

# Texas Siftings.

VOL. 13—No. 17.  
Copyrighted 1890, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, AUGUST 23, 1890.

10 Cents a Copy.  
\$4 per year in Advance.



AMERICAN HEIRESSSES ABROAD, EAGER TO PURCHASE TITLED HUSBANDS,  
HOWEVER IMPECUNIOUS.

No. 1—"OH, TAKE ME, NOBLE DUKE D'AUSTRIA. DON'T YOU SEE I'VE GOT THE SOAP?" No. 2—"WILL NOT MY OILY WORDS AND TEN MILLIONS SOFTEN YOUR FLINTY HEART, COUNT ESPAGNOL?" No. 3—"SWEET ARE THE TIES THAT BIND, BARON FELTHATTE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY ARE RAILROAD TIES REPRESENTING TWENTY MILLIONS." No. 4 (SINGING TO PRINCE DE BAGATELLE)—"YOU'RE A PRESENT FROM MY SIRE, SILVER MINE! SILVER MINE!" No. 5—"SHALL WE NOT BE ONE IN SPIRIT, LORD BEEFSTEAK?"

## Texas Siftings.

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

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

J. ARMOY KNOX, } Manager.  
A. A. BERGER, } Ass't Mgr.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 23, 1890.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.

TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4 00  
Foreign countries..... 75c. extra

All subscriptions must be paid in advance.  
Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,  
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

### IN A. MINER'S KEY.

It is easy for a deaf man to miss his calling.

UNBRIDLED passions sometimes lead to the halter.

THE ills of life are often easier to bear than the stock market.

THERE is nothing square about gossip. It is always "going round."

AN appropriate helm for a mud scow would be a tiller of the soil.

A STITCH in time saves nine, but it isn't always the nine you bet on.

BANKRUPTCY never discourages an aeronaut. He is used to going up.

MANY bodily disorders could be avoided if people would only take air.

THERE is a bond of union between the proof-reader and the type-righter.

THERE are many miss-takes in a printing office that employs female type-setters.

THE Press tells of "an Arab woman peddler." Has he license to peddle women?

"AWL is vanity," said the extravagant shoemaker, as he bought one with a silver handle.

IT requires courage to acknowledge to gray hairs, and that is why a brave man dyes but once.

CRITICS of the Harrison family at Cape May shouldn't look a gift cottage in the window.

THE conceited man carries a mental microscope, which continually magnifies his personal importance.

THE fall election will result in a fine crop of candidates. Some of them are ripe enough to pluck now.

GUS WILLIAMS wants a motto for his new play, "You and I." I suggest "You-and-I-ted we stand, divided we fall."

"TROOPS at the Polls" is appearing in the papers again. No very considerable troop has appeared at the North Pole, so far.

PROF. WIGGINS says animal life on earth has only just begun. Gracious! Will the railroad "hog" exist and multiply forever?

BECAUSE a man has climbed the ladder of fortune from its lowest rung is no reason why his praises should be rung in on us continually. With many unsuccessful men the rungs were all right, but the side supports were defective.

A CALIFORNIA man has invented an agricultural machine that combines digging, subsoiling, pulverizing, planting and harrowing. If he will add a contrivance to drive the team, so that the agriculturist can go to the nearest village, sit on the post-office steps and discuss the purposes and progress of the Farmers' Alliance, he will make a fortune.

### WRITING A POEM.

BY ANNA E. TREAT.

My wayward muse will not be won  
Within these dusky walls,



When all the world without is bright,  
And soft the sunshine falls.

This day with all its perfect grace  
Woos me to outer air,  
And inspiration surely waits  
To crown my wishes there.

Ah! this is beautiful indeed,  
With woods and fields in view,  
This roof of glancing maple leaves  
The sunshine filters through.

It falls upon my snowy page  
In checkered lines of light,  
As though with charming tracery  
Sweet rhythm to invite.

The title I have written down,  
It is "A Happy thought,"  
And troops of kindred fancies come  
With pleasant meaning fraught.

The mourning dove's sad note I hear  
From out the leafy woods,  
A lovely cadence of regret  
From those green solitudes.

And dreamily those lily bells  
Are swaying in the sun;  
Perhaps the fairy vespers chime  
Before our day is done.

And do you ask, amid it all,  
How doth my poem fare?  
Three words alone, upon the page,  
Betray the title there.

And well I know this varied page  
Which Nature spreads to view,  
Beguiled me from my chosen task  
An idle hour or two.

And I must seek my study walls  
Where I may shut away  
The sweet distracting influence  
Of this sweet summer day.

### THE TITLED HUSBAND MARKET.

Worth's cartoon on our first page this week caricatures one of the growing follies of the times, the mad rush of rich American girls for titled husbands. No matter how old, battered and worn the Count or Marquis may be, the title covers all, and fabulous prices are demanded and paid for the privilege of wearing his name. Some even consider a false title better than none at all, though the bearer of it cannot expect to command as big a price as one who can read his title clear. This is un-American, and the girls ought to be ashamed of it, though it is probable that the country doesn't lose much by their remaining abroad.

### THE TOMB OF GRANT.

Senator Plumb hits plum-centre in his resolution requesting Mrs. Grant to permit the body of General Grant to be removed to Arlington Heights and buried alongside of his beloved Sheridan and among the soldiers whom he led to glory. Washington is the proper place for the tomb of our greatest General. The building of a stable near his temporary resting-place in New York is only another hint that the metropolis does not appreciate the honor of being the custodian of his remains. The failure of the project to raise a fund for his monument was the first hint. The association of General Grant and New York cannot be pleasant. Here he met Ferdinand Ward and became his victim. Here he was involved in the Black Friday scandal. Here his favorite protegee claimed to have written his book. We must have an appropriate monu-

ment to Grant—stable or no stable—on the site where his body has so long rested; but his permanent tomb should be in the Soldiers' Cemetery, where Fame and Glory sentinel the bivouac of the patriotic dead.

### GOVERNMENTS GET ALONG.

It is a satisfaction to see how governments run themselves, and of how little real consequence are the performers who appear most prominent in this terrestrial circus. The President and most of his Cabinet leave Washington, and still the Republic jogs along. Emperor William passes most of his time out of Germany, and Bismarck has been remanded to private life, and yet the Fatherland is as prosperous and comfortable as obligatory military service will permit. Between these extremes, a dozen countries manage to exist without the personal presence of their rulers, and down in South America, even an occasional revolution does not much disturb the people—except the people who get shot.

### THE NEGRO ABROAD.

In France and England, the negroes are not only treated as equals, but are regarded as actually superior to whites of the same rank or wealth. The explanation given is that colored people are scarce there, and, consequently, valued for their scarcity. In one sense this may be true; although there are more colored than white people in the British Empire, if we count the natives of India, who are always called "niggers" by the English. But once establish the fact that there is nothing intrinsically detrimental in a black skin, and many problems which have puzzled the statesmen of this country for generations will solve themselves. The boys of Harvard are deserving of the credit of taking a long, bold step away from race prejudice; but they are no further ahead than France and England.

### MEN WHO MUST BE TEMPERATE.

Speaking of "the demon of drunkenness," Talmage says, "Does it not jingle the burglar's keys?" Not much it doesn't, except when some tipping policeman gets hold of them. If there be anyone whose occupation requires him to keep sober, it is the burglar. He must be in full possession of his senses to burgle successfully. A single misstep might betray him—even a breath might give him away, in a total abstinence family. Innocent Brother Talmage supposes that a burglar stuffs himself full of jig-water before starting out on a predatory expedition; that he jingles his skeleton keys under the very noses of the police as he whoops along the streets, and that he scandalizes the entire neighborhood by his bacchanalian antics before breaking into a house. But he doesn't work that way at all. Few temperance lecturers lead such temperate lives as the burglar.

It is customary in Russia for travelers to carry their own bed-linen, pillows, towels, etc. That is better than carrying off the towels, etc., belonging to the hotel, as is frequently done in this country.



### HIGH UP.

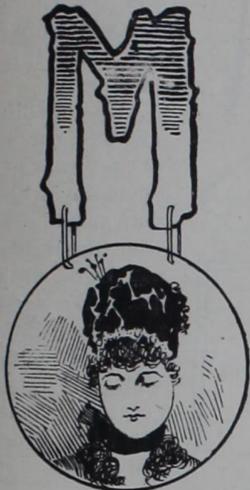
JAWKINS—I wonder why that pretty Miss Giddy is so courted by the actors?

HOGG—O, I suppose it's because her sublime head "strikes" the "stars."

THE DEADLY FREEZER;  
OR, PILKINS' REVENGE.

A TALE OF PLOTS AND VILE CHEMICAL COMBINATIONS.

CHAPTER I.



MILLICENT, is your response final?"

"It is."  
"You refuse my hand, you upon whom I dote so much," and his voice took on a strange hollow tone, which wasn't so remarkable, considering the fact that he was born and raised in a strange hollow just back of the village.

"Diametrious Pilkins, I cannot marry you and that settles it," and the girl with an impatient toss of her proud head turned to go.

"But you shall hear me first!" cried the young man fiercely. "I know why you

scorn me now. It is Caraway Pikepole, the dude. He is my rival. But beware, Millicent Persimmon! I will be revenged!"

A little scream from the fair young girl and Pilkins was gone. He had been gone on her for some time, and she had appeared to favor his suit, although it was a four-dollar suit, bought at a clothing emporium that was selling out its stock at a sacrifice to defraud its creditors, having failed in several attempts to burn the store so as to collect insurance on stock. But Millicent met a city dude named Caraway Pikepole, (Caraway seed, Pilkins called him), who was summering in their little village, and Pikepole knocked the Persimmon, as it were. And he also knocked out Pilkins.

CHAPTER II.

There were preparations for a wedding feast at the Persimmon mansion, one of those quaint old ancestral halls that have come down from distant generations, and it would have come down altogether had it not been carefully shored up with strong hickory posts. The elder Persimmon expected it to be shored up still further by Pikepole, who had given out that he was wealthy, although his money had given out some time before.

All the village had known of the engagement of Millicent and Caraway weeks before, for it was told in confidence to an old maid with a request not to mention it. All the girls envied Millicent, and said Caraway was "real nice," though the boys hated to see him Caraway the prettiest girl in the whole village.

CHAPTER III.

But Diametrious Pilkins, where was he all this time? Sitting in the village tavern in moody silence, revolving in his mind schemes for revenge, for revenge he must have. Should it be the dagger, the bullet or a deadly poison? The dagger leaves condemning stains behind; the pistol carries its own report of murderous intent, and poison—a sudden thought, an inspiration flashes through his brain. He leaps to his feet and cries, "I've got 'em!" as he rushes into the street. And the landlord thought he really had "got 'em," although Pilkins was a temperate man when not traveling in a Prohibition State.

CHAPTER IV.

It was early candle-light. The Persimmon family were gathered in the old manse, impatiently waiting the arrival of the wedding guests, for whom everything seemed to be in readiness. Suddenly the cook appeared with scared face and exclaimed, "The cream! You've forgotten the ice-cream!"

"The confectioner was all out of ice-cream," said the old man, guiltily, for he had neglected to mention it before. "We will have to substitute something else. But ice-cream doesn't appear to be healthy this season, somehow. You read every once in a while about folks being poisoned by—" But his words were interrupted by a circumstance which I will reserve for

CHAPTER V.

"Here's your nice cold ice-cream!" shouted a man in front of the house, with a hand-cart.

"How fortunate!" cried Persimmon, and the whole family rushed out to the gate.

He was a strange looking man, with huge whiskers and blue goggles, who had never been seen in these parts before.

"How do you sell it?" asked the master of the house, doubtfully, for his funds had run very low in giving his daughter a proper send-off.

"On the installment plan," replied the strange man, in a hoarse voice.

The old man smiled, for his credit was gone long, long ago. "If the installments are not paid regularly as they fall due," he added, as he handed over the first payment, "I suppose you will come and take the cream away."

"Same as they did ma's sewing-machine," put in the youngest of the family, who was spanked and sent away.

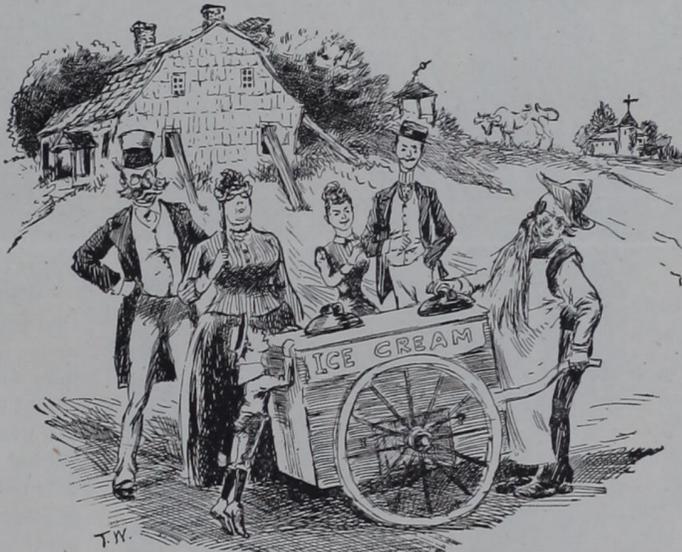
"That is our rule," said the ice-cream man, in a deeper tone than before. Then he dealt out the amount required for the wedding feast and departed. Once a strange gleam shot out of his eye as it fell upon Millicent leaning fondly on the arm of Pikepole, and once there was a tone in his voice that made her start and tremble, but nothing more followed.

But no sooner had the man with the ice-cream cart turned the angle of the road down by the old red barn, which concealed him from view, than he stopped suddenly, pulled off false whiskers and goggles and hissed out the words: "Ha! ha! now shall I be revenged! I bought up all the ice-cream in town! I've not doctored it, not a bit; 'tain't necessary; the real article is deadly enough! But they take it from my hands, mine, mine! Ha! ha!"

It was the scorned, discarded lover, Diametrious Pilkins.

CHAPTER VI.

There was a sound of revelry by night, at the Persimmons. Bright the coal oil lamps shone o'er fair



Pilkins Disguised as an Ice-Cream Vender.

women and brave men, attending the fair. The words binding two hearts as one had been spoken, and all was joy and festivity.

But hush! hark! What screech is that? It is from the bride, who but a moment before was blushing at the words her beloved uttered as she bent over her ice-cream. Now she is bent over the piano, howling dismally. And the bridegroom, who had remarked for the hundredth time that now would their joys be doubled, lies doubled up on the floor. All who partook of the ice-cream were similarly affected. Old Persimmon puckered up his mouth into a dolorous whistle which ended in a yell; the clergyman, an upright man, was downright groggy; the village banker was cramped for the first time in his life, and men and women heretofore credited with good sense were knocked silly.

As the guests lay around kicking and howling, while the village doctor worked over them, out on the night rang the loud exultant laugh of Diametrious Pilkins: "Revenged! ha, ha! revenged!"

Is it pawning the nobility when a pugilist "puts up" his dukes?

LOOKING FORWARD.

Time—1940—Union Hall.

Chairman of Employers' Committee (to Chairman of Union Committee, with great meekness)—We have come, gentlemen, to ask the privilege of putting more capital in our business.

Union Chairman (gruffly)—You have deceived us, then. We supposed you had already put all your capital into your business.

Employers' Chairman—We kept a little back for an emergency.

Union Chairman (haughtily)—Bring the money here, we will invest it for you.

Employers' Chairman—We haven't received from our employes the percentage coming to us for last year's business.

Union Chairman—That will be attended to in due time. We had more than the usual number of Union balls and Union picnics last year, and according to the rules of the Union the expense must be borne by employes. Have you been informed of the new holiday the Union has created?

Employers' Chairman (aghast)—A new holiday! Why, the workingmen have three holidays every week already, without counting Sunday and the Saturday three-quarters holiday.

Union Chairman (sternly)—it makes no difference. The workingman owns the earth now, and he can make every day in the week a holiday if he chooses.

Employers' Chairman—Isn't it a little hard to make us pay our men double wages on a holiday?

