

# Texas Siftings.

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## LOVE AT THE SEASIDE.

AFTER A WEEK'S ABSENCE FROM LONG BRANCH AND HIS BEST GIRL, YOUNG PENDRAGON RETURNS, AND HIS BEST GIRL, WHO HAS IN HIS ABSENCE ENGAGED HERSELF TO TWO OTHER YOUNG MEN, MEETS HIM AT THE STATION WITH BOTH OF THEM AND JEERS AT HIM.



# Texas Siftings.

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

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

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## IN "A. MINER" KEY.

THE silver question—got change for a quarter?

CANVAS comes by the bolt, and so does lightning.

ON a strike—boiler-makers. Rivet your attention to this for a moment.

GOOD crops are reported from Georgia, but the variety of chicken isn't mentioned.

ONE of the peaks of Mount Shasta has disappeared, and Joaquin Miller feels piqued over it.

NO ONE knows where corn came from, but many can tell where it goes to by the feeling next morning.

THERE are now 44 States in the Union. Put 4—11 with those figures, and what a "gig" you would have!

THE servant for a "Great Indian Doctor" was absent half a day, and the great Indian docked 'er for the time.

IT isn't strange, at this time of the year, that cloak-making is carried on under the "sweating" system. A person would have to sweat who wore one.

WHEN an Austin man read that there was "a crisis in Guatemala" he expressed surprise that Barnum didn't send a man to capture it for his show.

HAHNEMANN and Fremont were great men, who traveled in different paths. Fremont was the great Pathfinder, and Hahnemann the great Homeopathfinder.

THE WORLD had a long account, the other day, of "Men who have doubles." A simple description of a cucumber would have answered just as well; a cucumber is any man's double.

AN Iowa girl who "disgraced her family by eloping with a farm hand," wasn't heard of again for several years, when she came back with her husband, who paid off a big mortgage on the old man's farm.

IN Egypt lovers pledge their troth by touching thumbs. When, however, the girl touches her thumb to her nose and wiggles her fingers, the young fellow probably takes the hint and scoots.

THE New York Sun has been printing extracts from Samuel J. Tilden's writings and speeches, headed "He Speaks from the Grave." If Tilden could really speak from the grave, it would be interesting to hear his sentiments on the subject of will-making.

SOME have thought that this country would soon become too densely populated for comfort unless another war broke out, but boiler and powder-mill explosions, and excursion trains and steamboat excursions are doing such deadly work now that war will hardly be necessary.

RUM makes trouble everywhere. There is great agitation in England because the government proposes to compensate liquor dealers for pecuniary loss in retiring from the business. But there is no talk of compensating families for the losses which the liquor traffic has inflicted upon them.

## TOO MUCH ANNIE ROONEY.



IT DOESN'T matter where you go,  
In your ears it's ringing—  
"She's my Annie, I'm her Jo"—  
This Rooney business, don't you know,  
That everybody's singing.  
Everybody knows the thing;  
Everybody's spooney—  
Save the small minority  
That's being driven lony.  
Organs grind it on the street;  
Mr. Dennis Mooney  
Keeps awake upon his beat  
To whistle Annie Rooney.  
In the woods the phebe birds  
Sing the song without the words;  
Cats upon the garden fence  
Render it with stress intense;  
Even young Babboony  
Now and then removes his cane  
From his mouth, adjusts his brain,  
And, in accents full of pain,  
Hums "Miss Awnnie Wooney."

J. C. DAVIS.

## ICE-MAKING.

Newspapers are discussing the probabilities of aerial navigation and inventions for providing cheaper power and machinery for increasing the speed of railroads and steamboats, and all that, but there is one invention whose progress will be noted with quickening interest, and that is the machine for manufacturing ice. It seems to work all right, as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far enough, or fast enough, either. It makes ice that cannot be equaled for purity by the best quality of congealed spring water, for it is made of water condensed from steam. Heat kills disease germs, but freezing does not. At present ice-making machinery cannot begin to supply the demand, but we look confidently forward to the time when it will; when ice-harvesting in disease-breeding rivers and stagnant ponds will be done away with, and a pure article of the frigid product be furnished at an extremely moderate cost. Every householder may yet be able to have an ice-machine of his own, as inexpensive as a washer and wringer or a coffee-mill.

## ANOTHER TRADITION LAID LOW.

Historical research continues to play havoc with cherished traditions. It has laid its iconoclastic hand upon our Fourth of July. It denies that the Declaration of Independence was signed on that day, and tries to show that some of the original signers attached their signatures as late as the following January. It is not certain that John Hancock was at all prompt in signing his name, although we have been assured all along that he was the first to write his name, in a big, bold hand, so that it might not be mistaken by King George, should he ever see the document. We hate to think of any of that noted band holding back on any account, particularly John Hancock. There is an old engraving which represents the "signers" grouped around a table, on which rests the precious document of our liberties. John Hancock, having signed it, extends the pen to Benjamin Franklin in a calm and dignified manner, who critically examines the nib to see if it needs mending. Every face expresses eager determination, and there is not a sign to indicate that any one of them is disposed to put the ceremony off for even an hour. And now to be told that some of them dallyed along for months is more than our patriotism can endure. Years ago somebody tried to prove that Washington didn't write his Farewell Address, but it was a mild offense compared with this attempt to rob us of our Fourth of July. What will the boys say when they hear of it?

## ON A WAR FOOTING IN TIME OF PEACE.

When it is sought to discourage or impede the march of an invading army, torpedoes are planted and secret mines laid in its pathway, which are liable to explode beneath the invader's foot-fall. This is in time of war, and the expedient is quite legitimate. But these are times of peace, even between rival newspapers, and yet New York sidewalks and roadways conceal elements capable of as much destruction as torpedoes and hidden mines of gunpowder. What with steam-heating pipes that blow up and leaky gas pipes that explode from one cause or another, our population is living and moving over mines as dangerous as those which war invents. No one knows when a man-hole will blow up or a chasm open at his feet. Are the authorities helpless to protect people's lives? At present New York is one of the most dangerous cities to be safe in that we know.



## LIFE IN PIZEN CREEK.

BARBER—Somehow my razor don't seem to cut well this morning.

COL. WHIPSAW (of the Rattlesnake Ranch)—Use my Bowie, podner; you'll find that all O. K. I tried the edge on Bill Chaparejo last night when he said I was er liar!



TO BE TAKEN WITH A GRAIN OF SALT.



This night, ten years ago, I was waylaid by masked villains. Bound hand and foot. Then taken—



To a cave. A dismal spot. Then seated on a keg of powder, a fuse was inserted in the bung-hole. From the keg—



Mark you—they laid a train of pow-e-der, and a lighted torch was put to the train—



There was a flash.



Bang! Bang!! And my—my-er—



Bed gave way. Slats, you know. It was a dream.

### THE OLD WRITING SCHOOL.

People whose memories reach "way back" can recall the peripatetic writing master, who went from town to town establishing writing schools. He advertised to make a finished writer of anyone in ten or twelve easy lessons, and some of his pupils finished writing as soon as the term was over, and never took it up again.

The writing master did a flourishing business in his day, as musty old copy books will show. To make graceful flourishes with his pen and teach his pupils to imitate them was his strong hold. The walls of his class-room were decorated with specimens of his skill, and there were some in frames hanging outside to attract more scholars. There were beasts and birds and creeping things, that made one's flesh creep to look at; and that wonderful picture of an open-work swan, gracefully floating on inky billows, all done without taking his pen from the paper—so he said, but I have since doubted the statement, as I have learned to doubt many things that men claim to have done.

The Professor of Penmanship, as he styled himself, secured from his pupils specimens of their writing before taking lessons, and "after taking." The former were left in the same crude state in which the letters came from the clumsy fingers of the pupil, with all their imperfections on their heads, not to mention the puzzling uncertainty of their tails; but the specimens showing what John or Lucy was able to accomplish "after twelve lessons" were dexterously touched up by the deft quill of the Professor, and rendered as perfect as possible in up strokes, down strokes, hair lines, curves and semi-curves.

And how proud the pupil was, although it was with difficulty that he could recognize his own work after the master had "corrected" it. He bore it home in childish triumph, as the youthful Sparticus did the early grapes, and great was the parental delight. It was immediately framed and hung up in the parlor or "front room," where it excited the lasting envy of family relatives who could not afford to send their offspring to a writing school, and the confused wonder of the father of the boy, who never could understand why John couldn't do anything like it afterwards, no matter how hard he tried.

Every professor of the chirographic art had a "system" of some sort which he taught, though his system was out of order frequently. I studied under the Spencerian system, I remember. I didn't know what Spencerian meant, but associated it in a vague way with the unfortunate young midshipman, Spencer, who was hanged for mutiny on board a United States man-of-war. I think it was the loops in the g's and y's, shudderingly suggestive of a hangman's rope, which gave me the idea.

Systems of penmanship in those days necessitated the purchase of special copy-books, together with elaborate works on the subject, treated both from a scientific and practical point of view. If my memory serves me, and it rarely serves anybody else, there were Spencerian pens and penholders, Spencerian rulers, blotting paper and pen-wipers, together with ink of a Spencerian hue, which the Professor explained were absolutely indis-spencer-able to a complete mastery of the "system." All these articles the Professor was ready to furnish at a small advance on original cost to manufacture, as he was sole agent for that town.

I can recall winters in the "sometime ago" when the advent of a Writing Master was about the only excitement our little village in Central New York had. He was the subject of considerable curiosity when he arrived. He wore his hair and finger nails long, usually, and had a foreign air about him. I remember one who wore a moustache black as the wing of the raven he used to draw, but he didn't draw any scholars, and he suddenly left town and his trunk without settling with the landlord. It was the moustache that did it.

In rural neighborhoods, in those days, a moustache was a badge of distrust. A stranger with this facial adornment was considered to be a gambler, a pirate off on vacation or a bigamist with six living wives and on the lookout for another. Of the moustached writing master above referred to, it was said that he smoked opium secretly, and a copy of Tom Paine was discovered in his abandoned trunk!

A. M. G.



### A SUIABLE REWARD.

STOUT PARTY (to life saver)—You have saved my only child. What can I do for you? Name your reward.

HERO (joyfully)—Well-er—if you insist on it, why then just break in a new pair of shoes for me.

### DESPERATE CHANCES.

First New Yorker (to a friend)—Do you know some good life insurance company that you can recommend? Second New Yorker—Yes, half a dozen. Any hurry about it?

First New Yorker—Yes; I want to get my life insured right away. And say, if anything should happen to me wont you look out for my family?

Second New Yorker—Goodness gracious! man, what desperate step are you about to undertake?

First New Yorker (in solemn tone)—I'm going on a steamboat excursion.

Second New Yorker—If that's so get insured before you leave; you are taking desperate chances.

### CHANGING PLACES.

In a railway car packed full, a gentleman who had got a seat facing the engine asks his opposite neighbor to change seats with him. The stranger puts himself to considerable inconvenience to make the change, which he does with the greatest affability. Finally they are nicely settled.

"You prefer riding backwards?" says the smiling and obliging stranger.

"It's not that; but in case of a collision a man is not liable to be bruised up so very much unless he is in the position you occupy now."

### A WASTE OF MONEY.

New York Anarchist (to a brother in the faith)—They say that when the new aqueduct is in full operation it will furnish every person in New York eight gallons of water per day.

Brother Anarchist—What a shameful waste of money! Now if it provided every one of us eight gallons of beer a day there would be some sense in it.

Right you are, brother.

### NO BEAUTY IN IT.

First Tramp (to his partner, who has stopped on Broadway to look in a picture dealer's window)—What yer looking at there, Bill?

Second Tramp—Beauty in the Bath.

Well, I can't see any beauty in the bath, and I don't believe you can, either; so come along.



## A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXXIX.



THE reign of Henry III., who succeeded his brother, Charles IX., in 1574, continued fifteen years and was a very turbulent one. He was frivolous and effeminate in character, and so depraved as to shock society even in that age of moral

laxity and corruption. Yet like many other French monarchs of similar habits, he paid great attention to the outward forms of religion. After a night of shameless orgies he would frequently be found at prayers.

"Where is Henry?" the Queen-mother (Catherine de Médici) would sometimes ask.

"If he is home from the washerwomen's masquerade ball you will find him in the chapel," was the response.

The ambitious Duke of Guise was at the head of a powerful party opposed to the King. The Duke traced his descent from Charles of Lorraine, the last of the Carolingian dynasty, and he had dreams of deposing Henry, who was the last of the Valois line, and taking possession of the throne himself, and was very near succeeding, when he was treacherously assassinated by order of the King. Henry invited him to a private conference in his apartments, and when he came assassins threw themselves upon and dispatched him. Henry brought news of the affair to that tender mother of his, exclaiming exultingly, "The King of Paris is slain, and now I am again monarch of France!"

The Duke of Guise was very popular in Paris, from whence he had driven out Henry. His death was avenged by his friends of the Catholic League. They found a Guiteau in the person of a fanatical monk named Jacques Clement, whom they induced to undertake the "removal" of the King. The latter had established headquarters at St. Cloud, anticipating a battle with the King of Navarre (afterwards Henry IV.) who led the Huguenots.

It was a peculiarity of Henry III.'s reign that sometimes he was opposed by the Catholics and sometimes by the Protestants, for neither side had any confidence in him. Clement secured entrance to the King's quarters by means of a forged pass, and pretended that he bore a communication of the utmost importance and must see his majesty in private. Henry granted him an audience, and while he was poring over the paper handed him, the monk suddenly drew a knife from his sleeve and gave him a mortal stab. The guards rushed in and killed the assassin on the spot. The King lived long enough to summon Henry of Navarre and name



Assassination of Henry III.

him successor to the throne. This was in August, 1589. Thus terminated the royal dynasty of Valois, which had given thirteen sovereigns to France, and filled the throne more or less, according as they were fat or lean, during a period of two hundred and sixty-one years.

Henry IV. was the first of the Bourbon line of French Kings. He traced his descent from Robert,

Count of Clement, younger son of St. Louis, whose wife was Beatrice, heir of Bourbon. Henry's father was Antoine, duke of Vendôme, and his mother Jeanne d'Albret, queen of Navarre. He was born and educated a Protestant, and therefore the Catholic nobles were greatly opposed to his accession, finally taking up arms against him. He defeated them badly at Ivry, not far from Paris, and had he pushed his advantage at once he might have possessed the capital. But he delayed in order to take two or three small towns by way of exercise, and the garrison was reinforced by a strong body of Spaniards under the Duke of Parma.

It was at Ivry that the incident of the white plume occurred. In making a speech to his troops before the engagement he said: "*Votre roi est ici, mes amis, et la bas est l'ennemi*"—but perhaps I had better put it in English—"Yonder is the enemy, my friends, but you can just bet your King is on hand to meet them. Should you lose your standards in the battle, here is my white plume, see? Rally round that; it will lead to victory!"

The white plume of Henry of Navarre has gone into history, and with it Col. Bob Ingersoll once decorated the helmet of Blaine in a very felicitous manner, though it won no battle of Ivry for the Maine statesman. It was poison Ivry for Jim, as it were, for the support of the distinguished infidel killed his chances for the Presidential nomination that time.



Col. Ingersoll and the Plumed Knight.

The people of France grew weary of incessant civil strife and a compromise was proposed. It was suggested that Henry change his religion, when the gates of Paris would be thrown open to him and he be allowed to take his step-ladder and mount the throne without further opposition.

Henry thought the matter over for a while and concluded that he would do it. He accordingly proceeded to the church of St. Denis, where he solemnly abjured Calvinistic errors and made profession of the Catholic faith. High mass was celebrated and the Te Deum sung, to relieve the tedium of the occasion. Henry lightly remarked to a companion that "Paris is worth a mass," says a writer, though there is no great mass of evidence to prove the assertion.

After some little delay to satisfy the people that Henry's conversion was genuine, Paris opened its gates and Henry marched in, meeting the Spanish troops as they marched out.

"*Adieu, mes amis,*" cried Henry, gayly waving his plumed helmet, "*je ne désire vous à voir ici encore.*"

He was polite, but he didn't wish to see them at Paris again.

And so Henry IV. came to his own and was received with acclamations by the people, who were glad to have peace smile upon them once more.

