

# Texas Siftings.

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## A BEAR MAJORITY.

BEARS—ARE YOU WITH US, OLD BOY?  
PICNICKER—SORRY TO SAY I AM!

## Texas Siftings.

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

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## IN A. MINER'S KEY.

IMPORTANT to women—men.

Most people eat to fill, but a dentist fills to eat.

For a hen-pecked husband there is no promotion.

The ruler of Algiers supports himself by Dey's work.

ADVERTISEMENTS of Faber's pencils should be set up leaded.

A BUTCHER who gives light weight sells by the meat-trick system.

GOLD is protection in many cases, particularly in the case of a watch.

IMPROVED Order of Red Men—Indians ordering pop instead of whisky.

SINGULAR that a man with no money to trouble him should have money troubles.

THE Detroit heiress, Ella Ward, is now Princess de Caraman Chimay, py chimany!

COME to think of it, how can you expect the poor to be contented when the rich never are?

A CENSUS enumerator in Kansas City skipped so many people that he had to skip the town.

THE Supreme Court, though not dead, has kicked the bucket. It says the bucket-shop must go.

TEACHER—What is apple in Latin? Boy—Po-mum. Teacher—Did any one tell you? Boy—No-mum.

"What are the wild waves saying?"  
I think they're beginning to tell  
How soon the sweet girl at the seaside  
Will list to the song of the swell.

NEVER get mad when the other fellow does. Wait until he cools off, and then you will have the field to yourself.

STANLEY'S lectures will draw, undoubtedly, but the African dwarf queen whom he discovered would be a greater curiosity.

ARTISTS are not mercenary, as a rule, but those who go to the coast of Maine to paint in summer look out for the Maine chance.

A MAN who was heavily fined for kissing a woman against her will complained bitterly that the McKinley bill was responsible for the increase of the sugar duties.

An old farmer saw house wrappers advertised in the paper, and he sent for one, thinking it was some new contrivance for rapping the house up to breakfast in the morning.

"I HAVE changed my mind," said Mr. Poots, loftily, when his wife reminded him that he had promised her a new hat. "I pity the one you changed with," said Mrs. Poots, scornfully.

A CHICAGO wag advertised for agents to peddle artesian wells, and he got twenty replies in the first mail. One wanted to know how many he could carry along in a one-horse lumber wagon.

## IN THE PARK.



You think me a tramp, young feller, I know,  
And you reckon I hain't no right to this seat;  
You're a-wonderin' why I don't get up and go,  
And leave the hull park to yerself for a treat.

Well, a tramp's what I am; I don't deny that;  
And that's jest the reason I'm takin' a rest:  
With a coat that's too big, and a number nine hat,  
And shoes I could swim in, I'm doin' my best.

I know it's no joke to touch shoulders with me,  
Perticklerly when you've got clothes that fit;  
And how you kin stand it, I'm blest if I see!  
In that streaked "blazer," yer quite a "hit."

Good clothes is becoming, of course, that's true;  
But they sometimes make ye stuck on yerself.  
Don't let 'em get in their "fine work" on you,  
Some day, ye know, they're laid on the shelf.

You'd hardly believe I had 'em once, too,  
A-seein' me sit here like Misery's twin;  
It seems jest a dream I was ever like you,  
With friends, and a home to be happy in.

And I didn't lose 'em through gamblin' or gin,  
They went in a night, like a tale that's told—  
The spoil of a friend I trusted in,  
Who tricked me of wife, and house, and gold.

"The way of the world," perhaps you say;  
But somehow I never took heart again.  
I lost my grip, and you see me to-day,  
The sport and jest of my fellow-men.

Have you ever thought, when the shadows fall  
O'er the busy street and the quiet park,  
Of the feeling of those with no home at all,  
In the silent, cheerless, pitiless dark?

Do you wonder, then, on a glad, bright day,  
'Mid trees that beckon and breezes that kiss,  
I should want to pass a few hours away,  
When the night is so different from all this?

That's why I'm here, 'neath the beautiful blue,  
I hain't nowhere else to go to, you see.  
Remember what's only a notion with you,  
Is pretty near heaven to fellers like me.

HOWARD SEELY.

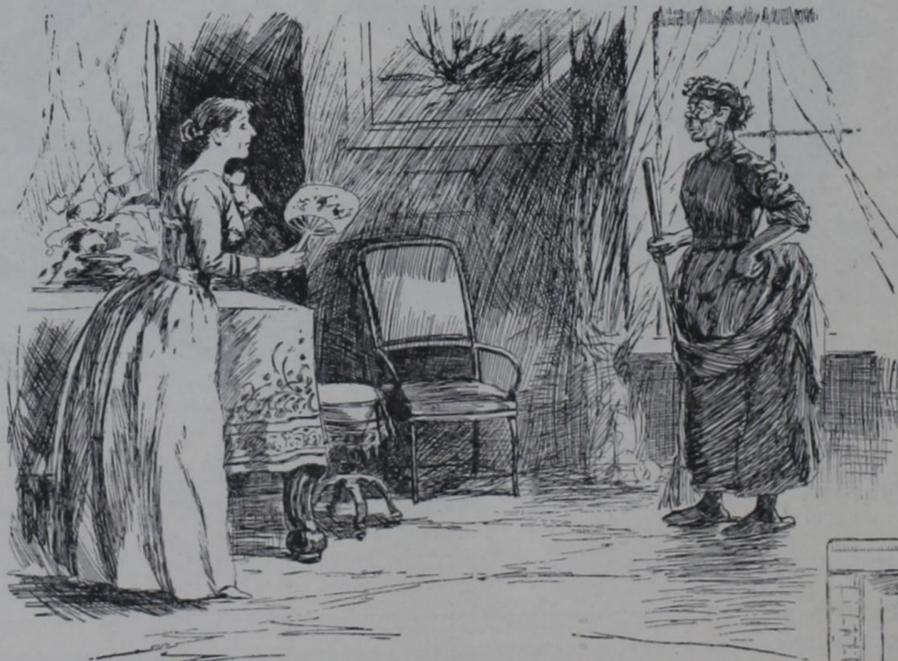
## FOLLOWING NEW YORK.

The country press assumes great independence of the press of New York at times, yet how slavishly it follows any novelty introduced by the latter. Let the Sun, Herald or World start a new department, and straightway you see it imitated by "leading" journals elsewhere, though they rarely lead in such matters—they follow. A New York paper started the red-headed girl and white-horse idiocy, and every editor in the land was soon writing about it. Now the "human hog" is having a run. The New York Sun went for this disgusting specimen of humanity, who infests railroads, street cars, theatres, hotels, etc., and in a week's time the American press was hooting at him. Column editorials were launched at the human hog from scores of sanctums. One might think that the genus had only just been discovered, yet it has existed from the time that Adam took a "hog bite" from Eve's Rhode Island pippin, which we all have cause to remember. Why couldn't the provincial press have taken up this fruitful theme of its own accord? But, no. They had to wait until some New York editor had thought the subject out during a lull in political topics. Very little newspaper work in new lines is done outside of the New York press, though we shall probably draw down a storm of indignation upon our heads for saying so. The metropolis gives the cue to most provincial editors, and they snatch it up eagerly and pursue it for all it is worth—much more, sometimes.

## CLUB EXPULSIONS.

Why a man who has been formally expelled from a Club by a satisfactory majority should appeal to the courts to be put back, thereby calling universal attention to the fact that he had been thus expelled, when it might not otherwise become generally known, is a mystery to many who do not consider the action of a Club as the final verdict upon human character. The casual thinker would infer that a Club expelled a member because they didn't want his company; but there are always men trying to get in where they are not wanted. It doesn't necessarily follow that the man expelled ranks below his expellers. Sometimes he is superior to some of them, and their action is a compliment rather than a reproof or condemnation. "Banished from Rome! What's banished but set free," etc. But there are men who cannot look at the matter in that philosophical light. They consider that a stigma has been placed upon their character, and they fly to the courts for relief. Recently a Philadelphia man was expelled from a leading Club in that city. He secured an order from the Court of Common Pleas placing him back in the Club, with the privileges of the reading room, bowling alley and club bar, and freedom from feeing waiters, united with the right to be sent home in a hack when too full to walk. But the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, which is a sort of exclusive Club in itself, stepped in and reversed the decision of the lower court,

and the Club door is closed firmer than ever. This, too, is the ruling in England. The lesson is: if a Club expels you don't kick. Get up a Club of your own, and keep out any man you don't like.



## ALL DOWN BUT NINE.

MARY ANN—Got your house-cleanin' all done, Bridget?

BRIDGET—Yis, all but the parlors, and the dinin' room, and the sittin' room, and the liberry, and the bedrooms and the halls.

MARY ANN—Why, you haven't begun yet. There isn't anything else to clean.

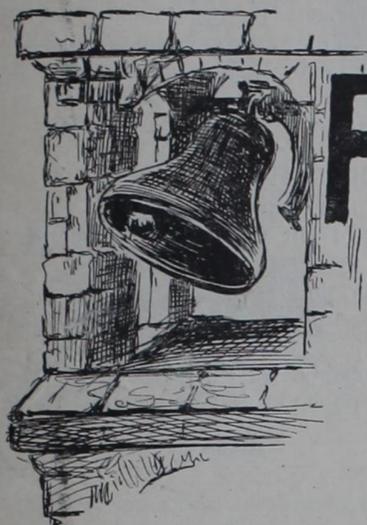
BRIDGET—Sure yis, there was the panthry, and that was cleaned out last night by that lovely big policeman on this beat, the darlin'.



A HISTORY OF FRANCE.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
PART XXXVII.



**F**RANCIS II. left no issue and was succeeded by his brother, Charles IX., in the year 1560, who was not yet eleven years old. His mother, Catherine de Médi- ci, assumed sovereign power in the name of her son, and she exercised it in the most despotic man-

ner before she yielded it up. She was a woman hard and cruel; but possessed of much shrewdness.

You must remember, my children, that in those days religion was a political question largely, and Catholics and Protestants were alike striving for power. They were two great political parties, in fact, with bold, ambitious leaders. Whichever obtained the ascendancy behaved cruelly towards the other party.

Great excesses were often practiced on both sides. The powerful Guises were leaders of the Catholic party, while the great Condé led the Huguenots. The latter had been arrested by order of the Queen-mother during the reign of Francis II., and being tried for treasonable plottings was condemned to death. His execution was delayed under one pretext and another by the humane l'Hôpital, Chancellor of State, until the death of Francis, when he was released, and afterwards became member of the council, a marked example of the changing fortunes of public men. The policy of Catherine was to keep the two parties about evenly balanced.

The States-Général was convoked at Orleans about the time that Charles IX. began to reign, and this body of notables from every part of France introduced many sound reforms in the administration of justice. The most important one was that Parliament should forbear all further persecutions in matters of religion, and those who were imprisoned for heresy were liberated. This was starting in very well, and had it been lived up to immense bloodshed would have been spared. Fanatical enthusiasm and reckless violence of party spirit frustrated all.

In histories of this time Catholics or Protestants are blamed, according as the writer is Catholic or Protestant. This is manifestly unfair, as the peculiar condition of society and the animus of parties in those agitated times must be taken into account in order to judge rightly. It is too big a question to be entered into here, *mes enfants*, but in studying it I would advise you to treat both sides, remembering that it was a hard and cruel age in which these scenes were enacted.

Because Catherine favored conciliation the Catholic party charged her with "apostasy," and they leagued together for the defense of their faith. Protestants formed leagues, also, and fearful disturbances broke out in various parts of the country. Catherine favored religious tolerance in appearance at least, and an edict was published giving permission to the Huguenots to hold religious services outside the walls of towns, but they must abstain from preaching against the Catholic faith.

But the civil war could not long be postponed. Outbreaks became general and the Queen-mother and the young King had to be transferred from Fontainebleau to the Louvre, in Paris, to prevent their capture by the Prince of Condé. Huguenots left the capital and marched to Orleans, which they captured and made headquarters. Philip of Spain sent aid to the Catholic party, and Queen Elizabeth of England furnished troops to help the Protestant side.

Normandy was the field of war at the opening of the conflict. Rouen was taken by the Duke of Guise and the King of Navarre (father of Henry IV.) leading the Catholics. The city was sacked and pillaged during eight days.

The Protestant party under Condé and the famous Coligny, hoping to avenge the catastrophe of Rouen, advanced from Orleans upon Paris, but a great battle

checked their march. Condé was taken prisoner, as was the leader of the royalists. This was in 1562. Shortly after the Duke of Guise was assassinated by a fanatical Huguenot, who declared that he was instigated to the deed by Admiral Coligny, though the latter denied it; but the Guises firmly believed the story, and it led to the assassination of Coligny on that terrible night of St. Bartholomew.

A peace was patched up between the contending parties, but it was a false and hollow one, as it proved, and did not long endure. Catherine and the Duke of Alva, minister of Philip of Spain, had a private conference at Bayonne, and it is believed that she then and there determined to abandon her temporizing policy, and adopt the ruthless measures employed by Spain in stamping out heresy in the Netherlands, or *Pays Bas*, as they are called in France. Alarmed by rumors of what was designed, the Huguenots again rushed to arms, and an undecided battle was fought near St. Denis, a few miles from Paris. It was there that a great Catholic leader, Constable Montmorency, fell. He was succeeded in chief command by the Duke of Anjou, Catherine's son, thus confirming the chief authority in her own hands. Heroic Condé was killed in a subsequent engagement, and was succeeded by Henry of Navarre, whom you will know better later on as Henry IV.

It would be too tedious to follow the succeeding campaigns, in which victory sometimes perched on one banner, sometimes on the other. Peace was again made in 1570, with marked advantages to the Protestants, although they had suffered the greater loss in combat. Coligny and his party then retired to La Rochelle, the stronghold of the Calvinists.

Soon after this the young King of France began to express great friendship for the Huguenots. He favored the marriage of his sister Marguerite with Protestant Henry of Navarre, and even encouraged a proposed union between his brother, the Duke of Anjou, and Elizabeth of England. He himself espoused the daughter of the Emperor of Austria, known to be favorable to the Protestant cause. He even proposed to interfere in behalf of the Reformers in the Netherlands, who were so cruelly treated by the brutal Duke of Alva.

It was arranged that the marriage of Henry of Navarre and the Princess Marguerite should take place at Paris with great pomp and ceremony. Admiral Coligny and many Huguenot chiefs were invited and came. It was believed that an "era of good feeling" had been inaugurated. On the 18th of August, 1572, the marriage was celebrated, on a platform erected in front of Notre Dame, but there was an undefined terror in the air. The populace were greatly excited, and there were rumors of impending catastrophe. Three days after Coligny was fired on from behind a window by an agent of the Duke of Guise, and severely wounded. It was a forerunner of what was coming.

At two o'clock on the morning of August 24, ushering in the feast of St. Bartholomew, a great bell rang out, which was repeated in all the bell-towers of the capital. It was the signal for a terrible butchery of

the Huguenots too sickening to detail. Admiral Coligny was one of the first victims. The massacre continued for several days, and a French authority puts the number of slain at 10,000. Charles IX. died less than two years after, and it is said that he was filled with remorse. Let us hope that he was.

ADVICE ABOUT BUSINESS.

In your dealings with the world avoid anything like juggling dexterity. The proper use of dexterity is to prevent your being circumvented by the cunning of others. It should not be aggressive. Because somebody tries to swindle you do not you try to swindle anybody else.

Concessions and compromises form a large and very important part of our dealings with others. Concessions must be looked upon as distinct defeats, and you must expect no gratitude for them.

Delay is, in some instances, to be adopted advisedly. It sometimes brings a person to reason when nothing else could—when his mind is so occupied with one idea that he completely over-estimates its relative importance.

A good man of business is very watchful, over both himself and others, to prevent things being carried against his sense of right. After a matter has been much discussed, whether to the purpose or not, there comes a time when all parties are anxious that it should be settled; and then there is some danger of the handiest way of getting rid of the matter being taken for the best.

WILLS AND LEGACIES.

There is no more solemn instrument in the world than a will, provided the person who makes the will has a very large estate to leave behind him.

It would seem to be a very simple matter to make a will that can not be torn to pieces by the courts, but it is not. The late Mr. Tilden, and also the late merchant prince A. T. Stewart, were shrewd men of business, but somehow or other they failed to make wills that could stand the test of the courts.

