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CHRISTMAS IN THE DARK CONTINENT.

THE CHRISTIAN POWERS OF EUROPE EXPLAIN PRACTICALLY TO THE HEATHEN AFRICAN THE TRUE MEANING OF
"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

Texas Siftings.

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

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A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

SALT "meet"—Sea dogs on a hunt.

Plane sailing—in a prairie schooner.

In the race—water to turp the wheel.

SEEKING blood—Invalids advised to drink it.

WILL get it in the neck—the Christmas Turkey.

No matter how cheap snuff is offered if there are no takers.

NEWSPAPER men naturally get the first ink-ling of the news.

"I'm no read bird," said the parrot, when given a book to peruse.

A GREAT many "buy" words will be used from now until Christmas.

A CHILD looks upon the most humble toy peddler as a man of rare gifts.

FILL yourself with the Christmas spirit, but beware of too much Christmas drink.

IT was the man who couldn't button his coat who hadn't clothes enough to go round.

THOUGH a lady has little use for it, she will generally be found to have her isinglass.

A PRINTER doesn't object to having his form "pied" on Christmas, if the mince pie be good.

IT is better to give than to receive, especially if it be a Christmas "box" from John L. Sullivan.

PARENTS in search of Christmas presents for the children, find themselves in the doll-drums.

HE hoped to win her by his presents, but she said his presence wasn't desirable, so he didn't send any.

DON'T buy land in Montana represented to have lead ore deposits, until you have been carefully led o'er the land.

THE gift show is about played out except on Christmas morning. Then it draws large and delighted audiences.

THE show elephant Emperor sold at auction for \$1,700 recently. An Emperor wouldn't bring that amount now in Brazil.

AN Ohio woman who thought she had been swindled in a set of teeth she bought of a dentist, said what she thought of him, to his teeth.

A SHOEMAKER's little boy wanted to know if Santa Claus' boots weren't made on a Christmas "tree." He associated it with a boot-tree.

"CAN I look in your city directory?" a man asked of the druggist. "Yes." "No I can't, I'm blind," and he carefully felt his way out of the store, chuckling.

"A DRUM," says the boy, when asked what he particularly desires from Santa Claus. "Add rum," says the man, to the compounder of Christmas punch.

THE NATIVITY.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

(See illustration on cover.)



O! 'tis the midnight hour!
The Roman sleeps,
Pillowed in purple power
O'er Jews and Greeks;
Years, o'er the head of man,
Have ceased to be—
Since Rome's high walls began—
Seven fifty-three!

See! in the East, a star of holy light!
Leaps the horizon's bar and gems the night—
Pulseless—serene—it flings, o'er land and sea,
Its jewelled ray, and brings promise to Galilee.

Within his palace gates,
Herod, the Tetrarch, waits
The break of day;
And, to his council-halls,
Elder and high priest calls
In pale dismay.

Shepherds awake to greet
The Incarnate One;
And wise men haste to meet
Jehovah's Son;

While all the conscious air resounds again,
With "Halleluiah!" and "Good will to men!"

* * * * *

Since that bright star was seen,
O'er porch and pine,
Have years gone by—eighteen
And eighty-nine:

Again the season comes with blithesome cheer,
To wither all the woes of yester-year.

Fill high the bowl and mantle red the cup

From East to West;
Shake hands, old friends, and call the memory up
Of Him Who loveth best;

Let care be laid aside, and grief be done,
At Christmas-tide.

And, in the words of England's laureled son,
"God bless us—every one!"

CHRISTMAS.

"Merry Christmas!" Will it ever cease to be the most musical key of greeting to unlock the door of affection and generosity? Shall we ever cease to associate it with warmth, and comfort, and blazing fires in broad chimneys and merry groups of happy young children; and somewhere the branch of green, in memory of the never-dying love and care of Him whose natal day we celebrate? How beautiful it is that the sweet faith is, year by year, renewed in our children, as they look forward with love and trust to the joyful time! How the wonderful spirit of the day has touched the hearts of great writers and glorified the literature that deals with it. Christmas story-telling has become one of the lovehest arts of modern writers, and to Dickens we owe very much of the beautiful feeling. How much he did for the Christmas sentiment; of all the minstrels of the Christian holiday, his songs have left most music in our hearts.

How could any one harbor selfish and narrow feelings after reading those shining pages through which we seem to hear the chimes of bells, the Christmas carols, the merry song of the steaming kettle, and the pleasant chirp of the cricket; over whose pages we see so many kindly faces and hear such loving words. The old yule log has burned to ashes long ago, and become only a tradition; but thank God for the love which never goes out of fashion; the gracious sweet-

ness of the Christmas time is just as bright and entrancing as in those olden days.

THE FAREWELL TOUR.

So Patti is coming over again to give another farewell series of performances. This we believe has become the universal custom with prominent actors and actresses. Perhaps it may be so arranged after a while that an actress may be able to make two or three farewell tours every season. Why not announce each performance as a positively last farewell performance? Nothing is so elastic as the farewell tour of a great actress. The dear public must be given just one more chance. This condescension is not unlike that of the British government towards the rebels during the first years of the American Revolution. Trumbull, in his *McFingal*, a satirical work almost equal to Butler's *Hudibras*, expresses a fear that if the ministry did not cease opening and closing the door of mercy to the rebels, the hinges might wear out. Our great artists are made of sterner stuff than mere door hinges. Apparently they never wear out.

THE ONE KING OF AMERICA.

When Dom Pedro was forced to abandon the throne of Brazil the newspapers said exultingly that there was no longer a king in America, but they forgot Santa Claus. He was crowned long ago, and when the period for his annual reign comes round there are none to oppose his royal will. He is the most unselfish of monarchs, for while he gathers tithes on every hand and demands tribute in an imperious way occasionally, he keeps nothing for himself, but distributes his revenues with a lavish hand, particularly among the children, who are his most loved and loyal subjects. His ambassadors have scoured every quarter of the globe to gather novelties for the great Christmas distribution; he has pressed all the adults into his service, and thousands of men will soon be making pack-horses of themselves in order that the little ones at home may receive their accustomed largess from their good King Santa Claus.

THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

The lesson of the approaching holiday is the lesson of the hour—to be studied, remembered and laid away in the storehouse of the heart. Happy is the man who has the means and the will to give. There are many little charities that call attention—many acts of benevolence, trivial in themselves, but a world of advantage to other souls than yours, whose hands are held out in silent pleadings for assistance. The tears can be wiped from eyes that will cause angel hands to pass soothingly over your brow in distressful hours. Lips can be made to smile whose laughter will re-echo in years to come, when the memory of your acts shall have passed away from your thoughts like a tale that is told.

THE grave-digger in Hamlet didn't know much about American politics when he said: "A tanner will last you eight year." The Corporal didn't last one.



HE LOST THE GAME.

HE (out of patience)—Now I'm going to give you a chance to make the last play in this little game. (Staccato) Will—you—marry—me?
SHE—Domino!



Now de wintry win' am er blowin' mouty brisk, Oh! lissen to de squakin o' de goose; Makes ole niggers git erroun purty brisk, Oh! lissen to de squakin o' de goose.

Now Huldy put de coon an' taters on ter cook, Oh! lissen to de bawlin' o' de calf; De hominy's steamin' in de kittle on de hook, Oh! lissen to de bawlin' o' de calf.

De backlog's blazin' in de ole cabin fire, De rooster's done stop a crowin'; His tongue's froze stiff, an' he kaint use his toes, While de blizzard's ebrywhar a blowin'. De possum's done hid in de big gum stump, De dogs howl unner de floor; De roomatiz rage, ties ole niggers in a knot, Poke de fire an' shut tight de door.

Move dat bench to de table ready for de Chrismas feasts, Oh! lissen to de guinea hen a clackin'; De win's may howl, but we don't car' de leas While our lips oe'r de wittles am a smackin. Oh! Lawd we's gwineter dine, jess' as fine as any silk, De pot am a bilin' on de fire; Tilt de pitcher quick, fer I wants mush and milk, Fill up my wooden bowl now, Mariar.

WILL DIETZ.

TAD DE WEESE ON LOVE.

A venerable female friend of mine, who is president of the "Society for the Prevention of Celibacy among Widowers," has invited me to read a thesis at their next meeting on the subject, "Why we love." After reading a few of Ella Wheeler Wilcox's red-headed "Poems of Passion," and devouring a few real warm novels by Amélie Rives-Chandler, I have managed to evolve a few thoughts on love, which I think will be new and fresh. I was so delighted with the sparkling humor and the irresistible catchiness of the article that I finally yielded to the importunities of the press, and consented to have it published for the benefit of the public at large. I have a grievance against the public, anyway. Vanderbilt and I are a good deal alike on that point.

I think this article on the therapeutical effects of amatory consanguinity will give the connubial market an impetus such as it has not felt for years. If this paper shall be the means of causing some poor but fashionable vagrant to share his poverty with a worthy young lady of means who knows how to be economical with her husband's possessions, I shall feel amply repaid for the large amount of grey matter expended.

Ever since the balmy afternoon in Autumn, when Adam and Eve swung in the hammock and chewed each other's gum in the beautiful garden of Eden, man has been seized with an ungovernable desire to love some one, and woman has felt a strange longing to be loved by something. A woman, as a general thing, doesn't care to waste any heart-tissue in loving others when it isn't necessary.

Men who make the most fun of love are the earliest victims, and get caught before they are fairly ripe. When they wait till the lawn-mower of Time has cut down their locks and left a barren waste, then it is that

they fall head-over-heels in the matrimonial soup. They are the silliest lovers of all. A man is foolish to wait till the chill wind of life's Winter creeps under his wig and wrestles with the hirsute excrescences on his dome of thought before he falls in love. He has missed a great deal of fun. It is at this age that the amatory imp seizes the old fossil in his relentless grasp, and makes a blooming fool of him.

It is wonderful what a universal thing this matter of love is. All men cannot have the measles or be editor of a funny paper, but all men can love. I have seen men who actually seemed to love their own wives. It is a poor stick, indeed, who cannot love somebody's wife.

Some men are long on love and short on ducats, while others are long on ducats, and with them can bull the whole market. It is terrible to be in love on an income of eight dollars a week. I actually knew a man once who died because a girl would not love him. The jurymen who sat on him at the Coroner's inquest said in their verdict that his death was caused by "heart-failure."

I don't believe that man was ever made to be loved, but as long as there are not enough poodle dogs to go around, some of the women content themselves with loving men. It is their last resort—for they must love something.

Love is a terrible disease. Those who can pass through it without an impaired digestion, or without having to wear a chest-protector can take a place by the side of the street car mule, so far as endurance is concerned. It is terribly rasping on the liver, but more so on the pocket-book.

Men who have fallen in love describe it as a sort of sinking sensation, attended by an intoxicating effervescence of sentimental spontaneity that makes a man forget his best friends. I have known it to make a man forget his debts.

It is a great thing to be forgetful sometimes, and anything that will aid a man to forget some things ought to be encouraged. I notice that Prof. Loissette has a patent device for strengthening the memory. He would make more money out of a scheme that would enable men to forget the past.

The peculiar thing about falling in love is that a man keeps falling deeper and deeper and never reaches the bottom—until he gets married, and then he begins to look around and wonder how far he fell and who shoved him off.

"Love thy neighbor as thyself," is one of the biblical injunctions, and many men obey it—so far as their neighbor's wives is concerned.

It is easy to detect a man who is in love. He acts as though he had something that didn't belong to him, and was afraid some one would see it, and he don't know how he got it, and he would like to give it to someone else. TRUMAN A. DE WEESE.

"A Christmas day to be perfect," wrote Leigh Hunt, "should be clear and cold, with holly-branches in berry, a blazing fire, a dinner with mince pies, and games and forfeits in the even-

ing." A clear day in New York has come to be so rare an event that it deserves to be celebrated, whether it falls on Christmas or not.

SWEET SINGERS' AMENITIES.

High Soprano—What do you think, my dear; I've been invited to sing into a phonograph. Then, of course, I am to have it repeated for me, and I'm so pleased at the novel idea of being able to hear myself sing as others hear me that I can scarcely wait until the time comes.

Mezzo Soprano—How delightful!

H. S.—Isn't it? And I'm so sorry that you are not going with me. I do so wish you could hear those sweet, rich, low tones of yours.

M. S.—Have you selected something to bring out in full that wonderful upper register of yours?

H. S.—Why, certainly. I'm particularly desirous of hearing my high notes.

M. S. (very sweetly)—They say that though the phonograph records very faithfully one never recognizes one's own voice. Well, I must go now. I do hope, so much my dear, that you won't be dis—I mean that you will be pleased. Good-bye, darling.

H. S.—Good-bye, my love (soliloquizes). What a contemptibly jealous piece that thing is with her covert sneers. She always did envy me my clear, high notes. Good thing she can't hear her husky old voice.

M. S. (as she wends her way, soliloquizes)—Silly little fool! Well, I tried to save her from the mortification that is in store for her. It'll be a mercy to her if her piercing shrieks would shatter the machine, and a special intervention of Providence in favor of the man who owns it if they don't.

HE KNEW THE BARBER WAS AROUND.

Barber—Razah pull, sah?

Customer—Why, you're not shaving me?

Barber (with a gratified smile)—Oh, yes, sah; nearly fru, sah. Didn't you feel me?

Customer—Feel you! Great Governor, yes! I thought you was giving my face a shampoo.

The boy with a sled draws his Sally, and when he grows up he draws his gallery, if he can.

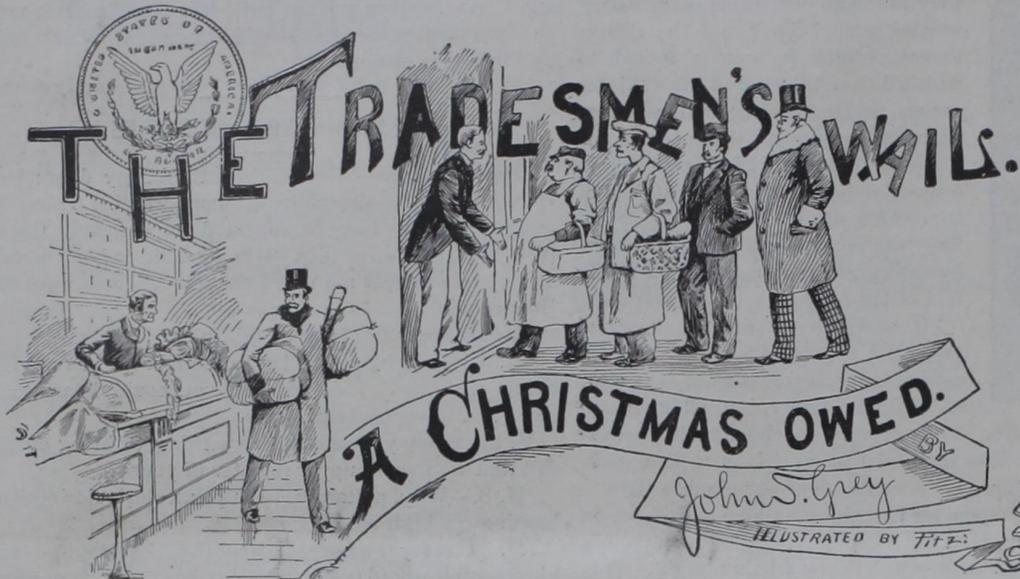


WHAT MAKES A FULL MAN.

MRS. LITERARY.—Do you believe with the poet that reading makes a full man?

MRS. PRACTICAL (sighing)—I don't know that reading makes a full man, but I am convinced that a club reading-room does.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

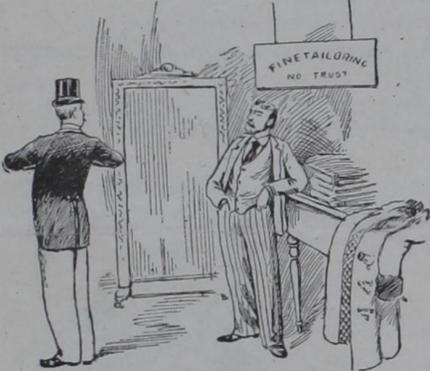


I walked into the dry-goods store
And bought my wife a dress,
A bonnet, gloves, and sealskin sack,
And laces to excess;
I bought of ribbons many a yard
And many things beside,
And yet that greedy dry-goods man
Was scarcely satisfied.

I then went to the jeweler
And bought a watch and chain;
A bracelet, brooch and ear-rings too,
And silver-headed cane,
His diamond studs I asked to see,
And was with some supplied,
And yet that grasping jeweler
Did not seem satisfied.

My tailor made a suit of clothes
Of faultless fit and style,
But though they fitted me so well
He did not seem to smile;
An overcoat he made me, too—
Of tailors art the pride,
And still that selfish tradesman did
Not seem quite satisfied.

The butcher always brought our meat
And often kicked at that,
The baker sent us daily bread
But never doff'd his hat;
The coal-dealer with whom we dealt
Our custom would deride,
And e'en the landlord of our house
Did not seem satisfied!



And why were all these tradesmen wroth—
What made them fret and frown,
Tho' I should purchase all they had
Whene'er I went to town?

Their icy looks and wrinkled brows
Would often give me chills;
Perhaps the reason was because
I never paid their bills!

REMEMBER.

Remember if you let your chickens feed from your neighbor's flower bed, his pig will probably get fat in your potato patch.

Don't think your are a pattern by which men should be cut out. Maybe you're a bad job, anyway.

Remember that it's a good plan to watch for your comrades' virtues and your own vices.

Don't swear you know a thing is true because you believe it. You wouldn't know you were living if your wife didn't pull your hair sometimes.

Remember that wiser men than you are buried without monuments over them.

Don't question any man's motives. Maybe the reason he doesn't set them up is he thinks your mother-in-law don't let you drink.

Remember the world forgets a million men where it immortalizes one. Fame is a fine thing, but it's harder to get than a prize in the lottery.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE REINDEER.

Of all the animals that roam the face of the earth, four-legged and hind-legged, not one of them is as dear to the heart of childhood as the Reindeer. It figures prominently in the most beautiful myth ever imposed upon credulous childhood. From the pictures of the reindeer commonly used in Christmas illustrations, it cannot be distinguished from the ordinary deer, so much sought after by boys inspired by frontier literature. It is a trim, beautiful animal, with slender limbs, a thick fur coat and horns. Its native haunts are away in the north many miles above the freezing point. It is

a speedy traveler from necessity, as the climate is so cold that it would freeze to death if it remained in one spot any length of time. It was probably the reindeer's speed that caused it to be chosen to draw the sledge of the fabled St. Nicholas. The person who invented the story of St. Nicholas and his sledge full of toys drawn by reindeers, was an artistic and thoughtful liar, even if he, or she, was an ancient and unacquainted with our modern inventions and business methods. There is something very touching in the sight of an honored business man and pillar of the church, with his little child upon his knee, listening with flushed, pleased face and wide-open eyes, while the parent leaps from lie to lie, in answer to the child's eager questioning, and to make the story hang together. Sometimes it's nip and tuck, for a bright child will ask questions that will make even an old and expert liar squirm to answer plausibly. It is in explaining how St. Nicholas gets so rapidly from house to house to distribute his presents, that the reindeer comes in very handy.

It must be admitted that it is rather a strain on a child's confidence to have it, when it grows older, learn from some of its more sophisticated companions, that the first story its father or mother told it, was an unqualified fabrication with the single exception that there is such an animal as the reindeer. It may be that the pleasure the story gives the dear little ones, more than counter-balances the disappointment, when they learn that it is not true, but it certainly establishes a bad precedent. E. R. COLLINS.

THE mild weather isn't favorable for the emotional young man who wants to sacrifice the young woman who declines to marry him. There isn't enough snow for him to "sleigh" his girl.

Mattie Brown—1. From the sample of hair you enclose we should say you were a blonde. 2. Yes; if you can walk the tight-rope fairly well you might get an engagement at a circus, as they always need a Blondin the company.

McGinty—See answer to John Jones, Jr.

Alice—The late Hugh Conway is perfectly dead, we believe, but he still continues to write post-humous novels for enterprising publishers.

