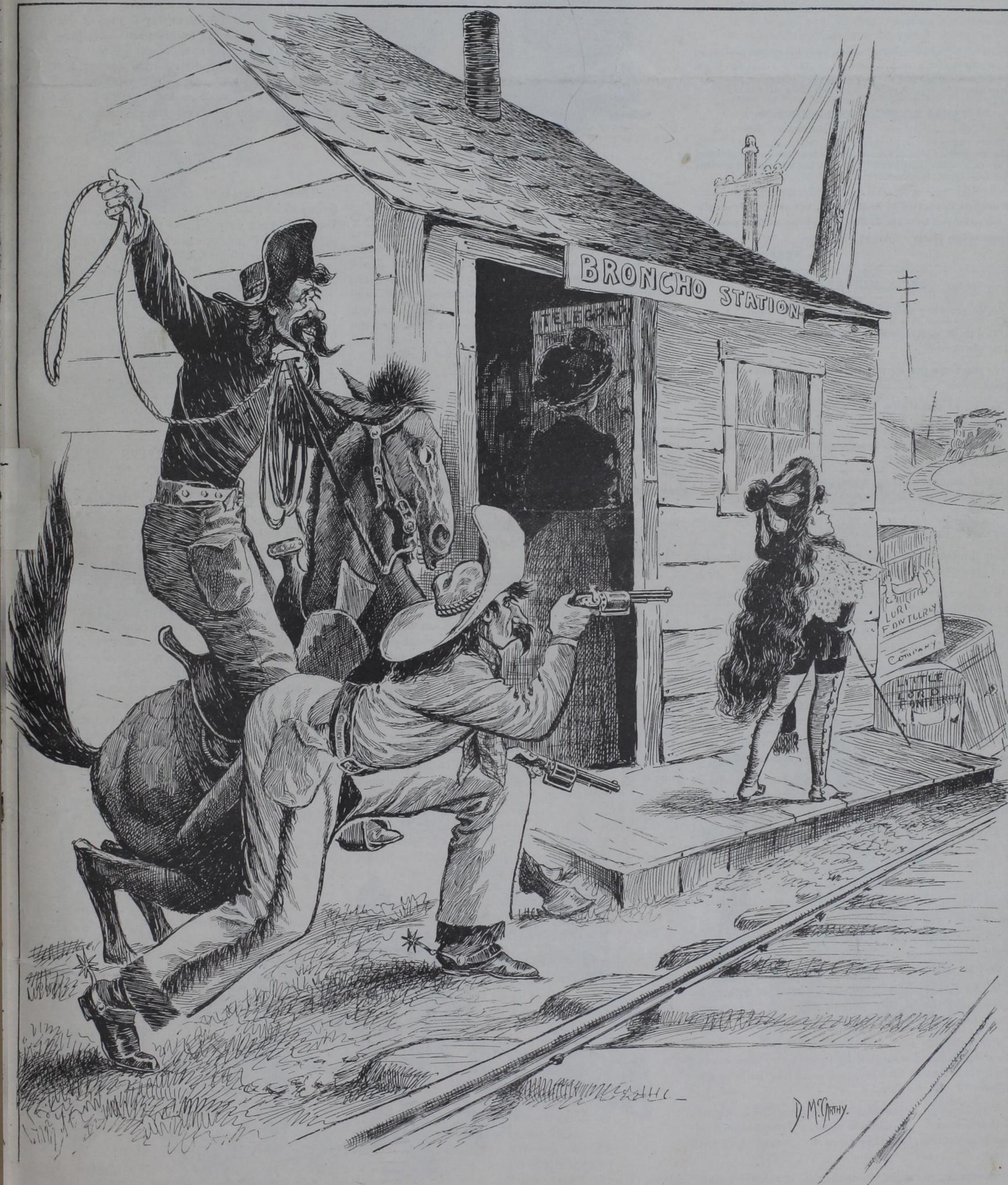


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FAUNTLEROY'S DEBUT IN THE WILD WEST.

MOUNTED COWBOY—DON'T SHOOT THE VARMINT; LEMME CATCH IT ALIVE WITH MY LASSO.

Texas Siftings.

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

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

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

An interesting will case—that of Will. Tell.

It may be a stationary house and yet have a circulating library.

No use for a girl to tell her deaf and dumb suitor to "speak to pa"

THERE is something uncanny about canned meats when uncanned.

THE wind often turns an umbrella, but a borrower rarely returns it.

DIME museums that advertise for midgets are in mitey small business.

A COMMUNITY is in a hopeless condition when its dead men refuse to be buried.

AN Austin young man explained that he called his girl a goose because she was his'n.

WHEN a man's ignorance bears testimony he believes that which contradicts it to be a lie.

WHEN pride leads the van, poverty sometimes brings up the rear—arrear guard, as it were.

WE don't know what carried Archimedes off, but think it must have been the lever complaint.

"THAT man is rich who is contented with what he has." Jay Gould is steeped in poverty, then.

"HELP somebody worse off than yourself." But many people imagine there is no such individual.

"GENUINE liver pad," is the latest thing offered in that line. But what does a man with a genuine liver want of a pad?

THERE is a place for every one in the world—and out of it, according to the theologians. Which place? is the burning question.

THE Australian ballot is a secret vote. More men would oppose it if they knew the secret vote their wives cast against them, sometimes.

"I AM something of a wit myself, at times," said a stupid man to a wag. "Just as a bright man has an occasional dull period," was the reply.

WHEN Lawrence Barrett takes a summer cottage he always pays the highest rent of any one. Exchange. Why, then, do they call him Low rents Barrett?

AN American tourist in France, becoming weary of the seasoning and odor that he found everywhere, went into a barber shop and ordered a bath—"without garlic."

THE Mexican authorities are running Chinamen out of that country. A Chinese woman is sometimes allowed to remain, but they have to greaser way with money.

"SUBSCRIBERS coming in at the rate of twenty a day," wrote the editor of a country weekly; and the rival journal explained that they were coming in to order their paper discontinued.

BREAK THE NEWS GENTLY.



Are himself and zero weather.

BREAK it gently to the dude; Wintry days will soon be ended; And the blizzard's stormy voice With the notes of spring be blended.

Break it gently! The idea Might cause fearful brain concussion; For his costliest costumes Like la grippe, are somewhat Russian.

With his other clothes in pawn, And his cash gone altogether, Wonder not that all he loves

stopping to consider whether or not a canal could be cut through a mountain range in Central America as easily as it could be through Egyptian sands. M. de Lesseps was at the head of the enterprise, and that was enough for them to know. The American press told of the almost insurmountable difficulties in the way, and exposed the extravagance and gigantic frauds attending the work, repeatedly, but the stockholders turned a deaf ear, or asserted that it was done to depress the stock for speculative purposes. French engineers were sent over to examine and report, and the reports they sent home were fraudulent and intended to deceive. Money was squandered like water, new loans called for and promptly furnished for a time, but the crash came at last. It must have been a pathetic sight, old de Lesseps pleading before the moneyed men of Paris, with tears in his eyes, not to let his great enterprise fail for the want of funds. But it went by the board. The French people do not charge their former idol, who is now eighty-five years old, with having profited greatly by this Panama canal scheme. He undoubtedly had faith in its ultimate success, but it was most shamefully managed.

FRIENDSHIP.

There are few subjects which have been more written upon and less understood than that of friendship. Friendship is a very delicate plant. While it is always safe to learn from our enemies—seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends. There are some cynical people who deny that true, disinterested friendship exists at all. A gambler maintains that the only hand in this world that blesses those who grasp it is a full hand. Certain it is, that an unfortunate man's friends always live a long way off. About the only friend that can be relied on to stick in adversity as well as in prosperity is mucilage. All others may, or may not stick, but mucilage, if you buy the right sort, always sticks. Old friends fall away from us as we grow old. Even our teeth are generally no better than other old friends in this respect.

ABOUT RIVERS.

Rivers have their eccentricities and you cannot always rely upon them. In times of the greatest commercial prosperity they will sometimes get up a run upon their banks. In the dry season they are very slothful, hardly leaving their beds for days at a time. You consider them poor housekeepers, until some day you see them get up and sweep everything before them. Knowing little of fruit generally, they are well up in currents. The career of a river is short at the longest, and even then it is liable to be considerably a-bridged. If arrested in its course, however, it is judged by a jury of its peers. When a young man runs wild his friends are always pleased to see him change his course. Not so with a river; when it changes its course the result is often disastrous. Such was the case at Los Angeles, California, recently, when the river of that name, after being on a "high" for some time, suddenly changed its course almost at right angles, just south of the city limits, ruining orchards and destroying the growing crops.

ENJOYING LIFE.

The most common error of men and women is to look for happiness outside of useful work. It has never been found when thus sought, and never will be while the sun revolves and the earth stands. If you doubt the proposition, go around among your friends—being careful not to strike them on their busiest day—and learn who get the most enjoyment out of life. You will find they are the busy workers in useful lines and not the mere pleasure-seekers.

THEY ALL CURE IT.

It is remarkable how every kind of patent medicine on the market is suddenly discovered to be an infallible remedy for *la grippe*. No matter what its original purpose may have been—to cure malaria, consumption, scald-head, corns or in-growing toe nails, nearly every remedy with which the shelves of the drug store is laden is now advertised as a specific for the prevailing influenza. "Have you the grippe? Buy Smith's Backache Cure and it will relieve you immediately." "The only sure preventive against the grippe is Snip's Death on Bunions."

THE COLLAPSED CANAL.

What confiding people the French are. Because M. de Lesseps had dug the Suez ditch successfully they believed that he could succeed in any great work he might undertake, no matter what difficulties might be encountered. If he had told them that he could bore a tunnel through to China they would probably have taken his word and stock for it, and some of his more intense admirers would have willingly bought tickets in advance to go through on the first train. So it was that when De Lesseps allowed his countrymen the great privilege of subscribing to Panama canal stock they took it up eagerly, to the tune of \$400,000,000, without



NEXT GENTLEMAN!

CANNIBAL (to newly arrived missionary)—Step right dis way, sah—fust come, fust served,



SOCIAL HYPOCRISY.

He—My dear madame, allow me to express my gratitude for your kind invitation. [Aside: What an infernal bore this is.]
 She—I am delighted to see you once more, my dear doctor. I was afraid you might be prevented from coming by business. [Aside: The old fool. He never declines an invitation. I was hoping he would stay away.]
 He—I am afraid, my dear madame, that I trespass on your hospitality. [Aside: If her husband wasn't rich and sickly, six policemen couldn't shove me into this house.]
 She—But, doctor, you know you are heartily welcome. I hope you are well. [Aside: I wonder how long he is going to keep this up? He looks weak on his pins.]
 He—I am well. There is no necessity for asking after your health. You are getting younger and more rosy every year. [Aside: It is really surprising how an old hag can rejuvenate herself with red paint and cotton batting.]
 She—O, you flatterer! [Aside: I'll say that much for him; he knows a pretty woman when he sees her.]
 He—I never flatter. You know that. [Aside: In my business a man must lie some.]
 She—I'll see you again at the supper table. [Aside: Perhaps he will take the hint and go.]
 He—I shall be only too happy. [Aside: I'd give ten dollars if I could sneak away and go to the club.]

SUFFERINGS OF AN AGED FARMER.



PERHAPS there never was a man who loved money more than did Farmer Grind. He drew a long deep-breath sigh and stood it up against a slanting sunbeam which came into the barn through a crack in the big door where he was at work. It was just as well to preserve it, for sighs were not as bright and fresh with him as they used to be in days before he had the asthma, so he thought it best to lay it by for future use; in fact, Farmer

Grind laid everything by for future use that he could. It was really sad to see this white-haired old man, this weather-beaten, green old stump of the forest, bowed down with grief, and the pitiful tears came into his eyes and trickled down to the end of his nose, from which he ever and anon wiped them with the back of his gnarled and brawny hand.
 "You seem under the influence of a heavy sorrow, Brother Grind," remarked the young parson, who had entered unperceived, and seated himself on an upturned horse bucket, while the farmer was stuffing another bunch of straw into the cutter.
 The farmer looked up with a weary smile of recognition and replied after he had changed his quid to the other cheek:
 "Yes, brother, the hand of misfortune has rested heavily upon me. I try to bear it like a Christian, but it's mighty hard, pa'son, and it goes powerful agin the grain to be resigned."
 "I hope so, my afflicted brother, and trust that I may offer the consolation of religion," said the parson sympathetically; "but in what way have you been bereaved? I hope your wife—"
 "Oh, Betsy, she's all right," interrupted the farmer.
 "And the children—I had not heard that you have lost any of the children?" and the parson grew more animated in his interest.
 "Not as I knows of," said the farmer, "not a blamed kid; the children are doing well enough."

"Where, then, has the blow fallen, brother? At what sacred place in the family circle has the dread shaft of the Death angel been turned to bring sadness into a once happy home? The wind, I trust, will be tempered to the shorn lamb."
 "The family circle is all serene pa'son, but as for misfortune, I should rather think I've had my share since I saw you. You know that colt—that or'nary plug that uster run in the calf-lot thar? Well, sir, last spring I—I—"
 At this point the old man completely broke down, sobbed audibly and gritted his teeth. "I sold him to Gabe Cummings for \$30 and an old hair bridle."
 "Seems to me that was a fair price," said the parson.
 "Seemed to me, at the time that it war, but this is a weary world, pa'son, and we never know what trials is in store fur us. I know, pa'son, you'll pardon my emotion when I tell you the news that I only heard this morning. What do you think, but that thar dod-blamed fool-colt, that I sold for \$30 and an old hair bridle, made a mile last Monday in 2:20, and beat Silverton Maid on a \$500 bet, and Gabe Cummings raked in all that wealth. There is not much temperin' of the shorn lamb to the wind in that. I'm the worst shorn lamb you ever see, pa'son, and it seems to me this is a mighty cold day fur lambs."
 Under the shadow of his great misfortune the old man bowed his hoary head over the straw-cutter, and dropped a tear and a large gob of grief into its depths. Some sorrows are too holy to be gazed on by strange eyes. The parson felt that even the consolations of religion

would be inadequate in this case, and tiptoed out of the barn and left the old man with his heart sorrow.

PROCRASTINATION.

"Procrastination is the thief of time," is one of those trite adages which have a sound but no meaning to our accustomed ears. Yet it has a world of meaning contained in its few quaint and rugged words. It was the morning's lounge, and the evening's gossip, the fit of unprofitable reverie, that stole away the precious hour to which was appointed its peculiar duty. And the thief is without remedy, or redress. Gone, gone forever, are the squandered moments; the thief is amenable to no law, and there is no force to compel the restoration of that which is lost.
 It is well said by one: "Never delay until to-morrow that which can be done to-day." Adverse the wisdom of which all must, at some period of their lives, have tested. But a wise man has said: "Never do to-day that which can as well be done to-morrow." And this is no unwise argument for procrastination, but rather a warning to those who are led by impulse to rush hastily to the commission of deeds which may afterwards be long and vainly repented. All important actions should be the result of consideration—of the "sober after second thought;" but once decided upon, they should be performed at once, and without useless delay.

