

We 12 to #16 minus 11

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 16.
Copyrighted 1890, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

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



TEARS, IDLE TEARS.

LITTLE GIRL—I WANT THE (SOB) UGLIEST VALEN—VALENTINE IN THE SHOP TO—TO (SOB) SEND TO THE OTHER WOMAN WHO STOLE (SOB) THE 'FECSHUNS OF THE ONLY MAN I—I—EVER LOVED' (BOO HOO.)

COLORED LADY—(SOBBING CONVULSIVELY)—YOU PORE CHILE, COME WEEP ON DIS BUZZOM. A YALLER BARBER UP IN HARLEM PLAYED ME DAT SAME TRICK. O, LORDY! O, LORDY!

Texas Siftings.

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

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

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 15, 1890.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4 00
Foreign countries.....75c. extra,
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

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

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

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

Eds. Texas Siftings.

Love is light; hate darkness.

An inn-quest—hunting a tavern.

A POLL-TAX—money invested in wigs.

A CHARACTER of great breadth—Falstaff's.

CRADLE and coffin are the bounds that inclose the world.

Do OFFICERS who retire from the army fall back on their own dignity?

It is with characters as it is with coats—better a bad one than none at all.

UNFORTUNATE are those who have just enough sense to realize their own folly.

THE Improved Order of Red Men—Indians ordering lager beer rather than whisky.

THE man who defied anybody to pick his pocket hadn't anything in his pocket to pick.

Who says there are no people of *ton* in the West? Up in Illinois there is a town that is Al-ton.

THERE are only ten soldiers in the army of the Prince of Monaco. Good chance for a weakly review.

CHICAGO mourns the death of an old citizen, Hassan A. Hopkins. Of course it Hassan A. Hopkins if he is dead.

A BALTIMORE clergyman preached on the subject: Why was Lazarus a beggar? Perhaps Lazarus didn't advertise.

NO USE of a man's saying he can't find work. Harvesting is going on in some part of the world every month in the year.

It really seems as though you could sell almost anything to an English Syndicate now. An E. S. has bought Forepaugh's circus.

WHERE is there a greater satire upon man than in a game of chess, where the queen has to do all the work and the king is the one to be protected?

THE city clergyman who can preach the most scathing sermon against the corruptions of municipal government, never goes to the polls to vote.

A LECTURE bureau wants to engage Thomas Bailey Aldrich to make a tour through the country reading his latest and longest poem, Wyndham Towers. But would these Wyndham tours succeed in raising the wind?

A MISER explained as follows why he gave nothing to charity: The right hand should not let the left hand know what it gives, eh? Very well. I will not encourage my right hand in such selfish and egotistic charity. It shall give nothing.

A WESTERN man, announcing the illness of the editor, piously adds: "All subscribers who have paid cash in advance are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing." This is pretty rough on the clergyman who had been getting free copies,



HE TRAVELER'S MISTAKE.

"I have lost my way," said the traveling man
Who had walked over Johnny-cake Ridge;
"Will you please direct me to Doctor Brown?
I was told that he lived near this bridge."

"He don't, no such thing," answered Farmer John,
"You have made a mistake, it is plain,

Though there's lots 'sides you who don't know enough
To keep in when it's goin' to rain."

"Beg your pardon, sir, but this Doctor Brown
Is to pay me some money to-day;
And I'm almost sure that he owns this field
And that large brown house over the way."

"You're a northeast idjit," the farmer said,
"For he doesn't own houses or lands;
And his wealth, I know, I could easy lose
In the hollow of one of my hands."

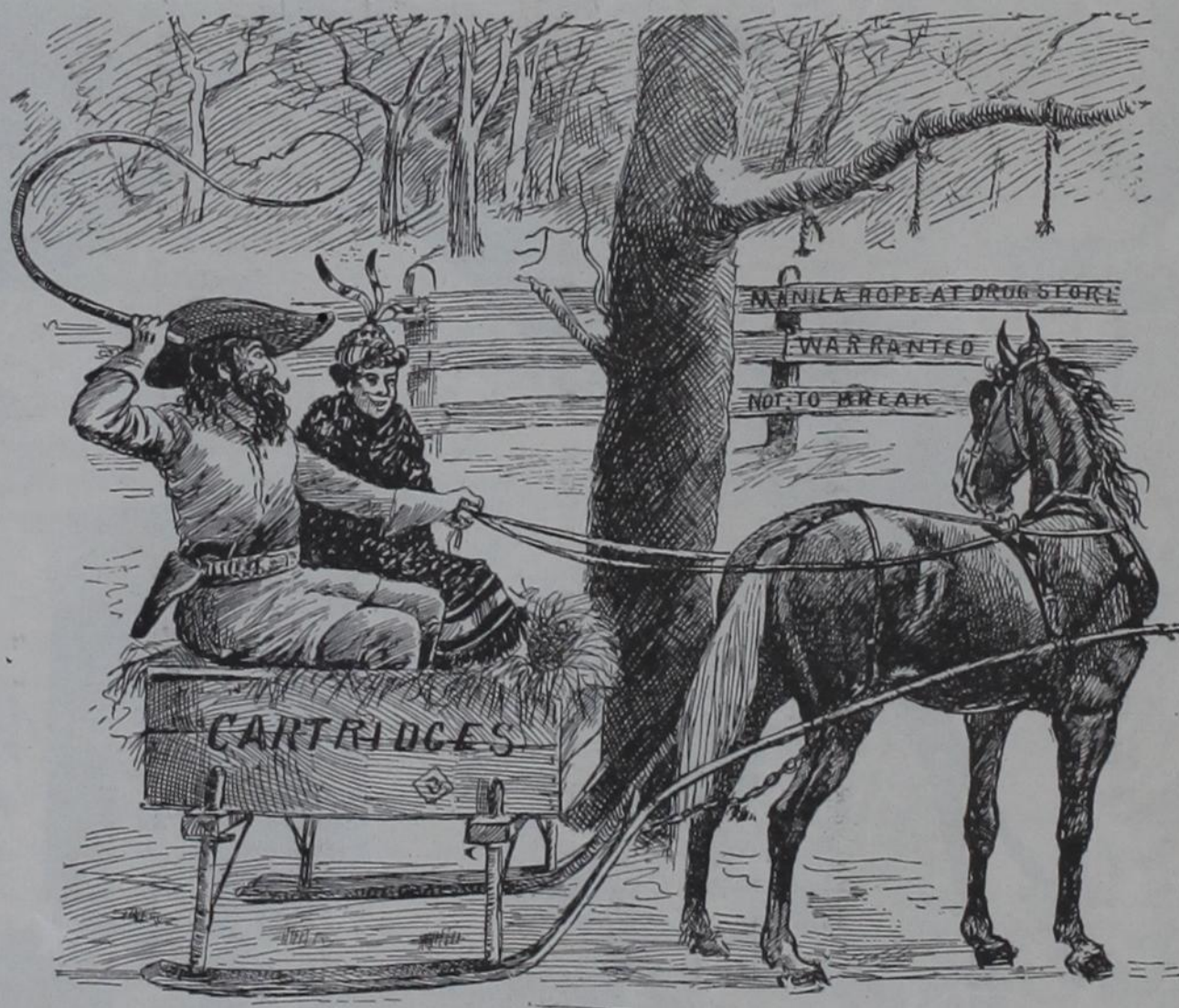
"You are rude, my friend," said the gentleman,
"But his own words more cheering will be;
You are not acquainted with him, I fear,
But you see he's related to me."

"No, he ain't!" and Farmer John stamped his foot,
"An' you dassent say I am not right;
There's no Doctor Brown that lives around here;
There was once, but he died just last night."

M. A. B.

DON'T BE TAKEN IN BY A BOGUS MICROBE.

Dr. See, of New York, jeers at the Vienna doctors who claim to have discovered the influenza microbe. The microbe that they think they have discovered was brought to light seven years ago by Dr. See himself, and isn't an influenza microbe at all, but the pneumonia microbe, developed to an extraordinary degree of strength and malignity by *la grippe*. When a scientific doctor like See has, by long and patient study, or study of a patient, discovered a valuable microbe he ought to be allowed to have it all to himself, and it is very mean to try and get it away from him. About the time that the doctor made his discovery in 1883, a



LIFE IN PIZEN CREEK

MISS SADIE PULLTRIGGER (roguishly)—Colonel, I'm afraid you have an awful lazy horse. He stops at every large tree he comes to.

COL. WHIPSAW (of Rattlesnake Rancho)—He ain't lazy—that's jess a habit he's got into, Miss Pulltrigger. I rode that hoss to five diff'rent lynchin' bees last week. No wonder he stops when he comes to a tree!

Dr. Friedlander in Berlin thought that he had got the genuine article by the tail, so to speak, and so reported to the Berlin Medical Society. He said his microbe wore a hood, by which it could be easily recognized. Dr. See ridicules the idea of a pneumonia microbe going around with a hood on, like Little Red Riding Hood, and says proudly, "My microbe, which is the only genuine one, has no hood at all, but is long and shaped much like a grain of wheat." So, don't be deceived by a microbe in a hood. He is trying to hoodwink you. Buy only Dr. See's microbe, which is good as the wheat. See?

number twenty-two took place in New Jersey. Not satisfied with having more than her share of prize-fights, Jersey scoops in Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty. If this greediness is not stopped it may result in something serious. She may get something some of these days that will put her in the position of the Irishman who caught a wildcat, and in a few moments found that he was getting the worst of it. "Mike! Mike!" he called, "wud ye come here at wunst and help me let this dom thing go?" It is sometimes easier to catch than to let go. Jersey must look out for herself.

PASSING HIM AROUND.

There seems to be a disposition to solve the race problem in the South by passing the negro around. Immigration agents are busy transferring the surplus negro population from North Carolina into Texas. After a while the race problem will have to be solved in Texas, and then we suppose they will send their surplus blacks into Arkansas or some other State that doesn't want them, having enough blacks of its own. In this way the negro will learn a little geography, at least. He will see a good deal of the country, and the country will see a good deal of the negro. The consequences of bringing that first cargo of Africans to America have not all been developed yet.

CARE OF THE EYES.

Imperfect eyesight, like baldness, is rapidly increasing among the American people. The causes for this defective vision are numerous. One of the causes for blindness is love. Love is blind, very blind—when the girl is rich. At the same time it is a little strange if love is really blind that spooney couples persist in turning the light so low. Another cause of blindness is reading on the cars when they are in motion. Another kind of blindness is caused by poverty. There are men who hold out hats who are not blind by nature, but merely by profession. Another kind of blindness is color blindness. If you don't know what that is, wait until your wife sends you to a dry goods store to match a piece of ribbon. Then your eyes will be opened on the subject of color blindness. But there are remedies for weak eyes besides those employed by the oculists. Get married or speculate in Wall street. Either will serve as an eye-opener. In this connection, we may remark that a prominent American city, by not keeping her eyes open, has lost the site of the World's Fair.

ADULTERATION.

Almost everything is adulterated, but the most dangerous adulterations are those of food. It happens occasionally that sugar goes up so high as to produce a slight increase in the price of sand. Glucose also masquerades in sugar. There are a great many p's in pepper, but not half as many as there are in coffee. Chicory also feels the thrill of high prices in coffee. Beer can be made out of anything. If a brewer wants to, he can make it out of hops and malt. N. B.—He never wants to. Raspberry jam is made of stewed tomatoes and hay seed. In fact, the raspberry jam of commerce is made of almost everything except raspberries. The adulteration of lard seems likely to go on until a pig can be devised that can grow cotton instead of bristles, and whose fat will consist entirely of cotton oil seed. "In union there is strength," as the creameryman remarked when he mixed a lot of lard with the butter. Moreover, there is so much oleomargarine in circulation that no one knows on which side his bread is buttered. Nice maple sugar, fresh from Vermont, is made in New York by inserting one pound of maple into ten pounds of glucose.

TOO GREEDY.

There were over two hundred prize-fights in 1889 of sufficient interest to go on record, in which either skin-tight gloves or bare knuckles were used. Of this

THE NIHILIST COAT.

(Translated from the French.)

Monsieur S. was an editor on the staff of the leading Warsaw paper. One cold morning he was ambling over the frozen ground in the direction of his office with a brand new overcoat on, when the passing police superintendent patted him and asked him to follow him to the office. Monsieur S. had enough respect for his own welfare to do so.

After a sharp inquiry into his personal affairs, he was asked where his coat came from.

"From Posen."

"I thought so," said the superintendent. "You can go."

Mons. S. went on, no little mystified. Thereafter, whenever he appeared in the street in his new overcoat he was sure to meet a police spy, who invariably halted him and searched his pockets. The regularity with which this occurred became monotonous, and he called on the superintendent requesting an explanation.

"Why do you wear this overcoat?" demanded the superintendent.

"Because I have no other. What has that to do with the question?"

"Nothing; only my men have orders to stop you every time you are seen in the street in that overcoat."

"Why?"

"The coat came from Posen, didn't it?"

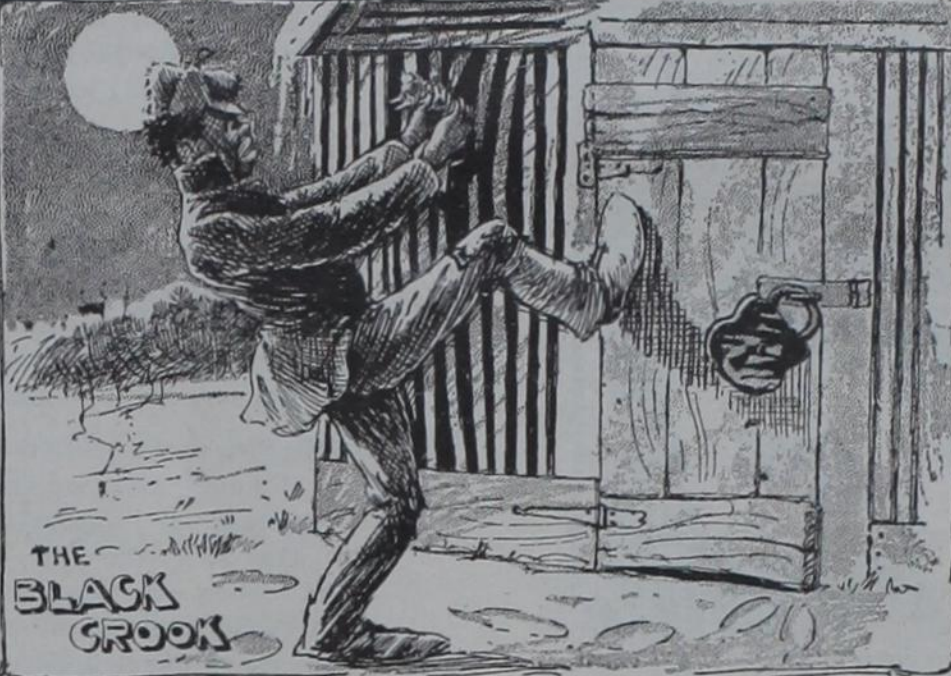
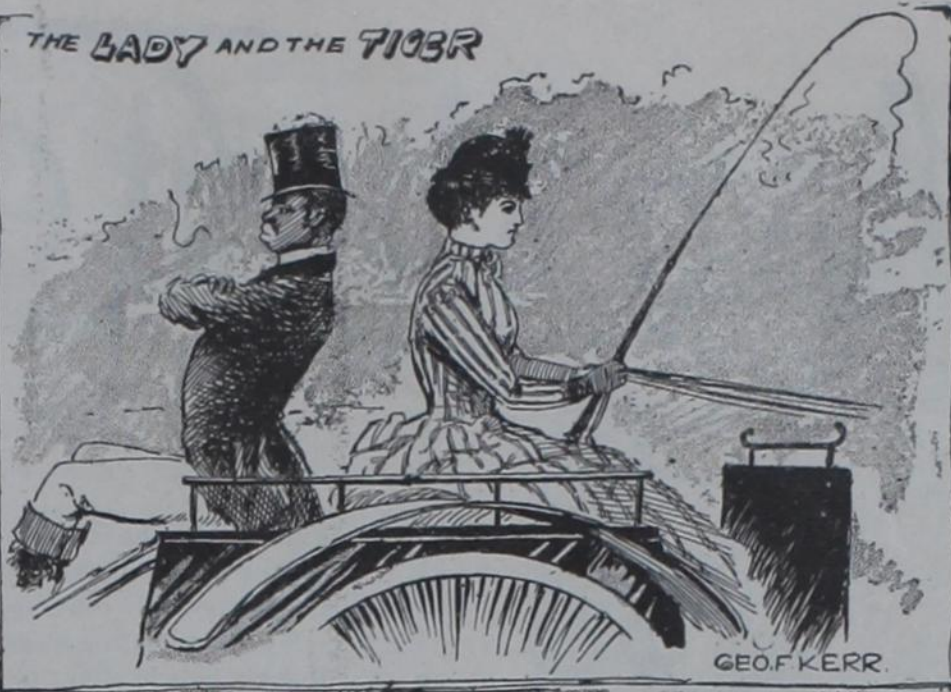
"Yes."

