

Texas Siftings.

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TWO OF A KIND.

BOBBY (ON BOARD THE "OCEAN GREYHOUND")—O, MAMMA! WHO IS THAT GREAT, PROUD MAN IN UNIFORM?
MAMMA—WHY, THAT'S THE CAPTAIN OF THE SHIP.
BOBBY (WITH AWE)—MY! HE LOOKS JUST LIKE THE JANITOR OF OUR FLAT AT HOME!

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

BREAKING ground—an earthquake.

STAMP ACT—the act that wins applause.

CONSUMPTIVE drivers are known by their hacks.

PROPRIETORS of ice-houses are advertising "rooms for rent."

Isn't it unconstitutional to deny a ballet-dancer the right of a-peel?

THE man who forced John F. Plummer & Co. into making an assignment is a Darling.

SOME one wants to know Senator Brice's religious belief. He is a Calvin S(t), of course.

SOMETIMES a man is absorbed in his business, at other times it is only his money that is absorbed.

WITH an embezzler turning over a new leaf doesn't always mean turning over stolen funds to their owners.

Those who make patent medicines
Aspire to notoriety,
And like to pose before the world
As "pillers" of society.

THE "Recollections of George W. Childs" cannot be expected to cover all the obituary poetry he has published.

WE do not always weigh our words, because we know they will be weighed when our edition reaches the post-office.

IT is said that Jefferson carried his simple tastes into official life. Lots of office-holders do that, but the trouble is they taste too often.

MANY New York policemen are able to feather their nests finely, which entitles them to the appellation—"One of the fine nest."

IT costs only five cents to ride on a Fifth avenue stage. Col. Shepard is a millionaire, and yet he isn't able to "raise the fare."

It is said that the writers of verses
Have remarkably slender lined purses.
'Tis true that some editors
Help pay their creditors,
But sometimes they pay them with curses.

ALAS, poor Yorick had to pay for extra baggage when he traveled with a dramatic combination, because he was a fellow of infinite chest.

THE World is endeavoring to show that Judge Hilton's hard-earned millions once belonged to A. T. Stewart. Who will believe that?

THE conductor of a cable car isn't to blame for "knocking down," when people persist in stepping right in front of his car while in motion.

BOOTH, when a boy, played Hamlet, pins being paid for admission. There is a New York boy who thinks he is a Pin-over Booth. Irving Pinover is his name, twelve years old, and he reads Shakspeare like a Forrest.

REFLECTIONS

Suggested by reading that 3,000 mummies had been sent from Egypt to a London fertilizing factory:



Fertilize our fields of wheat,
And the resurrected mummy
Comes up in all we eat.

Rameses is on the rampage
In the rye that makes our grog,
And Cleopatra's cousins
Make the corn that feeds the hog.
Who ever dreamed they'd "pear amid"
Or even run the risk
When they carved the hieroglyphics
On the wondrous obelisk.

When we eat our noonday luncheon
Or enjoy our breakfast bun,
Oh, the sand w'ich will suggest to us
The timely desert pun.
What tho' they walked the streets of Thebes
Three thousand years ago,
We prize their dust to-day because
It helps to make things grow.

HAT is life that we
Should cherish
All its promises on
trust,
When some syndi-
cate is waiting
To grind our
bones to dust?
Just to think that
Pharaoh's kin-
men

D. M. JORDAN.

AN EXALTED THRONE.

In order to propitiate King Menelik of Abyssinia, the King of Italy has sent him a colossal throne, nearly 25 feet high, made of carved and gilded wood. When Menelik desires to sit thereon it will be necessary for him to employ a step-ladder or be raised with a derrick, either of which methods would detract from royal dignity. Many thrones come high, but this is one of the highest of modern days.

KANSAS UNDER FEMALE RULE.

The women of Kansas seem determined to govern the State, and they will do it if they keep on. It is the granting of municipal suffrage to the gentle sex that has inspired them to effort. In hundreds of towns municipal control has passed over to the Equal Suffragists, as the women style themselves, and, it is admitted, with excellent results. It is against saloons that their antagonism is chiefly directed. If a man announces himself as candidate for mayor he is immediately summoned before the women's executive committee and forced to make a plain statement of his position on the saloon question. If he is a friend to the traffic he stands no show of being elected. It is predicted that within less than five years every city and town in Kansas will be under the control of the women, who will then demand suffrage in all State elections.

MISTAKES THAT EVERYBODY SEES.

Of all professions in the world there is none in which the mistakes made are brought so prominently before the public as that of journalism. A merchant may make mistakes, in figures (on his own side, of course,) in his prices; the coal dealer in the weight of coal (not in favor of his customer, you may well think), and the grocer in the weight and quality of the sugar he sells you, but these errors do not appear where every person in the city or vicinity can see them. It is not proclaimed to thousands of eyes the next morning, nor published where all can know it. If a doctor gives a wrong pre-

scription it isn't known by everybody. But in journalism every such blunder is seen and noted by thousands. A word misspelled, a letter out of place, an ungrammatical sentence or misstatement of facts overlooked in the hurry and hustle of rapid work, is pounced on by critics and the journalist informed that such mistakes are inexcusable.

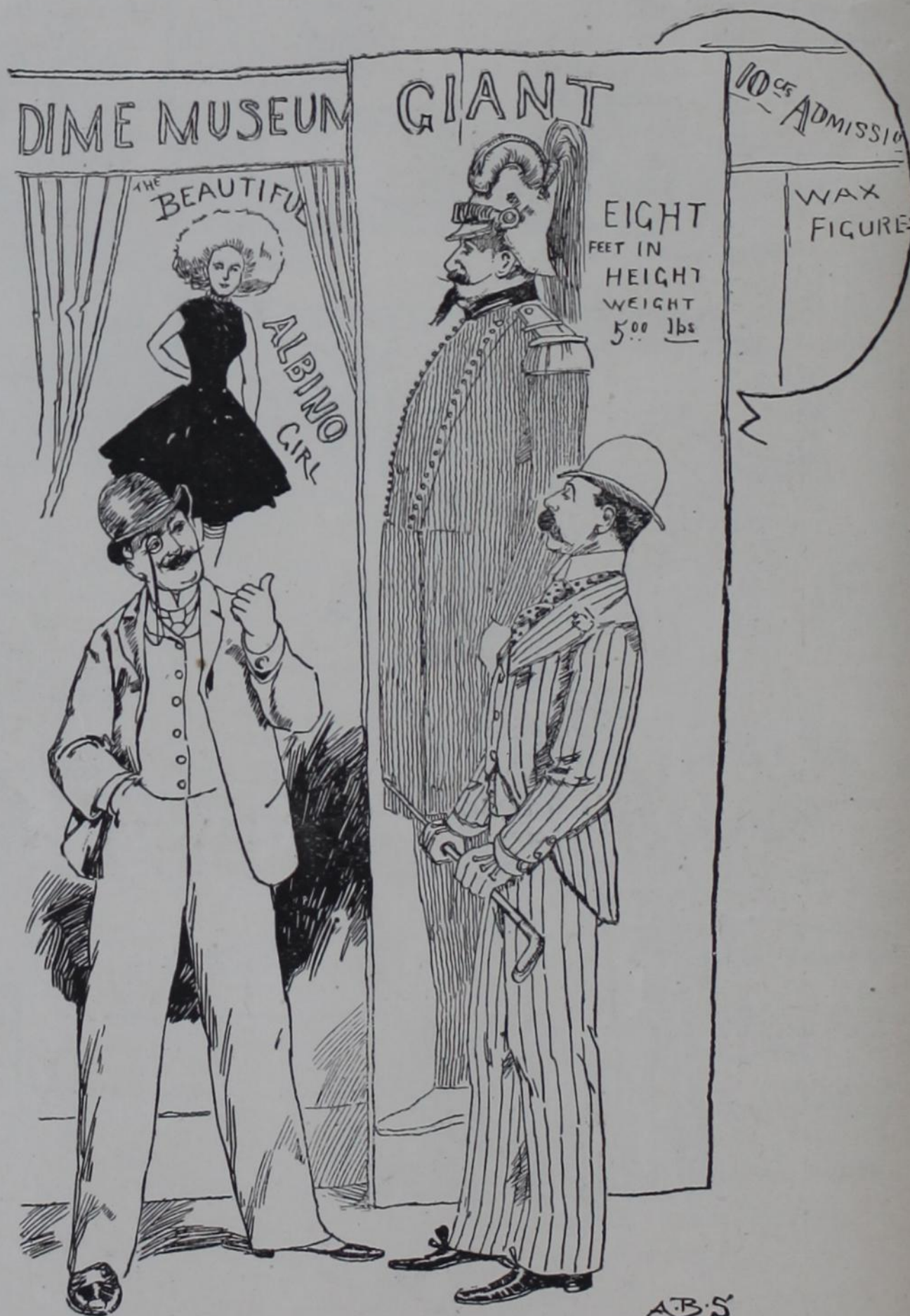
CHICAGO WANTS COLUMBUS ALL TO HERSELF.

The Chicago Herald is disgusted at the proposition to celebrate the Columbus quadri-centennial with a naval display in New York harbor, and the inauguration of a Columbus statue at Washington. In characterizes it as "utterly contemptible." Chicago wants the entire fair all to herself, and is opposed to any side-shows. We expect to see her get more and more rabid on the subject. Spain will be denounced for getting up a celebration. There are a great many cities and towns in America named Columbus, and should one of them attempt to get up a little celebration of its own, some Chicago paper will cry, "Why not hold it in Chicago?" Essays and poems on Columbus printed outside of Chicago journals will be unmercifully scored, and Columbus dramas acted anywhere but on Chicago boards will be immediately damned by the critics. Chicago has a heavy mortgage on Christopher, that's certain.

LABOR STRIKES.

It looks as though the season of 1890 was destined to be memorable on account of labor strikes. From Vienna comes a report of one hundred thousand workmen idle. Twelve thousand men struck work in the great iron work at Wittkaritz, and riotous miners at Karoni were fired upon by Austrian troops. Other strikers have been looting neighboring villages. Then there is the great strike of carpenters and other workers in Chicago, and threatened railroad strikes. The labor market is in a foment and more is likely to follow.

"WHY, look; a man has fainted at the post-office door. What is the matter with him, I wonder?" "Exhaustion, that's all. He has been waiting his turn upstairs to buy a small postal money order."



PRIDE REBUKED.

BRITANNICUS (loftily)—There is no type of man who stands so high as the English gentleman.

AMERICUS (a merry cuss)—How about the dime museum giant?

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXVI.



HAVE already told you, *chers enfants*, of the mental disorder that overtook Charles VI. He improved somewhat, until one evening at a masked ball he got another fright. He with several of his nobles disguised themselves as savages, in close-fitting dresses covered with pitch and tow to resemble hair. It was customary for savages in those days to wear a good deal of hair, I suppose. The Young Duke of Orleans thought it would be great fun to touch a lighted torch which he carried to one of these grotesque figures, and the result was four of them were burned to death, though the King escaped, being somewhat apart from the rest. The Duke was one of those idiotic humorists who point a loaded gun at people and pull the trigger just to see them jump.

The shock threw the King into another fit, and he never recovered from it. He gradually lost his memory, ceased to recognize his children and conceived a strong aversion against his mother-in-law, though the latter fact isn't always an indication of mental aberration.

The Duke of Burgundy was at the head of affairs, but it was Valentine Visconti, Duchess of Orleans, who had the greatest influence over the feeble-minded Charles, and her the Duke sent away from the Court. Perhaps thus originated the custom of sending out a Valentine. Be this as it may, it widened the breach between the rival houses of Burgundy and Orleans, resulting in crime and bloodshed, as you shall see.

A treaty of peace was concluded between France and England in 1396, during a lucid interval enjoyed by Charles. In fact he enjoyed all of his lucid intervals. They constituted about all the enjoyment this poor King had.

Richard II., of England, demanded the hand of the Princess Isabella. It was a very slim hand to hold, because Isabella was only seven years old at the time. The espousals were celebrated, however, though they didn't set up housekeeping until several years after that.

Charles VI. reigned very little during the latter part of his life, though anarchy and confusion did. The feud between the Duke of Burgundy and the Duke of Orleans became mortal and irreconcilable. Each maintained an armed body of knights at his Paris hotel, and collisions occurred every day. If a knight of one party went out alone on an evening and met a gang from the rival faction, it was all knight with him. If he was an Orleanist the papers said he died of too much Burgundy. There were newspaper humorists even at that early day, *mes jeunes amis*. I recall a little squib in an organ of the Orleans-party: "The knights of the Duke of Burgundy have adopted a new style of armor. It is needless to say that it makes knight hideous."

There was a momentary lull when the old Duke of Burgundy died in 1404, but the feud was immediately taken up by his son John, who succeeded to the title. He was called *Jean Sans Peur*—John without Fear—though his conduct after the incident I am about to relate hardly justified the surname.

The whole power of the State being in the hands of the Duke of Orleans he levied a new tax, which John without Fear (of consequences) opposed. This action was so much in accord with the sentiments of the multitude, who are opposed to paying taxes, anyhow, that John became an immediate favorite with the rabble. They even talked of running him for Mayor on a no-tax platform. He marched to Paris with a strong body of lancers, ready to lance the sores in the body politic, so far as it would be politic to do it, and learned on his arrival that the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy had fled, leaving the Dauphin of France behind. John possessed himself of the person of the Prince, and taking up his residence in the Louvre, became undisputed master of Paris and the situation. The assembly of notables ratified his acts, and by unanimous consent he was placed at the head of the government.

Troops were assembled by the rival Dukes, who faced each other for some days just outside of Paris, but each leader appeared to shrink from beginning the fight. A great Duke (de Berry) finally interposed, and peace was concluded between the cousins, who agreed to share the government between them. There was great rejoicing in Paris and the rival dukes went about arm-in-arm receiving the plaudits and congratulations of the people. To show their friendship for each other they even slept together that night, though I imagine that each had a hand under his pillow prudently grasping the handle of his revolver.

Not long after this pretended reconciliation (November, 1407) the Duke of Orleans was assassinated at night on one of the streets of Paris, and it soon became known that his cousin of Burgundy incited the deed. In fact John boldly avowed it himself. He fled from Paris, but as the murder was applauded by the people rather than condemned, he soon came back and resumed business as dictator.

But though utterly without fear, John took the precaution to build a tall tower with no entrance on the ground floor, admission to his apartments being alone gained by a rope ladder which he could pull up after him. The tower is still shown in Paris.

There were strifes and contentions for the mastery of the kingdom, not necessary to detail here, and through treachery John was at length assassinated by his enemies (1419). He consented to a conference to be held on a bridge at Montreuil, with the youngest son of Charles VI., who afterwards became Charles VII. Each was accompanied by ten attendants. Duke John approached the Prince, doffed his hat and bent his knee. The movement was disastrous, for as he did so a follower of the Dauphin rushed forward and dispatched him with a hatchet. All the nobles who accompanied the Duke were either slain or taken prisoners. The Dauphin claimed to know nothing of this plot of assassination, but there are doubts on the subject.

In my next I will tell you of the great and decisive battle of Agincourt, and of how Henry V. became King of England and of France.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

"Fine country, this," squeaked a little, dried-up specimen of humanity to his fellow passenger, on a Florida railroad, the other day.

