

# Texas Siftings.

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## A NEW MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM,

GOTTEN UP FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE. LORD SALISBURY, ALIAS SNUG THE JOINER, IN THE RÔLE OF THE ROARING BRITISH LION, AND PORTUGAL AS THE TEARFUL THISBE.

ENTER THISBE.

THISBE—WHERE IS MY LOVE?

LION—OH! OH! OH!

[The Lion roars, Thisbe runs off.]

BISMARCK—WELL ROARED, LION!

CZAR—WELL RUN, THISBE!

KAISER WILHELM—WELL SHONE, MOON! TRULY, THE MOON SHINES WITH A GOOD GRACE.

# Texas Siftings.

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#### IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A SOFT winter turneth away the toboggan slide.

A CAPACITY for drink doesn't always accompany mental capacity.

KNOWLEDGE is power, no doubt, but one should know how to apply the brakes.

A TEXAS doctor is great on wens. He is one of the know-wen-est doctors in the State.

YOU never hear of a strike among the astronomers. Their business is always looking up.

NEW JERSEY doesn't concern itself about that old ark of Noah's. It has got a brand Newark.

TRUE, the wise men came from the East, but it will be observed that they went back again.

POLICEMEN in civilian dress do not affect diamonds, yet when in uniform they wear a "number."

ALL food contains iron; food affects the spiritual life, and that is where the iron enters the soul.

A YOUNG man writes to inquire, "Does a college education pay?" No, it makes the old man pay.

JOACHIM MILLER is writing a play founded on the Landing of the Pilgrims. Will Miles Standish sort of thing?

A PROHIBITIONIST member of an up-town club shouts "set 'em up again!" oftener than anybody else, but it is in the ball alley.

THE fond parent endeavors to bring up a child in the weigh it should go, soon after it is born, if a pair of scales can be procured.

THE poet who asserts that life is but a dream was never called upon to help move a stove, or get a barrel of cider down the cellar stairs.

AN Austin young man tried to kiss a girl against her will, and she scratched him severely with her diamond ring—a with-er-ring rebuke, as it were.

SCIENTISTS say the earth is really growing larger. If Jay Gould wants it he had better take it now, or it may get too big for even him to manage.

A LAMP-POST caught standing on a corner without showing the name of the streets ought to be arrested, and it would be, anywhere but in New York.

THE Chinaman dismounts when a great man goes by. It was a great humorist passing by that originated the phrase: "You needn't get off your horse on my account."

A BILL is before the legislature of New Jersey compelling druggists to print on all packages of poison they sell, the name of the antidote for the said poison. That is very well, but it doesn't go far enough. Saloon keepers should be required to paste a label on their liquor bottles, giving an antidote for too much Jersey lightning.

#### MISRULE AND ANARCHY.



ISRULE o'er the world has passed  
Roughly, as on tide-waves cast

From a wild and heaving ocean,  
Lashed by storms to fierce commotion.

Internecine strife to-day  
Eats the Kingdom's heart away;

And its subjects have grown loyal  
To all things that are not royal.

Russia's lordly footsteps slip,  
(She's already lost her grip.)  
And the Czar can scarce resist  
Turning to a Nihilist.

#### SCHOOL TEACHING IN THE SOUTH.

Times have changed somewhat in the South since Mat. Ward, in Louisville, killed a school teacher because he had seen fit to chastise his (Ward's) brother, who was one of his pupils. A Missouri school teacher whipped a girl pupil the other day, and instead of shooting him for it, as in ante-bellum days, the irate parent had him arrested, and the justice before whom the case was tried imposed a fine of fifty dollars for assault and battery. Young men who wish to go South to teach school can do it with less risk than formerly. Still they had better be a little cautious in administering the rod.

#### THE SWORD-SWALLOWER.

How did I come to be a sword-swallower? Well, I'll tell you. As far back as I can recollect I had a passion for swallowing something with a blade to it. Blades of grass satisfied me for a time, but I came across a pen-knife one day, and after that nothing short of cutlery would satisfy my hunger. I began to eat with my knife when only a year old, invariably swallowing the knife. As a schoolboy I swallowed everything that came in my way relating to swords. I read about the sword of Damocles, and I swallowed that. Heard some one sing The Sword of Bunker Hill, and I took it all in. At the play I heard Richelieu say the pen was mightier than the sword, and I wanted to tell him he would find out the difference if he tried swallow-



#### BREAKING RULES.

IRATE PARENT—Bin breakin' de rules of de skule agin, is you, you black raskal?

STUDENT—De teacher's de one what broke de rule—ober my head. Boo-hoo!

ing them. I read the story of Jonah swallowing the whale, and concluded that Jonah was a sword-swallower by occupation. Before he tackled the whale he must have practiced on the sword-fish.

#### LO, THE POOR (WOODEN) INDIAN.

While a fuss is periodically made about employing the United States flag for advertising purposes, no one seems to think of raising a voice in defense of the poor, patient wooden Injun who is compelled to stand guard in front of a cigar store and advertise that. And yet

the Indian was here before the flag was. The wooden Injun has something pathetic about it, type as it is of an almost vanished race. There is an outward stoicism, but who can tell of the anguish burning within? Boys take liberties with and cuff him, drunken men try to shake hands with him and abuse him for his want of sociability, and jokers pretend to take a cigar from his outstretched hand. Often he has his nose knocked off or an eye gouged out, and when night comes he is wheeled joltingly into a back room and stood in a corner until morning, without so much as a bench to stretch his weary form upon. The wooden Injun is a badly used citizen.

#### WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Men do not in their migrations carry only with them their flocks and herds, their wives and children and their household "traps." They also take with them life-long associations and memories of what they have cherished, and when they enter upon their new possessions in virgin lands they give to the novel and the strange some pet familiar names which forever keep fresh the pleasing recollections of the past. Traveling through Nebraska one day the train stopped at a station and the brakeman sang out "Juniata!" There are poetic memories in that word. Some pioneer in that Northwestern State carried along with him, green and undying, the image of the beautiful Juniata as he knew it in childhood, way back in Pennsylvania—the swift stream in which he had waded and sailed his little boats, and, watching his cork in many a stolen fishing excursion, perhaps dreamed of the day when he, a full-bearded man, should go forth to the far West and make his fortune. The years have rolled on and the man has fulfilled the noonday reveries of the boy. He has followed up the Missouri and penetrated the great prairies of the new land, but the fair-waters of the Juniata still glide on in his fancy, until they melt into the Susquehanna and finally into the sea. Trees with protruding roots, old mills, orchards, the neighboring church, the school-house and children at play, all come back to his mind; and when he founds the embryo city in the new land, he bestows on it as a veritable benediction the name so mellow with color and heart love, and lo! in the pampas of the West as a token and a sign the word Juniata appears to every wanderer from the old "Keystone State" and brings up tender memories of the old home. Miss Juliet Capulet, there is a great deal in a name, sometimes.

#### PATIENCE.

We should all strive to be patient. If, however, we cannot be patient, we may at least advise others to be calm under difficulties, no matter how trying they may be. It is much easier to advise friends to bear up under misfortune than it is to do so ourselves. "Pashuns," wrote Josh Billings, "iz like kastor ile. It is one thing to prescribe it; it iz another thing to take it." Patience is always a virtue—in other people. In every community there is a large proportion of men and women who are constantly engaged in borrowing trouble, regardless of the fact that the borrower of trouble pays a very usurious rate of interest. Small troubles are the most troublesome. An elephant that will face an army of men will make an inglorious retreat before an army of gallinippers. Man should be wiser. He who murmurs at his lot is like one who bares his feet to tread upon thorns. Always look at your worries through the wrong end of the opera glass. Examine your joys with a microscope. At the same time, while it is an undoubted fact that worry is a bad thing, it is not the worst thing in the world. There are some men who do not worry enough.

PARNELL complains that his movements are constantly watched by a policeman. Possibly the policeman wants to be treated. Try it, Charles.

WHEN some Western editor who desires to be considered "prominent," whether he is or not, finds that he is dropping out of notice, he manages to get a paragraph in the newspapers to the effect that he is "about to start a newspaper in New York."

"THE Man Who Laughs" writes up the dramatic column of the Boston Courier. And he is the only man who laughs at some of the comedy produced there.

HOME CIRCLE READING.

There is nothing like having a companion to contribute to your joys and to help you bear your burdens.

When I have written a joke I always hunt up my wife and read it to her.

Sometimes she is in the kitchen having a set-to with our girl; sometimes she is standing on tiptoe on a chair pulling things onto her head from the top of a closet, but oftenest she is having a complication of troubles with some one or other of the little pledges of affection that prance, and trot, and squirm and squeal, and make things generally lively about the house.

Wherever she may be or however employed I make it a point to fire off my joke, if possible, before I fall back, because I've noticed that she seems to like everything I write; at any rate they all appear to affect her in a similar manner.

This morning I found her in the bath-room washing Alexander.

It was an inspiration that led me to call that child Alexander.

It was prophetic.

From earliest crawldom Aleck wanted the earth, and he got it; and he continues to get it, or as much of it as he can smear over his small form.

Whenever my wife finds time hanging heavily upon her hands she hunts up Aleck and washes him.

I entered the bath-room in the graceful, buoyant way that is peculiar to me when I am saturated with a happy new thought, and my wife looked up expectantly with the remark, "Another idea, dear?"

"Yes; see what you think of it. I'll read it: 'The other day——'"

Simultaneously my wife began "Don't do that, darling. Mamma can't wash oo if oo do 'at." Then to me—"Go on. I'm all attention."

"The other day——"  
"Wow!" yelled Alexander. "'Top 'at puttin' toap tuds in Eggy's eye."

"Oh, poor child! mamma'll wipe baddy toap tuddy out of Eggy's pittty, itty eye."



A CONSIDERATE FEMALE.

LADY—Give me a nice little piece of tenderloin.

BUTCHER—For your dog or yourself?

LADY—For myself. To-morrow is my birthday, and I want him to see me with a happy smile on my face.



NOT TOO LATE TO ESCAPE.

BROWN—Why, what's the matter, Jones?

JONES (the lady homely but rich)—I startled her with a proposal of marriage.

BROWN—Did she accept?

JONES—No, she fainted.

BROWN—Can't you escape before she comes to?

Of course I had paused at the interruption. When her eyes again fell on me she said, "I'm listening; go on. 'Once upon a time——'"

"No; 'the other day——'"

"Oh, yes: 'the other day'—well——"

"Oh! oh! oh!" screamed my pride and joy, "mamma wettin' Eggy all over," and he proceeded to perform the most agile and wonderful feats of contortion in an effort to escape.

"Eggy must let mamma wash her tweet p'ecious baby boy. Don't itty Eggy want to be tean?"

"No, me don't. Me want to be dirty yike papa. Oo wash papa."

If it had been anybody else's child I would probably have given way to a temptation to resent this, but as its mother reproved it with one of her most severe smiles I let it pass, saying simply, "Baby mustn't be naughty. Baby must keep still and let papa read to mamma—'the other day'——"

"Isn't he just too cunning!" interrupted mamma. "But, excuse me, dear, you were saying something; or, no; you were reading——"

"Yes, this joke. I had just started, you know."

"To be sure, I remember. It commenced "Another way——"

"No, no. Not that way. It was another way——"

"That's what I said."

"But——"

"Et Eggy wead, papa, et Eggy wead," broke in the infant, and with that he grabbed the manuscript in a very strong and wholly reckless clutch, from which it was rescued, after much difficulty, in a decidedly damaged condition.

"Bad Eggy!" said mamma. "Papa ought to whip naughty Eggy."

Then Eggy set up a prolonged howl, from which I retreated just as its mother was saying: "Hush, darling, hush! Bad papa shant whip Eggy, so he shant—Eggy shall wead all of naughty bad papa's old jokes he wants to, so he shall."

I often have difficulties of this kind to encounter, so I don't mind them much.

I think after Alexander gets to be a trifle older I will take him in hand myself. I fear that his mother is too lenient with him. CORT.

A SENSITIVE MENDICANT.

Proprietor of Restaurant (to tramp)—Well, have you got through?

Tramp—Yes; and them vittles tasted fine. Now all you have got to do is to lend me a quarter to pay for 'em, for I don't want to owe nobody nuthin.

Sentimental Wife—Last night I dreamt that I was in heaven.

Gruff Husband—You did, eh? Why the deuce didn't you stay there?

A HINT FROM THE OLD MAN

He was one of these painfully diffident fellows who never know when or how to go, and had waited until all the other guests had left, and still he tarried.

Finally the members of the family excused themselves, one by one, until all had disappeared except the old man. It now only remained for him to endeavor to make a graceful exit, and he felt that the evening could, from his easily satisfied point of view, be numbered among his social triumphs.

He did not know the old man very well or he would have retired earlier. He had just about made up his mind what to say, preparatory to his leave-taking, when his companion blurted out "How long have you been this way?"

"What way?"

"Affected with this hallucination, this crazy notion, this——"

"Sir! What do you mean?"

"This idiotic idea that you live in the place where your hat is hung up? Or, may be, you imagine that you are locked up in a jail, or a penitentiary, or a lunatic asylum and

can't get away. Try and shake off these fancies. This isn't your home, nor are you locked up. You can go at once, if you like, and it will afford me great pleasure to show you the way and get your hat."

"Funny," soliloquized the young man as he went home, "that I can't get away from any place like other folks. Of course the old gentleman was only joking, but I can't help but think that he meant to give me a sort of a hint that I'd better go."

LOWERING THE RECORD.

Mother (to her old maid daughter)—Why, Julia, what do you mean by using the family Bible in that way? You are scratching out figures in the family record and inserting others.

Julia—It is a record of my birth, isn't it?

Yes, it is.

Well, I'm lowering the record.



