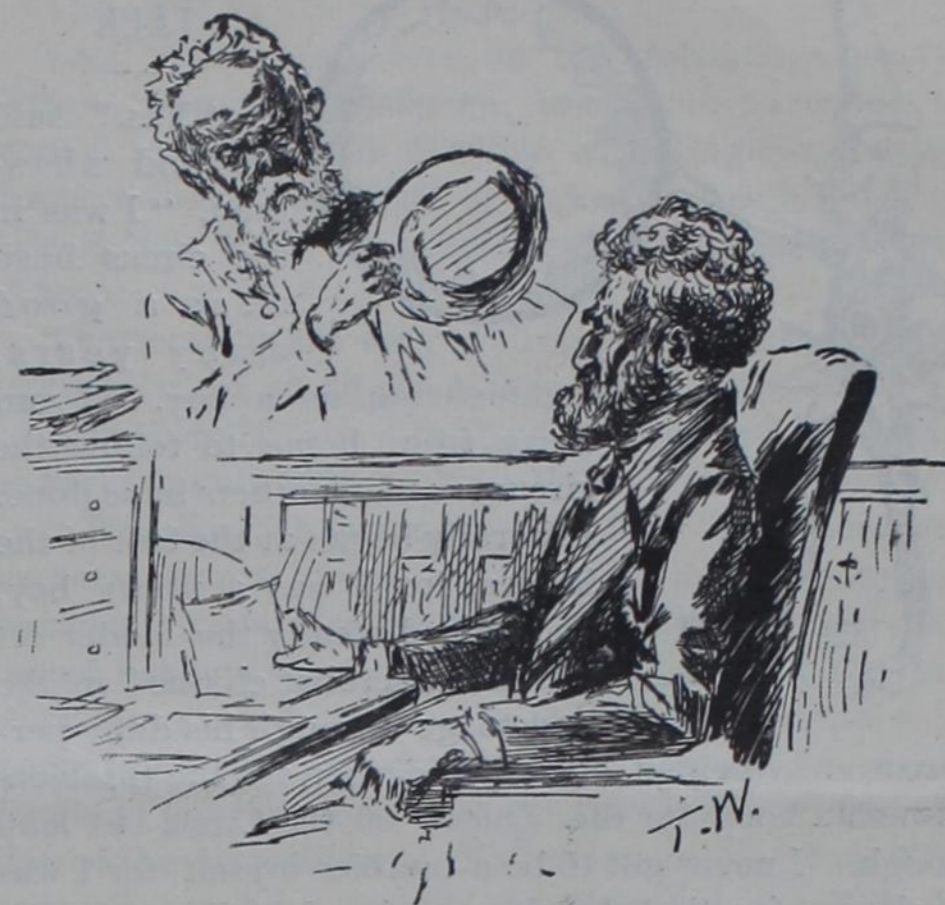
A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

There are a great many men in this world who would never be able to pull through if it were not for the encouragement they receive from their faithful wives. A notable instance of how much a man may accomplish when he is sustained and cheered up by his wife occurred not long since in a Bavarian village.

He was a peasant and a wonderfully strong man physically. A wealthy neighbor had just received a load of wood, which was drawn by two strong horses. Our modern Samson boasted that he could pull the load without turning a hair, whereupon the owner of the fuel replied that if the peasant could draw the load of wood to his house he might call it his own.

The peasant accepted the nomination, so to speak, harnessed himself to the wagon, and tugged and tugged, but in vain. He was about to withdraw from the canvass when his faithful wife seized the whip, and laying it over him vigorously, proceeded to encourage him with such expressions as: "Get up there, you lazy brute!" etc. At last, when she hit him a particularly vicious clip that removed pieces of his shirt and some cuticle, he made an extra effort and started off with the loaded wagon, his devoted wife walking by his side and helping him along with an occasional punch in the short ribs, or a well directed kick when he showed a disposition to stop and take a rest.

Thanks to the gentle ministrations of his wife, the peasant made the trip and secured some very cheap



STRUCK THE WRONG ROAD.

MR. DEADBEAT—I say, Mister, can't I strike you for a pass to the West? I'm an old railroad man myself.

N. Y. CENTRAL OFFICER—Nope; this road is dead sick of railroad strikers!

firewood, but the man who lost the wood has a low opinion of woman's influence for good.

A FLANK MOVEMENT ON THE MOTHER-IN-LAW.

"Haven't you got any war reminiscences?" asked a citizen of an old fellow in a party of ex-soldiers who were giving their experiences on the battle-field.

"No war reminiscences; both my wives were orphans when I married them.

JUDAS WAS SMART.

Jones—Did you read that article in the Sunday at Home entitled, "Why Judas Iscariot Hanged Himself?"

Smith—I have not read the article, but I suppose he hung himself either because he got tired waiting for the law to take its course, or because he was afraid of being electrocuted.

HAD TO BE HEALTHY.

Horse-dealer—You had better buy the horse, Colonel. You will never find a healthier animal!

Col. Jones—I believe it. If he hadn't been healthy all his life, he never could have lived so long.

SOCIETY NOTE.

Mrs. Yerger—When are you going to marry Mr. Prettyman?

Miss Highflyer—That's not settled yet. Nowadays no sensible girl marries the first fellow to whom she engages herself.

Don't wait to shoot folly as it flies. "Shoot it," anyhow.



That they may take in the water
Many journeys to the Springs;
That the water may take them in,
Others to the seashore brings.



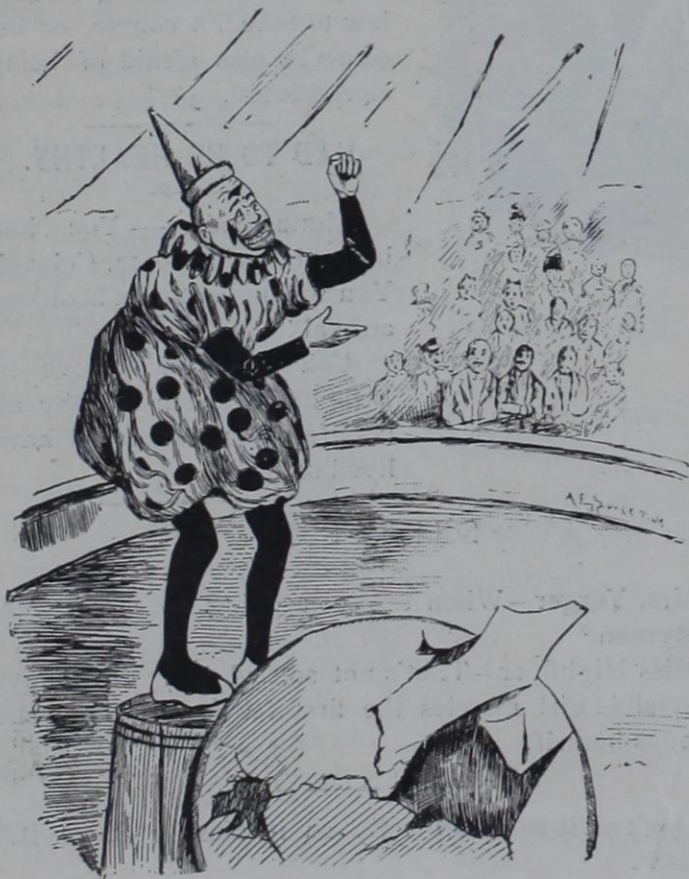
OLD SHOWMAN'S TALK.

"Yes," said the old showman, "I was in the circus business a good many years, commencing as a boy. I ran away from home to follow the circus, as many others have done. I literally began at the foot of the ladder, for I was a utility boy, and helped steady the ladder on which an acrobat climbed in the ring to go through his daily performance. I helped open the carpet for the tumblers and held a hoop for the 'Queen of the Circle' to leap through. I never got to be a tumbler myself, for I was too clumsy for that, but I was a handy fellow when it was necessary to throw a man out of the canvas who came to kick up a row.

"Then I got to be a driver, and was very proud to drive in the procession we made in a town, or ride in the grand entry. But the proudest moment in my life was when I was promoted to drive the private carriage of Dan Rice, for it was in Old Dan Rice's circus that I was employed. Rice was in the height of his popularity then, and people were as curious to see him as though he were President of the United States. Dan was annoyed sometimes by the people crowding around his carriage to gape at him, and sometimes in entering a town he would have me get in the carriage while he mounted the box and drove. I sat up very straight and stiff, muffled in a great coat, and tried to look as unconcerned as possible. The remarks people made used to amuse Dan very much. 'He don't look as though he had any fun in him,' one would say; and another would remark that I didn't look a bit like my picture.

"I was big and strong, and finally got to do an act in the ring—pulling against horses. It ain't much of a trick, but it looks to be. Yes, I have pulled against an elephant, too.

"I was boss canvasman for several years—had charge of the job of putting up and taking down the canvas. In those days we had to take along a lot of fighting men, so that we might protect the show from attacks from rowdies who came to 'clean it out.' A



The Clown of the Old-time Circus.

canvasman who couldn't fight was no good. I avoided fights when it was possible.

"I remember once a village rough pretty full of 'budge' came around hunting a fight while we were driving the stakes for the guy ropes. He offered to whip me if I would fight him.

"Pshaw!" said I, "you can't fight."

"Try me on," said he.

"Well, if you are strong enough to fight take hold of this sledge and drive a few stakes. Let's see how your muscle is."

"He pulled off his coat, seized the sledge and began to work. The day was hot and the perspiration rolled off him, but he kept at it for an hour or more, and by that time he was completely sobered and the fight all out of him."

The old showman spoke in anger of the "mammoth shows" of the present day that have run out the

old-time circus and reduced the clown to a nonentity. "Why," said he, disdainfully, "Barnum has made a Sunday-school class of the circus men. They will have canvasmen working in swallow-tail coats and white cravats yet. I am told that a good healthy fight isn't known any more and the circus business has got to be too nice for anything."

Then the disgusted old showman begged a chew of tobacco of a listener and slowly walked away.

THE OLD HOUSE.

BY ANNA E. TREAT.

It was never anything but a modest little home—stead, of plain and unpretending appearance, but every year it has been growing grayer and more weather-beaten. Time has marked its humble front with those evidences of age and decline that render it pathetic without detracting from its homelike appearance. Indeed, the house and its aged mistress have grown old together.

With what joy she entered it as a bride! All happy



LOOK WHERE YOU ARE GOING.

household fancies clustered around the home coming. Those four walls bounded her world, the only world she cared to know. And no devotee at a sacred shrine ever dedicated her life more fervently than she to her husband and her home.

Here were children born and reared, enlivening the little house with their bright, winning ways, their childish laughter and songs. They played beneath the trees that seemed to them so lofty, and no flowers in after times seemed quite so sweet as the cinnamon roses which bloomed on the great bush in the corner of the front yard.

In time the young birds grew restless in the home nest, which seemed too small for them, and they went out into the world, soon finding occupation and homes of their own.

But each home-coming seemed to bind them closer in affection, and the little house ever seemed to welcome them to its protection. Then came the great change of widowhood, and all alone the gentle mistress of the house pursued her daily round of duties. Careful, painstaking and gifted with that wholesome thrift which makes humble surroundings seem exquisite with the dainty atmosphere of cleanliness, she made the old-fashioned rooms homelike and attractive.

But the little income now dwindled to a slender thread, no longer sufficed to repair the ravages which time, and storms, and searching winds had wrought upon the tiny house.

Perplexities seemed to gather about the pathway of the devoted woman, to peril her peace of mind, when a noble brother, a man of wealth from another State, came to the rescue.

"There must be a new house built," was his decision. With him, to say was to do, and while the sister visited a relative in a distant town, the little house was dismantled. It was but a wooden structure, but it had nobly fulfilled its mission. It had been a home in the truest sense of the word. Now, its end accomplished, it seemed but in the nature of things that it should

pass away. Busy workmen were gathered and soon the fair walls of a new house rose behind the same old trees that for years had bloomed and fruited in the quaint little garden.

Rapidly the work was pushed, and sooner than could have been imagined the house was done. For the workmen had been told that the design was to have all in readiness before the return of the mistress, now soon expected, and that the house was to be completely furnished, in her absence. They seemed imbued with the spirit of the delightful surprise, and gave more willing service than is usually obtained.

The brother's wife now brought her good taste and judgment to the adorning of the little home, and aided by willing, neighborly hands, carpets were laid, soft and beautiful in coloring and design. Elegant hanging lamps, pictures that would be a revelation to the little woman whose lowly life had never known any such heights.

Misty, white curtains were looped back from the pleasant windows, and throughout the little suite of rooms was completely furnished.

She returned just in time, not too soon as was feared she might, but to be ushered into her own home by the kind friends who had prepared so much for her.

What wonder that when she surveyed the charming interior, so much more beautiful than her wildest dreams could be, that she could only exclaim, "No sister ever had such a good brother before!"

The rental of two nice houses, owned by her brother, was also formally settled upon her for life, thus securing her future

independence, and now we will leave her to her quiet happiness.

AVOID A CONSPICUOUS DRESS.

First Custom-House Inspector (at the steamship pier)—I've been watching that heavily overdressed woman for some time, and I have my suspicions.

Second Custom-House Inspector—So have I; I think she is heavily under-dressed. Let's call one of our female smuggler-pullers!

SEALSKIN, OF COURSE.

Mr. Gush (after the proposal)—And what can I give you, darling, to seal the vows which have passed between us?

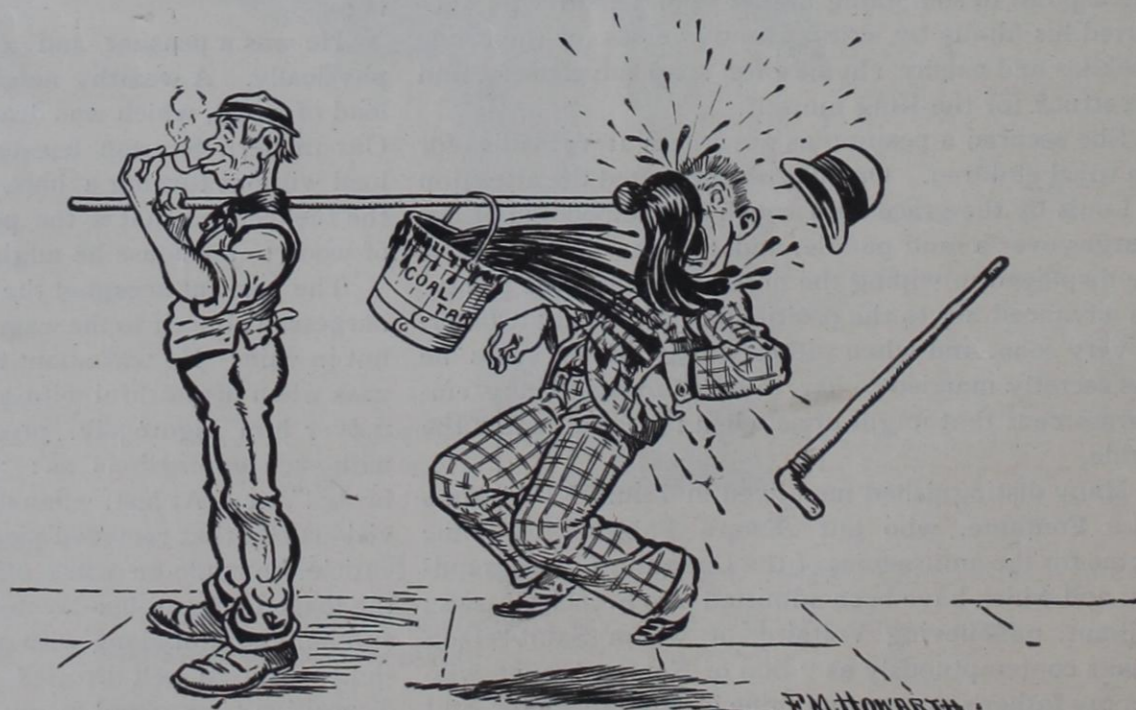
Miss Giddy—Well, George, don't you think a sacque would be very nice?

