

Texas Siftings.

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THE DISCOMFITED DUDE.

A dude, got up in English style,
Rode in a railroad car,
And wore a supercilious smile,
As haughty as a Czar.
But when a colored lady came
With parrot, babe and grip,
And let her wide and massive frame
Beside the fellow slip,
His dignity received a shock
Too deep for words to tell,
For people of the colored stock
He did not like so well.

And when the lady placed her child
Between her and the dude,
The infant seemed quite reconciled,
But acted rather rude;
When Polly asked, in loudest tone,
"Where did you get that hat?"
The dude, who knew she meant his own,
Grew spell-bound where he sat.
His smile grew fainter as he heard
The passengers' elation,
He quit the car, the coon and bird,
At the next stopping station.



Texas Siftings.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

THERE's the Mississippi rising, and the Ohio Raisin, too.

DUNN & Co. quite appropriately report concerns that are done.

EDUCATION obtained in a deaf and dumb institute is more or less deaf-ective.

It is safer for a robber to go through a train than for a train to go through a bridge.

If Berry Wall should die what would New York letter-writers have to write about?

THE medical expert in a murder trial is generally introduced to confuse the jurymen.

EXPRESS trains may run by electric power some day; many of them go like lightning now.

SOME men are so accustomed to bolting a nomination that they finally come to bolt their food.

WHEN an express train, running at a high rate of speed, leaves the rails, it rarely leaves much else.

WHEN an important man dies he leaves a void, but he wouldn't if it was something that he could avoid.

THE poet soars, says Byron. He does indeed; and he's sore's the old Harry when his verses are rejected.

A SETTLER on the Cherokee land who got away minus his clothes, says he has had all he wants of the Cherokee Strip.

GEORGE WASHINGTON was worth nearly a million of dollars, yet he wasn't able to buy a two-cent stamp with his portrait on it.

THERE is a merchant in a Texas town whose name is Lonely, and it is an appropriate name, too, for he doesn't advertise.

THE man who, claiming to have been a mason once, pretends to expose the secrets of the order, only exposes himself—to scorn and contempt.

HARRISON is investing money in the capital of Indiana, but it is small in comparison to the amount Dudley invested in that State in order to elect him.

A PECULIAR case of intimidation is reported from Florida, where the Democratic candidate broke up an opposition meeting by inviting the spell-bound crowd to accompany him to a neighboring grocery.

HERBERT WARD, in his article on The Congo Savages, in Scribner's for February, states that "Lieut. Jaunsen was unfortunately drowned in the autumn of 1883." Wonder if Mr. Ward ever heard of any one being fortunately drowned.

TIME was in this country when a preacher who pitched into the Catholic Church from his pulpit, wasn't compelled the next day to apologize and lay it to an overdose of quinine, as Dr. Lorimer did at Holyoke, Mass., recently. The spirit of tolerance in religious matters is growing.

THE OLD-FASHIONED FAMILY JAR.

My old man an' I've had a sad fallin' out,
An' just about nothin' worth talkin' about;
At dinner he looked at the bread with a frown,
An' said it was burnt, when 'twas only done brown.

Now I've been housekeepin' so long, I have learnt
As well as he has, when my cookin' gets burnt;
He don't need to fuss about nothin', I think,
As if all he cared for was vittles an' drink.

Most folks, nowadays, as a matter of course,
Get mad as a hornet, then get a divorce;
I'll do no such thing, but I'll soon let him see
He don't gain a cent's worth by fussin' with me.

He'll find what burnt bread means, next week, to his sorrow;
He does hate biled onions; I'll cook some to-morrow;
I won't say a word to make talk in the town,
But I'll learn my old man when cookin's done brown.

M. A. B.

DIFFERENT TYPES OF INDIANS.

In America the Indians have been extraordinarily quiet of late. Some optimists even hope that the Indian will cease to go on the war-path and become a good and useful citizen without the white man being obliged, as heretofore, to pump him full of lead, as a preliminary step. We are told by some expert philanthropists that there are two distinct types of Indians, the wild, dangerous Indians, and the good, tame Indians. It seems then to be with Indians as it is with wasps; it is only the female wasp that stings. The male wasp is a benevolent sort of an insect that has no sting. But it requires a very experienced eye to determine which is the wasp with the sting. Both sexes wear the same style of polonaise, and look as much alike as twins. The only sure way to find out is to catch a wasp. If it stings it is not a gentleman wasp, but a lady wasp. That is the way our troops find out whether the Indians are hostile or otherwise.

HOW THE SPIRITS DRESS.

A noted spiritualistic clairvoyant explains that the spirit after death is not clothed in external garments fashioned as earthly garments are, but affectionate spirits, who are in sympathy, gather around and adjust the raiment. When those spirits gather around the new arrival, and undertake to properly adjust his raiment, our advice to the new arrival is not to have any loose change in his pockets, and not to have his watch with him, for if the spiritual mediums in heaven have not changed from what most of them were in this world, such unconsidered trifles as money and jewelry will vanish as if by magic. Of course, the new arrival will not tell the friendly spirits who gather around him to adjust his raiment that he is afraid they will inadvertently run their hands into his pockets. The new arrival, however, can hint to the affectionate spirits in a delicate manner, that he would prefer that they would not adjust his raiment for him, as he is ticklish and can't stand to have a stranger buttoning his garments.



GEMS FROM THE OPERA.

JOHNNY FEEDHARD (at a bone)—O, hear me gnaw, ma!

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

But was he so very poor, come to think? He had an island pretty much to himself. He wasn't compelled to work more than eight hours a day, and could lay off whenever he felt like it without having his wages docked. He could hold an election as it suited him, electing himself to all the offices. No Sunday laws interfered with his enjoying himself, and he didn't have to sit on juries. He wasn't pestered with borrowers, or peddlers of tickets for church festivals, and no subscription paper was ever presented to him. He was monarch of all he surveyed, whenever he took his theodolite and went on a surveying trip. Whether or not he was a skillful boxer I can't say, because his "right" there was none to dispute. Couldn't get any foul licks in on him, though, for he was "Lord of the fowl"—and the brute knew it. Poor, indeed! So far as Juan Fernandez was concerned Crusoe was the boss.

GOOD ADVICE.

Activity is the watchword of the present century. "Motion is necessary to advancement" seems to be the basis of the proverb of the day. Time is precious, life short, and consequently one must not lose a single minute. Never put off until to-morrow what can be done to-day, otherwise they are liable to attach your trunk for the amount, and make you shoulder the court costs. This last remark is intended for the benefit of such of our readers as may happen to be theatrical people. We see every day evidence of the fact that we must be up and doing. For instance, funerals cost now three times as much as they did forty years ago. Herein we see new proof of the un wisdom of procrastination. Think, improvident reader, how much you might have saved had you mortalled off your cuffed shoil forty years ago! However, we should not move too fast. Precipitancy is the curse of the impulsive. Those who act first and think afterwards are sure to come to evil. Always spit on the stove lifter before you attempt to remove the lid. Use deliberation in whatever you do. Do not sit down hard on the upturned tack, but rather hover over it for a while like a butterfly over a flower.

PERHAPS.

There may come a time when New York will have clean streets. When the millions contributed by taxpayers to make this a city fit for white men to live in, shall be applied for that purpose—or at least a part of it. When it shall be possible to ride from down-town to Harlem without standing up all the way, holding on to a strap. When a parallel street to Broadway shall be cut through for the accommodation of the vast amount of drayage and heavy hauling that business requires. Then Broadway can be made a decent thoroughfare, and pedestrians shall be able to cross it without endangering their lives. There may come a time when New York will be sufficiently liberalized and enlightened to open her libraries, museums and art galleries to the people on Sunday. When a reasonable license law will be enacted, that will largely diminish the number of grog shops, and put the traffic under restrictions that may be enforced. When there will be authoritative inspection of wines and liquors sold to the public, and the man who sells an adulterated or poisonous article be punished as severely, at least, as the individual who peddles watered milk or tainted fish and beef. But we are afraid we shall not live to see the day.

CARS FOR LADIES DEMANDED.

A lady correspondent writing to the World, asks why some cars on the elevated roads cannot be set apart exclusively for ladies. So they might, if the managers of those roads had any disposition to accommodate, which they have not. Their entire aim is to squeeze as many people into a car as possible, regardless of the comfort of their patrons. Their employes, who stand on the platforms and shout unintelligible jargon on approaching a station, are encouraged to accelerate the cramming business, by such cries as "Move up a little further." "Plenty of room in the middle of the car," when the space is already crowded to suffocation. The insolence of these conductors is a reflection of the grasping disposition of their masters. When will the people of New York refuse to be crowded into cars like cattle in a cattle train? At certain hours of the day cars should be set apart for women, in order that they may be spared the indecent crowding to which they are at present subjected by burly, selfish men.

A hand-book on poker is of little use to a man who never gets a good hand.

MRS. AUSTIN AS A CRUSADER.



AVE you read what those women out West went and done the other day?" Mr. Austin asked his wife as they sat at the breakfast table.

"Dunno whether I have or not," replied Mrs. Austin, somewhat testily. She wasn't feeling very well

that morning, because her hired girl had quit her in a huff and she was compelled to do the housework until another could be obtained.

"That's just like you," said Mr. Austin, impatiently, "you never seem to take any interest in the affairs of your sex."

"Got about all I can do to look after our own affairs," replied Mrs. A., with more spirit than she often displayed, but she was nervous and tired.

"All over the world women are rising up and endeavoring to throw off their thralldom," cried Mr. A., grandiloquently. "After being crushed down for centuries they are beginning to assert their manhood—I mean their womanhood, and to show that they will no longer be trodden down under the iron heel of the oppressor."

"What have the women been doing out West?" asked Mrs. Austin, with dawning interest, although she had a very confused idea as to where "out West" was located.

"In a body they tackled the demon, *Alcohol!*" said Mr. Austin, putting great emphasis on the last word.

"Gracious!" cried Mrs. Austin; "do you mean to say they took to drink in a body? How dreadful!"

"No, no! They made an attack on King Alcohol in his stronghold, the saloon. They vanquished the saloon-keeper, seized his poisonous stuff and emptied it into the street. Ah!" cried Mr. Austin, rising to his feet and pointing to an imaginary group of strong-minded women smashing bottles and demijohns, "there are women to admire!"

"But, John," said Mrs. Austin, dolefully, "would you want me to break into saloons with an axe and go to smashing in the heads of whisky barrels?"

"You would if you were at all inspired with the spirit of the Crusades—if you recognized the true mission of women, to battle against wrong and clear the moral atmosphere of the times. Ah, Mrs. Austin, you are not equal to the demands of the hour. You do not possess the heroic spirit of those brave and noble women of the West. How I could admire and worship you if you were made of that sort of stuff, and would emulate their glorious example."

Mrs. Austin was silent for a moment, then rising hastily she went into the kitchen. She quickly returned with a look of firmness on her face and the kitchen poker in her hand. She strode resolutely to the sideboard, and bringing out a demijohn of "Old Rye" she smashed it with one blow of the poker.

"Mrs. Austin! are you crazy?" cried her astonished husband, springing to his feet.

"I suppose I am a little off," cried Mrs. Austin, deftly knocking off the head of a brandy bottle. Then she followed up the attack by assailing the various bottles of liquor standing on the shelves.

"Wife! wife! you are—" "I'm a crusader! Whoopee!" and again the poker descended among his cherished bottles of select liquors. "I'm going for the demon, Alcohol!"

"But these are for family use," exclaimed Mr. Austin, dodging a reckless swing of the poker that came within dangerous proximity to his head.

"Well, ain't the family using 'em?" "Stay thy hand, woman!" (With stern authority.) "Can't any of this stuff stay here," aiming a deft blow at a bottle labeled "Old Tom Gin."

"I'll call the police!"



Mrs. Austin as a Crusader.

"Call anybody! I'm following your advice—attacking King Alcohol in his stronghold. Emulating the noble women of the West! Hurrah!"

Mr. Austin gazed ruefully at the devastation wrought, and then he went off in a rage, while Mrs. Austin went off in a fit of hysterics.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

FROM SILAS VASTINE HIMSELF.

Silas Vastine, a young Iowa farmer, has recently been traveling through the West and writing accounts of his travels to Mis Lucinda Pypes, one of his young lady friends at home. Miss Pypes allowed one of her friends to see the letters and the friend forwarded them to one of SIFTINGS' contributors, who sent them to us for publication. They were published purely because they contained original views of places and things, and not in any sense to make sport of Mr. Vastine's rather unique orthography. Mr. Vastine recently returned home from his wanderings, and there for the first time learned that we had printed his letters. Like a gentleman and a traveler, however, he takes it all in good part, and has written us the following letter, with permission to publish it:

talleyrand, ioway Mar 7, 1890

to mister bill snort or mister knox or mister griswold or hooever is boss of TEXAS SIFTINGS, deer sur. i hav jist returned to my naytiv heeth frum a tower threw the grate West and sense i hav gott home i hav lerned that a grate menny of my letters to a surtain miss Pypes hav bin printed in yure paper. my daddy Always sed i wood one day be hurt from but i Did not think i wood be emulatin the exampil of gladstone and Blaine and samantha Allen and others and riting for papers so quick, butt i hav no kick a coming. in a fue places i talked a littel sweet to loosindy butt i am not ashaimed of that For she is To bee my lawful weddid wyfe and i hav a rite to taik liberties with her that it wood be unseemly, not to say un nice, for me to taik with uther weemin. I tell you jentelmen that it does a fellers soul good to git home agin. when i gott off the trane at keota i cood hardley wait for the horses to trot to talleyrand, and i tell you we cut a swell agoing down the road. there was pap and Mamm in the frunt seat and me and loosindy in the back seet and we wuz all a eatin peanuts and bolony sossidge like starved bears and once in a whyle i wood squeeze loosindy jist to keep my hand in. loosindy she looked offle glad and happy and squeezed my hand most all the time when pap or mamm wuzent lookin and once she whispered and asked if i Hadd bin trew to her. now i spose all you fellers hav bin threw the mill and hav bin away frum your wives or sweethearts for a long time, and i expect you lied like Blazes when you Gott back, and that's jist



WHY HE SMILED.

BOOTBLACK—Say, Rocky, why do you go along de street wid your hat off and smiling?

