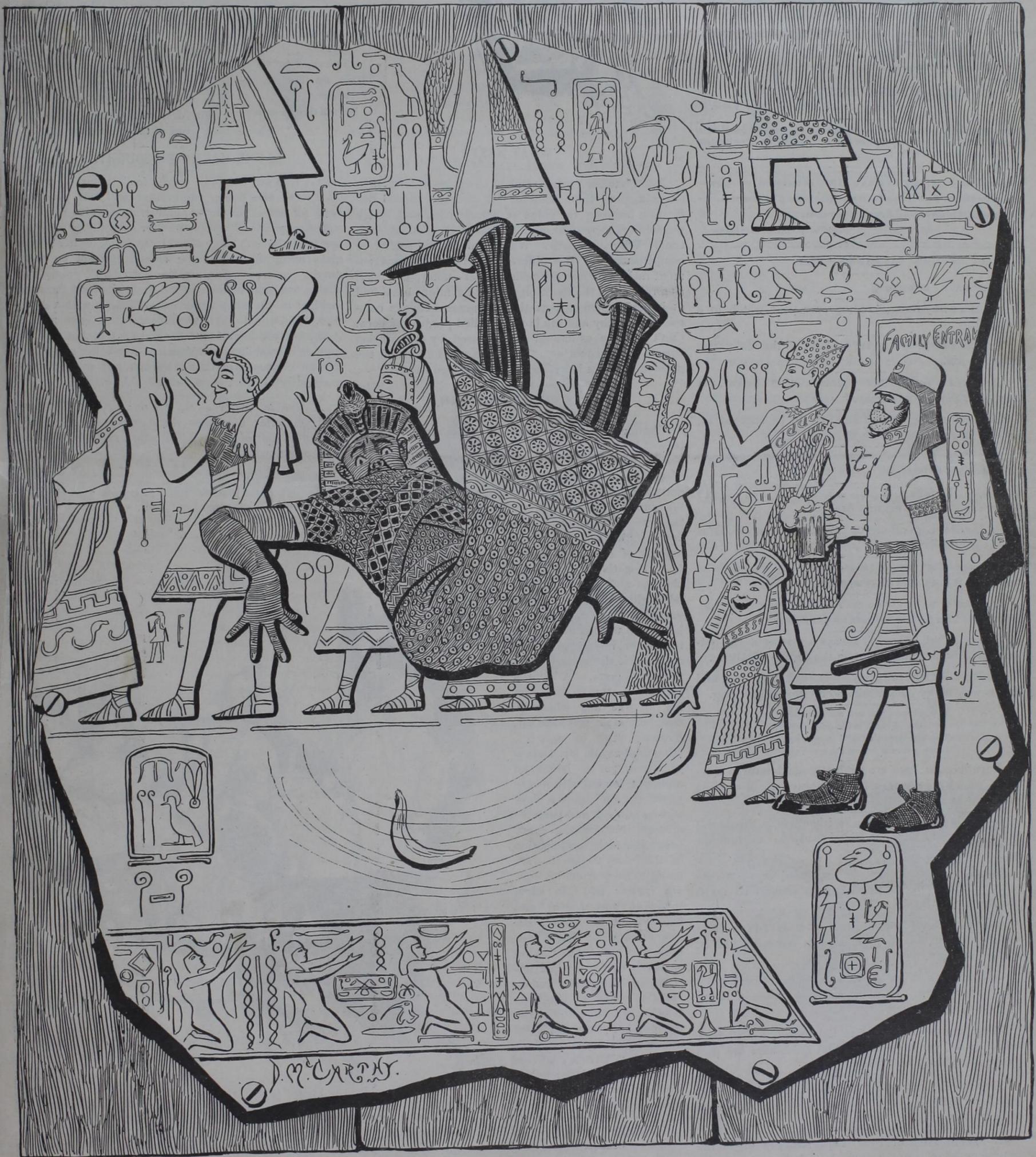


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THE ANTIQUITY OF THE BANANA PEEL JOKE.

PHOTOGRAPH OF A PICTURE ON THE WALL OF THE THEBAN TEMPLE OF MEDINET ABU.

Texas Siftings.

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

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

HALF FARE - a mulatto

PASSING away time—handing over your watch to a foot-pad.

THE censure of ignorance is about all the real praise we get in life.

CLERGYMEN rarely mix themselves in strikes, yet they generally favor a tie-up.

ALTHOUGH the grip isn't an affair to be sneezed at, yet a great many people do it.

NEW YORK STATE is famous for its many lakes, and there is a big Goshen in it, too.

A MAN who fails to use his second wife well doesn't deserve to have lost his first one.

IN Venice a gondolier is discharged when he is caught gondoleering at the ladies.

THE age of a tree can be estimated by counting its rings, but it isn't so with a woman.

IT is better to be above rather than under the medium size, in a fight with a medium size man.

THE rule that "there is always a woman at the bottom of it," finds an exception in the case of McGinty.

READING R. R. bonds pay no interest this year, and that is why many people take no interest in Reading.

If you love a girl and want to marry 'er,
And lack of pluck is the only barrier,
I would make this mild suggestion,
Shoot yourself or pop the question.

ALTHOUGH fat men are generally good-natured travelers, yet sleeping-car conductors give them a wide berth.

THERE is hardly any man so friendless in this world that he hasn't at least one friend ready to tell him his faults.

IF the earth is so very old, as some scientists contend, why does it continue to run around so much nights?

NOT until the Windom silver plan has been tried shall we know whether or not his name should be spelled Wisdom.

AN old New York policeman makes a living by waking people up. John L. Sullivan makes a living by putting men asleep.

WHEN you see a demand in the papers for cheaper school books, you may be sure that publishers are preparing an entirely new series.

AN Oneida county deputy sheriff has been fined \$100 for "fixing" a jury. In some instances a man has to be pretty well fixed before he can get on a jury.

GOVERNOR HILL of New York strongly urges the improvement of country roads but the country swain who drives with one hand while he protects his girl from the rough jolting with the other, doesn't see any great necessity for it.



ICTORY FOR THE STRONGEST.

When the European nations
Make their grand divide,
Portugal must take a back
seat
On the farthest side.

Joys of African dominion
She must now give up;
Others drink the cheering
potion,
Hers the empty cup.

May she live to triumph
over
All the cares that vex her;
When she has no other
refuge,
We will then annex her.

the courts, he gave up five million dollars to them the other day. But is there any certainty that another batch of heirs may not turn up, with a new set of demands? The case of Judge Hilton shows the risk one takes in acting in the capacity of a millionaire's best friend. The millionaire is liable to die, and his friend be compelled to take charge of his money. Hilton knew his old friend Stewart thoroughly. He knew how fond he was of keeping his money together, and carrying out that wish the Judge endeavored to keep it together—for Hilton. But these pestering heirs come in and interfere with his plan. If this thing keeps on of making Hilton give up money, it will be necessary to take up a collection for him after a while to keep him out of the poorhouse.

WHAT NEXT?

A bill has been introduced in Congress to reimburse the soldiers or their heirs for the average annual difference between the value of greenbacks, with which the soldiers were paid, and the value of gold at such time. Why stop there? Why shouldn't the soldier be compensated for the difference between the government rations he was compelled to eat—notoriously bad, as a rule—and the toothsome grub he might have had at home? Then look at the difference between commissary whisky and the home-distilled product of corn. Can't that be estimated and allowed by the pension bureau? It seems as though the possibilities of the pension business have hardly been opened as yet.

WOES OF A FUNNY MAN.

Chauncey M. Depew says he made the great mistake of his life when he made his first humorous speech. Not so, Chauncey; it is in making the second humorous speech that a mistake is made. Every man is happy and glad to have made at least one funny speech in his life, and as a rule his auditors are happy and glad when he gets through and sits down. So far no great amount of damage is done. It is something to tell his children and grandchildren, who will overlook it if he doesn't keep it up. But when he yields to the flattery of foolish or insincere friends and tries it the second time, then he is gone. A habit is formed that may last him his lifetime and which he may be unable to shake off, however much he may try. It no doubt galls Mr. Depew greatly to get up before an audience, loaded with a very grave speech upon a very serious subject, and perceive a smile illuminating every countenance in anticipation of the funny things that are going to drop from his lips. He frowns and the smile broadens into a grin, and before he has completed the first sentence—"Fellow citizens, we are here to discuss a subject of the gravest importance," the entire assembly is in a roar of laughter. It all goes to enforce the truth of a remark made by another great humorist, Josh Billings: "After a man has stood on his head the public won't allow him to stand upon his feet."

POOR HILTON.

Poor Judge Hilton is having a hard time of it. Rather than be pestered by the Stewart heirs any longer in

SHE HAS TO BE SOUGHT.

"A true girl has to be sought for," remarks a writer. Of course she does; any mother will tell you that. Look for her in the parlor hammering a waltz out of the suffering piano, all out of tune for such things after the party; if she isn't there she'll be in front of her bureau glass admiring her bangs; should she not be there, maybe she's swinging on the gate with a young man with a tender mustache; if not there she is on the street looking in the shop windows, or flirting with a drummer. Oh, you'll have to hunt for her, you can bet. And after you have found her just say to her that her mother is washing the dishes and needs her assistance. But the chances are that she won't put in an appearance until the work is all done.

A woman writer says, "Women want comfort." And yet, offer a woman the choice between a ton of coal and a pair of French heel shoes and which do you suppose she will take?

An ant is said to live only one summer. Perhaps this is the reason that old Solomon advised the sluggard to interview this interesting insect.



OFF HIS HANDS.

[Julia and her affianced just married.]

LITTLE BROTHER (to his pa)—Pa, don't your hands feel better?
PA—What do you mean, my son?

LITTLE BROTHER—I heard you tell ma a spell ago that you would feel better when you got Julia off your hands, and as she weighs two hundred pounds I thought—

[Johnny is hurriedly sent to bed.]

A BOY'S COMPOSITION ON HISTORY.

When sum bald headed old college professor writes a story of sumthin that he don't kno nothin about only what he has read in some old gografy they call it his-story and every body beleves it but when sum female woman writes a story about sumthin that she does kno nothin about they don't call it her story but they call it a novel and everybody says tis a blamed lie. I don't beleeve in histry but I have got to study it for teacher says that I have got to git an education or git a lickin.

There is a good many kinds of histry and each one is a little worse than the rest of em. There is anshunt histry and natrual histry and histry of united states and histerics; anshunt histry tells about old maids and old men and folks that are ded and a good many more that ought to be ded—histry of united states tells about the country we live in and the capital at washington and the war and a lot of other things; there is another histry of united states which tells about folks that have got married and when one dies the other one is called a widder but when one runs away and leaves the other she is called a grass widder because she don't feel sorry but she feels green.

Natural histry tells about beasts and birds and creepin things. I have got to write a composition about histry and I don't care a darn which kind so I will rite about natural histry of trees.

Trees grow out of the ground, only the roots they grow in the ground. sum trees blow out in the spring and the blows are called blossoms and some trees blow out when the wind blows like a hurycane but when the wind blows a tree out it stays out. trees



A LESSON IN ART.

At an early age shows talent for drawing.

LINCOLN AND DAN RICE.

Lincoln and Dan Rice became warm personal friends at a very early day, when Dan used to show his circus "down in Illinoy," where Lincoln was practicing law in an humble way. And singularly enough, this friendship was continued by Mr. Lincoln after he became President of the United States, and when it might be supposed that the pressure of responsibility and care would drive all circus memories out of his mind.

Whenever Rice visited Washington with his show during the gloomy years from 1861 to 1865, he was invited to come to the White House after the evening performance, and usually the Presidential carriage was waiting for him, so that he might get there as soon as possible.

Lincoln received him in his private office, and all ceremony being laid aside, the two humorists would exchange jokes and stories, live over by-gone times and scenes in which the humorous predominated, and have a mutually refreshing season of it.

On one of these occasions, when, as usual, orders had been given to admit nobody, a card was brought up. Lincoln rebuked the servant for the unwelcome interference, and then looking at the card said, "Well, Dan, there's no help for it; we must let him in. He's a big bug from Massachusetts, and it won't do to deny him, now that he has sent in his name. But you stay and I'll soon get rid of him."

When the door opened a dignified representative of the highest respectability of Boston entered, and saluting the President, announced himself as a committee charged to present a set of resolutions passed at a large Republican meeting in his State. They were a severe criticism on Mr. Lincoln's administration, and demanded "a more vigorous prosecution of the war."

Mr. Lincoln took the paper without reply and then said, "Beg pardon, Mr. —; but before we proceed further let me introduce to you my particular friend, Col. Dan Rice."

Dan stood up and delivered his best bow, but the gentleman from Boston was struck dumb with amazement and indignation. To be introduced to a circus clown by the President of the United States was too much for him; he managed to stammer a few words of leave-taking and departed in haste.

As the door closed upon the committee Lincoln turned to Rice with a hearty laugh and said: "Dan, wasn't that well done? Didn't it take the wind out of him nicely?"

Dan admitted that it was a perfect success, and the interrupted conversation was resumed with renewed zest.

By the way, Dan Rice, who is living in ease and comfort in New York, ought to collect his recollections of distinguished men in a book. He has known all the famous men of America who have lived in his day, and the book would make interesting reading.

A printer may be able to make up a newspaper first-rate, and yet not be able to make up his mind.



MONEY NO OBJECT.

ELDERLY PARTY—See here, man, you've been bothering me for some time, and I've missed two trains. Don't you know that time is money?

HUSKY DOOGAN (the tramp)—Yep; I'd like ye ter change me two hours and a half, and I'll take it in silver.

LITTLE SIFTINGS.

It is easy to bear the aching of another man's corns.

He who wants little generally has it and little else.

It is well to keep the eyes open, but not all night.

Don't upbraid a dunce because he is short of some faults. He probably didn't know how to acquire them.

Awl that glitters is not gold, because awls are made of steel.

Never tell a man that he is a fool; let him alone and he may find it out himself.

If nobody had a passion for acquiring riches, how many poor devils would be out of employment.

All the world's a stage, and all the men and women want to ride on top.

Many a young man who sows his wild oats, trusts to the grasshopper of forgetfulness to destroy the crop.

DOWN IN KENTUCKY.

Minnie—Oh, Charley, wouldn't it be delightfully wicked to run away and get married?

Charley (who is up to snuff)—Splendid! We'll do it. Did the old folks fix any time?

Nothing in this life is as beautiful as it appears in anticipation, except love, which is infinitely more beautiful and perfect.



A LESSON IN ZOOLOGY.

He takes instructions in zoology.

are very useful for boys to climb. if there wasn't no trees in the world boys would have to clim telegraf poles which would be a grate clamity.

