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THE RULING PASSION.

CHIEF OF THE CANNIBALS (TO THEIR VICTIM, WHO IS SOON TO BE DEVoured)—WHAT IS DAT?

DRUMMER—OPPENHEIMER'S SAUCE; GOOD FOR DER ABBEDITE. I SELLS YOU VON GROSS OF DOT SAUCE FOR DWENTY-FIFE PER SHENT OFF NET CASH. IS IT A PARGAIN?

Texas Siftings.

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ALEX. E. SWEET,
A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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IN "A. MINER" KEY.

A BUCK-IT shop—the faro bank.

A PAIR of dividers—a couple of divorce-court lawyers.

FAVORITE tippie of the seal catchers—a Beer-in-Straight.

"The play's the thing"—and a miserable thing it is sometimes.

WHEN the Shah of Persia returned to Teheran, all the girls said "te-he."

SWING cradles are used in the capital of Arkansas, so there is very Little Rock there.

A BARBED-WIRE trust has been organized, but somehow no one seems inclined to sit down on it.

THE "Forty-niners" of California were Pan-Americans, though some pan'd out better than others.

It may be true that all men are born equal, but inequalities begin to appear very soon afterwards.

YOUNG man, court not suffering. You can put in your time to better advantage courting some nice young woman.

WHEN the world comes to an end and all language is forever hushed, I'll bet it will be a woman who will have the last word.

INDIANA DUDLEY's promenades in Washington are confined to five blocks. This is in harmony with his "blocks of five" system.

A CHICAGO paper prints an editorial on "The Risk of Grain Elevators." The risk is greatest after the grain has been distilled into whisky.

THERE is a rumor that the senior class at Harvard University is deteriorating, and the election of a negro as class orator seems to give color to it.

A REPUBLICAN editor in Rome, Georgia, sat down on Governor Hill when he was there. But there was a Rome once that sat on her seven Hills.

A CORRESPONDENT says: "Can I write for SIFTINGS?" Certainly. Where will you have it sent? Write your address distinctly and inclose four dollars.

A TEXAS debating society is struggling with the question: "Is there a future life for giraffes?" They seem to be constructed with special reference to the necks world.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL error made a Washington correspondent write of Harrison's Collars instead of Callers. It is necessary to wear the Harrison collar in order to be welcome at the White House.

THE minstrel Dockstader thinks of going to Africa and rivaling Stanley in the ivory trade. The natives conceal their ivory when a stranger appears. Dockstader's plan is to tell them a funny story. They will grin and show their ivories, which he can then buy for a song. There will be ice in the Tropics when Lew gets left.

AN EXCITING SCENE.

Two well-known New York littérateurs, Wm. E. S. Fales and Ernest Delancy Pierson, had an opportunity for distinguishing themselves recently that rarely comes to men of their peaceful vocation. Passing along Sixth avenue one afternoon they came upon a scene of



wild commotion. A policeman was struggling with a stalwart madman, whom he was making an ineffectual attempt to arrest. He was a Swede, and although unacquainted with the English tongue he was able to kick, bite and gouge in every language under the sun. Fales, who is an

accomplished linguist, attempted to soothe the excited man with words deftly selected from the Scandinavian, but they wouldn't do. Hindoo, Chinese and Sanscrit were equally unavailing. Then Pierson quoted some choice extracts from his ever popular "Vers de Société," but he kicked worse than ever. It was a re-verse of society, so the speak. Vigorous means had to be resorted to, and at the summons of the officer of the law they all threw themselves upon the Swede and struggled to overpower him. Sometimes the Swede was on top, sometimes the policeman, while occasionally, as the struggling mass revolved, Pierson and Fales appeared on the horizon. The contest was too unequal, however, and the doughty countryman of Charles XII. was bound and taken to the station-house. He simply asked the name of the muscular gentleman who gave him the hardest turn, and when told he whispered, "There's no such word as Fales," and sank into insensibility.

INTERVIEWING.

The Epoch has an article on interviewing, from which we learn that the best man in America to submit to the operation is Chauncey M. Depew. He pans out well. He may not always give a reporter what he seeks, but he will always give him something that is good reading, for dullness and Depew are not acquainted with each other. Abram S. Hewitt knows lots but won't tell it, and when the reporter is compelled to make something up it is never flattering to Mr. Hewitt. Jay Gould won't be interviewed unless he can make something by it. He will "give down" columns about the speed, comfort and safety of the elevated roads and the necessity of giving them more privileges. "Deacon" Sage doesn't like interviewers because they poke fun at him. Colonel Ingersoll likes reporters and reporters like him. He is not afraid to say what he thinks and say it emphatically. Whitelaw Reid dictates his answers to questions and insists on reading them over to prevent inaccuracies. Pulitzer of the World likes to be interviewed; Dana doesn't. Murat Hulstead and Henry Watterson are easy men to interview, and always have something striking to say. And they don't much care whom they hit when they strike.

THE UNHAPPY CZAR.

The position of the Czar is not an enviable one. With England, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and possibly Spain, on the outside, and the Nihilists inside, he is certainly not to be envied. His status is similar to that of the flying fish which is pursued in the water by

repacious delegates of the finny tribe, and is liable to be captured by sea birds, if it attempts to fly. The Czar gets the largest salary of any ruler in the universe, but he is entitled to every cent of it. He would be a happier man if he was the traveling agent for a durable clothes wringer, or some new kind of baking powder.

VANDERBILT'S COOK.

Although Mr. Vanderbilt's French cook, so much talked about, has left him and gone back to Paris, it is gratifying to know that there is no serious difficulty between them. There may have been high words at times—words with a \$10,000 cook come high, anyhow—but there is no actual breach. The cook says he shall lay nothing up, though it would seem that he ought to on the pay he gets. He has nothing but the most friendly feeling toward his late employer, and he shall continue to speak to him just as he has always done, whenever he meets him on the Boulevard. Generous chef!

SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS.

An insurance company once declined to write a large policy on the life of a prominent St. Louis lawyer, on the ground that he had too many enemies, and it thereby made an enemy of the lawyer. But the company had reason to congratulate itself upon its action the other day, when the aforesaid lawyer was shot and killed by one of his numerous adversaries. The man with too many enemies may inspire doubt and hesitation in an insurance office, but they take far greater risks in insuring the man with too many friends. He is the chap who is in the greatest danger. A man can avoid his enemies or guard against them, but he is often powerless against his friends. Thousands of men are ruined or sent to an early grave every year because they had too many friends.

THE WORKING MAN'S COFFEE HOUSE.

A large building on East 23d street, New York, has been fitted up as a resort for laboring men, where coffee is substituted for beer or stronger beverages. There is a large and cheerful reading-room well supplied with newspapers and periodicals, and certain games are allowed. Wholesome food is provided at a very low rate. The intention is to counteract in this way the malign influence of saloons, where the working man is robbed alike of his money and reason. It is upon the wages



O'CALLAHAN'S REVENGE.

1—[McGINNISS, one of the F. O. O. L. S. (Fraternal Order Oppressed Lard Strainers) gives a signal at the outer door of the Lodge.]

2—O'CALLAHAN (inside the door)—Who comes there?

McG—McGinniss, be gob.

3—O'C—I'll just give McGinniss, be gob, an extra degray for the way he thrated me at Cassidy's wake, so I will.

4—McG—Murthur! I'm shot!



A MAN OF WORTH.

AMELIA—Is it really true that you intend to marry old Grubbins there?
 CLARINDA—Certainly. Why not?
 But what is he good for?
 Good for a million.

ONE LITTLE DRAMA.

A STORY OF LIFE AS IT FELL FROM FRIENDLY LIPS.

Two ladies were seated in a cozy sitting-room talking, as close friends will, unreservedly, about the difficulties of life. Experience had given a tinge of pessimism to both, and yet they were not old.

"If I were to name the greatest evil known to mortal man I should say 'Poverty,'" said one. "All the wretchedness on the face of the earth can be traced to its blighting influence, I truly believe. You know Dickens—I think it was Dickens—said, 'There are all packs, but there is no pack like poverty.'"

"I shall not dispute your assertion," said the other. "I know of nothing so unmitigatedly painful as the knowledge that one carries an habitually empty purse. And since I have read Bellamy's 'Looking Backward,' I am of the opinion that poverty is not a necessary evil, but an unnecessary one. I believe it could be completely abolished if the human race could once reach the point at which it is destined finally to arrive, where every man recognizes every other man as a brother, and equality becomes a fact, not a name, and the solidarity of the race is established forever."

The other sighed. She was too nearly under the black wing of poverty to see even a ray of light for those who were to suffer her. Any absorbing trouble is apt to make us narrow by keeping our thoughts forever within our own little horizon.

"Of all poverty the kind which we dare not confess is the worst," she said. "Of course nobody thinks I'm a millionaire, yet few imagine how terribly close I have to sail to the wind, and how frightened I am sometimes."

And now the other sighed. "Perhaps we all know more about those things than we seem to," she said.

Her companion looked grave, and said, "My mind is full of an awful thing that occurred to friends of mine out in C—. I call it a tragedy, by Poverty, for he writes the most moving dramas enacted on the globe. Five years ago my friend Jessie Burton married George Kesler, and they went to C— to live. It was a real love match, I can assure you. They adored each other, and the adoration grew stronger every day. Such long letters as Jessie used to write me, telling how happy she was; and once I visited them and saw for myself that they loved each other as few married couples outside of books do.

"Well, it does seem as though no good and beautiful thing remains long undisturbed. Even their happiness, which was surely one of the most beautiful things on earth, made the devil envious, and he managed to break it up.

lost all he had, and although not rich, as riches are generally estimated, he had been in very comfortable circumstances, and indeed likely to add to his possessions every year.

"Jessie and George found themselves face to face with the world without a dollar. But they were young, strong, hopeful and loved each other, and although the loss of their property was a blow, they did not sink under it. They began again, George as a bank clerk, while Jessie bravely took a situation in the post-office.

"They worked away cheerfully, not allowing their losses to make them unhappy, and their friends said they would see the day when they would be on their feet again financially. They had bought a house—a charming little cottage—on the installment plan, and had it almost paid for, when George fell ill. What was at first thought to be a mere cold developed into a lingering disease, and weeks and months went by and he grew worse instead of better, and there was no telling when he would be able to be back at his desk in the bank.

This depressed him dreadfully. He said he could not endure to see Jessie go day after day to an office and work like a common drudge while he lay helpless and idle at home. The thought of being dependent on her almost maddened him. He had even more than that to distress him. Another payment on the house would soon be due, and Jessie could not meet it out of her slender pay, which was now needed for daily expenses—every dollar of it.

"Some of their friends knew how wretched George was lest their house should be taken from them, and Jessie and himself be homeless. These friends talked the matter over, took other friends into their confidence, and raised money enough to pay off every cent of the debt on the house.

"All this was done on the sly. Not a word was said to either Jessie or George about it. After it was done two of the number were appointed a committee to present the facts to the beneficiaries, with the love and esteem of the benefactors. The committee were urged to go the next day. Somebody suggested that George's birthday was near at hand, and as it would be a charm-

ing surprise for him on that day, why not wait? The sensible ones among the number were opposed to waiting a day when good news was to be delivered; but the fools were in the majority—they always are, you know—so it was decided to wait until the end of the week for the birthday. I wish I could express my detestation of surprises, anyway. They are simply shocks, whether they be good or bad. And as for this particular surprise, well—I have no words in which to speak of it.

"They waited for George's birthday; but the last straw of fate had been thrown before it came. The night before his birthday dawned George rose from his bed while Jessie slept, went outside of the house and shot himself dead. On Jessie's dressing-case he left a note saying that he could not begin another year like the last. The knowledge that her burdens were greater than she could bear had driven him to take his life. He could not live and see her homeless and struggling.

"If we had only known how desperate he was," they said, "we would have hurried to relieve his mind by our good news." "If they had only known." It maddens me to think of their stupidity. Because they were comfortable nobody else could be wretched forsooth. How little they knew of the canker of poverty, when they could withhold the good news even for a day, or an hour.

"It was the most natural thing in the world for George to indorse notes for this foster brother, who is really an excellent young man; but in so doing he suffered the indorser's usual penalty. He

Poor Jessie, her heart is broken, and she will not long be here, I fear. If this were the only tragedy for which poverty is responsible, one could forget it and go on with hope; but this is only one from out of thousands. Oh, I can't bear to think of it." So saying the lady rose and walked to the window, not trusting herself to speak longer on a theme which moved her so.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

HEALTH HINTS.

Don't shake a hornets' nest to see if any of the family are at home.

Don't try to take the right of way from an express train at a railroad crossing.

Don't go near a draft. If a draft comes toward you, run away. A sight draft is the most dangerous.

Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

Don't hold a wasp by the other end while you thaw it out in front of the stove to see if it is alive. It is generally alive.

Don't try to persuade a bull-dog to give up a yard of which he is in possession. Possession to a bull-dog is ten points of the law.

Don't go to bed with your boots on. This is one of the most unhealthy practices that a man, especially a married man, can be addicted to.

LEGAL ADVICE.

"What are you asking a month for the rent of this room?" asked a young New York lawyer of the proprietor of an exceedingly small room.

"Ten dollars a month, invariably in advance."

"Whew! That's steep. You have no ventilation and very little light."

"That's so; but you seem to overlook the advantages this room has for a young lawyer."

"What are they?"

"In the first place, you are near the court-house, and there are two pawnbroker establishments and several free-lunch stands within a block and a-half."

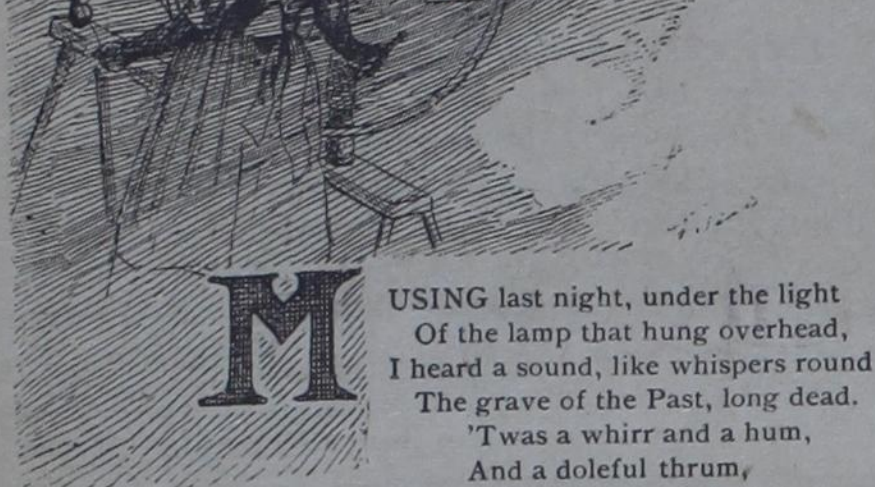
In a lazy family there is never a working majority.



