

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 24.
Copyrighted 1890, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, APRIL 12, 1890.

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



UNCLE SAM TO THE GRAND ARMY OF AMERICAN KICKERS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS PICTURE? AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS YEAR ALL EUROPE HAD OCCASION TO DREAD THE HORRORS OF WAR, AND THE CHANCES ARE THAT THE WORST FEARS WILL BE REALIZED BEFORE 1891, WHILE YOU LIVE TRANQUIL AND PROSPEROUS IN THE ENJOYMENT OF THE GREATEST BLESSINGS. DON'T GRUMBLE!

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.
A. A. BERGER, } Ass't Mgr.

NEW YORK, APRIL 12, 1890.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4.00
Foreign countries, 75c. extra.

All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

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

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

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

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

Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

ALWAYS at cross purposes—Charon.

MONEY talks, but ex-change doesn't.

THE best life preserver—Temperance.

THE professional sportsman has a distinct aim in life.

"SPRING suits are cut by-us," as the tailor remarked.

"BRUSH light," murmurs the inventor of it, to the barber's boy.

WHEN the case is urgent it is a nigh and near doctor that you want.

MUCH charity that begins at home is too feeble to get out of doors.

TWO flats often make a scene on an elevated car, as well as in a theatre.

SINCE electricity supersedes hanging, criminals will not be so high strung.

ONE is a tea-set and the other a settee, Arrange the conundrum to suit yourself.

IT is commendable in a fast horse to lower his record, but we hate to see a man do it.

THE ancient Egyptians honored a cat when dead. They knew when a cat most deserved it.

A MAN who was a good deal of a fool when he was a boy, generally shows his age very little.

WHEN lovers hang over the gate there is a good deal to be said on both sides before they quit.

AN ex-prize-fighter who teaches pugilism in New York, calls his establishment a school of decorative art.

WHEN the devil wants to train up a young man in the way he desires him to go, he employs Idleness to boss the job.

A MOBILE paper made a mistake the other day, and printed a list of coming weddings under the head of "Sugar Crop."

"GIVE me another horse!" cried Richard III., hoarsely, and a boy in the gallery wanted to know if one horse wasn't enough.

"POOR fellow," said one Chicago detective of another, whose funeral he attended, "he tried hard enough, but he never turned up anything but his toes."

"How do you like the 'business' in my play?" a poor star asked of the manager. "I like the business in your play better than I do the business in the house," was the reply.

A CANADIAN paper says that the girls of Canada make better wives than any to be found on this side of the border. Let them come over, then, and get husbands worthy of them.

UNDESIRE NOTORIETY.

For a man who does not seek notoriety—indeed he studiously avoids it—Jay Gould secures more of it than almost any man in America. George Francis Train, who is constantly studying up some new and ingenious way for making the newspapers talk about him, turns green with envy every time he picks up a paper, for Jay Gould stares out at him from the cold type, whatever page he may turn to. Gould—always Gould—and Gould doesn't want it; in fact he detests it. He can't step outside his door without some reporter making note of it. He can't steal gently—and he always steals gently—down Wall street without the papers getting out extras about it, and the fact being telegraphed all over the country. He glides out in the evening to call upon some charming widow (he is a widower now), and a score of reporters are at his heels, who propose to know if he proposes to propose. Great wealth doesn't buy privacy and repose, it seems.

PROTECT OUR GIRLS.

There is a growing severity in the public mind towards the enamored swain who thinks he must kill a young woman who declines to marry him. There was a time when the offense was looked upon somewhat leniently, the mad infatuation of the youth being supposed to have turned his head. But these lovecides have occurred so frequently of late that it is gradually dawning upon the intelligence of the country that something ought to be done to protect the girls from the murderous attacks of emotional lovers. The best way to do it is to hang a few of these fellows of ardent though undisciplined temperament. In the meantime, however, young women expecting a proposal from an undesirable party should arm themselves for the occasion, not knowing what may happen, and it would probably be well not to be caught without a trusty revolver for some little time after—until the wrath of the rejected one has had time to cool, or he has got another girl.

STAND BY CHICAGO.

Come now, no nonsense. Congress blundered when it selected Chicago as the site for the Columbus or World's Fair, but Congress represents the country, and the country ought to accede gracefully to the decision, and do all it can to make the Fair a success. There should be no factious opposition or holding back now, for the credit of the Nation, with a big N—and a big appropriation, too, if necessary—is involved. Chicago would not stand alone in the disgrace should the Fair prove a failure. America would be a laughing-stock for the nations, and any man who has ever figured as a laughing-stock for the nations knows what a disagreeable position it is to be placed in. We have all dilly-dallied and lost time. Chicago displayed more activity in the matter than all the other rival cities combined. She has assumed an immense responsibility, and we cannot afford to let her stagger alone under it. The credit of the country is involved. So, give the young giant of the West hearty sympathy and support—and a liberal appropriation, too, for the Fair cannot be prepared without it.

HOW THE PEOPLE ARE ROBBED.

In old feudal days robber barons built castles on the Rhine, from whose walls they watched for any approaching craft upon the water or merchant convoys on the land, whom they pounced down upon and compelled to pay heavy tribute in order to pass. One day the outraged people rising against them stormed these strongholds of thieves and hung the miscreants from their own battlements. There are no such robber castles in our time, but there is the Sheriff's office in New York, where tribute is levied as mercilessly as by the robbers of the Rhine. The Grand Jury has recently made a presentment against it, denouncing the extortions and cor-

ruptions practiced there in the most vigorous language. Through the corrupt system practiced in the Sheriff's office heavy contributions are uniformly levied upon persons seeking justice there, and the Sheriff and his horde of favorites and retainers divide the spoils. The occupation of the robber baron has changed in name, that is all. Will public indignation at the exposure be able to effect a reform?

THE WORLD'S "SCOOP."

The World is a lucky paper. When the Inman steamer City of Paris was disabled on her last trip to Liverpool, by the breaking of her machinery, it happened that Mr. Ballard Smith, one of the World's staff, was on board. When the steamship, which was being towed by the steamer Aldersgate, was near enough to the Irish coast to permit, Mr. Smith was rowed ashore in a small boat, and proceeding to the nearest telegraph station he sent a full account of the mishap to his paper, which was published in the Sunday World, one of the biggest "scoops" that alert and enterprising newspaper has made in some time. Other papers came along with the news twenty-four hours after. They are sorry they didn't have a special correspondent on board, too.

SPAIN'S COLUMBUS CELEBRATION.

Spain is preparing to celebrate the discovery of America. She will do it in 1892, when the quadricentennial of Columbus' eventful discovery occurs. She will not postpone it until 1893, as Chicago has done. By the way, why didn't Congress leave the date blank, to be filled in by Chicago according as it might be convenient? The year 1893 may arrive too quickly, or the



STILL QUIET.

MRS. SIMPLE (whose husband has been brought home from his club with such a "jag" on that the doctor had to be called)—Is my poor, husband still quiet?

DOCTOR—Well—ahem—yes, madam. He has a quiet still on that will last him for some hours yet.

necessary funds fail to show up in time, or the weather be unpropitious. As we remarked, Spain will not postpone. She believes that the time to celebrate a centennial is during a centennial year. She wouldn't celebrate the Fourth of July on the fifth, not even if the Fourth fell on Sunday. A Spanish fleet will put out for this hemisphere on the anniversary of the day that Columbus sailed from Palos. It will follow the course that the great navigator sailed, as nearly as it can. The sailors will doubtless be permitted to arrive almost at the point of mutiny, as Christopher's did, upbraiding the commander because there is no land in sight. They may even demand to put back to Palos (with the loss of all pay) and the leaders be put in irons to repress their discontent. Then when land does finally appear (the arrival being timed to match Columbus' schedule) what eager rivalry there will be to be first to hail the welcome sight. "A light! a light!" resounded through the squadron; and then the whole squad run to the side of the vessel to discover what it meant. The difference will be that, whereas the light Columbus saw was from a pine knot, it will be an Edison electric light now.

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.

HOW NECESSITY AND NEGLECT COMBINE TO PERVERT
THEM FROM THEIR PROPER USE.



of wheels. Roads they called them at first, but they were rudimentay streets, to say the least. Nowadays they only call them streets in cities. In New York city it is gross, abject, grovelling sycophancy to use the word.

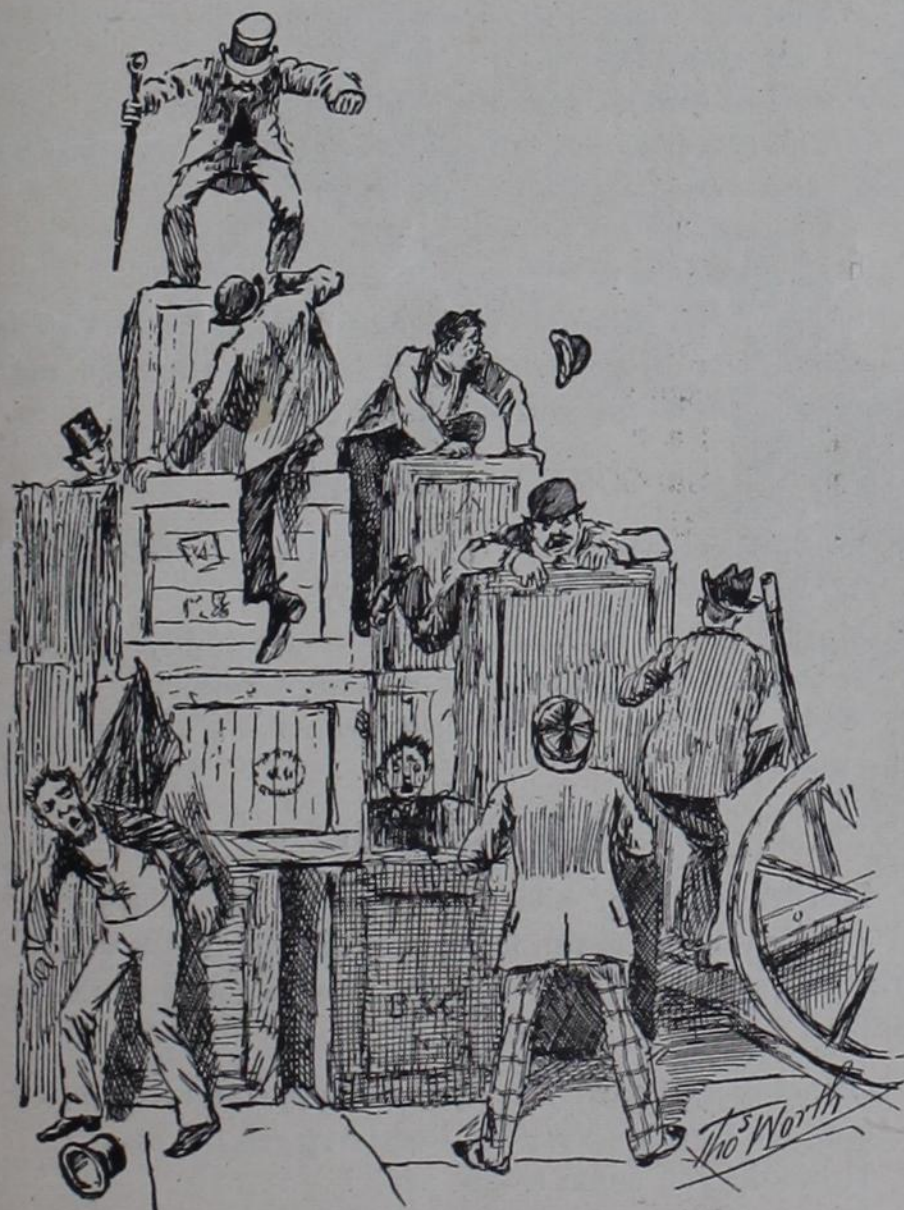
If the reader will consider for a moment what a street should be, and will then stop long enough for an owl to wink, while he considers further in respect to the streets of New York, he will perceive that there are no streets here. A street is a longitudinal passageway for people and for teams between the spaces that are occupied, in a city, for residences, parks, or business purposes. This explanation is thrown in, without extra charge, for the benefit of those readers who may not know how a city is laid out. We New Yorkers know how it gets laid out, frequently.

Now it is, and it is not the fault of the people of New York that we have no streets. There are numerous longitudinal passageways, it is true, but they are used for other purposes than those of streets. Incidentally they are used for the transit of people and of teams, but a large part of the use to which they are devoted is alien to their proper purpose.

A man who should build a large and elegant residence, and then put his wine-cellar and his refrigerator in the path that led from his front door to the sidewalk, would be considered—well, no, he wouldn't be considered. He wouldn't be worthy of consideration. If, inside of his mansion, he used his halls and staircases on which to pile trunks and sideboards and dining-tables and book-cases he would be likely to find himself in a lunatic asylum, with his relatives struggling for a division of his property—and serve him right. All these things New York city does.

If he should permit his servants to scatter garbage from his kitchen and the sweepings from all the rest of the house on the threshold of his drawing-room he would be ranked as one of the howling fools among mankind. New York does that.

If he allowed one of his servants to shovel the dirt from his kitchen-garden through his halls and stairways at the same time that he was paying other servants to sweep up that same dirt and carry it away he would be called a drivelling idiot. New York does that.



Sidewalk Obstructions.

If he should be building extensions to his house and at the same time allowing large and dangerous holes to come in the hallways in daily use, because of his neglect he would be inevitably set down as a malignant maniac without any more reasoning power than would be necessary to plot for the destruction of his own family. That is what New York does.

As I said, it is, and it is not the fault of New Yorkers that such things be. If our forefathers had been gifted with prophecy they would undoubtedly have reserved space enough for streets in the lower part of the city, when they laid it out. Nobody is blameworthy for the inadequacy of the space. The manner of laying out, however, is manifestly foolish. I am not the first one to observe that although the bulk of the travel is up and down town, there are numerous times as many cross streets as there are avenues leading where travel goes.

 A black and white illustration showing a man in a top hat and a dark coat with a light-colored pocket square standing on a sidewalk. He is looking towards a small steam locomotive that is emerging from a tunnel or station entrance. The entrance is labeled 'ROUND HOUSE' in a curved sign above the opening. The locomotive is positioned on tracks that lead into the tunnel. The man is standing on a cross street, and the scene is set in a city environment.

If, however, the streets were really kept for proper purposes, and cared for as they should be, the case would be infinitely better than it is. A good tree is about the only thing that ought to be allowed to stand still in a street. It is both useful and ornamental. But in New York trees are almost the only things that are not allowed to impede passage. By the influence of political heelers, all manner of unnatural and unnecessary obstructions are permitted, to the sore discomfort and discomfiture of law-abiding citizens.

