

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 13—No. 16.
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NEW YORK AND LONDON, AUGUST 16, 1890.

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



THERE ARE RACKETS AND RACKETS.

MISS MAY—WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR RACQUETS, MR. SPENDER? I'VE KNOWN YOU TO HAVE THREE THIS SUMMER ALREADY,
MR. SPENDER—MY RACKETS? OH! THEY COST ANYWHERE FROM A HUNDRED UP.

Texas Siftings.

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

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NEW YORK, AUGUST 16, 1890.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

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

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

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

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

Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

PARTS unknown—on a bald head.

RAW material—remedy for a gall.

PRY's money—a detective's salary.

WOOL-IN mill—a prize-fight between negroes.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is a man of striking proportions.

A PREFERRED creditor—one who never presents his bill.

FIRE and brimstone left Sodom without a house and Lot.

SIC transit—the kind called rapid transit in New York.

THE decline of agriculture—a boy's refusal to remain on his father's farm.

WHILE there is progress in many lines of business, banks "advance" slowly.

RED is the festive color in China. To paint a town that color is un-American.

IN early days the schoolmaster "boarded around" himself, but he shingled the boys.

CHILDREN who are not heirs will be admitted into the World's Air Garden, I suppose.

WHILE we have so many lakes in this country there is only one that is really Superior.

IT would seem that the proper place to cook mountain game would be on a mountain range.

FARMER (making for a fence, chased by a mad bull)—"It's a toss-up which reaches the fence first."

PULLMAN car porters talk of a strike. Do they want the passengers to throw in their hand baggage?

WYOMING will be a mighty lonesome State, when her two senators and one representative leave for Washington.

AN excited editor exclaims, "Would you gag Congress?" But consider how often Congress makes the country gag.

A MAN who bought Tolstoi's latest book was greatly disappointed in it, because it wasn't Sonata as he expected to find it.

HAVING so much to say about "eight hours," I wonder why the World didn't put eight towers on its new Park Row building.

THERE are singular things in pronunciation. For instance, a girl's name may be Aramantha and she be a pronounced blond.

MARY ANDERSON gave Willie Winter, the critic, the belt she wore in Rosalind, and he has presented it to the Players' Club of New York. Now let Kilrain present the club with the belt Sullivan gave him in Mississippi.

CIVIL SERVICE.

The impression is abroad that during the Harrison administration there has been a wholesale turning out of Democratic employes of the Government to give place to Republicans. The political guillotine is supposed to be kept diligently at work in Washington, with no interruptions, except for meals and an occasional drink. But there is a mistake about this, according to Commissioner Roosevelt. He says that 92 per cent. of the employes appointed under the civil-service rules during the last administration still hold their places. So the friends of civil service have no reason to despair.

WANTED, A PATRIARCH.

The office of Patriarch at Constantinople isn't a sinecure, however much it may have to do with curing sin. An Armenian Patriarch was recently mobbed by his congregation in that city, who had become offended with him. His patriarchal appearance did not save him from gross insult, and he barely escaped with his life. The beloved brethren were enraged because their Patriarch had not made a vigorous and telling remonstrance to the Turkish authorities regarding the outrages committed against their brethren in Erzeroum. Here is an opening for some enterprising young man out of a job. Read up a little in Armenian theology, go to Constantinople and apply for the vacant position of Patriarch. But he must enter a protest in favor of Erzeroum, whenever he can find-er-zeroom for it.

PASSING AWAY.

The authors of "Beautiful Snow" have been slowly dying off for a good many years, and there are only two or three left now. Soon we shall be left without a single solitary author of that unhappy poem. We have heard of no suggestion as yet to erect a monument to their memory, but that will probably come when the last remaining survivor is called in. Yet there will be no assurance that he be the last. When the country has given a sigh of relief, thinking that the last of that remarkable but annoying group of poets has been laid away to rest, beneath the daisies or under the beautiful snow, according to the season, some red-nosed veteran will hobble into the editor's office with a bundle of old papers under his arm and remark, "Sir, you see before you the genuine and only author of "Beautiful Snow." Then the editor will sigh and ask if this thing is going to keep up forever.

A BUCCANEER.

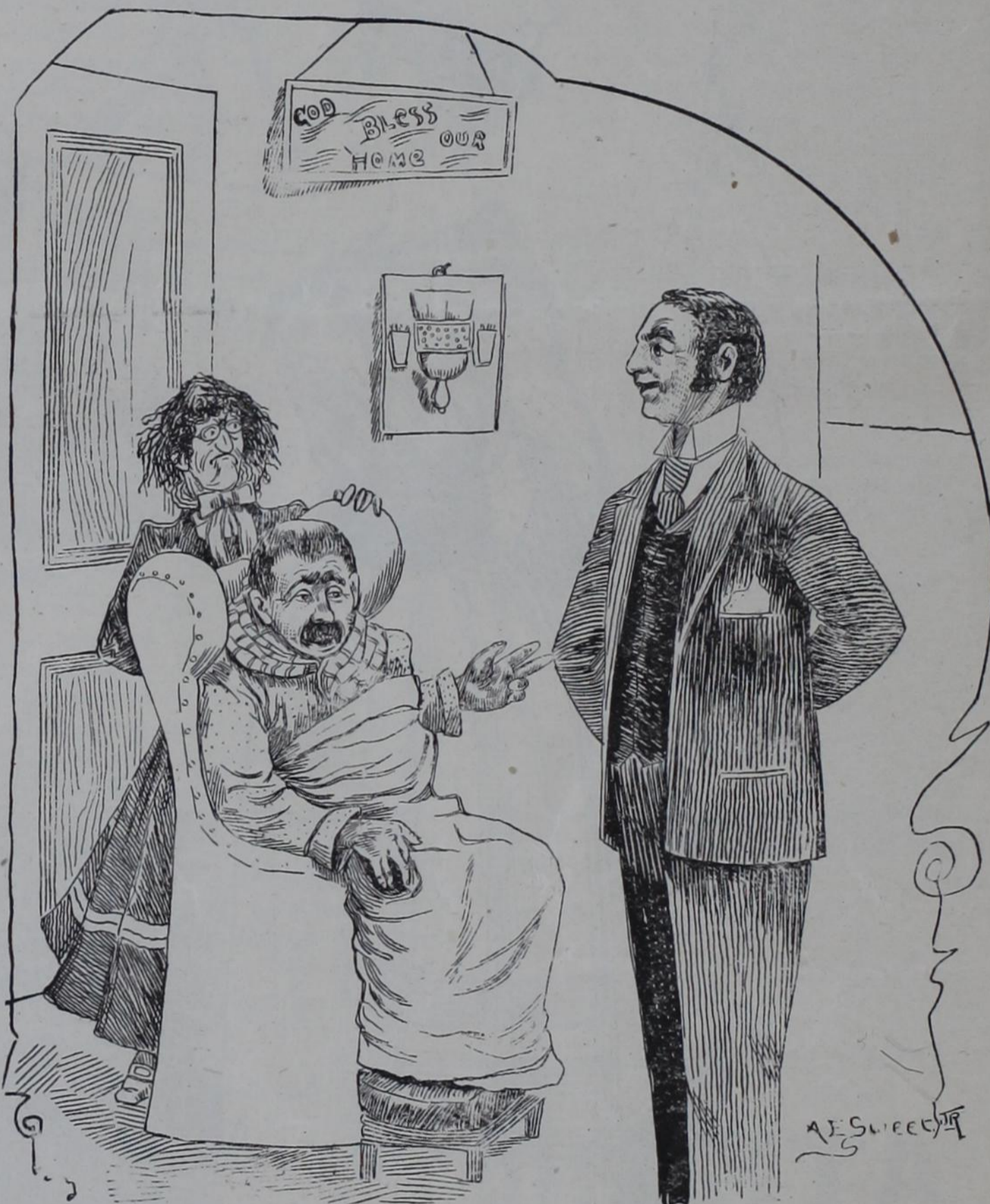
A Jerseyman has sued the editor of his county paper for calling him a buccaneer. And yet the term is in itself a very harmless one. It comes from *buccan*, which in the language of the natives of the Caribbean Islands means a place for cooking beef, hence those who established themselves on those islands for the purpose of smoking or preparing beef for the market were called buccaneers. The term was afterwards applied to the pirates who infested the coasts of the West Indies and Spanish America. So it will be seen that the original buccaneers were simply cattlemen. Had the Jerseyman been called a cowboy, he probably wouldn't have minded it; indeed, he might have felt complimented, but a buccaneer, that was too much. The editor will probably have to show in court whether he meant to apply the term in its earlier or later sense.

CHOLERA AT MECCA.

When the cholera is particularly severe at Mecca, then it is that the "faithful" are most desirous of making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Mohammed. They go in droves, unprovided with money to buy cholera mixture, and without even taking the precaution to provide themselves with essence of ginger or blackberry brandy. The more the Mecca papers that reach them are filled with the names of cholera victims—to the exclusion of paid advertisements, frequently—the more eager they seem to press on. They forage orchards and devour all the green fruit they can find, and fairly revel in cucumber patches. And so the roll of victims grows day by day. When there is no cholera in Mecca there seems to be no inducement for a pilgrimage; the town is almost deserted and grass grows in the highways leading to it.

FASHIONABLE TRAMPS.

The shifts to which people who congregate at fashionable resorts are put in order to amuse themselves or kill time, are sometimes astonishing. Society folks at Saratoga have organized a Tramp Club, though they don't sport the full regimentals of the order so far as rags and disreputable appearance go. They approach it, however, we are told, and endeavor to make tramping picturesque. They call at the back doors of their friends' cottages and demand pie and champagne, and appropriate to their uses any unoccupied hammocks they find. Policemen are improvised to drive them away or arrest them, and mock trials are held and the tramps sometimes put in durance. They gather at night on the lawns and industriously "work the growl-



WHERE IT WILL DO THE MOST GOOD.

DOCTOR—I find that he is laboring under undue excitement. I shall prescribe an opiate, so he will get a rest.

TALKATIVE WIFE—How shall I give it to him, Doctor?

DOCTOR—It is not for him at all. It is for you.

er," which is filled with harmless lemonade as a general thing. It is great fun. Then they have "barn parties," where they dance on the barn floor by the light of picturesque lanterns, and have a merry old time. *Il faut qu'un s'amuse en le grand monde.*

"DISEASE and death are in the alleys of this city," says a Chicago paper. That is a nice invitation to the World's Fair, now isn't it?

NEW YORKERS sigh for the return of the glacial period, whenever they pay an ice-bill.

ALONG THE BOWERY.



HE historians who tell us of the elder days of New York City, have much to say of the beauties of the Bowery Lane. If they could have lived to see the famous street twenty or twenty-five years ago, they would have been more than amazed at the changes. If they could see it to-day they would flatly deny its

identity. Out grandfathers, in the days of their youth—or perhaps they were our great-grandfathers—used to stroll up the grassy paths, among the mighty trees that bordered the green fields on either side of the broad country road, and do their courting by the light of the moon.

Nowadays we don't. There is plenty of courting done there still, but it is done by women who are never recognized in daylight. It is not a place for strolling, either. You have to go eight or ten miles further up town to find anything that resembles the country, and you go the whole length of the Bowery on an elevated railroad in about five minutes, unless you want to walk and see what manner of place it is.

It is about a mile long, and its width increases as it stretches upward. Beginning at Chatham Square, it is lost at the upper end where Third and Fourth avenues begin together, making a fork in the road. The changes in its history are marked by the varieties of its architecture, though there are few buildings in it that are beautiful enough to see, if you have to go far to see them. All, however, are interesting.

Here, a generation or so ago, appeared two distinct types of mankind that were absolutely new, and that have entirely disappeared. The "Bowery Boy" was a man who belonged to the old Volunteer Fire Department, and who was seldom happy unless fighting. It did not matter much whether he were fighting fire, or a personal enemy, or whether he were engaged with his friends fighting a rival fire company, or a rival gang of toughs—for he was distinctly a tough, though very often he was a man of sterling character. His fighting propensities were lawless, but they were not usually criminal.

In appearance he was a fop, after his own peculiar fashion. He wore a silk hat on the back of his head, a red shirt, black broadcloth trousers, high-top boots over his trousers, and no vest, while over his arm he carried a black frock coat which he seldom put on. All of these were of the finest material. In one corner of his mouth he carried, some twelve hours a day, a cigar, which always pointed upward at an angle of forty to forty-five degrees, and which was not always of fine material.

His language was a slang that has disappeared with himself. It was based upon English, and could generally be understood by English-speaking people, though not always. He was rough, picturesque, quarrelsome, idle, chivalrous and generous.

The "Bowery Girl" was a woman whom such a man could not only love, but respect. She was reckless but virtuous, pretty and vain, extravagant in dress, and as glaring in her taste as he, proud of her lover as a fighter, and as fond of excitement as a child.

Disappearing, these people have made way for Bowery boys and girls with all their objectionable characteristics and none of their redeeming ones. Such a man as Thackary could find keen delight, when, having lost his way, he said to a

Bowery Boy, "I want to go to the City Hall," in being answered, "Well, w'y don't ye go, den?" The charm was not in the impertinence but in the manner. But to-day the Bowery boy or man has no manner. He is rude because he knows no better. He is a tough, not from the lawless exuberance of manhood, but because of the sneaking instincts of a loafer. And he is forever hiding from the police because he would rather run than fight. As to the girl of the Bowery the less said the better.