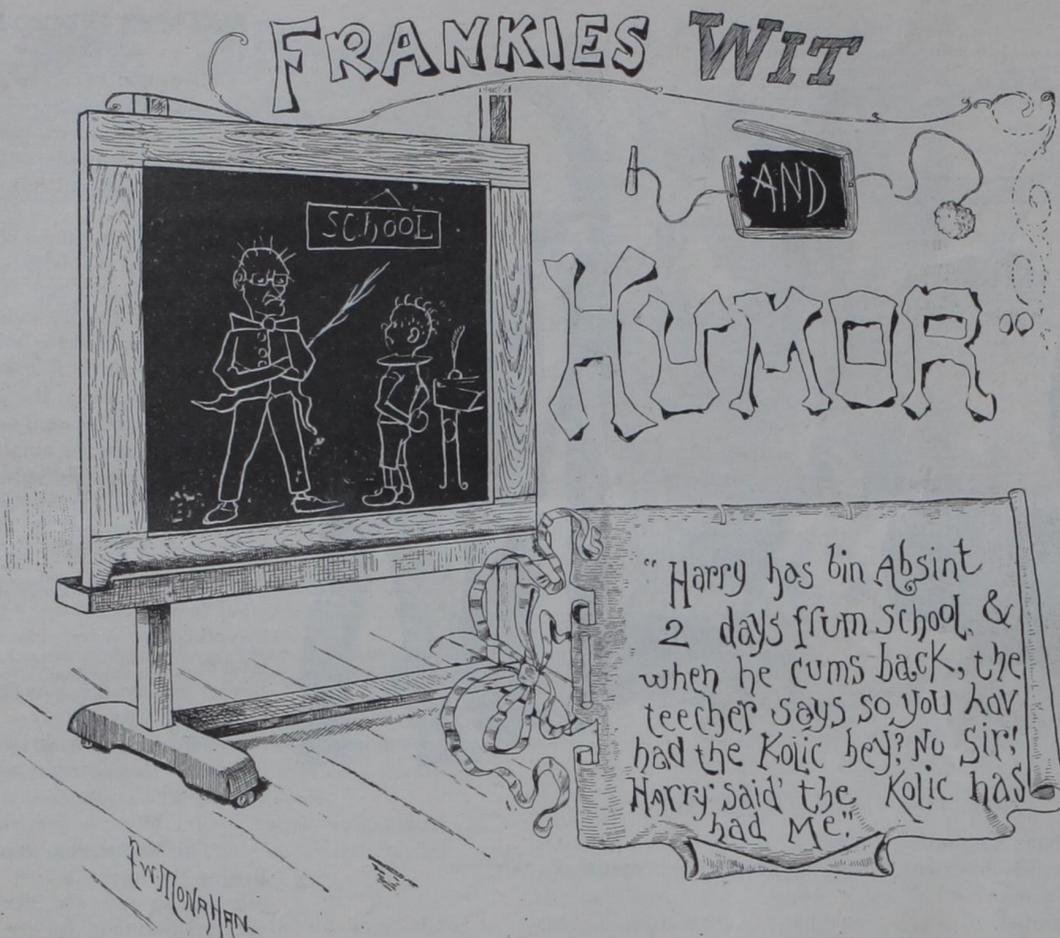
HIS PRICE WAS HIGH.

MARSE BOB—That you, Jake?

JAKE—Yes, dat's me. You ain't mar'd yet, Marse Bob?

No. I'm waiting for an heiress to snap me up.

Dat's jes my fix. I ain't gwine fling myself away, 'less de gal got fo' ur leben dollars, at de highest kalcilation.



#### MRS. AUSTIN TALKS ABOUT MEN'S CLUBS AND SECRET SOCIETIES.

"So you want to join the Woman's Club, do you?" growled Mr. Austin, to his better half the other day.

"Well, John, I've been urged to join the club by several ladies who belong to it. You know you have always claimed that I was deficient in mental culture, and here is an opportunity for intellectual improvement."

"Great opportunity, I should say! I'll bet they don't talk anything but gossip, and the only discussion they hold is about the best way of cutting a basque, or something like that."

"But what do you men talk about at your clubs?" Mrs. Austin spunked up to say. "The other night when you staid out late to the 'Three O'clock in the Morning' Club—detained by a business meeting, you said—you talked in your sleep after you went to bed."

"What did I say?" asked Mr. Austin, uneasily.

"I couldn't make head or tail out of it. You said once, 'It's my antie.' Now you haven't any antie living that I know of."

"Guess we must have been talking about the old auntie who cooks for us in the club kitchen."

"Well, that's a lofty theme of conversation, I must say. Almost equal to discussing the proper way of cutting a basque. She's your auntie, is she?"

"You know as well as I do what auntie means in the South."

"Well, but what did you mean by saying, 'Pass the buck?' I've heard tell about riding the goat in masonic lodges. Is the buck another term for the goat, and why do you want to pass it?"

"Mrs. Austin, you shouldn't be too curious about what passes in men's clubs and lodge rooms. Curiosity is very unbecoming in a woman."

"Nonsense. You are just as curious as anybody. I asked you what you wanted to join so many secret societies for, and you replied, 'just for curiosity.' Now, I want to join the Woman's Club just for curiosity. I want to see what they do there. I notice this, they don't come home from a club meeting smelling of nasty liquor and tobacco. They don't keep late hours, and I never heard of one of them being brought home in a helpless condition in a hack."

Mr. Austin grew very red in the face at this last allusion. "But women cannot carry on a club or a secret society with the proper dignity," said he.

"Oh, they can't! It takes a lot of men to do the dignified, I suppose. Did you read about that minister in Huntington, West Virginia, who died from an injury he got while taking 'a degree' in a men's secret society recently?"

"I saw something about it," Mr. Austin muttered, for he has taken several "degrees" himself, and doesn't like to discuss that Huntington matter.

"Well, that case developed a degree of foolish nonsense that no woman's club would ever be guilty of. In

order to take his degree properly it was necessary for this dignified minister of the gospel to sit astraddle of a stick of wood and be lowered into a kind of vault with a rope and tackle. In the vault he would find the Plan of Solomon's Temple, or his pay roll, or something of the kind."

"Mrs. Austin, you are talking about something that doesn't concern you!" roared Mr. Austin.

"But it concerned that poor unfortunate minister hunting a degree. The rope got loose while they were lowering him, and he fell thirteen feet, receiving injuries from which he afterwards died."

"Well, what is this all about?"

"It's about the way you men run your secret societies, of which you boast so much. The Sons of Malta wasn't such a burlesque, after all."

"It's only once in a while that a candidate get's hurt. They get too nervous, that's all."

"But when did you ever hear of anyone getting hurt while being initiated in a woman's club? They don't lower a candidate into a vault. Instead of lowering people they try to raise them up. In place of making others ridiculous they strive to give true dignity to womanhood, to elevate, to broaden, to—"

"Oh, hang your Woman's Club!" cried Mr. Austin, as he bolted angrily out of the house.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

#### NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

##### THE GRASSHOPPER.

This insect resembles the flea in being able to jump, but it is larger and in no way blood-thirsty. It flourishes best outside of civilization, in the farming districts, attaining its greatest development in Kansas, where it is said they have been to a considerable extent domesticated, and put to use by the Kansas boomer, who teaches it to jump claims, chew tobacco and rock the baby. The truth of the above, however, is not vouched for; it is easier to believe it than to obtain proof.

The grasshopper is pastoral in its taste, and crops the green herbage the same as a cow, but not in such quantities. It is only when they assemble in great numbers, and start out to have a family picnic, that they become dangerous to society and are to be most feared. Then they devour everything green that gets in their way. The grasshopper is investigative, and it is not un-

usual when strolling o'er the landscape in the gloaming to have one start up your pantaloor leg, and another at your coat sleeve, and roam about your person until they meet at your waistband and compare notes. Nothing but the utmost courtesy will induce a grasshopper to retire on such an occasion unless you take off your pantaloons and shake them, which is not always convenient.

This insect has nothing that specially recommends it, and its cultivation is not advised, and the establishment of a grasshopper hatchery by the Department of Agriculture might assist in reducing the surplus, but would be of no particular benefit to agriculture. As a grasshopper, the grasshopper is a success. Let him alone.

E. R. COLLINS.

#### GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

##### DRAMATIC NOTE.

Mrs. A.—So your daughter is studying for the stage?

Mrs. B.—Yes, and she is progressing very rapidly.

Mrs. A.—How far has she got?

Mrs. B.—She has already had her photograph taken as Lady Macbeth.

##### UNGRATIFIED YEARNING.

Friend—You have five daughters. Have you never wished for a son?

Mother—Often, even if he were only a son-in-law.

##### THE AWKWARD RECRUIT.

A corporal ordered a green recruit to bring him a plate of soup. The latter brought the soup, but so awkwardly that his thumb touched the liquid.

"Swine," roared the corporal, "if you want to wash yourself there is the horse-trough, but you needn't wallow around in my soup."

##### A CLERICAL ERROR.

A clerk announced to his principal that he, the clerk, was a happy father. The boss, was busy writing, and paying no attention to what the clerk was saying, remarked:

"To-day, then, we have the 21st."

"Twenty-first!" howled the clerk, "why, it is only the fifth, and one of them died with the measles."

##### A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

C.—What is the reason mothers who go to the watering places are always accompanied by their daughters?

D.—That's an old custom. It goes back to the time when Rebecca captured her husband, Jacob, at the well. Ever since women have been going to watering places to catch husbands.

##### A GOOD IDEA.

New Bride—When we get to the hotel we must act as if we had been married a long time.

New Husband—All right! I know how we can fool the hotel clerk, and make him believe that we are an old married couple.

New Bride—How, dearest?

New Husband—You carry the gripsack and umbrella.



#### HE IS MURDERING THE SOLO.

No wonder the other occupants of the flat have called in a policeman. Young Poppinjay is singing a solo, and the neighbors think murder is being committed.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
PART XIV.



THE THIRD or Capetian dynasty of France began with Hugh Capet, Count of Paris, who usurped the throne in the year 987. He represented the new nationality of France, as opposed to the old Teutonic element. The barons were so powerful that they could easily give the crown to one of their own num-

ber if they were in agreement, and thus it was that they crowned Hugh Capet, who possessed the most extensive, important and central fief of the kingdom, Paris. But as king he was simply the head of a confederate aristocracy—the premier baron of France.

Some authors derive the name Capet from the capatus, or cape, which Hugh wore with of the royal crown. Others suppose it to refer to the large size of his head, and this latter is not unlikely, for of all the men in the world kings are most liable to get the big head.

Hugh Capet did not hold undisputed possession of his throne. Charles of Lorraine, the excluded heir of the Carolingians, strove to wrest it from him, but failed and died in prison. In the southern part of his dominions the powerful Count of Perigord refused to recognize Hugh's kingly title, and set up an independent sovereignty of his own. Hugh sent a message to him—"Who made thee Count?"

The haughty noble sent back the query—"Who made thee King?"

Kings don't like to have their subjects talk back in this manner, but they have to stand it sometimes.

Hugh was a provident and sagacious man, though rough-Hugh'n in some respects. To avoid a disputed succession he associated his son Robert with him in the government—trained him in the king business, as it were—and actually had him crowned so that there would be no mistake about it. He gradually shoved the conduct of affairs onto Robert's shoulders. When people came to see the king on some affair of state Hugh would say, "Go and talk to Bob about it; I don't want to be bothered." Office seekers were invariably told to "see Bob," and from that perhaps came the expression, "Bobbing around after office." The king died at Paris in 996, and Robert was left to sway the sceptre alone. He was surnamed the Pious on account of his regular attendance at church. He led the choir of the abbey of St. Denis, and we hear of none of those jealous squabbles that have disgraced some modern choirs, sometimes compelling them to make a change of bass, if not of soprano. But Robert's life was not an untroubled one. He incurred the displeasure of the Pope by marrying his cousin Bertha, and was threatened with excommunication from the church unless he put her away. He resisted for several years, because he loved her dearly, but he yielded finally and Bertha was compelled to take up her bed and board somewhere else. Robert married again, but the new queen being of an imperious, domineering temper, she made his domestic life wretched, though he bore it meekly enough.

It was during the reign of Robert the Pious that Europe was excited over the predicted winding up of all terrestrial things, which was to occur in the year one thousand, or thereabouts. That seems to have been the beginning of the "world coming to an end" epidemic, which has broken out at intervals ever since. We call the people who get excited over this question

Millerites now, because a man named Miller preached that the world would come to an end in 1843. It is almost needless to say that it didn't. It was preserved until the present year in order that Nellie Bly might travel round it.

But the excitement in 1843 was nothing to what it was in the year 1000. Business and pleasure were suspended, and the usual affairs of life were neglected or but slightly performed. Spendthrifts took no delight in scattering money, and misers forgot to hoard their gold. The churches were too small to contain the crowds of terrified suppliants for mercy. The faithful prepared their ascension robes, just as they have done numerous times since, and awaited the sound of the trump that was to call them upward. But the year one thousand came and passed, as nearly a thousand more have done, and yet the earth continued to revolve on its axis with the customary regularity, although it was observed that a good many people died that year who had never died before.

Robert died in 1031, and his son, Henry I., succeeded him, though not without a fight. The claims of a younger brother were favored by his mother, and Henry only prevailed through the aid of the Duke of Normandy—"Robert le Diable," he was called, father of William the Conqueror. For this assistance he paid dearly, however, being compelled to yield territory to the Duke until the Norman frontier was within twenty miles of Paris. The reign of Henry I. was noted for a fearful famine which visited France, occasioned by an almost total failure of the crops for three successive years.



The Millerites of the Year 1000 arrayed in their Ascension Robes.

GROWTH OF INSANITY.

Prominent physicians assure us that insanity is steadily increasing in this country. This opinion is confirmed to some extent by the number of insane people who commit murder. Nine murderers out of a possible ten insist that they are mentally unbalanced.

There are a great many lunatics in New York city, but since a perfectly sane female reporter got herself sent to Ward's Island in order to write up the institution, the examinations have become so strict that very few residents know enough to go crazy.

If men's minds were as unsettled as their bills, how few of us would there be at liberty.

Crazy persons are called lunatics, because formerly it was supposed that the moon was responsible for their demented condition. In this connection it is curious to note that while a crazy man is a maniac a crazy girl is never called a girliac.

