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THE STREET-CAR GROWLER.

SCENE I: (CROWDED CAR. PASSENGER SCOWLING AT ANOTHER MAN TRYING TO SQUEEZE HIMSELF IN)—“THE LAW OUGHT TO STOP A MAN GETTING IN A CROWDED CAR.”

SCENE II: (CAR WITH PLATFORM PACKED. SAME MAN WHO COMPLAINED BEFORE TRYING TO GET ON)—“MOVE UP AND GIVE A FELLOW A CHANCE.”

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

FREE of charge—an empty shotgun.

MARRIED men ought to oppose the single tax.

He who fights and runs away, may get shot in the back.

A MILK shake—discharging the driver of a milk wagon.

To remove freckles—marry the girl and take her to your home.

JENNESS MILLER is resting. The public enjoys a little rest, too.

An empty larder ought to be enough to keep the wolf from the door.

An Austin shoemaker is writing a book. There will probably be a great many foot notes.

An army officer who failed in his many attempts to borrow money, was advised to "strike" his flag.

DUNKARDS exclude intemperate men from their ranks. They refuse to admit another r in their name.

NEW YORK dudes are practicing lifting the hat. They can never hope to become as expert as the hall thief.

CARPET designing is an employment for artistic women. They like to have some new design "on the carpet."

It was an Austin girl who married at fifteen, so that she could have her golden wedding when it would do her some good.

DR. DEPEW says Columbus was the most illustrious crank in history. Will George Francis Train be content with second place?

FRANCE and Newfoundland are engaged in a bitter dispute over the fishery question. Will Newfoundland dog France into war?

UNDER the general head of Live Washington Topics, a morning paper treats of Washington's tomb. That is a dead Washington topic, isn't it?

It is said that actor Curtis practices his character in his new play in front of a mirror. Who would suspect Sam'l of Posen before a looking-glass?

HENRY M. STANLEY will come to America to lecture, when he gets through lecturing England on her duty regarding Africa. Major Pond is Stanley's manager.

THE physician who says there is no such thing as hydrophobia, would probably make tracks as lively as anybody for a Pasteur Institute, should a mad dog bite him.

"How do you reckon families average in this country?" asked a woman of the census enumerator. "Five and a small fraction over," was the reply. "I see; and my husband is the small fraction over in this family."

I DRANK MILK OUT OF A CROCK.



WAS weary, oh, so weary;
I had such fearful luck!

Only one little quail that was minus a tail

And a poor little tiny duck,

When at last I reached a farmhouse,

On the door I did quickly knock,

And joy sublime, what bliss was mine!

I drank milk out of a crock!

When I told them, choked with emotion,

How I'd walked for many a mile,

Was hungry and tired and refreshment desired,

The farmer did knowingly smile;

"Come here!" were the only words he said,
But to me they did volumes talk!
To the spring he did go, I followed, and, oh,
I drank milk out of a crock!

The crock he gently lifted

From the cold, clear running stream,

Removed the lid which jealously hid

Sweet milk and sweeter cream;

Stirred them all up together,

The milk went "Clock! clock! clock!"

When it was mixed up. "I can't find a cup,"

Said he, "Drink it out of the crock!"

I got outside that crockful

Then sat me down to dream

Of the misty haze of my youthful days

When I drank such milk and cream,

(I mean when I lived on the farm.)

O, my heart ticks like a clock,

As it beats in rhyme to my dreams of that time

I drank milk out of a crock!

TED RANTZ.

THE FIRST.

The first gray hair! A woman, still young as to years, held it up to the light, and gazed upon it with tender melancholy, for it was a harbinger of the decline of life that must surely come to her should she live, and she thought she would. The first gray hair! You see, it was the first gray hair she had found in a new red wig she had bought, and she was naturally mad about it.

CHICAGO TO INCREASE ITS BORDERS.

Chicago is the coming rival of New York. There is no doubt about it. And it means to beat us if it can. See how easily it walked off with the Columbian Fair, which we said could only be held in New York. Its newspapers are quite as enterprising and much more readable and interesting than the newspapers of this city. They mean to beat us in population, too. When they heard of the movement to consolidate New York, Brooklyn and Staten Island in one great city, they at once started a grand consolidation scheme of their own. They propose to take in all of Cook county, and it would not surprise us if they added the remainder of the State of Illinois before they stop. There are no limits to the enterprise of Chicago.

HE WANTS TO WHIP GERMANY.

A French *deputé* named Dreyfus, representing the department of the Seine, says France must fight, and that immediately. His voice is for war, and he thinks they can't open fire too soon. "The historic hour has come," says Dreyfus. "Two years ago might have been too soon; two years from now will be too late." It is hardly necessary to say that it is against Germany that he would point his guns. The loss of Alsace and Lorraine, the *deputé* argues, has compromised the security of France by depriving her of the two natural defenses. They are now at the mercy of their enemies. He adds that the finances of France are ruined by the imperious necessity of constant armament. M. Dreyfus seems to have no fears regarding the result of another trial of arms with Germany, because his people have been accustomed to making war since 1870—as witness Tonquin, Madagascar and Africa—while the German troops have become enervated through glorious inaction. Finally, he counts upon a Russian alliance, and is confident that the Germans can be whipped

out of their boots before one can say, "bon homme, Richard." Better go a little slow, Monsieur Dreyfus. About twenty years ago a man named Louis Napoleon entertained views similar to yours concerning the brief period of time required to lick Germany, and the result was disastrous.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Before a man gets an office he cannot see people enough, and he thinks it very hard, indeed, if he is refused an audience with a President, Cabinet Officer, Senator or other high official, whom he deems it important to interview in his behalf; but let him receive an appointment where offices are within his gift, and how changed the attitude of our late suppliant. Clothed with the full dignity of his office, he carefully guards himself from the contamination of contact with place-seekers, and wearily descants on the dog's life they lead him; but anon, his place is desired for another, and the bouncer cometh, and he once more joins the gang. The cloak of pride and independence that he has been endeavoring to wear becomingly and gracefully, but which will slip from his shoulders and drag in the mire at his heels, thereby tripping him up, is thrown aside altogether, and with whetted appetite he howls hungrily for more. Haven't you noticed it, Benjamin?