There is a good meny kinds of trees, some are called apple trees some are called chestnut trees some are maple trees and some axletrees. Appletrees grow in the orchard and have green apples on em in the summer and the apples have bellyake in em—chestnut trees have chestnuts and burrs on em and they grow in the forest. Axletrees grow in the wagon house and don't have any nuts on em only the nuts that hold the wheels on. maple trees don't have any fruit only stave wood birds bild their nests in trees and lay eggs in em a bumblebee builds his nest under a stone and lays an egg over a boys eye they say that trees leave in the spring but they don't they stay all summer trees are very helthy to lie down under when the sun shines hot but when the sun don't shine they ain't good for nothing—the curiousest tree I ever red about is a palm tree the one that bears palm leaf fans on it. it don't grow in the United States where they don't need fans only hot sunday afternoons in the summer but it grows in Africa where it is so hot that bumblebees have to carry fans to keep their honey from melting and the niggers are too awful poor to buy a fan so they pick em from trees like apples. I kno a lot more about trees but I wont tell it.

BILL.



A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.

Gets on the police force and studies astronomy.



CREDIT GOOD AS CASH.

BUMMER—Couldn't yer gimme the price of a drink, boss? I'm chilled through.

PARROTT (stiffly)—No; not one cent of my money goes for liquor!

BUMMER—Credit, eh? Let's go together, then, to de saloon where yer have such a pull as that!

SILAS VASTINE STRIKES A SHOW.

BY V. Z. REED.

Silas Vastine, the young farmer from near Talleyrand, Keokuk county, Iowa, who is making a tour of the West, recently fell in with one of the sort of spectacular ballet shows that are supposed to be so popular with bald-headed gentlemen, and he relates his impressions of the show in a letter to Miss Lucinda Pypes, his "girl," the letter being as follows:

Ellensburg, Washington territory }
Jan. 15, 18 hundred & 90 }

My beluvved loosindy,

i am abowt as badley broke up tonite as Gowd Patton wuz when his girl shook him at a dance and went home with annuther feller. i hav had sum of the poatry nocket out uv me, and while the peepil in this burg of Ellen's air a blowin abowt how surtin the stait kapitol is to be lokated Here i will rite you all abowt it. when i was a travelin threw this new stait i stopt at a tavern whare a grand balley divurtissment theater show was a puttin up. i see all the play akters and female acktresses at the tavern and thinks i ile go tew that show an i went and loosindy Almiry pypes i swow i never see ennything so grand and purty and skrupshus in all my borned days So I diddent. purty girls! gee hum, dont menshun it! first a fairy come out in tights and she sed as how she lowed the devvil wuz astir but she wood show him who wuz runnin that ranch, and then the devvil come a scootin rite up through the Floor and he sed as how he wood set peepil a fightin and nashuns a warrin and then the queen come out with a long gold pole and she sed as how she treasured and was otherwize stuck on her sister and then she went away and a big lubber of a prince come a snoopin around and sayin his heart wuz a bustin for luv of the queens Sister and then he mozied off and the sister come out and sung and kicked about steen feet high and showed her fuzzy undergarments jist shameful and i thot she must be tuff, but she sung so purty and seemed to be so giless that i jist farely got stuck on her and afore that show wuz out i wuz reddey to giv her the keys to my trunk.

wel loosindy i kant begin to tel you uv the purty things i see at that show but i see enuff to make me low the peepil wuz jist abowt purfeckshun in fissickal form as well as utherwize, and when the show left that

of the balley girls says, why hello heres McGinty come up agan from the bottom of the sea, and then them constitooted fules all danced around and sung abowt a feller named McGinty that spoiled his sunday cloze a goin down to the bottom of the Sea and i coulddent make out what the darn fule went thare fur, and then the devvil come in and razed the vary old Sheel with the fairy. it seems he is the fairys husband and she had been caught flirtin with one of the brass band men, and jeeroosalum but that devvil and that fairy did quarrel. then a preemyear set down on my lap and put her arms around my neck and sung:

"O my littel Darling I luv you,"

and i says, look here this wont do for ime agoin to marry loosindy Pypes and she said, beg parding did you say Snipes or Gripes, and i jist thot ide better git out uv that so I got. and i axshelly dont think ile ever believe in a theater show agin. i saw Lord Fauntleroy act and i thot his muther was conspicshusly the neerest to an angel of enny female woman i ever see but now sense i see this show frum behind the kurtin i woodent bee

town i left on the saim train and i got akwanted with sum uv them and when we gott tew the next town the stage manajer let me go behind the scenes and i vow to you that i never had so menny ideels busted in one nite before as i did while i was a settin back there. the fairy got in late and the stage manajer told her that she took up so much time a flirtin with doods that it was rubbin it in and he diddent purpose to stand it no longer and then she told him to shut up or she would kick the breth out of him and then she follered that up by callin him a dam J, jist like the feller kald me in Denver. and that fairys shape looked as though she hadd bin run through a meltin machine. she wuzzent neer so plump as she wuz the night afore and the manajer sed to her, hurry up now and git yure pins into the sawdust for its time to go on, and wood you bieve it that her fine lims was all padded with sawdust. then whyle the queen wuz a loafin around smokin a siggaret she seen me an says, hello old Pike county, what red waggon did you foller away from home, and sez i, i haint frum Pike county but frum good old Keokuk county ioway, and she snickered like a born fool and sez, wel, in that case all any one kin do fur you is to pity you. then the woman that pretends to be the queens sister come up and asked my naim and i sez perlite like, Silas Vastine, and then the derved ijit begun to dance around me and hold out her hand to me and sing—

"Oh, rise up Silas Vastine and come along with me."

i offered to go along with her rether than hav a fuss and then one

surprised to see this angel kick a mans hat off and swear like Yank Shideler, so sendin you the untarnished luv of my virchus youth i am as ever,

yours Trewly,

SILAS VASTINE.

MODESTY.



OMEBOODY, possibly Sara Bernhardt, has said: "Modesty is a good thing in a woman." Modesty is not confined to any class, and the same may be said of immodesty. In high life, among what is called the *élite*, it is neck-and-neck among the ladies in the race for social position. There are many instances, particularly among ladies who attend the opera, in which expense should not be considered. For instance,

it would be better if the corsage came higher. The "lo and behold!" style of décolleté dress is not confined to the ballet dancers on the stage, by any manner of means. Not very long ago Brother Talmage took occasion to remark: "If the décolleté fashion does not draw the line somewhere, the primitive fig-leaf will again be an indispensable toilet article."

However, there are other vulgarities besides those displayed in dress and behavior. Of all immodest women, those who write, and, by a train of unfortunate circumstances, are enabled to publish immodesty, are the most to be dreaded.

A FEMALE STRATEGIST.

Jones—That Brown girl is a smart one.

Smith—What is she up to now?

You know whenever she goes out she has her pug with her.

Yes, I understand.

Well, she has trained that dog to trot along about ten feet behind her.

Well, what of that?

What of that? Don't you see she can look back at the man under the pretense of looking after the dog.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

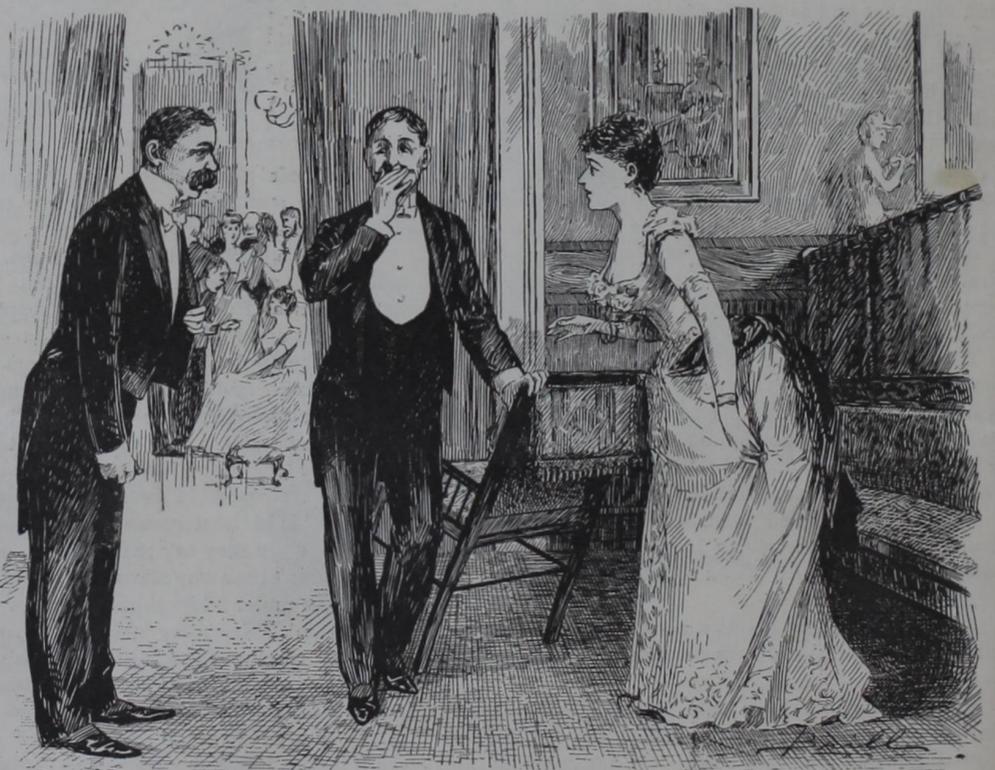
Merchant—What! you here again? Haven't I told you three times I don't want any of your goods. What are you waiting for?

Drummer—Vat am I vaiting for? Do you ogspect dot I shall kick myseluf your office oud?

Wife—Are you going fishing to-day?

Husband—Yes, my dear.

Wife—Well, try and catch some that are fresh this time.



THAT STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE.

MR. BROWN—This is Inspector Byrnes, our greatest living detective.

MRS. BROWN—Oh, I am so happy to meet you, sir. Will you tell me, have they found McGinty yet?

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XV.



HENRY began his reign in 1032. It was a period of great disorder in France. Feudal lords were fighting each other all over the kingdom, and the country was constantly pillaged by bands of marauders, who recognized no law but that of might. As it was impossible to put an end to this altogether, a singular compromise was effected,

mainly through the efforts of the clergy. It was called *La Trêve de Dieu*—the truce of God—which provided that all hostilities, public and private, should be suspended from Wednesday evening of each week until the following Monday morning, under penalty of excommunication and banishment if the law was broken. While this arrangement cnafed the haughty barons, who wanted to fight the entire week through, including nights and Sundays, yet the truce was pretty generally observed and was never abolished, although you might think it had been, to live in some French households, where husband and wife are quarreling together all the time.

About this time an order was formed consisting of nobles sworn to protect widows and orphans, and not to abuse the poor. Cheval is a horse, and as these knights usually fought on horseback they were called Chevaliers, and the time in which they flourished is known as the age of chivalry. The spirit of chivalry has not died out entirely. There are plenty of men ready to protect the widow and the orphan, provided the widow is young and good looking and the orphan has a large inheritance to stand guardian over.

Much ceremony was necessary in order to transform a young man into a Chevalier. In the first place it was necessary for him to be of noble birth, and to have merited the distinction by some act of bravery. The night before the ceremony he passed in prayer in some chapel, all dressed in white. Where is the young man nowadays who would undertake this ordeal? The next day the priests replaced the white robe with a purple tunic, emblem of his own blood which he must be ready to shed to the last corpuscle in the discharge of his duties. Then they conducted him before some old and experienced Chevalier, who, after an affectionate embrace, struck him three light blows upon the shoulders with a sword, and gave him a slap on the cheek, intimating that that was the last time he must stand that sort of nonsense from any man. He was then provided with a pair of golden spurs—to spur him on to duty—and a sword that had been blessed by the priest. A Chevalier enjoyed many privileges forbidden all other classes. He was called *Monsieur*, or my lord, and his wife was *Noble Dame*; and he was permitted to fly his own particular banner over his chateau, which was carried before him when he went to battle. But a brave knight was expected to carry everything before him in a fight.

It was in relieving some distressed damsel that a Chevalier of France appeared to the best advantage. Sometimes she was shut up in the top of some high tower by a tyrant father, just because she wanted to marry the hired man who lowered the draw-bridge and worked the portcullis. It was the duty of the Chevalier to scale the tower and rescue the young lady; and he usually finished the performance by running away with her himself, closely pursued by the tyrant father and the hired man.

Henry I. of France, who was indolent and inactive, had rather an uneventful life, but there were stirring

times in some of the feudatories of the crown, particularly in Normandy, governed by Robert the Devil, father, as I have told you, of William the Conqueror. Robert was what might be aptly called a devil of a fellow. It was strongly suspected that he secured his elevation by poisoning his elder brother, Duke Richard. He invited him, together with several of his barons, to a great banquet at Falaise, his castle, and on their return to Rouen they were taken mysteriously ill and some died, including Duke Richard. It was given out that it was due to a microbe in the ice-cream.

Robert hardly waited for the funeral to be over before he took possession of the duchy. He was an energetic man and a great fighter. Besides seating Henry on the throne he subdued stubborn Brittany, and compelled Duke Alan to pay him (Robert) homage as to a superior.