THE POLITE DUELIST.

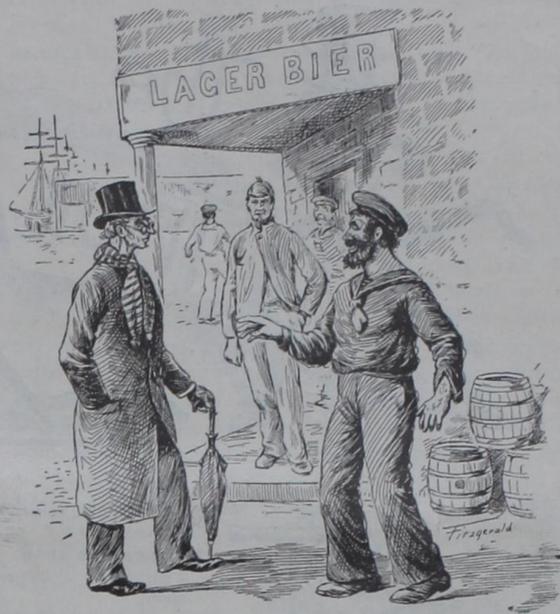
A.—Sir, you have insulted me. You must give me satisfaction. To-morrow morning at eight o'clock meet me at the graveyard with pistols.

B.—All right. If I ain't there at eight don't wait for me. Just go ahead with the duel.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

Mamma—Why, Bobby, your nose is all blue and your teeth are chattering! What's the matter?

Bobby—I've b-been having s-s-some big fun with the b-boys, coasting!



SICK OF IT.

MR. GOOD (sadly)—My poor friend, how is it that you sailor men will get on such sprees when you come ashore?

JACK TAR—Well, Cap'n, I s'pose it's because we've been kept so long on water!

FEMALE CURIOSITY.

Wife—I think I shall advertise for my missing purse.  
Husband—As it was probably stolen, you will not get it back unless you say that no questions will be asked.

Wife—What! Not ask any questions? Why, what do you take me for? Do you think I'm a dummy?

STOCK ITEM.

Jollyman—You ain't interested in the bucket-shop question, are you?

Broker—No; why do you ask?

Jollyman—Well, I see you are a little pail this morning.

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.

Jones (to Smith, whose head is tied up)—Have you tobogged any yet?

Smith—Yes, indeed. I tried to carry a pot plant down into the cellar last Sunday.

RAILROAD ITEM.

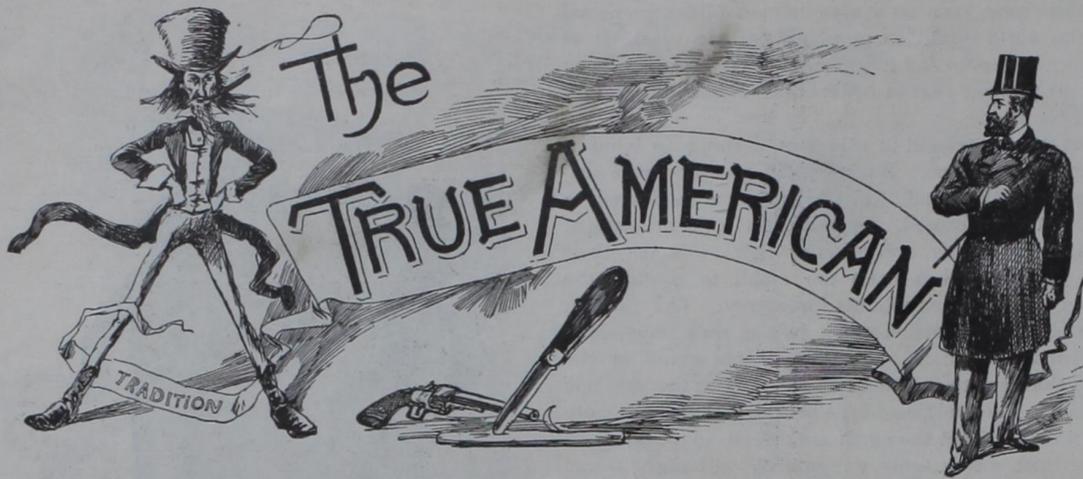
An Englishman crawled out of the debris of the wreck of two passenger trains, rubbed his eyes and drawled: "I daw say this will—ah—cawse another delay, ye know."



STRUCK THE WRONG MAN.

TRAMP (in the dim twilight)—Couldn't you help me a little, sor?

LOWENSTEIN—Certainly, my dear friendt—mit security und three per cent. a month!



And very nearly reached the  
Day of Judgment;  
Like Lancelot in quest of Holy  
Grail,  
From Western Beersheba to  
Yankee Dan  
I've been a seeker—yet I sadly  
fail  
To find the genuine type—  
American.

Where is this object of my youthful wonder,  
Who met me in the pages of "Sam Slick?"  
Who opened every sentence with, "By Thunder!"  
And whittled always, on a bit of stick?  
The more the crowd of friends around me thickens,  
The less my chance to meet him seems to be;  
Why did he really show himself to Dickens,  
To Dixon, Sala, Trollope, not to me?  
No one accosts me with the words, "Wa'l, Stranger,"  
Greets me as "Festive Cuss," or shouts "Old Hoss!"  
No grim six-shooter threatens me with danger  
If I don't "quickly pass that butter, Boss!"  
Round friendly boards no cocktail ever passes,  
No brandy smash my morning hour besets,  
And petticoats are worn by all the lasses,  
And the pianos don't wear pantalets!

#### ETIQUETTE.



the brutal instincts of some natures, and against the too subtle refinement of sentiment in others.

Because people are richly dressed it must not be supposed that they are either wealthy or refined. It is the woman who gets her sealskin sacque on the installment plan who never thinks of thanking the man who offers her his seat in the street car.

A book on etiquette imparts information that is useful to all. It is not necessarily a book on haughtyculture. Forms and ceremonies not only run this world, but regulate it. If it wasn't for them a loafer would not know on which side of the fence he belonged.

The Chinese have too much etiquette. There are 563 Chinese books on etiquette, which seems to be a great many, but the man who occupies two seats in a car should be made to read them all very carefully.

It is when there is no charge at the door that a man speaks freely.

HE great Pacific journey  
I have done,  
In many a town and tent  
I've found a lodge-  
ment,  
I think I've traveled to the  
setting sun,



The ladies when you offer chicken salad  
Don't say "I'm pretty crowded neow, I guess,"  
They don't sing Mrs. Barney Williams ballads  
Of "Bobbing Round," or add "Sir-ee" to yes—  
I, too, have sat, like every other fellow,  
In many a railway, omnibus, street car,  
No girl has spiked me with a fierce umbrella  
And said, "You get! I mean to sit right thar!"

Gone are the Yankees of my early reading!  
Faded the Yankee land of eager guests!  
I meet with culture, courtesy, good breeding,  
Art, letters, men and women of the best.  
Oh! fellow Britons! all my hopes are undone,  
Take counsel of a disappointed man!

Don't come out here, but stay at  
home in London,  
And seek, in books, the True  
American!

JEEMS PIPES, of Pipesville.

[Now if all Englishmen would  
speak as nicely of this "blarsted  
country," as they usually call it, a  
better feeling between us would  
exist.]



#### COMPLIMENTARY.

In America compliment is at a discount. "All men are created equal" here, and there is nobody created inferior enough to compliment anybody. No, sir; we are a free and independent American citizen; shall we admit, by word or act, that there is another human being on this globe deserving of our flattering attention? Here, in this great and glorious republic, where one man is as good as another, and better, too? Such humiliating sycophancy is fit for the plebeian subjects of the "effete monarchies of the Old World." But we won't have it!

This sort of republican independence is admirable but not altogether lovely. Besides, it is a misunderstanding of Thomas Jefferson. Admit that "all men are created equal;" it doesn't follow that they remain equal at all times and in all circumstances. If you enter a store to buy goods, and the clerk asserts his equality to you by imitating, perhaps exaggerating your patronizing tone and manner, as if he would confer a boon on you by consenting to sell you the articles you came to purchase, what would you do? You would simply decline to purchase and leave the store. Your trade would be lost forever.

Yes, a complimentary person makes by it. Not broad, gross flattery; but neat, well-put compliment. A railroad conductor, for example, who does not look when you ask him a meek and lowly question about time or distance, as if he had a mind to signal down brakes and drag you out and fling you off the train, but who appears actually pleased to be questioned, and replies with amiability, is the man for your money. And he gets it unless you have already bought a ticket.

Similar as to hotel clerks. When, in the course of a human life, you find one of these who has educated himself to the patience of tolerating mankind and accepting them as his fellow-beings, you are so grateful to him that you go to a room in the attic with the joy with which a blessed martyr goes to the stake, and count it as one of the blessed privileges of your traveling earthly career to pay him four dollars a day for it. To be complimented by the conduct of a hotel clerk is something worth living for.

#### THE DEVELOPMENT OF A SCANDAL.

It is amusing to read how gradually an important social scandal is developed in the newspapers. The editor does not dare risk stating positively that the report is based on fact, but he gets there ultimately by slow approaches, somewhat in the following style:

"There is no truth whatever in the absurd rumor," etc.

"It is evidently a case of mistaken identity," etc.

"The reports on the street are rather too gauzy for serious contemplation," etc.

"Unconfirmed statements are whispered around," etc.

"Some journals pretend to have positive information," etc.

"The rumors receive some credence from the fact," etc.

"In well informed circles it is firmly believed," etc.

"A reliable gentleman connected with the family hints that," etc.

"From a thoroughly responsible source we learn," etc.

"The ugly rumors floating around have been confirmed to some extent," etc.

"Great Social Earthquake—The Skeleton in the Blank Family"—etc.

#### A STRONG RECOMMENDATION.

Mr. Hayseed (buying a cigar)—I hope this ain't one o' those weeds that burn out in no time at all. I want a good long smoke.

Tobacconist (impressively)—Mine friendt, dot cigar vill last till you vas sick of it!

#### A REDUCED GENTLEMAN.

Jones (to well-dressed man)—Ain't you the tramp who comes to my office in rags and begs for a penny?

Well-dressed Man—Yes, Colonel, I am the man. I like to shed my uniform once in a while and assume the garb of the gentleman I am.

#### A NEW COOK-BOOK WANTED.

Wife—I've got a new cook-book.

Husband—Confound your cook-books. They are all alike. They tell you to take so much of this and so much of that, but they don't tell how to get the money to buy the ingredients.

#### INGRATITUDE.



PERHAPS next to blowing cigarette smoke into a gentleman's face there is no crime more detestable than ingratitude to friends we do not expect to use again. And yet what a rare thing is lasting gratitude, unless it be of the type described by Talleyrand as a lively expectation of future benefits. "He who expects gratitude from man," says another cynic, "may

as well look for tears in the eye of a corpse."

"Ingratitude is such a deadly poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored," says an ancient axiom, the truth of which may well be doubted, since ungrateful people as a general thing flourish like a green bay tree planted by the river of waters.

Gratitude is an emotion. When it becomes a matter of reasoning there are numerous ways of escaping from its bonds; and it can then no longer be called gratitude.

#### HE HAD BEEN THERE.

Editor's Friend—I see you have a new reporter. Has he had experience?

Editor—He must have had a great deal. He insisted on getting his week's salary in advance.

The little boys in Arkansas are twice as bad in summer as they are in winter. Their mothers do not wear slippers in summer.



A MISFIT JOKE.

BOSS—What's the matter, Samuels?

SAMUELS—The man's got a fit.

COUNTRYMAN (who has tried on a suit)—Fit! No, be gosh! it's the worst *misfit* I ever had!

THE AGED.



IN REGARD to longevity it may well be said that most persons who do not die previously live on to old age. There is only one way to avoid growing old, and that is to die early, if not often. The surest plan to attain old age is not to die at all.

It is a great thing to live to be a hundred and thirty years old, but it has its discrepancies. No matter how happy the centenarian may be it must be a matter of more or less regret with him that his grandfather, and, occasionally, his father, is not around to witness his triumph.

The very old man is always an object of veneration, and if he is very wealthy the veneration sometimes amounts to positive adoration on the part of the heirs.

When a man becomes aged he is not as spry as he was. His teeth tumble out; he wrinkleth up with care, and his beauty fadeth away. Instead of walking forth with a light heart and majestic bearing he ploddeth along clothed in sorrow and a pair of overalls, which are not paid for, as poverty and old age are frequently found in each other's company.

There are other disadvantages connected with growing old. A man in a Western State is to be hanged for a murder committed thirty years ago when he was upwards of forty years of age. If the unfortunate man had died of cholera infantum he might have escaped the gallows.

There is an astonishing number of old men in this country. They all say they have voted for every president since Washington, and can readily thread a needle without the use of crutches. As a class the boy preachers attain the highest age. Very likely Methuselah was one.

All old negroes have been body-servants of George Washington, so they say. They usually are three or four hundred years old, so they say. The reason there are so many old negroes in the United States is because they don't know when they were born.

Most old negroes are reported as being very energetic, and readily do such things as digging wells with their own hands, (why not use a shovel?) or they can sit cheerfully on a fence while somebody else chops a cord of wood with the naked eye.

Far be it from us to say anything that would cause a shadow to fall on the declined years of a fellow mortal, but if there is any truth in the proverb that the

good die young, these old people must be a hard lot of sinners.

SILAS VASTINE'S TRAVELS.

BY VERNER Z. REED.

From Seattle, Washington, Silas Vastine, the young ruralist from the Skunk river country of Iowa, wrote the following letter to Miss Lucinda Pypes, his sweetheart at home:

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON.

DEAREST LUCINDY:—i wisht i had the magic hat that some old litterary feller wunst rote abowt, so i could fly to iowa in abowt a minnit. i am vary loansum to see a farm an to see some of the unwashed human vegetables that hav took root in Talleyrand; out here i don't see

nuthin but lumber camps and saw mills and docks and proposed capital sites, and huslers. i never see so menny huslers as they is in the West. the hole country is full uv em, and thay are running boats on Mr. Puget's muddy Sound, and bilding towns and tryin to git offis and jist raisin the devvil jenerally.