A VERY FREE COUNTRY.

That this is a free country we have occasion to realize constantly. Many people consider themselves free to annoy their neighbors and vex their comfort. One keeps a dog that howls all night, so that people residing in the neighborhood are unable to sleep. Hint to him that he ought to shoot the dog or remove it to some remote country seat, and he will probably offer to whip you. A young woman with a piano thinks she has a right to pound on it until long past midnight, even though there be a sick neighbor next door. What right has a man with brass lungs and a cast-iron throat to parade slowly up and down a street lined with dwellings, proclaiming at the top of his voice that he is buying cast off hats and old rags, and paying the highest market price for these commodities? Yet this is suffered daily in New York, because America is a free country. You may have no ear for music and absolutely detest a hand-organ, yet the O. grinder is free to plant himself in front of your parlor window, and turn his villainous crank until you are ready to bury yourself in the cellar. What a blessing it is to live in a free country!

"WHAT is the meaning of the word tantalizing?" asked the teacher. "Please, sir," said Johnny, "it means a circus procession passing the school-house and the scholars not allowed to look out."

A NEW YORK physician objects to the opera-glass slot machine in theatres, because it is liable to disseminate sore eyes. It always was an eye-sore.



ABOUT CORN JUICE.

The elder sister of Tom Jones, a student, calls at his room, and being near-sighted, mistakes his Indian clubs for bottles. She exclaims: "Dear me, I hope those bottles do not contain whisky. It is not conducive to health."

TOM JONES—Look here, sis, you can call those Indian clubs whisky bottles if you want to, but, for heaven's sake! don't spring that old gag on me about their not being corn-juice-ive to health.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXXIV.



won the title of "Father of the People," although there were very few people that he was father of, so far as can be ascertained. In fact, he left no male issue. He rendered himself popular among all classes by his tact, moderation and judgment, and he reduced taxation during his reign over one-third. Nothing pleases the French more than reduction in taxation. They had plenty of kings who were expert in reducing the surplus, but taxes mounted upward—though it would be difficult for them to mount downward—and the people murmured.

The throne is a great disturber of domestic relations, *mes enfants*. The widow of Louis' predecessor was Anne, Duchess of Brittany. In order to hold that province to France it was necessary that widow Anne be married to the new King. Louis had a wife already, a most worthy woman, as all the neighbors said, though somewhat deformed in person, but the Pope fixed it all right for a consideration, a divorce was granted and Louis was married to the widow.

It seemed to be a way with many of the kings of France, as soon as they got a little used to the throne, to conjure up some pretext for invading Italy. They professed to have discovered that it belonged to them by right of heritage, through their grandfather's cousin's sister having married the nephew of a half-brother of a niece on a neighbor's side to a sister-in-law to some Italian prince. The claim was denied, of course, and then Italy was overrun by the invaders. Louis was not an exception. Being the Father of his People, he was willing to be the father of any other people. He laid claim to the throne of Naples, and attempted to foreclose a mortgage on Milan at the same time. The latter he made a province of the French empire without much opposition, but the annexation of Naples was not so easy a matter to conclude. He made an agreement with Ferdinand of Spain to co-operate and divide Naples between them, drawing lots, I suppose, for the possession of Mt. Vesuvius, though lots could not have been of much value, covered as they were by such lots of ashes and lava. Frederick, King of Naples, finding himself likely to lose his kingdom, ceded all his rights to the royal house of France and retired to that country, where he died a few years after.

As might have been anticipated, Louis and Ferdinand fell into a quarrel over the division of Naples. This culminated in open hostilities, and the French were terribly beaten in a great battle and driven out of the country. Robbers very often quarrel over their spoils.

The history of Louis XII. is largely a record of struggles for Italian dominion, but although he gained numerous advantages and conquered cities, he failed at last through the hostile combination of Spain, England and Austria. About the only faithful ally Louis had was James IV., of Scotland, who was defeated and slain on the field of Flodden in 1513.

After the death of Queen Anne of Brittany, Louis (he was over fifty) espoused the young Princess Mary, youngest daughter of Henry VIII. of England, then but sixteen and betrothed to the Duke of Suffolk. The unhappy Mary—she was in love with her duke—was brought to Paris and lodged right royally in the Cluny palace, now Cluny museum. Only one English attendant was allowed to go with her, and that was a pretty

young girl called Ann Boleyn, who figures somewhat in English history. Visitors to Cluny are shown *la chambre de la reine blanche*—chamber of the white queen, for so Mary was called, on account of the royal custom of wearing white as mourning. Mary had to go into mourning for her husband very soon after their marriage. He was past middle life and infirm, and the giddy young queen kept him going about in such a whirl of gayety and feasting that she wore him out. Louis died in 1515.

I have seen the chamber of the white queen, with its quaint furniture of the fifteenth century, and the chamber adjoining that was occupied by Ann Boleyn. In her slumber did there ever come dreams of a royal husband and the headsman, of a diadem and the block? Probably not, all at once.

Henry VIII. must have forgotten that the Duke of Suffolk had been his daughter's lover, for him he sent to France to bring the handsome young widow back to England. They embraced the first opportunity to get married, then they embraced each other and hastened to the King to beg his forgiveness. Henry VIII. was on the marry himself, and he readily forgave them; the more readily, perhaps, as he had fallen in love with fair Ann Boleyn, who had come back from Paris much improved, and with a *chic* that was *tout-à-fait* irresistible. He married her and all the world knows the result. The fate of Ann Boleyn came to Lady Jane Grey, also, daughter of Lady Suffolk and niece of Henry VIII.