Henry had several foreign wars on his hands during his reign of eleven years, and was on the point of marching against Austria, when he was struck down by the dagger of the assassin Ravaillac, while riding through the streets of Paris in his carriage. What prompted the deed was never made clear. It was charged to the Jesuits, whom Henry opposed, to Austria and to Spain. It seems probable, however, that Ravaillac

was a half-insane fanatic. Henry IV. was twice married, his first wife being Marguerite of Valois, daughter of Catherine de Médici, from whom he was divorced; his second Marie de Médici, daughter of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. His mistresses were so numerous that it would be difficult to catalogue them. A bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV., on Pont Neuf, Paris, was melted into cannon by the revolutionists, and its present substitute was made from the statue of Napoleon taken from the Column Vendôme, when the Bourbons again came into power. Such are the revenges which time brings.

NOTE—The two preceding parts of the History of France were transposed by an inadvertence.

## THE COLLECTING MANIA.

The man who calls upon you at inconvenient seasons with an old bill which he testily remarks "has been running long enough," is not the only variety of collector. There are collectors of old books, old coins, rare medals, and curios of various descriptions. There is the collector of the ideas of others, and the man who isn't able to collect his own ideas, which in many cases wouldn't pay for the effort, anyhow.

The collection of old postage stamps is more generally carried on, probably, than any other form of the collecting mania. People of all ages, sexes and conditions engage in it. There is a regular postage stamp exchange on the Champs Elysées, Paris, where, every Sunday morning, hundreds of enthusiasts in this peculiar industry meet to exchange views—and stamps.

The autograph collector abounds everywhere, though the craze does not prevail to the extent that it used to. When a man first strikes out for fame he is very proud to receive the first application for his autograph, no matter whence the source. It is the first faint call to renown, and the note falls pleasantly upon his tympanum. Afterwards, as the dizzy heights are reached, the deluge of autograph requests annoys him, and he wonders why strangers pester him so. Still he notices it when the calls drop off, for he reads in it waning popularity and approaching forgetfulness.

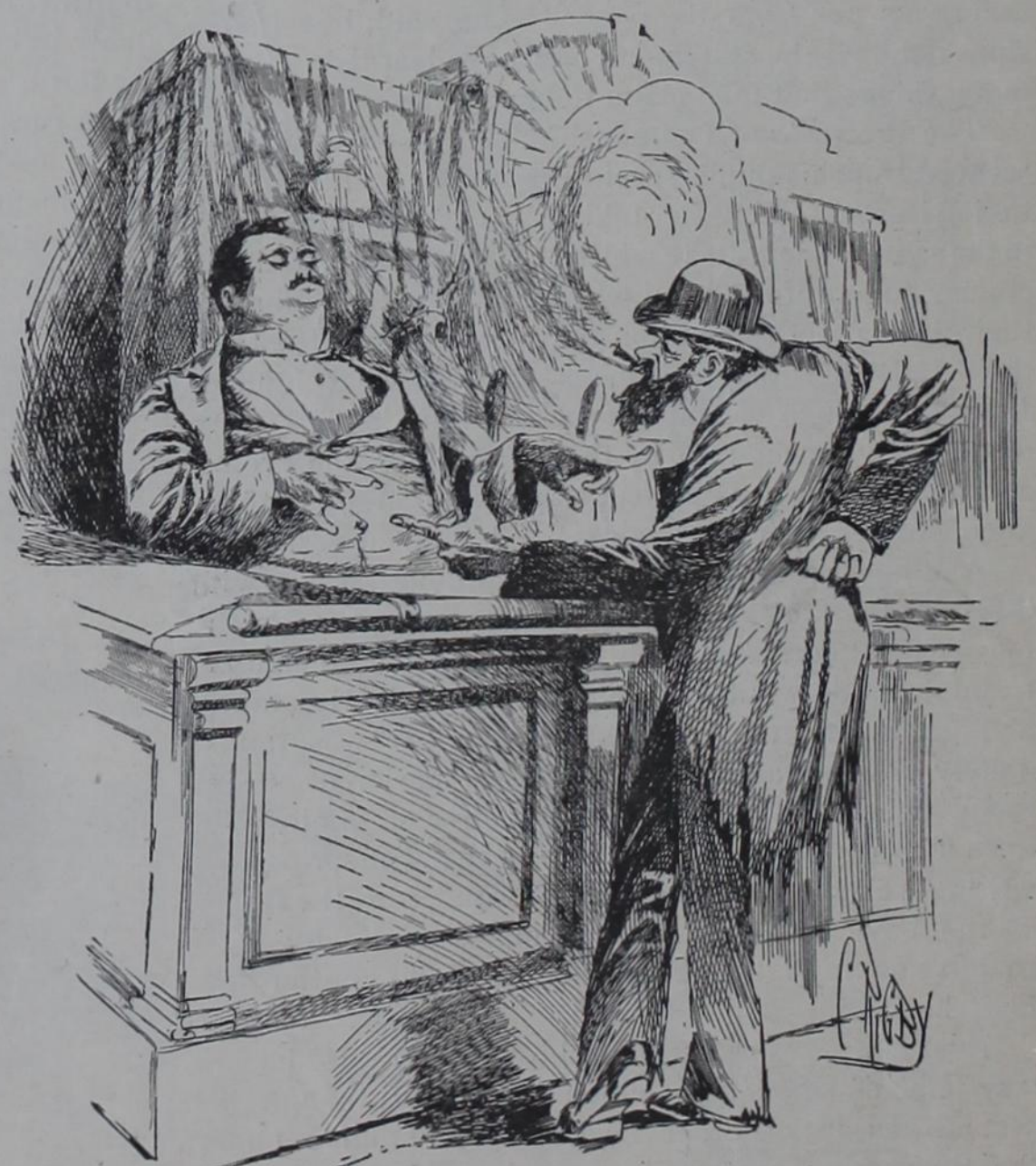
Hair albums were a fad for a time. The aim was to obtain locks of hair from distinguished people. Single hairs of very noted men or women were highly prized, their fame hanging by a single hair, as it were. Bill Nye is often asked for a lock of his hair for an album of this kind, but he refuses in the baldest manner. The quilt-piece mania goes steadily on whatever happens.

## A DESPERATE CASE.

Old Practitioner (to a young M. D.)—I hear you have been called to attend Mr. B., who is so desperately ill.

Young M. D. (proudly)—Yes, that's a fact, and I think I'll pull him through.

Old M. D.—Another proof of the truth of the adage: "Desperate diseases require desperate remedies."



A CREDITABLE STATEMENT.

GUZZLETON—You won't trust me for a drink till evening? Why, ain't I a steady customer?

BARKEEP—My dear fellow, the more custom you give, the less "steady" you are!



## THE HOOFNACKLE LETTERS.

HOOFNACKLE TELLS ABOUT HOW HIS WIFE PLANTED A GARDEN.

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

LETTER III.



MR. EDITOR: I don't believe I ever wrote to you about how Sarah fixed up her garden last spring. She got a notion into her head that she was going to have a garden, and when Sarah gets a notion into her head there is no use talking to her. I said to her:

"Sarah, you can have a botanical garden in the back yard if you want it, but don't confer the position of head-gardener on me, for I shall be obliged to respectfully decline the honor."

I don't know any more about gardening than a double-nose pointer does of the refraction of light, but from that time on I didn't hear much except talk about hyacinths, and Lord knows what all.

One evening I came home rather late, and, of course, there was no supper there, and no Sarah, either, for about two hours previous she had gone over to a neighbor's to have a little five-minutes' chat, and had not yet returned. My first move was to investigate the kitchen safe, for I had an appetite like a corn-sheller. There was a raw beefsteak and a paper bag full of onions. I said to myself: "This is what I call luck," and in less than no time I had stirred up the fire, put on a skillet, with a lump of butter in it, sliced up the onions, and it wasn't long before I was hard at work hiding away a beefsteak with onions, to which I am very partial. I had just got through, and had taken a snifter of whisky to help digestion, when in comes Sarah.

"Sarah," said I, "if you had come a little sooner



you might have tasted a beefsteak and onions which I fixed up so nice that you would have had to take back

all those insults I've had to take about my being no use in the family."

Sarah made a face as if she saw a ghost, and gave a yell that startled me. I was scared. At the same time I felt a griping in my stomach.

"Mrs. Hoofnackle," I exclaimed, jumping to my feet, "is it possible that the beefsteak was poisoned?"

"No, it's not that," said the heartless creature, beginning to cry; "but you have eat up all my tulip and hyacinth bulbs, you beast! They cost me seven dollars and fifty cents. Oh, you! Oh, you!"

Then it occurred to me that there was a sort of perfumed taste about the beefsteak that was something like hair-oil.

"It's all your fault," I replied. "Why do you put that trash in the kitchen safe?"

I was going to say some more, but as she was busy hunting for the garden rake I went out for a little walk until the storm had blown over.

Mr. Hoofnackle goes on to tell of the wonderful improvements that had been made in the flower garden line; how the back yard looked as if a lot of moles had been at work in it for a week, etc., etc. On his return, Sarah, who had forgiven him, greeted him with a pleasant smile, and said:

"I'm so glad you have come, Jackson. Just look at this lovely garden! I only need one thing more, and I know you will be so good as to attend to it for me; won't you, Jackson, dear?" and she hung a big market basket on my arm. "All they need now, deary, is a little manure. There is a livery stable——"

"If you please, excuse me, Mrs. Hoofnackle, but I am not that kind of a vehicle. I might have done it twenty-five years ago, but the election is over now. Besides, if that's all you need, what's the matter with those two daily German newspapers to which I subscribe?"

I was going to continue the conversation, but there was fire enough in her eye to start a conflagration, and as the rake was quite handy it occurred to me that this was another good time to take some outdoor exercise.

That night Mr. Hoofnackle was aroused by a fearful punch in the ribs.

"Jackson," said a well-known voice, "just hear that cat."

"Well, it's not my cat," growled Jackson.

"But it's my garden that's being destroyed."

That was a fearful concert. The overture from Tannhaeuser was nothing to it. With my right hand I grabbed one of Sarah's shoes, and with the left, a boot-jack. The first shot was too high. It went over the fence, across the alley and broke a pane of glass. I don't know where Sarah's shoe went, but the shot with the beer pitcher disturbed the cats a little. I drew back with Sarah's other shoe, but, as luck would have it, hit her a fearful whack on the nose. The concert outside stopped, but it was nothing to the one I had started inside. Sarah sat up for the rest of the night, trying to reduce the swelling with cold applications, and, at the same time, she endeavored to bring me to a sense of my own unworthiness.

From battle, murder, sudden death and gardens, good Lord, deliver Yours truly,  
JACKSON P. HOOFNACKLE.

## A MAN OF HIS WORD.

Gilhooly and Gus De Smith were strolling carelessly past a saloon. After they had passed twenty steps beyond the saloon, Gus De Smith stopped and said:

"Let us go back and wet our whistles."

"I thought you promised your wife not to take a drink," replied Gilhooly.

"No, I didn't make any such fool promise as that. What I did promise was that when I came to a saloon I would go past it, and I have kept my promise like a little man. I have passed the saloon, as I said I would. Now, let us turn around and get a drink as a reward for having kept my promise."

## HE WAS THE FIRST.

St. Peter—None but the good can enter. What have you ever done to gain entrance here?

Austin Man—Done! Why, I was the only man in the State who did not get off a joke on the new dam they are now building across the Colorado River.

St. Peter gazed at him long, but with tender, loving eye. Then he threw the gates open wide enough to admit a freight train sideways, as he murmured softly: "Verily, you belong among the truly good."

Bobby—What are subsidies for shipping, pa? Pa (gruffly)—Schemes for shipping away the surplus, my son.

## THE BOY FROM TEXAS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



OMMY PETERBY sends another letter in which he tells how his father discovered a red hair in the soup—His father leaves the table—Tommy delivers a message from "par" in the parlor.

Mister editor: in my last letter i tole u wat a turf time we awl had at ovr bording hows on madison Avenoo, bekos par kept on dis-

grasing the famly so mar sed henery henery but it was no youse. par sed the only thing we had for desert was dispepsee, and the landlady looked furus, but wuss waster kum.

When we sot down to Dinner the soop was so thin par cood see a red hare koiled up as if 2 strike at the bottom of the soop plait he gagged and kusst and suddenly left the tabul and went 2 ovr rume. the landlady says missus peterby this noo York climate does not seam 2 Agree with yore husband mar sed no henery wood rather be in texis.

We et dinner without par, but we could heer him upstairs he was so orfull sik. He was sikker than on the steembote kummin from galviston i felt so sorry hearin par gag 1 coodent eet, so i went up stairs and held his hed, the red hare was as long as a well roap so par sed but he was not in the hare bizness.

After dinner the landlady and her too old made darters and mar went in 2 the parlor and talkt about texis. Wun of the darters sed she had met sutch a nice gentleman frum texis last summer at sairy Toga he had red hare and his naim was tom axletree. he sed that in texis wen parients wanted 2 wash their children they had 2 chase them on hossback with dorgs and lassoo them with ropes which made mar mad she sed tom axletree was a lire, but the old makes tuck up for him and sed he was very a troo texian and very fass-in-8ting whatever that is.

i did knot heer awl this bekos I was upstairs holdin par's head but mar tole par afterward he sed such men should be shot in the back with a pack-saddle.

Wile mar and the 2 old makes and the landlady was talking about texis i kame inter the parlor with a messich from par 2 mar. Wen i sed 2 mar i have a messich from the guvner mar turned pail. Par ses, ses i, but mar ses tell ure par i be up in a minit, but i ses, "mar par ses he is hongry, and he wants u to go with him to find a resturant whair there is not so mutch red hare in the soop" mar's fais got redder than a torkey and she went upstairs kwik and ses henery henery why did u send sutch a messige wat will the landlady think of texis. after this par sed he didint keer a dam, so tha went out and at supper the landlady scowl't so i was afraid to pass my plait for more pi.

Next da par ses 2 the landlady madam i shall move at wonct par hed pade a hole weak's bord in advance, but he didn't keer as he said it wood kost more than that for funerel expenses if we staid there enny longer. The landlady sed she was glad we went bekos we wus from texis, but the cultured kook tole mar that the landlady sed if she cood only have kep them suckers from texis a munth longer she wood have maid enuff muneey out ov us for her and her darters to go to the seaside for the summer, that's how we pore texins is skinned in noo York

your friend

TOMMY PETERBY.

## THEY'RE MARRIED NOW.

Snooks—How are you getting on since your marriage?

Scroggins—Not as well as I expected. When she gave me her hand, a little over a year ago, I was filled with delight; but the way she gives me her hand now only makes my ears ring.

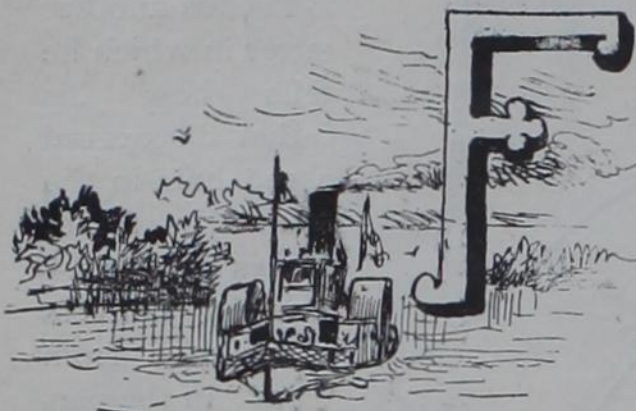
Even the wayward burglar is taken in once in a while. Out in Cincinnati a burglar stole a watch in the dark, and it afterward proved to be a Waterbury. He gave himself up.



## "ROUND THE WORLD"

WITH LECTURER A. MINER GRISWOLD.

THINGS HEARD AND SEEN.



FOR Chautauqua Lake!" I heard the Pullman porter cry, as our train stopped at Lake-wood, a little station on the Erie Railway, near James-town, N. Y., the other morning. That is the great summer school instituted by Bishop Vincent nearly a score of years ago. It commenced with an annual camp-meeting, attended mostly by people living in the vicinity. Then numerous Sunday-schools made it their summer rendezvous, with a growing collection of tents and cottages for their accommodation. Bishop Vincent and Dr. Miller, both greatly interested in Sunday-schools, were prominent leaders and directors, and through them the "Chautauqua Idea" was gradually developed. The primary idea was moral and religious instruction for the people, and to this has been added instruction in all the branches of learning taught at a college. There is a four years' course of reading which one may pursue at home, without ever seeing Chautauqua Lake, and you may win a diploma, too.

At this season of the year there are probably 20,000 people attending the Chautauqua Assembly. There is one immense hotel there, and hundreds of cottages, not to mention the tents and temporary quarters of various descriptions, for the accommodation of the people. There are classes in many branches of instruction, presided over by eminent professors from numerous colleges, who take their vacation there. Art has its departments, and even lawn tennis and base-ball are not neglected. In a vast amphitheatre capable of seating 8,000 people they assemble at least twice a day to listen to lectures from men eminent upon the platform—I have lectured there twice myself.

