

Texas Siftings.

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CENSUS COMPLICATIONS.

CENSUS ENUMERATOR (TO DOUBLE-HEADED FREAK)—HAVE YOU ANY PHYSICAL DEFORMITY? IF SO, HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD IT? NOW, DON'T BOTH OF YOU SPEAK AT ONCE. ONE AT A TIME, GENTLEMEN, ONE AT A TIME.

Texas Siftings.

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

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

WERE the "mills of the gods" fought in a prize-ring?

ICEMEN are putting up ice because so little of it was put up last winter.

THE Herald won't accept an advertising cut, and it refuses to cut advertising.

WHEN men get drunk at Fortress Monroe they are said to indulge in a Virginia reel.

THE Chinese carry their devils with them wherever they go. They are great imp-porters.

TIPTON, Tennessee, is a good place for a restaurant waiter to hail from. They all like to be Tipton.

HENRY IRVING wears his derby cocked over one eye since he won \$5,000 in the Derby Lottery on Sainfoin.

LET's see, wasn't there some talk a spell ago of holding a World's Fair in Chicago? When are they going to begin?

"THE Devil's Anvil" is the title of the latest story by Mary Kyle Dallas, and her publishers are working the bellows for it.

MARY HALL, the first woman lawyer in Connecticut, is about forty, though I doubt about her confessing to it, as she is a single lady.

FEW newspaper reports of an execution have equaled Talmage's report of "the hanging of Haman," though he is a little late in handing it in.

ONCE it was the case in Boston that a man could drink more than he could stand. Now he can stand more than he can drink.

THE Tilden will case should be a warning to New York millionaires who wish to give a library to this city, that they must do it while they are alive.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND writes letters both for Democratic and Republican journals. If he has any politics of his own you can "tell it not in Gath."

A PORK-PACKING plant has been established at San Francisco on land leased for ninety-nine years. A year more and it would have been a century plant.

WE ARE advancing so rapidly in this country that a statesman who remonstrates against a tariff exceeding 100 per cent. of an article's foreign value, is stigmatized as a "Free Trader."

NO WONDER so many New England farms are abandoned. Their owners are prospecting along the shores for points to establish new watering places. There is more money in working the city boarder than in tilling the soil.

THERE was an unsuccessful attempt recently to blow up with dynamite the famous monastery in France where the monks manufacture chartreuse. But there would be just as much chartreuse in the American market as ever, had the attempt succeeded. Lots of it never saw a monk, though it is industriously monkied with.

SALOONISTS BARRED OUT.

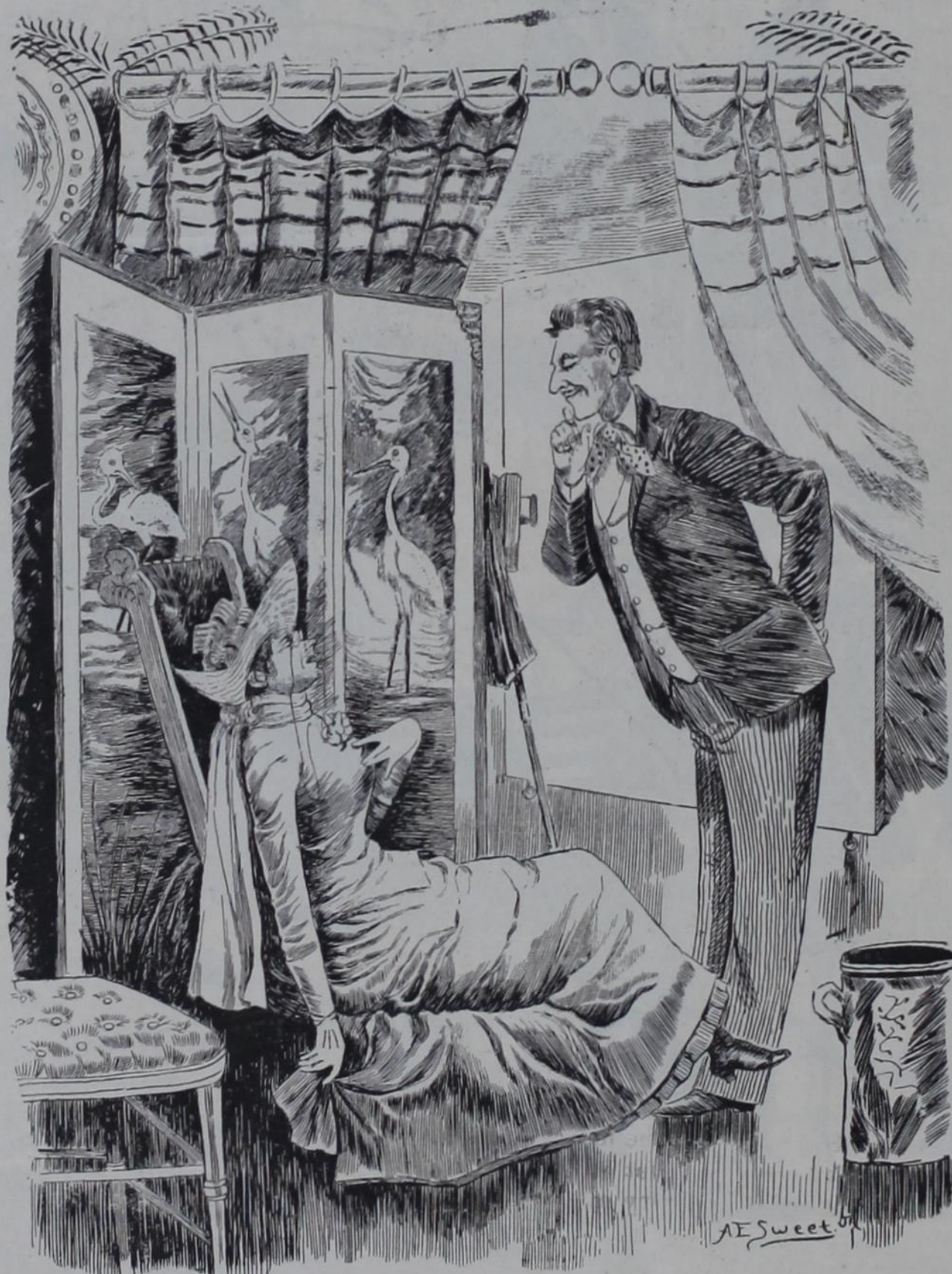
Saloon keepers in Ohio are henceforth to be debarred from joining the Knights of Pythias, for the Grand Lodge hath said it by more than the necessary two-thirds vote. The druggist who takes his customer behind a screen and fills him up with "medicinal" whisky, doesn't come under this order, however. It is a little hard on the mixer of drinks, and he could give Damon's friend away if he chose to, for no one knows more about the Knights of Pythias than the saloon keeper.

FOR PRESIDENT, RUSS HARRISON.

Fort Worth, Texas, is in favor of nominating Russell Harrison for President on the Republican ticket for 1892, if we must have a Harrison. His coolness, judgment and pluck, displayed on the occasion of the burning of the Spring Palace, whereby an incalculable number of lives were preserved, have excited the highest admiration and praise. Generals have been nominated for president simply on account of their success in war. Peace hath her victories, also, and the brave and timely action of the President's son gave indication of qualities akin to those of a commander. There has been a disposition on the part of some newspapers that don't like the President to speak flippantly and disparagingly of "Russ" Harrison, but they are fitly silenced now.

RAPID TRANSIT.

It will cost a great deal of money to secure rapid transit for New York City. Whether the road be an underground one or a viaduct above ground, millions will have to be expended. What a pity there were no prophets to foretell the coming necessity for the rapid



TACT.

UNPREPOSSESSING FEMALE (to photographer)—How much would you take me for?

PHOTOGRAPHER—About sixteen, madam.
He got the job.

transportation of passengers up and down this island, when the city was laid out. Then avenues might have been reserved on both sides of the town, running from the Battery to above the Harlem, for the special accommodation of viaduct roads. Now what an enormous sum the right of way will cost. But there is no other way left now, if we have a genuine rapid transit above ground. Roads on stilts, with frequent and annoying stoppages at stations, fail to meet the requirements of the enormous and rapidly growing population in upper New York.

NOT A STAY-AT-HOME EMPEROR.

The grandfather of the present Emperor of Germany had an old-fashioned idea that the business of a ruler was to stay at home and look diligently after the affairs of government. He began to reign over his people as soon as he got out of bed in the morning, and he kept it up until he retired at night. It would have horrified him to suggest taking a day off, let alone a visit to some neighboring principality or power. But the German Emperor of to-day takes a very different view of governing. He doesn't consider it necessary to be on deck every minute, and isn't afraid of the Ship of State running aground if he turns over the helm to another for a while. Instead of sitting in solemn conference with his Chancellor continually, he is disposed to take a week or a month off when business is dull. He is planning a trip to Spain, Italy, Austria, Greece and several other countries where he has relations to call on, and it is even hinted that he may come to America. There is considerable admiration for the young Emperor in this land of the free and home of the naturalized citizen, and he would receive a hearty welcome.

THE ELKS LOCKING HORNS TOGETHER.

When the Benevolent Protective Order of Elks was first started in New York City, it was for theatrical people alone. But after a while the encircling lines were relaxed, and a variety of people more or less remotely connected with the stage were admitted to membership. The newspaper man who wrote theatrical criticisms was taken in; then the blithesome railroad agent, who could manipulate a pass or get extra baggage through, he wanted to be an Elk; then the smiling and ambitious politician, and the festive saloon keeper wanted to train under the Elks' banner, ditto the drummers. Charters were taken out and lodges formed all over the country, and the membership is said to now exceed 15,000. How many of these are theatrical people pure and simple (if theatrical people are pure and simple) we cannot say, but everywhere the number of outsiders is very considerable. In some places, we are told, if the Elks get a theatrical man into their lodge meeting they have to catch him as he is walking through the town on railroad ties. As affairs stand now some of the principal officers of the Grand Lodge of Elks were never behind the footlights, unless they came on to fasten down the stage carpet when they were boys. They have got into a quarrel with the original lodge in New York as to the place of holding the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge, and the result is likely to be that, being expelled by the Grand Lodge, the New York parent lodge will form another organization that shall exclude all but theatrical people. We weep for the dramatic critic, the passenger agent, the politician, the saloon keeper, the drummer, and men of that ilk. Perhaps they had better "get together" themselves.

THE MOST POPULAR MAN IN AMERICA.

One of the most popular and fortunate men in America is Chauncey M. Depew. His popularity is universal, and wherever

he goes he is received with the utmost enthusiasm. Look at his Chicago reception, where the children covered him with flowers. It gave him more pleasure, he said, than it would to be President of the United States. The newspapers have nothing but praise for "Our Chauncey," and the people applaud. But unstinted praise must grow wearisome after a while. Aristides the Just probably got as tired as anybody of hearing himself called that way, and perhaps he wasn't sorry when Athens banished him. But we will never banish Chauncey, unless we send him to the White House.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXXIII.



ON the death of Louis XI. in 1483, he was succeeded by his thirteen-year-old son, Charles VIII., surnamed the Affable. In fact, he was so very affable that he was considered almost a fool when young. He was deformed in person, with little mental ability, and had premiums been offered for ignorance Charles would have taken the first prize.

It was during the early part of Charles' reign that Brittany, so long independent of France, was indissolubly incorporated with the French empire, forming a strong barrier against an invasion from England and destroying the last stronghold of feudal independence. It came about in a peculiar way. The Duke of Brittany dying, left his estates to his eldest daughter, Anne of Brittany, a school-girl of thirteen years. Charles, being put up to it by an astute woman, the Duchess of Bourbon, to whose charge Louis on his death-bed had confided his son, claimed the guardianship of the young Duchess of Brittany. He said it wasn't safe for a little girl like her to go about without some older person to look after her. (He wasn't twenty yet, himself.) Anne, being a spirited, independent sort of a girl, said she guessed she knew enough to take care of herself, thank you, and declined the proffer. Then Charles led an army into Brittany and besieged the fair Anne in the city of Rennes, where she had taken refuge with the scanty remnants of her forces.

"Surrender!" cried Charles.

"I won't, so there!" pouted Anne.

"Then I will marry you."

"That's different," said Anne, and she descended nimbly from her tower and threw herself into the arms of the youthful King. Thus it is that love conquers all. The fact that Anne was already espoused to Maximilian of Austria, and a daughter of the latter was betrothed to Charles in infancy, didn't seem to stand in the way of the marriage at all, and Charles and Anne were duly wedded on the 16th of December, 1491, about a year, it will be observed, before the Discovery of America. It is well enough to keep track of contemporaneous events in history, *mes chers petits enfants*. It is indeed claimed that Columbus visited the French court in search of aid for his proposed expedition of discovery, before calling upon Ferdinand and Isabel of Spain.

Consider what would have been the consequences had Columbus succeeded in borrowing the necessary money from the King of France. Why, he would have come over in a steamship of the French line, probably—La Normandie or La Champagne—and been received by the French colony of Bleecker street. The French would have set up his statue in Central Park long before this, and Paris artists and artisans would be in Chicago now, showing them how to get up a World's Fair worthy of the great navigator, who sailed from Havre in 1492.

Not long after his marriage Charles VIII. developed great political ambition. He wanted to be another Charlemagne, as Napoleon did 300 years later. He claimed that the crown of Naples belonged to him by right of inheritance, and he crossed the Alps in search of it, with the ultimate design of expelling the Turks from Constantinople and repossessing the Holy Land. To

quote from the *argot* of Paris, he hung out more than he could wash.

His army consisted of 50,000 men, with a numerous train of artillery. Naples yielded to him almost without a struggle. The King abdicated and fled to Sicily, and Charles had everything his own way for a time. But he became arrogant and abused his power. In flagrant disregard of civil service reform, he dismissed all Neapolitan office-holders and put Frenchmen in their places. Naples wouldn't stand that. A people may surrender their liberties, but when asked to give up office they kick. A coalition was formed against him in Northern Italy, and Charles was compelled to scamper across the Alps and back into France, with only a fragment of his army left. It is scarcely necessary to say that he didn't go to Constantinople or Palestine, and he abandoned the idea of becoming a second Charlemagne.



Anne of Brittany leaps into the arms of the youthful King.

After this mortifying defeat Charles gave himself up to luxurious excesses of all kinds, and died of apoplexy at the age of twenty-eight.

HIGH-PRICED AFFECTIONS.

The snug little item of \$10,000 is all that Francis K. Harte will be required to pay for alienating the affections of Mrs. Aline B. Smith. Before Mrs. Smith's affections were alienated they belonged to her husband, James J. Smith, so he says in his petition.

Mrs. Smith must have been a very affectionate wife, otherwise the jury would not have placed such a high figure on the amount of affection of which her husband was deprived when young Harte wriggled himself into the Smith family life. It would also appear that she bestowed her entire stock of affection on Harte, for it is hardly to be presumed that she has more than ten thousand dollars' worth. She did not attempt to do the fair thing by allowing her husband to retain five thousand dollars' worth while she squandered the other half on Harte. She deliberately bundled up all her affections and turned them over to Harte, leaving her husband as destitute of affections as the inside of a churn is of hair.

And now Mr. Harte will have to pay \$10,000, or retire to a little monastery on Ludlow street to do penance. The most remarkable feature of this case is the fact that Mr. Harte, like his distinguished father, is a literary man, hence his extravagance is a cause for surprise. Railroad magnates and Wall street nabobs can afford to alienate high-priced affections, but the humble toiler in the literary vineyard should not go beyond his means. Mr. Harte should have alienated the affections of some wife whose husband did not mark up her affections so extremely high.

The verdict, however, may be the cause of other young men, who yearn for the affections of a wife, procuring a wife of their own, thereby saving much money, not to mention the incidental wear and tear of the emotions.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Charles de la Bussière was a cadet in a French regiment of the Guard, but he lost his position and his fortune at the outbreak of the French Revolution. Thanks to the

kindness of a friend, he obtained a position under the revolutionary authorities. He was a clerk in the bureau that had charge of the accusations against the royalists.