ROCKY—Oh, you see, a feller can't tell nowadays, somebody might take me photograph, you see.

the beautifull village of talleyrand is located in keokuk county in the grate moral wave stait of ioway, neer enuff to the Skunk rivver for the peepil to ketch all the fish they kin eat and all the ague their hides will hold. it wood bee a good place to run a ralerode to for there haint no ralerode heer and there woodent be no opposishun. then this town has one end of the earths axis. it aint the reggelar axis that starts at the north pole butt if a rod wuz rammed threw the erth hear it wood come out on the other side, witch wood prove that this place had one end of that axis. then this town is the eggsact center of a skope of country bounded by a circle 200 miles across. i kin prove this with a map and compass. then this town never had a boom and reel estait values haint inflated. good bizness corners right in the heart of the town kin be bought fur about \$25 an aker and i contend that that is dirt cheap. the kuntry arownd heer haint as purty as some i hav saw but enny darned fule knows it kin bee improved. if we kin run a motor line frum here to Brushy Bend and whoop that neck uv the woods up as a bathin resort we ot to bee able to git things a movin. an i want to stait rite heer that some flabbergasted dood is a writin foolish to the new York Tribune maikin fun uv our town and i want to warn him to let upp or he is a good deel more than liable to heer sumthin drop. this town haint no Athens uv lernin er no Carthage uv comerse but we know beans when the bags open and if our local correspondent for the Richland Bee gits after him he will maik him feel as sick as the man that swallered machine oil thinkin it was whisky.

peepil hav nigh about talked me silly sense i gott home. It seems that most of the weemin in the nabor, hood hav had babies, and that severin horse traids hav bin made and that sum old men hav dide and that Yank Shideler had a fite and they all light on to me and tell me all about it and i am that chuck full uv news and good dinners that mamm haz got up fer me that i cant seem to write anything nohow. loosindy and Pap and mamm send thare regards and so do i.

yours trewly,
SILAS VASTINE

SOME NEW DEFINITIONS.

- A hand-organ—The Manicure's Gazette.
- A dry season—powdered sage.
- A hot season—cayenne pepper.
- A watch-word—"How much can I have on this?"
- A four-in-hand tie—a double wedding.
- A poor water-carrier—the new Harlem aqueduct.
- The New York Star—Maurice Barrymore.
- A fine spring—that of a ladies' watch.
- A repeating gun—Canon Farrar on a lecture tour.

SOCIETY JEALOUSIES.

"You needn't put on no airs, you yaller-faced piece. We keeps a cow, and has got a pew in de Blue Light Tabernacle, besides," were the words of Miss Matilda Snowball, who is as black as night, to a saddle-colored friend.

"I don't keer ef we habn't got no cow. We keeps a goat, and my mudder is gwine to hab a carbuncle on de back ob her neck," was the crushing reply.

A Texas debating society recently had for a subject: "Is it proper to sound the r in dorg?"

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE SEA SERPENT.

This animal is an inhabitant of the ocean. Its length has been variously stated as being twenty-five, forty, one hundred and even one hundred and fifty feet. Those who have been so highly favored as to obtain a view of this beast have always neglected to stop and take accurate measurements. Perhaps the circumstances under which they have seen it were not favorable to a measurement other than by the eye. Few men have nerve enough to swim up to a strange sea serpent, and catching it by the tail, pull the kinks out and measure it. Very few men are self-possessed sufficiently to do this, and unfortunately those who are never get a chance.

We may be in the dark as to the lineal dimensions of the sea serpent, but all its beholders agree in their description of it. It is fearful, terrific, ferocious. It is usually seen by the first mate, as he is pacing the deck thinking of home. At first he takes it for a floating log, and calls the officer of the watch and asks him what that log is doing there. By this time two or three of the voracious passengers have gathered at the lee rail and are standing in such a position that they cannot possibly be mistaken. The vessel is making about eight knots an hour under easy sail. The captain now comes on deck and looks at the floating object through his glass. He has about decided that it is some ship's log, when all at once one end rises up and has a head on it, and the other end slashes about and is a tail. Then everybody realizes that they are looking at a sea serpent. Suddenly all is confusion, the serpent begins to circle around the ship like lightning, its head raised about eight feet above the water and its tail an uncertain distance behind, lashing the ocean in a foam. In a hoarse voice the captain issues orders one after another, the gang-plank is loosened and several knots added to the speed of the vessel. Suddenly the serpent dives into the unfathomable depths and is lost to view. The captain immediately decoys the voracious passengers into his cabin and takes their affidavits, which are the only authentic information we have concerning the sea serpent. The sea serpent will continue to be a prolific source of nautical prevarication until one is actually captured.

E. R. COLLINS.

THE FLEA.

The flea, although given to moving about, is eminently domestic in his habits, preferring the privacy of home and its attendant social affinities and enjoyments to the attractions and glitter of the hollow outside world. He is quiet and industrious, and applies himself to his vocation with a patience and assiduity worthy a better cause. His endurance is wonderful; the shades of night give him no rest from his labors, and although it is true that he has a penchant for the bed, even there he is not idle, but during the silent midnight watches, retired from the busy haunts of daily life, he still persists in toiling for his grub. In this respect alone, the ant, although recommended by so wise a man as Solomon, is not to be compared with the flea.

Again, the unobtrusive quietness and unostentatious methods of his manner as compared with his cousin the mosquito, are noticeable and praiseworthy, and yet, despite his modesty, his methods are so striking and peculiar that he not only frequently becomes prominent, but his society is so much sought after that life becomes a burden to him and he would gladly flee away and be at rest.

So much for popularity.

While we admire the many surprisingly good qualities of the flea, we cannot close our eyes to his imper-



TAKEN ORDERS.

MRS. JONES—And so your son left college and has taken orders.

MRS. SMITH—Yes, and I think he will now be successful in ministering to humanity. Has he entered the Episcopal Church?

“Oh, no, he hasn't entered any church; he is a waiter in a restaurant.

fections. It is to be regretted that his morals are corrupted to a very considerable extent, but this is not surprising, for, if it be true that wickedness runs in the blood, there is strong reason to believe him tainted with original sin. Nor is he as brave or chivalrous as we could desire, for he evidently believes that “he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day,” and that a live flea is better than a dead one. Again, he is not exactly the personification of high-souled honor, for, in his bloodthirsty quest for the necessities and luxuries of life, and in a laudable desire to make his mark in the world, he will not only attack the innocent representative of infantile years, but the helpless victims of age and disease as well. Taking everything into account, it will no doubt be gratifying to his enemies to know that although he is often permitted to die in bed, an end, they will say, worthy of a better life,



WAGE RAISING.

MECHANIC (catching a pickpocket rifling his pockets)—What are you doing there?

FACETIOUS PICKPOCKET—Raising you wages, that's all.

yet he sometimes meets a violent and cruel death, even in the very prime of his existence, and when he is taking long leaps in the direction of becoming a well-developed and eminently fleasish flea; but to the philanthropic and unbiassed minds of those not particularly acquainted with him, by personal contact, so sad an ending to an active and industrious life, will ever seem a matter of mystery and regret.

C. C. C.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

It is a pretty safe rule that the man who keeps still when the subject under discussion is something that he knows nothing about may and usually does pass for far more than par value. That it will not all ways work, witness the story of the foolish boy:

“Now, Johnny,” said his mother, “we shall have company for dinner to-day, and I don't want you to say a word while they are here; then no one need find out that you are a fool.”

The guests came. After some desultory remarks, a gentleman who is passionately fond of children turned to Johnny, whose mother, being busily engaged in another part of the room, did not hear the conversation that ensued.

“Well, my boy,” said the gentleman, pleasantly, “how old are you?”

Johnny, obeying orders, sat like the Sphinx.

“Can't you tell him your age?” said another, thinking the boy a little diffident.

Still Johnny spake not.

“I can make him talk,” said a bright young lady. “You like the girls better than you do those horrid men, don't you, Johnny? Now you come right over here beside me and tell me how old you are.”

Silent as the grave.

“Why, I believe the boy is a fool!” said the gentleman who had first addressed him, in a bantering way.

Johnny turned to his mother:

“There, ma,” said he. “Tain't use! I hain't opened my head, and they all know I'm ready!”

Among the writer's acquaintances there is an old man who by reason of wishing to avoid Johnny's mistake or what not goes to the other extreme. There is no subject on which he will not venture an opinion, and as his attainments are strictly limited, the result may be inferred. One of his pet fabrications is that he has been a great traveler, though it is perfectly well known that he was never fifty miles from his own vine and fig tree. The other day two young men were discussing in the post-office a balloon ascension which one of them had recently made.

“I tell you, I was glad to reach terra firma!” said the amateur balloonist.

“Uncle Alvin,” as the boys call him, came in just in time to hear this. He seized the chance.

“Terry Firmly, did ye say? I know all about that town. I was thar nigh ont' twenty year ago—out in Injany!”

VINCENT YORK.

LOTS OF LOVE.

Well-Off—It isn't true that you're engaged to that cock-eyed, hair-lipped, broken-nosed Miss Real Estate, is it?

Hard-Up (cheerfully)—Yes; cards will be out in a week.

But you can never have any affection for such a scare-crow.

Rest assured that I would n^ot love her lots.

QUICK ASSENT.

Tramp—I say, mister, can't yer gimme a chance to make somethin' to-day?

Farmer—Yep. Make yourself scarce!

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXI.

The destruction of the Templars was a wicked blot upon the character of Philip IV. (le Bel). It was avarice that actuated him. His treasury was exhausted.



He despoiled foreign merchants—called Lombards—because the most of them were from Lombard, Italy, and he issued money that was far below the standard, as some false economists would like to do in this country, imagining that a government stamp will make money out of anything. But false money didn't work; he had taxed the people all that they could stand, so he had to tax his ingenuity.

The Templars, as an organization of the day was called, because they had sworn to guard the Temple at Jerusalem, had grown rich and powerful. They were Knights who had fought bravely in the crusades, but there were no crusades after the death of St. Louis, so they went to the wars no more but built splendid palaces, where they lived in luxurious ease, when they were not attending the annual Commandery, or marching in a Masonic funeral procession.

Philip the Handsome looked upon the Knights Templar in their gorgeous uniforms on parade days, and he was filled with jealousy, because they were handsomer than he. He couldn't see a Knight Templar pulling on his big buckskin gloves without feeling an immediate desire to knock him out. The sash and sword were an aggravation, and the cocked hat and dancing plumes drove him mad with envy. No one seemed to look at royalty while the Templars were parading the street. They were rich, too, and Philip needed the money.

So it was that jealousy and cupidity wrought the downfall of the *Chevaliers du Temple*, as they were called. They were seized all over France, their property confiscated and very many put to an ignominious death. The Grand Master Templar, Jacques Malay, with numerous companions who valiantly refused to renounce the Order, were burned at the stake, on an island of the Seine, in Paris, where now you can see the equestrian statue of Henry IV.

The successor of Philip le Bel was his eldest son, Louis X., who enjoyed a brief reign of two years, though he did not enjoy it very much, being pestered all the time by the nobles, clergy and common people, all clamoring to have their ancient rights restored that had been abrogated by his hard and rapacious father. He was compelled to yield, and many of their repressed privileges were restored. It was during this reign that the serfs first began to purchase their freedom with money.

Although Louis X. was kept very busy during his two years' reign, he yet found time to enter the marriage state twice. He died at twenty-seven, from the effects of drinking too much wine when overheated by a game of ball. Perhaps he got overheated trying to umpire a close game, as there is no situation where a man is likely to get so thoroughly "warmed" as that.

Philip, brother of the late king, was appointed regent, and the following year (1317) he caused himself to be crowned king. A very interesting question arose here concerning the succession to the crown of France. Hitherto the Capetians had transmitted it from father to son, without interruption through the generations. Louis X. had no son, but he left a daughter, Jeanne, by his first wife. Her partisans claimed that the crown should go to her instead of to her uncle Philip. But the new king assembled the States-General, who formally published a decree declaring that no female can inherit

the crown of France. This is called the Salic law, a term taken from the ancient name of the Franks, who came from the vicinity of the Salic river in Germany. Clovis, king of the Franks, is supposed to have first promulgated the Salic law.

Perhaps it would have been better for France had there been a good and wise queen, like Victoria of England, upon the throne occasionally, to undo the mischief done by weak and wicked kings, *mes enfants*. Women played a very important part in the government of France, but they were too often bad women, and the results were deplorable.

The reign of Philip V., whom they called le Long on account of his stature, covered six years, but it was barren of important events. He was succeeded by his brother, Charles IV., surnamed the Handsome (le Bel), third and youngest son of Philip IV. The treachery of which princes were capable for political ends was shown during his reign by the conduct of his sister Isabella, wife of Edward II. of England, who, by the way, was the first Prince of Wales.

War was going on between France and England, and Edward II. sent Isabella to Paris to negotiate for peace; but instead of this she conspired with her brother and others for the deposition and ruin of Edward. This resulted in the capture, dethronement and cruel murder of her husband (1326), for which she was afterward put in prison by her son, Edward III.

Charles IV. died in 1328, and as he left no male heir his death was the extinction of the Capetian dynasty, that had given sovereigns to France in an unbroken line for upward of three centuries. The succession of the House of Valois followed, of which more anon, though you may be getting more anon than you want.

P'R'APS HE KIN.

In a Massachusetts town, not a thousand miles from the writer's home, lives an erstwhile prominent Republican leader who has fallen on evil days. Though he was State Senator not many years ago, the sceptre has departed from Judah, and last spring when he ran for selectman the cards were stacked on him, a Republican majority of two to one was overturned, and the ex-senator had to swallow the awful indignity of being defeated by one vote, and that by a hated Democrat!

Now it so happens that this ex-senator, whom we will call Ezekiel Smith because that isn't his name, has among other undesirable assets an old uncle who is a Democrat. Worse yet, he is one of the red-hot, old-school Jacksonians. This patriarch the ex-senator



LOVE IS A PRICELESS JEWEL.

MR. DAVIDAC—Why are you so jealous, my dear? Have I ever given you the slightest cause for suspicion?

MRS. DAVIDAC—No, darling, you never have. It's only that I love you so. If I didn't love you I wouldn't care. I'd just get all the money I could out of you and let you do as you like.

MR. DAVIDAC—As you do love me, you get all the money you can out of me and won't let me do as I like.



A POOR JOKE.

JINKS—Mr. Spicer, I have a four-dollar bill against you and I would—

SPICER—My dear sir, there is no such thing as a four-dollar bill, and to-day I am in no humor for jesting.

every now and then feels it his duty to labor with as to the glaring error of his political way. He did so last week. He won't again before next time, probably. The following conversation took place:

"Uncle," said the statesman, "can't you see your party is played out? Why, all your old friends are leaving the sinking ship and turning Republican."

"I declar'!" said the old man slowly and with an inimitable drawl. "Is thet so? Wall, Zeke, ef they all turn black, p'r'aps you kin git 'lected s'lec'man!"

VINCENT YORK.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.