But these people no longer "run the street." Trade, the great civilizer, has almost driven them out by day, and the police hold them firmly in check at night. The trade of the Bowery, however, is distinctly of the Cheap John type as a whole, though there are large and responsible establishments there. The dime museum was born there, and many of the poorer kind are there now. It was the home of the worst of the "pretty waiter-girl saloon" before the police stamped that out. It abounded in mock-auction rooms, when mock-auctions flourished. It is the neighborhood of cheap lodging houses, cheap restaurants, and the cheapest of cheap clothing and shoe stores.

In the daytime there is nothing of the old-time glamour and glitter left in the street. At night, however, it is still peculiar among New York thoroughfares. At its dingy, lower end, the lowest of men and women still cluster, lying in wait for the casual drunkard, to rob or cheat him. Further along, the cheap theatres and the concert gardens are open, with music and drama to suit all tastes, for you may find the best there, or nearly the best, as well as the worst, and both are cheap. There are cheap jewelry and cheap liquor to buy, and as if to cap the very climax of imaginable economy, there is a cheap Turkish bath establishment.

It is a safe street. There is hardly a thoroughfare in New York where a sober man who does not talk



Our Great-grandfathers on the Bowery.

with strangers is not safe at any hour of the twenty-four, but it is a street that abounds in traps for the unwary and the intoxicated. So long as the observer stays on the pavement in the glare of the electric lights, he need look for no violence, and if he hold no conversation with the men or women who will accost him, he will find the Bowery as safe as Broadway.

Doubtless all these changes are for the good of the community. It is not well for a city to have within its borders such a street as the Bowery was, yet the difference is somehow saddening to those who knew it twenty-five or thirty years ago. The cakes and ale of youth are pleasant to remember, even after we assume the virtues of age.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

WHAT COLDWATER DID.

Kate Fields thinks it rather odd that Clinton B. Fisk, late leader of the Prohibition party, should have been born and buried in Coldwater, Michigan. This reminds us of an incident of the war in connection with that town. When the call for volunteers came in the North one of the first to respond was a battery of artillery from Coldwater, under command of Captain Loomis, afterward General, which became famous in the war as the "Loomis Battery." "Coldwater" was inscribed on their guns.

When the battery arrived at Cincinnati, on its way to West Virginia, it camped on the Steamboat Landing over Sunday. Military en route for the field of conflict attracted universal attention in the early days of the war, and thousands visited the Landing to see the brave boys from Coldwater. Religious exercises were held there, and a local clergyman preached a patriotic sermon. He commended the courage of the brave men who were going to risk their lives for their country's defence. "But," said he, impressively, "there is a higher courage than mere physical valor, and these men possess it. They are temperance men, all, and

they have the moral courage to proclaim it by inscribing 'Cold Water' on their guns as a badge of their principles."

There were broad smiles among the battery boys, for there wasn't a teetotaller among them, and their captain was noted for the extraordinary number of square drinks he could get away with in a day. Poor fellow, they got away with him a few years after the war closed, for he died in a Washington inebriate asylum. A brave man and splendid soldier was General Loomis, of Coldwater.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

"Whazzer want to shut zat door for?" shouted a tipsy passenger on a street car to the conductor, who was trying to push the door wider open.

"Who's shutting the door?" growled the conductor.

"S'you are."

"I say I'm not."

"Shay, don't s'you contradiect me, ye hear?"

"Oh, shut up; you're full."

"You're a s'liar. I'm shober ash I canbe. Letsh door alone. Want all s'air we can get."

"I've no doubt a little fresh air wouldn't hurt you," remarked the conductor, sarcastically, as he stopped the car to let a lady off.

"Whazzer mean by that? Er few more remarkshs like thatsh an' I'll lick sher. Zat's wha' I'll do."

The conductor made no reply. The car went on for about a mile and a half. The fierce glare in the tipsy passenger's eye gave way to a sort of "at-peace-with-the-world" expression. As the conductor passed him, on his way to collect a fare, he said:

"Shay, you ain't mad at s'me, are you?"

"I guess not."

"Zat's right. You know, I kinder liksh your facesh."

"Is that so?"

"Yesh. Somethingsh s'noble about it. You going to forget whatsh I said whilsh ago, ainsher?"

"Oh, yes; I forgot that long ago."

"Well, then, letsh shake handsh."

He shook the conductor's hand heartily, nearly wrenching his arm out. Then he arose and, throwing his arms around the conductor's neck, shed tears, and sobbed:

"You'll letsh bygones be bygones, wontsher."

"Yes, I'll forgive you. Where do you want to get off?"

"Delanshy street."

"Past it five blocks. You'll have to walk back."

"You (cuss) shlob (cuss), why didinsher tell me we wash at 'Lanshy street?" (Prolonged cussing.)

The conductor seized him by the arm and deposited him on the sidewalk, and as the car moved off the tipsy passenger gazed fixedly at the conductor, and from the soft expression in his eye it is safe to say that he was very anxious to apologize for his last offence.

LEGISLATIVE REFORM.

Bezumbo—I think it would be a good idea to have Congressmen elected in duplicate.

Mr. Gilhooly—What for?

Bezumbo—So that one could monkey with politics while the other attended to business.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Miss Bashful—I don't like the way your husband calls me dearest.

Mrs. Jones—O, you must not mind him. He even calls me that.



Scene on the Bowery of to-day.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XLI.



VERY energetic and pushing man was Richelieu, and were he living in New York now he would be the Boss of Tammany, without any doubt. He would have been a Boss in any country and in any period.

Richelieu means a rich place, and

there was no rich place that the Cardinal didn't reach for, and he invariably got it. He hadn't been the King's minister six months before he was at the head of affairs, with King Louis XIII. playing second fiddle.

It was not strange that plots were hatched against Richelieu. A brother of the King, known as Gaston, Duke of Anjou, was one of numerous lordly conspirators banded together to assassinate the Cardinal at his country house. The latter discovered the plot in time, and several of the conspirators were seized. The Duke of Anjou confessed and betrayed his accomplices, several of whom were executed. The Queen was implicated, but indignantly repelled the charge. It created a bitterness between her and the Cardinal that never healed.

Duelling was very common in France in those days, and the Cardinal undertook to suppress it. An edict was issued forbidding it. Two haughty nobles, de Bouteville and Des Chapelles, to show their contempt for the Cardinal's interdict, fought a duel in the Place Royale, Paris, beneath a tree on which this notice was posted. The duel was harmless enough, as Paris duels generally are nowadays, but Richelieu caused the combatants to be executed for breaking the law. Place Royale was where Henry II. was accidentally killed in a friendly joust with Count Montgomery. It is now called Place des Vosges, and there is a fine equestrian statue there of Louis XIII. The Place is surrounded by rows of tall, stately houses, built by order of Henry IV. In one of them lived the great actress, Rachel.

Richelieu was no less great in military than in civil affairs. The English having come to the support of the Huguenots of La Rochelle with a powerful fleet, (the sailors were Rochelle "salts," I suppose), the Cardinal headed an army that reduced that stronghold in spite of this alliance. Buckingham led the English forces—the same Buckingham who was such a favorite with Charles I. of England, and who fell so desperately in love with the young queen of France, Anna of Austria. Richelieu defeated him in this amatory enterprise as he did at La Rochelle, and he was probably more chagrined by the former repulse than the latter. As Edwin Booth sometimes takes occasion to remark, "So much for Buckingham."

It may be news to you, my children, that Richelieu led a French army across the Alps to attack Savoy, but he did. This was before he had arrived at the conclusion that the Pen was mightier than the Sword. He was then "Lieutenant General representing the King's person." The King was rather fond of being represented that way when there was any fighting to be done. Had he been drafted in our late civil war he would have sent a substitute, same as Cleveland did.

Richelieu was successful in his Italian campaign, and when a treaty was made with Savoy the negotiator was a diplomatic agent of Rome named Mazarin, who

was afterwards Richelieu's successor as premier minister of France—a great man, too, in his way.

During his absence in Italy every effort was made by the Queen-mother, Marie de Médici, Anna of Austria and other enemies of Richelieu, to induce the King to dismiss him, but he resolutely refused, and on the Cardinal's return he was received by Louis with open arms at his chateau in Versailles, which, by the way, was the foundation of that magnificent palace of Versailles built by the succeeding King, Louis XIV.

Richelieu, with that energy which distinguished him, set about punishing his enemies, several of whom he caused to be executed in a manner too shocking to relate, although the electrical chair had not then been invented as a means of capital punishment. He also caused the King's mother, Marie de Médici to be banished from the kingdom, and she died in exile at Cologne in 1642. In the pavement of the great Cathedral (St. Peter's) of Cologne is a tablet informing the passer-by that the heart of Marie de Médici lies buried beneath. A tumultuous heart it was, aching many times and causing other hearts to ache, and it is to be hoped that it rests in peace now.

Surviving many plots against his power and life, Richelieu lived to see his enemies all put down and France raised to a position in Europe which it had never held before. He was a liberal patron of letters and the arts. He founded the Institute of France, rebuilt the Sorbonne (a religious college), and built the Palais Royal.

He died in 1642 and was succeeded by Cardinal Mazarin, whom he named for the office. His master, or rather his servant, Louis XIII., survived him scarcely six months. Of this monarch I have not had much to



Duelists Defy Richelieu's Interdict.

say, because the story of Richelieu is a history of his reign. It happens that way sometimes in the history of royal personages.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

HE ENVIED HIM.

Smith—See that man fishing over there?

Jones—Yes, I see him.

Smith—Well, I've been watching him for the last six hours and he hasn't had a bite. I only wish I had his patience.

DIDN'T SEEM TO DO HIM ANY GOOD.

A.—You should marry. Woman exerts a refining influence on man. What you need is a wife.

B.—Are you married?

O, yes; I've been married twenty years.

Why haven't you and your wife been living together all these years?

A MEAN REPLY.

Husband—No, don't make me mad. When I get angry I am a wild beast.

Wife—Humph! You have never stopped being angry.

HE WASN'T BUILT FOR A COPPER.

Neighbor—What would you like to be?

Johnny—Policeman.

Neighbor—You would never do for that. Whenever there is a fight you are always around.

IDLE TEARS.

Friend—I suppose you grieve very much over the death of your husband.

Mrs. Snooks—Indeed I do. If I had utilized before he died the tears I've shed since he died, I'd have half a dozen more dresses than I've got now.

THEY GO TOGETHER

Husband—I come home with a heavy heart.

Wife—Yes, I suppose so; and a light pocketbook.

THEY DIDN'T FIT.

Wife (shivering)—It is so chilly my teeth chatter.

Husband—Why don't you buy some that fit?

THE KIND OF A MAN HE WAS.

Landlord—I want to tell you before you move in that I like to have the rent paid promptly on the first day of each month.

Tenant—That's the way I am. Either punctually or not at all.

SHE HAD THE TIME.

Elderly Coquette—I have given many a man the sack.

Gus De Smith—I suppose so. You have had enough time.

WHY HE CRIED.

Passerby—Why do you cry, little boy?

Little Boy—On account of pa. If he comes home without me ma will give him an awful thrashing.

A LARGE HEAD.

Q.—I've got such a big head no hat fits me.

Z.—Why don't you buy two?

FOR HIS FATHER TOLD HIM SO.

Teacher—By misfortune a man is tried as by fire, but he emerges gloried and strengthened. Isador, can you give me an illustration?

Isador Cohen—Certainly; ven a man, for instance, fails for ten cents on der tollar.

A WRONG ACCUSATION.

Judge—You are accused of being a tramp.

Tramp—It's a slander, your Honor. I haven't tramped half a mile since I struck this town.

CHARITY.

The best charity is not that which gives alms, whether secretly or with ostentation. The best charity is that which worketh no evil, that prompts us to speak well of our neighbors.

We are ashamed to confess that our quickest instincts are to think ill of others, or to magnify the ill of which we hear. There is a universal shrugging of shoulders, as much as to say, "Well, I expected as much; it is just like him; I had my suspicions; I could a tale unfold," and thus on through an endless chapter, with which every reader will be somewhat familiar from his or her own experience.

Now, one who says, "I could a tale unfold," yet holds it back, leaving the hearer to infer any and every evil, stabs character with the meanest, deadliest blow. Yet who is there who carries not this ever-ready weapon—this poisoned dagger.

The charity that gives to help and not to humiliate, is good; but the charity that makes us think no evil is better.

ANTICIPATION.

Mother (mournfully)—My dear Charlie, what would you do if I happened to die?

Little Charlie (eagerly)—I'd eat all the sugar.



WOULD RESUME SPECIE PAYMENTS.

WIGGINS (who has obliged his friend with a five.)—What would you do, Jack, if you had a fortune left to you?

BORROWIT—Why, I wouldn't have to "do" anybody, then!

NEW YORK AS A SUMMER RESORT.



R. AND MRS. HOLGATE were sitting at the breakfast table in their comfortable home in Harlem.

"What's the matter with you, Maria? Why don't you eat?" asked Josiah Holgate.

"Oh, I am feeling very much debilitated. I think, Josiah, that I need a change of scene," said Mrs. Holgate, feebly.

"Eh!" exclaimed Josiah, letting his lower jaw drop down suddenly, after the manner of one of those new-fangled folding beds.

"I am far from well, Josiah."

"What are you driving at, Maria?"

"I think we will have to go to some watering place."

"Watering place!" howled Josiah, dropping his fork and shoveling a spoonful of salt into his coffee in his excitement, "watering place! So that's what you meant when you said that you were far from well. Why don't you go to a horse-trough, or down on Wall street, if a watering place is what you are after?"

"I expected you would raise the usual row, but I can't help it. My health is all gone, and it would do you good, Josiah, to spend the summer vacation at some quiet place."

