

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 4.
Copyrighted 1889, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

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



STREET SCENE IN NEW YORK.

THESE ARE NOT LUNATICS. THEY HAVE ACCIDENTALLY TRODDEN ON A FALLEN ELECTRIC WIRE.

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, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

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.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A STEEL cruiser—a pirate's crew, sir.

GATHER at the river—river reporters.

GOING the rounds—mounting a ladder.

YOU can send abroad for hams should the West-phalia.

HIGH old time—a clock in the top of the Eiffel Tower.

A MAN may utter words of wisdom and show none in his acts.

THERE is much Whitelawdation of Mr. Reid as Minister to France.

AFTER John L. Sullivan has hit a man the man has a sort of rapt look.

THE oldest fire-escape mentioned is that of Meshach, Shadrach and Abednego.

CONGRESSMAN-ELECT CUMMINGS says the result of the election is Amos satisfactory one to him.

J. WHITCOMB RILEY remarked of Nye's first attempt at a lecture, "He, Bill did better than he knew."

DEMOCRATS should be the last to complain of Harrison. He has helped them to a sweeping victory.

A little word in kindness spoken,
Its meaning not quite clear,
Has caused a suit for promise broken,
And cost a man severe.

"FOUR Acres Enough," is the title of a book written by an Ohio man. And Ohio seems to have had enough Forakers.

A BITTER opponent of dancing on the stage says, if this Australian ballet-reform will break it up he is in favor of it.

PERHAPS it is better in some cases for a young woman to be killed by a disappointed suitor than to marry him.

CONSIDERING the number of trials he has to pass through, it is a wonder that any man wants to be a police judge.

ARTEMUS WARD, who had a man travel with him to curl his hair, used to say that the way of the hair-dresser was hard.

WHEN a Spaniard comes to America and gets to prefer a beer garden to a bull fight, he is on the road to a higher civilization.

POOTS won't let the "beer jerker" blow the froth from the beer he has ordered, because, as he says, he is able to blow his own horn.

FASHION makers are the only ones who are not afraid of the signs of approaching age. They are always trying to get up some new wrinkle.

THE one thing that Prohibition seems to prohibit more than anything else just now, is the election of any of its candidates. As a means of promoting temperance Prohibition is a hypocritical sham and a failure.

SHE SQUINTS.

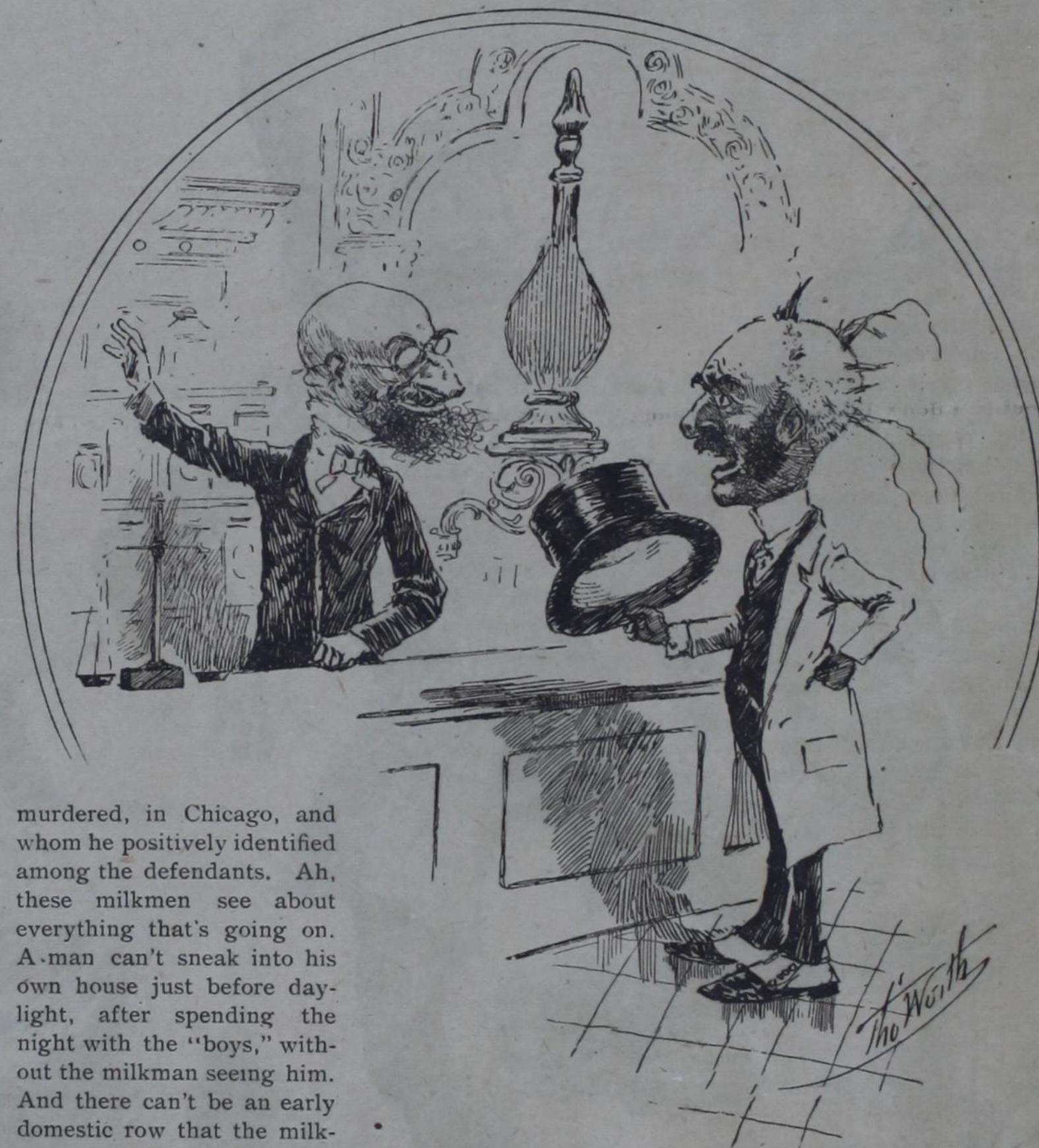
A Denver man has sued his wife for divorce because she squints. Didn't he know that she squinted when he married her, or did his vanity lead him to suppose that she only squinted his way? Little defects of that nature add to a sweetheart's attractions, sometimes—until love cools. When taunted with the fact that his girl was very freckled, her lover gallantly said that he wouldn't have her with one freckle less. But perhaps he didn't feel that way always. In the sober light of advanced wedlock he may have thought that a few less freckles would have been an improvement. And he is surprised to discover what an unredeemable pug his wife's nose is, wondering why he didn't notice it before. How mean these men can be.

THE N. OF F.

We are tired of the Napoleon of Finance. There are too many of him for novelty. He is ubiquitous, and turns up in remote localities at the same time. Whenever a man has been successful in swindling his creditors, or humbugging people out of money, the press dubs him a Napoleon of Finance. Won't the reporters please invent some other phrase?

THE MILKMAN AS A WITNESS.

It was a milkman, who, on that fatal day, saw the men going into the cottage in which Dr. Cronin was



NECESSARY TO KNOW.

CUSTOMER—Look here! This hair restorer I bought of you is the blamdest thing I ever see. It took out all the hair I had in some places, and made it grow like the deuce in others.

DRUGGIST—That's all right; you see your scalp is fertile in spots and doesn't need any restorer. and in others it will require more. Now you know the spots try another bottle.

money in the liquor business." The money that should go to them is invested in that miserable traffic day by day. And what returns it brings to the cheerless fire-side, whenever the head of the house returns! Yes, there is no sort of doubt about it, there is a great deal of money in the liquor business.

THE World says Judge Gildersleeve was defeated on account of a remark attributed to him but disavowed, to the effect that the liquor traffic is a prolific source of crime. Why should a sentiment containing so much truth be disavowed? A man doesn't need to be a judge to know it is true.

"There is a great deal of money in the liquor business," remarked a man to a friend as they emerged from one of the palatial drinking resorts of New York. Very true, but the profit doesn't accrue to the man who stands outside of the bar. The more money he puts into the drinking business the worse he is off. He draws a dividend, to be sure, if he keeps at it steadily, but it is paid in headaches and shattered nerves. There is an army of seedy, broken-down men walking our streets every day, living testimony to the fact that there is money in the liquor business. They have put all of theirs in. And there are thousands of wretched wives, and ragged, hungry children, who, if asked the cause of their misery might say with bitter irony: "It is because there is so much

A TEXAS HORSE TRADE.

There is a colored man in Austin, Texas, by the name of Sam Johnsing. He has some money which he has made trading horses, at which business he is an expert. One day Judge Peterby saw Johnsing trading with an itinerant horse dealer. Having some curiosity to know how Sam came out in the trade, he asked him:

"Did you sell that fellow your horse?"

"I did, boss, for a fac'."

"How much did you get?"

"Twenty dollars."

"Only twenty dollars! Why, you are a fool. That's a valuable horse."

"Lemme tell you somethin', boss. Dat hoss is lame."

Judge Peterby happened to meet the horse trader afterwards, and said to him:

"So you paid twenty dollars for that horse?"

"Yes, I paid twenty dollars to the darkey. It's a pretty cheap horse."

"You have been swindled. The horse is lame."

"I know the horse is lame, but it don't amount to anything. He limps because he has not been properly shod. As soon as I take the shoes off of him he will not limp a particle. I wouldn't take a hundred dollars for that horse."

Half an hour afterwards Judge Peterby met Sam.

"Look here, Sam, you were swindled, after all, in that horse trade. The lameness of the horse is caused by his not being properly shod."

"I knows he ain't properly shod. I had him shod dat way on purpose, so as ter make dat hoss trader believe dat he was lame from dat cause, but de troof am dat he is lame, sure enough, and he am gwinter stay lame. He nebber will be wuff nuffin. Heah! heah! How I fooled dat hoss trader."

The same evening Judge Peterby saw the horse trader at the railroad station. He was just about to leave on the train for Dallas.

"That horse is really lame. Sam has got away with you, after all," said Peterby.

"That all depends on circumstances. I think I can cure that horse; but if I don't I'm not out anything," replied the horse dealer, grinning. Ask Sam after he has tried to change that twenty-dollar bill I gave him for the horse," said the horse dealer, as he climbed into the car.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN.

I am a bald-headed man. There is no use denying it, for the fact is patent to every observer. I am not ashamed of my baldness, for I have distinguished company. Most of the prophets were bald, though one of them was so touchy about it that he kept a menagerie of bears to set on any little boys who taunted him with it. Julius Cæsar was bald. So is Ben Butler and Bill Nye. But I don't like it, just the same. If I am talk-

ing with a man and chance to remove my hat, he fixes his gaze on my bald head and keeps it there. I can never catch his eye again.

My bald head seems to have a peculiar fascination for most people. They say "yes," as I talk to them, but I am certain they are not listening to a word I am saying. They are wondering if I ever had a good head of hair, anyhow, and how I lost it. If I am married did that have anything to do with my hair coming out.

It is a trying experience for a bald-headed man to revisit the home of his youth after years of absence. He calls on an old sweetheart, and as soon as he takes off his hat she exclaims, "Why, John, how bald you've got!" He meets an old school-mate, and he wants to know, "What have you done with your hair?"

I always select a bald-headed barber to shave me. He cannot, with any show of consistency, recommend any lotion to bring out the hair.

The bald-headed man is alike sensitive to drafts and observations. The former give him a cold, and the latter make him hot. Won't the public please let up on the

BALD HEAD.

EXAMINED FOR ADMISSION TO THE BAR.

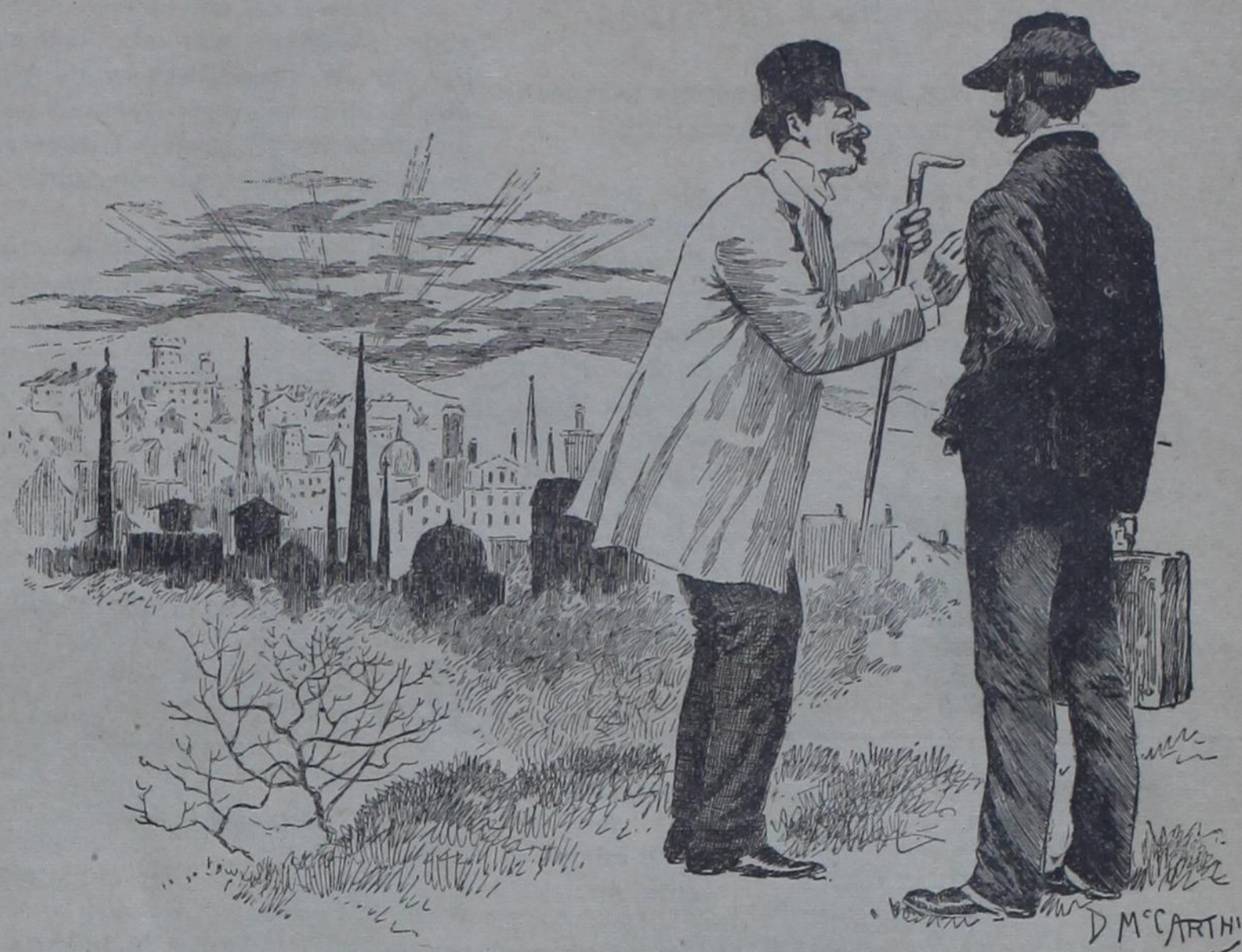
Examiner—Can you give me an instance of a person inciting another to perjury?

Candidate—Yes; when the Court asks a female witness how old she is.

A KIND-HEARTED GIRL.

Dude (to shop girl)—Lovely creature, I adore you. Do you give me your love in return?

Shop Girl—Of course I do. Anything else this afternoon?



SOMETHING OF A PAINTER HIMSELF.

ARTIST VON BRUSH (rapturously)—What a picture is yonder town, suffused in the lurid light of the setting sun. Ah, the sun is a great painter.

JAGLEY—No mor'n I am. I've painted that town (hic) red a hun'r'd times myself!

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Alderman—There is a great difference between a chairman and a chairwoman, but you will understand the difference more forcibly by putting the conundrum to any chairman.

Director—A bank cashier on a rainy day always attends a bank-wet.

Dudette—An English lord is built on the same principle as most other men, but with less brains and morals.

Temperance—The drunkenest State in all America is the state of intoxication.

Actor—The distance in time between New York and San Francisco depends entirely upon the manner in which you travel.

Bard—Jay Gould was never President of the Anti-Poverty Society. Pawnbrokers are generally presidents of the uncle-poverty societies.

Pocahontas—European princes vary in price according to birth and financial liabilities. A good second-hand prince is about equal in actual value to a free-lunch bummer in this country.

John H.—Your poem on "Rats" is not suitable for our columns, and we therefore return it for ratification. You mice send it to Puck or some other highly-colored sheet.

Mouquet—We have never heard the welkin ring nor the napkin ring, but believe that they both make as much noise as the Tweed Ring did.