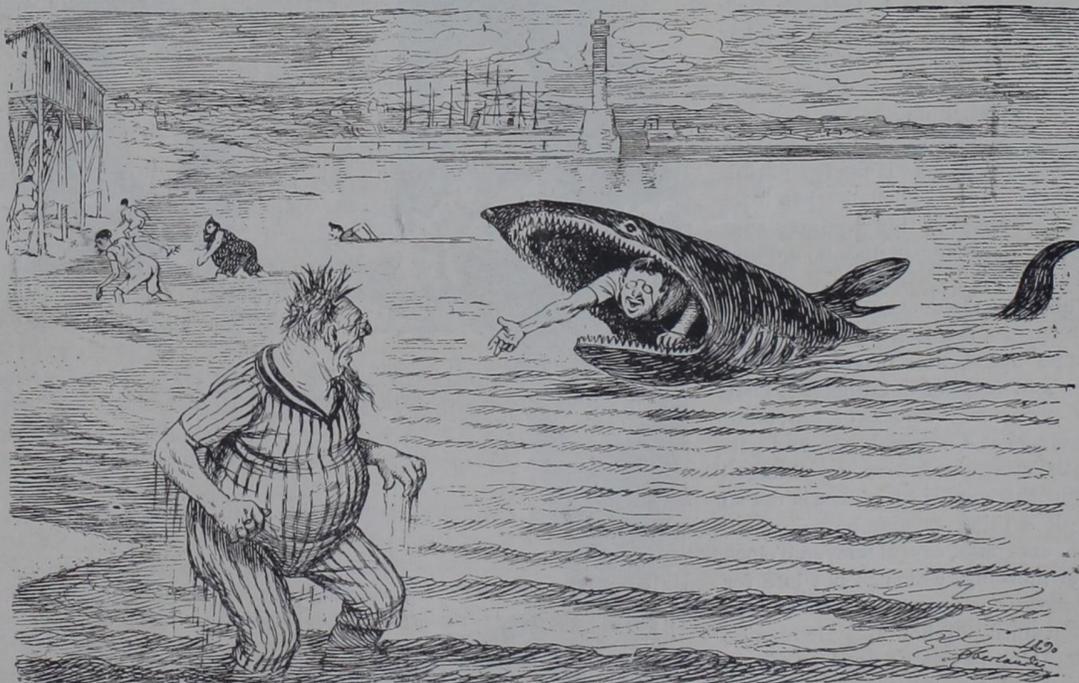
The will of the man who has no relatives or property, and who died in the almshouse, is not liable to be the bone of contention, but all others may expect to have their wills contested after death.

It has become so common to contest wills that, so it is said, an insurance company has been organized, which will pay to its policy holder, on application, a heavy indemnity if the heirs succeed in breaking his will.

In the language of the poet, at last man sleepeth his last sleep and his heirs fight over his property until the lawyers gobble it up. And this is the end of man.

WHO WOULDN'T?

Clergyman—How is Brown coming on since he failed in business? Rather down-hearted, I suppose.  
Smith—No, I think not. The last time I saw him he was looking up and trying to be hopeful.  
Ah, I'm glad to hear that!  
He was trying to drink from a jug.



A CONSCIENTIOUS EMPLOYÉ.

CASHIER SCHULZ (in the shark's maw, to the bookkeeper)—I say, Muller, be kind enough to explain my absence to the boss in the morning.—Fliegende Blaetter,

## FREE LUNCH FIENDS.



IF THERE be anyone instinct or desire more deeply implanted in the average human mind than the desire to get something for nothing, I do not know what it is. The consuming passion for deadhead tickets, after it has once taken possession of a man, never leaves him. After he has once entered a theatre without paying, or ridden free on a railroad train, he looks upon the privilege of repeating the operation as his natural right, and if in the course of human events it becomes necessary for him to give up dollars for such a purpose he considers himself ill-treated if not actually robbed.

Again, if there be any weakness of human nature with which the average liquor seller is unacquainted, I confess that I cannot imagine what it is. These two propositions being fairly established, it is easy to see how the free lunch came to be an institution. Established it is, and the saloon-keeper who does not furnish some kind of a bite of food which his customers can take without paying for it, need not expect to do any business. He might almost as well expect to make a living selling water by the glass.

Therefore, in every saloon in New York—and there are several—some kind of a lunch is provided, to which every customer is welcome to help himself, whether he has bought a glass of beer or a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry. This lunch varies according to the locality and pretention of the saloon, from the modest cracker or the unassuming pretzel, to the gorgeous and high-priced meal that begins with soup and ends with ice-cream, that is served by a waiter in a swallow-tail coat, and is placed before the guest as he sits at a table spread with costly napery and cut glass and silver. The only characteristic which they all have in common, is that the eater does not pay a cent for them.

Competition between different places in the same neighborhood has served to increase the quantity and improve the quality of these lunches until as was just said, some of them reach the dignity of a "square meal" of several courses. To see a dinner that must cost thirty or forty cents, even when prepared at wholesale, served up as a gratuity for a single drink that costs only ten or fifteen cents, is a bewildering thing, and reminds one of the applewoman who bought apples two for a cent and sold them three for a cent. She said the only way she made a living was by doing a big business.

It is precisely so with the saloons that furnish half a dollar's worth of food and drink for ten or twenty cents. The only way it pays is by increasing the business. The anomaly is, however, easily explained. Men, or most men, at least, only eat a reasonable amount, whereas nobody has ever discovered a rational limit to the amount that the average man is likely to drink if he be tempted. The bait, therefore, which is offered to him, induces him to buy, not one, but it may be a dozen drinks.

This, with the average man. There are, however, fiends who are tolerated in some places and driven out with curses and stripes from others. They make a regular business of providing their meals at a nominal cost, and getting their regular rations of "budge" without extra expense. This is not so difficult a thing as may be supposed. Let a man rise, say at eleven o'clock in the morning, which is not late for one whose business or pleasure keeps him out until "all hours." He may go to the Astor House at noon or a little before, and sit down in the famous "Parlor number one." Here his cocktail will cost him twenty-five cents, but the waiter who brings it will hand him a menu from which he can select a

substantial breakfast which will be served without charge. There will be a plenty of the best bread and butter, corned beef hash, lobster or chicken salad, fried potatoes, salmon or game pie, pork and beans, ginger snaps, cheese, cold turkey or chicken, and perhaps two or three other things. Some of the best-known downtown business men make a habit of lunching here, but our friend, the fiend, has had his morning cock-tail and his breakfast for a quarter.

Business keeps him downtown, we may suppose, till five or six o'clock, when he wants a lunch. There are dozens of places on his way uptown where he can buy a ten or fifteen-cent drink, or even a five-cent glass of beer if he be very frugal, and have a plate of hot stew with all sorts of "trimmings" served to him, gratis. Supposing that he repeats this operation twice or thrice. He will then cease to suffer from hunger until late in the evening, when he can go to the Marlborough, the Murray Hill, or any one of half a dozen fashionable bar-rooms and get a hearty supper. He has spent, perhaps, a dollar for all his drinks and all his meals, but if he had bought his meals separately he would also have spent the dollar for drinks.

This fiend, who could probably afford to buy his meals, is tolerated, even if he keeps on constantly sponging on the barrooms, but heaven help the tramp or ragamuffin who goes into an East Side beer saloon, and after spending five cents, undertakes to get a hearty meal as a bonus. He may do it once, but if he tries to repeat the operation in the same place he is the immediate victim of the "bouncer." He is welcome enough to a few mouthfuls, but if he try to satisfy a full-grown appetite he will suffer the penalty, and that right speedily.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

## WHY IT SEEMED SHORT TO HER.

Husband (on the return from church)—It seems to me that was the longest sermon I ever listened to.

Wife—Why, I thought it was very short.

Husband—Yes, I suppose it was to you. The sermon always seems short to a woman when she wears a new bonnet to church for the first time.

## A POPULAR AUTHORESS.

Begum—The Queen of Italy is an authoress, and more popular than the majority of writers.

Snaggs—Why so?

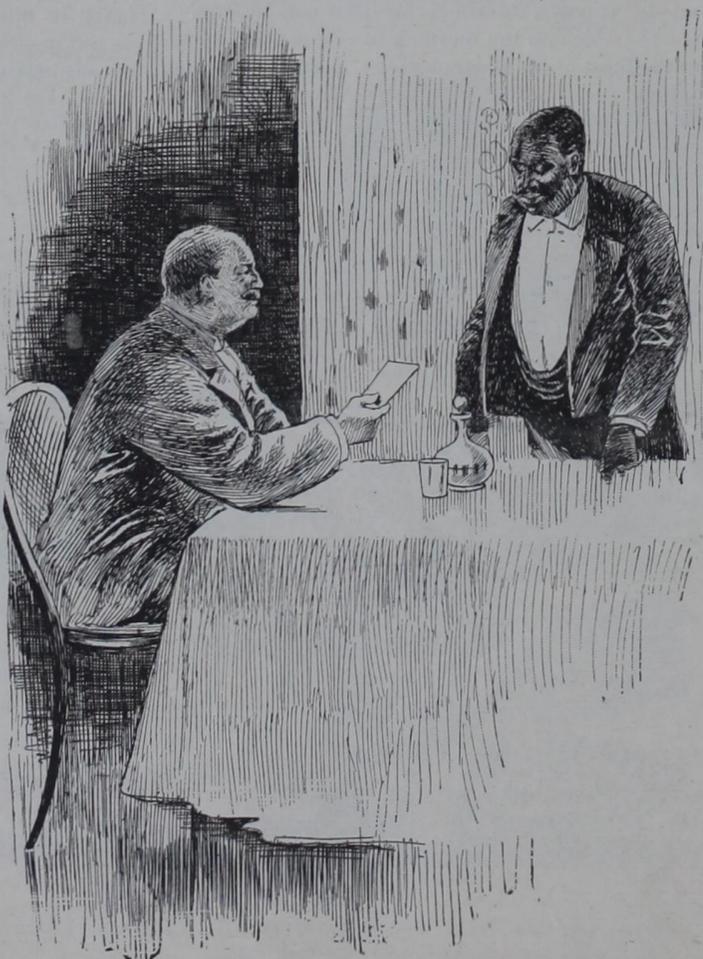
She writes for her own amusement, and not for publication.

## GAVE HERSELF AWAY.

James—Is Miss Knowitall a graduate of Vassar?

William—She is.

I thought she was. I heard her ask if the muzzle of a gun was to prevent it going off.



Getting a Breakfast with a Cocktail.

## POSTED ON THE LAW.

Tramp (accosting a working man going home Saturday night)—My friend, couldn't you favor me with ten cents, as a charitable contribution to the needy?

Working Man—No, I can't. Haven't a cent about me.

Tramp—Oh, come off! Because I am a social idler you must not suppose that I am ignorant of the weekly payment law. And a man of your intelligence would not permit an employer to evade the statute.

(He gets ten cents.)

## WHY HE QUIT THE STAGE.

Friend—Why did you leave the stage?

Reformed Actor—I left the stage as a matter of conscience.

Friend—How was that?

Reformed Actor—I discovered that I couldn't be a Christian and an actor at the same time.

Friend—You probably found that you couldn't be a Christian, and the public discovered that you couldn't be an actor.



Firing a Free Lunch Fiend.

## A CLOSE RACE.

Gus de Smith—Talking about intelligent animals, I think the horse is a great deal more intelligent than the dog.

Will Berry Jones—Dogs are certainly more intelligent than horses.

I don't agree with you. I once had a race-horse that displayed a degree of intelligence that was almost human. It occurred on the race-course. It was the closest race ever I saw. At the finish it was not only neck and neck, but nose and nose. There was not a quarter of an inch difference between them. Now, what do you think my horse did to win that race?

I have no idea.

Well, sir, it's a fact, and I can prove it by a dozen living witnesses. When my horse saw that it was going to lose the race he stuck out his tongue, and actually won it by a tongue's length.

## AN UNFORTUNATE TEXT.

The congregation sat expectant. The minister had just been married, and his bride was coming out to the services. When they finally made their appearance there was a hush, followed by whispered comments. The gallant clergyman escorted his young wife toward the front and then proudly ascended the pulpit steps. The singing proved unusually good, and the prayer was made with much fervency. But the minister himself altered the happy condition of affairs. As his hearers settled back for the discourse, he read the following text: "Behold, I have played the fool and erred exceedingly!"

## HOW HE GOT THERE.

Admirer (to college athlete)—How did you become the champion athlete of your class?

Athlete—By close inattention to studies.

"ROUND THE WORLD,"  
WITH LECTURER A. MINER GRISWOLD.

ON THE "BURLINGTON ROUTE."



**I** DON'T know how many miles of railroad are embraced in what is known as The Burlington Route, but I find that I can go almost anywhere in the West without abandoning its main lines and many ramifications. Beginning at Chicago—everything in the West begins at Chicago, except the World's Fair, which hasn't begun yet

—the line runs to Burlington and Quincy, with branches to all important points in Northern and Western Illinois; then there are lines to St. Paul and St. Louis, which have fallen in pleasant places. From Quincy you can go to Council Bluffs, Omaha and up into Wyoming; or to Kansas City, Denver and Cheyenne, and still your ticket will read, "Burlington Route." If you tarry in Nebraska you can go to almost any important town by a branch of the same line. If they haven't a branch they will build one if you can wait a day or two. Always happy to accommodate.

I have some splendid views of scenery along the line, which I show by aid of my lantern to admiring audiences. One man in Nebraska, after seeing these views, burst into tears. I asked what ailed him, and he replied that he could see now what a blamed fool he was not to come West over the Burlington Route. He could just live on scenery, he said, and the line he patronized didn't have any, not a single durned scenery.

You have probably observed the contrivance at small stations where express trains do not stop, for taking on a mail bag. It is hung up near the track, and as the train flies past an iron arm projecting from the mail car snatches it and flings it into the open car door. One day a tall, slim passenger went to sleep with his legs incautiously hanging out of the car window. The station mail bag holder caught him, and jerking him through the window, held him kicking in mid-air, until another mail car came along and took him in. This is authentic. I got it from E. J. Swords, New York agent of the Burlington Route.

The other day a rustic looking man seated himself beside me in the car and said, "Good morning, sir. You live in New York, don't ye?"

I told him New York was my home.

"I thought so. I can tell a city man as soon as I set eyes on him, 'cause I live in consid'able of a city myself. Fact is, we city folks are different from people what lives in the country, somehow. Nothin' ag'in country folks myself, though."

I told him country folks would be glad to know that.

"No, sir, I treat 'em just as I would people in my own city—never let on that I know any difference."

"Do you ever go into the country?" I asked.



"Not often. It's too lonesome like. I miss the crowd, and bustle, and rattle on the streets. Then there's no amusements. What can a feller do without amusements? Hello, here's my city. Well, so long," and he hastily grabbed his hand-bag and made for the platform. I looked out to see the city where this citizen lived, and discovered it to be a town of about a thousand inhabitants. He was proud to live there, but it didn't make him despise country folks. That man probably wonders why the World's Fair didn't come to his town instead of to Chicago.

I have been treating some Missouri towns to a "Tour 'Round the World." I haven't lectured in that State since about the close of the war, when society was in somewhat of a chaotic condition, and I observe an agreeable change. I remember being in a town one day that was held in a state of terror by a desperado. He was intoxicated and armed to the teeth, which were also double-barreled. People kept off the street when they saw him coming, for they said he was liable to shoot anybody "on sight." I wasn't on sight the whole day, and hesitated about lecturing that night, knowing that death—and a drunken desperado—loves a shining mark. But hall rent was paid in advance, and I would have to ask an advance of the hotel keeper to get to the next town if I didn't "show," so I concluded to take the chances. We have to do it in our business.



Flung into the mail car window.

The janitor of the hall lighted up at the regular hour and awaited the surging crowd. But they didn't serge very lively. They seemed afraid that "Bull-dog Pete"—that was the terror's name—might dismiss the audience with a leaden benediction. A report that Pete had left town established some confidence, and the hall was tolerably well filled.

I hadn't been talking more than ten minutes when there were yells and pistol shots on the street in front of the hall. This was followed by rapid steps on the stairs, the door burst open and an excited man yelled:

"They've got him!"

"Got who?" shouted the mayor from the platform, where he was "presiding."

"Bull-dog Pete!" was the triumphant response.

Then the entire audience, men and women, rushed pell-mell to the street to make sure, for it was almost too good news to be true.

