

# Texas Siftings.

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## SKATING ON THIN ICE.

OWING TO THE WARMTH OF THE RAYS OF THE RISING SUN OF LIBERTY, THE ICE ON WHICH ROYALTY SKATES HAS BECOME SO THIN THAT SKATING HAS CEASED TO BE A PASTIME.

## Texas Siftings.

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### IN "A. MINER" KEY.

LIGHT guards—lanterns.

ON the fence—the fencing master.

A WATCHMAKER belongs to the sell-tic race.

THE "better" way—to go broke some day.

IF La Grippe would only down McGinty, and keep him down!

A FEW-TILE effort—to start a hat store with an insignificant stock.

THE women of San Francisco paint china; the men paint Chinatown.

THE reason sailors are so profane is because they follow a nauticalling.

APPEARANCES are against some people, and so are their disappearances.

A SHOEMAKER calls his lap-stone honest confession, because it is good for the sole.

THE highest ambition of some men is to be seen on a corner talking with a policeman.

"My fighting time is over," a man remarked as he got on top of his adversary and began to whack him.

A WRITER tells how to sponge a shiny coat. If he will tell how to sponge a bran new coat, he will attract more attention.

THE most self-sacrificing martyrdom that a boy endures is when he apprentices himself to learn to chew tobacco, and the hardest thing for a girl to do is to say "no" to her first suitor.

WHEN a young man who has his own way to make in the world concludes to "Ho, for the West," he may as well understand that he must take the hoe in his hand and dig for it, if he wants success.

### A DREAM DISPELLED.

It is not a rare occurrence  
When you are at a dance,  
That you will lose your silly head  
By just a furtive glance.



This very thing occurred to me,  
And I'll proceed to tell  
The sorrows and the pain and grief  
My foolish heart befell.

It was at a gay reception  
In a brilliant lighted room,  
Where flowers rare of every kind  
Gave forth their rich perfume;

I was waltzing with a maiden  
With a pretty dimpled face,  
And a form just like a Venus,  
Clothed in folds of tangled lace.

Her head lay on my shoulder,  
(I can ne'er forget those hours),  
Her soft hair touched my blushing cheek  
Like sunshine kissing flowers.

So smitten was I with her charms,  
I did with words implore,  
If I could call upon her soon  
Before the week was o'er.

My dream was very soon dispelled—  
She raised her head erect,  
And said: "I cannot grant you this,  
For my husband might object."

F. PARKER, JR.

### DISCUSSION IN AMERICA.

Discussion is so universal in this country, that it may be set down as an American "institution." In fact, it is an outgrowth of the very form and spirit of our governmental system to "cuss" and discuss. Here, the people being the source of power, and every topic which arises having more or less bearing on public affairs, such as the Monroe doctrine, and when to put on winter flannels, for instance, they are naturally prompted to inquire into it. In other words, to discuss it—to sift it to the bottom. Young America in his swaddling clothes, is ready, in his "sovereign" dignity, to take a turn at argument; nor can you persuade him that this is out of place, and that he should use his mouth chiefly for feeding purposes. Were you to attempt such a thing he would swell up, in his sovereignty, and inform you that he is "ready to argue the point," and he would do it, too. He might also request you to go and soak your head. Go where you will, in this country, you will find people—the high and the low, the cab-driver, the plumber, the congressman, the learned and the ignorant, the young and those who have been young, all ready to discuss any question, from the "whichness of the is" to "how to run a newspaper." In the stage, the steamer, the car, the hotel debate is the order of the day. And you shall find comparatively as little difference in the force of the arguments presented, as between the espousers of the same side. They all "read the papers," and are prepared to quote "facts" and "argue the point." Great is the country where the people investigate for themselves, and do not take anybody's word for anything.

### AN EDICT AGAINST PATENT MEDICINES.

The Supreme Court of Georgia has decided that the proprietor of a patent medicine is liable in damages for injury done to any person who takes the medicine according to the directions. Observe the proviso, however: you must take it according to directions if you wish to sustain a case for damages. If directed to take a spoonful three times a day you mustn't take three spoonfuls once a day, nor swallow a whole bottle at a sitting. If the label reads: "To be well shaken before

taken," don't "shake" the medicine altogether. If you do you won't get any damages. By the way, we think we understand now why George Francis Train has taken no medicine for so many years. He quit shaking hands a dozen years ago, and rather than shake medicine he will go without it. But isn't that giving it "the shake?" It will be a hard day for the patent medicine man when an universal law holds him responsible for the injury it does. It will be worse than taking his own medicine, and almost drive him out of business. We do not mean to make the sweeping charge that all patent medicines are harmful, for many possess undoubted merit, but there are some of them that are dangerous and sometimes fatal, and against this class the public should be protected.

### FALSE TITLES.

Not to speak of our colonels who never smelt powder, America rejoices in more false titles of empty honor than any country on the face of the earth. We abound with "professors" who never profess anything except humbug; "doctors" who have never walked a hospital, much less run one; "judges" who never sat on a bench; "doctors of divinity" to whom the simple Greek of the New Testament is a tongue as unknown as the dialects of the aborigines of Borneo; and "doctors of law" who never opened a law book, and who have never deserved and who never will deserve the distinction of the honorary title. We profess to despise titles worn by foreign aristocrats, yet every American seems to aspire to one in some form.

### DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

It is not altogether comforting to ocean travelers to read about fire being discovered in the cargo of cotton in the hold of an outgoing steamship, just as she was about to sail from the port of New York. Suppose the smouldering flames had not manifested themselves until the ship was out at sea. There is no more appalling thought of mortal ill than a ship on fire at sea. Few ocean passengers realize what perils threaten them from cargoes of the most inflammable material in the hold of the ship steaming so rapidly across the Atlantic. In that new age that is said to be coming, ships will be built for passengers alone, and dangerous freights will have their own special conveyances. But we suppose that realization must await the application of a less expensive propelling power than steam generated from the consumption of coal. In this connection we feel justified in urging Mr. Keely to hurry up his motor. If he doesn't some other inventor may slip in ahead of him.

### RICHES DON'T TROUBLE US.

George William Curtis, sitting in his philosophical Easy Chair, advises us "not to be troubled by the riches of our neighbors." We are not, George. We are not even troubled by our own riches. Take our neighbor, Mr. Gould. How many millions he possesses the Lord only knows, but his riches don't trouble us in the least, and they are not likely to. And if we should go to him in a neighborly way and offer to relieve him of a portion of the trouble and worry incident to the possession of great wealth—to carry a part of the burden on our own shoulders, as it were, bringing a stout valise to stow it away in, he would probably decline the generous proffer with that gentle and pensive smile which he wears in his caricatures but no where else. We pass Mr. Vanderbilt's house nearly every day with hardly a thought of the wealth that house contains and represents. We are not troubled. In fact, no amount of riches that belongs to others is ever likely to trouble us in the least, although we are a distant relative of Aneke Jans, and hold a little stock in a Harlem Flats claim under a Dutch grant.

### RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW YORK.

Whenever there is a plan proposed for giving New York its much-needed rapid transit, there is a howl raised in some quarter of "jobbery." Well, a rapid transit scheme that would supply the wants of this great and rapidly-growing city would be a pretty big job, anyhow, and somebody must profit by it or it will never be done. Rival interests are likely to postpone the consummation of the people's earnest wish for years to come, and in the meantime the elevated roads will go on packing their cars with passengers like sardines in a box and making money out of our discomfort and suffering.

A MEMBER of the B'ar Association—a Rocky Mountain grizzly.



DIFFERENT WAYS OF HOLDING UP A TRAIN.



AT THE RESTAURANT.

GUEST—Say, waiter, there are two gray hairs in my soup!

WAITER—I begs your pardon, boss, I'se afraid de cook am moultin', sah.

SILAS VASTINE IN TACOMA.

BY V. Z. REED.

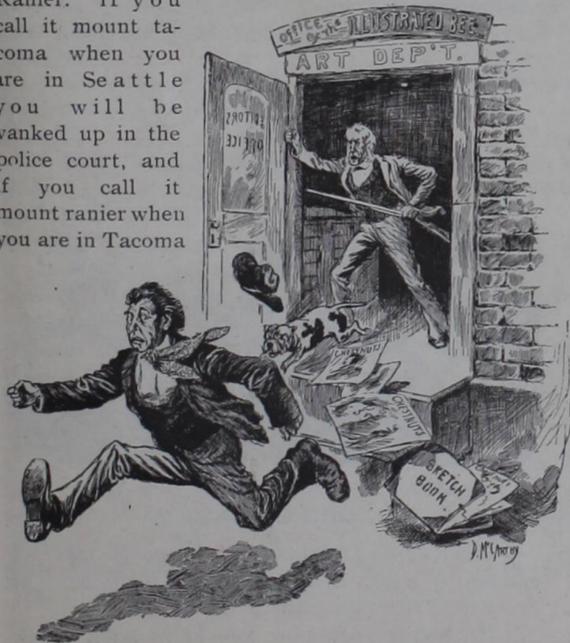
The young farmer from Keokuk county, Iowa, who is making a tour of the West, wrote the following letter to Miss Lucinda Pypes, his "best girl" at home, recently:

TACOMA, Washington, January 2.

my deer lucindy:—i haint wrote to you fur quite a while butt the reason is that i hav been a scootin over the glorious west like a Jack rabbit scoots over a sage bush. i staid a fue days in Salt Lake and while i was there i see more money change hands than i blieve changes hands in all keerkuk county in ten year. if we jist had our old farm backed up against that town so we could make bilding lots out uv it we would soon hav moar munny than sum peepil hav gall. i never see sich a country. the whole country is growin and new houzes an barns an everything else is a bein bilt like al git out. and now hear i am at the city of Tacoma whitch is one of the many Magic cities that air scattered all over the face of this booming nashun.

This town is noted as bein the turminis of the N P railroad and the home of Will s. Visscher. i spoze it is a vary purty town but i cant see it for the snow. it is also ncted fur bein a town where the men go a prancin after a woman as soon as she gits off a trane, an tryin to marry her. i think i could git rich by importin a lott of old maids out here and marryin them off to some of these Yahoos an chargin a commission for the saim. butt then i calkilate ile have enuff laid up agin me at the last round up without entisin peepil into matrimony whare angels feer to tred.

There is a vary purty mountain that is visible from here when the fog lifts whitch is called mount tacoma by the peepil heer but up in Seattle they call it mount Ranier. if you call it mount tacoma when you are in Seattle you will be yanked up in the police court, and if you call it mount ranier when you are in Tacoma



THE COMING ARTIST.

you will be run out of town. the peepil in these two towns read all the funny things the Chicago papers say about saint loois and then they put in the name of Tacoma or Seattle and crack them off as orriginil. it makes me tired of this fleetin life to see one town gittin up in the night to think up mean things about another.

I stopt in Portland oregon an went to a chinese funeral and then i went back up town and gott akwanted with a man of the name of Jernings that has gott two or three big furniture stores an he took me out to see the ellaphunt. The ellaphunt i pade partickeler attenshun too had purty black eyes and drunk seven dollars wurth of wine without blinkin. i dont find the west to be mutch like it is cracked up to be. i spozed the peepil out here went barefooted an never had mutch fun but i am beginnin to think they know almost as mutch as the wize farmers of the greate temprance stait of ioway. but i will soon be with you agin my luv for i am tired roaming in strange pastures. i git so loansum to see you that i wake up and find myself huggin the piller so good by my sweet luv, from your trew luvver.

SILAS VASTINE.

GOT AWAY WITH BUT ONE ARMFUL.

Last summer I was up at Port Sarnia, Ontario, and there met a sad-looking but affable gentleman from the States who had lost an arm. He intercepted my glance toward his empty coat sleeve and explained, "I lost it at Gettysburg," and them added with some bitterness, "and yet I am an exile."

I was unfeignedly sorry for him and told him so, but, though decidedly curious to know what misfortune had compelled him to leave the beloved country he had laid down so large a fraction of his life to save, an innate delicacy restrained me from questioning him.

He was disposed to be communicative, however, and proceeded: "I could bear my sad lot with greater resignation but that now upon the threshold of old age, my means are nearly exhausted, a pecuniary strait that is directly due to the loss of my arm. You see I had filled two valises with money, negotiable bonds, etc., in preparation for my departure, but in the hurry attendant upon that I was compelled to leave one of them behind and by some fatal mischance I picked up the less valuable one. Ah, sir!" and the tears trickled down his wan cheeks, "am I not the most unfortunate of unfortunates. Could I but have had my other arm at that supreme moment you would not have found me in this dismal place with starvation staring me in the face wearily awaiting my end, for I would now be living at the top of the pot with the rest of the boys in Montreal."

CORT.

NO ADAPTION.

"Pleasant evening," said he, as he looked vacantly at the gas-jet's flicker.

"Yes, I think so," she replied, as she sort of snickered behind her large and freckled hand.

"I guess it will be pleasant to-morrow, don't you?" and the effort came near sinking his spirit beneath the sofa cushion.

"Oh, what a hand you be to hector," she said; and there was an aggravating shake of the head and the ringlets.

"Why, Miss—I—really—didn't—mean—to—hector—"

"Then you'd better go home, you old stupid!"



GREAT SCOTT!!!

The outside door shut with a bang in less than a minute, and there was no parting kiss. They were not adapted to each other.

A PERTINENT QUESTION.

A Texas clergyman, who at a former period of his life had gambled a little, was absorbed in thought just before divine services began. He was approached by the organist, who whispered, referring to the opening hymn:

"What shall I play?"

"What kind of a hand have you got?" responded the absent-minded clergyman.

SIZING UP HER RESPECT.

"Uncle John's coming to-morrow. Where in the world shall we put him? I guess I'll give him the blue room."

"Oh, no; run him into the red room," suggested young hopeful.

"Why?"

"Oh, it'll match his nose."

"You should not speak so disrespectfully of Uncle John. I am sure he is very—"

"Rich," prompted the incorrigible scion.

THE M'GINTY GAG.

Teacher—Who was Judas?

Boy—The fellow what hung himself.

Teacher—Why did he hang himself?

Boy—I dunno, unless he wanted to git to some place where he would not hear any more about McGinty.

THE BEARDED LADY REDUCED TO BEGGARY.

LADY (suspiciously)—You can't fool me. The idea! A woman with a beard like that.