Decision is a trait that should be cultivated. Never be undecided. Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. We would succeed much more frequently in life if we believed less in impossibilities. Always make up your mind to follow a certain course, after due deliberation, and then when you have arrived at a decision cling to it, like a mud-turtle to the toe of a colored man. Do not permit trifling circumstantial influences to interfere with your just conclusion.

After you have made up your mind to run for office, for instance, do not allow the mere fact that you are denounced in the papers as a horse-thief and a body-snatcher prevent you adorning some high position of honor and trust for which you know you are more than fitted. Consequences are everything. Do right, and the consequences will not in the end be disastrous to you. If they are, you can console yourself with the reflection that you were mistaken in your idea of what was right.

They who yield to accustomed indecision will always be unprosperous, and consequently unhappy, particularly if the inability to say "no" sets in when they are asked to extend small loans to impecunious acquaintances.

A SCRIPTURAL TRAMP.

Tramp (to the conductor, about to put him off the train for non-payment of fare)—Are you a christian?

Conductor—I hope I am.

Tramp—And do you follow the precepts of the New Testament?

Conductor—I try to; but what has that got to do with my putting you off?

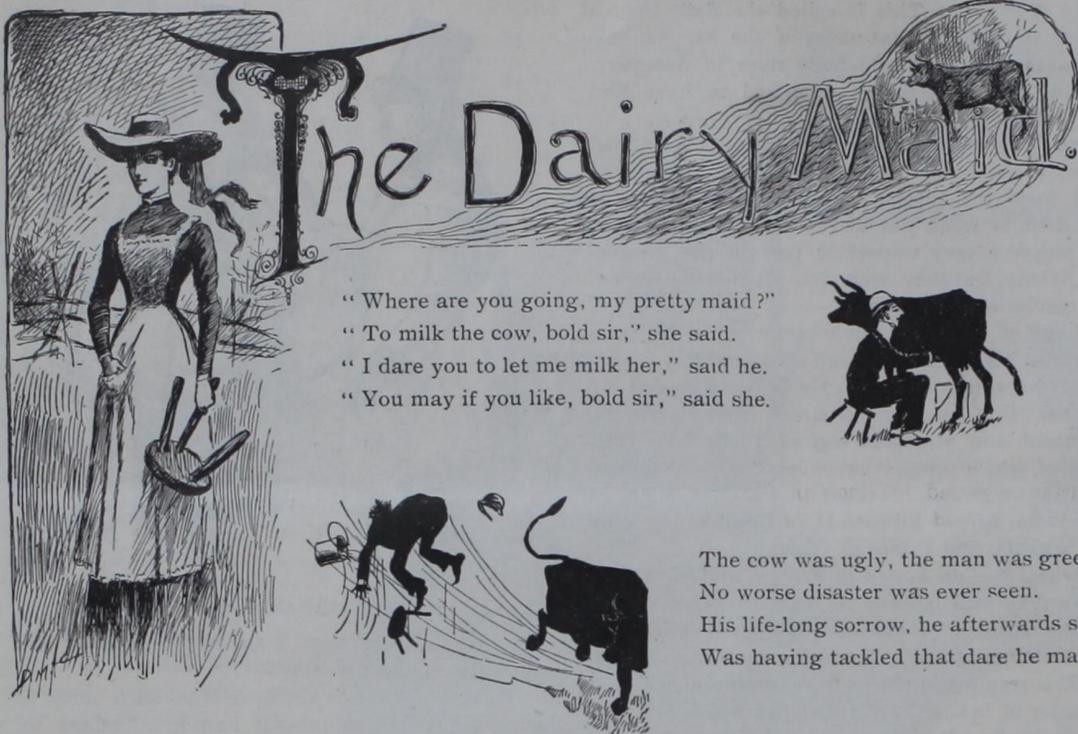
Tramp—It has a great deal to do with it. The Bible says, "Put not off until to-morrow."

Conductor—That's all right so far as it goes, but I reach a little farther and do "that which should be done to-day."

And he bounced him out.

NO SALE MADE.

Jack—How will these trousers wear?
Clerk (who has had a row with boss)—
Out!



"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
 "To milk the cow, bold sir," she said.
 "I dare you to let me milk her," said he.
 "You may if you like, bold sir," said she.



The cow was ugly, the man was green,
 No worse disaster was ever seen.
 His life-long sorrow, he afterwards said,
 Was having tackled that dare he made.

RED TAPE IN GERMANY.

The young Emperor of Germany has become very solicitous about the welfare of the working classes. This solicitude has been brought about to a great extent by the steady growth of the socialistic vote. However, it is not at all likely that the proposed conference will result beneficially as far as the poorer classes are concerned. In Germany, even when the intention of the governing power is really good, very little is accomplished, owing to the prevalence of red tape. Some years ago, when an overflow of the Rhine produced widespread suffering, the following truthful satire appeared in a German comic paper:

The starving family perceive the government official, who is to furnish relief, and exclaim: Here comes help at last from the government. Now we will have clothes, food and firewood.

Official—Don't become excited. What's the matter, dear people?

Father—In the first place, we have nothing to eat. I am so weak from starvation that I cannot work to earn any money to support my family.

What used to be your usual weight?
 I don't know.

You are nice people! when you have plenty you never think of laying up statistics for a rainy day. All I can do for you now is to have you weighed from day to day to ascertain the influence of hunger upon the human anatomy. There will be no charge for weighing. The government does that gratis for you. Is there anything else lacking?

We are freezing to death in this room.

What is the average degree of cold, according to the thermometer?

I don't know.

That's bad. This whole province is suffering for thermometers. You will receive an excellent instrument, from which you can learn the temperature at any time. You must note the temperature three times a day, so that the degree of cold can be corroborated officially. I will return in eight days for your report. Be sure and have it ready.

By that time half of us will be dead and buried.

The deaths are to be compiled on a separate piece of paper, which will assist materially in ascertaining officially the actual death rate. All you have to do is to keep cool. The State will soon have all the statistics prepared. Good-bye.

A DEAL IN BLANKETS.

"What do you think?" cried the devil, poking his mopy head into the sanctum sanctorum, where the city, telegraphic and managing editors were delicately dissecting the evening papers for the benefit of the Morning Blizzard; "old Captain Cussem—"

"Has been fined twenty dollars for giving the atmosphere for about two blocks on Main street a beautiful blue tinge," interrupted the city editor, writing a local of it meanwhile.

"Nope," exclaimed the embryo Franklin, "he got took by a stranger to-day for one of our biggest dry-goods merchants."

"What!" was the general chorus.

"Used so many blank-its in his conversation.

The city editor reached for a mucilage-bottle, the telegraphic editor for a paper-weight and the managing editor for a loaf of bread baked at the last meeting of the city cooking-school by one of the Blizzard's fair subscribers, but the devil had anticipated the movement and was gone.

SECRECY.

There are few conversations that do not imply some degree of mutual confidence, however slight. And in addition to that which is said in confidence there is generally something which is peculiar, though not confidential, which is addressed to the present company alone, though not confided to their secrecy. It is meant for them, or for persons like them, and they are expected to understand it rightly. Hence, it happens that when a man has no scruples in repeating all that he hears to anybody that he meets he pays but a poor compliment to himself, for he seems to take it for granted that what was said in his presence would have been said in the same words at any time aloud, and in the market-place.

To repeat what you have heard in social intercourse is sometimes a sad treachery, and when it is not treacherous it is often foolish, for you commonly relate but a part of what has happened, and even if you are able to relate that part with fairness, it is very likely to be misconstrued.

On the other hand, there is an habitual and unmeaning reserve in some men, which makes secrets when there is no occasion for them, and which, to say the least of things, are needless and uncalled for.

ORIGIN OF PROVERBS.

Robert J. Burdette explains the origin of some familiar proverbs, as follows:

"Great cry and little wool" is original with Bacon, who was in favor of going the whole hog.

"Man wants but little Herr Bal-lou, nor wants that little long"—Fellow.

"Whistling girls and crowing hens" sounds like He-mans.

"Don't get your back up at trifles," are the words of Campbell.

"A thorne in the hand is worse than two in the bush," is from Hawthorne.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," shows how much Words-worth.

"Mightier than the sword," were the words of William Penn.

The horse leach hath two daughters, crying, "Give, give." That is Moore! Moore!

"The nearer the bone the sweeter the meat," is evidently Lamb.

"He doesn't know enough to come in when it rains," were evidently the words of one who loved Dryden.

"Not so black as he is painted," might have been Black, after all.

"As close as an oyster," sounds Shelley.

"Devil take the hindermost," were probably the words of Pope.

HOLDING OUT HOPES.

Police Justice (to prisoner)—Where were you last June?

Prisoner (impudently)—I can't remember to save my life. I had a different name last June from the one I have now, so I can't remember whether I was in New York or Chicago. This having so many different names, and being in so many different places, is apt to confuse the best of us.

Police Justice—I hold you over for trial, and I think I can hold out hopes that before you get through with the law you will learn to stay in one place, and instead of having three or four names you will not have any name at all. You will go by a number, after this.

A FINANCIAL MOVE.

Mr. Isaacstein—Repecca, go over dot neighbor to and get changed a five-dollar bill.

Mrs. Isaacstein—Vat for, Jacob? Ve have blenty small changes dot house in.

Mr. Isaacstein—Do vat I told you. He vash a leetle rattled from drinking and maybe he give you a nickle too much in dot change.

THE POOR PRISONER.

Assistant Editor—I have an article headed, "Do People Eat too Much?"

Editor—I don't know anything about it. I've never had a chance to eat too much yet, but if it refers to the way poor prisoners are treated in Ludlow Street Jail, I am sure it ought to be answered in the negative.



A BOXER.

SHREWISH WIFE (to a blunt friend of her husband)—Do you see those gloves?

FRIEND—Yes.

Well, those are the gloves I was married in.

Impossible! Why, I got an idea that you were married in boxing-gloves.

Wretch!

MY EXPERIENCE AS A WALL STREET LAMB.



IT WAS a cold day in the latter part of July that I mopped my reeking brow and resolved to leave Wall street forever.

St. Paul, which I purchased for a "sure thing" at 86 had fallen by degrees below 62 in the shade. Missouri

Pacific, another "cinch" for a rise, was below the freezing point, while Sugar Trust certificates were already out of sight on their way down to McGinty. It was a trying ordeal to part from all my old associations, but I felt it was time to tear myself away.

Wall street held all that was dear to me on earth—an inheritance of fifty thousand dollars bequeathed to me by an over-indulgent father who made me promise to invest it securely and left me to choose the nature of the security. I chose "dealing on margin," which, I reasoned, would yield a handsome income on the investment, provided the market went my way.

It proved a very profitable investment—for somebody. In the beginning Fortune smiled. Fortune has a peculiar habit of smiling on a "lamb" when he first makes his appearance in "the street." It seems to encourage him and make him reckless. She's continually smiling, for that matter, but later on, it depends entirely on whether you're on the right side of the market. When she smiles on you, you become familiar, pat her on the cheek—call her your good, dear, kind Fortune, your guiding star, etc.

When she doesn't, you address her simply as Miss Fortune, because she's smiling on "the other fellow." For a while I lived in luxurious apartments, dined on terrapin and rode a Kentucky thoroughbred every morning in the Park. But my physician soon advised a change of scene, more exercise and a simpler diet, so I removed to a hall bedroom in a private boarding-house at seven dollars per week, breakfast and dinner included, practiced faithfully on the dumb-bells, and partook of a dime luncheon of buckwheat cakes and coffee in a basement restaurant. The "Carmine Cavaliers," a brotherhood which I organized to "paint the town" three times a week expelled me in token of gratitude for services rendered and non-payment of dues. My ventures in the market diminished in importance in proportion to the diminishing size of my pile.

I became a job-lot speculator who plays ten shares "at a lick" in a bucket-shop.

Then chronic indigestion set in and I was forced to forego the pleasures of the noon-day meal. By way of recompense I took a stroll along the Battery front every day about lunch time, feasting my eyes on the "sad sea waves," watching the tide and wondering when the market would "turn." My landlady, kind soul, became alarmed at my condition. She would meet me at the front door every evening and inquire how I was progressing and whether my chills were better, until I finally made it a rule always to appear before her in convulsions. My physician told me I was beyond the reach of medical aid and could dispense with his services. I had my last year's clothes scoured and my shoes half-soled.

At length the fatal day arrived, mentioned at the beginning of this narrative, when I bravely made up my mind to "quit the game dead broke" and seek an honest living.

I had a sunken fortune and a large floating indebtedness on which to begin life over again; so I went into the insurance business and got married. My wife owns everything I possess in the world, so that we live happily in spite of the sheriff. We reside in a flat up in Harlem out of harm's way. I've been brief in narrating my Wall street experience, because I appreciate the fact that my story is a "chestnut."

I belong to a large flock of shorn lambs who have recited their financial grievances to a sympathizing public.

Webster does not define a Wall street lamb. This is because Webster never speculated for a living. Had it been otherwise the great lexicographer would have left to posterity a standard treatise on the Laws of Chance, an eloquent dissertation on Fortune and her fickleness, or a novel entitled, "How I was Busted."

A Wall street lamb is a prankish young creature who loves to "gamble on the green." Don't monkey

with the band wagon unless you can afford to stand the racket. If you must gamble, play faro, where there is a decent chance of winning.

I inherit the speculative tendency. The family record shows that once upon a time I had an ancestor who earned his living on the high seas. He was a buccaneer and bucked up against Spanish galleons, partly for gold and partly out of pure deviltry. He was actively engaged in business for many years and acquired a large fortune, which he afterwards lost in the bottom of the sea. My ancestor accompanied his wealth, together with all on board. He left no floating tombstone anchored in the vicinity of his final resting-place, consequently his heirs have been unable to perpetuate his memory to the present time by contesting the division of his property in the courts. He should have shown sufficient foresight to have set a buoy where he went down so that his descendants could have the pleasure of losing his fortune over again.

I always admired this ancestor above all my others. He devoted himself strictly to his calling and was a thorough business man. He understood the art of making money rapidly and safely—lived on the fat of the seas—and was a jolly good fellow after business hours. I often run my fingers through my hair and think how my forefather ran his fingers through his "pile" in somewhat similar fashion.

The thought that I was his sole surviving heir-at-law and next of kin inspired me to consult a clairvoyant concerning the whereabouts of his submerged fortune. She claimed to be the original Witch of Endor, and demanded five dollars in advance. Then she showed me her credentials signed by King Saul and witnessed by the prophet Samuel. This was one dollar. We repaired to a cave in the rocks situated on the second floor front, where Miss Endor got up steam and went through her rigmarole. I departed a better, a wiser, but a poorer man. Then I invoked the aid of spiritualism. I attended a séance, called up my ancestor on the slate and found him busy with the affairs of His Majesty down below. This didn't surprise me. We discussed the ice crop for a while and then I explained my business.