THE SWAN'S LAST SONG.

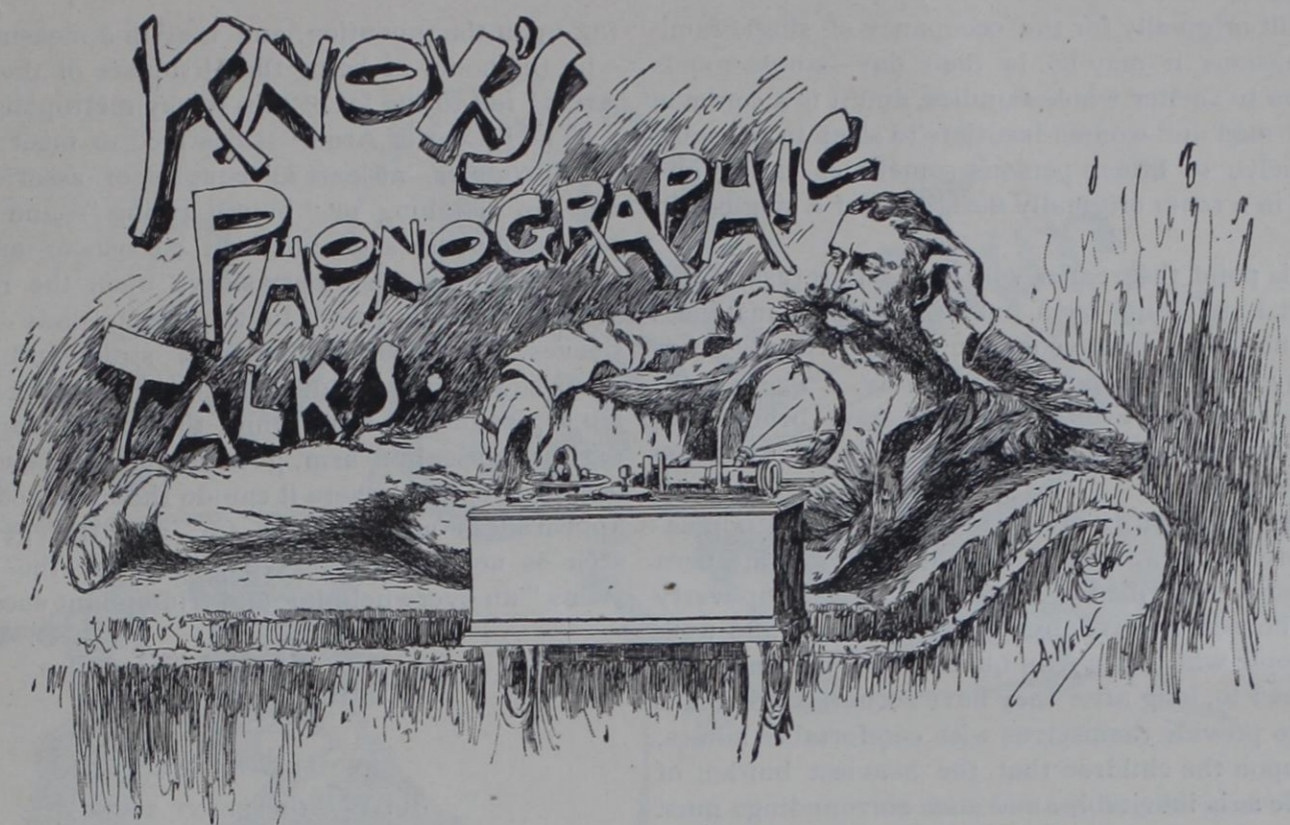
Mrs. Peterby—Don't you think it is very remarkable that a swan should sing before dying?

Judge Peterby—Not so much so as I would if they sang after dying.

'Polly want a cracker?' said a Georgia "poor white" to a parrot, and the parrot looking at him, shook its head.



OR TAKE THE CONSEQUENCES.



Talking to the editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS yesterday, I was giving him my views, on men and things, with a vim and with a strength of language that made his collar wilt.

"Why don't you write the — stuff," said he, "and I'll print it. I'd rather let you disgrace a whole page of the paper in type than listen to the gurgle of your vox humanus when I am busy. Go to! Sit down to your phonograph at night and disgorge your seething thoughts into the instrument. It will be safer for you than to try them on me. The phono can talk back, of course, but it can't get up and fracture your skull with a blow from an editorial tripod. Again I say, 'Go to!'"

A blamed good idea, wasn't it? The editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS does occasionally give birth to an idea that is not furnished by myself.

That is why I am now lying back on an old lounge, that has something the matter with its spine, and pouring my thoughts into the funnel of the phonograph. We used to have to write our thoughts with a pen that spluttered, or with a pencil the point of which broke off with a snap when we became emphatic, and that made us nervous and derailed our train of thought. Then came the stenographer and typewriter, and to dictate to him was not much better. He would irritate us by sharpening a pencil or shuffling his feet on the floor when we paused to hunt through our mental lexicon for a sonorous word with which to round off a sentence. Or if the stenographer was not a "him," she would blush when we used a profane word, and would write "her suit" when we said "hirsute," and would stop our flow of thought by asking if there was more than one l in "balance."

Now we have only to touch a button and the phonograph starts. We say our say and the phonograph records it. We touch another button and the phonograph stops until we have time to accumulate another thought.

The phonograph differs from the stenographer in that it never becomes absent-minded and asks you to "please repeat that," and it never gets nervous while wondering whether you will get through in time to enable it to catch the 4:45 train to Manhattan Beach.

Blessings on the phonograph.

**

At half-past eight this morning I went into the dirtiest and most ill-kept public building in New York—New Yorkers will, of course, understand that I refer to the New York post-office. I asked for \$5 worth of stamps.

"Hey?"

Haven't you noticed that when you speak to an official through one of those little holes, that look in size and shape like the main entrance to a chicken house, you are invariably requested to repeat what you said, and the official's interrogatory runs all the way from the "Hey?" and "Whatsersay?" of the ten-dollar-a-week caitiff with soiled cuffs, to the "Aw, beg pawdon!" of the lordly superintendent with a rose in his button-hole.

I repeated my request for "five dollars worth of twos."

"Can't get 'em till 9 o'clock."

"Why?"

"Don't sell more than one dollar's worth 'till 9 o'clock."

"Can't I buy stamps for one dollar, then turn around and buy another dollar's worth and so on until I get what I want?"

"No sir—like to 'blige you—can't do it."

And so I had to wait until 9 o'clock before I got the stamps. I wanted to get them for letters that I wished to send out on the early western mail, and my office-boy, who had had an early breakfast in Hoboken, was standing on one leg impatiently waiting to suppress an uncloyed appetite by licking 250 stamps. I was more angry than I have been since I threw away my fountain pen, and I replied in a real devilish manner to one of the numerous tramps that those in authority allow to infest the post-office corridor, and who are always financially embarrassed to the extent of the price of a plate of beans.

What is the use of being angry; the clerks I have always found polite and obliging, but they have to follow the instructions of their superiors. That those who wish to buy stamps in amounts exceeding \$1 cannot do so before 9 o'clock a. m., or after 4 p. m., is one of the least of the complaints that could be made against the management of the New York Post-office. If a complaint is made, however, the complainant is courteously informed that with the facilities at hand nothing better can be done, and that with the appropriation at command in Washington no further increase or improvement in the service in New York can be made at present.

Wanamaker told a newspaper correspondent last week that he had obtained a special appropriation of \$10,000 which he intended to devote to an experiment. He is going to experiment with a town of 500 inhabitants and pay the postmaster of the town to deliver mail at residences, and also pay the schoolmasters of the adjoining precincts to distribute the mail addressed to parents of their pupils.

When John Wanamaker sits in his store writing his justly famous advertisements—

GREAT BREAK IN SUSPENDERS!

TREMENDOUS SMASH IN BOYS' PANTS!

Broad Street Entrance,

he may claim to be a great economist and brilliant business man, but when he uses \$10,000 to experiment with special delivery to old farmers who get seed circulars and plow advertisements twice a year, and does not put on an extra clerk to supply the demand for stamps in New York, he is "not in it," as we say in the vulgar tongue.

**

During the last trip of the Umbria to New York a committee authorized by the passengers arranged a programme for a concert to be held, the monetary proceeds to be donated in equal proportions to two benevolent institutions that care for disabled seamen—the Liverpool Home for Aged Mariners, and the Sailors' Snug Harbor, N. Y. The captain (McKay) refused to allow the concert to be held unless all the proceeds would go to the English institution.

It has been the custom for many years—certainly to my knowledge fifteen years—to hold a concert on all the great ocean steamers the day before they arrive at New York, and the day before they arrive at Liverpool. A hat is carried around and the collection sent to the Liverpool Home. I have not the least doubt that two-thirds of the money subscribed comes from the pockets of American travelers—first, because more Americans travel; and second, because a traveling American will give \$5 where an Englishman will give \$1. Is it not an outrage that the ship owners, whose existence depends on the traveling American, should not allow him to designate the charity to which he desires to subscribe.

But it is so.

From \$50 to \$500 is subscribed at each of these concerts.

I know it.

Last year, going over on the Adriatic, Chauncey Depew, who was chairman, asked me to count the money, because I was familiar with English coinage. It amounted to over £36, or \$180. Returning on the City of New York, the concert proceeds was in excess of \$300.

The captains are very arbitrary, and with a few exceptions, insist on all the money being devoted to the Liverpool institution. In the case of Captain McKay he is represented by the New York World as saying:

"The English seamen, especially the mercantile seamen, are not as well provided for as the American seamen. In the English home at Liverpool are maintained but seventy-three seamen, and it is all the merchant navy can do to provide for them comfortably. If we relaxed our energy one bit, there would be nothing for them but the workhouse or the grave. The question of the disposition of the money collected at these concerts has been raised on other ships and it has always been settled in the same way I settled it."

If it is true that only seventy-three seamen are provided for, from the fund enriched by the enormous sums subscribed by the traveling public who cross the ocean blue, then somebody is getting fat on the wastage. I will guarantee to take 25 per cent. of the concert money and with it provide the best rooms and board in the best hotel in America or England for all of the seventy-three disabled British seamen. If the passengers would refuse to subscribe unless the American seamen's institution shared with that of the English seaman, the fact might percolate into the roast-beef intellect of the British captain with his arrogant air of bogus aristocracy, that it would be not only justice to both institutions, but probably as much money in the coffers of the English charity if the money subscribed be equally divided.

**

All Hail Judge Duffy! The daily papers tell us that Jacob Zorn, a policeman in citizen's dress, entered a grocery and asked to purchase some whisky, saying it was for a sick man. The grocer declined to sell any whisky, but to relieve the alleged sick man made the would-be purchaser the present of a small flask filled with whisky.

Judge Duffy's ire was aroused.

"O'ficer," he exclaimed, "why did you arrest this man for making you a present?"

"Judge, your Honor," answered Zorn, "I thought he was bribing me."

"Go along, you ungrateful cur," said Judge Duffy, addressing him. "I have half a mind to lock you up. You are a disgrace to the force."

Judge Duffy is a large-hearted man and a learned and just Judge. I take off my hat to him.

Now if every police justice would deal as Judge Duffy does with the scoundrelly policemen who make such charges it would be a most excellent thing; and if the police captains would instruct their policemen to arrest saloon-keepers, who are well known to violate the law nightly, instead of attending to the sneaking business described above, it would please the taxpayers. The police claim that there are no saloons allowed by them to keep open all night, nor are there any gambling houses now running.

I will guarantee to furnish a man who will point out to any person nominated by the police authorities half a dozen places where he can alcoholically lubricate his palate at any hour of the night, and will further take him to several gambling places where he will be given ample opportunity to lose some of his hard-earned dollars.

**

You may think I am a good deal of a kicker. Possibly I am. There are lots of things that it is the duty of a writer to kick about. Next week I may be in a more genial mood and give you a pleasanter talk.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

HAD BETTER BEEN LEFT UNSAID.

Will—Have you never noticed how frequently it happens that sons are exactly the opposite of their fathers?

George—Certainly, there are a great many families in which this is the case.

Were you acquainted with my father?

No, I never knew him personally, but I have always understood that he was a very intelligent gentleman.

"Candles are pretty nearly gone out," says an exchange. With such weather as this we can afford to let the fire go out, too.

TYPICAL TENEMENTS.



MUCH has been said and written of the tenement house system of New York, but the subject is not easily to be exhausted. It relates directly to almost every problem of civilization, for it governs the physical, mental and moral education of the less fortunate half of the people of the city. Its importance has long been recognized, and much has been done in the last twenty years

to improve the condition of the tenement houses, and although much more might be done, the improvements have saved thousands of lives, besides greatly decreasing the tendency to crime.

A single fact will illustrate this. Something over twenty years ago, I saw, in a Water street cellar, the room that served as a home for a poor woman and her baby. I chanced to see it at the hour of high tide. The sipe-water had, as she said it always did at high tide, risen high enough to cover her floor to the depth of at least a foot. She was seated on a table, stitching at the shop-work that was her only means of earning a living. The baby was done up in a bundle and hung on a nail in the wall. The barrenness and destitution of a life in which such a situation was a daily matter, can perhaps be imagined, but can hardly be described. Yet the woman paid rent for that room.

To-day there are no such cases in New York. It is not allowed that underground rooms shall be rented for living apartments. That particular evil has been absolutely eradicated. More than enough others, however, still exist.

Land is valuable in the city, and if landlords were unrestricted, whole blocks would be entirely covered with buildings, leaving no exposure to the open air excepting on the roofs and the street fronts. As it is, they are compelled to leave certain spaces open between houses for ventilation and sunlight. In most instances these two requisites are fairly well provided for, but there are places where a small narrow courtyard is surrounded so closely by tall buildings as to be little more than a huge well into which no sunlight ever falls, and through which the wind can hardly blow.

The houses are built so as to utilize every foot of space. Halls and stairways are as narrow as possible, and ordinarily four sets of rooms, or apartments, are arranged on each floor—one front and one rear apartment on each side of the hall, which runs through the middle of the house. On the ground floor a store takes the place of the front apartment, and the storekeeper occupies the rooms back of it. As the buildings are usually five or six stories high, each one will accommodate about twenty families, say one hundred souls.

Each apartment consists, ordinarily, of four rooms, two of which are designed for sleeping rooms and are just large enough to hold a full-sized double bed. Gas pipes are in many of the houses, and the Croton water is on tap in the halls. In the more modern houses there is usually a closet on each floor. Aside from these there are no conveniences whatever. For each of the apartments the tenants pay from eight to sixteen or twenty dollars a month.

