

# Texas Siftings.

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CLUB LIFE IN THE FLOWERY EMPIRE.

EASTERN CIVILIZATION HAS MADE SUCH PROGRESS IN CHINA THAT ALREADY THE CHINESE SOCIETY MAN GOES OUT TO HIS CLUB AND COMES HOME TO HIS ROLLING-PIN, "ALL SAMEE MELLICAN MAN."

## Texas Siftings.

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### IN A. MINER'S KEY.

DRINK for a railroad brakeman—a bumper.

It is the boiler maker who has his attention riveted most frequently.

WHEN a writer affects simplicity it isn't necessary for him to be idiotic.

THE greatest theatre bill the world has ever known was Bill Shakspeare.

CHICAGO has selected a site for the Fair, but it will take a sight of money to set it going.

"His name is Denis," and he lives in Chicago, and his boy is a Denis-son of the same city.

THERE is much said about the Texan's hip pocket, but it is sometimes preferable to hypocrisy.

AN amateur sent some drawings to Harper's, and was informed that they wanted no amateur Harpists.

THE depth of degradation has been reached. The Chicago Herald calls New York "the St. Louis of the East."

SENATOR INGALLS sometimes receives 1,200 letters in a day. The requests for favors depend upon the "gall" they are in.

A WIFE is a man's better-half, but the fellow who elopes with her doesn't always get the better of him. He usually gets the worst.

"MEET your wife with a smile on your lips," says an exchange. Better wait until the odor of the "smile" has abated somewhat, though.

EDWIN BOOTH in his dejection resembles Hamlet more and more as he grows older. He leaves his "melancholy prints" wherever he goes.

A DRIVER of an ice wagon explained why there was a period after every word in the lettering on his vehicle—it was because he had to stop so often.

It is said that Zola went out of his way to praise a female writer of erotic novels while she was in Paris lately. Out of his way, indeed! She is right in his way.

SOME one has sent us verses beginning, "Oh, give me back my childhood's years!" We haven't got your childhood's years. We haven't even got childhood's years of our own.

A YOUNG farmer wrote to the editor of a country paper asking the best way to "look out for lams;" and the editor told him to keep away from a crowd when a fight was going on.

It is becoming more and more fashionable for American ladies to both shoot and fence, says an exchange. And American boys will continue to shoot over the fence to see a base-ball game.

On a recent trial in Wales to test the validity of a will, it was proved that in 1869 the testator became impaired in intellect to such an extent that he went to the post-office with a postage stamp on his forehead, and requested to be sent to a place he mentioned.



### The PROGRESSIVE DRINKER.

He commences to drink  
in his boyhood,  
For he thinks it will make him  
grow tall;  
And he takes up the glass like a  
martyr,  
Quickly swallows the dose,  
dregs and all.  
But he soon loves the taste and  
the flavor,  
And he talks, as he moistens  
his lips,  
In the eloquent slang of the bar-  
room,  
While the liquor he daintily  
sips.

Manhood's years, as they quickly pass o'er him,  
Are pronouncing his future assured;  
For his mind, like the gay, graceful crawfish,  
Crawling backward, is dwarfed, ere matured.

Like the Gulf Stream's unsatisfied fishes,  
Always drinking, yet ever athirst,  
He has undergone constant expansion,  
Till he looks like a cask going to burst.

While his features have gained the expression  
Of a beer keg where but froth remains,  
And he drinks from the largest sized schooners,  
While a wine-glass would hold all his brains.

### BE SOCIAL.

"Farmers, be social with your cattle," is the advice given by an agricultural journal. We never considered the subject before, but we see now how farmers miss it. They could have a good deal of fun with their cattle if they would only be more social. When they have company in the evening, they should ask their oxen in to join in the conversation. A game of checkers with the old brindle cow would enliven a dull evening.

### PRESIDENT ELIOT AS A SHREWD ADVERTISER.

President Eliot, of Harvard College, is a pretty shrewd man. He recognizes the advantages of advertising, whether it be for a college or a menagerie—sometimes there is very little difference between the two—but he doesn't care to invest too much money in it. He hit upon an ingenious and successful plan for advertising himself and his college recently, at a dinner in Philadelphia. He pitched into newspaper men savagely, particularly reporters for the daily press. Of course it was widely resented, as he knew it would be. He was denounced in the associated press dispatches and in special dispatches. Stinging editorials were printed against him in newspapers far and wide. Reporters everywhere begged the privilege of "replying" to President Eliot. Press clubs passed resolutions of indignant censure, which were given prominent positions in the several journals that they represent. Boston papers swelled with indignation, for had he not declared that students who had been dismissed from college for disgraceful proceedings found ready employment on newspapers published at the Hub? Other papers copied the indignant protests of the journals of Boston, and—well, President Eliot and Harvard College got lots of advertisement that didn't cost a cent. Eliot prints a general denial, and that insures the charges being reiterated,

and—more free advertising for Harvard. Hello! we have been adding to the general stock ourselves. Well, it is all right, President. We shall not send you a bill for it, but let it go as a tribute to your advertising sagacity. When you get tired of running a college, we will pay you a good salary to advertise SIFTINGS.

### WHY NEW YORK DIDN'T GET THE FAIR.

New York city has rested so long in a self-conceited estimate of her influence and importance that the loss of the World's Fair was a tremendous shock to her pride. For a long time she treated with contempt the pretensions of Chicago as a place for holding the great fair to celebrate the discovery of America by Columbus. "Of course the Fair will come to New York," said our prominent and influential citizens; "there's no other place on the Continent to hold it." It being settled by these wisecracks that it must be held in New York and couldn't be held anywhere else, they didn't bother themselves as to what outsiders might think or say about New York. Committees of wealthy do-nothings were appointed, who industriously occupied themselves in doing nothing for months, when time was of the utmost importance. The people were ready and eager to back up the movement for a Fair, but the ponderous committees didn't move for months. Why should they? The Fair was coming to New York, anyhow; there was no hurry. Finally, when the public was reduced to a condition of lukewarmness and indifference through long delay, a scheme was formulated to permit the people to subscribe to the World's Fair fund. Weeks were required to secure subscribers to a five million fund, when it could have been raised in as many days had prompt action been taken while public enthusiasm was at blood heat. Then party rivalries came in to still further alienate the people from the enterprise, and the disgraceful squabbles in Albany finished the business. The eloquence and enthusiasm of a Depew, backing up his famed compromise, couldn't save it. The Fair in New York was doomed. The fact is, the people of this country were simply disgusted with New York, and their representatives in Congress showed it



### AT THE GRAND RECEPTION.

MASTER OF CEREMONIES—Now, sah, if you'll kin'ly station yo'se'f at de do' an admit only de fr'en's an' 'quain'ces—

POLICEMAN TIERNAN—An' how om Oi to know the likes of thim from the ithers? Will they hev tickets with "Presint at th' door" on 'em?

MASTER OF CEREMONIES—They'll be no tickets, sah. Jes bear in mine dat only t'ree hundred guests are expected. Count off de t'ree hundred, den close de do's an' keep out de rabble.

by their votes. Congressmen didn't beat New York out of the Fair; New York beat herself. Fellow citizens, will you unite with us in giving three cheers for Chicago? She didn't divide against herself, and she got there!

Do authors get rich? I should smile. Look at William Waldorf Astor.

JUST ABOUT GIRLS.



UR lively contributor, Verner Z. Reed, writes as follows about girls: Every living, breathing man who has any blood in his veins or any flesh on his bones, is interested in girls. There may be some cadaverous, whining, creaking-

voiced old sticks of bachelors who will say that they have no interest in girls, but, rightly-constituted reader, you and I know they lie. One of these fellows may go moping along the street with downcast eyes to keep from seeing the girls; he may throw down any book he may be reading that chances to mention a girl; he may live utterly out of sight, hearing and contact of girls, but away down in that gristly caricature of a thing that serves him for a heart he has a sneaking admiration for them, and a sneaking hope that some girl will one day be fool enough to fall in love with him.

There are girls and girls—young girls, old girls, middle aged girls, long girls, short girls, fat girls, skinny girls, smart girls, dumb girls, pretty girls, ugly girls, and all other manners, forms and conditions of girls.

The most important girl is, of course, the pretty girl. An ugly girl may be intelligent, educated, accomplished, refined, sympathetic, and possess all the desirable virtues that exist, but she is not to be mentioned in the same day with the pretty girl. A pretty girl may be silly, conceited, affected, and totally worthless for any practical thing, but all hats will come off for her, all men will make way for her, and fall down and worship her. Her dullest platitudes will be called bits of scintillant wit; her most commonplace pieces of playing or singing will be called productions of genius; her smile will be prized, her words treasured, and a kiss from her coveted above all the things of the earth. Rightly considered, a girl has no excuse for being anything but pretty, and a well-balanced man is not justified in falling in love with or marrying any but a pretty girl. It is to be desired that a girl should be virtuous (to a reasonable extent), domestic, a good housekeeper, a good musician, painter, singer, dancer, writer, conversationalist, but she should first be pretty. She should have a round, voluptuous form, a bust like that of the statue of Psyche, limbs like the Greek Slave, eyes like great liquid stars, hair like finely-spun silk, soft arms that are versed in the art of embracing, red lips that know how to both kiss and smile, and soft hands that can smooth the troubled wrinkles of care out of the faces of even hard-headed old sellers of goods and changers of money.

The pretty girl knows she is pretty, and because she knows it she is kindness personified to plain girls, for she knows her charms will never suffer from comparison with theirs. All plain girls detest all pretty girls, and will never say a good word for them if they can help it, and when they ever do it is the "faint praise that damns." The pretty girl has the most beaux, goes to the most balls and idiotic society gatherings, and is the last girl to get married. She thinks because she is handsome she is entitled to a better grade of husband than falls to the lot of most women, and she defers making a choice until some fine morning she wakes up with a realization that her feet are slipping from the green shores of girlhood into the murky sea of old-maidhood, and then she goeth out and hustles for a husband, just as her plainer sisters do; and this is why so many handsome women marry so many ugly men. Pretty girls are never very true lovers or very good wives, but they are among the most desirable of the few good things the angry gods left upon the earth when they went in wrath to their abode upon Mount Olympus.

Plain girls are everywhere; you know them by the scores and hundreds, dear reader; and, while many pages might be written in praise of them, you, if you chance to be a man, would skip them, so I will skip writing them.

The old maid is a girl, or it is popularly supposed she was once. When she was a very little girl she never romped in hay, or slid down on cellar doors, or

made mud pies, or did any of the other unconventional things that human little girls did—not she; she was far too well behaved a little girl for that. She wore her shoes all the summer days without ever once going barefoot like her hoydenish little sisters did; and she read dull little stories about good little boys and girls who were so inexpressibly and impossibly seraphic that it is a wonder the ordinary wear and tear of this material old life didn't break their good little bodies into splinters. Then when she grew up to be a girl of seventeen or eighteen years of age she never went to dances and to none but the dullest and most respectable parties. And when a young man was so daring as to begin to fall in love with her, she acted so cold and emotionless and statuesque and generally unbearable and idiotic that the young man was glad to get away without having his blood frozen, and glad to stay away after he got away. And then this goody-goody, namby-pamby, niminy-piminy creature gradually got a little colder, and a little primmer, and a little more like a piece of wood until she finally dried up into the colorless, heartless, emotionless, feelingless old vegetable that all healthy people pity and make a specialty of keeping away from. Unbend a little, budding slip of womanhood; kiss your sweetheart once in a while, occasionally throw the laws of primness to the winds, and pull some man out of the sea of possibility with the net of matrimony ere it is everlastingly too late, and you, too, become an old maid.

The literary girl forms an order to herself. She is usually as ugly as sin and as wise as the father of that hideous thing. She is unconventional if she has to move the world to be so; she is sorry she was not born a man, and she comes as near being one as she can by wearing semi-masculine clothes, going to public places alone, talking politics, and sometimes cultivating a taste for cigarettes and beer. If she chances to be of the erotic order she will know no god but love, and she will try to look soulful, and impassioned, and will at least succeed in looking silly. If she does nothing but write cooking recipes she will speak of her occupation as her "art;" she is intolerant of criticism, and, with a few grand exceptions, she is the champion ninny of girlhood.

The "show girl," or actress, knows every actor and manager in the United States, and that is about all she does know. She can deliver a passage from a tragedy with wonderful force and fire, but for the life of her she can't tell who wrote the tragedy. She thoroughly understands the art of dressing for effect, and the chief study of her life is to attract attention to her personal appearance. She is an ardent and willing lover and is always in love, although she does not usually love one man for any extended period of time. She gets married very often, and as often gets divorces. If people were classified like roses are, the actress would be written down in the catalogue as a hardy, perennial bloomer that always looks fresh and never droops. She never grows old and never grows rich, being prevented from the latter by her good heart. Her purse is ever open to the poor and needy, and many an actress has stranded herself in a strange town in order to help some other needy Thespian out of financial difficulties. The actress is not prim and stiff and freezing, but under her liberally-exposed bosom there usually beats a great generous heart, and when the last final balance is struck she may have as much on the credit side of her ledger as have her more austere sisters who think their sacred and rather bony bodies would be contaminated by coming in contact with a "girl of the theatre."

