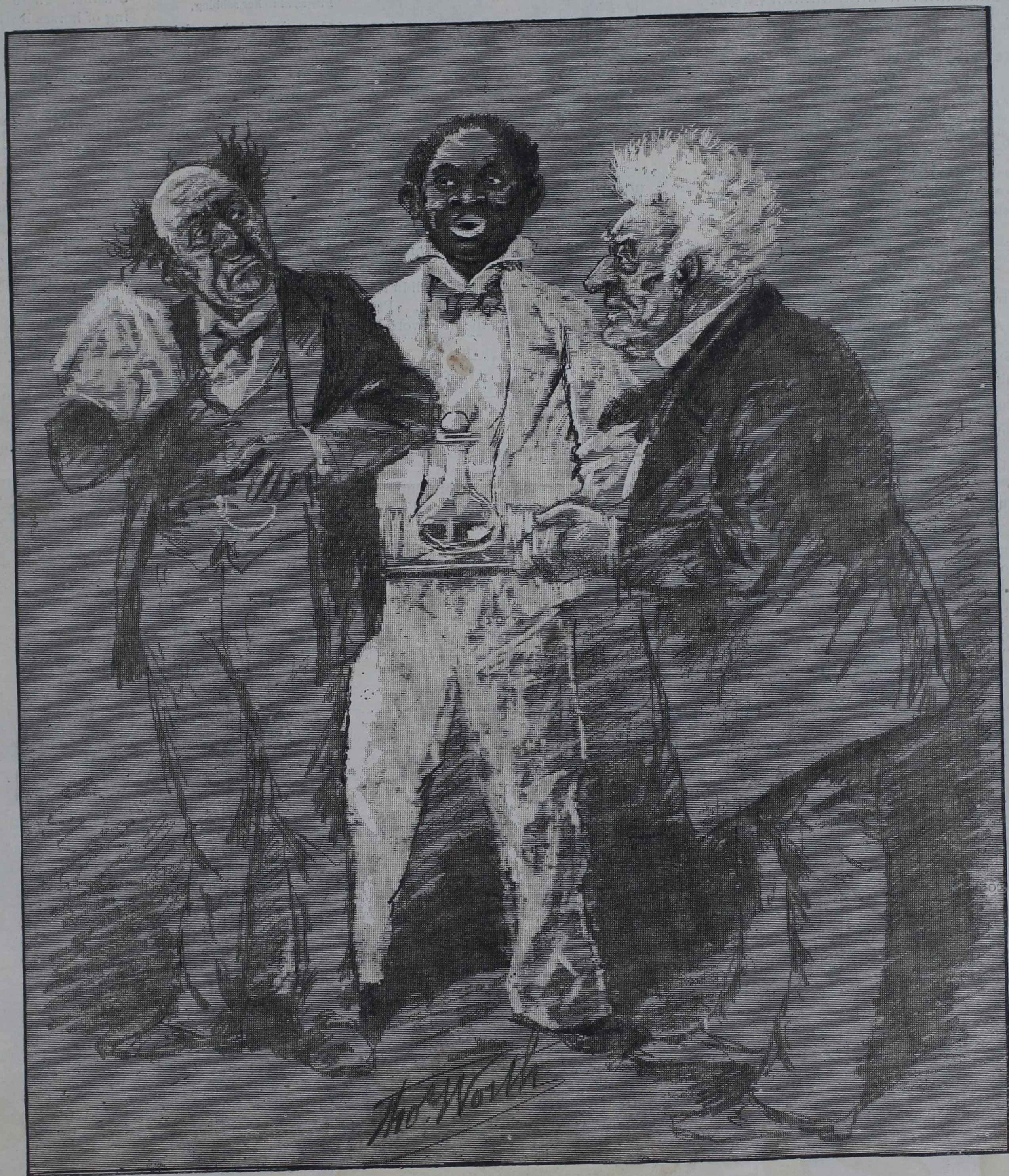


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THROUGH THE RYE.

COL. CLAY—HARD COLD YOU'VE GOT, MAJOR. TAKE A LITTLE OLD RYE FOR IT; YOU'LL BE COMING THROUGH ALL RIGHT.
MAJOR BENTON—Yes, COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A LIMITED train—a ballet dancer's.

THE Great American Dessert—pie.

ART is long, but money is often short.

OLD and full of days—an ancient almanac.

A MAN at the mast-head has a tip-top birth.

EVEN a dead duck can claim that he died game.

WORRY is a bleacher who is forever making your hair white.

SPIRITUAL manifestations cannot stand the ordeal of a spirit lamp.

"I SING arms," says Virgil. Did the arms he sings teach bullets to whistle?

If it be true that man and wife are one, each can be only half true to the other.

"Oh, tell me, pretty Jane," cried Bill,

"Why you're so supercilious?"

The maid at once replied, "I will—

Because I'm anti-Bill-ious."

QUAKERS rarely treat, though Penn set them the example by treating with the Indians.

SHOP-KEEPERS study to please, but there are lots of boys and girls whom it doesn't please to study.

PROMETHEUS was great on the "court." People speak to this day about the Promethean "spark."

"MISFORTUNES never come single," chuckles the old bachelor, when he hears a tale of married infelicity.

NO USE to recommend an Indian mixture for bringing out the hair to a man who has once been scalped.

THE game of whist is played in Hindostan quite independent of rules. An Indian "rubber" is very flexible.

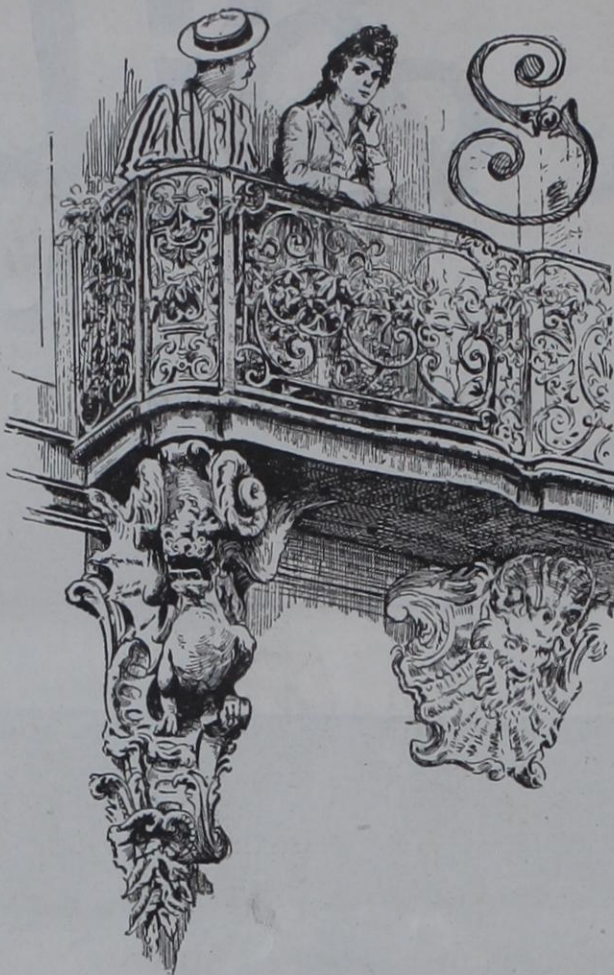
When Johnny's father laid the cane
Upon his offspring's back,
Although the youngster writhed with pain,
His joke he had to crack.
Quoth he, "Now I'm like England's Queen,
To understand who fails?
For on my word 'tis plainly seen,
I own the prints of whales."

I DON'T know who originated the order called the Friendly Sons, but I am quite sure it wasn't Cain and Abel.

AN indignant professor of anatomy in New York denies that there is a skeleton in every closet—he has pawned his.

PROFESSOR VIRCHOW presided over the International Medical Congress, in Berlin. Who says there is no Virchow among doctors?

A HOME journal prints a number of "Hints to Save Arm Aches," but by a singular omission fails to send out a warning cry against a "feller'n a gal" trying to occupy the same rocking-chair of a Sunday night.



USIE AND I.

I looked into her lovely eyes,
Beaming with true devotion;
Then started back, in much surprise,
To see her great emotion.
She said "You love me, don't you,
John?
And I'll love you forever,
If you'll tell Charlie that no fate
My heart from his can sever.
"I cannot see him; cannot write;
Just hear my poor heart throbbing;
If Pa does not relent, I'll die!"
I listened to her sobbing,
And, smothering jealousy, I drew
Her to my side and kissed her—
Who says 'twas wrong? I loved
her; and
She was my only sister.

THE OLD PLANK ROAD.

A case came up in a Brooklyn court the other day where a temporary injunction was granted against a certain plank road company, restricting it from acting as a corporation and from managing toll-gates and collecting fares. The plank road was quite the rage forty years ago and a great many of them were built, particularly in sections of the country where lumber was cheap. Parallel sleepers were laid in the roadway, to which planks were spiked, and the planked highway was rendered smooth and easy to drive over, for a while. There was much speeding of horses by farmers' boys living along the line, and a great impetus was given to buggy riding in the evening with one's "best girl." "Two-forty on the plank," was considered very fast time in the days before Flora Temple lowered the record into the twenties. It wasn't long before the plank road began to show the effects of the

fast driving and heavy teaming which it attracted. Planks became loosened or broken, quagmires developed beneath them, and it wasn't long before they became the very worst roads the people had. Then succeeded mutterings and growlings against the toll-gates, that charged three cents a mile for such wretched roadways, and plank roads were gradually abandoned, or substantial turnpikes constructed in their place. "The grade is there; they can't take that away," said one philosophical farmer as he saw the planks taken up. This was true, for roads were well graded in preparation for the planks, as a rule.

EXASPERATED Judge, whose patience has been sorely tried both by the plaintiff and defendant: "My chief regret is that I can't decide against both sides."

THE Erie Transfer Company found a new meaning in a name, when it discovered that its trusted agents were transferring the company's money into their own pockets.

WHERE BAD SPELLING COMES HIGH.

A man noted for his bad orthography desired to send a message by cable to Paris. He demurred against the charge, which he considered excessive, but the clerk said it would be considerable less if he didn't employ so many superfluous letters in spelling. Paris wasn't spelled with two r's, nor was the little word May spelled Maigh.

WANTED, A SITE.

If anybody has a site for sale or to rent he should apply to Chicago at once. That city is dreadfully in want of one. It has been searching everywhere within its extended borders for a site, and is unsuccessful at this writing. Thanks to its misrepresentations to congress and the country it got the World's Fair, but the indispensable site for it has successfully eluded them up to this date. Several have been offered, but none seems to be available. It looks now as though it would be necessary to import a site, and so we say, if any one has a good site he is not going to use, let him inform the World's Fair Committee at once.

HIS ATTENTION WAS CALLED.

The man who takes it upon himself to write a letter of reproof to the editor, on reading an article in his paper that doesn't suit him, generally begins, "My attention has been called," etc., implying that he doesn't read the paper as a rule, and that he couldn't possibly have seen the objectionable article had not his attention been specially "called" to it by some one else. How the editor hates such a man. He would go several blocks out of his way to kick him, or at least to tell him what he thought of him. He wants an opportunity to say, "Who, sir, cares enough for your attention to call it to an article in their or any other paper? It must have been a day when attentions were very scarce, or he could never have called yours. You have mistaken your 'calling,' sir, when you set up to criticise newspapers, and henceforth you will please discontinue your attentions." Never have your attention called to an article unless you want to make the editor mad as two hornets.

"I don't allow any grass to grow under my feet," said a lively Chicago girl. "What chance is there for any lawn, then?" asked a witty Miss from St. Louis.



WHY THE GOAT PINED AWAY.

MRS. O'GEOGHEGAN—Phat's the matter wid yure goat Mrs. Rourke? Sure the poor baste do be lookin' thin.

MRS. ROURKE—Yis, sorra's th' day! He swally'd a bottle av Anti-Fat, an' thin tumbled into an excavaytion an' knocked the cork out av it! Sure, he's pining away to a skillyton!



COMMON SPARROW.



THE JAY



THE HAWK.



NIGHT IN GALE.



THE QUAIL.



TURTLE DOVES.



LAUGHING JACK-ASS.



THE HUMMING BIRD.



THE SWALLOW.



ROBIN.



THE SKY LARK.



THE BLACK BIRD.

AN ORNITHOLOGICAL COLLECTION.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE BARKEEPER.



ONE of the most marvelous things in my eyes about the progress of mankind in these dizzy days is the rapid disappearance of certain types of men, and their replacement by other and totally dissimilar persons. It does not seem remarkable that from one century to another, as governments and civilizations succeed one another, men should put on

different customs, different dress, even different appearance and stature. It is, however, wonderful to me that men and manners should change as greatly as they do from one generation to the next.

In those days when to me it was a daring act of dissipation to enter a bar-room and order a drink, I had my wants attended to by a magnificent person whose condescension was gracious, indeed, but whose dignity struck terror into my young soul. His apparel was gorgeous, and although he wore the white apron that his occupation made necessary, it became a regal robe when he put it on. He wore diamonds, and you could not fail to observe the fact. His cluster pin was a thing of indescribable gorgeousness, and it is my firm belief that he was shaved three times a day.

This man was a power. He enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with his customers—those of them with whom he chose to become acquainted—that can hardly be understood to-day. Lawyers, merchants, even statesmen would chat with him on seemingly even terms, and he would sometimes give them advice—I told you you wouldn't believe it—and it was not often bad advice, either.

We didn't hear much about trades-unions in those days, at least in this country, but it is safe to say that not a single capable barkeeper would have worked a day if he had been obliged to use one of those nickel-plated annunciators and mechanical accountants that are nowadays behind all bars. Wherefore the barkeeper was then a man in easy circumstances.



The Old Style Bartender.

I met one of these old-timers the other day. He acquired a modest competence before he was crowded out of business by modern methods, and like a wise man, retired to a little country home where he sits and remembers. Occasionally he comes to the city, and if

he meets an old friend he will exchange compliments in cut-glass with him.

He said, while we were sipping the common enemy, "It is most amazing, and to me most saddening, to notice the difference between then and now. I have stood behind this very bar and entertained my friends—yes, friends—almost as if they had been guests in my house. It was part of my business to cultivate the friendship of such men as were worth cultivation. Now it seems to be against the rules of the house for a barkeeper to speak unless he is spoken to.

"Another great difference is that in the olden time a barkeeper who was anybody had his own secrets, and his own recipes for mixing drinks. There was an individuality about the simplest of his compounds that showed the hand of the master. Nowadays a boy who aspires to bar-keep, buys a book and learns by heart the same recipes that everybody else uses. And suppressing his individuality in this way, he naturally acquires no style. In my day, a man who made a punch would make a rainbow clear over his head. To-day he stirs it with a spoon, and I wouldn't be surprised to see a milk-shake machine behind a first-class bar any day. It would save work. Pah!"

And he turned away in great disgust.

It is not only behind the bars—I mean the bars of saloons—that strong personalities seem to be disappearing. Mankind is dropping through the happenings of ages, like lead through the sieves of a shot-tower, until they are mostly smooth and round, and as much alike as fine shot. Here and there you may find a survival of elder days who seems to have escaped the attrition of the ages, but they are dropping away in this era of machinery.

It seems natural enough to find a barber's shop in a country village, or in the pages of "Romola," that is a lounging place for the principal people of the town, but the reader will be surprised to know that there was such a place in New York City until last year, and that it became such a place by reason of the personal qualities of the proprietor. He did not pull teeth, nor bleed his customers like the barber-surgeons of old, nor did he gabble about hair-restorers and dry shampoos, and force idiotic remarks on his helpless victims at the point of the razor like the typical barber of twenty years ago.

No; Jimmy Morrow was the personal friend of hundreds of prominent men in the city, for the reason that he was lovable and tactful. No man ever demonstrated better the famous couplet:

"Honor and shame from no condition rise,
Act well thy part; there all the honor lies."



The New Style.

