

1755

Texas Siftings.

277

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IN THE SERE AND YELLOW LEAF.

Edward Merrill & Sons, Inc.

MISS ELDERLY—I HAVE JUST BEEN GATHERING AUTUMN LEAVES, MR. OLDBOY.
MR. OLDBOY (CYNICALLY)—SO I PERCEIVE, MISS ELDERLY. YOU HAVE GATHERED THEM SO MANY YEARS I SUPPOSE YOU DO IT AUTUMN-ATICALLY, AS IT WERE.

Texas Siftings.

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

ALEX. E. SWEET,
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A LATE riser—poor yeast.

Low diet—Diet of Worms.

AN early settler—an egg shell.

COURT in banc—sparking a female teller.

WHISKY is reported steady, though imbibers rarely are.

No, Johnny, ten-pin balls are not made in rolling-mills.

THE insect that flies into a drunkard's optic finds a watery grave.

CORPORAL TANNER's friend gave him the razzle-Da(l)zell, didn't he?

IT is very easy to discover rare beauty and accomplishments in an heiress.

THE sleeping apartment of a musical college ought to be called the do-re-me-tory.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know if Muldoon was ever thrown in the Epsom Downs.

MORE than half the papers in the world are printed in English—bad English, many of them.

A TAILOR requires many yards to cover a man, but a burglar will cover him with a small revolver.

OUT at sea a ship occasionally heaves in sight, but a seasick passenger prefers to heave out of sight.

Now the poor man bolts his dinner,
Swallows, without tasting it,
Trembling lest his wife should tell him
"John, this stove-pipe doesn't fit."

A COLORADO man has an invention that will do away with buttons. When there are no buttons to sew on bachelors will have less reason than ever to change their state.

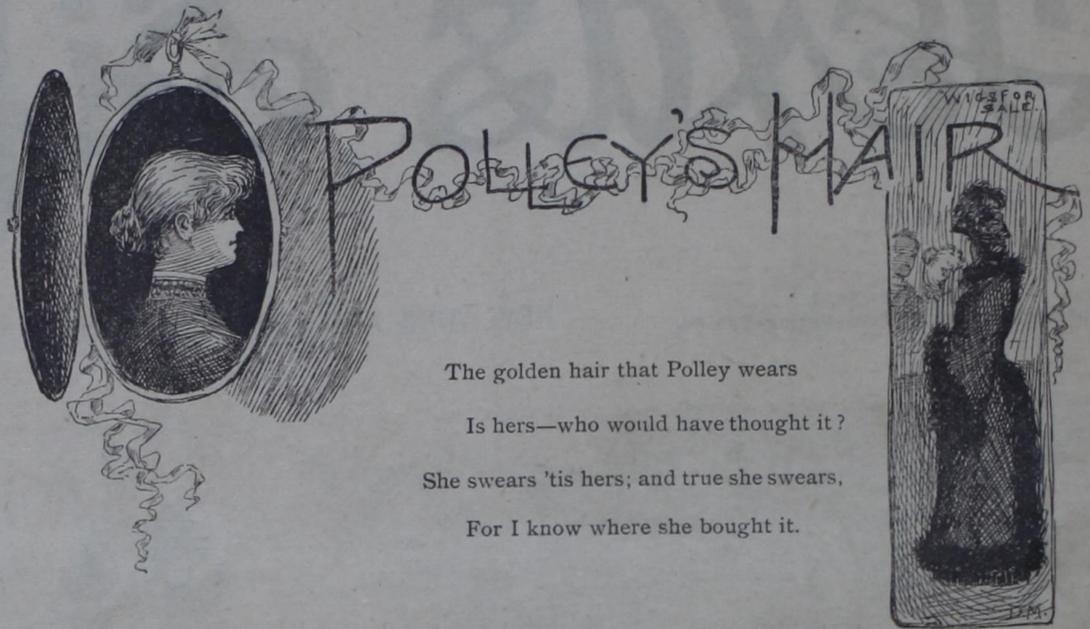
THE World says: "General Boulanger might come to this country and take a leading juvenile rôle in a tank drama." A soup terrine might appropriately serve as the tank.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know where he can buy a century plant. The Century plant is located on Union Square, New York, but we don't believe you have money enough to buy it.

CLAUS SPECKELS claims to have discovered a process by which sugar may be made available for building material. Nothing new about that; did he never read about the "Old Sugar House" in New York?

WHEN a rich man dies the "immediate friends" are on hand, immediately, to weep at the funeral and listen tearfully to the reading of the will. They are in no immediate haste, however, if the deceased be poor.

FORTY years ago every man in the country who owned a spotted horse was waiting for Dan Rice's Circus to come along, believing that he would be able to sell him to "Old Dan" for a fabulous sum. And "Old Dan" is living near New York now, hale and hearty.



The golden hair that Polley wears

Is hers—who would have thought it?

She swears 'tis hers; and true she swears,

For I know where she bought it.

THE "tag," in theatrical parlance, is the last speech spoken in a play, and it is a superstition among players that if it is ever once spoken at rehearsal the play will not succeed. The first speech in some plays should never be spoken, in rehearsal or before an audience.

HE RETRACTED.

A Texas editor, having charged that the father of a rival editor had been in the penitentiary, was notified that he must retract or die. He retracted as follows: "We find that we were mistaken in our statement last week that the Bugle editor's sire had been in the penitentiary. The efforts of his friends to have his sentence commuted to imprisonment for life failed, and he was hanged."

MAHOMET AND THE MOUNTAIN.

It has always puzzled us to know why Mahomet hesitated about going to the Mountain, expecting the Mountain to come to him. It wouldn't have cost him a cent to stay at the Mountain as long as he wanted to. The Mountain House would have been glad to dead-head him, giving him the best suit of rooms they had. His arrival would have been chronicled in the daily papers, people would have flocked to the Mountain to see him, and he would have been a big card. He is sometimes called the "false Prophet," but he would have been a real profit to the house where he put up. We are satisfied that in refusing to go to the Mountain Mahomet, whose system needed bracing up, anyhow, lost one of the greatest opportunities of his life. Come to think, though, it doesn't Mecca bit of difference to Mahomet now.

A MODEST POLICEMAN.

A young couple were arrested in New York on Sunday for kissing each other on the public street. That was all they did. The policeman, whose name is Kearns, was so shocked that he ran them in, but the justice discharged them at once, smiling contemptuously at the policeman, who possibly would shudder to speak of a dog's pants, or tremble at the disgusting indecency of trees when stripped of their leaves. We may expect to read that some journalist has been arrested for stripping literary articles of their verbiage.

HYPOCRITICAL SOVEREIGNS.

The recent hobnobbing and mutual compliments between the emperors of Austria and Germany, and which always pass between hobnobbing potentates, like the kisses a suspicious wife gave her husband in order to find out if he had been drinking while absent at the lodge, smack of hypocrisy. It is not at all likely that the Emperor of Austria has forgotten Sadowa and other humiliations, but both emperors are compelled to be friends when the Russian bear is trying to climb over the frontier. With them it is: "United we stand, divided we fall." Otherwise their cordiality means as much as "Yours truly," at the end of a

business letter. The sudden death of either of the high personages would not affect the other as much as peeling an onion.

TRIALS OF A FUNNY MAN.

"I am in the business, I know," said the writer of jokes for a comic paper, gloomily, "but I don't like to be expected to carry my profession along with me continually. I like to have a little variety once in a while. Because I make jokes as a means of livelihood, whether I feel lively or not, that is no reason why I should be looked to to keep it up on every social occasion. I have grown to hate dinners and evening parties, because some one is sure to say: 'Come, now, Mr. Jones, do tell us something funny,' or, 'Ain't you going to begin to make us laugh?' No other class of men is expected to bring their trade into the social circle. A professor of mathematics isn't given a blackboard and a piece of chalk and required to solve a problem in Euclid for their diversion. No one expects a lawyer to plead his case at an evening reception, unless it be the lady who looks favorably upon it, and then the pleading is in whispers, designed for her ears alone. Homilies are unwelcome from ministers on such occasions, and there is hesitancy in requesting them to ask the blessing, fearful that it is asking too much. The clerical coat can be laid aside sometimes; but the professional funny man is expected to be always funny. Tain't fair. Let's sink the shop all around, say I. Why, hang it! because you invite a friend who is in the undertaking business to a social gathering, would you expect him to go in and lay everybody out?"

A CIRCUS performer was introduced at a Washington reception as "the representative from Summerset."



AN UNPREJUDICED DECISION.

STRANGER (approaching Smith and Jones who are discussing the license question)—You may talk all you please, gentlemen, but I have looked into the matter carefully and from an unprejudiced standpoint, and I don't believe in high license.

SMITH—Ah, indeed. May I ask what is your business?

You bet. I am proprietor of the Hole-in-the-Wall Saloon, corner Murderer's Row and Burglar Alley—the biggest glass of beer in the city for five cents!

TOO MUCH CLUB.

New York is rapidly attaining world-wide reputation for the frequency with which brutal and cowardly police club offensive citizens. There are explanations for these outrages, but the real one is to be found in the fact that the offenders are rarely ever punished; at least, they are not adequately punished, hence they continue to use their clubs with impunity.

When a policeman has acquired a habit of clubbing inoffensive persons, it is almost as difficult to break him of the habit as to persuade a woman not to go on the stage after she has made up her mind to do so. The only effective remedy is for a freight train loaded with railroad iron to run over her lengthwise.

Something of that kind might possibly have some effect on some of New York's brutal police.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART II.

Paris has not always been the capital of France, *mes enfants*. Julius Cæsar found it a collection of mud huts on a little island of the Seine, and it was then called Luticia. Cæsar's nephew and heir, Augustus, who succeeded him in power as the first Emperor of Rome, divided Gaul into four grand departments, with the seat of government at Lyons, founded B. C. 42. Augustus lived there for six years, and I suppose his wife, being the "first lady in the land," was the original Lady of Lyons. At any rate, they were greatly lionized there.

Gaul improved rapidly under Roman rule. Habits and customs as well as laws shaped themselves after Roman models. The Roman toga was adopted among men, and even women's trunks (imitating Bernhardt) were Sara-togas. Many of the chief cities latinized their names in honor of Augustus. Thus Bibactre, capital of the Ædui, changed its name to Augustodunum. Perhaps they toadied to Augustus in order to make Augustodunum.

Schools were founded in various cities, notably at Toulouse. Wealthy Romans sent their children to be educated there, when discipline was Toulouse at home. Gaul boasted of her native orators, who were not accustomed to

"Fall below Demosthenes or Cicero."

They also had distinguished poets, historians, grammarians and linguists, all in the Latin tongue. They adopted the Latin alphabet, and postmasters refused to handle anything but Roman letters. Talk about Anglo-mania in America, it was nothing to the Roma-phobia in Gaul.

It was a native Gaul who wrote the first universal history. Gauls were found in course of time in all the departments of the public service, and some, who had money enough, bought seats in the Roman senate. Such instances of supreme Gaul are not unknown in America.

Many of the cities founded by the Romans, especially in the south of Gaul, displayed public buildings in the best style of art, rivaling even those in Italy. Among them are noble temples, aqueducts, amphitheatres (as at Nismes), bridges, etc., the work, many times, of native artists.

Augustus did not proscribe or persecute the Druidical religion in Gaul. If they wanted to tramp around in the forests in long gowns, chanting Druid songs, he let them do it. But he said that he must draw the line somewhere, so he Druid on human sacrifice. Any one who participated in rites of that kind, especially the victim, was excluded from the rights of Roman citizenship. He could never know the pride a Roman nose. Augustus likewise endeavored to supplant the belief of the Druids by the sweet heathen mythology of the Romans. For instance, if the Druids had a god named

SOME DEFINITIONS.



A SHORT-STOP



A BASE ON BALLS.



(K) NOT OUT



SLIDING FOR BASE



A FOYL OUT

"Buster," he built an altar to "Buster-Apollo," gradually dropping out the Buster. Augustus was more sensible and humane than some of the christians who sought to proselyte men after his day.

In the course of a few years Druidism was almost wholly abandoned by the nobility and influential classes, although it lingered for some time among the lower orders, who clung tenaciously to their old religion of the woods. They couldn't discover any superiority in the Roman gods that stood around on mantel-pieces, over their own gods hid in caves or perched among the swaying trees. And there probably wasn't any.

In the reign of Claudius, however, the Druid priests were expelled from Gaul and took refuge in Britain, from whence they were driven into the mountains of Wales and Scotland, where they gradually became extinct.

I will continue the history of the Roman occupation of Gaul in another chapter.

A COMPLETE GIVE AWAY.

A.—Who is that old gentleman across the street to whom you took off your hat?

B.—He is a journalist, and one of the most polished gentlemen in New York. He is a shining light in New York journalism.

A.—Yes, he has that appearance in that shiny old coat. The elbows are particularly bright.

It isn't necessary for the artist of a wax museum to be a great arithmetician, yet he must be dexterous in figures.

THE MAIDEN'S GRIEF.

CHAPTER I.

The refined rays of the silvery moon broke through a rift in the clouds in the western sky and bathed all the vast expanse of mountains and plains in translucent glory. The rugged, lofty mountains reared their massive heads to kiss the purple sky; dim, filmy shadows flitted up and down the broad vista of plains that stretched away to the east as far as the eye could reach, and night was casting her sable mantle over the peaks and canyons, the hills and valleys, of the booming State of Colorado.

CHAPTER II.

In a stately mansion on Cascade avenue in the fair city of Colorado Springs, there was a sound of revelry; the soft strains of voluptuous music fell upon the charmed senses of the listeners like the sweet tinkling of sheep bells falls upon the ears of a dreaming shepherd boy; strong men and lovely women glided through the mazes of the dance, and joy and gladness rested in the hearts of all that gay concourse of people.

CHAPTER III.

Fair-haired Jessie Ban Anapeel was the belle of the ball. Her hand for the dance was eagerly sought by the wise and great men of two counties; and from her great liquid eyes there glinted and glimmered great glamerous gleams of gladness, for she was making a hit.

CHAPTER IV.