The human interest in the subject comes in the effects of such crowding together of humanity. These tenements are the modern and improved ones. No description can do justice to the degradation and usual filth of the old-fashioned ones. In old houses, many of

them built originally for the occupancy of single families—mansions, it may be, in their day—single rooms now serve to shelter whole families, and it is a common thing for men and women boarders to sleep in the same room, twelve or fifteen persons sometimes eating and sleeping in a room originally designed for a single bedroom.

At this point the reader will probably refuse to believe that I am telling facts, but although such instances are rare now—they were common enough twenty years ago—they can be pointed out to-day. The record shows that 300 and even 400 persons have been found living in a single tenement house vastly inferior to those I have described.

The great majority of the tenement house population is foreign-born, except the children, who are born in the houses described. There are grades of poverty in these houses, and it is by no means rare to find well-to-do people who remain in quarters they have grown accustomed to, long after they have accumulated means enough to provide themselves with comfortable homes.

It is upon the children that the heaviest burden of such a life as is inevitable amid such surroundings must fall. Growing up without a knowledge of personal privacy, accustomed to the daily contact with coarse and unrefined, if not positively vicious neighbors, they almost invariably acquire unhealthy knowledge at a time when such knowledge is most likely to bear evil fruit. For playgrounds they have only the halls and streets, and it may be the common courtyard of the house. Fortunately, they have as they grow up, the excellent discipline of the public schools, and so, despite their disadvantages, they grow up into at least average good citizens. All of which is the best answer to pessimism that can be formulated.

DAVID A. CURTIS.



The Poor Sewing Woman and her Baby in a Water Street Cellar.

THE COAT OF ARMS.

In this age of the telephone, the telegraph and the various "drop-a-nickel-into-the-slot" contrivances, it is safe to say that any invention wrenching its secrets from the realms of the unknown, will, as a rule, excite but passing comment. It is, however, asserted, and on the best authority, that a man now residing in Camden, N. J., has invented, patented, and will shortly put upon the market an article which "will fill a long-felt want," and will fully equal, if not surpass, any of the wonders of science and of art which have made famous the nineteenth century.

When in this world we are in danger of losing some necessity of life a substitute is sure to arise. Coal takes the place of the too-rapidly disappearing wood. Petroleum supplants the oil of the fast decreasing leviathans of the frozen seas. So, also, when a need of something before unknown is absolute and imperative, some one is sure to discover it, and so relieve an unbearable want of humanity. Thus was gum invented to occupy female jaws that husbands, brothers and "steady company" need no longer incur the risk of being talked to death. In fact, this principle has long been pointed out by scientists and those desiring to inspire a fuller faith in Providence.

Now the need for the "Coat of Arms," for so is the invention named, had become so absolutely imperative, so utterly necessary, that the medium of its introduction to the world arose in the person of a citizen of Camden—a town which, owing to the affectionate nature of its inhabitants, is frequently referred to as "passionate Camden." Possibly this had some bear-

ing upon the invention, and may in a measure explain why the honor of being the birthplace of the "Coat of Arms" fell to the lot of this Jersey metropolis.

The "Coat of Arms" is destined to meet the wants of all couples—at least all couples of assorted sexes—who go sleighing or "buggy riding"—and what well regulated couples do not? It consists of an ordinary ulster with the customary sleeve upon the right side; but on the left—next to the young lady—are two sleeves, the upper stuffed with straw and having a glove sewed at the end. This sleeve reposes above the lap rug or buffalo robe, while the lower sleeve, encasing the masculine arm, goes under the covering and occupies its time where it can do the most good. Thus appearances are provided for, and the gentleman's style is not cramped. We predict for the "Coat of Arms" an overwhelming and triumphant success.

C. B. MOORE.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

QUITE A DIFFERENT THING.

Dudely—I feel positive that she regards me with feelings almost, if not quite, akin to love.

Friend—What makes you think so?

The other night when I was calling at her house, just as I was getting ready to go I remarked that it was past twelve o'clock, when she asked me if I was sure my watch was not going too fast. Don't that mean love?

Naw, that's sarcasm.

TWO OF A KIND.

Mrs. Yerger—You came home rather early this morning.

Col. Yerger—I was kept busy. I had to work like the very devil.

Mrs. Yerger—Yes? Where did you leave the gentleman?

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

"I am very sorry that I did not get acquainted with you until I had become a widower," remarked Mr. Smith to his second wife.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the partner of his joys.

"Nothing, except that I would rather you had been my first wife," replied the fond husband, carelessly.

"Why do you wish that I had been your first wife?"

"Because then some other woman would be my second wife, darling."

A GOOD GUESSER.

A.—I'll bet that Jones has got a red-headed wife.

B.—Yes, he has. But how do you know, as you say you never saw her?

A.—Nothing, only I saw him yesterday with his head tied up, and he was looking for a place where they mended furniture cheap.

A PLAUSIBLE EXPLANATION.

Wife—This is a stupid blunder the printer makes in the account of our silver wedding.

Husband—What is it, my dear?

It reads here that we had spent together twenty-five years of "marred" happiness, instead of "married" happiness. How do you explain such a stupid error?

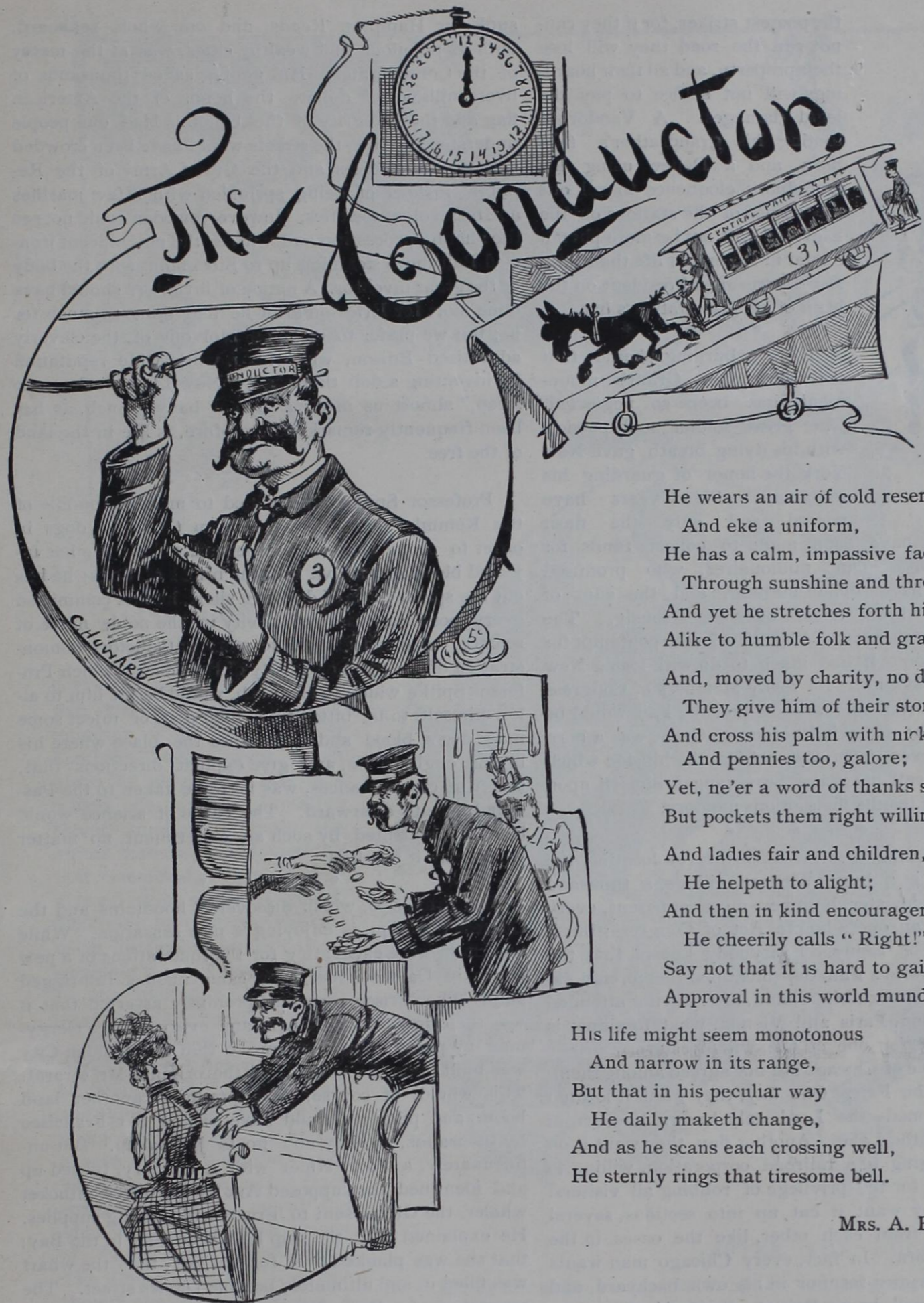
The only way I can explain it is by taking it for granted that the printer who set it up is a married man himself.



OVER THE FAMILY ALBUM.

MR. BLACK—Miss Ambrosia, dis fotograf ob yerself is just too lubly!

MISS AMBROSIA—Yes; de artist 'lowed dat brunettes always looked mighty well in pictures.



He wears an air of cold reserve
 And eke a uniform,
 He has a calm, impassive face
 Through sunshine and through storm,
 And yet he stretches forth his hand
 Alike to humble folk and grand.
 And, moved by charity, no doubt,
 They give him of their store,
 And cross his palm with nickels bright
 And pennies too, galore;
 Yet, ne'er a word of thanks says he,
 But pockets them right willingly.
 And ladies fair and children, too,
 He helpeth to alight;
 And then in kind encouragement
 He cheerily calls "Right!"
 Say not that it is hard to gain
 Approval in this world mundane.

His life might seem monotonous
 And narrow in its range,
 But that in his peculiar way
 He daily maketh change,
 And as he scans each crossing well,
 He sternly rings that tiresome bell.

MRS. A. E. TREAT.

THE HONEST CLERK.

Mr. Dewdad is a dealer in real estate. He recently hired a new clerk to work in his office, and while he was giving him his instructions one of his clients, who is a strict christian, came in. Wishing to impress his christian client, Dewdad told the new clerk to always tell the truth in all things even if he lost a customer by so doing. After an hour or so Dewdad went away for the day and left the business in charge of the clerk. Pretty soon a man came in and inquired if that was not the office of the man who had the lots in a certain addition for sale.

"It is," replied the clerk.
 "What are lots worth out there?" asked the man.
 "They are worth about \$200 each, but we are selling them at \$400," replied the clerk.
 The customer looked surprised, but thinking the clerk was only joking, he asked: "The cable line will soon be built to that addition, will it not?"
 "No, sir," emphatically replied the clerk.
 "Then what makes you advertise that it will?"
 "We advertise that way in order to sell lots, but we know that a cable line to that addition wouldn't pay as big dividends as a Chinese Pagoda in Rome would."
 The man pinched himself to see that he was not dreaming, and went out. Pretty soon a woman came in and inquired if they did not have a certain house for rent.
 "We have," said the clerk.
 "Is it a good house?"
 "No; the water pipes leak, the cellar is damp and the walls are full of bed-bugs."
 "How much is the rent?" asked the woman, looking surprised.
 "Fifty dollars a month."
 "Do you think it is worth that much?" asked the woman.

"I do not," said the honest clerk; "I think it would be dear at thirty dollars."
 "Then what makes you ask fifty dollars?"
 "Because we know we can get it."
 The woman said she guessed it wouldn't suit her, and went away, and a man came in and asked how much they would charge for examining an abstract.
 "Forty dollars," said the clerk.
 "Is not that a high price?"
 "Yes, sir."
 "Then what makes you charge such a price?"
 "Because I'm a new clerk in this office, and if I bilk people out of big fees I may get my salary raised."
 "Well," said the man, "if I pay you this price will you tell me whether my title is good or not?"
 "Yes, I will tell you, but I will probably lie."
 "Lie. Why will you lie?"
 "Because, after I examine the abstract, the chances are that I won't know any more about it than I do now, and as I won't want to appear ignorant I will lie."
 "Then hadn't I better have an attorney examine it instead of you?" asked the man.
 "No."
 "Why?"
 "Because the attorney won't know any more about it than I do. He will tell you that your title is good, and then if your ground ever becomes valuable it will be found that some grantor in deeding it spelled warranty with two e's instead of a y, and you will be left."
 The man with the abstract sadly ambled away, and a friend of Dewdad's dropped in to have a chat. Not finding Dewdad in he thought he would talk to the clerk a few minutes, blow about Dewdad so the clerk would tell him of it, and then he would come around and hit the old man for a loan.
 "Mr. Dewdad is a very smart man?" said he.
 "Think so?" said the clerk.
 "Why, yes; don't you?"

"No. I think he's a sand-blasted old sap-head," said the clerk.

And so it went all day; the most of the customers lied to the clerk and expected the clerk to lie in return out of politeness, but he persistently obeyed orders and told the truth, and he lost the house a dozen good customers.

The next morning when the clerk came to the office Dewdad told him that he didn't admire his style of wit, and turned him adrift to find a business in which nothing but truth was told, and the poor clerk starved to death.

Gentle reader, this simple tale proves that your own is the only line of business in which no lies are ever told.

V. Z. REED.

SPLINTERS.

The yeast cake and the negro's favorite weapon are both raisers.

The man with icy manners is quite refreshing these dog (goned) days.

It is getting to be the custom out West when a bank suspends to suspend the president also.

Smokeless powder—the kind you generally have on your coat sleeve after a visit to your best girl.

If the conceit was taken out of some people there wouldn't be enough of 'em left to hang clothes on.

In Chicago the shoe stores sell shoes by the size. A pair of shoes for a Chicago "belle" costs from thirty to fifty dollars.

"It is always best to lie on the right side," remarked the stump speaker when he heard of the election of the man he had been advocating.

A Philadelphia hotel, desiring to prove to the public that it was a good one, advertises the fact that one man has lived there three weeks and is still living.

A physician says a healthy man's heart should beat seventy-eight times a minute. How about the minute after you find you have won a prize in the lottery?

A New York grocer, who recently took a trip to Coney Island, was sitting on the beach fooling in the sand with a small shovel. A friend seeing him, stopped, and bade him the time of day. "Howdy," replied the grocer, absentmindedly, taking up a shovelful of sand: "How many pounds of sugar did you say?"

OVERHEARD AT LONG BEACH.

He—How have you been enjoying yourself, Miss Esmerelda?