From Chautauqua Lake has spread the Chautauqua movement, until there are now from thirty to forty branch Chautauquas scattered about the country. My trip to the West was to fill engagements to deliver my "Round the World" lecture before some of these Chautauqua Assemblies, and I may truly say that never in a platform experience of twenty years have I met more appreciative people than during this trip.

If you wish to visit Chautauqua Lake at this or any other time, you will find the best accommodation on the Erie Railway, come you from the East or from the West.

Coming from Lexington, Ky., where I appeared two nights before the Kentucky Assembly, I passed through Covington, en route to Cincinnati. I recalled an experience which I once had in lecturing in Covington some fifteen years ago. Not supposing that a "show" license was necessary in order to give a lecture, I neg-

"For giving a show without a license," replied the city marshal.

"But I haven't got any show—for an audience (waving my hand at the poor attendance), and the city of Covington doesn't appear disposed to give me much of a show, either."

I offered to pay the license, but the marshal said that wouldn't settle it. I must give bail for my appearance before the mayor to answer for breaking a city ordinance. A friend in the audience furnished the required bail, and I was allowed to complete the lecture, which was upon the absorbing topic of "Injun Meal."

The next morning I reported in the Mayor's Court, but I was familiar with court reporting in my early days. There was a motley array of prisoners brought in, and I asked the marshal if they were all lecturers, arrested for attempting to "show" in Covington without a license. I thought I recognized Mark Twain among them, and "Nasby," and Josh Billings, and Fred Douglas, I added, and I hoped it would be a warning to them as well as to myself. I was let off by paying the show license and a moderate fine. I haven't "showed" in Covington since, and don't want to.

Did you ever spend a night in a reclining car seat on the railroad? I did once on this trip, on a Western road, but I won't try it again. Some one said it was just as comfortable as a sleeping car berth, and more so on a hot night. Well, I tried it, and my back aches yet. It was impossible to get in an easy position, and I didn't sleep a wink all night. I think the reclining car seat must have been a shrewd invention of Mr. Pullman, in order to sicken travelers of anything else but his comfortable and luxurious sleepers.

No man who spent the night reclining in one of those seats was able to straighten up the next morning, not even on a cocktail. One poor fellow who had sat all night like a letter S was found nearly paralyzed next morning. He was carried out by a couple of brakemen and laid on a truck, to be called for by his friends who had been notified of his condition.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

## GREAT MEN.

"Why have we no great men now?" asks a querulous correspondent. Bless your soul, man, we have lots of 'em. They are stalking about everywhere. The trouble is they are so numerous they don't attract the attention they once did. There was a time when you saw a great man only upon rare occasions. You had to travel a good many miles, like as not, and then you were liable to miss him. Daniel Webster was a great man, but he was uncertain. It was sometimes necessary to put Daniel to bed before the hour for his great speech to come off. Andy Johnson was a little that way, too, and yet Andy had some of the elements of greatness.

But great men are so numerous nowadays that they crowd common folks off the sidewalk. Who are the people who put up at our principal hotels? Great men, nearly all of them. See the space they get in the daily papers. The reporter meets them "In the

Corridor," tells how they look and what they say. There is a steady stream of them, coming and going all the time. No danger of the supply running out, for the newspaper interviewer is creating great men every day. If there should be a vacancy the hotel proprietor himself could easily fill the place, for he is generally extolled as a great man, in the newspapers.

The dramatic profession contains more noted men now than ever before in its history, because more note is made of them by the paragraphs. Their movements are noted and peculiarities described with great minuteness. Whether they can act or not has very little to do with it. There are few leaders of big newspapers who do not consider themselves great men, whatever the public may think about it.

It would require a very large book to catalogue the great men of America now. In the list would be found John Wanamaker, Sam Jones, Ig. Donnelly, Matt. Quay, Preacher Jasper, Keeley, Eli Perkins, Depew, The "Immortal J. N.," Ingersoll, Marshal P. Wilder, Susan B. Anthony, and hundreds more too numerous to mention.

## HINTS TO ORATORS.

To be a great orator it is essential to study the methods which the great departed found effective, but when one of these methods is inhaling three fingers of whisky several times before speaking we should be careful not to overdo. There is such a thing as being a little too eloquent.

If you are going to be a great impromptu orator, please bear in mind that the grandest thoughts and most eloquent themes that visit the mind of man are not those which come in the presence of an anxious crowd and excited populace, but in the still watches of solitude and quiet, unbidden, and if not caught, they flee away, and are lost forever. For this reason, keep a note-book and pencil handy, and whenever a grand thought or an eloquent theme comes prowling around, bag it at once; thus you will become, in time, a vast reservoir of grand thoughts, which can be tapped at any time or occasion when the public hankers after an outburst of eloquence.

Glorious as is the history of eloquence, though it has made the ages glow and flame, scintillate and sparkle, it has often proved the bane and blight of senates; for the tired out listeners yawn and move to adjourn. Eloquence frequently degenerates into an overflow of gab. The most eloquent speech is frequently the shortest. The simple pathos in the few words of the sentence, "Gentlemen, will you join me?" is far more effective than labored arguments.

Eloquence is a powerful force when well used, and a great blessing; but when used to carry measures that are unrighteous, as for instance, in persuading a man to part with a quarter, or even a five-dollar bill, it has often precipitated most deplorable results.

## MADE THE TEACHER FEEL GOOD.

Aunt—Dibn't you get another thrashing in school to-day?

Johnny—Yes, indeed I did; but it didn't hurt a bit. Did you cry?

Yes, I bellered like everything; but I only did it to humor the teacher.

The last New York boodle alderman has returned from Canadian exile, glad to be in a "free" country once more.



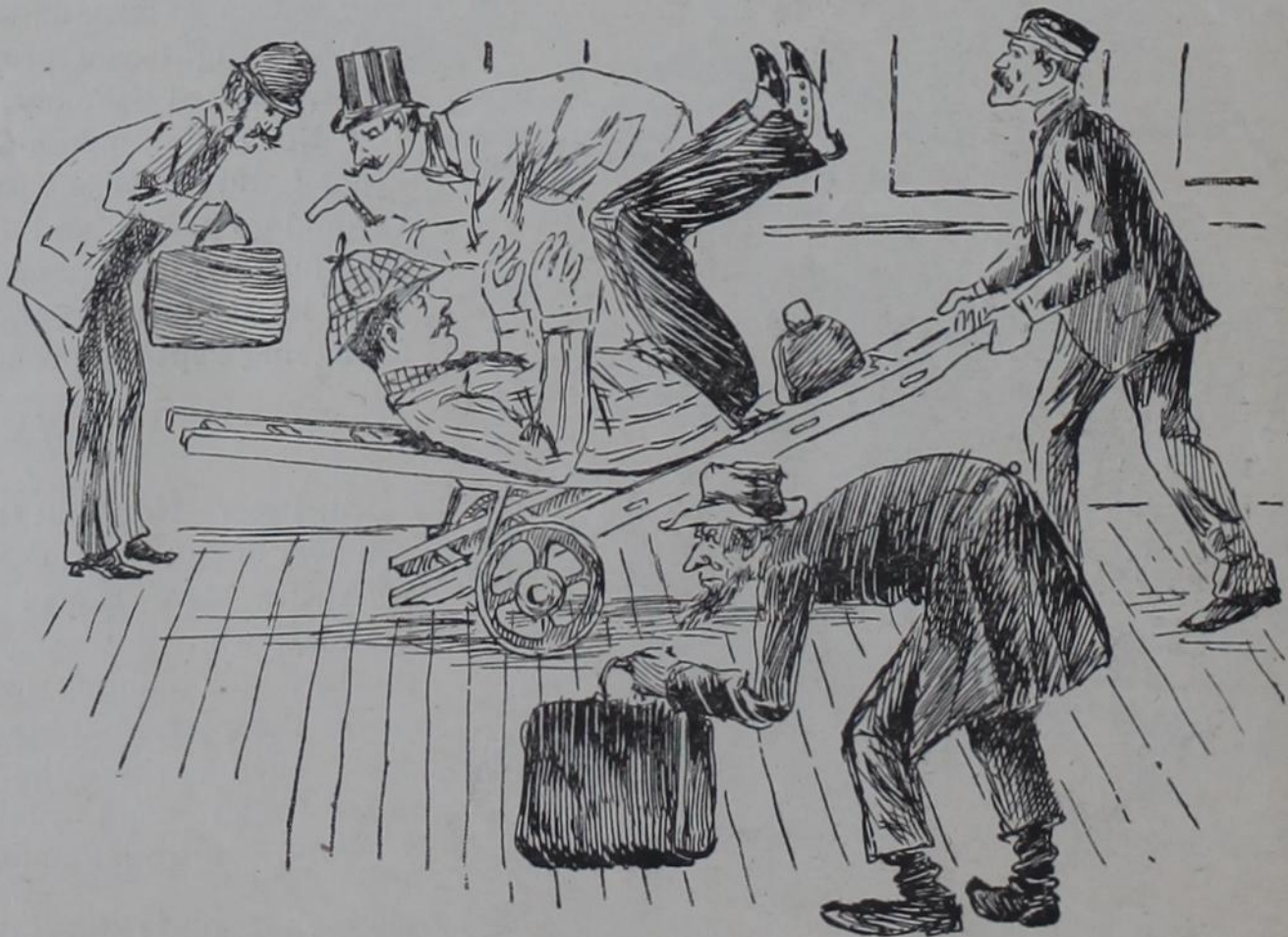
Trying to Sleep in a Reclining Car Seat.

lected to secure one, and for this very grave offense I was arrested on the platform while dishing out an intellectual repast to a small but appreciative audience.

"This is an outrage," said I.

"It is," echoed the hall proprietor, fearful that he wouldn't get his rent.

"What am I arrested for?" I asked, when I could collect myself.



Result of a Night in a Reclining Car Seat.



## RUS IN URBE.

A STROLL THROUGH THE COUNTRY ROADS IN THE UPPER PART OF NEW YORK CITY.



BECAUSE in these sketches I have from time to time reviled the people who disgrace and injure the great city in which we live, let not the reader suppose that I do not love the place. With all its many faults—with its disadvantages, its crudities, its inconveniences, its objectionable characters, it is a city to love, to live in, and to die for. The

spectacle of an invalid, almost hopelessly ill, dragging himself back from Europe, to fight, with all his failing strength, for the fair fame, not only of himself, but of his associates and of the people who placed them in power—the people of the city—was no surprise to any true New Yorker. It was not because an honorable man was accused of dishonor that he came, but because Richard Croker was a true New Yorker and would rather die in the battle than see the city smirched with disgrace, that he defied his physicians and came back like a sick lion from his lair to face a pack of snarling curs.

Call this politics if you like. It is nothing of the kind. It is only an instance of the way true New Yorkers love New York. And no one, it seems to me, can know it and not love it. From the Battery to the half score of little villages in the upper wards—from the dingy wharves along the East River to the heights that face the Palisades, and the wooded hills that smile placidly at one another along the shores of the Sound, there are beauties that thrill the heart and chain the eye. In our streets there are romances, in our buildings there are histories of marvelous achievement, in our society there are opportunities, that taken all together, make New York already one of the greatest, and will, in the next century, make it the greatest and most desirable of the cities of the world.

But it is of phases that I have started to talk—not of the greatness of the city as a whole. To-day we will not scan the crowded haunts of the city, nor seek for quaintness of humanity in the squalid tenements. We will take a stroll through green fields, along grassy lanes, through pleasant groves. And we will do it in New York City.

"Within this limit is relief enough,  
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,  
Round rising hillocks, brake obscure and rough,  
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain."

But not in the city, you think. You are not accustomed to think of green fields, salt marshes, and wooded hillsides as being part of the metropolis. Let us then leave "the sweet security of streets," cross the Harlem River, and follow the shore line of the Sound. For two or three miles it may seem like the outskirts



A Glimpse of the Sound.

of a great city, but long before we reach the city limits we are in the country. Through Port Morris, a dismal place consisting of a few factories, a "gas works," one handsome residence, some few dingy houses and a water front, we pass along the smooth Boulevard to the truly rural parts beyond.

To the right is Oak Point, beautiful by nature, but overrun in the summer-time, at least, by picnickers, and vulgarized with all the contrivances for the amusement of pleasure-seekers and the accumulation of nickels. Pass it by. It is interesting enough when we are studying crowds, but to-day we are seeking for nature's beauties.

The shore is deeply indented with bays and inlets, between which stand the Points, as all are called, all of which are beautiful. The next is Hunt's Point. Leave the Boulevard, and stroll, or 'cycle if you like, over a smooth macadam road to the right, and forget that there is a city within fifty miles.

On either side, as you go toward the Sound, smooth meadows lie fenced in with rails, or walled about with the rough stone walls in which red squirrels make their nests. Orchards blossom in spring-time with the promise of summer fruits. Tall, full-branched trees cast their pleasant shadows across the road, and shelter a thousand minstrels of the grove. The robin's whistle sounds from the meadows. A great quiet falls over all, and the echo of the farm-hand's shout across some ploughed field far away, falls on the ear with a gentle shock.

Stroll on, and you will see great country mansions with all the out-buildings of opulence, lawns kept with English care, rare trees and flowers sedulously tended by skilled gardeners, private carriage ways with long graceful curves, reaching from the public road to the stately doorways—homes of millionaires who live an hour's ride away from town.

Further along, just as you come to a salt marsh in which some nameless stream loses itself before oozing into the Sound, you will find a true peasant's shanty, with a goat or two, a dog or five, and a few chickens strolling around outside the few square yards of ground. Poverty is here, but no such squalid want as there is within five miles in the "tenement district."

Still farther you will pass a genuine farm-house with a hundred acres around it, all under cultivation, with all the surroundings of the old New England home we haven't seen for so many years. And passing this you will come to the shore of the great arm of the sea. Past the pleasant villas that dot this shore, goes the ever-changing panorama of boats big and little, which makes Long Island Sound so beautiful. Pleasure yachts, fishing smacks, coastwise schooners, excursion boats and great magnificent steamers, pass by the very doors of these villas. And all this is in New York City.

Nothing but the taxes reminds these people from year to year that they live in the great metropolis. It is a rural populace. And if you think that this particular spot is the only one of the kind in the city, spend two or three days strolling through the roads in the twenty-third and twenty-fourth wards. You will not see all, even in that time, but you will find miles upon miles of just such roads and just such environments. You will find villages, quaint and old-fashioned, with all the evidence of real village life—the main street, the side lanes, the country inns, the country stores and country post-offices, the dogs, the loafers, and all.

It is all New York City, yet few of her citizens realize it. Is it not true that "Within this limit is relief enough?"

DAVID A CURTIS.

## GREAT PITY.

Dude—What a beautiful little foot you have, Miss Jennie. You have no idea what an attraction a beautiful foot has for me.

Miss Jennie—Under the circumstances, it is a great pity that you were not born into this world as a boot-jack.

## AT CONEY ISLAND.

First Guest (to waiter)—I would like something warm.

Second Guest—Just order a glass of beer.

## TRUE NOBILITY.

Men are so constituted that they cannot live to themselves. In fact, some are so much given that way that they become bores and pull the buttons off your coat while conversing in a whisky-laden breath.

The individuals constituting the great world are all dependent the one upon the other. There is more truth than poetry in this, particularly in the case of the man whose wife has a large number of poor relations, or who has a covey of his own whom he has to support. He who most completely discharges these multitudinous obligations must be the noblest of men. That man who most truly meets the great wants of the world; who, though noble by birth, is nobler by great deeds; he whose death creates a universal heart-ache and heart-want, belongs to the only true nobility.

The true nobility are honest, honorable, and void of deception. They never make themselves ridiculous by the assumption of qualities which they do not possess; hence it is fair to infer that most of the nobility that visits this country are not of the genuine brand, with the maker's name blown in the bottle, so to speak.

Men of noble mind and high position should remember that they govern the world. This imposes a great responsibility on us "literary fellers." We should bear in mind that our aims are constantly upward. In accomplishing our own mental and moral elevation we raise to higher fields of effort minds of meaner mould.

## ESSAY ON LOVE.

In its power love has reclaimed the ribald, silenced the clamor of mobs, redeemed many vows, and it has also helped many a proprietor of an ice-cream lair to



Scene in the Upper Part of New York City.

acquire a competence. It has been, and always will be, one of the most important factors of human life, and even more essential to the happiness of man than the discovery of the free-lunch system.