"I don't think it would, Maria. I've let myself be dragged out of town several times, and I know all about it. It takes a poor, broken-down woman to stand the wear and tear of a summer vacation. If I was as strong as I used to be, I might risk taking a vacation, but I'm so weak I'm afraid I'd not pull through. Besides, there is the expense. When people start out to spend the summer, I notice the money is spent long before the summer. There is a place called Economy, somewhere in Pennsylvania, but it's not a watering place."

"The expense is really not so great but that we can afford a few weeks at Saratoga."

"Want to go there, and change your dress four times a day, do you? If you cast a side glance at the porter it's a dollar, and if you stub your toe, or sneeze, it's two and a half. Nice place, where you get fresh butter that is made in an iron kettle with a fire under it, and the spring chicken is tougher than an India rubber teething ring; where you can't go into a bar room without rubbing against a saucer-faced dude, and where you can get snubbed ten times a day by shoddy aristocracy. That's the place where there are more noisy children than doors in the corridor; where the man in the next room on the right snores, and the one on the left walks up and down all night. Oh! let's go to Saratoga and drink stagnant water flavored with carbolic acid gas until our livers can't act any more than a society actress! Let's go right now!"

"I wish you would not try to be so sarcastic, Josiah. If you don't like Saratoga we can go to some other summer resort."

"Certainly, Maria, by all means. Let us go to the Moosogalumchuckchapaquoddy House, in the back-woods of Maine, and starve to death on canned vegetables of the vintage of '73, while we feed ourselves slowly to the mosquitoes and sand flies. If I am to be eaten up alive by wild animals I'd rather bribe the keeper to let me crawl into the tiger's cage in Central Park and put an end to my sufferings at once."

"The mosquitoes are not so bad as you make out. We can go to some seaside resort, if you prefer, Josiah."

"I suppose, Maria, you mean to Bar Harbor, where you can find the harbor a blamed sight

easier than you can the bar, and where the only thing at the dinner table that is as good as what you get in New York is the salt; where the pies can knock out

John L. Sullivan in one round. That's the place to go to see sea serpents, at ten dollars per serp. Do you say Bar Harbor?"

"If you don't like seaside resorts, let us go up into the White Mountains, to the Daisy Dell House. I've got a circular in which the proprietor says he has been to an enormous expense in refitting and refurnishing the place."

"He has probably had the front door painted. I remember that place. That's where we took a swig out of the old oaken bucket that hung in the well, and got our mouths full of pollywogs and miasma. That's the place where they dump a chunk of butterine into the churn and call you to look at it. That's where the children were laid up with poison ivy. The freshly laid eggs were pulled from under a setting hen, and that's where the beds are solid enough to do for a meat block. Oh! let's go there, by all means!"

"Then let us go to some quiet farm in New Hampshire or Vermont."

"Where it is so confoundedly quiet that you can hear your hair grow, but where you acquire typhoid germs that develop just about the time that you get back home. All flesh is said to be grass, but the meat you get there is more like baled hay. I can stand almost anything short of frozen rocks, but I can't stand the diet at the country farm house, where the only thing you have after dinner is the dyspepsia. That's where you have to go nosing around hunting for a pump every time you want a drink. That's where the table cloth is principally useful as circumstantial evidence of there having been soft boiled eggs for breakfast on some previous occasion. Where you can listen to the festive bull-frog, and where the fishing facility consists principally in catching suckers from the large cities. Now, Maria, I've got a proposition to make."

"Well, Josiah, let us hear it."



Have to Dress Four Times a Day.

poetry of existence, and it can also make an old bachelor in the adjoining room use language which if uttered on the street would get him into the penitentiary for two years.

They are so fragile that there mingles with our love tender anxiety that shadows and subdues our warmer emotions, and yet that same baby if taken to a theatre can stay awake and bawl until the last act.

A FOND HUSBAND.

Billy—So you have returned from your bridal tour. What did you see on the trip that pleased you most?

John—My wife.



Pleasures of a Vacation in Maine.

"You really don't care to live on stale vegetables, salt pork and beans, sleep on boards and be bitten by insects, any more than I do. What you want is not to forfeit the respect of the neighbors by going off during the summer. Have the servants close the front blinds and tell everybody we are out of town. We will live in the back part of the house, and every few days we will run down to Manhattan Beach, or up the Hudson, or to any of the hundred places that are within easy reach of New York, which is a good enough summer resort for me. With a dime's worth of walnut juice we will acquire the regulation seaside tan, and thus we will deceive even the elect."

"That, Josiah, is the only reason I wanted to get out of town. We will stay right here in New York and enjoy ourselves."

ALEX. E. SWEET.

ABOUT BABIES.

Who does not love the merry little creatures, with their bright eyes, sweet voices, innocent ways and vociferous squalls, particularly while cutting teeth. We involuntarily shrink from the man who does not love children, until we have some of our own, and try to undress the baby some night when the mother is absent.

Dear little children! How much they add to the beauty and loveliness of the earth, and how much walking it takes to quiet one, when there is no soothing syrup handy. What dear little sleep destroyers they are. Fresh from the hand of the Creator—with spirits unclouded by sorrow, unstained by sin—how it can occupy simultaneously both sides of the largest sized bed.

Like the birds and flowers they help to make up the

A PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION.

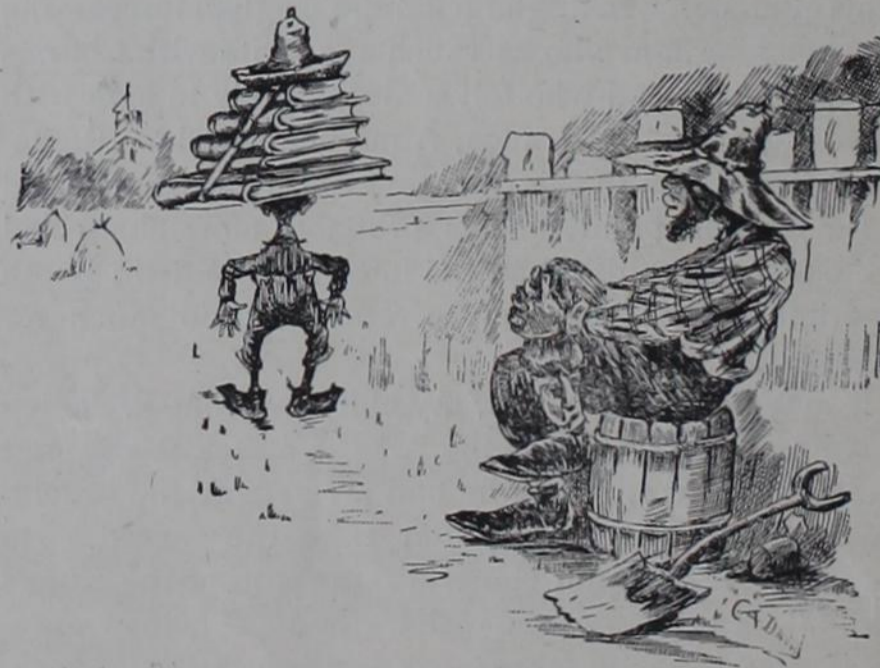
Judge Peterby—Where is your son now?

Col. Yerger—He is with Silverstone.

Isn't that the merchant who has failed several times and been burnt out a time or so?

Yes, that's the man. I want my son to get a practical business education.

A merchant who has eliminated the gauntlet department, says he is now ready to handle his business "without gloves."



MUCH LEARNING IS A DANGEROUS THING.

EPHRAIM JONES—Dat chile 'll hab ter stop school, sho! His brane am gittin' so heaby dat h's gittin' bow-legged.



A Side Glance at the Porter Costs a Dollar.

easier than you can the bar, and where the only thing at the dinner table that is as good as what you get in New York is the salt; where the pies can knock out



SUMMER COURTSHIP BY CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.

Dearest, while my trained pulse quivers
With alternate love and science,
On your educated senses,
I depend, with firm reliance,
I love; French, *j'aime*; Latin, *Amo*;
You know its Greek derivations;
And the cabalistic figures
Of its Hebrew combinations.

Therefore, I need only mention
That my heart's serene affection
Moves in no eccentric orbit;
And I might, in this connection
Add, that neither time nor seasons,
Fate nor adverse circumstances,
Have the power to quench the ardor
Generated by your glances.
Will you be mine?

Must I give immediate answer?
'Tis so sudden and surprising;
Though the real state of my feelings
There is no need of disguising.
You have proved yourself a master
Of psychology and boating,
Law, theology, and base-ball,
All accomplishments worth noting.

From the Scientific Circle
I shall soon be graduating;
And the Cooking School diploma
Is already for me waiting.
As our tastes are in communion,
And our hearts touched by affection,
To our matrimonial union
I can see no great objection.
I will be thine.

M. A. B.



LIBELOUS.

Miss TOUCHY—Boo-hoo! That horrid Miss Giddy said I was a quarter of a century old!
Miss SLOP—What a shame, dear! Why, I positively know that you're only twenty-five.

HOW STANLEY WROTE HIS BOOK.

In Scribner's Magazine for August Edward Marston describes how Stanley, the African explorer, wrote his book. We have read the article carefully, but can't ascertain whether he wrote it with a fountain pen or with one of the old-fashioned quills. Nor whether he wrote it in great, coarse characters or in a neat female hand, though the latter is not probable, since there are no neat females in Africa to borrow such a hand from.

But what we do learn is that he wrote his book in the Hotel Villa Victoria, Cairo, before going to England. He wisely concluded that there would be less interruption there than in London, where he would be continually annoyed by invitations to dine out, and wouldn't be sure at what moment his betrothed would come bursting in to arrange some petty detail about their coming wedding, or Major Pond drop in to talk over the lecture tour he is arranging for America. There is some seclusion in Egypt, though the mummies say there isn't for them, and Stanley was determined to find it, if possible. So he took a room at the aforesaid hotel, giving the Khedive as a reference, and set about his work. No one else was permitted to sit about his work, however.

"Nothing worried him more than a tap at the door while he was writing," says Marston. He was as sensitive about a tap as a man with dropsy. An ear so delicately trained that it could hear a mouse stir could certainly hear a tap stir, though tapsters are better known in London than in Cairo.

A telegram was a great annoyance to Stanley while writing his book. He averred that Morse invented the telegraph especially to vex him. He wasn't troubled with telegrams while in the heart of Africa; why should he be in Cairo? Finally his black boy, Sali (in our Alley?), when he had a message to deliver, fastened it to the end of a long pole and fed it to him through the door slightly ajar, and then he fled from the wrath to come.

Stanley worked so hard and so continuously on his book that his friends became alarmed. "You are killing yourself," said Marston at dinner one day, observing that Stanley didn't eat. Stanley replied that the book must be finished, no matter who else was, or words to that effect. It is killing business, any way, this African exploration, as the notches on Stanley's elephant gun will show.

Once Stanley was induced by Marston to leave his book long enough to take a walk. Their route led them to the river. "Ah," cried Stanley, "this is the Nile. I discovered both its eastern and western source, and now it makes mouths at me," though these were not his precise words. Then he returned to his work, meditating upon the ingratitude of men and rivers.

He was much annoyed by curious people who wanted an interview, and was the recipient of numerous letters from all parts of the world, many of them containing advice as to how he ought to conduct future explorations.

It was something in this way that Stanley wrote his book.

A PARDONABLE OFFENCE.

She—Oh, you horrid thing, you're squeezing my hand.

He—I beg pardon. It is so small I thought I had lost it. Am I forgiven?

She—You bet you are.

NO USE FOR HIS MEMORY.

Parson Bluff—Remember, you must give an account of all your actions and deeds when you go to the other world.

Jimmy Fastboy—I'm glad you mentioned it. I am studying a new system of improving the memory. I guess I'll drop it now.

HIS LIGHT WAS FLICKERIN'.



IN ONE of the Southern counties of Arkansaw lived a pair—old Bill Aikens and his son Bill—who were characters in their way. They were well-known as sharp dealers and

to drive a hard bargain. Young Bill was married and lived with his wife at his father's house. Bill assisted about the farm, while Sally, his wife, assisted his mother with the onerous duties that fall to the lot of a farmer's wife in the rough countries.

When strangers and uninitiated traders were scarce, the two Bills would trade with each other, and it often happened as a result of disagreement concerning these inter-family transactions, that a hand-to-hand scuffle between the father and his dutiful "chip" would ensue. The results were generally a draw, with the odds in favor of the old man.

Young Bill had been unusually sober and thoughtful for some time, and the old man suspected that something was on his mind, but he said nothing. One day they were behind the barn looking at the field of corn, when young Bill opened the conversation:

"Pap, you've done a heap of work in you're day!"

"Yes, William, I've scratched er bit."

"You've just kept at it frum sun-up 'till after milkin', and by the sweat ov yer brow raked together this hull farm!"

"That's so, William," replied the old man as he shifted his quid of tobacco uneasily from one cheek to the other, "that's so."

"And, pap, it's gin me a deal of oneasyness to see you, at your age, rasslin with the cares of life. You oughter be jest settin' 'longside the fire, smokin' your pipe, or layin' out under the trees in the shade."

"That's so, William, I oughter."

Bill was so engrossed with the beauties of his own thoughts and plans that he did not notice a dangerous light in the old man's eyes, and that he spat on the palms of his hands and rubbed them together once or twice.

"Now, pap, bein' as you are gittin' old and feeble and your light just a flickerin' you give me a deed of the farm and you and mam kinder jog along the rest of your days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man as he pushed back his

sleeves and rubbed his hands together, "I think I see the drift of them remarks. My light's er flickerin', is it? Gittin' old and feeble, am I? When your old pap's ready for the porehouse he'll talk to you. William!"

"Yes, pap."

"See that field of cornstalks?"

