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A COPPERED COPPER.



Patrolman McGinnis goes in a saloon
To take a small drop on the sly;
As it happens to be a warm spring afternoon
He feels most remarkably dry.
But he scarcely has drained the gratuitous beer
And wiped off the foam from his lips,
When the bartender whispers, "The roundsman is
here,"
So McGinnis behind the bar slips.
After searching all round he at last finds a place
Where he thinks he with safety can hide,
And in less than a minute he sees the big face
Of Roundsman O'Regan inside.



Says Roundsman O'Regan, approaching the bar,
"Has McGinnis been near yez to-day?"
For I've sought the patrolman both near and a far,
But he don't seem to stop in my way."
But the bartender answers, "I don't know the man,
Not one of your precinct comes here!"
So says Roundsman O'Regan, "That's all right, my
man,
Yez can just give me one glass of beer!"
And the tables were turned when McGinnis uprose,
Saying, "Roundsman, ain't you goin' to trate?"
But O'Regan felt awfully small in his clothes
As he paid for a drink for his mate.

J. S. G.

Texas Siftings.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

ISN'T a departed clam a dead open and shut?

A PAWNBROKER should live up to his pledges.

STARCH MAKERS are stiffening up They have formed a trust.

BORED of foreign missions—A weary and disgusted missionary.

How doth the little busy flea
For man prove quite a match,
At night it gives him misery
And brings him to the scratch.

THERE is an American actor who is a Keane observer of men.

A LABORING man, whose pay is often docked for one reason and another, calls this the dock-age.

A DISPATCH from Pittsburg says, "Higher water expected." Will that raise the price of milk?

IN a weekly paper published by deaf mutes is a department headed, "Heard here and there."

THE writing master doesn't carry on so flourishing a business as he used to, because flourishes are done away with.

"Please give me a copper, sir?"
Was the beggar's pleading wail.
But the copper came with club in hand
And marched him off to jail.

WARD McALLISTER, leader of the "400," comes to the defense of married women who flirt. Has he got one on the string?

WHEN the passengers on board the steamship City of Paris thought they were soon to descend to a watery grave, it is no wonder they wanted A-dri-atic.

A CALIFORNIAN won a bride by giving a young lady his lower berth in a sleeping-car. It is not the first time that love has stooped to one of lower birth.

A FEED famine is reported in Boone and Wyoming counties, West Virginia. There is also a feed famine in the Sheriff department of New York county just now.

Some think that "dead men tell no tales,"
But publishers are brighter;
The late Hugh Conway seldom fails
As a posthumous writer.

WHEN a conscientious father explained to his son that it was his duty to "hide" him for some offense, the son said he was inflexibly opposed to the duty on hides.

THE Mexican custom house at El Paso required an import tax of \$650 to pass the body of the Mexican dwarf, Lucy Zarati, shipped to Mexico. The corpse of a giant would cost a fortune.

It is said that Postmaster General Wanamaker has recently received a thousand-dollar contribution to the "conscience fund." Is it possible—no; Wanamaker would not be likely to send such a contribution to himself, however much conscience might torment him.

SMALL HEADS VS. BIG HEADS.

A London doctor says it is impossible to judge of one's mental capacity from the size or shape of the head. Whereas a big head may have the brain matter spread out very thin, a small head may hold a brain that is packed and stored away so compactly that there is really more superficial surface to it than to the other. This knocks the phrenologist's theory all to flinders. Don't despise a man with a little head. You don't know how many deep folds his brain may have.

ONLY TWO GREAT MEN LEFT.

It is becoming more and more evident that there are only two great men left in these United States—Hill and Cleveland. They are the suns—favorite sons—around which lesser lights revolve. Each has his own peculiar satellites, and, of course, they are violently opposed to each other. Let one praise Cleveland, another immediately sets up a howl for Hill. It is evident that these two conflicting powers can never be amalgamated or even conciliated, and the world must look on in awe while it is being settled which is the greater man.

SON OF A GENIUS.

The son of a genius is sadly handicapped. The world expects much of him and is usually disappointed. He isn't permitted to come up like other boys, growing and developing, but something extraordinary is demanded of him at once, because his father was such a genius, you know. While he is in jacket and knickerbockers the world turns its expectant gaze upon him, as much as to say: "Come, young man, when are you going to commence?" Very often the young man never commences, or if he does, it is in a poor, feeble way that is more disappointing than if he had made no beginning whatsoever. Then if he succeeds in acquitting himself creditably—even if he goes far ahead of his fellows—he is liable to overhear such comments as: "Not up to his father." "Ah, sir, you ought to have heard the old man!" It is enough to take the ambition and life out of anybody. Young man, never have a genius for a father if you can possibly avoid it.



JUST SO!

JAWKINS (at L. road station)—By Jove! I've dropped my change into the chopper by mistake. How will I get it back?

GATEMAN (tersely)—Smashed!

A FIELD DAY FOR THE BEGGARS.

In Paris, the other day, a couple of professional beggars got into a wrangle together on one of the boulevards, and soon fell a-foul of each other, though it would have been difficult for them to fall any other way. One was a deaf and dumb man, and the language he used was outrageous. The other was blind, but he planted his blows on his antagonist's proboscis with scientific accuracy. Other professional beggars were attracted to the spot and took a hand in, especially one poor fellow without any hands. Deaf men resented the slightest word of abuse, and dumb men shouted at the top of their voices. No-armed men engaged in pugilistic encounters, and no-legged men chased each other for blocks. Men in the last stages of consumption displayed prodigious strength in handling their adversaries, and the worst deformed specimens of humanity imaginable arose to a great height of physical power.

It was some time before the boulevard resumed its usual tranquillity and the beggars their accustomed infirmities and disorders.

A WORD TO GENERAL SICKLES.

What a great man Grant might have remained all his life had he been content as General Grant and never held office. Not but that his name is revered and always will be by the American people, on account of his military achievements, but the office of President added no lustre to it. It served rather to detract. General Sherman—wise, common-sense old man—saw how politics belittled his companion-in-arms, and he steadily kept aloof from it. What is the result? The public love and applaud him, all the pretty girls want to kiss him—not for his mother but for himself—and no brass band can catch a sight of his grizzled face without a violent attack of "Marching Through Georgia." This latter episode always makes the old warrior look as happy as Napoleon at St. Helena. It will doubtless follow him to his tomb. And there was General Sickles, who lost a leg fighting gloriously at Gettysburg. He has been a commanding and impressive figure ever since the war, notwithstanding his crutches. A grateful people has applauded him wherever he appeared, and as he is rich he shouldn't have wanted anything better. But he was raised a politician and has an itching for political prominence. So he has accepted the office of Sheriff, temporarily vacant on account of the forced retirement of the late incumbent, for whom a vacant cell in jail is yawning. This is said to be a stepping-stone to the mayoralty, possibly the governorship, with a somewhat hazy view of the presidential chair in the perspective. But what a hard road you have set out on, General, if that be your purpose. In place of the veneration and respect to which you have long been accustomed, will succeed envy, hatred and all uncharitableness, no matter how excellent your motives. The honored title of General will be dropped many times in the struggle for place and power, and you will find yourself spoken of, as in days of yore, as "Dan" Sickles. Better keep out of it, General.

OUR POLICE.

There is a popular outcry just now against the police of New York. They are accused of protecting law-breakers who "pony up" regularly, and being very severe against iniquity when iniquity doesn't come forward promptly with its assessments. This is an old story—old as the police department itself. Men who have had the direction of police affairs in the great cities have turned their opportunities to their own pecuniary advantage always, and they always will more or less. That is to say, until the millennium comes, when there will be no call for a police force, or at least nothing to be made out of it. It is the imperfections of human nature that renders

policemen necessary, and can we expect them to be so far above the average of their fellows? Let the man who is loudest in denouncing the venality of the police be caught by one of them in a compromising situation, and he is as ready as any one to try the efficacy of a bribe to avoid exposure. And there have been policemen who couldn't be bribed, though we haven't their address just now. Newspapers may stir up public opinion occasionally so that reforms may be made in police administration, but they will be short-lived. Affairs will soon drift back into the old way.

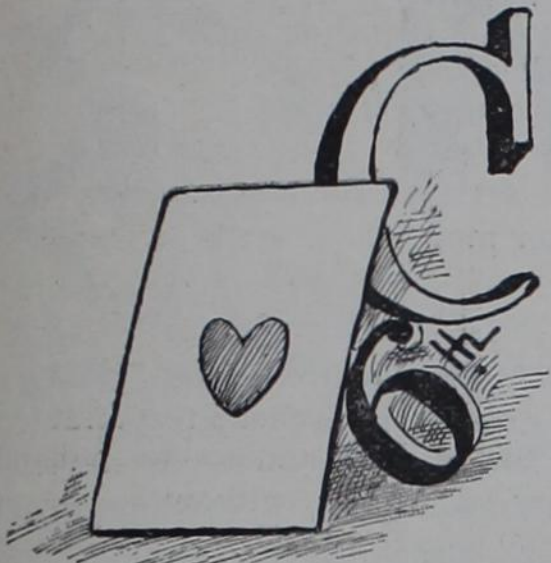
JUDGE RYLAND, of Sedalia, Mo., instructed the grand jury to indict persons who allowed euchre to be played at their houses, and offenders are being "ordered up." It was thought at first that the judge was playing the part of the "little joker," but they discover now that he is in earnest. Wry faces are being made over Ryland.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXV.



HARLES V. was succeeded by his son, Charles VI., surnamed the "Well-beloved." He was but twelve years of age when his father died, and a regent, Duke of Anjou, administered the affairs of the government. This duke was a rapacious man; he seized the vast treasures amassed by the

late king, as well as the public exchequer; and all that prevented his taking the earth was because it was too firmly fastened down. With all this money in his possession he yet refused to pay what was due to the troops, and they revolted. They flocked in crowds to Paris and committed all sorts of excesses. The angry populace joined them, and marching to the palace they demanded the abolition of many oppressive taxes.

A terrified king or regent will promise almost anything when a popular uprising threatens his life or liberty, and so it was that the regent acceded to their demands. It is hardly necessary to say that the promise was not kept.

A great riot arose in Rouen, capital of Normandy, on account of a new duty on cloth. Rouen has been a cloth manufacturing city for hundreds of years. It is even now called the "Manchester of France." The burghers rose in arms and elected a wealthy clothier King of Rouen, with a yard-stick for a sceptre, perhaps. And may be he sat cross-legged on a tailor's bench for a throne. Collectors of the cloth tax were beaten, plundered and driven from the city; the castle was attacked and the governor killed.

But the reign of the King of Rouen was of brief duration. The young King of France rode down one day at the head of an army (1382) and wreaked unsparing vengeance upon the insurgents. The King of Rouen was hanged, together with his chief counselors, and the citizens were brought back to a sense of their duty, including the duty on cloth.

Shortly after this event Paris was in a foment over an attempt to enforce an excise-duty upon produce exposed for sale in the markets. The multitude burst into the Hotel de Ville (city hall) and attacked and murdered the government agents whom they could lay their hands on; afterwards they broke into the city prison and released all who were confined there, whatever their crime.

It seems to be an incident peculiar to riots in big cities—the desire to throw open prison doors and release prisoners, whether they want to be released or not. This is a hardship sometimes. Take, for instance, a poor devil imprisoned for debt. He wouldn't be there if he had any money. He gets his board and lodgings free, and then to turn him out upon the cold charities of an unfeeling world seems to be absolute cruelty. But they will do it.

When the excitement subsided the men who were foremost in this uprising were hunted out, and when found were sewed in sacks and thrown at dead of night into the Seine. Although dress coats were *de rigueur* for evening wear in Paris at that time, these unfortunates were confined to sacks.

The young king, Charles VI. won his spurs in a war against the Flemings, defeating them in a great battle in Flanders, in November, 1382. Although the battle lasted only half an hour twenty-five thousand Flemings were slain. Modern battles have hardly surpassed

that. Charles returned to Paris, resolved to punish his rebellious subjects, which he did with the utmost severity. Three hundred of the principal citizens of Paris died upon the scaffold; the obnoxious duties were reimposed and the citizens forced to pay an exorbitant fine to the king in return for the royal pardon. Similar scenes were enacted in other cities. The French people, under Charles VI., learned that revolts come high.

The iron heel of despotism became very conspicuous under this king. Democracy was crushed out. The people, destitute of intelligent leaders, became the prey of a rapacious and brutal court and aristocracy.

In 1383 gigantic preparations were made by France for an invasion of England. Nearly fourteen hundred ships were assembled in the harbor of Sluys. (Of this England is bound to be informed, Sluys you keep it). A prodigious land force was also collected at the same place, and it was announced in all the newspapers that England was to be wiped out, or at least made a mere vassal of France. This expedition was a precursor of the Spanish Armada of two centuries later, and ended almost as disastrously. There were tempests and shipwrecks, and the English, selecting a favorable opportunity, attacked the French fleet, burning and capturing a great part of it.

Charles' wife was the notorious Isabella of Bavaria, who caused her husband no end of trouble, driving him insane, as some historians aver. It seems probable that he was a victim to sunstroke. He was taken ill while marching against the rebellious Duke of Brittany. Disregarding the advice of his physician, he resumed his march beneath a burning sun before he had sufficiently recovered. In a sudden frenzy he attacked his escort and had to be secured. He recovered his senses in a measure, but for the remainder of his life his condition was one of chronic imbecility. The French claim that cards were first invented to amuse Charles VI., though there is evidence to show that the game was known far back of his time. For the remaining incidents of his reign see the next chapter.

IRRESOLUTION.

Irresolution is a habit that creeps upon its victim with fatal facility. It is not vicious, but it leads to vice, and many an otherwise promising man has come to grief by it. Trifling as it appears in the wavering steps of the young, as they grow older its form changes to that of a hideous monster with two tails and a breath like a bungstarter. The idler, the spendthrift, the man who snores in church, the epicurean, the man who can't find his collar-button and thus misses the train, the inebriate and those striving to become inebriates, are among the victims of irresolution.

Perhaps the would-be inebriate has it worse than the other victims. He knows that the goblet which he is about to drain is poison, yet he swallows it; that is, the poison, not the goblet. If he swallowed the goblet he might regret it subsequently. He knows, for the example of thousands has painted it in glowing colors, that it will deaden all his faculties and cause his nose to resemble a Chinese lantern, and hurry his progress



The King of Rouen.

to a dishonored sarcophagus, yet he drains it under a species of dreadful spell, and waves his finger at the barkeeper to put it on ice with the rest.

How beautiful and manly is that power by which the resolute man passes unmoved through these dangers, and calmly calls for a cigar instead of the liquid damnation.

AMBITION'S SLAVES.

Ambition, rightly directed, is one of the noblest traits of man; but no matter what the object of the ambitious man really is he generally gets there, or expects to soon.

Very frequently a man is so very ambitious that he has so much to accomplish that he never gets time to



Liberating Prisoners.

do anything worth mentioning. In fact, no ambitious person is ever satisfied. The top round of the ladder is an imaginary one; no one has ever reached it yet. Ambition is a vacuum that never can be filled.

The ambitious literary man is the merest slave, and does his drudgery under the lash of the most tyrannical anxiety. Now scourged and now caressed, his existence is always divided, and he alternates between the two extremes of pampering promises and the deepest prostration.

THE AVARICIOUS MAN.

