

Texas Siftings.

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RACE PRIDE.

HOTEL PROPRIETOR—WANT TO RESIGN, SAMBO? WHAT'S THE MATTER?

COLORED WAITER—I DON'T WAIT ON NO NIGGAHS, SAH!

HOTEL PROPRIETOR—WHY, THAT'S BAMBOOJEE PUTUPJEE BAH, THE GREAT HINDOO TRAVELER!

COLORED WAITER (WITH INCREASED STIFFNESS)—BUT I SHA'N'T WAIT ON NO FOREIGN NIGGAHS, SAH!

Texas Siftings.

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

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

No JOKE—the one played on ourselves.

IN the race—visible admixture of blood.

A THING of shreds and patches—the scarecrow.

BETWEEN two horns—hesitating between gin fizz and beer.

A GOOD "sling" for summer—sling a hammock in the shade.

"I HAVE a presentment," as the foreman of the grand jury remarked.

How can land be well-watered when there is no well water to be obtained?

A WRITER who affects some other writer's style never effects anything else.

SOME detectives are so unsuccessful it is a wonder they ever "turn up" their toes.

"THE evil that men do lives after them," and the evil they say is pretty long lived, too.

THE peddler's pack had its origin when traffic was invented. That was the original pack-age.

MONEY fresh from the Mint is grateful to the lips of a Hebrew—a sort of mint jew-lip, as it were.

CHIEFTAINS in the stone age couldn't rule "with a rod of iron," because there wasn't a foot of iron made.

IN some columns of wit and wisdom, the wit is dealt out with a frugal hand, but there may be wisdom in it.

SULLIVAN wouldn't strike a man unless there was big money in it, but a tramp is ready to strike anybody for ten cents.

"WHO is in command here?" asked a facetious prisoner in court. "General Sessions," replied the judge promptly.

QUEEN ELIZABETH was petulant in disposition, though anyone may see by her portrait that her collar wasn't easily ruffled.

NAPOLEON was always talking about "the peace of Europe." But he wasn't satisfied with a piece of Europe; he wanted the whole of it.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY, the playwright, is son of Justin McCarthy the novelist. Talent for writing seems to be Justin that family and no mistake.

"DO I HEAR any more?" the auctioneer said after he had submitted to an examination for sudden deafness; and the doctor said it was doubtful.

"IT is the disposition of women to marry," says a thoughtful contemporary. But what dispositions some of them show after they are married!

THE Ohio Prohibitionists are unalterably opposed to the unlimited ownership of land. The only man that was ever able to secure that was Adam.

TROUBLE ALONG THE EQUATOR.

The South American Republics do not dwell in amity together, not very long at a time. They have their little jealousies, from whence come bickerings and contentions. They won't take a word of "sass" from each other, and it's "Johnny, get your gun" on the slightest provocation. Salvador and Guatemala are at it now. The former is about the size of New Jersey, and the latter considerably larger and older. It was whipped in the first encounter reported, which shows that it isn't always safe to Guate-maul-a chap smaller than you. You ask what is the cause of the war? Bless you! they don't require any cause whatever. They fight just as quick without as with one.

SHE GOT A HUG, ANYHOW.

Just as a girl of Athens, Alabama, was about to throw herself into the river with suicidal intent, a man grabbed her and held her tight. She struggled, but he only held the tighter. "I'll give you ten minutes to think it over," he said, "and then if you wish to die I'll let you do it." When the time was up he released her and she went quietly home. It puts the girls up to all they know to get hugged in Alabama. It's different here.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

Politicians are beginning to ask, "What is this Farmers' Alliance we hear so much about in the West?" It is something that will cause the politicians considerable worry and trouble before another Presidential election comes around. Farmers have begun to think and gather statistics. They have observed for some time that about every other industry has been fostered and protected and encouraged except the industry that requires a man to pull off his coat and grab a plow or a hoe-handle, and in view of their numerical and voting strength, they are asking, "Why should we put up with this?" So they are forming alliances all over the West and South, holding meetings and formulating a plan of action having the farming interests in view. They are talking about farmer candidates for the Legislature and Congress, and they may put a farmers' candidate for President on the track. Political leaders have begun to flatter the Farmers' Alliance, saying, "Boys, we're with you." Democratic papers assure them that "It isn't necessary to go outside of the grand old Democratic party to secure the protection of your interests," and Republican journals assume the same tone with regard to their grand old party. Don't lose sight of the Farmers' Alliance just yet.



HE WAS AT HOME.

PROPRIETOR (to free luncher)—See here, mein friendt, of you vill gif me your address, I vill sendt you your lunch to your home.

TRAMP—Oh, I'm ter home now.

WHAT A GIVE AWAY!

When a crime is committed it is almost invariably the case that the quest turns up a good many innocent persons, over whom for a time a dark cloud will hang, owing to their indisposition to give an account of themselves. A man suspected, for some very ridiculous reason, is sometimes imprisoned for a long time, because, for example, he doesn't like to give it away to his wife that he was up all night playing poker, when he had sworn to her that on that particular night he sat up with a dead Odd Fellow. Or, say the man who has caused it to be reported in the society papers that he had taken his family to Saratoga, when in reality they are living in the back part of the house. In the dead and buried hour of the night, when churchyards yawn from very drowsiness, he is caught while bringing home the next day's grocery supplies, and is accused of the robbery that has just come off with great éclat on the next block. Look at the fix that man is in! He feels as if ten years in the penitentiary under an assumed name would be cheap compared with such an awful give-away. Then there is the young man whose engagement to a wealthy belle has just been announced. He is taken in for some horrible offense of which he is entirely innocent. He can prove that he was lying drunk over a whisky barrel in an all-night house, but somehow it doesn't thrill him all over with serene gladness to know that he can.

REVENGE ON A SOOTHSAYER.

Time was when the fortune-teller or soothsayer was held in great awe. No one thought of questioning her declarations, and she could, in sooth, say 'er say without much fear of incurring molestation. Around her form was drawn the awful circle of incantation and second sight, though you couldn't get a second sight of her without paying an additional fee. But the divinity that doth hedge one who divines is not an absolute defence now, not even a hedge fence; for the victim of the sorceress is disposed to hedge himself. At least, one did in Rockville, Conn., the other day. His wife went to a gypsy camp to have her fortune told by a Princess of the House of Romany, who, with bated breath (bated with Romany rye), told her that her husband was unfaithful to her. The wife casually mentioned the matter at the tea-table when she got home, and her husband started immediately for the camp, softly humming "A gypsy life for me." And he came very near taking it, for he violently assaulted the gypsy soothsayer, and it required the combined efforts of the band to rescue her. She may peer into the future as much as she pleases, but she must exercise more discretion in peering into domestic affairs.

In the Channel Islands of Great Britain, cabbages are trained with a view to being transformed into walking sticks. They would be quite appropriate for some cabbage heads I know.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XL.



KING but nine years of age succeeded Henry IV., his son, Louis XIII. During his minority his mother, Mary de Médici, very accommodatingly acted as regent. She seemed disposed for a time to

maintain the policy of the late King, even retaining his ministers, but unworthy confidants and favorites soon obtained an ascendancy over her and the inherent weakness of her character displayed itself. She promoted an Italian adventurer named Concini to the highest offices, ultimately creating him Marshal of France. She established an interior, or secret cabinet, inimical to the interests of France, and assiduously cultivated Austrian and Spanish alliances. The great Sully, who had been the wisest counselor of Henry IV., could not abide these things, and he retired from the ministry.

When Louis XIII. attained his majority in 1614 and assumed nominally the office of King, the States-General was convoked at Paris, comprising four hundred and sixty-four deputies from every part of the kingdom, representing the three orders: the nobility, the clergy and the people. Among the representatives of the clergy was a man destined to play a very important part in the coming thirty years. He was then Bishop of Luçon, and his name was Richelieu. Volumes have been written about him, and he has been made the hero of novels and of dramas. In the latter line Bulwer's Richelieu has been the most popular, and every ambitious actor tries his hand at it. Bulwer presents him as a feeble valetudinarian, but some actors make him appear "sicker" than the author intended.

Little was accomplished by the States-General, aside from bickerings and dissensions, and it was dissolved in March, 1615, not to be again convoked for one hundred and seventy-four years, or until the memorable year of the French Revolution, 1789, when its efforts to stem the rising tide of popular anger and discontent were such a lamentable failure.

It was in 1615 that Louis XIII. was married to Annie of Austria, which union was bitterly opposed by the Prince of Condé and a large following. But the wily and able Richelieu came to the support of the royal side and established himself in the confidence of the Queen-mother. He boldly advocated the arrest of the Prince of Condé, which was effected, and the Prince landed in the Bastille, while his chief adherents fled from the capital. Soon after this Richelieu was promoted to the office of Secretary of State.

The young King, now sixteen years of age, began to thirst for independence. He thought that it wasn't dignified for a king to be tied to his mother's apron-strings perpetually. He had grown weary of being compelled to ask permission of the Queen-mother every time he felt like going to the Jardin des Plantes or the Jardin Mabile. So he adopted as his companion and adviser a brilliant but unprincipled young fellow named De Luynes, who endeavored to show how he might rid himself of his mother's domination. It was all through the Concini, he said, who had so much influence with the old lady. By his advice Concini (now Marshal D'Ancre) was assassinated, while his wife, the Marchioness, was convicted of sorcery and various things by an accommodating court and executed on Place de Grève. After this their property was confiscated and came into the hands of De Luynes, who soon became a duke and peer of France, and made a splendid marriage with the daughter of another great duke. Not many questions were asked of De Luynes as to where he got his money and titles, you may be sure. It won't do to inquire too curiously into such matters even in our day.

With the fall of the Concini the Queen-mother fell upon disastrous days, too, and she was exiled to Blois. The former ministers were recalled, and Richelieu, involved in the disgrace of his patron, Mary de Médici, was deprived of his office and dismissed to his bishopric of Luçon.

De Luynes at the head of affairs soon made himself as unpopular as Concini was. Totally ignorant of the art of war, he attempted to direct armies, and only led them to disaster. He wore the constable's sword, but wasn't fit for a constable's deputy. About the time the King began to weary of him De Luynes was carried off by a fever.

A Huguenot revolt was giving Louis XIII. much trouble, but it was finally put down, the Huguenots being deprived of all their fortified towns except La Rochelle and Montauban. Peace was also established between the King and his mother, who compelled Louis as one of the conditions to provide Richelieu with a Cardinal's hat, the one he wore being a size or two too small for him, as he was rapidly getting the big head. This was in 1622. Two years later he was summoned to the councils of the King, who recognized his diplomatic skill and prowess while he hated him. It was about this time, I suppose, that Richelieu advised him to "put up" the sword, many of the crown jewels being in hock already.

Cardinal Richelieu was a very energetic man, and owing to the weakness and inefficiency of the King it wasn't long before he was running the affairs of the



SHE—Keep those greedy ducks away from this corn while I am pouring it out. Don't let 'em have a grain!

kingdom about as he pleased. He annihilated the Huguenots as a political party, subjugated the aristocracy to the royal authority, and by the systematic humiliation of the house of Austria he restored France to a predominating influence in Europe.

He made an alliance with England and negotiated a treaty of marriage between Charles, heir to the English throne, and Henrietta Maria, sister of Louis XIII. He assisted other Protestant powers in the north in repelling Austrian and Spanish aggressions, going so far as to excite the vehement remonstrance of the Pope, to which he replied that, although a prince of the Church, his first object was to maintain the dignity and advance the interests of France. A further consideration of this reign must be reserved for another chapter.

A FINE DINNER.

Mrs. McCarthy—Wull yez hev favors an' mean you cairds at Mary Ahn's weddin' dinner, Mis' Mulligan?

Mrs. Mulligan—Whisht yer blarney. Whut's mean about cairds de bigness av yer doostin'-pan? An' fer favors, thims a thing Bridget Mulligan nather asks nor takes.

But do it be a coorse dinner, I dunno?

A coorse dinner, is it, ye blaggaird! Ef it don't be as foine a dinner as iver laid on top av a table may the divil fly away wid yez.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A LECTURING TOUR IN THE WEST.

MY DEAR MR. GRISWOLD:—I am in receipt of your letter saying you are going to make a lecturing tour through the West in the fall, and asking if I can offer any suggestions. Offering suggestions is one of my strong holds, and I will give you all you want as freely as I would give you my blessing.

When you get to Council Bluffs make a specialty of saying that it is incomparably a better city than Omaha, and is destined to become the metropolis and chief city of the Central West; you might make this latter statement in every town you are in, for if what all the papers say is true, the Central West is going to have more chief cities than Brigham Young had wives. If you slip in the mud in Council Bluffs and slide down a hill clear into the next township, don't swear; merely look pleasant and say you think the bluffs look picturesque. If the people ask you what a lecture is, tell them, for if you don't they may think it is some new thing, and Council Bluffs is dead set against anything new.

In Denver express it as your candid opinion that the "boom" in real estate is about to collapse; this has been said of Denver ever since the city was founded, and the citizens have rather come to expect it from strangers. If you are going to lecture in one of the opera-houses and it don't suit you, just speak about it and some enterprising hustler will build you a new one.

When you are at Colorado Springs don't ask if the big mountain "over yander" is the same old Pike's Peak that has always been there; if you do the people will think you live in Kansas. And don't go to Colorado City unless you are accompanied by some unswerving person who, like me and Cæsar's wife, is above reproach.

These are the principal suggestions that you would do well to heed. Of course I could make some minor ones, such as to advise you to not look upon wine when it is too near breakfast time, not to eat pie with your knife, to bring at least one extra shirt along, and to keep off the grass if you happen to see any, but if you heed the suggestions I have already made, and don't write a book called "Impressions of the West" after you get back, you will get along splendidly and will bear away so many pleasant memories and dollars from the Westland that you will always have a green spot for us in your memory.

V. Z. REED,

Colorado Springs, Col.

HE DIDN'T AVOID IT.

Smith (observing a crowd around an ambulance across Broadway)—Been an accident over there?

Brown—Yes; man hurt very badly. Run over, or something.

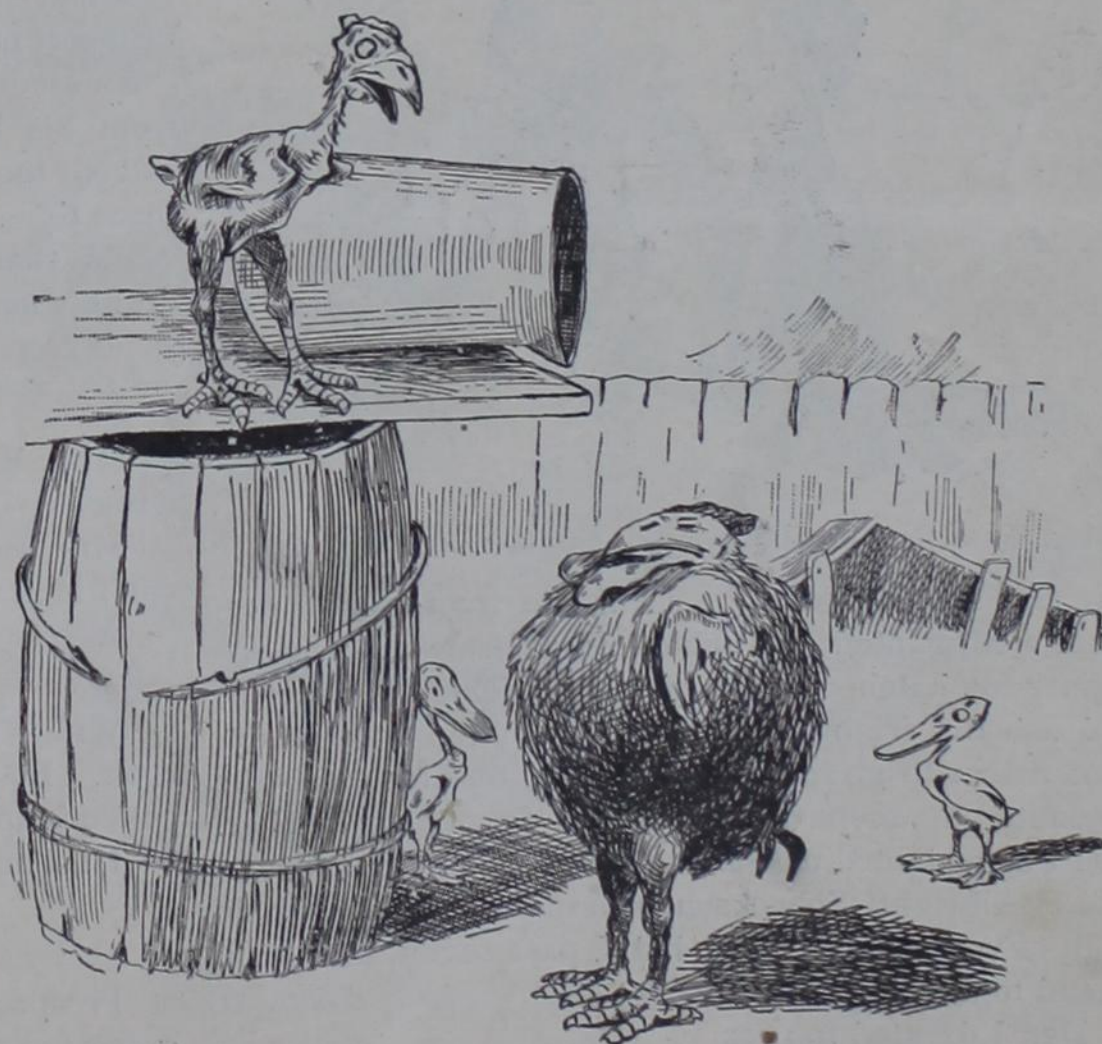
Anybody know who the man is?