The summer girl is a thing of beauty, but she is a joy for only about two seasons. She has the fairest complexion, the shapeliest foot, the softest hands, the brightest eyes, the most winning smile, and the softest, gauziest, most clinging, enticing and aggravating costumes of any of the hordes of girls that walk the earth. She looks handsome on horseback, enticing in



A MODEL YOUTH.

a boat, and positively bewitching in a hammock with the little points of her little shoes just peeping out from under her dress. She lasts her two summers and that is the end of her history. No one knows what becomes of her, but no one has ever seen a summer girl grown old.

It is well for a young man to hustle and make money and save it and try to be rich; it is well for him to study and delve in books and strive to be wise and learned; it is well for him to be sober and temperate and moderate in all his desires; it is well for him to be polished, refined and brilliant; but it is best of all for him to have a "best girl," and talk silly and sweet to her, and hug her early and late, and have her pillow her fair young head upon his bosom and whisper sweet gush into his ears, for if he has a sweetheart and is head over ears in love with her he will be happy, and there is more solid fun in being happy than there is in being rich, or wise, or great, or brilliant.

The Maine business of life—logging and eluding the prohibition law.



A FAST COLOR.

I bought a pair of blue stockings here the other day. Yes, I recollect. You said that the colors were fast. I believe I did. Well, they colored my feet sky-blue, and I can't wash it off. Well, what are you kicking about? Didn't I guarantee the colors to be fast? Some people never are satisfied.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
PART XIX.



GREAT monarch was Philip Augustus. He reigned until 1222, when he died of a fever. He was a generous benefactor to Paris, giving it numerous hospitals, market-halls and other public edifices and paving its principal streets. He surrounded the city with a wall, small sections of which to this day remain. He also laid the foundations of the Palace of the Louvre, now the great art museum of Paris.

Philip was succeeded by his son, Louis VIII., who had previously invaded England, to assist the barons in their revolt against King John, from whom they wrung the great charter of English liberty—*Magna Charta*—at Runnymede. Louis only reigned three years, and on his death the crown descended to his son, Louis IX., known as Saint Louis, who was only twelve years of age when he was crowned. His mother, Queen Blanche, acted as regent during his minority, but not without opposition on the part of the nobles. But she won them over by her resolution and address, proving thus early in history that women are capable of maintaining prominent positions in the government of a country. Were she living now she would stand side by side with Susan B. Anthony, Kate Field and other exponents of woman's right to govern.

Queen Blanche had great ascendancy over her son Louis, and he obeyed her implicitly. When he was nineteen she concluded that it would be better for him to marry. It would make him steadier and keep him in nights. So she ordered him to get ready for the marriage ceremony, barely mentioning that the bride was Marguerite, daughter of the Count of Provence, who was in her thirteenth year. He meekly obeyed, and it is said that she made an excellent wife. Such early marriages are not to be commended as a rule, *mes chers enfants*. Better devote a little more time to boyish sports and dolls.

Saint Louis was called to the field early in his reign. Revolting provinces had to be put down, and England was making another attempt to gain a foothold on French soil. The latter was checked and a five years' truce secured. Louis was taken desperately ill when thirty years of age, and he made a vow that if he recovered he would proceed on a crusade to the Holy Land. He would not only lead a better life, but he would lead an army to Palestine. He recovered and fulfilled his promise, though three years expired before he got his army on the march. Palestine was in great strait. Jerusalem had been conquered and sacked with savage cruelty by the Kharismians from the shores of the Caspian, who were in turn defeated by the Saracens

of Egypt, who once more subjected the Holy Land to their tyrannous control. Christians had no show anywhere about Jerusalem.

As the first step in his pious expedition Saint Louis went to the church of St. Denis and received the *oriflamme*. You probably do not know, *mes petits amis*, what the *oriflamme* was. It was the sacred banner of France. It was formerly the custom of all Catholic churches of any note to have a special flag, or banner, and the one belonging to the Abbey of St. Denis was called the *oriflamme*, from its color—Latin, *aurum*, gold, and *flamme*, flame. It was a piece of red taffeta fixed on a golden spear, and cut into three points, each of which was adorned with a tassel of green silk. French monarchs were in the habit of carrying this banner into battle from the time of Louis the Fat, the custom prevailing for nearly three centuries. It was last borne by Louis XI., in 1465. One of those old French kings didn't consider himself properly dressed for the combat without his *oriflamme*.

Saint Louis' crusade set out for the Holy Land in 1249, but it was a disastrous failure. The king himself fell into the hands of the Saracens, who loaded him with chains, though this was not the first time that a king has been "loaded." He bought his liberty with a heavy-ransom. On learning of the death of his mother he returned to France, after an absence of six years, and was naturally very much dejected by his failure to regain Palestine. He couldn't bear any allusion to Jerusalem, and the sight of a Jew clothing store drove him wild. But he gradually recovered his equanimity and got down to his kingly duties. His subjects, who loved Louis, were pleased at length to observe that he paid greater attention to his clothes and wore his crown with a more jaunty air.

But he got up another crusade all the same. He considered that the Saracens had "done him dirt," as he expressed it in the slang that he had picked up while a prisoner among them, and he determined to repay them and get back that ransom money, although he ran risk of losing considerable more. In 1270 he moved on Jerusalem once more with a great fleet and a vast army. As a sort of side play Louis thought he would take the territory of Tunis to add to his crown—a sort of feather in his cap, as it were. He landed there, but a pestilence broke out among his troops and Saint Louis died of it, as did thousands of others. His reign had lasted forty-four years.



MIGHT BE IMPROVED.

CYNICAL BOARDER—Mrs. Weaktea, this steak is very much like your hopeful son.  
MRS. WEAKTEA (landlady)—Because my son is a little dear, like the steak?  
CYNICAL BOARDER—No, madam, this steak is like your tough little boy, because it might be improved by pounding.



THE LAST CALL.

A policeman showing two tipsy dudes into the station-house.

A notable monument to Saint Louis is Sainte Chapelle, the Holy Chapel, in Paris, built by him in 1245 for the reception of the holy relics which he had purchased from the Emperor of Constantinople for 3,000,000 francs. They consist of fragments of the crown of thorns and the true cross, and other relics, which are now piously preserved in the treasury of Notre Dame.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE BEAVER.

The beaver is a very interesting quadruped, inasmuch as it has many ways that might be emulated by the lords of creation with profit. The beaver lives anywhere from Galveston to Kamtchatka, and is a natural mason, carpenter and civil engineer. The beaver is rather clumsy, but it is a hard worker. To accomplish anything in this century one must work like a beaver.

The beaver hat, a name sometimes applied to the shiny silk hat of the dudes and gentlemen of the present generation, comes from a fashion among the dandies of the frontier of wearing hats made from beaver skin tanned with the fur on. The style of the hat has changed somewhat, but the name remains.

Beavers lead very exemplary lives; they dam considerably, but as it is in an engineering sense it is excusable. They take good care of the extremely old and very young, but mischief-makers, mother-in-laws and idlers they simply sit on and hold under water until they drown. This is a very easy way to dispose of objectionable persons, and very discouraging to idle habits. The beaver would rather run than fight, but like some unassuming men, it can fight if compelled to do so, and can make a brave resistance.

The beaver always constructs its home in the water, consequently it is liquid in its habits. It does not differ particularly in appearance from any other animal except its tail; that appendage is very peculiar, being long, broad and very flat. If you have any doubts when you see a strange animal put your finger in its mouth; if it bites it's got teeth, if it has a beaver's tail it's a beaver.

E. R. COLLINS.

LOST AND FOUND.

Wiggins—Here's a shrewd piece of detective work.

Grafton—What's that?

Wiggins—Why, a Western Vindex who lost his temper has managed to recover it again.

THE TIPPING SYSTEM.



**P**UCK recently contained an admirable cartoon entitled, "Are we becoming a nation of beggars?" which is particularly applicable to sleeping-car porters. It represented a wealthy man asleep, and in his dream he is haunted by the myriad of male and female beggars, who under the thin guise of bogus charity are eternally, like the horse-leech, crying, Give! give! a form of tipping which is particularly objectionable.

Soliciting money to buy tickets to balls, to buy bells for churches, etc., etc., is only a modified system of blackmail. It has become the universal custom to demand "backsheesh."

Officials find it impossible to do their duties unless they are "lubricated."

Nothing makes a jury disagree so quick as a hundred-dollar bill in the hands of the foreman, while in politics a few dollars on the wrong side of the line makes many a man hop over.

Referring to bribery in election contests, it is really a matter of surprise how expert the colored voter has become in manipulating his vote. A colored preacher in Alabama, who believed only in limited corruption, put his foot on alleged wholesale bribery in the following words: "Dis ding ob gettin' a hundred dollars for a vote am all wrong; ten dollars am as much as hit's wuff."

But returning to the subject of bribery and tips, it is most assuredly a fact that the habit of accepting tips is spreading rapidly. It is a bad sign of the times. The American citizen should be above accepting tips, which is equivalent to a badge of servitude.

SHE MEANT BUSINESS.

They have some queer girls in Colorado. One of them who resides in the Cache le Poudre valley had been receiving the attentions of a young man for about a year, and becoming impatient at his failure to bring matters to a crisis, she resolved to ascertain his intentions. When he next called she took him gently by the ear, led him to a seat on a reversed wash-tub and said:

"Nobby, you've been foolin' round this claim fur mighty nigh a year, an' hev never yet shot off yer mouth on the marryin' biz. I've cotteded to yer on the square clean through, an' hev stood off every other galoot that has tried to chip in; and now I want yer to come down to business or quit the ranch. If yer on the marry, an' want a pard thet 'll stick right to ye till you pass in yer checks an' the good Lord calls yer over the range, jis squeal and we'll hitch; but ef that ain't yer game, draw out an' give some other feller a show for his fish. Now sing your song or skip."

He sang.

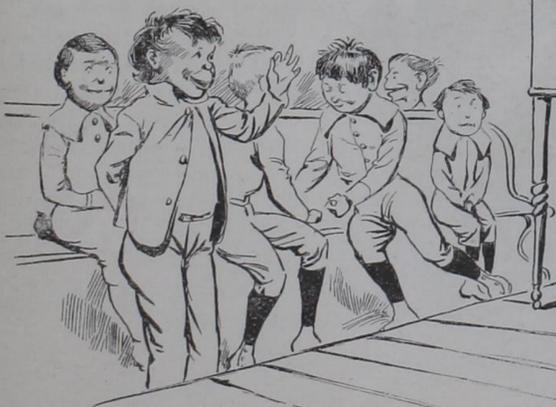
A SHREWD SERVANT.

Young Cavalier (to his man servant)  
—John, what has become of the letter that was on this table?

John—I put it in the post-office, sir.

But it wasn't addressed.

I know it, sir; but I thought you didn't want anybody to know whom you was writing to, sir.



IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

TEACHER—Bobby, what are you going to be when you grow up?

BOBBY (disgusted)—Don't guess I'll be much of anything, unless I get out of New York and move to Chicago.



LOOKING AHEAD.

FEMALE MENDICANT—I'm a poor widdy woman with eight small children. Can't you give us some clothes?

LADY—The only clothing I have to give away is a pair of my husband's pants.

FEMALE MENDICANT—Give 'em to me, good lady; I might marry again. There are several jintlemen that have their eye on me.

STREET ETIQUETTE.

A leading society paper has at length settled a question of street etiquette. It says: "The privilege of recognition lies with the lady. When the lady has made her salutations the gentleman responds by lifting his hat."

If he hasn't any hat he can go into a neighboring hotel where the guests are dining and lift one from the hat-rack.

"If only one of two gentlemen in company be known and saluted by a lady, both should bow."

The Siamese Twins probably introduced this rule while exhibiting through the country.

"Never stop a lady in the street. If you desire to converse with her, turn and join her in walking."

Yet, if you are a detective, under the painful necessity of arresting her, you are justified in stopping her on the street.



"Give your right arm to a lady."

If you have lost one arm the other is the left, of course, no matter on which side it may be located.

"A gentleman between two ladies has an awkward look."

So he has, particularly to some poor lone female who hasn't any escort.

THE PETITION SIGNER.

Business Man (to a poor acquaintance who has entered his office)—What can I do for you this morning?

Acquaintance—You know I have been unfortunate of late. I am compelled to give my note for a small amount, and I have called to request you to sign it with me. It is only for twenty dollars.

Business Man (icily)—I can't do it, sir. I make it a rule never to lend my name for any purpose.

