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THE GREAT STRIKE ON THE NEW YORK CENTRAL RAILROAD.

CZAR WEBB (THIRD VICE-PRESIDENT)—“WE HAVE NOTHING TO ARBITRATE!”

Texas Siftings.

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

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NOTICE.

John S. Grey, who at one time contributed verses to SIFTINGS, is representing himself as being connected with this paper, and on the strength of this alleged connection is inducing friends of SIFTINGS to cash checks that are usually returned with a large "N. G." on the face of them. Mr. Grey's whereabouts are unknown to us. He never had any authority to represent SIFTINGS in matters financial.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

POINTS about oysters—Blue Points.

WHAT the farmer wants—the earth.

THE shoemaker always has a last resort.

So to speak—the phonograph ready for action.

A CROWNING danger in the wild Indian country is scalping.

THE report of the failure of the peach crop is often a fall's alarm.

A WRITER'S income depends a good deal upon the kind of ideas that come in.

A TELEPHONE clerk dismissed for inefficiency found that he had missed his calling.

A MAN who has lost all his money at the track, goes away with a strong "race prejudice."

"SCIENCE is no aid to beauty," says a writer. You bet it isn't, when it is pugilistic science.

These electric executions
Are a grand device;
Like no other thing on earth,
Test a man's intrinsic worth,
For they kill him twice.

HON. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is a member of the G. A. R. The letters stand for Great After-dinner Raconteur, also.

IF Blowitz, of the London Times, gets out a book on Paris, as he promises to, it will probably be able to Blowitz own horn.

THE Mormons are gaining a foothold in the Canadian Northwest. Better look out for them; they "double up" rapidly.

How much pleasanter it would be to recall the happy days of our youth, if it didn't remind us so forcibly that we are growing old.

A MAN who collects stamps is called a philatelist, and the greatest of all in the business is Jay Gould. He has collected more "stamps" than anybody.

It is about as absurd for a person to venture into deep water without knowing how to swim, as it would be to jump off the roof of a house without knowing how to fly.

IN Russia there is said to be a law which requires a Jew sitting in a street car to give up his seat when a Christian orders him to do so. This reads rather queerly in New York, where a Jew can't be prevailed on to give up anything.

BETTER THAN POLITICAL AMBITION.



They offered Bilkins \$2.00 a day,
To ride in the street-cars to and fro
And advertise on his cranium
A baking powder for raising dough.
Bilkins had run for Mayor once,
When many were chosen but few were called,
And bands and banners had boomed the street,
In the happy days ere he was bald.

But time and tide had shaped up things
So the Mugwumps knocked his mayor kite
So high that it never came down again,
And Bilkins quit the political fight,
And now serenely rides and reads,
Peacefully earning his daily bread
By wearing the baking powder ad.
On the showiest space on his big bald head.

D. M. J.

A TRUE WESTERN POET.

The poem printed on the ninth page of this number of SIFTINGS, entitled, "The Kaintuckian's Lament," so admirably illustrated by Thomas Worth, is from the pen of a famous Western poet, Will L. Visscher, editor of the Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald. Mr. Visscher is now on a visit to New York, where he has many journalistic friends and admirers. He has been in the editorial harness a good many years, beginning on the Louisville Journal under the famous poet, journalist and wit, George D. Prentice. His work has been done on Western papers for the most part, where he has won recognition by his genius and originality.

FRANCE AND THE CHICAGO FAIR.

Mr. J. D. Stickney, many years a resident of Paris, and who represented several prominent American companies at last year's Exposition, was in New York the other day. He says the French people cannot be made to believe that the proposed Columbus Fair in this country will be an International Fair, because it was not located in New York. They shake their heads when told that it will be held in a city a thousand miles inland. The thought of traveling that distance by railroad frightens them, and Mr. Stickney thinks very few Frenchmen will come or send the products of their skill and industry, unless extraordinary efforts are made. "What is necessary to do?" we asked. "Appoint a permanent delegate for Paris," replied Mr. Stickney, "one who knows the business people of that city. No one could fill that position so well as Mr. A. Schweizer, a Frenchman by birth, but an American citizen. He was one of the jurors of the United States Section at the Paris Exposition, and did an immense service to American exhibitors. Although our pork is shut out of France, Mr. Schweizer not only secured for the Armours a 'show,' but obtained a first prize for their exhibit. I tell you, Schweizer is a 'hustler' and Chicago ought to secure his services." Mr. Stickney wants to see the Chicago Fair as great a success as possible, and his suggestions are good.

A NEW SHAKE.

It hasn't reached New York yet, but it is bound to come. I allude to the new style of English hand-shaking, as practiced among the *haut ton*. The lady raises her elbow as high as the tightness of her sleeve will permit, and gently wiggles her fingers in front of her

face. Then the gentleman elevates his elbow, a little higher than the lady's, and just touches the tips of her fingers with the tips of his own, and that is the latest hand-shake. It requires a good deal of practice to perform it with ease and grace, particularly if the gentleman be short and the lady very tall. But they will try to do it all the same, in order to be *au fait*, just as a short woman will insist upon a bustle and profuse drapery when they are the fashion. The new hand-shake will be welcomed by ladies who have suffered from the grasp of a man who takes a lady's hand as in a vice, and the other fellow who doesn't know when to let go. But it will look a little odd until we get used to it.

ATHLETICS MAY BE OVERDONE.

Isn't it possible that the athletic business is being overdone? It has been customary to point to John Boyle O'Reilly as a splendid result of attention to athletic exercises. He was an adept in everything in that line, as well as authority. He was the admiration of all enthusiasts in physical culture, and young men were advised to emulate his example. "What a splendid physique," said one. "He ought to live one hundred and fifty years," said another enthusiast. But O'Reilly is dead right in his prime—"heart failure," say the doctors. We learn that he was troubled with insomnia, and resorted to drugs to induce sleep. This seems to upset certain theories that have been obtained with regard to physical training. But it can be overdone like anything else.

A TERROR TO MEN WHO MURDER.

It was rather a favorable sign that murderers confined in prison were seized with an overwhelming terror when they heard of the execution of Kemmler by electricity. They had been bracing themselves up, apparently, with the thought that the electric chair, which was delegated to replace the scaffold and hangman's noose, if not a positively comfortable affair, was a much easier way of being removed from earthly cares than any that had yet been invented. The noose carried a man way off his feet, but the electric chair enables him to sit down comfortably as if for a shave or a shampoo, somebody touches a button and immediate translation to the other world ensues. But they see now that the preliminary proceedings are even more nerve-racking than a preparation for the scaffold. A rope can be seen and tested, and the sheriff accepts suggestions from the prisoner about the adjustment of the knot, but there is a shuddering mystery attending the administering of the unseen fluid called electricity. The victim doesn't know anything about the amount that will be turned on or will be necessary to kill him, and apparently no one else does either. They will find out, however. So long as we are to have capital punishment for murder, let it be something terrifying. Murderers should not be "wafted to the skies on flowery beds of ease." Capital punishment would have no deterring effect then.



A GREEN CLERK.

LADY—I would like to see some queensware.

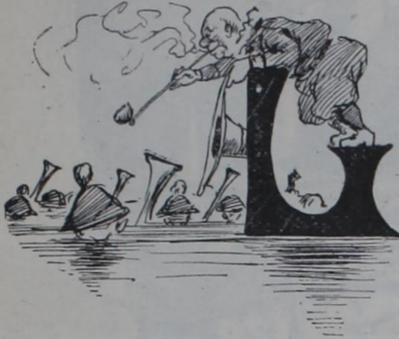
NEW CLERK—Eh?

Did you never see queensware?

No, mum, I never did. The fact is, I have never been out of this town. To tell the truth, I didn't even know they swore until you mentioned it.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XLII.



LOUIS XIV., who succeeded his father, was so magnificent a king that he was called *le grand monarque*. He was but five years old when his father died (1643), and he did not assume the reins of govern-

ment until eight years after, his mother, Anne of Austria, holding the regency meanwhile, Cardinal Mazarin being Prime Minister. And a prime minister he was, too, in many respects, having served his apprenticeship under Richelieu, who gave him the very best recommendation as an all-round minister. Armed with that recommendation he might have secured a position as Prime Minister in almost any court in Europe, for he knew his business thoroughly.

The business of a prime minister, *mes enfants*, is not to keep "primed" all the while, yet the temptation to drink too much is very great. When the prime

doubt. Order being restored in Paris, Mazarin, the queen-mother and little Louis returned to the capital. This was in 1649. The civil war did not end for some time after that, however, greatly to the distress of France. Mazarin died in 1661, having by perseverance, economy and various forms of robbery accumulated about 60,000,000 francs. It is said that he was privately married to Anne of Austria.

Louis XIV. was pretty firmly seated on the throne when Cardinal Mazarin died, and he got along without a prime minister after that. He thought he could save money by it, and he probably did.

There were many wars during the reign of Louis, which covered a period of sixty-four years. He fought Spain for years, letting up a little while in 1660 to marry the Spanish Infanta. That was the same year in which Charles II. returned from his long exile to mount the throne of England, from whence his father had been led to the block. *Le grand monarque* was very fond of military glory, and he called himself *le soleil*, the sun, taking that ardent luminary as his insignia. On hundreds of tapestries and pictures of the period he is represented leading his troops into battle, when in fact most of his battles were won by his skilled generals, though he was often waiting in some safe position in the vicinity, ready to ride up and claim it as his victory when the fight was over.

Louis invaded Holland, utterly destroying many cities and villages and driving away such of the people as were not massacred. It was a causeless, wicked and cruel war and a stain upon his memory. He was proud

and constructing a road to it from Paris and an aqueduct to bring water to the lakes and fountains. I will conclude the subject of Versailles in the next chapter.

THE AUSTINS IN NEW YORK.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin of Texas have been sight-seeing in New York, finding much to astonish them. A good, simple soul is Mrs. Austin, and having lived in the country all her life, city ways are a great puzzle to her. Mr. Austin, however, who spent a winter in "N'Orleans" when he was a young man, is better posted. The following conversation occurred between them the other day:

Mrs. Austin—I am told that there are pipes buried all along under Broadway.

Mr. Austin—Oh, yes, all sorts of pipes.

Mrs. Austin—I wish you would dig up one so that we could take it home to pa. You know he has quite a collection of pipes—meerschaums, clay pipes, and corn-cob pipes.

Mr. Austin (looking quizzically at his wife)—Now that is an idea. I never thought of that. We might increase his collection very considerably.

Mrs. Austin (quite innocently)—Yes, dear. Now if we could only bring him one of those nice steam pipes that we read so much about. I don't suppose pa ever smoked a steam pipe in all his life.

Mr. Austin—Probably not, though I've heard that he used to "steam it" a little when he was young. How would he like a water pipe?

Mrs. Austin—Isn't a water pipe rather damp? I should think it would put out the fire.

Mr. Austin—Well, it might if a hose was connected with it. He would find a gas pipe soothing, but it's apt to put a person asleep when indulged in in a close room.

Mrs. Austin—But pa never smokes in a close room. He goes out on the veranda. Who d'ye s'pose buried all of them pipes?

Mr. Austin—Men accustomed to "pipe-laying," of course. No one else could get the job.

Mrs. Austin—You wont fail to dig up one of them pipes, will you, dear?

Mr. Austin—I may have to get a permit of Mr. Gilroy first. Anything else you would like to take home to Texas?

Mrs. Austin—There ain't a fountain on our whole farm.

Mr. Austin—I know it.

Mrs. Austin—And none of our neighbors has one.

Mr. Austin—That's a fact.

Mrs. Austin—We've got pens—pig pens, sheep pens, cattle pens—

Mr. Austin—What yer driving at, Mirandy?

Mrs. Austin—I was thinking how nice it would be to have one of them fountain pens I see advertised. A pen with a fountain in it would be just the thing to set off our place.

Mr. Austin—Now, Mirandy, you just set off and let me look at you. Don't you know that a fountain pen is a pen to write with?

Mrs. Austin—Is that so, John? Then perhaps them pipes buried under Broadway are not to smoke?

Mr. Austin—Well, they make the people smoke, sometimes, with taking them up and putting them down. I really believe, Mirandy, that you know less about city affairs now than you did when you came here.

(And they go off arm-in-arm to visit the menagerie in Central Park.)

WHAT HE WAS CHARGED WITH.

Judge—What is the man charged with?
Officer—Electricity, your Honor. He stole a battery.



A SOUTHERN BOY—CAUGHT.



Hollanders cut their Dykes and drown out Louis XIV. and his army.

minister of some other nation drops in to talk over the tariff question, or the advisability of shutting out American pork, it is quite usual to ask, "What'll you have?" and no new treaty can be negotiated without a new treat being proposed every once in a while.

Mazarin was an artful, scheming man, and being an Italian, many patriotic Frenchmen were down on him. Their motto was, "Put none but Frenchmen on guard to-night." They finally succeeded in organizing a great popular outbreak against Mazarin. A mob surrounded his residence one night, crying, "No organ-grinding Italian shall rule France!" "Down with the Dago!" etc., etc. The revolt spread, and the Prime Minister and the Queen-mother were both compelled to flee from Paris, taking the youthful king with them. This rebellion was called the revolt of the Fronde. Fronde is French for a sling, such as the gamin of Paris were in the habit of employing to sling stones at each other in their street fights. Indeed the impulsive Parisians often behave more like boys than men in their popular tumults and outbreaks.

The parliamentary party that opposed Mazarin and Anne of Austria were badly defeated by the great Condé, who led the royalist forces. Marshal Turenne, a famous soldier of that time, sided with the Parliament, but the wily Mazarin won over the principal officers of his army, and Turenne finding himself in the soup (instead of soup being in the Turenne), withdrew into Holland, consoling himself with Holland gin, no

of it, though, and caused a great monument of stone to be built in Paris to commemorate it, Porte St. Denis, one of the city gates which stands yet. One of the reliefs represents Holland as a dead lion, with Louis standing triumphantly by with one foot on the lion's neck. The monument was designed and begun before the war with Holland was over, and ere it was completed the brave Hollanders had cut their dykes and drowned the French soldiers out of the country. That was a way the Dutch had, when they couldn't defeat the enemy in any other way. A people able and willing to submerge their whole country to drive out the invaders, keeping house on the roof meanwhile, can never be reduced to bondage.