MARRIAGE A FAILURE.

Lawyer—So you want to get a divorce from your husband?
 Woman—That's what I want.
 Lawyer—You knew him long before you married him—why did you marry him?
 Woman—You see wherever I went he was always standing around in my way, so at last I married him just to get rid of him.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A.—You are so modest I do n't see how you ever came to propose to your wife.
 B.—That was very simple. I said nothing, and she said nothing, and so one word brought on another.

NOT TWINS.

Mrs. M. met frequently two charming little girls going to school, who looked each very much like the other. One morning she asked one of them, "Are you twins, my dear?"
 With an indignant shake of her curls, she answered: "No me! We'se bofe girls."



ONE LICKING ENOUGH.

Mrs. GRUMP—Bobby, I shall have to tell your father about you; you've been fighting!
 BOBBY—Well, mum, hain't I been licked bad enough now, without havin' another scrap with Pa?

A TRIP ABROAD.



BELOVED reader, I've been abroad. I've seen the elephant.

When I speak of it I assume a careless indifference which I hope impresses my hearers with the conviction that I am very much accustomed to going abroad, that it bores me to go

abroad, that I am liable to be compelled to go abroad at any moment.

When there is an apparent effort to draw me out upon incidents and impressions of foreign travel I make it a point to yawn a good deal. Yawning intensifies that so much to be desired air of complete *ennui* besides giving a fellow time to think of what to say.

I have told a great number of untruths in the little time since my return from one short and miserable but costly sojourn on the other side of the Atlantic, and I am oppressed by them. I want to lay my aching head upon the sympathetic bosom of TEXAS SIFTINGS and sob out the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth in about twenty-four hundred broken accents.

Abroad!

What a limitlessly comprehensive word it had always seemed. In my boyhood days to my vivid imagination it portrayed vaster distances than could be compassed in five hundred planets like ours, and many a delightful tour, rich in novel experiences and teeming with exciting adventure have I made in fancy. Visions of hobnobbing with royalty, winning a million or so at Monte Carlo, tobogganing in the Alps, tumbling into the Vesuvian crater, engaging in a life-perilous attempt to rescue a beautiful Circassian maiden from the ignominy of the harem, these were a few of the countless fascinating possibilities of adventure.

Nor could I shake off the dream with my youth. Arrived at man's estate I found myself still longing for travel. When I heard of one of my friends "going abroad" I felt as if an impassable barrier had been placed between us; so when he returned I carefully avoided him, crossing to the other side of the street if I chanced to see him approaching. I think the feeling that influenced me in this was an inferior species of jealousy.

Finally I determined that I, too, would go abroad. I would cross the broad Atlantic. I would visit London—mighty London and beautiful Paris.

As an initial step I decided that it would be necessary to rub up my French a little. I had studied it at school but I didn't pay much attention to it then, thinking that if I ever had occasion to use it in calling upon a French family or anything like that I could post myself after supper the evening I expected to use it.

I had more trouble than I anticipated with my French and postponed my departure a number of

times on that account. In the course of five or six months, however, I could turn out an article that paralyzed my office boy and was the wonder and admiration of the home circle.

About this time I found to my dismay that though I was easily adding a new stock of words to my vocabulary daily I was with equal facility forgetting a greater number. The effect of this discovery was to hasten my preparations for departure, as I didn't want to take the chances of running entirely out of French before leaving home.

At the outset of my lingual study I had intended to completely master the German language also, previous to my departure, but as I early discovered that the language I had attacked was inevitably bound to completely master me, I reflected on the Scriptural asseveration, "Ye cannot serve two masters," and relinquished my design on the German tongue.

Well, I started, and—to summarize—got there and returned. Three weeks of mingled fright and sea-sick wretchedness and four of painful anxiety has left me with a badly blurred mental photograph of water and sky, jumbled with houses, streets, flying landscape and strange faces; and with a ringing in my ears of bells, steam whistles, fog-horns, the swish and splash and splash and roar of waters, the moaning, sighing and shrieking of the winds intermingled with the clatter of the streets and the jabbering of strange tongues.

If I could I would not attempt a description of public buildings, parks, boulevards, places of historic interest. You've doubtless read scores of them, all different, and any one of them better than I could write, and as for time schedules of trains and steamers, I must refer you to a large book full of puzzles devoted exclusively to that sort of thing.

Of course I aired my hard-earned French at the earliest opportunity, and I discovered that it was no less the wonder of the Frenchman than it had been of my family at home.

At my first effort, too, I found myself badly affected with the terrible disease that broke out first and raged so fiercely among the workmen on the Tower of Babel—confusion of tongues.

It was my French that embarrassed me more than anything else.

I believe I would have got along very nicely if it hadn't been for that.

I noticed that in my mad plunges at conversation if I inadvertently dropped a word or two of English my listener would brighten up at once, and then as I returned again to my French he would apparently lose the clue, shake his head hopelessly and leave me.

I recall one good effect of the ocean voyage. It led me back to the good old childish habit of prayer. Both going and returning upon the deep, the tendency of my mind was devotional. I thought much upon spiritual things.

I was gone seven weeks and two days and the trip



COMPELLED TO GIVE IT UP.

LIVELY MAN (to a sick passenger leaning over taffrail with a dejected face)—Here's a new conundrum, Mr. Spiritlack. Why should we be thankful for the food we get on board?

MR. SPIRITLACK—You must excuse me, sir, if I have to give it up!



GENEROUS MAN.

PROHIBITIONIST (to beggar)—There's a penny, sir. Now don't go and spend it for drink.

cost me \$415.35. I do not mind the expenditure of the thirty-five cents, but I am sorry that I let the \$415 go. Some people care a good deal about \$415, and I'm one of them.

Castles, and crowns, and thrones, and towers, and rusty guillotines, and ruins, and old countries, and other old things are well enough in their way, but they are not of absorbing interest to me now.

I am inclined much more wistfully towards new things. Give me the modern stone front house, the modern plug hat, the spring chicken, and I can tolerate existence on this side of the Atlantic down to a green old age, no matter how old or how green it may be.

Hereafter I am going to make it a practice, at whatever sacrifice, of not going abroad. CORT.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

The writer offers this new biography of the Father of his Country with the belief that so great a man can not too often be lied about. This new life has the merits of brevity, cheapness, frankness and cheek, and will not be published in book form or sold through book agents.

The genial George was an F. F. V., having been born in Virginia as far back as 1732. Unlike most boys, he spent his youthful days in the study of astronomy and surveying, and the only fun he ever had up to his twentieth year was an occasional frolic with the Indians or a walk in his brother's garden. It may be said that the story about the cherry tree has been proven to be the invention of some Mount Vernon paragrapher, so we dismiss it without further lying.

After five years military service, George did a sensible thing by marrying a widow with money. It is better to be a rich widow's darling than a young lady's slave. They lived in peace at Mount Vernon, and what with their tobacco, wheat and slaves, they must have had plenty of shares in the local bank. It is to be hoped that they were subscribers to the local newspaper, and that they supported the local charity. History telleth not; anyhow, you cannot rely on history any more than you can on these lines I write.

In 1775 George got into a soft snap by being elected commander-in-chief of the army; any school history will tell you how, with the aid of one or two lieutenants, he scared the English out of the country and helped the Americans set up a shop of their own. As a result George got into another soft snap as the President of the United States, an office since sought by every ward politician and every naturalized foreigner in the land. Honors came so thick and fast upon him that he took ill one day in 1799, and died soon after. His last words were, "It is well," which referred, no doubt, to the fact that the doctor had just left him.

The career of Washington has been the cause of a great overflow of printer's ink, but the writer claims to be the only one who has ever given to a yearning public a life of this great man in a few unadulterated, unvarnished and unadorned paragraphs.

N. M. L.

What a paradoxical creature man is! He takes to blotting paper to keep from blotting paper.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XVII.



THE reign of Louis the Fat, which extended from 1108 to 1137, was notable for the coalition which was formed by the monarchy, the church and the peasants against the arrogance and tyranny of the petty nobles. The middle and lower

classes thus uniting for mutual preservation, laid the foundation for the establishment of the *communes* of France and their enfranchisement. Though greatly encouraged by Louis VI., the foundation of the *communes* or commons—sometimes called the third estate—was chiefly due to the citizens themselves, who, learning their strength as well as their rights, resolved to protect themselves against wrong and oppression. It was a simultaneous insurrectionary movement throughout France. And the king benefited by it, for the organization of the *communes* tended materially to increase the power of the crown.

It was about this time that a king came to be of some use to France. Called on to mediate and decide between the nobles and the citizens, the sovereign became recognized as the supreme authority; besides which most of the boroughs contributed to the royal treasury, thereby freeing the king from the disagreeable necessity of going out on the road at night disguised as a highwayman when the royal purse required replenishing. It lowers the dignity of a king to make a footpad of himself, but some of them had to do it in olden times, or go without spending money. Another thing the *communes* did for the king: they furnished him with soldiers when he made a demand for them; and it was thus that the Capetian monarchs were gradually enabled to wrest power from the haughty nobles and extend their dominions and authority. Some of them even made themselves respected, though that was always a difficult thing for a French monarch to do, especially where they knew him.

Louis the Fat carried on a war with Henry I. of England for several years. Henry was a son of William the Conqueror, whom he succeeded. He had a misunderstanding with his brother Robert of Normandy, whom he imprisoned for life in Cardiff Castle. Louis the Fat espoused his cause, resolved to establish him in the possession of Normandy. Robert escaped from Cardiff and the war went on, with various intermissions, until William was killed, in 1128, beneath the walls of Alost, and his pretensions came to be known as "Alost Cause" from that time.

Henry was crafty. He married his daughter Matilda to Geoffrey Plantagenet, whose father was a powerful count of France. The count, pleading important business in the Holy Land, abdicated in favor of his son, who assumed the boss-ship, and the influence of the English crown was thus extended over some of the richest and most populous provinces of France. It is necessary to know this, *chers enfants*, in order to understand English dominion in France, and why it was necessary for Jeanne d'Arc to leave her peasant home three hundred years after, seize a sword and mount a horse man-fashion in order to drive the English out.

Plantagenet is a very high-sounding name, *mes petite amis*. It was the title of a reigning house of England, but it is simply French for broom-corn. Some

young noble of France once upon a time—going to a ball or military review—stuck a bunch of broom-corn in his hat, and lo! he is a Prince Plantagenet immediately. Many sonorous names on the parchments of nobility have had as simple an origin as this.

Louis VI., notwithstanding his obesity, was an excellent and able sovereign. He chose for his minister and confidential friend the great Suger, abbot of St. Denis, whose wise counsels were of great advantage to him in running the government. "Suger" is largely employed in public affairs in America, but it is very demoralizing, particularly when a United States Senator is to be chosen in Ohio. It is quite another kind of Suger, however, for the abbot of St. Denis was above all reproach. It was he who took the lead in attaching the clergy to the cause of royalty, and organizing the peasantry for its defense against the oppressive insolence of the aristocracy, resulting, as I have said, in the formation of the *communes*, and the development of the third estate in the interest of the people.

About the beginning of the twelfth century France was noted all over Europe for her men of letters. I don't allude to letter-carriers, as some of you younger children may suppose, but to learned men. One of the most eminent among them was the school teacher Abelard, romantically associated with his pupil Heloise on account of their somewhat celebrated love affair. He was separated from his loved Heloise by her family, who had objections to him as a man rather than as a teacher, and after cruel vicissitudes he retired to a monastery, where he died in 1142. In *Père la Chaise*, the famous cemetery of Paris, they will show you the tomb of Abelard and Heloise. Their marble effigies lie together beneath a sort of canopy, but the guides lie together when they say that either Abelard or Heloise ever dwelt in that tomb, for it is known that it is a composition piece, made up of fragments from several old churches, torn in pieces in the Revolution, and the effigies are not theirs at all. But the tomb answers every purpose for disappointed lovers, who come there daily to hang wreaths upon it, made of barbed fence wire and painted, some a sombre green and others a bright yellow.



Louis the Fat mediates between the Nobility and the Peasantry of France.

Louis the Fat died in 1137 and was succeeded by Louis the Young, or VII., of whom more will be said in the next paper.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE EEL.

The eel is a slippery customer. It has its haunts at the bottom of brooks and ponds and in the supply pipes of municipal water-works. The habits of the eel are but little known to the common run of people owing to the fact that it is in no way sociable, as it never comes out on dry land unless compelled to do so. Of the eel family, also, but little can be said with certainty; its close resemblance to the snake leads some to look upon it with suspicion.

There are several ways by which the eel is induced to come out of its element, the most popular being known among the fraternity as "bobbing." A number of angle-worms are entangled in a ball of cord and



NIGHT SWEATS.

let down into the water. The eel, considering the worms as a sort of luxury, in its attempt to eat them gets its teeth caught in the cord and is promptly hauled out.

The eel is a friend of the plumber. When a three-inch eel attempts to journey through a two-inch water-pipe the assistance of the plumber is required, ere the journey is complete and the water resumes its erstwhile flow. The presence of a deceased eel does not add to the value of water for cooking purposes.

Opinions differ as to the value of the eel as an article of diet. Some people who do not object to eating snakes incognito, consider it a delicacy, while others who are waiting a solution of the relationship of the eel to the snake, are content to subsist on beef and such fishes as do not squirm too much.

E. R. C.

THE SILVER LINING.

It would almost seem as if nobody was actually nappy in this world. Even the sleeping-car porters have their grievances. The Pullman car porters complain that the company docks their wages two or three dollars every month for shortage in linen, etc., even when no such shortage exists.

That there is a monopoly that preys on the sleeping-car porter will cause a thrill of happiness to inundate, so to speak, the general traveling public. Without intending any reflection on the color of the average sleeping car porter, it is not incongruous, so to speak, to observe that even the darkest cloud has a silver lining.

A MERE SUGGESTION.

The New York dealer in "green goods" should not send their circulars to the South. It is not so very long ago that a man from Texas named Holland shot and killed a "green goods" dealer who attempted to deceive him. And now only a few days ago a gentleman from Kentucky came very near shooting a "green goods man," who was not candid.

We do not propose to dictate to the aforesaid "green goods" men, but merely to suggest that they either cease their efforts to control the Southern custom, or else they learn how to handle a revolver suddenly.

A BURNT CHILD DREADS THE FIRE.

Jawkins—I wonder why old Guffy never married? He looks so melancholy when the conversation turns on woman that I am afraid there is some sad romance connected with his youth.

Hogg—So there is; he got nipped so badly in a breach of promise case that he could never look at a woman since.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

Lariat Luke (entering café)—Houp-la! I'm a roarer from the Rockies, I am—and I'm loaded for b'ar to-night!