Bussière was filled with horror at the farce trials and the wholesale executions that were daily taking place. He determined to thwart the designs of the revolutionists and save as many victims as possible. As thousands of these official documents passed through his hands he made way with many of them. This was not such a very difficult job, as the Court had a stupid tailor apprentice for President, and a Secretary who was never sober; and moreover, the proceedings of the tribunal were conducted without order or system.

As Bussière could not burn the documents without attracting attention, he placed them during the day in a bucket of water, and afterwards carried the pulpy mass in his pocket until he could throw it into the Seine, thereby saving the lives of the victims of the tribunal.

Among the many thousands whose lives were thus preserved were Josephine Beauharnais, Madame de Lafayette, Madame de Buffon and the poet Florian. He kept up this system of foiling the authorities until after the death of Robespierre, and was never suspected. Legendre estimates that Bussière saved no less than 30,000 lives.

The name of this friend of humanity should be written on the pages of history in letters of gold.

A RARE CASE.

A.—After this I shall never again say that anything is impossible.

B.—Why not?

A.—Because a man has been convicted in New York of robbing a city official.

HINTS AND INSINUATIONS.

What a great rôle the hint and the insinuation play in human life! How much hinting for things there is in everyday life! In fact, in all the relations of life between husband and wife, parent and child, landlord and tenant, there is a continual hinting going on.

Some hints are very delicate and can scarcely be discerned at all, while others are so broad that it is impossible not to see and feel them.

A Scotch beadle took his sweetheart to a graveyard, and, showing her a dark corner, said:

"Mary, my folks lie there. Would you like to lie there when you die?"

It was a grim way of proposing, but Mary was a sensible Scotch lassie, and accepted him.

When the farmer who is afflicted with a family of talkative girls wants them to stop gabbling, he merely makes a motion to a churn. They take the hint, and partial silence prevails.

The question of the young lady who is weary to the young gentleman who stays late, if he has tested the new sidewalk up the street, also contains a hint of another type, however, than the wink-knowing soda water clerk.



WHAT CARES PORKOPOLIS FOR "HAM LET?"

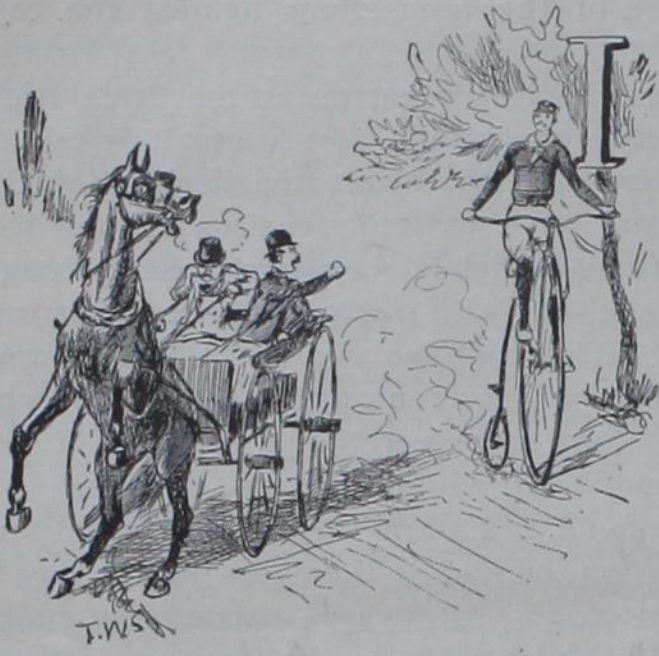
MISS SARDONICUS (commenting on her escort's observations)—Why, Mr. Weetpit, that would be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out?

MR. BARLEE WEETPIT (of Chicago)—Waal, doncher think the play would be a good deal funnier ef that sulky feller in black was left out?



How Columbus might have been received by the French of Bleecker street.

THE DUDE AND THE TOUGHS.



big heart and great good nature. As he gave utterance to this expression he stroked his favorite dog, "Tip," perched on his shoulder.

"What's the matter now?" said George Hart.

"It does me good," continued Quinn, "to see such a fellow meet his match, either in words or blows. They ain't all polished gentlemen who drive in Central Park, you may have noticed. Of course I except all who patronize my livery stable."

"If they pay promptly," put in ex-Sheriff Bowe.

"If I owe anything I'll pay it," said Frank Hardy, reaching for his pocketbook.

"Keep your seat in the sulky," replied Quinn, with a wave of his big hand. (John always holds a big hand.) "If my customers were all like you, Frank, I'd be a millionaire."

"Tell us about the bully," chipped in Jack Oliver.

"You see, it was like this," continued Quinn. "I was driving in the Park to-day, and just ahead of me were a couple of toughs in a buggy who wanted a good deal of the road. A young feller on a velocipede came along, and scared the horse these chaps were driving so that it shied."

"The velocipede shied?" asked Capt. Westervelt, innocently.

"No, the horse. Velocipedes are a nuisance, anyhow, but I suppose they have their rights on the road by law. People coming to hire a livery horse used to ask, 'Is he afraid of the elevated cars?' Now they say, 'Does he scare at a velocipede?'"

"You are a long time taking down that bully of yours," said Will Campbell.

"Well, you would have been had you tackled him. The men in the buggy began to curse the velocipede rider, calling him all sorts of vile names, threatening to mop the ground with him, and so on. He had dismounted meanwhile, and leaning his machine against a tree he said, quietly, 'If you think you can wipe the ground with me, get out and try it. Both of you, I mean; I can whip you both!'"

"Did they get out?"

"Naw. One of them half turned to me—he knew me—and said, 'What had I better do, Quinn? Shall I break the dude in two over his machine?'"

"He'll break you in two, I guess," says I, "for I



John J. Quinn and his Dog "Tip."

LIKE to see a bully taken down," said big John J. Quinn to a group of chums sitting in his 124th street livery stable, the other evening. John is known to everybody in Harlem, and liked for his

think he can lick the two of ye. Better drive on; and they did. I tell you, gentlemen, these toughs make a mistake on a dude, sometimes. Some of these exquisite looking chaps are athletes and trained like a prize-fighter. They have got pluck and nerve, too, and don't let it slip your memory."

RECKLESS DRIVING.

Just now it would appear that the most skillful assassins on wheels are the drivers of Uncle Sam's mail wagons. If the ancient Britons take cognizance of what occurs in New York at this time it must make them feel proud of their descendants, for fatal accidents (?) are of almost daily occurrence, thanks to the skill with which these vans are propelled through the streets.

Theoretically there is a legal remedy for fast driving, but practically there is none—at least not in New York. The only hope of the pedestrian is that some of these days one of the Jehus will run over a boddler in high place, and then a halt will be called.

DE JONES' INSANITY—ITS CAUSE AND CURE.

The insanity of Mr. De Jones came about in a very peculiar way. He was a man of regular habits. He had abstained from liquor and tobacco from his youth up, and was likely to from manhood down. He kept regular hours and the Sabbath, except in one particular, which was the cause of his downfall.

He tried to read all the New York Sunday papers.

He began with but one. He said one Sunday paper

he had waded through, and calculating how many miles toward the moon they would reach if the columns were stood one upon another.

The result of this proceeding, continued from Sunday to Sunday, can easily be foreseen; it became necessary to shut up De Jones in a retreat for the demented.

He fortunately fell into the hands of an astute practitioner, who, after studying his case, hit upon a plan of cure. Instead of cutting off his Sunday papers all at once, he began by depriving him of only one. As the weeks advanced, each Sunday brought him one less—a system of tapering off that finally resulted in a complete cure. Now De Jones is with his family again, clothed in his right mind; but he has sworn off on Sunday newspapers forever.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE NEW BALLOT LAW.

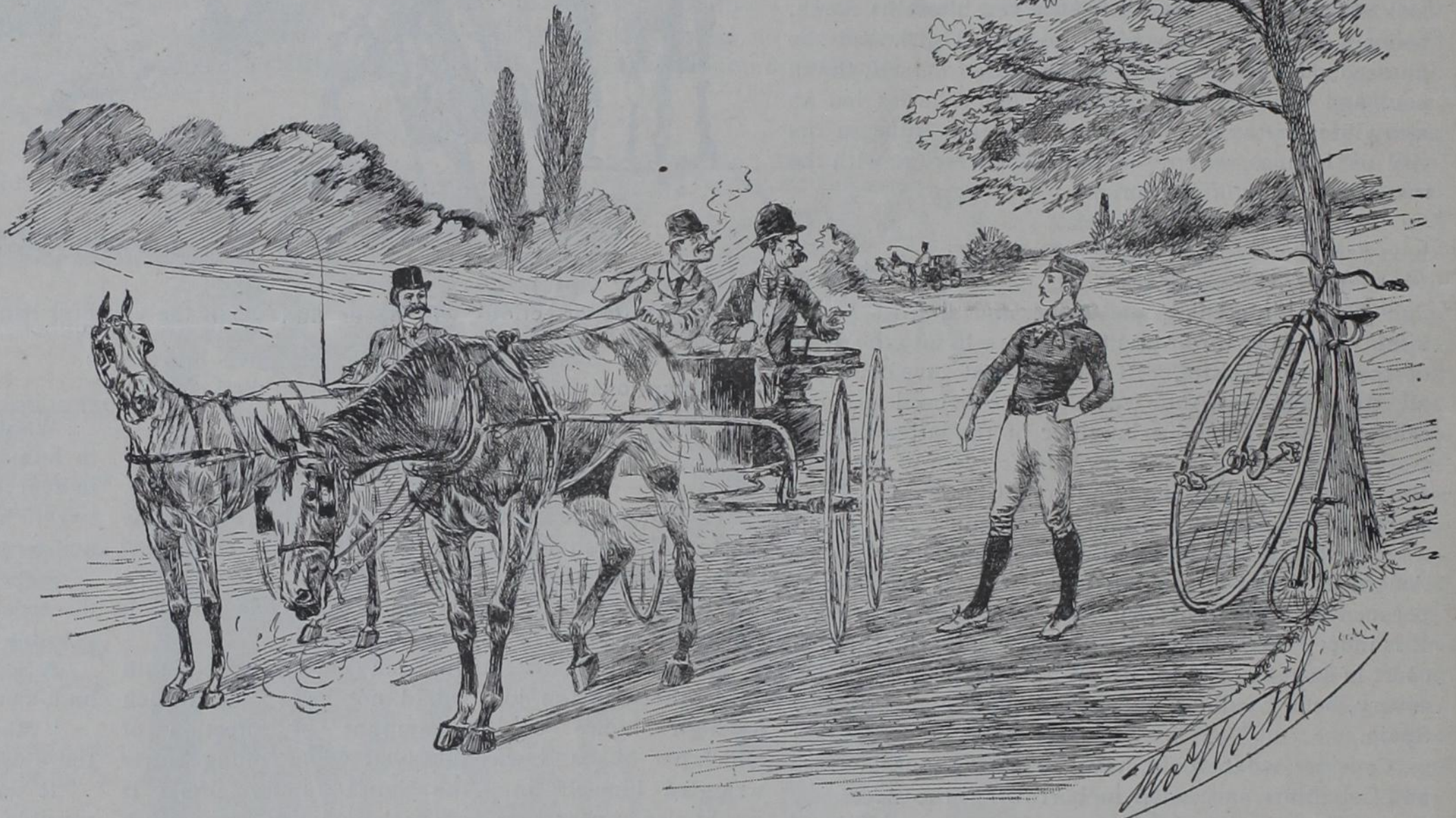
The new Electoral Law in New York State goes into effect July 1.

After that every voter must retire to a booth to prepare his vote.

He may remain ten minutes, but if he attempts to take a nap there he will be ejected.

"Paster-ballots" are allowed, but it is unlawful to paster man on the nose with one.

No candidate is allowed to invite a voter to drink within 150 feet of the polling place.



The Dude and the Toughs in Central Park.

taken just before breakfast wouldn't hurt him. It would rather stimulate appetite for his repast. Alas! little did he think that this one Sunday paper before breakfast was laying the foundation for an appetite that was destined to overpower his will, to make him its abject slave, and consign him to a lunatic asylum at last.

The appetite for Sunday papers grows with what it feeds on. This is singular, considering the great amount of indigestible stuff with which it is frequently crammed, but it is true. At least, it was so in the case of De Jones. He hadn't indulged himself in one Sunday paper very long before appetite cried "more, more," like the one-horse leech's daughter we read about. So instead of reading one Sunday paper, which might have done him no serious injury had he possessed the strength of mind to resist the temptation to repeat, he read two. Had he eaten something with them the effects upon his nervous system might not have been so great, but he didn't. He insisted upon taking them both on an empty stomach, and the effect upon appetite was disastrous.

With decreasing appetite for bodily nourishment came an increased desire for the unnatural stimulant which the Sunday morning paper afforded. He ordered the third, then the fourth, and it wasn't long before he had all the Sunday papers that the city press affords piled up around him. He spent the whole day reading them, and it was far into the night before he laid the last supplement down. He muttered in his fitful slumber, and was heard counting up the number of pages

No voter can take a voting booth home with him under any pretense whatever.

The above does not apply to Edwin, who is not a voting Booth. Edwin never votes.

Scribbling doggerel poetry on the inner walls of the booths will be severely punished when the perpetrator is found out.

No voter will enter a strange booth without knocking.

Voters with bad breath are requested not to leave it in the voting booth. Umbrellas left will be at the owner's risk.

Tall men, whose heads project above the tops of the booths, must not look over to see what their neighbors are doing.

And fat men must be careful not to carry the booth away with them after using it. The spectacle of a fat man walking around the streets dressed in a booth would frighten children and horses.

HOPE DEFERRED, ETC.

Mr. Slowcoach—My dear Fanny, if after an acquaintance of eight years I were to speak to you about love, what would you say?

Fanny (wearily)—I would say, Mr. Slowcoach, that where there has been so much smoke there ought to be some fire.

"The Undercurrent" is the title of a new novel just announced. Hadn't the author better wait until the wires are buried?

A MODEL JOURNALIST.

CIRCULATION
5 TIMES GREATER
THAN ANY OTHER PAPER.



IS IT TRUE you are going to start a new paper?" asked Johnson of his friend McCusick, whom he met on the street the other day.

"Yes, like the old hen, I am going to scratch for a living," responded McCusick, lightly; "and it's going to be a model newspaper, too."

"That is, you are going to run it on the most ap-

proved New York methods. I suppose you will devote the first page of each issue to puffing yourself, in order to convince the public that there are only a few journals like yours left."

"I intend to do nothing of the sort."

"Your paper will be a novelty. But I suppose that if in the course of time you should acquire sufficient wealth to purchase a new shirt or a pair of summer socks, or recklessly become the father of twins, you will invite strangers to call and examine them as a monument of your enterprise."

"Not a line shall appear in my paper about it."

"You will wind up as a freak in a museum, my boy, if you follow out that plan. Now, tell me, when one of your reporters runs across a delightful scandal, full of revolting details, will you follow the custom by running it in complete and heading it 'Too sickening for publication?'"

"Such articles will find no place in my paper."

"My! my! how strange your paper will seem. As a simple matter of policy you will taffy the rich, by publishing beautiful portraits of their wives and daughters, and labeling 'em society queens. They may be as homely as a bull-frog with dyspepsia, but you will refer to them as queenlike and bewitching, won't you?"

"Not if I know it."

"But you must advertise yourself some way! Oh, I see; you propose to do something for the poorer classes. For instance, you could elevate them by taking them up on the roof of some tall building and giving them a bird's-eye view of New York City."

"If I did anything for the poor of New York City none but the poor would know of it."

"But you will surely have fictitious editions of your paper published in London, Paris, Timbuctoo and the North Pole?"

"One office of publication will be all I shall claim."

"With your new-fangled ideas, I suppose you will go so far as not to attack the private character of some prominent citizen, or refer to his steadily increasing avoirdupois."

"I do not intend to dabble in the private affairs of any man."