TRAMP—Alas! madam, I am the bearded lady of the dime museum out of an engagement. In charity give me something.

LADY—Poor soul! poor soul! Come in and I will supply your wants.



THE RUSE WORKED.

TRAMP (to his pal)—I say, Snipsey, the bearded lady snap worked all right. Help me to unload.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
PART XII.



WHEN Charles the Bald died, in 877, his only surviving son, Louis le Bègue, or the Stammerer, became king, but he only lived a year and a half. Stammering is embarrassing to anybody, but it must be doubly exasperating to

a king, who likes to give his orders terse and quick and have them instantly obeyed. Louis never could enjoy a warm meal, because it invariably got cold before he could finish the order to have it brought on the table. He was compelled to order his morning cocktail the night before, as his hesitating speech was inadequate to the task of ordering it in the morning before breakfast. A condemned prisoner whom the king wanted to save, lost his head because it took so long for the king to stammer out a reprieve.

When the Stammerer died his two sons, Louis III. and Carloman, were raised to the throne conjointly, the former ruling over the north of France and the latter over the southern portion. Both died a few years after. By the strict law of succession the crown should have gone to an infant son of Louis the Stammerer, by his second wife, Adelaide, but the nobles, fearing that a five-year-old sovereign might not be able to lead an army in case of war, deviated from the line of hereditary right and adjudged the throne to Charles the Fat, first taking the precaution to have it enlarged to accommodate his huge proportions. Charles the Fat was a nephew of Charles the Bald, and he reigned as Charles II. of France.

It was during his reign that Paris sustained a memorable siege at the hands of the Normans (885), led by the redoubtable Rollo. This was the third time that the Normans had besieged this city. I have not told you, *mes enfants*, how the Normans came to hold possession of a portion of France. Charlemagne was well aware of the danger from Scandinavian freebooters, and he kept his coasts well guarded. But his degenerate descendants neglected these precautions and left the seaboard without defense. In 841 the Norman vikings entered the mouth of the Seine with a flotilla of 120 galleys, and sailing up to Rouen, pillaged and burnt that city. In fact there was hardly enough of it left for a respectable Rouen. Every year these devastations were repeated, until in 845, while Charles the Bald was on the throne, they appeared before the walls of Paris. The city was surrendered without resistance and they pillaged it at will. Then His Bald-Headed Majesty bought them off at the price of 7,000 pounds of silver.

They did so well that in 857 they came a second time, and again they were bought off, after massacring thousands of the inhabitants. They met their match a few years after in a noble duke called Robert the Strong, who fought them for five years, and routed them in several engagements. This Robert the Strong, a descendant of Charles of the Hammer, was great-grandfather of Hugh Capet, and ancestor of the kings of France of the third Capetian dynasty. The Normans finally proved too strong for the weak kings of France, and in order to make peace with them, Charles III., in

911, ceded to them the portion of western France bordering on the Atlantic, known as Normandy.

To return to Charles the Fat. He was far away in Germany—trying some of the famous waters to reduce his fat, perhaps—when the Normans invested Paris for the third time. Messenger after messenger was sent to summon Charles, but the siege progressed for three months before he came at the head of a large body of troops. Instead of attacking the half-defeated enemy he compromised with them, agreeing to pay the Normans 800 pounds of silver for the ransom of a city they had been unable to take.

The Parisians were so infuriated at Charles' weakness and pusillanimity that he dared not enter the city. He went back to Germany, where he became a subject of general contempt and aversion. At home his subjects deposed him, and he died in a pitiable condition of body and mind a few years after. This teaches, *chers amis*, that a dishonorable peace is worse than a defeat.

With the death of Charles the Fat (888) the Carolingian empire was dissolved. It broke up into its natural divisions of France, Germany and Italy; but these were subdivided into seven independent states, each of which elected as sovereign the most powerful and illustrious of its local aristocracy. The Count of Eudes, oldest son of Robert the Strong, who behaved so valiantly in the defense of Paris during the siege, was called to the throne of France and ruled for ten years, but he was unable to establish his authority over the provinces south of the Loire. A powerful faction, taking advantage of his absence on an expedition of war, raised young Prince Charles, the sole surviving son of Louis the Stammerer, to the throne (893). Eudes



A Norman Soldier salutes the King's Foot.

disputed the arrangement, but accommodatingly died soon after and the prince was established on the throne as Charles III., surnamed the Simple.

Most of the kings of France had a surname, you perceive, indicative of some peculiarity which they possessed. Rude boys on the street unconsciously imitate this custom when they nickname each other. Ragged Bill, Red-nosed Pete, Squint-eyed Sam, etc., etc.

Charles the Simple was what his name indicates. His character was feeble and he was easily imposed upon. A bunco steerer was always sure of a job whenever he caught the king on the street without a protector. He was constantly lending money to strangers to pay that "freight bill," and the bogus lottery caught him every time, "just like any gilly," as the song goes. The Normans, under the famous Rollo, who commanded at the third siege of Paris, continuing their depredations, it was suggested to Charles the Simple that it would be a wise course to cede some territory to them and make them allies of France. This was done (911), and Rollo, marrying the king's daughter, was made Duke of Normandy.

When Rollo took the oath of fealty he was informed that according to traditionary custom, he must kiss the monarch's foot. This he absolutely refused to do, but

at length compromised by deputizing one of his attendants to do it in his stead. The rude soldier lifted the king's foot so high that Charles went sprawling on the floor, amid shouts of laughter from the vikings. The French didn't laugh so much. Rollo was baptized by the Archbishop of Rouen, and received the name of Robert. His territory, henceforth known as Normandy, was divided among his trusty companions, most of whom followed the example of their leader by embracing christianity.

So it was that these barbarian freebooters became very excellent and worthy citizens. They frowned upon piracy immediately that they had land to pillage, and when a ship-load of their old piratical friends arrived expecting a cordial welcome, they were driven away. It was curious to see the reformed vikings restoring the castles they had ruined, and piously rebuilding the churches they had formerly torn down. They adopted the language of France, somewhat modified by the Scandinavian accent, and advanced rapidly in the arts of industry, commerce and civilization.

Rouen, the capital of Normandy, is on the Seine, forty-four miles from its mouth, and sixty-seven miles northwest of Paris. It was an old town when the Normans came. The first Bishop of Rouen was St. Ouen, in the 4th century. He built a monastery there, and in it William the Conqueror died in 1087. The present church of St. Ouen is a fine gothic building.

Charles the Simple had many ups and downs. A revolt drove him from the throne and he fled to Lorraine. Afterwards he was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon. At one time he was set at liberty and reseatd on the throne, only to find himself again a prisoner, and he finally died in the Castle of Peronne in 929.

The successor of Charles the Simple was his young son, Louis d'Outremer, or From over the Sea. He got this surname because at the time his father was made prisoner by his enemies, his mother fled with her son to England, where her brother Athelstan was King of the Anglo-Saxons. Thus early began the custom, on the part of French royalty, to seek shelter and protection on English soil when compelled to flee from their own. And they generally found it. I will tell of the reign of Louis From over the Sea in my next paper.

THE PLEASURES OF WEALTH.

Mrs. O'Kelly—You look tired, Mrs. O'Rafferty.

Mrs. O'R.—And it's tired that I am, Mrs. O'Kelly. And I hope before I do that I'll be wan of thim Fifth avenue ladies, so that after I've done washin' the dishes and scrubbin' the flure, I can lie down in the afternoon and slape a bit.

And it's an aisy toime that they have of it, Mrs. O'Rafferty.

HE WANTED A RAISE.

So you vas not satisfied mit your situation, Mr. Silverston?

No, Mishter Jacobson, for five tollars a week and dat pad dreatment can I no longer stay mit you. I go away.

AT THE BALL.

She—What makes Mr. Blank shy?

He—I didn't know he shied. Perhaps it's because he is a little hoarse this evening.

Judge—I think you might be honest if you were to accustom yourself to it.

Prisoner—Maybe so, Judge; habit is a queer thing.



AN OBJECT LESSON.

BOB ROUNDER (petulantly)—I'll never take the end seat in a theatre again! You have to jump up every time anyone passes in or out.

HIS SISTER—Ah, now you know what a nuisance you are when you have an inside seat!



NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE CODFISH.

Of all the fish that bathe in the sea, the codfish is the most important. It is greatly sought after by all classes of society and is shown much consideration. In its native haunts it roams the sea wild and untrammelled by conventionalities, and it is the same democratic animal when it leaves its element. Because we see it loafing around the emporium of the small grocer with its vest unbuttoned and its shirt bosom sprinkled with salt, does not follow that there is not some goodness within.

A certain class of society has been called codfish aristocracy, on account of their fidelity to the codfish, evidenced by the odor emanating from the body of the fish when cooked that saturates the lace curtains and the India-rubber piano cover, the tapestry, luxurious upholstery and embellishments of the palatial domicile of the aristocracy.

To the individual who has been compelled to draw sustenance from the body of the deceased codfish, the most elaborate menu of the artists of Europe is nothing compared to a well-prepared codfish-ball. The smell of it is as the east wind to his nostrils; and its ability to stand by him in the hours of toil and weariness has been tried and is unquestioned.

The lesson taught by the utility of the codfish is that the humblest may be of some use, and that if you gain the friendship of a man in his youth he is apt to stick by you. The odor of the codfish is sure to pervade the salons of those who loved it in youth.

E. R. COLLINS.

FORCE OF HABIT.

A.—What are you doing with a bell instead of having a whip for that horse?

B.—You see, this hoss used to pull a street-car, and I have to ring the bell twice to stop him and once to start him again. A whip wouldn't be of any use to me. Ting-a-ling!

A NEGLIGENT HUMORIST.

Managing Editor—Mr. Phoneyman, you are neglecting your duties.

Mr. Phoneyman—In what respect?

Managing Editor—You should have unpacked last year's toboggan jokes, dusted them off, and had them ready for use two weeks ago. Our rival over the way is exhausting all the chestnuts, and we will be badly left.

THE moons-tone is pitched to the music of the spheres.

But as the apartment they left, of their money bereft,  
They were greatly disgusted with aces.

So they both made a dash, to raise some more cash,  
By applying to an "uncle" for aid,  
Who, though being no kin, gave them the tin,  
And then chuckled at the bargain he'd made.

Thus matters went on, 'till the night was gone,  
And the coppers came with the patrol,  
And finding our friends, both on their beam ends,  
They soon had them safe "in their hole."

I trust you'll not fail, in this little tale,  
A very plain moral to see;  
That it isn't very funny, and also costs money,  
To go on a hilarious spree.

ED. R. PRITCHARD.

RECOGNIZING THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.

The delay of the administration at Washington in recognizing the Republic of Brazil, is justified by Mr. Garrison's defenders on the ground that a revolution could not be recognized before a majority of the people shall have signified their assent to its establishment. But did a majority of the people of

HE GOT EVEN WITH HER.

The train from Paris to Versailles was to leave there in five minutes. An elegantly dressed gentleman enters a first-class carriage. He has a burning cigar in his mouth. He is about to take his seat when he perceives an elderly lady is in the carriage. Being a gentleman, he raises the window and is about to throw out the cigar, when the old lady says:

"Don't you know that you are forbidden to smoke in a first-class carriage when there are ladies in it?"

"My dear madame, you see I was just about to anticipate your wish by throwing away my cigar. However, I will not disturb you further," and bowing very stiffly he left the car, and purchasing a third-class ticket, he took his seat among some peasants where he could smoke undisturbed.

There was sitting near the gentleman a wretched-looking tramp, who smelt horribly of garlic, and who was about as disagreeable a neighbor as can well be imagined.

"My good fellow," said the gentleman, "did you ever ride in a first-class carriage?"

"Never."

"Well, here's a ticket that I can't use. Just you go into that first-class carriage. There is a vacant seat next to an old lady; just take it."

The man who was sadly in need of disinfectants did as he was told. A few minutes after he entered, the door of the first-class carriage was closed, and off went the train, which does not stop at any of the stations between Paris and Versailles. You can imagine whether or not the gentleman got even.

THEOLOGICAL ITEM.

Reverend Eli Soote, a colored parson, has considerable trouble in collecting his salary from the delinquent members of his flock. Jim Crow, in particular, shows a great deal of delicacy in paying his pew rent. Not long since Soote met Jim and tackled him on the subject.

But now that the Brazilians, whose independence Portugal acknowledged in 1825, propose to assert the independence by selecting their own rulers, we are to that we should not recognize the new Republic until vote of the people is taken. Delay is the best ally the monarchial party can have, and those who propose put off recognition—to "wait and see"—are playing into that party's hands. It is anti-democratic, and American, and we are certain such a policy will not be sustained by the people of this country. Let them make their voice heard.

IN CHICAGO, OF COURSE.

Visitor—Ah, you have a family album, I see.

Lady—Well, yes, I suppose you might call it family album. It contains the photographs of my deceased husbands. That large volume on the other table is my divorces, bound in morocco.

Judge—Have you any other grounds for divorce besides those you have mentioned?

Husband—Yes; she makes poor coffee.

"See heah, Jim, you hasn't paid up fur two munfs. Doesn't yer know dat dose who serbs at de altar mus' lib by de altar?"

"Dat's so, my berlubbed pasture, but dar am ernudder text in der Bible what am in conflic' wid dat ar."

"Whar did yer find 'em?"

"I sarched the Scripters an' found 'em. I'se one ob de sheep ob yo' flock, ain't I?"

"You is, Mr. Crow, but I feels you am one ob de black sheep."

"Kinder strikes me yer ain't no strawberry blonde yersef, but ain't de commandment gibben ter de shepherds and pastures of de flock, 'Feed my sheep!' an' heah yer comes to me—one ob de sheep—an wants ter be fed, you ole blackened sepulchum. Ef yer means ter bide by de Bible, why doan yer lead dis heah sheep inter er iceter saloon an' set up er dozen on de half shell? De good book say 'feed de sheep;' but you do nuffin' but shear 'em. Whar did yer read 'shear my sheep?' Go home, ole man, an' sarch de Scripters, 'stead ob nosin' erbout fer money whut I'se earned by de swet ob my brow."

AIRING HER FRENCH.

Caller (to little girl on the front steps)—Is your pa at home, sissy?

Little Girl—Yes, he's home, but he hasn't got up yet.