He had his place for many years in French's Hotel when that was a famous place, and by the way, that same old hotel was the last place in New York in which the old-time barkeeper remained. It was a sort of headquarters for politicians and for men about town, at one time rivaling the famous Astor House in that respect at least. Morrow became famous with the hotel, and as the years went by won many and many a valuable friendship, while his shop became a rendezvous among the best known of any around the City Hall.

When the old hotel was sold to make room for modern progress and the new World building, Morrow moved across to Centre street and carried all his trade with him—a most remarkable thing for a barber to do. In his new place, and until he died last year, he was in almost daily contact with a large circle of men of great influence, every one of whom owned him for a personal friend. They respected and heartily liked him while he lived. They mourned him when he died.

But the tendency of the age is against the survival of such men. You will remember that Mr. Tennyson agrees with me. He says that the individual withers, and the world is more and more. Safety razors supplant the genial barber, and cocktails bottled at wholesale are sold in the market, taking the place of the inspired creations of those wonderful men of the past—the old-time barkeepers. Until the time shall come, as come it will, when there will be a strong reaction, we will have to put up with it. DAVID A. CURTIS.

MONEY TALKS, THOUGH.

A.—I learn that Mr. Dumbman, the deaf mute, is very rich.

B.—Yes, I knew that.

But I got a different impression from what you said about him.

How so?

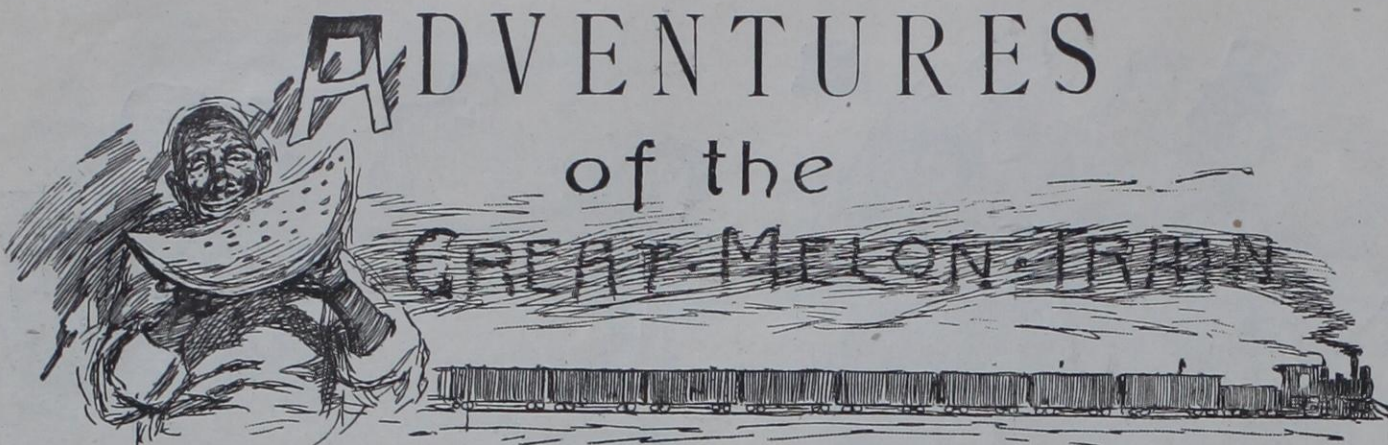
You said he had no money to speak of.

Well, did you ever hear him speak of it?

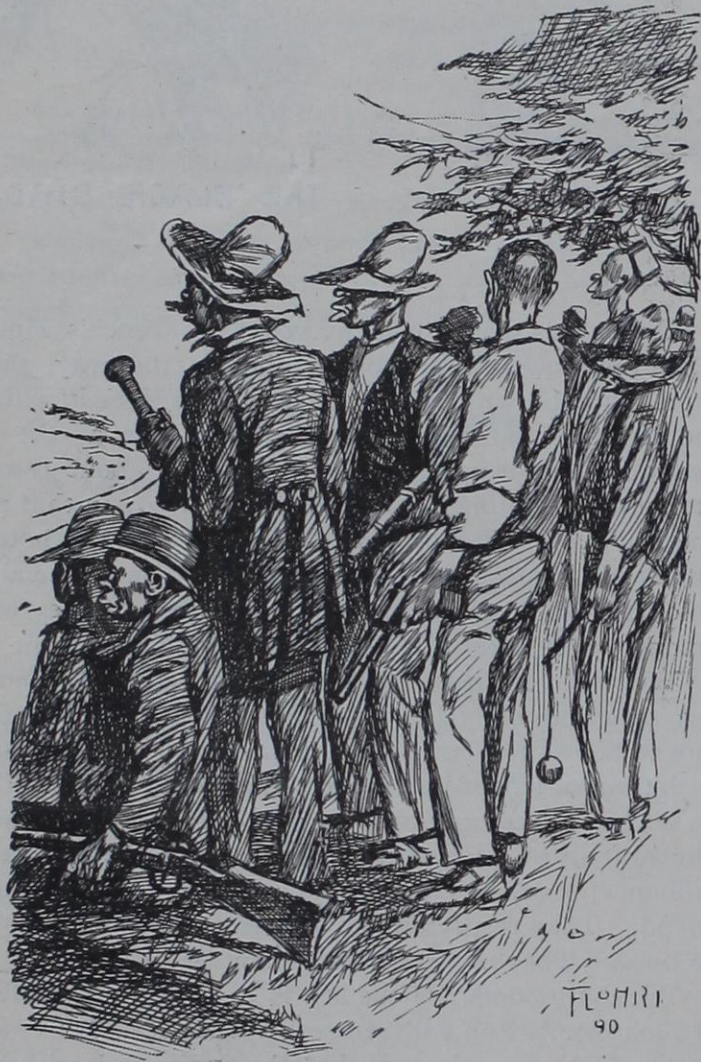
Can the cracksman, who squeals on his pals, be called a safe-blower?



His own Bartender.



At last it was ready; that long, loaded train;
The wonder and pride of the year;
The twenty-five thousand fine melons it held
Were gathered from far and from near.
The watch-dogs, and shot-guns, and farmers with axes,
Had guarded the patches by night and by day,
And many a crippled man suffers in silence
From wounds he received in the unequal fray.



The cars rush along with the speed of the wind,
Till Fate checks their wonderful flight;
A band of black robbers surround the doomed train,
Alone, in the gloom of the night.
"We want water-millions, an' we's gwine ter git 'em."
They loudly call out to the terrified men,
Who held up their hands with such firmness of purpose,
You'd think that they never would drop them again.

Each highwayman stoutly was grasping his gun—
The weapons were very antique—
Old, rusty horse-pistols, come down through the wars
Quite triggerless, lockless, and weak.
They brandished them savagely, giving no quarter
And "millions or death" was their terrible cry;
Now, how could the train-men resist any longer?
It surely were better to give up than die.



A car is soon open; the melons roll out;
The highwaymen shout in mad joy;
While one with his fire-arms still holds up the train,
The others their talents employ
In testing the worth of their bravely won prize,
For which they have risked being counted as felons,
And almost forget the poor train and lone guard,
While losing their heads in the big, juicy melons.

"Now, chile," said the guard to the pale engineer,
"You git!" and the frightened man threw
Wide open the throttle, and dashing through gloom,
The robbers were soon lost to view.
But all through that dread night they fancied they heard
The bacchanal sounds of the highwaymen's frolic;
Mistaken idea! 'Twas the yell of despair;
The melon-thieves screeching in spasms of colic.

MARY A. BENSON.

ADMITTED TO THE BAR.

Not long since I happened to meet a young man who had just been admitted to the bar, and he called attention to the fact by saying, "Well, I've got my shingle out."

"Glad to hear it; wish you every success," I replied, and passed on.

That afternoon the young man came into my sanctum. "Look here," said he, "it occurred to me that you might think I spoke to you of my admission to the bar with the desire that you would mention it in your paper."

"Oh, no; I had no such thought. I know your modesty about such things."

"Well," he said, "I was afraid you might, and I thought I would just run up and ask you not to say anything about it."

I pledged myself not to say a word.

"Because," he added, "I think it very bad form to be eternally button-holing some newspaper man to get a puff out of him. Don't you?"

I said I quite agreed with him.

"Although, I suppose," he continued meditatively, "it doesn't do a young man any harm to have his name before the public occasionally."

"Especially a young professional man," I suggested.

"Well, that's so," he admitted. "It is pretty hard pulling at first for a young lawyer; but still, if he studies hard, and the people hear a good deal about him in one way and another, most any attorney of ordinary ability can work up a good practice. Don't you think so?"

I did and told him so.

"A good deal," he went on, "in fact almost everything depends upon a man's keeping his name before the public right along. Ain't that so?"

Of course I agreed to that.

"Some little thing like this, for instance: 'Young Mr. Brown, son of one of our foremost citizens, has developed into a lawyer of brilliant promise and is rapidly acquiring a lucrative practice.' I say a little thing like that in your paper wouldn't do a fellow any harm. Do you think it would?"

I made no reply, but handed him a neatly printed card containing our regular rates for advertising. He studied it thoughtfully a moment, then took his hat and walked away without saying a word.

OYSTERS VS. HAM.

This is the season of the oyster; being in season he is seasoned, and being seasoned he is seized. Let us consider him a little while he is going down.

Of all the animals which men eat alive the oyster is the most docile, and yet not tame by any means. We mean he is not frisky like the skipper or those microscopical but extremely quick inhabitants of the beverage of the temperance people, or the red-eyed devil-fish that lurks in every glass of rum. It is this placidity, smoothness and gentleness, this "rr"-baneness as well as goodness, that makes the oyster so popular in our throats and so welcome in our digestive apparatuses. He does not, like ham, tickle the palate but strike terror all along the diaphragm—not unless he is fried in lard.

How many readers of the SIFTINGS know that they complain of the belly-ache between mouthfuls of stomach killers; that what men are largely depends upon what they eat. Ham produces boils; the nourishing clean raw oyster, never. The hog is rank. He feeds on refuse, and the rattlesnake cannot poison him. Whenever the rattlesnake tries to make a hog uneasy it is eaten by the hog, and then some man eats them both.

If in place of pork, you eat oysters as long as they are in season, you will be and have a better liver. You won't smash so much furniture, and when you go to "mingle with the elements and become a brother to the insensate rock," you will have more recollections of seeing your family and less of your grandmother (deceased).

CONVENTIONS IN NEW YORK.

New York is a popular place for holding annual conventions and the like, but the wonder is that any business is transacted, owing to the invitations that are crowded on them to visit places of interest about the city. The proceedings often resemble this:

President of the Amalgamated Axhandle Association, (having called the annual convention to order)—"It is time, gentlemen, that we proceed to transact the business that has called us together. But before we take up the first item in the order of the day, I wish to read you this communication."

[Reads an invitation from Sam Carpenter, President of the Iron Steamboat Company, to take a run down to Coney Island.]

Secretary (rising)—"It is a little out of order to mention it now, I know, but the Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company has just sent us an invitation to visit Gen. Grant's tomb."

Chairman of the Entertainment Committee—"Yes, and the proprietors of the West End Restaurant have invited us to stop with them for refreshments."

Delegate—"As I was coming in the door an officer from Ward's Island asked me if we wouldn't like to come up there and spend a day with their pauper insane."

President—"I have already promised that the delegates shall visit a rendering establishment on Long Island, taking in the Morgue on our return."

Delegate—"Will that interfere with our accepting the invitation to attend the United Soap Boilers' clambake?"

President—"We can take that in in connection with the excursion to the garbage dumping grounds, which comes off the same day."

On motion, the convention adjourns to accept a pressing invitation to climb into the head of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty.

ONLY A MOUTHFUL.

X.—Do you know that man sitting at the table over there?

Q.—Yes; it is Jones, the greatest gourmand in the city.

X.—I know it, and he is eating away his sense.

Q.—That won't hurt him any; it is only a mouthful to him.



"ROOM NUMBER ONE."

In the Astor House, the greatest of New York's down-town hotels, there is a room called "Number One."

Few of those who crowd the café and the rotunda of the hotel daily from twelve to two o'clock, in a wild scramble for lunch, know of the existence of this room, yet there any day at lunch time may be met, among those who sit around the eight or ten little tables, a dozen men whose names are known throughout the whole land. Great lawyers and learned judges, brilliant littérateurs and ordinary congressmen, sit there and eat and drink and talk and smoke together.

Although open to all, yet very few "transients" find their way to "Room Number One." It is like a club, as it is a regular meeting place for the *habitués*, most of whom are known to each other. For three or four hours succeeding noon the tables are filled with groups of men of affairs who, for the time, throw off the cares and worries of the work-a-day world and lunch as wise men should—leisurely, and the music of clattering plates and jingling glasses harmoniously blends with the laugh provoked by the good story and the many merry jests that furnish pleasure and aid digestion.

The room is presided over by Mr. L. C. Speir, who is noted for his cheery smile and his polite attention and obliging manner to all the guests. (I now owe him over \$2 myself).

A feature of the place is the solemn-visaged waiter. I do not know his name, but he answers to anything from "Charlie" to "Hey There!" He is a young man with shaven face and sombre garments who, if he will only live up to the expression of his face, may yet become a priest or an undertaker. He is always cool and collected. I believe nothing would surprise this young man. If you ordered a "differential calculus, rare, with onions," I believe he would try to get it for you, or if he didn't he would inform you, in the coolest possible manner and without a smile, that "we are just out of them, sir," or "Differentials are a little off today, sir; wouldn't recommend them." It is said that recently he filled Congressman Amos Cummings' order for a boiled egg. When Amos tapped the roof off the egg he sniffed once and then he stuck his nose as high up in the atmosphere as possible, snorted several times and said: "Say, waiter, why did you bring me this egg? Just look at it!"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, "don't look very nice—that end don't, sir, I must say."

Among those I met at lunch in "Number One" to-day was Governor Abbot of New Jersey. The genial governor is addicted to puns and liable to give birth to a witicism at any moment. We were talking about tunnels and bridges and increased traveling facilities between New York and Jersey.

"It is very inconvenient as it is now," said the governor. "I come over to New York often on my steam launch, but I tell you when I have to depend on the ferry-boats I find that there's many a slip between New York and Jersey City."

We all saw the point of the governor's "slip" witicism, but when General Sickles, the Sheriff of New York, who sat opposite said, "Yes, governor, I know there is," some around the table did not see the point, and possibly some who read this will not see it until they chew over it for a time.

"Talking of transportation," said Colonel Fellows, "I see that Chauncey Depew is coming back from Europe."

"Yes, and he will bring with him a trunk full of new after-dinner jokes," said Hosea Perkins.

"That will be hard on Fellows, who is Depew's only rival in witty and eloquent dinner talk," gurgled Curtis.

"He should be charged duty on the jokes because they are imported," suggested Commissioner Hess.

"It can't be done," whispered McLaughlin, "he will claim that they are by law exempt."

"Why?"

"Because they are tools of his trade."

My talk last week about John Wanamaker has brought me several letters from people who agree with me to a considerable extent, and referring to Mr. Wanamaker's ability (disability one of them calls it) to tote the Postmaster-General's portfolio, speak of him with a degree of warmth that cannot be less than 110 Farenheit in the shade. Frank Siddall, one of the most prominent manufacturers and business men of Philadelphia, seems to be very much exasperated because of the wretched and inadequate system of letter delivery in Philadelphia. With his characteristic enterprise he has printed a circular, that I presume he is sending to his fellow-sufferers, and in which he says:

"How long, O Lord! how long, must easy-going, quiet, patient Philadelphia, submit to the depressing Incubus of Poor Gas, Bad Streets, Horrible Water and Wretched Post-office Facilities—Philadelphia a city of over 1,000,000 inhabitants and yet a district near the business centre does not get its first mail until 9 o'clock and after—A post-office building costing millions of dollars with every detail for receiving mail matter but hampered with most miserable distributing facilities—Letters received at 7:30 a. m. not delivered until 12:30 p. m., a period of five hours—long enough to allow for sending a train from New York to Philadelphia and back again—Courteous and sympathetic letters from the Post-office Department, but they can promise 'no help for the trouble for at least a year.'"