Barkeep—Better get out, then; this is no bar for the "loaded."

Put yourself in his place when you go to rout a boy out of bed at six o'clock on a frosty morning.



Some of Grandfather's

Three jolly fellows sat around
The little tavern table,
As jolly men as could be found,
To create fun well able.
And as three village wits they posed
Quite full of learning's glories,
Each one of them had oft disclosed
His power in telling stories.

The first one's name was Thomas More,
A jovial wag you know, sir;
Then Wright, who kept the village store,
And was by trade a grocer.
The third one was a lawyer keen,
And strange by name and nature,
In high position he had been
Within the legislature.

Quoth Wright: "There is a knave around,
'Tis Strange you won't deny."
"And there's one More, I will be bound,"

The lawyer made reply.
"I think," said More, "I know him, too,
He's sitting here to-night.
A grosser knave I never knew!"
"Ha, ha!" laugh'd Strange, "that's Wright!"

SUBSTANTIAL PITTY.

Josh Billings never said a better thing in bad orthography than this: "Simple pitty ain't much better than an insult, but to pitty with a five-dollar bill is 'bizzness.'" It is very easy to pull down the corners of the mouth, raise the eyes and assume a look of holy charity. Words are about the cheapest commodity in the market, and they may be made to sound very effective. We have heard a man talk about the sufferings of the poor in a way to make one shed tears, whose pocket-book was never known to shed a cent for charity.

Talleyrand said that happiness depended on a hard heart and a sound stomach. Let the rich and comfortable men and women who fare sumptuously every day, be confronted with a scene of poverty and they are disgusted with the squalor. It doesn't touch them in the right spot, though—the pocket. A rich man ordered a load of coal sent to a poor family in the neighborhood, in the forenoon; but after his dinner he countermanded the order—said the weather had "moderated."

Practical charity reminds the woman in comfortable circumstances of the little half-worn garments stowed away in chests, and she seeks out needy children whom they will fit. It makes a man think of dependents under him and how he may render them more comfortable. It is a glorious thing in its genuineness, and will make it cover a multitude of sins. J.

TRIBULATIONS OF AN EDITOR.



AN there be any greater mistake than to suppose journalism is devoid of trials and tribulations? A great many people imagine that the life of an editor is a very pleasant one. This is a grave mistake. Few people have as many trials and tribulations as the average editor. There are so many drawbacks in the editorial career that we have only time to touch lightly on a few.

As a general thing the editor, like the preacher, is very poorly paid. If he is on a political paper, and his candidate and party are successful, the editor is forgotten in the hour of rioting. The political bumper gets paid for his services during election times, in actual cash. The editor gets paid for his services in thanks.

But a life of poverty would not be so bad if the editor's feelings were not being continually plowed up by unfeeling persons, when, for instance, the office boy announces that a gentleman outside has a bill he wishes paid. It is painful at times to decline manuscript, but in such cases it should be done.

It is very trying to an editor's feelings when a supposed friend says: "I saw an excellent thing in your paper the other day;" and when the editor imagines it was one of his editorials, he adds with a cruel, cynical smile: "It was a recipe for making lobster salad." But about the meanest thing to do to an editor is to ask him where he is going to spend the summer.

Very frequently journalists are unkind to each other. Not long since the following appeared in a country paper: "We do not desire to be personal, but if the lean lank, liver-colored lump of luntheadativeness—we

refer to the thimbleful of alleged brains that edits (!) our esteemed contemporary, etc."

How painful it must be to the editor's wife, when asked by the rag man if she has any rags for sale, to be obliged to reply: "No; my husband is down at the office, and he has all his clothes on him."

Then the editor has oftentimes trouble in the manipulation of the mechanical department of his paper, when, for instance, the chuckle-headed new pressman greases the forms to make the roller run slick, thus causing the paper to look as if it had been chucked together with a shovel.

And as for having leisure hours, that is something about which the editor has no ideas whatever. If he has any he spends them in catching-up with his work.

A BRIDAL TOUR.

Neighbor—I hear your master has married again, and is taking a bridal tour.

Daddy Mose—Don't know 'bout him takin' a bridal tour to dis 'un, boss; but he did tek a paddle to his fust wife, shure.



LIFE IN PIZEN CREEK.

JUDGE PULLTRIGGER—Is your verdict guilty, or not guilty?

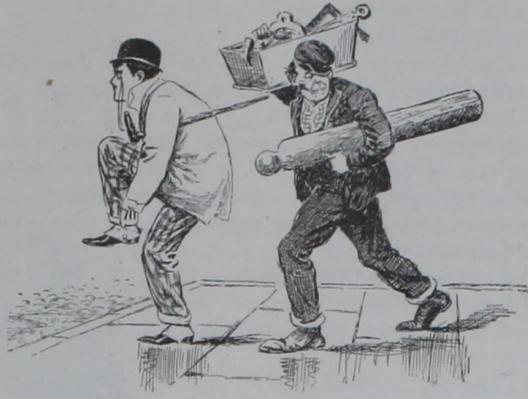
FOREMAN BILL CAPAREJO (of the Dead Hoss Ranch)—We want to ask one question: The evidence shows that the prisoner shot at the man six times, and then only hit him once in the foot. Ain't there no law agin such poor shootin'?

JUDGE PULLTRIGGER (reluctantly)—No.

FOREMAN BILL CAPAREJO (sadly)—Not guilty, then.



Dude and Workman.



Dude Stops to Roll up his Trousers.



The Catastrophe.

THE STORY OF PRIVATE TOM GATES.

A small, square room, dim with tobacco smoke, partly lighted by a single lamp; around a huge stove a group of men, wearing the blue and gold of Uncle Sam's livery; very shabby the blue, very tarnished the gold, after the long summer campaign on the dusty prairies of the Far West. "Give us a story, doctor," said a young lieutenant to the regimental surgeon, a gray-haired but hale old man, who had spent many years on a frontier outpost.

"All right," said the doctor, refilling his pipe, "I'll do it. Up at Camp B., not many years ago, there was a soldier who excited considerable curiosity among the officers and men by his queer ways. Most of you know how it is in those little rat-holes where troops are housed for the winter, shut up like bears in a pit, with nothing to do but look at each other, till spring starts them off on the war-path again. Each person's peculiarities undergo a searching analysis, and any one who refuses to divulge his whole private history and antecedents is looked upon as a social fraud if he isn't a criminal. One soldier, Tom Gates was his name, was so silent and kept himself so much aloof from his comrades, besides carrying always a look of great depression on his face, that it was at last decided that he had committed some crime and enlisted to escape the law, so a prejudice sprang up against the poor fellow, which resulted in his being completely ostracized.

"Spring came in and the scouting parties went out. One evening an orderly came to my room and reported: 'Private Gates, B Co., is brought in, shot in the breast.'

"All right; be down directly,' and in a few minutes I stood by Gates' bed, in the cool, quiet hospital ward. His, tanned skin and close-cropped hair, the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks gave an odd expression to his face, but around the base of the nose was the pinched, dark look, which is a sure sign of death. A short examination showed that he had but a few hours to live.

"My poor fellow,' I said, 'I can't help you. Have you any message to send to your friends?'

"I have no friends who want to hear from me,' he faintly said, 'but will you hear my brief story?'

"I nodded, and he proceeded:

"I was a volunteer soldier in the late war. It was on the march through Pennsylvania, just before Gettysburg, the weather fearfully hot. Men were continually dropping from the ranks, fainting from heat and

thirst. When we passed any spring or creek the men would make a mad rush, and the cold water and the heat laid many a poor fellow flat on the road. At last the order was given that any man who left the ranks to drink or fetch water, without leave from the captain of his company, should be instantly shot in front of his regiment.

"For hours we had been marching under the blazing sun. We passed a brook; a man stepped from his place, filled his canteen and was back in an instant. That man was my brother. The regiment halted. The first six men in the front rank of my company were ordered to "fall in." I was one of them. I begged my captain, for God's sake, to spare me this duty, for the doomed man was my own brother.

"No talking. Attention, squad! Load! Fire!" "I knew my ball never touched him, but my brother fell dead. From this moment I watched my chance to finish the captain. The opportunity finally came, when we paid the last honors to our colonel, who fell on the field of Gettysburg. My captain gave the order for the last salute over the grave—"Fire!" and fell dead himself, shot through the heart.

"No one knew who killed him, and it was attributed to a random shot from the enemy. I was calm and collected in the confusion which followed. But when the excitement was passed, and I was again in the dull routine of duty, remorse for the murder—for murder it was, although I considered it a just vengeance at the time—remorse gnawed at my heart. I sought death to escape from it, but it came not. After the war I re-enlisted, and for years I have carried this worm at my

heart, gnawing away hope and friendship from my life, for how could a man like me have friends?'

"This was the story of poor Tom Gates, whom death relieved from his remorse a few hours after it had been told."

A POPULAR CONTEST.

We have concluded to open a contest to decide who is the most popular member of the vast fraternity of tramps, and to give prizes to the three noble men who head the list of votes. Votes to be counted must be written in violet ink only upon the coupon printed on the last page of a new book we have just published—price, fifty cents, to be had at this office—and the names must be confined to the tramps of New York city, Hoboken, and the line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. These districts offer superior facilities to ambitious trampdom, and we mean to get the best while we're at it.

The first prize will be a pair of handsome cork-soled shoes from the wholesale establishment of Last & Co., of whom we purchased them at a decided advantage. We print their note below:

"The pair of shoes just purchased of us are made of well-soaked leather made from the hide of a favorite bull, and they are warranted to wear out any pavement in New York city or Hoboken before showing signs of wilting. We take just pride in saying that they are a pair of shoes of which any tramp may be proud."

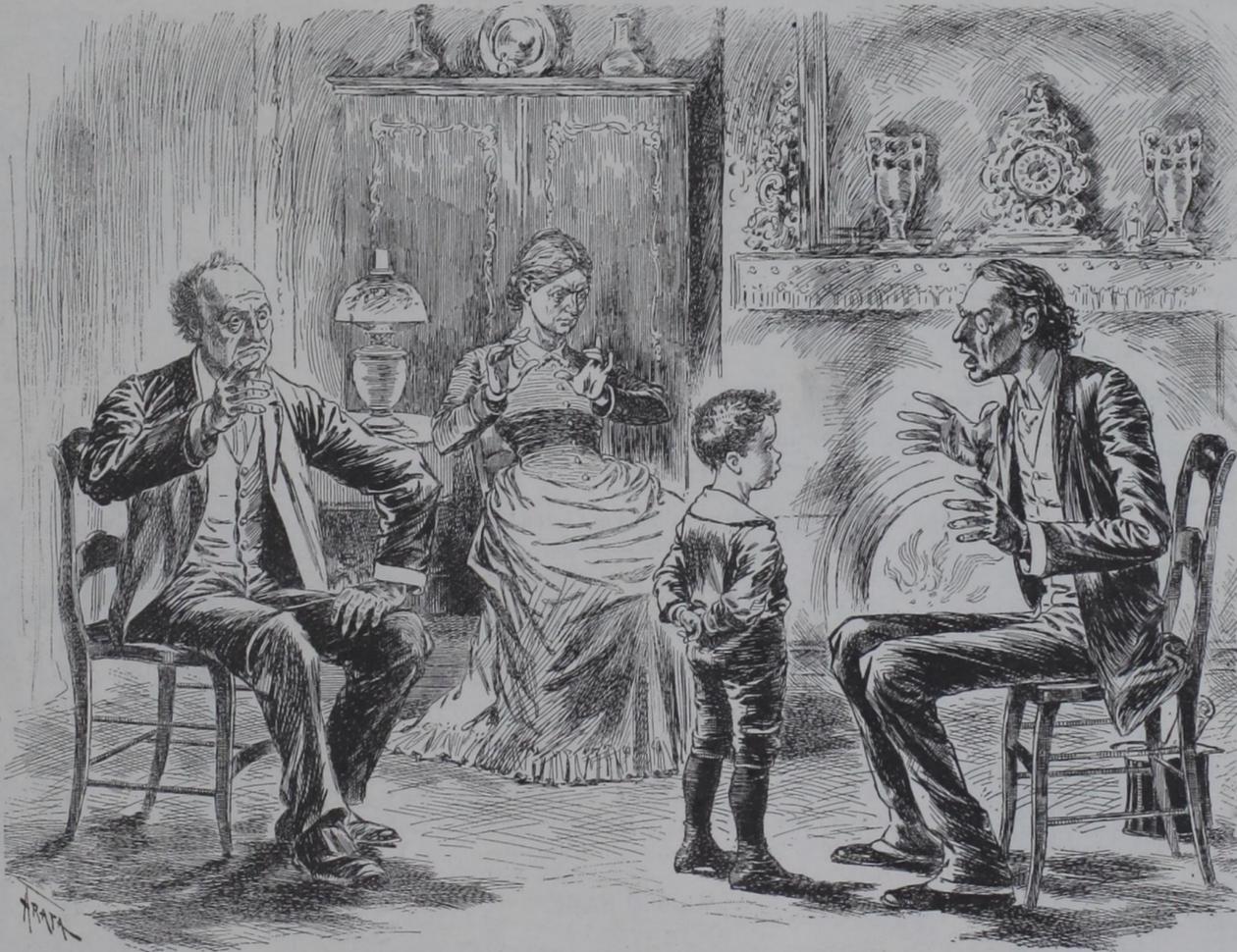
The second prize will be a superb lace-edged pillow, the like of which, it is safe to say, no tramp ever slept on, and the third prize will be a well-written order on a famous restaurant for a good square meal, beer included.

Now let the voting go on, and do not forget that votes to be counted must be written on the coupon printed on the last page of the new book we have just published—price fifty cents at this office.

The time of closing the polls will be duly announced, but we promise that we shall not willingly delay the result. As soon as we have made enough from the sale of the books upon which the coupons are printed to cover the cost of the three expensive prizes, we shall think of closing the contest.

Now, who is the most popular tramp?
NATHAN M. LEVY.

Somebody wants to know: How is it, in fashionable weddings, that we always have a catalogue of the bride's wearing apparel, while we never hear of the groom having so much as a pair of new socks?



BOYS SHOULD BE SEEN, NOT HEARD.

LITTLE BOY—When are you going to the carpenter shop to be fixed?

POET—Carpenter shop!

LITTLE BOY—Yes; I heard pa tell ma there was a screw loose about you somewhere.

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



AND A HALF—SNORT'S LETTER TO JOHNNY FIZZLETOP.

WHITE HOUSE, Feb. 18.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—Day before yesterday I laid before President Harrison my plan for the campaign of 1892. Mr. Harrison was very much impressed by its feasibility. If my programme is carried out the Solid South will be broken and Blaine will be side-tracked. I have also made arrangements to squelch Tom Reed, who is a much greater source of anxiety to us Harrison Republicans than he is to the Democrats. After I had explained how the second term could be obtained, Harrison said:

"Snort, you have a sixty-five-ounce brain. When did you begin to be a strategist?"