Another foolish thing Louis did was to revoke the edict of Nantes, as it was called, by which Henry IV. had granted rights of worship to Protestants. Thousands of Protestants left France forever, settling in England and Holland, and as they numbered a great body of skilled workmen in various lines their departure was a serious blow to the industries of France. Some of them came to America, and their descendants may be found in Virginia and the Carolinas.

The greatest monument to Louis XIV. is the Palace of Versailles, which he made the most magnificent royal residence in the world. The palace and park cost the treasury of France \$200,000,000. A force of 36,000 men and 6,000 horses were employed at one time in forming the terraces of the garden, leveling the park,

INQUIRIES CHEERFULLY REPLIED TO.

BY V. Z. REED.

The real estate firm of which I am a member recently inserted an advertisement in an Eastern paper, setting forth the advantages of our town and saying that "All inquiries would be cheerfully replied to." A great many people did not get it through their wool that we meant inquiries pertaining to real estate, and they sent us a few inquiries that rather stumped us. A Kansas City man, who could see nothing sweet in life, sent us the following inquiries:

"Reed Bros.—Gentlemen:—I would like to have you tell me what kind of a dad-fetched country this is, anyhow? I would like to have you tell me if Justice has got drunk and gone off on a toot and left the whole country at the mercy of a lot of tin-horn gamblers and bilks? It is just like this: A few days ago I went into a club room and played faro, and as a result I am out two dollars and am in a hospital. I bet two dollars on a seven and the dealer run two sevens and said it was a straddle and that I would have to let the next turn decide, and then he ran a low card and gobbled my money. I kicked, of course, for I am a Briton and never will be a slave, and instead of talking the matter over as man to man that ding-twisted dealer hit me over the head with a beer glass and then a bouncer threw me over a poker table and broke my shoulder, and I was already broke. Now I claim that a straddle is a draw; I claim that if I bet my next offspring will be a boy and my wife enriches the earth with two boys, no fake bouncer has a right to smash my eye with a beer glass; I claim that the age is so corrupt that an honest man has no chance. Am I right?"

"John Guff."

A girl from Iowa wrote as follows: "Dear Men:—Will you kindly tell me a good subject to write poetry about? I am 18 years old, a ripe, rich blonde, and my soul is full of love. I hain't got no chance in this country around here to show what I am made of, but if I could write some real nice poetry about hearts and longings and glad futures and such I think some real sweet man might fall in love with me and bear me away to be happy ever after. It's real sweet of you to offer to answer inquiries, and if more folks was the same way tender young things with loving hearts like me would have more show for their white alleys, as that cunning Mr. Wanamaker says, so no more from your friend
Chautauqua Jones."

A farmer in Meade county, Kansas, wrote as follows: "kind Surr—i sea thatt you ofer tew tel all peepil about ennything thay want tew no, and i Amm jist bustin to git a littil Infermation. i want to no why it is that a yung man starts out in lyfe, as you mite say, like a lion and after he is abowt 40 year old he begins to find out that he don't no enuff to pound sand in a ratt hole if he had a reseat. i want to no why it is that sum



PROBABLY A DEAF MUTE.

OFFICER (to dime museum Indian)—What attraction have they got inside, O'Rafferty, that is drawing such a crowd?

INDIAN O'RAFFERTY—Shore, it's a man who niver expressed an opinion whether Kemmler suffered any before he died. He is the only man of the kind there is lift.



CANVAS BACKS.

COUNTRY HOUSEWIFE (to husband about to start for town with farm products)—Joshua, the ducks are all dressed and ready for market.

JOSHUA—Tie a bit of canvas to each of their backs, Marier; everybody is shoutin' for canvas-backs now-days.

other woman allus looks pearter and chipperer to a feller than his own duz. I want to no how it is that a man that don't work kin allus keep abowt ten childrun and fifteen dogs and a man that has no childrun ner dogs hass to hussel like the devvil and forty horses to keep his sole and boddy together. i want to know why the boys that are allus so constitoated good and smart when they are littel never amount to a tinkers kuss when they groe up. hoapin these fue lines will find you wel,
yure frend
"jabez Ruggles."

A REGULAR TAXPAYER.

A. (to B.'s dog, that has jumped upon him)—Get down, you brute!

B.—Don't you talk that way to my dog. I'll bet you his taxes are paid more regularly than yours.

THEY BOTH SNORED.

Hotel Clerk—Good morning, Colonel, how did you sleep?

Colonel—I did sleep some, I suppose, but I was awake most of the night listening to the snoring of the man in the next room. He is a good one at it. He makes more noise than a steam whistle.

Another gentleman approaches.

Hotel Clerk—Good morning, Major, how did you sleep?

Major—I got asleep occasionally during the night, but there was a fellow in the next room to me who snored as if he was filling a contract to saw forty cords of wood before daylight. At least, that's the way it sounded.

Colonel—That's just what I had to listen to all night long. What is the number of your room?

Major—Number twenty-two. What is the number of yours?

Colonel—And mine is number twenty-three. Tableau.

THE HORSE BLEW FIRST.

A veterinary surgeon told his assistant to give a powder to a sick horse.

"You take the powder," he explained, "put it in a tin tube, open the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."

Not long afterward the assistant came back, looking as sick as people ever get to be.

"Did you give the horse the powder?"

"I tried to. I put the powder in the tin tube, forced open the horse's mouth, put the tube between his teeth, and—"

"Did you blow the powder down his throat?"

"No; I was going to, but the horse blew first, and the powder went down my throat."

NOT SO STUPID AS HE LOOKS.

Jane—You seem to be unhappy, Emma.

Emma—Yes, I have been deceived in my husband. When I married him I supposed that it was not my money but myself that he loved.

And now you have found out that it was not you at all, but only your money he was after.

Alas! That is what I know now for a certainty.

Well, there is one consolation for you, and that is that your husband is not as stupid as he looks.

WANTED THINGS BROUGHT TO A CLIMAX.

Have you been reading the serial, The Scout of the Sierras, that is running in my paper?

Yes, I am very much interested in it. Who is the author?

I am the author.

You are, eh? Well, I want to tell you right now that unless the hard-hearted adventuress comes to grief and the brave scout rescues and marries the captive maiden pretty soon, I'll stop my paper.

IN THE CHINESE QUARTER.



It used to be said, "in the days when we were young," that the funniest thing was a frog, but with all due deference to ancient tradition I submit that a Chinaman is funnier than a frog. For a frog caricatures nothing—resembles nothing; whereas a Chinaman looks and acts enough like a

sure-enough human being to be a most exquisite caricature of humanity. He has even acquired a semblance of language both written and spoken and indulges in speech and writing that bear about the same relationship to real words, that the preposterous garments they wear, bear to veritable clothing. Moreover they go about, somewhat after the fashion of real men, and engage in certain queer industries, thereby getting much gelt.

It seems clear that the great mistake that has been made by all who have written of the Chinaman, or who have given consideration to him, has been that they have really considered him as a human being. If they had realized in the outset that he was simply a caricature they would have saved themselves lots of trouble and got great deal of fun.

It is really worth while for anybody to go for a day or a night, or both, to the Chinese quarter of New York, in order to see how curiously the Chinamen live; and it is really necessary to do it, if one desires to know New York as it is, for there are many Chinese here—many men, that is, and half a dozen women. Perhaps a majority of them live in two or three squalid blocks, just off Chatham Square, and in that neighborhood they all spend their holidays, gambling, worshipping, feasting, and firing off fire-crackers.

Your true Chinaman—and there can be no such thing as an imitation, for he is not to be imitated—cares nothing whatever for luxury outside of his own apartments. He is as gaudy as he can afford to be in his apparel, and very often squanders large sums in the decoration of his rooms, or in costly jewels or opium pipes and "lay-outs." But he is perfectly contented to live with a cess-pool in the rear and a sewer-opening in the front of his house, and would not be disturbed if both overflowed. He is usually as neat, as a new pin, but his neatness never extends six inches beyond his own person and such things as must necessarily come in contact with his person. The only exception I ever saw to this rule was his god. He puts up a confused mass of gilt and tinsel ginger-bread work that fills one end of the temple, and calls it Joss, and bows down and

burns little sticks in front of it, calling this worship. This fantastic creation of an infantile mind is commonly kept clean.

No pen, however, not even that of Victor Hugo, could do justice to the magnificent filth of the houses and streets in which he lives. To be sure he is not responsible for the condition of his neighborhood originally, for when he took possession it was among the worst, therefore the cheapest, in the lower part of the city (that was why he went there), but he would live there eleven thousand years and never think of cleaning a gutter, or the outside of a house.

On the outside of these houses, however, you will find things that look like decorations, and you may think they are put there for ornaments. They are not. They are signs. They tell you, if you can read hieroglyphics, what business is carried on inside, or in what room, and at what hour you will find a game of fan-tan going on. They are painted—not printed—on paper, wood, or tin, and stuck up near the doorways somewhat as little children stick postage stamps on the walls to beautify them.

Here and there in the settlement, there are stores in which the Chinaman sells to his countrymen and to any Melican man who may enter, a great variety of those preposterous things which as he pretends, are food, be-

chief desire is to work twenty-eight hours a day. So long as he has work to do, he stops for nothing. If he sleeps it is on his feet and the work goes right on. Night and day are all one to him.

Certain good people, supposing that Chinamen have souls, have established Sunday-schools for them, and have induced young ladies with more zeal than discretion, to teach classes in these schools. These Sunday-schools offer the Chinaman the greatest diversion of American life. He attends them regularly, because he has the opportunity which he cannot get elsewhere, of conversing on equal terms with ladies, and he has a strong and purely animal fondness for ladies. Once a year or so, he entertains these ladies in turn. Hiring a barge he induces them to go with him on a picnic, they being most astonishingly ignorant of the real character of his regard for them. The Chinaman is then entirely happy. He provides his national substitutes for food and music in great quantities, and fires off crackers, and gloats over the beauty of his teacher all day long. He has learned, however, a wholesome respect for Melican man's law, and the natural consequence of such a social gathering has never yet ensued, so far as is known. The young ladies get home safely, and the Chinaman goes back to his opium and his gambling, with his usual gravity.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

A WRONG CHARGE CORRECTED.

Jiggs opened a cigar store on an up-town avenue not long ago, and his friend Jaggs passing by, thought he would step in and patronize him. A couple of his chums happening along, Jaggs invited them in to take a smoke. Jiggs wasn't in, but his boy was.

"How much for the three cigars?" said Jaggs, after a selection was made and the men had begun to smoke.

"Seventy-five cents," said the boy.

"Seventy-five cents for three cigars!" roared Jaggs, "that's outrageous."

Just then Jiggs entered. "Here, Jiggs," says Jaggs, "what do you s'pose your boy charged me for these three cigars?"

Jiggs looked at the box and said, "What did he charge you?"

"Seventy-five cents, and it's wrong."

"So it is," said Jiggs, "three cigars out of that box cost a dollar. Hand over another quarter."

Jaggs did it, but he doesn't patronize his friend Jiggs any more.

THE MAN WITH A MIGHTY PULL.

A.—Who is your friend?

B.—His name is Mr. Smith. He's got an awful pull.

He's a politician, is he?

No; he is a dentist.

Maud S. had better look to her laurels. They say there's another horse in the field who Sunol lower her record.



WHAT MADE HIM LATE.

WIFE—Why, Thomas, you said you would be home at nine o'clock, and here it is after three.

THOMAS—Easy 'nough 'splained, my dear. I rode up on (hic) 'lectric car, an' (hic) 'lectricity stopped my watch!



Out for a Picnic.

sides jim-cracks of flimsy construction and impossible appearance, that he uses for decorating his home, and which you buy for curiosities when you first see them. These stores are the only places in Chinatown excepting his restaurants, where you will be made welcome without an introduction. Into his temple, his gambling house, or his opium joint you may not go unless he knows you, and in his lodging house you will be gruffly received, and made to feel that you are in danger, unless you are conveyed by one of his friends.

In the stores, however, you will be welcomed, and blandly and politely swindled out of all you are willing to spend. However he may cut prices in selling to other Chinamen, he was never known to sell anything cheap to a Melican man. It will be worth while, however, to undergo a little swindling to see the proprietor, and to study his grave dignity, as well put on as though he were a real man, engaged in actual transactions of commerce. He is serious and business-like, whether he sells you a chop-stick, or a paper kite, or a thing which looks like a nut on the outside and which, it is pretended, grows on trees in China, but which really contains a lump of dried jelly, very sweet and very nasty.

This pretense of actuality is maintained by all Chinamen whether they are at work, or walking around, or at play. When they travel about, they are serious and unobtrusive, possibly through fear of hoodlums—perhaps from a desire to maintain a dignified appearance. When they are at play they are like children. It is only when they are at work that they forget entirely to behave like human beings. The Chinaman is totally incapable of understanding the Eight-hour Law. His



Chinese Notion Store.



ON THE RAILWAY TRAIN.

YOUNG MAN (to clerical-looking gentleman in front)—Pardon me, sir, but this young lady and I are elopers and anxious to get married. Can't you perform the ceremony?

CONDUCTOR (over his shoulder)—Hold on, young feller! The management don't allow any "tie-up" on this road!

MOON MYTHS.

A GRADUATIVE ESSAY, BY CLARA MAY BACON, MADISONVILLE, O., UNIVERSITY, JUNE, 1890.

A good many years ago, the exact number of which you might approximate through the census enumerator, I remember to have cried for the moon. Very recently I acquired, as the subject of an essay, the brilliant object which it was my early ambition to possess, and, singular to relate the subject ceased to be of interest from that moment, enveloped, as it were, in a very dark cloud that positively declines to be dissipated.

This, too, notwithstanding the popular but fallacious idea that young ladies are especially steadfast in their admiration for the beautiful orb of night.

It is an old, old slander upon my sex, originating probably with Adam (I refer to the first receiver of stolen goods), who doubtless twitted his bolder partner in crime, Eve, with looking at the moon because there was a man in it, just as his fellows have ever since done and will probably continue to do to the end of time when it is their heroic aim to crush with a mighty avalanche of sarcastic abuse one of the unfortunate sisterhood.

I have known some of the enemies of my sex to confess a love for the moon. I wonder if it was not inspired by a consuming passion for green cheese. It is quite as well founded that the moon is made of green cheese as that there is a man in it, and it is certain that men have abominably depraved tastes for cheeses.

Only think of the lords of creation devouring such villainous compounds as Sweitzerkase, Limberger and Headskeeses!