[An hour after.]

Benevolent Person—Knowing how humane a man you are I come to request your signature to a petition to the Governor of the State to pardon a man, who, in a moment of aberration of mind, murdered two or three people, and he wants to get out of the penitentiary. Will you give us your name?

Business Man (scarcely glancing at the petition)—Oh, certainly. Justice should be tempered with mercy. [He signs, and a murderer is turned loose upon society again.]

NOT MUCH OF A THING TO CELEBRATE, AFTER ALL.

Let the World's Fair go to Chicago. We don't want it in New York, anyhow. It would keep the city in a hubbub for a year, at least—we can't bear hubbub in New York—and it would take another year to get over it. It is almost impossible to get a seat in an elevated train now, going to Harlem, and what would it be with the World's Fair going? Besides that, the discovery of America by Columbus hardly deserves to be commemorated. He never saw the American Continent, anyhow, and the evidence is accumulating to prove that America was first discovered by the Vikings, four or five hundred years before Columbus' day. Let's settle on their anniversary and celebrate that. Hurrah for the Vikings!

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

Uncle Mose—How are you coming on at school, 'Rastus?

'Rastus—Mighty porely. De teacher most pounded de life outen me.

Whaffor?

He asked me how many teef a man had, and I tole him "a hull mouf full" and den he climbed right on top ob me.



Coming Events

## THOMPSON, JOURNALIST.

I have known Thompson ever since he took up his pen to astonish an expectant world. There was once no more light-hearted or clear-headed mortal on earth than he, but now that he has won some reputation and little cash, he is jolly only by fits and starts, and his brain teems with glowing thoughts only at far-distant intervals. I met him in one of his lucid and merry moments yesterday, and he opened his heart to me with these confessions, saying that they rid him of a burden more heavy than a Sunday newspaper. I give you his own words:

I remember the first manuscript I ever sent out; it was a dainty love-story filled all over and furnished through with erotic stupendousness. I enclosed ten cents in stamps for the return of the sweet morsel, in case the editor thought he could not digest it. He did not even bite, but kindly returned the affair with a two-cent stamp affixed. The postman unfeelingly exclaimed, "due, eight cents," and I went up-stairs and wept!

Shortly after I sent a double-barreled yarn to a literary journal, and asked the editor to use it if he could afford to pay me five dollars for it. Jupiter! but he did use it, and my eyes swam with tears when I saw my tale decked out in all the glory of long primer. Five dollars? Five nothings! That journal is still alive, but if ever its editor and I meet at St. Peter's gate, he will not get through if my affidavit be worth anything!

Not a whit discouraged, for I thought I had a mission in journalism, I sent a little parcel of philosophical reflections to a newspaper, which, as a notice at the head of its editorial page stated, promised to return manuscript if stamps were enclosed. The editor kept the philosophy and the stamps, but heaven help him if I ever get the chance to accuse him of plagiarism or petty larceny!

About this time—'twas in the gentle springtime of the year—I awoke to the blissful consciousness that I was a poet. Epics came to me as easy as kissing,

and as for ordinary four-liners, I could turn them out quicker than a seminary miss. It was but natural that I should seek to soothe the public with my musical effusions, and so I picked out a soul-stirring lyric and sent it to the Banner. The editor liked it, for he himself did say it; he confessed that he could not pay for it, but he said he would use the verses and put me on the free list if it was all the same to me. Ah, fame blurred my senses, and in a moment of weakness I consented. Two copies of the Banner reached me—the rest is silence. Whether the proximity of my verses killed the newspaper, I know not, but a dozen letters to the editor failed to bring back my social ambics to myself!

With the flight of time and after much humiliation of spirit, I managed to make some reputation; at least one newspaper accepted me twenty dollars worth. I called for the money, but the business manager gazed into the cash-drawer and sighed. I engaged a lawyer; while that busy personage was preparing my case, the newspaper "bust;" but Blackstone collected his fee from me anyhow, and I began to entertain serious intentions of taking up brick-laying for a livelihood.

However, I am here yet, and am just beginning to fill a niche. Egad, it's a joyous life, for on every hand you meet with geniuses and heaven-inspired individuals. What if editors do not always pay; what if your work is blue-penciled; what if your productions are maimed, stolen, credited to others, or even at times rejected! Do you want the earth?

He's a fine fellow, that Thompson!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

## A MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Little Benny—Mamma, please let me hold the baby for a minute.

Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you might let her fall.

Little Benny—Well, if she does fall she can't fall very far.



THE RULING PASSION.

McGINTY—An' won't yez put up any money towards the freein' of old Oireland?

O'ROURKE—Not a cint! A purty toime it is for ye to ax questions loike that whin we're thrying to raise a purse that 'll make John L. Sullivan foight!



Cast their Shadows Before.

## ONE RESIGNATION.

The Executive Mansion was still. The grand piano—gift of a grateful state without its knowledge—spake not; the ivory billiard-balls gave forth no click; the last liquor delegation had said a fond good-night; the ormolu clock pealed midnight.

"William," said the Governor, "the State Assessors haven't resigned."

"No, I didn't think they would, you know," sadly rejoined the Buffalo statesman.

"Nor Maxwell hasn't resigned; no, nor yet Ahearn."

"Few die, and none resign," said Mr. Sheehan, softly whistling a bar of "McGinty" the while. "Still, I understand there's one man that's resigned."

"Who's that?" asked the Governor, excitedly.

"Grover Cleveland—he's entirely resigned. In fact, his resignation to your misfortunes is beautiful to behold!"

The Governor shuddered. The conference adjourned.

VINCENT YORK.

## LEGAL INTELLIGENCE.

What is the reason none of the New York boodle aldermen are tried?

I suppose it is on account of the absence of a material witness.

A material witness?

Yes, don't you know what a material witness is? He is the witness who furnishes the prosecution with the material to postpone the case until the next term of the court.

## A SIGN OF SPRING.

First Young Lady—I detest March and April.

Second Young Lady—What's the matter?

It's too early to expect to be asked to take ice-cream after the theatre.

Good gracious! What's the matter with fried oysters? They are in season until the first of May.

To be knocked "higher than a kite," is only to go just above the telegraph wires, after all.



Forty days, forty days,  
Forty days onward;  
Storming the churches' doors,  
See the Four Hundred.  
"Off with the light brocade!  
In sackcloth now arrayed,  
Let us prepare for death,"  
Cry the Four Hundred.

"Off with the light brocade,  
On with the tailor-made!"  
Tho' every woman knew  
The world looked and wondered;  
Theirs not to make reply,  
Nor give the reason why,  
Theirs but to pray and die;  
So to the churches high  
Rush the Four Hundred.

No more with shoulders bare,  
No more with powdered hair,  
No more in jewels rare  
Nor flower-encumbered;  
But with meek reverent air,  
Bending in silent prayer,  
Far from the ball-room's glare,  
Kneel the Four Hundred.



"OFF WITH THE LIGHT BROCADE."

Gone is the light brocade,  
Honor the change they made  
Never can word be said  
A woman has blundered.  
To every church to-day  
Where all may kneel and pray,  
Come they in plain array,  
Lowly Four Hundred.

I. A. S.

"Slate and pencil! Did you ever see a slate and pencil about a sanctum? Nonsense. Well, we'll let that question slip. Have you got a good constitution?"

"Pretty tol'ble."

"How long do you suppose you could live on raw corn and faith and do the work of a domesticated elephant?"

"Lord! I don't believe I could live mor'n a week."

"Well, that's about as long as you would want to live if you got a position on the Plumbago. I shall now ask you one more question, and if you prove equal to it you can peel off your coat and sail in."

"Let's have 'er, Squire. You'll find me on deck with both feet and a cane."

"Well, sir, if two diametrical circles with octagonal peripheries should collide with a centrifugal idiosyncrasy—or to put it plainer—"

"Put it plain as you can, Boss."

"Well, say it collides with an asphyxiated desuetude—what effect would the catastrophe exert on the crystallized cod-fish suspended by the tail from the homogeneous rafters of the empyrean?"

The verdent young man waited to hear no more, but grabbing his hat, he made a wild dash for the street and disappeared.

To CURE a lean cynic—give him a fat sinecure.

IF I WERE A BOARDER.

If I were a boarder, I would not tell colossal fibs and declare that I had always been accustomed to ten courses at dinner, with ice-cream and champagne to cap the glorious climax. If there should be anything on the table that distressed my delicate sensibilities, I would not gaze at it with a gorgon stare, but I would turn my head aside. The first might be more witty, but less suggestive of good breeding. If I were a boarder, I would not come to my meals when I knew everything had been cleared away, and modestly ask for a little bread and butter—meaning thereby meat, vegetables, salads, pie, pudding, nuts and raisins.

If I were a boarder, and engaged a room (with hand on my heart or Bible) for three months, I would not leave in three days, without good reasons. I would not go into the kitchen every week and ask if I could do a little washing, viz., a whole wardrobe. I never would put my head inside the kitchen at all, knowing perfectly well that the head of Medusa would be quite as agreeable. Mrs. A. (who kept boarders from necessity, not "for society,") said to a lady just leaving her house, "I am sorry you are going, Mrs. B., you have never been in my kitchen." Comprehensive and enlightening.

If I were a boarder and expected to be absent for a few days, I would not, with much painful computation, try to discover the amount that should be deducted; and if it came to two dollars, ten cents and a half, I would not take a hatchet and laboriously cut a cent in two—always retaining the biggest half myself. I certainly would not hand that painfully-computed amount to the landlady, and at the same time conscientiously refrain from inquiring if she allows such discounts. And if I were so narrow-minded that I could not treat a struggling woman with justice and proper respect, I would give up boarding altogether and live in a pen with the other pigs.

If I were a boarder, and had children, I would keep them in my own room, if it were no larger than a good-sized bandbox. In short, if I were a boarder, I should not think that I must necessarily be an unmitigated, hateful, detestable nuisance.

MISS CULPEPPER.

SHOULD BE WELL CARED FOR.

Baboony—Aw—that's awful! The ideaw of a man smoking a pipe with a silk hat on the stweet!

Wiggins—That's so, Algy. Pipes with silk hats ought to be carefully preserved in museums.

THERE is said to be a period in the life of every intelligent individual when there is in his mind a tendency to skepticism. He is in his doubt-age, as it were.



A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

DRUG CLERK (3 a. m.)—Well, what in thunder do you want?

CLUB MAN—Shay! gimme a pos'age stamp, will ye? I wanter drop a line to my wife thash I won't be home to-night.

TESTING HIS FITNESS FOR AN EDITOR.

When a verdant youth called at the office of the Texas Plumbago and applied for a position the other day, the editor, who wasn't very busy just then, put him through an examination to determine his fitness:

"Who discovered America?"

"Klumbus. Pshaw; ask me a harder question."

"Who was the first man?"

"Adam. Why, Mister, I know all—"

"What was his other name?"

"His other name? Why, he didn't have none."

"Yes, he did. His other name was Ebenezer—Ebenezer Adam, Esq., late of Paradise Centre. How many bones are there in the human body?"

"Well, I forget just now, but I did know wunst."

"What! don't you know that? Every school-boy knows there are 7,482,654,941 bones in an ordinary man, when he isn't eating mackerel. A man who snores has one more bone than other people."

"What bone is that?"

"The trombone, of course. It is situated somewhere in the nose. You won't forget that, will you?"

He said he wouldn't.

"How long would it take a mud turtle to cross the desert of Sahara with a small orphan boy to touch him up behind with a red-hot poker?"

"Well, look here, Mr. Editor, if I had a slate and pencil I could figure that out; but dog my skin if I am much on mental 'rithmetic."

"BENDING IN SILENT PRAYER."

Crosses to right of them,  
Crosses to left of them,  
Crosses in front of them,  
Crosses unnumbered;  
Summoned by solemn bell  
Meekly they walk, and well,  
Sermons on death and hell  
Hear the Four Hundred.



## THE THEATRE.

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



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Sence de wah you culled folks has 'quired de habit of spendin' de money what yer gits from de sale ob fowls fer tickets ter go ter de feater.

By de way, yer wouldn't ber-leeb hit, but your belubbed pasture was stage struck hisse'f onct upon a time. Dat was when he was struck by a down-town stage an' run ober. Ef eberybody what

am stage struck had my 'sperience, dar would be mighty few ackters. I tells yer dat one ob de wheels mashed me in de epedigastrium region, and what I suffered no words can tell.

I notices also dat lots ob you Africans what takes in dese snide shows what comes ter Austin, am so mightily tickled wid de play dat yer can't get fun-enuff inside, so you has ter go out between de ax, jess like de white folks, and smile some moah until yer heah de beer swash erbout on yer insides when yer comes back. I hopes dat de time will come when somebody will invent a machine by which a man at de feater kin drop a cent in de slot and get a clove.