"I shall await your first issue with much impatience. I shall not be at all surprised if you did not refer to the females implicated in divorce suits as lovely blondes with willowy forms, large blue eyes swimming in tears, and quivering chins."

"They will have to possess them in order to have me state it in my paper," said McCusick.

Johnson looked at him in open-mouthed astonishment, and saw that there was a strange look in his eyes, and



The Society Queen.

that his face was flushed with intense excitement. "No, sir," continued McCusick suddenly, almost shouting, and jabbing the sidewalk viciously with his cane, "I am not going to lie about my circulation or publish wood-cuts of prominent people—"

"But, Mac, my boy, don't get so excited!"



No remarks about increasing avoirdupois.

"Don't interrupt me, sir," said McCusick, violently.

"I am not going to blow about the power of the press, or give advice to crowned heads, or accept invitations to banquets!"

Here he fainted, and was taken to a hospital, where an examination revealed the fact that he was a hopeless lunatic, which had been coming on for at least a month.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is one of those subjects on which much has been written. A great deal more has been written than is understood about this topic.

Perhaps Dante's definition of friendship is the shortest and best one of all. He was asked by the Prince of Corona how the fact was to be accounted for that in the household of princes the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher.

"Similarity of mind is the cause of friendship the world over," was the fierce reply of Dante, thereby incurring the eternal enmity of the Prince.

There are many causes that separate friends. One of the chasms that part friends is sarcasm. Another is borrowing money. Make friends with your creditors if you can, but never make a creditor of your friend. Some persons look for perfection in a friend. They are doomed to disappointment. Whoever looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks.

Josh Billings' definition of a friend is good. It reads as follows:

"A true friend iz one whom yu kan chide for hiz faults without giving offense, and who without giving offense kan chide yu."

A MAN OF NOTE.

Blithers—There goes a man of note.

Smithers—Who is he?

Blithers—Jones, the banker.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

FRANK.

Customer—I want a quarter's worth of cyanallic acid.

Druggist—Are you a photographer?
No; I'm a suicide.

SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC.

Professor (who has sent the servant girl after a light, and who was slow in bringing it)—Katie, light travels at the rate of 100,000 miles a second. Where did you go to get that light?

HARDLY WORTH WHILE.

You are now thirteen years old, Miss Fanny, and yet you can hardly write your own name.

Miss Fanny—That's a fact; but it will be such a short time before I get another name that it is hardly worth while learning to write my present one.

CONSOLATION.

He (who has heart disease)—Do you ever reflect for a moment, my dear, that I might die suddenly?

She—Don't let that worry you. I've got a black silk dress that will do with a little fixing up.

JAGS TO ORDER.

Wife (sarcastically)—Oh, you have got a lovely jag, haven't you?

He—Lord be praised! that it is turning out to your satisfaction. I was afraid you would kick.

THEY CAME HANDY.

Uncle (to disreputable nephew)—You have got down to be no better than a common beggar. Hardly a day passes that you don't come to me and borrow money. Thank heaven, you are my only nephew, and I wish I didn't have you.

Nephew—I am a better man, Uncle, than you are. So far from wishing you dead, I wish I had five or six more such uncles.

NOT HIS FAULT.

Jones—You have been at my wine again.

Sambo—No, sah; you does me an injustice. De cork wouldn't come out.

HIS OCCUPATION GONE.

First Detective—You look blue this morning. What's the matter?

Second Detective—Did you read about a convict at Sing Sing confessing on his death-bed that he murdered a man in New York?

Yes, I read all about it.

Well, that spoils a clew on which I have been working for a year and a half.



BESIDES, HE WAS A LITTLE MODEST.

MISS OLDUN—Let me see your long stockings, please.

CLERK—Aw, really, ma'am, I don't wear 'em. I wear socks.

PETTY REPROBATES.

HOW THE GREAT CITY SUFFERS FROM THOSE WHO DISTURB ITS PEACE AND ORDER.



of New York is enormously greater than Inspector Byrnes ever imagined.

What is more disorderly than to ring a bell and yell hoarsely in the ear of a nervous invalid? There may be something, but I fail to call it to mind just now. Again, what more heinous offence against the convenience of the peripatetic portion of the populace—and, I take it, the essence of disorderly conduct consists in offending against the public comfort or convenience—can the reader mention than obstructing the passage of busy people through the streets and sidewalks that belong to them. These passageways they have made and paid for, for the sole and express purpose of using them in going from place to place. The courts have held, again and again, that to obstruct the streets is disorderly conduct. Even the Constitution of the United States, to say nothing, in this connection, of the Holy Scriptures, provides that all men are entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. I'd like to know how in blazes a man is going to pursue happiness when the sidewalk is blocked up.

It may seem like pushing pins with a pile-driver to quote the Constitution of the United States in reference to a rag-man or an apple-stand, but there are times and occasions on which even that great and glorious inheritance of a proud people seems inadequate, and an epidemic of lynch law, wholesale murder, arson and general destruction would be all too weak to serve as a form of expression for the wrongs that oppress the community.

Among the valuable inventions of modern times there is said to be a gun which works with a crank, and as long as the crank turns, the gun pours out a deadly and uninterrupted stream of bullets. As the gun has an ingenious and beautiful wobbly motion, the effect produced combines the scatter of an old-fashioned shotgun with the steady and continuous outpour of a hose-pipe.

If such a gun could be provided to clear the streets it might do some good. At all events there would be no difficulty about obtaining the crank to keep it in operation. Some few innocent persons might suffer, but the streets would be cleared.

And they need clearing. Not only do wandering

IT APPEARS, according to reports of the decisions of the Court of Appeals in this State, that mere disorderly conduct may be a crime. It is this be so, and the saying of the Court of Appeals makes it so, the number of professional criminals in the city

peddlers go through them with hideous howls that are calculated to crumble the mortar in brick walls, ringing bells and blowing horns—though even the police have objected to that of late—but every son of Italy or daughter of Ireland who wishes to embark in commerce, and is unwilling to pay rent, and considers it perfectly proper to appropriate as much of the sidewalk as is needed for an apple-stand or a basket of trinkets or candies. The more crowded the corner is with passers-by the better their trade is likely to be. The driving imbecility of their proposition never occurs to them. They think it a hardship when they are, as they sometimes are, compelled to vacate premises that even before they encroach, are all too small for public use.

It may be urged that I am harsh in advocating the burning of such people at the stake, but I am prepared to justify such action. No rule is better established than the one which asserts that one man's rights end where another's begin. The strict application of this rule will show that such people can only exist by the sufferance of others who waive their own rights in order to leave room for the offenders. If they (the offenders) were to be obliterated, benefit would ensue on all hands. The community would no longer be called upon to waive its rights, and the offenders would no longer be compelled to seek for some excuse to justify them in having been born.

I can think of nothing that would soothe and comfort the public generally, and pour balm into the gaping lacerations in the spirit of the people more than such a spectacle as would be presented by a wholesale execution of people who make a living by encroaching on the rights of others.

Milder measures, however, might be made to serve, perhaps. I do not wish to be understood as desiring the punishment of these offenders. All that is needed is the prevention of the offence. Very possibly it might be enough to confine the criminals in the State prison for the terms of their natural lives. Only in that case it would be necessary to keep them securely chained to the floors of their cells, so that they should by no means escape.

What an invigorating thing it would be if some great reformer should arise and run for office on the sole pledge and condition that he should abate the petty nuisances of the city! There is no limit that could be set to the ambition of such a man. He could be President of the United States, or even an Alderman, if he chose. Only the people should see that he did his work. There should be no more hucksters and hawkers of small wares allowed to occupy space in the public thoroughfares. There should be no more bawling malefactors strolling through quiet neighborhoods splitting the ears of sick folk and nervous women with their cacophonous din. It would even be possible to walk up to the Brooklyn Bridge without treading on peddlers and having them tread upon you. Such a corner as the artist shows in his picture could no longer be found in the city. People would become orderly in their walk and conversation. Possibly, even discordant church bells—but no! That is too much.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

A Boston man may stand high in the church, but he must sit down to take a drink.



A TIMELY RETORT.

INKY JOHNSING—Huh! What a swell! Dem close ob yours are 'bout loud 'nuff ter make de face ob a clock blush.

CHROME YALLERBY (in thick-skinned cheerfulness)—Ob a clock, Mose? Dat's all right—dey's second-hand!

MARRIAGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Out in Lawrenceburg, Ind., a few days ago a giddy young couple ran away to get married. They crossed over the State line into Ohio, where they found a Squire Sterling. They had not reached the Squire's more than five minutes when the girl's father could be seen in the distance coming at great speed on horseback. His horse was traveling so fast that he seemed only to touch the earth on the high places. The Squire saw his two-dollar fee vanishing, and determined to outdo the father. He instructed the lovers to grasp hands and dig for Indiana, as the license was not good in Ohio. The distance was two hundred yards, and several fences had to be scaled before they would reach the State line. They say it was a beautiful sight to see that lover run for the State line, while the Squire with his moderate amount of yearning for the two-dollar fee, made a good second. Just as they reached the last fence the Squire fell, knocking the breath from his body. In vain did he gasp and splutter trying to pronounce the couple man and wife. The man on horseback was only five hundred yards off. The glitter from his eye had already reached the crowd. The Squire, however, rallied just in time, and the irate father was too late by a few seconds. If profanity will relieve a man's pent-up feelings that father must have felt considerably better when he left for home.

THE DEAR COUNTRY GROWS ON THEM.

Jones—So Patti has returned to Europe after making her farewell tour.

Smith—I hardly think it was a genuine farewell tour.

Jones—Then you believe she is coming back next year again.

Smith—My dear boy, there can be no doubt about it. She told an English reporter the other day that she considered the Americans the most chivalrous, generous and appreciative people in the world.

Jones—That settles it. She is coming back again.

HE WAS IN NO DOUBT.

Poots, looking out of the window of his sitting-room, saw a man ascend the steps of his residence whom he didn't wish to receive. To be candid, he was a bill collector. Calling the servant, he bade him tell the man that he (Poots) was not at home.

"Did you tell him I was out?" said Poots, when the servant returned from answering the bell.

"I did, sir."

"Did he appear to be in doubt about it?"

"Not at all, sir; he said it was a d—d lie."

THE REASON.

Mrs. Yerger—There is a very interesting article in this paper by Dr. Knowit.

Col. Yerger—What is it about?

Mrs. Yerger—It is about snoring. He explains why we snore.

Col. Yerger—I know that myself. We snore because we can't help it.



A Crowded Corner.

WALDEMAR NORDECK.

Not long ago I went to see Nordeck at the People's Theatre. The play tells us that Waldemar Nordeck was the son of a German who married a Polish lady of title, by the name of Morinski. Her name was enough to queer her with an ordinary mortal, but Nordeck had a bad case of love at first sight. Mrs. Nordeck, however, was not so much in love with him as she was with his vast estates, and as is usual in such cases, he died suddenly several years after their marriage. He was assassinated. He left two sons, Waldemar and Leo. Waldemar believed in being a German, while Leo followed the teachings of his Polish mother. The result was that while Leo was absorbing huge chunks of knowledge at a university, Waldemar was on a vacant corner lot trying to gauge the pitcher for a base hit, in an exciting contest between two local clubs. No one around the farm seemed to take any interest in poor Waldemar, and he was allowed to grow up with the peasants and other domestic animals around the estate, while Leo was petted, and asked what part of the chicken he preferred.

While Waldemar was a boy he did not mind this neglect so much, but when he ripened into manhood, he began to throw out athletic hints about the advisability of his running the roost himself. In other words, being the eldest son, he had a perfect right to take charge of the estate and boss the niggers. Mrs. Nordeck evidently didn't see it in that light, and a serious crisis was on hand, which would surely have resulted disastrously to her, as everybody knows that Frank Mayo, who played the part of Waldemar, is a bad man when you rile him. However, there was no revolt the night I was there. There might have been one later on in the week, as I could plainly see that it only required a little more guff from Mrs. Nordeck to make Waldemar turn loose his revolt.

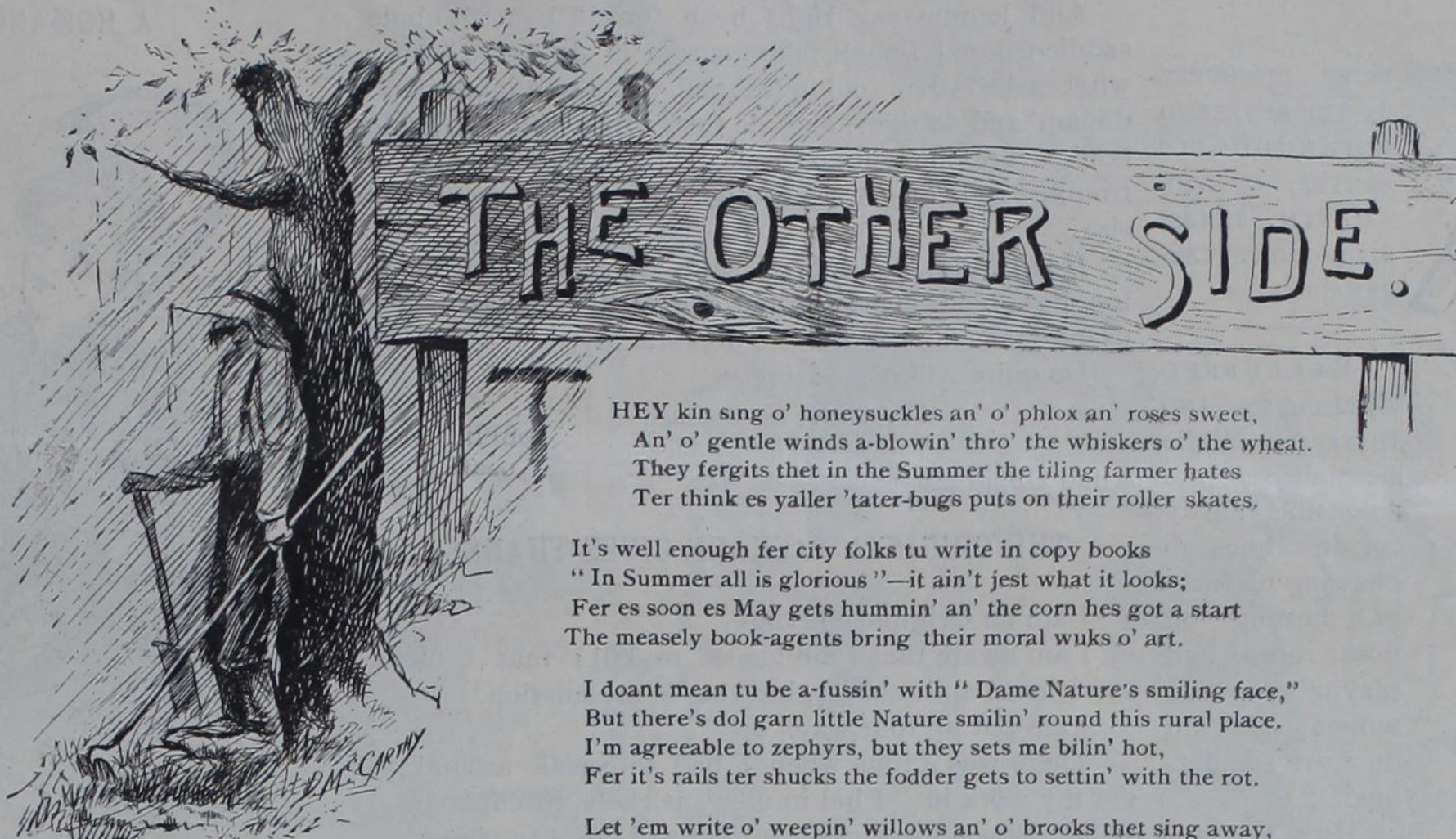
Waldemar and Leo hate each other in true brotherly style, which is augmented by them both being in love with the same girl. Waldemar begins to see his rough, uncouth manner, the result of neglect, and his love for his mama begins to wane. Strange to relate, the girl

really loves Waldemar in preference to the polished Leo. Waldemar, however, does not catch on that she loves him, and is very unhappy. Why he does not discover that she loves him is a mystery to me. No girl could pick lint off my coat, or turn up her blue eyes to mine, with stage tears wobbling in the corners, without my tumbling to what was up. But Waldemar has been brought up in the forests with peasants, and consequently cannot tell a case of love from a case of dyspepsia. His suffering is great for a time, only. At about twenty minutes past ten each night his spoiled brother is killed by a bullet that was intended for Waldemar, the girl makes the startling discovery that Waldemar really, trooly loves her, old Mrs. Nordeck reforms and becomes white, and everybody is happy.