The answer was short, sharp and decisive: "You're a d—d fool. Good-bye."

I'm still in the insurance business and the Harlem flat. But my salary's been raised and my wife has a baby.

HARRY DREW.

A REMEDY FOR THE BLUES.

Sydney Smith used to say: "Never give way to melancholy; resist it steadily, for the habit will encroach. I once gave a lady two-and-twenty remedies for melancholy. One was a bright fire; another, to remember all the pleasant things said to her; another, to keep a box of sugar plums on the mantel-piece, and a kettle simmering on the hob. I thought this mere trifling at the time, but have in after life discovered how true it is that these little pleasures often banish melancholy better than higher and more exalted objects; and that no means ought to be thought too trifling which can oppose it either in ourselves or in others."

FEMALE MENDACITY.

"How old are you, Fanny?" asked Tommy Peterby of the little daughter of a neighbor.

"I'm five years old," replied Fanny.

"She is telling a lie," said Fanny's brother, who was present. "She was seven on her last birthday."

"Ah," said Johnny, "that's the way it is with these women; they are always making themselves out younger than they really are."

LANDLORD AND TENANT.

Landlord—You say you can't pay your rent?

Tenant—No, I can't pay it right now. It takes all the money I can rake and scrape together to support my family. Provisions are very high, you know.

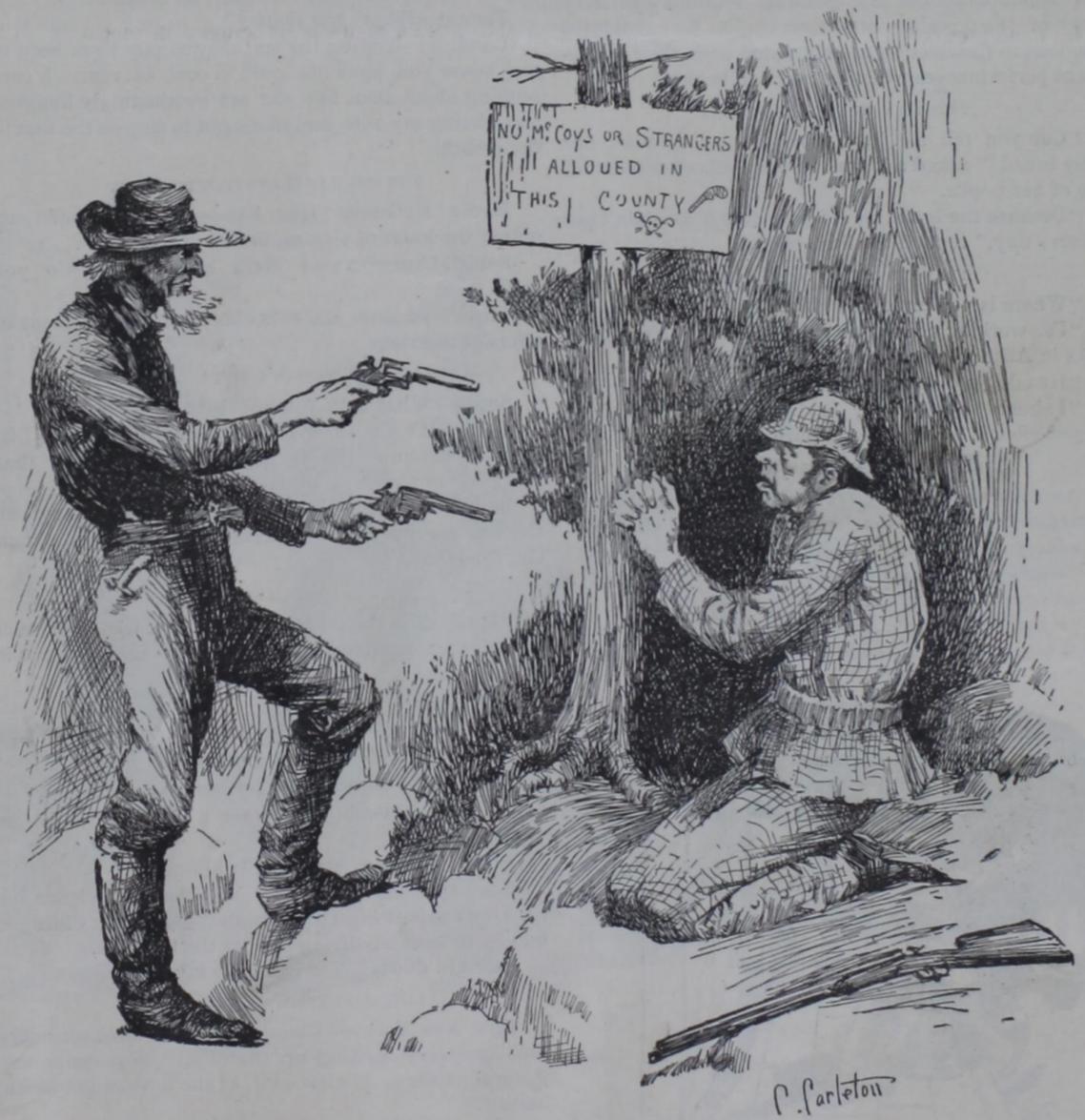
When do you think you will be able to pay your rent?

If beer comes down to six cents a pint I think I'll be able to liquidate my indebtedness in a very short time.

A.—These car conductors are a bad lot.

B.—What have they been doing?

A.—One of them passed a bad dime on me last week and I've not been able to get rid of it yet.



SPORT IN WEST VIRGINIA.

WASHINGTON SPORTSMAN (on a hunting trip in West Virginia, meeting a Hatfield)—Good morning, my friend, is there any game around here?

OLD ANCE HATFIELD—Ther McCoys is plenty, but it hain't often I git a chance at a stranger like this. Better be workin' on yer pray'rs, young man!



Midnight, March 31st—Doctor called. Thinks the case must be desperate.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

The Guardian (Episcopal, New York) prints a communication headed: "Favorable Testimony to Our Mode of Worship," from the penitentiary in Iowa.

The hop crop last season was fifty per cent. short of the usual average. Those who ought to know say that the shortage in the crop will have no effect on the price of beer.

Since the exhibition of "The Angelus," at Chicago, the people have become quite artistic. A Chicago lady has ordered the lining of her husband's coffin to match his whiskers.

A jealous Chicago husband, who disfigured his wife's face with vitriol, has been discharged, as she refused to appear against him. The refusal of the wife to appear in court shows that female vanity rises superior to the deepest resentment.

At a wedding not long since, among the presents displayed was a \$1,000 bank-note from the father of the bride. After the wedding was over, the old gentleman folded up the note and put it back in his vest pocket. The conduct of that doting father reminds one very much of the promises of reform made by candidates previous to the election as contrasted with their subsequent performances when the election is over.

THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT.

"Can you tell me, little girl, why we pray for our daily bread?" asked a Texas Sunday-school teacher of one of her pupils.

"Because the bread would get stale if we didn't get it every day," replied the little cherub.

TRANSMUTATION OF METALS.

"Where is you hired now, Matildy?"

"I'se working now for de most 'spectable, high-toned folks in Austin. Dey am well fixed, shore."

"Has dey got silberware, and sich!"

"I should say so. Dey has silber tin pans, and de copper biler in de kitchen am pure gold."

PERHAPS HIS MEMORY WAS BAD.

An Austin merchant says that Col. Harris Cheever, a member of the Texas legislature, is the champion impolite man of Texas.

"What did he do that was so impolite?" asked a friend who overheard the remark.

"I met him on the avenue," replied the merchant, "and he did not lift his hat to me, and it is the identi-



On suddenly turning the corner he is convinced of it.

cal one that I sold him on credit during the last session of the legislature, and which is not paid for yet.

PLENTY OF TIME.

Husband—Ain't you ready yet?

Wife—I'll be ready in a minute. I've only got one glove to put on.

Husband (sighing)—One of those ten-button gloves. Well, I'll sit down and write four or five more letters.

THE COMING WOMAN.

She—Mr. Jones, may I not hope that your affection for me is more ardent than that of a brother. Am I right?

Dude—You are, Miss Smith. Please speak to my father. He loves me dearly and will not oppose our union.

EASIER SAID THAN DONE.

Patient—I say, doctor, what sort of a lump is this on the back of my neck?

Doctor—It is nothing serious, but I would advise you, nevertheless, to keep your eye on it.

AT THE MENAGERIE.

Dude—What is the name of this little monkey?

Keeper—We call him Prince.

Why do you give him that title?

In hopes that some rich American girl will fall in love with him and buy him at a high figure.

A FLIMSY EXCUSE.

A.—Why did you run away from your wife?

B.—Because she poisoned my very existence.

Then how did you come to take a second wife, if the first one poisoned your existence?

I—I—I took her as an antidote.

IMPORTANT TO DEAF PEOPLE.

Little Fanny (to aged grandmother)—Ain't you going to the concert, grandma?

Grandmother (holding her hand to her ear)—Hey?

Fanny—You ought to go to the concert, grandma.

Grandmother—Hey?

Fanny—Because they might let you in right cheap, as you couldn't hear much of it.

A MODERN OTHELLO.

Landlord—I come to see you on a matter of great importance. You must move out on the first.

Tenant—What's the matter?

Landlord—During the six months you have been in my house you have not paid a cent of rent. I care nothing about that, but you are everlastingly hugging and kissing my wife, and that's got to stop on the first of the month.

THE ONLY EXPLANATION POSSIBLE.

Birdie McGinnis—Has Esmerelda Longcoffin acquired the habit of visiting insane asylums?

Sallie Duzenbury—I don't know. Why do you ask?

Birdie—Because she says she has refused dozens of offers of marriage.

WOMAN'S GIFTS.

Smith—What have you got there?

Jones—It's a poem my wife has written for the Literary Palladium. I'm taking it to the office of that journal. Is your wife literary?

Smith—Not that I know of, but she can diagnose the way another woman's dress fits further than a man can smell fried onions.

POETICAL ITEM.

"Ma," said the pride of the family, who had seen some seven summers, "do you know why our cat is like a poet?"

"No, my child."

"Because," exclaimed the precious pet, "doesn't he go out on moonlight nights to invoke the mews?"

IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

Intruder—I would like to get a job as a writer on your paper.

Editor—Are you strictly sober?

Can't say that I am, but I have had experience on St. Louis papers in writing mean things about Chicago, and I can beat any living man at the business.

Sit right down. You can have my place.

CHICAGO EXPECTS A GREAT DEAL.

First New Yorker—Chicago seems to have considerable trouble in getting up that Fair. She wants the general public to do most of it, as she has not got much herself.

Second New Yorker—Yes, Chicago reminds me of a tramp who wanted his clothes mended, and he applied to a lady to make the requisite repairs. He said: "Madame, I have a button, and if you will sew a shirt on it I will be greatly obliged."



There it is, doctor—case of paralysis. I'm near home; first of April, you know. Ta, ta!

BE CHEERFUL.

Kindness is the principal ingredient of happiness and peace of mind. The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. Do not say unkind, spiteful things. If, for instance, you are acquainted with a young lady who has no chin, do not say within her hearing that the fact of her having no chin will not make her less handy with the stove-lifter. Wait until she has left the house. Such little acts of kindness cost nothing, but are worth more than gold or silver.

We unconsciously exert an influence for good or evil over those with whom we associate daily—or even only semi-weekly. Who can measure the influence of a frown, a hard look, or a harsh word, or a smile? Every good act that we do profits us, no matter what the other person did with it. The man who is good-natured all day long does more for human kind than the man who wins a great battle, or invents a new style of spring overcoat.

MATER-OF-MONEY-IAL ITEM.

A.—So Mrs. Flack is sick and can't testify. Has she got pneumonia?

B.—No, it's more-monia that ails her.

A.—Mormonia? I thought that was what ailed her husband.

THE BURDEN HE SHOULDERED.

Jawkins—Old man Fussy seems to be aging fast since his marriage.

Hogg—Yes; I suppose he has to take up the discount on time that makes his wife seem thirty.

A FOND FATHER.

Lawyer—Wonder what possessed King Lear to divide up his property?

Broker—I suppose he didn't want the lawyers to get it all.



DOCTOR—Hold on! You forget my fee. Ten dollars, please.

THE ANARCHISTS.

A

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



BELUBBED BREDDERN AND SISTERN:—I don't s'pose none of you cultured Africans heah tonight knows what anarchy really am. Berry likely you s'poses dat hit am one ob dem new-fangled drinks, but dat's whar you am mistaken.

Maybe hit will s'prise you ter know dat some membrums ob dis heah congregashun am ter some extent anarchis', but hit am a fac'. An anarchis' am a pusson who drinks beer for a libin' and nebber washes hisse'f. Ah, Jeems Webster, some ob dat salt hit yer on a sore spot, fer I seed yer squat.

In de eyes ob de anarchis' a grindin' monopolist am a man what has sumfin. Whenebber a man has sabed anything he becomes a capitalist, and he should be made ter dewide hit up, so dat he will be on an equality wid dose what don't hab nuffin. Property am a crime, so dey say, as long as dey hain't got none.

De most ob de anarchists libs up Norf, in a town called Chicago, whar, so I had been tole, you kin drop a nickel in a slot and git a divorce. Dar's some anarchis' in New York, but dey am mostly ob de tame kind.

Dey has a red flag which dey calls de emblem ob de brudderhood ob man. Hit strikes me hit ain't much like de sign de auctioneer hangs out. De red flag am also hung out when dar's small-pox, er blastin', er some sich newsance around.

Hit has been said dat de first socialist was old fader

Noah, bekase he sartinly was an arkest. Does yer cotch on? Heah! heah!

Most ob dese anarchis come here from Europe. You don't often hear ob an 'Merican bein' an anarchis'. De 'Merica don't hab no time ter fool away. 'Merica am de home ob de oppressed, and when de oppressed gits here many of 'em acts as ef dey was at home by behavin' as bad as dey knows how.

Some anarchis' remarks dat de anarchis' and socialists comes here fer freedom. Yes, I knows dey does. Dey comes here fer freedom—from work.

What dey needs most am soap and water, but dey am not like ter take to 'em kind, fer flannels and anarchis' bofe shrink from de use ob water.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

THE PREVALENCE OF CRIME.

Very likely there is no more wickedness now than there was a ceutury ago, nevertheless there appears to be a great deal more. This it owing to the press. Even within our own recollection much publicity was given to the moral obliquities of mankind. Nowadays there is not much else in the papers except detailed accounts of the crookedness of ciuzens of high and low degree.