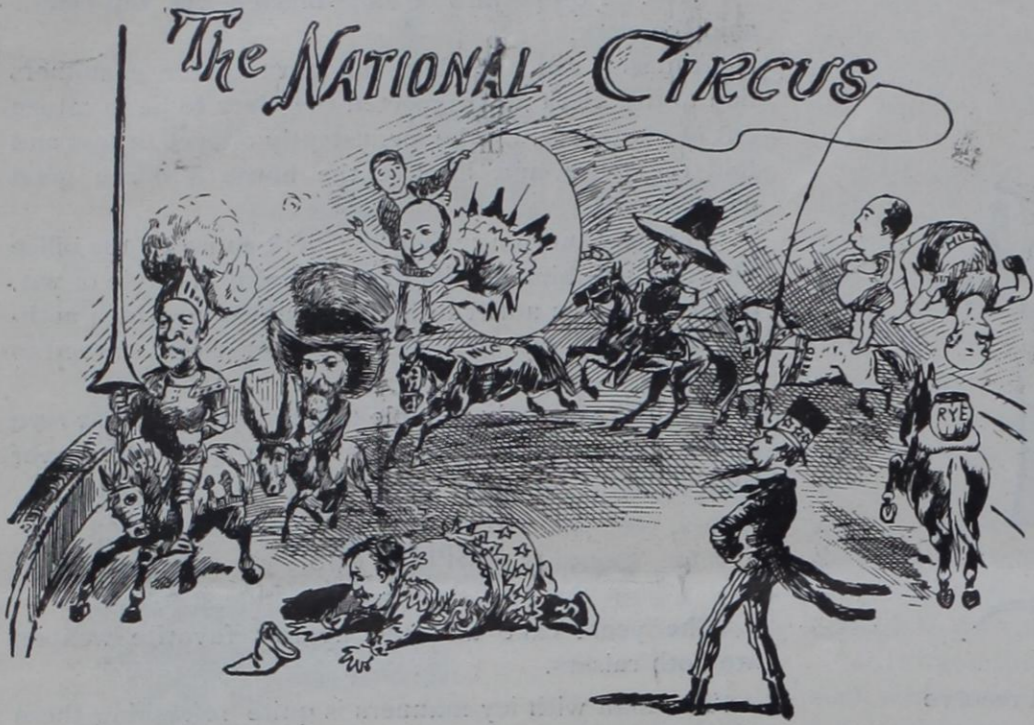
She—I have never enjoyed myself so much as at this very moment. It is so delightful to be alone, absolutely alone, in perfect solitude by the seaside.

N. B.—He mentioned this little conversation to his friends, and now they call him Perfect Solitude.



TAKEN FOR A CHIMPANZEE.

INTOXICATED POLICEMAN (mistaking Mike O'Toole for a chimpanzee, escaped from the Central Park menagerie)—Now look—look here, Pansy, w-what are yez doin' out here? Git back to yer cage moighty quick, or I'll (hic) run ye in. D'ye moind, now?



TEXAS SIFTINGS is on the side of organized Labor. Workmen have the same right to organize as capitalists, and, also, the same right to have their organizations recognized and respected. Mr. Powderly is the paid representative of the Knights of Labor as Mr. Webb is the paid representative of the Central railroad. For Webb to refuse to allow Powderly to examine the discharged men in his presence; for Webb to refuse State arbitration and insolently declare that there is nothing to arbitrate; for Webb to announce that he is ready to fight and will spend \$2,000,000 of the Vanderbilt money in crushing out the strike—these blunders have put the Knights of Labor entirely in the right and given them the hearty sympathy of the public. The World calls upon the State Board to investigate, as it is not asked to arbitrate, and this will probably be done. But the quickest way to end the trouble is for Webb to resign or be discharged. He has shown his unfitness for his position. The time has passed when Webbs can domineer over great bodies of men, as if workmen were serfs or slaves. When this arrogant Third of a Vice-President invokes the aid of the Grand Jury, he treads upon quicksands. Suppose the Grand Jury should inquire by what authority the Vanderbilts watered Central stock to the amount of \$48,000,000 and force the public who use the road to pay dividends upon this bogus extra capital? A Vanderbilt might pass his autumn at Sing Sing, instead of Newport, if this inquiry were faithfully pushed.

The rights of the public have been more respected by the strikers than by the Central officials. The Vanderbilt motto is, "The public be d—d," and Webb has lived up to this motto. The strikers proceeded with judicious slowness; they offered investigation, compromise, arbitration; but Webb refused everything but fight. He has put the traveling public to great inconvenience; he has injured the mercantile public millions of dollars; he has hired Pinkerton assassins who have missed the strikers and shot down those of the public that were simply looking on. The people have not ceded the roadway of the Central to the Vanderbilts except upon certain conditions. If those conditions are not complied with, the roadway reverts to the State—that is to say, the people of New York. If trains are not run regularly; if freight is delayed; if workmen are oppressed; if thugs are employed to fire upon the curious crowds, then the people are justified in saying, "D—n the Vanderbilts," and in retaking possession of their own property and entrusting it to more competent hands. This ought to be the issue of the future, and it will give Webb all the fight he wants.

Chauncey Depew, once everybody's friend, the favorite of all classes of our people—except the Grangers—is the first victim of the strike. He is killed deadlier than the proverbial door-nail. That he should frolic about Europe and the Vanderbilt family dance at Newport, while thousands of employes were murmuring and striking, may be described as impolitic; but a much stronger word might be justly employed. Depew has assumed the responsibility of Webb's actions by declining to interfere, and by expressing his entire confidence in the Central officials. It begins to leak out that the discharge of the Knights of Labor was arranged before Depew's departure, and that he skipped away so that his personal and political reputation might not suffer. But the American people are not to be fooled. Two months ago, Depew was an available candidate for Mayor, for Governor, for President. Now, he could not be elected as pound-keeper. Moreover, he and Webb and the Vanderbilts may yet become poorer than

the poorest striker, for if they cannot run the road they will lose their property, and all their hoardings will not suffice to pay the legal damages. A Vanderbilt tooting his grandfather's fish-horn, and a Depew using his mellifluous eloquence to call out the names of the stations on the Elevated will not be more phenomenal in American life than little Ben Harrison as President on the brim of his grandfather's hat.

It is a burning shame that the work upon Grant's monument has been so neglected. The great soldier and patriot, with his dying breath, gave New York the honor of guarding his remains. Five years have passed, and only the most feeble efforts have been made to collect funds for his monument. Our millionaires, who promised everything, have done nothing, and the sum of \$150,000 has been doled out ungraciously. The people of other cities regard New York with contempt for this ingratitude. It had much to do with losing New York the World's Fair; for many Members of Congress remembered Grant and argued that the Fair would be treated with the same indifference. Grant was a born fighter, and even from the hole in the hillside which New Yorkers call his grave, he revenges himself upon the city which insults his glorious memory.

Meanwhile, the reckless absurdity of locating the World's Fair at a huge Western village, a thousand miles from tidewater, becomes more apparent, every day. It was an opera-bouffe Act of Congress; but it has ceased to be funny. Everybody knows that the success of a World's Fair depends upon the foreign exhibits and foreign exhibitors, and, after having attended Fairs at London, Paris and Vienna, what foreigner is going to hunt for one on the wild Western prairies? Even the people of Chicago are not agreed among themselves about the Fair. One day, they want it located on land redeemed—the Lord only knows how—from what they call the Lake. Another day, they want it on ground belonging to a railroad corporation, willing to put up boodle for the privilege of robbing all visitors. Next day, they want it cut up into sections, several miles distant from each other, like the oases in the Desert of Sahara. In fact, every Chicago man wants the Fair on his own farm or in his own backyard, and the outcome will be no Fair at all—simply a poultry and cattle show. Had New York been true to itself and to the memory of Grant, this huge joke of the untamed humorists of the plains might never have been perpetrated.

General John B. Carson, of Illinois, has been requested, according to the Spirit of the Times, to serve as General Superintendent of the World's Fair. There was once some talk of Chauncey Depew for this position; but he has been caught in the Webb of the Central strike and will buzz no more. General Carson is now President of a prosperous railroad, which proves his administrative ability, and he is so genial, amiable and sincere that everybody who knows him loves him—and almost everybody knows him. The way in which he obtained his military title illustrates this. He was not a hero of the late unpleasantness; he never set a squadron in the field nor the division of a battle knew. But, one day, at a dinner, he happened to be the only guest without a title. All the rest were real heroes who had won their shoulder straps by fighting bravely for the Union. They liked John B. Carson so well, that, in spite of the military punctilio about civilian titles, they then and there created him a General and consummated the baptism in a tremendous bowl of champagne punch. Public opinion has validated their election, and no other man in the country would make a better Superintendent for a Chicago Fair—if there is to be any Fair—than General Carson.

The honors to John Ericsson, the inventor of the Monitor, did not amount to much; but they were the best we could do in August, when most people are away in the country or at the seaside. The present generation do not know what Ericsson did for the Union. They think of the old Monitor as we elders think of the old Chesapeake. When he sent out his ironclad raft to drive away the ironplated Rebel ram, Merrimac, our wooden ships had been crushed and

sunk, in Hampton Roads, and our whole seaboard, with its populous and wealthy cities, was at the mercy of the Confederates. His genius saved thousands of lives, millions of dollars, the honor of the American flag and the integrity of the Union. Had our people understood all this, the streets would have been crowded with citizen soldiers and the Grand Army of the Republic, instead of being sprinkled with a few marines and benevolent societies. However, Sweden could not see the shabby procession and will see the magnificent ironclad Baltimore steaming up to Stockholm with the body of the great inventor. A nation of inventors should have done more for Ericsson after he had done so much for us; but we prefer to make an idol out of the cleverly advertised Edison, who wins a world-wide reputation by inventing a doll that says, "Now I lay me down to sleep," almost as nicely as a real baby. Such, as has been frequently remarked heretofore, is life in the land of the free.

Professor Spitka, who helped to make a muddle of the Kemmler execution, has been torturing dogs in order to prove that rabies does not exist. He has injected blood and saliva into the brains of dogs; he has cut the spinal cords of dogs; in short, he has committed every possible variety of cruelty in the noble name of science. A much easier and more satisfactory demonstration of the truth or falsity of the theory which Professor Spitka wants to establish, would be for him to allow himself to be bitten by a mad dog, or inject some mad dog's blood and saliva into the place where his brains ought to be, and give explicit directions that, under no circumstances, was he to be taken to the Pasteur Institute afterward. The cause of science would be really benefited by such an experiment, no matter which way it resulted.

San Francisco, which discovered hoodlums and the Chinese question, is enjoying a new sensation. While workmen were excavating for the foundations of a new house in Davies street, they came upon a full-rigged ship. The 'Frisco reporters promptly asserted that it was the original Noah's Ark, and every 'Frisco clergyman prepared himself to prove that the Golden City was built upon the summit of the original Mt. Ararat. This would, of course, have produced another land boom, and pilgrims would have visited San Francisco by thousands, as they now go to Jerusalem. But unfortunately, a Forty-Niner with a memory turned up and identified the supposed Ark as the old Nantucket whaler, the Globe, sent to 'Frisco with mining supplies. He explained that the ship had been left in the Bay; that she was planked over for a wharf, that the wharf was filled in and ultimately became Davies street. The reputation of a Forty-Niner for veracity is well-known. On the whole, the Ark story appears more probable.

The summer is over, and so many American tourists in Europe desire to hurry home to business—not to mention their desire to escape from the cholera scare and the rumors of a war on account of Behring Sea—that all the steamers are overcrowded and hundreds of passengers are compelled to stay in London for two or three weeks longer than they expected. What this costs in cold cash many a tourist knows. But the loss in worry, family and friendly anxieties and the missing of business opportunities here is even more considerable. We have long been promised a new line of steamers to connect with the Long Island Railroad, and another line to land at Narragansett Pier and shorten the sea-voyage to four days and a half. These enterprises ought to be encouraged by the experiences of this summer. If Congress would only imitate the example of other governments in granting liberal subsidies, we should soon have half a dozen more steam ferries to every part of the globe.

THE RINGMASTER.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

Parrott—I think it is strange that any civilized government should tolerate dueling among its army officers.

Wiggins—Why, don't you see that kills off the less expert men?

IN UNION SQUARE.

Baboony (before the Lincoln statue)—Aw—that thing's a failure; his twousers are too long.

Borrowit (who has seen "worsen" days)—Well, don't fret, Algy; he won't wear them into lambrequin fringe in tramping through the mud!

A CARPING critic denies that the carp sometimes lives two hundred years.



THE BANJO.

It is claimed that the banjo is the invention of the plantation darkies of the South, in imitation of the guitar, which Southern ladies were much given to playing in the days "befo' de wah." Imitative slaves, unable to obtain the guitar, manufactured something that resembled it by stretching a 'coon skin across a gourd. This may be true, but pictures of an instrument somewhat resembling a banjo may be found on the ancient Egyptian and Assyrian monuments.

The negroes of Eastern Africa have a five-stringed instrument, with head of wood and skin, and the ancient Peruvians used a five-string guitar, a near approach to the banjo. The Chinese banjo has but three strings, which are tuned the same as the first three strings of the American instrument. The Chinese do not pick nor thump the banjo, but use a small tortoise shell, which is held between the thumb and forefinger, and they thus scrape the music out of it, if music it can be called. The carving and embellishments on some of the Chinese banjos are marvels of skill, genius and perseverance, but the tone produced is vile.

In times not far back the banjo was associated with fun, frolic and frivolity, nigger minstrels and big-soled shoes, though it has grown respectable now and is invited into the parlors of the rich and fashionable. Of the old-time banjoists Berthlong, Ramsey and Briggs took the lead. All are dead, I believe. Tom Briggs, who was a great chum of Eph Horn, died in California in the pioneer days. His last request was that his favorite banjo be sent home to his mother.

PECULIARITIES OF LAUGHTER.

Laughter is the overflow of a cheerful spirit, the natural and spontaneous expression of joy, which, in its various degrees, manifests itself in smiles, musical ripples of sweet sound, loud guffaws and suppressed chuckles. There is also the loud laugh, which speaks the vacant mind. Men, women and children laugh. In the case of the female sex it has been noticed that nothing makes a woman laugh so much as a new set of teeth. Then, too, there are smiles and smiles. "And that is why," says a woman writer, "men give up one bar-room and go to another."

When two Americans meet the first thing they do is to smile, which shows that our greatest national characteristic is humor.

"A good laugh is sunshine in a house," says a noted writer. Of course, if it is a horse laugh it should be taken to the barn. No doubt a good laugh is a very nice thing to have in the house, but it is not always so. Did it ever seem very sunshiny in your house when you have commenced to laugh at your wife who has



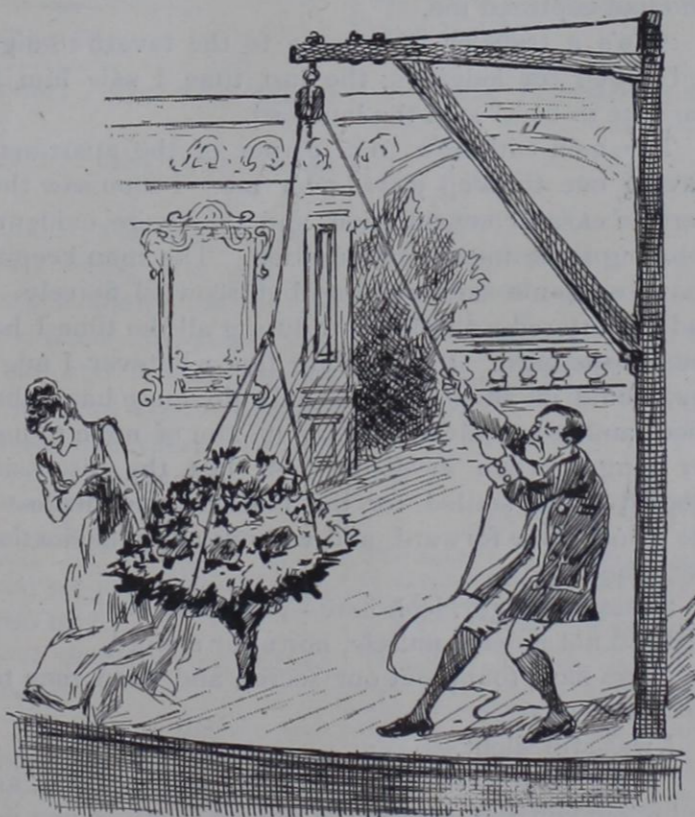
AFTER THE DUCKS.