First Nighter—Wilson Barrett has not got a tenor voice, as you suppose. Everybody knows it to be a Barrett-tone.

John Jones, Jr.—See answer to McGinty.

Art Student—Steel engravings can be purchased at any first-class book store, but if you wish to save money, a respectable, well-recommended thief can steel engravings for you.

Dead Beat—Old medals are of little value except to curiosity-mongers. We don't know what yours are worth, and therefore don't care to medal with the subject.

Emily Travis—See replies to McGinty and John Jones, Jr.

Estelle C.—You appear to us to be a strange girl. You are ashamed to meet your lover because you don't know how to kiss. Well, we give lessons gratis to pretty girls. Call round and see us. Office hours 9 to 4.

Constance—The last of the Mohicans was not the same kind of a last that shoemakers use. The Mohicans were a tolerably well-clothed race and they wore moccasins to boot.

Jo. King—You wish to know what is meant by the phrase "the race for wealth." We believe that it applies to the Hebrews.

Love-Lorn—Say, if you don't let up on sending us your ragged, moth-eaten, frayed-edged, bilious poetry, we'll have you arrested for attempting to provoke a breach of the peace. We have stood a good deal, but are determined to sit down now—on you.

Mr. Jackley—We cannot give instructions for carving a turkey in this column. What's the matter with asking us to dinner at Christmas and then we can illustrate the operation?

Bashful—It is a fact that men of iron nerve are usually found to be also men of metal. This is especially noticeable among the "coppers." Whenever they are metal-lone be civil or you will be sorry.

S. E. Coffin—Your Christmas poem on "The Tomb of General Grant" has not enough hilarity in it to make a tramp smile, even if you offered to set 'em up. Send it to Judge or the New York Sun. They might pass it—by.

White Rose—See answer to Emily Travis.
JOE



Only a Drop of Water.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART VIII.



BY ORDER of Da-
gobert his domin-
ions were divided
between his two
sons, Sigobert II.
and Clovis II.,
on his death in
638. They were
mere children,
aged respect-
ively eight and four
years. I can im-

agine nothing more embarrassing to a four-year-old boy than to be suddenly elevated to the responsible position of king. To be called away from his marbles to mount a throne, and put on a crown several sizes too large for him. To exchange his little child's petticoats for the royal robes of an adult and pot-bellied potentate, and wield a sceptre in place of rattle. But such things sometimes happen where kings are the fashion.

But these boys only reigned nominally, the government being administered by an individual known as the mayor of the palace. This individual had greater power than the king himself, and was really the power behind the throne, as many a victim discovered, after he was thrown. He encouraged his royal master in idleness, intemperance and debauchery, the firmer to establish his own power, and several successors of the puissant and energetic Dagobert fell into such a state of incapacity and sloth, beginning with his son Clovis II., that they were contemptuously called *rois fainéants*—do-nothing kings. France had nearly a century of them. When talent and force of character was needed these contemptible kings lapsed into a state of imbecility and insignificance that made the people ashamed of them.

We read how Clovis II. was treated by the mayor of the palace. Once a year was he arrayed like a king in purple and gold, and allowed to show himself to his subjects on the Champ de Mars. But he wasn't permitted to say anything to the dukes and bishops and feudal lords assembled there, nor to give any orders not agreeable to the mayor of the palace. After the ceremony he was conducted back to the palace, his royal robes carefully folded and laid away on the top shelf of the clothes-press, his crown dusted and put in a hat box tied with a cotton string, and his gilt sceptre rolled in tissue paper and put where the moths wouldn't get at it, awaiting the next annual parade. All the *rois fainéants* were treated in about the same way by the mayor of the palace, who was generally a bold bad man intent only on advancing his own interests.

A duke of Austrasia and mayor of the palace, called Pepin d' Héristat, established a turning point in French

history of great importance. He defeated the Neustrians at Testry in the year 687, which brought to a termination the long struggle between the two great members of the Frank empire, assuring the preponderance of Teutonic over Roman Gaul. He was a daring and able man, and made himself master of France, ruling under the title of Duke of the Franks, although he allowed one of the do-nothing kings to pose in that capacity on certain occasions. The Franks, under the leadership of Pepin, conquered numerous Germanic tribes and completely recovered their ancient supremacy in Germany. Pepin died in 714, after having governed France wisely and prudently for twenty-seven years. The king was changed repeatedly during that period, but it didn't make any difference to Pepin. He had everything his own way.

Pepin was succeeded by his son Charles, so illustrious afterwards as Charles Martel, founder of the Carolingian dynasty of France. Charles, like his father, was mayor of the palace and possessed the whole regal power. He was a great soldier, and one of his chief exploits was the defeat of the Saracens of Spain in 732, which perhaps saved Europe from the dominion of the crescent. It was this victory that gave him his name, Charles Martel—Charles of the hammer. He is sometimes pictured mounted on a fiery charger, vigorously hammering the enemy with his favorite weapon. Judging from his picture he must have been a man of striking appearance. At his death in 741 he divided his kingdom between his sons, Carlomen and Pepin. The latter, who was the first king of France, was the father of the illustrious Charlemagne, of whom I will tell you in my next, if you will promise to be good, *mes enfants*.

HELPING THE DONKEY.

The late Emperor Frederick, when he was Crown Prince, while walking in the woods near the palace at Pottsdam, one morning, perceived an old milk woman who was pounding the ass attached to her milk wagon, and talking in an excited tone to the balky animal.

"What's the matter, my good woman?" asked the prince.

"I am in a great hurry to serve my customers with milk," replied the old woman, who did not know the prince, "and this accursed brute refuses to budge; but if you would be kind enough to pull him by the ears while I warm him up behind with this club, he will go right along."

The good-natured prince seized the animal by the ears and tugged away, while the old woman mauled the brute with her cudgel. Sure enough, the donkey trotted on, much to the joy of the woman.

When the prince told his mother about it, she rebuked him for being so familiar with the lower orders, whereupon the prince laughingly replied: "My father has helped many a donkey along at court."

ARISTOCRACY.

Disguise the fact from ourselves as best we can, we are all, at heart, aristocratic. Professing republicanism,



OUT OF HIS HEAD.

GUZZLETON (about to depart after a Christmas dinner at his club)—Shay, are you sure thish ish my hat?

WAITER—Yes, sir. there's your name in it.

GUZZLETON (looking in the mirror)—Well, then, I wonder 'f I hain't borrowed some other feller's (hie) head!

talking equality, and even voting honestly, makes us none the less aristocratic in sentiment, however much we may belie it in action.

The social conditions which surround us give birth to this feeling. It is natural in man to hold himself, in some sense, exclusive or superior to others. We do not complain of this feeling, as from it spring our noblest qualities. So long as we are permitted to indulge in the luxury of aristocracy, with no special or exclusive class in our midst to carry off the honors, no harm can come of it. It is only when the sentiment of aristocracy in the individual becomes offensive that we deride it.

NOT A PAYING BUSINFSS.

A.—Who was that shabby looking man you stopped to speak to?

B.—He is a lecturer, just returned from a trip in the West.

But do lecturers look as seedy as that after a trip?

Not generally, but he has been giving "A Reply to Bob Ingersoll."

THE LAZIEST MAN.

Harry—Who's that passing on the other side of the street?

Charley—Dear boy, you'll have to excuse me. I'm really too fatigued to look further than the middle of the street to-day.



NEW YORK SOCIETY BELLES.
Miss Biddy O'Hooly, of Goat Hill.



Evolution of the Kentucky Colonel.



The Sort of Man SWIFT WAS.

MELVILLE PHILIPS

It is necessary to go back a little before we move forward with these memories of a very remarkable man. No one in the town was like David Swift and no one in the town or out of it liked David Swift. He was this sort of a man:

Just across the street lived the prettiest, liveliest widow in the world. Everybody knew that she made eyes at Swift; that she would stand before the windows in ravishing breakfast gowns and cough as he entered or left his house; everybody came to know this save Swift himself. The widow had a small son, and when the Fauntleroy fever seized upon the suburbs this boy became the most conspicuous object in the town; he was kissed half to death by the women, and fairly laughed out of his little boots by envious boys not dressed in velvet. Swift never looked at him. Now it appears that the widow, doubtless inspired by a fresh reading of the ever-fresh "Christmas Stories," and of current fiction of that class, conceived a brilliant plan to thaw David Swift and lift his sombre grey eyes to a level with her own. It was very simple. One Indian Summer day, not far from Christmas, she espied him in his garden sprawled out on a steamer chair. The garden gate was ajar, left so by One-Third White, the old negro servant who had just gone down the street. The widow whispered her instructions to Fauntleroy, and then stood back in the embrasure of the window and eagerly watched him as he tripped across the street and vanished through the gate. Presently he reappeared at the side of the recumbent figure in the garden.

David Swift was amazed. What manner of boy was this? "Well?" he demanded fiercely.

"Please, sir," whined Fauntleroy, shaking his curls complacently, "you looked so lonely, I thought I'd keep you company."

"Oh, you *did*!"

"Yes, sir; I have no father now, and I want one so much, and Christmas is coming, and—"

Fauntleroy got no further with his little address. The widow was shocked to see her son suddenly lifted from the earth and thrust howling through the gate.

The widow's plan was very simple, as we said; but unfortunately she did not know what sort of a man Swift was.

* * * * *

Again, a hunted criminal with wild black eyes and matted hair broke past the old negro one night and fell at Swift's feet.

"He!p me, for God's sake," he hoarsely implored. "Keep me here—only over night. I'll die for you if you do!"

"Who are you?"

"A ruined, wretched man—bad; yes, by God! a rascal; I've robbed, forged, deserted my wife—but, if you have a heart, give me another chance! I swear—!"

"Wait a minute," said Swift coldly. He stepped into the hall and whispered to One-Third White. Then he came back and smiled in the uplifted face of the grovelling, desperate wretch. "Wait a minute," he said again.

Soon there was a sound of hurried steps at the door, and the old negro ushered two policemen into the room. The betrayed refugee rose to his feet with a sob.

"Officers," said Swift, calmly resuming his seat, "I suppose you want that man. At any rate, jail him; he's a self-confessed criminal."

"May a merciful God damn you!" cried the poor fellow, with a blazing look of unspeakable hate.

Swift smiled.

* * * * *

That is somewhat the sort of a man he was, in retrospect. Now our Christmas tale begins.

As the jocund day drew nigh, the town bedecked

itself in green and spangles. The eager air was a-quiver with sleigh bells. One-Third White, (his master called him "Whitey"), on his daily walk to the market, saw bright expectant faces everywhere. He, too, took on "a shining morning face" for an hour or two; but returning through the garden gate he was careful to smooth it out and go into the presence of his master with the stolid look that years of thralldom had wrought into his eyes and rich mulatto skin. All of Whitey's life, which had now run to more than three-score years, had been spent in the service of David Swift. Lately his lot had been a hard one; as a slave it had not been half so hard; and he did not see the relief that was now so near. Since early autumn death had seized David Swift by the chest; the grip had tightened; the doctor had been paid and curtly dismissed. He was a pious, kindly man, and he meant well to his late patient in sending to see him the next day the popular young preacher who had been recently called to the Presbyterian church.

Whitey took the reverend young gentleman's card to his master, and stood patiently by with downcast eyes, while David Swift was racked with a sudden fit of coughing. This lasted so long and was such a distressful seizure that the old servant dug his nails into the palms of his hands in a passion of sympathy.

"Go!" said Swift in a weakling shriek, "go and tell the puppy that I'm damned if I'll—" then he fell back on the pillow, and presently called in a feeble voice,

"Whitey."

"Yas, sah, Bossie, yas, sah."

"Show him in."

The preacher was a fine-looking, tall young fellow, with a cheerful, handsome face. He was walking easily and without clerical self-consciousness to the side of the bed, when Swift, raising himself up on one hand stayed the approach of his visitor with the other.

"So you're Carl Davidson, are you?"

The young man bowed.

"Reverend Carl Davidson, your card says."



"I fo'give you Mars Davie, chile—foah God, I do!"

Flushed slightly with irritation the clergyman bowed again.

"Whitey, leave the room."

If the old negro wondered at what he had heard, he was dumbfounded five minutes later, when, standing by the garden gate, he saw the Rev. Carl Davidson stagger from the house like a drunken man and reel past him with quivering lips and streaming eyes.

Half palsied with fear, Whitey crept to his master's room, and noiselessly opening the door peered in.

It was high noon of a glorious December day—a day to die in. Fine, warm sunlight streamed down upon the packed snow in the streets and sifted softly through the curtains upon the bed where David Swift lay gasping. A crimson spot was on each cheek; his eyes flamed in his head; his white hair lay like a cap of ermine upon his forehead. Whitey understood the faintest signal of his master's eyes, and now he rushed to the bedside with a soothing stimulant for which the dying man blessed him with a look. Then he was tiptoeing back to the door, but Swift called him to his side.

"Whitey, have I ever done a kind thing for you—have I ever said a kind word to you?"

"Oh, Boss, honey, doan' you—"

"Whitey, have I?"

"Why, Boss, what you talkin' 'bout? Suah you have."

"What, for instance?"

Now, look hyar, honey, yer git dead sick, suah, 'deed yer will ef yer—"

"Whitey, don't lie. I've been a brutal master to you all your life. I've—"

"Boss, honey!"

"I've treated you like a dog; and you—you've actually loved me for it—*loved me!* My God, I believe you have. *Have* you, Whitey?" O, the eagerness of his fainting voice.

"Mars Davie, Mars Davie!" His tears fell upon his master's pleading hands.

"Dear old Whitey, lie to me. I'm dying, shall die to-night, and I want a loving hand in mine when I go. Why haven't you killed me for my cruelty to you? Dear old fellow—if I could only live to make you happy now!"

"Mars Davie!"

Swift could not see that these repentant words of his were really the cruelest he ever uttered to the meek old slave. He had fallen on his knees and buried his face in the coverlet, and was patting the knees of his master with his bent and bony hands.

"Listen, Whitey. You know how happy I once was. You remember the Christmas Eve I was married? You remember *her*? You thought she went away, and was taken sick and died, didn't you? You never knew, of course, that—that—she *stole* away—that my best friend went with her, Whitey; that she's alive to-day, that for years I've been slowly dying with hunger to see her—that I never have—but when Davidson died I—I—paid more than half the money I had into her bank, and she never knew who gave it; that the child that should have been mine—that was mine—has been the beneficiary of my money—has been here to-day—to give me consolation—and he had never heard of me—had never heard of me. O, God, my God!"

"Doan', Mars Davie, doan' cry like that: you'll break my heart, 'deed you will."

— "Had never heard my name, Whitey—my own boy, had never—"

He was clasped now, sobbing like a child, in Whitey's arms.

* * * * *

The moon came up very late, bringing a brisk wind with it that flung the branches in the garden so wildly about that the old negro felt sure the dancing shadows on the coverlet and ceiling must worry his master. He made a move to draw the curtain, but Swift stopped him.

"Let the demons play! Whitey," he murmured. "I love them."

Later on a band of mummers thundered at the garden gate, and Whitey was sallying furiously forth to rout them when he was checked again, this time in a rattling voice that chilled his blood.

"Going, Whitey—I feel it—don't leave me. Under my pillow

are two envelopes, one for you, one for *her*. I've divided the rest between you. Dear old fellow, *you* loved me, at least. Whitey, what a brute I've been. Give me a Christmas gift. Say, 'I forgive you'—that's the gift I sent to *her* through our son. Say it, Whitey."

"Oh, Mars—"

"For Jesus' sake, Whitey."

"I—I—Mars Davie, I—"

"Whitey, I remember I sold your wife away from you, and you did not kill me. Would you kill me now?"

"I fo'give you, Mars Davie, chile—foah God, I do!"

David Swift closed his eyes to the dancing demons. He never spoke again. When Christmas dawned the old negro awoke from a troubled sleep and stared at the dead body of his master. On the lips was the first smile he had seen there for many years.

Now you may say for yourself what sort of a man Swift was. In the town where he died he was held to be a hard-fisted, heartless fellow, but a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and his mother, a remorseful woman, had carved upon a tombstone for all the world to read:

HERE LIES THE BODY
OF
DAVID SWIFT.
HE LIVED MORE SINNED
AGAINST THAN
SINNING,
AND HE DIED IN
PEACE.

A REFORM MOVEMENT.



TEMPERATE reader, did you ever hear two dilapidated, old, drinking chums moralizing and philosophizing on the evils of intemperance, after a prolonged debauch which has left them miserably depressed and

dead broke?

They wander away on a long tramp, or seat themselves in some very secluded spot, and after a rehearsal of all of the happen-

ings they can call, of the spree just ended, will relapse into a dismal silence to be broken by a sigh and some such remark as "It won't do, old boy; this sort of thing won't do."

"No, it won't do. We are ruinin' our prospects and breaking down our constitution."

"That's what's the matter," with a sorrowful assenting nod, "the line's got to be drawn somewhere."

"Yes, sir; and the way to quit is to quit."

"And we might just as well come to it first as last. This thing of trying to taper off is all nonsense."

"Can't be did. No use talkin'; my mind is made up. No more drinkin' for me—not a drop."

"Nor for me."

"I know that one good big snort of good liquor, right now, would do me a power of good. But would that satisfy me? Course not. No, sir; I wouldn't take one drink—not one drink—for a thousand dollars."

"Nor me neither—not for ten thousand. I tell you when I think of the chances for making money and an honorable name that I have frittered away through this foolish and accursed habit of drink-

in', it makes me feel mighty blue,

"Me to."

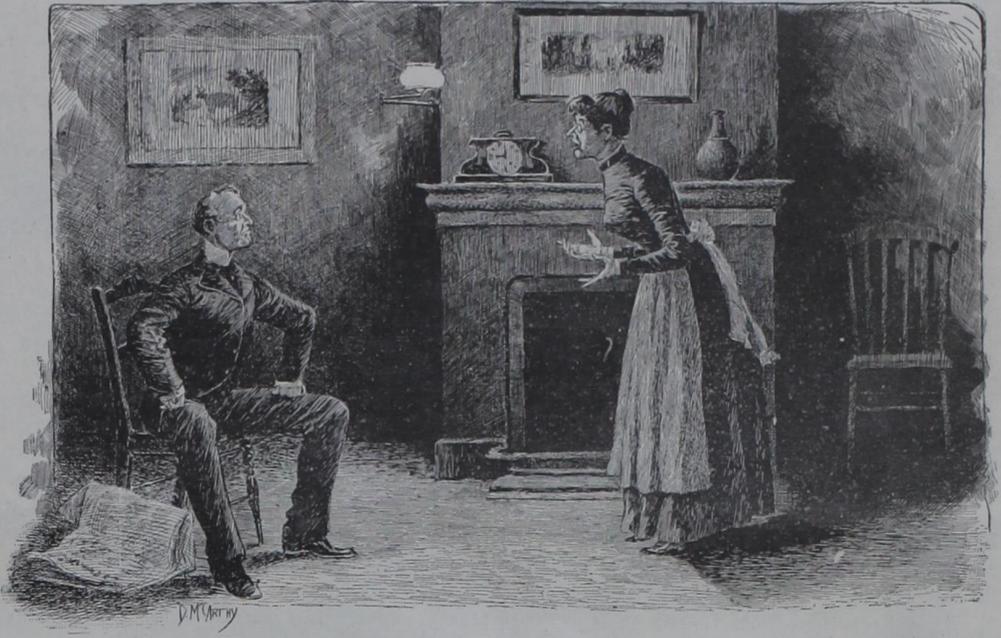
Member when I was Secretary of Home Fire and Life at \$3,500? Did not see no slicker lookin' feller than me in them days. One little spree lastin' 'bout six weeks knocked me out of that. Might have been President of the Company to-day hadn't been for that."

"Course you would, and there was me, Cashier of the Family Friend Savings Society, drawin' my little old \$400 a month. Got a drinkin' and thinkin' I was so all-fired smart, and monkeyn' with stock margins and blowin' in a little of the Bank's stuff, and first thing I knew I was kicked out and made a mighty narrow escape from breakin' into the penitentiary. Hadn't been for that poor old dad of mine I'd been there now. Wasn't my fault, either. Whisky done it."