"Mr. President," said I, "my first strategic move that I can recollect was bamboozling a dollar and a half out of my sister. I have written it out, and it will appear in the next issue of the North American Review. Would you like to hear it?"

"By all means," said the President.

Taking the sketch from my pocket, I read it to the President.

A NATURAL BORN STRATEGIST.

Little Billy Snort was sitting at the table, studying his dear little Sunday-school lesson, while his elder sister, Miss Esmerelda Snort, sat near the window embroidering a hat-band with the letters G. N., which were the initials of George Nicefellow, an available young gentleman who was paying his addresses to the fair Esmerelda. Just at this crisis, Esmerelda was not favorably disposed toward her younger brother, on account of a playful remark he had made that the initials of the young man should be N. G. instead of G. N.

"Sister, dear," said Billy, in a soft, flute-like voice, "will you not lend me half a dollar to go to the circus?"

"No, I won't," snapped Esmerelda; "the circus is no good place for boys of your age."

Bill sighed.

"It has a demoralizing effect on them. Besides, it is throwing away money. I shan't give you a cent. You want to get away from studying your Sunday-school lesson."

"All right, sister dear," replied Billy Snort, turning to the chapter about Susannah and the elders.

There was a pause of several minutes, and then Billy remarked:

"Some boys are awful mean to their sisters."

"I guess all boys are built that way," sneered Esmerelda.



Col. Snort Amuses the Administration.

"Some are worse than others. There is Johnny Devilbliss. The way he treats his sister makes my blood run cold, and she is so good to him, too."

Esmerelda sniffed the air.

"If it hadn't been for Johnny Devilbliss' meanness his sister Sarah might have been married years ago."

"How do you know?"

"Because I know. Whenever Johnny sees that a young man is so far gone that he is going to propose, then Johnny says or does something, and the young man never comes back any more. He has scared off five or six that way."

"What does the little wretch do?"

"Lots of things. When he sees that the gas is turned down in the parlor, he pounds on the door and calls time on 'em."

"Calls time on them?"

"Yes; he yells out, so that the neighbors can hear it: 'Break away there! O, come off!'"

"The little scoundrel! He ought to be skinned alive," ejaculated Esmerelda, indignantly.

"That's so. If it hadn't been for Johnny his sister Sarah might be happily married, and perhaps have twins by this time."

"You had better study your Sunday-school lesson."

"I know it by heart. If Johnny don't pound the door, he goes into the parlor, and, while his sister is fixing up, he talks to her beau, and tells him such lies!"

Esmerelda dropped the hat-band and gazed intently at Bill, who looked as demure as a mule wearing a glove-fitting corset. Esmerelda knew that her beau was coming over that evening. Billy knew it, too, and he also knew that Esmerelda's beau was on the ragged edge of proposing. What might not these fiendish boys say and do?

"Billy, don't you want to go to the circus this evening?" she said, with a kind smile.

"Who? Me?" asked Billy, much surprised.

"Yes, you said you wanted to go."

"The circus ain't a proper place for little kids like me. It demoralizes 'em," replied Billy.

"O, I guess not."

"Besides, it's throwing away money."

"Never mind the money, Billy; I'll give you the money," said Esmerelda, reaching in her pocket.

"I'll go to-morrow night, sister dear. Johnny Devilbliss is coming to see me to-night, and we want to have some fun."

"But, Billy, why not take your young friend with you to the circus?" asked Esmerelda, anxiously.

"Well, sister, I'll see if I can persuade him to go," said Billy, pocketing the dollar, and another fifty cents for peanuts.

The two young scamps went to the circus. That evening Mr. Nicefellow proposed and was accepted, and as the fair Esmerelda subsequently gazed on the diamond engagement ring she did not regret the dollar she had invested in circus tickets.

Snort's story was finished. The President smiled at some boyish recollections of his own, and Baby McKee, a supernaturally smart child, said: "Grandpa, is that the kind of a hairpin you was when you was a boy?"

Your friend,

BILL SNORT.

THE WRONG ADDRESS.

Among some old papers sent to a Texas jail for the entertainment of the inmates was the election circular of one of the local candidates. One of the prisoners, who has been in jail for over a year, looked at it and said:

"Look here, boys, this is not intended for us. It is addressed 'To the people at large.' That don't mean us."

NOT THE SAME PARTY.

Pastor (to hired boy)—So I have caught you stealing apples out of the barrel.

Hired Boy—Yes, parson, I own up.

Don't you know, Thomas, that when you steal you commit a heinous sin? Moreover, there is a being who sees all that we do, before whom even I bow my head with fear and trembling. Do you know who I mean?

Your wife, I suppose.

A GOOD NAME.

Gilhooly—Have the undertakers got an organ like the jewelers and grocers and other trades?

Gus De Smith—I believe so.

What is the name of it?

I don't know; but the Planters' Journal would be a good one.



Little Billy Snort and his sister Esmerelda.

A PUZZLING QUESTION.

A tramp halted at the house of a lady in the suburbs of a Texas city, and said to the lady of the house:

"Please give a poor man, who is traveling and who is away from home, a trifle to pay his expenses?"

"If you haven't got any money to pay your expenses, why do you travel? Why don't you stay at home like I do?" replied the astonished female.

AND SHE GENERALLY HAS TO.

Old Mr. Grump—How do you propose to support a family, when you can hardly live on your salary as it is?

Algy—O, I suppose my wife will have to attend that!

FROM THE GERMAN.

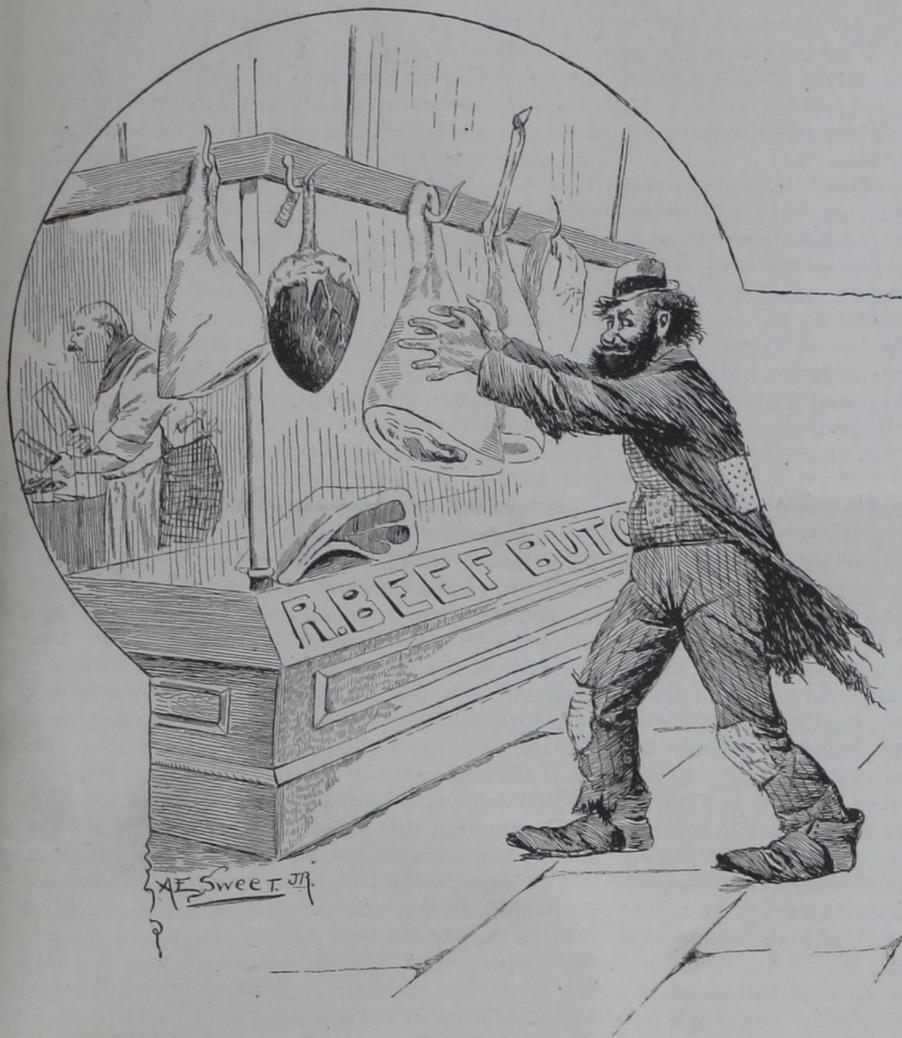
Teacher—Can you mention a species of cold-blood animal which multiplies with astonishing rapidity?

Son of a Journalist—Yes, the creditor. That's what pa says.



A DECEPTIVE SIGN.

FARMER WOODBINE—Now, Huldah, that man told us 220 was down about here; there's that sign over the door says there ain't no 220.



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
Seeing, shall take heart again."

—Longfellow.

A COLORED WITNESS.

"Were you acquainted with the murdered man?" asked the prosecuting attorney of a witness for the defence in a murder case. The willingness of the witness to say all that he could in behalf of the prisoner was very apparent, by the way.

"I know'd him; he was de honestest, best——"

"Never mind about his honesty. You say you knew him?"

"Yes, sah; an' ise proud ter say I nebber know'd sich a noble——"

"Nobody asked you about that. What was the condition of his health? Was he not in robust health?"

"No, sah. He was de feeblest niggah I eber seed."

"He was killed by the accused, was he not?"

"I can't say so, sah. My idee am dat he was in sich bad health, dat eben ef he hadn't been killed when he was he would hab died anyhow, at least two days previous, sah."

THE EDITORIAL "WE."



HERE is something so distinctively terrifically horrible, or horrifically terrific in a cold analysis of the editorial "we," that we almost pause, awe-stricken and dumbfounded on the gloomy threshold of its discussion.

How did it get in? That is, who first flung it into the broad arena of journalism, and then slunk behind its embattled walls like the cowardly cur that he was? Where is the wretch who forced it upon us? Reflect for a moment on the incongruity of an editor writing about "our wife," or "our sweetheart," or "our boil on the back of our neck," or anything else that implies personal possession. Yet, by the baleful use of the editorial "we" the editorial hack writer is compelled to use just such insipidities and linguistic atrocities.

How does it sound to say "the man whipped us," or to vary the illustration, "we whipped the man?" In the first we become pusillanimous; in the latter cowardly. Either of them is an incorrect representation of the fact. "We mounted our horse," signifies that the animal is a good one and could carry double.

We have a strong suspicion that the term originated with a wild-eyed editor who first wrote, "we took a

the money was invested in a jack-knife, fishing lines, candy, and like bric-a-brac.

A few days ago the parent happened to go into the shed and noticed that the old stove was not in its accustomed haunts.

"What has become of that old stove, Henry?"

"What old stove, pa?" asked Henry, his face wearing that look of calm innocence that has become so scarce of late years, except on the faces of saints painted by the old masters. "Damfino what has become of that old stove," continued the honest lad.

"It was in the shed not long ago," said his father, somewhat bewildered.

"It was all covered with rust, wasn't it, pa?"

"Yes, it was very much eaten by rust."

"Then," exclaimed Henry, triumphantly, "I know what has become of the old stove. The rust ate it up."

The ravages of the teeth of time have become proverbial, but that rust will chew up a second-hand stove if it is not watched, is a new revelation that should be made the subject of scientific research.

NO "HEAVENWARD" FOR HIM.

Jawkins—In case of fire what floor would you like best to be on?

Storey—The lower, of course.

Why?

Because I don't care to "go up."

If you did you would go down.

drink." In this case, no matter if it be a solitaire twelve-and-a-half-cent drink, there is a chance to divide the blame somehow, and throw half the responsibility on some other fellow. But this is the only redeeming feature about the "we." It is a double-headed hydra which should be squelched and fired into the dim Buena Vista of the past, relegated to obsolescence, and drummed out of the editorial camp. "We" mean it.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

An old stove had been standing for some time in the wood-shed of an Austin, Texas, gentleman, when it occurred to his boy Henry that the old rusty stove might be converted into a well-spring of joy, by selling it to an old junk man, and investing advantageously the avails in such things as boys like. The preliminary negotiations and the transfer of the property were made without any power of attorney from the boy's father, the *de jure* owner, and

KAISER WILHELM AND BISMARCK.

The young Emperor William and Bismarck do not always agree. Every once in a while William does something that makes Bismarck sulk and pout for a while, after which they kiss and make up. Some day Bismarck will, like the camel, get his back up and keep it up. In the meantime, that very dangerous element, the socialists, are steadily increasing their numbers and influence. It is, perhaps, not unnatural that the young Emperor should endeavor to make it appear that he needs no power behind the throne, but it is certainly very risky to disgruntle the iron chancellor just at this crisis. It is no good time while crossing a stream to swap horses.

It is good advice to cling to him who holds you, lest he may let you drop.

THE CAT QUESTION.

Egypt overflows in mummies of cats, which are being shipped to England and used as fertilizing material. The cat with the ancient Egyptians was a sacred bird—or was it the ibis? In fact both fowls were regarded with great veneration.

It occurs to us in this connection, particularly when the peculiarities of the modern cat are taken into consideration, that possibly the Egyptian veneration for the cat did not take shape until the cat was dead. In a song which was very popular a few years ago the victim of the howls of a female cat had her stuffed after death, and utilized her as a mantel ornament. Perhaps the same motives actuated the ancient Egyptians when they mummified their felines.

A CAREFUL HUSBAND.

Friend from the Country—It is my painful duty to tell you about something I saw when I was at your house that makes my blood run cold.

Society Man—What is it, old boy? Speak out!

Friend—I saw your wife kissing the coachman.

Society Man—You did, eh? Well, next time she wants to kiss me I'll have to stand her off. That coachman has some sort of an eruption around his mouth that may be catching.

ON THE CARS.

A.—That tunnel seemed to me to be the longest I ever went through.

B.—That comes from being in the last car.

A TREASURE OF A COOK.

Lady—Are you a good cook?

Applicant—Yes, indeed; the policeman who calls on me is a regular gourmand.



TONSORIAL ITEM.

VICTIM—Hadn't you better try the crimping-iron on a piece of paper to see if it is not too hot?

BARBER—Don't need no paper. As soon as I smells your hair burning I knows right off it is too hot.

THE GHOST OF OLD JOHN HILL.

BY E. P. OPPENHEIM.