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, O, gentle boy?"—Mrs. Hemans.

DINAH'S SPINNING WHEEL



MUSING last night, under the light
Of the lamp that hung overhead,
I heard a sound, like whispers round
The grave of the Past, long dead.
'Twas a whirr and a hum,
And a doleful thrum,

But music my heart could feel—
I heard as before,
In days of yore,
Old Dinah's spinning-wheel.

It brought me joy, as when a boy
I sat in her cabin's low door,
And heard her sing to the spindle's ring,
As she paced the puncheon floor.
From the dawn to the gloom,
In the old South home,
A mammy black, true and leal,
She trudged to and fro
In the long ago,
And wrought at her spinning-wheel.

How blest the days, how sweet the ways
That Kate and I saw then—
My sister Kate, whom God and fate,
Have taken to His diadem.
And now 'neath the trees,
Kissed by the breeze
That thro' magnolias steal,
Under the bloom
Lies Katie's tomb,
And still's the spinning-wheel.

WILL VISSCHER.

TOO LITERAL.

Taking things too literally is a futile cause of amusing blunders. Two costermongers claiming proprietorship in one donkey, went to court to get the dispute decided. After hearing a part of the evidence, the judge said they had better settle the case out of court during the adjournment for luncheon. Upon the court reopening the defendant told his Honor it was all right, the donkey was his. Turning to the plaintiff the judge saw his personal appearance was altered for the worse, but before he could put any questions, the defendant



NOT A "TOUGH" HIMSELF.

MRS. PANCAKE—How does your steak suit you, Mr. Borrowit?
JACK BORROWIT—We don't match. I'm no tough!

went on to say that they had found a quiet yard to settle it in, as his Honor had suggested. He had been rather rough on the plaintiff, but he couldn't help it; they had only half an hour to settle it in, and the plaintiff proved a much tougher customer than he looked to be. The explanation was conclusive if not quite satisfactory to the court, and the donkey became the prize of the victor in the fight.

Buchanan Read, the American poet, must have either been angry or very much amused when his note to a friend, "Come and see me; I am at Barnum's—meaning a hotel of that name in New York, at the time Barnum's Museum was running—elicited the answer, "I am sorry you are going to exhibit yourself. If you had stuck to literature you might have made your mark. What salary do you get in the show?" We suspect that Read's friend was James Beard, the artist, who often perpetrated such jokes.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Max Smith—We know of nothing better to remove superfluous hair than a wife. If not married, lose no time in being so.

Jennie Lind—The age at which ladies should marry is best determined by the ladies themselves after their beaux have had a say. The most proper age is of course the marriage.

"Skoller"—You are certainly under a bad spell of some kind. "Kaughfy" is not spelt that way, nor is there an "sh" in "sugar."

Querist—We don't profess to tell your fortune by your handwriting, but if there is any affinity between the two you must be in a horrible financial fix.

Invalid—A good drink for the winter months is composed as follows: Hot water, one-half pint; lump sugar, quarter oz.; lemon, two slices; corn juice, half pint. Stir quickly and drink to the same music.

J. Q. K. wants to know if it would be asking too much to inquire why sextons never look grave? Yes, it is asking tomb much.

La France—Certainly, the present descendant of Napoleon can prove that Bonaparte was born in Corsica. Why shouldn't he? He has history to help him, so of Corsican.

John Smith, Jr.—The distance from the earth to the sun has never been personally tested by us. We were on our way there once during a subway explosion, but had to return on urgent private affairs.

Citizen—If you consult the New York daily papers you will find a capital list of city capitalists subscribing towards the World's Fair.

J. K. A.—Spain is so full of thoroughly indolent people that it's painful to think of so much idleness being in one place.

Various correspondents are respectfully requested to write on three sides of the paper only, and not to forget enclosing a substantial fee if they expect their questions answered promptly, or at all. The maximum charge is five dollars, and the minimum a two-cent stamp.

JOHN S. GREY.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

"Woman's suffrage," said Eli Perkins, "is not a woman's right to suffer. It is her right to enjoy, without molestation, everything that a Christian man can enjoy. It is the right to be a citizen if she is a citizen, and help make the laws which protect her property and liberty. I hate the wretch who would only give woman the right to slave and bear children without even love for wages."

Old man Flint says he doesn't believe in woman's "voting and talking in the churches and praying in public."

"What do you believe?" I asked the other day, as I saw old Flint sitting around the polls with his heels higher than his head, drinking whisky,

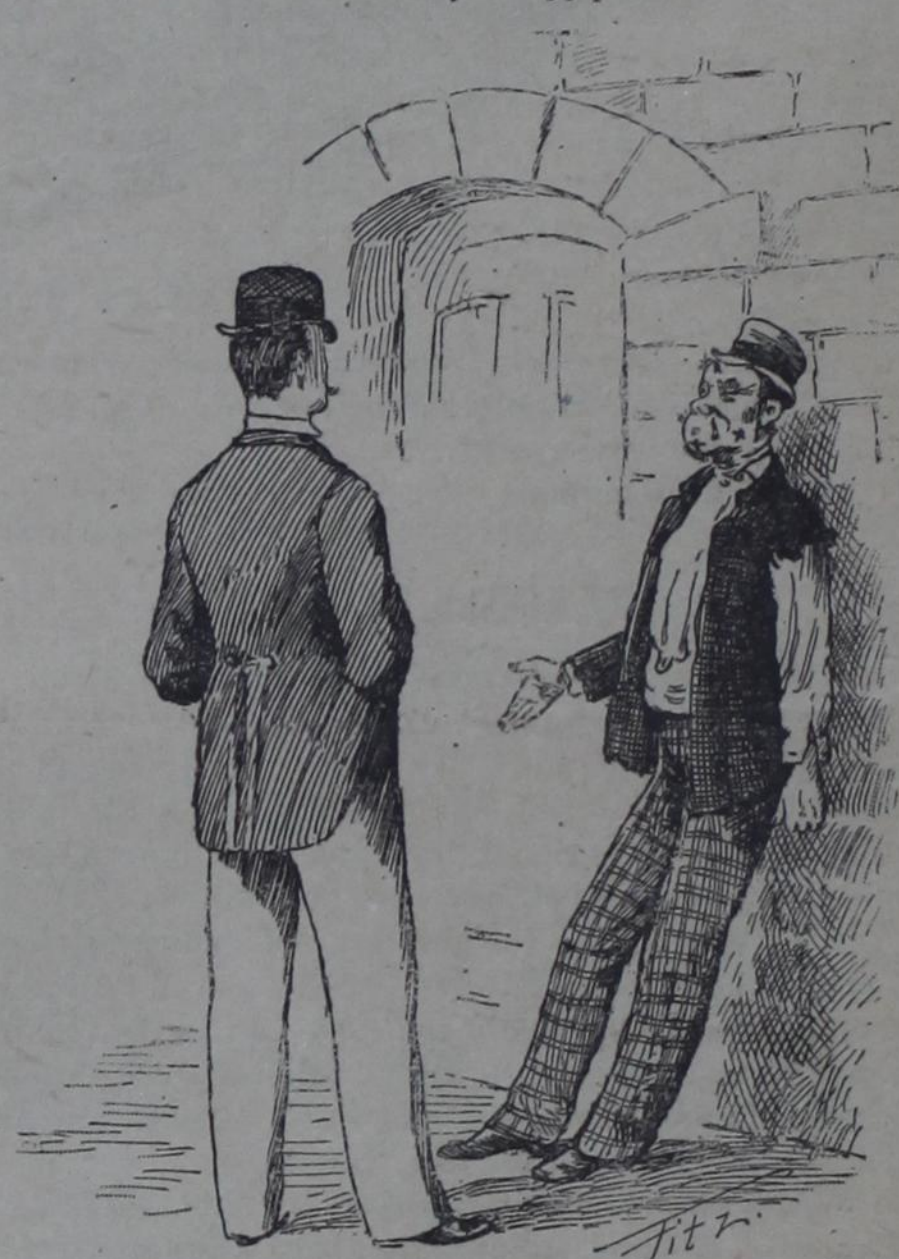
while a colored woman read his ballot for him. "What do you believe?"

"I ain't eggsactly what ye might call a wimmen's righter," said the old ignoramus. "Naw, sir, Mr. Perkins, I ain't a wimmen's righter, an' yit there ain't many men'll go ferder 'n me in givin' wimmin her natchrel privileges. Now, there's my wife—that woman sets at the same table with me, an' if she wants to run over to a neighbor's once in a month or so an' set awhile, why, she kin go 'thout sayin' a word to me bout it, pervided she gits home in time to milk the cows an' slop the peegs an' carry in the coal, an' git hay for the critters, an' do little chores like that. I often give her a whole quarter to do as she's a mind to with. I let her go to town often as as twicet a year, an' her vittals is good as mine, an', take it all in all, I reckon she's 'bout as many rights as any woman 'round here. I hate a mean man, gintlemin, speshly one that's mean to his wife. Give the wimmen their rights as wimmen, says I, give 'em their rights."

TRUTHFUL SAMMY.

Col. Hadley was telling a fish story in the presence of some friends and his little boy Sammy.

"Yes," continued Hadley, "it took me half a day to land that catfish. I caught him in the Colorado river in the spring of the year before the war. He weighed, after he had been cleaned, just 135 pounds."



TRUTH IS MIGHTY.

JAWKINS—Good gracious, Jabez, you're all broke up. Where did you get that black eye?

HOGG—O, dat was only a little linguistic difficulty. I called a few things by their wrong name!

"You can prove it by me, Pa. Don't you remember, Pa, how I slung him on a stick and carried him home?" remarked little Sammy.

"O, you little liar! I am ashamed of you," exclaimed Col. Hadley.

As Sammy is only six years old, his testimony as to what happened before the war is almost as reliable as the time a seven-dollar watch keeps.

SON OF A GUNN.

Teacher (to new scholar)—What is your name, sonny?

Boy—Gunn.

Give me your full name.

John G. Gunn.

What is the G. for?

Getyer.

What do you mean by that?

Well, all the boys call me Johnny Getyer Gunn, anyhow.

UNLUCKY FRIDAY.

Robinson Crusoe (to his servant)—What makes you so down-in-the-mouth, Friday?

Friday—Just discovered a mole on my shoulder. That is very unlucky.

Why is it unlucky?

Because it was born on Friday.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART III.



SUNNY France, *mes enfants*, received its name from the Franks, a warlike tribe in Germany, that began its periodical invasions of Gaul as early as the third century. They were defeated and driven back across the Rhine numerous times by the Roman legions, although I presume there were politicians who urged that they should be conciliated, in order to secure the Ger-

man vote. I don't know what the politics of the Franks was, but it is safe to say they were not prohibitionists. They were altogether too Frank for that.

In the year 352 possession of the imperial throne was in dispute between Constantine the Great and his brother-in-law, Maxentius. By the way, it was while marching against the latter that Constantine, seeing the sign of the cross in the heavens, gave expression to the celebrated phrase: "In hoc signo vinces," without which the Knights Templar would be destitute of a motto.

In the war between Constantine and Maxentius, each side made the serious mistake of inviting German auxiliaries, among them the Franks, to come over and help them out, and they did. They helped them out of Gaul and possessed the land, or a good part of it. A similar mistake was made by the early Britons in the fifth century, when they solicited aid from the Angles, another Germanic tribe, to help settle some little quarrel they had on hand, and they were never able to get rid of them afterwards. They gave the name to the country—Angle-land, or England. So you see, *chers enfants*, France and England both get their names, as well as their lager beer and bretzels, from the Dutch.

This shows how particular a nation should be in selecting an invader, since he is liable to re-christen the country. Choose one that bears an euphonious and satisfactory name. The French can never recover from the mortification of bearing a name imported from Germany. There was a fitness, however, in the descendants of the old Britons becoming Angles, for they are the most angular people on the face of the earth.

The Franks, after assisting Constantine to defeat his adversary, refused to re-cross the Rhine. They threw off all disguise and boldly declared they had come to stay, although gentlemen's corsets were unknown in that early day. They were defeated and overthrown by Julian in 356 and compelled to sue for terms of peace. They agreed to re-cross the Rhine, taking back everything they had bought except their name, which, with true German obstinacy they swore must be adopted by Gaul, and by Gaul it was.

Julian was a cousin to Constantine, whose sister he married. He was called the Apostate, because, after

professing the Christian religion he again went back to paganism, and endeavored to re-establish heathen worship. Some men, even in this late day, would rather be heathens than not. After his triumph over the Franks, Julian went to Paris (Lutetia it was then called), where he lived in a palace said to have been built by his grandfather, Constantius Chlorus, remains of which can be seen to this day on the south side of the Seine, under the name of the *Palais des Thermes*.

The word *thermes* in this connection means hot baths, from the Greek *thermos*, heat. If you will consult your thermometer you will find that it is derived from the same root—to measure heat. It delights me to drop words of instruction and gems of wisdom as we thread the labyrinths of history together, my children.

This must have been an immense palace in its day, considering the fact that its bath-rooms were of such grand proportions. One room alone, called the *Frigidarium*, or chamber for cold baths, is sixty-five feet long, thirty-seven feet wide and sixty feet high. The masonry of the walls are ten feet thick in some places. On the site of the old structure Cluny palace, now Cluny museum, was built by the Benedictine monks of Cluny, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Of this I may tell you more hereafter.

After the death of Julian in 360 (killed while on an expedition against Persia), Gaul was repeatedly invaded by fierce Germanic tribes as well as wild hordes from Asia, led by Alaric, and no stability of government was secured until to the Burgundians and Franks were ceded the lands which they had seized in the north and east of France. This was in the beginning of the fifth century, and here commences the modern history of France, which I will not commence until in another chapter.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE HONEY BEE.

The honey bee differs from the majority of beasts and insects inasmuch as it has considerable sense and business ability. While others are flying about and having a good time the honey bee is getting in its work.

"How doth the busy little bee
Improve each shining hour?"

How it doth is very simple.

It gets a movement on itself
And works the early flower.

The honey bee shows considerable ingenuity in the



HE MUST BEAT SOMETHING.

FIRST CUSTOMER (in a pawn shop)—Mr. Isaacstein has received some bad news. See him beat his breast.

SECOND CUSTOMER—Why does he beat his breast?

FIRST CUSTOMER—Because he doesn't notice there are customers for him to "beat," I suppose.

management of its affairs. They are bossed by a queen, and if by any chance there should happen to be two queens in one hive, a part of them will immediately vacate; they know better than to put up at any establishment run by two females.

The honey bees are rather hard on the men folks of their kind. While everything is lively and honey is plenty, the gentlemen honey bees sit out on the front portico and tell stories and have a good time. When summer begins to wane there are hints thrown out that the gentlemen had better go hire a flat for the winter; they take this all good-naturedly and think it is all humbug. When cold weather comes, however, they are escorted to the front door and pushed off the perch without so much as a honey comb with which to dress their whiskers.