"Course. Whisky done you up same as it did me and my father before me."

"My old man was a hard drinker, too. I don't know but there's a good deal in this inherited love of liquor idea. Maybe 'taint no more'n fair, after all, for the old man to have to pony up that shortage of mine; though he didn't seem to look at it in that way. By George, my head feels tough!"

"So does mine. Kind of a pressure on it and a dull,



SHE DIDN'T WANT THE FIRE ENGINES CALLED OUT.

LANDLADY (to boarder who objects to his solitary gas jet being secured at half blaze)—
"Do you want the neighbors to think the house is afire?"

stuffed-with-cotton feeling inside."

"That's it, exactly. And a kind of a scared feeling 'z if you was goin' to lose your mind."

"Yes, me too."

A long silence.

"Say, Jim!"

"What?"

"I've been this way before—"

"So've I."

"—And I believe that the only thing that saved me from going crazy was a couple or so o' stiff drinks of good whisky. I'd hate like thunder to take it, though, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I would, but I believe myself it 'ud be the best thing we could do. Wonder if we could stand Old Shorty off for a few rounds. I don't owe him more'n five or ten dollars, and I'll bet I've spent a thousand dollars in his old rum hole if I've spent a cent."

"Well, we might tackle him. I've blown myself there a heap, too, and I'm owin' him mighty little, I'm a tellin' you—considerin'."

"We'll go and see him, anyhow. But first let's understand this thing—no getting drunk, mind. Not more than three drinks—good-sized drinks."

"Or mebbe, say four or five—case any of the boys are there. No use pinnin' ourselves down too tight."

"Oh yes; case any of the boys are there, mebbe six or seven."

"But not to exceed eight or nine."

"Or, s'pose we say at the very outside—ten."

"All right, ten's a go."

"Ten stiff ones and that'll settle it."

"That'll settle it. To-morrow we'll be feelin' better, and we'll let the cursed stuff alone. I'd take some of these bromides but they're so plagued hard on the stomach."

"Well, let's hurry 'round." In cases like this Shorty can generally be prevailed upon, or the boys are numerous enough, and the faint glimmer of the next day's dawn dimly reveals the prostrate forms of the ex-Secretary and ex-Cashier with arms still linked and their blushing noses coyly concealed in the ash-pile of some Jersey City dump.

CURT.

TOO HASTY.

Police Judge (to Park Policeman)—Why did you arrest this young couple?

Policeman—They came into the park late in the evening, sat down on a bench in the shadow of a tree, and then they two caressed.

Judge—They took a rest, did they? Well, what's a park bench for except to take a rest on? Never take arrest on such grounds as that. Discharge the prisoners.

TOO MUCH EN RAPPORT.

"I am very sorry, but I cannot employ you," said the owner of a dairy to a sturdy six-footer with a voice like blooming thunder, who had applied to him for a "job."

"But," insisted the applicant, "I know all about the work—I'm an expert milker—"

"Can't help it," interrupted the Dairyman, "your voice would curdle the milk."

That settled it.



HE HAD HAD ENOUGH WORLD'S FAIR.

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER (carefully closing the sanctum door)—I have here an idea for the World's Fair in 1892 which—

EXHAUSTED NEW YORK EDITOR—But I've had all the World's Fair I want. Take the next train for Chicago; they need you there.

BILL SNORT IN NEW YORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



OL. SNORT in a new rôle —Wanamaker has a new business scheme — Mayor Grant persuades Snort to help boom the New York Fair Fund—Snort, Grant and Depew in consultation —Snort offers to shoot a rich dude to encourage the rest to subscribe—Social

Scandal—Snort's letter in full to Johnny Fitzzletope.

NEW YORK, Dec. 2.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—I am still here in New York helping Mayor Grant get up the World's Fair Guarantee Fund. I'll tell you how I came to be mixed up in the disgraceful affair.

When I returned from Boston to New York Mayor Grant called at my hotel. He was black under the eyes, and looked like a boy who had just reveled in his first cigar. He has that Fair on his mind.

"Col. Snort, how long are you going to stay in New York?" asked Grant feverishly.

"I am going on to Washington to-morrow, Mr. Mayor," I replied.

"What have you got to do there? Anything of importance?"

"I should say so. In the first place Vice-President Morton is laying in a stock of liquors for his new bar. Congress will be in session, and Morton wants me to select the brands of whiskies to which the Texas members are most addicted. Whisky talks, you know. At least, it tells on some of us. Morton don't know what kind of barbed wire we Texans need on the inside to put us in a good humor."

"Can't you get Col. Ochiltree to attend to this Morton House bar business for you?"

"What! Bill Snort lead an innocent youth astray? No, I want to sample that nose-paint myself. Whenever I see whisky my mouth waters. Besides, Postmaster-General Wanamaker wants to see me on another matter of national importance."

"What is it, Col. Snort?"

"The Postmaster-General is going to issue a new style of hat, to be called the Bill Snort Chapeau. It will be in shape a sort of a compromise between the Blaine plug and the cocked hat into which Harrison was knocked at the last election."

"So the Postmaster-General is going to issue a new hat?"

"Yes, it is for the second and third class postmasters all over the country. Those postmasters who, in accordance with the civil service reform rules, have sent in the most orders to John Wanamaker's stores for ready-made clothing, will get one of these complimentary Bill Snort hats for a New Year's present. Those who have not drummed up any business for Wanamaker will get bounced."

"Some of them ought to get six months instead of a hat, but Snort, I want you to stay right here in New York and help me and Chauncey Depew boom up the Fair Fund. We need ten millions and we haven't got five yet."

"What's our Chauncey after now?"

"He has got a Presidential bee as big as a prairie chicken in his bonnet. He sees Presidential turkey in sight in 1892. He has actually picked out his cabinet already, and got his inaugural under way. If the Fair is held in New York it will help us both. We need your advice, Snort."

"What's the Fair Committee doing?"

"As far as I know, it hasn't got through yet doing nothing. It reminds me of the Keeley motor, which is the only other thing that can pouring in. We have had cartoons in the comic papers work for months and do nothing. They could get into a dime museum as ossified men."

Although the welfare of the nation depended on my getting to Washington right off, I finally consented to remain over in New York one day and hold a conference with Grant and Depew.

We met in the Governor's room in the City Hall. After Depew had made his little usual after-dinner speech, I remarked:

"Have you utilized the Press, Mr. Mayor? Have Chicago and St. Louis been properly blackguarded?"

Grant—"I should say so, Col. Snort. I have hired several of the most expert newspaper liars in the city

to write startling headlines about the deluge of money ridiculing Chicago—but the money rolls in like cold molasses."

Depew—"The Press, Col. Snort, is useful in publishing after-dinner speeches, but otherwise its mission for good is limited."

Snort—"Mr. Mayor, if the New Yorkers refuse to subscribe, why not have the police bulldoze them? They can do it in perfect safety, as no New York policeman is ever punished, no matter how many homicides he commits."

Grant—"I know that, Col. Snort, but even a New York policeman can't club money out of a man who hasn't got anything. In New York, as elsewhere, the poorer classes are not wealthy."

Snort—"Why not club the rich people, then?"

Grant—"Because this is a civilized community. You must not suppose you are down South in Texas where one man is as good as another."

Snort—"That's so. I forgot I was in a civilized community. Well, then the rich New Yorkers must be reached in some other way."

Depew—"I think, gentlemen, if we get up a banquet, and I were to make a little after-dinner speech, it might move them."

Grant (sarcastically)—"Very likely, but it wouldn't bring in any money."

Snort—"Why don't you urge the clergy to appeal to the wealthy members of their congregations, and if they didn't subscribe, then tell them to go downwards—where McGinty is?"



Snort's plan for Raising the Money.

Grant—"It would be of no use. The rich people don't go to church much. Besides, the clergy need for themselves all the money they can gouge out of their flocks."

Depew—"Perhaps if I could get into the pulpit, myself, and make a little after-dinner speech, they would contribute more liberally?"

Grant—"Yes, Chauncey, for you to stop, perhaps. Better keep those speeches until after you have been nominated. Never unmask your battery, Chauncey, before your guns are loaded."

Snort—"It seems to me, Mr. Mayor, that you are at the end of your row. Mr. Depew, suppose you issue railroad passes to all the rich people who will subscribe to the fund. It will make you popular in 1892."

Depew—"They have already got passes."

Snort—"You have a great many wealthy friends in New York. You are a silver-tongued orator, etc., etc. Why not apply to them personally. It will help you in 1892."

Grant—"That's a splendid idea, Depew. Suppose you make a little after-dinner speech to Dudely Canesucker, the Fifth avenue millionaire?"

Depew—"I did. He is in favor of the Fair being held in London."

Grant—"Perhaps Knickerbocker Vanchump will do something?"

Depew—"He says he has spent so much money for thoroughbred English cattle that he can't afford it."

Grant—"How about old Bondclipper?"

Depew—"He is offering four millions for Prince Vermecelli for his eldest daughter. He has no money to waste on fairs."

Grant—"Well, perhaps that rich widow Tongsly, on Madison avenue, will do something. She owns lots of real estate."

Depew—"She is selling off her real estate to buy a second-hand English duke if she can find one to suit her. She has no money for fairs."

After I listened to this for some time I at last said, striking my fist on the table:

"Gentlemen, neither of you can make this Fair a success. Now, let Bill Snort try his hand. Mr. Depew, give me letters of introduction to these rich Republican dudes of New York, and in twenty-four hours I'll have the money or show you how a New York dude looks inside."

Depew—"Don't be rash, Col. Snort."

Snort—"I'm going to make a little after-dinner speech to the rich dudes, and the first one that refuses to subscribe I'll shoot and carve him to encourage the rest to do better."

Grant—"But, Col. Snort, there is a 'law against it.'"

Snort—"What difference does that make, if I have a pull with Tammany Hall? When a man has Tammany Hall behind him, there is no rascality he can not commit with impunity. Ain't that so, Mr. Mayor?"

Grant—"But even Tammany Hall can't prevent you from being tried for murder."

Snort—"Depew, here, will hire Howe & Hummel to defend me, and then the trial won't amount to much."

Grant—"But, Col. Snort, you must not shoot a rich dude in New York?"

Snort—"Why not, in the name of common sense?"

Grant—"Because New York's only claim on Chicago as a site for the World's Fair is our superior morality, and if you kill a rich dude the coroner will take charge of the body."

Snort—"Well, what of it?"

Grant—"What of it! Why, don't you know whenever a rich man is killed, or drops dead from any cause in New York, he is found to be loaded with love-letters from married ladies belonging to the first families. These letters are published in the papers, and then there are social earthquakes and upheavals, etc. This sort of thing destroys New York's claim as a moral city."

Depew—"And it causes innocent hearts to bleed. For heaven's sake, Col. Snort, don't shoot a rich man in New York, but if you must, let me pick him out."

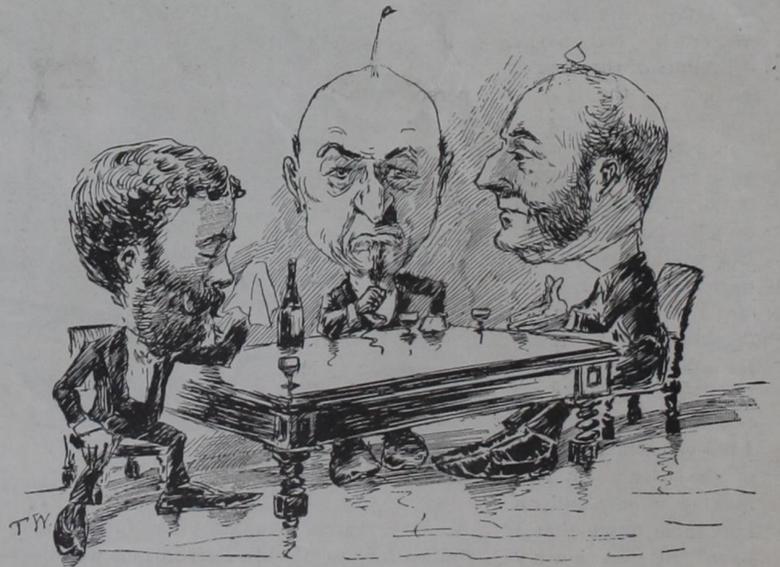
Snort—"Gentlemen, there is no other way to raise money for public purposes in New York; but an idea strikes me. You two gentlemen wish to be popular in New York."

Grant and Depew—"You bet."

Snort—"Then the sooner you drop this Fair business the better. If you keep on trying to raise money for the Fair, some morning you will wake up and find yourselves inmates of the silent tomb. You will be regarded by the New Yorkers as a public enemy. Thus far you have done so little for the Fair that nobody suspects you as yet, but if you keep on talking this way the cat will be out of the bag. I'll not give you away. If anybody accuses you of trying to have the World's Fair you can prove an alibi by Bill Snort."

This ended our conference. The truth is, Johnny, Jay Gould is the only prominent New Yorker in favor of the Fair, and he wants it located in St. Louis.

Your friend,
BILL SNORT.



Snort, Grant and Depew consult about the World's Fair.



CHRISTMAS PARLOR MAGIC.

YOUNG MR. GRIGSBY (to elderly lady in the foreground)—Mr. Snooks performs those tricks very well for an amateur. I didn't know he was a prestidigitator.
 ELDERLY LADY—Prestidigitator, is he? Strange, how our young men take up some other religion than that of their family. His father was an Old School Presbyterian.

WINTRY FASHION NOTES.

The speaker's mallet is the latest thing in raps. Woolen socks now swathe masculine woosies. Last year's overcoats are *ong raggie* for this year's tramps.

John L. Sullivan keeps in stock a large assortment of warm raps for the winter season. Adv't it.

As the holiday season approaches, confectioners grow cheerful in anticipation of the Christmas trade—and colic will soon be the latest thing in kids.

It is not swell to wear a boil on the neck at a swell reception.

The embroidered motto, "Give and take," makes a very pretty decoration for fashionable sandbags.

New Year's calls should not be cut too high in the neck. It is no longer considered high-toned to coil up the slack of your breath and let it rest on the mantle-piece while passing the compliments of the season.

To pun on the name of a person to whom you have just been introduced is not *gesundheit*. If you seem anxious to paralyze him, it is quite as *rechershay* and far more business-like to use a bung-starter, such as you can readily borrow from any obliging barkeep.

Some would-be gentlemen strive to smother an *anguis in herba* breath beneath the *whiff de clove* between acts. This is not as it had ought to be, and, besides, it is taking a mean advantage of the clove. The best plan is to leave your breath with the barkeeper for safe-keeping until the show is over.

Anxious Inquirer wants to know what would be an appropriate costume for a dairy-men's masquerade ball. A pail-green doublet and high-water pumps, with hose to match, would about fill the bill—that is to say, if it happens to be a milk bill.

Lamp-post decorations are the same as last

season. They are only *lum te tum* after nightfall and come in all grades of trouserings. As the thermometer drops toward zero, some pretty effects are produced by sifting frozen moonlight through the tangled breath of conviviality.

WILL SUMMERSMITH.

A man feels the income tacks worst when he sits down upon them.



HOW HE GOT IT.

GABBY—How did you get that dreadful cold?
 SNUFFLETON—Id the datural way, stoopid! S'pose I advertised for plads ad spedifgatiods?

GENIUS AND LABOR.

A celebrated American statesman once said to an intimate friend: "Men give me some credit for genius. All the genius I have lies just in this: When I have a subject in hand I study it profoundly. Day and night it is before me; I explore it in all its bearings. My mind becomes pervaded with it. Then the effort which I make is what people are pleased to call the fruit of genius. It is the fruit of labor and thought."

Daniel Webster once said: "If there be such a weight in my words as you represent, it is because I do not allow myself to speak on any subject until I have imbued my mind with it." The law of labor is equally binding on genius and mediocrity.

SARCASM IN A NAME.

Shakspeare asks what's in a name? Occasionally, if it be a Russian or Polish name, about half the alphabet is in it. In this connection a gentleman with a peculiar name has turned up in New York. It is Joseph Suesskind, the banker who has hid the money deposited with by him poor confiding Jews and Poles, so that nobody but himself can find it. The translation of Suesskind is literally, sweet child.

AT HIS OWN SHADOW.

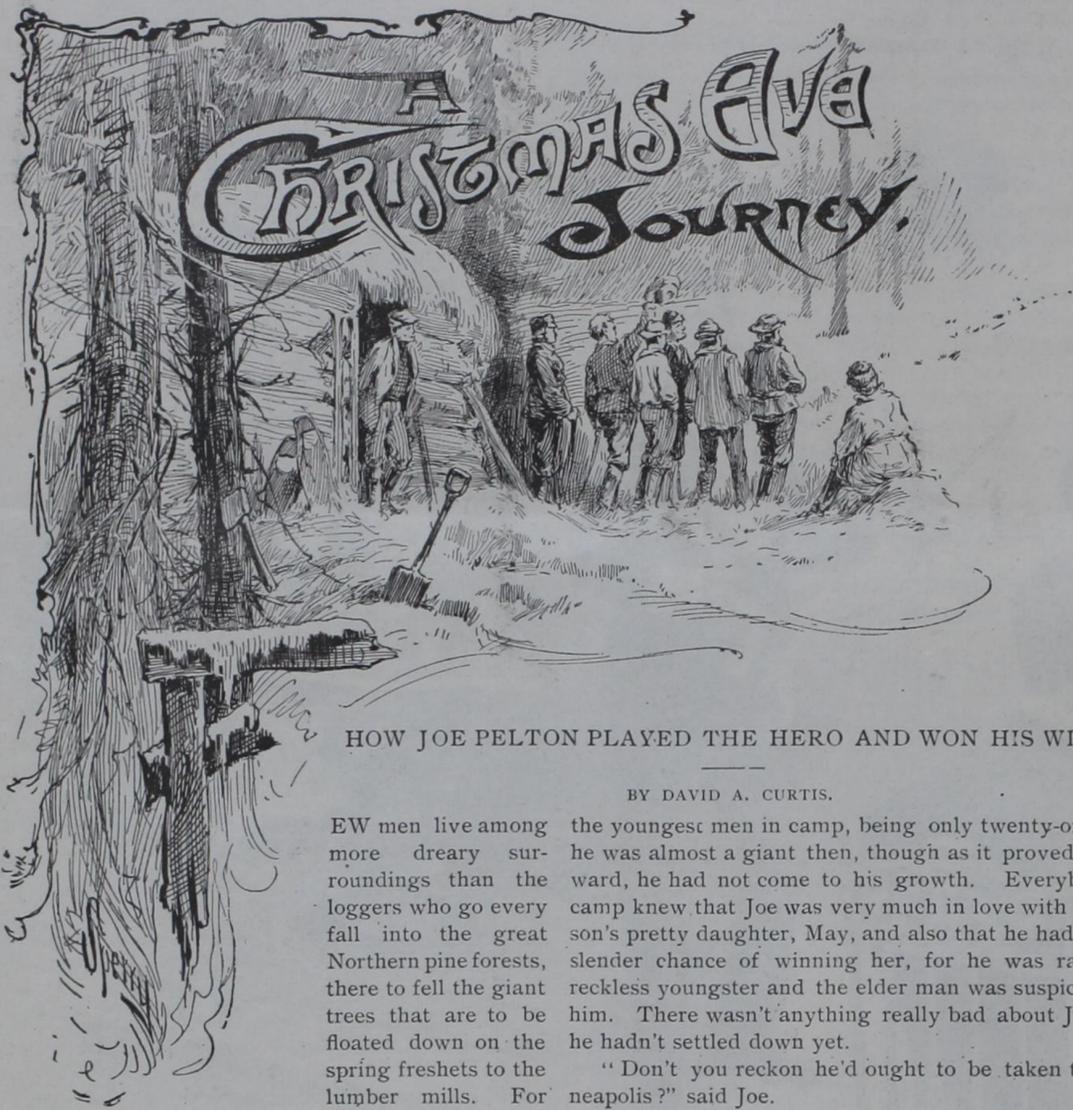
A man aroused his wife from a sound sleep, the other night, saying that he had seen a ghost in the shape of a donkey.