Caller—Not up at ten o'clock! What on earth's the matter with your pa?

Little Girl (smiling)—Well, pa was out last night on a petite alouette.

Caller—A petite alouette; what's that?

Little Girl—That's French, and it means a little lark."



OIL ON THE STORMY WAVES.

Mrs. GUZZLETON (hearing a crash in the hall at 2 a. m.)—Hen-ner-y! What are you doing down there?

MR. GUZZLETON—'Sh! Jus' tryin' to p-hick up the price of that new bonnet you want, out o' this blamed hat-rack!

## HOW I FIRST MET "ARTEMUS WARD."

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

In the spring of 1858, being out of a situation on account of the suspension of a Buffalo paper, Faxon's Daily Times, on which I had been employed as "local" editor, Mr. Faxon said to me: "Why not go to Cleveland and try the Plain Dealer?" He said that a green young man named Brown was employed on the paper, but he wasn't of any account, and Mr. J. W. Gray, the proprietor, would readily exchange him for "a capable person" like myself. I said I would try it, and he gave me a letter to Mr. Gr.

I didn't quite like the idea of crowding another man out, but as I was assured that the notoriously incompetent Brown would be compelled to resign soon, anyhow, I thought I might as well try to fill the inevitable vacancy as any one else. So I took the letter and the next steamboat for Cleveland.

The following morning a young man might have been seen walking up Water street hill from the steamboat landing, carrying in his hand an attenuated carpet-bag inscribed with the initials, "A. M. G." I had come to Cleveland in the character of a competent person to apply for the vacant position that must soon be caused by the resignation or dismissal of the green young man named Brown, whose unfitness for the position of local editor of the Plain Dealer had reached as far as Buffalo.

I remember feeling sorry for Brown, as I neared the Plain Dealer office, and I was half inclined to turn back when I reached the door, but I walked in and asked for the proprietor. A tall, slim young man, with pale blue eyes, straight, yellowish hair and a Roman nose stepped forward and told me in low, plaintive tones, that the proprietor, Mr. Gray, was confined to his house by an accident that had destroyed the sight of one of his eyes—could he do anything for me? "My name," he remarked simply, "is Brown—Charles F. Brown, and I am the local editor." I felt somewhat guilty, brought face to face with the man whose position I was after, and the letter to Mr. Gray produced an uncomfortable sensation in the neighborhood of the pocket in which it rested.

I will add right here that the letter was never presented. I tore it up the first opportunity, and neither Mr. Gray nor the green young man named Brown ever knew of its existence.

I was much pleased with my new acquaintance. He was a mild-mannered, sunny-tempered young fellow, who delighted in funny stories and got off droll witticisms in an inimitable way. He was plain "Charley Brown" then, without the "e" which he attached to the family name when he became famous. If he had written over the *nom de plume* of "Artemus Ward" then I didn't know it. His work on the Plain Dealer consisted in getting together a column or so of local items each day, though the fun there was in him frequently cropped out in his paragraphs.

The unaffected cordiality with which Mr. Brown welcomed me when he learned that I was a brother scribe quite won me. The first night of our acquaintance he took me to a school exhibition a little way out in the country, and his whispered comments upon the performance were very funny. They played a scene from Rolla.

"How now, Gomez, what bringest thou?"

Gomez—"On yonder mountain we espied an old Peruvian."

"They knew him by his bark," whispered Brown.

The Peruvian bark joke might have been a chestnut, for what I knew, but that was the first time it had been fired at me. But one finds plenty of funny people at twenty, and I little dreamed that my gay entertainer, the young man by the name of Brown, was destined to make the whole world laugh—and weep, too, when it heard of his death. And how fortunate it was that I didn't crowd him out of his situation on that memorable visit!

It did occur to me as we drove back to the city that



led to the throne of France and ruled for ten years, but he was unable to establish his authority over provinces south of the Loire. A powerful faction, taking advantage of his absence on an expedition of war, raised young Prince Charles, the sole surviving son of Louis the Stammerer, to the throne (893). Eudes



done, because he hadn't my fancy and imagination!

Barring an unaccountable and alarming desire to drive off the canal bridge into the water, which with no little difficulty I prevailed upon him to relinquish, we reached the city with no further incident worth relating. His humorous account in next day's Plain Dealer of "The School Exhibition at Humiston's," convinced me that the green young man named Brown possessed a rare vein of original humor.

The following autumn (1858) he published in the



## NOT SO VERY INAPPROPRIATE, AFTER ALL.

Some practical joker removed a sign, "Fits Warranted," from in front of a clothing store, and suspended it in front of a saloon next door. The "Jersey lightning" sold at most saloons will warrant a fit for any one who persists in drinking it.

Cleveland Plain Dealer the first Artemus Ward letter that was extensively copied—"Atlantic Cable Celebration at Baldwinville," followed soon after by "Among the Free Lovers at Berlin Hites," and from that time his progress was rapid and brilliant, and within less than two years he stood at the head of American humorists.

## IF I WERE A BRIDE.

If I were a bride I would not be a baby nor a vixen, because a girl who is old enough to be married is old enough to behave like a rational creature. I would not bleat for "mother," or any other member of the family, after I had been a wife three days; because when a man marries a girl he does not expect also to marry father, mother, sister, brother, uncle, aunt and grandmother. If I were a bride, I would not fold my hands disconsolately every morning after my husband's departure and be "so

Charles the Simple had many ups and downs revolt drove him from the throne and he fled to Lorraine. Afterwards he was taken prisoner and thrown into a dungeon. At one time he was set at liberty and reseat on the throne, only to find himself again a prisoner, when he finally died in the Castle of Peronne in 929. I'd

The successor of Charles the Simple was his young son, Louis d'Outremer, or From over the Sea. He got this surname because at the time his father was made prisoner by his enemies, his mother fled with her son to England, where her brother Athelstan was King of the Anglo-Saxons. Thus early began the custom, the part of French royalty, to seek shelter and protection on English soil when compelled to flee from their own. And they generally found it. I will tell of the reign of Louis From over the Sea in my next paper. y-

## THE PLEASURES OF WEALTH.

Mrs. O'Kelly—You look tired, Mrs. O'Rafferty.  
Mrs. O'R.—And it's tired that I am, Mrs. O'Kelly. And I hope before I do that I'll be wan of thim Fift enough to drive a man into lunacy to be continually confronted by a sniveling young woman in a tea gown. I'd smile, if the vulture were breakfasting on my Promethean liver. Every man prefers a dry Hebe to a moist Niobe.

MISS CULPEPPER.

## HOW'S BUSINESS?

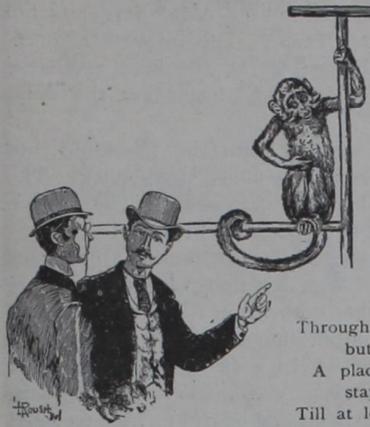
"Only fare," says the restaurant keeper.  
"Sow-sow," replies the farmer.  
"Squally," groans the nurse-maid.  
"Sluggish," grunts the pugilist.  
"Clothes times," growls the tailor. "Enough to give a fellow fits. Trade's all cut up. Too many breeches of trust."  
"Looking up," smiles the astronomer.  
"Fine!" ejaculates the Police Court Judge.  
"Not shoes awl it ought to be," remarks the cobbler. "But I'll peg away in hopes it won't last."  
"Waking up," responds the hotel porter.  
"Mighty scaly," whines the fishmonger.  
"Red-hot," pants the fireman.  
"Good deal of tick," snaps the watchmaker. "Don't strike me favorably. I'd spring at a chance to get into something else—wind this up mighty quick."  
"Deed, I'd rather not say," warily rejoins the conveyancer. "Lease said soonest mended."  
"Business! Don't talk about business!" chuckles the editor of the funny paper. "That's sheer nonsense! Paste that in your hat."

## A POSER.

"There are places in the Atlantic ocean," the lecturer impressively said, "in which the tallest mountain ranges could be easily hidden from view."

"But how are you going to move the ranges?" solemnly asked a tall, dyspeptic-looking man, rising up in the back of the hall, and then the janitor put out the lights.

A deaf mute wife can deliver a very effective Caudle lecture with a pair of cold feet.



THE DUDELETS' SPREE.

On a Saturday night,  
when the lamps  
shone bright,  
Two dudelets went  
out on a spree;  
As they ambled  
along, with joke-  
let and song,  
They were full of  
hilarious glee.

Through the streets they went,  
but they could not scent,  
A place where the "tiger"  
stayed,  
Till at length they came, to a  
"quiet game,"

In the saloon of Johnny McWade.

Around the table there sat, some "coppers" as fat,  
As ever plucked succulent sinners;  
But the dudes entered in, with a wink and a grin,  
For they fancied they'd surely be winners.

They each took a drink, then quicker than wink,  
They were ready to tackle the "tiger,"  
Who with a smile on his face, turned up an ace,  
And then winked at the "lady from Niger."

In a very short while, the dudes lost a pile—  
In fact they were very soon busted;  
When they found to their sorrow, no cash could they borrow,  
For the gamblers, they never trusted.

So the fix they were in, having blowed in their tin,  
Considerably lengthened their faces,  
But as the apartment they left, of their money bereft,  
They were greatly disgusted with aces.

So they both made a dash, to raise some more cash,  
By applying to an "uncle" for aid,  
Who, though being no kin, gave them the tin,  
And then chuckled at the bargain he'd made.

Thus matters went on, 'till the night was gone,  
And the coppers came with the patrol,  
And finding our friends, both on their beam ends,  
They soon had them safe "in their hole."

I trust you'll not fail, in this little tale,  
A very plain moral to see;  
That it isn't very funny, and also costs money,  
To go on a hilarious spree.

ED. R. PRITCHARD.

RECOGNIZING THE REPUBLIC OF BRAZIL.

The delay of the administration at Washington in recognizing the Republic of Brazil, is justified by Mr. Harrison's defenders on the ground that a revolution should not be recognized before a majority of the people shall have signified their assent to its establishment and maintenance. But did a majority of the people of

Brazil place the Portuguese prince upon the throne in the first place?

Brazil was originally discovered by Spaniards in 1500, under the command of Pinçon, one of the confrères of Columbus. Soon after a Portuguese admiral took possession of it in the name of his country. There is nothing to show that the natives had any vote in the matter, and if they had the minority prevailed and not the majority. The Brazilian ports were successively taken by the French, English and Dutch. What had the majority to say about it? Guns did the voting. The Dutch held their ground longest, but were finally dispossessed by the Portuguese in 1640, who henceforth claimed to own the country.

In 1808 French successes in Portugal, under Napoleon, compelled the prince-regent of Portugal, John VI., to fly to his Brazilian province, where he lived for some years. In 1822 his son, Dom Pedro I., was proclaimed Emperor of Brazil. No general vote was taken on the subject. Probably it wasn't thought of. In 1825 Portugal recognized the independence of Brazil, and in 1831 the Emperor abdicated in favor of his son, Dom Pedro II., who was recently driven from the throne of Brazil and compelled to seek a home in Portugal, the land of his ancestors.

No general election was ordered to confirm the appointment of Dom Pedro II. as Emperor. His father abdicated in his favor, that was all. Perhaps the difficulty in getting a supply of Australian ballot-boxes discouraged the idea of an election at that time.

But now that the Brazilians, whose independence Portugal acknowledged in 1825, propose to assert their independence by selecting their own rulers, we are told that we should not recognize the new Republic until a vote of the people is taken. Delay is the best ally the monarchial party can have, and those who propose to put off recognition—to "wait and see"—are playing into that party's hands. It is anti-democratic, anti-American, and we are certain such a policy will not be sustained by the people of this country. Let them make their voice heard.

IN CHICAGO, OF COURSE.

Visitor—Ah, you have a family album, I see.

Lady—Well, yes, I suppose you might call it a family album. It contains the photographs of my deceased husbands. That large volume on the other table is my divorces, bound in morocco.

Judge—Have you any other grounds for divorce besides those you have mentioned?

Husband—Yes; she makes poor coffee.



PLUCKING VICTORY FROM DEFEAT.

MOTHER—Why, Johnnie! What on earth have you been doing?

JOHNNIE—Fight'n'. 'N' say, you owe me half a dollar on it. Know that tooth you was goin' to pay a feller to jerk?

Yes.

Well, Billy Biffer knocked 'er out.

METEOROLOGICAL ITEM.

Gilhooly—Have you ever made a study of meteors?

Hostetter McGinnis—Only on one occasion.

And when was that?

I asked my landlady to put the butter on the pension list, and she threw the dish of hash at me.

What had that to do with meteors?

Nothing, except I had a chance to observe a meteoric shower.

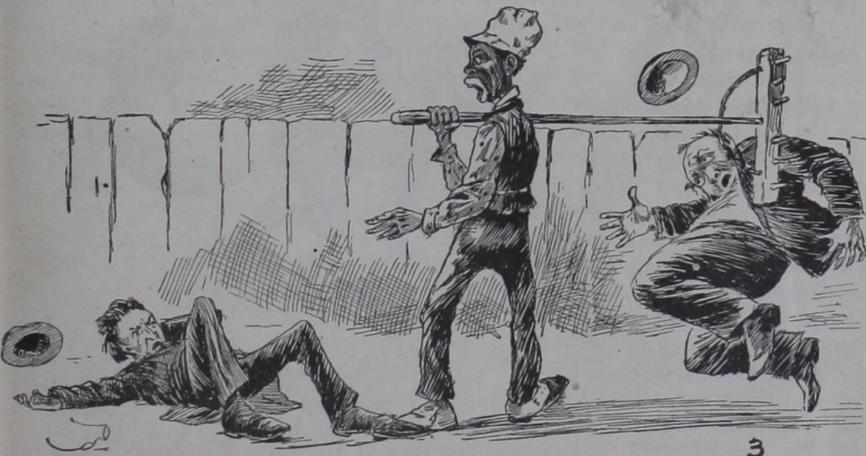
A GOOD EXCUSE.

Mrs. G.—I hope you will excuse my husband for not attending your brother's funeral.