Of all the bad passions that corrupt the human heart there are none better calculated to destroy the entire moral nature of man than avarice. It stupefies the brain, it warps the mind, and renders its possessor dead to every ennobling sentiment. The avaricious man can have no feelings in common with his kind, for he thinks only of self. Crawling into his lonesome den, he bolts and bars the doors against the outside world and grows his life away in bitter disappointment. Within his gloomy abode the voice of affection is never heard. No kindly faces cluster around his hearth; the merry voice of childhood never rings out there, nor does the sound of music ever awaken its echoes. For a thoroughly miserable man nobody can compete with the thoroughly avaricious man.

HER CRITICISM.

She was visiting her artist cousin's studio upon an invitation to criticise his latest work. He had the canvas upon the easel, and occasionally touching it up here and there, would walk away a few paces, then turn to observe the effect.

"Fred," said she, finally, "I think I would be afraid to turn my back upon that picture and walk away as you do if I had any desire to finish it."

"Why?"

"Why, I'm almost certain that if I had painted that picture and should get a little start away from it I would keep on going and never come back any more."

A HINT TO LANDLORDS.

Departing Guest—Mr. Landlord, my expenses at your hotel have been greater than I anticipated, and as I am a little short of money, you will have to wait until I return before I can liquidate your bill.

Landlord—Don't bother yourself about such a trifle. I'll just make a memorandum of it on the door here until you return.

But everybody will read my name there, and I shall be scandalized.

Yes, that's a fact; but I can remedy that. Just leave your fur-trimmed overcoat with me and I'll hang it on the door over your bill, and nobody will ever see it.

The business outlook in a gambling den is through the wicket.



F. W. MONAHAN.

IDENTIFICATION.

FINDER (suspiciously)—Can you identify the pocket-book which you say you have lost?

SEEKER—Well, I've got some greenbacks in my pocket that will match the exact size of those you found in it.

AN EDITOR'S LUCK.

The editor of a comic paper was seated in his office one night vainly trying to get off a new gag about the idiocy of spring poets, when a fakir came in. It was not a fakir from the sandy wastes of Arabia, but one of the brisk young men who sell shoestrings, electric bottles and the like. He spread his entire stock in tempting array on the editor's desk, but could not make a sale. He then drew a peculiar stone from his pocket, and said:

"I have here, sir, a little article that you might advantageously use in your business. It is the only genuine, unadulterated, unabridged wishing-stone, manufactured by the Wishing-Stone Company (limited), and it is yours for the small sum of twenty-five cents, two dimes and a—"

"I'll take it," said the editor, as he tore up a joke a New York man had sent in about the World's Fair.

The editor held the little stone in his hand and looked at it curiously.

"Make a wish and you get it," said the fakir.

"I wish that all the women who think the sayings of their little Willies and Mamies are smart enough to be printed on the first page may have the cramp till their teeth rattle," said the editor, as he threw a dialect story in the waste basket.

Immediately a million or so drug clerks were aroused by night bells, and the visible supply of mustard had decreased fifty per cent.

"Wish again," said the fakir.

"I wish that all the chumps who write parodies on Maud Muller and Abou Ben Adam may be sent to the bottom of the sea."

In less than a minute a lonely spot that is inhabited by a gentleman named McGinty had changed into a populous city.

"These wishes are three for; you get another," said the fakir.

"I wish that all the humorists who begin their stories with Mr. Binkenstein, who was a great wag in his time, may be blown up with dynamite," said the editor, as he wrote "Declined with thanks" on a ridiculously funny account of how a country school teacher had bluffed a book agent, which the school teacher had kindly "wrote out" for the paper.

Immediately there was a great explosion.

And so they kept it up all night. Bald headed men who thought their lack of hair made them as funny as Bill Nye died like sheep with the murrain; gushing young maids who wrote twenty verse poems about

"Jack and I" were cut off in the springtime of their womanhood; young men with tough stories went down like ice dealers in a warm winter; the perennial idiot who makes himself the hero of his own stories had to give up the ghost; and the editor kept wishing till daylight.

In about a month the editor killed himself, leaving a letter in which he said that with the cranks all killed his job was too tame, and besides he wanted to quit the business when he could do so without thirsting for the blood of a single human, and he was afraid that one of the new fools who are said to be born every minute would soon begin to send in contributions.

V. Z. REED.

MIXED PICKLES.

"There was some skylarking at the club the other night, and Jack broke two of Tom's ribs."

"What of it?"

"Jack thought it a side-splitting joke, that's all."

"Did you ever notice the resemblance between a billiard ball and a passionate young lady?"

"In what way?"

"Why they both delight in kissing."

I turned out ode and song,
(A score, I have no doubt.)

"To Nell,"—but 'twas not long
Before she turned me out!

"I hear that Chumley lives on his interest?"

"Yes, he's the 'interest clerk' in the Richville bank."

"I've just read some statistics about the frequency of divorces in the United States."

"It seems to me they ought to change 'Until death do us part' into 'Until divorce do us part.'"



A SUNBURST.

TOMMY CROW (who is precocious)—Dis heah toy berloon represents de sun, what am de cause ob all de sunshine an' happiness on de yarf.

"I have not slept for a week, Tom."

"Why?"

"I made a wager with my brother that I never snore, and I remained awake to find out whether I did or not."

"You look flustered."

"Well, I just asked old Judkins for his daughter, and he asked me how much I was worth."

"Pretty sudden, eh?"

"Indeed, I was terribly embarrassed—financially embarrassed, so to speak."

"Any curtain lectures since you've wed?"

"I should say so. Wife lectured me two hours because I said a hundred dollars was too much to pay for a pair of lace things to hang before a window."

She is indeed most fickle fair,
If rumor we believe,
For gossip weds her here and there,
And her adorers grieve.
Yet all her thoughts to sorrow run,
(Ah, very sad it is,)—
Of all the men she knows, not one
Has asked her to be his.

"Chappy ought to be arrested for assault. He did a rather unusual thing for him."

"What was it?"

"He struck an idea."

"I don't want any of this theatre butter," said a woe-begone actor to the waiter in a cheap restaurant.

"Theatre butter?"

"Yes, it's full of flies."

"I made a regular 'sour mash' this morning."

"What, turned bartender?"

"No, flirted with a girl in a vinegar factory."

NATHAN M. LEVY.

WHAT TO DO WITH A MAD DOG.

(From a French Paper.)

By thrift he had become a millionaire and he had a splendid St. Bernard dog which he was very proud of. One day the servant came to him horror-stricken.

"Master, master! Caesar is—"

"Is what?"

"Mad! He won't touch water and he foams from the mouth constantly."

"Great heavens! It is lucky you discovered it in time. You must not lose a minute. Take the animal at once, before he has bitten any one—"

"Yes, sir."

"And sell him!"

A TOBACCO RAISER.

Judge—How do you earn a living?

Italian Prisoner—Me raisa tabacco.

You raise tobacco?

Yessa. Me raisa im from de gutta.

A SURE PROOF.

Smith—Our friend Dusenberry is losing his mind.

Jones—What makes you think so?

I saw him drop a nickle in one of those nickle-in-the slot machines, and he actually expected it to work.

Great Scott! he must be crazy.

LONG RUNS.

Lecturer (proudly)—Yes, gentlemen. I've delivered one lecture over three hundred consecutive nights.

Jones (sadly)—That's nothing. My wife has delivered one lecture to me, without missing a night, for over seven years.

POSTAL NOTE.

Amelie—So your sister-in-law will soon visit you?

Mrs. Jones (amazed)—Yes; but how do you know she will?

Amelie—Oh, my feller works in the post-office and he read it on a postal card, the other day.

In spite of the fact that modern actors are spoken of as temperate men, most of them are still partial to a drama too



F. W. DREHER.

One of the listeners having pricked the sun with a pin, some very remarkable solar perturbations are observed.

ELEVATED ROAD CRANKS.



READER, did you ever notice the different kind of cranks that travel on the elevated road? They are very numerous, and can be seen on every train. There is the crank who is never satisfied with the seat he

obtains. At nearly every station he crawls over his neighbor, knocking over umbrellas and brushing newspapers out of passengers' laps, to get into a seat in another part of the car. He settles down in the new seat and for a few minutes he seems happy and contented. Suddenly a look of gloom o'erspreads his features, and he fidgets about in his seat. A man gets up on the other side to leave the car, and although the seat is on the sunny side and near the door, the crank makes a dive for it, while the passengers say, very emphatically—well, never mind what they say—you can imagine.

Then there is the brute who sits opposite and gazes steadily at you. He seems to be endeavoring to read your thoughts. It's very annoying. You look at him out of one corner of your eye to see if he has finished his study of your face. Then you push your soiled cuff up your coat-sleeve, and read your paper, feeling sure that he is still staring at you. After ten or fifteen minutes of this sort of thing, you make up your mind not to be stared out of countenance by any durned galoot. You acquire a cold glitter in your eyes and raise them slowly to his—and find that he has left the car—probably five or ten minutes before. You smile faintly and feel comfortable for the balance of the trip.

Still another is the man who enters the car with a country cousin. They are both from the country, but one of them has been on a visit to the city once before. He calls himself a city man. But how disagreeable it is to have a great, bulky country jay propel four or five feet of arm on a dead level with your face, and ask: "What building be that?" Of course he is pointing at some building back of you, but it's not pleasant. Then how tired it makes you to see the "city man" assume a wise air, and nudging his country friend, point out the Post-Office building as Jay Gould's residence and the Potter building as the home of Mrs. James Brown Potter.

And you have all noticed the pair of gentlemen who wear loud check suits, dizzy neckties, plug hats on the side of their heads, and who talk for the benefit of the crowd. Such beautiful language as "Ain't that Kingston a dandy," "a twenty to one shot," "regular mud horse," etc., flows from their eloquent tongues and float up and down the car, until you want to seek the seclusion that the top of the car grants.

As other journalists before have remarked, I might go on describing the cranks of the road for columns but owing to lack of space, etc., etc,

LEW.

IF I WERE A KISSER.

If I were a kisser, I would never use tobacco excepting in the form of a sweetly scented cigar. I would not drink whisky, nor "bitters" of any kind. I would lay myself away in lavender at night, and live on rose-leaves by day. And I would confine my osculatory exercises entirely to the house. Even then they are trying enough, but in the open street they are both starting to the senses and injurious to the temper.

If I were a kisser, I would first ascertain to a mathematical certainty the amount of willingness felt by the proposed kissee in regard to the desired measure; because, actually, women do exist who have an innate and unconquerable antipathy to promiscuous osculation. They refuse to be kissed even by rich bachelor uncles from abroad. They cannot be induced to appreciate the benignant ministerial kiss, though administered by lips as persuasive as those of a Robert Collyer or Phillips Brooks. I have seen a feminine right hand applied to a masculine right ear in a manner so vivacious and emphatic that it must have been exceedingly bewildering to the proprietor of that ear.

I would not presume to be a kisser, unless I were at least moderately good-looking. The kiss of a handsome man is far more easily forgiven than that of a homely one. But unfortunately it is almost invariably the latter who is most addicted to the unsatisfactory

exercise. I once seated myself in a railroad car to wait until the train should start, when a man followed me into it, and seating himself beside me, modestly inquired, "Won't you please give me a kiss?"

As that singular request had never been made to me before by a stranger in a railroad car, I was naturally somewhat startled, and sprang to my feet at once. He did not offer to molest me, however, but said in reproachful tones, "I should think you might give me a kiss."

I walked with rapid steps to the door, and hurrying out, I still heard the mournful and unvarying refrain, "I should think you might give me a kiss!"

And so very reproachful were the tones that my heart really smote me a little for refusing to accommodate him. If he had not been so unpleasantly and unpardonably homely—furthermore deponent saith not.

If I were a kisser, I would confine my delicate attentions exclusively to adults, and not persecute unoffending infants—although that caution, perhaps, is quite superfluous.

And if I were so obstinate, inveterate and incorrigible an offender that I could not, or would not, understand either the hint, or the propelling foot, I would take myself, without compulsion, to a lunatic asylum, and there demand close confinement and a strait-jacket for my future life.

MISS CULPEPPER.



FEMALE DIPLOMACY.

MRS. COL. YERGER—You and your husband seem to get along very well together.

MRS. JUDGE PETERBY—Yes, he is perfectly devoted to me.

How do you manage to make him so affectionate?

I'll tell you how I manage. I cut the buttons off his clothes, and then he sees for himself how indispensable to his comfort I am.

LATEST FROM THE BOYS.

The "Boy Preacher" is said to be aging rapidly. He shows every one of his sixty odd years and his shoulders bow under the infirmities of age.

The "Boy Orator" is nothing like what he was sixty years ago, yet for one in his seventies he is rather robust still. About all there is left to remind us of the boy orator is his voice, which has returned again to "childish treble."

The "Boy Actor" is now playing old man parts in an Arizona theatre. His advanced age renders it unnecessary for him to "make up" any for his parts. He will have to give up the stage ere long on account of his deafness and other infirmities.

The "Boy Circus Rider" will retire to a Home for the Aged and Infirm after this season.

The "Boy Detective" is after the "Boy Burglar," but as neither of them is under eighty no serious results are likely to follow should he overtake him.

The "Boy Pianist" has been unable to play for a long time, on account of rheumatism and other ailments attending old age. He delights in telling how he once saw Mozart play the piano. Mozart was a boy pianist, at the time, also.

The "Boy Editor" has recently been heard from, too. He is now the oldest compositor at the case.

HE MUST GO.

Mrs. Prim—John, we must discharge that new music teacher!

Mr. Prim—Why so, Maria?

Mrs. Prim—I heard our girls say he has a delightful touch.

THE FUTURE MAGAZINE.

Nothing makes a man as mad or keeps him mad as long as a well-directed magazine criticism. In view of this fact, and the encouragement that critics are receiving, we may conclude that the future magazine will be a curious document. It will consist largely of such articles as "A Reply to Mr. H."

A number of authors and critics will alternate with each other for perhaps a year's time, while an original article will be admitted at intervals to keep up the required amount of reading matter. The actors in these literary discussions will probably be mad enough at the end of this time to lay aside the pen and take up the sword. This will prove a natural stop to unwarranted prolongation of the discussions. Public interest being aroused to the highest pitch, much speculation will be rife as to how soon any particular pair of contestants will leave the arena of letters for the field of honor. On account of the sanguinary interest centered in the discussions, the novel will decay. It will be reduced to merely a few microscopic wood-cuts to save space for the scientific discussions.

Young America, instead of poring over pernicious "yellow-backs," will prefer bound volumes of "The Theological and Scientific Discussions of Messrs. Scott and Harpy."

For readers of no spirit publishers will print short selections from authors either unknown or dead, thus avoiding all discussion.

Each discussion will end with a description of the field of combat, a eulogy on the fallen hero, and a guarantee of exhaustless magazine space for future criticisms to the conqueror.

Thus Realism will overcome Idealism. Human interest will find better food than vile efforts of imagination.

CHAS. MATHEWS.

JUVENILE PERPLEXITY.

A member of a certain order invited several brother members to call at his house for the purpose of organizing a Building and Loan Association.

When they had arrived, the gentleman's wife and little son were in the parlor, to whom he introduced his friends as brother so and so.

His son sized each individual up for all he was worth, and when the good-nights were in vogue, the party was electrified by the youngster saying: "You may be dad's brothers and my uncles, but I'll be Jim Crowed if I can see any family resemblance."

HIS OVERCOAT STOLEN.

First Toper—My overcoat was stolen last night, and here to-day it is as cold as the north pole.

Second Toper—Did burglars get into your house?

First Toper—No, but into my pawnbroker's



AT FOUR A. M.

POLICEMAN (to inebriate who is climbing up the lamp-post to smash the glass with his cane)—What are you doing up there?

INEBRIATE—You shee, I'm a little short-sighted, so I climbed to shee if light wash put out already.