Oh, yes. He's Dr. Smarty, author of the book, "How to Avoid Street Accidents."

TEMPUS FUGIT.

He (looking at the clock)—Bless me, how time flies! I had no idea it was so late.

She (yawning)—Better late than never.



HE—Madam, I have carried out your instructions to the best of my ability.

THE HOOFNACKLE LETTERS.

MRS. HOOFNACKLE ADOPTS A PET DOG—ITS MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE AND SUBSEQUENT COMPLICATIONS.

(Written for the St. Louis Laterne by L. Willich; translated for Texas Siftings by Alex. E. Sweet.)

LETTER IV.



MR. EDITOR:—Last week my wife Sarah, mitout my knowledges or consents, adopted a tog for a pet. I have seen many obscheckshunable togs, but none of dem vas able to hold a candlestick to dot bench-legged fise vat Sarah brought me dot house in. Der vas more obscheckshun to dot tog den der vas bones in a shad.

Fido, dot vas der Christian name von dat beest, had an appetite, I dells you, dat would make von of dose patent cornshellers ashamed of himseluf. My clodings choost hung on my limps like a pag pecos I got noddins to eat. Terventy pounds did I lose vile dot tog vas dot house in.

All day long Fido would scratch, scratch, scratch, until I dinks I gets der itch choost from looking at him; and all night long he would strike mit dot elbow von his hind leg dot floor on as if der vas some phantoms dot house in, bump, bump, bump. I dinks I goes crazy. Der vas also some more obscheckshuns vich I vill not enumerate choost now, Mr. Editor, but vill dell you confidentially next time ve meet in Zweibeer's saloon. He had more dishcrepancies den flees, and dat vas saying a grate deal.

By von of dose strange coincidences vich nopody can eggspain, von morning early, choost as dose tog katchers vas passing my house, sompody fired dot Fido oud der front door, and half a minute later he vas



Mrs. Hoofnackle questions Jackson about her dog.

safe and sound in dot tog cart. De troof is I vas personally erquainted mit Schorge Loafermeyer, who vas deputy tog katcher. Schorge vas defeated for sheriff, and ash dot frightful alternative sthared him in der face, eether to go to vork or to go mitout his meals, he consented to accept dot posishun of deputy tog katcher. Ven I eggspained matters to Schorge he grinned and said, "All right, Schackson, shoost see dot he ish in front of your house erbout haluf past seven, and I vill attend to de rest."

Den I dreated to peer.

Vell, after Fido had left us so abruptly, I sat me down dot breakfast table to, mit Sarah, choost so cool

ash some coocumbers. Presently Sarah looked around and says:

"Here, Fido! Vere is my little wootsy tootsy toggie? Come here, Fido, and get its little preakfast!"

But der vas no responses from Fido. All vash siient as der grave.

"Schackson," said Sarah, "have you seen Fido dis morning?"

"Yes, mem, a vile ago dot little anchel vas on ter sidevark exchanging dose compliments of the season mit some udder togs. Mebbe he runned away."

I have been married dot Sarah to for terventy-seven year, but never pefore did she dress herself so kervick ash on dot morning. In ten minutes she vas out on der street hunting for Fido, vile I staid dot house in and vistled:

I've losht mi toggie;
Who has seen mine pow-wow?

In apout an hour she coomed pack mitout Fido. She choost dropped dot sofa on, and vept choost like a pump, and I vas really so ashamed myseluf of ash never pefore. I had lump in my throats, so hellup me shimminy grashus.

"Schackson," said Sarah, viping her eyes, "mebbe dose reskelly dog katchers—"

"Unposhible! Fido had a license, and dose tog katchers vas too shentlemanly to drouble a tog mit a license."

"Vot, den, has become of him?"

"Mebbe some vicked sausage manufacturer has enticed him away. Perhaps he got himseluf runned over by a slop cart, but vat I dinks is dot he has made some improper female erquaintances, and der vas no telling vere he vas prowling apout."

"I dare say he learned all dot from you, unmoral creature dot you vas," and she looked at me in a vay dot makes my blood stand up and hair to run cold.

At dinner der vas a vacant schair, and at supper der still vas no Fido to vag his little tail and scratch mit his hind leg.

I dinks dot Sarah schmelt a mice, for she helt a finger my nose under and der vas some glitter in her eyes when she said sternly:

"Schackson, don't you know sumdings erbout dot tog?"



How Fido Disappeared.

"Sarah, I don't know noddings erbout Fido. What for you look at me in dot tone of voice?"

If Sarah vas to katch on dere would be some ambulance calls and mebbe an inquest, so say noddings.

Your friend,

JACKSON P. HOOFNACKLE.

WHY HE LOOKED COWED.

City Chap—What's the matter, old fellow? You look sort of cowed!

Amateur Farmer (disconsolately shaking the dust from his hair)—Cowed! I sh'd think I was! And calved too, you might add! I've been kicked over three times, and only got a quart of milk for my pains—and that the dratted, everlastingly be-bub-bled calf drank when I had my back turned!

NOT SO WICKED, AFTER ALL.

Mrs. Brown—Mrs. B.'s husband died only three weeks ago, and yet she goes to the opera already.

Mrs. Smythe—That's nothing; she is so deaf she can't hear a single note.

BASE FLATTERY.

Wife—This coffee is horrible. I must discharge the cook. By the way, what do you mean by saying the coffee is splendid?

Husband—I thought you made it.

SOCIETY ITEM.

Prospective Husband—I've done with you. I am going to engage myself to another girl.

Prospective Wife—As I was married yesterday to another feller, I guess I can stand it.

THE BOY FROM TEXAS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



HE PETERBY family continue to have complications with their landlady—The landlady's attempt to conciliate Mr. Peterby results in a complete failure.

Mister Editor: In my last letter i rote we had chainged ovr boarding hows. It is a chainge for the wuss. par goes on wusser than ever abowt the bad fude at the tabul, but we

don't suffer so much becaws there are 2 resterants on the blok.

we Had sum ham for dinner, wich par said, was petrified the stake is tuff enuff 4 door hinges, and the pi par eets don't make him pius judging by the way he kusses. Will you have some nice letus says the landlady par says "allrite!" and then turnin to mar he told her to call him Nebuchadnezzar from now on becos he had too eet so much grass henery henery says mar you will git us awl into hot water. o no says par we get hot water into us meaning the supe wich is orful thin mar is desperit but the uther borders laft.

When par heers the kook poundin the stake in the kitchen he smjles and says to the landlady air you about to tender us a banquet, with the aksent on the tender par is orful wen he has been drinkin—mar says she is not going to put up with it enny more but par laft and said that people had to put up with a grate deal at a boarding hows—he expected to have to put up his watch pretty soon.

Yesterday at brekfast the landlady to konsillyate par put on his plait one batter caik wich was swolled in the middle like a bile wich is almost ripe. par punched it with his fork and sed to mar wat she thot it was she replide henery eet your vittles with yore mouth instead of talkin so mutch par sed ones a dose i sposo so here she goes and he swallowed the batter caik kerchug.

Afterwards the landlady ses mister peterby how did you relish those nice lushus icesters we had for brekfast.

Icesters says par astonisht, ive had no icesters in this hows. o yes you did ses she—i hope goddlemity strike me ded if weve had enny icesters in this hows ses par. then the landlady eggspained that we had icester patties for brekfast and the swelled place in the batter caik contained a nice lushus icester.

Well ses par thats the fust time i ever et icesters without noing it and I hoap its the last.

Afterwards par told mar that he did taste something queer wen he swallowed the icester patty wich maid him siker than a dorg and that he thunk sutch icesters should be put on ice until the coroner had passed on them and given a berial permit—we will rent a hows or a flat mar says or she will go back to taxis par says he wisht he was there now for she doant wanter be disgraced enny more every day at the tabul with pars talk.

yures till deth

TOMMY PETERBY.

A Texas girl engaged to marry, eloped with a former lover before the ceremony took place. She was off with the old love before taking a new.



RAISING CAIN.

HE NEEDS A GUARDIAN.



SCARCELY A day passes that we do not see instances of men occupying positions which demand a certain amount of intelligence, who do not really possess the amount of brains that is required to make an ordinary every-day lunatic.

As an illustration: About two months ago an article appeared in SIFTINGS, entitled "The Burglars' Gazette."

The writer of the article intended it as a satire on the large (and increasing) number of trade papers, and made many absurd extracts from the imaginary "Burglars' Gazette."

The article was widely copied, and finally came to the notice of a minister in a little town out in Ohio. He rubbed his eyes, pinched himself once or twice to make sure that he was not dreaming, and after reading it over two or three times, gave vent to a little gasp of horror. He was terrifically horrified, or horrifically terrified, [take your choice, dear reader,] for he believed that the "Burglars' Gazette" actually existed.

He felt that he was in duty bound to commence a crusade against the "Burglars' Gazette," and on the Sunday following his vast congregation of some twenty good, bad and middling souls noticed that their beloved four-dollar-a-week pastor had something on his mind. "It's love as is a-doing of this," whispered one old lady who had a daughter of some thirty years of age, who had been trying to rope in the minister for the past eight years.

But it wasn't love. The minister was not overstocked with brains, but he knew enough not to fall in love with a girl with a wart on her nose as big as a walnut, and a voice like a Sound steamer in distress. Oh, no. It was the Burglars' Gazette, and now was the time to kill the Burglars' Gazette as dead as if it had partaken freely of pure ice-cream.

"Dearly beloved brethren," he said, "this is a wicked world, and we must be on the constant watch for new evils. A new evil has arisen. Last night while perusing our home weekly I observed in an article copied from a disreputable sheet published in New York that the burglars had started a journal of their own, to be devoted to their interests. Oh, shun the vile sheet, dearly beloved brethren, I beseech you, and do not allow any of your children to read it, or solicit subscriptions for it, even if they are rewarded by the publishers with a silver-plated jimmy for their trouble.

"This villainous publication is published in that hot-bed of vice and crime, New York. I once knew a young man who lived on a farm not many miles from here. He was as happy as the day was long. He was well liked by all for his sweet, innocent ways. Even the cows were fond of him. All was joy and sunshine with him, until one day he ran across a New York paper. From that day on, dearly beloved, he was a changed man. His once bright smile gave way to a look of dissatisfaction, and one by one his friends departed from him. Even the cows who once loved him as they did their own calves, seemed to sour on him. He finally went to New York, and now, I sicken to tell it, he plays first base on a local nine, and he is still on the down grade, and his first error was not his last, for here I have a clipping from a New York paper which says:

"Ebenezer Snooks, the jay from Ohio, who thinks he knows how to play first base, continues to make errors daily. He made five yesterday. Sneak home, young man, sneak home."

"Five errors in one day! O what a warning the fate of poor Ebenezer Snooks should be to the young men of our community.

"Who knows but what Ebenezer will run across the Burglars' Gazette, and notice, as I did, that a notorious burglar named Billy Kersee, is in want of a sober, honest pal? Who knows, but that in an evil hour, he will answer the advertisement, rob a bank, be caught, tried and convicted? I sicken at the very thought!"

And here he buried his face in his hands, and for a few moments remained silent. "He never will forget

that four dollars Snooks owed him, will he," whispered a solemn-looking cuss to his neighbor.

But there was no time for idle regrets. Serious work was ahead, so once more the pastor got the Burglars' Gazette under his left arm and chugged it in the face with his right.

He beseeched, howled and commanded his hearers not to read the Gazette or to send ten cents for a certain book advertised in it, called "Hints to Burglars, or How to Burgle Successfully." Finally, being almost completely exhausted, he stalked proudly away, feeling certain that he had ended the career of the Burglars' Gazette.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

AN UNSEASONABLE TIME.

First Clerk—I'm going to ask the boss for his daughter's hand to-day.

Second Clerk—You had better wait a while.

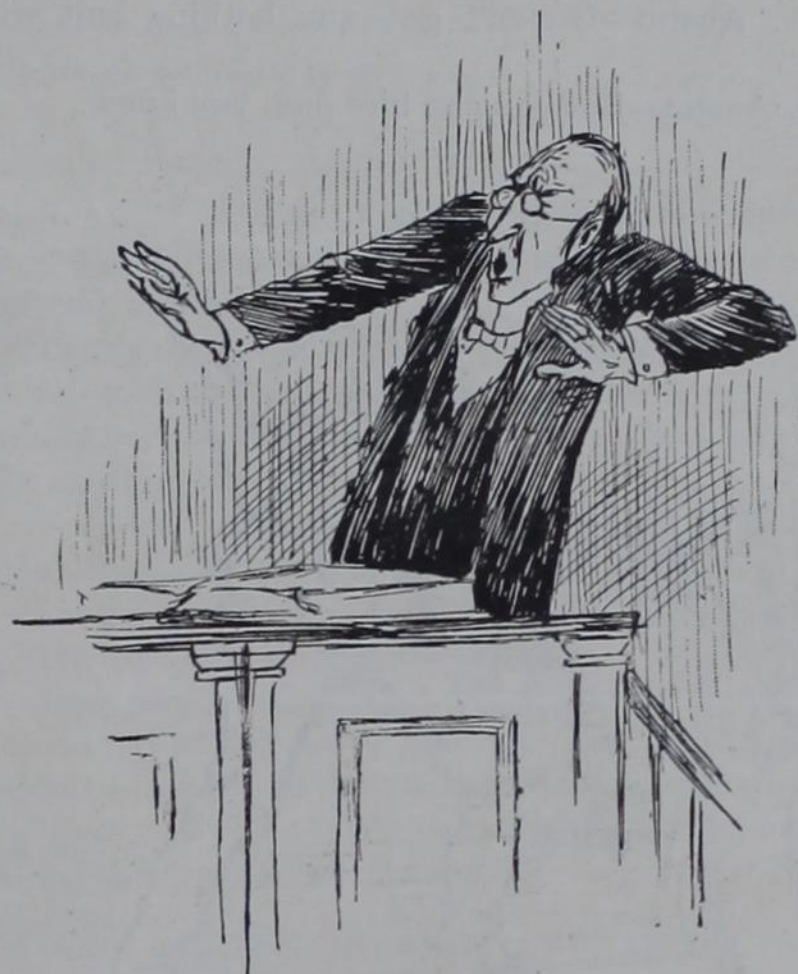
Why?

His fountain pen ain't working any too good lately.

WHO HE WAS.

Smith—Do you know who that skinny, cadaverous-looking individual is over there?

Jones—Yes, he's Prof. Quack, the author of "How to get Fat, or Hints to Thin People."



"O shun that vile sheet."

YE GRASPING LANDLORD.

Landlord (who lives in the house)—What is the reason you are all so quiet in your flat?

Tenant—My mother-in-law has gone away.

Landlord—She has, eh? I guess I'll have to raise your rent five dollars a week.

AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

Guest (to unknown man by his side)—This is a great society event.

Unknown man—Indeed it is. One of the most fashionable weddings ever held in New York.

None but the very *crème de la crème* here.

That's so. It is exceedingly select.

Are you a relative of the parties?

Not at all. I am a detective, watching out that none of the guests steal the wedding presents.

HE WAS ACQUAINTED WITH THEM.

Visitor—I thought you said you had some big men in this town. I haven't struck one.

Inhabitant—All the big bugs are out in the country spending the heated term.

Visitor (rubbing a red spot on the back of his neck)—Guess you're right. I have just returned from the country where I struck quite a number of big bugs.

A prize-fighter with blue eyes frequently has them darkened.

FISHING.



BRIEF DISCOURSE BY REV. WHANG-DOODLE BAXTER OF THE AUSTIN BLUE LIGHT TABERNACLE.

BERLUBBED BREDDEREN AND SISTERN:—De inspired psalmist has said dat a fishin' pole has a fool at one eend and a fish at de odder eend, and from what I knows about fishin' I ain't prepared to dispute his word.

I hears a great deal of talk about catchin' black bass, and some membrums of dis heah brillantine assemblage spends most of der time when dey haint loafin' around de saloons hunting for black bass, and when dey comes home dey haint got none. Dey don't seem ter understand how easy it am ter find black bass. If dey had any sense dey would know dat you kin generally find a black bass in de cultured church quire. Heah! heah! heah!