Union Chairman—I don't think it is. You see, the workingman's expenses go on just the same on a holiday as on any other day, and he wants as much more to spend.

Employers' Chairman—But we have no holidays at all.

Union Chairman—You don't need any. It would only be a temptation to spend money that belongs by right to the laboring man. Any other complaints to make?

Employers' Chairman—Your new rule requiring us to act as nurses for our employes when they are ill, furnishing medicine at our own expense, is oppressive. I haven't had a good night's rest since the rule went into effect.

Union Chairman—Can't help it. It is the duty of an employer to look after the health of his men. Anything more? Be quick about it (looking at his watch); our Committee is engaged to dine together at Delmonico's at 6, and we have a theatre party arranged for the evening—a compliment from the Scene-Shifters' Union, who are running all the theatres in New York now.

Employers' Chairman (hesitatingly)—I wanted to ask the Union if—if I might be allowed to retire from business at the end of the year.

Union Chairman—Retire from business? No! We don't allow any man to retire from business while he has breath or a cent. What d'ye suppose the Union is for? Now git!

THE PANGS OF HUNGER.

Mrs. Jones—Just think of it! There is a policeman visiting our ugly old cook."

Mr. Jones—Great Scott! How hungry that poor man must be.



Ice-Cream Gets in its Deadly Work.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



Amateur Architect—No, you are away off. The Tudor style of architecture does not mean that the house has to have two doors.

Fitzjames, Chicago—If your expenses are greater than the amount allowed you by your uncle, there are two courses open to you. If you cut your uncle you would also have to cut your expenses, but if you cut your expenses you may still retain your uncle. As you say your uncle is wealthy, your common sense should tell you what to cut. Why don't you get on the World's Fair Committee and draw a big salary?

Sufferer, New York—Yes, you are right in calling the iceman a public enemy. There are, as far as I am aware, no mitigating circumstances in his case except that if he has any left over he does not warm it up for breakfast.

Vindex—Your indignation because the street car conductor shoved a lead nickel off on you is tully justified by the circumstances; still, I hardly think you will get any satisfaction by applying to the company. There are times in the lives of most of us when the pressure of the hand and an unspoken sympathy are worth infinitely more than gold. That is one of the reasons why I do not inclose you the amount out of which you have been swindled.

Faith Curist, Boston—There is no doubt that some remarkable cures have been effected by your people, but the trouble is that the people who were cured did not have anything serious the matter with them. When the patient is really ill the fact that a few weeks after a "complete recovery" a funeral takes place in the family is calculated to retard the growth of the new cult.

Harrison, Washington, D. C.—Forgetfulness, or loss of memory, may be cured by pasting things in your hat. You should try and paste them in your head. You write that you are so absent-minded, that you frequently forget to take the street car. I think that can be cured by your simply standing on the street car track. The experiment is well worth trying, anyhow. In regard to forgetting the names of friends, you can cure that, too. Indorse their notes and the bank will see to it that your memory is refreshed. I have tried this cure, and it has never failed yet.

Joshua, Long Island City—In regard to five cents being an exorbitant car fare, there are differences of opinion. A friend of mine who rode several miles on an open car last spring and only paid five cents for the ride, and the subsequent case of pneumonia, thinks he got a great deal for the money. I don't know who invented street cars, and not giving you a short answer, I don't care.

Geo. V. Watermelon, Philadelphia—It will depend on circumstances. Some married men may with safety attend balls and parties unaccompanied by their wives, while others should not take such risks. You do not furnish me with sufficient data to form an opinion in your case. Is your wife an incandescent blonde? Are you bald-headed? Do you really want to die? These are questions that must be answered before I can venture to give you any advice on the subject. In answer to your second question, I reply: Moses is supposed to have been the meekest man. No mention is made in the Bible of the meekest woman, and it is inferred that there never was any meekest woman.

Anxious Inquirer—I refuse to answer your question. I am the only prominent citizen who has not expressed an opinion on the Kemmler question, and I don't propose to spoil my chances of getting an enormous salary in a dime museum as a freak. In regard to your second interrogatory, why Key West cigars are so called, that is another Keywestion I decline to answer. How do I know cigars are manufactured at Key West unless I have some samples?

Savan, Washington, D. C.—Don Quixote is pronounced in several different ways in English, the favorite being Don Kwixit. The Spanish pronunciation of the word sounds very much like donkey-haughty. He is not coming to this country to lecture. He has been dead several years. No; I don't think there is any danger of Wanamaker prohibiting the sale of the book, as there is no obstacle to his using it to sell his goods.

## THE VAIN THING.

Laura—Susan is as vain as she can be.  
Bessie—What makes you think so?  
Laura—The conceited thing goes around saying that everybody tells her she looks like me.

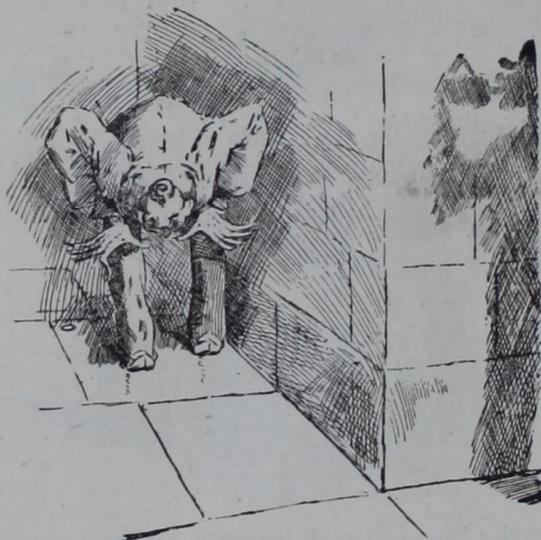
## HOW HE MANAGED.

Jones (to Smith, who has just finished telling a yarn to a crowd of listeners in a club room)—You say you were eight days without water. Your sufferings must have been intense.

Smith—Once in a while I did suffer a little, but I had a very effective way of relieving it.

How did you manage it?

Oh, I'd just think of you fellows here at the club drinking ice-cold mint juleps and sherry cobbler, and my mouth would water so profusely that my thirst would soon be quenched.



## CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

No. 1—This is what sober-minded citizens saw—a harmless Celestial looking for a lost coin.

## COST OF AN INTRODUCTION.

Brown and Smith step into a saloon and meet Jones. Brown and Jones salute each other and then Brown says, Mr. Smith, let me introduce you to my friend Mr. Jones.

Mr. Smith (who has had several social glasses)—Now, Brown, this introduction is not at all necessary. I've known Jones longer than you have. Jonesey, old boy, put it there! (They shake hands effusively.)

A while after Brown and Smith go out and Smith says, "Confound it, Brown, why did you introduce me to that man Jones? He borrowed ten dollars of me."

"You said you knew him better than I did," returned Brown.

"Oh, well, I said that just for effect."

"Well, it had its effect, you see."

"Yes, and I am out ten dollars."

## THE SUMMER GIRL AGAIN.

McCusick (at summer resort, pointing to young lady surrounded by six or seven admiring young men)—I say, Jack, isn't that your affianced over there?

Jack (gloomily)—Yes—that is—I don't know. She was before I came here!

A tailor cannot make a suit of clothes for a giant without resorting to extreme measures.

## THE BOY FROM TEXAS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



OMMY PETERBY gives some points about the New York police which are exaggerated, it is to be hoped.

Mistur editur: me and par was in sentral park yesterday with a man named sykes who has lived in noo York all his life. We saw a pleasman hit a man hard with a klub several times for not doin nuthin except walkin on the

gras. Par was shocked at such brewtality, but mr sykes said o that's nothing we have got used to that in noo York. Well ses par in texas if the pleasman did thater way he would have to get used to havin his hide shot so full of holes that it woodnt hold shucks and some of the holes wood be so big prarie chickens cood fly thru them without teching their wings.

Kin the noo York pleasman doo these things with impunity asks par. O no ses sykes if the pleasman kills too many men he is liable to lose ten days pay onless he has a pull in texis they wood pull him up by his neck ses par.

Mister sykes told us a sad story of a green pleasman who kum to greef from being too keerless with his klub it happened thiser way.

The green pleasman was put on the foorse the day after he got off the ship bekos his bruther in law was an alderman. After he had been on the foorse a few daze the other pleasman mutch astonist asked the green pleasman what sorter man are yoo, anyway? Youse has been on the foorse several daze and you have been sober all the time and youse has not klubbed nobody. What do these all mean? are you going to keep this up, if you are You will be discharged.

Well, that day the green pleasman got so fuller beer that you cood heer it swash about inside him. There was music in the park that afternoo n, and the green pleasman watched his chance to klub somebody—for fear he would be discharged he saw 2 gentlemen standing on the grass talking, so the green pleasman sneaked up behind them and klubbed them for awl he was worth—wile the green pleasman was wearin out his klub on the gentlemen the roundsman came running up kwick with his tung hangin out and says to the green pleasman o my o my you have played — on yore beat for them is park kommishoners.

Next day the green pleasman was discharged from the foorse for it is not safe for a green pleasman to klub park kommishoners they don't know, but the bruther in law of the green pleasman got him a posish as a \$2000 clerk witch is lucky for him as he has three families of his own to sport mr sykes ses, who knows him personally. noo York pleasmen are stout and fat wich shows that sleeping in open air is helthy

TOMMY PETERBY.



No. 2—But Thirsty Mauldoft, the tramp, had not been sober for six months, and this is what he saw.

THE HOOFNACKLE LETTERS.

JACKSON P. HOOFNACKLE'S SAD EXPERIENCE IN COLLECTING FOR A NEWSPAPER.

(Written for the St. Louis Laterne by L. Willich; translated for Texas Siftings by Alex. E. Sweet.)

LETTER VI.

MISTER EDITOR:—Ven you rote to me lasht veek you would give me a show to make myseluf suddenly rich by collecting some outstanding bills I said to myseluf: Now, Shackson, you has got a soft schob by vich you will have no trubbles and an easy life. Dot vas before I had tried to collect dose bills.

So far I have pin to sixteen of dose peebles vat owes your paper money. My expenshes have pin five tollars and forty cents. I have collected two tollars and seventy-five cents, so after deducting my terventy-five per cent. commission you are still in my debt three tollars and five cents, vich I hope you vill remit very suddenly, ash I need der money padly.

Der bill von der doctor is not ingluded, but I vill send it to you ash soon as I am gonvalesent. Der is reason to fear dot I have sustained some internal injurys in collecting dose bills. I write dese lines from the City Dispensary, vere I vas taken in an ambulance.

I vent first of all mit a little bill of \$4 to the proprietor of a big saloon. Of course I dreated him, oddervise der vas no chances to obtain an audience. He schmiled mit me, but ven I pulled out dot bill for four tollars, dot schmile vanished away like a beautiful dream.

"Dot vas simply money thrown away," he said, mad ash der teufel, looking over the schange in the money drawer to sthick me mit a bad haluf tollar.

Remembering your instructions to let dose debtors say vat they blease so long as they pay up I replied noddings. As soon as he put down his glass and I had dot money in my bocket, he began some more abuses. He said:

"I don't know vy you send me your paper. Der never vas noddings in your measly shournal. It vas choost rot."

Dose vords, "measly" and "rot," made me hot. I said: "Eggscuse me for saying so, but vat you have choost said can only come from a man who has not got more than a thimbleful of prains. For ten cents a veek ve gives you sense for a dollar and a haluf, and from your looks nopody needs sense so much as you do. Ve vill strike your name dot list off, for ve don't vant to have any such cattle on our pooks," and den I valked out mit my head up and my tail fedders spread, so to speak.

And making quite a number of similar eggperiences, I came to a subscriber who vas really a schentleman. He knowed right away, from some source or odder, vat I wanted. He cried out:

"Hello! I'll bet you comed apout dot little bill from der Laterne. Dot is der best paper vat comes my house in. I wouldn't be mitout it for millions. I have not got any small change mit me choost now, but bring me dot bill next Christmas about nine o'clock, or somevere apout dat time, and it vill be paid at vonce. By Sch'miny! I would rather go mitout my shirt den to give ip dot Laterne. I've choost got to have it. Vell, good-bye, Mr. Hoofnackle. Is your family vell?" and den he squeezed my hand so dat I schumped haluf way dot ceiling to.

Den I called on a butcher, von of dose vat sells a pound of tenderloin for 75 cents and veighs his hand mit—

"Vat!" he eggscclaims, 'anodder two tollars! It's

only the odder day dot I bays two tollars dot Laterne for. Has the year fifteen quarters mit you, or how is dot?"

I made him show me dot lasht receipt, and den he paid up in nickels, but he vas very insoolting. He said: "Peebles should eat more meat and read not so many newspapers. Der vas noddings in your paper, not haluf so much as in der Vestliche Post."

Ven he said dose dings den I got hot. You vas quite right. Der vas much more in der Vestliche Post den in der Laterne, but you should remember dot a dog perspires more on a hot day den a nightingale. Ven a butcher would write anydings vat had any value it might be a check, oddervise not. From dot literary standpoints anyding else vat a butcher might write would not have so much value ash a rotten onion.

Ven I regained my consciousness I vas in dot City Dispensary, and der doctor says it vas miraculous dot only two of my ribs vas proken. I write dese lines in



HIS DECORATION.

YALLERBY—I doan' like dat, Mose! Whaffo' yo' wearin' dat tennis sash to an ebenin darnce?

JOHNSON—Huh! Yo' doan' see er London or Paris paper laik my boss gits; dat shows yer how de reel gen'l'm'n wears a ribbon under he's coat!

great pains, but now I vill close, as dose doctors are going to hold an eggssamination to see how many internal inchoories I have sustained. Blease consider me likewise ash having tendered my resignashun as your collector.

Yours truly,  
JACKSON P. HOOFNACKLE.

SOCIETY NOTE.

Mr. Rapid—Did you recognize the lady who smiled at us as she passed?

Mr. Gayboy—No, I do not remember to have ever seen her before.

Mr. Rapid—I thought not. She is your wife!

When the bank cashier abstracts the funds, that is a question of abstract law. isn't it?

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Some time ago, referring to the conclusion of a strike at a stove foundry, there appeared a telegraphic notice on the resumption of work that read about as follows: "After a suspension of ten weeks work has been resumed at the old rate of wages," and adds that "the strikers are jubilant, and claim that within a week every foundry will be running and pay the wages demanded." Here is the same old story over again, the same old trick played, and yet the strikers "are jubilant," and flatter themselves that they have gained a victory.

How is the thing worked? Trade gets slack, the dull season is at hand, the market is overstocked, and the manufacturers must either cut down expenses or lose money. They propose a reduction of wages and the men strike. The employers "hold out" and so do the strikers. The manufacturer, or railroad magnate, as the case may be, contents himself as best he can on the fat of the land; the striker spends what little savings he has, lives on the union charity fund, or starves. At length ten weeks roll around, the fall trade begins, business prospects brighten and the employer gracefully "gives in," then the strikers having gained a great victory are jubilant.

Next year the same farce will be played over again; the employers will make money by being idle, and the men will, apparently, never learn. If they had accepted a reduction when trade was dull they would have had constant employment; but they would rather be idle than submit on principle. This seems to be the regular order of things each succeeding year.

THE DEADLY SODA WATER FOUNTAIN.

Every once in a while the temperance cause receives a blow which, to use a mixed metaphor, is somewhat in the nature of a wet blanket.

It has occurred several times quite recently that estimable young men about to impart tone to their systems at the soda water font have been blown up by the subterranean retort. The frequency with which soda water fountains explode contains a hint for the Nihilists and anarchists. If the Czar would take to drinking soda water, even if he were not spread over the landscape by an explosion, he would soon be in a frame of body and mind to concede almost everything.

From the fatality attending these explosions the inference is that the fountains must be loaded. It may be healthy not to drink anything strong, but guzzling soda water is certainly not conducive to longevity.

Nobody has ever heard of a mint julep exploding and producing a longer list of killed and wounded than a Central American revolution. You can blow all day long into a mint julep and it

will not go off and tear things to pieces like a soda water fountain.

A TRAINED SERVANT.

A.—Do you know where I can get a trained man servant?

B.—Yes; you can have mine.