You then pick your hat up from under the seat in front of you, where a brute with a No. 8 foot has been diligently using it as an aid in putting a shine on his shoe, and you march sadly out of the theatre while the band plays Annie—I mean the Star Spangled Banner.

LEW.

It is a singular fact that there is only one native of Bohemia on the police force of New York city, when bohemians get onto almost everything that's going.



HEY kin sing o' honeysuckles an' o' phlox an' roses sweet,
An' o' gentle winds a-blowin' thro' the whiskers o' the wheat.
They fergits thet in the Summer the tiling farmer hates
Ter think es yaller 'tater-bugs puts on their roller skates.

It's well enough fer city folks tu write in copy books
"In Summer all is glorious"—it ain't jest what it looks;
Fer es soon es May gets hummin' an' the corn hes got a start
The measly book-agents bring their moral wuks o' art.

I doant mean tu be a-fussin' with "Dame Nature's smiling face,"
But there's dol garn little Nature smilin' round this rural place.
I'm agreeable to zephyrs, but they sets me bilin' hot,
Fer it's rails ter shucks the fodder gets to settin' with the rot.

Let 'em write o' weepin' willows an' o' brooks thet sing away,
An' o' gales thet gets a-dyin' tu be queenses o' the May;
I'se a tinder heart fer roses an' fer "April's tinder shoots,"
Though I knows they mean pneumony an' a spell o' rubber boots.

Es I says, the tiling farmer has a burden on his back
Between th' weekly paper an' the cussed almanac.
An', by gum! them author fellers es writes high-falutin' books
Ought ter run a farm some Summer—then they'd know how Nature looks.

DEWITT STERRY.

THE SUBLIME AND THE RIDICULOUS.

The saying that there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous is attributed to the great Napoleon, and it contains a world of truth in it, no matter who may have coined it.

In Richard III. Shakspeare evidently tries how near he can approach the ridiculous and yet not touch it. The scene in which Richard Crookback woos and wins the distressed widow in the very presence of the remains of her recent husband. Actors and authors declare that scene to be a stupendous monument to Shakspeare's genius. No other genius that ever lived could have written that scene and saved it from being transformed into a roaring farce. It is sublime, but it is not more than an inch and a half, so to speak, from the absurd.

Some preachers find it very difficult not to degenerate into the ridiculous in their extempore prayers. Take for example the case of the minister giving praise at harvest time: "We thank Thee, O! Lord, for Thy great bounty; we thank Thee for the fine weather; we thank Thee for the beautiful harvest, and that Thou has enabled us to gather in the wheat throughout all this district—with the exception of farmer Mills' little three-cornered patch down in the hollow, not worth mentioning."

IT WAS BUSINESS WITH HIM.

Gus de Smith—Have there been no cases of poisoning by ice cream this season?

City Editor—Not that I know of.

Gus de Smith—Well, if you see any such cases please republish them in your local column with a few editorial comments stating that the victims died in great agony. You see I am very popular with the young ladies, and a few impressive warnings of that kind in your paper would save me so much money during the season that I could afford to pay you an occasional five dollars in actual cash.

It is hard to break the Record in Philadelphia. Solid paper, you know.



1837

When the Hon. Richard Vaux, Randall's successor in Congress, was young he danced with Queen Victoria.



1890

How the Hon. Richard Vaux would look dancing with the Queen now.

SLANDER.

A

BRIEF DISCOURSE
BY THE REVEREND
WHANGDOODLE
BAXTER, OF THE
AUSTIN, TEXAS,
BLUE LIGHT TAB-
ERNACLE.



BERLUBBED
BREDDEREN AND
SISTEREN:—While
de male sect am
'sponsible mostly
for de crimes ob
chawing terback-
er, betting on
hoss races, and
playin' craps, de
wimen sect am
de most slander-
ous.

Hit's my pin-
yon dat de wim-

en ought nebber to go inter bizziness, bekase dey has so many lie-abilities. Heah! heah! heah!

While it am a fac' dat wimen has de priverlidge ter talk erbout de faults ob her feller-wimen, so ter speak, dar are some men in dis berry congregashun, I regrets ter say, who goes erbout retailin' scandal about dere sooperiors, and right heah I has a pussonal explenashun ter make ter dis heah brilliantine assemblage what I sees befoah me.

One day last week dar was intense excitement on de streets ob Austin, caused by a ruckshun between de elerquent and popular pasture ob dis Tabernacle and a low-down, trifl'n' splay-footed, bow-legged, flop-moufed niggah named Sam Johnsing, who has de bref ob a buzzard and de antecedents of an escaped convict.

During de altercashun yore berlubbed pasture tuck occashun ter w'ar ter a fruzzle a new silk umbreller, wuff four dollars and a haff, on de kinkey head and black hide ob de obnoxshus niggah ter whom I has already deferred jest a few moments ago on dis heah momentous occashun. Yes, bredderen' and sisteren, I wore out my umbreller on dat moke, and den I lifted him offen de groun' wid de toe ob my boot.

What was de cause ob dis ruckshun? Slander and kalumny ob de wust kind. Dish heah disgrace ter de cullud race, Sam Johnsing, tole eber so many of dis congregashun dat de fedders in my back yard was de same kind of fedders what was on de dominecker chickens and some houdan fowls what was stole from de hen-roos' ob Kurnel Yerger, who libs on Robberson Hill not far from whar I has my reserdence.

I shall not tempt ter defend myself befoah dis congregashun, bekase you all knows dat I'se not dat kind of a cullud pasture—

What's dat! What's dat! Who says dat de houdan fowls has perticler fedders, and Kurnel Yerger has de only houdan fowls in Austing? Whut if he has? I say whut if he has? How did dem fedders come in my back yard? How de debble should I know? Mebbe dat Bucktown goriller, Sam Johnsing, put dem dar. I'se gwinter sue dat berry niggah \$500,000,000 damages ter my character, and he will hafter wurk hit out in de chain gang.



BEAR—I'll just climb up after that cuss.
CUB—Wonder if this gun is loaded?

And lemme say right heah for de benefit ob de saddle-colored female chimpanzee in de Amen corner what asked dem fool queshuns, dat I'se a mixture ob de lam' and de tiger, and de fust thing she knows de lam' part ob me will go to sleep and her folks will hab trouble wid an African tiger ob jest erbout my size.

How truly it has been said, we cannot control de tongues ob our enermies, but a good life enables us ter despise de slings and arrers ob kalumny.

De quire will please sing

Why does de heathen rage
And raise dar hoofs on high,

while Uncle Mose passes de hat.

THE ORIGINAL PACKAGE GIVES THANKS.

I am an Original Package.

I am aware that I am loaded to kill; that I incite to violence and murder, but that is my mission.

I am put up that way.

There was a time when I had to sneak around to get my work in. I hid in men's pockets, in cupboards, in hay-mows, in all manner of out-of-the-way places.

I have lain in the private drawer of the doctor, the lawyer, the teacher, the editor; and have even concealed myself in the sacred desk, chuckling at the mischief I was able to do, secretly.

But that time has gone by, thanks to a Supreme Court decision.

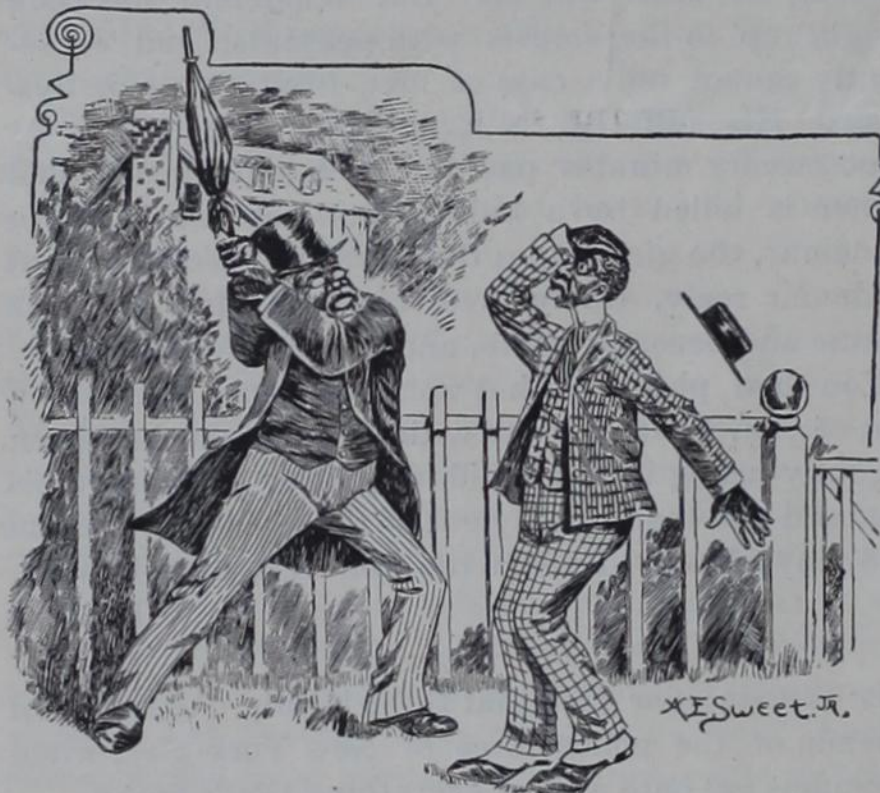
I, an Original Package, am no longer compelled to sneak about like a loafer and a vagabond.

I can hold up my head like a gentleman.

The Original Package is clothed with respect-ability.

Wherefore I rejoice and give thanks.

ORIGINAL PACKAGE.



Baxter Remonstrates with Johnsing.

CAUSE FOR REMEMBRANCE.

Meyer—I will remember Snooks as long as I live.

Schmidt—Since when have you cause to remember him so well?

Ever since my wedding-day.

Oh, I see. He made you a handsome wedding present.

Not much. He was the only one who did not present me with something, the brute!



CUB—Yes, I guess it was loaded.

A ROMANCE OF THE "L."



OME days ago I entered an "L" car at one of the Harlem stations, and sitting down in a snug corner, proceeded to an earnest consideration of the latest news, when lo, and behold, there sat opposite a young lady whose severe simplicity of

dress and radiant face riveted my attention. Her blue eyes were raised to heaven as if in mute appeal to a superior power, and her lips would move now and then as if in prayer.

I indulged in all sorts of reveries as to the infinite sadness that overspread her features. There, doubtless, was one of those unhappy souls with love unrequited, ambition unsatisfied or wishes unfulfilled, to whom life is a hollow mockery and a burden not worth the carrying. Or perhaps some great great grief had visited her in her early years and made her indifferent to all worldly things. O, the pity that welled from my heart, like the gas in a bottle of vichy, the while her eyes rested on the frescoed vault of the car. Not once did her eyelids droop, not even when a woman robed in India silk entered or a young man decked out in an ambitious plaid.

How I fumed and fretted at the noise and excitement that disturbed the solemnity of my feelings. What mattered it that I had already passed my station so long as I could re t my gaze upon that saintly face and that look of adoration. There, doubtless, was one of those spiritual souls—above ice-cream and sensational novels, above dog-carts and fairy bonnets—that makes life better and nobler for the viewing. All my affection went out to her through all this moralizing and retrospection, the while her eyes never left the picturesque dome of the car.

O, I thought, as the train neared City Hall, it would be a comfort and a consolation to my wicked soul to hold a minute's conversation with such a saintly being. Mayhap in such communion she herself would find some solace for her woes. I threw my unread newspaper nonchalantly to the guard, and braving all, I approached and whispered some honeyed words into the ears of mine angel *vis-à-vis*, and, as a pearly tear rested in my left eye, she answered, "Why are mine eyes upraised to heaven? O, my, that plum-pudding advertised up yonder has such a realistic appearance that I could feast my gaze upon it forever and ever so long!"

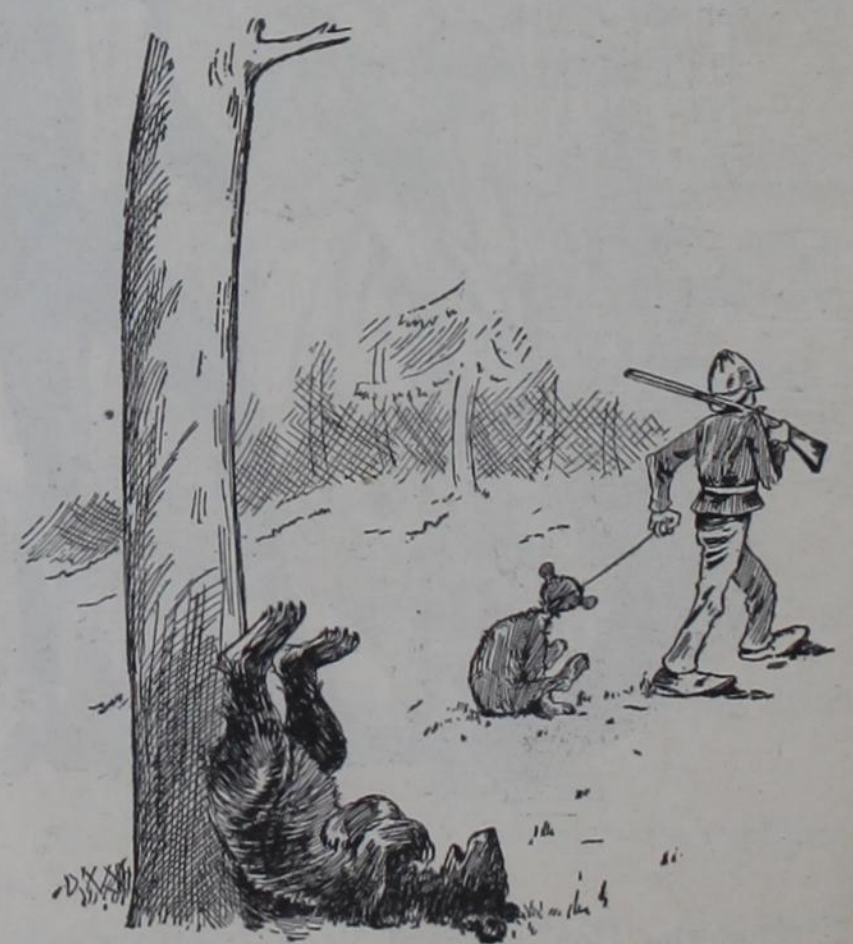
NATHAN M. LEVY.

A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Potter—That man across the street is a public benefactor.

Barnes—What did he do? Build a church?

Potter—No. He killed two organ-grinders.



HUNTER—Well, this is what I call good hunting.



Students as they Were.

Students as they are Now.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

Z.—Four hours' brain work a day is ample to get from a man the best there is in him.

Q.—What's the matter with trying a sea voyage?

WILL HAVE TO CEASE KICKING.

Robinson—Bismarck has got the rheumatism again.

Brown—He has, eh? Perhaps he will not kick so much hereafter.

NO WONDER HE LOOKED BAD.

Smithers—What makes Jones look so unhealthy?

Blithers—He works in a match factory.

Smithers—O! I see. He has sulphur for it.

A CRUEL FATE.

Friend (visiting an invalid)—Did you read about the Southerners contributing to build the Grant Monument?

Invalid—Yes, I read about it.

Friend—It looks as if the cruel war was over.