Householder—The World's Fair will be held in New York city, to oblige the World and the world at large. No one in Europe ever heard of Chicago before it was burned down, and it is now commonly believed that that was done in order to attract attention.

Alum—SIFTINGS is so called because it sifts the good from the bad and always discards the latter. Hence we return your article on the "Hen that Crowed Too Soon."

Alice F.—Botany Bay is an English possession. Previous to its purchase England hadn't Botany Bay at all.

Gloyina—We decline to state what our salary is or how many days it takes to draw it. We can get through the work without assistance, thank you.

Christmas—The selection of a part of Central Park for the World's Fair is now decided to have been an over-site.

JOHN S. GREY.

JUST HER WEIGHT.

Young Medical Student (to his sweetheart)—Do you know, Julia, that the human heart is equal to the lifting of 120 pounds every twenty-four hours?

Julia (demurely)—Well, that's just my weight. Then he lifted her to his heart.

A DANGEROUS SYMPTOM.

She—I am feeling very bad. Something flickers before my eyes all the time.

He—Great Christopher Columbus! she is hinting for another diamond ring.



THAT LOVELY BLOOM.

VISITOR (to young widow)—What a lovely bloom your boy has on his cheeks! Where did you get it, Freddy?

FREDDY—I found it on mamma's dressing-case.

FAIRS.

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



ND now, ber-
lubbed bredder-
en and sistern,
I perpose ter
make a few re-
marks dis eben-
in' on de subjec'
ob fairs in gin-
eral, and de
World's Fair in
pertickerler.

You cultured
ladies immer-
tate de white
folks so close
dat yer knows
all erbout de
church fair. I
can't tell yer
nuffin erbout de
young man who

attends de church fair when de young ladies coaxes
him ter spend all de money he has wid him, and den
dey want him ter borrar more money and spend hit,
too. You knows well enuff how you coaxes him ter
pay two dollars for one chance at de raffle for de pin
cushion stuffed wid bran, or de clof dog what has been
raised on cotton.

Young man, look not upon de oyster in de soup at
de church fair, bekase it stingeth like an adder and
biteth a hole in your pocketbook big enuff for a bat ter
fly frue widout techin' his wings.

Den dar's de county fair. When de little county
fair sends out hits posters, on de top can be seen in big
letters, de "Competishun ter de World." And de
smaller de fair de bigger de type. Ef hit am de fust
fair what's held dar de local paper allus calls hit "an
unprecedented success."

De principal reason why county fairs am held am
for ter gib de big bugs what thinks they am runnin'
for de Presidency a chance ter make speeches. Dat's
what Gubner Hill has been doing in de Souf dis fall.

Ebery year dar am de same exhibishuns ob patch-
work quilts, Jersey cows, de same prize cattle, horses,
sheep and poultry. Leastway dey looks as ef dey was
de same. Dar's a big parade ob threshing machines in
new red paint. Dar's de big pumpkins which divides
de attenshun ob de young men wid de purty country
gals, and de pumpkins gits left every time. And
den dar's de hoss racin' and de man what ex-
plains a little game ter de country folks. Heah!
heah! I'se been dar, and so has most ob de
membrums ob dis heah congregashun.

Dat's de time when
yer boy comes home wid
his close scented wid ter-
backer from bein' whar
de men smokes, and he
tells his mudder dat de
reason he don't wanter
eat am because he had
too much peanuts and
gingerbread.

Dar's some talk about
a World's Fair being
held at New York. Dat's
de place whar de rich
folks am waitin' for de
pore folks ter build a
monument ter General
Grant. Dey has got de
air inter which de Grant
monument am gwinter
rise some ob dese days;
and dey has all de de-
signs for de monure-
ment, exceptin' de de-
sign ter raise de money.

Well, New York am
fixin' for de World's Fair
accordin' ter de same
campaign plan ter which
dey didn't build de Grant
monument.

I has read dat one ob dese Alaska glashiers trabbles
at de rate ob an inch and a half a day. If dat's so I'd
like ter see a race between de Alaska glashier, one ob
dese heah messenger boys and de New York Commit-
tee for de World's Fair. Hit seems ter me dat when all
de fac's am taken inter considerashun New York should
git inter a nunnery.

De kerleeshun what will now be taken up will be for
de benefit ob de New York World's Fair guaranty fund.
Amen.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE ALLIGATOR.

This animal is a saurian, and flourishes in the water
near orange groves. It is considerably larger in length
than it is the other way, and travels on land and in the
water by means of four short legs conveniently placed
on the under part of its body. It is all tail from its rear
legs rearward, and all mouth from its fore legs forward;
the rest of the animal simply serves to hold its head
and tail together. The head and tail of the alligator
are the best parts of him to let alone. Its head is con-
structed with a view to barely cover the large mouth
that goes with it, and is considerably distorted when
the mouth is open. The alligator's mouth is harmless
when it is open; it is when it shuts that the danger
occurs, and safety lies in being somewhere else when
that happens. The tail of the beast is capable of a
horizontal agitation only, and it is highly dangerous to
be within its reach when it is agitated.

Aside from its usefulness as a check on the increase
of the colored population in the South, the alligator is
useful in furnishing leather for alligator shoes and
traveling bags and sport for Northern tourists, though
the tourist does not always have all the sport; the
alligator has his inning once in a while, and when it
does there is a trunk and a pair of boots sent North
without a tourist.

The alligator is a quiet, orderly animal that tends
strictly to its business of eating and sleeping. It would
be a good substitute for a pug dog as a ladies' boudoir
pet.

E. R. COLLINS.

THAT UNRULY MEMBER.

Miss Elderly—Come here, Freddy, and give me a
kiss.

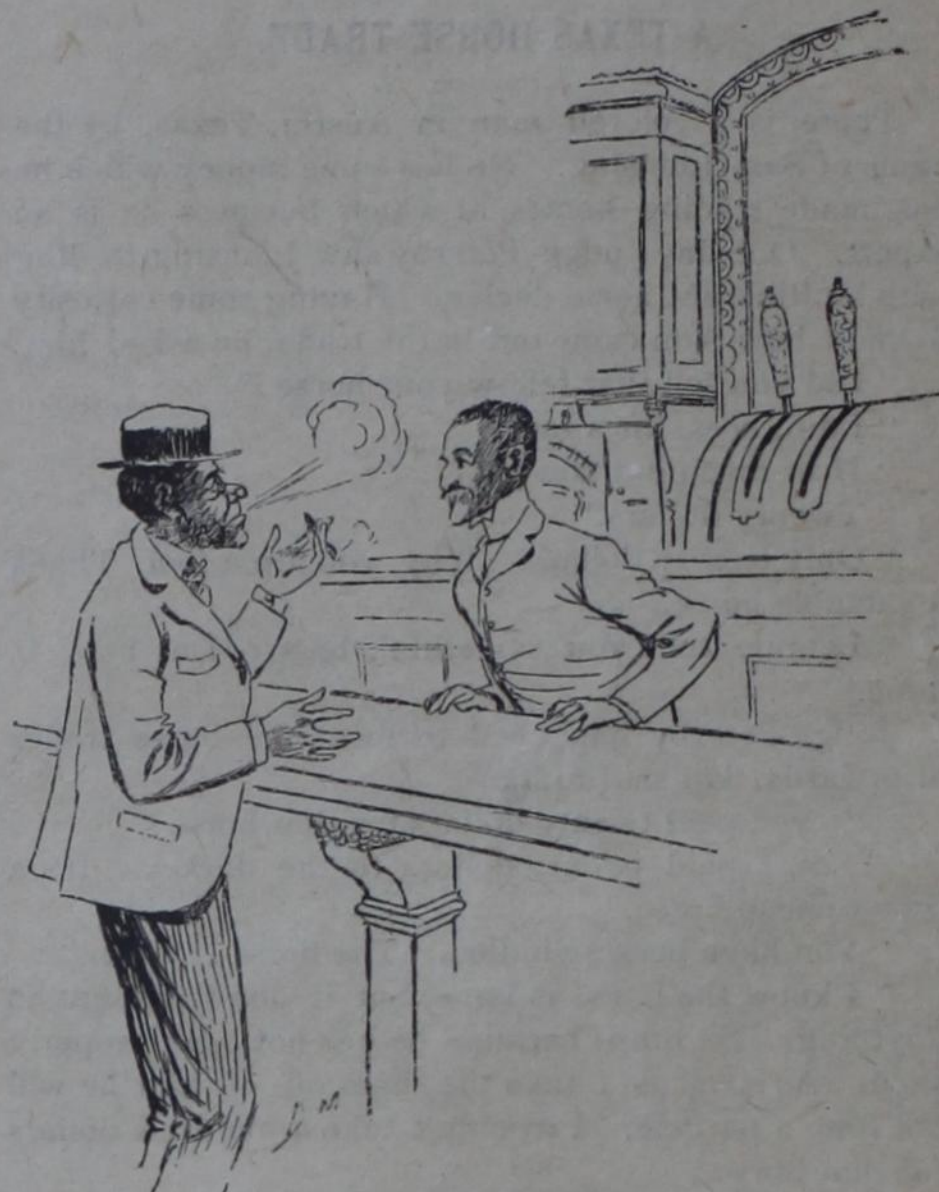
Freddy—I don't want to.

Pa—Freddy, go to Miss Elderly at once and give her
a kiss, or I shall punish you severely.

Freddy—I'm afraid to. Don't you remember, pa,
you told ma yesterday that Miss Elderly had a venom-
ous tongue?



At the Church Fair.



NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

Mk. REDEYE—Gimme glass of whisky.

BARTENDER (former drug clerk)—Have you a
physician's prescription? You know we have to be
careful in selling poison.

OBSERVATIONS.

BY JO BOUGHS.

STREET MUSICIANS.

I have observed that the aldermen of New York
have issued an imperial edict, banishing the organ
grinder, street bands and the like from our thorough-
fares. I have never had much respect for a New York
alderman, but this act of petty meanness takes away
nearly all that remains.

I don't know in whose interest this is done, though
I have heard that the step was instigated by some mu-
sical union that exists here, as a measure of "protec-
tion." They think if hand-organs are allowed in back
streets and alleys, and the "leettle Sherman pand" is
permitted to load and unload wind with their leaky and
battered instruments, in front of a saloon for their beer,
that music, heavenly maid, will soon find herself out of
a job. Well, she ought to be, if she can't stand a little
competition like that.

Street music doesn't hurt anybody, unless it be some
grouty old sinner who can't bear to see anybody display
even the semblance of gaiety. You don't have to give
the providers of it anything unless you wish to, and
you might get rid of your surplus pennies in a much
more unworthy manner. Everybody can't buy a re-
served seat at a fashionable opera performance, and if
they did they might be bored worse than they are by
the hand-organ, many of them. A candid friend ad-
mitted to me once that he got more enjoyment out of a
street band on the corner than he derived from a
Thomas concert which his wife compelled him to at-
tend.

If you can't enjoy street music, you can at least en-
joy observing the keen pleasure it gives to the little
people who constitute the audience. Recollect that
there are thousands in this great city who hear no
music except it be on the street, and let a general voice
be raised against banishing it.

IMPORTANT TO HUNTERS.

First Nimrod—It will be a great thing if this smoke-
less invisible powder is used for hunting purposes.

Second Nimrod—That will even up things with the
invisible game which casts so sad a gloom over the
average hunter.

WHAT SOURED HIM.

C.—You are not so charitable as you used to be.
You used to say that no poor man should go away
empty handed from the good man's door.

D.—Yes, but that was before the poor man lifted an
overcoat from the good man's hall rack.

When electricity is employed to execute condemned
criminals, we shall doubtless see a headline like this—
"He Volted into Eternity."

THE FAMILY MURAT.

The proposed marriage of the American heiress, Miss Caldwell, to Prince Achille Murat—the engagement is now said to be broken off, however—renews interest in the story of his illustrious grandfather, Joachim Murat. He was born in Cahors, France, in 1771, his father being an inn-keeper. He was educated for the church, but to escape debt he ran away and enlisted in a cavalry regiment. Twice he was compelled to leave the army—once for insubordination and again on the charge of being a Terrorist, and of having applied to have his name changed from Murat to Marat, in honor of the monster whom Charlotte Corday stabbed in his bath.

Once more he re-entered the service, and obtained a position on the staff of Napoleon, whom he accompanied to Italy in 1796, distinguishing himself greatly in that stirring campaign. He followed the rising young general into Egypt, where his skill and bravery decided the victory over the Turks at Aboukir, raising him to the rank of general of division.

In 1800 Murat married Napoleon's younger sister, Caroline Bonaparte, she being then eighteen years old—"with the head of Cromwell upon the shoulders of a beautiful woman," as Tallyrand afterwards described her in speaking of her beauty and administrative qualities when queen of Naples. Murat's suit was backed up by Josephine, whom the chroniclers of the day charge with a too tender regard for the dashing young cavalry officer. Indeed, Napoleon is said to have been furiously jealous of Murat at one time, but he was jealous of every man who came near his beloved Josephine at one period of his life with her. Napoleon, then First Consul, opposed the match for a time, objecting to his sister marrying the son of an inn-keeper, but he yielded at last. There was a precedent for it, however, in the Bonaparte family, his brother Lucien having married a daughter of an inn-keeper six years before, by all accounts a lovely and virtuous woman.

In 1804 Murat was advanced to the rank of marshal, grand admiral and prince of the Empire of France; and for his services against Austria in the year following he was rewarded with the grand-duchy of Berg. In 1806 he made his triumphant entry into Warsaw and was received with enthusiasm by the Poles, who, basely deceived by Napoleon, expected to see the throne of Poland restored and Murat seated thereon. This, too, was the feeling in Paris, where his wife was complimented on her accession. Whether she went so far as to have the crown of Poland embroidered on her underclothing, as Miss Caldwell, who expected to be her granddaughter, employed the imperial crown, we do not know.

But Napoleon was always disappointing his family in some way. He seemed to delight in it. In February, 1808, he ordered Murat to Spain, where he established French domination with extreme cruelty, only to see Joseph Bonaparte, his *beau-frère*, made King of Spain, which position he had himself coveted. To appease him he was offered the throne of either Naples or Portugal, and he chose the former, reigning as Joachim Napoleon.

Murat was weak as a ruler, but his wife Caroline showed considerable talent. She founded schools, protected men of letters, restored the Neapolitan museum of antiquities, and ordered the excavations at Pompeii. Murat remained faithful to Napoleon until the great defeat at Leipsic. He accompanied him in the Russian campaign, and in the retreat from Moscow was left in command by his master when he hurried on to Paris. He, too, turned it over to another, Eugène Beauharnais, Josephine's son, and hastened back to Naples.

After Leipsic Murat negotiated with the Austrians in order to save his kingdom in the crash that he saw coming, but it was too late. He acted with duplicity, siding with Napoleon after his return from Elba, and then refusing him any assistance just before Waterloo. Bonaparte at St. Helena said that Murat was one of the great causes that sent him there. Said he: "He ruined himself and contributed to ruin me, because the



MARRIED LIFE'S THORNY PATH.

SHE—Before we were married you promised that my path through life should be strewn with roses: and now I have to sit up nights and darn stockings.

HE—You don't want to walk on roses barefooted, do you? You'd get thorns in your feet.

Austrians, never doubting that it was at my instigation that he took up arms against them, would no longer believe in my word."

Defeated by the Austrians, Murat fled to France for safety, and on the second fall of the empire he made an expedition to Sicily to recover his throne, and was captured and shot at Pizzo, Oct. 13, 1815. Queen Caroline took up her residence in the vicinity of Vienna, where she was privately married to General Macdonald, who had served on her husband's staff. A pension of £4,000 a year was voted her in the reign of Louis Philippe, in 1838, but she died the next year.

The Murats had three children—two sons and a daughter. The eldest son, Napoleon Achille, went to Florida, and married the grand-niece of Washington. The present Prince Achille Murat is a son of the second son of the King of Naples. He is a widower, celebrated for his gallantry on the field and in the boudoir.



HIGH HONORS.

FATHER LOCKE—My son, what rank do you take in college?

YAYLE LOCKE (proudly)—Third in the batting average and first in fielding.

DEDICATED COCOANUT.

Joe Green and Tom Luster are the new proprietors of our Bobbletown grocery store. The other day they were taking account of a new stock of goods, just received, to be sold on commission. "Say, Tom, what is this stuff?" asked Joe, taking a package of cocoanut from a box, and laboriously spelling the word "D-e-s-i-c-c-a-t-e-d." "How do you pronounce that four-horse word, and what does it mean, anyhow?"

"Why, that spells desiccated, and it means—why it means—yes, of course, it must mean the same as dedicated."

"Well, what in thunder does dedicated mean?"

"Why, dedicated means given away."