"Well, Posen is the hot-bed of Nihilism. The head of the movement there is the cloth manufacturer K. The cloth your coat is made of came from his factory. Do you perceive?"

"Not quite. Because a Nihilist makes the cloth I wear am I necessarily a Nihilist too?"

"If you were you would have been in Siberia long ago. Still, your wearing that coat is a bad example. Take my advice and get another."

Mons. S. being a simple journalist it was difficult for him to get another overcoat, as journalists can



ILLUSTRATED PLAYS (UPON WORDS.)

readily understand, but he contrived to do it and was molested no further.

A TEXAS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

The shop windows are already illuminated with the many-hued caricatures, and some of those who intend to utilize the opportunity to lacerate the feelings of some real or imaginary enemy are making purchases.

One day last week a rather seedy looking man of about forty years of age entered a store in a Texas town and requested that some of the valentines be shown him.

"What sort of a valentine are you looking for?" asked the proprietor.

"Well," replied the customer, "I reckon I've got the toughest looking gang of relatives in the world, and I want to touch em on their sore place. I've got it in pertickerly for a pesky brother-in-law of mine. He has been dunnin' me off and on for the last six years for a little bill of eleven dollars. You see I boarded with him for a while."

"What sort of a looking man is he?"

"He is a saller-complected galoot, with a nose like a Chinese lantern. He is round-shouldered like a coon, and he looks as if he expected to be hung for sheep-stealin' in about five minutes. Give me a picter that will fairly make him beller."

The proprietor looked over his collection and produced a picture of a deformed man with hair that stood up like a frayed broom, a nose adorned with a large pink abnormal growth, and a blue pumpkin on the side of his face. Underneath was the inscription, "Too much cheek."

"That fits the whelp of Satan. I should say he had too much cheek. Just think of his dunning me for a little board-bill after it had done been barred by the statue of limits. I'll take that one, and I know it will make him sicker than Job when he had the biles. Now I want something for my wife's uncle. He is a long-legged rooster with two front teeth gone and a bad eye. He looks as though he had been dead about a week. The darned bum refused to go on my bond for \$200, so I had to go to jail."

The accommodating store-keeper called the customer's attention to a picture that was a libel on Satan himself, but it was not bad enough to fit the case.

"Now," remarked the store-keeper humorously, "if you are troubled with a mother-in-law here is something neat," and he held up a picture—a sharp-featured spectacled female, with a nose several inches long and eyes that would have tamed a tiger.

The customer looked at the horrible apparition, and then said slowly:

"Stranger, that fits her to a dot."

"Only five cents."

The customer heaved a sigh, and shaking his head said: "I don't mind rolling all my wife's relatives in the mud, exceptin' her mother. I'd no more think of

sending that old woman that picture than I'd think of leaning up agin the rear end of a mule to rest myself. It makes me shudder to talk about it. Take it away," and paying for his purchases he left the store with a scared look on his face.

ANECDOTE OF BEN BUTLER.

He was called on by a man who wanted to have him talk with him.

"Mr. Butler," said the caller, "one of my neighbor's cows jumped my garden gate last night, and completely destroyed my wife's flower-beds. The gate was of the height required by law and was closed. Now, I wish to know whether I can obtain damages."

"Most assuredly," replied Butler.

"About how much?"

"Well, ten dollars, I should say."

"But, Mr. Butler, (triumphantly) the cow was yours."

"Ah!" said Mr. Butler, thoughtfully; and he looked mutterable things out of his bad eye. Then he turned to his desk, scratched off a few lines on a piece of paper and handed it to his visitor. It was in the form of an account and ran as follows:

"B. F. Butler to Mr. ——— dr. To damages caused by cow, \$10. Cr. By legal advice, \$15; bal. due, \$5."

"Mr. ———," said Mr. Butler, softly, "you needn't hurry about the payment."

CONVERSATIONAL ITEM.

D.—What did you say?

E.—I didn't say anything at all.

D.—You didn't, eh? Well, next time express yourself more plainly, if you please.

BUSINESS.

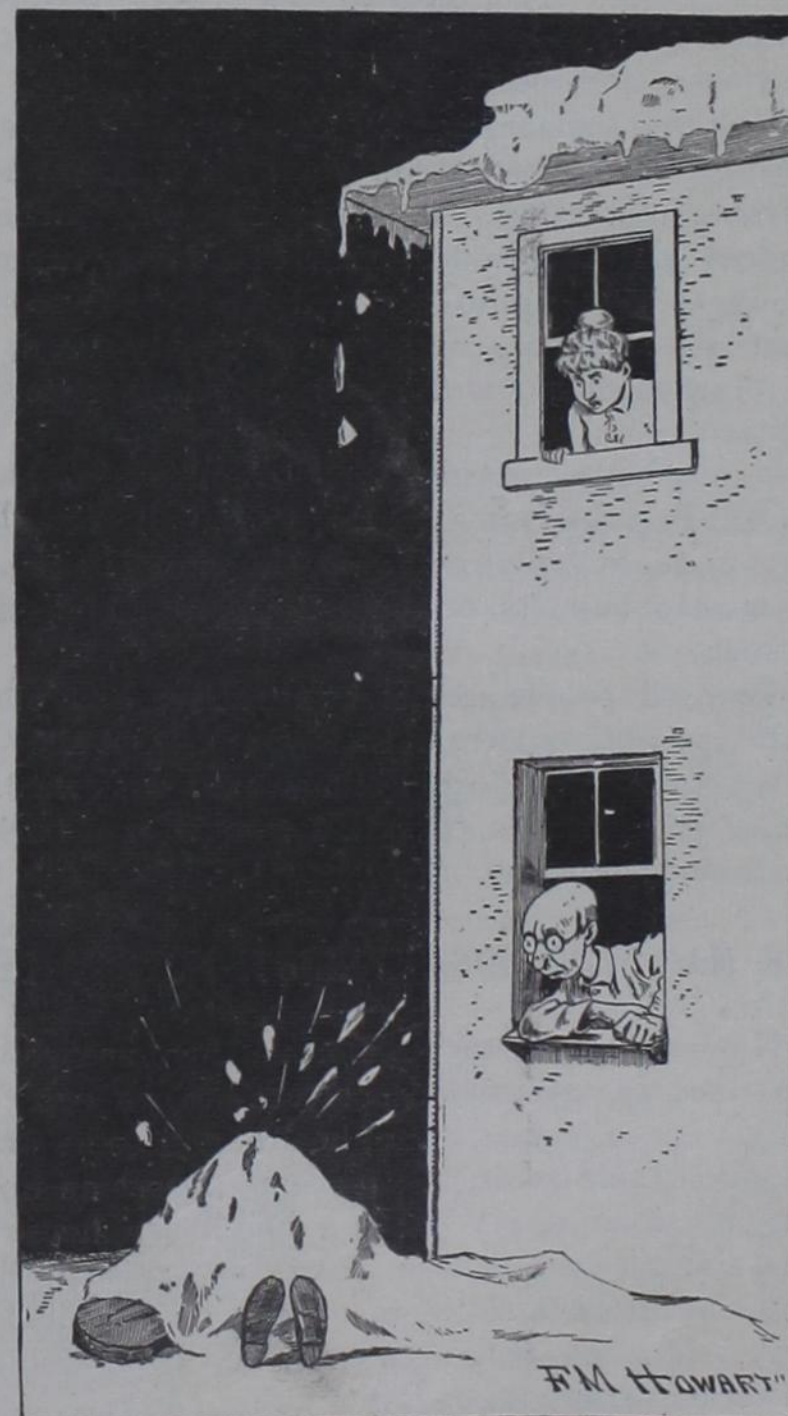
The Prince Ashbarreleski—Miss Cræsus, I love you. Will you be my wife?

Miss Cræsus—What are your lowest terms?



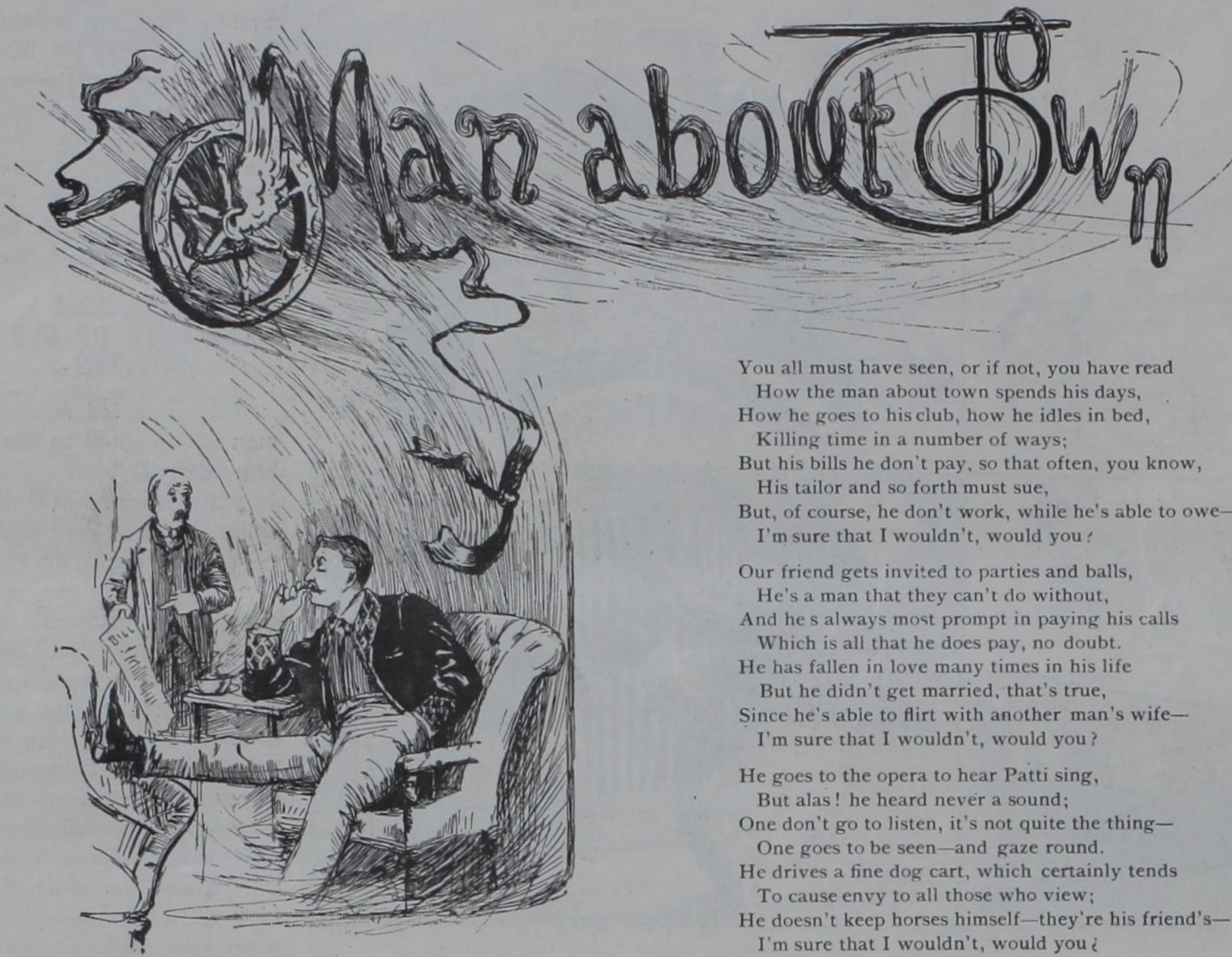
IN SIGHT.

SERENADER (singing)—I will away! a-w-a-y! a-w-a-a-y-y!



VANISHED.

PARTY IN FIRST STORY—That fellow appears to have gotten away pretty quickly, somehow or other.



You all must have seen, or if not, you have read
How the man about town spends his days,
How he goes to his club, how he idles in bed,
Killing time in a number of ways;
But his bills he don't pay, so that often, you know,
His tailor and so forth must sue,
But, of course, he don't work, while he's able to owe—
I'm sure that I wouldn't, would you?

Our friend gets invited to parties and balls,
He's a man that they can't do without,
And he's always most prompt in paying his calls
Which is all that he does pay, no doubt.
He has fallen in love many times in his life
But he didn't get married, that's true,
Since he's able to flirt with another man's wife—
I'm sure that I wouldn't, would you?

He goes to the opera to hear Patti sing,
But alas! he heard never a sound;
One don't go to listen, it's not quite the thing—
One goes to be seen—and gaze round.
He drives a fine dog cart, which certainly tends
To cause envy to all those who view;
He doesn't keep horses himself—they're his friend's—
I'm sure that I wouldn't, would you?

Now like our young friend there's many a one
Who travels on check, and that's all,
It's perhaps the best way when all's said and done
If you don't get caught tripping and fall.
You may boom champagnes, you may advertise wares
For houses that pay what is due,
But don't show your hand, or you will certainly land where
I'm sure I wouldn't, would you?

I'm sure that I wouldn't, would you?
I'm sure that I wouldn't, would you?
I don't think you would,
Anyhow if you could—
I'm sure that I wouldn't, would you?

LEWIS ROSENTHALL.

HUMAN LIFE.



SAYS an eloquent writer: "Youth is the blossom of human life, as infancy is its bud, and old age its season of decay." Alas! that youth of fairest promise should oftentimes bear a fruitage that, like the apples of the Dead Sea, is but ashes and bitterness, as is the case with the dude, that outgrowth of city civilization.

Thank God for the rural youth, who is the only hope of the country and the bunco steerer.

With the female sex the preservation of youth, or rather of the appearance of youth, is a matter of considerable importance. It is only after she reaches her hundred and twenty-fifth year that lovely woman is willing to own up to her real age. "Time works wonders," said the young man of twenty-seven, when he returned home and found his elder sister only eighteen.

Female ballet girls attain an incredible age. Nobody believes that they are as old as they really are. Some of them might be interviewed with profit in regard to the mound builders, or about the personal appearance of Noah.

Very old people are not as attractive and pleasing to the eye as they were in their youth. Old age should be serious, for as Josh Billings once remarked: "A festive old man, or a frisky old woman, is a burlesque on all kinds of levity."

THE MAN WHO DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO LEAVE.

How many unfortunate mortals there are who don't know how to take their departure—to get out. They can get out of money, out of health, and some of them get out of their heads, but it seems almost an impossibility for them to get out of a neighbor's house after once getting in. It is a distressing episode when a visitor has to be assisted in making up his mind to go away. It is like helping a lame dog over a stile, and the style is rarely becoming to either party.

It is hard to say which appears the greatest fool under such circumstances—the guest or his host. It is awkward for a man, after having enticed another into his house, to be unable to coax him to go out of it again. And yet how often has this to be done, because the

party of the second part doesn't know how to leave, and leave any kind of an impression behind.

If the art of departure is difficult that of ejection is harder to learn. It is not a dignified proceeding to reverse the engine of hospitality. But what can be done with the man who doesn't know how to leave your roof? Invite him to take it with him?

There are people who are quite callous to all hints that they have stayed long enough. The undisguised yawns of the family, conscious of the lateness of the hour and anxious to get to bed, have no effect upon them. If in the smoking-room their cigars burn down to a stub—they will surely go, for you offer them no more, but they arise, go to the mantel-piece and calmly help themselves to fresh ones. If you are living in the country you may even wind the clock and kick the dog out of doors, and still the man who doesn't know how to leave will remain to torture you.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE BAT.

In the original construction of this animal there was evidently a mistake made. Without its wings, it would almost be a mouse, if it had a tail; but if it only had feathers and a beak it would be a bird. There has a deal of superstition clustered around this uncanny little creature. It was easy enough back in the dark ages before the electric light, to couple it with witchcraft, though which craft it practiced was never definitely determined. The bat flies only at night, and that is wherein it differs from the brick-bat, which flies at any time. The bat never builds a nest, and has the very convenient habit of hanging up wherever it likes. Sometimes it will hang itself up by one wing, and stay put away for

months at a time, to wake up at last and go flopping about as lively as ever. Why the most effective instrument in the national game should have been called after this animal is a mystery, unless it is because it flies through the air so much without doing any damage. The base-ball bat could have been called a cudgel, a club or a maul, with a great deal more propriety. It used to be said of a man who stayed out late at night and enjoyed himself, that he was "out on a bat," but the expression is rapidly going out of use, and such as "unavoidably detained," and "out to meeting," are being substituted.

The bat may be herbivorous, carnivorous or omnivorous, either of the three. E. R. C.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

A SAD CASE.

Wife—How are you feeling to-day?
Poetical Shoemaker (who is consumptive)—Pretty bad. I'm afraid this boot will be the last song of the dying swan.

A MEAN INSINUATION.

Snobberly—My wife is going to be painted by Daub in her furs.
Cynical Friend—In her furs? Is Daub an animal painter?

A SEVERE REBUKE.

Ella—Ma, Cousin Bob kissed me this morning.
Mother—He did? I hope you rebuked him, Ella.
Ella—I did that very thing. I said, "Bob, you be careful not to do that when Pa or Ma are around, or you'll hear something drop."

OVERWORKED GUARDIAN ANGELS.