And you cullud ladies, you too has ter foller de foolishness ob de white wimmens, and wear sich tall hats at de feater dat if yore pasture haint got a front seat he loses more den half de bally. De high hat may be a chestnut, but when yer has ter sit behind one ob 'em and see nuffin at all at de most excitin' part ob de play, hit's enuff to vex a saint.

I has also notised dat ugly de more de folks in de private boxes de more racket dey makes. In dis respect you culled Africans don't sin much, bekase you don't hab money enuff ter pay de price dey asks for boxes. Dar's no hopes ob seein' niggahs in de boxes until chicks am wuff moah den a quarter apiece.

De tendency ob de stage am ter realism. Dat means dey has real tanks fer de purposes ob rescuin' de heroine from de moist grave. In New York dey has real burglars on de stage, so I has been told.

Maybe after a while dey will be shore enuff ghostesses in Hamlet, and perhaps de murders will come off, shore enuff. If some ob de ackters what has visited



## STILL CELEBRATING.

POLICEMAN—You are drunk. Come along with me.

INEBRIATE—You are mistaken, my friend. I've not got through (hic) shelebrating glorious triumph of wild Wesht over effete East. Shee?

Austin durin' de las' season was ter take real pizen, dis new feature would gib grate satisfacshun ter de awjence. Whut de stage needs am more generwine tragedies.

## SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

An early spring—jumping out of bed at five o'clock. The lady who takes men's eyes—the one with an umbrella.

A New York doctor says that traveling on the railroad will cure dyspepsia. So dyspepsia is what ails our bank cashiers.

Bishop Potter, of New York, laments over the decay of enthusiasm. Humph! Potter evidently didn't take in the dog show.

New York impounds unmuzzled dogs, but permits unsalted dudes to run at large.

A New York paper says that Mrs. Vanderbilt is fond of walking daily. Well, that's better than being a somnambulist.



## TRIALS OF AN ACTOR.

HANDSOME ACTOR (to valet)—Great Scott! If these Fifth Avenue women don't quit sending me letters I'll have to marry three or four of them in self-defense.

The defeated candidate is like the earth. He is flattered at the polls.

One of the saddest consequences of a great man's death is the poetry that is subsequently published in his memory.

If, as the French proverb runs, it is really the unexpected that happens, New York will have the World's Fair yet.

A Texas man who was converted at a revival groaned so long and loud over his sins that he was arrested and fined \$5 for disorderly conduct.

Persecution is no longer the success it was during the middle ages. In fact, nothing is so productive of success to an individual or a cause as persecution. Bismarck himself has recently made this discovery. In stamping out Socialism he has unmistakably put his foot in it.

We read a great deal about the solid vote of the country, but no reference is ever made to the liquid vote of the country.

## A TREACHEROUS MEMORY.

Gilhooly—Miss Elderly, when were you born?

Miss Elderly—I remember the day of the month, but somehow or other I have forgotten the year.

## COMMERCIAL ITEM.

Mose Schaumburg (of Austin, Texas)—Do you know dot firm of Schwindlemeyer & Co. in dot New Yorick?

Ikey Silverstone (of New York)—Vell, I should schmile. Dot was an old reliable firm. Dey have been in pishness terventy years.

Mose Schaumburg—Terventy years in pishness! Vat ish terventy years in pishness? Terventy-five years ago I had already failed in pishness five times, myseluf.

## ABOUT DENTITION.

Teacher—Which teeth does man get last?  
Johnny Knowitall—The false ones, of course.

## IT WAS MARSHAL WILDER.

Proprietor of Country Hotel (to servant)—A stranger has arrived. Make a fire in No. 14.

Servant—Want a big fire?

Proprietor—No, he is a little bit of a fellow.

## A MISCALCULATION.

Teacher—Johnny, how many Presidents has the country had?

Johnny Knowitall—Twelve.

You must be thinking of the twelve apostles. Now let me hear you count the Presidents. Begin!

One, two, three, four.

Whack! whack! whack!

## AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

Tommy (studying his lesson)—I say, pa, where does the Oshkosh rise, and into what river does it empty?

Pa—I don't know, my son.

# ANIMALS COULD SPEAK



I would not wrong the human kind, Though I've but scanty faith in it, Yet in my La Fontaine I find That brutes have often shrewdest wit. We all love sayings bright and new, And (not my fellow men to pique) Perhaps they wouldn't be so few If animals could only speak.

For instance, take the sorry hacks That pull a street car o'er the stones All day the driver swears, and cracks His lash about their smarting bones. In hot and cold, in wet and snow, They toil and suffer, patient, meek; Some new profanity we'd know If animals could only speak!



Whenever through the streets you see His course some hapless blind man feel, His little dog is sure to be Somewhere near him, watchful, leal. In every eye, for pity's tear, The brute's eyes, longing seem to seek; True eloquence we oft might hear. If only animals could speak!

In summer nights the kind moon shines On many a lonely country road, The lover then throws down the lines And tightly holds his buxom load. The horse looks back and sees—ah well, It brings the blushes to my cheek To think what stories he could tell, If only animals could speak!

The swill-fed cow at early morn Switcheth in rage her caudal stump, The while she views with jealous scorn The milkman milk the barnyard pump. Could we have certain proof of this What direful vengeance we would wreak! And none could rob us of that bliss If animals could only speak!



The cook below delights to flirt With her policeman by the hour, That's why she ruins the dessert, And why the bread is always sour. Beneath the stove the tabby sleeps With one eye open, fat and sleek; He'd show how faithful tab he keeps If animals could only speak!

I think it's time that I were done, My muse grows clumsy in its feet; (For diagram that goes with pun, Address 620, Bogus street.) I greatly fear my friends will say, "That poet's brain is waxing weak— The ass would rhyme in just that way If animals could only speak!"

GEORGE HORTON.

## A DISAPPOINTMENT.

A New York landlord, who was in a tight place financially, sent his son, a rather fresh young man, to the tenant to collect the rent. On the young man returning in a hilarious mood, the father exclaimed:

"Thank heaven, you are back, and with the money, I hope."

"He couldn't pay all of it right then, so I consented to take half of it."

"That's all right. Give it to me."

"He didn't have it."

## A HINT TO JOURNALISTS.

Journalist—I'll have to get me a new pair of heavy boots pretty soon.

Friend—Those you have got on seem to be in pretty good condition.

They will not last long.

Going to walk down to your office to save car fare?

No, I've got a free pass over the line.

And you haven't got any marriageable daughters that I ever heard of.

No, thank heaven!

Then I cannot imagine why you yearn for a new pair of boots.

Man alive! Can't you discern the signs of the time? Don't you know that the spring poet, owing to the mild winter, matures a month earlier than usual?

## SANITARY ITEM.

A certain New York gentleman, who is not as neat as he might be in his personal appearance, is occasionally rebuked by his wife for his shortcomings in this particular. One morning, not long since, he was reading a paper, when he came across a paragraph that tickled him very much.

"This is very funny, he said, laughing heartily; 'in Indiana a man's wife eloped while he was taking a bath, and the editor commenting on it, says:

'No doubt she has been waiting for such an opportunity for years.' Would you take advantage of me and elope, Eliza, if I were to take a bath?"

"No need of me eloping," replied the wife, sarcastically. "I'd be a widow, and could marry again without eloping."

## AT THE BALL.

"Have you seen Miss Tillie Jones this evening, Mr. Nicefellow?"

"Yes, Miss Belle, I spoke to your friend a few minutes ago. There she is now, near the window. She is looking very well this evening."

"Dear me, do you really think so? I don't think she is looking half as well as she did five or six seasons ago. You know these toboggan suits make the homeliest girls look

pretty, and this winter has been so mild poor Tillie has not had a chance to wear hers a single time. It is too bad."

## GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

STRENGTHENING THE MEMORY.

A.—My memory is getting weaker and weaker every day.

B.—I can give you a remedy.

What is it?

Lend me fifty dollars.

A DAMAGED SWEAR-OFF.

Judge—Before you are sworn I'd like to ask you if you have ever taken an oath before?

Witness—I swore off from tobacco and whisky on the first of the year, but it ought not to count.

A CHRONIC DEBTOR.

Collector (in a rage)—Sir, when are you going to pay me what you owe me?

Debtor is silent.

Collector—You even prefer to owe me an answer to my question.

ANOTHER SLUR AT BALD HEADS.

He—I think it is an outrage that the ladies wear high hats in the theatre.

She—Yes, I must admit you men are much more considerate.

Of course we are.

Some of you who sit in the front row are even so considerate as to leave your hair at home. You are too good for this world.

THEATRICAL NOTE.

Schultz—Have you seen William Tell?

Miller—No, I have not, and I am not going to see it, either.

Why not?

Because that's the piece in which the apple is shot off the boy's head, and the discharge of fire-arms on the stage always makes me jump.

A MEAN TRICK ON A FRUGAL MAN.

Schmidt—I am puzzled what to buy my uncle for a birthday present. He is fearfully stingy, and no matter what I give he lays it aside and never uses it.

Hufnagel—If that's so you can get off very cheap.

How so?

Fill half a dozen bottles with water, seal them up good, label them "Old Gin," or "Old Cognac," and he will never be the wiser.

## A DISMAL OUTLOOK FOR NEW YORK.

"Pa, what makes it rain so much?"

"I don't know, Charlie, unless it is because New York is under a cloud just now, on account of this fair business."



A.E. Sweet.

## THAT OLD GAG.

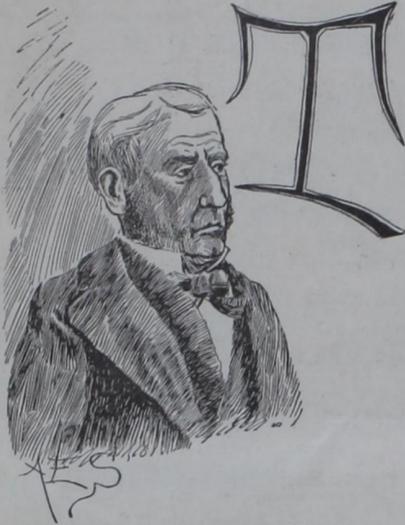
ISAAC—So you vas in dot theatre last night, Schacob. Vat did you see?

JACOB—Dot Merchant von Venice.

Dot Merchant von Venice! Dell me, Schacob, did dey get off lasht night dot old cheshnut apout a pound of flesh?

You pet! Dey got off dot same old gag apout a pound of meat choost off der preast pone.

## THE VERDICT.



brightness after the man has retired.

His dress is meagre and coarse and the roughness of his hands indicates that he is a laborer. He is a carpenter, but the intelligence of his face suggests that he might have succeeded in a higher calling. There is something indescribably poetic in his bearing—something hidden in the man that gives great power to his eyes.

"I can't make that young man out," said the jailer to his wife as he returned to the breakfast table. "They have got all the proof in the world against him; he must have stolen the money, there is no disputing that, but I never saw such an honest-looking face. He seems as confident that he will come clear to-day as if he had been promised so by the judge and jury."

"He is only acting a part," answered the woman as she poured out a cup of coffee. "Wait till he is sentenced to a long term in the penitentiary; then you will see him wilt. It is easy enough for him to put on a confident look when he hears some one coming to his cell."

"I want to see my client before court opens," said the prisoner's lawyer at the jail door. "I must have a short talk with him."

The heavy iron door swung open. The accused and his counselor were alone together. The prisoner's face grew expectant. He wiped his lips with a napkin and pushed the tray of eatables from him.

"I feel as if you bring me good news," said he. "I have never for one instant doubted that I would be declared innocent. I never knew a man to suffer for a crime of which he was not guilty."

The lawyer looked at him penetratingly for a moment; he looked as if he were vexed somewhat.

"My time is valuable," said he with a trace of impatience in his brusque tone. "I am your legal adviser. There is one thing I would like to say just now. You do not seem to comprehend the position of a client toward his legal adviser as well as you might. It is customary for one under trial for breaking the laws to confide wholly in the member of the bar to whom he intrusts his case. Nothing should be withheld. You may rest assured that what you tell me will never reach other ears; such disclosures are regarded as professional secrets and are held as sacred. It may be well to tell you frankly that a lawyer cannot act with as much confidence in his own ability as when there is a thorough understanding between himself and his client."

The face of the prison-pale man had taken on a puzzled expression.

"I don't understand," said he, giving the lawyer his eyes unflinchingly.

The attorney frowned and twirled his watch-chain impatiently.

"I will give you an example," said he, looking at his watch and then winking it as he continued; "I once defended a man for murder; I looked over the case closely; everything pointed to my client's guilt. I told him that all was against him but that he could trust me completely and that a detailed confession of how he committed the crime would enable me to be ready to combat as far as possible every point the prosecution could adduce. He confessed in full. I saw what had to be disproved and I cleared him; he is a free man to-day."