"Yes, pap."

"Well, to show that your old pap's light ain't er flickerin' as much as you reckon on, I'm goin' to knock down half an acre of them stalks with your heels."

When the argument was concluded Bill crawled painfully from under the barn and whispered to himself:

"Sally was to kinder bring mam to the point at the same time. I wonder if her light's put out, or if she's only crippled for life."

EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.

HOW IT DERIVED ITS NAME.

C.—What is a mausoleum?

T.—It is some sort of a coffin, I believe.

Why do they call it a mausoleum?

Because when a man is put into one of them he is as dead as a mouse.

HOW HE DOES IT.

C.—I don't see how that merchant across the street makes a living. He sells all his goods at cost price.

U.—That's very simple. He buys his goods below cost price.

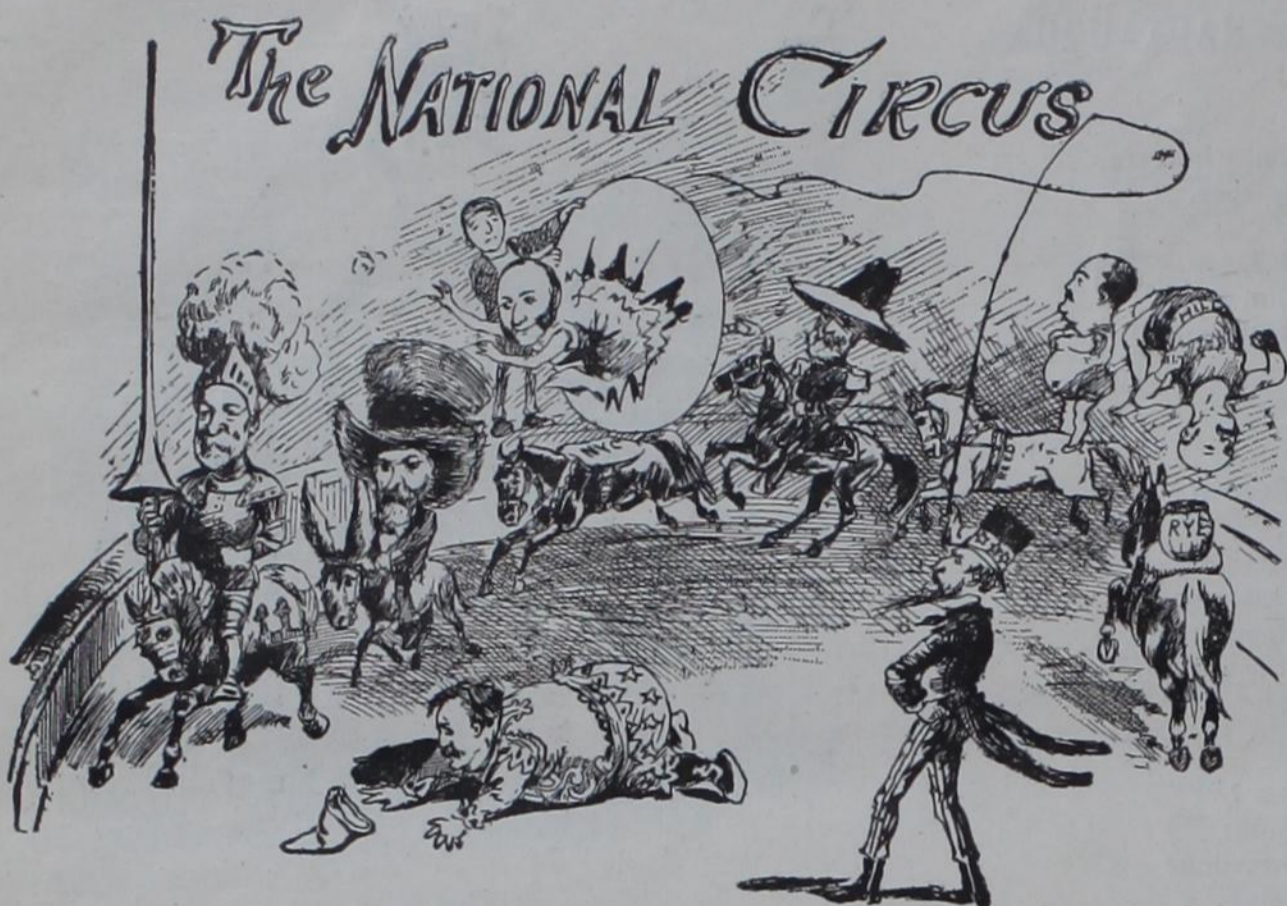
SURE CURE FOR GOUT.

Patient—Doctor, is there no cure for gout?

Doctor—O, yes; you shouldn't have guzzled so much port wine in the last thirty years.



The old man sees the drift of William's remarks.



It seems a pity that, just at this time, when we are likely to need the assistance of Russia in settling the Behring Sea dispute with England, desperate efforts to kill the Czar should be made by Dunlap's news agency and the daily papers. Regularly every Sunday a dreadful conspiracy against the Czar is discovered through this agency, and there are several Nihilists yet to hear from. During the past three months so many Russian palaces have been burned; so many Russian professors have been arrested; so many Russian officers of the highest rank have committed suicide to escape Siberia, and so many Russian students have been imprisoned or exiled—all through the Dunlap agency—that at this date the poor Czar must have no palace to live in; his army must be without officers, and all his colleges must be closed for lack of professors and students. That the Czar still lives after having been assassinated once a week by the press is merely a proof of his Muscovite obstinacy. But at the very juncture that we most require his traditional and long-tried friendship the Czar cannot possibly entertain any amiable feelings towards a country whose papers appear determined to kill him by cable.

President Harrison has put an end to the Cape May cottage scandal by purchasing the place for \$8,000 and paying Friend Wanamaker \$2,000 for the furniture. The Democratic editors who have taken such a fancy of late to Secretary Blaine—although they have been denouncing him all their previous lives—will please to remark that, if there be any more sneers about the cottage business, Mr. Blaine is now *particeps criminis*, as he has been a guest under the roof that has caused so much unnecessary gossip.

A most characteristic death was that of George L. Schuyler, the last of the owners of the America's cup, who was found lifeless on the floor of his stateroom on the yacht Electra, off Newport. He loved yachting; he attained celebrity on account of a yacht, and that he should die on a yacht seemed curiously appropriate. It was the very death he would have wished. "This is my last voyage," he said, as if he had some premonition of his doom. With him dies the hope of any more international yacht racing for the America's cup. His deed of gift to the New York Yacht Club cannot now be altered, and British yachtsmen have unanimously agreed not to sail under its conditions. Yet they are much fairer than those under which the old America won the cup and fame. She went to England and raced against the whole of the Royal Yacht Squadron—"the America first; the rest, nowhere!" That is the sort of race in which the English should try to win back the trophy, instead of in a match with a selected sloop. But Englishmen never venture anything unless they have a few points the best of an adversary in the preliminaries. One of their national maxims is: "A match well made is a match half won."

Spencer Pritchard, an old actor, is said to have allowed himself to starve to death, because he was too proud to borrow enough money to get something to eat. This singular case must not be considered as typical of the theatrical profession. On the contrary, his associates condone his fault and exculpate themselves by declaring that, after all, "he was not much of an actor."

Every visitor to Washington goes to the Patent Office on business or from curiosity. Among the patents there are many as absurd as any of the exhibits in a dime museum, and if a ten-cent fee for admittance

were charged, the government surplus would be sensibly enlarged. One of the recent discoveries is that the fair sex is quite as inventive as the male; but you would never guess in what directions feminine genius displays itself. Here is an invention for a false tail for a horse, evidently suggested by a woman's chignon or false braids. The inventor of this absurdity is a man. Here is a war-ship, with novelties of construction calculated to strike terror to the soul of the audacious invader. That is the work of a lady who lives in Iowa and has no notion of the motion of the ocean. A doll that takes milk from a feeding-bottle you would credit to a woman; but it is a German's device. On the other hand, a patent cigar-making machine is the product of a female mind. Hundreds of such bewildering contradictions may be found in this department.

Every new invention creates new industries. The application of electricity to street-cars results in magnetizing the watches of the passengers so that they no longer keep time. Immediately, enterprising advertisers announce that watches will be demagnetized while you wait, and a stock company has been formed to manufacture non-magnetic watch springs. This is the genuine Yankee spirit.

Now and then, reporters in want of a sensation unearth the fact that some noted philanthropist is the owner of a terrible tenement house or that some highly respectable church is the responsible landlord of an infamous resort. You will remember how the late Henry Bergh was connected, in this way, with one of the worst rookeries near the Five Points, and how Trinity Church was indignantly rebuked for leasing gambling and rum shops. Last week, the city of New York was accused in open court of renting a house in Broome street for immoral purposes. "What!" exclaimed Justice Hogan; "if the city owns this property it is an outrage!" Investigation disclosed the facts that the site of the house had been purchased by the Board of Education for a new school building, and that Gustave Bernstein had hired the place, pending its removal, and was ignorant of the character of his sub-tenants. Thus peace was restored and the good name of the city defended against calumny.

The experiment of a district messenger service in London has been frequently tried, and is now being tried again. The field is so large and seems so rich that our capitalists send over agents to take possession of it at any reasonable expense. But there are peculiar difficulties which do not exist here. First, the penny post makes almost hourly deliveries in London. Second, a cabman will take a message or bundle a couple of miles for a shilling. Third, the government owns the telegraph lines and will not allow any private competition. Fourth, the present commissionaires are veteran soldiers, who would have to be provided for by the tax-payers if they were superseded by messenger boys. These four difficulties are almost insuperable; but American ingenuity is grappling with them sturdily. The latest suggestion is to put a penny stamp upon each message; but if English boys are anything like our own, they would simply drop the note into a post-box and continue their perusal of The Demon Bride of the Sahara on the most comfortable doorstep.

The first effect of refusing to carry "The Kreutzer Sonata" by mail, because it is an immoral book, is to increase the demand for the volume, and cheaper editions are already on the market. The buyers will be disappointed. Count Tolstoi is not indecent; he is only a Russian crank who argues against marriage from the text of St. Paul, who says: "They who marry do well; but those who do not marry do better." The book is not worth making a fuss about, especially while so many really indecent books—indecent in language as well as ideas and suggestions—are published in this country and offered for sale under the very noses of the authorities. But it is a grave matter that the Postmaster-General or his subordinates should have the power to act as censors of the press and decide what books or papers may be delivered by mail. A bad book can do no harm in the mail bags. It is

wrapped up, tied or sealed, and is as innocuous as a Sunday-school tract. Provided the proper postage be paid no postmaster has a constitutional right to open the book and criticize its contents. The same power might be—and has been—exercised to suppress a paper whose articles or whose pictures appeared obnoxious to the official. It cannot be too often repeated that our officials are our hired men, not our masters, and that the post-office, paid for by the people, is our system for exchanging printed matter safely and quickly. The quality of that printed matter concerns only the sender and the receiver—not the government—unless in cases where there is reasonable ground for suspicion that the mails are being used in hostility to the government.

Proofs of the power of the McAllister, chief of the Four Hundred, are recorded daily. When McAllister heard that Prince George of Wales was not coming to Newport, he frowned majestically and exclaimed, "Then let him go to—Halifax!" Upon the word, Prince George went to Halifax, and says that it is a jolly place and that he will stay there. But McAllister may order him up at any moment.

This reminds me that the London papers take seriously the reports of the American press that Mrs. Astor left off her mourning in anticipation of the visit of Prince George and arranged for a series of dinners to thoroughly train her cooks and waiters before his arrival. Copying these statements from a Chicago paper, a Londoner remarks: "I need not add a word nor even an italic to these astounding reports, which every English person in society will appreciate. Fancy a Mrs. Astor giving preliminary dinners to teach the barbarous Americans how to behave before the royal guest." Well, if it comes to that, Mrs. Astor eats and gives a dinner every day, Prince or no Prince. Besides, it would be even funnier to fancy an American lady saying: "I have just lost my poor dear father and brother, and am bowed down in the grief. But, no matter! Take off my mourning and give me my gayest dresses; for Prince George is coming—hooray!" The fact that some English folks still read Punch, though TEXAS SIFTINGS is published in London, is not the only evidence that they cannot understand a joke.

The World deserves the greatest credit for the noble charity which sends Free Doctors to the children of the poor during this distressing weather. Contributions for this purpose are received from all parts of the country and from concerts given on sea-going steamers; but the World not only heads the list of contributors liberally, but does gratis all the onerous and expensive work of administering the fund; selecting the physicians; hunting up and reporting special cases and bestowing extra comforts, and even luxuries, when the doctors decide that these are necessary for the poor, little patients. All the readers of TEXAS SIFTINGS can spare a dollar each, and every dollar saves the life of a baby boy or girl who may grow up a Lincoln or an Edison, a Mrs. Ottendorfer or a Catherine Wolfe. The Ringmaster cracks his whip—and you may think that he sometimes wields it too severely; but, if he had not a tender spot in his heart for the children of the world's circus he would not deserve to be

THE RINGMASTER.



Si. Goggin's Patent Umbrella Protector. All Rights Secured.



SYMPATHY FROM SQUEEHAWKET.

AUNT HARRIET (to Uncle Abner, at crossing of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street)—Lawks-a-massy, Abner, what a shame! Look at that big policeman takin' all those women in; and them so well-dressed, too!

MRS. BROWN'S GLOSSOGRAPH.

Brown not only snores, but talks in his sleep. After waking his better half with a staccato fortissimo snort he has a way of uncorking his conversation apparatus for an hour or so, greatly to the aggravation of Mrs. Brown, because she can't understand a word the man says. Many and many a time has she sat up half the night trying to find out, with a view to sharing them, the mental burdens that render even his slumbers uneasy, but in vain.