Fellow passenger nodded assent.

"Quainted 'round here?"

"A little."

"Are we very far from the spring?"

"What spring do you mean, this spring or last spring?"

"Oh, come now, don't spring that old chestnut on me. You know what spring I mean well enough."

"Well enough I don't, though."

"Why, the spring that Mr. Pounce D. Lion discovered in Florida. A man bathes in it and he comes out just as young and frisky as he ever was."

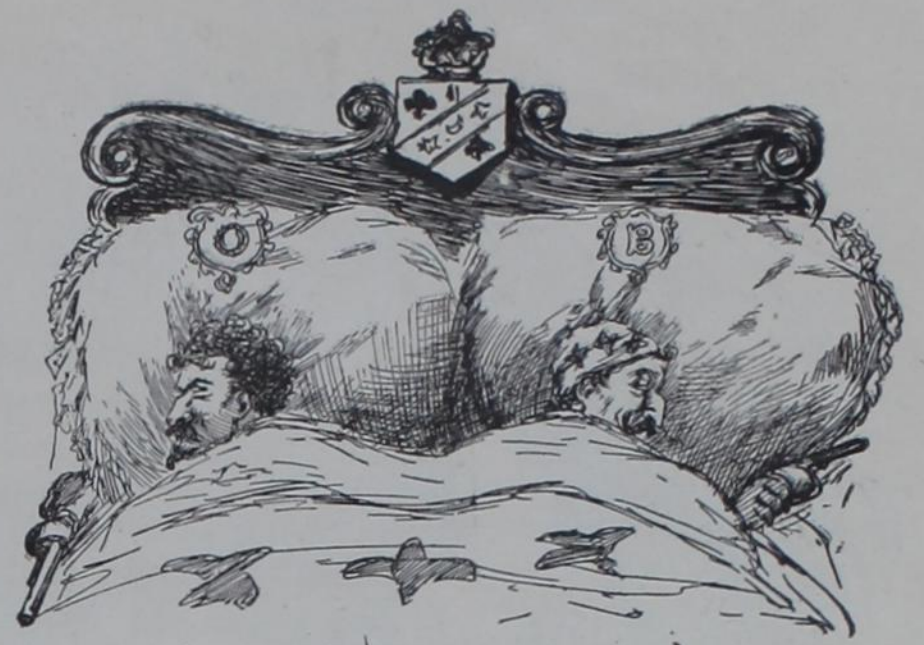
"You mean the Fountain of Eternal Youth?"

"That's it; but I'll be eternally durned if I could remember the name."

"Oh, that's right on this line; we'll come to it by



John Without Fear, in his Tower.



The Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy Sleep Together.

and by. The railroad company uses it to supply a water-tank."

"You don't tell me! Must make a locomotive pretty frisky to draw water from that spring."

"It does. It fairly jumps the track once in a while."

"Well, I should think it would. I believe I would jump the track myself if I could get a sight of it. Let a feller bathe in it?"

"In the locomotive?"

"No; in the spring."

"Yes, and fall too. Say, where are you from?"

"I'm from Connecticut."

"Looking up an orange grove?"

"Well, p'raps. Did you ever see this Pounce D. Lion?"

"Oh, yes; I know him well. He's a neighbor of mine."

"You don't say! Did he really get young again after taking a plunge into that spring of his'n?"

"Young! Why, he was so young a guardian had to be appointed over him right away. He was put in the infant class at school, and it was years before they would accept his vote at the polls."

"Say, stranger," cried the little old man, springing up and looking out of the window, "are we anywhere near that tank now?"

"You want to find it, do you?"

"Well, I kinder promised my wife when I left home that I would sort er look it up. Any land around there for sale? I jes' want a little building lot, you understand. I can put up with anything till I can move the old woman down here. She'll be disappointed, I know, if I don't locate near that spring, for she's no spring chicken herself."

"Now, own up; you've come down to Florida just to find that spring?"

"Could you pint out a man who has tried it?" said the little old man, evasively.

"See that young fellow sitting on the wood-box?"

"Yes."

"Well, he was near a hundred when he came down here. But he fell into the fountain one day—"

"You mean he stumbled in?"

"Yes, he just stumbled right in by accident, because he wasn't looking for it as you are, and he was changed so quick that a policeman standing by arrested him."

"Under what ordinance?"

"Under the ordinance forbidding boys bathing in public in the daytime."

"Junction City! Change cars for Orangeville!" cried the brakeman, and as I was going to Orangeville I wasn't able to hear any more of this interesting conversation.

MINER.

HOW THE SALOON BUSINESS MIGHT HAVE BEEN RUINED.

Binks—It is terrible, the number of infants that die in New York every year.

Jinks—And yet if more had died it would have done a great deal for the cause of temperance.

How so?

There are thirty thousands drunkards in New York City.

I shouldn't wonder.

Well, had they all died when they were infants the saloons would be compelled to shut up.

DRAMATIC NOTE.

Jones (to dramatist)—Were you ever called before a curtain at a first production of one of your plays?

Van Alstyne (sadly)—Only once, and then they only wanted a chance to fire brick-bats and abrupt remarks at me. Ah! 'twas a cruel deed!



THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

PHILADELPHIA MAN—I think you New Yorkers are foolishly jealous of Philadelphia.

NEW YORK LADY—Yes, I think myself, that if New York is jealous of Philadelphia, she is foolishly so.

A FAMOUS OHIO POET.

Captain George W. Cutter, author of "The Song of Steam," "E Pluribus Unum," "Never, Never!" and many other bold and stirring hymns, was born in Kentucky, though much of his life was spent in Cincinnati. He was a gallant soldier in the Mexican war, an eloquent and learned barrister and a most entertaining companion. For charm of conception, choiceness of expression and vigorous language some of his poems will rank with anything in our language. But he was a victim to intemperance.

His poems, "Never, Never!" and "E Pluribus Unum" were set to music during our civil war, and sung everywhere in the North, with the most inspiring effect. Probably no song ever thrilled a nation to a greater extent than that of "E Pluribus Unum." I remember once during the war hearing it sung in Cincinnati by a choir of two hundred voices at a patriotic meeting of some ten thousand persons in a grove, and can never forget the grand effect on the audience, as each singer, with a flag raised in his hand, sang with thrilling effect the last verse:

Then up with our flag! Let it stream in the air,
Though our fathers are cold in their graves;
They had hands that could strike, they had souls that could dare,
And they were not born to be slaves.
Up! up! with that banner, where'er it may call
Our millions shall rally around;
And a nation of freemen that moment shall fall,
When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

A few nights afterward I was sent for to see a person in the station-house in my city. I went, and found there the author of "E Pluribus Unum," pale and trembling from the effects of a terrible debauch, covered with filth and his clothes almost torn off him. I spoke kindly to him, told him how that vast audience, but a day or two ago, had been inspired to patriotic duty by his songs. He clasped his hands to his eyes and exclaimed: "Great God! what a wreck I have made of myself!" bent over me and wept like a child, promising by all that was sacred that he would reform.

With the aid of some friends he was taken out and cared for in a way his pitiful condition demanded. New clothes were obtained, a pleasant boarding-house found, and for a few weeks he was himself again, endeavoring to establish himself again in his profession. But, alas! the chain of appetite was too strong—it shortly dragged him down to his grave. C.

make understand anything I ever saw. The rings are where the performers go through their performances. There are three of them in Mr. Barnum's circus.

Mrs. Austin—Three performers? Why, old Dan Rice used to have more performers than that in his one-horse show.

Mr. Austin (standing up)—Look now, Matilda, they are coming!

Mrs. Austin (standing up, also)—Where?

Man in the Rear—Sit down!

Mr. Austin (pushing his wife down into her seat)—Don't you know better than to be standing up and keeping other folks from seeing? Ah, look at the elephants!

Mrs. Austin—Is that Mr. Barnum on the head elephant?

Mr. Austin—No. Barnum is a younger looking man than that. You'll see him coming in pretty quick driving a four-in-hand team of tigers, or something of the kind.

Mrs. Austin—He catches his own tigers, doesn't he? It must be hard for a man of his age to go into the jungles and capture these savage animals. Who are those strange looking people cutting up and yelling so?

Mr. Austin—They are wild Arabs from the desert.

Mrs. Austin—Fighters?

Mr. Austin—Great fighters, especially on the desert.

Mrs. Austin—I see. That's where they get their "sand."

Mr. Austin—Look now. The performers are beginning in the rings.

Mrs. Austin—I've heard

MR. AND MRS. AUSTIN AT BARNUM'S CIRCUS.

Mr. Austin—Come now, Matilda, hurry up, or we will be too late to see the grand entry.

Mrs. Austin—Is the circus tent built with a grand entry?

Mr. Austin—I do not mean an entry such as we have to our house in the winter time. It is the grand cavalcade of horsemen and elephants and camels that march around in the grand circle.

Mrs. Austin—Oh, I wouldn't miss that for anything.

[They pass in with the throng and find seats.]

Mr. Austin—Capital seats, Matilda. We are where we can see the three rings.

Mrs. Austin—Three rings? That's nothing. My cousin Lucinda sometimes wears half a dozen rings on each hand, and once I saw her have on—

Mr. Austin—Don't you know what a ring in a circus is?

Mrs. Austin—You mean to "ring in" without paying?

Mr. Austin—You are the hardest woman to

about the strange performances of the rings of New York. There's the Tammany Ring, and the Court House Ring, and the Jay Gould Ring, and the—

Mr. Austin—Folks are laughing at you, Matilda. Watch the rings.

Mrs. Austin—That's what I read in the World the other day—watch the rings.

Mr. Austin—D'y'e see that man tossing the cannon ball?

Mrs. Austin—He isn't tossing a cannon ball, he is climbing a rope.

Mr. Austin—Oh, pshaw! you ain't looking at the right ring. Now, in the middle ring there, two acrobats are coming in for applause.

Mrs. Austin—Is that all they are coming in for?

Mr. Austin—Look to the right and see that man taking a flying leap.

Mrs. Austin—Where is he taking it to? Into another ring? Dear me! I'm getting all mixed up among these rings. Just look at that monkey, will you? How well trained he is.

Mr. Austin—Monkey! what's the matter with your eyes? That's the baby elephant.

Mrs. Austin—Guess I know a monkey when I see it. (She turns to a neighbor, pointing with her finger.) Ain't that a monkey in that ring?

Neighbor—Naw. It's a pony standing on his head.

Mrs. Austin—I don't mean that one.

Mr. Austin—Which?

Neighbor—Where?

Mrs. Austin—Oh, blame this three-ring business. I'm worn out trying to keep track of it all.

Mr. Austin—See! the chariot races are on. What a grand sight it is! Rome in all her glory never—Hurrah! The woman's ahead!—No!—Yes!—glorious sport! Oh, Mrs. Austin, if you could only drive like that.

Mrs. Austin (testily)—If you had a little more drive yourself it wouldn't be necessary. Come, John, the show's over; let's drive for home.

And they drove.

BADLY STUCK.

Mr. Joker—I see by the paper that old Fishkin, who was in the glue business, has gone up.

Mrs. Joker—How unfortunate! Is it a very heavy failure?

Mr. Joker—Yes. Everybody was badly stuck.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF MOVING.

PETER McNULTY'S MOVING DAY.



little place ontirely devoid ave alleys an' street-kyars dow' be the pyark," said he.

"We thought the matther over purty thoroughly an' finally concluded that it would be considerboile cheaper if Oi would borry a wheelbarry an' cyart oor goods ouver mesilf. Oi hadn't been doin' a slather ave hivy worruk fur siverrul months, an' as me muscles wur gittin' koinder slimpsy loike, Oi thought it was a gude oide.

"Oi musht say, sor, that Oi felt very jocose as Oi got up last Chusday marnin' an' wheeled the oil shtove an' a whoite ash washboard over chu to the new house. Oi felt jocose until along about nune, whin Oi begun chu git kainder wak in moy gamburral joints an' wanted chu squat down on ivery hoydrant that Oi kim across. Oi kipt up my spirruts until about fure o'clock in the afthernoon. Oi was takin' over the last load. There wur a lot ave bed-slats an' soide pieces chu bedsteads in the cary, an' they stretched out purty will ouver the soidewalk.

"Oi had wurruked my way along foive or six blocks whin I squatted down on the handles ave the wheelbarry chu rist. Purty soon a tall spalpeen ave a purliceman kim up chu me, an' says he, 'Phat ayre yez doin there?'

"Oi'm er restin,' says Oi.

"Oi'm errestin, chu,' says he; 'yez had betther kem down chu the cooler wid me. Didn't yes know there wuz an ordinance agin drivin' drays on the soide-walk?'

"Oi towld him Oi had been drivin' that dray on the soidewalk all day an' hadn't met a single ordinance or anythin' that looked loike one. He tould me chu git out in the middle ave the street wid me load, and said if Oi interferrud wid de street kyars he would pull me, whativer in the divl that manes. Oi got out inchu the street an' trundled the last load down chu the house widout any more trouble.

Winsday marnin Oi got out ave bed an' had the ould woman nail a paice of zinc across me byack chu sort ave brace me up fur the exercise ave the day. Oi was not so jocose as Oi was Chuesday marnin'. Me appetite was gude an' me respiration abowut chu minyutes faster than usual. Howiver, Oi was full ave ambition, on' purceeded chu break the furnichure an' siveral chunks ave what the ould woman called bricky-brack,

"At 10.30 A. M., armed wid a garden rake, Oi went out inchu the back yard chu pound meself chu death agin fure yards an' a quarther ave body Brussels kyarpert that was shoved off an the ould woman chu years before at \$2 a yard.

"At first Oi tossed mesilf koinder gleefully loike up aginst that paice ave kyarpert, accompanied by the garden rake, an' Oi found the exercise very inviggyratin'. As Oi shtarted in on the third hoor I wur a trifful groggy, but catchin' me sicond wind Oi jumped an the kyarpert so enthoosiastically that a man who lived in the next yard loked over the fince an' tould me Oi had betther use the kyarpert fur a windy garden there was so much durrut in it. The feller struck the ground wid a sort ave a thud, but he had loife enough left chu yell through a crack in the fince, 'Shake well be-fure usin.'

"At the end ave the fifth hour Oi was inhalin' dust at the rate ave abowut chu hundred an' fifty in-

hales a minyute, but Oi had the satisfaction ave knowin' that there were nothin' left ave the fure yards an' a quarther ave Brussels kyarpert but wan or chu leaves an' part ave the stem ave what the ould woman called a Polled Angus guraneum that was painted on to it.

"Chursday marnin' Oi got the ould woman chu taik down the bed, so Oi could roll out. Afther she had turned chu or three pails ave wather ouver me an' tossed a couple ave wooden chairs down on me, Oi got only me feet an' clothed mesilf. There were no evidences of jocoseness abowut me this marnin'. Oi was very tame an' inoffensive. Along abowut 11 o'clock A. M. the ould woman, wid a peculiar look in her eye, asked me if Oi wud trip down to the foot ave the front stairs an' bring up a bureau. She tould me she had packed the stove covers an' things in the drawers an' wanted chu use thim. Oi tripped half way down whin Oi managed to collect mesilf.