Undoubtedly the greatest sinners in the matter of obstructing sidewalks—perhaps the most important parts of the streets—are the wholesale merchants. Here again, a large part of the fault lies on the original laying out of the city. Goods have to be taken houses across the sidewalk nobody but an angel could and loss of temper, and h wings. There are not ma

Then there are restaurants, peanut and fruit stands, news stands, bootblacks' stands, awning and sign posts, hydrants, and holes in the ground that are only permitted to remain on account of the disgraceful acquiescence of private citizens and public officials. Carts stand in the roadways and coal-bins on the sidewalks, and the patient public walks around them and says nothing.

Then there are the telegraph poles and electric wires. Even the public began to kick about them when peaceful citizens began to be killed, and the result has been that the streets have been made worse than ever for the time being, for long trenches and mounds of earth are evidence on every side that obstructions of this class are being placed under ground.

A full catalogue of the nuisances of the streets would be monotonous reading, but these are enough to show why foreigners call us the most patient people in the world. They help, also, to explain why it is said that good Americans when they die, go to Paris. They do these things better, in France, you know.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

THE COLOR QUESTION.

Visitor—In the South here, is the attendance at the public school pretty fair?

Native—Well, some of them are very fair, but most are rather dark mulattoes.

TEXAS REMINISCENCE.

While the Texas Veterans were holding a reunion in Austin, not long since, two venerable men who had not seen each other for many years were talking about the early history of Texas, and how much better things were managed in those days than they are now.

Among the incidents of by-gone days was a murder



AN EXPERT'S ANSWER.

BOBBY—Why do they have that big lantern in front of the engine, papa?
PAPA (with memories of the past)—To warn traveling actors, Bobby.

trial which took place in the days of the Republic of Texas, not long after the battle of San Jacinto. A man was brought before the court charged with having murdered a neighbor, the father of a large family. The murderer himself was an unmarried man. The presiding judge, having read the indictment, told the prisoner to stand up, and said to him:

"Bill Jones, you have not acted right in this matter. You have deprived a good woman of her husband and made orphans of her children. If I turn you loose, will you marry the widow and support the family of the deceased?"

The prisoner said that he was more than willing to do so. In fact, he had shot her husband in order that he could do that very thing.

The widow had no objection, except that she wanted a little more time to fix up for the occasion. She, however, announced that she was ready, and the judge pronounced the happy couple man and wife without any delay.

HE WILL SOON BE HERE.

Presently the census-taker will be around, book and pencil in hand, and conversations like the following will be in order:

Census-Taker—Have you children?

Woman—Yes; a son.

Census-Taker—Male or female?

Woman—Male.

Census Taker—Age?

Woman—Two years and a half.

Census-Taker—M

Woman—Single.
Census-Taker (closing book)—That's all right. Thanks.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXIII.



It was during the reign of Philip VI., the first king of the Valois race, that the Black Pestilence ravaged almost the whole of Europe. In Paris alone over fifty thousand were swept away by it, among them Philip's queen, Jeanne of Burgundy. The southern part of our own country, *mes chers enfants*, is threatened by a pestilence of blacks just now, and it may be very destructive before it passes. Let us hope, however, that it will yield to mild treatment.

It is a curious fact in connection with the terrible pestilences that have raged in olden times, that the afflicted people have charged that their wells and springs of water have been poisoned. In France it was alleged that the Jews had committed this abominable crime, and thousands of them were put to death during the reign of Philip. If a man couldn't get his overcoat out of the pawnshop when cold weather resumed business, all he had to do was to circulate a report that the proprietor of the place had been seen buying "Rough on Rats" at a drug store, and the poor pawnbroker had to flee for his life, when his traducer could help himself to the best overcoat there was in the shop, with no one to oppose. Philip, unable to fight the English and the plague, too, demanded a truce of the former, which was granted for a term of seven years, but Philip died before the termination of it.

Philip VI. was the first who imposed the tax on salt, called the *gabelle*, from the teutonic verb *geven*, to give. I use the word imposed advisedly, because it

was a great imposition on the people. Salt is one of the necessities of life. No one can be deprived of it for any lengthy period, without nature playing him a scurvy trick. We like a bit of salt with almost everything we eat, and you must even take this narrative with a grain of it. Edward III., of England, got off a pun on the salt tax, which raised a laugh at the time. He called Philip the author of the Salic law.

Philip was succeeded by his eldest son, John II. (the Good), 1350, who reigned sixteen years. A good king was so rare that when the people drew one they distinguished him with the title, although he might not be able to distinguish himself. But John did not turn out very good. He soon showed himself proud, arbitrary and cruel, as his father was before him. But he was brave, and ambitious for military fame.

John had a son-in-law who gave him no end of trouble—Charles the Bad, king of Navarre. He had promised Charles certain landed possessions, which he withheld from him, and Charles swore that he would never forgive him for it—*Navarre!* Charles was a highly gifted man, but he was Bad. He was a grandson, by his mother's side, of Louis X., and his pretensions to the throne of France would have been indisputable, except for the Salic law excluding females from inheriting the crown.

The greatest ambition that a noble had in those days was to be constable of France. You may smile at this, *mes petits amis*, knowing how insignificant a personage a constable is in America, but I can assure you he was formerly a very great personage in France. The word is from the Latin *comes*, companion (one of the imperial court), and *stabuli*, stable, companion of the stable, master of the horse, in other words. It was necessary for him to be a man of high lineage. Charles the Bad hated the Constable, Charles de la Cerda, as constables are often hated by bad men, and watching his opportunity he assassinated him in his bed. An obscure little constable in Massachusetts told a man who had roughly handled him that when he shook him he "shook the commonwealth." How much worse it was to murder the Lord High Constable of France. But nothing was done about it. Charles boldly avowed the deed and defied the indignation of the king. He was Bad all through.

King John had a son, a wild, uncontrollable youth, and him Charles instigated to set himself up against parental authority. The son's name was Charles, and he was Duke of Normandy, where he held his court. He surrounded himself with men like Charles the Bad, and held

high revel in Rouen, but revels came high in those days, anyhow.

One night when they were banqueting in the castle the great door opened suddenly, and in strode King John, who had come down from Paris on the 8:10 steamship express. He assailed them all with furious menaces. Then he ordered two of the conspiring noblemen beheaded at once in the castle yard, and Charles the Bad would have shared their fate had not the son of the king interceded in his behalf. He was sent to a dungeon, however. Friends and relatives of Charles took up arms in his favor, and there were lively times in Normandy. The English took a hand in it, uniting with John's enemies. This resulted in the great battle of Poitiers (1356), where the French met with an overwhelming defeat as at Crécy, and their king was taken prisoner. He fought nobly, however, while his youngest son Philip, a youth of fourteen, performed prodigies of valor by his side.



A Constable of France and a Constable of Massachusetts.

King John was well treated by the Prince of Wales, who commanded the English forces. He gave him the softest spot in his tent to sit on, insisting on his sitting at the head of the table while he waited on him in person. He said there was nothing in his markey too good for a King of France. The captive king was taken to England, where he was treated in the most courteous manner by Edward III., who gave him the spare bedroom in his castle and allowed the use of the parlor. A two years' truce was signed between the rival nations.

In the meantime all was confusion in France. Charles the Dauphin, eldest son of John, assumed the government control at Paris, as Lieutenant-General of the kingdom, although he had shown poor generalship at Poitiers, where he ignominiously abandoned his father and fled from the field. Charles the Bad, being released from prison, was received in Paris with enthusiasm, and urged to assert his rights to the throne. The populace rose in revolt against the Dauphin, led by one Etienne Marcel, who for a time was virtually master of France. He allowed the Dauphin to leave Paris and retire to Compiègne, where the nobility flocked to his standard and civil war followed. The frightful insurrection of the peasants called the *Jacquerie* occurred at this juncture. They were so named from Jacques Bonhomme, a familiar nickname applied to a French peasant. They assailed, sacked and burned the feudal chateaux and their inmates were put to the sword.

Marcel, to defeat the Dauphin, who was threatening Paris with an army, secretly arranged with Charles the Bad to admit him within the walls and seat him on the throne, and it was while endeavoring to carry out this



The Prince of Wales Entertains the Captive King of France.

conspiracy that Marcel was killed by a sheriff of Paris, one of the Dauphin's friends.

SOMETHING HE HADN'T GOT.

One of Dan Doherty's stories is of a certain rich man possessed of great wealth and proud of his possessions, who was wont to refer to them often, but withal he was rather deficient in intellect. One day he had an old man working for him, an Irishman possessing a full share of the wit of his race. The rich man went out to oversee the job. He looked at Pat a minute, hard at work, and said:

"Well, Pat, it's good to be rich, isn't it?"

"Yis, sur," said Pat, meekly enough.

"I am rich, Pat, very rich."

"So I'm tould," said Pat, shoveling away.

"I own lands, and houses, and bonds, and stocks, and—and—and—"

"Yis, sur."

"And what is it, Pat, that I haven't got?"

"Divil a bit of since, sur," said Pat, as he picked up his wheelbarrow and trundled it off, and the rich man went into the house and sat behind the door.

SOME OF HIS KIND.

Little Boy—Mother, I don't want to go to Sunday-school; I want to go fishin'.

Mother—But the fish won't bite on Sunday, my son. They're good and go to their Sunday-school.

Well, I'll risk it, anyway; maybe there's some 'at's like me.

NOT HER FAULT.

Mother—Jennie, what makes you such a bad girl?

Jennie—Well, mamma, God sent you the best children he could find, and if we don't suit you it ain't my fault.

Gilhooly—I heard you were not expected to live.

Gus De Smith—Yes, the doctors gave me up.

How did you come to get well?

I gave up the doctors.



Frightening Away a Pawnbroker.



At the Play



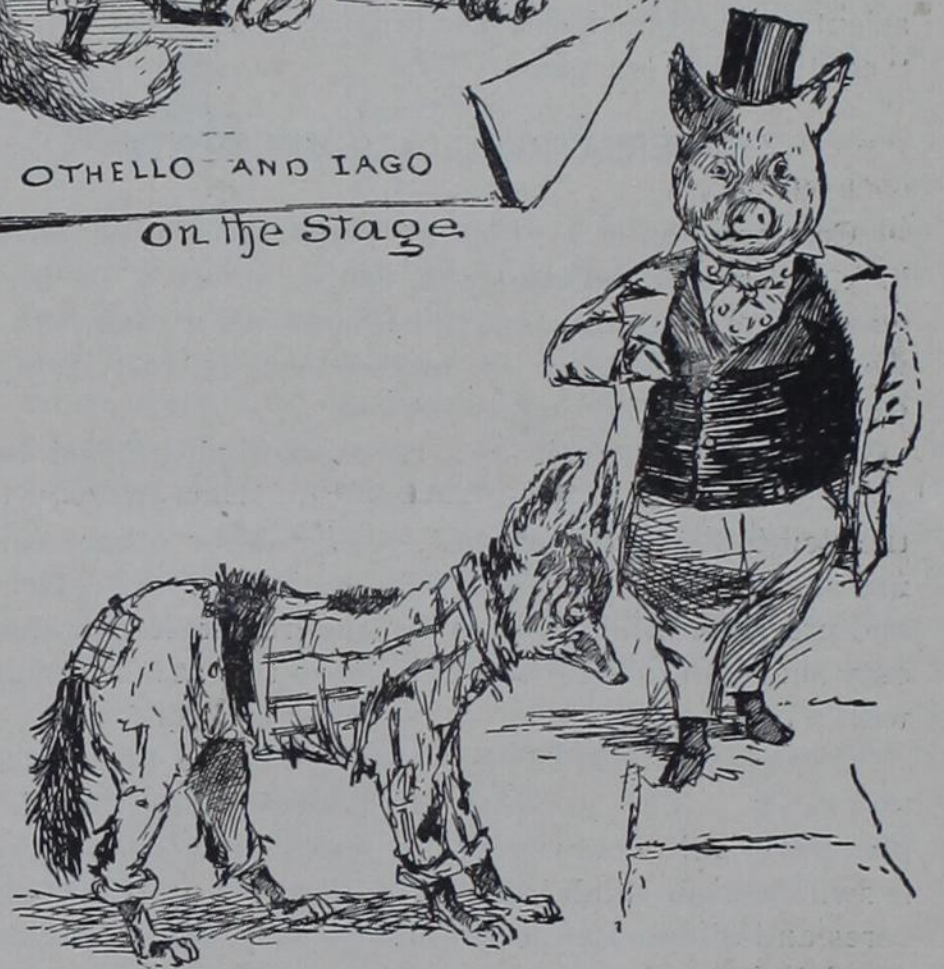
OTHELLO AND IAGO
On the Stage



Wall flowers



LEAVING HIS CLUB



OLD TRAMP JACKALL AND MR HOGG



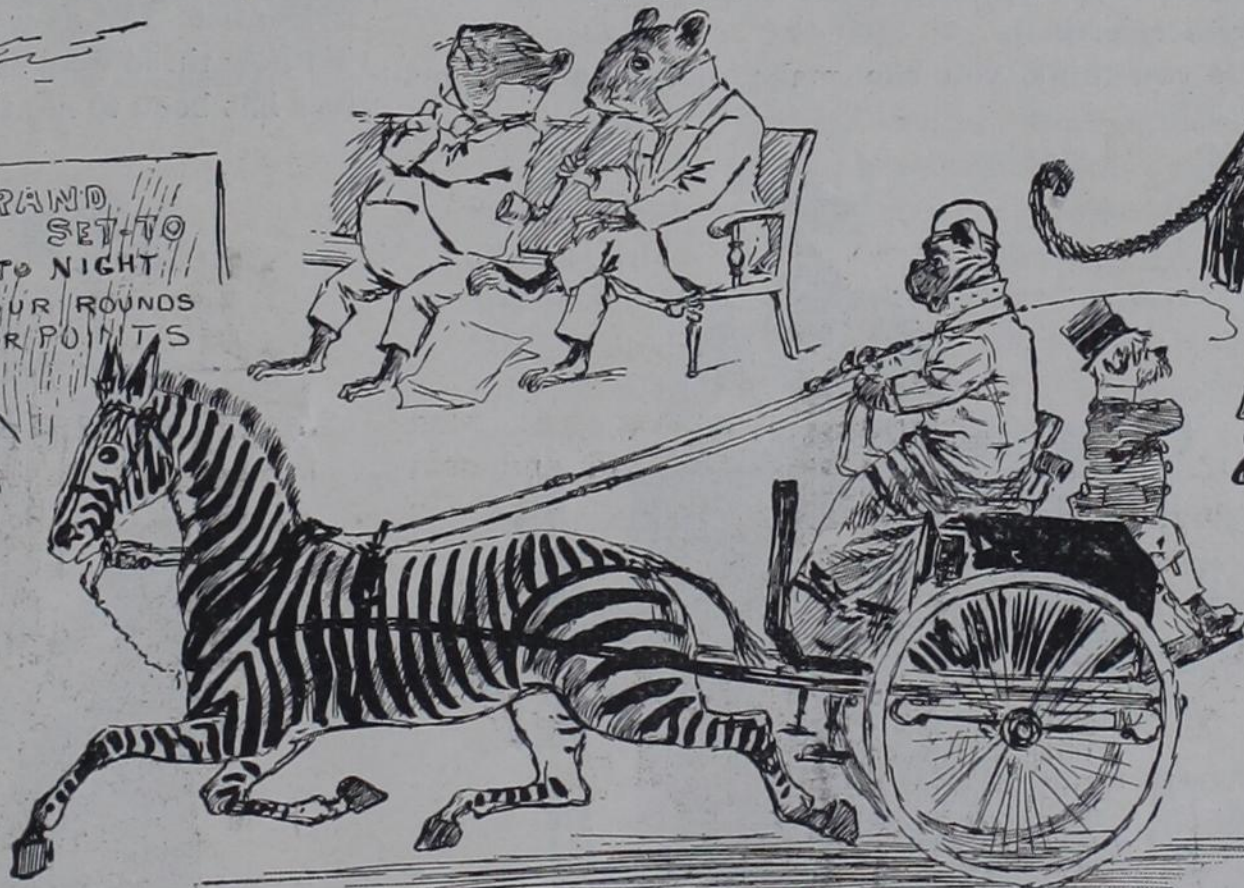
A SPORT



TRY OUR
WELCH RAREBIT



A SLUGGER



GENUINE DOG CART



SIDDALLS
SOAP

Thos Worth

WHAT ANIMALS WOULD DO HAD THEY THE INTELLIGENCE OF MEN.