ELDER SISTER (to younger brother)—So you are going hunting again? You waste lots of powder and you never bag a duck.

YOUNGER BROTHER—Well, sis, we are even on that. You have been wasting powder for years on society ducks, and you haven't bagged one of those ducks yet.

smashed her finger-nail with a tack hammer? It may have been hot, but it was not very sunshiny.

There is such a thing as ill-timed merriment, and the instance cited above is one of them. Excessive laughter, or continuous laughter, is fearfully tiresome. In fact the man who laughs all the time is more disagreeable than the man who never laughs at all.



If the bouquets for favorite actresses continue to grow in size it will soon be necessary to employ a derrick to hoist them upon the stage.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

ENFORCED ABLUTIONS.

Lady (to House Girl)—You should take a lesson from the cook. You are slovenly, whereas she washes her face three or four times a day.

House Girl—No wonder. The fellow who comes here to court her is a chimney sweep.

A GASTRONOMIC HERO.

Wife—You have just been eating cucumbers and now you are going at the clabber and grapes. Do you want to invite the cholera? How can these things get along together?

Husband—I don't bother about what does not concern me. Let them settle that among themselves.

HIS ONLY TRUE FRIEND.

Judge—You are an incorrigible scoundrel and should be locked up.

Tramp—How should I know that? You are the first gentleman that ever had the decency to tell me so.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

Landlord—What is the matter? You look pale.

Landlady—Our new tenant has skipped, and all that he has left in the room is this paper collar.

Landlord—And it has been used besides.

A REGULAR OLD VETERAN.

Miss Elderly—If there was war, and I was a man, you bet I'd shoulder a musket.

Candid Friend—Why, don't you know, Miss Elderly, that you would be exempt on account of your age?

WHERE THE MISTAKE WAS.

Schmidt—Some funny mistakes occur in this world.

Miller—What's up now?

Schmidt—Weil, you see Dr. Soonover had to fill out a death certificate for one of his patients, and he put his own name in the place where he should have inserted the cause of the patient's death.

ORDERFUL INTELLIGENCE.

A.—Why do you call your dog Hector instead of Cæsar?

B.—Because he put on so many airs when I called him Cæsar that there was no getting along with him.

MILITARY PRIDE.

Lieutenant (to civilian)—What is your father's occupation?

Civilian—He is president of a bank.

Lieutenant—He is, eh? Now that's a position I might accept if I ever were too humble myself to become a civilian.

A MIGHTY CLEVER RUSE.

HOW A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS WERE DISCOVERED WHILE AT WORK.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE.



DURING the year 1848 the West was flooded with counterfeit coin. It was so well manufactured that it passed readily. The evil at last became so great that the United States authorities requested that a skillful detective might be sent to ferret out the nest of coiners. I was fixed upon to perform the duty.

I had nothing to guide me. The fact, however, that Chicago was the city where the counterfeit was most abundant, led me to suspect that the manufactory might be somewhere within its limits. It was, therefore, to the capital of the West that I first proceeded. I spent five weeks in that beautiful city, but without gaining the slightest clew of the counterfeiters.

I began to grow discouraged, and really thought I should be obliged to return home without having achieved any result. One day I received a letter from my wife requesting that I would send her some money, as she was out of funds. I went into a bank and asked for a draft, at the same time handing a sum of money to pay for it, in which there were several half dollars. The clerk pushed three of the half dollars back to me.

"Counterfeit," he said.

"What," said I, "do you mean to tell me those half dollars are counterfeit?"

"I do."

"Are you certain?"

"Perfectly certain. They are remarkably well executed, but they are deficient in weight. See for yourself."

And he placed one of them in the scales against a genuine half dollar on the other side. The latter weighed down the former.

"This is the best executed counterfeit coin I ever saw in my life," I exclaimed, examining them very closely. "Is all the counterfeit money in circulation here of the same character as this?"

"Oh, dear, no," replied the clerk, "it is not nearly so well done. These are the work of Ned Willett, the famous New York counterfeiter. I know them well, for I have handled a great deal of it in my time. Here is some of the money that is in circulation here," he added, taking several half dollars from a drawer. "You see the milling is not nearly as perfect as Ned Willett's, although it is pretty well done, too."

I compared the two together and found that he was right. I supplied the place of the three counterfeit half dollars with good coin, and returned the former to my pocket again.

A few days after this I received information which caused me to take a journey to a village situated about thirty miles from Chicago. I arrived there at night and took up my quarters at the only tavern in the place. It was a wretched dwelling, and kept by an old man and woman, the surliest couple I think it has ever been my lot to meet. In answer to my inquiry as to whether I could have lodging there for the night, I noticed that the host gave a peculiar look at his wife, and after some whispering I was informed in the most ungracious manner possible that I could have a bed.

I have frequently, in the course of my life, been obliged to put up with wretched accommodation, so I did not allow my equanimity of temper to be destroyed by the miserable fare set before me, and the still more miserable sleeping apartment into which I was ushered after I had concluded my repast.

The chamber was small in size, and was certainly well ventilated, for I could see the stars peeping through the roof. The bed was simply a bag of straw thrown into one corner of the room, without sheets or covering of any kind. This last fact, however, was not of much consequence, as it was summer time and oppressively hot.

I stood for more than an hour gazing out of the opening which served for a window. Before me was spread an immense prairie, the limits of which I could not see. The tavern in which I had taken up my

abode appeared to be isolated from all other dwellings, and save the croak of the tree frog and the hum of the locust, not a sound reached my ears. It was a beautiful, moonlight night, and so bright that I could see to read the smallest print.

At last I began to grow weary, and throwing myself on my pallet I was soon plunged into a deep slumber. How long I slept I know not, but I was awakened by a dull sound, which resembled some one hammering in the distance. I suppose it was the peculiarity of the sound which woke me, for it was by no means loud, but conveyed to me the idea of some one striking iron with a muffled hammer. I rose up from my bed and went to the window; the moon was low in the western horizon, by which fact I knew that it must be near morning. The sound I have referred to reached me more distinctly than when in the back part of the chamber. It appeared to come from some outhouses which were situated about a hundred yards distant from the house.

Now, I am naturally of an inquiring mind, and this sound, occurring as it did in the middle of the night, in such a remote, out-of-the-way place, piqued my curiosity, and I felt an irresistible desire to go out and discover the cause of it. This desire, as the sound continued, grew upon me in such intensity that I resolved to gratify it at any price.

I put on my boots, the only article of attire I had discarded, and cautiously opening the door of my chamber, noiselessly descended the rickety staircase. A few steps brought me into the lower apartment, which I found entirely deserted. I crept quietly to the door, and unfastening it without making the slightest noise, was soon in the moonlight.

Not a soul was visible, but the sound still continued, and grew more distinct as I approached the place from whence it proceeded. At last I found myself before a long, low building, through the crevices of which I could perceive a lurid glare issuing. I stooped down and peered through the keyhole, and to my extreme surprise, I saw half a dozen strong-looking men with their coats off and sleeves turned up, performing a variety of strange occupations. Some were working at a forge, others were superintending the casting of molds, and some were engaged in the process of milling coin. In a moment the whole truth burst upon me. Here was the gang of counterfeiters I was in search of, and the landlord and his wife evidently belonged to the same band, for in one corner I perceived them employed, the man polishing off some half dollar pieces, just turned from the molds, while the woman was packing the finished coins into rolls.

I had seen enough, and was about to return to my apartment again when suddenly I felt a heavy hand placed upon my shoulder, and turning my head round, to my horror found myself in the grasp of an ill-looking scoundrel as ever escaped the gallows.

"What are you doing here, my good fellow?" he exclaimed in a gruff voice, giving me a shake.

"Taking a stroll by moonlight," I replied, endeavoring to maintain my presence of mind.

"Well, perhaps you'll just take a stroll in here, will you?" returned the ruffian, pushing open the door and dragging me in after him.

All the inmates of the barn immediately stopped work and rushed toward us when they saw me.

"Why, what's this?" they all exclaimed.

"A loafer I found peeping outside," said the man who had captured me.

"He's a traveler that came to the tavern to-night and asked for lodgings; the last time I saw him he was safe in bed," said the landlord.

The men withdrew to a corner of the apartment, leaving one to keep guard over me. I soon saw they were in earnest consultation, and they were evidently debating some important question. The man keeping guard over me said nothing, but scowled fiercely. I had not uttered a single word during all the time I had been in the barn. I was aware that whatever I might say, would in all probability only do more harm than good, and it has always been a maxim of mine to hold my tongue when in doubt. At last the discussion seemed to be settled, for the blackest and dirtiest of the whole came forward, and without any introduction, exclaimed:

"I say, stranger, look here—you must die!"

I did not move a muscle, nor utter a word.

"You have found out our secret, and dead men tell no tales."

I was still silent.

"We give you ten minutes to say your prayers, and will allow you the privilege of saying whether you will be hanged or shot."

Suddenly an idea struck me. I remembered something that might save my life. I burst into a violent

fit of laughter, in fact it was hysterical, but they did not know that. They looked from one to the other in the greatest amazement.

"Well, he takes it mighty cool, anyhow," said one.

"I suppose he don't think we are in earnest," said another.

"Come, stranger, you had better say your prayers," said the man who had first spoken, "time flies."

My only reply was a fit of laughter more violent than the first.

"The man's mad!" they exclaimed.

"Or drunk," said some.

"Well boys," I cried, speaking for the first time, "this is the best joke I ever seed. What, hang a pal?"

"A pal—you a pal?"

"I ain't nothing else," was my elegant rejoinder.

"What's your name?"

"Did you never hear of Ned Willett?" I asked.

"You may be certain of that. Ain't he at the head of our profession?"

"Well, then, I'm Ned Willett."

"You, Ned Willett?" they all exclaimed.

"You may bet your life on that," I returned, swaggering up to the corner where I had seen the old woman packing the counterfeit half dollars.

Fortune favored me. None of the men present had ever seen Ned Willett, although his reputation was well known to them, and my swaggering, insolent manner had somewhat thrown them off their guard, yet I could plainly see that all their doubts were not removed.

"And you call these things well done, do you?" I asked, taking up a roll of the money. "Well, all I can say is that if you can't do better than this you had better shut up shop, that's all."

"Can you show us anything better?" asked one of the men.

"I rayer think I can. If I couldn't I'd go and hang myself."

"Let's see it," they all cried.

This was my last *coup*, and one on which I knew my life depended.

"Look here, gentlemen," I exclaimed, taking one of the counterfeit half dollars from my pocket which had been rejected at the bank, "here's my last job; what do you think of it?"

It was passed from hand to hand, some saying it was no counterfeit at all, others saying that it was.

"How will you prove that it is a counterfeit?" asked one of the men.

"By weighing it with a genuine one," I replied.

This plan was immediately adopted and its character proved.

"Perhaps he got this by accident," I heard one of the men whisper to another.

"Try these," said I, taking the other two from my pocket.

All their doubts now vanished.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed some. "Splendid!" said others.

When they had examined it to their satisfaction they all of them cordially shook me by the hand, every particle of doubt having vanished from their minds.

I carried out my part well. Some questions were occasionally asked me, involving some of the technicalities of the business; these, however, I avoided, by stating that I was on a journey of pleasure, and would much rather drink a glass of whisky than answer questions. The whisky was produced, and we made a night of it, and it was not until morning had dawned that we separated.

The next day I returned to Chicago and brought down the necessary assistance and captured the whole gang of counterfeiters in the very act. The den was broken up forever, and most of them were condemned to serve a term of years in the State prison.

I have those counterfeit half dollars still in my possession, and intend never to part with them, for they were certainly the means of saving my life.—Yankee Blade.

SHE WASN'T SURPRISED.

Friend—Madam, you have not heard from your husband since he went out in the wild West, have you?

Wife—No; John has not written for a long time.

It is my painful duty to tell you that he has been hanged for horse stealing. Some ranchmen caught him in the act and strung him up.

I am not surprised. John was always high strung.—America.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For the Tired Brain

From over-exertion. Try it.



CAN a man be said to be unsexed when he is cowed?—Boston Transcript.

IF it be true that true love never dies, how can there be a corse of true love?—Puck.

A REVOLVER is no large weapon, but it can be made to cover a very large man.—St. Jo. News.

A PILL manufacturer advertises on the label: "You take the pills, we do the rest."—West Shore.

A TENNIS-PLAYER is a very bad case when he's thrown out of court.—Binghamton Republican.

BIXX calls his doctor his biographer for the reason that he is at work upon his life.—Washington Post.

"Do you think base-ball is played on the square?" "Nope. On the diamond."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

THE man who can get no credit has the satisfaction of boasting that he does not owe anything.—Terre Haute Express.

THE difference between a starving man and a glutton is that one longs to eat and the other eats too long.—Binghamton Leader.

MOST creatures are entirely harmless when they are asleep. But the moth does the most mischief when it is taking a nap.—Puck.

Nature works in circles,
Every one agrees;
Trees grow out of doors—
Doors are made from trees.

—Judge.

IT is a compliment to the sex that while ships are called "she," fighting vessels are called "men" of war.—Yenowine's News.

THE summers are very unsatisfactory. They are too long to make one straw hat do all summer, and are too short to wear out two.—Atchison Globe.

THE second international congress of believers in cremation will soon meet in Berlin. Why don't they meet in Berne?—Cleveland Sun and Voice.

"Is marriage a failure?" "Yes," replied Annette, as she gazed proudly at her ring-finger, "it is so far as Belle Filkins is concerned."—Life.

A MEDICAL authority says the most notable effect of opium smoking upon the Chinese is that they get paralyzed in the "joints."—Portland Transcript.

THE Georgia editors have ceased returning thanks for gifts of big water-melons. They know when they have enough.—Atlanta Constitution.

SNODGRASS—"I'd like to pay that bill, but I can't just now. You must give me time." Creditor—"I don't mind giving you time, but you seem to want eternity."—Life.

He raved of her golden locks,
In language fearfully inflated;
But soon he found, though hardly false,
Her hair was only plaited.

—Exchange.

BLOSSOM (indignantly)—"I'd like to see the man who would steal my reputation. Dumpsey (quietly)—"Yes, I guess it is perfectly safe."—Lawrence American.

THE politician who cultivates a faculty for remembering names and faces will succeed better than the one who cultivates a liking for softshell crabs.—Boston Courier.

TAKE note of this, young woman. If you have married a man because of his beautiful drooping moustache, never have buttermilk on the table at meals.—Terre Haute Express.

THE sash is a good thing for babies and grown-up men who are sick at the stomach. But a porous plaster would be more effective and quite as ornamental.—The Metropolis.

AN outbreak in the State prison does not necessarily imply a break-out of the prisoners, says the Courier. Not at all, but it will be conceded that it was a rash thing to do.—Lowell Citizen.

Angostura Bitters is known all over the world as the great regulator of the digestive organs.