Thoroughly trained, is he?

He ought to be; he goes off on a "train" regularly once a month.

LEFT IN A SAD PREDICAMENT.

Fastboy—I see that Miss Lydia, the burlesque actress, lost her diamonds.

Giltedge—Ha! Wonder what she'll do for clothes now!

## IN OUT OF THE WET.

## A ROMANCE.

WITH NO APOLOGIES WHATEVER TO SOME OF OUR LADY WRITERS OF FICTION.

BY V. Z. REED.



NATURE, in her great laboratory, can work wonders with very poor instruments. The instruments she used with which to mold the fair form of Leonora Scruggs were one of those feeders of the world, a farmer's hired man, and a belle of the culinary

department sacrilegiously yclept a hash-jerker. Leonora was a child of Nature, and likewise of Peter and Betsey Scruggs.

The years go fleeting by with their cargoes of hopes and joys, of "nights out painting the town," of toil and moil, of Budweiser beer, of unpaid bills, of heart burnings and other physical ailments, and Leonora Scruggs has changed from the budding convolvulus of sweet girlhood to the redder and full-blown pæonia of womanhood, and all unknown to her, her fate is coming toward her, relentlessly, surely, sent by his employer to



collect the price of a copy of "Samantha at Saratoga," which Leonora, in a moment of abstraction, forgetting that her wages was only \$4 a week and Sunday nights out, had ordered.

Seated in the pantry, the outlines of her fair young form rather promiscuously revealed by her loose-fitting Mamma Hubbard, was Leonora, bathing her guileless young feet in a dishpan, when the door-bell was rung savagely and a reformed Salvation Army major called for Miss Scruggs.

If I had a little more time to devote to writing this, I would now work in several exclamatory sentences about the shadow of the destiny that was falling upon Miss Scruggs, and upon the dishpan and pantry, but tempus is skipping and I must on.

The voice of the stranger sounded to Leonora like the sweet gurgle of boiling mush, and the sacred hour



that comes to women nominally but once, was upon her, and she knew that she heard the voice of the man who was to walk by her side, and put up with her kicking, and pay her millinery bills through all the shadowy years of the misty subsequently.

Peeping coyly from behind the door, and at the same time gracefully inserting her innocent feet in an old pair of carpet slippers, Leonora bashfully lisped: "Ah, there! my size."

Andronicus O'Vanderpeel raised his hat, thereby showing his wealth of carrot-hued hair, took a hitch at his pants, which were supported by an antique belt, stood on one foot, and in rich, manly tones replied:

"Morning, lady; fine day; gotcher Smanthy at Sairtoga; two dollars, please."

Fairly carried away by the emotions the voice of Andronicus set stirring in her bosom, Leonora could only murmur, while the tell-tale hair oil trickled across her forehead and down her nose:

"Come, now, McGinty, don't be a chump; I won't pay for no dad-binged book, but the folks is away from home, and if you want to come in and help me pare these taters we'll have more fun than some people have sheep."

And thus were two more heaven-born souls warmed by the glorious sunshine of love; thus did the only true secret of happiness come to two lives; thus did two full-grown people grow so spooney upon each other that in thirty minutes he was calling her The Pride of his Life, and ere the lagging hour hand had circled once around its course she was sitting on his lap and calling him "baby." And ere the ruddy sun had buried his radiant features behind the Western Hills Andronicus had experienced the rich, I might even say opulent, pleasure of holding a 140 girl on his knees for four mortal hours, and when in a voice choked with emotion he asked her if she would "get hitched" to him, she buried her fat young face between the lapels of his vest and murmured, "Bet yer neck."

## A DISGUSTED CITIZEN.

Jeff—Say, Pete, I heerd that you hed a rippin' ol' election over thar in Devil's Eldorado. Tell us about it.

Pete—Oh, wal, it's all over now, I guess. But it hez left me a disgusted citizen—clean slumped. I feel like a coyote thet's et a decoy duck by mistake. Why, ye never did see sich un'erhand work.

Whut were the pertiklers?

Thar war five candidates in the fiel', an' my ol' pard, Snaky Jim, hed a big lead. When the campaign wuz a week old thar wuz on'y two candidates left. Snaky wuz one of 'em, an' the other wuz hid. Thet one wuz Sudden Death Oscar. Did he stand up in front o' Jim's gun, like an upright an' dutiful citizen, an' take his chances with the rest? Naw! He hed 'bout ez noble a conception uv political honor ez a city goat hez got uv diet. He snuk up an' cut Jim out uv the race with a bowie—when he wuzn't lookin'! Sich wuz his alien an' unchristian method. Whut kind o' politics ez thet? Ef thet thing gets to be regular, this country'll wake up some mornin' a monarchical government, to say nothin' uv hereditary notions. When thet happens, remember I said it. Come in an' take a pull of mountain balm on me.

MORRILL HAZARD.

## THE NEGLECTED DARKEY.

The colored men all over the country are gradually becoming impressed with the idea that in the division of the spoils they are being very much neglected. When an occasional colored Republican is endowed with an office, it is usually located somewhere in the South, where the color line is a vital issue, and hence the experiences of the newly-appointed official are far from pleasant. Mr. Harrison seems to take special care not to appoint colored postmasters in any of the Northern States.

But, on general principles, the negro has been snubbed by the present administration. The way the spoils are divided out remind one of the man who induced a friend to put up half the money to buy a chance in a church fair raffle, the understanding being that they were to divide equally. The ticket won a very valuable clock.

"Ah, my dear friend," said the party of the first part, with tears in his eyes, "if we had only won money, or if we had won two articles, there would be no trouble; but, as it is, the only thing to be done is for me to keep the clock, and every once in a while you can drop in and see what time it is."

Harrison keeps the clock, but the colored brother will be allowed to drop in every once in a while to see when it is time for him to vote again.

## SHE ONLY DROPPED IT.

Mistress—Did you break this vase?"

Servant—Deed I didn't, mum. I jess let hit drap, an' den hit broke hitse'f up.

## SULLIVAN AS AN ACTOR.

John L. Sullivan, the prize-fighter, is going on the stage to play the part of a blacksmith in a drama that is specially arranged to bring out his full powers. It is a strong part, of course, or John wouldn't take hold of it. He doesn't like to tackle anything weak, even at the bar. He has made telling hits in his day, as many a sore pugilist can testify, but this may be the biggest one of his life.

Sullivan will be a favorite with the gallery, of course,



John L. defies the gallery.

but the gods are keen critics and some may guy him on his shortcomings. John can't stand that, and we can imagine him stopping in the midst of his part, shaking his fist at the gallery and offering to lick any dozen of them who will meet him at the stage door.

Then the "big 'un" will be an ugly customer for a manager to attempt to beat out of his salary. "As a



Demanding his salary of the manager.

Aleppo once" he would take the rascal by the collar and—well, he wouldn't have to demand his salary more than once.

## SLEEPING UNDER A BLANKET.

Jones—They say the nights are so cool at the White Mountains that the people sleep under a blanket.

Smith—Many of the visitors could sleep under a blanket if they remained at home.

What kind of a blanket?

A blanket mortgage.

## WHERE HE WAS SHOT.

Western Coroner (to the physician who examined the wounded man)—Where was the man shot, doctor?

Doctor—In the lumbar region.

Coroner—In the lumber region? Why, the policeman has just sworn that he was shot in a coal yard.

# The Little Milkmaid



The small maid in the country  
Rises at dawn of day;  
At the spring she drinks,  
With the bob-o-links,  
And her cheeks are like blossoms of May.  
The sun shines warm on her sunny hair,  
And the lithe young limbs so brown and bare;  
But what cares she? She can milk a cow;  
It stands quite still at her bidding now;  
She carries her pail of foaming milk  
With grace of a princess robed in silk;  
The Angel Content walks by her side,  
Oh! does she not know the world is wide?

The small maid in the country  
Soon reaches girlhood's noon;  
Now what does she care  
That the skies are fair?  
For her heart sings a different tune.  
A new light beams in her lovely eyes,  
Her soft cheeks flush with a sweet surprise;  
'Tis Art, not Nature, that pleases now;  
Ambition's bright crown must deck her brow;  
Content, with childhood, has long since gone;  
The busy city beckons her on;  
Angel of Pity! keep by her side,  
The world is wicked, the world is wide.

MARY A. BENSON.



## THE PERFECTION OF CONVERSATION.

He read: "The perfection of conversation is not to play a regular sonata, but, like the Æolian harp, to await the inspiration of the passing breeze," and he determined thenceforth to guide himself accordingly. "Splendid sentiment," he said; "wonder who gets up all these nice things to say."

Just before going down town he said to his wife, "You may play a regular sonata if you like, for I shan't be home to dinner," and he hurried away to escape a rising breeze.

Out on the street he met a business acquaintance. "Hot enough for you?" he asked, though the remark was not the inspiration of a passing breeze, and his regular sonata had got tangled up.

Down at the office his junior partner fairly deluged him with words. "Bob," said he, with a superior air, "don't you know that it is not the perfection of conversation to play an Æolian harp—I mean, to start a passing breeze? Don't you know that, Bob?"

Bob stared at him, as though he didn't know what he meant.

"No, sir, Bob; what you want to do is to await the inspiration of a perfect conversation and play a regular passing sonata, and play it on the ace."

Then he went around to get shaved. The barber opened his talk valve, as usual. "Stop right there," said he. "I want you to remember never again to say a word to me unless an Æolian sonata inspires you to await a regular breeze, and I mean every word I say."

The barber was struck dumb. The only one who ever was.

Our hero had successfully sat down on his wife, his friend, his partner and his barber. "That shows," he said to himself, "what a thing it is to make some great sentiment your own, and live right alongside of it," and he dropped into a drug store and bought a glass of soda.

In Australia they have oysters twelve inches long. Our landlady informs us that one American oyster is all that is needed to make fourteen plates of oyster soup. The American oyster, therefore, is superior to the Australian article.

## VULGAR DISPLAY OF GEMS.

The reports from the watering places, seaside resorts, and fashionable headquarters generally, continually make mention of Mrs. So-and-so's diamonds, Mrs. What's-her-name's jewels, until one becomes disgusted, and it is a positive satisfaction to hear that some of them have been stolen.

A description of the size and quality of a woman's diamonds undoubtedly makes entertaining reading for a great many people, and yet it cannot be denied that the displaying of a great quantity of jewels is in very bad taste. Social worth and intellectual merit scorn such a coarse exhibition to indicate wealth, and look upon it as a mark of low origin.

We never use diamonds—that is to say if clubs are trumps—we mean we never sport the gaudy paste parure, nor flash in the eyes of the assembled multitude the dazzling Alaska solitaire; but if we had a diamond, a genuine Newport brilliant of "purest rays serene," instead of making a vulgar display of it to cause envy in the hearts of unfortunate fellow mortals, we would generously give it to the poor—uncle who keeps his shop around the corner, and devote the proceeds to some worthy object, such as an iced lemonade, or something else that would at least benefit one member of the human race with whom we are intimately acquainted.

## HOW HE WORKED.

First Tramp—Say, Bill, I just did a little work.

Second Tramp (aghast)—No!

First T.—Yes, I did. Worked a man down the road for a nickel.

Many a loaded man has beer fired.

## SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

SHE MUST HAVE BEEN BLIND.

Col. Yerger—Did you hear that Baron Nogood has married a rich girl?

Judge Peterby—Isn't he blind in one eye, and a pretty fast sort of a fellow about town?

Yes; but as far as eyesight goes she is worse off than he is.

How so?

Well, while he has lost only one eye, she seems to have lost the use of both, otherwise she would never have married him.

A CRANKY PATIENT.

Doctor (to patient)—I do not wish to frighten you, but if you have no objection I'd like to call in a couple of my brother physicians.

Irascible Patient—All right! If you need any assistance in murdering me, call in your accomplices.

HARDLY CREDIBLE.

Mr. Gusher, your attentions to me are offensive. You must remember I have a husband.

Mr. Gusher—I know it well enough, but if you were unmarried, you would have stumbled hundreds of times over my heart, which I would have laid at your feet.

SLOW, BUT —

A.—I need a hundred dollars, and I need them bad. Can't you let me have that amount?

B.—Of course I can let you have it, but not all at once. Come to me on the first of every month, when I draw my wages, and I'll let you have a dime.

HOW BEAUTIFUL IS NATURE.

She—What a wonderful thing is Nature! How grand! How comprehensive!

He—Yaas; even the smallest plant or the smallest insect has got a Latin name.

MILITARY ITEM.

German Drill Sergeant (to awkward recruit)—You wretched donkey, you haven't got any more idea of the manual of arms than a salt cucumber has of billiard playing—and yet you wear spectacles.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS FRIEND.

Gus de Smith—You have not congratulated me on my approaching marriage.

Col. Yerger—You see, I can't conscientiously extend any congratulations to you, since I am not acquainted with the young lady you are about to marry. On the other hand, knowing you intimately, I cannot conscientiously congratulate your future wife.

NONE OF HIS BUSINESS.

A healthy-looking tramp, having seen a gentleman give a one-legged man a dime, also applied for a temporary loan.

"But there is nothing the matter with you. You are no cripple," replied the gentleman.

"What business is it of yours whether I have one leg or two!"

THE USUAL WAY.

Waiter—Will you gentlemen have your coffee now, or later on?

Guest—We will take it right now.

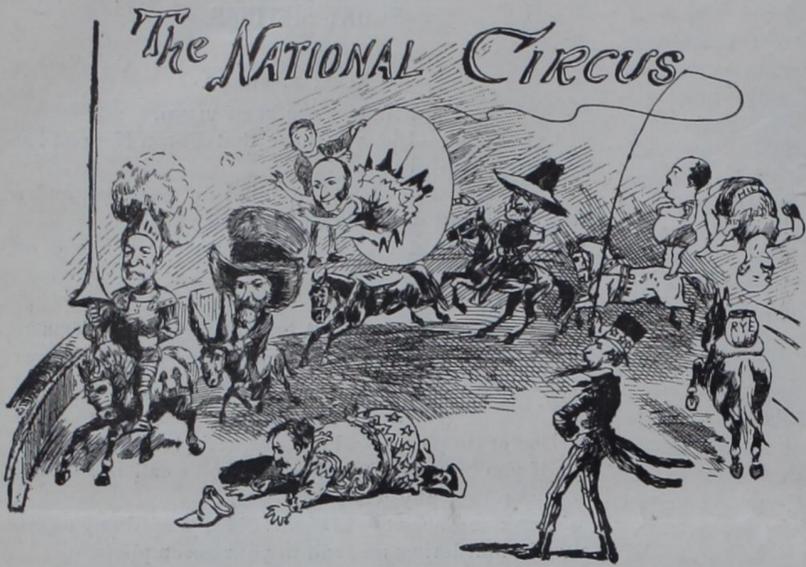
Waiter—I was going to say, if you wanted it right away, you will have to wait about half an hour.



## TUMBLERS ARE SHORT LIVED.

He (reading about acrobats)—The paper says that tumblers don't last long.

She (absently)—I'm sure they don't in our house. Bridget broke two to-day.



Reckless abuse always overreaches itself by disgusting intelligent people. This is the case with the Tammany Hall and newspaper abuse of the New York Steam Company. After reading the daily papers, one would suppose that the sky above New York was filled with blown-up bodies and that the city was devastated by a boiled sewer pestilence. A public official coolly informs the reporters that steam heating is a menace to health and a danger to life; when, as matters of fact, the New York Steam Company has been in operation for eight years without even causing the death of a single person, and the health of the metropolis is better now than ever before at this season of the year. In the light of these truths, how contemptible do the sensational fictions of Commissioner Gilroy and the daily papers appear!