"Oh! yes," said Joe, slowly, "I understand it now; these must be sort of 'sample copies' for us to give away to customers."

"That's just it," said Tom, glad to be understood.

So, in the course of the day, some hundred and forty-four of the fortunate housewives of Bobbletown were made happy by the gift of a pound package of the best desiccated cocoanut; and many a word of praise was spoken of the enterprise of the young store-keepers who could afford to give away such an amount of delicacies in "sample copies."

M. A. B.

TONSorial ITEM.

Judge (who is bald-headed)—If half what the witnesses testify against you is true, your conscience must be as black as your hair.

Prisoner—If a man's conscience is regulated by his hair, then your Honor hasn't got any conscience at all.

NOT MUCH OF A LOSS.

Dudely—I lost my heart, Miss Fanny, last night when I was talking to you. You have it in your possession.

Miss Fanny (frigidly)—You are mistaken, Mr. Dudely, but I will ask the servant girl. Perhaps she picked it up when she swept out the other trash this morning.

THE MERCANTILE STYLE.

Mose Schaumburg, Jr.—Vader, vile you vas gone Mr. Schmidt paid four tollars on account.

Mose Schaumburg, Sr.—Ish dot so? Vell, next time you writes him a dunning letter you signs it "Very respectfully, your most opetient servant,

MOSE SHAUMBURG.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART V.



IT MAY interest you to know, my children, that the foundation of the French monarchy dates from Clovis, son of Childeric, a Frankish king who died in 481. Clovis was but fifteen when he succeeded his father. Although he was the first of a long line of French kings, it is a singular fact that he didn't possess a foot of territory within the present boundaries of France at the time of his succession.

He was ambitious, however. He wanted the earth, and he eventually secured a considerable part of it.

At twenty Clovis defeated the Roman governor of the Eastern District at Soissons, and sweeping away the last remaining vestige of the Roman domination in Gaul, he seized the territory.

Clovis was fond of his little joke, and to show what a keen appreciation of humor he had, historians relate the following anecdote: It was customary to divide the spoils of war among officers and soldiers by lot. Clovis asked for a costly vase that had been taken from a church in Rheims, as his share, intending to restore it to the Bishop, who had sent a messenger for it. All consented except one soldier, who shivered the vase into fragments with his battle-axe, and told Clovis, jocularly, to take his share of the pieces. The king said nothing at the time, but afterwards, when the soldier was a little off his guard, he raised his own battle-axe and Clovis skull. Soldiers were accustomed to raising their own battle-axes in those early days. They planted them early, and the crop was easily though rudely handled, the handle being of wood.

Clovis was the first of the Merovingian dynasty (named from Merovig, its founder) to make himself sole sovereign of the Franks (521). He was converted from paganism by his wife, Clotilda, a Burgundian princess. It happened in this way: He was about to give battle to his enemies, which was the only thing he was ever known to give anybody, when Clotilda told him to invoke divine aid before commencing the engagement. He laughed her to scorn, being a hard-shell heathen, though he didn't attend that church very regularly, either; but at the critical point in the fight he remembered his wife's words. Then he swore that he would adopt her religion if his side won, and such being the result he was duly baptized. Many men since Clovis' day have become pious for revenue only, but that, *mes enfants*, is no reproach to true religion.

Clovis was baptized into the true faith in the cathedral of Rheims, named for Saint Remy, who was archbishop at the time. Three thousand of his sol-

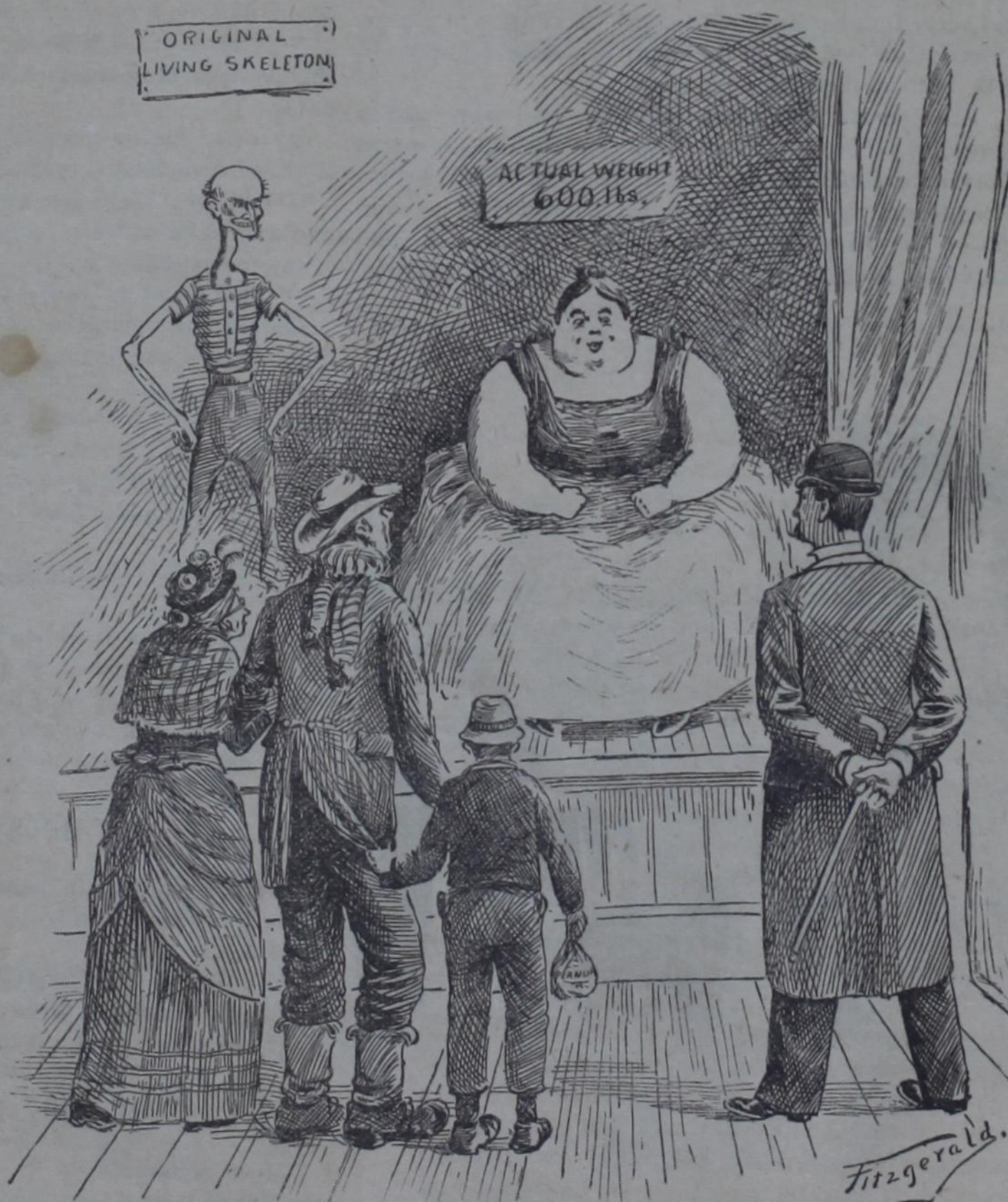
diers were baptized with him, he having detailed them for that purpose. It was in memory of this event that the usage was afterwards established of crowning French kings at Rheims. The ceremony was called *sacre du roi*, consecration of the king. No business of that nature has been carried on at Rheims for a long time, however. They are not crowning kings of France as much as they were.

The tribe to which Clovis belonged was called Salien Franks, because they came from the neighborhood of the Sala river, in Germany. The Salic law, excluding daughters from inheriting the throne of France, originated with Clovis, which act has made him forever unpopular with the advocates of women's rights.

Savage and relentless crimes stained the last days of Clovis. Desiring that there should be no obstacles to his posterity inheriting the domain of the Franks, he "removed" all the princes and chiefs who might stand in the way of his ambition, sometimes acting as executioner himself. Many of his victims were his near relatives. But this was in a rude age, it must be remembered, and relatives could not be satisfied with office under the administration as easily as they can be now. Clovis died in Paris in 511. To this day libations are poured to the memory of Clovis, and a clove is the emblem of it.

After the death of Clovis the royal domain was divided among his four sons, each being a prince in his own particular district; but there was no harmony to speak of, except when two of the brothers united to murder the orphan children of a third brother after he was killed in war. Two of these young princes were assassinated, and the third, Clodowald, only escaped by renouncing his regal inheritance and becoming a priest. The place where he went into retirement was christened in his honor, and the name, slightly altered, survives in the celebrated palace of St. Cloud (pronounced Saint Cloo), near Paris, which was burned in the Franco-Prussian war, 1871.

Clotaire, youngest of the four sons of Clovis, survived his three brothers and was sole king of the Franks until 561, when he died. The man who had been so cruel to his nephews was repaid by the treachery of his own son, who rebelled against him. He was at length taken prisoner by his father and burned alive, together with his wife and children. Conscience, which was an industrious worker even in that early day, was not idle in this instance, and cruel Clotaire died of remorse within a year. The domain was divided among his four sons, and then ensued bitter animosities and civil



IN THE DIME MUSEUM.

INCREDULOUS VISITOR—You weigh six hundred pounds? Nonsense; that's too thin!

THE FAT WOMAN—Maybe; but I'm sure I find it thick enough!



Outdoor Costume for the Coming Winter.

wars in the Merovingian family that form the darkest and dreariest period in the history of France.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE VANDERBILT FORTUNE.

An old New Yorker tells how the great Vanderbilt fortune began: In the early thirties Commodore Vanderbilt, the founder of the family, was running a small boat conveying passengers and freight from Staten Island to New York. A steamer plying between New York and Amboy on the Philadelphia route, attempted to leave the dock at Whitehall when there was a strong tide against her. After making three unsuccessful attempts and returning to the dock, Vanderbilt, who was observing their operations, denounced the seamen as "a pack of — fools."

Gibbons, the owner of the steamer, said to him: "My man, can you take her out?"

"Yes," replied Vanderbilt.

"Come on board and try, then," said Gibbons.

Vanderbilt did so, and instead of trying to round the Battery against the strong tide, he took the stream through the Buttermilk Channel around Governor's Island—a channel little known then, except to the Whitehall boatmen.

Gibbons made Vanderbilt captain and pilot of the boat soon after, and on his death left him \$25,000. The Commodore's wife and family moved to New Brunswick and opened a restaurant and liquor saloon, and having the steamers' patronage, here commenced the great fortune of the house that Vanderbilt.

HIS ONLY FRIEND.

Dude—I hear you have been telling people that I am a fool.

Friend—You are mistaken. On the contrary, I am the only friend you have got who has always maintained that you have got some little sense.

AN EARLY RISER.

Negro Porter—It's nine o'clock, boss.

Traveler—What! Nine o'clock already? Then I must get up. Why didn't you tell me sooner that it was nine o'clock? You might have let me know an hour ago.

A POPULAR COMBINE.

Jones—There are sugar trusts, whisky trusts; in fact, there are trusts of all kinds nowadays.

Smith—Yes; and Thanksgiving Day I expect to see a turkey trussed.

THE COAL QUESTION.

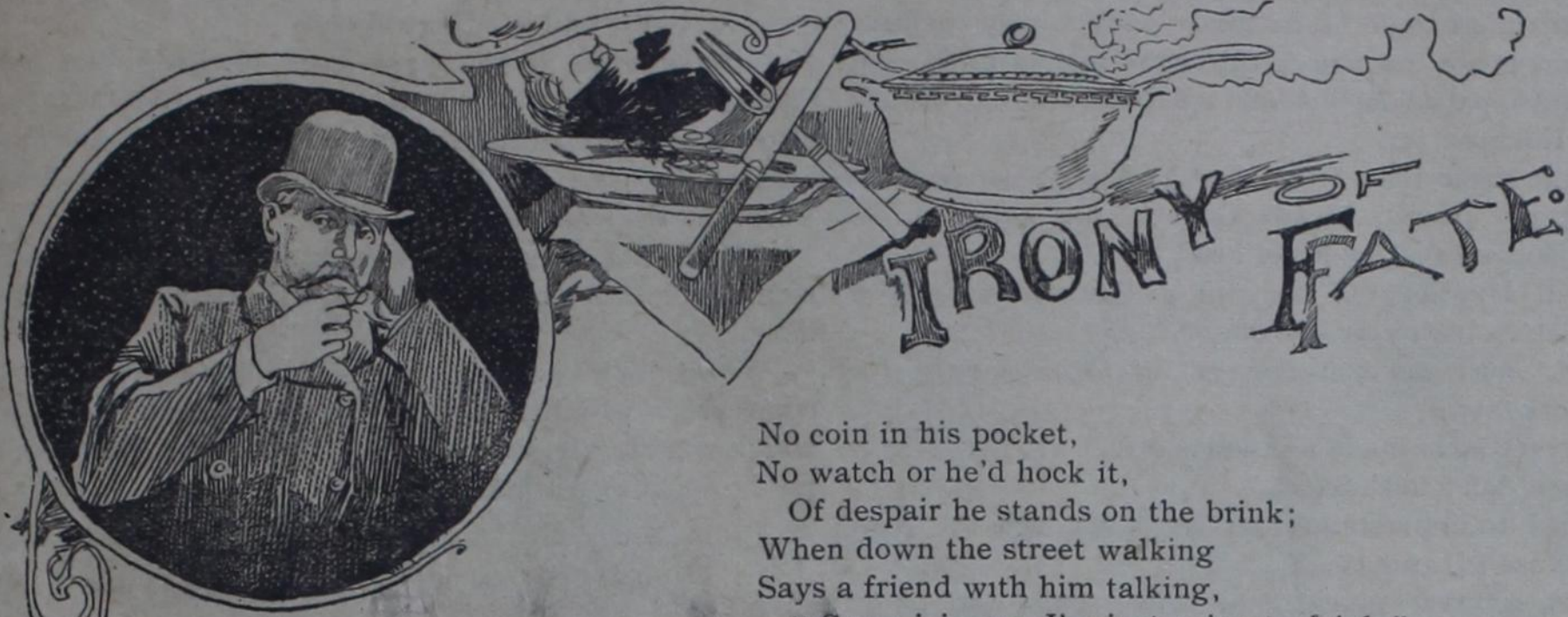
A.—I see that bacteria have been discovered in coal.

B.—You don't say so! Well, now, see if the coal dealers don't make that an excuse for running up the price.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

A.—How long has your neighbor been married?

B.—I never feel any desire to investigate the misfortunes of others.



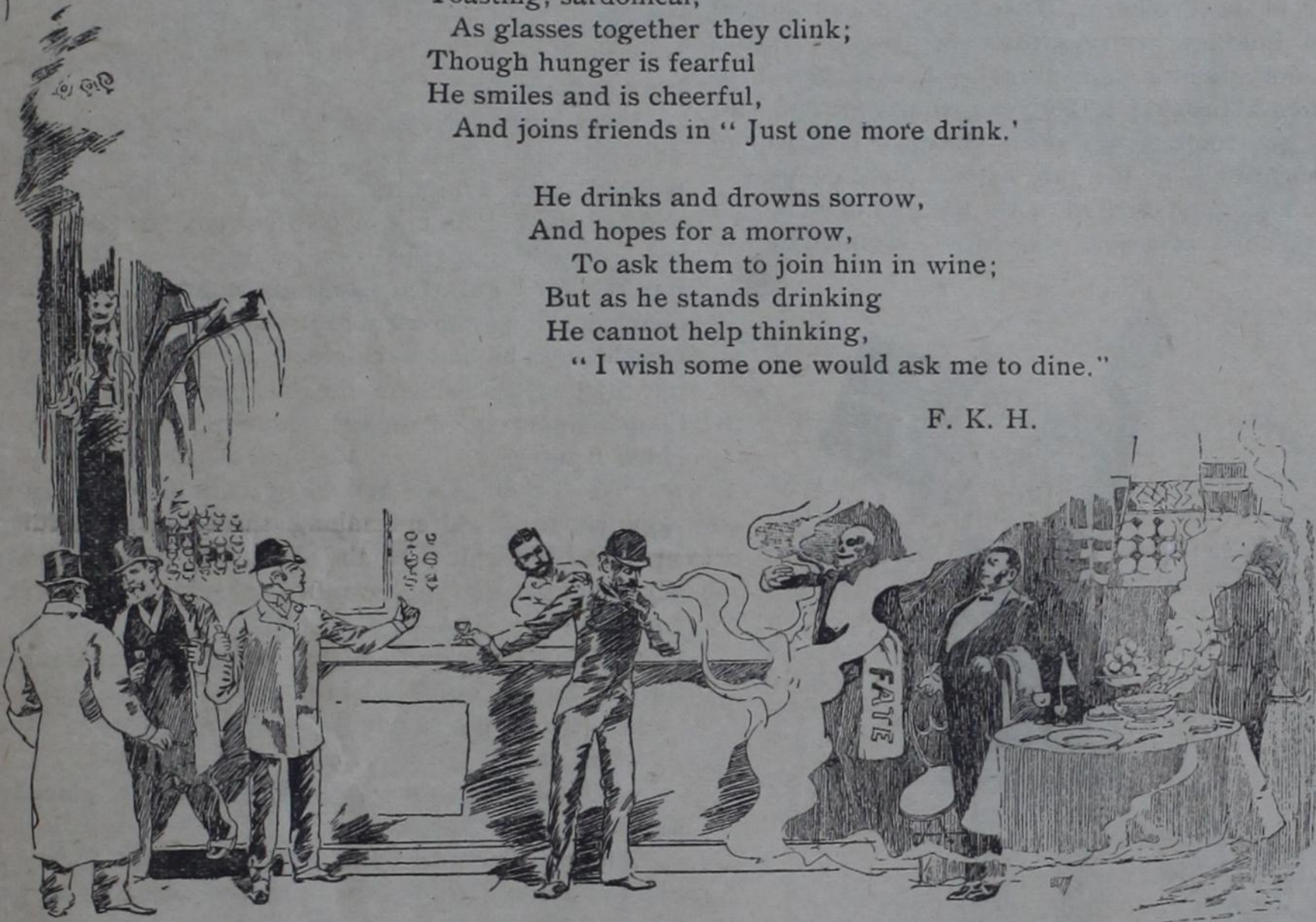
No coin in his pocket,
No watch or he'd hock it,
Of despair he stands on the brink;
When down the street walking
Says a friend with him talking,
"Come join me, I'm just going to drink."