This town of Seattle betes my thyme. sense i hav been roamin in strainge lands alone i hav saw towns bilt in hollers and on mountain sides and in all manner of o'd plases but this here town is mostly bilt on spiles drove into the Sound. the darn fool peepil will then lay planks on these spiles and bild houzes on the planks and breathe the air that is fraygrent with the oder of bilge water and think they are showin enterprize while in good old mossback ioway they could buy a first class forty of land for what one of these bildin sites, whitch thay call riparian rights, cost. butt then sum peepil knoe darned littel even if thay did have sand enuff to emmygrate clean out to this edge of the grate american nashun.

Of course i haint a sayin that ioway is paradise and i haint a sayin that there haint sum mighty bilious drawbacks to it butt then its a purty good old stait and it is a goin to be the home and place of abode of S. vastine esquire and traveler forevermore amen. ioway haz to put up with Ret Clarkson and Jim Weaver and Larrabee and a regler idiotic ralerode commishun, and with the biggest Jay legislature that ever had a long enuff lucid interval to git together, and with temprance laws that would make a cigar sign sick, and with a climate that sumtimes would freeze the blood of a brass monkey and agin wood melt solid rock, but it is the jeerusalem and the Mecca of the honest farmer who votes az he shot and haint got a darned bit of idy what either is abowt.

Ioway haz turned out sum smart men and sum purty wimmen and sum regler old jumbos of punkins and sweet taters. ioway haint neer so tuff as this town or as enny part of the west. there are injins in ioway jist ike there is here butt i axshelly blieve the injins out here on the slope air the dirtiest cusseddest onneriest beins that wear the shaip of men. i used to look at the picter of the purty squaw on the packages of smokin tobaccer and think i would hie me to the mountains and mate me with a chyld of nature, but the child of nature kin bee banged fur all of me, ide rether marry an ioway girl. Clarence Hamlin youst to come back to ioway and blow abowt the west and sell a interest in a silver mine to some jay or other butt i cant say that i see as menny purty things here as mister Hamlin did. i am the only man on record that ever got out of seattle without byin a lot and sendin you my luv i will cloze.

Yours til deth.

S. VASTINE.

It is the aim of every professional thief to keep himself "unspotted" from the world.



CHIN MUSIC, OF COURSE.

MISS KEENWIT (to her dude escort)—I've an idea, Charlie.

CHARLIE—Gwacious! I wouldn't know what to do with an idea. What is it?

MISS KEENWIT—Put your chin in the music-box and see what kind of music it will turn out.

## BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



HE PRESIDENT HAS A MILD ATTACK OF THE GRIP—HE THROWS THINGS AROUND, AND SWEARS AT LIGE AND BABY MCKEE—SNORT CHEERS UP THE PRESIDENT WITH HUMOROUS STORIES ABOUT HIS EXPERIENCE WITH THE DENGUE FEVER—WHY SNORT'S LANDLADY WANTED HIM TO MOVE DOWNSTAIRS—SENATOR QUAY AND "WANNY" CALL ON THE PRESIDENT—SNORT RECEIVES THEM IN THE BLUE ROOM—HIS WEEKLY LETTER TO JOHNNY.

WASHINGTON, January 24.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—This administration has been suffering from a severe attack of the grip. I did not have it, but "Lige" and the President were laid up with it. It was very lucky I didn't get it, for if I had been sick there would have been nobody to give the President his medicine, as he would allow nobody to come near him.

For several days before he got the grip I noticed that Mr. Harrison was cross and irritable. He snarled at almost everybody. He even threw an inkstand at "Lige," using language that I cannot be expected to repeat. He went so far as to yell at Baby McKee and call him a "spoiled brat." I did my best to cheer him up by telling how people were buried alive during the cholera epidemic of 1849 in Texas, and other cheerful reminiscences.

"This grip seems to be a new disease," remarked the President, after I had succeeded in calming him down.

"No, Mr. President, it is nothing but the old-fashioned Texas dengue fever with a few modern improvements."

"Did you ever have the dengue fever, Col. Snort?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. President. I had it thirty years ago in a small Texas town. I had it so bad that my life was despaired of. The doctors could not break up the fever, so I wasted away until I was nothing but skin and bone.

"Did you recover?" asked Harrison, with a faint smile.

"Yes, so I have been told. The neighbors would come in, look at me, ask how long I had been dead, and if I had any last words, etc., but I was too weak to discuss the subject. However, I did feel a little put out with my landlord and his wife.

"Didn't they treat you right?"

"They were well meaning people, but a little eccentric. One afternoon I woke up and was very much disgusted at seeing the landlord in front of a looking glass, trying on my pants. He said he didn't suppose I would object, as I would never wear them again. I didn't care much, as I was so far gone, but I was a little annoyed at his wife.

"What did she do?"

"I was sick in a room in the second story of the hotel. The day after the doctors had given me up, the landlady came in to console me. She said: 'Col. Snort, would you mind being moved downstairs? I have such a nice room for you there.' I replied that I didn't think it worth while to move under the sad circumstances."

"Why did she want to move you downstairs?" asked Harrison.

"That's what I asked her. She said hesitatingly: 'You know, Col. Snort, that the stairway is very narrow and crooked, and I have just had new paper put on the walls, and I thought it would be just as well if you were moved downstairs now, because—'

"'Because what, madam?' I asked. 'Because, Col. Snort, taking the coffin down those stairs will be sure to knock holes in the new wall paper,' she replied, with tears in her eyes.

"Well, she was a considerate woman," said Harrison, bursting out in a laugh.

"That woman's meanness, Mr. President, made me so mad that I determined not to die, and I recovered by sheer will power. Two days later I made that landlord peel off my pants, which he had on, and a few days later I had so far recovered from the grip that I was able to change my boarding-house. Now, the point is this, Mr. President, if you exercise your will power, you too will be able to shake off this grip and resume your labors at civil service reform, breaking up the Solid South, and performing your other duties."

After this little incident, the President recuperated rapidly, but while he was under the influence of the grip I had a good deal of fun with the callers. One day Quay and Wanamaker called to ask how the President was coming on. I received them in the Blue Room.

"Col. Snort, is there any improvement in Mr. Harrison's condition?" asked Quay.

"I'm afraid not, Senator."

"Is he attending to official business? I have a few friends who should be provided for."

"He is not attending to business, but his mind runs on official topics, for this morning I heard him say that it was an outrage to bounce a good man out of office merely because he was a Democrat."

"If the President said that he must be delirious," exclaimed Wanamaker.

"His mind is undoubtedly affected," said Quay.

"The President says, also, that he means to enforce the civil service reform rules, and that he is opposed to nepotism."

"This is really serious. I hope you will keep ice on his head, Col. Snort," said Wanny.

"I don't think the President is precisely delirious, but as is frequently the case with victims of the grip, his mind runs on the past. He is merely repeating some of the pledges he made before the election."

"I expect, Senator," said Wanamaker to Quay, "we had better postpone our talk with the President until he has a lucid interval."

"Yes, I guess so," replied Quay, "and be sure, Snort, and keep ice on his head, for it will never do for such hallucinations to become chronic."

After they were gone I told Harrison what I told Quay and Wanny and what they said, and he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks. He said it was funnier than my story about the Texas landlady getting the coffin down the narrow stairs. Good-bye, Johnny,

Your friend,

BILL SNORT.

## DIDN'T SEE HIM.

Mrs. Stayathome (to Mrs. Knowitall, just returned from Europe)—Did you see Irving in Faust?

Mrs. Knowitall—We were only one day in Faust, and I don't think Mr. Irving was there at the time. At least we didn't see him.



La Grippe in the White House.

## HARD LINES.

A.—I see that a contractor who is furnishing the New York charitable institutions with milk has been arrested for delivering an inferior article.

B.—Humph! I guess he begins to realize that the why of the transgressor is hard.

THERE are some women so talkative that nothing but the toothache will make them hold their jaws.



## NOT RESPONSIVE.

MR. SNOBBERLY (very much in love)—Don't you think, Miss Fanny, the hours pass quickly when we are together?

MISS FANNY (not in love at all)—The best way to settle that question is to look at your watch.

## THE CHINESE.

What queer creatures these Chinese are! They look and act as if they might be the inhabitants of some other planet, so totally different are they from all the other mundane races.

Nevertheless, they have logical minds. Guy Min, a Chinaman, in a speech at San Francisco, expressed some surprise at what he considered the inconsistency of "sending millions of dollars to China to prepare her people for the kingdom of heaven, and refusing them a home in the United States."

Yes, it does look a little queer, doesn't it? There is a great deal of difference between the Chinese stories and those that appear in our novels and magazines. There is very little love in the average Chinese novel. The hero is a fellow who made his money in America by washing clothes, while the heroine is a girl who wants revenge because the villain killed her cat.

Much has been written about the barbarity of the Chinese in bandaging the feet of the female babies. It seems now that there is reason in this apparently senseless cruelty. It is done to keep them from spending half their time on shopping tours when they grow older. And yet the Chinese are called uncivilized.

The Chinese have queer ways of punishing frauds. For robbing a peddler the culprit is put in a mortar and fired against a stone wall. Whether this cured him of his propensities we have not yet learned; we should not wonder, however, if it had.

## THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Often the mind of man passes, with the bodily quietude of sleep, into a new world; and, if he has partaken liberally of mince-pie, he passes into a weird and wondrous world, peopled with strange people, doing the most unaccountable things in the strangest manner.

If the dreamer has, in addition to the mince-pie, copiously furnished his digestive parlors with a copious supply of lobster salad, he may approach awful catastrophies that are never reached, or be forever seeking joys that fade and vanish ere they are overtaken. He is also liable to snore.

A sound sleeper, by which term we do not refer to one who snores, rarely dreams at all; but those whose sleep is superficial experience accidental coincidences with the passing events of waking life that create in their minds the delusion that dreams have a portentous significance.

Occasionally passing events do seem to cast their shadows before. A Texas man dreamed of falling into a well, and two weeks later he was married.

## WHY SHE LAUGHED.

She—You must be very witty.

He—What makes you think so?

Because when you were talking with that lady over there a while ago she laughed incessantly.

It was not what I said that made her laugh.

Why, then, did she laugh?

To show her teeth. She has very fine teeth.



When clouds are black, and rain has long been chilling,  
The sudden sun will oftentimes struggle through,  
Anon with splendor all the prospect filling,  
From jeweled trees to skies of deepest blue.

When lives are dark, and hope has ceased beguiling,  
Some unexpected gleam may glad the sight,  
And after years, in fortune's perfect smiling,  
Be filled with naught save honor, love and light.

GEORGE HORTON.

WHAT HE NEEDED.

Parent—My son, let me give you some advice about the evils of intemperance.

Son—Pshaw! There's advice enough laying around loose to run three or four such worlds as this. What I need from you in regard to whisky is not so much advice as a good example.



A PERTINENT INQUIRY.

Has not Chicago already got her hands full without the World's Fair?

THE OYSTER.

There are several varieties of oysters, but the one which receives most mention in the papers is called by the local reporter, who writes up the police reports, "the frolicsome oyster," and is not a salt water product, but an inhabitant of the larger cities, where he grows in exuberance. In fact, he is always fresh, is in season all the year round, and, although not a fish, he drinks like one. When taken by a policeman he generally furnishes his own sauce. He can be found lounging around the church door when the ladies are making their exit; at the back door of the theatre, and in the front window of the club-room. His steady occupation consists in sucking the knob of a small cane, when he is not sucking a cigarette. Just as the masher gradually develops into the dude, so does the frolicsome oyster in due process of evolution develop into the masher. In fact, he is a tadpole masher, so to speak. A religious paper says that the oyster should be opened with prayer. This, evidently, does not refer to the frolicsome oyster. He should be pried open with a crow-bar.

METEOROLOGICAL.

There has been something wrong with the weather this winter. The clerk of the weather, metaphorically speaking, has been standing on his head. Out West, summer cyclones have already made their appearance, while down in South Carolina they have already had a small earthquake.

Very likely earthquakes will become a regular thing in that portion of the country. Earthquakes have some very peculiar results. Occasionally, if the earthquake is a large one, it shakes down a big crop of unripe scientists.

No adequate idea can be obtained of the horrors of a first-class earthquake. Long after the big Charleston earthquake had subsided Robert Buchanan wrote a poem about it.

The cyclone is a much more serious affair than an earthquake. Paul Hayne once described a cyclone

which he viewed from the window of his cottage as "the untranslated blasphemies of hell." A well organized cyclone will not only blow the mortgage off a man's house, but takes the house along with it. When Smith's farm was struck by a cyclone out West, he was asked if it destroyed all his stock. "Oh, yes," he replied, "it was equine, ox, and all."

The man who gets off a pun like that deserves all that he gets, and more.

BE HAPPY TO-DAY.

Putting off trying to be happy is robbing life of its best chances. Now is ours, to-morrow may never come for us. And should it come we know not what it may bring of sorrow, trouble and despair. But the happy moments once enjoyed are ours; forever. We can live them again and again in memory. Every thrill of love, joy and bliss makes its mark upon the inner self, and the more of these impressions we can secure the brighter and better will be all the coming days.

Friends may prove false and undeserving, but they cannot take from us the joy of having once loved and trusted them. Returned affection is a priceless blessing, but the love we give from a full, warm heart, is far more to us than any received can be. It sweetens and mellows our personality, and sows seeds of joy, hope and happiness, and from them spring the flowers of peace, serenity and sweetness ineffable.

A FRIENDLY HINT.