It was during the reign of Louis XII. that the Renaissance of the arts, especially of sculpture, sprang up in France. In the galleries of Italian cities Louis became acquainted with the masterpieces of Leonardo da Vinci and other great artists, and he wanted to master pieces of that description himself. So he encouraged great painters and sculptors to come to Paris and set up schools, contributing the Latin Quarter to their support out of his own pocket. Louis' successor was the famous Francis I., who certainly deserves a special chapter all to himself.

IT BROKE UP THE SEANCE.

At a séance the other night the medium said: "Here is a communication from John Blucome. He says that he left the body two years ago. Anybody here know John Blucome?"

"I reckon I ought to," said a tough-looking citizen sitting in the front row; "he borrowed ten dollars of me about three year ago, and blamed ef this show can go on until this thing's settled. Is he here, Cap?"

"Yes," said the medium, suspiciously regarding the questioner.

"Left the body, eh? Well, any body would get left that lent him anything. Say, are you 'tending to his affairs?"

"No; I've nothing to do with him," the medium hastened to explain. "Don't know how he got in here. Never saw him before."

"Cap'n I believe you're standin' in with him. Gimme ten dollars or I'll bust up the show."

"Hold on. Blucome, did I say? I meant Bliscome."

"Bliscome?" Why, hang his old hide, is he here?



USED TO IT.

LANCASTER—You are fond of music, eh? Used to it from your cradle, no doubt.

FORRESTER—Yes, we have twins at home.

Well, he'll do jist as well as the other feller. I'd jist like to commune with him about two minutes."

"What has he done?" asked the medium, nervously.

"Hain't done nothin', only he owes me fifteen dollars, an' if the bill isn't settled the show shant run, that's all. Shut down the ghost valve, drive away the spirits, for I'm goin' to run the machine myself."

The medium jumped up and ran, and the spook-seekers followed suit. The tough-looking citizen then walked away snickering.

OPIE P. READ.

DOUBLY AFFLICTED.

A.—I'm in hard luck.

B.—What's up?

Twins at the house.

Sort of deuced hard luck, I should say.

SAME THING.

De Smith (at church fair, where raffling is in progress)—This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me out West.

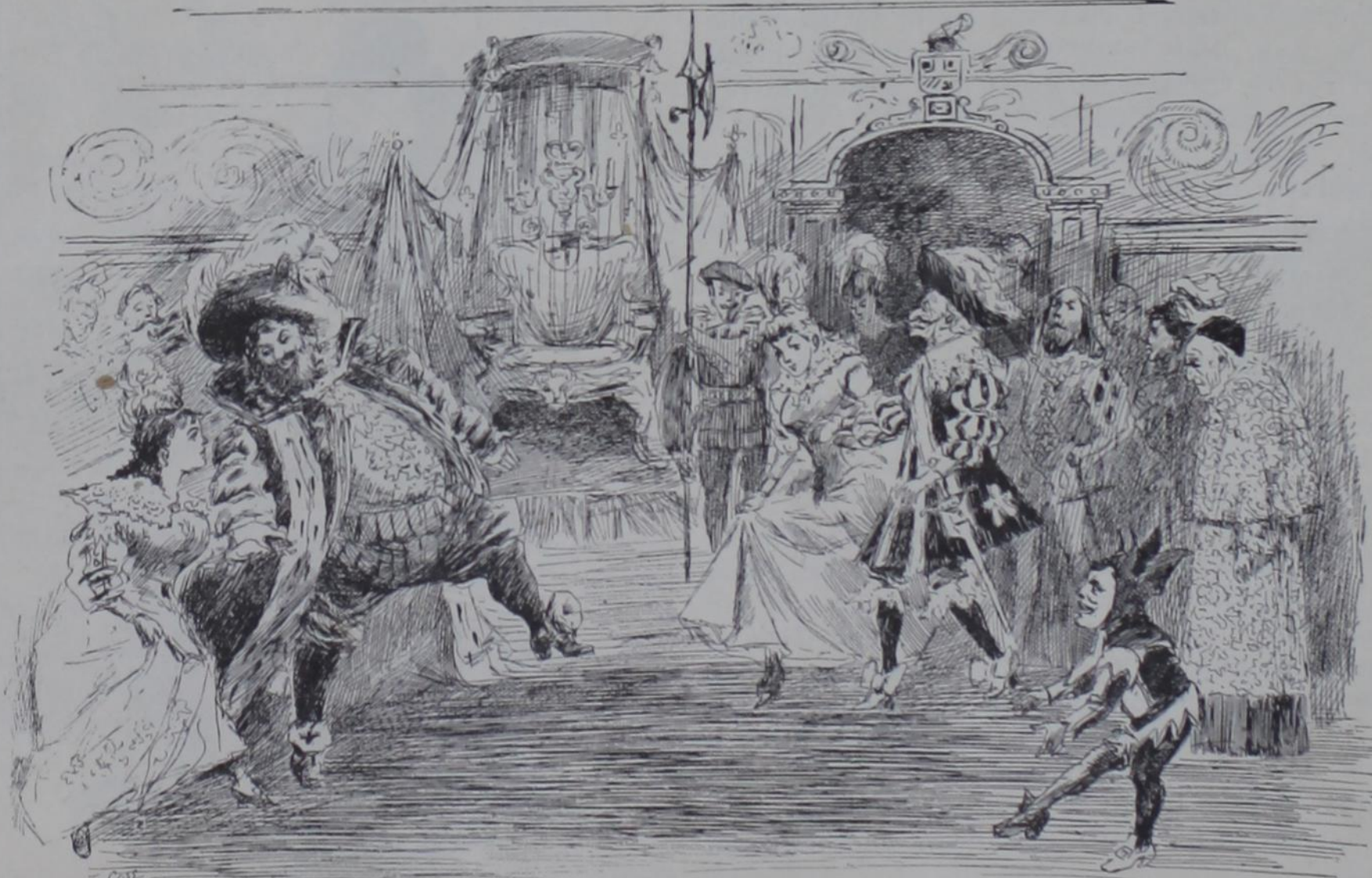
Esmerelda Longcoffin—What was it?