A.—Do you believe in guardian angels?
B.—Certainly.
A.—Then you should swear off. Your guardian angel must have had a nice job of it getting you home last night. You must not overwork him so. You must give him a holiday!

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

C.—Was the lady with whom I say you walking last evening your truly beloved?
D.—No, on the contrary; it was my wife.

ARCHITECTURAL ITEM.

Owner—I want the house to be built very substantially. The foundations are to be very solid.
Builder—Going to put more than one mortgage on it?



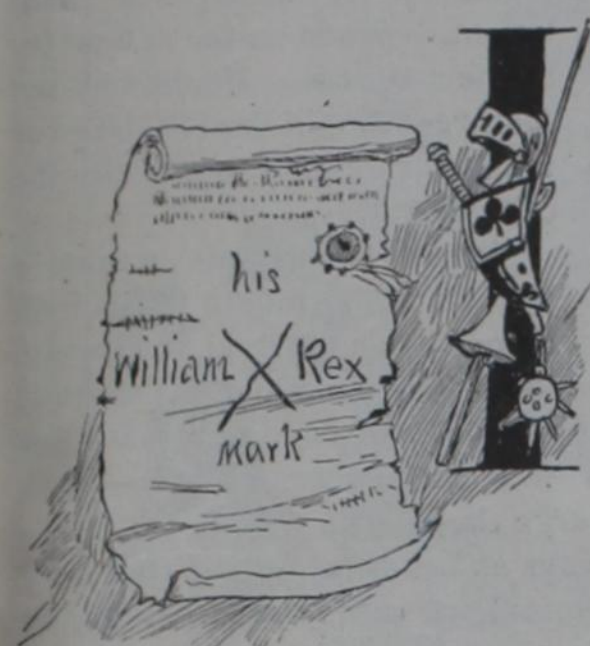
POETRY OF MOTION.

MARY—How graceful Mr. De Snob skates, does he not, Ella?
ELLA—Yes; the very poetry of motion.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XVI.



IT WAS during the reign of Philip I. of France, *chers enfants*, that the ever memorable invasion of England by William the Conqueror took place, which established the Norman dynasty in that country. He set sail from the French coast in September, 1066, won the decisive battle of Has-

tings in October following, and was crowned King of England at Westminster on Christmas day.

A very prompt and energetic man was William. His claim to the English throne was based upon a promise made to him by Edward the Confessor that he should succeed him. When Edward died William made formal demand for the crown, which was of course refused, and the Norman invasion quickly followed. If you ever visit Rouen, the capital of Normandy, go to the municipal museum and they will show you the signature of the Conqueror, attached to a musty old document. The signature is not in his own hand, because he couldn't write his name, even. But the cross he made over his name was done in a clear, bold hand. William died in Rouen in 1087. He had invaded France on account of a falling out he had with King Philip, and had captured and burned the city of Mantes, twenty-five miles from Paris. In riding through the ruins of that city his horse stumbled, and William received a fatal injury. He was conveyed to Rouen and died in an old monastery. A modern church now occupies the site, and in the wall is a tablet bearing the following inscription:

"Ici Guillaume le Conquerant est mort, 1087."

Here died William the Conqueror, 1087.

There was another event of great importance during the reign of Philip I., of which you have doubtless read, *mes jeunes amis*. This was the first crusade, organized to redeem Jerusalem from the dominion of the Turks. A poor monk named Peter the Hermit had made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and observed the manner in which Christians were insulted and abused and the holy places desecrated. He returned to France and so stirred up the people by his fervent preaching that a great army was soon on the march for Jerusalem. It is said to have numbered 100,000 horsemen and 600,000 foot soldiers. By the time they reached Jerusalem, however (June, 1099), famine, pestilence, disease and the sword had reduced the number to 60,000, but they proved sufficient to capture Jerusalem, which they did after a desperate siege of thirty-seven days. Over 70,000 Turks are said to have perished. The Latin Kingdom of Jerusalem was formed, with Godfrey de Bouillon, one of the crusade leaders, acting Governor. The crusaders wore a red cross—*croix*, in French—upon the right shoulder, hence the name *croisade*, or crusade.

Wonderful were the tales that the survivors of this first and most successful of the crusades brought back to France. They were put into song and sung by the first minstrels of which we have any account. They went from castle to castle and chateau to chateau, chanting wild tales of adventure in

Palestine, in return for which they received food and lodging. It is said that many of the jokes that cling to the minstrel stage of to-day originated with those twelfth century minstrels, but their antiquity is undoubtedly greater than that. The highest people in the land were glad to entertain the middle age minstrels, although many of them were past middle age. It was believed that they brought good luck to a house. Old pictures represent them seated in some old baronial hall, this minstrel playing the harp, that minstrel rattling the bones and another thumping the banjo, while they sang such familiar ballads as "Oh, Susanna," "Massa's in the holy, holy ground," etc. Around them sit noble lords and ladies admiring their lays, and anon laughing at their funny stories and conundrums:

First Retired Crusader—"Julius, can you tell me what village in New York State resembles de Holy Land?"

Second Retired Crusader—"Dar's holey land all through de Oil Regions, Godfrey."

First R. C.—"But dis is a village."

Second R. C.—"I gibs it up. What village in New York State resembles de Holy Land?"

First R. C.—"Canandaigua."

Second R. C.—"How does yer make dat out, Godfrey de Bouillon?"

First R. C.—"Pronounce Canan Canaan and leave the daigua off."

Interlocutor—"Jerusalem! what a chestnut."

Philip I. ruled France more than forty-seven years, one of the longest reigns in the annals of that country. On his death in 1108 he was succeeded by his son Louis VI. This was the second king of France who was called *le gros*, on account of being extremely fat. Louis the Fat was a man of ability and courage, and he occupied himself during a large part of his reign in putting down the mighty nobles who disputed his authority and in making the highways of the kingdom safe to travelers and merchants. In fact he was the first Capetian king who made himself feared and respected. He got into a war with the King of England, son of William the Conqueror, and Normandy was the theatre of the strife, which was only the prelude of a desperate and bloody struggle between these two nations that lasted for centuries.

In the battle of Brenneville Louis the Fat behaved with such coolness and courage as to excite the admiration of both armies. An English soldier, recognizing the king in the *mêlée*, seized the bridle of his horse and exclaimed, "The king is taken! the king is taken!" But the king raised his heavy battle-axe and clove the soldier's head, coolly remarking that in the game of chess it wasn't always easy to take a king.

A HERO.

Visiting Friend—What sort of a man is your husband? Is he very courageous?

Mrs. Sharptongue—Well, I reckon, or he never would have married me.



WHY HE WENT HUNGRY.

MR. HARDFIST (to beggar)—There is no excuse for being hungry in New York. There are plenty of cheap restaurants where you can get a good dinner at a mere nominal cost.

BEGGAR—But I haven't the mere nominal to meet the cost.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sergeant—Private Schultz, why do you refuse to associate with your fellow soldier? Do you imagine that you are already a non-commissioned officer? You are stupid enough, Lord knows.

A GOOD FRIEND.

Police Justice—When you broke into the house did you have an accomplice?

Burglar—Yes, my Jimmy.

A DEFECTIVE MEMORY.

Dr. Bowser McCulloch is one of the leading physicians of Waco. He recently purchased a very fine buggy horse from Sam Jones, who is something of a jockey. The purchase being completed, Dr. McCulloch inquired:

"Now that I have bought and paid for the horse, tell me candidly, Jones, is there anything the matter with him?"

"He has only one serious defect."

"What is that?"

"His memory is not very good."

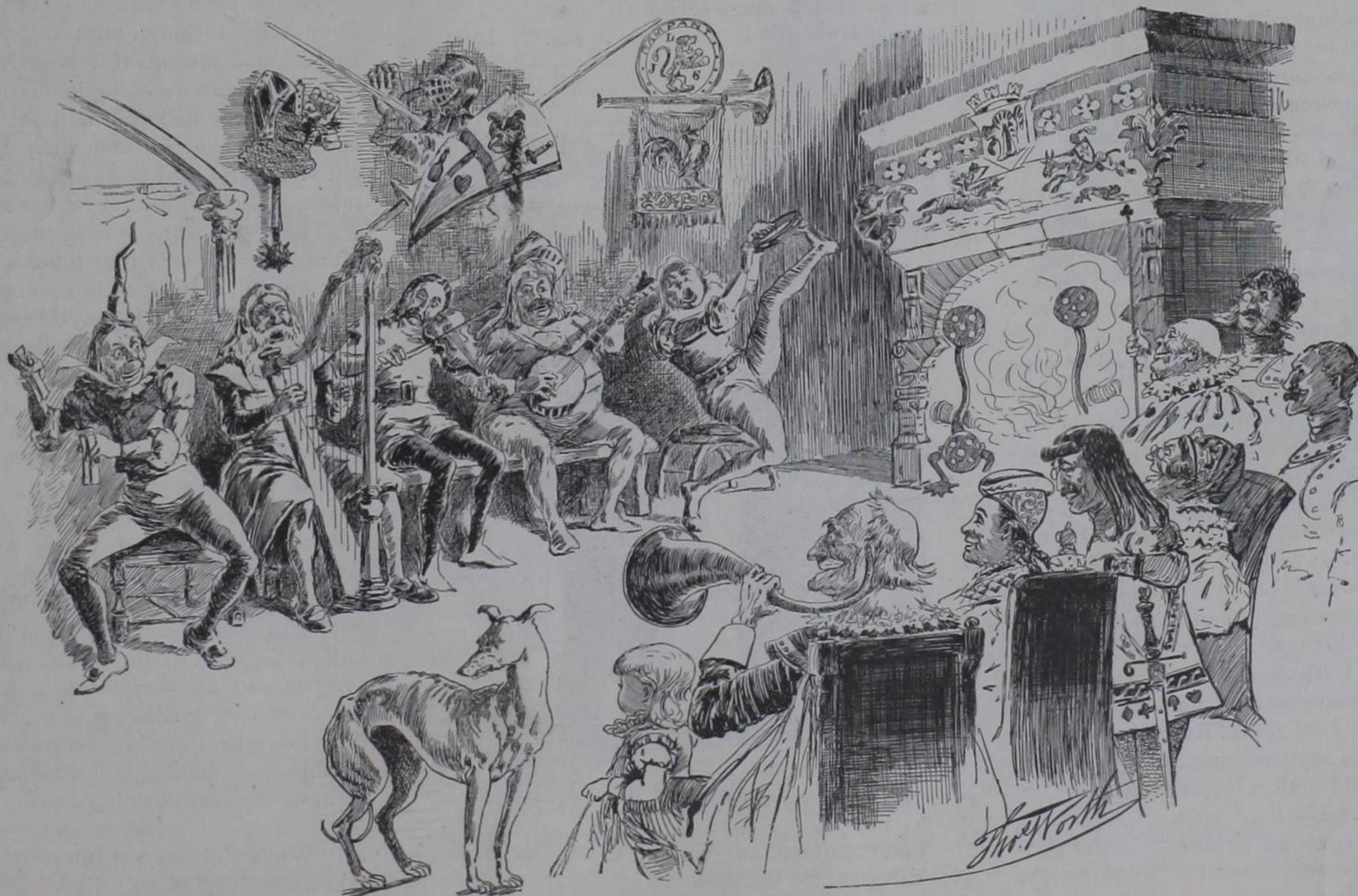
"O, that doesn't amount to anything. I'm not going

to train him for a circus. I want to use him to visit my patients. He doesn't balk, does he?"

"That's just what I was trying to make you understand. He balks some, but I think he could be cured of it, if he didn't have such a poor memory. When he refuses to go, you will take a club to him and maul him for half an hour. Now, you suppose he would remember that, don't you?"

"Yes, I should think so."

"Well, he don't. After he has had his licking, and goes about twenty feet, he forgets all about it and balks again, and then you have to begin on him again with the club. If he had a good memory \$2,000 would not have parted us."



Twelfth Century Minstrels performing in an old Baronial Hall.

"WHICH IS THE MOST BENEFICIAL TO MAN,
MONEY OR EDUCATION?"



teeth, were peering into the windows and doors of the hotel office, anxious to get a glimpse of "Young Marse." Burt soon found himself in the center of an admiring and critical crowd. Nothing escaped them, from his glossy silk hat to his patent leather shoes.

Old Uncle Zeke observed that "Ef ole Marse had owned a cane wid sich a load ob silber on de top, he'd a had a nigger come along to tote it."

Another said, "S'posin' de ole man could raise hisse'f up' outen de groun' now, he'd think twuz his own shadder standin' thar."

Each one of the crowd had some comment to make upon Burt's appearance, and some question to ask, "jest to see if young Marse had furgot de ole times." Slim Jim sauntered around in front of him, and eyeing him from head to foot "lowed he'd done furgot all 'bout dat lickin' ole Miss guv me, when you, yo'se'f done throwed de ball through de winder an' I nuyer tole de diffunce, kaze you 'peared so puny like—you done furgot dat, ain' you, boss?"

After answering the numerous questions and gratifying their thirst in the expected manner, Burt walked off to attend to some business at the other end of the town. He soon became aware that some one was following him, and turning around saw Uncle Zeke. The old man came hobbling up with bent head and an air of one who had something very important and mysterious to impart.

"Young Marse, hit 'pears lak' to me, dat Providence has sent you here at dis time fer de 'jus'ment ob one de momentous problems dat agitates dis whole nation." Burt expressed his gratitude for the honor conferred upon him, and promised to accompany Uncle Zeke to the hall that night, where the weel'ly meeting of the "Ebonized Society" were held. At the appointed hour Uncle Zeke appeared, looking, as Aunt Dinah expressed it, "powerful pompous" in his swallow-tail coat, worn by "ole Marse" in the years gone by. A white shirt with a puffed bosom and a red necktie added elegance to Uncle Zeke's appearance. The hall was over a blacksmith's shop and was reached by an outer stairway. The lights burned dimly, and the smoky walls formed a weird, dingy background for the faces of those seated all around the room. Every one present felt well acquainted with "young Marse," but nothing could have prevented Uncle Zeke from making the introductory remarks he had so studiously prepared.

He stepped upon the platform, and, placing the presidential split-bottomed chair near the front, stationed himself behind it, and then, after making as profound a bow as his rheumatic back would permit of, began his remarks: "Membahs ob de Ebernized S'ciety, I has de honah to interduce to you a man dat's as wise as Solomon, and as meek as Moses; a man dat's trabeled from whar de sun rises to whar de sun sets sellin' goods. De 'telligence glis'ens from his eye lak de jew on de water-millium. His manner sets as easy on him as ef he wuz ridin' a pacin' mule on a dirt road. He's a nachal bo'n jedge by heredity; kaze I b'longed to his gran'-daddy, an' der ain't been no jedge since Solomon's time dat could decide anyt'ing dat cum along, frum a boss race down to de most 'trocious murder case, lak de Cronin, an' he did'n need to panel no jury, he jes' used de brain dat Providence guv him. Dis here young man favors de ole jedge a powerful sight, an' so widout furdur perliminaries, I 'pints him as de honahble jedge on dis 'casion."

The motion was seconded, and Uncle Zeke an-

nounced that the question to be debated was: "Which is de mos' beneficial to de human race, Money or Eddication?"

Uncle Ben rose slowly to his feet. "You've all hearn dat money is de root ob all ebil. Dar is many kinds ob roots in dis worl' an' dey is turrible important in dey places; how would de trees grow lessen dey had roots 'tachin' dem to de groun', an' ef it was'n fer de sassafras root purifyin' de blood in de spring, de graveyard would be planted two deep; an' dar is de calamus root—but what's dem roots 'lonside dat yuther root dat pays fer de meat an' bread. Mos' Honahble Jedge, whut you gwine say to dat?"

The most honorable judge admitted that it was a very convenient root to have around, but he would like to hear some of the arguments in favor of education.

A lean, lank figure from the far corner popped up like a Jack-in-the-box and observed: "I hab no desiah to git pussonal an' don' mean no disrespect to any antiquated pusson present. Hit 'peared to me lak some fokes knowed mo' 'bout roots dan dey does 'bout books. Ef a preacher ain' got eddication 'nuff to read de Scrip-chers, whar is he gwine to git his tex? He kin take six bits an' buy himse'f a Bible an' set dar holdin' it on his knee ebery night, an' look mighty knowin', same as Uncle Zeke does, but lessen he can read, he better be puttin' a new bottom in de cotton basket or doin' sumpin' he kin do. Sposin' a man owns ten acres ob lan' an' a mule to ride on an' got a swallow-tail coat too, ef he ain' got no eddication, nobody ain' gwine to ax him his 'pinions 'bout nothin', kaze nobody don' respect a niggerrammus."

Next an old hunchback rose slowly and feebly, and said that the arguments on both sides showed great depth of thought, but he would like to say a few words before the Judge decided the question. "Now, s'posin' a man knowed all dar wuz to know; knowed de capitals ob all de States; knowed de multiplication table backwards, and knowed de names ob all de Presiden's frum Noah Webster down to Harrison; sposin' dat man gits on de kyars, goin' somewhar. De conductor cum along an' he don' stop to ax who is de Presiden' or whut he knows, he axes him whar his money? an' ef he ain' got none he's gwine to get put off. He can take his eddication an' come walkin' down de track." This last argument settled the question, and Burt Halford, "son ob de ole jedge," returned to his hotel.