Goin' fishing am bery dangerous. Dar's no telling how many perils you encounters when you goes fishin'. In de fust place dar's de danger of being drowned, or gittin' sunstruck bekase de bait am too strong. But de danger don't stop dar. Dar's de danger ob eatin' de fish. Most ob de fish am fuller ob bones den dar am discrepancies about Sam Johnsing. De most wonderful ding about de fish am how de meat ebber got between de bones. Eatin' fish am more dangerous den callin' a perliceman a liar in New York.

Dar's lots ob fishin' goin' on all ober dis country durin' de summer mumfs. I read in a paper one day last week dat no less den one million fishin' poles am imported inter this country ebbery year by one firm alone, and also that in Ohio, where dar's prohibishun until yer can't rest, no less den five million jugs am manerfactured ebbery year, all of which shows what a mania dar am ter pull fish outer de water.

De gubernment at Washington encourages de stockin' ob de streams wid fish. Hit's a mighty easy job for de gubernment agents ter put ten million small trout or German carp inter a small lake or creek, but Lawd, how debblish hard it am ter pull one ob 'em out wid a fishin' line.

De quire will now sing in B flat dat oratorio beginnin':

My son, go ketch de finny tribe,
And try bring home a plenty,
But should one weigh five or six pounds,
Don't sw'ar it weighed jest twenty.

ALEX. E. SWEET.



PROPOSAL AND PREPOSITION.

MR. JOHNSING (in striped blazer and knickerbockers)—Ah, Miss White, can you not smile on my suit?

MISS WHITE—No, not on it; but I've often smiled at it!

THE AUSTINS GO TO CONEY ISLAND.



"Nonsense. Iron floats just as well as wood when it is made into a steamboat."

"But s'pose it should blow up, and we should be left clinging to a chunk of iron we had grabbed hold of, would it float?"

"You expect to catch hold of the anchor, or a piece of boiler plate if there should be an explosion, don't ye?"

"I would try to catch on to something."

"Well, you just catch on to what I am going to tell you. There isn't the least bit of danger in sailing down to Coney Island on one of these Iron Steamboats, if you don't try to get away with any of the iron. Friends of mine run down there every day, and they come back full of—"

"Beer, I suppose."

"No; full of stories of the fun they've had. Bill Jones liked to've got drowned in the surf only day before yesterday."

"That must have been fun."

"Well, it was fun for the other fellows, anyhow."

"I never went to Coney Island in my life."

"It's time you did, then. We'll go right down to the Iron Pier."

"Got an iron pier, too, have they?"

"That's what they call it, though there is a little woodwork about it, I believe."

"Well, I'm ready; let's be off."

ON THE BOAT.

Mrs. Austin—My! what a crowd of people. A steamboat needs to be made of iron to hold them all. Does the boat carry any sails, any sheets?

Mr. Austin—Yes, and they are made of sheet iron.

Mrs. Austin—You don't say! And liquors are served over a "bar" of iron, I suppose.

Mr. Austin—No more of that irony, my dear. Listen to the music.

Mrs. Austin—Ask them to play "Little Annie Rooney," John.

Mr. Austin—They haven't been playing anything else. Little Annie Rooney! You will have a good deal of Annie Rooney before you get back.

Mrs. Austin—There comes the leader of the band, with his hat in his hand, begging what you will have next.

Mr. Austin—Begging for a dime, you mean. I gave him one last summer, so that let's me out.

Mrs. Austin—Look, John; there's a ship standing out to sea.

Mr. Austin—Yes, and there's Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty, standing out to see, too."

Mrs. Austin—It was a waste of money to make Liberty of bronze. Any cheap material would have done just as well.

Mr. Austin—How so?

Mrs. Austin—It would have been bronzed by the sun, wouldn't it?

Mr. Austin—Is it the motion of the boat that makes you throw off these things?

Mrs. Austin—Look at that boat load of people coming home. Are they all seasick? What makes them look so ill?

Mr. Austin—They are not ill. They have been off having a good time, that's all. They have been enjoying themselves. That's the way Americans always look returning from a pleasure excursion. We'll have that appearance coming back.

Mrs. Austin—I hope not.

OME, now, Miranda, said Mr. Austin, "get your things on and let's go down and take an Iron Steamboat for Coney Island. We haven't had an outing yet, and we won't if we ain't pretty quick about it."

"Take an Iron Steamboat, John! Why, I would be afraid it would sink."

ON THE ISLAND.
Mrs. Austin—What do all these people do here?
Mr. Austin—Some of them do the shows, while the shows try to do the greenhorns.

Mrs. Austin—Where is the Elephant we hear so much about, John?

Mr. Austin—I don't see it now.

Mrs. Austin—But you have seen it, haven't you, John?

Mr. Austin (mournfully)—Yes, I have seen it, and many a dollar it cost me, too."

Mrs. Austin—Well, then, don't let's go near it. We can go to the top of the tower, can't we?

Mr. Austin—Yes, we can go to the top of the tower. (They make the ascent of the tower.)

Mrs. Austin—What a splendid view! Is that Stationery Island?

Mr. Austin—Staten Island, you mean. Yes, that's it.

Mrs. Austin—And there is Sandy Hook, I'll bet.

Mr. Austin—No, that's Brooklyn Bridge. There is a hook to it, though, you may be sure.

Mrs. Austin—Isn't that Brigantine Island off to the left?

Mr. Austin—You're way off to the left; that's Quarantine Island.

Mrs. Austin—That's what I meant. But the wind blows too hard up here; let's go down.

(They descend.)

Mr. Austin—Want to go in bathing, Matilda?

Mrs. Austin—Haven't got any bathing suit with me.

Mr. Austin—But you can hire one, you know.



The Leader of the Band.

Mrs. Austin—I would like to see myself in a hired bathing suit.

Mr. Austin—So would I.

Mrs. Austin—John, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!

Mr. Austin—Let's try the merry-go-round.

Mrs. Austin—There isn't enough merry to go 'round, I judge, the people look so solemn.

Mr. Austin—Americans always take their amusements very seriously.

Mrs. Austin—Yes, it's hard to make them understand that fun is fun. They want to make something else out of it.

Mr. Austin—Well, my dear, have you seen enough?

Mrs. Austin—Yes, dear, let's go home.

And they go. A. MINER GRISWOLD.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

SPORTING ITEM.

Hunter—Have you seen any rabbits running around here?

Abe Johnson—Dar's a rabbit squattin' under de fence ober dar. Ef you shoots at him, I reckon he will run fast ernuff.

ONE AT A TIME.

Mrs. Yerger—Have you got any gentlemen visiting you?

Miss Snowflake—Yes, mum. Dar's a cullud barber who am gwinter marry me in de fall.

Well, I want you to understand that provisions are so high that not more than one of your future husbands can be allowed to visit you at a time.

HOW HE DID IT.

Elderly Captain (to handsome young lieutenant)—

Whenever I attend a party at Mrs. Kursenbeck's I give the servant girl two marks, and yet she does not seem satisfied; but when you give her anything, Lieutenant, her face lights up with a heavenly smile. How much money do you give her, Lieutenant?

Lieutenant—I never give any money at all. I only squeeze her finger.

ENCOURAGING.

Young Crimsonbeak—I desire to marry your daughter.

Col. Yerger—My daughter is too young to marry, but I assure you when she comes of age you will have the first mortgage on her affections.

HOTEL NOTE.

Lady's Maid (to hotel clerk)—I think it's a shame that I have to sleep away up on the seventh floor, while the family lives on the second floor.

Hotel Clerk (with a beaming smile)—Don't you know that the beautiful angels are all away up high above ordinary mortals?

NOW AND THEN.

Bill—What are you doing now, Ben?

Ben—I am living as cheap as I can. I am saving up every cent I make, so I can get married. How are you and your wife coming on, Bill?

Bill—We are saving up every cent we can spare, so we can go to Chicago in the fall and get a divorce.

A METHOD IN HIS WILDNESS.

During a hunt a lieutenant fired at a rabbit, but missed it and narrowly missed the major of his regiment, who was in front of him.

"Donnerwetter!" exclaimed the major. "I say, Lieutenant, are you shooting at rabbits or for promotion?"

A REAL CASE OF STUPIDITY.

Kosciusko Murphy—How do you like Miss Jones? In my opinion she is not only handsome, but very intelligent.

Gus de Smith—I agree with you as far as her looks are concerned, but she is not intelligent. I've been courting her for the last six months, and I don't think, from the way she acts, that she has found it out yet.

PROTECTION WANTED.

First Tramp—I've been begging ever since daylight, and I've only got nine cents. What's de matter wid de people?

Second Tramp—De troof is, Cully, these here foreign beggars come over here and ruin de bizness. What we need is proteckshun.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Visitor (to mine host)—You seem to have the blues.

Host—Yes, and I've got good reason for it. You know the old ruin on the hill back of the hotel is haunted, and lots of tourists put up here at this hotel just to see the ghost. Now, what does the blankety blank spectre do but strike me for an increase of wages—the low-lived whelp—and I'm already giving more than he could earn anywhere else.

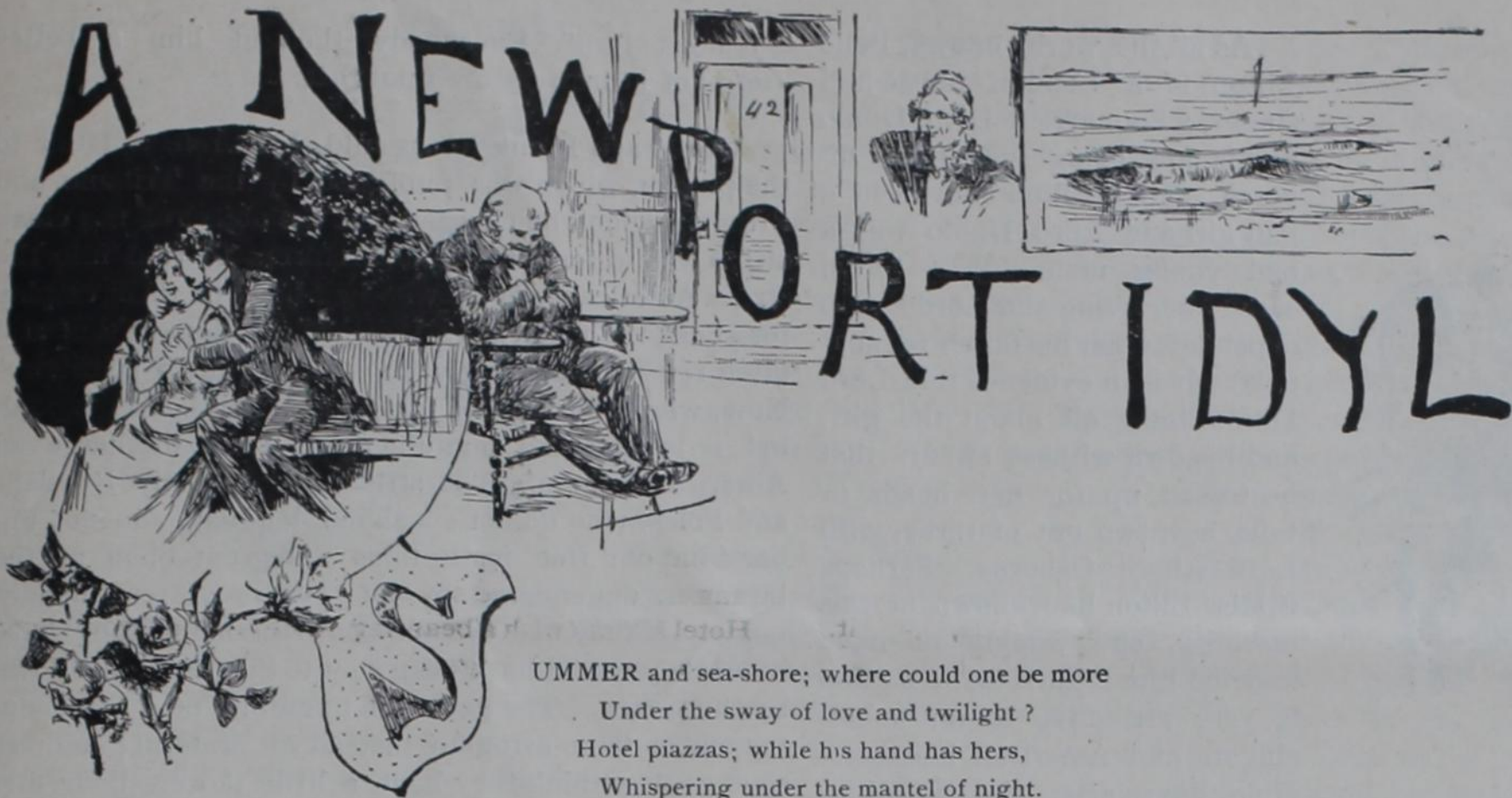
HONORS EASY.

Lawyer—Your wife charges that you have been false to her, and that she has proofs of your infidelity.

Snooks—I suppose I am a little false, but it is her fault. After marrying her I discovered that her pearly teeth were false, as were her silken hair and even her faultless form, so I thought I'd be a little false myself. We have ail got our little faults.



Mr. and Mrs. Austin have had enough of Coney Island, and start for home.



UMMER and sea-shore; where could one be more
Under the sway of love and twilight?
Hotel piazzas; while his hand has hers,
Whispering under the mantle of night.

Before, the sea roaring; behind, Papa snoring,
Mamma discreetly in room forty-two;
None to disturb them, no rein to curb them,
Good chance for spooning, and, you bet they do.

Gazing at Venus; "never between us,
The vow to each other, shall aught e'er recall;"
With kisses and blisses, she'll soon become Mrs.,
And cards will be issued, quite early in Fall.

PEARL EYTINGE.

HOW WE USE OUR PRESIDENTS.

"If Grant were President to-day," says the Philadelphia Times, in speaking of the new pension bill now waiting the President's signature, "no such pension bill would have passed Congress; or, if passed by Congress, it would be promptly returned with a veto that the country would accept as unanswerable."

We don't quote this in order to prelude an essay upon the pension bill, but simply to illustrate the American propensity for praising a dead and gone President at the expense of the living one. One's memory need not be very vigorous in order to recall the time when Grant, as President, was overwhelmed with newspaper abuse for what he did and what he did not do. He was called "Useless" Grant by some, and no act of his administration seemed to meet the approval of a very large number of people. Now with the great captain dead and laid away in his tomb, we read: "If Grant were only President," etc., etc.

But it was so with all the Presidents from Washington down. Who suffered more abuse than James Buchanan, whose misfortune it was to be President of these United States at a time when they were using their best (or worst) efforts to become dis-united. During the closing year of his administration there was hardly a newspaper in the country to speak a word in his defense. More obloquy was heaped upon him than upon Jefferson Davis or any of the secession leaders. Whenever a State went out the crime was traced directly to "Old Buck," as he was called; and there were people who believed that it was he and no one else that fired the first gun on Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor, having stolen away from Washington, secretly by night, to do it. Yet the most searching investigation has never been able to trace treason to James Buchanan's door.

Hayes suffered abuse enough while President, but few defenders or apologists turned up after he retired. His position in the chair was so little assured that the people have very little to say about him, anyway. There is a disposition to let Mr. Hayes rest, with the single exception of Charles A. Dana.

And now, with all the abuse heaped upon President Harrison, who knows but that the time may come when some editor will say, "If Harrison were only President!"

But that is rather too much to expect.

A BUSINESS PROPOSITION.

A.—My dear friend, I am obliged to have a thousand dollars immediately. Can't you accommodate me with that amount?

B.—I expect I can do so. For how long do you require the money?

For twelve months.

It's all right, but you know I am a man who never does something for nothing. If you use my money I'll expect you to pay for the use of it.

I understand that perfectly.

I am no banker, nor am I a usurer. I shall expect you to pay a very moderate rate of interest. Ten per

cent. is all I expect. You give me your note for a thousand dollars, and I'll deduct the amount of the interest and pay you \$900 in cash.

That's what I expected to pay, but now that I come to think of it I will probably not be able to pay the money back at the end of the year, so I had better make the note run for two years.

Very well. Then I will just give you \$800 for your thousand-dollar note.

Suppose we make the note out for four years.

Then you would get \$600.

Yes, that would be all right, but as I may not be able to pay at the end of the four years, I think it would be best to make the one thousand dollar note payable in ten years. By that arrangement you would keep your \$1,000 and I would keep the note.

SOME DREADFUL DREAMS.

The rich old miser, Grimes, dreams that while he is paralyzed and neither able to move or speak he sees his spendthrift nephew open the safe and take out large packages of greenbacks.

Lawyer Gassaway, who never gains a case, dreams that he has been accused of a murder of which he is innocent, and to his horror the court appoints him to defend himself.

The prominent merchant, Lightweigh, dreams that he had forgotten his own name and address, and had to hunt them up in the directory.

The amateur hunter, Neverhit, has a dream in which he shoots a number of lions, elephants, tigers and other wild animals. All at once a man appears before him who introduces himself as the proprietor of a menagerie and demands payment of the slaughtered animals.