A lesson in thrift is taught by the honey bee, and they also teach the foolishness of working and laying by more than is needed for some one else to come along and make merry over, as the man who so kindly provides them with a nice little hive takes the lion's share of the honey. Alas! in this world it is often the case, that the man who lives in the nice house is working for the benefit of the mortgagee.

E. R. COLLINS.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

Friend—Parson Talmage says: "We cannot get to heaven by steam."

Mr. Henpeck—I believe it. I have very frequently been in hot water with my wife and it seemed to me I was in the other place.

TEMPTING VIANDS.

Hungry Guest—What have you got to eat?

New Waiter—We have some fine fried fish.

Is it ready?

Oh, yes, it was cooked day before yesterday.

IRISH, YOU KNOW.

Mr. O'Rafferty—And what did yer brother think was the rale cause of his death?

Mr. Duffy—Me brother never knew the rale cause of his death, as no inquest was hild on him.



HIS STANDING.

DAUGHTER (sobbing)—I-I-I think-k-k it's a-a s-s-shame for y-you to c-c-come home i-i-in t-t-t-this cond-d-d-dition. Jus-t-t-t to think-k-k of a man of your s-s-standing in s-s-society.

OLD SOURMASH (just home from the club)—Stan'in' (Hic!) thatsh just whash the mazzar, my dear, (Hic!) Got no stan'in' 't all!



TORY OF "FINIGAN'S WAKE."

Timothy Finigan, commonly called "Tim," was an Irish gentleman of many eccentricities, living on rue Walker. His brogue was clean cut and "melojus," and he followed the genteel occupation of hod-carrier. Though an

odd fellow in many respects he didn't belong to the order; nor was he a mason, although he was accustomed to 'tend one. He had often been urged to join a temperance society, but he preferred, he said, to take his drinks openly. Drink was his bane, however. It was sort of hereditary with him, several of his wife's relatives and a neighbor or two having been carried off with it. Every morning before repairing to his place of business—on the top of a ladder—he used to take a drop, little thinking that it would finally result in a drop too much, as it did when he dropped from the ladder. His skull was severely dislocated and he was picked up for dead.

His friends carried him home, and preparations were made for celebrating his demise in a manner characteristic of his impetuous though warm-hearted countrymen, and satisfactory to the corpse. Although enjoying that sleep from which there is said to be no "waking," everything that affection could suggest was prepared to wake Mr. Finigan.

The friends of the deceased being informed of his promotion to another and better world, gathered in great numbers. Mrs. Finigan, though plunged into a wild abyss of grief, had the presence of mind to order on the collation, consisting chiefly of pipes and tobacco and the exhilarating punch.

Biddy O'Brien, a wash-tub artist, struck with the fine appearance of the late Mr. Finigan, began to weep bitterly, and said that Timothy, considered as a corpse, lay over any dead man that lives, and she was ready to bet money on it. Then Judy Magee, moved by jealousy, requested Biddy to "bould yer gob," which resulted in a discussion alike disgraceful to all parties. Missiles of all kinds were employed in it. A table leg prostrated Mickey Mulroony, and a bottle of pure malt whisky, intended for sickness only, which he in turn hurled at his assailant, landed on the bed and scattered its contents over poor Tim.

The effect on the remains was magical. The nostrils were seen to twitch as they inhaled the familiar odor, then the eyes opened and Timothy raised up in bed. He comprehended the situation at a glance, and springing to the floor he seized a convenient shillalah, and laying about with it right and left he shouted: "Bad luck to yer sowls, d'ye think I'm dead?" Then the entire party united in the chorus he led:

"Whack, hurrah, blood and ounds! ye sowls ye,
With the flure your trotters shake;
Isn't it the thruth I've tould ye,
Lots of fun at Finigan's wake!"

DIDN'T WANT A THREADER.

"Now, ladies," said a glassy-eyed man with a wide mouth, walking into a tailoring establishment where were employed a baker's dozen of girls and middle-aged spinsters, "I have got something here which actually supplies the longest of long-felt wants."

"What is it, caramels, gum, pop-corn or peanuts?" asked a black-eyed little witch.

"No," said the man; "it's a needle threader."

"We can thread our own needles," sharply broke in a middle-aged spinster.

"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly," answered the man. "So they used to cut wheat with a sickle, thresh it with a flail, and stuff sausage by hand. But those days are past. They are in the dim vistas. Now, you all know that threading a needle by hand is a very delicate operation, even when the eyes of the threader and the needle are in the best of condition, but when age has impaired the eyesight—"

"We are not aged," interrupted the spinster, sharply.

"No, you are not aged. You are all young and beautiful as houris; but let us say when disease or hereditary complaints have injured the eyes, it is extremely difficult and requires a long time to thread a needle. Now, with this little instrument—price fifteen cents, two for a quarter—you simply take it in your left hand, so; then throw the thread over a hook, so;

draw it quickly to you, so, and the work is done. You can, with this useful little household instrument, thread a needle in the dark as well as in the light. It works with equal promptness and dispatch on a sewing machine, and how often have I seen my dear sisters and beloved mother holding a kerosene lamp down under a sewing machine and bumping their dear heads and embittering their lives and toiling, sweating and swearing over the simple act of threading a needle. And then, just think for a moment the time you will save to your employer."

"Time saved to our employer, eh?" interrupted another red-headed spinster, with a look which would have melted the teeth from a cross-cut saw. "See here, old man, what are you giving us? Do you know that we have to get up at six o'clock in the morning and commence work and never let up until seven in the evening? Do you know that we only have half an hour for dinner? Do you know that our employer sits on a high stool and docks us every time one of us winks or blows her nose? Don't come lally-gagging around here with any new-fangled time-saving machines for us. If we can't take time to thread a needle, it is high time the buttercups and daisies were blooming on our graves. What do you say, girls?"

"That's the ticket!" chimed in a full chorus, and the man with the glassy eyes and wide mouth took them with him when he went outside to breathe a new atmosphere and indulge in some crude philosophy.

PLAISANTERIES FRANCAISES.

(From French Sources.)

Market man (to customer)—At the very lowest figure, I will leave you this chicken for two dollars



Customer (walking off)—So will I.

Husband (to his wife, at the theatre)

—Have you brought your opera-glass?

Wife—Yes, but I can't use it.

Why not?

I forgot to bring my diamond bracelet.

Little Tommy—Mamma, why do men hunt tigers and lions?

Mamma—Because—because they kill the poor little sheep.

Why, then, don't they hunt the butchers, too?

Police Judge (to prize-fighter)—Have you any one to defend you?

Prize-fighter (patting the muscle on his arm)—Does this look as though I needed anybody?

A widow, lamenting at the tomb of her spouse, who had been very irregular in his habits—"Poor man; I at least know now where he spends his nights."

A habitual fault-finder, being at a ball, says to the director—"This is an outrage, sir! You deceive the public."

"How so?"

"You advertise fifteen musicians."

"Well?"

"Well! I've counted them, and there are seventeen!"

SOCIETY AT TIPPS CORNERS.

Jim Pedro appeared dressed up with an elegant new gun. Jim don't want to put on any lugs or he'll git taken down a notch. Other people can git new guns as well as him.

The shindig at Hennessey's ranch, last Wednesday came off with the customary eklaw of affairs at Hennessey's. Abe Hutchins' gal was the sheroine of the occasion, as was our affable friend Mr. Peter Roper the heroine. Both were togged as befit their station. Mr. Peter wore a pair of six inch silver mounted spurs, and as fine a new necktie as there is east of the Sierras. The lady was dressed in a nice dress and an ostrich feather sent her from Boston by a friend who wrote her at the same time, saying that she had worn the feather herself for two years. If some of those in the East, who sneer at the West had been there they would have seen something to look at.

There will be the greatest hog round-up of the season, next Saturday. All the prominent people of the county will be on hand. Don't fail to come and join us.

Several prominent persons stopped at the Grand Hotel last week, and mine host was compelled to erect beds in the barn to accommodate his guests, the rush is over now, however, and anyone is sure of good care for their animal, while they stop

TENDER OF THE OLD MAN'S FEELINGS.

The other day a Texas man, stopping at the Continental Hotel, New York, asked the clerk for a sheet of paper to write a letter. After he had finished it he asked the clerk if he wouldn't please read it and see if it was all right.

The clerk glanced at it and said: "I see you spell jug 'g-u-g;' that isn't right."

"I know it," was the reply; "but you see I'm writing to the old man, and he always spells it that way. If I put the other 'g' to it he would think I was putting on style over him and forgetting I was his son. He's sorter tender-hearted and I don't want to hurt his feelings."

So the letter went off with only one "g" at the end of "gug."

A high sense of honor sometimes impels a man to kill another, when it is powerless to make him pay his debts.

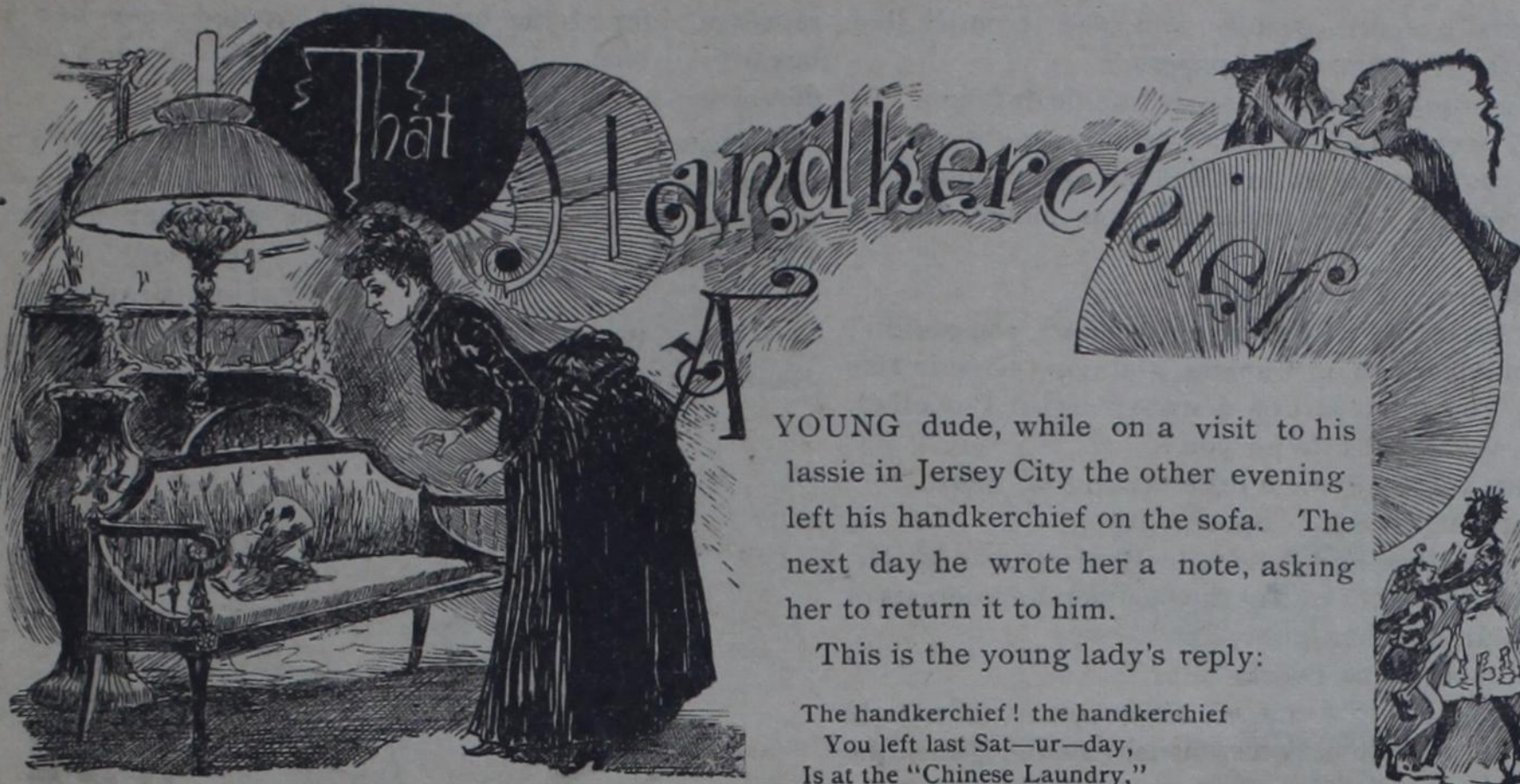


A GRATEFUL PHYSICIAN.

DOCTOR (to his wealthy patient's cook)—You are the chef, I believe?

CHEF—Oui, monsieur.

DOCTOR—You are a great assistance to the medical profession, and I for one must thank you. As we say in France, Je vous remercie beaucoup.



Right across the way;
In the meantime "Chin Chin" tells you
To "go on with the play,"
And he'd wash the little handkerchief
That you left, last Sat—ur—day.

It is blacker than Othello!
Whatever you can say;
But I reckon by to-morrow
H'll make it white as Desdemonia!
You really must be careful
For surely you must know
'Twas the handkerchief that
Made the trouble, between
The Moor and I-a-go!

KITTY.

CURRENT CRITICISM.

I.

FROM THE W—LD.

A new play, called *A Fallen Angel*, was produced upon the boards of the Shakspeare Theatre last night for the first time on any planet, and its production proved that some managers have more cheek than a clothing drummer, and more assurance than a counterfeit ten-dollar bill. The programme says that the play is from the French, but it is hard to believe that a Frenchman ever fathered such a mass of insipidity and fol-de-rol. In the second act, Angelina goes into a rage because Barnaby refuses to kiss her. We insist that a Frenchman would not make a character refuse a kiss under any circumstances. The fact is, that the play is an inane conglomeration from the Russian, Chinese and Swahili, and is not worth the attention of a New York dramatic critic.

Miss Cropper as Angelina was a thing of wonder, and a fool forever. She neither looks, dances, nor dresses like an angel. An actress who dresses her part in a mauve-colored skirt and a waist of pea-green can never have had heavenly aspirations, much less a celestial habitation. Mr. Slack as Barnaby acted as if the gout had seized him for its own. If Charon ever gets him near the Styx, he'll throw him overboard, without a doubt.

II.

FROM THE T—MES.

A fairly good play, known as *A Fallen Angel*, was performed at the Shakspeare Theatre last night. It has one or two good dramatic situations, and if pruned, altered and re-written, it would no doubt prove a success. The play is from a French novel which had a meagre circulation forty years ago. In the novel, however, Angelina refuses to kiss Barnaby. A playwright can change all things, though, even to the hanging of all his characters. In fact, it would have been a good idea to hang that servant who in the third act acts like an idiot and talks like a cockney.