After this "tale of woe" Mr. Siddall asks the pertinent questions:

"What are our Republican congressmen going to do about it? Have they no influence?"

Possibly they have, but they have none with the P. M. G.

Heretofore when the question has been asked, "Who is Wanamaker?" the answer has been: "Why, the man who raised a \$500,000 fund with which to manipulate the presidential election and boss the situation." If he was what we would all like him to be the answer to the question would be: "He is the man who gave us one cent letter postage although at first it made a 'deficit,' and he also gave us 10, 25 and 50-cent postal currency to enable us to order literature and other necessities through the mail."

But it looks as if that will never be graven on his sarcophagus.

Wanamaker says he is going to spend his special appropriation of \$10,000 in experimenting with a village of 500 inhabitants, where he will give the people free delivery and pay the local schoolmaster to deliver letters in the rural districts. The old farmer, who gets the Horny Hand Agriculturist once a month and a letter from his son Rube in Arizona once a year, will not thank him for free delivery. The only fun he has is going to the grocery for the mail, and when he doesn't get any, compromising for a talk on politics and drinks with the crowd.

No, no, Brother Wanamaker, when you try to run a Sunday-school and the postal service of the United

States on the same plan—and that plan your own—and when you attempt to manage a "Gent's Underwear Emporium" and a department of our government with the same brain you can't do it; and you should muse on the philosophy of an aged colored friend of mine who said:

"Dar ain't no nigger on dis yere footstool what can sing a hime an' hitch up a kickin' mule at de same time."

John Wanamaker is a duodecimo edition of a man bound up in an official quarto cover.

Brother McClure of the Philadelphia Times once more comes before the people as a prophet. He says that Pattison, for governor, can carry Pennsylvania to-day by 50,000 majority—wasn't it 50,000 that he said would be Hancock's majority for President in Pennsylvania some years ago?

Well, well, I declare!

Why don't you quit the prophesying business, Alex? Still, maybe your prophecies "go" in a third-class town, where its status is decided by the votes of its own inhabitants. I refer to the following extract from your own paper:

"Why we are a third-class city: As long as the people of Philadelphia elect third-class Mayors, third-class Councilmen, third-class Congressmen and third-class Legislators, just so long will Philadelphia remain a third-class city."

The man who went away in the early summer, followed by a newspaper notice that he had sailed for Europe "to enjoy a well-earned vacation," is just now returning. He has not as much money as he had when he started, but he knows more. He knows that to bet on the run of the ship and win is rather a knotty problem, and he has seen the tower of London and paid nine pence for a bad cocktail in the Savoy Hotel, and the wit of the ship, on the way back, has told him that the ship's rudder was a stern necessity, and he has learned to say "garçon," instead of pounding on the table with a glass when he wants to be served. He may know something else, but you will recognize him by his knowledge of the above.

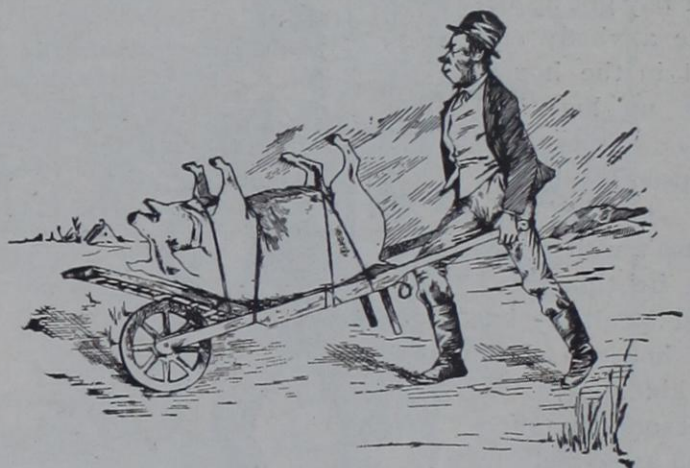
There is another American who has been abroad all summer. See if you do not find him soon getting a notice in the papers. It will read something like this:

"Mr. X's new play was produced at the Opera House in Hamtown last night. While not a financial it was an artistic success."

See you next week.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

TALE OF A PIG.



Pat takes his Pig to Market.



Stops to light his Pipe.



And the Pig scampers away.

WANTED TO BE KIDNAPPED.



HE WAS a boy who read the papers regularly, especially the Sunday papers, and he had come across numerous accounts of boys being stolen away to make over into pirates, gypsies, circus riders and the like.

One day he got hold of a dime novel entitled "Scalping Knife Sam; or the Boy Chief

of the Tustiboojians." It told how a little boy was once kidnapped in a street car while on his way to school—a warning to boys not to be caught going to school, by the way—how he made an heroic resistance, disabling four of his assailants with a slate strap, and how he was disguised and taken to the Far West in a Pullman palace car and sold to a savage tribe who elected him Chief at their regular spring election, and built him a six-story, brown stone front wigwam for him to live in.

His imagination was inflamed by this story in particular, and he longed to be kidnapped himself. He had grown tired of school, and was disgusted with the hum-drum life he was leading at home. So he determined to put himself in the way of being stolen and spirited away. It was the spirited way this boy had. He had no idea of never returning. Oh, no; for he thought how nice it would be to steal quietly in upon the family some day in a neatly-fitting pirate suit, or Indian toggerly—for he hadn't quite concluded whether he would be a buccaneer of the Spanish main or adopt a tribe of Indians as his own. That would depend a good deal on what kind of a kidnapper was around looking up boys.

One morning our boy got up before anybody else did in the house, put on his Sunday clothes—no gypsies would look at a boy who wasn't well dressed, he thought—and stealthily left the house in search of kidnappers. He felt some compunction as he crept by his mother's door, and a lump came into his throat as he heard a faint cry from his baby brother, but he swallowed it down and kept on. No such weakness would answer for a pirate or even a gypsy.

When he reached the outer air he walked straight on for a while, then he turned into an unfrequented street which led to the river, along which he wandered, looking at the ships and wharves. He saw nothing that looked like a pirate vessel and no kidnappers rushed out to seize him. Perhaps it was too early in the morn-



Running Away from Home.



Found by a Policeman.

ing. He didn't meet a single gypsy, and the only man he saw who looked anything like a pirate was a river reporter for one of the papers.

He got quite a scare one time in turning a street corner, when he ran straight into the arms of a herculean Indian who was standing there, tomahawk in hand, but he proved to be only a wooden one.

Night came at length and our boy had wandered into a strange part of the city and lost his way. He was tired and hungry, and the life of a wild rover had lost its charms, somehow. The glitter and pomp of a gypsy career had become very much faded, too. Home never seemed so attractive to him as it did at that moment, and he longed to see mother and the baby. He crept into a hallway and began to cry. A man in blue finally came along, but he wasn't a sailor, he was only a common, everyday policeman. He took our little boy to the station house, for he was so frightened that he couldn't tell what his name was or where he lived. The brave boy who aspired to succeed the Boy Chief



Frightened by an Indian.

of the Tustiboojians cried himself to sleep that night in the station house, and the next morning when he was calmer he was able to tell where he belonged and was sent home, quite cured of his desire to be kidnapped.

HE ROUTED THE PROFESSOR.

He was a very tall, pompous-looking individual wearing a silk hat, gold spectacles and a broadcloth suit, and as he seated himself beside the seedy person—a lightning-rod man, doubtless—every one in the car who could get a look at him without wringing their necks eyed him admiringly.

"That's Professor Knowall, of the University," whispered the brakeman in response to a question from the Chicago drummer. "He's the bloke wot wrote the 'Household Compendium of Useful Information; or 100,000 Helpful Hints.' I can tell from the way he looks he's goin' to give that chap next to him some points, so if you want to increase your stock of general knowledge take the opposite seat."

Always ready to learn, the Chicago drummer did as directed and was just in time to hear the following dialogue:

"Did you ever think," began the Professor, "what a number of revolutions the driving-wheel of a locomotive makes in going from here to Rochester, for instance?"

The seedy man being deep in the pages of a paper-covered novel, the Professor repeated his question.

"I never did," said the seedy man, apologetically.

The Professor smiled as though to say, "I thought as much," and continued, impressively:

"Then you will doubtless be surprised to learn that the average driving-wheel makes 293 1-3 revolutions to the mile, and the distance from here to Rochester being thirty miles the wheel goes round (here the Professor did some lightning calculating) 8,800 times," and he smiled a Q. E. D.

The Chicago drummer in trying to verify the figures with a pencil and order book got stuck on the fraction and gave it up.

"That's curious," said the seedy man, interestedly; "I never thought of that, but I heard a man say once that the main wheel of a watch revolves but four times in a day. Is that so?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Professor, condescendingly, "and the centre wheel makes 124."

"The same man said the third wheel went around 192 times," continued the seedy man, deprecatingly.

"Hm!" returned his companion, "I believe he was right. I suppose he told you, too, that the fourth wheel goes around—hm—"

"Two thousand four hundred and forty times," murmured the seedy man, timidly.

"Precisely."

"The fifth, or scape-wheel, he said, revolved 12,960—"

"By the way," interrupted the Professor, hastily, "speaking of watches reminds me that the gold produced in this country in one year was valued at \$53,500,000."

"Which is forty-three per cent. of the total product of the world in the same time," mused the seedy man.

The Professor was regaining his composure somewhat when the train shot out of the tunnel into which it had plunged and he began again.

"That tunnel always reminds me of the St. Gothard in the Alps. It is the largest in the world, you know, being nine and one-half miles long, eighteen feet ten inches high, and twenty-four and one-half feet wide."

"Twenty-six and one-half," corrected the seedy man, with a singular smile.

The Professor eyed his companion askance, and shifted his position uneasily. The seedy man saw his embarrassment and deftly followed up his advantage.

"I wonder," said he, "if that farmer planting yonder knows exactly how much seed to plant to the acre?"

The Professor shook himself together in a dazed sort of way and replied mechanically:

"Two bushels broadcast 11.4 in drills."

"Yes, but he is sowing peas, which require three bushels broadcast. Now, if it were turnips he ought to sow three pounds; corn, eight quarts; celery seed, eight ounces; flax, twenty quarts; barley, two and one-half bushels; onions, in beds for sets, fifty pounds; potatoes, eight bushels; tomato plants, 3,800; rye—"

The Professor, however, did not linger to learn how much rye to plant to the acre, but murmuring something about having to see a friend in the rear car, started for the door.

The seedy man looked after him with a brassy glitter in his eye, and then was about to resume his novel once more when the Chicago drummer spoke to him in an awe-stricken voice, saying:

"Stranger, who are you, anyhow?"

"Oh, I'm only the editor of a Massachusetts weekly which runs an 'Answers to the Anxious' column. Don't talk shop often, but self-preservation is the first law of nature," and the statistic fiend smiled wearily.

REESE P. RISLEY.

LIGHT AND DEEP RED.

First Student—Maud Esty is a very pretty girl, but she knows very little about literature.

Second Student—How do you know?

I asked her the other day whether she had ever read Tennyson.

What did she say?

She said she had read several novels but didn't remember one called Tennyson. I couldn't help smiling a little, and then she saw she had blundered and blushed scarlet.

She blushed scarlet, I suppose, because she wasn't deep red.

WEBB AND WATER.

Vanderbilt Third Vice-President Webb—Mr. Powderly, I will never take water.

Powderly—Neither would I if I were a Vanderbilt. But keep it dark. Mumm's the word.



THEN AND NOW.

O, you who love "the dear old times"—

How would you like to wear

In these hot days a powdered wig,

Instead of your cropped hair?

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XLIV.



THE DEATH OF LOUIS XIV. brought the regency of Philip II., Duke of Orleans, which lasted eight years, or until his death in 1723. The Duke was a brilliant but unprincipled man, and through his example French morals were reduced to a very low ebb. Many think they have

remained in that reduced condition ever since, but that is a libel upon the French people. There is no greater proportion of immorality among them than among other nations. There is no people freer from the vice of intemperance, and the contrast in this respect between Paris and London or New York is very great.

It was during the regency of the Duke of Orleans that the famous financier, George Law, introduced a scheme for making everybody rich by the limitless issue of paper money by the government, and the disastrous result of the experiment hasn't deterred others from following in his footsteps. At intervals men bob up in America with similar propositions.

Louis XV. became king in 1723. He was a great-grandson of Louis XIV. He married the daughter of Stanislaus, who polished the Polish throne for a time, but was compelled to abandon it at last and hie him away. His rather-in-law being deprived of his crown Louis was able to Stan'-is-laus with composure, as he wittily remarked to his friend and tutor, l'Abbé Dubois, who was one of Dubois himself.

Royal marriages are remarkable affairs, sometimes. Louis was first affianced to the Infanta of Spain, eldest daughter of Philip V., the Bourbon King. This young lady was actually brought to Paris and placed in a boarding-school, to be educated for the position of Queen. Already taught to walk Spanish, she was schooled in French dancing and many other accomplishments. But she was ten years younger than the King, and he said he wasn't marrying little girls, or words to that effect, and the match was abruptly broken off, much to the relief, perhaps, of the Infanta.

Philip, her father, considered this a gross insult, Spanish honor, always a very ticklish thing, was wounded, and the result was that he made an alliance with his ancient rival, Charles VI. of Austria, against combined France, England and Prussia. At the same time Russia and Poland leagued themselves with Austria and Spain, and it was generally supposed that Europe was about to plunge into all the miseries of a general war. But she didn't, just then. Europe is accustomed to this sort of thing. You have probably noticed, *mes enfants*, that Europe is trembling on the verge of a general war two or three times a year.

It would be too tedious to follow the wars and rumors of wars that attended the reign of Louis XV. Sometimes he had the English for allies and sometimes he was fighting against them. It was during one of the latter periods that England wrested Canada from the French, in 1759, and England holds it still, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts of Erastus Wiman to bring it over to New York.

The latter years of Louis XV. were given up to gross immoralities, and he was humiliated and despised by the nation. He appeared to foresee the great revolution which the succeeding reign was to develop, for he used to remark: *Après moi le deluge*—after me the deluge. Yet there was a time when he was loved by his people and given the surname, *Bien-aimé*, well-loved. This was in 1744, when he lay at Metz, very ill with a fever, and it was thought he would die. Carlyle writes: "At the news of this, Paris, all in terror, seemed a city taken by storm; the churches resounded with supplications and groans; the prayers of priests and people were every moment interrupted by their sobs; and it was from an interest so dear and tender that this surname of *Bien-aimé* fashioned itself."

But it was different in May, 1774, when Louis XV. came to die of small-pox. He was universally detested,

and in his last hours he was almost deserted. His mistress, Madame Pompadour, died ten years before, after bringing many evils upon France by her cupidity and extravagance. Her magnificent palace on *Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré*, called *Palais de l'Elysée*, is now the residence of the President of France.

Louis XV. was succeeded by his grandson, the unfortunate Louis XVI., then twenty years of age. Four years before he married Marie Antoinette, an Austrian princess, and both were guillotined during the Reign of Terror, which was the outcome of the great Revolution which broke out in 1789.

Here I will leave you, *mes chers, petits amis*, for the shuddering days of the French Revolution are too horrible and ghastly for my lightly-feathered pen to cope with. So for that and the subsequent history of France I can but recommend you to the regularly appointed historians of those times, and say, *Au revoir, mes enfants*.

THE END.

BE PLAIN AND HANDSOME.

According to our venerable co-molder, the old but never-heaving New York Post, the Rev. Dr. A. D. Mayor struck a keynote of the negro question in the following statement at the Mohank conference:

"Radical that he is, the negro has shown himself the most politic of peoples in his endurance of what could not be overcome, and his tactful, even crafty appropriation of all opportunities. He has pushed in at every door."

Now that might all refer to chickens. Many a careless reader among negroes will see a henroost between those lines.

It is the mistake of many geniuses to be verbose—we should say wordy. They make large two-ended statements that not only fail to help the negro race but even add to the load of a large, sensitive and burdened portion of the white race.

We all know that the negro question can be settled every day by a simple and strict application of the Golden Rule, Mohank or no Mohank.