He's growing much thinner,
He'd like a good dinner,
But of that his friends never think;
They don't know he's starving
While chaffing and laughing,
As he joins them in "Something to drink."

Fate seems ironical,
Toasting, sardonical,
As glasses together they clink;
Though hunger is fearful
He smiles and is cheerful,
And joins friends in "Just one more drink."

He drinks and drowns sorrow,
And hopes for a morrow,
To ask them to join him in wine;
But as he stands drinking
He cannot help thinking,
"I wish some one would ask me to dine."

F. K. H.



SILAS VASTINE'S TRAVELS.

BY V. Z. REED.

Silas Vastine of the Cracker Neck settlement in the Skunk river bottoms of Iowa, had plowed corn, grubbed stumps, burned brush, split rails and made himself generally useful about the farm till he attained the philosophic age of twenty-one, when his liberal sire shelled out one hundred big dollars in cold cash, deeded Silas forty acres of land, gave him a team, harness and wagon, a spick and span new suit of clothes, and a bull calf, and expected him to marry Lucinda Pypes, to whom he had been engaged since he was eighteen, and settle down to a steady life of rearing crops and children. But Silas, who had never been twenty miles from home, thirsted to behold some of the wonders of the world, and determined to travel a few weeks before beginning life in earnest. Lucinda, too, was anxious that her Silas should pick up some "larnin'," and it came about that one day the Senior Vastine drove his son and heir to the nearest railroad station, and that venturesome youth set off, like Zebulon Pike of old, to explore the wonders of the mystic land of the West. A railroad war of rates was in progress and he could buy a ticket clear to Denver for \$5, so his first stopping point was that booming metropolis of the plains. Before starting he had sacredly sworn to Lucinda that "he wouldn't court no weemin," and also promised to write to her and give faithful accounts of all the wonders he might see upon his journey. His first letter to his betrothed is given verbatim below:

DENVER CHOLERADAH JAWN THE 9TH.

DEER LOOSINDY:—this is the dad-blastedest town i ever see, it haint no more like rose Hill er Talleyrand then ole mike Smiths sway back mare is like a ellyfunt i wunst see at Barnum's surkis. The dummed town's so

Big you kaint heer yourself live and the darn fool peepil haint got no more Sewshybillity about em than tree squirrels. i met a nice looking feller mozien along down the road-er street, as they say here—an i spoak to him az perlite az a baskit uv taters an he jist looked ugly at me an called me a dam J. i haint Gott no idee what a dam J is butt i dont think it is ennything perlite. There's a hole lot of Brik houzes here an a lot of brik barns that you wouldnt blieve an moar stores than i axshelly blieve they is in the hull stait of Ioway. do you rickellect that time we Went to talleyrand to sea the unkel Toms kabin Show? i meen the time i set down in the soft sope while i was waitin around fur you to git on yure sundy duds, wel, you know in sitties sich plays is plade in houzes built speshil fur that purpis an thay call the places Theayters. good Lord how i did come down kerplunk in that Soft sope. Wel, there is a hole lott of theayters in this town an thay air owdashiously the dummedest places i ever see. i went to one called the Tabor an pade a dolir to git in too, an all i see was a lot of darned ijits prancin around an yellin like as if thay was crazy an a feller settin beside me sed it was Opry, an just as i was a gittin blaimnashun tired of it a woman come out on the stage without a derned thing on but a littel short skirt that didnt come haff way down to her knees an the derned fowl peepil klapt thare hands an actid as if thay thot it was Smart fer a woman to strip herself amost necked and snort around as If she didnt hav no shaim about her, the shaimless thing. The feller settin by me sed she was a preemy-ear er sumthin like that, an i thot she ot to bee lernt sum sense uv shaim, so i did. Jist then my new shuze got to hertin my feet an i tuck one uv them off an a snipshus feller called a usher come around an sed that the place wuzent a bath room, an i up an told him i knowed it an that i wazent sich a darn fowl as some other peepil ide seen, an he sed Wel kuntry, i guess yude better take a walk, an as the peepil all begin to

laff at me i thot so to so hear i am reddy fur bed an ritin to you afore turnin in so no moar form yure trew frend
SILAS VASTINE.

GERMAN JOKES

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

QUITE APPROPRIATE.

Governess—Miss Emma, have you found in Schiller's works an appropriate poem to recite at the silver wed ding of your parents?

Miss Emma—Yes, I have found an appropriate poem. It is entitled "The Fight with the Dragon."

SHE WAS UP TO HIM.

He—My dearest, darlingest little wifey—

She—You needn't employ any of that sort of taffy, for you won't get the latch key, no matter what you say.

MUSICAL ITEM.

A.—So your dog has run away again, has he?

B.—Yes; since my daughter has been taking singing lessons there is no such thing as keeping him on the premises.

HE LIVED HIGH.

Visitor—How did you come to rent a room the stairs to which are so steep and dangerous?

Poet—I had an object in view. You should see how polite the bill collectors are when they get up here and I hint about kicking them down stairs.

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

Father—Why do you ask for the hand of my younger daughter instead of that of her elder sister?

Suitor—Because I think the elder sister would more satisfactorily fill the position of aunt to my future children.

A DEAD GIVE-AWAY.

Inquisitive neighbor—Your ma's hair is as black as if she dyed it. Does she really dye it, Tommy?

Tommy—O no, she don't dye it. That's the color it was when she bought it.

NOT AN ELIGIBLE BOARDER.

Landlady's Daughter—Mother, you tell that man in the front room to clear out at the end of the month.

Landlady—Why so, my daughter? He is a very nice gentleman.

Landlady's Daughter—He is a fraud. I've been through his trunk, and found lots of letters from a woman to whom he is engaged to be married. What sense is there in wasting the nice front room to that sort of a boarder? We want one who isn't engaged.

MEDICAL ITEM.

A.—Dr. Jones is a good hearted man.

B.—In what way?

A.—Very often he don't take a cent from his patients.

B.—O! I see. The executor of the patient's estate is called on to pay it.

A FEW PASSING REMARKS.

Jones—What did your wife say when you got home last night?

Smith—What did she say? My dear fellow, it would take me three hours to tell you half of what she said.



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me."

—Bohemian Girl.

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



ILL SNORT disguised as a dude visits New York—How Harrison received the news from Virginia—Snort breaks it gently to the principal survivor—He visits Mayor Grant and talks about the World's Fair—A visit to Grant's Tomb.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—On election night, Harrison and myself sat up to receive the returns. Nothing quite so sad has ever occurred in Washington since the death of Sir John Moore.

I was detailed to receive the dispatches, figure out the Republican gains, and announce the glad tidings to Harrison. Pretty soon it began to dawn on me that it devolved on Bill Snort to gently break the news of the accident to the unsuspecting survivor.

"Another Democratic funeral, I suppose," said Harrison, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"There is no doubt about its being a funeral, but it is not precisely a satisfactory sort of a funeral to us Harrison Republicans."

"Eh!" exclaimed the President.

"Man born of woman goeth forth in the morning, warbling like a lark, and when the returns are counted at eventide the undertaker hath already got him in his ice box. In other words, Mr. President, on election day the Republican candidate arrayeth himself in his winter pants for the first time, but, lo! and behold, the Democratic wasp hath made her nest therein, and she proddeth him with a sting as long as a barber pole, and laugheth him to scorn," said I, breaking it as gently as possible.

"Col. Snort, will you please drop metaphors, and let me know if Mahone is gaining ground."

"Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note
As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried."

"Col. Snort, is—Mahone—gaining—ground?"

"Yes, Mahone is gaining ground—downward. He has aspired, conspired, and now he has expired." Then I read out the long list of the killed and wounded and a few of the sickening details, whereupon, to use the language of scripture, "King Belshazzar's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against the other, and he remembered the words of Snort the Prophet."—See Jeremiah xiv., 24th verse.

I might have prodded Harrison about how he had

neglected to follow the Prophet's advice, but I didn't have the heart to do it, he made such a poor mouth. Bill Snort is not the man to throw red pepper in the eye of a potato, particularly when the potato is as small as one as Harrison is.

I write these lines from New York city, where I am visiting my friend, Mayor Grant. On entering his office I noticed that he looked sad.

"Well, Hughey, old boy, for a Tammany man you don't look as happy as you ought," said I.

"Col. Snort, did you ever get up World's Fairs for New York city?"

"I never have made a practice of it."

"Then don't talk, Snort."

"Am I to understand that the rich people of New York refuse to 'ante up'?"

"Yes, avarice pinches up their souls until they rest in their bodies like the pith in a goose-quill. Stingy? Why, some of them would carry a mosquito to a dentist and ask him how much he would give for its teeth. Col. Snort, there are some rich men in New York who are so confoundedly stingy that if their neighbors were to give them a coat of tar and feathers they would try to pawn it. Like one of these pointer dogs, when they get on a scent they never let go of it. When one of these rich New Yorkers whangs a copper cent into the contribution box he leans back with a twenty-dollar air of benevolence. The subscriptions to the \$5,000,000 fund are pouring into the treasury at the rate of a dollar and a half a week. I expected it to pour in much faster, but between what we want and what we get there is a fearful chasm. The Alpine glacier that travels at the rate of two inches a year is a toboggan slide compared with the gait of the rich New Yorker on occasions like this. Confidentially,



Mayor Grant shows Snort the air in which General Grant's Monument is going to rise.

Snort, it galls me to represent such a snide lot of millionaires. They are as immovable as a man painting a house by the day. They couldn't get out of the way of a lame horse standing still. Now I feel better."

Just at this crisis, an excited man rushed into our presence waving a letter over his head and shouting, "Victory! Victory!" He was the chairman of the World's Fair finance committee, and somewhat of an enthusiast.

"Has another gentleman subscribed a dollar?" asked Grant, who was evidently poking fun at the chairman.

"Charlie Knickerbocker has planked down two dollars!" shrieked the excited man.

"This is really great news. Very likely the Vanderbils, the Astorgouls, the Van Snides, the Whinelanders, the Van Chumps, the Doolittles and the rest of them will subscribe as liberally. Janitor, hang out the American flag! Pound the gewhag and sound the loud timbrel! also the instruments of ten strings," and, poking me facetiously in the ribs, Mayor Grant invited me to take a ride.

"Where are we going, Mr. Mayor?"

"I want to show you Gen. Grant's tomb, Col. Snort."

While we were riding up Fifth avenue I remarked:

"Joking aside, Mr. Mayor, opportunities are game birds, and if they are got at all they must be got on the wing."

"Yes, New York is a little slow, but remember the

fable of the hare and the tortoise. New York is the tortoise, but it will get there first."

"Perhaps so, if the hare goes to sleep; but the Chicago hare is a Western jack-rabbit, that travels faster than a prepaid telegram and never sleeps during business hours. In the World's Fair race it's New York that does all the sleeping."

"Well, Col. Snort, I have great hopes that the rich men of New York will come to the rescue, sooner or later."

We soon arrived at the site of Grant's tomb, not far from which is a little shanty on which was a big sign, which was so suggestive of the prevailing New York public spirit that I made a copy of it.

WELCOME TO NEW YORK!!

"BITE ONE OF MY TEN-CENT PIES BEFORE WEEPING
AT THE TOMB."

Mayor Grant, whom I suspected of having a private understanding with the proprietor of the pie foundry, wanted me to bite a ten-cent pie, but I didn't bite. I have been in New York before. In New York nobody is too proud to twist a "commish" out of a stranger who wants to make a purchase while in the city. Three cents out of every ten-cent pie a pilgrim bites goes to the New Yorker who steers the pilgrim to the pie-maker's den, and so it is with everything else a stranger buys in New York.

I was much surprised at the vast number of contribution boxes in New York which strangers are expected to feed with a quarter for some worthy object. I stabbed the hole in a World's Fair contribution box at my hotel with a marked quarter, and when I came to pay my bill I got that identical quarter back in the change. The landlord said it was one of the strangest coincidences he had ever seen, and he wanted me to put the quarter back in the box and see if it would happen again, but I replied, removing the quarter to a place of safety:

"No, I thank you, Mr. Landlord, I am not as entirely eaten up with morbid curiosity as you suppose."

On arriving at Grant's tomb, the Mayor pointed out to me the air into which the Grant Monument is going to rise. The air is all right.

"We have got quite a large number of designs for the monument," said Mayor Grant.

"Is the design to pay for it among them?" I asked.

"Not yet."

"Why don't you have a contribution box placed on the door of the tomb?"

The Mayor replied that the monument committee had put a box there for that purpose, but Gen. Grant's family objected, so it was removed.

On our ride back I remarked that New York was growing.

"Yes," replied the Mayor gloomily, "everything in New York is growing except the World's Fair fund and the Grant Monument fund."

From the very start, Johnny, New York has been deliriously enthusiastic in favor of getting the World's Fair, provided somebody else puts up the money. And New York still entertains that unselfish preference.

Your friend,
BILL SNORT.

A PRECOCIOUS INFANT.

Nurse Girl—Sleep, baby, sleep.

Baby (in perambulator)—Now let me tell you, my young lady, that I have had some experience with nurse girls and the "sleep, baby, sleep" racket. You will have to make some other arrangement before you can get a chance to talk to that policeman over the way.

A CITY NIMROD.

First Hunter—You missed that rabbit by about ten feet.

Second Hunter—Well, you see the truth is, a fellow gets tired of slaughtering them all the time. I did that to break the monotony.

PEDESTRIANISM.

Jones (to fat friend)—Do you walk much?

Fat Friend—Well, I should say so. I expect to lose twenty-five pounds.

Jones—Good idea. The more you lose the more you'll gain, as far as personal appearance is concerned.



Harrison's Outlook in 1892.



BUFFALO BILL TEACHES HORSEMANSHIP TO THE FRENCH OFFICERS.

The French Government has engaged Buffalo Bill to teach one hundred cavalry officers the American style of riding.—New York Herald

BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN HIS MOUTH.

Such is the manner of explaining the luck which attaches to the son of a rich father, who looks with pity if not contempt upon a boy born with an iron or even a silver plated spoon between his gums. But it is one of the compensations of birth in America that the boy who comes into the world with no acquaintance with spoons of any kind, may find himself in possession of spoons of gold before he has reached his prime.

In a great majority of cases the rich man of to-day began life a poor boy. But enterprise and industry, together with the desire to do better by his son than his father had done by him, won the day. How about the beneficiary and inheritor of his wealth, however? Can he be expected to grub like his father; to live frugally and save money? Not at all. It isn't in the nature of things. The conditions are different and the result must be. His youth is pampered and his young manhood given over to indulgence. Many a rich man's son who has turned out badly might have made a man of himself had his parents been poor, no matter whether they were honest or not.

CHANGEABLE MALES.

"The mails have changed, madam," said the clerk at the post office window, in answer to a question about the time for the arrival of the letter pouch.

"Yes, indeed," replied the old lady, placing both hands on the window ledge and looking straight into the clerk's eyes, "the males have changed. When I was a girl we didn't hear of half the wickedness that we do now, and all owing to the males."