Mrs. H.—Was he ill?

Mrs. G.—No; but he had one of his silly fits on, and then he would laugh if you shoved a gas bill at him.

The Rake's Progress.



## BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



PRESENTS HARRISON WITH A SHOOTING-JACKET WITH A TAG ON IT—A GREAT HISTORICAL PICTURE.

**S**NORT DELIVERS A HOMILY ON SWEARING OFF—VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S BAR PLAYS THE MISCHIEF WITH TEMPERANCE REFORM AT THE CAPITAL—SNORT CONSULTS WITH HARRISON ON THE NECESSITY OF REPENTANCE AND REFORM—THEY ALSO DISCUSS THE RACE QUESTION—HOW HARRISON SHOOK A TEXAN—WANNY

WASHINGTON, Jan. 9.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—Of course you swore off on New Year's day. That is something you must never neglect. I've done it every New Year's for more than half a century, and have experienced no evil effect thus far. Some of my swear-offs have lasted six weeks, and then I'd have to chalk my head again and use a shoe-horn, as usual, to get my hat on, and mistake lamp-posts for perpendicular beds.

Washington society is much addicted to swearing off. The Washington swear-off lasts about ten days. I am reminded of the words of the poet:

List to that gentle, rustling sound,  
So slight it scarce is heard!  
No louder it seems than if  
A leaf were zephyr stirred.  
A leaf! A thousand leaves,  
But few days turned anew,  
Are slowly turning back again  
As every year they do.

Such resolutions, like fresh eggs, are getting very scarce, already. Yes, Johnny, damaged swear-offs are in the market at a schooner of beer apiece. When a man turns over a new leaf it should be pasted down and riveted, otherwise the leaf is sure to turn back again, like time in its flight.

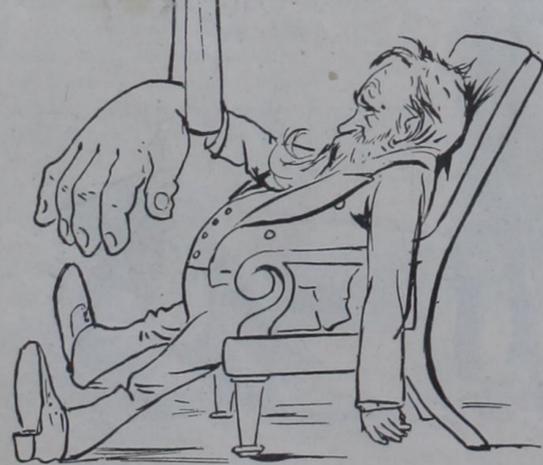
I really didn't need a new swear-off this year. The one I had last year would have done. I didn't use it much. But, seriously, Johnny, it is utterly useless for any prominent man in Washington to attempt to reform as long as the Morton bar is in full blast night and day. As long as Vice-President Morton keeps his high-toned gin-mill open the ghosts of dead and gone New Year's resolutions will rise up in their majesty to haunt the uneasy slumbers of us unstable youth.

By the way, I tackled Harrison again yesterday about reforms. I said:

"Mr. President, if we are to succeed ourselves in the Presidential chair, we don't want to make any more fool blunders. *Tempus fugit*. When it was too late a burglar asked a judge on the bench for time to reform. The judge gave him fifteen years. If we don't want to spend the rest of our lives in Indiana we must reform right now."

"I am always glad to have your suggestions, Col. Snort," replied Harrison.

"Yes, but you don't follow them. The resolutions to lead



Too much New Year's Hand-shaking

a better life are very much like political platforms and vice versa. The candidate forgets all about them as soon as he is elected."

"In what direction do you suggest reform, Col. Snort?"

"Well, I'd start out by enforcing civil service reform. Under your administration the star-eyed goatess of civil service reform seems to wear a beard under her muffler. Why don't you turn the rascals out?"

"Col. Snort," replied Harrison, calmly, "I don't think you have any idea of the immense vacuum that would be created by turning the rascals out."

"Well, Mr. President, there is one thing you ought to do."

"What is it, Col. Snort?"

"Not long since, you appointed a negress postmistress in a town in Louisiana."

"Yes; a cultured colored lady."

"All right! I don't suppose you can swear off from appointing negroes to office, but I'll tell you what you ought to do in common decency as President of the whole country."

"What's that?"

"Make some of your colored appointments in the North. Appoint colored ladies postmistresses in some of the New York towns, for instance. Let us see how the Northern white ladies will like it."

Harrison looked at me sharply for a minute, then he passed his hand wearily over his brow, sighed and said: "Gosh darn the nigger!"



An Allegorical Picture.

"That's what nine-tenths of the white people of this country say. For once you are in harmony with the *vox populi*," I replied.

I forgot to tell you, Johnny, that I went out calling on New Year's, and I called on so many people and sampled so many different kinds of liquor that I believe I could have passed the civil service examination for gauger. I also assisted Harrison in receiving the mob that thronged the White House. On my suggestion Harrison shook hands with 6,000 people.

It was amusing to watch him. With persons whom he suspected of being Democrats he took their hands, gave them a mechanical, pump-handle shake, up and down, and dropped them. There was no enthusiasm.

But you should have seen him when Wanamaker came up. He grasped Wanny's hand warmly. He didn't let Wanny do all the squeezing, and between the shakes Harrison said: "How do you do? (Shake.) I'm truly glad to see you. (Shake.) How is Mrs. W. and her charming daughter?" (Shake, shake, shake.)

It seems Wanny had presented Harrison with a shooting jacket the day before, with fifteen pockets in it—the shooting jacket, of course, not the day before.

The President didn't experience any fatigue in shaking hands with 5,999 visitors. His hand was not swelled in the least, but the six thousandth visitor was a Texas postmaster, who had just received his appointment. He was boiling over with gratitude and had a grip, compared to which the Russian influenza is weak and flabby. When he brought his lemon-squeezer grip to bear on the Presidential digits, Harrison squirmed and danced, while the grateful Texan, squeezing still harder, exclaimed, as freshly distilled tears oozed out of his eyes: "God bless you! Mr. President, and give you a second term."

Harrison was all broke up. His hand swelled up

like a bunch of bananas, but he didn't forget to tell Wanny to cancel that Texan's appointment at once. The Texan shook Harrison, so the President retaliated by shaking the Texan, and the latter got the worst of it.

I didn't go duck-hunting with the President, but Lige did. I don't believe they shot a single duck. The game dealers charge high for canvas-backs, but if you invest \$20 you can have a good deal of luck.

I asked Lige if, while they were hunting, the President wound his horn. Lige said that the President only unwound the top of his horn, from which I infer that the hunt was somewhat in the nature of an old-fashioned toot. I also asked Lige if the shooting jacket Wanny presented Harrison was made of canvas-back duck and had an advertising tag on it, but Lige frowned and said that I must not jest about sacred things.

Being in a frolicsome mood, I drew an allegorical picture of Harrison and Blaine gunning for the second term. It might do for a frieze to put up in the Capitol, alongside of "Lincoln freeing the Slave." I showed it to Lige, but he didn't like it very much. I send it to you. It speaks for itself.

Your friend,  
BILL SNORT.

## AN UNHAPPY MAN.

If it is possible for a human being to have everything his own way, the Czar of Russia should be that human being. He should be happy if money and power can insure happiness, but he is far from it.

There is no hour of the twenty-four in which he can feel that his life is not in danger. "The Czar," to quote from a brilliant cotemporary, "is liable at any time to find use for a Czar-cophagus."

The Czar receives the largest salary of any ruler on the face of the earth, but he earns every cent of it. He has the most dangerous job. The Czar cannot go hunting or fishing, as our President does. The Nihilists would dynamite his bait. Our President and Presidentess, so to speak, can get up as late as they please, but the Czar and the Czarina are early risers. They get up early for fear of being blown up. They don't want to rise that

way. In fact, the Czar would be a happier man if he were the agent of some durable clothes-wringer, or drove an American street-car.

## A PLAIN-SPOKEN GROCER.

Customer—Eggs forty cents a dozen! That's awful dear.

Grocer—Awful-dear! Humph, I'd like to see you lay eggs at forty cents a dozen.

## IN CHICAGO.

Barber—How will you have your hair cut?

New Yorker—Without your alluding to the probable site of the World's Fair.



LOUDER THAN WORDS.

"Actions speak louder than words," said the wasp, as he plunged his business end into the soft and yielding flesh of the little boy that was crying for him.

THE BOY FROM TEXAS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



OMMY PETERBY writes a unique letter to Texas Siftings—He narrates some incidents of travel—Tommy fails to make an impression—How Tommy's pa foiled the sleeping-car porter.

NOO YORK, JAN. 10.

MR. EDITUR:—Doant yoo nead an illustrated lettur from a texas boy who can draw, and has just cum to Noo

York? the above pickture is me ritin this lettur.

When we was leevin texas par made mar mad. He askt her why a married man could pack a trunk quicker than a batchelor.

Mar didn't no, so par told her it wys becos the married man made his wife pack the trunk which the batchelor cooden't doo. Par sat in a chair and laft while mar packt the trunk madder than a wet hen.

When the trane was in the Injun Territory mar askt the conduktur wen we wood git to sent Loois. He replide don't ask me madame ask the trane robbers; so par askt the sleepin'-car porter but he didn't no. We arrived safe at sent Loois on time which was the only accident on the trip altho we went so slow sumtimes that par said he cood maik a better line of raleroad outer too closepins and a brick.

The conduktur laft and sed he had bin on the line ten years, so par sed this must then be youre sekond trip, par was mad.

When we got to sent Loois the sleepin' car porter



said change here but par said no more change frum me for I guv you a dollar las' nite, and the passengers all laft.

We et a meal in the dining-car. It kost so much after that we et at the luntch kownter. The trane stopt only 20 minits so I didn't hav time too eat a pi which was harder than faro's hart. My 2th stuck in the pi, which made me howel, but the gurl at the kownter gloated over my agoony see the pickture. I made no impreshun on her eethur, becos ime only a boy it seems.

When we got too jursey sity par coodent find his carpit bag altho the callered porter helpt him all he cood until par sed he wood shute sum dam nigger then they found the carpit bag. They didn't find my kap so I had to go on to the ferry bote with a handkerchief tide round my hed.

I reckon that porter has a boy bout my size hoo needs a kap awfool bad.

When we was on the ferry bote a nirishman sed bedad thims immygrantz becos my hed was tide up. Par sed sum kuss words but mar replide hennery hennery, remember you are not in texis now, but in a sivilized kommunittee so par sed bosh.

I will rite agin.

TOMMY PETERBY.

P. S.—The sleeper is a kar in which the travelers lay awake at nitse and kuss.

T. P.

A TOUCHING FAREWELL.

The steamer for Liverpool was about leaving the New York dock. The friends of the passengers were bidding a last farewell. A brisk, elderly gentleman, evidently a merchant, hastily embraced a lady on deck and hurriedly left the ship. In the crowd on the wharf was a working man, who was leaning against a post looking at the steamer.

"Do you see that lady in black on deck?" asked the merchant of the party of the second part.

"Yes, I see her."

"All right; that's my wife, and she expects me to stay here twenty minutes and shake my handkerchief until the steamer is out of sight."

"Does she?"

"Yes. This is the busy season and I've no time to waste. My wife is a little short-sighted, so she will be none the wiser if you wave the handkerchief. I'll pay you a quarter."

"But suppose she gets a spy glass?"

"In that case you bury your face in the handkerchief and appear to weep. You might shake convulsively and perhaps shed a tear or so. A quarter is a great deal of money these hard times."

"I'll have to have an extra dime."

"All right; but I think you ought to kiss your hand to her a few times for the extra dime." Then the merchant looked at his watch and disappeared.

SOCIETY NOTE.

A New York lady, who is afflicted with partial deafness, is also suffering just now with the prevailing grip. She is also the mother of an infant six months old.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of all these discouraging afflictions there was a little social gathering at her house, recently, on which occasion Mr. Oldboy, a modest old bachelor, asked her how the baby was progressing.

She replied with animation, evidently presuming he was asking after her own state of health and the cold in her head.

"I always have it at this season of the year, and it is always very troublesome, but I must say that this is the worst one I have ever had, and I've had a dozen if I've had one."

"Madame!" exclaimed the horrified old gentleman.

"Yes, it worries me dreadfully at night. But your turn will come next if you are not careful. I can tell by your looks you are going to have one just like mine."

A minute later Mr. Oldboy left without his hat or cane.

THE BAD PLACE.

A Philadelphia journal recently published the views of a large number of clergymen in regard to hell. Most of them insisted that it was a bad place to go to, both the climate and the society being undesirable. The minority modified the climate somewhat, and thus earned the reproach from the truly orthodox that "the devil has no better servant than a preacher who lays feather beds for fallen Christians to alight on."

Like all subjects about which nothing is known, there is room for a wide difference of opinion. It is said, in this connection, that His Satanic Majesty is never in so excellent humor as when he draws his easy chair up to the open fire-place, inserts his feet in a pair of soft slippers, picks up a copy of the North American Review and reads Col. Ingersoll's article on "God in the Constitution."

In regard to the locality under discussion it does not seem probable that a sinner's prospects are any the worse for being good-humored and looking on the bright side of life while he is still in the flesh.

SORROWS OF THE RICH.

How are you, Mr. Knickerbocker?

Quite well, thanks; and how are you, Mr. Vanderbecker?

I? Oh, only so so. I'm feeling a little blue this morning.

What's the matter; wife dead?

Of course not. The truth is I yielded yesterday to a pressure that was brought to bear on me and subscribed two dollars to the World's Fair Fund.

Some one says cheese was unknown to the ancients. That may be true, but whence comes that ancient smell which Limberger has?



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

I have some bills for monies and fain would speak with thee.

Merchant of Venice.

A DREADFUL RUMOR.

A.—I hear that Congress is to be done away with.  
B.—Nonsense.

A.—No nonsense about it. A reliable gentleman told me that hereafter congressmen would be obliged to pass an examination by a civil service commission in English grammar and spelling before they would be allowed to take their seats.

REPORTORIAL ITEM.

Managing Editor—Did you find Judge Jinks at home?

Reporter—No, I didn't get to see him at all.

Editor—Make the interview at least a column and a half long.

HARD LUCK.

C.—Harrison was very much elated over his success in hunting canvas-backs.