OL. SHEPARD'S SO-
LILOQUY.

To vote or not to vote, that is the question—Whether 'tis right to let the negro suffer The outrages of an over-bearing South, Or to station armed bands around all the polls, And opposing, see they vote?—To vote or shoot No more—and by arms and threats to say we end The thousand outrages and ignominies

The negro's heir to—'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wished. To vote or shoot. To shoot!—perchance to kill—ay, there's the rub; For in that shot of death what woes may come! To perform such deeds, and all for the negro, Must give us pause. There's the respect That makes Southern outrages of so long life. But for all this, must the negro be denied The right of suffrage, the freeman's heritage, Bear the pangs and insults of race prejudice, The insolence of rebels, and base threats, When we ourselves might his sad wrongs aright With the aid of a shotgun? Rather than let Them grunt and sweat under such ills of life, We will with arms fly to their assistance, For voting makes cowards of negroes all!

ROBERT GREATHOUSE.

THE EDITOR'S ADVICE.

Young Humorist (to the editor)—Have you looked over the comic sketches I left with you?

Editor—I have.

Y. H.—They ain't as good as I might do if I hadn't so many other irons in the fire.

Editor (handing back the manuscript)—Here they are, and I advise you—

Y. H.—What?

Editor—Put them with the other irons.



ACCUSTOMED TO THE BEST AT HOME.

MRS. VAN ASTORBILT (in the lamp store)—I suppose you know that these ninety-dollar lamps are fully as satisfactory as the two-hundred-dollar style. Is not that your experience at home?

CLERK TEETHINGRING—Aw, well, I—aw—I have nevaw used the ninety-dollar style, you know.

PERMANENT.

Mrs. Fussy (reading)—Reasonable rates offered to permanent parties.

Mr. Fussy—Humph! Is it a grave-yard they're advertising?

HAD BRAVED THE WIND.

Miss Gotham—Were you ever caught in a cyclone out West, Mr. Kaw?

Mr. Kaw—Nope: but I once 'tended a meetin' o' th' Legislatoor.

A TRULY DEMOCRATIC VERDICT.

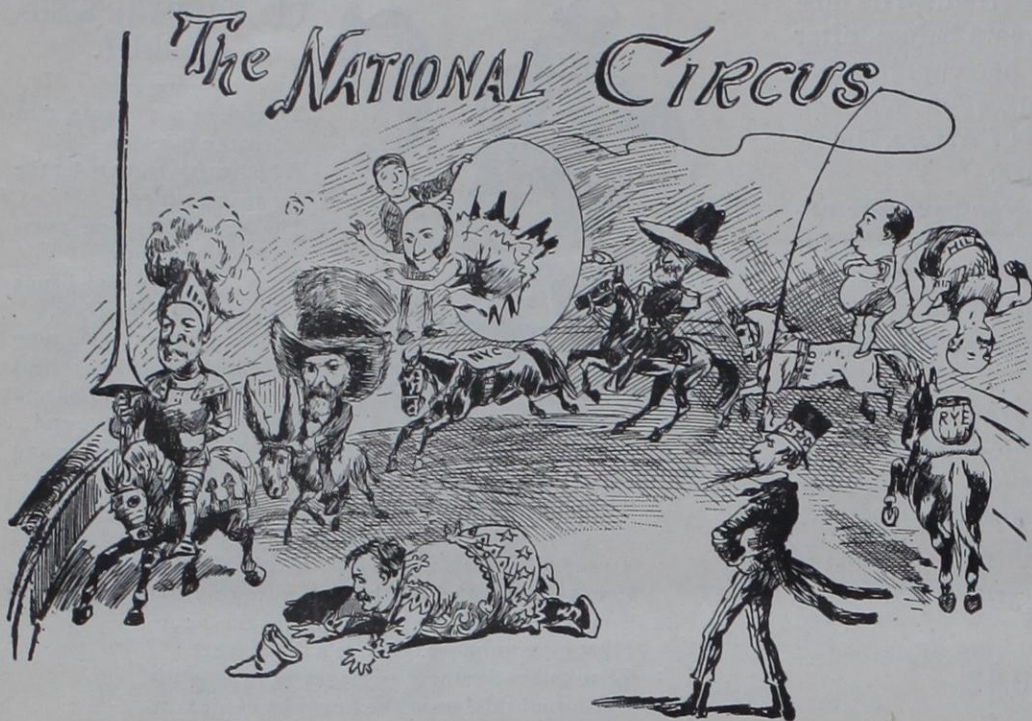
Baboony—Aw—you say, Tom, that you have one infallible wule faw telling a gentlemawn in the stweerts; what is it, pway?

Wiggins—Why, he doesn't wear skirts.

HIS REASON.

Old Grump—Why don't you try to save some money?

Young Fastboy—Afraid some one would want to borrow it.



Labor Day has come to be accepted as a general holiday. The good idea of celebrating the end of the summer vacation and the beginning of serious work in the autumn commends itself to everybody. It is called Labor Day upon the same *lucus à non lucendo* principle that the person that never makes speeches is called the Speaker; for on Labor Day nobody labors. Americans need more legal and popular holidays. In Vienna it is said that every day of the year is a Saint's day and every Saint's day is a holiday; but, without going so far as that, one day in each month might profitably be devoted to relaxation. An extraordinary feature of the Labor Day celebration, this year, was the effort of the churches to make it a holy day as well as a holiday. Over thirty churches held special exercises.

Secretary Blaine, in his great speech at Waterville, announced what is practically a new departure for the Republican party. "The United States," he says, "has reached a point where one of its highest duties is to enlarge the area of its foreign trade," and, therefore, he advocates reciprocity as what Pitt called "the annexation of trade." The policy of attending to our own business: selling to foreign nations the overplus of the necessities of life, and buying from them only those luxuries which we cannot manufacture better here, has brought this country to its present unequaled prosperity. What reciprocal advantages any foreign nation can offer us for allowing its goods to come in free of duty Mr. Blaine does not state. Moreover, his peculiar language smacks as much of Federalism as his policy does of free trade. He speaks of the United States in the singular number and a singular manner, referring to "its" duties and "its" trade. This language is unconstitutional. The United States are always mentioned by the founders of the Union in the plural, to signify that this Republic is an aggregation of states and not an empire. Mr. Blaine should reconsider his position.

What the working people of New York think of free trade was not only evident in the last election, when they selected Harrison in preference to Cleveland, but, also, last week, when a party of free traders went through the East side of the city, preaching their doctrines from trucks. They had agreed that free trade should not be mentioned in their addresses; but the people found them out, before their speeches were half-delivered, and pelted them with rotten vegetables, mud and stones, following them through the streets, hooting them down and literally driving them away. When such scenes occur in New York, a city which is supposed to be owned by importers of foreign goods, there can be no doubt as to the sentiments of American voters throughout the country. "We expected eggs, not stones," said one of the discomfited free traders. He had counted his eggs before they were laid.

It is surprising that the Herald, which has for years been ambitious of becoming a family newspaper, should not only devote so much space to the slugging match between Slavin and Joe McAuliffe, but should announce that it held the sum of \$1,000 to bet against Slavin. A sporting paper prides itself upon holding the stakes for such illegal encounters; but never before has a reputable newspaper cabled that its London office was being used as a betting-place by the admirers of prize-fighters. No doubt, the cablegram was intended as a puff for the theatrical agent who offered the bluffing wager; but the shameful report reflects more discredit upon the Herald than the wager (if made in good faith) can do good in advertising the agent.

audacity to say: "There is an indescribable expression of the eye—every fine observer knows it—which distinguishes a modest girl from a matron." This outrageous charge that married women and mothers are not modest will be resented in every household. As for the alleged "indescribable expression," that is literally "all my eye."

A Paris correspondent writes that the wife of Zola never reads her husband's books. This confirms the reports that Mrs. Zola is a good, respectable lady, and encourages the hope that, in time, she may convert the old man.

The oyster is the hero of the hour. Everybody welcomes September because it has an "R" in it and the favorite American bivalve, raw, fried, broiled, stewed or roasted, is again in season. Of course, all the daily papers have republished their annual essay upon the oyster, remarkable for words and few facts. The simple truth is that, outside of America, there are no eatable oysters. Those of England and France are coppery; those of Naples are a delusion and a snare, being like the American in the appearance of their shells and like the English in flavor. The principal use of foreign oysters is in sauces. Oyster saloons, found on every block in this country, are unknown abroad. There you order your oysters from the fish-monger. I know of only two places in London where you can buy oysters on the half shell. The best oysters at this time of year are the Shrewsburys, as yellow as the Jersey mud in which they have fattened in. The Saddle Rocks and Blue Points, although advertised in every saloon, are the oysters of tradition. All large oysters are now called Saddle Rocks. Real Blue Points have a fringe of blue and are not seen once in a blue moon.

Poor old Ireland, the most distressful country that ever yet was seen, is threatened with another famine. The outlook is so serious that the British government is already taking action to relieve the peasantry. But, as on many former occasions, Ireland looks to America rather than to England for relief. The shiploads of provisions and the immense amounts of money contributed by this country are still remembered by a grateful people, and the organized system of relief, instituted a few years ago by James Gordon Bennett, of the Herald, is a model for official procedure. He had agents to travel through every hamlet, and his relief ships stopped at every village along the coast. Money to buy food for starving Ireland will pour in fast enough as soon as the proper committees issue their appeals; but it would be well for these committees to make inquiry as to the thousands of dollars left over from former Irish funds. For example, some \$25,000 were raised here for a statue to O'Connell, and Horace Greeley was one of the trustees. What became of all that money?

The predictions of TEXAS SIFTINGS about the difficulties in the way of establishing our District Messenger service in England have come true. The English company does not call its employes District Messengers, but Boy Messengers; it charges six cents a mile or twelve cents an hour—much less than our companies—and offers to carry parcels, run errands and execute commissions. All this work is already done by the Commissionaires, who are mostly veterans of the Army or Navy. The Postmaster-General, who controls the telegraphs in England, will not allow the messenger calls to be introduced, although Captain Davies has purchased the American patents. The government insists

that no letter nor other written communication must be carried by the Boy Messengers when summoned by the telegraph calls. A compromise has been discussed by which every message shall have a two-cent postage stamp affixed; but this pleases neither the government nor the company. The telegraph being a government monopoly, the restriction is made to protect it against outside competition. Even the telephone is discounted in England. These results should be considered by those who are urging that our government should make the telegraph an adjunct to the Post-Office, and who start rumors of Congressional interference every session to boom the Western Union stock.

The Silver Bill, so violently opposed before it became law, seems to meet with no opposition now. On the contrary, the purchases under it, made monthly by Secretary Windom, are welcomed as a relief to the tight money market. But there is an occult connection between the Silver Bill and the tight money market. Months ago, after carefully counting the votes in Congress and foreseeing that the bill would pass, a party of speculators bought up \$6,000,000 worth of silver and carried it along until the President signed the bill. This tying up of \$6,000,000 of cash assisted to cause the tightness of money in Wall street. Up went the price of silver and the speculators were able to lend money, at high rates of interest, upon the security of their holdings. When Secretary Windom began to buy silver, they were not ready to sell. They expect to make \$12,000,000 out of their \$6,000,000 investment, and they can already show fifty per cent. profit. As soon as silver is pushed up to par with gold, there will be lively times throughout the whole country. Meanwhile, the temporary relief furnished to Wall street by Secretary Windom's monthly purchase has diverted attention from the silver corner which these speculators have adroitly manipulated.

As lucky as it is plucky, the World has escaped annoyance from the tie-up in the brick trade, because its new building was almost completed before the trouble began. Envious contemporaries have sneered at the architecture of the Pulitzer building; but, now that its proportions can be fully observed, it stands out as a lofty pedestal supporting a graceful, gilded dome, visible from all parts of the city and from the opposite shores for miles. The building will thus not only be a thoroughly equipped newspaper office, but a splendid standing advertisement for the World. The spare space in the ample edifice is to be let for offices, and those who are fortunate enough to become tenants will have the advantage of being in the centre of city affairs and always up in the world.

THE RINGMASTER.

WHERE HE WAS OUT.

Granger—Is this the first time you were ever out in the West?

Traveler—Oh, no; I invested in a farm mortgage ten years ago, and I'm five thousand dollars out on that to-day!

A testy man should bridle his tongue so that he can rein in his temper.



VERY MUCH LIKE OTHER TRAMPS.

BABOONY—Aw—Tom—Cawn't you lend me a ten? I find myself short and I want to get a bite of dinner.

WIGGINS—Yes; here's ten cents. Go and get some pork and beans.



READY TO RESIGN.

OWNER OF THE STABLE (to new stable-man)—I am surprised at your awkwardness. You said you knew all about a horse.

STABLE-MAN—I know all about a horse I want to, sur. Yours threw me off and nearly smashed in me ribs.

PEOPLE WHO HAVE MET ME.

In looking over a lot of books the other day I chanced upon one entitled, "People I Have Met," and it set me thinking, not of people I have met, but of people who have met me. Among my early recollections in that line is the man who met me in his melon patch. It was not by previous appointment. Had I known that he would meet me I should have avoided the meeting. However, he met me and there was considerable feeling convinced. At first he felt for me (there was no moon that night), but shortly afterward I felt for myself. The memory of that meeting lingered with me long after I resumed the habit of sitting on a chair, as is laid down in common North American etiquette.

After I had traveled a little further along life's pathway, so to speak—sometimes at a trot, other times at a gallop, never a walk—a young lady met me. Oh, my! the memory of that meeting! Even now, as it comes back to my mind, after the lapse of years, I think of it cautiously lest my wife hear me. That young lady used to meet me in the evening in the lane, in the gloaming or any other convenient place apart from the vulgar country gaze, and there was always business of importance transacted at our meetings.

One evening her father met me. It was quite dark, and I had scarcely pressed a warm, fervid kiss upon his ruby lips before I discovered that a cog had slipped somewhere. The physician said next day that I would recover, and for my folks to have no apprehension of brain fever.

It was some time after this before I was met by any one of special importance. Then it was a man. It was in the city, and the man was a brother of an old friend of mine. I did not remember him, but as he had just drawn a large prize in the lottery, I could not resist his invitation to go and see him draw the money. I went. I saw. He drew—my money! The sides of my pocket rubbed against each other for a long time after that meeting, and I mourned that the man ever met me.

Landladies innumerable have met me, at the head of the stairs and at the front door, and usually at a time most inopportune for us both. These were meetings that embarrassed me, though they were not of my seeking. Oh, no! My tailor has met me when I had no desire to see him. The butcher has met me when I have even failed to recognize him, and the tax collector has vulgarly shouted at me from across the street. All this has hardened me and experience has taught me that by the exercise of a little stratagem I can, in a measure, determine who can meet me and who cannot, though I sometimes miscalculate in turning a corner. I have finally arrived at the conclusion that it is not the people we meet, but the people who meet us, who are apt to make our lives miserable.

EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.

A close reader—one who always borrows his neighbor's paper, being too close to buy one.

THE CARES OF WEALTH.

A convocation of commercial travelers was gathered together on the breezy veranda of a Galveston hotel. An itinerant beggar, who had once been a wealthy and respected citizen, but who had become impoverished by lack of deep water and his efforts to counteract the atmospheric influences, approached the group in a sidlong manner, somewhat after the style of a crab, and by the display of transitory wit, which so delights drummers, he charmed the entire circle. The drinks which he exhaled were numerous, and at the expense of the drummers. Finally, as he was about to withdraw from the canvass, one of the drummers inquired, just as if he had some doubt on the subject:

"Don't you want ten cents to get a drink in the morning?"

The tramp did not accept the nomination viva voce; but, after a pause, remarked that he thought that there was no legal obstacle to the drummer making that kind of an investment.

"I will advance you the money if you will promise not to spend it until to-morrow morning, and then only for a drink."

The tramp readily promised to carry out the trust thus imposed upon him.

"Here is your money."

The beggar, impecunious no longer, took the money and was about to convey it to a place of safety, when an idea seemed to strike him with considerable violence. He turned back.