"But the mails I mean—"

"I know what males you mean. The papers are full of their goin's on. And it's a perfect shame. Seems though men get married nowadays just to be supported. When I was a girl a man would a-been ashamed to live off his wife's money; but law, they think nothing of it now. They even hold

themselves in the market to be bought up by some rich girl, like that Prince of What-you-may-call-it, over in Paris. Broke off the engagement because she didn't bid high enough, didn't he? A man like that oughtn't to be worth more'n five cents. Anyhow, you're quite right, young man, the males have changed."

Then the old lady went away, pleased that she had been able to free her mind.

A NICE LITTLE BOY.

Street Arab—Say, Mister, what o'clock is it?

Dude—I haven't got my watch with me.

Street Arab—You're a liar. If you haven't got your watch show me your pawn ticket.



ABSENT MINDED.

ALGY (at the door)—I—aw, bless my soul, Miss Gushly! I believe I've forgotten something. Lemme see—

Miss GUSHLY—Coat—hat—cane? Why, you have them all, Mr. Baboony.

ALGY—Aw, yaas; but—but—Miss Gushly—dear Edith—I faw-got to awsk—will you—will you be my wife?

FABLES.

BY E. SOAP, JR.

THE ANT AND THE FLY.

Once upon a time the Ant and the Fly got into a controversy. The Fly was bragging about his connections and high social position—one of the 400, you might say. He claimed relationship with the aristocratic Butterfly family, while the redoubtable Col. Horsefly was kin to him.

"Why," said he, "there is never a banquet that I don't get the first whack at the viands. At Church I can sit up in the gallery, and select at my leisure the most desirable Bald Head to light on. I am admitted to Court, and if I want the King's ear I can get it, also his nose. Clergymen all like me, for I keep the congregation awake when their sermons can't. And to think, too, that I can enjoy all these privileges without being compelled to do a speck of work."

"That kind of talk is the merest fly-blow," replied the Ant. "I wouldn't think much of going where I wasn't invited. What enjoyment is there in church, when you are liable any moment to step right into a Spider's web. You say you don't do a speck of work, but windows and mirrors tell a different story. Oh, you're too fly, you are."

Moral—When you feel like going for thine Ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways (of getting back on you) and do otherwise.

COMMERCIAL ITEM.

Lady (leaving a store)—You bet I am up to the tricks of these merchants. I made him come down two dollars on the price.

Merchant (to himself)—I am up to the tricks of these lady customers. I put the price up four dollars.

MUSICAL ITEM.

Visitor—You are quite a musical family.

Father—Yes; my daughter plays the piano, and my son is quite expert with the flute.

Visitor—And what do you play?

Father—I play first fiddle.

Mother-in-law—Not much you don't, when I am about and well.

Professor—What is the distance from the earth to the sun?

Pupil—A hundred million miles.

How do you find that?

Find it? I find it astounding, unheard of.

HEARTS AND A STAKE.

(From the Portland Transcript.)



THE GIRL WAS fair as the face of a sunny summer, this royal, sweet queen, swung out in her silken hammock under the shadow of the ivy vine and trellis, with a face to mock and to madden, mysterious coquetry of sparkles in her red-tinted eyes and the passion of peaches had in

her oval cheeks. God made Tony Reddington as beautiful as He could. The willows by the meadow ways that skirt the Mardi river must sit to learn grace at her feet so bending and so lithe was she. Her smile was the challenge of Diana, and she was as cautious as that goddess. When her white teeth shone under the crimson of her mobile lips, and she smiled on either hand at the love-sick brothers of the Randolph brood, they both shivered out into hot dreams of love, that were all the more tormenting because her smiles were impartial. Ben and Andy were splendid boys, strong of build and brave as the heroes of the ancient romance. I call them boys, because in truth they were but little more. Ben was twenty-four, and his brother but two years younger. They ran like youths together, racing to test their speed, chasing a sheep or a young steer over pasture and roadway for sheer sport, to vent the overplus of blood in their robust bodies. Tall, and daring and elate, both dark of skin and full of the gaiety of flawless health and good estate, they were the wonder and pride of the burgh, and the envy of all the lesser swains. The Randolphs and the Reddingtons ruled the Mardi colony from Deersick to the shire town farther down, chiefly because they were the richest and brainiest of the thrifty farm region that had its profits from the rich meadows and the green slopes of the fine old valley where they lived. Tony was the only child of the Reddington house, and not being able to marry both these lusty and beautiful creatures, who rode their scampering colts by her door with a salute and a hilloa, or slung bunches of wild flowers on her piazza at morning time—well, Tony as I have said, smiled on them both, and set them both wild with her cunning eyes that flashed and drooped and coquetted with either ardent boy, without daring to let either push his suit to an issue. She was not, perhaps, a bad girl at heart, but the instinct of conquest was in her, and she never had valued at its worth the soul of a man. To keep these handsome, gay and darling fellows at her beck and word, to meet and fling back the passion of their eyes, with flushes in her cheek yet with a steady defiance that gave back no hope with the glance, to receive their flowers and their adoration, to hold their hearts in her hand and glory in their devotion, it was sweet and pleasant and gratifying.

But at last, one day, these two frank, fine youths looked into each other's faces and saw the truth. They were helping the farm hands herd the racing steers in a new pasture, and being through they rested at an old line of wall by the field's edge, panting and full of sweat. God knows how in such a moment they both happened to have the same resolve. Perhaps it came because that very morning Tony drove over to the Randolph house to display a new kind of oleander shrub she had brought from a Florida garden, and when she would return both these gallants sprang to help her into the phaeton. The cunning wench saw neither but sprang in by herself, and turning with a laugh and a blush flung a kiss in the face of either with her saucy hand as she drove away. They both turned to a task at once, neither speaking. Now by the old wall Andy said hotly:

"You are thinking of that which I am thinking—and we are a couple of fools. Isn't that so, Ben?"

"A trifle broad in the putting on't, perhaps—but yes—that's level sensible I guess. She's fooling us, though she can't well encourage us both. Pity we both

want the same thing, Andy—that's so—by thunder." "And we can't divide her," said Andy with a rueful laugh. "If we were not brothers now, we might get down to the old barbarous custom, and shoot. But I reckon we won't do that, Ben—not for Tony—nor yet for any other."

"Not especially, as we haven't much reason for thinking she would cry for either of us afterward."

"Well," said Andy, stretching out his fine limbs and slapping himself vigorously, "I for one don't propose to dangle. Either she has that reputed and assailable thing in a woman which you call a heart, or she has not. If no, well then I think I'll travel in Europe two or three years for my health. What will you do?"

"Me? Oh, she may fancy me more. Maybe I'll marry her. God bless her."

Ben was fervent and sad, and cast down his eyes with a sad, queer smile as if he were joking about a funeral.

"That's so," said Andy moodily; "very likely she would consent. But she knows we are both—well—"

"Mad over her? Yes, I fancy she can't help seeing how we stare at her. We're a rude pair, I reckon."

"Oh, as for that, Ben, I have an idea she likes it. What shall we do?"

"Lord knows. Yes, I think I know too. Tell you what, Andy, I've an idea—"

"Incredible; where'd you get it?" said Andy with a laugh. These royal fellows would laugh and laugh if the grave yawned before them.

"Tis unusual, but you'll say this is way up. Listen."

"Well, fire away," said Andy, glumly, "but don't frighten me. When ideas go off sudden they are liable to explode."

"We'll go up to my grand lady arm in arm and we'll say, 'Here, you sweet, cold, lovely jade, don't you see how we both are dying for you?' And we'll tell her straight that she's wrong to keep us a-dallying and sighing for the moon; and then if she loves either—why, we're brothers, I reckon, and it won't be worse than now—and if it's myself that gets the bitter dart in my soul, all the same I shall say 'God bless ye' with a hearty good will, and then—well, I will get excused from the wedding."

"I'll go with you by the Lord! It's a fair way, but I reckon a woman won't be forced up to decision in such a way. She'll just tell the truth, Ben, and say, 'Hoot! my young Randolph chickens, I'll eat neither of ye for my breakfast, nor dinner either. Can't a lady gad about a little and accept a few wild flowers, aye! and fling a friendly kiss with her hand too if she like, and not be set upon this fashion? That's all will come of it, Ben, dear.'"

So that calm sunset evening, while Tony, the lovely creature, swung in the hammock when the red spears of light shot flame through her red-brown hair, and the scent of June roses wafted in to charm her, suddenly these two brown lovers swept up on their clattering ponies and stood before her like angels.

"What and a 'how,'" cried the girl, with a brightening eye. "Now that's splendid as can be. Over for the evening, and never sent me a bit of word. Help me out of this old hammock, why don't you? there! both of you. I won't stir a bit till I have a hand from either."

So imperious and royal, she gave each a clinging hand and stood up instantly in her lithe and leesome grace, between them.

"Sit down, and sit down and sit down," she chattered, pushing a lounging chair for each. "Out here is lovely as—as June. I'll call Jamie to lead the ponies round."

"No, no," cried the brothers in concert. "We'll stay no longer than the times compel."

And then Ben being senior said quite stiffly, "We have come to see you."

"Of course you have, you mean fellows. You don't come so often you need to announce it as if I didn't know. And now you keep those poor little horses at the post and will run back like a shuttle, as quick as you can. Hurry, hurry, hurry! Go quick! Don't stay a minute, then!"

She was jolly, charming, winsome, be-wrapped and half-sleeved, smiling, laughing, ravishing. They could hardly speak.

"Yes, we will go presently," said Andy, slowly; "but we want to speak first."

"Speak, you pretty creatures, speak. Why not? I love to hear you speak. You are all so brave and vain and wicked, you men, I mean."

She wagged her pretty head and flashed at them piquantly with her glances.

"We shall speak," said Ben slowly, "and it shall be

no jest. "We are a sorry pair, no doubt, but you would better listen to us, I think, Miss Tony."

Tony did not know what was coming. The presence of two threw her off guard. That she was in any danger of an issue with them under such circumstances she did not surmise. Ben, however went straight to his point.

"We will stand up here where you can look at us," he said with a smile. "Then when you look in our eyes you can see the truth which we shall speak."

With all her self-poise Tony began to have a heart quake. She grew red and looked in some wonder at the brothers. But she kept up her spirits marvelously and said with a little laugh:

"Oh, I can look at finer every day. Why should I look, pray?"

In her heart she doubted the assertion. There were not many finer than these tall, handsome brothers, tawny, and resolute, and straight as forest pines.

"Because," said Ben with a gulp, "we are come to tell you a truth. We are miserable on your account. You are preying on our hearts. Andy and I both love you. God knows whether of us two love more. We are come to ask you to say at once, please, and very plainly, if you care for either of us, and, if so, which of us is the man, and may God help you to speak the truth."

Was love ever spoken so before?

They stood looming above her like spectres, while her eyes ran from one to the other in terror. What if she loved them both? What if neither? Could she tell? Could she choose? Who shall say what lay in this fair woman's heart? She could not laugh. A laugh then would be a deadly insult, not a fair device to turn them away. She struggled a little and sought woman's ready refuge. She burst into tears. Instantly they bent over her tenderly.

"We were too harsh," said Andy ruefully. "Still, we want an answer."

She did not feel as if she could turn them away. They were so grand and handsome and ardent.

"Give me time," she said with a sob. "I don't know. I—"

"Love flies straight," said Ben, sullenly; "if you loved either, you would know. Come, Andy."

He turned on his heel sadly, and would have gone, but Tony was thus driven to speak.

"No, no! Love doesn't always see clear. Perhaps I could care for either if—if—"

"The other were—well, say in Afghanistan?"

Tony gave a little laugh through her tears, and said, pettishly:

"Well, perhaps. But how can you think to woo this fashion? I shan't choose either; let it go on as before."

"That can't be," said Ben and Andy together. "If you care for neither, why not speak out?"

"No. I won't be forced to say aye and nay by you two. Perhaps I care for both, perhaps for neither; perhaps for one and not for the other. You are wrong to rush at me at this hop."

"Let us go, Andy," said Ben. "Perhaps Miss Reddington is right."

"Don't be so mean, then," said Tony, in a fright. "If you run off with that tone, then I'll never, never see you again."

"Then why trifle?" asked the elder brother gravely. "Do you think we are joking?"

"Oh, no, no; but I wish you were. I don't trifle, indeed I don't. Wait, I will test you. Come, now, I will be as frank as you. Is it true you both love me—you two men? Tell me?"

She grew serious, and stood with hands clasped and eyes cast down.

"It is true," said Ben.

"I shall never love another," said Andy, in a hot, husky way.

Tony wrung her hands gently together and stood quite still for a minute or more.

"I don't know how to speak," she said slowly. "It is not easy to speak to two—and—"

"I see," said Ben quickly, "I will canter in the pike a half hour. May be I shall have no need to speak when I come back. It will be enough to look in your faces—"

"You don't understand. Don't go. I only meant that women are not wont to be won by two at once. But now I think of it, why not? To tell the truth—well, I must say it—I have wavered, and I could not be blind to your looks—both of you. So I did not dare to let you speak; for I could not choose; I cannot now. Decide

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

Recommended by Physicians

of all schools, for the brain, nerves and stomach.

it between you. If either of you come back to me and say, 'Here is my heart, and my brother has gone away—well, that will help my heart to choose.'

She struggled and pouted, and spoke low and brokenly.

"Give us a test, then," said Ben, with a sigh. "My God, to win you we would either of us go to death's edge."

"But I should grieve for either. I cannot choose. I will accept the one who returns to woo without the other."

Ben and Andy turned in the sunset to look at each other. There was the woman before them, drooping, irrepressibly lovely, and one of them might take her in his arms and say, "forever she is mine."

They looked in each other's faces silently while she glided away, and the rustle of her presence was heard no more in their ears.

"What shall we do?" said Andy grimly, taking his brother's hand.

"I see we have neither the heart to make this terrible sacrifice. I ought to say, 'Take her, and be in heaven,' but I can't. If she showed one sign by which we might see her favor for either—but to win her even on such terms! My God! Andy, what shall we do?"

"Run a race for her. What do you say?"

"Would you dare?" asked Ben, breathlessly. "I have outrun you often."

"On the level, yes. But when we climb and hunt on Bald Pate, I am your equal."

"It is true. Are you in earnest, Andy?"

"Why not? Come, I will drive a stake at the head of the upper lane, by the milking shed. The one who goes to the Monument Rock on Bald Pate and gets back to hang his handkerchief first on the stake shall come the next hour and woo the sweet one, and may God show the right."

"It is a compact," said Ben. "We will start when the sun shows on the roof of the tobacco press."

At gray daylight these stalwart brother lovers met again at the sheep-pen. They both were haggard. Neither had slept. They stood and talked of the most inconsequential matters for fifteen minutes. Then Andy secured an axe and a stake, and both proceeded together to the head of the lane. Here Ben held the stake and Andy drove it into the earth with two or three heavy blows.

"Driving it into my heart, brother. Shall we go on?"

"My heart likely. Yes, it is fair. We can't both have her."

"Very well—only way I reckon."

"It's eight miles to the top of Bald Pate—hard miles, too. There and back is a hard journey, and a rough way."

"But, for the one who wins, a glorious ending—except for our love for each other, Ben. But we are not the blood that cries baby, and pines for a girl we can't win, are we, brother?"

"If you win I shall stand by the compact without whining. And we'll love each other still."

"Look! the sun about to rise. I have brought my pockets full of bread, and two flasks of wine. You take one, and half the bread, Ben."

"Thank you. I shall give you choice of place to start from. A few feet can't matter in so long a race."

"I shall beat you if I can," said Andy, with his old graceful laugh.

"If you find my handkerchief on the stake when you get here, save it for me," rallied Ben back again.

"Are you ready?"

"All ready."

"Well, go!"

And off they sprang—young giants of tireless joints, racing up a wild and rugged country to a mountain-top, three thousand feet high, for a girl's heart.

How they dashed over the stubborn earth. Each chose his course, divergent soon beyond the other's view. Roads were spurned, and rivers, ditches, rocks and ravines, offered no bar to their arrow-like course toward the distant, towering rock summit of Bald Pate, set against the southern sky, grim, defiant, and rugged as their fate. They panted hot, and flung the sweat drops from their hands and brows, but never waited for brush or bough, for stump or stick or stone, for slough or thicket, or ledge or ditch.

When Ben had hurled himself over this eight hard miles of country and reached the skirt of the scrubby wood that fringed the last mound of the elevation, he saw Andy just climbing the great square slab that lay on the summit, and which for its shape and position was known the country round as Monument Rock—a huge drift slab dropped by glacial ice in the dawn of the human age. Andy flung down his hat on the rock to show he had been there, and without even seeing Ben, dashed down again and swept out of sight into a ravine.

Ben groaned.

"I must go back quicker," he said within his breath. He rushed up the slope, climbed over the slab and turned to go down. What he then saw caused him to shout like a mad man and sent a chill to his blood. Andy was in view, and as Ben saw him at the last glimpse, he was just disappearing beyond a ledge of rock down the ravine which Ben had seen him enter but a moment before.