The prisoner turned two startled eyes full on the lawyer and said:

"And you want me to confess that I did it."

**Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

Useful in all forms of Dyspepsia.

HE morning of his trial. The sun is shining gloriously outside of the jail and he stands at his barred window and looks out over the fields that lie around the village. He smiles when the jailer brings him his breakfast, and it is no forced smile, for his face retains its

"It would help me."

"But before God I am innocent!"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders and half smiled meaningly as he rose to go.

"Well," he said, curtly, "I shall do the best I can for you, as much as any member of the bar could do. But I am sorry to say that your case is almost hopeless. You were at work in the room from which the purse was stolen and on the same day. When you were arrested you had the empty purse in your coat pocket and had just changed a bill of exactly the same denomination as the one stolen. You are unable to show where you got the bill beyond your own statement that it had been the savings of a number of years."

"The thief must have taken the money and hidden the purse in my coat which lay on a table outside of the room. I know I am innocent and am not afraid of being convicted."

The lawyer had reached the door; he turned back.

"I feel it my duty to impress on you the fact that if you were to plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court your punishment would be lighter. If you decide to do that you may let me know in the court-room. At all events I shall leave no stone unturned to help you. I must go now."

The prisoner's head hung down and he was in deep thought for a moment. Then his features grew tender as he moved nearer the window and saw a woman coming across the court-yard toward the jail leading a little boy by the hand. When she got to the window she lifted the boy up in her arms.

"Here I am, Jennie!" called out the prisoner. "I can see you, but you can't see me back here in the shade."

"Have you had your breakfast?" she asked, tremblingly.

"Yes, and have eaten heartily. You told me you would find out whether our neighbors believed me guilty; did you do it?"

The wife lowered her head and was silent.

"Jennie, did you hear me?"

"Some do believe it and others won't speak to me about it."

He was silent, and the pained look that was settling on his face deepened.

"Jennie, now go get your seat in the court-room before the crowd comes. They will take me there as soon as the court opens."

As his wife walked away he rose on tiptoes to see her.

"God knows I have done all I could to teach my boy to be honest," he murmured to himself. "If they were to convict me to-day what a lesson it would be to him! As he grew up he would learn that his father was a convict. No, they will not condemn me. I shall speak to the jury; my words shall convince them if all else fails."

A few moments later he sat on the prisoner's bench and scanned the faces of the jurors who had been chosen. They looked like honest, feeling men—men who, like himself, had wives, perhaps, and children. His face showed that he had not lost hope even while the attorney for the prosecution was citing the strong circumstantial evidence against him. But the accused could not catch the eyes of the jurymen. They had looks for none save the speaker. When the prosecuting attorney took his seat there was a craning of necks over the vast crowd to catch a view of the prisoner. He wondered why they were looking at him so fixedly and so pityingly. He looked at his wife; she was regarding him with such a look of hopeless misery that his heart sank within him. He saw his lawyer move over to her and whisper in her ear. She nodded her head and then they both came to him.

"There is not a chance left," said the lawyer. Judge, jury, and spectators are against us. If you will plead guilty your punishment will be lighter. I bring your wife to plead with you."

"Do it, John," said she, sobbing in answer to his startled glance of inquiry. "I know you are innocent, but the lawyer knows best what you ought to do."

"Confess that my boy is the son of a felon, and that you are the wife of a convict? I will not do it. Go back to your seats. Let me speak to the jury."

The lawyer employed by the defendant rose and made a weak argument. Nothing he said could refute the evidence advanced by the prosecution. He sat down. Again the eyes of all save the jury were cast upon the accused, bearing looks pregnant with sympathy. Some looked at the pale-faced woman and the little boy and sadly shook their heads.

"Yes," said the judge, "the prisoner is entitled to make a statement."

The voice of the prisoner was very unsteady when

he begun to speak. He said that he hoped all would pardon his embarrassment inasmuch as he had never spoken in public before. He went on plaintively to tell about how he was at work in the room from which the money was stolen; how he had left his coat in the hall. He could not remember leaving the room but once and that was to go to the well in the yard to get a drink of water. He thought that some one had entered while he was out, had taken the money and put the empty purse in his coat pocket. The money he had changed was some that he had been saving for several years for fear that he might be taken sick and not be able to earn a support. He had not told his wife of the savings. He seemed to want to say more but his voice broke down and he began to shed tears.

The jury withdrew to a private room to make up their verdict, after the judge had charged them as to their duty. They shut themselves in and the foreman handed each jurymen a small slip of paper and told them to write the word "guilty" or the words "not guilty." When all had written, he took up the slips in a hat. After he had read them all, he said:

"It is unanimous. Every ticket contains but a single word."

They slowly returned to the court-room and refilled the twelve chairs made vacant by their withdrawal. The foreman stood up and announced that they had found the prisoner guilty.

The prisoner had the eyes of the whole room. A wild, hunted look, in which lay the shadow of a strange, sudden determination came into his face and eyes. He thrust his hand into the breast of his coat and held it there. Many thought his hand was pressed against his heart, but it was not, for he had taken hold of something in his breast-pocket and was clutching it with a grasp of iron.

The house was as still as a grave, for he had risen to his feet. He was deathly pale and his lips were twitching as if he were in a spasm. He faced the jury, then he turned to the wondering judge.

"I have something to say!" he gasped. He paused and looked toward his wife and child and continued: "I would not care to—to say it before them. May I ask them to retire?"

The judge nodded his head and the prisoner went to the woman. He kissed her tenderly on the lips and then he kissed his boy and motioned them to leave. The wife wept freely and her sobbing could be heard through the court-room as she went across the court-yard.

"He intends to confess now," a man said to a woman at his side.

"Yes," she answered in a whisper, "and loved his wife so much that he could not do it before her. He has a good spot in him. He must have been strongly tempted."

The convict put his hand back into the breast of his coat and stood near the judge and jury. There are people living to-day who say that tears were in his eyes.

"You have found me guilty," he began. "I hoped when I had told you with all the earnestness God has given me of my innocence that you would credit me. You have not done so. The world is ready to look upon my child as the offspring of a thief. Ask yourselves in the quiet of your own bedrooms to-night if I am guilty. Something tells me that you will not think so to-morrow—you will know that I stand acquitted."

His words clogged in his throat and he was silent. His hand under his coat seemed to ball itself. Everybody was filled with intense surprise. Was he mad? Had his troubles dethroned his reason? He stepped back a step.

"I have made my last request—you will understand."

With a lightning-quick movement he tore open his coat. A knife blade glittered in the sunlight that streamed in at a window. His arm went from him, as quick as a flash the knife descended upon his breast with a thud that sent a thrill of horror into every heart present. The blood spurted out and dyed the hand that clutched the weapon. He dropped the knife, reeled and fell. They ran to him and tried to stay the blood that was flowing from the gash near his heart, but they saw there was no hope. He was dead.

They bore him from the room. The spectators were awed so that scarce a whisper rose from them.

"The court is adjourned till the afternoon," said the judge, and he went with a pale face and uncertain step through the crowd to the street. The jury did not leave their seats. They sat like twelve statues rep-

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

resenting as many different conceptions of woe. The attorney for the prosecution was elbowing his way through the excited throng.

"Do you think the poor fellow was innocent?" asked a man touching his arm.

"I don't know; don't ask me," replied the attorney with white lips; and he hastened home to his wife and children with such a mien as might have been on a man who believed the world was about to end.

No one was in the court-room except the twelve jurors. They had not exchanged one word with one another. The noon-day sun was shining full into the room. The foreman was the first to break the silence. He passed around some slips of paper.

"For our own satisfaction," said he meaningly, "it might be well for us to know one another's opinion now."

"God knows we owe it to his memory if—if we were mistaken," added a man as he reached for his slip of paper.

"And his wife and child," said another as he wrote on his knee.

The foreman took up the slips and ran over them nervously.

"Not guilty," said he with a groan. And then they dispersed.—Will N. Harben, in *The Epoch*.

**They Did Him Up.**

There are some hundreds, more or less, of smart young men in town who are impressed with the idea that there is nothing that the hard-worked and obliging young ladies at the telephone exchange like so well as flirting with the idiots at the other end of the wires. The crushing rebukes at times administered to the conceited simpletons is as the flame of the candle to the moth, and they live only to tempt fate again. Some time ago there was one of these nice boys who worked in a fruit store across the street from the telephone exchange. He conceived a kind of long-distance infatuation for the young lady who answered the phone, in the store, and poured a stream of silly nothings into her unwilling ear at every opportunity. Finally she resolved to teach him a lesson. One day the young man was talking to the operator, and expressed a violent desire to see her. With much assumed coyness she at length told him she would grant his request. She said if he would gaze at a certain window of the exchange at the hour of high noon she would appear. He would recognize her from the fact that she wore a red dress.

The appointed time came, and the smitten youth planted himself in front of the store and gazed with all his eyes and soul at the window of the telephone exchange. Horrors! Instead of one there were five girls in red dresses smiling down upon him. It was too much and he fled.

It was reported on good authority that the girl who put up the job was not one of the number.—Somerville Journal.

**Carried off the Honors.**

"Did you attend the amateur theatricals last evening?"

"Yes. I came in after the first act."

"They tell me I carried off the honors."

"Very likely you did; at least, someone must have carried them off, for they were conspicuously absent in the last two acts."—Yonkers Gazette.

**Willing to Let Him Have the Earth.**

Mamma (looking up from her novel)—"Jane, what ails Freddy now?"

Jane—"He's crying for the moon, mamma."

Mamma (absorbed in her reading)—"O, well, let the dear have it."—Munsey's Weekly.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine glass Angostura Bitters before meals.



CHESTNUT butts, like milliners, have fall openings.—Rochester Post.

LOTS of things would be different if they were otherwise.—Toronto World.

THE adages of the Indians are all Chickasaws, doubtless.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE green grocer is one who trusts dead-beat customers.—New Orleans Picayune.

NO DOUBT the sporting man always hopes to go to a better land.—Washington Capital.

IN anger the voice is high, in love low, so in this case it is better to be low than high.—Boston Courier.

THERE are many men who contract debts in the East and then go West to settle.—Binghamton Leader.

THE kangaroo can't be a very industrious animal, as he is generally on his last legs.—Binghamton Leader.

PRINTERS are honest people. We have never heard of one of them counterfeiting quoins.—Rochester Post-Express.

HARRY—"Are you singing in the choir now?" Howard—"No, I have joined the church."—Kearney Enterprise.

"HE who hesitates is lost," but the man who bulges right ahead does not always get there.—Yenowine's News.

COFFEE may go up, but the cross-roads variety of parched corn will be as abundant as ever.—Baltimore American.

SPEAKER REED's presence ought to mean harmony, as there is no music so dulcet as a Reed instrument.—Lowell Mail.

AS A rule it is not wise to tell all one knows, though it is always highly expedient to know all one tells.—Troy Times.

"THE bustle is a thing of the past," says a fashion exchange. It always was a little behind.—Binghamton Republican.

BEING asked the name of the world's greatest composer, a smart university young man said: "Chloroform."—Philadelphia Record.

LIFE is very short, but it doesn't seem so when a fellow is waiting for an overdue train at a country railway station.—Somerville Journal.

WE never hear that a singer is to sing a song "by request" that we do not feel that we would like to ask him to prove it.—Atchison Globe.

SPREADING rails and spreading blanket mortgages appear to be the most prolific cause of railroad wrecks nowadays.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE trouble with some theologians is that they think nobody can get into heaven who doesn't have a latch-key.—Burlington Free Press.

A CONSCIENCELESS tenant and a tramp with a ragged coat are very much alike—they are each oblivious of the back rent.—Yonkers Gazette.

"HER feet flew," read Ichabod, but Jonathan spoiled the climax by saying, "Then she must have had soar toes."—Binghamton Republican.

A MAN doesn't really realize how the seconds fly until he sees a detective in hot pursuit of the backers of a prizefight.—Yonkers Statesman.

CHANNEL buoys are professional "floaters." This may account for so many of them being found in the vicinity of harbor bars.—Baltimore American.

A WRITER says that whipping a boy may make him stupid. Perhaps that is true, but we think it is more likely to make him smart.—Chicago Tribune.

THE small boy may occasionally fail in other things, but you can depend upon it that there is one thing he will always do; get to a show in time.—Atchison Globe.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

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ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS  
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**Bob and the Pig's Head.**

Bob, or "Dumpy," as the miners all called him, was one of those fellows who were never abashed at anything. Let him once make up his mind to do a thing and he would go through with it, "if it took a rib," as he said. He was a rotund, but strongly built little bald-pated bachelor, a jolly son of the West, with more circumference than height.

Dumpy and several of his brother miners, took their meals at a private boarding house, the mistress of which merited more renown for her grinding economy than humane, motherly caterings to the palates of her boarders. One Monday morning this excellent landlady cooked a large pig's head—without removing the ears or the eyes. At noon, this savory dish appeared before the miners for the first time. Dumpy and his companions seemed to imbibe a sudden fear of trichinae, for their appetites quarantined against meat forthwith.