MOTHER'S DARLING

RIGHT shines the sun on baby's head,
Soft lifts his curls the summer air,
And loving o'er his cradle bed
Bends baby's mother, fair.

O mother's heart, O morning ray,
Could you but ever live, and shine;
For thee, fair baby, all thy way,
How bright a path were thine.

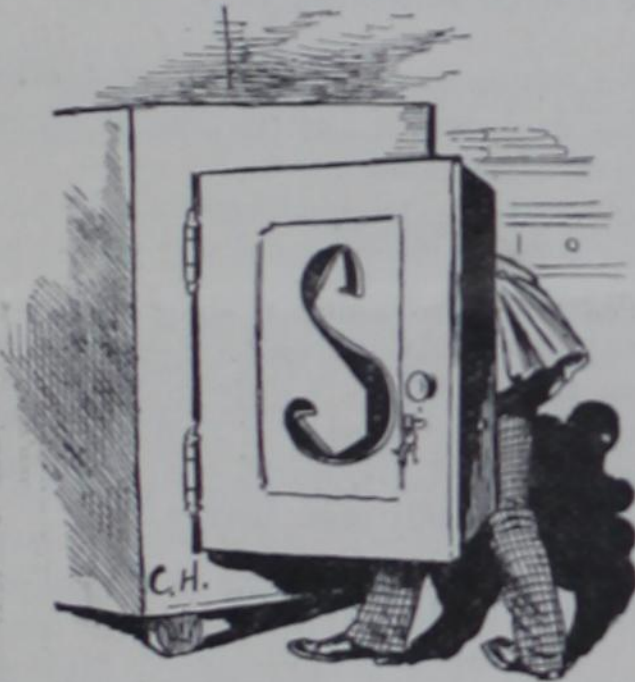
But, baby, in thy cradle bed,
The path of life is wet with tears,
And shadows oft the ways o'erspread
That lead through manhood's years.

Yet may thy mother's loving smile
In manhood's memories bright remain,
To light the darkest paths, the while
You struggle with earth's toil and pain.

Upon thy path while life shall last
May Duty's light ne'er cease to shine,
Till earth and earthly trials past,
The rest and joys of Heaven be thine.

ISAAC F. EATON.

ANOTHER DUAL LIFE EXPOSED.



the industrious, hard-working class to which he belongs. There wasn't a thief in New York of any prominence but what knew him, and respected him until his dual life was exposed. Now they turn the cold shoulder, or pass him by without appearing to recognize him.

The reason is briefly this: It has recently transpired that while known for years as a daring and successful thief and burglar, and standing among the brightest in a profession that he adorned, he has been behaving in the most hypocritical manner, and deceiving even his best and most intimate friends. It has

ATAN is indeed abroad in New York. Another man has been detected in leading a dual life. Where will these painful revelations end? The individual referred to is "Jimmy" Breaksafe, a professional bank robber, heretofore highly respected by

been discovered that he has a wife and family whom he supports in respectability in a decent portion of the city. He is even educating his children, and, it is said, pays his debts promptly. He doesn't go to church—he isn't hypocrite enough for that—but he has been known to subscribe money for church purposes. And it is averred that he sometimes gives considerable sums to charity.

The criminal world is all stirred up over these revelations, on account of the prominence and previous bad record of the offender. They say it is a blow at the profession that it will be long in recovering from. An old and tried cracksman wept when he heard of it, and asked pathetically, "Whom can we trust now?"

Occasionally a thief turns penitent, a safe-blower reforms and takes to the pulpit, and a murderer strikes out boldly for the kingdom, but these things become respectable beside a burglar's dual life. "Jimmy" Breaksafe has lost cast and ruined himself forever.

DIDN'T KNOW WHAT CENTURY IT WAS.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Judge Duffy, as a prisoner stood up before him in the police court, bearing every appearance of having been on a prolonged debauch. "Drunk every day for a week, as the policeman says, and yet we are almost on the brink of the twentieth century."

"Almost twen'th shenshury, you say, Judge?"
"That's what I said."

"Time flies, don' it? Las' time I was here—les' see—long 'bout er (hic) mi'lle of 'leventh shenshury, wasn't it, Judge?"

"Oh, that men will put an enemy in their mouths to steal —"

"Yes, as you were shayin', oh that an enemy will put—put shumphin in our mouths to steal away our shenshuries. S'ure its er twen'th shenshury?"

Then the Judge sent him up for three months, though he thought it would take almost a century to get the liquor out of him.

HE WENT HOME.

They had spent a very long evening together. She was tired and sleepy while he was apparently just getting his second wind.

The talk was upon revival meetings and revival music, when she remarked: "I am always strangely affected by their stirring

songs, such as 'Are you going home to-night?' Are you not?"

"I am," he replied, thoughtfully.

Then with a convulsive shudder he sprang through the door.

A FEW MORE THINGS TO INVESTIGATE.

The Fassett Committee, that has been investigating the Sheriff's office of New York, and is urged to take the Police Department, the District Attorney's office and numerous other institutions in hand, ought to go on with its good work. It should not weary in well doing. The following are a few suggestions that SIFTINGS has to offer to the Fassett Committee before it closes its labors:

INVESTIGATE

Bogus beer.

The vile cigarette trade.

Poison whisky, sold at many bars.

Adulterated groceries and drugs.

The fraudulent "Extra" newspaper, with nothing extra in it.

Theatres that advertise one price to a matinee and charge you another for a seat when they have got you in.

Advertisers who litter the streets with their handbills, which nobody cares to read.

Hucksters who drive through uptown streets in the early morning, yelling their wares in a brain distracting way.

Men who smoke vile cigars in the public streets and on the front platforms of street cars.

The swine who ruthlessly climb over women and children in their selfish haste to get on board an elevated car.

LOST THE JOKE.

Managing editor—What's the matter, Funny man?
Funnyman—I was reading over this article for errors.

Managing editor—Well?

Funnyman (gloomily)—Well, I found the errors, but I can't find the joke now.



DISCIPLINE IN THE NAVY.

JONES—I didn't know that the base-ball season was so far advanced as that.

CRIPPLE—I'm no base-ball umpire; I'm one of Captain McCalla's sailors. This is the way we all look when we get back from a cruise.

ABOUT PIES.

Jones—A queer thing happened in New York the other day. A horse stole three pies from a baker's wagon and ate them.

Smith—I should have liked to have seen that baker. He must have been astonished.

Astonished? He was mad. He nearly went crazy about it.

About what—the pies?

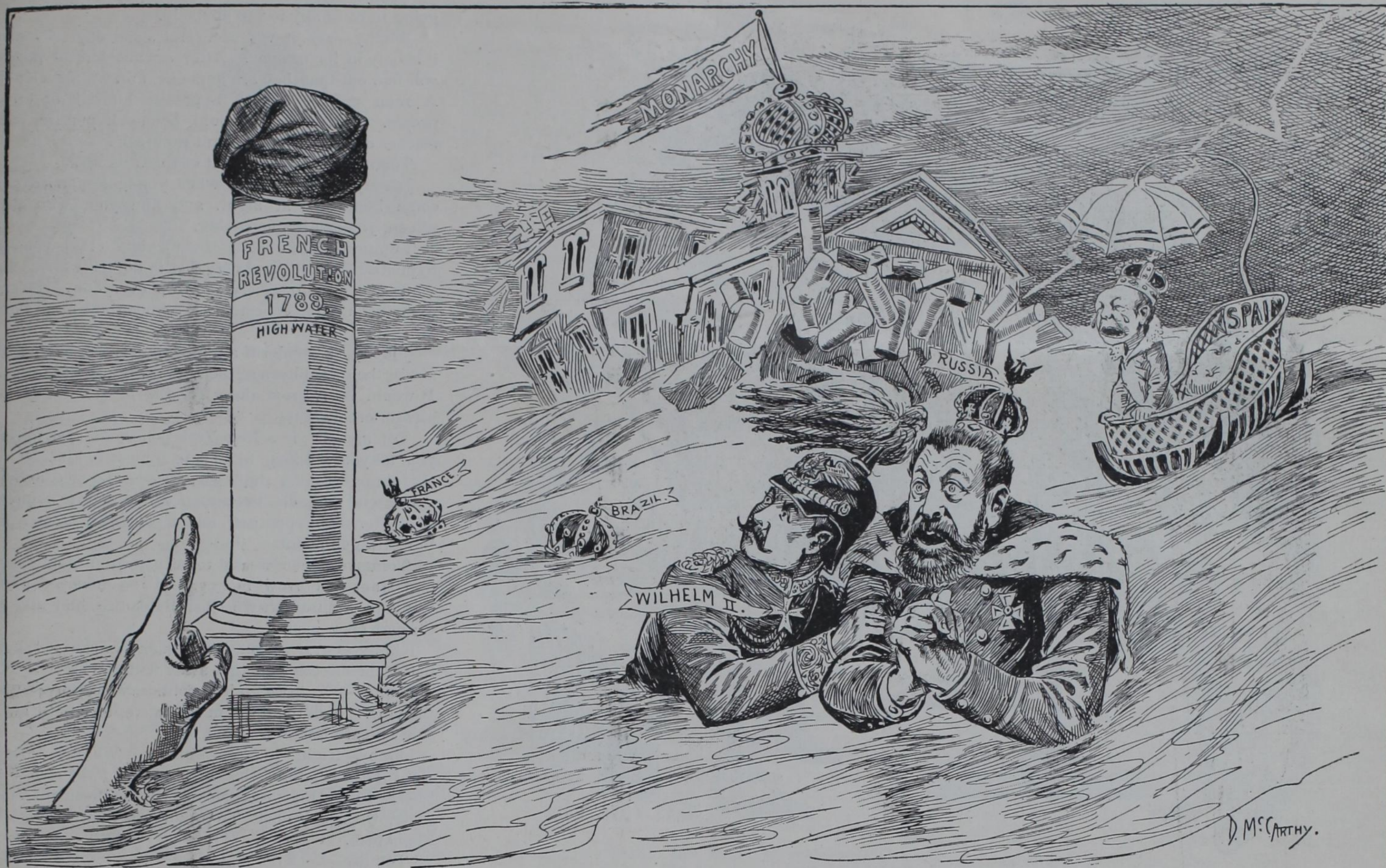
No—the horse. It was a valuable animal, and the only one he had.



HE HAD NO INTENTIONS.

HER BROTHER—I think you've been coming here long enough for me to ask what your intentions are.

MR. WAITE—I haven't any—Miss Lonely just accepted me.



AN IMPRESSIVE WARNING.

A SWEEPING LOSS.

He was terribly agitated when the collector presented his bill for the sixteenth time and exclaimed, with much irritation: "Great Governor, man, can't you let me have one moment's peace! Between you, you will drive me mad."

"Beg pardon, but you told me to call to-day."

"Told you to call to-day! Well, what if I did! Do you suppose I knew then that we were going to suffer last night's destructive conflagration? I suppose you heard of it?"

"Yes; but I had no idea you were interested."

"Interested! Ah, sir; my all went up in those disastrous flames."

"I hope you will excuse me for intruding my trifling claim upon you in this trying moment. I'll call again in six months. Good-day."

ENTER FRIEND.

"Awful fire last night."

"Yes; came out loser by that fire, by the way."

"How's that?"

"My barber's shop was on that block, you know, and I had my shaving-cup there—one my girl gave me—with

Remember me, Dave,
When you get a shave,

burnt in on it. I wouldn't have taken a dollar William for that cup."



FLYING DUTCHMAN ILLUSTRATED.

A FEW FUNNY PARAGRAPHS.

How far does an embargo? As far as you ever saw a welcome. About as far as a sound's leap.

All New York wants is a fair show.

In vino veritas, said the Romans, but nowadays men are seldom very taciturn under the influence.

It's a wise child that won't go a stepfather.

The grip is bad, but it's sneezy thing to cure.

If a man's teeth were knocked out with an axe, would he have an accidental resemblance to any other toothless man?

Whatever the anti-World's Fair party may expect, they certainly can't expect to see public opinion assume a T. C. Platt-form.

"This is rail hard work," said the car-horse. "Woe to you if you stop," said the driver. "Brake away," cried the conductor, and the driver did it wheelingly.

"Do write," said the paper to the pen. "The ink stands ready to help. You need a little sand." "Learn to rule yourself before giving advice," replied the pen, with a sneer. DAVID A. CURTIS.

DREAMS.

The mind of man, that never rests, passes with the bodily quietude, sleep, into a new world—a weird and wondrous world—peopled with a strange people, that seem to fade and vanish. This is particularly the case where lobster salad, mince pie, etc., have been indulged in just before retiring.

It is seldom that a dream has any continuity, but accidental coincidences with the passing conditions of our waking life have bred the superstition of prophetic omen, a warning attached to dreams. And yet, some of these coincidences are very mysterious. An Ohio man dreamed of falling into a well, and two weeks later he was married to a red-headed widow. In this case coming events had cast their shadows before.

BE MODERATE.

Never was there a more correct observation than that moderation is the silken string that runs through the pearly chain of all the virtues. Women, in particular, should be moderate in their wild frenzy for artificial feathers and other frippery, for it is the last ostrich feather that breaks the husband's bank account.

When people begin to make a show which they cannot afford, either in dress or home, or anything else, it is not going too far too say that they are extravagant. Remember to live within your income, for it is very difficult to live without it.

We increase our own unhappiness by multiplying our wants. We should try and be satisfied with what we have got. Pretty soon the prudent man will tone up last year's straw hat with a sponge to see if it can't be made to do for another farewell season. When we attempt to dazzle our acquaintances by outward show, we usually sacrifice our peace of mind.

A VERY PECULIAR CUSTOM.

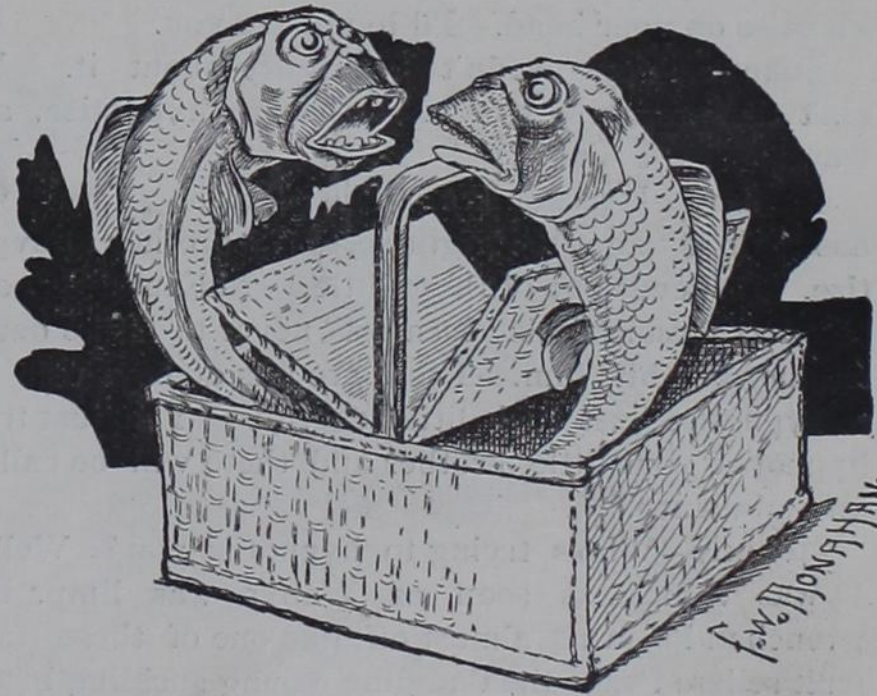
Brown (reading a newspaper)—The Japanese have one very peculiar custom.