It would seem as if there were no place where stealing was not in full blast. Crookedness has been unearthed in penitentiaries and lunatic asylums as well as in state capitols and in the halls of Congress.

Even in making a horse trade an honest man is not entirely safe. There are 500 known ways in which a horse can be unsound, and yet when you buy one you will find one not yet catalogued.

A prominent clergyman once said that angels held their noses when they looked down on a Wall street man. Instead of holding their noses, which have no value, the angels should hold on to their pocket-books.

Not everybody who steals is called a thief. "It is only the man who gets away with \$1 who is denounced as a thief," says the Pittsburg Chronicle. When a man steals \$50,000 he is a defaulter; \$100,000 entitles a man to figure as a Canadian tourist, while \$1,000,000 bestows on the genius who steals the title of "brilliant financier."

THE oldest editor in Ohio lives in Sandusky. His name is Oran Follett, ninety-four; and it is Follett to say now that journalism doesn't promote longevity.

ABOUT POLITICS.



IN SOME respects, politics, while not precisely a legitimate business, is, nevertheless, a recognized occupation. After a man has once acquired the habit of running for office it is useless to expect him to reform and lead an upright life.

The office-holder does not resign willingly. On the contrary, he sticks to his office like a postage stamp to a pocket-book in damp weather.

There is no material difference in professional candidates, although they may belong to opposing parties. There is one thing in which all agree, and about which there is no division of sentiment, each and every candidate wants his party to stay in power as long as it can.

In regard to politics and politicians there is one thing that can be said in favor of the former. Politics can never become as bad as the politicians.

A VERY FAINT RESEMBLANCE.

A female, who is always fishing for compliments, asked Col. Yerger if he heard Patti sing when she was in this country.

"Yes, I am personally acquainted with her."

"Now, tell me candidly, don't you think me and Patti resemble each other just a little?"

There was an awkward pause, and finally Col. Yerger replied:

"Yes, I think I do perceive some little resemblance."

"You mean her voice was a little like mine?"

"O, no, not in the least, but you resemble each other very much about the ears."

"You mean we have both got fine ears for music?"

"I don't mean that. I mean Patti wears ear-rings and so do you."

What the heart of this great throbbing public is yearning after is a scientist who will devise a plan by which Easter bonnets can be hatched from Easter eggs.



WHERE THE DUDES GOT THEIR SORE THROATS.

MR. PORTLY—As there is no grip in town, why have all these dudes got their throats tied up?

MR. ROUNDER—Diphtheritic sore throat can be imparted by kissing, and Miss Topsy Highkicker, of the Vaudeville, has got it.

GRETA'S RIDE.

A STORY OF WAR TIME WOOING.



WELL, Major Merriman—that's ominous. Well, Greta, little girl, we'll see what can be done; and if you love me—Hang it! if she didn't have such scruples; but she never would marry me without her ladyship, my venerable aunt's consent."

All this had been addressed, in gesture merely, to a bonny picture on an easel just before him. It is the picture of a fair-haired girl, whose blue eyes look mischievously at him now, and, he thinks, laugh at him. They are such merry, sparkling eyes, he cannot resist them and involuntarily laughs, too; then flings himself into a large arm chair and critically examines his feet on the fender. Not that he is thinking of them, or that Greta is in any way associated with them; but this is simply a masculine method of keeping his thoughts on one subject by keeping his eyes on another.

There is a movement beside him and he is roused by a gay little laugh, while a girl drops down on a chair near him. It is the girl of the picture.

"How very touching, major! A penny for your soleful thoughts. Are you meditating on the high price of shoe leather, or planning a raid on a boot manufactory?" She has a trick of keeping her mouth serious while her eyes fairly dance with the mischief within. She is not beautiful, but what is much better, she is fascinating, and as the young soldier looks at her his whole lazy manner changes to one of activity, and some of the light from her eyes gets into his own.

"You couldn't fairly expect a 'first-class fool' to have very brilliant thoughts, and yet for once I can prove an exception to a time-honored rule. My thoughts were worth more than all the pennies either you or I have ever seen. Shall I tell them?"

Something in his manner warns her. She raises her brows and makes a crimson rose-button of her lips and says, as she looks at him with her head on one side: "Hem! No, not at all. I do believe you're melancholy and need rousing. Fortunate thing that I'm equal to it." She turns to the open piano, and striking a few full, strong chords, sings in a melodious, daring voice the national song of the Rhine and her German fatherland. There is both fire and feeling in her rendering of it, and a patriotic relish that makes her sing it well. She finishes with a triumphant arpeggio; then rising, makes him a sweeping curtsy.

"Major Archibald Merriman."

"Miss Margareta Werner," he bows ceremoniously.

"Feel better?" she asks lightly.

He looks up gloomily and says with a deep meaning:

"No; worse off than ever."

"My dear sir, you ought to hang out a little sign-board for the benefit of humanity: 'For politeness inquire—next door,' and then nobody would ever forget and look to you for such a thing. I should think you were worse off than ever! You're actually navy blue today. Let—me—see. I think, perhaps, the homeopathic treatment may do some good. We'll have one poison counteract the other, and give you a tiny pill with plenty of sugar on the outside and very little else on the inside. Melancholy men are such agreeable companions, it's almost a pity to spoil their humors and make them cheerful; but so it is always, we women will be thoroughly selfish, even if we are a trifle entertaining. Ah, at last!" She has been turning over a huge portfolio of music and has come to the song she was seeking.

"Good-night, major. Does such active duty as yours

require that I wake you when I have finished?" Only her tone is saucy; her face is perfectly serious, almost anxious, as she looks at him over her shoulder.

He looks up quickly now and there is a flash of pain across his face, while his voice almost trembles, "Ah, Greta, that was unkind," and he looks at her until she turns her head away and begins a soft prelude on the piano. Somehow, there is something lacking in the song this time. The soldier has turned toward the fire, and, resting his elbow on the arm of the chair, leans his head upon his hand and closes his eyes. He is not listening to the song and yet it thrills him through; he feels it rather than hears it. Greta is singing the second verse now and it is well she has sung it so often and knows the notes mechanically, for now these go a-begging. She does not even sing it through, but breaks off in its only happy strain and lets her fingers linger on the keys. They form the vaguest harmonies and she gives herself up entirely to the spirit of the music; and every shade of feeling is the expression of something in her heart. These rich chords are his deep voice and this minor wail, the pain he bore so patiently, the wound that cost him so much agony. This rippling gamut is her own light laugh and this discord is her taunt to him. Ah! it is not his fault that he is here. She knows he is chafing under the order to remain until his regiment goes by, which may not be for some days yet. His wounds are healed, and he is well now, and, correspondingly impatient—and he will go away and think of to-night, of her having touched his courage, his honor—or will he think at all?

The tears fall fast and the fingers roam among the chromatic tones. And then she plays of her love for him, and the keys seem willing to tell the story and make it sweet and true; and then she joins her voice to these and sings a low, sweet song that seems to comfort her. Now, suddenly, she remembers the man at the fire and her cheeks flush scarlet. But he is quiet, his head still resting in his hand that shades his eyes. She thinks he is sleeping and creeps over to the chimney-place to see. And as she looks at him and kneels down on the rug beside him she clasps her hands quite tight upon her breast, and then her whole soul rises to her lips and she sobs as though her heart were breaking.

"Greta!" and he has her in his arms, while his eyes seek hers with a question in them that she cannot misunderstand.

"Forgive me," she murmurs, with a look that answers, sanctions everything.

After a while he tells her how he had spoken to Mrs. Thornton that morning and of her answer to him. "You will never marry me, Greta, until Aunt Evelyn smiles upon us with a 'bless you, my children.'"

She thinks about it for a moment and then raises her face, all radiant with its smiles.

"Is Aunt Evelyn so sure of my implicit obedience?" she asks.

"Why, it was she who told me that; said she strictly forbade it; told me it was the supremest audacity to think of such a thing. I, a moneyless major, to aspire to the love of a Berlin heiress! It was absurd, preposterous, and Aunt Evelyn wound up with the flattering assertion that I was a 'first-class fool.' Sweetheart, it was audacious; but—I love you so."

"Don't believe a word Aunt Evelyn says," she breaks out fiercely. "I never could care if a man was rich, if he only loved me, and you know—I know very well— He is waiting for a delicious expression that is stealing over her face, when the door is burst open and a black face thrust in, rolling its eyes and panting for breath to ejaculate:

"Miss Grate, Miss Grate, help me; oh, Lor'! help me! The Yankees is comin'."

"Where?"

"Oh, help, Lor', help, dey's comin' right up de carriage-parf now."

"Heavens! Quick, Archie, what shall we do? If they find you here you are lost. Oh, Archie, don't look so; I know it is dreadful for you, but you must hide. It is possibly only a passing regiment, and—Kate, rush up and tell aunt; she will receive them."

She throws her arms around her lover and drags him to a little room adjoining this; then firmly locks the two doors that open respectively into drawing-room and hall.

"There! Now we are as safe as mice in a hole. These doors form panels on the outer walls, and your presence here can never be suspected. Promise you will be quiet, dear, and I will come to you often and help you bear it." With that she hurries out, bidding him lock the door again, and then runs up the wide oak stairway to Mrs. Thornton's room.

Here she finds that lady pacing the floor, every sign of agitation visible in her tall, stately figure. Behind her walks the excited black woman, uttering dismal groans, and sympathetically gesticulating in unison with her mistress.

"Margareta, I can not, I will not! I vowed when those men were here the last time, that never again would I offer hospitality to the enemies of my country. I will not, I can not! Let them do their worst, let them rob and plunder—burn us down, if they will—but I will defy them to the last. There is no use trying to dissuade me. I am in earnest. They shall go on.

"Aunt Evelyn, you are excited," the girl says coolly. There is no need for all this. Those men will stay, take what they will and you yourself will offer them the rest. Remember Archie. Oh, yes, he's safe enough now, I've seen to that; but you forget a hiding man cannot remain within a burning building. So come, Aunt Evelyn, you have tact enough to get us through securely, and you must do your best. Thank heaven I am not an American and have no party spirit. Thank heaven for Archie's sake."

Mrs. Thornton was a woman of spirit. She seldom lost a chance to oppose a proposition. But to-day all her characteristic propensities seemed to have deserted her. Greta won without even a sign of opposition, and the two women descended to the drawing-room. Five men had assembled here and were making themselves rather unceremoniously at home, when the ladies entered. One was writing at a table, while another half-sat, half-knelt upon a chair beside him, looking on. The other three had grouped about the picture on the easel, and what Margareta heard as she entered made her blush a little and then resent the speech.

Mrs. Thornton advanced to the table, and, bidding the writer good-morrow, made a low and graceful curtsy. "Gentlemen," she said in her strong, proud voice, "I earnestly desire that you make use of this house as though it were your own. I place my trust in your honor to keep your men from too much molesting my servants or from harming my grounds."

What was this? Anger and resentment were doing their work and making Mrs. Thornton thoroughly inconsistent. It was dreadful, offering hospitality in one breath, and in the next, putting them on their honor not to abuse it. Greta felt the keen look the officer fixed upon her aunt, and when it turned to her, was ready to meet it with her sweetest smile.

"I, too, place my entire service at your disposal, trusting that you will make good use of it."

This was certainly the best thing to say, and said in the very best way, besides. There was such a ring of trustfulness in her tone as she nodded her head at him confidently, that the man seemed perfectly assured, and rising, made them a low, respectful bow.

"I cannot tell you, ladies, how much I appreciate your kindness. It is very seldom we meet with such confidence and hospitality in the enemy's very country. Your sympathies then, are—"

"I am the daughter of a citizen of Berlin." Oh, the pride in that tone, in the haughty curve of neck and pose of head! While on the floor Greta's little foot touches Mrs. Thornton's with a decided pressure that the lady thinks it best to understand.

And they certainly did "make good use of it," and on the next day when the regiment moved on, the three men whom Greta had found grouped about her picture, left her with groups of tender thoughts within their hearts—to Greta's infinite disgust for, as she told her lover afterwards, she had been obliged to listen to it all and play the "dame flattee" besides, while seething within and longing to be a man so she could thrash them.

But there was one thing she had learned that made her hasten to her lover with the news. It was that his regiment would come by the next morning, and she hardly knew whether to be glad or sorry most—nor did he, for that matter, and very sweet, indeed, was the half hour that they spent together, whispering lest the "Yankee ogres" in the next room should catch a sound.

"Ah, now, I breathe again," cried Greta when the last blue-coat had vanquished down the winding road. "Open, open sesame!" pommeling vigorously on the panel door. "Thank heaven, you are safe," as her lover rewards himself for his long imprisonment.

They are very happy round the fire that night, and Mrs. Thornton is silent on the subject nearest her heart of the "first-class fool," who is perfectly content to be called names, so long as he gets his wish.

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

Horsford's Acid Phosphate,
The Best Tonic
known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

Greta has been singing a gay little song and is coming over to the fire where Merriman and Mrs. Thornton sit, when suddenly the light seems frozen in her eyes and the smile dies on her lips as she stops and stares at the open doorway. Here stand two men dressed in the military in signia of the republic, and wearing on their faces an aggravating expression of complete satisfaction at having bagged their game so successfully.

"Do not be startled, madam. I admit the situation to be rather embarrassing and my duty is certainly a disagreeable one. I am commanded to arrest Major Archibald Merriman on the charge of being a spy. I have also to assure you, ladies, that the next time you are caught harboring spies in your house it will go rather harder with you."

"Sir," cries Greta, stepping forward, her voice ringing out bodily and clearly, while he eyes flash defiance. Sir, this gentleman is not a spy. He is a wounded soldier, and an officer at that, and your warrant does not call for the arrest of a sick man. This is treachery. Who made out that warrant?"

He hands it to her with a peculiar smile, and to her surprise it is signed by the officer whom they had entertained the night and day before. She hands it back without a word, and her head drops on her breast.

"As to his not being a spy, madam, would you be kind enough to inform me if you keep sick people in a room adjoining a drawing-room with only this thin partition between? It is rather curious."

"Who told you that?" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, coming close to him, her nostrils trembling and her hands locked nervously together. "Who told you he was in that room?"

"Ah, madam, you forget that there exist such things as servants who will babble. The next time, I advise you to tell no one, carry in meals yourself, and even then contrive some good means to make your servants blind and deaf and dumb."

"That is not true," cries poor Mrs. Thornton, with tears in her eyes. "My servants are true as steel, fidelity itself. They never told. They would have died rather than betray me!"

"You are right—almost—madam, for it took a right good deal of this to find out anything," and he threw a silver coin upon the table.