The other day Mrs. Brown happened upon a description of an instrument invented by Edison, or some one else, which records spoken words by its being attached to the lips of the speaker. It is called a glossograph, and she bought one to use on Brown.

Brown had sworn for ten years—ever since they had been married, in fact—that he didn't snore, but that she did, and made more noise than a pig under a gate. She would show him whether he snored or not. So one night when Brown was asleep she clapped the machine on to his mouth, and for the first time in six months she turned in and got a good night's rest, with full confidence of having a revelation of Brown's night thoughts, as well as his snoring, in the morning.

The next morning she was up bright and early—though Mrs. Brown was always tolerably bright—and, taking off the glossograph, she retired to another room to read the miraculous record. The first thing on the slip was a prolonged snore, followed by an assortment of medium-sized ones. "Oh!" giggled Mrs. Brown, "but isn't this a dead give away. He doesn't snore; oh, no! It's me that snores. I'll bet he snored a thousand times last night, and I can prove every one of 'em on him. What's this?"

No wonder she was startled, for there came a long, long kiss. "Now," thought Mrs. B., "I wonder if it was me or his mother he was kissing." Then followed a mass of hieroglyphics that were unintelligible, except one word, "Maria," which occurred quite frequently, and it wasn't Mrs. Brown's name, either. Her cheeks grew hot, and she grasped the slip convulsively, while her teeth might have been heard to grit.

"What's all this about?" she said; for she deciphered the words, "I call you." "Let's see your fours." "By George, he's got 'em, sure enough. That tears me wide open." "Rake in the pot." "Boys, what yer going to have?" etc., etc. The balance of the slip seemed to be addressed to Maria, who was always addressed in the most endearing terms.

She could endure no more. She rushed into the bedroom and awoke Brown with a savage shake.

"Say, Brown, who's Maria?" was her startling exclamation.

"Maria? Maria who? What you mean?"

"Explain, or I shall go mad—mad!"

"What are you getting at?"

"Last night you kept calling on Maria in your sleep,

and I *will* know what it means," almost shrieked the frantic woman.

"Maria—let me see—oh, yes, I remember now. That's the name of Parker's dog—splendid animal. I'm trying to buy her."

"You ought to own her, certainly, you are so fond of her," said Mrs. B., glaring at him. "You made an engagement to meet Parker's dog 'at the same place.' You asked Parker's dog to put her arms about your neck and kiss you, and you even went so far as to say that you loved her with all your heart, and that when you came to die all you would ask would be to lay your weary head on Parker's dog's bosom, and breathe your life out sweetly there. U-u-r-r-h! You wretch!"

"But, Mrs. Brown, you mistake"—

"Mistake nothing. You asked Parker's dog to have

another plate of ice-cream, and if the watch you had given her kept good time. During the night you kissed Parker's dog one hundred and eighty-seven times, by Parker's dog-watch; called her all the pet names known, and proved to me conclusively that you ought to live with Parker's dog and not with me"

Then she flung the glossograph and bunch of paper slips at Brown's head, and went over to her mother's.

Brown has been summoned to court to answer to an appeal for divorce.

A CONUNDRUM.

Mr. Madison Square, a New York gentleman, whose wife keeps a pretty close eye on her husband, obtained permission to accompany a few friends to Manhattan Beach. He, however, had to promise that he would be back without fail that evening, and also that he would be very careful and not overstimulate himself. Mr. Madison Square fully intended to keep his promise, but time flew faster than he anticipated. Mr. Square and his friends had just begun to enjoy their wine and cigars when he made the discovery that it was almost ten o'clock, and the last train for New York left at half past ten.

If left to himself Mr. Square would probably have returned to his wife and family on the last train, but he allowed his friends to persuade him to stay over night at the hotel. However, he took the precaution of sending the following telegram to his anxious wife.

"Have missed the last train. Will be home on first train in the morning. MADISON SQUARE."

Next morning he took the early train to New York. His head felt as big as that of Speaker Reed. He was received very coolly by Mrs. Madison Square.

"So you missed the last train from Manhattan Beach?" she remarked cynically.

"Yes, my dear."

"When did it leave?"

"At half past ten. I was just half a minute late."

"But this telegram was sent off at nine forty-five. How did you miss the train at five minutes to ten?" Tableau.

A SUPERFLUITY.

Young Pugsby has the reddest "bugle" seen at Long Branch. Says Jones to Brown:

I wonder why Pugsby doesn't wear his blazer.

Brown—He doesn't need it with that nose.

The Lorillards are an aristocratic race. They only associate with the fine-cut.



WHY WOCKY-BOCKY WAS SAD AND DISCOURAGED.

MISSIONARY (on the reservation)—Ah, the heart of the red brother is sad. Does he mourn for the departed greatness of his tribe?

WOCKY-BOCKY (one of Buffalo Bill's returned Indians)—Departed greatness of me tribe? Naw! It's the departed fun of London, Paris, Rome and Berlin. D'ye know, a savage life has no charm for me any more. Give me the Strand, Lay Shanze Elizy, or Unter der Linden. Understand?

The BRISK FAMILY

ADVENTURES



HOW MR. BRISK TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE RAILROAD WAR.

The Bobbletown train had reached St. Louis. Passengers were looking expectant and gathering up their valuables ready for the coming exodus. The door of the car was flung open, a wild-eyed man shouted something in Volapuk, and the crowd of travelers climbed over itself and tumbled into the Union Depot. Mr. Brisk was in his element. He was always happiest in a crowd, and the clang and clamor of metropolitan life were music in his ears. He walked along with head erect, stepped on a baby or two, and a small dog, that mothers or nurses had dropped unnoticed in the excitement of traveling. He only came back to a realization of material things when his mother-in-law grabbed him by the ear and remarked, with a yell that would have frightened a street car horse into a trot, "Jared, Jared, Marthy's lost her new umb'ril!"

"Just like a woman," growled he, turning to his wife. "Where did you lose it?"

"Well, now, Jared, it's likely if I knew just where I lost it that I'd go right straight and get it. I s'pose it's under the car seat, for I dropped my gum and tried to poke it out with the umbrella handle, and I remember perfectly well getting the gum, but I don't recollect picking up the umbrella."

For Overwork

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. J. S. WHITAKER, Millville, N. J., says: "It has been thoroughly tested, and is especially useful in certain forms of dyspepsia, headache, nervous affections, and in restoring the waste to the nervous and muscular system especially caused by overwork."

"That's just the way," retorted he, "that half the money I earn is thrown away, literally thrown away. It will be a long time before I buy another umbrella, and if you don't stop that detestable practice of chewing gum, I shall have to give up my tobacco, and you know, Mrs. Brisk, that would practically end my life."

"Well, I know that I'm mighty near starved to death," said the old lady, with a dive into the lunch-basket, "but as sure as I live there ain't a decent mouthful of vittles left. Here's half a biscuit, Jared's false teeth, a piece of pickle, a hair-brush, my specs and snuff-box, an' a chicken bone," and flinging aside the basket she crossed the room to the restaurant stand. She was soon calling that poor clerk all the names at her command, because he asked her seventy-five cents a pound for "nothin' in the world but plum-cake," and when he charged her twenty cents for the sandwich she had eaten she vowed she wouldn't pay him anything for it, "for," said she, "if I was to home I could go to the corner cupboard an' get a heap bigger slice of bread and butter than that was, without it costin' me a cent."

Mr. Brisk just then came to the rescue, tossed some money to the exasperated clerk, and hustled his mother-in-law out of the depot.

"Only five minutes till our train goes to Kansas City," said he, hurriedly, "and I wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars. You see," added he, in a moralizing way, "we didn't need to take this trip; we didn't want to go; we didn't have time to go; but look at the cheapness of it! Only one dollar! Jemima! Any man is a

fool who wouldn't take advantage of the cut rates of this railroad war, and if his family were unwilling to go, force them to see what cheap traveling means."

"Yo' cain't get in dis cah, sah," said the porter, who had just locked the door of the reclining chair car. "Ebery seat is full, and we cain't go contrary to de rules, sah."

"Confound the rules!" panted Mr. Brisk, breathless from the task of getting the old lady thus far; "my wife is in that car, and I'll go in, or bust," and he made frantic but vain dives at the door.

"'Scuse me, sah, but I'se feared de gemman'll hab to bust; dat door cain't come open."

"You black, low-down, ornery nigger!"—but the porter had dodged just in time to let Mr. Brisk's fist come in contact with the corner of the car.

"My colored friend and brother, please open that door; I'll give you a dime, a quarter, a dollar!"

"Gemman'll be obleeged to wait for anudder car," blandly persisted the porter.

Just then Mrs. Brisk raised a window, sobbing, "Oh, Jared! oh, mother! come here, quick!"

When they reached the window, she screamed, "Jared, for pity sake, give mother a boost, and get her in this window."

She reached down, and Mr. Brisk reached up. For an instant the two hundred pounds of mother-in-law were suspended between heaven and earth; another instant, she was wedged in the window and couldn't move either way; then there was a shriek, a sudden flop, a number ten shoe fell at Mr. Brisk's feet, and the old lady fell inside the window. He threw the shoe after her "for good luck," but it proved the reverse, as it hit the cheek of a drummer and was mashed into pulp. The bystanders, with a loud cheer, lifted Mr. Brisk to the car window. He was for the moment speechless, but waved his hand majestically, with the air of one who has surmounted obstacles and come out victorious.

The colored porter, who had fainted when the old lady lost her shoe, regained consciousness as the engine puffed and snorted. Mrs. Brisk held her husband's hand tightly in her own, and was still sobbing over her narrow escape, while her mother was shaking herself together, trying to find out which part of her crushed bonnet was the outside, and wondering if she would have to go back to Bobbletown to find a shoe small enough to fit her. The bell rang, the whistle sounded, the train moved, and Mr. Brisk hugged himself with satisfaction that his dear family were once more together, en route for Kansas City, and it was only to cost them one dollar apiece. Oh! the cheapness of it!

MARY A. BENSON.

NO EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY.

A young Catholic priest, shortly after beginning his labors in his first parish, received a visit from one of the older fathers. Anxious to show the progress he had made, he called up a class in catechism for questioning.

"Biddy Maloney," he began, "stand up."

A slip of a girl, with blue eyes and brown freckles, arose in her place.

"What, Biddy," said the young father, "is meant by the howly state of matrimony?"

"Shure," began Biddy, glibly, "'tis a sayson of torment upon which the soul inters to fit it fer the blissid state to come."

"Och!" cried the questioner, angry and mortified; "to the foot of the class wid ye, Biddy Maloney. It's the m'aning of purgatory ye're afther givin'."

But here the old priest interposed, with a quizzical smile. "Not too fast, me young brother," he said, restrainingly—"not too fast. Fer aught you and I know to the contrary, the gurrul may be perfectly right."—From the Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine for August.

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.



"Do you believe in fate, Pat?" "Sure, and what would we stand on without 'em?"—Kansas City Star.

THE socialist is generally a man you would not like to have on your socialist.—Washington Hatchet.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN still lives. This proves the theory of the survival of the fittest.—Whiteside Herald.

FAITH may move mountains, but one hasn't moved in this country for a long time now.—Washington Star.

IN hot weather it is better to agree with a man than to argue the case with him.—New Orleans Picayune.

HE—"Did the census man get you?" She—"No." He—"Will you have me?" She—"Yes."—Boot and Shoe Recorder.

THE police in New York have stopped the sale of lemonade on the streets. They have evidently soured on it.—Boston Post.

"HAVE you a good cook?" "She's very good—goes to church four times a week. She can't cook, though."—New York Sun.

THE man who hasn't any work to do never seems to be quite happy unless he is bothering somebody else who has.—Somerville Journal.

THE wise man prefers rather to bet on the ocean racers than to ride on them, and it is certainly the better way.—Boston Commonwealth.

"THEY say that Sly, the refugee, is proving a puzzle to everybody." "He is, indeed. He gave himself up yesterday."—Harper's Bazar.

ONE day of sickness will do more to convince a young man that his mother is his best friend than seventeen volumes of proverbs.—Elmira Gazette.

WHEN a man loses faith in a woman, he turns to the world for his comfort; when a woman loses faith in a man, she turns to religion.—Atchison Globe.

MAN of the house to the peddler—"Get out of here or I'll whistle for the dog." Peddler—"Vell, now, wouldn't you like to buy a nice vistle?"—Philadelphia Times.

WICKARS—"They tell me, professor, that you have mastered all the modern tongues?" Prof. Polyglot—"All but two—my wife's and her mother's."—Terre Haute Express.

WOMEN should not be too clamorous for the ballot. They have their hands full, and more too, in raising American wives for the foreign market.—Boston Commonwealth.

A LEARNED writer declares that butter was unknown to the ancients. This makes it harder than ever to account for the flavor of some we have tasted.—Burlington Free Press.

IT is hard for some of us to accomplish anything that is truly great and good, but we all find it easy enough to sneer at our neighbors' efforts in the same direction.—Somerville Journal.

SWEET girl—"If it's just the same, Mr. Mashuer, you needn't trouble yourself to call any more." Mashuer (earnestly)—"Oh, thanks; it's no trouble at all—I like to call."—West Shore.

WHEN a young man loses his heart the people in the same boarding-house can't help thinking that it would be a great relief to them if he could find it happily again.—Somerville Journal.

"No, THANK you, Cleopatra," quoth Antony that happy Sunday afternoon at dinner. "I'll not partake of that delicacy. It was a Roman punch that killed my good friend Cæsar."—Boston Budget.