Mrs. Brown—What is that?

They invariably take off their shoes on entering a house.

Yes, the custom is rather peculiar, inasmuch as it is practiced at all hours instead of at night only.

Up to the time of our going to press Brown has made no reply.



THEY BIT.

FIRST LANDED EMIGRANT (to second landed emigrant)—How whor yer caught?

SECOND LANDED EMIGRANT—The owld way. They "bate" me thin hauled me up. But how did yez get here?

FIRST LANDED EMIGRANT—I was buncoed too. He took me fur a soocker an' dhropped me a line,



ASKING TOO MUCH.

ART DEALER—How much do you say you want for that picture?

ARTIST—I want \$5,000.

ART DEALER—Man alive! you expect as much for that picture as if you had been dead for fifty years.

JOHNNY AND TOMMY PETERBY DISCUSS HYPNOTISM.

Johnny—Did you read all that stuff in the papers the other day about hypnotism?

Tommy—What's that, anyhow—disease of the hip?

Johnny—No. It's nothing of the sort. There are two brothers named Wakefield. One of them is Fred and the other is Walter. Fred can hypnotize Walter whenever he feels like it.

Tommy—But how did he do it?

Johnny—Fred stripped Walter to the waist, and placing him in a "receptive attitude," whatever that is, Fred shook Walter violently, and gazed long and steadily in his eyes. Then the eyeballs rolled, Walter tumbled like a New York official when the Grand Jury is in session, and went off into a kind of a swoon. Miraculous, ain't it?

Tommy—The most miraculous thing about it to me is that Walter didn't reach out from the shoulder and knock his brother silly. If ever you try to hypnotize me, you will be surprised at the size of the wen I'll raise on your head. I'll hypnotize you.

Johnny—You needn't get huffy about it. You ain't the proper sort of a brother to hypnotize, anyway.

Tommy—I reckon not. The first thing a hypnoter has to do is to get the right sort of a brother to hypnotize. He needs one of those little Lord Fauntleroy cubs who has promised his "Dearest" never to strike back if another boy hits him. There are lots of boys who like to hypnotize just such little cherubs. You just try to hypnotize your little brother and there will be call for an ambulance.

Johnny—Who's trying to hypnotize you? Well, as I was saying, as soon as Walter was limp, Fred wrenched his arms almost off, like one of those Italian fruit sellers twists the dangling young suckling banana from the parent stem—see?

Tommy—If it had been me whose limp arm Fred tried to yank from its parent stem, he would have limped some himself; but didn't Walter make a fuss?

Johnny—Not a bit. You see he was hypnotized.

Tommy—If it had been me, I'd have made as much fuss as pa does when he has to pay the gas bill.

Johnny—Walter didn't say a word. Then, one of the doctors tried to gouge Walter's eyes out in the in-

terest of science, but couldn't do it. Another one held a lighted candle close to his eye, but Walter couldn't see a bit.

Tommy—There is nothing wonderful about that. He couldn't be any blinder than a policeman near the side door of a saloon on Sunday, and nobody hypnotizes him, unless it is the barkeeper with a dollar bill, but go on.

Johnny—Well, they tried lots of other experiments with Walter. They pulled his mouth open until he looked a twin brother of the hippopotamus on the spring circus posters, and he never objected.

Tommy—What of it? I don't see that hypnotism is going to be of any use to anybody.

Johnny—Yes, it will be useful some day. Pa says it is only in its infancy. After a while lots of people will find out that they are hypnotic, and will develop it. A man may be able to hypnotize himself or other people. How nice it would be to hypnotize your teacher or a big boy you want to thrash?

Tommy—I never thought of that.

Johnny—Then, again, when you get married and come home late at night, and find your wife ain't asleep, you can hypnotize her.

Tommy—That's so; or, if you can't do that, you can hypnotize yourself, and defy her to do her worst. Or, when you go into society and owe everybody, you can hypnotize the bill collector. We must think of all these things.

Johnny—I wonder if a man will ever be able to hypnotize the mosquitoes at the New Jersey health resorts. It would be a great thing for the landlords and the pleasure seekers too.

Tommy—Or, if a New York policeman tries to club you, all you will have to do is to hypnotize him.

Johnny—I don't think we will ever be able to hypnotize wild animals, but a man can hypnotize himself, as Walter was hypnotized, and it won't hurt him a bit to be banged about.

Tommy—When we get to be grown-up gentlemen, and want to borrow money, and the moneyed party wants to hesitate, we will just hypnotize him and go through his pockets.

Johnny—Or, if we get into a bank, we can just hypnotize the directors and get away with the assets.

Tommy—Or, if we go into politics, we can hypnotize the voters, and then we never need work or draw a sober breath unless we want to.

Johnny—Right you are, Tommy. We must begin right now to study this hypnotism. I believe that Sheriff Flack, Bismarck, Mayor Grant, President Harrison, George Francis Train, all owe their success to hypnotism.

Tommy—Let's do so, too.

Johnny—Nuff sed.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

WHISKY AND POLITICS.

Barkeeper—That's a fearful drink you have poured out for fifteen cents.

Inebriate—The truth is I am a defeated applicant for a foreign consulship. Harrison has gone back on the pledges he made before the election.

Barkeeper—What's that got to do with filling that glass with whisky until it runs over?

Inebriate—Well, you see, I'm trying to drown my sorrow.

Barkeeper—You are, eh? Well, I'm darned glad that a change of Administration occurs only once every four years. If it occurred any oftener I'd go into some other business.



THE WAY SHE ARRANGED HER FACE.

GILHOOLY—Is that orange so dreadful sour that Miss Homely has to cut such horrible faces?

HOSTETTER MCGINNIS—I guess not; that's the natural expression of her face. It is so much more pleasant than usual, I imagine the orange must be very sweet.

YEARS LESS OBJECT THAN MONEY.

Mr. Lazarus Goldstein—I love your daughter, and would like to marry her.

Mr. Isidore Goldfogle—You may have her, my poy. Mit Rebecca, who is 18 years old, I give \$5,000; mit Sarah, who is 24, \$10,000; mit Loweza, who is 30, \$25,000. Vich one do you vant?

Goldstein—Haven't you vun about 40?

A SUGGESTION.

Now that they have formed a society of young girls of pure character upon the stage (with a membership of fourteen), is it not incumbent upon American womanhood to organize a society of scrub-ladies of great piety with the mop? A society of female shoplifters of high morality when asleep? A society of poetesses of spotless chastity when writing? A society of lady counter-jumpers of much innocence when at work?

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sergeant—You are the most stupid soldier in the whole regiment. Have you any brothers?

Recruit—Yes, I have a brother.

Is he as stupid as you?

Yes, and a great deal more.

That's hardly possible. What does the donkey do for a living?

He is a sergeant.

A MISTAKE.

At Belmonico's, in Thompson street.

Cal Somin—Look heah; you black rascal, heah's a piece of tortoise-shell-comb in my beef stew.

Waiter—I beg yoah pahdon, sir; the cook's made a mistake and given you terrapin instead of beef.

ABOUT LACK OF HAIR.

It is an unmistakable fact that the American men are rapidly becoming bald-headed. If you look down into the orchestra of a theatre from the gallery you can see for yourself that more than half the men present are positively bald. Every degree of baldness is visible, from the little white spot no bigger than a thimble to the glittering whiteness of the billiard ball head, which is as destitute of hair as the inside of a churn.

In ancient times a bald-headed man was very sensitive. Even one of the prophets, Elisha, we believe, was instrumental in having two she bears fed on bad children, *au naturel*, because they alluded in a flippant manner to the thinness of his hair.

It is very evident that the time will come in this country when the man with hair on his head will be jeered at on the streets. It will be a great time for the flies.

AN INDUSTRIOUS PUPIL.

German Professor of Music—I am very sorry to see, Mees Fanny, dot you takes so much trubbles.

Pupil—O, not at all.

Professor—Yes, you do takes so many trubbles to play dose notes vich are not dat music book in.

The St. Paul team—Sam Jones and Sam Small.



ADMIRATION.

A SCALY TRICK.

Grocer—Yes, I want a pair of grocery scales, but—ahem—

Hardware Dealer—Oh, the weights are all right. We have a hole in the bottom of each one to be filled up with lead. No pound weight will go over fourteen ounces until filled up.

Grocer—Ah, I see. Very well, sir. Your house evidently understands its business. Send me the scales.

CHEAP PLEASURE.

"Vat ish it you vants, Schacob!" asked Mose Schaumburg of his oldest son.

"Give me haluf of tollar," vodder.

"Vat you vants mit such large sums of monish?"

"I vants to make myseluf some funs. I vant stogo dot theater in."

"So you vants to make yourseluf some bleasures? I dells you how you can have some bleasures midout spending monish. Vait until next vinter ven it vas cold. Den stick you feet dat ped oud until dose feet vas almost frozen. Den you pulls dose feet dat varm ped in. I dells you, Schacob, you don't vant to make your old vodder weep mit dose frivolous bleasures vot was so tam expensive."

HE HAD NO CHANCE.

"How is your brother who went to Montana, coming on?" asked Gilhooly of Col. Yerger, whose relative he was a few years ago for the West.

"He is doing very well," was the reply.

"I suppose he has helped hang many a desperate character."

"On the contrary, he is the only man in that section of the country who never has had anything whatever to do with hanging criminals."

"How in the world is that?"

"You see he is the sheriff. He never gets a chance to hang anybody."

CUMULATIVE EVIDENCE.

Hostetter McGinnis—Do you really think that we are going to have real spring weather now?

Gilhooly—I've no doubt of it. I see the shadow of the strawberry shortcake looms up no bigger than a man's hand.



RECIPROCATION.

THE BURGLARS' GAZETTE.

A new trade journal reached our office last week. Nowadays nearly every trade and profession is represented by a paper, but the journal referred to above represents a profession which has heretofore struggled along without an organ. Its title is 'The Burglars' Gazette,' and, as its name suggests, it represents the burglars.

Why they should send a copy to SIFTINGS office is more than we can understand, and we feel hurt at the insinuation. We may not be pink and white angels, but we will be blown if we will stand coolly by and be called burglars.

In order to give our readers a fair idea of The Burglars' Gazette, we clip the following from its columns:

"Every live burglar should subscribe to The Burglars' Gazette. It is the recognized organ of the profession, and the editorial on the seventh page, entitled, 'How to Quiet House Dogs,' is worth ten times the cost of subscription."

"WANTED.—A sober, honest pal. Must have experience in the banking business and a good kit of tools. Address Sharkie, this office. e o w."

"We had a very pleasant call last week from Kid Swipes. Although a young man, Kid is away up in his profession. He says business is booming, and he showed us some magnificent specimens of his industry. We predict for him a bright future. Call again, Swipes, old man, call again."

"Invaluable Hints to Burglars, or; How to Burgle Successfully. This little volume should be in the hands of every burglar in the land. Mailed upon receipt of ten cents in silver. 4 t."

"Don't fail to read our magnificent premium offer. Send us six yearly subscriptions and you will receive as a premium a beautiful silver-plated jimmy of the latest design. These jimmies are very stylish, and are used by the *elite* of the profession. You can rely on 'em every time. Now is the time to subscribe."

"Geo. F.—A sandbag should be used."

"Ah! how sad is death! Jimmie Kergee is no more. He died last night suddenly at the residence of a citizen on High street. Had Jim read 'Invaluable Hints to Burglars' he would now be well and alive. He stood high as a member of the Burglars' Union."

When a ship stands out to sea it sometimes has to lay to.



UNION IS STRENGTH.



BUT—DISCRETION IS BETTER THAN VALOR.

A SIBERIAN TRAGEDY.

BY GEORGE MOORE.



ME. ARD-LOFF was a slender, blonde-haired little Parisian, who once used to dance lightly in the ballrooms of the Champs-Élysées, and chatter gayly of the things of the

boulevard; but she now no longer felt interest in anything. Paris was to her a vanished dream, Siberia an unchanging reality. Nine months out of every year of blank, mournful snows, white silence, extending from horizon to horizon; then a brief respite, when the fields caught flower, and color rushed through every valley and over every hill, and innumerable insects buzzed in the green underwood of the steppes—such is Siberia.

She had married Count Ardloff, the Governor of Tobolsk, to save her father from ruin; but this child of the asphalt thrived but poorly in the desert, and her husband saw, and with fierce anger, that she could not endure her present life; saw there was nothing in common between them but the chain of marriage by which he held her.

"Scratch the Russian and you will find the Tartar." Nothing can be more true. Primitive races can but ape the sentiments and refinements of feeling which make bearable our lives, and Count Ardloff could not pass the gulf—the impassable gulf—the gulf made by centuries of civilization which lay between him and his wife. He could hold her to his bosom, but even then she seemed nearer to Vanca, a young Polish officer, than to him.

And yet no friendship could be purer; they were merely exiles who talked of their distant homes, their lost friends, and their abandoned dreams.

But such sentiments are little understood in Siberia, and ugly little rumors concerning Mme. Ardloff and young Vanca had begun to be whispered—the end of a phrase hissed slightly and a concluding smile turned somewhat serpent-wise—that was all.

Count Ardloff watched and waited, as suspicious and fierce as a wild cat.

He was a man about fifty, his beard was strong and gray, and he stood like a Hercules. Five years passed in Paris had lent him a disguise which, in his ordinary mood, perfectly enabled him to hide his Tartar character, and when she married him, the bright French girl little thought that a few glasses of champagne or a slight contradiction would transform the elegant gentleman on whose arm she leaned into a savage Cossack.

Now a fierce gleam shot from his eyes as they fell upon his wife, who, lying back in her easy-chair, sat languidly listening to Vanca's clear voice. It mattered not to the count what they were saying. He did not stay to consider whether they were planning an elopement or talking of the emperor. He merely hated her for appearing to be so intimate with one of his officers. She belonged to him; she was his property—a property he had acquired because it had pleased him to do so. What, then, did she mean by thinking of or concerning herself about any one else?

These were the count's thoughts as he took the cards that had been handed to him and shuffled them through his strong fingers. Some eight or a dozen gentlemen in the uniform of the Russian Army were grouped around him, a lady sat at the piano, and couples were seated under the greenery of the exotic plants with which the recesses of the room were filled. There was not much conversation, the interest of the company being apparently centered in the count. Every now and then some one passed across the room, and, after watching the cards for a few minutes, would cringingly murmur some words of adulation. Every phrase began with or ended with "Your excellency," and was rounded off with a bow.

But the count paid very little attention to his flatterers. When he had finished dealing, as he threw down the last card, he glanced again in the direction where his wife was sitting.

As she listened to the young Pole, her attitude grew more and more abandoned. He spoke to her of his

past life, of a lost love; and the accents of regret with which he narrated his experiences reminded her of how she had suffered similar deceptions; of how her aspirations and glad visions had, like his, perished. They spoke of those sad, eternal truths which each pair of lovers fancy they alone have discovered, but which have moved all past generations, as they will doubtless move all those which are coming to birth, till man's soul has ceased to be what it is.

So absorbed were Vanca and Mme. Ardloff in the contemplation of the past, that they were only so much conscious of each other as each helped the other to realize their separate lives. The outer world had faded from them, and in the insinuating emotion which drew them together she leaned her hands over the edge of the chair, and, following the movement instinctively, he took up the glove she had laid down and played with it.

At this sign of intimacy the count's eyes flashed vindictively, and he called to his wife impatiently:

"Marie, will you order some champagne?"