Greta, meanwhile, had fixed upon a firm resolve. As soon as she had assured herself of the trustworthiness of the warrant a thought had flashed through her quick brain, and whispering to her lover "Keep these men here as long as you can," she glided from the room.

"Oh, for the strength to succeed," she prays as she flies through the hall, catching up a cloak that lies there and hurrying into the porch. Here she walks out leisurely, thinking if the men have confederates without, she will not seem dismayed. All is still, and hardly a breath of air is stirring. It is bitter cold and the moon is dark to-night. She shudders a little as she steals out upon the graveled walk and draws her cloak closer about her. There under a tree stand three horses, and her heart almost fails her as she thinks of what will happen if her project fails. "Courage, courage," she murmurs, as she creeps across the lawn to the shadow of the trees. The men had not dared bring the horses nearer the house for fear of being heard and so disturbing their prey, and this circumstance is a favorable one for her. She knows there is not a horse upon the place, all of Mrs. Thornton's having been sent as offerings at the shrine of Mars, and if she can steal away the ones on which they came they are prisoners as well as Major

Merriman—or more; for Archie's regiment goes by in the morning and then—

She has unfastened the bridle that binds the one horse to the tree and to her joy finds that the other two are tied to it. With one bound she has swung herself upon it and with a quick, firm "Gee" starts off upon her ride. Gently over the springy turf, upon whose vernal bosom no equine foot has ever trod before. Gently until she reaches the great gate at its farther end, then out upon the road and on into the darkness. Faster and faster now she goes, listening sometimes for sounds of pursuit, and, hearing nothing, going faster still. On, on, until she fancies the wind is blowing a gale, but it is only the still air resisting her face as she dashes through. On, while the cypress boughs flap in her face and the horses stumble over rocks and ditches. On, on, until the rider and horses fall together in a heap, and do not move. She is only bruised, however, and scrambles out as the horses stagger to their feet and pant and whinny low. They are so tired it is not hard to calm and make them quiet, and rider and horses lie down to rest. And now she thinks of what she has done and wonders what they are doing at home. It must have been nearly midnight when she started out, and now she fancies she can see a streak of dawn over to the east. But her eyes are flickering so she cannot be certain, and can only draw the cloak close, close about her and shiver and try to think. Everything about her is reeling, the trees are whirling past and round and round, and she herself joins in this maddening dance, fast, round and round and up and down, until she closes her eyes and shuts this phantasm out.

Perhaps she has been unconscious, or perhaps she has slept, for when she opens her eyes it is lighter and the horses are grazing quietly beside her. And now to her consciousness there seem to come along the ground faint tremorings, and putting her ear down she can hear the measured tramp of many feet. She cries out joyfully and tries to rise, but sinks back with a groan and cries softly.

"Oh, this is terrible; this will never do! I cannot stay here." A then her eyes grow fixed as she thinks, "have I been wise?" for the thought has come that perhaps Archie has had to walk it to the northern camp in the cold, all through her having robbed them of their horses. The southern army is coming, and these men, she thinks, would not stay. Any means would be used to return to their friends and she knows they would not return alone. "What to do, what to do?"

Never mind the pain; there will be time enough for self-indulgence later. Archie must be saved! That is the one idea that is clear, and swinging herself upon the horse once more and crying with the pain each movement causes, rides back upon the way. She must see what her action has done, and if it has not helped him she will at least be at home when his regiment arrives. Slowly, slowly, step by step, they retrace the narrow path and she has just the strength left to hold and guide the patient animal on which she rides; nor does she blush nor think it is unseemly that the saddle is a man's.

Back under the drooping cypress boughs and over the stones and through the ditches, while behind her, nearer and nearer, comes the friendly army. Only another mile to go now, and she can distinctly hear the tramp, tramp of the feet coming to her on the fresh, crisp morning air. It sends new life into her heart and makes her forget the pain of her poor little cold bruised body, and she spurs the horses on to a gallop. On again till she sees the broad park gate and two men hastening toward her in dark-blue regiments.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

**PURELY VEGETABLE
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS
HAVE NO EQUAL**

Always Reliable

Always Ready

Always Safe

Always Effective

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

"Saved, thank God!" and her heart is so glad she forgives her lover's enemies. Springing to the ground she dashes a silver pin into the horse's flank and cries out through her hands: "Fly for your lives, the confederate army is coming!" and points down the road where the first ray of sunlight plays along a line of muskets.

"Fly!" and they catch the fleeing horses, and the air brings to her the sound of a curse as they dashed away.

And now Archie is beside her, and Archie holding her in his arms and kissing her and calling her his brave darling; and Archie is carrying her to the house and Mrs. Thornton comes out and helps him, and together they bring her back to life, for she has fainted.

"Margaret, how could you do that? It was brave, noble—it was grand!"

"It was for Archie," she says, and looks in his eyes. And Mrs. Thornton joins their hands and says: "God bless you both."

And they are happy.

—RALPH LEE STUART, N. O. Picayune.

All From Saugatuck.

A thrilling story is afloat concerning a certain hotel clerk in St. Paul, who is himself not at all backward in starting the story on its travels again, whenever it comes in his way, with a good healthy push. There were seven commercial men from seven wholesale eastern houses, the other evening, each displacing a certain amount of atmosphere in that particular hotel. As they had not yet registered, it occurred to one that the time might be cheerfully occupied in having some fun with the clerk. The diabolical scheme was speedily formulated. One of them approached their intended victim and said:

"My name is B—."

"How do you do, sir?" said the clerk, and out flew the hand ever ready to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest. "You are from—"

"Saugatuck."

"Yes; well, how are times?"

"Booming."

No. 2 then interfered and said quietly:

"I am G—."

"Good evening, Mr. G—, and you are from—"

"Saugatuck."

"Ah, quite a coincidence; two business men from Saugatuck, Mich., and, of course, you are well acquainted with each other."

"Ahem," said B— gravely, "but Mr. G— has the advantage of me."

Of course an introduction followed, and at that opportune moment K— came in R. U. E. with:

"My name is K—, and I want a room by myself."

"Mr. K—, glad to see you, indeed. You are from—"

"Saugatuck."

"Michigan?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, this is getting interesting. Of course you know either B— or G—."

"Not that I am aware of," and K— bowed stiffly. Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7 came rapidly forward in sequence, and proceeded to make the clerk weary, each professing utter ignorance of the other's identity.

"Let me see, you are representing wholesale houses, gentlemen, are you not?"

"Yes;" "I am;" "I for one," etc., chorussed the drummers.

"Well, well, bless me," said the clerk. "By the way, how large a place is Saugatuck?"

"There must be fully 1,500 population there," said K—, gravely.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the clerk, "I knew it must be a mighty big city that could go right on and do business with seven such pillars of society out of it at one time."

Cigars all around.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

We'll Suppose a Case.

You are nervous and dyspeptic, your appetite flags, your slumber is broken or disturbed by uneasy dreams, or you court the sleepy god in vain. What shall you do? Try an alcoholic excitant to stimulate appetite, deaden the nerves at bed time with a narcotic? Neither of these. Try Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will, believe us, be more than a trial. You will continue to use this justly renowned nerve invigorant and stomachic. It is the exigency supposed just what is wanted. It is a healthful stimulus to appetite and digestion, does not excite, but quiets the brain and nerves, is an excellent diuretic and a speedy reformer of a disordered condition of the liver and bowels. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, nullifies the prostrating effects of overwork, mitigates the infirmities of age, and hastens convalescence. Persons exposed to rough weather should use it as a preventive, as should also tired students and business men.

How He Stood.

Old Churchman—"How do you stand on the infant damnation theory?"

Liberal Minister—"With both feet, and jumping."—N. Y. Weekly.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. JOHN A. DEMPSTER, OF GENEVA, NEB.,

Was born in Dundee, Kane Co., Ill., Sept. 28, 1840, of Scotch parentage; was educated at the district school. When the war broke out he enlisted in the 52d Illinois Regiment and served as a private most of the time; was in seventeen battles. Among them were Donaldson, Shiloh, Corinth, Resaca, Atlanta, Savannah, Bentonville and Raleigh; was mustered out in July, 1865, at the close of the war, and returned to his old home in Illinois. In 1871 he moved to Nebraska and took a homestead in Fillmore county. Later he moved to Geneva and was appointed postmaster, and served four years. He has always taken a great interest in public matters, and in 1886 was elected on the Republican ticket to the Legislature, and was re-elected in 1888, becoming quite prominent as a true worker in the interests of the people. He is the author of the compulsory educational law of Nebraska, which was passed in 1870. He introduced H. R. No. 1, and became the leader of the submission fight in the House, which was closely contested, and finally passed with sixty votes for and thirty-eight against, thus redeeming a long-standing pledge made by the Republican party of Nebraska.

He is held in high esteem by the people of Nebraska, and is strongly talked of as a candidate for governor in the coming campaign.

Way Off in Her Theatre Education.

"An' did you hear, Mrs. O'Raherty, that Delia Callahan, beyant in Cincinnati, Cornelius Callahan's daughter, ye know, the wan that did used to shtand in Pogue's shtore, did run away wid a thayater company?"

"Indade an' I didn't, Mrs. O'Flaherty. Phwat a pity for her poor mither!"

"Sure an' her mither oughtn't to care, for she was but a poor girrul, an' now she may be on the road of bein' a great actress, for the papers have alridy give her whole columns of advertisements a tellin' all about how she did git aff and the litter she did wrote her mither, an' so-fort."

"An' did they print her litter?"

"They did."

"Och! See phwat I missed! I niver got wan av Mary Ann's litters pooblished yit. I wonder if it would be too late now."

"It would. Mary Ann's too shtale now, Mrs. O'Raherty."

"Too shtale, d'ye say? Faith, an' Mary Ann is but eighteen years owld, t'ank ye; an' she's as frish as the mornin' daisy in shpring toime, t'ank ye; an' she's—"

"Och! phwat d'ye be given us, Mrs. O'Raherty? Sure an' don't I know phwin Mary Ann was born? Wasn't I at the bornin'? Mary Ann isn't wan day under foive and twinty years owld."

"Whist. Mrs. O'Flaherty. Ye don't same to undershtand the stage business

an' how it kapes the female actors young. Look at Mary Anderson! She isn't as owld now as she was phwin she shtarted in the business fifteen years ago. An' Maggie Mitchell! She's sixty-three years owld by the Bible, an' she's got so young now that she got married a few days ago. Ye're away aff in yer thayater education, Mrs. O'Flaherty, so I must run in."—Kentucky State Journal.

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.

A Queen's Thoughts.

To have received many wounds will make you a hero in the eyes of some, while others will regard you as an invalid.

When we wish to affirm anything, it is easy to call on God as a witness, for he never contradicts.

Many persons criticise in order not to seem ignorant; they do not know that indulgence is a mark of the highest culture.

One must be either pious or philosophical, and either say, "Lord, Thy will be done;" or, "Nature, I accept thy laws, even though they crush me."

To all mortals is given a tongue, and sometimes a pen, with which to defend themselves. Sovereigns alone are expected to be like God, and to allow themselves to be spoken ill of without making a reply.

Contradiction animates conversation; that is why courts are generally monotonous.

Princes are brought up to live with all the world—all the world ought to be brought up to live with princes.

To be the friend of a sovereign, one must be without passion, without ambition, without selfishness—foreseeing and clear-seeing—in short not a man.

A prince has, in reality, need but of eyes and ears; his mouth only serves him for smiling.

These words from the bible are often quoted: "Put not your trust in princes," but the end of the sentence is forgotten—"for they are but men."

Study well the human body, the mind is not far off.

Man's honor wears armor, and carries a mace—woman's honor has only soft breezes and perfumes.

Animals are free in their own element; does our slavery arise from our being so rarely in our element?

Man is an enigma from his birth to his death: one thinks to understand him by dissection—a child breaks his toy to see what is inside.

Man is a violin, and it is only when the last chord is broken that he becomes a piece of wood.

Some people can defend themselves with the horns of a bull, others have but snail's horns.

One needs a knowledge of mankind before one can be simply and wholly oneself.

If we are created after the image of God, we must in our turn be creators.

An assemblage of men is an accumulation of Æolian harps, whose notes are discordant or harmonious, according to the way the wind blows.

Beware of a man who seems to doubt your married happiness.—Carmen Sylva, in Woman's World.

If you had taken two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring you would not have had that coated tongue or bad taste in the mouth this morning. Keep a vial with you for occasional use.

Keeping it a Dark Secret.

"Clarence, dear," said the girl, anxiously, "what in the world do you suppose papa wouldn't say if he knew that you drank beer? You know how very strict he is."

"But he doesn't know it, darling," responded Clarence, reassuringly; "we had a drink together to-day and we both took whisky."—Life.

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57 Rose Street, New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Mr. Wm. H. Crane, as The Senator, is drawing crowded houses at the Star Theatre.

Aunt Jack, at the Madison Square Theatre, is one of the jolliest comedies ever written.

My Aunt Bridget, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, is being well received. There are many good things in it.

Shenandoah will run only a few weeks more. A grand souvenir is promised for the 250th performance, which occurs on April 9th.

The Grand Duchess is a great success at the Casino, and it is produced with as much dash and vim as characterized its first season in New York.

Frank Daniels is now in his second month at the Park Theatre, and the house is filled nightly to see his droll performance. There are only a few like him left, and New York appreciates the fact.

At Daly's Theatre, Shakspearian comedies will be given alternately with the popular contemporaneous comedies for the remainder of the season, which closes April 12. This week a new farcical version of Von Moser's Haroun Al Raschid will be given.

They are having grand opera in Harlem in fine style. Manager Hammerstein always secures the best attractions for his patrons, and this last treat is highly appreciated by his patrons. The company includes such celebrities as Lili Lehman, Julius Perrotti, etc.

The Rivals, at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last week, with its excellent cast, drew very large houses. Mr. Jefferson as Bob Acres, as usual, brought down the house, and Mr. Florence as Sir Lucius was admirable. The balance of the cast was first-class, notably Mr. Paulding and Miss Allen. This week, Heir at Law.

Griswold's Tour Around the World is drawing crowded houses at Hardman Hall, Fifth avenue and 19th street. His opening night, Wednesday, was marked by one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences that ever greeted a lecturer in New York. There were a large number of literary and artistic people present, and with so appreciative an audience Mr. Griswold's success was great. The pictures were applauded warmly and the lecturer's witty sallies brought shouts of laughter. The final lecture is Tuesday, April 1st.

Amendment Accepted.

Judge—"What's the charge, officer?"
Officer—"Petty larceny, Your Honor."
Prisoner (interrupting)—"I beg your pardon, Judge—the charge is impersonating an officer."