"The bureau were heavy, but Oi'm purty stiff in me byack, an' Oi picked it up an' started up the stairs. Oi had got up abowut foive steps, whin Oi discovered that the ould woman had forgot chu lock the drawers. The top draw slid out an' chafed a hole in me forrud, the second draw drove me nose abowut chu inches inty me foice, the third draw, that wur filled with stove legs, scraped up aginst me stomach an' shtarted in chu wear a hole clean through me. Oi yelled fur the ould woman chu come. In abowut foive minyutes she arrived at the head ave the stairs, an' noticin' me imbarassmint, told me to turn it around, an' callin' me a fule, left me alone. Oi stude it as long as Oi could, then wid a koind ave a shaik loike, Oi rolled down chu the bottom ave the stairs an' the bureau lie on the top ave me.

"The family down stairs called a couple ave police an' they sorted me out ave the ruin. They took me up an' laid me on the table where the ould woman had been makin' bread, until the bedstead could be prepared fur me reception.

"The docthur says he thinks Oi will be able to walk widout crutches in six months if he kin git me knee cap chu stay on. Oi expict ivery day that the ould woman will go down inchu the back yard chu harvist her Brussels kyarpert that Oi left on the loine, an' Oi reckon whin she foinds only abowut an eighth ave a yard ave it left, me other knee cap will git so fur knocked out ave j'int that Oi won't be able to do much workin' this year.

THOS. B. HOLMES.

ON THE LOOKOUT.

First Tramp—Did you hear about that new ten-dollar counterfeit bill that is out?

Second Tramp—No.

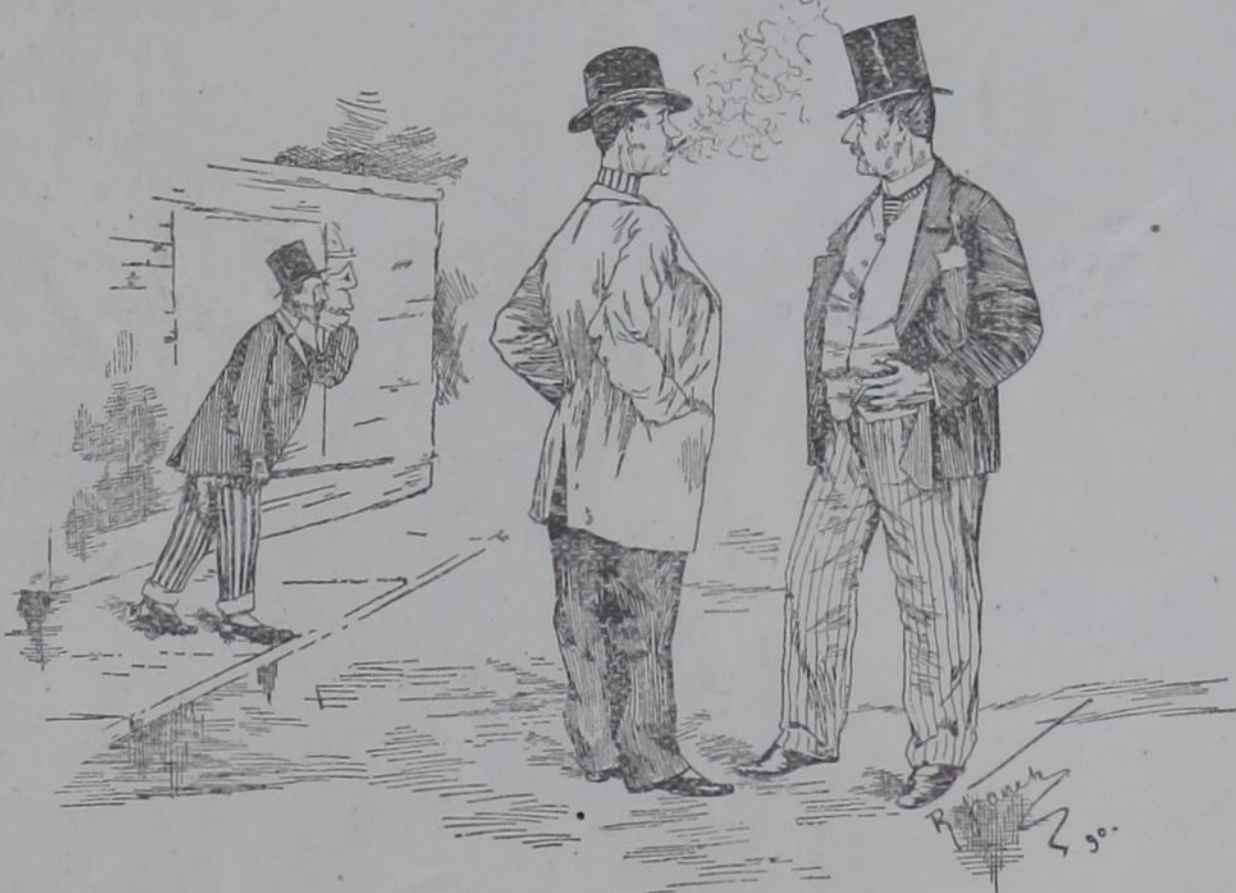
Fact. And a feller can't tell it from the genuine.

I know I couldn't. We must be on the lookout for it, Jim.

A WORTHY MAN.

Jones—So poor Brown is dead. What a worthy man he was.

McCusick—I should say he was worthy. Left \$70,000, didn't he?



SUBSTITUTE FOR INDIAN CLUBS.

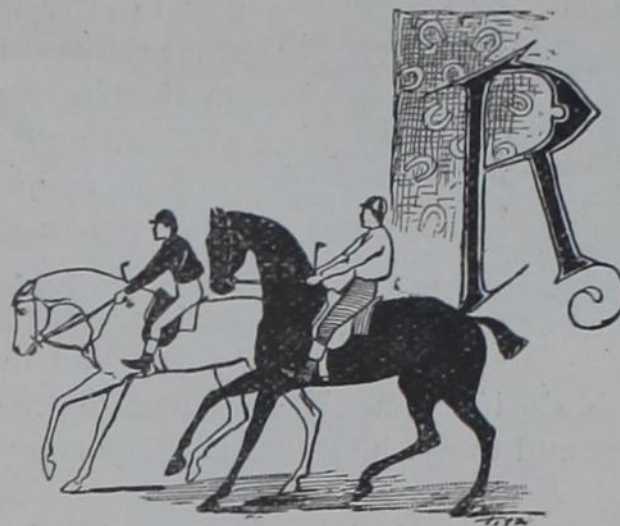
JAWKINS—I hear that young Baboony aspires to be thought an amateur athlete.

HOGG—Well, that cane he's been carrying must have developed his mucle, anyway.

A NOTED BOATMAN.

There have been many boatmen from Noah down. The Greeks invented one to row departed shades across the river Styx, and called him Charon. Every country has its peculiar class of boatmen in great numbers, but it is rarely that such honors are paid one on his departure from this life as were accorded to a boatman who died in Greece recently. He was accorded the honors of a public funeral in the same manner as if he had been some great statesman or general, and by order of the king the public buildings of Athens were draped with emblems of mourning. And for why? Because the deceased was the favorite boatman of Lord Byron when he was at Missolonghi. The glamour of a great name had hung over him for more than sixty-six years, and even made his end glorious.

DON'T GAMBLE.



ECENTLY a young man, residing in New York, was induced by a party of one to play the races. He did so, and the first time he won. He was very much elated, particularly as he did not know one horse from the

other. The next day he purchased a sporting guide, which gave pedigrees, etc., of the horses, and followed its teachings implicitly, and he lost three hundred dollars in a startlingly short space of time. He then borrowed a hundred dollars from his employer, without letting him into the secret that he had done so, and to-day that young man has only one suit of clothes to his name, and that is all covered with stripes. He says when he gets out he will never back another horse, unless he can induce some one to gamble on the race in the County Fair, at the Union Square Theatre, in which case he would pick out "Cold Molasses," who has won the race every day for months.

Don't gamble, young man, for how much sweeter 'tis to earn your wealth honestly, and then, again, it is very difficult to pick winners.

PERUVIAN AFFAIRS TO BE RUN BY CONTRACT.

Ex-Mayor Grace, of New York, is at the head of a vast organization known as the Grace-Peruvian contract. The company, which was organized in London, assumes the national debt of Peru, amounting to \$250,000,000, in return for concessions from that Government, such as commercial, mining and railroad privileges, of untold value. The time may come when the business of all bankrupt countries will be run by some rich and powerful syndicate. How long will it be, for instance, before the Standard Oil Company or the Jay Gould syndicate of railroads is running the entire United States under contract? Perhaps they might improve on the way things are run now; at least they would try not to lose any money. I am quite certain that a syndicate of efficient business men would run New York City affairs much better than they are run now. They would give us clean streets, at least. Why not try it?

AT THE ART CLUB.

Palette (to critic)—Quill, what do you mean by that word "fine" which you apply to so many pictures?

Quill—Well, old fellow, to be candid with you, it doesn't mean anything. It's merely a convenient term to use when I can't truthfully compliment a picture very highly and wish to avoid hurting the painter's feelings.

Later.

Palette (displaying the latest creation of his genius)—How's that?

Quill (forgetting himself)—O, my dear fellow, that's really fine!

TRUE COURAGE.

De Smythe—Who is that affected specimen of humanity making toward us?

De Johnes—That's Dumley, and despite his harmless appearance he's a courageous man.

Well, his looks belie him. But what makes you think he has courage?

He eats restaurant hash.

IF I WERE A WOMAN.



up to what I would do if Dame Nature had deprived me of the big feet and tough luck that is the portion of masculinity.

If I were a woman I would have a royal old picnic from rosy morn till dewy eve and far into the silent hours of the dark and stilly night. If I were a young woman (as I no doubt would be in the start) I would array me in fine linen and go out and make a mash on a rich but susceptible dude, and tell him he is smarter than all the wise men of ancient Greece, and prettier than a June rose, and that would tickle him so much that it would be an easy matter for me to work him for opera tickets and a champagne supper. I would allow all the men that wanted to hug me, and I would hug all the men who were too bashful to begin; hugging don't cost anything, and it has done more to make the world happy than all the songs since Sappho or all the philosophy since Socrates.

When a young man came to see me in the evening, I would fire all the children out of the parlor, send my mother off to bed, tell the young man it would tickle my father half to death if I stayed up all night, turn the light low and look soulful, and then if the young man could not find pleasant occupation for his time and his arms I would perform a hypnotic operation on him that is vulgarly known as giving the g. b.

I would vow eternal fidelity to all the young men who ever chanced to fall in love with me, and I would get as many of them in love with me as I could, but when my time came to get married I would come out strong on my early training, and would solemnly declare that dearest's own was the only mustache that had ever rubbed the rouge from my ripe, ruby lips.

If I were a woman I would not write torrid poetry about the mad, hot breath of love; I would never send contributions to the household department of a family paper; and if my name was ever at the butt end of a dialect story it would be placed there by one of my enemies after I was dead.

V. Z. REED.

CREMATION.

Cremation does not make as much progress as was expected. It seems to hang fire, so to speak; it is not gaining ground, as it were. Why this is so, when cremation has so many advantages over the prevailing mode of disposing of the dead, is somewhat strange. Possibly, a reluctance to anticipate the tropical heat of the place prepared for the wicked may have something to do with it. At all events, it seems to

be an improved way of firing a man out of the world. If it was possible to kill cremation with sarcasm the following item would certainly have done it:

CREMATION—A. D. 1900. Scene in a cremation undertaker's shop. Small Boy—I say, sir, is dad done yet? If he is, please put his ashes in this 'ere tin kettle.

One great advantage of cremation is that it foils the body-snatchers and the medical students. Then, again, it promotes healthfulness among the people who live near graveyards. Moreover, it may prevent the spread of contagious diseases, such as cholera and small-pox.

Medical men do not appear to take much interest in cremation. The work of the doctor ends with the death of the patient.

Miss Kate Field wrote a very interesting article in favor of cremation. It is perhaps natural that all literary people should favor cremation. At all events they ought to appreciate a bright retort.

One of the arguments in favor of cremation—and we think it is rather a weak one—is that it would greatly lessen the chances of burying people alive. The superior beneficence of burying them alive is obvious to a blind mule.

BASE-BALL.

Base-ball is here once more, and the crank now sits two hours in the sun and yells himself hoarse howling at the poor umpire. The daily papers are filling columns of valuable space, describing the game, and telling how, in the ninth inning, with two men out, two men on bases, and the score tied, Johnny Ward came to the bat, lined the ball out for three bases and won the game for the home club.

The humorist is now laying awake at night in a vain endeavor to think up some new base-ball gags. If you see a large crowd around a hotel don't get excited, or imagine that a murder has been committed. Investigation will prove that the members of the visiting nine are on the inside.

They say that base-ball is a nuisance, but we are going to attend every game at Brotherhood Park this season, just to see how big a nuisance it is, and we are going to the Brotherhood Park because we want the best.

L. M. S.

An article on the century plant must seem out of place in an annual.



NO RETURNS.

OLD GRUMP (to his son)—No, I shan't give you fifty dollars or fifty cents! Instead of wasting your money for nothing you ought to keep it to pay your debts.

YOUNG GRUMP—Wasting it for nothing! Why, what do I get back for it, father, when I pay a debt?

MAY-DAY MOVING.

(Illustrated on opposite page.)

You must wake and call me early; call me early, husband dear, To-morrow will be the busiest day we've had for just a year. The truckman's coming early; you must wake, and wake me, too, There'll be more work about the house than both of us can do.

At five o'clock in the morning, dear, when the day begins to break, We must both get up and stir around, and I hope, for goodness' sake, The day will be the only precious thing that will be broken, And I hope you'll think, without regret, at night, of all you've spoken.

You know you're apt to get provoked, and when you're mad you swear, But try to keep your temper, dear, and don't go on a tear. You know the truckmen always do destroy things, more or less, And it's very exasperating. I really must confess.

The stoves must all be taken down, and the carpets taken up, And I don't suppose we'll get a chance for a decent bite or sup; We'll have to do the best we can, with things from the grocery store, And eat them off the mantel-piece, or it may be, off the floor.

Your night-shirt's packed in the oven, love, and the pillows are put away;

You must sleep on the kitchen table. To-morrow is moving day. Your toothbrush is near the bottom of the barrel of boots and clothes, And the soap and towels are somewhere, but goodness only knows.

Your books are all in the coal-box; I packed them as tight as I could. Your razor I put in the largest trunk, where I put the coal and wood. The griddle is packed in the bureau-drawer, and the baby is in there, too.

I put the bottle in with him; 'twas the best that I could do.

L'ENVOI.

Oh! To-morrow will be the merriest day in all the glad New Year; You must wake and call me early, before the truckman's here.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

THE MOON SUPERSTITION.



THE injurious effects of moonlight is almost an ubiquitous belief, and though an erroneous one in its literal sense, is founded upon experience which makes it probable that moonlight nights often coincide with atmospheric conditions that exercise a noxious influence upon day creatures, especially men, pigeons and horses.

If the children of the Yucatan Indians are playing out-doors in the evening, their parents are sure to drive them in as soon as the moon rises, lest it should make them night-eyed and unfit for day labor. For similar reasons the French-Turcos screen their eyes with the fringe of their turbans during a moonlight march, and most sailors on a man-of-war endure the effluvia of the cock-pit, even in the tropics, rather than sleep on deck where the moon might shine upon their eye-lids.