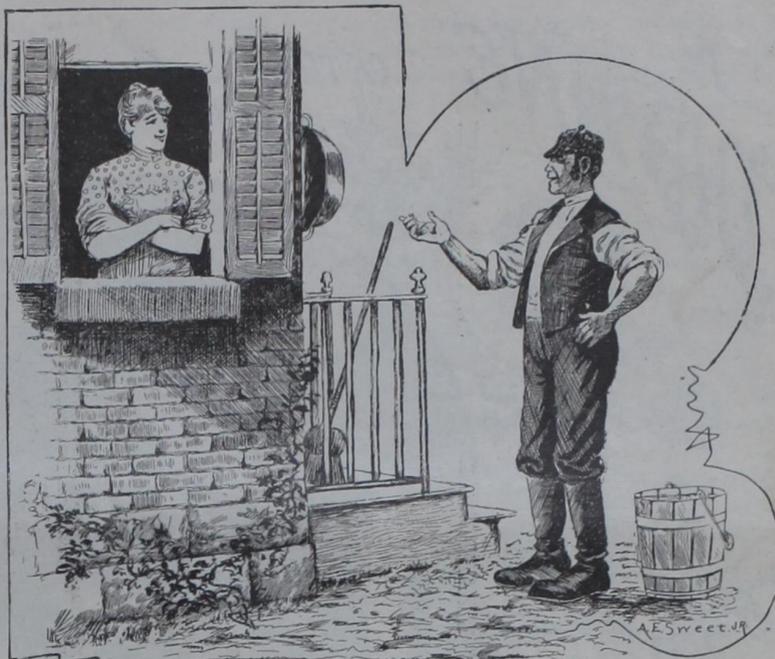
Temperance Apostle—Do you know that whisky will eat a hole through sheet iron?

Inebriate—Why don't you try beer?

A BIG DISCOUNT.

E.—I was out fishing yesterday. What do you think I caught?

F.—Not more than half what you say.



THE UNFORTUNATE COOK.

COACHMAN—You cooks must have a nice time of it; you always have plenty to eat.

COOK—You are very much mistaken. If we cook good it is all eaten up stairs and there is nothing left over for the cooks. If we don't cook good we are bounced.

A FINANCIAL DISCUSSION.

Chronic Borrower—Can you lend me twenty dollars for a few days?

Weary Friend—Why don't you pawn your watch?

"Because it is a keepsake from my dear mother, and I don't like to part with it."

"My money is a keepsake from my dear father, and I don't like to part with it, either."

RUIN PILED ON RUIN.

Irate Stable-keeper (as the broken-down cutter comes in)—You should have bought that rig instead of hiring it, young man. The sleigh is ruined and the horse not much better!

Algy (in despair)—Isn't that enough, without ruining me, too?



WHERE BUSTLES COME HIGH.

The above picture explains what Rev. Jones, a newly arrived missionary, meant, when in his letter to his wife in Boston, he wrote that there was one article of female apparel that came higher in the South Sea Islands than in the United States.



CONCLUDED.

From Harper's Weekly.

## III.

It was fully ten o'clock when Miss Edith Fentriss came down to breakfast the following morning, but the care she had lavished upon her toilet was in marked contrast to her indifference of the night before. She had arrayed herself in a tight-fitting gown of blue velvet, trimmed with silver braid, and showing at the waist a delicious little vest of like material. Her abundant brown hair was gathered in a simple Grecian knot, and she had impaled her tresses with a great silver arrow, which gave her diminutive figure a general suggestion of Diana the huntress, that was very bewitching. As she swept into the dining-room, the little metal heels of her walking-boots clinking upon the hard wood floor, there was that in her flashing brown eyes which showed she had come "conquering and to conquer." Her disappointment was proportional when she found her sire the only occupant of the room.

Old man Fentriss was seated at the window in his shirt sleeves, honing his razor preparatory to shaving, with a general air of peevishness and discontent. As this azure apparition dawned upon him he looked up with a malicious smile.

"I reckon ye're too late, Ede, with them fixin's and furbelows," he commented. "The sheriff hev lit out. It's a plumb shame too," he added, admiringly, "fur the arrers I bought ye air mightily becomin'." Miss Edith opened her eyes wide at this information, but said nothing. "He seemed sorter disappointed thet ye didn't take no trouble to see him last night, and got up and vamoosed afore I was stirrin'. It must hev been an hour afore sun. He tuk the 'coon with him fur kempeny, I reckon, and went in the direction of the Shad-der Woods. Ez he didn't say nothin' about comin' back, I allow thet ye hev lost him. It's too bad, sis, I declare, when ye've taken sich pains to fetch him."

He indicated her elaborate toilet with a wave of his razor that was appreciative and general. Miss Fentriss, who had seated herself at the table and was sipping her coffee, paused, and set her cup down with a sharp clang. "He took the 'coon?" she said, angrily. "What did you let him do that for?"

"I tell ye I didn't hev nothin' to do with it," the old man responded, apologetically. "When I kem down last night he asked me ef ye was comin' down. I told him, 'Not this evenin'.' He seemed sorter sad and flamborgasted, and asked me ef I hed any objections to the 'coon's sleepin' in his room. I thought it looked sing'lar, but didn't make none. He's powerful friendly with thet thar Tommy." The old man's reflections were lost upon Edith. She was looking past him, out the open door, in the direction of the Shadow Woods, with abstracted and dreamy eyes. "Ye don't reckon

he means to collar thet 'coon?" said the old man, anxiously.

Miss Edith rose from her seat wearily, and went and leaned against the vine-clad pillar of the porch. The bees were busy with the wild honeysuckles, and made a pleasant droning sound.

"I don't know, I'm sure, father," she said, the same absent look in her eyes. "Is Git Thar saddled?"

"No, sis; but Abner kin do it." He looked at her steadily for a moment. "You don't reckon to go ridin in thet thar outlandish rig?" he remonstrated.

"Why not?" said his daughter, smiling. "It's becomin', ain't it?"

"Becomin' enough," said the elder Fentriss; "but since you hain't got nothin' but prairie-dogs for an audience, I don't see what thet's got to do with it."

He ceased honing the razor, and pointed toward the valley with a wide wave of the hand. The shrill barking of innumerable marmots filled the air with their clamor.

Miss Fentriss coolly took down a small riding cap and whip from a peg on the porch. She adjusted the cap slowly. "Well, what I need is the exercise," she replied. "And I enjoy it all the more when I know I am not frightening the crows and buzzards." She went deliberately up to him, and putting both arms around him from behind, embraced him and fondled him in this roguish fashion.

The old man, thus captured and interrupted in the perilous operation of sharpening his razor, struggled and wayed it impotently in the air, striving to turn his head to look at her.

"Don't," he said. "Be careful, Ede; you'll make your pore old father cut himself."

"I can't help it," said the laughing Edith. "I want to ask you something. Ain't you sorry you treated Ike so badly, you precious old darling?"

Mr. Fentriss, being thus suddenly recalled to a subject forbidden between them, frowned, and dropped his razor upon the floor in his embarrassment. He faced about and regarded his daughter severely.

"No, I ain't," he said, stoutly. "I ain't noways sorry, and what's more, I never will be. Ike Mosely isn't no match for my daughter. I don't want any paupers for sons-in-law; thet's solid!"

The mirth faded out of Edith's face at once. She ceased her endearments.

"Then I sha'n't love you," she retorted, dropping the old man as if he had been a hot potato, and catching up her skirts preparatory to a sudden departure. "If you don't come round on that, pop, you and I'll have to meet as strangers." And with a wave of her riding-whip, apparently playful but significant, she dashed off the porch in the direction of the stables.

Old man Fentriss stooped in some discomfiture to recover his fallen razor. He busied himself peevishly in repairing its lost edge.

But he always remembered Edith laughing at him roguishly in the doorway, and waving her whip at him, with the sunlight flashing in her hair.

## IV.

Ten minutes later his bewitching but disobedient daughter was galloping in the direction of the "Shadow Woods," her blue velvet gown puffing about her with the rapid motion of her pony, and affording the admiring prairie-dogs a peep of her pretty ankles. A large

yellow butterfly, intoxicated with the warm air and sunlight, accompanied her a short distance upon her surreptitious journey. As she drew near the woods she slackened her pace, and rode on slowly with abstracted and listless eyes. Her red lips were parted with the ecstasy of some recollection, and she threw the bridle loosely upon the neck of her horse, her fancy captive and her thoughts adream. Still busy with these thoughts, she entered the twilight aisles of the spicy wood, and was soon lost in its shadows, but her progress was marked by the echoing foot-falls of her horse.

She had almost reached her rendezvous of the day before when a consciousness of some neighboring human presence recalled her to herself. A small fire burned at the foot of the hollow tree, over which some slices of bacon were broiling, with a few potatoes roasting in the coals. A coffee-pot set in the embers was hissing merrily, and filling the wilds with its grateful odor. Evidently her retreat was being utilized for domestic purposes. With a half-indignant feeling she drew rein, when the hanging strip of bark was pushed aside, and a light athletic figure jumped quickly down, followed by the bounding 'coon. It was the sheriff.

Evidently Mr. Mosely had undergone a strange metamorphosis. He was quite changed from the blond Apollo of the evening before. The light locks and curling beard were gone, and instead a smooth, handsome face, dark hair, and steel-blue eyes met the surprised gaze of his visitor. She stared at him a breathless moment with widely opened eyes and mounting color; the next she slipped from the saddle, and with a little joyous cry was clasped in his arms. A mocking-bird that had been practicing an amatory duet with his sweetheart all the morning was apparently stricken mute by this more practical wooing of the arch-enemy man. For a few seconds the feathered lovers upon the limb above were treated to an edifying tableau, and then Miss Edith slipped from the sheriff's reluctant embrace, and began, after the fashion of womankind, to erase all evidences of late familiarity. She raised her hands to her head and readjusted the silver arrow which Mr. Mosely in his preoccupation had slightly disarranged. Meanwhile she recovered her volubility.

"To think, Ike, that it should have been you, dear!" she exclaimed, fondly. "And I half frightened to death for fear some vababond had run off with the 'coon. For shame, you naughty boy!"

She here held up one finger in so arch and fascinating a way that the sheriff was quite beside himself, and made an ineffectual attempt to embrace her again. She deftly eluded his grasp.

"No more to-day," she said mischievously. "I think one kiss quite a plenty after such behavior as yours. But give an account of yourself, sir. What have you been up to? And why haven't you answered my letters? And what is gone with father's eyes that he should describe you as the fascinating and 'light-complected' sheriff of Oskalo?"

A shade passed over Mosely's face, and the warm glance in his eyes became hard and glittering, like chilled steel.

"I reckoned you'd know it must be me, Ede," he said; "but of course I did what I could to fool the old man. There's my scalp lock and war-paint." He indicated a blond wig and false beard thrown carelessly upon a pile of gray moss at the foot of the tree. "A traveling theatrical company got stranded in Oskalo last week. I made myself solid with the manager, and absorbed some of the properties to run up and see you. Some gutta-percha tooth-covers I wore changed me considerable, and destroyed your father's appreciation of my ivories."

Mr. Mosely here smiled engagingly upon Edith, revealing a once very regular line of white teeth. Here and there in the upper jaw a tooth appeared to be missing.

Miss Fentriss was much distressed at this lamentable dental spectacle but the sheriff, with a laugh, dashed his hand to his mouth and quickly restored their original symmetry. He held the black cases aloft for Edith's inspection.

"How dreadful!" she exclaimed. "And is it possible these actors disfigure themselves in that way?"

"And detectives as well, I reckon," replied Mosely, as he restored the hideous things to his vest pocket.

"It's part of the trade. But come, sweetheart, how's the governor, and does he weaken any in his antipathy to me?"

Edith smiled a little sadly as she replied: "No—not a jot! Why, it ain't a half-hour ago that I left him,

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
For Impaired Vitality  
and weakened energy, is wonderfully successful.

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.

after stating his views in very precise language. Father's so set up since the boom in live-stock made him 'big rich!' They say 'absence makes the heart grow fonder,' but in your case, Ike, it don't seem to work. But I'm keeping at him," she added, quickly, as she noticed a hopeless look gather in the sheriff's eyes, "and if you'll only have patience, old fellow, I reckon I'll fetch him yet."

This reckless young lady accompanied the assurance with a caress so characteristic that Mr. Mosely was fain to draw nearer and renew his endearments.

"One moment, Edith," he said, with an intensity that thrilled her nerves. "Let me hear you say that again. Does my darling care more for my happiness than her father's?"

The girl looked up with a strange fascinated glance into the eyes gazing intently into her own. She saw their blue depths all alight with love's unutterable longing. But her feminine nature strove against the glad response of which her heart was full.

"That depends, old fellow," she whispered. "I think papa unreasonable, hard-hearted and all that, but I can't forget that I am Reuben Fentriss's daughter."

"Listen to me, little one," said her companion, taking her hand in both his own. "I want you to forget it. I want you to run away with me this very night. The game is made. The San Antonio coach is due here at 6:30. I can stop it at the crossing. We can be in Corpus Christi and married by the nearest *padre* by midnight. That done, as Sheriff Mosely's wife you can challenge all the angry fathers in the land."

Miss Edith Fentriss listened eagerly to this novel proposition. There was that about it that caught her romantic fancy. But although deeply in love with the man at her side, she had the feminine desire to cut a dash at her wedding, albeit her father's prejudices against her lover made this dream unlikely of fulfillment. So she evaded the issue.

"Sheriff Mosely's wife?" she said. "And is it true, that you are really sheriff? I thought that was a hoax as much as your disguise. You don't tell me that you are a sheriff!"

"Certain," said the conscious officer, blushing proudly under the eyes that were dearest to him in Greytown. "I'm rather popular with the boys, and they ran me in at the last election without finding it necessary to consult the tombstones in the burying-grounds to get a majority in the returns. I'm rather young for the place, but I've managed thus far to run one or two road-agents to ground, and justify their choice."

He laid his hands significantly on his pistols as he spoke.

"But come, Ede, we 'ain't much time to spare, and I'm not blessed with patience."

He twitched the fastenings of his pistol-belt nervously. The girl hesitated. She cast a quick glance at her saddled pony, and one at the captive 'coon, which had become entangled as usual among the dry branches of a fallen tree, and was frisking about restlessly. She drew near the sheriff, and catching him by the lapels of his coat—woman's characteristic method of taking the enemy captive—she looked earnestly up into his eyes, and decided.