"I say, gentlemen, I hope you understand I am a man of my word."

"O, certainly."

"I have promised not to buy a drink with this money until to-morrow morning."

"That's the understanding."

"Just so. But the Bible says never put off until to-morrow that which you can do to-day, and—"

"You are not going back on your word!"

"O, no; but I was just thinking that, as capital is so insecure, the dread of my being robbed in my sleep will keep me awake all night. Now, if I had another drink right now, a sort of a night-cap, you know, I would sleep as sound as if I had no cash balance on my mind. I tell you, gentlemen, men of wealth have their troubles, as well as the poorer classes. Before I became the custodian of that ten cents with which you have so generously endowed me, I had no occasion to resort to artificial means to produce healthful slumber. My sleep was like that of an infant, so calm—"

"O, pshaw! Here's another dime to get a night-cap."

The proposition was accepted on the spot, and the ten cents was utilized in procuring an antidote against nervous anxiety peculiar to those who are burdened with too many of this world's goods.

YE CANDIDATE.

Now prowleth forth ye candidate. He girdeth up his loins and armeth himself with campaign literature, ye new patent slinger of mud of large calibre and such like weapons. Sallyeth he forth and tackleth ye unsuspecting citizen of ye rural districts. No shining plug hat adorn-

eth then his ornate brow, which he now covereth with the shades of a woolen hat of ye fifty cent variety; no longer weareth he ye broadcloth coat nor trousers of ye fog-horn proclivities. No, verily! his head beeth equal to the donkey's in length when it cometh to dress. He putteth on a pair of old jean trousers and stuffeth the bottoms thereof into ye tops of cowhide boots. Neither purple nor fine linen showeth itself upon his person. Cheweth he no longer fine tobacco but filleth his mouth with homemade twist, thereby he showeth to ye "intelligent voter" how few and simple beeth the wants of ye truly great. He quencheth his thirst from a jug (and truly his thirst requireth frequent quenchings.) Despiseth he ye cut glass and eke ye silver cuplets. Remarketh he sagely upon crops. Enquireth he with much friendliness after "your folks." Talketh he with much vehemence upon topics of ye present time. Slingeth he mud promiscuous. Promiseth he all manner of things. Pulleth he many wires. Placeth he himself "in the hands of his friends." Worketh he warily. Then is he elected. Carefully layeth he by his campaign toggery (and eke his promises.) He taketh possession of his office and soon again in fine raiment he bloometh as a rose.

W. H. MOBLEY.

SHE PREFERRED THE BURGLARS.

"The fact is," said old Mrs. Jinks, who was in Austin, Texas, on a visit, "the fact is, my dear Mrs. Binks, I had the narrowest escape from being ruined the other day you ever heard of."

"How was it?" asked Mrs. Binks, growing interested.

"Well, you know I sold our house and lot last month, and had the money ready to deposit in the savings bank the next morning, which was the very day of its failure."

"Yes, I read about it."

"I slept with my money under my pillow," continued Mrs. Jinks, "and the next morning when I got ready to start for the bank the money was gone."

"Where had it gone to?"

"Some burglars had taken it during the night. An hour after the bank burst up. Did you ever hear of such a remarkable piece of good luck?"

"I don't see where the luck comes in. You lost your cash all the same."

"Yes, but they caught the burglars, and, on condition of my not prosecuting they returned me fifty cents on the dollar. The bank only panned out fifteen. There's no use talking, Hanner, between savings banks and burglars I'll take my chances with burglars every time."

LAND AND WATER.

Mr. Porker—I see that the immigrants land at the Barge Office now.

Mr. Gotham—Yes, and they water there, too; there's no beer to be had.



BITTERS WITH THE SWEET.

OLD MR. GRUMP—You seem to be fond of sweet things, Bobby.

BOBBY—Yes, pa; but I suppose I'll be fond of my bitters when I'm as old as you.

GRANDFATHER MAPLE'S GHOST.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.



RS. MAPLE'S farm-house was assailed by a December snow-storm, whose sharp needles were rattling against the casement; patter, patter, the last dead leaves of the old sycamore tree drifted down upon the door-stone.

It was an old, old house, and Mrs. Maple was an old, old

woman. But you will sometimes find tufts of snowy blossoms bursting from age-lichened apple-trees, and sprays of greenery on the boughs of century-old oak-trees; and so it happened that Minnie Maple, the ancient crone's great-granddaughter, was the bud and blossom of her worn-out life.

Old Mrs. Maple owned house and land, and had money out at interest; but she was a shrewd old lady, and liked to keep her affairs in her own hands. And pretty Minnie, albeit an heiress in prospective, taught the district school, and took care of the farm dairy out of hours.

"It won't hurt her to work for her living if she is to be rich one of these days," said Mrs. Maple. "I worked when I was a girl."

And upon this dreamy December night Mrs. Maple's swift knitting-needles gleamed like steely lightning in the firelight; and Minnie sat on a low chair beside her, mending table-cloths, while ever and anon a big drop would plash down upon the darned spots like a glistening globule of dew.

"But, grandmother, *why?*" burst out Minnie at last, with blue eyes lifted up like forget-me-nots drenched in rain, to the old lady's parchment-like face.

"Because I say so," said old Mrs. Maple. And the fire crackled, and the snow clicked softly against the window-panes, and the knitting-needles made zigzags of light as they flew back and forth.

"But you say, yourself, grandmother, that he's a good young man," pleaded Minnie.

Old Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Without a bad habit in the world!"

And again old Mrs. Maple nodded like a Chinese mandarin in a collection of curiosities.

"And forehanded with his farm?"

For the third time Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Then, grandmother, why won't you consent to our marriage?" urged the girl.

"Child," said Mrs. Maple, turning her spectacle glasses full upon Minnie's sweet, flower-like face, "I've told you why half a hundred times! It's because your great-grandfather Maple and his great-grandfather were mortal enemies. Because your grandfather's last words upon his deathbed were: 'I leave my soul to Heaven, my money to my dear wife, and my everlasting enmity to Job Crofton!'"

"But, grandmother," said Minnie, with a shudder, "that was very wicked! And surely, surely, the shadow of a tombstone should be a reconciliation!"

Old Mrs. Maple shook her white head.

"Your grandfather was a very vindictive man, Minnie," said she; "I never disobeyed him living, and I never will disobey him dead!"

"But, grandmother," coaxed Minnie, with her fresh cheek against the old lady's hand, "he wouldn't know it. How could he?"

"Child, child, your Grandfather Maple knew *everything*," said the old lady, with a sudden superstitious glance over her left shoulder, as something seemed to rustle at the casement. "And I do believe his ghost would haunt me if I didn't give good heed to his last words. No, no; Gilbert Crofton can never be your husband, and you may as well give up the idea first as last."

And Minnie Maple cried herself to sleep that night.

A Nerve Tonic,

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. EPHRAIM BATEMAN, Cedarville, N. J., says: "I have used it for several years not only in my practice, but in my own individual case, and consider it under all circumstances one of the best nerve tonics that we possess. For mental exhaustion or overwork it gives renewed strength and vigor to the entire system."

"For I never, never can marry him without Grandmother Maple's consent," she sobbed. "I'll stay single for his sake until the day of my death; but I never can disobey the kind old soul who has taken a mother's place to me and brought me up from a baby."

But the next night there was an apple bee at Deacon Dangerfield's, and Minnie Maple was there. Gilbert Crofton did not make his appearance until late.

"Gilbert," said the little *fiancé*, who sat reproachfully amid a crimson avalanche of apples, "what makes you so late?"

"I've been busy," said Gilbert. "But never mind so long as I'm in time for the Virginia reel."

And they walked home together through the snow-drifts, talking happily of what might be if only Grandmother Maple's adamant heart could be softened.

But, late though it was, with the old clock on the stroke of one, there was a light shining redly from the keeping-room windows, and through the uncurtained casement they could see Grandmother Maple marching up and down the room like a sentinel on duty, her high-heeled boots tapping on the floor, her fingers instinctively wandering around and around the inside of her empty snuff-box.

Minnie hurried into the room.

"Why, grandmother," cried she, "whatever is the matter? Here are the logs all burned down to white ashes and the candle-wick guttering, and in such a flutter as never was! What has happened, grandmother?"

Mrs. Maple turned her keen blue eyes upon her great-granddaughter with an expression like that of a sleep-walker.

"Minnie, come in and shut that door. Is that you, Gilbert Crofton, the great-grandson of Job? Come you in also. Children," with her old hands shaking as if palsy-stricken. "I've seen a ghost!"

"Impossible!" cried Gilbert Crofton.

"Dear grandmother, you must have been dreaming," soothed Minnie, creeping up to her side and drawing her down into the old arm-chair beside the hearth.

"Dreaming!" shrieked the old woman; "I was as wide awake as I am at this moment. I had been over to see Mrs. Muir's sick child, and it was close on ten o'clock when I got back. And the minute I crossed the threshold, I had that queer feeling of some one being in the room creep all over me. And there, sure enough, in the chair opposite, where he used to sit thirty good years ago, was your great-grandfather Maple, with his old cue-wig and his suit of butternut brown, and the very green spectacles he used to wear for his weak eyes."

"And he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me just as your Grandfather Maple has looked at me at thousand, thousand times."

"And says I: 'Reuben, is that you?'"

"And says he: 'Yes, Lois, it is.'"

"And says I: 'Oh, Reuben, what brings you back to this world?'"

"And says he: 'To wipe out the stains of a wicked world.'"

"And says I: 'Are you happy, Reuben?'"

"And says he: 'Yes, and that's the reason I want others to be.'"

"And then I began to tremble all over, and says I: 'Is it anything I can do, Reuben?'"

"And says he: 'There's no more offending nor giving offence in the other world, Lois, and Job Crofton's soul and mine are at variance no longer.' "Says he: 'Let there be peace, Lois, and let the young man Gilbert be your grandchild's husband.'"

"And then he knocked the bowl of his pipe on the edge of the andiron, as I've seen him do it so often; and he got up, and he walked out of the room, just for all the world like a living creature."

"I've often heard as ghosts can go through a key-hole, but your Grandfather Maple's ghost opened the door, and forgot to shut it after him into the bargain. So when I roused up enough to know what was going on around me, the floor was covered with snow, that had drifted in, and the candle was blown out."

"Oh, grandmother, do you think this was real?" cried Minnie, with startled eyes.

"Didn't I see it with my own eyes, and hear it with my own ears?" demanded old Mrs. Maple. "It's your grandfather's ghost! And I might have known that if he wanted to appear he could, for he had obstinacy enough for anything, rest his soul! You may marry Gilbert Crofton if you want to to-morrow, Minnie! And perhaps your grandfather's ghost will be easy then!"

"So the young people were happily married, and Gilbert came to live at the farm and managed all the

old lady's affairs for her. And she lived to be a hundred years old before she closed those keen, blue eyes of hers upon the matters of this mortal world.

But one day, in turning over the relics of the roomy old garret, Minnie came across a red chest, clamped with brass, and faintly odorous of dried lavender and rose leaves. She opened it.

"Oh, Gilbert, look here!" cried she, "my great-grandfather's best suit, laid up in camphor gum and sweet herbs! Why do you suppose that Grandmother Maple has kept it?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gilbert, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps for the younger generations to masquerade in!"

Minnie sprang to her feet, a sudden light seeming to illumine her whole face:

"Gilbert!" cried she, "did you—?"

"No matter," said Gilbert, laughing; "shut up the box, Minnie, your grandfather's ghost will never haunt the house again."

And it never did.—New York Ledger.

WHERE SHALL SHE RECEIVE HIM?

One of my girls is busy all day long—busy in the shop, or perhaps the counting-house or studio. When evening comes she goes to what you call home, freshens herself up a bit, eats her dinner, and then she waits for him to come. Home to her, just now, means a hall bedroom in which there is a tiny folding-bed, one or two chairs, a bureau and a washstand.

At home she has been taught that her bedroom was a sacred place into which no man shall enter. In the same house with her are many more girls placed exactly as she is, and they laugh at her timidity about seeing a young man in her room. Sometimes the laughter has its effect, and she plunges in boldly and asks him to come up to her little haven of rest. She thinks this is better than going out with him to take a walk. But every now and then she sits down and wonders if she is doing right, and if she isn't, what ought she to do? She is a girl just like yours and mine, and she is a brave one because she has faced the world honorably and taken care of herself. She is a healthy girl mentally and physically, and it is right that she should wish to keep her men friends and have a pleasant time with them.

This seems the solution of the question. Let her make her little nest as pretty as possible, put the books, that she has saved money to buy, on top of the mantel that hides under it her bed. The photographs of those she loves may decorate the little table, and on the bureau all the belongings that a womanly girl collects, may be put here and there, wherever it seems best. A tiny screen may be folded closely about the washstand, and then let it not be a question of one hostess, but of two, for let her ask the girl who thinks as she does, to come down and let her entertain her friends. It's true that this may make a bit of a crowd in the room; it's true that some of the visits may be shortened because of the crowd, but when a visitor goes away with the feeling that he regrets that the time has been so short he is very apt to come soon again. If you like, make one or two evenings in the week when you and your friend are to be at home, in the little hall room, and you will be surprised to find, bright girls as you are, how popular you will make your little evenings, and how you will impress upon the minds of the special man what a good home-maker you are. I do not believe that the girls who see one man alone in their own rooms are anything but thoughtless; but the wise girl is the one who learns that, beside her own pure heart, the best protection she can have against disagreeable remarks about thoughtless behavior, is a woman friend who thinks like her, and who is equally anxious, while having a good time, to keep her name free from reproach.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A VALUABLE AUXILIARY.

Clerk—There's a lady outside with a child, sir, who says she would like to see you on business.

Busy Lawyer—H'm. Another divorce case, I suppose. Well, show her in, Quibble.

One minute later.

The Stranger (opening her satchel)—Now, Johnny, you just sit on the sofa and be quiet, while I speak to the gentleman. I have here, sir, a History of Art in Timbuctoo, which is to be completed in fifty-five parts, etc., etc.

(We drop the curtain.)—Puck.

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.



THE letter "i" is in "it."—Boston Traveler.

TO THE paragrapher—Be sure you're bright, then go ahead.—Whiteside Herald.

"TWONT be long until we hear the oyster exclaim "R there!"—Whiteside Herald.

VENISON killed at this time of year is deer at any price.—New Orleans Picayune.

DETROIT is the place for Prohibitionists—six and a half barrels of pure water for one cent.—Kentucky State Journal.

SIGN in a prohibition town in New Jersey: "Soda water, root beer, ginger ale, sarsaparilla, ETC."—Boston Post.

A SCIENTIST declares that "the soul is the oil of the hair." This is pretty hard on the bald-headed men.—Somerville Journal.

THE dearest place on earth is home, and when a man's monthly bills come in he cannot fail to realize it.—Somerville Journal.

EVERY man born into this world comes under the same terrible condition that he can never leave it alive.—New Orleans Picayune.

"GRACIOUS, Johnny, you look awfully tanned; been to the country?" "Nope! Dad does the tanning for our family."—Yonkers Gazette.

STANLEY does not go into the heart of Africa to look for the pocket in his wife's dress. He looks on the outskirts.—New Orleans Picayune.

THIS is the weekly editor's day off, when he will walk three miles to church and trust to Providence for his dinner.—Atlanta Constitution.

"ANNIE ROONEY'S BABY" is the latest. Wanted: A man who will commit child-murder at low rates. Apply here, or anywhere.—Lawrence American.

THE farmer and the politician may lie down together, and a little lawyer shall lead them; but that time will not be a full blown millenium.—New Orleans Picayune.

A GEORGIA editor, in asking for a free pass, wrote: "If you cannot renew this pass, kindly send me a pair of thick-soled shoes, as I have got to leave this place next week."—Atlanta Constitution.

A GOOD memory is a blessing, says a writer. And it is one that wealth cannot buy. Just look at the man who suddenly becomes rich. He cannot even remember the faces of his old friends.—Boston Courier.

JO HOWARD says that "all the tall women at the seaside have short husbands." Naturally. And the longer the tall women tarry at the seaside, the "shorter" their husbands grow.—Norristown Herald.