"My God!" cried Ben, and rushed down the fearful gully with a terrified heart. The ledge broke off before him sheer and steep as the wall of a house. Over the edge of it Ben peered. Then he shuddered and drew away.

At the foot of the mountain that afternoon a farmer was riding in his wagon along the rude country road, when a man staggered into the road before him and cried:

"For God's sake come, and help me!"

He was white and trembling and blood-stained. His clothes were torn, soiled, and saturated with mud and sweat. He led the farmer up the mountain side to a place where a spring of water ran into a little glade, from the rock above. He pointed to the form of his brother. The face was reverently covered with the white kerchief that he would have tried to hang on the stake the milking-shed.

"What's the matter?" gasped the rustic, horrified.

"Help me take it home. My Lord help me."

No one came next day to woo the lovely creature at the Reddington house. But after a while the horrible thing crept in to her ears. She kept her room in silence for many days.

A year went by, and she hoped Ben would now come to woo. But he never came. They both live there; he in the sad, speechless grief that left him as a walking specter, having for her no reproach, but no more under the thrall. That was broken the day he looked in the face of his dead brother mangled among the rocks of the fatal mountain; she, still beautiful and queenly, but with no more sunflash in her red eyes, that often bedew her pillow with their tears.

And there still stands at the head of the upper lane by the milking-shed a rude stake driven in the earth, but there is no handkerchief on it. Sometimes a sad-faced man goes down at dawn where the sun glances first on the roof of the tobacco press, and looks at the stake.

THE END.



Cook's Tourists—The cannibal.—Harvard Lampoon.

THE washerwoman's motto—Let us soap for the best.—Binghamton Republican.

Is a gun thought to be doing great execution when it hangs fire?—Troy Press.

THE more a man becomes wrapped up in himself the chillier he gets.—Oil City Blizzard.

IN the race of life it isn't the fast men who come out ahead.—Binghamton Republican.

IT is the popular belief that pugilists should travel in a box car.—Richmond Dispatch.

THERE is one thing certain about the Cronin triangle—it wasn't square.—Philadelphia Times.

A BAD book-keeper may be a good bond keeper when he has a chance.—New Orleans Picayune.

GUBBINS insists that corns are like an acrobat, because they always light on his feet.—Dansville Breeze.

PAPER-HANGERS are about the only men who succeed in business by going to the wall.—Baltimore American.

IN some places corn is known as fodder. We presume this must be the popcorn.—Yonkers Statesman.

Full many a man
Would belching cannot face,
Who'd give a hornet
Any amount of space.

—Dansville Breeze.

A POLITICIAN is supposed to see his palmist days when he is "in the hands of his friends."—Glens Falls Republican.

"CLARA, that horrid Mr. Slick has just left. I do think he has a lying tongue." "I shouldn't be surprised, I know he has false teeth."—Life.

THERE should never be any surprise at discovering that a near-sighted man is an eye-dull person.—Washington Capital.

WAITERS seem to be, as a class, quiet, orderly men, yet they are continually being called to order.—Baltimore American.

THE pugilist would rather give than receive, and yet when in battle he shows that he is close-fisted.—Yonkers Statesman.

A DENTIST may pull teeth for children, but we have found that his patients are nearly all groan people.—Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN the tailors send in their bills on the first of the month, the act may be said to be a dress pay raid.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"HELD TO COURT," says a headline in the Wheeling Register. That has generally been thought to be a good way.—Somerville Journal.

WHEN musicians need a tuning-fork for their instruments why don't they take a pitchfork? It ought to be just the thing.—Baltimore American.

NO DISTINCTION on account of race, color, etc., is permissible, and yet politicians seem to be at a "white" heat in Virginia.—Florida Times-Union.

NO ONE condemns more loudly the vulgarity of punning than the fellow who didn't see the point until after everybody else had laughed.—Somerville Journal.

SQUEERS—"Do you know when the first umbrella was made?" Nickleby—"Oh, yes; during the rain of David, to be used as a parry Saul."—Lawrence American.

THE failure of a Philadelphia wool firm is said to be due to the fact that the banks wouldn't take their paper. Some all-wool suits will doubtless be the result.—Rochester Post.

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

Time to Abolish the Corset.

The crusade against the corset is on. The attack is systematic, vigorous, and ought to prove irresistible. Nothing in nineteenth century civilization is so ridiculous as the pertinacity with which the women cling to this relic of barbarism. Statistics do not appal them. Physicians' warnings are unheeded. The absolute knowledge that the corset is harmful does not affect their loyalty to this garment.

There is a firmly grounded belief among women that a corset is necessary to improve their figure. Never was there a greater error. No woman with a poor figure can make it faultless by this means. She can improve her appearance somewhat, but cannot with all the means that art affords supply the deficiencies of nature. A good figure looks better without a corset, and a poor one is little helped with its aid.

But that is not the only point involved. The tight lacing of stays is a serious menace to the health of the wearer and her posterity. This is conceded by all whose opinions on the point are worth heeding. This being so, the proper method to reform the abuse is by introducing some substitute which has all of its advantages and none of its drawbacks. Here is a fortune for some genius.

Those nations most distinguished for the grace and beauty of their women are utterly innocent of the corset. Imagine the Venus de Milo in a corset! Think of the pretty Roumanian, Swiss and Breton girls with their charming figures bound up in stays! It is not to be thought of for a moment. The inconvenience suffered by women from wearing corsets is about equal to what the male sex would endure if obliged to wear mediæval coats of mail.

The corset habit is the result of diseased imagination, incorrect judgment and false philosophy. Every woman who values health, without which there can be neither beauty nor happiness, should welcome any movement that will release her from the bondage of the corset.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Anguish Unspeakable

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional commendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

A Disinterested Lover.

"Are you going to break off your engagement with Miss Prentice?" inquired Merritt. "I hear she will be a cripple for life through that railway accident."

"I intended to break it off at first," returned his friend, "but I have just heard that the company has offered her twenty thousand in settlement."—The Epoch.

The Sign of a Veteran.

"If I were you, dear," said Maudie Thirstreet to her friend, "I wouldn't put the powder on quite so thick. It is too suggestive."

"Suggestive?—of what?"

"Why, of several engagements, you know."—Harrisburg Telegram.

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.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. MARK AMES, OF NEWTON FALLS, OHIO,
MEMBER OF HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

She Recognized the Patois.

Lady—"Can you cook beans?"
Girl (in the intelligence office)—"Yes, madam. On the night of the second day preceding the Sabbath, I place the beans in a tin vessel, pouring over them a sufficient quantity of the pelucid liquid known as water, and allow them to remain in that manner during the night. In the morning they will have become thoroughly saturated, when I—"

"I don't know whether that's right or not, but I see you're from Boston, so you will do."—Lawrence American.

Leave hope behind,
All ye who enter here!

So rang the dire warning which Dante read on the portals of the Inferno. So runs the cruel verdict of your friends if you are overtaken by the first symptoms of that terrible disease, consumption. "Leave hope behind! Your days are numbered!" And the struggle against death is given up in despair. But while there is life, there is hope! Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has cured hundreds of cases worse than yours; and it will cure you, if taken in time. But delay is dangerous. No power can restore a wasted lung; the "Golden Medical Discovery," however, can and will arrest the disease.

Won by a Cold Deck.

First Boy—"So your uncle is not dead after all?"

Second Boy—"No; he was supposed to have died, and they coffined him in the back parlor to be buried to-morrow. Grandpa and pa got drunk and played freeze-out over the corpse, and banged so on the lid that it woke uncle up, who was in a trance, and he raked in the pot before they could get their hair to sit down again."—Epoch.

Texas and Mexico Winter Resorts.

As winter approaches the tourist begins to ask him or herself the question: "Where shall I spend the winter?" If you have not been to Texas or Mexico, try one or both. Galveston, Houston, Austin and San Antonio, all situated directly on line of the International and Great Northern Railroad, offer many attractions also Monterey, Saltillo, and City of Mexico, the direct route to which is via the International and Great Northern Railroad via Laredo.

For further information or illustrated pamphlet, address D. J. Price, Ass't Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Palestine, Texas.

Fraternity Means Something.

HOME AND COUNTRY!

A Veteran and Household Monthly for Every Patriotic Citizen.
(Established 1855.)
Issued at 96-98 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

JOS. W. KAY, Publisher.

GUARANTEED CIRCULATION, 325,000 IN 1889.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1.00 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE. SAMPLE COPIES AND ADVERTISING TERMS ON APPLICATION.

Now in its fifth year and making new friends with every issue, for as the Veteran's Friend and People's paper, it is taken into the homes of all who love their country in every part of the Union. One of its new features is a Country Store in its columns, by which its friends, subscribers and readers can purchase useful goods, at prices they cannot obtain them at elsewhere, distant from manufacturing centres.

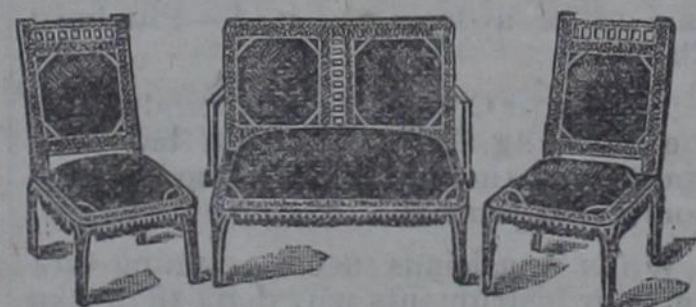
As an advertising medium, HOME AND COUNTRY is pre-eminent. It is adapted to general advertisers throughout the Union by reason of its circulation in every field of social and industrial life. Advertisers who have any share of such business they desire to place where it will do them good, will do well to write for rates. Now is the accepted time.

Agents wanted. Subscriptions always welcome. Address

HOME AND COUNTRY,
96-98 Maiden Lane, N. Y. City.

AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING, the best Ladies Home Journal published. 36 large pages monthly. Complete on all topics of Interest to Home Folks. Serials, Short Stories, Household Economy, Practical Housekeeping, Home Dress, Needle and Fancy Work, Etiquette, The Toilet, Every Day Hygiene, and for the Children.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER!



We will send AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING for one year and this beautiful miniature UPHOLSTERED PARLOR SET of three Pieces [for the next 60 day only] to any address on receipt of \$1.00, and 25 cents to pay expense of boxing, packing and shipping, with the understanding that you show both to your friends. This beautiful set consists of one Sofa and Two Chairs, made of fine lustrous metal frames, handsomely finished, decorated and upholstered in the finest manner with beautiful plush in any color desired. Remember the offer is only good for 60 days. Five sets and five yearly subscriptions to the American Housekeeping, \$5.00. Address

AMERICAN HOUSEKEEPING, 143 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU INTERESTED IN AGRICULTURE?

IF SO SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE COPY OF

The Ohio Farmer.

It has been established 42 years, is a 16 page, 64 column, WEEKLY, Agricultural, Horticultural, Live-Stock and Family Journal, and the BEST, BECAUSE THE MOST PRACTICAL of its kind in this country.

As a special inducement to new subscribers we will send it every week from time subscription is received until Jan 1, 1891, for only ONE DOLLAR. Address all orders to

OHIO FARMER,
Cleveland, Ohio.

DRAKE'S MAGAZINE

a high class
illustrated monthly
\$1.00 a Year
or
10¢ a Copy

This popular illustrated monthly contains 64 pages of bright, interesting and instructive reading, especially designed to please every member of the family circle.

It is profusely illustrated, printed on the best quality of book paper in clear bold type, and handsomely bound with an attractive cover.

"The only cheap thing about it is the price."—New York Sun.

ONE YEAR'S subscription to DRAKE'S MAGAZINE costs only \$1.00, and if you subscribe within 60 Days, we will send you FREE of expense, postage paid, any book listed below, or contained in our catalogue of over 200 standard works. These books are handsomely bound in cloth, black and gold, and sell for \$1.00: Aesop's Fables; Adam Bede; Allen Quatermain; Anderson's Fairy Tales; Arabian Nights Entertainment; Baron Munchausen; Browning's Poems; Bryant's Poems; Children of the Abbey; Fair Woman; East Lynne; House on the Marsh; Ivanhoe; Jane Eyre; John Halifax; King Solomon's Mines; Lalla Rookh; Last Days of Pompeii; Mill on the Floss; Nora's Love Test; Oliver Twist; Robinson Crusoe; She; Swiss Family Robinson; Thaddeus of Warsaw; Tom Brown's Schooldays; Tom Brown at Oxford; Robert Elsmere; Vanity Fair; Three Guardsmen; A Woman's Love Story; Widow Bedott Papers; Life of Paul Jones; Longfellow's Poems; or any one of Dickens' Works, Waverly, George Eliot's, or Thackeray's Works. We will also send to the 10th, 50th and 100th persons who remit us \$1.00 for a year's subscription to Drake's Magazine and mention Texas Siftings, Dickens' Works, complete in 15 volumes; Waverly Novels, in 12 volumes, or George Eliot's Works in 6 volumes, as they may elect; and to each succeeding 100th person's complying with the above conditions we will send any 5 books they may select from our catalogue. EVERY BOOK is CLOTH bound, of the regulation size, printed on good paper in clear bold type. SAMPLE COPY OF DRAKE'S MAGAZINE and COMPLETE CATALOGUE of books mailed on receipt of 10 CENTS.

THE DRAKE PUBLISHING CO.,
21 Park Row, New York.

THE EARTH ON WHEELS!

WITH A DOWN HILL PULL!

Royal Presents for Everybody!

THE AMERICAN

FarmNews

Offers the Grandest
PREMIUM
Ever Heard Of.

The Subscription
price to this
Great Farm and Home
Journal
is only 25 cents
per year.



Every person sending one yearly subscription to the American Farm News at twenty-five cents, before January 1st, will get the paper free for one year. The subscriber who guesses nearest to the number of letter O's, which will appear on the eighth page of the January issue, will receive an elegant gold watch. Second best guesser gets a silver watch. There were 897 O's on eighth page in November issue. A copy of Rosa Bonheur's \$100,000 Horse Fair Painting, a beautiful colored picture, 28x44 inches, and a whole year's subscription to the paper for 45 cents, sent free of postage. This is a lovely Christmas offering. Fifteen complete volumes of Dickens' works, neatly bound in paper, and one year's subscription for only \$1.50. The type is clear and the matter the same as is found in a \$10.00 set of Dickens. No family can afford to be without Dickens at this remarkable price. Here is a royal offer of a \$55.00 Improved Singer Sewing Machine, handsomely finished with six drawers and all the attachments, with one year's subscription only \$17.50. A Dueber case, Elgin movement, gold watch (ladies' or gents' size) given with 100 yearly subscriptionst 25 cents each. Send for this great Journal at once. Address,

AMERICAN FARM NEWS,
AKRON, OHIO.

We know the above firm to be reliable and they will make good every offer made.

LADIES READ THIS!

A TRIAL OFFER FOR A SPLENDID MAGAZINE.

FOR ONLY 25 CENTS.

"The Domestic Monthly" for 3 Months and a Coupon
Good for any "Domestic" Paper Pattern
to the Value of 25 Cents.

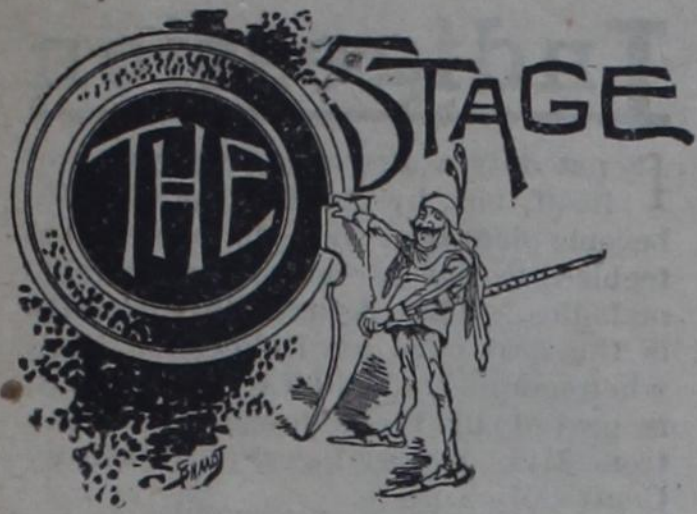
The above trial subscription offer will be open for only a short time. "The Domestic Monthly" is one of the oldest and best known of the magazines for women, and the "Domestic" paper patterns are known wherever dresses are made. The magazine has over 100 illustrations of new costumes, bonnets, novelties, etc., every month, and a large amount of readable miscellany, consisting of stories, sketches, etc., with department profusely illustrated, devoted to Fancy Work, Knitting, etc., etc. It is a complete magazine for women.