Three times a day for a whole week that ghastly, staring head gracing (?) the center of the table on a huge platter, gazed at the men.

"Boys," said Dumpy one day at the table, "shan't I help yer plates to some of the head?"

On all declining his offer, he remarked: "Yer appetites must be on the wane, pards. Er maybe yer tryin' fur to purify yer systems to jine the Adventists who're a-preachin' up at the Fork."

This suggestion provoked a hearty laugh, and at the mines it was told again, and the 'embryo Adventists' were targets for all.

Dumpy soon regretted having made his friends the butt of every joke,—like the pig's head, they were soon stale. He suddenly formed a resolve to banish the objectionable head and turn the joke elsewhere.

Monday, Dumpy walked in to dinner, and before the boarders and the landlady, he addressed the venerably cooked, defunct pig's head as follows: "How do yer do, sir! I ought to know yer; yer face looks familiar; but dang my taller ef I kin call yer name."

The head vanished, and Bob had a vote of thanks and free cigars for a full month.—St. Louis Magazine.

**Got Himself Ready.**

"John Henry," exclaimed the angry wife, "you needn't pretend you're asleep! Now you listen to me. I'm going to give you a piece of my mind!"

"Wait a minute, Serena," said John Henry, as he got out of bed and groped his way to the boot closet.

"What are you doing?" demanded the exasperated Serena.

"I am preparing myself," replied John Henry, and a moment later the famous ex-catcher of the world-renowned champion Sockdolager Base-ball Club had lighted a lamp and was standing in his well-known attitude in the middle of the floor with his old mask, breastpad and leather gloves on.

"Go ahead, Serena," he said calmly.—Chicago Tribune.

**What Drink Has Done.**

Chauncey M. Depew says: "Twenty-five years ago in Peekskill I knew every man, woman and child in that place. And it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them became clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remarkable that every one of those who drank is dead; not one living of my age. Barring a few who were taken off by sickness, every one who proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who were church-going people, who were steady, industrious, and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty, every single one of them, without an exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house, would carry him through many a rainy day."

**In the Adirondacks.**

"You're the most cowardly creature I ever met," sneered the dog to the flying deer.

"True," was the reply, "but I always die game."—Life.

**The Buccaneers of Old**

Flaunted the skull and cross bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate, not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies, skulks under various disguises. His hole and corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the shining mark at which his shafts have been directed. Cheap local bitters, composed of fiery unrectified stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subduer and preventive of disease pursues its successful career, overcoming malaria, dyspepsia, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents.

## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. WM. MOONEY, BRAIDWOOD, ILL.

The subject of this sketch was born at Coatleridge, Lanarkshire, Scotland, in 1841, of Irish parentage. He entered the mines with his father as a worker as soon as he was old enough. In 1865 he came to this country and settled in Pennsylvania. The uncertainty of his calling compelled him to move successively to Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa, finally back to Illinois. After filling minor official positions, he was in 1874 elected to represent Will county in the 29th General Assembly. At the conclusion of his term in the Legislature he applied for admission to the bar, and was accepted, establishing his office at Braidwood, his present residence.

In 1888 he was for the second time elected to the Legislature, and was prominent in several popular measures, among which the most noticeable was the bill compelling employers to pay the attorney's fees of workmen who were compelled to sue them for wages.

Mr. Mooney is an honored member of the Democratic party, respected and admired by all who know him.

### Shaving Under Difficulties.

"The queerest experience I ever had in my life," continued Gus, "was one night about five years ago. I was just quitting work when a messenger came in to say that one of my customers was very ill at his rooms on Dearborn street, and wanted me to go up and shampoo and shave him. I took my tools and bottles, went over and tapped at his door. 'Come in,' he yelled in a voice that struck me as being pretty husky for a sick man's. I walked in, and the fellow immediately locked the door, putting the key in his pocket. This made me nervous, but when he gave a wild whoop I began to shiver and wish I hadn't come.

"The man had the delirium tremens, and a pretty severe dose, too. Well, sir, he kept me there all night, and every time I tried to get out he pulled a big six-shooter and persuaded me to stay a spell longer. First he would have a shave, then he wanted a shampoo, and he kept alternating every five minutes until I was so tired I thought I'd drop. He drank all my bay rum and tackled the shampoo composition until he frothed at the mouth, but that job was too tough even for him, and he threw up. Finally I rubbed his head so much that it quieted

him and he fell asleep. Then I escaped. Two days afterward he sent me a ten-dollar bill, but it didn't begin to pay for the anxiety I suffered on account of that six-shooter. Occasionally a slice of good luck falls our way. Last time Vanderbilt came to Chicago he telegraphed Sam Parker for a parlor room and a barber to be there at 3 o'clock. That job was worth \$5 to me." "Yes," chipped in the man at the next chair, "and Gus blew it all in on the ace."—Chicago Herald.

Athletics at Cornell is the title of an article in March Outing, illustrated from photographs of the 1889 Football Team, the new Gymnasium, 1889 Boat Club, etc. For sale by all newsdealers.

### A Qualified Statement.

"Augustus," said Mrs. Henpeck, severely, "I see a woman down in New Jersey has been convicted of being a common scold. I should like to see any brute of a man try that on me."

"But you are no common scold, Maria," responded Mr. Henpeck, with a sigh. And Mrs. Henpeck is still wondering what he meant.—Life.

If you are tired taking the large, old-fashioned gripping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

### The Engineer's Warning.

"I was on the night run," said the engineer, "and my train was about thirty minutes late. I said to my fireman: 'Keep her hot; I mean to go to meeting point on time.' During the next fifteen minutes I was not long in passing the mile-posts, for my engine flew along at the rate of fifty miles an hour down a long grade as straight as an arrow. Suddenly something struck me in the face, making a slight wound. I slowed down. 'What's that near the furnace door?' I asked of the fireman, pointing to a little bit of white paper lying just at my left.

"The fireman stooped, picked up the paper, and handed it to me. In the dim light of the steam-gauge I read, 'Look out at the river bridge; there's a tie on the track.' Sure enough, just at the entrance to the bridge I found a tie securely fastened across the track. Who put it there? I don't know; but I do know if the author of that message will make himself known to me he may ask me any favor he pleases with the assurance that it will be granted. Where is the piece of paper? My wife, Molly, has it in a gilt frame, hanging over the parlor mantel-piece. Whenever I am out on my run she stands before it and breathes a prayer for my safety. That piece of paper is my mascot, for I've never even been behind time since the night it was thrown into my engine cab."—Brunswick Times.

### 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.

### Born for a Brakeman.

Railroad Superintendent—"I regret that you are incapacitated for further service; but accidents will happen, you know. Do you know of a good man for your place?"

Railroad Brakeman (who had only his thumbs left)—"Yes, sir, I know one who would last you a good deal longer than I did. You'll find him over at the dime museum. He has sixteen fingers."—New York Weekly.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

### She Discriminated.

Mrs. J. (severely)—"John, there is a very strong odor about you."

Mr. J.—"Yes, my dear, I've been eating onions."

Mrs. J.—"You may have the onion breath, John, but you certainly have not the onion walk."—Life.

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GRISWOLD'S ROUND THE WORLD LECTURES.

A. Miner Griswold, of TEXAS SIFTINGS, opens with his humorous illustrated Tour Around the World, at Hardman Hall, Fifth avenue and Nineteenth street, New York, Wednesday evening, March 19, for a season of two weeks (except Sunday nights), varying the lecture and pictures from time to time. He is under the management of Major J. B. Pond, Everett House, New York. The Brooklyn Eagle spoke as follows concerning his recent appearance in that city: "His talk was original and clever and full of bright sayings, and Thomas Worth's cartoons were received with shouts of laughter. Mr. Griswold has a droll way of his own, and he never missed an opportunity to adorn his tale by appropriate applications to the current topics of the day. He has his subject well in hand, and launches bright sallies between chunks of fact, so as to make a very palatable literary sandwich."

Sale of seats for Mr. Griswold's lectures begins at Hardman, Peck & Co's Piano Wareroom, 138 Fifth Avenue, March 12, continuing every day.

It is not at all surprising that The County Fair continues to draw crowded houses at every performance. There has probably never been put upon the stage a more realistic play. An air of country simplicity and home-like ease pervades the entire performance. Neil Burgess has never been seen to greater advantage than in his impersonation of Aunt Abigail Prue. The quartet who sing in the third act are encored frequently. Probably the best thing in the whole play is the race in the fourth act. It requires four tons of machinery and twenty-five men to present this scene. The audience seem to think they are watching a real race, judging by the excitement that reigns supreme. Everybody is held in breathless suspense until the right horse forges ahead, then there is a storm of applause that is flattering to both the actors and manager. The County Fair will remain at the Union Square Theatre for the rest of the present season, and will probably open there early next season. Out-of-town people visiting New York, and who are at a loss to know what play to see, could not do better than begin at The County Fair.

Ladies should read Outing for March. Margaret Bisland describes therein in a pleasant way a lady's horseback ride through the South. Short stories, etc.

**Quick Work.**

"And to think," said he as he pressed her little hand, "to think that I never saw you before to-night."

"It is sudden," she answered, "but then—"

"Yes," he said, impulsively, "it is the old, old story—the old, old story of love at first sight."

"And added to that," she gurgled, "my being a widow."—Boston Courier.

For beauty, for comfort, for improvement of the complexion, use only Pozzoni's Powder; there is nothing equal to it.

**The Prudent Drummer.**

They put me next to a drummer at the St. Charles Hotel in New Orleans, and as I was unlocking the door about ten o'clock at night he came down the hall and asked:

"Well, have you located 'em?"

"What?"

"The fire escapes."

"No. I never attend to such things."

"You don't? Well, you are in for a roasting some night. I never go to bed in a hotel until after I have located every stairway and fire escape. If there was to be an alarm here to-night I could jump out of bed with the fullest confidence of saving myself. See here a minute."

And he took me into his room and produced from his trunk a fire escape made of ropes, and explained:

"Should I happen to be cut off from the stairs or escapes here is my other chance. I catch this hook on the window-sill, so, throw the rope out, so, and I can lower myself fifty feet in forty seconds."

We had been in bed about two hours when I was awakened by the odor of smoke, and was hardly on my feet when a gong sounded, and there were shouts of "Fire!" The smoke was so thin that I knew the danger was yet afar off and began dressing. While so engaged I heard the drummer cantering up and down the hall, shouting "Fire!" at the top of his voice. When I finally got out I found him jammed into a linen closet half way down the hall and crying like a child. His rope escape hung on the wirework of the elevator, and he had made a bundle of his clothes and flung them over a transom into another room. The fire was out by the time I was dressed, and when the watchman who was going about to quiet the people reached our hall the drummer clasped him around the neck and shouted:

"Say! say! Show me the way down stairs and I'll give you a million dollars—yes, twenty millions!"—New York Sun.

**Insurance Catechism.**

Regular Subscriber writes to the Toledo Blade to inquire "What shall I do to obtain a life insurance policy?"

The insurance policy is a vain thing to fool with, replies the Blade. If you are thinking of providing against death by spending all your money for insurance, and thus being left with nothing upon which to live, it will be only necessary for you to casually mention the fact in order to draw down upon you a cohort or two of insurance agents who are ready to insure your life for practically nothing. However, before doing this, it would be well for you to run over the list of questions I have appended, and if you can answer them acceptably you may take out a policy and go into liquidation.

These questions are the principal ones that will be asked:

What is your name, full or sober?

Give your name at last birthday. If born Feb. 29 don't endeavor to work off one birthday every four years on the agent. Your agent reckoned in that manner.

What is your father's name, at home or abroad?

Are you married or single, or both?

Do you use finecut or plug?

Have you ever had chilblains in your family?

Have you ever had free trade on the brain?

Has your family ever had anything on the brain, such as thoughts, opinions, or any other evidences of expulsion from society?

Were you ever subpoenaed before the grand jury?

Give the color of the eyes of each mem-

**PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL**  
**THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX**

For Biliary and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."—BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

**WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;** they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, (if your druggist does not keep them.)

**WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.**

ber of your family, as far back as your knowledge goes.

Do you smoke cigarettes, or have you always been considered sane?

Do you say eyether or either?

How do you pronounce "Caliope?"

How long was your father confined in the penitentiary, if any?

What do you think of the De Vere case on the whole?

Where did you get that hat?

By answering these few interrogations you will be ready to have the physician disarrange your clothing in making the medical examination, and be considered a proper candidate for admission into the society of the insured.