Steam heating through pipes distributed over the city was a new invention, and, of course, its earlier operations were in a measure experimental. But, for eight years, it has supplied steam power to large and small factories, and steam heat to stores and offices, at a cost of little more than that of the coal which would have been consumed. It has saved the people from the real dangers of hundreds of small boilers and engines. It has enabled manufacturers and owners of buildings to dispense with the heavy cost and endless annoyances of engineers, firemen, boilers, engines, coal and wood fires, and has thus economized valuable space, time, wages and other expenses. Of course, the Company has put down the best possible pipes and takes the best possible care of them, because the loss of every pound of steam is the loss of so much money. The few leakages which have occurred have been promptly repaired, and the damage from such trifling incidentals is not to be compared for a moment with the accidents which would certainly have happened if every manufacturing firm and every nest of offices had its own boilers, its own engineers and its own pipes. No one who has ever used the steam heat would consent to get along without it, if the newspaper abuse were a hundred times as virulent.

Mr. Gilroy tells the innocent reporters that he will not allow the streets to be torn up for repairs after his contractors have put down the new Tammany asphalt and block pavements. This is simple nonsense. Mr. Gilroy does not own the streets of New York; neither does Tammany Hall. Under the pavements are the Croton water mains, the sewers, the gas pipes, the electrical conduits and the steam heating distributors. For any of these conveniences and necessities of the public, the public pavement must be removed when repairs are required; and it is the duty of the Commissioner of Public Works to secure pavements that will not be destroyed by such contingencies. Are our citizens to be allowed no water, because a Croton main occasionally bursts? Are they to be deprived of light, because the gas pipes leak? Steam heating has become almost as indispensable to the business of New York as water or gas. The Company holds a charter from the State and its rights are guaranteed by a city ordinance. Is any Tammany official bigger than the State or the City? Mr. Gilroy is too sensible a man to hold any such ridiculous idea, although he may play practical jokes upon the reporters, who take his steam heat vapors for sober earnest.

The science of steam-heating is only in the infancy of its development. Its originators intend to introduce it into every house, so, as to free our ladies from the tyrannies of domestic servants. When a family can cook and wash by steam, without the troubles and vexa-

tions of stoves, ranges, boilers and coal fires, and when their residence can be heated by steam—the heat being regulated as easily and perfectly as the light from the gas-fixtures—then housekeeping will become a luxury, instead of a torment; and this is the reform which the New York Steam Company will, in due time, effect. At present, it furnishes power to hundreds of small manufacturers who could not afford to own their own engines; it benefits the city directly by providing employment for thousands of people; it gives lawyers, merchants and business men the means of keeping themselves comfortable in their offices, at any temperature they desire; and it does all this cheaper than any manufacturer could run his own machinery or any office-boy make his own fires. Does anyone seriously suppose that a great public agency of labor, of comfort, of luxury and of economy is to be clamored down by Tammany politicians, who have not been boodled, or newspaper reporters in search of a sensation? There is no menace to public health in an invention which has made the city healthier; and there is a thousand times more danger to public safety in streets honeycombed with the fiery furnaces and superheated boilers of the newspaper offices than in the carefully managed distribution of steam heat by a company which has never yet had a fatal accident.

The arrest of President Farrelly, of the American News Company, by the agents of the new Gunn-Britton Society, has been unanimously pronounced an outrage. Judge Bedford, who is the boldest, ablest, most experienced and most popular of our public prosecutors, promptly declared that he could not advise the Grand Jury to indict Mr. Farrelly. The country is being flooded with indecent books, compared with which Tolstoi's suppressed "Kreutzer Sonata" is as innocent as mush and milk. Each of these books has upon its cover the names of the writer, or translator, and the publisher. These are the fellows who ought to be arrested and punished. Two of them are especially arrogant and defiant. One tells the reporters that he wishes somebody would seize his books, as it would advertise them. The penitentiary is too good for this scoundrel, who was only recently accused of embezzlement. The other calls himself Belford Company, and issues a circular praising his wares for their nastiness. He ought to be flogged through the streets, at a cart's tail, in the good old fashion, and the Grand Jury should certainly consider his flagrant case. He, too, recently made a dishonest failure and narrowly escaped Ludlow street jail. To allow such wretches as these to pollute the readers of America, while we arrest respectable news agents like Mr. Farrelly, is worse than a blunder—it is a crime.

Judge Bedford takes prompt advantage of Mr. Farrelly's arrest to denounce the system of so-called societies, chartered by the Legislature, that attempt to usurp the functions of judge, jury, detectives and police and are largely used for blackmailing purposes. The odious Anthony Comstock is the head of one of these gangs. Britton, formerly an assistant of Comstock, heads another. Comstock says that Britton is a thief. Britton says that Comstock is a blackmailer. Perhaps, for once, both speak the truth. It is disgraceful that such men should have the power to supersede the regular authorities and order the arrest of honest citizens. Dishonest citizens pay them blackmail as a security against arrest. The time has come to sweep away all these amateur societies that volunteer to do the work for which our judges, district attorneys, detectives and policemen are amply paid. If a woman, a child or a horse is injured, there is nothing to be gained by going to a society for redress. The police courts and stations are open to all complainants; and, should the authorities refuse justice, the press will take up the matter and compel attention. If the societies were of any good, they would simply do work for which we pay the police. As they are of no good whatever, but do infinite harm, they are an obstruction to the police and should be abolished. In every State Legislature, next autumn, measures should be taken to repeal the charters of these impudent, meddling, prying, blackmailing coteries and leave our citizens to the care of the legitimate authorities, who can be forced to carry out the laws if they neglect their duties.

Liverpool Jack, slipping out of prison through a loophole of the law, celebrated his release by knocking down a drunken man, jumping upon him and causing his death. The murderer cannot be indicted for murder because the victim did not die at once. We are all bound to respect the Court of Appeals; but it comes hard when such a villain is let loose upon the community because lawyers hold that sending men to Yucatan to die is not legally a crime. Nobody seems to believe that Liverpool Jack will be convicted of his latest homicide, or that, if convicted, he will be punished. The people of the First Ward of New York are so terrorized by him that they are afraid to give evidence against him. If this state of affairs existed in the mining camps or cattle ranches of the Wild West, how eloquently the New York papers would declaim about it! Here, in their midst, they seem to accept it as a matter of course. But Justice is more sure and less blind in the uncultivated West than in the overcultivated East. The infamous career of Liverpool Jack would have been ended long ago by a noose or a bullet in any of those regions at which the dude dailies of New York so loftily sneer. Then, when a Court of Appeals decided that his execution was legally improper, no harm would be done; for the crows would respond, "Caw! caw!" and decline to restore the remains upon a writ of error.

We are to have another permanent circus, besides that of TEXAS SIFTINGS, in New York next year. The Eden Musee people, advised by Judge Gedney, have formed a company and will build a handsome edifice on upper Broadway. The Spirit of the Times is to be thanked for this addition to the amusements of the metropolis. But we are to have other forms of amusement, novel here, though pretty well played out in London. The strong men, who snap iron chains like packthread, and the fasting men, who get fat without food or drink, are coming. We have had them here before, that is true; but not in the latest London style. The strong men work in pairs, one challenging the other, so as to keep up the excitement. The fasting men also travel in couples, one wagering that he can starve himself longer than the other. But the patient public are never allowed to see either of them die—which, on the whole, is a pity.

There came into the circus the other evening one of the most prominent citizens of Chicago, who has taken an active part in the organization of the World's Fair scheme. He confided to me, between the acts, that Chicago has already had quite enough of the World's Fair; that the scheme has already become a white elephant, and that the managers are now sorry for having interfered with New York and perfectly willing to relinquish the Fair if it could be done without too great a wound to Western pride. It can be arranged without any wound whatever. Chicago has simply to neglect to comply with the conditions stipulated by Congress and the whole affair will fall to the ground. At this late day, New York does not want a World's Fair, either. The Columbus centennial will be better celebrated by a grand naval review in New York Harbor and an Agricultural Show in Chicago or some other Western city. Congress has provided for the review, and no special appropriation would be required for the Show. Thus all parties would be satisfied, and Columbus more honored than by a World's Fair held a year after date, and sure to be a financial failure.

The strike of the Central Railroad men, who have been petted by the Vanderbilts and by Chauncey Depew, proves that workingmen do not want petting, gift clubs and presents of free reading-rooms. They are like the whaling mate who refused to drink with his captain. "All I want," said he, "is plain, common, or'nary, everyday politeness from you, and darned little of that." The Central people want fair wages, paid regularly, and the right to organize in Unions for their own protection. Refuse either of these demands, and petting and gift clubs do not count for a cent in their estimation or gratitude.

THE RINGMASTER.

#### DENTAL NOTE.

A.—Where are you going?  
B.—To the dentist.  
What are you going to do there?  
Get my little fill.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN has composed his first serious opera, Ivanhoe. It will hardly be as successful as his comic work, Ivanotian.



WHO WILL PARE THE TIGER'S CLAWS?

COUNTY DEMOCRAT—The Tammany Tiger is showing his claws. I would like to trim them.  
 TAMMANY KEEPER—Here's a pair of shears suppose you go in and try it.

A NIGHT IN THE SIERRAS.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

To me the grandest poem on earth is night in a deep, half-tropical forest. There is nothing so mighty, Miltonic, as this, the myriad voices at night.

When I was living in the Southern Sierras a great preacher came that way. I by chance got talking to him of the voices and noises high up on the mountains. He said he thought the world slept at night. I told him only the man slept in the wilderness, but he would find the world very much awake if he would spend a night high up above the habitations of man. He was resolved to see, and so with two blankets and two pistols, some bread and a bottle of provisions, we climbed up the steep timbered mountain, a mile above any habitation.

We spread our blankets under a mighty tree. We saw the day fade and die on the far snow peaks, and its ghost came down in darkness and covered us with its wings. The first thing we heard was a great black bug that came buzzing along. It struck the bark of the tree and fell down on the preacher's blanket. Nothing dangerous in a bug. The preacher was delighted. He caught it up, classified it with a Latin name big enough to kill it, put a pin through it and resolved to keep it as a specimen and trophy of the night.

Suddenly, far across on the other mountain side, there rose the howl of a hundred wolves; then a thousand wolves high upon the mountain top made the woods tremble. The preacher was not a bit frightened. He only sat up a little closer to me, and whispered gently that he thought it was going to rain.

Then a broad-winged bird, a black owl, struck in the boughs above us, as if he meant to tear down the tree.

"I am subject to the rheumatism," said the preacher, "and I don't want to get wet. I guess we'd better go."

A great grizzly bear, that evidently

had business in somebody's hog-pen, tore through the bush and woods for the settlement. Possibly the preacher wanted the bear for a specimen also, for he sprang up, forgot his bug and started for the nearest house. He should have waited to see the moon come wheeling up out of the Sierras, white and vast as the snowy peaks she laid her broad bare shoulders to; to hear the far, faint call of the night birds, the beasts, the thousand notes in the poetry and song of nature at night.

BY THE SAD, SAD WAVES.

A gaunt young man with dark hair and a look of yearning after the unknowable, was standing on Coney Island beach Saturday afternoon, and by his side was a woman whom he addressed as "My love." She was his wife. He was watching the white caps far from shore, and she seemed to be looking at the bathers.

Without removing his gaze from the wrinkled surface of the distant water, he exclaimed, "Oh, the great day when the bounding sea shall give up its secrets."

"Give up nothing," said the woman, wearily, "I wonder if that dumpy woman's hair is her own?"

A look of disgust came over the young man's face, which intensified a moment after when he stepped back into a hole dug by a golden-haired little fairy, and it caused him to throw a back somersault, though on the sea coast somersaulters than others.

He murmured something not exactly like a blessing upon the little fairy who dug the post hole, and then he sat down on the sand to take off his shoes and empty the ballast out of them. Just then a big wave came along and rendered it very moist and uncomfortable where he sat down.

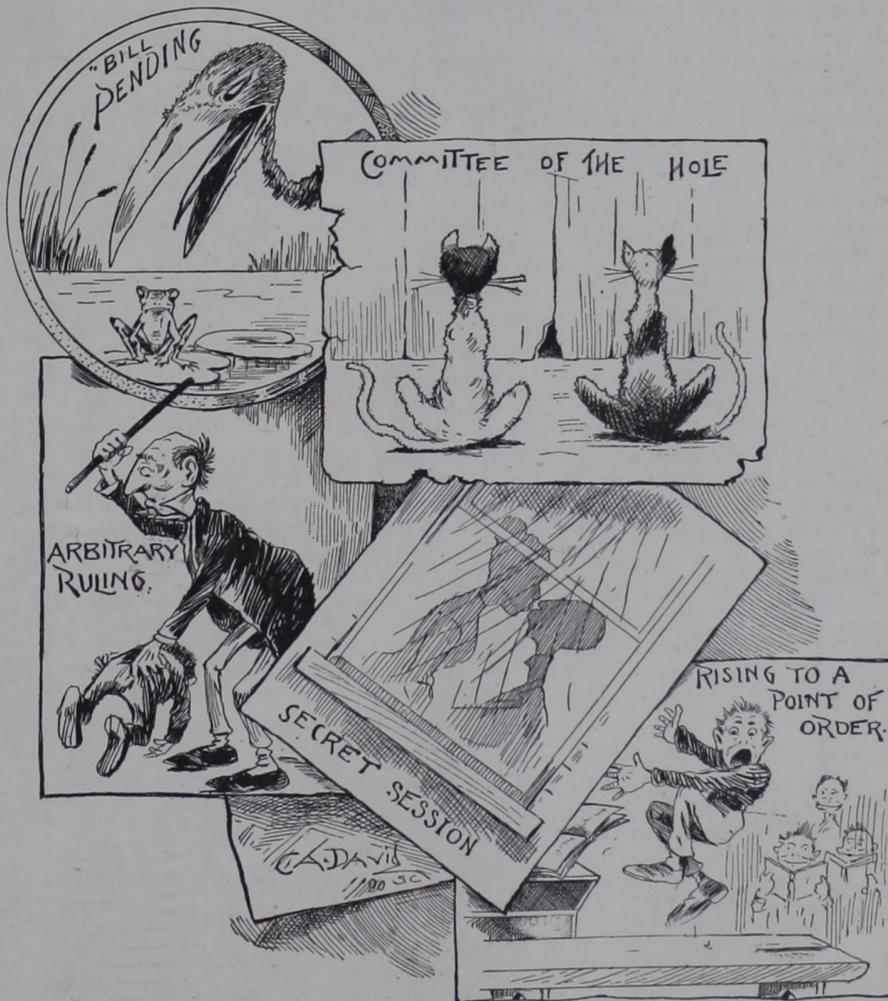
"I am ashamed of you, Leonidas," said his wife, who was prudently out of reach of the waves, and Leonidas strolled silently away in the warm sun to dry. Words were inadequate to express his disgust with the sea and himself.

RATHER RISKY.

A very ugly woman, confessing her sins to a priest, asked: "Father, is it a sin if I rejoice when a man says I am handsome?"

"No, my daughter, but I shudder to think of the fate of the man who told you that you were handsome."

A very little food goes a long way with a giraffe.



PARLIAMENTARY PROCEEDINGS.

## THE MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF A SPRING PULLET.

BY GUY A. JAMIESON.



HE Rev. E. Plato Samuel is a colored divine of some prominence. He resides at Sweet Springs, a small town in South Arkansas, near the river of the same name.

He prides himself upon the confidence that is placed in him by the white folks of the village, who, not infrequently, do him honor by

resorting to his humble place of worship and listening respectfully to the sermons that have gained for him much eminence among his colored brethren.

Not long since he had a call into the country to preach the funeral sermon of a good sister, who had seen it proper to depart this life.

When, after night services, he was preparing to return home, he found himself suddenly surrounded by the good sisters of the neighborhood, who threatened to tear him "lim' from lim'" if he didn't consent to let sister Samuel remain and "spen' a week" with them.

Rather than have his anatomy dislocated by the good sisters, he feigned to feel much pleased at the honor shown his wife, and at once gave his unconditioned approval of their plans.

The night was dark and roads rough, and when the Rev. E. Plato Samuel entered the little town of Sweet Springs it was in the small hours of the night. The good brother was tired and hungry, for it must be remembered that he had preached a very exhaustive discourse, and traveled half the night over a rocky road.

Throwing his jaded steed some pea vines he adjourned at once to his humble kitchen, hoping to find something with which to appease his appetite till morning. The closest search failed to reveal even a crumb, but the Rev. Plato was in nowise discouraged. Proceeding to build a roaring fire in the little stove, he muttered as he exchanged his hebdomadal black for his every day attire.