Without answering, she told Vanca to ring the bell. Instantly rising, he complied with her request, and then, forgetting he had not returned the countess her glove, stopped to speak to a friend. His friend tried to warn him with a look, but, before a word could be said, the Pole had walked across the room, still twirling the fatal glove in his fingers.

He did this with a certain nonchalance that would have angered a better-tempered man than Count Ardloff. A grim scowl passed across his face, and he whispered something to an aide-de-camp, who stood near him. The officer left the room.

It was a terrible moment, full of consternation and silence; but before the unfortunate Pole had time to realize his danger two Cossack soldiers entered the apartment. The company gave way before them, withdrawing into groups and lines. Vanca had his back turned to them, and he still wrapped the fatal glove round and round his fingers. He stood as if lost in reverie, scanning a marble bust of the countess.

At last the stillness of the room awoke him, and, as the Cossacks were about to seize him, he turned. His frightened eyes met theirs; he started back precipitately, but, with a quiet movement, the soldiers laid hands upon him. In a low voice the aide-de-camp said:

"You are arrested by order of his excellency."

Dazed and bewildered, Vanca pushed the soldiers from him, and, stretching forth his hands, appealed to the count.

"How is this, your excellency?" he cried, wildly; "I am guilty of nothing. There must be some mistake."

Count Ardloff stood broad, tall and vindictive, with the light of the lustre shining full on his high, bald forehead; an iron-gray beard concealed the lower part of his square face.

Vanca cried one more word of appeal, and then stopped puzzled.

Mme. Ardloff arose, pale and trembling, but her husband motioned her away.

The guests remained in rows, still as the figures of a frieze, and, at a sign from the officer, with a movement of shoulders, the Cossacks forced the Pole from the room. The scene was very short.

Immediately after, the count spoke of indifferent things, and glasses of champagne were handed round. Mme. Ardloff stared vacantly, unable to collect her thoughts; till, suddenly seeing the glove which Vanca had dropped, the reason of his arrest dawned upon her, and she trembled violently, and so agitated was she that she could scarcely say good-bye to her guests. The count, however, dismissed them rapidly, speaking all the while of the approaching summer, the number of convicts that had escaped from the mines, and the emperor.

When husband and wife were alone, the count picked up the glove and handed it to the countess, with an ironical smile, and without alluding to what had happened, said that it was very late, and advised her to retire to her room.

She obeyed without answering.

She knew something horrible was going to happen, and, stupefied with fear, she mounted the staircase. He stayed behind to give an order, and, mastering her fears, she listened.

He was talking in the hall below to his aide-de-camp, and she heard him say that Vanca must be at once degraded to the ranks, and her heart beat with joy at the prospect of his escaping with so slight a punishment. Her emotion was so great that she did not catch the next phrase, and when she heard again, her husband was telling his officer to have all in readiness,

that he would be at the barracks at nine next morning.

There was something strange in this, and Mme. Ardloff went trembling to her room. The shadows seemed livid and the lamp burned luridly, and oppressed with the horrors of the evening, she sat in the silence, afraid to go to bed.

Through the frozen window-panes she could see glistening the wide snows of the Siberian winter. Warily she asked herself why she had been condemned to live in these impassable deserts. The howl of a dog broke the stillness of the night, and it sounded to her excited mind like the last dying cry of some poor one unjustly done to death. What was to become of Vanca? Why could she not save him? Save him! Was there need for that? Starting to her feet, she strove by an effort of will to rid herself of her terrors. Then, shaken with forebodings and regrets, she undressed; but a hundred fancies assailed her imagination and gave life to the figures on the tapestry, to the shadows on the floor, and, white, like a ghost in a tomb, she lay restless in her large bed.

Sleep fled from her, until at last she fell into a deep, dreamless torpor, from which, toward morning, she was awakened by a heavy tramping of feet in the corridor. A moment after her husband entered. He was attired in the Russian military cloak, and his hand was on his sword.

"Get up," he said, impatiently; "I want you to come out with me. I have ordered the sledge."

"Why should I get up at this hour? It is only just daylight, and I am very tired."

"I am sorry you are tired, but I want you to come to the barracks."

Remembering the order she had heard given over night, Mme. Ardloff turned pale at the mention of the word barracks. Twenty times she felt an indefinite desire rising up within her to throw herself into his arms and beg of him to be merciful; but he looked so implacable that her courage died away, and she feared that any interest she might show for Vanca would only still further prejudice his chance of escape.

Wrapping her long, blue-fox fur mantle around her, she told him she was ready. He looked to see if she had forgotten anything. Her handkerchief lay on the table, and as he handed it to her his attention was attracted by a *flacon de sel volatile*.

"We may want this," he said, and slipped it into her pocket.

"What do you mean?" she said, turning suddenly; "are you going to murder me?"

"To murder you!" he replied, laughing cynically; "what nonsense!"

And half pushing her before him they descended the staircase. She tried several times to resist him, but he got her into the sledge.

"To the barracks," he cried to the coachman, as he sat down beside his wife and arranged the rugs.

During the drive neither spoke a word. His face was clouded in a sort of sullen moodiness, and terrified, she looked down the dazzling perspectives of the outlying streets. The barracks were situated at the further end of the eastern suburb. The horses cantered briskly, and soon a large building appeared. It stood alone; all round stretched the white expanse of the steppes; and the sledge passed a large gateway into the barrack-square, which had been cleared of snow.

The officer who was waiting to receive them, helped the count to descend. Mme. Ardloff was told to remain seated.

Immediately after, a trumpeter blew a call and a file of men marched to within a few yards of the sledge and formed themselves into a double line.

"Front rank, quick march," cried the officer. When they had gone eight paces, he cried, "Halt!" and then gave the order, "Right-about turn."

Vanca was then led forth. He walked between two soldiers. He was naked to the waist, and behind him came the executioner. He carried in his hand the barbarous knout, and over his shoulder dangled its seven cruel lashes.

In Russia, an officer of the army can not be flogged, but he can be degraded to the ranks in twenty-four hours. This is what happened in the present case. Vanca was now a common soldier, and was waiting to receive the fifty lashes to which he had been sentenced.

And the fashion of administering the knout in Russia is as follows: The condemned man is forced to walk between two files of soldiers; before him, holding a sword pointed at his breast, is an officer, who

steps backward with a slow and precise pace, which regulates the strokes which the executioner administers. So terrible are the loaded thongs, armed at the end with sharp iron hooks, that at the tenth or eleventh blow even the most robust fall fainting to the ground. Sometimes, however, the executioner is merciful and kills the victim outright; but more often he is forbidden to strike with his full force, and the mangled being is carried to a hospital and cured of his wounds; and this is repeated until he has received his full punishment.

Such is Russia—and for Vanca all was now prepared; the soldiers stood in line, the executioner twirled his lashes, only an officer to lead the way remained to be appointed. It was for Count Ardloff to do this.

He looked around; there were half a dozen men standing around him, any one of whom he might have chosen. As he glanced from one to the other, his attention was attracted by a man who, from a doorway at the other end of the barrack-yard, was eagerly watching.

"Who is that man?" asked the count. The man was called. It was Vanca's brother.

"What are you waiting about the doorway for?"

"I was waiting to see if your excellency would pardon my poor brother," replied the Pole.

"Pardon your poor brother," said Count Ardloff, with a bitter sneer; "I will show you how I pardon. Draw your sword and lead the way, and take care you don't walk too fast."

After one deep, questioning look, which told him that the Russian meant to be obeyed, he broke his sword across his knee, and said, as he hurled the pieces scornfully aside:

"Do with me as you will, but I will not serve a country inhabited by barbarians and governed by fiends."

Even the Cossacks exchanged glances of sympathy, and had they known the whole truth, it was not improbable that they might have revolted. Suffice to say, that for a moment Mme. Ardloff feared for her husband's safety. But his fierce brutality dominated his soldiers, and the elder Vanca was manacled and a heavy guard placed over him.

The scene that then presented itself was this: Two files of soldiers, Count Ardloff commanding, stern and implacable; one brother half naked and bleeding, the other in irons; a pale woman with agony written in her face, wrapped up in furs, and a pair of horses munching in their nose-bags, unconscious of aught else.

The officer took another step back; the seven thongs whistled in the air, and again tore into red furrows the lacerated flesh. As Vanca staggered forward, his face convulsed with pain, his eyes fixed on Mme. Ardloff, and they asked, with a terrible eloquence, "Oh, why did you betray me?"

Her hands were clasped, and in her emotion, having lost all power of utterance, she strove to send forth her soul to tell him how innocent she was. Then another blow fell, and the blood squirted horribly, and the flesh hung ragged. It was sickening, and from sheer horror and nausea Mme. Ardloff fainted. But it was her husband's intention that she should witness, to the end, the revenge he had so carefully prepared, and diving his hand into the pocket of her mantle, he produced the bottle of *sal volatile*. With this he quickly restored her to consciousness, and then she heard him saying:

"Awake, awake, for I wish you to see how I punish those who insult me."

Vanca had now received nine strokes.

Secure a sound mind, which seldom goes without sound digestion, by using Angostura Bitters.

He was but a raw mass of quivering flesh. Helpless and faintly, like one in a nightmare, Mme. Ardloff strove to speak, until at last the words long denied her rose to her lips, but they came too late, and, mad with pain, the tortured man, with a whirling, staggering motion, precipitated himself on to the drawn sword, and fell to the ground a corpse.

This was unexpected. There were hurried words, and a trampling of feet, and a deep silence, but Mme. Ardloff remembered little. The imprecations the elder brother hurled after her as she was driven away sounded dim and indistinct in her ears during the long days of delirium which followed this double tragedy, for on arriving home she saw her husband make out the order for Vanca's transportation to the mercury mines.

She pleaded and prayed wildly, but the count only smiled grimly in reply to her hysterical supplications. It seemed to her that the heavens should fall to crush, that the earth should open to receive, so inhuman a monster. She raised her hands, she screamed madly, her thoughts danced before her, faded, and then there was a blank; and during several weeks, for her, time stood still.

Slowly her senses returned to her; slowly—through a dim mist, through a heavy torpor, that held her powerless and inert—they returned to her, and with them came the ghastly remembrance of a terrible crime. The subject was never alluded to. The affair was hushed up; but time could neither blot nor tear this cruel page out of Mme. Ardloff's life.

Her only consolation was the certitude that no pain was in store for her greater than she experienced when, years after, in a ball-room at St. Petersburg, Count Vanca, an old man with long white hair, and a life's sorrow on his face, said to her:

"Madame, I hope your children are very well."—The Argonaut.

He Forgot Beans.

"Mr. Brodweigh," said the lovely Boston girl, a flush mounting her pale forehead and her voice trembling slightly, "I will not deny that your avowal moves me strangely. I cannot disguise the fact that my heart pleads for you. But in matters that involve the whole future happiness of two human beings, no step should be lightly taken. Mr. Brodweigh," she continued, wiping her spectacles, "while I should not look upon your residence in another city as a wholly insurmountable barrier to our union there are, nevertheless, other things to be considered. You are not aware, possibly, that I am a vegetarian?"

"Are you, indeed?" exclaimed the young man, delightedly. "Why, so am I! Miss Howjames—my own dear Emersonia, I—"

"One moment, Mr. Brodweigh. It may seem trivial to you, but it is, I am persuaded, a matter of vital importance that we should entertain harmonious views in particulars as well as generals. Pardon me, but what are your preferences among vegetables?"

The young man's arms dropped to his side.

"The vegetables to which I am—er—addicted," he replied, "are tomatoes, cabbages, turnips, rice, rutabagas, eggplant, beets, sweet corn, peas, potatoes, lettuce, parsley and mangel-wurzel. I also eat a great deal of oatmeal and cracked wheat."

"Nothing else, Mr. Brodweigh?" inquired Miss Howjames, anxiously.

"Of course I use all the principal fruits," he said. "I consider apples, peaches, pears, grapes, melons, cherries, currants and berries of all kinds as really vegetables."

"You have omitted from your list

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.

nothing that—that seems to you peculiarly and distinctively brain-nourishing and—representatively vegetarian in itself?" she said with an effort.

"Nothing that I can think of. I have mentioned all the varieties, I think that I—but why this agitation, Miss Howjames? Are you ill? Have I—"

"Mr. Brodweigh," faintly spoke the young lady, "in the agony of this disappointment, the keenest that I have ever felt, and whose bitterness you, too, must share—"

"Emersonia Howjames!" he exclaimed in a thrilling voice, a light breaking in upon him, "did I forget beans? Did I omit beans? Why, beans, my darling, are my very life!"

She fell into his outstretched arms they mingled their tears of ecstasy together, and New York and Boston again communed in spirit, as they have done once in a great while from the beginning, do occasionally even now, and probably ever shall do at rare intervals, world without end.

A Humorist's Influence.

I am a cripple, but I never think of my misfortune. Laugh and the world laughs with you. People say, "How Wilder is handicapped." I am not handicapped. I don't want sympathy. I never think about my shape. I make \$10,000 a year. I have my yearly trip to Europe and have the entree to all the theatres there and in this city. I go to the theatres three times a week on an average. When I appear at a benefit performance even the actors applaud me and the stage hands stop work and say, "Keep quiet; little Wilder is on." Whenever I go into society it is the same. Why is it? It isn't because it's me. It's because I bring smiles and laughter. I never croak. People don't care for Wilder, but they do care for a good laugh. Why even the criminals on Blackwell's Island are glad to see me, and although they have sins and trouble enough, they have time to hear a good story, and make the prison rafters ring with laughter.—Marshall P. Wilder's Letter.

Public Speakers and Singers

Can use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" freely, without fear of injury, as they contain nothing injurious. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, effectually clearing and strengthening the voice. "They greatly relieve any uneasiness in the throat."—S. S. Curry, Teacher of Oratory, Boston. Ask for and obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. 25 cents a box.

Gone to Fight Indians.

Within the last week three boys, the oldest of whom is not sixteen years of age, have disappeared from Peru, Ind. There is an epidemic of trashy novel reading in the town, and the urchins have all gone off to fight Indians. Unless one of the adventurers returns pretty soon, bedraggled, disgruntled and disgusted, and tells a tale of woe, the exodus will undoubtedly continue. A boy's Indian expedition is not generally a very serious matter. He does not get killed himself, and he never kills enough of the red men to precipitate an uprising and thus put any of the frontier settlements in danger. The boy himself gets hungry and homesick, but that does him good. The person who suffers most is the poor mother at home, but even she is cheered by the hope that the parting will not be for long. Notwithstanding all this, trashy novels are a nuisance.—Chicago Herald.

Every Meal is a Trial

to the dyspeptic. Flatulence, heartburn, oppressive fullness of the stomach, are the inevitable sequences of his use of the knife and fork. To say of him that he gratifies the cravings of appetite would be genuine satire. It only appeases them. Is relief attainable? Certainly, and by the use of a pleasant as well as thorough remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Will it cure immediately? Certainly not—it does not effect miracles. But it does give prompt and unspeakable relief, and will, if persisted in, produce an ultimate cure. Not only does it impart relish to the food, but promotes its conversion by the stomach into rich, health and strength-sustaining blood. Supersensitiveness of the nerves, mental depression, and unquiet slumber, produced by interruption of the digestive functions, are also remedied by it. It is the finest preventive and curative of malarial disorders, and relieves constipation, rheumatism, kidney and bladder ailments, and liver complaint.

He Loved Her "Still."