Miss Cropper as Angelina has moments of intense fervor, but suffers from an abnormal self-consciousness. We do not understand why, when she invokes the wrath of heaven upon her false lover, she looks at the leader of the orchestra; or why, when she addresses her mother, she gazes into a favorite box. Mr. Slack as Barnaby mouths a little, but is manly, earnest and intense, and may hope some day to become the adorable young man of a stock company.

III.

FROM THE H—LD.

The play called *A Fallen Angel*, produced at the Shakspeare Theatre last night, was neither a failure nor a success. It is too artificial to be natural, and too improbable to be possible. It is of strong contemporaneous human interest, but is too full of tears and kisses. The programme says it is from the French, but we have

YOUNG dude, while on a visit to his lassie in Jersey City the other evening left his handkerchief on the sofa. The next day he wrote her a note, asking her to return it to him.

This is the young lady's reply:

The handkerchief! the handkerchief
You left last Sat—ur—day,
Is at the "Chinese Laundry,"



not the time to look the matter up. There are one or two good climaxes—especially that one where Barnaby empties a wine-bottle at one gulp and falls prone upon the floor—and some good comedy, but even if the play is re-arranged, we do not think it will prove profitable outside of one-night stands and cities like Philadelphia and Chicago.

Miss Cropper as Angelina dresses the part well, and dances divinely, but acts without sufficient force and fire. She is too cold, too placid, to immobile. A woman who is apt to be pushed into a divorce court for nothing ought to kick a little bit at least. Mr. Slack as Barnaby is something of an automaton, whose voice comes from his heels and whose hands and feet seem to be at the beck of some invisible string. He is good in one or two scenes, but it is not his fault.

IV.

FROM THE S—N.

In *A Fallen Angel*, produced for the first time in the Shakspeare Theatre last night, we have at last a play finely written, full of dramatic situations of a high order, and in all respects worthy of a great city like New York and its dramatic critics. Its motive is natural, it moves smoothly along to a natural climax, and the interest of the audience never flags from the rising of the curtain to the setting thereof. It is clean, exciting, and vigorous, and no one who gets a free seat may wish for more. When Barnaby refuses to kiss Angelina in the second act, it served her right. Any girl who goes to the theatre with a chance acquaintance must expect her Sunday "feller" to complain. That bottle act of Barnaby's was simply tremendous in its life-like portrayal.

Miss Cropper as Angelina shows that she has a future before her. All actresses who are not dead have. She acts with great dramatic expression, neither rants nor poses, and at times exhibits the genius of a Bernhardt or a Rachel. Mr. Slack as Barnaby acted excellently throughout, and at times reminded one of Montague in his best moments. He was natural, intelligent and powerful, and at all times had his

part under control. The man who writes the dramatic annals of this century dare not leave Slack out!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

THE EBENEZER FLAPJACK.

In the last issue of the Flapjack the editor views with alarm the increasing iconoclasm of the present time, and gives vent to his feelings in the following editorial:

WE CALL A HALT.

The historians and antiquarians of the present day are heartless vandals, ruthlessly tearing down the cherished traditions of the past and making it harder for an old-time hero to retain his fame than it is for a man with a boil under his arm to retain the early piety that was injected into his stainless soul when he was a bare-foot boy attending Sunday school at the log school-house.

Ig. Donnelly strove to prove an alibi on Shakspeare and make it appear that the immortal bard and Ann Hathaway were off on a toot while Lord Bacon was walking with stately tread down the reverberating corridors of history, and anon quietly and sneakily writing one of the great plays which, with the assistance of James Owen O'Connor, was so materially to advance the price of eggs nearly four hundred years into the misty hence.

Then Arthur Dudley Vinton jumped full armed into the arena to prove that Shakspeare not only wrote his own plays, but also wrote Bacon's.

Other erudite and sap-headed antiquarians bob up serenely every once in a while, and declare that Queen Dido was a myth; that Cleopatra was only an actress, and a blamed poor one at that; that Semiramade never existed; and, last of all, a Tennessee journalist madly paws his way to the platform and bellows out that Israel Putnam was not plowing when the clarion call to action so suddenly summoned him to leave his corn without being "laid by," and strike for his altars and his fires.

This thing is going too far; if it continues, people will soon quit trying to be famous and go to writing for agricultural journals. If this mad vandalism is allowed to run unmuzzled down the shadowy vistas of the subsequently, the journalists of the twenty-second century may speak of Bill Nye as a man with hair like a buffalo's mane, who was the editor of the Salvation Army War Cry; they may get the idea that Buffalo Bill was the founder of Buffalo, N. Y.; that Anthony Comstock wrote Zola's novels—they may even be so confused and deluded as to think Edgar Saltus was a novelist, and rather than inflict such erroneous beliefs upon that much written-for people, posterity, our antiquarians had better quit tearing the venerable moss off the tombs of time-honored traditions and put in their time telling why the battle of Waterloo was lost. Now is the time to subscribe for the Flapjack. A tennis suit to exchange for an overcoat. Apply at this office.

V. Z. REED.



THE LUXURY OF THE CITY.

UNCLE ABNER (after dinner)—That was a purty good feed, Bob, though I couldn't tell half the things I was eatin'. How much was the tax?

BOB—O, about six dollars, Uncle.

UNCLE ABNER—Wha-a-t! Robert Oatcake, that's a sin! I won't eat nothin' more except biled dinners as long as I stay in this taown!

BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



Snort's epistle to Johnny.

SNORT stirs up the Pan-American menagerie—The suggestion to do so comes from Harrison—Erastus Wiman seeks to bribe Snort—The latter is restrained by sentimental reasons—He finally succumbs to British gold—A mean trick played on the man from Maine—Wiman makes a Pan-Anglican speech—Snort unfolds the conquered banner—

WASHINGTON, Nov. 1.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—You doubtless read that when the Pan-American excursionists were junketing at Grand Rapids, Mich., they became indignant over an insulting telegram from Secretary Blaine. The day before this telegram was sent, Mr. Harrison said insinuatingly to me:

"Blaine is making a great deal of political capital for himself out of this All-American Conference."

"That's so, Mr. President; but if the South American delegates were to receive an insulting telegram from Blaine, it would put them on their ears, and perhaps bust up the Conference."

"Splendid idea, Snort! Act on it," said Harrison, winking suggestively.

Next day the people at the hotel in Grand Rapids were bewildered at the conduct of the foreign delegates. They boiled over with indignation. Every once in a while they would examine a mysterious telegram, and then there would be more uplifted eyebrows and shoulders. The following is a copy of the telegram from Washington, which was addressed to Senor Romero, the Mexican representative, in charge of the party at Grand Rapids:

"Are those delegates never going to quit bumming over the country? Will you keep on feeding and guzzling until you bust? Ain't you never going to sober up so we can attend to business? Don't ride a free horse to death. (signed) JAMES G. BLAINE.

Collect \$1.75.

Burn this letter, Johnny. I would not have it known that Bill Snort forged that telegram for the world. If Miss Gail Hamilton Dodge knew Col. Snort had put up this game on Blaine, she might treat me with disdain. Dear girl! What foolishness am I writing? Once more, Johnny, burn this letter. Those eyes! Them form!

While I was sitting in my room at the White House, thinking of matrimony, etc., my colored vally-de-sham handed me a card on which was emblazoned a coat-of-arms consisting of what seemed to be a Plymouth Rock rooster rampant, and rampant, to some extent, holding in his talons a borrowed monkey-wrench, while in his livid beak was a quivering untied garter, or a lost chord, on which was inscribed the heroic Latin motto: "*Spiritous frumetti, cum homo tomorrow in cab.*"

Underneath, in plain English, was this weird legend:

ERASTUS WIMAN, N. G.,
Staten Island and Montreal.

A chunky, pompous, well-fed man, wearing baggy pants entered.

"Howdy, 'Rastus! Take a chair and make yourself miserable," said I, cheerfully.

"Thawnks!"

"I recognized you right off, with your queer clothes

and imported accent. Besides, you look so much like your caricatures in the comic papers."

"You are quite complimentary, me deah fellah."

"Well, never mind. I didn't mean it, anyhow. By the way, you were born in Canada. Why don't you get naturalized? You make all your money in this country."

"Me deah sir, I pwefer not."

"Yes, I see. If you were naturalized you couldn't pose as an American in Canada, and vice versa in this country. You are a sort of a star-spangled Canadian, 'Rastus. What can I do for you?"

"I want you to do me a little favor, Col. Snort."

"What is it, indeed? Speak out!"

"You see, this Pan-American Conference of Mr. Blaine's is a bweastly stab at the commercial interests of Old England, doncher know."

"It is, most noble Dewk."

"You know, I mawnaged to get in a little fwee twade spweech to the South American delegates, the other day, in spite of Mr. Blaine."

"So I read in the papers."

"Now, me deah boy, you know there is to be a dinner to the Pan-American delegates, and I would like to make another little awfter-dinner spweech."

"But Blaine will be there to nip your flow of natural gas in the bud, Mr. Wiman."

"Cawn't we concoct some scheme to circumvent Mr. Blaine? Money is no object. 'Ow does a hundred pun note stwike you?"

"I cawn't do it, 'Rastus, I weally cawn't do it at that figure, ye know," I replied, imitating his accent.

"Why not, me deah fellah?"

"Because it would cause pain to a female relative of the premier."

"Ah, you mean that winegary old cweature what writes political lettahs for the pweess?"

"Be careful, sir! or I shall hold you personally responsible."

"Beg pawdon. But how about five hundred pounds?"

"What! Bring a tear to those lovely eyes for such a paltry sum? Never! Get thee behind me, Satan. However, make it \$5,000, and it's a whack."

"But, Col. Snort, it may cawse the poor child to weep, you know."

"Let her sob, 'Rastus, let her sob. I can afford it at that price."

* * * * *

There was a sound of revelry by night. The delegates from the Southern Republics, from the Rio Grande to Cape Horn, were there. Jove-like at the head of the Table sat the Plumed Knight. At his right,



Snort Stirs Up the Mexicans.

his brow clothed in majesty and slightly intoxicated, sat Bill Snort, of Texas. The shouts of "Viva Blainey! Viva, Don Billee Snort!" had subsided. A messenger entered hurriedly and handed Blaine a note. He tore it open, glanced at it, turned pale, and, telling me to

represent him at the banquet, he scooted away like a beautiful dream. The note which caused Blaine's sudden absence read as follows:

"DEAR PAW:—Democratic burglars have ransacked the safe. Important and confidential documents are missing. This is worse than the Mulligan letters. Come home at once. (signed)

"WALKER BLAINE."

"Now, Wiman, say your little speech before Jim Blaine gets back," observed I, and he did. He referred



Wiman Insults Snort with the offer of a Bribe.

to Blaine mixing in Peruvian affairs. He spoke of England's capital invested in South America. He urged the delegates not to sacrifice the friendship of Great Britain for imaginary benefits. He finally toasted the continued prosperity of England and the South American republics.

Then there were loud calls for Snort. As soon as I got up there were enthusiastic remarks about my rare physical beauty.

"What a beautiful youth! (*bello muchacho*)" said a delegate from Buenos Ayres.

I began by stating that I had been instructed by my dear friend, Mr. Blaine, to express his regret at his absence. Among other things I said (so I have since been told by sober parties who were present):

"It is true, hidalgoes, we do not belong to the same race. I belong to the proud Anglo-Saxon race, and have belonged to it from my infancy. When the English wiped out the Spanish Armada, my ancestor, Admiral Sir Roger De Snort, sunk several Spanish men-of-war. He would have made it lively for you if you had been there."

Several of the delegates who understood English said "*Carambo!*" Somebody had to hold a delegate from Nicaragua.

"It is true that in times past we have not been on close terms with the Mexicans," I continued, "but that is not the fault of us Anglo-Saxons. The Mexicans ran so fast during the Texas revolution that we could not overtake them, usually. We did manage to overtake and give them fits at San Jacinto, but I have no doubt they deserved a great deal more than they got. I'll say that much for them. Again, at Buena Vista, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey and sundry other places, we Anglo-Saxons chased the festive Aztec over the plains, like a wild gazelle, and finally we did our revelling in the halls of the Montezumas!"

By this time Mexico, Uruguay, Paraguay, Bolivia, Patagonia, and several other States were in an uproar. Costa Rica flourished a razor, while the rest of the Spanish-speaking states were in a State of violent eruption.

A United States army dude, fresh from West Point, said:

"Col. Snort, you insult our Mexican guests, sah!"

"That's right, sonny. You ought to sympathize with the Mexicans, for we Texans made you Yankee army officers run faster at Bull's Run than we did the Mexicans at San Jacinto. Mingle your briny tears."

"But we licked you at last, Col. Snort," replied the federal lieutenant.

"Who told you so? We wore ourselves out thrashing you. Put that in your pipe and smoke it," I retorted.

The banquet broke up in a row. The Conference will be a failure. Blaine will be discomfited, but Harrison, whom I have served secretly, will reward me openly.

Your friend,

BILL SNORT.

PRINCES COME HIGH, BUT OUR GIRLS WILL HAVE 'EM.

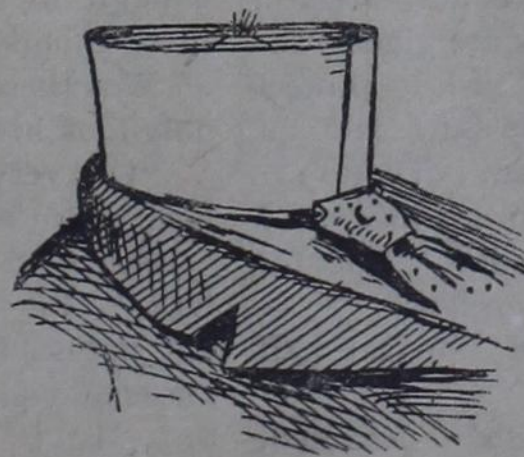
It was a relief to the American people when Miss Huntington was safely hitched to the German prince whom her millionaire father had bought for her. These princes are slippery fellows, and an heiress isn't sure of one until the knot is firmly tied, and sometimes she isn't even then. There was an uncertainty about this match for some time, on account of haggling over the price. Prince Hatzfelt, although no great figure of a man, physically, held himself at a figure that fairly staggered Pa Huntington. It was way up in the millions. To be sure, he belongs to a distinguished family and could trace his lineage many centuries back, but the connubial market in Europe is rather heavily stocked with princes at all times, and as many of them are rich only in the amounts they owe it is difficult sometimes to keep up prices.

The sum for which the prince would consent to accept an American bride with more purse than pedigree, was finally agreed upon, and preparations for the nuptials went on. As the prince had exhausted his credit with every tailor in Paris, his father-in-law elect had to buy his wedding suit, and then the bridegroom would have been wanting at the wedding if his passage hadn't been paid to London. But a millionaire mustn't stand on expense when he wants a prince for a son-in-law. The wedding passed off all right, and the happy couple are now in Italy spending their money-hoon—we mean their honeymoon.