De Smith—I was in a train when it was robbed.

HE WANTED A MOTTO.

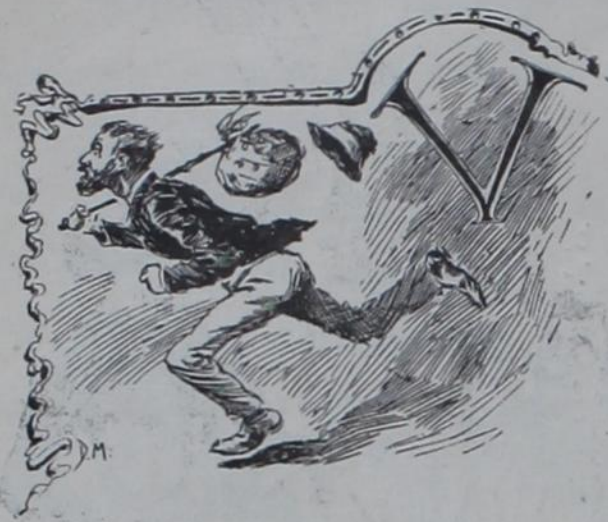
Prospective Saloon-keeper—Say, I want to hang a motto up in my new saloon. Can't you suggest something that would be fitting and appropriate?

Jones—How would you like something from Shakspeare; for instance, "As You Like It."



Wedding Festivities of Mary Tudor, youngest daughter of Henry VIII., and Louis XII. of France.

THE RETURN OF THE BOODLERS.



VERY few people excepting those who dabble in politics have any idea of the trials and tribulations of the average office holder in the city of New York. I had no suspicion that there could be anything crooked in New York politics until I became acquainted with George Washington Sinecure, who holds a small office under the city administration. We were quite intimate, before the investigation took place.

I met Sinecure in City Hall Park not long since. He was walking slowly and painfully, as if he had contracted remorse in his pedal extremities. The expression on his face was similar to that of a man who has got a bitter pill in a hollow tooth when he has no facilities for reaching it.

As soon as I saw George Washington Sinecure I dodged behind a tree, for it is calculated to impair the social status even of an ex-convict nowadays to be seen talking to a city official while this Croker scandal is not cleared up.

Unfortunately, Sinecure recognized me. I could not avoid him, so I shook hands cordially and told him that I was glad to see him, remarking incidentally, that he appeared to stutter with his legs when he walked.

"Yes," he replied with a painful smile that was shopworn and frayed at the edges. "The soles of my feet are so tender that I can hardly walk, and one of my heels has a blister on it that feels as if it ought to be put in the refrigerator and kept on ice."

"Have you been engaged in a walking match?"

"Yes, I have had a walking match almost every night in the week ever since these exiles from Canada have begun to return. We have had to march in procession to the Grand Central Depot to welcome them home," he replied sorrowfully.

"So they have to be welcomed home. Well, it's very strange that anything of the kind should occur in New York. But what's the matter with your voice? When you talk it sounds like a dog barking up a hollow log, and when you cough it reminds me of a small boy pounding on an empty barrel."

"Yes, I think I have managed to capture a case of galloping consumption by being up so late, welcoming home ex-Alderman Pilfer last night. I know I've peeled all the lining off the inside of my throat hurrahing for Pilfer. Yes, I helped make the welkin ring with joyous shouts, and now I'm paying for it," and he once more emitted a hollow graveyard cough. "That's not all," he continued bitterly, "we poor office holders are assessed and made to pay all the expenses of the welcoming home the boodlers from Canada. It costs money to hire brass bands and pay for transparencies and champagne, and arnica for stone bruises, and cough syrup to entice our voices back again."

"But, Mr. Sinecure, please tell me why do you participate in these giddy festivities if you find no pleasure in them? Why do you not stay at home and cultivate the domestic virtues? Then you would not have blisters on your heels, and your whisky-laden breath would not be strong enough, as it is now, to drive a dog out of a slaughter house."

"My dear sir, there are at least forty ward bummers who will take my position in a minute, and promise to pay their little assessments, stuff ballot boxes, or do anything else for the party. If I hesitate to show enthusiasm I'm out of a job," replied Sinecure.

"Yes, it must be very trying on you to have to parade so frequently. You ought to arrange things as Benjamin Franklin suggested in regard to saying grace before dinner."

"Has it got any bearing on our going out to welcome home ex-boodlers?" asked Sinecure eagerly.

"It has indeed. Ben suggested one day to the old gentleman, that as the dinner invariably consisted of corn beef and cabbage, and as all of the corn beef and cabbage was hushed in slumber, so to speak, down in the cellar, he thought it would be a good idea for the old gentleman to go down into the cellar and say grace over it all, slapdash, at once, thus saving at least twenty minutes a day, which might be devoted to some other purpose. Saving twenty minutes a day would in a year amount to five days, four hours and thirty-six minutes."

"What has all that to do with welcoming the returning aldermen?" asked Sinecure peevishly.

"It is very plain to be understood. Let the Reception Committee notify all the Canadian fugitives from justice to be at Montreal on a certain day. Have them charter a train, decorate it with the American flag and other appropriate emblems, and have them arrive in New York in grand style, although it is very strange that any such demonstration should occur in New York where politics are so pure."

"That would have been a good idea."

"Of course it would. You could give them a royal reception. Have the societies turn out in full regalia, have brass bands playing 'Home Again from a Foreign Shore,' or, 'See the Conquering Heroes Come.' The city officials would be present in carriages and all that sort of thing. Say grace over the returning boodlers all at once and be done with it, as Ben Franklin suggested should be done over the corn beef and cabbage in the cellar. It would save time and money."

"That would be a splendid idea. Next time there is a big steal and they have to scatter all over creation



until the clouds roll by, that will be the best way to bring them home. I'll make that suggestion to some of the sachems and have the Executive Committee report on it."