"I's hongry, an' I think de Lor' is goin' fer ter pervid' me er suppah some how. Leas'wise I's goin' ter do my part in dat direchun."

He turned up the damper so that his fire would not burn out, and closing the doors stepped out into the night. Everything was calm and quiet. The village had long since been shrouded in sleep. The moon had just rose above the tree-tops, as if sent by providence to assist the Rev. E. Plato in finding his way to a supper.

He passed safely down the streets, and for fear he might disturb some of his highly esteemed neighbors—which he would not do, even if he had to go supperless to bed—he turned into an alley and walked boldly on, past out-houses, barns, and hen roosts, until he reached a small scrubby haw bush. He passed into its dark shadow and stopped. The plump pullets above at once began to give utterance to little suppressed cackles of alarm, and to change their positions uneasily.

"Be'n 'spec'in' me, has yo' no don' yo' 'no's Bruddah Jones ain' pa' his las' quar'erage, an' yo' be'n 'spec'in' ter be foct' over fah sometime."



"Reckon I'll jess bake it."

There was a short silence, during which Rev. E. Plato moved around the bush and closely inspected its contents.

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
Makes Delicious Lemonade.**

*A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.*

"Dar's a fin' domerneck ro'ser, an' dar's a mighty plump las' spring pullet. Now, which am likely ter be de mos' ten'er an' hal'some fer a fahteged sarvant o' de Lor'. De pullet looks more enticin' ter de eye, so I'll jes pull et," and raising his hand he lifted the prize from the limb and placed it under his arm.

Reaching home, he entered the back way. Stepping into the kitchen he replenished the fire, procured a hatchet, and sent the pullet's soul on its journey to happy chickendom. The remaining minutia of preparing the chicken for the frying-pan was rapidly gone through. Holding it up before him with anticipated pleasure glowing in his eyes, he remarked:

"Now I wondah how I's bes' cook et. Ef I fry et, I won' hav' ter wait so long, but I's be undah de necesserta o' havin' some grease. Ef I boil et, I's be undah de necesserta o' havin' some watah. Ef I bakes et, I's be undah de necesserta o' jes puttin' et in an' lettin' 'er bake, cons'quenterly I bakes et."

Taking down a pan from the wall he sprinkled salt and pepper on the chicken, and pushed it into the stove.

"But et do jes look nice, sho'," he muttered, closing the stove door and seating himself upon a stool near at hand. "An' I hope et'll do ets bes' er cooking, foh I's gettin' ouful hongry."



The Parson Sprang Suddenly into the Air.

Patiently the Rev. E. Plato Samuel waited for the fire, which he kept well fed, to get in its work; keeping up his spirits in the meantime, contemplating the rich feast in store.

At last the chicken was a nice, golden brown, and Brother Plato's mouth watered and eyes fairly sparkled as he lifted it to the table.

"De good Lor' has remembahed his fa'ful sarvant, an' provided a mos' boun'aful fea's. Bless'd be da dat trus' him," he said, as he run a knife under a juicy thigh. At that moment there was a loud knocking at the door, and the knife dropped with a thud to the floor from the Rev. Plato's trembling hand.

"Wondah what's dat," he muttered, his teeth chattering audibly. As the knocking grew louder, he asked: "Who's dar?" There was no answer, and the din showed no sign of subsiding.

"De good Lor' presarve di 'umble sarvant," he muttered, entering the adjoining room. As he approached the door the noise ceased, and growing bolder he advanced and caught hold of the latch.

"Mus' hav' been a pig rubbin' hisself 'gin de doah," he said, placing his ear near the key-hole. Not hearing anything he cautiously opened a small chink and peeped out. Seeing nothing to cause alarm he opened the door a little wider, and still wider, until he stood in the doorway in the moonlight.

"Sho' nuff, it mus' hav' been a pig rubbin' hisself. De good Lor' do presarve his people," and closing and bolting the door he returned to the kitchen.

His fears quieted, he was seating himself at the table, when he sprang suddenly in the air, his mouth open, and eyes starting from his head.

"Lor' hav' mussy on dis sinful cret'ah!"

The table was perfectly bare—the long anticipated feast had vanished.

Brother Plato stared wildly about him; peered under the table, in the stove, and glanced ominously toward the door and windows, but not a sign of anything that could make way with the spring pullet presented itself—nothing had been touched save it.

Thoroughly alarmed at the mysterious disappearance, he hastily secured the doors and windows and hurried chickenless to bed.

Returning from the post-office on the following day, to the residence of Brother Julian Brown, where he had been prevailed upon to stop during the absence of his wife, the Rev. E. Plato Samuel met Brother Jones. After greeting each other and shaking hands the following conversation took place:

"How'd yo' enjoy yo'r trip to de country, Brother Samuel? Splen'ed, s'pose? he, he."

"Mos' splen'edly, Brother Jones, nevah had er mo' recordial exception in my life. Folks powerful glad ter see me. Preached dat good ole sistah's funeral sarmon in fus' class stile, an' she can now res' in peace 'no'in' dat I'z did her jus'es. Yes, Brother Jones, yo' jes' ought er be'n dah; et war er time ob de mos' glor'ous outpourin' ob de spirit."

"When did yo' arribe home, Bruddah Samuel? dis mornin'? he, he."

"No, Bruddah Jones, I arribe at my 'umble place ob reside at an extreme late 'our las' night, an' bein' worn out wid de onorous duties ob de day, I sought res'an' slumbah upon my receptive cooch."

"Does yo' berliebe in spirits, Bruddah Samuel, not wishin' ter change de subject er tall—he, he?"

"Does I berliebe in spirits, Bruddah Jones? Mos' resuredly I does. Doan de Holy Bible speak ob de spirit an' holy ghos'? Yes, Bruddah Jones, on de war'nt ob de good book I firmly berliebs in spirits an' ghos's. Why do's yo' as' de question?"

"I's hes'tatin' 'bout tellin' yo', Bruddah Samuel, foh fear yo' be dou'tin' my voracity. Som'thin' mighty strange happen down my house dis mornin', an' it's pra'in' on my min'—he, he. I hates ter tell yo', Bruddah Samuel."

"Remembah I's yo' pastah, Bruddah Jones, an' doan' hes'tate to onburden yo'self widout constrain'."

"Den on yo' resuence I's going ter tell yo'. It am dis: When I rose dis mornin', an' impaired ter de kitchen ter buil' er fire in de stove, I was thundah



There was a Knock at the Door.

struc' ter abskuver a chicken wid 'nif' an' for' stickin in ets bres', in de middle ob de table, jes' as nater'l as libe. What war mo' s'prisin', Bruddah Samuel, war

**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.

dat dar haddin' be'n a chicken killed on de place foh mo'n a month, foh'd be'n sabin' up all de spring pullets foh yo', Bruddah Samuel, to pay my quar'rage. Wha' yo' think 'bout et? Doan yo' think et quite uncommon 'receedin'?"

At the beginning of Brother Jones' revelation Brother Samuel's jaw dropped and his eyes protruded fearfully, but as the brother proceeded he gradually regained control of his features. When Brother Jones had finished, he said quite composedly:

"Et am remarkable, Brother Jones, remarkable. Et war undou'tly de work ob de spirit an' holy ghos'. Wha' did yo' do wid de fowl, Bruddah Jones?"

"De fambly an' myself et et foh bre'k-fas'."

"Yo' doan' sa'! I wooden hab touch dat fowl undah no 'sid'ration. Hab yo' menshun de strange asperashun ter no body 'cep' me, Bruddah Jones?"

"Yo'z de on'y pusson I's took ter my confidence, Bruddah Samuel. I wooden hab thought ab menshunin' de asperashun, as yo' sa', widout yo' advice."

"Dat am propah, Bruddah Jones, dat am propah. An' foh de presen' doan' menshun de mattah. I's take et en advis'men', an' aftah pra'in' obah de mattah, ef de Lor' gib me light on de solushun ob de mystahy, we'z let et res' 'tween us, Bruddah Jones."

"Jus' so, Bruddah Samuel, an' I 'bid's yo' 'sishun. When mus' I bring obah dem pullets, Bruddah Samuel, foh ter pa' dat quar'rage I's owin' ter de Lor'."

"Doan' bodah yo'self, Bruddah Jones, doan' bodah yo'self 'bout de mattah. Da's safe en yo' keepin' as en yo' pastah's. No, doan' bodah yo'self, Bruddah Jones, when I need dem pullets I's com' obah."

The spring pullets have long since grown into last year's hens, and Rev E. Plato Samuel has never called for them. He still has the mysterious action of the pullet under advisement, and will, doubtless, never reach a solution, for Brother Jones is no longer called upon for pullets to pay quarterage, and consequently he keeps his secret well.

**Nothing Mean About Her.**

"An' did ye hear the great shtorrum, Mrs. O'Raherty?"

"Phat shtorrum, Mrs. O'Flaherty?"

"Phwy, the shtorrum yiste'day afternoon, sure."

"An' was there a shtorrum yiste'day afternoon?"

"There was, an' the loikes av the thunder an' loightnin' an' rain was never known in this part av the worruld."

"You don't tell me! It's strange I didn't aither see or hear it."

"An' phwere was ye, Mrs. O'Raherty, that ye didn't see it?"

"I was aslape, sure; but I forgot the Frinch name Mary Ann gives for it—'seesty' or some sich name I belaves it is."

"Indade and it must have been over-flowin' ye was wid beer that ye'd shlope so sound that ye couldn't hear sich thunder as was yiste'day afternoon."

"T'ank ye fur your insinuations, but I niver drink beer on Soondays. I'm not so far gone as that, Mrs. O'Flaherty. I'm shtill able, t'ank the Lord, to rake an' schrape enough change up dourin' the wake to lay in a shupply av ould Irish phwisky for me an' Col. Q'Raherty to last us over Soonday. An' phwat the devil d'ye suppose I'd be wantin' to be listenin' to thunder and loightnin' an' sich phwen I'm able to be transported to the heavenly drameland av the blissid by virtue av the darlint ould shtuff, the Lord be praised, an' all honor an' glory to Him for the blissid transportater."—Kentucky Journal.

The best regulator of the digestive organs, also best appetizer known, is Angostura Bitters.



SAMSON was the first man to get a gate on him.—Puck.

BIG words sometimes express very small ideas.—Somerville Journal.

THAT man is lucky who can partake of meals that his cook also relishes.—Puck.

APPLE PIE order is not uncommon even in slovenly restaurants.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

SOME people are always getting into a box, and asking you to lift the lid.—The American.

IT costs England \$3,000,000 annually to support the Queen and the rest of the deck.—Chicago Post.

THE amanuensis seconds his employer's efforts by making a minute of his remarks.—Hotel Gazette.

IT is a very strong-minded man who can have a bad cold and not have the influenza.—Syracuse Herald.

THE best natured man down town is the man who has women folks at home to grumble at.—The American.

NO MATTER how great a burden it is to him, the doctor can usually endure life if he has patience.—Binghamton Republican.

IF you succeed, you are a success. If you do not, you are a fool. That's the long and short of it.—Burlington Hawkeye.

WHEN the weather is miserable it is not difficult to find many men who have seen better days.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE man who wrote "All things come to him who waits," thought of it when he was fishing off Coney Island beach.—Puck.

MISS LAURA—"Do you warrant these corsets?" Clerk—"Usually. Er—you are not engaged, are you?"—Terre Haute Express.

IT is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.—Burlington Hawkeye.

NO WOMAN, from Eve to Queen Victoria, ever felt happy when she believed her back hair was coming down.—Burlington Hawkeye.

HUSBAND—"Dr. Foote, the chiropodist, will dine with us this evening." Wife—"All right; I'll order 'corned' beef."—New York Journal.

A CLOUD of fleas is reported to have waked up Philadelphia. We knew it would take something of that kind to do it.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THERE is no such thing as jealousy in nature. Even the cross roads become pleasant when the beautiful trees put them in the shade.—Puck.

CITY BOARDER (with numerous progeny)—"Are there any snakes here?" Jersey Farmer—"Only around the fruit trees, mum."—New York Weekly.

DON'T waste your money going to Saratoga or Newport. If you visit your uncle Pegram at Punkin Hollow you can see your name in the county newspaper just as well.—Puck.

IT is not true that the rain falls alike upon the just and on the unjust nowadays. It falls more upon the just because the other fellow has stolen his umbrella.—Somerville Journal.

IN a recent battle in Guatemala, thirty-six brigadier-generals and six privates were killed. It is difficult to understand why so many privates should have been in the fight.—Norristown Herald.

AN eastern paper writes enthusiastically of lawn tennis as "a quiet, gentlemanly game." It is no doubt gentlemanly, but how can it be quiet, when no one can play it without raising a racquet?—Detroit Free Press.

I like my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

# Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren Street, New York City, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for curing Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe, as all Catarrhal and Bronchial affections can be cured at this time of the year in less than one half the time required in cold and severe weather. The timely use of this great recipe may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 85 Warren Street, New York.

**An Insulter of Trade.**

A negro had a number of fish exposed for sale on a table placed near the edge of the sidewalk. A white man came along and, bending over, began to sniff and snort.

"Whut's de matter wid you?" the negro asked.

"Nothing; I was only smelling of these fish."

"Whut you want to come roun' yere smellin' o' em fur? Da ain't yo' property. Is it the right thing ter do, goin' roun' de neighborhood a-smellin' o' udder folks property?"

"I smelled of them to see if they were fresh."

"Whut business is it o' you'n whudder da fresh ur not when you ain't got no in-trust in 'em! Is dat de way folks does whar you wuz raised—go 'roun' ter see whudder things dat doan' long ter you is fresh ur not?"

"I didn't know but what I wanted to buy one of these fish."

"Now you talkin' like er man o' de 'mercial life. Yere's er fine feesh, sah; dis yere wall-eyed pike. He's mighty fresh—ain't been outen de water mo'n ha' er hour."

"How long had he been dead before they found him?"

"Whut's dat, sah?"

"I say how long had this fish been a corpse before the remains were discovered?"

"Go on er way frum yere, now; go on, caze I doan want er hatter hurt you. Feesh layin' yere flutterin' fitten ter kill hiss'f an' you want er know how long he been dead. Go on."

"Fluttering! Why, the flies have blown him."

"Yas, an' da'll blow you, too, ef you doan go on erway frum yere. Times hard ernuff widout you comin' 'roun' yere 'sultin' de trade. Go on, caze ef you doan I kain' keep my han's offen you much longer."

"To tell you the truth, old man, I don't want fresh fish. I am a manufacturer of Limberger, and I use spoiled fish to flavor the cheese."

"Huh, is dat whar dat 'fume come frum? I sorter thought so long time ergo. Yere's er feesh right ober yere, sah, dat's been dead er good while. Smell o' him. Ain't he loud ernuff fur you?"

"I don't want that sort of fish; I want a wall-eyed pike about like this one. I'm sorry he's so fresh, for when I find a fish that just suits me, I am willing to give almost any price for it."

"Yas, sah, dat is a monst'us fine feesh, sho's you live. Man come 'long yere jes' now an' tole me he tuck him outen de water 'bout haffer hour ergo, but I knows dat man, an' I reckon dar ain't no bigger liar nowhar. Come try ter 'pose on me datter way. W'y, dish feesh is been dead a week at leas'. Jes' smell o' him. Ain't he got de 'fume an' de flaber?"

"That's all right, old man. I have found out what I wanted to—I have discovered that you sell rotten fish and I am going to have you arrested."

"Didn't I tell you dat ef you didn't git erway frum yere I couldn't keep my han's offen youn? Spen' yo' nights in stealin' "

ballot-boxes an' den come erroun' in de day an' 'sult er man's trade. Git outen de way ur I'll hit you wid dis feesh you dun slandered."—Arkansaw Traveler.

**A Senator's Mighty Power.**

Occasionally a liar enters Wall street—a real liar, of course, not an imitation, amateurish, papier-mache liar, but one who lies with a seriousness of expression and attention to detail that command respect. Not one of those "in the winter of forty-nine" chaps, nor yet one of the "when I was a boy" fellows, but a real liar, one who lies skillfully about current events.