RETIRE EARLY.

WHY HE STOLE.

Judge—If you know of any mitigating circumstance you are at liberty to state it.

Prisoner—I don't know of any except that I took to stealing because I didn't want to loaf around the street corners and be taken for a detective.

GRIM HUMOR.

Doomed Man—Going to hang me at seven?

Sheriff—Yes, at sharp seven.

Doomed Man—Well, wake me at six. I don't want to oversleep my own execution.



AT POLITICAL HEADQUARTERS.

FIRST POLITICIAN—Jimmy, that's the bloke I giv' a fiver to for his vote.

SECOND POLITICIAN—Sh—! Don't say a word. That's the Secretary of the Ballot Reform Club!

BEAUTY.



HERE is nothing which is so much admired as beauty, by which term we now refer to facial beauty, which to a great extent depends on the symmetry of the features. No one of the features should be too large or too small to correspond with the other features.

When, for instance, a man or woman has a mouth of such dimensions as to rival the mouth

of the Amazon river, he or she is no longer beautiful. Perhaps this is an appropriate occasion to remark that whistling makes girls' mouths smaller, while ice-cream has a tendency to enlarge the mouth.

Ladies are not always as beautiful at one time as at another. Angels of midnight are fearful looking objects in curl papers next morning.

It is not always a blessing to a woman. Often ugliness is an advantageous stimulant to the mind, that it may make up for the deficiencies of the body. Moral beauty, the reflection of the soul, is to superficial comeliness as mind is to matter.

This is a very beautiful sentiment, but it is not likely to become very popular with the fair sex. Nine women out of ten prefer to be beautiful, and most men prefer to have them that way. "A handsome woman," says a sentimentalist, "is a queen before whose scepter men bow." Yes, and scrape, too—scrape around to get money to keep her in store clothes after they marry.

"Buty," says Josh Billings, "iz power without a plan, a success without a science, a problem without a proof."

ROME'S GILDED YOUTH.

The term "gilded youth" is as old as the latter days of the Roman Republic, and was a favorite phrase early in the Empire. It could be traced in Greece to the age of Alcibiades, who was perhaps the most famous specimen of his class in all antiquity. The gilded youth who flourished in Rome during the reign of Augustus were the antitypes of modern Europe and young America.

When the wealthy young Roman arose in the morning he went at once to the *thermae*, the hot baths which for magnificence, luxury and size have never been equaled. This establishment was upon so vast a scale that it formed a village almost in itself. The halls where the brilliant triflers lounged were spacious. They were decorated with statues and engravings. Above them were apartments for every imaginable comfort. In the refectories were delicate viands, from nightingales' tongues sent from afar, to turbot from the Adriatic and oysters from Britain, washed down with all the delicious wines of Italy, Sicily and Greece.

The Romans were as fond of the game of ball, tossed from hand to hand, with many complicated rules, as Englishmen are of cricket, or Americans of base-ball. For this there was ample accommodation within the walls in large halls specially set apart for the players, and by this exercise and other gymnastics, young and old alike preserved their health and strength, and what many of them valued even more highly, their appetite.

The bath, which was a most elaborate affair, was often taken three or four times a day. The final stage was the anointing with aromatic oil and robing the body with the most loosely-fitting raiment of the softest and costliest fabrics. The gilded exquisite, then garlanded with a chaplet of flowers, was ready either to dream away the hours on the most luxurious couches, to play—and gambling ran very high—or to indulge in any of the other amusements of the place. One of these was listening to the recitations of poets, or the compositions and discussions of the sophists or philosophers, most of whom were immigrants from Greece. A number of the young men wrote verse and prose of their own, and assembled all their friends together to hear them read; and if they were very rich and very liberal in dining and wining they had hosts of sympathetic auditors. Then followed visits to the schools where gladiators were trained, laying bets on their favorites; and to taverns where riotous nights were passed, making still more imperative the refreshment of the next morning's bath.

I. H.

"WHEN I have a subject of importance to consider," said a conceited man, "I give my whole mind to it." "You couldn't give much less," remarked the blunt man, who is always standing by on such occasions.



REPORTERS AND ARTISTS RUSHING FOR THE SCENE.



THEY INTERVIEW ONE OF THE FAMILY.



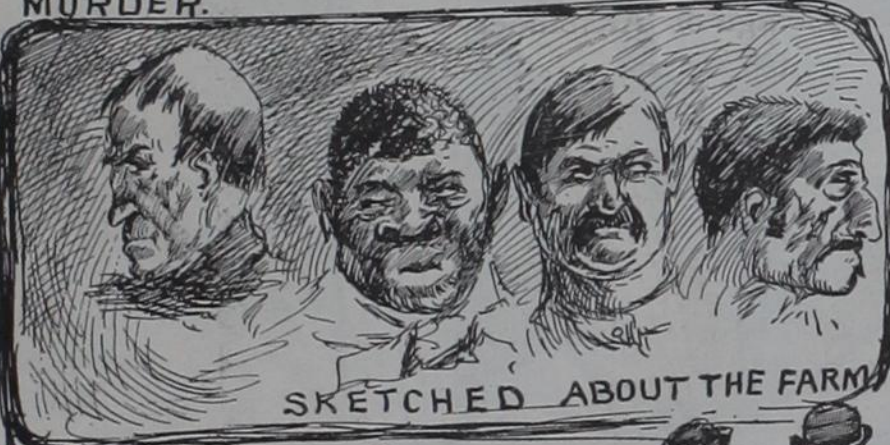
THE COCK THAT CROWED AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER.



"YOU DONT TAKE NO LIKENESS OF ME SIR!"



ADVERSE TO BEING PICTURED.



SKETCHED ABOUT THE FARM



SKETCHING THE PREMISES.



REPORTERS HURRYING FOR THE TRAIN.



"DONT FORGET, BOSS, TO MAKE ME WITH MY STORE CLOTHES ON"



SPECIAL ENGINES - EVERY ONE TRYING TO GET BACK FIRST.

Thos. North

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



ILL SNORT DISCOURSES ABOUT BOGUS VETERANS—HOW THEY MULTIPLY AND DEplete THE TREASURY—SNORT TELLS ABOUT A PECULIAR OLD TEXAS VETERAN—“UNCLE DAVE’S” WONDERFUL CAREER AND HIS DISTINGUISHED SON-IN-LAW—

SNORT WRITES TO JOHNNY FIZZLETOP ALL ABOUT THE FORAKER-HARRISON MESS—SNORT’S LETTER IN FULL.

WHITE HOUSE, Feb. 12.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—Between the race troubles in the South, and keeping the G. A. R. in harmony with the administration, poor Harrison has a tough time of it. I think the G. A. R. worries him most.

Some fellow who had married one of them, said that war widows was one of the worst results of the war. May be so. I don’t know anything about war widows, but it does seem to me that the crop of bogus veterans is big enough to justify this country in steering clear of war in the future.

The idea seems to prevail that everybody who was in any way connected with the federal side in the late war is entitled to have his head and shoulders in the public crib for the rest of his natural life.

An Illinois man applied for a pension because his wife eloped with a man who was afterwards wounded in battle.

Another man claimed a pension because his grandfather lost his health in the war of 1812 and left an impaired constitution to his family.

There is not as much sense in these applications for a pension as there is in that of Jim Dusenbury, a Texas ex-confederate. He was made a prisoner and could have killed his captors as well as not, but he refused to do so, thereby saving their valuable lives to Uncle Sam. He wanted arrears from 1863 at the rate of \$8 a month.

But the war with the Confederacy was not the only one that produced a big crop of veterans. The survivors of the Texas revolution forty years after the war were still more numerous than all the Texans who took part in the original revolution.

I remember one day when I was editor of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers’ Vindicator, a middle-aged man from Calaveras county, accompanied by another man who was much older, called on me.

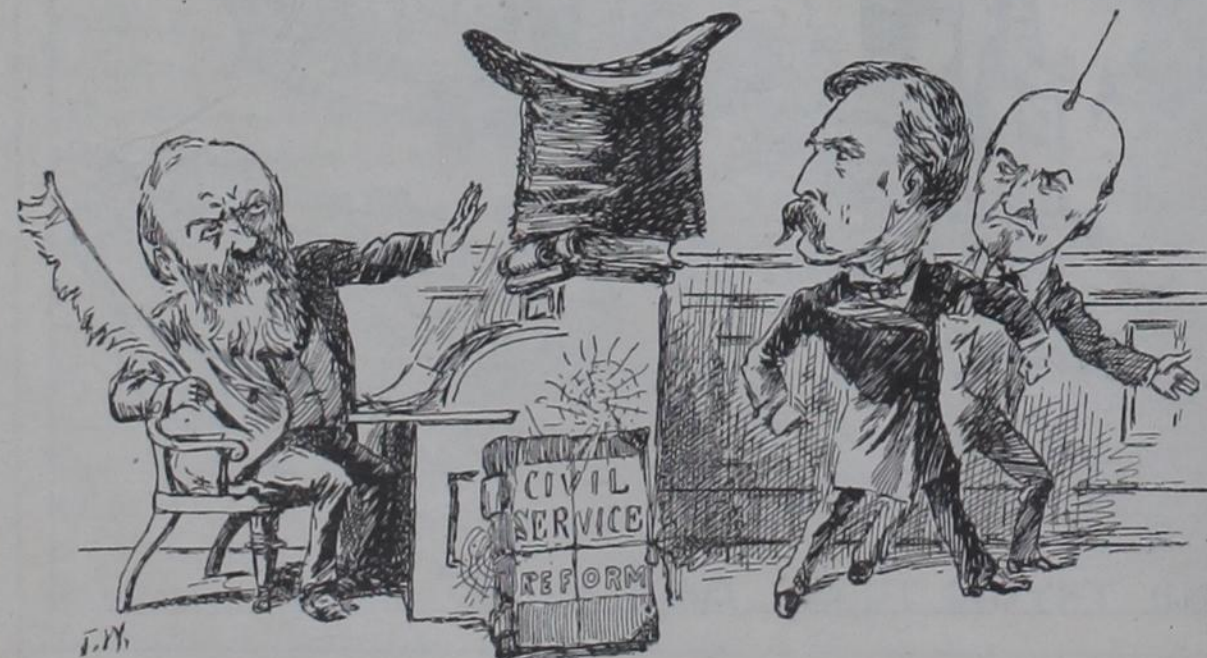
“This,” said the farmer, “is my father-in-law, Uncle Dave, one of the undying heroes of the Texas revolution, and I am Sam Barker, the worthy and efficient sheriff of Calaveras county.”

“Well, gentlemen,” says I, “what can I do for the élite of Calaveras county?”

“You might give the old man a puff for having delivered Texas from the Mexican invader, and you might add that he is so fortunate as to have for a son-in-law the most efficient sheriff the county has ever known.”

“Are you the man who slept with Sam Houston the night before the battle of San Jacinto, and persuaded him to make the fight, when he didn’t want to?”

Uncle Dave said that he was that identical patriot.



Harrison snubs Foraker.

“That’s what I expected. All the other Texas veterans did. And, of course, you captured Gen. Santa Anna.”

“Yes, indeed,” replied the old man cheerfully.

“I needn’t ask you if you are one of the five men who escaped at the Goliad massacre by feigning death.”

The old man replied in the affirmative, and gave some interesting reminiscences.

“You were also one of the Meir prisoners, and drew a white bean when the Mexicans shot every tenth man at Rancho Salado.”

“No,” replied Uncle Dave, “I wasn’t thar, but I don’t mind tellin’ you that I am the man who built the first house in Houston, and I shot an Indian on the Alamo Plaza in 1839; and I am the only living man who knows where the lost San Saba gold mine is; and that I was the first man to carry the U. S. Mail between San Antone and El Paso; and am now the only survivor of the Alamo massacre; but I can’t lie and say I was one of the Mier prisoners.”

reading those ballot-box contract disclosures. Foraker said:

“Mr. President, I am happy to—”

“Git out!” roared Harrison, “or I’ll bounce an inkstand on your head!”

“Mr. President, allow me—”

“Snort!” exclaimed Harrison, “drag that Ohio fraud out by the legs if he don’t go.”

I then gently but firmly led Foraker to the door. His only remark was that “the old man” seemed to be a little off his feed.

Possibly, Johnny, this little incident may have given rise to the unfounded rumor that some of the *entente cordiale* has been spilled. Farewell, Johnny.

Your friend,
BILL SNORT.

THEATRICAL ITEM.

“What did you think of the opera, The Bohemian Girl?” inquired an Austin lady of Mrs. McVapid.



LITERARY NOTE.

FRIEND—How are you coming on?

AUTHOR—Good. I’ve got the material on hand for a first-class novel. You are a lucky man.

That’s not all. I’ve got the material for a splendid comedy, besides. You are fortunate.

Yes, all I need now is the material for a new pair of pants.

“You see,” whispered the old veteran’s son-in-law, “Uncle Dave is an awful liar. I wouldn’t be surprised if he wasn’t one of the Mier prisoners who drew a

black bean and was shot by the Mexicans. Howsomever, when you give Uncle Dave a notice, don’t forget to say that he was accompanied by that prince of Texas sheriffs, Sam Barker, one of nature’s own noblemen, a subscriber to your valuable paper, and a candidate for re-election.”

Talking of veterans who have saved the country, reminds me of Foraker, of Ohio. There are rumors in the papers that the relations between Foraker and the President are not as cordial as they were. All I know about it is that when Foraker was in Washington he called at the White House. Harrison had just been

“Pretty well,” replied Mrs. McVapid, “but I noticed one stupid thing about it.”

“What was that?” inquired the lady.

“Why, that was where Thaddeus asks Devilshoof what his name was. Why didn’t Thaddeus take the playbill and find out what his name was? I had one of the playbills and knew his name from the very first.”

NOT THE RIGHT ANSWER.

Visitor—Tommy, I wish to ask you a few questions in grammar.

Tommy—Yes, sir.

Visitor—If I give you the sentence, “The pupil loves his teacher,” what is that?

Tommy—Sarcasm.

AT THE CONCERT.

She—How expressive! Was not that Cradle Song beautifully rendered?

He—Ya-as. I guess that’s what made my leg go to sleep. Outch!

FRANK MURRAY'S LITTLE JOKE.



living actor. The other man seemed to be a stranger. Harris noticed him, and taking a seat beside him, said: "You've seen Booth, of course?"

"Who?"

"Booth—Edwin Booth."

"Booth—let me see," said the stranger, scratching his head dubiously; "seems to me I have heard of him. He's that big-mouthed preacher over in Brooklyn, ain't he?"

Harris was somewhat taken back, but he said, kindly: "Why, no; you are thinking of Talmage. I was speaking of Booth, the actor. Why, he's the greatest actor in the world."

"Ain't a bigger actor than Bill Reilly, is he? Guess he ain't."

"Billy Reilly!" groaned Harris, sinking back in his chair.

"This here same Reilly," continued the stranger, "has been known ter draw 250 people ter once down where I come from. Say, can Booth flip a somersault backwards while singing a song, and not miss a note?"

"Naw. Booth is not so highly accomplished," sneered Harris.

"I thought he couldn't. See Reilly do it many a time. Great actor, that Reilly. Does this man Booth ever play in large towns?"

"Never plays in small ones," said Harris, contemptuously.

"Strange he never turned up at Podunk. Dockstader's Minstrels played there one night to a crowded house—muster been seventy-five people in the house that night."

"Well, Booth is somewhat of an actor, even if he didn't play in Podunk," said Harris cynically.

"O, I s'pose so; but the fact is," said the stranger, frankly, "I've taken in so many dime museums and variety shows that I kinder get mixed up on their names, but it seems to me I remember the name of Booth. He ain't the fat man that does the song and dance business in We, Us & Co., is he?"

"Great God, no!" said Harris, frantically. "Booth is a mere amateur compared with that fat man!"

"I thought so. That fat man is a daisy.

Nearly as good as Reilly. Mebbe Booth is the feller I see in a play t'other night on the Bowery called Life on the Border, who played the part of a savage and came on the stage with a big slide, and brandished a huge club."

This was too much for Harris. In a low, confidential tone he said, laying his hand on the stranger's shoulder:

"Young man, go back to Podunk; and as you glide along on the Limited Express, reflect that Edwin Booth is not a comic song and dance man, but a tragedian, and also remember that you are too verdant to roam the streets of New York without a guardian. Some one with less patience than I have will become exasperated and quietly kill you. Go home, young man, go home," and waving his hand, the crushed press

agent walked to the hotel desk and through his clenched teeth asked the clerk:

"Do you know who that ignorant fellow is over there? That duck who is looking this way and smiling."

"Why, that's Frank Murray, Wilson Barrett's press agent. He's a rival of yours, I guess, but he's a fine fellow. Let me introduce you to him; I know you will like him, he is so full of fun, and he has the reputation of being the smartest business man on the road."

* * * * *

It required nearly a pint of the best brandy in the house to bring Harris to, but he appreciated Frank Murray's little joke.

L. M. SWEET.

DOOLYHAN'S MISTAKE.