De John De Smith, Jessie's betrothed, led his charming partner to the floor for the closing dance. The orchestra played away like a house afire; "bright eyes looked love to eyes that answered love again," when all suddenly Jessie turned to De John with a look of misery in her erstwhile laughing eyes, and, as she wildly clutched his strong right arm, she said:

Oh, De J., I'll die, I know I shall!"

"My darling, my darling, tell me, tell me, what is the ruction?" cried the agonized youth, his heart nearly splitting with sorrow.

Jessie leaned her fair young head upon his manly shoulder, and gasped:

"My stocking-supporter has busted and my sock will come down before all these people."

CHAPTER V.

The pale-faced moon continued to look down upon mountain and valley, upon forest and town, as though there was not of misery or sadness upon the face of the earth.

V. Z. REED.

NOT GUILTY IF THEY CAN LEAVE TOWN.

A correspondent writes us as follows: Two tramps were tried in the Paducah City Court last week on a charge of vagrancy. The case was submitted to a jury, and one of the tramps made a lengthy and feeling speech in behalf of himself and comrade, after which the jury retired, and in about two minutes returned and gravely delivered to the court the following verdict:

"We the jury find them not guilty, and the Mayor to give each one a dollar apiece to help them out of town.—W. C. Lewis, Foreman."

HEALTH ITEM.

This is the season of the year when there are suspicious cases of fever suggestive of yellow fever. It is very difficult to distinguish malarial from yellow fever. A Galveston, Texas, man who is an authority on the subject says:

"As a general thing, you can't tell until after you have had it. If you are not alive, then it was most likely yellow fever."



A FALL OPENING IN LIGHT KIDS.

MANNERS AT DE TABLE.

A BRIEF DISCOURSE BY THE REV. WHANGDOODLE BAXTER, OF THE AUSTIN BLUE LIGHT TABERNACLE.



FEW remarks, ladies and gentlemen, is what I wants ter make dis ebenin' on de subjec' ob eatin' in gineral; and, also, ter say sum fin' about manners at de table in pertickler.

I has been readin' ob late a book on de subjec' ob táble etterket.

Sam Johnsing, ef yer wants ter avoid bein' smashed in de mouf, you will keep it shut in

dese sacred precincts. I didn't say nuffin about eatin' a cat at de table. What I said was table etterket, which am a hoss ob anudder color. Use yer ears instead ob yer mouf, and you'll larn suffin what yer don't know.

When you am seated at de table you must be like de goat, what ain't partickler about what he feeds on. When a dog growls ober his food yer knows dat he likes hit. When a lady or a gennerman growls ober what dey git ter eat it's vice versy.

In de book on etterket what I am perusin', hit says dat soup must not be eaten wid de fork. If yer has contracted de bad habit ob eatin' soup wid a fork or a carvin' knife jess drop it, bekase hit's not bong tong.

You should always hab clean finger-nails at de table, bekase dar's whar dey am mos' conspicuous, but don't clean 'em wid a fork after you has done sot down.

Ef yer wants ter attend ter yer finger-nails or ter pick yer teef, wait ontill de repast am succumbed, and den go out behind de barn or crawl down under de table and pick yer teef dare.

Ef you am tending ter de carvin', don't ask any ob de guests ef dey will hab some ob de gizzard, pertickerlerly ef dar am ladies present.

Don't stab a raw oyster wid yer fork, and, holding it up, ask de host ef hit's dead yit, bekase he may jab yer wid de carvin'-knife. Besides, hit's not *embonpoint* in some respects.

If yer sees a bolonny sausage on de table don't git excited and snap yer fingers and whistle fer hit ter come ter yer, bekase de lady ob de house wouldn't like hit.

Ef de host wants yer ter ask de blessin' don't turn up yer nose and look at de pervishuns and ask, "What fer?" bekase dat's liable ter create de impreshun dat yer ain't satisfied wid de grub, and dat dar's no culture among dark, mahogany-colored niggers, anyhow.

At de table, ladies should not take more den two glasses of wine, bekase you may need somebody ter steer you home.

Don't ask no queshuns about what am de ingrejets ob de hash. Remember dat ignunce am bliss, and keep quiet even ef de host does try ter conceal de identity ob de hash by putting hit in French on de *menoo*. But lemme warn yer, berlubbed friends, agin pie. Your pasture once eat some pie, and I'se sorry for hit yet. Shun de pie.

While Uncle Mose takes up de usual kerlecshun for de Souf Sea Islanders, de quire will sing:
Turn, sinner, turn; why will ye die
From eatin' cold cast-iron pie.

HOW A LIEUTENANT'S WIT SAVED HIM FROM RUIN AND DISGRACE.

Frederick the Great had unbounded admiration for men who were plucky and quick at repartee.

It frequently happened that persons who had laid themselves liable to judicial punishment had their sentences remitted, or at least mitigated, in consequence of some quick retort they had made to the judges, or their superior officers.

A colonel of one of the regiments stationed at Berlin

was celebrated for the discourtesy, not to say the brutality with which he treated not only the private soldiers but also the officers under him. On one occasion he grossly insulted a young lieutenant in the presence of the entire regiment.

"Lieutenant!" roared the colonel, "you stand there like an ox."

"Colonel, I am a mere calf, compared to you," retorted the lieutenant.

For this breach of discipline the lieutenant was instantly arrested and brought before a court martial. The charge against him was insubordination and treating his superior officer with disrespect. The provocation which the lieutenant had received was not taken into consideration at all. As was to have been expected, he was promptly found guilty, and the sentence of the court was that he should be imprisoned for several years and then be cashiered.

In due time this sentence was laid before Frederick the Great for his approval. Although the strictest of disciplinarians, the pat reply of the young officer tickled him immensely. Taking his pen, Frederick wrote on the document:

"A bright young officer, whose pluck is only surpassed by his wit. Sentence changed to four weeks' arrest at Spandau, and then transfer to another regiment."
FREDERICK."

A SURE REMEDY.

A.—You say you are suffering from insomnia.

B.—Yes, and there seems to be nothing that will put me to sleep. I have tried every opiate known to the medical profession.

A.—Well, why don't you have Mayor Grant put you on the World's Fair committee?

AN EYE TO BUSINESS.

Tommy—I say, pa, the pockets in my new pants are bigger than in my old ones.

Pa—Well, what of it?

Tommy—O, nothing; except I would like to know if the pocket-money is to be increased, too?

AN ESTIMABLE PARENT.

First Student—I saw you out walking yesterday with an elderly gentleman. Is he your father?

Second Student—He is; and let me tell you that he has risen in my estimation \$150 since yesterday. That's the amount for which I have bled him.



Whistlin' ter de bolonny.

A DANGEROUS ANIMAL.

"You have one wild animal in this country that is unknown to us," said a delegate to the Pan-American Convention.

"What is that?" asked Secretary Blaine.

"The newspaper reporter," replied the man from South America.

THE FAULT OF JUSTICE.

Judge—Is it a fact that George Jones, the prosecuting witness, is not present? And why is he not here?

Officer—Ye jist gin him sixty days, yer Honor. He was the first "drunk" in the box.

SIFTINGS' OFFER OF BOOKS.

TRAIN'S DONATION TO THE BOSTON JAIL LIBRARY.



R. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN, who is incarcerated in the Charles street jail, Boston, for debt, has subscribed four dollars for TEXAS SIFTINGS and our three libraries of books, (offered as a premium) to be sent to the Jail Library as his donation. He is astonished that we are able to make such a magnificent offer, as he well may be, and gives vent to his feelings in the following lines:

CELL 10,
"HOTEL BRADLEY,"
BOSTON JAIL.
Oct. 15, 1889.

To CITIZEN A. MINER GRISWOLD, }
TEXAS SIFTINGS. }

Old Friend:

Three Libraries! (Fifty-six Books!)
Do you mean it, TEXAS SIFTINGS?
One Subscription? (are these Driftings?)
Or are optics hoodwinked by "Spooks"?
(Cyclopedia and Charles Dickens:
Forty novels! How plot thickens!)
Declining to accept your Bail,
For which accept my "Psycho Thanks,"
I send Four Dollars by the Mail
From "Champion of Jail Bird Cranks"
For Library I give to Jail.
The Wardens are so kind to me
I wish to leave that Legacy!
What bigger gift for Xmas than
A Library (and SIFTINGS too.)
Hundred Thousand should send to you
Greenbacks for "Santa Claus Program!"
GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE BUG-BEAR.

This animal, like several others, flourishes and grows in imagination. Its size varies according to the locality and the demand for it. If the case is urgent, then a large bug-bear is best; but if it is unimportant, and only necessary to have one on hand but not for actual use, then a little bug-bear will answer.

The bug-bear is always equal to the occasion—that is, if the person handling it is equal to the emergency. It must be acknowledged that the bug-bear, like the cinnamon bear, is apt to turn on its trainer or handler and hug all the fun out of him; but such risks must be taken in the menagerie business. What think you would have been the size of Barnum's great show had he been afraid of a bug-bear?

The chief use of the bug-bear is to add to the fright of those who would be frightened at their own shadow, anyway. When they are all nicely scared, along comes some fellow with a bug-bear, and away they go, taking fences, hedges and ditches at a bound, metaphorically speaking. It is strange, but nevertheless true, that all people are liable to be frightened by a bug-bear. Men who would bravely face a stuffed bear and valiantly knock the straw out of him, turn pale, and it would be impossible to draw a sheet of paper between their knees when they meet a bug-bear.

The nurse, to keep her charges orderly, has a bug-bear; the stock broker uses a bug-bear to influence the market in his favor; the tradesman, the man of leisure, the laboring man and the bondholder, all have a bug-bear. The policeman is an exception—he has a bare club.

The weak and timid can take consolation from the fact that, although the bug-bear has done a great deal of harm, it has never yet been known to bite.

E. R. COLLINS.

A HINT.

He—Farewell, dearest; I know that you will remain true to me while I am gone.

She—Of course. But, Charley, don't stay away any longer than you can help.

NOT SO BAD AS THAT.

Mrs. Poortable—It is raining fearfully outside. Hadn't you better stay and take supper with us, Mr. Smith?

Smith—O, no, Mrs. Poortable; the weather can't be as bad as that.

DIVORCE GETTING MADE EASY.

I struck this world some twenty-two years ago dead broke, and have been in about the same condition ever since. The fickle goddess, Fortune, has never been in the habit of winking at me and calling me "dear boy;" in other words, we have never been on familiar terms, but now it is different. I am likely to become a millionaire. Eli Whitney got there by getting up a new drink. Johnnie Deere made more money than he knew how to spend by patenting a looking-glass attachment for a plow, while George Pullman will soon be in easy circumstances on account of introducing an improvement on the emigrant sleeper, but ere old Father Time has hustled this "terrestrial ball" along much further in space I shall be able to place a little contrivance before the public which will astonish the world.

The whole thing is so simple that I am compelled to pat myself on the back by way of congratulation to think that no one has got the start of me. It is nothing more nor less than an automatic "Divorce Cabinet," which will do away with all the drawbacks encountered in a court and render divorce getting a half-holiday recreation. "The Lightning Divorce Getter" will be constructed on the plan of a money changer. It will be fitted up with the requisite number of keys, which instead of being inscribed with numbers will be engraved with a probable cause for divorce. For instance, "Cold feet;" "stays out nights;" "will not build the fires;" "flirts with other women;" "is an early riser fiend," etc., etc., etc. It can easily be seen that one cabinet could be made to accommodate both sexes. The machine will be placed in a conspicuous place with the inscription, "Drop a nickel in the slot and procure a divorce." A person has but to put up the required fee, press the key which fits his or her case, and as if by magic the divorce is handed to him on an automatic server.

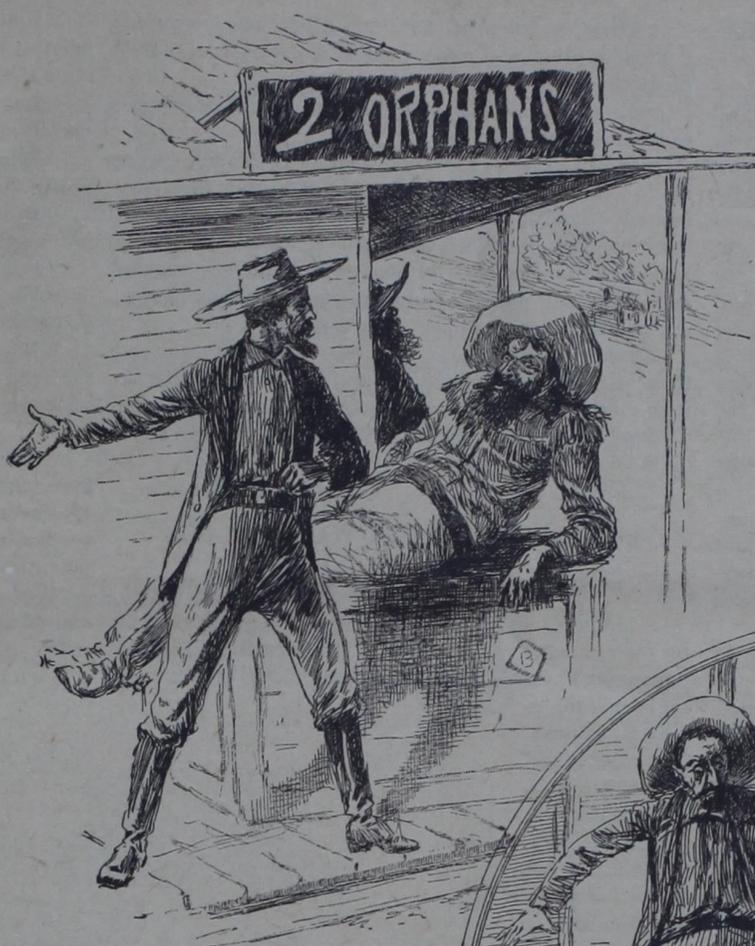
When my idea is put into execution it will revolutionize the world, for then domestic trouble will be a thing of the past. Kate will always have dinner promptly on time, because if she doesn't she and John are apt to be two instead of one before night. John will never dare to come home from the club tipsy, lest the next day sees a new grass widow bloom forth in all that glory which only a grass widow can possess. What a two-edged sword to hold over a man who is constantly kicking about furnishing pin money, or the woman who mentions diamond ear-rings between alternate breaths. In my mind's eye I can see Mr. Brown get outside of a section of "sole-leather" pie and not even mention his mother's cooking, while Mrs. Jones greets her husband with a countenance bedecked with loving smiles immediately after a set-to with the "hired lady." Mr. Smith never fails to clean his boots before entering the door of his castle (?), and "Who will have the last word" will be a thing of the past as the bone of domestic contention. The discussion of "Woman's suffrage" will be confined entirely to unmarried ladies of uncertain age, while the bald-heads will be the only ones who will dare to insinuate that marriage is a failure. The tariff question will never be heard of inside



IT MADE HIM SICK.