Cadet Drinkhard, of the military institute, dreams that he slipped away from the institution with a chum to have a social time, when to his horror he discovers that the chum is none other than the superin-

tendent of the military institute. And last, the celebrated tenor, Blowhard, dreams that he has to sing before the director of an opera company in order to secure an engagement, when to his horror instead of singing he can only crow like a rooster. He makes heroic efforts to sing, but invariably with the same result. To make matters worse the director brings out a real rooster that sings with the voice of the tenor, whereupon the director engages the rooster at an enormous salary and refuses to listen to the tenor.

O, WOMAN, LOVELY WOMAN!

"There are some queer couples in the world," remarked a real estate agent. "The other day a man and a woman called to see me about renting a flat. The woman did all the talking, and turned to the man for confirmation or corroboration. He always agreed with her, and did it very meekly.

"Well," said the woman, "I'll give you \$25 for this flat; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And I'll pay my rent promptly, too; won't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

"And take good care of the house; won't I John?"

"Yes'm."

"But," I inquired, as is usual in such cases, "are you man and wife?"

"Man and wife!" exclaimed the woman, sharply; "indeed, we are not; are we, John?"

"No'm."

"What!" says I, "not man and wife?"

"Not much! I'd have you know that in this family we are wife and man; ain't we, John?"

"Yes'm."

CAUSE FOR SADNESS.

What's the matter? You look so sad.

My uncle's condition troubles me.

Why, I saw him a little while ago, and he seemed to enjoy perfect health.

That is exactly what troubles me!

HEART DISEASE.

Gus Snooks—Confidentially, doctor, what did Miss Gaygirl die of?

Doctor—Heart failure.

Gus Snooks—I thought there was something the matter with her heart when she refused my hand last winter.



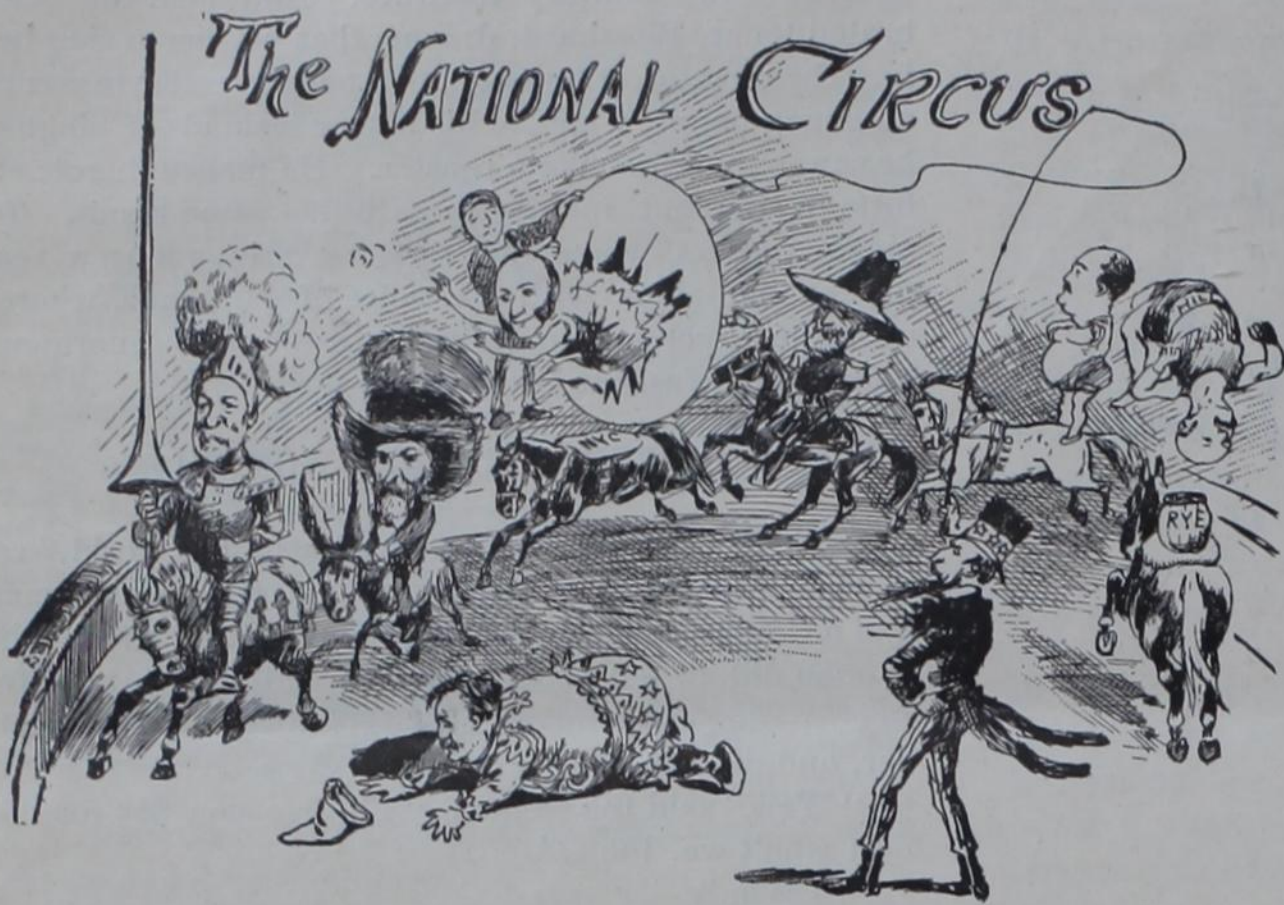
AN AGGRAVATING HUSBAND.

SHE—You remember you offered to take me to Asbury Park this summer.

HE—Yes, and you said if you couldn't go to Long Branch you would not go out of town at all.

SHE—Well, I have thought better of it since.

HE—Humph! So have I.



The diplomatic dispute about the Behring Sea involves not only the American eagle, the Canadian beaver and the British lion, but, also, the Russian bear and, indirectly, the whole European menagerie. The point of the controversy, concealed by diplomatic phrases, is whether or not Russia sold to us the exclusive right of the Sea. If so, Russia must support the United States in asserting and defending that right. Beyond this is another question, viz: whether Russia possessed the exclusive right sold to us; but that is a matter for Russia and England to settle between themselves. In our domestic legislation we have taken for granted that Russia did have this right and did sell it to us; but in our foreign relations we have never boldly claimed that Behring Sea belongs as exclusively to the United States as, say, Lake Mahopac or Long Island Sound. This claim may have been neglected or overlooked, or there may have been no special occasion for making it. In either case, the claim is good if it be backed by the proper documents from Russia. Until Russia speaks, Secretary Blaine and Lord Salisbury can settle nothing. But a claim asserted by the United States and indorsed by Russia will settle itself. England is not going to war with two such nations and lose both India and Canada in the attempt to catch a few seals and get the sealskin sack.

The famous E. F. Shepard coach, the Racket, made its usual trip from Fourteenth street to Central Park. The team was an old bay wheeler, with a skittish but useless brown mare on the off side. Jimmy Goodman, the driver, sat on the box seat. On top were Mr. Arthur Jones, in blue flannel and Gordon sash; Billy Rathbone, his chum; Miss Mable Smith, on a visit from New London, and Tiffany McGaure, the base-ball player, on a bat. Inside were Mr. and Mrs. Halevy and family, the youngest daughter, Sadie, carrying her wonderful pet dog of the pure Roi du Ashe Barrele breed. The day was fine; but the coach would have started whether the day had been fine or not. At Twenty-third street, Messrs. Jones and Rathbone descended from their perch and walked up Broadway, saying that they were in a hurry to get there. The route was past Madison Square, the site of the new Astor Hotel and the Union League Club. The customary fare of five cents was exacted. Mrs. Halevy expressed herself as much pleased with her long drive. (Adv.)

A thing for laughter, sneers and jeers is the weather-prediction department. It extends all over the country; expends hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, and its only use is to tell us that a rainy day ought meteorologically to be fair and that a blazing hot day is, according to the bureau ciphering, cold with light snow. The utter incapacity of the concern was demonstrated by the Lawrence cyclone. Had this storm been predicted by any official; had its course been observed and traced by any of the hundreds of agents in telegraphic communication with the central office, something might have been done to prevent the loss of life, if not of property, at Lawrence. But, no; the salaried observers observed nothing; the well-paid agents reported nothing, and poor Lawrence was as much at the mercy of the wind as if we had no Weather Bureau. Is there to be an official inquiry into this affair? Are we to go on spending money to support a lot of nincompoops who do not know a cyclone from a zephyr until it lays a whole town in ruins? If we must throw our money away upon such foolishness, why not employ a few old tars from Sailor's Snug Harbor to take a squint to windward and tell us what the weather will be tomorrow?

As all the world knows, Belle Bilton is a London music-hall singer, who married Lord Dunlo and is now being sued for a divorce. Miss Bilton had been a bad girl and Lord Dunlo was a bad young man. Miss Bilton earned her living and Lord Dunlo depended upon his father for support. It is in evidence that Lord Dunlo knew all about the girl, and his own witness swears that he tossed up for her, heads or tails, best two out of three, with Lord Albert Osborne. Perhaps if Miss Bilton had known of this rascality, she would not have married him; but, then, a title is very attractive to music-hall singers and American heiresses. Nine days after the wedding, Lord Dunlo's father, without

ever having seen the bride, separated the happy pair; sent the young husband to Australia, and confesses that he left the young wife to go to the bad, so that a divorce might be obtained. He says that she went there; she swears that she did not. At any rate, there can be no divorce; for Miss Bilton's previous offences were condoned by her marriage, and an official called the Queen's Proctor will intervene to prevent the plot of Lord Dunlo's father from succeeding. The moral of the affair is that a bad music-hall girl is in several respects better than a bad lord. From both, Good Lord, deliver us!

Despite the great popularity of racing, there is now more money invested in trotting than ever before; more trotters are in training; larger stakes are offered to winners; more people attend the trotting-tracks. Encouraged by these facts, the trotting magnates are making a determined effort to revive the old trotting furore in this vicinity, and the meeting, at Fleetwood Park, will be most liberal in all its arrangements this autumn. Sunol, who seems destined to lower the proud record of Maud S.—retired from the turf to adorn a private stable—has a chivalric owner, ready to pit him against any horse for glory and expenses. I am sorry to say that the many-millioned Mr. Hamlin, who owns the great trotting mare, Belle Hamlin, seems to care more for the money than for the glory. He refuses the frank offer to meet Sunol for \$10,000 a side and the gate-money, but cautiously thinks that he might be willing to race for \$5,000 a side, the loser to take forty per cent. of the receipts. Now, at least \$20,000 to \$25,000 would be paid by the public to see such a race. Take the lower figure, and Millionaire Hamlin would be \$3,000 winner if his horse lost the match and the \$5,000 stake. This is reducing trotting to a pecuniary certainty, and Mr. Hamlin must suppose that our turfmen are as green as the turf.

Amos Cummings—I beg pardon—the Hon. Amos J. Cummings, Member of Congress from New York, is always doing some good to somebody, and he has an especially warm corner of his big heart for the old printers, among whom he ranks himself. Sitting in the House of Representatives is to him merely an outside job; his true vocation is setting type. Now he is interested in a Home for Aged Printers. Five years ago, the philanthropic George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, gave \$10,000 to the International Typographical Union. Compound interest and the contributions of printers have increased this sum to about \$26,000. The State of Colorado has offered to donate 140 acres at Colorado Springs, on condition that the Union shall put up a \$25,000 building, with the privilege of selling half the land to raise the money. Colorado Springs has had a boom and the land is now worth \$100,000. Mr. Cummings proposes that each of the 40,000 printers belonging to the Union shall contribute one dollar, so as to build and endow the Home without selling any of the land, thus insuring that every aged, sick and indigent compositor may have a refuge in time of need. There can be but one answer to such a proposal and that is—Here's my dollar.

President Harrison has allowed his friends and advisers to put him in a peculiarly painful predicament. If he has accepted the Cape May cottage as a present to Mrs. Harrison, the \$10,000 story is an unnecessary falsehood. If he has paid \$10,000 for it, the syndicate of boomers have charged him more than the cottage is worth. Either way, the President is as wrong as when he allowed his son Russell to christen Secretary Blaine

"Jealous Jim." Everybody thought him a better Judge of human nature than that.

Weeks ago Frank Rothschild, Jr., wrote a letter to the papers, which was published by the Tribune and Press, in which he charged that the object of the cloak strike was to force the manufacturers to turn into the street American women who had been in their employ for years. The strikers indignantly denied this and often referred sneeringly to "Rothschild's spinsters." Now, when Baron Dees formulates their latest demand, lo! it is that the manufacturers shall discharge all American women. The strikers are mostly Russians and Poles, who do not speak our language, do not understand our free institutions and vent upon us the bitterness engendered by long years of servitude at home. If they had behaved in Russia as they have here, they would have been sent to Siberia or shot down by the troops. The generous immunity of a free country makes them arrogant instead of grateful; and, as soon as they think they have a little power, their first scheme is to turn out American women to starvation or worse. For local political purposes, the law has been twisted to support these causeless, cruel, ignorant strikers; but, now that their hideous object is apparent, it ought to show them no mercy. Baron Dees has already been kicked out of one store, and the place for him, as for all other Anarchists, is a prison.

Within a month, a singular law, enacted by the last Legislature, will be in force throughout this State. Any child, "actually, or apparently under sixteen years of age," will be guilty of a misdemeanor if caught smoking or using tobacco in any form in the public streets, places or resorts. The quoted phrase, "actually or apparently under sixteen," makes this an absurd law. Who is to judge of the apparent age of the boy or girl, man or woman, who chews, smokes or snuffs tobacco in public? The law was intended to put down cigarette smoking; but its stupid wording renders it a dead letter, and every law unenforced is a direct encouragement to the violation of all laws.

The stock-gamblers in Wall street are having hard times. No lambs come down for them to shear. Like wolves, they have devoured the fat from each other until only skin and bones are left, and not much of them. Long ago, they frightened the outside public away by their swindling and extortions. The man who dealt with them was sure to lose \$25 anyhow, and reasonably sure to be cheated out of every dollar he entrusted to his broker. In their accounts, they always charged their customer the highest price of the day for their purchases and the lowest for their sales, thus pocketing a double difference. They have not played as fairly as the faro-bank gamblers, who are also being driven out of the city. Most of them never had any capital except the value of their seats, which are now heavily mortgaged. Yet these irresponsible gamblers have been allowed to dictate the prices of stocks and bonds and to ruin investors in business enterprises. That they should be starved out, at last, is a blessing to the city, and nobody, except the barkeepers to whom they are in debt, will be sorry to see them go away and undertake to earn an honest living somewhere else. The World should send one of its clever reporters to serve as a broker's clerk in Wall street for a fortnight and publish his experiences as a final blow at the stock-gambling fraternity.

Can a pretty young girl disappear in New York; be killed by malpractice; her body taken to an undertaker in the dead of night and buried under an assumed name, without any hue and cry about the girl or exposure of the crimes to which she has been a victim? Yes; unless some of her former friends talk about her in an elevated train and a shrewd detective overhears them. This is the Annie Goodwin case, which Judge Bedford has sacrificed his vacation to unravel. Had it not been for the accidental conversation overheard by Detective Price, the fate of the pretty cigarette girl would have been as complete a mystery as that of the pretty cigar girl of the last generation. Judge Bedford has the case well in hand and promises to bring all concerned within the grip of justice, and his experience and integrity guarantee the strict performance of his duty.

THE RINGMASTER.

ONE AS BAD AS THE OTHER.

Miss Oldmaid—Ain't you ashamed, a young girl like you, to marry a man sixty years old?

Mrs. Struckit—Well, what of it? Ain't the old man sixty years old ashamed of marrying a young girl like me?

THE BOUNCER.



ONSIDERED as an ornament to society, or as a contribution to the bright and beautiful side of existence, the Bouncer may not be said to be a howling triumph. He does not aim to flutter idly through the

flower-gardens of life like the butterflies of fashion. He is rather to be compared to the humble tumble-bug, whose worthy mission it is to remove offensive particles that obstruct the paths of people. When there is fluttering to be done, he makes others do it.

He is to be met in almost every public place where men are likely to acquire such surplus enthusiasm as to make them more or less nuisances to other men or women in the same place. Now, the most potent cause of such enthusiasm is alcohol, wherefore it comes about that in the most of the greater saloons and beer-gardens, and concert halls of the city there is one employé who is specially charged with the duty of bouncing obnoxious customers. This may, or may not be his sole duty. That will depend on the character of the place. But whether he has, or has not, other duties, he is expected to do whatever fighting has to be done, and always to fight in the interests of peace and good order.

As a result, the Bouncer is exceedingly likely to be more or less battered in his appearance. He could not have become a capable bouncer without a considerable experience in fighting, and experience of that kind is tolerably sure to leave conspicuous traces on the countenance. It may be that only a broken nose, or a lamentable lack of front teeth or an incomplete ear or two may show the evidence of pugilistic prowess, but in some shape or another, this evidence is almost always to be seen.