CHANGES IN MAN.

That the form and anatomy of the human species have changed very much since the pre-historic man was walking about seems to be clearly demonstrated by science. We doubt whether any of us would recognize in that remote ancestor a man and a brother, could we be brought to see him face to face. And he would probably blush and hang his head to be shown some of his descendants, but we won't dwell upon that.

The anatomist tells us there are in all parts of the body lingering remains of muscles once employed but now useless. A man who once tackled a broken-down prize-fighter found that to be the case before he got through with him. As changes have been going on ever since man appeared on the earth, it is fair to conclude that they will continue to go on in the future.

We are told that the lower jaw is growing shorter and smaller, though some men may not have observed any diminution of "jaw" when their wives are around. The ear, too, is changed. Once it was erect and pointed, and could be moved at pleasure. Mark Antony must have had this fact in view when he said, "Lend me your ears," implying that they could be removed and replaced.

At one time in man's history his entire body was covered with a thick coat of hair, similar to that of an ape. Tailors' bills were not heavy in those days, and the fashion of apparel was unchanged from year to year. In royal families an heir apparent is liable to become a hairy parent himself some day.

According to Darwin man was originally endowed with a tail. What particular use it was to him we do not know, and it is a question for theologians and scientists combined whether tails in this world will be "continued in our next."

CONVERSATIONAL ACQUIREMENTS.

Conversation is a great gift, and we should never look a gifted conversationalist in the mouth. To be a good talker is a rare accomplishment—in a man. In a woman it is not quite so rare, being, in fact, pretty well done, and thoroughly cooked.

Yes, we may say it is a rare accomplishment, because you can talk a man to death at short range, and the sleuth hounds of the law, somehow or other, cannot put their fangs into your epidermis with that celerity and precision which would be the result if you had only shot him to death, or cut him in two at his equator with a broad-axe.

Conversation ranks first among all the human attainments. The good talker conveys his thoughts pleasantly and easily, and the succeeding destruction is swift, certain and fatal. He lifts us up from our cares and discouragements, fills us with wild, tumultuous delight, and dumps us at last into the slough of despond, where we wallow amid the dying echoes of his baleful, blighting talk. He expels from us the spirit of contentment, and leads us forth into green pastures and beside the rippling, ear-splitting waters of rhetoric.

Talking to a man is one thing, and talking about him is another; and somebody has laid down the rule that it is better to say nothing about a big man than you would not dare say to his face. Many really imagine that they live by this rule, but they are mistaken. It is no uncommon occurrence to hear a man say: "I



A DIABOLICAL INSINUATION.

FWEDDY—What do you think of my new overcoat, Miss Fanny?

MISS FANNY—It's very nice, but I think one of those monkey skin capes would be more becoming to your style of beauty.

would say the same thing to him," but really he wouldn't. He dare not, for he is afraid that the principal in the affair, the man he would as soon say anything to as about, him might fall over on him and scrunch the hide off him, scraping him along the gravel walk, and choking him until his eyes came to the surface.

The great conversers of the present era seldom attack a man personally. Past experiences have made them shy of the shifting quicksands of personal abuse. An ounce of taffy is worth more than a pound of wool, and the man who can talk to you until you are as happy as a little dog on tall oats is a benefactor of his race.

HE UNDERSTOOD THE BUSINESS.

The very occurrence of brutal outrages by the New York police on defenceless people justifies the suspicion that the following little incident has a basis of fact:

A determined looking man, with a nose like the beak of a hawk, a bad eye, and built up from the ground like a bank safe, applied for a position on the New York police force.

"Do you think you can make arrests and guard

prisoners so they will not escape?" asked the Police Commissioner.

The applicant smiled a smile that made the toughest policeman present feel uncomfortable. It was similar to the smile Mansfield uses as Richard the Third.

"If you had six prisoners and one was to escape would you leave the five and follow the fugitive?"

"Of course not. I'd club the five to death who didn't try to run away, so I would know where to look for them when I got back with the body of the sixth man."

"You have been on the force before," said the Commissioner, as he filled out an appointment for the applicant.

HANS' FIGHT WITH A BEAR.

"You see," said Hans Becker, describing his bear fight, "he vas a pig plack pear, so savage as never vas. I vas vorkin' in der fieldt, und der pear he come for me ven I didn't look pooty quick out, understand? Vell, I had no gun, no veppon, to defend meinselluf, ain't it? Dat's vot I dole you. What did I do? Vell, I yoost run like der tiful, und der pear he runned after me like dwo tifuls."

"You was in a tight place."

"Vait till I dole you. Der pear he make my neck for a grab yoost as I vas getting der fence over. He put his pig paws aroundt me."

"Was you scared?"

"Vas I scardt? Vell, I vish I had ten tollar for effery time I vas scardt."

"What did you do in this dilemma?"

"I didn't do noddin in der dilemma. I yoost reached behindt me, und bulls out a pig putcher knife from my bistol bocket—"

"Hold on, Hans; I've got you now. You said you hadn't any weapon to defend yourself with. Your story lacks consistency."

"Did I say I hadt no veppon?" said Hans, scratching his head.

"You did."

"Vell, it makes noddin tiffence. It's all a tam lie, anyhow!"

A FAIR PROPOSITION.

Customer—This is the cough mixture for my grandmother?

Drug Clerk—Yes, and it costs forty cents. As you have only paid thirty please hand over ten cents more.

Customer—I have got it, but I'll tell you what we can do; just you take a couple of swallows and then there will only be thirty cents' worth in the bottle.

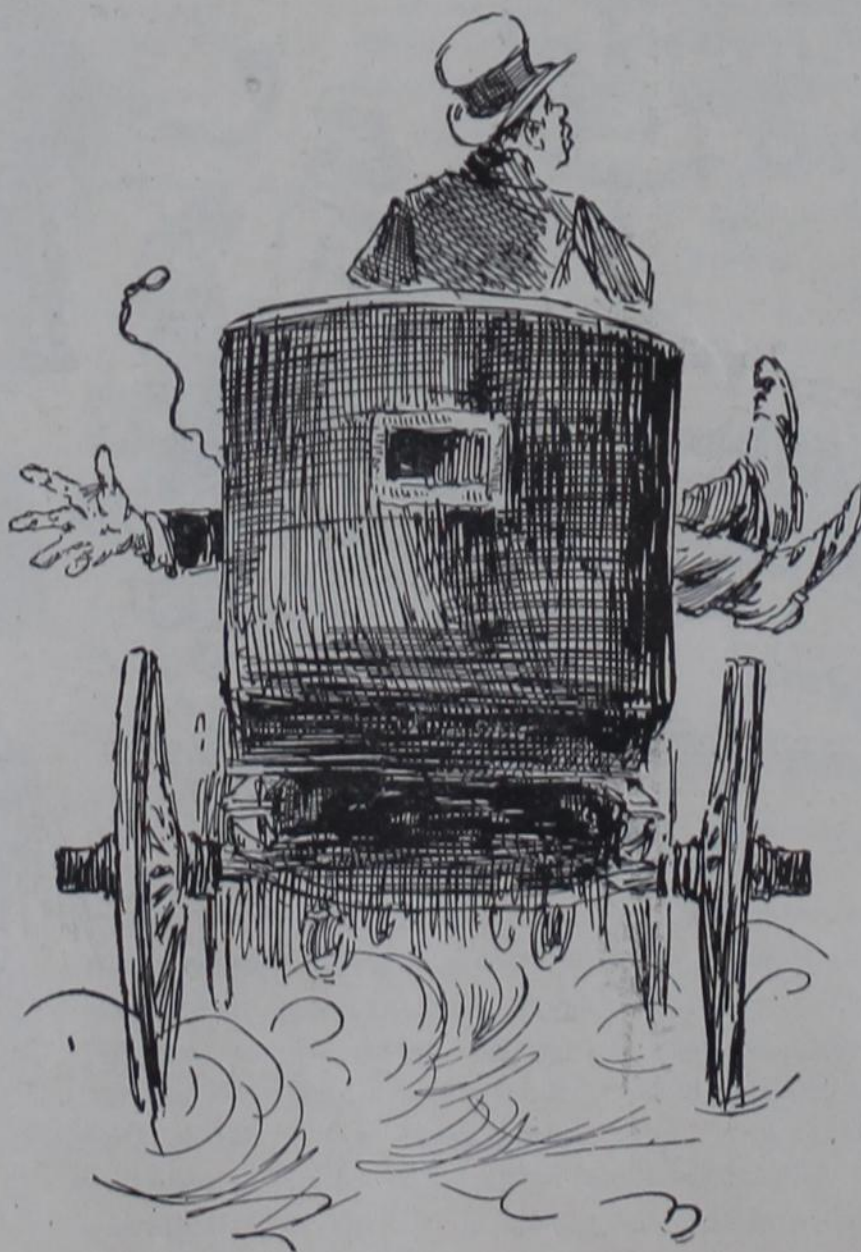
MARRIED INTO A MEAN FAMILY.

Friend (to dentist)—How are you coming on?

Dentist—Not as well as I expected. I've been married now three weeks, and not one of my wife's relatives has been to me to have a tooth pulled.



Hic!



Hack.



Hock.



F the camp, the march, the battle,
Let other soldiers sing;
Let them show our tatter'd banners,
While on high their hats they fling—
The sabre, the old musket
Can ev'rywhere be seen,
But there's nothing brings war days to mind
Like you—my old canteen.

A thousand friends who kissed you
Are gone for evermore;
Cried "Here!" to the mystic angel,
And cross'd to the other shore.
You are rusty; you are batter'd;
Gone is your early sheen,
But the trumpet's blast can't thrill me
Like you—my old canteen.



They intended you for water,
When they framed your rounded side,
Yet you kindly took to—coffee,
For your sympathies were wide:
Distilled peach, and "Commissary"
You have held with sober mien,
And you often furnished bourbon,
On the night march—old canteen.

When comrades fell about me
You stuck closer to my side;
You brought comfort to the wounded,
Who without you must have died;
Even gen'als have praised you—
When they tasted you unseen—
And have wiped their beards and whisper'd:
"That's a bully old canteen!"

We've slept and marched together;
We've been empty, we've been full;
We've merry made, o'er stolen sweets,
With buttermilk been dull;
We've heard fierce oaths o'er sore defeat,
And the foe in flight we've seen,
Then crippled, sore, but stout of heart,
Came home—my old canteen.

When comrades take me to the grave,
I'd have you brought there too;
Pass from lip to lip in silence,
With my dead face in their view;
Then let them lay you on my heart,
And place us 'neath the green,
And say: "He was a soldier true;
He loved his old canteen."

GLOVES.

The glove has figured in important ceremonials in times past. It is not alone an ornament for dainty hands or an emblem of the boxer's art. In the Middle Ages gloves were often employed in ceremonies of investiture, and Bishops, both in France and Germany, were frequently put in the possession of their sees by the formal delivery of a glove. Hence it became so nearly connected with ecclesiastical forms that the church more than once solemnly considered the subject. In France in the beginning of the ninth century, the Council of Aix forbade the monks to wear gloves of any other material than sheepskin. Gloves, therefore, were considered a mark of dignity and honor.

At the coronation of French kings gloves were solemnly blessed and given to the monarch, and the custom was only abandoned with the establishment of the first Republic. To take away a knight's gloves was a mark of disgrace, same as hacking off his spurs.

Gloves have also been considered a mark of effeminacy. Socrates, who went barefooted in the coldest weather, of course scorned them. Xenophon severely reproached the Persians for guarding their hands against the cold by wearing thick, heavy gloves. A philosopher of the first century said it was shameful that persons in perfect health should clothe their hands and feet with soft, hairy covering. A certain Roman glutton, when invited to a banquet, always made his appearance at the table with gloves on, as they enabled him to snatch at the viands while they were hot, and thus he could eat more than the other guests. This was before table forks came into use.

The glove has, in modern times, been the signal for a challenge. To hurl down a glove to an opponent is to invite him to a duel, and to pick it up is to accept



the significant invitation. At the coronation of an English sovereign a knight in full armor rides in and throws down his iron gauntlet, challenging to mortal combat any and all who dispute the title to the throne.

OUT COLLECTING.

Collector—Mr. Hardup in?

Mrs. Hardup—No; he's out collecting.

C.—That's what you told me the last time I was here.

Mrs. H.—Yes.

C.—And the time before that.

Mrs. H.—Yes.

C. (sarcastically)—He don't seem to have much success.

Mrs. H. (as she slams the door in his face)—Seems to have as much success as you have.

BOOK REVIEWS.

ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA.