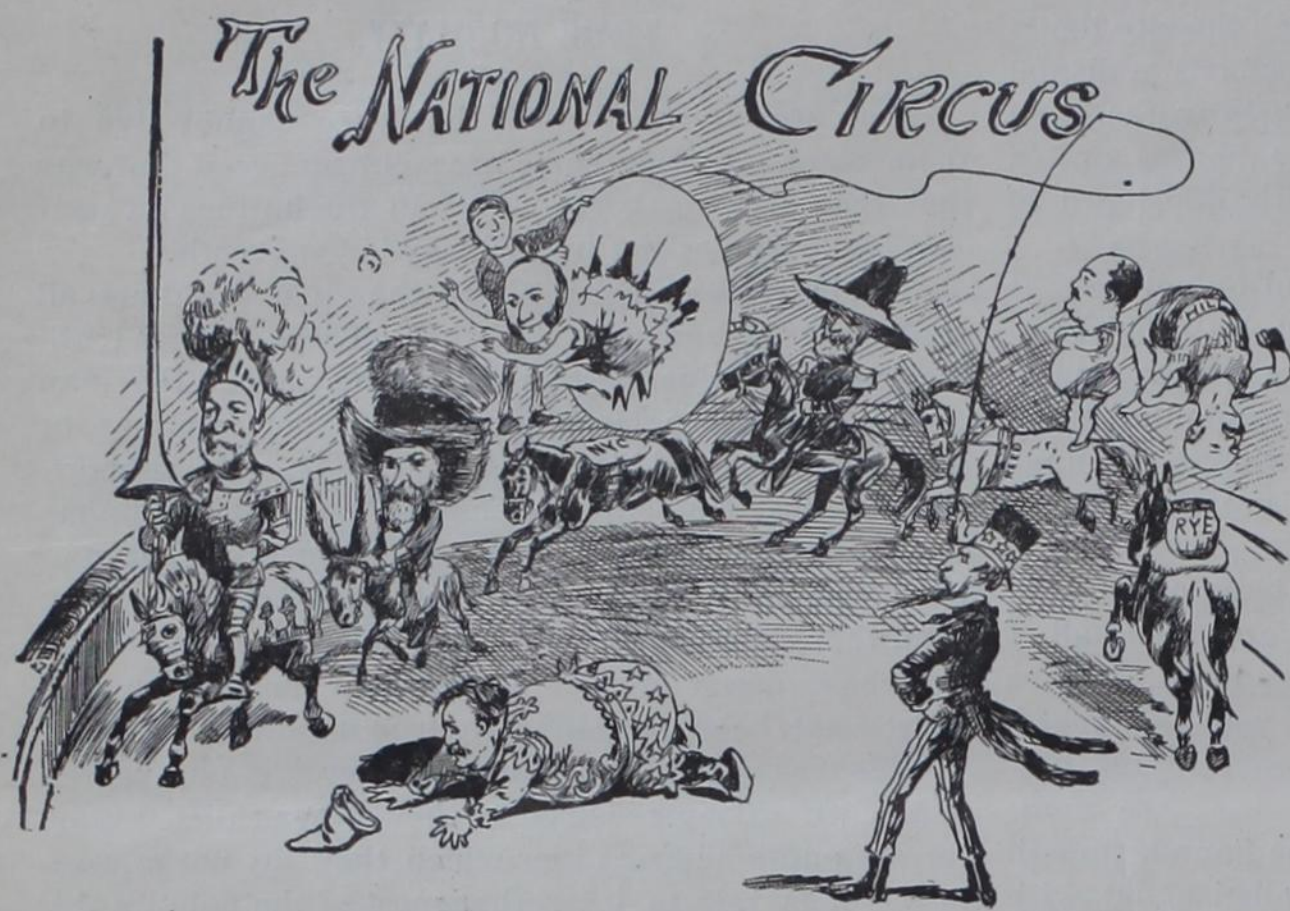
Love! How much is suggested by the word. It stirred the bosoms of the mythical gods of great Olympus, and we are told the gods loved; but there is no telling how much kicking there was in Olympus about seal-skins and Easter bonnets.

Love! When the light of the world is dying, and the great organ of eternity begins to peal, it will plume its pinions and wing its flight to some better clime immortal. If it wings, however, to any other clime outside of New York, it cannot help being a better one. The climate of New York is so tough that it broke up the Egyptian obelisk, and the hippopotamus has to be treated for catarrh.

What a power it has been among men. It has spoken and the weak have become strong; at its bidding the conqueror has become captive, and the young man who ordinarily was so stingy that he would hardly buy a lead-pencil, for fear the lead might not run all the way through, has been known to shell out copiously for peanuts and circus tickets under the magic influence of love.

It has brightened the meditations of the sage, and cheered the statesman who was in the Senate, until he actually married the treasury girl, and then, somehow or other, he didn't keep on cheering, but sued for a divorce. In lonely hamlets it blazes at the fireside, and in the palaces of monarchs is the genius of all festivity; and it is even said to prevail in a mild form in Chicago,





Newport is stirred to the deepest recesses of its most retired villa by the approach of Prince George of Wales. One swallow does not make a spring, but one "Thrush" brings us a fashionable summer. Americans dearly love a lord, and are sometimes willing to accept a bogus one when they cannot get the genuine article; but a real, live Prince stirs the blue blood among us to ecstasy. McAllister has come to life again and has confided to the reporters his plans for entertaining the Prince. Among them is, of course, a party at McAllister's farm—a subscription affair, nine tickets for \$50—so that the canny McAllister, who is always up to snuff, will not have to pay a penny of the expenses and may make a few dollars. Cornelius Vanderbilt, the grandson of a Jersey tavern-keeper, will give the Prince a dinner; Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt will give him a ball—in August!—and there will be naval maneuvers and torpedo experiments, blow-ups following the blow-outs. For a Prince, this George is a very nice boy, with a sensible father and a truly good mother. He is so nice that the smart English people have not given him a nickname, though they call his elder brother, the direct heir to the throne, "Collars and Cuffs."

The lower millions must not suppose that the attentions shown to a Prince are all fashion and folderol. There is a practical side to the fuss. Every rich American wants to get into English society, and there is no shorter cut than courtesies to a member of the royal family. The Prince of Wales was a mere boy when he visited America. I met him at Newfoundland, and saw him laughingly teaching the buxom wives and daughters of the fishermen how to dance "The Lancers." He was splendidly entertained in Chicago, and has never forgotten it. Only last week he did Chicago a great service. An immense exhibition in London had been quietly arranged for 1892; the site was selected; the board of directors chosen. Then the promoters of the enterprise came to the Prince of Wales and requested the use of his name as honorary president. The Prince remembered the Columbus Fair, advertised by Chicago for 1893, and knew that the London exhibition would kill it deadlier than the proverbial door-nail. So he advised the promoters to postpone their plans until the last year of the present century, and, not being able to hold the exhibition without the Prince's approval, they promptly agreed. Thus the bread, game and wine which Chicago cast upon the royal waters in 1860 is repaid with princely interest.

It is amusing to witness the attempts of interested politicians to boom Governor Hill for the next Presidency. At the last election in this State for Governor, the opponent of Hill was Warner Miller. He "fell outside the breastworks," but he waved triumphantly the national ticket, and carried the Empire State for Harrison, thus securing his election as President. This victory achieved, at the sacrifice of his personal ambition, Warner Miller retired to private life and his legitimate business, and is so becomingly modest that neither from himself nor his friends do we hear any claims upon the Presidential nomination. David B. Hill landed inside the breastworks, like a little man—as he is—trailing the banner of Cleveland in the mire among the whisky barrels and beer casks. He had made his own calling and election sure, but he had traded off his big-hearted and high-minded chief and handed over New York to the Republicans, thus destroying the Democratic party for an indefinite period. As a reward for this conduct, he now demands the Democratic nomination in 1892; and, if there be such a thing as gratitude for political cheek, ingratitude, treachery and dishonesty, he ought to get all he wants and deserves.

of his own in London and Paris. The Herald had been created by his father and went on, like a great machine, turning news into money, without the necessity of personal supervision. Mr. Bennett, therefore, wanted to find something for himself; something of which he could be individually proud; something which would be forever identified with him, as the Herald is with the elder Bennett. He has failed dismally and proven that, in spite of his command of money, he has no creative talent. His Paris paper has stopped and been resumed, like a badly-wound clock, and is now superseded by the new Galignani, with private wires all over the Continent and editions in French and English. His London paper has been cut down to four pages and is a thing for sneers and jeers. The wits say of it that, being half the size, it is only half as bad as it was. But, from the journalistic standpoint, it is twice as bad. Meanwhile, his father's Herald continues its money-making career as if in satire of the failures to rival it abroad.

It was predicted that the Silver Bill would inflate the currency, disturb prices and upset business; but, when the bill became a law by the signature of the President, nothing of the sort occurred. Wall street received the news with perfect equanimity, and there was no bull movement even for an hour. Some speculators in London, deluded by the predictions to which I have referred, rushed in to buy stocks; but their orders were not large enough to have any effect here, and their feeble flutter died in a day. The bill authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to buy silver at the market rate, and here a pretty point is raised. What is the market rate? Who makes the rate? The matter is left to the discretion of the Secretary, and he may decide, any month, that the price at which silver is offered is not, in his opinion, the market rate if speculators undertake to run up the price unfairly or if Germany, India, France and China combine to dump their old silver upon this country, as has been threatened by the opponents of the bill.

Street Commissioner Beattie has been eulogized as a metaphysician. He is said to be a close student of Kant. Perhaps he spells the German philosopher's name "Can't," if one may judge of his metaphysics from his street-cleaning. He has divided the city into districts; which is good. He has put down the strikes for higher wages on the part of his employes; which is good. He has been allowed sixty special policemen to arrest people who throw rubbish into the streets; which is good. He has determined to put all of his men into a handsome but substantial uniform; which is good. All that he has done is good—very good—but he does not clean the streets. Now, dirty streets are not only unsightly and prejudicial to health, but they cost our citizens a great deal of money. The actual pecuniary loss and damage from mud and from dust are something enormous. The loss and damage being individual they do not make such startling figures as the amount expended by the Street Cleaning Department annually; but it is a fact that it would pay our citizens in hard cash to keep the streets clean by private enterprise and let the politicians divide the official boodle among them. This is done in some sections of the city and it aggravates the just indignation against the Beattie policy of doing nothing.

Inspector Byrnes, left in command of our police during the vacation of Superintendent Murray, is not a metaphysician, like Beattie, but he is a professional novelist. He likes cases out of which he can make copy for the Sunday papers or the Cassell Publishing Company. Naturally he has a born novelist's jealousy

But suppose, for the sake of argument, that when Governor Hill's name is proposed in the Democratic National Convention, some delegate from the West or South should rise and say, "Will the proposer of Mr. Hill kindly explain to us how it happened that, in 1888, New York was carried by Hill, while Cleveland was slaughtered in his own State, which had elected him in 1884?" What explanation could Hill's supporters offer? The more they talked the worse their case would become.

Young Mr. Bennett, left by his father with vast wealth and the magnificent Herald property, displayed a not inglorious ambition in attempting to start papers

of cases which are worked up in print by other writers. Give him a criminal all to himself, to be treated melodramatically in his back office and put down in his notebook for a sensational story, and he is happy. But plain, ordinary police work, like breaking up the gangs that infest the city, or prosecuting officers who have sold protection to gamblers and cyprians, is too dull for him. He can write novels, but when it comes to drawing an indictment that will hold water in court, his romantic pen is useless. He admires his own imaginary heroines; but he takes no interest in a poor girl who allows herself to be clubbed by the policeman who has seduced her. The World, which has taken up such cases, finds that the promised assistance of Inspector Byrnes leads to delays, postponements, the necessity of new indictments, and is, in effect, rather a hindrance than a help. Every man to his trade. We cannot expect a Wilkie Collins to be a practical police officer.

Sooner or later—as soon, perhaps, as we can get rid of politics in police affairs—a thorough investigation of the force will have to be ordered and the department thoroughly reconstructed. It is all wrong now, from head to hands. Our citizens are astonished to see the police protecting criminals, instead of punishing them. They are puzzled to see police captains getting so rich upon moderate—too moderate—salaries that they own blocks of houses, country villas, fast horses and set their wives and daughters ablaze with diamonds. Assistant Jerome, who accuses the detectives of perjury, thought that he had discovered the secret of this wealth in Holyrood whisky and rashly made the charge in open court. Thereupon all the policemen, from the Inspectors to the patrolmen, took a solemn oath that they had no interest in any whisky. Yet Jerome still holds his position in the District Attorney's office, and the question as to where the police get so much money is unanswered. The World promised us an answer in its revelations about police protection; but these disclosures only went as far as a roundsman and then suddenly stopped, like grandfather's clock. No matter; the Legislature now has the clue to the truth, and an investigating committee must be appointed at the next session.

The Sixth Avenue Hotel is an instance of the shady side of the police business. This house has had an evil reputation for years. Respectable residents in the vicinity have complained against it. Clergymen headed the crusade to suppress it. Who protected such a house? The police. At every step, the citizens and the clergy were confronted by a man in uniform with a club. Captain Killilea steadfastly asserted that the place was respectable and repeatedly recommended that its license should be renewed. Why should a police captain thus take the side of an alleged law breaker against reputable citizens? That is precisely what the public want to know. The Excise Commissioners have now refused to license the place, which means that the evidence against it is conclusive. Will the proprietor ask for a mandamus to compel the Commissioners to give him a license, and will Captain Killilea support the application by an affidavit?

Other days now pass before me,  
Forms and scenes of long ago!  
When no Quakers hovered o'er me,  
Nor site-boomers did I know!  
Had I listened to the warning  
Of my wise grandson, McKee,  
I'd be happier than this morning  
In my Cottage by the Sea!

B. H.

Without any fuss or ceremony the water has been turned into the new Aqueduct, and New York now has the greatest waterworks in the world, and is sure of a sufficient supply for half a century at least. The old New Haven depot block, next to the Tombs, is being cleared for the erection of a Temple of Justice, to accommodate the criminal departments of the city and the four or five new judges necessary to hold criminal courts daily so as to keep up the contest with crime. A new Municipal Building, as large as the Post-office, will be erected as soon as the Mayor, the Legislature and the editors of the daily papers can agree upon a site. These marvelous improvements are carried out in New York with less parade than would be made over the whitewashing of the town fence in the interior. The metropolis is growing so gigantic that it has become indifferent. But we ought not to lose our civic pride. It would be better to have more fuss and parade over such an achievement as the Aqueduct. A few speeches and a band of music would cost little and would show that we appreciate the merit—which is greatly to our credit—that we are New Yorkers, even though we may come from Texas and board in Brooklyn.

THE RINGMASTER.





A poor city babe lay dying one day  
On a ragged and dirty cot,  
Lay quietly gasping its life away  
In a tenement basement hot.  
O God! for a sniff of cool sweet air,  
Just one for the child and its mother;  
For the heart that bleeds so helplessly there,  
And the babe that must lie there and smother!

The farmer's boy is a cheery sight  
As he sits on the floor in the sun;  
How he doubles his fists in mimic might,  
How lusty his grief and fun!  
Oh! full of life all day is the breeze  
From the fields of clover coming,  
For it dallied awhile mid leafy trees,  
And awhile where bees were humming.

The fisherman's lad is at play on the sand,  
How sturdy and plump he grows!  
There is strength in the grip of his chubby hand,  
His lips are as red as a rose.  
Oh! sweet are the breezes born at sea,  
And cradled in white foam flowers,  
Sweetly cool, when waves are like grass on a lea,  
Cool and keen when a tempest lowers.

The babe in the tenement house is dead,  
With none but its mother to weep;  
Then lay it to rest in that narrow bed  
Where the sleepers breathe not in their sleep.  
Oh! breezes that wander at will away,  
If ashore or where sea scud is flying,  
There are thousands of poor city babes to-day  
That are fainting, smothering, dying!

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

A CLUB QUARREL.

C.—From now on I shall have nothing more to do with you. I shall ignore you completely.

D.—I'm not surprised. I've been aware of your complete ignorance for some time past.

VERY LIKELY.

Sister—If you had been a good boy, Tommy, I would have given you the piece of cake I've just eaten up, but as you have been a bad boy you needn't expect to get it.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Mrs. Elite (to tutor)—You have nothing else to do except to instruct my son and go out walking with him.

Mrs. Elite (a month later)—My son displays considerable talent, does he not?

Tutor—O, yes, for going out walking.