But another American heiress who aspired to marry a prince was not so fortunate as her California sister. Arrangements had been made for Miss Caldwell to marry a prince of the house of Murat. This prince can't trace his lineage back of a grandfather who was son of an inn-keeper, but who rose to be a marshal of France, married a sister of the great Napoleon and was by him placed on the throne of Naples. Murat is a great name in France, and a descendant of Joachim Murat the stable boy may well be proud to bear it. This prince Murat, being in need of money, like the rest of them, was willing to accept the incumbrance of a bride without rank in order to get it, and a match was made with the American heiress above referred to.

But there is a hitch in the programme somehow, and the wedding is postponed for some unknown reason. This is very mortifying, particularly as the lady had her *trousseau* most elaborately prepared, with an imperial crown neatly embroidered on every individual piece. This in deference to the Bonapartes, to whom she would be rather remotely connected should the marriage take place. Her aspirations may yet be realized, however, as the bid for a prince may be increased, should it be found that pecuniary considerations stand in the way, as they probably do.

Wine made from the alternating current ought to be popular with electricians.



THE HIGH COLLAR AND THE LONG SERMON,

Showing Deacon White during the first fifteen minutes, second fifteen minutes, third fifteen minutes and fourth fifteen minutes.



PLAYING A SKIN GAME.

COLORED LADY—Is you de boss ob dis heah druggery shop?

DRUGGIST—Vat ish den los?

COLORED LADY—I wants my money back whut I paid for dis yeah soap. De advertisement reads dat de soap makes de skin white an' sof'. Look at de hide on dem han's! Hit's tougher an' blacker dan eber. Shell out dat money ef yer don't want me ter take de law in my own han's an' mop de yarf wid yer, yer pore white trash, whut plays er skin game on 'spectable cullud ladies!

SPEED THE PARTING GUEST.

The Berlin papers are still congratulating the people on the departure of the Czar. The Emperor was very polite in taking leave of his guest. His politeness reminds one of the reply of a lady to a disagreeable visitor on the latter taking her leave.

"Don't take the trouble of seeing me to the door," said the departing visitor.

"No trouble at all. Quite a pleasure, I assure you."

It was quite a pleasure to the Emperor of Germany to have his guest depart.

A CONSIDERATE LITTLE BOY.

Mother—Tommy, I hear you got a thrashing in school to-day.

Tommy—Yes, ma, the teacher whipped me, but he is getting so old and weak that it didn't hurt much.

Did you cry?

O yes, I bawled so you could have heard it on the next block.

Why did you do that?

I wanted to make the old man feel happy once more.

THE LATEST INVENTION.

A.—Your cigar doesn't seem to draw, no matter how much you pull at it.

B.—Well, you see it is the latest invention—a smokeless cigar.

May be so, for like that smokeless powder, it smells very bad.

AN UNLUCKY MAN.

Jones—You look gloomy.

Smith—No wonder. I lost fifty thousand dollars yesterday.

Poker?

No; Miss Moneybags sacked me. She has fifty thousand dollars in her own right.

EDITORIAL TROUBLES.

Country Editor—I would like very much to see some of your long-tailed coats.

Clothing Dealer—Something fashionable, I suppose?

Editor—I don't care a cent about that. My wife has put a dark-blue skylight in my light dove-colored Sunday pants, and I want a coat long enough to conceal the evidences of my being an editor and having to feed myself to a cane-bottomed chair seven days in the week.

A VERY PASSIVE VERB.

Mr. Henpeck—How are you coming on in grammar at school?

Johnny—I am writing out my exercises about the active and passive verbs. "I have married" is active.

Mr. Henpeck (glancing at his vicious wife)—No, Johnny; it is passive.

NOT THAT KIND OF A CLIENT.

Lawyer for the Prisoner—May it please your Honor, we have shown by the evidence of the barkeeper that on the day this offense was committed my client drank forty-seven whisky straights. Under the circumstances, therefore, my client was too far gone to know what he was doing.

Prisoner (jumping to his feet)—Hold up, there! By Gad, sah, whisky had no effect on me. I'm from Kentucky, sah!

A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Prudent Mother—Why do you snub Mr. Omelette so much? He is chief cook with a wealthy family, and he means matrimony.

Daughter—No, mamma, he don't mean to marry. He doesn't need any wife, for he can do his own cooking.

WHEN a man is "short and stout" he would do well to exercise some of his stoutness in overcoming his propensity for getting "short."



CONFEDERATE TALES.

HOW A SOUTHERN GIRL VANQUISHED A YANKEE DRAGON.

(From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

For a moment Dorothy lost her presence of mind. She wrung her hands and began to weep. Old Uncle Timothy standing near her in the front hall kept constantly repeating: "Yes, yes, Miss Dolly, de Yankees done come to your stepma's pa, and all de po' white trash

is clean out'en their heads. I'se done tole de truf, Miss Dolly, we cayn't stay no longer. Old massa he'd be plumb mad fer you to stay. We ain't got nobody to fight; you're 'bleeged ter go, honey, and we'll make out to carry your stepma and them two babies."

"Hush, Uncle Tim," the girl sobs, "let me think. I won't desert the house where we have lived ever since Virginia was a State. I won't run for all the cowardly men in the Northern army. My stepmother is in bed; to take her away to-night would kill her. O! papa! papa! what shall I do?"

"De cap'n am a debil, Miss Dolly—he's a debil from the start up. He talked mighty impudent to Miss Brown's Lucy—he done say to Miss Brown—"

"Never mind, Uncle Tim, never mind! Let me think what to do. Papa and brother Roland away!"

"Dis yer cap'n," proceeded the old negro undismayed, "is out on a fringing 'spedition; he say he gwine take all the horses, provisions and pretty girls in de kentry back to he's boss, General Sheridan, and he ain't gwine leave us no kindling wood for nex' winter, 'cause he low he'll burn all de houses. Dey ain't nothing *but* kindling, he say."

"Have you any idea how soon they will reach here?" she said. "Did you see the captain, Uncle Tim?"

"O! Lord, Miss Dolly! in co'se I done see him. He tole me with he's own mouf dat he out on a fringing 'spedition."

"On a foraging expedition." These were dread words to Southern hearts during the civil war, and Dorothy Dulappe heard them with terror. Her father and brother were gone—had been gone from the beginning of the struggle, and her delicate stepmother was seriously ill. The handsome country home had been their refuge during these years of strife, and Dolly, with a few negro servants who had remained, kept it up as well as she could. She had a passionate attachment to the place, and displayed the executive ability often shown by women of her class. Some fields were still cultivated, horses of long pedigree and sleek coats stood in her stables. Milch cows came lowing home at night, and the garden, trim and fair, overflowed with the rare Virginia roses.

Now the twilight was falling on this soft June evening, and the Michigan cavalry were out on a foraging expedition. Dolly went out upon the wide, white gallery, and leaned her head against a column.

A sound of rapidly approaching hoofs, the sound of the gates burst open—last but not least, the sound of heavy boots coming toward her. Her arms were around the pillar—her face hidden.

She was aware of a voice: "Is this your home, young lady? We are out on foraging duty, and I am told you have some specially good horses. The beasts will have a chance to serve their country at last. I cannot stay now to attend to the matter, but I shall leave a guard, and return myself at about 11 o'clock to-night. Be kind enough to tell me how many there are in the family?"

She raised her lovely face, anxious, grief-stricken and tearful, but still so beautiful as to surprise him.

"What right have you here?" she cried. "How

dare you come into my home and talk of robbing me? What right have you here?"

"The right of might," he answered. "All is fair in love and war, and by Jove! you are pretty enough to tempt a fellow to combine them."

"I thought you came here to steal my property—not to insult me," she answered.

"What is to prevent my doing both? I can take all you possess, burn your house, kiss you twenty times and ride away with you at last. Not that I am likely to resort to extreme measures, but you must be reasonable and not give any trouble."

"I might have known that you were a ruffian," she cried. "I was told you were a ruffian; but you are worse than I expected."

"Beauty is the Spirit of War," he quoted, with a hard laugh in his yellow beard. "You have forgotten the ancient authors and what they teach us soldiers."

He gave some rapid orders to his men, posted an efficient guard, which it would be impossible to elude, and then rode away.

He left Beauty unadorned in tears and anguish; he returned to find Beauty adorned, tranquil, disdainful. He was one of the most noted leaders in the Michigan cavalry, famous for his headlong daring, his handsome person and strong influence over his men. He belonged to people of wealth and refinement, but he had married for money early in life and lived to regret it. The financial part of the bargain had helped him wonderfully in business, and he had atoned to his wife for lack of affection by a certain sombre correctness of life, which satisfied her and soothed his conscience.

There is nothing which so cruelly brutalizes a man, however, as living with a woman whom he does not love.

The breaking out of the civil war offered a new field for his exertions, and many bad qualities, held formerly in rigid check, developed in the fertile soil of military power.

A foraging expedition was not calculated to soften him, and, take him altogether, his last half year's record was a black one.

As the large clock struck eleven, he stepped into the brilliantly lighted hall of the Dulappe mansion and faced its youthful mistress.

It was not for nothing that Miss Dorothy had been a belle in Richmond—not for nothing that she had learned the power of her loveliness over masculine breasts. She had dressed herself in a gown of light blue which fell into the graceful trailing folds worn in those days. A white lace scarf was wound lightly over her dark hair and about her shoulders. She held an immense bunch of keys in one hand, and he noticed a stable lamp, already lighted, on a neighboring table.

She opened the conversation herself:

"You will do me the favor, sir, to listen to me for a few moments."

"My name," he interrupted, "is Douglas Moore, Captain of the Eighteenth Michigan Cavalry."

"My object at present is to meet you on your own ground. I have understood that Yankees are fond of a bargain, and it is to a bargain that fate has forced me to descend. You are here to take away from us the very bread in our mouths, to denude the home where I was born of everything that makes it a home. You have been furthermore pleased to inform me that beauty is the spoil of war."

The humor of the situation struck him. He was not accustomed to view the vanquished arrayed in their handsomest garments, dictating terms to the victors. He was used to railing, to wailing, but not to the organized, ladylike abuse confronting him.

"I propose," she continued, holding up the delicate hand clasping the heavy keys, "to give you half of all that we possess—half of the jewels, plate, food, cattle, horses, everything on the place. I will give you good measure and honest dealing. It did not need your brutal words for me to see that we are absolutely in your power; that we lie, where cowards are glad to see the helpless, wholly at your mercy. I wish to protect the almost dying stepmother who lies upstairs, and her innocent children, my father's children. There are some sick servants, also, and many who are infirm. I am one of the few able-bodied persons left. It is for others, not myself, that I suggest this bargain."

"What is to induce me," he laughed, "to take half rations when I can have the whole?"

"You are called a gentleman," she continued, "where you came from. I know this by your speech, by the thousand unconscious methods in which such things appear. I can therefore address you on an equal social plane."

His hesitation was gone in a moment; it only needed the womanly touch of appeal to subjugate him. He was ashamed to drop his gruffness all at once, and so answered:

"Well, young lady, if you deal as you promise, we will see, we will see. General Sheridan doesn't approve of our speculating on our own account; but Little Phil has been wheedled by the women before now. Come, come! in my original proposition there were twenty kisses at least, and now you want me to forego half of the estate and all the kisses. Give me half of all you have, and just one kiss from your pretty lips before I ride away, and on my honor as a soldier I will demand no more. What! do you refuse? I see it in your eyes. You will sacrifice the whole ailing outfit first! Here I put up my proposition at auction, half her estate and an order for the safety of the household, while the Army of the Potomac camps about here. Price, just one single kiss." He lifted up his hand. "On my honor as a soldier, just one single kiss. Going—going going—"

"Gone!" she cried. "You have promised on your honor as a soldier, half that I possess for one single kiss before you ride away. You are a bad man and a bold one. I hate you; but you are not a liar. We are safe. There does not live on God's earth, I think, a man treacherous enough to break an oath so given."

She seemed to tower above him, now, in her scorn and triumph; it struck him that to kiss her would be like kissing a flaming cloud. His gruffness was entirely gone at last.

He made a low bow, such as he had been famous for in ballrooms. There was a mingling of mockery and emotion in his heart.

"You are a very clever schemer, my dear, and you have me upon the hip! I know when I am beaten; that faculty is one of the few that I possess. In this instance I am hopelessly beaten. If you will conduct the matter I am quite at your service!"

She was still regally composed, but he was touched in spite of himself at her absolute reliance on his honor.

"You will follow me into the dining room first," she said, "and we will divide the silver."

It was a handsome apartment, hung with appropriate paintings and lighted by two wax candles in silver candlesticks. She opened with a brass key the door of the sideboard. "There are two tea sets," she proceeded. "One belonged to my great-great-grandmother, Lady Dorothy Dulappe, the other to the Falconbridge side of the family. They are both very old and of about the same value. You must choose by the difference in pattern."

He was fond of bric-à-brac, and examined the ware with interest, but he did not speak.

"Here are the two cut glass bowls which papa used for punch. They are exactly alike, so I will put one on the table for you, and one back for us. Here is the gold-lined bowl the last baby was christened in. Would you be willing to take a solid silver water pitcher and waiter instead? They were presented to papa by the racing association. It would nearly break my stepmother's heart to part with the bowl."

He bowed a sort of puzzled assent as she filled the long, polished table with gleaming silver and glass. Last of all she brought forward the knives, forks and spoons.

"There are five dozen of each," she said, in a business-like way; "two dozen and a half for you, two dozen and a half for us, but there is only one soup ladle. Would you mind leaving that and taking the silver mug I had when I was a baby? A cup does well enough for men to dip soup up with. Now the last of the silver is the candlesticks."

She lifted up one, pursed her red lips together and blew out the taper, then she handed it to him. He set it down sharply on the table.

"Do you expect me to ride around this country with a glass dish at my saddle-bow and a silver mug in my teeth? There is no man in our Northern army mean enough to steal spoons but one. I don't want any of these things."

Was there a half smile in her imperious eyes? She only took his breath away by her reply.

"Oh, very well, just as you like. Only put them back again in the sideboard carefully."

She held up the solitary candle to light him at the task. "Put the silver in first and then the glass." It did not occur to him to object. He got down on his knees and packed them away. She gave him the big brass key. "It turns twice," she said: "be sure you

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

Relieves Mental and Physical Exhaustion.

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.

get it locked securely. You must have learned to be very handy in the army. You put those things away better than Uncle Tim. Now we will go up stairs."

She took him into her boudoir, a simple, lovely nook, hung with dainty white drapery. There was a painting of the "Mater Dolorosa" on the wall. Capt. Moore, encountering the sad eyes of the picture, felt more like a ruffian than ever. Dolly brought out her jewelry. "I gave most of mine to the soldiers' fund last year," she said, "so we have only the family heirlooms left. These were my mother's bracelets; they are just alike. You take one and I will keep one."