"Ike," she said, "it's a reckless thing I'm going to do, and I may live to repent it, but whether I do or not, it's done from love to you, and let that end it. I reckon the time comes some day to every woman that all the world is naught to her in place of one only man, and you are *that* man, and I'm your sweetheart. I ain't

exactly dressed for a wedding trip, and blue velvet isn't just the color for a trousseau, but if you are satisfied, dear, I am. We'll stop that coach, and settle this business."

She picked up her riding-whip, which lay at her feet, and catching up the skirt of her trailing gown, made a little pirouette as she finished. With her flashing brown eyes and heightened color, she seemed a bewildering vision to the enraptured lover. He sprang forward and clasped her in his arms.

## V.

It was almost dark. The Corpus Christi and San Antonio coach was bowling along with flashing lights and dusty wheels, as if in rivalry of the fabulous rate of speed which the company's advertising cards announced to a credulous public. The "insides" were all quiet, and those who had been tempted by the genial weather to book as "outsides," had long since repented and gone below to drowse within the stuffy interior. The horses were jaded and the driver half asleep when they reached Greytown Crossing. Here that worthy was startled by a hail from the road-side that recalled him to his customary vigilance.

It was, indeed, a nondescript couple that demanded his attention. With the demonstrative gallantry of his class he took a soft hand in his, and assisted a diminutive but closely veiled figure to his lofty perch on the box seat, clad in a robe that would have done credit to a *prima donna*. "Belton Joe" was a connoisseur of the sex, but forbore all criticism of this lady out of respect for her escort, who, heavily spurred and encumbered by his pistols, took the other place on the outside.

"How's the road?" demanded the stranger, with a keen glance of his eyes that looked almost black in the shade of his broad sombrero. "Any trouble from agents?"

Joe, who had instantly recognized in his passenger the young sheriff of Oskalo, became communicative at once.

"P'r'aps by the time we get by the 'Shadow Woods' I'll be able to tell ye, Ike. It's quiet enough down below. There's a report thar that they've all gone up kentry."

"Is that so?" queried Mosely, taking a small flask from his pocket and silently extending it to his companion.

Belton Joe's left hand closed slyly upon the "silent comforter." It was entirely hidden from view in his mighty palm. He glanced covertly at the veiled figure between them both. Then he betrayed the acuteness of his early scrutiny. Without a word he laid the four leathern reins of his profession in the small gloved hands that rested crossed upon her lap.

This confidence was too much for the fair incognita. There was a flash of the dark eyes beneath the veil as a resolute little voice said, "How did *you* know I could drive?"

"Waal," said Belton Joe, pausing in the act of imbibing the liquid refreshment, and confiding a wink with the nearest eye, "*somehow, you looked like it!*"

The veiled figure, as if in appreciation of this driver's compliment, leaned forward and took up the whip. She gathered the reins in her left hand, and deftly applied the lash to the leaders. Both men exuded admiration.

"That's something like!" Joe finally said.

The sheriff rode on a few minutes in silence. Then he drew a revolver from his belt and held it toward his companion behind this intrepid rival of Phaeton.

"Can you drop a jack-rabbit at fifty yards, the way you could once?" he inquired.

Belton Joe lifted a coach lamp from its fastening and examined the arm, softly turning the cylinder.

"I reckon so," he said simply.

The sheriff nodded. "Keep the mare well up with 'Lone Star,' sis, and don't let her break so," he suggested. "You may have a chance to prove *that*," he added, in a low tone, to Joe.

They were just entering the Shadow Woods. The tall trunks of the trees rose about them on every side, and the long, ghostly Spanish-moss swayed fitfully in the rising wind. The moon lifted a sacred white face over the horizon, illuminating the shadows. Afar the hoot of a melancholy owl broke the stillness. The sheriff, who was smoking silently, glanced keenly into the dim vistas as they dashed by. Presently, as the moon lifted, he grew less watchful, and abandoned himself to a proud contemplation of their intrepid charioteer. The veil had slipped aside with the violence of her exertions, and the velvet riding cap, tossed back upon her head, revealed the abundant brown hair that rippled to her shoulder. Her small gauntleted hands were held rigidly before her in curbing the horses, and one little booted foot was perched saucily upon the brake. The sheriff, who sat with one arm thrown carelessly on the back of the seat in a half-unconscious attitude of proprietorship, could not resist a silent pressure of Belton Joe's hand in admiration of this equestrian tableau.

All at once a masked figure sprang from the road-side ahead, catching one of the leaders of the coach by the bridle. The horse reared, and recoiled upon the wheelers, bringing his mate to a momentary stand-still. Both men rose in their seats, grasping their revolvers, as a motley group, armed with rifles, stepped into the road from the cover of neighboring trees. There was a breathless instant, during which the chief of the band, mounted upon a dark horse, called, "*Hold up!*" in a tone of command. The next, Edith Fentriss, rising to her feet, laid the cracking whip smartly about the heads of the leaders and in the very face of the man who held them, starting the lumbering vehicle forward at a mad gallop. The masked figure recoiled under the lash, and let go his hold with an oath; the rudely awakened passengers shrieked with terror, and the band of robbers, left thus in the rear of the coach, seemed disconcerted by the suddenness of the stampede. A moment only. The horses were but fairly under way when the pale moonlight was rent with a succession of blinding flashes, and a volley of rifle bullets whistled after the flying coach.

The quick, reverberating reports of the fire-arms awoke the sheriff to action.

"Don't mind the nags!" he shouted hoarsely to Joe, who was striving to dispossess Edith of the reins. "*She* can handle 'em. I reckon the mare's got it anyway, and let her run while her life lasts. *One of 'em's after us mounted; look out for him!*"

The warning was none too soon. As he spoke, the hoof beats of a horse ridden furiously thundered in their rear, and a mounted figure, brandishing a "six-shooter," dashed up to the front wheel. Mosely had but an instant to glimpse him in the flash of the coach lamp, but in that instant his revolver exploded. He felt a pistol bullet sing by his cheek, as he saw the rider throw up

**Deserving of Confidence.**—There is no article which so richly deserves the entire confidence of the community as BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs, and Colds should try them. They are universally considered superior to all other articles used for similar purposes. The late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said of them: "I have never changed my mind respecting them from the first, except I think yet better of that which I began by thinking well of. I have also commended them to friends, and they have proved extremely serviceable."

his hands and reel in the saddle. The next moment the coach stopped with a sudden lurch, the reins relaxed, and Belton Joe sprang forward with an impetuous

"He's down!" cried Mosely, joyfully. "Let 'em out, sis! The others are distanced."

He turned as he spoke. The off wheel-horse lay dead upon the road, and Joe had slipped from his seat, supporting with difficulty the form of Edith, who lay helpless and fainting in his arms.

"What's up?" said Mosely in an anguished voice, bending over her. "Don't tell me you're hit, sis! Don't say he shot you!"

She stretched out one little hand to him feebly—a little hand still marked by the cruel rein in that mad race for life.

"I'm faint, Ike," she murmured. "Lift me up, dear. They hit me when we first started."

The sheriff raised her tenderly in his arms.

"You drove like that—wounded?" he said.

A smile struggled to the lips of the dying girl.

"Closer, Ike," she whispered. "I can't see your face. Kiss me, dearest. When—I—get home—"

She stopped suddenly. A tremor shook her body, and she fell back in the sheriff's arms. She had reached home.

## THE END.

## "A Roaring Farce,"

is the term we often hear applied to the modern trial-by-jury. The trial of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, by a jury of thousands of women afflicted with "female complaints," has been no farce, for it has established the fact that this remedy is a specific for all chronic weaknesses peculiar to the sex. The only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee*, from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

## Hamlet Left Out.

Jones, who is absent-mindedness itself, entered a shoe store the other day and asked the attendant to measure his son and heir for a pair of congress gaiters.

"But where is he, sir?" asks the shopman.

"Why, drat the boy," exclaims Jones, waking up and glancing around, "if I haven't gone and left him to hum!"—Judge.

## Hateful Blood Relations.

Hateful kindred are those sprung from the parent stem—malaria. They are chills and fever, bilious remittent fever, dumb ague and ague cake. These foes to bodily peace are all blood relations, as there is no doubt that these endemic complaints are produced by contamination of the blood by the *miasmata* existent in both air and water in malarious regions. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters expels from the blood the virus with which miasma infects, but it does more than this, it neutralizes the atmospheric and aqueous poison and its germs before they have permanently fructified in the system, and thus effectually protects against the fierce inroads of this diabolic brotherhood of diseases. Thus it is not only a remedy, but also a preventive, prompt in relieving, lasting in effect, perfectly efficient. Nervousness, biliousness, dyspepsia and kidney trouble also succumb to it.

## Gallantly Rewarded.

He—"What are you reading, Clara?"

She—"How to be Beautiful."

"You have no need to read such a book as that."

"Why not?"

"Because you are beautiful already."

"I think you asked me for a kiss last night?"

"I did."

"And I refused it?"

"You did."

"Well, you may take it now."—Boston Courier.

**They make one feel** as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. S. HARVEY HORNER, OF CALDWELL, KANSAS.

MEMBER OF THE KANSAS LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Horner was born near Gettysburg, Darke county, Ohio, June 8, 1856. A farmer's boy, at the age of sixteen he entered as clerk in a drug store in Versailles, Ohio. In 1873 he settled at Wichita, Kansas, clerking until '79, when he married and moved to Caldwell, Sumner county, embarking in the drug and jewelry business. His excellent habits, moral character and honest integrity have won for him many positions of trust. In 1888 he was honored by being the chosen one to so honorably represent the people of the Eighty-seventh District, the banner county, (Sumner), in the halls of the Kansas Legislature. Being a young and ambitious Western man, his future prospects are bright.

### A Great Scheme.

John W. Haglin, the well-known Chicago Board of Trade man, was sitting in his parlor, 1,093 Dearborn avenue, when there came a man who declared that he must see him on most important business. He was admitted, and in there walked one of the worst looking tramps that has ever made the lake-front look like a paradise for the shiftless.

"What can I do for you?" Mr. Haglin asked, looking up in surprise.

"You can do me a great favor, sir, and it shall not cost you a cent. I am the ossified man."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Haglin, springing to his feet.

"Wait a moment, my dear sir. Do not let your surprise override your better judgment. I have been going all over the country as the ossified man, and to-night I have struck. Of course you know that the whole thing is a trick."

"Why, I never suspected such a thing."

"Well, it's a fact, all the same, and now I want to tell you something. I was to receive a certain amount of salary, but to-night my manager thought that as he had made me, he ought to be the monied man of the concern, so I struck."

"Well, but what have I got to do with it?"

"Nothing at all except this: Those men have gone back on me—tried to beat me, in fact—and all I ask of you is to give me the capital and I will make us both rich. When I take off my clothes," he continued, when a look of incredulity had warned him, "you can at once see that I am ossified. I tell you this con-

fidentially, for I don't want any one to take advantage of my condition, but, let me say, you have been pointed out to me as a capitalist, and I am your man. You see I don't intend to be a freak for nothing, and if you'll give me fifty cents—hold on, sir, hold on. If you let your temper—well, now, hold on—oh, I'll go out, but let me say that you lack enterprise. I'm going, I tell you."—Arkansas Traveler.

### ROYAL ROAD TO WEALTH.

How a \$1 Investment in the Louisiana State Lottery

INCREASED FIFTEEN THOUSAND FOLD—A VERY LUCKY COUNTRYMAN.

The Express but recently published the fact that Mr. Z. P. Cole, a poor man who resides at Pearsall, was the lucky winner of fifteen thousand dollars in the Louisiana State Lottery, having purchased ticket No. 98,455, which drew one-fortieth of the grand capital prize of \$600,000 in the December drawing. Mr. Cole is a remarkably lucky man, for he seems to have known just where and when to invest a dollar where it would do the most good. After learning of his good fortune, Mr. Cole sent his ticket to New Orleans by express, where it was cashed in full by the bank and the money returned to him in a remarkably short time, thus demonstrating the fact that The Louisiana State Lottery Company is as reliable as ever, and never makes a promise but what is carried out to the letter.

Mr. Cole, as stated above, was a poor man, having been working for the small sum of \$15 per month. His good fortune, however, has not turned his head, and he proposes to use his means in the effort to better his condition for the remainder of his life.—San Antonio (Tex.) Express, January 8.

### Married Life is a Failure

The men say, according to an Atchison Globe—When a wife thinks more of her relatives than of her husband.

When a wife believes her husband must love her whether she deserves it or not.

When a wife stoops to her husband's level, and tries to equal him in being mean.

When a wife fails to realize that patience and gentleness are more natural with her than with a man.

When a woman marries for convenience, and pretends that she marries for love.

When a wife pays too much attention to her husband's old vows, and not enough to the nature of the man she has actually married.

When a wife insists that her husband shall be as good as his mother, instead of as good as his father.

When a wife says that if her husband earns three dollars a day, he ought to put a dollar and a half of it in her lap every night, as "her share."

When a wife, who is not expected to do any such work, says, in the presence of the neighbors, that she was not "raised" that way, and will not saw the wood.

When the wife blames all the trouble on her husband, instead of accepting her share.

When a woman imagines that all the women in the world are in love with her plug of a husband.

When a wife expects the fact that she is a mother to compensate for all her failures.

The women say—When a man says he cannot control his temper when with his wife and children, although they know he controls it when provoked by a large, muscular man enemy.

When a man is a liar, and his wife knows it. When a man is liberal and fair and cheerful with every one except his wife.

When a man is fool enough to expect an angel will marry him.

When a man is patient and cringing with men who do not care if they displease him, and impatient with his sick children.

When a man expects that his wife ought to buy as much with one dollar as he himself can buy with two.

When a man frets because his wife did not love him before she knew him.

When a man expects the fountain to be higher than the head; when he expects a better home than he provides.

When a man blames his wife because there is a large family of children.

When a man smacks his lips in recollection of his mother's cooking, and forgets that he had a better appetite as a boy than he has as a man.

When a man believes that a wife should give all her time to their home, and then wonders that she never has any money of her own.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

### Light Housekeeping.

Returned Tourist—"And so your daughter is married! She was the idol of her set. Did she make a wise choice?"