Recently Wall street, from Nassau to William, was repaved. A smooth pavement replaced the old granite blocks. The old granite blocks were too noisy, "and noise," the complaining "promoters" said, "interferes with the plucking of lambs." The hot wave made the new pavement soft and yielding. You could, as the ancient end man would observe, hear a tree bark, though even a Fifth avenue stage passed down the street.

"That pavement is soft," said a prospective millionaire, the other day.

"Soft," said the liar; "you call that soft? Why, that's hard compared with the Washington pavements. Yes, sir. Ever been in Washington? No? Well, Washington is paved with asphalt, same as that. It gets very hot in Washington and the pavements get very soft. Quite like molasses, in fact. And I have seen, in the middle of a hot day, fifty people stuck in the pavement. They stand like animated statues. They can't release themselves, so they stand and cry 'Help! Help!' People cannot go to their aid, because if they do they will get stuck, too."

"And what," asked the prospective millionaire; "and what becomes of them?"

"Pretty soon Senator John Sherman comes along," replied the liar. "The pavements harden as he passes and get back to their proper state, and the victims are released."—N. Y. Times.

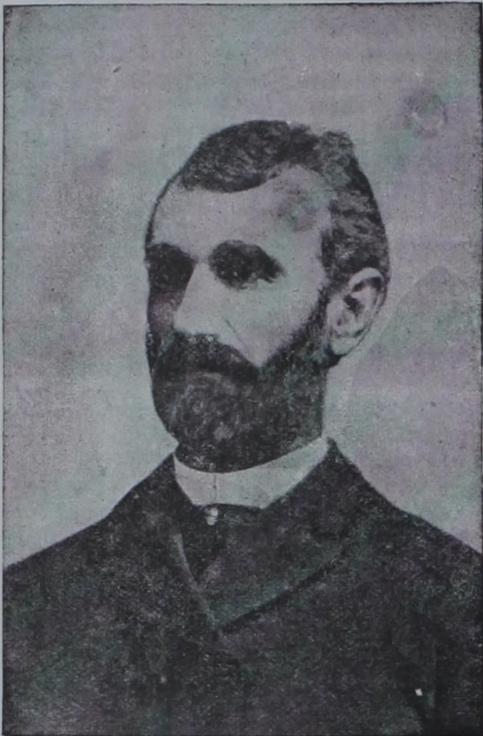
**Three Links.**

Travelers on business or bent on pleasure, invariably visit one of the great cities of the West, if their journey is at all prolonged. Nowhere else can be seen such centres of enterprise and American vim as in Chicago or Kansas City, and few invite lovers of elegance and beauty like St. Louis. In going farther into the "Great West" there are various routes the tourist may select from, but supposing the start is made from Chicago the great starting point of western travel, no line can be more desirable than the Chicago and Alton, the great "Three Link" route, and its unsurpassed connections. Elegant cars, courteous train men, a first-class track, and every convenience that modern railroading employs is here found for safety and comfort. The country traversed is unexcelled for beauty of scenery—the veritable garden of the continent. Be sure and secure tickets of the Chicago & Alton if you would have a pleasant journey.

QUEER, isn't it, that a politician should absorb liquids to make himself solid with the boys?—Washington Capital.

All cases of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY  
OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. E. J. SMITH, CAMERON, MO.,  
MEMBER OF MISSOURI HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

**Eat Before Going to Bed.**

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should, therefore, eat before going to bed, having put aside work entirely at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want. A glass of milk and a biscuit is sometimes all that can be taken at first, or mashed potato buttered. If possible, the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward. The bath need not be more than five minutes in duration. Further than this, the patient should go to bed at the same hour every night and arise at the same hour every morning. There is a popular superstition that grown people should not eat immediately before going to sleep; that it will give them indigestion or nightmare, or both. The writer cannot see why adults should be so very different in this respect from babies. The average person should be in bed seven or eight hours, which is time enough for the digestion of almost anything edible. In our American life the digestion carried on through sleep probably has the better chance for thoroughness.—Journal of the American Medical Association.

**Contract Tours.**

First Traveler (in Europe)—"Hello, George! Where you going?"  
Second Traveler—"Don't know."  
"Where you been?"  
"Don't know. I'm on a 'personally conducted tour.'"—Good News.

**Niagara Falls,**

The world's greatest cataract, a sight so grand that the chief citizens of every nation on the globe travel around the world to see it, is glistening in the sun these glorious midsummer days. Only one hour from Buffalo, three hours from Rochester, six hours from Syracuse, eight hours from Utica, nine hours from Albany, and twelve hours from New York, the metropolis of the Western World, by the fast trains of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad.

**In a London Drug Store.**

There is a wide difference between the London drug stores and ours. There is no such craze for patent medicines there as here, and there is nothing like the American inclination for every man to be his own doctor. An English druggist sells face powder, cologne, soap, tooth brushes, patent pills and the like; but his main business is putting up prescriptions. He has no clientele of men who drop in for a little aromatic spirits of ammonia after a night of dissipation, or for acid phosphate after too much smoking, or for tincture of iron and so many grains of quinine, or a glass of Calisaya for a tonic, or a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda to offset too hearty a meal. All that which so enriches our druggists in unknown in England. The Americans in London last summer found this out to their cost. One of them told me that he had this queer experience.

"Oh, we can't give you that without a prescription, you know," the man replied.

The American persisted, but the druggist was firm.

"Well, can you give me an ounce of tincture of iron?"

"Yes, sir."

"And two two-grain quinine pills?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you lend me a tumbler with a little water in it?"

"Yes, sir."

Having all these things, the American dropped a dozen drops of iron in the water, and took that and the pellets down with a gulp. The druggist looked on with keen interest, and then said, very gravely:

"Do you know, I call that very neat. It is very neat indeed."—Julian Ralph, in Harper's Weekly.

**Took Captain Cuttle's Advice.**

"Now, see here, my friend, I want you to pay that bill," said one citizen, vigorously, to another.

"All right," said the second citizen.

"I'll make a note of it."  
And he did, at six per cent, for ninety days.—Somerville Journal.

**Our Historic Funny Men.**

Where are our historic funny men? We do not know of them; or if we do, we are antiquarians who search for the anomalies of a past time. There must have been laughter in the Revolution. There must have been joy 'way back in the stern days of the sterner Puritans. There must have been some quick-witted New Englander who saw the funny side of Winthrop, and recognized the humors of John Endicott's bigotry. Was there no one in the Continental Congress who ever made a joke except that gruesome one about the gallows and hanging which greeted the signers of the Declaration? Was Gouveneur Morris the only man who had enough of the courage of good-fellowship to slap George Washington on the back? Did no one jest while the Constitution was being framed by those solemn old gentlemen whose lips seem never to have parted in a smile?

No one can doubt that there were jokers in those days as there are now; but then as now they went their way with the generation that they delighted, and succeeding ages heard nothing of them. Of this, however, we may be certain: that the war of the Revolution would have come to an inglorious end, that the Declaration of Independence could not have been adopted, that the Constitutional Convention would have ignominiously failed, had there been no jesting in the land. The spirits of men could not have withstood the strain if there had been nothing in public life but the solemnity of which we read.—Harper's Weekly.

**Turning on Niagara.**

Wiffles—"Isn't young Giffles a person of very small experience?"

Sniffles—"I don't know. Why?"

Wiffles—"Oh, nothing, only I heard him asking Biffles the other day if his children had been making any bright remarks lately."—Somerville Journal.

**RHEUMATISM**  
NOT TEMPORARILY RELIEVED BUT PERMANENTLY CURED

Send your address, with a two cent stamp for TREATISE on RHEUMATISM, and full information regarding its Cure—naming this paper

**YELLOW PINE EXTRACT CO.**  
Box 246. PITTSBURGH, PA.

**1000 DOLLARS.**

I will forfeit the above amount if I fail to prove that I have the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. I will gladly send a free bottle of this wonderful medicine, together with a valuable book, charges prepaid, to every reader of this paper, thus giving all sufferers a chance to test its merits, free of cost. Over 70,000 testimonial letters on file from living witnesses who have been cured. Write to-day.

Address: **PROF. HART, 87 Warren St., New York.**

**EDUCATIONAL.**

**URSULINE ACADEMY,**

Westchester Avenue, New York. One mile north of Harlem Bridge. Boarding and Day School for young ladies. This institution, in its plan of education, unites every advantage that can be derived from a punctual and conscientious care bestowed on the pupils, in every branch of science becoming to their sex. The scholastic year begins regularly on the first Monday of September; also first Monday in February. But scholars received at any time. For further particulars, circular, etc., address

**M. DOMINICK, Superior.**

EVERY OWNER OF HARNESS SHOULD USE

**FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS DRESSING**

For Harness, Saddle, Traps, Saddles, Fly Nets, Travelling Bags, Military Equipments, &c.

Give a beautiful finish, which will not peel or crack off, and will not wash off. It is the best preparation for any harness. It is the best preparation for any harness. It is the best preparation for any harness.

Directions: Apply with a brush or sponge to the harness, and rub it in thoroughly. It is the best preparation for any harness.

MANUFACTURED BY **FRANK MILLER & SONS, NEW YORK.**

SOLE BY SADDLERY HOUSES

ALSO **FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS OIL AND HARNESS SOAP**

**The Flowers of Social Intercourse.**

Wife—"I'm writing to Mrs. Van Cortlandt Lake, dear; shall I put in any word from you?"

Husband—"That woman makes me deadly tired. Give her my kindest regards, of course."—Puck.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)  
**Cure BILIOUS and Nervous ILLS.**  
**25cts. a Box.**  
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

**WASHBURN**  
Guitars, Mandolins & Zithers  
in volume and quality of tone are the best in the world. Warranted to wear in any climate. Sold by all leading dealers. Beautifully illustrated, descriptive catalogue with portraits of famous artists MAILED FREE.  
**LYON & HEALY, CHICAGO.**

**ASTHMA-HAY FEVER**  
A TRIAL PACKAGE CURED BY MAIL TO SUFFERERS. FREE  
**Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.**

**WOBBLES' TOUR**  
**AROUND THE WORLD**  
**ON A BICYCLE,**  
**From Texas Siftings.**  
WITH SHORT HUMOROUS CYCLING SKETCHES  
BY **E. R. COLLINS.**  
In neat book of 170 pages and 80 fine illustrations by Thomas Worth.  
Published by **J. S. OGILVIE,**  
NEW YORK.  
25 Cents Postpaid.  
Address the publisher, or  
**E. R. COLLINS, Westfield, N. J.**

WHAT Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia think, etc., of WASHINGTON and Seattle its Metropolis. Address Eshelman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wash.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

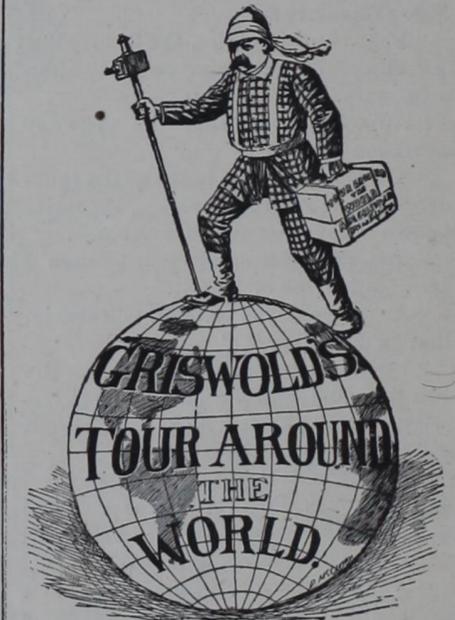
**EPPS'S**

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING

**COCOA**

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

**SEASON 1890-91**



**A. MINER GRISWOLD,**  
("FAT CONTRIBUTOR")

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."

For dates and terms application must be made to **THE SLAYTON LYCEUM BUREAU,** Belvedere House, New York; Or **CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,** Chicago.

They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria**



The Canuck is doing a good business at the Bijou.

The Sea King will return to New York on September 29.

Kajanka, at Niblo's, is drawing good houses this week.

A portrait of the wide-awake journalist, Jo Howard, Jr., appeared in a recent issue of Dunlap's Stage News.

Marie Tempest, in The Red Hussar, at Palmer's, is a genuine success. Her engagement will be a long and profitable one.

E. H. Sothern will open the Lyceum Theatre with his new comedy, The Maister of Woodburrow Farm, on the 26th of August.

A Texas Steer is the title of a new comedy by Hoyt. One of the chief characters is Christopher Columbus Jr. Fishback, a colored office-seeker.

George Edgar, in The Banker, filled the Windsor Theatre to overflowing last week. The play is a good one, and will prove a money-maker on the road. The supporting company is above the average.

The Slayton Lyceum Bureau have contracted with a lecture syndicate for A. Miner Griswold, editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS, to give thirty lectures in cities on the Pacific Coast the coming fall. Twenty of these lectures will be delivered before Young Men's Christian Associations. In January Mr. Griswold will give his illustrated "Tour Around the World" before the Y. M. C. A. of New York City.

Our Picayunes.

Cut-rate barbers have been called scalpers.

In all campaign work one lie will do until another is told.

The beds of many shallow streams have spring bottoms.

Congressmen would be well off if they could all pair off.

If New York was stolen in 1888, the parties who took it will bring it back.

A Pittsburg lawyer has committed suicide. His must have been a bad case.

A lantern-jawed witness is frequently able to throw much light on a murder case.

When the people do not know what they want they can always ask a crank.

The morning gong for hash is most popular of all seaside bells at summer resorts.

Nature with a worm is a wonderful condenser. She has the hole thing in a nutshell.

Babies are not counted by the census takers; but they count in household expenses.

The man who does not like to get off a good joke stays on one a long time when he gets it.

The latest news is that which comes in after a paper has gone to press. It is too late for anything.

The militia man in hot weather must know that it is glorious to bleed for his country and creditable to perspire.

It takes three scruples to make one dram, so that a man may drown all scruples after taking a dram or two.

Ward McAllister is picnic manager at Newport. His picnics are paid for by subscribers and they are very swell.—New Orleans Picayune.

New York Siftings.

Hon. Charles W. Dayton is on a visit to California, with his friend, Wm. S. Andrews.

New York club houses have a deserted appearance now, owing to the absence of so many members on vacation.

Wm. E. S. Fales, the accomplished *littérateur*, is summering at the Foghorn, Ninth avenue and Twenty-third street.

"Chauncey, come home, come home to us now," was the anxious chant of the Central people in the dark hours of the strike.

Tom Watson, the young artist penman, used to refer to Brooklyn as "that little village." Now, since he has moved over the river, he claims it's *the* place to live in.

Mr. Harden Adams, of San Antonio, Texas, is on a visit to New York. He says New York is so much like San Antonio that he feels perfectly at home. Harden, like all Texans, is modest.

Willie Walters, treasurer of Harry Miner's People's Theatre, has just returned from his vacation. He brings back no tales of conquest of "ye fickle summer girl," having put in his time riding a bicycle in the wilds of Jersey.

Isador J. Wein, President of the Nautilus Athletic Club, says that popular organization will soon have a new gymnasium that will challenge comparison. The outing of the club last Sunday at Clifton, S. I., was a most enjoyable affair.

Leander L. Frost, of Madison avenue, Harlem, is one of the most active and enthusiastic members of the Hoboken Turtle Club. To be entertained by him at the splendid grounds of the club at Larchmont, is an event for anyone to remember with pleasure for many a day, and Charlie Nelson, the brass founder, is ready to bet money on it.

Among the talented little people who took part in a children's entertainment given at the Harlem Dramatic Club Hall benefit of the Evening World Sick Baby Fund, recently, were Masters John and W. S. H. Fisher, who sang the old song, "When we ran with the Old Machine," in fireman costume, in a way that brought down the house repeatedly. They are sons of a veteran volunteer fireman well known in Harlem. They sang Little Annie Rooney also, W. S. H. Fisher being costumed as Annie, and he threw a hand-spring as he left the stage; afterwards in response to an encore he appeared as an old shoemaker and sang a comic song, keeping time on a lapstone. Miss Mamie Ellis got up the show.