D.—Yes, more elated than in canvassing the situation.

Puck offered to put a girdle round the earth, but the New York World put a girl around.



MEETING COLDLY.

O, overcoat of '89, on you I coldly gazed  
When through my top-floor window the sun of Autumn blazed;  
In foolish hope of better times, I sold you to Mose Stein,  
But now he's fixed you up again and sponged out all your shine;  
And as you flap above my head, on you with up-turned collar  
I'm forced to "coldly gaze" again—because I've not a dollar!

## HIS FIRST BATTLE.

A YOUNG LIEUTENANT'S VIVID PICTURE OF THE HORRORS OF WAR.



S TARS had gone out; dawn reddened the horizon; the air was warm, perfumed; the birds chirped in the grasses. A fresh breeze fanned the heavy eyelids of Aliochine as he lay disturbed and restless in a half sleep.

Presently he roused himself abruptly, threw himself into the saddle, and looked about him.

To the right a foggy curtain concealed the spectacle, the fresh killing about to begin. Directly in front of the advancing army rose the menacing

front of the Turkish fortresses; in the distance, on the side toward the east, the snowy summits of Alaguez and Ararat sparkled under the fires of the coming sun like two great emeralds.

"How beautiful," began Aliochine, but the smile on his lips quickly vanished at sight of the ambulance corps in the wake of the batteries, with its litters swinging low.

The dazzling spectacle of the morning was gone for him in a moment, his lips trembled, his heart contracted with bitter pain.

"I, too, shall soon be dead!" came anew the haunting thought; "those same litters, those silent bearers, will carry me, as pale, as motionless as the others!" and he felt a great pity for himself, for his youth, for the brief happiness allotted him on the earth.

"It will be finished to-day," thought he, "everything—to-day!" but he instantly thrust from him the cowardly thought which all at once seemed to have seized upon him.

Was it not by his own desire he had gone to war? He had hurried even to be in time for the taking of Kars, and now—Aliochine turned his eyes from the train of litters to the left of the hill and the black mass of the advancing army.

Before his battery marched the gallant regiment of Radolski. It moved slowly, almost noiselessly. The faces of the men were pale and lined with fatigue, but tranquil. Two young officers at the head of the regiment were talking together; one of them seemed to laugh.

Aliochine rubbed his eyes and looked again at these officers. Were they laughing? Yes—laughing joyously. A wave of fiery courage flowed instantly to his heart. What, after all, was there so frightful in war and battle? See! how clear and blue the heavens, how brilliant the sun, how gay these young officers, and how tranquilly marched that intrepid army corps, now blackening the road, now shining in the gathering light!

At this instant, a courier—an adjutant by his dress, begrimed with smoke and powder, his horse covered with foam—dashed up to the battery. He panted for breath; he was soaking with sweat, and his restless eyes literally protruded with excitement. In a second he was surrounded; questions rained upon him. Zaitzeff and Litvinof, the captains of the battery, caught him by the arms.

"The battle! the battle!" they cried; "tell us how goes the battle!"

"Badly," stammered the courier; "Kisil-Tapa taken by the enemy, the Illitski regiment cut down, Generals Karovich and Golinski killed, Colonels Tetraloff and Varinski and Prince Dabenoff wounded, and God knows how many more made prisoners!" And, having delivered this encouraging information, the courier set spurs to his horse, and they saw him in the distance in the grasp of the second regiment, shaking and waving his arms with despairing gestures. He was giving them the same particulars.

A feeling of anger and shame swept like a flame through all the battery.

"Forward, march!" sharply commanded Litvinof to the line, which had instinctively halted, his habitu-

ally grave and measured tones bitter and irritated. Aliochine said not a word; but his heart throbbed wildly under a weight of emotion, and he asked himself, like all the others: "My God! what is going to happen now?"

And, as if in answer to the question, a horrible spectacle at the moment unrolled before his eyes—a grizzled dragoon, urging on with difficulty his jaded horse, spurred beside the battery, carrying on the crupper of his steed the still warm but headless body of a comrade. The bleeding neck, the blood-stained uniform, the hanging hands—would Aliochine ever be able to forget them!

"It begins," he thought, "it begins; the moment approaches!"

By the side of the battery a wounded horse now struggled painfully, dragging a mutilated leg and leaving in the dew-wet grass a trail of smoking blood. The eyes of the intelligent animal turned upon them so piteous and appealing a glance that Aliochine was amazed to see that no one save himself even noticed the patient creature, silent and abandoned.

"Trot!" commanded Litvinof, and the battery, obeying, swept with the roar of thunder across field and meadow, past the awful spectacle of the provisional ambulance surmounted by the Geneva Cross, surrounded by a groaning, formless heap of human bodies.

"Forward, faster!" leaving behind them a pallid foot-soldier, sleeping solitary and alone in the midst of the fields and the waving grass.

"Forward still!" and on through a deep rocky ravine, a battalion of sharpshooters, a fresh heap of motionless bodies, into a thick cloud of smoke that curtained the hideous picture of war. They saw nothing, but the earth resounded with the moans and cries of a furious battle.

Aliochine had been in camp only two days. An orphan from infancy, brought up in the military school of St. Petersburg, he took his vacations at the house of his grandmother on the Isle of Vassili. He was a good scholar, marched well, would soon have been able to take his place in the Imperial Guard, his heart's desire at first. But war had come; he had wished to go to the front, and they had attached him at his own request to the artillery of the Caucasus.

"Battery halt!" rose the voice of Litvinof. They stopped with a dull rumble, a heavy shock.

"What is it now?" demanded Aliochine of a soldier near him, with a vague presentiment of something terrible.

"It is the wounded, lieutenant; they are bringing them in."

Rising in his stirrups he saw them, black spots in the distance, growing larger and larger, till the lugubrious procession began to pass the battery; the cortege headed by an old man, a sabre-cut in his neck, his shirt unbuttoned, around his throat the red circle of a gaping wound. His eyes were staring; a low groaning came from his laboring lungs. Behind him was a handsome conscript, shot in the breast, a red wave spreading across his bosom, his young face of a mortal pallor, the blood leaped like a fountain with every step. On a litter lay a young sub-officer; in place of an arm he had but a bleeding remnant of flesh and cloth.

"God!" thought Aliochine, "a few minutes more and I may be thus!"

"And he moved aside to give room to something carried in a bloody cloak.

"The major!" cried a voice from the ranks.

"What battalion?"

"The third."

His own battalion, his own major, who had received him so cordially on his arrival in camp! Could that be the major's face?—that distorted countenance, bluish, covered with spots of coagulated blood, the mustaches stained red, the kind eyes wide and staring, and seeming to say to him reproachfully: "Ah! it was you who wished to know war! Very well, you have seen it—do you admire it?"

The major passed; new corpses and new wounded followed him, pale visages, fading glances, dismembered bodies—but Aliochine saw only those two glazing eyes which had smiled on him but yesterday, which looked at him to-day with mute reproach.

"Second battery! where is the second battery?" cried at his ear a despairing voice.

Roused from his lethargy, Aliochine turned and saw an orderly whom dust and sweat had made black, hurriedly talking to Commandant Litvinof. He caught but the closing words—"to the death—hold it!" and the orderly, like the courier, was gone; straight at the hill into the flying shells, to lose himself in a cloud of smoke.

At the same instant a shell burst behind the battery

and the neighbor to the right of Aliochine was numbered with the dead.

"Advance!" cried the voice of the commandant.

"Advance! Advance!" the officers repeated.

"Advance!" cried Aliochine, his soul suddenly fired with a desire for vengeance—the bestial instinct of destruction; his step unflinching, as he, too, mounted the fatal hill.

At first he saw nothing; he was stunned by the thunder of the battery, intoxicated by the odor of blood and powder which filled the air. But gradually the vision cleared, the smoke on the plain had scattered—before him was the black front of the Kisil-Tapa belching flame.

The Turks maintained their advantage with stubborn heroism; the Russians battled to regain it with furious courage, while behind the one and in front of the other, the blazing circle of the Russian artillery toiled to position—indomitable, formidable, and guarding with menacing mouths the daring madmen who sought to climb those inaccessible rocks—who did climb them to the infernal music of the canons and guns, and a ceaseless chorus of cries and human groans uniting in a hymn of merciless devastation.

To the left of the hill long black lines crept patiently and courageously—the attacking columns. One of the lines crawled faster than the others; echo repeated a far-away hurrah; a white cloud rose above the crest of the rock, and the black line, broken into little particles, glided rapidly down the flank of the hill to vanish in the smoke of the plain.

Soon the smoke died away; another line replaced the routed one; another discharge, new losses, and yet without a pause and with singular constancy, more human beings crept upward to encounter the same death.

On the other side of the hill, from the smoky plain, more lines and broader ones crawled as steadily toward the Kisil-Tapa—cavalry lines closing in to the attack, and beyond them, farther still, to the right of those emerald summits, crowned now with smoke clouds, the tender blue of a cloudless heaven.

"And this was war! This was battle!" and like a flash there came before Aliochine's memory, regarding the picture before him, war and battle as charted on the blackboards of the military school; platoons of soldiers in symmetrical squares, the infantry exactly aligned, the cavalry aligned beside them, the artillery aligned behind the cavalry; everything correct, exact, and neat as a new pin. Only the professor forgot to mention in his eloquent and daily explanations that his well-shaped squares were made up of human lives, and that interesting battles poured out rivers of blood.

The squares were not regular, nor the infantry aligned in the scene before Aliochine's eyes, and they moved without symmetry across that bloody plain.

"Halt!"

The command ran through the battery.

Aliochine reined in his horse and looked about him. They had stopped abruptly. In front, Litvinof explained something to the gunners, pointing to the horizon. Other officers advanced before their divisions, gesticulating with anger.

Until then, Aliochine had not seen how his platoon was formed. He turned about and scanned the faces of his soldiers. Young men, all of them, and mostly recruits like himself. He regretted that all this had come so soon—he did not know the name of even one man in his company.

At his elbow stood a handsome stripling. Aliochine bent toward him: "Your name?" he asked.

"Attention, men! To the carriages!" rang the voice of Litvinof, before the lad could answer; and though his voice was clear and unhurried as when he left the camp, the battery knew that the commandant was preparing a decisive move. A prayer, ardent though mute, rose from every soul.

"Advance, men! March!" again cried Litvinof, waving his sword above his head like a battle-flag.

"Advance, men! March!" repeated the young voices behind him, for now the commandant on his bay horse was far ahead of them, the swaying battery thundering at his heels, obedient, courageous, heroic.

The fort of the Kisil-Tapa had disappeared, and before them smoked the murderous rock of Alagi.

"To place, first piece!" roared the voice of Avalof, the platoon's captain. Aliochine leaped to the ground, tossed his reins to a soldier, and sprang for position. A grenade from the enemy whistled shrilly by his ear.

"God is merciful; it missed me!" he murmured, instinctively.

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

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate**

**For Night Sweats**

of consumption, gives speedy benefit.

But the first was followed by a second grenade, then a third, a fourth, a dozen, too many and too fast to count them—a hail-storm of balls, a veritable rain of fire—and, sooner even than he had thought, the battery was crushed, scattered, pulverized.

Pale, trembling, but keeping his self-command, Aliochine gave his orders, always by the side of the cannon, around which the Turkish balls hummed and sang.

"How goes it with you now, my lad?" cried a voice at his side—the voice of Litvinof, gentle and caressing in its tone, to his brave young officer; "how goes it with—"

But Litvinof did not finish his sentence; he had fallen forward, face downward, with outstretched hands.

Aliochine sprang to lift him, but in place of Litvinof he saw before him a mutilated trunk, some tatters of flesh, clothing, and blood.

"Second captain in command take charge!" cried Avalof, who had seen the tragedy, and thus called Zaitzeff to Litvinof's duties.

And all this while the enemy continued the carnage; three of the pieces were entirely dismantled and reduced to uselessness. Men and horses fell like flies, and the battery, with half of its gunners gone, its ammunition exhausted, and helpless under the shots of the victorious enemy, was extinguished like a taper. Three men only of the battery's complement remained by the eighth cannon.

"Fire!" began Aliochine, but stopped suddenly; the gunner had thrown himself on the ground, writhing and twisting like a serpent.

His right hand had gone with that last screaming ball.

No matter—the gunner of the seventh was at his post, on his knees by the wheel, but when Aliochine approached him, he, too, seemed to be sleeping, so calm and peaceful was his dead face.

Behind him again, the lad whose name he had asked lay groaning on the ground, his breast plowed by a shell.

It was too much; Aliochine's nerves began to give way; he moved as a machine would move; his strength was going; exhaustion and a dull indifference weighed him down, and did not leave him even when an orderly, sent by the artillery chief, arrived beside him with orders to retreat.

"Retreat! Retreat, battery!" cried the orderly, with frantic gestures; "to the rear!"

Aliochine found himself now in a ravine, but not that wide ravine where the battery had awaited the convoy of wounded; no, it was a smaller gorge, narrower, walled in, and as yet unoccupied.

He listened; shots still resounded heavily, but in the distance. He was out of danger—he had done his duty—he still lived!

"I am alive—alive!" he repeated, inwardly, with the indescribable sensations of a man in whom suddenly extinguished life revives and quickens his being. He gazed about him; the battery had stopped, and the men prepared for action.

"I am alive! I live!" he murmured again; "but Litvinof and those poor soldiers who climbed that murderous hill in the face of that hellish fire—" And a thrill of shame, mingled with his gladness, that he, so young and without a family, should have come from the conflict safe and sound, while useful, mature lives had gone out like candles.

Here and there in the ravine groups of soldiers, with pale, saddened faces, lay stretched on the ground. Beside them a jaded horse cropped wearily the sun-browned grass.

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters.

Poor beast! how tired it looked, and how tired Aliochine felt, and how suffocatingly warm! Oh, for a drop—a single drop of water!

He staggered, his eyes closed, his strength exhausted, he fell on the burning earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

How long had he lain there? He did not know.

"Mr. Officer! Mr. Officer!" the voice was at his ear.

He opened his eyes; a hand held out to him a brimming pannikin of muddy water and two hard biscuits. The face of the soldier smiled at him, the face of a boy. He turned to thank him—the boy had disappeared.