"Oh! let me sleep," the irate dame rejoined, "and don't be frightened at your own shadow."

THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

Johnny—What makes you look so tired?

Tommy—My step-mother is sick and now I'll get licked before every meal. The doctor says she must take exercise on an empty stomach.



HOW JOE PELTON PLAYED THE HERO AND WON HIS WIFE.

BY DAVID A. CURTIS.

EW men live among more dreary surroundings than the loggers who go every fall into the great Northern pine forests, there to fell the giant trees that are to be floated down on the spring freshets to the lumber mills. For four or five months or longer every year they are cut off from all civilization, barring the scanty store of it that they take with them. That is exceedingly small, for freight of all kinds has to be hauled up to camp at considerable expense, and civilization is one of the things they can quite easily do without.

A week in one of the camps is pleasanter and better than a month. The soft, almost impassable barriers of snow, six, eight, or ten feet deep that surround it on all sides are picturesque; the moaning and sighing of the winter wind through the branches of the big pines are musical; the aroma of the pines is pungent and pleasant; but when these delights have grown monotonous and one has to fall back on "old sledge," played with a worn, greasy pack, the thing palls on a cultivated taste. Still, the trees have to be chopped down, so somebody goes there—a lot of somebodies, in fact, winter after winter to work. In one of Aleck Forman's camps, in Northern Minnesota, accordingly, were located in the winter of 18—, some forty of the rough giants who make up these little communities. They had settled for the season in the usual fashion, building their rude cabins and arranging their few conveniences as well as possible, and were looking forward with the lack of interest natural under the circumstances, to a lonely Christmas, when the monotony of camp-life was broken.

It is seldom broken except in one way, and this was in accordance with the rule. An accident happened. It very rarely happens that a skillful lumberman gets caught under a falling tree, but in some mysterious way John Davidson, the oldest and most experienced man in the "gang," managed to slip and fall partly under a falling trunk. If he had been squarely under it he would have been crushed to death instantly. As it was he was picked up senseless. The foreman, Charlie Andrews, was somewhat skilled in treating ordinary bruises and fractures, and he examined Davidson carefully, expecting to find several of his bones broken, but none of them were, and the men thought their comrade would soon recover. He lay, however, in a sort of stupor for three days, and all the men in camp grew thoroughly alarmed. It looked as if Christmas was likely to be a sad day indeed.

At length, one evening when Andrews had finished as careful an examination of the unfortunate man as he knew how to make, and had been able to get some few replies to his questions, he said to the others, "I'm afraid it's no use. I dunno what I kin do fur him. He's hurt inside somewheres an' he seems to be failin' rapid. I reckon he's goin' ter cash in."

There was silence in the little group for a few moments, and then Joe Pelton spoke up. Joe was one of

the youngest men in camp, being only twenty-one, but he was almost a giant then, though as it proved afterward, he had not come to his growth. Everybody in camp knew that Joe was very much in love with Davidson's pretty daughter, May, and also that he had a very slender chance of winning her, for he was rather a reckless youngster and the elder man was suspicious of him. There wasn't anything really bad about Joe, but he hadn't settled down yet.

"Don't you reckon he'd ought to be taken to Minneapolis?" said Joe.

"Yes," said Andrews, "but I don't believe he can get there in time. There's three foot o' snow on the trail now, and there ain't a team in camp that wouldn't break down on the road."

"Well," said Joe, very slowly, "if you fellers 'll make me a light sled to-night, I'll pull him down. It's only a little over fifty miles, an' I reckon I kin make it in two days."

"I dunno," said Andrews, doubtfully. "I reckon it's likely you c'd git through if anybody could, but yer mighty likely ter break down, an' if yer do it's all day with yer."

"I know it," replied Joe, coolly, "but I'll risk it. If I git him home he may have a chance, an' if I don't he won't be no worse off 'n he is now."

"Yes, but you will," said one of the other men.

"I'll take my chances," said Joe again, and they all saw that he was in earnest. The cool bravery of the man did not surprise them, especially as they knew just what was passing in his mind about May Davidson, but there was not a man among them who did not feel a thrill of admiration. One of the men, John Williams,

indeed was so stirred that he offered to go, too, but Joe declined.

"If I kin git through at all," he said, "I kin do it alone, an' there's no use o' more than one takin' the risk. I'll turn in now, an' git a good sleep an' take an early start."

So he went to bed, and the other men made as light a sled as they could fashion. It was about the pattern of a toboggan, for runners would have been useless on unbroken snow. Then they made as light a pack as possible of provisions and some few little necessities, and in the morning the sick man was carefully rolled in blankets and laid as comfortably as possible on the sled.

Joe started at daybreak, and John Williams insisted on going a part of the way with him, to lighten the work in some degree. As they started every man in the camp gripped the hand of the stalwart youngster in what each one thought was a last farewell. Perhaps Joe thought so, too, but his face showed by the hard way it was set that he did not intend to fail if human strength could carry him through.

About noon Williams returned to camp alone, and almost broken down with fatigue. "I dragged the sled nigh five miles," he said, "an' I knew I couldn't git back at all if I didn't turn then. So I turned. I tried to git Joe ter come back, too, f'r I don't believe he'll ever git through alive, though he was fresh enough when I left him. But Joe's good grit. He o'ny clinched his teeth, 'n' said he was goin' ter make the best stagger he could towards gittin' thar. Ef anybody kin, he kin, but I reckon we've seen the last o' both of 'em."

As it turned out, they had not, for Joe got through all right, though he confessed afterwards that he had not really expected to when he started. The belief, though, that their two comrades were perishing in the snow made Christmas a gloomy day in that camp.

Joe used to tell the story of the desperate tramp occasionally afterwards, though it was not easy to persuade him to do it. I think, indeed, that he never fully got over the horror of his experience.

"You know th' ole man was wanderin' a bit before we started," he used to say, "an' the greatest fear I had about the trip was that he'd go clean crazy out thar in th' woods, fur it seemed ter me 's if I'd go crazy, too, ef he did. Ez 'twas, I sometimes think I kinder lost my wits fur a spell. 'Twas powerful hard work ploughin' along over the snow, specially where they was drifts, 'n' I reckon I must er lost more 'n five or six mile goin' round the biggest on em. Luckily, though, there wasn't many on 'em, an' the most o' the way twasn't so bad. Of course I had snow-shoes on, but I never was very handy with the blame things, an' the snow warn't packed hard enough to make the walkin' real comfortable.

"A'ter Williams left me, I begun to feel, right away, one thing I'd dreaded mighty bad, 'n' that was the awful loneliness o' th' woods. Ye don't know how skeery the big woods is till ye've been in 'em like I was, durned uncertain whether yer ever goin' to git anywhere. The wind was a sighin' through the big trees like it always does when they is any wind at all, an' it sounded so kind o' mournful that it put all sorts o' foolish notions into my head. 'Peared like the very trees was sorry for me, an' that begin to make me feel sorry for myself, an' sometimes I'd almost break down an' cry.

"I was always kind o' handy about reckonin' distances in the woods, an' I found I was makin' just about two mile an hour. I could ha' pushed on some faster, but I knowed if I did I'd on'y tire myself more, an' I didn't dast to do that. I had plenty o' time to figger on the journey, an' the highest I could get to it was, that if I could hold out, I might git somewhere near town the second night. I knowed I couldn't git out o' the woods in one day's goin', an' they was no use tryin' to



Joe Pelton's Heavy Tramp through the Wilderness.

travel at night among the trees. More 'n that, I knowed if I was goin' to be good for anythin' at all the second day I'd got to git a sleep, an' a powerful big one, after the first day. So, the days bein' short, I reckoned on about twenty mile the first day; then sleep till daybreak, an then the best I could do towards the other thirty mile. I knowed I'd be in the open when the second night came on, an' if I had luck I might strike a trail, an' mebbe git help somewhar. It was close figgerin', though, an' I made up my mind the one sleep 'ud be all I'd git, an' the second day I'd have to go till I dropped, if it took me way inter the night. I could steer by the stars I knew, if I once got away f'om the trees.

"Long towards night, I'm darned if the ole man didn't git plumb crazy. He hollered an' yelled an' struggled so to git off'n the sled 't I was afraid he'd break the fast'nin's, but Andrews had tied him pretty close, an' he didn't have sense enough to try to untie the knots. I had to tie his arms, though, an' I tell ye 'twas somethin' awful. Thar I was, miles an' miles awan f'm anybody but a crazy man, riskin' my life to save his, an' skeered to death for fear I'd be as crazy as he was in a few minutes, a tyin' him up to keep him f'm gettin' away. I got him fast, though, an' give him a dose o' laudanum that Andrews had give me for him, an' after a little he calmed down an' went to sleep.

"I went along till 'twas too dark to see the way any further, an' I knowed I'd got to camp out. They was a good many wolves 'round, too, 'n' I heerd 'em gittin' closter and closter. I warn't afeard of 'em 's long's I was awake, fur I knowed how pesky cowardly the critters are, till they ketch a feller down, but I was skeered for fear they'd jump on us a'ter we'd gone to sleep. So I built up a rousin' good fire. That took time, but I made it o' brush an' chopped up a young tree 't I found, for logs, an' in about two hours I was ready to turn in. Then I stripped an' rubbed myself 's well 's I could with whisky and dressed an' wrapped up well, 'n lay down. Course I'd had plenty to eat. The boys 'd taken care o' that. I couldn't git th' ole man to eat nethin', though, f'm the time we started.

"Well, I slept tolable sound till nigh daybreak, though I had to git up a couple o' times 'n' feed the fire. Them blame wolves was too close to be comfortable. I c'd see 'em in the dark, smellin' and yelpin' 'round, but they was more afeerd o' the fire 'n I was o' them.

"Soon as 'twas light I got up 'n' het some coffee an' took a bite, 'n' started. I was goin' by the compass, o' course, but I couldn't go in the dark, fur not seein' the way. Talk about ghosts! An' talk about gittin' skeered of 'em. I seen an' heerd more'n a million of 'em 'fore the sun rose, an' I had all I could do to keep f'm yellin' an' hootin' the way the ole man did the first day. Ye may think I talk too much 'bout the way I felt, an' mebbe another man wouldn't ha' been skeered like I was, but I was almost frightened to death for those two days. I knowed, though, 't the on'y thing to do was to push ahead, 'n' I did. The ole man had woke up, an' it seemed to me like he was a little more sensible 'n he was the day before, but he lay quiet, 'n' I didn't dare to say nothin' to him fer fear 't he'd start in yellin' again.

"He didn't though, 'n' then I got skeered again fur fear he was dead. Everything frightened me, but I pushed ahead, 'n' I don't think I stopped fifteen minutes all day. The fust thing 't give me any courage



A Perilous Fall.

whatsomever, was about dark when I struck a trail 't I knew must lead to Minneapolis. I reckoned I had nigh twelve mile more to go, but the goin' was a heap easier, na' I had some hope o' meetin' somebody or comin' to a house where I could git a horse. That cheered me up a heap, an' somehow I had no more fear a'ter that.

"As it turned out I was plumb wrong all round. I was on the right trail, to be sure, but I was more'n sixteen mile away f'm town. I reckon I'd traveled over forty mile, but I'd lost more'n I thought then, by not goin' dead straight. Then, 'stead o' havin' less to fear, I'd a heap more. I traveled along pretty well for an hour or two a'ter dark, 'n' then I got so dog tired I took a big snifter o' whisky. I hadn't took any afore, fur I was afeerd o' the stuff, never bein' used to it, an' knowin' 'twould help me awhile an' then leave me worse off. But I reckoned I was so near gone, an' so close to where I'd git help, 'twas time to take it. Thar I was wrong again. The dumed liquor spurred me up for mebbe an hour, an' then I kind o' lost track o' the time an' didn't seem to know much about anything, an' bimeby I 'keched myself thinkin' it didn't make much difference anyhow. I'd got ter die some time, an' I might as well lie down and be quick about it, an' as fur the ole man, thar wasn't much show fur him anyhow.

"I dunno how it was 't I ketched myself up again, but I knowed enough to know 'twas the cold an' me bein' so tired that done it, 'n' I says to myself, 'Joe, you've got to git thar fust, 'n' then's time enough to die.' I studied on it fur a minute or two, and come to the conclusion 't I'd got to hurt myself somehow, so's the pain would keep me awake, 'n' I caught my little finger nail in my teeth 'n' bit it off. Well, I had plenty o' pain then, and I jumped ahead like a tired ox when you gad him deep.

"That lasted me for mebbe half an hour, but I couldn't tell nothin' about the time. I'd lost track o' that entirely. Then the cold began to numb me again. 'Twas a frightful cold night, an' I dunno how 'twas the ole man kep' f'm freezin' to death.

"Finally, I staggered 'n' fell, 'n' just as I did, 'n' thought to myself 't I wouldn't bother to git up fur 'twan't wuth while, the ole man spoke up. I don't think he'd said anything afore, all day long. 'Joe,' he

says, speakin' sharp an' loud, but not hollerin', 'Joe, hear the Christmas chimes!'

"First, I thought he was ravin' again' but it started me up an' I listened, an' sure enough, the church bells, was a ringin'. Boys, I never knowed afore what church bells mean. Talk about 'Good tidings of great joy, thar never was tidings of joy came to me like them bell brought. 'Twas Christmas Eve, an' I hadn't never thought of it all day. Thar I was, within hearin' o' the bells, an' givin' out, an' I made up my mind I'd make another stagger, 'n' I struggled up again.

"Twan't no use, though. I'd got plumb to the end o' the run. I ploughed along a bit, but as I knowed a'terwards I must ha' gone clean off my head, fur I left the trail an' wandered off somewhere, the Lord on'y knows where, but He must ha' been lookin' out fur us, fur I kinder wandered 'round, like, till I come back ter the trail agin, an' as luck would have it, I come back ter the top of a bluff, an' stumblin' ahead, knowin' nothin', I went plumb over, draggin' the sled along with me.

"Wall, we tumbled square inter the roadway. Ef it hadn't been for the snow we'd both ha' been killed, likely, fur we fell nigh fifty feet. As 'twas I couldn't git up, fur I was dead beat, an' the ole man couldn't 'cause I hadn't untied him. I was skeered to do it. But he wasn't hurt, an' he lay on one side, expectin' to lay there an' die, when he heerd sleigh-bells. Blamed if a feller didn't come drivin' along with a fust-rate horse. Seems he lived out on the perara* an' was goin' home f'm town, but he was a good-hearted feller, an' when he found out what the situation was he turned right away, an' took us into town flyin'. The ole man had sense enough left to tell him about it an' to tell who we was.

"The feller drove right to the ole man's house, 'n' we found they was havin' a little Christmas party there, an' nat'ral enough they was talkin' about the ole man when we come to the door. The feller what brought us in, he was a trump an' no mistake. He told 'em the story, fur I'd told him as much as I could before I went to sleep in the sleigh. I was that tired I never woke up till the next afternoon, an' there I was in bed in the ole man's house, with the doctor lookin' at me.

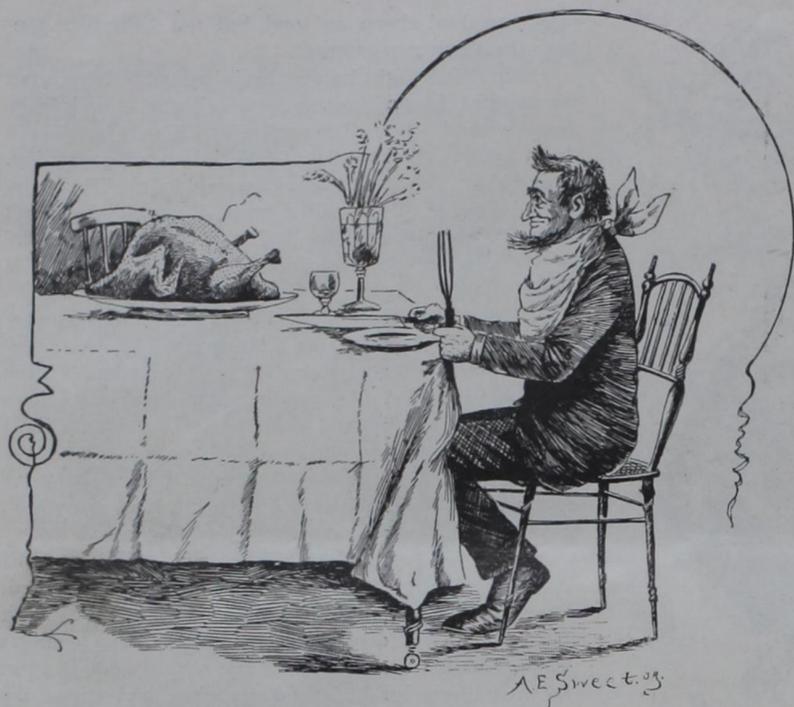
"He laughed when I looked 'round an' asked where I was, an' he says, 'I thought you'd be all right, soon as you'd had your sleep out.' An' I says 'Yes, I'm all right; but how's the ole man?' Then he looked mighty grave, an' he says, 'I can't tell yet. He's been hurt mighty bad, but I reckon maybe with good nussin' he'll come 'round mebbe. He would ha' died, though, ef he hadn't been brought home.' Then he shook hands with me an' said all sorts o' foolish things 'bout me bein' a hero, 'stead o' what I am, a big man with tolable strong legs an' arms. But Lord bless you! what he said was nothin' to the way the women took on, when I dressed an' went down stairs. They hugged me, an' kissed me till I was fairly 'shamed o' myself, an' the ole woman says: 'Joe Pelton, you brought me my husband for a Christmas gift, and I'll give you a wife fur yourn.' Then I knowed it were all settled, 'cause I knowed the ole man wouldn't never go back on what she said. An' he didn't, neither, when he got stronger, as he did a'ter a bit. He won't never be strong, like he was; but he's tolable well now, an' likely to live a good many years.

"Well, them women made me talk all the afternoon 'bout the walk down f'm camp, an' when they wanted to know how I'd hurt my finger, an' I told 'em, I'm blamed if they didn't cry till I felt like a fool.

"That's all there is to the story. Course I'm powerful glad I did what I did, but I don't never want to go through such a thing again. Ye see I couldn't never get no such pay 's I did that time. The ole man an' the ole woman don't never seem to get tired doin' things for me, and my wife is all the time talkin' about it. I dunno 's she'll ever git through."

* Perara, i. e. prairie.





GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"Thou hast no faults, or I no faults can spy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindness I."
—Pope (to a Christmas turkey, perhaps).

WHAT SANTA CLAUS DID FOR JIMMIE BAXTER.

A miserable, wet and windy Christmas Eve. The rain driving sheets and the wind ruthlessly blowing umbrellas inside out and making pedestrians feel anything but firm on their legs. The street cars were all crowded with dripping humanity in very unamiable moods, and still less amiable were those individuals who, from business necessity, had to walk. The gutters ran like rivers, the wind shrieked through the bare branches of the trees in City Hall Park, and the *sine qua non* of that locality, the newsboy, was silent and invisible.

Behind one of the pillars of the City Hall portico little Jimmie Baxter stood with shivering limbs and chattering teeth. He was of the shoe black persuasion, and as it had been raining persistently all day, his business profits were represented by a cipher. Jimmie was an orphan of the tender age of eight, tall for his age, with a bright, open countenance that bespoke a fearless honesty and a determination to succeed if success could be attained. His parents having both died while he was a mere baby, he had been handed over to the tender mercies of a drunken aunt, whose treatment of Jimmie was always proportioned to the amount of money he brought her in. For even from the day he could first walk she had compelled him to go out on the streets and beg, or earn, a living. And from that day's financial returns Jimmie deemed it inadvisable for him to go home.

"Just my luck!" he exclaimed, his teeth chattering at every word. "Christmas Eve, too, and I aint got but a nickel left to get su'thing to eat wid, and nowheres to sleep. Guess I'll run over to the post-office an' try to get warm agin one of the heaters. Lord, how the wind blows!"