Mrs. MURPHY—Phwat is der mather wid der goat, Mike? It do be sick, I think.

MIKE—You'd be sick, too, if yer had the repast he had. He ate a whole fence of theatrical posters of "Brass Monkey," "Tin Soldier" and "Stuffed Dog."



the family circle; judges and bailiffs will have a vacation; Chicago will be compelled to rest its claims to greatness entirely on the hog, and peace and harmony will reign throughout the whole world. Galileo agreed to move the earth if he had but a lever and a place to stand. I have got the bulge on "Gal," as all I need is some one to furnish a working capital of \$8 and a kit of tools.

CLARENCE C. HAMLIN.

FIGHTING JUST COMMENCED.

Jones—That is good news from Kentucky.

Brown—What is?

Why, that about the feud in Rowan county being brought to an end by the marriage of two young people belonging to the rival factions.

What has that got to do with it?

It will stop the fighting.

Nonsense. When folks get married the fighting has only just commenced.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

PLAYING FOR EVEN.

Friend—So you have married your housekeeper. Don't you know that she has been robbing you for years?

Old Smartcuss—Of course I know it. That's why I married her. I am trying to get my money back.

A POOR COMPARISON.

Wife—You should follow the example of that gentle musician. See how he hugs his big drum as if he was in love with it.

Husband—So he does with one arm, but do you notice what he does with the other? He just grinds the stuffing out of it.

ABOUT KISSING.

He—My dear cousin, I assure you I would never dare rob those sweet lips of a kiss.

She—O, you hypocrite! didn't you make an attempt of that character the other day?

He—Never. Far from having any intention of robbing you of a kiss; I was trying to give you one.

SOCIETY NOTE.

Venerable Husband—Now that I have bought you a new forty-dollar hat and a new two-hundred-dollar seal-

skin sacque I hope you will not badger me for money for theatre tickets.

Frisky Wife—Why, you dear old innocent, I wanted the hat and sealskin on purpose to show off at the theatre and at balls and parties this winter.

CANDID CRITICISM.

Author—In my new play to express hate I have put in the mouth of the heavy villain the words: "I would poison the waters of the ocean." What do you think of that expression? Good, isn't it?

Candid Friend—No; it's idiotic. Nobody drinks the waters of the ocean, so what sense is there in poisoning them?

A GOOD EXCUSE.

Soldier—Can't you tell me what a meteor is? We have a little dispute about it.

Sergeant—Do you understand Hebrew?



LIFE IN PIZEN CREEK.

MAJOR JACK POTT—Come on quick, Colonel! Judge Pulltrigger's house is afire.

COL. WHIPSAW (of the Rattlesnake Ranch)—Don't care; he shot at me yesterday.

But, Great Cæsar! he's in it and may burn up!

Let him burn!

Yes, but there's a barrel of good whisky in the cellar that may be lost.

Smitten Scott! git out er my way 'fore I run over you! Why didn't you say whisky at first?

Soldier—No.

Sergeant—Then you wouldn't understand what it is if I were to tell you.

JONES' SELF-RESTRAINT.

She—Mr. Jones, look at that impudent man on the other side of the street. He has been following us for the last ten blocks.

Jones—Why didn't you tell me so before. I'll teach the impudent puppy a lesson.

Walking boldly across the street Jones says to the man: "Look here, Snip, I am very sorry I've not got the money to pay you for that last suit, but you ought not to follow me up and dun me when I'm trying to capture that girl. She has got lots of money, and if I succeed you will not only get your money, but also an order for a wedding suit.

Snip goes off satisfied.

Returning to the young lady Jones says: "I am glad you called my attention to that cowardly scoundrel. I don't think he will ever stare at you again. I had great difficulty in restraining myself."

THE DIFFERENCE.

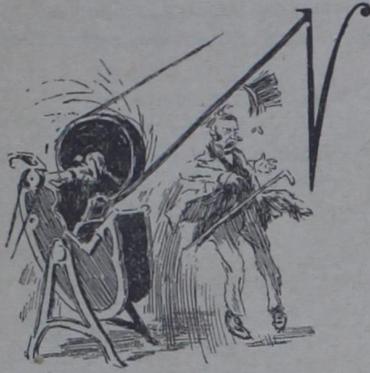
Editor Weekly Prevaricator—I don't see why you can't contribute to my paper and wait for your pay until after the matter is published. You do it for others.

Writer—But they are responsible.

Blaze—Yaws, I suffer fwom ennui, dontcher knaw. Cawnt you pweswibe aw wemedey?

Doctor—Try work.

MR. BRISK AND FAMILY AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION.



"O W, Martha," said Mr. Brisk, with a superior look, as his wife and mother-in-law followed him in to Machinery Hall, "do try and gather in some of the floating bits of knowledge with which the very air of this building seems filled."

His mother-in-law, with a gleam of awakened intelligence on her placid face, picked up from the floor and straightened out two crumpled boot and shoe advertisements, remarking, quietly: "Yes, that's what we're a doin'; I've got two gathered up a'ready."

Mr. Brisk glared at her an instant, then continued his interrupted stream of eloquence. "If you will study the principle of these incandescent lights, for instance, and strive to penetrate the philosophy of carbonization, you might comprehend— Land of Liberty! Mrs. Brisk, what is the matter?" Are you going into a fit?"

"Oh, Jared! there's a man over there hanging himself!"

"Mrs. Brisk, when I married you I didn't suppose you was an idiot. That man with the rope is merely boring an artesian well; he has gone down two thousand feet already."

"Oh! how did he ever get up again? I don't believe you could ever have done it," and Mrs. Brisk put a ten-cent package of popcorn in her mouth and sighed deeply.

"That's mighty nice candy they've got piled up there," said the old lady, pointing to a tempting-looking pyramid near them.

"Mother," said Mrs. Brisk, quickly, "Jared says that is all made out of soap."

"Soap! Soap! You don't tell me so! Well, I think it ought to be agin' the law to adulterate things so. Now that they've got to makin' sugar out of beets and onions, and even lead, it does seem as if they don't need to make candy out of soap. No wonder so many folks pizen themselves nowadays, and have to have a post morbid examination and a coroner's interest in the house."

"This is the Art Gallery," said Mr. Brisk, as they passed through a succession of rooms where two or three persons were looking at pictures on the wall, and two or three hundred were looking at catalogues. "And this," pausing before a dilapidated painting and rolling up his eyes in regular Art School style, "this is a copy of one of the old masters."

"Are you sure, Jared?" timidly asked his wife, "it looks awfully like a woman to me."

Before her husband had time to annihilate her with one of his withering glances the crowd had separated them, and it was after some searching that he found them seated comfortably on the most elegant chair and sofa of an upholsterer's exhibit, while a slender, pale young man was trying to induce the old lady to relinquish her seat.

"Madame," said he, "these goods are under my charge, and I must request you to arise."



"Sit Right Down and Make Yourself Comfortable, Youngster."

"There's no need of that, youngster," she answered; "sit right down and make yourself comfortable; there's plenty of room."

"Madame," said he, indignantly, "these goods are to be looked at, not used."

"Well I never! I always thought such things were made to sit down on," and the old lady reluctantly removed from the sofa her purse, advertising cards, hand-bag, lunch-basket, fan, parasol, shawl, and finally herself, telling Jared, who just then made his appearance, that she didn't "think much of that youngster; everything on earth he cares for is show."

As they finally left the building, Mr. Brisk observed that "St. Louis Expositions are not as beneficial as they might be under proper management. Just wait till Bobbletown is as big as St. Louis, and we will show them what an Exposition is."

MARY A. BENSON.

HOW THE INSANE MAN WAS DETECTED.

(Translated from the German for Texas Siftings.)

A major in the Prussian army tells a good story at his own expense. Shortly after the battle of Plevna, our major was ordered to take the colonel of his regiment to an insane asylum. The colonel had received a gunshot wound in the head, which, while it did not injure his physical faculties to any great extent, had impaired his mental equilibrium.

It was a delicate task to get the colonel to the insane asylum, but the major adroitly managed to persuade him that they were going to an institution for the cure of nervous diseases. With the cunning peculiar to the insane, the colonel did not betray his thoughts.

When the sleigh arrived at the asylum, which was a few miles distant from the city of Kieff, the colonel was the first to spring out and enter the door, while the major stayed back to give some directions to the coachman. We will now let the major himself tell the rest of the story:

When I entered the hall I saw the colonel whispering in a very confidential manner to the superintendent. We all three entered the parlor, where we were introduced to a venerable female, a sister of the superintendent. She was an old maid—one who had been made a good while. It was, however, evident from her looks and manner that she had not forgotten how to flirt. It was very evident that she had not yet abandoned all hope of capturing a husband. At the tea table she was particularly amiable and attentive to the colonel, who seemed to reciprocate. Once or twice I caught them whispering together and looking at me.

As soon as tea was over I requested the superintendent to grant me a private interview, in order to acquaint him with the object of our visit. As soon as we were alone I said to the superintendent:

"In regard to the condition of my unfortunate comrade, I hope that his disease is not incurable. At all events, I have no doubt but that he will be benefited by his detention in this institution."

The superintendent gave me a piercing look, and then, with a slightly ironical smile, replied:

"I hope that your stay with us will also be beneficial to you."

"My stay! I don't catch your meaning."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the superintendent, taking my wrist.

"Why do you want to feel of my pulse? I'm not ill."

"From what the colonel tells me, I should infer that you needed my assistance."

"But it is the colonel who is out of his head."

"Undoubtedly one of you needs attention. Have you any written authority?"

"No, I have not. I supposed as a matter of course that you could distinguish a lunatic from a sane person, hence I did not come prepared with written authority."

"This is rather singular. Two gentlemen come here, and each one points out the other as the patient. However, the matter can be readily adjusted. I will send a messenger on horseback to the city. In the meantime you will remain in this room."

With these words the superintendent left me. I smiled at my ridiculous position. The ride had made me somewhat tired, so I threw myself on a sofa and in a few minutes drowsiness overtook me and I slept. I



"This is one of the Old Masters," said Mr. Brisk.

could not have slept very long when I was aroused by the superintendent.

"Major," he said, "I beg your pardon."

"Well, has your messenger returned from the city?"

"Not yet; but I know, nevertheless, who is out of his mind. It is the colonel."

"How did you make the discovery?"

"He has just proposed to my sister."

A FLIMSY PRETEXT.

A New York paper entertains fears with regard to the celebration of the World's Fair three years hence, that the water supply will be insufficient.

This is not right. It affords the inebriate a fresh excuse for using beer and whisky as exclusive beverages. From now on, such conversations as the following may be expected:

Judge Duffy—What excuse have you for getting drunk and beating your wife?

Inebriate—Sure, sor, I was a sober man till I read in the papers that the sooply of wahter would not be equal to the emargency.

Judge Duffy—Thirty days on the Island.

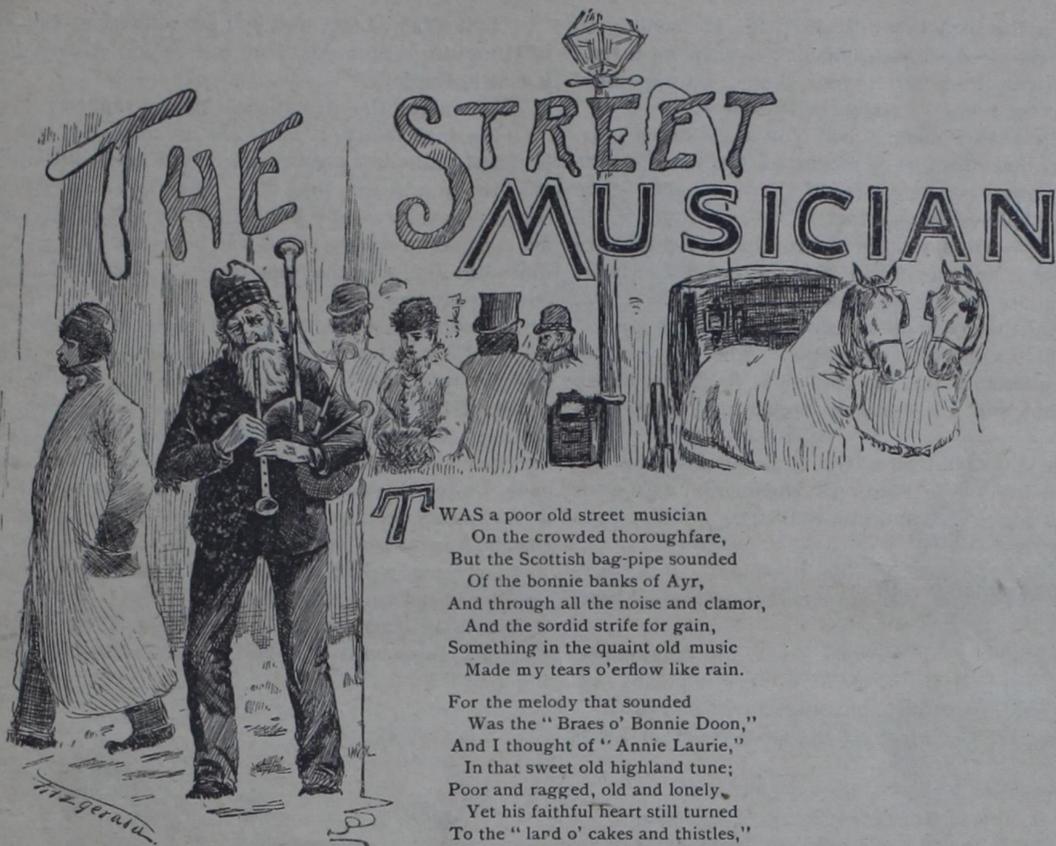
A GIFTED LIAR.