Hostess—"About as wise as women generally make. You know she was devoted to society—one of those social beings who live and breathe in a whirl of excitement, and she was scarcely ever without half a dozen companions."

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, she married a light-house keeper."—New York Weekly.



How to Cure  
Skin & Scalp  
DISEASES  
with the  
CUTICURA  
REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN AND scalp diseases, with loss of hair from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

THE faith-cure people are missing a large opportunity these days—but perhaps they are mostly down with it themselves.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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It doesn't take much of a marksman to draw a bead on beer—Drake's.

THE man who tore his coat thinks rents are increasing.—Richmond Recorder.

THE natives of Alaska are a cold and distant people.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

LITTLE dogs bark the most, because that is all they can do.—Denver Times.

How frankly the girl of sixteen admits that she is an old maid!—Atchison Globe.

A PRUDENT man is like a pin—his head prevents him going too far.—Toledo Bee.

The goat eats tomato cans, and such,  
To the amusement of man;  
But what can tickle a man's palate so much  
As an oyster can?—Puck.

THE medical student is always interested in any subject.—Kearney Enterprise.

THE chief symptom of a cold in the head is a handkerchief.—Norristown Herald.

WHY is it that people with good impulses are generally lazy.—Milwaukee Journal.

If a man would look rosy and round he must have square meals.—New Orleans Picayune.

MOST of us worry over our trials, but the lawyers worry if they haven't any.—Yonkers Statesman.

IT seems queer but perhaps it is all right for the Dey of Algiers to be knighted.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

WHEN a man comes to time, does it not prove that time waits for some men?—Binghamton Herald.

"WHAT we need," said the leader of the church choir quartet, "is a change of bass."—Washington Capital.

A REQUEST for the payment of that little poker obligation should be antedated.—Washington Capital.

THE superintendent of a cemetery makes grave charges against the best of us.—Binghamton Republican.

Looks of waiters oft remind us  
We should make our tips ornate,  
And departing leave behind us  
A dime or two beneath the plate  
—Hotel Gazette.

THERE is nothing a woman likes better than to get hold of a sick man who likes to try remedies.—Atchison Globe.

PEOPLE speak of young corn, but there is no young corn. It is always found full of years.—Baltimore American.

THE inexperienced carver is apt to find that a knife, like some rules, can work both ways.—Burlington Free Press.

ADAM was the only man who had a wife made to order, and even she turned out a misfit.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

SO LONG as England will have men of rank she must expect that they will be in bad odor.—Binghamton Republican.

THERE are several ways to pay bills, but the majority of the big ones are paid with reluctance.—Binghamton Herald.

IT is just as easy to tell the truth as it is to tell a lie—especially when you know that your mother-in-law saw you.—Somerville Journal.

EXPERIENCE proves that it does not seriously impair the serviceability of a base-ball pitcher to be cracked.—Binghamton Leader.

SENATOR HOAR may be said to be faithfully representing his constituents. He has been laid up for a week with the grip.—Boston Herald.

Most complexion powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

STATISTICS are usually disagreeably prosy, but those of the Minneapolis milling business are remarkably floury.—Washington Star.

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, but these little pills cure both.

Witness and Judge.

An amusing scene was recently enacted in a country court room in Maine. The trial Justice, a big, pompous official, with a voice like a trombone, took it upon himself to examine a witness, a little, withered old man, whose face was as red and wrinkled as a smoked herring.

"What is your name?" asked the Justice.

"W'y, 'Squire," said the astonished witness, "you know my name as well as I know yourn."

"Never you mind what I know, or what I don't know," was the caution given with magisterial severity. "I ask the question in my official capacity, and you're bound to answer it under oath."

With a contemptuous snort the witness gave his name, and the questioning proceeded.

"Where do you live?"

"Wal, I shum!" ejaculated the old man. "Why," he continued, appealing to the laughing listeners, "I've lived in this town all my life, and so's he," pointing to the Justice, "an' b' gosh, to hear him go on you'd think—"

"Silence!" thundered the irate magistrate. "Answer my questions or I'll fine you for contempt of court."

Alarmed by the threat the witness named his place of residence and the examination went on.

"What is your occupation?"

"Huh?"

"What do you do for a living?"

"Oh, git out, 'Squire! Jest as if you don't know that I tend gardens in the summer season an' saw wood winters!"

"As a private citizen I do know it, but as the court I know nothing about you," explained the perspiring Justice.

"Wal, 'Squire," remarked the puzzled witness, "if you know somethin' outside the court room an' don't know nothin' in it you'd better get out an' let somebody try this case that's got hoss sense."

The advice may have been well meant, but it cost the witness \$10.

St. Louis Young Men Know.

"O, Mr. Cahokia," exclaimed the Boston young woman with enthusiasm, "is it not wondrously pathetic, even in its utilitarian aspect, to observe the gradual encroachment of rationalistic concepts and methods on the time-honored superstitions of the age! While our judgment may commend our sympathies are involuntarily excited. Is it not so?"

"Of course, of course," rejoined the St. Louis young man heartily. "It's tough while it lasts, but there's no use of folks going sneezing around the way they're doing. Quinine and goose grease will knock it sky high in three days."—Chicago Tribune.

La Grippe.

At present epidemic on this continent, as well as on the continent of Europe, the precursor of Pneumonia and other fatal diseases, is principally a Catarrhal inflammation of the Mucous Membrane of the upper air passages.

It commences suddenly, and is generally attended with an extreme degree of debility, with high fever from the commencement; marked pain in the head, shoulder and limbs, and oppression of the chest, severe cough and little expectoration, with a loss of appetite and sometimes diarrhea; in the course of a few days, follow at times free expectorations and copious perspirations.

The disease must be at once driven out of the system in the first stages if possible, and not allowed to develop into others of a more serious nature, which may become fatal. To do this the most simple agent may be found in Radway's Ready Relief (and where there is not diarrhea), Radway's Pills.

Take two to four of Radway's Pills before retiring at night, swallow thirty to sixty drops of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water; rub well, applied by the hand, Radway's Ready Relief to the head, throat, chest, shoulders, back or limbs, wherever the pain is felt; get into a good sweat, cover up well, and avoid catching fresh cold. If not entirely cured, repeat the following night.

This treatment has been used before in similar epidemics, has cured thousands, and warded off pneumonia and other fatal diseases which are so ready to step in.

There is no better treatment than this for driving out a cold. Physicians are not always within call, and it is jeopardizing human life to be without such potent remedies as Radway's.

They should be in every family, and ready for use when required. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

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He Hadn't Taken Anything.

"Have you taken anything for your trouble?" asked the doctor of a long, lank, hungry-looking man, who came to him complaining of being "all run down," so that he didn't seem to be "no manner o' correct," his appearance verifying his words.

"Well, I ain't been taking much of anything, dock, that is, nothing to speak of. I tuk a couple o' bottles o' Pinkham's bitters a while back, an' a bottle of Quackem's invigorator with a couple o' boxes o' Curem's pills, and a lot o' quinine and some root bitters my old woman fixed up. I've got a porous plaster on my back an' a liver pad on, an' I'm wearin' an' lectric belt an' takin' red clover four times a day, with a dose or two o' salts every other day; 'ceptin' for that I ain't taken nothin'."—Time.

It Performs Wonders.

Bald-headed Man—"But will your hair invigorator really do all that you claim for it?"

Dealer—"As much? Why, sir, look here. Do you see this dog? Well, what sort of an animal do you think he is?"

"From the amount of hair on him I should say he was a Newfoundland."

"Not a bit of it. He's a Mexican hairless dog of the finest breed. You don't believe it? Well, I can't blame you. You see, the way he got all that hair on him was this. He got to fooling around the store one day, and tipped over a bottle of this hair invigorator, and then

rolled in it. I rubbed him dry, but the next morning the strangest thing happened. The dog was all covered with hair, just as you see him now. Three dozen bottles? Yes, sir."—Lawrence American.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

# LITERARY



One of the most interesting articles in the February Wide Awake is a short sketch of Kit Carson, the famous western scout, written by Jessie Benton Fremont. Carson was very much devoted to Gen. Fremont, whom he accompanied in several of his expeditions. A portrait of Kit Carson, from a life photograph of him, accompanies the sketch. Confessions of an Amateur Photographer are continued, with interesting illustrations. Snow-Shoe Thompson's Run and A Boyhood in Athens are capital sketches.

The Amateur Editor (and he has been at the helm of many recent ventures in periodical literature) has one favorite way of swamping his periodical. He thinks he knows the value of names, and so simply engages men of literary note to send him anything they choose. But big names are only a guarantee of excellence, and if the guarantee obviously fails—if the authors engaged do not send in excellent matter—the public is quick to recognize the failure. Good matter, readable, striking, original, novel in idea and in method—that is what the public wants, whether it comes from an old-established name or from a new one. And it is on this principle that the Illustrated American—the new journal soon to be launched in New York and Chicago—will be conducted. Its matter will be chosen with regard to its own intrinsic excellence. It will keep an eye ever open to the clever young people who will furnish the famous names of the future; it will seek to foster and promote the best interests of American literature. And, above all, it will attempt to make a paper where every article, and short or serial story, will be readable and entertaining. While great names will be welcomed, the greatest will not find admittance when his article does not contain these prime requisites.

## A Representative American Institution.

The New York Central & Hudson River Railroad is to-day recognized by the traveling public, and also quite generally by its competitors, as being in many respects the representative Trunk Line leading from the Atlantic seaboard. The merit of this distinction rests largely upon unsurpassed natural advantages, supplemented by a liberal and progressive policy.

It is the aim of the Central's management to provide for the patrons of this line the best service attainable, and to this end all the resources of this great company are intelligently directed. A splendid roadway, admirable train service, and magnificent equipment, are features which place the New York Central in the foremost rank among the railroads of the United States.

## A Feline Fancy.

"Do yez hear that cat, Dinnis?" said Mrs. Dolan, as she sat up in bed.

"Dade, an' oi did that same."

"Isn't it the terrible noise the baste is makin'?"

"Terrible. It may be that a cat has only noine loives or noine tales, but it has about two or three hundred songs, oi'm thinkin'."—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.

## A Business Man's Mistake.

Stranger (who has yelled himself hoarse over Jinks' telephone without getting any reply)—"See here, I can't do anything with this telephone."

Jinks (with an air of innocence)—"Did you wish to speak to any one, sir?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! It has been disconnected for about a month."

"Disconnected? You didn't say anything about it."

"I thought everybody knew we had disconnected our telephone on account of the bores. I didn't know you wished to talk to any one, sir. I supposed you merely wished to exercise your lungs."—New York Weekly.

## How's Your Liver?

The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have pretended to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

## One of the Troubles Widows Have.

Singleton (falling upon his knees before the Widow Bjones—"Mrs. Bjones, do you—will you—can you bring yourself to become my—?")

The Widow—"O, Mr. Singleton, this is very sudden, but—"

Singleton (continuing)—"To be my mother-in-law? I love your daughter!"—Lawrence American.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

## "Bill Arp" on Grady.

"Bill Arp" writes to the Atlanta Constitution as follows, concerning the late Henry W. Grady:

Henry Grady was a boy—nothing but a boy—we all called him Henry. His smooth and boyish face and laughing eyes and merry voice did hardly become a man. He had to be deeply impressed with the deep concern or the peril of anything to put off his boyish ways. Only a few years ago I rode with him and two friends in the country and seeing a squirrel across the road, he leaped from the carriage and chased him far down in the woods. He came back laughing and panting, and said, "I would have caught him if I—if I had been a dog." He loved the boys and their boyish sports, and once remarked that he would go to school again if he was not ashamed. Said he wanted to play marbles and sky-ball, and would try a game of mumble-peg with a news-boy if there was nobody watching him. When base-ball came on the carpet he was delighted, for it gave even a man a chance to be a boy again. He joined in the sport with eager enthusiasm, and kept it alive, and became for awhile its champion. I remember being in the office of the Constitution one day when Henry came sauntering in with a happy smile on his face, and Evan Howell said: "You needn't come here laughing, just look at that bill for telegraphing your base-ball news from all over the country. That's the bill for one week—just one week—and if you don't stop it I'm going to charge it up to you. We've got it to pay, but I am going to charge it up to you." Henry glanced at the bill and

said: "That's all right; charge it, charge it, I don't care; but I'm going to have the base-ball news all the same. What are you fellows talking about?" When he left the room Howell said: "Was there ever such a boy in the world?" When he returned from the New York banquet with all his blushing honors thick upon him Howell said: "I knew it was in him, but he didn't, and he doesn't know now what he has done." "Was he embarrassed?" said I. "No, not a bit, he is never embarrassed when he is championing or defending a just cause. His earnest, unselfish nature has no room for embarrassment. Grady is just as much at ease in the presence of great men as he is among the boys. He would as readily converse with a king or an emperor as with me, and yet he has nothing of cheek or brass, or assurance or conceit in his nature. All that I ever apprehended about Grady is that he would lose some of his influence by catering too much to the boys and their sports and frolics. But he can't help that, and now I believe it adds to the charm of his nature." "Since his death," Howell said with tender emotion, "I never knew such a man. I never knew how much I loved him, how much the men and the boys and the women connected with the Constitution loved him. It does look like everybody loved him all over the country. The young men and the old men, and the negroes. I believe that when he died he was the most universally beloved man in the United States. Was there ever such an overwhelming universal tribute paid to mortal man as has been paid to him?"

## 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.

## A Great Mind.

Mr. Family Jar—"I've a great mind to leave you and never return."

Mrs. Jar—"Ah? Well, I'm really glad to hear that you have a 'great' mind. I've been thinking all along it was very small."—Kentucky State Journal.



**Radway's READY RELIEF**  
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 INTERNAL & EXTERNAL  
 will Instantly Stop Pain  
 AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL  
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"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

## Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

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KITTY'S GONE AND MARRIED.



'Tisn't to be wondered at  
That Kitty's gone and done it,  
She had a form that any man  
Might prize when once he'd won it.