A CROSS-EYED barber is bad luck for a barber shop. Customers do not know whether they are to have their ears clipped or throat cut, and they are unwilling to take chances when things look wrong.—New Orleans Picayune.

IT is said that Martin Irons, one of the most prominent figures in the great Southwestern strike, now sells peanuts in St. Louis. Martin believes that the world owes him a living, and he is bound to collect it.—Atlanta Constitution.

"It is hard to ask for bread and be given a stone," said the rueful tramp at the door of the newly-married farmer whose educated wife had just responded to his appeal with three of her own home-made biscuits.—Somerville Journal.

AN Ohio clergyman surprised his congregation last Sunday by making the following announcement: "I would remind you, brethren, that the collection plate is not a nickel-in-the-slot machine, and that a few bills would come in very handy in the work of the church."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

No well regulated household should be without Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer.

Origin of a Familiar Quotation.

James Connor Roach, the Irish comedian, who was for many years a popular actor in Australia, gives the following as the origin of the quotation, "He left his country for his country's good."

"In a little graveyard, close beside a town called Parramatta, in Australia, rest the mortal remains of George Barrington, the once notorious London pickpocket. He might have been called the veritable king of the craft, and his deeds of thievery were for a long time the talk of London, until finally the strong arm of the law was laid upon him. He was transported from England about one hundred years ago, and after having served a term of years was released on a ticket of leave and became chief constable of the town, where he now sleeps the sleep that has given him a ticket of leave forever.

"It is evident that the love of the metropolis hovered around him, and when he became a comparatively free man he seems to have remembered the hours he spent in the theatre during the reckless days of London life. In fact, he was the first to organize a theatrical entertainment in the 'land of the kangaroo.' His company was composed of men like himself; they were all ticket-of-leave men, but, from the accounts that have been handed down, they seem to have been more than clever actors.

"The prologue, written by himself, and spoken at the first performance, has passed into the history of the Australian stage and contains the disputed quotation. It ran as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen:
From distant climes o'er wide spread seas we come,
Tho' not with much éclat or beat of drum—
True patriots, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disposed our generous zeal,
What urged our hearts was our country's weal.
And without further fear of turnkey's lockets,
Tho' in an honest way, we'll pick your pockets.

A New Boon for Men.

It has often occurred to me, and if I mistake not I have made the suggestion in this column, that there ought to be a kind of dog biscuit for human beings—something containing all the ingredients necessary to support life, so that a man might put a chunk of it in his pocket and feel independent of cooks and kitchens. Well, I see that this very invention has been made by an ingenious Frenchman, who, not improbably, had read a translation of the Post and acted upon the hint that I gave him. "Portable food tablets," I understand, is the name of the new product. I should have preferred "man biscuit," but let that pass. Armed with this compact and convenient form of victuals, equally good, be it remembered, for breakfast, luncheon, dinner, supper, or any hybrid meal, one can set off on long excursions with a security which he never had before. A young fellow with a pair of stout legs under him would be able to spend whole glorious days in traversing the Berkshire hills, for example, without being compelled to seek an indigestible meal in some low-lying tavern. It is notorious that people out driving in the country always have to turn around at the most interesting point and go home for an early dinner. The "man biscuit" will change that. Every well-appointed rural vehicle will hereafter contain a small tin box of this new human provender, which (together with a few oats for the horses) will annihilate time and space, and put back the hands of the clock from midday to morning.—Boston Post.

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., 121 Pearl St., N. Y.

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected, and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

He Wanted Twenty-five Millions.

"Please give bearer my \$25,500,000."

This was the startling note which was handed to the clerk in the Victoria Hotel by a district messenger boy yesterday. The note was signed Charles Howard, and was written on a sheet of fine note paper. After the clerk had recovered from his astonishment he questioned the boy and learned that the writer of the note was waiting outside of the hotel for his money.

"Tell Mr. Howard he will have to call for the money himself," said the clerk. The messenger boy did so, and in a few minutes a well-dressed man with a wild look in his eyes entered the hotel and going up to the clerk, rubbed his hands together, and said: "Ah, ha! I see you didn't recognize my signature. Hurry up and give me my money. There's \$25,500,000 in a valise in the safe. Don't keep me waiting, man. I must catch a train in half an hour."

The clerk saw that he had an insane man to deal with and sent one of the hall-boys for an officer. While the boy was gone the clerk humored Mr. Howard by pretending to look for the money. "The money has been deposited in the bank," said the clerk, as Officer Connors, of the Nineteenth Precinct, appeared. "You go with this gentleman and he will get it for you."

Mr. Howard accompanied Officer Connors to the Jefferson Market Court, where he was charged with insanity. As the officer was signing his affidavit Mr. Howard leaned over his shoulder and asked, "Will you sign for the money or will I?" "I'll sign for it," replied the officer, pleasantly. Justice Gorman committed Howard for examination as to his sanity.—N. Y. Tribune.

How to Judge Melons.

Do you know how to tell good melons from bad ones; the ripe from the unripe? If not, list to The Lewiston Journal. It quotes a fruit-grower, wise in his generation, as saying that the muskmelon usually has nine ridges, which are separated by narrow strips of smooth skin, and if these strips are green the melon is a good one to leave alone. On the other hand, if the strips are greenish yellow and the rough skin on the edges is brownish gray the melon is all right. It is added that "in watermelons, a good one, when pressed near the centre, should yield, and the indentation should disappear when the finger is removed. If no indent can be made, the melon is green. If it remains, it is overripe." From time to time the public is thus kindly informed

how to select trustworthy melons. But, although they carefully follow directions—particularly in respect to indentation—they frequently meet with cruel disappointment. In fact an impression is rapidly gaining ground that the melon is about as uncertain as the white man. Indeed, the remark which the white man once inspired may be applied to the melon—"the smilingest is often the deceivingest."

A Rising Humorist.

The most excellent rising humorist of the dog days is Mr. C. W. McCune, Secretary of the Farmers' Alliance. This rare wag says the Farmers' Alliance isn't in politics. Of course it isn't. The Farmers' Alliance is a society organized for the purpose of collecting and preserving old oaken buckets, cultivating wild oats, speeding the plough, beating swords into pruning hooks, promoting more cordial relations between dogs and sheep, soothing and vaccinizing ferocious bulls, studying the works of Jeremiah Rnsk, threshing old straw, making hay while the sun shines, not letting the grass grow under its feet, taking the kick out of bay steers, finding the birds in last year's nests, buttering parsnips, building barns for swallows, making ducks and drakes of things, counting chickens before they're hatched, gathering figs of thistles, proceeding from the egg to the apples, returning to its mutt-tons, chasing gossamers, letting the goose hang high, killing the hen that lays the golden egg, eating its head off, belling the cat, and other objects too numerous to mention. What should politics do in such an innocent and benevolent association? Politics in the Farmers' Alliance would be as much out of place as a duck in a pond.—New York Sun.

Safety from a Pestilential Scourge.

Protection from the disease, not a medicinal agent which merely checks the paroxysms, is the grand desideratum wherever the endemic scourge of malaria prevails. Quinine does not afford this protection. The chief reason why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has won such immense popularity is, that it prepares the system to resist the malarial pest. This it does by bracing and toning the physical organism; regulating and promoting an equal flow and distribution of the animal fluids, and establishing digestion on a sound basis. Not only is fever and ague prevented, but the worst types of the disease are conquered by it. Such is the only conclusion to be drawn from the overwhelming evidence in its favor. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, general debility and rheumatic complaint, and is a reliable diuretic and nerve.

WIFE—"My husband is out of town." Caller—"When will he be in?" Wife—"When he is out of money."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

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



THE HERO OF THE SUMMER.

Ex-Judge William H. Kelly has earned the title of The Hero of the Summer of 1890. By means of his own purse ten thousand mothers and children from the crowded tenements and gutters of New York were enabled to spend a day in the fresh air on Staten Island. The day was the 28th of August, and one of the fairest of the whole summer season. The Judge was born in New York forty years ago, was on the bench at twenty-five and is now one of the most popular and successful lawyers in the city. He has a face which shows his ability and eyes that speak his wealth of humanity for man. To him mankind is "man-kinned," with all the true meaning of the word. SIFTINGS has dreamed of a man of wealth who believed that the most immediate relief he could give his kind was the relief of giving them a large quantity of pure air when they most needed it. The man appeared in life. SIFTINGS honors him accordingly and rejoices. What a contrast between Judge Kelly showing the very essence of Christian manhood and the thousands of New Yorkers of more wealth showing the very essence of the devil!

Commissioner Hans Beattie is inclined to favor cremation—of garbage.

Judge Allen will never grant a divorce between himself and New York.

Kaufman Worms, interpreter of the Sixth District Court, died recently.

T. F. Sillick, formerly of the Murray Hill, made a hit at Manhattan Beach this year.

Cornelius Vanderbilt has a telegraph "frank" but always pays for his messages.

Jimmy Driscoll is still dreaming of New Dorp and his grandmother baking clams.

Johnny McGowan, of Mr. Reilly's Court, is getting a reputation as a dresser.

Ex-President Cleveland has purchased the large Tudor estate at Tudor Haven, on Buzzard's Bay.

John L. Sullivan and Mrs. Langtry were not successful when they first appeared in the drama.

Col. Seward Webb owns the finest house on Lake Champlain. Col. Webb married Miss Vanderbilt.

Mrs. U. S. Grant was recently heard to say that the memoirs of her husband had netted over \$300,000.

Will John D. Rockefeller endow that college with \$20,000,000? Will he endow this college (youth) with \$5?

Alderman P. Divver: "Don't be a clam, but a clam eater, and let William Vandervoort do the baking."

Dr. Edward Simon, a local German editor, tried to commit suicide the other day. He stabbed himself with a pen-knife.

Brave County Clerk Edward F. Reilly and other braves (Tammany) captured a portion of College Point, L. I., the other day.

Miss Annie Cutting, daughter of the late Heyward Cutting, of New York, is to marry Baron Verier, one of the nobility of Belgium.

O'Donovan Rossa's friends are trying to assist him over to England. There are many in the U. S. who would like to help "assist" him.

Dr. H. E. Earl, No. 253 W. 123d street, is one of the most skillful veterinary surgeons in New York. He was formerly editor of the Veterinary Gazette.

Congressman John Quinn said recently that he got all the politics he wanted in Washington. This is a strange but not discouraging outlook for a politician.

A force bill that would take the election of President of the United States out of the hands of New York City might be a good thing.—New Orleans Picayune.

Mrs. John G. Curtis, a well-known New York lady, has organized an orchestra among members of poor families, and gives entertainments for charitable purposes.

Jennie Williams, well-known to patrons of Tony Pastor's theatre, has caught a lord, they say—Lord Lawrence Petre. After marriage Jennie will probably call him Pete.

It is said 27,000 married men in New York are supported by their wives. Marriage is not a failure. Those men ought not to be allowed to vote.—New Orleans Picayune.

Captain Onslow Ludlow's yacht, Meteorite, was flying across the bay recently when a big steamer made a hole in the Meteorite. Why didn't you run slow, Captain Onslow Ludlow?

One of the most enterprising and successful real estate men living in Harlem is Jacob V. D. Wyckoff. His yearly transactions are very large. His downtown office is at 169-171 Broadway, room 15.

J. J. Galligan is not a believer in the conclusion of certain Greek philosophers that all we know is we don't know anything. Mr. Galligan is confident that he knows enough to be Clerk of the Eleventh District Court.

It is said that Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt gives so much to charity that she has less money to spend for her own personal adornment than the other ladies of the Vanderbilt family. She has only one silk dress a month.

Isaac Murphy, the champion jockey, gets \$10,000 a year and has a valet. This would be acceptable to some of the Four Hundred. When Murphy is not riding he lies on a special couch with his mouth open and his head under a faucet that leaks champagne with a large, gurgling leak.

Col. Elliott F. Shepard has recently purchased a tract of ground at White Plains, N. Y., overlooking the Hudson, for which he paid ex-Mayor Grace \$63,000. He intends to erect a handsome residence on it for himself.

J. L. Patch, baker and confectioner, 2072 Seventh avenue, between 123d and 124th streets, has established an excellent business since he moved there from Brooklyn. It is admitted that his bread is without equal in Harlem.

Monsignor Preston, Vicar General, is determined that the name of the Archbishop shall not be taken in vain. This is why Mons. Preston sat down on the People's Municipal League about as a large man sits on a camp-stool.

W. E. D. Stokes recently swapped with Director Conklin of the Central Park Zoo "a refined Louisiana brown bear" for a Zebu calf. It will be remembered by many of the more learned New Yorkers that a Zebu is a hump-backed cow.

Chairman Wm. H. Delafield, of the Municipal League, is not at all selfish. He wants assistance from all sources in the way of ideas, work and dollars. He is not hankering for "moral support" a-la Terre Haute. Sic semper politicians.

Dr. W. H. Doty, Inspector of the Health Department, sent a thrill of pleasure into the hearts of many ambitious young men who are earning \$2.50 and \$3 a week, when he said he knew of no case of contagious disease caught in a public bath.

Abram Mead, "backed by the Voorhis democracy," would be alderman from the Ninth District. Willy Walker, now in possession of the plum, seems to be giving satisfaction. Before you become a city father, Abram, you may find a mead which leads to a mire.

Henry Hershey, valet for Howell Osborne, the \$30,000-per-annum swell, is sorry he tried to import those diamonds for Fay Templeton. He does not like this country as yet, for his experience has been from valet to importer, importer to pawnbroker, pawnbroker to jail.

Ex-Judge Liecester Holme wishes to give up his position as private secretary to Mayor Grant. The reason given is that he and the Mayor wish to go on a vacation tour together and that can't be done while the Judge is private secretary because in that capacity he must stay at home when the Mayor is absent.

Mrs. Antonio De Navarro, better known as "Our Mary," or Miss Mary Anderson, whose name since her quiet wedding has quite disappeared from the public gaze, is staying at St. Malo, France, with her husband. They go out for walks and drives and dine at the table d'hote every day, but no one seems to identify her as the great actress. "Mary" was always a sensible girl, and she is bound to be a good and sensible wife.



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PROF. HART, 87 Warren St., New York.

People don't take hunting and baseball sufficiently serious in this country. They are constantly making sport of one and game of the other.—Philadelphia Times.

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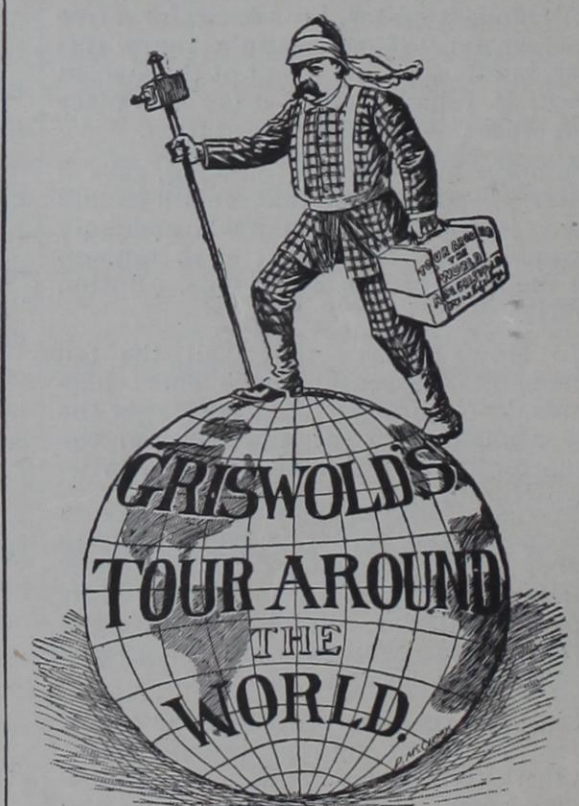
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Belvedere House, New York;
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Chicago.

They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.



John E. Warner, Nat Goodwin's American manager, has returned from Europe.

Henry E. Abbey has offered Rubenstein, the pianist, \$100,000 for a tour through America.