Judge—"How do you make that out?"
Prisoner—"I took a handful of peanuts and an orange from a poor woman's stand without paying for them."—Puck.

A Willful Waste of Wealth

About the poorest investment a man can make is to dump his money into the ticket wagon of a second-class circus.—Connorsville News.

The bald man's motto: "There is room at the top." This top may be supplied with a good crop of fine hair by using Hall's Hair Renewer. Try it.

Scotland's Conquerors.

While the American workingmen's expedition was in Scotland, Mr. Wm. Milligan, of this city, was interviewed by a reporter from one of the Edinburgh papers. In answer to an inquiry as to the impression Scotland made on the delegates, Mr. Milligan replied:

"You are a great people, a powerful people. The Romans couldn't conquer you, and had to build a big wall around. But the lords have conquered you."

The interviewer protested that it was not so.

"Well," replied Mr. Milligan, "how comes it that you give more land to pheasants than to peasants?" Looking across at the tall houses of the old town he remarked: "You are said to be a strong, hardy people, but I reckon you are bound to breed a weaker race if you make a woman's back bend in toiling up fourteen stories. Why don't you build more around and less up? There is plenty of land outside Edinburgh with only pheasants on it."

"But all that does not betoken that we are conquered, as you say."

"Don't it? Well, other things do. I had an introduction to a Mr. X., a farmer, and meeting a man on the road, I asked if he could direct me to Mr. X.'s house. He immediately lifted his hat, and with every indication of respect said he would show me to the 'big house.' I said I wanted to see Mr. X., the farmer, and at once his whole demeanor changed. It seems there was another Mr. X., the laird, in fact, and the man thought I wanted to see him. In a moment all his servile respect was gone, for when he knew I was not going to the 'big house' he reckoned I didn't count. What do you call that?"

"But surely you do not judge us all by one isolated instance of meanness?"

"Well no, I do not; but still—How long is Burns dead?"

"Nearly a hundred years."

"Well, perhaps in another two hundred years you will be as far advanced as he was. At your present rate of traveling you will need two hundred years anyhow before you can say: 'A man's a man for a' that.' Take my advice, if you would progress, get rid of your lords. And, mind you, I'm neither a socialist nor an anarchist."

"But you have lords in your own country, though they have no titles?"

"True, but we don't mind them. They don't count."

The hour for departure having now arrived:

"Now for Glasgow," said Mr. Milligan, "and then for Liverpool, and then for God's own land, America. Hurrah. By-by! Look me up in Detroit. Don't forget, now. Milligan's my name."—The Detroit Echo.

A Bare Probability.

Dumley (to whom Brown has just related a somewhat incredible story)—"I don't believe, Brown, that such a thing could happen!"

Brown—"Happen? Why, my wife saw it happen only this morning!"

Dumley (apologetically)—"Oh, I beg pardon; if Mrs. Brown saw it happen, and told you the story herself, why, of course there is a possibility of its being true."—Life.

Too High a Valuation.

Customer (to bird fancier)—"My wife wants a parrot. What's the lowest you will take for that bird?"

Bird Fancier—"Fifty dollars, sir, is rock bottom."

Parrot—"Come off, you've tried to sell me for twenty!"—Life.

To the young face Pozzoni's Complexion Powder gives fresher charms, to the old renewed youth. Try it.

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

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Our Young People.

In the Sunday school:

Teacher—"What is the wages of sin?"

Johnnie—"Workin' on Sunday, mem."

"Mamma," said little Willie, inspecting a porous plaster, "are them holes where the pain comes through?"—Drake's Magazine.

Sunday School Teacher—"What is Jacob sometimes called?" (meaning Israel).

Little Boy—"He is sometimes called Jake."

Mrs. Ransom—"So your little brother is sick, eh?"

Herbert—"Yep."

Mrs. Ransom—"What's the matter with him?"

Herbert—"He's got chicken coop."—Judge.

Little Willie, who is still in dresses, went to Washington with his mamma. On his return all were anxious to hear what his first impression of the city was. To the query of "Willie, what did you see?" with a very wise look and important air, he answered, emphatically: "Pants!"

Two little boys were at the circus, looking at the elephant.

After the elder boy had given the animal several peanuts, the little fellow cried out:

"Oh, pa, can't I give the other tail some peanuts, too?"—Epoch.

Minister—"I hope you are a good little boy, Robby, and always mind your father?"

Robby—"Yes, sir, I always do what he tells me to when he begins to call me Robert."—New York Sun.

Another small boy of three, who is decidedly irreverent, on praying, "God bless papa," added, "and make him a good boy; if you can't, just warm him up."—Babyhood.

Our little boy, six years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa:

"Who taught the first man his letters?"—Boston Globe.

The Melancholy Man.

Black—"Who is that man over there? He is one of the most melancholy looking beings I ever saw."

White—"He is melancholy. Always in the blues."

"Do you know him personally?"

"Oh, yes; I know him very well. His name is Jones. He's an author."

"An author? What has he written?"

"A book entitled 'How to be Happy?'"—Boston Courier.

A Serious State of Things.

There ought to be an organization of the law-abiding people of this city to stop the wholesale desecration of the Sabbath.—Fort Wayne News.

A Book for Bicyclists.

"Wobbles' Tour Around the World on a Bicycle," from TEXAS SIFTINGS, and "Short Cycling Sketches," by E. R. Collins, are published by J. S. Ogilvie in a neat book, at twenty-five cents. E. R. Collins is well known to bicyclists throughout the country as the humorist of 'cycling,' and the book is certain to have a large sale among wheelmen and those who are not devoted to the sport as well. The short sketches are not all humorous, but some are pleasing and entertaining narratives of what is likely to befall a wheelman as he journeys about the country. The cover of the book is very artistic, and gives a portrait of the author, framed in the large wheel of his favorite Star bicycle.

Business Matters.

Mr. Frederic Spyrge (at Saratoga)—"Aw, I did intend, Miss Smithers, to spend the summer in Europe, but business matters of pressing importance kept me at home."

She—"Yes, I heard papa say only a day or two ago that times are very hard."—Life.



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A GUEST OF THE CLUB.



Exceedingly clever! and without any parade,
Wonderfully expert in handling a spade
In games, which he plays; while in wielding a club,
No one is more daring when playing the rub;
Then, in playing a hand, has hearts to command:
Few owning more diamonds than were held in
his hand!
He is very convincing! Cards nestle about—
Make his acquaintance should you have any
doubt!

In dealing the cards, with a kindly regard
For himself, the game he will oftentimes retard;
And while the best of players are sitting close by,
In a manner mysterious, tho' sly;
Will obtain from the deck, cards almost a peck,
Proceeding his clothes to slyly bedeck!
And just how, when and where, he got those two
pair,
Make the most of us secretly swear!

Then the bat of that eye! Delusive and sly,
You cannot ever catch it, nor can I;
'Tis convincing too late, as I witness our fate
That most of our lives are predestinate!
Why, if some one would give us two dozen packs,
Neither you, nor could I, get more than two
jacks;

Then, when he would call us! It would appall us
To meet the calamity which would befall us!

Sad are reflections! Many times I have wished,
When back in disgust my chair I have pushed,
That my eyes were not better at night—
As I would witness some brother's sad plight;
For none could keep pace with four kings and an
ace—

Tho' stealing one king—a burning disgrace—
With a flush, he said was a "sequent"—
Which to me were amazingly frequent!

His raise of that blind was remarkably good,
As I quickly discovered after I stood!
Then the Doctor sat down, with face all aglow—
All doctors seem wise, even little they know—
Business he came for, business he got,
For the Doctor didn't know the name of the pot—
How his eyes seemed to open, when three of a kind,
Seemingly puzzled the medical mind!

There was one other who joined in a hand—
Elegant gentleman, I feel sorry he's strand;
Somewhat too certain, not having much fear;
And for his assurance he paid very dear.
It wasn't any use! I deplore his abuse!
"It wasn't his night," was his only excuse;
Tho' our wealth was increased by his stay in the
game,
The bank's depreciated in proportion the same.

The fondest of hopes, like loveliest of bloom,
Quickly passes away, and leaves you in gloom!
I simply relate how fortunes will flee—
The game it was played 'twixt the fellow and me:
Three fours on two eights, I was feeling galore;
Feeling quite "full," tho' not so "full" as a four
That called me: Show down! While I play a
good game,
Four nines will beat always a "full" just the
same!



The "straits" and the "blazes" that we played
that night;
And the "fulls" and the "flushes" were a laugh-
able sight;
For the truth, I will speak it, in that little "high,"
No one kept sober, save the Doctor and I.

To carry them home, we'd a wagon patrol—
First thought to go 'long, their offense to con-
dole—

How the Doctor did "smile" and I did wink back,
When we sent them home "dead," quite safe in
the hack!

Were you ever there? If you were you know how
I record these proceedings with a feverish brow!
If you weren't ever there, why, best stay away,
Is the advice of a friend, of feelings, next day.
These cards are deluding, we sit 'neath their bowers,
Spading away time and clubbing out hours,
Aching our hearts, our diamonds home sleeping,
Till the dawn of the morning's silently peeping.

Lovely's the morning—refreshing pure air;
The sun brightly beaming, new born, as it were;
But the sky may be clear, the morning serene,
Not so I fear one who home rules as a queen.
Oh, the thing that we dread is that gentle surprise—
Disguising our look—from her languishing eyes!
Have you experience? Aye, there is the rub
In staying out late with "A Guest of the Club."
W. C. J.

Fortune Came to Him.

A Chicago theatrical manager was
worrying over his monthly bills, when a
boy entered the room and informed him
that a woman down-stairs wished to be
shown up.

"Tell her to go into the divorce courts,"
the manager growled.

"She says that she must see you, sir.
Says that if you do not see her it will be
your loss."

"Tell her that I am willing to lose."

The boy went down but soon returned,
bringing with him the following note:

"If you do not grant my request failure
will overtake you, but the granting of it
may lead to the distancing of all competi-
tors. Give me five minutes time."

The manager, superstitious, as nearly
all theatrical people are, thought that a
fortune might possibly be knocking at his
door; and, telling the boy to show the
lady up, shoved his unpaid bills aside and
awaited her coming.

A tall, gaunt, pale, straw-haired, hol-
low-cheeked woman was shown into the
room. The manager snorted. His super-
stition had left him. The woman,
with a cool and steadfast eye, studied his
face. She was not in the least embar-
rassed by his derisive outburst. She was
evidently a firm believer in her own
powers.

"Madam,—let us hope that I address
you properly and yet I do not see why
you are a madam—what can I do for you,
or rather, what can you do for me?"

"I can make your fortune, sir."

"Delighted to hear it. Of what mate-
rial do you propose to make it?"

"Talent," she replied.

"Good; by the impenetrable darkness
of the latter days of Oedipus, good. What
sort of talent do you possess?"

"The best."

"Yes, but in what line? Do you
scratch short hand, or is your work con-
fined alone to throwing a shower of
fingers upon the keyboard of a type-
writer?"

She gave him a look of wilting con-
tempt. "I do not propose to do such
poverty-hugging work," she said. "I
propose to go upon the stage and fire an
audience with enthusiasm."

"Ah, I see. I don't doubt that you
would fire an audience. What do you
propose to play?"

"Cleopatra."

"Ah hah, of course. But, seriously
speaking, miss, you really have no
thought of playing Cleopatra, have you?"

"I have."

"Do you know anything about the
stage?"

"Nothing."

"Have you ever acted?"

"Never."

"Can you recite that great favorite of
the district school exhibition, 'Stay, jailer,
stay, I am not mad?'"

"No."

"Do you know how to faint?"

"I do not."

"Can you rave with tragic effect? Can
you, with thrilling abandon, tear a black
wig to pieces?"

"No, I think not."

"Can you sit gracefully in a gilded
barge and imperiously wave your hand
at a negro boy dressed in a breech clout
and a pair of copper ear-rings?"

"No."

"Then you cannot play Cleopatra."

"Yes, I am highly endowed for the
part."

"But why so?"

"She leaned forward and whispered:
'I am not afraid of taking cold.'"

The manager sprang to his feet. "For-
tune, hitherto fleeting fortune, thou hast
at last surrendered thyself to me. Come
back to-morrow, miss. Oh, no," he sud-
denly added, "stay. You might possibly
escape me. Envious wretches might
seize you and tear you away. Oh, for-
tune, oh, thou capricious goddess, thou
art within my grasp."—Arkansaw Travel-
er.

Partners in Misery.

The two desperate men ran against
each other when at the very brink of the
deep, swift stream. They stopped and
eyed each other with suspicion.

"Out of the way, sir!" shouted one of
them. "Why do you seek to prevent me
from putting an end to a useless life?"

"Out of the way yourself!" yelled the
other; "you are hindering me from ter-
minating a miserable existence!"

"Who are you?"

"I am the inventor of a new snow-
plow!"

"And I am the owner of a toboggan
slide!"

They fell on each other's shoulders and
wept, and then went and drowned their
sorrows in the strong waters of a conso-
lation bazaar around the corner.—Chicago
Tribune.

Smart Weed and Belladonna, com-
bined with the other ingredients used in the best
porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Back-
ache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25
cents.

A MAN has to have moral courage to
refrain from looking sideways at the let-
ter his next neighbor in the horse-car is
diligently reading. A woman can't do
it, anyway.—Somerville Journal.



Radway's
READY RELIEF
Price 50 Cts.
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL
Instantly Stop Pain
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS
& MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.
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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 RE-
SOLVENT, for the Blood.**

"Do you know how to faint?"
"I do not."

Rheumatism,

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

"About two years ago, after suffering
for nearly two years from rheumatic
gout, being able to walk only with great
discomfort, and having tried various
remedies, including mineral waters,
without relief, I saw by an advertise-
ment in a Chicago paper that a man had
been relieved of this distressing com-
plaint, after long suffering, by taking
Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to
make a trial of this medicine, and took
it regularly for eight months, and am
pleased to state that it has effected a
complete cure. I have since had no re-
turn of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving
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fined to my house six months. I came
out of the sickness very much debili-
tated, with no appetite, and my system
disordered in every way. I commenced
using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to
improve at once, gaining in strength
and soon recovering my usual health.
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

OH, BY THE BYE.