"I say, Sinecure, you know all about those boodlers. Don't you think it was very foolish in those boodlers to run away in the first place—that is if there has been any stealing done in New York."

"Yes, I do," replied Sinecure.

"Did you ever hear of that fellow with the guilty conscience who was pursued by a bear?" I asked.

"Don't think I ever did."

"It occurred in the following manner. He met a very large and dangerous looking bear. He fled in dismay. He ran like a turkey; his legs made so many oscillations a minute that they looked like the spokes of a buggy in rapid motion."

"And the bear after him?"

"Yes, the bear took after him. For a while it was nip and tuck, but the bear gained steadily. At last the man with the guilty conscience gave up and sank to the



ground perfectly exhausted, panting for breath. He expected to be devoured by the ferocious beast. Closing his eyes he awaited the deadly embrace and the fatal "scrunch" that was to come. Almost unconsciously he repeated the beautiful little prayer: 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' He finally got tired waiting for the 'scrunch,' so he opened his eyes, and there, right in front of him was the bear."

"How did it end?"

"It ended in a farce just as the prosecution of the boodle aldermen ended. Instead of it being a ferocious wild bear thirsting for blood, it was only a tame performing bear that had escaped from its keeper. Moreover, like justice in New York, it wore a muzzle."

"Why, then, did the bear chase the man if it did not want to tear him to pieces?" asked Sinecure.

"The only reason the bear chased the man was to overtake him and get him to stop and admire its double shuffle and other cunning tricks and funny antics."

"That is strange."

"It is not strange at all. As a general thing, when New York justice chases a boodler it is not to punish him, but merely to cut up antics and capers for his amusement. In New York justice does not bite as far as boodlers are concerned. It only dances for their amusement."

"That's precisely the kind of an animal New York justice is," said Sinecure, rising painfully to his feet. "I've got to go to a manicure and have my feet treated; for there are lots of boodlers to arrive yet. Let me give you some advice. Don't go into politics or you will get corns on your conscience as well as on your feet tramping over the hard pavements. But if you do go into politics, marry into an influential family, and then ask Mr. Grant to be godfather to your little Flossies. Then you will have \$10,000 worth of salve to heal the sore places on your conscience. Good day!"

ALEX. E. SWEET.



CRIPPLED PARTY—I'm a victim of Tammany Hall.

THE EBENEZER FLAPJACK.

BY V. Z. REED.

The last number of this flourishing Missouri journal contains the following brilliant editorial, entitled

HOW TO BE FAMOUS.

The intelligent and open hearted readers of The Flapjack, after reading the heading of this gem of rhetoric, will jump at the conclusion that we are going to work off a leader on them, founded on the moss-covered and time-worn chestnut about some men being born great, others achieving greatness and others having greatness thrust upon them. Many of the beautiful and giant minded persuers of this great lever of reform have sense enough to come in out of the wet; some of them possess such abnormally developed perceptive faculties that they can readily see through a stone if there is a hole in it; but in making the above brilliant guess they are away off their bases.

Looking down from our lofty pinnacle of fame—from our exalted position of thought-slinger and opinion-moulder for this whole neck of the woods—we take the gentle reader by the kindly hand of friendship and lisp to him in our most dulcet accents that it is easy to become famous. Who is A. Tennyson? Echo answers "Rhyme twister and verse manufacturer by sealed appointment to her Royal Fatness the Queen." Yet in years ago, if we may rely upon his own preface to his first "modest volume," he was shrouded in "the quiet shade of obscurity." He was unknown to fortune and to fame. His name did not appear in the Blue Book of the English Peerage nor in Bradstreet's Commercial Reports; but to-day his name is a household word, we may say a by-word, all over the Christian world, and his word is as good as his note. This obscure youngster, reared among the crumbling systems of an effete monarchy, aspired to fame, and like illustrious Eli of old, he got there. By years of patient toil and study? you ask. Not by a dad-binged sight. He saw an eternal truth, he made a note of it, and a start was made toward the goal of his ambition. The world was in a dilemma; it needed advice; it had itself upon its hands and did not know what to do with itself. The world was here and mankind did not know what to do with it, and in this startling and momentous crisis A. Tennyson stepped out from the "shade of obscurity" and bellowed in clarion tones: "Let the great world roll forever down the ringing grooves of change."