I have noticed, too, that the mellifluous phrase, "silver moon," seems to have a special fascination for men, being rolled out from the tongue with a last lingering caress of intonation, as if from reluctance to part with even so faint a shadow of a precious metal which it is their earliest aspiration to get and the dominant idea of their lives to keep.

One thought in relation to this man in the moon who figures so largely in common converse is perhaps worth considering, viz: that the lips of that well-defined, smiling mouth must embrace a curvature of something like three thousand miles in length, and the thought of that mouth as an actual mouth with all of its ordinary characteristics as a devouring element is so appalling as to forever dispel any charming illusions that may cluster about it. Only think of the food and drink that it would require to appease the appetite of such a monster. He could swallow Lake Superior at a gulp, and a loaf of bread as big as Australia with a string of sausage

as long as the Rocky Mountains would make for the monster but the lightest of luncheons.

Again; only think of those gigantic lips pursed up for a whistle and rendering in fortissimo blasts "Down went McGinty" and "Annie Rooney!"

The subject is too large. Let us come down to the earth again.

What a forcible illustration of the enchantment that distance lends and how thankful we should forever be that this monster in the moon is and is liable to remain two hundred and forty thousand miles away.

There are countless superstitions regarding the moon that are cherished as fondly in the cultured homes of this enlightened age as ever they were or could have been among barbarians of the darkest ages the world has known.

It is declared that the moon has a prodigious influence over the waters of the earth, the vegetable kingdom, the beasts of the field and even over man. Personally, I am not prepared to admit that the antics of that heavenly body are the cause of movements on, in or around the earth, and I may as well admit right here, in confidence, that I don't care.

I am willing, nay anxious, to turn all such matters over to the scientists and almanac makers, reserving only for myself an abiding trust in Providence to keep things going to the best advantage.

I have been told that posts which farmers place in the ground by moonlight are worthless as supports.

I believe it, and moreover, I believe that he, too, would prove equally worthless as a support.

I do not think that a farmer, so shiftless as to postpone that kind of work until after dark,

could, as somebody has quaintly expressed it, erect a very good hole in the ground anyway.

I am going to hazard the opinion that an almanac farmer is not a very valuable member of society. I am personally acquainted with several successful tillers of the soil who handle the hoe, the rake and the plow with unceasing diligence, but never have the slightest use for an almanac from one year's end to another.

It is said that young ladies who want long and beautiful hair must use the shears on Friday in the dark of the moon. This conflicts with another superstition—that ill-luck attends any undertaking begun on Friday.

How unfortunate!

To cut and when to cut is now the question.

Will not some scientist who peeps into the supernatural with eagle eye come to our relief?

The new moon is the cause of much anxiety, not only because the way it dips determines the kind of weather we are to have, but because if seen over the left shoulder ill-luck is sure to follow.

If it really had anything to do with the weather what a load would be lifted from careworn old Prob's shoulder, for the astronomer can easily calculate the exact position of the horns of the moon at any time in a thousand years.

As to ill-luck, that we all have more or less of, but it is influenced oftener by some man on the earth than by the man in the moon.

We have all heard of moon-struck couples who expose themselves to its malignant rays. A mild sort of lunacy sets in which time alone can cure.

All sorts of lunacy are so named because they are believed by many to be caused by imprudent exposure to Luna's rays. To the great army of cabbages, beats, pumpkins and squashes the moon's rays are said to be the one thing needful to finish up a first-class, marketable article.

Here is another unpleasant and humiliating state of affairs.

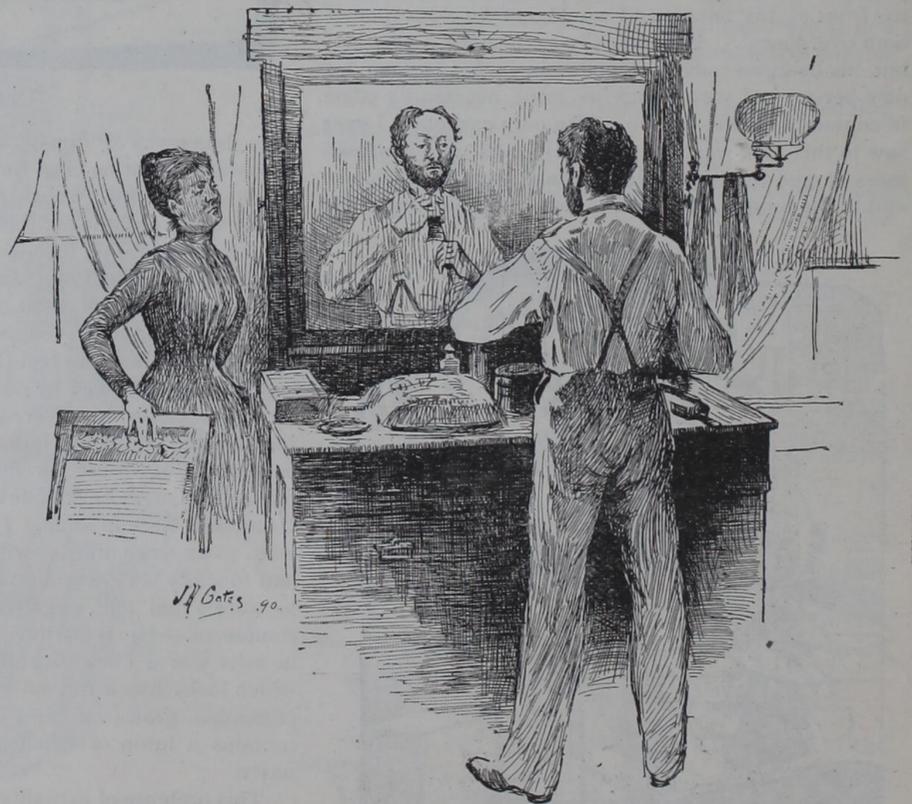
Can it be that the homely cabbage, the insignificant squash, have heads of superior endurance to our own?

Once more I beg to turn this mystifying series of puzzles over to the eminent scientist and his colleague, the patent medicine almanac man, and it is with a sigh of relief that I thus forever dismiss them, together with other perplexing and purposeless conundrums that have intruded themselves in various languages upon an otherwise happy period of life.

A WISE GIRL.

Sunday School Teacher—Miss Fanny, what are we to learn from the parable of the wise and foolish virgins?

Miss Fanny (aged ten years)—That we are always to be on the lookout for the coming of the bridegroom.



A CASE FOR ARBITRATION.

MRS. FUSSY—I wish you would either shave yourself or let your whiskers grow; it is frightful for you to be going around with a week's beard on your face.

MR. FUSSY—My dear, you make my life a burden. If I shave you say I look like a dried mummy, and if I don't you declare in two weeks that I am a wild beast! What's to be done?

THE WAIL OF A TEXAN.



LAST week a long, lank specimen of the human race, wearing a large sombrero with a strap and buckle around the crown, and a sad, cheerless expression in his eye, drifted into SIFTINGS sanctum. His eye wandered aimlessly about

the office until he saw me. I was extremely busy at the time writing an original humorous poem with the office shears, and paid no attention to the stranger, who now stood beside me. The fact is, I strongly suspected the stranger of being one of Buffalo Bill's cowboys, who having tired of life across the pond, was on his way home to Sansabber county, and, of course suffering for funds. The stranger said nothing, but stood close beside me, and looked at me very much as a hungry newsboy in front of a restaurant window gazes at the cook preparing buckwheat cakes. After waiting another minute, I was on the point of assaulting him with an inkstand, when he slapped me on the back with a hand that would make the fortune of a prize-fighter, and ejaculated:

"Dern yer old skin, doncher know me?"

I recognized the voice immediately as belonging to Jim McSnifter, who used to drive a car in Austin, but his face had changed so much that I hardly think his own uncle would have recognized him. After talking over old times, I asked:

"Had much trouble since I saw you last? You look as if kind Providence had not been on your side lately."

"I reckon I do look kinder bad, an' no wonder. Worryin' what's done it, my boy."

"Worry! What have you to worry about?"

Jim then explained to me how he had been in New York for six months, and had been driving a street car on third avenue most of the time. "The drivers of trucks is what makes life miserable for me. Had a big muss with one of them cusses yesterday."

"How did it happen?" I asked.

"I was drivin' my car on Third averner, near that street that's got all the museums on it. I was feelin' pretty good, 'cause I hadn't had a rumpus with a truck-driver all that mornin'. Just as I was whistlin' Annie Rooney kinder soft like—feelin' so good, you know—zip! bang! went a axle on the hind wheel of a wagon right in front of my car, an' down went the load on the track."

"Well, that is enough to 'make a man worry," I remarked.

"Oh, it wasn't that what made me worry. I went up to the man, an says: 'That's too bad.' I felt kinder sorry fer him on account of the accident. He quit rubbin' his knee what he had skint, an' lookin' at me 'savage, says: 'I don't want none of your blankety sarcasm. See?' I know a man what's skint his knee ain't in no humor to talk sweet, so I didn't mind him. 'That ain't sarcasm, my friend,' says I, tryin' to smooth him down a little, 'that's sympathy.' 'You're a liar,' says he, comin' up clost to me, and lettin' me smell of his breath. Then he waited fer me to say somethin'. I was thinkin', 'This is about the fortieth man what's called me a liar since I've been in New York,' thinks I,

'an' as yit I ain't reprovod none of 'em.' Then I breathed hard. When I breathe hard it's a dangerous sign, if the other feller would only know it. As his face and breath was still in smellin' distance, I planted my hones' right fist right squar'tween his eyes. They was diggin' a ditch to put water works pipes or somethin' in, an' right in he went. 'Come on!' I yelled, now thoroughly roused and gittin' more devilish every second, an' at the same time kickin' over a pot of hot lead, some of which run on a dude's foot, and caused him to faint dead away. 'Come outer that ditch, you sneakin' coyote, an' I'll mop up the 'arth with yer!' But he jess sat there, all doubled up an' holdin' on to his eye, whereat I punched a man standin' near me a stunner in the ribs, because he looked like he smypathized with the truck-driver. I no sooner hit this man in the ribs than two or three o' his friends piled on me, an' I was churrin' the air into clam chowder with 'em, when a policeman stopped me."

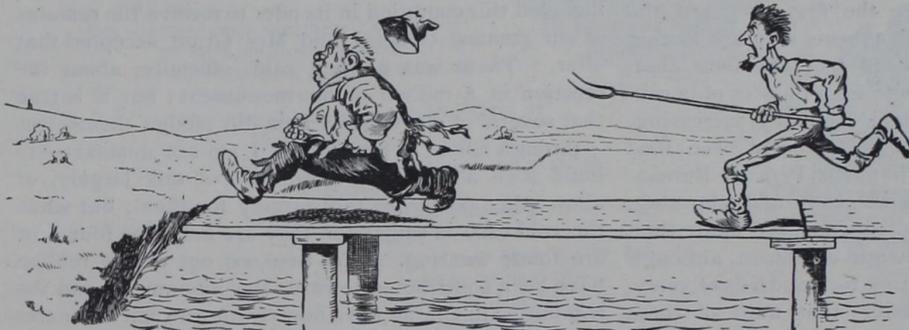
"So you were arrested?"

"Yes, an' this mornin' the judge fined me ten dollars—to say nothin' of the sass he give me. The street car company notified me that my services was no longer required, which made me mad, and I immediately resigned."

"What are you going to do now?" I asked.

"Goin' right back to Austin an' never leave ag'in," said Jim, fervently. Then he handed me a cheap cigar, and drifted sadly out into John street and mingled with the crowd.

LEWIS M. SWEET.



M'GINTY AS A PIG STEALER.

STRIKES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

American Editor, writing: "The strike upon the railway lines in South Wales continues, causing much distress. These frequent labor troubles in Great Britain indicate the prevalence among the workingmen of a spirit of discontent which may have serious results in the future—" Well, Mr. Jones, what is the latest?"

Jones (a night reporter of the paper)—The strike on the Central looks more threatening. Strong bodies of police are stationed about the depot and in the yards. There is danger of an outbreak at any moment.

Editor—Get what assistance you need and make a full report of everything in the morning edition.

Reporter—I will, sir. (He retires.)

Editor (resuming his editorial)—"There is something rotten underlying the system of government in England or these strikes would not occur. It is the popular protest against a government of force and hereditary aristocracy—" Back again so quick, Jones?"

Jones—Fighting in Albany. Pinkerton's men and the strikers in collision. Bloodshed feared!

Editor—Gracious! is it bad as that? I must see those dispatches at once. (Rushes off to consult the telegraph editor.)

QUITE A JOKER.

Ferguson—James is quite a joker.

McCusick—What makes you think so?

Ferguson—I saw him pay a bill the other day.

THEY GO HAND IN HAND.

Managing Editor—Have you finished writing up the weddings?

Reporter—Oh, yes; I'm on the divorces now.

TRUTH.

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

BERLUBBED BREDDEREN AND SISTERN:-- De good book says dat all men am liars, and my experience wid dis heah congregashun justifies me in adding an amendment to de effect dat "all men" should embrace de wimmen, which howsomebber dey ginerally does, widout needin' any suggestions from de clergy. In fact wimmen folkses are bigger liars, eff possible, den de male sect.

De wimmen not only tells all de lies dey knows how, but dey adds slanderin' and calumny—but I will on dis heah suspishus erkashun confine myself ter de lyin' whut's done by de male sect.

De lawyers, as yer mought judge from de way hit am pronounced, am awful liars. De lawyer whut says his mouf nebber tole a lie must hab done most ob his talkin' fru his nose. I was pussionally erquainted wid a lawyer what nebber told but one troof in his life, and dat was when he owned up dat he told a lie.

May be you has notised a man what nebber says nuffin widout offerin' ter prove hit. Dat style ob man am de right kind ter keep away from. He ain't accustomed ter hab his word taken widout a dispute. When it becomes necessary for a man ter hab eberyding he says confirmed jess sot him down for a confirmed liar.

A plausible lie am de fastest trabbeler known. Some hosses can run purty fast, and dey has good records, and de lockermotive kin run faster still, and so kin de carrier pidgeon, but dey am slower den cold merlasses when dey is brought inter compe-tishun wid a healfy lie. Hit can out-trabble 'em all put togedder, and gib 'em a mile and a half start.