Ardent swain (to object of his affection) —"For several weeks past I have been trying to speak to you, Fraulein Rosa, but you never gave me the chance of putting in a word. I therefore gladly avail myself of your temporary hoarseness to make you an offer of marriage."—Fliegende Blaetter.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

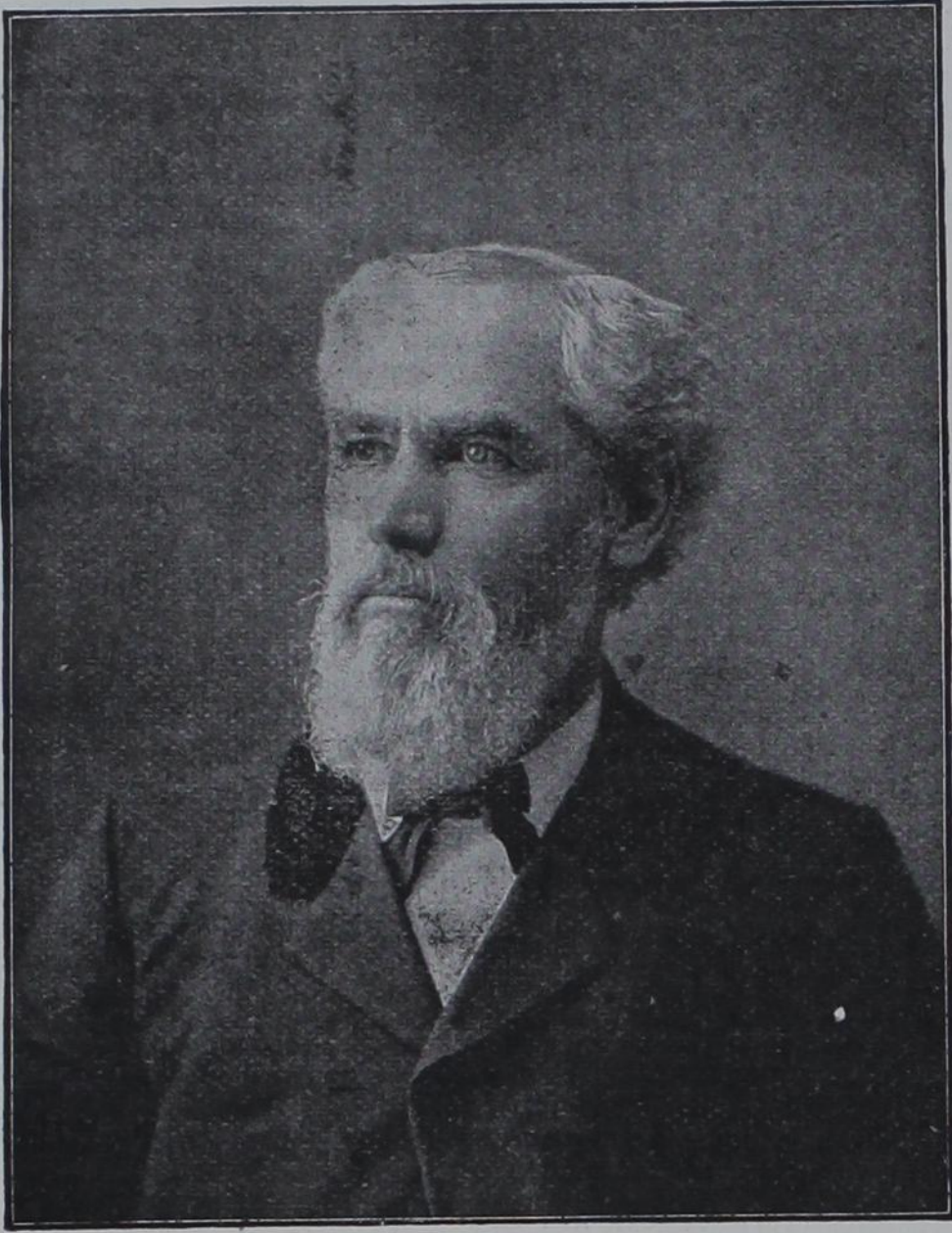
The Coming Youthful Censor.

[Frances, aged seven, has been absorbed in a book for nearly two hours.]

Grandmamma—"Your book seems very interesting; when you've done with it will you lend it to me?"

Frances—"No, Grandma, it's not a proper book for you to read; it's intended for girls."—Grip.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



JUDGE JAMES F. HUGHES, MATTOON, ILL.

Judge Hughes was born in Wayne county, Ohio, 1839. Grew up on a farm, received a common school education, supplemented by two terms in an academy in Fredericksburg, Ohio. Taught two terms in the country schools, and in 1861 entered the army, enlisted in the 16th Ohio, and re-enlisted in the 102d Ohio, serving to the close of the war.

In October, 1865, entered the law department of the University of Michigan; graduating in the spring of 1867, located in Sullivan, Ill. At the same time was associated with Capt. A. P. Greene in the publication of the *Okaw Republican*.

In December, 1869, opened an office in Mattoon in connection with the late Judge Henry, of Danville and Shelbyville. Two years later formed an association with the late Senator Charles B. Steele, which was dissolved by the death of Senator Steele, in 1877. After this continued in the general practice alone till June, 1885, when elected to the circuit bench in company with Judges Smith and Wilkin.

Since the election of Judge Hughes to the office of circuit judge he has steadily grown in the estimation of the people as a faithful, upright and impartial judge. As a trial judge, he is ever on the alert to see that the guilty are punished and that the innocent shall not be oppressed. In the language of an eminent and scholarly practitioner, spoken with reference to Judge Hughes, he seems to have a natural instinct in discovering the governing principle in close cases.

The term of the present circuit judge will expire in June, 1891. It is to be hoped that Judge Hughes will be a candidate for re-election.

When Woman Mails a Letter.

Femininity in the post-office is an amusing study. In the matter of dropping a simple, ordinary, white, every-day letter, for instance, she affords an insight into the character of the average woman. The looker-on had nothing else to do the other day than to watch this little operation for five minutes. Out of thirty young women who went to cast their epistles in the slot, twenty-two, by exact calculation, withdrew the letter before quite letting go of it to scan both sides of the note to be "very" sure the letter was securely sealed, properly addressed, stamped, and to be certain no one could look through the envelope to read its contents. Out of these thirty ladies three had forgotten to put a stamp on their letter, and two had to add something to the address on the envelope, while another carried off with her the letter she had intended to mail.—Boston Record.

He'd Proved It.

Angelina—"But, Harold, are you quite sure you can support me?"

Harold—"Sure? Why, haven't I supported you for hours nearly every evening for months past?"—Grip.

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

THE PRESS

On A. Miner Griswold's "Round The World" Entertainment.

THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR" IN BROOKLYN.

The Brooklyn Citizen said of Mr. Griswold's recent entertainment in that city: "Mr. Griswold was funnier than ten phonographs. He took his audience with him on a 'Tour 'Round the World.' It was a tour that every tourist will remember with pleasure for a long time. Mr. Griswold's wit was illustrated by views, serious and comic, thrown upon a canvas. Perhaps it should be rather said that Mr. Griswold's wit illustrated the views. From grave to gay he went and took his audience with him. They never stopped long at the grave, however, and the intervals in which they were not gay were very few and far between, indeed. A verbatim report of Mr. Griswold's remarks could only be given in the humorous column. The witticisms and good nature of the lecturer, in connection with the comic views by artist Thomas Worth, kept the audience roaring with laughter, and the pictures themselves were always greeted with applause.

(From the *Home Journal*, New York.)

A GENUINE HUMORIST.

A. Miner Griswold, the cheerful editor of *TEXAS SIFTINGS*, is giving at Hardman Hall a series of entertainments which

drive away dull care, for the time being, at least, from the most wrinkled brow. His quips and cranks cause the audience to seem not only in general one "vast embodied smile," but occasionally, judging from the explosion, a huge dynamite bomb. Mr. Griswold's electric touch, however, is not dangerous, and the audience soon collects itself to await another current of magic fire. But Mr. Griswold's "Round the World" talks are not all surface fun; a good deal of accurate instruction is incidentally conveyed.

(From the *Woman's Cycle*.)

ORIGINAL, PICTURESQUE AND FUNNY.

Mr. A. Miner Griswold, editor of the illustrated humorous paper, *TEXAS SIFTINGS*, has been giving a series of "Round the World" lectures at Hardman Hall, extending two weeks. Saturday evening, March 22d he extended an invitation to his lecture to the Woman's Press Club of New York, and they enjoyed to the utmost Mr. Griswold's clever descriptions of the really magnificent views, over one hundred in number. The Paris Exposition was beautifully shown, many of the pictures calling out bursts of applause. A vote of thanks was offered by the club to Mr. Griswold for his kindness and courtesy. Mr. Griswold is original, picturesque and exceedingly funny, the kind of fun that makes one laugh—so little does—yet it is fun without vulgarity.

(From the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, March 27.)

FUN WITH THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

A. Miner Griswold, editor of *TEXAS SIFTINGS*, entertained a house full of people last evening at Hardman Hall, on Fifth avenue, with his bright, witty and picturesque description of a "Tour 'Round the World." His lecture abounds in apposite allusions, bright sallies, unexpected puns, and bits of droll description of people and manners. The whole was accompanied by a series of pictures, including humorous cartoons by Thomas Worth, used by Mr. Griswold as points for his running commentary. The lecture will be repeated every evening (except Sunday) for two weeks.

(From the *New Orleans Picayune*.)

A BORN HUMORIST.

A. Miner Griswold, a born humorist, funny to look at, of the *TEXAS SIFTINGS* and the world at large, is lecturing and acting a "Tour 'Round the World" for two weeks, with pictures, at Hardman Hall, New York, under the management of Major J. B. Pond. He lectured in New Orleans and other places years ago, and called his entertainment "Injun Meal." That meal was relished by the public and agreed with him. He became wealthy and fat. He dropped some of his wealth publishing one Saturday Night in Cincinnati. His fat he retains and will keep, through all his *TEXAS SIFTINGS*.

(From the *Chicago Evening Journal*.)

LET HIM COME WEST.

A. Miner Griswold, the "Gris" and "Fat Contributor" of old times, now of the *TEXAS SIFTINGS*, has brought out in New York City a humorous, illustrated and unique lecture. He calls it "Griswold's 'Round the World,'" and makes it in an hour and forty minutes, a little slower than Puck, but a great deal faster than Nelly Bly. It has had a famous two-weeks' run to crowded houses, and bids fair to be one of the best things of the season. The comic views are by Thomas Worth, the *TEXAS SIFTINGS*' best artist, who catches an expression of mirth (or makes one, which is better) with remarkable success, and whose pictures are the acme of the ridiculous in life and fancy. Mr. Griswold should come West with his entertainment.

Nuggets from the Great Divide.

Fools air youseful in this wurd for tha make mediocrity endurable.

"You'r a darlin, lovey dovey," is very sweet, but it won't take tha plase of shuger in your coffy.

Luv that iz awl sweet wurd and no deeds wil sustain affecshun about as long as swetened wind wil sustain life.

A biznis transackshun iz a duel. Tak no unfare advantage, but uze awl the skill to win that nachewer and siance hav given yu, otherwise yu air a chump.

A nimble sixpence will beet a slow dolur every time. Reed the stori of the Hair and the Tortois and then get a move on yu.—Denver Great Divide.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar. Only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

What He Would Think.

Tramp (with tears in his eyes)—"I do not ask you for money, sir, but what would you think if I should tell you I have had nothing to eat for forty-eight hours, and my poor wife and children are now starving in the street?"

Practical Citizen—"I'd think you were a liar. Good morning."—Washington Star.



How to Cure
Skin & Scalp
DISEASES
with the
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REMEDIES.

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Guilty Without Crime, at the People's Theatre, fills that popular house to the doors nightly.

Geo. Marion, formerly the famous end man of Dockstader's Minstrels, makes a capital Jonah in the Brass Monkey at the Fourteenth Street Theatre.

Money Mad, at the Standard, seems to please the large audiences that witness it at each performance, and it will, no doubt, prove a money maker when put upon the road.

The London Gaiety Company in Faust Up to Date returned last Monday to the Broadway Theatre for a two-weeks' stay, and they are receiving a rousing reception. New Yorkers have learned to appreciate the English style of fun, and the players are heartily applauded at every performance.

Manager J. Wesley Rosenquest, of the Bijou Theatre, has had many excellent attractions in the farce-comedy line at his house this season, but the present attraction, The City Directory, is certainly the best of all. Every member of the cast is a star, and the audience is kept in constant good humor.

The patrons of P. Harris' numerous theatres, and especially those of the Academy of Music, of Baltimore, Md., will be surprised, but read with much pleasure, that he has appreciated the skill and efficiency of two of his employes, Messrs. Tunis F. Dean and Richard L. Britton, by making them co-partners in his theatrical enterprises, which include the houses in Baltimore, Md.; Washington, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and other Western cities. In announcing the change, Manager Harris says that he feels that he owes it to himself to take more recreation than formerly, and can rest assured that his interest will be carefully looked after by Messrs. Britton and Dean, who have had considerable experience in the theatrical line. Both gentlemen are young men of pleasing manners, and perfectly adapted for their work. They have the good wishes of many friends. The firm will be known as Harris, Britton & Dean.

One of the best sensational and spectacular plays ever put upon the stage is now running at Niblo's Garden. On the first night the curtain was scarcely up on the first act before D'Ennery's powerfully told story, The Knights of Tyburn, had the audience deeply interested. The subsequent portions of the play were what might justly be termed a grand succession of triumphs. The intense realism which is sustained throughout the entire play visibly affected the vast audience and each scene was the occasion for fresh outbursts of rapturous applause. Never was a production at Niblo's accorded such a unanimously tumultuous and enthusiastic reception. The cast was exceptionally good, Miss Clara Louise Thompson, who essayed the chief rôle, being strikingly effective and exceedingly graceful. As the production now has the stamp of metropolitan favor, Niblo's will, without doubt, be crowded during the entire engagement.

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

The Arizona Kicker.

We extract the following from the last issue of the Arizona Kicker:

DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS LOADED.

Smith & Davis's Minstrels were billed for an entertainment at Montezuma Hall last Friday night, but it didn't come off. Instead of that the whole gang stepped off. They came here with the avowed intention of doing business without the aid of the Kicker. None of them called at the office, and they had no courtesies to extend. We advised the people to stay away. On Friday morning seven members of the gang entered our office to demand satisfaction. They didn't know it was loaded. It was, however, and when it went off some of the bird-shot got in on each and every one of the gang, and we had to tap one of the end-men with an axe-helve in addition. We haven't any one in this town who makes a specialty of digging lead out of the human system, and at noon they started for Tombstone to give a man there a week's job. Hic jacket! which is Mexican for saying: The Kicker is always loaded.

WE TOLD YOU SO.

Six weeks ago a man named Scott opened a grocery store on Comanche street, and when we casually dropped in and mentioned the fact that the Kicker was the best advertising medium in the West, he didn't enthuse. We knew there was something wrong about him, and we sent his description to the sixty-four sheriffs and chiefs of police who are constantly in communication with us.

Last Thursday, just after we had gone to press, a detective arrived from Louisville and collared Mr. Scott, who is a defaulting County Treasurer. He has left us, and we bought the stock of groceries at about twenty-two cents on the dollar. Had Mr. Scott advertised he would doubtless have built up a large and profitable business, but he took a wrong view of it and will probably go to State prison for fifteen or twenty years.—Detroit Free Press.

Music Hath Charms.

First Passer-by—"Say, what is that noise, anyway?"

Second Passer-by—"Never knew there was a factory in the neighborhood."

Third Passer-by—"Sounds like a buzz-saw."

Fourth Passer-by—"Well, it beats me. Must be a private lunatic asylum."