A Chicago Woman.

"I was going home on a Lincoln avenue grip train the other night, and at the Randolph street corner a sweet, motherly-looking woman with a brood of little children got aboard. She had five altogether, as I counted, one of them a sweet little blue-eyed cherub still in arms.

"The children were clean, wholesome-looking and well-behaved. The mother was apparently forty, good-natured, and very decently dressed, as were the little ones. She gathered her brood about her on the seat opposite to mine, and they rode to Ontario street laughing, talking—a typically, even idyllically, charming and loving family.

"At Ontario street the mother signalled the conductor to stop, and getting off with the baby turned and lifted a little tot of three to the ground beside her. The older ones, six and four possibly, were absorbed in something on the other side of the street, and didn't get off at once.

"The gripman, unaware of the woman's predicament, started up again. The children attempted to climb out, and I caught them and signalled the conductor. We stopped within half a block, the mother with her baby and the little one running behind to catch up. She got within hailing distance as I lifted the children to the pavement.

"There's where the surprise came. That sweet-faced woman, with her baby in her arms and her second-born clinging to her skirts, shook one fist in the direction of the car and launched a string of objurgations at the conductor that fairly turned things blue. Her Billingsgate was calculated to give that of the proverbial fishwife cards and spades. She hurled a single sentence at him expressive of certain conviction of his future incineration in the realms of Mephisto, of doubt of the legitimacy of his parentage, and of his reputation for truth and veracity.

"Then she added another phrase, comprising all the objectionable language she had left unsaid before, and ended by assuring the young man of her ability and willingness to 'punch the lungs out of him' if he would return. But the conductor pulled the strap, we started, and the ladies in the car took their gloved fingers out of their pretty ears.

"But it was an awful shock to me. If anybody, at one fell swoop, had swept away the supports of my religious convictions and demolished my faith in my fellow-man, I don't think it could have hurt me more. It was positively shocking, and I didn't recover till I embraced my own little ones and kissed my sweet and gentle wife at home."—Chicago Mail.

Too Fly.

Armand—"Come! Fly with me, I implore you!"

Camille—"Never! Sir, you insult me."

Armand—"What! You will not go?"

Camille—"I will resist you with all the strength of my woman's nature. If you would tear me from this place, you must first drug me and render me unconscious. You will find a bottle of chloroform on the bureau over there."—From an unproduced drama by Dumas.

Love is Enough.

He—"I love you so, my darling, can't you love me a little bit?"

She—"Yes—I—I do love you, but we are too poor to marry."

He—"I didn't ask you to marry me."—Terre Haute Express.

You hardly realize that it is medicine, when taking Carter's Little Liver Pills; they are very small; no bad effects; all troubles from torpid liver are relieved by their use.

Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren Street, New York City, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for curing Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe, as all Catarrhal and Bronchial affections can be cured at this time of the year in less than one half the time required in cold and severe weather. The timely use of this great recipe may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 85 Warren Street, New York.

The Indispensable in Fiction.

"You stab me to the heart, and leave me on the ground. I assure you it is of no use. An Indispensable's heart is quite differently placed from that of any other man. The desperate wound you gave me was in fact the best surgical treatment that could be devised for a slight internal complaint which I labor under, and you will find me as lively as ever in the third volume, and ready to unmask your wicked designs.

"Or it is a dark gusty night. We two are walking the deck alone. You politely edge me over the side of the vessel and go to sleep in your hammock, feeling that you have done a good stroke of business. What do I do? The ship is only going nineteen knots an hour—I therefore easily swim to her and secrete myself in the stays, or the main chains, or the shrouds, or the dead lights, or some of those mysterious places in a ship which Sir Arthur knows all about. There I stick like a barnacle, and you carry me into port with you. I can tell you that when you are just about to make a most advantageous marriage I shall put my head in at the church door and say 'Ha!' with a loud voice, and the whole affair will be broken off.

"Or you poison me. Bless your heart, poison has no more effect on my Mithridatic constitution than ginger beer—probably not so much.

"You bury me. No, you don't. You don't bury me, but some intrusive fellow who has thrust himself in to take my place; for an Indispensable has always about him obliging persons who do that kind of work for him.

"Or you hurl me down from the cliff, 300 feet high, and go away thinking you have now really got rid of me for good and all. But, Mr. Villain, you are much mistaken. I, as an Indispensable, inevitably fall upon a sea anemone—rather a large one, three feet square and two feet thick, very common, however, on that part of the coast. The poor anemone is somewhat injured and I am a little shaken, but I shall appear again at the right time with my fatal 'Ha!' and upset your marriage."—Realmah—Sir Arthur Helps.

The Pressure Just as Great.

"Oh, sir," continued the Texas traveler, "you do not know what it is to be in the hands of a desperate gang of men, to have a rope around your neck, and to feel it crushing and crushing on your throat, to—"

"No," interrupted the other, "but I know what it is to propose and be accepted by a Boston girl."—Philadelphia Times.

In Town and Hamlet

The seeds of intermittent and bilious remittent fever germinate and bear evil fruit. No community has altogether escaped it. In populous wards of large cities bad sewage causes it, and in their suburbs stagnant pools in sunken lots breed it. There is at once a remedy and a means of prevention. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is without peradventure, the most potent antidote in existence to the malarial virus. Fortified with this incomparable, saving specific, miasmatic influences may be encountered with absolute impunity. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, begotten by miasma-tainted water, or any other cause, succumb to the beneficent corrective named, and rheumatic, kidney and bladder troubles are surely removable by its use when it is given a persistent trial.

How She Brought Him Around.

Softly shone the subdued light of the solitary gas jet in the parlor of the Bilderback mansion on the avenue, and soft was the voice of the abashed young Erasmus Shackelford, who sat on the edge of his chair mopping his heated face, and smiled with a kind of papier-maché smile at the entrancing young woman in the dazzling aureole of whose auburn hair he had fluttered in agonizing captivity for months and months.

"Miss Viola," he said, clearing his throat and speaking with every inflection of a man about to say something, "you will not be surprised, I presume, if I—if I express the feeling, the—the opinion, as it were, that—that it's pretty hot this evening?"

Erasmus gave his face another frenzied swipe with his handkerchief and subsided into palpitating silence.

"No," replied Miss Viola, with a smile that brought a large and ecstatic lump of something or other up into his throat, "I am not surprised, Mr. Shackelford, you made the same observation earlier in the evening."

"Y-yes," he gasped, "I believe I did. It—is not an entirely new remark. In fact, it was a kind of a—of a chestnut, I suppose."

The agitated youth made another effort to crush down the lump in his throat.

"And I—I feel, Miss Bil—Viola—as if I were a—a kind of—of observation myself that was getting tiresome. Haven't I been—been observed here a little too often? Do I seem to be a—a chestnut"—and as he moved his handkerchief over his glowing face in tremulous jabs, his voice took on a despairing sound—"a sort of—of roasted chestnut?"

"No, Erasmus," slowly answered the maiden. "When a chestnut is roasted it pops."

The conscientious historian is bound to record the fact that at this point Erasmus immediately popped.—Chicago Tribune.

He Annoyed Him.

An old negro stood in the street making wild motions and talking in a loud voice.

"What is the matter with you?" a white man demanded.

"Matter ernuff, I'll tell you dat. I borrid fi' dollars frum dis yere pusson some time ergo, an' now he comes erroun' an' want it. De was thing I eber seed is er pusson dat I owes. I'd ruther er man would come erroun' an' pull out er tooth dat I needs powerful bad den ter ax me fur suthin' dat I owes him. Dar ain't nuthin' dat makes me so sick ez dat. Go on erway, man, an' doan come foolin' wid my 'joyment. I'd ruther hab de eech den ter hab er man come er progickin' wid me dater way."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. J. IRVING BURNS, YONKERS, N. Y.
MEMBER OF NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

James Irving Burns was born in Biddeford, Maine, August 10, 1843, prepared for college in Yonkers, entered Madison University in 1859 and Union College in 1861, where he graduated, receiving the degree of A. B. He attended the Columbian Law School, Washington, D. C., when he received the degree of LL. B., and honorary A. M. from Madison University. Not having special taste for the law, he never delighted in its practice. Was a government official several years as superintendent of bonded warehouses of the Port of New York; is now president Spring Creek Water and Mining Company, of Dakota. Publisher of the XYZ Railroad Guide, and before removing to Yonkers, Westchester county, he was trustee, secretary and treasurer of Rutgers Female College for seven years. He was alderman of Yonkers in 1883 and 1884, and declined a re-election. He was elected to the assembly in 1887 by a plurality of 99, and this year by the unprecedented republican majority of 1,500. He has had the honor of nominating General Husted on three occasions in republican caucuses, and made telling speeches.

Mr. Burns has always been a republican, and taken an active part in politics, and is at the present time serving his sixth consecutive term as chairman of the republican central committee of his city; he is also a member of the county committee. His fidelity to the interest of his constituents and marked ability as a legislator, had much to do with his brilliant success this year. As a matter of course he is a man of integrity, personal honor, and high character, or he never could have received the popular ovation, that he has at the ballot-box.

Don't Kick.

"Kicking," as it is called, is perhaps the most unprofitable business that a person can engage in. It is a failure everywhere and often worse than a failure. If you "kick" at the hotel you get the worst dishes a spiteful waiter can find for you. The "kicker" gets an upper berth and has a family of sick young ones under him. Every person he comes in contact with retaliates and makes it rocky. It is a question whether kicking ever does any good in any case. The world will not stand it. It is a declaration of war in which the enemy has nothing to lose. The "kicker" is a fool. He can get more that is good and much less that is bad by swallowing his temper and remaining a docile demagogue.—Dallas News.

Been to the Banquet.

An old citizen returning to his home from a banquet met another old citizen coming from the opposite direction. "Ish thish the avenue?" asked No. 1. "How should I know? I wash at the banquet myself."—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

Snap Shots.

Absalom wore his hair entirely too long for jockey duty.

Ignorance is often the very cream of the juror's milk of human kindness.

Thump your head, and if it thumps like a ripe watermelon, keep your mouth shut.

When the jury acquit the murderer they license him to go forth to assassinate and to be assassinated.

The dentist dotes on extracts. Strange to say, his female patient does not.

San Antonio is not getting in her tamales on the Democracy.

The boy who carries all his pockets full of strings will know how to put a string on something when he is a man.

Some men seem to consider their arms jug handles by which friends are expected to convey them home after they are filled with whisky.

When the homestretch is reached we must make both ends meet.

There are some things the people cannot forgive. One of them is the dude.—Dallas News.

ETHEL—"Clara was out driving yesterday and the horse ran away with her." Maud—"Well, I think the horse showed very poor taste."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Society Swell.

Prominent among the ills incident to mortal existence, is the "Society Swell." He is a mild form of the "Dude," produced upon society by a process of inoculation. His chief occupation is living upon the sweat of somebody else's brow and bestowing all his father's surplus cash upon the adornment of his own person.

One of his favorite pastimes is posing as the statue of Adonis. He dispenses with the accustomed pedestal, and stands upright (when he is sober enough) with his chiseled features resting complacently upon his palm. A "Love me little, love me long" expression illumines his countenance. Thus he stands until some brute of a creditor heaves in sight. Then it is that our statue disappears with amazing agility, only to reappear at the saloon on the corner. As a masher, he is a star. Locks of hair, photos and broken hearts by the score are among his relics of former conquests. Many a fair-haired, blue-eyed damsel has "wept bitter weeps" over the treachery of her heart's chosen, "of whom he is chief." With many such anecdotes does he regale his friends at his club, to the envy of his admiring hearers.

At borrowing he is quite an adept, but no one has ever accused him of paying anything back. He meets a friend and invites him to "Listen to my tale of woe." The friend's sympathies are enlisted—likewise, his purse. When next the swell is seen by his friend he greets him in a tone of chilling hauteur, and the friend has bought \$5 worth of experience. The swell is a favorite with some people, but they are either dead or unborn. He loves every girl he sees, but he loves himself more, and there is just enough ancient France in his anatomy to render him self-propelling.—W. L. Dicken, in the Franklin (Ky.) Times.

It Crippled Him.

First Merchant—"I want you to let that bill of yours run ten days longer. I bought a block uptown this morning and used all the ready money I had."

Second Merchant—"All right, all right. Been buying a business block?"

First Merchant—"No, block of ice."—Detroit Free Press.

When Maudie Becomes a Joke.

A 200-pound maid or matron, with the biceps of a fishwoman, answering to the call of Maudie or Lillie or Rosie, is an incarnate joke on her godparents in baptism, and she is only too numerous.—Memphis Avalanche.

A Prohibition Joke.

Judge—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?"

Witness (a Kansan)—"No, sir, not exactly that; but I've seen him at an original package shop."—St. Joseph (Mo.) News.



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PROF. HART, 87 Warren St., New York.

A Dispensation of Providence.

The railway accident had been a terrible one and one of the men who were carrying the thirty-seventh victim up the embankment said with strong feeling:

"Somebody will have to pay dearly for all this!"

The mangled passenger opened his eyes and glared at the speaker.

"The company is not to blame," he said, feebly. "This is a dispensation of Providence!"

He was attorney for the road.—New York Mercury.

Properly Trained.

Chestly (of the Yale crew in a crush on the Pier at Coney Island)—"How the deuce do the women get through so well? They jammed me against the rails like a crowd of Freshmen in a cane rush!"

Yardly (his commercial friend)—"They have been in training at the bargain counters."—The Epoch.

Lavish Liberty.

Summer Boarder (wearily)—"You have had veal at every meal since I came."

Farmer Furrow (cheerfully)—"We kin afford it. It was our own calf; and it ain't half gone yet."—Puck.

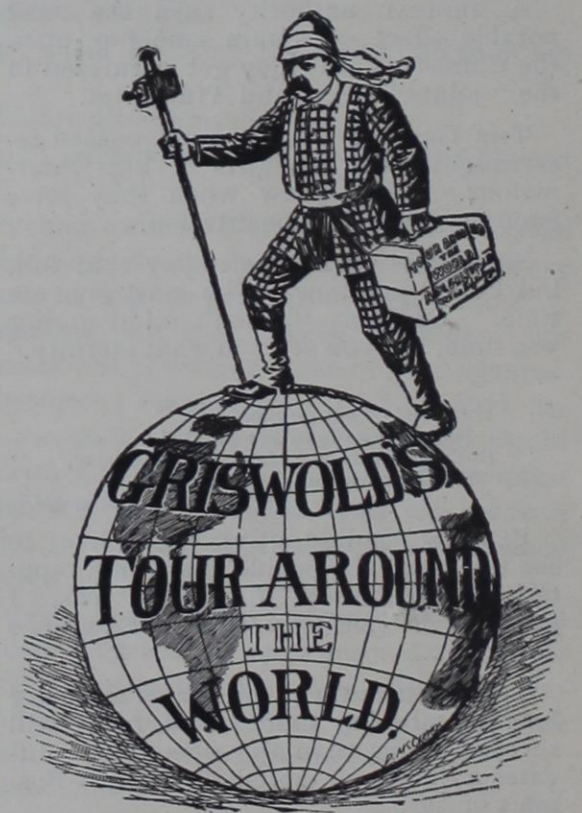
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Chicago.

They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The International Vaudevilles are doing a fine business at Union Square Theatre.