The Neopolitan beggars, who roam bareheaded about the streets in the glare of the noontide sun, are all provided with little bags which they draw over their scalps like nightcaps, while they sleep on an open porch, or among the ruins of the Palazzo Vecchio, for fear that the moonlight should make them gray-haired, and the mountaineers of the Jura go so far as to ascribe their goutres to the poor satellite.

The same origin had, probably, the frightful stories which the Greeks used to tell about their goddess, Hekate (one of the ten or twelve appellations of the moon), who made the dogs howl if she entered a village upon her nocturnal rambles, poisoned crops that crossed her path, blighted flowers and petrified men and animals that met her ice-cold optic.

It is almost certain that the moon is as innocent of the cause of somnambulism as of lunacy, but there is no doubt but that, even in summer time, the air of a chilly, moonlit night does not agree with a majority of men; and army officers know that two or three night expeditions exhaust veterans and old cavalry horses that couldn't be knocked out by a dozen forced day marches in the hottest time of the dog-day season.

F. L. O.

HAD TO BE FAST.

A.—What a wonderfully fast horse that Axtel is.
B.—Bound to be fast. Just look at the gang at the race track he is obliged to associate with.

ARMY NOTE.

Examining Officer—How old are you?

Recruit—Sixteen.

You are too young.

Well—er—can't you put me in the infantry?





AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

SHE (just rescued from a burning building)—O! my baby! my baby! Won't somebody save my baby?

GALLANT FIREMAN—Betcherlife, marm. (Disappears amid the flames.)

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

JOHN VINDICATED.

"Our John is the greatest fellow to put off you ever saw."

"He procrastinates, eh?"

"Oh, dear, no; I don't think John would do anything so bad as that. He only puts everything off. That's the worst I ever heard anybody say about him."

A REFORMER.

Said a Pine street lawyer to his young clerk: "Why weren't you at the office earlier this morning?"

"Beg pardon, sir, but I am a reformer. I believe that the office should seek the man, not the man the office."

SMALL POTATOES.

A.—A smart boy is Johnson's son; quite a little man.

B. (who is not friendly to Johnson)—Yes. He resembles his father, who is about as small a man as I ever met.

FEMALE CONSISTENCY.

"I consider it a burning shame," remarked a lady, "that the overworked clerks of this city are not allowed a half holiday on Saturday."

"I see that Smith & Smith close at noon," said another lady.

"I know they do. I went down there last Saturday



O! I'm Engaged.

afternoon and found the place closed. I was too provoked for anything."

CAMPAIGN JUST BEGUN.

"Can't you give us some war reminiscence?" asked a citizen of an old fellow in a party of ex-soldiers telling stories.

"No, I believe not," he answered promptly; "you see I have only been married six months."

IMPORTANT TO JOURNALISTS.

"I've hit upon a great scheme," said a Western editor; "I nearly doubled our circulation yesterday."

"How did you work it?"

"See that steel stamp? Well, I just cut out a paragraph in the local column of the whole edition."

"How did that help the circulation?"

"Every woman in town bought an extra copy."

THEY WERE ENEMIES.

Gus De Smith—That's a good joke. I don't know when I have laughed so much over anything. Where did you get it?

Hostetter McGinnis—It's one of Gilhooly's jokes.

De Smith—Is that one of that fraud's jokes? Well, if I had known that I wouldn't have laughed.

HE HAD SUFFERED ENOUGH ALREADY.

Judge—Have you ever been punished before?

Prisoner—Yes, I got five years.

In the penitentiary?

No, it was worse than that. I lived with my wife five years before I got a divorce from her.

You are discharged.

PRETTY FAR GONE.

First Soldier—How is your captain coming on? I hear he is not well.

Second Soldier—You are right. He is a sick man. He tried to throw a boot at me yesterday and was so weak he couldn't do it.

LITERARY NOTE.

Visitor—You have a magnificent library.

Mr. Richbug—Yes, but it is a great deal of trouble to brush down the spider webs and dust it every week or so.

MEDICINAL INTELLIGENCE.

Doctor—You must give your husband one of these capsules every two hours.

Mrs. Johnsing—Only one of 'em every two hours? Huh, you don't know dat niggah. If he don't get no more den dat ter eat he is gwinter smash up eberyding in de house.

A MODEST MAN.

Railroad Official—You must not walk on the track.

Stranger—There is a dog running across the track.

Yes, but that is an unreasoning animal.

Well, what's the matter with me?

UNDER FIRE.

Lady—Why do you remove your sword, Lieutenant?

Gallant Officer—My lovely miss, the fire from those eyes would compel the bravest soldier to surrender his arms.

HIS TURN NEXT.

Judge—You say you have confessed everything. This gentleman here says you robbed his hen-roost, too.

Sam Johnsing—He is mistaken, jedge, but I'll attend to him, jes' as soon as I gets out agin.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

SOMETHING LACKING.

Tourist (accompanied by a guide, comes to a spring, and tastes the water, remarking)—You have splendid water here.

Guide—Yes, the only thing wrong about it is that it is not beer.

HARSH CRITICISM.

Actor—In the last act last night when

Roderigo is to shoot me, his gun didn't go off. This sort of thing spoils my play.

Manager—It doesn't make any difference whether he shoots you or not. The audience appreciate the situation. They know you are not worth the powder it would take to shoot you, and find it very appropriate that the gun misses fire.

A STRATEGIST.

Bill Collector—Is your father at home?

Young Lady—No, he is out of town, and will not be back for a week.

That's a pity. I wanted to see him to ask for your hand in marriage.

O, papa is at home. Walk right into the parlor; he will be down in a minute.

SHE COULDN'T TELL.

Lady of the House—I saw you talking to your sweetheart day before yesterday. What business does your future husband follow?

Servant-Girl—I don't know. The one I've got now is a street-car driver. The one you saw is a clerk in a store.

THE OLD STORY.

A.—Great heavens! What a fierce look that Bengal tiger has.

B.—Fierce look? Come around to my house and let me introduce you to my mother-in-law. You have not seen her yet.

THEY KNEW HIM.

First Editor—Are you acquainted with Snorks, the poet?

Second Editor—Acquainted with him? Why, he is the best patron my waste basket has got.

VOCIFEROUS FABRICS.

Shopper—I don't like the color of this dress pattern. It is too loud.

Clerk—I assure you, madam, that of all our dress pattern, that is the most silent one we have. We have some that make twice as much noise. We have nothing less vociferous than that you have in your hand.

GOOD NEWS.

A.—You used to be in love with Fanny Miller, were you not?

B.—Yes, but I don't care to talk about it.

A.—Her father insisted that she should marry a rich old man and give you the sack.

B.—Don't remind me of it. My love lies buried in my heart.

A.—Well, you better go to work and dig it up again. Old man Miller died last night.



AN ACTUAL OCCURRENCE.

SEQUEL.

GALLANT FIREMAN (presently appears at an upper window)—Ain't no baby here, marm. Nothin' but this blame dorg.

SHE—O! that's my baby!



INDIAN



In the "wild and woolly West,"
Where the Indian and the scout
Chase each other 'round about,
And the cow-boy always sleeps beside his gun;
Once a wheelman rode away,
In the twilight dim and gray,
And an Indian had his ringlets
Ere the rising of the sun.



Red Mug Pete, a daring puncher,
Who was quite a holy terror
Of the wide and broad prairie,
Saw an Indian standing lonely on the plain;
Said, without a thought of dread,
"I will pump him full of lead,
For an Indian that's been doctored
Never lifts a scalp again."
With a shout of wild derision,
Sprang the savage on a wheel
Made of best imported steel,
Pedaled swift away while Peter stared and swore.
When at camp the tale he told,
He was asked his jaw to hold,
Then they filled him full of whisky,
And they laid him on the floor.

E. R. COLLINS.

FINANCIAL ITEM.

Hostetter McGinnis is always hard up for money, and is everlastingly trying to borrow from his friends. Col. Yerger has lots of money, but he does not care to lend much of it to Hostetter, because his memory is so poor.

Not long since, Hostetter met Col. Yerger and said to him:

"Colonel, can't you lend me half a dollar for a few minutes? I want to assist my landlady out of a tight place."

"I'm sorry, Mr. McGinnis, but yesterday I let Kosciusko Murphy have all my ready cash, otherwise it would do me proud to let you have the cash," replied Col. Yerger.

The next day Hostetter McGinnis made another attempt to borrow half a dollar from Col. Yerger, who was unable to accommodate his friend, as he had just paid his taxes.

The day after Hostetter tried again, and would have got the money if Col. Yerger had not just paid his pew rent. The day following Col. Yerger would have acted favorably on McGinnis' petition had not the former contributed on the day before all his ready cash to complete the Grant monument. The next day Hostetter tried again, and Col. Yerger would have let him have the money, for there was nobody he respected higher than he did Hostetter McGinnis, but unfortunately Col. Yerger's pocket had been picked the day before, and he could not respond.

The next day Hostetter, meeting Col. Yerger, said to him, in a sarcastic tone of voice:

"I say, Colonel, what did you do yesterday with the half dollar you can't lend me to-day?"

GOOD ADVICE.

It is the easiest thing in the world to be happy if men and women would only think so.

"Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—contentment in a cotton night-cap," says an old proverb, and there is not a volume but a whole library of truth in the sentiment. Above all things do not fret. If friends have deserted you, will fretting reconcile you? If you are unsuccessful in business, or have an ingrowing toenail, will you be any the better off for fretting? Look at the bright side of things. If there is no bright side to your circumstances, imagine one, and keep your eyes on it. Cheerfulness is not as expensive as melancholy.

It has been truly said that most of our troubles are imaginary. We struggle and fret for what we do not actually need, and for that which when possessed brings no real enjoyment to the possessor.

The first step towards happiness is to learn to limit our wants. He who has no wants is rich, though he may be poor in wealth; and he who abounds in riches may be needy, from his desire for more wealth.

DIDN'T HITCH.

Jones was to have been married last Wednesday, but his fiancée backed out at the last moment. But Brown hadn't heard of the fiasco, and when he met Jones the next day he said:

"That affair was all right yesterday?"

"Yes," returned Jones, "it went off without a hitch."

VERY WEAK.

Stableman—What are you willing to pay a man to take care of your horses and stables?

Rich but Mean Man—Oh, about a dollar a week and found.

You are a friend of the poor workingman, I see.

How so?

In favor of weakly payments. Good-day.

The Manitoba Legislature has voted to tax church property. To reform that Legislature would be tax enough on any church.

MATRIMONIAL COMPLICATIONS.

A recent address, delivered before the young ladies of a Western city, attributed many of the failures of young business men, and the frauds and forgeries of clerks, tellers and cashiers, occurring within the last ten years, to the spirit of fashionable extravagance.

The frequent applications for divorce are ascribed to the same prolific source. It says: "The gay and dashing young wife, while her husband is toiling at his business, finds home too quiet for one who discards home duties, and who has not mind and culture sufficient to appreciate books, paintings and music. She must array herself in dazzling attire and spend most of the day in shopping and other frivolities. Pretty soon all domestic happiness is taken from home, and a wretched husband sues for divorce."

All this, no doubt, is true, but some reference should be made to the giddy husband, who spends most of his time at his club, visiting the race course and other gambling resorts, and neglecting his wife. Perhaps the gay and dashing young wife referred to in the address has that kind of a husband, and is playing for even.

SOCIETY NOTE.

Napoleon Van Slyck is a New York society dude and a great lady-killer, notwithstanding that he is married. Not long since he was ogling the passing females from a Fifth avenue club window, when one of his friends remarked:

"I say, Van, didn't I see you in the park yesterday with Miss Highflyer?"

"I suppose so."

"Didn't I see you at the opera with Miss Rapid?"

"May be so. I was there with the lady you mention."

"Well, your wife is so much better looking than any of those girls that I am surprised that you never go out with her."

"Me deah fellah," replied Van, languidly, "I've got a pwejudice against mwarrid ladies."

AN AWFUL CHARACTER.

Maggie (when her eldest sister's beau had left the parlor)—Why, Jennie, Mr. De Mure doesn't look at all like a murderer.

Jennie—A murderer, Maggie! Good gracious, no! What put that horrible idea into your little head?

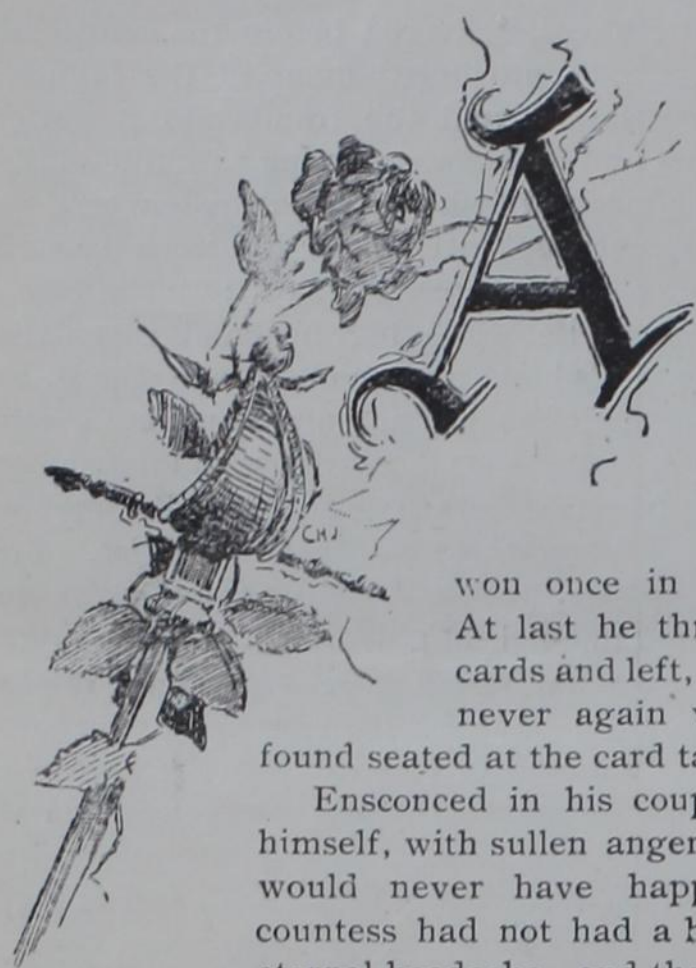
Maggie—Why, I heard mamma say that she believed he was a lady-killer.



A SUBJECT FOR THE HATTER.

JAWKINS (to long-haired friend)—Why don't you get your hair cut, Bushy?
BUSHY—Great Scott, man, I've got half a newspaper under my hat-band now! Would you have me stuff in a whole Sunday edition?

A FALSE ALARM.



ALTHOUGH naturally a good fellow, Saint-Perix went home in a very bad humor. He had been utterly cleaned out at the club. The worst luck!—he had not won once in three hours. At last he threw down the cards and left, swearing that never again would he be found seated at the card table.

Ensnored in his coupé, he said to himself, with sullen anger, that all this would never have happened if the countess had not had a headache—her eternal headache—and they would have gone to the opera together and yawned in company throughout the performance, as they always did on Fridays. Mechanically he thought of the story they had told him of Montescourt one evening at the club. It was almost a farce, what with Montescourt's simplicity, his wife's perpetual indisposition whenever she was called on to accompany her husband to a ball or the theatre, and the handsome young man—like a hero of light opera—who made the third in the *dramatis personæ*.