It does not distress the Bouncer in any degree that this is thus. Since the days of the never-to-be-forgotten Bill Poole, no thorough New York tough has ever objected seriously to bearing the marks of a rough-and-tumble fight on his person. That great fighter may be said to have set the fashion in mayhem. It was his blithesome, bonny habit, when taking his walks abroad, to pitch upon some person whom he might meet, and chew a portion of his ear off. If it chanced to be an enemy, so much the better, but if not, any stranger would do. All that Mr. Poole really cared about was an opportunity to give play to his natural sportiveness. The reader who is unacquainted with the local history of New York City will naturally inquire why he was not murdered. He was, after a number of unsuccessful attempts by men who did not survive the effort.



The high-toned Bouncer.

But because the Bouncer seems indifferent to such little blemishes on his personal beauty as those alluded to, it is not to be thought that he is devoid of personal pride. He has as much of that as a prima donna, or a thoroughbred pug. Like the pug, he is proud of won-

drous things; proud of his unprepossessing appearance; proud of his inability to speak English, and his ability to patter flash; proud of the brutal instincts that enable him to take fiendish delight in maltreating a man of less physical strength than himself; proud of the fact that reputable people avoid him, he attributing this fact to fear instead of contempt; proud of every attribute that makes him less of a man, and more of a brute. And, reckoning thus, he has much to be proud of.

All this is, so to speak, a generic description of the Bouncer. It applies to the guardian of the peace of the lower class of resorts—the meaner saloons, and the less reputable places of amusement, most of which, just now, are not allowed by the police to remain open. There are, however, Bouncers to whom the description will not apply. There is in New York a saloon that is famous the world over, not for the excellence of its drinks, (they are no better, if as good as can be bought elsewhere for less money), but for the lavish extravagance of its appointments. Scores of thousands of dollars have been spent in famous pictures and statues, mostly immodest, and tens of thousands in bric-a-brac, for its adornment. It is the bar-room of a great hotel which is a headquarters for sporting men, politicians and men about town, and these, together with the callow youth of the city who are proud of their acquaintance, and who consider it a fine thing to pay twenty-five cents for a ten-cent drink, assemble daily and nightly in the bar-room.



The Bouncer of lower class.

The Bouncer in this place is the apotheosis of his profession. He is an elegant gentleman in appearance, manners and dress. And he is one of the most renowned pugilists of the world. No brawling, seven-dollars-a-week man would be admitted beyond the threshold, but the function such a man fills in a low dive is performed in gentlemanly style by his great prototype here. Blows are seldom struck in the place, but a man is there who may be relied on to strike efficiently if it should be necessary, and never to strike if it should be unnecessary.

The Bouncer, having once secured employment, is tolerably certain of keeping it until such time as a mightier than he appears. So long as the Bouncer really bounces, and the bounced is really and effectively bounced, the Bouncer is all right. But there are occasions on which the Bouncer tackles some one who resolutely refuses to be bounced, and who bounces the Bouncer. Thereupon the boss also bounces the Bouncer, and offers his job to the man who bounced him.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Although this title would lead the indulgent reader to believe that I am putting a graduating essay into print, which the same, I admit, would be a crime comparable to none in the calendar, let me still your fears at once by saying that I wish simply to reveal a few happenings in personal experience, but for which I may have been President of a Board of Aldermen or a member of a Sugar Trust or something equally all-absorbing. Not that I am ashamed of my present position as devil, proof-reader, managing editor, advertising agent and cashier of a country newspaper. Oh, no; that brings with it free tickets, free speech, free buttermilk, and an occasional payment of salary, but—

I remember when I was a boy, the dispute I had with Bill Smith, the free and easy way in which he broke the bridge of my nose and the off-hand way in which he chewed off the tip of my right ear. With the flight of time Bill and I became rivals for the affections of the ravishing Griselda, and sad to relate, Bill got the girl, her assets and assigns, and I got left. Just think of it, if I had only taken advantage of that boyish quarrel to beat, kick, trample and crush him into nothingness and a pine-wood coffin, where would I be to-day?

The proud possessor of a red-haired beauty and a gold-hued boodle!

I once had an appointment with a rich and invalid old bachelor to talk over an arrangement for serving as his banker, secretary and factotum. I rose bright and early to don my best clothes and my most insinuating manner, determined to obtain that position or die. I bent over the basin in my fourth-floor eyrie, prepared to bathe my heated brow and intellectual features in the cooling stream that flowed from the faucet when, after getting the soap well into my eyes and over my skin, lo, the water, through some infernal agency (that is to say, some one down below began to use the water), ceased to run, and there I stood crouching like a wild beast, limp, inert, unwashed, well-greased and profane. I wasted a half hour over my ablutions, missed my appointment, and the bachelor engaged another man. Shortly after the news came to me that the confiding old man was robbed of his all by his secretary, who successfully eluded the police. Just think of it, had I kept that appointment, I could have robbed the old man myself, and where would I be to-day? The proud possessor of a Canadian castle and a conscience as easy as that of any Napoleon of finance!

I once saved a boy from drowning and nearly lost my life in the rescue. The poor fellow tried to take me down with him, but I managed to keep myself loose and pull him in by a hair. Ah, but had I allowed him to draw me down to the ocean's bed, where would I be to-day? The proud statuette in a heavenly niche, with a crown of glory around my head and a banjo in my hand. Instead of which I am here lamenting the loss of valuable opportunities, a prey to my own fancy and a slave to chewing-gum and a narrow newspaper circulation!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THE ONLY "MRS. O'TOOLE."

Mrs. O'Toole (at the post-office window)—Be yez the postmaster, I dunno?

Village Postmaster—I am the postmaster. What can I do for you?

Mrs. O'Toole—Sure, Oi'm spindin' the hated terrum in your village, Mister Postmaster. There's another woman of me name stoppin' here, too, but if any letthers come addressed to Mrs. O'Toole, plaze remember they're for me. D'ye moind now?

Postmaster—But you say there's another Mrs. O'Toole.

Mrs. O'Toole—So there is, but Oi'm *the* Mrs. O'Toole, by right of pressedence. Oi'm the only wan of the name entitled to call herself "Mrs. O'Toole," same as Mrs. Asthor; understand now. And if any letthers—

Postmaster—How am I to tell—

Mrs. O'Toole—Tell, is it? Can't ye tell by me aristocratic faytures, and me drawin'-room accint, that Oi am *the* Mrs. O'Toole? Any other woman callin' herself "Mrs. O'Toole" is a blaggard and Oi'll have her arristed, so I will, for me brother's on the New York foorce.

Postmaster (much bewildered)—But will all the letthers which come addressed to Mrs. O'Toole be intended for you?

Mrs. O'Toole—Av course they will. Oi'm the only Mrs. O'Toole who has the right to bear the name. Must I tell ye a dozen times? The O'Tooles trace their desint from Brian Boru, and Oi've a Toole chist full of documents to prove it.

Postmaster—But the other Mrs. O'Toole may make the same claim.

Mrs. O'Toole—Oi would like to see her try it, bad cest to her! (Starting away.) Now mind what Oi tell you. If any letthers come addressed to "Mrs. O'Toole" they are for me and no wan else. If you give them up to any other O'Toole Oi will sind in a complaint to Misther Wannymaker, the post-office ginerel. Mind that, now. (Exit singing:)

"Whack! fal row, fal row, fal-leddy,
Whack! fal row, fal row, fal lay."



A NEGRO MELODY ILLUSTRATED.

"Mary's gone with a 'coon."

MONTGOMERY PEEL.



Y FIRST impression of Montgomery Peel shall never be forgotten. He was, as a justice of the peace, presiding at the preliminary trial of Andrew Brukmore, charged with the murder of David C. Cahoon. I was a mere boy at the time, but I remember that Montgomery Peel made a profound impression on me, and I also recollect that when my father, in answer to a question, said that a justice of the peace was not a high officer, I wondered why Peel had taken the place—wondered why he had not declared himself governor of the State. He was a very tall man, with black, inquiring eyes, and a great growth of dark-brown whiskers. He presided as my ideal of dignity; his voice was penetrating and his questions were to the point. At first, every one appeared to think that Andrew Brukmore was surely the murderer of David C. Cahoon, but as the examination proceeded, as the justice threw the soft light of apparent innocence upon the dark complexion of seeming guilt, it was plainly seen that the prisoner would not be held to await the action of the grand jury.

"Gentlemen," said Montgomery Peel, arising and addressing the assembly, "I have attempted to look with the eye of calmness and wisdom into this case. I have blunted my ears to the whisperings of prejudice, and within myself I have quieted every impulse that sought to jump toward a hasty conclusion. At first the evidence was bold against this man, but what at first seemed to be a wall of evidence now proves to be a fog of deception. Andrew Brukmore," he continued, turning majestically to the prisoner, "there are times, sir, when we are called upon to face trials of dark severity. You have faced yours, and now step aside without a stain upon your garments. Gentlemen, it is my desire that you all shake hands with Mr. Brukmore."

The scene was affecting. In that quiet Virginia community murder was of rare occurrence; indeed, many old men who were present had never before seen a prisoner held under so grave a charge. Every one pressed forward and shook hands with Brukmore, and I remember hearing a red-headed freckled-faced boy say:

"I reckon the folks air cryin', pap, 'cause they air sorry they ain't goin' to hang him."

This trial seemed to make a different man of Montgomery Peel, for he attended church more regularly, and when his term of office expired he did not announce himself as a candidate for re-election.

One day, several years later, father and I were riding through the woods when we came upon Montgomery Peel, cutting down a tree.

"Why, what are you doing here?" my father asked. "You are surely not chopping firewood this hot weather."

"No," said the giant—and he was indeed a giant—"I am going to build a house."

"What, build a house away out here?"

"Yes, for the house I am going to build would be out of place anywhere except in the quiet woods. I am going to build a church."

"It will take a strong preacher, Peel, to draw a congregation away up here."

"If the size of the congregation depends upon the strength of the preacher, it is likely to be small, for I am to be the preacher."

"You are joking."

"Did you ever know me to joke?" he asked, standing with one hand resting on the tree and gazing earnestly at my father.

"I don't know that I ever did, Peel, but I can hardly believe that a man of your bright prospects could content himself with preaching in this lonely place. Why, there isn't a house within three miles."

"Peter sometimes preached many miles distant from a house, yet thousands of people went to hear him."

"Yes, that is true, but Peter proclaimed a new and interesting gospel, while you can only hope to follow in a well-worn path."

He gazed intently at my father, and thus answered: "We have seen a path that was worn, and then we have seen it deserted—have seen the grass and

weeds grow where the ground was once made smooth and bare by many feet."

"True enough, Peel; and now let me say that if you are in earnest, I hope that you may be instrumental in drawing thousands from the wickedness of the world."

"I dare not hope to draw thousands," said he. "I dare not picture to my mind a multitude flocking to hear me—but I will dare hope to draw one soul away from an awaiting destruction, and, if I do even that much, I shall feel that my church has been built to some purpose."

As we rode along, my father was silent for some time, and then, as though speaking to himself, said, "The poor fellow has lost his mind."

The report that Montgomery Peel was building a church far away in the woods naturally awakened great interest in the community. Many of the men declared that he must have lost his mind, but the women, with that hopeful sympathy which ever expects a good result from an ostensibly pious action, averred that he was appointed to bring about a great reformation. Wives persuaded their husbands to assist in building the church, and thus aided, Peel was soon ready to deliver his first sermon. It was on a Sunday, warm, clear and beautiful, that hundreds of people flocked to see him. I remember hearing one man, a cynical fellow, remark:

"Oh, he has gone off this way for effect. He knows that if he had gone into a regular church nobody would pay any attention to him. He always was a sort of theatrical fellow anyway."

"Why do you call him a theatrical fellow?" the man's wife spoke up. "I am sure that I never heard of his going to a theatre."

"Mary Ann, you don't know what you are talking about."

"I know enough not to talk about a man that is trying to do good in the world."

"Good in the world!" her husband contemptuously repeated. "There's altogether too much talk these days about men doing good in the world. If a man wants to do good, why don't he plant something and raise stuff for people to eat?"

"It is quite as important to take care of poor people's souls."

"I don't know about that. The Lord will fix the soul business all right."

The church was crowded. Montgomery Peel stepped forward on a sort of platform, still majestic, but with a sprinkling of gray in his beard. A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered, and then the preacher thus began:

"My friends, I will not explain why I have erected this church, other than that I have taken it upon myself to preach the word of God. I do not come before you claiming to have been directly called to deliver the word to you—that is, I heard no voice telling me to preach, but I did feel that I could do much good and that it was my duty to spend the rest of my life in this service. I shall attempt no revolution, and those of you that have come expecting to hear a new doctrine, will be disappointed. I believe that immortal fruit grows upon the tree of sincere repentance. I believe that each of us owes to God a life of simple purity and honesty. Our allotted time on earth is but a few days, and what should we gain though we be placed in high position among men, for high positions soon crumble into the dust of forgetfulness and men soon pass away. It is not enough simply to declare that we love the Lord, for love is often selfish; it is not enough simply to praise the Lord, for praise is sometimes the offshoot of fear. While professing to love the Lord, and while showing that we praise Him, we must look with tenderness upon the faults of others, we must speak no evil word of a neighbor, neither shall we bear tales, for the man who comes and tells us that some one has spoken in our dispraise, may profess that he took our part and hushed the mouth of slander, yet he destroys our happiness for an entire day. Every Sunday hereafter—that is, so long as I am able—I shall preach in this house, urging repentance and kindness of heart. Many people have wondered at the great change that has come over me. This was a natural result of so unexpected an action. Bear with me—come and commune with me, and I do not think that any one will ever regret that this humble house was placed here among the trees."

Many years passed. I grew up and wandered in foreign countries. My father passed away, and still, a letter from an old friend told me Montgomery Peel continued to preach. I returned home, and on the following Sunday went to the log church, now almost covered with moss. The congregation was singing a hymn when my friend and I entered.

"Where is the preacher?" I asked when we had sat down.

"Hasn't come up yet. He lives in a cellar immediately under the floor, and has grown so old and infirm that we sometimes have to wait for him."

The hymn was finished and still he did not come. Another hymn was sung and then a man arose and said that he would go down and see if anything had happened to the preacher. The man soon returned. "Brethren," said he, "the old man is dead. Those of you who desire to do so may come down and see him."

Nearly every one shrank back, but I went down into the cellar. The old man, shriveled and white with age, lay upon a bed of straw. The place was dark, and when we held a candle near his face we found a paper pinned to the bosom of his shirt. Written on the paper were these words:

"Read this to the congregation."

We went upstairs, and the man that had found the dead preacher thus addressed the awe-stricken congregation:

"Brethren and sisters, we have a communication from the old gentleman whose voice you shall never again hear."

He then reads thus:

"The hand of death is upon me, and I feel that it is my duty to say a few words to you, my dear people. You have been so good, so patient and so kind that I love you with all my soul. I have loved you ever since I needed your love. I will tell you when I first needed your love and sympathy: Many years ago, I was walking along a lonely road. Night hawks may have cried, but I did not hear them; I could not have heard the voice of an angel had it shouted at me. I met a man—I knew that he was coming that way. 'Hold,' said I. He stopped and asked what I wanted. 'I want you,' said I. 'What do you want with me?' 'I want you to give me something.' 'What do you want me to give?' 'Your life.' 'Why?' 'Because you ruined my home years ago.' I sprang on him there in the moonlight. I cut out his heart and wiped his face with it. That man was David C. Cahoon."—Opie P. Reid, in *Arkansas Traveler*.

ACTIVITY IN LONDON STREETS.

The thing that most astonished me about London, and that I had been least prepared to see there, was the amazing activity in the streets. A New Yorker born and bred, who has seen the principal American cities, fancies that there can be nothing in the world like Fulton Street and Broadway. But after one hour on foot in London he will regard the heart of New York's traffic much as a turbulent old sailor I heard of regarded a twenty-two calibre revolver. "What are you going to do with that pea-shooter?" he asked. "Nobody would be afraid of that. Stand off a bit and fire at me a few times till I see what it will do. Now, if you happened to have a knife about you and felt sassy, I'd feel afraid of you."

London is full of Fulton Streets and Broadways, and at them and in all the other streets the cabs and hansoms fly about in such a hot and apparently reckless way that I always felt while I was there that the only reason I did not read of a hundred thousand "run-over" accidents every morning in the papers was that it would be doing violence to the organic principles of the London press to print the news. I confess I was more than half afraid to cross the crowded streets, and with a fear which is engendered in New York in few places and on few occasions. I was assured by the citizens that they are all so accustomed to project their coat tails at right angles to their bodies, and to invoke divine aid between the flying hoofs of horses, whenever they need to cross a street, that they are as adept at it as an American lightning-rod man is at dodging missiles. Yet I observed that Dickens, in his Dictionary of London, thinks it worth while to suggest that the only way to go from curb to curb is to make up your mind what course you will take and then stick to it, because then the London cabbies will divine your intentions. To change your mind while en route is to confuse the cabmen, and cause you to make your return journey to America in the form of freight. Then, again, I found that in the western end of the Strand—that is, down by Temple Bar and the Law Courts—two hundred more or less mangled bodies are sent to the Charing Cross Hospital every year.—Julian Ralph, in *Harper's Weekly*.