Stretched on his back, his hand under his head, Aliochine sought to sleep; but sleep fled from him; his excited brain saw naught but horrible visions—a bleeding neck, a mutilated, dismembered trunk, and fading, sunken eyes. Killing men was truly a wicked act; war unworthy of humanity.

"Boom—boom—boom!" The cannonade, which had ceased for a moment, had begun anew. Aliochine anxiously regarded Raitzeff and his poor soldiers, in each tortured heart but a single prayer: "My God, when will all this end?"

Meanwhile, the shots grew louder, the heat more insupportable; the sun, which had reached its zenith, hung like an incandescent spot in the midst of the dazzling firmament.

The killing had begun anew.—Translated from the Argonaut from the Russian of Tcheyloff by E. C. Waggener.

**Perfect Patience.**

In certain people patience has accomplished its perfect work. "Why, she was such a patient woman," said a son, eulogizing his mother, "that she'd let me eat eighteen hot pancakes as she fried 'em, and then go and mix another batch!" Whether such long suffering is altogether to be desired would probably be disputed by the dyspeptic.

A Quaker one day driving through a narrow lane met a young man, who was also driving. There was not room enough for them to pass each other unless one should turn back to a point where the lane was broader.

"I won't make way for you!" cried the young man. "See if I do!"

"I think I am older than thou," said the Quaker. "I have a right to expect thee to turn about."

"Well, I won't!" resumed the other, and pulling out a newspaper, he began reading. The Quaker settled back in his chair, and placidly contemplated the landscape.

"Friend," said he, finally, "when thou hast read that paper, I should be glad if thou wouldst lend it to me."

This calm assumption of ability to wait indefinitely was too much for the young man, and he yielded his point.—Youth's Companion.

**He Knows Them All.**

Jones—"See that little man across the street?"

Smith—"Yes, what of him?"

"Well, he is familiar with all the sharps."

"A detective, hey?"

"Oh, no, only a musician."—Boston Budget.

**True Merit Appreciated.**—Brown's Bronchial Troches are world-renowned as a simple yet effective remedy for Cough and Throat Troubles. In a letter from Hon. Mrs. Pery, Castle Grey, Limerick, Ireland, they are thus referred to: "Having brought your 'BRONCHIAL TROCHES' with me when I came to reside here, I found that, after I had given them away to those I considered required them, the poor people will walk for miles to get a few." Obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." Sold only in boxes.



BUSINESS is often slack at the coal yard.—Merchant Traveler.

A NICKEL in the hand beats two in the slot.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE fertilizer factory doubtless employs agents on a percentage.—Washington Capital.

FROST-BITES this winter are not so much to be dreaded as mosquito bites.—Chicago News.

"COME where my love lies" sneezing—sneezing th' unhappy hours away.—Detroit Journal.

IT is very difficult to find a key to success that will work without a clique.—Washington American.

FUNNY, isn't it, that no marriage ceremony is a success unless there is a hitch in it somewhere?—Life.

When young hearts are trumps and the old folks are balky The course of true love runs straight into Milwaukee.—Yenowine's News.

"JAY GOULD," says an inaccurate financial editor, "is on record as having made five million dollars in as many years."—Puck.

A DENVER paper tells of "a woman who whipped a Dude." She should have "taken one of her size."—Norristown Herald.

A CLEVELAND paper calls the influenza "a fad." It is now time to ask of Russia: "Fad are you giving us?"—Pittsburg Chronicle.

NOTHING hurts a dude so much as the finding of himself in the soup when he thought he was in the swim.—New Orleans Picayune.

SAM JONES' daughter has eloped. He should find no fault. She and her lover are only holding a protracted meeting.—Cleveland Voice.

DON'T be frightened. The house isn't haunted. It's only the hired man getting the furnace ready for the fall campaign.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Still once in a while there is borne on the air A voice from St. Louis requesting the fair; But she yet is immersed in her slumbers so deep. The public concludes that she talks in her sleep.—Chicago Herald.

THE moral coward is a man who cannot do anything original without begging the world's pardon for running off the track.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

STRANGER—"Can you direct me to a dentist who administers gas? Citizen—No, but I can direct you to a barber who does."—Burlington Free Press.

A MAN discovers more virtues in his wife before he is married and after he is divorced than he ever did in the interim between those two periods in his career.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

NONE but a mean man will upbraid his wife for powdering her nose on a sweaty day and then turn around and comb his back hair up over the bald spot on the top of his head.—Dansville Breeze.

A BIBLICAL student computes the population of the infernal regions at 120,000,000,000. There is such a thing as running statistics into the ground, and this appears to be a case.—Chicago Journal.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN says he knows what good whisky is, though he never drinks it. Does this mean that he always drinks bad whisky? If so, he is not so very different from other mortals.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A TRAVELER says that in the Ukraine, Russia, the girl does all the courting. We believe it. We once saw a woman from that country. If there was any courting done, she'd just have to do it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE Pekin Gazette is quoted as illustrating the vicissitudes of journalism in China by the statement that 1,900 of its editors have been beheaded during the 1,000 years of its existence. Perjury in affidavits of circulation is probably a capital offense out there.—Harrisburg Telegram.

**Different from Dom.**

He had climbed a long stairway in the Buhl block, rapped at a door and received a "come in," says the Detroit Free Press. He entered, removed his rain-soaked cap, slapped it against the back of a chair, and calmly queried:

"I suppose you read the papers?"

"Yes," briefly replied the occupant of the office.

"Saw all about Dom Pedro, I presume?"

"Yes."

"Saw that he refused to accept that \$2,500,000?"

"Yes."

"That's where Dom and I differ, you know. I'd have accepted quicker'n wink."

"Yes."

"In fact, I'm willing to accept anything, great or small."

"Yes."

"And accept it with thanks," continued the caller after a pause.

The other arose, took him by the ear, led him out of the room and to the top of the stairs, and then planted his foot to produce four-fold. The stranger received it without a word and walked slowly down to the last step. Then he turned and said:

"You might go at least a nickel on that."

And one was tossed down to him.

The rose of the June time  
Are O! so fair to see,  
But fairer than these flowers are  
Is the rose that blooms for me  
On the cheeks once pale and hollow,  
And God be thanked, I say,  
That the rose of health and happiness  
Blooms out again to-day.

That is what many a man feels like saying when he sees some member of his family restored to health after a long and wasting illness. In many households there are persons who seem to be fading out of life slowly. There is a general debility that indicates a lack of vital force. The blood seems to be blood only in color. There is often a dry, hard cough. Night brings no refreshing sleep. The cheek grows thin and pale. What shall be done to ward off disease which is making slow but sure efforts to secure another victim? Let me tell you: Get Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and fight the enemy with it. There is nothing like it to build up a weakened system, and restore lost vitality. It is a most wonderful tonic, nutritive and alterative, or blood-purifier.

**For a Rainy Day.**

"No use talkin' to me 'bout layin' up money for a rainy day," said Uncle Ebo, addressing an attentive group; "no use talkin' dat way to a man wid sich luck as I always hab. Why, Great Scott! if I was to lay up money for a rainy day, we'd hab a drought for forty 'ears. No, sah; you don't ketch dis nigger in dat sort o' trap."—Puck.

**Waked Up Effectually.**

A lethargic, dormant condition of the liver is hardly to be overcome with drastic cathartics and nauseous cholagogues. A gentler, pleasanter and far more effective means exists of arousing the organ when somnolent. This is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, vouched for by the medical fraternity, tested by the public for many years. A resumption by the biliary organ of its secretive function, with the activity attendant upon health, a return to regularity of the bowels, and a renewal of digestion, are the no less happy and certain results of using the Bitters systematically. Its laxative effect is never painful and drenching, its tendency being rather to perpetuate regularity than to produce a copious action. Malaria, nervousness, debility, kidney troubles and neuralgia it subdues effectually.

**Would Avoid Him.**

Alice (2 a. m. in the parlor)—"O, George, I hear papa coming! Run!"

George (smiling)—"He won't come in here."

"How do you know?"

"I lent him twenty dollars this morning."—Lawrence American.

The perfume of violets, the purity of the lily, the glow of the rose, and the flash of Hebe combine in Pozzoni's wondrous Powder.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY  
OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



GEN. J. W. HUSTED,  
SPEAKER OF NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

James W. Husted was born at Bedford, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1833. He graduated at Yale College in 1854, and was admitted to the bar in 1857. His first important political office was Harbor Master of New York Harbor, to which he was appointed in 1862. Since that time he has been a very busy man, being called from one important work to another. He was first elected to the New York Assembly in 1868, and has remained a member of that body ever since, with the exception of 1882 and 1883—twenty years' service.

He was first elected Speaker of the Assembly in 1874, and was re-elected in '76, '78, '86, '87 and has just been again elected for 1890. His service as member of the Assembly and as Speaker has broken the record in both cases.

Gov. Dix, in 1873, appointed Mr. Husted Major-General of the National Guard, N. Y. S., and his influence in that organization has been marked and on the line of steady improvement. In 1874 and '75 he was president of the N. Y. State Military Association. He has also been Commissioner of Emigration. He was a delegate to the Republican National Conventions in 1880, 1884 and 1888.

Gen. Husted has been a very prominent member of the Masonic organization. In 1876 he was elected Grand Master F. and A. M. He took the 33d degree of the organization the year previous.

Aside from his services for the people Gen. Husted has been prominently engaged in many private enterprises in which his strict and prompt business methods have added to their success. He was elected president of the H. & C. W. railroad in 1887, and president of the Pennsylvania, Poughkeepsie and Boston R. R. in 1888.

Throughout his career Gen. Husted has been a consistent Republican, working for that which was for the good of the people irrespective of strict party lines, and his election again to the Speakership of the Assembly is but a just tribute to his well-known ability.

General Husted is known in the East as "The Bald Eagle of Westchester county." Who has got a longer and better record than the Bald Eagle?

Two Souls with But a Single Thought.

Stranger—"There seems to be a Sunday law in this town."

Resident—"Yes, sir. If you want to get shaved you will have to wait until Monday."

"Oh, I don't want to get shaved; I want to get drunk."

"Come with me."—N. Y. Weekly.

A perfect specific—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Afflicted at Birth.

Miss Thirty-eight (cooly)—"What a pity it seems, Mr. Somerset, that a man like you should be a bachelor!"

Mr. Somerset—"Yes, Miss Thirty-eight, it does seem a pity, but I can't help it. You know I was born so."—Somerville Journal.

**Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.**

Why Mamie Quit.

"Are you still taking painting lessons, Mamie?"

"No; I quit yesterday. I don't like my teacher."

"Why not?"

"He has such a disagreeable way of talking. He told me that if I kept on for some time longer I might be able to whitewash a fence."—Washington Capital.

A Good Substitute.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," said the professor, "I find that I cannot perform the experiment of inflation, as the wind machine is out of order."

There was a groan of great disappointment.

"However," added the professor, suddenly, "I may be able to provide a substitute. Is there a gentleman from Chicago in the audience?"—Drake's Magazine.

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An Uncommon Occurrence.

Will—"Strange about that train robbery in the southwest, last week."

Bill—"What was strange?"

Will—"The fact that there were no United States soldiers aboard who were more frightened than the rest of the passengers."—Yankee Blade.

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Treasurer—"Say, you are wanted at the theatre at once."

Manager—"Why, what's wrong? Anybody sick?"

"Yes. I'm afraid the new play can't be done next week."

"For heaven's sake, man, speak; who is it that is sick?"

"The author."

"Thank the gods! I was afraid it was the stage carpenter."—America.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Blanche Marsden is writing a play for Lotta.

Crane can be seen this week at The Star, in The Senator.

Robert Mantell is doing The Corsican Brothers at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

The Kendalls are so pleased with their success in America that they will come again next season.

After Dark carried the People's Theatre by storm last week. This week, Harry Lacy in Still Alarm.

It is reported that Sardou is engaged on a new play for Bernhardt. By the way, isn't it about time that Bernhardt was "engaged" again?

Lilian Richardson, at present New York correspondent for the Louisville Journal and well known to the stage, contemplates writing a play for Jo Wheelock.

Henry Guy Carleton's play, the Pembertons, will be given a production at the Union Square Theatre early in the spring. Wilton Lackaye will take the leading part.

The Actors' Order of Fraternity, of which Louis Aldrich is President, had a pleasant reunion Sunday night at their rooms in the Broadway Theatre Building. Many ladies were present. A good part of the evening was employed in listening to a very interesting lecture on dramatic art, by Steele Mackaye.

The London Daily Telegraph, in speaking of the forthcoming production of Cinderella at Her Majesty's Theatre, pays the following tribute to our Minnie Palmer: And who, think you, is to be at the apex of this galaxy of brilliant talent? Why, our own Minnie Palmer—the most thoroughly ideal of Cinderellas! "Cinderella" is the subject of the extravaganza, and the managers of Her Majesty's, looking all around them, could find nowhere anyone more completely adapted for the title rôle, both by talent and physique. The selection is a distinction for Minnie Palmer, and a compliment to the American stage. The most magnificent Christmas entertainment ever given in London will have for its central figure and bright particular star a favorite American actress. Is not this a fact on which Americans may freely congratulate both themselves and Minnie Palmer? For is not Minnie Palmer to receive the biggest sum ever paid to any actor in extravaganza, thus once more eclipsing her sister artists in a sphere which has hitherto been dominated by distinguished leaders of the English stage?

The New York Home Journal makes the following complimentary reference to the debut of Miss Nellie Hooper, at the Madison Square Theatre, in Helen's Inheritance, written by Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper: Miss Hooper brings to the stage the same intelligence that her talented mother has brought to literature. There were moments in her impersonation which recalled Clara Morris at her best. The same impetuosity of passion, the same virile and vigorous power of

expression. Miss Hooper would play Camille admirably, for her dramatic instincts are all in the direction of vivid emotion. It was remarkable in this performance to see so young a woman display the intensity which it is popularly believed comes only with extended experience on the stage. As an actress Miss Hooper has before her a future full of promise. Of course, at the present time she has some of the crudities that are inseparable from inexperience; but, underlying them, she has also what the French call the *feu sacré*, and this flame must eventually burst forth and shine with a light that will bring her recognition from press and public.

An-Old Time Editor.

He was the sort of man about whom people say: "What a success that man might make if he'd let liquor alone! A genius, but—he drinks!"