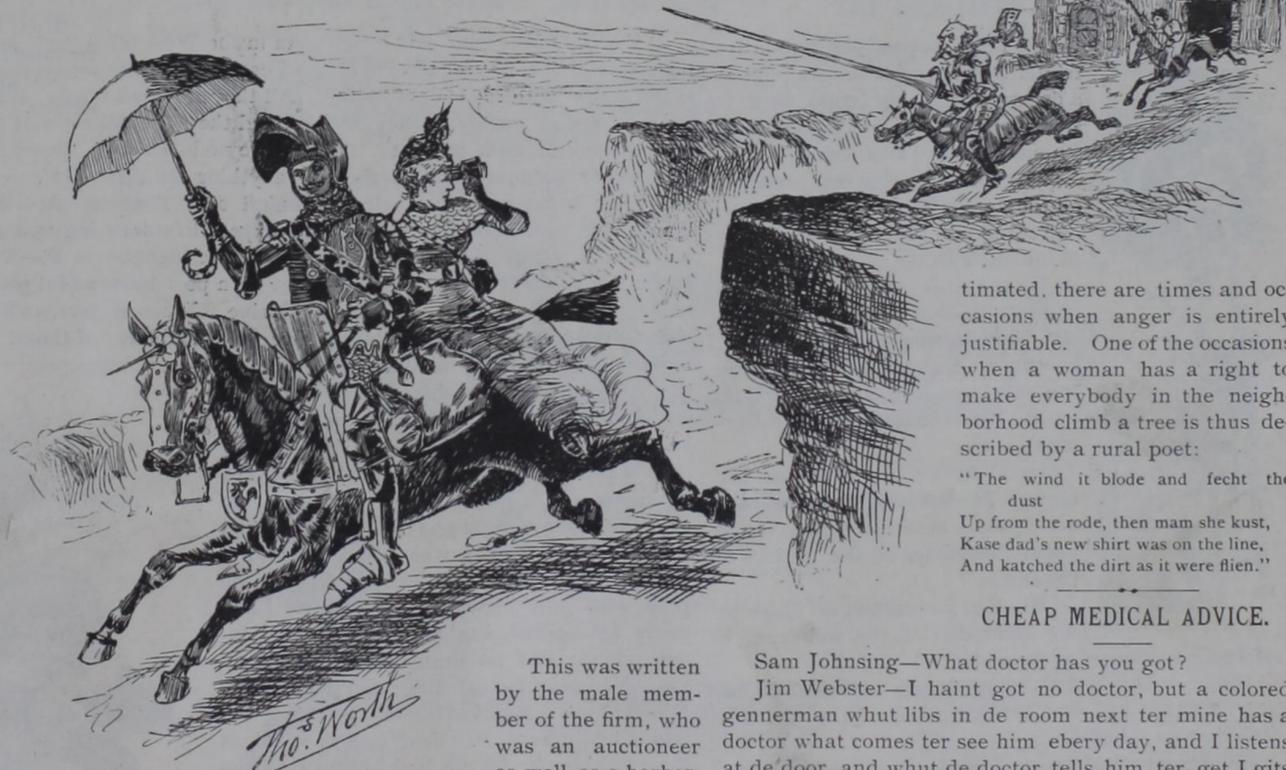
But as age approached, Robert was seized by remorse for his misdeeds. I have noticed, by the way, that remorse rarely gets a very close hold on a man of that description until he finds himself getting a little old. As a penance for his sins he undertook a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, accomplishing the entire distance on foot. But one couldn't then make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land in a Pullman Palace Car, as he can now. Before his departure he designated his only son William, a child of seven years, as his heir and successor to the dukedom of Normandy. He was an illegitimate son, his mother daughter of a tanner of Falaise, though she didn't Falaisely, we are told by an Irish historian of the time. This boy was destined in the sequel, not only to inherit his father's possessions in Normandy, but also to win the crown of England, and descend to posterity under the proud title of *Guillaume le Conquerant*.

Robert of Normandy reached the Holy Land and duly discharged his vow, but he never lived to see fair Normandy again. He died on the return trip, in 1035. Henry of France, who disputed unavailingly William's advancement to the government of Normandy, died in 1060, and was succeeded by his son Philip I., a lad only eight years of age. How fortunate it is for you, *mes enfants*, that you live in America, where there are no kings, and where you may be perfectly assured that none of you will ever be called upon to mount a high-seated and otherwise uncomfortable throne at the tender age of eight years.

VARIOUS TALENTS.

In a small Kansas town there is a barber shop in which both husband and wife are adepts at shampooing and shaving. Recently a sign in one window at the noon hour read as follows:

"Gone to mak a sail. Be bak soon.—J. L."



A Cavalier of the Eleventh Century Rescuing an Imprisoned Maiden.

manner:

"Gone to tak a fit. Be back at one ock.—C. L."

C. L. added to her other accomplishments that of dressmaking, and so the poor, unshaved commercial man had to leave town in the same hairy condition in which he had entered it.

FRIENDSHIP.



THERE is no bravery like that involved in the forgiveness of injuries, or mounting a bucking horse. It is a noble thing to forgive your enemies—especially those you can't lick.

The man who forgives has won two victories—one over himself and one over the person who has injured him. At the same time there is no occasion to overdo it in forgiving injuries. Do not be as humble and forgiving as the laundryman, who will do more for you the more cuffs you give him.

Never harbor animosity against a friend for a mere hasty expression. Just speak up, then and there, and let him know that you think he is an unmitigated ass, and let that be the end of it. Don't cherish hard feelings.

A man of the meanest capacity makes himself more than the peer of the man of the loftiest intellect, if he forgives him. Forgive your enemy, but do not buy his little boy a drum. Don't, as we said before, go to extremes in magnanimity. S.

ANGER.

A bad temper is a curse to the possessor, and its influence is most deadly wherever it is found. However, there are times when an outburst of temper is inevitable. "Needn't tell me de dumb man didn't say nuffin dat night he fell ober de wheelbarrer," observes Opie Read.

It is allied to martyrdom to be obliged to live with one of a complaining temper. Indeed, many a beautifully formed mouth is made hideous by the fiery tongue within it. It is a curious coincidence that the woman who has a temper of her own is seldom willing to keep it.

Anger, in its common aspects, is one of the basest passions of ignoble minds. Strive to keep your temper and your temper will keep you—out of much trouble. Ill-natured people who aspire to be loftier than the ordinary run of mankind should ponder over the remark of Bulwer: "Nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation."

As we have already in-

timated, there are times and occasions when anger is entirely justifiable. One of the occasions when a woman has a right to make everybody in the neighborhood climb a tree is thus described by a rural poet:

"The wind it blode and fecht the dust
Up from the rode, then mam she kust,
Kase dad's new shirt was on the line,
And katched the dirt as it were flien."

CHEAP MEDICAL ADVICE.

Sam Johnsing—What doctor has you got?

Jim Webster—I haint got no doctor, but a colored gennerman whut libs in de room next ter mine has a doctor what comes ter see him ebery day, and I listens at de door, and whut de doctor tells him ter get I gits de same. Don't cost me nuffin, heah!

STRICTLY BUSINESS.

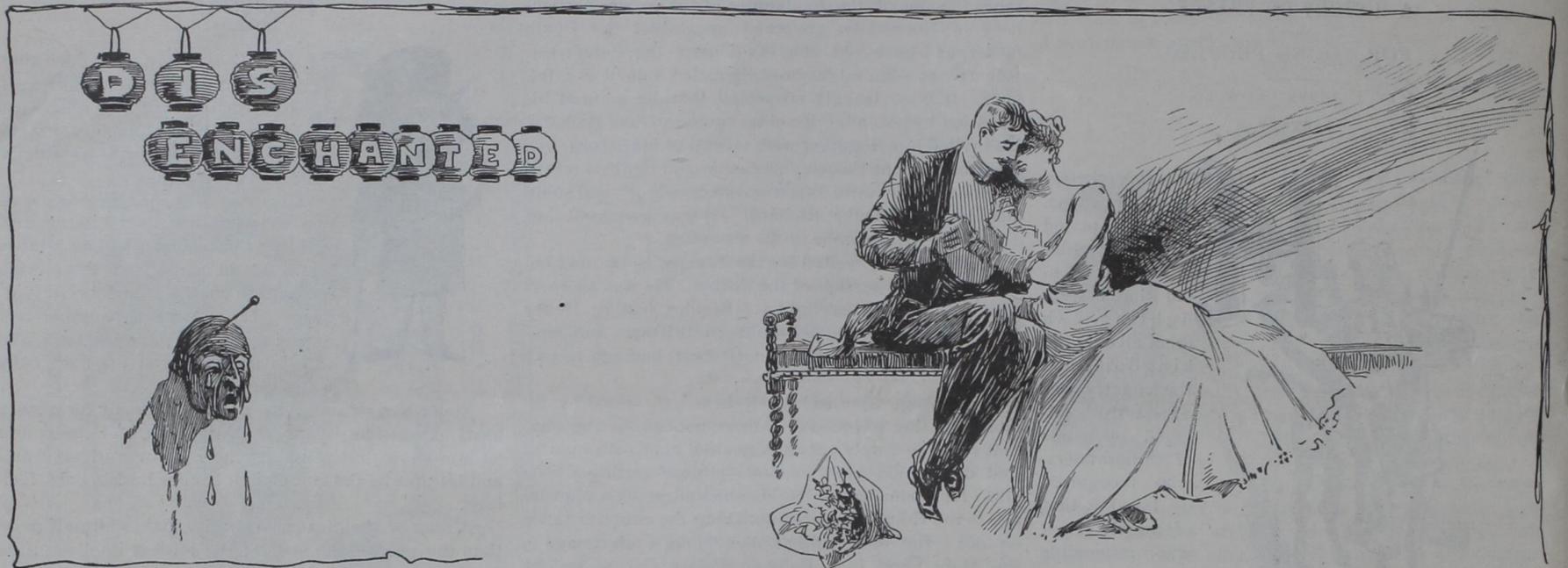
Isaacs—Vere have you been for de bast veek?

Jacobs—I vas in Boston.

Isaacs—Did you go there for pishness or only bleasure?

Jacobs—I went dere to get married.

Isaacs—So it vash a pishness trip, after all.



I.

The salon was heavy with odors
Of flowers expensive and sweet,
As ravishing measures of music,
Beat time to the dancers' swift feet.

II.

He hung 'round the belle of the ev'ning,
A beautiful blushing young girl,
With cheeks pink as Delaware peaches,
And head all a-tangled gold curl!

III.

Ah, soon, in a moment of rapture,
He lured her afar from the crowd,
Unto a dim improvised bower,
And there his affection avowed.

IV.

She nestled her head on his shoulder,
His passionate heart throbb'd beneath;
But, oh! when to kiss her he ventured,
Her "Beauty Mask" caught in his teeth!

V.

Then, horrors! unto his dazed vision
Revealed was the terrible truth!
A cuticle wrinkled and sallow
Instead of the fair skin of youth.

VI.

As fleet as fork-lightning she vanished,
And he by a-smelling strong salts,
Revived as the music was playing,
The final sweet bars of a waltz.



VII.

Well, who but a cynic could blame her?
Or, why her deception e'en ask?
She was but a summer belle hiding
The ravage of years 'neath a mask!

ADELE.

height, was apt to have frequent difficulties with a big brawny private of Scotch and Irish blood, whose love for whisky à l'Irlandais was in constant strife with Sandy's constitutional thrift.

One day the Celt got the better of the Highlander, and Sandy was very drunk and glib of tongue, and the major (sure to be drawn toward him at such times as is the needle to the magnet) could endure his man's witty impertinences no longer; Sandy went under guard. But his company was ordered on a secret expedition, and in some way he found it out. Nearly sobered at the idea of staying behind, he used all sorts of methods obtaining release, calling to the major as the latter passed the guard-house from time to time, in various tones from dulcet to fortissimo. Nothing availed; Sandy's patience was exhausted, and prudence fled. The major was again hurrying to headquarters when an angry roar checked him.

"Ah-h-h, ye poor miserable little devil on two sticks! Keeping the fight smothered in this bottle of a hole! But when I get out, when—I—get out, Tommy Tompkins, sir, I'll have the heart's blood of ye. I'll call ye out, that I will, I'll, I'll, I'll scalp ye, so I will!"

The major wore a shining wig; and he was in love. Sandy did not get out to go.

A. C. WALDRON.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

Mother-in-law—How are you two coming on?
Daughter-in-law—First rate, ma. We never quarrel.

Has he given up drinking and smoking as he promised?

No, ma, but he has taught me how to drink and smoke.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A.—Who is that shabby looking man I saw you talking to a while ago?

B.—That's an old friend of mine, a journalist, and awful poor. It's lucky he isn't married and got daughters, as I might have been big fool enough to marry one of them.



Winter Scene in Central Park.

FLOWERS AND TREES.



BEAUTIFUL beyond description are the floral products of nature! What a dreary world this would be if it were not for trees and flowers, and pie and love and such things.

The tree is an eloquent preacher all the way along to the latest fall; and it utters a funeral sermon then that ends with the bluebird's song.

By the way, speaking of trees and fall, there is said to be a tree in New Guinea which when touched, knocks a man down. Evidently this tree must be a species of boxwood. Good material for a policeman's club.

Says Emerson, "Flowers are always fit presents; because they are a proud assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the earth."

By the association of ideas we are reminded of the following in reference to flowers as presents:

Clara—"Oh, John! what lovely flowers! They look as if they had just been gathered. Why, there's a little dew on them!"

John (somewhat embarrassed)—"Due upon them! Not a cent, Clara, I assure you, not a cent."

Walter Scott was a great lover of flowers, otherwise he could not have written:

"The rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;
The rose is sweetest when washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

Most men squander their lives anticipating the arrival of the day when they will begin to live.

COMING OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

"For the life of me," said a rich man in the West to his spendthrift son, "for the life of me I can't see what is the matter with the boys of to-day. All they are good for is to spend money, money, money, and they seem utterly ignorant as to its value. They have no ideas of business or economy, and if they do anything at all they want to begin where their fathers left off. They ignore the rounds of the ladder, and expect to enter business as wholesale merchants or bank presidents. It was not so when I was a boy. I grew up a poor boy among the sand barrens and rocks of Maine. When I was eighteen I slung a slender budget over my shoulder, took a stout stick in my hand and traveled over the Allegheny Mountains to the West in search of employment. On foot, my boy, on foot."

"Well, father," said the son, that's what's the matter with me. I didn't have to come over the mountains as you did. The earliest that I can remember was being dressed in clothes so nice that mother wouldn't let me play with other boys in the street. I had every indulgence, was taught no ideas of independence and no duties were exacted of me. You sent me to college and paid all my bills without a murmur because you were rich and could afford it. Yes, father, it might have been better for me had I come over the mountains, but I didn't have to."

The old man saw there was force in the reasoning and was silent.

A WAR INCIDENT.

It was when the army of the Cumberland was full of fight in Tennessee, an infantry major, a fussy martinet of barely the regulation

NOTES FROM NEBRASKA.

The leading Eastern Loan Companies have notes from Nebraska drawing large interest, and if the SIFTINGS can get any interest out of these notes it is welcome to it.

Nebraska lies north of the geographical centre of the United States. The centre is down somewhere in Kansas, if it has not been sent East as an advertisement.

North of Nebraska is the fresh young State of Dakota. Those who have seen both States admit that Nebr. is a land that is fairer than Da.

Nebraska was admitted into the Union over twenty years ago, having passed the civil service examination, and she immediately adopted a constitution punishing piracy with death; though whether it was for the protection of the prairie schooner, or to make the world think she had a sea coast, has never yet been figured out.

When the State was new, the population was scattering, and they had to have a round-up in order to find men enough to fill the offices; but things have changed, and there are now men enough who went to school with Harrison to fill all the positions, and if they should not hold out, most of them are willing to fill two or more places.