AT AUSTIN, TEXAS.

A.—How is the attendance of students this year at the University of Texas?

B.—There is one student less than there was last year.

A.—What is his name?

HARDLY WORTH WHILE.

A.—I hear that your daughter was married to a man in Japan.

B.—Yes, that's so.

A.—Is he well off?

B.—Not very.

A.—And what is his name?

B.—Smith.

A.—Great Scott! The idea of a woman going all the way to Japan to marry a poor man by the name of Smith.

A NOBLEMAN IN DISGUISE.

She—I don't care to have anything to do with a man who wants to marry me for my money.

He—To show you, Miss

Fanny, how unjust you are, I will turn over all your money to my creditors to liquidate their claims against me.

A JUNEBUG'S TRIALS.

Teacher—Give me the name of some quadruped—that is, an animal with four legs.

Tommy—A dog.

Teacher—Mention another.

Tommy—A Junebug.

Teacher—A Junebug has six legs.

Tommy—What's the matter with pulling off two of them?

A JUST CLAIM.

Smith's landlord lives in the same house with him. Recently when Smith came to pay his rent his landlord demanded \$50 dollars extra.

"What's that for?" asked Smith.

"That's to pay me for three fine hunting dogs that have run away and got lost since your daughter began to take singing lessons," replied the landlord.

A PARTHIAN SHAFT.

A very feeble district attorney was prosecuting a horse-thief in a Texas court. The accused was convicted, but when the Judge asked him if he knew of any reason why sentence should not be pronounced on him according to law, then he spoke up and said: "I would have no objection, Your Honor, if I had not heard the speech of the prosecuting attorney. He has convinced me that I am innocent."

ART NOTE.

Kosciusko Murphy—I understand, Miss Esmeralda, that your brother Tom is becoming an artist. Does he draw well?

Esmeralda—I reckon so. He drew a turkey at a raffle one day last week.

A CRUEL SUGGESTION.

Dude (to young lady)—How beautiful it must be for two congenial souls to wander hand in hand through life, and how sad it must be to live alone.

Young Lady—Why don't you buy a monkey from one of these Italian organ-grinders?

RELIGIOUS ITEM.

A little boy was saying his prayers at his mother's knee. His little brother passed by and pulled his hair. Stopping in his prayer, the dear little cherub said:

"Now, God, please excuse me for a minute until I punish my dear little brother for pulling my hair."

Nothing but his mother's interference saved the brother from being pounded to a jelly.

A CHEAP SUBSTITUTE.

Wife—Well, what do you think Johnny wants now?

Husband—I've no idea.

Wife—He wants me to tease you into buying him a bicycle.

Husband (who has tried bicycling himself)—Nonsense; he can't have one. Tell him to go up into the attic and fall down two flights of stairs. It will be just about the same thing, and save me a hundred dollars.

ASTONISHING DEVELOPMENT.

Visitor—I've not seen any of you for ever so long. How is your little brother coming on, Tommy?

Tommy—First rate. He can whistle for himself and wear my pants.

NO DOUBT OF IT.

Smith—Something remarkable occurred in our church last Sunday. A young lady was paralyzed.

Jones—Guess she must have seen her rival's bonnet.

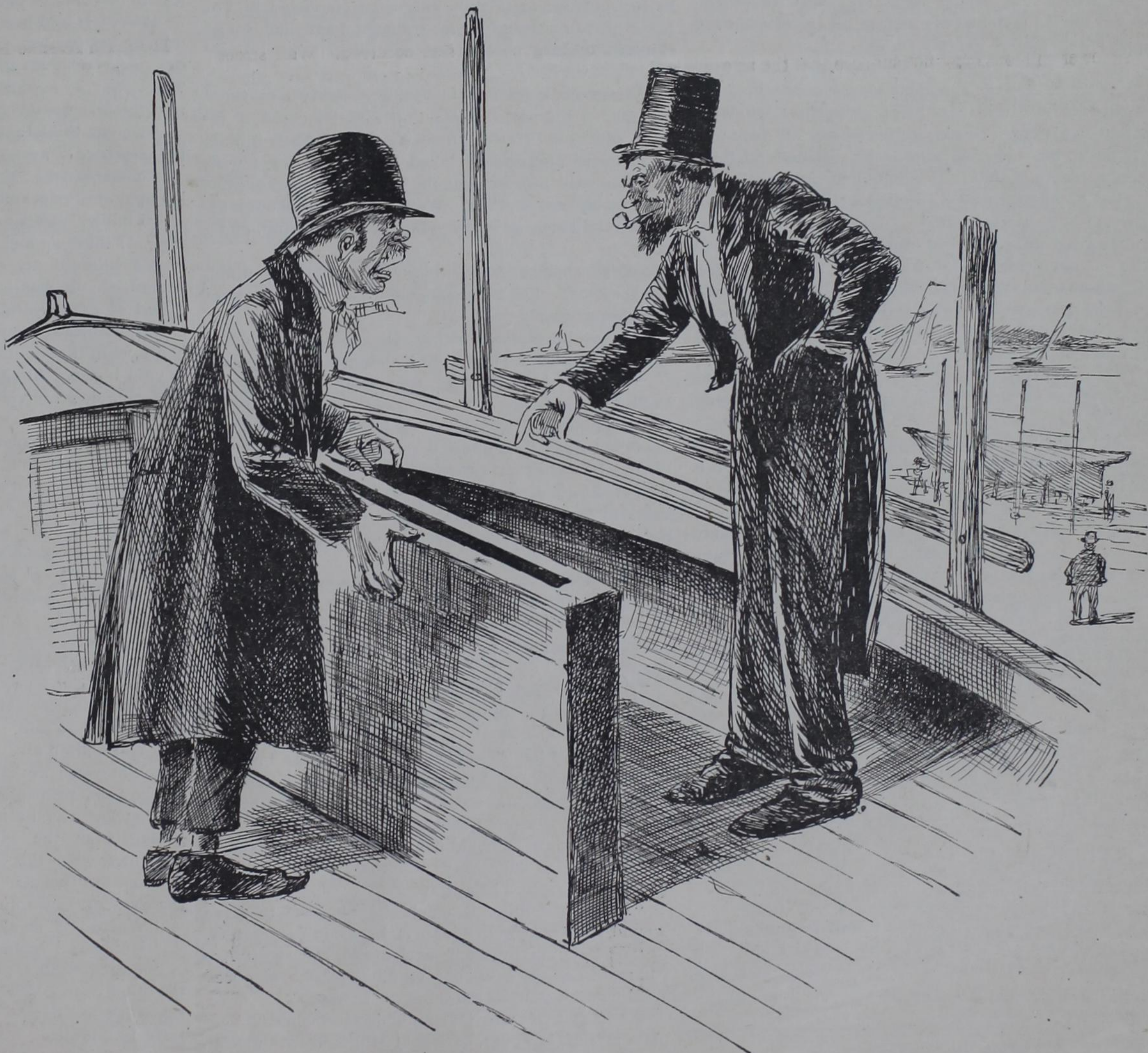
HE MEANT IT, TOO.

A young couple on their honeymoon are dallying languidly with the grapes at dessert.

She (archly)—And you don't find it tiresome all alone with me? You are quite sure you don't want to go back to your bachelor life again?

He (earnestly)—Quite, my darling. Do you know if you were to die to-night I'd get married again to-morrow morning!

Hardware men and chiropodists get a corner on nails when they can.



IN A SHIP YARD.

I say, McCarthy, an' is this slot fur droppin' a penny in?  
Yer off; it's fur droppin' a cent-a-boord; dye yer moind that.



## PUNCTUAL TO A DOT.



ALL the trouble began as soon as we were married—nay, even before I had been engaged to Charley long enough to learn his weaknesses pretty well, and as our wedding-day approached I began to tremble.

"Charley," I said, as we parted the night before, "don't be late tomorrow, whatever you do."

"Good heavens, Lelia! what do you take me for?" said Charley. "If ever a man was ready for anything—"

"Which you never were since I knew you," I said. "I believe you would manage to be late at your own funeral."

"That would not depend quite so much upon my own volition," said Charley, laughing. "Make your mind easy, little woman; I shall be in time."

"I was by no means convinced of it, but I could say no more. At first I had thought of being married in the English style, but I did not fancy the idea of waiting at the chancel rails for Charley. The only safe thing seemed to be to secure him before we left the house."

Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the wedding, and as the hour approached, of course I was in a turmoil. I was sure that the hair-dresser was late, but Aunt Fan convinced me that the appointed hour had not yet arrived. He came promptly on the stroke of the clock, and then all was hurry and worry until my toilet was completed. I was ready, from the spray of orange blossom which fastened my veil to the rosette on my slipper; but Charley had not come.

"It's too bad," I said. "He promised so faithfully to be in time. Do send somebody to look him up."

"Dear child!" cried Aunt Fan, in terror, "whatever you do don't cry. Blushing cheeks are all very well for a bride, but blushing eyes are a decided mistake. There is plenty of time. It is only half-past one."

"But he might be here," I cried. "I am ready, and why isn't he? It's too bad."

One great tear splashed down upon the broached satin of my dress. That frightened me, and I resolutely repressed the rest, while Aunt Fan carefully dried the spot with her lace handkerchief. It was completely effaced, but still Charley did not come. Then I fell into a stony despair.

"He won't come at all," I said. "There will be no wedding, and I shall be the laughing stock of everybody."

"My dear Lelia," said Aunt Fan, "we are not in England. You can be married at any time, and it is not two yet."

"But just on the stroke," I said.

Just then the cuckoo clock shouted out its two absurd notes. A moment afterward the door-bell rang, and Charley walked in calm and composed as if I had not been enduring agonies.

"Charley! Charley! how could you?" I cried, and then stopped, and bit my lip to keep back the tears which rushed to my eyes.

"What is it?" said Charley, looking utterly bewildered.

Instead of looking ashamed when he understood the state of affairs, he began to laugh. "My dear child," he said, "the clocks were striking two as I came up the steps. I said I would be in time, and I am."

The wedding journey was not a period of unalloyed bliss for me. Charley never missed a train or a boat, but he was never more than just in time, so that I was kept in constant terror. To the hours for meals he paid not the slightest attention. When I reminded him of them he merely inquired whether I was hungry. If I could not say that I was, he laughed, and said, "Then why hurry? what is the use of being in a hotel if we cannot take our own time?" As if punctuality were not a virtue in itself.

## When the Energies Flag

## Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. T. C. SMITH, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is an invaluable nerve tonic, a delightful beverage, and one of the best restorers when the energies flag and the spirits droop."

It was a relief to me when we came home and settled down at last to begin life in earnest. We had one little quarrel about the furnishing of our house. I wanted a clock in every room, to which Charley decidedly objected.

"Time was made for slaves," he said. "Why should I be constantly reminded of my bonds? When I am downtown I must be punctual and energetic and a score of other things. I come home for relaxation, and I want to forget all annoyances. Have a clock in the kitchen, by all means, and put one, if you choose, in the servants' bedroom. For the rest, we have our watches, and what possible need have we for more?"

I yielded, but I made up my mind then which of Charley's faults was likely to give me the most trouble.

Charley was always good-natured; I will say that for him. On the whole, though, I am not sure that that was not the most aggravating part of it. I always made a point of being ready before the time, when we were going anywhere, hoping that my silent example would have its effect, but it was of no use. "What! going already, little woman?" Charley would say. Then pulling out his watch and looking at it, "Oh, we need not start for an hour yet; plenty of time."

Then he would throw himself into a chair and rattle away about anything or nothing, while I felt myself growing more and more nervous every minute. I had made up my mind that nothing should induce me to quarrel with him—quarreling is at once foolish and vulgar—and I never did. As the time drew on, however, I would say, "Charley, ought you not to be getting ready?"

"Oh, there's no hurry," was the invariable reply—"time enough." At last, however, he would rouse himself, look at his watch, yawn, stretch, and then rise slowly from his chair.

"That bonnet is very becoming. I suppose that is why you like to wear it so long," he said, on one such occasion. Then he went out of the room laughing, and I heard him moving about overhead in the deliberate way which nearly drove me frantic.

The worst of it was that he always did manage to be just in time. If I could only have convicted him of being just too late for once, I should have had something to fall back upon in our arguments, but as it was I had nothing to take hold of.

Things had gone on in this way for two or three months. I did not suppose that Charley cared, or indeed, saw how I fretted about it. I tried hard to hide my irritation, for I really loved him, and did not wish to annoy, still less to alienate him, but I suppose that my efforts were in vain. We were talking about a reception to which we were going in the evening, and I said:

"Now, Charley, dear, won't you be ready in time, just for once? You do make me waste so much time waiting for you."

Charley laughed as usual, and was going to make one of his careless retorts; but he stopped suddenly.

"We have been married four months, haven't we, Lelia?" he said.

"Four months to-day," I said promptly. "It was the 8th of August, and this is the 8th of December."

"And in all that time you have not been able to cure me of my dreadful fault? Poor little girl! Your hair will be gray in a year, at this rate. I'm going to try the effect of turning over a new leaf, and see how we both like it."

I did not know exactly what he meant then, but I began to understand when he went into his dressing room the moment I suggested it. He came out fully equipped, even to his gloves, before I had half finished dressing.

"No hurry, Lelia," he said, looking in as he passed. "I only wanted to let you know that I am ready whenever you are."

Of course I had to hurry after that, but as I always hurried anyhow, it did not make very much difference. Charley said nothing except, "The carriage is at the door," when I came down. Of course, after all the fuss I had made, I could not say that it was too early to go, though I knew very well that it was, and was quaking inwardly all the way.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to drive around by Washington square?" I said, in desperation.

"Washington square?" exclaimed Charley. "Are you mad, Lelia? Why not by Philadelphia at once? Washington square is miles out of our way!"

As if that was not just my object! I could not explain myself, however, so I kept still, and we drove to our destination by the shortest route. Of course the house was dark when we reached it, the hostess entirely unprepared to receive us, and the waiter who let us in equally surprised and contemptuous at our un-

timely arrival. Of course, we had the pleasure of spending a solitary hour, I in the ladies' and Charley in the gentlemen's dressing room, before we dared descend. Even then we were among the earliest guests.

"I begin to feel the reward of virtue already," sighed Charley, as we descended the stairs. "How nice it is to be early! The carriage is ordered for one, and I'll be sure to be ready."

He was—and I was not. I had met an old friend, and we were in the middle of a most interesting conversation. She was only in New York *en passant*, and I should not see her again. It was very provoking to be obliged to break off in the middle of our talk; but how could I tell Charley that I was not ready, when he stood waiting with that air of conscious virtue? It was beyond my powers, and, absurd as it was, I had to say good-bye to Annie and go.

I had not supposed at first that Charley's reformation was permanent, but as the days went on, I was forced to confess that it looked very much as if it were. Promptly as the clock struck six in the evening he entered the house; promptly as it struck nine in the morning he left it. No entreaties could detain him an instant beyond this time.

"No, Lelia, my dear," was his invariable reply, "I have already wasted too much of my life by unpunctuality. You have convinced me of my error. Why strive now to undo the good which you have done?"

Of course, such sentiments ought to have delighted my heart, and they did in a measure. Only in a measure, however, I must confess, for I began to think that we should be known everywhere as "the early birds." It was never necessary to urge Charley to get ready for anything. We were always the first in church; we were waiting at the doors of operas and theatres long before they were open; at parties or receptions it was our invariable custom to spend from half an hour to an hour in the dressing room, in order to descend with the earliest guests. And Charley was continually expatiating on the sweet reward of virtue, and thanking me for teaching him the beauty of punctuality. I spent myself in vain wonderings as to how long this state of things was to last; but of course it came to a climax finally.

My oldest and most intimate friend, Tina Verringer, was to be married, and Charley and I had vowed in the most solemn manner to attend the wedding. Tina lived at Montclair, and it was there, of course, that the ceremony was to take place.

"Do you think that nine o'clock will be early enough to leave here?" asked Charley, meekly.

"Nine o'clock! My dear Charley, she is not to be married until one, and Montclair is only an hour away."

"I know," said Charley, "but I was anxious to be in time. I think we had better start at nine to make sure."

I swallowed my astonishment as best I could, and submitted. It was not a pleasant day. If I were not afraid of exaggerating, I should say that it was a decidedly unpleasant one, being cold and gray, damp and chilly, with that chilliness which goes straight through to your bones. Already a few stray snow-flakes were fluttering down, giving promise of a settled storm later in the day.