Could it possibly be that the countess was playing the same trick on him to be alone and free for an entire evening? Was not that headache a mere pretext? One by one a thousand forgotten details came back to his memory. He recalled that fashionable kirmess for the benefit of the inundated Madagascans, where, having neither rose-buds nor sachet bags to sell, Mme. de Saint-Perix had offered her bare arm to be kissed at twenty-five louis a kiss. The receipts had been enormous. He remembered the interminable walks she had taken in the country with her cousin Max; a ball where she had danced four waltzes with the same partner; a letter that she had burned, with deep emotion, some days later.

All these phantoms dazed and excited him. He thought himself already the object of his friends' contemptuous pity. Was it for this he had married a young girl just out of the convent-school—timid, naive, blushing at the least word?

"Fool that I am!" he burst out at last, "to think of such things. The countess is an angel in her conduct, and she would never—"

He shrugged his shoulders and did not finish the sentence.

The coupé stopped before his house. Saint-Perix entered. The gas was extinguished, the servants had evidently gone to bed. The house was wrapped in silent peace.

"Evidently," said he, "I was not expected home so early." And lighting a match, he proceeded to his wife's chamber, happy at the thought of surprising her in her sleep and feeling a great love for her, a shame at the absurd suspicions which had left a sore spot in his heart.

He crossed the ante-chamber, pushed aside the portiere of the boudoir, and recoiled, startled, livid, as if he had seen a terrible vision.

He had seen a man in the countess' apartment—a sort of Romeo, of aristocratic bearing, crisp curling hair, and irreproachably dressed.

"So," muttered the husband, "I was not mistaken!"

He approached the man, his hands clenched, menacing, pale with anger.

"Will you inform me what you are doing here, sir, in my house?"

"I have no reply to make," stammered the other.

"Scoundrel! I find you at night in my wife's apartment—"

"I can say you nothing, sir. If you consider yourself aggrieved, I am at your orders."

He extended to Saint-Perix a card, which fell to the floor, and with the other hand he drew from his pocket an elegant little revolver, and saluting ceremoniously, he said: "Whenever you choose. The

Baron San-Leone, Hotel Bristol. It is too late to prolong this conversation—so farewell, till we meet again." And he hastened from the house without awaiting Saint-Perix's reply.

The latter, stupefied, leaned with both hands upon a chair to keep from falling. All seemed red before his eyes. He felt that he would go mad—a terrible sense of desolation seemed to crush him down.

"I shall kill him!" he cried, at length; "as for her, I shall attend to her later."

He picked up the card and hastened to the club to choose his seconds.

"A duel to the death," he told them, "and the sooner the better."

The next afternoon, at four o'clock, the seconds came to give an account of their mission to the unhappy husband.

"We presented ourselves," said one of them, "at the hotel indicated on the card of your Baron San-Leone. He had left on the first train in the morning."

"The coward!" cried Saint-Perix, "I would give a hundred thousand francs to find him again."

At this moment there was a discreet knock, and the countess' maid half-opened the door.

"Madame begs that monsieur will see her a moment," said she.

"Very well," he replied, shortly; "you may go."

Scarcely had he pronounced these curt words when the countess, her eyes red with weeping, her face pale and drawn, entered the salon.

"Henri, Henri, what is the matter with you to-day," she cried, "that you avoid me and close your door to me?"

"You shall learn presently, madame, since you seem not to know," replied Saint-Perix, in measured tones of bitter irony; "at present, as you see, my occupation prevents me from—"

"But I must speak with you," she interrupted, quickly; "I must speak with you now. Do you know what happened in my boudoir last night?"

"I know only too well, madame."

"What! You know that while I was asleep some one broke open the sandal-wood box in which I keep my diamonds—"

Saint-Perix had risen. He gasped, and seizing the countess' hands in his own, he repeated, anxiously: "Some one broke open your box?"

"Yes, and the robber has left nothing, not even my engagement ring, that I prized so much."

"Gentleman, all is explained!" cried the count, triumphantly; "it is a good lesson—do you not think so?—and one which I merited. Our San-Leone was a common sneak-thief. Well, so much the better. Your jewels, fortunately, can be replaced."

And the Saint-Perixs began a second honeymoon, which was quite as tender as the first.—From the French of René Maizeroy.

TWO SMALL FABLES.

THE OLD JOKE AND THE HUMORIST, AND THE GOOD STORY AND THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

An Old Joke once hobbled into the padded room infested by the Professional Funnyman of a Newspaper, while writing his daily grist of original selections from the ancient humorists. This Compiler of Pleasantries of the Past was busy Revamping a Joke which the late Joseph Miller, Esquire, introduced on the last page of his justly celebrated work merely to "fill up," but he glanced up cheerfully as the Old Joke dragged himself in.

"Sir," said the Old Joke, in feeble accents, "I am cast out and deserted by all; I did not even get into the Boston almanacs this year; take me in and use me in to-morrow's issue, or I die!"

"And that I durst not do," replied the Humorous Party. "Though I am a man of Ancient Humor and acquainted with aged wit, still I cannot use you; 'twould cost me my job; even now they say the proprietor turns from my column to the obituaries for relief. You know you were old when the foundation of Rome was laid."

"I was contemporaneous with our first parents in the Garden of Eden," answered the Old Joke proudly. "I am the Wandering Jew among jokes. Still it is hard to be left without a place to lay my head at this late day."

"It is," admitted the Jester, putting his mucilage brush in the inkstand.

"Six months ago," mused the Old Joke, half-speaking to himself, "I had hope of getting another engage-

ment with the London Punch. But it cannot be; I am cast out from my natural home."

"It is sad," returned the Jocular Gentleman, "but I will tell you what you can do. Go to one of our popular after-dinner speakers, Congressman or retired army officer preferred, get on his staff and you will be all right. He will tell you on all occasions, and newspapers that scorn you now will print you as new, on the strength of your patron's indorsement."

A moment later the Old Joke's crutch was heard sounding along the passageway which led to the elevator.

At another time a Newspaper Man, who had ceased being a journalist nearly forty years before, was busy at his desk. He had that night edited a page of Stuff, written two columns of Good Matter, and reviled his pipe twenty times because it would not draw. He was abusing the tobacco, saying that it was inferior to that procurable before the War, when a certain Story entered.

"Good evening," said the Story.

"Hello," said the Shaper of Public Opinion.

"I am a story," said the caller, "belonging to Mr. Jags Giblets, the celebrated parlor and platform humorist. My chief does not write his stories for publication, but thinks up good stories like me, and nightly tells them to large audiences. I am the leading story in his collection, and I may say, and say it modestly, that I have brought him much reputation and a large barrel of scads. Thousands have roared over me and pronounced my owner the funniest man on earth. Honestly now, am I not a good story?"

"I can truly say that I think you are," replied the manipulator of the lever that moves the world, as he put a dispatch about a man who voted for General Harrison's grandfather in the waste basket; "yes, you are a most excellent story, the best, I believe, that I ever heard. Indeed, I were but an ungrateful father should I say otherwise, for I wrote you myself over thirty years ago. Of course you are good; I never write anything that isn't good."

Two hours later, when the Man with the Throbbing Brain first looked up, he noticed the marked absence of a certain Story.—New York Tribune.

HOW HE WON THE JEWEL.

"Nathan, you are married, I understand," said the Governor of Tennessee, addressing a hillside constituent.

"Yes, sir, captured the best-looking girl in the whole community. Old Lige Peterson's daughter, Rose. You know her, I reckon."

"Yes, but I thought she was engaged to Sam Parker."

"She was, but I got ahead of him. Tell you how it was. She loved Sam powerful, for he is the best circuit-rider we have ever had. I loved Rose, and was mightily downcast, for I thought thar wa'n't no use in buckin' agin him. Well, the day for the marriage was set, and a passul of us come to town to see the weddin', for Rose 'lowed that she wanted to be married in town, and then take the cars for home, thereby gittin' a ten-mile bridal tower. When we got to town, lo and behold, there was a circus, with mo' horses than a strong man could shake a pole at. Rose was mighty keen to go to the show, but Sam says, says he, 'Rose, you know it's agin my religion, an' therefo' we can't go. Stay here till I go an' git the license.' Rose's under jaw dropped. When Sam was gone I says, says I, 'Rose, wouldn't you like to go to that show?'

"Yes, but Sam won't take me."

"That's bad, Rose, fur they've got a world of hosses."

"Then she tuned up and began to cry. 'Rose,' says I, 'if you marry Sam you can't go to the show, that's certain; but if you marry me I'll take you.' She studied a while, and says, says she, 'An' let me stay to the concert airter the big show's over?'

"Yes."

"An' let me look at the monkeys all I want to?"

"Tibby sho'."

"An' won't pull an' haul me aroun' when I get interested?"

"No, sw'ar I won't."

"An' when the show's over will you let me look at the monkeys again?"

"Yes."

"Nath,' said she, puttin' he hand mighty lovin'ly on my arm, 'I'm yourn.' Then I jumped up, popped my heels together, an' in less'n a half hour we was dun married an' a-lookin' at the monkeys. That's the way I won that jewel, Governor."—Arkansaw Traveler.

For Sick Headache

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. M. W. Gray, Cave Spring, Ga., says: "I have used it with perfect success in habitual sick headache."

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.



A RANK job—going to war.—Grip.

MARRIES for money—the preacher.—Light.

IN fancy work women frequently get worsted.—Boston Gazette.

DIVIDED it stands, united it falls—the tripod.—Dansville Breeze.

IN a doubtful state—Wonder if she loves me?—Boston Herald.

THE militia drill is generally successful in striking whisky.—Martha's Vineyard Herald.

THE base-ballist who played right field last season need not kick if he now gets left.—Puck.

THE shoe which is in the hands of the bootblack has a bright future.—Washington Capital.

AN educated hog—the college professor who spits tobacco juice on the floor.—Dansville Breeze.

THERE is many a man thinks he is in advance of the times when he is behind them.—Boston Courier.

Now is the time when the servant girl puts her mistress to blush by the gorgeousness of her Easter bonnet.—Boston Post.

The milk of human kindness
Is like other milk in form;
For it will quickly sour
At the gathering of a storm.—Puck.

WHEN Shakespeare remarked, "All the world's a stage," the world was rather slower than it is nowadays.—Washington Critic.

"LET me give you a pointer," as the small boy said when he carefully adjusted a pin in the school teacher's chair.—Boston Post.

THE girls in the thread factory were justified in striking; no foreman has a right to call them windlasses.—Cincinnati Porcupine.

IT is perfectly safe to kiss a maiden when she drops her eyes. Thenceforth she is of necessity blind.—Binghamton Republican.

A MAN may be very great and very good, and then not attract half the attention that a captured horse-thief does.—Milwaukee Journal.

SIoux maidens still set the fashions in the far West. Latest information is that they have taken to wearing whoops again.—Merchant Traveler.

AN acid old maid abandoned her trip to Europe when she learned that she had bought a ticket for a passage on a mail steamer.—Norristown Herald.

IT is the old man, as a rule, who gives the advice to the young man. And it is the old man, too, who gives the money to the confidence man.—Puck.

MOST women admire a little wildness in men, until it comes to their own husband's, and then they don't care how lamb-like he is.—Dansville Breeze.

QUEEN VICTORIA travels with seventy-two trunks. What good times the Irish baggage-smashers could have if she would only come over here!—Puck.

A CONTEMPORARY reports that kissing matches are popular in various parts of the country. This may be true, but it smacks of improbability.—Boston Courier.

THE difference between the soldier and the ballet-girl is that the soldier gets his living by feats of arms and the ballet-girl by feats of legs.—Washington Capital.

THERE is likely to be considerable funny business in the Mayor's office at Milwaukee, Wis., during the ensuing term. A professional humorist has been elected Mayor.—Philadelphia Call.

THE old man asseverated that his daughter's suitor was not a suitable person for her, to which charge the defendant merely replied, though he might be his father-in-law he was no judge.—Philadelphia Times.

Add 20 drops of Angostura Bitters to every glass of impure water you drink.

Popping the Question.

"Every girl makes up her mind at some time in her life that she will never accept any man who does not propose gracefully," said a man who was sipping claret with several others the other day, in the presence of a Chicago Tribune reporter.

"He has got to be fully togged out in a dress suit, and has got to kneel according to the Delsarte custom. That is the idea at first, but I'll bet there isn't one girl in a hundred who ever gets her proposal in that way—at least from the one she accepts—and I'll leave it to the present company to decide if each one will give the circumstance of his proposal."

"We're in," said a gray-haired Benedict. "Begin with your own."

"All right. I took my wife that was to be, and is now, sleigh riding. We were talking about sentimental things and neglected to notice that we ran on to a stretch of road where the wind had cleared of snow. We never noticed it until the horse stopped, utterly exhausted. There was nothing to do but to get out and lead the horse back, because he couldn't drag us. I proposed on the way back, while I was trudging along a country road, with my left hand on the horse's bridle and the other—well, never mind that. She accepted me, but she always said it was a mistake. I refused to let her off, though, or to propose again in a dress suit."

"My proposal," said the gray-haired old man, "was made also during a sleigh ride. My wife and myself were in the back seat in a four-seat sleigh, and, in going over a bump of some kind, the seat, with us on it, was thrown off. We landed in a nice comfortable snow drift, and the sleigh went on for a mile before we were missed. When it came back for us, however, we were engaged. We weren't in a dignified position, but we were fairly comfortable and we had the seat still with us. Since then my wife has frequently stated that she had intended never to accept a man unless he proposed in true novel form, but she did."

"I'll give you a summer story," said a young man but recently married. "I did my courting in a place full of romance, but the proposal never came at a romantic time; in fact, I don't think a man is responsible for the time he proposes. It just comes and that is all there is of it. I had had the most favorable occasions in romantic nooks. Finally, I had a two-mile row in the hot sun. I apologized and took off my coat; then I apologized again and took off my vest. It wasn't romantic, but it came on me and I said it. The boat drifted half a mile and I wouldn't have cared if it had drifted ten miles. We were engaged. And I looked like a tramp at the time."

"And I'll tell you that sentimentality doesn't go," said a lawyer. "I know, because I've tried it. I proposed to my wife first at a summer resort, when the moon was full and I was sober. There was everything to inspire sentiment. But she refused me. I let it go. A little later I met her again in the parlor of the hotel and suggested marriage again. She accepted me then. There was nothing to inspire sentiment in the last meeting, and, therefore, I say sentiment doesn't go."

It was the sentiment of the meeting that no girl is proposed to in the way she expects.

A FIREMAN is one of the few men who can always keep cool no matter how much he becomes heated.—Oil City Blizzard.

A Sudden Change of Weather

Will often bring on a cough. The irritation which induces coughing is quickly subdued by BROWN'S BRONCHIAL CROCHES, a simple and effective cure for all throat troubles. Price, 25 cents per box.

Rarus's Dog Friend.

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his remarkable friendship for a dog. When the horse was in California a fireman gave to Splan a wiry-haired Scotch terrier pup, who was then two months old, and weighed, when full-grown, only two pounds. Splan, in turn, gave the pup to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall. But to this terrier, who is described as possessing "almost human intelligence," the trotter took a great fancy, which the dog fully returned. They became fast and inseparable friends.