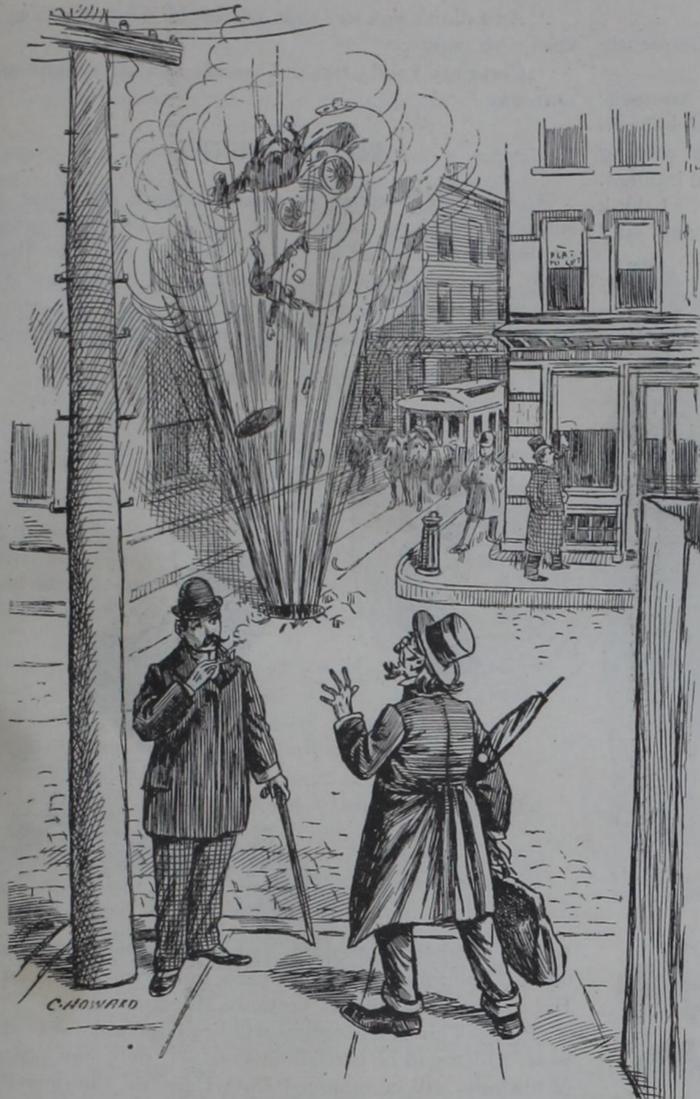
Not many years ago, Nebraska, Iowa and Kansas were marked on the map as the "Great American Desert." Nebraska is the only one that has disproved the geographies, the others having succumbed to the prohibitionist and "gone dry." The name Nebraska means "flat water," which also seems to define the popular idea of that article as a beverage. Being surrounded by prohibition States makes it a place of constant temptation, as lovers of liquor have only to step across the State line in order to quench their thirst at untaxed rates.

In the early times the grasshopper, with an appetite like a cyclone, used to light on the State, leaving nothing in his tracks but devastation and a few dried-up cornstalks, but since the railroad has fastened its iron grip on the State there is nothing left for the grasshopper after the freight bills are paid.

Nebraska used to keep its name in the papers by electing Van Wyck to the Senate. He would stump the State denouncing the railroads, and then accept a special train from them to haul his egotism back and forth from Washington. When the people discovered that he was carrying water around on both shoulders, they sat down on him. It might do to carry water

around that way in prohibition Iowa, but Nebraska had not been educated up to that point.

The State also received a shove to the front by having Gov. Thayer's portrait published in the SIFTINGS. The people of the State were very much pleased to see that the SIFTINGS got Thayer.



USED TO IT.

MR. CORNCOB (excitedly)—Gosh! stranger, look thar; biler bust, ain't it?

NEW YORKER (calmly)—No, only another man-hole blown up. Mustn't mind a little thing like that; we are used to that kind of thing in New York.

ABOUT CLUBS.

No one can have failed to observe the great and growing popularity of clubs in New York at the present time. There are scores of them already and new ones are being formed every day.

Clubs are very ancient institutions. It is said that Cain got up the first club, though his brother Abel was against it. Sorosis claims to have been the first woman's club. Eve was the first woman, and it is reasonable to believe that her first club was a broomstick, and it is a woman's favorite club still. In the hands of a vigorous and angry female it is a trump club, and when she plays it she makes a sweep.

Primeval man was much attached to his club. In fact, he took it with him wherever he went. He spent more time with his club than his descendants have ever done, and yet his wife never found fault about it. In fact, the club was her best defense. It was meat and drink to them, when knocking down had to be done to make a livelihood. And if you visit a club now it is meet and drink, if you meet any good fellows.

Hercules is a man whom all club men should admire—the very king of clubs. In most statues of Hercules you find him standing by his club, and that is what good club men will always do, stand by their club, or resign.

As we have shown, our remote ancestors were rarely without a club, for when they were not clubbing the enemy they turned to and clubbed together, just to keep their hands in. Nothing like clubbing together—and, by the way, TEXAS SIFTINGS offers very low clubbing rates, as you can ascertain by inquiring. Let's club together.

DESTRUCTIVE TO THE MEMORY.

A.—I have just discovered what it is that destroys memory most completely.

B.—Alcohol?

No.

Tobacco?

No.

Morphine?

No. It is doing a man a favor.



Winter Furs and Wraps.

They may think in the East that Nebraska is rowdy and uncultured, but that is not so. The arts have not been neglected. There are many expert pistol shots, and Uncle Tom's Cabin always draws a full house.

The products of Nebraska are very diversified. Almost everything can be raised, except subscriptions to a World's Fair fund and four acres.

The population of the East is invited to come out and see us. Bring your credentials along, so that you can prove that you are not Tascott, and we will show you a great State.

DUNCAN M. SMITH.

SEWARD, Neb.

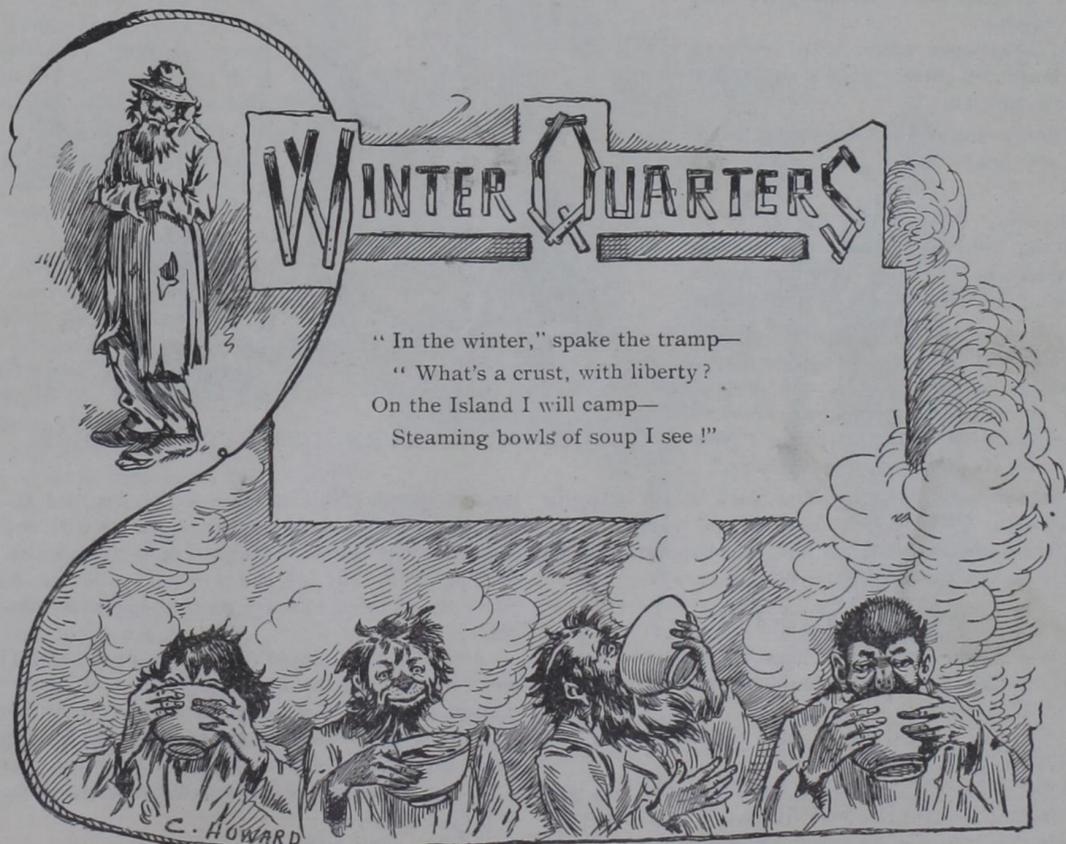
A STRANGE FRIENDSHIP.

A New England farmer's wife has a speckled hen and a Maltese cat that are the best of friends. Last spring they each came into possession of a family, using the same nest in the hay-loft. When the hen was away, tabby protected and kept warm both families, kittens and chickens, and when tabby went foraging they all nestled under the wings of the mother hen.

THE COURTSHIP OF THE FUTURE.

She—Charlie, I can no longer conceal my passion for you. Do you love me in return?

He—You must ask pa. He knows more about such things than I do.



"In the winter," spake the tramp—

"What's a crust, with liberty?

On the Island I will camp—

Steaming bowls of soup I see!"

HE TOOK NO RISKS.

"Charles, dear," said a fond wife who was assisting her husband for a short journey, "what is this flask of whisky for?"

"That," said her husband, suddenly looking up from his valise, "O, that's to be used exclusively in the case of snake bites."

"But, my dear," remonstrated the little woman, "there are no snakes in the cars."

"O, yes there are, at times. You see, when they stop to wood up, or take water at some way station out in the woods—some gloomy swamp or bayou—the



snakes board the train and crawl around the passengers, legs. It's mighty annoying, and dangerous, too. And then, too, I've seen men on cars with their boots full of snakes—real serpents—none of your circus poster reptiles, but the genuine article. Yes, I shouldn't consider my life worth ten cents if I were to leave that bottle of whisky behind."

BREVITIES.

"It may be," says Gilhooly, "it may be that a man and his wife are one; but I notice that when I come to pay the weekly board-bill, the landlord does not think so."

A writer stated in a recent obituary notice that "the deceased was born in his native town, where he has ever since resided."

A Maine man who has invented a flying machine has hired another man to try the thing. This inventor may not be such a fool after all.

An Ohio girl sued a man for breach of promise, and proved him such a mean scoundrel that the jury decided that she ought to pay him something for not marrying her.

No newspaper editor who seeks to keep posted on current events can afford to shave himself.

When young men idolize young ladies they are apt to tell a great many idle lies.

Changing officials in the hope of obtaining reform reminds one of the Irishman who wore his stockings inside out because there was a hole on the other side.

A Connecticut girl listened to a long declaration of love, pathetic and proposing from a young man, and then knocked all the poetry out of him by saying: "Now let us talk about your business affairs."

The new building of the New York World is twelve stories high. When a man comes in and wants to know who wrote that article, he is told that the author is on the top floor with the elevator broken.

A DISAPPOINTED YOUTH.

"Well," said an Austin, Texas, merchant to a young man in his office, "I understand that you desire a position in my employ."

"Yes, sir," replied the youth, "and I think I can furnish you good testimonials."

"Well," said the merchant, "to be frank with you, and not beat around the bush too much, I have already obtained information concerning you."

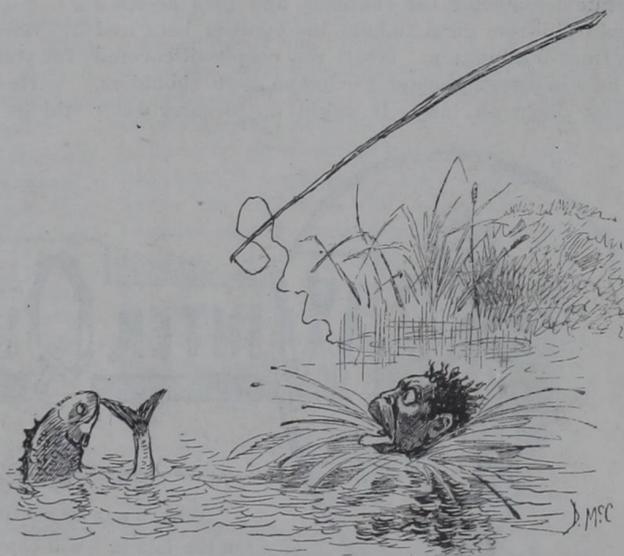
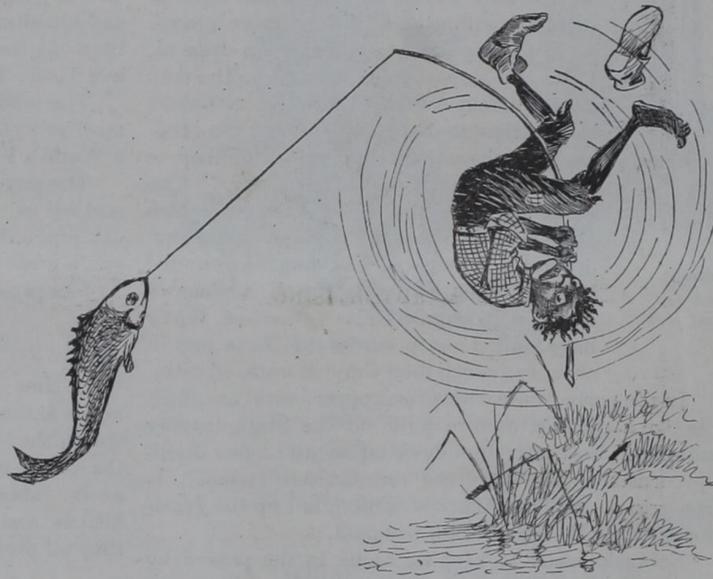
"Ah, that pleases me," rejoined the youth.

"Yes, I have been told that you quite frequently take a drink or two too much."

Indeed! The same has been told me of yourself, but I don't believe it. No man who was in the habit of taking too much liquor would have kept me waiting here so long without asking me to step out and indulge. I don't believe I want to work for you anyhow. I think you have been misrepresented to me. Good-day, sir."

A GOOD EXPLANATION.

About the commencement of the war, Judge Rice



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.

made a speech in Alabama, in which he said that the Southern soldiers could whip the Yankees with popguns. Since the war, when he had not only changed his mind on that point, but aligned himself with the Radical party, he chanced to make another speech at the same place.

A big, double-jointed fellow was present who heard and remembered the former speech, and, being in an unamiable frame of mind, concluded to go for Sam.

Rolling up his sleeves and popping his fist into the palm of his hand, he propounded the fearful question:

"Say, Sam Rice, didn't you make a speech here in 1861?"

"I did," said Sam.

"And didn't you say that we could whip the Yankees with popguns?"

"Certainly I did; but the rascals wouldn't fight us that way."

A PECULIAR NOTICE.