Sergeant—There was a man cloobed by a gang last noight on yer bate. How is it that yez didn't hear it?

Doolyhan—I heard the toughs batin' the man, but sure I thought it was somebody tappin' a frish keg in the carner saloon, so I wint in and refrihed mesilf wid a couple of schooners.

Sergeant—Good for you, Doolyhan.

A FINANCIAL TRANSACTION.

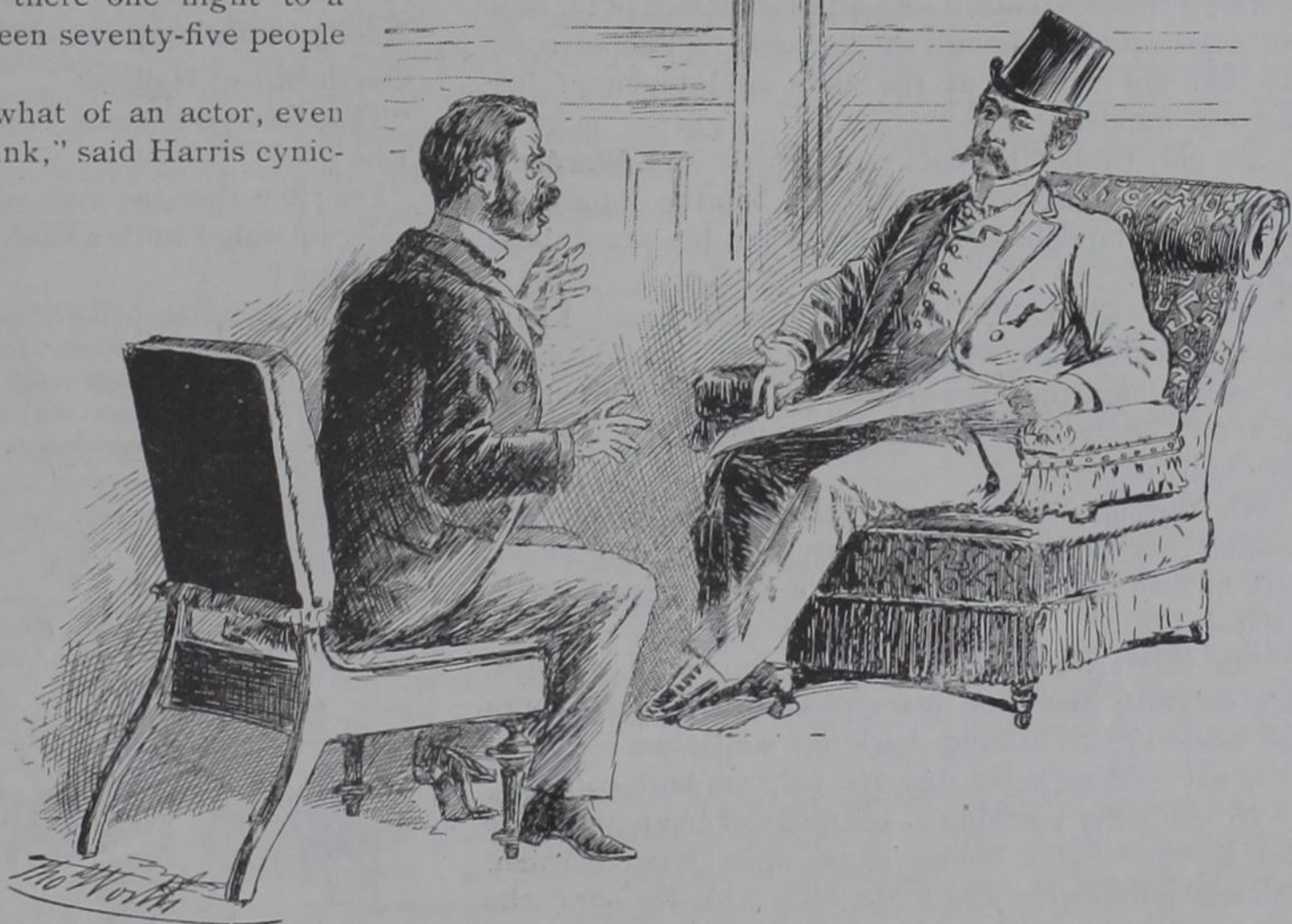
Lady of the House—My husband is away. Come again some day when he is at home.

Beggar—Humph! I don't give credit for small amounts.

IN A HURRY TO GET THERE.

Judge Somdoodle is an old-fashioned sort of a man, who believes in strict honesty in all dealings between man and man. His son, Bucephalus, although a mere youth, has become saturated with progressive ideas. The young man left Austin for a Northern college the other day, and the parting words of the old man were:

"Now, my son Bucephalus, let me give you some good advice. Never, in striving for wealth, depart from the narrow path of honesty. It is a very narrow path, and you may have to go slow, but keep in the path."



"Billy Reilly!" groaned Harris.

"Is the path of honesty so blamed narrow as all that?"

"It is indeed, my son."

"Then perhaps I had better take some other road to wealth, so that I can get there sooner."

"Well," responded the old man, "if them be your views, I'll do what I can to get you pardoned when you do get there."

A LITTLE OFF.

Smith—Ah, one moment!

Jones—What is it, Smith?

Smith—Yesterday I took off my hat to a young lady whom I took to be your sistah. If—ah—if it was somebody else, please express my regrets to your sistah.

AN UNUSUAL GRIEF.



BALLADE.

I met Jones on the street t'other day
And his face was as long as King Lear's.
He appeared in so sorry a way
That he greatly excited my fears.
He'd a look that was wild as a deer's,
So I asked what had robbed him of rest,
And he answered me, almost in tears:
"I've a million I cannot invest."

I will own I had felt rather gay
Till this sorrow assaulted my ears,
But my heart is not marble nor clay,
And misfortune makes all of us peers;
'Tis not often that any one hears
Of such trouble, it must be confessed,
And that wail I'll remember for years,
"I've a million I cannot invest."

There are bards whom the critics all flay,
And whose verses are greeted with jeers;
There are husbands whose heads have turned gray,
For the tongues of their wives are like spears;
There are fellows with blighted careers;
And Death has robbed many a nest,
But why speak of this sorrow with sneers:
"I've a million I cannot invest?"

ENVOY.

'Tis a world where the sky seldom clears,
Every life has its sorrow at best—
That of Jones in this sentence appears:
"I've a million I cannot invest."

GEORGE HORTON.

A HAPPY MEDIUM.

A gentleman connected with a prominent Austin, Texas, newspaper, who belongs to a temperance organization and talks temperance very eloquently, was induced to go into a saloon with a friend, who is a moderate drinker.

"I'll take a lemonade. What will you take?" asked the moderate drinker.

"Shall I fix you a lemonade with a stick in it?" asked the barkeeper.

"Well, no," responded the temperance crank; "but you may give me a stick without any lemonade in it," and three fingers dropped out of sight.

Total abstinence is a very good thing, but it should not be run into the ground. The most rigid abstainer should put a little water in the Austin whisky, for sanitary reasons, if for none other. It is best not to be too extreme in anything.

A GOOD ARRANGEMENT.

Applicant—I ask for the hand of your daughter.

Parent—Have you any prospects for the future?

None whatever.

She hasn't a y, either. Take her, my boy, and be happy. God bless you both.

AT THE CLUB.

First Reveller—It's twelve o'clock. Ain't you going home?

Second Reveller—Not yet. You see, the old lady don't sleep real sound before two.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Sergeant—What are you, a recruit?

Recruit—I am a graduated physician.

Sergeant—Nonsense! Not shaved properly. That's what you are.

HOW HETTIE REACHED THE FORT.

BY LAURA CANFIELD SPENCER FESSENDEN.



NDIAN stories are what you want, eh, my children? Well, I will tell you one. It is a story of military life on the frontier.

A group of young officers were seated around a table in the quarters of one of them, at a frontier post in the West.

It was a winter's night; wind, snow and cold were without, but in the log hut a bright fire blazed upon the open hearth,

and the bare room was made in a sense homelike by rugs stretched over the plank floor and photographs of fine pictures pinned upon the walls.

The regiment was a particularly dull one. Not a young girl in the post, and the wives of the senior officers were women who looked upon life from a serious and practical point of view. Mails came irregularly, the Indians were quiet, dullness reigned.

But now a ripple stirred the placid waters. The Colonel's widowed sister had arrived. She was barely five-and-twenty, she was childless and rich in this world's goods.

"What do you think of the Colonel's sister?" said one of the officers.

"What do I think of her? I think that she has the saddest pair of eyes I ever saw," said another.

"Just my thought!"

"And mine!"

"I made this same remark to the Colonel's wife," said the first speaker, "and she told me she thought it best to tell me Mrs. Warden's story, so that we might all be the more careful in keeping away from subjects in her presence, which might bring back to her the sad experiences of her past.

Hettie Ransom met, while visiting her brother, an officer named Warden. He was a man of independent means, and on his marriage resigned his commission. But before a year had passed a longing for the freedom of frontier life was so strong upon him that he easily persuaded his wife to try ranch life.

They found a beautiful tract of land, rich in soil and with excellent water supplies. To be sure, their Eastern friends cried out that they were "taking their lives in their hands." Did they not realize that they were going into a section of the country where Indians were within a day's march of them?

"Yes," Warden said, "I realize this, but the Indians are as harmless as a flock of sheep, and besides the ranch is only twenty miles from Fort —"

The Wardens built themselves a comfortable house and were fortunate in securing a burly Dutchman and his plethoric frau for servants.

Mrs. Warden was an excellent horsewoman and a good shot, so they enjoyed long rides about the country and seldom came home without a well-filled game-bag.

As I have said, their nearest neighbors were at the Fort—twenty miles beyond—that is, neighbors of their sort, for here and there between were lands worked by Swedish and Danish homesteaders.

At the close of the first year a child—a little girl—was born. When this child was about three months old Warden found it necessary to attend to some legal matters, and to do this there must be a ride of a hundred and twenty miles.

Warden felt no fear in leaving his wife, yet when he stood on the doorstep ready to start he said to her:

"Hettie, if any trouble should come, have the team put to the big covered wagon and make for the fort. Take the north fork trail, and be sure to have your pistols loaded and plenty of reserve shots at hand, and

if the red devils should make escape impossible put the muzzle first to baby's breast and then to your own."

His wife laughed and told him she had no fears.

"Neither," said he, "have I, but for all that, remember, sweetheart," and then he rode away.

A week passed and late one afternoon the German, Johann, came into the room where Mrs. Warden was sitting with her baby in her arms. His ruddy face was so blanched that it took no words to tell that something had happened. And this was what he had to tell: A few minutes before, 'Bob,' a miserable half-breed, to whom both Mr. and Mrs. Warden had shown many kindnesses, had appeared suddenly in the barn, given Johann a message for Mrs. Warden, and then as suddenly departed as he had come. He told Johann:

"A train of emigrant wagons is on the valley road. An attack is planned. It is known that Mr. Warden is away from home. If the Indians find liquor there is no telling what they would do next, and Mrs. Warden had better try for the fort as soon as night closes in."

With all speed Mrs. Warden made her preparations, obeying her husband's instructions except as regarded the horses.

"Saddle Kitty and Dan," she said to Johann, and when he grumbled that "Kitty could never pull with Dan," the quiet look on his mistress' face made him go out rather sullenly to do her bidding.

When the last bars of the early spring twilight had quite faded out of the sky the perilous journey to the fort began. For an hour or more the wagon dragged its way along the narrow, steep road, the wheels sinking deep into the mud that the many warm rains had made.

Suddenly Johann held up the horses, and with a moan of "Mien Gott, we are lost!" began to cross himself and mumble rapid prayers, while his wife wrung her hands and sobbed aloud.

Down in the valley far below them, the gloom was broken by a sudden bright light; they were too far away to distinguish sounds, but they knew the work of murder and pillage had begun; knew that mothers' tears and little children's cries would only add zest and pleasure to the savage revelry. Holding her baby close to her breast Mrs. Warden tried to shut out for a moment every passing fear as she asked for higher guidance, and in that moment the German and his wife—flying to evils that they knew not of—abandoned the wagon and took to the timber. Left utterly alone there was but one thing to do. Laying her baby among the straw, Mrs. Warden climbed out of the wagon and unharnessed her little mare Kitty.

The graceful creature seemed as conscious of all that was transpiring as though she possessed a human soul. She did not whinny at the sight and touch of her mistress' hands.

She only rubbed her cool nose against Mrs. Warden's cheek and then stood very still. When the unharnessing was accomplished Mrs. Warden put her arms about Kitty's neck.

"Kitty," she said, "you are my only hope; Kitty, you must carry baby and me to the fort; we shall have to creep along the edge of the timber, (we might be seen on the trail.) Walk with muffled hoofs, Kitty; save baby and me.

All through the long starless night the mother, holding her child wrapped closely under her cloak, with no rein but the silken mane of Kitty to guide with, rode for life.

She will never forget how quietly the baby slept, how carefully the little mare picked her way through the underbrush, looking back now and then as much as to say, "Take heart, day and help are both coming."

In the early morning a company of men from the fort, to the rescue bound, came upon Mrs. Warden. She was numb with weariness, faint with the effort she had made, the strain she had undergone; but her mother love knew no sense of tiredness.

"Baby is safe and warm under my cloak," she said; "she has been so good, and has nestled and slept all the way."

They took the child from her arms and found that it was dead.

FEBRUARY THAWS.

The conversation at a "mum sociable" must be extra dry.

A man in St. Louis is so homely that he is obliged to use a cracked mirror when making his toilet.

Says a writer, "The wholesale destruction of Canadian forests will ultimately impoverish that country." This, possibly, may happen, but we a pine knot.

The servant-girl question—"Kin yez be afther lettin' me aff fur the avenin' at all, at all?"

A certain young man named Carlisle
Had a face that would re-cut a fistle;
He loved a fair daisy,
But, alas! she went crazy,
For upon her one day he did smile!

The banjo-player manages to pick a living somehow.

Weekbrane (at the "Chamber of Horrors" Hotel, Chicago)—"Waiter, you may bring me a couple of songes of ye olden tyme. Don't know what I mean? Why, eggs, of course, eggs! Ancient lays, you know!"

With a keen sense of satisfaction I hear of the well-merited but unnecessarily-long-delayed death of a compositor on a certain Wisconsin weekly. About three years ago I forwarded the paper some choice miscellany entitled, "Sounds from Castle Tap," and this hoof-less fiend set it up, "Suds from Castile Soap." That, by the way, made me froth. Revenge, though at times tardy, eventually hauls into the depot.

Young couples elope in Siberia with their parents' consent to avoid wedding expenses. Quite sensible—quite sensible, but—but then, you know, what about the presents, eh?—the fifteen pickle castors, the eight ice pitchers, the twenty-four cake baskets, and the—the—oh, yes! the inevitable child's rattle, sent by the funny relative—the blamed fool extraordinary and idiot laureate?

A man in Montreal recently sued a clairvoyant for obtaining money under false pretences, and the foreman of one of the local papers was discharged for setting up an account of the affair under the heading, "Seer-sucker Suite."

To Clementia Von G. Donahue: No, dear; no, no! The story "Thrown upon the World" is *not* a bicycle tale.

Can Edison chain-lightning?

She was a slight built college maid—
Pierian ripples in her cen;
"Thou'lt stick to me," her true love said,
"Because thou art my Vassar-lean!"

A gentleman who was struck in the parquette of the stomach during a game of base-ball, refers to the incident as his diamond belt.

"There goes young DeSmythe. They say he is his mother's idol."

"That so? Well, he must be a broken idol, for he tried to borrow ten dollars from me yesterday."

A young man once owned a canoe
That was built to hold but just toe,
He hoisted a sail,
But there sprang up a gail,
That drowned the happy young croe!

A long, suffering person—A tall man with corns.

Overheard in Halifax:

"That George Francis Train is a very brilliant man, isn't he?"

"Yes; but then the man is immaculately crazy. He actually intended at one time to take up his residence at St. John!"

A certain young fellow in Me.
Couldn't keep out of the re.
The poor youth was a dude
That was fed on bird-fude—
Thus, the reason, you see, was quite ple.

K. C. TAPLEY.



AT THE CLIFTON RACES.

MINZENHEIMER—Did your horse vin, Abey?

GOLDFOGEL—Ach, no. He lost py a quvarter of a nose.

MINZENHEIMER—Vat a pity. If he'd been a sheeny, he vould have vun!

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR the BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

For Wakefulness,

Hysteria, and other diseases of the nervous system.



It isn't fair to call a college oarsman a scullion.—Washington Star.

A SEWING BEE can't sting, but it does lots of buzzing.—Binghamton Republican.

OLEOMARGARINE belongs to the rank and vile of groceries.—Yonkers Statesman.

TALK may be cheap, but the chief talker is generally a little dear.—Rochester Post.

It makes a lawyer purr when anything comes to him in the fee line.—Yonkers Statesman.

CHARLES F. DAM is a painter in Portland. Wonder if he has many customers?—Gripsack.

A GIRL appreciates a kiss when she gets old enough to know she ought not to.—Rome Sentinel.