On September 8 Mr. Wm. H. Crane and his admirable company will return to the Star Theatre.

E. H. Sothern is playing at the Lyceum Theatre in a new comedy entitled The Maister of Woodbarrow.

The Private Secretary drew well at the Grand Opera House last week. It will be kept on the boards this week.

The opera bouffe entitled Madam Angot has much vitality still, and serves to draw big crowds to the Casino.

Seats are now being engaged three weeks in advance at Daly's Theatre to see Sol Smith Russell in A Tale of a Coat.

The German Liliputians will open at Niblo's September 15. They will produce a decided sensation, for they are a great novelty.

The success of Francis Wilson's latest comic opera, The Merry Monarch, is remarkable. It crowds the Broadway Theatre every night. The engagement is to last seven weeks, and seats are sold far ahead. The play will go from here to Baltimore.

Mrs. Leslie Carter will make her debut at the Broadway Theatre November 10, in a play entitled The Ugly Duckling, written expressly for her by Paul Potter. One of Hans Christian Anderson's fairy tales suggested the central idea of the drama, which will be exquisitely put upon the stage.

Henry C. Miner, the new lessee of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, after spending a great deal of money in refitting it, threw its doors open to the public last week. His star was Cora Tanner, in a play written expressly for her by Mr. E. E. Kidder, entitled One Error, which scored a marked success. It is on the bills again for this week.

The day has gone by when people ought to sneer at variety shows. Some of the best people on the legitimate stage are graduates of the varieties of the Bowery. Francis Wilson, not fifteen years ago, used to do a turn on the Bowery with his partner Mackin. Billy Barry of Barry and Fay, used to appear at Tony Pastor's down town house. Frank Daniels, Eugene Canfield, Tim Murphy, Lee Harrison, Max Arnold, Dick Golden, Harry Dixey, Johnny Mackey most of the comic impersonators of our stage, first stretched their legs and tried their voices in variety halls when they were in their teens.—Dunlop's Stage News.

The Pauper Labor Issue.

Little Miss Bessie (proudly)—"My mamma has all her dresses made in Europe."

Little Miss Jessie (disdainfully)—"My mamma isn't so awfully economical as that."—Puck.

A Kansas Greeting.

First Kansas Man—"Hello! Did you rain down?"

Second Kansas Man—"No. Traveled in the usual way. Blew down."—New York Weekly.

Do not suffer from sick headache a moment longer. It is not necessary. Carter's Little Liver Pills will cure you. Dose, one little pill. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

New York Siftings.

Buffalo Bill is in Paris.

The Count of Paris is coming.

Deacon White in the Stock Exchange: "Who's here so base as would not be a bonds-man?"

Amos B. Stillman named his catboat The Deacon, and a few days ago it nearly drowned him.

Jacob Lorillard has sixty millions stored in his yard at Red Bank, N. J. Hold, ye pirates! They are bricks.

At the Brevoort last week—the Earl of Stradmore. He was not interviewed. Did he come over to fish?

John Y. Cuyler thinks an armory is needed below Canal street. A good many of the city's big guns are now kept there during the day.

Inspector Johnson, of the Rheinlust Swimming Club, has changed his mind and will not murder any one as yet.

C. P. Huntington says Senator Stanford has sacrificed the Southern Pacific for his own ends. Is this self-sacrifice?

New York wives who are chuckling, says Henry W. Donald, because of the brick famine are mistaken. There are always bricks enough for bats.

Bryan G. McSwyny is a Bogtrotter. His gift to Prof. Tarpy, President of the Order of Bogtrotters, last week, was a handsome golden wand set with emeralds.

Deputy Collector John Collins assures his friends that the experience of the Arthur Club in the bay last week gives no indication whatever of what the Republican clubs will suffer at the next election.

Julian Magnus, a well-known New York newspaper man, will attempt to manage an actress (Marie Wainright) this season. Better try a big morning daily, Julian, a New York Central or the Presidency—something easy.

Ex-Mayor Hewitt is said to be the only man living who has been able to persuade the captain of a Cunard steamer to divide the proceeds of a concert at sea equally between English and American sailors' charitable institutions.

Ex-Register J. J. Slevin is persecuting a female woman, so she says. Her name is Catherine Schmoness. Judge Patterson held her for trial the other day on a charge of persecuting humanity by the licentious sale of foaming beer to children.

John Jay Knox, ex-United States Controller of Currency, has come home from Europe after hobnobbing with the Rothschilds. Mr. Knox is glad that silver is worth more than it has been recently. But the SIFTINGS costs only \$4 per year, old value of silver.

Edward Cooper stole Henry Ward Beecher a few days ago. Edward is a young man and Henry Ward Beecher is the name of the yacht he tried to sail away with. The boat belongs to John S. Warren, the popular superintendent of the Patroon Silk Company.

J. B. Colgate, who, it is whispered, is intimately connected with the country's nervous centre, Wall street, was one of Secretary Windom's earliest callers when the Secretary was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other day. Mr. Colgate is one of those who said "Give the country silver or let her bust."

James Watson, a farmer near New York, went to the Barge Office Wednesday and told the officials he had a big farm and \$8,000 in the bank. But he added he was still unhappy. He needed a wife. He tried to get a fair young Irish emigrant to marry him, but she would not, even for \$8,000 and a big farm.

Richard Dooney, business man for Augustin Daly, has one of the handsomest faces in the metropolis, and yet his features never bother him at all. His recent diplomatic settlement of the "international episode" on the Cunarder Umbria avoided something like a high-toned mutiny. Mr. Dooney has been over the water a good many times and never touched it.

Frank Ehret, son of the brewer, is about to put his head in the lion's mouth and establish a strong racing stable. Those who have poured his father's beer down their throats have an illustration of how money will flow into the new Ehret racing stable. A racing stable is often a large oak from which little acorns drop. Frank's trainer will be Matt Allen, recently of Senator Hearst's stable.

When the Thirteen Club of New York City get ready to whoop things up, things generally make ready to be whooped, and the whooping usually ensues according to programme. Accordingly on August 13 there was a general whoop-ness at Brighton Beach, which for a time paralyzed the sad sea waves and set the waiters crazy. The occasion was the annual feast, in groups of thirteen, of all the superstition-smashers who have associated themselves for the glorification of their independence and the having of good times generally. There were thirteen tables full, of thirteen guests each, and each man spilled salt thirteen times. None of them have died yet.

Mrs. Mackay's Manifold Woes.

Mr. Edmund Yates, understood to be a cockney writer of some note, is the London correspondent of a New York paper, his letters consisting principally of society gossip. He recently said that Mrs. Mackay (wife of the millionaire Californian), who resides in grand style in London and Paris, is the object of "cowardly persecutions." Some time ago it was alleged in a London society paper that in her early life she had been a washerwoman at a mining camp in California, and her indignation was unbounded. There was some talk then of a libel suit growing out of this newspaper allegation.

The recent "cowardly persecution," according to Mr. Yates, consisted of "a fresh batch of type-written libels sent broadcast to nearly all of her friends and acquaintances." Probably the atrocious charge that in her younger days she had soaped and scrubbed the soiled flannel shirts of the mining population is revived.

But Mr. Yates really alarms us about the matter. He says that detectives have been employed and that "a clew" has been obtained. Then comes the startling announcement that if the clew leads to the offender "a criminal libel case of extraordinary interest on both sides of the Atlantic may be confidently expected."

In mercy Mr. Yates should forbear. On one side of the Atlantic (this side) Mrs. Mackay and her troubles are of as little interest as possible. Nobody cares for Mrs. Mackay, nor for her "cowardly persecutions," nor for her libel suits. Do not cause the echoes of the coming scandal to be heard here, for the disturbance and distraction of our peace of mind!—Chicago Evening Journal.

Too Warm.

First Editor—"What! Your building burned down?"

Second Editor (sadly)—"Yes!"

"How did it happen?"

"O, one of those erotic poems by a young lady was sent in and I foolishly threw it in the waste basket along with a lot of other paper and it set fire to everything."—Exchange.

An Irreparable Loss.

"Stole Her Trousseau" is the heading with which the Chicago Tribune calls attention to the fact that thieves entered a residence in that city and relieved a prospective bride of her wedding dress. When the "prospective groom" saw the newspaper he was frightened nearly out of his senses. He evidently thought the young lady's trousseau was part of her digestive apparatus.—Whiteside Herald.

Picnic Rules Not in Force.

Westboro Lady (warningly to five-year-old hopeful)—"Now, Claudie, didn't you promise me the other day if I let you come to the next picnic you would be a good boy?"

Five-year-old hopeful (promptly)—"This ain't no picnic, ma; I heard you call it an outin'!"—Westborough (Mass.) Tribune.



EVERY HUMOR OF THE SKIN AND SCALP of infancy and childhood, whether torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, and every impurity of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Parents, save your children years of mental and physical suffering. Begin now. Delays are dangerous. Cures made in childhood are permanent.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Baby's skin and scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Kidney pains, backache, and muscular rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PASTER. 25c.

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Westchester Avenue, New York. One mile north of Harlem Bridge. Boarding and Day School for young ladies. This institution, in its plan of education, unites every advantage that can be derived from a punctual and conscientious care bestowed on the pupils, in every branch of science becoming to their sex. The scholastic year begins regularly on the first Monday of September; also first Monday in February. But scholars received at any time. For further particulars, circular, etc., address

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WITH SHORT HUMOROUS CYCLING SKETCHES BY E. R. COLLINS. In neat book of 170 pages and 80 fine illustrations by Thomas Worth. Published by J. S. OGILVIE, NEW YORK. 25 Cents Postpaid. Address the publisher, or E. R. COLLINS, Westfield, N. J.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The chief features of the Atlantic for September are: The Perils of Historical Narrative, A Chronicle of Three Little Kings, Cranks as Social Motors, The Development of Modern European Historiography, A Son of Spain, The Disasters of 1780, Madame de Montespan, Her Sisters and Her Daughters; Mr. Bisane's Journal, American and German Schools, Americans at Home, etc. Dr. Holmes chats delightfully Over the Teacups.

Wide Awake for September presents a varied table of contents from which to select your choice. Many will prefer the tragedy for parlor acting, entitled She Did not go to Cooking School. It was written by Anna Connolly Pollock, of the Washington Cooking School. An article on Indian sign language will set every boy who reads it, trying to express himself that way. Among other articles are, The Last Base-Ball of the Season, Helen's Tour, Capturing a Sea-Cow, The Little Hohenzellerns, The Four Fire Buckets, Butterflies and Flowers, The English Cowslip, A Critic of Music, etc.

W. J. Henderson in St. Nicholas for September discusses Great Ocean Waves, and disproves of the false notion of great tidal waves being encountered at sea. The tidal wave, he says, is caused by the passage of the tide, a vertical displacement of the entire body of water on one part of the earth, and not a mere local disturbance of the surface. Richard Harding Davis writes of The Great Tri-Club Tennis Tournament, which will be interesting to lovers of the game. John Clover gives a brief but admirable account of a boys' attack upon a hornets' nest and how they were routed. There are a number of pleasant little stories, and A Little Contraband, by Charles McIlvaine, deserves notice.

There is always a peculiar charm hanging about stories of the sea, and readers of Scribner's Magazine have a great pleasure before them in reading Rufus Fairchild Zogboum's log, entitled With Uncle Sam's Blue Jackets Afloat. The first installment is in the September number, with numerous spirited illustrations. James S. Norton discusses The Rights of the Citizen to his own Property. There is a very interesting paper on The Country House, by Donald G. Mitchell. Several noted country homes in America are described and illustrations given, Thomas Stevens contributes an article on African River and Lake Systems. N. S. Shaler contributes his first paper on Nature and Man in America, and C. Emma Cheney describes Heligoland, the little island in the North Sea which England recently ceded to Germany in exchange for concessions in Africa. The illustrations are fine.

Too Bad.

"Did you propose to Henrietta?"
"Yes."
"Engaged?"
"No. I was for the League, but she preferred the Brotherhood."—Life.

Something that will quiet the nerves, give strength to the body, induce refreshing sleep, improve the quality of the blood, and purify and brighten the complexion, is what many persons would be very glad to obtain. Carter's Iron Pills are made for exactly this class of troubles, and are remarkably successful in accomplishing the ends desired, as named above. They are useful for both men and women. Price, 50 cents a box.

Our Kaleidoscope.

The other night I stood at the docks, down by the Clark street bridge, and, with some hundreds of others, awaited the coming of the steamer Dix, which was to bring in a party of excursionists from Indiana. A little later the boat came puffing up the river, and, after tying up at her dock, nearly a thousand jolly Hoosiers, from as far down as the Ohio line and from every town between there and Michigan City, began filing up the narrow stairway which ran from the water's edge to the sidewalk above. As they came off the boat they were jesting and bantering each other, and despite the fact that they had been traveling all day, were in the best of humor and spirits.

Not a few of the men had on long-tailed linen dusters, and it was this somewhat antiquated and now but little used garment that attracted the attention of a party of young bloods, who at once began to cry out, "There comes your Hoosiers; get on to the jayhawkers in the linen dusters," and a great many more utterances that were anything but complimentary to those to whom they were addressed.

I listened awhile at their jeers and gibes, and then, turning to one of the party who stood nearest me, I remarked: "My friend, when did you discover that a man who wears a linen duster is necessarily a jayhawker?"

He did not answer and I continued: "Some of these people have come nearly three hundred miles by rail before they took the boat at Michigan City which brought them to Chicago, and while a linen duster may look a little odd on the back of a man when he is stepping off a steamboat, I do know that it is a sensible sort of garment to wear when traveling by rail.

"Another thing: These people are country folk. They are coming to this big city on a holiday, where they will see many things that are new and strange to them. They are Hoosiers; jayhawkers, if you so please to call them. I have a party of them on that boat that are friends of mine; they are coming here to see me and I am proud and glad to have them, too; for I am a Hoosier; a jayhawker, if you please, although I have lived in the city for a good many years.

"But when I was a boy," I continued, "I used to live down there among the green woods and rolling hills of Indiana, and I know these people. And let me tell you, if you are ever lucky enough to go down there and get acquainted with them, to partake of their kindly, generous hospitality, to know them as I do, as an honest-hearted, industrious, intelligent people, you won't cry out Hoosier and jayhawker the next time you see a man going along the street with a linen duster on."

The fellow had listened attentively to me from the moment I first addressed him; and before I was through I was struck with the change that came over his features.

As soon as I finished he held out his hand and as he did so said: "You're dead right, mister; I really didn't mean any harm by what I said; fact is, it was just thoughtlessness. I used to be a country jake myself before I came to the city to learn a trade; and," he continued, "there's nothing I'd like better now than just to get back to the old place once more, and—and I may as well own up to it—I'm a Hoosier myself, and I've got a brother on that boat, I reckon; he wrote me he was coming up on this excursion and I come down here to meet him—"

Here I caught sight of the faces of my friends and hurried away with a hasty apology for my abrupt departure.

I had thought of moralizing a little on

the above incident, but after a little deliberation I have decided to spare the reader that infliction, as the weather is torridly hot and the compositors have been howling for copy for the last half hour. But I hope I have made it plain that I don't believe in making fun of country people and in calling them moss-backs and jayhawkers, or any of that sort of thing. In other words, let us be just and charitable and not judge of a man's goodness of heart or soundness of brain by the clothes he wears.—Ed R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

An Athletic Squirrel.