But it was. Bull-dog Pete was laid low by the bullet of a law-abiding citizen who loved peace, and who got the drop on him. So the town rejoiced and breathed freer.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PUNCTUATION.

Few of our readers are aware that the system of punctuation now so generally adopted, and which is so absolutely necessary to the preservation of the meaning of the author, is of comparatively modern origin.

It was not until the close of the fifteenth century that those familiar marks, the period (.), the colon (:), the comma (,), were introduced in manuscript writings, and less than a century ago the semicolon (;) was first used in typography. The period is the only point that is not modern. It was used by the Romans indiscriminately. It was never employed to indicate the termination of a sentence. Its use seems to have been to separate, answering for the "space," or blank now seen between words.

Punctuation is of much more importance than is generally supposed. Owing to defective punctuation, the following absurd passage appeared in a German paper: Next to him Prince Bismarck walked in on his head, the well-known military cap on his feet, large but well-polished top-boots on his forehead, dark clouds in his hand, the inevitable walking-cane in his eye, a menacing glance in gloomy silence.

A drinking man is liable to pay two prices for a single harness, because he sees double.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

A REFLECTION ON THE LIEUTENANT.

The company marched so poorly and went through the drill so badly that the captain, who was somewhat of an excitable nature, shouted indignantly at the soldiers:

"You knock-kneed, splay-footed galoots, you are not worthy of being drilled by a captain. What you need is a rhinoceros to drill you, you wretched donkeys!"

Then, sheathing his sword indignantly, the captain said:

"Now, Lieutenant, you take charge of the company."

THAT SETTLES IT.

Mother—Fanny, that young man was in the parlor alone with you until after eleven o'clock. Do you think his intentions are perfectly honorable?

Fanny—I've no doubt of it. He kissed me at least forty times.

LOOKING OUT FOR NUMBER ONE.

Waiter—What do you wish for dinner?

Guest—Bring me a beefsteak, but a big one, because I am very short-sighted.

A CONSIDERATE MOTHER.

Teacher—What makes you so late this morning, Tommy?

Tommy—We have got a little baby at our house, and that made me a little late; but mamma told me to tell you that it should never happen again.

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Wife—Good-by, hubby; take good care of yourself.

Husband—Good-by, and write me a curtain lecture every once in a while; otherwise I may not be able to go to sleep.

GOOD ADVICE.

Captain (to his soldiers)—I wish to make a few concluding remarks on the subject of drunkenness. I want to warn you against this vice. The whole truth of the matter, in a nut-shell, is: Intemperance is the most important duty a soldier should shun.

HE MEANT WELL.

Lady of the House (who is very homely, to the servant)—Why, Johann, where have you been with that wheelbarrow?

Honest Johann—May it please your Ladyship, the cook says that if people wash their faces in March snow that they will become beautiful, so I have brought your Ladyship a whole wheelbarrow full.



He lives in the city.

SPOILING THEIR PLEASURE.

Franz and Marie, having saved up their pennies, bought a present with which to surprise their mother on her birthday; but before they had a chance to present it their mother said to them:

My dear children, the best present you can make me is a promise to be obedient from now on.

Franz—Oh, that is too bad. Here we have gone and bought you something else.

PERFECTLY SAFE.

Officer of the New York Steam Heating Company (meeting another officer of the company on Broadway, near Fulton)—Good morning, sir. The agitation against our pipes goes on.

Second Officer—Yes, and it is doing us great injustice.

Commissioner Gilroy says they are a constant menace to life.

Preposterous! They are perfectly safe. (Starting violently as a sound like an explosion is heard.) But let us walk down this street a piece, and talk this matter over. (They hurry away from the dangerous locality.)

## NUCKELJAY AND THE SAVANT.

During a rainstorm a savant stepped into Mr. Nuckeljay's real estate office to keep from getting wet, and while there he engaged Nuckeljay in conversation. He assumed a protoplasmic look and said:

"What is your opinion of the good that has been done to humanity by the Rosicrucian Brothers?"

Nuckeljay thought he alluded to some real estate firm, and he tried to answer intelligently and not give himself away. He said:

"I have never had occasion to deal directly with that firm, but I have heard them spoken of very highly. Of course they boomed their additions for all they were worth, and during the depression last year I guess a few barnacles they had sold to did considerable kicking, but I think it is now an assured fact that the East End Motor Line will be extended to their plat, and then prices will be higher than illicit whisky in Iowa."

The savant said "hem," but it continued to rain and he asked:

"Do you not think Homer's 'Iliad' a masterpiece?"

"Well," said Nuckeljay. "I've nothing against Mr. Homer, but I bought one of his Iliads, and I must say that for a regular old stand-by copying machine, I wouldn't give one Hektograph for all the Iliads in Christendom."

The savant again said "hem," and they both were silent for a few minutes, when Nuckeljay asked the savant what he thought of the rules of escrow. The savant didn't know what escrow was, but like all savants he didn't like to admit that he didn't know everything, and he replied:

"I take no interest in games myself, for I think they are an antidote to reflection, but escrow seems to be a very popular game. One good rule I have heard the authorities recommend is to always bet on the back after the red has come three times."

There was a silence for five minutes and the then savant said:

"Do you think the Van Mon's theory of the progression and retrogression of pollenized blossomed fruits is a correct one?"

Nuckeljay made no reply, and the savant, thinking he had hurt his feelings, hastened to change the subject by asking: "Do you not think the ideality of our age would be of a higher and purer standard if the school of the philosophy of the tutelar gods had not perished with the semi-mythical hypatia?"

Nuckeljay turned slowly in his chair, solemnly pulled down his vest, assumed the melancholy expression he always used when refusing to extend the time for the payment of a note, and said:

"If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a—"

And then the rains of heaven beat upon the office carpet through the door left open by the savant as he made a break to catch a passing street car.

V. Z. REED.

## NOT SO MONOTONOUS.

First Tramp—Life is awful monotonous, ain't it, Cully?

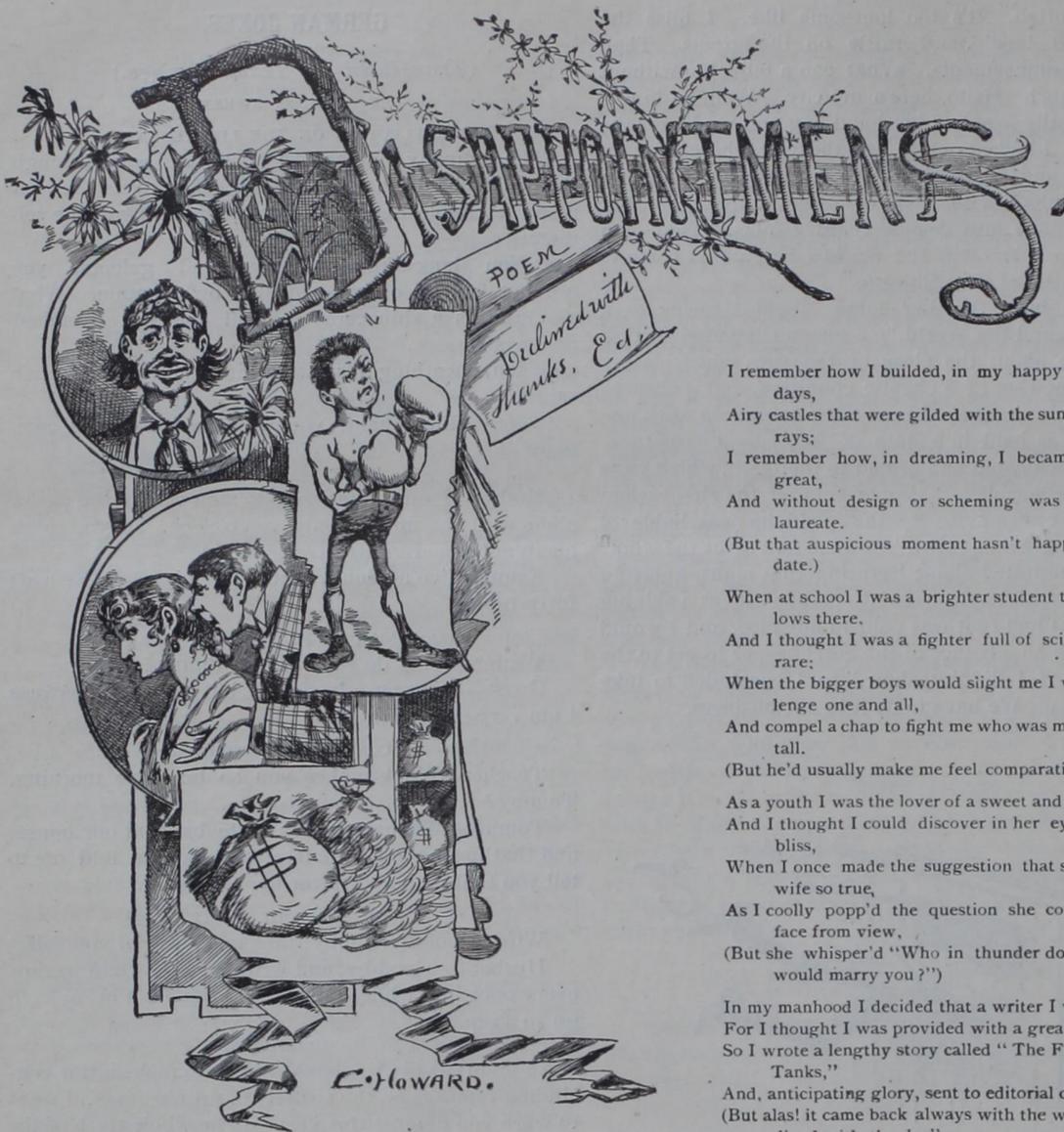
Second Tramp—Not with me. Not long ago when I was rich and I went into a saloon I slammed down the money. Now when I go into a saloon the barkeeper slams me down and kicks me out.

A rough talker is preferable to a smooth bore.



EXPLANATION.

Bob's Sisters.



I remember how I builded, in my happy childhood's days,  
Airy castles that were gilded with the sun's sublimest rays;  
I remember how, in dreaming, I became a person great,  
And without design or scheming was made poet laureate.  
(But that auspicious moment hasn't happened up to date.)

When at school I was a brighter student than the fellows there,  
And I thought I was a fighter full of science rather rare;  
When the bigger boys would slight me I would challenge one and all,  
And compel a chap to fight me who was muscular and tall.  
(But he'd usually make me feel comparatively small.)

As a youth I was the lover of a sweet and pretty miss,  
And I thought I could discover in her eyes a look of bliss,  
When I once made the suggestion that she'd be my wife so true,  
As I coolly popp'd the question she concealed her face from view,  
(But she whisper'd "Who in thunder do you think would marry you?")

In my manhood I decided that a writer I would be,  
For I thought I was provided with a great ability,  
So I wrote a lengthy story called "The Filling of the Tanks,"  
And, anticipating glory, sent to editorial cranks.  
(But alas! it came back always with the words: "Declined with thanks.")

Then I tried at speculating on the Street in stocks and shares,  
And was daily fluctuating with the Bulls and with the Bears,  
And methought I saw my coffers filled with money to the brim,  
While the glitter of my diamonds made the sun itself look dim,  
(But the future showed my money and my jewels to be slim.)

I have written this confession in a nice, poetic way,  
For I look for the concession of a very handsome pay;  
As the best of rhyming scholars I will sell my classic verse  
For the sum of twenty dollars—useful in a poet's purse,  
(But the editor assures me that the stuff ain't worth a curse!)

J. S. G.



## EVERYBODY WAS POSTED.

Gus Snooks—Good morning, Parson; I want to get married.

Parson Bledsoe—Have the bans been proclaimed? Not that I know of.

Then I cannot marry you. The public must be previously informed of your intention to marry.

Then it's all right. You can just go ahead and marry me. Three or four days ago I told an old aunt of mine in the strictest confidence that I was going to be married, and you may be sure everybody knows all about it by this time.

## EXPECTING TOO MUCH.

Mrs. Peterby—I am afraid that our son Johnny is getting into bad habits.

Judge Peterby—He may turn out to be a great man, nevertheless. Some of the greatest men who ever lived had bad habits.

But he does not show any other signs of being a great man.

Well, you can't expect everything from him.

## COULD GIVE LIGHTNING POINTS.

Mrs. Yerger—The lightning must be something fearful. I read how out West that a cyclone smashed the windows and broke up everything in the house.

Mrs. Gilhooly—Is that all? My husband does that every once in a while when he comes home from the lodge. I reckon he could give the lightning points.

## RISE AND FALL IN FALSE TEETH.

Pete—The price of everything fluctuates. Now you would think there would not be much change in the price of false teeth, wouldn't you?

Ed—I should think not.

Pete—Well, that's where you are mistaken. I called on a talkative young lady last evening and I was bewildered at the rapid rise and fall of false teeth.

## REMAINS TO BE SEEN.

Charlie—Going out hunting, are you?

Dick—You bet.

Charlie—What are you going to shoot?

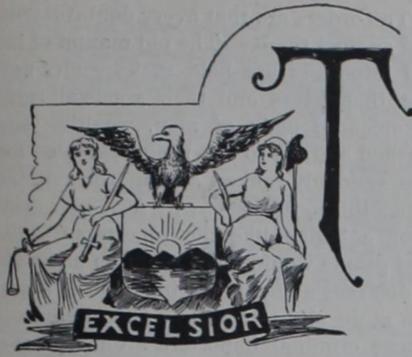
Dick—Can't tell till I see what I hit.



MYSTERY.

BOB—Beats the deck where those shirts are.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEW YORK.



THE city of New York was discovered in September, A. D. 1609, by Henry Hudson in his yacht Half-Moon, the hull of which bore many scars of wounds received in battle with the ice floes of Polar seas.

Henry Hudson was an English navigator employed by the Dutch East India Company to discover passages through the Arctic seas to far-off China. He did not find any such passage on that trip.

Now, right here, I want to put in a good word for Hudson, the Arctic explorer. It is true he did not bring back any North Poles, but that seems to be the custom with Arctic explorers. None of them bring more than the aggregate annual profit of a thousand farms. It seems to be a matter of professional courtesy with Arctic explorers to leave the North Pole right where it is, so that future explorers may also have a chance to discover it.

But the great reason why Hudson should be honored is that he rescued himself. He did not put anybody else to the expense and danger of fitting out rescuing expeditions, as other Arctic explorers have done.

Those early explorers had some peculiar ideas about geography. Very frequently they would try to find India or China in the Gulf of Mexico, which is about as sensible as going into the establishment of a florist and asking for a fried mule.

When Hudson sailed into New York harbor in 1609 he looked all around and was very much disappointed at not finding a North Pole or so, but he was cheered up on discovering what he supposed was a short-cut to China. This "narrow strait" is what is now known as the Hudson River.

It does not appear that he made any attempt to land on Manhattan Island. As there was at that time no barge office, no boodle alderman, no savage policemen, no hote! runners, his conduct seems strange.

The most probable reason for Hudson failing to land is his anxiety to get to China by sailing up North River. He sailed right on up the Hudson. There was a sailor stationed at the masthead with instructions to sing out as soon as he saw China. When the Half-Moon got as far up the river as Grant's tomb, and still there were no signs of China, Hudson became a trifle tired. However, he was not the man to be balked. He kept right on up the river, keeping his eye peeled for Northwest passages, North Poles, etc. But what broke him all up was the discovery in the neighborhood of Poughkeepsie that the water was fresh. This convinced him that the Hudson River was not an arm of the sea, but a river.

He turned right around and sailed back and anchored off the Battery. He took a good look at Manhattan Island with his spy-glass and discovered several



large bears where Wall street now is. He also discovered a number of Indians on Fourteenth street, but as they made friendly signals and were disposed to be friendly, they could not possibly have been Tammany sachems.

Then he returned to Europe. He did not even set foot on Manhattan Island. Nowadays very few foreigners follow the example of

Henry Hudson. Why did not Tug Wilson, Mrs. Langtry, Oscar Wilde and all the rest of them follow the example of Hudson, and on arriving at New York, turn around and go back to where they came from, without landing at all?

Hudson returned to Holland and reported to his employers that while New York was a poor place for North Poles, or Northwest passages, he had struck a country abounding in fur-bearing animals and other valuable resources, so the Dutch East India Company determined to establish a settlement, and that's how New York got her start.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

ADVICE.

As a general thing, it is worth advice as it is with taxation—we can endure very little of either if they come to us in the direct way. They must not thrust themselves upon us. We do not relish their knocking at our doors; besides they always choose such inconvenient times and are forever talking of arrears.