Invalid (with a sigh)—The cruel war isn't over with me yet. I get it three or four times a day.

SELF DEFENCE.

Col. Yerger—Is your clergyman going to take a vacation this summer?

Judge Peterby—Yes; we raised a purse for him without any trouble. If we hadn't he would have kept right on preaching all through July and August.

SICK FROM DRINKING WELL WATER.

Gus De Smith—How are the Fowlers coming on? I haven't seen any of them lately.

Kosciusko Murphy—They are all sick from drinking well water.

A FAMILY FUSS.

Smythe—You look unhappy. What's the matter?

Roberts—I have had a row with my uncle.

Smythe—Did you lose the ticket?

WHY CHINAMEN NEVER GO CRAZY.

First New Yorker—Have they any base-ball in China?

Second New Yorker—I guess not.

Just what I thought. I know now why Chinamen never go crazy.

GIVING AWAY FAMILY SECRETS.

"Tell your mother, Tommy, that I am coming to see her," said Mrs. Peterby to little Billy Yerger, whom she met on Austin avenue.

"I'm so glad you are coming to see us, and I know mamma will be glad, too."

"Do you think your mother will be glad to see me?"

"I know she will," replied Billy gushingly, "be-

cause I heard her tell pa that nobody ever came to the house unless they had bills they wanted paid."

IN THE SAME BUSINESS.

Inventor—I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity.

Broker (turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations)—My dear sir, that's just what I am doing.

HE DIED SUMMARILY.

McCusick—I hear poor Jinks is dead. He must have died very summarily.

Reed—Very summery indeed. He took off his flannels too soon.

NO CAUSE FOR WORRY.

Potter—I have read in a newspaper that the sun is gradually losing its heat. Where is the future heat to come from?

Barnes—Don't let that worry you. You will find out before you really care to know.

MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Mrs. Yerger—It takes the iceman twenty minutes to get the ice into the refrigerator.

Col. Yerger—Is your refrigerator so small?

No, it is a large refrigerator.

Do you buy such a large piece of ice?

Not at all. We get a very small piece.

How does it come to take the iceman so long to get the ice into the refrigerator?

The cook is good looking.

Oh!

SHE NEEDED HIM IN HER BUSINESS.

Judge Peterby—If what you say about your husband's infidelity is true, you are entitled to a divorce. When did he begin to be unfaithful to his marital vows?

Matilda Snowball—He begun running wid dat Sway-back Lucy last March.

Why did you not proceed against him sooner?

You see dat's disser way: Ef I had got a divorce from dat niggah, I'd had ter do all de work in de corn-field mysef. I didn' know whar I could hab found anybody ter help me, so I held back until my husband has done gathered in

de crap, so I hain't got no moah use for him.

A NEW COLLEGE YELL.

M.—Have those Harvard students got a class yell?

A.—Yes; do you know what it is?

No, I do not.

Well, no matter what it is, it ought to be changed to Baa!

THE RECEIVER AS BAD AS THE THIEF.

Mr. Barnes—How is Jones coming on?

Mr. Potter—Don't mention him. He is as bad as a thief.

Impossible!

Not impossible at all. He has been appointed receiver of a "busted" bank, and you know the receiver is as bad as the thief.

Is it to vindicate Joseph that Harry Miner sues Mrs. Potter, for?



HONORS EASY.

Mrs. GA-AAPY—When I read these jokes about the young man who stays too late, it reminds me of the way you used to act before we were married.

MR. GA-AAPY—That's funny; I'm reminded of the amount of gabble you have to do with a sales-girl when I go out shopping with you.

MIKE WELSH'S RAM.



HE residents of Cooney Island had a wholesome respect for Mickey Finn's billy goat. The animal was in the habit of seriously interfering with the perpendicular position assumed by the islanders when on the street. In fact he had battering ram inclinations. Age did not lessen nor custom stale the playful eccentricity. Indeed, practice seemed only to make him more expert in the adjustment of the force necessary to accomplish his purpose. For many years he reigned as the champion knockdown of Cooney Island. But, alas! for the perpetuity of goat supremacy, in 1890 a rival entered the field.

His rival was a ram of uncertain age, but undoubted vigor. He was imported by Mike Welch from the village of Wilbur. The ram was smaller than the goat. His horns curled downward. He was black and white in color. With a harrowness and lack of amiability which reflected seriously on the masculine sheep, he regarded all men and women as his enemies. Even to his friends no favor was shown. His owner quickly recognized the weakness or strength of his four-footed property, and after a brief interview with the ram was engaged for an hour patching up his barked shins with sticking plaster. These made very poor substitutes for skin, and Mike wrathfully nursed his bruises and vowed inwardly to take a pitchfork with him the next time he went into the meadow where the ram was confined.

Mike's shins would have been intact had he not been prompted by the dictates of a kind heart to help a friend. It happened that Patsy Fogarty was crossing the feeding ground of the ram, when he attracted the attention of the animal. There was nothing suggestive of an ugly disposition in the appearance of the ram. To be sure, he kept one eye on Patsy, and while feeding edged up sideways in Patsy's direction. So marked did this movement of the ram become that Patsy stopped and waited for the ram to come up, intending to scratch the animal's head. But when about ten feet away, the ram lowered his head, backed up some four feet, and then charged. When his head came into contact with Patsy's legs the latter sat down. This act was performed so violently that Patsy thought his spine had been forced up through the back of his neck. Patsy was still seated when the ram charged a second time, but as a measure of safety he grasped the ram by the horns and held on. 'Twas hard work, but Patsy held on until by his cries he attracted the attention of Mike Welch, the owner of the animal.

"Lave go o' that ram," shouted Mike, running up. "Is it tryin' to stale him ye are?"

"Divil a stale thin," replied Patsy; "I was just seein' had he any strength in his neck. Come down and houl't him a minute, Mike. Faix he's stronger nor a bull."

"Is that so?" replied Mike, jumping over the wall. "Gi' me a houl't of him, till I see is he that strong."

Patsy transferred his hold of the ram's horns to Mike, and then climbed on the wall to watch the fun. Five minutes went by. Patsy sat on the wall and uttered such comforting remarks as:

"Ye'd better not lave go yet, Mike; he'll break yer legs if ye do! Faix, he has a head as hard as a stove plate, so he has!"

Mike's face was dripping with perspiration. He trembled with excitement and fear. Patsy looked on and chuckled.

Mike cursed his luck, the goat, and Patsy; but he held on like a porous plaster. He dared not let go. By this time a large crowd of Cooney Islanders had collected. They leaned on the wall and laughed until the tears ran down their faces.

**For Nervous Exhaustion
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

Dr. H. C. McCov, Algona, Ia., says: "I have used it in cases of dyspepsia, nervous exhaustion and wakefulness with pleasant results. Also think it of great service in depressed condition of the system resulting from biliary derangement."

"Arrah, Mike, dear," said Mrs. Finn with a gentle sarcasm, "ye musht be tired holdin' the dirty baste. L'ave go of him, that's a dear. Faith, ye'll be straining yer arrums. Ha, ha!"

"God forgive ye, woman!" gasped Mike, as the ram jerked backwards, nearly pulling his arms out of their sockets. "God forgive ye fur yer sins."

"Ye hav' him, Mike, I see," said Mrs. Doolan sweetly. "He c'u'dn't get away from ye now if he was twict as strong, cud he, Mike?"

Mike only groaned and glared in reply. He and the ram had tramped down twenty square feet of meadow land in the struggle. The ground was soft and they sank two inches into the soil. The fight had now been going on twenty minutes. Mike was rapidly getting exhausted. Various suggestions were made to him by which he could relieve himself of his horned antagonist.

"Give him the fut and throw him down; then ye can jump the fince," said the best wrestler on the island.

Mike tried to put his idea into practice, but as he was holding the ram at arm's length it didn't work.

"Ye might try him collar-and-elbow," suggested the philanthropic neighbor with a grin. "If ye dropped yer houl't on wan horn and put yer arrum around his neck ye might throw him aisy."

"If I get out o' this alive I'll break your back, me beauty!" exclaimed Mike, as he ran backward, urged by the ram.



Mike held on like a Porous Plaster.

The onlookers now numbered nearly a hundred. They came running from every direction, and the shouts of laughter drove poor Mike wild.

"Is thare 'ere a wan as is man enough to jump the fence and grab houl't of his tail till we carry him across the lot and dump him on the other side o' the wall?" said Mike in despair.

After a long consultation with his mother Mickey Finn volunteered to assist Mike in carrying the goat. When he had secured a good hold on the ram's tail, the animal was partly dragged and partly carried across the lot, and with a heave-ho, was dropped over the stone wall into the adjoining lot. Mike now deemed himself safe, and was walking back panting from his exertions, when a shout from the crowd warned him that his danger was not yet over. Glancing over his shoulder Mike saw the ram charging across the lot in his rear. Little Mickey being fleet of foot escaped, but Mike, owing to his exhausted condition, could not run fast. Just before he reached the fence the ram caught up with him, and as a result he was knocked on his face in the mud. Before he could regain his feet the ram had loosened his skin in several places below the knee and seriously interfered with his ribs.

Hence the remark made by Mike in regard to pitchforks at the beginning of this story, and hence the recent rise in sticking plaster in Cooney Island.—"Mickey Finn" Jerrold, in New York Sun.

It is probably because love makes the world go round that it makes so many people so giddy.—Puck.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON LE PETIT.

When Napoleon the Third was emperor, he sat one day at Longchamps, sleepily reviewing his army. Regiment after regiment passed, but nothing seemed to stir the emperor from his lethargy. At last, however, as a regiment of dragoons rode by, he suddenly fixed his attention upon the front rank.

"What is that lancer doing there among the dragoons?" he asked his chief-of-staff.

The chief-of-staff looked at the lancer and galloped away to the division commander, while the emperor sank back into his customary impassiveness.

"The emperor demands to know why that lancer is among the dragoons?"

The general looked shocked and called out sharply to the colonel of the regiment:

"Colonel, what have you got that lancer among your men for?"

The colonel was dumbfounded and appealed to the commandant of the squadron:

"What's that lancer doing here?"

"I don't know, sir," exclaimed the commandant of the squadron, and he called the captain.

"Look here, captain, why have you got that rascally lancer in your company?"

The captain pleaded ignorance. "I'll ask the lieutenant," he said.

By this time, the inquiries began to be garnished with oaths and abuse. The lieutenant, apparently surprised beyond expression at the presence of the lancer,

hurled question and imprecation all at once at the head of the orderly-sergeant. "What in the world is that lancer here for?"

Then the orderly-sergeant rode up to the lancer himself, as if he were about to cut him through the saddle. "You villain! what are you doing here among the dragoons? The emperor is after you. You'll be shot at the very least."

"But, sergeant," the soldier stammered, "you know I've permuted, sir!" (Permutation in the army means transfer, by authority, from one corps to another.)

"Permuted, eh?" said the sergeant; "well, that wont help you now."

The orderly-sergeant went to the lieutenant with the report that the man had permuted; the lieutenant told the captain, and the captain the commandant of the squadron, and the commandant of the squadron the colonel, and the colonel the general, and the general the chief-of-staff, and the chief-of-staff came to the emperor.

"Sire," he began, "the lancer has permuted."

"What lancer?"

"The lancer whom your majesty noted among the dragoons."

"Oh, yes! He's permuted, eh?" said the emperor, sleepily; "well, he looked like a good man. Let him have a medal!"—The Argonaut.

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.



A MAN never forgets how good he is to others.—Atchison Globe.

SAVED BY A SCRATCH—Your "Uncle's" signature to a check.—Light.

JOKES about plumbers should always be well leaded.—Boston Post.

THE dollar you take in is a dwarf; the one you pay out a giant.—Atchison Globe.

FOR "that tired feeling" it might be good to take a rest from patent medicines.—Puck.

"Aw, you make me tired," as the wagon wheel said to the blacksmith.—Dansville Breeze.

NOW THAT every one is wiping his feet on Mr. Quay we begin to see why he is named Matt.—Puck.

CATS are of all colors in the day time, but at night every one is a sort of a yell.—Dansville Breeze.

"THAT's the fellow I'm laying for," remarked the hen as her owner came out with a pan of cornmeal.—Harvard Lampoon.

"JAMES, I am cleaning house, so be a good fellow and beat the carpet as usual." "No, I think I'll shake it this year."—Toronto Truth.

BRING up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old just hear him take all the credit to himself for his virtuous youth.—Somerville Journal.

THE American miss who marries a foreign count hopes to become "Countess So-and-so," but usually ends with being Miss-Fit.—The Merchant Traveler.

MATRIMONY is the only thing that offers man a safe refuge from himself, if he will only allow his wife to properly develop her capabilities.—Milwaukee Journal.

TORMENTED HUSBAND (exasperated)—"Women are all alike! My wife cries whenever she wants anything, and my daughter wants something whenever she cries."—Life.

THE man who set out to live by his wits was recently found dead in an abandoned tenement. Verdict of the coroner: A victim of misplaced confidence.—New York Herald.

"No," SAID the chemist, as he wiped away the tears from his large blue eyes; "if a girl's hair is plaited, you can't with propriety say she has golden hair."—Harvard Lampoon.

A NUMBER of blind fools just now have a cataract in their eye, which is the principal reason why they are persuaded that Niagara will afford them a good site.—Baltimore American.

IT is said that a man who won't take a paper because he can borrow one is trying to invent a machine with which he can cook his own dinner by the smoke of his neighbor's chimney.—Yonkers Gazette.

A SCRANTON five-year-old, whose mother had used ten cents from his savings fund, last evening stumped his father with the remark, "Pa, you owe me ten cents; your wife took that much from me."—Scranton Truth.

ACCORDING to a Colorado paper, a wood-tick in that State is making life miserable, and that "a daily bath in bacon grease or ham fat" is about the only thing that will keep the insect off. Another preventive, and one more pleasant to adopt, is death; but many persons prefer leaving the State.—Norristown Herald.

OH, WHAT INNOCENCE!—First Census Enumerator: "Say, are you sure that this is 1890?" Second Ditto: "Sure? Great Scott! Of course I am. Why?" First Ditto: "Oh, nothing, only I've just found three women who swear that they are each thirty years old, and I'm positive that the same ones acknowledged the same ages in 1880."—Lawrence American.

Mothers give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.

Our Kaleidoscope.

To-day, as I write, the air is mild, the sun shines bright, the skies are soft and blue, trees are budding, grass springing, birds singing, and all outdoors seems filled with gladness at the return of spring. Each season of the year has its particular charms, also, each has its peculiar influences, which are sensibly impressed upon all who love nature or study her moods. So, too, in our memories, and interwoven with the experiences of our past, each season has its associations. Each recurring spring-time brings to mind scenes and incidents of bygone years. I passed my boyhood's years on a farm in the timber down in the Hoosier State; and chief, almost, among the labors of those years was the "clearing up and putting in" of a piece of "new ground" every year. In early spring the work was begun of rolling logs, piling them up in heaps and then picking "trash," as we called it—sticks, twigs and rubbish of all sorts—and putting it on the heaps, where all was left for some weeks to dry out, when it was ready to be burned. I must say, too, and with no little regret, now that I live in a city where wood is twenty dollars a cord, that we burned up in those times a great deal of very valuable timber. That is, it would have been so had there been any market for it or any way of getting it there. But the farmers needed the ground to till, so each year a new "deadening" was started, which a few years later was ready to be cleared up for cultivation.