The Thousand Islands.

The Thousand Islands are attracting immense crowds of people this summer. The splendid facilities for fishing, boating and camp-life which this beautiful region affords make it one of the most popular of American summer resorts. The hotel capacity, although immense, will be taxed to its utmost before the season is through. A few days at the Thousand Islands and a trip down the St. Lawrence is a perfect delight.

The New York Central sells round-trip tickets to the Thousand Islands at reduced rates.

He Got Even.

He—"And so your answer is final? You will not be mine?"

She—"Yes, absolutely. But pray don't go and blow your brains out."

He—"It would be an idle attempt. People say if I had any brains I never would have proposed to you."—Boston Transcript.

Always avoid harsh purgative pills. They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

# Bad Complexions

with Pimples

Blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands are prevented and cured by that greatest of Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap**, when all other so-called skin and complexion soaps and remedies fail. *Why? Because it prevents clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements.*

## Cuticura Soap

derives its remarkable medicinal properties from **Cuticura**, the great Skin Cure, but so delicately are they blended with the purest of toilet and nursery soap stocks that the result is a *medicated*

*toilet soap* incomparably superior to all other skin and complexion soaps, while rivalling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world. Price, 25 cents.

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN," 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, and 100 Testimonials, mailed to any address. A book of priceless value, affording information not obtainable elsewhere. Address POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, U. S. A.

**Skins on Fire** with Itching and Burning Eczemas, and other itching, scaly, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, are relieved by a single application, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by **Cuticura Remedies**, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. This is strong language, but true, as proven by hundreds of grateful testimonials. Use them now. *Summer, when the pores open freely, is the best time to cure skin diseases.*

"I see that Sarah Bernhardt had a very narrow escape." Sharp—"Well, that's all she needs."—Boston Times.

IN the theatrical world John L. Sullivan is regarded as an artist, because he can draw so well.—Somerville Journal.

# "MALLORY LINES"

(N. Y. & T. S. S. CO.)

TEXAS, FLORIDA AND GEORGIA.

FLEET:

S. S. (Building),	3,500 tons.	S. S. ALAMO	2,942 tons.
" LEONA (New)	3,329 "	" SAN MARCOS	2,840 "
" NUECES	3,367 "	" COLORADO	2,764 "
" COMAL	2,950 "	" RIO GRANDE	2,566 "
" LAMPASAS	2,942 "	" STATE OF TEXAS	1,696 "
S. S. CITY OF SAN ANTONIO		1,652 tons.	

SCHEDULE OF DEPARTURES:

Leave New York	FOR	For New York
FOR GALVESTON, Tex., Every Wed. & Sat. 3 p. m.	FROM GALVESTON, Tex., Every Wed. & Sat.	
FOR FERNANDINA, Fla., Every Friday, 3 p. m.	FROM FERNANDINA, Fla., Every Thursday.	
FOR KEY WEST, Fla., Every Saturday, 3 p. m.	FROM KEY WEST, Fla., Every Saturday.	
FOR BRUNSWICK, Ga., Every Friday, 3 p. m.	FROM BRUNSWICK, Ga., Every Friday.	

Nothing has been overlooked in the construction of these vessels; and their fine model, full power, and EXCELLENT SEA-GOING QUALITIES have won for them the enviable reputation they possess. Passenger accommodations, both Cabin and Steerage, are unsurpassed. Staterooms being above the main deck, are light, roomy and thoroughly ventilated, thus assuring to the Traveler the greatest degree of comfort attainable.

Connections are made at all the ports at which these Steamers touch with all Railroads and Steamboats. Through Coupon Tickets are on sale, and Through Rates of Passage and Freight are named to interior towns and cities, including those of California, Mexico, New Mexico and Arizona.

No other Passenger Steamers run between New York and the ports named above.

THIS IS THE FAVORITE ROUTE TO FLORIDA.

For Rates of Freight, Passage, printed matter and general information, address, **SETH SPRAGUE, General Eastern Agent, 306 Washington St., Boston.**

H. McMURTRIE, Agent, Cor. 3d & Chestnut St., Phila.  
 H. McMURTRIE, Art. 303 East German St., Baltimore  
 J. N. SAWYER & CO., Agents, Galveston, Tex.  
 W. J. YOUNG, Gen'l. So. Pass. Agent, San Antonio, Tex.  
 B. E. HARRIS, Agent, Dallas, Tex.  
 W. L. WRIGHT, Agent, Denver, Col.

J. M. CUTLER, Agent, Jacksonville, Fla.  
 G. R. HUBBY, Agent, Fernandina, Fla.  
 THOS. FULLER, Agent, Brunswick, Ga.  
 R. W. SOUTHWICK, Agent, Key West, Fla.  
 J. M. CUTLER, Com'l Agent, Atlanta, Ga.  
 J. J. WITT, Trav. Agent, Brunswick, Ga.

O. M. HITCHCOCK, Soliciting Agent, 362 Broadway, New York.  
 O. F. MARTENS, do do do do do do  
 C. C. CLARK, do do Pier 20 East River, New York.  
**C. H. MALLORY & CO., Gen. Agts., Pier 20 E. R., and 362 Broadway, New York.**

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



In The Home-maker for August is an article on The Ramapo Valley, charmingly illustrated. It is through that valley that Tuxedo Park is reached. S. G. W. Benjamin contributes a paper on Dining in Persia. There are several meritorious short stories and poems, and the household departments are running over with information.

Gen. W. T. Sherman contributes a very readable article on Our Army and Militia to the North American Review for August. Following this are papers upon the Pasteur Treatment, and False Hydrophobia, the latter by Dr. Hammond. John Russell Young writes of American Influence in China, and Erasmus Winman tells how to Capture Canada. Speaker Reed replies to the strictures of X. M. C., in the July number.

In the Eclectic for August are many choice articles taken from the leading English magazines and reviews. The Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism, from The Fortnightly, is by Dr. J. Luys, who is recognized as one of the best authorities upon the subject. It will be continued in the next number. Mute Witnesses of the French Revolution, from the Contemporary Review, is strikingly interesting. It describes the collection of souvenirs of that exciting epoch made by a Paris society, called The Society for Promoting Historical Research into the Revolution. Among these are touching relics of the Temple prison, where the Dauphin was confined and tortured by the cobbler Simon; caricatures of the time, costumes, portraits, busts, old letters and manuscripts, etc. An essay on that strange genius, De Quincy, from Macmillan's Magazine, throws considerable light upon the character and idiosyncrasies of this remarkable man. The Eclectic is published by E. R. Pelton, 25 Bond street, New York.

#### Raving Crazy.

Witness—"An' then Mr. Sims, thar, 'lowed he was a rooster, an' strapped on a tin bill, an' went to pickin' corn with the chickens."

Probate Judge—"Probably the extreme heat made him a little flighty. He'll come out of it all right, I reckon."

Witness—"Next day he wandered out on the street, an' told every new-comer he met that this town wa'n't boomin', an'—"

Spectators (in one voice)—"Ravin' crazy!"—Puck.

#### Made it All Right.

Wife—"Just as I was returning from shopping, a big fellow ran into me, almost knocked me down, and scattered my bundles all over the sidewalk."

Husband—"The brute! Did he make reparation?"

Wife—"Oh, yes, indeed. He said, 'I beg your pardon.'"—Yankee Blade.

#### True Love's Course.

"So you have fallen out with Miss Up-pish. Why, I thought she was your sweetheart."

"So she was; but you see she has soured on me."—The Hatchet.

**That tired, languid feeling** and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

#### A Life Romance.

A fashionable physician told an interesting experience the other day. Thirty years ago he was a boy in one of the villages near New York. Like most lads of his age, he had a sweetheart, with whom he used to attend prayer meetings, parties and other affairs. Like some other village maidens, this maid was capricious, and one fine day she coolly gave him the go-by for some other fellow. To add insult to injury, she badgered him about his prospects, and asked tauntingly what he was going to do when he grew up to be a man. Oh! he was going to be a doctor. She laughed and said, contemptuously, as only wicked, heart-breaking girls can, that he'd never amount to much because her mother had told her that he was very stupid.

"Well, that's all right," responded our doctor, grimly. "You'll hear from me some day, because I am going to make a success of it."

The village lad kept his word. He became a famous doctor, and attended some of the most celebrated persons in the United States. He rose constantly in his profession, and had almost forgotten his village maid, when one day, not so very long ago, he received a note from her asking if he was the same person she had known as a boy. He replied courteously, but without unnecessary words, that he was.

About two weeks later the lady called on him at his office. She was gray-haired and matronly. She had seen his name hundreds of times in the public prints, but had supposed that it must be some one other than her former admirer. Then she asked if he would do her a favor. Her husband had had reverses and was at present a sort of demented paralytic. She was too poor to provide for him, and had vainly tried to have him admitted to one of the hospitals for incurables. The doctor gave her a note to the superintendent of the hospital with which he happened to be connected, that was tantamount to an order for the admission of the patient.

Two months after the husband died in the institution, and the widow called to thank the doctor for his services. A tear glistened in her eye, and, with a deep sigh, she hinted at how different things might have been if her mother hadn't forbidden her to have anything more to do with the stupid village lad. The doctor, who saw the ticklish ground that the widow was treading, rapidly changed the subject, and soon after bowed the lady out, with much dignity, to receive one of his high-priced patients. But he was very absent-minded, and shocked his new caller considerably by the diffident manner in which he asked after her symptoms. His mind was with the Hudson river village girl of thirty years ago.—New York Star.

#### The Electric Cane.

The electric cane is really a beneficent invention. It consists of a cane, in the interior of which is stored a large quantity of electricity. Till a spring in the handle is pressed the cane is as harmless as any other cane, but if this spring is pressed and at the same moment a person is touched with the ferule of the cane he receives a shock that will stun him for the next twenty minutes without doing him any permanent harm. The same apparatus is also placed in the handles of umbrellas and of ladies' parasols. With this invention a man can protect himself not only from assault, but from casual bores. A robber demands your purse as you are walking home at night. You simply touch him, accidentally, as it were, with the end of your cane, and then proceed slowly and peacefully on your way, leaving him stretched on the pavement. Or

a bore buttonholes you, ignorant that you carry an electric umbrella. Presently the bore drops insensible on the pavement, and you leave him to the curious inspection of the public, knowing that presently a policeman will appear to arrest him on a charge of drunkenness or apoplexy. The name of the inventor of this inestimable weapon is not yet known but he is sure to reap the gratitude of every intelligent man and woman in civilized lands.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

#### A Low-Down Trick.

The other day, when seven or eight men were lounging in a saloon on Brush street, a stranger entered. It was plain that he was dry. It was also plain that he was a man who didn't have the moral courage to stand at the bar and drink alone before a crowd.

The crowd stood up. The stranger advanced to the bar, and the crowd moved with him.

"Well?" asked the bartender.

The man took a quarter from his vest, laid it carefully down on the board, and calmly said:

"Water for one, and let it be cold."

He was given a glass, charged the usual price of a beer, and as he drained his glass and picked up his change he said:

"Yum! But that hits the spot! I'd have asked you, gentlemen, but no one should take on a strange drink in hot weather like this. Splendid brand, that. I'll probably be in again."—Detroit Free Press.

Relief from Sick Headache, Drowsiness, Nausea, Dizziness, Pain in the Side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. These complaints are nearly always caused by torpid liver and constipated bowels. Restore these organs to their proper functions and the trouble ceases. Carter's Little Liver Pills will do this every time. One pill is a dose. Don't forget this. Price 25 cents.

#### She Had a Splendid Time.

"You've been on a visit to your sister, I hear, Mrs. Dooley?"

"Yes; I've been to see her for the first time in seven years."

"Have a nice time?"

"Oh, dear, yes; I had a delightful time. She had a new dress to make, the baby cut four teeth and one of the neighbors had a brass band funeral while I was there. Everything was charming."—Ram's Horn.

## THE GREATEST PAIN REMEDY IN THE WORLD!

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, applied externally, instantly stops all pains, whether arising from Colds, Sprains, Bruises, or any cause whatever. Stops Cramps, Stops Neuralgia, Stops Rheumatism, Stops Headache, Stops Toothache, Stops Lumbago, Stops Sciatica, Stops Backache, Stops Pains in the Chest, &c. Internally, a half of a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water, and applied according to printed directions.

## RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

Stops Diarrhoea, Stops Summer Complaints, Stops Dysentery, Stops Colic, Stops Cholera Morbus, Stops Nausea, Stops Vomiting, Stops Heartburn, Stops Spasms, Stops Cramps in the Stomach, Stops Malaria, Stops Chills and Fever, quicker than any other known Remedy. 50 cents a bottle; sold by all druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

## WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

#### A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From Economical Housekeeping, by Eliza R. Parker.

## Ayer's Hair Vigor

PREPARED BY  
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

#### JEWELRY.



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

## FOR SIX CENTS.

We are pleased to announce that we have made remarkably low clubbing rates with the ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, the recognized leading low-priced American magazine. The magazine is beautifully printed and illustrated, and is a high-grade literary, historical and humorous monthly of fifty pages. Terms, only \$1.50 a year; specimen copy six cents, sent to any one. Address St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. We will send the St. Louis Magazine and TEXAS SIFTINGS one year to new subscribers for \$4.50, the price of both being \$5.50. Address TEXAS SIFTINGS PUB. CO., New York.

#### "DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."

A \$65.00 Sewing Machine, with Attachments ..... \$18.00  
A 500-lb Platform Scale, on wheels ..... 10.00  
A \$125.00 Top Buggy, Sarven Patent Wheels ..... 65.00  
A 2-Ton Wagon Scale, Brass Beam and Beam Box ..... 40.00  
A 5-Ton Wagon Scale and Patent Stock Rack ..... 75.00  
A \$50.00 Power Feed Mill for Farmers, only ..... 30.00  
A Portable Forge and Farmers' Kit of Tools ..... 20.00  
A \$40.00 Road Cart, or Swell Body Cutter ..... 15.00  
A \$15.00 Single Buggy Harness ..... 7.50  
A 240-lb Scoop and Platform Scale ..... 8.00  
A 4-lb Family or Store Scale, with Brass Scoop ..... 1.00  
Catalogue and Price List of 1000 useful articles sent free. Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

## THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Dept., POPE MFG. CO., Boston, New York Chicago.

## THREE DOZEN GOOD STORIES Selected from Texas Siftings.

8vo., 194 Pages with 100 Illustrations  
BY THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

This book is the sensation of the hour. The demand for it has never been equaled in the history of American literature. It is a book of 194 pages, containing more than 100 of the original sketches written by Alex. E. Sweet and J. Armoyn Knox, and which have made TEXAS SIFTINGS a household word with all who love fun and good humor, and is illustrated with over one hundred original and very unique illustrations.

Sold by all newsdealers and booksellers, or mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents by J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers, 57 Rose Street, New York



VERSES NEW AND OLD.

HER JOCKEY CAP.



Her jockey cap was white and blue—  
None others were so blithe of hue!  
When back upon her sunny hair  
She placed it with a playful air  
She made a picture sweet to view.

She had a sunshade-bonnet, too;  
('Twas most becoming, *entre nous*,)  
But yet I liked her best to wear  
Her jockey cap.

One year ago we said adieu,  
Yet I would just as strongly woo  
As then, if we should meet, I swear;  
And if in crowds or anywhere  
I saw it, I should swift pursue  
Her jockey cap!  
—Henry Talcott Mills.

WOMAN IN SUMMER.

The youth who looks upon a maid  
In all her summer clothes arrayed.  
Starched dress, starched skirt, oft wonders why  
She seems so pleasing to his eye!

He's sweltering in his yachting clothes,  
The drops descending o'er his nose,  
His tennis blazer sticking to him  
As every solar ray goes through him:

While she is in her tennis dress  
A vision of pure loveliness,  
Her skirt so nice, her pretty hose,  
Her world of charming furbelows,  
A revelation are; he knows well then  
How women are so much more sweet than men.  
—Boston Courier.