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

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Relieves the Feeling of Lassitude

so common in midsummer, and imparts vitality.



THE time that is money must be time and a gain.—Puck.

IT is the small boy getting his hair combed who knows the pain of a parting.—Puck.

PUBLISHERS and policemen can do clubbing under the protection of the law.—Dansville Breeze.

NO NEED for people to go away for the summer. There's plenty of it right here at home.—Dansville Breeze.

IT is an anomalous fact that wooden heads do not produce the thoughts that burn.—C. F. Lummis, in Puck.

IF creatures are made by what they feed upon, the Centaurs must have indulged heavily in half-and-half.—Puck.

"CHARITY begins at home," remarked the father as he gave away his daughter at the marriage altar.—Kearney Enterprise.

EVEN the patent labor-saving, self-binding reaper goes against the grain this hot weather.—Binghamton Republican.

THE good son who stays and works and saves gets no fatted calf until the prodigal returns.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE one thing needful to put a person of prominence on a level with kings and queens is to be shot at a few times.—Judge.

BE grateful that the cool spell lasted long enough to give you a chance to have your negligee shirt washed.—Baltimore American.

A LITTLE girl asked her mamma to buy her some bunions, so she could "tell when the weather is going to change."—N. Y. Tribune.

PRISON MISSIONARY—"My poor fellow, what are you in here for?" Prisoner—"For not havin' enough political influence to get me out."—Life.

"Of whom did you take French lessons?" "Oh, of a very dear teacher, I assure you; the definite article alone cost me \$40."—Fliegende Blätter.

"Did you ever see Barnum's calliope?" "Yes; often." "What is it like?" "Well, I should say it was very much like a Sound steamer."—Puck.

CABINET pudding has naturally always been a favorite dish at the White House, but President Harrison is said to prefer Cottage pudding.—Boston Post.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now, Johnnie, tell me what took all the snap out of Samson?" Johnnie—"A home-made hair cut, ma'am."—Yonkers Statesman.

A CHINESE laundryman in Newark says he thinks "Melican man" has most of his polish on his shirt front. John is capable of fine irony.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IT only costs \$2 to dress a family in Porto Rico for a whole year. It cost the Adam and Eve family less money than that until they bit off more than they could chew.—N. Y. Dispatch.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN's name is attached to one chapter of a "composite" novel. It is not known who wrote it, but probably the same fellow who wrote all the other chapters.—Norristown Herald.

THEY say that flies purify the atmosphere. It must be done in this way. Men swear at the flies until the air is blue with sulphur, and that is a great disinfectant.—Dansville Breeze.

MR. POORE—"Is Miss Tiptop in?" Self-respecting Servant—"Yis, sor, she's in. Oi towld her this minute that Oi'd risk me sowl no moore tellin' ye she's out when she do be in."—New York Weekly.

WHEN his fountain pen works well, a man thinks what a fool he has been ever to use any other kind; when it doesn't, he thinks what a fool a man is ever to bother with a fountain pen, anyway.—Somerville Journal.

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of Angostura Bitters.

The Texan Cowboy.

Cowboy life has in the last few years lost much of its roughness. The cattle barons have discharged most of the men who drank, and have frowned so persistently upon gambling that little of it is done. Cards and whisky being put away, there is small temptation to disorderly conduct; so it is only when they reach some large city, and are not on duty, that they indulge in a genuine spree. On the ranches kept under fence they have little to do when not on the drive or in branding time, the cattle being all safely enclosed. But they must take their turns at line-riding, which means a close inspection of the fences, and the repair of all breaks and damages. Where night overtakes them, they sleep, staking their horses, and rolling themselves in their blankets. These rides of inspection take days to accomplish, for there are ranches in Texas which extend in a straight line over seventy-five miles. Those ranches which are not kept under fence necessitate more work. The boys must then keep their cattle in sight, and, while allowing them to graze in every direction, must see that none in many thousands stray beyond the limits of their own particular pastures. They go then in parties, scattering over the territory, for they must cover hundreds of thousands of acres in a day.

It is not a life of hardship, and pays well enough. Everything is furnished to them free and of the very best, and they are paid besides thirty dollars per month. Each party stays out from two to three weeks at a time; but they take with them the finest of camp wagons, with beds and bedding, cooking utensils, the best of groceries of all kinds, and as excellent a cook as money can employ. The prairies are full of game, and their rifles are ever handy. The life is free, fascinating, and peculiarly healthy.

These men are exceedingly chivalrous to all women; this seems to be a trait born in them, as much a part of their moral nature as it is of their physical to have small feet, for it is seldom that a genuine Texas cowboy can be found who has not the distinguishing mark of a handsome foot, and his boots are to him all that the sombrero is to a Mexican. He will deny himself many pleasures, he will go without a coat, and be seen in most dilapidated attire, but his boots must be of the best and most beautiful make that the country can afford; high of heel and curved of instep, a fine upper and a thin sole, fitting like a glove, and showing the handsome foot to perfection.

Take the cowboys as a class, they are bold, fearless and generous, a warm-hearted and manly set, with nothing small, vicious, nor mean about them, and Texas need not be ashamed of the brave and skillful riders who traverse the length and breadth of her expansive prairies.—Lee C. Harley, in Harper's Magazine.

A Sensible Precaution.

Though disease cannot always be conquered, its first approach can be checked. But not only is the use of a medicinal safeguard to be recommended on the first appearance of a malady, but a wise discrimination should be exercised in the choice of a remedy. For thirty years or more Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has been the reigning specific for dyspepsia, fever and ague, a loss of physical stamina, liver complaint and other disorders, and has been most emphatically indorsed by medical men as a health and strength restorative. It is indeed a wise precaution to use this sovereign fortifying agent and alterative in the early stages of disease, for it effectually counteracts it, if the malady belongs to that large class to which this sterling medicine is adapted. Not only is it efficacious, but pure and harmless.

WHEN a man commits perjury he is tried per jury.—N. Y. Dispatch.

Every woman who suffers from Sick Headache, and who dislikes to take bitter doses, should try Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are the easiest of all medicines to take. A positive cure for the above distressing complaint; give prompt relief in Dyspepsia and Indigestion; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles. As easy to take as sugar. Only one pill a dose. Price 25 cents. If you try them you will not be without them.

Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren Street, New York City, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for curing Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe, as all Catarrhal and Bronchial affections can be cured at this time of the year in less than one half the time required in cold and severe weather. The timely use of this great recipe may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address

Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 85 Warren Street, New York.

An Innocent Man.

In Chicago, one night last week, a nicely-dressed man was caught in the act of attempting to pass counterfeit money, and was taken to the police station. When drawn up before court next morning, he seemed instantly to awaken an interest in the judge, for he was indeed a fine-looking fellow with a well-bred air and a face of striking expressiveness.

"What is your name?" the judge asked.

"I am Leroy Wallraven," he replied.

When the officers that had made the arrest were examined, the Judge turned to Leroy Wallraven and said: "I am sorry for you. It does not require much of an effort to sit in judgment upon the misdeeds of a man whose appearance bespeaks a hard life, but it requires an uncomfortable exercise of nerve to pass sentence upon a mere youth that bears the aspect of gentle training."

"Judge," the prisoner spoke up, "please do not exercise your nerve to an uncomfortable extent on my account. I am perfectly willing to relieve you of all responsibility in this matter—in short, you may discharge me."

"Ah, I suppose so," the judge replied, "but you see I have a duty to perform. You are charged with attempting to pass counterfeit money, and as the proof against you is direct, there can be no doubt about your guilt."

"I don't think that I am guilty, judge."

"Don't think that you are?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Why, don't you know whether or not you are guilty?"

"Well, I cannot positively say. The truth is, I was very much intoxicated last night, and hardly know what I did. I am sure, however, that I never carried any counterfeit money about me, and if I attempted to pass a worthless note, I cannot understand how I came by it."

"But you did come by it in some way, and of all the counterfeit money I ever saw I think the bill you tried to pass was the worst."

"Will you please let me see it?"

The judge handed him a piece of green paper. The young fellow looked at it for a moment and then roared with laughter.

"You needn't laugh, young man. What you now perceive to be a rank counterfeit might, last evening, have seemed to you clever enough to pass."

"I am not laughing at the rankness of the counterfeit; I am laughing at the manner in which the bill came into my possession. I am an actor and played last night. My position in the drama was not a very high one—in fact, I accept a bribe of ten dollars from a fellow that is attempting to run away with a girl. Well, I took the green paper and put it into the pocket of my vest. I had been drinking during the performance and did not change my clothes after the show, but went into a saloon to get a drink. Then, after taking a drink, I must have tendered this stage money in payment."

"Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory," said the judge. "I am pleased to see"

"Hold on a moment!" exclaimed a policeman.

"What do you want?" the judge asked.

"I want to say a word in regard to this case. I want to say a word about a strange coincidence. Some time ago, while I was on the police force of Cincinnati, a fellow that looked a good deal like this man was arrested for passing a counterfeit bill, and at the trial the next day he gave us the theatre racket, just as his nibbs has done, and the judge let him off. How do you explain that?"

The young fellow began to "hem and haw," and the judge, who by this time had opened his eyes pretty wide, asked: "Were you ever in Cincinnati?"

"Yes, sir; but—but not at the time that other fellow innocently attempted to"

"That's enough. Pass him back."

As the young fellow turned to go, he remarked: "This is the worst police-ridden town I ever saw. The day when an innocent man had a chance has forever passed."—Arkansas Traveler.

What Ailed the Boy.

Some startling stories are told at the city health department by the incumbents of the physician's office and by sanitary officers, says the Kansas City Times. Dr. Salisbury, one of the young district physicians, was almost startled into real excitement the other day by a violent ring at the telephone. He answered and heard in excited tones, "Come to—street quick; child almost dying! Come right away or you'll be too late." The doctor grabbed a case of medicine, a stomach pump and a lot of bandages, pulled up his left suspender, put on Dr. Record's hat and jumping in his buggy got there as quickly as possible.

He reached the place breathless, but composing himself as much as possible asked to see the boy.

"Be you the city doctor?" drawled a ragged-looking man, presumably the father.

"Yes; don't you see I am? Where's the boy?"

"Set down, doc; I'll fetch him."

The man went out and after bawling for a minute or two at the top of his voice, "fetched him." A young man of about six summers came in covered with mud from a recent engagement as a manufacturer of mud pies.

"See here," said the doctor, "I've struck the wrong place, some one telephoned me a boy was dying."

"Set down, young feller, I done the telephonin' and that ar' is the boy."

"Well, how did he come to so quick and what was the matter with him?"

"Oh, he ain't done no great things comin' to, he didn't have ter. He had the stomach ache yesterday and felt like he was agoin' to have it to-day, and I thought a doctor better see him. I didn't have no time to fool with you nor him, so I said he was dyin' to bring you quick."

The doctor left in disgust.

Cure for the Deaf.

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

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THOMAS WORTH,
CHIEF OF SIFTINGS ART DEPARTMENT.

Mr. Worth takes rank with the foremost artists of the day who make a specialty of caricatures. The readers of SIFTINGS are well acquainted with the brilliancy and force of his work. Mr. Worth has gained a reputation that is certainly enviable and that he is justly entitled to. Previous to his engagement on SIFTINGS he was connected, at different times, with the Art Department of Harper's and Frank Leslie's.

Inexperienced.

Grocer (to son)—"I see that you don't know how to buy watermelons."
Son—"Why so?"
Grocer—"Because all those you have selected have short stems."
Son—"Does that make any difference?"
Grocer—"Of course it does. When they have long stems, you can cut off part of the stem every day and by that means have fresh melons every day."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Well Qualified.

She—"Who is that sad looking gentleman over there with Miss Jones?"
He—"That is C., the humorist of the N. Y. Howler."
"Why, I never heard of him before."
"He's been lately promoted. Used to write the obituaries, you know."—Yankee Blade.

Summer Outings.

Evidently the "Grand Old Man," Mr. Gladstone, has been impressed with the comprehensive and extensive system of advertising adopted by the proprietors of Pears' Soap. In his eloquent speech on the Local Tax Bill, poetical recollections were happily mingled with prose impressions in his reference to the "leaves of Vallambrosa" and the "advertisements of Pears' Soap," as he exclaimed, "If you were to multiply these amendments without limit, and plaster your bill with them till they were as thick as the leaves in Vallambrosa, or as plentiful as the advertisements of Pears' Soap, you would not prevent the consequences of this clause."

But if amendments would not prevent the ill results of an unpopular bill, the advertisements of Pears' Soap are more successful in their mission of drawing attention to a soap which will be found unsurpassed in preventing the ill effects of exposure to the sun, or salt air, on the delicate skins of our American beauties; therefore those who have read these advertisements will prove themselves "wise as serpents and harmless (and beautiful) as doves," if they secure a supply before joining the army of summer visitors to the sad sea waves, or the solemn mountains of our favored land.

Very Complimentary.

"Are you the gentleman who delivered the lecture last night?" asked a young gentleman of Eli Perkins on the Boston and Maine train.
"I am," said Mr. Perkins with some pride.
"Well I want to thank you for it. I don't know when I ever enjoyed myself more than when you were talking."
"You are very complimentary," said Eli, blushing to his ears—"very complimentary. I am glad my humble effort was worthy of your praise," and the complimented humorist took the young man warmly by the hand.
"Yes," continued the young man, "it gave me immense pleasure. You see I am engaged to a Portsmouth girl and her three sisters all went and I had my girl in the parlor all to myself. O, it was a happy night!—the night you lectured in Portsmouth! When are you going to lecture there again?"—Boston Globe.

Philadelphia Wet Weather Sign.

Miss Chestnut—"I guess it is true that Postmaster General Wanamaker is going to mitigate his temperance views, so to speak, and have wine on his table hereafter."

Mrs. Filbert—"I don't believe he will. He isn't that kind of a man."

Miss Chestnut—"May be so; but just the same I bought a new patent corkscrew on the bargain counter, to-day."—Puck.

Then the Clerk Got Rattled.

Clerk (at pencil counter)—"That's a rattling nice pencil I just showed you."

Customer (shaking it)—"So I perceive. Just listen to the broken lead rattling. Let me see some other variety, please."—Yankee Blade.

The action of Carter's Little Liver Pills is pleasant, mild and natural. They gently stimulate the liver, and regulate the bowels, but do not purge. They are sure to please. Try them.

How Edit.

Major Jones, editor of the St. Louis Republic, was looking over his own paper at the breakfast table the other morning, when his seven-year-old son asked:

"What are you reading about, papa?"

"News from Washington," the major answered.

"What news?"

"The Federal election bill."

"What sort of a bill is that?"

"Oh, it's a measure to—you wouldn't understand if I were to tell you."

"Yes I would."

"Well, it's a measure to elect Republican Congressmen in Democratic districts."

"How elect them?"

"By voting for them."

"How vote for them?"

"Oh, by putting tickets in a box."

"What sort of a box?"

"In a ballot box."

"What is a ballot box?"

"A box where they put election tickets."

"Are they like milk tickets?"

"No."

"What are they like?"

"That will do now."

After a short silence the boy asked:

"Do you put election tickets in a box?"

"Yes."

"What sort?"

"Democratic."

"How many?"

"One at a time."

"And does the election bill want you to put in two?"

"No, it doesn't want me to put in any."

"Why?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Then how do you know it don't want you to put in any?"

"Look here, I want you to hush."

After another short silence: "Do you like to put tickets in a box?"

"No," the major abstractedly answered.

"Then what makes you do it?"

"Didn't I tell you to hush?"

"What do you want me to hush for?"

"Because you bother me."

"Do I make you tired?"

"Yes, you do."

"How tired?"

"Gracious alive," exclaimed the major, springing to his feet, "you are harder to edit than the Republic."

"How edit?"

The major was gone.—Arkansaw Traveler.



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M. DOMINICK, Superior.

Look Out for Him, Girls.

Beware of the man of whom his friends say: "Poor fellow, he is his own worst enemy. There's not a bit of harm in him—he is 'Hail, fellow! Well met!' He injures only himself—he is weak." I tell you to steer clear of that man! Do not ever let him get a foothold in your life, or you will regret it as surely as you live! When people say that a man wrongs only himself they forget those who are near to him and who love him. A man can not be "Hail, fellow! Well met!" with everyone without neglecting his business; without spending money unwisely that should belong to his family; without hurting and grieving the woman who loves him. I know him. I have seen him, jolly and good-natured abroad; and I have seen him, neither jolly nor good-natured—nor anything else good—at home; and I tell you, girls, to beware of him!—Ella Higginson, in West Shore.

Heard at the Shore.

Smithers—"I've become a yachtsman."