Advice, on the other hand, is sure of a hearing when it coincides with our previous conclusions, and therefore comes in the shape of praise, or of encouragement.

We can endure its being addressed to us by another, when it is interwoven with regret at some error, not of our own.

There is a wide difference between the advice which is thrust upon you and that which you have to seek for. When you have to give advice, you should never forget whom you are addressing, and what kind of advice he prefers. Your advice should never degenerate into comparisons between what would have been your conduct and what was your friend's. In fact, most of our misfortunes are more sufferable than the comments and advice of our friends.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.  
ON BROADWAY.

Hayseed—What building is that?  
Smart New Yorker—That's a ten-story building. Can't you count?

WANTED PROOF.

Tommy (down in the street)—O, pa, put your head out of the window a minute.

Pa (putting his head out the window)—What is it, Tommy?

Tommy—Nothing, except I have got a bet with Johnny Jones that your bald place is bigger than his pa's bald place.

VERY FRESH.

Customer—Is this fish fresh?  
Fish Dealer—Certainly; it's been fresh for the last week or so.

A SERIOUS MATTER.

Y.—Whew! It's hotter than blazes. It is dangerous to be on the street when the dog star rages.  
Z.—Yes, it's a very Sirius matter.

TOO HEAVILY LOADED.

Prisoner—Yer Honor, would you be kind enough to discharge me. I want to go off into the country.

Judge—I am afraid to discharge you, Sullivan. You are too heavily loaded.

SARCASTIC.

"Now, my friend, what will you do with all that money?" said an old gentleman to a tramp to whom he had given a nickel.

Tramp (gazing at the coin)—Well, I guess I'll go to the races and bet some of it. If I lose I reckon I'll spend the summer at Asbury Park instead of going to Saratoga.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

Col. Yerger—I hear your son is going to get married.

Judge Peterby—Yes, he is about to become a Benedict.

Why don't you make him wait until he is older and has got more sense?

Humph! If he should get a sensible spell he would not marry at all.

HOW SHE ARRANGED IT.

Widow (to her daughter)—Fanny, is that artist coming here again to-night?

Fanny—Yes, ma.  
And is that young doctor going to come, to?

Yes, ma.  
And both of them want to marry you?

Yes, ma.  
You must marry the artist. He is such a nice gentleman. He always treats me so politely.



A "CORDIAL" WELCOME.

I don't want to marry the artist. I'd rather marry the doctor. I can't bear to look at that artist. I'll tell you, ma, how we will fix it. I'll marry the doctor and you marry the artist.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Wife—Now this is a nice time for you to come home from the lodge! Here it is half-past two.

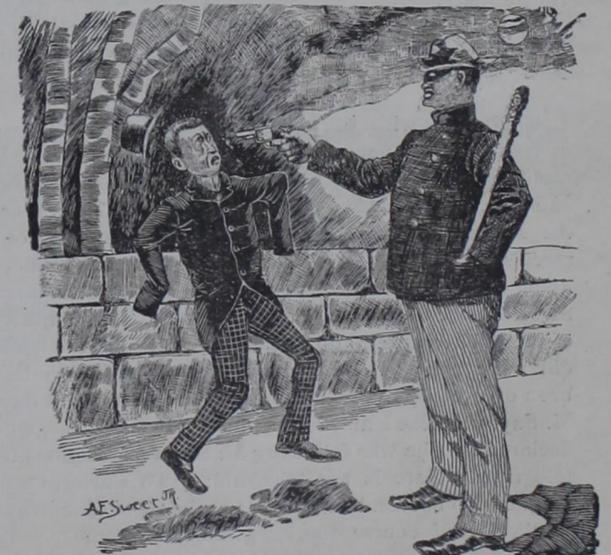
Husband—What of it? If I hadn't gone to the lodge at all it would be half-past two just the same, wouldn't it?

THE RESCUE OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

The rescue of Capt. John Smith was an important event, especially to Mr. Smith himself, and the result of his rescue had considerable influence upon the manner in which the Indians entertained Englishmen after that date. The old style of placing his head on a stone and spoiling his countenance with a club was discontinued, and instead, they made him the central figure in a public bonfire. If the former mode of treatment was cool the latter was certainly warm enough. The rescue of Smith taught the American chiefs of that day to keep their girls out of the way of foreigners, a lesson that the Americans of to-day would do well to learn.

Pocahontas' rescue of Mr. Smith would have been more important had he not died later. Had the old sailor lived to the present time, he no doubt could have told the story of his rescue in a very interesting way. As for Pocahontas herself the rescue resulted disastrously, as she subsequently married an Englishman and also died later. It would have been better for her had she permitted the Smith obsequies to proceed, as she caught cold crossing the ocean to be presented to the queen, who gave her an Indian shawl which she always wore on state occasions afterward.

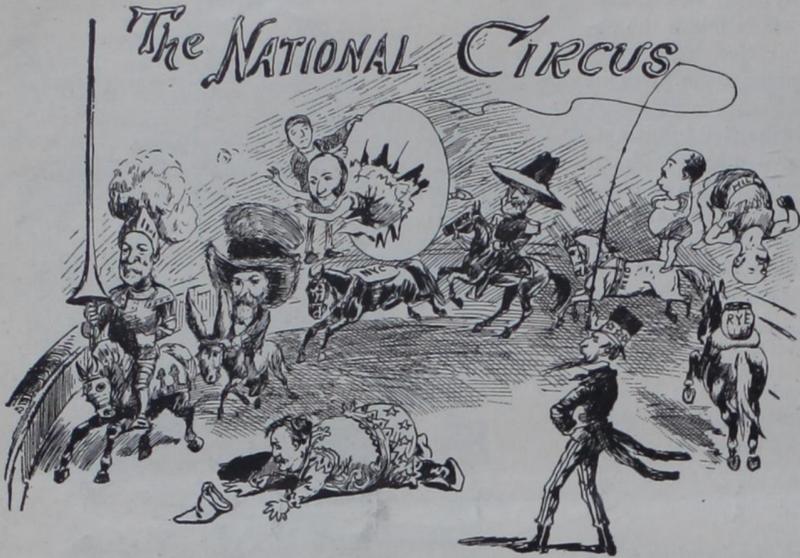
Pocahontas has been roaming the happy hunting grounds for many many moons, but she played a part in the history of this country when it was just beginning to make history, and needed something like the rescue of Smith to call attention of the local papers to the boom at Jamestown.



OUTRAGE ON AN UNARMED MAN.

HIGHWAY ROBBER (to armless freak)—Hand over your arms!

FREAK—Great Scott! I was born without any!



"TEXAS SIFTINGS comes in just right with its National Circus," said Judge Vosburgh, "for everybody is talking horse since the new Monmouth race-track is open." The mammoth course, the largest in the world, is enough to make people talk horse. Some idea of the immensity of the race-track may be suggested by the fact that there are eighty-seven miles to be harrowed and rolled; that seven acres are covered by roofing, and that 25,000 persons attended on the inaugural day. Compared with it, old Jerome Park or seaside Sheepshead seem like tiny garden plots, and even the gigantic Morris Park has to take second place. One unique feature is a straightaway track of a mile and three furlongs, which is longer than the famous straight course at Newmarket, England. Another is that, in spite of the large space, every inch of the racing, from start to finish, can be distinctly seen—through glasses, of course—from the grand-stand. The conveniences for spectators, trainers, jockeys and horses are perfect, as all details have been carried out under the experienced supervision of Mr. Withers, whose name is synonymous with American racing.

As an old Ringmaster, there is only one improvement I can suggest, and that is both for the purpose of popularizing the sport and for protecting impecunious people from the vice of gambling. In England the race-tracks are free to all comers, which accounts for the tremendous attendance; but high prices are charged for special privileges, such as standing for carriages, admission to the grand-stand and the paddock. The average receipts are thus about the same as those of our race-courses, although thousands are admitted free. Upon this principle I would revise the charges, both at Monmouth and Morris Parks. The general admission should be fifty cents—which is near enough to free admission for the average American race-goer. But the charge for the betting ring should be \$5 extra, and for the grand-stand and the saddling place \$1 extra. No person who wants to bet would object to pay \$5 for the privilege, while the extra charge would keep out the thousands of boys who now rush in to invest a dollar or two of money which they cannot afford to lose. Now, as this reform would pay as well, or better, prevent overcrowding, accommodate the public and save many a shop-till and postage-stamp account, why should it not be practically considered by our racing managers? If the Spirit of the Times would take up the matter, I have no doubt that the leading race-tracks would adopt the idea.

Tampering with the telegraph so as to win money by fraud is not a new racing crime in this country. It was tried on the Western Union wires at Jerome Park, and only an accident prevented its success. In France, the scheme has been worked differently, and, as our rascals are very imitative, I will put owners and trainers upon their guard. M. H. Say had a horse named Sweetbriar entered and a sure winner. The majority of the public backed him as the favorite; but the horse did not start. Why? The jockey said that he had been ordered by Carter, the trainer, not to run that day. M. Say, perplexed and angry, interviewed Carter, who declared that he was following M. Say's instructions by telegraph. Here is the telegram: "To Carter, Campiegne—Do not send Sweetbriar to the races to-morrow. H. Say." Of course, the telegram was a forgery. To prevent such knavery, owners and trainers ought to agree upon a private cipher. It need not be a cipher for the whole message, because that takes time to study out, but simply a cipher word to be introduced arbitrarily in every genuine dispatch.

Outside of the race-tracks, Captain Pickkov, a veritable Cossack, has accomplished a great feat of horsemanship. He rode one horse from Siberia to St. Petersburg, a distance of over 5,000 miles, traveling all through the winter at an average speed of about twenty-five miles a day. The speed is nothing; the test was for endurance of man and beast. Both arrived in splendid health, and all the cavalry regiments united in a grand banquet to Captain Pickkov. The horse is a Cossack pony, with no claim to beauty; but, like the Norfolk Howard of the once-popular poem, "it got there all the same." Now we shall hear of cranks who are going to circle the world on horseback. The exploit—or horse-feat—of the Cossack Captain will give valuable data to the cavalry of all armies.

It having been settled that New York is to have a Naval Review, in honor of the Columbus quadricentennial, in 1892, people are just beginning to remember that Columbus was a sailor, and that a naval celebration is much more appropriate for him than a fair. "Navigator," he called himself, and no other sailor has ever surpassed his voyage into unknown seas, three thousand miles away, with two undecked caravels and a flag-ship only ninety feet long. A genuine sailor-man, of sailor stock, John Brougham celebrated him in verse, years ago:

My name is Columbus; I was born at Genoa,  
Of poor but honest parents, as the story always goes;  
My father was a mariner, and he married my mother there,  
And I am the offspring, as you may readily suppose!

All the nations that have ships of war will be represented at this Columbus Review. The fleet will assemble at Hampton Roads; steam to New York and be reviewed from the Battery. At present the entries are limited to war vessels; but why should not the finest specimens of the mercantile navy be permitted to grace the parade? Is it because none of them could legally fly the American flag? Well, they might be utilized by having signs hung over their sterns inscribed: "Wait for the Chicago World's Fair in 1893," or words to that effect.

We have been called a nation of kickers, and, if so, we shall have, like ancient Joseph, a great opening for our talents, on Labor Day. The champion football team of Scotland are coming across the pond to take a shy at us, and the champions of England are preparing to cap Scotland's victory or avenge her defeat. Since base-ball is dying out, like roller skating, football is now the popular game of this country, if the attendance be any criterion.

There has been a circus at the Press Club over ex-School Commissioner Tinsdale, who gossiped about a lady teacher and resigned from the Board. Most people applied to his case the immortal words of Webster, slightly altered: "There is no refuge from confession but in resignation, and resignation is confession." Charges of unworthy conduct were preferred against him, at the Press Club, and the Club, "letting I dare not wait upon I would," suspended him for seven years, instead of expelling or acquitting him. The Hennesseys, father and son, championed his cause; called another meeting, on Saturday afternoon, when everybody not personally concerned had gone out of town, and had the vote reconsidered and nullified. It is doubtful whether such a meeting was legal, as Saturday is a half-holiday. Anyhow, as the charge business is now extending all over the club—even to the restaurant—and Clancy, McLaughlin and other members are to be investigated for what they did or did not say about the affair, it would be best for all parties if Tinsdale would hand in his resignation and step down and out from further public notice.

Our Penal Code will have to be revised. Under the recent decisions of the Treasury Department, it is evident to any impartial mind that all importers of foreign goods are *ipso facto* criminals. Perhaps they are born bad, use a dark-lantern as a rattle and cut their teeth upon a jimmy. Perhaps wickedness is inseparable from their unholy trade, and they are taught crime by the Fagins whom we used, in our innocent ignorance, to call merchant princes. At any rate, the Treasury Department takes it for granted that they deliberately in-

tend to lie, steal, perjure themselves and cheat the revenue. They are constantly under suspicion, like ticket-of-leave convicts. The orders are that every doubtful point shall be decided against them. The old maxim of law is reversed, and importers are held to be guilty until they can prove themselves and their goods all right. It is hard for a splendid body of men, wealthy, educated, accomplished and, up to this time, respected and esteemed, to be suddenly ranked among the criminal classes. But, since this is the case, why not order every importer to wear a badge, like the reporters? Then ordinary, honest people would know them on sight and be spared the disgrace and possible infection of associating with them at the clubs, in society and at church—for some of these criminal importers are members of the church, though that does not amount to much, since even Wanamaker is a Sunday-school teacher.

For out and out wicked people one may feel—not respect, exactly, but—toleration. Topsy used to say, "O, golly! I'se so wicked!" and yet we all liked Topsy. But for the professional hypocrite—for the man who professes piety and practices vice—all men have a hearty contempt. Is there, at this moment, a more contemptible figure in the National Circus than Wannamaker? An advocate of Protection to American Industry, he keeps a sweating shop at Berlin. A member of President Harrison's Cabinet, he seduces Mrs. Harrison into accepting a Cape May cottage to start his land boom. A Postmaster-General, he allows ribbons to be smuggled through the mails for his Philadelphia store. A Sunday-school teacher, he tries to steal the Encyclopædia Britannica and presides over a department which necessitates Sunday work and travel. Politics cannot enter into the judgment of such a hypocrite. Indeed, the fact that he calls himself a Republican makes his conduct the more outrageous; for he handicaps with his personal sins the success of a great party.

The gallant Sixty-Ninth Regiment—more power to them!—are to have a new Armory. (They already have the hearty sympathy of Armory Knox.) The nationality of the Regiment suggests that the new building should be painted green; but I hear, upon good authority, that they intend to paint the new Armory and all that part of the town in which it is located—red.

Although four men have been arrested and held for trial, the World continues its exposures of the manner in which police protection is purchased in New York by gamblers and cyprians. Two reporters, one hidden in a folding-bed, the other concealed in a bedroom, corroborate Wetcourt's testimony that Roundsman Taylor accepted money to "fix" a gambler all right. This evidence puts Roundsman Taylor in his little bed. But I warn those interested that a World reporter has now opened a gin-mill to investigate the excise frauds; that another World reporter is doing the washee-washee business in Chinatown to bring the highbinders to justice; that another World reporter is a clerk in the Building Department, and will report upon the tips there, and that—most sensational of all—another World reporter has accepted an office under Tammany Hall, and will soon tell us all about assessments, divvies and the other machinery of which Dick Croker is so profoundly ignorant. Then there *will* be a circus!

Several years ago Congress set apart the old House of Representatives, in the Capitol, for a Hall of Glory, a Pantheon to contain the statues of two distinguished citizens of every State in the Union. The States were allowed to select their own heroes; the only proviso was that the heroes should be dead. Several of the Northern States have sent statues, and now, as the South is growing rich again, a movement is being organized to fill up the Hall. Perhaps the Southern States will show tact and taste by selecting only Revolutionary worthies for the National statuary exhibition; but they may, if they like, choose the Confederate leaders in the late unpleasantness. Thus, statues of Jeff Davis, Joe Johnson and General Lee may face those of Garfield, from Ohio, Phil Kearney and Richard Stockton, from New Jersey—comrades in marble as they were foes in battle. Rhode Island, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania have set a good example by donating statues of old-time celebrities, and New York has compromised upon the statues of George Clinton and Robert Livingston, whose services to the State most of us have long forgotten.

THE RINGMASTER.