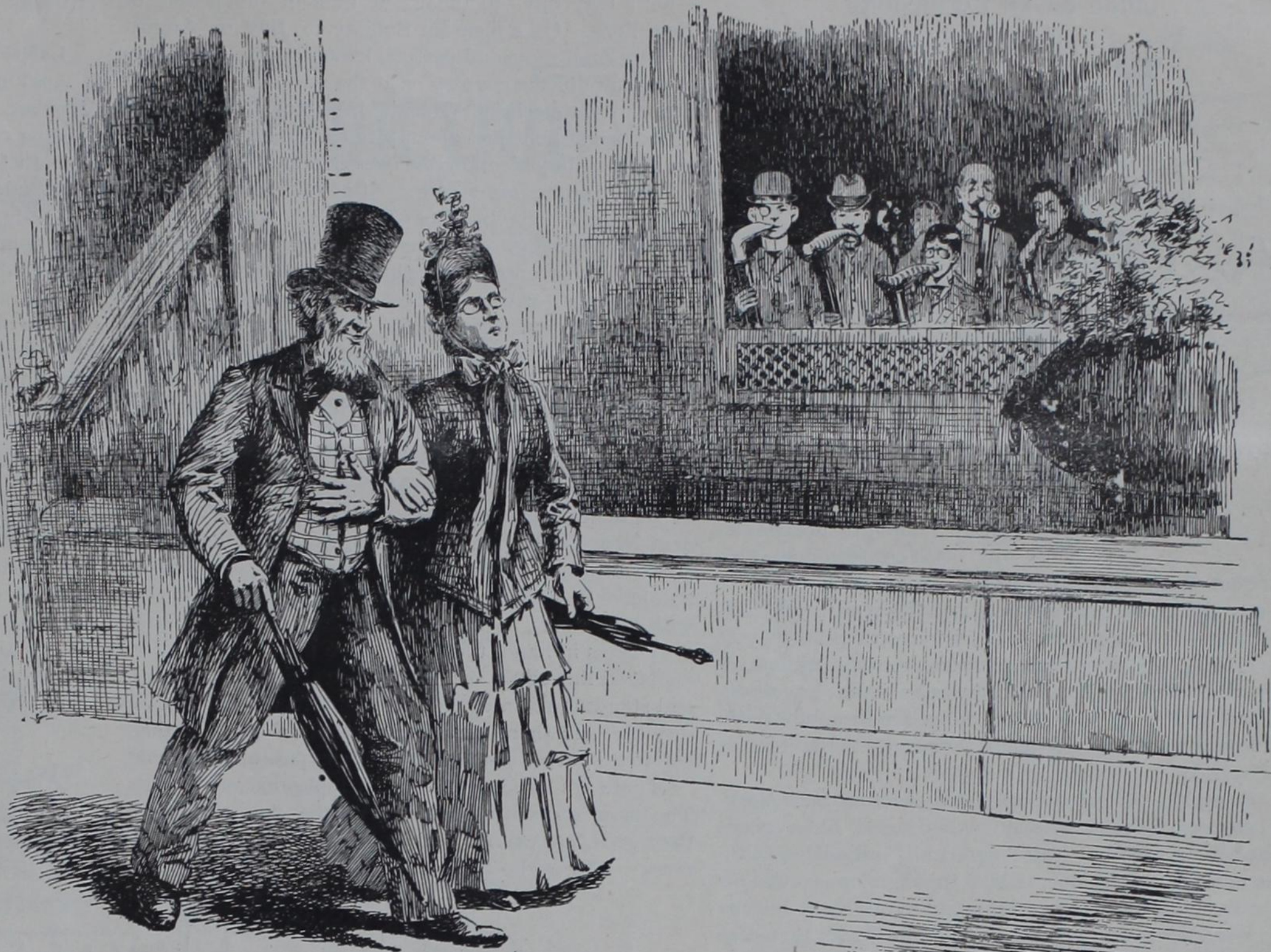
That settled the question, men and brethren; the



A SURE REMEDY.

CUSTOMER—My hair is coming out. What had I better get to keep from losing the rest?

BARBER (feeling bumps on customer's head)—A divorce, sir.



CLUBS AND STICKS.

AUNT HARRIET (passing the place)—Wonder why they call this a club-house?

UNCLE ABNER—Don't yer see the big sticks those chaps at the winder have in their mouths?

people decided to let her roll, and henceforth the frontal of A. Tennyson was wreathed in laurel and mountain sage.

Moral: Be not like dumb, driven cattle. Don't work off old circus jokes as "little things that have occurred to you." Say something, say it often, say it well. Let the music of its meaning ring from heaven unto Guthrie, Oklahoma; give this engine of progress five cents a line to puff you, and don the spotless robe of immortality.

AN EXPERT IN CHEMISTRY.

Man (to fellow-traveler on the cars)—You say you are at the head of one of the biggest breweries in the West?

Fellow-traveler—Yes, sir.

Then you must make an enormous amount of beer.

We do; thousands of barrels annually.

Are hops selling high this year?

Hops?

Yes, hops. You buy lots of hops, don't you?

I don't know anything about hops.

Perhaps you are the barley buyer?

Never heard of such an article.

You said you were at the head of the biggest brewery in the West.

So I am, but I am not a brewer.

What are you, then?

I'm a chemist.

THE WATER SCARE.

Great anxiety is being expressed just now in regard to the scarcity of water in New York. While the present state of affairs is to be deeply deplored, there is no use in complaining, for it might be a great deal worse. Just think for a moment what a vast amount of suffering there would be in New York if there was a scarcity of beer instead of only water. He is indeed a strong man who can think of this without shuddering. So let us be merry while the beer holds out, and not complain until we have real cause.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.—Exchange. Especially if it be a situation as typewriter for a rich bachelor.

THEY MADE A BETTER ARTICLE THEMSELVES.

Woman (to drug store clerk)—Have you an article called a two-cent postage stamp on sale?

Drug Clerk (mechanically)—We sometimes keep it, but I think we are out of it just now. There is very little demand for it. Quite inferior, I assure you. Now, we make an article of our own that—oh, it was a postage stamp you want. Certainly; here is one. Have it charged?

WANTED IT KEPT QUIET.

Mrs. Jones—Let that pie alone, you little scamp, or I'll give you a sound thrashing.

Johnny—Don't make such a fuss, or the neighbors will find out what bad raising I've had.

STAIR STEPS.

Miss Phillis—I wonder why young Wealthy stares at me.

Her Mother—That's the first step of love, dear.

PRIDE hides our faults from ourselves, but provides a magnifying glass for others to view them.



THE LATEST MUSEUM FAKE.

A Colored Man Turning White.

GOING ON AN EXCURSION.



THAS been said of Englishmen that they take their amusements very seriously. A similar and equally just criticism would be that New Yorkers take their amusements very desperately. Civilization, after all, seems to be largely a matter of curtailing individual elbow-room, and the New Yorker in the development of his character becomes the

product of two opposing forces. The friction and close personal contact with his neighbors that are inseparable from life in a large city, tend to restrict the play of his elbows. The great and glorious institutions of American Independence, on the other hand, are all designed for the purpose of enabling him to flap those same elbows frantically as he crows over the rest of the world.

Being like other men, creatures of habit, New Yorkers conform usually to the customs and observances that belong to orderly and agreeable intercourse with one another. It is only when they go on excursions that the innate savagery of mankind is brought out by the unaccustomed exercise of the elbow, aggravated as it is by the lie that all good Americans believe—namely, that one man is as good as another.