Jimmie buttoned his little coat tight up to his chin, pressed his cap down on his head, and made a run for the Park Row entrance to the post-office. He succeeded in getting across the plaza and through the Park without incident, but just as he was crossing Mail street, a vagrant umbrella came tearing along from Broadway, and knocked the legs from under Jimmie, throwing him on his back, while it continued its way over towards the Tribune Building.

The shoeblack picked himself up ruefully, for he had fallen into a pool of water and his clothes were wet through, but before he could continue his journey a huge female form loomed up beside him and a strong voice exclaimed breathlessly:

"You little rascal, why didn't you stop it?"

"Stop which?" inquired Jimmie, sarcastically, "the umbrella or the wind?"

"The umbrella, you mischievous little imp!" exclaimed the old lady, excitedly. "I've a good mind to have you arrested for not recovering my property!"

"Wot's de matter wid me suing yer fer damages meself?" returned Jimmie, scornfully. "I've ruined my new Christmas suit all through yer blamed umbrella! Yer ought to be charged wid losing control of your property, and allowing it to roam at large!"

This was the last straw to the exasperated lady, and lacking the proper means of chastisement by the loss of her umbrella, she swung round her hand-bag and made a vicious blow at Jimmie, accompanying the movement with words much more forcible than elegant. Jimmie dodged the bag easily enough, but either the force of the blow or the force of the wind, or both, made the reticule fly open, and out came a shower of papers, deeds, and crisp new bills.

"Oh, little boy, dear little boy!" exclaimed the old lady, in genuine distress, "please help me pick up the papers, and I'll give you a dollar—two dollars—five dollars—ten dollars—only please help me, won't you?"

Jimmie's natural anger at the cross-grained woman had given way to his generous impulses the moment he noticed the accident. There was nobody else in the vicinity, and the papers were blowing in all directions, but the nimble shoeblack had soon collected them all, and a dirty, wet and miserable heap they looked.

"Come into the post-office, ma'am," said Jimmie, "and I'll wipe all the mud off of 'em for you."

The lady, who was much more alarmed than angry now, accompanied Jim into the post-office, where, after ten minutes rubbing with his ragged handkerchief, he managed to get the thick of the dirt off the papers. There were several documents with heavy red seals, some letters, and \$2,000 in bills of large denominations. The sight of the latter made poor Jim's eyes water, but he scrupulously handed everything back to his companion.

"Where do you live, boy?" asked the old lady, suddenly.

"I don't live nowheres," replied Jim, with more emphasis than grammar. "Leastwise I aint got no regular home. I'm an orphan, ma'am!"

"But where do you get your meals?" she continued.

"Well I aint so pertikler *where* I gets 'em, as when an' how I gets 'em," responded Jim, truthfully. "I aint had nuthin' to eat since breakfast, an' I'm wet through."

"Well just come with me, and we'll soon remedy that," said the old lady, with a suspicious glint in her eyes, and Jim followed her through to the south end of the building and thence to a Fulton street restaurant.

When they had taken their seats opposite each other, and had ordered what appeared to Jim to be a sumptuous banquet, the shoeblack had to admit to himself that she wasn't such an ill-looking old lady after all. Her round, ruddy face beamed upon him so benevolently that he felt great compunction for having been rude to her. And with Jimmie to feel was to speak.

"You'll excuse me for being so sassy just now, marm," he began, his clear, honest eyes looking full into hers, "but I felt so cold and hungry and miserable when your umbrella knocked me over, that it made me kinder savage, an' I didn't know wot I said."

The lady smiled placidly and nodded her head, but said nothing in reply. Presently, however, she asked, "What is your name, boy?"

"James Baxter," replied the shoeblack, "but I'm always called Jimmie around here."

"Baxter—James Baxter," repeated the old lady, with her keen eyes fixed upon him. "You said you were an orphan; do you remember your mother's name—her name before she was married?"

"Yes," said Jimmie promptly, "I saw it written in a prayer book wot my aunt threw in the fire the other day."

"What was it?"

"Lucy Sanford."

The old lady's eyes glistened

and her hands trembled visibly. She muttered something to herself, but it was too low for even Jim's sharp ears to catch.

"What aunt of yours threw the book in the fire?" she suddenly asked.

"Aunt Matilda—father's sister," answered Jimmie. "She drinks, and she's a bad lot altogether. She used to spank me when I wasn't able to crawl, 'cos I didn't go beg in the streets for money for her to get gin with."

"She did, eh," exclaimed the old lady hotly, "then Matilda Baxter 'll hear of this as sure as my name's—Aint you hungry, little boy? there's the beefsteaks, so let's start in on them!"

Although Jimmie ate heartily and silently, he could not help wondering at the strange lady's manner, for she rarely, if ever, took her eyes off him and made but a poor pretense of eating at all.

Meanwhile Jimmie's new found friend had persuaded one of the waiters to go purchase her another umbrella, and when the repast was over the queerly assorted pair went out in quest of a boy's clothing store. In less than an hour Jimmie was transformed from a shoeblack into a fashionably dressed little gentleman. Then she took him to the Astor House, where in the morning Jimmie found the following note on the bureau in his room:

"I am your Aunt Jane from Boston, and have gone to give your other aunt a bit of my mind. There's money in your pockets—get your breakfast and wait for me. You'll go to Boston with me to-morrow."

Jimmie rubbed his eyes and pinched his arm to make sure that he was awake. He had never heard of Aunt Jane of Boston, but was perfectly willing to have one according to the sample he had seen.

In a short time the aunt returned glowing and puffing with excitement. She kissed Jimmie and said he looked handsome, which he certainly did. Then she explained that she was his mother's eldest sister, and was abroad at the time of the death of his parents. She had been given to understand that he was dead also, and had simply discovered his existence by accident. As she was a widow and childless, she wished Jimmie to go with her and share her comfortable home in Boston. Her present visit to New York had been to adjust some financial business connected with her deceased husband's property, and she had enough to keep them in luxury forever.

Jimmie took no time to deliberate, but settled the matter right there. Between a drunken aunt, rags and poverty, and the kind old lady and comfort there was but one choice for him, and to day as he sits in his own cozy law office, in which his aunt's wealth and influence placed him, he does not regret the ill-humored wind that blew the old lady's umbrella against him, and sent him sprawling in the mud.

J. S. G.

A LEADING QUESTION.

Lady of the House—Bridget, what became of all the cold meat that was left over from dinner?

Bridget—Sure, mum, the perlaceman ate it. And did yer niver love anybody yerself?



TOO MUCH GARNISHMENT FOR HIM.

MRS. STARVELY—I can't see why you're not able to furnish your rooms as well as the Borrowits do. They've got a parlor-set covered with silk and plush.

MR. STARVELY—Well, I'll bet it's covered with a chattel mortgage, also!

NEW YORK ALDERMEN.

When it comes to making themselves appear ridiculous, not to say contemptuous, the New York Board of Aldermen defy competition. Not long since they reduced to starvation those unfortunate persons who are obliged to grind an organ for a living. The action of the Board excited such a storm of ridicule and indignation that ostensibly they revoked the ordinance, but as a matter of fact it is still in force.

The number of organ grinders who are obliged to take out a license is limited to 300, but they are not allowed under a severe penalty to "solicit or ask alms directly or indirectly."

Under the circumstances the license to play on the organ is about as gracious and condescending as that of the fond mother who imparted full permission to her daughter to bathe *ad libitum* that provided under no circumstances she approached the aqueous fluid.

CHRISTMAS EVERGREENS.

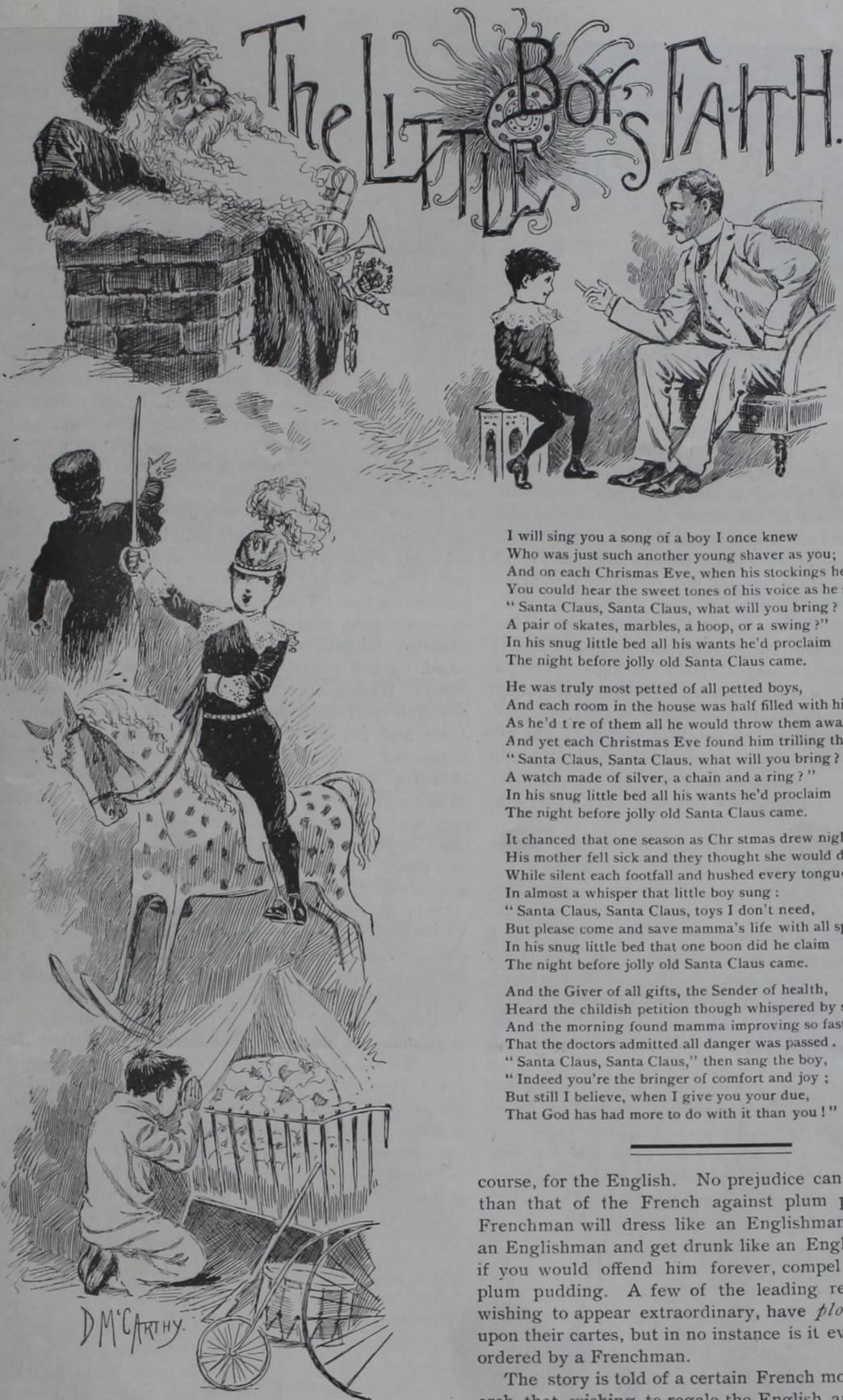
The old and pleasant custom of decking our houses and churches at Christmas with evergreens is derived from ancient heathen practices. Where Druidism had existed the houses were decked with evergreens in December that the sylvan spirits might repair to them and remain unrippd with frost and cold winds until a milder season had renewed the foliage of their darling abodes. The cutting of the mistletoe was a ceremony of great solemnity with our ancient ancestors. The people went in procession. The bards walked first, singing canticles and hymns; a herald preceded three Druids with implements for the purpose. Then followed the prince of the Druids accompanied by all the people. He mounted the oak and cutting the mistletoe with a golden sickle, presented it to the other Druids, who received it with great respect, and on the first day of the year distributed it among the people as a sacred and holy plant, crying: "The mistletoe for the new year!"

Because it was used in the pagan rites of the Druids, the mistletoe has never been used in the decoration of Christian churches, and it therefore had its place assigned in kitchens and halls, where it was hung up in great state with its white berries with the charm attached to it that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas would not be married in that year.

AN INSULTED WOMAN.

Life Insurance Agent—My dear madame, allow me to suggest that you get your husband's life insured for \$3,000. Suppose he were to die suddenly.

Indignant Woman—Get out of here. Do you think I am capable of murdering even my own husband for the paltry sum of \$3,000? What's the matter with a \$10,000 accident policy on his life?



I will sing you a song of a boy I once knew
Who was just such another young shaver as you;
And on each Christmas Eve, when his stockings he'd hang,
You could hear the sweet tones of his voice as he sang:
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what will you bring?
A pair of skates, marbles, a hoop, or a swing?"
In his snug little bed all his wants he'd proclaim
The night before jolly old Santa Claus came.

He was truly most petted of all petted boys,
And each room in the house was half filled with his toys;
As he'd tire of them all he would throw them away,
And yet each Christmas Eve found him trilling this lay:
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus, what will you bring?
A watch made of silver, a chain and a ring?"
In his snug little bed all his wants he'd proclaim
The night before jolly old Santa Claus came.

It chanced that one season as Christmas drew nigh,
His mother fell sick and they thought she would die;
While silent each footfall and hushed every tongue,
In almost a whisper that little boy sung:
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus, toys I don't need,
But please come and save mamma's life with all speed."
In his snug little bed that one boon did he claim
The night before jolly old Santa Claus came.

And the Giver of all gifts, the Sender of health,
Heard the childish petition though whispered by stealth;
And the morning found mamma improving so fast
That the doctors admitted all danger was passed.
"Santa Claus, Santa Claus," then sang the boy,
"Indeed you're the bringer of comfort and joy;
But still I believe, when I give you your due,
That God has had more to do with it than you!"

J. S. G.

course, for the English. No prejudice can be stronger than that of the French against plum pudding. A Frenchman will dress like an Englishman, swear like an Englishman and get drunk like an Englishman, but if you would offend him forever, compel him to eat plum pudding. A few of the leading restaurateurs, wishing to appear extraordinary, have *plomb pudding* upon their cartes, but in no instance is it ever ordered by a Frenchman.

The story is told of a certain French monarch that, wishing to regale the English ambassador on Christmas day with a plum pudding, he procured an excellent recipe for making one, which he gave to his cook with strict injunctions that it should be prepared with due attention to all the particulars. The weight of the ingredients, the size of the copper, the quantity of water, the duration of time, everything was attended to, except one trifle—the king forgot the cloth in which the delicacy should be boiled, and the pudding was served up like so much soup, in immense tureens, to the surprise of the ambassador, who was, however, too well bred to express his astonishment.

A PRICELESS RELIC.

In Versailles, France, there is a coachman who is an enthusiast about the great Napoleon. He takes every opportunity of expressing to his fare his great admiration, not to say veneration, of the little Corsican. One day a passing gentleman said to him:

"Why do you bother your head about Napoleon?"

"My dear sir, I have a priceless relic of the great Napoleon which I worship daily."

"What is it?"

"It is this ten-sou piece, which is some of the change which my grandfather got from a twenty-franc piece which Napoleon gave him."

DIVIDING THE SORROW.

Subscriber—Say, what kind of a thing do you call that sort and expecting a man to read it.

Editor—Yes, it's bad—very bad, I must admit. But, my friend, your trial is as nothing compared with mine. You only have to read it once; in point of fact you need not do that; you can skip it. Now look at me. I've got to think it out first and argue myself into the belief that it's worth printing. Then I write it; read it over; tear it up; re-write it; re-read it; correct a lot of errors in it; discover that I've left out the only good point in it; interline that; send it to the printer; have it returned to me in proof; find that he has omitted the funny part, too; interline that again; read it again when the paper is out and discover that the gleam of brightness is still missing. Shall I strike your name from the list?

Subscriber (with a look of profound pity)—No, that sort of suffering ought to be divided up into small chunks. You can send the paper for a year to the preacher at my wife's church and any other Christian martyr you've a mind to name, and I'll pay for them.

PLUM PUDDING IN PARIS.

Christmas day all the English cooks in Paris are full of business, forwarding plum pudding in cases to all parts of the country, already cooked and fit for the table after the necessary warming. All this is, of



THE PLACE TO HOLD THE FAIR.

Joe King says he thinks the best place to hold the fair is around the waist.



IT WAS Christmas Eve on the lonely prairie. The dull, monotonous, weary day of a Texan shepherd had drawn to its uneventful close. A pale-faced moon, riding high above the pecan motte where the solitary had pitched his camp, looked compassionately down upon the details of his humble housekeeping. A small tent glimmered ghost-like among the trees. Within a corral, roughly made of dead sticks and dry brush, the woolly flock were securely penned. Their sleepy cries and querulous bleatings filled the neighboring solitudes. The flickering light of the camp-fire flashed upon their myriad eyes with a weird, spectral effect. They were like so many dancing will-o'-the-wisps surrounding the stooping figure of their herder, and gleamed and coruscated about him with a movement wild and uncanny. But their familiar presence had no terrors for him. Of far more significance was the odor of frying bacon and boiling coffee. The solitary was cooking his supper.

It was indeed a small individual who accepted these pastoral responsibilities. The figure at which the curious sheep were so intently staring was that of a boy of scarcely eleven years. Straight black hair fell in long tangles below his heavy sombrero, framing a freckled face that was deeply tanned from sun and exposure. The big brown eyes had an elfish look in the red light of the fire. This was heightened by the absurdity of his frontier costume. A long yellow "slicker," originally designed for a man of ambitious proportions, completely enveloped his diminutive body and trailed for some feet on the ground behind him. His small hands with difficulty asserted themselves beyond the long sleeves which had been rolled and turned back indefinitely. The high boots which protruded beneath this monotonous garment were evidently not mates, and so large that they were a serious inconvenience to their wearer. Had it not been for the cheerful boyish face that overlooked and obviously triumphed over these difficulties of dress the incongruous figure might have been taken for a demoralized scare-crow rather than a sober shepherd.

The sketchy repast that is dignified on the frontier by the name of supper was soon completed. A few strips of scorched bacon, a slice or two of dry bread, a plateful of watery beans, with a cup of clear coffee, and the hungry wanderer rose refreshed. But not until he had supplied another party with the remnants of his humble banquet. This party had awaited the conclusion of the meal with an intent gaze and a hair-trigger smile that was as pathetic as it was dog-like. He was known as the Doctor, and was the sole companion of his master's wanderings. Doctor was not a shepherd dog. Being a vigorous bull-terrier of the brindled variety he could not claim for his diminutive but muscular anatomy the slightest predilection for his calling. He had taken it up as a matter of necessity, not of choice. But he was intelligent, observant, and persevering. If he did not understand sheep, it was not because he had not tried faithfully. He had given close attention to the idiosyncrasies of that inoffensive but exasperating animal. If in common with mankind he had been often unable to lead them in the paths they should follow, it was not from failure to use all the powers of persuasion which his jimmer-jaws and shrill bark could bring to bear upon a perplexing subject. And that he brought to each emergency an energy and courage that quite put Yaller-bird to the

blush was perhaps not the least of the many qualities which endeared him to his master.

His meagre supper over, the owner of this singular title repaired to his tent accompanied by his gamboling dog. Here he lighted a storm lantern, suspended from the ridge pole of his canvas abode, which at once illuminated its narrow confines and gave it from without the appearance of a large transparency, on which the movements of the boy and dog within were sketched with magnified and grotesque effect. Then he gravely divested himself of the long yellow garment which had inspired his curious christening, and inspected it with solicitude before hanging it up for the night. The tail of the "slicker" had accumulated a phenomenal amount of real estate in the weary pilgrimages of previous days. But with this matter the youthful shepherd was not concerned. A new development in the shape of a rent extending from the waist half way up one shoulder arrested his attention. At this discovery Yaller-bird heaved a deep sigh.

"I reckon it won't last, Doc., for the rest of the winter, and it's all I've got," he said, exhibiting it ruefully to the attentive canine. Doctor said nothing, but at once devoted himself to the task of drawing off his master's boots, an operation for which, being a bull pup, he had a special regard, inasmuch as it exercised his peculiar tenacity of jaw. To this task he was accustomed, each evening, to devote his energies. These boots, being large, as I have already indicated, the dog readily accomplished this, although he wrecked himself against the tent-pole in a final effort, whereupon Yaller-bird tied them together with a bit of string and gravely suspended them alongside the lantern where they swung heavily like some erratic pendulum.