I has heard, and I be-leeves hit, dat dar's fishermen what don't stick strictly ter de troof. Arter de human

tongue has got inter de knack of lyin' hit's almost impossible ter reclaim hit. Troof am mighty, but hit don't allers pervail, as yer will find out ef you has a gas meeter in de house. Troof crushed to yarf may rise again, but hit may be late in de arternoon after workin' hours. Uncle Mose, will yer please pass de hat, but jess shut de door fust; I has done lost ernuff hats by de dore bein' open when de kerlecshun was bein' taken up.

BELTS.

As the custom of wearing a belt has become quite general among men, a few suggestions may be in order.

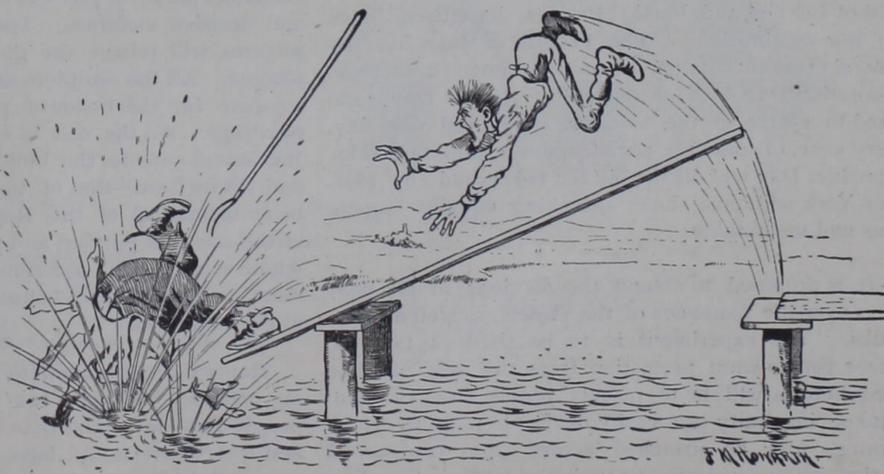
- For a railroad man, a belt railroad.
- For a machinist, leather belting.
- For the O'Ryan family, the Belt of Orion.
- For a farmer, the wheat belt.
- For a pugilist, a belt over the head.

BOUND TO PLEASE.

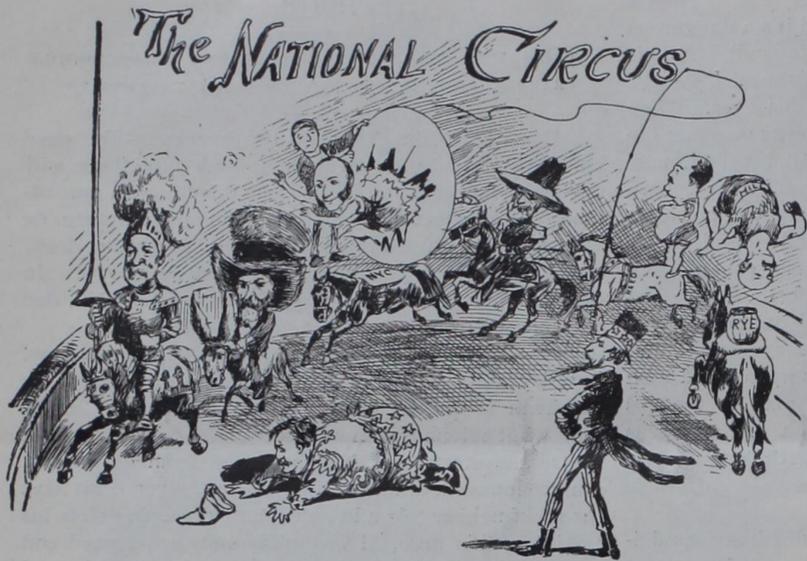
- Mr. Longshank—You are really a modest violet.
- Miss Candor—I am too tall for a violet.
- Mr. Longshank—Oh, no, there are some violets with long stems.



Jim Reproving the Truckdriver.



DOWN WENT M'GINTY.



TEXAS SIFTINGS is in favor of giving every veteran of the Union armies, who needs government support, a sufficient pension to make him comfortable for life. The present pensions are, in deserving cases, altogether too small. No dependent pensioner can live in comfort on from \$6 to \$12 a month. For the old soldiers who saved the Union double these amounts would not be too much. The country can well afford to deal generously with those who preserved its integrity, and generosity towards them is only justice. But the veterans themselves should be the first to guard the National Treasury from the deadbeats who are looting it in their names. They should face the facts that, although the War has been over for a quarter of a century, the number of pensioners is annually increasing, and that 300,000 new claims have recently been filed and 10,000 a day are coming in to the Pension Bureau. These figures are both preposterous and alarming. This young country now pays in pensions more than all the other countries of the world combined, although some of them have been fighting for hundreds of years. The veterans know—none better—that most of these claims are presented by fellows who were not true soldiers or who are not dependent upon the government. They should appoint a committee to rigidly inspect every claim, so that the dishonorable ones may be weeded out and the genuine ones more promptly paid. Unless this be done, the reaction will come and the taxpayers will regard all pensioners as plunderers. It is the advice of a friend, and is endorsed by every honest soldier.

The suggestion of the World that the completion of the New York Aqueduct should be appropriately celebrated, in October, commends itself to all good citizens, in and out of New York. The metropolis prides itself upon doing big things and making no fuss about them; but this reserve may be carried too far and the modest consciousness of greatness be construed into civic indifference. The aqueduct is the greatest work of its kind that the world has ever seen, and those whose money, skill and energy have completed it, in an unprecedentedly brief period, have a right to be proud of it and to show their pride by adequate ceremonials. New York is such a money-making place, with such a conglomeration of nationalities, such a diversity of interests and such a miserable municipal administration, that people think more of its faults than of its splendid charities, its great public works and its magnificent collegiate and artistic institutions. To celebrate the opening of the Aqueduct, as the World suggests, would call the attention of the whole country to the fact that New York is the metropolis of this continent and the rival of London and Paris. Besides, its citizens have too few celebrations. The Fourth of July has, by general consent, fallen into innocuous desuetude. Decoration Day does not replace it. Labor Day is devoted to sports in the suburbs. We need one day, every year, of speeches, parades, music and fireworks. Aqueduct Day will fill the bill for 1890; and, by 1891, New York will have done something equally stupendous and memorable.

It is proposed to extend the awnings in all busy cities over the roadways of the streets, as well as sidewalks. The experiment is to be tried in London, where people want protection from the rain. If it be tried here, it will be to protect people from the sun. Yankee ingenuity can easily devise a plan by which awnings may be stretched across from the second stories, without interfering with the traffic. The Elevated road platforms already cover several streets, notably the lower part of the Bowery. The expense

would not be great, and the saving in health, comfort and cleanliness would soon more than cover the first outlay. This project is leading up to the double sidewalk scheme which is now occupying the minds of many inventors. But the double sidewalk is a very old idea. Every returning tourist tells us how he saw it in actual operation in Chester, England, where, for many blocks, there is a broad stone pavement on the second story level, and the capacity of each street for shops or stores is thus doubled. But the tourists do not add that this system is not extended to the new part of Chester. It is an ancient idea; but the modern builders do not carry it out. Why not? There must be some good

reason; and before considering any project of the kind, we ought to discover what that reason is and weigh the objections against the advantages.

General Grant, after putting upon paper the various places where he would like to be buried—Galena, St. Louis, New York—tore up the paper and left the selection of his burial place to the Nation and his family, with the sole proviso that, wherever it was, his dear wife should be allowed to rest beside him. New York included this condition in its offer to receive the remains of our greatest General, and Mrs. Grant accepted that offer. There was nothing said, officially, about the erection of a million dollar monument; but it is true that several of our wealthy men did pledge themselves—through Elliott F. Shepard, if I am not mistaken—to build such a memorial. Millionaires talk largely, or allow other people to talk largely for them; but when the cold cash is called for they are not to be found, or are found wanting. Only \$150,000 out of the million have been contributed towards the monument, and the committee in charge have now cut down their estimates to \$500,000—which is very sensible. The resolution before Congress leaves the matter to Mrs. Grant. As Senator Plumb did not include in his resolution the proviso insisted upon by General Grant, and definitely promise that Mrs. Grant should be buried with her husband on Arlington Heights, the action of Congress, one way or the other, will amount to nothing practical, unless the House amends the resolution and sends it back to the Senate. Even then, Mrs. Grant may not wish to be buried in a Soldiers' Cemetery.

A design for General Grant's monument ought not to be difficult. The artists of TEXAS SIFTINGS can readily draw one from the following description. Build a circular Temple of Liberty, one hundred feet in diameter and proportionately high. Surround it with supporting columns, one from each State of the Union, and, preferably, of the marble, stone or granite quarried in each State. On the top of the dome place a statue symbolizing the Union. Let four flights of steps lead to as many entrances, North, South, East and West, and let these steps be guarded by life-size statues of Grant's generals. Here you have a solid, substantial building, indicative of Grant's character and emblematical of Liberty and Union. Inside, place a grand sarcophagus of black, polished marble, like that of Napoleon in the Invalides, at Paris. Stud the interior of the dome with stars—pure gold for the original thirteen, silver for the later States. Let in light and ventilation under the dome. In the spaces between the entrances paint the pictures of Grant's four most famous and decisive victories. The brilliant colors of these pictures will relieve the gloom of the central sarcophagus. All the sculptors and artists of America will compete for the honor of producing the statues and paintings. All the rest is easy work for an architect. Inside and outside, the building will symbolize Grant, and yet its form—that of the Temple of Liberty—will be emblematical of this Republic, and its decorations of the war that purified and preserved the Union. The whole country will contribute towards such a monument, and its cost will not exceed the revised estimates of the committee.

Henry George is about to return to this country, having preached his single-tax theory in Australia, where people have more land than they know what to do with, and where they would have been much more obliged to him if he had come to tell them how to kill off their rabbits or how to shear their sheep more cheaply. During his absence, his theory has been as dead as Julius

Cæsar here; but Julius Cæsar's ghost walked again, at Philippi, and so may the Single-tax. At any rate, Mr. George will arrive with a new idea. He intends to utilize the Salvation Army to propagate his theory. This seems a wild project; but he has confided it seriously to a Herald reporter, who flashed it upon us through the Commercial cable. Mr. George looks with an envious eye upon the military organization of the Salvation Army. He has never been able to organize such a body of believers and hold them together. His 68,000 votes for Mayor of New York melted away, like snow on a rainy day, and Coogan could not purchase 6,800 of them from the Labor leaders. Therefore, Mr. George proposes to join forces with General Booth and stipulate that he will help Booth to convert sinners to religion, if Booth will afterwards help him convert Christians to the single-tax doctrine. General Booth is too shrewd to accept this stipulation and attempt to mix religion and politics. He has his own paper, the War Cry, which suits his purposes better—and, incidentally, makes more money—than the Standard of Henry George. Moreover, he will not welcome a recruit who wants to take command of the whole Army at once and put General Booth into a subordinate position. The scheme is clever enough for a Herald cablegram; but, like the single-tax theory, it will not work practically.

Father Ducey is another of the enthusiasts who desire to make religion the handmaid of politics. He has seen Father McGlynn reduced to the ranks for mingling politics and preaching; but this does not discourage him. On the contrary, it is whispered about, as if upon his authority, that he has induced Archbishop Corrigan to subscribe to the principles—if not to the circulars—of his new Municipal Reform party, which ex-Mayor Grace is watching with the same hungry solicitude that a Jersey darkey bestows upon a watermelon ripening in the sun. If that party amounts to anything, Grace will cut and gobble the watermelon. But all good Catholics, like the men of all other creeds, will view with alarm this formal introduction of priests into politics. They are very doubtful whether Archbishop Corrigan, who has been abroad for several months, knows anything about the Municipal Reform party, and much more doubtful whether he has authorized the use of his name in connection with it. City politics are bad enough, without involving us in a religious war. The accusation of bigotry would kill any faction or party in this country. If Father Ducey has a sincere desire that his party shall succeed, he must keep the Church out of it, or the result will be that the Church will turn him out. Let him look to his own parish fences. They are said to require repairs and whitewashing.

Congress is doing a very unwise and dangerous thing when, in order to get in a blow at a lottery company, it authorizes postmasters to violate the mails and supervise private correspondence. The Bill, as passed by the House, in obedience to a Special Message from the President, makes it a crime for any person to send a letter on business to a lottery manager, and orders postmasters to exclude from the mails letters to and from the lotteries and newspapers containing advertisements of the lotteries. Now, as a letter is sealed and a newspaper pasted in a wrapper, how is the postmaster to know whether the one contains an order for lottery tickets or the other an advertisement of lottery prizes, without opening and reading the letter or the paper? Would this country tolerate such an outrage? If a man writes to his wife, or friend, or customer in New Orleans, must he go to the post-office, ask for the postmaster and say: "Mr. Van Cott, in order that my letter may not be detained and opened, I will now read to you what I have said to my wife about our sick baby, or the invitation to my friend to come on and make us a visit, or the list of prices—not prizes—I am sending to my Louisiana customer"—or words to that effect? Is every postmaster to be required, under penalties, to read every letter and newspaper directed to the States in which lotteries are legal? The Bill is not only unconstitutional but absurd; and, if it becomes a law, it will be promptly relegated to the Dead Letter office.

THE RINGMASTER.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Wife—What is the difference between the words induced and compelled?

Husband—There is a great deal of difference. For instance, a man who is induced to marry a woman is compelled to live with her afterwards.

MANUFACTURERS of feather beds rarely rent them out—they don't like to "let" down.

The Kaintuck Lament



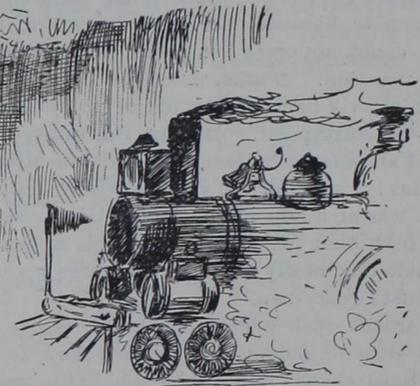
"I've waded in that little creek, an' fished fur minners thar."

Thar stood the woods, an' pawpaws growed,
an' possums uster hide.

The boys as uster play with me, when I was
but a kid,
Has all turned gray—cep' them that's bald—
an' some the ground has hid;
An' stid er jeans, an' home'ade socks, an' all
the like er that,
Sto' close is all the go, mer son—them an'
the bee-gum hat.