THE man who boasts of "speaking out his mind," sometimes hasn't much mind to speak out.

HIS LUCKY DAY.



SOLITARY horseman was riding at an easy lope over the prairie, his thoughts on home or some subject far from his immediate surroundings, else his ear would

have detected the clatter of hoofs approaching him from behind. His horse evidently heard the approaching tramp, for it moved its ears uneasily forward and back and quickened its gallop, but the rider kept his head bent in deep meditation, and the first intimation he had that there was another living being within miles of him was the sharp crack of a rifle and the whizz of a ball a few inches from his head. With a dexterity that could have been acquired only by one who had lived on the plains, he drew his gun and wheeled about.

"Up with yer hands!" greeted him almost before his eyes took in the source of the command, but when he saw eight rifles leveled at his head and in the hands of eight men not more than one hundred yards from him, he dropped his pistol and held up his hands.

The eight men approached him still keeping their rifles trained on him. One rode up and took hold of the bridle of his horse, and two more arrayed themselves on each side of him, while another said, "Hand over the irons you got."

"What does this mean?" he asked. "Who are you, and by what right do you hold me up? What's the circus?"

"That's all right; you know why you are corralled, and if you don't cut any didoes you'll git a little time, but if you do——"

The speaker left his hearer to supply the remainder of the sentence, but his tone and look left no room for doubt as to his meaning.

"But, boys, I don't understand this. To save my neck I can't tell what you're all driving at. If you want what I've got, you're eight to one, and are bound to take it if you want it. You'll find it mighty little. Go through me and take what you can find."

"You say it good, pardner. We ain't after your truck, but you'll have pretty close work to 'save your neck' unless you can show a bill of sale for that mare you're on."

"Great God! you don't take me for a horse thief?"

"Well, you know how you got her."

The face of the accused blanched to ashy whiteness. He glanced at the faces of his eight captors. Not one did he know, and each looked as hard as the metal of the rifle in his hand. Full well he knew that in the eyes of those men murder might be condoned; horse stealing, never. He was charged with the capital crime of the West.

"I started from Broken Bow this morning for Willow Springs. About an hour out I met two men with a string of six horses. They struck me for a dicker, and I gave them my cayuse and rifle to boot for this mare. That's how I got her, so help me heaven! You see I've no Winchester."

"Neatly sed, ag'in, pard, but it's too thin. That animal was stolen from Loup this morning, and a feller about your size was seen around there with some other chaps last night. Boys, this is a proper looking tree."

While talking they had ridden along and now stopped beneath a tree on the bank of a little creek.

"For heaven's sake, men, don't do this. Here, take my papers, look them over; they will tell who I am. I'm no horse-thief! Take me back to Broken Bow. I can be identified there. Give me some chance. Don't hang me like a dog!"

"Papers is easy to fix, young feller, and we haint got no time to waste goin' back. Better git ready fer the other side."

Great beads of perspiration stood on the white, agonized face of the accused. He saw things as through a mist. He watched them throw a lariat over a limb and tie the other end to the butt of the tree; two of them tied his hands behind him and he said nothing, but when they led the horse he rode under the limb he broke forth again:

"In the name of humanity, give me time! Only take me back to Broken Bow and find out who I am. Don't murder me here in cold blood. Give me a chance for my life! If you do this you will find out when it's too late that I am not your man. Just think yourself in my place, and about to look for the last time on the trees, the grass, the sunlight! To be killed—murdered for something you never did! Great God! are you all stone? You can kill me now, but when you learn that I am innocent, can you give me life again? Can you put me back on this horse alive, and let me go my way? Think! Think what you are going to do! Merciful Creator! are they all fiends?"

"Say, Bill, take him off the hoss and give him a little time. He's excited like, seein's it come on him kinder sudden. Give him a chance to write a letter or something to his folks if he's got any. Give him a chance to spunk up a little. I hate to see a man swing when he's all broke up. See here, young feller, when the shadder of this tree reaches that sod, time's up."

They took him off the horse and untied his hands. He sat down on the ground and did some writing. He saw there was no hope. He folded his letter and handed it to one of the party, and then fixed his eyes on the shadow of the tree as it crept toward the chunk of sod.

As the little group sat in silence beneath the tree another horseman rode up.

"Hello, boys, what circus is this?"

"Oh, nothing much. Hold on a bit; we've got one of the chaps that run off the stock from Loup this morning. We're giving him a little time, and then we'll all go along."

"You're dead wrong on the trail," exclaimed the newcomer. "We caught them chaps and swung 'em more'n an hour ago over on the other branch."

"Is that so?"

"Kerrect it is."

"But this is one of the horses."

"That's right enough. They said they traded one off."

"Well, young feller, you was right. Sorry we detained you. Take your hoss, and here's your guns, and if you'll come along, we'll do what's right."

The young man made them no reply. He climbed into the saddle, still dazed, and shuddered as he rode from under the tree.

"Well, he's a queer sort of chap," remarked one of the men as they watched him ride away; "but Jerusalem! it was a close shave for him, and he seemed a bit scared. This must be his lucky day."

EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.



"Do you fake me for a horse-thief!"

Sunday-school teacher—Who loves everybody, Johnnie?

Johnnie—My pa does, 'cos he is running for office.



"MAKING UP" FOR LOST TIME.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

U., Hoboken—"What country has the largest floating debt?"

England. The expense of building and maintaining her navy is stupendous.

L. M., Jersey City—"I have read with indignation that no more of the New York boodle aldermen are to be prosecuted. What should be done to prevent the recurrence of such a disgraceful scandal?"

There seems to be no obstacle to the recurrence of such scandalous proceedings, so to speak; but the substitution of an Egyptian mummy for the present prosecuting (?) attorney might discourage the would-be boodler of the future.

J. McGuzzle, Washington—"I have read with much interest the published proceedings of Prohibitionists, and must admit, although I am a moderate drinker myself, I never get tight unless I want to. However, in regard to the Prohibitionists, in some respects they are right. Why is it that the Prohibitionists make so little progress in national politics? Is not rum the prolific source of crime? I only take a little nip of whisky every once in a while to strengthen my voice."

The trouble seems to be that the Prohibitionists run things into the ground. For instance, there is a town in Ohio so rigidly temperate that the natives object even to storms brewing in the neighborhood. Such extreme fanaticism as this alienates many moderate drinkers who would themselves become enthusiastic reformers.

Judging by your handwriting, you are not a bigoted Prohibitionist. I have frequently observed that the man who never gets tight unless he wants to usually wants to several times a day. You are mistaken about whisky strengthening your voice. It only makes your breath strong.

Very likely the reason why the cause of temperance makes so little progress is because the temperance lecturers are always backing water.

A FEARFUL THREAT.

Gus De Smith—I saw you talking the other day to Smithers who writes poetry. Did you lend him any money?

Kosciusko Murphy—I had to. He threatened to write a sonnet in honor of my sister if I refused.

ALMOST AN INSINUATION.

Two gentlemen are the sole occupants of an English railroad carriage. The train slows up as it approaches a station.

First Gentleman—Will you please tell me what o'clock it is?

Second Gentleman—I don't know.

But you looked at your watch just now.

I know I did, but that was only to see if it was still in my possession.



It was midsummer and a balmy night. The whip-poor-wills were making such incessant clamor beneath her window that evening, that Miss Kathleen O'Hara, who was dressing for a local festivity, closed it in order to gain time to think. She was in the usual feminine distress about her *toilette*. Should she wear her fascinating pink surah, or her irresistible blue *crêpe de Chine*? The havoc wrought by both garments among the susceptible youth of Chincapin had already reached alarming proportions. Captain Macnaughton—a frontier gallant and authority—had declared her "ravishing" in the pink; Mr. Buckstone Blivins, editor of the *Weekly Criterion*, who had a preference for the blue dress, and for the "mellifluous metres" of the late Tom Hood, had taken occasion to remark editorially, that she "dazzled when the sun was down and robbed the world of rest." The lovely Kathleen, being the recipient of universal admiration, was accustomed to the language of hyperbole. But the present occasion was a dangerous one, and she knew it. Miss Bertha Maverick—a flashing brunette and cruel coquette from the neighboring town of Ballinger—was to be present. Aware that her hitherto unchallenged charms were to be met that evening in undeniable rivalry, Miss O'Hara leaned against the shutterless window of her bedroom, oblivious to the fact that these charms were at present only in a state of partial eclipse. And doing so, she heard the ranch gate click suddenly. Crimson with mortification she dropped the window curtain and chastely retreated.

As she did so, the voice of her respected sire—also dressing for the ball—rose from below in tones of protest and entreaty.

"Whisht, now, Biddy O'Hara, do ye moind me talkin' to ye? Phat's this is the mather wid me new holler-ground razor I'm afther buyin' last wake? It's desthroyin' meself I am!"

"Go 'long wid ye, Mike!" replied a female voice which Kathleen instantly recognized as her mother's; "yees know that the last time I seen that same, little Pat had it, sharpenin' the hoofs of Gilhooly's goat so he could climb the garden fence and eat Mrs. McGinnis's tomatases."

"Arrah, is that so?" replied the elder O'Hara, abating his wrath. "Well, begorra, that goat's milk must be kep' swate if I niver shave agin!"

Here a loud rap at the door suspended this domestic dialogue. It opened slowly upon Mr. O'Hara, in his shirt sleeves, and with his broad face besmeared with lather.

The newcomer was a large, broad-shouldered man,

#### For Sunstroke

#### Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. A. L. ZURKER, Melrose, Minn., says: "It produced a gratifying and remarkable regenerating effect in a case of sunstroke."

with moustache and goatee, very bald, very rubicund, and very dignified. He was in gala attire, having lately donned a "boiled shirt," and bearing traces of recent contact with the barber. He had an odor of bergamot about him that advertised his presence industriously.

"The top of the avenin' to ye, Jedge Treddle," exclaimed the paternal O'Hara, shuffling across the floor in one slipper to greet his visitor. "It's surprisin' me ye are in the midst of me ablootions. Whist, have a cheer now, and I'll be wid ye in a minute! Kathleen's dressin' and'll be down to wahns!"

So saying, he disappeared in the adjoining bedroom and resumed hostilities with the razor that had recently increased the efficiency of Gilhooly's goat; while his guest, without a word, lapsed unsteadily, but with exaggerated dignity, into the proffered chair. Five minutes later O'Hara emerged, duly caparisoned. His broad, red face and expansive upper lip bore traces of the recent tonsorial fray, but beamed with smiles and hospitality. This geniality was accented by the presence of a large black bottle, carried in his right hand, and two glasses in his left. He paused before his guest.

"A small dhrop of the crayther will put life into ye, Jedge, and enable ye to sling a livelier fut at the dance," he began, beguilingly, tilting a generous supply of spirit into one of the glasses. "Meself and yerself knows that when yer owld and cowl—"

But here the eye of the elder O'Hara, hitherto absorbed in dispensing his good cheer, for the first time rested upon his judicial visitor, who sat, limp and motionless, in the opposite chair in an attitude of feeble remonstrance. Mr. O'Hara stared in surprise. He even rubbed his eyes in his amazement. But the precaution was unnecessary. It was evident that his visitor had already exceeded even the generous limit of his own hospitality. Judge Treddle was undeniably drunk.

Mr. Michael O'Hara was indignant. That an individual should present himself in a state of vinous intoxication to escort his daughter to a ball—his daughter, the acknowledged belle of the village—was a little more than a gentleman, much less an O'Hara, could stand. It did not alleviate his wrath that the guilty party was a Judge of the Supreme Court and the wealthiest widower of the Concho Circuit. Howbeit, his expression of that displeasure was, to say the least, inconsistent. Indeed, his first action might have been misconstrued into a desire to rival the condition of the culprit. He raised the full glass of liquor he had poured out for the Judge and drained it to the dregs without a word. Whereupon the judicial presence, which seemed to be laboring under a hallucination that he was still administering the claims of justice, frowned severely upon his host, and, opening his intoxicated lips, hiccupped,

"Six months!" with a gravity that could not be resisted.

Mr. O'Hara raised his hand in menace and was about to release the vials of his paternal wrath. What fluent invective and sulphurous denunciation his unconscious guest thereupon escaped, I cannot say. For the elder O'Hara had a local reputation for billingsgate, and in a community thoroughly versed and competent, was regarded as proficient. But he was at this supreme moment confronted by the perplexed but mischievous eyes of his beautiful daughter and his wrath vanished. He gazed upon her with fascinated and admiring eyes.

"Howly Moses! Kathleen," he exclaimed in the sincerity of his regard; "may the devil fly away with me if ye're not illigant to-night."

She was. Never a whit more lovely, I wot, did Venus herself sweep into the presence of besotted Bacchus. With a woman's intuitive taste for effect she had finally decided upon the pink surah, so that you caught the rare tints of her complexion and the lustre of her dark eyes, accompanied by a warmth of color that was dazzling. Nor was the splendor of her appearance lost upon her admirers later in the evening. "Have you seen Miss O'Hara to-night?" demanded Mr. Mortimer Collins, who had been known to give his enthusiasm metrical expression in the columns of the *Criterion*. "She is a 'phantom of delight' and no mistake!"

"Yer jest a-shoutin', stranger," pensively responded Kickapoo Dick. "They ain't natchally no flies on Kate."

Yet this radiant goddess was apparently distressed and critical at present, for after a protracted survey of the recumbent Bacchus, now somnolent and odoriferous, she raised her perplexed orbs to her rather in inquiry.

"Can it walk?" she asked anxiously.

"Divil a fut!" the enraged parent retorted, and sat down in disgust.

The situation was indeed disquieting. The hour was late—too late altogether to think of obtaining a substitute. On the other hand, for Miss O'Hara who was worshiped openly or in secret by every eligible bachelor in Chincapin, to attend a village ball under the espionage of inebriety seemed rather incongruous. But Miss O'Hara, although lovely, was practical, and the idea of presenting herself before her rival, Miss Bertha Maverick, with no escort but her aged father was not to be entertained for an instant. So she at once endeavored to bring her fascinations to bear upon the inappreciative Treddle. Her father, seeing that his daughter was determined, lent her ready aid by attempting to kick his unconscious judgship into a realization of his duties, albeit with many protestations that he was "agin puttin' his own flesh and blood in the charge of a corpse." Miss O'Hara supplemented this heroic treatment by bathing the bald head of his Honor with cold water and applying her dainty vinaigrette to his stertorous nostrils. The paternal O'Hara witnessed her homeopathic efforts with contempt.

"Ye'd mate wid more success if ye made him ate the hull of that," he suggested. "Ammahoney is powerful shtuff to bring the likes of them around."

But here, as if in protest, Judge Treddle opened his blood-shot eyes, sneezed violently, and sat up abruptly. After some further delay, much vigorous argument from O'Hara, and a few covert caresses on the part of the lovely Kathleen, his Honor got upon his feet slowly and experimentally, and the ill-assorted trio started.

The festivities were at their height when they arrived. Miss Bertha Maverick, ravishingly attired in white tulle, with a wreath of orange blossoms around her neck, and looking more like a bride than a frontier belle, had already usurped the honors of the evening. It was entirely owing to a serious disagreement between the lady's escort and Miss Kathleen O'Hara that Miss Bertha was permitted to grace the festivity. She had been imported from the neighboring town of Ballinger, as an offset to the reigning beauty's charms. Accordingly she improved the opportunity and displayed her fascinations with all the art she could command. Wherever she went, admiring glances were directed, and thronging rivals for her favors followed. Her

**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.

consort, a small individual with fierce mustaches—a wealthy cattle owner and noted fire-eater, known as Colonel Bill Furey—finding his lady so alarmingly popular, contented himself with strolling about, smoking a cigar, and occasionally seeking the consolation of the adjoining bar, which was liberally patronized as usual on such occasions. At this juncture, Miss Kathleen, looking irresistibly lovely in her pink surah appeared in the ball-room upon the arm of her rugged and intoxicated escort. The contrast was striking. It was as if Caliban had suddenly ushered in the fair Miranda, and caused an instant defection among Miss Bertha's cohorts. Availing herself of the most desirable of the gallants who surrounded her, Miss O'Hara at once released the arm of the Judge and floated away in the dreamy waltz with Captain Macnaughton. His Honor, being thus cruelly abandoned, immediately adjourned to the bar and accepted alcoholic consolation.

He entered the crowded room at an inauspicious moment. Colonel Furey who had recently returned from a brief tour abroad, was recounting to some friends the utter worthlessness and futility of all such excursions. Judge Treddle, being in a social humor, joined the group.