"HE Quarreled with His Wife," is the heading of a half-column article in an exchange. In this busy age a newspaper can hardly hope to attract attention with so commonplace a headline as that.—Whiteside Herald.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned South American appetizer, cures dyspepsia, &c.

The Needed Stimulus.

Several years ago I was one evening sitting in my study when a lad entered my presence, and asked if I would be willing to lend him something to read. I replied in the affirmative, and inquired what kind of reading matter he desired. He expressed a wish for something that was "exciting," and I requested him to be a little more definite. Then he gave me a vivid summary of a work which he had recently read to his great enjoyment; evidently one of those trashy romances of which so many are published in "Boys' Libraries," whose perusal can in nowise be beneficial.

I went to my bookcase and took from it one of Abbott's histories for young people, *The History of Darius the Great*. Opening it, I read the paragraph in which is given an account of the shooting of Cambyzes of his friend's son through the heart with an arrow before the father's eyes. Then I asked if he thought the book would suit him, and he answered, "Yes, sir."

He carried the book away with him, and two evenings later returned with it, inquiring if I would lend him another similar to it. I did so, and let him have other volumes in succession, until, within three months after receiving the first, he had read the thirty and odd volumes forming the series—read them understandingly I learned by questioning him—and acquired a taste for substantial literary food.

This summer he will graduate with the highest honors from one of the foremost colleges in the country, having defrayed the expenses of the preparatory school and the college by his earnings when his mates were many of them resting. He intends eventually to practice at the bar, where one of his disposition is likely to become a "shining light," if neither a Webster nor a Choate.

He is pleased to attribute his desire for an education to my encouragement years since; but I can conscientiously credit myself only with having brought to his consideration the books to which I have referred.

Young friends, read these same books, or books of a similar character, instead of the printed "stuff" which greets your vision on every side. You will find the story of real "flesh-and-blood heroes" and heroines as exciting as is that of fictitious personages, and, reading of them, will be stimulated to emulate their noblest, to abhor their worst traits. Best of all, such books will incite you to acquire additional information relative to those concerning whom you have been reading, and eventually to secure an education that will fit you to make your way through the world successfully.—Fred. F. Foster, in Harper's Young People.

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.

There are Many Like Him.

Bloomer—"Which do you prefer, beer or champagne?"

Blossom—"It all depends."

Bloomer—"On what?"

Blossom—"Who pays for it."—Epoch.

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

ALLCOCK'S

POROUS PLASTERS.

Senator JAMES F. PIERCE, of New York, writes:

"For the past two years I have suffered very much from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia. I have resorted to various remedial agents, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mine suggested the trial of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Following the suggestion, I have been using the same with the happiest effects. To those similarly afflicted let me suggest the manner of their use. I place one over my stomach, one over the hepatic region, and one on my back. The effect was excellent, and from the day I commenced their use I have been slowly but surely improving, and I am quite confident that by their continuance, with careful regimen, I shall again be restored to my accustomed health."

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

Gospel and Business.

The example set by the Mail and Express of this city, in printing a text of Scripture every day, has suggested an idea to the advertising patrons of the Little Rock (Ark.) Gazette. Here are a few specimens of the new style of scriptural advertising in that paper:

"Go and cry in the ears of Jerusalem." Try Pettibone's hair restorer.

"If a man put away his wife and she go from him and become another man's, shall he return unto her again?" Divorces expeditiously secured at the very lowest rates. Apply to Isaac Tackleum, attorney and counsellor at law.

"Our persecutors are swifter than the eagles of heaven." Capper & Smack's new bedbug poison and mosquito annihilator beats anything in the market. Large bottles, \$1. Small bottles, 60 cents.

"Now is the gold become dim!" Use Badger's prime patent polish. It removes stains and blemishes from silver or plated ware and all metal articles of domestic use.—New York Tribune.

John was so Literal.

Her Girl Chum (sweetly)—"What did John get you for a birthday present?"

Mrs. Youngwife (mournfully)—"Not a thing."

H. G. C. (emphatically)—"Why, how did that happen?"

Mrs. Y. (weeping)—"Well, you see, he asked me (sobs) what he should get for me, and—and—I (more sobs) told him I'd love him just as—just as well (sobs) if he didn't g-get me 'anything, and—he—didn't."—West Shore.

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.

Let the Summer Drink Trickle Slowly Down Your Throat.

Good soda should be sipped; quickly drinking off the effervescence, which is mere foam, an interval of a minute or two should be allowed before the last half of the glass is taken. Clerks should know this and give customers time, without warning by looks or actions that they are expected to leave in the shortest possible order after bolting their soda and paying for it.

A glass of soda so taken is a refreshing stimulus, better than food in a very hot noon, but tossed off as most people take it, it is a recipe for cramps and indigestion. If it is poor soda, tasting of metal with the silver worn off, or standing in silver too long, flavored with syrups made from oranges or lemons whose musty taste is plain to all refined palates, the less one takes the better for life and health.

Girls who serve the cheap soda fountains at fancy stores well know this from experience, and the old hands rarely touch soda themselves. The girls behind the counters who depend on soda to keep up their strength through the close days injure their digestion by it, and perhaps owe more of their sudden indisposition to it than they imagine.

By all means take a quarter pound of baking soda with your medicines and use for any acidity of the stomach one-fourth of a teaspoonful in half a glass of water; hot water if there are pain and uneasiness. Most summer troubles of health begin with fermentation, which is active in hot weather, and anti-acids are indispensable.—Exchange.

Wants One More Summer.

"O, papa, please don't go to the mountains this year."

"Why, my dear, I thought you liked them?"

"So I did, but Tom's going there, and as I'm engaged to him it won't be so much fun. Let's go to Europe."—New York Herald.

Everything Goes Wrong

In the bodily mechanism when the liver gets out of order. Constipation, dyspepsia, contamination of the blood, imperfect assimilation are certain to ensue. But it is easy to prevent these consequences, and remove their cause, by a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which stimulates the biliary organ and regulates its action. The direct result is a disappearance of the pains beneath the ribs and through the shoulder blade, the nausea, headaches, yellowness of the skin, furred look of the tongue, and sour odor of the breath, which characterize liver complaint. Sound digestion and a regular habit of body are blessings also secured by the use of this celebrated restorative of health, which imparts a degree of vigor to the body which is its best guarantee of safety from malarial epidemics. Nerve weakness and over-tension are relieved by it, and it improves both appetite and sleep.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. JACOB RICE, RONDOUT, N. Y.

An Ovation.

There is one point in which city and country people differ greatly. A city man never speaks to a passer-by unless he be an acquaintance, while in the rural districts one meets so few people on the roads that it is the custom to accost every passenger. Most country people leave the rural habit home when they visit the city, but this morning the delegate was accosted by a sunburned stranger who smiled warmly and extended his hand in a friendly manner. As the delegate once lived in the country, he understood the old farmer and returned the greeting.

"B'gosh!" said Rusticus, "the folks of this here town are the friendliest I ever saw. I never was in town before, and they just treat me great."

The delegate seconded the remark and went his way, while the farmer started down Vine street, speaking to everybody he met and hailing every driver on the street. Several cable cars stopped at his greetings, and he rushed out and gave the gripmen a warm hand-shake, replying to their invitation to jump on:

"No, thanks; I'd rather walk; I ain't goin' fur."

People began to "catch on," and when last seen the venerable son of the soil was wending his way along Fountain square and receiving a perfect ovation.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Neufchatel Cheese.

Heat, not boil, 2 quarts of sour milk, until the curd separates; then pour into a thin cotton cloth bag, and drain. When the whey stops dripping, remove the curd, mix with half a cupful of milk or cream, salt and pepper to taste, and serve. Though an easily digested relish, this cheese will not tempt the sufferer from sick headache. Ayer's Pills cure headache and all ailments originating in a disordered condition of the stomach, liver, or bowels.

When Merchants Have Money.

Salesman—"I suppose you will allow me to sell Broke, Upp & Co.?"

Principal—"I'm somewhat afraid of their credit, Mr. Valisse."

Salesman—"But you know they failed about a year ago, and settled at ten cents."

Principal—"Is that so? Then they must have money. Sell them all you can."—Jeweller's Circular.

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

Our Kaleidoscope.

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

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

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

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

"All right, fire away," said I.

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

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

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

"Well?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"What do you mean?"

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

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed.

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

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



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is the most marvelous Antidote yet discovered. It is the premier Specific for Weak Stomach, Sick Headache, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc., and is found especially efficacious and remedial by FEMALE SUFFERERS.

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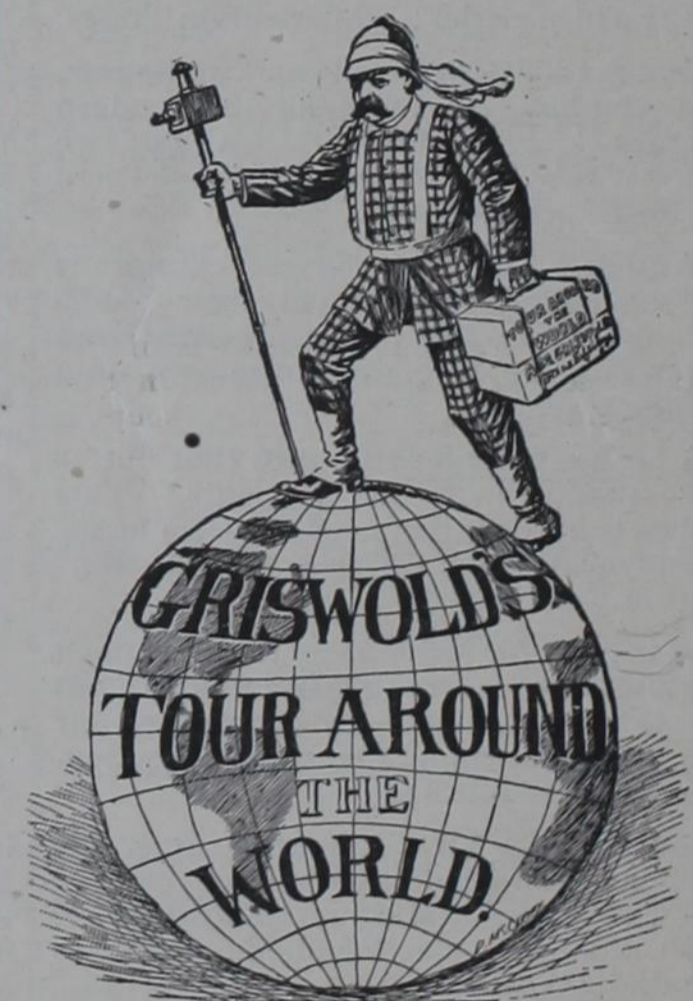
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WASHINGTON What Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia think, etc., of Eschelman, Llewellyn & Co., Seattle, Wash.

SEASON 1890-91



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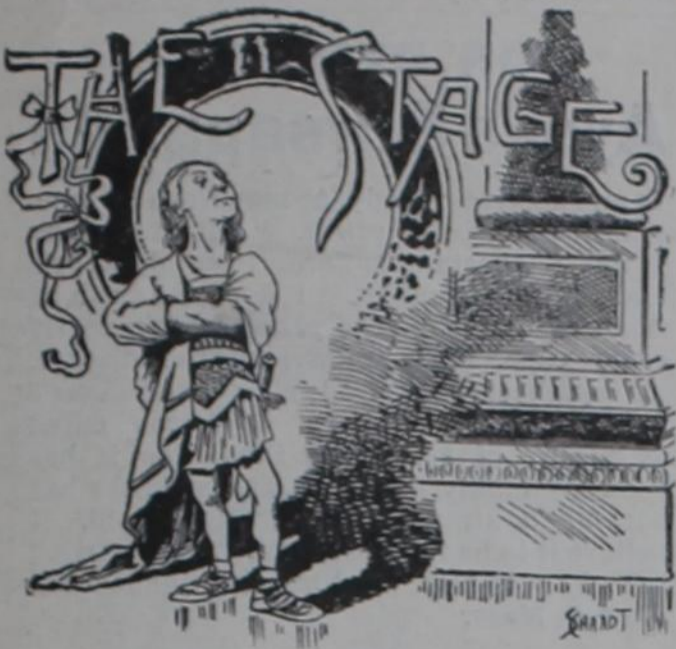
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THE SLAYTON LYCEUM BUREAU,

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W. J. Scanlan is entertaining theatre-goers in San Francisco.

Francis Wilson will soon produce The Merry Monarch at the Broadway Theatre.

Joseph Haworth will play the coming season in Aunt Jack and A Man of the World.

Hammerstein will open his new Columbus Theatre, in East 125th street, in September.

Clay M. Greene and Gus Thomas are under contract to write a new play for Wm. H. Crane, the comedian.

Honest Hearts and Willing Hands is the title of the play in which John L. Sullivan is to star next season. John has willing hands, certainly.

Castles in the Air, which has had a run of over one hundred nights at the Broadway Theatre, is going to Brooklyn, at Col. Sinn's Park Theatre.

Helen Dauvray has leased the Standard Theatre for four weeks, beginning Sept. 29, to produce The Whirlwind, which she bought of Sydney Rosenfeld.

Gus Williams appears in a new farce-comedy next season, entitled You and I, for which he is writing several characteristic songs. Gus writes his own songs, and sings them in his own inimitable way, and they are always effective.

The character of Jean Baptiste Cadeau, in McKee Rankin's new play, The Canuck, was a creation of a talented Detroit, John J. Enright, who wrote up the adventures of the Canadian Frenchman for TEXAS SIFTINGS, in a series of letters published in the summer of 1889. They were very amusing.