R O T H E R GRISWOLD :—
Ever since Mr. Britannica completed his master work of fiction I have desired to give him and his book a puff, but as circumstances over which I had no control (if the reader will pardon me for introducing a new expression) caused

his romance to be given to the public several years before I was, I trust my old chum Brit, as he is familiarly called, will pardon the delay.

The Encyclopædia is written in Mr. Britannica's usual style, half humorous, half Latin. The scene of his plot is laid in every part of the world, and in the heavens above and in the waters around the earth. It cannot be said by his most ardent admirers that the plot is very well connected, or that the climaxes climax in the latest "ton" style; but the number of characters he introduces in the story, and the time he devotes to describing frogs, English institutions and shirt buttons, made it impossible for him in his limited scope to pay close attention to minor details.

Mr. Britannica is a thorough cosmopolitan and is equally at home in explaining the cause and cure of lumbago or in describing the Colossus of Rhodes. His language is fairly good, although in transcendental imagery he scarcely equals Bill Nye, and in dialect writing he can't hold a candle to Craddock. He is slightly given to the fault of parading his erudition, and rather spoils his book for the average reader by slinging in too many Latin phrases and Sanscrit roots, but with practice and the beneficial effects of friendly criticism he will overcome these faults, and we expect the next child of his bump of imagination to be a regular hummer from away up near timber line.

The work is fairly well illustrated, and is published in America by several rival firms, each of which claims that none is genuine without its name being blown in the bottle, and that the other firms are frauds, and that it can lick the others with one hand tied behind its back, and eat pie while doing it.

One obstacle to Mr. Britannica becoming a popular author in this country is the high price he asks for his novel. As long as the American people can spell their way through the nightmares of "Edgar Saltus" at twenty-five cents a dose, or revel among Zola's giddy people at half a dollar a seance, they are not going to fritter away \$125 for the pleasure of reading Mr. Britannica's book. If the Encyclopædia were printed in a cheap form, bound in paper, and sold at twenty-five cents, or given as a premium with weekly papers, it would reach a much larger circulation than its publishers can hope to find for it in its present form.

The greatest fault that can be found with the work is that it is just a trifle behind the times; there is no advertisement of Prune's Soap printed on the cover; it does not express joy that Chicago has secured the World's Fair, and it makes no mention of the big boom that is now going on in the hustling State of Colorado. It is a pretty fair amateur production, however; lots of college students and country school teachers think they could beat it, but I don't believe it.

V. Z. REED.



A FEARFUL THREAT.

Mr. O'RAFFERTY—Here, Teddy, I make ye a prisint of an illigint little blackthorn, but ef ye lose it I'll break iver y bone in yer body wid it.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Mother—You are a great big girl, Fanny, but you are afraid to sleep alone, and there is your little sister Jenny, who is not half your age, and she is not afraid.

Fanny—You see, Ma, she isn't old enough to have any sense yet.

A SURE TEST.

Dude—She is a pretty girl, and she is rich. Now the question is, has she got good sense?

Candid Chum—You can find that out very easy. Ask her to marry you, and if she accepts then you can safely put her down as a fool.

HE WAS RELIABLE.

Collector—This week you will have to pay me something on account. Last week you said that you couldn't pay me anything.

Dude—Well, didn't I keep my word?

TOO CONSIDERATE.

Lady—I have given you a nickel, what more do you want?

Tramp—I'm afraid that policeman is going to arrest me.

How can I prevent that? Just you take my arm and be talking to me lovingly, he will think I'm your husband and let us pass.

TO BE PAID IN TIME.

Excited Man—I must have a hundred dollars. Can't you lend it to me?

Cool Friend—Oh, certainly, but not all at once. I can let you have ten cents every two or three weeks.

AN UTTER IMPOSSIBILITY.

Baer—Look at old Mr. Jones over there soliloquizing.

Becker—What! talking to himself? I guess not. He is so deaf he can't hear himself talk.

HARD LINES.

First Pickpocket—Swiped a watch. You're in big luck.

Second Pickpocket—Big luck! What do you call big luck? It's no stem-winder, and now I've got ter buy a key for it.

A REPENTANT BOARDER.

Mrs. Flapjack—You have been flirting with my daughter, and last night you even went so far as to kiss her. Now I want to know what are your intentions.

Boarder—My intention is never to do so again.

IT WOULD COST LESS.

Tenant—Look here, Mr. Landlord, the windows let in such a draft that the wind almost blows the hair off my head. You must have the windows fixed.

Landlord—Humph! Why don't you get your hair shaved off?

NO DOUBT OF IT.

First New Yorker—The jokes about the big feet of the Chicago women are all nonsense. I've been there and seen them.

Second New Yorker—May be so, as far as the women are concerned, but there is no mistake about it being a big feat for the Chicago men to get the World's Fair away from New York.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

BRIGHT HOPES.

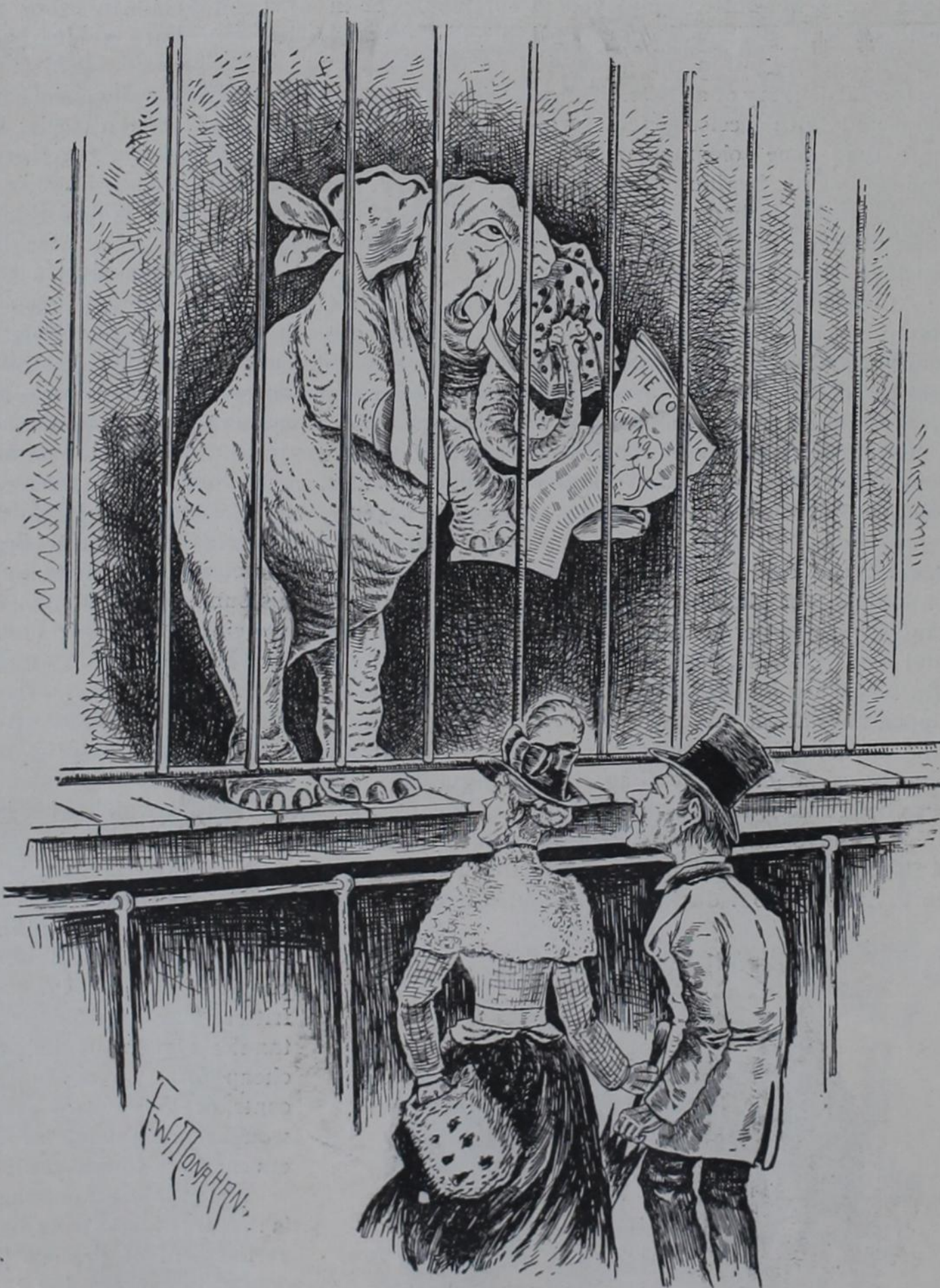
What is the business of your intended? He is a deputy sheriff.

That's nice. If you are dispossessed, it won't cost you anything.

WHY THE NEW YORK WATER SUPPLY IS LOW.

Indignant Guest—Waiter, I have drank five glasses of water waiting for that beefsteak. When am I going to get it?

Waiter—In about four glasses more.



AN UNFORTUNATE ANIMAL.

DISTRESSED ELEPHANT—Ladies and gentlemen, pray excuse my emotion, but all the newspapers say that Chicago has got me, and that hurts my feelings, because I don't want to go out into the backwoods; I want to live in New York. Boo-hoo!

THERE ARE MANY SUCH.

Gilhooly—Jimson acts rather queer. I think his mind is unsettled.

Gus De Smith—I don't know about his mind; but I know, to my sorrow, that his bills are unsettled.

IS THIS POSSIBLE?

First Club Man—I see by the papers that Mrs. Langtry has really jilted Freddy Gebhardt.

Second Club Man—Probably she discovered that



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

PADDY'S LAMENT.

"But O, vain boast!
Who can control his fate?"

—Othello—Act V. Scene 2.

somehow or other, he had got it into his head that she intended to marry him.

WILHELM'S WOES.

Wife—What does it mean in this paper when it says that the young German Emperor expects a call to arms?

Husband—A call to arms! I suppose it means he expects his wife to say, "Wilhelm, take the baby!"

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

He—What would you have done if I had not married you?

She—Picked up some other fellow, I suppose.

He—But you told me that you could never love anybody but me?

She—That was before we were married.

THAT'S THE WAY HE FELT.

Gus De Smith—How do you like your new horse, Miss Fanny?

Fair Equestrienne—He does not ride as easy as I expected. He tugs at the bit and acts as if he wanted to run away with me.

Gus De Smith—I don't blame him. If I had his chances I'd do it, too.

DOOLIHAN'S GOOD TASTE.

Lady—Your references are all right, and if your cooking is really good I'll hire you.

Cook—If yez have any doubts about me cookin' ask Perlaceman Doolihan, who was on the bate where I lived wid my last family.

USES OF THE TELEPHONE.

A.—I told him that he was a lying thief.

B.—You have got pluck. It's a wonder he didn't break your neck.

A.—O, I told him what I thought of him through the telephone.

THE PIANO POUNDER, NO DOUBT.

Judge—You say one of the musicians cuffed your ears. Was it the violinist or the piano player?

Complaining Witness—It must have been the piano player, for the blow felt as if a mule had kicked me.

HE WAS NOT SANGUINE.

She—I see you are disappointed now that I have taken off the mask.

He (resignedly)—O, no, I didn't expect much.

THE STEP-MOTHER'S RECEPTION.

Father—Children, this is your new mamma.

Tommy—Are you going to beat her, too?



DANIEL AND THE LIONS.

SON—Vodder, vy don't dose lions take dot Daniel in out of der vet?

FATHER—Pecause, mine son, Daniel vas such a great prophet.

SON—Ish dot so? I taut pecause Daniel vas such a schmall prophet dey vas vaiting for him to grow some more. Dot pig lion looks as if he vas saying mid himseluf: "Vat vas one schmall prophet among so many lions. Ish dat all vot ve gets for dinner to-day?"

COMSTOCK'S CONUNDRUM.

One day last week Alex. Comstock, the popular manager of the Academy of Music, New York, dropped into SIFTINGS' sanctum. He seemed to have something on his mind, for he moved nervously in his chair.

"What's troubling you, Alex.?" we asked.

"Oh, nothing—nothing. I only wanted to ask you a little question."

"Fire away—we are very fond of questions. We would go out of our way just to have a man ask us a 'won't-you-have-something' breed of question."

"That's not the kind of question I am going to ask you. My question is: 'Why is Denman Thompson like a lucky poker player?'"

We gave it up.

"Because," faltered Alex., "because he draws a full house every time he plays," and before we had time to recover from the shock he passed through the door, like a beautiful summer dream.

A DISTANT ACQUAINTANCE.

A.—Jones did not recognize you when he passed just now.

B.—Well, you see his eyesight is bad.

I never heard that before.

Yes, he has become cold and indifferent since his eyesight was affected by a draft.

Yes, it was a sight draft. I drew it on him for some money he has been owing me for a long time. He never sees me now no matter how close I may be to him.



A PRESS ITEM.

"O, don't squeeze me so!" said she, after she had murmured "Yes!"

"I can't help it," he returned; "this is an impressive moment."

THE MOTHER-IN-LAW'S STRATEGY.

A mother-in-law died, and her daughter wept very profusely, while the son-in-law endeavored to comfort her, telling her that her mother was quite aged, etc.

"Yes, I know that," sobbed the daughter, "but she always said that she expected to live to be a hundred years old."

"I know she talked that way," replied the bereaved son-in-law, "but she never expected anything of the sort. She was always talking about living so long just to worry me and make me feel bad."

THAT FAIR.

An old proverb says "All things come to him who waits." According to this theory New York may get the World's Fair after all. Patience is a great thing. You can hold water in a sieve if you wait long enough. Sieve you can't. All you have to do is to wait until it freezes.

While all things come to him who waits, it has been observed that if a man fees the waiter, some of the things come to him much sooner. Perhaps if New York had lubricated the doubtful Congressmen more copiously she would not have had to wait so long for the Fair.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.

Friend—I am told you went to the masquerade while you were wearing mourning.

Widow—Yes, but there was nothing improper in that. I went as Queen of the Night in deep black.

A PROVO' MARSHAL'S STORY.



THE LITTLE incident in the war of the Rebellion that I am about to relate has the merit of being true, and—as a natural sequence, perhaps—will be brief. To substantiate this latter statement, I will at once begin my story.

After fighting through the fierce battle summers of 1861 and 1862, our regiment was ordered into winter quarters near a pleasant city in the South.

Soon after we had settled down for a good resting spell, our senior captain received orders to report with his command at headquarters for "provost marshal's" duty.