In my sanctum I sat one day, nervous and tired,
With a mountain of work yet to do,
When in came a fellow who said he desired
To consume of my moments a few.
He talked for an hour, but at last he arose
And his form disappeared through the door;
But it opened again, and he stuck in his nose
With an "Oh, by the bye!"
And came back for a half hour more.
He sat on the edge of a cane-bottomed chair
With his hat tilted back on his head,
And he talked with a breezy and nonchalant air
Till I wished I were crazy or dead.
When this second infliction he brought to a close,
And had bowed himself out as before,
I returned to my work—but he stuck in his nose
With an "Oh, by the bye!"
And came back for a half hour more.
He had lungs that were leather and cheeks that
were brass,
And his voice tore my nerves like a saw;
If Sampson had met with this tedious ass
He'd have killed him, I know, for his jaw.
He talked and he talked till I itched in my toes
To kick out this unparalleled bore;
Then he left, but a third time he stuck in his nose
With an "Oh, by the bye!"
And came back for a half hour more.
And I sat there like one in a horrible dream
Assailed by a gibbering imp,
Unable to stir hand or foot, or to scream,
Perspiring, impassive and limp.
But when for the fourth time he ended my woes
I sprang up, slammed and bolted the door,
For fear lest again he would stick in his nose
With an "Oh, by the bye!"
And come back for a half hour more.
Then I said to myself: "There is not upon earth
An affliction so grievous and dire,
As the fellow who comes with addenda of mirth,
Who repeats till you nearly expire;
And there's not such a fiend, I will add ere I close,
This side of the sulphurous shore,
As the talkative nuisance who sticks in his nose
With an "Oh, by the bye!"
And comes back for a half hour more.
GEORGE HORTON.

A FACT.

In the ladder of success—
This is very true, methinks—
There may be much good fellowship,
But there are no rounds of drinks.
—Exchange.

THE HIRED MAN.

I give my time, my song, my life to toil,
My brow of bronze, my arms of brawn, are hers;
For her alone each willing muscle stirs;
For her I guide the plow and delve the land,
For her my brow is wet, my face is tanned.
Sweet Labor, brown-checked as the chestnut burs—
Thy lightest law my lagging spirit spurs,
And under heat and burden bids me stand.
So, in thy name the old line fence I scale,
Just where the whispering maple shades the
place;
I mount the panel with the softest rail,
And let the light winds fan my patient face;
And there, where birds and moments idly flit—
I sit, and sit, and sit, and sit, and sit.
—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

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,

Why He was Called "Major."

Among all those lawyers who made that heroic advance upon Nashville last spring, to try the famous natural gas bond injunction, before Judge Jackson, none were more distinguished in their appearance than Mayor Hamilton and Emery Potter. They rather eclipsed the other legal luminaries, in fact, and threw them into the dense, disheartening umbra of totality in point of style. Down at the Tennessee capital they stopped at the best hotel, were mentioned in the local papers as prominent arrivals, had ice-water sent up to their rooms and revelled in all those rare and costly luxuries which are alone to be obtained at our best and most fashionable hostelrys. In fact, the Mayor and Mr. Potter were in good form in every respect.

But they never spoke in court, and were silent as a London barrister. To all intents and purposes they were merely lending a high tone to the Toledo party, and investing it with an air of eclat.

The colored porter at their hotel, after frequent tips, evinced a great fondness for Mr. Potter.

Every morning he awoke the distinguished Toledo attorney, and said:

"Good mornin', Majah, did you enjoy your sleep las' night?"

Mr. Potter replied that he had.
"Yo'll fin' yo' shoes, Majah, all shined up right by yo' do'. Anything mo' I can do for you, Majah, dis mornin'?"

Mr. Potter could not understand the "Majah," but said nothing for several days, but it kept getting worse, the negro insisted on applying the military title to him, and finally Mr. Potter said:

"Say, why do you call me Major? I've been called colonel, and general, and captain, and judge, and everything else, but I was never called Major before. Now I'd like to know what makes you call me Major?"

"Well, you see, Majah, i' 's like dis. Du'in' de wah we allus called dose gem'-men Majah wha' put on a pow'ful lot o' style, an' never hed nuthin' to do."—Toledo Blade.

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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.

Was Determined to Beat Dick Jones.

There was a dozen or more fly-screen doors outside the store marked "Only \$1.30 each," and when the farmer and his wife drove up their attention was at once attracted.

"That's exactly what I was going to ask for, she said, as she climbed down over the wheel to the platform.

"You was, eh? I'd like to know what we want of a screen door?" he growled.

"What does other folks want of 'em?"

"Sure 'nuff. If folks want to buy every gimcrack that comes out let 'em do it, but we han't got no money to throw away."

"Moses, we've got to have a screen door," she observed as she went closer. We are the only folks on the hull Center Line road without one."

"Has it hurt us any?"

"Yes, it has. There wasn't a tin peddler, lightning-rod man, piano agent, or chicken buyer what called last summer but what throwed out a hint to us."

"And if they'd throwed out a hint that we orter have a door-bell you'd take on till you got one, I s'pose."

"I don't say nothin' 'bout door-bells, 'cause folks can knock when they come; but we do need a screen door."

"What fur?"

"They look rich from the road, and they keep flies and bugs out."

"We have kept house thirty-eight years now, and we orter be used to insects. Bugs and flies don't bother us none, and they are healthy anyhow."

"See how cheap they are, Moses," she continued in pleading tones.

"Ya-as, but you kin buy the netting fur five cents a yard—white and green and yaller and all kinds. I tell ye, Martha, we can't afford it."

"She sighed and was turning away, when the hardware man came out and briskly said:

"Ah, how are you, folks. Looking at those screen doors, eh? Powerful nice things to keep the flies out."

"Ya-as, I s'pose so," replied the farmer, "but we don't want any. I rather like to have flies around."

"Well, I couldn't let you have one of that lot, anyhow. Dick Jones takes the whole five."

"What! our Dick?"

"Yes, over on the corners."

"And he's all mortgaged up and can't buy a new plow!"

"There, Moses—what do you think!" exclaimed the wife.

"And Dick Jones has bought them doors?" he asked of the merchant.

"Yes, he'll take 'em."

"No he won't! Just load three of 'em into my wagon! I don't go much on gimcracks, and I know we don't need 'em, but I han't going to let no turnip top like Dick Jones go swelling around over me—not this year! Come along, old woman, and pick ye out a 40-cent pair of stockings—yes, you may go as high as 60! I'll be swashed if any family named Jones can sit on our coat-tails!"—New York Sun.

Usual Rates.

Staten Islander (to native drayman)—"What'll you take to move that old fashioned clock?"

Drayman (estimating its value)—"The clock and ten dollars."

A Low-Cut Dress.

Editor of Spicy Society Paper—"Yes, the Slanderer will appear in a new dress next week."

Blinks—"So? Well, I hope it will not be so low-cut as the present one."—Lawrence American.

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.

To SAY that a lady is no spring chicken has come to be the highest form of compliment.—Binghamton Leader.

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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured
HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head
ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.
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Is the captain's gig drawn by the sea horse?—Hotel Gazette.

It is the paying teller who frequently meets with a check.—St. Joseph News.

It is a strange fact that the first apple was eaten by the first pair.—Boston Post.

A BEE ordinarily has but little to say, yet it generally carries its point.—Cincinnati Porcupine.

WHEN a town is washed out by a cloud-burst the citizens wring their hands.—Norristown Herald.

WE suppose the ship heaves to out of sympathy for the seasick passengers.—Binghamton Leader.

THE leading traits of the Western railroad business nowadays seem to be cut rates.—Boston Herald.

BOULANGER is French for baker, and that's why Boulanger is such a doughty general.—Washington Star.

WHEN the gate's a-jar it is natural that it should be considered a proper place for sweet-meets.—Yonkers Gazette.

MARRIAGE is not one-tenth as much a failure as the average summer resort engagement.—Baltimore American.

WHEN a public man has lost his grip he will not do much handshaking with constituents.—New Orleans Picayune.

BROKERS should keep sober. A bull is entitled to only two horns daily and a bear to none at all.—Boston Gazette.

EVERY girl believes that when she gets married her husband will tell her what they do at the lodge.—Atchison Globe.

ALL things come to those who wait, is a consoling adage to those who would rather wait than work.—Galveston News.

"My birds have flown," said an unfortunate chicken fancier, "and it will not be easy to re-coop my losses."—Chicago Lyre.

SPEAKING about the "pulls" which politicians have, what's the matter with the pulls the dentists have.—St. Joseph News.

THERE is a deaf and dumb man in Kansas seven feet tall. This is what we might call a long silence.—Kearney Enterprise.

THE dollar of our daddies ought to have 100 cents' worth of silver in it. Then it would be a "pa" dollar.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

If you want to find out all about women and their ways ask some young man who has never been married.—Terre Haute Express.

It is unkind to make a jest of aerial navigation before inventors of air-ships. It is a soar point with them.—Baltimore American.

THE amount of brandy taken by some men is out of all proportion to the size of the colic they are entertaining.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

"ACTIONS speak louder than words," and that was the reason for the introduction of the deaf and dumb alphabet.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE model cloak girl must have a pretty figure, but the same condition is not necessarily attached to her salary.—Baltimore American.

WHILE the theme is still fresh it may be remarked that, after all, Nellie Bly simply waltzed around the ball-room.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE English sparrows have almost exterminated the wrens, orioles and meadow larks, and in five years more the keno goose will be about the only native bird left.—Detroit Free Press.

"The plot thickens," remarked Filkins at the play. "Well, don't stop it," said Jonkins, "it's thin enough, goodness knows."—Washington Star.

"He's a master of the fine arts," was the manner in which a culprit who had just paid a financial penalty referred to the judge.—Washington Post.

Killing a Robber for Ten Per Cent.

We were staging from Anton Chico to Santa Fé, and there were six passengers, all men. Every man was armed, and one might safely judge that every one would fight if driven to it. One of the passengers was a man from Rhode Island, who said his name was Hastings, and after we were fairly started he began:

"Gentlemen, I have a proposition to make. If you accept it I hope it will be to your benefit. If you do not, then no harm has been done. We are quite likely to meet with a road agent before we get through. If so, how many of you will fight?"

This was putting it pretty broad, but seeing that no disrespect was meant, one of the passengers looked over the crowd and replied:

"I think every man can be depended on."

"Yes, you think so, but when the pinch comes the case will be different. I've been through the mill, and I've seen a man with two revolvers go right down into his boots and submit to be kicked."

"What is your proposition?"

"Well, I'm about dead broke. I want to engage to defend this crowd for ten per cent. of the money it is carrying."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if stopped, I'll agree to kill or run off the chap who does it. If I do you pay me ten per cent. If I don't you pay me nothing. I'll leave it to each man to size up his pile."

"You must think yourself a very brave and smart man," remarked one of the others.

"Oh, no; I'm not at all stuck on myself. This is a matter of business. I guarantee to do thus and so. I want you to do the same."

We chaffed him for a while, but seeing how good natured he was finally agreed that if we were stopped and he killed or drove the robber off we'd come down with the per cent. demanded. Stages had been robbed on that route, but we had no fear, and it had come along to 5 o'clock P. M. and we were about to cross a creek running through a chaparral, when a voice cried "Halt!" and the driver pulled up.

"Egad! but here's the agent!" chuckled Hastings, who had been dozing for an hour. "Remember the terms, gentlemen—ten per cent. if I save your boodle!"

"Throw down your gun!" shouted the voice, and we heard the driver comply.

"Now get down and unhitch your horses from the stage!"

The driver was swinging himself down when Hastings opened the right-hand door and jumped out, revolver in hand. As tough a looking chap as you ever saw stood at the horses' heads, a double-barreled shotgun in his hands, and he yelled at Hastings as he saw him drop. The latter fell on his hands and knees, crept swiftly under the vehicle, used one of the wheel horses to cover him, and while the robber was peering about to locate him, and at the same time warning us not to leave the coach, the Clam State man rose up and sent a bullet plumb through the fellow's head. He ran forward to finish his work, but the robber was as dead as a herring.

"Gents, ten per cent., if you please!" said Rhode Island, as we piled out of the stage, "and what I find on the body is mine."

He got two revolvers, the shotgun, two gold watches, and \$170 in money, and we paid him about \$200 more. We felt flat enough, too, I can assure you, as we had been given no show. Hastings stripped the body, dragged it out of the road, and took his place in the coach with the remark:

"Hope you gents are perfectly satis-

fied with my work, and if you want to contract for my services the rest of the way, I'll put 'em in at five per cent., which is an extremely low rate."—New York Sun.

Vagaries of Etiquette.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To place your hand on the arm of a lady, in Italy, is a grave and objectionable familiarity.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety. If a Spaniard says, when you retire after a visit, "This house is entirely at your disposal whenever you please to favor it," he wishes you to know that he regards you as one of the family—*uno de nosotros* (one of us) as they express it. If the words are not spoken you can conclude that you are not welcome to call again.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes. The upper classes wear tight fitting shoes, with goloshes over them. The latter, which receive all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering the house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or scrapers outside and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in Moslem houses and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow.

Etiquette requires, in Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that the following is not an exaggeration:

"What is your honorable name?"

"My insignificant appellation is Chang."

"Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Luchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?"

"My vile, worthless brats are five."

"How is the health of your distinguished spouse?"

"My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."—Frank H. Stauffer, in Detroit Free Press.

Contrary to Tradition.

"Young man," he said solemnly, "do you realize that the truly wise man doesn't think that he knows as much as he really does know?"

"Oh, yes sir," was the reply, "and the man who isn't truly wise thinks he knows it all, and when he jumps in he generally gets there with both feet."—Life.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small; very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

Had to Hoof it Home.

We heard a good story told to-day of a young lady driving off from the camp-meeting grounds Saturday and leaving a young man to walk back to town.—Madison Herald.

SHE IS IN LUCK.

A Young Lady Draws \$15,000 for \$1.

Fortune has smiled serenely upon a pretty Kensington maid who has very unexpectedly jumped from poverty to wealth.

The little lady in question purchased a one-twentieth ticket in The Louisiana State Lottery. It was her first attempt in this direction, and, after getting the ticket, which was taken more to accommodate a friend than anything else, she laid it aside and almost forgot all about it.

On February 12 she received a slip showing the winning numbers, and imagine her surprise to learn that her ticket—number 64,385—had drawn the first capital prize of \$300,000, of which her share is \$15,000. This amount she received a few days later by the Southern Express.

The lady is Miss Elmira Lowe, who resides with her aged mother at 230 Diamond street.

Miss Lowe is well-known in Kensington, and her large circle of friends express great pleasure over her good fortune. The young lady has not decided upon the way she will invest her money. She is not dazzled by her suddenly acquired wealth and has not changed by reason of her good luck. Miss Lowe is at present visiting friends in New York and will not return home for a month or two.—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, March 6.

A Popular Pursuit.

Brown—"What is DeSnifter engaged in at your place?"

Smythe—"He's in the bad debts business."

"Ah, yes, collecting 'em."

"Ah, no, making 'em."—Light.

Arnold,
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