The sasser ain't no longer used to po' yo'
coffee in,
An' eatin' with yo' knife has grow'd to be a
mortal sin;
An' whut is wuss than all the rest, an'
seems to me mos' quar'.
Cocktails, an' sick like truck as that, has
knocked out hisky clar.

These things is much too much for me. It's
broke my heart in two;
It's ru'nous to the country, an' it ain't er
go'neter do;
I'm goin' back—you hear me shout—clean
back to Washin'tun;
I want er find Old Skookumchuck,* an' stay
thar, too, mer sor.



"It cut clean thro' the hill
fur railroad cars
to pass."

I uster live in old Kaintuck some forty year
ago,
An' come back here again, to stop, a week
er two, er mo',
But now I'm goin' back out west, an' stay
thar too, my son,
Kase I don't like the changes that the times
has gone an' done.

Thar useter be a little crick a runnin' 'neath
this hill,
An' furdur down thar uster stan' a mon-
st'ous fine old mill;
I've waded in that little crick, an' fished fur
minners thar,
An' watched the mus'rats divin' in the
water fresh an' clar.

I uster ride a grist to mill—a sack er Injun
cawn—
Jis many a time, in them old days, so long
'fo' you was bawn;
An' me an' all the yuther boys—in winter
time, you know—
Was parchin' cawn, an' swappin' lies ontell
we had to go.

That little crick has gone plum' dry, the mill
is all to' down,
An' blamed ef they ain't tuck the spot to
build er onry town!
An' whar the big-road uster run thar's
growin' weeds an' grass,
An' thar's a cut, clean thro' the hill, fur rail-
road kyars to pass.

Them shell-bark hick'ry trees is gone, whar
me an' yo' Aunt Sue,
Has gether'd nuts, so many falls, when we
was size er you;
An' over yan, whar houses stan', along the
south hill side



"I uster ride a grist to mill."



"Has all turned grey—cep them that's
bald—and some the ground
has hid."



"was parchin' cawn"



"Cocktails, an' such like truck as that, has
knocked out whiskey clar."

The North

TACOMA, Wash., 1890.
* The name of a river in the State of
Washington.

WILL. VISSCHER.

BALFOUR'S BABY.

BY A. S. DUANE.

I.



TEN years ago I graduated at Mrs. Gould's fashionable boarding school in Cincinnati, and as father was building a railroad in Japan and hardly knew what to do with me, I went down to Blue Lick Springs, in Kentucky, to spend the summer with Mrs. Harley Moore as my chaperon. Of course father did not know that Mrs. Harley Moore was Kitty Banks, who had

graduated the year before and was married off as soon as possible, because the family knew that her feather head could not carry her safely through the whirlpool of a "season." Father knew Mr. Harley Moore, the quiet, elderly banker, and, of course, thought he had a wife to correspond. But in this topsy-turvy world Cupid attends to the assorting and lets Minerva frown.

Alas! I sigh for the vanished joys of that summer.

It was at a hop in the height of the season (never very high) that Jack Allen put in his appearance, with the halo of a newly made naval officer upon him. He was just twenty-two.

I wasn't such a pretty girl, but father sent me a great deal of money, and I knew how to dress, and men have always found some magnet in my gray eyes. And then they are very much like sheep; they all run after one girl, and I have often happened to be the girl. My card was full when the Lexington party to which Jack belonged came in, but I mentally threw over a half-dozen of the country beaux as I saw his high blond head come in at the ballroom door.

Twenty minutes later we were dancing the Ripple in the most exaggerated style, while the party to whom the dance belonged stood in a corner and looked as though nothing short of a vendetta could heal his wounded "honah."

This was the beginning. Jack sent back to Lexington for his wardrobe, and my tendency to flirt was gone. We settled down into the staidest pair of engaged lovers that ever wandered over the Blue Lick hills.

I suppose I should have married Jack that fall, and that would have been the end of everything—only father concluded to come home from Japan and break it all up.

Jack was "too young." I was "too young." I was "his only child, and he was hardly acquainted with me. Let Jack go on one cruise, and if we were still in love with each other we might marry then." So we said a tender good-by—a very tender good-by—with tears and kisses and embraces, and embraces and kisses and tears, and then Jack was gone. And father started to South America as a preliminary to becoming "acquainted with his only child."

I went to Aunt Martha Patterson, New York, and had a lovely time.

But I never forgot Jack. We were to write to each other every day—a sort of journal letter—mailed so that we could exchange every port they made. Of course the "every day" soon came to be something of a fiction, but for the first year there were burning sentences enough penned to have scorched the paper they were written upon. After that, in some way, I could not find interesting topics to write about. It seemed cruel to tell him of the gay time I was having; of gormans and teas and receptions and plays where I was the gayest of the gay. Besides it didn't sound consistent to tell him this in fourteen pages, and then take up the fifteenth in assurances that I was pining for his return. I did want to see him, but I will not deny that when I thought of his love-making it did sound rather crude by the side of some of the polished sentences that

I heard these days. In some way I seemed to have grown beyond poor old Jack. He seemed very young and boyish as I thought of him.

It was the second year of his cruise that father sent for Aunt Martha and me to join him in South America. He wanted us to see the "glorious country."

As our steamer came into the harbor at Valparaiso there was a great ship just steaming out, the stars and stripes waving gallantly from her mast.

"Miss Blair, Miss Blair!" the captain said, excitedly, "there goes the Venus, one of our own men-of-war."

It was Jack's ship! It had been suddenly ordered home, for some reason that I never knew, and I was not there to see my boy. He was gone again by the time Aunt Martha and I got back to New York, for I received no answer to my letters of explanation, and I concluded that Jack had forgotten me, and father took us to Japan and so around the world. It was the spring of '84 that saw us in New York again, and I hadn't heard from Jack in all that time.

Really, it was only when I came home from balls in the early morning, and the plaintive notes of the last waltz would resound in my ears, that I ever thought of him.

We had rushed through sight seeing, and had a gay season in Paris and another in London and a winter at Nice and Monte Carlo. I had picked up enough of half-a-dozen languages to look sweetly conscious when men whispered them into my ears. Father was rich, as everybody knew, but a foreign title did not dazzle me. We had a fine social position at home, and there was no necessity of one abroad—and I was having too good a time to marry on general principles.

Aunt Martha took a house at Newport for the season, and we looked about us. People seemed very glad to see me back. I suppose if I had stayed in New York I should have been *passé* by that time; but I had the novelty of a bud with none of her uncertainty of development.

It was that summer that Jim McNabe came on the scene. He was (he is yet) a tall, dark, thin, distinguished-looking man, who had done a few noteworthy deeds, laid claim to nothing, and was consequently given credit for everything. I suppose I should have married him; he was only awaiting my father's return from the north to ask, and I was only waiting to say yes, when Mrs. Steven-Parans gave her fancy dress dance, and my fate was sealed.

It was late in the evening, and I was sitting in one corner of a cool little corner room, between the windows that were blocked with men in pink coats and all the other regulation undress costumes which do duty at these balls. I had on a pretty Frou-Frou costume, and was as happy as possible. There was a little stir around me, and I looked up to see Mrs. Parans bearing down upon us on the arm of a naval officer. He was in full uniform, and his grand blond beauty dwarfed every man in the room.

I gave him one look, and then I did something I have never done since. I blushed to my eyes.

It was Jack.

"Have you been introduced to Miss Blair, Mr. Allen?" I heard Mrs. Parans say. I was all ready for the hand-clasp that would bring us together again.

"But I hope to have the pleasure," he said, and half drawing myself back, we bowed like formal, newly-made acquaintances.

"I cannot leave him to join your worshipers, Mamie," Mrs. Parans said, playfully. "I am taking him for a farewell tour of the rooms. His ship goes out with the tide."

I had taken no sort of interest in the man-of-war that had come in two days before. I only thought of Jack in connection with the Venus. But that sight of him brought back all the old love that had been lying dormant those five years.

I went home that night and cried my eyes out. He must remember. He could not have forgotten. He must come back. I would wait a thousand years.

I refused Mr. McNabe the next week, and told him all, and we have been friends ever since. He told me to write to Jack, but I couldn't—with the letter I had written from South America still unanswered, and his coolness on the night of the dance.

"He still loves you or he would have recognized you," Jim said shrewdly, and I believed it.

But he was gone two years, and then he went to Europe during his long leave, and then he had volunteered for some service in Alaska, and I had lost sight of him altogether. I was twenty-eight and life was beginning to be stale. Aunt Martha was getting too stout and cross to go about as she used, and I must have an establishment of my own, or retire to a coun-

try place or "go in" for charities, or take to boys and sharpen off into the typical old maid.

* * * * *

Jim McNabe came across the room with a charming looking man about forty-five, with a snow white French beard and thick white hair in a bang above his black eyes.

"I am going to take the liberty of introducing two of my dearest friends to each other—Mr. Balfour, Miss Blair."

"Mr. Balfour, I discovered, was that charming creature, a true cosmopolitan.

As he began talking to me in his sweet caressing voice, I thought how delightful it would have been had father been like that, instead of the gray, silent man he was. And then I forgot to think of him in any other capacity than his own.

He was a widower, I discovered, whose wife, a Californian, had died twelve years ago. He had one daughter, whom he always spoke of as "my baby." I imagined from the way he spoke that his wife had died at his daughter's birth. She was with her relatives in San Francisco now, and he hoped to have her "home" (with him) by May.

Have you ever gone on from day to day feeling that the sands of life were rapidly running out? That you had fewer and fewer interests, and that nothing ever could give you a new impulse? And then have you had some event, or some person, come along and start everything anew for you?

This is what Mr. Balfour did for me.

I asked him to come some Tuesday and take a cup of tea with Aunt Martha and me, and I put on one of my prettiest gowns and felt a decided heart-throb of interest as he came into our pretty parlor the week after. Aunt Martha's crossness was turned to sweetest honey by his continued presence after that. I had always been sure that half of her incapacity for going out was acute mortification at having chaperoned a girl who persistently refused to fulfill the natural destiny of a belle and make a brilliant marriage. It looked at last as though her hopes were to be realized. Mr. Balfour was a millionaire who had not only inherited name and money, but had added to both. He was distinguished in every sense of the word. An American of the best type.

And he was in earnest. At parties, when I went off to dance (and I danced oftener than I had lately—there was a difference in dancing attendance on the future Mrs. Balfour, who would be good for unlimited entertainments, and a slightly *passé* belle), he sat by Aunt Martha and told her how his "Baby" needed the directing care of a thorough society woman; and then he paid me compliments.

He had never said in so many words, "Will you marry me?" After all, men seldom do. He had given Aunt Martha, in the most delicate way, an understanding of his hopes, and she had given him the assurance that he need have no fears.

II.

And I believed myself a little in love with him. I say now, there never was a sweeter, truer, more courtly gentleman than Asa Balfour.

Mr. Balfour approached me with the air of an accepted lover. He did not tell me that he adored me; that life would be empty without me. He expressed his gratitude for my regard and confidence, and my great kindness in being a guide and director to his "Baby." And then he kissed me and pressed my hand, and we began talking about the new play at the Madison Square. The next day he sent me a case of jewels that would have made any woman love him. Our engagement was not to be announced until after Easter. His daughter would come East at once as soon as he could go out to San Francisco and bring her.

He wrote me that she was most anxious to see me, and delighted at the prospect of his marriage. He said he thought it rather queer, but supposed we should find some reason for it in her "little head." She was most anxious to go at once to Old Point Comfort to stay until after Lent was over, and he begged me to take Aunt Martha and meet them there. I demurred at first. It seemed to me that he ought to have brought her to me and let me make the plans. But Aunt Martha was charmed with the suggestion of Old Point, where dozens of her friends were already staying, and I telegraphed an affirmative to the request.

We reached there on Saturday, and on Sunday evening Mr. Balfour and his little girl were to arrive. I made my face all kind, gracious smiles to reassure the

For Sleeplessness

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

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.

child, and we waited for them to go down to supper with us. But they did not put in an appearance, and after the freshness was off the fire, Aunt Martha and I went rather crossly into the dining-room.

It was about nine o'clock that Mr. Balfour came into our private parlor to see us. He apologized profusely for the delay, but "Baby" was ill from her long journey. He had had supper with her (there is no late dinner at the Hygeia) and she had gone to bed.

"Is there anything I can do for her?" I asked, dutifully.

"Nothing, thanks. Her old nurse is with her. I think she will be out in the morning."

But she was not; and she would not allow me to come in to see her.

"I am afraid you are going to have trouble with that child," Aunt Martha said. "She seems like an obstinate piece."

"I shall change all that," I said firmly.

It was after supper on Monday that Mr. Balfour told us that he would be very glad to have us come into his private parlor and meet his daughter. "She would have come to see you," he said, "but she is still unrecovered from her fatigue."

The room was empty as he ushered us in, but a curtain before one of the doors was lifted as I turned to look for the child, and—well—my breath was literally taken away. A regular young Juno stood there, her queenly head of red-gold hair fully six inches above mine. She had on a negligé dress of white silk and lace, with sleeves that fell back from her perfect arms. She smiled bewitchingly in my face, and came forward with all the self-possession possible and took my hands and kissed me on both cheeks.

"I am so glad dear old papa is going to have some one to look after him at last."

And was that my mission? To "look after dear old papa?" She must have been fully twenty-two years old, and I felt that she had held a scepter where I had held a fan. If she had in truth been my daughter I should have worshiped her, but the thought of deliberately electing to play second fiddle to this glorious creature was almost too much for me. I drew back aghast at the thought of the social heights, to which I should be obliged to follow her. My virtuous and sentimental little thoughts of sweet step-motherhood were trivial and silly.

She was a sweet-voiced creature, and if I had met her under any other circumstances she would have completely fascinated me.

"You and papa are not going to be annoyed with me very long. I asked him to let me tell you," and she gave her father a sweet glance. "I am waiting for my sailor boy here now. The Aglae is due to-morrow. I want you to see him, Miss Blair."

But there was a horrible, suffocating feeling came over me. It only needed this. The Aglae was Jack's ship nowadays. I knew it. I felt it. Jack—my Jack—was her "sailor boy!"

I went to my room presently and walked the floor, wringing my hands for hours. The sun was coming up over the eastern shore when I at last took a heavy dose of antipyrine and went shivering and sobbing to bed.