It is quite proper that infantry should be equipped with small arms.—Burlington Free Press.

WHEN the sun comes out these days, the daughters are certain to follow.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

WHEN you talk about \$400,000 stables just recollect that's the kind that Vanderbilt.—Rochester Post.

If the world is a stage, we suppose it is the sea that takes the heavy rôles.—Binghamton Republican.

JONES, whose next door neighbor keeps a tame crow, says he is a martyr to the caws.—Binghamton Leader.

CONTRIBUTOR—How much ought I get for that poem? Editor—You ought to get about fifteen years.—Life.

Ah! poor are they who know not love—
For they have lived in vain;
But poorer they who love a love
Who loves not back again!

—St. Paul Eye.

"It is as much as a man's life is worth" remarked a man who died with a fat insurance policy on himself.—Washington Star.

A LARGE "robin roost" is reported in Indiana. The largest robbin' roost on this continent is in Canada.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

THERE is said to be a remarkable movement on foot in some parts of the West. It is to get back to the East.—Burlington Free Press.

HONESTY may be the best policy, but a good many people somehow fail to keep their premiums paid up.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE girl with a new solitaire diamond engagement ring doesn't care a continental if her hands do get cold.—Somerville Journal.

THE hurricanes which come and go with the wind are not calculated to hurry cane growing for the planters.—New Orleans Picayune.

It is a sad reflection on human nature that almost any crooked transaction can be squared by a good round sum.—Baltimore American.

AUNT HATTIE QUICK, of this city, who is five years older than the United States, says she has the better constitution of the two.—Washington Post.

PHOTOGRAPHERS are the most charitable of men, for they are always anxious to take the best view of their fellow-creatures.—Baltimore American.

WRITING poetry is recommended as a mental exercise. You can get physical exercise by attempting to read it to the editor.—Terre Haute Express.

A SOUTHERNER went to sleep on a naphtha still. The still blew up and the man's best friend was heard lamenting that he took a naphtha.—Chicago Times.

THE poet says that "Tis love which makes the world go round." It also makes the young man "go round" quite frequently on Sunday nights.—Toledo Commercial.

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.

Poured Out His Revenge.

Several days ago a number of handbills, announcing that Colonel Bob Ingersoll would, on the following evening, deliver an address from the balcony of a well-known building, were scattered about the streets. The newspapers, although they had received no such information, spoke of the coming event; and, at the appointed time, a large crowd gathered in the street in front of the balcony. The crowd cheered from time to time. Finally a man came out on the balcony. He carried a large clothes basket, and, stepping up to the railing, he gave the basket a swing and scattered a bushel and a half of eggs upon the crowd. The eggs were long since deceased, and a description of the stench that arose would defy a trained political pen. The shower had been so well directed that nearly every egg, it appeared, had taken effect. When the shock of surprise had been stunk into indignation, a search was made for the reprobate, but he was gone. Late at night, however, he was arrested and taken to the Harrison street station.

The next morning he was arraigned before Justice Prindeville.

"Is your name C. W. Huff?" the justice asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, now, Mr. Huff, you are charged with an outrageous crime."

"I am not aware of it, sir!"

"What, you are not aware that throwing a cart-load of rotten eggs on a great crowd of people is an outrageous crime?"

"Under some circumstances, yes; under others, no."

"Under any circumstances it is an outrageous crime," the justice declared.

"Not if a man has had just cause."

"There can be no just cause."

"I think there can, judge, and if you will permit me I will plainly set that cause before you."

"Proceed."

The prisoner glanced about the courtroom, wiped his brow and thus began his defense: "Several years ago I felt that I was destined to be a public man. I could not, conscientiously, unite myself with either of the great parties, so I took up the cause of prohibition. I was deeply, emotionally sincere, but the first time I arose to make a speech some fellow struck me between the eyes with an egg that had not lost its savor. That was in the east. I went south, and joined the prohibition movement there. I did a great deal of work, and received many congratulations from the brethren, and had begun to think that the time of my usefulness was ripening when I was called upon to address an audience in a small town. I arose, and a fellow hit me on the forehead with a goose-egg that had long since lost the sweetness and innocence of childhood. I left in disgust, and came to Illinois. I settled, or thought I had, in Quincy. I wrote prohibition articles for the newspapers, and after awhile I became so prominent that I was asked to deliver an address in the court-house. I consented, but just as I arose some fellow hit me with a turkey-egg whose fond maternal parent was sacrificed at a Thanksgiving altar many years ago. I left Quincy and came to Chicago. My soul was wounded and bleeding. I had harmed no one; I was working for the physical salvation of the human race; yet, it seemed that every man was my enemy. Was it right that I should meekly submit to such outrages? Was it not right that the worm should turn? The fire of revenge burned deep within me. Then I thought of a scheme. I would collect a great crowd and pour out my revenge. I had handbills printed announcing an address by Ingersoll. You, doubtless, know the rest, judge."

"I think I do, Mr. Huff. I was in that crowd, and received—well, I think that you have been ill-used. You are discharged."—Arkansaw Traveler.

About Women.

When a woman gets cross she gets cross at everybody.

How soon a girl's capital I becomes a little i after marriage!

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

That for which a woman should be consoled she is most often ridiculed—her homeliness.

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

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

The devil has a particularly hot fire for the mother who wants to send her daughter husband-hunting at sixteen.

As soon as a man gets the fire built and the room warm, his wife comes along and wants to "air the house."

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

You occasionally find a woman who thinks she is intellectual because she has a large number of correspondents.

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

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

The question with the women: "Is it better to marry a man who is thoughtless and leaves the door open behind him, or to marry a man who thinks to close the door but forgets to leave out the slam?"—Atchison Globe.

Red-Headed Women.

All young women possessed of red hair, says the Atlanta Constitution, can remember that in their childhood such hirsute adornment was the source of mocking merriment to their friends, and the term "sorrel top" or "strawberry blonde" was one of contempt. They wondered, perhaps, why it was that they were always called "red-headed," when their playmates were always described as being black, brown or golden haired. But the "red-headed" girl doesn't mind now, that it is every young woman's ambition to be auburn-haired, and she hopes by the use of hair dyes to attain the shade which belonged to the wicked Lucretia. If she gets exactly the right shade she does not see why a single thread of her hair might not be preserved by the United States Government and exhibited as is the one so proudly shown in Florence as having belonged to the wicked Lucretia. It is odd how many famous women have had this Titian red hair. Catherine of Russia gloried in it, and Anne of Austria had brown hair, just on the verge of being red. Ninon de l'Enclos was equally proud of her warm-colored tresses, and Mary Stuart seemed a daughter of the sun. Jane Hading and Mrs. Potter both have warm auburn hair, but it does not reach the real tinge, which is that which crowned, in all its glory, the head of the Empress Eugenie, she who has known the extreme of happiness and of sadness.

A Good Reputation.

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have been before the public many years, and are everywhere acknowledged to be the best remedy for all throat troubles. They quickly relieve Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchial Affections. Price 25 cents. For sale everywhere, and only in boxes.

Village Life on the Upper Congo.

Many of the villages on the upper Congo consist merely of fifty to sixty log-huts, two-thirds of the population being generally women. In many districts women are considered as currency, their value increasing as they attain a greater degree of corpulency. Each woman has as many metal ornaments as she can wear, some composed of iron, others brass and copper. These metals are the money of the country, so that the more a woman can heap upon herself the greater becomes her value. Each chief has as many wives as he can afford to buy or marry, which is only another form of purchase. Early in the morning few of these women are to be found in the villages, as they start off at daybreak to work in their plantations, and do not return until about noon. However, a few always have to remain to attend to the necessary domestic items of life, such as cooking and their toilet. These central Africans are very particular in all items in connection with their toilet, which consists of plaiting their hair, shaving off the eyebrows, pulling out the eyelashes, cutting their nails right down to the quick, and besmearing their bodies with a mixture of palm-oil and camwood.

In another part of the village are seen some of the villagers engaged in making fishing nets and basket-work, and being helped by the young boys of the village, who become initiated into these crafts at a very early age. Again, under some shady tree, in another part of the village, some natives will be engaged in the manufacture of pottery. In this they display a great knowledge of their work, mixing the different clays so as to stand firing. They have no moulds—nothing but the practiced eye and hand to assist them, and it is really wonderful to see a lump of clay, in the hands of an African savage, moulded, in the space of a few minutes, into a useful article of pottery, rendered really artistic by its neatness and tasteful design.

A busy nook in a village is always the blacksmith's shop, generally merely a grass roof supported on bare poles. Like the corresponding institution of civilized life, it is the resort of local gossipers.—From "Life Among Congo Savages," by Herbert Ward, in Scribner.

Attention, Cyclists! Have you read Outing for February? It contains an admirably written article on the recent New York Cyclists Meet in this city. Richly illustrated with reproductions from photographs.

Down to the City on Monday Morning.

He—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

She—"I'm going after 19-cent ribbon, 29-cent stockings, 39-cent cashmere, 49-cent silks, 59-cent velvet, 69-cent gloves, 79-cent hats, 89-cent shawls, 99-cent umbrellas, and all the other bargains in the papers, sir," she said.—Munsey's Weekly.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

In a Boston Art Store.

Saleslady—"Really, Madam, the vases in brighter colors are less artistic. This piece of royal Worcester is the finest thing we have. The Worcester colors are the very best."

Mrs. Caldon—"You can't tell me anything about Worcester! I've lived there all my life."—Puck.

Mrs. Charles Smith of James, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did more good than all the rest.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. BYRON S. WYDMAN, OF COLUMBUS, OHIO.

The subject of this sketch was born in the city of Cincinnati in the year 1850, and received his education at the public schools of that city. At the age of seventeen he was apprenticed to the trade of stove moulding, and worked at it until 1879, when he left it to take a position in the County Clerk's office. In 1881 he was raised to the position of Complaint Clerk in the City Works office. Here he remained until 1885, when he was elected to the Ohio Legislature. He was re-elected to the Legislature in 1887, and served on some of the most important committees of the 69th General Assembly. He was nominated for the third time in 1889, but went down with the Republican ticket of that year, although leading the ticket with but one exception. He was appointed last April one of the Trustees of the Boys' Industrial School by Gov. Foraker.

Mr. Wydman is a member of the Masonic fraternity, Order of Cincinnati, Iron Moulders' Union and the Blaine and Lincoln Clubs of Cincinnati, the last two being political organizations.

Very Busy.

A man stepped across an upper hall in a great office building in Chicago, and, entering a room, said to an absorbed real estate dealer:

"Say, have you got time to go out?"

"No, not now."

"I think you ought to."

"Why so?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No."

"Haven't you seen the afternoon paper?"

"Haven't had time to look at it. Contain anything of unusual interest?"

"Well, rather. It announces the fact that the south end of this building is on fire."

"Suppose you telephone down and see how the fire is getting along."

"I did just now—telephoned to your brother Dick."

"Whose brother Dick?"

"Yours."

"When did he come to town?"

"About two years ago."

"Oh, yes, now I remember. And you say that you telephoned to him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Said the fire was spreading. Suppose we go out."

"No, not now. My lease expires at

six o'clock this evening, and as I cannot get a renewal at the old terms, why, I purpose to stay here as long as I can at the old rate. Excuse me, please. I am very busy."—Arkansas Traveler.

The Poor Actor.

Henry Irving relates that years ago a London haberdasher became inoculated with the idea of going on the stage. So he sold out his shop, reserving a supply of underwear, and invested the proceeds to eke out his salary as an actor. In time, his grand dreams of surpassing Kean and Kimble having departed, he was an humble utility man at the Theatre Royal, Manchester. But his invested money gave him income enough to provide a Christmas eve supper for his associates at the theatre. One of them hesitated to accept because the weather was so cold and his clothing was so thin and worn. Before the supper the ex-haberdasher pushed this poor fellow into a bedroom, saying, "There's a little present for you in there." It was a suit of warm woolen underclothing. Fancy this poor actor's feelings when, comfortably clad, his body and heart equally warm, he took his place at the table. "I can feel that grateful warmth yet," exclaimed Irving, "for I was that poor actor."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Well-Bred Girl.

A well-bred girl thanks the man who gives her a seat in a horse car or an elevated car, and does it in a quiet and not in an effusive way;

She does not declare she never rides in horse cars;

She doesn't shove or push to get the best seat, and she doesn't wonder why in the world people carry children in the cars, and why they permit them to cry;

She does not accept a valuable present from any man unless she expects to marry him;

She doesn't talk loud in public places;

She does not speak of her mother in a sarcastic way, and she shows her the loving deference that is her due;

She doesn't want to be a man, and she doesn't try to imitate him by wearing stiff hats, smoking cigarettes, and using an occasional big, big D;

She doesn't say she hates women, and she has some good, true friends among them;

She doesn't wear boots without their buttons on or a frock that needs mending;

She doesn't scorn the use of the needle, and expects some day to make clothes for very little people who will be very dear to her;

She will not comment upon the texture of the goods her neighbor's gown is made of, and belittle it in comparison with hers;

If she should happen to meet the gaze of a person she will not stare at them to see which can hold out longest. (It takes two to make a stare.)

She will not haggle with a companion of her own sex to see who shall pay the fare, nor will she keep on insisting who shall take the only vacant seat;

She will not be voluble in the theatre or concert room, nor attract attention to her by conversing in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard two seats away;

She will not ridicule people by whom she is surrounded. Leave that to more ignorant persons.—Sunday Times.

Followers of Isaak Walton should read February Outing. "Fishing for Tarpon" is a thrilling account of how the king of game fish is caught.

Logic.

Miss Parkwood—"Do you know, sir, I could sue you for breach of promise?"

Mr. Finlay Place—"Oh, I guess not."

"Why, sir, did you not ask me to marry you?"

"Yes."

"And I consented?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, I didn't promise, did I? You were the one that did that. I presume I have the right to ask you a civil question, have I not, without running the risk of being dragged into court?"—Teledo Blade.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odensburg, Ind., Nov. 25.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more, Smith Med. Co., Palestine, Ills.

LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Wonderful secrets, revelations and discoveries for married or single, securing health, wealth and happiness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages, mailed for only 10c. Union Pub. Co., Newark, N.J.

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

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY CHANCE FOR ALL To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea. A TRIAL ORDER of 3½ pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of \$2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO. P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.



BEAUTY
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE TO THE CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaling and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain killing plaster. 25c

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY, KAVA FOURNIER.

FOR MEN. Over 30,000 cases successfully treated in the leading Paris hospitals. Used in daily practice by all French physicians. Medals and Diploma of Honor, Paris Expositions. Acts with magical rapidity in new cases. Cures absolutely those chronic cases which other remedies only relieve.

Full package remedies sent C.O.D., express prepaid \$5.00. Handsome pamphlet free.

Kava Fournier Agency, 18 East 13th St., New York.

ANTI-MALARIA.

Why suffer from Malaria when you can protect yourself from it by wearing a Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet is a preventive—a protection against Malaria.

Send one dollar and get a Satchet, and keep away Malaria. Address

KEITH SHELLMAN,

1228 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mention this paper.

READ WHAT

Dr. Campbell's Life Renewing Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers Have Done.



A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes: "Please send me a \$1 box of Dr. Campbell's Arsenic Complexion Wafers for they are doing me so much good I do not wish to neglect taking them, my health is greatly improved while my complexion is smooth as satin and rapidly becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1

Depot, 220 6th ave., N. Y. All druggists. Mention this paper.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING
COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

A GREAT COMBINATION.

Texas Siftings

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

OFFER No. 683.

With a mail order on this offer for 1,000



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

R. W. Tansill & Co.,

55 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

THREE DOZEN

GOOD STORIES

Selected from Texas Siftings.

8vo., 194 Pages with 100 Illustrations

BY

THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

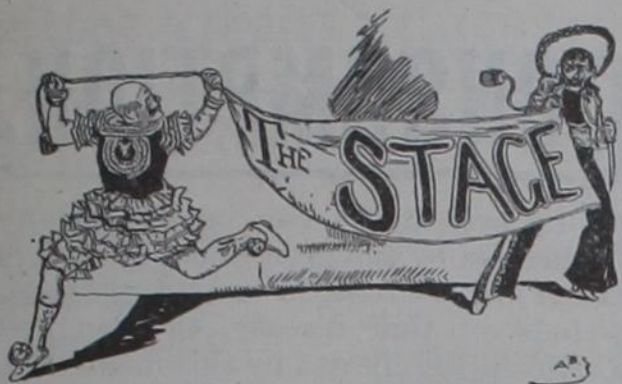
This book is the sensation of the hour. The demand for it has never been equalled in the history of American literature. It is a book of 194 pages, containing more than 100 of the original sketches written by Alex. E. Sweet and J. Armo Knox, and which have made TEXAS SIFTINGS a household word with all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

Sold by all newsdealers and booksellers, or mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

57 Rose Street, New York

Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.



A new play by Louis Aldrich, entitled *The Editor*, will be produced April 17.

Theatrical successes this season have not been as copiously numerous as one would desire.

Mrs. Langtry is very ill with bronchitis, and will not produce *As You Like It* for some time in London.