Darnley—"Rather an acrobatic move, is it not?"

"Acrobatic?"

"Yes, turned a summer salt, so to speak!"—New York Press.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS
For Bilious and Nervous Disorders.
"Worth a Guinea a Box" but sold
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SEASON 1890-91



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They are Mr. Griswold's sole agents.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



A new theatre in Pittsburg is to cost \$200,000.

The Crystal Slipper is booming out in Chicago. The receipts so far have averaged \$8,000 a week.

"Aunt" Louise Eldridge has been engaged for a part in Dr. Bill, at the new Madison Square Garden Theatre.

Sydney Rosenfeld, it is said, is going to bring suit against Francis Wilson for not using his version of The Merry Monarch.

Wilton Lackaye has a brother named James, who will adopt the stage as a profession. Wilton will probably play the title rôle in Locke and Davis' Nero next season.

The one hundredth performance of Castles in the Air will occur on Aug. 11. A handsome souvenir in the shape of a collection of photo-gravure portraits of the authors and principal members of the company will be distributed.

Miss Ada Deaves, who will next season tour the country in Two Old Cronies, is one of the most versatile and successful actresses on the stage. She is a lithe, graceful and dainty little figure, with a pretty girlish face that keeps her looking about twenty years old all the time. Her dancing challenges comparison with the best in her line, and she is an excellent vocalist.

Tony Pastor commenced his fall tour at Long Branch, Monday, August 4th, going thence to Asbury Park, Orange and Saratoga. His company, which is composed of American and English artists, will include Bessie Bonehill (her first tour in America), Maggie Cline, the Russell Brothers, the Haytor's and English Pantomime Troupe, the Sisters Hedderwick, from London; Seeley and West, musical negroes; Kelly and Ashby, the Chinese acrobats; Mlle. Beatrice, a lady contortionist; Turtle and Turtle, aerial comedians; Miss Edith Vincent and Tony Pastor.

Flowers at Table.

No flower is so welcome at the breakfast-table, and so sure to awaken smiles and good-humor, as the old-fashioned, always new morning-glory. The crossest face is almost sure to grow tender over the delicate pink, purple, blue or white spray found in the napkin-ring. There is something in the pure, fine texture of the dainty bell, whether rose pink with white veinings, deep, rich purple with a suggestion of crimson, fair blue or fragile white, which appeals to any person of taste and sensibility. Unfortunately the morning-glory is short-lived as the day, and breathes out the whole sum of its beauty in a brief hour. A flower lover of my acquaintance gathers the buds overnight, puts them in water, and so is always sure of a handful of blossoms to place at each plate in the morning, whatever the weather or the state of the cook's temper or other kitchen demands on her time.

The yellow eschscholtzia, or California poppy, is one of the freest bloomers, and most satisfactory for purposes of adornment and decoration, of all annual Summer flowers. Its abundant, delicate, many-pinnate, blue-green leaves are useful for bouquets of any sort, while its numerous yellow shades, from the faint,

est buff to the deepest orange, supply enough variety for innumerable Summer bouquets. They need no combination. Their own glowing colors, with or without foliage, are sufficient.

Sweet peas in their original native costume of pink and white, bachelor's buttons calliopsis, forget-me-not, mignonette, nasturtiums, pansies and a half-dozen other well-known varieties are still the best choice for reliable Summer bouquets, and well repay the care spent in their cultivation.

The large family of invalids whose eyes may not look on outdoor scenes should always be remembered when making up Summer bouquets. A box or basket of cut flowers, loosely not compactly placed for convenience in handling, is often more acceptable than a carefully arranged bouquet. Weak fingers and weary eyes are glad of an employment so easy and pleasant as the arrangement and study of a cluster of bright flowers, fragrant and cheering, and an hour that might otherwise have been spent in sad, disturbed thoughts of pain and disease is charmed into brightness by a thoughtful friend with treasures from the garden.

Flowers for the sick; flowers for the happy; flowers for the church, and flowers for the home; flowers for the living, and flowers for the dead; for the maid at the bridal, and for the mourner at the grave—what other of all nature's gifts is so generously used and so certain of a welcome.—Harper's Bazar.

Why Do You Get Drunk?

When a person wishes to screen a fault, says a writer in Woman's Work, it is astonishing what absurdities are resorted to in the attempt. Men who become intoxicated furnish some very forcible illustrations of this, as will be seen by the following answers to the question:

"Why do you drink?"

"Well, it is because a certain man, who professes to be a Christian, owes me but will not pay," said a man who seemed convinced in his own mind that such a course gave him full satisfaction.

"When my old woman jumps on me about anything, I go and get as drunk as a biled owl, just to show her who is boss," was the statement of a weazen-faced man with one eye and a broken nose.

"For the exhilaration there is in it. The happiest times of my life are due to this seeming fault." But the swollen and bloodshot eyes and blooming nose did not tend to corroborate his claim.

"I ran for office (hic), and got left (hic). Don't yer know? (hic)" said a defeated candidate, in a resigned but injured manner.

"For the reason that I'm only paid \$1.50 a day for my work when I should have \$2.50," was the lament of one who works three and drinks the other four days of each week.

"My mother-in-law won't give me a minute's rest; she's fully up to the standard of the proverbial mother-in-law, she is." This man had a cowed appearance, a sore ear, a dislocated jaw, and a bald spot on his head. He dodged every time any one made a move, which suggested the probability of rolling pins, flat irons, etc., having been thrown more effectively than affectionately.

"Just because my girl has gone back on me, and leans on some other fellow," stammered a love-sick youth, with a tremor in his voice.

"I'm out of work, and have but little money to live on," said a married man, who did not seem to realize that he was foolishly, wickedly spending the little he already had.

"Wal, yer see, boss, I've got the rheumatiz, an' dis hyar honey from de roses am de only thing dat does me any good;

What Causes Pimples?

Clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum. The plug of sebum in the centre of the pimple is called a blackhead or comedone.

What Cures Pimples?

The only really successful treatment for pimples, blackheads and all facial blemishes is



CUTICURA SOAP

A marvellous beautifier of world-wide celebrity, CUTICURA SOAP 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, it produces the whitest, clearest skin and 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. For the prevention of freckles, tan, and sunburn, red, rough, and oily skin, and for giving a brilliancy and freshness to the complexion, it is without a peer. In a word, it purifies, beautifies, and preserves the skin as no other soap does, and hence its sale is greater than the combined sales of all other skin soaps. Sold throughout the civilized world. Price, 25 cents. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Proprietors, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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it jes makes me feel lubly," was the explanation of an old darkey.

"To keep up the reputation of the craft, and be popular with the boys," said a printer, with ink smeared over his face, and the appearance of having "pi" in his pockets, and a yearning for money within his breast.

"Well, I will acknowledge that I have no excuse to offer, except that I am such a weak-minded, easily-influenced 'chump,' that never knows when to say 'no,' and refuse an invitation to drink. There's no excuse for it." This was the most thoroughly un-elfish answer given, and the speaker the only one who did not seek to hide his weakness behind the screen of some preposterous and fanciful cause.

The Finest on Earth.

The Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton R. R. is the only line running Pullman's Perfected Safety Vestibuled Trains, with Chair, Parlor, Sleeping and Dining Car service between Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Chicago, and is the only line running Through Reclining Chair Cars between Cincinnati, Keokuk and Springfield, Ill., and Sleeping Car Cincinnati to Mackinaw, and the only Direct Line between Cincinnati, Dayton, Lima, Toledo, Detroit, the Lake Regions and Canada.

The road is one of the oldest in the State of Ohio, and the only line entering Cincinnati over twenty-five miles of double track, and from its past record can more than assure its patrons speed, comfort and safety.

Tickets on sale everywhere, and see that they read C. H. & D., either in or out of Cincinnati, Indianapolis or Toledo. E. O. McCORMICK, General Passenger and Ticket Agent.

Young Lovers.

He—"Let us go and sit in the park for a while."

She (naively)—"How bright the electric lights are!"

He (reassuringly)—"But they flicker and go out occasionally."—Munsey's Weekly.



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

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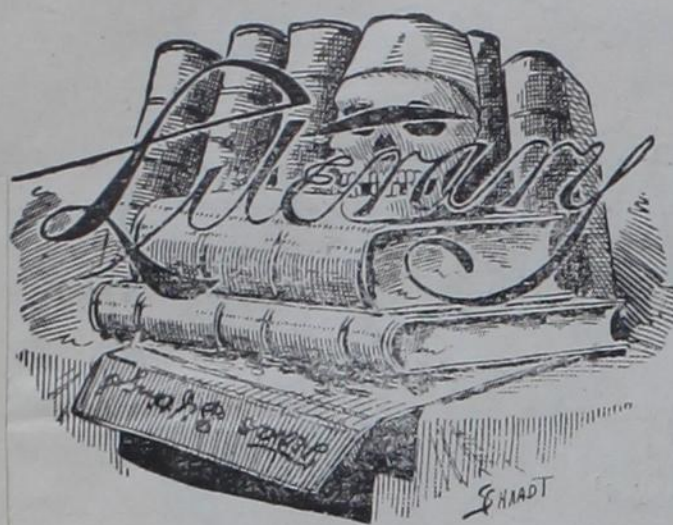
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



We have received from D. G. Edwards, general passenger and ticket agent of the Queen and Crescent route from Cincinnati to the South, a handsomely designed and colored map of the country through which the line passes, together with elaborate time-tables.

Among handsomely illustrated articles in St. Nicholas for August are A Lesson of the Sea, A Remarkable Boat Race, A White Mountain Coaching Parade, Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa, Wolves of the Sea, etc., etc. There is an interesting sketch of Olof Krarer, the little Eskimo woman, who is lecturing in this country under the management of the Slayton Lyceum Bureau.

Oliver Wendell Holmes exhibits much of his old-time wit and cleverness in his poem, The Broomstick Train, in the Atlantic for August. He fancifully shows that electric cars are drawn by the spirits of New England witches. Among other contributions to this number are The Use and Limits of Academy Culture, International Copyright, Revulsion (a paper on Julian the apostate); A New Race Problem; etc.

Belford's Magazine for August contains a complete novel (*tres complet*) by Geo. Parsons Lathrop, entitled Love Wins. Charles Gayarré writes entertainingly of Literature in Louisiana; Alexander Wilder, M. D., of Editors that I Have Known, dwelling chiefly on Horace Greeley; Col. F. F. Warburton of The Race-horse of America, etc. The poetry of the number is by Laura F. Hinsdale and Helen Grace Smith.

In Harpers' Magazine for August Theodore Child gives his Impressions of Berlin, well illustrated. Edward Everett Hale writes entertainingly of Magellan and the Pacific. Magellan was the great Portuguese navigator who discovered the Pacific Ocean, that received its name from him on account of the extraordinarily peaceful voyage of three months and twenty days which he enjoyed upon its bosom. Coates Kinney contributes a fine poem, To An Old Apple Tree. Other papers are Some Geology of Chicago and Vicinity, Street Life in India, Plantin Moretus, etc.

The complete novel in Lippincott's Magazine for August is contributed by that popular English author, Mrs. Alexander. The story is entitled What Gold Cannot Buy. The many readers of Mrs. Alexander's The Wooing O't, Her Dearest Foe and other charming stories will devour with pleasure this new and captivating romance. It is the story of a plucky young English girl, who goes out as the companion of an elderly and aristocratic matron. There are capital descriptions of English country life among the higher classes, and the story gradually leads up to a startling and unexpected denouement.

A very interesting paper opens the August number of Scribner's Magazine, entitled The Paris of the Three Musketeers, by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield. In it you may wander about the old Paris that Dumas describes in his many volumed romance of the immortal trio, with D'Artagnon at the head. The paper is well illustrated. Edward Marston tells How Stanley Wrote His Book. Stories are furnished by Richard Harding

Davis, Le Roy Armstrong, Thomas Bailey Aldrich and other well-known authors. There is a Sentimental Annex, by H. C. Bunner, written in fair imitation of Laurence Sterne's Sentimental Journey.

Photography Done Quickly.

Under the new acceptance of the term, as translated by the largest and most progressive firm in the manufacture of Photographic goods and materials, the initials P. D. Q. no longer signify what we so long supposed they did, but rather, Photography Done Quickly. They, Messrs. E. & H. F. Anthony & Co., of 591 Broadway, New York, have named a camera the P. D. Q., and it is one of the daintiest, neatest, and at the same time one of the most practical cameras we have seen. It is adapted to the making of pictures 4x5 inches, which may be either horizontal or vertical on the plate, is fitted with a good lens and shutter of an entirely new and effective pattern. The box is covered in black grained leather, and its entire appearance is such as to cause one to fall in love with it at first sight. The price of the outfit is so low, only \$20, that it is a wonder if we do not soon see them much more numerous than now.

Jealous of the Glass-Eater.

Mrs. O'Finn—"Your goat don't look well, Mrs. O'Taff."

Mrs. O'Taff—"No, th' per baste! Last Chewsd'ay he saw th' feller that was atin' glass bottles and windy panes at Casey's saloon, and th' cratur is dying wid jilisy ivir since!"—New York World.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

New York Siftings.

We met Dr. Napoleon Bonaparte Wolfe in the city the other day, who practices medicine in Cincinnati, is proprietor of the oldest and most popular winter resort in Florida, and until recently owned the largest and most productive farm in Kansas, Ranch de Luce, in the Ninnescah Valley. He sold this ranch in June last. In the season of 1889 he raised the largest corn crop ever raised on one farm in the United States, and its quality was so superior as to excite the admiration of Secretary Jerry Rusk, to whom Dr. Wolfe exhibited specimens in Washington. He showed him ears of corn that were two inches longer, by actual measurement, than the best specimens the Secretary had to show from fertile Mohawk Valley. Dr. Wolfe is a victim to ice-water. A hale and hearty man of 65, he was never ill in his life until a few weeks ago, when he preceded his dinner, quite thoughtlessly for a physician, with several glasses of ice-water, which caused a partial paralysis of the stomach. He has had no appetite for food since and has lost much flesh. His sturdy constitution, it is hoped, will pull him through.

The Iron Steamers are doing an immense business now in carrying people from the heat-laden city to Coney Island and Long Branch. Samuel Carpenter, president of the company, has rendered the service very efficient, indeed.

Dr. A. N. Brockway, of 50 East 126th street, has returned from his summer trip to Europe. The Doctor is a staunch college man. He is one of the trustees of Hamilton College, Clinton, N. N., where he graduated in 1857, and he is secretary of the New York Association of New York Alumni. Both of his grandfathers were graduates of Yale. He is a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Club of New York, the Harlem Club and the Harlem Republican Club. There are few Harlemites able to claim more friends than Dr. Brockway.

Morris Phillips, editor and proprietor of the Home Journal, sails for Europe August 9, accompanied by his family.

A Sabine Love Story.

Not a pretty word, perhaps, but then she said it so prettily!

She was a sweet little thing, and when she put her hands on her hips, lifted up her saucy little face, and, looking at you with half-shut eyes, emitted this provoking monosyllable, it flew as straight and swiftly to its mark as any shaft in Cupid's quiver. And just because the little minx was perfectly conscious of the effect of her "Pshaw!" she uttered it on all public occasions.

She said "Pshaw!" to everybody and without any apparent reason, but there was one to whom she said it more frequently than to anybody else, and for the very best of reasons. For he loved her and she pretended that she didn't love him, and so for a long time "Pshaw!" was all the answer the poor fellow got to his prayers and protestations.

"I love you!"

"Pshaw!"

"I would give my life for a kiss from your lips."

"Pshaw!"

"I will blow my brains out if you refuse to listen to me!"

"Pshaw!" said she, bringing her laughing face still closer to his, so that her tempting red lips fairly touched his beard.

She wasn't a bit afraid of him, you see, but he, poor fellow, was still a little afraid of her, and she drove him almost crazy with her coquetry. At last he lost all patience, and coming upon her unexpectedly one evening he said never a word but took her in his arms and covered her face with kisses. She struggled and screamed like a captured bird, and as uselessly, for the victorious lover paid no attention to her remonstrances, but kissed her hair, brow, cheeks, and lips with the concentrated passion of months of desire.

And as he grew bolder, and, drawing her on his knee, kissed her white throat and clasped her yet more passionately, she became alarmed. She gave up struggling and had recourse to tears and entreaties.

"Let me go, oh! Please let me go!"

"Pshaw!" said he. He didn't say it as prettily as she did, and he didn't have

THE GREATEST SHORT STOP IN THE WORLD!

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, applied externally, instantly stops all pains, whether arising from Colds, Sprains, Bruises, or any cause whatever. Stops Cramps, Stops Neuralgia, Stops Rheumatism, Stops Headache, Stops Toothache, Stops Lumbago, Stops Sciatica, Stops Backache, Stops Pains in the Chest, &c. Internally, a half of a teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water, and applied according to printed directions.