About her lips were dimples coy  
When her smiles went a-playing;  
Her face was paradise itself  
Where Cupids went a-straying.

'Tisn't to be wondered at  
That Kit so shortly tarried,  
Since ev'ry grace of womankind  
About herself she carried.

The lucky chap that won the prize  
Has been congratulated;  
You ask his name? shake hands with me,  
I'm the infatuated.

—H. S. Keller.

THE SCANDAL MONGER.

She knows about it, dear, I'm sure;  
In fact I really cannot doubt it.  
She knows it, you may rest secure,  
Because she nothing says about it.

—N. Y. Sun.

DEATH AND A NEW YORK DOCTOR.

A doctor more known by his failures than cures,  
Met death in his rambles one day,  
And the latter said, "Doctor, what mission allures  
You 'way from your home, now, I pray?"  
"A patient's condition," the doctor replied,  
"Is such that he may not pull through."  
"Oh! yes, he will, Doctor," Death, answering, sighed,  
"Those wires give me all I can do."

—Boston Budget.

A GREAT INVENTOR.

He made a new invention nearly every other week,  
But something always ailed it, and it always  
seemed to shirk;  
Its functional activity, somehow, was very weak,  
Its whole vitality was low—the blame thing  
wouldn't work.

He made perpetual motion things—but they would  
never move;  
And then he made a big machine for flying through  
the sky,  
But there was a slight obstruction in the piston-rod  
or groove,  
And the only trouble with it—he could never make  
it fly.

And he made marine toboggans for sliding on the  
sea,  
A very pretty compromise of bicycle and boat,  
And on the second trial trip, he said 'twas his  
"idee,"  
The thing would slide tremendously, if he could  
make it float.

And he made a panacea that would cure every ill—  
The long-sought life-elixir, to the world so long  
denied;  
He took the medicine himself, a large, green-looking  
pill,  
And twenty minutes later he laid him down and  
died.

—S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.

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,

A Manager's Enterprise.

Theatre Manager (to beautiful young actress who has just made a successful debut)—"You have quite exceeded my expectations. You have only to get well advertised and the public will adore you. Are you married?"

Beautiful Young Actress—"N—No."  
M.—"Then you must elope with somebody at once. It doesn't matter much who it is. Anybody will do, but a rich young dude would, of course, be preferred, because you are sure you can drop him at the first station on the road."

B. Y. A. (blushing deeply)—"I—I—beg your pardon, I cannot do that. If it must come out, the truth is I am married."

M.—"Oh! You are. Then you must get a divorce at once from your husband. Big thing. Full publicity. I'll have a lawyer draw up the papers at once."—Boston Courier.

Nothing Like It!

Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember, this is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world-renowned and ever growing in favor!

A Put-up Job.

"I don't see why every one makes such a kick on putting up a stove and pipe," said Binks. "To read the papers, one would think it the short road to insanity, but I didn't find it so. Easiest job I ever did."

"Been putting one up?" asked Jinks.  
"Yes—just finished."  
"Well, didn't you get all soot, and spoil your clothes?"

"N—no!"  
"Nor bruise your fingers, and get your eyes full of stuff, and spoil the carpet?"  
"Not I."

"But you must have perspired, and tired yourself out, and fallen off the chair you were standing upon?"  
"Nary."

"Say, Binks, I believe you're a liar! You say you put up your stove and stove-pipe without any of these adjuncts, and expect me to believe it."

"Of course I do—here's the ticket. I got \$10 on 'em."—Munsey's Weekly.

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.

An Old Malady.

"Do you know that the influenza is mentioned in the Bible?" asked the Snake Editor.

"No," replied the Horse Editor.  
"Yes; in Paul's time the Jews had Agrippa."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

To restore, thicken, and give you a luxuriant growth of hair, to keep its color natural as in youth, and to remove dandruff, use only Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE exiling of Moussa Bey is an intimation that he Moussa Bey the law in future.—Pittsburg 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. Hiscov, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

The Poet Scout.

Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, maintains the long hair and the dress of a frontiersman, even when he mingles with the civilized coteries of the East. He is an entertaining lecturer, and becomes the platform as well as he does the trail. He is bubbling over with stories, and loves to talk as well as he loves to hunt Indians. He thinks the blood-and-thunder stories of Western life are all humbug, and believes that human nature is pretty nearly the same, whether under the silk hat of the citizen, or the sombrero of the scout. Captain Jack has written some dialect poetry of which he has no reason to be ashamed. It is made of tears and smiles, and is a compromise between a laugh and sob. As a serio-comic poet he has but few equals. Captain Jack is very fond of his wife and little girl, and unlike most scouts never touches a drop of intoxicating liquor.—Yankee Blade.

Must Be New.

Old Lady (from the country)—"I'd like to git a pair o' shoes, young man."

"Polite Clerk—Yes, Ma'am. Something pretty nice, Ma'am?"

Old Lady—"I want 'em good 'n' stout."

Polite Clerk—"Well, Ma'am, here's a strong shoe, an excellent strong shoe. It has been worn a great deal this winter—"

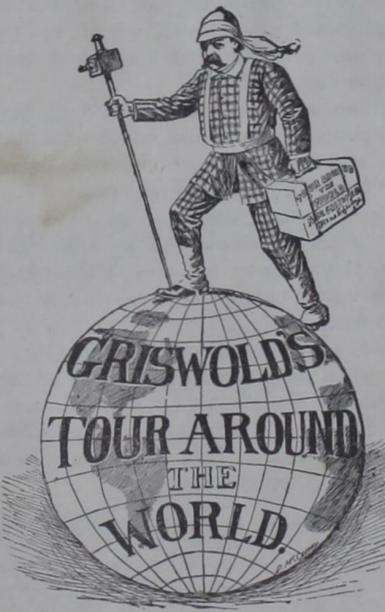
Old Lady—"Man alive, I don't want no shoe that's been worn this winter nor any other winter; I want a bran' new pair!"—Puck.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD. All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.



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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.

PHOTOS 14 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 50 for 25c. NOVELTY CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

AGENTS wanted. \$1 an hour. 50 new articles. Catalogue and sample free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Catalogue free. T. S. DEWITT, Chicago, Ill.

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\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. FRANKLIN CO., Richmond, Va.

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## Died in Her Lover's Arms.

"I don't remember anything," he went on, "so hard on a man as I once had to witness. The young wife of a hard old man was dying. She was as pretty a girl as any one ever saw, and how she ever came to marry the old fellow I could only guess. I suppose it was money; at all events, her family had forced her into the marriage. She had been ill for a long time, and I could see that she had some heavy sorrow at her heart. At last I was summoned, and when I looked at her I saw it would be my last visit. It did seem hard to think that this young girl should die."

"Doctor," she said, "tell me the truth."

"My dear child," I said as cheerfully as I could—when she held her hand up.

"Tell me the truth," she said. "I read it in your face when you looked at me. Tell me; I'm not afraid to die. I would rather—but if I can have only an hour to live—"

"Oh, yes, certainly—more than that."

"Doctor," she said, "will you give me a sheet of paper?"

"My dear," said I, "you are too weak to write; let me—"

"No, no; I must. I promised, and I will keep my word."

She took the pencil and, with a struggle, wrote a few words.

"Send that to Jack, now, at once."

"Jack who?" I asked.

She gave me the name. As I folded the note, I read:

"Jack:

"Come!

Amy."

I put it in an envelope. I wrote the name and address, and sent a messenger with instructions to tell Jack to lose no time. We waited. She lay patiently for a few minutes, and then she turned and asked:

"Has he come yet?"

"No," I said.

"He said he would, he said he would, whenever I should send him that message."

"He will come," I said.

"I know he will—I know he will."

She turned away again and lay perfectly quiet. There was a step. She started, looked toward the door and saw her husband. She gave no smile, no look of pleasure. He came up to the bedside.

"How do you feel now, my darling?" the husband asked.

"I am dying," she said calmly.

After a moment's pause she held out her thin hand to him.

"I have been a true wife to you, have I not?" she asked.

"Yes, yes, my poor little darling."

"Doctor, you hear him, do you not?"

She turned away again, and the silence was painful.

There was another, a rapid step along the corridor. The door opened and a tall, good-looking young fellow of about thirty years came in. Her face seemed to be transfigured. I never saw such a smile on any human face before. It was one of heaven.

"Jack," she said, and half raised herself from the pillow. He took her in his arms and held her up.

"My Jack! My love!" she said, and she took his brown face between her white hands, and she fondled it with the tenderest caress.

"I knew you would come. And I am so glad to go—now. I have loved you all these years. My true Jack!"

I turned away, for their lips met. I did not need to, for I could not see anything. My eyes were full. The old man sat with his face buried in his hands.

"Husband," she said. He looked up and she held out her hand. "I have been a true wife to you, but this is my

love. Good-bye, husband." She tore away her hand, and the old man's head fell once again.

"I am dying, my Jack!" she said. "Hold me close—close—love. I would rather die in your arms than live in any other!"

They held one another for a minute. The silence, the situation was agony. Then her arms loosened from his neck, a faint whisper came from her lips:

"Come—to—me—soon—dearest."

It seemed as if the spirit fled in the sibilant sound. Her Jack laid her gently down—dead. I took him by the arm and led him out, and as we passed the old man seated in the chair by the bedside, quivered, with his face buried in his hands.—San Francisco Chronicle.

## Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Hunger iz a sleuth-hound on a fresh track.

Toil swets at the brow, but Idleness swets all over.

Dispair iz the ashes ov hope, which the wind of tribulashun skatters.

A lie iz good for a short race, but it takes truth tew run the heats—"blood will tell."

We should awl aim at perfeckshun, but no one but a phool will expekt tew reach it.

All happiness iz like gold quartz—thare iz four quartz of stone to one ounce ov gold.

Pride lives on itself. It iz like a raccoon in winter—keeps fatt bi sucking its claws.

Hope and Debt are partners in trade—Hope hunts up the customers and Debt skins them.

He who spends all his substance in charity will undoubtedly git his reward here and hereafter; but hiz reward here will be the poor-house.

There iz a huge number ov souls perambulating around the world who hav bin straining for years after a camel and finally had to swallow a nat.

Give a smart child a pack ov kards and a spelling-book and he will learn tew play a good game ov Hi Lo Jack long before he kan spell a word ov two sillables.

A man haz got about done going down hill when he gits whar he brags on hiz lazyness. Such a kriter iz ov no more use tew himself nor others than a frozen-tew-death rooster in a barn-yard.—New York Weekly.

## La Grippe in Ancient Times.

Away back in the fifth century there was an epidemic of malignant influenza in Europe, extending into Asia and Africa, which assumed the form of a plague, carrying off many thousands of people. It is to this calamity to which Haydn's Dictionary of Dates refers when explaining the origin of the salutation, "God

bless you," thus: "We are told that in the time of Pope Pelagius II. a plague raged in Rome of so fatal a nature that persons seized with it died sneezing and gaping, whence came the custom of saying 'God bless you!' when a person sneezes, and of Roman Catholics making the sign of the cross upon the mouth when one gapes." The terrible "grippe" affliction of that period began in the year 558 and continued with varying degrees of virulence for many years, the Pope Pelagius dying of it in 578.

Of course there is much incompleteness in the descriptions of old plagues and epidemics given in the histories of the times. Medical science was then a mere superstition or worse, and every fantastic account was given of diseases that had a widespread effect on mankind. The people of this age know better, and the "grip" has no especial terrors for those who suffer from its attacks nor for the general public.—Chicago Journal.

## E. &amp; W.

Judicious advertising, backed by honest goods, has raised several trade-marks to the dignity of household words; and the trade-mark is recognized as synonymous with excellence in the line of goods to which it is applied. This is specially true in the case of E. & W.—Messrs. Earl & Wilson, who use the trade-mark E. & W. on their make of collars and cuffs—who can justly feel pride in the eminence to which the known excellence of their goods has raised E. & W. Advertising can, for a time, bolster up a large trade for inferior goods in any line; but it is those who "call again" that maintain an establishment and testify to their satisfaction by repeated purchases.

No greater guarantee of the merits of the E. & W. collars is necessary than the fact that every gent's furnishing store in the country of any pretensions can supply them, and have supplied them for years past.

## A Moral Gain.

Worthington, the enterprising bigamist, and Mrs. Plunkett, the alleged wife whom he claims to have acquired on Christian Science principles, have fled to Australia. Their departure deals a blow at bigamy and "Christian Science," but it is a great moral gain for the country, the general appreciation of which even the sympathy with Australia will not diminish.—Chicago Herald.

## Morsels of Gastronomy.

A proof of the pudding is the eating, and of the mince pie the depth thereof.

It does not disturb the impecunious at all to hear that canvas-backs are scarce.

One head of lettuce is guaranteed to cure another head of a case of insomnia.

"Shall I help you to the thoroughbred?" is the new invitation to partake of sausage.

There is not as much heard as there was about the efficacy of celery for nervousness.

There are foreigners who say it is worth

the journey to America to eat our terrapin.

Imported English plum pudding in tins is at best a poor substitute for the real thing.

Some of the caterers are introducing a new kind of water ice, said to be the thing among the English colony in India and Africa.

It is to be wondered if anybody ever eats the ornamental pieces which adorn the centre of the table on the occasion of public dinners and banquets.

At a fashionable luncheon lately they had the "bread of all nations," made into almost as many kinds of sandwiches. The verdict was complimentary to the enterprise of the fair hostess.

In England the consumption of American canned food is represented to be continually on the increase, especially among the middle-classes, who have a special fondness for the canned tomatoes.—New York Mail and Express.

## ONEITA

No water known so fully embodies the medicinal virtues of the best Mineral Waters, and yet is so Agreeable, Pure, Clear, Sparkling and Exhilarating a Table Water.

Send for circular with analysis.

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SPRING DRESS FABRICS.  
INDIA PONGEES,  
CORAHs.

New and Handsome Spring Printings of these unrivalled fabrics.

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PLAIDS, STRIPES,  
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A magnificent display of this well-known fabric celebrated for Ladies' and Children's wear.

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