"What do you allow, Bill, to be the likeliest thing that you seen t'other side?" inquired Kickapoo Dick.

"The American flag, sir," replied Col. Furey patriotically, pouring out a libation of alleged "Blue Grass" whisky, as if to toast the sentiment.

"My fren'," broke in Judge Treddle unsteadily, attempting to grasp the speaker's hand, "your s-sentiments does yer credit! 'Merican flag's all ri' an' themblem o' thish r-republic. Shame time, ole fel'—Bill—poshpone Fourth July to 'nother 'cashun—an' have drink. Mush learn'd suthin'—suthin' new—p'lit'cal—'storical—suthin' 'n-nuther!"

"Old man," said the colonel severely, "I don't know nothin' about you or your politics, and don't want ter, but I'll trouble you not to interfere in my discourse. Howsomever, there was one thing I did learn over thar, beside mindin' my own business, and that was in Egypt. I seen by the signs on the pyramids and obelisks that thet antiquated idgit Cambyses III. was runnin' cattle under my cowbrand six thousand years afore I was born!"

A laugh from the bystanders greeted this announcement, but Judge Treddle did not join in it. His judicial dignity had received an affront. He stood for a moment leaning heavily on the bar, swirling the contents of his tumbler gently, and apparently revolving in mind the recent insult. Then suddenly drawing himself up, he dashed the remainder of his liquor full in the colonel's face.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

**Ingenious Porkopolis.**

Miss Chicago—"What did you get in your stocking Christmas, Emily?"

Miss Gotham—"A diamond ring and a pearl necklace."

Miss Chicago—"That all? you poor creature! Why, I got a sealskin sack, a portfolio of proof etchings, an edition de luxe of Shakspeare, an inlaid folding card table, a rosewood writing desk, a set of toilet articles, a satin head rest filled with balsam and ten pounds of chocolate creams."—Burlington Free Press.

**At the Station.**

"Dearest Laura, don't cry so! If everything else vanishes, we shall yet have left to us memory!"

"Ah, dearest Emma, then perhaps you will remember that I lent you five dollars two years ago!"—Fliegende Blatter.



GRAVE-DIGGERS do a great deal of work that is beneath them.—Toledo Blade.

WHEN the milkmaid is awkward and fretful the cow generally turns pail.—Chicago Sun.

IT is so easy to make promises and it is so hard to get other people to keep them!—Somerville Journal.

"AND, Alphonse, do you think you can love me a little when I am old?" "Yes, very."—Boston Times.

"I NEVER try to put on style," said the carpenter. "I'm a plane, every-day person."—Washington Post.

THE cloud that overhangs American finances now has no silver lining. It is all silver.—Portland Journal.

HOW sad it makes a man feel to observe a five-dollar straw hat on a seven-cent head.—Kearney Enterprise.

JOY travels alone and makes short calls; grief brings along a large family and stops all summer.—Ashland Press.

"PLENTY of room at the top," gasped the mercury, as it crawled up the thermometer tube.—New York Journal.

IT is true, though it sounds paradoxical, that a man never has any trouble in finding trouble.—Washington Post.

OUR salesmen never get ruffled. They are different from night shirts, in that respect.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

HE (despairingly)—"I wish I could find something to take up my mind." She (softly)—"Try blotting paper."—Boston Post.

FIRST PASSENGER—"Are ye sick, Thomas?" Second Passenger (faintly)—"D'ye think I'm doing this for fun?"—The Jester.

HENRY M. STANLEY is one of the few newspaper men who have received their reward this side of the divide.—Omaha Republican.

MME. MINNIE HAUK will make her "farewell" appearance in America next season. It is not stated when her farewell disappearance will come off.—Washington Hatchet.

PEDDLER—"Buy this pistol, sir?" "What should I do with a pistol?" "Good heavens, man, do you want to live forever?"—Fliegende Blatter.

WHY doesn't the "De Wolf Hopper Opera Company" economize in the matter of name, and call itself the De Wolf Hoppera Company?—Norristown Herald.

PEOPLE go to the mountains and the seaside to do nothing, and yet where young couples are congregated business is usually pressing in the evenings.—Boston Courier.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Brown. You are taking an early walk!" "Yes, I always go to walk mornings so that I shall have nothing to do afternoons."—Fliegende Blatter.

IT has become the fashion in Paris to give dinners in the Eiffel Tower. In this country our dinners come highest at the fashionable watering-place hotel.—Norristown Herald.

THE Ladies Home Journal has an article entitled "How to treat a sweetheart." About the way to treat a sweetheart at present is to treat her to ice cream.—Boston Examiner.

THIS is the season when you ask the bartender to mix you a drink to keep out the heat, and he gives you the same prescription you took last winter to keep out the cold. P. S.—So we've been told.—Norristown Herald.

A CLOTHING dealer in an adjoining county gives away a "Buffalo Bill Gun" with every boy's suit sold. He has adopted a poor plan to boom the clothing business. After the gun has got in its deadly work on the boy, his new suit of clothes will be cut down to fit his little brother.—Norristown Herald.

Angostura Bitters make health, and health makes bright, rosy cheeks and happiness.

# ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

## A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for over thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

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.

### Figs and Thistles.

"I will," is a miracle worker.  
Not to shun evil is not to love truth.  
A man without faults has no friends.  
Our heaviest burdens are those we borrow.  
The first thing man ever needed was a Savior.  
The man who has a good God is a good giver.  
God loves a cheerful giver. So do all the preachers.  
If God is against you what is to be the final outcome?  
The moment we come to understand God we love God.  
A man who is not more than a preacher is a poor preacher.  
The man who won't bend will some day have to break.  
The reason the devil hates us is because God loves us.  
Genius may be swift, but perseverance has the surest feet.  
The man who dyes his whiskers never fools but one person.  
God is forever against the wicked and always for the good.  
The man who walks with God does not travel down hill.  
Until God proves that He is God, it is a sin to worship Him.  
The purchasing power of money is confined to this earth.  
The man who never looks ahead will always be behindhand.—The Ram's Horn.

### A Distinction Without a Difference.

Walking on the beach at Coney Island I met two Irishmen who were admiring the Observatory, which, after doing duty at the Centennial, was removed from Philadelphia and set up on the Island.  
"Och, Jemmy," said one, "jist look at the high thing!"  
"Niver mind the height, Pat, but get onto the length av it!"—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

### Re-Opening a Thoroughfare.

In order to guard against results utterly subversive of health, it is absolutely essential that the grand thoroughfare or avenue of the system, the bowels, should be re-opened as speedily as possible when they become obstructed. If they are not, the bile is misdirected into the blood; the liver becomes torpid; viscid bilious matter gets into the stomach, and produces indigestion; headaches ensue, and other symptoms are produced, which a prolongation of the exciting cause only tends to aggravate. The aperient properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters constitute a most useful agent in overcoming constriction of the bowels, and promoting a regular habit of body. It is infinitely superior to the drastic cathartics frequently used for the purpose, since it does not, like them, act violently, but produces a natural, painless effect, which does not impair the tone of the evaculatory organs, which it invigorates instead of weakening. The stomach and liver, also, indeed the entire system, is strengthened and regulated by it.

### Medical Superstitions.

There is a popular supposition of wide range, based upon I know not what, that it is very healthful for children to play with dogs. A weak child, it is thought, may gain strength by being with a dog, or, if diseased, the child may be cured by having the animal "take the disease"—for example, inflamed eyes or any disorder of the skin. Within a year a college graduate told me, in perfect good faith, of acquaintances, a Boston doctor and his wife, whose little girl had been greatly afflicted with some form of eczema, which they all hoped would disappear, as the parents had purchased a fine dog to play with the child.

When a dog is teething the upper incisors, according to a New England superstition, must be removed as soon as they become loose, or he may "swallow them and have fits." Perhaps even more generally received is the fancied danger of allowing a child's milk-tooth after extraction to fall into the possession of a dog or cat, lest the animal swallow it, and the child have a dog's or cat's tooth grow in place of the lost one. The Mexicans and Indians in Texas say that every animal has brains enough to tan its own skin, and so the latter, in the case of the wolf, panther, wild cat and some other animals, is mainly prepared by rubbing into the flesh side of it the brains of its former wearer. A somewhat common fancy among children, perhaps, too, adults as well, is that "every part strengthens a part"—that is, that the liver, heart, brains, and so on, of animals, when eaten, go directly toward nourishing the corresponding organs in the eater. A similar doctrine was worked out in great detail by the American Indians, and is, I believe, held by many other savage tribes. It seems altogether probable that such beliefs, wherever found among civilized people, old or young, are survivals from some remote antiquity, and that they are closely akin in their nature and origin to the well-known doctrine of signatures which has played so great a part in the systems of medicines of primitive peoples.—Popular Science Monthly.

**Dyspepsia in its worst forms** will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

No language can express the feelings of a deaf mute who steps on a tack in a dark room.—Elnira Gazette.

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

## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



JUDGE A. N. WATERMAN, CHICAGO, ILL.

## Curious Derivation of Popular Words.

"Varlet" is the same word as "valet," and each is an offshoot of the feudal "vassal."

Madame is "my lady," and sir has been extracted from Latin "senior" through the French.

"Dandelion," dent de lion (the lion's tooth), and "vinegar" was once vin aigre (sour wine).

A "villain," before the stigma of disgrace was attached to him, was a laborer on the villa of a Roman country gentleman.

"Biscuit" keeps alive the Lation bis coctus (twice cooked), and a verdict is simply a vere dictum (a true saying).

An earl was an "elder" in the primitive society, while pope is the same as "papa," and czar and kaiser are both "Cæsars."

Queen at first meant "wife" or "mother," and a survival of its early signification exists in "queen," used now only in bad senses.

"Jimminy" is a reminiscence of the classical adjuration, O gemini, used by the Romans when they called upon the twins Castor and Pollux to help them.

Redingote is "riding-coat," borrowed by the French from our own language and returned to us in a new guise, with the dressmaker's stamp of approval.

"Slop" shop has nothing to do with slops, as some amateur etymologists have asserted, but means clothing shops, the word coming from Icelandic slopper, a coat.—Toronto Truth.

## Thought Heaven Out of Place.

Little Mary (who lives on the thirteenth floor of the Excelsior flats)—"Mamma, is heaven higher than this?"

"Yes, indeed, Mary."

"And when we die are we going to heaven?"

"I hope so, darling."

"Mamma, if we are real good maybe we can get to move down on the second floor when we die."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

## A Tongueless Talker.

A man without tongue or palate—yet he lives, laughs, and, most wonderful of all, he talks. And there isn't a physician in the land who can explain why.

The operation, which was performed recently in the Charity Hospital upon Col. George Washington, is the same identically as that performed on General Grant and Emperor Frederick. A man who is compelled to undergo it has just one chance in a hundred for life.

This is the colonel's story, as he told it himself yesterday:

"It was in '79," said the colonel, "out in El Paso, Tex. I had charge of the Comanche Indian Reservation, on the Estacado Llano, or 'Staked Plain.' I had a dispatch for Fort Sill, which had to be got through somehow. So I got my broncho and started out to deliver it myself, though the country swarmed with hostile Apaches. Four red devils, in ambush on the road, sent four arrows whizzing after me. One of the arrows struck me in the neck under the right ear, and went in about three inches. I pulled it out and the wound healed up. It never bothered me until last November, when it began to trouble me considerably. A sort of sore appeared on the back of the tongue. Last December I came east and went to Bellevue Hospital, but the doctors there could afford me no relief. You see, that arrow the varmint hit me with was poisoned," he explained, dryly. "While at Bellevue I met Prof. T. J. Kelly, and he said that if I would submit to an operation he would save my life."

The colonel was taken to the Charity Hospital. Prof. Kelly and Dr. Van Rensselaer, of the house staff, performed the operation. They gave him chloroform and kept him under its influence for four hours and a half. They first cut down through the chin, sawing the bone in two and laying open the lower jaw on both sides clear back to the ears. They took out all the glands that could in any way have become affected by the poison and removed the entire tongue and palate. In splitting open the jaw they broke the muscles that hold the jaw in place and control its movements! In place of them they substituted two little

silver hinges, which work exactly like a spring door hinge.

"I can open my mouth, but were it not for the little spring hinges I could never close it again," says the colonel, grimly.

Where they sawed the chin in two they brought it together again and made it all fast with stitches of silver wire.

"I have lost all sense of taste or smell and I'll never have another square meal," and here the colonel sighed deeply.

"Have the doctors any theory or explanation to offer regarding your ability to speak?" asked the reporter.

"No," replied the colonel.

Col. Watson was a confederate during the war, and was in command of the Eighth Texas Rangers.

He can carry on a conversation quite distinctly, but keeps his mouth closed while talking. His words sound thick and husky. In physique he is strong and robust.—San Francisco Examiner.

## Hoosier Philosophy.

It's a fool hoss that don't know who's boss.

A colt'll frolick in the mornin'; an old hoss at night.

'Tain't allus the purtiest girl that kin make the best flapjacks.

A feller that's honest with himself'll be honest with his nabors.

You want watch the feller that's allus keen fer a hoss trade.

A balky hoss an' a kickin' cow make lots o' trouble on the place.

The crow is er mighty peart bird, but, for all his fine looks, he sucks eggs, jess the same.

Some folks kin 'tend to other people's business a blamed sight beten they kin to their own.

'Tain't the hardest licks that allus drives a wedge in the furdest; sometimes gentle taps'll make it stick a heap the best.—Arkansaw Traveler.

## A Rough Passage.

Mrs. Bjinks—"Did you have a rough passage to Plymouth the other day, Mrs. Bjones?"

Mrs. Bjones—"Well, I should say we did. I tell you, I hove a sigh of relief when I set my foot on dry land once more. And frankly, Mrs. Bjinks, between you and me, that was all there was left to heave."—Somerville Journal.

## She Had Caught On.

He—"Why are you so chary of your smiles nowadays?"

She—"Because you are so prodigal with yours. When you stop smiling with your friends till your breath smells like an alcohol lamp, I will let you into my good graces again."—Burlington Free Press.

Ministers, Lawyers Teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

## Didn't Know His Name.

When Eli Perkins was in Little Rock, and while he sat in the rotunda of the hotel, relating his experiences, an old farmer who had been an attentive listener, arose, sighed wearily and remarked to a friend:

"Come on, Sam, let's go. I don't know that man's name and I don't want to hurt his feelin's, but blamed if I don't

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M. DOMINICK, Superior.

believe that he's the worst cut and dried liar I ever saw. Come on, or he'll fetch the rheumatiz back on me so bad I can't hobble."—Arkansaw Traveler.

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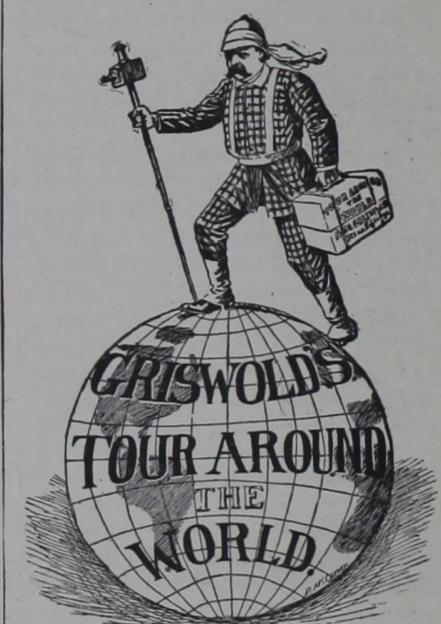
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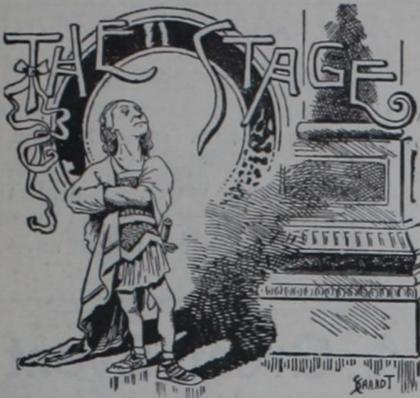
Editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS, New York, will be in the lecture field the coming season, with his two humorous illustrated lectures:

- 1.--"Tour 'Round the World."
- 2.--"New York to, and All About Paris."

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Amy Lee has secured a new play for next season called The Clipper.