It was late in the morning when I awoke. There were voices—voices I recognized—just outside my window. Aunt Martha and I always had the same rooms at the Hygeia—on the ground floor on the bay side. I crept out of bed and peered around a corner of the blind. My heart gave a throb and then seemed to stand still forever. There, laughing

and talking happily together, was Bebe (her name was Bebe) Balfour and Jack Allen. I had felt certain of it the night before, but a mental certainty can never give you the crushing despair of a known fact.

* * * * *

"Go out somewhere, auntie, won't you? I want to see him alone."

"Of course, my dear," she said, smiling.

My heart almost misgave me as I saw Mr. Balfour coming toward me. He took my hands and would have drawn me to him, but I drew away.

"Wait," I said. "I have something to tell you."

He looked at me in a puzzled way.

"I must tell you, Mr. Balfour," I said, "that everything must be at an end between us. I cannot marry you."

"My dearest girl, what can you mean?" And then, noticing my agitation, he drew me to the sofa, and putting his arms around me, said, soothingly: "Tell me all about it."

His tenderness was too much for me, and I did not tell him all—but enough.

That I loved—had always loved—the affianced husband of his daughter. That I had thought the affection dead until I heard of him last night and had a glimpse of his face this morning. I could not, and would not, go into the family with him.

Mr. Balfour pleaded as only a man of his magnetism and determined character can plead. He told me then how dearly he loved me; of the hopes my promises had given rise to; of the desolation that would be his without me. His daughter was going. He knew he could make me happy.

I told him that the office was his or nobody's—but it was nobody's. I could never be happy again.

I knew that father and Aunt Martha would be bitterly disappointed, but I meant to go into a sisterhood, or go as a nurse in the war. My idea of war and its whereabouts was vague, but I meant to give myself up to some sort of self-sacrifice.

I left Mr. Balfour at last, and, putting on my hat and jacket, went for a walk up the beach. The sun had been hidden by a slight mist, and the wind blew damp and chill. I walked up the beach to the fortress wall and then climbed the steps to the top. There was a sheltered nook there and I sat down on the stones and looked off over the bay, feeling that the bitterness was given as a kindness to my wounded feeling and misery.

There was a step beside me, but I did not turn, and then I heard Jack's voice—the voice I had not heard but once for ten long years—say: "Won't you speak to me, Mamie?"

I turned and looked at him and my misery must have been in my face.

He sat down.

"Mamie," he said, "Miss Balfour tells me that you are going to marry her father. I can't believe that you are going to throw your young life away like that."

(There was comfort in the thought that I was still "young" to Jack.)

"What is it to you?" I said bitterly. "You can certainly allow me to make the most of my life while you are happy with—my step-daughter."

I did not mean that he should have any idea that I had broken with Bebe's father upon his account.

"What do you mean by my 'being happy with your step-daughter?'"

His intonation was even worse than mine had been.

A wild thought, that was hardly a hope, went through my brain. We were staring in each other's faces.

"What do you mean?" he said.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

Senator JAMES F. PIERCE, of New York, writes:

"For the past two years I have suffered very much from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia. I have resorted to various remedial agents, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mine suggested the trial of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Following the suggestion, I have been using the same with the happiest effects. To those similarly afflicted let me suggest the manner of their use. I place one over my stomach, one over the hepatic region, and one on my back. The effect was excellent, and from the day I commenced their use I have been slowly but surely improving, and I am quite confident that by their continuance, with careful regimen, I shall again be restored to my accustomed health."

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

"Aren't you"—it seemed so unnecessary I could hardly go on—"going to marry Bebe Balfour?"

"No, I am not. She is going to marry Lieut. Walsh, who is with her now. Even if she were not I cannot forget as a woman can."

"Jack," I said unsteadily, "did you ever get a letter I wrote you from South America?"

"I did not. Why did you go to South America, if not to be rid of me?"

"Oh, Jack!" I said. "Oh, Jack!"

There was so much to explain I couldn't begin it then, because I was sobbing as though I had to melt away the worldly hardness of ten long years, and my head was on Jack's shoulder.

* * * * *

I think even Aunt Martha is reconciled to Jack now. Father seemed to be delighted at my joy. I know Mr. Balfour thinks me fickle and heartless to have broken with him because I loved his son-in-law and then to have married some one else within two months, but I never had an opportunity to explain.—Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

Found at Last.

Housekeeper (to pleasant-faced girl at employment agency)—"Have you any objections to the country?"

Girl (politely)—"None at all, madam."

Housekeeper—"I have quite a large family."

Girl—"The more the merrier."

Housekeeper—"Seven children, two of them quite young."

Girl—"I love little children."

Housekeeper—"It will be necessary for you to bake bread, wash, and get the meals. I attend to the pastry and chamber work myself."

Girl—"I will also make the pastry and do the rest, if you will allow me."

Housekeeper—"I cannot give you more than three afternoons off."

Girl—"Two will be sufficient, perhaps more than I will want, as my plan is to give strict attention to my household duties and thus get the work done up promptly every day, so as to have plenty of opportunities to rest between times."

Housekeeper—"I am delighted—"

Stranger (suddenly entering)—"Sorry to interrupt you, madam, but you are conversing with one of my patients who has just escaped from the Hopelessly Incurable Lunatic Asylum."—New York Weekly.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

An Unkind Question.

"See that notch on my finger nail?" said one gentleman of leisure occupying a seat in the City Hall Park to another equally tranquil person

"Yep."

"Well, I made that when I borrowed the last V. It's the only way I kin remember. When I borrow a V I cut a notch close down at the bottom of my finger nail, and when the notch grows up to the top I pay up."

"Yep."

"An' don't that allow me time to consider? Don't it show me about when it's a goin' to come due? An' ain't I always got it before me? It's better'n any memorandum book, ain't it?"

"Yep, only—"

"Only what?"

"When ther notch gets to the top, does yer allus pay up?"

There was a moment's silence and then, with a scathing look of indignation, the first gentleman of leisure arose, put his digital memorandum book in the remnant of a pocket, and with cold contempt spread upon his countenance, strolled away.—New York Times.

Griswold's Lectures.

A. Miner Griswold, the famous "Fat Contributor," one of the best humorous lecturers on the platform, and one of the best fellows on earth, has been engaged for a course of thirty lectures by the Slayton Lyceum Bureau. He has a new lecture, which he claims is even better than his "Tour Around the World," and that is the funniest lecture I ever heard. Griswold is unique among platform entertainers. He takes the audience into his confidence, chats with them naturally and easily, and keeps them in a roar of laughter all the time.—Allan Forman, in the New York Journalist.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of the chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

A Modest Author.

Miss Reader—"Your 'Outing' article in the Midsummer Monthly is delightfully breezy."

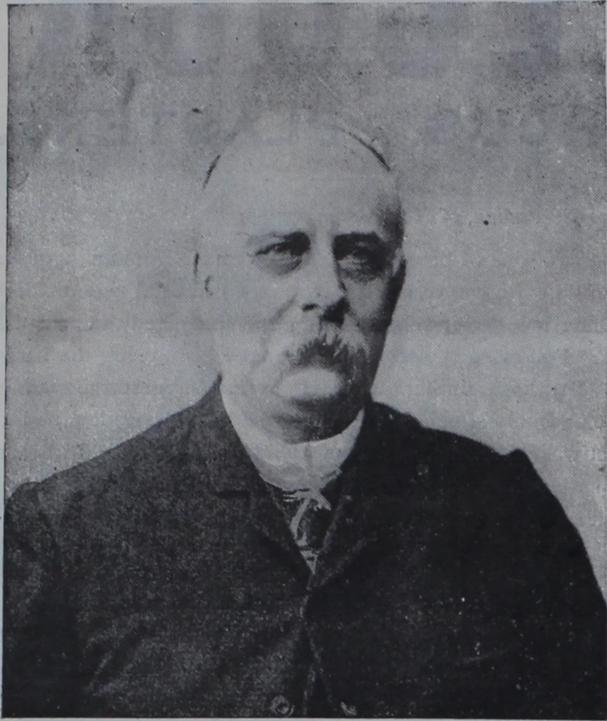
Author—"It ought to be. It was written last March."—Good News.

Falling of the hair is the result of inaction of the glands or roots of the hair, or a morbid state of the scalp, which may be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer.

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. WILLIAM B. ROSE, HARRISBURG, PA.

MEMBER PENNSYLVANIA HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Why They Would Keep Her.

A little girl friend of ours attended, the other day, in company with a great aunt of eighty-four, the funeral of an old lady in her 104th year. On the way home the great aunt remarked:

"Well, I shouldn't want to live to that age."

"Why not, aunty?" asked the child.

"Oh, for a number of reasons, the principal one of which is that I haven't any children to take care of me as that old lady had."

"But you have nieces and nephews and grandnieces and grandnephews," said Nellie.

"Yes, I know that, but they wouldn't care to keep me if I lived as long as that."

"Yes they would, too," declared Nellie, "I'm sure of it. They'd keep you for a curiosity."—Detroit Free Press.

LUCKY MRS. HOWARTH.

She Tells a Reporter How She Got Her Big Prize.

"Yes, I got my \$15,000 Wednesday," said Mrs. Jane Howarth of 401 Central avenue, Kearney, to a Journal reporter who went to see her about the matter this morning.

Mrs. Howarth, who is a bright, pleasant faced woman, then told the whole story of the affair as follows:

"I have been purchasing tickets and parts of tickets in The Louisiana State Lottery for the past year. On July 8 I bought one-twentieth of ticket No. 92,561, paying one dollar for it. Of course as I did not expect to get much out of it, I did not fret much, but I had interest enough in the matter to make me keep my eyes open for the returns from the drawings. On July 15, however, you may believe I was made happy by the receipt of a notice informing me that I had won one-twentieth of the capital prize of \$300,000. I then went to New York with my husband and placed my ticket in the hands of the agent of the Adams Express Company for collection, and on Wednesday, as I said before, I got my money and now have it placed away in a safe place."

"Did you ever win anything before?" queried the reporter.

"Yes, only last Christmas, I won an approximate prize of \$5, and at other times small sums."

"I believe that the lottery is conducted fairly, for, if it was not, why should I get such a large sum of money for so little. They knew nothing about me or mine."

Since Mrs. Howarth's good luck has become known she and her family have become very popular with their neighbors, although some of them envy her good luck.—Newark (N. J.) Journal, August 1.

New York Siftings.

The Manhattan Club will move into the Stewart Mansion Sept. 1.

John Swinton sailed for New York on the 23d inst., on the Nevada. His health is much improved.

The Chauncey Depew of the H. T. C. is N. A. Chidney, whom he closely resembles in appearance.

A. T. Decker, treasurer of the H. T. C., looks like an admiral of the navy in the handsome uniform of the club.

Louis K. Fries and L. L. Frost are not cold men, although their names are rather icy. They just Fries to each other.

The name of the Chief Engineer of the New York Water Works is Fteley. He is ftenacious of purpose and his work is felling.

Manager E. G. Gilmore believes that John L. Sullivan will make a great hit on the stage. He will if anybody gets in his way.

"Uncle Sammy" Mott is the oldest living member of the Hoboken Turtle Club. He bears his years well and is cheerful as the youngest.

The fifty-ninth exhibition of the American Institute opens Oct. 1 and closes Nov. 29. Charles Wager Hull is the general superintendent; office at No. 113 West Thirty-eighth street.

C. B. Decker, of 140 Sixth avenue, is the boss baker of his quarter of the city. He is Vice-President of the Hoboken Turtle Club, and he has a bright little boy who may be President some day.

Joshua Gregg, "the blond carpet man" of Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, is just returned from Europe. "My little brother," as Robert Gregg calls him, visited "the ould sod," where he was born.

Wm. G. McLaughlin has issued the one hundredth number of his spicy truth-teller, The Metropolis, and the journal bears every evidence of prosperity. It is published every Monday morning at \$3 a year.

Charles G. West, secretary of the Hoboken Turtle Club, being in the steamship business, assists the club in navigating any dangerous reefs and shoals. L. H. Cargill, assistant secretary, is a gentle-

man very *distingue* in appearance, to whom gray hair is very becoming.

McSwyny, President of the 4,000 club, has two places at 240 Broadway. On one side he strengthens the understandings of men with boots and shoes, on the other he brightens their wits with choice beverages.

The Harlem Bowling Club went on a steamboat excursion on the 20th inst. and enjoyed a clam bake with the usual trimmings. Col. James E. Rogers, dignified yet genial, was a marked figure of the occasion.

John Harper has succeeded his respected father, Joseph Abner Harper, in the management of the great publishing house, Harper & Brothers, the former having retired after long and faithful years of service.

Chas. D. Shepard, proprietor of the White Elephant, 1241 Broadway, who sold his beautiful house and grounds at Larchmont to the Hoboken Turtle Club, rarely fails to be at a dinner of the club, of which he is an active member. He wears the uniform gallantly. J. Rockwell Fay, the club's president, is a member of the Stock Exchange and a prince of good fellows.

His Baby Friends.

"Every day as I come down-town," said a bachelor club man, "there is a certain dooryard I look into, or rather used to—I don't now. The two prettiest children I ever saw in my life, I think, lived there. Little things they were. Georgie was about four years old—fat pudgy little rascal he was. Margery was just a step higher than he. It was funny to see the motherly ways she had. I used to see them playing keep house, and it was always Margery who would 'p'tend' she was the mamma. Well, sir, it used to do my bachelor heart good to see them. I remember how I learned their names. It was just as I was passing by when the front door opened and sweet-faced woman called out: 'Georgie! Margery! come in now and let mamma fix you up and we'll go visit grandma.'

"In a minute. Dis as soon's we dit iss pie fixed."

"Well, it got so that they came to know me, and they used to strike me for cigarette pictures regularly. I used to look forward to meeting them every day. Maybe you know how hungry a man gets for a little of the simplicity of child life now and again. It was just about the latter part of April I was called away to be gone about two weeks. If you remember, diphtheria was raging then, and many a 'little white hearse' went glimmering by."

"The first day after I returned you may be sure I looked at the cottage where I had so often seen the little children playing. It was silent now. The blinds were closed. There was none of the ringing laughter and nobody shouting:

RHEUMATISM
NOT TEMPORARILY
RELIEVED BUT
PERMANENTLY
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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.

'Dit off; de tars is 'topped.' My baby friends were gone."

"Dead?" asked somebody, breaking the hush.

"No; moved away."—Chicago Herald.