The depot at Hoboken is not a specially exhilarating place to wait in; but Charley settled himself comfortably upon one of the straight up-and-down settees, saying: "We need not take too early a train, but it is well to be on hand, even if we do reach Montclair too soon; we can walk about and see the place, you know."

Walk about and see the place on such a day! I said nothing, but I inwardly decided that we would not take too early a train. At least we were warm and sheltered where we were, and who knew what we might find at the other end? While I was settling this point in my own mind, the door at the end of the room was flung open, and Charley sprang to his feet.

"Come," he said. "We might as well make sure of this train, after all;" and before I could find words in which to couch my objections without giving the lie to all the fixed principles of my life, we were in the cars.

Charley was buried in his newspaper and I was gazing from the window upon the fast whitening meadows, when the conductor paused before us with a demand for "tickets." They were ready to hand, but the conductor gazed upon them blankly.

"Where to?" he asked briefly.

"Montclair," replied Charley, with equal brevity.

"Wrong train. Yours left ten minutes later from the other door. You'd better get out at Newark and take it there. If you miss it, there'll be another along in forty minutes."

"It is fortunate that we have plenty of time," said

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.



Charley to me, as the conductor left us. "Aren't you glad that I have reformed in regard to punctuality?"

"Oh, very glad!" I said with a slight tinge of irony, and adding inwardly, "especially if it leads you to take the wrong train rather than wait for the right one."

We got out at Newark and took the next train that came along. Being the next, we made sure that it must be the right one; but it wasn't. That train landed us at Orange, where we spent a quiet hour before another Newark bound train picked us up.

"You see, dear," said Charley, "I go upon your principle of always being in time. If we keep on taking the first train that comes along, we shall be sure to get there some time—if not in time for the wedding, then, perhaps in time for the funeral of all the family."

"We shall certainly not be in time for the wedding at this rate," I said, half laughing and half crying. "Suppose, by way of variety, we try the effect of taking the last train?"

"What! and abandon principle? Never!" cried Charley. "However, I think we will inquire before we try again."

We did inquire, but with the result of finding that the next train which it would be possible for us to take would not reach Montclair until half an hour after the time set for the wedding.

"Shall we try it?" asked Charley, cheerfully. "The wedding may be delayed, you know. The groom may be unpunctual, or something."

I fairly broke down at that.

"No, we will not," I said. "I don't want to go dragging in just at the tail of the ceremony. I'm cold and tired and wretched, and I want to go home."

I was cold and tired and wretched, but I was more than that. I was thoroughly indignant, for I was sure that Charley had done it all on purpose. Though I had a hidden consciousness that I deserved a lesson of some kind, I thought that he had punished me too severely. So I had little to say to him, either then or when we were sitting together in the evening. Charley was too busy with pencil and paper to take any notice, though.

"Lelia," he said, suddenly.

"What is it?" I answered, rather sulkily.

"I am thoroughly convinced now," said Charley, "that punctuality is the king of all virtues, the crowning merit of humanity; but doesn't it strike you as rather an expensive one?"

"How so?" I asked, melting a little, but not much.

"Well, I won't speak of to-day, for that was not a fair test. I know you think that I made all those blunders on purpose, but I didn't. I suppose the intoxication of such unusual virtue flew to my head and muddled my wits, for I certainly made uncommon hash of the affair: I have been punctual, according to your ideas, for a month now, and I have just been making a little computation of the result. I began to practice the virtue on the night of Mrs. Lee's reception, I believe? Very well. We each spent a solitary hour in the dressing-room, which, I suppose, may fairly be considered wasted. Two hours to begin with. We went to the opera an hour too early (though our seats were engaged) on two occasions—six hours. Theatre, ditto, twice—four hours. Six and four are ten, and two make twelve. Really, my dear Lelia, punctuality is a noble virtue, but, do you know, it strikes me that life is too short to practice it in. It might do for Methuselah or an archangel, but for ordinary mortals—"

"Don't, Charley!" I cried, breaking down suddenly. "I have been a vain, conceited, overbearing little idiot. I was

so proud of my one virtue, and it's nothing but a vice, after all. I have been beginning to see it for ever so long, and I am ready to say that I will never waste time by being punctual again."

"Don't," said Charley, laughing. "This month has done me no end of good, for I was inclined to run things much too close. I never was exactly late, but I often made a precious tight shave of it. We'll help each other after this, won't we, little woman? You'll spur me on, and I'll rim you in, and we will neither of us get out of temper with the other. Is it a bargain?"

His hand was out, and his good, honest eyes were shining into mine, and, before I knew it, my arms were around his neck, and I was promising anything and everything.

So that was the end of the first and last quarrel that threatened to overshadow our married life.—Somerville Journal.



LIFE is short, and so are the most of us all through life.—Somerville Journal.

WHEN a man is short he does not remain long at the races.—Savannah Times.

A WOMAN may make a match, but she doesn't know how to scratch one.—New York World.

If the boys do not kiss the misses, then the girls will miss the kisses.—Binghamton Leader.

WHEN the mint julep is ready then the straws show which way the drink goes.—Detroit Echo.

"IN which yard did you lose the ball, my boy?" "The one with the dog in."—New York Sun.

A SAD sight in this world is an old hen trying to plume herself to look chic.—New Orleans Picayune.

LIFE is like a game of whist—its mysteries will be solved when the last trump is played.—Elmira Gazette.

"He's a pessimist. Very widely read." "That's strange. A pessimist ought to be very largely blue."—Puck.

A MAN in love is considered lucky if he does not lose his head when he loses his heart.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE Waning. Ethel—"We've been married three months to-day, Charlie." Charlie—"Great Scott! Is that all?"—Life.

BABY McKEE and Mary Scott Lord McKee have been tested by the Jersey mosquitoes, and pronounced very fine.—Boston Herald.

A LADY in this city who owns a cat that scratches a great deal has given it the descriptive name of "Clawed."—Hartford Times.

WHEN a girl dislikes her suitor she steals her heart against him. When she likes him she lets him steal it.—Binghamton Leader.

THE best cure for obesity is to board for the summer at a farm house where you will be treated like one of the family.—Boston Gazette.

"SAY, Jack! I'll give you a fiver if you'll answer a simple question right." "Done." "Lend me a tenner, will you?"—Harvard Lampoon.

THERE is really no tangible objection to violent plaid trousers, except that they keep one constantly wondering whose move it is.—Washington Post.

AT the Navy Yard—Stranger—"The 'cat' has been abolished in the navy, has it not?" Sailor—"Yes; but every sailor still has his kit."—The Jester.

THE difference between a kleptomaniac and an ordinary thief is that the kleptomaniac is rich, while the other fellow only wants to be.—Somerville Journal.

Angostura Bitters are the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite. Try 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.

### He Was All Right.

A man carefully ascended the steps of a house on Second avenue a day or two ago, and turned the handle of the door as if he expected to walk right in. It was locked, and he softly rang the bell.

The door was opened a couple of inches, and a female voice demanded:

"Selling sewing machines?"

"No."

"Rugs or clocks?"

"No."

"Pictures or brackets?"

"No."

"Want to insure me?"

"No."

"Want a contribution for some asylum?"

"No."

"Belong to the tax or water office?"

"No."

"Want me to take a newspaper on trial?"

"No."

"Collecting for somebody?"

"No."

"You are not a peddler?"

"No."

"Nor a tramp?"

"No."

"Well, what on earth do you want?"

"One of the neighbors said your husband was dying, and that he'd be glad to have a spiritual adviser."

"Is that all! Why didn't you say so at first, instead of scaring me half to death for fear you were after the furniture, which isn't quite paid for! Come in."—Detroit Free Press.

### Cheap Home Lands.

Cheap Lands and Homes in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, is the title of a pamphlet issued by D. G. Edwards, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Queen and Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., containing correct county map and description of Lands along the line. This pamphlet mailed to any address Free on application. The Queen and Crescent Route is 94 miles the shortest between Cincinnati and New Orleans, and 110 miles shortest between Cincinnati and Jacksonville, Fla. Compartment Sleeping Cars on all through trains.

PHILADELPHIAN (proudly)—"I presume you know, sir, that Philadelphia has the only American who ever danced with Queen Victoria?" New Yorker—"That may be, but New York contains the only Englishman who ever sold a hot roasted potato to the Prince of Wales."—New York Weekly.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

### How the Arizona Kicker Failed on its Round the World Racket.

On the first day of April we started Indian Dick out of town to see how quick he could make a journey around the world. To tell the honest truth, we hadn't over a ton of confidence in Dick, but he had so much ambition that we gave him a dollar and a half and told him to draw on us for some more when he reached Yokohama. The other day we heard of him up at Overton's ranch, only twenty miles away, and that he had been there ever since the third of April. It seems that he was doing bravely on his trip until he struck Overton's, where an eastern genius is making some sort of whisky out of cactus roots. The first taste of that liquor nailed Dick right to the spot, and hasn't moved ten rods since. Under these circumstances all bets are declared off, and all guesses have been turned loose in the back yard to shift for themselves.—Detroit Free Press.

### A Tried Remedy for Biliousness.

Those who suffer from disorder or inaction of the liver will never get the upper hand of the unruly organ so long as they use such irrational remedies as blue pills, calomel and podophyllin. But from the tried and popular medicine, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they may expect relief with a certainty of obtaining it. The influence of the Bitters upon the great biliary gland is direct, powerful and speedily felt. The relief afforded is not spasmodic, but complete and permanent. The sallowness of the skin, furred appearance of the tongue, indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, pains through the right side and shoulder, in fact every accompaniment, of the obstinate complaint are entirely and promptly removed by a course of this inestimable medicine, in behalf of which testimony is constantly emanating from every quarter, and from all classes of society.

### Hoosier Philosophy.

It's a fool hoss that don't know who's boss. A colt'll frolic in the mornin'; an old hoss at night. Taint allus the purtiest girl that kin make the best flapjacks. A feller that's honest with himself'll be honest with his nabors. You wanter watch a feller that's allus keen fer a hoss trade. A balky hoss an' a kickin' cow make lots o' trouble on the place. The crow is er mighty pert bird, but, for all his fine looks, he sucks eggs, jess the same. Some folks kin 'tend to other people's business a blamed sight better'n they kin to their own. Tain't the hardest licks that allus drives a wedge in the furdest; sometimes gentle taps'll make it stick a heap the best.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Those persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little NERVE PILLS a most desirable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In vials at 25 cents. Try them.



## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. JOSEPH NAGEL, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

### There was no Prohibition Here.

"I have had a delightful evening," he said, as he took his hat and rose to go. "May I call again?"

"I shall be glad to see you," she replied, with a blush.

As he walked out into the hall he saw in the mirror of the hat-rack a reflection of the roguish girl slyly throwing a kiss at him, and he turned back.

"I must have that in the original package," he whispered.

He was a Kansas young man and he got it.—Chicago Tribune.

### Rush No. 2.

Stranger (in western city)—"Hello! Must be a big boom here. I see all the people are rushing to real estate offices. Trying to buy lots, I suppose?"

Resident—"No, sir. The boom is just over, and they are trying to sell 'em.—New York Weekly.

**Backache is almost immediately relieved** by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.

### A Happy Hit.

"I am hungry," pleaded the poor actor on the Rialto.

"In the words of Shakspeare," quoth his brother tragedian, producing a dime with infinite grace, "Go, get thee to a bunnery."—N. Y. Herald.

### Photography Done Quickly.

Under the new acceptance of the term, as translated by the largest and most progressive firm in the manufacture of Photographic goods and materials, the initials P. D. Q. no longer signify what we so long supposed they did, but rather, Photography Done Quickly. They, Messrs. E. & H. F. Anthony & Co., of 591 Broadway, New York, have named a camera the P. D. Q., and it is one of the daintiest, neatest, and at the same time one of the most practical cameras we have seen. It is adapted to the making of pictures 4x5 inches, which may be either horizontal or vertical on the plate, is fitted with a good lens and shutter of an entirely new and effective pattern. The box is covered in black grained leather, and its entire appearance is such as to cause one to fall in love with it at first sight. The price of the outfit is so low, only \$20, that it is a wonder if we do not soon see them much more numerous than now.

### Artemus Ward on the Census.

Artemus Ward had an experience as census enumerator that will meet with the hearty sympathy of some of Supervisor Murray's men. He related it as follows:

The sences taker in our town bein' taken sick, he depertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to giv me informashun how to perceed I was consekently compelled to go it blind. Sittin' down by the roadside I drawd up the follerin' list of questions which I proposed to ax the people I visited:

"What is your age?"

"Whar was you born?"

"Air you married, and if so, how do you like it?"

"How many children have you, and do they sufficiently resemble you?"

"Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?"

"Have you a twin brother several years older than yourself?"

"How many parents have you?"

"Do you read 'Watt's Hims' reg'lar?"

"Do you use boughten tobacco?"

"Wat's your fightin' wate?"

"Air you trubled with biles?"

"How does your meersham culler?"

"State whether you air blind, deaf, idiotic or got the heaves?"

"Do you know any opry singers, and, if so, how much do they owe you?"

"What's the average of virtoo on the Ery Canarol?"

"If 4 barrils of emptins pored onto a barn floor will kiver it how many plase can Dion Bourcicault write in a year?"

"Is beans a regular article of diet in your family?"

"How many chickens have you, on foot and in the shell?"

"Air you aware that Injianny whisky is used in New York shootin' galrys instid of pistils, and that it shoots furthest?"

"Was you ever at Niagry Falls?"

"Was you ever in the penitentiary?"

"State how much pork, impendin' cryses, Dutch cheese, popler surventy, standard poetry, children's strainers, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient history, pickled tomatoes, old junk, perfoomery, coal ile, liberty, hoop skirt, etc., you have on hand,"

But it didn't work. I got into a row at

the fust house I stopt to with some old maids. Disbelievin' the answers they giv in regard to their ages, I endeavored to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with hosses, but they floo into a violent rage and tackled me with brooms and sich. Takin' the senses requires experiunse, like any other bizniss.—Philadelphia Call.

### Not a "Sweet" Girl Graduate.

The other day I found myself in a railway train, in front of two students who had just been graduated the day before from a great school for girls. Such parties are common enough at this season of the year, and usually attract attention by their entire obliviousness to the fact that there are people in the world who are apathetic, at least to the way in which things are managed at Q—Hall; but these girls won my interest through some sentences of sound, common sense, which came over the back of the seat in sweet, though rather petulant feminine tones.

"Did you have a good time with it all?" asked one.

"No, I didn't; and all for the simple reason that I felt that I was needlessly ridiculous. There has been so much fun made in the newspapers about 'sweet girl graduates' and their general silliness and uselessness, that I was as ashamed of my lovely white Paris gown as if it had been a fool's cap. You know what happened about my valedictory? Well, I had read so much about 'embarking on the sea of life,' and all the rest of the rose-colored twaddle which is usually put into valedictories, that I made up my mind that I would do something different. I fixed up what I thought a bright, but slightly cynical view of the situation, and handed it to the president. You should have heard the lecture I got! You would have supposed I was the most abandoned wretch in the universe. Prex was 'sorry I had developed such a spirit under the gracious influence at Q—Hall.' Now I protest against giving girls a certain sort of education and then making fun of them when it is finished. In the effort to escape being namby pamby I got myself called 'a young Voltaire,' and was forced to read against my will a lot of pink-and-white stuff about 'making the world a brighter place.' If I ever have a chance to teach the world anything, I will teach it not to sneer at its young women for their lack of a worldly experience which they are promptly punished for showing the slightest scrap of."—Kate Field's Washington Letter.



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M. DOMINICK, Superior.

Most of us admire heroes greatly, and privately think at the same time that nothing under heaven would induce us to be such fools ourselves.—Somerville Journal.