The work in the clearing was both hard and dirty. We generally used cattle in rolling the logs, but the work required much heavy lifting, and then toiling all day in the smoke and among the fires was anything but pleasant; at least, I thought so then. To-day I am ready to modify that opinion a shade or two. I have almost forgotten how my eyes used to hurt at nights from the effects of the smoke, or how tired I used to be, and how I dreaded the job of plowing among the roots and stumps at the expense of a great loss of temper and many a sharp crack on my shins. But I do remember as distinctly and vividly as though it were yesterday how sweetly the birds sang in the mornings. Why, the woods hard by and even the "old deadening" itself rang with melody from the feathered songsters. There were solos, duets and choruses, especially the latter. I can remember, too, how bright the sun shone, how blue the sky appeared and how wonderfully clear and pure the air was, saving, of course, when we were burning the clearing. Then there was the spring-fed "branch"—we didn't call it a brook—that ran along the edge of the "clearing" and next to the woods, but its waters were cool and clear, and when we were tired, hot and thirsty we used to go there and, kneeling on its mossy banks, drink refreshing draughts from its bounteous supply of nature's nectar. Oh, after all, those were pleasant days, and I would now gladly exchange the smoke of the city for that of the "old clearin'." But, alas! the clearing is almost a thing of the past. The "old deadenings" where I used to work have long been cultivated fields, and the whole country is cleared up, and the woods that have been kept are too highly prized now to even be cut down and cleared away. I am glad of it, too. For, although when I go back to the old farm there is much change from what it was when I was a boy, they have still left me those grand old woods, and it is roaming their cool and shady depths and in listening to those sounds which are heard nowhere else save in forests wild that I pass my brief but happy vacation days. Hail, then, to joyous spring, and may it,

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.

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

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

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

kind reader, bring to you memories as pleasant as it does to one who loves to recall the scenes of boyhood, and feels all the better and stronger for these revivals of memory that stir anew his love for birds and fields and flowers, for singing brooks and green and shady woods, and for all the beauties of nature that gladden, cheer and elevate the soul of man.—Ed R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

He Couldn't Tell the Difference.

The conversation was somewhat general, and the drummer, seeing an opportunity for what he deemed innocent railery, said:

"Monsieur, can you tell us the difference between a bishop and an ass? You are evidently a learned man and can certainly inform us."

After a moment's thought the prelate answered, with perfect candor and good nature:

"Well, it doesn't seem such a difficult question, perhaps, and yet I really cannot explain it."

"No? Then I will enlighten you," continued the traveler, who by this time had drawn the attention of the crowd. "It is because an ass bears a cross upon his back and the bishop on his breast."

This sally was received with roars of laughter, nobody as yet suspecting the religious character of its object.

"And now," began the archbishop, still with perfect affability, "can you tell me the difference between a commercial traveler and an ass?"

The drummer scratched his head, and finally replied he couldn't.

"Neither can I," mildly commented his grace.

The traveler got out at the next station.—Philadelphia Times.

Deal Gently with the Stomach.

If it proves refractory, mild discipline is the thing to set it right. Not all the nauseous draughts and boluses ever invented can do half as much to remedy its disorders as a few wineglassfuls—say three a day—of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will afford it speedy relief, and eventually banish every dyspeptic and bilious symptom. Sick headache, nervousness, sallowness of the complexion, fur upon the tongue, vertigo, and those many indescribable and disagreeable sensations caused by indigestion, are too often perpetuated by injudicious dosing. An immediate abandonment of such random and ill advised experiments should be the first step in the direction of a cure; the next step the use of this standard tonic alternative, which has received the highest medical sanction and won unprecedented popularity.

THE wise employé always laughs promptly when the proprietor makes a joke.—Somerville Journal.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

The Inn at High Point.

I am "in" with it.

The Inn at High Point.

"But where is High Point?" you ask, "and what are the peculiarities of the Inn that is located there?"

Easy enough to explain. High Point is one hour's drive from Port Jervis, N. Y.

And Port Jervis is on the Picturesque Erie Railway, within easy distance from New York City.

The Inn is on a lofty point of ground, nearly 2,000 feet above sea level, and if you see level you will take your family there for their warm weather vacation.

Because the air is pure, and so is the water, for it comes from a beautiful mountain spring lake.

And mountains spring all about you, and the valley and river scenery is unsurpassed for beauty and novelty.

And the Inn: It is so constructed that city folks wishing to summer in the mountains, can have all the conveniences and comforts that they are accustomed to at home.

They may miss the rattle of milk wagons in the morning, and the yell of the fruit and vegetable peddler, but they will have pleasure, and peace, and contentment.

There are hot and cold baths, rooms illuminated by gas, and musical with electric bells.

There are no back rooms at the Inn at High Point, and no back talk on the part of the patient and obliging clerks.

The table is furnished with milk and cream from the most celebrated dairies in the world, and no guest is refused a second piece of pie. Orange county farms provide fresh butter, eggs and vegetables daily.

The region boasts of seventeen hundred acres of mountains and mountain forests, yet any guest possessing a favorite mountain of his own is permitted to bring it with him if he likes, without extra charge.

Can I say more for The Inn at High Point? I have reached the highest point when I add that C. St. John, Jr., is the genial manager. His address is Port Jervis, N. Y.

GRISWOLD.

At the Hub.

St. Louis Lady, at the Adams House—"My little girl, will you hand me the bill-of-fare?"

Boston Six-year-old, icily—"Waiter, this woman wishes the William-of-exposition!"—Westborough (Mass.) Tribune.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.



EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.

known in athletic circles as "the humorist of 'cycling,'" and whose short stories and humorous sketches have made him popular with lovers of light reading, joined SIFTINGS force in February, 1889. The Union Standard says of him: "Edwin Ralph Collins is probably the youngest, in years, of any of the humorous writers of to-day who enjoy a National reputation, but his work is not the work of an amateur, and ranks with that of any of the older men, as the readers of the Standard well know. His best work is his short stories, and they teem with life and vigorous humor. He is the latest addition to the staff of TEXAS SIFTINGS, and this is a good addition to an already powerful force. With Alex. E. Sweet, J. Armoyn Knox, A. Miner Griswold and Collins as a "Bud" SIFTINGS ought to have no trouble in keeping its place at the head of the Class."

Stanley's Dog "Randy," and the Guinea-Fowl.

We were sitting conversing about our prospects, discussing the probabilities of our couriers reaching some settlement on this day, or the next, and the time it would take them to return; and they desired to know whether, in my previous African experience, I had encountered anything so grievous as this.

"No; not quite so bad as this," I replied. "We have suffered; but not to such an extremity as this. Those nine days on the way into Ituru were wretched. On our flight from Bumbiré we certainly suffered much hunger, and also while floating down the Congo to trace its course our condition was much to be pitied; we have had a little of something, and at least large hopes, and if they die where are we? The age of miracles is past, it is said, but why should they be? Moses drew water from the rock at Horeb for the thirsty Israelites. Of water we have enough and to spare. Elijah was fed by ravens at the brook Cherith, but there is not a raven in all this forest. Christ was ministered unto by angels. I wonder if anyone will minister unto us?"

Just then there was a sound as of a large bird whirring through the air. Little Randy, my fox-terrier, lifted up a foot and gazed inquiringly; we turned our heads to see, and that second the bird dropped beneath the jaws of Randy, who snapped at the prize and held it fast in a vise as of iron.

"There, boys," I said, "truly the gods are gracious. The age of miracles is not past," and my comrades were seen gazing in delighted surprise at the bird, which was a fine fat guinea fowl. It was not long before the guinea fowl was divided, and Randy, its captor, had his lawful share; and the little doggie seemed to know that he had grown in esteem with

all men, and we enjoyed our prize each with his own feelings.—Scribner.

The Restoring Rizzle.

Do you rizzle every day? Do you know how to rizzle? One of the swell doctors in town says it is the most wonderful aid to perfect health.

"I masticate my food very thoroughly at dinner," he says, "and make sure to have my family and friends entertain me with bright talk and plenty of fun. After dinner it is understood that I am going to rizzle. How do I do it? I retire to my study, and having darkened the room, I light a cigar, sit down and perform the operation."

"How to describe it I don't know, but it is a condition as nearly like sleep as sleep is like death. It consists in doing absolutely nothing. I close my eyes and try to stop all action of the brain. I think of nothing. It only takes a little practice to be able to absolutely stifle the brain."

"In that delightful condition I remain at least ten minutes; sometimes twenty. That is the condition most helpful to digestion, and it is that which accounts for the habit animals have of sleeping after eating. I would rather miss a fat fee than that ten minutes' rizzle every day."—Chatter.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills if they will positively cure it? People who have used them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

Striking an Average.

Restaurant Guest—"Everything you have brought me is stone cold."

Polite Waiter—"Here is the mustard an' pepper, sah."—New York Weekly.

To keep the beard from turning gray, and thus prevent the appearance of age, use Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, the best dye made.

Men to Beware Of.

Samuel W. King, at the head of one of the largest collection concerns in the country, has met and seen every type of man. From his observations he has made the following deductions, had them printed and hung in his office:

Beware of the man who "Swears by all the gods at once," or one at a time, for that matter.

Of the man who slaps you between the shoulders and calls you "old man." No amount of familiarity is any excuse for this.

Of the man who hyphenates his words with "er—a."

Of the man whose salutation is "What's the news?"

Of the man who asks you, when he has seen you speak to another, "Who's your friend?"

Of the man who asks you "Where did you get it?"

Of the man who in leaving says, "See you later."

Of the man who pokes you in the ribs when he is talking.

Of the man who adjusts the lapel of your coat, or rubs one sleeve or both, when he is talking to you.

Of the man who talks to you on the train, or on a street-car, when he never saw you before, unless there is a public crisis. Victor Hugo says that such salutations show public anxiety, and are only excusable when there is public excitement.

Sensible fellow, that Hugo.

Of the man who occupies a whole table in the writing room of a hotel.

Of the man who can't get out of a chair without kicking it from under him.

Of the man who drops into a drug store to look up a name in the directory, and hangs onto the book as if it were a new novel, when he sees three or four others waiting to look up names.

Of the man who stands at the box office of a theatre when there is a crowd back of him, talking about best seats and other topics.

The woman who will do this is no better. She isn't as good as a man.

Finally—Beware of the man who comes, but never goes, and of his companion picture—the man who starts to go, but doesn't.

A Cronin Echo.

Little Micky Nolan—"Say, Paddy, Oi hear that Lanty Kelly is goin' to be after tellin' that we stole thim paynuts off the Oitalian's stand."

Little Paddy Rafferty—"Is that so? The spalpeen. We'll fix him."

"How will yez?"

"Begorra, we'll 'remove' him."—Merchant Traveler.

Phases of Draw Poker.

"Did you hab a 'citin' game las' night?"

"On'y played one hand."

"What break up de festivities?"

"Dah was \$7 on the table and I had three kings."

"Berry good fah a stahter."

"And Mr. Jenkins hel' up cyads."

"Promisin'."

"Shoh. An' I drew annuddah king."

"An' won de pot?"

"No."

"What did Jenkins draw?"

"Er razer."—Washington Post.

Not Like Santa Claus.

Bobby—"Don't be scared yet, Johnnie. Perhaps your father didn't mean it when he said he would lick you."

Little Johnnie—"Yes, he did. It wasn't as if he had promised to bring me home a new whistle."—Epoch.

With Her Feller.

"Katie?"

"Yes, ma."

"Are you coming to bed to-night?"

"Yes, ma—pretty soon. I'm busy with my feller now, and—"

"For heaven's sake! have you got a man in the house?"

"No, ma. How absurd you are! I'm busy with my feller, fixing these seams so the dressmaker won't be hindered tomorrow."

"Oh!"—Leadville Chronicle.



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

Pimples, Blackheads chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Rheumatism, Kidney Pains, and Muscular Weakness relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.



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1,001 Important things you never knew or thought of about the human body and its curious organs, How life is sustained, health saved, disease induced, How to cure all kinds of "ignorance and indiscretion," How to apply Home-Cure to all forms of disease, How to cure Croup, Old Eye, Rupture, Phimosia, etc., How to make a happy Marriage and have prize babies. A picked lot of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for new Laugh-Cure book called MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE. Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Helen Dauvray will be seen in The Whirlwind next season.

Annie O'Neill has been secured for Crane's company next season.

Lew Dockstader is going to head his own minstrel show next season.

The Brazilian, at the Casino, is not as much of a glittering success as was expected. Richard Carroll's impersonation of the German tourist doctor is really excellent, and is the only redeeming feature in the performance.

That Campanini has entirely recovered his voice was demonstrated last Thursday night at Chickering Hall, where he appeared at a concert, aided by a number of artists. His singing was enthusiastically applauded by the large audience present.

De Wolff Hopper's Castles in the Air is now running smoothly and playing to large houses. An evening at the Broadway is always one of the most delightful in the world. The theatre is so splendidly ventilated that one is as comfortable as if witnessing the performance in his own room. The large, roomy orchestra chairs and the appointments of the beautiful auditorium make the theatre the most desirable playhouse in America. De Wolff Hopper has a perennial charm. His very mannerisms amuse and entertain, and his singing is so remarkable for its clear, distinct enunciation that it is a delight to listen to his topical songs. Della Fox is a valuable auxiliary to the comedian's fun, and their burlesque of base-ball and billiard playing never fails to bring down the house.

Beau Brummel, Mr. Clyde Fitch's comedy, is an artistic and financial success. Mr. Mansfield has added a new character to his versatile repertoire. Remarkable acting is seen in this play outside the star. Ferguson, as the valet; Johnstone-Bennett, as Kathleen, the maid; Miss Adela Meador, as Lady St. Aubyn, and Miss Miller, as the heroine, are all exceptionally fine in their different rôles. A slight change since the opening night is seen in giving Mr. Compton the part of the heroine's father, which he plays with character and force. But we have never seen the quaint piquancy of the Irish character played so deliciously as it is impersonated by Miss Johnstone-Bennett. In her hands, the lady's maid has a charm that leaves a delightful picture in the memory.

Purity in Plays.

Maud Banks is entitled to know that the verdict of vulgar people at the theatre is always against pure plays and in favor of rank plays. Every roue and courtesan thought Francillon was impure. Every roue and courtesan thought La Tosca was sweet and clean. What an old theatrical debauchee don't know about purity would make the Tribune critic eloquent for a month. If there is anything that is specially edifying it is to see an old *blasé* rake roll up his eyes at Camille or the School for Scandal, and go disgusted from the theatre to some Sixth avenue bagnio.—Truth.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," at least so they all say, and their husbands say so too. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness and give strength and rest. Try them.

"Shakey's" Piece.

A very fat and good-natured but extremely dull German boy was a pupil in a school I taught in a country neighborhood some years ago. The lad's name was Jakey Seifert, but his mother, who came with him on the first day, called him "Shakey," and as "Shakey" he was known from that time forward. He proved to be as dull as he was good natured; in fact, although he was ten years old, he was still unable to read.

He would come to me with his finger on a letter in his old blue spelling-book and ask:

"Vot letter vas dot?"

"Why, Jakey," I would say, "you surely know your letters. Think a moment."

Scratching his shock of mouse-colored hair, while his round, red face assumed an expression of comical perplexity, Jakey would reply:

"Yes, I do know 'em, und I do dink; but they gets so meexed up in my mind, und de more I dink und dink de more meexed dey vas."

Poor little Jakey! What can I do but pity his mental incapacity, and patiently try to bring order into the "mixed" condition of his mind?

He was grateful for my kindness, and one day, when I had told him for perhaps the twentieth time that "s" was not "q," he gave his head a whack with his spelling-book and said savagely:

"I bet I vill make you mind dot dis time!"

We were going to close the term with a little exhibition at the school-house in the evening. Nearly all the boys and girls were to have short recitations or parts in dialogues, while others would sing or read essays.

Jakey had not been able to attend school during the last week of the term, but he appeared at the exhibition, and early in the evening came up to me, his round face all aglow with excitement.

"Teacher. Oh, teacher," he said, "I haf a piece I would like to speak, too. I haf been a week learning it."

"Very well, Jakey," I said, "you shall speak your piece." And, when several boys of about his own age had spoken, I called:

"Jakey Seifert."

He came quickly forward and stepped upon the stage, a comical picture of overgrown boyhood and childish excitement. His fat body was clad in a bright pink calico waist, and around his neck was a huge embroidered white collar, such as used to be worn by our great-grandmothers. His face was as shiny as soap and water could make it.

After a jerky little bow, Jakey commenced:

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

Then he stopped short and began twitching at his trousers leg with the thumb and finger of either hand.