"Not only," said Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection plainly as did ever a man for a woman. We never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything he knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup until I sold Rarus, they were never separated an hour."

"We once left the dog in a stall while we took the horse to a blacksmith shop, and when we came back we found he had made havoc with everything there was in there, trying to get out, while the horse, during the entire journey, was uneasy, restless and in general acted as badly as the dog did. Dave remarked that he thought we had better keep the horse and dog together after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise, or to trot a race, the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate, at his side, watching Rarus with as much interest as Dave did. When the horse returned to the stable after a heat and was unchecked, the dog would walk up and climb up on his forward legs and kiss him, the horse always bending his head down to receive the caress."

"In the stable, after work was over, Jim and the horse would often frolic like two boys. If the horse lay down Jim would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him, and whenever I led Rarus out to show him to the public Jim invariably knew what it meant, and it enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he would get on the horse's back. On these occasions the horse was shown the halter, and Jimmy, who learned to distinguish these events from those in which the sulky was used, would follow Dave and Rarus out on the quarter-stretch, and then, when the halt was made in front of the grand stand, Dave would stoop down and in a flash Jimmy would jump on his back, run up to his shoulder, from there leap on the horse's back, and there he would stand, his head high in the air and his tail out stiff behind, barking furiously at the people."

When Rarus was sold to Mr. Bonner, Splan sent Jimmy with the horse, rightly judging that it would be cruel to separate them. But in Mr. Bonner's stable there was a bull terrier in charge, and one day when, for some real or fancied affront, the small dog attacked the larger one, the latter took Jimmy by the neck and was fast killing him, but Rarus heard his outcries, and perceiving that his little friend was in danger and distress, pulled back on the halter till it broke, rushed out of his stall and would have made short work of the bull terrier had he not been restrained by the grooms.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Bachelor.

The Woman's Cycle says, "All women are in league against the bachelors—the married women from sympathy with their unmarried sisters, and the unmarried from a desire to lessen the number of

spinsters. With this league against him, offensive and defensive, the unmarried man may find peace in heaven, but he can scarce hope to find happiness on earth—this side of marriage. However, once married all the bachelor's troubles are over. He is no longer the subject of interested or designing attention—except the attentions which proceed from love. True, the bachelor becomes on his marriage, if not an object of commiseration to the knowing ones, an object of comparative indifference to all women but one; but the superior love of that one atones for all, and his added dignity and completeness as a man and citizen make him wonder how he previously existed as one-half of a pair of scissors without the other half."

If Your Liver Reminds You

Of its existence by dull pain or sharp twinges in the right side, or beneath the dexter shoulder-blade, accept the reminder as a warning, and regulate the organ without loss of time, by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The above symptoms are usually accompanied by yellowness of the skin, constipation, furred tongue, disorder of the stomach, sick headache and morning nausea. But a reform is promptly instituted by the Bitters, the best possible substitute for calomel, blue pill, and other super-potent and hurtful drugs erroneously designated as remedies for biliousness. Appetite and digestion are restored, and the bowels resume activity when an impetus is given to the functions of health by this sterilizing anti-bilious medicine, which also has the effect of enriching and purifying the circulation, and fortifying the system against malarial infection in air or water. It is also highly beneficial for rheumatism, kidney and bladder troubles.

Adam's Height.

A French scientist declares that Adam was sixteen feet nine inches high, and that man has been growing shorter ever since; that in the year 4000 the people will be only fifteen inches high, and they will keep on dwindling until they become reduced to mere nothingness, whereupon the earth shall suddenly collapse. The theory is plausible; but it is man who generally collapses when he becomes so frightfully "short." And won't Barnum feel sad when he learns that Adam was over sixteen feet tall, or twice as high as any of his giants.—Norristown Herald.

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.

Didn't Want to Sell It.

The story has an air about it as if it were old, and the editor therefore thinks it best to tell it as an antique which had never been brought to his notice until recently; a fact the less remarkable as it is so small a one.

The hero was an over-grown country bumpkin, lank and lean and gaunt, who arrived at one of the leading hotels of the town and registered.

"I'll leave my carpet-bag here," he said to the clerk, "and get a room when I come back to supper."

"Will you have a check for it?" the clerk asked, carelessly.

"No, mister," the countryman replied, a gleam of suspicion lighting his small eyes. "You can't buy it so easily as that. I don't want to sell it."—Boston Courier.

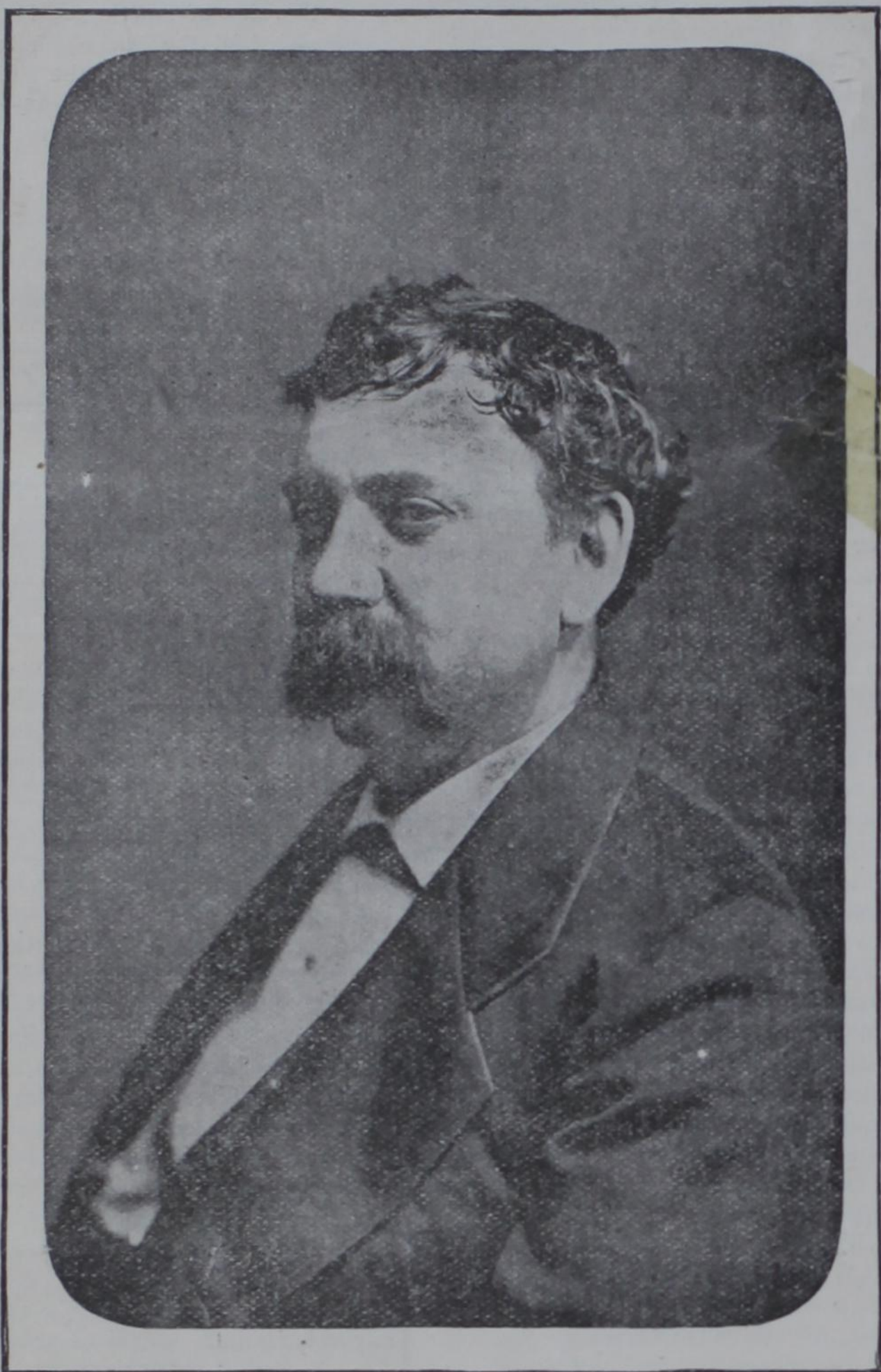
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Peck's Patent Improved Cushion Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer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

A MISUNDERSTANDING. Young Lady—"Waiter, have you any Brie cheese?" Waiter—"None, ma'am, but the ones I have on."—Columbia Spectator.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.



A. MINER GRISWOLD,
(FAT CONTRIBUTOR).
EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Mr. Griswold has been engaged in newspaper work for more than thirty years, and the lecture platform has known him for at least half that time. He is a native of Oneida county, New York, and was educated at Hamilton College. His journalistic work has been chiefly done in Cincinnati, where he published his own paper for twelve years, the Cincinnati Saturday Night. He spent three years in Europe, engaging with TEXAS SIFTINGS in 1886. As a change from editing SIFTINGS he delivers a humorous lecture entitled "Griswold's Tour Around the World," illustrated by picturesque views and comic cartoons by Thomas Worth, SIFTINGS' chief caricature artist. He recently gave this lecture for twelve nights at Hardman Hall, New York, to crowded houses, and it received general commendation from the New York press on account of its humor and originality. Mr. Griswold contemplates a summer lecture tour to the Pacific Coast, under the management of Major J. B. Pond, of New York, who will also manage his lyceum engagements the coming season.

He Was Excused.

A tramp who was making his way around to the back door of a house on Third avenue, says the Detroit Free Press, found a man sawing wood in the rear yard, and after gazing at him for a moment called out:

"Are you workin' for old clothes?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Hain't sawin' wood for your dinner?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't quit the purfesh?"

"No, sir."

"Say, what are you doing at that woodpile, anyway?"

"Working at my business. I saw wood for a living."

"Oh! Then you don't belong?"

"No."

"And it's regular?"

"Yes."

"Then that's all right, and I've no fault to find. When I walked in here and saw you at work my heart jumped

right into my mouth. I didn't know but it was one of the boys making a break and calling down the purfesh. Regular, eh? Well, you keep right on and never mind me. I'm after a warm meal and a respectable-looking suit for Sunday wear, and if she's the right sort of a woman I'll hit her for a half dollar in cash besides."

He Wanted More Time.

Gripp—"Well, Doctor, did you succeed in breaking up Cable's fever?"

Young Doctor—"I would have done so in another week had I been given half a chance."

"They didn't call in another doctor, did they?"

"No, but this morning, just as I was noticing an improvement in Cable, he died."—The Epoch.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, trembling, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made specially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Boys Do the Fighting.

Several papers in Chicago and elsewhere are giving examples of the early age at which many soldiers entered the Union army during the civil war. Names enough will soon be printed to show that the army was very largely composed of quite young boys. The Confederate army was chiefly made up of the same material. The same thing may be said of our army that invaded Mexico. The like is true of our army in the war of 1812.

In a famous picture of the battle of Bunker Hill most of the patriot soldiers are represented as old men or as men who had reached middle life. But they were nearly all boys. The battles of the Revolution, like the battles in nearly all modern wars, were fought by boys. Of thirteen Revolutionary pensioners who lived in one town in New England fifty years ago the oldest was eighteen years and two months old at the time of Cornwallis' surrender at Yorktown. Webster, in his address on laying the corner-stone of Bunker Hill Monument, fifty years after the battle, spoke of how "Heaven had bounteously lengthened out the lives of the soldiers who took part in that memorable contest." There was nothing very remarkable about a collection of men ranging from sixty-five to seventy years of age.

The writer of this visited in boyhood an old lady who had always lived near the spot where Arnold's army halted to fix their boats and lay in provisions before they ascended the Kennebec River, while on their way to Quebec. Like most of her sex who lived at her time, she was warm in her praises of Aaron Burr, who was an officer in the regiment, and more than once declared that he was "the handsomest boy in the whole lot of soldiers." On being asked if they were all boys, she replied: "Well, Colonel Arnold was a young man, somewhere about thirty, I should think, but he looked like an old man beside the rest of them. Officer Burr, whose card I have now, told me he was about twenty, but most of the other boys were much younger than he was."

All who have taken pains to examine into the matter have become convinced that the portion of the army of the Revolution that was raised in the New England colonies was very largely composed of boys who ran away to escape the restraints of Puritan homes. Many of them were English boys who had been brought to this country and apprenticed to farmers and mechanics. They wanted more liberty, and thought that they could obtain it by joining the patriot army, in the ranks of which they knew they would be protected from their old masters.—Chicago Herald.

Playing With Fire.

The vice of Christian Science practically is that it prohibits all therapeutic experiments, and throws everything upon the imagination—which is not educated to the performance of such work. In a word, these fanatics are playing with fire, and with the carelessness and audacity of children. Just how to check them without forging a two-edged weapon, which might subsequently be made use of to the injury of scientific medicine, is however, a problem not to be lightly dealt with.—New York Tribune.

Why It Is Added.

"Papa," asked Freddy Cumso, "what does 'the earth and the fulness thereof' mean?"

"Why," replied Cumso, "'the fulness thereof' is put in to show that Kentucky is included."—New York Sun.

Figs and Thistles.

(From the Ram's Horn.)

The devil has a strong grip on the man who thinks more of money than he does of salvation.

The peacock has gorgeous plumage, but very black feet.

A dog gets more good out of a bone he buries than some people do out of their religion.

It is not a hard matter to trust God, but there are a good many of His professed children you can't depend upon.

Truth has no Sunday clothes, and never wears whiskers.

The man who makes toys for children walks arm in arm with the preacher.

That day is a failure in which you have not tried to make somebody happy.

Temptation is not sin. It is yielding to it that constitutes wrong-doing.

No man can serve two masters, but we must all serve one.

All vices are expensive. Wrong-doing is never profitable.

When we refuse to believe God, we have no claim upon His promises.

You can't walk with God until you have put the devil behind you.



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PURITY
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CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE
SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES
FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM IN WHICH the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly, 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, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

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

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ORGANS \$27. Pianos \$130. Circulars Free. DAN L. F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

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

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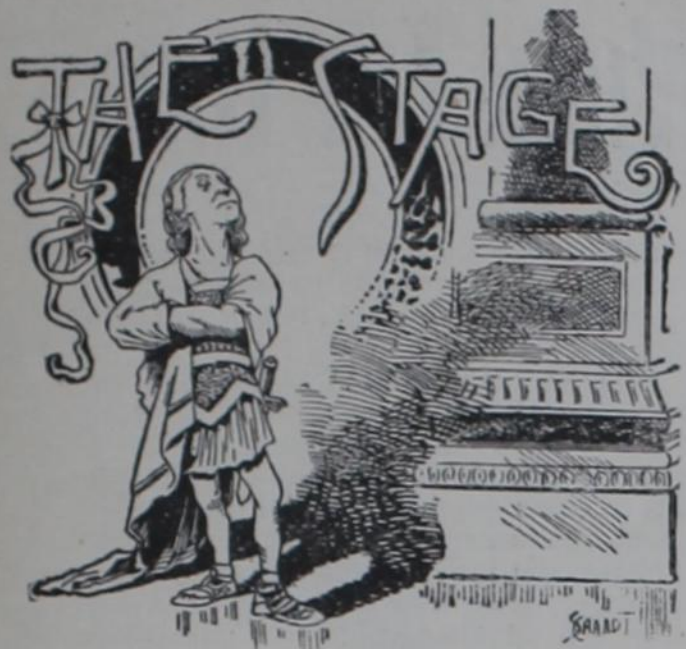
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EPPS'S
CRATEFUL-COMFORTING
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MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The Charity Ball will soon bring its run to a successful close.