To go on excursions seems to be a natural impulse. The rich man goes to Paris or Switzerland, or Africa, or the North Pole for a little needed change and recreation. The poor woman travels across the ferry and back to give her baby the fresh air and the glimpse at the glories of God's handiwork which cannot be had in her little top room in the tenement house. It is exactly the same act, coming from the same impulse, and differing only in degree.

Built up to meet this demand, there is an enormous system of transportation to and from the various points surrounding the city, and in the summer one who would study mankind must not fail to travel on the trains and boats that carry the masses to Coney Island, Fort Lee, Glen Island and the thousand and one places where fun and fresh air are to be had. Great as the system is, enormous as is the carrying capacity of the boats and trains, they are crowded far beyond the line of safety. It is not too much to say that a hundred thousand lives are put in imminent peril in the course of every excursion season, and nothing but the vigilant care of the managers and the kindly supervision of benevolent providence prevents the frequent occurrence of appalling disasters.

Interesting as the system is, however, and suggestive of description and criticism, the crowds of people that go and come are infinitely better worth close observation.

It is inevitable that Sunday should be the day of all days to see the excursionists in great crowds. With the increase of business competition that keeps the toilers busy at bread-winning six days in the week, and the decline of Sabbatarianism that modern thought has accomplished, it has come about that Sunday is a holiday

—not a holy day—to the great bulk of the people of New York. On a pleasant Sunday in July or August two hundred thousand persons leave the city for a day of pleasure in the country or at the seaside. And what a motley throng it is! Not the best, nor yet the worst of the people, but just about a fair average, with a percentage of the objectionable classes added.

Most of them are young. After middle age the excursion habit fails, but from forty days to forty years of age it is strong. Perhaps it is strongest at mating time—from seventeen or eighteen years upward. The youth who is, or who fancies he is, making his way in the world, and who begins to feel the instincts of young manhood, does not hesitate long in selecting his "best girl," and the Sunday excursion is one of the accepted methods of courtship in New York. Together, dressed in their best, he having put money in his purse, and she having prepared in feminine fashion to be as winning as in her lies, they start for the boat.

At the dock he purchases return tickets. Your prudent New Yorker, starting out for Sunday, always buys a return ticket. It is very awkward to "go broke" and have to walk home, especially if your best girl is with you.

Tickets in hand, they pass into a pen where they are managed like cattle. There are seats for a hundred and standing room to accommodate five hundred comfortably, and there are twelve hundred persons there before the gates are opened to let them pass on to the boat.

There are hundreds of other couples like our friends. The men are self-assertive; a trifle domineering to their girls, but careful of their comfort; impatient, and noisy. The girls are self-reliant but submissive to



The Young Man and his Best Girl.

their escorts, keenly observant of other girls, lively, good natured, and more than delighted at catching the admiring glances that are thrown at her. She will never flirt with any one, however, so long as she is under her escort's protection. There is no greater offense that she could commit against him, and both of them realize it.

There are in the crowd fathers and mothers of families, and they have their families with them. The hosts of children of all ages are vexatious or delightful, according as the observer thinks of children. In the morning they are bright, eager, happy and full of antics and questions, delighted with the noise of the so-called bands that play on alleged musical instruments, delighted with the bustle and excitement, even with the merciless crowding that comes with the mad rush for seats as the crowd goes on board. At night they will be tired and either sleepy or cross, and everybody excepting their parents will wonder why they should have been taken on such a trip.

There are "mashers" and adventuresses by the score, and in the free and easy atmosphere they have no trouble in finding one another. It is seldom, however, that they annoy other people. Now and then a loafer of extreme obnoxiousity will annoy some quiet woman whom he may find unprotected, but in this crowd she can find a champion by uttering a single word. Not one man in ten in the entire crowd will hesitate to punch the loafer's head if he goes too far. He knows it, and is cautious.

There are—but it would take volumes to describe all the types. There is simply a heterogeneous mass of sweltering humanity seeking for air. Jostling, pushing, elbowing one another like madmen, they go on the boat, find seats or standing places somehow, and the boat starts off. In five minutes they catch the breeze, and the enjoyment begins.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

THOMAS A-BECKET TO BE PUT ON THE BOARDS.

Lawrence Barrett, an actor of considerable promise, is anxious to resuscitate the memory of Thomas à-Becket. He feels that the Archbishop of Canterbury is being crowded out of notice by the prominence which dramatists give to inferior historical characters, such as Jack Cade, Beau Brummel, Jack Shepard and Peck's Bad Boy. So he is having a play written, outlining the life and experiences of Thomas, and his cowardly taking off at the hands of the wicked barons of Henry II. Larry will take the part of the Archbishop—there was no one, alas, to take his part on that fatal 31st day of December, 1170—and allow himself to be clubbed to death nightly on the steps of the altar, in consideration of eighty-five per cent. of the gross receipts of the house, if he can get it. À-Becket has been dead something over seven hundred years, and it may be difficult to arouse popular indignation over his taking off at this late day. We have seen an audience in a Texas town calmly eating peanuts while Julius Cæsar was being assassinated, and we don't believe that a bucket full of tears would be shed over à-Becket. But Lawrence is enthusiastic over it, and he is an energetic worker when he sets about anything. Becket means a brook, and in this case it may show up golden nuggets.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

A pawnbroker, after all, is but a poor, loan man.

An eat compliment—What a good appetite you have!

A red scent can frequently be found in an Indian wigwam.

We saw a bald-headed man in the very last row, but it was at church, not the opera.

A chemist says wood can be made palatable and nourishing. 'Tisn't the kind of board we are hankering after, however.

Some young men live so fast that watches left to them by their parents lose a couple of hours a day.

In a museum in St. Louis one of the freaks is a man who broke his leg trying to get away from an office that was seeking him. He would make a hit in New York.