A FORTUNATE CHICAGOAN.

Smiled Upon by The Louisiana State Lottery Goddess to the Extent of \$15,000.

Eternally sticking to it brings success. Young men in Chicago have had this old maxim reeled off to them so often that whatever they engage in they keep at with a persistency bound to be rewarded. If the object sought to be attained is a praiseworthy one so much the better for the young man. The rule applies, whatever be the motive.

The good fortune to-day enjoyed by a young Chicagoan, W. E. Spingenberg, a clerk in S. Schipps' fire insurance agency at 206 La Salle street, may have been in the nature of a reward for persistent efforts, or it may have been simply one of the smiles which Dame Fortune so often sheds on favored residents of the world's fair city.

Be it as it may, Mr. Spingenberg in June invested in a one-fortieth interest in ticket No. 59,843 in The Louisiana State Lottery and now has 15,000 cold, hard dollars to show for it, the entire ticket represented by his number being \$600,000. When called on by a Times reporter he was very reticent as to details, but tacitly pleaded guilty to the extent named. His good fortune has become so generally known among his many friends that he is daily the recipient of hearty congratulation and quantities of good advice. Mr. Spingenberg is a sharp, shrewd young business man, and already has his newly acquired fortune invested to good advantage. Riches have by no means turned the young man's head, but the unexpected possession of even this little \$15,000 has given him an idea of the pleasant troubles that riches generally bring with them.—Chicago (Ills.) Times, July 17.

Bill Nye on Pythianism.

Damon and Pythias were named after a popular secret organization, because they were solid on each other. They thought more of one another than anybody. They borrowed chewing tobacco, and were always sociable and pleasant. They slept together, and unitedly "stood off" the landlady from month to month in the most cheerful and harmonious manner. If Pythias snored in the night like the blast of a fog horn, Damon would not get mad and kick him in the stomach, as some would do. He gently and firmly took him by the nose, and lifted him up and down to the merry rhyme of "Babies on our Block." They loved one another in season and out of season. Their affection was like the soft bloom of a Wyoming Legislature. It never grew pale or wilted. It was always there. If Damon went to a church fair and invited starvation, Pythias would go, too, and vote on the handsomest lady till the First National Bank of Syracuse refused to honor his checks. But one day Damon got the budge, and told the venerable and colossal old bummer of Syracuse what he thought of him. Then Dionysius told the chief of the sausage grinder to turn on the steam and prepare for business. But Damon thought of Pythias, and how Pythias hadn't so much to live for as he had, and he made a compromise by offering to put Pythias to soak while the genuine Damon went to see his girl, who lived at Albany. Three days were given him to get around and redeem Pythias, and if he failed, his friend would go to protest. We will now suppose three days have elapsed since the preceding chapter. A large party of enthusiastic citizens of Syracuse are in the grand stand and Pythias is on the platform, cheerfully taking off his coat. Near by stands a man with a broadaxe. The Syracuse silver cornet band has just played "It's Funny When You Feel that Way," and the chaplain has made a long prayer, Pythias sliding a trade dollar into his hand and whispering to him to give him his money's worth. The Declaration of Independence has been read, and the man on the left is running his thumb playfully over the edge of the meat axe.

Pythias takes off his collar and his tie, swearing softly to himself of his miserable luck. It is the proper time to throw in the solitary horseman. The horizontal bars of golden light from the setting sun gleam and glitter from the dome of the court house, and bathe the green plains of Syracuse with merry splendor, the billowy piles of fleecy bronze in the eastern sky look soft and yielding, like a Sara Bernhardt.

The solitary horseman is seen coming along the Albany and Syracuse toll road. He jabs the Mexican spurs into the foamy flank of the noble cayuse plug, and the lash of the whip is heard, as he moves through the air singing a merry song. Damon has been delayed by road agents and wash-outs, and he is a little behind time. Besides, he fooled a little too long, and dallied in Albany with his fair gazelle. But he is making time now, and he sails into the yard just in time to take his part. He and Pythias fall into each other's arms, borrow a chew of fine cut from each other, and weep to slow music. Dionysius comes before the curtain, bows, and says the exercises will be postponed. He orders the band to play something soothing, gives Damon the appointment of superintendent of public instruction, and Pythias the post-office, and everything is lovely. Orchestra plays something touching, and the curtain comes down.—N. Y. World

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The unpopular minister is apt to feel as if wrecked on lone barren aisles.—Detroit Free Press.

Drink, and the world drinks with you. Swear off, and you swear alone.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



General W. T. Sherman has written a paper on The Army and Militia of the United States, which appears in the August number of the North American Review.

An Artist's Honor, translated from the French of Octave Feuillet, author of The Romance of a Poor Young Man, is published by the Cassett Publishing Company, New York.

Puck's new departure in printing a short story in each number has met with marked success. Mr. Bunner's Short Sixes promise to be the most important contribution to the literature of comic journalism in America.

The Pollard Publishing Company of New York have recently issued a translation of Count Lyof Tolstoi's last sensational novel, The Kreutzer Sonata. It is a startling and impressive work, and as Comstock is appealed to to suppress its sale, of course everybody will be crazy to read it.

The August number of the Forum will contain an essay on The Decollete in Modern Life, by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, which is a text from which the writer argues an alarming decay in delicacy in American society; and she traces the effects of this decay in our art, in our literature, in politics, and throughout the whole range of American activity.

Mr. Ward McAllister called at the office of the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, the day before he left New York for his farm at Newport, and delivered the manuscript of his book, Society As I Have Found It, into the hands of the president of the company. Since he decided to write the book Mr. McAllister has worked on it every day and only completed it in time to leave town before the Fourth of July.

The Perils and Romance of Whaling is the title of an article by Gustav Kobbé, to be published in the Midsummer (August) Century. It is composed largely of anecdotes of whaling experiences, much of the material for the article having been gathered from log books, old newspapers and records in the possession of F. C. Sanford, of Nantucket. It is illustrated by three full-page engravings and a number of smaller pictures.

Babyhood for August cautions parents against allowing children to hear too much about "mad" dogs, since hydrophobia is so rare a disease that most physicians never, in fact, see a case of it, while lyssophobia (i. e., dread of hydrophobia), a purely nervous affection, may, and sometimes does, prove fatal. This number of the magazine contains also a few hints as to water sports for children, and an illustrated description of the most approved methods of resuscitation from drowning. There is an article upon Hives, and one upon Signs of Disease in Early Life, each by an eminent physician. Various questions of diet and clothing, pertinent to the season, are discussed, and the interesting series, Kindergarten on the Farm, is continued.

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

Great Literary Effort.

John L. Sullivan and Ella Wheeler Wilcox are to collaborate on a novel.—Exchange.

CHAPTER I.

The dainty ormolu clock on the mantel had just chimed eight in silvery tones when Algernon Percy de Villeford came to time looking fresh as a daisy. The match was to be to a finish, for Ethel Vane had told him it was to be their last meeting. Ethel's father acted as time-keeper. She did not make a move. It was evidently her tactics to wait for Algernon to force the fighting, while she played for his wind. Algernon was foxy from the first.

"Algernon," she said, after considerable feinting, "I love you. My soul throbs with the subtle magnetism of your presence. Oh, love, love, is it not a horrible thing? See how it transforms angels into monsters and monsters into angels! When I am with you there is no time, no eternity; nothing but you. The sun shines that it may beam upon your face. The stars sparkle only that their light may kiss the path that you are treading. Do not turn your head away. Do you not hear me? Can you not feel the blood that rushes through my hands madly tingling to the refrain, 'I love you! I love you?'"

Algernon came up groggy. He spoke in monosyllables, undertaking a series of short-arm blows. She made a gallant lead, but he countered. "Ah—I—am—so—poor," he said. "Were I rich—but think of your family."

"What is wealth or position to me," she cried.

He reached for her with both hands for a mad embrace. He was playing on her neck, but she caught him with a stunner over the heart.

His breath came heavily; he was evidently pretty well winded.

"Will you consent to brave the future and be mine, in spite of my poverty and humble position?"

"Oh, Algernon!" she murmured. She had knocked him clean over the ropes.—Washington Post.

To Suit the Room.

"Now, I'll show you over the house," said a friend to me the other day. She had moved into a South Side residence, whose numerous bay windows gave one the impression of a roomy interior, when in fact the reverse is true. She had made many improvements, and was anxious that I should see what a good housekeeper she was.

On the third floor she threw open a door, disclosing an apartment about the size of a bathroom in the average flat, and in which she stored her trunks, valises, etc.

"This," said she, "was the room occupied by the former tenant's maid-of-all-work."

"Was there a hole sawed in the petition through which to extend her feet?" I inquired, as the story related by Frank Stockton flashed through my mind.

"Oh, no! Emergencies are met in better fashion in Chicago. Instead of making the room fit the girl, as Stockton did, the girl is selected to fit the room. The lady who formerly resided here told me that she had a small mark on the parlor door, and in choosing her help, if the applicant came up to the mark she got the position, but if beyond it she had to go, no matter how superior her qualifications were."

Probably during World's Fair time, advertisements for help will contain some such clause as "Do not apply if over four feet eight inches in height."—Chicago News.

Encores.

Encores have come to be a recognized nuisance. The worst performer gets the loudest call. There is more of sympathy in the noise than compliment. A veteran and accomplished teacher of music recently arranged a concert for her pupils, and on the tickets she announced that no bouquets would be received and no encores responded to. This at once lifted an expensive burden from the friends of pupils, and a weight of expectant sorrow from the minds of those who felt it a duty to attend the concert. In the lowest places of amusement, where the patter of beer glasses joins the stamping of feet, the encore is so common that the stage manager does not wait for it.

He rings his bell and sends the performer on again for another turn, no matter how tough or undesirable the act just witnessed may have been. John Stetson, the blunt-spoken and eccentric Boston manager, when running a variety show, was persuaded to try a ham-fat actor who said he had a specialty in which he could make a hit if he had a chance. The performer went on and went off, and there was not a sound of applause in the audience.

"That settles you," said the manager; "get out!"

"I tell you, governor," pleaded the poor actor, "I made a big hit."

"Hit be banged!" said Stetson. "There wasn't a hand!"

"Of course not; of course not," said the actor. "I paralyzed 'em; they couldn't applaud."—Detroit News.

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

In Chicago.

Chicagoan—"Did you notice those two statues in Lincoln Park—LaSalle and Schiller?"

Stranger—"Yes. An—who were they?"

Chicagoan—"They discovered the two Chicago streets that bear their names.—America.



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

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

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

FOR DEBILITY, Ayer's Sarsaparilla

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

FOR ERUPTIONS

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

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

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

AT THE RESTAURANT.



It is the pretty waiter girl—
She's one among a score;
And 'tis not that I love them less,
But O, I love her more!
Down to the festive board I sit;
She stands behind my chair;
I catch the slight suggestive cough
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty waiter-girl!
She hath a pleasant voice;
Of chops and steaks, of fish and fowl,
She biddeth me make choice.
I ponder on my little joke
While fingering the menu;
Then: "If I were to order duck,
I might, perhaps, get you."

Her eyes are on the table cloth;
Their glance, it is severe—
"Or, should I call for venison,
'Twere you again, my dear."
She wears the lofty look of one
Who searcheth the top shelf;
"Pray, do not ask for goose," she said,
"For you might get—yourself."

—Boston Courier.

"SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD."

I can see King Solomon, seated upon Israel's throne,
Rich in lands, and gold, and jewels, with every-
thing his own
That mortal man could ask or wish, that was upon
the earth,
That surely would be calculated to give the king
great mirth;
But wonder you King Solomon, with his humanity,
Should exclaim, "Alas! alas! Vanity! All is
vanity!"

Seven hundred wives had Solomon, of princely
high degree,
I doubt if Mormon elder had more merry wives
than he!
But his children acted dreadfully, and worried sore
the king,
To whip them well all round each day he thought
the proper thing;
"Chasten thy son while there is hope, thy soul
spare not his crying!"
Was a truth when Solomon wrote, perhaps there's
no denying.

While this time-honored proverb, by Israel's great-
est king,
Evidently was considered then quite the proper
thing,
"Correct thy son, he shall give thee rest and de-
light thy soul!"
"The rod and reproof give wisdom!" his youth he
might cajole,
But not a Yankee child to-day—away such nonsense
wild,
As this most ancient maxim: "Spare the rod and
spoil the child!"

Oh, how I used to dread it, in my youthful days
gone by,
When every one would quote it, with blood right
in their eye;
And with a tender feeling, akin to Beelzebub,
With a ferule or a hazel they viciously would drub;
And the music of the refrain, as it floated away in
air,
Was but tears of simple childhood, which I was
loath to bear!

—WILLIAM C. JONES.

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 Shopping Incident—Not Overdrawn.

She was a busy woman, getting ready to go away for the summer, and time was precious, but she must buy, before she went, a pair of new corsets, "P. D., size 22." She stepped into a large dry goods establishment on Washington street, and went to the corset counter. The ladies who were there to sell corsets were all busy, but finally one concluded to stop gossiping long enough to ask what was wanted.

"A pair of corsets, please, P. D., size 22," humbly answered the little woman, glad that at last her presence had become known.

The saleslady languidly turned over the stock in intervals of her continued gossip, and at last produced a P. D. pair.

"Yes, but that's size 23."

"Well, we haven't got any 22 down here. Here, boy, go upstairs and get some P. D. corsets, sizes 21, 22 and 23, several of each."

The busy woman, after waiting for the boy until she nearly fell off the stool through weariness, went over to the bustle counter, the shirt counter and the sacque counter to while the time away, and by and by returned to the corset counter.