"I reckon, Doc., you don't savey just why I'm doin' thet," remarked Yaller-bird, stepping back and surveying his work with hands shoved deeply into the pockets of ducking trousers that were supported by a single



"Did you bring me anythin' to put inter 'em fur Krissmuss?" said Yaller-bird. suspender, "but ter-night is Krissmus Eve, and I'm a-layin' fur a feller named *Sandy Claws*, who generally comes along and shoves candies and presents inter people's stockings. Bein' ez I ain't got none"—the speaker here inspected his bare and thorn-scratched feet—"I reckoned I'd hang up my boots fur they're roomy and accommodatin'. P'raps, ef *Sandy* comes along our way he might jest natchally heave somethin' inter 'em."

Doctor, preserving a respectful silence at this communication, but with attent ears and head on one side, apparently being deeply interested, Yaller-bird

continued: "It'd take me too long to tell you jest now how the custom came about, Doc, and I reckon, arter all, you wouldn't quite understand it, but it was all along of a Great King who was born among some sheep, just like this, in a furren kentry, and three wise fellers kem plumb across the purrara on camels, a-bringin' toys and presents to give to him. A feller from San Antone give me the tip and he read all about it in a book called *Ben Thar*, which was wrote by a soger chap, and I reckon he knew all about it from the name he give his book. Anyhow, that's where I got hold of it. And ever sence, presents has been pretty thick in certain places about this time o' year, and this yer *Sandy Claws* is said to be the cause of it. I ain't never seen him, and I reckon he comes when fellers like you and me is asleep, but I reckon I'd know him ef I ever sot eyes on him; and I want you to be oncommon keerful ter-night, and not bark nor do nuthin' to surprise him, ef you should happen to see him kem inter this tent. Fur ef yer should, we don't git nuthin'; and I know a dog ez won't git any breakfast ter-morrer mornin'. *Savey thet?*"

Doctor did not signify whether he "saveyed" or not, except to wag a stumpy tail violently, which was evidently regarded by his master as significant. However, without further conversation, Yaller-bird began to prepare for bed. This consisted in shaking up an old straw mattress that lay in a corner of the tent, and divesting himself of his ducking trousers which were rolled up and placed beneath his head to serve as a pillow. Having accomplished these preliminaries, the boy drew near the lantern with the intention of putting it out, and the intelligent Doctor began that circular movement with which dogs usually prepare to lie down. However, they were not destined to retire so early, for, all at once, the ears of both were assailed by an unaccustomed noise without, and the apparition of a human hand, endeavoring to open the tent-flap which had been tied down for the night, met the astonished eyes of master and dog.

It is probable that, under ordinary circumstances, Yaller-bird would have hastened at once to assist the stranger who so abruptly attempted to intrude upon his privacy, but there was something in the appearance of the hand now clutching the tent-string, which, in view of his recent reflections, made him hesitate. It was a large hand, and covered from wrist to finger with an unusual growth of long and tawny-colored hair. Now, Yallerbird's conception of the mysterious personage he expected that evening was by no means definite, and it flashed over him in an instant that this peculiar member must appertain to that *Sandy Claws*, in regard to whom he entertained such a keen curiosity. Himself, the possessor of a suggestive nick-name, he was, for the moment, quite thrilled with the appropriate-

ness of the other's title. So he quieted the alert Doctor, who had improvised a very respectable growl at the intrusion, and covering himself up to his chin with the bed clothes, remained very still until the personage without had effected an entrance. When this was accomplished, he was rewarded by the sight of a short, stout figure clad in brown ducking garments, and possessed of a fiery red beard which entirely hid the lower portion of his face from a point a little below the eyes. The figure at once removed a short pipe from his mouth, and after staring in a surprised way at the re-

cumbent Yaller-bird, sat down upon a vinegar keg, and expelled a cloud of smoke into the tent.

"Merry Christmas!" he ejaculated in a gruff voice. Beyond a doubt, Yaller-bird reflected, this was the *Sandy Claws* of his dreams. It did not strike him as especially strange that the remarkable personage should look and smoke like other folks. He at once sat up and addressed his visitor.

"Merry Krissmuss!" he replied. "I didn't expect you so early."

The man laughed and said he had a long way to come. Yaller-bird thought this extremely probable.

"You've camped out fur the night, I see," the man remarked, nodding in the direction of the bed.

"I went to bed earlier than usual, allowin' to be in bed when you got here," Yaller-bird responded.

The man stared at this, but smoked quietly and said nothing. After a pause, so long protracted that it became painful, during which the youthful shepherd scrutinized his visitor narrowly in the hope of detecting some hidden present, he thought he would offer a vague hint to his silent guest.

"Thar's my boots!" he remarked significantly, pointing to the suspended articles.

"I reckon they're big enough," said the stranger, surveying them with evident interest.

"Did you bring me anythin' to put inter 'em fur Krissmuss?" the little fellow inquired, his big brown eyes dancing eagerly in his excitement.

"Wal, no," the man replied, "unless you'll have this plug of terbacker." As he spoke, he drew from his pocket a long slab of that article known as "natural leaf." Then perceiving by the look in Yaller-bird's face that the disappointment he had inflicted was keen, he laughed somewhat embarrassedly and said:

"I allow I might hev thought of it, bein' ez I've jest kem from town and left the boys all drinkin' egg-nog on account of the season; but ye see I wasn't noways certain I'd fall in with you and I had a long ways to go."

There was a brief silence during which the stranger evidently considered the situation.

"Arter all," he said, finally, his features lighting up with a humorous gleam, "it ain't fashionable no longer to be a-givin' presents. The hull thing is busted and gone out of date."

Somewhat consoled by this piece of information, Yaller-bird inquired what the people nowadays generally did.

"The keerect thing jest now," said his visitor with the air of an oracle, "is an A 1 Christmas turkey, and I know where one is a-roostin' jest at present and don't you forgit it."

At this intelligence Yaller-bird unrolled and assumed his ducking trousers, whipped out his jack-knife and cut down his monstrous boots, and in a few minutes stood before his visitor fully equipped and caparisoned.

"Ef you're of a mind to go out with me on a hunt fur him," said he of the red beard, "I reckon I'm with you. I left my gun jest outside. I'd hev brought this turkey along, but I wasn't sure I'd fall in with you, and I didn't care to tote twenty-five pounds of meat just for the fun of the thing. He's a big feller, and I allow it ain't quite reg'lar to let him get off so easy."

Yaller-bird, whose awe of the mysterious *Sandy Claws* had entirely vanished upon learning that he had forgotten the customary presents, immediately signified his readiness. Accordingly the strangely assorted couple and the alert Doctor set out at once.

It was a clear night, and the rays of the moon made surrounding objects dimly visible. After a short tramp through the brush, Yaller-bird's guide halted beneath a big tree, and leaning his back against it, addressed him in a whisper:

"The turkey we're arter is jest over yonder a-roostin' in a dead pecan. Yer smaller and spryer than I be, and might take a peek and tell me ef he's thar yet; but go slow and easy."

Yaller-bird stole forward at once, and peering through the branches, he beheld a great bird perched in the top of a neighboring tree. It was plainly visible in the moonlight—its head beneath its wing. He retreated quietly.

"It's all right, *Sandy*; he's thar!" he said breathlessly.

The man eyed him indignantly, and bringing his gun to a rest leaned on it and hissed these words in his ear:

"Ef you're goin' shootin' with me I'll hev you to understand that ye can't be too peart with me on short notice, young feller!"

Yaller-bird was quite abashed and non-plussed at this address, but imagined that the stranger must be very sensitive about the color of his beard. He apologized humbly.

Appeased at this, his companion motioned to him and they crept onward with bated breath. At length, within easy shooting distance, the man halted.

"Now," he whispered hoarsely, "ye'll see me jest everlastinly lamb-baste thet gobbler!"

For Nervous Prostration.

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. GRAEVES, Northfield, Minn., says: "I have used it in cases of nervous prostration, and also in combination with other remedies in indigestion, it has proved as satisfactory as could be expected."

He cocked the gun. The sharp click made the bird start, and it was seen to lift its head from its wing. The next instant a stream of fire poured from the long barrel, lighting up the stranger's features with a wild, unearthly light, and amid the smoke and thunder of the discharge, Yaller-bird distinctly heard something fall among the brush with a heavy thud.

"I told ye so; I jest naturally warmed his jacket!" shouted the man exultingly. "Now stay thar and I'll snake him out." He dashed off into the chaparral.

Fearful of again offending his singular acquaintance, poor Yaller-bird remained glued to the spot, clutching the muscular Doctor who had behaved beautifully up to the present time, but was now making frantic efforts to be in at the death. Yaller-bird stood his ground faithfully, although he had grave misgivings that everything was not right in the brush. He heard first a blow, than a cry of surprise, followed by a fluttering, and then more blows in quick succession, mingled with unearthly screams and, it must be confessed, some very shocking language. During a combat which, from the noise and confusion that reached him, must have been more like a cyclone than anything else, Yaller-bird came to the conclusion, that the mysterious personage, *Sandy Claws*, was a gentleman of very bad morals.

The struggle in the chaparral suddenly ceased and all was quiet for a few moments. Then a faint voice, pregnant with agony, came to Yaller-bird's ear.

"Come out here for God's sake! Are you dead or drunk out thar? This bald-headed rooster hez got me! he's got me, and he's jest natchally killin' me; thet's what he's doin'!"

Yaller-bird waited to hear no more. He let Doctor slip and plunged into the brush.

Arrived at the scene of hostilities, his eyes met a singular sight. The grass and bushes in the vicinity of the struggle were trodden flat, and prostrate in the centre of this area, where he had fallen, lay his red-bearded friend, with a bald eagle clutching the seat of his ducking trousers and with outspread wings asserting the supremacy of our great and glorious republic.

The fierce and powerful creature evidently had his enemy at a very painful disadvantage from the groans he was uttering. Yaller-bird quickly caught up a dead stick, and dealt the pre-occupied bird a blow upon the head that made him relax his talons. But, quick as he was, he anticipated the valiant

Doctor by a second only. Then ensued one of the most remarkable battles that was ever put upon record. For in his crippled condition the eagle was hardly a match for the bulldog. Jaws snapped, talons struck, and feathers flew, and, when it was over, the brave bird was minus its tail and the trim and natty Doctor was spotted with his own blood and that of his adversary.

During the combat the discomfited man rose from the ground, and like Yaller-bird remained an absorbed spectator. When at length the bird of freedom succumbed to the teeth of the Doctor and, turning upon its back, yielded up the ghost with a last gasp, he delivered himself as follows:

"Lie thar," he said, "ye dad-gasted idgit! I reckon yer goose is cooked. Ef I hadn't stumbled and made a mistake and picked ye up fur a gobbler ye wouldn't a-got me in sich a fix."

"Ez it is," he said ruefully, turning to his youthful companion, "it'll take right smart of darnin' to mend them pants, and I reckon there ain't mutton taller and linnymment enough at the camp to ever set me to rights."

Yaller-bird, touched by his mishap, attempted consolation.

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, *Mr. Claws*," he said, "thet thet thar eagle got into you so bad, but I've got some magic oil in my tent thet'll take the pizen out."

He was surprised by the instant change in the manner of his companion.

"Look a-here, *Skeesicks*, I reckon I told you to drop them nicknames o' yourn," he said savagely.

"Why, isn't your name *Sandy Claws*?" inquired Yaller-bird, in surprise.

His red-bearded friend burst abruptly into a loud laugh.

"Santa Claus?" he said. "Wal, now, thet's good! *Santa Claus*! Not muchly, Bub. My name's Rube Skinner, and barrin' sich bald-headed varmints ez thet feller thar, ther a'n't no better turkey shot atween Texas and Kintuck!"

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.

Brown—I saw you eyeing that divorced wife of mine with evident admiration last evening. I wondered what you could see in her.

Buff—Well, now, that's queer. I was wondering what she could have seen in you.



WHY SMALL GAME WAS PREFERRED.

FRIEND—Well, Mose I see your fondness for chickens has got you into trouble again. Why can't you eat something else?

THE CULPRIT—'Deed, Mar's Brown, I would, cheerfully; but how's a poo' nigger to carry a whole sheep off under his jacket? Does der law require impossibilities?

JUSTIFIABLE ENVY.

Managing Editor—You say here that you have cultivated hot-house lilac bushes that have attained a height of over fifty feet?

Horticultural Editor—Yes, why?

Managing Editor (musingly)—Nothing, only I wish I could lilac that.

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.

SONGS OF CHRISTMAS.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

All hearts are joyous;
What can annoy us
When plenty smiles and the bumpers flow?
And, mild shouts of laughter,
The boys run after
And kiss the girls 'neath the mistletoe?
—Boston Courier.

OLD AND NEW CREED.

Whenever the Christmas season
Lends lustre and peace to the year,
And the ling-long-ling of the bells that ring
Tell only of joy and cheer;
I hear in the sweet, wild music
These words and I hold them true,
"The Christ who was born on Christmas morn
Did only what you can do."

Each soul that has breath and being
Is touched with heaven's own fire,
Each living man is part of the plan
To lift the world up higher.
No matter how narrow your limits,
Go forth and make them broad!
You are every one the daughter or son—
Crown Prince or Princess of God.
—Edith Carew.

WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES.

Coral beads on burnished holly,
Pearls on tender mistletoe!
Wisdom bends to frolic's folly
At the yule-log's cheery glow,
While the twinkling feet of dancers to glad
measure come and go!

Wreath the pictures, crown the wassail,
Keep the hours sweet with song;
Now let none be serf or vassal,
But the festal sights prolong,
And in guileless glee and pastime let the happy
children throng!

Hark the peals of jocund laughter
When, on pantomimic boards,
Harlequins, clowns tumbling after,
Cross and clash their mimic swords,
While fair Columbine in spangles Beauty's pro-
totype affords!

Let the melodies entrancing—
Bugles, cymbals, silver chimes—
As the fairy chorus dancing
Sings of sylvan ways and times,
And Prince Charming does his wooing in the
daintiest of rhymes!

Through the keen and starlit weather,
Hear the hoofs and sleigh-bells ring!
Warm furs catch the snow flakes feather;
Echoes answer peals that swing
Till the hearts of youth and maiden take the
cadence up and sing!

Father Christmas, hale and hoary;
Young and old we greet thy face;
By our hearthstones hail thy glory
And thy bygone legends trace,
And with all time-honored reverence toast thy
ever bounteous grace.
—John Moran.

Comfort for the Patient.

"Are you feeling better this morning,
Uncle Henry?" "Yes, Angie, dear."
"You'll soon be well now, won't you,
Uncle Henry?" "I don't know, dear;
I may never get up again; Uncle Henry
is a very sick man." "Oh, yes, I know;
but you'll soon get well. I heard the
doctor tell pa this morning that all the
doctors in America couldn't kill as mean
a man as you." (Uncle Henry rallies
and is well enough the next time the doc-
tor calls to get his head under the sofa
and maul him till the police break into
the room. The diagnosis was correct.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little
Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had
that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this
morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

The Drawback.

Customer—"There's one drawback to
a business like yours."
Barber—"What is that?"
"It is impossible for men of your call-
ing to get rid of unpleasant acquaint-
ances."
"I would like to know why?"
"You can't afford to cut anybody."
—Boston Courier.

Ladies are greatly benefited by the use of An-
gostura Bitters, the South American tonic.

Her Test.

Wife (at the door)—"Who's there?"
Voice—"I am—John—your husband."
Wife—"I don't believe you. It doesn't
sound like John's voice. Blow your
breath through the key hole."—The
Epoch.

He Wanted to Make Sure.

Sheriff—"Have you anything to say?"
Murderer—"You're going to hang me,
ain't you?"
Sheriff—"Yes."
Murderer—"Would you mind asking
the executioner to have an axe or a club
handy in case of accidents?"—Philadel-
phia Inquirer.

Every kind of foot-wear for men, ladies, and child-
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to order. Careful at-
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being obtained by my
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Send 2-cent
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water-proof, made on an extremely easy last,
and very durable. Excellent for Fall and
Winter wear.

Sent by Mail or Express, prepaid \$5.50.

No man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in all kinds of
weather and cares for a water-proof, durable, easy shoe
should be without a pair of the "Creedmoor." The fact
that this is the sixth year this shoe has been advertised
in *The Century*, and each season increases the sale, is
sufficient guarantee that it is all we claim.

CORTEZ, COLO., March 13, 1889.
F. P. WEBSTER, Esq., 277 Washington St.—
Dear Sir: Some two years ago I bought a pair of
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tion in the hardest usage. Will you kindly send me
your price on one pair of them and with postage pre-
paid.

W. H. WELLS,
Chief-Engineer Montezuma Water-Supply Company

F. P. WEBSTER,
277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

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George W. Cable's new book will have for its title *Strange, True Stories of Louisiana*.

Gossip is again busy with a rumor that Mr. Aldrich will retire from the editorship of the *Atlantic*.

The Christmas number (December) of Godey's *Lady's Book* is a charming issue, full of stories appropriate for the holidays and a variety of choice reading.

Mr. George W. Childs' reminiscences will be published in book form by J. B. Lippincott Company. Only a portion of them has been given in Lippincott's *Magazine*.

The birthday souvenir of the *Jewelers' Weekly* is out and generally pronounced "a dandy." One feature is a description, by numerous well known people, of the watches they carry. The illustrations in the number are admirable.

The United States Central Publishing Company, located at Chicago, are getting up an interesting and valuable work entitled *Important Events of the Century*, to contain over one hundred illustrations and circulate all over the United States. Sold only by subscription. Geo. W. Benson is superintending the work.

Dr. John Brown's simple yet charming story, *Rab and His Friends*, that is almost an English classic, has been brought out as a holiday book by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. The little volume is beautifully printed and bound and contains ten handsome illustrations drawn by Hermann Simon and Edmund H. Garrett. Price \$1.50.

The *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for December has an illustrated Christmas article to begin with, entitled *Child Faces Christmas Mornings*, by Carl Christopher. Ernest Ingersoll describes *Kansas City* (illustrated), and Frank G. Carpenter does the same for the *Capital of the Dragon's Empire*. Among the other articles are an appeal in behalf of New York as a place for Holding the *World's Fair*, by Wm. Waldorf Astor; *Jo's Search for Santa Claus*, by Irving Bacheller; *The Flower Market of New York*, etc., etc.

Worthington Co., of N. Y., announce for immediate publication *Magdalen's Fortunes*, by W. Heimbürg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis, with photogravure illustrations. 1 vol., 12mo, half bound, \$1.25; or in fancy paper covers, 75 cents. A capital novel, written in the style that has given the author such a well-deserved reputation. It contains beautiful descriptions, is full of incident, and is a clean, bright story. Especially the character of the *Little Lady of the Abbey* is admirably delineated. It is a very pleasing book from cover to cover.

The December *Century* opens with a series of unpublished letters written by the Duke of Wellington, in his very last days, to a young married lady of England. These letters present the Iron Duke in a very attractive light—amiable and unpretending; the careful guardian of the children of his friend in their childish illnesses. Besides pictures of the Duke's residences, etc., there are three portraits of Wellington; the imposing full-length picture by Sir Thomas Lawrence being used as frontispiece. The personal interest is very strongly continued in Joseph

Jefferson's autobiography, which this month covers wide ground and goes into the most amusing details concerning barn-storming in Mississippi, an interesting character called Pudding Stanley, Jefferson's Mexico experiences (just after the Mexican War), his reminiscences of the Wallacks, John E. Owens, Burton, etc.

The author of *Agnes Surriage*, Mr. Edwin Lassetter Bynner, opens the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly* with an article of interest to the antiquarian, and especially to the student of Old Boston. This paper is devoted to The Old Bunch of Grapes Tavern, one of the most famous New England hostleries of the last century, and Mr. Bynner gives an amusing account of the various events which took place within his hospitable walls. Mr. Henry VanBrunt's paper on Architecture in the West tells about the difficulties which Western architects have to struggle against, and the new school of architecture which is gradually arising to solve the problem of making art keep step with progress without losing the finer and more delicate artistic sense. Prof. N. S. Shaler, of Harvard College, contributes a paper on School Vacations, and Mr. William Cranston Lawton writes about Delphi: The Locality and its Legends.