The City Directory, at the Bijou Theatre, continues to draw good houses, and on several occasions people have actually been turned away.

Dan Sully, in Grattan Donnelly's new play, The Millionaire, at the Park Theatre, is doing some very fine work, and the house is crowded nightly.

A handsome souvenir was presented at the Star Theatre, on the 100th performance of The Senator in the shape of an elaborate photograph of Mr. Crane, as the Senator.

Guilty without Crime at the People's last week was very favorably received by the many patrons of that popular house. Mr. Davidson, a very competent character actor, made a good impression, as did Miss Austin. This week Robert Mantell in Monbars is causing young ladies to weep with his powerful impersonation of Monbars.

The old Polo-Grounds present quite a different appearance from what they did one year ago. Where Roger Connor played first base last year is now occupied by a ferocious hyena, while the space occupied by New York's outfield is now occupied by a most wonderful class of people, who, while they may not be able to make three-base hits, are certainly capable of doing most difficult feats. Barnum is with us once more, and his show is better than ever. Nero, or the Fall of Rome, is given with splendid effect. Ever since the opening night the vast auditorium has been crowded.

Miss Julia Marlowe, who has just closed a very successful week at the Brooklyn Park Theatre, seems to be the most talented of the young aspirants for the dramatic tiara of the late Adelaide Neilson. She is a charming and fascinating girl, only twenty-one, and plays with a sublime unconsciousness of her audience, which is nothing else but genius. No actress of recent years recalls so truly the vanished graces of the Rosalind and Viola that made Neilson's acting "a joy forever." To see Miss Marlowe in Twelfth Night is to carry away a picture in dramatic art that will long haunt the portals of memory.

Steele Mackaye's Money Mad, now running at The Standard to crowded houses, is an instance of what skilful management and ingenious stage carpentry may do for a melodrama of the most appalling kind. It is difficult to believe that the same brain which conceived Hazel Kirke, Paul Kauvar, and other admirable and successful dramas, could have perpetrated such an absurdity. Yet the play gives every evidence of achieving a successful run. It has the advantage of an excellent company, and the acting of Minnie Seligman as Kate O'Neil, and E. J. Henly and Wilton Lackaye as the contrasted blacklegs of the play, leaves nothing to be desired. The scene representing the Clark Street Bridge in Chicago is a marvel of stage mechanism and does not fail nightly to excite the plaudits of the house. Mr. J. M. Hill's faith in the financial future of

Money Mad is unshaken. This Barnum among managers seldom errs.

When to Marry.

Probably the best time for the average civilized woman to marry would be any age between twenty-four and thirty-six. It is not said that no woman should marry earlier or later than either of these ages; but youth and health and vigor are ordinarily at their highest perfection between these two periods. Very early marriages are seldom desirable for girls, and that for many reasons. The brain is immature, the reason is feeble, and the character is unformed. The considerations which would prompt a girl to marry at seventeen would in many cases have very little weight with her at twenty-four. At seventeen she is a child, at twenty-four a woman. Where a girl has intelligent parents, the seven years between seventeen and twenty-four are the period when both mind and body are most amenable to wise discipline, and best repay the thought and toil devoted to their development.

Before seventeen few girls have learned to understand what life is, what discipline is, what duty is. They cannot value what is best, either in the father's wisdom or in the mother's tenderness. When married at that childish period they are like young recruits taken fresh from the farm and the workshop and hurried off to a long campaign without any period of preliminary drill and training, or like a schoolboy removed from school to a curacy without being sent to the university or to a theological hall. Who can help grieving over a child-wife, especially if she have children, and a husband who is an inexperienced and possibly exacting boy-man? The ardor of his love soon cools; the visionary bliss of her poetical imagination vanishes like the summer mist; there is nothing left but disappointment and wonder that what promised to be so beautiful and long a day should have clouded over almost before sunrise.—The Hospital.

Starch grows sticky—common powders have a vulgar glare. Pozzoni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.

Tabooed by Society.

Emma—"I notice you don't speak to Miss De Conye any more."

Lucy—"No; I haven't any use for a girl who wears a blue gown with a brown dog."—Dry Goods Chronicle.

GOOD LUCK CAME AT LAST.

Thought He Was Born Under an Unlucky Star, but Changed His Mind.

Charles H. Johnson, a driver for William Richardson, of 102 Sudbury street, still makes his daily rounds disbursing cool drinks in bottles in spite of the fact that he has suddenly become a comparatively rich man. In the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery he was the happy holder of one-twentieth of ticket 8,132, which drew the First Capital Prize of \$300,000; and received as his share the neat little fortune of \$15,000. Mr. Johnson is a quiet young fellow who intends to put his easily acquired money to a good use. He said to a Herald man regarding the fortunate circumstance that he thought up to the present time that he had been born under an unlucky star, but it seemed good luck had come to him at last. He did not remember, he said, how much money he had spent in the purchase of lottery tickets, but he was sure it had not been much, just a dollar now and then that he had not missed. He would not, he said, stop buying lottery tickets because he had made a winning, but would continue to invest as before, buying one or two tickets when the notion seized him. "There will be another prize drawn in this shop," said one of Johnson's friends. "I have a lucky number in the next drawing. Oh, it's dead sure." Mr. Johnson said that he knew a man in East Boston by the name of George M. Green, who had also drawn another one-twentieth of the capital prize.—Boston (Mass.) Herald, March 27.

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"No, father, but we formed a club at our table last week, and every one who swears or says anything that would shock the most sensitive mind has to pay five cents every time."

"It pains me a little, my dear boy, to hear that any of your friends, or even you, occasionally use such expressions, but I am truly pleased that you are trying to entirely break yourselves of the habit."

"Yes, father, I think we will succeed in doing so, for it has only cost me two fifteen so far this week, and last week it was four twenty-five."—Harvard Lampoon.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

Why Not?

"Mother, our teacher came near lickin' me this mornin'."

"What for, Johnny?"

"Cause I argued that when it was more than one gooseberry it ought to be called 'geeseberries.'"—Kentucky State Journal.

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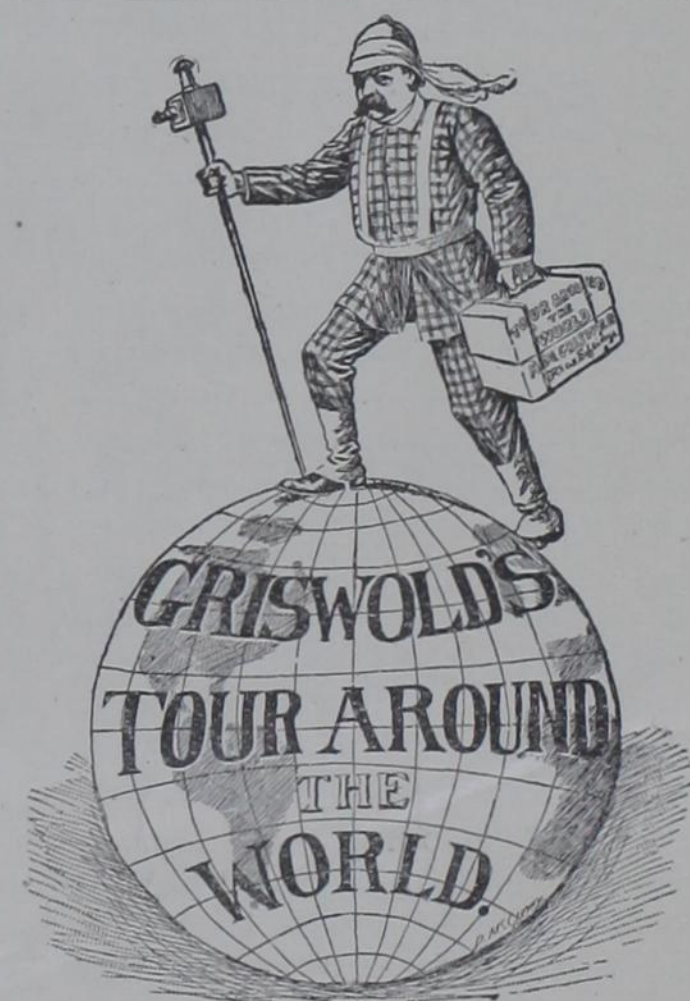
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SOME men are always thinking so much about what they would do if they had the chances of somebody else that they utterly neglect their own.—Lawrence American.

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MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE. Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Miss Bisland's account of her rapid trip around the world, which excited such general interest at the time, begins in the *Cosmopolitan* for April, with a number of illustrations made from photographs taken *en route*, and from drawings from Robert Blum. An excellent portrait of Miss Bisland is one of the illustrations.

Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton calls *Swanhilde and Other Fairy Tales*, a really lovely book, and adds: "I am afraid you would think I had reached my second childhood if I should tell you how delightedly I had lingered over its pretty illustrated pages." It is published by D. Lothrop Company, and has just been put to a new edition.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood's charming serial for young folks, *Bony and Ban*, now running in *Wide Awake*, is only one of a series of entertaining stories that have appeared in that magazine, even before her reputation was increased by her historical stories for adult readers—*The Romance of Dollard* and *the Story of Tonty*. D. Lothrop Company have put her four books into uniform shape, viz.: *Rocky Fork*, *The Dogberry Bunch*, *Old Caravan Days* and *Secrets at Roseladies*.

A recent issue of the *Pittsburg Bulletin* contained 'Up' From the Past, a charming story from the pen of Howard Seely, author of *A Nymph of the West* and other Texan tales. In his latest romance Mr. Seely shows the same poetic touch which has made his frontier stories so famous. The conceit, too, by which Benedict Arnold is made to figure as one of the characters is clever and entertaining. Why are not these bright and fugitive stories of this artistic writer collected in book form?

Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* for May has for a leading article a description of Vancouver, which it designates as *The Constantinople of the West*. It is in British Columbia, and the western terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Its site was a primeval forest in 1886, and now it has a population of nearly 15,000 people. The stirring history of Frederick the Great, by Alfred H. Guernsey, has reached its third number. Lucy H. Hooper contributes an interesting tale, *From Darkness—Light*. Chartres and Its Cathedral are ably written up by Herbert Pierson. *Pottawatomie Traditions of General W. H. Harrison*—"Old Tippecanoe"—are very readable, and handsomely illustrated.

One of the most unique journals ever published has recently been launched in Indianapolis, the capital of Indiana, by a veteran editor and publisher, Elijah P. Brown. It is a religious weekly with humorous departments, and bears the singular title of *The Ram's Horn*. The illustrated title shows the Israelites marching around the walls of Jericho and blowing on ram's horns to its fall, as told in the book of Joshua. Mr. Brown was an infidel up to a couple of years ago, when he was converted in Chicago under Moody's preaching. Then he became an earnest evangelist, but has now deserted the pulpit to become an editor. He was the founder of the *Cincinnati Breakfast Table*, a humorous paper widely quoted while he edited it. He is an earnest and sincere man, and believes that religion should reflect a great deal of sunshine,

and that healthy fun is not an incongruous thing in a religious weekly. His paper presents a handsome appearance and is running over with wit and wisdom.

Women as Inventors.

It was a California woman who invented a baby-carriage, which netted her over \$50,000; while to Mrs. Catherine Greene, the wife and widow of Washington's ablest officer, is due the honor of inventing the cotton gin, which is one of those distinctively American inventions the value and importance of which have been recognized by the whole industrial world. A horseshoe machine, which turns out completed shoes, was the invention of a woman; also the reaper and mower, the idea of which came into the brain of Mrs. Ann Manning, Plainfield, N. J., to whom is also accredited a clover cleaner, says the *Globe-Democrat*. Mrs. Manning seems to have stimulated the inventive genius of her neighbors, for a few years after her reaper and mower was patented Mrs. Elizabeth Smith, of the same State, took out a patent for an improvement on this machine, being a device for changing the knives without stopping the wheels.

One of the most complicated machines ever made is that for the manufacture of reinforced-bottom paper bags. It is so curiously ingenious that how it was contrived passes the ordinary comprehension. It was the invention of Miss Maggie Knight, who from it and other inventions in the same line realized a large fortune. A street-sweeper of great merit was devised and patented by a New York lady, who had a costly dress ruined by the mud splashed on it from a defective machine.

Most remarkable of all is the invention of Mrs. Mary B. Walton for deadening the sound of car wheels. She lived near the elevated railroad in New York and was greatly annoyed by the sound of the roaring trains passing her house. The most noted machinists and inventors of the country had given their attention to the subject without being able to furnish a solution, when lo! a woman's brain did the work and her appliance, proving perfectly successful, was adopted by the elevated roads, and she is now reaping the rewards of a happy thought.

Wonderful Loss of Money.

An old gentleman, evidently a gatherer of statistics, but with a kindly face which shaded off to a something like philanthropy about the edges, stood at the junction yesterday, says the *Kansas City Times*, gazing abstractedly down the street. Suddenly he stepped up to a gentleman who was awaiting a cable train, and, touching him lightly on the shoulder, said:

"Excuse me, but did you just drop a twenty-dollar gold piece?" at the same time holding out in his hand a coin of the denomination mentioned.

The gentleman questioned looked a moment at the coin, assumed a look of excitement, made a hasty search of his pockets, and said:

"Why, so I did, and I hadn't missed it," holding out an eager hand.

The old man slowly drew out a note book and said: "I thought so." He then took the name and address of the loser, and dropping the coin in his pocket turned away.

"Well," said the other, "do you want it all as a reward?"

"Oh, I did not find one," said the benevolent old man, "but it struck me that in a large city like this there must be a deal of money lost, and upon inquiry I find you are the thirty-first man who has lost a twenty-dollar gold piece this very morning."

The Snake Fence.

Sir Edwin Arnold, among some other very pleasantly spoken criticisms of the biggest land on earth, censured our "snake fences," the crooked old rail fence, which he says "wastes land and tortures the eye of an artist." That was a bad break, to use an inartistic expression. Sir Edwin has followed Hamilton Gibson to little purpose along "The Highway of the Squirrel"—indeed he hasn't followed him at all, or he would never have made such a statement. Some of the prettiest, daintiest, most charming pictures that can be found in all out of doors Gibson has found for us in the corners of this very old rail fence; more than that he has taught us where to look for them. The snake fence may waste land; that doesn't matter when we have the land to waste, but it is a feature of the landscape. A trim and close-cropped hedge can no more replace it, can no more be compared to its endless variety, its angular wilfulness, its weather-beaten ruggedness, its sheltering nooks for weed and wild flower, its ready convenience as a perch upon which to climb and talk politics, or look for the cows, than an English caricature of a horse, with mutilated mane and abbreviated tail, can be compared with a real horse with plummy tail sweeping his fetlocks, and a flowing mane that is tossed upon the wind like a banner. Nature with her hair combed looks neat and trim and clean, I grant you. So does a turkey when he is plucked and dressed—or rather undressed, and made ready for the oven. But, he doesn't look much like a turkey.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

Worse and Worse.

Mr. Whitewings—"Say, I hear you've been a callin' me a fool."