Richard Mansfield, in Beau Brummel, will probably be seen at the Madison Square Theatre during the entire summer.

As soon as an actress, singer or dancer makes a hit she writes an article for the press. Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, is the latest.

The Madison Square Garden, with Strauss' orchestra, has attracted very large audiences. The Sunday night concerts are very popular.

Minnie Palmer arrived from Europe last week. Of course, she brought the usual number of regulation newspaper advertising inducers, in the shape of horses, dogs, etc.

Thos. Q. Seabrooke, the funny comedian in Castle's in the Air, says he has seen some pretty hard times, but he wishes it distinctly understood that he never, as yet, has walked.

The Academy of Music will re-open early in August, with the Paul Martinetti Pantomime Company. The Hanlon-Votters, said to be the best band of aerialists in Europe, will be with the company.

The audiences at Palmer's Theatre, where the Sea King holds forth, have been on the increase steadily, and full houses greet the merry opera nightly. Edwin Stevens, the comedian, is irresistibly funny, and has few equals as a laugh-provoker. The opera will have a long and successful run, which it certainly merits.

The tour of the Hon. John L. Sullivan, under the direction of Duncan B. Harrison, will open at Niblo's Garden on Aug. 25, in Mr. Harrison's new play, Honest Hearts and Willing Hands. Mr. Harrison is at Hempstead, Queens County, N. Y., putting the finishing touches on the new play. It is quite unlikely that John L. will ever enter the prize ring again, as he recently stated to a friend of his that to make another mill would lower his dignity as an actor. Sometimes it is good to be a fighting actor, when the "ghost" does not walk as promptly as he is accustomed to, but, as it is understood that Sullivan and Harrison are partners in this dramatic venture, it is not at all probable that Duncan B. Harrison will be called upon to put on four-ounce gloves.

**No Alternative.**

He—"Why won't you marry me, dear? I have plenty of money."

She—"Yes; if I married you people would say it was just for your money."

He—"Then, am I to believe that, if I was poor, you"—

She—"No, decidedly not. Because then they would call me a fool for marrying you."—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.

**Understanding Enough.**

A negro preacher that lived on a farm adjoining the parsonage of the Rev. Abner Jacobs, called on his white brother for the purpose, he said, of bringing about a closer understanding between the white and colored churches.

"I am more than willing that the two churches should understand each other thoroughly," said Mr. Jacobs.

"Glad ter yere you speak dater way, sah, monst' us, caze de sooner de folks, white an' black, understan's each udder, de better it'll be fur de cause o' de Lawd. Yo' church is in putty good 'dition, ain't it, Brudder Jacobs?"

"Yes, fairly good."

"Pleased ter know it, sah, monst' us pleased. Wush I could say de same fur de congergations I 'zides ober."

"Is nct your church in a prosperous condition?" the white man asked.

"Wall, not ez much ez I could wush ef I wuz ter strain merse'f er little."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

"De lack o' money, sah."

"That's rather bad."

"You'd think so ef you needed shirts an' socks an' er hat ez much ez I does at de present writin'." Yes, sah, de church is powerful in de grass, ez de feller would say erbout his co'n, an' I think dat it would be showin' de true an' Christian speret ef you would tell yo' church dat da mus' he'p us out er little."

"My church cannot afford it," the white man answered.

"But dat ain't de question, fur you neber oughter 'sider whuther you kin erford ter lend ter de Lawd ur not. Whut de Lawd wants you ter do is ter come down wid de cash, dat's whut de Lawd wants."

"That's all right," answered the white preacher, somewhat irritated. "I know as much about the Lord's demands as you do."

"Den ef I understan's you, I ain't gwine git de money."  
"Not from me."  
"Den you don't want ter bring about er understandin' betwixt our two churches?"  
"Not if it costs my church any-thing."

"Mout I ax wharfo'?"

"Oh, yes. The reason that I shall not give you any money is that I have heard that you are inclined to drink."

"Drink whut, sah?"

"Whisky?"

"An' who said dat I dranked whisky?"

"I saw you drunk once, myself."

"But who said I was drunk?"

"I tell you that I saw you drunk."

"You's too fast, sah. You neber seed me drunk. You mout a-seed me after I had dun been takin' de sackerment, but you neber seed me drunk."

"I saw you reeling out of a saloon. Do you go into a doggery to take the sacrament?"

"No, sah."

"Why, then, did you go into the saloon?"

"Ter git some licker ter take de sackerment wid."

"What! use the vile liquor of a saloon?"

"'Tain't vile, sah, caze I knows. I's er jedge o' whisky, I is."

"Do you mean to say that you use whisky instead of wine?"

"Oh, yas, sah; yas, caze my congregation dun soured on wine—da doan like it. W'y, sah, ez laung ez we had de wine sackerment, dar wa'n't no 'tendence ertall, but ez soon ez we gat de whisky you oughter seed de crowd an' de 'thusy-asm."

"Well, you may go now. I don't want anything to do with you."

"Nothin' ter do wid me; an' jest becaze I differs er little frum you on de sub-jeck o' de sackerment? All right, sah,

I'll go, but I must say dis: I has seed er heep o' churches, but yo's is de wust hide-bound church dat I has eber run ercross. Good-day. Our churches dun got understandin' er nuff."—Arkansaw Traveler.

**A Terror of the Tropics.**

One of the deadliest serpents of the tropics is the fer-de-lance, of which there are at least eight varieties. Lafcadio Hearn says that the reptile is of precisely the color which will enable it to hide among foliage or the roots of trees. Sometimes it is of a bright yellow, and one can scarcely distinguish it from the bunch of bananas within which it coils.

Again, it may be black, or yellowish brown, or of any hue resembling tropical forest mould, old bark, or decomposing trees. The iris of the eye is orange, with red flashes, and it glows at night like burning coal.

In Martinique, the fer-de-lance is absolute lord of the forest by day, and at night he extends his dominion over parks and public roads. The only safety lies in remaining at home after dark, unless one lives in the city itself, and it is always dangerous to enter the forest even at noon, without an experienced escort. At any moment a branch, a root, a bunch of pendent fruit may take life, writhe, spring, and strike death to the heart.

One creature, however, has no fear of the fer-de-lance. Horses tremble at sight of it; dogs whine and shiver. The hen attempts to defend her chickens, and the pig offers more successful combat, but it is the cat who fights the monster most undauntedly. The author of "A Midsummer Trip to the Tropics" describes such an encounter.

The cat, upon seeing a snake, at once carries her kittens to a place of safety, and then boldly advances to the encounter. She will walk to the very limit of the serpent's striking range, and then begin to feint, teasing him, startling him, trying to draw his blow.

How the emerald and topaz eyes glow then! They are flames. A moment more and the triangular head, hissing from the coils, flashes swift as if moved by wings. But swifter still the stroke of the armed paw that dashes the horror aside, flinging it mangled in the dust.

Nevertheless, pussy does not dare to spring. The enemy, still alive, has almost instantly reformed his coil. She is in front of him, watching, vertical pupil against vertical pupil. Again the lashing stroke, again the beautiful countering; again the living death is hurled aside. Now the scaled skin is deeply torn; one eye-socket has ceased to flame.

One more, the stroke of the serpent; one more, the light, quick, cutting blow. But the reptile is blind, stupefied. Before he can attempt to coil, pussy has leaped upon him, nailing the horrible flat head fast to the ground, with her two sinewy paws. Now let him lash, writhe, twine, strive to strangle her. In vain. He will never lift his head. An instant more and he lies still. The keen white teeth of the cat have severed the vertebra just behind the triangular skull.—Youth's Companion.

**Tommy Knew What He Wanted.**

Clarence (courting Miss Alice, observes that her little toddler of a brother has been staring at him from the parlor doorway full five minutes)—"Why are you looking at me so, Tommy?"

Tommy—"Waitin' for you to propose to Alice."

Alice—"Oh, Tommy, how came you to say such a thing?"

Tommy—"Cause ma said if he proposed you'd fling yourself right at him, an' I want ter see you."—Chatter.

**Unaffected Bravery.**

Sweet Maid—"You are not afraid of anything, are you, George?"

Callow Youth—"Of nothing, Miranda, absolutely nothing!"

Sweet Maid—"I am so glad, for I hear papa unchaining Carlo. Good-night."—Munsey's Weekly.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unflinching and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## LITERARY



The leading articles in *Babyhood* for July are *Fruit for Children*, by J. W. Byers, M. D.; *Weaning*, by D. Warman, M. D.; *The Kindergarten on the Farm* (continued series), by Adele Oberndorf, and *The Baby's Mind*, by Elizabeth S. Brown, M. D. The medical editor announces that hereafter more space will be given to questions of diet, in the department of Nursery problems, this subject seeming to be of never-ending interest and importance to the magazine's readers.

The fiery red cover of the Fourth of July double number of *The Youth's Companion*, just received, is so realistic that one can almost hear the boom of the cannon cracker and the clang of the great Independence Bell. Some of the literary features are *On His Own Merits*, in which a spoiled son wins the battle of life through his own exertions; *Hitty*, a boarding-school story by Kate W. Hamilton; *Under False Colors*, an amusing story of life in a Western lumbering town; *A Little Hero of Lundy's Lane*; *A Fourth of July Cow*, by Helen M. North; *He Kept His Flag Up*, by C. A. Stephens; *Fourth of July Under Difficulties*, by James Parton. Besides these are the usual editorials on current events, and a jolly page of Fourth of July fun for the younger children.

The July number of *The National Magazine*, of Chicago, will open with an article entitled *Harvard University and Reform*, by Chancellor Harkins, of the National University of Chicago, in which the wisdom of President Eliot's radical recommendations is forcibly maintained. Other timely articles are *Plan Proposed for a Polytechnic Institute*, *Biblical Literature*, by Rev. J. C. Quinn, LL. D.; *College Courses for Non-residents*, *Union College Examinations and Honorary Degrees*. Young men will be interested in the article on the Chicago Trade Schools. Particulars of the recent gift of twenty-five acres of land near Chicago, worth \$25,000, to the National University, and of its proposed new building thereon, are also given in this number. Published at No. 147 Throop street, Chicago, Ill.

Ability and taste always tell. The career of Charles M. Kurtz, editor of the *New York Star's Sunday Supplement*, affords another brilliant example. Originally of artistic tastes, Mr. Kurtz studied painting several years in New York, but opportunity led him into journalism, and before entering upon his present successful editorship his newspaper experience was wide and varied. Unusual business ability and technical knowledge of art associated him also with several important artistic enterprises.

Mr. Kurtz brought to his present duties a literary equipment and mature ability in journalistic matters which at once made itself felt. Among people of education and culture it is a matter of general comment that the *Star* is the most interesting of Sunday newspapers, and the best edited. Its editor has the necessary faculty of interesting and identifying able writers with its columns, and the *Star's* weekly articles on artistic, lit-

erary, theatrical and kindred topics are well known. His own sympathetic insight and intelligent appreciation in matters of art make the critical papers of the editor especially noteworthy.

Mr. Kurtz also enjoys a wide reputation as the editor of the celebrated *Academy Notes*. Personally, he is deservedly popular, and is known among his confrères as the prince of good fellows.

## It Fell Flat.

One day, as a Sixth avenue barber-shop had but one empty chair, a man wearing a very big hat and walking with a great deal of swagger entered, hung his hat on a peg, and then drawing a revolver he turned to the idle man and said:

"I want a shave—just a common shave. I want no talk. Don't ask me if I want a hair-cut or a shampoo. Don't speak of the weather or politics. If you speak to me I'll shoot."

He took the chair, held the revolver across his legs, and was shaved with promptness and dispatch. When he got up he returned the shooter to his hip-pocket, put on his hat, and after a broad chuckle he said to the cashier:

"That's the way to keep a barber quiet. He didn't utter a word."

"No, sir—he couldn't."

"Couldn't?"

"No, sir; he's deaf and dumb."—N. Y. Sun.

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

## A Handkerchief Specialist.

The other morning, as the departing Cunard steamer was casting off its lines and swinging out into the stream, an elderly-looking business man hastily embraced a lady who was one of the passengers, and rushed down the gang-plank to the wharf.

Going hurriedly up to a melancholy loafer who was watching the busy crowd, the gentleman drew him behind a pile of freight, and said:

"Want to earn a dollar?"

"You bet."

"You see that lady in black on the bridge there?" said the citizen.

"Cert."

"Well, that's my wife, going to Europe. Now, of course she'll expect me to stand here for the next twenty minutes, while the steamer is backing and filling around, so as to wave my handkerchief and watch her out of sight. See?"

"I ketch on, boss."

"Well, I'm too busy to fool around here; stock to buy, biz to attend to. She's a little near-sighted; so I'll just hire you to wave this handkerchief instead. It's a big one, with a red border, and as long as she sees it she'll think it's me. Come up to 202 Wall street, where they are well off, and I'll pay you."

"S'posin' she looks through a telescope or suthin'?"

"In that case you'll have to bury your face in the handkerchief, and do the great weep act."

"That'll be fifty cents extra."

"All right. Time is money. Look sharp now! You can kiss your hand a few times at, say, one dime per kiss;" and, snapping his watch, the over-driven business man rushed off.

We print this affecting little incident to call attention to the fact that the man thus employed has gone into the business regularly. He is now a professional fareweller, and business men and others can save valuable time and yet give their departing relatives an enthusiastic send-off by applying to the above specialist any steamer day. Go early to avoid the rush.—Mchow Traveler.

## A Prescription for Longevity.

One of my prescriptions for longevity may startle you somewhat. It is this: Become the subject of a mortal disease. Let half a dozen doctors thump you and knead you and test you in every possible way, and render their verdict that you have an internal complaint; they don't know exactly what it is, but it will certainly kill you by and by. Then bid farewell to the world and shut yourself up for an invalid. If you are three-score years old when you begin this mode of life, you may very probably last twenty years, and there you are—an octogenarian. In the meantime your friends outside have been dropping off, one after another, until you find yourself almost alone, nursing your mortal complaint as if it were your baby, hugging it and kept alive by it—if to exist is to live. Who has not seen cases like this—a man or a woman shutting himself or herself up, visited by a doctor or a succession of doctors (I remember that once, in my earlier experience, I was the twenty-seventh physician who had been consulted), always taking medicine, until everybody was reminded of that impatient speech of a relative of one of these invalid vampires who live on the blood of tired out attendants, "I do wish she would get well—or something!" Persons who are shut up in that way, confined to their chamber, sometimes to their beds, have a very small amount of vital expenditure and wear out very little of their living substance. They are like lamps with half their wicks picked down, and will continue to burn when other lamps have used up all their oil. An insurance office might make money by taking no risks except on lives of persons suffering from mortal disease.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, in *Atlantic*.

## Blood on the Moon.

Wife—"My dear, that horrid man next door has killed the dog."

Husband—"Well, never mind, my dear; I'll get you another one some time."

Wife—"But it wasn't my Fido that he killed; it was your hunting dog."

Husband (wildly)—"Where's my gun?"—*New York Weekly*.



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

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## DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

## A Horrid Thing.

"Do you like babies, Mr. White?" asked the young mother tenderly of the grim old bachelor who sat at the foot of the table.

"Don't know, marm," replied the bachelor promptly, between two mouthfuls of potato; "never tasted any."—*Somerville Journal*.

## A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of *Scrofula* is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in *Scrofula*. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alterative,

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"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

## Restored My Health

and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Frederico Mariz Fernandes, Villa Nova de Gaya, Portugal.

"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofula, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Braudt, Avoca, Nebr.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE BOOTBLACK.



Oh! a sooty face and a dwarfish form  
And a saucy tongue has he,  
And a ready wit, and he swings his "kit,"  
And lives life merrily—  
With a "Shine 'em? Shine 'em? Who wants a shine?  
Shine 'em up, Mister? Shine 'em? Shine?  
Now's yer time!"

Perchance no home has he, no roof  
But the smoky skies at night,  
But the rogue knows where from the chilly air,  
He can rest till morning light—  
Perchance in a hoghead or empty box,  
Or open cellarway—  
And his sleep is sweet as the hours are fleet,  
No score has he to pay!

Oh! a miniature man is he,  
With world-lore almost gray;  
He's sooty and gritty and sharp and witty,  
And able to make his way—  
With a "Shine 'em? Shine 'em? Who wants a shine?  
Shine 'em for half a dime!  
Shine 'em up, Mister? Shine 'em? Shine?  
Now's yer time!"

—Robert Ogden Fowler, in Wide Awake.