A particularly interesting number is the *North American Review* for December and a bright array of minds contribute to it. W. E. Gladstone gives his view of the divorce question. He believes that the marriage tie should never be dissolved except for the most urgent reason. Divorce with remarriage utterly destroys the integrity of the family. Views upon this important question are also given by Associate-Justice Bradley and Senator Dolph. George Westinghouse, Jr., replies to Edison's paper in the November number on the dangers of electric lighting. Carl Blind speaks A Good Word for the Jews, though the Jews are very well able to speak for themselves now. Andrew Carnegie writes about the Best Fields for Philanthropy, advising rich men to found schools, colleges, museums, public libraries, etc. Walter Damrosch writes of German Opera, and Marion Harland dilates upon the Incapacity of Business Women. Why I am an Agnostic by Robert G. Ingersoll, cannot fail to attract attention.

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IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of **Ayer's Sarsaparilla**—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

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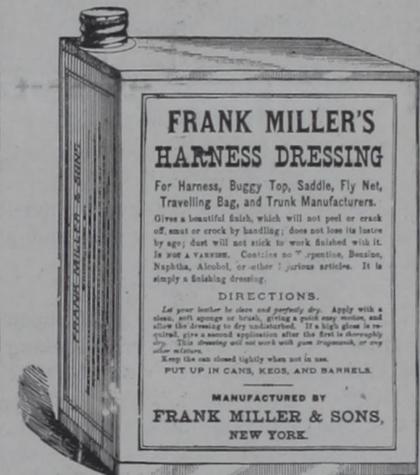
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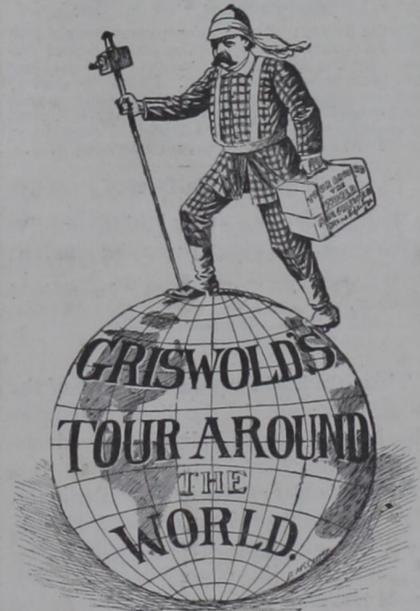
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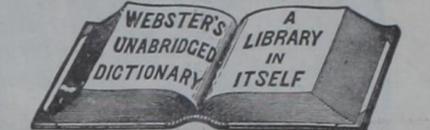


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Children Cry for Itcher's Castoria.



GUARDING THE ROOST.

FARMER OATCAKE (sternly)—What do you mean by hanging 'round my turkey-roost at this time o' night, Mose?

MOSE—Bress my soul! Am dat yo', Mr. Oatcake? I was guardin' de place, sah; I was guardin' it! There's a good many thievin' niggahs around about Chris'mas time.

A Christmas Talk.

If I were to ask you to shut your eyes and try to fancy that Christmas stood before you, what would you see? Ah! not one, but many. Some of you would see, in your mind's eye, an old man with long, white, frosty beard and kindly face, his brave form draped in a sparkling robe of snow decked with icicles—old Father Christmas from top to toe. Some would see another sort of figure—a round, roly-poly, jolly personage, dressed in furs from crown to sole, laughing in every feature of his plump, ruddy face, all aglow after driving his Dunder and Blixen, and half hidden by his great sleigh-load of toys. Some of you, again, would see nothing but the toys, and your only thought I shudder to say, would be, "Which of them are for me?" Some of you would see no fancied personage at all; but glorious winter without, and within doors a bright home, a glowing hearth, and all the family eager to welcome you from school for the happy holiday week. And a great many of you would scarcely close your eyes before the beautiful Christ-child would come and fill your soul with love and joy and gratitude; and your one next thought would be to give happiness to many, to make other hearts as glad as your own on the Perfect Day.—Jack-in-the-Pulpit, in St. Nicholas.

A Puzzle.

Why grown men and women with matured reflective powers should neglect their small ailments is really a puzzle. Hosts of otherwise sensible people thus bewilder conjecture. It is one of the things which, as the late lamented Lord Dundreary exclaimed, "no fellah can find out." Diseases grow faster than weeds, and, moreover, beget one another. Incipient indigestion, a touch of biliousness, slight irregularity in the habit of body—what complex and serious bodily disturbance, not local, but general, do these not beget, if disregarded? Baffle and drive off the foe at the first onset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign among preventives. A constitution invigorated, a circulation enriched, a brain and stomach tranquilized by this national medicine, becomes well nigh invulnerable. The Bitters counteract malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

The Merry Children.

Mrs. Murrayhill—"Celeste, what is Master Harold crying for?"

Celeste—"I happened to say, madame, that I lived with a little boy who had a hundred and four presents one Xmas."

Mrs. Murrayhill—"Well?"

Celeste—"Why, then he insisted upon counting his, and he has been kicking and crying like this ever since, because he has only ninety-eight."

Mrs. Murrayhill (soothingly)—"There, Harold, dear—you shall have some more if you want them. I should think, Celeste, you could get on peaceably with the little fellow to-day of all days.—Life.

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.

The Wrong Desk.

Newspaper Bore—"Anything new?"

Paraphraser (with dignity)—"This, sir, is the humorous department."—N. Y. Weekly.

Frank Miller & Sons.

This firm holds a position as one of the most important in the line of harness oils, harness blacking, liquid shoe dressing and other kindred productions. It is one of the oldest firms in New York city, and has established an enviable reputation. To accommodate their steadily increasing trade the factory in West 26th street has lately been enlarged and the offices fitted up in handsome style. To give an idea of the amount of business done by this firm, their last shipment by canal to go West before navigation closed, was three large boat-loads. Frank Miller's shoe dressing is the favorite of the ladies of England and Australia, as well as of America.

Christmas of 1776.

Christmas eve in the year 1776 was starless and stormy in America. It was during the darkest days of our revolution. The American army was dispirited, and was weakening by constant desertions.

Washington knew not what to do, and some of the best friends of liberty advised retreat.

"Where shall we retreat?" asked the commander-in-chief.

"To the mountains," they answered.

"I will make one more struggle," said Washington, "and if unsuccessful, I will then flee to the mountains to make a last stand against the enemies of my country."

At Trenton, on the Delaware, was an army of 1,500 Hessians, under Colonel Rahl, who, all that Christmas, were holding high revelry. They feared no enemy, for the Delaware was full of ice, and the American army was upon the other side.

Through all the long night hours, the lamps flared upon the feasting and rioting soldiery. While the revel was at its height, they were startled by the cry of "The foe! the foe!"

Washington had crossed the Delaware—a feat no one believed practical—and had marched hastily upon the Hessian camp. Defense was futile. Colonel Rahl was shot down while attempting to rally his men, and nearly one thousand Hessians threw down their arms.

So that Christmas passed into history to be remembered forever by all patriotic hearts.—Com. Advertiser.

NEW YORK, NOV. 11TH, 1887.

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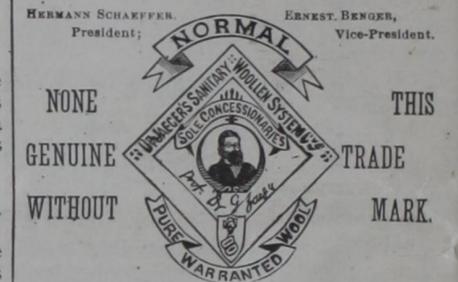
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

CHRISTMAS SNAPS.

Fat girls fill stockings the best.—Waterloo Observer.

The best clause in a child's life—Santa Claus.—Detroit Free Press.

Don't expect to find a brown-stone front in your stocking.—Philadelphia Call.

The girl who hangs up the biggest piece of mistletoe doesn't get kissed the most.—Judge.

Santa Claus can't come down the chimneys now, but he gets there just the same.—Somerville Journal.

Never look a gift horse in the teeth. It is also wrong to look a Christmas gift in pricemark.—Somerville Journal.

Kris Kringle insists on having a "rum" time at least once a year. It's when he takes his Santy-cruise.—Yonkers Gazette.

Get the Government to observe Christmas customs and the surplus would soon enough be reduced.—New Orleans Picayune.

"The holiday spirit is an all-pervading one," remarked a father as he bought his little boy a fifteen-cent tin horse; "but it costs money."—Puck.

"No, my son, a 'green Christmas' is not necessarily of Irish origin, though they do wear the 'green' over there."—Dansville Breeze.

When the Chicago girls hang up their stockings for Christmas, they are the envy of the rest of the world; but they bankrupt Santa Claus.—Boston Post.

Santa Claus says that the modern chimneys are a nuisance, as they land him away down in the cellar in a red-hot furnace, and then half the time the cellar door is locked.—Dansville Breeze.

CHRISTMAS HINTS FOR THE MILLION.

A champagne cork enrobed in a red-flannel ball dress and gilded, makes a handsome pen-wiper for your literary friend.

A pair of blue goggles is a suitable gift for your pretty-eyed rival.

Do not forget to send your rich aunt a prize Christmas card.

A receipted dress-maker's bill is a nice present for a wife to give to her husband.

The best thing for the forty-year-old maiden to give her dilatory lover is a hint.

Your son-in-law would probably like it if you gave him a rest.—Puck.

A Valuable Animal.

A man, while crossing a lot, was attacked by a young bull calf and was severely bruised. Just as the victim had landed on the safe side of the fence, an old negro came out of a cabin near by, and, calling the man, said:

"Does you wanter buy that animal, sah?"

"No; I want to kill the infernal thing, and I'm going to do it if I have to walk ten miles for a gun."

"W'y, whut is you got agin him?"

"Didn't you see him butt me over the fence?"

"W'y, look yere, he didn' mean dat ter be buttin'. He thought he wuz 'commerdatin you, sah, in he'pin you ober. I's trained him ter he'p folks ober de fence, an' dat's w'y he so valuable. W'y, las' winter w'en I had de rheumatiz I couldn'ter got erlong widout him."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A New Christmas Game.

The new Christmas game will be very fashionable next week. The players hunt through their pocketbooks to see how much money they have left. The one who has the most has to buy a present for New Years.—Somerville Journal.

THE SEMI-ANNUAL RECORD.

Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution. Caprices of Fortune.

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company during the six months ending November, 1889, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it.

Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

DRAWING OF JUNE 18, 1889.

A Wilmot, Deer Lodge, Mont.	\$15,000
J F Edwards, Atlanta, Ga.	15,000
W H Mims, Ottawa, Ont.	15,000
Bank of Watsonville, Watsonville, Cal.	15,000
Mrs Catharine Callahan, 331 Federal st, Boston, Mass.	15,000
W G Wallace, East Saginaw, Mich.	15,000
Wm Dalquist, Duluth, Minn.	15,000
Martha O Wyman, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Leonard M Hersey, Centre st, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Lavenson & Gerson, Sacramento, Cal.	15,000
E H Latour, Buffalo, N. Y.	15,000
Chas F Nestor, Lancaster, Ohio.	15,000
Miss Annie Dawce, Strawn, Tex.	15,000
Felix Hiller, Canton, Miss.	15,000
Wright T Moore, Memphis, Tenn.	15,000
Wm Denter, Salamanca, N. Y.	5,000
K Wegner, Chicago, Ill.	5,000
Wm F Fass, 47 Greene st, New Haven, Conn.	5,000
Jno Vanderloo, 19 Cross st, Auburn, N. Y.	5,000
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O C Otis, Lincoln, Neb.	2,500
L M Whitman, Scribner, Neb.	2,500
W C Fisher, 358 Halsey st, Newark, N. J.	2,500
S J Klauber, Newark, N. J.	2,500
Frank E Pierce, 59 Clinton st, Boston, Mass.	2,500
G H Stephenson, Sacramento, Cal.	2,500
F E Luttry, New York, N. Y.	2,500
Cassagne & Vieu, 3 West Third st, New York, N. Y.	2,500
W H Brown, Minneapolis, Minn.	2,500
L Fanatia, Shaw, Kan.	2,500
National Bank of D O Mills & Co, Sacramento, Cal.	2,500
Citizens National Bank, Cincinnati, Ohio.	2,500
A party through Little's Express, 33 Court st, Boston, Mass.	1,250
J W Lawrence, Portsmouth, Iowa.	1,250
McCabe & Co, 215 Pearl st, New York, N. Y.	1,250
Richard Britton, 22 South Gay st, Baltimore, Md.	1,250
Lawrence Lohrer, 260 West 33d st, New York, N. Y.	1,250
A Nicaud, New Orleans, La.	1,250
Jno T Holland, Gastonia, N. C.	1,250
Geo P Utley, Frost, Tex.	1,250
First National Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	1,250
W B Worthen & Co, Little Rock, Ark.	1,250
Mary P Bodfish, 33 Summer st, Boston, Mass.	1,250
Mrs. S F Taylor, 23 Avon st, Boston, Mass.	1,250
J B Ramsey, Marysville, Cal.	1,250

DRAWING OF JULY 16, 1889.

Herman Fisher, St Louis, Mo.	30,000
Two correspondents through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	30,000
Louis Salade & Edward P Gaylor, Cheyenne, W. Y.	15,000
Bank of Cozad, Cozad, Neb.	15,000
F Miles James, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Manufacturer's National Bank, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Preston National Bank, Detroit, Mich.	15,000
Abraham Weinger, 401 South Canal St., Chicago, Ill.	15,000
Miss Amanda Fisher, 201 Champlain St., Detroit, Mich.	15,000
Eugene Chretien, Jr., 425 Chartres St., New Orleans, La.	15,000

A Depositor Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.	15,000
Ike Lurie, 121 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.	15,000
Max Stadler, 461 Broadway, New York, N. Y.	12,500
Clark & Anderson, 304 South 13th St., Omaha, Neb.	12,500
R J Gordon, Sacramento, Cal.	5,000
First National Bank, Ellsworth, Me.	5,000
Chas A Sherman, Boone, Iowa.	5,000
Herman Barney, Wilkes Barre, Pa.	5,000
Rev F Mayer, German Evangelical Church, Lansing, Mich.	5,000
Reutschler & Greashaber, Reading, Pa.	5,000
S Weil, 2d St. and 22d Av., Meridian, Miss.	5,000
A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
H I Kerschner, Bethlehem, Pa.	5,000
C H Briggs, Galion, Ohio.	5,000
Fred C Paff, Bellows Falls, Vt.	5,000
Henry Luce, Mint Saloon, Salt Lake City, Utah.	5,000
Geo N Davenport, Springfield, Ill.	5,000
Hugh T Carisle, 262 Magazine St., New Orleans, La.	5,000
S T Cochran, Marysville, Tex.	5,000

DRAWING OF AUGUST 13, 1889.

Henry Ehrman, Colon, U. S. Columbia, through J Amsinck & Co., New York	30,000
Chas Meinhardt, 3,407 La Sail st, St Louis, Mo.	30,000
A Depositor, Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.	30,000
Jno W O'Neil and P O Wimberley, through First National Bank, Corsicana, Tex.	30,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco	30,000
Mrs Florence M Roche, care J B Fernandez, Savannah, Ga.	15,000
Deputy Jailer Joe Kinchley, Savannah Ga.	15,000
La Fayette Bank of St Louis, Mo.	15,000
Fourth National Bank, St Louis, Mo.	15,000
J E St Amand, Gunderson, Mont, through First Nat'l Bank, Butte, Mont.	10,000
E W Maslin, San Francisco, Cal.	10,000
Jas H Raymond & Co, Austin, Tex.	10,000
A Barnes, Honolulu, Hawaii, Sandwich Islands.	5,000
Fred Sticher, 1,805 Commercial ave, Cairo, Ill.	5,000
Alexander County National Bank, Cairo, Ill.	5,000
The People's Savings Bank, Mobile, Ala.	5,000
First National Bank, Mobile, Ala.	5,000
A Party in Baltimore, Md, through U S Express Co.	5,000
A Correspondent in Havana, Cuba, through F Esteve, New Orleans La.	5,000
A Depositor, New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
A M Bowman, Saltville, Va.	5,000
G W Denby, Norfolk, Va.	2,500
The Trader's Nat'l Bank, Fort Worth, Tex.	2,500
Merchants Nat'l Bank, Fort Worth, Tex.	2,500
A E Morales, 15 Obispo st, Havana, Cuba.	2,500
Fred Greenwood, Norfolk, Va.	2,500
Chas Weissleder, 802 Ninth ave, New York, N. Y.	2,500
Amelia Partenheimer, 910 Monroe st, St Louis, Mo.	2,500
Aug Kaltmeyer, 6th and Franklin aves, St Louis, Mo.	2,500

DRAWING OF SEPTEMBER 10, 1889.

Christopher Gould, 609 North st, Harrisburg, Pa.	15,000
Mr A Moyer, through City National Bank, Denver, Col.	15,000
First National Bank, Denver, Col.	15,000
Preston National Bank, Detroit, Mich.	15,000
P A Decker, 631 Ninth ave, New York city, N. Y.	15,000
C H Boedeker and Jacob Eisenwohn, through City National Bank of Dallas, Dallas, Texas.	15,000
Sam Burns, through National Exchange Bank, Dallas, Tex.	15,000
Joe L Poncaire and Philip Lacoste, Bay Grostete, La.	15,000
A depositor at Baton Rouge, La, through Whitney Nat'l Bank, New Orleans, La.	15,000
National City Bank of Marshall, Mich.	15,000
Two correspondents through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank of San Francisco, Cal.	10,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Edward Hance, Trenton, N. J.	5,000
G W Austin, 27 Law Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.	5,000
J F Gossett & Co, So Carrollton, Ky.	5,000
Dr A W Tancil, Washington, D. C.	5,000

D W Gibbons, 497 Lorain st, Cleveland, O.	5,000
A B Warmkessel 7th st, Allentown, Pa.	5,000
Chicopee Nat'l Bank, Springfield, Mass.	5,000
Will Mutschler, Collinsville, Ill.	5,000
Jas Lawton, Boston, Mass.	5,000
John H Hayey, 304 West Broadway, Boston, Mass.	5,000
P E Peareson, Harland, Tex, through Dyer & Moore, Richmond, Tex.	5,000
James Doherty, 211 West 46th st, New York, N. Y.	2,500
John O'Brien, Fall River, Mass.	2,500
Henry Schimmel, Los Angeles, Cal.	2,500
Farmers' & Merchants' National Bank of Baltimore, Md.	2,500
Chas L Haffner, Bethlehem, Pa.	2,500
J H Maskall for C A File, Dent st, Cleveland, O.	2,500
E E Caldwell, Indianapolis, Ind.	2,500
C A Buckingham, U S Express, Chattanooga, Tenn.	2,500
Paul H Koeschert, Davenport, Iowa.	2,500
A F Robinson, York, Neb.	2,500
Fred Lindall, Tama, Iowa.	2,500
W A Nelson, 601 Front st, San Francisco, Cal.	2,500
F Falkenhahn, 79 Stevenson st, San Francisco, Cal.	2,500
Miss Ellen McGowan, Newport, R. I.	2,500
Sophia Otwell, Stamps, Ark.	2,500

DRAWING OF OCTOBER 15, 1889.