In a city of the size of the one where our captain was "provo'," his duties were multifarious. He issued all passes to civilians to go out of the city, registered all permits to trade granted by the general commanding, regulated the hours of opening and closing all places of public resort, administered the oath of allegiance, or took the "parole" of applicants. He held a police court every morning, opened a general intelligence office in the afternoon, in the evening received the report of the officers of his guard, and later in the night gave secret audience to his paid spies and volunteer informers.

During the day his mind was mostly taken up in dealing with applicants for passes. The greatest number who asked for them were colored people, and as it was very seldom that they were found abusing this privilege by carrying beyond the lines anything "contraband of war," they were allowed to go and come freely.

Among those who called on the captain quite often for a pass was a young, sprightly mulatto girl, a servant in a very high-toned family living in the fashionable part of the city. Mary, as the young girl was named, always prefaced her request for a pass to go and see her friends in the outskirts of the city, just outside the provo' guard, by the offering of a bouquet of the flowers that were to be seen in every garden plot, or, as the season grew later, by bringing one of the superb magnolias for which the city was famous.

The other staff officers used rather to envy the provo' those creamy-white, deliciously fragrant blossoms, surrounded by glossy, dark green leaves, and they chaffed him about Mary's decided preference for himself; but he took their jokes—as he did the flowers—with good-natured indifference.

One day, however, as Mary handed him her customary offering, he was seen to gaze at it more intently than usual; and then to drop it into his desk, which he locked, and then to appear somewhat confused. The next morning he was as cool as ever, and handed Mary the pass she asked for with a smile and pleasant, "Yes, certainly."

Some of the younger staff officers, noticing the captain's curious care for the flowers, agreed that he—the quiet, staid provo'—had "an affair" on foot; and they would have tried to find out all about it, but during the next few days there was a complete change in the disposition of the forces guarding the city; and in the hurry and bustle of carrying orders here and there and in placing some heavy re-enforcements that unexpectedly arrived, the episode of the magnolia was forgotten. And still, between the reception of that dower and the movements of troops, there was an intimate connection, which many years afterward the captain explained as follows:

When Mary handed me the flower that day I looked up to thank her as usual, and was surprised to see her frown slightly and point slyly toward the blossom. Then I looked at it more closely and saw that there were some characters—scratched with a pin, I judged—on one of the smooth green leaves. Pretending to admire the flower I managed to make out the words: "To-night—11 o'clock—walk up Blank street. Say 'yes' to Mary if you can come." On the impulse of the moment I tossed the flower into my desk, wrote Mary the pass she asked for and as I gave it to her said, "Yes, certainly."

When I was alone that evening I took out the flower and re-read the message. Mary, I knew, could not read or write, so it wasn't from her! The writing, and in fact the whole device was too delicate to be a man's, so I was puzzled. I was not vain enough to think that I had made what would now be called a "mash" of any fair one, so I concluded that the sender really meant "business" with the provost marshal.

Being a little lame from a wound in the ankle, I always carried a stout cane, and with that and my pet pocket revolver I did not hesitate to keep the appointment.

It was quite dark that night as I walked up Blank street, and very quiet. I met no one for several blocks, and was wondering how far I should have to go when I came to where the front gate of the yard to a handsome residence was partly open, and Mary stood in its shadow. I recognized her in a moment as she did me, and pressing her finger to her lips motioned me to follow her. We quietly mounted the steps to the front porch. Mary pushed open the front door, which was not latched, and I followed her into the hall.

Once inside it was so dark I could see nothing; but Mary grasped my arm and hurried me up a flight of thickly-carpeted stairs. Reaching the landing in the upper hall, she whispered "Wait," and I heard her glide away.

"Thunder," thought I, "here is a pretty go! Here am I, the Provo' Marshal, in somebody's home, without his leave or knowledge! It's as likely as not, that I have given them a 'protection' against just such an intrusion, and I have no excuse for being here except that a pretty colored girl brought me! Suppose I am found here! Suppose—"

But just then my thoughts were interrupted by feeling some one—thank heaven, it was Mary!—take my hand and lead me forward. Soon a door was pushed open and I found myself in a sort of library or sitting-room lit by a single lamp. On a sofa opposite me sat a young lady, who, as the door closed behind me, started up, and advancing to where I stood exclaimed excitedly, but still in a low voice:

"Pardon me, sir, I do not know what you must think of this strange meeting; but indeed I could not speak in any other way with any of you at headquarters, and yet I felt I must tell you what I know! Mary told me you were kind, and she knew you would never let it be known how or when you learned what I shall tell you, or of this meeting. You will not, will you?"

I hastened to tell the young lady that whatever was the nature or the result of what she wished to disclose, she would never be known in the affair, provided—I could not help adding—I left the house as unseen as I had entered it.

She reassured me on this point by informing me that her uncle and aunt—with whom she lived as their adopted daughter—had retired an hour ago; that Mary, her own maid, whom she could trust implicitly, would let us know if any one was disturbed while I was in the house, and would finally see me safe out again. And then, we having seated ourselves on the sofa, she told her story.

It was a long one but may be summed up as follows:

Her uncle and aunt were secessionists—as, in fact, were almost all the residents of the city—and their house was a sort of headquarters for all sympathizers. It was from there that most of the mail was exchanged, and from there packages of quinine, gun caps and other supplies of great value but small bulk were made up and sent through our lines in charge of small farmers and others who were always passing in and out.

With such operations I was tolerably familiar, having seized many such articles while in transit; but I now learned that in spite of all our precautions the rebels were well informed in regard to our numbers and the disposition of our forces in and about the city, and that a well arranged attack on our defences had been matured, and while this was taking place a concentrated effort would be made by certain residents to burn the city over our heads!

"It is this attack upon the—the—the—the defences of the city I wish to prevent, if possible," the young lady concluded. "I do not hesitate to say that up to this time I have aided my friends in the confederacy as much as I could; but in this plan to attack—you—all—here—to burn the city—I cannot sympathize. I want to prevent it if possible."

It took me a long time to note down the particulars of the plot, and when I rose to go a church clock near at hand tolled the hour of 1 A. M. The young lady started at the sound and hastening to the door outside of which Mary was supposed to be on watch, found her asleep on the carpet.

When she was fairly awake again and ready to pilot me out, I turned to her mistress and said:

"You have shown great courage to-night and have done us a great service. Let me, therefore, before I go, ask you one question. Why have you, a southern girl, taken this great risk to tell me of this affair?"

She drew her hand away (somehow, I had got hold of it), and said in a low voice:

"You must not ask me that, please. I cannot tell you now. Perhaps—before long—I hope before long—you may know. I am a southern girl, as you say. All—yes, all—I love are in the south now. But one—the dearest—has not always been here. He—" I began to suspect something and could not help grinning a little. "You smile," she continued, blushing prettily. "You must not ask me to say more. Good night. Heavens! What's that?" she suddenly added, "some one in the lower hall?"

There was without doubt, for the tramp of heavy feet was heard and the sound of a rough voice. As the young lady and I gazed blankly at each other, Mary hastily entered and whispered excitedly:

"Lawd sabe us!—de patrol's at de doah! Dey's banging away to wake up de ole massa; and heah you is, cap'n, and dah's Miss Jooly an' heah I is—an—oh! do hide you'self, cap'n!"

Then she ran to a sort of wardrobe at one side of the room. "Heah," she whispered, "you scrooge in dah! de key's inside. You hol' de doah fas' shut; dey won't look in dah fo' anybody ef dey do come up heah."

Knowing that it would never do to be found where I was by any one, I stepped into the wardrobe (it was a tight squeeze to get in!) and held the door ready to close. Then Mary said to her mistress:

"We'll make b'lieve we's jest got up. I'll pull off some my cloze—turn de light down, please—now den!" And making some hasty change in her toilet she ran into the hall in her bare feet.

By this time the uncle and aunt had been fully aroused, and we could hear the voice of the former angrily demanding the cause of the disturbance.

"It's the patrol, sir." (I recognized the voice of one of my sergeants). We were going the rounds—saw your gate open and the front door ajar. Orders are, sir, from the provo' marshal, (that was me!) to look out for the safety of all private houses. Thought it strange to see the house open this time o' night—came to see if anything was the matter, sir."

"The door open, you say?" exclaimed the uncle. "How's that? Where's Mary? O, there you are"—as Mary, half dressed, came part way down stairs. "What's the meaning of this, you jade?"

"Bless us, massa," answered Mary in a terrified voice, "I mus' a done gone forgot dat doah! Pears to me, too, dat I did fast'n 'em 'bout lebben o'clock. I'll go ask Miss Jooly." And she retreated up stairs.

"About eleven!" roared the old man. "What the D—ickens were you doing down here at that hour? I'll—" then he checked himself, and turning to the sergeant said: "I thank you for your watchfulness; it is all a piece of carelessness on the part of the servants. I'll settle with them in the morning. I bid you good night."

The sergeant, as he moved away, offered in the handsomest manner to search the house to see if some stranger was not lurking on the premises; but much to my relief the offer was declined.

As the patrol went down the steps the uncle banged to the door, locked and bolted it, and seizing the lamp he had brought from his room ascended the stairs and tapped at the door of the room where we were.

"Julia," he called, "are you up? I know you must be awake, that Yankee soldier made so much noise."

"Yes, uncle," answered Julia, "I'm up, but I'm not dressed."

"Well, then, I won't come in," continued the old man, "that is, if you're sure no one has slipped in to steal."

"Oh, I'm quite sure of that," answered Miss Julia. "I have not been asleep. In fact, I only turned down the light a few minutes ago."

"Very well, then," responded the uncle. "But, Julia, speaking of the light reminds me—don't open that wardrobe at all, my dear. I'm very nervous about that lot of fulminate—the percussion powder—I put in there to-day." (I held my breath). "It's terribly dangerous stuff, you know," (a cold sweat started out all over me), "and I've not had time to repack the bottles so they would be safe."

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.

I shivered, and I believe my knees would have knocked together had I not been afraid that one of those infernal packages might have got between them. Miss Julia assured her uncle there was no danger, as she would not disturb anything there was in the wardrobe. (I hoped I wouldn't!) and the old man retreated down stairs, and all was quiet once more.

When I did open the wardrobe door and cautiously stepped out, Miss Julia and Mary were standing with the light at the other end of the room. I assured them that though there was probably enough fulminate in the wardrobe to blow the roof off the house, yet unless it was stepped upon or otherwise crushed there was no danger of exploding percussion powder.

"I dunno nawthin 'bout de cussin powda," said Mary, "but massa's done gone locked de doah an' took de key to bed wid him—and heah you is yet, massa cap'n."

Here was a new complication, but Mary—that invaluable Mary—was equal to the emergency. "Can you climb a tree?" she suddenly asked me.

"Of course I can," I replied. "I'm up one now, ain't I?" I couldn't help adding. "But what has that got to do with the present situation?"

"Why," answered Mary, "I'll let you out de glass doah at de end dis hall on to de top of de po'ch ober de front doah. Den you let yo'se'f slip down de postesses an' out de gate, and dah you are."

The plan was practicable, and was at once carried into effect. Bidding Miss Julia a hasty good night I groped my way along the hall, stepped on to the flat roof of the porch, and lying flat down allowed myself to slip over the edge until I could clasp one of the "postesses" (as Mary called the pillars) with my legs.

Sliding down to the rail I stepped from there on to the veranda floor, glided softly down the steps, slipped through the gate and ran—almost on to the point of a bayonet!

"Halt!" a stern voice commanded, and I could see that I had been stopped by one of the patrol that the sergeant, as a matter of precaution, had left there.

"Halt!" he repeated, crowding me before his bayonet a little closer against the gate post, "don't you stir, or I'll pin ye where ye stand. What y'doin' here? An' who the devil are ye?" And he leaned forward curiously. "Blowed if it tain't the cap'n!" he exclaimed, as he brought his rifle to his shoulder.

"Yes, Harrington," I said, "it is your captain. It's all right. Provo' marshal's duty, you know." (I could see him grin at that.) "All you have to do is to stay here until you're relieved, and then report everything quiet. Mind you, no more than that," and I walked off, while Harrington resumed his beat, whistling softly.

"The girl I left behind me."

I made my report at once to the general, who sat up in bed to receive it, and the disposition of troops and re-enforcing of the outposts followed that prevented the contemplated attack, and incidentally stopped further investigation on the part of my brother staff officers into the episode of the magnolia blossom.

I saw Mary once more. She came into the office, and finding me alone, drew from the folds of her dress, my cane.

"You done leff him in de wahdrobe," she said, "te-he!" and vanished.

"Miss Julia" I saw several times afterward. An artillery company that at the time of the contemplated attack on the city was stationed at an exposed point in the suburbs joined our brigade the next

year in a town we were occupying in another state. The captain of the battery, a noble fellow, brought with him on her way north his bride, who was no other than the "Miss Jooly" of my night's adventure.

While laughing over the incidents connected with the interview, she said:

"I think, captain, when I tell you, as I can now, that I was then very much in love with the one who is now my husband, and that he was then with his battery at a post outside the town that would be first attacked in the proposed assault, you will understand why I, though I am 'a southern girl', was so anxious to prevent the attack upon the city."—F. L. Clarke, in *The Overland Monthly*.

One of Judge Powers' Tricks.

The presiding judge of Washington County Court, and candidate for Representative in Congress was engaged one winter in training the young ideas of a certain district, and, justly or unjustly, had gained the reputation of being a late riser—a habit that interfered with the orderly course of business in the household of the thrifty farmers. This weakness of the school-master had been the subject of some neighborhood comment, and one old farmer had declared that he "would teach the little cuss to get up in the morning when he came to his house to board." In due course of rotation young Powers presented himself at the domicile of the farmer in question to receive his allotted share of bed and board. He had heard of the conspiracy to shut off his matutinal snooze and had prepared for the emergency. When the time to go to bed arrived—and it comes early in a farmer's family—he went to his room provided with an entertaining book. No sleep visited his eyelids that night, and his bed wooed him in vain to repose. At an early hour he descended to the first floor, and seeking out the dormitory of the farmer, thumped vigorously on the door. "Who's there? What's wanted?" sleepily asked the startled farmer.

"Time to get up!" was the sturdy summons.

"What time is it?" was the next inquiry.

"Three o'clock!" was the answer.

"You go back to bed, you little devil, and you can lie as late as you please," graciously submitted the farmer, who had "tumbled" to the tactics of the pedagogue.—Vermont Watchman.

Stanley's Faith and Pluck.