LADIES AND WOMEN.

The saleslady shines in silken attire,  
The price of scant comfort and long-boarded hire;  
The chambermaid lady in garments of white  
And ribbons of scarlet appeals to the sight;  
The bluest of pushes the cook-lady shows,  
And fills up the sidewalk wherever she goes;  
And even the wash-lady proudly steps by  
In velveteen ruffles that startle the eye;  
While the woman they wait upon goes about town  
In a plain little, brown-tinted gown.

—Mrs. George Archibald.

A WIDOW'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born in the year—well, no matter what one—  
And as for my birthplace, I shall not tell where;  
The date to conceal were a slight lease of fun  
If mentioned the place, for the register's there.  
Sufficient to say that a long robe of white  
For an infant was then, as to-day, quite the rage,  
And the hoops worn by women, alone fixed up-right,  
Could have served to provide for an ostrich a cage.

When or where my first schooldays were passed, I won't say,  
The time and the place is well known to the girls,  
My schoolmates of old, yet I can't think that they  
Will reveal more than this—that the teacher wore curls.

Howe'er, if for certain the period you'd know,  
Just bid your hairdresser give memory wing;  
She'll tell you, within a few decades or so  
The time when long curls were for women the thing.

I was married? Oh, yes! At what age, or what date?  
Well, really, my dear, you are asking too much.  
A date is a telltale—my wedding was great,  
And the dresses were white then, as now, for all such.

A lone widow? Alas! yes, that pain is my lot,  
My husband was drowned while en route to the Cape;  
Just how long ago? Well, I've somehow forgot,  
But 'tis several years since I came out in crape.

—Boston Budget.

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

A Fair Snake-charmer.

I saw in a Bowery dime museum, says a New York correspondent of the Boston Herald, a very beautiful girl charming snakes. She seemed one of the happiest mortals under the sun, the twinkle of her eyes and the gentle curl of her red lips indicating that her heart was as light as a bird's. When she lifted the huge striped and spotted snakes from their boxes and coiled them around her neck, arms and body, often letting their clammy scales press against her mouth, I was considerably shocked, and I wondered what circumstances of life could have possibly impelled a woman of such superior physical charms to adopt a repulsive profession of this sort. A young man very much under the influence of liquor was exhibiting the freaks in the museum, and, as the snake-charmer twined her pets around her, always smiling as though she enjoyed their embraces as well as if they were the arms of a lover, he recounted the history of the girl, saying that she was a princess in Abyssinia, and that she preferred snakes to dolls as a baby. After the exhibition, and while the crowd was clustered about the wild men of Borneo, I ventured to ask a few questions of the snake-charmer while buying from her a photograph of herself. I began by the surest route to a woman's confidence, assuring her that a girl of her good appearance might easily be occupied better than sitting about all day in a dime museum.

"Oh, it is no choice of mine," said she, with a perfectly happy smile.  
"Whose, then, is it?" I asked.  
"My husband's," she replied. "That's him showing the freaks. I hate snakes, of course. I couldn't have touched one two years ago any more than you could. I got married, thinking I should be taken care of, but Jim is a worthless fellow, and he can't support me to save him. I first went into the show business as a hair freak. I had my hair bleached yellow, and arranged it so it stood straight all over my head; but those things are only worth about ten dollars a week, and I began to look for something better. There was a snake-charmer sat next to me in the show in those days, and I began by touching the snakes with the tip of my finger. When I found out that they couldn't hurt me, on account of their fangs being taken out, I managed after awhile to get used to the feel of them, and would handle them for my own amusement. The man that owned the snakes died, and just before he went he told me to take the snakes and to give exhibitions with them. The owner of the dime museum offered me twenty-five dollars a week if I would do the act, and so one night I stopped every bit of feeling in me, and stood up before the crowd and wound the things around me. I don't like them now, but I have grown almost indifferent."

"What do you stay in such a disagreeable business for?"  
The smile faded from her face, and she snapped the silver snake bangle viciously on her wrist. "When you marry a brute," said she, "he makes a brute of you—that is, if you love him."  
"And you love him?"  
"Yes, once in awhile; when he is sober."

Prefaces.

There seems to be a general opinion among writers of books that prefaces are rarely, if ever, read. Nearly all of them deplore this fact, and generally apologize to their readers by saying that in accordance with custom their books must have prefaces, whether the public reads them or not; so, therefore, they have felt justified in writing them. Now, it may be true that the average person ignores the

preface, but I am constrained to the belief that the careful, conscientious reader—the genuine book-lover—does nothing of the sort. On the contrary, he reads the preface, and reads it carefully, and from that reading makes up his preliminary opinion of the book, besides forming something of an idea of the style, make-up and character of the author.

Speaking for myself, I can say that I always read the preface in a book, and not infrequently that is all I do read; for I have come to the conclusion—a conclusion founded on experience and observation—that the author who gives me a poor preface to read has also written a very poor book along with it. In short, a preface is to a book what physiognomy is to the man—it is a sort of index as to its character and worth.

There are some writers who, having fallen in with this idea of the unpopularity of the preface, omit them altogether, and with no sort of introduction, explanation or apology put their works afloat upon the uncertain sea of literature. But I must insist that this is a great mistake on their part; for while a bad book is made none the better by a preface, yet a good one is much improved. It is in the preface, when well written, or rather when it is the product of a great writer, that his individuality will come strongest to the surface.

In his book, supposing it to be a work of fiction, one loses sight of the identity of the writer, however great and charming; but when you turn to his preface you expect to find there something of his notions or ideas of the book; something, mayhap, of the motives which prompted him to write it; something of his hopes for the work; in short, a keener insight into the personality of the author, which personality is always interesting to the reader in the same ratio or proportion that his books are widely read and admired.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

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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. Hiscoc, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

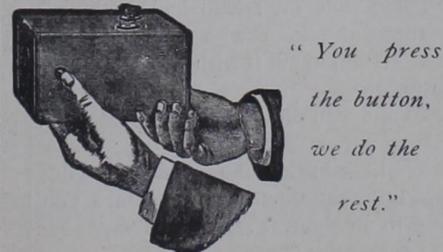
Why He Abandoned the Trip.

"How soon do you start on your talked of trip to Europe?"  
"I had to give it up."  
"Why so?"  
"Because my wife went and ordered a bonnet for the voyage, and when the milliner's bill came it took all my money."  
—Light.

Force of Habit.

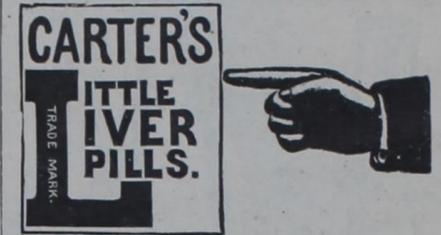
She (to dude dry goods clerk at summer resort)—"A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Faraway."  
He—"Aw, we are just out of thoughts, aw, Miss Fluffy, but aw, we expect some in in a few days. Anything else this afternoon?"—Peck's Sun.

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"This egg, madame," said the professor, with asperity, "is not fresh."  
"Sir," said the landlady, graciously, "it was laid just one week after you made your last payment."—Harper's Bazar.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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HOW IT STRUCK HIM.

MRS. GIDDY—This bonnet was only thirty dollars. How does that strike you as a bargain?

MR. GIDDY (brushing his last year's coat)—It quite knocks me out!

#### His Red-Headed Friend.

Four men stood on the rear platform of a Cottage Grove avenue car. Several stood on the front. The car was crowded, says the Chicago Tribune.

One of the men on the rear platform handed the conductor ten cents and said: "I pay for two—my friend, who is forward, and myself."

"Which is your friend?" said the conductor.

"The red-headed man."

Very soon after the conductor was working his way forward through the crowded car. He jostled against the forms that were swinging, like so many flying trapeze artists, from the straps. The long-legged man who was sitting doubled himself closer to avoid contact with the conductor.

A man on the strap offered his fare. The conductor looked at him and said:

"Your friend on the rear paid your fare."

"I have no friend on the rear platform," growled the man who had offered his nickel.

"The gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for a red-headed man, and your hair is red," said the conductor, who didn't mean any discourtesy.

"Blame your impertinence," roared the man, "didn't I tell you I had no friend? Here, take this fare if you want it, and look around you and see if there isn't some one else on your infernal sardine box who has red hair."

Now it so happened that the long-legged man, who had eyed the coming of the conductor with apprehension, had a growth of fiery red hair. The conductor spied Elongatus and made for him.

"I paid my own fare when I got on at Sixteenth street," he said.

"So you did, sir," answered the conductor right politely.

"Then why in Sam Hill do you come for it again?"

"The gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for his red-headed friend, and I noticed that your head is red, and —"

"No remarks from you, sir, about my hair! You are a puppy. Go long and attend to your business."

It was evident that the conductor was getting into water up to his chin—metaphorically.

A man with a Mackintosh about his form and a rimless Derby on one side of his head touched the hem of the roundabout of the conductor, and as the conductor stopped to hear what the Mackintosh had to say the Mackintosh said:

"There's a red-headed chap in the corner talking to his girl. I guess he's the chap you are looking for."

The conductor said "Thanks"—there are so many people who pretend to know what is the proper thing who say

"Thanks." The conductor swung several forms around in making his way to the corner where a little man was talking to a tall woman about "so much wet weather."

The conductor touched the little man's sleeve and said, "Fare, please."

The little man swelled up and said:

"You fellahs don't know yo' business. Why don't you buy an amatuah photographic outfit and take the pictuahs of yo' passengers who pay thay faihs? Now go on."

"Haven't you a friend on the rear platform?" asked the conductor.

"None of your business if I have."

"I beg your pardon," replied the conductor. "A gentleman on the rear platform said he paid for a red-headed friend."

"Then why did you ask me for fare again?" screeched the little man.

"I was only trying to find out," said the conductor.

"I refuse to answer," put in the little man, who then turned to the lady and said that he sometimes thought he would never ride in another street car. "Besides," he said, with a blush, "my hair is not red."

The conductor went back to the rear platform and handed a nickel to the man who had given him ten cents.

"What's that for?" asked the man.

"That's all right," said the conductor, with an air of injured innocence.

"But I don't understand," said the man.

"You may think it is the 1st of April," said the conductor, "but it isn't. I'm in an extra nickel; but that's all right."

"I certainly don't understand you," said the passenger. "I gave you ten cents for two passengers—my friend and myself. I told you my friend was forward."

"Yes, I know you did," said the conductor. "You said he had a red head, too, didn't you?"

"Yes; I said that so you would know him."

"Yes," growled the conductor; "I reckon you think you're the only man in Chicago who has a red-headed friend, don't you?"

The passenger looked confused. The other men on the platform looked amused. "I said that my friend had red hair," remarked the man who had paid two fares. And he said it with all the gravity of a judge.

"I know you did," shouted the conductor.

"Well," said the man, at last growing heated, "what about it? What are you going to do about it?"

"Do nothing."

"Then shut up."

There was a lull. Even the car stopped. The man on the rear platform

—he who had paid two fares—got off. Another man got off the grip. This last man had red hair. It dawned upon the conductor that he had not gone as far forward as the grip. And as he jerked the bell he said so that the passengers on the platform heard him:

"Confound a red-headed man, anyhow!"

#### Making a Speech.

It may look like a very easy thing for a member, having his speech written, to deliver it during the course of an hour in the House, but it is not such an easy thing as it looks, says the Pittsburg Telegraph.

The average speaker gets a deal of athletic exercise in the course of an hour's speech. There are some members in the house who can stand and read a speech without lifting a hand, except to turn the pages, and almost without changing position; and there are others who can talk all day without getting tired; but the average speaker perspires as if he were sawing wood. An off-hand speech of ten minutes does not count, but the man who throws his arms in the air as if whirling Indian clubs, hammers his desk like a blacksmith, and dances all around the place for an hour or more, is taking very violent exercise. Experience has taught some of them that it is not safe to make such a speech without taking extra precautions against cooling off too quickly afterward.

I know several members who take extraordinary precautions. They do not speak often. They know for weeks beforehand that they are to speak, and after all preparations are made for the speech itself, and the day comes for the effort, they have a servant bring them a complete change of linen and underwear and a heavy overcoat to the Capitol, and wait with these things at hand until the speech is ended. Then the speaker, with the perspiration pouring off him, rushes to the cloak-room, where the servant stands with the coat ready, and throws it over his shoulders as soon as he comes within reach. Next, the member, with the collar of his overcoat turned up high, tucks his dry underclothing under his arm and makes for the bath-rooms. There he enters the waiting-room, where the temperature is high and there can be no draught, being underground, and waits to cool off a little preparatory to a bath. There is no more work for him in the House that day. When he has got his bath, he makes for his lodgings as fast as he can, and stays there until thoroughly rested.

#### A Doubtful Compliment.

Rev. Baxter—"Well, I suppose that I must take a vacation, since the congregation has seen fit to raise the money to pay my expenses."

Sexton—"You do not seem over enthusiastic, Elder."

Rev. Baxter—"Well, the fact is, James, I've been thinking the matter over, and don't know whether to take it as a compliment or not. Tell me truly, as a friend, James, have my sermons been dry of late?"

Sexton—"Well, Elder, I do not wish to hurt your feelings, but for the last month you would think that those in the last four rows hadn't had any sleep for a year."

Rev. Baxter (with a deep sigh)—"It's as I feared, James; it's as I feared."—Peck's Sun.

#### That Was All.

"Where have you been, dearest?"

"I've just been shopping."

"Where are your bundles?"

"Why, didn't I say I had been simply shopping."—Boston Courier.

Good  
morning  
Have you used  
PEARS' SOAP?

#### Public Spirited.

Dryas (to his clerk)—"I understand, Sorber, that you are habit of taking a glass of beer every day with your luncheon."

Sorber—"Yes, sir; the supply of water is very short just now, sir, and every little helps."—Puck.

#### He Came Promptly.

"I wonder if Mr. Goodkatch will come this evening?" said Susie to her father.

"I hope not," replied her father.

"Why, father, what can you mean?"

"I am not prepared to return that money I borrowed of him yet. I want a few days more."—Yankee Blade.

#### Engaged.

She (singing)—"I want to be an angel"

He (interrupting)—"Want to be! You are one now!"—Somerville Journal.

#### FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.

This is the Sum that a Piano-Varnisher Won in the Louisiana State Lottery.

New Yorkers appear to be pretty lucky in capturing prizes in the Louisiana State Lottery. In the Grand Semi-Annual Drawing held on June 17, Martin H. Simonson, of 412 West 50th st., held one-fortieth of ticket 59,843, which drew the First Capital Prize of \$600,000. Mr. Simonson is a piano-varnisher by trade, and at the time he received his \$15,000, representing his part of the winning ticket, he was employed by Hardman, Peck & Co., the piano manufacturers of this city. Since he received the \$15,000 that his ticket won Mr. Simonson has done no work. Mr. Simonson, however, intends to keep a pretty tight hold of his fortune. He has already invested it, with the exception of a sum that he has set aside to pay the expenses of a trip to Europe. The lucky piano-varnisher is a native of Christiana, Norway, and is going back with his wife and only child in about two weeks to visit the scenes of his childhood and to let his relatives in the old land know how kindly fortune has smiled on him. He has been a very active member of the Piano Varnishers' Union, having been at one time vice-president, and at present is secretary of its Executive Committee.

"I have been very lucky, indeed," he remarked to the reporter, "and everywhere I go among those with whom I am acquainted I receive any amount of congratulation."

"Did you ever buy Louisiana State Lottery tickets before?" the reporter asked.

"Oh, yes. I bought them off and on, for a few years past; but for the last nine months I bought them continually. Something always told me that I would strike a prize some day, but I never dreamt of winning as much as \$15,000."

"I don't think I shall ever work at my trade again," he continued, "because I think I can do better than working at the bench for \$16, \$18 or \$20 a week. I made \$20 a week when business was good, but when it was dull I made less."

Another resident of New York who drew a prize in the Louisiana State Lottery on June 17 was Herman Herzbrun of the firm of Galland & Herzbrun, manufacturers of fine coats at 8 and 10 Manhattan st., near Houston. Mr. Herzbrun held one-fortieth of ticket 90,207, which drew the third capital prize of \$100,000. Mr. Herzbrun received \$2,500, minus \$11.25 express charges, as his share of the prize. He feels very happy over his success, for he never won more than an approximation prize of \$5 or \$10 before. —New York Daily News, July 8.