DE SHEEPFOL'.

[TOWHEAD: THE STORY OF A GIRL; 1883.]

De massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd,  
"Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

Oh, den say, de hirelin' shepa'd:  
"Dey's some, dey's black and thin,  
And some, dey's po' ol' wedda's;  
But de res', dey's all brung in,  
But de res' dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol',  
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin,  
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,  
Wha'r de long night rain begin—  
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',  
Callin' soft: "Come in. Come in."  
Callin' soft: "Come in. Come in."

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,  
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',  
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf'  
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,  
De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol',  
Dey all come gadderin' in;  
De po' los' sheep of de sheepfol',  
Dey all come gadderin' in.  
—New York Tribune.

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.

Uncle Jerry's Trick.

Every boy of us in the village knew Uncle Jerry Crawford. He was a dried-up old man, and never seemed to get any older, although always complaining. The form of salutation was invariably this:

"Hello! Uncle Jerry!"  
"Yass, yass."  
"How you feeling?"  
"Wretched, wretched, thank ye."

I've heard that at least one thousand times, and never knew a deviation but once. A drummer who used to come up occasionally from St. Louis got on to it, and one day when a dozen of us sat on the steps of the drug store Uncle Jerry was seen coming up the street.

"Isn't that old Crawford?" asked the drummer, as he shaded his eye with his hand.

"Yes."  
"He's the man who always replies that he's pretty well, praise God?"

"Oh, no. He's the man who always replies that he's wretched, wretched, thank ye."

"I may be mistaken, but I don't think so."

"Of course you are."  
"Well, I hate to give in. I'll bet \$20 that when he comes up and you ask him how he is he'll reply as I said."

There were seven of us there, and all we could raise was \$16. We handed that out fast enough, however, and it had been covered when Uncle Jerry came along. We were on the grin as the drummer called out.

"Hello! Uncle Jerry!"  
"Yass, yass!"  
"How you feeling?"  
"Pretty well, praise God!" replied Uncle Jerry, as he passed on.

It was about two minutes before we could get breath, and then the drummer had gone with the stakes. An hour later I asked Uncle Jerry what he meant by such conduct, and he replied:

"Took me all day to learn it, and the feller gin me two big dollars."—New York Sun.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 851 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Engaged His Attention.

Mother (to Johnnie, who is in the next room)—"Johnny, what makes the baby so quiet? Is he into any mischief?"

Johnny—"No, marm; he's just playing with the fly paper, that's all."—Boston Herald.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully  
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Is THIS an intelligence office?" asked a stranger, as he looked in at the door. "No, sir; you couldn't have been further wrong," was the reply of a deliberate-spoken, big-voiced man. "This is detectives' headquarters."—Washington Post.

Encouragement for the Feeble.

So long as the failing embers of vitality are capable of being re-kindled into a warm and genial glow, just so long there is hope for the weak and emaciated invalid. Let him not, therefore, despond, but derive encouragement from this and from the further fact that there is a restorative most potent in renewing the dilapidated powers of a broken down system. Yes, thanks to its unexampled tonic virtues, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is daily reviving strength in the bodies and hope in the minds of the feeble and nervous. Appetite, refreshing sleep, the acquisition of flesh and color, are blessings attendant upon the reparative processes which this priceless invigorant speedily initiates and carries to a successful conclusion. Digestion is restored, the blood fertilized and sustenance afforded to each life-sustaining organ by the Bitters, which is inoffensive even to the feminine palate, vegetable in composition, and thoroughly safe. Use it, and regain vigor!

Tom Corwin's Disappointment.

There is something pathetic in the failure of the wits of political life. Thomas Corwin never ceased to attribute to his reputation of being funny his inability to compass the highest honors. He felt that his abilities and services entitled him to any honor within the gift of the people. He rose to be Secretary of the Treasury in Fillmore's cabinet, but that did not satisfy him. He died feeling that if he had not been so funny, if he had not indulged in his exquisite ridicule of the Michigan militia general who attacked General Harrison, he might have been President. Corwin was immeasurably greater than his reputation, and his fun almost always helped out his serious argument.—Harper's Weekly.

A Remarkable Freak.

One of the Bowery museum keepers recently wanted a dwarf. He got one; that is, he got what he called a dwarf. As a matter of fact the new freak was as big or nearly as big as Bourke Cockran. A countryman entered the museum and looked at the dwarf.

"Pooh!" he said, "that ain't no curiosity."

"It ain't no curiosity, hey?" said the museum man. "Why, that," he went on proudly, "that is the biggest dwarf in the world."—New York Times.

Doesn't Like Him.

Tom—"Johnson doesn't appear to like you any too well."

Jack—"No. He actually hates me. I lived next door to him for a number of years, and"—

"Played the cornet?"  
"No, kept hens while he tried to cultivate a garden."—Yankee Blade.

Suspicious.

Mrs. Baggs (married five years)—"Why, Mrs. Saggs, what in the world are you sobbing so about? Has anything gone wrong?"

Mrs. Saggs (married eight years)—"Oh, Mrs. Baggs (sob), I can't help it (sob), but my heart is almost broken (sob). My husband kissed me so affectionately when he went away this morning (sob) that I can't help being afraid he is going to do something wrong."—Somerville Journal.

That Time Will Never Come.

The time may come when politics will mean all that is noble and good; when a small boy will break an apple in two and give his little sister the biggest half; when a tramp will work and a stray dog won't bite, but the day will never dawn when a fly can tickle a drowsy man's nose without making him jump.—Indianapolis Ram's Horn.

THE SUPPRESSED BOOK.

THE KREUTZER SONATA,

BY  
COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI.

Translated from the original by  
FREDERIC LYSTER.

Suppressed in Russia by order of the Czar.

"Why is the Kreutzer Sonata prohibited? I am at a loss to imagine, unless it be that Tolstoid has told the truth about a very brutal condition of things. If it be a crime to tell the truth, of course the 'Kreutzer Sonata' should be suppressed. But is it?"—Kate Field in the Washington.

The "Kreutzer Sonata" is like a moral earthquake shattering the very foundations on which society is built, and causing the ground to crumble beneath our feet. So daring a treatment of a daring theme has never before been attempted in literature.—New York Critic.

That singular code of morals which too many men hold, that they may indulge in shameful license, while their sisters and sweethearts must be utterly pure in their lives and conduct, receives in the "Kreutzer Sonata" a stunning rebuke.—Buffalo Courier.

Complete in one volume, 12mo., paper cover, price 25 cts. Sent by mail, postpaid, upon receipt of 25 cts. in currency or P. O. Stamps.

POLLARD PUBLISHING CO.,  
13 Barclay St., New York.

She Loved Him.

Will—"What can she see in me to love. Ah, well, love is blind, they say."

Bill—"She loves you. I believe love is blind, extremely so."—Yankee Blade.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Self-threading needles. Weak sighted or blind can thread them. Finest silver spring steel. Sample paper by mail, 10c, 5 for 25c, 12, 50c. Money easily made selling them. C. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample free. Address N. A. MARSH, Detroit, Mich.

A MILLION BOOKS, rare, curious, current, in stock. Almost given away. Libraries supplied cheaper than at any book store in the world. Librarian and books bought. Mammoth Catalogue free. LEGGAT BROTHERS, 81 Chambers Street, 3d door West of City Hall Park, New York.

AGENTS WANTED An Opportunity Seldom Offered. To sell the most useful instrument ever invented. Salary or commission paid. A Present sent to all applicants who address (with stamp) NAT'L TYPE WRITER CO., BOSTON, MASS.

I CURE FITS!

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

MONEY IN FRUIT POULTRY AND STOCK

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

A GREAT COMBINATION.

Texas Siftings

(Illustrated) The Great Humorous Paper, The Witty Wonder of the Age.

OFFER No. 683.

With a mail order on this offer for 1,000



Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: America, Texas Siftings and the Chicago Weekly Times for one year.

R. W. Tansill & Co.,  
55 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.



"HELP WANTED"—MALE.

**Bright Pennies for Babies.**

"A bank has some queer patrons," said a veteran teller in conversation a few days ago to a Detroit Free Press man, "but I think the oddest character I have come across in my dealings through the little wicket is a man who comes in about twice a week, lays down a dime or two nickels, and asks for ten bright, new cents.

"After he has done this some half-dozen times I began to expect him and later to have a curiosity to know what he did with them, as I observed that he always placed them carefully in his fob pocket.

"One day my curiosity overcame my politeness, and I asked him bluntly what he did with the pennies. He blushed, smiled in a deprecating way and said they were for the children.

"The cashier happened to know the man, and told me, when he had gone, that he had lied—he had no children, though married for many years. This aroused my curiosity still more, and I decided to trace him, as we say in commercial transactions.

"I made a confidant of the office boy, and the next time the gentleman called the boy shadowed him. It was about noon when they left, and the boy did not return until long after banking hours. Then he called me aside and said:

"He gives them pennies to babies that cry."

"Gives them to babies that cry?" I asked, not fully comprehending.

"Yes, I stuck to him, just as you told me, and had to wait two hours while he was busy in his office. Then out he comes and I after him, up one street and down another, stopping into places every few minutes. On West Larned street there was a little urchin crying; some one had took something away from him. He steps up, laughed, chucked it under the chin, and give it one of the bright cents. The little one—I don't know whether it was a boy or a girl, they dress 'em so much alike—stopped crying and began to laugh, and the gentleman walked on faster than ever."

"Well, I got to thinking over the matter," said the teller, "and found myself trying to figure out, in some such manner as we compute interest, the amount of happiness that man got out of ten cents, the price of an ordinary cigar, and the result is I always carry a few bright coppers myself."

**A Difference.**

Visitor—"Your sister is studying music, I understand?"

Little Girl—"Oh, no, ma'am, she doesn't study music."

"She doesn't?"

"No'm. She only practices scales an' things."—New York Weekly.

**MR. EDWARD MITCHELL'S BIG DRAW.**

**He Got His \$30,000 and Sailed Across the Sea.**

For a man who can talk so eloquently when he chooses, Mr. Edward Mitchell, whose office is at 14 Main street east, is a reticent man. He did mention to a few intimate friends that he was going away for a trip to Europe for his health, but he had nothing at all to say about having held one-twentieth of ticket No. 59,843, which drew the first capital prize of \$600,000 in the drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery Co. on June 17, and there were very few who knew he had got the money. "He never told his luck, but let concealment, like a worm," etc., etc., etc. Not until Mr. Mitchell had got as far as New York was the fact of the big prize of \$30,000 coming to Hamilton noised abroad. But truth, like murder, will out, and when Ned comes marching home again he will have to do the honors. Mr. Mitchell is a great favorite in Hamilton, particularly in business circles and among his Masonic brethren, where his oratorical achievements have made him famous. No one will begrudge him his good fortune, nor insist that he shall "endow a college or a cat" with the proceeds. If he had "given the snap away" before he left town, he might have got the offer of a private secretary to accompany him to Europe to help blow in the \$30,000. Why he neglected a chance like that will remain a mystery until his return home.—Hamilton (Ont.) Times, July 5.

Country Editor—"My uncle has left me \$100. What on earth shall I do with it?"

His Wife—"Spend it."

Country Editor—"I daren't. People will think I stole it."—Good News.

**Talking Slang.**

This "sermonette" is especially for you, dear girls. The advice could be put in three words—Don't do it. Possibly there might come an occasion—say once in a lifetime—when a good round bit of the genuine article "slang" would prove funny. But to hear vulgar words used by a gentle girl is almost invariably shocking. I remember passing two girls in the street, and hearing one of them say, "I'll bet you a quarter." It gave me a shiver. And when a group of school-girls fill their conversation—as, alas! they often do—with one slang phrase after another, the effect on an outsider is painfully disagreeable.

The habit of talking slang grows rapidly. It is like reporting a bit of scandal. Have you ever noticed, if you say an unkind word against a neighbor, how quickly a chance comes to say another? And with just that same appalling ease the habit of using careless, coarse words increases. Weeds grow rapidly.

There is plenty of good, strong English to give expression to wit, drollery, indignation, or sympathy, without recourse to the phrases which belong to horse-jockeys, gamblers, tipplers, and vagabonds. The street Arab picks up slang, as he does the ends of old cigars, from the gutter. Surely, a well-bred girl is not on the same level in her speech and manner. Why should she use vulgar words any more than she would stain her hands?

There ought to be something akin to flowers in a fresh young girl. She need not be prudish or priggish. No one wishes her to say "prunes and prisms" to coax her lips into the proper curves. But refined and dainty in speech as well as in dress she surely ought to be. Won't you please think about it five minutes, and see if you do not agree with me?—Mary S. Cobb, in Harper's Young People.

**Negotiating With a Newsboy Capitalist.**

There were six of them, all newsboys, in the group, when he joined them. He was a bootblack, and his kit hung from his shoulder.

"Hullo, Jimmy," was the greeting one sent him, without giving him more than a glance, for they were pitching pennies and kingdoms were at stake.

"Ye kin come in nex' trow, Jimmie, this one's nearly trowed. Swipsey nex' Swipsey's winnin' de boodle to-day."

"Jimmy" was silent and gloomy.

"Ain't you comin' in, Jimmy? Come in and beat Swipsey's luck. He's de winner, he is."

"No," said Jimmy sullenly, changing his kit to the other shoulder.

"What's de matter? Hain't yer got de stuff?"

"Not a red."

"It's de yaller shoes what de dudes wears, Jimmy. Even de old ones puts 'em on now. Yill haf ter change your business. See?"

"Jimmy" said nothing, but gave a contemptuous look at a pair of russet shoes hurrying along the pavement. He watched the invincible "Swipsey rake in de boodle," for a time.

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

**ONEITA**  
A Pure, Sparkling and Delicious, Lithiated Table Water. It has met with the greatest favor among physicians as being the best known water for Kidney and Liver Troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, &c. Send for pamphlet with analysis.  
**ONEITA SPRING COMPANY,**  
UTICA, N. Y.  
J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

"Say, Swipes," he said, a little fiercely, "lend me a couple, will ye?"

"Can't do it," said the heartless capitalist, gathering up six pennies. "Spoil me luck. Wait till de luck changes."

The luck didn't change, and presently two of the players trotted off to realize some cash on their stock of papers. When they came back "Jimmy" looked as if he could commit highway robbery.

"Say, Swipes," he said, "I'll fight ye ter see whether ye len' me five. If I lick yer, ye len'; if I git licked, ye don't."

"Ye kin do me, Jimmy. I got a sore knuckle on me right, me fightin' hand."

"I'll fight two of youse. Take de kid wid ye."

"De kid ain't no good at fightin'. Danny licked him wid one hand."

"Lemme see de knuckle."

"Swipsey" showed the injured hand. "Smashed it on de Eyetalian what tried ter do me out of a cent," he said.

"Say, Swipes," said "Jimmy," desperately, "I'll fight ye wid one hand."

"I'd hurt me knuckle," and again he picked up his coppers, for the pitching had never stopped.

"I'll put me left in me pocket."

"I won't fight ye," answered "Swipsey." "Besides, Jimmy, ye know I can do ye. Didn't I lick ye when ye eat me banana?"

"Jimmy" couldn't answer that. While he stood there searching his brain for further cajoleries he saw a man whose boots had a rusty look.

"Shine, sir?" And then the wonderful change!

"Say, I'll be wid ye in a minute," cried Jimmy, and three minutes later there were seven in the game.

"Me luck is broke," said "Swipsey."  
—New York Tribune.

**Open to All Comers.**

Indigent Individual—"Kind sir, could you help me to a few cents this morning?"

Prosperous Person—I'm sorry, but I haven't got any small change about me. Can't you get work?"

"No, sir; there doesn't seem to be any place for me."

"But there is no use in your starving, man. You can surely get a pension."  
—Puck.

PURE, SOLUBLE, Delicious.  
THE FOREMOST COCOA OF EUROPE, THE COMING ONE OF AMERICA. Easily Digested—Made Instantly.  
HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS. The Original—Take no other.

**VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA**

"Best & Goes Farthest—Largest Sale in the World—Once Tried, Always Used."