Stanley's experiences in the gloom of the pathless African wilderness have had a wonderful effect in developing the spiritual side of his nature. His reliance upon a divine power was one of the most striking things conveyed in the letters that brought the earliest news of the success of his mission. Much of the same tone characterizes the letter written at Cairo, on February 14, to a friend in Vermont. There is about it a suggestion of the spirit of one of the ancient prophets. "I have naught to regret," he says, "and if any mission of like nature presented itself, I should still wish to do it; for, whether here or there, life stays not, but rushes on apace, and men must work and strive. But let us do it bravely and fitly, with all our strength." Courageous and inspiring words these. Of a truth the great explorer can say that the end has crowned his work.—N. Y. Tribune.

England Credits America with the most Successful Relief of Deafness.

At the test recently made in London with different devices for the relief of deafness, gathered from all parts of the world, the verdict was unanimously in favor of the invention of H. A. Wales, of Bridgeport, Conn., as in many cases where all others failed this invisible device was successful.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

PURELY VEGETABLE ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS HAVE NO EQUAL

Always Reliable

Always Ready

Always Safe

Always Effective

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

When Firemen Had Fun.

"There used to be a great deal of fun at fires in the old days," said a volunteer fireman to a New York Times reporter. "Now fire-fighting is a science; then it was fun with as much business as you could get out of the boys. There was not the discipline then that there is now, and I sometimes wonder how we ever put out a fire. Why, it was a common thing for our company to turn its hose on another and skylark while the building was burning."

"Once at a fire on the East side this practice resulted disastrously. One company was told to play on a certain part of the building on fire. At the time it got its orders there did not seem to be any apparent reason for the order, but the man who gave it knew what he was about. As soon as his back was turned the company—the boys—began to amuse themselves by turning the hose on one another. Pretty soon it became evident that the order to fight the fire was not given without judgment, and very keen judgment, too. The point designated in the order proved the vital point of the fire, and a hard fight began. But it was of no use. Headway had been gained and the whole building was burned."

"Another instance was in the great fire of July, 1845. I was then a lad, and had gone to see it. It was my first trip to the lower part of the city. It seemed as if the whole district from Fulton street to Exchange place was on fire. At this fire I saw two engines stop playing to welcome an engine which had just come over from some part of Jersey. This was an event which demanded hospitality, and the two companies stopped work to see that hospitality was not neglected. There was a large number of cases of wines and stuff piled up on Bowling Green, and the welcome was extended very cordially. These courtesies over, the New York companies, with the Jersey men, went to work on the fire."

"The fire was a very big one—at least I thought so then—and I recollect seeing ships being drawn out into the harbor with their sails and yards ablaze. The fire began in a carpenter's shop on New street, in the middle of the block, about three o'clock in the morning. I remember a building blowing up on Exchange place and carrying off the roof. Two men were on it at the time. It was thought that the building had saltpeter in it, and after the fire it was a much-mooted question in the newspapers

whether saltpeter would explode. Whatever it was that blew up the building, one thing was certain—the explosion was effectual."

A Bright Boy.

If a six-year-old boy who rode up Fifth avenue in a stage yesterday does not turn out to be a genius it will not be the fault of his father. The latter looked like a prosperous banker, and was reading his Sun. The boy, who knelt beside him, was nicely dressed, and kept up a running fire of questions from Fifty-first street to Madison square. But the father was so interested in the newspaper that he did not listen to these questions, and answered them merely to keep his son from boring other people. The stage was well filled when they entered, and as the youngster climbed upon the seat he said:

"Say, papa, what makes that lady's cheeks so red?"

"Yes, my son."

"Does she use paint?"

"I guess so."

"Just like that of sister's that made me sick when I ate it?"

"Yes."

"Is that gentleman a sneak thief?"

"Shouldn't wonder."

"Were you ever a burglar?"

"Yep!"—New York Sun.

The Blessing of Strong Nerves

Is recoverable, not by the use of mineral sedatives, but by a recourse to effectual tonic treatment. Opium and the like should only be used as auxiliaries, and then as sparingly as possible. Vigorous nerves are quiet ones, and the most direct way to render them so is to reinforce the vital energies. That sterling invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will be found all-sufficient for this purpose, since it entirely removes impediments to thorough digestion and assimilation of the food, so that the body is insured its due amount of nourishment, and consequently of stamina. Rheumatic tendencies and affections of the kidneys and bladder are also counteracted by the Bitters, which is besides a pleasant medicinal stimulant, infinitely purer than the raw excipients of commerce, which react injuriously upon the nervous system.

Not for Reading.

"You have plenty of reading there," said a visitor to the literary editor, pointing to a pile of books on the editorial desk.

"They are not for reading," answered the literary editor, "they are for reviewing."—Boston Courier.

We think we can cure a bad case of Backache quicker with one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters, than by any other application, and after the Backache is cured, you can still wear the plaster without discomfort for two or three weeks, or longer. This combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna is a great hit, and it is hard to find any pain or ache that will not yield to it. Price 25 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



J. T. OLIVE, LEXINGTON, GEORGIA.

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES FROM OGLETHORPE COUNTY.

We Think

That the man who whistles in a crowded street-car for the entertainment of his fellow-passengers should be taken out and lynched.

That the fellow who so obsequiously takes off his hat when a lady enters the elevator in an office building, probably jaws his own wife and makes her split the kindling, carry up the coal and make the fires of mornings, the year round.

That some people are more inclined to make up their opinions on a one-sided hearsay of a case than by an honest, impartial investigation into its merits for themselves.

That the World's Fair of 1892 will be the greatest exhibition of the products of all civilized nations that has ever been brought together.

That the institution of Mormonism in this country has seen its palmy days and must soon give way before the advance of a higher and better civilization.

That poetry wells up from the heart and soul of James Whitcomb Riley like water from a mountain spring.—Ed R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

Educational.

The Bryant School, a flourishing institution at Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y., one of the prettiest villages near New York city, makes a very kind offer to the children of missionaries. It will educate them as far as the close of the sophomore year (so that they can enter the junior class at college) at half price. In case of a few ministers who, on account of small salary, may be unable to educate their children, the same privilege will be extended. To such persons, a beautiful illustrated catalogue will be sent free.

The Wind Blew Through His Feathers.

Mrs. Flagg—"I am almost sure I saw a bluebird yesterday."

Mr. Flagg—"It's more likely you saw a sparrow that was blue with the cold."—Terre Haute Express.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

Poor Doggie.

He was a young dog, with honest brown eyes and long silky hair, says the New York Evening Sun, and he sat on the wet pavement in Twenty-third street looking up at the passers-by out of the fog and rain of Saturday like a lonely child who wonders why everybody has forgotten him. He had had a home, but was lost, and he was hungry—all this was very plain in his wistful face.

The young women came tripping along the way talking eagerly, and one of them glanced down just in time to catch the look in the pleading brown eyes.

She stopped short and held out her hand. "What a pretty young dog!" she cried. "Come here, you dear, little fellow. Come here."

He looked wistful, but he did not stir. He had been on the streets long enough to learn something of people. So she went to him, and laying her hand on his head said in pitiful tones: "Good fellow, good doggie, I won't hurt you."

Then he knew; and he threw himself flat at her feet in an abandon of gratitude, with sharp little cries of delight that were absolutely human. He kissed her hands and her gown and laid his head against her feet, and then rising he followed the two with his sharp little nose thrust against the hand of his new mistress. His entire outer dog radiated joy and confidence as he trotted along close to the young girl. A more complete transition from utter loneliness to complete happiness could not be imagined.

The three passed up Broadway to Twenty- — street. There they turned, to stop after a few moments' walk, at the steps of one of the dwelling houses. Without an instant's hesitation and quite as if he had always lived there, the little fellow sprang up the steps ahead of the girls and waited with utter confidence for the door to be opened. He had found a home at last.

The two came slowly up the steps. On the topmost one the new-found mistress paused in dismay.

"Why, I can't take him in," she cried, "and he actually expects it. What shall I do?"

He sat still, with his happy eyes fixed on her face.

She put her hand on his head again. "Good doggie; poor fellow," she said.

There was a moment's hesitation while her companion opened the door. Then, she took her hand from the little fellows head and passed rapidly through the doorway, "The idea of my being so foolish about a dog!" she said, as she shut the door hard in the bright face and expectant eyes.

The Social Parade in New York.

How long ago was it that the Broadway pedestrian current, with its "set" down-town in the morning, and up-town at night, was nearly the only constant and conspicuous social phenomenon to be observed in our streets? Its ebb and flow, too, were regulated by business hours, and what was not utilitarian about it was wholly incidental—unless we except sundry eddyings which varied the steadiness of its reflux, and of which the social spirit was, besides, the excuse rather than the cause. Now the *flâneur* seems at last to have made his appearance. He is in enough force to resent to some purpose the hitherto overbearing and over-running pedestrian with a destination. The crowd is beginning to stroll, instead of hurrying and rushing as heretofore. People look at each other, and are even conscious of being looked at. They speculate as to the character and occupation, the position in life, the means, the functions of their ambulant neighbors.—From "The Point of View," in Scribner.

Fertile in Expedients.

Agent—"I'd make you my janitor, only I must have a married man."

Applicant—"Keep the place open for an hour and I'll fix that. It's easier to get married than to get a job."—The Epoch.

Intelligent people, who are familiar with the respective advantages which are offered by the several competing railroad lines between Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, and who desire to travel with the utmost speed, safety and comfort, always take the popular and reliable Chicago & Alton Railroad between these points, and passengers going to or coming from the South, via St. Louis, or when going to or coming from the West, via Kansas City, should insist upon having tickets that read over the Chicago & Alton. It is the only road with three complete and elegantly equipped through trains daily between Chicago and each of the points named, and no railroad managers in America have a more intelligent appreciation of the wants of the traveling public than do those of the famous Chicago & Alton.

A SMILE is said to be a whisper of a laugh. We have seen men "smiling" and laughing at the same time.—Dry Goods Chronicle.

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.



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

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

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



BEAUTY
Skin & Scalp
RESTORED
by the
CUTICURA
Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE TO THE CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaling and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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

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

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY, KAVA FOURNIER.

FOR MEN. Over 30,000 cases successfully treated in the leading Paris hospitals.
Used in daily practice by all French physicians. Medals and Diploma of Honor, Paris Expositions. Acts with magical rapidity in new cases. Cures absolutely those chronic cases which other remedies only relieve.
Full package remedies sent C.O.D., express prepaid \$5.00. Handsome pamphlet free.
Kava Fournier Agency, 18 East 13th St., New York.

ANTI-MALARIA.

Why suffer from Malaria when you can protect yourself from it by wearing a Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet is a preventive—a protection against Malaria. Send one dollar and get a Satchet, and keep away Malaria. Address

KEITH SHELLMAN,
1228 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mention this paper.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Company,

827 and 829 Broadway, New York,

HERMANN SCHARFFER, President; ERNEST BENDER, Vice-President.

NONE THIS
GENUINE TRADE
WITHOUT MARK.
WARRANTED

Note our Trade Mark Closely!

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

We ask attention to our Complete Assortment of

SUMMER

UNDERWEAR,

And Especially to our exquisite

CAUZE

Underwear for the hot, summer season.

Send for explanatory, descriptive and illustrated Catalogue and price-list, free by mail.

Garments made to order, a Specialty.
Mail orders promptly attended to.

Dr. Jaeger's Sanitary Woolen System Company,
827 and 829 Broadway, New York.

THREE DOZEN GOOD STORIES

Selected from Texas Siftings.

8vo., 194 Pages with 100 Illustrations
BY

THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

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

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

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,
57 Rose Street, New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Sunday evening concerts will be given at the Casino.

Racing tip—Back Cold Molasses straight in the race at the County Fair.

Another war drama, The Countersign, a play founded on scenes in the late war, will be brought out in this city before long.

The Senator at the Star Theatre, with Wm. Crane as Senator Hannibal Rivers, draws as well now as when first produced.

On Saturday last Frank Daniels closed a very successful engagement at the New Park Theatre. He has established himself a prime favorite in New York.

It is not often that a comedy as meritorious as Aunt Jack is with us, and the natives realize the fact, judging by the way they flock to the Madison Square Theatre.

A Long Lane, which was produced at the Fourteenth Street Theatre last week, is certain of becoming very popular. It has many strong situations, and the dialogue is clever and sprightly. Charles Dickson made his usual "hit" as Charlie Cupid.

The Grand Duchess at the Casino continues to bring into use the Standing Room Only sign every night. Lillian Russell, as the Grand Duchess is superb. Fred Solomon's impersonation of Gen. Boum keeps the audience in constant good humor. The balance of the cast is above the average.

The nearest approach to being actual realism in stage effects is being presented in the Knights of Tyburn, the stupendous spectacular melodrama seen in this country for the first time at Niblo's Garden Theatre, New York. During the remarkable run of the piece in Paris the introduction of the Mint scene occasioned the wildest enthusiasm, and its presentation at Niblo's will undoubtedly leave an indelible impression on the minds of all who see it. The Old Mint is historical as the notorious rendezvous of all the famous cracksmen and highwaymen of Old London. The architecture is of the time of Henry VIII. Owing to the structure's intricate passages and secret stairways, every refugee from justice saw in it a place of absolute safety, and accordingly the outlaws of that period made it their headquarters. With safety from pursuit assured, the operations of the robbers grew bolder, until it finally became dangerous to venture near the precincts of their haunt. The Mint ultimately became such a menace to the lives and purses of all worthy subjects of King George I. that that sovereign yielded to the public will and issued orders for its destruction. Accordingly, in pursuance with the orders thus issued, His Majesty's officers surround the Mint, and with lighted torches publicly fired the rookeries, with the wildest imaginable result. The thieves—men, women and children—surprised in their stronghold, sought escape through the many mysterious passages, only to fall into the hands of the King's soldiers. Some of the more desperate outlaws realizing that capture meant for them nothing less than the gallows on Tyburn Hill, remained in the structure and were literally burned to death. The Burning of the Old Mint will be a veritable reproduction of

this historical episode of chaos, and 250 people will be employed in the presentation of this scene alone.

An Ingenious Manager.

"Did I ever tell you about the time Bob had with a chump operatic company?" said the heavy man to a Detroit Tribune writer. "They were playing a pirated version of the 'Mikado.' They had been doing small towns and had hard luck, for not a penny of salary was paid for two months. Every Saturday night they struck for their money, but didn't get it. All they could get out of the manager was room and board, and being far away from home they clung to the company hoping for better things. Matters got so bad that the male members of the company could not get money from the manager to buy a shave. Finally they persuaded the tenor to try his luck with the manager. The tenor found the manager in the hotel lobby.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," he said.
"Good morning, sir—good morning."
"Mr. Jones, I would like ten for a shave."

"Can't spare any money this morning, sir."

"But I must have it."
"You must?"

"Yes, sir. How can you expect me to go on to-night and play a Chinaman with this beard? I can't do it, sir, and I won't."