Bob Graham has a very funny part in *The Sea King*. He has given up Seaking a livelihood by farming.

Fay Templeton is running against several snags in the career of her *Twaddle and Tights*, alias Hendrik Hudson.

Charles Alfred Byrne, the talented dramatic editor of the *New York Morning Journal*, has returned from an extensive continental tour.

The Maister of Wheel—we mean Woodbarrow, now being played at the Lyceum with E. H. Sothorn as the star, is not considered an unqualified success.

Marcus Meyer will soon arrive from Liverpool with Agnes Huntington, who is to star under his management in the new nautical burlesque, *Paul Jones*. They bring forty people.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew have terminated their engagement in Victoria, and will play a starring tour through India, where specially attractive terms have been offered to them.

The first week's engagement of Miss Emma Juch in Denver proved the most successful ever known in the history of that city. The gross receipts, which far exceed that of the Patti company, amounted to nearly \$30,000.

Horace Wall, one of the oldest and most capable managers in the profession, has taken the business management of Louis Aldrich's *Editor*, and will pilot it through the country. The play will be produced in San Francisco this fall.

New York has crowded one of its theatres for months to see *The County Fair*, and a Chicago paper says that "barring the horse-race scene *The County Fair* is a mass of silly rot." Can it be that a New York audience doesn't know what is good?

The People's Theatre on the Bowery always presents strong plays, well put on the stage and ably rendered, and it has a steady patronage that can be relied on, because people are never disappointed. The perennial comedian, J. K. Emmet, is the attraction at the People's Theatre this week in his "new and natural" drama, *Uncle Joe*. It is gratifying to see Joe natural, occasionally.

Manager McVicker, whose beautiful theatre in Chicago was destroyed by fire recently, is a man of indomitable courage and energy. Conflagrations cannot subdue him—he has had two theatres burned—and he announces that he will rebuild at once. Mr. McVicker is nearly seventy, but he won't quit. He built his first theatre in Chicago in 1857. He was a comedian at that time and played on the opening night. He was famous in Yankee characters in his early days.

Mr. Harry C. Miner has more than made good his promise to change the dingy old Fifth Avenue Theatre into a new playhouse. The process of redecoration has been careful and complete.

Above and below there is a profusion of soft colors, of gilt, of rich yielding carpets, of heavy plushes and costly draperies. Electric lights in fantastic forms jet from walls and ceilings; new curtains fall between the acts. The stage is framed anew, and a new form has been given to the auditorium by the removal of the old orchestra circle, with its clumsy railing and senseless divisions. Thus altered, the Fifth Avenue vies with the best of the city theatres.

GOOD LUCK REACHED THEM.

They Invested \$1 and Are Now \$14,999 Better Off.

"Come right in and I will tell you all about it," said Mrs. Mary Sherman of 307 Pine street, with a happy smile last evening to a *Herald* reporter.

The latter had called to learn the truth of the report that William Carles, who boarded there, had held one-twentieth of ticket No. 92,561, which won the first capital prize of \$300,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

"Mr. Carles is not home, but I can tell you all," said Mrs. Sherman in a tone which, although quiet, had an eager ring to it. "I am entitled to half," she continued, "for I played with Mr. Carles and we made that agreement."

"This is the fourth time I have invested my money in the Louisiana State Lottery," said Mrs. Sherman, "but it will not be the last. I want you to say for me that I am thoroughly satisfied that the company is an honest one." When asked what they were going to do with the money Mrs. Sherman said: "Oh, we have that all arranged. I have a boarding-house here, but I am going to discharge all my boarders to-morrow and close up the house. Next Wednesday morning Mr. Carles and myself and husband leave for Europe on an extended tour. We will visit my birthplace, Belgium, then Mr. Carles' old home, at Brussels. From there we go to Germany, where my husband's mother lives. At Paris we will remain some time before returning to Philadelphia."

When she returns from Europe, Mrs. Sherman will again take boarders, and Mr. Carles, although rather excited and elated when the news of his good fortune reached him, is not too proud to work. He says that upon his return he intends going into business.—*Philadelphia* (Pa.) *Herald*, August 1.

WHEN a man has been married a couple of years and has learned how to hold a baby right side up it is pleasing to observe with what calm dignity and nonchalance he speaks to his friends about "my family physician."—*Somerville Journal*.

Big Dinners.

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

Our Kaleidoscope.

One day, as I was riding through the lower end of Tipton county, Indiana, I came upon a native, who was engaged in "picking trash" and burning logs in a little clearing by the roadside. Not knowing exactly the best way to go to reach the neighborhood I desired to visit, I reined my horse up at the fence and asked the Hoosier to direct me the way to Bennett's mills.

"Wall," he replied, pausing in his work and seating himself on a stump that stood conveniently near, "I 'low it's a matter of five miles, though it mout be a leetle grain less. You jess keep this road fer 'bout a mile fuder on; then you turn to your right an' go north till you come to the second cross roads; then turn west and keep straight ahead till you git to the mills."

I thanked him and was about starting off when he hailed me and said:

"I reckon it mightent be none of my business, stranger, but I'd like to ask you a question er two, ef you've no objections."

"All right, fire away," said I.

"Well, then, I'd jess like ter know what you're goin' down to Bennett's fer?"

"Well," said I, "there's a man down there that owes me some money, and as I'm hard up myself I thought I'd see if I could collect it."

"I thought so," he answered; "and now I'll bet a dollar I kin guess the feller's name the first pop; an' I'll bet another dollar on top o' that one that you don't git a cent."

"Well?"

"I see you won't bet, so I'll jess tell you fer fun. The feller is Jake Rodkey, an' he hain't worth shucks. You're jess wastin' your time a-ridin' roun' the country tryin' to git money out of him."

The fellow had named the very man I was going to see and about whose financial soundness I myself had serious doubts, but having got this much information from an entirely unexpected source, I was naturally anxious to get more.

"Well, my friend," I said, "you've guessed the man; but what makes you think that he won't pay me what he owes. The claim is just, and, besides, has been standing a long time."

"It's fer a mowin' machine you sold him more'n two years ago, hain't it?"

"Yes," I answered, now more puzzled than ever that a man I had never met before should know more about my affairs than I did myself. "Yes," I continued, "and there's a balance of nearly fifty dollars still due."

"Mout as well be fifty thousan'," answered the native, "Jake could pay it jess as easy."

Concluding that the fellow was chaffing me and thinking to let him know that fact, I said:

"Oh, I think Jake will pay me; at any rate I'll just ride on over and see him."

"Wall," he answered, with a grin, "if you're bound to see him you'd better take some men with spades an' a screw driver, 'rse you'll find him purty hard to git at."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, nothin'; only that Jake Rodkey's deadern a mackerel. We buried him last week over in the Bald Hill buryin' groun', 'bout er mile north of the mills."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"Course it is. I was at the funeral, an' I reckon I know a dead man when I see him."

"I've no doubt of it," I answered; and bidding him good day I pursued my journey. Sure enough, I found on reaching Bennett's mills that my man was dead, and also that I stood no earthly show of collecting my bill. I never did learn, though, how the native knew who I was and the nature of my business, but have always supposed he simply did a good job of guessing.—*Ed Pritchard*, in *Arkansas Traveler*.

Three Great Limited Trains.

Every day in the year the New York Central sends out from Grand Central Station, New York, three great limited trains to Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. This line is styled by the press of two continents, "America's Greatest Railroad."

The Reason Not Known.

It is said that a scientific explanation has been given to account for dreams that occasionally come true, but nobody has been able to make out why it is that a mosquito will leave fresh meat any time to lunch on a man as old as a proverb and tougher than a Sunday newspaper.—*The Ram's Horn*.

Entitled to No Mercy.

Chicago Man (to mob)—"Here, you ruffians, what are you abusing that man for?"

Three or Four—"He says he was the first to suggest that the World's Fair be held here."

Chicago Man (whose name is down for \$5,000)—"That's right, boys! Give him what he deserves!"—*The Epoch*.

They Appreciate It.

The press and the people along its line speak in the highest terms of the very perfect passenger service of the New York Central. Eight splendid through trains each way daily should afford ample accommodations.—*Exchange*.

A Fond Farewell.

Uncle John—"Come, Miranda, it's time you and I were getting Cousin Ethel to the depot."

Miranda—"Why, father, you know it's only ten minutes' ride to the station, and the train doesn't go for two hours yet."

Uncle John—"Yes, I know; but I want to give you two girls time enough to say good-bye."—*Somerville Journal*.



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RED ROUGH HANDS
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BAD COMPLEXIONS, WITH PIMPLY, blotchy, oily skin, Red, Rough Hands, with chaps, painful finger ends and shapeless nails, and simple Baby Humors prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP. A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, it is simply incomparable as a Skin Purifying Soap, unequalled for the Toilet and without a rival for the Nursery. Absolutely pure, delicately medicated, exquisitely perfumed, CUTICURA SOAP produces the whitest, clearest skin, the softest hands and prevents inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, and most complexional disfigurements, while it admits of no comparison with the best of other skin soaps, and rivals in delicacy the most noted and expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Messrs. Lee & Shepard announce the commencement of a library to be called Good Company Series, which will be issued in monthly parts and consist of choice works by some of the best American and Foreign authors, upon various subjects. The Blind Men and the Devil, is the title of the first one of the series, and is very interesting, seeking as it does to draw a parallel with some of the social situations of the present. Price 50 cents.

The September Century is a particularly good number. A number of our foremost artists illustrate in a captivating way Features of the Proposed Yosemite Natural Park. An article on Our New Naval Guns will give hope to those who have despaired of our ever having a navy. The serial entitled The Anglomaniacs, by an anonymous author is concluded. It has maintained its interest throughout. The Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson treats of the comedians Charles J. Matthews and Wm. Warren. Among other subjects How California Came Into the Union will attract attention.

One cannot fail to observe the growing tendency of advertisers to harness literature and art to their advertising wagons. One of the handsomest forms in which this has been displayed is a little book we have received entitled, With the Poets in Smokeland. It embraces selections from poets more or less celebrated extolling the pipe, the cigar and the cigarette, with more than seventy appropriate and beautifully tinted illustrations. It has a fitting introduction by Allan Forman, editor of the Journalist of New York, and is published by Allen & Ginter tobacco manufacturers, of Richmond, Virginia.

Some idea of the importance which electricity has assumed in the business world may be formed by glancing at a weekly publication entitled The Electrical Review, issued from New York City. It numbers forty pages, including the cover, and contains a weekly review of all that is going on in the electrical field. It is curious to look over the advertisements and see what a world of things connected with electricity is displayed before the reader. Besides the advertisements of electric companies, there are cards from motor companies, makers of dynamos, insulating material, arc lamps, electric supplies, electrotiers, electric test instruments, etc., etc., in great numbers.

The uppermost topics in politics, economics, and literature find adequate treatment in the pages of the North American Review for September. Its purpose to be a Magazine of the Times was never more strikingly illustrated. At the same time, room is found for the discussion of lighter and more "popular" themes. What are the subjects of foremost political interest to-day? The Tariff, the Federal Election Bill, and the Behring Sea controversy. Not far behind these are the new order of things in the House of Representatives, the Pan-American Conference, and silver legislation. On all these questions The Review affords an opportunity for the frank and full expression of men who speak as having authority.

Irrepressible Theodore Child opens the entertainment offered by Harper's Maga-

zine for September with a paper entitled, Across the Andes, which is charmingly illustrated. Mr. Child is always interesting. Recent Discoveries of Painted Greek Sculpture will be good reading for students in Hellenic art. A dainty bit of drawing by Alfred Parsons is Aix-La-Chapelle, which illustrates Wm. Wordsworth's sonnet of that name. J. D. Jerrold Kelley, U. S. N., discloses The Social Side of Yachting in a breezy way, and the paper has numerous illustrations. It was Curtis in the Editor's Easy Chair of years ago who started the crusade against the Human Hog, which has recently broken out in our daily papers, and in the number before us this incisive writer takes up the lance again. But we fear that it will do no good. The Hog can never be reformed, we fear.

African Dwarfs.

Among the facts which the Stanley expedition to Africa has furnished to civilization one of the most curious, if not the most important, is his rediscovery of the pigmies or dwarfs, a race which was thought to be fabulous until twenty-five years ago, when Mr. P. B. du Chaillu published his wonderful book giving an account of them and also of cannibals and gorillas.

The first dwarf captured by Stanley on his march was a woman. He thus describes her:

She measured thirty-three inches in height, and was a perfectly formed young woman, of seventeen, of a glistening sleekness of body. Her figure was that of a miniature colored woman, not wanting in a certain grace, and her face was prepossessing. Her complexion was that of a quadroon, or of the color of yellow ivory. Her eyes were magnificent but absurdly large for such a small creature—almost as large as those of a young gazelle, full, protruding and extremely lustrous. Absolutely nude, the little demoiselle was quite possessed, as if she were accustomed to being admired and thoroughly enjoyed inspection.

The second found is thus spoken of:

She was brought in to be seen by me with three rings of polished iron about her neck, the ends of which were coiled like a watch-spring. Three iron rings were suspended from each ear. She is of a light-brown complexion, with broad, round face, large eyes and small but full lips. She had a quiet, modest demeanor, though her dress was but a narrow fork clout of bark cloth. Her height is about four feet four inches, and her age may be nineteen or twenty. I notice when her arms are held against the light a whity brown fell on them. Her skin has not that silky smoothness of touch common to the Zanzibaris, but altogether she is a very pleasing little creature.

The first male dwarf was captured near the Lenda river. He was four feet in height. His color was coppery. The fell over his body was almost furry, being nearly half an inch in length. His head-dress was a bonnet of a priestly form, decorated with a bunch of parrot feathers. A broad strip of dark cloth covered his nakedness. His hands were delicate.—Exchange.

Tastes Differ.

Stern Father of the Girl—"I saw you kiss my daughter as I passed the parlor awhile ago, and I want you to know I don't like it!"

Young Man (smacking his lips)—"You may not, but I do."—The Epoch.

Very Often.

Bunting—"You would not think that a keyhole was in need of sympathy."

Larkin—"No, why?"

Bunting—"Yet there is often a fellow feeling for it."—Munsey's Weekly.

How Gold Is Shipped.

When one recalls the fact that millions upon millions of dollars in gold annually seek Europe to provide for the necessities of our import trade, the question of how gold is shipped to Europe becomes an interesting one. The Bank of America is the largest single shipper of gold from New York, and indeed from the United States. Shipments are made in stout kegs, very much like the ordinary beer keg. Every one contains \$50,000 in coin or bar gold. The latter is the favorite for these shipments, since the government has permitted the sub-treasury to exchange coin for bar gold, as coin, in a single million dollars shipment is liable to loss by abrasion of from eight to twenty ounces or from \$128 to \$320; while the bars only lose about three-fourths of that value. Where coin is sent double eagles are preferred. They are put in stout canvas bags, each one containing 125 double eagles, \$5,000; and ten bangs fill each keg. About the only precaution taken against tampering with a keg, is a treatment of keg ends technically known as "red-taping." Four holes are bored at equal intervals in the projecting rim of the staves about the head. Red tape is run through these crossing on keg's head the ends meeting at the center, where they are sealed to the head by the hardest of wax, and stamped with the consignor's name. The average insurance is about \$1,500 per \$1,000,000. Then there is an expense of about \$2 per keg for packing and cartage aboard ship, or \$200 for the same sum and the inevitable loss by abrasion, whatever it may prove to be. There are great Wall street firms shipping from \$25,000,000 to \$40,000,000 annually.—Exchange.

Unpardonable Offence.

Mrs. Gazzam—"I'll never speak to Mrs. Jaysmith again. So there!"

Gazzam—"What's up?"

"She offered me a seat in the street-car, the impertinent thing!"

"I should think that was kind of her."

"Would you! She said, 'Take my seat, please; I am younger than you.' Oh, I could eat her!"—West Shore.



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

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

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

A Busy Wife.

Cobwigger—"Boscawan is very good to his wife. He keeps two nurse girls to look after the children."