One of the Spanish provincial papers publishes a singular obituary notice. It says: This morning our Savior summoned away the jeweler, Siebaldo Illinago, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hilda and Emma, the



former of whom is married, and the other is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. Signed, His disconsolate widow, Veronica Illinago.

P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our business, which will be carried on as usual, only our place of business will be removed from Calle de Comercio to No. 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised our rent.

A LIE OUT SOMEWHERE.

A.—Jones' wife has had no education whatever. She can't even read.

B.—She can't! Why, he told me that when he came home late the other night she read him a lecture that made his eyes bulge out.

A NERVOUS BANKER.

Polite Beat—Can't you accommodate me with three dollars?

Banker—Man alive! you make me nervous. Why do you always ask for three dollars, instead of asking for one dollar or two dollars?

Polite Beat—Mr. Moneybags, if you think you understand the begging business better than I do, just you beg for a while and let me be banker.

HIS OWN FAULT.

Customer—You recommended a young lady with \$10,000 to me, and I was just going to marry her.

Matrimonial Agent—Well, why didn't you?

But I have discovered that she is paralyzed.

Well, if you want a wife to climb mountains or run foot races, you should say so beforehand.

A RAY OF HOPE.

Landlady—How are you feeling to-day?

Bohemian—Very bad, indeed.

Shall I send for my doctor?

Do you think I could borrow a couple of dollars from him until this crisis has passed over?

EASY TO PLEASE.

Tramp—Haven't you got something for me to do?

Farmer—No, I guess not. There is not much work just now.

Tramp—I don't need much. You would be surprised to see with how little work I could worry along.

IN CHICAGO, OF COURSE.

Eastern Man—Are you married?

New Acquaintance—Y-e-s. That is, temporarily.

THEY LOOKED ALIKE.

Mrs. A.—Is it you or your brother?

Bobby—No; it's me.

GHOSTS.

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

LADIES AND GENNERMENS:—Hit seems as if superstishun can not be radicated from de human mind. Niggers am pertickerlery superstishus. No 'mount of educashun can splode ghostesses and de like in dar minds.

Speakin' erbout ghostesses and de like, dars one cussed smart thing what dey does. Dey don't nebber show up ter more den one pusson at a time, and den only by candle lite. Heah! Heah! Heah! Dey's afraid ob spoilin' de trade.

De only ghos' what I berleeb in am de cholera-in-phantom. I had it when I was a chile and hit 'mos' killed me, so I has been told.

Locking de door ain't no pertecshun ter de man what sees ghos'esses. Dey gets inter de room wid skeleton keys, I s'pose. I has knowed sum libely culled ghosts ter git inter a smoke house datter way, and carry off enuff sides ob bacon ter last 'em a hull mumf.

Some mighty smart men berleeb in sperits. Didn't yer notice how willin' some ob de big bugs was ter enter President Harrison's cabinet. Dat's becuse dey wus spiritualists. Heah! Vice-President Morton he too am a dealer in sperits.

Hit's puffedly wonderful what all ghostesses kin do. You niggers what kin read, and has money enuff ter buy de papers, can't hab disremembered yit what tuck place in New York when a fat ooman named De Bar, or she bar, or sumfin ob de kind, fooled a smart ole man by de name of Marsh, who was a lawyer besides.

Ef de ghostesses kin draw pictur's, as he said dey did, perhaps some ob dese days dey will take de bread outen de moufs ob de culled man's children, by white-washin' fences and barns and de like. Maybe de cuiled barber will habter go, too.

De ghos' bizness pays. A man who kan't earn his salt a hoein' corn, or any udder kind ob work kin be-



A SHREWD JANITOR.

FRIEND OF JANITOR—And why don't you make the little devils quit sliding down the banister?
 JANITOR—Not for the world would I stop them. They save me the thrubble of polishing the brass railing.

quest of the students compulsory attendance at prayers in that institution has been abandoned. This gives the student more time to attend to boat rowing, base and foot-ball and other brain work.

S.

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISING.

In this age the business man who does not advertise is doomed. Every style of advertising pays, but the greatest results are acquired from utilizing the advertising columns of a properly conducted journal. An inch advertisement in a newspaper is worth a dozen on a fence.

We never knew of but one case in which advertising did not pay. It occurred in Chicago. A burglar overlooked eighty dollars in a bureau drawer and the papers so announced. He returned the next night and not only secured it, but a suit of clothes besides.

The man who doesn't hang out his shingle and advertise, dies and leaves no sign. The right kind of eyes for business men is advert-ise. Puffs in newspapers help many merchants to "raise the wind."

Scott.

No class of people realize the benefits of advertising as much as actors and actresses. Mrs. Langtry did not object to members of the English aristocracy butting and clawing each other on her account, as she realized the benefit of the free advertising she got. A year or so ago, a half crazy actor named O'Connor, who was making a hit, begged the newspapers to let him alone. They did so, and soon afterwards he was out of a situation and hauled up for debt.

Death and discontinuance of an advertisement is regarded as positive evidence of going out of business.

S.

A poet requires two loves—the love of a woman in his youth that of the people in his old age.

A CONSIDERATE LITTLE BOY.

Bobby—I want some more candy.

Mother—I can't give you any more candy. When anybody has too much candy a big black bear comes and eats him.

Bobby—Then give me the paper, quick, so the big black bear won't eat you up.

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN.

Mistress—I am very much disgusted with you.

Servant—What is the matter? What have I done?

Mistress—You used the same brush in shining my shoes that you did on your own.

A Texas undertaker, whose terms are cash down, has a placard suspended in his office with a line from Death of Sir John Moore—"Not a funeral note."



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

" 'Tis grievous parting with good company."

come one ob dese clairvoyants, and salt down fifty dollars a week as easy as nuffin.

Thankin' you for habin listened to dis heah spiritual talk wid sich rapped attenshun, Uncle Mose will now pass de hat.

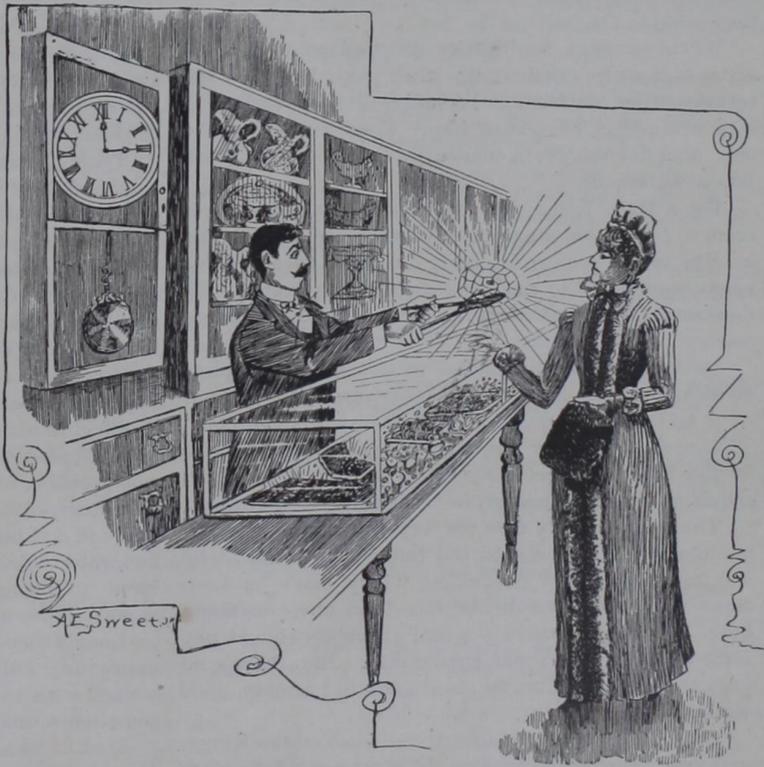
ALEX. E. SWEET.

A COLLEGIATE EDUCATION.

There is a large healthy doubt in the minds of many men as to the advantage of a collegiate education in the young man's subsequent battle of life. Every once in a while we stumble across a well authenticated case of an ambitious college graduate, who is a good Latin and Greek scholar, working for seventy cents a day sodding grass, or whacking a street car mule at an even less remuneration.

Moreover the expense to the parent of the student is very considerable. Looked at in its economic aspect it costs less to be a member of Congress than a Harvard student. The average college student is liable to be extravagant in everything unless it is the item of attendance at prayers.

At Yale, we believe it was, that at the earnest re-

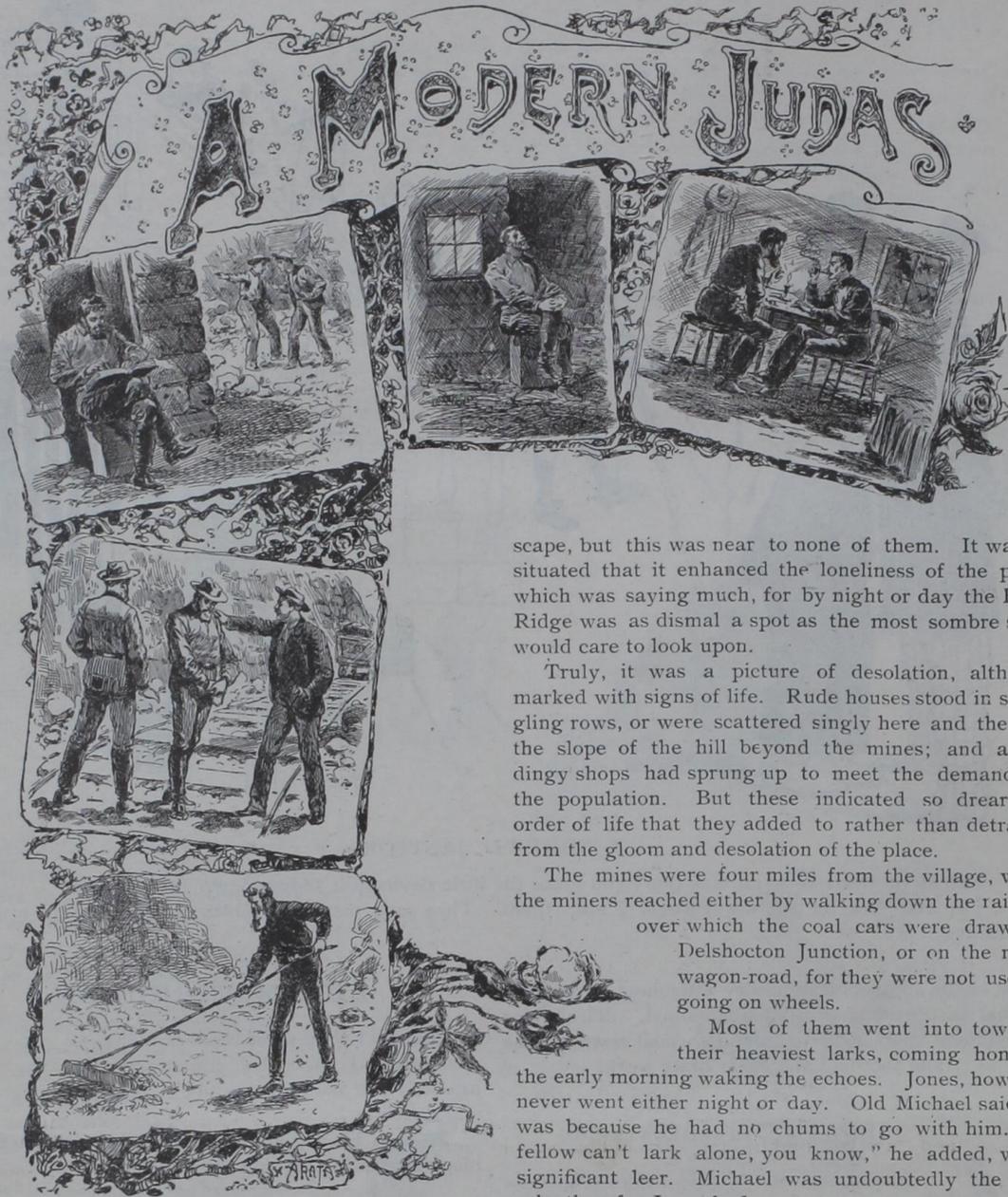


SHE WANTED SOMETHING LARGE.

CLERK—This is the largest diamond in the store.

LADY—I'll look around, and if I can't find anything bigger I'll take it.

N. B.—She is the wife of a druggist who profited by the recent epidemic of grip.



BY GERTRUDE GARRISON.

(Written for Texas Siftings.)

After the coal mines at Black Ridge had been some months in operation, the superintendent brought out a new man and put him in charge of some car-loaders.

This was silently resented by two or three men who had looked forward to holding that office themselves. They went sullenly about their work, determined to make it as unpleasant for the new "boss of loading" as they could.

Whenever they could they dropped an ugly word about him, and to their chums they poured out the bitterness of their hearts unreservedly, till they worked up a general prejudice against him. Thus it was that the new man did not get a chance to start right with his fellow workmen.

For a time, Jones—for that was his name—did not seem to notice that he was out of favor, so entirely did he devote himself to his daily duties. Indeed, if his enemies expected to find him careless they were surely doomed to disappointment, as not a man at the mines worked harder than he.

Jones was evidently unused to this kind of employment, for he was never in the coal-yard half an hour until he was as grimy and black as any of the miners. This must have been the result of pure awkwardness, for the men he directed shoveled coal all day without acquiring half as much grime, especially on their faces.

That was the only flaw the superintendent found in his new man. "Confound the fellow," he said, as he watched Jones one morning, "why can't he keep cleaner. He wears a dirtier face than any roustabout here. Even the boss of six coal shovelers should pay some respect to personal appearance. But there's no fault to find with the way he attends to business, none whatever."

Jones had put up a cabin at the base of the Ridge, and lived there entirely alone. Nothing could be more isolated than this spot. Other cabins dotted the land-

scape, but this was near to none of them. It was so situated that it enhanced the loneliness of the place, which was saying much, for by night or day the Black Ridge was as dismal a spot as the most sombre spirit would care to look upon.

Truly, it was a picture of desolation, although marked with signs of life. Rude houses stood in struggling rows, or were scattered singly here and there on the slope of the hill beyond the mines; and a few dingy shops had sprung up to meet the demands of the population. But these indicated so dreary an order of life that they added to rather than detracted from the gloom and desolation of the place.

The mines were four miles from the village, which the miners reached either by walking down the railroad over which the coal cars were drawn to Delshoeton Junction, or on the rough wagon-road, for they were not used to going on wheels.

Most of them went into town for their heaviest larks, coming home in the early morning waking the echoes. Jones, however, never went either night or day. Old Michael said this was because he had no chums to go with him. "A fellow can't lark alone, you know," he added, with a significant leer. Michael was undoubtedly the most relentless foe Jones had.