The Policeman on Beat—"Come, move on now!"

Omnes—"Say, officer, what's going on in that house?"

The P. O. B.—"Oh, that's all right! It's the ladies' amateur orchestra rehearsing."—Town Topics.

Just as I Advertised.

Mrs. Coolum—"What is the price of your canned beef this morning, Mr. Sandum?"

"Thirty-eight cents, ma'am."

"Why, that's the same price it was yesterday morning; you forget that you advertise 'sweeping reductions!'"

"Not at all, ma'am. You'll find them—er—just below—at the broom counter."—American Grocer.

Business Is Business.

Gotham Girl—"The paper says a matrimonial exchange has been started for the benefit of foreign noblemen and American heiresses."

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A Poet's Whim.

The Light of Asia seems doomed to be extinguished beneath a Japanese umbrella. Sir Edwin Arnold, in the course of his travels about the world, has fallen in love with Japan, and has now for some time been settled down there with his daughter, and actually contemplates, so it is reported among his friends in England, making that country his permanent home. He lives in Tokio, and in the regular native quarter of it. No foreign quarter would satisfy his passion. There is a very strict law against foreigners residing anywhere else than in the foreign quarter of the city, unless they are Government officials or servants of native Japanese. To get around this the distinguished poet has engaged himself as tutor to the two daughters of a wealthy Japanese gentleman at a salary of \$450 a year. Of course his duties are not onerous, but he has to go through the form of attending to them, spending some time with his pupils every day and in other ways assisting his employer as a regular schoolmaster would. He writes regularly to the London Telegraph long letters, in which he describes, in a dreamy, poetic fashion, the delights of life among the new people with whom he has, for the present at any rate, cast his fate.—N. Y. World.

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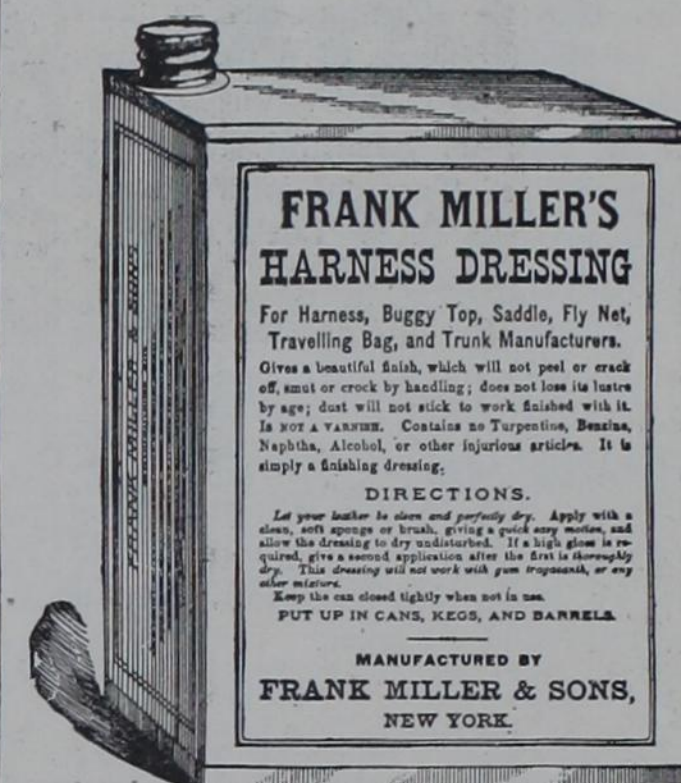
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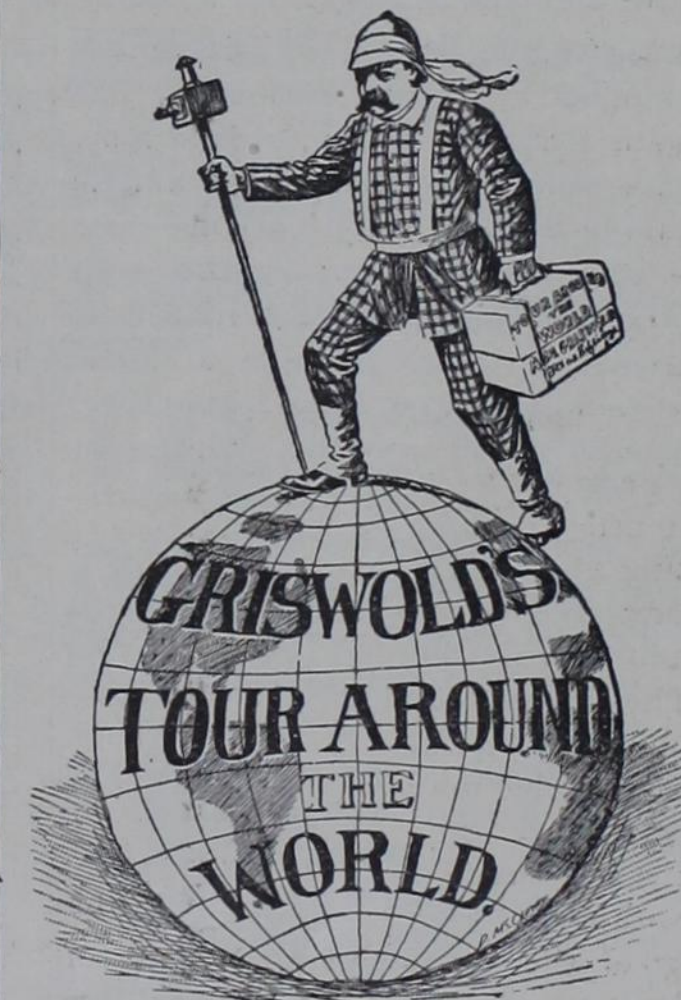
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



We have received an interesting and valuable pamphlet entitled *The Early Congressional Debates and Reporters*, by Samuel Oppenheim, New York.

The April number of *The Home-Maker*, edited by Marion Harland, contains a talented array of contributors, who write interestingly upon a variety of subjects. There is an admirable department edited by Christine Terhune Herrick, which gives excellent practical advice to housewives.

Will Vischer has resigned his position as editor of the *Tacoma Globe*, and taken editorial charge of a new paper in Fairhaven, Wash. Mr. Vischer, assisted by Herbert Bashford, a bright young writer of Tacoma, is writing a comic opera for C. E. Locke, of the Emma Juch Company.

Table Talk for April contains an elaborate article on Fashionable Luncheon and Tea Toilets, by Tillie May Forney. Kate Catherwood writes of Fashionable Crazes. Wm. Struthers furnishes an April Song. There are other appropriate poems by Mary N. Robinson, Lillian Foster and Isadore Parker.

The Commonwealth is the title of an admirable literary magazine published in Denver, Colorado. In the March number is a striking article on Moral Evolution, by H. B. Stebbens. A poem entitled *Venetian Revenge*, by J. Perceval, while it has some minor defects, is very strong. The Chat and Comment is done by a TEXAS SIFTINGS contributor, V. Z. Reed, of Colorado Springs.

The *Dramatic Mirror* will issue the first number of a new periodical, *The Dramatic Mirror Quarterly*, early in May. This magazine will contain the dramatic essays which have latterly become *The Mirror's* first page feature, together with certain other special matter that it is promised will prove valuable to those interested in current dramatic literature. The Quarterly will be edited by Harrison Grey Fiske.

The *Electric Magazine* for April has for its opening paper *The Two Utopias*, by Emil de Laveleye, which discusses with great skill recent socialistic dreams which have stirred the public attention. *Modern Mannish Maidens* is a clever and satirical but good-natured sketch of feminine tendencies among the more ambitious class of young women. William H. Spence contributes a paper, *Recollections of a Voyage with Gen. Gordon*. Mr. Hamilton Aidé talks thoughtfully about the Deterioration of English Society, and finds reason for some foreboding. *The American Borderers* is an entertaining sketch. The article on Marriage from a Scientific Standpoint recommends itself forcibly to intelligent readers, even if they dissent from its conclusions. Joseph Thompson, an African explorer, has some pertinent words to say on the effects of European interference on the African, a paper which at this time should evoke widespread interest. *Pasteur at Home*, by Dr. A. J. H. Crespi. *Anglo-Catholicism—The Old and New*, by Principal Fairbairn, D. D., is interesting, and is to be followed by a second paper. There are several shorter articles also of unusual interest.

A worldly clergyman who loves a poor girl but wishes to wed a wealthy one, for the ease and position this will afford him, is the hero of a story just published by Worthington & Co., New York. It is entitled, *The Feet of Love*, by Anne Reeve Aldrich. The title led us to the hasty conclusion that the heroine was a Chicago girl, but such is not the fact. She is a New Yorker, Miss Moir, not an old maid, for there are others that are *moire antique* than she. Miss Moir is "companion" to the heiress, Josephine Edgar, whom the clergyman, Paul Wolfe (in sheep's clothing), courts for her money; and her companion proves to be an old flame of his. This fact both strive to hide, for Wolfe wishes to wed the heiress for pecuniary reasons, and Miss Moir is so self-sacrificing that she won't stand in the way. The scene is laid at a seaside resort on Long Island; time, summer. There are other minor characters, but the principal ones are given above. Josephine is very sweet and lovely, and all that, but *The Feet of Love* turn in the direction of Alice Moir more frequently than is consistent for a clergyman engaged to another. They meet in lonely places, and Wolfe urges Alice to "go away," at least until the ceremony is over. But Alice stays. She doubtless wishes to see how the bride will bear herself at the altar. There is a scene between Wolfe and Alice in a church, on a stormy night, when they are almost lovers again. As you read you become curious to know how the author is going to get her characters out of the soup—how the riddle will be solved. You find the solution in the last chapter. Wolfe takes Josephine and Alice out in a sail-boat. A sudden squall comes up, another squall from the women, and the boat upsets. "Save her!" cries Alice, pointing to Josephine. He obeys, and, being a strong swimmer, he reached the shore with his burden, but Alice perished. Wolfe and Josephine were married towards Yuletide. That's all.

Vanity Fair.

Henry T. Finck thus writes in the *Epoch*: The ownership of a box at the Metropolitan Opera House has come to be looked upon as one of the indispensable conditions of membership in the plutocratic circle known as New York "Society." For, although not all the owners of boxes are included in the list of the Four Hundred, they all desire to be, and they find this the easiest way of securing recognition. The names of all the box-holders are printed every night in the programme, with the numbers and diagrams of the boxes attached, for their own gratification and the guidance of the general public who may wish to know to whom a particularly fine diamond necklace around a particularly scrawny neck belongs. Unfortunately the manners of these box-holders are not always as conspicuous for genuine merit as their jewels. The majority of the box-holders usually respect the rights and the feelings of those who go to the opera to hear the music; but there are several black sheep in the list, and their folds are immediately above the row of end-seats assigned to the critics—which helps to explain the frequent tirades in the press this winter against talking. The worst of these boxes is universally known as the "chat-box." It belongs to a woman prominent in the list of the Four Hundred. It has been said that the box-holders talk principally on Wagner nights when they do not like the opera. This is absolutely untrue. There is really much more talking on Italian opera nights, because there are fewer persons there who are annoyed by it and have the courage to hiss. The offenders are obviously callous to newspaper abuse and satire. How callous

they are is shown by the fact that the combined and angry hisses of a dozen or twenty persons in the parquet will not quiet them more than five minutes. It is a sad fact that the loudest talking is always done by women whose *naïveté* is sometimes as surprising as their lack of manners. A young lady told me, the other day, that she sat in a box one evening when two women in the adjoining boxes kept up a constant chatter about dress and parties across her box the whole evening, thus entirely spoiling her pleasure. I replied that she was foolish for not telling them to "shut up" in plain Saxon. Whenever a person talks loudly in my neighborhood, I first turn a surprised look upon him (or her); if that is without effect, I hiss gently; and if that is ignored, I turn around and hiss right at them, with the full power of my lungs, so that everybody looks at the blushing offenders. It works like a charm, and I commend the method to other sufferers. Persons who were not taught manners by their mothers, must be instructed in public.

His Compliment.

Miss Simper—"Yes, Mr. Brown, I think this reluctance on the part of ladies to let their age be known is all foolishness. I do not care who knows my age. I'm thirty-two. There it's out, and you may tell it if you wish to."

Mr. Brown (anxious to pay a compliment)—"I'm delighted to hear it from your own lips, Miss Simper. I never would have dreamed you were so young."—*Boston Courier.*

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Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 653 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

"He Wore His Beaver Up."

Mr. Parkly Saunters—"Do you think your father will look with favor on my suit?"

Miss Dakota Flatte—"Really, I don't know, darling. Papa is so finicky, it's hard to tell just how your combination of silk hat and sack coat will strike him."—Puck.



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Restored My Health

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

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

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE MEN WHO MISS THE TRAIN



I loaf aroun' the depo' jest to see the Pullman
scoot,
And to see the people scamper when they hear the
engine toot;
But w'at makes the most impression on my som'w'at
active brain,
Is the careless man who gets there jest in time to
miss his train.

An' some cuss the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly
cuss their stars,
An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to catch
the cars;
An' some with a loud laff an' joke will poultice up
their pain;
Var'us kin's of people get there jest in time to miss
the train.

An' there is many depo's an' many flag stations
'thout name,
Along the grand trunk railroad that leads to wealth
an' fame,
An' men rush to these depo's as fast as they can
fly,
As the train of Opportunity jest goes a thunderin'
by.

They rush down to the stations with their hair all
stood on end,
As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin'
roun' the bend;
An' some men groan an' cry aloud, and some con-
ceal their pain,
W'en they find that they have got there jest in time
to miss the train.

But the cars puff through the valleys and go a
whirlin' by,
An' float their banners of w'ite smoke like flags of
victory;
They leap the flowin' rivers, an' through the tunnels
grope,
An' cross the mountains of Despair to the table-lands
of Hope.

The grand trunk railroad of Success, it runs through
every clime,
But the cars of Opportunity, they go on schedule
time,
An' never are their brakes reversed, they won't
back up again,
To take the men who get there jest in time to miss
the train.

—Yankee Blade.

THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

She is tall and lithe and slender,
A fair product of her gender;
In her feelings she is tender
As a child.

She is modest, suave and gracious,
With a foot and hand not spacious;
Tho' a bit loquacious
She is mild.

She is good at canvas sketching;
She can take a hand at stretching;
And on learning rules of etching
She is bent.

She can satisfy your wishes
As to names of rocks and fishes,
But she cannot wash the dishes
Worth a cent.

—Boston Traveler.

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

A Mother's Love.

A curious and very long letter has been received by the department of agriculture from a woman in South Carolina, says a Washington letter to the N. Y. Tribune, containing a request for garden seeds and silk-worm eggs. The request, however, did not appear until several pages had been given to her family history. In substance it was this: She had an only child, a boy four years of age. She had but one object in life—but one thing to live for. To raise this boy, educate and establish him, was her aim, and would make her only happiness in this world. Her plans for the boy's training were set forth in detail in her letter; his education, step by step, was explained, up to entering college—the college named, his whole course in college followed with much exactness, and leaving college, his profession, and finally his disposition in the practice of his profession. All this covered several pages, and it was not without interest, though the reading did occupy a good deal of government time. But with such a mother the boy's future looked promising, in spite of possible failure of silk-worm crops and unprosperous vegetable gardens. It was a growing plan of work, a labor of love, to be carried on for twenty years, but its very start and foundation rested upon silk-worms and garden seeds. Suddenly the tone of the letter changed. In a few words the truth was told. Before she could realize even the beginning of her fondest dream the boy was taken from her—had died. Her object in life was now gone, and though she had so little in life to live for, still she needed the silk-worm eggs and garden seeds more than ever. Though she could not make money to bring up and educate her boy, she could and would build him a monument. This she should set about at once, and she urged the secretary of agriculture to send silk-worm eggs and garden seeds without delay, that she might go into the business of raising vegetables and growing silk-worms in order to make money to build the monument.