Nat Goodwin's new play is not so much of a success, after all. Nathaniel had better stick to *A Gold Mine*. Goodwin never appeared to better advantage than he does in *A Gold Mine*.

Wild and Collyer have given up starting together, as they found it did not pay. If they had used a better class of plays they would have "got thar" with both feet, as both are prime favorites in New York; but rough, horse play comedies are not in demand nowadays.

Some of the best plays of the season are produced at the People's Theatre. Last week, Robert Mantell in his magnificent production of the *Corsican Brothers*, drew immense houses, and this week Mr. Barnes of New York, with a fine cast, including Bob Hilliard, Ben Hendricks, and others of note, is doing a splendid business.

Mr. R. A. Roberts, for several years leading man and stage manager for Miss Minnie Palmer, is an Englishman by birth, but like many of his nationality, prefers America to his native land. He has "struck oil" with a vengeance in New York city. Messrs. Daniel and Charles Frohman, perceiving his remarkable ability as a stage director, have appointed him to that lucrative and responsible position under them, and he also fills an important and difficult part in the unusually successful play *Sheandoh*. In America, ability and merit, no matter where they come from, are readily recognized, and after all Mr. Roberts only gets his due when he obtains a position like the one he now holds.

The Old Homestead, at the Academy of Music in New York city, is still flourishing like a green bay tree, and in consequence of its great success, and also in response to urgent requests, the management have at last prevailed upon Mr. Denman Thompson (famously known as Uncle Josh) to give an extra matinee on Wednesday in each week for the remainder of the season. Thousands of would-be patrons outside the city have hitherto been unable to witness the charming play on either the regular evening performances or the Saturday matinees, and this matinee in the middle of the week will give them an opportunity of visiting the Academy. Mr. Thompson is decidedly averse to Wednesday matinees, but at the same time he likes to oblige his "friends and neighbors" from the country.

The first presentation of Gilbert and Sullivan's opera, the *Gondoliers*, by an American company, under American management, was a signal success at the Amphion Academy in Brooklyn. The house and its clientele were particularly adapted to receive the opera in its best form—far, very far different from the version given by the English Opera Company at the New Park Theatre in New York. An objectionable feature in the announcements, however, was to the effect that the opera was produced "by the authority of D'Oyly Carte." Permission would have sounded better in America. Messrs.

Knowles and Morris seem determined that the patrons of their magnificent theatre shall have the very best attractions that can be procured, without any regard to expense, and this fact alone will bring its reward from all Brooklyn play-goers.

A Tale of a Tourist.

"Have you anything to give a poor man, mum?"

The voice was that of a wan, haggard and dilapidated mendicant. Hat in hand, with bowed head and humble mien, he stood in the presence of the young housewife, says the *Chicago Tribune*.

The wind blew through his scanty, unkempt hair, and his toes looked mournfully out through the embrasures of his shoes in a weird, gruesome way that would have drawn a sigh from a wax figure of Jesse James, or melted the heart of a bridge-tender.

"Have you walked far, this morning?" she asked.

"Yes, mum," replied the jaded pilgrim, "I have hoofed it for about ten or eleven mile."

"Are you hungry?"

"Powerful gaunt in the stomach, like." The tender-hearted young woman meditated a few moments.

"I have nothing but a soup-bone and some cold tripe to offer you," she said, "but you are welcome to them."

The tourist shook his head sadly.

"Bliged to you, mum," he responded, in a hollow voice, "but I'm a vegetarian. Hain't got no ham and eggs, I reckon?"

"I am sorry to say I have not. But stay!" she exclaimed, as the forlorn applicant for charity turned to go. "Wouldn't you like something in the way of clothing, my poor man?"

"Yes'm," he replied gratefully. "If you've got any old clothes about the house, I'd be glad to get 'em."

With a light step, and a heart full of happiness at the prospect of being able to do good to a suffering fellow-creature, she left him and returned presently with a small bundle.

"Here is a garment I heard my husband say he should not wear again," said the young wife. "It is perfectly clean, and just as good as new."

"May I ask what it is, mum?"

"It is a flannel shirt."

"Been washed?"

"Oh, certainly—three or four times."

The battered tramp jammed his hat on his head, and went slowly down the steps.

"Madam," he said, with a hopeless, just-as-I-expected intonation in his rich, Southwestern Missouri voice, "that is the twenty-sixth flannel shirt that's been stuck at me since I left East St. Louis, and I've got a pocket full of 'em."

And as the hot sun came out from behind a cloud, and beamed down pitilessly on the dusty highway, the weary wanderer took from his bundle a jagged hunk of tobacco, looked at it in a hesitating and uncertain way, put it in his pocket, and started across the street in the direction of a house from which there seemed to emanate, as it were, a suggestion of fried pork.

The Humorous Side of Journalism.

Angry Visitor—"In your paper this morning, sir, you referred to me as a 'person of some notoriety about town.' I demand a retraction."

Editor—"All right. To-morrow morning I will say you are a person of no notoriety whatever."

Visitor—"If you do I will sue you for libel!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

All scalp and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or faded hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER; they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, (if your druggist does not keep them,) WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

3,000,000 WORDS!

The Equivalent of 50 Bound Books.

All Elegantly Illustrated, for only \$2.

The New York *Ledger* gives a greater variety and larger quantity of high-class, interesting and beneficial home reading by the most eminent and popular writers than you can possibly buy in any other way for so little money. To be convinced of this statement send two dollars for a year's subscription, or send your name and address on a postal card to Robert Bonner's Sons, 60 William street, New York city, and a sample copy of the *Ledger* and our illustrated announcement for 1890 will be sent to you free.

It Wasn't In.

"'Scuse me," he said, as he leaned across the aisle of the car, "but I presume you are reading the morning paper?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other.

"Published here in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you have the kindness to tell me if you have as yet come across an article headed: 'A Distinguished Visitor to Detroit. The Hon. Benjamin Perkins in Town. Let Us do this Famous Man all Honor.'"

"No, sir, I haven't."

"Some oversight, probably. Probably be in to-morrow. That's all. Much obliged."

And he settled back, buttoned up his threadbare overcoat and realized that thirteen passengers were sizing him up and wishing that fame would also come to them.—*Detroit Free Press*.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Beating His Way.

First Tramp (at the scales)—"Say, you weighs a good deal more dan yer did larst time we wuz here, cul."

Second ditto—"Now wonder, pard."

First tramp—"Why?"

Second ditto—"Cause, ain't I been beatin' my weigh all summer?"—*Lawrence American*.

A Clear Waste of Time.

"What nonsense!"

"What?"

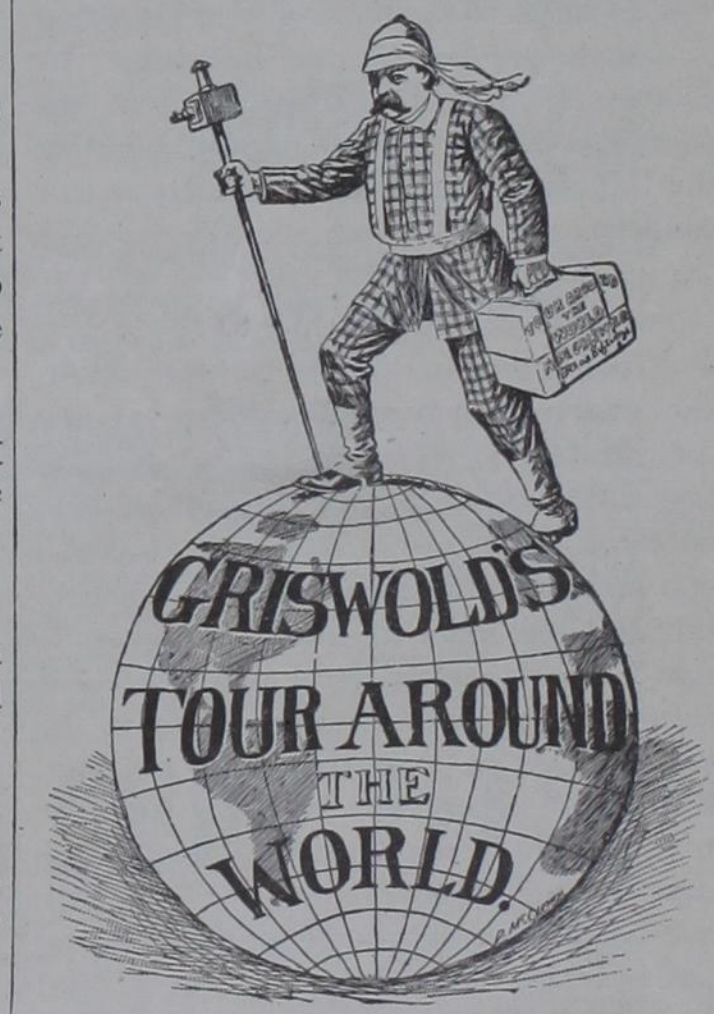
"A Rochester man has just patented a voting machine. It can't vote until it's twenty-one, and then the patent will have expired."—Puck.

JEWELRY.

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

AGENTS! Canvassers, Etc. Our inducements to agents to take orders for Copying and Enlarged Photos, are unequalled. Send for Catalogue and see. W. I. BENNETT & Co., Auburn, N. Y.

Send for circular of the Perfect Automatic Cow Milker. H. E. STEVENS, Sec'y, Buffalo, N. Y. Please mention this paper.



THE "FAT" CONTRIBUTOR'S

New Humorous Illustrated Lecture.

For terms and dates apply to

Major J. B. POND,

Everett House, New York City.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Methods and Aids in Geography, for the use of teachers and normal schools, by Charles F. King, head master of the Dearborn School and formerly sub-master of the Lewis Grammar School, Boston. Cloth illustrated \$1.60 net; by mail \$1.76. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

Godey's Lady's Book is considered very good authority on fashions, and the plates in the February number are abundant and attractive. It also contains several valentine poems and stories. You can enjoy a good laugh by reading Major and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins, by Belle C. Greer.

The Voice, How to Train It—How to Care for It. By Prof. E. B. Warman. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, \$2.00. The accomplished author is high authority on all matters pertaining to the human voice, its cultivation and use; and he has written a very useful book telling how to train it, and how to care for it, embodying his successful teachings to his large number of pupils.

Gen. Wolseley contributes to the February Harper an article on The Standing Army of Great Britain. The second and concluding part of Hearn's Youma is given—a very remarkable story. The fecundity of this author's imagination is as wonderful as his language is abundant and felicitous. An account of the life of Benvenuto Cellini is given, with numerous illustrations. Howard Pyle writes of Jamaica Old and New, illustrated. Mark Twain also has a contribution.

In The Atlantic Monthly for February Dr. Holmes continues his delightful papers, Over the Tea-cups. There is a pathetic interest in these thoughts of an old man for those who learned years ago to love The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, as he appeared from month to month in The Atlantic. The Behring Sea Question is discussed, in all its Behrings, by Charles B. Elliott. An Outline of the Japanese Constitution is by the head of the Japanese commission, recently in this country.

Matt Carpenter's Son.

A good story is told of Paul Carpenter, the energetic young President of the Young Men's Republican Club of the last campaign, says the Milwaukee Wisconsin. He is, as everybody knows, a son of the late Senator Matt H. Carpenter, and the incident happened when he was a very young boy and while his father was representing the state in the senate. At a gathering one evening, somebody said:

"Well, Paul, what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the young patriot, "I'd like to be a hack-driver, but I suppose I'll have to be a senator, like pap."

Big Dinners.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, etc. If these will take **just one** of Carter's Little Liver Pills **immediately after eating**, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

One Way of Getting a Wife.

Among the passengers who boarded the Burlington express for the North recently was a comely young German girl named Anna Schwartz. She had been living with a respectable family in this city for a number of years, and bears an irreproachable character. In Orient, Dakota, a well-to-do German farmer named Jacob Shillinger has resided for a number of years and amassed a competency. Several months ago he wrote to his old home in Germany stating that he was lonely and wanted them to send him a wife. His people cast about them and learned that a young girl of their village had come to America four or five years ago and settled in Kansas City. They obtained her address and sent it to Jacob Shillinger, who forthwith wrote to her. They had never seen each other, but knew each other's families, and the result was that Anna agreed to become Mrs. Shillinger and the mistress of a Dakota ranch. Jacob was too busy with his wheat and hay to come to Kansas City after the fraulein, and the other morning Mr. Harry Orr, of the Burlington sold the pretty German girl a ticket and saw her safely off for Orient, Dak. And he smiled and looked pleased every time he spoke about the matter.—Kansas City Times.

Ladies, Attention! All of those of the fair sex interested in physical culture should read *Outing* for February. "Fencing for Women," by Margaret Bissland, is the title of an ably written article on this recreation by one who knows whereof she speaks. Illustrated from pen drawings.

A Fruit of Repentance.

May Kissam—"You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Jack Bussey—"I—I am; what can I do to atone for my rudeness?"

May Kissam—"You might at least draw the curtains."—Puck.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

The Difference Not Very Great.

Representative Reed, of Putnam, was one of the legislative committee sent to inspect the asylum. There was a dance on the night the committee spent in the investigation, and Mr. Reed took for a partner one of the fair unfortunates, to whom he was introduced.

"I don't remember having seen you here before," said she. "How long have you been in the asylum?"

"Oh, I only came down yesterday," said the gentleman, "as one of the legislative committee."

"Of course," returned the lady. "How stupid I am! However, I knew you were either an inmate or a member of the Legislature the moment I looked at you. But how was I to know? It is difficult to tell which."—Albany (Ga) News.

The Modern Despotism.

"Mr. Hankinson, you will excuse me if I receive you in the dining-room this evening."

"Don't mention it, Miss Kajones. It is much more cozy and homelike."

"It is not on that account, Mr. Hankinson, but Bridget has gone into the parlor to take a nap on the lounge and given orders that she must not be disturbed."—Chicago Tribune.

Not Exactly a Feast.

Umphstein—"Gif me a dictet to Cheecago. How mooch?"

Agent—"Excursion?"

Umphstein—"Vell, yes. I'm going to sphend Fasd Day mit my vrends. It was an exgursion, but no pignics."—Puck.

A Colored "Gemmen" Seeks Advice.

The arduous labors which his candidacy for the speakership entailed upon the Hon. "Joe" Cannon, writes a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, did not prevent that genial gentleman from being frequently "reminded of a little story" whenever a congenial group of visitors thronged his rooms at the Shoreham. Here is Joe's latest, and he tells it to illustrate the rapid degree by which a certain colored friend of his, whom he calls Caesar Smith, is arriving at the technical distinctions of securities. Caesar Smith applied one day to Mr. Cannon for advice.

"Mistah Cannon," asked Caesar, "would you lend Cuff Jones \$40 if you was me?"

"What security can he offer?" inquired Cannon.

"A morgidge."

"A mortgage? Why, what has he got to mortgage?"

"Dat's what boddors me, Mistah Cannon. I know he don't own nuffin but the duds on his back."

"Well, then, how can he give you a mortgage?"

"Dat's de qeshun, Mistah Cannon. No, he can't do it, and I's made up my mind dat he can't have de money unless he gives me his note of hand."

Christian Charity.

Clerk—"Lady out there with a flashy paste necklace wants to know if it's pure diamond or not."

Jeweler—"Look like a married woman?"

"Yes."

"Tell her it is. No use makin' trouble for poor husbands these hard times."—New York Weekly.

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.

All Her Own.

"Why do you suppose Patti dyed her hair?"

"Oh, for diva's reasons."—Puck.



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

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

CONSUMPTION,

IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral**. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me. But advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

A NOVEL.

Descriptive of Adventures,

FROM THE CHAPPARAL TO WALL ST.

BY A WALL STREET MAN.

Printed from New, Large Type. Bound in Paper Covers. Price Fifty Cents.

POLLARD & MOSS, Publishers, 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, N. Y.

FOR SIX CENTS.

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

50¢ PRINTING OUTFIT, ONLY 25¢
and 10¢ MAGIC HAT RACK.
To get Agents and buyers we will, for 60 days only, send these two valuable articles postpaid on receipt of 25¢ silver or stamps. 3 sets 60¢, 6 sets \$1.00. THIS IS A WONDERFUL OFFER. Outfit used for setting up names, printing cards, marking linen, books, envelopes, papers, etc.; contains 3 alphabets neat type, type holder, indelible ink, pad, tweezers, all in neat case with Directions, full Catalogue and terms. YOU can make MONEY at printing or selling outfits. Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Address INGERSOLL & BRO., 45 Fulton St., N. Y. City. PRICE 50 CTS.

"DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."

A \$25.00 Sewing Machine, with Attachments \$18.00
A 500-lb Platform Scale, on wheels 10.00
A \$125.00 Top Buggy, Sarven Patent Wheels 65.00
A 2-Ton Wagon Scale, Brass Beam and Beam Box 40.00
A 5-Ton Wagon Scale and Patent Stock Rack 75.00
A \$50.00 Power Feed Mill for Farmers, only 30.00
A Portable Forge and Farmers' Kit of Tools 20.00
A \$40.00 Road Cart, or Swell Body Cutter 15.00
A \$15.00 Single Buggy Harness 7.50
A 24-lb Scoop and Platform Scale 8.00
A 4-lb Family or Store Scale, with Brass Scoop 1.00
Catalogue and Price List of 1000 useful articles sent free. Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED \$15 TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE GROWLERS.