"Has the boy come back yet?"

"No, he has not."

"When is he likely to return?" (meekly.)

"When he is ready." (toploftically.)

The afternoon wore away. The boy at last returns with four pairs of corsets which he deposited on the counter, remarking that there was no size 22 upstairs, and the saleslady looked at the busy woman with a glance in which triumph was strangely mingled with indifference.

"Oh," gasped the would-be customer, "how I wish I had known that half an hour ago. I need not then have wasted all this time."

Slowly, oh, so slowly, the dignified saleslady turned to the counter, opened a box and disclosed a "P. D., size 22."

"Why, did the boy bring that?"

"No."

"Did you have it here all this time?"

"Yes."

"But why did you not give it to me when you knew I was in such a hurry?"

"We don't serve our customers with electricity," remarked the saleslady as, with a crushing manner and aspect and tone, she turned away. She condescended, however, after a while, to come back and deliver the package and the change, after which she resumed her sadly interrupted gossip, while the busy woman made rapid transit out of the store.—Sunday Herald.

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.

A Fair Price.

Miss Beauty (at church fair)—"Don't you want some pen-wipers, Mr. Bach?"

Mr. Bach—"Naw—at a dollar apiece, I presume?"

Miss Beauty—"Oh, no. The minister said we must not charge more than we thought the things were worth. These were made by that horrid Miss Pert, and I think they are worth about ten for a cent."—N. Y. Weekly.

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.

How to Tell a Woman's Age.

To tell a woman's age is one of the easiest things imaginable, despite the fact that many brilliant ladies knock off a few stories of their years without detection.

If art had not come to their rescue and replaced to a certain extent the charms of youth, any fellow could tell within a year or two, but art has come to the rescue, wrinkles have been flatironed or fissures puttied, eyes belladonnaed, and cheeks tinted.

Of course you cannot take a rake and scrape off these fixings. Neither can you always get close enough to peep beneath the cosmetic crust. What is a fellow to do then?

Well, granted that a woman who has just crossed the storm line, got under the shade of artistic embellishments, and keeps admirers at a maidenly distance, there is only one sure way to analyze the chemistry of time's decomposition.

Observe well her hair.

Her bangs?

No; her back hair.

Now don't say it is false. False or real, you can count her years by the threads time weaves. Every year adds a hair or two, and, no doubt, if a woman lived long enough she would become a female Esau.

At twenty-five a woman's back hair begins to fall over her collar as a pumpkin vine over a picket fence. Note well the direction of the hair. Hair slants, and at thirty it takes an angle of fifty, at thirty-five, sixty, and so on.

Of course you can't get near enough to apply a mathematic tape measure; but your practiced eye will be enough.

Next note the quality. Hair at twenty-five is moire; at thirty it is satine; at thirty-five it is passe satinette; at forty it is rope fit to hang any man that gets noosed in its meshes. But all the same both the hair and the woman may be prettier at forty than they were at twenty.

Anybody can tell false or store hair, no matter who the previous owner was. It has a don't belong there look, and all the pomades in the universe cannot give it a permanent tenure of office.—Epoch.

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THE KREUTZER SONATA,

BY

COUNT LYOF TOLSTOI.

Translated from the original by
FREDERIC LYSTER.

Suppressed in Russia by order of the Czar.

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The "Kreutzer Sonata" is like a moral earthquake, shattering the very foundations on which society is built, and causing the ground to crumble beneath our feet. So daring a treatment of a daring theme has never before been attempted in literature.—New York Critic.

That singular code of morals which too many men hold, that they may indulge in shameful license, while their sisters and sweethearts must be utterly pure in their lives and conduct, receives in the "Kreutzer Sonata" a stunning rebuke.—Buffalo Courier.

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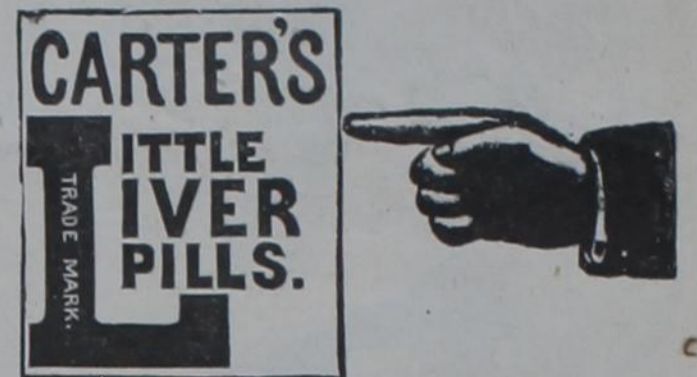
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Mother (snappishly)—"Last!"—Epoch.



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TIPPING THE WAITER.

DISTINGUISHED PUGILIST (warningly)—I give yer dis tip, Cully: dat if I can't get dat steak dat I ordered 'rare, inside o' five minutes, I knows a waiter dat I'll eat raw!

Short by Ten Feet.

A certain South Carolina Sheriff, relates a drummer who had just returned from the Palmetto State, insisted that I stop with him a day or two and have a visit. The jail yard was a cool, nice place, with a shade tree in it, and under this tree was slung a hammock for the Sheriff when he felt like taking a nap. I was lying in it about midafternoon, smoking and swinging, when I heard a peculiar noise below me.

Turning partly over, so that I could see the earth, I saw it give way, and the next moment the head of a man appeared above the surface. He crawled quickly out and a second appeared, and then I caught on. They were prisoners in the jail and had tunneled from the corridor, about thirty feet away, to this spot.

"Well?" I queried, as the one who was on his feet looked around in a disgusted way and then down at me.

"Drat my eyes, but we've done gone and done it," he growled.

"What?"

"Now, you see, Joe," he answered, addressing his companion, who had only his head above the surface, "you'un is a blamed fule! You'un figgered that we was outside the wall, and we've dun fell short by ten feet."

"I dun reckoned I was k'rect," said the other.

"Yes, you dun reckoned and fell off the mewl! Purty, hain't it? Four weeks a-diggin' and cum up ten feet short? We'uns had better wriggle back and sell ourselves fur dog meat."

And he entered the hole and crawled back to the jail, and when the Sheriff came and I told him what had happened he growled:

"Durn their onery skins, but if they like work so well I'll give it to 'em. I'll make each one of them saw half a cord of wood a day from now on to New Year's."—Savannah News.

Bad Form.

Is it not on the whole a pretty caustic comment upon New York fashionable and exclusive society that in virtue of his position as high priest of its innermost mysteries Mr. Ward McAllister is to receive \$5,000 to tell what he knows about society? Anything in worse form, to use the slang phrase where it seems to belong, it would be difficult to imagine;

and while the book will be one which everybody will undoubtedly want to see, a society led by a man who is ready to sell his social prestige as an advertisement can hardly claim to have much in common with the theoretical patricians. The old Knickerbocker blood is certainly not to be discovered in such a transaction. —Boston Courier.

No Responsibility.

"So you are married, Jack?"

"I am, Jim."

"I hope you considered the matter well. It is a serious matter assuming the responsibilities involved in marriage."

"You're wrong, my friend. I have no responsibility at all now. My wife's the boss."—Boston Courier.

An Ill-Timed Interruption.

Visitor (affably)—"Does your little girl take after you or after her fa?"

Little Girl (interrupting)—"Oh, it ain't me that takes after father! It's ma."—West Shore.

A LUCKY MAN.

T. F. Holloway Draws \$7,500 in the Denver State Lottery.

Mr. T. F. Holloway, who is owner of a newspaper stand at the southeast corner of Second and Walnut streets, has suddenly come into considerable wealth, because he was fortunate enough to hold ticket 45,350, which drew the first capital prize of \$7,500 in the Denver State Lottery.

Mr. Holloway has invested in other lotteries before, but this was his first trial in the Denver lottery. A week before the monthly drawing of the Denver State Lottery he invested 50c. for a whole ticket, and on the 14th of this month received notice that he had won the first prize.

A few days after this Mr. Holloway received 375 twenty-dollar gold pieces by the Wells, Fargo Express Company.

Mr. Holloway is greatly elated over his good fortune, but is as yet undecided in what manner he will dispose of it.

The Denver State Lottery is comparatively a new institution in this city, but has shown its integrity and its fair method of doing business by the prompt manner in which the claim of Mr. Holloway was met.

The claim of Mr. David Oliver, of 1723 Charlotte street, Kansas City, Mo., who held ticket 35,287 and drew \$1,250 as the third capital prize, has also been promptly met.

The tickets were in wholes and halves, and were sold at fifty and twenty-five cents by Mr. B. F. Rhodus, Denver, Colo., the resident agent of the Company at the headquarters. —Philadelphia Item, May 28, 1890.

A Week's Vacation.

"Good morning, Nellie! I've stopped just a moment to tell you we're off to the country to-morrow."

"O, you happy, happy woman! How I wish that I were so fortunate! And you'll stay till fall, I suppose?"

"Yes, until school opens. But I sincerely hope you are not going to stay in town all summer?"

"I'm afraid we must. You see we have no relatives to take us in, and board does count up so fast; and then it's forlorn for John to stay here alone, and if we were settled near enough for him to come out nights and over Sundays, the traveling expenses would be another big bill; so I suppose we must stay home."

"But think of your health, Nellie, and the children's. You look as if you needed a vacation."

"I feel so. I am tired all the time lately; but then I've worked very hard with the spring cleaning and sewing. I mean to take it easy now for a while. I'm glad you are going, Katie. I hope you'll take lots of comfort."

"Thank you. I mean to take all I can; and I'll give you a suggestion. I heard the other day of a woman who took a vacation by stopping work, and going on little trips every day for a week or two; and if I were not going to mother's I should be tempted to try it; so, perhaps, you will. But I must really go. I've lots of shopping to do yet."

After her vivacious little friend had gone, Mrs. Lawrence stitched many a thought into the long rows of buttonholes which she was working in her little girls' dresses, and that night, after Pearl and Rose were in bed, she unfolded her plan to her husband.

"I have decided to take a week's vacation, Jack, beginning next Monday."

"Why, that's a sudden move, isn't it? Where can you get a place on such short notice?"

"Oh, there are plenty of places! the children and I will find them; but we shall lodge here."

"Here? Well, you'll have to explain more fully. Your plot is very obscure, or else I'm very dull."

"We are not rich, are we, Jack?"

"No; I don't think any one could accuse us of that at present, Nellie."

"And we haven't any nice country cousins to visit?"

"I don't call any to mind just now, dear?"

"And we haven't any money to spend for board?"

"Well, yes; I expected to send you and the children for a little outing next month; you need a little change, of course. But what is your plan?"

"I am going to stop work for one whole week; that is, I am not going to sweep, or bake, or sew, or iron, or scrub; nor cook anything but steak and eggs, and I am going to take the children and go out every morning early. We will get back by the time you are out of the store, and we'll all go to a restaurant for our suppers. Now, what do you say to my plan, Jack?"

"Why, I say yes, Nellie, with all my heart!"

When the children heard of the matter they were wild with delight, and when the simple breakfast of steak, rolls, coffee and fruit was over on Monday morning, they flitted around to help tidy the house, and soon after seven o'clock the holiday makers were on the way to Central Park.

The morning was cool and breezy, and every block of the long car-ride was enjoyable, and then the leisurely ramble along the Mall, and through the winding walks, and the lingering beside the lake to watch the swans—all this was pleasant and refreshing to the mind and body; and later, while the girls played with

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

their dolls in the shade, the mother rested and enjoyed a book which she had longed to find time to read. And finally they ate their lunch, and supplemented it by glasses of cool milk at the "Dairy."

The day passed all too quickly. The "going out to tea with papa," as the children phrased it, proved to be all their fancy painted it; and after that was over they took a stroll around Union square, which was very gay with its electric lights and hundreds of promenaders, and then went home to sleep and dream of new pleasures to come on the morrow.

The next day they went to Coney Island by the all-water route, and were delighted with the sail and the tossing of the Sirius as she made her landing at the great iron pier. And how they enjoyed seeing the white-crested waves rolling in, and watching the bathers; and then Pearl and Rose dug wells in the sand, and rode on the merry-go-round, and said that the beach was nicer than the park. And again the summer day had fleet wings, and it was soon time to go home to papa and to supper, with sea-sharpened appetites.

The next morning they walked across the wonderful bridge to Brooklyn, and spent the day in Prospect Park, quietly and restfully. The next day they went to Glen Island, which seemed to them almost like fairyland.

On Friday they went to the Metropolitan Museum, and finished the day in the upper part of the park, very much charmed with its sylvan beauty. And so all too swiftly and pleasantly the week passed. There was not one rainy day, for what showers there were came at night.

And on Saturday the father had a half-holiday, and took his family to Manhattan Beach, and stayed in the evening to see the wonderful fireworks.

"Oh, if we could always live like this, mamma!"

"It has been a lovely week, girls," she answered; "but we would not have enjoyed it so much but for the work and study that went before it. I feel now like taking up my work with a new ambition."

"And, Nellie," said her husband, "do take at least two free days every week all summer! Such trips cost very little, and you have all gained so much in looks and spirits this one week. I think your way of taking a vacation is a success."—Lilian Gray, in the Examiner.

A Difficult Task.

Editor—"Mr. Scribbler, I wish you would get up a little department headed 'Children's Sayings' and fill it full of the brightest little mots you can pick up."

Mr. Scribbler—"Very sorry, sir, but my children are all away on a visit and—"

"Then collect the bright things you hear said by other people's children."

"I—I never hear other people's children say anything worth printing."—Good News.

Premature gray whiskers should be colored to prevent the appearance of age, and Buckingham's Dye is by far the best preparation to do it.