He closed the box himself; it clasped with a sharp spring. "I don't want these, either."

She lifted up her hand, at last, with two solitaire diamond rings upon it.

"Choose," she cried. "Which do you prefer?"

He would not have dared for the life of him to touch the tip of one pink finger.

"Let us go to the stables," he said; "I find that I am hardly up to the work of an auctioneer—or—equal to being a burglar in cold blood."

When they passed through the milk-house, she noticed a sudden gleam in his eyes as they rested on the cream topped pans.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "Why, you must be hungry!"

"Not in the least," rejoined her companion, stiffly; but the imperious look in her eyes was gone. "You are hungry," she insisted, "and you are going to drink some milk and eat some beaten biscuits."

She filled a tin cup as she spoke and took the biscuits from a box on the shelf.

"I am your enemy," he said, as he accepted the cup. "Why, after all your vituperation are you willing to feed me?"

She almost laughed: "Ah! The Bible especially tells us to give a cup of cold water to our enemies, and you are a human being."

Capt. Moore concluded that he was drinking in a literal and not a figurative sense the "milk of human kindness."

She led him back to the hall and pointed to the stable lamp. "I cannot take Uncle Tim or any of the old servants with us; it would be too painful for them. You will have to carry the lamp yourself."

He grasped the handle and followed with the swinging illumination, as she went on before him, over the damp meadows.

The barn was at some distance from the house, and the horses and cattle were kept under the same shelter, since the war had reduced the family's style of living.

The sleepy creatures grew restless as the unwonted light appeared; but the well-known sound of Dolly's voice quieted them.

"Here are the Jerseys," she said, "and all the little calves. They will make excellent veal, I suppose; but there are five of them, an unequal number. I don't know how we will do about dividing them."

Her tones broke a little as the animals turned up their dark, innocent eyes.

"Young lady," roared Capt. Moore, "understand, if you please, I am not a butcher. I did not come here to slaughter your pets. This stock is—is—not exactly what I would want to make army beef of."

She did not reply, but went to the stalls where the horses were.

"Come, Atalanta," she called, and from the farthest stall her own little mare, always left untied, came toward her.

Capt. Moore, who was a good judge of horseflesh, saw her value at once.

"You can choose as you like about the

plow horses," she continued, "but Atalanta is worth more than both carriage horses together, and I would rather you should take her on my stepmother's account. She cannot walk much, even in her usual health."

As a reply the officer turned his back, and took both himself and the lantern out of the stable. Then he called to her: "Miss Dulap, you had better give me the key, so I can lock these doors for you."

She came out obediently and handed it to him. After the process of locking and bolting he gave the key back to her, and said, with a fine scorn for himself: "After all, I am not capable of being either a burglar, butcher or horse thief."

"Uncle Timothy said you were coming on a 'fringing' expedition. You are going back with very little fringe of any sort. I have offered you all that we have; there is nothing left but the roses."

Poetry blooms out suddenly sometimes on the most barren ground. Beauty and humanity were drawing him by the proverbial "single hair." Long-sleeping gallantry, and a chivalry which months of license had not wholly tarnished, awoke in him.

"Take me to the roses," he said, "give me half of them. I only ask for the flowers now—and—and—" he did not finish the sentence. He helped her over the old-fashioned stile, and the memory of his boyhood in lake-surrounded Michigan came back to him. The sight of this lovely girl, as she bent above the blossoms in the Southern-night, with nothing to guard her but her own innocence, and whatever measure of manhood might be in him, struck a new chord. He had argued, in his bitter philosophy, that the brilliant and beautiful women were the bad ones.

Dolly came toward him, presently both hands full of the roses. Before he took them he handed her an order-blank, signed by the commanding General, and filled in by himself in pencil. It guaranteed the protection of the premises. He called the guard from the house, and ordered the cavalry party to assemble in the road.

Then he came back to her. He began to speak, but something seemed to close his throat, and two big tears, against his will, fell upon his yellow beard. It was almost an armful of roses that she gave him, and when he found his voice he said: "God bless you, child, for this night's work,—and kissed her once and rode away.

Outside he called to his men, "There's forage enough at the camp, boys, so I brought these to distribute, instead. Here's a rose for each man, to remember his sweetheart by."

Three weeks later he was killed in battle. In the letter which broke the news to his wife the sympathetic writer told her that a withered white rose was found upon his heart. Mrs. Moore, though she often tried, could never remember just when she had given it to him.

THE END.

Never!

A young lady asked an editor this extraordinary question: "Do you think it right for a girl to sit on a young man's lap, even if she is engaged?" Whereupon the editor told this extraordinary lie: "We have had no experience in the matter referred to." Why didn't he say: "If it was our girl and our lap, yes; if it was another girl and our lap, yes; but if it was our girl and another fellow's lap, never! never! never!"—New Mississippi.

Mothers give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.



FARE and false—A boy's age on the train.—Puck.

THE music of the waves is probably made by the coral societies.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE more people become wrapped up in themselves, the colder they grow.—Boston Post.

THE great difficulty about advice is the predominance of quantity over quality.—Merchant Traveler.

TITLES of nobility are as old as the human race. Adam was the first bare 'un.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

NO ONE is able to write so long a sentence in so few words as the police judge.—Kearney Enterprise.

THERE are some things a dwarf can't do, but he can catch just as big a cold as a giant.—Davenport Breeze.

LETTER carriers ought to make the best elocutionists; they have such good ideas of delivery.—Baltimore American.

TO FLATTER a young woman ask her about her victims; every girl likes to think she has victims.—Atchison Globe.

AN Onion Trust has been organized in New York. There is nothing too strong for a Trust to tackle.—Chicago Herald.

EVERYTHING about a rattlesnake keeps cool in time of danger except its tail. That gets rattled.—Binghamton Republican.

THAT man will never get rich who is constantly gratifying a champagne appetite with a beer income.—Harrisburg Telegram.

THE man who was compelled to bite the "dust" was probably trying to ascertain if the coin was good.—Yonkers Statesman.

BLOBSON offers to bet \$5 that there is more bark on his dog than on one of the big redwood trees of California.—Burlington Free Press.

THE faithful lover doesn't care where the World's Exposition is held while he is holding the world's fair in his arms.—Florida Times Union.

"A GEORGIA woman, aged eighty-seven, has never tasted water." Bet she's a Kentucky colonel in disguise.—Kentucky State Journal.

THE Chicago Times wants to know why the French Government doesn't try Boulanger. It did try Boulanger and he didn't suit.—Minneapolis Journal.

HORSE racing by gas light is the latest novelty. The fast young man gets in his liveliest work by gas light. Why shouldn't the horse?—Boston Globe.

MR. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN predicts the birth of a new party in England shortly. This looks as if Joseph was expecting to become a happy father.—Boston Herald.

MASSACHUSETTS machines make a pair of shoes in twenty minutes. The Chicago market is, however, not supplied by Massachusetts.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It is understood that Edison will back the talking powers of his phonograph against anybody on earth but Tanner. The Corporal is barred.—Chicago Journal.

THE tailor often sends home on Saturday the trousers he promised the Monday before, but, then, we are accustomed to these breaches of promise.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

JENNY JUNE edits the Cycle, a new magazine devoted to the interests of women. Will women, who are not addicted to the "wheel," buy Cycle?—Norristown Herald.

WHEN a young woman tells a clerk in a shoe store that she is not prepared to try her shoes on he blushes at the thought of a hole in her stocking.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HAVE no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

For the Picture Album.

The following form for the arrangement of pictures in the family album has been copyrighted. Persons adhering to it will save the stereotyped explanations usually given to callers as they turn the leaves:

No. 1. "Understood to be 'my father,' you know, now in his 70th year. Nice old man, but rather set in his ways."

No. 2. "That's grandma—65 years old and as spry as a cricket. Coming out to see us next fall. Didn't turn gray until she was 60."

No. 3. "Oldest sister, Minnie—lives in Cincinnati—five children—keeps three servants—cataract in the left eye."

No. 4. "That? Oh, that's my brother Ben, taken just after he got well. He's out in Denver now. We think he's engaged."

No. 5. "My sister Jessie's four children in a group. Aren't they cunning? Jessie lives in Chicago. We don't think she is happy with her husband, but she never lets on, you know."

No. 6. "My Cousin Bella—lives in Wisconsin—rather conceited and uppish. We used to write, but don't now."

No. 7. "My Uncle William, of Massachusetts. He's rich and we expect he'll leave us his money. Queer old duck, and we have to use him tenderly."

No. 8. "Oh, yes! That picture doesn't belong in there. That's my Aunt Sarah, but she's dead. Been dead five years, but we kind of keep the pictures around. She didn't amount to much. Just ordinary, you know."

No. 9. "One of my girl friends. She thinks she's good-looking, but she isn't. I'm mad at her just now, and I keep it in here just for spite."

No. 10. "One of my fellers. The picture isn't near as good looking as he is. We were engaged, but his mother broke it up."

Nos. 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15. "Aunts, uncles, cousins and other folks who don't amount to much but have been put in to fill up."—Detroit Free Press.

The Coming Comet.

It is fancied by a grateful patron that the next comet will appear in the form of a huge bottle, having "Golden Medical Discovery," inscribed upon it in bold characters. Whether this conceit and high compliment will be verified, remains to be seen, but Dr. Pierce will continue to send forth that wonderful compound, and potent eradicator of disease. It has no equal in medicinal and health-giving properties, for imparting vigor and tone to the liver and kidneys, in purifying the blood, and through it cleansing and renewing the whole system. For scrofulous humors, and consumption, or lung scrofula, in its early stages, it is a positive specific. Druggists.

A New Machine.

Biter—"Say, this slot machine is a swindle. I've dropped five nickels into it and haven't got anything yet."

Owner of the Machine—"Did you read what it says on top of the machine?"

Biter—"No!"

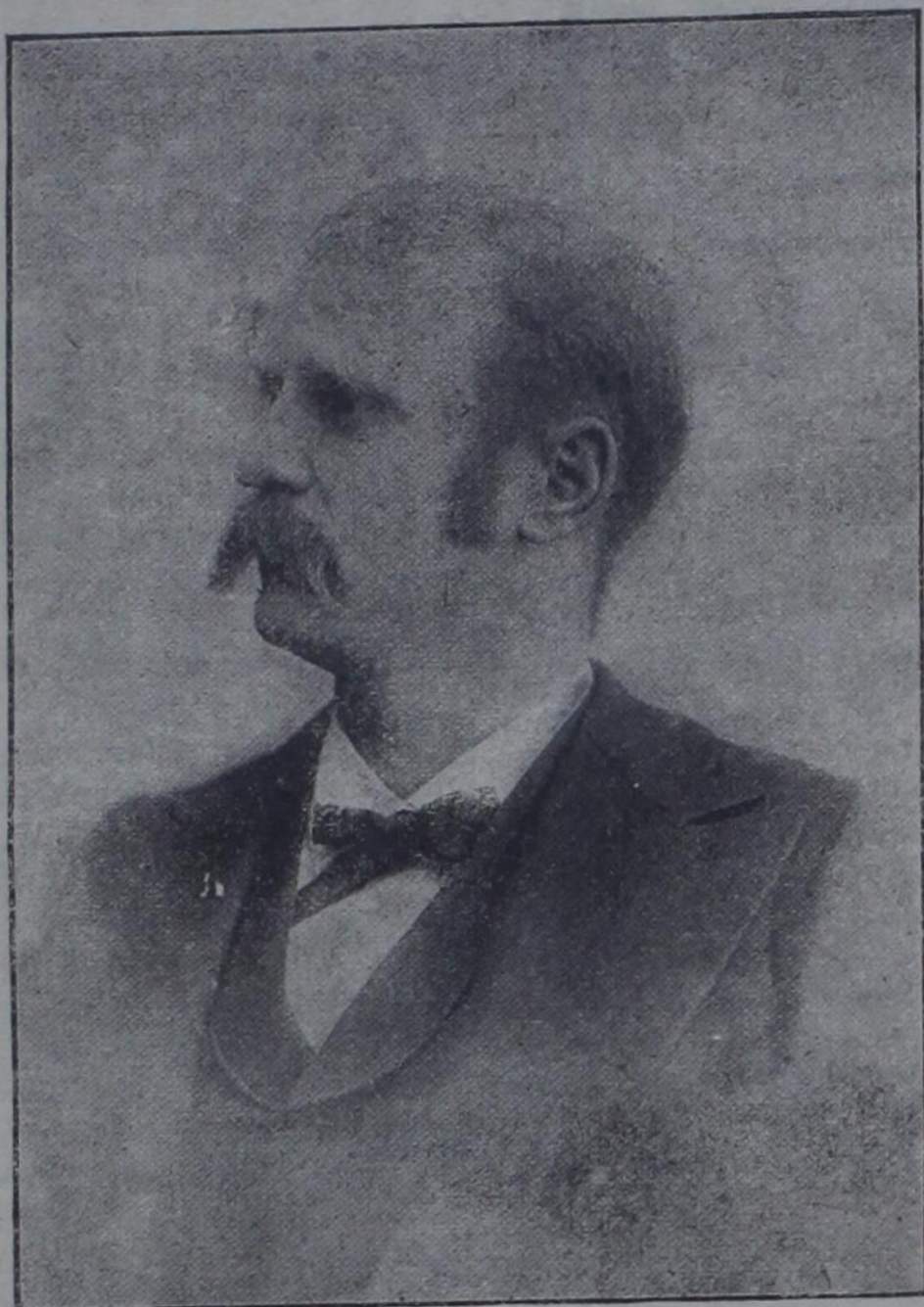
Owner—"Well, do so, then."

Biter reads: "Drop a nickel in the slot and confirm the statement that all the fools are not dead yet!"—Lawrence American.

The Fruit of Violence.

In no case is the folly of violence in medication more conspicuously shown by its fruit than in the effect upon the intestines of excessive purgation. The stomach and bowels are first painfully gripped, then the latter is copiously, suddenly and repeatedly evacuated. This is far beyond the necessities of the case, most unnatural, excessively debilitating. The organs are incapacitated from resuming their function with normal moderation. An astringent is resorted to which reduces them to their former condition of inaction. To this monstrous and harmful absurdity, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the happy alternative. It relaxes gently, naturally, sufficiently, it diverts bile from the blood into its proper channel, it insures healthful digestion and complete assimilation. It is a complete defense against malaria, and conquers rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, kidney and bladder trouble.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. D. D. DONOVAN.

MEMBER OF THE 68TH GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF OHIO, FROM HENRY COUNTY.

Tom's Tombstone.

Crain, the long-legged biped who wandered into Tom Ochiltree's breezy, tide swept district of Gulf coast Texas, is a magnificent, good fellow of rare ability, and Ochiltree's superior as a wit, and only inferior to Tom in skilled avoidance of remotest verisimilitude.