J M Jannison, Spokane Falls, Wash T.	15,000
Anthony Somariva, care Hawley & Hoops, 271 Mulberry st, New York.	15,000
Aug J Miller, 1417 South 12th st. St. Louis, Mo.	15,000
W P Faucett, Campbellsville, Ky.	15,000
D H Cheney, Fort Smith, Ark.	15,000
G P Talbott, Danville, Va.	15,000
H H Harris, Napa, Cal.	15,000
R Grant, Vine st, Hartford, Ct.	15,000
H H Fanning, Stockton, Cal.	15,000
Mariana Romero, Santa Barbara, Cal.	15,000
Geo M Walton, Sharon Valley, Ct.	15,000
E H Neeley, Bigbyville, Tenn.	15,000
Geo W Lane, Forrest City, Ark.	15,000
T J Carlyle, Walla Walla, Wash T.	15,000
Geo Jackson, Milwaukee, Wis.	5,000
Union Bank of Montreal, Montreal, Quebec.	5,000
Hansa Mohammed, 128 Clinton Place, New York, N. Y.	5,000
A Depositor through Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
M M Jordan, Greenville, S. C.	5,000
Adoue & Lobit, Bankers, Galveston, Tex.	5,000
E L Raines, Barnum, Tex.	5,000
Bowery Bank, New York, N. Y.	5,000
A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Norton County Bank, Norton, Kas.	5,000
Cora Rogers, South Bend, Ind.	5,000
J R Geddes, Murray, Pa.	5,000
Ainsworth National Bank, Portland, Ore.	5,000
Thomas Cruse Savings Bank of Helena, Mont.	5,000
H J Goodrich, St Johnsbury, Vt.	5,000
Joe Schrobilgen, Butte City, Mont.	5,000
A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
Wm Finlay, care Ward & Courtney, Roswell, N. Mex.	5,000
Lawrent Kubler, 304 South 7th st, St Louis, Mo.	2,500
E M Poitevin, Boston, Mass.	2,500
Michael Stritzlinger, Gretna, La.	2,500
H A Harvey, Harvey's Canal, Gretna, La.	2,500
J L Adams, Cincinnati, O.	2,500
Sam Raphall, 64 Main st, Houston, Tex.	2,500
J C Baldwin, 64 Main st, Houston, Tex.	2,500
International Bank of St Louis, Mo.	2,500
The Market Nat'l Bank, Cincinnati, O.	2,500
P W Nichols, Portland, Me.	2,500

DRAWING OF NOVEMBER 12, 1889.

H C Clarke, 721 North Campton ave, St Louis, Mo.	30,000
The Bowery Bank, 62 Bowery, New York.	30,000
A correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	30,000
Joseph Karas, 424 North. Castle st, Baltimore, Md.	15,000
Merchants National Bank, Topeka, Kas.	15,000
George Feick, 1,109 West Baltimore st, Baltimore Md.	15,000
Mrs Margaret Viellepigue, Topeka, Kas	15,000
Galion Natfonal Bank, Galion, Ohio.	5,000
Jno Byrnes, 224 Harcliae st, Baltimore, Md.	5,500
Jas Mixon, Osyka, Miss.	2,500
A depositor, Louisiana National Bank New Orleans, La.	2,500
A depositor Metropolitan Bank New Orleans, La.	2,500
K Haines, 437 Dumaine st, New Or.	2,500
L Warnick, Treme st, leans, La.	2,500



NOT SO EASY.

JUDGE—If I got as intoxicated as you do, I'd shoot myself.

PRISONER—If you was 's tossed as I am, you couldn't hitter barn door.

A New Departure.

There was a time when magazines were not illustrated, and again there was a time when they were illustrated with very crude and coarse wood-cuts. Some of them that were the best of their class in those days would cut a very poor figure at the present time. The advance in both artistic illustrations and in the quality and style of the letter-press of some of these publications has been remarkable. In no other publication is this improvement more marked than in the New York Ledger. From the day of its foundation by Robert Bonner, nearly forty years ago, it has always been the best of its class. It has had a number of imitators but never a real rival. Robert Bonner always kept ahead of the other story papers by securing the best literary and artistic talent that from time to time could be obtained and by adding, without regard to cost, such improvements, artistic, mechanical and otherwise, as progress and invention placed within his reach. Robert Bonner's Sons, worthy successors of the founder of the paper, are now the publishers of the Ledger. While all the best of the old features of the Ledger have been retained, they have added so many new ones that it is now a much finer paper than it has ever been. It has been enlarged to sixteen pages, and is profusely illustrated. Some of the most celebrated poets, preachers, statesmen and novelists have been engaged to write for its columns. It is more than a story paper; it is an instructive and educational magazine that in literary excellence and moral tone has few equals. Notwithstanding all the improvements the price is only two dollars a year. We commend the New York Ledger to our readers because it is a progressive paper by progressive publishers for progressive people.

One Way Out of It.

Cleverton—"Say old man, I'm in a fix. I've got to go to a ball to-night and these dress trousers are fearfully baggy. What would you do?"
 Dashaway (thoughtfully)—"Brush your hair straight back, neglect your nails, don't dance, and they'll think you are a genius."—Clothier and Furnisher.

Several employes of the Texas Siftings Publishing Company have invested in the Webster shoes, and they are so enthusiastic over their excellence and their superiority over other shoes at the same price, that they have importuned us to express their opinion of the shoes in this column. The gentlemen who have used the shoes say that they have never seen anything to equal them in ease, fit, comfort and tenacity in the matter of wear. They are thick-soled, water-proof, and just the thing for winter wear. They are a very different thing from the \$3 shoe you see advertised by other parties. \$5.50 is the price either by mail or express, and Mr. T. W. Webster guarantees the fit. His address is Boston, Mass.

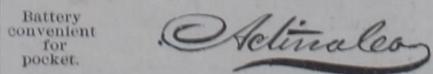
Spirit—"Well, well. Pop, he said I'd never get to heaven, but here I am."
 One of the Coal Passers—"This isn't heaven, you chump. This is the other place. Where are you from, anyway?"
 Spirit—"Camden."—Philadelphia Inquirer.



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Christmas in North Carolina.

Sevier Station, in the North Carolina mountains, knew nothing of the high significance which modern thought attaches to the great festival of the Christmas year. It was the day, however, on which Colonel Royall sent, before breakfast, a bumper of foaming egg-nog to every white man and woman in the clarin'. Every negro who asked for it had "a warmen" of whisky at the colonel's expense. It was the day, too, on which Squire Barr gave his annual tremendous dinner of turkey and chicken pie, at which the six families of the village all sat down together. Mrs. Missouri Barr, also, made a practice of sending dishes of roast pork and hominy, or 'possum stewed in rice and molasses, or some such delicacy, to every negro cabin. There was a general interchange of gifts; brierwood pipes, or pinchbeck scarf-pins, or cakes of soap in the shape of dog's heads, all of which elegant trifles had been purchased from traveling peddlers months before, and stored away for the great occasion. Nobody was forgotten, from the squire to the least pickaninny in the quarters.

There was a vague idea throughout the clarin' that the day was one in which to be friendly and to give old grudges the go-by; the Lord was supposed, for some reason, to be nearer at hand on that day than usual, though not so near as to make anybody uncomfortable.

Father Ruggles, the jolly old Methodist itinerant, was up in the mountains, and had sent word he was coming down for his Christmas dinner.

'He'll ask a blessin' on the meal, thank Heaven!' said Mrs. Missouri, with a devout sigh.

The squire hurried with the news to the colonel.

"It'll be a big occasion," he said, triumphantly. "Father Ruggles'll be equal to a turkey himself. I depend on you for makin' de coffee, Colonel. Sam's that eggsited now he doan know what he's about."

"Suhtenly, suhtenly! But really, Mrs. Missouri'd better double de supply of mince pie," he suggested, anxiously. "Father Ruggles is tahrble fond of mince."—Rebecca Harding Davis.

Invested a Dollar and Realized a Million.

Brown and his friend Perkins were talking about investments.

"Once I invested \$1,000 in real estate," said Perkins, "and doubled it in less than six months. That was the best investment I ever made. Pretty good, wasn't it?"

"I've done better than that," said Brown. "Two years ago I was told by all my friends that I was going into consumption, and I thought they were right about it. I had a dry, hacking cough, no appetite, my sleep came by fits and starts, and seemed to do me no good, and often there was a dull, heavy pain in my chest. I kept growing weaker and weaker, and at last night-sweats set in. I thought it was all up with me then. I had consulted two doctors and taken quarts of their medicine, and received no benefit from it. One day I happened to read something about Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and I made up my mind to give it a trial, but I didn't expect it would help me. I invested a dollar in a bottle of it, and it helped me from the first dose. It helped and it cured me, and when I compare my present good health with the miserable health of two years ago I think I am safe in saying that my investment was a much better one than yours. You can't reckon health by any measure of dollars and cents; if you could I should say that I had realized at least a million from my \$1.00 investment." "The "Golden Medical Discovery" is guaranteed to benefit or cure in all diseases for which it is recommended or money paid for it will be refunded.

All Explained.

The question arises: "Why does a green Christmas make a fat graveyard?" The green weather depreciates the price and quality of the turkey, engenders gluttony, produces repletion and apoplexy and adds to the corpulency of the cemetery and the bank-account of the undertaker.—Lowell Citizen.

The only Complexion Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, without injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier, is Pozzoni's.

A Tramp Scheme.

"Oh, tut! That's a tramp scheme." "Tramp scheme? What the deuce do you mean by a tramp scheme?" "Oh, it won't work."—The Jury.

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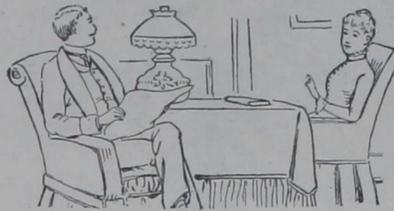
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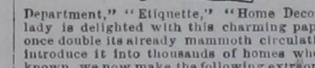
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COLD CHARITY.

FIRST TRAMP—Guess we'll have to live on charity this winter. You know they say charity begins to hum.
SECOND TRAMP—Well, it hasn't begun to hum with me yet.

A Literary Feast.

The prospectus of Harper's Magazine promises us a literary feast for 1890. Harper's has always been in the front rank among the magazines. The improvement, both artistic and otherwise, made in all the leading magazines during the last decade has been notable, but it is safe to assert that no one has shown a more marked advance than has Harper's. When a new number reaches us we think surely the limit of improvement and excellence has been reached, and that nothing will ever excel the number before us, but as the days go around, another number comes, and we realize that it is better than the best that has gone before. The illustrations in this magazine are magnificent works of art, far beyond anything that we would have dreamed of a few years ago. The literary matter is of most excellent quality. The contributors are the leading writers in their respective lines of literary work, and the variety in theme and style and story causes it to be eagerly read by men and women of all degrees and of varied tastes. Harper's is surely the monarch of the monthlies.

In Other Lands.

The word Christmas is almost identical with the word kirmes. In the days when Elizabeth was queen Christmas was not seldom written Kyrsumas. In Holland where the kermis is a national institution Christmas is called Kerstijd (Christmas-tide) and the festival of Christmas Kermis, Christmasday is called Kersdag and Christmas pies are Kerskeck. In the Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway and Sweden and Finland, Christmas is known as Jul, the same word as the English Yule. In France Christmas is Noel, that is, the nativity. In Spain it is Navidad, in Portugal Natal, in Italy Natale, all these signifying the nativity. In Germany it is Weihnacht, Christmas-tide being Weihnachtzeit. In Wales it is Nadolig, meaning the nativity.

There is an ancient superstition that at midnight on Christmas eve the cattle in their stalls fall down on their knees in adoration of the infant Saviour in the same manner as the legend describes them to have done in the stable at Bethlehem. Bees are also said to sing in their hives at the same time, and bread baked on Christmas eve, it is averred, never becomes mouldy.—Exchange.

He Knew Him.

"Have you any paper collars?" he asked, as he sidled into the store on tip-toe.

"Certainly, sir," replied the affable clerk. "Will one be enough? How is everything in East St. Louis?"—Clothier and Furnisher.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow, spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

She Had.

Clarksby—"Good morning, Mrs. Gadby. Shopping, I see."

Mrs. Gadby—"Yes; I've been picking up a few little things for Christmas."

C—"I haven't seen Mr. Gadby 'on 'Change' lately."

Mrs. G. (laconically)—"I have!"—Time.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

A Natural Inference.

Jack (with sporting tendencies)—"I say, sis, have you read this splendid account of 'The Big Foot Race?'"

Carrie (Wooded by a Chicagoan)—"No, of course not. I never read any of those hateful things about Chicago girls."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility* and *Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

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There are poor imitations. Get the genuine.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

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

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

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLL. It's delicious.

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It is old in years (established 1855) but young in the vigor and ability with which it treats of Farm Topics. Everything of to-day which will aid the farmer of to-day in getting the best results from his fields is presented in its columns from week to week, in a plain, practical, common-sense manner. The thoughts of the best Agricultural writers, and the experience of Practical Farmers alike find expression in it. In its 14 Departments can be found every week articles of profit and interest in the Field-work, among the Stock, in the Dairy, the Orchard, the Garden, the Poultry-yard and among the Bees. A skilled Veterinary Surgeon answers the questions of its subscribers concerning their stock free. The Housekeeper has a special department, and instructive and entertaining reading is provided for the Home Circle and the Children. Its weekly Market Reports are full and accurate. Its subscribers pronounce it the Best Agricultural Journal in the Country.

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."

One Dollar per Year—less than 2 cents per week. ADDRESS: **SAMPLE COPY FREE.**

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Paying Them Off.

Managing Editor—"Did you pay the artist who illustrated that great poem 'Christmas Chimes' on your first page?"

Secretary—"Yes, sir. Sent him a check for \$250."

"Good. How much did you pay the engraver?"

"I sent him \$75."

"Yes. Is there any money left?"

"About seventeen cents."

"Very well. Send it to the man who wrote the poem."—Philadelphia Record.

We Have a Revolver Now.

The following correspondence will explain itself:

OFFICE OF JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 7, 1889. Texas Siftings Publishing Co., New York:

GENTLEMEN:—Please insert our advt. [copy enclosed] in your Christmas number, and charge same to us at rate quoted.

We forward to you to-day, by express, one of our new revolvers—the same as described in the advt.—which please present with our compliments to your Manager, our old friend, Knox. He may need it in his business.

Yours Truly, JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO. per Benj. Lovell.

OFFICE OF TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO., New York, Dec. 8, 1889.

Mr. per Benj. Lovell, Boston, Mass.:

DEAR SIR:—Your revolver received. What use, do you suppose, I could have for a self-cocking, six-chamber, Swift, double-action, automatic, etc., revolver? It is very handsome, I admit, and looks to be a valuable and murderous weapon, but what prompted you to make me such a present? Why didn't you send me a health-lift, or one of your patent parlor rowing machines? I could have used that on our office boy; his muscle needs development that sitting on a high stool and licking postage stamps fails to give him. But a revolver! Why, don't you know that it is against the law to carry one in New York? If I should be found with a gun in my pocket I would be taken before Judge Duffy, or some other of New York's foreign mandarins, and sentenced to thirty days' vacation, where cracking stone with a long-handled hammer would be a part of my clerical duties.

I think, however, I catch your idea. You are not such a philanthropist as a stranger might suppose you to be. You think I might possibly monkey with the thing, and accidentally blow a hole in myself, when you would hope to see some headlines like these in the daily papers:

DEPLORABLE AND FATAL ACCIDENT!

NEW YORK IN TEARS.

A Well-known Journalist Shot in the Neck by a Gun Presented to Him by J. P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, Dealers in Sporting Goods, Guns and Pistols a speciality; Grindstones in Every Style, etc., etc.

It may be that you hope that I shall become enraged at one of the many members of the human race who suggest that a great improvement to TEXAS SIFTINGS would be to add "A Chess Column," a "World's Fair Department," a "Woman's Page," or weekly articles on "The Rotation of Crops," and that I may shoot a few 38-calibre bullets into his anatomy. Then the police would take the revolver, and the reporters would examine it and everybody would learn that it was from the "well-known establishment of Jno. P. Lovell Arms Co., dealers in," etc., etc.

It's an advertisement you're after, is it? Well, you won't get it. When I want to kill any one I shall see one of those heavy editorials out of the Boston Post, and fracture his skull with it, or I shall take him up the gulch, to some quiet nook, and read Robert Elsmere to him.

I am going to give the revolver to one who never kills anybody—one who will never use it. I am going to present it to the fool-killer. Seems to me he has retired from business. So your scheme to get a big advertisement for a small revolver will be a frost-bitten failure.

Truly, J. ARMOY KNOX.

Preferred to Believe in Santa Claus.

"There is no such person as Santa Claus, is there?" asked a small Hartford girl of her mother.

"Some folks say there is not," was the reply.

"Well, I don't care. I don't like folks who say there isn't any Santa Claus. They never give little girls any nice presents."—Hartford Post.

"News."

The word "news" is derived from the initial letters of the four points of the compass—North, East, West and South. To all the points of the compass let the good news go that for deranged liver, nervous headache, costiveness, impure blood, nausea, and many other disturbances of the system that make men mourn, there is a remedy. Thousands testify that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles. Small but potent; one a dose.

Hanging Up His Stocking.

"Are you going to hang up your stocking this year?" asked one young man of another.

"No; I am not," was the short, sharp reply.

"Well, you needn't be so cranky about it," was the answer.

"Well, I have good reason to be 'cranky,'" was the answer. "To ask a man who hung up his overcoat last summer and hasn't got it out yet if he is going to hang up his stocking is a positive insult. I don't like the word at all. Do you think I am going barefooted?"—Elmira Gazette.

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 Floroplexion, which is a sure cure. Send to-day.

The Boar's Head.

It is said that the Christmas celebration of the "Boar's Head" at Oxford college is commemorative of an act of valor performed by a student of the college who, while walking in a neighboring forest and reading Aristotle, was suddenly attacked by a wild boar. The furious beast came open-mouthed upon the youth, who, however, very courageously and "with a happy presence of mind, rammed the volume down its throat, crying 'Græcum est,' fairly choking the savage with the sage."

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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.

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What story? you say.

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That's all. A mere synopsis, of course. Sometimes more of our beautiful United States language is used in telling the story, but it is not necessary. A. & F. Pears began the manufacture of their soap away back in Anno Domini seventeen hundred and something. Their descendants are to-day making, advertising and selling the same soap—a soap that outranks all other soaps in the quantity sold, which is a good proof of its excellence.

Mr. Barratt, the active member of the firm of A. & F. Pears, a few years ago, after having conquered the old world, reached out to the United States with his advertisements. The result is that to-day there is hardly a hamlet in the United States in which Pears' Soap cannot be bought. The advertising must have been profitable, for we have it on good authority, that of the half million dollars annually spent by this firm for advertising, over one hundred thousand is spent in the United States. This enormous sum passes through the hands of the J. H. Bates Advertising Agency, of New York. Messrs. Pears have their own offices and warehouses in New York, but the Bates Agency attends to all their advertising business. Mr. Bates has been in the advertising business for many

years, and it is no reflection on other excellent agencies to say that Mr. Bates handles larger contracts and does more business than any other advertising agency in the world. So thoroughly established, and so well systematized is Mr. Bates' business that he has been able to spend all of last summer abroad, without detriment to his own interest or to that of his clients. He has a corps of experienced lieutenants, who in their respective departments have few equals, and certainly no superiors. The chief of these being Mr. Lyman D. Morse, who in the absence of Mr. Bates has the responsible charge of his immense business, and who in addition to large advertising outlays of other clients, has—under the instruction of Mr. Barratt—the supervision of all of Pears' Soap advertising done in the United States. The proof that he does well what is intrusted to him is to be found in the fact that the great advertising business of Pears continues to be placed in the hands of The Bates Agency from year to year. Mr. Barratt is a pioneer in artistic advertising and by his genius has done more to make advertisements attractive, and has originated more new features in advertising than has any other man in any line of business. He has paid many thousand pounds to sculptors and artists for their works, that have become the property of Pears, and have been used by them in giving publicity to the merits of their world-famed soap, notably that great picture "Bubbles," by Sir John Millais, and the sculptured group called "You Dirty Boy!" by Focardi, which cost \$3,000.

So much has Mr. Barratt done for art in advertising, that recently, at a banquet given to him at the Hotel Monopole, in London, in celebration of the centenary of the Pears' establishment, the representatives of the English and American press presented him with a service of plate, of the value of over one thousand pounds.

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MR. ROUNDTOP—Why do they call it Christmas-tide, Portly?

MR. PORTLY—Because there are so many weddings, perhaps. Christmas-tied. See?

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