Although Jones never went into town, he nevertheless made more purchases there than almost any other man at the mines. The boys who went back and forth in the hand-car at the superintendent's bidding, looked after his commissions. They reported that he bought "stacks of newspapers," and even sent for books now and then.

This helped to make him hated by the more ignorant. It was regarded as airs of superiority and learning.

"The idea of a feller like that, who never has a clean face, and whose hair and whiskers are as long as a cat's tail, settin' up readin' newspapers," said Michael. "Ten to one he can't read at all, and is doin' all that to be thought smart."

Truly, Jones did not look the least learned. His hair and beard were unduly long, as he had been neither shaved nor shorn since he came to the mines, and was altogether a changed being in appearance.

The question of his ability to read, however, was definitely settled eventually. Two boys who were wandering over the Ridge on a Sunday morning went, by accident, near his cabin, and saw him sitting in the door reading aloud from a big book. The story went flying round as a piece of extraordinary news and had its effect in making him appear a peculiar being.

He had no comrades or chums. This, however, was probably owing to the fact that at first everybody fought shy of him, and later on, when some might have relented and been friendly to him it had become rather awkward to do so, particularly as they had been in the habit of being led by Michael, and he stood out against Jones with bitter enmity every day.

Lonely beyond description must have been this man's life. Other men had friends and companions who walked with them, talked with them, drank with and sometimes quarreled with them, but he had nobody.

Months went by and he bore his isolation patiently. He acted like one so absorbed in the thought of his own affairs that there was no room in his mind for the coldness of those with whom he spent his busy days. But after he had been at Black Ridge nearly two years Jones showed signs of weakening under the pressure. The desire for companionship and sympathy, innate in every breast, at last broke through all barriers, and he made friendly advances to some of the men.

No doubt these would have been met cordially enough, if it had not been for Michael, whose critical eye was ever on them, and who reviled them severely for whatever evidences of humanity he had noticed in their remarks about Jones. Thus cowed they answered the lonely man, with significant coldness when he attempted to be friendly with them.

"His name ought to be Jonah instead of Jones," said Michael, who was never so fluent of speech as when his enemy was his subject. "Yes, Jonah, for he 's a Jonah, I'll swear. Haven't all sorts of ugly things happened since he's been here—deaths and troubles of every kind?"

"Maybe they'd have happened, anyhow," meekly suggested one of the hardiest spirits present.

"No, they wouldn't," roared Michael, withering the speaker with his eye. "I guess I know a Jonah when I see one, and Jones is a Jonah. I knowed it the minute I sot eyes on him. Doesn't he look like a man who had spent his three days in a whale's belly? Doesn't he, eh?"

"With Michael's eye upon them they were forced to say that he did.

Jones must have been very wretched, indeed, for at last he attempted to conciliate Michael. That uncompromising individual repulsed him rudely. Jones then asked him plainly why he was his enemy.

"Yer enemy?" sneered Michael. "Ye ain't worth bein' an enemy. I look upon ye as a Jonah; that's the reason I want nuthin' to do with ye."

To this brutal speech Jones made no reply, but a white, shocked look that was pitiful to see came upon his face as he turned and walked away.

After that his loneliness grew heavier every day; but he made no complaint. In truth, he was shut off from even the poor comfort of complaining, having no friends to listen to him.

Living thus without human sympathy, he grew nearer to the great soul of the universe. The moon and stars looked down and seemed to smile pityingly upon him, and in their sympathetic companionship he sometimes forgot the hurts of the day.

Night after night he sat outside his cabin with bared head, looking up into their white faces and drawing from their inscrutable depths the strength that enabled him to bear his hard life.

Under their calm gaze, alone on the mountain side, he turned in repentance from whatever was dark and evil in his spirit, and sought the light that comes from infinite goodness and infinite peace. Sometimes he groaned, as though his sorrow was greater than he could bear; but always the message of comfort fell from the heavens upon his anguish, and its voice was silenced.

No soul is ever entirely desolate. If those who are near repel it, it will set up an idol afar off, and there pour out its suppressed riches.

So it was with Jones. His idol was Ruth Hill, whose widowed mother kept the only boarding-house at the Ridge—a long, squat, shed-like building that suggested poverty as far as it could be seen.

Ruth was almost a stranger to Jones. An exchange of nods was the extent to which his acquaintance with her had progressed; but something in her prematurely old, yearning face appealed to him, and without words he understood that her life was as unendurable as his own, and this gave him a feeling of kinship with her.

Without words, too, did he understand that she knew how he was ostracized and sympathized with him.

One day, as Jones was thinking of Ruth and her daily drudgery, for she was but little more than a slave, it occurred to him that perhaps she might find pleasure in reading some of his newspapers and books. He sent them to her anonymously, and in so doing experienced the first joy he had known since his residence at Black Ridge. This revealed to him the sweet truth that nothing brings us so much happiness as the good we do to others.

His loneliness, though bitter, was no longer intolerable, for the image of Ruth Hill was with him constantly. It took him out of himself, as the saying is, to think of another. This had its effect on his appearance. Everybody noticed that he kept himself cleaner and neater than formerly, but none dreamed of the reason why.

At last another rift came into the cloud that hung over Jones. A new man came to the Ridge with a view to putting up buildings and going into business. He was a genial fellow, with a talent for making

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himself agreeable to everybody, and drew no lines on the humblest.

He laughed contemptuously when told that Jones was a Jonah, and from that moment made special efforts to win Jones' friendship. This he succeeded in doing at once, and the two became almost inseparable.

The other men looked on in amazement, with envy in their hearts. It was a distinction to be chummy with Mr. Carter—for that was his name, as he was undoubtedly a man of means likely to wield a tremendous influence in the future of the Ridge.

And this powerful person was now the bosom friend of the Jonah of the mines. It was incredible. To Michael it was gall and wormwood, indeed, and nearly lost him his place as oracle of the Ridge.

A great change came over Jones as this friendship progressed. He grew younger and almost handsome. The stony, set look left his face, and it became mobile and expressive. His eyes grew bright and his step quicker, and he sometimes sang or whistled as he went about his work.



"I want you to keep this for me, Ruthy," he said, putting something into her hand.

Mr. Carter and he were together almost every evening. Sometimes they went down to the village, but oftener they sat in Jones' cabin smoking and talking hours after the lights in the other houses had been extinguished.

The terrible repression from which Jones had suffered made him unduly communicative. From time to time he poured into the sympathizing ear of his new friend the whole story of his life. When he described how he had been ostracized since he came to the Ridge and how he had suffered under it, his voice trembled, and he almost lost control of himself. "But I don't mind it now, Carter," he said in conclusion. "Your friendship pays me for all."

Does the shadow of disaster intrude upon the spirit sometimes when skies are most fair? It would seem so. The next morning as Jones went to his work he stopped to speak with Ruth Hill, with whom he had at last established a lover-like intimacy. He never looked more hopeful, yet it may be that he felt the shadow of evil.

"I want you to keep this for me, Ruthy," he said, putting something into her hand. "It's a stone I found in Australia, and I've an idea it has some value, though I never tried to find out about it. Don't let anyone take it away from you. Should anything unfortunate happen to me, it is all yours—the only legacy I have to leave you. I have thought sometimes that it might be a diamond."

No well regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer.

Ruth held the stone up to the light and looked at it with awe in her face. A diamond! She had read of them, but never in her life had she seen one.

"I'll take good care of it," she said, and it was evident that she appreciated the importance of the trust, for her hand trembled, and her eyes became dark with responsibility. Then, after a few fond words they parted, each smiling into the other's face, grateful for their bit of happiness.

Ruth looked after her lover as he strode down the path leading to the mines, and thought how much handsomer he had grown recently. Jonah to all others he might be, but he was her prince, whose smile had made the world new and beautiful to her.

She, too, was greatly changed in appearance. Love had chased the worn, anxious look from her face and set the light of Hope in her eyes. The little bent figure was straighter, and its very garments had taken on a look of the joy that warmed her heart.

An hour later Mr. Carter and Michael walked by talking earnestly in low tones.

No wonder Michael's eyes were as big as saucers. Carter was telling him that he was a detective who had come to the mines pretending to have business plans, but really to find and arrest the man known as Jones, for a murderer committed in Mississippi more than two years ago. "I've got the warrant and the handcuffs in my pocket," he said, "and only last night the poor fool confessed everything to me, after I had led him on by telling a lot of yarns about scrapes I've been into. Yes, and he told me how terribly he had suffered from remorse, and that he was determined to do all the good he could as long as he lived, to atone for it. He said the first year that he worked here he kept his face dirty all the time, and let his hair grow like a maniac's to avoid detection. Poor devil, the man he killed goaded him to it by years of persecution. But killing is killing, you know, and the reward offered for his capture isn't picked up every day."

Michael's face gleamed with wicked joy. "I guess the boys will have faith in my judgment hereafter," he said; "I was sure he was a Jonah from the first. I can always tell them."

"We'll just walk up to the coal yard, and you can help me take him," said the detective. "Keep you on one side of him and I'll be on the other, and as he won't suspect me I'll have the handcuffs on him before he can wink."

Michael rejoiced that his hour of triumph had come. The man he hated was at last to suffer before his eyes and by his hand.

Jones was standing on the railroad track, making signals to some men on a loaded coal train which was slowly moving away. He saw his friend approaching and smiled.

As the detective had predicted, Jones' hands were in irons almost before he could wink.

He turned ghastly white and trembled pitiably as Carter said, "You are my prisoner," but for a moment he did not open his lips. Then, turning his stricken face full upon his friend, he said huskily, "Don't joke this way, Carter. Take them off."

Something in his friend's face convinced Jones that he had been trapped, and as the full force of his betrayal burst upon him, he looked at the detective with eyes whose anguish devils might pity, groaning, "My friend! O God! Betrayed by my only friend."

None of the three saw that one of the cars of the coal train had become detached and was rolling swiftly toward them. The men in the coal yards saw it and shouted to them, but they did not hear, and as Jones spoke the second time the car was upon them.

Jones saw it first. Forgetting his friend's treachery, he flung himself upon Carter and hurled him from the track out of danger. Michael saved himself, but the manacled murderer was struck, and the wheels went over him, mangling his legs beyond all hope.

Before his soul departed his eyes opened from the swoon into which he had mercifully fallen, and he saw Carter bending solicitously over him. Glancing at his hands, which were no longer manacled, he said, "It was a joke, after all, wasn't it? You would never betray me, would you, Carter?"

"Never," answered the detective, looking afar off, that he might not see the great seal set.

Michael came near, with a face as white as the dead man's. He had had his revenge, but it was bitter instead of sweet, and now he wondered why he had been so vindictive toward the person whose inanimate clay lay before him.

Turning to Carter, he said: "I told you that Jones was a Jonah. I see that you are one, too, and so am I."

Carter never hunted down another criminal. His treachery to the man who saved his life even after he had betrayed him, wrought upon him until it drove him to insanity and suicide.

Ruth Hill and her mother disappeared from the Ridge soon after Jones' death. Her sweetheart's gift proved to be a diamond, and on its magic wings they were wafted to sweeter scenes, where, we may hope, her heart recovered from the blow of her lover's tragic death.

Old Michael is still at the Ridge. He talks to himself as he rakes the leaves from Jones' grave. "I'm showin' him a bit of kindness too late to do him any good; but I can't help but think that maybe he'll see it and know that I wish I had done different when he was here."

THE END.

Thirst for Knowledge.

City Belle—"I hope your stay in our city will not be short, Mr. De Science."

Mr. De Science (member of the American Ornithologists' union)—"Thank you, but my sojourn must be brief. I am here attending the ornithological convention at the Museum of Natural History, and the session will soon be over."

"What kind of a convention did you say?"

"Ornithological—about birds, you know."

"Oh, yes, yes. How stupid of me! Do you think they will be worn much next season?"—New York Weekly.

Its Value Increased.

Wife—"Mother wants to come and make us a visit, John, but I'm afraid she never will as long as we have that parrot. She detests parrots."

Husband—"Does she?"

"Yes, and you know you have a standing offer of \$50 for that bird."

"My dear, I wouldn't sell that parrot for \$150."—The Epoch.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches."

For Bronchial, Asthmatic and Pulmonary Complaints, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have remarkable curative properties. 25c. a box.



THE undertaker's favorite exercise is boxing.—Yenowine's.

THE buckwheat cake will soon come to the scratch.—Merchant Traveler.

NEWS of the season—Neuralgia and Pneumonia.—Boston Bulletin.

THE old toper does not need ice when he gets on a "skate."—Rome Sentinel.

IT has become a common thing to ask 'djevverseesuch weather?—Dayton Herald.

THE reason why a hen lays an egg is because she can't stand it on end.—Binghamton Leader.

THE slot machine to test your weight is one of the weighs of the world.—Yonkers Statesman.

ALL those who pass through the door to success will find it labeled "push."—Oil City Blizzerd.

EVEN the homeless man may have a title clear to mansions in the skies.—Florida Times-Union.

WOMAN is more plucky than man. She is never afraid of the overhead wires—in bonnet frames.—Puck.

THE Frenchman says: "When I start out in search of a wife I'm going to Havre."—Rochester Post.

"IN vino veritas" doesn't always come out right. Some men lie dreadfully when they are drunk.—Boston Courier.

IT is the common belief that a man can't see a sea-serpent until he is half seas over.—Binghamton Republican.

THE threatened corner in French sardines doesn't affect the Maine canners. They are no sardines!—Boston Herald.

NEW YORK ball-players prefer their aunt to any other relative—their pennant, we mean, of course.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

His purse was low, his honor scant;
He did all sorts of things he shouldn't;
He was in truth a mendicant,
And what is more, amend he wouldn't.
—Merchant Traveler.

A LARGE "robin roost" is reported in Indiana. The largest robbin' roost on this continent is in Canada.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

WHEN the carpet-manufacturers' Trust gets started the American housekeeper will indeed be floored.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IT is a trifle difficult, just now, to tell whether it is whisky or influenza that has the grip on the red-nosed individual.—Dansville Breeze.

IT's at such a time as this that the country feels the crying need of a uniform way of pronouncing quinine.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE Keely motor is one of those things which pays as it goes; at least the stockholders have come to that conclusion.—Yonker's Statesman.

WHEN the Czar goes on a journey he is careful about taking a route anywhere, because he doesn't want to be planted.—Baltimore American.

FOR resignation in times of trials and difficulties it is doubtful if a saint himself could equal a European Cabinet.—Baltimore American.

"Oh, why does Patti bleach her hair?"
Inquired a stupid fellow;
And some one told him then and there,
"It helps to make her yell-oh!"
—Cleveland Sun and Voice.

A PREMIÈRE danseuse is on her way hither from Australia. She will illustrate some of the beauties of the Australian ballet system.—Chicago Tribune.