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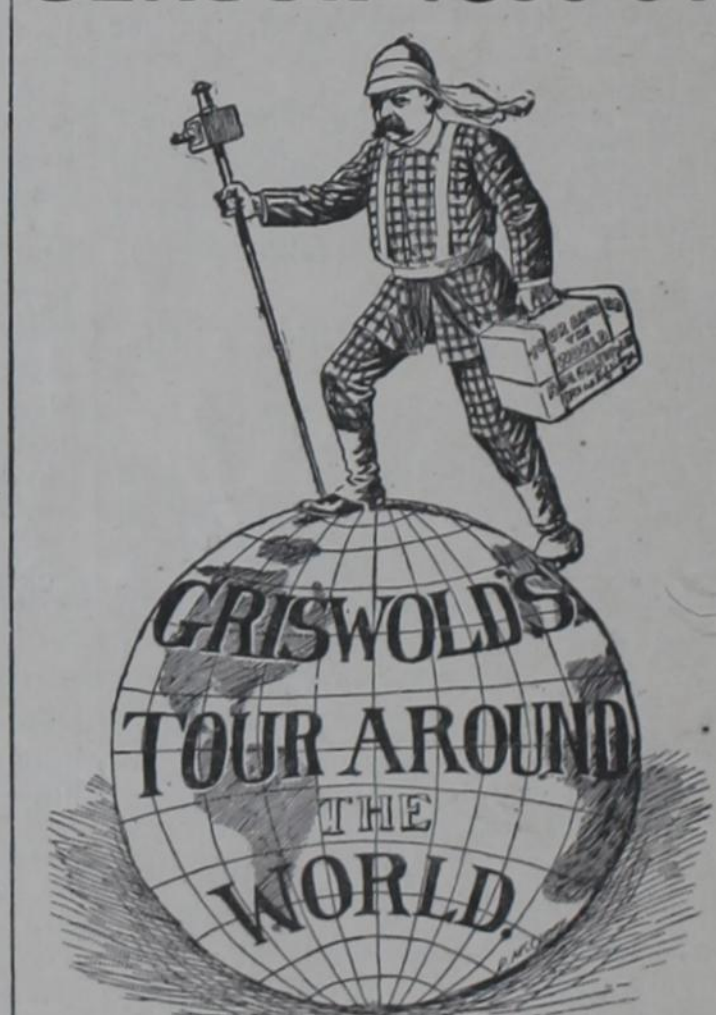
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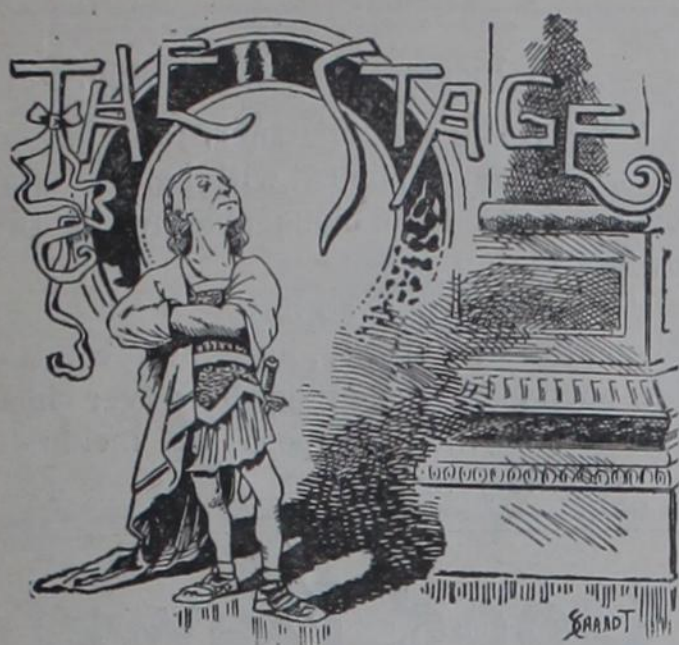
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They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.





Minnie Dupree has been engaged by Cora Tanner to create a rôle in her new play, *One Error*.

Stuart Robson's manager, Mr. Hayden, is now in Europe, making arrangements with Victorien Sardou for a comedy.

Palmer's Theatre will reopen next week, with Edward Solomon's new opera, *The Red Hussar*. Miss Tempest will be the star.

James Powers, formerly the merry-maker at the Casino, will be seen in a new musical farce called *A Straight Tip*. He will be supported by a fine company.

"Senator" Crane did not exhibit as much brains out in San Francisco, not long since, as that individual was supposed to possess. His remarks in an interview have caused the San Francisco papers to scorch him unmercifully.

Mr. Stephen Massett, on Sunday before last, at the church at Sailors' Snug Harbor, at the invitation of the governor and trustees of the institution, read *Nothing But Leaves*, for the benefit of the 500 old "salts." It was an occasion of much interest.

The Windsor Theatre will begin the season of 1890-91 on Monday, August 11th, with the first metropolitan presentation of James Schonberg's drama, *The Banker*, in which the eminent actor, George Edgar and a competent cast of actors will appear. The play has been tried through the Eastern circuit by Mr. Edgar and has been found sufficiently strong to justify its presentation at any of the metropolitan houses. Mr. Edgar has many warm friends and admirers, who will fill the Windsor at his *premier* and make it one of the most fashionable first nights ever known on the East Side.

#### A Story of Joseph Jefferson.

Joseph Jefferson relates in the July Century the following concerning a London experience of his:

"My approaching appearance was the important dramatic event of my life. I had been five years from America and was on my way home, and I felt satisfied that if this new version of *Rip Van Winkle* succeeded in London my way was quite clear when I returned to the United States.

"On Sunday evening, being alone in my lodgings, I got out for my own admiration my new wig and beard, the pride of my heart, and which I was to use in the last act. I could not resist trying them on for the twentieth time, I think; so I got in front of the glass and adjusted them to my perfect satisfaction. I soon became enthused, and began acting and posing in front of the mirror. In about twenty minutes there came a knock at the door.

"'Who's there?' said I.

"'It's me, if you please,' said the gentle but agitated voice of the chambermaid. 'May I come in?'"

"'Certainly not,' I replied; for I had no desire to be seen in my present make-up.

"'Is there anything wrong in the room, sir?'"

"'Nothing at all. Go away,' I replied.

"'Well, sir,' she continued, 'there's a policeman at the door, and he says there's a crazy old man in your room, a-fingin' of his 'arnds about and a-goin' on hawful, and there's a crowd of people across the street a-blockin' up the way.'

"I turned towards the window, and to my horror I found that I had forgotten to put down the curtain, and, as it seemed to me, the entire population of London was taking in my first night. I had been unconsciously acting with the lights full up, to an astonished audience who had not paid for their admission. As I tore off my wig and beard a shout went up. Quickly pulling down the curtain, I threw myself in a chair, overcome with mortification at the occurrence. In a few minutes the comical side of the picture presented itself, and I must have laughed for an hour. I had been suffering from an attack of nervous dyspepsia, consequent upon the excitement of the past week, and I firmly believe that this continuous fit of laughter cured me."

#### About Men and Women.

When a woman gets cross, she gets cross at everybody.

Smile at some women, and they will tell you all the troubles they ever had.

When a woman can wash flannels so they will not shrink, she knows enough to get married.

A woman is never so badly in love that she does not try to find out the cost of her engagement ring.

One of your delicate women will never admit that she is hungry; she will say that she is feeling a little faint.

There is only one thing that pleases woman more than to be referred to as a dove, and that is to hear a man referred to as the hawk.

A woman never becomes so intelligent that she learns that it is no pleasure to others to hear her coax her children to speak a piece.

A man who attempts to flatter you takes you for a fool.

Man, like the fire, is apt to torment women by going out at night.—Boston Commonwealth.

#### A Norwegian Wins \$15,000.

Ticket No. 59,843 drew the first capital prize of \$600,000 in the June 17th drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. Hearing that Ole Anderson, of Chicago, held one-fortieth of the winning ticket, a *Traveler* reporter was sent to interview Mr. Anderson. He was found at his home, 259 W. Erie street, and in answer to the reporter's inquiries said: "I was born in Ageroer, near Lillesand, Norway, and came to America fourteen years ago. I am a painter by trade and have made a very poor living for myself and family from my small wages. Last month I invested one dollar in a lottery ticket, which was one-fortieth of 59,843. That number drew \$600,000 in the June 17 drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and my one-fortieth—\$15,000—has been collected and paid to me by the American Express company. This is the first time I ever bought a lottery ticket, and naturally I am rejoiced at my good fortune. I shall at once buy a comfortable home and will continue at my trade as before." Mr. Anderson seems a very worthy man, and it is certain that fortune has this time bestowed her favors in the right place.—Chicago (Ills.) *Arkansas Traveler*, July 12.

THE man who applied for a marriage license, and got a dog license instead, didn't realize until five years afterward what a narrow escape from happiness he had.—Somerville Journal.

#### Cure for the Deaf.

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

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#### A Close Call.

An old-fashioned dry goods merchant doing business in one of the interior towns for many years failed the other day, and when an agent for one of the creditors reached the place it was to find the proprietor working hard to figure it all out.

"Lands! but I can't see why I should fail," he kept on saying. "Mebbe, though, I didn't collect sharp enough."

"You have a heap of old goods here," said the agent as he looked around.

"Yes, more or less."

"When did you take your last inventory?"

"Inventory? Take everything down?"

"Yes."

"And make out a list?"

"Yes."

"And put down the cost?"

"Yes."

"And dust off the shelves and mop the floor?"

"That's it."

"And clean the windows and paint the front of the store?"

"Yes."

"I never went into that. I was going to one day about fifteen years ago, but they had a wrestling match in town and I let the inventory go. Mercy on me, but I can't understand why I should fail!"—N. Y. Sun.



A FLIRTING woman can cause more trouble to mankind than a devastating army, but she is very much nicer than the devastating army, after all.—Somerville Journal.

### WOBBLES' TOUR AROUND THE WORLD ON A BICYCLE, From Texas Siftings.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.





The demand for Margaret Sidney's books seems unceasing. D. Lothrop Company are now preparing new editions of all the books of this popular writer.

Herbert D. Ward's serial in *Wide Awake*, *The New Senior* at Andover, introduces the readers of the July number to hazing, pluck and a manly distinction between loyalty and tale-bearing.

New editions of the following popular books have just been issued by D. Lothrop Company: *Poets' Homes*, compiled by R. H. Stoddard and others; *Uncle Titus and Swiss Stories*, by Madame Spyri; and *A Half Year at Bronckton*, by Margaret Sidney.

A neat, newsy and well arranged periodical is the *Western Journalist*, published in Chicago by Burrelle and Welch. It is a magazine for publishers, writers and newspaper folks, published monthly, and it contains a great deal of information interesting to the above class. Its retail price is ten cents a number.

Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* for August presents an attractive table of contents. To begin with we have *The Seven Wonders of the 19th Century*, with illustrations. They are the New Aqueduct in New York, the Forth Bridge in Scotland, the Eiffel Tower, the East River Bridge, the Eades Jetties at the mouth of the Mississippi, St. Gothard Railway, and the Improvements of Hell Gate, in the East River. Summer Resorts and Watering Places are elaborately described and illustrated.

Midsummer Puck is out. It is the usual double number with an illuminated cover. Among the list of contributors announced are: George H. Jessop, J. L. Ford, Williston Fish, Madeline S. Bridges, Margaret H. Welch, Charles F. Lummis, Roy McCardell, Charles Newton Hood, and Dick Law, with illustrations and drawings by F. Oppen, C. J. Taylor, Syd B. Griffin, L. Dalrymple, and S. D. Ehrhart. This number also contains Col. Brereton's Aunty, by H. C. Bunner, with illustrations by C. J. Taylor; being number one of a series of short stories by the editor of Puck, to be published weekly during the Summer, under the general title of *Short Sixes*; stories to be read while the candle burns.

Who is Lee C. Harley? As the article, *Texas Types and Contrasts*, in Harper's for July, has aroused considerable favorable comment and attracted much attention, a few words about its author will not be amiss. Lee C. Harley is a Southerner by birth, a native of South Carolina, but has lived in Texas for many years, and now is a permanent resident of New York. The work from this writer's pen has been for the most part poetry, and poetry of a high order. It is characterized by delicacy of sentiment, gracefulness of expression and by its musical quality. The same may be said of the prose of this poet, with the addition that it evidences keen and acute observation of men, manners and things, displays force, clearness and directness of speech, and above all the subject or topic is invariably one of special interest. Lee C. Harley has attained that topmost pinna-

cle of ambition—to be sought for by publishers and to be well paid.

*The Robe of Nessus*, by Duffield Osborne, 12mo. Cloth, \$1.00; paper, 50 cts. New York: Belford Company. It is with more than ordinary pleasure we welcome the second of Mr. Osborne's historical novels. In *The Spell of Asharoth* we recognized a work far above the run of contemporaneous fiction, both in scholarship and in interest; and now we find in the book before us something very close to the best historical romances of Scott or Bulwer, and far superior to anything of its class published within the last twenty years. The scene of the story is laid in Athens during the second year of the Peloponnesian War; the hero being Alcibiades, undoubtedly the most striking character in Greek history; and the old life, with all its high intellectuality and low morality, fairly lives again in these vivid pages. The characters are not mere automatons, but men and women—a most difficult effect to produce in stories which treat of distant lands and vanished epochs—while many of them, such as Pericles and Sadocus, are of deep historical interest.

In praise of the plot it is hard to say too much. That it is planned and sustained with the best judgment and art is as unmistakable as that it absorbs and excites from beginning to end. Of Mr. Osborne's style little need now be said, except that in this book it is as clear-cut, as forcible, and as vivid as ever. *The Robe of Nessus* may be recommended to those who read for information and improvement as well as to those who read for amusement alone.

It is an enchanted wand the Great Magician wields. His is the empire of our laughter and our tears. And such is the rare quality of his genius that he commands both in a breath. Hardly has the eyelid trembled with the burden of his pathos when some sudden fancy sets it dancing with delight. Joy, rose-lipped and silver-trebled, strays ever through his pages, hand in hand with her twin sister, sad-eyed and sweet-voiced Sorrow. —Faye Howe on *The Genius of Bret Harte*, in *New York Star*.

#### On the Stand.

At a recent naval court of inquiry in New York, according to the *Tribune*, much unconscious humor was exhibited. The sailors called as witnesses were quite unused to such proceedings, and went about their work very much as a Sioux Indian might be expected to conjugate a Greek verb. One of them—Bubbles, the *Tribune* calls him—came shuffling forward, his eyes hunting all round the room, as if in search of some place of safety.

"Come here," said the admiral.

He came, of course, upon the wrong side.

"No, here! What's your name?"

"Bubbles."

"What's all of it?"

"Bill Bubbles."

"Bill Bubbles, take the book."

"Book, sir?"

"Yes, here!" The admiral stood up, placed his eye-glasses astride of his nose, peered through them at the unhappy Bubbles, and held out the bible.

Bubbles made a motion as if to take the bible, perhaps thinking it a gratuity.

"No, no! just place your hand on it."

Bubbles put up his left hand.

"No, your right hand."

Bubbles put up both hands. The admiral seized the left one between his thumb and finger and removed it. The right remained.

"Now, Bubbles."

"Yez'r."

"Do you solemnly swear that the evidence you will give in this case shall be

the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, so help you God?"

"Yez'r."

"Well, then, kiss the book."

"Hey, zur?"

"Kiss the book."

"Kiss it, zur?"

"Yes, kiss it!"

Bubbles looked round appealingly, but there seemed to be no help for it, so he placed himself squarely on his feet, drew a long breath, bent over the bible, and produced a noise which made the admiral jump. For an instant the bible seemed to be in peril, and the admiral, rescuing it with a sudden pull, looked sternly at Bubbles and said, slowly, "Go yonder and sit down."

Another witness had had trouble with Lieut. Lumley.

"He says, sezee, 'Ef you wasn't so small,' sezee, 'I'd knock you out of sight,' sezee. 'I'd like to see you do it,' says I. Also he done it."

As the *Tribune* remarks, a good deal of eloquence can be put into four words.

A negro gave his testimony thus:

"He tol' me, sah, dat I were a brack good-fo'-nuffin' niggah, sah, an' he said, sah, ef I didn't look out he'd fotch me across de head wif a stick, sah."

"What did you say?"

"I were ber' mad, sah, an' on de impulse ob de momink, sah, I tol' him de nex' stick he see he'd be runnin' away from."

The average reader will be likely to regret that this witness could not conclude, as the one before him did, "Also he done it."

#### A Courageous Animal.

"Is this horse afraid of anything?" asked Mrs. Nervous, out riding for the first time with a livery stable rig.

"Not even of me," replied Mr. Nervous, gloomily, as he vigorously but vainly plied the whip.—*Somerville Journal*.

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

TEACHER—"I notice by the papers they have arrested more Russian students. Elder—"It is high time! I don't believe in those rushes, anyhow. They are too brutal."—*Lowell Citizen*.



**Radway's**  
**READY RELIEF**  
(Price) 50 Cts.  
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL  
Instantly Stop Pain  
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL  
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS  
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A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

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

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

#### An Incomprehensible Reply.

"What is a silent partner, Job?" asked Mrs. Shuttle, as she sat with her husband beneath the loquacious shadow of the evening lamp.

"It's what we need in this family," replied Job mystically, and Mrs. Shuttle has been asking the neighbors ever since just what they suppose he meant.—*Somerville Journal*.