**Humorous Writing.**

Here are some good thoughts on humor in literature. They are from the pen of Richard Lew Dawson, and taken from a recent number of the Writer. He says: "Humor is as intellectual a quality as argument, as pure as poetry, and as strong and brilliant as both. Is it any wonder that cultivated people intensely enjoy dialect delineation, or that it vividly impresses people who are unappreciative of artistic and poetic effects produced by the ordinary methods? To make merry—here is the index of happiness! What if we had to endure eternally the tomb-like gloom and silence of a deep forest, however sweet and grand its seclusion! We need sunshine, sparkling leaves, rippling waters, chirping birds! These are the humor of nature! We need more cheering humor even than poetry, that our cheeks may not blanch, our eyes grow dim, and our hair bleach before their time! The fool may sometimes cut a grotesque figure in literature, but he is like the flash of the sabre, the bird-note of the woods, the wave-motion of the sea; and if a vigorous American literature is to live and grow, the red blood in its arteries must be drawn from the comic channels of life."

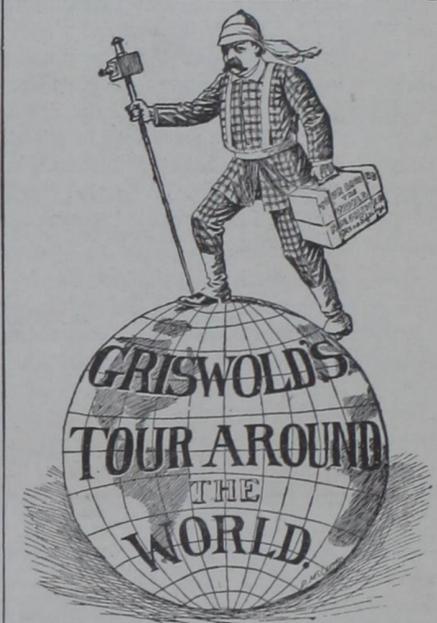
The above are some good body blows delivered at those literary dudes, erstwhile called critics, who are so exquisitely stupid as to rail at dialect humor, no matter whether found in Riley's inimitable Hoosier verse, M. Quad's Lime Kiln club sketches, or Read's quaint pictures of Southern life and character.

There is too much dress parade writing and not enough of that free and easy sketch work which portrays so truthfully the life and character, the habits of thought, and the every-day life of the humbler classes.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

**Modern Definitions.**

Dolce far niente: laziness. Ennui: ill temper. On dit: pure scandal. Requiescat in pace: he left a good-sized fortune. (Next!)—St. Louis Magazine.

THE bald-headed man has one comfort. No one can accuse him of being hair-brained.—Binghamton Republican.



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**DO YOU WANT TO GO?**  
**Money, Watches and Solid Gold Rings Given Away!!!**

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REMEMBER the above presents are absolutely given away by a responsible firm, and a full list of the persons receiving our gifts, with their addresses, will be printed immediately after May 31st, 1890 and sent to each person who participates in this contest. This offer is made solely to ADVERTISE DR. HOBBS' CELEBRATED REMEDIES, and is a part of a plan to distribute \$10,000 among our customers. Dr. Hobbs' Handbook of Useful Information sent to each person ordering one or more vials of pills. We send pills to any address by mail. This advertisement will not appear again. Agents Wanted. These pills should be in every family. If you are bilious you need them. Address, Hobbs' Medicine Co., 407 to 415 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

## LITERARY



In Outing for March the Theory and Practice of Boxing are dilated upon by A. Austin. The illustrations that accompany the article are very striking. When a boxer isn't striking another boxer he strikes an attitude. Our Home-made trip to England is a breezy article, by Philo C. Darrow. W. R. Hamilton writes of Creedmoor and the National Guard. Creedmoor is a target range about fifteen miles north-east of Brooklyn, on Long Island. It embraces ninety acres. The establishment of Creedmoor range was the forerunner of National Guard rifle practice throughout the State of New York. There were not a hundred riflemen in the National Guard when this practice began in 1873; now there are fifty-two hundred men entitled to rank as marksmen.

The opening article in the Atlantic for March is a paper upon the Trials, Opinions and death of Giordano Bruno, by William R. Thayer. Bruno was the Dominican monk turned Calvinist, whom the Inquisition burned at Rome in the year 1600. The recent erection of a monument in Rome to the memory of Bruno has excited much discussion of his life and writings, both among friends and foes. Charles Worcester Clark writes on Woman's Suffrage, Pro and Con. Those who are not in favor of the Pro may console themselves with the Con. Loitering through the Paris Exposition is a very interesting paper. The various nationalities seen there are well described. Dr. Holmes is particularly amusing in Over the Teacups, and seems to wish that people would write less poetry. He closes with some odd verses on the rage for scribbling. Mr. James' story and Mr. Bynner's serial are continued, and Mrs. Deland allows her hero, from conscientious scruples, to decline to save a drowning woman—a novel position for a hero! The reviews, clever, as usual, bring this well composed number of the magazine to an end.

## The Engine of Civilization.

Great Editor (severely)—“There was no base-ball news in the paper to-day.”

Local Man—“But, sir, base-ball isn't played in the winter, and I've exhausted all the new club rumors, new association fakes, and reports of possible changes of one sort and another. There isn't a scrap more I can get hold of.”

“Then print the old scraps over again. You don't suppose I want to lose all my subscribers, do you?”—New York Weekly.

## Then They're Worth About Ten Cents.

The Boston Globe thinks a man shouldn't be ridiculed for bringing a suit for \$10,000 for the alienation of his wife's affections. It asks: “Aren't a wife's affections worth \$10,000?” They are provided they cannot be alienated by another man.—Norristown Herald.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowiness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

## Self-Evident.

Attorney—“Now, sir, where did you reside before you came to this place?”

Possible juror—“In Boston.”

Attorney—“Allow me to inquire if you have permitted yourself to harbor or to give oral utterance to any impression you may have received or imbibed subjectively anent the peccability or innocuousness of the accused?”

Possible juror—“Eh—what? I don't understand.”

Attorney (to the court)—“Your Honor, I challenge this juror for cause. He is evidently an impostor.”—Chicago Tribune.

## 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 5:45 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 at 3:00 p. m. from Chambers St. Ferry. Do not fail to take the Erie Railway limited, if you wish to travel with speed, safety and comfort. G.

## A Busy Book Agent.

We were visiting at a ranch about six miles out of Dennison, Tex., and one day there were five or six people on the veranda, when a man on a mule came along and halted and introduced himself as a book agent. While his prospectus was being passed around he took a chair, lifted his feet to the railing, and lighted a cigar for a smoke. He was quite a little apart from the rest, and at the end of the veranda, the floor of which was almost flush with the earth. At his right hand, and only two feet away, was a rose bush. Without being observed by the man, the colonel detached himself from the group and entered the house. There was an open window right back of the agent, and the colonel appeared in this and commanded: “Let no one move for his life until I get a gun! A rattlesnake has crept out of the rose bush under the stranger's chair and is coiled to strike!”

We all looked that way, and nothing was to be seen, but as each one understood the colonel's game, we acted, so far as looks were concerned, as if a serpent was in plain view. The agent never flinched in the slightest. He was looking away down the road, and he kept his eyes there as he observed:

“Durn my luck, but I'm allus running up agin snaix! How big is this feller?”

“He's a whopper,” answered one of us.

“And this is August, when they are half blind and the most deadly?”

“Yes.”

“Did the kurnel say he was going after his shooter?”

“Yes.”

“How long will it take him?”

“About ten minutes, but maybe fifteen.”

“Humph! Well, gents, I'm a busy man and I can't afford to lose no fifteen minutes. You jess pass that prospectus around and git ready to give me your orders, and I'll try and catch a little wink

o' sleep while waiting for the kurnel to pop this durned viper!”

And sure's I'm a living man he settled down in his chair to woo the drowsy god, and I'd bet a thousand to one that he felt sure the snake was there, just as we pretended.—New York Sun.

## Appreciated the Information.

A man came limping down the road. An old negro stood near a fence cleaning out an army gun.

“Look here, you careless old fool, you shot me just now.”

“How's dat, sah?” the negro replied, looking up in surprise.

“I say that while you were over in that field, wasting your ammunition at those sparrows, you shot me; that's what I said.”

“Shot you? How I shoot you?”

“Shot me with that infernal old gun by carelessness, that's how.”

“Whar I hit you?”

“In the calf of this leg.”

“Hit you sho 'nuff, did I?”

“Of course you did.”

“Was de shot buried in yo' laig, sah?”

“Went nearly through, you old fool; but what difference does that make?”

“Er good 'eal o' diffunce wid me, sah. I had gunter b'lebe dat dis ole gun wouldn't stick shot in de saft side o' er middlin' o' meat, an' I wuz er 'bout ter sell it, 'caze I been bangin' an' er bangin' roun' wid it an' not killin' nothin', but ef you is sho dat de shot went mighty nigh through yo' laig, wy de gun is so much er 'cout, sah, dat I don't b'lebe I sell it. Much er bleegeed, sah, fur de infermation what you's fotch me.”—Arkansaw Traveler.

## 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.

## Up Hill, Every Time!

Prudent Sister—“If you marry that poor girl, George, you will find matrimony decidedly up-hill work.”

George—“Well, what of it, sis? I'd rather go up-hill than down-hill by a great sight!”—St. Louis Magazine.



**Radway's**  
**READY RELIEF**  
Price 50 Cts.  
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL  
Instantly Stop Pain  
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL  
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS  
& MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.  
Radway & Co.

A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

**DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.**  
Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

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

## Catarrh

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

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

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

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

## JEWELRY.



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JOHN MILLARD writes from Odensburg, Ind., Nov. 25.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy monotache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.



ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. Its bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times the amount. Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

SOLD TO STRANGERS.



The worn-out blinds hang loosely,  
The paint is nearly gone,  
The creaking gate swings idly,  
The old place looks forlorn;  
The myrtle mound is grass-grown,  
That blossomed years ago,  
And one by one have vanished  
The flowers I used to know.

The ancient tree whose cherries  
Rejoiced my childish heart,  
Stands leafless, grim and groaning;  
The arbor's dropped apart—  
That arbor in the garden  
Where honeysuckle twined;  
The once broad path that leads there  
Is now but ill defined.

The dear, quaint, old mansion,  
It held our kith and kin  
For eighty years and over,  
Till they were gathered in.  
And now it goes to strangers;  
Its glories all are fled  
Since those who built the hearth-fire  
Are numbered with the dead;

While we who loved it fondly  
Must give a parting sigh,  
A farewell look, and sadly,  
Forever pass it by.  
And still the fragrant lilies  
May bloom beside the door,  
But strangers' footsteps echo  
Across the oaken floor.

—Boston Transcript.

NOT TO MENTION SNAKE BITES.

Most men their fellows to hoodwink  
Invent all sorts of quirks and ruses;  
Thus every time they want a drink  
Their aches and ails are their excuses.

—Exchange.

MASH.

"How dare you treat me thus?" he wrote,  
"You saucy little shrew!  
To call me small potatoes just  
Because I'm mashed on you."

She seized the pen in willful mood,  
And these lines off she dashed:  
"The smaller the potatoes are  
The easier they're mashed."

—Exchange.

SLEIGHING AT LAST.

Away to the Mill Dam goes trotter and sleigh,  
The latter containing folks buoyant and gay;  
At last is the ground spread with carpet of snow,  
And tinkling their pleasure the merry bells go;  
At last does the stableman's face wear a smile,  
Supplanting the gloom resting there a long while.

The man who is wise and who knows the full range  
Of climate like ours that's so famous for change,  
While sleighing a pleasure complete only feels  
When stored is his sleigh in a full set of wheels.  
Such foresight may hamper the speed on the track  
But often 'tis helpful, indeed, coming back.

—Boston Budget.

WHAT THEY WILL US.

A large crop of ice has been stored,  
But the icemen will say by and by  
The winter was open and so  
The price will next summer be high.

When the winter is cold from the fall  
To the spring, and thick is the ice,  
'Tis harder to cut than when it is thin,  
And this, too, increases the price.

So take it however you will,  
Still played is the annual game,  
The crop may be large or be small,  
The public is skinned all the same.

—Boston Courier.

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,

Her Nephew Joshua.

"Madam," said the conductor, as he came along to the old lady who had a good-sized chunk of a boy seated beside her, "if that boy is over five years of age you will have to pay half fare."

"He is my grandson, he is, she explained, "and I'm taking him home to stay with me for a few weeks. His mother hasn't been a bit well this 'hull summer, and—"

"He is certainly eight or nine years old," interrupted the conductor.

"And, as I was saying, she's tried almost everything and hasn't got no benefit. I recommended June weed tea, and she drank as much as six gallons afore she quit. She then—"

"Half fare, madam!"

"Yes, but I wanted to say that I then told her she'd better have William go to the woods and dig some sarsaparilly root and bile it up. That's an old stand-by with all the Johnsons. Bile it down to about a gallon, and then add a pint of whisky, and keep—"

"Madam, I'm in a hurry!" sharply interrupted the official.