"I wan' a job, and I wan' it d—n quick!" he exclaimed, as he reeled into the managing editor's room.

"Sorry," replied that uncrowned king, who knew him very well, "but there's no place for you. The staff's full."

"Rah for the staff! So'm I! Everybody's full! Don' make any dif'rence about that. Gi' me job!"

"No, Jim, I can't do it," replied the managing editor, firmly and a bit emphatically. "I don't need any more men."

"S all right," said Jim; "needn't be mulish about it. I wan' job; you say 'no job;' tha's nough. I ain't such a d—n fool's I seem. Wan' job—tha's all right. Can't get job—tha's all right. Say, boss, le' me set down 'n read 'n exchanges. Wan' set down 'n read; 's that all right?"

"Certainly," answered the managing editor. "Take that chair."

"Wa' a minute there! Say, got any N' Hampshire papers?"

"No."

"Use live 'n N' Hampshire. Father 'n mother use live there."

Silence.

"Say, boss, le' me tell you. Wen' back there once 'n did best writin' ever done in m' life. Big thing—poetry—tears—all way up—Jim Crow—bully! D' you ever see it? Wen' all over—copied N' York Tribune—Chicago Times—bes' work ever done. Looky here! Wen' back N' Hampshire an' wen' out t' see the ol' man's peach orchard. Use t' play in it 's boy. Peach orchard all gone. Wha' d'ye s'pose there? Say—graveyard! Peach tree crop dead—big crop monuments. D—n sad! Say, le' me tell you.

"I's sittin' in th' graveyard, up comes funeral—kid, 2 years old—purty, yeller curls, everybody cryin'. Church on th' other side graveyard, close, see in th' windows. 'Nother child there—baptizin' him. One child here—'nother child crowin' an' laughin' with the preacher there. One goin' one road—never come back any more—the other gittin' ready to live—going th' other road."

Jim leaned his head on his hand and a few weak tears fell from his eyes. Then the cynical sense of his profession came over him and he looked up with a trembling smile.

"Good stuff!" he said. "Made column out o' it. Bes' work ever done."

There was a moment's pause, and then Jim came to taws.

"Say, ol' man, gi' me job. Wa' minute! Le' me tell you! Don' care fer work—jus' soon not work. Don' care for salary—got five beers in m' pocket, cap'talist—tha's all right. Say, boss, look here. Wan' job. Been in newspaper business in Omaha ten years. Got lo's friends—know ev'ybody.

"Ev'body thinks 'm on newspaper,

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Comes t' me 'n says: 'Here, Jim; give y' 'n item'—says, 'Here, Jim; come take som'thin'—thinks 'm on newspaper. Go out t' Coliseum—le' me in for nothin'—think 'm on newspaper. Go t' church—feller goes roun' the cont'butio'n box—pass me ever'time—thinks 'm on newspaper. Say, boss, 't break me all up. Do' want be d—n fraud. Do' want be sailin' round 'n false colors—'m straight man. Wan' quit 's bunco business. Say, gi' me job!"

It was a fascinating refinement of honor, but the managing editor understood it. Presently he led Jim out, and leaving him on the walk went to lunch. Then he returned and worked till 3 o'clock. When he went into the adjacent room for his coat he found Jim lying asleep under a table.

"Say, boss," said Jim, half awake, "couldn't gi' me a job?"

"No, Jim," answered the editor.

Jim looked at the table over him and at the pile of papers which he had been using for a pillow.

"Took lower berth," said he. "Good-night, boss."—Omaha Republican.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

Mother—"Here you, Charles Edward come right along in here. I told you afore I'd thrash you if I ever caught you playin' with them Riggle boys."

"I hain't playin' with 'em; I'm fightin' 'em."

"All right, my boy, pitch in."—Kentucky State Journal.

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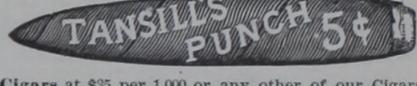
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In our January, 1890, issue we published the first 100 names received in reply to our last Bible verse contest, in which we gave away \$225 in cash, a Solid Gold Watch, 25 Solid Silver Watches, and 71 Solid Gold and Genuine Diamond Rings. \$661 MORE TO BE GIVEN AWAY, Feb'y 1st, 1890. We will give to the First 150 PERSONS telling us where the word WIFE is first found in the Bible, before Feb. 1st, 1890, the following valuable prizes: To the 1st person giving the correct answer, \$100; 2d, \$75; 3d, \$50; 4th, a Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch; 5th, a Beautiful Diamond Ring; to each of the next 25, a Solid Silver Watch, 50 pairs Diamond Screw Ear Rings (perfect little gems); to each of the next 70 if there be so many correct answers, a Beautiful Solid Gold Ring set with genuine Diamonds. With your answer send 25c. to help cover expense of this advt., postage, &c., and we will send you our Illustrated 16 page Monthly for 4 months and our new Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Diamonds, &c. Our 11th Monthly of March issue will announce the result of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners. This offer is made solely to introduce our publications into new homes. We, as publishers, are thoroughly known. "Honesty and Square Dealing" is our motto. Our MONTHLY was established in 1877. Give full name and address. (Stamps taken.) Address BLANCHARD'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL, 5 & 7 Warren Street, New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

# LITERARY



The Yankee Blade is rapidly taking a first-class position among home story papers.

A very interesting paper in Drake's Magazine for January, is New Year's Day, the Old Fashion and the New, by Robert G. Morris.

Babyhood for January, published at 5 Beekman st., New York, contains a great deal of matter that is interesting for mothers to know.

The Home Maker, edited by Marion Harland, is steadily improving both in matter and appearance. The January number contains many excellent articles, several of them handsomely illustrated.

Allan Forman, editor of The Journalist, shows more taste in getting up a Christmas number than half the publishers with far greater material and resources at their command. His Christmas Journalist is a literary gem, and the contributors to it are among the brightest writers in New York.

The complete story in Belford's Magazine for January is entitled, In Circe's Toils, by Mata De Vere. John Habberton contributes an admirable story, Beyond Help; Alfred H. Peters writes of Literature and Politics; M. L. Scudder, jr., discusses The Western Railroad Situation, and there is an Autobiography of Jefferson Davis. The poetry is by Herbert Bashford, Chas. L. Hildreth, M. G. McClelland and Rebecca Cameron.

Stephen Massett, author, composer, traveler and entertainer, has been the recipient of gratifying ovations in Boston recently. Mrs. Alice C. S. Wood, the talented reader, gave a reception in his honor, which was attended by many well-known literary and musical people of the Hub. The Sunday afternoon following, his friend, Geo. Francis Train, gave him a reception at the Tremont House, which was an immense success.

The January Eclectic, the first number of Vol. 50, New Series, has discarded its old cover and comes to us in a new garb. The title-page is strong, neat and attractive, and the table of contents is conveniently printed on it. The steel engraving opening the new volume is a picture of Pisa, Italy. The opening article is Robert Giffen's discussion of Monometallism and the Silver Problem, which all interested in this great economical question will read with interest. Lady Gaskell is the contributor of a very sensible and suggestive paper on the woman question, under the title of Women of To-day. Mrs. Leckey furnishes a highly readable paper entitled The Gardens of Pompeii, recreating delightful scenes in a dead city. We have from the great Murray himself, an account of the beginning of the world famous guide-book to European countries, familiarly known as Murray.

The North American Review for January, which begins the one hundred and fiftieth volume of that sterling periodical, is one of the most important numbers ever issued. The first fifty-four pages are occupied by a discussion on Free Trade or Protection, in which the two sides of the question are ably and bril-

liantly presented by the Right Hon. William E. Gladstone and the Hon. James G. Blaine. Mr. Blaine's contribution is an answer to Mr. Gladstone's, and is published by special permission of the latter at the same time with his own. The recent death of Jefferson Davis lends particular interest to his reminiscences of General Robert E. Lee, whom he characterizes as gentleman, scholar, gallant soldier, great general and true Christian. Prof. R. H. Thurston, the well-known director of Sibley College, Cornell University, writes of The Border-Land of Science in a fascinating manner, entering upon some daring, but not improbable, speculations as to what the future may hold in store for the scientific investigator.

### What We're All Blowin' About.

"This fuss about the grip is all unnecessary," said the Mason. "I've had it for years and nobody ever heard me complain."

"I don't mind it, either," chimed in the wrestler. "Were it not for the grip I'd have to give up business."

"And wouldn't I look well meandering about the country without it?" added the drummer.

"I'm not sneezing at it"—this from a cold in the head—"see the prominence it has given me."

"That's all very well," expostulated the Market street cable, "but this continual grip is wearing me out."

Yes, and just think of the way it is musing me up," concluded the handkerchief.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### "Nothing But Skin and Bones,"

is the inelegant though appropriate expression used in describing the appearance of many females whom Nature intended for perfect specimens of her handiwork, but who have been reduced to this distressing condition by some of the organic troubles, peculiar to the sex, styled "female complaints," the symptoms of which are "an all gone feeling," weakness in the back, especially mornings, nervousness, and sometimes hysteria. The cure for these beauty-destroying troubles—and an undoubted one in every case—is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and it renders it unnecessary to consult a doctor—a disagreeable duty for a modest woman. Of druggists.

### The Beauties of Andalusia.

As regards her stature and mould, the Andalusian girl is almost invariably a petite brunette, and although not all are plump, and many are too stout, the majority have exquisitely symmetrical tapering limbs, well-developed busts (flat-chested women are almost unknown in Spain), and the most dainty and refined hands and feet. Regarding these feet Gautier makes the most astounding assertion, that "without any poetic exaggeration it would be easy here in Seville to find women whose feet an infant might hold in its hands. A French girl of seven or eight could not wear the shoes of an Andalusian of twenty." I am glad to attest that, if the feet of Sevillian women really were so monstrously small fifty years ago, they are so no longer. It is discouraging to see a man like Gautier fall into the vulgar error of fancying that, because a small foot is a thing of beauty, therefore the smaller the foot the more beautiful it must be. Beauty of feet, hands, and waists is a matter of proportion, not of absolute size, and too small feet, hands, and waists are not beautiful, but ugly. We might as well argue that since a man's foot ought to be larger than a woman's, therefore the larger his foot the more he has of manly beauty. If Andalusian women really had feet so small that a baby might hold them in its hands, they would not be able to walk at all, or, at least, not gracefully. But it is precisely their graceful gait and carriage for

which they are most famed and admired. All Spanish women are graceful as compared with the women of other nations, but among them all the Andalusians are pre-eminent in the poetry of motion, and this is probably the reason that, although regular facial beauty is perhaps commoner in Madrid than in Seville, I found that you cannot pay a greater compliment to a girl in northern Spain than by asking her if she is an Andalusian. It would be useless to seek among land-animals for a gait comparable to that of the women of Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and Granada; and when you compare it to the motion of a swan on the water, a fish in the water, a bird in the air, it is the birds and the fishes that must feel complimented.—From "The Beauty of Spanish Women," by Henry T. Finck, in Scribner.

### A Little Too Literal.

Gcahead—"Do you want to know how to make money?"

Hardlines—"No, indeed, I do not."

"But you seem to need the useful article?"

"I agree with you there, but I do not need it enough to take the risk of a sojourn in the penitentiary. The government reserves to itself the right of making money, and private competition is a little too uncomfortable for the competitor. Tell me how to acquire some of that which is already made and you will find me all attention."—New York Press.

### Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

### Fully Identified.

"O Lawd!" cried old Elder Peters, at a recent negro camp-meeting, "hab mercy on dat po' sistah settin' undah dat big ellum tree—de one wid de green dress an' red shawl an' blue bonnet an' wicked eye an' flat nose! Her wid de big brass buzzum pin on an' all fo' front teeth out an' otherwise humly ez she kin well be—good Lawd hab mercy on her!"—Time.

# Catarrh

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.

"I was troubled with catarrh for over two years. I tried various remedies, and was treated by a number of physicians, but received no benefit until I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. A few bottles of this medicine cured me of this troublesome complaint and completely restored my health."—Jesse M. Boggs, Holman's Mills, N. C.

"When Ayer's Sarsaparilla was recommended to me for catarrh, I was inclined to doubt its efficacy. Having tried so many remedies, with little benefit, I had no faith that anything would cure me. I became emaciated from loss of appetite and impaired digestion. I had nearly lost the sense of smell, and my system was badly deranged. I was about discouraged, when a friend urged me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and referred me to persons whom it had cured of catarrh. After taking half a dozen bottles of this medicine, I am convinced that the only sure way of treating this obstinate disease is through the blood."—Charles H. Maloney, 113 River st., Lowell, Mass.

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**Solid Gold Watches at \$3.50.**  
These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, a solid, 14k Gold Watch worth \$50, provided \$3.50 is sent with the order. Elegant, **SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAINS** of the latest patterns, for \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, and up **ORDER AT ONCE.** Be one of the first and get a solid gold watch for \$3.50. All are stem-winding, elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every way. Send money by registered letter or P. O. order at our risk. Watches and chains sent safely by registered mail to any address, provided 25 cents extra is sent to pay post a. r. e.  
**EUROPEAN WATCH CO.**  
87 College Place, New York

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**E. W. OTEGO**  
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**Instantly Stop Pain**  
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL  
**RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS & MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.**  
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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

**DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN** RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

BOTH BALD-HEADED.



Into a trial court, by chance, one day,  
Two Irish gentlemen did idly stray;  
His Honor was calling a case between  
Timotheus Smith versus John McQueen,  
Counselor Jennings, very bald of pate,  
Began the jury to interrogate;  
First, tendering four, to Counselor Clair,  
Whose shining cranium was minus hair.  
"Arrah! Ted," said Pat to his Irish friend,  
"Be the powers that be—both gentlemen  
"Who're thryin' the case, are wather scald;  
"Fa'th! the skelps o' the lawyers both are bald!  
"I'll bet"—"Order! gentlemen," roared the  
judge;  
"Orther!" cried Pat, giving Teddy a nudge.  
"Bring up the culprits before the court!"  
"What fer, Yer Honor?" was the quick retort.  
"Let a fine be entered for contempt!"  
"Contimpt? Why! Yer Honor, 'twas niver  
drimpt!  
I was merely offerin' my brother Ted,  
To wager a bit on the lawyers' head;  
Whin, Yer Honor, yers'lf did fret an' frown  
I was goin' to put five dollars down  
That the bald-headed lawyer would win the case.  
Divil I'll bet—if it offends Yer Grace."  
—Judge Wm. C. Jones, in Chicago Legal News

JOHNNIE'S SOLILOQUY

The chorus girl, the chorus girl,  
She sets one's poor head in a whirl;  
She spends one's cash, gives one regrets,  
And smokes up all one's cigarettes.  
—New York Sun.