Stern Parent—So you love my daughter?

Would-be Son-in-law—I love her better than my own life.

That will do. You will not get her. I am something of a liar myself, and one good liar in a family is enough. I don't care to have any competition.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.



T WAS a poor old street musician
On the crowded thoroughfare,
But the Scottish bag-pipe sounded
Of the bonnie banks of Ayr,
And through all the noise and clamor,
And the sordid strife for gain,
Something in the quaint old music
Made my tears o'erflow like rain.

For the melody that sounded
Was the "Braes o' Bonnie Doon,"
And I thought of "Annie Laurie,"
In that sweet old highland tune;
Poor and ragged, old and lonely,
Yet his faithful heart still turned
To the "lard o' cakes and thistles,"
To sweet home and Robert Burns;
And with faded cap uplifted
To the careless passers by,
He whistled to his memory
"When the Bloom is on the Rye."

MRS. D. M. JORDAN.

MR. AUSTIN WANTS TO LECTURE.

"That George Kennan is a lucky fellow," sighed Mr. Austin as he laid down the newspaper he had been reading.

"Who is George Kennan?" asked Mrs. Austin, who sat by engaged with her sewing; "another of them fellers that's been going over Niagara Falls?"

"Falls nothing! He's the great American traveler, who has been all through Siberia and is writing up that country for The Century Magazine."

"What is he lucky about? to come through Siberia without being frost-bitten?"

"Well, yes, but he's got two hundred engagements to lecture at two hundred dollars a night."

"In Siberia?"

"In Siberia! No. About Siberia."

"I see. He will lecture in the countries about Siberia. Too cold to travel around lecturing in Siberia, I should imagine. Hard work to warm up the halls sufficiently. Now right here in Austin, Texas, last winter, when Bill Nye lectured, you remember, although he warmed us up pretty well the hall was so cold—"

"Well, you need to be warmed up, I must say. What on earth are you talking about, Matildy?"

"About lecturing in Siberia."

"I said Kennan was going to lecture about Siberia."

"That's what I say, but you know the country lying about Siberia—"

"Who's lying about Siberia?"

"Kennan may be, for what I know."

"There you go again, Mrs. Austin. Always getting things tangled up."

"Well, then, do try and make it clear what you mean to say," exclaimed Mrs. A. testily.

"I mean to say that Kennan, who has traveled all over Siberia, has written a lecture on the subject, and Major Pond, his manager, has made over two hundred engagements for him to deliver the said lecture in the United States and Canada. Now do you understand?"

"How did you learn this?"

"Through an extract from Pond's circular."

"Pond's Extract is considered pretty reliable, that's a fact. That time I sprained my ankle, you know, I—"

"You'll sprain your brains some day if you don't look out, Matildy."

"Well, I won't borrow yours if I do."

"Mr. Austin remarked 'Humph!' as he resumed his reading, and there was a long silence. Finally he took up the subject again:

"Wouldn't you like to see me on the lecture platform, Matildy?"

"Sitting up there right along side of the lecture committee?"

"No. Lecturing."

"What, you lecturing, John?"

"Why not? Bigger fools than I lecture."

"That may be, John, but I never heard 'em."

"Two hundred dollars a night is a good deal of money to claw on to, eh, Matildy?"

"Yes, but you won't claw onto it. If you get two hundred dollars a night you will have to turn burglar in a rich neighborhood. You will never see Pond's Extract that amount of money for a lecture from you."

"Course I won't until I am celebrated enough, and that's what I want to get at."

"What do you mean?"

"There was no call for Kennan by lecture committees until he had been to Siberia, was there?"

"Pity the war is over," said Mrs. A., reflectively. "You might win fame in war."

"Oh, the war is over, is it? (Sarcastically.) Well, I didn't think it would be over as long as you and I lived together."

"Don't waste such sharp things on me, John. You will need them for your lecture. But how do you expect to get fame enough to secure engagements?"

"Same as Kennan did, by traveling."

"All right, John.

That's just what you ought to do?"

"Think so?" asked John, eagerly.

"I'm sure of it. Your book peddling business has been neglected lately, and—"

"Yes?"

"So you had better take that package of books and—"

"What?"

"Travel!"

"Mrs. Austin pointed sternly at the door; Mr. A. saw that she meant it, and picking up his case of samples, Mr. Austin, the book canvasser, sighed deeply and started out on his daily avocation.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

There is a woman in South Brooklyn, daughter of a blacksmith, who is able to shoe a horse equal to the best of them. She gives horseshoemans the opportunity of being able to support herself.

Thespian—Yes, actors wear a great many ties even when they have no engagement. Indeed, that is the time they wear out so many railroad ties.

Traveler—We are sorry it offends you, but it seems to us perfectly proper that drunken men should travel by the "elevated" roads.

Youthful—You wish to know what is meant by a course of folly. Well, try the race-course.

Patricia—No, Patricia, a Mussulman is not necessarily a man of muscle, but he is usually very shell-fish.

Naturalist—Ivory grows in, or rather out of, certain parts of the elephant, and the elephant was originally invented at Tusk-ulum. At least Ivoree-son for thinking so.

Countryman—You have got things sadly mixed. A watch-dog has got nothing whatever to do with the dog-watch, provided the latter behaves himself and doesn't go courting the captain's daughter. The only similarity between a watch-dog and a dog-watch, is that they are both kept on the bark.

Witness—Yes, a jeweler may be correctly alluded to as a time-server.

Benedict—We are not surprised that your young wife refuses to dwell in a cellar. No respectable female would consent to live in a basement.

Antiquary—The first nickel-in-the-slot machine was invented by St. Nickel-us. It is more than five-centuries ago.

Anxious—A Harlem goat differs from all other goats in the matter of his diet only. It is doubtful if he will diet all, as he seems to thrive on sardine boxes, tomato cans, and other hardware. Like a cheap cigar he often goes to the butt, and that is the time a man ought to go to goat too.

Curious—"To ambushade," means to lie in wait. The term is often applied to coal dealers, who are always lying in weight.

Landsman—We are just as much in the dark as yourself, and can see no reason why a ship should go wrong if she carries a shipwright.

Bird Fancier—You ask us what shape is a parrot when it has escaped from its cage? Well we don't know, and can only venture to suggest that it is a Polly-gon.

Exile—Yes, we believe so. If a boodler in Canada calls on a government official during dinner, the latter can procure extra-dish-on papers.

Juror—Twelve men form a jury, but less than twelve can form a jury mast. In the latter case it dozent matter how many are employed.

Politician—Certainly, men have to push themselves before they can acquire "pulls."

JOHN S. GREY.

A doctor is sometimes called who really has no call to be a doctor.



"What was the sermon about this morning, Ethel?"

Ethel. (absently.) Such a ridiculous low sailor hat on a short stout woman;—O-ah—I mean "Behold the lilies of the field!"

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



W
HY HARRISON snubbed a colored man from Texas—Snort and Harrison discuss Dave Hill—Snort advises Harrison to drop the nigger—How the G. O. P. may yet be saved—The parable of the turkey and the goose

—Snort asks Lige about his ancestors—Snort helps Lige kill rats in the White House.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 28.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—One morning, not long since, observing that the President was reading a newspaper, with a very cynical expression I asked:

"Mr. President, are you reading about Windy Dave?"

"Windy Dave is good. Yes, Col. Snort, I am reading about Governor Hill's orations in the South."

"As a centre of natural gas he seems to rival the Pittsburg gas wells," I observed.

"He is a very fluent speaker," said Harrison sarcastically; "he prances on the platform like the trick mule in a circus, and churns up the English language with his *majestoso crescendo tenor robusto* voice and massive jaw. Col. Snort, I have a great notion of sending my son Russ down South to counteract Hill's speeches."

"For Heaven's sake, Mr. President, don't goad the South into another war."

"You seem to have a prejudice against my son Russ."

"Not at all, Mr. President, and to prove it I promise if Russ stumps the South I will furnish him with a recipe which will remove old egg stains from his shirt bosom. I got it from Eli Perkins, who has received many such ovations, as it were."

"That's just it," exclaimed Harrison, hotly, "every Democratic swashbuckler is lionized at the South, but if a Republican gentleman, like my son Russ, undertakes to make a speech there he needs recipes for washing off egg stains. Who is to blame for that?"

"You are, Mr. President," I replied, calmly.

For five minutes I thought our chief executive would have a fit. He fairly gasped for breath.

"Yes, Mr. President, I continued, "as Jacob or Nathan said unto David: 'Thou art the man.'"

"What-do-you-mean, Col. Snort?"

"I-mean-just-what-I-say, President—Harrison. I mean you make the Republican party odious in the South by appointing niggers to office. I advised you to appoint white Republicans or Democratic protectionists to office, but you did not do it. If you had done so the South would not be solidly Democratic now."

"Do you really think so, Col. Snort?"

"I know so, Mr. President. If the Bourbon shotgun gentry attempt any bulldozing when the Southern Republicans are mostly white instead of black, as they are now, they will regret it as

sincerely as the little boy did, when he, in mashing an insect on the window pane, mistook a wasp for a fly."

"Then you think no negroes should be appointed to office in the South?" asked the President.

"That's what I mean. Did you ever notice, Mr. President, that the turkey roosts on the fence, while the goose squats on the ground?"

"Yes, I believe that's a fact."

"Well, the white man is the turkey and the negro is the goose. You can knock the turkey off the fence forty times, but he will fly back and roost there again. You can put the goose up on the top rail of the fence, but he will tumble off every time. The only way to keep the goose on the top rail is to hold him there. That's what you are doing in appointing negroes to office."

"Then you would have the Republicans drop the negro and invite the Southern Democrats, who want their wool, sugar, rice and iron industries protected, to join our party?"

"Now you are shouting, Mr. President. It is really gratifying to see that you can have an occasional lucid interval."

Harrison was about to reply, when the doorkeeper, who is blacker than the inside of a box of blacking, entered and said, scornfully, handing Harrison a card:

"Dar's a light-complected niggah dude from Texas out dar."

The President looked at the card and said:

"O, yes; this is Hon. Mr. Cuney, of Galveston."

"Yes; he is one of your precious black-and-tan appointments," said I. "You appointed this saddle-colored mulatto to be collector of customs at Galveston, instead of appointing a white man."

Cuney was admitted, but Harrison received the colored brother very coolly. Finally, I shook my finger under Cuney's nose and asked him to explain to Harrison why, in such negro counties in Texas as Brazori, Matagorda and Fort Bend, all the local officials elected by negro votes are white Democrats, who certainly are not in favor of Harrison for re-election? This stumped Cuney, and Harrison looked sick.

In controlling Harrison I am obliged to be severe, for he is as obstinate as a balky mule, and nothing short of building a fire under him will start him.

"Mr. Harrison," said I, finally, "drop the nigger. You can't bite the bottom out of a frying-pan without getting smut on your nose."

Cuney didn't encore my speech, but left in disgust.

By the way, Johnny, I've got even with Lige Halford. He was born in England, and has never got over it entirely. He puts on too many frills, and he does not bow down and worship Snort as he should, so I made up my mind to take him down a peg. Said I:

"Lige, what is the meaning of those two hydrophobic Maltese circus lions rampant on your coat of arms? They seem to be climbing up on a buckwheat cake, regardant, to get at that large tape-worm on which is inscribed your family motto in Latin: 'O, come off! What are you givin' us?'"

"Vulgah cweature!" replied Lige, scornfully.

"Is it a fact, Lige, that you are related to the Earl of Hungerford Starvedale, of Starvedale Abbey, Fam- ineshire, England?"

Lige sniffed the air indignantly and replied:

"Me deah fellah, I can twace my ancestry back five hundred yeahs in an unbroken line, doncher know?"

"In an unbroken line, eh? Then your original ancestor was successfully hanged, after all. The sheriff evidently didn't understand his business. How many times did you say the rope broke? Was he hung on your family tree?"

After this Lige, for some inexplicable reason, was cold and distant, so I resolved on revenge. About this time the rats, as you saw by the papers, got to be very annoying in the White House. One day, hearing a female scream, we rushed into the next room. A large rat was the cause. Seizing Harrison's gold-headed cane, I aimed a fearful blow at the rat, missed it by about twenty feet, but hit Lige such a fearful whack that he howled so dismally that people away off on Pennsylvania avenue thought Harrison had refused another mugwump a fat office.

Next day Harrison said: "Col. Snort, why did you thump Lige so hard that you loosened the ferrule on my cane?"



Snort Rebukes Harrison's Colored Friend.

"Mr. President, you said the rats in the White House were a nuisance."

"But Mr. Halford is no rodent."

"May be not, but when you talk about a nuisance in the White House it can't mean anybody but 'Our Lige.'"

Harrison nodded his head, as much as to say, "that's so."

Your friend,

BILL SNORT.

INFALLIBLE SIGNS.

To meet a funeral procession is a sign of death.

To lose a pocketbook containing bills of large denominations, is considered very unlucky.

When a cat prepares to wash its face, it is a sign that some one in the house will shortly receive a licking.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry, it is a sign of marriage—or, if it isn't, it ought to be.

ON A GRAVE SUBJECT.

Wife—Will you see that my grave is kept green, my darling?

Husband—No, my dear, but I will plant violets upon it.

For what reason?

Because I do not wish any grave-robber to dig up your body.

How will the planting of violets upon my grave prevent them from digging me up?

Why, your grave will be kept inviolate, of course.

BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

It happened at a ball in Austin, Texas. A fashionable young lady, who was very homely, was speaking to a female friend about a rich young gentleman who was also at the ball, and who was considered quite a catch.

"He is such an intelligent and charming young man. He promised to dance the first dance with me, and he kept his promise like a gentleman," remarked the homely young lady.