MY FRIENDS, if I commence my story, or rather my recital, with any particulars as to my personality and present condition, the chances are that I shall alienate in no small degree, perhaps altogether, the attention and interest which my narrative might otherwise gain. And yet, after very careful deliberation, I have decided to confess my secret in these few opening lines. I am a madman. Even while I am watched by a keen-eyed

attendant (mine is a private asylum, and we don't call them warders.) To all intents and purposes I am a prisoner. Of the world outside this—shall we say retreat?—I know nothing, nor shall I ever enter it again. Empires might rise and fall, all England might blaze from Madrid to Moscow with fierce war and bloodshed, kingdoms might become republics, and republics might seek again the yoke of monarchy—to me it would all be one. Outside these walls I shall never step. I have wit enough to conceal my partial recovery, for I know very well that this refuge is all that stands between me and the murderer's dock.

The winter of 18— I was compelled through ill-health to spend abroad. Perhaps it would be as well to here remark that my malady was one which affected in no degree my nervous system or my mental powers. It was, in fact, nothing but a slight weakness of the lungs, which had caused my medical attendant to earnestly recommend my spending the winter months in some warmer climate, and as I was my own master and had no ties to keep me in England, and as, moreover, the idea of escaping from the chilly humors and dreary fogs of our own country to bask under the warm southern sun and the blue sky of the Riviera was in itself by no means displeasing to me, I took his advice.

I was staying at a small, old-fashioned town little known to tourists, and some distance out of the beaten track of the shoals of health-seeking Europeans and sight-seeing Americans who make this region their happy hunting-ground. The hotel was no more than an inn, and the lime tree-bordered promenade outside was seldom pressed by the foot of a stranger. There was in the place itself, its architecture, or its surroundings little that was picturesque or attractive. But, nevertheless, it pleased me, and I had prolonged my stay from a week to a month, and was still without any settled idea of going. Strange to say, it was the very dullness of the place which attracted and kept me there. It suited the mood which I happened to be in.

One evening, after my solitary dinner—*table d'hôte* there was none—I had strolled, as usual, with a cigar in my mouth, down the promenade. I had had but little exercise during the day, for a fit of laziness had been upon me, and the weather had been anything but tempting, and so it happened that when I reached the end of the narrow sanded walk I felt reluctant to turn back. The night was a pleasant one for walking, and seemed all the pleasanter after the hot winds and blazing sun which had kept me lounging about under cover all day. I hesitated only for a moment, leaning over the low swing-gate at the extremity of the promenade. Then, passing through it, I stepped out on to the broad white high-road, and walked steadily ahead.

In about a quarter of an hour I reached four cross-roads. The road to the left, the road straight on, and the road behind me I knew well. The road to the right I had never taken, perhaps because it commenced with a remarkably stiff ascent and appeared to lead nowhere, for it was little more than a grass-grown cattle-track. But looking along it to-night, a sensation of which I had certainly never before been conscious seized swiftly hold of me. I was filled with a sudden strong curiosity to explore the ill-kept neglected by-road.

It was a curiosity that increased with every step I

took, and became gradually coupled with a vague incomprehensible premonition. What manner of a prospect I expected to behold from the top of the hill which I was rapidly ascending I cannot tell, but I had a distinct and firm conviction that something out of the common was about to happen to me.

By degrees the road along which I was walking presented more and more the appearance of a mere sheep-track, until at last the hedges on either side terminated, the road itself degenerated into a foot-path, and I found myself ascending a high turf-covered hill. I was the more surprised because in my wanderings around the district I had never noticed anything of the nature of an eminence in this direction. However, I kept steadily on, till at last I reached the summit, and, pausing to take a breath, looked around me in a startled curiosity which was not without a considerable amount of awe.

Stranger and stranger it all seemed to me. Close by my side, on the highest point of the hill, was a round tower built of rough, gray stone, which I was quite certain that I had never seen before. Below me, and all around, the country clearly visible in the moonlight was of a character totally unlike any which my many walks in the vicinity had made familiar to me. Instead of the long, vineyard-covered slopes and groves of olive-trees, was a thoroughly English deer-park studded with giant oaks and dark patches of fir-trees, and stretching away beyond a purely pastoral country with deep, yellow cornfields and rich meadows, in many of which were dotted about the dark shapes of reclining cattle. On my left hand yawned a cleft-like chasm, overhung at the brink with thick bracken and drooping bushes—evidently a disused slate quarry, for a broken shaft lay rotting on the ground, and all around were thick layers of broken-up slate.

I passed my hand across my eyes, half wondering whether I had not been walking in my sleep; and then as I opened them again I started back with a cry of horror which rang out sharply into the clear night air, only to die away in a sort of tremor from my white, trembling lips. Face to face with me stood, or rather crouched, a man—a tall, dark man, with white, scared face, and large, wildly bright eyes riveted on mine. It seemed as though he had turned round suddenly from peering down into the black depths of the chasm, and was horror struck to see me.

Despite the cold night breeze, the perspiration streamed down from my hot, clammy forehead. I strove to speak, but I could not. Like unwilling actors in a silent tableau, we stood face to face, speechless, motionless, fascinated. No sound broke the deep stillness of the summer night; no words could I force from my ashen lips after that first hoarse cry.

Suddenly there came faintly to my ears the sound of a low moaning cry, and almost simultaneously I saw a tuft of the bracken which overhung the chasm shaken violently. A deeper chill ran through me; it seemed as though the blood in my veins was turned to ice, and I stood motionless, my feet frozen to the ground with fear. Slowly I distinguished something white moving among the tuft of ferns. At first it seemed shapeless, but as my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness it gradually resolved itself into a pair of white hands clutching desperately at the roots of the ferns, as though the person to whom they belonged was striving frantically to draw himself up from beneath. Almost he seemed about to succeed, for, as I leaned over toward the spot with spell-bound gaze, a white, desperate face, colorless with fear save where smeared with blood from a wound in the temple, slowly appeared above the brink of the chasm, and I could tell from the convulsive swaying of the shoulders that the struggling man was making frantic attempts to obtain a foothold.

The horrible sight seemed to loosen my joints, which had become stiff with fear, and with a cry of encouragement I sprang forward to his aid. But the crowning horror of the whole scene was to come. The man whom I had first seen turned suddenly round, and, raising a gun which lay flat upon the ground beside him, brandished it high over his head, and brought it down with a sickening thud upon the struggling fingers. A wild shriek of despair burst from the lips of his victim as his hands relaxed their hold upon the bracken, and I reached the edge of the chasm only in time to see him stiff and rigid in mid-air, his arms stretched wildly up to the starlit sky in the very act of falling backward—to see him and to recognize in his ghastly countenance the face of the man who had been my close companion for years, my sworn college chum, and the only man whom I had ever cared to call a friend—Philip Hardingstone, Squire of Little Hampton.

Wild impulses, mad thoughts, rushed like lightning through my surging brain. I would have leaped after

him into the black chasm. I would have struck down the murderer of my friend, and, with my fingers clutching his throat, have wrought out a speedy vengeance. I would have shrieked out my horror to the silent night; but I was powerless. Again some strange metamorphosis crept subtly and swiftly over me. Not one of these things could I do. My feet seemed suddenly sinking through the yielding ground; the scene around me closed in, growing dimmer and dimmer, until at last everything—my senses, my instincts, my very consciousness of existence—was merged in an apathetic chaos. What immediately followed is hard for me to say. There was no period of absolute blank unconsciousness, but my material surroundings seemed suddenly to change from chaotic indistinctness to a scene which I knew quite well. I found myself, without any sense of motion or having moved, leaning against a gate looking over a sloping vineyard only a few yards away from the cross-roads. Thunderstruck and bewildered, I gazed wildly about me for a few moments. Then, turning round, I hurried along the grass-grown track. In vain; I came to no hill, and the path beneath my feet grew into a broad, white high-road, winding far away into a level stretch of rolling plains. This way and that, backward and forward, I ran like a man demented. Far away in the east the sun was slowly bursting through a mass of orange-streaked clouds, scattering a purple and golden glory all over the azure sky. Morning came—noon, and afternoon. Then my wearied limbs gave way, and I sank down on the roadside and prayed that the unconsciousness which I felt already stealing upon me, numbing my frenzied brain and throbbing senses, might come soon. It came as I lay there, blotting out the hideous scene which all through the day had been dancing before my eyes, and the memory of the ghastly, diabolical face of Philip Hardingstone's murderer. With a sigh of relief, I turned on my side and fainted.

Some peasants going home from their day's toil in the vineyards stumbled upon me, and, finding my address on an envelope in my pocket, carried me down to the hotel. Toward afternoon on the next day I recovered consciousness, and with it came flooding in upon me the memory of the fearful scene which I had witnessed. In spite of the doctor's peremptory orders, I insisted upon sitting up in bed and writing out with trembling fingers a telegram to Philip Hardingstone, imploring him to let me know by return that he was well. Until the reply came I could do nothing, but lay tossing restlessly about on the verge of a fever. Toward evening an orange-colored envelope was brought to my bedside, and I tore it hastily open.

"From John Elwick, butler at Little Hampton Hall, to Reginald Morton, Hôtel de Paris.—Your telegram received. Please come to England at once. Mr. Hardingstone was killed this morning falling down the slate quarry on Old John Hill."

For five weeks I lay ill of a brain fever; and even when its acute stages had passed, and I was able to move about a little, my doctor watched me anxiously, and seemed far from satisfied at my state. I myself knew that a change had come upon me. My memory seemed partially gone; I was subject to frequent fits of delirious excitement, and to corresponding periods of intense depression. When at last I flatly refused to stay where I was any longer, and left for England, Dr. F— insisted upon my engaging a servant of his own recommendation to travel with me. And I knew why; I felt that I was going mad.

Immediately upon my arrival in London, I telegraphed to John Elwick to come up from Little Hampton to my hotel. The next morning he came.

From him I heard the manner in which his master was supposed to have met his death. It seemed that he had left home with his gun and a couple of dogs, and had sent down to the keepers' lodge for Wilson, the underkeeper, to meet him with some beaters and a favorite spaniel of his on Old John Hill. When they arrived there they found no signs of their master. They waited for an hour, and then sent down to the house. The reply came back that Mr. Hardingstone had left at the time appointed, and had not returned. They waited for another hour, and then one of the keepers strolling about noticed the torn bracken and tumbled earth at the side of the quarry. Ropes were sent for, and a search was instantly commenced. Late at night the body was found, fearfully mangled and crushed. The conclusion instantly arrived at by every one was that he had made a false step and fallen over

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the dangerously exposed edge by accident. I listened to the recital in silence. When Elwick had concluded, and stood with his head turned suspiciously away from me, I asked a question:

"Who succeeded to the estates, Elwick?"

"Mr. Esholt, sir — his nephew," answered Elwick, somewhat huskily.

"Mr. Esholt! Tell me everything that you know about him," I demanded. Elwick shook his head slowly.

"That won't be much, sir, and nothing very good. They do say that he has been a terrible scamp. He's only been to the Hall twice, and each time it was to borrow money. I remember last time he came I heard the master say to him just before he went that it would be of no use his coming again, for he would never give him another penny."

"Where was Mr. Esholt when this happened?" I asked.

"In Chicago, sir — leastways, so he said," Elwick answered, doubtfully. "He turned up about a fortnight ago in London, and said that he had come straight from there."

"Can you describe him?" I asked, and waited for the answer with an impatience which I utterly failed to conceal.

Elwick did so. He was tall and sallow, with black eyes and hair. Then I knew this was the man who had murdered my friend.

"It's almost a wonder, sir, as you haven't heard nothing of him, seeing as Miss Clara —" Elwick hesitated suddenly, and looked doubtful.

"Do you mean my sister, Elwick?" I exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Miss Clara and her aunt, Lady Alice, sir, they're often at the Hall; and they do say, sir, begging your pardon, as how we shall soon be having a mistress at the old place."

I arose from my seat dazed and trembling, and hurried from the room. In my other apartment was a little pile of letters, which I had not as yet looked at. Hastily selecting those from my aunt and my sister, I tore them open and scanned them through.

My vague fears turned swiftly into a distinct sense of horror. From first to last they were full of praises of my old friend's nephew, who was quite a close neighbor of theirs; and my aunt's letters, which I looked at first, were full of hints as to the cause of his constant visits and attentions to my sister Clara. I threw them down and opened Clara's letters. They were more explicit still. Mr. Esholt had asked her to become his wife. Would I come down and meet him? There was another letter in the pile, the handwriting of which was strange to me. I tore it open. It was signed George Esholt, and contained a formal offer for my sister's hand.

Again there came that terrible tightening of the brain, that hideous vision before my eyes, and a monotonous buzzing in my ears. I knew that this was madness, and I fell on my knees and prayed that it might leave me if only for a little while. My prayer was granted. I fell asleep, and awoke weak and full of strange thoughts and sensations, but with my purpose still clear before me.

By the midday train I traveled down to Little Hampton, and, hiring a fly at the station, drove at once to the Hall. Mr. Esholt was in the park with some ladies, I was told. Would I await his return, or should they send in search of him? I replied that I would go and try to find him myself. And with that purpose I crossed the terraced lawns, and, dismissing the man who would have been my guide, I strode away across the smooth velvety turf.

Far away in the distance, among the gray crumbling walls of some ivy-covered ruins, I saw light dresses flitting about, and toward these I directed my footsteps. I reached them unobserved, and crouching down behind the remnant of a pillar, peered into the enclosure where the little group were standing talking.

I saw what I expected to see—the man whose face had haunted me without ceasing since that terrible night, my aunt and my sister. They were speaking with raised voices, and I listened.

"Mr. Esholt, you positively shall not refuse to take me there again. I will go, sir. If you won't take me I shall go alone."

I recognized Clara's imperious voice, and I knew at once that she would have her way. But he did not yield all at once. I saw his pale face grow paler, and he seemed to be keeping back a shudder only with a great effort.

"Clara," he said, "can you wonder that I hate the place?" Don't ask me to take you there, please."

There was a brief silence, and I leaned my burning forehead against the cool stone wall, and through the chinks I could see that my sister was standing a little apart, with an angry frown upon her fair face. Then he approached her slowly. There was a short whispered conversation, and finally she left his side with an air of satisfied triumph.

"Auntie, we are going. Will you come?"

Lady Alice shook her head and leaned back in her impromptu seat, the fallen moss-covered trunk of a giant tree.

"No; I'll wait for you. My hill-climbing days are over."

Then I saw them leave her hand-in-hand, and at a safe distance I followed, keeping just inside a long plantation of fir-trees during the first part of the ascent, and afterwards bending low down among the tall bracken, ready to disappear altogether should they look round. Before me lay the high, grass-covered hill, the round gray tower, and the quarry, just as I had seen them all on that horrible night. At every step I took, every time my eyes fell upon him bending over my sister with all a lover's tenderness, the weight upon my brain seemed to grow heavier. Earth and sky seemed dancing around me in fantastic shapes, and the dark branches of the pine-trees stooped down and whispered to me, murder, murder, murder! A band of iron seemed to be tightening itself around my forehead, but my feet touched the grass and met with no more resistance than if I had been walking upon air. All continuity of thought and memory seemed to be breaking up within me, and I felt a strange, wild craving to shout, to run and leap, to burst out into peals of laughter. But still I kept my eyes on the ascending pair in front of me and stealthily followed them.