HIS EPITAPH.

They mourned when they heard that the jester was  
dead;  
When buried, a tombstone they placed at his head,  
A white marble slab, and to tell the world his  
Fame, cut upon it the simple word "Viz."  
So men might point out as they turned to view it  
The story it told in the meaning, "To wit."  
—Boston Budget.

THE RAILWAY CROSSING,

There are some who die on mountains high,  
And some in war's commotion;  
Some suicide and cross the tide  
To satisfy a notion,  
And some there be who death must see  
Amidst the tempest tossing,  
But far the most give up the ghost  
Upon the railway crossing.  
Some silly loons jump from balloons  
And meet the fate that follows;  
Some lose their breath and choke to death  
Upon the hangman's gallows.  
But those each day we lay away  
Beneath the headstones mossier,  
Who try to beat the engine fleet  
And die right at the crossing.  
Oh, you may toy with buzz-saws coy  
Whenever they're in motion,  
Or on a feather in stormy weather  
Attempt to cross the ocean;  
And even jaw your mother-in-law,  
Who always does the bossing,  
But don't go near—if death you fear—  
The fatal railway crossing.  
—Chicago Herald.

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

China as a Model.

It is the fashion to laugh at the Chinese, and their pig-tails, their manners and customs, and their grotesque religion, but Mr. David Nicol, who has made a lifetime study of China, seriously advises us to take that country as a model in many things, and especially in the matter of political economy.

The Chinese were a civilized people, tolerably far advanced in science and art, long before our race emerged from barbarism. They had government, laws and literature when the Britons were mere savages, clad in the skins of wild beasts, and roaming about in their native forests. Undoubtedly a social system which has kept three hundred millions of people together for thousands of years, while other nations have disappeared, is worth studying.

Mr. Nicol, of course, does not advise us to adopt the Chinese form of government, nor all of their laws and customs. What he commends to our attention is the fact that from the very beginning of Chinese history everything has been subordinated to the claims of a well-ordered intellectual superiority. In China no amount of wealth can raise a family to the aristocracy. Only one thing can advance a man socially and politically, and that is intellectual merit. Under such conditions the Chinese have naturally become a nation of thinkers, and their crowded population has compelled men in every rank of life to concentrate their minds upon all the problems of social life ranging from the greatest down to the simplest.

It will not do to condemn everything in the mode of life of this strange nation just because it is radically different from our own ways. The day is coming when this continent will be the home of hundreds of millions of people. When that time comes it may be that many features of the political economy of the Mongolians will be found to be both essential and profitable. Our civilization is still in its infancy, while that of China has stood the test of thousands of years.—Atlanta Constitution.

He Had Been to Philadelphia.

"I sold that big tree to the widow," remarked a vender of Christmas spruces in the market to a man who had just come up.

"What widow?"  
"McGinty's widow."  
"McGinty? Do I know her?"  
The tree-seller looked at his friend in astonishment, but, seeing that he was perfectly serious, he asked:  
"Haven't you heard of McGinty?"  
"No; who is he?"  
"Where have you been during the past month?"  
"In Philadelphia."  
"That accounts for it."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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.

What He Believed In.

"Do you believe in the faith cure?" asked a Washington man of an office seeker.

"No," replied the latter, "I believe in the sinecure."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Cure for the Deaf.

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

Percy Bysche Shelley.

Shelley is undoubtedly gaining with time. The intense rancor that has existed against the man, is very rapidly giving place to admiration for the poet. In the 20th century Shelley will probably rank next to Shakspeare as an English poet. Even his own century will very likely yet do him the justice to mention him in the same breath with Milton, Pope and Dryden. Fanaticism and persecution have kept the eyes of the English-reading world on the man, but high-minded scholars have dared break the chains in later years and are calling the world's attention to the mine of wealth in the poet. The time is almost at hand when an English poet may be recognized as such, without being a member of the Church of England.

The world outside of England has long ago crowned the poet who could sing as he sung of "The Skylark" and "The Cloud," and of "Queen Mab" and "Alastor," now that he has been for three quarters of a century beyond the reach of her persecution, his native country is beginning to do him the tardy justice of recognizing the heritage of fame he has left her. England in the 19th century drove him an exile from her shores; in the 20th century she will erect a colossal monument to his memory in the streets of London, and have his ashes dug up and interred in Westminster Abbey!

Such is the heritage of genius—such is the cruel, bitter irony of fate!—Alexander N. De Menil in St. Louis Magazine.

ROBBERY is a crime in Massachusetts—unless you have been admitted to the bar.—Somerville Journal.

Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.

I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION.

**CATARRH**  
**HAY FEVER**  
**CATARRHAL**  
**DEAFNESS**

A NEW TREATMENT.

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

**CARTER'S**  
**LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp HOME & YOUTH, CADIZ, O.

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

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## JESUS OF NAZARETH.

He is a sea, so deep and strong, so calm,  
Save when a righteous anger quickens him,  
Then at his rage, earth trembles, heaven grows dim.  
His varying voice—an everlasting psalm—  
Now ripples words for sorrow's only balm,  
Now thunders threats of direst woe to him  
Who braves the unknown perils of the brim,  
Now chants the promise of the victor's palm.

Upon this sea I cast my timid eyes

In reverent worship, as a star-beam may  
Bring homage from the limits of the skies.

My Lord goes on unmoved, till final day  
Yet know I, deep within his bosom lies

The clear reflection of that feeble ray.

—David A. Curtis, in the Christmas Journalist.

## Johnson's 'Possum Hunt.

B. A. Johnson, a newspaper man of Chicago, is traveling in the South. Several days ago, while in a part of Arkansas which lies far from the capital, and which, being in the bottoms, is mainly inhabited by negroes, he was arrested on a charge of passing a church without taking off his hat.

"This must be a joke," Johnson remarked when the negro constable presented the warrant.

"Wall, sah, you jest keep on thinkin' dat way, an' you'll be landed in jail fust thing you know. De laws o' de possuls is got ter be hil' up in dis yere 'munity. Come on yere, sah."

Johnson was taken before Abraham Carter, justice of the peace, a jurist whose skin is so dark that the essence of a moonless midnight, daubed upon his face, would make him look pale.

"Mr. Johnson," said Carter, whar is you fum, sah?"

"Chicago," Johnson answered.

"Is da got any churches dar?"

"I think so."

"You thinks so, does you? Wall, sah, do de folks up dar treat dem churches wid p'liteness an' respect?"

"I believe dey do."

"You b'lebes da do, but how is it, sah, dat you passed de Mt. Zion church widout takin' off yo' hat?"

"I didn't know that it was the custom of the community."

"Wall, sah, de bible say p'intedly dat de ignunce o' de law doan skuze nobody. I will therefo' fine you two dollars."

"Judge," said the preacher whose church Johnson had insulted, "make de fine two 'possums."

"De brudder is wise," the judge responded. "Mr. Johnson, you is fined two 'possums, an' de constable will stay by you till de fine is paid."

"But, your honor," Johnson plaintively asked, "how am I to get the 'possums?"

"Mr. Johnson, it ain't de business o' dis cou't ter fine er man an' den tell him how he ken raise de fine. De cou't has done its duty, sah. De constable will see dat you now do yourn."

"Come on," said the constable. "I's 'sposed ter do right, an' I'll lend you my dogs."

"But I don't know how to catch a 'possum even if I had a hundred dogs."

"I'll go wid you, sah."

That night Johnson and the constable went into the woods. The frost lying upon the dead leaves gleamed like an excited eye. On they went, passed the persimmon trees and crossed a field. The dogs became anxious. Suddenly there came the "ouunk, ouunk, ouunk" of a hound. The dogs had treed. Johnson and the constable hastened to the place. A dark something could be seen in the top of a slim persimmon tree.

"Climb up and shake him out," said the constable.

"Look here, I can't climb."

"All right, sah; we ain't fur frum de jail. Come on."

"I'll try to climb," Johnson said.

"All right, sah. I'll boost you er little ways."

Johnson had gone up about half way

to the top when he looked down and said:

"Look here, won't that devilish thing bite?"

"No."

"Won't he scratch?"

"No, go er head."

He climbed farther. "Look here," he called, "I don't like the looks of that thing."

"He woan hurt you."

"But he's growling at me."

"Wall, den, come on down an' go ter jail."

Johnson continued to climb. "He's growling."

"Shake him out."

"He's coming after me. He—whoop!"

Johnson and an enormous raccoon struck the ground. The dogs killed the animal and Johnson stood near, nursing himself.

"Dat wuz er mistake," said the constable.

"I should say it was. Look here, I'm not going to climb any more trees."

"It's mighty cold in dat jail."

"But there are no coons in it, are there?"

"No, but I yere dat dar's a wild-cat under de house an' de flo' ain't none too good."

"Come on," said the prisoner. "I'll climb."

The next morning Johnson and the constable, carrying two 'possums, entered the court-room.

"Mr. Johnson," said the judge, "sense you'se tried ter do de right thing, dis cou't will remit part o' de fine. You neenter pay but one 'possum, sah."

Johnson sent the other 'possum to friends in Chicago.—Arkansaw Traveler.

## THEY HAVE THEIR MONEY.

## The Names of the Fortunate Fifteen in the Lottery Partnership.

Mr. B. D. Houghton has been engaged during the past few days in presenting \$1,452.50 to each of fifteen Oswegonians who were so fortunate as to be implicated in a partnership on Louisiana State Lottery tickets. The following are the lucky investors: James McChesney, Charles McDowell, W. J. Rasmussen, Charles R. Lewis, Jules Wendell, J. A. Southwick, Geo. W. Harman, Albert Fitzgerald, Obediah Wiley, Alonzo Adams, H. Churchill, David Wright, Theo. Warden, Aaron Colnon, Colbert Cooper.

The lucky ticket was No. 35,961. It drew the fourth capital prize of \$100,000 in the December drawing, of which \$25,000 fell to the Oswego gentlemen, they holding one-fourth of the ticket. Mr. Houghton received a telegram announcing the number and its qualities on Tuesday, December 17th. He sent his fourth ticket for collection on the following Thursday and received the money the following Friday week. This is the second similar draw. The occurrence has greatly stimulated the local trade in lottery tickets.—Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium, January 2.

# PEARS' "Paris" SOAP. Exposition, 1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.  
*Highest possible distinction.*

## Too Coarse.

Country people amuse the cockneys, and cockneys amuse the country people; and so the account is kept even. A man from the rural districts—from the famous town of Wayback, perhaps—had gone with a friend into a city restaurant.

Presently a young fellow came in, having a tennis racquet.

The countryman looked at the novel utensil for a few minutes, then he turned to his friend, and said, in a tone of decision:

"John, I drink no milk in this town."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, jest look at the strainers they use. You could shove a catbird through 'em."—Arkansaw Traveler.

## Nothing New.

Uncle Abimelech Barnes regards himself as dreadfully abused by his wife, Aunt Amanda, who scolds him more or less, doubtless with good reason.

The other day Aunt Amanda complained of being ill and sent Uncle Abimelech for the doctor. The physician arrived, felt Aunt Amanda's pulse, and told her to show her tongue.

"Um!" said the doctor, shaking his head. "A pretty bad tongue, Mrs. Barnes; a very bad tongue."

Uncle Abimelech wriggled a little at this, and presently managed to get the physician a little to one side.

"Look a-here, doctor," said he, in a whisper, "that don't prove nothin' at all. She's had the wust kind of a tongue ever since we was married!"—Youth's Companion.

## Why He Thought So.

Landlord (to tenant who is very delinquent in paying his rent)—"I am very sure that you played foot-ball while at college."

Mr. Owehim—"What makes you imagine that, sir?"

Landlord—"Simply because you are always a quarter-back."—Harvard Lampoon.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills; they will please you.

## Tried a New Way.

"Mr. Jones," said the city editor to the young reporter, "will you step to the desk, please?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your copy looks rather odd. You have written it all with a blue pencil."

"Yes, sir; I thought it might as well go that way first as last."—Merchant Traveler.

Judicious speculation the road to riches. Jackson, Sprague & Co., 30 New St., N. Y., conduct Wall St. operations on \$10 to \$1,000.

## Down in the Blue-Grass.

Judge Blueclay—"Sheriff, convene the co't. Where is the jury?"

Sheriff—"Back in the jail-yard, your honah. We happened to get three Frenches and a couple of Eversoles on it, an' they're fightin' it out, if please the co't."

Judge—"Where is the prisoner in this horse-stealing case?"

Sheriff—"The Barnard boys got him out last evenin' while I was at supper and hanged him."

Judge—"Strike off the case, Mr. Clerk. Are the parties to the Salt Lick road case ready to proceed?"

Sheriff—"It was settled early this morning; they're getting the defendant ready for burial now."

Judge—"Well, then, if the district attorney is ready we will proceed with the State vs. Hiram Garrard."

Sheriff—"If it please the court, the district attorney is not ready. Garrard's counsel carved him with a bowie-knife right after breakfast."

Judge (wearily)—"Adjourn the co't."—Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

## ONEITA

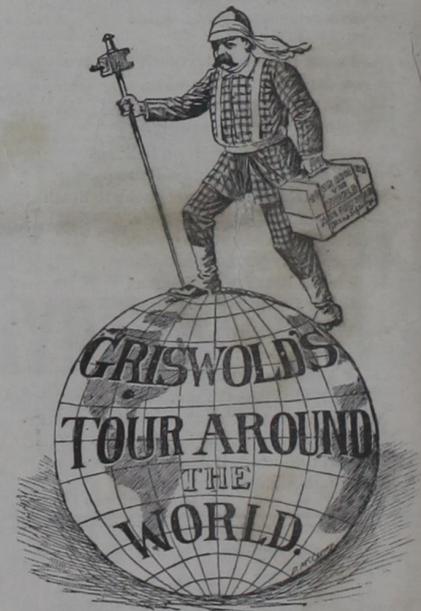
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