A KANSAS farmer has raised a hog which is nearly seven feet from tip to tip. On the Chicago Board of Trade the noble animal would be classified as "long pork."—Chicago Herald.

THE President has just appointed a Director of the Mint. Should a Director of the Mint Julep be needed, Mr. Harrison will begin to remember his neglected Republican friends in Kentucky.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. STILLMAN WHITE, OF PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Hon. Stillman White was born at Canton, Mass., Feb. 5, 1832, and is a direct descendant of Peregrine White, the first child born after the arrival of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. At the age of sixteen years he removed to Providence, R. I., where his home has been ever since.

Mr. White has always been an active business man. In 1856 he established his present business—brass casting—and has conducted the business successfully. As a citizen he has always been interested in public affairs. Never a violent partisan, and rather inclined to independent views, he has yet received considerable political preferment. For thirteen years he represented the First Ward of Providence in the City Council—eleven years in the lower branch, and two years in the Board of Aldermen. He has served seven years in the General Assembly. In all these places of official trust and responsibility he gave good and faithful service, manifesting the characteristics of an earnest and true manhood.

Mr. White is prominent in the Masonic order, and was honored in 1884 by being advanced to the thirty-third degree. He belongs to several other Fraternities; and is the only member representing Rhode Island in the Royal Order of Scotland. In all these organizations he holds the esteem of his associates, being justly regarded as one who wishes to bear his full part in any service that is required, and in the expression of the benign purposes for which such societies are formed.

A Queer Superstition and the Order of the Tall Hat.

In the country at the back of Lukolela there are some powerful but peaceable tribes, at the head of whom is a chief who has rather a unique superstition, which is that he must not see the river Congo. He is now an old man, close on to seventy years; but neither himself nor his father before him has ever seen the river. He has the impression that the day he sees the river will decide the date of his funeral. He will go down within a few of miles it, but never runs the slightest risk of catching a glimpse. Among these peoples there is a custom that a big chief in a district, on having proved to the satisfaction of the assembled chiefs that he is the wealthiest, and, physically speaking, the strongest, is invested with the order of the Tall Hat. This resembles very much the stove-pipe hat of civilized life, only with the brim at the top, and is made of plaited fibre.—From "Life Among Congo Savages," by Herbert Ward, in February Scribner.

Look here, Friend, Are you Sick?

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

Had no Husband.

New York Man (to acquaintance)—"I understand that your daughter is married."

"Yes,"

"Do well?"

"Oh, yes, surpassed her mother's fondest dreams."

"I am pleased to hear it. (After a short silence.) So she has a good husband, eh?"

"Oh, she has no husband at all. She married an Italian prince."—Askansaw Traveler.

A Haunted House.

This body of ours has been likened to a tenement. It often has a haunted apartment—the stomach. Scared by the eldritch sprite, dyspepsia, digestion flies and refuses to return. What can break the spell, what can raise the ban laid upon the unhappy organs? We answer unhesitatingly, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and we are warranted in the response by the recorded testimony of myriads, covering a period of over a third of a century. A course of the Bitters, begun in any stage of the affliction, and persistently followed, will terminate in cure positive, not partial. The Bitters restores tone to the epigastric nerve, renews and purifies the juices exuding from the cellular tissue that act upon the food digestively, expels bile from the stomach and the blood, and promotes a regular habit of body. Malaria, kidney complaint, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia give way to this medicine.

She Wore It in Plaits.

He—"Do you remember how I used to call your hair golden, dear?"

She—"Yes, but you never do now. Why is it!"

He—"Because, when I saw you take it down the other night, I discovered that it was plaited."—Lawrence American.

George Francis Train in Boston.

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Tremont House for Winter.

P. S.—"Demons" have checkmated "Psychos!" Invitations cancelled! "Hub" Boycotts Sunday Receptions! Boston half century behind New York and Europe's Élite Society. (Ancient Athens still Ancient!) Regrets and Regards! Good-Bye, Tremont! (The Proprietors not to blame.)

LATER! (O. K.) Mrs. Alice S. Wood, 237 West Canton St., (Columbus Ave. Car) kindly offers her "Musical Salon," so guests will not be disappointed in meeting Max O'Rell! Who lectures at Boston Theatre Sunday Evening! (No Refreshments!) G. F. T.

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W. J. Scanlan, everybody's favorite, is having a fine run at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. This week he is presenting his favorite play, Shane-na-Lawn, in which he is seen at his best. The play is elaborately mounted, and his interpretation of the whole-souled Irish lad is a treat not to be missed.

Max O'Rell has written an article entitled The Modern English Stage Through French Spectacles, which appears in this week's issue of The New York Dramatic Mirror. This being the brilliant French author's first essay on the drama, its appearance is attracting a great deal of attention.

Miss Julia Marlowe is proving to be a strong attraction at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and is surprising many with her intelligent acting. She is one of our most promising young actresses, and now that we are to lose "Our Mary," perhaps Miss Marlowe may in the near future take her place and be known by the endearing term of "Our Julia." Well, she deserves to become popular.

Manager J. Wesley Rosenquest knows what the New York audience wants, as is being proved by the large audiences that nightly attend the Bijou. Good farce comedies, with capable companies to interpret them, are what the public hungers for, and Mr. Rosenquest sees that they get them. The Midnight Bell is pealing merrily every night this week.

Fatherly Aid.

Mr. Trenbrock—"Eileen, do you think—that is—ahem—er—do you suppose you could be happy for life with—(a swallowing gulp)—with—Mr.—ahem!—Mr. Archer?"

Miss Trenbrock—"Papa—this is so sudden!"

Mr. Trenbrock—"Well, he was afraid to ask you himself, and I've been trying to think what I said to your mother on a similar occasion, so as to help him out."—Judge.

Lucky Hamilton Ladies.

The Times received word to-day that Mr. John B. Young, of No. 33 Hannah street west, had been so fortunate as to hold a winning ticket in The Louisiana State Lottery. A reporter called on Mr. Young, and that gentleman was reticent about giving any particulars of the affair. He, however, told the Times representative that his wife had taken a chance in the great lottery, the drawing taking place on Dec. 17th. The ticket which she held (in which Mrs. Young's sister had a share) was a one-fortieth of No. 98,455, which drew the first capital prize of \$600,000. The share which comes to the Hamilton ladies is \$15,000. Mr. Young told the reporter that he received the money promptly from a New Orleans bank, by draft through one of our leading banks here. It is needless to say that the ladies are receiving congratulations on account of their good fortune. They would not have gone into the affair but for a friend who urged them to try their luck for once.—Hamilton (Ont.) Times, January 4.

Drifting Southward.

We have heretofore called attention to the fact that the farms of New England are being abandoned, the people either moving to the cities or to other States.

This condition of affairs has come to such a pass that vast areas of farming lands in the several New England States are no longer cultivated or even used for pasturage. They are simply deserted and the dwellings and barns suffered to go to decay, since nobody will buy. Several of the States have set up immigration agencies and commissioners with the hope of securing population from abroad. A writer on the subject says:

"Nature has made the New England farm a small farm, and its owner is confronted by a winter seven months in length. That is to say, the hillsides and narrow valleys and broken table lands are not adaptable to 'wholesale farming,' and the man who raises cattle must house and feed his stock through seven long months, or, if he changes to sheep, ordinarily for six. He cannot compete in cereals with the West; in fruit and vegetables with Delaware and New Jersey; in cattle with men whose herds run summer and winter on the free ranches of the government; in wool with the un-housed flocks of Texas and California, of New Zealand and Australia; in butter with Nebraska and Iowa; in dressed beef with Armour's syndicate; in the labor market with the local manufacturers. What, then, shall he do?"

What he does is to give up the fight and emigrate. The prospect is now that much of that country will grow up in forest and again become the haunt of the wild beasts. This is how nature sometimes retaliates upon man. But the simple truth is, the New England farmer was able to do better in the West, and so he went west. Now he is finding that he can do better still in the South, therefore the drift of population is southward. It will not be long before the New England manufacturers will discover that they can do better in the South. They are already finding that out too, and the South is now the land of promise.—New Orleans Picayune.

The South To-day.

The death of Editor Grady, following so soon after the death of Jefferson Davis, leaves the South without a single man whose name suggests itself at once to intelligent newspaper readers throughout the country. Generals Beauregard and Early may be cited in contradiction of this statement, but what fame they have to-day is kept alive only by their connection with a lottery, which names them in its advertisements. The younger poet Hayne and Joel Chandler Harris still sustain the literary reputation of the South, but the younger Hayne is not the equal of his dead father by any means, nor of Sidney Lanier, the chief among the Southern poets, who died before he had had a fair chance for fame. Of those who have won repute as Southern novelists, the two most famous are to-day living in the North—George W. Cable in Massachusetts, and Miss Murfree in Missouri. There are many promising young writers in the South, but they have not won national reputation yet, and, excepting in limited circles, their names are still unknown. Of the leaders left from the war, none of the most prominent survive. Politically the South to-day is without a leader. Outside of politics there is, in all the Southern States, no man whose name is constantly on the Nation's lips.—Somerville Journal.

For delicacy, for purity, and for improvement of the complexion nothing equals Pozzoni's Powder.

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

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The best berry for long distance shipments. Will not rot or melt down if packed dry. Headquarters for all leading varieties of Berry Plants and GRAPE VINES having 300 acres in cultivation. Catalogue free. WM. STAHL, Quincy, Ill.

Much in a Name.

Western Man (looking at a sailing craft) — "What keeps the sail out straight?"

New York Host—"It is held taut by the gaff and the boom. That heavy piece of timber at the bottom is called the boom. When the wind is fair, the boom swings out and stays there; but if the wind should suddenly change, it might swing back with terrific force and knock everybody overboard."

Western Man—"Ah! I see now why it is called a boom. We have booms in the West, you know."—N. Y. Weekly.

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

In a Boston Art Store.

Saleslady—"Really, Madam, the vases in brighter colors are less artistic. This piece of royal Worcester is the finest thing we have. The Worcester colors are the very best."

Mrs. Caldon—"You can't tell me any thing about Worcester! I've lived there all my life."—Puck.

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

Vanity Doesn't Care.

Mainspring (to the wheels in the train) — "I've kept you all going as long as I can. Henceforth you must look out for yourselves."

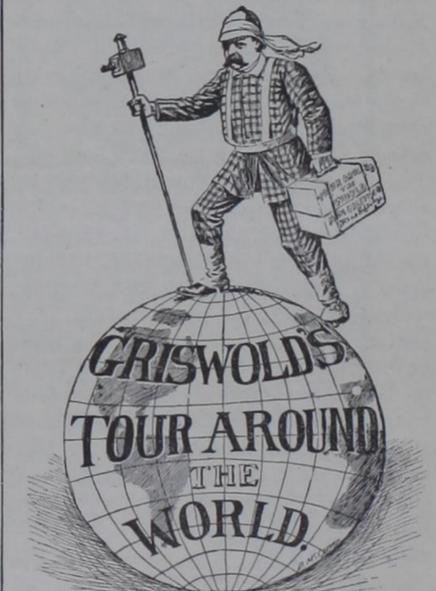
Scape Wheel (impudently)—"I don't care. I have to do business on tick, anyhow."—Jewelers' Weekly.

He Failed to Suit.

Managing Editor—"I am afraid, Mr. Foyer, that you will never make a dramatic critic."

Foyer—"I am sorry to hear that, sir. Wherein have I failed?"

"In this column of matter you do not once use the expression 'play-house' or 'captivated the audience.'"—Venowine's News.



THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S" New Humorous Illustrated Lecture.

For terms and dates apply to Major J. B. POND, Everett House, New York City.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The Commonwealth, a non-partisan and non-sectarian magazine, is published in Denver, Col. The manager is Mr. A. Kauffmann. The number for December is before us, and it shows an admirable table of contents. Besides essays upon the leading questions of the day there is much that is admirable in story and song. Price, 84 a year. Single copies thirty-five cents.

The need of an illustrated weekly journal of a high order of merit has long been recognized by American readers. Our illustrated monthlies lead the world, but the London Graphic in England, and Paris Illustré in France—to mention no other names—have hitherto had no rivals in this country. This strange anomaly will soon cease to exist. The Illustrated American—whose initial number will appear in February—will combine the best features of those two foreign papers and add an infusion of American energy and enterprise, which will do for the weekly journalism of this country, what the Century and Harpers have done for the monthly.

Lippincott's Magazine for February contains a complete novel by A. Conan Doyle, an English novelist, entitled The Sign of the Four; or, The Problem of the Sholtos. The scene is laid in London and the hero is a detective. The second part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's Elixir of Life appears in this number. This is a version of the theme of The Bloody Footstep, also treated by Hawthorne in Dr. Grimshawe's Secret, Septimius Felton, The Dolliver Romance, etc. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who edits the manuscript, by drawing attention to the similarities and discrepancies between this and other versions, presents an interesting study of the great romancer's methods of work.

Mrs. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly shows constant improvement and threatens to contest the field with the more expensive periodicals. Certainly a quarter of a dollar could not be spent more advantageously than on a copy of this interesting magazine. The number for February displays an inviting table of contents, made up of contributions by eminent writers and artists. George Makepeace Towle, the historian, supplies an interesting leader of timely importance on Brazil and the Braganzas, with many illustrations. A curious poem by Dom Pedro II. is published in this connection and an article on his private life. The nearness of St. Valentine's Day inspires a poem from the prolific pen of George Birdseye, and Mrs. Lucy Hooper, the famous Paris correspondent, supplies a story, The Woman at the Window, which will be read with interest. Important special articles include The Land of the Lute, a brilliant descriptive paper on Southern France, written and illustrated profusely by the author, Herbert Pierson. A. L. Rawson writes of Marsaba, the tomb and its picturesque surroundings, and The Boyhood of Schiller furnishes another author with a congenial subject.

The boy who is obliged to study the "shorter Catechism" perhaps wonders sometimes how the book came by its name.—Boston Courier.

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

A Gifted Southerner.

Few women who work are more widely known in New York than Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, the editor, author and poet who now conducts the Domestic Monthly, besides doing other literary work. We have all heard how she married when she was fourteen years old and three years later was managing a newspaper. I met her the other evening for the first time at a reception. She is one of the most striking and taking women with whom I have ever become acquainted.

Knowing that Mrs. Bryan is a Southern woman, I spoke to her about the late Mr. Grady. Her eyes fell, and when they were raised again there was a mist upon them, which attested the warmth of her feelings for the champion of the New South. She and Mr. Grady had been personal friends for many years. She was expecting soon to entertain him as her guest when he was seized with his fatal illness. The low, well-modulated voice, so full of sympathy, the unconsciously well-chosen words with which she expressed her deep admiration for a man whom the whole nation mourns, charmed me and interested me so much that I forgot there were other people present until some one asked her to recite one of her poems.