"Yes, but I want to tell you. You may git a poor spell some time and want something to brace you. The Johnsons have used sarsaparilly for upward of forty years, and if it's rightly prepared it has no ekal. After you put in the whisky you want to keep it in a cool place. I s'pose you've got a cellar in your house, haven't you? If you han't—"

"Bub, how old are you?" asked the conductor, as he turned to the child.

"His name is Joshua," she explained as she patted him on the head. "His mother kinder wanted to call him Lincoln or Garfield, but I hung out for the old-fashioned names. It was a close shave between Joshua or Obediah, but Joshua came in ahead. Biblical names, you know, while Obediah was of no perticklar account. If I remember right Obediah fiddled while Jerusalem was burnin' up. Joshua, spell dog for the gentleman."

"D-o-g," announced the child in loud tones.

"La! but isn't he smart!" exclaimed grandma, as she patted him again.

"Madam," said the conductor, making one last effort, "the rules of the road bind me to collect fares whenever they are due. This boy—"

"As I was saying, he will stay with me about four weeks," she interrupted.

"He's had a kind of rash breaking out on him by spells for the last three months, and I'm going to have him try buttermilk for it. The Johnsons have allus sot store by buttermilk; et's almost as good as—"

He turned and passed on to the next, outwinded and discouraged, and she snuggled the boy up and said:

"Now, Josh, you kin go to sleep for an hour, and when you wake up I'll give ye a biled egg and a cookie."—New York Sun.

Did you notice that fine head of hair at church last Sunday? That was Mrs. B—. She never permits herself to be out of Hall's Hair Renewer.

Phrenological Item.

Wibble—"Do you believe that fullness under the eyes denotes language, as the phrenologists claim?"

Wabble—"Yes, I think it does. Generally, the fuller a man gets the more he talks."—Terre Haute Express.

Catarrh Cured.

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

He Took No Chances.

A certain conductor, before he was married, took his best girl out to dine. He didn't have much money that day, so he felt nervous. He thought he would give her a beer to start on, so he handed her a bill of fare and invited her to guess what she was going to have to drink. The girl read it over carefully and finally said:

"Ed, dear, I guess I'll take champagne."

Ed looked up almost paralyzed, then murmured:

"Wrong, darling, this time; guess again."

Then, without waiting to take any more chances, he sung out:

"Two beers!"—N. Y. Dispatch.

Its Slow Growth.

Sleeping Car Porter—"Is this your pocket-book, sir?"

Passenger (opening it, examining contents and extracting ten-cent piece)—"Yes, thanks. Here is something to reward you for your honesty."

Porter (cheerily)—"Oh, I don't want any reward. Getting many subscriptions for that Grant monument fund in your city these days?"—Chicago Tribune.

All Editors Know How to Swear.

Judge—"Do you fully understand the nature of an oath?"

Witness—"I think I understand the form of an oath, yes, sir."

"Will you please answer my question as to your understanding the nature of an oath?"

"If you please, I am an affidavit editor."—Terre Haute Express.

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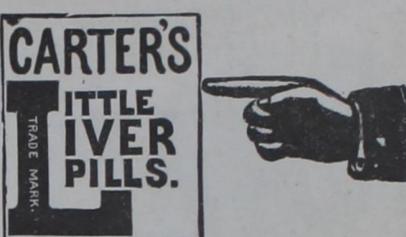
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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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## The Alfred Jewel.



One of the most elegant and curious relics of Anglo-Saxon England is the Alfred jewel, so called from the inscription *Alfred me haet gewercan*—"Alfred had me worked," which, from its richness, justifies the belief that it was made under the eye of the great king himself. The lower end is formed into the head of a griffin, a national emblem of the Saxons. It holds in its mouth a sort of a tube crossed by a pin, by which it was, doubtless, suspended to a chain.

The figure is not definite enough, and has no symbol to identify the person intended with any certainty, and may well be Alfred himself.

This beautiful specimen of Anglo-Saxon work was found in 1693, at Newton Park, a short distance from the sight of Ethelney Abbey, in Somershire, near the junction of the rivers Parret and Thone. It is now preserved in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford.

The peculiar characteristics of Anglo-Saxon art, in which traces of Irish teaching are evident in the fondness for interlacing especially, are shown clearly in this most interesting relic of the heroic conqueror of the Danes.—Exchange.

## Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Modest men, in trying tew be impudent, alwus git sassy.

Coquetts often beat up the game, while the prudes bag it.

There iz only one ekscuse for impudence, and that iz ignorance.

How menny people thare are whoze souls lay in them like the pith in a goose quill.

Reputashun iz like money—the principal iz often lost by putting it out at interest.

Thare are menny who are kut out for smart men, but who won't pay for making up.

Envy iz an insult tew a man's good sense; for envy iz the pain we feel at the excellencies ov others.

Jealousy iz nothing more than vanity, for if we love another more than we do ourselves, we shan't be jealous.

I don't pretend tew have enny less vile pashuns than my nabors, but I despize the person, most heartily, who katers tew thoze I have got.

Thare iz lots ov pholks in this world who, rather than not find enny fault at all, wouldn't hisitate tew say tew an angle worm that hiz tail waz altogether too long for the rest ov hiz boddy.

I hav finally cum tew the konklusion that the majority ov mankind kan be edukated on the back better than in the brain; for good clothes will often make a phool respectable, while edukashun only serves tew show hiz weak pints.—New York Weekly.

All who are interested in Boxing should read *Outing* for March. It contains an illustrated article on this popular sport, articles on Hunting, etc.

## The Learned Newsboy.

"Holy Cat! Git onto Swipsey, will yer? Where did yer git dem togs? Where did yer git—"

At this point in his song, the learned newsboy was interrupted by Swipsey.

"Come off de roof, will yer? I ain't no guy, I ain't. Ef er feller gits er noo lay-out o' clo'es, some blokeys wot don't wear no'tin' but er lot er holes sewed togedder, t'inks dat he mus' be er museum freak."

The fat boy—"On de level now, Swipsey, where was de fire?"

Freckles—"Did yer git dem off er tree? Tell us, will yer? An' I'll go an' pluck er suit."

The learned one—"Solomon in all his glory wasn't togged out like dis."

"Youse ducks t'inks yerself funny, don't youse? Youse ducks is ez funny ez er Chinese fun'ral, youse is. I don't care erbout no Solomon or any odder bloke; See?" (Swipsey was evidently indignant.)

"I's sorry dat yer don't care fer Solomon," said the learned one. "But den, Solomon won't min' dat. Dat is I don't t'ink he will."

"Who's Solomon, anyhow?" asked Swipsey, sullenly.

"Solomon, my t'ick an' benighted frien', ain't not; he was. He hez been dead long enough ter be cold. Solomon was er king wot was so wise dat he lied over er hundred wives an' handled dem all widout ever gitting pinched an yanked before de judge fer domestic infelic'ty."

"Come ergen." (This from Freckles.)

Freckles got a look of withering contempt and the learned one continued:

"Ter show yer how much dat blokey, Solomon, knowed, ne hed two women before him onct wot bot' sed dat er kid dey hed wid dem belonged ter dem. Solomon didn't know wich was de mudder o' de kid, so wot's he do but hol' de kid up and t'reaten ter cut it inter two pieces and gib each o' de women er half. Dat settled de biz. De real mudder squealed and tol' Solomon not ter cut de baby, but gib it ter de odder woman sooner dan 'till it. Dat was de way Solomon foun' out wot was de real mudder. See?"

"Der wasn't no flies on dat, was der?" put in the fat boy, emphatically.

"Not none," assented Freckles.

"It was him wot builded de great temple, an' dere he showed dat he was er loo loo. In de Koran an' de Chronicle o' Tabari dere's er story wot sez dat Solomon got de genii—"

Freckles—"Wot's de genii?"

The learned one—"Dey's fo'kes wot kin do anyting ef yer kin fin' deman' git dem ter do it. Yer don' see 'em or feel 'em, but dey git dere all de same; dat is dey useter, but I ain't heard er any bein' in Philadelphia."

"Not in de Dime?" asked the fat boy.

"De Dime don' hev everything, yer jay," replied the learned one. "Ez I was er sayin', Solomon got de genii ter build de temple, an' while dey was er buildin' it he foun' dat he was er goin' ter croak. He knowed dat ef de genii got onto dis dey would quit work ez soon ez he got pale. Solomon was er cagey bloke, he was. Dere wasn't no bugs on him. He was dead onto the genii, an' dey couldn' play him fer no chump."

Swipsey—"Wot was de matter wid de genii goin' on er strike? Didn't dey have no union?"

"Swipsey," said the learned one, impressively, "since yer got dem togs yer er puttin on more lugs dan a ole woman wid er noo set o' brass teeth."

"Yes, I am." (Swipsey apparently did not agree with the other.)

"So dat de genii'd keep on de job w'en he was er stiff, Solomon cut er stick

in his garden, an' strikin' er posish like this—"

Here the learned one assumed an attitude something similar to the stage lover struck with remorse.

Swipsey—"He must er had a pain ef he looked like dat."

"W'en he got hisself fixed right," resumed the learned one, without noticing Swipsey's remark, "Solomon jes' bowed his head an' give up de ghost. De body kep' stan'in' in de same posish fer er whole year an' in dat time de temple was done. De fellers wot seed him stan'in' dere t'ought dat he was meditat'in' an' wouldn't say not'in' to him. Dere was a little red mouse wot all de time was er chewin' erway on de stick wot Solomon's stiff was er leanin' on, an' at de end o' de year de stick was chewed so much dat it broke an' de stiff tumbled to de floor. Dat was how dey knowed dat Solomon hed beer er corpse all de time."

"Wot was de matter wid de coroner? Where did he come in?" asked Freckles.

"He wasn't in dis."

Swipsey—"You're a good one. You're a dandy, you is."

"The learned one—"Perhaps yer don't take dat story in."

"Naw, I don'."

"Well, yer don' have ter; see?"

"Dat's what I t'ought."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

## Cause of Monotony.

Editor—"Mr. Paragraph, I wish you wouldn't write so many jokes about men who can't pay their bills; they are funny enough in a way, but so many of them are a little monotonous. Can't you get your mind on some other subject?"

Mr. Paragraph (thoughtfully)—"Perhaps I could—if I had a little larger salary."—New York Weekly.

## Ready to Poker Little Fun at Her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones, struggling with a pot of jam at the dinner table the other day, "see if you can open this pot."

"Not with my luck," murmured Mr. Jones, who had been sitting up the night before with a sick friend. "I'll pass it blind," and he sighed dejectedly behind his newspaper.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

## He Used Big Words.

Lawyer—"Well, proceed."

Witness—"The plaintiff resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence—"

The Judge (interrupting)—"For the benefit of the jury, state in plainer language exactly what you mean by that."

Witness—"Well, my exact meaning is—that he lied!"—St. Louis Magazine.

THE Chinese always begin the new year by paying their debts. What a heathenish custom!—Milwaukee Journal.

## Another Piece Paid.

Another couple of lucky investors arrived in the city yesterday. They were two young men named John D. Mayfield, a private banker and secretary of the Texas Savings Loan Association of Waco, Tex., and his book-keeper, Mr. Ed. C. Himstedt. They were accompanied by their friend, Mr. J. A. Van Etten of Little Rock, Ark., where Messrs. Mayfield and Himstedt formerly resided. Messrs. Mayfield and Himstedt were co-partners in one-twentieth of ticket No. 64,385, which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000, in the February drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and on the presentation of the ticket at the office of the Lottery Company were promptly given a check on the New Orleans National Bank for \$15,000. Two-thirds of the prize was owned by Mr. Himstedt, and his employer gave him a certificate of deposit for \$10,000 before the ticket was cashed. Both gentlemen will remain in the city to witness the carnival and will leave for home on Wednesday next.—New Orleans *Picayune*, February 16.

Good morning  
Have you used  
**PEARS' SOAP?**

## Emerson on Newspaper Reading.

The following is from "Emerson's Talks with a College Boy," in the *Century*:

"Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression, and so to improve style. They are to occupy, during your generation a large share of attention." (This was said nearly a quarter of a century ago. It was as if he saw ahead the blanket editions.) "And the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get *their* best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read them when the mind is creative. And do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. And even if you find yourself interested in the selections, you cannot use them, because the original source is not of reference. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, I died the day it was born. The genuine news is what you want, and practice quick searches in it. Give yourself only so many minutes for the paper. Then you will learn to avoid the premature reports and anticipations, and the stuff put in for people who have nothing to think."

## He Saw Snakes.

"Ma," said a youngster, "was pa to the dime museum last night?"

"My son, why that question?"

"Because I heard you ask him if he had seen the snakes when he was comin' upstairs to bed this morning."—St. Louis Magazine.

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