Uncle Pete—"I didn't call yer a fool. I ain't no sech a fool as ter say eberything I thinks."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

He Thought It Likely.

Mrs. Cumso—"What do you think of the new theory that the birth-place of the human race was near the north pole?"

Cumso—"The theory is plausible, my dear. Noah navigated in the ark-tic regions, you know."—*Baltimore Free Press*.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South*, Atlanta Ga.

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—From *Economical Housekeeping*, by Eliza R. Parker.

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

A SONG FROM THE SUDS.



Queen of my tub, I merrily sing
While the white foam rises high,
And sturdily wash and rinse and wring,
And fasten the clothes to dry;
And then out in the fresh air they swing
Under the sunny sky.

I wish we could wash from our hearts and our souls
The stains of the week away,
And let pure water and air by their magic make
Ourselves as pure as they;
Then on the earth there would be, indeed,
A glorious washing-day!

Along the path of a useful life
Will heart's-ease ever bloom;
The busy mind has no time to think
Of sorrow, or care, or gloom;
And anxious thoughts may be swept away
As we busily wield a broom.

I am glad a task to me is given
To labor at day by day;
For it brings me health and strength and hope,
And I cheerfully learn to say:
"Head, you may think; heart, you may feel;
But, hand, you shall work away!"

—Louisa M. Alcott (at fifteen).

'T WAS AWFULLY FUNNY.

A banana peel soft on the pavement lay,
As yellow as molten gold,
And the young man who happened to pass that way
Strode on with footstep bold.

He stepped on the peel—alas, poor boy!
He's up with the angels now;
But the bystanders laughed with a fiendish joy—
It was awfully funny, somehow.

—Dallas (Tex.) News.

AND SO DO YOU.

I sing my song in praise of the man,
The man with the massive brain,
Who heads me off at every turn
And sings this sweet refrain:
"You better do this and you better do that;
You ought to do so and so;
If you don't do thus you'll make a mistake;
I've been through the mill, you know."

The seasons come and the seasons go;
Time rolls on apace;
Where'er I turn my steps I meet
This man with the iron face.
He speaks to me in an undertone,
Says he: "You're going wrong;
I hate to say a word, my boy,
But I want to help you along."

He chants his song without a skip
From early morn till night;
He lifteth up his voice as long
As any one's in sight
And says: "My boy, I'll tell you what
It's best for you to do;
You better follow my advice,
I'm an older man than you."

I grit my teeth and listen while
This man with the massive brain
In a soft, seductive undertone
Chants his sweet refrain.
And when he's through, I turn away,
And without thinking twice
I throw his counsel to the wind
And take my own advice.

—Thomas B. Holmes, in Sonoma Valley Whistle.

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.

An Extinct Race.

They are passing away—the old-fashioned negroes of the ante-bellum South—and the places which knew them once will soon know them no more forever. They will in a few years be entirely supplanted by a progeny little like their ancestors. The old plantation—"de white folks' house"—the happy negro quarters—the family ties which bound the two races together in bonds of affection and tender consideration which one must have experienced to appreciate—gone, all gone!

Old massa, old missus and the young massas and misses. What a happy family! exclaims a writer in the Florida Times-Union. And who ever mourned with more unfeigned grief than the old family servants the breaking up of the family when "ole massa" died? Alas, it always fell upon the former with a bitterness born of the uncertain fate which awaited them afterwards!

But they are fast dying out; the old plantation songs have faded from lips on which alone they were musical, which no other conditions may ever realize. Did you ever see the long procession of family servants—fifty or a hundred or more—follow the coffin which bore "ole massa" to his last resting place?

Down in the cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound;
All de darkies am a-weeping,
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

Talk about the negro dialect! No writer has ever approximated it unless he was born and reared on the old Southern plantation from childhood to age.

And Christmas times "befo' de war." The happy hearts in the "negro quarters" were up and singing like the lark before the dawn of day, for the "aunts" and "uncles," those monarchs of that realm which has no succession—had been awake half the night "waitin' for Christmas."

Were those the days of slavery, of barbarism, when white and black alike were happy only because they were ignorant?

But who would exchange these brand-new days for the old? These days when the "colored ladies and gentlemen" wear bangs, or carry a razor or a cigarette?

Still, it is sad to think of the complete dying out of a race, one of the most interesting in the annals of time—one peculiar to itself, and which can never be reproduced. As the Indian passed beyond the Rocky Mountains to die away on the Western plains, so this race, as it was known of yore, is passing over the dividing ridge of two generations, to be known no more.

Children.

What would the world do without them? It would grow sour and ugly and crabbed and dismal and grouty, and finally die of old age and hypochondria.

Take the children all out of the world and what would become of the smiles and shouts and grins and giggles that do so much towards making life enjoyable? Smiles would blacken into frowns, shouts into groans, grins into sobs, and giggles into snivels.

Banish the youngsters from our midst and the rosy-cheeked apples would rot in the bin, the pop-corn grow soiled and repulsive, the candy crumble to pieces and its gaudy colors fade away, the peanuts wither in their shells, and the raspberry jam sleep on in moldy forgetfulness of its surroundings, while the cookies and angel cake would grow dry and leathery, and become food for the rats and sparrows.

With no children on whom to exercise their powers what would become of the

measles, whooping-cough, chicken-pox, mumps, hives and shingles that now do so much to enliven the world and make existence bearable? They would struggle on for a time, trying to get in their work on the thick-skinned, tobacco, coffee and whisky soaked systems of the adult population until, discouraged and disheartened, they would, like the legion of unclean spirits when cast out of the demoniac Gadarene, take refuge in a drove of swine and use them as a means of suicide by running them off into the sea and perishing with them in a watery grave.

Without children our school-houses would be turned into jails, and our churches into insane asylums, wickedness would stalk like a giant through the land, and rum flow in torrents everywhere.

Hurrah for the children! They are the fire that thaws out the heart of the cold and selfish world, and sends its warm blood coursing through its veins. They are the leaven which being deposited in the world's great flour barrel keeps the whole batch stirred up from centre to circumference. They are as salt in the potatoes, as a mouse in a sewing society, as a spark in a magazine of powder, as oil on the troubled waters, as tears to the overwrought heart, as a benediction after prayer, as a poultice on a carbuncle, or roast beef and mashed potatoes to a hungry man.—Dansville Breeze.

As It Impressed the Blotter.

"Yes," said the Postage Stamp, waxing familiar, "I'll tell you the honest truth, though it doesn't sound well; nobody can go any further for two cents than I will!"

"That's all right," retorted the Envelope that, bearing fourteen different postmarks, had finally come back to the first sender; "I won't be taken in! I've traveled!"—Boston Times.

A Bad Conscience.

Mrs. Fizzletop—"Now, Johnny, I want you to put on your coat and go to Sunday-school."

Johnny Fizzletop—"No, ma, I'd rather stay home. Teacher said she was going to tell us about a man named 'Nanias,' who was struck dead for telling stories, and I don't want to hear it."—Light.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

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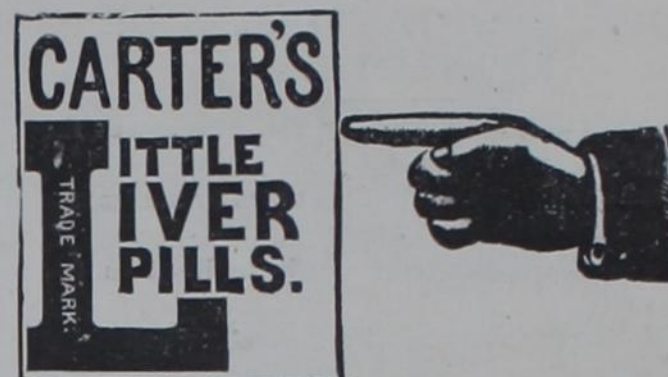
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and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree.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



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.

DIVORCES Speedily; quietly. For parties in any State. Desertion; all causes. Blank application free. Robert White, Att'y, 145 Broadway, N. Y.

Self-threading needles. Weak sighted or blind can thread them. Finest steel. Spring steel. Sample paper by mail, 10c, 5 for 25c, 12, 50c. Money easily made selling them. C. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Some poets sing in praise of all the splendors of the past,
And seem to think that modern times by ancient are out-class'd.
But if the classic heroes could have lived in our to-day
To visit Barnum's circus, why, I wonder what they'd say!
I fancy 'tis a theme that fully merits being sung
On ev'ry hand, in ev'ry land, in ev'ry modern tongue.
So here I take the pleasure of attesting to the worth
Of Barnum and of Bailey and their Greatest Show on Earth.



We're startled at the outset by the famous street parade,
Which clearly puts all history's processions in the shade;
And then, again, we find all former efforts are out-done,
For when inside the show we see five circuses in one!
The funny clowns, the acrobats, the tight-rope walkers, too,
The skillful bare-back riders, with their tricks both old and new,
The jugglers and magicians who are all of foreign birth,
Are but so many items in the Greatest Show on Earth.
A most complete menagerie whose canvas walls enclose,
And animals enough to make at least a dozen shows.
The lions, tigers, elephants, the camels and the bears,
Just form an exhibition that with any "Zoo" compares.
'Tis wonderful indeed to watch the educated seals,
And the drove of acting elephants, who stand upon their heels;
The marvels that are crowded in the tent's enormous girth
Indubitably stamp it as the Greatest Show on Earth!



There's some wonderful illusions in a room of magic shown,
Which somehow simply dwarfs all the museums ever known;
There's "Thauma" and "The Bottle Imp," "Pygmalion's Dream" and "She,"
With innumerable mysteries quite marvellous to see.
The senses are bewildered with the startling "Witch's Head,"

The "Mermaid," on whose origin no light has yet been shed.
Of curious surprises in this room there is no dearth—
And yet 'tis but a corner in the Greatest Show on Earth!

Then Nero! Scenic marvel of this wonder-working age!
The grandest, greatest picture ever shown on any stage!
Innumerable horses with their riders beyond count—
The fastest breed of horses that a mortal e'er did mount!
The battles, and the races, the magnificent display
Will linger in the memory through many an after day.
The gleaming rows of dancing girls in gay and festive mirth,
Enhance the great attractions in the Greatest Show on Earth!

The wonder of two continents, the marvel of the world!
The Stars and Stripes are proudly o'er its canvas dome unfurl'd,
A monument to enterprise—a proof of Yankee brains,
A paragon of management no other land contains!
No room for contradiction of the title that it bears—
Wherever Barnum's show is seen, the laurels soon it wears.
Impossible to blend so much instruction, sense and mirth
In any other place except the Greatest Show on Earth!

JOHN S. GREY.

Our Kaleidoscope.

Aspirants for literary honors, would-be scribblers who "dash off" poems, sketches or stories and send them to the editors of magazines, who promptly return them, should read the life of William H. Prescott, the historian, and learn a lesson therefrom.

The author of "Ferdinand and Isabella," after graduating from Harvard and deciding to adopt literature as a profession, spent six years in careful, conscientious study before he gave any thought to the selection of a theme. All these years of toil were spent in acquiring general knowledge and in a study of the classics, with a view of improving his style. This done, he decided to write the history of Ferdinand and Isabella and at once began preparations for the work which, when completed, was to bring him world-wide fame and to place him in the very front rank of the world's greatest historians. After three years and a half of study and research, he began his task and ten years later completed it. Even then he was uncertain whether to give it to the world or not. He finally had a few copies struck off, which he carefully revised and submitted to competent critics. Encouraged by their favorable opinions he then made arrangements for the publication of the book. To the author's surprise the first edition was sold almost immediately and his reputation as a great historian was established.

I have neither the time nor the inclination to here go into the details of Mr. Prescott's literary career, or to even touch upon the difficulties under which he labored. It is enough to say that such efforts as he made to prepare himself for his chosen profession certainly deserved the success with which they were at last rewarded.

When he graduated from college he was probably at that time better equipped for entering literature than thousands of scribblers to-day who offer their pro-

ductions in the very best markets and are then wonderfully indignant that they are so promptly rejected. But Prescott aimed high; and in addition he had common sense enough to know that without years of careful preparatory study he could not hope to touch the goal of his ambition. So with patience, courage and zeal he set about the great work of his life. Of the moral heroism of the man much might be said—how for years he labored under physical afflictions which would have deterred most men from even undertaking the task he had set for himself. With his eyesight almost totally gone and eyes so weak that he was not permitted to use them more than an hour each day, he prosecuted the most laborious researches, committing, necessarily, to memory the facts and data gathered for use.

In the same way, when he began to write his book, he composed sometimes as many as twenty or thirty pages before putting them on paper, this alone being a remarkable mental feat, but one he had acquired by long and severe mental training, necessitated by having been compelled to husband, in the most careful manner, his precious eyesight.

I suppose that by this time the reader has in mind the lesson to be learned from the above facts. If Prescott, with his splendid education and natural abilities, should feel that years of careful study and preparation were necessary before he could even select a theme upon which to write, how much more presumptuous, then, is it for hack-writers and scribblers, many of them poorly educated and possessing little or none of that breadth of mind or culture that can only be obtained by wide and extensive reading, to expect to see their crude work appear in the pages of leading reviews and magazines, or in any periodical catering to intelligent and discriminating readers. Instead of bewailing their misfortune or abusing the editors, these aspirants for literary distinction should congratulate themselves that these same editors, whom they accuse of being prejudicial and unfair to young or comparatively unknown writers, have the courage and the hard horse sense to reject their MSS., thus consigning them to that oblivion they so richly deserve. In any event, it is a blessing both to the public and the authors; for if the author continues to study and toil, the time will come when he will blush to know that his earliest efforts ever saw the light, and, on the other hand, should he abandon literature for some other calling, the benefit accruing to him has been none the less valuable and lasting.—Ed R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

A Strange Disease of Cattle.

There is great uneasiness among the stock raisers in and about Mahomet along the line of the O., I. & W. Railway on account of the appearance of a strange disease among the herds. The disorder resembles what is known as dry murrain, and is attended with a high fever and intense itching of the head and neck. The most powerful medicines fail to afford any relief after the first attack. Several of the best herds have died off.—Peoria Journal.

Good morning Have you used PEARS' SOAP?

Poor Fellow!

"My hands are awfully cold," said the pretty girl, suggestively, on the last quarter of a starlit sleigh-ride.

"Why didn't you bring a muff with you?" asked the practical young man, prosaically.

"I did!" she snapped, but she wouldn't explain where the muff had gone to, and he has been wondering ever since just what she meant.—Louisville Journal.

Far Too Rash.

A Baltimore girl has gone insane because she wasn't born a man. She never had to meet the rent, nor shave, nor serve on a jury, nor pay a poll tax, nor fasten her suspender with a shingle-nail, but she didn't know when she was well off.—Merchant Traveler.

To get relief from indigestion, biliousness, constipation or torpid liver, without disturbing the stomach or purging the bowels, take a few doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills; they will please you.

After Midnight.

Miss Quizz—"I understand that you are an authority on parliamentary law Mr. Stay."

Mr. Stay—"Really, you flatter me."

Miss Quizz—"But, tell me, Mr. Stay, is a motion to adjourn always in order?"
—Town Topics.

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No water has such a combination of mineral virtues. It is a Saline Water with great curative powers, and contains a large amount of Lithia and other Chlorides. A Delicious Table Water. Send for circulars with analysis.

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