"Yes," responded her friend, yawning, "I heard him say that it was one of his rules of life, when he had anything disagreeable to do, to go at it as soon as possible, and be done with it."

Those two young ladies have not been seen arm-in-arm on the street since.

It is painful to reflect that, had the Declaration of Independence been a temperance pledge it would never have secured so many signers as it did. The sentiment of the day was against the pledge.



Snort helps "Our Lige" kill rats in the White House.

BOX AND COX.

The report of the serious illness of John Madison Morton, author of so many popular farces written for the English stage, reminds us of an anecdote in connection with his well known play, Box and Cox.

When Charles Matthews was manager of one of the London theatres, the illness or absence of an actor rendered it impossible to give the afterpiece, or farce, and Mr. Matthews, after the first piece, came out before the curtain to make a suitable apology to the audience. He said that with the present company they were unable to substitute any other farce for the one on the bill, and he craved the indulgence of the audience. There was some grumbling among the people and an evident disposition to insist upon another play being given, for Englishmen are prone to demand the full value of their money.

"If any of you can suggest a farce that we can play with this company I will gladly accede," said Mr. Matthews, blandly.

"Box and Cox," cried a gruff voice in the pit near the stage.

Matthews fixed him with his glittering eye, and said: "Why Box and Cox?"

Then a voice from a stall cried: "Why Box and Cox?"

The cry was taken up all over the house—"Why Box and Cox?" amid roars of laughter.

The man who made the suggestion looked terrified at the tumult he had invoked, and as it intensified he seized his umbrella and incontinently bolted for the door, pursued by a storm of—"Why Box and Cox?"

Everybody had a great laugh—the circumstance was a roaring farce in itself—Matthews smiled and bowed himself out, and everybody went away satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

HE WAS USED TO IT.

An accident occurred on a Western railroad, and a man who was jammed into a space hardly big enough for a cat was released. He was not injured to speak of, and was very cheerful.

"You must have suffered a great deal from suffocation," said one of the rescuers.

"Not at all; I am a New Yorker and travel on the elevated cars. I am so used to being crowded, that, compared with my daily experience in an 'L' car, the position from which you have rescued me afforded as

much room as a blackbird has in a forty-acre field."

UNDER A CLOUD.

C.—How is your brother Tom coming on?
 D.—His affairs do not improve. He seems to be under a cloud.
 Where is he now?
 In Boston.
 Well, no wonder he is under a cloud. I never visited that town but it was raining pitchforks.

A HEAD FOR BUSINESS.

Teacher—The man who complies with his obligations under the most difficult circumstances is a worthy man. Master Solomon Isaacs, if a poor man owes your father \$100 on a certain day, and he pays the money when it is due, what is he?
 Master Isaacs—He is owing dot interest on der \$100. Dot ish vot he ish.

A SENSIBLE GIRL.

Dude—Your cruel parents refuse their sanction to our union. Let us elope.
 Smart Girl—By no means! Do you suppose I want to be swindled out of my wedding presents?

HIS FITNESS.

Bobbs (severely)—I loaned you the book but didn't expect you to keep it always. I did it confidentially.
 Dobbs—Doesn't that prove my fitness for the position I hold—confidential book-keeper?

ENTIRELY ADEQUATE.

New-Reporter (to managing editor of Philadelphia evening paper)—Shall I go out and get some news?
 Managing Editor—There's no necessity for that, sir, the New York morning papers are all here.

WHEN TO EXECUTE.

Governor Hill has expressed his objection to criminals being executed on Friday. As long as the criminals are executed, it really doesn't make much difference. All executions are painful. Even the execution of a piece of music on a badly-tuned piano is painful. There are exceptions, however; for instance, hanging on a shapely arm under the supervision of a pair of lovely blue or black eyes, while in the nature of capital punishment, is said to be far from painful by those who have had experience in such matters.

But returning to the day of the week most appropriate for public executions, there is something in the remark of a French convict who was to be executed on Monday. "Monday" he murmured, "Monday—a nice way to begin the week."

By the way, England has an official executioner by the name of Berry. He enjoys a monopoly of elevating the superfluous malefactors. Berry, having perceived that we Americans have a great weakness for everything English, has offered to come over here and execute our condemned criminals for \$25 per week.

There are various objections to this arrangement, but the most potent one is the impetus the killing industry is liable to get from the prospect of being removed by a genuine English hangman who drops his "hatches" and his victims with equal nonchalance.

HIS LIFE IN DANGER.

Mrs. Jones (reading the paper)—The Czar's life is believed to have been in great danger during his trip.
 Jones—Is it possible that the American pie has been introduced at European railroad lunch counters?
 N. B.—Mrs. Jones makes her pies (or biscuits).

WHAT HE SAID.

Baby McKee—What did Secretary Noble say when grandpapa thanked him for cuttin' the string that tied us to Corporal Tanner?
 Grandpapa's Hat—Noblesse oblige.

THE stab which Mary Donnelly, nurse for the Hamilton baby, received from Mrs. H. got her a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar-a-week salary in a New York dime museum. It was not the unkindest cut of all.



THE JUDGE OF THE BABY SHOW.

Mr. Philimigilder was appointed judge of the Baby Show, and gave his decision with great promptness. But he forgot all about the mothers of the babies who got left, until he attempted to leave the show—Then !!



SEASONABLE ADVICE.

Come inter de garden, Maud,
 For de black Night hab floun,
 But be suah ter put on yer sealskin, Maud,
 Ef yer don't wanter be chilled ter de bone.

UP IN A BALLOON!

A TALE OF LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

(Translated from the French.)



FOR A WHILE a roar of applause burst from a thousand people; the balloon had started. Like a falcon whose eyes the hunter had suddenly uncovered it rose into the air, superb, erect, and with the grace and rapidity of a bird. Leaning from their fragile rampart of osier, the two aeronauts saw Naples, which they were fast quitting, a city reduced to the proportions of a hive.

But to the right and left, before and behind them, what a marvelous horizon! Vesuvius was there, sleeping her unquiet sleep; then, farther along, the jagged line of the Apennines and of the other coast; and farther than the eye could reach the vast sea, blue and scintillating under the yellow sun.

Suddenly in the profound stillness of the azure a woman's voice resounded clear as a tinkling crystal.

"Olivier," she said, "Olivier, your hand."

"With pleasure. Lea; allow me," and this time the voice was that of a man. "Thanks!" and she whom he had called Lea reseated herself and closed her eyes with a shudder. The man demanded:

"What is the matter with you? Are you ill?"

"I was afraid—vertigo seized me—it is over now," passing her hand across her eyes.

"Do you regret your fancy?"

"No, certainly not; but a first experience surprises the nerves a little. Don't worry yourself," she added. "I shall become inured to it."

The gentleman made no reply, but, upright beside her, contemplated her fixedly. Truly a charming picture in her jaunty tourist dress. The young woman also regarded her companion, a man of grave and scholarly mien, at the present moment, however, troubled or morose.

"And you, Olivier," she said in turn in her singing voice, noticing his lowering brow, "whence comes that sombre air?" Olivier still answered nothing, but leaning again from the edge of the basket watched their course.

"We mount too rapidly," he said at last, and seizing a cord that hung within reach of his hand he drew upon it lightly. Instantly there was a sensation of slackening; then of arrest, and finally of a movement in the contrary direction.

"Are we descending for good and all?" Lea demanded.

"No," he responded; "we shall remount immediately."

"When, then?"

"When I please. I have only to reclose the escape-pipe that releases the gas. You see this cord that I hold in my hand? It is that which regulates our course."

"And should it break?"

"It can not; it is solid. But if by a sort of miracle it should disappear we should be lost."

"Lost?"

"Yes, lost; the balloon is so powerfully inflated with hydrogen it would carry us to the regions where the air is irrepressible. We should be asphyxiated."

"Happily it would require, it seems to me, two miracles, for the cord—it is double, is it not?"

"In effect, yes; in reality, no. Lean this way a little more. Do you notice above there something that

looks like a loop? The cord passes through it; these are its two ends that I hold in my hands. They are joined, of course; but a stroke of a knife would suffice to separate them. See, now that the ends are liberated I have only to draw upon one; the cord glides through the link, falls to my feet, and, behold! we start for the great voyage!"

The young man, as he spoke, suited the action to the word. The rope rattled through the fastening and dropped to his hand, to be launched a second later into space. The young woman leaped to her feet, shivering and bewildered.

"Olivier!" she cried, "Olivier, what are you doing? Are you mad?"

"Mad," he echoed, his tone ominously calm; "no, I am not mad."

"Then what do you mean? What do you wish?"

"I wish that which is going to happen; I wish that we should die together, here, in the wide heaven, far from the earth that I have execrated ever since I learned to know you there as you really are—ever since the mud of which it is made splashed the idol that my superstition adored in you."

Lea uttered a cry of astonishment in which fright predominated.

"I!" she stammered; "is it of me?"

"Protest not," continued Olivier; all pretense is useless; with a word I will convince you. For ten days I have known that you had betrayed me—that you had deceived me like a girl. I know that you have a lover; yes, a blockhead, an imbecile; that Count Moreno, who followed us from Venice, whom we found again at Milan, at Florence, at Rome, whom you have forced me to receive as a traveling companion, to whom I have given my hand daily—fool that I am—and who doubtless has laughed with you at my naive confidence. Yes, I know all this! How have I learned it? It matters little. You know it as well as I; that six

Behold it realized—behold your dream—a page from your own fantasy! We are here, as you often wished to be, alone—soaring in an eagle's flight—alone in the skies! It was your own idea this hiring the balloon of the aeronaut, mounting it, and departing with me thus; a caprice of the season, to finish worthily the days of the Neapolitan carnival. I accepted it—it was my revenge you offered me—I seized it, I say; I learned the art; we are together; and now it is to vengeance I deliver you—the vengeance of the heavens mocked by your poetical fictions, your sacrilegious lies and ironies. Ah, but they will avenge themselves cruelly, those impassible judges! And know you the punishment they will inflict?

"Soon, my dearest, a red foam will heighten the carmine of your smiling lips, red drops show themselves at the tips of your ears like pendants of coral, and your beautiful eyes shed tears of blood."

The young woman, wild with horror, threw herself upon her knees, trembling convulsively.

"You would not do this, Olivier; you could not; it is too cruel. For God's sake do not make me die this frightful death!"

Olivier shrugged his shoulders.

"I could not hinder it if I would," he answered. "I am not able."

"Then," cried Lea, "I will save myself; I will pierce this wicked web!" And she raised her eyes to the rounded belly of the balloon so far above them.

"Try it," said Olivier, coldly.

"You would do this wicked thing?" she murmured.

"You who loved me—"

All at once, even as she spoke, she started with joy;

the light of hope illumined her face. Slowly, softly she carried her hands to the folds of her dress and drew forth an object, small, glittering, and that she carefully dissimulated behind the folds of her handkerchief.

"Reason is lost upon a madman," said she. "Nevertheless, my dear, you have reckoned without your host. A good American travels not without her revolver."

She raised her arm; two reports followed, and, traversed from end to end by two balls, the "Aerostat" began to descend.

"For an instant Olivier paled and leaned from the basket, but quickly rose.

"So be it," he answered, "we are in the middle of the sea—blue for blue. We can die there—in the water—the same as in sky."

The balloon, growing smaller and smaller as the gas escaped, went faster and faster; the

speed had become frightful—the speed of the thunder-bolt!

Olivier himself, blind, suffocated, his lungs like fire, knelt upon the floor of the car awaiting the end. And in the silence of the sunlit heavens the air-ship pursued its dizzy course.

* * * * *

"NAPLES, March 10, 1888.—MY DEAR SIR: I have but this moment received news of you. They assure me that you are better—that you will live. I am charmed. I am better also; you will certainly learn this with pleasure. I have bestowed a roll of bank bills upon the fisherman who rescued us and brought us to land—both of us, it appears, unconscious, and you half drowned.

"Behold one poor devil who will be able to say, without metaphor, that fortune fell upon him from the skies!

"Traveling, however, my friend, is decidedly too dangerous in your company. I have come to believe that some day or other it will bring me misfortune. Pardon this superstition, hatched in my brain in this classic country of the jettatura, and suffer that henceforth I pursue alone my voyage 'to the country of the blue.'

"Then, my dear assassin, without too much rancor,

LEA."



Rescued by a Fisherman.

months before we left New York you had become widowed and liberated, and that I, affianced to a beautiful girl who loved me truly, broke with her and left her to follow you, according to a sacred promise. Since then, despite conventionalities and all social conveyances, I have traveled in your train and traveled there with your permission, defying the opinion of men, the gossip of the prude and the prejudiced. Have I not always in everything been a submissive slave to your will and caprices?

"You wished to wait; you said to me that the term of your widowhood had not expired; that you must give to the usages of the world the pitiful alms of this concession; but that when the regular delay had elapsed you would be mine—mine alone! A touching scruple—easily satisfied since it pleased you that I should be the only dupe! The exception was flattering—permit me to thank you! In truth, Lea, it has been for you a piquant rôle to play. You would have made a most excellent comediëne, you to whom love is but poetical aspirations, ethereal dreams, aimless flights into the azure—you who have the voice of a siren, the face of an angel, the heart—ah, well, we will not talk of your heart, mon ami, but of your whim of the moment!

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.

For Nervousness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. C. HANSCOME, Minneapolis, Minn., says: "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence; the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."



FEATURES of sporting life — broken noses.—Puck.

TANK plays are popular for divers reasons.—Peck's Sun.

A LITTLE thing that feels big in a tight place is a corn.—Troy Press.

THE gait's a jar—to the rider who is unaccustomed to trotting.—Puck.

NATURE, like man, begins her fall by painting things red.—Boston Post.

THE swallow tail is occasionally seen in the pigeon-cote.—Yonkers Gazette.

POLITICAL arithmetic is one of the most flexible of the sciences.—Lawrence Eagle.

A SYNDICATE of cattlemen has a perfect right to water its stock.—Rochester Post-Express.

WHEN thieves fall out honest men should get their work in.—New Orleans Picayune.