"You won't?"
"No, sir."

"The manager was driven into a corner. He could not replace his tenor."

"Do I get that shave?" continued the tenor.

"The manager felt in his pocket and drew out half a dollar. 'Here,' he said, 'go and buy a razor and come back and shave the whole company.'"

Not a Bit Superstitious.

"If there is anything I pride myself on," said the traveling man, "it is that I am not at all superstitious."

"Me, too," spoke up the man who was selling shoes. "I have no patience with anyone who believes in signs," he continued, at the same time turning over a small round substance he had taken from his pocket. "They are all old women's notions."

"What's that you have in your hand?" asked the first speaker.

"That is a horse-chestnut," said the shoe man.

"What do you carry it for?"

"Oh, as a preventive of the rheumatism, of course. They are infallible for that. You won't have an ache or a pain as long as you have one of them in your pocket."

"That's so," repeated the dozen or more who had been denouncing superstition for the past half-hour. Then every man in the party pulled a horse-chestnut out of his trousers' pocket and began to relate instances where the great enemy had been put to rout by the innocent buckeye.

Subsequently the porter came in and announced that there was a new moon and every one of the dozen drummers went out on the porch to look at it over their right shoulders. The man who had been denouncing superstition the loudest happened to meet a cross-eyed man on the steps and passed the rest of the evening bewailing his misfortune. He had had an engagement to play poker, he said, and he "never had any luck when he met a person whose eyes were twisted."—Harrisburg Telegram.

The only Complexion Powder in the world that is without vulgarity, without injury to the user, and without doubt a beautifier, is Pozzoni's.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a

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

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, (if your druggist does not keep them.)

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

A Notion She Had.

Mr. Gotham—"Well, Hortense, I am going to the dog show to-day, and, if you wish, I'll buy you a pet for the season. What kind of a dog shall it be?"

Mrs. Gotham—"Let me see. Are we going to the seaside next summer, Edwin?"

Mr. Gotham—"Yes, I suppose so."

Mrs. Gotham—"Well, then, you may get me an ocean greyhound."—Burlington Free Press.

Mrs. Jones hasn't a grey hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

She Was Posted.

"Nellie," he said softly, "this ring, which cost \$120, I hope you will keep as a lasting proof of the depths of my affection."

Nellie (posted in jewelry)—"Yes. Rhinestones are worth two dollars a gross in the Bowery, Jack. Good night!"—Exchange.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induces pimples, sallowness. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

Agreed to Disagree.

Travis—"I understand that old Crusty-cus and his wife never agreed on any subject."

Bloodgood—"Oh, yes, they did! They both filed petitions for divorce on the same day."—Burlington Free Press.

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

WITH SHORT HUMOROUS 'CYCLING SKETCHES BY E. R. COLLINS.

In neat book of 170 pages and 80 fine illustrations by Thomas Worth.

Published by J. S. OGILVIE, NEW YORK.

25 Cents Postpaid.

Address the publisher, or

E. R. COLLINS, Westfield, N. J.

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.

"Ah! now I understand," said Johnny, seeing an article headed "Errors of the Compass," "why it gets so much boxing."—Boston Transcript.

EVERY OWNER OF HARNESS SHOULD USE



Sold by Nearly All Saddlery and Harness Dealers.



THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S" New Humorous Illustrated Lect. re.

For terms and dates apply to

Major J. B. POND, Everett House, New York City.

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW

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

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



L'Art de la Mode for April is replete with Easter Fashions, and surely the various styles in gowns and wraps are works of art. There are sixty-five models of garments and seven full-page colored plates of artistic costumes in the latest styles, with full descriptions of each one, as well as valuable suggestions in all that pertains to fashionable toilettes.

The Atlantic Monthly has Oliver Wendell Holmes and Thomas Bailey Aldrich among its contributors, which is sufficient to insure a warm reception to this popular magazine from subscribers. Holmes' delightful article, Over The Teacups, will be read with pleasure, as well as the delicious little poem, The Rose and the Thorn. Thomas Bailey Aldrich has a paper, In Westminster Abbey, which is a poetic tribute of rare excellence to England's illustrious dead. The other articles by well-known writers are up to the usual high standard of literature.

The April Wide Awake is brilliant with fine pictures, the frontispiece being a full-page engraving of Easter Offerings, by W. L. Taylor. Mr. Butterworth contributes a charming story, The Pilgrims Easter Lily. W. J. Rhees has an article on the Smithsonian Institution, under the title, What's in a Name? with three portraits of Smithson, the English founder of the famous institution at Washington. Mrs. Sallie Joy White has a second interesting article on Newspaper Workers. It is written in her usual agreeable style, and will be valuable to girls who intend to become journalists.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for April is an excellent number. The colored frontispiece picture, The Fisherman's Farewell, is alone worth the price of the Magazine. The opening article, The Senate and its Leaders, is illustrated by a full-page picture of the Capitol during a night session, a scene in the marble room where two sedate Senators are listening to the persuasive eloquence of the fair lobbyists, and fourteen portraits of the "Leaders," with a brief description of each one's personalities and peculiarities. The article on Frederick the Great will be read with interest. The short and continued stories are of more than usual literary merit.

Scribner's Magazine for April has for its frontispiece an admirable engraving from a painting, made for this periodical by the English artist, J. R. Weguelin, to illustrate an ode of Horace. The same artist will illustrate other Horatian odes in succeeding numbers. This issue also contains the beginning of a series on The Rights of the Citizen; The last of the Electric Series on the Railway of Today, an article on travel, describing a journey across the Syrian Desert; A Story of Arkansas Life; and two short stories, with a continuation of the serial In the Valley. Brief essays on Spring Philosophy, Style, and The Paradox of Humor are to be found in The Point of View department.

Harper's Magazine for April is an unusually interesting number. The opening paper, No. 2 of the Comedies of Shakspeare, is the Merchant of Venice, with ten illustrations of scenes and characters in the play. The fine frontispiece

represents the interview between Shylock, Bassanio and Antonio at the money changers, near the Rialto. A flock of the historical Pigeons of Venice are fluttering around the capitals of the marble pillars that form the arches of the loggia in the background. Other interesting papers are No. 9 of Great American Industries, with illustrations of wool from the sheep to a suit of clothes. There are Three Indian Campaigns, with maps and pictures; American Literary Comedians with portraits, and many other papers of interest.

In St. Nicholas for April, A Night on the Congo, is the subject for the frontispiece. It is a fine picture of Stanley, the African explorer, telling the story of his fight with The Bangala. The opening article, Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa, by one of Stanley's pioneer officers, is profusely illustrated with pictures of that strange country and people, and the story of the six years' incidents is full of interest. There are also The Ballad of King Henry of Castile, by Tudor Jenks with illustrations; The Chinese Giant; the first and second chapters of Lady Jane, which is to be a serial story of Southern life, by Mrs. C. V. Jamison; W. Taber's picture, The Idea of Calling this Spring! is good and remarkably appropriate for the present season; The King of the Elephants; The Bunny Stories, and How to Use a Pair of Chopsticks are finely illustrated, the latter article from photographs.

The Century Magazine for April, contains some highly interesting reading. Suggestions for the Next World's Fair is a contribution of Monsieur Georges Berger, the Director of the Paris Exposition. Mr. Berger's suggestions are of the most practical and helpful sort. The editor of the Century forwarded advanced sheets of this article to the Mayor of Chicago. Captain John Codman has a descriptive paper illustrated by two large engravings by Elbridge and Kingsley of The Shoshone Falls. The Century has also another paper on Western scenery in preparation on the Yosemite Valley Grant. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley contributes one of his unique familiar poems, called The Little Man in the Tin-Shop, the tin-shop being a term for the old-fashioned orchestra. The poem is illustrated with eight character vignettes by Kemble; Major J. W. Powell, of the U. S. Geological Survey, contributes a valuable paper on the Non-irrigable Lands of the Arid Region.

Bill Arp on the Jews.

A few days ago the Jews celebrated the feast of Purim—a feast to commemorate the deliverance of their forefathers from destruction at the hands of Haman. The Jews were called in the olden time a peculiar people and they are peculiar now. Was there ever a race so true to the traditions of their fathers? Was there ever a people so zealous, so constant, so steadfast in their religion and yet so tolerant, so considerate and so unwilling to proselyte those of another faith? Who ever heard of a Jew trying to convert a Gentile? The Gentiles have tried for centuries to proselyte the Jews. They have tried force and fear, and argument, but all in vain. Not long ago I saw it stated that in the last twenty years England had expended in mission work among the Jews of Europe one hundred and eighty thousand pounds, and claimed to have converted six—six that they were sure of. What a quiet, unpretending people. How clear of crime and litigation, how kind and charitable to each other, how true in war, how gentle in peace, how liberal in all public enterprises that are for the public good.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Yankee Alcalde in California.

A miner used to tell a story which illustrates the sort of government some of the camps adopted. It was on the San Juan Ridge, whether at Columbia or San Juan I do not remember. The alcalde, or chief officer, was a mild-mannered, gentle-spoken New Englander. A young fellow who had stolen a buckskin bag of "dust" was brought before him. The witness gave such clear testimony that in about ten minutes the alcalde said:

"Would you like a jury trial, my son?"

"No, judge; I reckon you'll be fair."

"All right, my son. Now first you give back the dust you stole."

"Certainly, judge; the sheriff has it."

"And the court regrets it; but you ought to pay costs: one ounce for sheriff fees, one ounce for me."

"Here it is, and thank ye, judge," pulling out a heavily-filled bag, and handing over the required amount.

The alcalde looked him all over and his voice grew even milder as he said:

"That is all, except one trifling formality. Boys, take him out, give him thirty-nine lashes, well laid on, put him on his mule, and tell him to travel."—New England Magazine.

Herr Bismarck's Boots.

Prince Bismarck taught a Berlin shoemaker, who was proverbial for making promises which he did not keep, how to be punctual. The man after many promises, had failed to keep them. When this again occurred, the shoemaker was aroused at 6 o'clock the next morning by a messenger with the simple question:

"Are Herr Bismarck's boots ready yet?"

When the shoemaker said, "No," he retired; but in ten minutes another messenger arrived. Loud rang the bell.

"Are Herr Bismarck's boots ready yet?" was the inquiry.

"No," was the reply.

And so it went on every ten minutes until the boots were ready in the evening. The shoemaker was more cautious in making promises after that.—Harper's Young People.

MANY a youngster keeps shady to prevent getting tanned.—Boston Transcript.



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

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

FOR DYSPEPSIA, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of \$5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass

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

JEWELRY.



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

JOHN MILLARD writes from Odensburg, Ind., Nov. 29.—Dyke's Beard Electric produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

ELIXIR grows the heaviest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottle or metal case, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., Prattville, Ala.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST. A NOVEL.

Descriptive of Adventures, FROM THE CHAPARRAL TO WALL ST.

BY A WALL STREET MAN.

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

POLLARD & MOSS, Publishers,

42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, N. Y.

FOR SIX CENTS.

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

"DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."

\$65.00 Sewing Machine, with Attachments \$18.00
A 500-lb Platform Scale, on wheels 10.00
A 125.00 Top Buggy, Sarven Patent Wheels 65.00
A 2-Ton Wagon Scale, Brass Beam and Beam Box 40.00
A 5-Ton Wagon Scale and Patent Stock Rack 75.00
A 50.00 Power Feed Mill for Farmers, only 30.00
A Portable Forge and Farmers' Kit of Tools 20.00
A 40.00 Road Cart, or Swell Body Cutter 15.00
A 15.00 Single Buggy Harness 7.50
A 240-lb Scoop and Platform Scale 3.00
A 4-lb Family or Store Scale, with Brass Scoop 1.00
Catalogue and Price List of 1000 useful articles sent free
Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED \$15 TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., PORE Mfg. Co., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

"LAFFIN'."



Don't look as though ye'd lost a dime,
'N' couldn't 'arn another;
Keep pleasant-lookin' all the time,
Ef things do plague 'n' bother.

I 'low ye'll never make it pay
Ter mope erroun in sorer;
'N' ef ye try ter smile ter-day,
Ye'll laff right out ter-morrer.

Some like a joke, but won't say so,
They think it's kinder meechin'
Ter laff at jokes week days, then go
A-Sabba' day, ter preachin'.

But I say, laff yer loudest best,
At proper time and season;
It'll sorter give yer work a zest,
'N' thet's both rhyme 'n' reason.

So try 'n' take a cheerful part,
Whate'er the wind er weather;
Ther hearty laff 'n' honest heart,
Both on 'em, go together.

—Edith M. Morris, in Yankee Blade.

WHICH?

Matrimony is of a man's troubles
The end, as we plainly may see;
But then comes the serious question
Which end it may be?

—Exchange.

QUERY.

Alphonso de Navarro is
To wed our tragic Mary.
And does Alphonso dare to clasp
Eternal January?
But as our winters softer grow,
It may be a device
By which Alphonso aims to get
A constant crop of ice.

—Charles Stow.

THE PARTING.

We parted in silence, we parted by night
On the bank of a beautiful river;
No sound but a gurgle, as out of my sight
Swift she sank with scarcely a shiver.
The nightingale warbled, the stars sweetly shone,
And, though she will rise again never,
No sorrow was shown for the life that had flown—
For that cat is silent forever.

—Colby Echo.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

When simple action born of joy and woe
Reflects the native feeling of the heart,
Magnetic currents to the audience flow,
And words are wedded to the perfect art.

Who thinks the poet's thoughts with inward glow,
And speaks those thoughts, that man well plays
his part, he
Needs not the borrowed grace of mimic show,
Can spare the studied pose of Del Sarte.

In rage, in joy, in shame, in fear, in pain,
A touch of nature breaks the polished crust,
And men and women find—oft sought in vain—
Not what mankind should be, but what it must.

JENNIE O'NEILL POTTER.

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.

All's Well That Ends Well.

A young man who travels for a New York Bible concern was at the Boody house yesterday, and along in the afternoon, following the promptings or rather the wooings of the spirit, started back to the bar for a drink. He had just reached the door when he was startled by an apparition in the sombre clothed person of his employer, who had stopped over a day on a flying trip to Chicago, where Bible houses find a large and attractive field.

Seeing the employer, the young man unconcernedly walked into the wash room and began to bathe his hands. The employer carelessly sauntered down the long corridor, round through the billiard hall, and just as he entered the bar again encountered his traveling employé, who, bowing politely, walked on into the billiard hall and became absorbed in watching a game of billiards. But he kept an eye on his employer, and, when he disappeared, returned to the bar after the coveted drink.