## 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

## Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"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.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
Sold by Druggists. \$1, six \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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## VERSES NEW AND OLD.

## HER ONLY FAULT.



I knew a maiden young and fair,  
With eyes of blue,  
And golden hair,  
And lips the hue  
Of cherries rare.  
Ah! she was to drive one mad;  
One fair and only one she had—  
She punned.

When first I saw her I did know  
I'd met my fate  
For weal or woe,  
Nor long did wait  
To tell her so.

"Fate's that you say?" I shrieked and fled,  
For no girl could I ever wed—  
Who punned.

—Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

## UNDER THE SPELL.

Hypnotism, mesmerism, call it what you will,  
Bishopism, magnetism, with its mystic thrill,  
Nothing new for mortal man these occult rites dis-  
close—

Woman, since sweet Mother Eve, has led him by  
the nose.

—Exchange.

## A WISH.

If you might only have, love,  
The sunshine and the flowers,  
And I the cold and loneliness  
Of dreary, wintry hours;  
If every sweetness in my life  
Might answer to your claim,  
And I could bear whatever loss,  
Whatever wrong or pain,  
Would otherwise fall to you, love,  
As falls the Autumn rain;  
I think I could not ask, love,  
For any happier hours  
Than just to know God sends to you  
The sunshine and the flowers.  
—Lilian Whiting, in Boston Budget.

## HER BEAUTIFUL EYES.

O her beautiful eyes! they are blue as the dew  
On the violet's bloom when the morning is new,  
And the light of their love is the gleam of the sun  
O'er the meadows of spring where the quick  
shadows run.  
As the morn shifts the mists and the clouds from  
the skies—  
So I stand in the dawn of her beautiful eyes.

And her beautiful eyes are as mid-day to me,  
When the lily-bell bends with the weight of the  
bee,  
And the throat of the thrush is a pulse in the heat,  
And the senses are dragged with the subtle and  
sweet

And delirious breaths of the air's lullabies—  
So I swoon in the noon of her beautiful eyes.

O her beautiful eyes! they have smitten mine own  
As a glory glanced down from the glare of the  
throne;

And I reel, and I falter and fall, as afar  
Fell the shepherd's that looked on the mythical  
star.

And yet dazed in the tidings that bade them arise—  
So I grope through the night of her beautiful eyes.  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

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.

## He Found the Schoolmaster.

We were sitting on the veranda of a  
hotel at Niagara Falls, when I noticed  
the man on my right looking sharply at  
the man on my left, and presently he got  
up in an excited way and walked about.  
After a bit he halted before the other  
man and asked:

"Isn't your name Graham?"

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Didn't you used to teach school at  
Elmira?"

"Yes, sir."

"In 1863?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you remember a boy named God-  
kin?"

"Very distinctly, sir."

"Do you remember that he put a pack-  
age of fire-crackers under his desk and  
touched them off?"

"As if it happened only yesterday."

"And you basted him for it."

"I did. I licked him until he could  
hardly stand, and I've always been glad  
of it."

"You have, eh?" said the other,  
breathing fast and hard. "Do you know  
that that boy swore a terrible oath?"

"I presume he did, as he was a thor-  
ough young villain."

"He swore an oath that he would  
grow up and hunt for you and pound you  
within an inch of your life."

"But I haven't heard from him yet."

"You hear from him now! He stands  
before you! I am that boy!"

"Well?"

"Prepare to be licked! My time has  
come at last!"

He made a dive for the old pedagogue,  
but the latter evaded him, made a half  
turn and hit him on the jaw, and Godkin  
went over a chair in a heap. Then the  
whilom schoolmaster piled on to him and  
licked him until he cried "Enough," and  
it didn't take him over three minutes to  
do it. Then he retired to get on another  
collar and replace some buttons, and I  
helped Godkin up and observed:

"You didn't wait quite long enough, I  
guess."

"Say, that's where I made a miscue!"  
he replied. "I see now that I ought to  
have held off until he had got to be about  
150 years old. The old devil is all of  
seventy now, but he licked me right off  
the reel, and I'll never have the sand to  
stand up to him again. Here's thirty  
years of waiting for vengeance knocked  
into a cocked hat in three minutes!"—  
New York Sun.

## A Terror to Talk.

Chawles De Courcay (at a dance)—  
"Aw, quite a pleasant evening! Aw,  
did you see the moon, you know?"

Miss Perlina—"That's the third time  
you've said that, Mr. De Courcay."

Chawles—"Aw, yes; because we've  
only done round dances togethah. You  
just ought to hear me talk in a quadrille.  
I'd really bore you in the lancers."—  
Chatter.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that  
I have a positive remedy for the above named dis-  
ease. 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.

## A Mixed Metaphor.

Judge—"Prisoner, the charge has been  
withdrawn, and you are discharged."

Sixshooter-Sam—"Discharged," and  
the charge withdrawn? You may be  
way up on law, but you don't know much  
about guns, jedge."—West Shore.

Man is often deceived in the age of a  
woman by her gray hair. Ladies, you  
can appear young and prevent this gray-  
ness by using Hall's Hair Renewer.

## What Killed His Town.

At Fort Scott I met an acquaintance  
whom I knew had gone further West to  
found a future city, and naturally enough  
I made inquiries as to how he progressed  
in his enterprise.

"Promised to be the biggest thing on  
earth," he replied.

"You were to have three railroad  
lines?"

"Yes."

"And four or five great factories were  
to be established?"

"Yes."

"And there was to be an avenue  
named after every State?"

"Yes."

"And four different street-car lines  
were to be in operation within a year?"

"Yes."

"Two banks, two colleges, four church-  
es, a union depot, a City Hall, two opera  
houses, and a Government building were  
on your list for early completion?"

"They were."

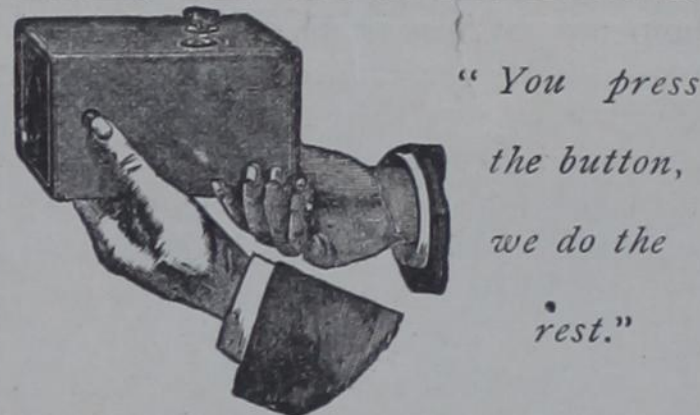
"Well, what have you done?"

"Not a blamed thing."

"Not even made a beginning?"

"No. I was going to buy 500 acres of  
land for the site, but while the owner  
was getting an abstract of title a man  
came along with a rotary washing ma-  
chine, offered me four county rights for  
\$10 and a shotgun, and I killed the town  
and saved the machine man from going  
to a pauper's grave. I've got feelings, I  
have. When I see a man struggling to  
make an honest living, but meeting ad-  
versity at every turn, my feelings force  
me to stretch out a helping hand and let  
this great and glorious West paddle her  
own canoe."—N. Y. Sun.

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ions, Dress-making, Toil-  
et, Notes on Housekeeping,  
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who will become a yearly subscriber (\$1.00 is the  
regular yearly subscription price), or who will  
work for us a few minutes, a splendid

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These corsets are very fine, and are made ex-  
pressly for us by one of the most reliable firms  
of heavy wash blond, and are stiffened and  
stayed with bands of saten, and are made with  
open mesh, to admit of a free circulation of  
air, so necessary in warm weather. They are  
well finished and are warranted to keep their  
stylish shape, they are delightfully  
**COOL and COMFORTABLE.** We will send **The**  
**Housekeeper one year (24 numbers),** and one  
of these corsets, postpaid, for only \$1.50, or  
to any one sending us two yearly subscribers and  
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**year, and a corset to each of the two ladies,**  
**and one to the club raiser, postpaid, as a pre-**  
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cident to a bilious state of the system, such as  
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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 pre-  
venting 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 fortu-  
nately their goodness does not end here, and those  
who once try them will find these little pills valu-  
able in so many ways that they will not be wil-  
ling 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  
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tion TEXAS SIFTINGS.

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

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GETTING READY FOR 1892.

#### A St. Louis Reporter's Account of the Chicago Heat.

Yesterday morning, as a Star-Sayings reporter was entering the Southern Hotel, he noticed a portly gentleman wearing a fur-lined overcoat, buttoned up to the neck. The reporter was comfortable in ordinary summer attire, comprising an \$8 silk shirt, \$17 lavender pantaloons and imported seersucker coat and vest, costing \$39, with a \$11 Panama to shield his machinery from the rays of the sun.

Naturally surprised, the bashful reporter approached the rotund occupant of the aforesaid fur-lined ulster, with the timid query:

"Isn't that coat a little heavy?"

"Heavy? Zounds, no! I'm freezing now. Let's go and get a hot lemonade."

Having registered a vow to never refuse a drink, hot or cold, the reporter walked sadly to the sacrifice, arm in arm with his mysterious, shivering companion. Suddenly the occupant of the ulster turned to the reporter and said:

"I know you are wondering how I can wear this attire and yet be happy. I will not keep you in suspense. I am from Chicago. For weeks I sizzled and spluttered like an egg dropped into a pan of boiling hot grease, and saw the friends of my youth dropping like sheep in a slaughter pen, overcome with the awful rays of a sun that seems to shoot sulphuric flames clear through a man's body. Metal cornices melted from the building and ran through the streets like lava pours down the serried sides of Vesuvius. Ice was selling at one dollar a pound and melting before it could be got out of the sawdust in the storehouses. The street car tracks were twisted into fantastic shapes and the cable ropes on several lines melted, making it incumbent upon the resident of that suburb of Hades to walk or remain in the house. Butter had to be drank like we sip this hot lemonade, and one afternoon my watch melted in my pocket. Then the lake commenced to dry up and I turned and fled toward St. Louis. I left Chicago clad about as you are now. When I arrived at this famous hostelry I was shivering like a victim of St. Vitus' dance. The change was so sudden that I thought I would freeze to death. I ordered a double fire in my room, turned on the gas and lighted every burner in sight, had blankets put on my bed and crawled between them. I then tele-

graphed to Chicago for my winter clothes. They arrived this morning and this is my first appearance outside of those blankets. Have another hot lemonade?"

The reporter groaned aloud as he remembered his vow to never refuse a drink and reluctantly accepted.

"But I have not told you all," continued the Chicagoan. "The night before I left Chicago the spirit of a chum of mine, a splendid fellow, who died from heat prostration in a Chicago refrigerating establishment, where he was engaged in the packing room overseeing the weighing of ice—by the way, he was sitting on a cake of it when he fell over and died—came to my bedside on the roof of 'the Rookery.' Bill had been a pretty tough citizen, and when I saw the white outlines of his ghostly figure I involuntarily asked:

"Where are you from, now, Bill?"

"Hades," he responded nonchalantly. "What are you doing here?" I continued.

"Jim," he said in pleading tones, "I want my overcoat. It's a great deal colder in Hades than it is in Chicago."

"Will you have another hot—"

But before the ulster-clad victim of the Chicago cauldron could complete the sentence the reporter was en route to the Star-Sayings office.

#### Habits of Snakes.

City Boarder (with numerous progeny) — "Are there any snakes here?"

Jersey Farmer — "Only around the fruit-trees, mum." — N. Y. Weekly.

#### The Finest on Earth.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and is the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ill., and Sleeping Car Cincinnati to Mackinaw, and the only Direct Line between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio, and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Toledo.

E. O. McCORMICK,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

#### Concerning Clocks.

The largest clock bell in the United States is in the tower of the Androscoggin Mill, in Lewiston, Me. Its weight is 10,300 pounds.

It is a curious fact that in the writings of the two greatest old English poets are found the surest data that can be adduced of the early use of clocks and watches in England. A famous clock can still be seen in the Torre del Oro, erected by Petrus Lombardus in Venice, in 1466. I has a blue and gold dial, and in many respects is a remarkable piece of mechanism.

In 1325 a clock was put up in Wells Cathedral, England, and mention is also made of a clock apparently of some new construction, invented by Robert Wallingford, of St. Albans, in 1326. This clock was still running in the time of Henry VIII.

Clocks have been made to go a year without winding, such as that which is preserved at Hampton Court, England, but they have generally proved unsatisfactory, the extreme delicacy of their adjustment making them susceptible to the slightest extraneous disturbance.

The regular manufacture of public clocks appears to have been introduced in the reign of Edward III., that considerate monarch, in the year 1368, having invited three Dutch an logiers from Delft for the express purpose of benefiting his subjects by the knowledge of the art.

The largest clock with an illuminated dial in the United States is that on the Communipaw Ferry building of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. The diameter of the dial is fourteen and a half feet, and the figures can be easily read from the New York shore. The dial is lighted by eighteen incandescent lamps.

It is recorded that in the fourteenth century an artist named James Dondi constructed a clock for the city of Padua which was long considered the wonder of that period. Besides indicating the hours, it represented the motion of the sun, moon and planets, and pointed out the different festivals of the year.

The weight of the movements of American tower clocks ranges from 300 to 5,500 pounds, according to size, the pressure from the weights required to drive them ranges for "time trains" (the simple movement) from 125 to 300 pounds, and the pressure required to drive the "striking train" ranges from 250 to 800 pounds, according to the size of the bell from which a full tone is desired.

The first complete clock moved by weights of which there is positive record was constructed early in the thirteenth century. It was the work of a Saracen mechanic, who received £2,000 for the fruit of his ingenuity. This clock is said to have kept time very accurately, and was afterward presented to Frederick II. by the Sultan of Egypt, under whose directions it was made.

About the time Dr. Franklin was studying upon his horological problem—or not many years later—Eli Terry began making wooden clocks in Connecticut, his implements being simply a saw and a jack-knife. After building up quite a business he sold out (in 1810) to Seth Thomas and Silas Hoadley, and from this small beginning the great industry of American clock-making took its rise.

De Wyck's clock, made by Henry de Wyck in 1379 for Charles V. of France, is celebrated. It has been styled by clock-makers the "parent of modern time-keepers." According to the description given of this clock, it differs in nothing—except in having a horizontal balance instead of a pendulum, and one instead of two hands—from many old church clocks still in existence in England; for instance, that of St. Margaret's, Westminster.—Boston Transcript.

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

#### Will Go to Congress.

"I hopes da'll make hase an' make er law outen dat ar Fedel leckshun bill," said a negro to his wife.

"Whut's dat got ter do wid you?" she asked.

"Got er mighty heep ter do wid me, dat's whut. Ef dat article 'comes er law I'se gwine right inter Cong'ss, dat's whar I gwine."

"You gwine ter Cong'ss; how you gwine git in dar?"

"Look yere, lady, you ought enter come roun' talkin' ter me on sich 'ints till you git mo' larnin'. W'y, 'en dis yere bill 'comes er law da gwine tie de white folks an' let de niggers run de offices. Man wid er gun be up dar at de poles an' will say ter Mr. Whiteman, 'Look out how you come votin' roun' yere. Dis yere is de niggers' ballot box, dis is. You ain't got no sesso in dis gubermen'. Yo' day is dun gone an' Mr. Nigger is de boss now.' Den I'll walk up an' say, 'jes put my name down ez er Cong'ssman, ef you pleases,' an' de man wid de gun will slap down my name. Den I'll walk inter de gubermen' house o' Cong'ss an' meck er speech dat you kin yere fum one eend o' de country ter de nder."

"But whut's ter 'come o' me?" the woman asked.

"Whut's ter 'come o' you? Oh, you'll be all right. You'll go up dar wid er fine coat on an' de newspaper fellers will come er roun' an' look at you an' de naixt mawnin' in de papers dar will be er piece dat will soun' suthin' like dis yere: 'De beautiful an' 'complish' Miz Prior, de wife o' de mighty fine Cong'ssman Abner Prior, wuz seed yistidy walkin' on de street wid her eyes in de ar' an' her feet jes' techin' de sidewalk. She is er mighty putty lady an' has got de fines' 'plexion in de town.' Git erway, chile, an' let me git dat ash cake outen de fire."—Arkansaw Traveler.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

#### All Must Yield to Her.

"Madam," said the doctor, "I fear your husband will not live through to-morrow."

"Beggin' yer pardon," broke in Bridget, "but ye'd better not let anythin' like that happen to-morrer. It's me day out." —The Epoch.



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