Crain, when warned that his courtesy in dealing with limber-jawed, red-headed, awfully bepanched Tom might be misconstrued by his pugnacious audiences, was pleased to say, when next he discussed Tom's glowing virtues in Tom's presence, that when Tom's brief and brilliant career was ended his tombstone would bear the inscription:

"Here lies Tom Ochiltree; he never did anything else."

The fun comes in when we state that Ochiltree was so delighted with the cheerful witticism that he wrote and transmitted it at once to the family stonecutter in Galveston, and on a great white headstone, to stand through all time and evoke tears for Tom's untimely end, is recorded Crain's admirable epitaph: "Here lies poor Tom; he never did aught else."

And won't it be the proudest and ultimate triumph of truth when Tom modestly and humbly confessing his sins, asks forgiveness by crawling under that tombstone! It is a fact that survivors of us, Crain leading the procession, with hearts full of affection and kindly memories, will scatter roses over Tom's grave. We would do this the more feelingly when we remember Tom's reverence for paternal virtues and gray hairs.

Tom's father, (it is rather an old story but befits the place and occasion,) having been Chief Justice when Tom was twenty, authorized the law student to announce a partnership between the father and son. It appeared in the papers and on a great signboard over the door:

"TOM OCHILTREE & FATHER.

—Evening News, Birmingham, Ala.

Not one in twenty are free from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

A Vacation Allowable.

"Moses," said a colored man, "did you ebah break a commandment?"

"G'way, d'you tink I'd criminate myself?"

"But did you?"

"Look hyah: I 'serves de scripters all de yeah roun'; but when de watah mill-yun season comes, I sut'nly do tink it's 'scusable to take a vacation on one out ob de ten commandments."—Merchant Traveler.

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.

One Too Many for the Occasion.

Mr. Olddunce—"I want an engagement ring of appropriate design."

Jeweler—"What do you think of two hearts in rubies?"

Mrs. Olddunce—"T'won't do. There's only one heart in this transaction. The girl is marrying for money.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

In view of the many dollars unhappy husbands have to pay lawyers to rid them of their wives, the Italian who recently sold his wife for \$10 must have had an exceedingly valuable helpmeet.—Chicago Journal.

All humors of the scalp, tetter sores, and dandruff cured, and falling hair checked; hence baldness prevented by using Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

She Will Never Kick Again.

The other day a street car mule fell down and died on Peter street. A crowd gathered around and among them an old negro who seemed dumbfounded.

"Um—m? Wonder w'at dis 'ere

means? W'at yer reckon' mek dat mule drap down heah and die right in de road? I don't un'erstan' 'bout dis. Pesters me to fin' out w'at dis 'ere mule wanter die fo', any ways. W'at mule is dis?"

"Don't yer know dis ere mule, nigger?" asked a washerwoman with a clothes basket as big as a wagon body balanced on her head.

"No, I doesn't know dis mule, Sistah Crow."

"Um—m! My Lawd! Donno dat mule? W'y, dat's ol' Mary Magderlene w'at b'en er prancin' up'n down Peter street fo' ten yeahs, an' you don' reckonize yer ol' frien' now dat she's daid?"

"Is dat so? Well, siree! Ol' Mary Magderlene, an' she done daid! W'y, dat mule seed de day w'en she'd kick de seasonin' outin er biskit an' nevah bre'k de crus'. 'Spec' she done cotch pralasis 'rom wo'kin dem heels an' 'glectin' er brain."—Atlanta Constitution.

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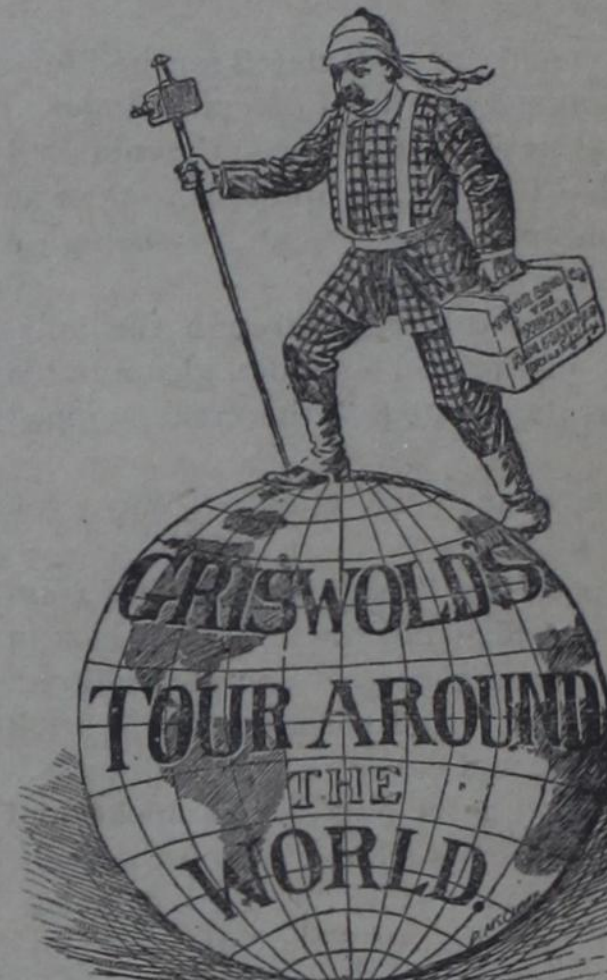
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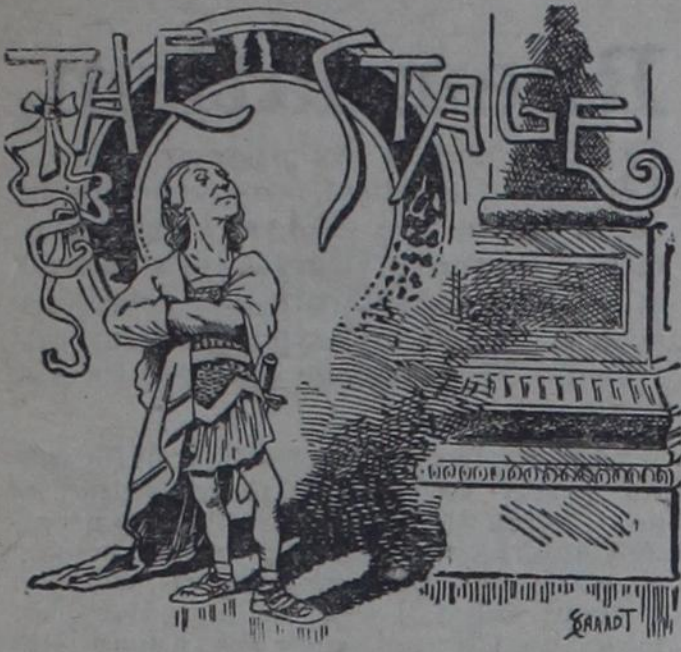
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Wesley Sisson will go on the road as manager of the Salvini tour.

J. M. Hill's new star, Cora Edsall, is soon to make her appearance.

Pastor's Theatre was never so popular as it is now. Tony is rejuvenated, certainly.

James Connor Roach has finished a new Irish play, which he has named Rory O'Malley.

Last week the patrons of Miner's People's Theatre were delighted by an admirable presentation of Captain Swift. This week The Paymaster is the attraction.

Mr. H. C. Miner has in preparation a volume of experiences of travel on the other side of the ocean. It is full of the shrewd observations of an alert and practical American, and will be read with interest by Mr. Miner's large circle of admirers.—The Journalist.

Rudolph Aronson and Reginald De Koven, the Chicago composer, are looking for a desirable site for a new Casino, to be modeled in every way after the New York Casino. Mr. DeKoven is a son-in-law of the rich Senator Farwell, and is financially backed by him.

Laura Burt has forsaken the field of the burlesque to enter that of the legitimate. She is now studying under the tuition of Mrs Emma Waller, and promises to take part in an important production next March, that will astonish New York. It may be said in parenthesis that Miss Burt has become a devout member of the Episcopal Church.

The performances at Lew Dockstader's Theatre have been greeted by very large audiences during the week, and the show is certainly the best he has so far given. It is his intention this season to produce burlesques on popular grand and comic operas, with a prima donna and a full chorus of men and women, and appropriate costumes and scenery.

Mr. Daly has a good many interesting things in store for the frequenters of his theatre this season. The subscription nights will begin in December, and the old comedy revival will take place earlier than usual. Much has been said about the preparations for As you Like It, and an adaptation of a German comedy will be ready for production immediately after The Great Unknown.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

The second year of the Old Homestead at the Academy on Fourteenth street, New York city, has been commenced, and nightly the big theatre is crowded with enthusiastic audiences. The play has been considerably improved and not a particle of the old scenery remains upon the stage, all having been painted especially for the production this year. The Old Homestead increases instead of diminishes in public favor, and that the present season will be even more successful than the first there can be no doubt whatever.

The first scene is as realistic a picture as has ever been placed on any stage. All the scenes have indeed been especially designed under the supervision of Mr. Denman Thompson to faithfully represent the originals. The first scene repre-

sents the old farm house at Swanzy, and is as true to nature as possible.

The third scene is a triumph of stage art. It represents Grace Church and a portion of New York city by moonlight. The organ is heard playing in the church, and the chimes in the belfry are ringing. It is interesting to note that the chimes were made by a leading firm in Birmingham, England, especially for this scene; and the organ, which is rich and powerful in tone, is played by the leader of the orchestra from his seat before the footlights by means of an electric key-board.

Mr. Denman Thompson as Uncle Josh, the honest, good-tempered New England farmer, is as popular as ever, and the other characters in the play are all ably sustained.

Patrons from near-by towns can "take in" the performance and return to their homes the same evening, as the play is concluded shortly before half-past ten.

A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid and sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

The Problem of Education.

Mr. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, once a preacher, and now a Bohemian, has been called many rough names, but nobody has ever called him a fool.

The other day Mr. Murray lectured in Boston on "The Problem of Education," and some of his views deserve to be considered by every thoughtful citizen.

Our present system of education, the lecturer thinks, falls short of what it should be. It is a great mistake to suppose that wisdom is to be found between the covers of a book and absorbed by the reader. It is not true education to stuff a child's mind with the contents of text books. Too much of what is taught in our schools educates the pupil away from a useful life. The child is led to believe that useful lines of employment are beneath him, and that it is more genteel to be idle than to be a toiler. Such a system of education is a mistaken system. It is not peculiar to the public schools alone; it runs through our entire educational system. What is needed is an education that will send every pupil into the world prepared and determined to do something useful.

Undoubtedly Mr. Murray is on the right line, and the popularity of our industrial schools shows that the people are with him. In this practical age education is judged by its results. The system yielding a product of well equipped, industrious and successful men is the best.—Atlanta Constitution.

A journey from the North to the South or vice versa by the limited express on the Queen and Crescent Route is a thing of pleasure. Only 25 1-2 hours between Cincinnati and New Orleans in through cars, all the leading Southern towns being reached in correspondingly quick time. Queen and Crescent line.

A LATE description of Miss Sanger, the President's stenographer, says she is "inclined to be a blonde." Being a woman, it naturally follows that if she is inclined to be a blonde she will be.—Terre Haute Express.

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With a Sweet, Sweet Smile.

O'Brien—"Phat hev yez fur me dinner, Daisy?"

"Mrs. O'Brien—"I have koren-bafe an' cab'ge, Mike."

"And phat hev yez fur me desert?"

"And phat's that yez be sayin'."

"Fur me desert—somethin' shwate. Hev yez no shwates this day?"

"Oh, yis; shure Oi hev. Oi hev the sugar in yer tay!"—Judge.

Change of Leaving Time from New York.

Commencing Monday, Nov. 4th, 1889, and until further notice, the steamers of the Fall River Line will leave Pier 28 (old number) North River, foot of Murray St., New York, at 4:30 p. m. daily, (Sunday trips will be discontinued during January, February and March) instead of 5 p. m., as at present. Connection by Annex Boat from Brooklyn and Jersey City at 4 p. m.

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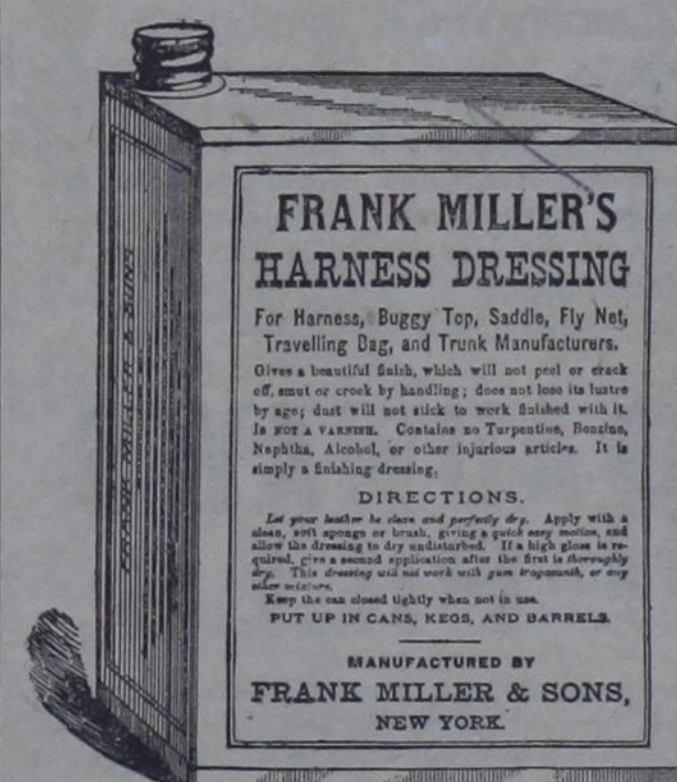
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Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.



Lloyd Brezee has re-established his sprightly paper, Chaff—in Chicago this time. It was founded in Detroit over ten years ago, and suspended after he sold it to other parties. The new firm is Brezee & Corbin. Chicago Chaff is a five-cent paper, and can be found on the news stands.

The principal papers in the Atlantic for November are: Character of Democracy in the United States, Woodrow Wilson; The French in Canada, Eben Greenough Scott; The First Mayor, Octave Thanet; Some Romances of the Revolution, Edward F. Hayward; The Nieces of Mazarin, I., Hope Notnor; Materials for Landscape Art in America, Charles H. Moore; Marie Bashkertseff, (the lamented young Russian artist,) Sophia Kirk; Anteros (a poem), Edith Thomas.

A passage in the "Life of Lincoln," to be found in the November Century, shows as nothing else can how great a friend was lost to the South when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. It is the first publication ever made of the draft of a message and proclamation which the President submitted to his Cabinet on February 5, 1865. In it he proposed the payment of four hundred millions as an indemnity to slaveholders, complete pardon for political offenses, and the release of confiscated property except under certain circumstances. Such magnanimity was, however, too much for his councilors, who "unanimously disapproved." Along with the document is given a full account of this best kept of Cabinet secrets.