She kindly complied with the request. No one would have wished the poem better rendered. It was effective because there was no apparent striving after effect. Every one was conscious that she had greater powers of voice and expression in reserve. Her dress was a combination of some rich dark-red material. As a dress I did not care for it much, but it harmonized well with her rich complexion and dark hair. The only suggestion of anything white about her was a string of pearls around her throat, the effect of which was extremely artistic. Her portrait would have furnished what I presume Whistler would call a symphony in red and black.

I think the number of books that she has written of the great amount of work she does, but these thoughts go and there comes and lingers long the memory of this gifted woman as, her face all aglow with mother love, she talked of a little child whom she recently adopted.—The Epoch.

Women Cannot Be Trusted.

"Do women make good detectives?" Inspector Byrnes' face was a study. "No," said he, with utter contempt. "They can't be trusted." "O, fie!" "Listen! A good, pure, modest woman would never dream of taking up such a calling. Do you think that an honest woman is going about prying into people's private affairs and spying upon individuals? Never! You must look to the other class if you want female detective work, and that class cannot be trusted. You've got to take some old dame that has been married two or three times, or a woman who has one or more lovers. She will not only tell all she knows of the case upon which she is at work, but, to create a profound impression upon the minds of her admirers of her cleverness, she will draw upon her imagination. This may seem hard on the women, but it's nevertheless true! When it has been necessary for me to employ female detectives I have never let them into the merits of the case."—New York Correspondence Chicago Herald.

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.

Idaho.

Idaho's claims to statehood entitle her to instant admission to the union. She has a population of 120,000 people and her cities and towns are thriving and progressive. In the Snake river valley are 5,000,000 acres of prolific land. It needs but irrigation and the tickle of the hoe to blossom into a harvest. Even by private enterprise irrigating works are spreading with amazing rapidity, and if the government takes up the matter, in less than a dozen years in this valley will be located the happy homes of half a million people.

Some lucky chance gave to Idaho its name. In the Indian dialect Idaho signifies "Gem of the Mountains," and surely it is an appropriate name. It is the Switzerland of America, a land of enchanted lakes, of beautiful rives, glaciers, forests, of sweet smiling valleys of weird, wild and varied mountain scenery, with its thousand domes of everlasting snow. And yet its glorious contour falls into naught when compared to the treasures that lie within. Hidden beneath those mountains are mines of lead, copper, silver and gold more precious than those which gave to California the name of the golden state. As yet these mines have been merely scratched, and the present year will witness the most extraordinary results from the development of the Idaho mines. Idaho is destined to become the home of a bold and hard race. It is already the home of a bright and enterprising people, who are in every sense worthy of American citizenship, and they should have it.—Tacoma (Washington) Globe.

About the Stove.

Coal—"I'm going to drop in to see you one of these days."
Fire—"It is scarcely worth while. I am almost always out."—Toronto grip.



Radway's
READY RELIEF
Price 50 Cts.
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL
Instantly Stop Pain
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS
& MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.
A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLAN RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

I CURE FITS!

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

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

"I GUESS DOT'S SO."



Komm here, now, liddle Gretchen,
And listen wonce a while:
You flout me, cruel Mäedchen,
You vant a man of sdyle,
In swallow-built coat and trousers trim,
A recklar svell vit go!
"And I'm a goot long vays from him"—
Vell, I guess dot's so.

You say I know no more als how
To go in ven it rains;
Your sweet-herz must have wit, you vow,
And so no end of pains
Could vin your stubborn hand for me,
Whose vorts so stumbling flow.
"I'm stupid as a man can be"—
Vell, I guess dot's so.

Q'vite rich, as vell, you vant your knight,
Tall houses, like a king,
And eq'vipages sweet and bright,
And money 'vay to fling;
Grand lackeys by the score to run,
Nor ever weary grow—
"I couldn't give you even von"—
Vell, I guess dot's so.

Beauty, golt, a vit like sphynx—
Ah, I have none of dese;
Yet, lookey here, you roguish minx,
You're only blaying tease.
Your heart is mine, it twinkles out
Blue eyes vit love aglow—
And Gretchen whispers, with a pout,
"Vell, I guess dot's so."

—Exchange.

OUT OF THE WOODS.

Luxuriant verdure decks the plains no more;
The days of outside sports are almost o'er;
The flies no more disturb the lowing train;
The organ grinder leaves the rural lane;
The girls no more in hammocks doze or swing;
The angler lies no more about his string;
The players from the diamond disappear;
The umpire's safe until another year.

—Boston Courier.

M'GINTY.

Who is the man whose fame is sung
By rich and poor, by old and young,
Whose name is now on every tongue?
"McGinty."

His story everybody knows,
By day and night you hear his woes,
And how he wet his Sunday clo'es,
"McGinty."

In morning papers you peruse
What seems to be a bit of news,
Only to find this gag ensues,
"McGinty."

When you reach home, your baby boy
Holds out to you his last new toy;
"What's this?" you ask; he cries with joy,
"MaDinty."

At church you hear the preacher tell
How Jonah in the water fell
With sudden start you almost yell,
"McGinty."

Oh, why could they not let him be
"Down at the bottom of the sea,"
Where he'd not trouble you or me?—
"McGinty."

—Puck.

Gazettelings.

A newly-painted boat may yet be a little dingy.
The faster a loaded gravel cart travels the more ground it looses.
It makes a lawyer purr when anything comes to him in the fee line.
The cockney was not far out of the way who remarked that 'art failure was very prevalent.
It is no uncommon thing to find a walking delegate who gives his attention chiefly to lying.
One of the most remarkable of recent phenomena is that many messenger boys have caught the grip.
Disappointed ambition leads many a man to shoot himself; failing to get the earth he contents himself with another revolver.

RECIPROCITY.

We've often heard the weather sages sing
Of winter lingering in the lap of spring,
But January's thrown out many a hinter
That spring may sit down in the lap of winter.

"What do you think would be the result, Mr. Gruffly, if the fair should be held in Chicago instead of New York?"
"I think, my dear madam, we would go farther and fair worse."
On the train.
Brakeman — "Hack'stown? Twenty min'ts for dinner!"
Passenger—"Right you are, young man. I've tried it before an' I come away feeling as if that was about all I'd had."

HE'D BEEN THERE.

"Rise with the lark!" the wise man said
As with his wayward son he plead;
Responded one with leering phiz,
"Rye's with the lark? Of course it is."

At a recent musicale in M—a well known baker of the town was heard to inquire, during the rendition of a piano duet: "Are both those chaps playing the same tune?"
A neighbor, overhearing the remark, turned to a companion and quietly said: "That man's musical education begins at 'do' and ends there."—Yonkers Gazette.

A THROUGH railway from Chicago to Buenos Ayres is suggested. It is a good idea to connect the windy city with the city of fine airs.—Lowell Courier.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold.
The disagreeable taste of the **COD LIVER OIL** is dissipated in **SCOTT'S EMULSION**
Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with **HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA**
The patient suffering from **CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES**, may take the remedy with as much satisfaction as he would take milk. Physicians are prescribing it everywhere. It is a perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. **Take no other**

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and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, **Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.**

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

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

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Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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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.

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Watches.

The only mode of measuring time up to the end of the tenth century was by means of clepsydras, sun-dials, and hour-



A SKULL WATCH.

glasses, when clocks were invented by the monk Gerbert, who was raised to the tiara in 999, under the name of Sylvester II. The discovery of the spiral spring in the middle of the fifteenth century resulted in the invention of the watch—a time-measurer that might be carried about the person.

The earliest watches were made in Nuremberg, Southern Germany, and, on account of their shape, were called Nuremberg eggs. From that time to the present the goldsmith, jeweler, and watchmaker have combined to endeavor to reduce the size of these useful articles. In many cases, however, smallness of size impairs the accuracy of time-keeping, besides causing continual repairs by the fragility of the works, as those of our readers who wear Geneva watches can testify.

Watches have been made of all imaginable shapes, sizes and materials. Crystal was at one time in common use, so that the interior mechanism might be seen. One in the Bernal collection represents Jupiter and Ganymede, and, when not suspended to the girdle by the ring, could stand on the eagle's claws. The Earl of Stamford has an egg-shaped one, the cases of which are cut out of jacinths, the cover being set round with diamonds on an enameled border. Mr. Morgan has one in the form of a golden acorn, which discharged a little pistol at a certain hour, and another enclosed in silver cockleshells; while Lady Fitzgerald possesses another in the form of a duck, the feathers chased in silver, the dial-plate encircled with a floriated scroll of angels' heads, and the wheels working on small rubies. An old lady friend of ours was the proud possessor of a watch set in a gold ring, and encircled by diamonds, a costly and beautiful toy, but keeping as bad time as any "Brummagener turnip" sold at mock auctions.

When the famous Diana of Poitiers became the mistress of Henry II., she was a widow, and the complaisant court not only made her mourning-colors the favorite fashion, but adopted the most lugubrious fancies for personal decoration. Rings in the form of skeletons clasped the finger; other mementos of an equally ghastly description were used as jewels; small coffins of gold contained chased and enameled figures of death; and watches were made in the form of skulls, of which we engrave an example.—Exchange.

A Little Look Ahead.

"Adam was the first man in the world," said the organist, as they loitered on the church steps. "I wonder who will be the last man to leave it?"

"My husband," replied the pastor's wife promptly. "Long after all the rest of the congregation have selected their clouds and got their harps, he will be down here in the vestibule talking with the sexton."

And just then the last glimmering light in the church went out and John Elisha came groping along in the darkness, calling for "R. J." to "come along," thus proving that there is always some one behind the last man.—Brooklyn Eagle.

PEARS' "Paris" SOAP.

Exposition, 1889.

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

Highest possible distinction.

Some Noted Wits.

George Francis Train glories in being called the greatest crank on earth. He is nobody's fool, and has a memory for dates, facts, and faces that is truly remarkable. At times he is as eloquent as Phillips; at times he is as funny as Bill Nye, and at times he is as cranky as Daniel Pratt. He dodges like chain lightning from one subject to another, but scatters a good deal of brilliancy and colored fire on everything that he touches. He says he can extract sunshine out of sweet oranges and live on it forever. He thinks himself the greatest man who ever lived; and he never goes into his closet to think so, but always thinks it out loud in public places, in a full, resonant tone of voice.

Oliver Wendell Holmes is a small man, and though he is over eighty years of age, strangers who see him on the street usually think, "What a spry little fellow he is!" People who recognize him, however, would think it a sacrilege to speak of the autocrat in such a flippant manner. Dr. Holmes, in his manners, is a cross between an autocrat and a democrat. He is one of Boston's Four Hundred, but in justice to him, it must be said, he is made of much better stuff than the ordinary Four Hundreder. Dr. Holmes, it is said, is as good a talker as was ever Macaulay, De Quincey, or Coleridge. Every time he talks he says something. He is scrupulously nice in his dress, and if he were a young man, and were not Oliver Wendell Holmes, he would be called a dude. He is said to be prouder of his medical works than of his poems. He is liberal in his religious views, but attends the Episcopal Church.

Bill Nye is almost absolutely bald, and seems to glory in his cranial nakedness. He is tall and stooping, and has a gait that is as original as his humor. He has the long, melancholy drawl that is so characteristic of great humorists, and possesses a smile as large as a giant's, but as innocent as a child's. He has the genius's disregard for appearance, and, it is said, that if his wife did not carefully supervise his toilet he would come to the city some morning with his vest on wrong side out. He makes about \$30,000 a year, and if he lives, and his spring of humor doesn't dry up, he is going to be a very wealthy man.

James Whitcomb Riley is a small man physically, who parts his hair in the middle, and when on the platform wears patent leather boots. His friends call him "Jim," and everybody thinks he is a good fellow. He has made a great hit in writing dialect poetry, but is said to detest that sort of literary work, and longs for the more stately kind of conventional poetic writing. He is a born actor, and can impersonate the odd characters of his poems to perfection. He is

about thirty-six, and a bachelor, and, the ladies declare, one of the stubbornest and most unmanageable kind. He cannot be drawn into society, and dislikes formalities and ceremonies of all kinds. He makes \$20,000 a year, and only writes poetry when he can't help it.—The Yankee Blade.

Unreformed Reformers.

Singular, isn't it, how often it happens that after a society woman has played herself out in society, and her name has been tossed and banded about from club to street corner, she goes upon the stage "to elevate it." Poor old stage; it has a grievous load of reformers and "elevators" to carry. It could get along very well with its old family, if it didn't have to exhaust itself trying to look after the people who announce their mission and intention to "elevate it." What the "elevator" always needs, in order to make it of any practical account in its mission, is a down trip every other time. And, the "elevator" will find it much easier elevating if it goes up empty and comes down loaded.—Burdette.

No Confusing Environment.

Miss Edith (to evening caller)—"When I write I have to be entirely alone, and have everything quiet, so there will be nothing to disturb my thoughts. I don't see how any one can dictate to an amanuensis."

Mr. Goodfellow—"It's very easy. I dictate all my business letters."

"You do? And don't your thoughts often wander from the subject until you find yourself unable to proceed?"

"Oh, no. My typewriter is a man."—New York Weekly.

Cure for the Deaf.

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

He Took the Money.

New Clerk (anxious to show his sagacity)—"This silver dollar you just took in is counterfeit."

Proprietor (nervously)—"I was waiting on the minister's wife."

"But you don't take counterfeit money from women jus' because they happen to be ministers' wives, do you?"

"No, of course not."

"Didn't you see this was counterfeit?"

"Consarn it! Young man, if you must know, that's the dollar I dropped into the contribution box last Sunday."—N. Y. Weekly.

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

Why He Wasn't Killed.

Capt. Spear—"And were you never wounded, Pat?"

Pat—"Faith, sor, and I was. In the fight at Spottsylvania, a dirty reb lifted his gun and fired. I was scared, I tell yez. He struck me right under me left breast."

"But if it struck where you say, the ball must have gone through your heart and killed you."

"Oh, bedad, sor! me heart was in me mouth at the time."—Harvard Lampoon.

Simply a Dog Fight.

Uncle Sam—"What is liberty?"

Labor—"That which organized labor wishes to achieve."

Uncle Sam—"What is slavery?"

Capital—"That which organized labor wishes to impose."

Uncle Sam—"What is organization?"

Both (shouting)—"A union for the purpose of destroying every thing opposed to you!"—Puck.

A Liberal Education.

Mr. Stoxandbonds—"I understand, Mr. Quicklyrich, that you have sent your son to college. Do you intend to give him a liberal education?"

Mr. Quicklyrich—"Yes sir, I do! He has \$500 a month and if you know of any one who is giving his son a more liberal education than that, I am prepared to make it a thousand."—Burlington Free Press.

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