"Mary had von leedle lamb."

He stopped again and fell to twisting around on one leg. His lips moved rapidly, but no sound came from them. Some of the other boys began to laugh. Then Jakey cried out:

"You need not geegle like dot! It vos so—Mary did haf von leedle lamb! It says so in de book!"

Everybody laughed at this, and Jakey, recovering his good nature, said, in a comically loud and shrill voice:

"I can not dink how it vas in boetry. It vas meexed in my mind, but it vas like dis: Mary had a leedle lamb. It vent to school mit her, vich the teacher he did not like. De children dey did all holler und yell. Dot made de teacher mad. He yoost got after dat lamb. I bet you dot vos goot fun. I vish I vas dere to see it. He made de lamb git oud. I would laugh to see dot."

"Ven de lamb vas oud it would not go away. It staid 'round going 'ba-a-a-a!' dill Mary did come oud, and den it run up to her yoost so glad as never vas. De lamb did love Mary pecause she was shentle mid it. I like dot lamb story. Good-py!"

Jakey's recitation was the success of the evening, and his face shone with pride as he took his seat amid shouts of laughter and applause.—Youth's Companion.

Talented Matt Morgan.

The sudden death of Matt Morgan startled a host of friends. He was the most popular, the most unreliable and the most gifted of our scenic artists. He possessed a wonderful faculty with brush and pencil, but he lacked cool judgment. He was, like most imaginative men when they get into business, chimerical. He was always rushing into new projects, always coming out of them with everything reduced except his faith and his generosity. Most men who did not do business with Matt Morgan loved him. Those who did business with him respected his talents. He came in contact in his time with a great number of distinguished notabilities, and I have heard him tell how he was employed at Windsor Castle to prepare the scenery for a fairy spectacle of "Cinderella," when the princesses were young, and how one of them got stuck in the chimney when she was to descend as the good fairy. A very good picture of Matt Morgan and his wife may be seen on the curtain of the Broadway Theatre. It is the central figure, representing a Spanish cavalier, and was painted by Arthur Jule Goodman, a pupil of Mr. Morgan's, who is now in Paris, and will be shocked to hear that his old friend has been stricken down.—Truth.

Pozzoni's Complexion Powder is universally known and everywhere esteemed as the only Powder that will improve the complexion, eradicate tan, freckles and all skin diseases.

Well Lined.

She—"There is Miss Passay over there in that horrid pink gown; how dreadfully unbecoming it is. And they say that Jack Dearbroke has engaged himself to her, in spite of the horrid taste she displays in dressing."

He—"Yes, Jack is engaged to her, for he is receiving congratulations; but then, you know, Jack is poor, and her pockets are well lined."

She—"Yes, and so is her face; in fact, it is nip and tuck which is lined the most."—Peck's Sun.

Charlotte and Larry.

One icy night Charlotte Cushman and Lawrence Barrett came out of the theatre together. The steps were dangerously slippery, and it was with difficulty that they kept their feet at all. As they totteringly descended, the great actress said to her companion, quite in her Lady Macbeth manner:

"Take a good grip on my arm, Lawrence, and if I slip hold on like grim death; but if you slip, in the name of heaven let go!"—Argonaut.

There is no one article in the line of medicine that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters.

Millinery Apostrophizing.

Callowton—"Your wife was a perfect picture at church this morning."

Ben E. Dick (married a year and cynical)—"In a modern sense I agree with you, dear boy. The frame cost me just \$127.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

"Look here," said Charley Cashing to his tailor, "these trousers that you made for me are getting shorter all the time."

"Well," replied the tailor, laconically, "so am I."—Washington Post.

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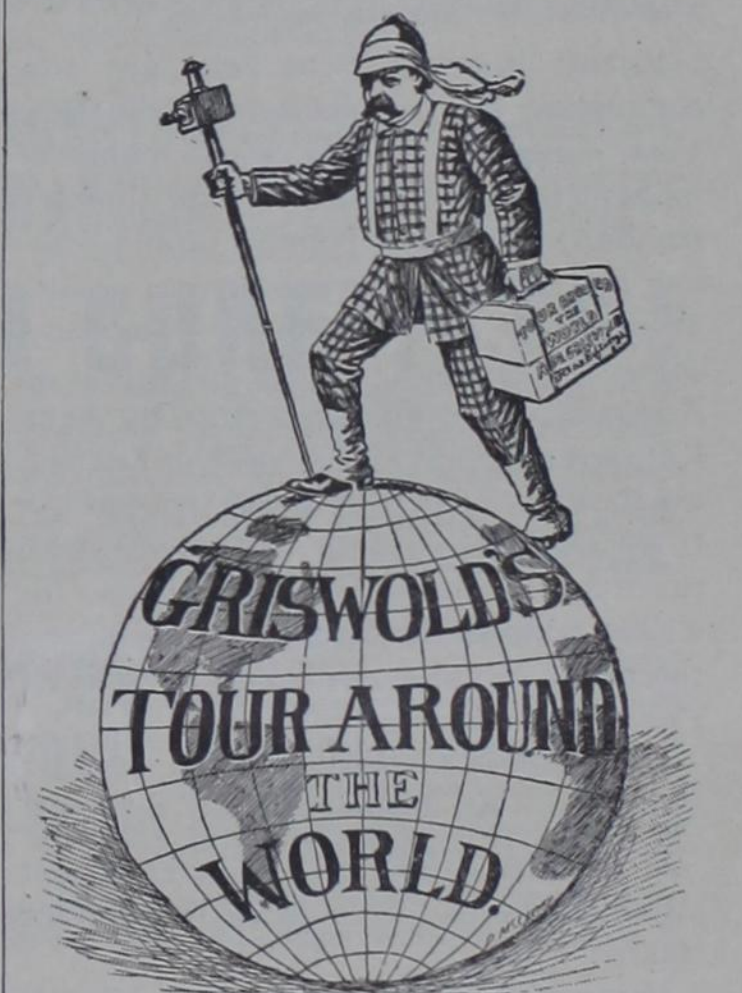
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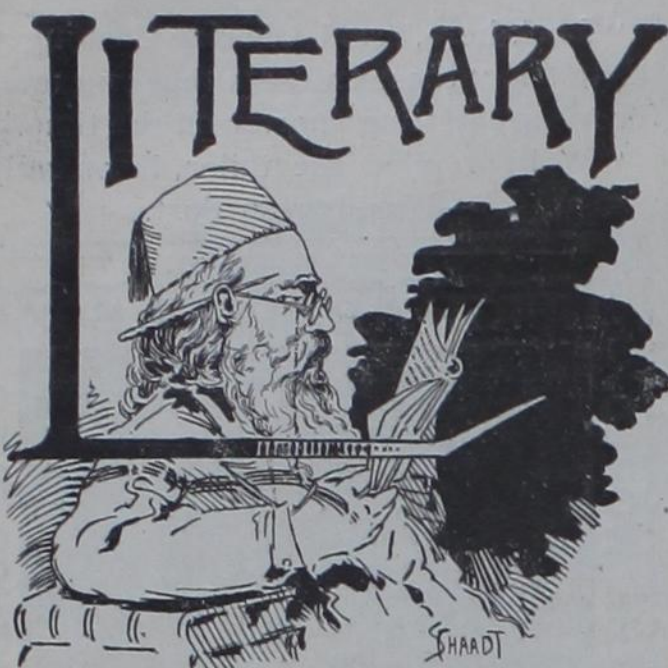
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



We have received from Worthington & Co., New York, Mrs. J. W. Davis' translation of a German story by Marie Cohn, entitled Bella's Blue Book, the Story of an Ugly Woman, illustrated. It is an admirable story, and the translator's work is well performed.

The Eclectic Magazine of Foreign Literature for June contains articles from twenty English periodicals, many of them interesting and thoughtful in the extreme. The yearly subscription to the Eclectic is \$5 a year. E. R. Pelton, publisher, 25 Bond street, New York.

The Great Divide is the title of a very interesting monthly published in Denver, Colorado. In the June number we find: Two Noted Indian Chiefs, Climbing Ute Mountain, Chaldean Burials, A Hong Kong Draft, How Cameos are made, A Great Flower Market, all elegantly illustrated, together with sixty other articles of unique interest. This journal must be seen in order to demonstrate that it differs from any other paper in the world.

In the North American Review for June Charles Stewart Parnell, M. P., reviews Mr. Balfour's land bill. Among other papers and contributions are: The Federal Control of Elections, Speaker Reed; American Girls in Europe, Mrs. John Sherwood; Criminal Politics, E. L. Godkin; A Chat About Gardens, Ouida; The Value of Protection, Hon. Wm. McKinley, Jr. The question, Do Americans hate England? is discussed by Col. Higginson, Andrew Carnegie, Murat Halstead, Gen. Horace Porter, Rev. Robt. Collyer, Gen. James H. Wilson and Mayo W. Hazeltine.

Robert Bonner's Sons, who are now conducting the publication of the New York Ledger, are sparing no pains or money to maintain the high literary standard which this popular family journal has enjoyed for so many years. Their corps of contributors embraces some of the best writers of fiction in America. The Forsaken Inn, by Anna Katharine Green, author of The Leavenworth Case, has won great popularity. It is now published in book form, with twenty-one handsome illustrations, for which address Robert Bonner's Sons, corner of William and Spruce streets, Price \$1.50, in cloth.

An Enumerator.

Housewife—"Go on! You can't get anything here. This is no harbor for tramps."

Hungry McClusky (drawing himself up)—"Madam, I am no tramp. I am a census enumerator, an' if yer don't gimme somethin' ter stop ther cravin's of my stomach the law'll be on yer. Thanks! (Departing with a roast chicken)—Smootherin' Jacob, ain't it a great go! I'll keep the scheme dark or the rest o' the fellers 'll get onto it?"—Lawrence American.

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

New York Siftings.

Genial John N. Abbott, whom everybody in New York knew and liked, when he held the responsible position of General Passenger Agent of the Erie Railway, has accepted a first-class position on the Great Northern Railway, with headquarters at St. Paul, Minn. He is assistant to the President of that great railway line.

Talk about cable roads or electric surface roads being able to supply the crying demand for rapid transit up and down Manhattan Island, is the veriest nonsense. Our streets are so thronged with vehicles and there are so many interruptions from cross streets, that a snail's pace can only be counted on during business hours, in many sections of the city. Why can't the men who are arranging for rapid transit have some sense? An underground road or a substantial viaduct can alone fill the bill.

The Iron Steamboats, plying between New York and Coney Island as well as Long Branch, are doing an immense business. With such facilities for breathing the fresh, pure air of the Bay and the Atlantic, one need not complain of a summer in New York.

E. J. Swords, General Eastern Agent, and W. C. Locherty, Passenger Agent of the "Burlington Route" to the West, have their office at 317 Broadway, New York, where they are ready to give any information desired regarding that extensive system of railroads.

The "Fat Contributor's" Lectures.

A. Miner Griswold, editor of TEXAS SIFTINGS, and humorous lecturer, has closed a contract with the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, constituting it sole agent for the management of his lecture engagements for one year, beginning Sept. 1, 1890. This is the most extensive and best systematized lyceum bureau in the United States, with its chief offices at New York and Chicago, and branch offices all over this country, in Canada and in Europe. The president and general manager is Henry L. Slayton, who has many years experience in this peculiar field. Many lyceums entrust to him the entire business of making out a list for their season's course. He controls a great variety of platform talent—lecturers, readers, soloists, musical combinations, etc., etc. Mr. Griswold will have two illustrated lectures next season, viz., "Griswold's Tour 'Round the World" (humorous) and "New York to, and All About, Paris." Applications for his services should be made as early as possible to the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, Belvidere House, New York, or Central Music Hall, Chicago. Mr. Griswold is at present engaged in filling a summer course of lectures in the West and for the Chautauquas. June 24 he lectures for the Kansas Chautauqua, Winfield; July 10 and 11 for the Kentucky Chautauqua, Lexington.

Chicago, and branch offices all over this country, in Canada and in Europe. The president and general manager is Henry L. Slayton, who has many years experience in this peculiar field. Many lyceums entrust to him the entire business of making out a list for their season's course. He controls a great variety of platform talent—lecturers, readers, soloists, musical combinations, etc., etc. Mr. Griswold will have two illustrated lectures next season, viz., "Griswold's Tour 'Round the World" (humorous) and "New York to, and All About, Paris." Applications for his services should be made as early as possible to the Slayton Lyceum Bureau, Belvidere House, New York, or Central Music Hall, Chicago. Mr. Griswold is at present engaged in filling a summer course of lectures in the West and for the Chautauquas. June 24 he lectures for the Kansas Chautauqua, Winfield; July 10 and 11 for the Kentucky Chautauqua, Lexington.

Listened to With Respect.

Professor—"What is wisdom?"
Student—"What your girl's father says when you are trying to make a favorable impression on the family."—Somerville Journal.

Figs and Thistles.

Job gave the devil his first knock-down.

Sins, like muskets, cannot stand alone.

The man who does right only because he is compelled to is not a Christian.

We are not ignorant because we do not learn, but because we forget so much.

Grumblers and growlers have no lifting power.

God's doorstep is better than the devil's palace.

Love is free, but it takes money to go to housekeeping.

Common sense and genuine religion always harmonize.

We never really know a thing until we can tell it to others.

The man who is always looking for mud never sees the sky.

If you want to find out how a man lives find out how he believes.

The man who has a high opinion of himself don't know himself.

We often pay the most for what we need the least.

Theatre-going Christians are never much account in prayer meeting.

If you seek the worm's blessing you will be sure to get its leprosy.—The Ram's Horn.

The Cosmopolitan Character of New York.

I am assured by an extensive dealer in periodical literature that nothing better shows the increasingly cosmopolitan character of New York than the great variety of publications called for. Not only do thousands of British, French and German publications find sale here, but the illustrated periodicals of Italy, Spain and even Russia are sold, while there are occasional calls for Chinese and other Oriental publications. One subscriber demands a Polish periodical printed in ancient Hebrew, while the Australian, South African and Scandinavian newspapers are constantly called for. Quite as striking in its way is the unfamiliar aspect of street news-stands on the east side, where one sees half a dozen daily papers of which he never before heard. I have noticed of late, by the way, that John Most's Freiheit is harder to find on the east side than it once was. A year or



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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

two ago it adorned every news-stand east of the Bowery, and was cried about the streets by dozens of newsboys.—Howard Seely, in New York Star.

He—"You never call me 'Birdie' any more." She—"Still, I think you are as much of a jay as ever."—Toronto Truth.

Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

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"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamaulipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

HE'D HAD NO SHOW.



Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the groc'ry store an' throw
One leg right over 'tother leg,
An' swear he'd never had no show,
"Oh, no," said Joe;
"Hain't hed no show."
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.
He said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad;
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"Oh, no," said Joe;
"Hain't hed no show."
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.
"I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes; twenty four, an' never struck;
Altho' I've sot roun' patiently,
The fust tarnashion streak er luck.
"Oh, no," said Joe;
"Hain't hed no show."
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.
"I've come down regerler ever' day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;
Yer too dern patient"—ther hull raft
Jest luffed, an' luffed, an' luffed, an' luffed.
—Yankee Blade.

THE NIHILIST BOMB'S WISH.

What a bomb-evading sovereign is the Czar.
If he's traveling in a carriage, yacht or car,
He always gets ahead
Of bombs that wish him dead,
Or reaches late the point where dangers are.
The bomb in envy looks upon the flea;
And wishes it that lively bug could be;
For when the flea is not
Upon some vital spot
Of that scared Czar, the Czar is on the flea.
—Exchange.

PARTNERS.