Chas. M. Skinner, dramatic editor of the Brooklyn Eagle, is considerable of a literary man. He has written for several New York papers and magazines and published a series of letters on pedestrian tours in New England and travels through the West and Europe, lecturing also on Colorado and the Yellowstone. Mr. Skinner has a history of Colorado in the press of Lothrop & Co., Boston, and in conjunction with his brother, Mr. Otis Skinner, the well-known young actor of Booth's company, has written two plays, one of which, The Red Signal, was produced at the Grand Opera House, Chicago, last season.

Scribner's Magazine for November contains a third African article—a valuable addition to the notable papers of Prof. Henry Drummond and Joseph Thomson; a discussion of some startling problems in International Law affecting the United States in the event of another European war; the description of an old Spanish university by a well-known novelist; an explanation of the relation of electricity to health by a high medical authority; an army surgeon's account of the modern Sanitary Corps which relieves the sick and wounded; and interesting essays, fiction, and poems. Most of the articles are richly illustrated.

Benny—"Say, grandpa, why don't you give poor old Grandfather Tippecanoe a rest?"

The President—"Give my grandfather a rest! What do you mean, Benny?"

Benny—"Why, people say you're making him turn over in his grave a dozen times a day."—Puck.

First Catch Your Fair.

New York has acted foolishly in injuring the slight prospect it had of obtaining the great fair to be held in 1892 by attempting to arrange details in advance. There are already violent quarrels about a site, the time of opening and closing, its officers and general management. There is no unity of sentiment about anything pertaining to the exposition.

Chicago has acted wisely in these respects. It has left all details to be arranged in the future. It has adopted as its plan of action "first catch your fair." Whether it shall be open six or seven days in the week, whether a part of the buildings shall be permanent structures, whether women shall have an exhibition of their own, and whether some of the structures of the Paris exposition shall be secured, are all left for future consideration.

Chicago is no "pent up" island, so there will be no trouble in obtaining a suitable site. There is no petty rivalry or jealousy about a location. The people are united in their action, and the people embrace representatives from every state, territory and foreign country. There is but one issue, and that is to secure the fair. The effort is not confined to capitalists. Workingmen are as much interested in the matter as capitalists.—Chicago Herald.

Woman's Work.

There is no end to the tasks which daily confront the good housewife. To be a successful housekeeper, the first requisite is good health. How can a woman contend against the trials and worries of housekeeping if she is suffering from those distressing irregularities, ailments and weaknesses peculiar to her sex? Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a specific for these disorders. The only remedy sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers. Satisfaction guaranteed in every case, or money refunded. See printed guarantee on bottle wrapper.

He Wanted to Know Too Much.

Jack—"Say Tom, were you christened that name?"

Tom—"Of course I was."

"Well, what do they call you Thomas for on the pay-sheet?"

"Don't know; suppose, for the same reason the boys call you Jack-ass."—The Whistler.

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THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN, Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

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The "Fat Contributor's" Tour Around the World.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Club accompanied A. Miner Griswold with evident pleasure last night on one of his laughable tours "Around the World in Eighty Minutes." The "Fat Contributor" of the TEXAS SIFTINGS has added several pictures and scenes to his popular entertainment, and it tickled the college men so much that the tourists arrived at their destination quite a little time behind schedule time. With stereopticon views of the Paris Exposition to point a moral, Mr. Griswold cracked many a two-edged joke at the expense of the World's Fair Finance Committee. While his canvas was covered with splendid specimens of sculpture and architecture, including that marvel of engineering, the Eiffel tower, he explained that the best genius and skill of the French nation had devoted four years to the perfection of this work.

"In that length of time, if they have good luck," said Mr. Griswold, "our Finance Committee will probably decide on the color of binding for its subscription books."

Numerous other topical hits were equally effective. Nor was the serious and instructive side of the tour neglected. In this way Mr. Griswold's entertainment is successfully unique. His "Tour Around the World" is under the management of Major Pond and is booking many engagements.—New York World.

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In addition to this, every new subscriber may make a guess at the winning number and 100 prizes ranging from \$1 to \$100 will be given to those guessing nearest to the winning number. The ST. LOUIS CRITIC'S humorous columns, by Otto Billo (Gay Waters); its Man About Town and Gadabout columns, unique, and original and when the facts warrant it Sensational, make it one of the most readable papers existing.

\$1 will give you this paper for one year, with a free chance to win a lot valued at \$1,250 which if you don't want we will give you a purchaser for it at that price, and one chance in fifty of winning by your guess from \$1 to \$100. This is the offer. Send one dollar to The ST. LOUIS CRITIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo., and in return receive all we have offered you.

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"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

THE MASHER.



He stands upon the dizzy curbs,
He ogles, grins and stares,
No shame his little frame disturbs,
A face of brass he wears.
His clothes are quite the latest cut,
He wears a showy fob,
He calls himself a toughish nut,
And does the mashing job.

He never did a stroke of work—
He gets his cash from "ma,"
Who bangs the washtub like a Turk
For this sweet Lardy-dah.
He simpers like a silly clown
On ladies as they pass,
And everybody writes him down
A most consummate ass.

—Cleveland Sun.

THE DARKEST HOUR.

I think that moment in a woman's life,
When writhes her soul in fiercest desperation,
And darkest gall and mutiny are rife,
Is when, in horse-car borne, she grows aware
Of the keen yet respectful observation
Of the young man across; no clownish stare,
But a charmed gaze of fine discrimination
And rapt approval—till she feels a glow
Through her being, a soft, thrilled pulsation.
I think the sharpest anguish she can know,
The bitterest despair and desolation,
Is when she looks, in sweet, shy perturbation,
And notes his fine, discerning eyes full bent
Upon the woman next to her, intent,
Absorbed in musing, pleased contemplation.

—Puck.

BEFORE THE FIREPLACE.

Before the open fireplace
The happy children play,
And in its light and shadows trace
Odd figures grave and gay.
The goblins as they come and go,
Within the flickering light,
Are chased by fairies to and fro,
Which fills them with delight.

Before the open fireplace
The maiden bright and fair
Is happy in a smiling face
Because her lover's there.
Yet, as each ember fretting,
Its dying shadow throws,
She cannot help regretting
That her lover don't propose.

Before the open fireplace,
The father worn and sad,
Within the embers strives to trace
The dollars once he had.
His melancholy thoughts provoke
An able-bodied sigh,
As to himself he says: "Great smoke!
But coal is awful high!"

—Chicago Herald.

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,

Baltimore's Bonaparte.

If a sculptor should in these days desire to make a portrait, statue or bust of the great Napoleon, he would be largely aided to faithfulness in his work by a study of the features of Charles Joseph Bonaparte, the grand nephew of the Emperor. Of all the living Bonapartes there is no one like him in countenance as this Baltimore lawyer. Mr. Bonaparte is the grandson of the Jerome Bonaparte, brother of the Emperor, whose marriage to the lovely Elizabeth Patterson in Baltimore in 1804 and the subsequent annulment of their union make a deeply interesting page of the history of the century.

Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte's only son, who was also a Jerome by given name, was not strongly marked in facial characteristics as a Bonaparte; nor is his oldest son, the Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, who married the granddaughter of Daniel Webster and shines in society at Washington, Newport, New York and Boston, much of a likeness of his Corsican ancestor. But in Charles Joseph Bonaparte there is a remarkable reproduction of the head of the man who fell at Waterloo and died on St. Helena. The oval face, the firm, strong jaw, the aggressive chin, the overhanging forehead, and the piercing eyes are all there, and the resemblance is increased by Mr. Bonaparte's fashion of bringing his hair down to something like a bang on his brow, which is familiar in the portraits of his grand-uncle. This Baltimore Bonaparte is very wealthy through the legacies of his grandmother, but he labors at his profession as closely as if he had his living to earn. He is an earnest politician and a Republican, who has exerted a powerful influence in this city and State.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Time!

The little boy was on his knees in his little night-dress saying his prayers and his little sister couldn't resist the temptation to tickle the soles of his little feet. He stood it as long as he could and then said:

"Please, God, excuse me while I knock the stuffing out of Nellie."—San Francisco Chronicle.

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AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Almost as Palatable as Milk.

Containing the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites combined with the Fattening and Strengthening qualities of Cod Liver Oil, the potency of both being largely increased.

A Remedy for Consumption.
For Wasting in Children.
For Scrofulous Affections.
For Anæmia and Debility.
For Coughs, Colds & Throat Affections.

In fact, ALL diseases where there is an inflammation of the Throat and Lungs, a WASTING OF THE FLESH, and a WANT OF NERVE POWER, nothing in the world equals this palatable Emulsion.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

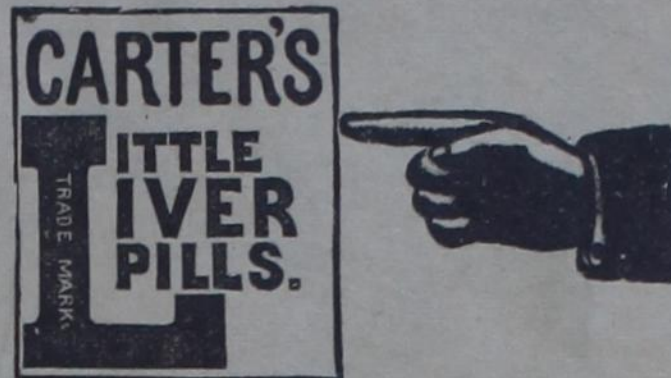


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And Mud Scraper.

Best in market. No clogging up. No mashing down. If your dealer has none send 25 cents to

PEABODY & PARKS,

Mfrs., Troy, N. Y., and get one by mail.



CURE SICK HEAD

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

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

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

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

AGENTS Wanted. Bottled Electricity pays \$50 a day. Address Box 443, Chicago, Ill.

PHOTOS 19 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 58 25c. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

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

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Will do it. Our Beard Elixir will force a Beard in 30. Mustache in 20 days, full Beard in 30. Sample package, postpaid, 15c.; 2 for 25c.; one dozen, 75c. AGENTS WANTED. HOWARD MFG. CO., Providence, R. I.

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A SENSITIVE MOUTH.

AUNT SUKEY (to Uncle Mose)—Lazy, unindustrious niggah, why don't yer work? What yer standin' dar for wid yer mouf wide open?

UNCLE MOSE—My mouf's listenin' ter hear ye ring de dinner bell. Hit needs exercise.

Effects of Wheels on Roads.

The character of the vehicles which are used upon a roadway has a great influence upon its endurance to the beat of the wheels. With the same burden a two-wheeled cart does far more damage to the road than one of four wheels, and this because of the suddenness in the motion of the wheels and their irregular, twisting movement in the trackway. Where the axles are short and the wheels close together the damage to all, save turnpike ways, is greatly increased, for the reason that there is no chance for the growth of grass between the treadway of the wheels and the footway of the horses. This principle appears to have been recognized in some parts of the country. Thus in the neighborhood of Boston, where the ways are made solid by macadam or other rubble, the distance between the wheels is generally about five and one-half feet, while in the sandy road district of Cape Cod the length of the axle is usually half a foot greater.

The greatest defect of our American carriages is that for a given weight of carriage and burden the tires of the wheels are extremely narrow. It is true that on ill conditioned and muddy roads a narrow wheel tread is advantageous, for the reason that the thick mud has a less extended hold when it wraps around the felloes and spokes; but with this arrangement the interests of the roadway are sacrificed to the convenience of the individual who drives upon it. These narrow wheels, with tires often not more than an inch in diameter, cut like knives into the road bed and so deepen the ruts. If we could require that no vehicle should have a tire less than an inch and a half in diameter, and that all springless carriages should have tires at least two inches in diameter, increasing in width

with the burden, we would secure our ways against a considerable part of the evils from which they suffer.—Professor N. S. Shaler, in Scribner.

Wooing the Goddess Fortune.

South Boston hits it quite often, oftener than is generally supposed. Several times have the great capital prizes of the Louisiana State Lottery been sent over to the peninsula to be distributed among the citizens of that locality. The latest favored gentleman at the court of good fortune was Mr. John H. Havey, who resides on West Fourth street, and who does business at 304 West Broadway. Mr. Havey is a popular citizen of the South Boston district, where he has lived as man and boy for 38 years of his life. He was a holder of a 20th of the second capital prize drawn at the last drawing of the Louisiana Lottery, and he received \$5,000 in crisp bills last week. The full amount that was drawn by the number he held was \$100,000, and as there were two other holders of twentieths in Boston, a total of \$15,000 came to this city as prize money to gladden the hearts of the holders of lucky numbers. Mr. Havey is not a constant buyer of tickets in lotteries, but he has occasionally, for the purpose of aiding some deserving charity, purchased such tickets without expecting to draw anything. Church fair tickets, society schemes and raffle cards he has invested in by the scores, merely to help some worthy object or some worthy person. Often he has cast aside such tickets, never expecting to hear from them again, but more than once he has been favored by the fair goddess Fortune, and, as an odd freak, he invested one of Uncle Sam's silver certificates to the value of \$1 in a twentieth of a Louisiana State Lottery ticket, and drew out \$5,000 as a reward for the investment. —Boston (Mass.) Herald, Oct. 2.

No man ever had to be far-seeing to see temptation.—Atchison Globe.

Notice the advertisement of the Ohio Farmer, on page 13 of this issue. We know the paper to be in every way reliable, and advise our readers to send for it.

Drunkard's Luck.

Drinker—"Oh! let up a little. There are some things to be said in favor of drinking."

Abstainer—"What are they?"

"Drunkard's luck, for instance. I fell down stairs once when I was 'under the influence,' and wasn't hurt a bit. If I had been sober I would have been killed."

"You are mistaken, my friend. If you had been sober, you wouldn't have fallen down stairs."—Boston Courier.

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.

An Unfair Discrimination.

Little Tommy—"Mamma, I think papa might take me wif him as well as other boys."

Mother—"Your papa does not take other boys. What put such an idea into your head?"

Little Tommy—"Yes, he does, mamma, for I heard him tell Mr. Brown that he was out wif the boys las' night."—Boston Budget.

We recommend Carter's Iron Pills to every woman who is weak, nervous and discouraged; particularly those who have thin, pale lips, cold hands and feet, and who are without strength or ambition. These are the cases for which Carter's Iron Pills are specially prepared, and this class cannot use them without benefit. Valuable for men also. In metal boxes, at 50 cents. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. See advertisement elsewhere.

No Time for It.

"So you're not offended when you are called an old man?"

"Certainly not."

"Why is it that you never married?"

"I've had so much to do in caring for those of my relatives who are married that I never had the time."—Boston Courier.

What is more attractive than a pretty face with a fresh, bright complexion? For it use Pozzoni's Powder.

THE night rolls on until stopped by the brake of day.—Hotel Mail.

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