A long, lean man with long hair somehow wandered into Bart Readey's bar the other day. He looked as if he had just strolled in from the sun-baked plains of Kansas. After investigating some good liquor from one of Bart's original packages he looked in one corner of the room to where a fan-wheel, operated by electricity, was whizzing around at the rate of about 2,000 revolutions per minute behind a screen. After long pondering on what the thing was he finally leaned over to Bart and remarked: "Say, that darn fool squirrel there will kill hisself if he don't stop."—As You Like It.

No Ear for Music.

A New York young lady was visiting a friend in Cincinnati. A drove of swine passing the house rent the air with their frightful squealing.

"What's that terrible noise?" asked the maid from Gotham, clapping her hands over her pink tinted ears.

"That?" said the Cincinnati girl, a pleased expression taking possession of her face, "why, that must be the opening of another musical festival. You know we often have them here."—N. Y. Dispatch.

Being Good to Himself.

Host (to departing guest)—"Why, it's raining! Let me lend you this umbrella!"

Guest—"Haven't you a better one than that? I'm going out of town for a few months, and I'm afraid that won't last until I return."—Munsey's Weekly.

THE GREATEST PAIN REMEDY IN THE WORLD!

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, applied externally, instantly stops all pains, whether arising from Colds, Sprains, Bruises, or any cause whatever. Stops Cramps, Stops Neuralgia, Stops Rheumatism, Stops Headache, Stops Toothache, Stops Lumbago, Stops Sciatica, Stops Backache, Stops Pains in the Chest, &c. Internally, a half of a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water, and applied according to printed directions.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Stops Diarrhoea, Stops Summer Complaints, Stops Dysentery, Stops Colic, Stops Cholera Morbus, Stops Nausea, Stops Vomiting, Stops Heartburn, Stops Spasms, Stops Cramps in the Stomach, Stops Malaria, Stops Chills and Fever, quicker than any other known Remedy. 50 cents a bottle; sold by all druggists.

Dr. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

He Had Gone to See.

Appealing Woman—"O, sir! I want your prayers for my son."

English Rector—"Under what circumstances, ma'm?"

"He has gone to see if Mary Cathcourt will have him."

"Ahem! I doubt if the church service provides for any such contingency."

"Oh, sir, but couldn't you use the prayer, 'For Persons Going to Sea?'"—Burlington Free Press.

AYER'S PILLS

Excel all others as a family medicine. They are suited to every constitution, old and young, and, being sugar-coated, are agreeable to take. Purely vegetable, they leave no ill effects, but strengthen and regulate the stomach, liver, and bowels, and restore every organ to its normal function. For use either at home or abroad, on land or sea, these Pills

Are the Best.

"Ayer's Pills have been used in my family for over thirty years. We find them an excellent medicine in fevers, eruptive diseases, and all bilious troubles, and seldom call a physician. They are almost the only pill used in our neighborhood."—Redmon C. Comly, Row Landing P. O., W. Feliciana Parish, La.

"I have been in this country eight years, and, during all this time, neither I, nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

"I have used Ayer's Cathartic Pills as a

Family Medicine

for 35 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction."—James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

TO AN OLD APPLE-TREE.

Those maimed limbs plead thy story;
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee;
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
My brave old apple-tree!

Oft hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail;
And once a sword-lunge of assailant thunder
Slashed down thy barken mail.

Old age, disease and battle
Have seathed and crooked, and crippled all thy
form,
And thy Briarean bare arms clash and rattle,
Tost in the wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver,
As on thy nakedness hang rags of snow;
May charitable Spring, the gracious giver,
O'er thee her mantle throw!

She will; and sunshine spilling
From blue skies thou again shall drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood thrilling
Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
In robes of leaf and flower.

Ay, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from the winter's gloom
Thou issuest with the young trees, glad as any,
As quick of green and bloom.

The blue bird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the oriole's plumage yellow
Burns through thy shade like flame.

Thus thou art blest and blessed—
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thus, in touch with nature, thou possessest
The art of growing old.
—Coates Kinney, in Harper's Magazine.

AN INCIDENT IN CAMP.

He was a brave militiaman;
A soldier born was he
And bound to grow—in peace, you know—
A general to be.

His ways were so magnetic-like
He drew all men to him,
And once in a year he drew too near
The sparkling wine-cup's brim.

And so it was that August night
When the boys were all in camp;
The corks popped out and there's no doubt
The stuff behind was damp.

For when our soldier-boy went home
At something after three,
With many a grope, he tried to ope
The tent-flap with a key.
—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

A LITTLE FARTHER ON.

The things we've sought for all these years,
The phantoms we have chased, the pow'rs
That hidden lie, the glit'ring gold,
The things we've sighed for shall be ours
A little farther on.

The gods shall smile on us and come
To lay their trophies at our feet,
And after all our vain attempts,
The joys we've sought so long we'll meet
A little farther on.

The cherished hopes of bygone years,
The castles reared high in the air,
The long lost friends we too shall meet,
And rest in peace from toil and care
A little farther on.
—Burt Fowles.

FAITHFUL AND FERVENT.

Oh! what a glory doth this world put on
For him who with a fervent heart goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!
For him the wind, ay! and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice and give him eloquent teach-
ings.
He shall so hear the solemn hymn, that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his last resting-place without a tear.
—H. W. Longfellow.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

The Arizona Kicker.

SOLD AGAIN.

Our esteemed contemporary has made another dismal failure. On Monday he came out in a double-leaded two-column article on the Wharton shooting case and tried his best to prove that we had an active hand in it and were responsible for Judge Johnson's death. At the coroner's inquest, held on that same afternoon, Maj. Bliss testified:

"I was sitting at a table in the Red Cross saloon with the editor of the Kicker. We were there to talk over the McKinley bill and to take the initiatory steps toward establishing another Sunday-school. Judge Johnson came in. He was pretty drunk. He saw Bob Wharton at a table beyond us and pulled his gun. The editor of the Kicker kindly asked him to put it up, and offered him a year's subscription to the paper to go home and take a nap. The judge refused and pressed forward to get a shot. Next moment Wharton dropped him."

This was the truth and the whole truth, and yet our jealous-pated contemporary, hoping he had a hold on us, tried his hardest to make out that but for us there would have been no shooting! We used to refer to him as toothless, knock-kneed, bow-legged, lop-eared, hump-backed, white-livered, cross-eyed, and so on. We have a mortgage on his whole outfit, and we used to threaten to foreclose on it. We used to meet him on the street and scare him into kneeling down and begging our pardon. We now let him have his own way. Some day we will bury him in our private grave-yard—some day when he has tired us completely out.—Detroit Free-Press.

A Speech-Killed Duel.

Ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Stevenson tells this story of Senator Blackburn. They were among guests at a dinner party not long ago, when Mr. Stevenson, looking across the table, said: "Senator, do you remember the day that we were seconds in a duel?" Mr. Blackburn promptly expressed his recollection of the "pleasant event," and the other guests called for the particulars of a duel which had left in the minds of the seconds such cheerful memories.

"Well," began Mr. Stevenson, "Mr. Blackburn drove me out to the ground. It was before sunrise, but we were the seconds, and of course were first on the ground. But the principals soon arrived. Now, I was very ignorant about duels. The principals knew very little, too. But Mr. Blackburn was well informed, and in order that everything should be clearly understood and satisfactory he said he would explain the code. So he took the floor, or rather the ground, and began to talk. It was very interesting, for, as you all know, the gentleman from Kentucky is an orator."

Just then there was an interruption by the bread plate, and Mr. Stevenson paused to help himself to bread. But the pause continued, and Mr. Stevenson was apparently going on with his dinner.

"Well, but the duel. You haven't told us how the duel ended," said several guests, eagerly, and speaking at once.

"Oh, it didn't end. It didn't begin," said Mr. Stevenson, solemnly. "You see, Blackburn began to talk before sunrise, and he never stopped till after sundown, and then it was too dark for the duel."—Exchange.

SUNDAY evening caller (at a late hour)—"I suppose I'm getting to be a chestnut." Inamorata—"You lack one attribute of the chestnut." "What's that?" "You never leave."—New York World.

Starch grows sticky—common powders have a vulgar glare. Pozzoni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.

Uses of Feminine Photographs.

Women should always know the standing of the potographer to whom they entrust the negatives of their portraits. They should consider well his character and manner of doing business before permitting him to make a picture of them. The negative once in his possession (if he is so disposed) he has the means of causing them great mortification by using it for base purposes.

The head of some prominent woman is cut from her picture and pasted on the figure of some notorious woman in undesirable costume or position. This can be done so neatly as to defy detection. A few touches of India ink will conceal the places of joining, and it requires a magnifying glass to discover them. The picture is then copied, and persons as unprincipled as the operator are ready to buy and show them, as the picture of Mrs. —, or Miss — as the case may be. These transactions are carried on apart from the ordinary work, and are not exposed for sale to the general public; but the places where they are sold are known to the purchasers of such vile frauds. One of the worst features of the case is the impossibility of knowing how many of these counterfeits are afloat in the community. The fear of detection has prevented this transaction from being done to any great extent; but it has been done, and, as they are issued without the name or address of the publisher, it is almost impossible to trace them to their source.—A. Bogardus, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Carl Pretzel's Philosophy.

Der mishtook of a minoot may gif you a barrel of unhabiness so long vat you lif.

Dot's foolishness to ask der Lord to keep you from shtarfin for a load of wood. He don't vas in der coal pishness.

You cood wore a shmile und your heart vas pooty gwick broke open. Dot rain out bow vas looking pooty vell in der shky oop, but yoost pelow dot, vas der awful sad cryin' of der seashore.—Sunday National.

Benjamin Peterson's \$15,000.

Instead of \$15 in his inside pocket, Mr. Benjamin F. Peterson, colored sexton of the First Baptist church, and who lives at 160 Barbour st., has \$15,000 in the Phoenix Bank, and he is as happy as a clam at high tide. The big sum of money Ben received by express from the Louisiana State Lottery Company on Saturday, which he had drawn in the July output, and instead of swelling his head to an unusual degree, it has made him even a more pleasant man than he was before. The Baptist church people have congratulated him upon his good fortune and said they hope his turn of good luck would not cause him to leave them. A Times reporter saw Mr. Peterson this morning, to whom he said he had only bought three tickets in the lottery, and the third—a twentieth of ticket 92,561—was the winner.

Mr. Peterson naturally feels highly elated over his good luck, and said to-day that while he would continue to be sexton of the church, he would not be compelled to do odd jobs at paper-hanging, kalsomining, etc., to earn enough money on which to live and educate his children.


A new house, good clothes for himself, wife and children, plenty to eat, home comforts, and good schooling for his little ones, is what this drawing means. His friends while offering their good wishes, hope the lightning will strike again in this city but a little nearer home.—Hartford (Conn.) Times, July 28.

"CAN anything open the eyes of the newly arrived servant girl to the danger of kindling a fire with kerosene?" Yes; the oil can.—Norristown Herald.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

CITIZEN (agitated)—"What, a writ for me? Why, God bless us!" Constable (stolidly)—"Nop. Wrong again. Mandamus."—American Grocer.



CARTER'S
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LIVER
PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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CAPITAL ALARMED.

CAPITALIST—(reading the accounts of the Uprising of Labor to demand its rights)—Great Heavens! These working people must be put down. Why don't the government call out the troops?

[N. B.—He forgets that the working people form the overwhelming majority of this Nation, and that from their ranks troops are recruited.]

How Dickens Wrote Our Mutual Friend.

Dickens told me (writes Mr. George W. Childs) that before beginning any of his works he thought it out fully, and then made a skeleton from which he elaborated it. The most interesting and valuable memento I have of him is the original manuscript of *Our Mutual Friend*. It is the only complete manuscript of any of Dickens' novels outside of the Kensington Museum; though one or two of his short Christmas stories, I believe, are to be found in America and in England.

A skeleton of the story is prefixed to each volume, the first covering sixteen, the second eighteen pages of quarto paper. These skeletons show how Dickens constructed his stories. They are very curious. Here is a sample page:

Our Mutual Friend, No. 1—Chapter 1.—On the Lookout—The Man, in his boat, watching the tides. The Gaffer—Gaffer—Gaffer Hexam—Hexam. His daughter rowing. Jen, or Lizzie. Taking the body in tow. His dissipated partner—who has "robbed a live man!" Riderhood—this fellow's name. Chapter II.—The Man from Somewhere.—The entirely new people. Everything new—Grandfather new—if they had one. Dinner party—Twemlow, Podsnap, Lady Tippins, Alfred Lighthouse, also Eugene—Mortimer, languid and tells of Harmon, the Dust Contractor.

Then follow sentences, written everywhere on the page, like this—"Work in the girl who was to have been married and made rich," etc.

Stanley and Artist Bell.

Mr. Joseph Bell was an admirable sketcher, fertile in suggestion, and quick at taking hints and notes, but somehow he always managed to irritate Stanley by what may be called his excessive verbosity, and the mischievous delight he always took in endeavoring to land Stanley on the horns of some dilemma. For example, he got him to describe the method of getting a donkey across a

deep river. Stanley explained to him how the porter led the donkey into the stream, holding the bridle and keeping the donkey's head (which was alone visible) out of the water, with one hand, and swimming vigorously with the other hand.

"Yes," said Bell; "did the porter carry a rifle?"

"Of course," said Stanley.

"Yes," says Bell, "and in which hand did he carry the rifle, seeing that one hand is already engaged in guiding and helping the donkey, and the other in swimming for dear life?"

This was a sort of fun which Stanley did not appreciate.—Scribner.

The Man He Wanted.

Applicant (to proprietor of great newspaper)—"Have you a vacancy on your staff, sir?"

Proprietor—"I need a circulation affidavit editor, but I don't know that you would suit."

"I think I would, sir. I have been a census enumerator at Minneapolis."

"The place is yours!"—Munsey's Weekly.

Two Views of It.

The best thing about a vacation is the change it brings," said Mr. Bjenkins in a tone that showed he knew.

"Yes," assented Mr. Bjonas; "and the worst thing about a vacation is the change it costs."—Somerville Journal.



SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

Shun Misrepresentations.

Our Odd Corner.

A geologist's cradle should be made of bed-rock.

When the mercury touches par a fat man's spirits go down to zero.

The "extra 'dition" law among newspapers is a printed fact.

Doctor—What kind of exercise do you take? Book-keeper—I run up several columns a day.

The fault of the batter—Bad cakes and foul balls.

No matter how dyspeptic a printer may be he is an inveterate "pi" grabber.

A Brooklyn man calls his bachelor neighbor "Borrowed Money," because he is alone.

"Well that beats all," said a poker-player as he looked lovingly at his cards and saw he held a royal flush.—New York Morning Journal.

"So you think he really loves you?" "I am sure of it. He does nothing but quarrel with me every time we meet."—Terre Haute Express.

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Splendid Luck.

"Hullo, Walton; did you have any luck on your fishing trip yesterday?"

"Yes—splendid."

"How many did you catch?"

"Didn't catch any; but about three miles up the river we struck a camping party who had two kegs of beer, and we were invited to join them."—Norristown Herald.

A MAN'S mind is like a two-dollar bill, the oftener he changes it the sooner it is gone.—Dansville Breeze.

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