Brown—"He has to. His wife keeps three dogs."—Life.

Too Slow to Fall.

"Too bad about Dobbs. He just fell into bad habits, and—"

"Better say he 'drifted' into bad habits. He's from Philadelphia."—St. Joseph News.

A Great Event

In one's life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Scrofula is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Scrofula. It is supposed to be the primary source of many other derangements of the body. Begin at once to cleanse your blood with the standard alternative,

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"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle

Restored My Health

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

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

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HIS FIRST MUSTACHE.



How he nurses it
To make it grow,
How he curses it
Because it's slow;
Always twirling it
To give it tone,
Always curling it
When he's alone.

Now he chuckles it
So sweet and young,
Then he suckles it
With loving tongue;
Now he taxes it
Because it curls,
Then he waxes it
To mash the girls.

How he flushes when
You pass him by,
How he blushes when
You catch his eye.
Do not make him cry
By such a slip
As to ask him "Why
That dirty lip?"

—Columbus Dispatch.

SURE.

The man who is content to idly stand,
Nor strive his hopes to gain,
Will get a ticket to the promised land
And then will miss the train.

—Exchange.

INSULT TO INJURY.

A wise professor loved a pretty maid,
Calling the cause of science to his aid,
'Twas thus he wooed her:
'My life-work on the Prehistoric Human
Has need of your bright wits, as I'm a true man;
Oh, share my toil and fame, most lovely woman!'
'Twas thus he sued her.

The mercenary girl made answer trite:
'I really fear I must, sir, in that light
Decline to view you;
Although you cause me pride and great elation,
I cannot wed above my mental station,
But I'll become, for a consideration,
Assister to you.'

—Harvard Lampoon.

INSIGHT.

On the river of life, as I float along,
I see with the spirit's sight
That many a nauseous weed of wrong
Has root in a seed of right.
For evil is good that has gone astray,
And sorrow is only blindness,
And the world is always under the sway
Of a changless law of kindness.

The commonest error a truth can make
Is shouting its sweet voice hoarse,
And sin is only the soul's mistake
In misdirecting its force.
And love, the fairest of all fair things
That ever to men descended,
Grows rank with nettles and poisonous things
Unless it is watched and tended.

There could not be anything better than this
Old world in the way it began,
And though some matters have gone amiss
From the great original plan;
And however dark the skies may appear,
And however souls may blunder,
I tell you it all will work out clear,
For good lies over and under.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

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

A Dublin Hamlet.

"I am av the opinion as Polonius whin he said, 'Don't fight wid ivry scutt for the pure joy av fightin', but if you do, knock the nose aff him first an' fre-quent.'"

"What do you know about Polonius?" I demanded.

This was a new side of Mulvaney's character.

"All that Shakespeare iver wrote an' a dale more that the gallery shouted. Did I not tell you av Silver's theatre in Dublin, whin I was younger than I am now an' a patron of the drama? Ould Silver wud never pay actor man or woman their just dues, an' by consequence his compinies was collapsible at the last minut'. Thin the bhoys wud clamor to take a part, an' oft as not ould Silver made thim pay for the fun. Faith, I've seen Ham-lut played with a new black eye an' the queen as full as a cornucopia. I remimber wanst Hogin, that listed in the Black Tyrone an' was shot in South Africa, he sejuiced ould Silver into givin' him Ham-lut's part instid av me that had a fine fancy for rhetoric in those days. Av course I wint into the gallery an' began to fill the pit wid other people's hats, an' I passed the time av day to Hogin walk-in' through Denmark like a hamstrung mule wid a pall on his back. 'Ham-lut,' sez I, 'there's a hole in your heel. Pull up your shtockin's, Ham-lut,' sez I. 'Ham-lut, Ham-lut, for the love av dacincy dhrop that skull an' pull up your shtock-in's. The whole house began to tell him that. He shtopped his soliloquishms mid-between. 'My shtockin's may be comin' down or they may not,' sez he, screwin' his eye into the gallery, for well he knew who I was. 'But afther this performince is over me an' the ghost 'll knock the head off av you, Terence.' Eyah! Those days, those days! Did you iver have onendin' divilment an' nothin' at all in all your whole blissed life to pay, sorr?"

"Never, without having to pay," I said.

"That's thrue! 'Tis mane whin you consider on it; but it's same wid horse or fut. A headache if you drink, an' a belly-ache if you ate too much, an' a heartache to kape all down. Faith, the beast only gets the colic, an' he's the lucky man."—Rudyard Kipling.

All Right Then.

A woman may fret and chafe because the pudding is overdone, or get her nerves all into a snarl if her husband happens to bring home company to dinner unexpectedly, but when it comes to wrapping up a sore finger she stands at the top of the heap, with a mien free of vinegar and a touch lighter than day.—Ram's Horn.

A Hard Thing to Do.

The pathway of life is full of difficulties, but Griggins says he has about made up his mind that one of the hardest things in the world for a man to do is to admit to his wife that he has been in the wrong.—The Ram's Horn.

Cure for the Deaf.

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

"If women ever become railroaders, I can recommend Bridget as a brake-woman," sighed Mrs. Snaggs, as she gazed at the latest accumulation of broken crockery.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

Men and women prematurely gray and whose hair was falling, are enthusiastic in praising Hall's Hair Renewer for restoring the color and preventing baldness.

Self-Made Cranks.

One cannot help believing that there is a variety of this gentry who are self-made cranks,—cranks because they want to be. They seek some social disproportion whereupon they can posture with effect. The pleasures of conformity is piquant and startling. Such a man is not a crank from abundance of virtue, as he would have you believe, but rather because he feels his feebleness in the world of practical affairs and is soured thereby. If he pose as an advanced philanthropist, we suspect that his love of mankind has some side glances at personal profit. If facts be against him, he does not hesitate to invent them, and visits with arrogant abuse those who would expose his falsities. He is especially angry with those halting disciples who accept his scheme as something ultimately possible, and then humbly inquire what they are to do provisionally as a practical approximation to the distant good. If he be a rhetorician, he has no scruple in administering the electric shock of paradox, and seeks the levity of assent that may be caught by the sudden spring of a false analogy. No doubt this reckless shooter occasionally hits the mark. Pope describes the talking bird who berates the passers-by with epithets which well-conducted periodicals have ceased to print, But the poet confesses that, though sometimes struck with the extreme felicity of these characterizations, he had never been able to extend his admiration to the speaker whose entire stock in trade consisted of this very limited and abusive vocabulary.—J. P. Quincy, in September Atlantic.

Mean Jealousy.

"An' how did ye shpind yer Sunday, Mrs. O'Raherty?"

"Faith, Mrs. O'Flaherty, an' I did shpind it as was becomin' a true Christian and vartuous woman, not by back-boitin' me neighbors, t'ank God, as the loikes av ye do."

"Indade, Mrs. O'Raherty, I can't see phwy ye jidge me so wrong'ful, for sure an' it's not a wurrud av harrum that I did spake av a single sowl all the day long yiste'day."

"Och, phwat does ye be givin' us, Mrs. O'Flaherty? Don't I see ye now a back-boitin' in yer moind an' gittin ready to ax 'An' phwat is Mary Ann doin' in New Yark?' I can rade ye loike a book, I can."

"Sure, Mrs. O'Raherty, an' I didn't know that ye could rade at all. An' so far as Mary Ann is consarned, I naden't ax ye phwat she do be doin' in New Yark, for I know, an' ye know, an' ivery wan ilse in the city do know."

"It's a scandalous ould liar ye do be, Mrs. O'Flaherty, wid jilousy at the bottom av it; for Mary Ann is as dacent a girrul as iver was made; an' it's because she's a great beauty, an' do be studyin' for the stage, an' ates at Dilmonico's ivery now an' then, an brings the hoightariff quality gintlemon to her fate, that ye do be jilous; so that's all I will iver shpake to ye, Mrs. O'Flaherty."—Kentucky State Journal.

A Disobedient Patient.

Irate Patron—"You advertise to cure consumption, don't you?"

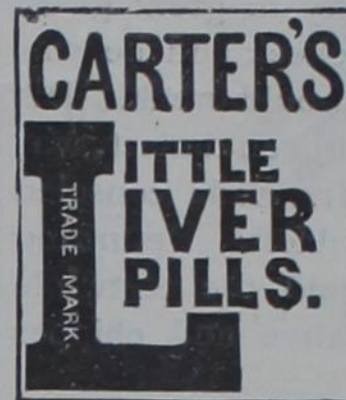
Dr. Quack—"Yes, sir. I never fail when my instructions are followed."

"My son took your medicine for a year and died an hour after the last dose."

"My instructions were not followed. I told him to take it two years."—New York Weekly.

The rosy freshness, and a velvety softness of the skin is variably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

THE news that leather is going up is read with undisguised dismay by the fond fathers of the country, but it is leather coming down that strikes terror into the soul of the small boy.—Philadelphia Record.



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.

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His Grief Was Not Lasting.

The late James B. Eads was passing up the Mississippi river one day and stopped at a backwoods store on the banks of the river, kept by an old German. The proprietor was at work chopping wood, but evidently in great grief. Tears rolled down his cheek and he was sobbing as if his heart would break. His wife, he explained in broken dialect, was very ill—very ill. Mr. Eads consoled him as best he could and left. Returning six weeks later he found the erstwhile heart-broken Teuton alive and chipper as a squirrel.

"How's your wife?" asked Mr. Eads.

"Oh, she vas fine!" answered the German with a broad smile.

"Why, I thought she was very sick?"

"Oh, dot vas de odder vun," replied the happy bridegroom as he set up the drinks.—Chicago Mail.

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

A Blunder.

"Stop the press!" exclaimed the managing editor of the big Democratic daily, with a look of blank despair.

"What's wrong?" asked the foreman.

"Why, we've gone to press without an article on either Baby McKee or Grandfather's Hat. Some one has blundered!"—Norristown Herald.

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

Weather Indications.

Tramp (to buxom farmer's wife, standing on the porch and looking up at the sky)—"How's the weather this morning, ma'am?"

Farmer's wife (turning suddenly and catching up a pail of "suds")—"Clear!"

And the tramp clears.—Somerville Journal.

A MAN'S mind is like a two-dollar bill, the oftener he changes it the sooner it is gone.—Dansville Breeze.

Life's Fleeting Joys.

Happiness is like the thistle-down which the children chase, open-palmed, through the air, but can never seize; or like the lovely color that flits across a pure cheek and is gone; or like a drop of dew that flames like an opal on a green leaf and dies at the kiss of the sun; or like the beautiful flower that blooms in our pathway and which we seize with eager hands, only to find, alas! its petals dropping away through our trembling hands.

Love is a plant of such peculiar formation and nature that although the first breath of deception that touches it kills its roots, the poor pale petals, which are alone seen of the world, struggle on tenaciously and try pitifully to remain green, that no one may guess that the whole beautiful heart of the plant is dead.—Ella Higgins, in West Shore.

The World's Richest Heiress.

The little daughter of the King and Queen of Holland will be the richest heiress in the world. She is a simple-minded, intelligent child, and talks four languages fluently. Her chief delight, when she was five or six, was making mud pies, but this pleasure she was not often allowed to indulge in. The little princess has an enormous number of white frocks, and she is dressed in nothing but white in summer, and has a clean dress every day. When driving out her English governess has great difficulty in keeping the poor little princess perpetually acknowledging the public salute. "Why do all the people want to look at me?" asked the little mite one day. "Not for your own sake, dear, but because you are your father's little girl," was her governess' wise reply.—New York Herald.

His Daily Allowance.

Tailor (to impecunious man just married to a wealthy girl)—"Will you have a money-pocket inside your vest, Mr. Smallart?"

Smallart—"Y—ye—n—no, but you may make a pocket in my coat just large enough to hold fifteen cents."—Exchange.

**SCRAMBLING FOR IT.**

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

Shun Misrepresentations.

"1 of the 30."

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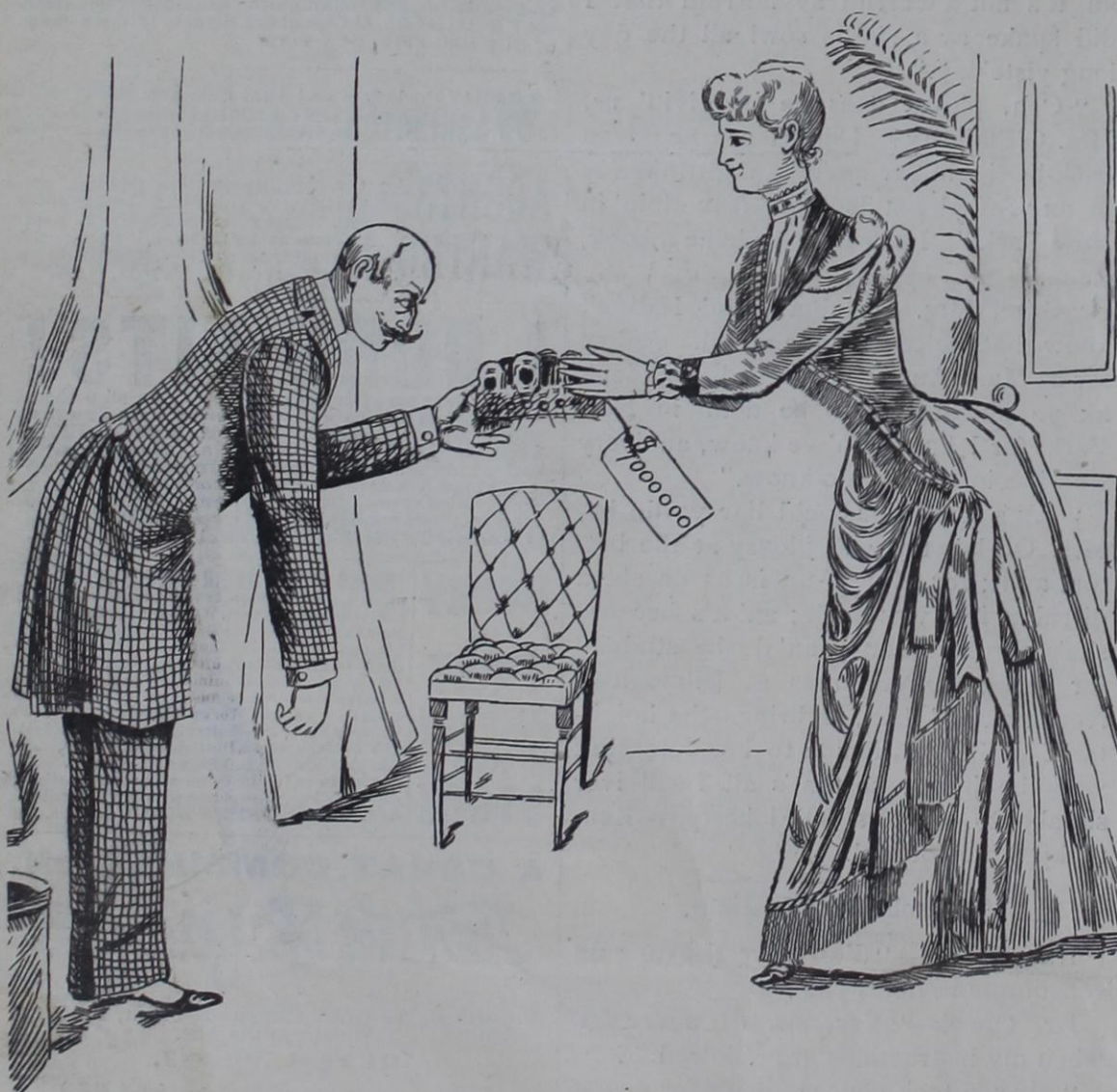
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**A COSTLY TRINKET.**

LORD BOGUS (to the American heiress)—Take and wear this coronet of a hundred ears. Would it were more costly. (Aside. Would that it were; I paid five dollars for it yesterday.)

MISS ANGLO-MANIAC (exchanging a million for it)—Ah, me lord, 'tis the heart I value, not the coronet. (Aside. What a whopper!)