When you forgive an enemy
The stings that smart and bluster,
The reason then is one of two—
He is a bigger man than you,
Or has a pretty sister.

—Liverpool Post.

"LIVE and let live" is not the motto of the live electric wire.—Binghamton Republican.

THE more people become wrapped up in themselves the colder they grow.—Boston Post.

It is probable that Chinese as well as other politicians go off on junketing tours.—Rome Sentinel.

WOMEN give most free rein to their thoughts when they write anonymously.—Milwaukee Journal.

No New York sport should be allowed to shoot Niagara Falls out of season.—New Orleans Picayune.

JUDGE LYNCH is a very clever artist. He draws from life, and his style is painfully realistic.—Drake's Magazine.

If you have no bread to cast on the waters, then use taffy, of which the poorest has a supply.—Dansville Breeze.

A BOSTON authoress has published a book which she calls "My First Loaf." We'll bet it's heavy.—Yonkers Statesman.

MR. HO, of the Chinese Legation, was educated in England. In his own country his name is spelled "O."—N. Y. Dispatch.

THE Watch Trust is said to be breaking up. It is time. A great many other trusts, by the way, need watching.—Norristown Herald.

What thought you shiver in the cold?
What thought the baby barks with croup?
Rejoice, ye man, be not cast down!
You've got the ice-man in the soup.

—Lawrence American.

It is supposed that Americans' go-ahead qualities are due to the fact that they have so much push while they are babies.—Boston Transcript.

REGINALD writes for light on the subject of making love. You don't need any light on that subject, Reginald; it is better in the dark.—Peck's Sun.

AMONG the 1060 convicts of a Pennsylvania State prison there are only nineteen mechanics. Young man, learn a trade!—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

WHEN a married man buttons his suspenders on eight-penny nails it is sure evidence that he has been disappointed in love.—Binghamton Republican.

BEFORE leaving for Europe Barnum promised his Bridgeport neighbors that he would bring home the British lion and have it on exhibition next year. We may get a twist at the beast's tail yet.—Boston Globe.

THE man who should invent a machine so that people could drop a nickel in the slot and pick out a name for the baby would surely make a fortune—it would take so many trials to get a name to suit.—Somerville Journal.

Use Angostura Bitters to stimulate the appetite and keep the digestive organs in order.

Burdette's Mistake.

People who have met me on the train say that I am of all men most morose, unsociable and unaccommodating; that I never offer to open a window for any one, never close the door after the brakeman has gone out and taken the end of the car and a crashing noise with him, never offer to turn a seat for two ladies who wish to monopolize four sittings with a trip pass and a scalper ticket; never, in short, offer any of those little attentions to my fellow travelers which the fresh young man and the simple old one are so ready and so glad to extend. I plead guilty. I never do. I will do anything I am asked to do, if I have time, and feel just like it, and there seems to be no good reason why I shouldn't, but I won't volunteer to do anything on the train. I used to; some; I am older now, and know so much less than formerly that both my neighbors of the road and myself get along much more comfortably. Years and years ago, I one day picked up a shawl which fell from a lady's lap into the aisle of the car. As I picked it up, such a miscellaneous assortment of articles, mostly of an edible nature, fell out of that shawl that I was paralyzed with amazement, and nothing but the lurid language of the owner brought about the reaction that was necessary to save my life. For the largest fee I ever was paid, I never afforded a car full of people so much amusement as I did for nothing by that little act of kindness. With the exception of the lady whose shawl the lunch basket was, and myself, I think everybody in the car was pleased. And passengers in the other cars, all the way from the smoker and the sleepers, hearing the sounds of mirth came into our car and asked about it. And the people who had the loudest and clearest voices told the incident, referring to me as "that man" or to avoid tautology, as the story had to be repeated many times in the course of 145 miles, "that fellow," or "that chap," or "that man settin' there." I sawed wood very conscientiously for a long time after that, but on another evil day I entertained another traveling audience by tugging at a car window which had never been opened since the car was built. I wore a porous plaster on the plinth of my spinal column for a couple of weeks, and reformed again. I burned the old resolutions on the tablets of memory, and engraved them with a pen of iron on my heart. I also made up my mind that I would endeavor to remember them.

Well, a week or two since I was thundering along through the miles of exquisite landscape gardening that mark the suburbs of Philadelphia. A young gentleman sitting just in front of me left the train at a local station, and just as we started again half a dozen excited female voices shrilled out upon the startled air: "Oh! Oh! Oh! That-young-man-has-left-his-umbrella! Oh! He'll-never-see-it-again! Call-him-quick! Oh-throw-it-out-to-him-do-do-do-throw-that-young-man-his-umbrella!" And as they pointed at the young man and shrieked at me I hastily raised the window, the powers of darkness assisting me, yelled at the young man, hurled the umbrella at him like a javelin, and we were gone.

In about two minutes a young man two stories and a mansard taller than any member of my whole family came down the aisle of that car with a darkened brow, and looked long and earnestly into the vacant seat whence I had just fired a silk umbrella with a hammered silver head. He looked under the seat and then he looked into the rack. Then he looked at me. I didn't look up, but I felt his eyes go clear through me, as I gazed fixedly out of the window and tried hard to think of the form of prayer

to be used for a man who expects to spend the rest of the winter in the hospital. Before I could remember it the athletic looking stranger said kindly, but very firmly: "I left an umbrella in this seat a few minutes ago." For one moment the ghastliest silence you ever heard settled down on that car, and then those shrieking women giggled, as though it were a light thing to die when you had a return ticket in your pocket that would be wasted. I tried to tell the stranger that the young man who was sitting in the seat took it with him, but I thought I had done enough wickedness and folly for one trip. I owned up and told him the truth. He was a magnanimous man, and he spared me. But it was a moment of agony, and to-day there are white hairs on the back of my head that I never saw before, and I never pass through Merion station without a shudder. And I never again will offer to extend the slightest helpful courtesy to a stranger. No; if the train should jump off a bridge 4,000 feet high into a cataract fiercer than 10,000 Niagaras I wouldn't offer to hold a lone woman's baby and get her hand bag out of the rack for her, while she put on her gossamer and hunted for her lost check in case she should want her baggage when we got to the bottom.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wonder Cure of the XIX. Century.

The marvels of medical science in its application to mechanism have undeniably been exhausted in the invention of The Wonder Cure Battery, generating its own power, consisting of a vapor, penetrating the air passages of the human system to their entire extent and curative of diseases inaccessible to other remedies. Manufactured by the Actina Company, No. 86 Fifth Avenue, New York City, it has been before the public and most successfully tested during the past six years. Consequently its remedial effects have been attested as matters of solid fact by clouds of witnesses of the highest social standing, afflicted with neuralgia, catarrh, hay fever, nervous headaches, asthma, insomnia, brain troubles and kindred complaints, who have spontaneously tendered testimony as to the rapidity and permanence of the cures effected by this infallible agent. No chest cold can long exist if The Wonder Cure Battery is used. It instantly relieves colds in the head and all throat affections, loosening the phlegm oppressing any part of the system. It is guaranteed to effect a positive cure, not only for those complaints but also deafness and impairment of eyesight, restoring the senses of hearing and seeing, while supplying the most potent nerve stimulant known to science. Remember, The Wonder Cure Battery is not a powder, a snuff nor a douche, but a mechanical invention of convenient size to be carried in the pocket, lasts an entire lifetime, ever ready for application, while its operation is so simple that it can be used by any one. It is transmitted by mail to addresses in any portion of the known world. Visitors to the Company's parlors can receive trial treatment gratuitously, while residents at any distance, who will send with their postal addresses three 2 cent stamps, will receive in return an illustrated book.

Too Late.

"Pa, I want you to come into the parlor this eve, and be introduced to my latest suitor."

"Great Jehosophat! Clara, what do you mean? The last one you had was late enough, the Lord knows!"—Yonkers Gazette.

Don't You Know

that you cannot afford to neglect that catarrh? Don't you know that it may lead to consumption, to insanity, to death? Don't you know that it can be easily cured? Don't you know that while the thousand and one nostrums you have tried, have utterly failed that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is a certain cure? It has stood the test of years, and there are hundreds of thousands of grateful men and women in all parts of the country who can testify to its efficacy. All drug-gists.

"A Penny a Day."

This is the new shibboleth of the pension grabbers. Everybody who took part in the war is to have a penny a day for every month of service; that is, one month's service, a penny a day. Thirty-six months' service, thirty-six pennies a day, or \$10.05 a month. Under this gonfalon the Dudleys and others of the pension cormorants are marshaling their hosts, and are enthusiastic in the belief that with a Republican Congress in both branches and a Republican President there will be no difficulty in the way save a patriotic protest from Democratic soldiers and a Democratic press, for which they care nothing.

The penny a day idea has come to stay, and it will not be scared from its pedestal by the mere overthrow of a Tanner or the folly of a Dalzell. The pension agents in Washington have the matter in hand; the Grand Army is committed to it; the Republican majority in Congress, still resentful of Cleveland's veto of the milder bill, will rejoice at a chance for party revenge, and a timid President with a renomination bee in his bonnet will not veto the measure. Unless such a protest goes up as no party in power dare defy the penny a day idea will prevail.

"A penny a day" means little less than one hundred millions a year added to the already enormous pension burdens. It is computed that more than 2,000,000 men served an average of three years each during the war. How many of these survive is at present incalculable, but if all were alive we would at the rate of \$120.60 each per year have to pay \$241,200,000 annually to carry out the idea of a penny a day. Probably half these soldiers are alive. In that case \$120,000,000 would meet the claim. Discussion of such a proposition may seem to sound minds to be idle effort, but in these days of Tannerism, which has received but a momentary check, and with the Fairchilds, the Algers, the Forakers and all the others yet in existence, the people would do well to look even so absurd a folly squarely in the face. The penny a day idea needs watching.—Chicago Herald.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

The Ohio & Mississippi was the first railway constructed Westward from Cincinnati, and its history of a third of a century is one of steady improvement in physical condition and traffic resources.

At the present time four through passenger trains each way between Cincinnati and St. Louis are necessary to accommodate its large and constantly increasing volume of travel; three between Cincinnati and Louisville, and two between Louisville and St. Louis.

The time of its fast daylight vestibule train between Cincinnati and St. Louis, a distance of 341 miles, is but ten hours, an average speed which is not surpassed by any railroad in the United States.

Its trains all enter Union Depots in Cincinnati, Louisville and St. Louis, conveniently located near the centres of business. Transfers to other lines are thus avoided. Through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars are run by this line between St. Louis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York.

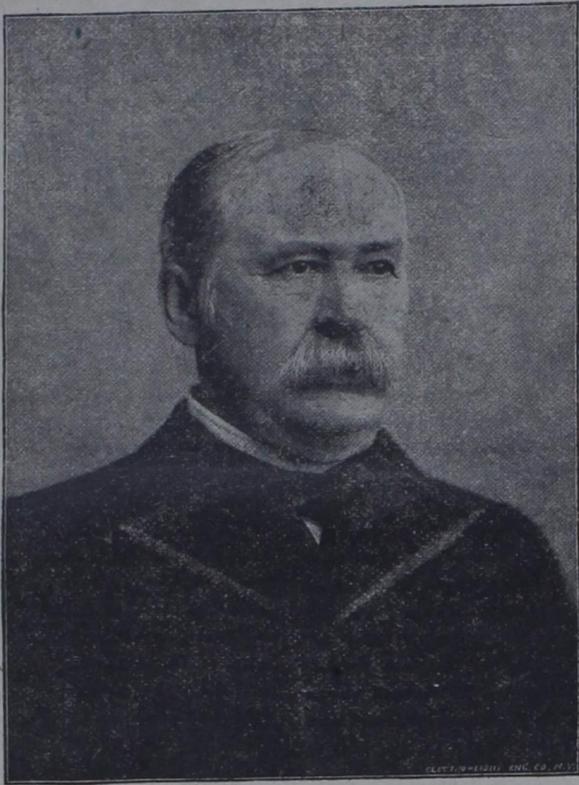
Yes, dear, we believe they will call the phonograph a she. It always has the last word, you know.—Washington Post.

Oneita Spring.

This wonderful Spring is located in the suburbs of the city of Utica, N. Y., and flows from the crevice of a rock forty feet deep. Its value is recognized at home, which should give it a tower of strength abroad, and it will be found the superior of any known Mineral Water for table use, and in the cure of Kidney and other troubles.

Careful analysis of the water from this Spring shows it to possess pronounced medicinal qualities, equal to those of any Mineral Water sold in this country.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY
OF PROMINENT AMERICAN OFFICIALS.



GOVERNOR JOHN M. THAYER, OF NEBRASKA.

Hon. John M. Thayer, Governor of the State of Nebraska, is a native of Norfolk county, Massachusetts. He settled in the young and thriving territory of Nebraska in 1854, and was soon appointed to the command of troops raised to defend the Nebraskan frontier against hostile Indians. In 1861, at the breaking out of the War of Rebellion, he raised the first regiment of Nebraska infantry to fight for the preservation of the Union. He proved to be an efficient and valuable officer, and commanded a brigade at the battles of Donelson and Shiloh. Then at Arkansas Post he led his brigade as a storming column at Chickasaw Bayou; afterwards he was placed in command of the Army of the Frontier, and fought the battles of Prairie de Ann, Fort Smith and Jenkins' Ferry. His war record was one of which he may well be proud.

In 1867 he was elected to the United States Senate and served one term. In 1875 he was appointed Governor of Wyoming and served nearly four years in a critical period of its history. He was elected Governor of Nebraska in 1885, and re-elected in 1888, which position he now holds. Gov. Thayer is a good executive officer, and a man of marked probity and ability.

A New Term for it.