They reached the top almost at the same moment as I also gained it by a more devious track, and concealed myself behind a mass of rock. They moved to the side of the chasm, she full of awed curiosity, he pale and shrinking. Then up from my hiding-place I leaped and stood before them, wild and dishevelled, with my burning eyes fixed upon his ghastly face, pointing — pointing with shaking hand down into the abyss below.

"Murderer, murderer!" I shrieked, and the wild, west wind caught up my cry and carried it down into the valley, and bore it against the rock-strewn hills opposite, till the very air seemed ringing with echoes of that one word. He shrunk back from me in an agony of dumb-stricken fear, and leaned trembling against the tower. I followed him, caught him by the throat, and bore him

struggling to the chasm. He snatched at a tuft of bracken; I tore it up by the roots and flung it down into the black waters below. He dug his fingers into the mould; I stamped upon them until he relaxed his hold, and then seizing him by the waist I pushed him back, back, back to the very edge of the chasm, and hurled him backwards. In mid-air, as his struggling feet left the ground, he shrieked out for mercy. I laughed back at him, and, leaning over the side, watched his quivering body fall until it disappeared in the black waters below — watched it, laughing all the time with fierce delirious joy of madness, and it seemed to me that the rocks, and the trees, and the very clouds were laughing with me. Everything seemed to be laughing except the white, unconscious form of my sister, who lay fainting on the grass.

Mad, mad, mad! Yes, I'm mad enough at times. I was a raving lunatic when they tried me for murder, and my trial was a farce, for before it was over they brought me here to this asylum. Sometimes my reason returns to me for a brief while, but only for a while. I am sane now, but it will not be for long. Even now it is coming—the wild visions before my eyes, the fiery weight upon my brain. They all know it here; my keeper knows the signs, and he is coming. Ah! they have taken my paper away from me, and now my pen. No matter, I have finished.

Wiser than Noah Webster.

"Is the editor in?" asked a man who called at the Detroit Tribune office Saturday afternoon.

"Yes, he's in. What can I do for you?"

"Look at this, mister, and tell me what language that is."

The stranger displayed a scrap of paper bearing the familiar quotation: "*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*"

"That is from the French," replied the editor glibly.

"I know it," said the stranger. "Please write that down for me."

"Write what down?"

"Why, that it's French."

"What for?"

"I bet a man five dollars it was French, and we agreed to leave it to you."

"Here's better evidence than mine," said the editor, opening Webster's Dictionary and turning to the quotations in the back part of the book. "Webster has the quotation you refer to, and besides giving the translation he says in parenthesis that it is in French."

"That's so," ejaculated the stranger. "Just let me borrow that book a minute. The man I bet with is waiting down stairs."

After a short absence the man returned with the dictionary.

"He won't accept that."

"What!"

"No; he says he can't take any such proof. We agreed to leave it to the editor."

"And you want me —"

"Just to write down yourself that the quotation is French."

The astonished editor did so, and the stranger proudly bore away the autograph of a bigger man than old Noah Webster.

THE Supreme Court Justice and the blank-book maker are on a par. Each makes a living by the ruling passion.—Scranton Truth.

Coughs.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. 25c. a box.



THE objections to free wool are all sheer nonsense.—Philadelphia Times.

THE Opera-Glass Trust should be looked into at once.—Yonkers Statesman.

A MEMBER of the B'ar association—A Rocky Mountain grizzly.—Alton Democrat.

THE pig that gets into clover thinks the sward mightier than the pen.—Chicago Sun.

THE brass-band man is always ready to go out on a little toot.—New Orleans Picayune.

MANY a man who can't sing a note has great capacity for making things hum.—Rochester Union.

EVEN the humblest toiler in the land can resolve to live for a hire purpose.—Washington Star.

THE formation of Trusts cannot be considered a healthy business syndication.—Terre Haute Express.

P. T. BARNUM is a great advertiser. Even his speeches have a certain ring to them.—Yonkers Statesman.

WOMAN'S hand may be pale and delicate, but she can pick up a hotter plate than a man.—Atchison Globe.

NELLIE BLY, in her flying trip around the world, has not been freed from the grip, as yet.—Kearney Enterprise.

WHEN a man's wife begins to compare him with other men he will do well to stay at home nights.—N. Y. World.

THE serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field; but the army-trader is sutler.—Boston Transcript.

THE streets need overhauling where they have been worn out by the hauling over them.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE whisky manufacturer gets a good deal of abuse, but he just takes it all in and keeps still.—Binghamton Leader.

WHEN a composer undertakes to score an opera he finds harmony necessary. But the critics don't.—Baltimore American.

SOME women make a whispered tale of love, but a belle prefers a declaration made in ringing tones.—Baltimore American.

THE French duelist who swallowed poison upon the throw of the dice may truly be said to have died on the spot.—Times.

NOWADAYS a man can find as much out about himself by getting on the jury as by running for the Presidency.—Chicago Herald.

LITTLE KING ALFONSO is pronounced out of danger. He is about the only monarch in Europe that can be said to be in this blissful condition.—Boston Herald.

A LETTER containing \$90,000 was stolen in transit between Pesth and Vienna. It was "the letter that never came."—Chicago Times.

"SOME things have gone about as far as they can go," says Rev. Sam Jones. The globe-trotters, for instance.—Philadelphia Record.

IT sounds strange, perhaps, but a Massachusetts man calls one of his cows Pony. We believe it is a shorthorn.—Yonkers Statesman.

"AH! now I understand," said Johnny, seeing an article headed "Errors of the Compass," "why it gets so much boxing."—Boston Transcript.

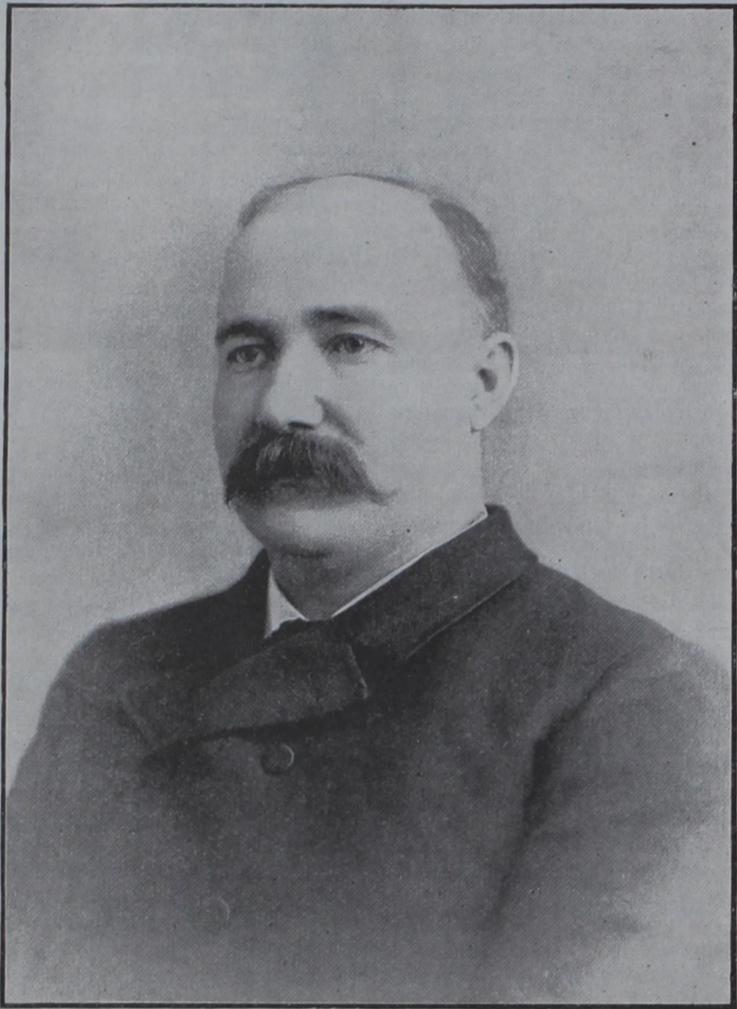
AN old lady was made to cry bitterly the other day because some bad boys stoned her cats. She said they hurt her felines.—Richmond Dispatch.

PEOPLE addicted to lingering departures would doubtless be surprised to discover that their long going is often regarded as a shortcoming.—Baltimore American.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

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HON. HARTFORD P. BROWN, OF ROCHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA,
MEMBER OF THE PENNSYLVANIA LEGISLATURE.

Mr. Brown is a native of the county of Beaver, Pennsylvania, and was born August 7, 1851. He received a common school education, and engaged in commercial pursuits.

In 1886 he was elected to represent Beaver county in the State Legislature. His record during the session of 1887 was such as to secure the endorsement of his constituents, and he was re-elected in 1888, serving with marked distinction during the session of 1889.

He was the author of the celebrated "School-house Flag" bill, in the defense of which he acquired fame as one of the foremost orators in the Legislature.

He crowned his legislative career by the introduction and successful passage of the bill creating the Ohio River and Lake Erie Ship Canal Commission—the inception step in a work of such magnitude and importance to the United States, that it has attracted the attention of the entire commercial and industrial world, and has very justly given to the subject of this sketch a national reputation.

Truth at the Bottom of a Well.

There are thousands of people who have desired to see what the bottom of an oil well looked like after a hundred quart glycerine torpedo had been exploded in it. But no ordinary mortal could crawl down a six-inch hole to the depth of two thousand feet if he wanted to, and no sane one would want to if he could. So the curious oil-seeker has heretofore been compelled to guess as to the effect of the torpedo shot.

An oil country photographer has furnished the desired picture. The successful experiment was made at Warren on Thursday. The instrument was let down to the bottom of a 1,700 foot well, which had been subjected to a torpedo explosion. When the camera touched bottom a bright flash lit up the cavity, impressing a perfect picture on the negative. A cavity fourteen feet broad and seven feet deep below the oil sand was revealed. Into this cavity, enlarged by the force of a glycerine explosion, from the ordinary six-inch drill hole the oil trickled and accumulated, ready to be pumped to the surface.

Has nature any more secrets she would like to hide from inquisitive man? If so they will need to be buried beyond the

reach of the oil driller's steel auger. Into the deepest recesses the drill can penetrate the modern photographer stands ready to turn the broad light of noonday. —Philadelphia Times.

Luxurious Travel on the "Erie."

EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS:—I recently had occasion to travel from Cincinnati to New York, and made the journey on the Limited Express of the Erie Railway, which leaves Cincinnati at 1:40 p. m., and arrives in New York at 7 p. m. the next day. It was my first experience on a limited train, and my knowledge of what it was I must admit was exceedingly vague. I thought perhaps the view it afforded of the country was limited; or it was limited in time, or number of passengers; or maybe (though not probable) limited to people with a limited amount of money. But I found it to be a royal train fit for an emperor to go to his coronation in. In the first place it is vestibuled—inclosed together so that you pass from one car to another without any exposure to the weather. Then all the cars are sleepers of the latest improved pattern; and there is an elegant dining-car where you can dine luxuriously for less than it would cost you at an ordinary restaurant, taking all the time that you desire. The same train leaves New York for the West every day in the week. Do not fail to take the Erie Railway limited, if you wish to travel with speed, safety and comfort. G.

The Highland Clans.

The following is a list of the clans of Scotland, with a description of the particular badge of distinction anciently worn by each clan respectively, and which served as a distinguishing mark of their chiefs:

Buchanan, birch; Cameron, oak; Campbell, myrtle; Chisholm, alder; Colquhoun, hazel; Cumming, common sallow; Drummond, holly; Farquharson, purple foxglove; Ferguson, poplar; Forbes, broom; Frazer, yew; Gordon, joy; Graham, laurel; Grant, cranberry heath; Gunn, rosewood; Lamont, crab-apple-tree; Macalister, five-leaved heath; MacDonald, bell-heath; M'Donnell, mountain heath; M'Farlane, cypress; M'Dougal, cloudberry-bush; Macgregor, pine; M'Intosh, boxwood; Mackay, bulrush; M'Kenzie, deergrass; M'Kinnon, St. John's-wort; M'Lachlan, mountain ash; M'Lean, blackburg heath; M'Leod, red wortleberries; M'Neil, seaweare; M'Pherson, variegated boxwood; M'Quarrie, black-thorn; M'Rea, fir-club-moss; Munro, eagle's feathers; Menzies, ash; Murray, juniper; Ogilvy, hawthorn; Oliphant, the great maple; Robertson, fern or branchius; Rose, briar rose; Ross, bear-berries; Sinclair, clover; Stewart, thistle; Sunderland, cats' tail grass. The chief of each clan was accustomed to wear two eagle's feathers in his bonnet, in addition to the foregoing badge of his clan.—Exchange.

Take Care! There is Danger

In allowing inactivity of the kidneys to grow through neglect. The deadly shoals of Bright's disease and diabetes will wreck the goodly bark of health if it is allowed to drift rudderless upon them. The bladder, too, if inactive, and judicious medication does not speedily direct the helm toward the port of safety, will be whelmed by the quicksand of disease. In selecting a diuretic, let your choice fall upon Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the renal organs without irritating and exciting them, two effects to be apprehended from the unmedicated stimuli largely resorted to. These have a tendency to react prejudicially. The Bitters invigorate the kidneys and bladder, in common with the nerves and the digestive organs, and so afford lasting aid. It also affords dual assistance in preventing and curing intermittent and remittent fever. Biliousness, constipation and rheumatism it also subjugates.

A Sad Leave-taking.

Despondent Individual (on through express)—"Ah! it is so lovely, so lovely—the beautiful blue sky, the white, fleecy clouds, the glorious sunshine—and to think I am gazing on it all for the last time.

Startled Passenger—"I—I beg pardon, sir, but you don't look like a dying man, nor a person condemned to death for any crime."

Despondent Individual—"It isn't that. You see I am going back to live in a Western city where they burn soft coal." —New York Weekly.

JEWELRY.

Watch Clubs and Installment frauds exposed. For discussion send for Catalogue, free. E. P. PERCIVAL, Watchmaker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 20-year Gold filled Keystone Watches \$15. Elgin, Waltham, Rockford, Springfield Works, \$1 Extra. Mention Texas Siftings.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



A new comedy entitled A Priceless Paragon is on the boards at Daly's.

Elsie Leslie has made a hit at the Broadway in the Prince and the Pauper.

Wm. H. Crane as The Senator will remain at the Star Theatre for the rest of the season.

The County Fair is having a prolonged run at the Union Square Theatre. It will be continued to the close of the season.

Aunt Jack is drawing such good houses at the Madison Square Theatre that Manager Palmer will continue it for some time yet.

Shenandoah is likely to remain at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre until the first of May. The public do not tire of it.

Fanny Davenport now owns all the American rights to Théodora. She will produce it at the Star Theatre, New York, in December.