You can hear them every morning,
Every noon and every night,
Criticising other people
For not doing things just right.

Churchmen scorn both plays and players,
Churls, the men polite disdain,
Lawyers tell just what the papers
Should and never should contain.

People cry for rapid transit,
But they curse and growl and frown
When the street is torn by workmen
Putting rapid transit down.

So it goes—each man's a critic
When he's from his task released,
And he talks with greatest wisdom
Where his knowledge is the least.

—Columbus Dispatch.

THE MODERN PLAY-WRIGHT.

At inventing of plots, you must all understand,
I have always—alas!—been a shocking bad hand,
So in order to critical enmity quench
I've a way, sir, of cribbing my tale from the French

Of the duty of faithfulness, e'en to a wife—
(It's a thing I've encountered but little in life),—
I've a knowledge so scant that I'm forced to en-
trench

On the childlike morality owned by the French.

As to "characters"—well, you must freely admit
They are fellows of infinite humor and wit,—
But I've still to confess with companion'ry wretch,
They are all of 'em "borrowed (!)" direct from the French.

O! a famine has set in the Play-wright's brain,
And "original" notions are sought for in vain;
Hence!—unfortunate America's swamped with a
drench

Of those sickly productions that "come" from the French.

—St. Louis Magazine.

DATED "FEBRUARY THE 14TH."

Blest be St. Valentine, his day,
That gives a man a chance to say
What shall his state of mind disclose
As much as though he should propose.

DEAR MAID: I'd offer you this minute
My hand, but lo! there's nothing in it.
Enmeshed my heart by your dear lures is,
But I'm forbid to ask where yours is.

And why? Why, dear, at twenty-three
A man is what he's going to be,
Futures are actual in one's head,
But *is*ness is what women wed.

Clients nor patients, nor their fees,
Your slave at three-and-twenty sees,
And girls with nineteen-year-old blushes
Are birds he *must* leave in the bushes.

Yet somehow feelings don't agree
With circumstances: Look at me
With naught in hand and all to get,
Rapping at Fortune's gate—and yet
In spite of all I know, and see,
And listen to, I could not be
More hopelessly in love with you
If I were rich and sixty-two.

That's all: It's nothing that you'll find
Important, but it's off my mind.
If one must boil and keep it hid
The long year through, to blow the lid
Off *once* helps *some*, and one may gain
Patience therefrom to stand the pain
Until the calendar's advance
Gives suffering hearts another chance.

—Edward S. Martin, in February Scribner.

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.

Drink and Poverty.

A common axiom among temperance reformers is that drink, like money, "is a root of evil." Probably it would be contended that intemperance is a cause of crime, distress, mental alienation, and, above all, of the poverty which exists almost everywhere on the globe. Everyone is familiar with the picture which able writers and speakers are accustomed to draw of the unspeakable evils growing out of drink.

But Edward Bellamy and others have questioned this view of the case, and some of the arguments advanced are exceedingly interesting, if not conclusive. Indeed, the author of "Looking Backward" plunges fearlessly into the current of popular opinion, and seeks to stand upon the theory that "intemperance is the effect rather than the cause of poverty." The reasons upon which this conclusion rests may be briefly summarized as follows:

Men seek the stimulus of drink as a relief from mental distress or physical ailment. Intoxication clears the mind of horrors, and fills it with at least temporary visions of happiness. It soothes physical pain, banishes lassitude, or seems to do so, and for a time a man is a new creature under the exhilaration of alcohol. True, in the end comes greater feebleness to both mind and body, especially if drinking be indulged to excess, but in acquiring the habit that consequence always appears as a remote and uncertain result.

Mr. Bellamy objects to the popular habit of looking at this question in a superficial manner, by placing intemperance first and the ills of civilization afterward, ending the list with hopeless and degrading poverty. It is admitted that in many instances intemperance produces poverty by incurring extravagance in expense. But it is equally insisted upon that more often than otherwise the element of poverty is present before drinking begins.

This view certainly has some ground of reason and cannot be whistled down the wind by the ardent prejudice of those who do not accept it. Just as early indulgence in other things may finally lead to indulgence in alcohol, so doubtless the ills of life—sin, sorrow, disappointment, despair, poverty—are active agents in promoting the evils of intemperance. They at least furnish the motive which justifies the first lapses into intoxication, and make the road easy to inebriety.—Baltimore Herald.

Oh, if I only had her complexion!
Why, it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

Talmage's Florida Chautauqua.

The T. De Witt Talmage Winter Chautauqua Association is the title of a new society which has just been organized by the people of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. For several months the project has been under consideration, but it was not until a meeting of the trustees, held a few evenings ago, that it materialized.

The society, which will be located at Crescent City, Putnam county, Florida, is to be like the summer schools. It is intended to furnish not only refined amusement, but valuable instruction. There will be lectures and musical entertainments for those who attend the meetings. The intention is to start the meetings about the middle of February next, and they will be continued for a month. The members of the Tabernacle are looking forward to Mr. Talmage's return, in order that he may be the first attraction. The profits of the enterprise will be devoted to the building of the new Tabernacle.—Exchange.

Three Parrot Stories.

There is much difference in opinion as to whether a parrot merely imitates or whether it be possessed of reason, says the New Orleans Picayune. Sure the parrot that keeps jabbering "pretty polly" does not seem endowed with much brain, but what must be said when we hear such parrot stories as the following, of which we are willing to vouch for the truth pure and unvarnished:

A lady owned a handsome parrot, and leaving New Orleans one summer she gave her pet to a friend's care. Polly soon became at home in its new quarters; would bow its head to its new mistress and say in softest tones: "That's it, rub polly's head so, so, darling, rub polly's head." That was imitative. What is this? One day its mistress was eating plums. Polly was near; looking up the lady laughed and said: "Aha, polly, I have plums and I am not going to give you any!" "I don't care," said polly. "I don't want any, anyhow!"

A parrot belonging to a dear friend of the writer was very much annoyed by the pigeons, who would enter his cage every morning as soon as he left it and devour the remnants of his breakfast. A bright thought, so it seems, came to polly. One day as he left his cage for his morning walk he turned and shut the door of his cage and then gave a defiant look at the marauder pigeons. This he always did afterward, and so saved his breakfast.

Still another parrot story, also true: Once upon a time a parrot lived in a family which was very religious. The bird was accustomed to hearing daily prayers and verses of scripture. One day, after a severe illness, in spite of care and attention, the parrot died. Its last words were: "The Lord be with you!"

Infernal Ingenuity

Could scarcely devise more excruciating tortures than those of which you see the evidences in the face of a rheumatic or neuralgic sufferer. The agonies are the consequence of not checking a rheumatic or neuralgic attack at the outset. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been found by skillful medical practitioners to possess not only remedial, but defensive efficacy, where those diseases exist, or a tendency to them is exhibited. Surely this puissant but safe botanic medicine, bearing, too, such high specific sanction, is better than the poisons often employed, but most unsafe, not only in continuance, but in isolated doses. The blood is depurated thoroughly from the rheumatic virus, and the nerves, slightly impurged upon, saved from ultimate and direful throes by this benign, saving medicine, which likewise exhibits marked efficacy for malaria, kidney complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and liver complaint.

Her Interpretation.

He—"I don't see why there should be no marriage or giving in marriage in heaven."

She—"Probably because there won't be any men there."—Life.

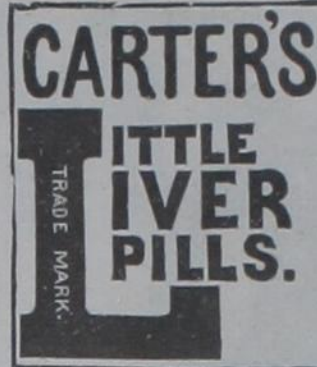
SCOTT'S EMULSION



Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites are the recognized agents in the cure of Consumption. It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.



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.

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp. HOME & YOUTH, CADIZ, O.

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.

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

GOODRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 124 Dear A. born St., Chicago, Ill. Advice free. 21 years' experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for anyone or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

\$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.

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

AGENTS wanted. \$1 an hour. 50 new articles. Catalogue and sample free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

We grow heavy mustache, in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S 2 or 3 Pigs do it. Pay Agents, \$5 per day. No experience needed. As proof, send to Dollar size Pig's, for 25c. profit. Stamp taken. Smith Mfg. Co., Palatine, Ills.

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 31 Chambers Street, 3d door West of City Hall Park New York.

WOMEN'S SECRETS Or How to be BEAUTIFUL

Largest Sale of any Book. Price, by mail, only 25 cents. Charles Dickens' Complete Works, mailed for \$1.00. Waverley Novels, by Walter Scott, 25 Vols., only 1.50. Mammoth Encyclopedia, 4 Volumes, 2170 Pages, 1.00. 61.00 Books at 8 cts. each; 20 for 50 cts; 50 for 1.00. A large number of useful articles can be obtained free for a very little work, these include Bicycles, Sewing Machines, Crockery, Watches, Clocks, Accordions, Harmonicas, Photograph Outfits, all Books, Papers, Magazines, &c. 100-page Catalogue and copy of Paper with beautiful Engravings, sent for 10 Cts. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

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. D., 183 Pearl St. New York.

\$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.

The Grey-beard, or Bellarmine.



The manufacture of a coarse, strong pottery, known as "stoneware," from its power of withstanding fracture and endurance of heat, originated in the Low Countries in the early part of the sixteenth century.

The people of Holland particularly excelled in the trade, and the productions of the town of Delft were known all over Christendom.

During the religious feuds which raged so horribly in Holland, the Protestant party originated a design for a drinking jug, in ridicule of their great opponent, the famed Cardinal Bellarmine, who had been sent into the Low Countries to oppose in person, and by his pen, the progress of the reformed religion.

He is described as "short and hard-featured," and thus he was typified in the corpulent beer-jug here delineated. To make the resemblance greater, the Cardinal's face, with the great square-cut beard then peculiar to ecclesiastics, and termed "the cathedral beard," was placed in front of the jug, which was as often called "a grey-beard" as it was "a Bellarmine." It was so popular as to be manufactured by thousands, in all sizes and qualities of cheapness; sometimes the face was delineated in the rudest and fiercest style. It met with a large sale in England, and many fragments of these jugs of the reign of Elizabeth and James I. have been exhumed in London.

The writers of that era very frequently allude to it.

Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling, 1653," says of a formal doctor, that "the fashion of his beard was just, for all the world, like those upon Flemish jugs, bearing in gross the form of a broom, narrow above and broad beneath."

Ben Jonson, in "Bartholemew Fair," says of a drunkard, "The man with the beard has almost struck up his heels."

But the best description is the following, in Cartwright's play, "The Ordinary," 1651:

"—Thou thing!
Thy belly looks like to some strutting hill,
O'ershadowed with thy rough beard like a wood;
Or like a larger jug, that some men call
'A Bellarmine,' but we a conscience,
Whereon the tender hand of pagan workman
Over the proud ambitious head hath carved
An idol large, with beard episcopal,
Making the vessel look like tyrant Egton!"

The term "greybeard" is still applied in Scotland to this kind of stoneware jug, though the face of Bellarmine no longer adorns it.—Exchange.

Give the Devil His Due.

Henry VIII. has had his defender, and the divine Virgil whitewashed the sneak Aeneas, who left his own live wife, bamboozled a dead man's wife, and robbed a live man of his promised wife; but who has ever praised the modesty and discretion of Mephistopheles in saying, "Though not omniscient, much to me is known!"—Puck.

PEARS' "Paris" SOAP. Exposition, 1889.

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.
Highest possible distinction.

That Coal-oil Can.

There is something in housekeeping that awakens all the small curiosity of the people, says the San Francisco Chronicle. The elegant lady of society, when she owns a fine house, is not above commenting on the condition of the back yard of her neighbor's establishment, noticing the blinds, or the front steps, or the back windows, or who goes in and who goes out. I shouldn't wonder if even the millionaire's wife knows how much milk the next-door family takes, and how much bread, and is perfectly aware, by watching the butcher's boy, what they have for dinner.

"I am not a bit curious," the lady said; not a bit—and I don't care what my neighbors do; but that family opposite must use coal-oil all the time."

"No," said her husband, "I see the gas burning now."

"Well, I don't care. They must burn about two gallons of coal-oil every day."

"What makes you think that?"

"Well, the old man there goes out to the corner grocery with a coal-oil can three times a day and brings it back full of oil."

She worried her husband so much about this extraordinary fact, not because she was curious at all, but because she wanted to know, that at last, having a slight acquaintance with the old man, he took the liberty to stop him one day and ask him about it.

"Do you find coal-oil so much cheaper and more convenient than gas?"

"No; we don't use coal-oil."

"And what do you—?"

"You mean this coal-oil can? That's all right. Don't give it away. I am only flying the duck, rushing the growler. This is beer."

A Big Day's Work.

Mamma—"Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday school to-day?"

Nellie—"That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give twenty cents to buy a present for the superintendent and—that Noah built the ark.—Exchange.

Want of Training Room.

Miss Kennelworth—"He's a very pretty collie; but I don't see why he wags his tail up and down, instead of sidewise."

Mrs. Morris Parke—"The poor thing has always lived with us in our Harlem flat, and that's the only way he could wag it."—Puck.

Cure for the Deaf.

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

Are Beautiful Women Happiest?

In my life I have known many women well. Among them is a fair majority of what the truly appreciative would call happy, for which fact I thank God, as it has helped me to take, on the whole, a hopeful view of life as well as human nature. Now, are those women, blessed as many of them are with devoted husbands, cheerful homes, cultivated society, and leisure for the exercise of any special talent they may possess, beautiful women? With one or two exceptions, No. Indeed, more than a few of them are positively plain, if feat are only is considered, while from the rest I can single out but two or three whose faces and figures conform to any of the recognized standards of physical perfection. But they are loved, they are honored, they are deferred to. While not eliciting the admiration of every passer by, they have acquired through the force, the sweetness, or originality of their character, the appreciation of those whose appreciation confers honor and happiness, and, consequently, their days pass in an atmosphere of peace and good will which is far above the delirious admiration accorded to the simply beautiful, as the placid shining of the sunbeam is to the phenomenal blaze of an evanescent flame.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Commendable Caution.

Mrs. Dolliver (to the New Girl)—"Noreena, throw this water out of the window; but be sure you look out. (Ten minutes later.) What's the matter?"

Noreena—"I looked out, Mum, and I saw the water go all over as fine a gentleman as you'd care to meet."—Puck.

HAPPY MR. ABBOTT.

An East Baltimorean Who Drew \$2,500 From The Louisiana State Lottery.

The "fickle goddess" has again chosen a citizen of East Baltimore as the recipient of her favor. On January 9, Jacob Abbott bought one-twentieth of ticket No. 64,301 in The Louisiana State Lottery, for which he paid \$1. When the drawing came off on January 14 he was surprised and pleased to find that his ticket had drawn the third capital prize of \$50,000. Mr. Abbott's ticket being a one-twentieth, his share was \$2,500. Mr. Abbott is 33 years of age, married and resides at 435 Aisquith street, where he conducts a wholesale and retail cigar business. He also has a cigar store on Gay, near Exeter street. In conversation with a reporter of *The Morning Herald* the lucky man said:

"Yes, I drew \$2,500 in The Louisiana State Lottery, and collected it through the Adams Express Company. I have not as yet invested any of it other than in my business. I have only bought six tickets—one each month for the past six months. I consider that I am extremely fortunate, and I intend to invest in many more."—Baltimore (Md.) Herald, January 29.

An Editorial Necessity.

House Agent—"Let me see, I have a very nice vacant flat, sir, on—"

Applicant—"Won't do. I don't want a flat. I must have a house."

"House?"

"Yes, with a garden."

"Garden?"

"Certainly."

"Um—well, now I think of it, I have one place a little out that might suit. There is a space of ten or fifteen square feet at the back. It is now paved with stone, but the pavement can be taken up easily enough."

"That will do."

"All right. Fond of flowers, eh?"

"No, but I've got to have some sort of a garden, you know, because I'm the editor of an agricultural paper."—New York Weekly.

How They Do It.

Municipal Dignitary (to police official)—"Order the force to have everything in readiness for a descent on the gambling houses to-night."

Police Official (to subordinate officer)—"Tell the men to get ready for a raid on the gambling places to-night."

Subordinate Officer (to squad of police)—"Boys, be around here at 11 o'clock. We are ordered to make a haul of the gambling houses."

Policeman (to gambler)—"Jerry, we're goin' to raid ye about midnight. Tell the byes."—Chicago Tribune.

**Arnold,
Constable & Co.**

**"ANDERSON'S"
TENNIS SUITINGS.**
SILK STRIPE TENNIS SUITINGS,
French Printed Flannels,
EMBROIDERED PIQUES,
Tucked and Embroidered Mulls.

PILLOW LINENS.
A bargain in manufacturers'
remnants and short lengths
for HOUSEKEEPERS.

Broadway & 19th St

NEW YORK.