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The **GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.**

BEECHAM'S PILLS.
THIS WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR ALL
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TO WHICH
MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN
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Long pre-eminent for their health-restoring and life-giving properties, **BEECHAM'S PILLS** have an unprecedented demand and the Largest Sale of any Patent Medicine in the world. **PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.**

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SEASON 1890-91



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("FAT CONTRIBUTOR")

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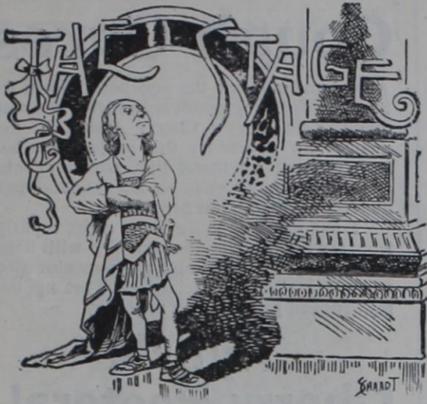
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Chicago.

They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The fourth year of Denmark Thompson and the Old Homestead will begin at the Academy of Music Oct. 6, with the entire original company.

There will be a special matinee on Labor Day, Monday, Sept. 1, at the Academy of Music, when the celebrated Hanlon-Volter and Martinetti Company will appear.

Large audiences come to Daly's every night to laugh at and with that drollest of droll comedians, Sol Smith Russell, in his new comedy (by Boucicault) entitled A Tale of a Coat.

Splendid company, sparkling music, catchy songs, exquisite dancing are the rule at Tony Pastor's theatre nightly. Tony engaged the best talent to be had in Europe while he was abroad, and continual novelties may be confidently expected.

The burlesque Hendrik Hudson, or the Discovery of Columbus, with Fay Templeton as the bright but not very particular star, is in the full tide of prosperity at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and Manager Rosenquest may congratulate himself on an assured attraction. The house is crowded nightly.

A merry man is Francis Wilson, and merrier still in The Merry Monarch, now on the boards at the Broadway Theatre. Wilson has the creative genius, and if the author gives him anything at all to build on he is bound to develop a very funny character, only give him time. The indications are that the comedy will have a good run.

Manager Gilmore hasn't made any mistake in restoring to the stage at Niblo's the amusing and entertaining spectacle, Kajanka, for it is running to crowded houses. Burlesque of this order will never fade. The clown with his chalky face and red lips will never die, and the mock terrors of Pantaloon will never fail to make the groundlings laugh, and the uplings, too, for that matter. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays.

On Labor Day (matinee), Monday, Sept. 1, John L. Sullivan, the world-renowned champion pugilist, will make his first appearance at Niblo's in a play written expressly for him by Duncan Harrison, entitled Honest Hearts and Willing Hands. Although John has been a little eccentric in his conduct at times, yet we believe that he has an honest heart, and every man who has ever stood up before him in the ring is ready to testify that he has willing hands. His part in the play is that of a blacksmith. His support will number many well-known players.

Next week there will open at the Academy of Music a most wonderful company of Liliputians from Berlin, whose performances have astonished the great capitals, and caused crowned heads to remove their crowns so as not to joggle them off in laughing. The troupe is a very large one, and great novelties may be expected. This organization, known as The Liliputian Operatic and Burlesque Company, numbers 100 people. The "Midgets" are remarkable for their proficiency in dramatic work.

The tallest of the company is less than four and the smallest but three feet in height, the youngest being twenty-eight and the oldest over fifty. They open at Niblo's Sept. 15.

Not Consummated.

During several seasons young Parks had been a constant visitor at the house of Abemleich Morrison. Sunday after Sunday the young fellow would come, and after sitting nearly all day, stealing glances at Sookey, old Abemleich's daughter, he would go home. He was so bashful that when the time came for his departure, he would glide out the door, jump over the fence and run like a jack-rabbit. Last Sunday he took his place as usual.

"Sam," said old Abemleich, "whut's your daddy doin'?"

"Makin' uv a steer yoke, uh, huh, huh!"

"Whut's Lige doin'?"

"Ain't doin' nothin'. Dun gone to meetin' with a gal, uh, huh, huh!"

"Whut's your mother doin'?"

"Got sorter behind on her quilt an' is a-cardin' of her bats to-day."

"Made your plant bed yit?"

"We've made one uv them, but we ain't made the big one whut we 'lowed to make."

"Sam?"

"Yas, sar."

"Whut's the usen actin' sich a blame fool. You love Sook?"

"No, I don't, uh, huh, huh!"

"Yes, you do."

"I don't, nuther."

"Yes, you do, an' you want marry her."

"I don't, now, no such uv a thing, uh, huh, huh!"

"Yes, you do."

"Would you give her to me ef I wuz ter want marry her?"

"Yes, you may have her. Come here, Sook," calling the girl.

"Whut do you want, dad?" she said, entering the room.

"Hold on, Sam. Come back, you blame fool!"

Sam had jumped over the fence and was running like a jack-rabbit. Old Abemleich says that the marriage may take place as soon as Sam "ken be hemmed up an' fotch to the house."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Mr. Beecham, the famous pill maker, evidently puts a high value on the Press as an advertising medium, and in doing so he of course is guided by a valuable experience. Recently he entertained the Liverpool district of the Institute of Journalists to a luncheon in his house at St. Helens, when he laid some remarkable figures before them. Last year he spent £95,000 in advertising his pills, and of this sum no less than £85,000 had gone to the newspapers. Next year he intends to surpass even this by spending £100,000 in advertising. Mr. Beecham may be a philanthropist, but, even so, he scarcely would spend such a vast sum if he found it did not pay.

A New Minstrel Joke.

"And where did you go lass night, Brudder Bones?"

"Me? I went to bed. Whar djoo go ter, Brudder Tambo?"

"I went to sleep."

"Brother Hackensack will now sing 'Mother Laughed Her Front Teeth Loose.'" said the Middle-man.—The Epoch.

New and Elegant Train Service.

The train service on the New York Central is being constantly improved. Never before in the history of the Company were there so many fine trains being run on this line, and the business is steadily increasing. Last year, the Company carried over 18,000,000 passengers, and it is expected this year the number will be considerably larger.

If Little Babies

Could Write

WHAT a host of grateful letters the proprietors of the CUTICURA REMEDIES would receive. How their little hearts would overflow in ink. They know what they have suffered from itching and burning eczemas and other itching, scaly, blotchy, and pimply skin and scalp diseases before the **Cuticura Remedies** were applied. Parents, are you doing right by your little ones to delay a moment longer the use of these great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies?



Everything about the **Cuticura Remedies** invites the confidence of parents. They are absolutely pure, and may be used on the youngest infants. They are agreeable to the most sensitive. They afford instant relief in the severest forms of agonizing, itching, and burning skin and scalp diseases, and are by far the most economical (because so speedy) of all similar remedies. There can be no doubt that they daily perform more great cures than all other skin and blood remedies combined. Mothers and children are among their warmest friends. *Summer, when the pores open freely, is the best time to cure skin diseases.*

"ALL ABOUT THE SKIN" mailed free to any address, 64 pages, 300 Diseases, 50 Illustrations, 100 Testimonials. A book of priceless value to mothers, affording information not obtainable elsewhere. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, an Exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the greatest of Blood Purifiers and Humor Remedies, \$1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS., U. S. A.

Pimples, Blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin and hands, and simple humors and blemishes of infants and children prevented and cured by that greatest of all Skin Purifiers and Beautifiers, the celebrated **Cuticura Soap**. For the prevention of tan, freckles, and sunburn, and for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, **Cuticura Soap** is incomparably superior to all so-called skin and complexion soaps. Sale greater than the combined sale of all other skin soaps.

A Prediction Fulfilled.

Truth, of New York, noticed last year the energy and enterprise of F. A. Burrelle, general manager of the Bureau of Press Clippings, of Chicago, and predicted that Mr. Burrelle, who is a typical Chicagoan, would eventually have branch offices in all parts of the world. The prediction has been fulfilled, for the bureau announces that it has branches at New York, Washington, London, Paris and Berlin, and is in search of other fields to cover. The growth of the business of press clippings, started in room 2, Times building, Chicago, has been little short of the marvelous. Mr. Burrelle states that their gross business for 1890 is expected to show a total of at least fifty thousand dollars.—Chicago Times.

Startling Discovery.

The discovery by the inhabitants of a locality hitherto unvisited by the pestilential scourge of fever and ague, that it exists in their very midst, is decidedly startling. Such discoveries are made at every season, in every part of the Union. Subsequently, when it is ascertained, as it invariably is at such times, through the valuable experience of some one who has been benefited and cured, that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a thoroughly efficacious eradicator of the malarial poison, and a means of fortifying the system against it, a feeling of more security and tranquility reigns throughout the whole neighborhood. Besides the febrile forms of malarial disease, dumb ague and ague cake are removed by the potent action of the Bitters, to which science also gives its sanction as a remedy for rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, debility, kidney troubles, and all diseases impairing the organs of digestion and assimilation.

Mean Enough.

First Knight of Pythias—"Yes, sir; ours is a noble order—the grandest in the world."

Second K. of P.—"Yes, sir; each member is willing to give up everything—life, if need be—for his friends and brothers. There goes Brother Small. He's a pretty mean specimen, ain't he?"

First K. of P.—"Mean? I should say so. I went to lodge meeting with him t'other night, and darned if he didn't let me pay car-fare both ways."—America.

EDUCATIONAL.

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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

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



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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.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The current issue of Harper's Weekly contains among other attractions, a portrait, with biographical notice, of the late Cardinal Newman; also an account of the National Encampment, at Boston, of the Grand Army of the Republic.

In the September Scribner's R. F. Zogbaum presents the first of his articles on the new United States Navy. Donald G. Mitchell (Ike Marvel) writes most interestingly of The Country House. Thomas Stevens contributes an article on African River and Lake Systems; and Prof. Shaler, of Harvard, describes Nature and Man in America. T. R. Sullivan (author of Day and Night Stories) contributes an amusing love-story entitled "The Clerk of the Weather"—in which a charming elderly bachelor is the hero.

The leading paper in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September is The National Guard of the United States, by Lieutenant A. C. Sharpe, U. S. A. Among the illustrations is a picture of Colonel Daniel Appleton, of the New York Seventh Regiment, mounted. The Great Cotton Belt is described by Wm. Hosea Ballou, with numerous illustrations, among which Cotton Market Day in a Southern Town is particularly truthful and graphic. Lovers of Dante will be particularly interested in the paper on Florence and the Beatrice—Dante Festival, with its admirable views of that old poetic town. There are many other interesting articles, forming a most admirable number.

Things I Hate to See.

BY A MAN OUT WEST.

I hate to see a man always talking about what a happy place heaven is, and doing nothing to make his home resemble it.

I hate to see a man with a suspicious breath boast of his temperance principles.

I hate to see a man continually talking about how much he loves everybody, and never doing anything to help anybody.

I hate to see a prominent church member slipping into a butcher shop to buy something for breakfast on Sunday morning.

I hate to see a man keep two dogs and claim that he is too poor to do anything to help the church along.

I hate to see a bald-headed man selling hair restorative.

I hate to see people overly particular about their clothes, and underly particular about their morals.

I hate to see a man remember everything the clown said twenty years ago, and forget every word the preacher said last Sunday morning.

I hate to see people give all their sweet to the world, and keep all their sour for the fireside.

I hate to see a man chewing tobacco while he is whipping his boy for smoking.—Indianapolis Ram's Horn.

The delicious fragrance, refreshing coolness, and soft beauty imparted to the skin by Pozzoni's Powder, commends it to all ladies.

She Was Prepared.

A woman opened a front door, and addressing a soiled man who, down on all fours, was seemingly looking for something, said:

"What are you doing there?"

"Madam," he said, straightening up, "please be so generous as to pardon this apparent intrusion. My little girl and I were coming along here just now, and the child in her gay frolicsomeness ran across your green sward, but in her glad forgetfulness dropped a silver dollar that had been given her by the handsomest and noblest of women. We were on our way to get a doll for my other little girl that is sick in bed, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the happiness of the little would-be purchaser—but she lost the money, and now, almost heartbroken, she has gone home to tell her mother of the great calamity."

"That was indeed too bad," said the woman.

"Yes, madam, and if I could only hope—have you any little children, madam?"

"Yes."

"Then you know what disappointment means to a child. If I only knew where I could borrow a dollar, how inexpressibly happy should I be. Madam, could you let me have a dollar?"

"No, not this morning."

"Well, could you let me have fifty cents now, and give me the other half this afternoon?"

"No, I can't do that either."

"Well, madam, may I ask what you are prepared to do?"

"I am prepared to tell you to move on away or I'll send for a policeman."

"You are thoroughly prepared for this, are you?"

"I am."

"All right; I shall bid you good morning. It is one of my business rules never to tamper with any one that is thoroughly prepared."—Chicago Herald.

A Gentle Hint.

Henry was a bashful lover. He scarcely dared touch his lady's hand. He loved her well and she was worthy of his affection, for she was modest, intelligent, sweet and honorable; but like all good women she yearned for the respectful caresses that are the evidences of a pure affection. She, however, yearned in vain. Henry worshiped her—he might kiss the hem of her garment, but to kiss her lips or cheek—the very audacity of the thought made him tremble.

They sat together by the sea looking out on the track of the moon's light which white-winged yachts were crossing now and then.

"It was a witching hour; a scene for love and calm delight."

Suddenly she moved slightly away from him.

"Please, Henry, don't do that," she said.

"What?" he asked in genuine surprise.

"Oh! you needn't tell me," she replied. "You were just going to put your arm around my waist—and you were going to try to kiss me."

"Dear Lillie—"

"Oh! you needn't tell me different; you were going to do it. Well, after all, I suppose you are not to blame. It is just what a lover would do to his sweetheart, and I suppose I must not be offended if you do do it."

And Henry grasped the situation and did exactly what Lillie supposed he would do, and the moon grinned and the stars winked and the wavelets laughed and a mosquito that was about to alight on the maiden's cheek flew away and settled on the nose of a grass widow who was sitting near the band stand.—Boston Courier.