The regular yearly subscription price is \$1.50 a year, with \$1.00 worth of paper patterns free to every subscriber. Yearly subscriptions are taken by newsdealers, etc., but to take advantage of this special trial offer of

3 MONTHS, AND A PATTERN COUPON FOR ONLY 25 CENTS,

Ladies must send by mail direct to

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY,
COR. BROADWAY AND 14TH ST., NEW YORK.



Charles Wyndham is winning applause at Palmer's Theatre.

At the Lyceum Theatre Our Flat has given place to The Charity Ball.

The Juch Opera Company will give five performances at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn this week.

If you want a hearty laugh and a good many of them, go to Union Square Theatre and see Neil Burgess in the County Fair.

The Tourists in a Palace Car, with W. A. Mestayer and Theresa Vaughn in the leading parts, is doing a good business at the Bijou this week.

There will be a Little Lord Fauntleroy matinee at the Madison Square Theatre every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday until further notice.

Sardou's picturesque and beautiful play, The Exiles, is produced in an admirable manner at Niblo's, under the skillful management of Mr. E. G. Gilmore.

Denman Thompson is fifty-eight and doesn't deny it. But he plays like sixty all the while. May it be long before he is required to leave the Old Homestead and take up with a mansion in the skies or elsewhere.

Alexander Comstock, who is Manager E. G. Gilmore's able lieutenant at the Academy of Music, has closed a contract with Denman Thompson to take the Old Homestead to London after the close of the season in May.

That naturalness in acting is most popular at the present day is demonstrated by the great favor which has been shown Jo Jefferson's Bob Acres in The Rivals. There is no straining for effect there, and yet the most satisfactory results are attained. When will the stage see another Jefferson?

The engagements of Booth and Salvini in New York were a disappointment in pecuniary results. It is said that the former is growing careless and indifferent in his acting, and Salvini's bellowing has ceased to astonish. There certainly is not much demand for either in the metropolis, but they will probably draw for some time yet in the wondering West.

We are glad to record the growing popularity of the Harlem Opera House, for this beautiful theatre deserves the most liberal patronage. The engagement of the Juch Opera Company was a pronounced success, attracting large and fashionable audiences. Many of the best stars and combinations now before the public are engaged to appear during the season.

A Good Testimonial.

Hotel Proprietor (rummaging in the ruins of his house, which has been burned to the ground)—"Here, what's this?"

Clerk (picking up an iron plate, reading)—"This hotel is strictly fire-proof! Gulliver Munchausen, Inspector of Buildings."—Lawrence American.

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

The Mistake.

Would-be Contributor (to editor)—"Now, sir, I have no hesitancy in pronouncing this the best, the ripest product of my pen. I wish you would read it at once, sir, for I know that it will meet with your highest approbation."

Editor—"I'll get to it as soon as I can."

"Read it now, sir. Indeed, I will stay right here until you do read it. I know it is a great story, and let me tell you that I carried it in my head ten years before I wrote it. Now, read it (editor reads it.) What do you think of it? Don't hesitate to point out a mistake, sir."

"You say you carried it in your head ten years?"

"Yes. Do you find any mistakes?"

"One."

"A serious one?"

"Very."

"What is it?"

"The fact that you did not continue to carry the story in your head."—Arkansas Traveler.

A Dream of Fair Women.

Tennyson in his exquisite poem, dreams of a long procession of lovely women of ages past. This is all very well, but the laureate would have done the world a greater service if he had only told the women of the present how they could improve their health and enhance their charms. This he might easily have done by recommending the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Health is the best friend of beauty, and the innumerable ills to which women are peculiarly subject, its worst enemies. Long experience has proven that the health of womankind and the "Favorite Prescription" walk hand in hand, and are inseparable. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

NADURE was a gwee feller. He sometimes puts der shweetest disposition, constidootion bye laws und amendmts in der fhrame vorks of der homeliest gal mit freckles.—Carl Pretzel.

WONDER CURE OF THE 19th CENTURY
IMPROVED BATTERY
ONLY KNOWN CURE FOR CATARRH

ONLY KNOWN CURE FOR CATARRH. IT IS THE MOST POWERFUL NERVE STIMULANT IN THE WORLD.

ACTIVALEO
SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

IT IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR HAY-FEVER, ASTHMA, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA AND COLD IN THE HEAD. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. A CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE HEAD AND THROAT. GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF. FREE TRIAL AT PARLORS, OR SEND 6c. FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK. BATTERY SENT TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN DOLLARS. REMIT BY REGISTERED LETTER, EXPRESS, OR P. O. ORDER.

86 5TH AVE., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

Eyesight and Hearing Restored.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

Battery convenient for pocket.

ACTIVALEO

86 5TH AVE., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

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.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

For Billious 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.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the habit (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 48 Bond St., running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. **EPPS'S** GRATEFUL-COMFORTING **COCOA** MADE WITH BOILING MILK. THREE DOZEN **GOOD STORIES** Selected from Texas Siftings. Svo., 194 Pages with 100 Illustrations BY THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES as well as Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 37 years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, said to a lady of the habit (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 48 Bond St., running through to Main Office, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe.

Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER. **EPPS'S** GRATEFUL-COMFORTING **COCOA** MADE WITH BOILING MILK. THREE DOZEN **GOOD STORIES** Selected from Texas Siftings. Svo., 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 equaled 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. Arnoy 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

NEW WONDERFUL ROLLER ORGAN.

PLAYS 300 TUNES. PRICE, \$6.00

NEW Musical Wonder.

Copyrighted 1893. Any one can play it at home. Specially adapted for the Home Circle.

Latest and most charming musical instrument made. Plays Hymns, Songs and Dance Music. No Paper is Used. Music produced by Metallic Rollers, making delightful music, far exceeding in tone an Organette. Plays a tune as long as desired, without any break. No stopping to change the piece as must be done with organette. Beautifully finished, resembling mahogany, decorated with gilt and silver keys. Reads organ staves; the volume of one will fill a hall. This is the Improved Roller Organ, has 20 large organ reeds, and should not be classed with the cheap 14 note roller organ sold by other firms. If you want the Best send direct to the makers. We will send an instrument that will please you. Enclose \$6.00 with this notice and we will send Organ at once, all complete. Satisfaction, or money refunded. Address, **G. H. W. BATES & CO., 74 Pearl Street, BOSTON, Mass.**

HAIR ON THE FACE, NECK, ARMS OR ANY PART OF THE PERSON EASILY, QUICKLY AND SAFELY REMOVED WITH

MODENE

AND THE GROWTH DESTROYED WITHOUT SLIGHTEST INJURY OR DISCOLORATION TO THE SKIN

Discovered by ACCIDENT. In compounding another preparation, the incomplete mixture was accidentally spilled on the back of the hand, and washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We purchased the new discovery and named it MODENE. It is perfectly pure, free from all injurious substances, and guaranteed to be as harmless as water. It is so simple any one can use it, and you will be surprised and delighted with the results. It acts mildly but surely. Apply for a few minutes, then wash off and the hair goes with it. It has no connection whatever with any other preparation ever used for like purposes, and no scientific discovery has ever obtained such wonderful results. IT CANNOT FAIL. If the hair be thin and fine, one application will remove it permanently. The heavy growth, such as the beard, or hair on moles, may require two or more applications before all the roots are destroyed, although all hair will be removed each application. Young persons who find an embarrassing growth of hair coming should use Modene to early destroy its growth.

RECOMMENDED BY ALL WHO HAVE TESTED ITS MERITS—USED BY PEOPLE OF REFINEMENT

Gentlemen who do not appreciate nature's gift of a beard will find a priceless boon in Modene, which does away with shaving. It penetrates the hair follicle or sac and destroys the life principle, thereby rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Modene sent by mail, postage paid (securely sealed from observation) on receipt of price, \$1.00. Send money by letter, with your full address written very plainly. 2-c. postage stamps received same as cash. (Always mention your county and this paper)

AGENTS WANTED. Address **MODENE MANUFACTURING CO. CINCINNATI, O.** GENERAL AGENTS WANTED. You can register your letter at any post-office and insure its safe delivery.

\$1,000 REWARD. To convince the public that Modene is an article of merit, we mail with each bottle sold a legal agreement to forfeit One Thousand Dollars to any Purchaser or Scientist, if Modene fails to permanently remove the hair, or discolors or injures the skin in the slightest manner, or produces any unpleasant sensation or feeling when applying or ever afterward. EVERY BOTTLE IS GUARANTEED. CUT THIS ADVERTISEMENT OUT AS IT MAY NOT APPEAR AGAIN.

Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.



INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

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

Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster 25c.

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

WANTED.

Smart and Reliable Men to travel and solicit orders for Trees, Shrubs, Vines, &c., on Salary, or nice Commission.

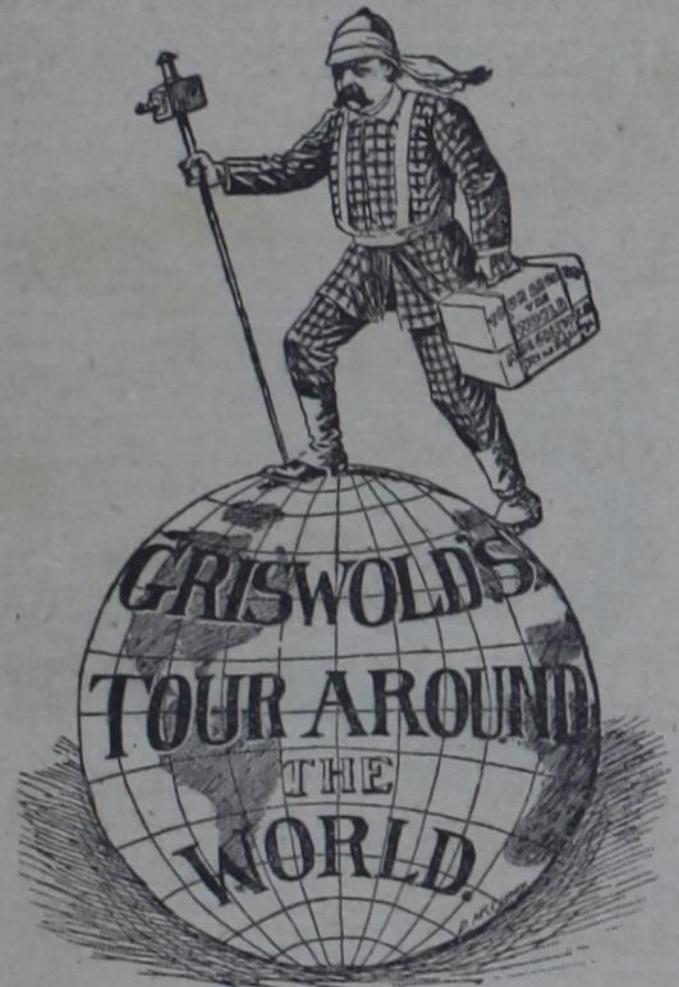
S. T. CANNON & CO., Worcester, Mass.

FAT FOLKS
using "Anti-Corpulene Pills" lose 15 lbs. a month. They cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. Wilcox Specific Co., Phila. Pa.

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.



THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S" New Humorous Illustrated Lecture.

For terms and dates apply to

Major J. B. POND,

Everett House, New York City.

CUT THIS OUT.

VALUE \$1.00 NEW YORK, September 23rd, 1889, when accompanied by full cash balance due on watch will be received by us as ONE DOLLAR in part payment for any one of the Watches illustrated in my new wholesale catalogue, if presented within three months from date. It also entitles purchaser to one fine Gold plated Chain and Charm, FREE.

No. 9375. THE HARRIS WATCH CO. cut out and preserve above Coupon as it is worth ONE DOLLAR to you. Send for our Watch Catalogue, mailed FREE, from which you can select a single watch as cheap or cheaper than a retail jeweler can buy in a dozen lots. Watches from \$2. up. 50 per cent. commission to agents. Address THE HARRIS WATCH CO., 39 Nassau St., New York.



THE ROYAL DAUBER And Mud Scraper.

Best in market. No clogging up. No mashing down. If your dealer has none send 25 cents to

PEABODY & PARKS,

Mrs. Troy, N. Y., and get one by mail



Miss Minnie Irving, authoress of "Songs of a Haunted Heart," is soon to be married to Mr. Irving Hasbrouck Delamater of the West Point U. S. M. A.

Little Miss Weezy's Sister is the title of one of those charming stories for children that is constantly being sent out from the press of Lee & Shepard, Boston. Price, seventy-five cents.

Nature is the title of a weekly journal published at No. 10 Warren street, New York, for the gentleman sportsman and naturalist. The contributing editors are Wm. C. Harris, Charles Hallock, Chas. Barker Bradford and J. Charles Davis. It is neatly printed and the contents are interesting. Price, ten cents.

In preparing beautiful books for the holidays Lee & Shepard, the enterprising Boston publishers, seem to be well in the advance. In a Fair Country, which they have recently published, is a magnificent specimen of artistic work in every particular. It consists of selections from Thomas Wertworth Higginson's Out-Door Papers, illustrated by the gifted pencil of Irene E. Jerome. It is a large volume, printed on heavy, cream-laid paper, with golden binding. No one has written so charmingly of New England landscape and flowers as Mr. Higginson, and certainly no more attractive illustrations of them have been afforded than in this work. In reading of April flowers I learn that there were certain plants and flowers in New England that disappeared with the Indians. There was a low plantain that they called prophetically "White Man's Footsteps." It disappeared with the red man. The Blood-root and Mayflower plants are older than the white man in America—older, may be, than the Indians. Later wild flowers are of foreign importation. The procession of the flowers is followed in the work, from early spring until winter's snow, and the reader will find much information as well as pleasure in its perusal. Price, \$6.

In the North American Review for November the question Is Divorce Wrong? is discussed by three very able writers. Cardinal Gibbons presents the Roman Catholic view, Bishop Potter the Episcopalian view and Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll the Agnostic view. It may be briefly said that the Catholic Church does not allow the dissolution of the marriage bond, although a separation is permitted for one of three causes, viz.; mutual consent, adultery and grave peril of soul or body. The Episcopal Church looks upon divorce with extreme aversion, yet sanctions it in some cases. Col. Ingersoll believes that "the sacramental view of marriage is the shield of vice," and that "when love is dead, when husband and wife abhor each other, they are divorced." Senator Vest has a paper on The Hopes of the Democratic Party, without mentioning either Gov. Hill of New York, or Campbell, who beat Foraker for Governor of Ohio. Murat Halstead writes entertainingly of Our National Conceits, particularly as observed abroad. There is an article by Harold P. Brown, State expert, on executions by electricity, and

Edison tells about The Dangers of Electric Lighting, both timely topics. The Review under the editorship of Lloyd Brice shows marked improvement.

Wilkie Collins as a Novelist.

Wilkie Collins was not, in any sense of the word, a great writer. He has not left one single work that will be living in half a century.

He has not drawn one perfect character, nor depicted one great scene. He grovels in mediocrity—pleasant and exciting mediocrity it may be at times, but it is nevertheless mediocrity. His work is purely ephemeral, as Trollope's was, as Charles Reade's was, as Stephenson's is, as Haggard's is. His stories are read with interest—they amuse, they please, but they seldom instruct or elevate. (We recognize "Man and Wife" as an exception to this latter stricture, and, possibly, one or two others.) At best, his books are read once, and then put aside forever. In a few years, they have almost entirely faded from memory.

And yet, in this age of moral degeneracy, Wilkie Collins deserves well at the hands of the reading public for the cleanly tone of his writings. His novels are pure and decent. They are unsensational and refined, and may with safety be read aloud in the strictest family circle. His style is terse, dramatic, vivid, and clear. There is no straining after effect—no attempt to parade high-sounding phrases and exult in ambiguities. His language is simple, elegant and comprehensive. And so, for this much let us be thankful.—Alexander N. De Menil, in St. Louis Magazine.

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

One of the very few trusts that fail to hang together is the umbrella trust. Everybody has grown suspicious.—Washington Capital.

R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA,

Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Seasickness Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

An excellent and mild Cathartic. Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

CHANGE FOR ALL
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea. A TRIAL ORDER of 34 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.

Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

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

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

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: America, Texas Siftings and the Chicago Weekly Times for one year.

R. W. Tansill & Co.,
55 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.



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 this paper.

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

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, EPIL-EPHY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

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.

JACK'S JOLLY JOKE.



"Oh, I am a jolly old tar," he said,
"And I've got my sea-legs on;
And they call me Jack as they slap my back,
Though I was christened John.

"I walk with a lurch on the solid earth,
Though when I am on the sea
Not a single skip is made by the ship
That isn't as well by me.

"Oh, yes! it's funny as such fun goes;
But I don't laugh, 'Haw, haw!'
As much as you old land-lubbers do.
That's right!—give me your paw.

"And you want to know why I walk straight
On the ship, and not on shore?
It's because on the ship I'm o'er each trip,
While on land I'm but half-seas o'er.