Francis Wilson, the comedian, who is now at the Grand Theatre in "The Oolah," is a great base-ball crank. In this regard he is about on a par with Digby Bell and De Wolf Hopper. One day recently Bell met Wilson on Broadway, in New York, and the two stopped to talk about the city's chances for the pennant and Chicago's sure thing on the world's fair. As they chatted, along came a friend of Bell who was also a ball crank, but he was afflicted with a hare-lip, and it was extremely difficult to understand his conversation about the national game. Bell knew this, and when he had introduced his friend to Wilson, he hastened to excuse himself on the plea of an engagement. "Frank," he said, as he left, "my friend is going your way and will walk along with you." Then he escaped. When he met Wilson a day or two later he expected to be taken to task for introducing him to such an unintelligible companion, but Wilson said not a word. Finally, Digby's curiosity got the better of him, and he asked, "What did you think of my harelipped friend the other day?" Wilson calmly replied that he had found him an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. "But," said Digby, nonplussed, "I didn't suppose you could understand a word he said." The volatile Wilson smiled and replied: "My boy, I was on to his curves."—Chicago Herald.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

She Would be Mum.

A little Maine girl, visiting New York recently, went to the theatre two or three times. On her return home she was reluctant to go to church on Sunday, and made the remark that "she liked those meetings best where the curtain rose." Her father was a leading church member and cautioned her about making that remark when callers were present. Shortly after the minister was shown in and the little girl entertained him a while alone. When her father entered the room she said, "Papa, I've told the minister all about my visit to New York, but I didn't say anything about the meetings where the curtain rose, and I ain't a going to, either."—Rockland (Me.) Free Press.

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.

No Wish to Crowd the Mourner.

Collector—"Mr. Rankin says he can't be bothered to send me to see you every week about that little bill."

Customer—"My compliments to Mr. Rankin, and tell him every other week will do just as well."—Judge.

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.

Kissing the Rod.

A little girl named Martha, not yet five years old, has her hands whipped whenever she does anything deserving punishment. Martha is a well-trained child, and knows so well when she deserves a whipping that she voluntarily at such times holds out her hands to her father or mother. She was visiting a little playmate the other day when the latter did something which did not receive Martha's approval.

"If I did that I would get my hands whipped," said Martha.

"I never get whipped," said her little friend.

"But you ought to have some whipping," said the reasoning Martha, "for you don't know how much good it does one."—Boston Times.

Rashness.

"Haw! Bwing me oythtath faw my lunt!"

He called out to the waiter.

But R! he left from every month,

So felt quite wretched later!—Puck.

WONDER CURE OF THE 19th CENTURY IMPROVED BATTERY
ONLY KNOWN CURE FOR CATARRH

ONLY KNOWN CURE FOR CATARRH. IT IS THE MOST POWERFUL NERVE Stimulant IN THE WORLD.

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

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CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.
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A NEW SHAWMUT COLLAR



BARRY AND FAY
IN
MC KENNA'S FLIRTATIONS.

If for fun you are looking,
It's time you took in
The show that gives pleasure to great and to small,
For of funny creations
MC KENNA'S FLIRTATIONS
Is surely the best and the brightest of all!

I've just made a visit
In order to quiz it,
And I laughed till I cried at the fun of the play;
From floor up to rafter
Ke-echoed with laughter
At the wit and the humor of BARRY AND FAY!

From the rise of the curtain
It's morally certain
You're kept on a loud and continual roar;
The dialogue's sprightly,
And causes mirth nightly,
In houses that crowd from the stage to the door.

The comical faces,
The shrugs and grimaces,
The strange things they do, and the odd things they
say,
Keep people's sides shaking
Until they are aching,
At the humorous sallies of BARRY AND FAY!

The fun is well blended,
The scenery splendid,
The story well told, and the music quite new;
From my observations
MC KENNA'S FLIRTATIONS
Is sure of successes the whole country through.

All those who have viewed it,
Have never yet rued it,
But felt so much happier after the play;
Bright men'ries they carry
Of Fay and of Barry,
The world-famed comedians, BARRY AND FAY!
—John S. Grey.

Dockstader's Minstrels were never so popular in New York as at present. Crowded houses is the rule.

Our Flat, at the Lyceum Theatre, appears to have scored a hit. There are many laughable scenes and points in it.

Last week Sweet Lavender was played at the People's Theatre to an excellent business. This week the attraction is Captain Swift, from the Madison Square Theatre.

Next Monday evening, Nov. 4th, the Emma Juch English Opera Company will begin an engagement at the Harlem Opera House. This elegant and attractive palace of amusement is growing in popularity, as it deserves to. It is the handsomest theatre in New York and one of the most comfortable. All the great attractions will be seen there during the season.

It is rarely that New York has enjoyed so many dramatic attractions all at the same time. Booth and Modjeska at the Broadway are giving a series of performances that attract full houses. The talented trio, Joseph Jefferson, Wm. J. Florence and Mrs. John Drew are no less successful at the Star. I saw them in The Rivals the other night, and cannot recall a more perfect and enjoyable performance. Whatever others may have accomplished as Bob Acres, Jefferson has succeeded in making the part all his own. There is inimitable comedy in his poses, his hesitating speech, his timidity and faint-hearted bluster—in the glance of his eye and the twirl of his chapeau. There is more comedy in Jefferson's back sometimes than in many a comedian's face. Jefferson failing, indeed! He is in the very zenith of his powers. And what an admirable Sir Lucius O'Trigger "Billy" Florence makes. Not the "roaring, raring, tearing Irishman" some players make him, but the high-toned, gentlemanly son of the old sod Sheridan drew, whose affections are divided between

the girls and the dueling ground. As to Mrs. Drew's Mrs. Malaprop, it is incomparable. She has no rival on the American or English stage in the parts she takes. Mr. Varley makes a very acceptable Sir Anthony, and Captain Absolute is well represented by Mr. Paulding. Salvini, whose Othello stands at the head of tragic representations on the stage of the present day, has won new honors in his play of Samson, which he has given several times at Palmer's Theatre. He is ably supported by Miss May Brooklyn in the part of Delilah. This lady has developed into an actress of great sweetness and power and charms her audiences greatly. Henry E. Dixey is building The Seven Ages into a play that is likely to be popular for a long time and bring this versatile actor much fame and renown. Seats at the Standard have to be engaged some days in advance, the rush is so great.

How Some Girls Walk.

Why is it you young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffling the walk, and altogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows, twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse, and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, bent back, head forward and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm, graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools?—Kingston Freeman.

Taken Unawares.

Unsuspected causes for malaria exist everywhere. A sunken lot partially filled with water in the vicinity of your abode, a new location upon land filled in, but formerly overflowed or marshy, and causes far more occult than these produce the atmospheric miasmata which constitute the germs that, if inhaled, ripen into fever and ague and congenital maladies. A person taken unawares with a malarial complaint should, as soon as it declares itself, seek aid from the safe, non-disappointing, cordia medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which has for over a third of a century, and in every quarter of the globe, relieved the malaria-stricken, and neutralized miasma in air and water. The Bitters imparts activity to the stomach, bowels and liver, repels incipient rheumatism, and remedies inaction of the kidneys and bladder. Appetite and sleep are improved, and the infirmities of age mitigated by its use.

It is perfectly safe to "make light of" an electric wire, provided you don't take hold of the live end of it.—Puck.

"I find the doctors and the sages
Have differed in all climes and ages."
But I have found no difference of opinion among the female sages who have used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription as a remedy for the weaknesses and ailments peculiar to their sex. "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of prolapsus, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration, inflammation, pain and tenderness. The only remedy for such maladies sold under a guarantee. Particulars on bottle-wrapper. All druggists.

If you happen to call a private soldier "captain" he will find no fault. If you call a colonel "corporal" you will hear from him.—New Orleans Picayune.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S EFFECTUAL GREAT ENGLISH PILLS WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Billious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER; they ACT LIKE MAGIC—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box. Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, (if your druggist does not keep them,) WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

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First Dame—"Do you ever go through your husband's pockets in the morning?"
Second Dame—"Huh! Catch me waiting until morning. I go through them before he goes out in the evening."—New York Weekly.

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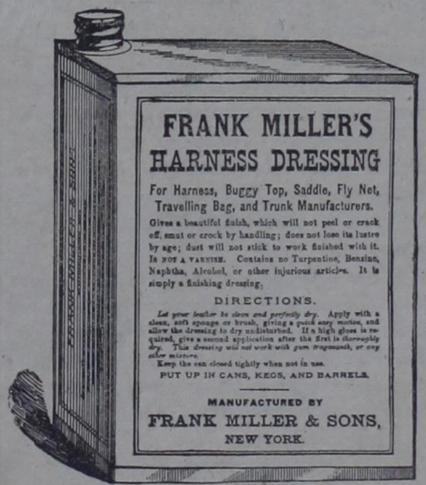
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THE DANCING SKELETON. A jointed figure of a skeleton 14 inches high. Will dance to music and perform various tricks. When placed in a chair or on a table will begin to move, stand up, lie down, &c., to the astonishment of all. Just the thing for social gatherings. Sample by mail, 10c.; three for 25c.; one dozen, 50c. Howard Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.

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CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



A translation from the French of Adolphe Belot—My Good Friend—has just been issued by Worthington Company, New York. It is No. 1 of the Banner Library, and sells for twenty-five cents.

We have received from White & Allen, publishers, booksellers and importers, 32 Great Jones st., New York, a very handsome calendar for 1890. The pictures are colored lithographs and very handsome.

Lectures by the Thompson Street Poker Club, humorously illustrated, published by White & Allen, New York, received at this office. The humor of these lectures is unsurpassed in that line of writing.

We have received a copy of "Snap Shots," being a collection of Puck's Best Things. About Anything and Everything. The little volume is admirably illustrated, and funny from the title page to the end, and is the very best of the series, the cream of the jokes, as it were.

Mr. Herbert Ward, whose important service in the Congo Free State in Africa is well known, and who left there only last spring, has written an article for Scribner's Magazine of the utmost interest, describing the wonderful country along the Congo River, which has lately been so much discussed all over the world. Mr. Ward occupied a number of important positions and had innumerable adventures during his years of residence on the Congo. Having so recently left there his narrative will contain the latest and most authoritative information. The article will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by Mr. Ward.

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for November is entitled A Belated Revenge. It is a powerful story, full of stirring adventures, the scene of which is laid in Virginia in pre-revolutionary times. The late Dr. Robert Montgomery Bird, known to fame as the author of The Gladiator, Nick of the Woods, and other well-known tales and dramas, was engaged upon this novel at the time of his death. The manuscript fell into the hands of his son, Frederic M. Bird, who has revised and completed the story in a manner which shows that he has inherited his famous father's literary skill. The magazine contains much other matter that is interesting, including an article on The Violin, by Edward Heron-Allen; a sketch of William Cullen Bryant, by a brother poet and critic, R. H. Stoddard, etc. The Question of Pure Water for Cities is a timely and important article contributed by William C. Conant, editor of The Sanitary Era.

Can a Man Swallow a Cannon-ball?

Well, "that depends." He can if his throat is large enough and the cannon-ball not too large. The question really seems worthy of some consideration in view of the size of some of the pills that are prescribed for suffering humanity. Why not throw them "to the dogs," and take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets? Small, sugar-coated, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, in glass, and always fresh.

Where the Retired Merchant had Retired to.

"Some closets have strange skeletons," remarked an old reporter to the hearing of The Pump. "I was working on a paper over in Iowa when I stumbled on a very good story—that is, from a reportorial standpoint. There was a family there consisting of a father and two daughters, who moved in the finest society. They were respected everywhere and not the slightest breath had ever floated to tarnish their reputation. The old gentleman was a retired merchant. He was absent frequently from home and on one occasion he was gone quite a time. Inquiry was set on foot and I went to work to look him up to make a hit with the paper. I visited the girls, and, while they seemed very uneasy about him, they declined to assist in the search. But I kept at it and found it all out. One night I turned up at the office with a tale that was a corker. I told where the gentleman was—in jail. In jail in another county. He had been arrested for burglary. And on looking it up I found that he had been keeping his family on burglarious ventures in other towns. That was the meaning of his absences.

"But the story didn't go. One of the girls was the sweetheart of the editor of the paper. I ought to have known better, but instead of having an exclusive tale I was told I was too fresh—to quit the thing right there. It was all smoothed over and the old burglar's money got him off, and it was five months later, when the affair had blown entirely away in the town where he was arrested, that an excuse was found for letting me out. The people where the family lives do not even know how near they came to getting a scare head sensation. Whether the old fellow continues his burglarious pastime I do not know."—Omaha World-Herald.

A journey from the North to the South or vice versa by the limited express on the Queen and Crescent Route is a thing of pleasure. Only 25 1-2 hours between Cincinnati and New Orleans in through cars, all the leading Southern towns being reached in correspondingly quick time. Queen and Crescent line.

Nice Figuring.

"Old man!" exclaimed a tough, as he entered a saloon on Champlain street, "I can break you in two in less than a minute!"

"Have a glass of beer at my expense?" smilingly quiered the saloonist.

"Well, I don't care if I do. Thanks. You are a gentleman, you are."

"Do you let toughs browbeat and bulldoze you after that fashion?" asked a man who had witnessed the scene. "Why, you are big enough to eat two or three of them up at once."

"Let's figure a minute," replied the other. "I gave him a small glass of beer, costing me about a cent and a half. He went away good-natured and satisfied. I could have bounced him, but it would have taken \$5 worth of exertion to say nothing of a possible arrest and a suit for assault and battery. Did I gain or lose?"

"Well, if you put it in that way, you gained."

"That's the only way to put it. I used to keep grocery. On one occasion I refused to throw off a cent on a dozen eggs, and the family took their trade, amounting to \$800 per year, to another grocer. That was a lesson to me to last forever."—Detroit Free Press.

No Mere Phrase.

Everard Uppman—"You shall have it promptly next Saturday, Mr. Scadds! I give you my word of honor!"

Tom Scadds—"All right! Drop it into this Phonograph here!"—Puck.

Are We Doing Too Much Digging?

Prof. Jones answers (in an English newspaper) the question raised as to whether the tapping and drilling of the earth for oil that is going on in America is dangerous or not—that is to say, likely to let out the internal fires of the earth to play havoc with the surface far and near. He compares the earth to a balloon floated and kept distended by the gas in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to collapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies, and fall in pieces. Another writer thinks that drilling should be prohibited by stringent laws. The scientist says an immense cavity exists, and here the gas is stored, and that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rock floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, and a terrific explosion will ensue. The simile of the earth being like a balloon is not very solid. Why not weigh the earth, and settle the question of solidity? The scientists can weigh the sun and moon; the figures are long, but the result is worth the trouble.