Addison at a Discount.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune writes: "I care nothing for old Sam Johnson's dogmatic assertion that 'if you would acquire a good English style you must give your days and nights to that writer.' As a specimen brick of Addison's 'style' I copy the following from the dedication of the third volume of The Spectator: 'Your aversion to any ostentatious arts of setting to show those great services you have done the public, has not likewise a little contributed to that universal acknowledgment which is paid you by your country.' Could anything be worse? Think of 'has not likewise a little contributed!' This was leveled at the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, esquire. Addison dedicates the fourth volume of The Spectator to the Duke of Marlborough, and beslobbers that very bad man with praise as disgusting as it is badly expressed; vide the following: 'I hope your grace will forgive and endeavor to preserve this work from oblivion.' Forgive whom? The work or the author? Further on he speaks of 'giving the reader a more delightful entertainment than what can be found in the following, or any other book.' Worse examples than these are scattered all through Addison's writings. I venture to say that if he were alive today, and composed as he did in the days of Queen Anne, he could not get a place as staff-writer on any of the leading daily journals of New York or London. Pay no attention to the bumptious, 'queer prig of doctor,' and if you would acquire a good English style, give your days and nights to Goldsmith, Macaulay and Kinglake."

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

He Carried an Umbrella.

Tomson—"I generally carry an umbrella when it looks like rain."

Samson—"You likewise carry one when it doesn't look like rain. You carried one away from my house the other day when there wasn't a cloud in the sky."—Yankee Blade.



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

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

Cough-Cures

Are abundant; but the one best known for its extraordinary anodyne and expectorant qualities is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For nearly half a century this preparation has been in greater demand than any other remedy for colds, coughs, bronchitis, and pulmonary complaints in general.

"I suffered for more than eight months from a severe cough accompanied with hemorrhage of the lungs and the expectoration of matter. The physicians gave me up, but my druggist prevailed on me to try

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

I did so, and soon began to improve; my lungs healed, the cough ceased, and I became stouter and healthier than I have ever been before. I would suggest that the name of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral be changed to Elixir of Life, for it certainly saved my life."

—F. J. Olden, Salto, Buenos Ayres.
"A few years ago I took a very bad cold, which settled on my lungs. I had night sweats, a racking cough, and great soreness. My doctor's medicine did me no good. I tried many remedies, but received no benefit; everybody despaired of my recovery. I was advised to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, as a last resort, did so. From the first dose I obtained relief, and, after using two bottles of it, was completely restored to health."—F. Adams, New Gretna, N. J.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

IT IS TOO OFTEN THE CASE.



Together at the garden gate
They stood until the hour was late,
And hugged and kissed and sighed;
A maiden fair with golden hair,
A stalwart youth with manly air
Who sought her for his bride.

And they were wed. Still at the gate
She stands until the hour is late,
But he is with her not.
She waits, the while her heart it burns,
To guide him in when he returns,
About three-quarters shot.

Too often it is thus, alas!
The honeymoon they quickly pass,
And then the little wife
At home is left alone at night,
The husband at the club gets tight
And then—But such is life!

—Boston Courier.

WAS SHE WAITING FOR A WIDOWER?

Young Lex a pretty girl did woo,
Her features were divine,
Her face was like the morning dew,
On which the sun doth shine.
He asked her if she'd like to wed,
And take a happy journey;
"Oh, no," she said, "I'll never wed
A briefless young attorney."

"But then I'll have a practice soon,
And try a lot of cases;
We'll spend a pleasant honeymoon,
And visit many places."
She did not say, as girls have said,
"You'd better ask my pa,"
But quickly said, "I'll never wed
A Bachelor of the Law."

—MICHAEL G. HEIN.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Jones, in youth, resolved to wander,
Court first a blue-eyed maid:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder,"
On her "parlor-grand" she played.

Jones, remote on hill and prairie,
Hummed this fact with faith persistent,
While, at home, his plighted fairy
Sang to Smith to be consistent.

Cards received caused Jones to ponder,
But the truth as certain ran:
"Absence makes the heart grow fonder"—
Fonder of the other man.

—Howard Seely, in Judge.

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,

Only a Little Rim of Steel.

"I tell you what it is," remarked an old railroad man to-day, "it used to be that they couldn't turn a wheel any too fast for me, but it's different now. The way these fellows run nowadays makes my hair stand on end. We used to think that twenty-five or thirty miles an hour was high running. People were just as well satisfied, if not more so, than now, and there weren't so many accidents. Those days when a man got on the ground there was some chance of his getting away alive, but when you touch ground on one of these fast runs now you're mighty liable to stay there. People are getting to look upon a mile a minute as a common thing, and are just howling mad at a road that doesn't make it. They never stop to think of the danger. All they think about is getting to their destination.

"Why, when I stop and think of being whirled across the country fifty or sixty miles an hour, down hills and around curves, with only an inch and a half of iron between me and eternity, I get so stared I swear never to get on a coach again. What do I mean by an inch and a half of iron? Well, you know what a passenger coach is, don't you? You know how they're built. A coach is a pretty solid thing nowadays, and to look at one a person would think they were pretty safe, but that's because you don't know anything about it. The coach itself is all right as far as it goes, but it's the wheels. Did you ever look at the wheels? If you did you may have noticed how they're made. A good size, broad enough and heavy enough, and with a tire of the finest kind of steel. But, on the inside of the tire, you see a sort of rim or flange. That flange is about an inch and a half thick and about the same depth. It doesn't look as if it amounted to much, that little piece of steel, but that's just what the lives of all the passengers depend upon. That flange keeps the wheel to the rail, and keeps the coach from running off the track.

"Well, now, when a train is going fifty miles an hour around a curve you see how much depends on that flange. The whole weight and speed of the train is against that flange on one side, the outside of the curve, and it is all that keeps the coach from whirling from the track. Suppose the flange broke, or, as is often the case, was worn down and had been missed by the car inspector. The chances are ten to one that the flange couldn't hold, but would climb the rail and there'd be another accident. The reporters would be told that the rails spread or something of that kind, and no one but the company would know what caused the accident.

"There are a good many accidents that happen that way, but it doesn't appear to be any of the public's business. As a general rule a coach wheel is watched mighty closely, and the minute a flange begins to wear new ones are put on, but many a time an inspector will miss a wheel and then the chances are big that there'll be an accident."—Kansas City Star.

The Bloom on the Cheek of Maidenhood

There is an indescribable expression in the eye—every fine observer knows it—which distinguishes a modest girl from a matron. Look for it in the eyes of our girls to-day. It is missing so often; it is replaced by another so unwelcome, so worldly-wise, so unpleasantly experienced that we shrink with a sense of having lost that most precious thing in girlhood. It is not our purpose to prove here that the lax theatrical view of life is largely responsible for this, but only to ask, by the way, how far it may be responsible. Better, like the Puritan lady, to shut the eyes when the ballet comes! Better a

simple, serious, unworldly ignorance of the low and vicious coming in the name of the high and cultured; better, a thousand-fold, the instinct of modesty which cannot see a coarse sight, than the cool, indifferent ungirl-like familiarity with criminal suggestions which is now the fashion among us.

It is to be feared that the very excellent parents who compose our "select circles" have no more intelligent idea of the amusements affected by the "set" with whom their sons and daughters disport themselves, than they have of the entertainments of a factory holiday, or firemen's picnic.

A lady reared in the traditions of high birth and gentle training of a generation ago, has a certain exquisite innocence, herself, like an ideal girl's which prevents her from appreciating the perils of her children. She who would have thought it a moral lapse to allow a young man, without right, to hold her hand; she whose lips were never touched by man until she gave them to her plighted lover; she who went to her husband as unmarried as an ideal in a dream does not readily perceive or accept the conditions of a lowered moral standard. Is it not enough to be a lady? Is not my girl the daughter of her mother? Read your girl's eyes, you lovely lady of the Braham birth, and sweet soul. Question her. She may return you the clear, heavenly look of her heart of your own high youth, and Heaven bless her! Far be it from me to mutter and croak, as if a modest maid were an extinct curiosity. But, if she has passed from under your shelter and beyond your standards; if she has been what we call "gay" if she has tossed a good deal in the foam of young people's frolics; if she has had some mock of a chaperon, or none at all; if she has sat in the parlor alone till midnight with a young man once too often; if, in short, she has drifted on the current of existing social streams—question her; question her.—The Forum.

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.

Easily Fixed.

Tramp—"Say, mum, your dog bit me."
Lady—"Well, never mind, I'll wash his mouth."—Good News.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear-Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

"I ACKNOWLEDGE the corn," he replied, when he found himself beaten in the discussion. "Does it pop?" asked the sweet girl, slyly.—Judge.

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.

THE melon trust has been squashed and the soda water apparatus trust has fizzled out.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. Popp's POLIKLINK, 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.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Olinburg, Ind., Nov. 29.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy growth of hair on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

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

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"Cool and collected—The ice bill.—Washington Post.

ON the ocean wave—Seashore débris.—New York Journal.

THE new opera, The Sea King, must be the original Nep-tune.—Boston Post.

IT is probably the number of tars on board which makes a vessel pitch.—Boston Post.

THE thermometer is no Mason, but it takes some very high degrees.—Dansville Breeze.

BOARDING a train isn't nearly as unpleasant a thing as loding a complaint.—St. Joseph News.

The blushing girl gathered the garter's
Bright girdle of blue round her knee,
Then locked the ends close with a padlock,
And gave back the key.

—New York Sun.

A SURE way to make one's-self "Beautiful." Get mixed up in a sensation that will give the reporter a column or so.—Puck.

"THE heated term is upon us," said the week's washing, as the lady of the house began to iron them.—Norristown Herald.

MR. SHEERS—"What size of a pistol-pocket in these trousers?" Mr. Tanque—"Same as usual—a quart."—Clothier and Furnisher

A Russian rushed in from Russia,
A Prussian pushed in from Prussia;
A Yankee came too
With the red, white and blue,
And an Irishman said "Arrah Mussia."

—Dansville Breeze.

"TENNYSON likes to drink when he smokes," writes an English correspondent. He ought to know that it is dangerous when he is so hot.—New York Journal.

MR. DUNLY—"I always move about in the best society." Mr. Mayflower—"Indeed?" Mr. Dunly—"Yes, I am the agent of a debt collecting institution."—Epoch.

THERE are more than 35,000,000 women in these United States, and yet to watch the disappointed lover you would think that there was only one.—Somerville Journal.

THE interest in base-ball is dying out, and those persons who feared that, a few years hence, the heads of base-ball players would replace the portraits of statesmen and military men on our postage stamps and national bank notes, will rejoice accordingly.—Norristown Herald.

International Copyright.

The world owes a greater debt to its writers of books, probably, than to any other men who have lived. In the noble words of Dr. Johnson, they are the men who "help us to enjoy life, or teach us to endure it." It is an insult to the most generous people on earth to suppose that they would grudge to the men and women who minister to their amusement and their instruction, who comfort them in the hour of sickness or weariness, with whom they have laughed and cried, and shuddered and rejoiced, the small percentage which is awarded to the author upon each copy of his book. The American people are more than ready to do this act of justice, and the trusts and combinations so much cried out against will be found, not on the side of the American author, but against him—among the news companies and the publishers of cheap reprints, who stimulate and sustain the opposition made against international copyright in the name of the people, and who cannot be convinced even of the truth of Dr. Franklin's maxim, that honesty is the best policy, if nothing more.

For the sake of the American author who is now robbed, for the sake of the foreign author who is now plundered, for the sake of that vast body of people who read books in the United States, and upon whom we now force all the worst and cheapest stuff that the presses of the world pour forth, a bill for international copyright ought to be passed. Most of all, it ought to be passed for the sake of the country's honor and good name. It does not become the United States, holding high place in the forefront of the nations, to stand like a highway robber beside the pathway of civilization, and rob the foreign author of his property with one hand, while it deprives the American author of his rights with the other.—Henry Cabot Lodge, in Atlantic.

THIS iz thee fate of man: To be in luv or to be in det. Sumtimze he is in both, this is tuff, sometimze he iz out of both, this iz tuffer.—Denver Great Divide.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

THE man who expects to get into heaven on his wife's church membership, or the chickens he fed the preacher, is taking awful chances.—Ram's Horn.



SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

Shun Misrepresentations.

Young Man, Be Square.

It is a sad day in the life of a young man when he decides that there is an easier way to obtain money and goods than by honestly working for them. It is just such decisions as that that fill the jails and workhouses and keep the ranks of the great army of deadbeats full to overflowing. It is just such decisions that make a young man pull his hat over his eyes and dodge into a doorway or scoot across the street for fear of meeting a man to whom he owes an honest debt which he has deliberately decided never to pay.

Young man, what business have you to go stalking down the street with that suit of clothes on, or that overcoat, or those seven-dollar shoes, or that Dunlap hat? None of them are yours, and you know it. A fine looking specimen you would be if every merchant in town should collar you and claim his own property. And yet it would serve you right if they seized all their property and left you to sneak home with nothing on but your own clothes, which would probably consist of one heelless sock and a piccadilly collar, with possibly a four shilling scarf pin that was an heirloom in the family, hence was paid for before you were born.

You haven't any right to smoke cigarettes, and put on style until you have earned the right. Every dime you spend belongs to somebody else, and a dollar that you actually earned and upon which no mortal has any sort of claim would scare you into fits.—Dansville Breeze.

An Unostentatious Man.

One of the most unostentatious men of whom there is any record, written or unwritten, died lately. He was on his deathbed surrounded by sorrowing friends and relatives. In a voice weakened by disease, yet fraught with deep earnestness, he said:

"I know you are all quite fond of me and sorry to see me go, which is very satisfactory at this time. When I am stowed away for good and all, you will probably place a tombstone or monument to mark the spot where I am buried. Don't let it be gaudy or expensive; just something plain. Above all, don't allow anything fulsome chiseled on the stone. In short, let there be no flighty literature. Just put on it my name and the letters S. Y. L., 'See you later.'"

Having received satisfactory promises that his wishes should be obeyed to the letter—even the three letters—this unostentatious man turned his face to the wall and modestly died.—Chicago Herald.

The Adirondack Mountains,

Justly styled "The Nation's Pleasure Ground and Sanitarium," are within fourteen hours of New York, by the great four-track New York Central & Hudson River Railroad. No lovelier region can be found on either side of the Atlantic, and one visit will forever settle any question as to its desirability as a place to spend a vacation, summer or winter. For particulars address the General Passenger Agent of the New York Central.

HE—"I'll never marry a strong-minded woman." SHE—"No, I don't think you will."—Terre Haute Express.



WISE BEYOND HER YEARS.

REGINALD—I love you, Madeline. For you I would give up family, position, wealth—

MADLINE—Hold, Reginald. Giving up family is all right—I fain would be spared a mother-in-law—give up your position, if you can get a better one, but for heaven's sake hold on to your wealth. We may need it.