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Dr. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

such a saucy little face, but then he was a good deal stronger, and— Well, when he did release her, there were more tears and some reproachful glances, and then a sweet little kiss of forgiveness, given without the least compulsion. She never said "Pshaw!" to him again—that is, not when she had on her best frock and wanted to keep her hair in order, and they are to be married next week, I believe.—From the French of Catulle Mendès.

The Use Of

Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."—Wm. H. DeLauzett, Dorset, Ont.

"When I feel the need of a cathartic, I take Ayer's Pills, and find them to be more

Effective

than any other pill I ever took."—Mrs. B. C. Grubb, Burwellville, Va.

"For years I have been subject to constipation and nervous headaches, caused by derangement of the liver. After taking various remedies, I have become convinced that Ayer's Pills are the best. They have never failed to relieve my bilious attacks in a short time; and I am sure my system retains its tone longer after the use of these Pills, than has been the case with any other medicine I have tried."—H. S. Sledge, Weimar, Texas.

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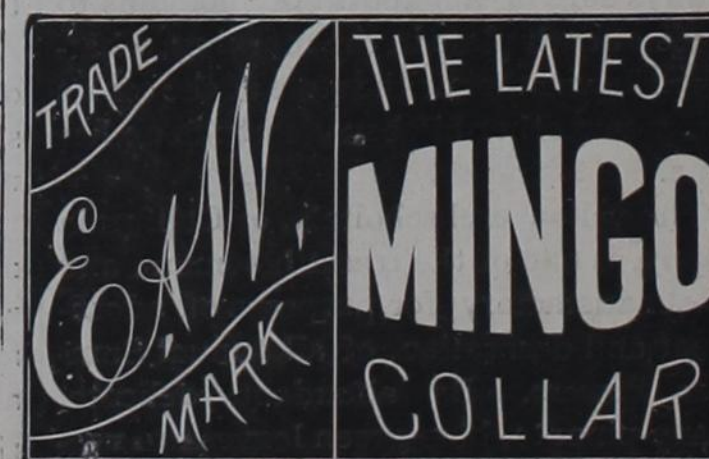
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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

IN THE GARDEN.



She's fairer than a lily,
And she's sweeter than a rose,
And she knocks the neighbors silly
When she wields the garden hose.

She lifts her skirts from danger
With her left hand, while her right
Grasps the nozzle, and the stranger
Gets a very pleasing sight.

For she's always fresh and rosy,
And she seems so sweet and fair,
As she sprinkles every posy
With the most impartial care.

The neighbors' eyes all twinkle
And their interest daily grows,
For they like to see her sprinkle,
And they like to see the hose.

—Somerville Journal.

AT THE DIVORCE COURT DOOR.

The court-room was crowded; the doors had been closed,

When one of the excluded group
Exclaimed in a tone that good humor exposed,
"Well, boys, we are all in the soup!"

"Ah yes," said another; "that's always the way,
But, if they're contented, I am;
Outside we are all in the soup, as you say,
But inside they're all in the jam!"

—Exchange.

WOMAN.

Fairer than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored sleep,
Thy perfect form, since Eden's day, doth keep
The constant pattern of a perfect art!
Yet more must we admire thy better part—
The spirit strong to smile when others weep—
And well know we who sail life's ocean deep
There is no haven like a woman's heart.

Thus, often weary ere the strife is won,
Tired of my task, my head I fain would lay
In some good lady's lap, as did "the Dane,"
And watch the action of the world go on,
Knowing 'tis but a play within a play,
The fleeting portion of an endless plan.
—Charles H. Crandall, in August Lippincott's.

A REVERIE.

At noontide, when the sun rides high o'erhead,
I idly lie, full length on grassy sward;
And, gazing upward through boughs of green,
I scan the heavens clear, and vainly seek
To solve the mysteries of their azure depths;
But, to my earnest and questioning soul
There come no answers, that I can hear,
To tell me of the things I fain would know.
The fleecy clouds go scudding by and mock
My feeble gaze; beyond them lies, I know
Not what; but space, blank, illimitable space,
Is all that meets my wandering eye
And gives no hint of that which lies beyond.
So, idly dreaming, still I upward gaze,
Until a bird, soaring skyward, singing,
Rouses me to sense of being finite;
Tells me that the song of trusting faith,
Which only voices notes of thanks and praise,
Brings happiness more complete and lasting
Than all the stores of knowledge man can drain,
And leaves behind no stings of conscience,
That he has not done the best he could,
Nor yet in doubt of what he ought to do.
—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

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 Boy of His Own, Perhaps.

One day as I sat in the Union depot at Cleveland, waiting to go East, a big, bluff farmer-looking man took a seat beside me, and we were talking about this and that when a mite of a boy, ragged and dirty, and looking as if half starved, came along and asked for alms. He knew it was against orders, and he kept one eye on the policeman as he moved around. Each of us gave him something, and he went over to a man who was reading a paper. He received no response to his request and repeated it, when the brute lowered his paper and gave the lad a cruel box on the ear. The boy cried out and came running back to us, and next moment the big man crossed the space between the benches and loomed up before the man with the paper like a mountain. His face was white with anger, and he trembled all over as he demanded:

"Did you strike that child?"

"The little beggar annoyed me," was the reply.

"Look here!" thundered the big man, as he turned and pointed to the lad. "You've struck a poor, wee child, ragged, hungry, and heart-sick! See his tears! I came over here calculating to pick you up and break you in two over the bench, but I'm going to leave you to that God who watches over the poor and helpless and downtrodden. For every tear that child has shed Heaven will demand a drop of your blood! You are a thing, not a man—a creeping, crawling, contemptible thing!"

The other rose up, eyes flashing and lips compressed, and it was evident that he meant to resent the words. Just then, however, the lad, still digging the tears out of his eyes with his fists, came forward and took the big man by the hand and said:

"Don't fight. Come away. Mother is awful sick."

The big man returned to his seat, too full to say a word for a moment, and during this interval the stranger sat down, got up again, lifted up his grip and replaced it, and finally walked over and stood before us and said:

"To say that I'm ashamed and humiliated does not half express it. Here, child, take this."

And he left a \$20 bill in the lad's hand and walked from the depot with hurried step, while the big man drew a long breath and said:

"I guess I was too hard on him, after all. I guess he believes in God and has got a boy of his own. Come, sonny, I'll go with you to see about that sick mother."—New York Sun.

Cheap Home Lands.

Cheap Lands and Homes in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, is the title of a pamphlet issued by D. G. Edwards, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Queen and Crescent Route, Cincinnati, O., containing correct county map and description of Lands along the line. This pamphlet mailed to any address Free on application. The Queen and Crescent Route is 94 miles the shortest between Cincinnati and New Orleans, and 110 miles shortest between Cincinnati and Jacksonville, Fla. Compartment Sleeping Cars on all through trains.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

Natur kan be improved upon often with good effekt, but to alter it generally spiles the whole thing.

Afflikshuns are like the summer's sun—they wilt for the purpose ov ripening.

If yu want tew find out a man's real disposishun, take him when he iz wet and hungry. If he iz amiable then, dry him and fill him up, and you have an angel.

The man who haz never bin tempted don't kno how dishonest he iz.

Thare iz nothing like a sick bed for repentance. A man becomes so virtewous that he will often repent ov sins that he never committed.

Three skore year and ten iz the time allotted to man, and it is enuff. If a man kant suffer all the misery he wants in that time he must be knumb.

It don't take mutch tew prove a truth. It iz only a lie that requires great argumentatiff ability.

Listen tew every man's opinyuns; disagree with none, but confide in yure own. This iz a kind ov flattery that wrongs no one.

What a man gains in cunning he alwus lozes in wisdom.

He who won't beleave ennything he kan't understand ain't so wize az a mule—for they will kick at a thing they don't expekt tew reach.

All ov us are anxious tew live tew be very old, but not one in ten thousand kan fill the karakter ov an old man.

Money iz like grain—it iz never so well invested az when it is well sown.

A bigot iz a religious coward trying tew play the autokrat.

Ole Bull's Independence.

The late Ole Bull, the well-known violinist, was perfectly fearless of consequences when his self-respect was touched, says Chambers' Journal. As an example of this: The Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg gave the musician a letter of commendation to her father, then King of Prussia, afterward the Emperor William.

With this he went to Berlin, where, as directed, he called first on the superintendent of the Royal Opera House, to whom he stated his mission. That gentleman was so patronizing that Bull could hardly stand it; but eventually an hour was fixed on the following day for another call at the opera house. The violinist, with his usual punctuality, presented himself at the hour, determined to stand no nonsense.

"Where is your violin?" demanded the superintendent.

"In the case," responded Ole Bull, coolly.

"And where is the case?"

"At the hotel."

"But did I not tell you to play for me?"

"Excuse me, sir," was the answer; "I did not think you were in earnest. I play either for money or honor, and in this case neither is in question."

The manager was piqued, and he replied, sharply:

"I cannot present you to his Majesty without having heard you."

"If the request of the Grand Duchess is not a sufficient recommendation to his Majesty, her father, I am content to leave the city," which he did that day.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

BOTANY BAY is the colony where England used to "plant" her convicts.—Yenowine's News.

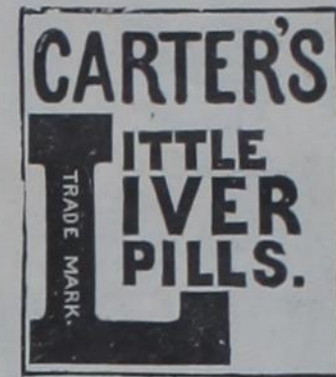
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NEXT to nothing—a girl on the avenue walking with the average dude.—Judge.



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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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IN THE TAIL-END OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

MISS CULTURE—No, Mr. DeQuille, I cannot be yours. My poor dear great-grandfather left a solemn injunction that none of us should marry a literary man.

MR. DEQUILLE—Why, pray?

MISS CULTURE—They are so poor; why even now they can't make more than two thousand dollars a week. Just go to the phonograph if you want to hear the old man's very words!

He Told the Truth.

Irate friend to fond father—"Sir, your son deliberately called me a liar."

Fond father to son—"Johnnie, have you so far forgotten yourself. Be truthful, sir!"

Son—"Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did."

Fond father to irate friend—"Surely you will pardon him, my friend, for he has spoken the truth."

Irate friend (mystified)—"H'm, since he is a truthful lad, certainly!"—Figaro.

Not Envy, of Course.

Tommy—"Say, paw, what kind of man is a 'jay'?"

Mr. Figg—"A 'jay,' my son, is the name given by the 15-dollar-a-week actor to some man who has stayed at home and made his fortune."—Terre Haute Express.

Mr. Huggard's Stroke of Fortune.

The prosperity which recently came to Joseph Huggard in the shape of a \$15,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery has not in the slightest degree turned the fortunate recipient's head. He still carries on file-making in the little shop at No. 54 John Street, which he has conducted all alone for several years, and proposes to keep right along as formerly instead of giving up his old occupation or attempting to splurge in any direction. He was busily employed about his work when the writer called upon him to-day. "There isn't much of a story to tell," said he, when asked about his stroke of good luck. "My ticket was one-fortieth of No. 59,843, which won the \$600,000 prize in the last drawing, and my share was \$15,000. I forwarded the ticket to New Orleans for collection by the Adams Express Company, and a check for the amount came back promptly. It makes me comfortably well off, and I am satisfied and rejoiced, although I have no idea of allowing my good luck to run away with my senses."

Mr. Huggard said the lucky ticket was the twelfth he had bought, having begun an investment of one dollar monthly a year before at the suggestion of a friend who put in the same amount. It was agreed that they should share whatever winnings came to either, but after keeping up the arrangement for eleven months the friend weakened and declined to go in the twelfth. "This turned out so much the better for me," continued Mr. Huggard. "I am still investing \$1 a month in the lottery, and will keep on doing so, as it certainly won't break me even if I win nothing more. I have never gambled previously, nor previously indulged in any speculation in my life."

—Bridgeport (Conn.) Farmer, July 14.

Toole, the Comedian, in Australia.

Last week, we left Mr. Toole in an Australian glove-store, asking the clerk whether the gloves were ventilated.

"No, sir, I never heard of such things. We don't keep them," the shopman answered.

"Don't keep them," said Toole, in a tone of unaffected surprise; "why, that's extraordinary. Everyone keeps ventilated gloves nowadays. You should keep them, you know, for they are so much cooler and more comfortable. Just lend me a pair of scissors and I'll show you what I mean."

The man handed the actor a small pair of scissors from his breast pocket, evidently expecting that he wanted to separate the gloves for the purpose of trying on, and he gave quite a start of astonishment when Toole deliberately, with one snip, cut a ridiculous gash right across the back of the hand.

"There, that's better," said Toole, surveying the rent with great satisfaction. "Just hold this end, will you? It is wonderful how much cooler a little ventilation makes a glove, and it looks much better, doesn't it now? (Here he made a cut across the palm.) In London most people are going in for ventilated gloves, and in India—(here a tremendous snip nearly severed a finger)—well, in India, you know, of course they wear nothing else. Hand me the other glove, please."

The man gulped down a laugh, and stared at the comedian to see if he could detect the slightest trace of a smile; but Toole did not let as much as an eyelash quiver, and went on cutting and snipping away as though it were the most natural thing in the world. "But supposing they don't fit you," one of Mr. Toole's companions artfully suggested—"of course, you'll have to change them."

"Of course," said Toole composedly,

but the shopman gave a convulsive start at the bare idea of such a thing, and was just beginning, "Well, sir, I really don't think"—when Toole stopped him with an authoritative "I always get my gloves changed when they don't fit."

He then strained our gravity to the utmost by drawing them on in the most gingerly fashion, as though in fear of sullying their virgin purity. Naturally, some of his fingers came through the rents, but this did not deter him from turning his hand to the shopman and asking him to express his candid opinion if the ventilation wasn't an improvement.

"Is there anything else I can show you sir?" he asked, when at length two pairs of gloves had been purchased and so treated.

"Yes," said Toole politely, "I should like too see some handkerchiefs with borders and sleeves."

Some of our party walked suddenly out into the street.

The shopman wheeled round quickly to see if we were laughing, but finding us as sober as undertakers, evidently concluded that we were lunatics, and prepared to accept the situation.

"I have handkerchiefs with borders, sir," he said gravely, "but I haven't any with sleeves. I'm not quite sure I understand what you mean!"

"Dear me," said Toole, in a tone of blended vexation and surprise, "Not got handkerchiefs with sleeves? Why you can get them everywhere in London—people use nothing else. Think of the arm you might come to without a sleeve. I can't take them without sleeves."

A bright idea apparently seized the man. "Perhaps, sir, what you want is something to wear?"

"Just so," said Toole, blandly.

"Something to put on going out at night, sir?"

"Yes; to go home in the middle of the night," answered Toole, in a short, abrupt time—"Good evening!" and he walked out.

I pass over such trifles in our ramble as Mr. Toole walking into a large banking chamber, putting down a shilling on the teller's counter, ordering two brandies and sodas, and then becoming so absorbed in conversation with a friend that it took a quarter of an hour to make him understand his mistake. Or his going into a florist's—down whose shop window a stream of water is constantly flowing—to warn them, with a face full of anxious alarm that the back upstairs was leaking, or some pipe must have exploded. But on our way homeward we passed a fishmonger's shop whose window displayed only crayfish and oysters, on top of which was coiled an ordinary garden hose.

Toole asked the man what he wanted for the eels.

"The crayfish, you mean, sir—a shilling each," he answered.

"I don't mean the crayfish, I mean the eels."

"We haven't got any eels, sir."

"Well, what do you call these?" asked Toole, triumphantly pointing to the coil of hose.

"Why, Lord bless my soul! That's the hose!"

Toole turned savagely to his friend and

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

wanted to know what was the sense of taking him to an ironmonger's shop when he said he wanted to buy fish, and marched off in an apparent fit of indignation. The episode caused the fishmonger to stand in a thoughtful attitude at his shop door, looking after us for some minutes.

"After calling 'Wolf' so often, aren't you afraid of being properly caught sometimes?" one of the party inquired of the comedian.

"Oh, no!" I never play the same joke, or any joke, if I can help it, twice on the same person, and if you are discovered there is a way out of the difficulty. But your mentioning the word 'wolf' reminds me of the song of the name, which of course you have all heard. There was some low music-hall fellow, who used to continually sing 'The Wolf' at the halls most frequented by soldiers, and one night—being very hoarse from the combined effects of a bad cold and the controlling influence of drink—he sang so abominably that his audience hissed him, and yelled words to the effect that he was singing the wrong air, had completely lost the tune, etc. He pulled himself together, and explained the circumstance by saying, "The fact of the matter is, I've sang this confounded 'Wolf' so often that I've sang all the confounded air off him."—The Metropolitan.

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Gus—"If you don't give it to me at once I'll kiss you."

Madge—"And if I do give it to you, you will let me alone?"

Gus—"Certainly."

Madge—"Well—you can't have it."—Boston Beacon.

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"So Chollie has gone abroad."

"Yes."

"Who sent him that beautiful bunch of forget-me-nots?"

"His tailor."—N. Y. Sun.

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