"And you want to know how I got my name?"
And he gave his trousers a hitch,
"We don't go far for the name Jack Tar:
It comes from the vessel's pitch."

And that was the gruff old sailor's joke,
Which he made as he luffed aboard,
And which steadied his jog and sweetened his grog
When the wind through the rigging roared.
—Earl Marble.

BLIGHT.

The seasons passed and Adam took
No note of them at all;
Until, alas! there came to pass
A most untimely fall.

—Philadelphia Press.

THE PAN-AMERICAN TOURISTS.

Those gentlemen seem as they vanish
To be something the worse for their toots,
And to walk as they talk—a bit Spanish—
Because of the snakes in their boots.
Well, after a few more receptions
And winings and dinings, I guess,
That "pan"—filled to other repletion—
Will have to be shipped by express.

—Yenowine's News.

WINTER APPLES.

What cheer is there that is half so good,
In the snowy waste of a winter night,
As a dancing fire of hickory wood,
And an easy-chair in its mellow light,
And a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek?

A russet apple is fair to view,
With a tawny tint like an autumn leaf,
The warmth of a ripened corn-field's hue,
Or golden hint of a harvest sheaf;
And the wholesome breath of the finished year
Is held in a winesap's blooming sphere.

They bring you a thought of the orchard trees,
In blossomy April and leafy June,
And the sleepy droning of bumble-bees,
In the lazy light of the afternoon,
And tangled clover and bobolinks,
Tiger-lilies and garden pinks.

If you've somewhere left, with its gables wide,
A farm house set in an orchard old,
You'll see it all in the winter-tide,
At sight of a pip-pin's green-and-gold,
Or a pearmain apple, ruddy and sleek,
Or a jenneting with a freckled cheek.

—Hattie Whitney, in St. Nicholas.

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.

Our Kaleidoscope.

The man who continues to work on a salary will never get rich. Not only that, but the chances are he will never possess even enough of this world's goods to amount to a competency. About one per cent. of those who work for wages accomplish the latter, while not one in a hundred thousand ever gets to be wealthy working on a weekly stipend. It is the man who, having saved a small sum out of his earnings, goes into business on his own account, that makes his pile. Men who are willing, for a time, to pinch and save, to get along on poorer comforts than they could afford with a fair salary, are the ones to whom success is the surest to come. I am not ignoring the fact, either, that a very large percentage of those who start in business for themselves fail, sooner or later; but they have had a chance or two in their favor, even then, and at the end are but little or no worse off than the man who has been plodding along on a salary, out of which he has had a bare living, and where every waking hour almost has been owned by his employers. I assert, too, that the man who long continues to draw his pay in weekly stipends becomes a coward. He is afraid to branch out for himself. He has learned to lean on somebody else, and so he struggles along, barely making ends meet, yet not daring to engage in a venture on his own account, for fear that utter destitution, and that greatest of human curses, enforced idleness, will surely follow. I admire the sturdy independence that is so characteristic of the Hebrew—an independence that prompts him, rather than to work on a salary, to tramp the streets of the city, or the highways of the country, with his pack on his shoulder. He is in business for himself; working his own capital and reaping the full benefits of his industry and sagacity. Take a passing glance at the commercial world, and especially at the Hebrew portion of it; note their supremacy in all lines of trade—a supremacy that is extending so rapidly that it has already called out notes of warning from sources not friendly to the Jewish race. Well, not a few of the men who are to-day at the head of immense commercial and financial institutions began life as common peddlers. In other words, instead of working for somebody else on a salary, they went into business for themselves, on a small scale of course, often in the meanest and humblest way, but they progressed—and that is something the man who works on a salary rarely does—and their success has more than repaid them for the trials and hardships of their earlier years.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

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.

Not Very Flattering.

"Mighty fine woman I saw you lifting your hat to back there, old boy."
"Yes, rather."
"Some mash of yours?"
"Yes."
"Couldn't introduce a fellow, eh?"
"Might, if you'll come up to the house some evening."
"Oh! your wife?"
"Yes."
"Pshaw! I supposed it was your cook."—Detroit Free Press.

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. Hiscok, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Advance Thoughts.

Every person has a legitimate right to search untrammelled for the religion that brings rest to his spirit or soul and to enjoy it undisturbed.

God's greatest gift to man is his thought power, and to weaken it or interfere with its regular advancement is an insulting offense to the bestower of the gift.

It is no part of religion to pray to God for material accumulations, as man can obtain them for and by himself.

Those who assume to correct all the so-called errors of their friends will soon have so small a circle of friends that the task will be easy.

He is a very weak man whom money can lure away from himself.

We have no desire for a future that is not laden with great things and developments now unthought of by man.

Man's highest happiness will not be reached till he is doing all he can for man.

Life on earth is short, but it determines our future.—Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

It Hurt His Feelings.

Kansas Tramp—"Mister, could you do a little something to assist a poor man?"

Stranger—"You don't look as though you were unable to work. You ought to be ashamed of yourself to go around this way. You are a disgrace to humanity. Why don't you go down to the river and take a bath and try to earn a living?"

Kansas Tramp (pathetically)—"Take a bath? Ain't it enough to have to drink the stuff?"—Merchant Traveler.

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.

HENING'S IN-DOOR GAME BASE-BALL.

No Cards, No Dice, SWING YOUR BAT AND THE RESULT FOLLOWS. A scientific game played under League and Association Rules. Price \$1.00, post paid, THE INVENTORS' COMPANY, 65 E. BULLITT BUILDING, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Circular and Handsome Picture, "NEW YORK CHAMPIONS," FREE

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co.
591 B. WAY.
N.Y.
PHOTOGRAPHIC
OUTFITS
CATALOGUE FREE.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific. It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, without the knowledge of the person taking it; is absolutely harmless, and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. It never fails. We Guarantee a complete cure in every instance. 48 page book free. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.



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; fives for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays \$50 a day. Address Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOS 19 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 58 25c. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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

A. GOODRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 124 Dear 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 any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

SEE HERE. Why not save 50 per cent. on 1,000 Big pay to Agents. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

\$10 a day agents wanted. Cat. Free; 65c. Sample by mail 25c stamps. Horse owners buy 1 to 6 Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

We grow heavy mustaches in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S HEAD ELIXIR, the only remedy, 2 or 3 Pigs do it. Pay needed. As proof, send to either one Pig's, for 25c. profit. Stamps taken. Smith Mfg. Co. Palatine, Ills.

MADAME GIOVANNINI, 103 East 61st street. Young Ladies' Home School of Music, Languages, Elocution and Painting. English Department. Terms moderate.

PROF. BAILEY'S ELIXIR is GUARANTEED to produce a heavy MUSTACHE, BEARD, or hair on BALD HEADS, without injury, in two to three weeks. Two or three packages do it. One package 25c, two for 50c, or twelve for \$1.00. Agents make \$10 per day. Postage stamps not taken. \$1.00 offered to anyone who can prove that this Elixir does not do what is claimed for it. Sent sealed. Postage paid. Address: Examiner Supply Co., Lock Box 205, Cooperstown, N. Y.

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

ORATORS say Piso's Cure for Consumption is THE BEST for keeping the voice clear. 25 cents.

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

FREE HOMES At the rate they have been going the Public Domain will all be gone in 5 years. Now is the time to secure as Rich Land as the Sun shines on at \$1.25 per acre. What better could be left for children? Where these lands are, how to get them, as well as for information about Homes or Employment in all States and Territories. Send 10 Cents and receive the beautiful Engravings, a Picture and a Panorama of America. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

WESTERN AGRICULTURIST.

AND LIVE STOCK JOURNAL
IS THE DRAFT HORSE JOURNAL OF AMERICA.
Established in 1868. 40 pages.
National Circulation. Write for free sample copy; it speaks for itself. Agents wanted in ever neighborhood. Liberal Cash Commissions.
Subscription, \$1.10 a Year.
T. Butterworth, Pres't,
Western Agriculturist Co., Quincy, Ill.

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

An Economist.

Scene, Chicago cable car. "Hello, Mack," says Jobble, looking up from a newspaper and recognizing a friend, "you don't live out this way, do you?"

"No."

"Which way are you going?"

"Out to Lake View to get shaved."

"What, all the way out there to get shaved when there are hundreds of barber shops down town!"

"You see, Jobble, I have just gone to housekeeping, and must economize. I get shaved for five cents in Lake View. Ten cents saved every day or so will amount to something after awhile."

"Yes, but you don't save anything. You may pay only five cents for your shave, but your fare there and back is ten cents; don't you understand?"

"Well, I'll swear I'm the biggest fool I ever saw. Been doing this trick for six weeks, wondering all along what became of the money I saved by going to a five-cent barber shop. Stop the car at the next street, conductor. Probably I've got sense enough to walk back, but I don't know."—Arkansas Traveler.

Two or More.

A Portland (Ore.) girl had two lovers and she liked them both so well that she didn't know which one she really wanted. The lovers finally agreed to fight it out according to the prize-ring rules. The challenge came from the smaller of the two and the big one accepted it gleefully. Then they repaired to a quiet spot with their seconds and a referee and the smaller man licked the big fellow to a standstill in nine rounds. The victor was accepted by the girl and all is supposed to be lovely. But there is trouble ahead for the successful claimant. A girl who doesn't know which one of two lovers she loves doesn't really love either, and it may be set down as a truth that the man who gets her is the loser. In the perverseness of feminine nature she is very apt to discover after marriage that there is still another, or a half-dozen others, for whom her heart yearns. Then the husband will wish that in the contest for her hand he had been knocked out.—Chicago Mail.

The best and surest dye to color the beard brown or black, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

A GREAT many girls are bound to show their feet at a picnic, even if they have to swing for it.—Boston Gazette.

The soft glow of the tea rose is acquired by ladies who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder. Try it.

HARD work is the best cure for the blues; at least that is what you always tell other people.—Somerville Journal.

The worst Nasal Catarrh, no matter of how long standing, is permanently cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

THE average car horse is a tender-hearted animal. He is always ready to stop and listen to a tale of woe.—Baltimore American.

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

WOMEN, like diseases, always search out our weakest points for an attack; and they generally find them.—Milwaukee Journal.

Notice the advertisement of the Ohio Farmer, on page 12 of this issue. We know the paper to be in every way reliable, and advise our readers to send for it.

The Wheels of Reform Well Greased.

Studebaker, the Indiana wagon maker, presented President Harrison with an expensive, handsome carriage, after which the President appointed a cousin of Studebaker's to a post-office position

in Texas, and thus the wheels of reform move smoothly.—Pomeroy's Advance Thought.

TWO BIG PRIZES.

A Wandering Arab and a Spanish Truckman Win \$20,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

Two tickets sold in this city for the October drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery drew big prizes. The lucky ticket holders were Hansa Mohammed, one of the Arabian troupe of jugglers Barnum brought to this country a few years ago, and Anthony Someriva, who, with his son, does the trucking of Hawley & Hoops, manufacturing confectioners, 271 Mulberry st. Mohammed held one-twentieth of ticket 71,323 drawing second capital prize of \$100,000. Mohammed's ticket was originally in possession of John F. Cunningham of 128 Clinton place, who exchanged it for another, the number of which he liked better, but which won no prize. All the money in the world that Mohammed had when he bought the ticket was one dollar. He sold a half interest in the ticket to another fellow-countryman named Habadje, who was performing juggling feats recently in the Bijou Opera House. If Mohammed had retained his entire twentieth part he would have been the possessor of \$5,000; but, as he parted with half of it for 50 cents, his share was only \$2,500. The money came by check through Wells Fargo & Co's Express, and was turned into crisp \$100 dollar bills at the American Exchange National Bank, corner of Broadway and Cedar st. Mohammed was so elated with his success that he went right off to Philadelphia to give Habadje his \$2,500.

The \$2,500 that Mohammed received was a genuine windfall. He has not been with Barnum for the past two seasons, and was just about able to scrape a living for himself doing odd jobs in the neighborhood where he lives. He thinks the Louisiana State Lottery is a great thing, and he intends, he says, to try his luck at every monthly drawing in the future.

The ticket held by Someriva was number 63,856, and drew one-twentieth of the first capital prize of \$300,000. Someriva is a Spaniard and is still with the firm of Hawley & Hoops, and so is his son. When the package containing Someriva's check for \$15,000 arrived by Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express from New Orleans, Someriva was so nervous that he asked Mr. Herman W. Hoops to open it. Mr. Hoops drew forth a check of the cashier of Wells, Fargo & Co. for \$15,000, and after the express charges were paid, Someriva went to the Emigrant Savings Bank to deposit it. The clerk to whom he handed it scrutinized the check closely, and, convinced that such a poor looking man as Someriva, dressed in the ordinary every-day garb of a truck driver, could hardly be the owner of the check, he conferred with some of the officers of the bank. Finally Someriva was sent to Pres't Hoguet, and to him the poor truckman told the history of the check. President Hoguet congratulated him, took the check on deposit, and Someriva left the bank laughing at the clerks and feeling like a millionaire. He intends to buy a small house in the suburbs and to buy new trucks and more horses.—New York Daily News, Nov. 9.

"Paris Good morning! Exposition, 1889."

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

A Beery Bad Habit.

"Papa, what makes you hold your cup of tea up and blow across the top of it always? There are no flies on it, are there?"

"No, Johnny, no flies. But it is the result of a bad habit that you will probably know more about when you get older. I wouldn't mention it again if I were you."—Dansville Breeze.

To California or Mexico Cheap.

When you make your trip to that perpetual and delightful summerland, California, or if you intend visiting interesting and newly-developed Mexico, take the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway. The M., K. and T. Railway sells round trip tickets to California and Mexico, good six months, and allowing stop-overs en route, at very low rates, round trip first-class rate being scarcely higher than the second-class rate would be. Among the many inducements the M., K. and T. Railway offers to the intending Mexico or California traveler are the following: Its lines pass through the States of Missouri, Indian Territory, Texas, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California, thus insuring, during the winter season, quick time without delays and ideal summer weather. All those who have traveled do, and all those who have not will, appreciate the many advantages and conveniences to be found in the celebrated Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars which are run on all trains of the M., K. and T. Railway, thus insuring to all a comfortable and pleasant journey. The attention of each and every traveling salesman is called to the field offered for the disposal of his goods in Texas, so that by taking the M., K. and T. Railway and reaching its principal cities, a profitable trip is bound to be made. For tickets via or general information regarding, above, call upon any ticket agent or address, F. L. Manchester, Gen'l Eastern Agent M., K. and T. Railway, 317 Broadway, New York; F. D. Spencer, Nor. Pass. Ag't, 105 Royal Insurance Building, Chicago, Ill., or Gaston Meslier, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Sedalia, Mo.

Money and Brains.

Tom—"Philson and I are going into business—one of us to furnish the brains, and the other the money."

Jack—"I see now what you intend to do with that money your aunt willed to you."—The Yankee Blade.

ONEITA

The analysis of this water shows it to possess remarkable mineral qualities. As a Table Water it has no equal, and for Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney, Liver Troubles and Dyspepsia it is unsurpassed. Send for analysis and circulars.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY.

UTICA, N. Y.

J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK
Illustrated
YANKEE in KING ARTHUR'S COURT.
This is Mark Twain's best and most original work. A keen and powerful satire on English nobility and royalty. A thoroughly American work. Illustrated by 300 fine drawings by Dan Beard!

AGENTS WANTED
To whom exclusive control of territory will be given.
THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS to be given away as prizes to agents.
Send for circulars.
Chas. L. Webster, 3 East 14th St., New York.

Arnold, Constable & Co.

ORIENTAL CARPETS AND RUGS.

Fifteen bales of Antique and Persian Rugs and Carpets received, many of which are of large size and unique design. This is the finest shipment received by us for many years.

FUR MATS AND RUGS.

A fine collection of White and Black Bear, Lion, Tiger and Leopard Skins, Fox and Lynx Skins, well mounted.

Broadway & 19th St

NEW YORK.

BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT. THE QUERIES MAGAZINE for 1890. SIXTH YEAR.

LITERATURE, POPULAR SCIENCE, QUAIN AND CURIOUS BOOK LORE, EDUCATION.

QUERIES WITH ANSWERS

On a large variety of subjects. These questions are compiled by eminent authorities and furnish a powerful incentive to self-instruction, as well as an unfailing source of entertainment.

Only One Dollar a Year.

Published on the first day of every month. Volume commences January 1st. Holiday number for December free to all who subscribe now; also your choice of two grand premiums: "THE ANGELUS," by Millet, a beautiful engraving of this great \$100,000 painting, or "THE VISION OF THE MISTLETOE," a handsome booklet of 14 engraved plates. This is a fine Christmas present in itself.

Either one of the premiums is worth the full price of subscription. Sent free by mail.

CHARLES A. WENBORNE, Publisher,
BUFFALO, N. Y.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.