Of course the department of agriculture forwarded the capital at once.

Good News for the Deaf.

At the Convention of physicians held in Kansas City, the committee appointed from members of the different societies to investigate and report upon the most practical and reliable artificial means for relieving deafness, have reported unanimously upon the invisible device of H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., known as the Sound Disc, which concentrates the wave sound.

How a Lasso is Made.

First, the rawhide is cut in thin strips as long as possible and half tanned with the hair on. Then these strips are soaked and stretched over a block. Then they are braided into a rope, care being taken, of course, to pull the strands as tight as possible. When the riata (lasso) is made it should be buried for a week, ten days or even a fortnight, in the sand. It takes up moisture from the ground without getting hard. Soaking it in water won't do, nor will anything else that I know of except, as I say, burying it.

When the riata is resurrected it should again be left for a time stretched over a block, with a weight to hold it taut. Then the hair should be sandpapered off the outside, and when the riata is greased with mutton tallow and properly noosed it is ready for use. Every vaquero that pretends to take care of his apparatus will bury his riata and stretch it every six or eight months.—San Francisco Examiner.

We Told You So.

Six weeks ago a man named Scott opened a grocery store on Comanche street, and when we casually dropped in and mentioned the fact that The Kicker was the best advertising medium in the

West, he didn't enthuse. We knew there was something wrong about him, and we sent his description to the sixty-four sheriffs and chiefs of police who are constantly in communication with us. Last Thursday, just after we had gone to press, a detective arrived from Louisville and collared Mr. Scott, who is a defaulting county treasurer. He has left us, and we bought the stock of groceries at about twenty-two cents on the dollar. Had Mr. Scott advertised he would doubtless have built up a large and profitable business, but he took a wrong view of it and will probably go to State prison for fifteen or twenty years.—Arizona Kicker, through Detroit Free Press.

Good Manners.

There are several things always absent in a true lady, which girls will do well to notice and remember:

A lady, for example, will never ignore little kindnesses.

Conclude in a crowd that she has a right to push her way through.

Consume the time of people who can ill spare it.

Wear on the street a dress only fitted to the house or carriage.

Talk loudly in public places.

Wear a torn glove, when a needle and thread and a few stitches would make it all right.

Fail in answering letters or returning visits, unless she is ill or in trouble.

Fret about the heat or the cold, the sun or the rain, the air or the lack of it.

Make an engagement and then not be on time.

Complain of her family, or discuss personal affairs with strangers.

Always believe the worst rather than the best side of a story.

A lady does not do any other than make the best of everything—the world, the weather and herself. She believes in the Golden Rule, and endeavors as far as possible to live up to it; and that's what you and I ought to promise every morning that we will try and do during the day.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Consumption Surely Cured.

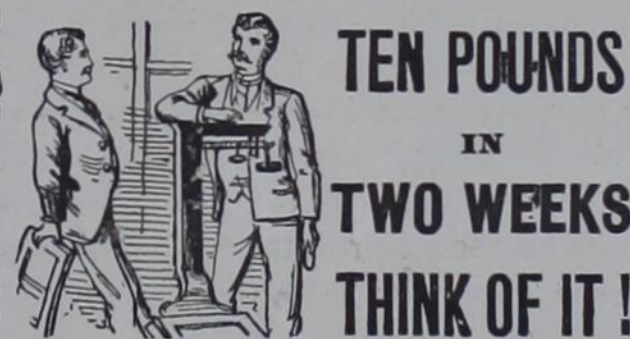
To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their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

Natural.

"Now, there's Jones; he's the best natured man I ever saw—lets other fellows make jokes at his expense all day long."

"Is that so?"

"Yes, he is the proprietor of a comic weekly."—Printers' Ink.



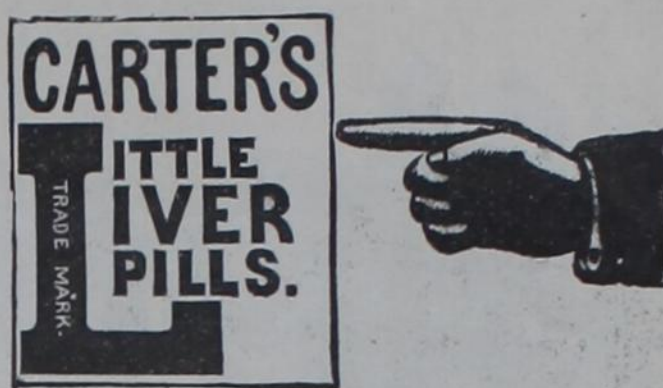
As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites
Of Lime and Soda
is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

PHOTOS 14 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c; 50 for 25c. NOVELTY CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odessa, Ind., Nov. 29.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more. ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills.

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

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm; large profits, quick sales. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 842 Broadway, N. Y.

\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

MADAME GIOVANNINI, 37 East 64th street. Young Ladies' Home School of Music, Languages, Elocution and Painting. English Department. Terms moderate.

L.A.B. INDIAN ASTHMA CURE. Send two-cent stamp for trial package and circular. Eastern Drug & Chemical Co. 71 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

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

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, 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 cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

MONEY IN FRUIT POULTRY AND STOCK

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

\$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.



TAPER fingers should give the pianist a light touch.—Hotel Gazette.

SAILORS ought to be well acquainted with the deckalogue.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THOSE people who always say just what they think ought to stop thinking.—Boston Post.

THE only possible variety of shirt that is now lacking is a linen one with a flannel collar.—Puck.

"It rains on rich and poor alike," we are told; but where does the umbrella come in?—Puck.

DID any man ever feel that he secured the sympathy he deserved when sick?—Milwaukee Journal.

WHEN money is tight it is quiet. That is more than can be said of a man.—Yonkers Statesman.

A BARBED-WIRE Trust is a very different thing from trusting a barbed wire.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

CRYING piece when there is no piece—Boy asking for pie when the pantry is empty.—Boston Herald.

THE first cucumbers have arrived. There will soon be music in the heir.—Smith & Gray's Monthly.

THE city gas is again in bad odor with consumers. Light is needed on this matter.—Philadelphia Press.

THE hen is a splendid example of perseverance, but she is an example you can't always set.—Troy Press.

THERE has been dyspepsia in the Cabinet ever since it had a Secretary of the Interior.—New Orleans Picayune.

WE presume that if ripples on the mouth of a river make it smile, high waves make it roar.—Boston Post.

TURKEYS are the most innocent of birds. The most silly woman in the world can stuff one.—Lowell Mail.

A sight that mortals seldom see
Comes with open weather.
The ice man and the plumber now
Are weeping both together.
—Danzville Breeze.

AN Omaha man has an egg he claims he has kept for ten years. It must be a decade egg, of course.—Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN you find a woman who does not enjoy being a martyr you have found a woman who has short hair.—Atchison Globe.

TALK about dress as you please, but it is the man employed at the abattoir who wears the killing costumes.—Boston Courier.

THE defense in the Cronin case claims that the famous white horse was gray. That is a horse of another color.—Boston Herald.

HAVE your picture taken while you have money. Secure your shadow ere your substance fades.—New Orleans Picayune.

"ONLY a Clothes Line" is the title of a new book. The public will never take to such a dry subject as that.—Kearney Enterprise.

A MAN who is writing a book on the morality of the stage, says that skirt dancing is nothing if not elevating.—Dramatic Mirror.

IN Mexico forty-eight languages are spoken, not including the one in common use by people who miss the trains by only a few minutes.—Troy Press.

THE opinions of a lineman when on the top of a pole stringing wires may be taken as a sort of comment-airy on current events.—Baltimore American.

THE men in Chicago are so impolite that if a hen should get on a crowded street-car and want to sit no one would get up and give her a chance.—Yonkers Statesman.

For any case of nervousness, sleeplessness, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Relief is sure. The only nerve medicine for the price in market.

"Gwine Back Home."

As we waited in the Louisville & Nashville depot at Nashville for a train, says a New York Sun writer, some one began crying, and an excitement was raised among the passengers. A brief investigation proved that it was an old colored man who was giving way to his grief. Three or four people remarked on the strangeness of it, but for some time no one said anything to him. Then a depot policeman came forward and took him by the arm and shook him roughly, and said:

"See here, old man, you want to quit that! You are drunk, and if you make any more disturbance I'll lock you up!"

"Deed, but I hain't drunk," replied the old man, as he removed his tear-stained handkerchief. "Ize lost my ticket an' money, an' dat's what's de matter."

"Bosh! You never had any money to lose. You dry up or away you go."

"What's the matter yere?" queried a man as he came forward.

The old man recognized the dialect of the southerner in an instant, and repressing his emotions with a great effort he answered:

"Say, Mars Jack, I'ze been robbed."

"My name is White."

"Well, den, Mars White, somebody has dun robbed me of ticket an' money."

"Where were you going?"

"Gwine down into Kaintuck, whar I was bo'n an' raised."

"Where's that?"

"Nigh to Bowlin' Green, sah, an' wen de wah dun sot me free I cum up dis way. Hain't bin home sence, sah."

"And you had a ticket?"

"Yes, sah, an' ober \$20 in cash. Bin savin' up fur ten yairs, sah."

"What do you want to go back for?"

"To see de hills and de fields, de tobacker an' de co'n, Mars Preston an' de good ole missus. Why, Mars White, I'ze dun been prayin' fur it fo' twenty yairs. Sometimes de longin' has cum till I couldn't hardly hold myself."

"It's too bad."

"De ole*woman is buried down dar, Mars White; de ole woman an' free chillen. I kin 'member de spot same as if I seed it yisterday. You go out ha'f way to de fust tobacker-house, an' den you turn to de left an' go down to de branch whar de wimmen used to wash. Dar's fo' trees on de odder bank, an' right under 'em is whar dey is all buried. I kin see it! I kin lead you right to de spot!"

"And what will you do when you get there?" asked the stranger.

"Go up to de big house an' ax Mars Preston to let me lib out all de rest of my days right dar. I'ze old and all alone, an' I want to be nigh my dead. Sorter company fur me when my heart aches."

"Where were you robbed?"

"Out doahs, dar, I reckon, in de crowd. See? De pocket is all cut out. I'ze dreamed an' pondered—I'ze had dis journey in my mind for yairs an' yairs, an' now I'ze dun been robbed an' can't go!"

He fell to crying, and the policeman came forward in an officious manner.

"Stand back, sir!" commanded the stranger. "If you lay a hand on that nigger I'll kill you! Now, gentlemen, you have heard the story. I'm going to help the old man back to die on the old plantation and be buried alongside of his dead."

"So am I!" called twenty men in chorus, and within five minutes we had raised enough to buy him a ticket and leave \$50 to spare. And when he realized his good luck the old snow-haired black fell on his knees in that crowd and prayed:

"Lord, I'ze been a believer in you all my days, an' I now dun axes you to watch ober dese yere white folks dat has

believed in me an' helped me to go back to de ole home."

And I do believe that nine-tenths of that crowd had tears in their eyes as the gateman called out the train for Louisville.

Fellows who Fascinate.

"And would you marry the sort of man who fascinates you?"

"Yes, indeed. I don't think there are any of them good enough, so there's not much choice, and you are more apt to be happy with the man who fascinates you to the extent of making you forget his faults than with the one who has so few faults and is so moral he just isn't anything else."

"I'll tell you the kind of man I call fascinating," said a bright chatty married lady with well-established opinions. "It is the one who always says the courteous, agreeable thing, whether he means it or not. The one who helps you out of a street car as if you were a princess royal. The one who continually piques your curiosity by making you feel that he is keeping something back, and that never really allows you to believe that you know all about him. I like him to be cultured in the broadest sense, to have traveled and read and thought so much that he has something to say, and with authority, on all subjects, and yet who pays you the most subtle of all compliments by occasionally referring to your opinion or asking your indorsement of his views."

"The man I call fascinating," said a girl with a reputation for possessing all the fascinations belonging to women, as well as understanding those peculiar to men. "is the big, manly, strong, gentle one. I don't admire that detestable creature known as the male flirt, but one who, when thrown with a person of the opposite sex, makes her feel, for the time being at least, that she is the only woman in the world worth talking to."—New York Sun.

THEY STRUCK IT RICH.

Three Men Each Draw \$15,000 from The Louisiana State Lottery.

Fortune continues to smile upon Philadelphians. Several residents of this city have been fortunate enough to draw large prizes in The Louisiana State Lottery, but the present month breaks the record, as three comparatively poor men were suddenly made rich by a small investment, each holding one-twentieth of ticket Number 8132, which drew the capital prize of \$300,000.

The lucky men are W. Condingley, of 2952 Fairhill street; J. S. Aman, 2912 Thompson street, and Joseph Goodman, a salesman in the employ of the well known clothing house of N. Snellenberg & Co. at Fifth and South streets.

An item reporter visited these gentlemen this morning. Mr. Condingley was the first one called upon and said: "Yes, I was very fortunate, and I feel very much elated over my good luck."

"My brother and myself invested in one ticket and we will divide equally. We expect to invest our money in real-estate."

Mr. Aman, who is employed by the Keystone Watch Case Company, at Nineteenth and Brown streets, stated: "My mother and I invested in one ticket, and I could hardly believe my eyes when I received the list and noticed that my number won \$15,000."

"I do not know, as yet, how I will invest my money, but you can rest assured I shall make good use of it." Mr. Goodman was seen at his place of employment. "I had the one-twentieth of ticket numbered 8132," he said; "which drew the capital prize, and I received my money on last Saturday. There were two other gentlemen interested with me in the ticket; both of them are salesmen in the store. We divided up, and each received \$5,000. We have all deposited our money in bank, and will invest it where we see a good opportunity."—Philadelphia (Pa.) Item, March 24.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

Traveling Etiquette.

Is there a sleeping-car etiquette, as well as laws of good breeding for other quarters?

The writer, on a recent trip from Asheville, N. C., to Washington, had occasion to consider this inquiry.

A family, evidently of means and social standing, consisting of six persons—four women, young and old, and two men—monopolized the services of the sleeping-car porter and of the person in charge of the buffet-car, so that no one could get a meal. They were noisy until a late hour of the night, so that no one could sleep, and they were so oblivious of the dictates of common decency as not even to thank a gentleman who had given up a lower berth to one of the ladies.

These people were purse-proud, vulgar and offensive, and yet no one, conductor or other person, rebuked them. It was a relief to reach Washington and be free from the forced and disagreeable association.

It is evident that there are lots of such arrogant and ill bred parties traveling over the land, and it would serve them right if passengers should some time combine and make it "hot" for them.

The railway employes seem to be afraid of them, and they appear to ignore the existence of the rest of the world. They deserve punishment for their rude and selfish behavior and rarely get it.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Willing to Oblige.

McFerguson (on his knees)—"Oh, Maria, be considerate and put me out of my misery at once!"

Maria—"I will, Mr. McFerguson; you stay there till I get the shot-gun."—Puck.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.

SCOTCH ZEPHYRS.

"D. & J. Anderson's"

CELEBRATED MANUFACTURE.

Novelties in Bourettes, Tartans, Plaids, Stripes, Checks and Bordered Effects.

One of the most RELIABLE Fabrics for

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S WEAR

FRERES KOECHLIN'S
PRINTED SATEENS.

Broadway & 19th St

NEW YORK.