A Novel Fire Extinguisher.

Our Corinna correspondent makes brief reference to the level-headed act of an amateur fireman in that town last Wednesday at the recent blaze. T. F. Burrill was the man. In the midst of the uproar he noted with alarm that the roof of his house had also caught fire from the flying sparks and that a merry blaze was creeping among the shingles. But here came the rub! Everything about his premises that would hold water had been surrendered to the use of the fire fighters, and he was absolutely without the means to convey water upon his burning dwelling. Did he despair! Never! Rushing to the pond he sat down in the water, then with all the moisture he could conceal about his person he hastened up the ladder that rested against the eaves of his building, and most effectually sat down upon that blaze. All rights reserved.—Dexter Gazette.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE GREAT CONQUERER OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Seasickness Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic, Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer and few are entirely free. Its cause is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the cure for which is readily found in the use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache, caused by a disordered condition of the stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most reliable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn, Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for many years, in my practice and family, I am justified in saying that they are an excellent cathartic and liver medicine—sustaining all the claims made for them."—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin & N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine known to me for regulating the bowels, and for all diseases caused by a disordered stomach and liver. I suffered for over three years from headache, indigestion, and constipation. I had no appetite and was weak and nervous most of the time. By using three boxes of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time dieting myself, I was completely cured."—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion, constipation, and headache. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small daily doses, restored me to health. They are prompt and effective."—W. H. Strout, Meadville, Pa.

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Very pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. Sold by druggists everywhere.

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A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes: "Please send me a \$1 box of Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers for they are doing me so much good I do not wish to neglect taking them, my health is greatly improved while my complexion is smooth as satin and rapidly becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

POOR OLD BACHELORS.



Four-score and ten are we,
 Poor old bachelors.
 Four-score and ten are we,
 Sallow, slim and sad to see;
 Fate has doom'd us thus to be,
 Poor old bachelors.

We primp the best that we can do,
 Poor old bachelors.
 We primp the best that we can do,
 With cuffs and paper collars, too;
 With pins, pomade and Spaulding's glue,
 Poor old bachelors.

Our locks of auburn, brown and gold,
 Poor old bachelors.
 Our locks of auburn, brown and gold
 "Will ne'er turn gray as we grow old,"
 The barber said, when these he sold,
 Poor old bachelors.

When at night we go to bed,
 Poor old bachelors.
 When at night we go to bed,
 No curtain lectures e'er are read;
 No widows left when we are dead,
 Poor old bachelors.

—F. K. G., in Courier-Journal.

HE CARVED INSCRIPTIONS.

In life the marble cutter's trade
 He followed many years;
 Now, in a marble tomb he's laid,
 Unmoved by hopes or fears;
 Though cold and cheerless is his bed,
 And tears some eyes bedim,
 To lie in marble, it is said,
 Is nothing new to him.

—Boston Budget.

HOW COLUMBUS FOUND AMERICA.

Columbus stood upon the deck,
 "Go home!" the sailors cried.
 "Not if I perish on the wreck,"
 Great Christopher replied.

Next day the crew got out their knives
 And went for Captain C.
 "Go home!" they yelled, "and save our lives."
 "Wait one more day," said he.

"Then if I cannot tell how far
 We're from the nearest land,
 I'll take you home." "Agreed we are!"
 Answered the sea-sick band.

That night, when all were fast asleep,
 Columbus heaved the lead,
 And measuring the water deep,
 Took notes and went to bed.

To-morrow dawned. Naught could be seen
 But water, wet and cold;
 Columbus, smiling and serene,
 Looked confident and bold.

"Now, Cap! How far from land are we?"
 The mutineers out cried.
 "Just ninety fathoms!" Captain C.
 Most truthfully replied.

"And if you doubt it, heave the lead
 And measure, same as I."
 "You're right," the sailors laughed. "Great head!"
 "We'll stick to you or die."

And thus in fourteen ninety-two
 America was found,
 Because the great Columbus knew
 How far off was the ground.

—New York World.

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.

Edwin Arnold on America.

Well, then, as I have passed from Canada down to Washington, and from Washington through Baltimore and Philadelphia to this great and wealthy metropolis, my chief impression has been the absolute practical identity of manner, mind and national life between our two countries. I have found myself everywhere in a transatlantic England. I do not say this in any foolish idea that to be "quite English" is a point of perfection. You may just as well remark that we resemble you; but then the fact is that bygone writers must have exaggerated most absurdly the supposed distinctive American traits, or else that you have ceased to exhibit them, for I have asked myself a hundred times, wandering in your streets and journeying on your railways, "Am I really in the new world, or dreaming of it in the old one?" Half an American as I am, by marriage and by sympathies, I must confess that it has been wholly delightful to observe this unmistakable and minute identification of the races, and it fills me with hope that, whatever other nations may quarrel and come into armed conflict, America and England—vainly divided by the ocean—will by and by establish an international tribunal composed of the worthiest and best-trusted men on either side, and will refer to their judgment under the laws of right and reason—without appeal—every question which threatens to disturb the natural alliance that, in my opinion, furnishes the very best hope of mankind. — Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

A Sensible Course.

Maiden—"What can a woman do when a man that has won her affection refuses to marry her?"
 Lawyer—"Is he rich?"
 "No; hasn't a cent."
 "She can appoint a day of general thanksgiving and invite both families to participate." —N. Y. Weekly.

So you wish to know what a "stylish" color is, Maud! Well, generally it is the last ugly thing that has been discovered. —Puck.

What Scott's Emulsion Has Done!

Over 25 Pounds Gain in Ten Weeks. Experience of a Prominent Citizen.

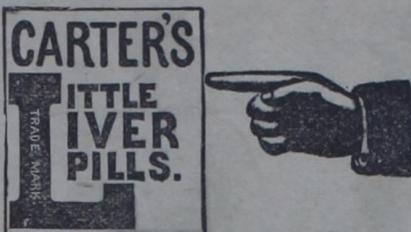
THE CALIFORNIA SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF VICE. SAN FRANCISCO, July 7th, 1886.

I took a severe cold upon my chest and lungs and did not give it proper attention; it developed into bronchitis, and in the fall of the same year I was threatened with consumption. Physicians ordered me to a more congenial climate, and I came to San Francisco. Soon after my arrival I commenced taking Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites regularly three times a day. In ten weeks my avoirdupois went from 155 to 180 pounds and over; the cough meantime ceased. C. R. BENNETT.

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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

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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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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Once in a while a subscriber drops out, but he feels pretty much as does Jacob Rodenbaugh, of Locktown, N. J., who writes us: "I gave up THE FARMER more than two years ago, after reading it regularly for a number of years, not because I did not like it, but my sight had so much failed that I found it difficult to read only quite large print. So I reluctantly gave up the old friend, but persuaded my farmer to take it and so had opportunity to read it as often as I felt inclined. But he allowed his subscription to run out, and I had not seen the paper for a long time, and I now feel that I cannot carry on farming without it."

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If you sell 6 in 60 days we will give you one watch free. H. R. HARDENBROOK, 59 Liberty St., New York City.



IT REMINDED HIM.

COL. NEWCOMB—Good morning, Uncle Jonas. Busy, I see.
 UNCLE JONAS—Yes, sah. I's fixin' up de chapel neah your house, sah. We's gwine ter hab revival meetin's nex' week.
 Ah, indeed; glad to hear that there is an awakening among your people. That reminds me, Uncle, I want you to fix a new lock on my chicken house sometime this week.

Her Teeth.

Miss Frost (smiling and displaying her pearly teeth which look like the seeds in a cut pomegranate)—“Mr. Youngling, is there a window open somewhere? Do you know I have just a twinge—a tiny twinge of toothach.” (A fetching smile displays teeth to better advantage.)

Mr. Youngling (looking fixedly at teeth through eye-glass)—“Really—”

Miss Frost—“Oh! I know you will not believe it—but it really is so. Now, now, don't flatter, you naughty boy.”

Mr. Youngling (still regarding teeth with stolid respect)—“No, really, I am not surprised—not at all, you know. I once read of a fellow who had his leg amputated, taken right off, don't you know, and yet he used to complain of twinges of pain in his toes—fact, really.”—Town Topics.

What She Would Say.

The trite sayings of children are always wonderful. The honesty and candor of little ones is always charming. Their prattle is music and their graceful movements a pleasure. A little poem in silken hair was visiting a neighbor with her mother. The hostess treated her guests to ice-cream, which the little visitor particularly appreciated and enjoyed. When the little one had finished her ice, her mother, always ready with a lesson of politeness to be remembered, said: “Now, pet, having eaten your ice-cream, what do you say to the lady?” The little one hesitated a bit, and then with a look and smile that will always win, said: “I say to the lady give me some more ice-cream!”—N. O. Picyaune.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

Do you suffer from Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, Nervousness, Lost Appetite, Biliousness, Exhaustion or Tired Feeling, Pains in Chest or Lungs, Dry Cough, Night sweats or any form of Consumption? If so, send to Prof. Hart, 88 Warren St., New York, who will send you free, by mail, a bottle of *Floraplexion*, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

Two clubmen, after a particularly good dinner in all that the words imply, go to a theatre where a ballet is in progress.

First clubman—“Marvelous agil—hic—ity of those two girls. Why, they dance as if they were one girl.”

Second clubman—“Not so loud, Charley; there is only one.”—America.

Mrs. Chas. Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

The Ruling Passion in Love.

“Yes,” said the sewing machine agent, “I love you dearly, fondly and sincerely, and you would make me the happiest of men if you would only return that fond, deep and tender love.”

“I would, if I could, Mr. Tucker,” answered the young lady, “but frankly I feel nothing but friendship for you at present.”

“Do you think that you could learn to love me, that you could give me a little of your heart from time to time. I am willing to wait, give you all the time you want. In short, don't you think you could give me your love on the installment plan?”

She is trying, but there is no knowing at present whether the installments will be paid or not.—Boston Courier.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Fun in a Street Car at Night.

“Do you know if it wasn't for those night cars and the sights I see in 'em life would be an aching void to me?” said a friend whose business compels him to use those slow but useful conveyances. “Maybe others don't notice it, but I see the funniest things in 'em! They keep me good-natured all the next day. Take last night, for instance. One of those good-natured drunks got on down near Clark street—one of those fellows who are brothers to everybody. You've seen 'em, haven't you? Well, this fellow was great. He sat down and put his feet on the next seat and commenced to talk to the whole car till everybody but those who were full or asleep, or both, were grinning at him. After awhile he seemed kind of ‘run out,’ for he sat thinking for a long time. Presently he said to the conductor:

“‘I shay (hic), Charlie, who's startin' the cars down at Wes'ern avenue, now?’

“‘Elizabeth!’ bawled the conductor, as we approached that thoroughfare.

“‘Well, great (hic) Gaud!’ said the drunken man, solemnly. ‘Has this damn comp'ny got a woman starting the cars now?’

“The way that car howled frightened the horses.”—Chicago Mail.

A handsome complexion is one of the greatest charms a woman can possess. Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives it.

Source of Wrinkles.

Dr. Peppenbrook writes in the St. Louis Globe Democrat that the general impression about wrinkles is that they are caused by worry, but the truth is that most of them come from laughing. To know how to laugh is just as important as to know when to do it. If you laugh with the sides of your face the skin will work loose in time, and wrinkles will form in exact accordance with the kind of a laugh you have. The man who always wears a smirk will have a series of semi-circular wrinkles covering his cheeks.

A gambler, who is accustomed to suppressing his feelings, generally has a deep line running from each side of his nose to the upper corner of his mouth, which in course of time extends to the chin, forming the shape of a half-moon. A cadaverous person is usually marked with two wrinkles, one on the jaw and the other under the eye, meeting at right angles at the cheek bones. The scholar's wrinkle forms on his brow, while a schemer's wrinkles come around his eyes, and look like spokes of a wheel.

A Young Benedict's Luck.

Certainly there is no more propitious time for fortune to knock at a young man's door, as the Irishman asserts it does once in the life of every man, than just after he has taken unto himself a partner to share his weal and woe in this life. A windfall of a few thousand of dollars at this period of a man's life is very often the keystone upon which he may erect a fortune and achieve success. Among the rare instances of this kind of recent occurrence we may mention the case of Mr. P. E. Peareson, a rising young merchant of Harland, Fort Bend county, who purchased one-twentieth of ticket No. 39,526, which won the second capital prize of \$100,000 in the drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery on Tuesday, September 10, 1889, and as a consequence is to-day \$5,000 better off in this world's goods. Mr. Peareson is the son of Colonel P. E. Peareson, of Richmond, one of the most prominent attorneys of this section, and is a young man highly esteemed by all his acquaintances. As previously hinted, Mr. Peareson has only recently been married, and his good fortune is therefore doubly welcome.

He will utilize the amount received so unexpectedly in building up his business. The ticket was cashed through Messrs. Dyer & Moore, bankers, of Richmond.—Galveston (Tex.) News, Oct. 2.

Get the Best.

Temperance woman—“My friend, if you don't want whisky to get the best of you, you must get the best of whisky.”

Promising subject—“I do, Mum, when I can; but when a feller's only got a nickel—”—Puck.



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 Runs Easy - NO BACKACHE.

BY ONE MAN. Write for descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords daily. 25,000 now successfully used. Agency can be had where there is a vacancy. A NEW INVENTION for filing saws sent free with each machine, by the use of this tool everybody can file their own saws now and do it better than the greatest expert can without it. Adapted to all cross-cut saws. Every one who owns a saw should have one. Ask your dealers or write FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 808 to 811 South Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

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 Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

A Long Way Around, But—

He—“I suppose it isn't too much to say that you and I have always led our set, Miss Mabel?”

She—“So people appear to think.”

“And it wouldn't do for us to be the last to adopt a new idea, would it?”

“No, indeed!”

“Well, have you noticed that everybody seems to be getting married lately?”

—Boston Times.

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