Again he ran into the old man and proceeded on into the wash room, where he again bathed his hands. The employer then took a turn watching the spinning ivory globes. Anon, the young man made another effort. Then they changed places once more, the young man watching the billiards and the old man washing his hands.

The drummer then conceived and executed a *coup d'état*, or something of that sort. He called for his coat at the coat room and told the old man as they again passed in the bar that he guessed he'd go out and call on a minister whom he was working up into a Bible-buying mood.

Then he walked around, came through the billiard hall, and once more went into the bar.

"Well," he said, smiling pleasantly as he encountered his employer again, "forgot to wash my hands." Then he stole into the wash room, peered around the corner of the wall until he saw the old man disappear, then he hastened back to the bar. The same inspiration had fired the old man, and they collided once more. Then they had to wash again.

By this time their hands were white and soft and their fingers beginning to shrivel up like a Canton avenue washer-woman. Both were growing desperate; and the old man said, in a careless, off-hand manner:

"Oh, by the way, Phillip, do you ever drink a glass of beer?"

Phillip said: "Well, once in a great while."

Then a great feeling of relief filled them. Distrust was metamorphosed into perfect trust and sweet confidence, and the dark despair of the hope that was dying in each longing breast suddenly brightened into the glad, joyous, sparkling sunshine of expectations all fulfilled and hopes fully realized.—Toledo Blade.

Decided That Her Heart Was Right.

Yabsley—"If I ever marry I shall marry a woman of education."

Wickwire—"I used to talk that way myself. But, in fact, I never had a thought of marrying the present Mrs. Wickwire until one day I got a letter from her announcing that her uncle had 'd-i-d-e' and left her sixty-five thousand 'd-o-l-l-a-r-s.'—Terre Haute Express.

In a Breach of Promise Case.

The Court—"What is your age, Madam?"

The Plaintiff—"Must I answer?"

The Court—"You must."

Plaintiff—"Why, Judge, I thought people didn't have to testify against themselves!"—Puck.

Her First Theatre.

They sat anxiously awaiting the rise of the curtain. The play was one of those melodramas that cause the hair to stand on its hind legs and stay there. Finally the music died away and the curtain rolled softly and smoothly up. The stage showed a winter scene, a woman dying in a snow drift.

"Oh, this is terrible!" sighed the young lady.

"It is warmer on the stage than 'tis here," said the young man, "and at the present moment the supes are arranging a summer scene on the back of the stage, with beautiful paper roses growing out of shaggy door mats painted green to look like grass."

"But she seems to be starving."

"She isn't, though. That actress lives at the Fifth Avenue Hotel; one can see she is stout and suffering from indigestion. She isn't hungry, and, if she is, she can send for cheese and beer between the acts."

"I can't help feeling sorry for the poor woman lost in the snow."

"Snow?" said the young man, smilingly. "That's not snow. It is note paper. The man who is above conducting the snow storm isn't spreading it enough. It doesn't fall on the poor woman so that she can die properly. It all goes to one side of her now without touching her as she wrings her hands with the b-i-t-t-e-r c-o-c-c-o-l-d. That snow storm isn't two feet wide."

But his companion kept on worrying as though she was looking at real anguish and suffering.

And the next day she related it to some of her friends—what she had suffered—and then assured them that she had never before had such a splendid time in all her life.—N. Y. Press.

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.

And They Parted.

"Ethel," he whispered hoarsely, "is it true? Tell me, darling, it is not true."

"Is what true?" cried the girl, throwing her whole being into the words.

"That you took the first prize in Miss Pardongha's cooking class!"

And the cry of agony that came from the girl's pent-up soul showed him that what she had dreaded had come to pass—that he knew her secret.

With a pitying glance at her prostrate, sobbing form, Sigismund walked out into the soughing night, and was never heard of again.—Chicago Figaro.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

RESULT:

I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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

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

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

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

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

AGENTS WANTED by an old reliable firm, large profits, quick sales. SAMPLE FREE. A rare opportunity. Geo. A. Scott, 542 Broadway, N. Y.

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

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

Candy Free 1 Box Candy, 100 colored pictures 1 pack NEW cards and agents' circulars, all for 6 cents by mail. Holley Card Co. Meriden, Conn.

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

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

I CURE FITS!

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

MONEY
IN
FRUIT
POULTRY
AND
STOCK

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

\$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewels. elry 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.



A GOOD-SIZED sinking fund will help to keep a corporation afloat.—Epoch.

THE Apache squaw said she preferred whoops to bustles.—St. Joseph News.

HUNGARY's new Cabinet seems to satisfy the popular appetite.—Boston Herald.

THERE is one thing the hardware dealer always has on hand—nails.—Boston Bulletin.

THE snow comes late, but it seems to have caught the drift of things.—Philadelphia Press.

NEVER judge a woman's cooking by the cake she takes to a church social.—Atchison Globe.

It requires a deal of log-rolling to make saw-mill business pay.—New Orleans Picayune.

A PAIR of scales at a fair means that every man shall pay his weigh.—New Orleans Picayune.

It sounds paradoxical, but "a talking likeness" is not necessarily a figure of speech.—Saratogian.

LIFE is too short to waste much of it in humoring people who need clubbing.—Milwaukee Journal.

If a man wants to pull himself into bankruptcy he can do it with draw poker.—New Orleans Picayune.

"THIS needs a stamp," said the postmaster as the cockroach crawled out of the mail-bag.—Saratogian.

A MAN with a speaking face ought to make a good professor in a deaf-and-dumb asylum.—Binghamton Leader.

THE advance agent of spring appears to have made dates which he was unable to fill.—Galveston News.

HORSEFLESH is said to be the worst thing in the world to give people the nightmare.—Burlington Free Press.

THE youth whose attentions were ignored by the young woman said that his trouble was slight.—Washington Post.

A PITTSBURG reporter tells about a yawning oil well. Somebody must have been boring it.—Binghamton Republican.

WHILE the Albany Capitol is settling, will it please return the \$20,000,000 it has received from the State?—Buffalo Express.

THE man who is always saying that he wants but little here below generally means the little he hasn't got already.—Toronto Globe.

It is quite natural that a weeping washerwoman should attempt to dry her eyes by wringing her hands.—Binghamton Republican.

You may not have noticed it, but you will find that the man who shakes hands the hardest is the hardest to shake.—Richmond Recorder.

A WOMAN may not have an agreeable disposition simply because she dresses sweetly. Think of the sugar-coated pill and tremble.—Boston Transcript.

"ALWAYS get in the first blow," says a writer. People who live in districts where cyclones flourish should paste this in their hats.—Burlington Free Press.

It is at this season of the year that the careful Congressman works the Agricultural Department and sends lots of old seeds to his constituents.—New Orleans Picayune.

WHEN it takes a fellow eighteen minutes to assist a girl to don her sealskin sacque the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her.—St. Joseph News.

Cure for the Deaf.

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

THE NEW YORK PRESS

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

(From the New York Tribune, March 27, 1890.)

AN EASY WAY TO TRAVEL.

PEOPLE WHO MAKE A TOUR WITH MR. GRISWOLD HAVE GOOD COMPANY.

Those who were fortunate enough to squeeze into Hardman Hall and "jog 'round" the world with A. Miner Griswold last evening probably laughed more in the space of a couple of hours than most tourists, plagued with baggage, foreign languages, making train and steamboat connections, and mastering hotel keepers' eccentric systems of arithmetic, do in a year. The charm of Mr. Griswold's discourse lies in his inexhaustible fund of apposite allusion, in his unexpected sallies both at himself and his audience, and his Machiavelian faculty of propounding the most atrocious but pardonable puns.

Mr. Griswold not only is a compact human edition of Baedeker, with witty interlineations not to be found in the ordinary editions of that classic, but he is a magician, a student of peoples and manners, a keen politician, a poet, and above all, a rollicking, irresistible humorist, who would have made Diogenes so stout with laughing that a tub could not hold his generous proportions.

In his introductory remarks, the speaker hoped that his physical proportions would not disappoint his audience. He had so long written under the pen-name of the "Fat Contributor" that some folk imagined he was unusually corpulent. When he made his debut as a lecturer in a small town out in Texas he failed to give satisfaction to his audience, which consisted of one critical individual. The audience rose up as one man and protested against the commonplace appearance of the lecturer. He had expected a dime-museum "freak." At the close of the lecture a reconciliation took place and the man urged him to lecture again, and promised he should have a large audience. He was unable, he said, to attend himself, but he would send his wife. She weighed over 400 pounds. This was reported to be the best town in the State to start a lecturer in, or from. He lectured on the compensations of farming, and the local critics declared he knew as much about farming as the editor of an agricultural paper.

Mr. Griswold is charmingly frank with his audience. "If you don't see the point of my jokes," said he, "call and see me in Harlem, and I'll explain 'em. It is unfortunate for you not to cultivate your humorous bump. I don't mind you obliging myself a bit. And please don't repeat these jokes, as I may want them again myself."

The audience in Hardman Hall was a little more satisfactory than the one to which Mr. Griswold lectured fifteen years ago in Pennsylvania. It was a German audience. Every person in the hall was as solemn as if it had been a funeral. A week later a faint ripple of mirth shook the town; in three weeks everybody was shaking with laughter, and, said Mr. Griswold, in a voice choked with emotion, "I suppose convulsions are of frequent occurrence there now."

The cream of the evening was Mr. Griswold's running commentary on the pictures presented by the stereopticon. Upon the eve of departure for Europe Mr. Griswold pointed out Castle Garden, "full of American statesmen, as soon as their naturalization papers have been taken out." Staten Island is "a part of the United States found by an adventurous Canadian, and settled by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad," and Bartholdi's statue, Mr. Griswold explained, "holds in one hand the torch of Liberty and in

the other a book in which are inscribed the names of the 'Four Hundred.'"

Those who want to laugh and grow fat should join Mr. Griswold's congregation.

Mr. Griswold makes a lecture trip to Colorado, Washington and California in May, under the management of Major Pond.

(From the New York World, March 20, 1890.)

WITH THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

"A TOUR AROUND THE WORLD" WITH A.

MINER GRISWOLD.

A. Miner Griswold, who edits TEXAS SIFTINGS, and whose humorous contributions to the press over the *nom de plume* of the "Fat Contributor" have achieved for their author widespread reputation, began a series of lectures under the management of Major Pond at Hardman Hall last night, to an audience that filled that beautiful hall to the doors. It was a thoroughly amused and interested audience, too, and if the applause which they bestowed upon Mr. Griswold was any criterion, his initial lecture was an overwhelming success. It was entitled "A Tour Around the World," and Mr. Griswold, who is no tyro upon the lecture platform, rendered it thoroughly enjoyable. In his easy delivery, graceful manner and witty points he is a reminder of Artemus Ward, yet he is thoroughly original in everything he says and does, and his wit is as refined as it is original. The text of his lecture, which is an agreeable compound of humorous and serious descriptions, interlarded with funny stories, is illustrated by magnificent views, particularly well chosen. They picture the points of interest in an actual journey around the globe, and at intervals very comic plates are introduced from the pencil of SIFTINGS' chief caricature artist, Thomas Worth. The stories which the witty lecturer told in connection with these plates aroused unlimited laughter.

A Model—of Incompetency.

Mrs. Nervus—"I want a good girl. Now, is this girl you recommend capable?"

Agent (pityingly)—"Why, ma'am, that girl is capable of anything."—Lowell Mail.

But It Hadn't.

Mrs. Gazzam—"Here's an article about an organ with fifty stops."

Gazzam—"Um! I wish that piano next door had even one."—Epoch.

THE collars worn in the Middle Ages were ruff affairs.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Fortunate Chicagoans.

Chicago is indeed a favorite of fortune. In the congressional drawing she has lately been awarded the first capital prize—the World's Fair—and in the February 11th drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery two of her citizens drew cash prizes which have made them wealthy.

H. A. Hulburd, a real estate agent at No. 38 Metropolitan Block, is one of the lucky citizens. In an interview with a *Traveler* representative Mr. Hulburd said, "I held one-quarter of ticket No. 40,919, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000. The cash, \$12,500, was promptly forwarded and received by me through the American Express company." Mr. Hulburd is already a prosperous business man, but this unexpected addition to his resources is by no means unwelcome.

Messrs. Charles Kozminski & Co., bankers at 168 Washington street, Chicago, collected for a customer, through the State National Bank of New Orleans, one-twentieth of ticket No. 64,385 which drew the first capital prize of \$300,000 in the same drawing. Mr. Kozminski, in answer to the inquiries of the reporter, said: "I have no authority to give the name of the customer for whom this collection was made. It is a fact, however, that the ticket was promptly honored and the \$15,000, less cost of collection, is placed to the credit of the depositor."—Chicago (Ill.) *Arkansas Traveler*, March 15.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

Appreciated the Information.

A man came limping down the road. An old negro stood near a fence cleaning out an army gun.

"Look here, you careless old fool, you shot me just now."

"How's dat, sah?" the negro replied, looking up in surprise.

"I say that while you were over in that field, wasting your ammunition at those sparrows, you shot me; that's what I said."

"Shot you? How I shoot you?"

"Shot me with that infernal old gun by carelessness, that's how."

"Whar I hit you?"

"In the calf of this leg."

"Hit you sho 'nuff, did I?"

"Of course you did."

"Was de shot buried in yo' laig, sah?"

"Went nearly through, you old fool; but what difference does that make?"

"Er good 'eal o' diffunce wid me, sah. I had gunter b'lebe dat dis ole gun wouldn't stick shot in de saft side o' er middlin' o' meat, an' I wuz er bout ter sell it, 'caze I been bangin' an' er bangin' roun' wid it an' not killin' nothin', but ef you is sho dat de shot went mighty nigh through yo' laig, w'y de gun is so much er count, sah, dat I doan b'lebe I sell it. Much er bleegeed, sah, fur de infermation what you's foch me."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Their gentle action and good effect on the system really makes them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

An exchange says: "Don't blame the world when things go wrong." Most men do not. They simply raise a row in the family and meet the world smiling.—Atlanta Constitution.

\$525 Agents' profits per month. Will prove it or pay forfeit. New portraits just out. A \$3.50 sample sent free to all.
W. H. Chidester & Son, 28 Bond St., N. Y.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.

DRESS FABRICS.

English Tweeds, Cheviots and Homespun
PLAIN AND FANCY MOHAIRS.
Plain and Mixed Camel's Hair.

FRENCH CASHMERE D'ECOSSE

Printed Challies. Silk Warp Henriettas.
Gazines, Striped and Bordered.
ALL-WOOL FRENCH SUITINGS.
Nuns' Veilings. Batistes.

EMBROIDERED ROBES.

Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.