Last week the great Broadway success, Mr. Barnes of New York, was performed at the People's Theatre with great favor. The acting is excellent and the scenery superb.

Mr. and Mrs. Kendail have returned to the Fifth Avenue Theatre after a very successful tour of the country. They will, no doubt, do well here, as they are prime favorites.

Thos. W. Keene is playing in a repertoire of good plays at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. His acting is up to its usual standard, and he has surrounded himself with a good company.

The City Directory, at the Bijou, is one of the funniest farce comedies seen in New York in a long time. The house is kept in a continual roar at the laughable incidents occurring in the play.

Last week saw the last of Dixey's Seven Ages, at the Standard, for the present. It was performed 150 nights, and may now be rated as a Standard success. Mr. Dixey will take it to other cities now.

Commencing on Monday next, the stage of Niblo's Garden in New York city will be occupied for a short season by the Conreid Opera Company, who produced Adolphus Muller's tuneful comic opera, The King's Fool. The action of the opera takes place in three acts, to each of which will be accorded a stage dress and investiture of great beauty. All the scenes are picturesque in the extreme, especially the second, in which there is a river and cascade of real water, the effect of which is really charming. The plot of the opera is a very interesting one, and is elaborately worked out in Muller's beautiful and catchy music. Indeed the story is told in a libretto which is strong enough in dramatic interest to be staged without the music as a comedy. The company comes to the metropolis with admirable credentials, and doubtless the production will be accorded a generous welcome.

The Old Homestead at the Academy of Music in New York City entered upon its sixteenth month Monday evening, with an audience that augurs well for the

continued success of the famous drama for the remainder of the present season, which closes on May 10. Upon the close of the season here the entire company (possibly with the exception of Mr. Denman Thompson) will sail for England, and the play will be produced at the Royal Princess' Theatre, London, under the direction of Mr. Alexander Comstock, the business manager of the Academy. In October the "Old Homestead" will be accorded another grand production at the Academy. The play teems with human nature and reality; its pictures of rural life are perfect; its moral tone is elevating and not degrading. What more can be said about any drama? Wednesday matinées are now held every week for the convenience of the country patrons who are unable to visit the Academy at any other time. The first of these midweek day performances was well attended, and no doubt they will become very popular. The Saturday matinée is continued as usual.

He Liked the "Good Old Days."

"No, I'm done with drink. No more for me. I guess I've drank my share, anyhow."

"I used to run around with the boys a good deal several years ago," he continued. "But I met several of them down town one night last week and we started out to have a good time together and the result makes me a temperance man for life. Why, it was almost sickening. Instead of the free-and-easy, hail-fellow-well-met crowds we met in barrooms in other days the new generation of beer drinkers seemed like a lot of conspirators. They were quiet and grave, as if bent on some serious mission, and spoke in whispers. No; when it comes to the point that a man has to ask for a glass of beer as if it were a favor and submit to a critical examination as to his sobriety by a bartender, count me out. Cold water is good enough for me." —St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

Genuine Frankness.

"Miss Gladys," said old Moneybags, if my suit is not agreeable to you say so frankly, but do not, I beg of you, tell me that old, old story that you will always look upon me as a brother."

"Sir," replied the lovely maiden as her eye lit up with a deathless flame of a pure young heart's devotion, or, as another puts it, with the sincerity of a smile on the lip, but a tear in the eye, "I do not love you well enough for a brother, but I have no objection to take you as a husband." —Helena (Mont.) Herald.

An Open Confession Good for the Soul.

Little Johnny is having a good streak just now, and has been learning a new prayer. The other night he attempted to completely replace old "Now I lay me" with his new "Our Father who art in heaven." He had begun all right and had progressed as far as "on earth as it is in heaven" when the slight nervousness of the occasion drove the rest of the prayer out of his mind. So he groped vainly:

"—in heaven—in heaven. "Well, Lord," said Johnny nonchalantly, "I am stuck!" —Boston Transcript.

Oneita Spring.

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She Was Saving Time.

Mr. Goodcatch (calling on the eldest sister)—"Why, Johnny, how you are growing. You'll be a man before your sister, if you keep on."

Johnny—"You bet I will. Sister'll never be a man if she keeps on being twenty like she has for the last five years."

Then there was trouble in the household.—Lawrence American.

The Spread of Knowledge.

"That was a funny thing about Tom Callowby and Miss Maibelle. They agreed to spend every evening of a month in each other's company, to see if they could resist falling in love, the one who first acknowledged that he or she had done so to pay a certain forfeit."

"It was quite funny. How did it result?"

"In a tie, of course, or at least it will. They are to be married to-night." —Lawrence American.

Those persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little NERVE Pills a most desirable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In vials at 25 cents. Try them

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"It isn't so bad for a woman to be 'in the soup' as it is for a man."

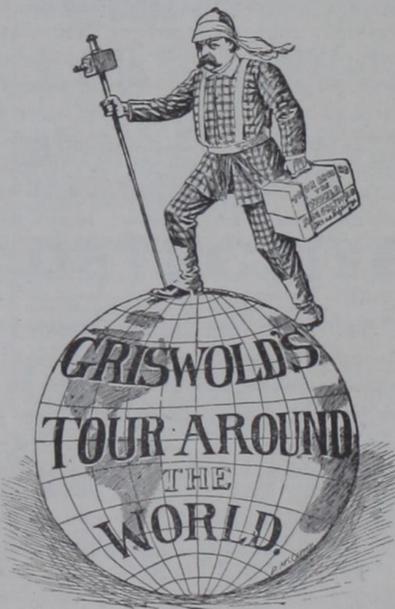
"Why not?"

"Because it is very ladle-like to be in the soup." —Puck.

First Livery Stable Horse—"Pegasus, at the hour of twelve to-night I shall hang myself by my halter."

Second Ditto—"Oh, Bucephalus! Why?"

First Horse—"Because I am so slow that every young man who has a cuddlesome girl wants to hire me." —Trade Mark Record.



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In the North American Review for February Gail Hamilton writes of Italy and the Pope; Sir William Thomson on Electric Lighting and Public Safety; E. L. Gokin on Newspapers Here and There; Erastus Wiman on British Capital and American Industries; Ouida gives A New View of Shelley, and Samuel Yorke discusses the question, Is Suicide a Sin?

The Eclectic for February contains over twenty interesting essays, culled from English reviews and magazines. Prominent among them is a paper on The Deluge—Biblical and Geological, by Sir J. William Dawson; one on Rabies, by the celebrated M. Louis Pasteur; The Awakening of Persia, by E. F. G. Low, etc., etc. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York.

In Belford's Magazine for February, Jefferson Davis' paper on Andersonville and Other War Prisons is continued. William A. Phillips writes of the New English Invasion, dwelling upon the poor policy of allowing English capitalists to secure large tracts of land in America. The University of Michigan (at Ann Arbor) is well described by Adele M. Garrigues. The poems are by James McCarroll and Edgar Fawcett, and the complete novel is by Irene Farrar—By Might of Right.

Howard Seely has turned that ready and versatile pen of his to "special writing," and now devotes what time remains to him from fiction to contributing to the Sunday Supplement of the New York Star. It is a good thing for the Star—which, by the way, publishes one of the most interesting and literary Sunday sheets that is offered to the public. Mr. Kurtz is to be congratulated upon his able and efficient editing of this supplement. I hear the ladies everywhere talking about it, and one of them told me, the other day, that there is more in that paper to interest the average society woman than in all the ladies' journals and fashion books put together. This shows what the women think of it, and women still "rule the world." Those of Seely's articles which have appeared over his own signature, such as Inspiration in Writing, and Authors as Literary Critics, have the same literary flavor that distinguishes his fiction. They show what these novelists can do when they devote themselves seriously to newspaper work.

The New York Home Journal, after being published for nearly fifty years in the old blanket sheet form, comes to us dated Wednesday, February 5, in the more modern and convenient shape of eight pages, the size of the New York Herald or Evening Post. But there is no change in the tone and general style of the paper, which was established by George P. Morris and N. P. Willis, nearly fifty years ago. The stories, essays and poetry in the Home Journal, rank in quality with those of the best magazines; its music criticism is of a high order; the theatrical and art departments are carefully written; its book reviews and literary matter show masterly work; while the society news is always accurate, select and in the best possible taste. In the number for Feb. 5 Morris Phillips furnishes some interesting reminiscences

of the two founders of the Home Journal, George P. Morris and N. P. Willis. The article is illustrated with portraits of Morris and Willis, and with pictures of their country homes—"Idlewild" and "Undercliff." The main idea of the article is to explain how Mr. Phillips became possessed of the valuable portraits of these two poets, and in this connection he introduces many interesting anecdotes and character touches.

Where Passports are Necessary.

Philadelphia Press: Passports are a matter of the first importance to the traveler who intends to go to Russia. The passport becomes more needful than money. Not because people are halted on the street to show their passport, as is currently supposed, nor because the people line the streets and are waiting for strangers at every corner, but because it is impossible to get either in or out of Russia, or to get food and lodging when one is there, without it. The police on the streets know very well that strangers have their passports or they would not be there.

First of all, it is difficult to buy tickets to Russia without showing a passport vised by the Russian consul at the starting point. By the steamship lines, no passenger comes on board the boat without the Russian consul's written permission, and by the railways, while the greater hurry at the ticket offices makes it possible to buy tickets without showing any documents, no visitor arrives at the frontier without very earnestly wishing he had one.

At the frontier stations on the line from Berlin and Vienna the care and zeal of the police is extraordinary. The German trains are turned round, held in waiting until the examination is through, and then steam back to Germany again with people on to whom the Russian doors are shut. Some of these unfortunates are Jews, some persons whose appearance does not please the police, some have suspicious baggage, but the large majority have forgotten to have their passports vised or forgotten them altogether. On the steamers, of course, there is no frontier station, and it is to save the trouble and expense of keeping suspects a few days at St. Petersburg and carrying them back again that the companies enforce the law at the other end of the line. They see that everything is all right before the boat gets under way, and on this account it is probably the best way for careless people to procure them before they start for Russia.

The traveler visits the Russian consul first, then the ticket office, then, as he goes on board, gives his passport to the captain, who holds it until the Russian official takes his preliminary look at the passengers at Cronstadt. At the pier in St. Petersburg the passports are taken to the police bureau, which seems to be part of every pier. The baggage is examined, and then the passengers pass through the bureau and get their passports again. At the hotel there is another passport bureau; passports are given up to the police and then the hotel proprietor, who seems to be in some measure responsible for his guests, permits them to register. The passports go to the police headquarters, and are returned in a day or two in case the police are satisfied; if not, they send for the visitor, put him through a cross-examination, and permit him to stay or not as they are impressed with his story and appearance.

At any town in Russia the same formalities with regard to the hotels must be observed, and to get out of the country again permission must be obtained from the police at the town where the passports are last handed in. Then the steamboats and railroads repeat their precautions,

the police go with the boat as far as Cronstadt or Helsingford, to take back any one who has not been permitted to leave, and the officers wait at the frontier to detain any one who has neglected the same formalities. The police must open the trap before the victim can get out.

Barrett and Forrest.

While Lawrence Barrett was a member of the Chestnut Street Theatre Company in Philadelphia, many years ago, a curious incident transpired. At that time (the winter of 1863) Edwin Forrest was in retirement, living quietly at his home on Broad street. The great tragedian was a regular attendant at the theatre and an attentive listener. He observed young Barrett with peculiar and approving interest, and on several occasions went behind the scenes before the close of the play, called for the young actor, and spoke words of commendation or offered valuable suggestions as to some bit of acting. Forrest's criticisms were often so exact as to take note of pronunciations. One evening he sent a card from his box, on which was written simply, "Extraordinary, not extra-ordinary." Mr. Barrett, of course, being a self-educated man, had the failing of speaking words as they are spelled. He thought, however, that this time he had a point against his curt but friendly adviser, to whom he sent the reply, "But it is extraordinary," having in mind, of course, the question of orthography instead of orthoepy. Forrest confined his reply to four words—"Consult your pronouncing dictionary."—Dunlap's Stage News.

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.

Equal to It.

Miss Clara—"Won't you try some of this salad, Mr. Portleigh?"

Mr. Portleigh—"Thanks, awfully, but see what a lot I have on my plate already."

Miss Clara—"Yes, but only think what a place you have to put it in."—New York Truth.



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 AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL
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If not remedied in season, is liable to become habitual and chronic. Drastic purgatives, by weakening the bowels, confirm, rather than cure, the evil. **Ayer's Pills**, being mild, effective, and strengthening in their action, are generally recommended by the faculty as the best of aperients.

"Having been subject, for years, to constipation, without being able to find much relief, I at last tried Ayer's Pills. I deem it both a duty and a pleasure to testify that I have derived great benefit from their use. For over two years past I have taken one of these pills every night before retiring. I would not willingly be without them."—G. W. Bowman, 26 East Main st., Carlisle, Pa.

"I have been taking Ayer's Pills and using them in my family since 1857, and cheerfully recommend them to all in need of a safe but effectual cathartic."—John M. Boggs, Louisville, Ky.

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"Having used Ayer's Pills, with good results, I fully indorse them for the purposes for which they are recommended."—T. Conners, M. D., Centre Bridge, Pa.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

HIS OPPORTUNITY.



We quarreled o'er a wishing bone!
Just when I thought I'd won me,
My fondest wish, I found the fact
Of winning had undone me.

My little lady rose in wrath:
Her silken train she swished it,
As she snapped out, "I've lost my wish!
I wish I'd never wished it!"

"You chose the best side of the bone,
O yes, you did, the longest!
And then, the way you pulled! O fie,
For shame, when you were strongest!"

"You men are horrid, hateful things,
I know you meant to cheat me!"
And then my little lady looked
Quite mad enough to eat me.

"I hope to heaven you'll never get
The wish that you were wishing!"
And spitefully, adown the hall,
That silken train went swishing.

And then I swore I hope so, too,
Since Satan's self was in her;
I hoped I wouldn't win, since I'd
But wished that I might win her!

Ah, warily and well, for what
I'd waited long, had I fished!
She melted, as she murmured, "Why,
You wretch, that's just what I wished!"

—M. N. B., in Boston Globe.

OF THE SAME MIND.

Billy Blowitt,
The village poet,
Wrote a poem, sad and blue;
He wrote at its head,
"I wish I was dead;"
And his friends all wished he was, too.

—Chicago Sun.

ODE TO MY LOST UMBRELLA.

Dear departed shade, of thee I sing
My melancholy lay;
O, whither art thou wandering?
With whom went thou astray?
I stood thee by the wide porch door
With unsuspecting mind,
And found but tear-drops on the floor,
Thy weeping left behind.

Perhaps a friend—some generous soul—
Of philanthropic ways,
To share with me a brief control,
Hath taken thee to raise,
But as good deeds are sometimes done
By mortals here below,
The hand that grasped thee for its own
The left hand ne'er may know.