"You have got a fine hand," he said to her,
As she lingered over her cards.
"Perhaps," she replied, with a soft little purr,
While humming a strain of Millard's.
"You could play it alone, I suppose," he said,
As he looked in her radiant eyes.
"Perhaps!" she repeated, tossing her head,
Without any wherefores or whys.
"You're awfully aggravating, my dear."
"Yes, that's one of woman's rights;
We can take without being unsexed and queer,
Or getting society's slights."
"Will you take this, dear, and go it alone?"
He said, as she held aloft a card.
"But why," she replied, with a pique in her tone,
"When I make them all with a pard?"
"Then you have a good hand? Oh, yes! I see,"
He said, as she held aloft
The disengaged one in her piquant glee,
Which was ringless, white and soft.
"If you won't take the card, maybe you'll take
this."
And the air was still Millard's;
And the ring on the finger fair of the Miss
Changed the game in a trice. "No cards."
—Earl Marble, in the Colorado Graphic.

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

A Half Hour in the Pawnshop.

You never have been in a pawnshop? Well, it isn't a place where people like to go. But no doubt those who are forced to go there dislike to make the visit more than those who are more fortunate enough to be able to keep their skirts clear of such places. But if you care to see people who, upon entering a room look as if they expected to be kicked out, and who upon leaving the same room wear the expression of one who has been kicked out; go to a pawnshop. And if you visit one of these establishments (loan offices the proprietors call them) you will find that you enter the main room through a narrow hallway. In this passageway you meet one or more pair of "push-pull" doors. They are supposed to aid in concealing your entrance. Their effect is to make you feel as a sneak-thief should feel.

Behind a long counter, worn smooth and greasy by many a threadbare sleeve, is a short, fat man, with a drooping moustache and small gray eyes—eyes that are like a ferret's; they never look directly at a man, but the person who stands before them knows instinctively that they have taken him in from head to foot, have shown the pawnshop-keeper how sorely money is needed, how much spirit is left in the "borrower." "Sizing a man up" is the pawnshop phrase for it.

Don't say anything by way of introduction. There is no need to say anything. He knows that you have not come there to lend money to him. Take out your watch, say, and lay it on the shining counter.

"How much?" he asks indifferently.

He has picked it up and is looking at it contemptuously, so that you see that he does not consider it worth \$7. And that watch cost you \$250 perhaps.

"Thirty-five dollars—about," hazard-ing a guess.

"Can't do it," shortly; "thirty."

"Very well, then, we can't make a bargain."

This gives him a cue. He takes a little "coupon" and begins to write on it.

"Thirty?" he asks, as if there were no doubt about it.

"No."

"Thirty-two?" softly.

"Oh, no, not thirty-two."

He has finished his writing. Going to a drawer he pulls forth four bills, one five and three tens. Laying the "coupon" on them he pushes them toward you, reaching for the watch.

"Wait a minute. I think I want \$40."

"Oh, pshaw, \$40." It isn't worth \$35, but I'm willing to accommodate you with thirty-five. No more."

A young man is at your side, nervously tapping the counter with a pair of opera glasses, and the small eyes shoot swift glances at him.

"How much?" gruffly.

"Five dollars."

"Five nothing; two."

"I got five for them last time."

"Fiftieth time I've heard that to-day. Never were here before in your life."

"Three, then," doubtfully.

"Two," is the sharp response.

"Oh, very well," says the cowed young man in despair. "Two."

But he is so confused that he seizes his coupon and darts through the door, leaving his \$2 on the counter.

"Humph," grunts the man behind the counter; "first experience at this sort of business."

The young man rushes back, crying breathlessly:

"My \$2! I left it on the counter; where is it?"

"What \$2?" says the other, looking at him with his restless gray beads of eyes.

"Oh, give it to me," cries the poor wretch almost with a wail.

"Here's your money, young man," says the pawnbroker with a smile which is almost good-natured. "I thought you might miss it, so I took care of it for you. You ought to be more careful about money matters." And the young man goes out shamefaced as if he had accepted alms—at 3 per cent a month.

A young girl who has quietly slipped in drops a ring on the counter. She carried it in her closed hand. Perhaps she drew it from her finger just before she entered the front door. She keeps her eyes turned from every one; her hands tremble and her lips are bloodless.

"How much?"

"Oh, anything," she says, in a low tone.

"Three dollars?"

"Yes," as she nervously twists the ring in her shaking fingers. You can almost hear her catch her breath as she reaches the door.

"Well? (The ferret-eyes have flashed over you again). Thirty-five?"

"No, I think I said."

"Thirty-seven?"

"No."

"Well, forty," suddenly, for you have started for the door.

"No, thank you."

"Forty-five," a cry follows you into the narrow hallway. But you are near the street, and the air ahead of you looks bright and inviting, and as you step on the sidewalk your lungs feel refreshed. It is pleasant to see people in the street. They seem more like men and women than the unfortunate creatures who trembled before the pawnshop keeper.—N. Y. Tribune.

Beer as the Great Pacificator.

A careful investigation on the part of the city government of Vienna has revealed the fact that no less than 647,800 quarts of beer were consumed on May 1 in the various restaurants and beer gardens of the Prater Park, where the great labor demonstration took place. Hops are noted for their soporific properties. Under the circumstances it is therefore only natural that the representatives of labor should have abstained from any acts of violence and disorder. Hitherto the authorities throughout Europe have invariably made a point of closing all liquor stores whenever popular disturbances were apprehended. But since the experience of last May Day at Vienna, they have resolved to reverse their policy and to throw open, even more widely than usual, the doors and gates of the beer gardens on such occasions, for they are convinced that beer barrels are more efficacious than gun barrels in reducing unruly mobs to harmlessness and submission.—Tribune.

What Her Father Thought.

He—"What did your father say when you told him we were engaged?"

She—"He said he thought we were engaged long ago, judging from the smallness of the gas bills."—Yankee Blade.

One Exception.

"Everything seems to be depressed by the long rainy season," remarked Squil-dig.

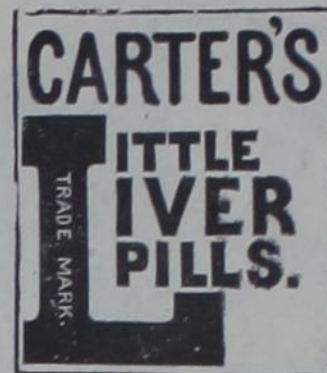
"Not everything," replied McSwil-ligen.

"What isn't, I'd like to know?"

"Umbrellas go up every day or two."—Pittsburg Telegraph.

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.



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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

\$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 Odessa, Ind., Nov. 25.—Dyle's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy moustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more. SMITH MED. CO., Palatine, Ill.

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THAT HORRID CENSUS MAN.

Mrs. GRUMP—Have you seen the census man yet?

Mrs. FUSSY—Yes, and he nigh drove me out o' my senses!

The above is how he did it.

Miss Rose in Luck.

Looking out from my window in a room at the hotel at Goldsboro', I saw a young colored man conversing in a tender way with a dusky maiden, but all of a sudden the girl turned and ran away. A moment later a second colored youth hove in sight, and the two stood glaring at each other across ten feet of space. Finally the one who was on the ground first huskily demanded:

"What yo' want?"

"I wants yo' life!" was the stern reply.

"Hu!"

"Look out, boy. Doan' yo' 'hu' at me."

"An' doan' yo' talk 'bout takin' my life!"

"Who is you, sah?"

"An' who's you?"

"Who is I, sah? I'ze de gem'lan who is payin' his 'tenshuns to Miss Rose."

"An' I'ze de gem'lan that's gwine to marry her."

"Hu!"

"Hu!"

"Boy, I'll broke yo' head!"

"An' I'll smash ye all to pizen!"

They walked round each other for a time, seeming about to spring, but suddenly both stopped and number two said:

"Boy, I'll wait fur yo'!"

"I'ze right yere!"

"Doan' you forgit dat I'll wait fur yo'! I'll wait 'til yo' is married an' hev fo chillen, an' den when yo' has forgot all about it, I'll steal into de cabin some night an'—!"

"Heah, yo' niggers, what yo' doin' out dar' when dar's work a pressin'?" called out the head cook from the kitchen door, and both were out of sight in five seconds. Then I heard the same voice growling:

"If dem boys doan' misbehave mo' onery I shan't inwite 'em to see me marry Miss Rose Thursday evenin'."

Not a Parallel Case.

Mr. Oldboy—"My dear, we ought to take Lucy and her husband back and forgive them for eloping."

Mrs. O.—"No."

Mr. O.—"You know your father forgave us in two days."

Mrs. O.—"Yes, but he thought I was sufficiently punished by marrying you."

—West Shore.

A Daring Aeronaut.

The aeronaut Higgins went up the other day from Croydon, near London, on a trapeze attached to his balloon, meaning to come down by a parachute; but an accident happened to the parachute in a strong current of air, and he had to cut it loose. This caused the balloon to shoot up six thousand feet higher, and on reaching that altitude he met another current which brought him back, and he saw nothing until he passed through some sleet and snow. He could hear the sound of trains, however. All of a sudden he found himself in darkness, caused, he presumed, by snow and thick atmosphere. He was in this snowstorm, as near as he could judge for at least ten minutes, and when he had passed through it the sun was shining beautifully.

Below him he could see what appeared to be

snowy mountains rising up and down for miles and miles. He could see a distance of some forty miles, and was able to discern the sun glistening on the sea at Brighton. He found the air getting very sharp and keen, and long icicles were hanging from his moustache, and he had no sooner rubbed them off than others formed. For a few minutes he was quite deaf. He now seemed to be descending on the mountains of snow, and he thought he was getting near Hastings or Brighton. He could smell the sea. Thinking he was coming down, he took hold of four of his guy ropes and pulled the balloon partly over on one side to allow some of the gas to escape at the mouth.

The balloon then turned round three times, and he remarked to himself, "I am descending." He did nothing more to the balloon, merely sitting on his trapeze watching for terra firma, which he did not see for some considerable time. At length he saw some plowed fields. When he was two about thousand feet from the earth, he prepared to descend by hanging by one arm on to his little trapeze rope as if he were using his parachute, and got safely to earth—thirty miles from where he started. He thinks he got about five miles above the earth. —Exchange.

Lose No Time.

How men of this busy nineteenth century, bustle, hustle, and rush about in their mad endeavors to accomplish their various errands of life. Indeed, one might be reasonably led to suppose that the amount of time which is absolutely necessary for the proper performance of their duties is not allowed them. Time wasted is money spent. Save both then by making sure you are routed via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y, when traveling between Kansas City and points in Texas and Mexico. Hours are saved, through sleeping cars had, and each and every facility for economical and comfortable railway transportation is assured if your ticket reads via the M. K. & T. R'y, from Kansas City to points in Texas, the Indian Territory and Mexico.

For tickets, rates, and further information, call upon your nearest railroad ticket agent, or address Gaston Meslier, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Sedalia, Mo.

He Lost Interest.

"I tell you, this is a great country for education," said old Mr. Pedant, when he read in a daily paper an article headed "A Great Victory for Yale!" "Our colleges are the best in the world, and every

young man should have a college training." But when he read on, and discovered that the victory was a contest of skulls, and not of skulls, he immediately lost all interest in the article.—Norristown Herald.

Too Mean to be Considered.

A Brooklyn medium thinks the "burning of Talmage's Tabernacle a visitation from God at the cry of his people." Now, in all my personal acquaintance with Spiritualists I have, almost without exception, found them to be a gentle people, patient, rather loving and tender hearted in their attitude toward mankind, and so I think the "Medium" will retract this charge when he comes to think of it. It is a severe charge to bring against the Almighty, that he would go around setting fire to churches; on Sunday morning, too. It is a more savage thing to say about Spiritualists than ever Dr. Talmage said, too, that this act of incendiarism was done at the instigation of "God's people." I don't believe the Spiritualists of Brooklyn ever asked God to set fire to a church. What's more, I don't believe he'd do it for them if they cried their lungs out. Ah, brethren, "let us have peace." When we all get to the Summer land we'll be so astonished to see each other there and have so many things to take back that we've said about each other that for the first two or three hundred years we won't more than half enjoy ourselves. We'll be afraid every time we turn a corner that we will meet some saint with a brighter crown and a louder harp than we have and feel compelled to apologize for having denounced him with all our mortal breath as a fore doomed scoundrel and an unmitigated hypocrite, and then how small we will feel to learn that he is an old resident, having been gladly welcomed there fifty years ahead of us when we thought and—Heaven forgive us, maybe hoped—that he was howling in "the everlasting bonfire." Heaven, I imagine, is a much larger country than most of us are apt to think. If ever I get there—and I do hope I will—if I ever get there; if ever they let me in—I don't know—I can't see how, with any reason or upon any grounds, they are going to shut anybody else out.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

Will the South Kick Over the Breeching.

Fred Massey, writing from Richmond to the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, says: "There is one thing one must say, and that is in tribute to the soldierly appearance of the men who marched today. It was no small honor to defeat in battle after battle such men as these. You will never see horsemanship until you see the Southerners in the saddle. They are born to a horse-back as a duck is born to water, and I do not blame the enthusiasm of the Southern women, as aroused by the sight of a Southerner on horseback. To-day, when in the presence of scores of people arrayed as infantry and artillery and cavalry in beautiful uniforms and perfect alignment under the old flags and amid the roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs of men and women, and ear-piercing yells, one could almost feel to sympathize with these people, who have at last thrown aside all masks and coverings, and stand forth as faithful to their 'lost cause,' and bearing children who are to-night to honor the cause and revere the memory of those who laid down their lives for it. I give the facts simply. It is time for the North to begin to think seriously of these matters.

"The South is disposed to kick over the breeching."

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

An Eye to Business.

"I have just been up in Vermont," said a Treasury clerk yesterday. "The natives have lost none of their cuteness. The town where I was stopping has about 4,500 inhabitants. One of the selectmen runs a hardware store, and two weeks ago his dog was bitten by a neighbor's dog. It was a small enough matter, but see what happened. First, he had the neighbor's dog killed; then he raised the cry that the dog had been mad and had bitten other dogs. The selectmen met and ordered that every dog should be muzzled for forty days, and the thrifty hardware man has sold nearly 500 muzzles at \$1 apiece. Staid old family dogs travel around town with leather thongs around their jaws, which never closed on anything more human than a beef bone. I saw one big mastiff that had worked his muzzle off and was lugging it around in his mouth.—Washington Post.

After the Party.

"Did you like Miss Faircomplexion's evening dress?"

"A portion of it."

"Yes, what part?"

"The part she had on."—Portland (Ore.) West Shore.

WON A FORTUNE.

Bought Lottery Tickets for Thirteen Months and at last Struck it Rich.

Another lucky young Philadelphian has succeeded in winning a fortune for one dollar in The Louisiana State Lottery. The fortunate young man is William H. Scheubel, who boards with his sister, Mrs. August Vollmer, the widow of the late well-known brewer, at 520 Jefferson street.

He was the fortunate possessor of one-twentieth part of ticket No. 45,350, which drew the capital prize of \$300,000 in this month's drawing. Mr. Scheubel is a young man, but twenty-two years of age, and is a recent graduate of Girard College.

He is employed as a shipping clerk in the bottling department of John F. Betz & Son's brewery, whose mammoth establishment occupies almost the entire block bounded by Callowhill, Crown, Willow and Fifth streets. An Item reporter called on him this morning at his place of business and found him busily engaged in his work.

"I see you have not allowed your good fortune to turn your head," said the reporter.

"No, indeed," said Mr. Scheubel, "I will not allow it to do that. I intend to keep on with my work just as if I had not received the money."

Upon being asked how he came to invest in the lottery Mr. Scheubel said: "I had read of a great many poor people who had been fortunate enough to strike it rich, through the lottery, and about a year ago I thought I would invest myself. I sent a dollar every month, without striking anything for twelve months. This month was the thirteenth time I sent, and you know the result."

"By the way, I often heard it said that thirteen was an unlucky number. My luck will certainly turn the feeling the other way. I shall always believe in it hereafter."

"Have you decided as to how you will invest the money?" asked the reporter.

"No, not as yet, but you can rest assured I shall make good use of it," was the reply.

Mr. Scheubel is a very pleasant young man, highly spoken of by his employers, and no one begrudges him the good fortune that has fallen to him.—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, May 23.