But fare thee well, dear absent friend,
I ne'er thee can forget,
While droppings from above descend
My outer self to wet.
In every cloud, in every blow,
Thine image will arise,
To tell of fleeting things below
And point me to the skies.

O, generous friend, who e'er thou art,
My "blessing" follow thee;
And though too modest to impart
Thy name or place to me,
Yet, sometime in the far-off land,
Someone from thee may tell
Why raindrops are in great demand,
And not our umberell.

—Isaac H. Kiersted.

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

Ruined the Prospect.

"What is the matter here?" demanded a white man, who, turning from the roadside, confronted an old negro who appeared to be dragging his wife, with great violence, through the woods.

"Jes' ride on, sah, an' 'ten' ter yo' own bizness, ef you please," the negro replied.

"For goodness sake save me, sah!" the woman pleaded.

"Hold on!" demanded the white man. "What are you going to do with that woman?"

"Dis yere lady am my wife, sah, an'—"

"I didn't ask you who she is; I ask what are you going to do with her?"

"Gwine do de only thing dat's lef' ter be done under de sarcumstances, sah."

"What's that?"

"We'se gwine down yere ter de bluff an' jump off."

"What for?"

"W'y, sah, I owes er man fi' dollars an' he swars dat he gwine ter kill bof o' us ef I doan pay it ter day, an' ez dar ain't no arthly chance fur me ter pay it an' ez I knows dat man well enough ter know dat he gwine keep his word, w'y I has come ter de 'clusion dat de bes' thing lef' fur us is ter kill ourse'fs an' be done wid de strife o' de 'flesh, sah."

"But your wife doesn't want to die."

"I reckon atter all it is fur de bes', mis-ter," said the woman. "I hil' back jes' now, but I won't hol' back no mo'.

Come on, Dave, an' we'll jump right squar' offen de bluff, an' den we'n dat man comes roun' ter kill us, jes' becaze we ain't perpared ter pay him, his heart, ef he got one, gwine smite him hip an' thigh; an' w'en he lif up his eyes in de torment an' see us w'arin' de crown he gwine beg us mightly fur jes' one sup o'uten de goud' dat's filled wid de cool, cl'ar water o' de 'ternal life, an' den we hatter tell him dat de heabenly laws doan 'low us to 'sociate wid his kine an' sort. Come on, Dave."

"Hold on, there. I'll give you five dollars rather than to have you kill yourselves."

"Wait a minute!" exclaimed another white man, suddenly making his appearance. "I have been watching this performance."

"What right you got ter spy round yere?" the negro asked.

"Well, I heard an old man say that he gave you five dollars yesterday to keep you from jumping off the bluff."

"Dar it go, dar it go," said the old negro, striking the ground with his hat. "Man kain't 'gace in er little boad' o' trade bizness widout some jealous pusson come er long 'stroyin' de whole prospeck. Come on, Jule. Doan stay in de presence o' dat onery white pusson."—Arkansas Traveler.

Patti's Wonderful Career.

It is a long distance from an Italian tenement-house in Blecker street to the magnificence of a castle in Wales. It is a long step from the humble platform of a Sunday-school lecture-room to the stage of the Grand Opera House in Paris, in St. Petersburg, in Milan, in London, the Auditorium in Chicago.

There is a most significant difference between penury and millionairedom, and an extraordinary transformation is it from a snappy-eyed little girl, playing tag in the down-town streets of New York, and the prima dona of the age, greeted, feted, applauded by every man, woman and child who knows what music means, or admires prominent success and appreciates the extreme endeavors of lofty genius.—Chicago News.

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.

The General Said She Could.

The Detroit Tribune tells that a woman recently approached General Sherman in a railroad car and, pulling at his coat, asked:

"Is this General Sherman?"

"Yes, madame."

"General Sherman, I felt that I must see you. I wanted to look at you and talk with you. I had three brothers in your army, in the Fifteenth Corps. Two of them will never come back!"

The general straightened up in a minute and his eyes got a little moist. He would have done anything for her after that. Three brothers in his command and two killed! He sat there and talked with her with such courtly dignity that, encouraged, a crowd of women and girls, the companions of the sister of the three soldiers, crowded into the car. No one would have suspected that his nap had been spoiled. The woman who had awakened him was young and by no means unattractive in appearance. Her color deepened as the train prepared to pull out.

"General, is it—is it—true," she asked, hesitatingly, "what they say about your kissing the women wherever you go?"

"I'm afraid it is."

"Well, why do you do it! Does it please them?"

"I don't know whether it does or not. Some say it does."

"General, can I—can I"—then she stopped. "Can I do it?" she finally blurted out.

The general was on his feet in an instant and, reaching up, she gave him a good smack.

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 *Floralplexion*, which is a surg cure. Send to-day.

Bitter-Sweet.

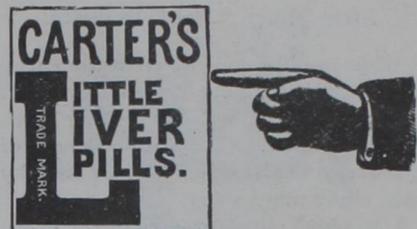
Mrs. Goodby—"I hear that little Johnny is sick, and that Mary is going to stay at home with him to-night instead of going to the party. How sweet of her?"

Jimmie—"Yes'm; she'n Johnny's been eating green apples."—Puck.

If you have a COLD or COUGH, acute or leading to CONSUMPTION, SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites and fine Norwegian Cod Liver Oil. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, and as a Flesh Producer there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.

\$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewellery by sample only; call on 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.**



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

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

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

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

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

ORGAN CHART Teaches any one to PLAY a tune in 10 minutes. Circulars free. Agts. wanted. Music Novelty Co., Detroit, Mich.

MADAME GIOVANNINI, 37 East 64th street. Young Ladies' Home School of Music, Languages, Elocution and Painting. English Department. Terms moderate.

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L. A. B. INDIAN ASTHMA CURE. Send two cent stamp for trial package and circular. Eastern Drug & Chemical Co. 71 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

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DETECTIVES Wanted in every County. Shrewd men to act under instructions in our Secret Service. Experience not necessary. Particulars free. Grannan Detective Bureau Co. 44 Arcade, Cincinnati, O.

LADY AGENTS WANTED—ALSO MEN. Two immense new specialties; 11 day made \$27 before dinner, another \$16 the first hour; extraordinary opportunity; proof free. Ad., LITTLE & CO., 214 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

MONEY IN FRUIT POULTRY AND STOCK BOOKS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD! BY MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES: Ladies Guide to Fancy Work, Illustrated, \$.25 How to Propagate and Grow Fruit, Ill'd, .25 American Live Stock Manual, Illustrated, .25 Guide to Profitable Poultry Raising, Ill'd, .25 Employment Seekers Guide, New Openings, &c., .25 Western World Guide and Hand-Book, .50 Dickens' Complete Works, 12 Vols., 1.00 Waverly Novels, by Walter Scott, 20 Vols., 1.50 The Western World, Illustrated, One Year, .25 Sample Copy and 100 Page Catalogue, .10 Chance to Save Money on a Thousand Articles, many of which we send free for a few Subscribers. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

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.

From Merry "Bob" Burdette.

What would I do if I were a woman?

I wouldn't try to be a man. Cut that out and paste it on your looking-glass, daughter, and it will be an ornament of grace unto thy head and chains about thy neck many times a day.

I wouldn't shudder and groan every time the name of the Monster was mentioned, but I would studiously avoid acquiring the lightest of his many accomplishments and the best of his manifold ways.

I would never learn to lay a fire, in range or fireplace. Every time I touched a fire, summer or winter, I would put it dead out. Then I'd never be expected to make one.

The first loaf of bread I baked I would let drop on the dog and kill him. Then I'd never be asked to bake bread again, and I'd get a new dog.

When I descended into the laundry, I would manage to bring out all the fancy flannels white as ghosts, and all the white shirts as blue as the skies of June. Then I'd never be asked to assist at the wash-tub again.

I would pinch every baby that was given me to hold black and blue in half a dozen places before it could catch its breath enough to shriek, and I would frighten the life or tease the temper out of anybody's children whom I was asked to amuse. Then I'd never be troubled with other people's young ones, and nobody would ask me to teach the infant class while the tired teacher took a vacation.

If I had to sit on the front seat when asked to drive, I would carry a large sun-umbrella, and gouge the driver's eyes out and run the team into a fence corner the first mile out. Then I'd get the back seat on the shady side every time ever afterward.

I would always sit sideways in a street car. Then I would have plenty of room.

I would wear a carriage dress in the street car if I had no other place in which to show it off.

I would smash something choice and expensive every time I swept a room or dusted a parlor. Then I'd never be asked to do such work.

In church I would never rise during the singing and never kneel during prayers. Then people would notice me and say, "Who is that pretty girl with such lovely eyes?"

At the theatre I would wear the biggest hat obtainable.

At cricket and lawn tennis matches I would sit in the front row and raise my parasol.

I would cultivate such charming helplessness, such hopeless innocence, such pretty, childish ignorance, such fascinating dependence, such dainty baby ways that people would say, "Oh, we must take care of her; she doesn't understand these things." Then, all my life long I would be petted, and coddled, and fondled, and cared for in a thousand ways, where more independent women have to "hustle" for themselves.

That is, daughter, if other women would care for such a sweet little bit of helplessness. May be they would. You know better than I do how women regard that sort of a woman.

But you can gamble your peace of mind, your love of ease and all your enjoyments of life that the Monster Man wouldn't torment the solitude of such a woman with his presence longer than a day or two, and she would thus be spared one of the greatest annoyances to which mankind is subjected.—Robert J. Burdette.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

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.

A True Kentuckian.

By special and numerous request, Mr. Kumlately prints the following story, which he has frequently told, viva voce, to gratified symposiums:

Once when I was editing a newspaper in Cheyenne, having strayed as usual into the rotunda of the Inter Ocean Hotel, seeking to discover topics for editorial mention, I saw that there was only one man in the room. He was an elderly gentleman in a suit of blue jeans and broad-rimmed hat, and his mustache and long goatee were white as snow. I fell easily into conversation with him, and he had spoken but a few words when I knew that he was a Kentuckian—being a Kentuckian myself. Having been rubbed against the hard side of the world for many years I can discern the difference between dialects in many of the Southern States. After a short conversation the old gentleman interjected:

"I gether, sah, from yo' mannah of speech that you ar' a Southern man, sah. Ef its a fa'r question, sah, what portion of the South ar' you from, sah?"

"I replied 'I am a Kentuckian, sah?'"

"Great heavens! is that so?" he exclaimed. "Look hyar, sah, I am a Kaintuckian myself (just as if I hadn't known it), and this is jest about the time of day, sah, that I am in the habit of indulgin' in something in the nature of a stimulat' beverage. Won't you walk with me in the othah room, sah, and partake of something of that charactah, sah?"

"Very promptly I responded 'Yes,' and we walked away together. As we were going along, he placed his hand on my shoulder, in a fatherly sort of way and said, inquiringly, 'You like a good hoss, sah?'"

"Yes, I replied, 'nobody likes a good horse any better than I do, sah.'"

"That's right," he continued, "that's Kaintucky, sah."

"When we had reached the counter he said to me in an almost pleading tone, as if he feared I might do something to belie my nativity, 'What are you going to choose in the way of beverage, sah?'"

"Almost ignoring his question, I spoke to the gentleman in white on the other side, and said: 'Give me a little c'lar whisky, sah.'"

"The old gentleman caught both my my hands in his and said, with an accent of the deepest satisfaction:

"By grit! You ar' a Kaintuckian, sah, and I'm glad to meet you, sah."—Will Visscher, in Tacoma Globe.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

FLORIDA has at last found her fate. It is phosphate.—Florida Times-Union.

Ladies who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

Why Not an Infide?

"I once met a thoughtful scholar," said Bishop Whipple, "who told me he had read every book he could which assailed the religion of Jesus Christ, and he said he should have become an infidel but for three things: First, I am a man. I am going somewhere. To-night I am a day nearer the grave than I was last night. I have read all such books can tell me. They shed not one solitary ray of hope or light upon the darkness. They shall not take away the guide and leave me stone-blind. Second, I had a mother. I saw her go down in the dark valley where I am going, and she leaned on an unseen arm as calmly as a child goes to sleep on its mother's breast. I knew that was not a dream. Third, I have three motherless daughters. They have no protection but myself. I would rather kill them than leave them in this sinful world, if you blot out from it all the teachings of the gospel."

Too Severe.

Western Undergraduate—"Don't you abominate college discipline? So unnecessarily severe, you know."

Eastern Undergraduate—"Yes, beastly! What are some of your rules?"

Western Undergraduate—"Let me see. I can't remember but two of them just now. One is that no student shall burn the college buildings, and the other is that under no provocation shall a student shoot a professor."—Burlington Free Press.

AS RICH AS CRÆSUS.

Eli Zane drew One-Twentieth of the Second Capital Prize in The Louisiana State Lottery.

Eli Zane is a lucky man. He has just drawn a twentieth of the second capital prize of \$100,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery and finds himself the possessor of \$5,000. He cannot contain himself for joy.

One minute he thinks he will buy a farm, the next that he will travel, and the next that he will set himself up in some business. The latter idea is the one that finds most favor with him, and he will, doubtless, soon open a well-stocked grocery store.

Eli lives at No. 1306 Thompson street, and he was sensible and lucky enough to invest, secretly, one dollar in ticket No. 12,122 in the Louisiana State Lottery. That ticket drew the \$100,000 prize, and the news, communicated to Mr. Zane immediately after the drawing, threw him into great excitement.

He did not feel quite like a rich man, however, until he got the money into his hands. Then he began to imagine that he could buy up the whole earth.

"Am I happy?" he repeated after an item reporter, who called on him. "Well, I should smile! What do you expect of a man who gets \$5,000 for one dollar? Why, I feel as rich as Cræsus. I knew I would strike luck if I continued investing in the Louisiana State Lottery."—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, January 31.

School-ground Repartee.

Tom Rigbones—"Get out of my way, you little snipe! I could pick you up and put you in my vest pocket."

Will Wisecroft—"If you did, you would have more brains in your pocket than you ever had in your head."—Burlington Free Press.

Change in Leaving Time.

The leaving time of the Fall River Line Steamers from New York has been changed from 4:30 to 5 p. m. Sunday trips by this popular route will be resumed commencing March 30th.

So Near and Yet so Far.

He (waiting for an answer)—"Marry me, darling, and you shall never want for anything, although I have a reputation for being rather close."

She (cooly)—"Indeed? I never have suspected it."—Lawrence

The Most Palatable of Table Waters

ONEITA

Medicinally unequalled by any other known water for Rheumatism, Gout, Liver, Kidney Troubles and Dyspepsia, and drunk with meals it aids Digestion and gives tone to the Stomach.

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