We complain that life is short, and yet we never lose an opportunity of throwing away a greater portion of it watching the home team trying to play ball.

A New York man recently lost quite a sum. He purchased a boat-load of bananas in Florida, and as the vessel was delayed while en route, they were nearly all spoiled. However, he says there is some consolation in the reflection that he was not the only man who has slipped up on bananas.

SHE EXPECTED A PACKAGE FROM EUROPE.

Mrs. Jones—Why are you so anxious about the arrival of the steamer from Europe, Phyllis, dear?

Phyllis—Oh, nothing much; only papa ordered a Count from Germany for me, and it's about time he was here.

A Digger Indian was buried by a sand-bank caving in, and it took a squaw two days to Digger Indian out.



MISERIES OF THE CENSUS.

DOCTOR—What's the matter, this morning, Miss Elderly; have you lost your senses?

MISS ELDERLY—I expect so. The census taker has just left.



The so-called Band.



Phat's that you are a sayin', ma'am?
The pape up the stairs
Kin make the dures come open now?
It's done most ony wheres?

Sure though I moight be ignorint
And not know much of books,
You can not fool me mother's choild;
I'm shmarter thin I looks.

And whin yer'll box me Mikey's ears,
What's loafin' down the strate,
And give him a rare batin' now
And niver-lave yer sate,

Thin I'll belave phat you have said
About the bells and dure,
And how the folks kin manage thim
Up on the toppet flure.

S. JENNIE SMITH.

You say yer afther wantin', ma'am,
A jan'tor for yer flat;
The howly saints presarve us all!
I couldn't think av that.

The very dures is hanted, ma'am,
And all the fixin's too.
To stip agin ferninst 'em now
Is phat I wouldn't do.

And why they carl 'em flats, good ma'am,
I ralely can't make out;
For turls I'm sure a betther name,
Widout a mite av doubt.

I wint down to the flats last wake
Some wurruk lookin' for,
I pushed the little button bell
As I'd seen Patsy More.

It scamed roight out into me face
And axed me to come in,
I scarce think that I'll iver have
A spick av since agin.

And there that blissed minute, ma'am,
The dure flew open wide,
And not a livin' sowl was near—
I thought I wad have died.

I hurried to the nixt dure, ma'am,
A not belayin' that
Was I kely to be hanted too,
Though nixt the hanted flat.

And now wad you belave it, ma'am,
The spooks was in there too?
The dure come open wid a bang
And not a wan in view.

I tried thim flats down to the last
And found 'em hanted sure;
The ghosts kipt scrachin' through the bells
And open flew the dure.



only laughed the louder,
so I fell to guying the
character myself and
let them laugh. Ah,"
concluded Dan, with a
sigh, "Josh Billings
was right. 'After a man
has once stood upon his
head the public won't
let him stand on his
feet.'"

HE WANTED TO SAVE TIME.

Lawyers are prover-
bial for the many ways
in which they can put
the same question to an

unfortunate witness. They also have a penchant for asking a myriad of questions that have no earthly bearing upon "the case now in hearing, please your honor," etc.

In a Texas court the other day appeared a Tartar. He was brought into the witness box in a case, and no sooner was he sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, than he began:

"Yes, sir; me name is Jack Kiser—I mean O'Rourke. I am thirty years old come last Fourth of July. I know the nature of an oath, and I know that I would 'do time' if I lied and got caught. I know the defendant and the complainant, and I have known 'em a long time. The one is a liar and the other is a horse thief and a traitor to the land that gave him birth, which I think is Botany Bay. I expect this lawyer will try to prove all this by my evidence, so I have started in to save time. If you have no further use for me I will step down."

He was allowed to step.

A HEALTHY INVALID.

Visitor.—Are you so much better that you can take a glass of wine?

Invalid—Every hour, or every half-hour,

THE OLDEST COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

A quiet looking man reaching towards seventy is sometimes seen in front of the Hickman Hose Coupling Co.'s office, on John street, near Nassau. He is Col. Peeples, who has been longer on the road as a commercial traveler than any man in the United States. He was born in the Shenandoah Valley, and when a boy learned to set type in Charleston, W. Va. He first took the road as agent for Dr. Brandreth's pills, which made so much money for the inventor. He was afterwards engaged in selling petroleum through the country, as a specific for rheumatism. It was obtained from a well at Tarentum, Pa., above Pittsburg, long before the developments on Oil Creek. When petroleum was first manufactured into an illuminating oil Col. Peeples sold that.

"It seems to me that you and Wilkes Booth owned an oil well together," I said in a conversation I had with my old friend the other day.

"We held interests in the same oil lands near Franklin, Pa. We were intimate friends, also. He met me in Philadelphia—my headquarters were there then—a few days before he assassinated President Lincoln, and borrowed fifty dollars of me, giving me a check on a Washington bank."

"Did you present it at the bank for collection?"

"Not much I didn't. Any man found with a check signed by Booth would have been mobbed instantly. I have that check yet. I have another reminder of Wilkes Booth. Wait a minute!"

Col. Peeples went into the office and brought out a soiled and faded programme. It was a house bill of Artemus Ward's Panorama of the Mormons, employed while he was showing in Dodsworth Hall, New York, in the spring of 1865. "That night," said the Colonel, "Wilkes Booth and I went to hear Artemus together, and this is the programme I brought away. It is yours now if you care to keep it." (I have it now).

"Did Ward play any of his customary pranks on you?"

"He did, indeed. When he saw us sitting at the back of the small hall where he was showing, he stopped his lecture and stepping forward asked with a most anxious look, 'Is there a policeman in the hall?' A policeman stepped forward and Ward asked him to come up to the stage. He did so, when Ward leaned over and whispered something in his ear, and then pointed to where we sat. The policeman nodded his head, and then he came back and stood where he could watch us the rest of the evening. The audience who witnessed the incident, evidently took us to be suspicious characters who needed watching, and they gave us more attention than they did to the lecture. I knew it was one of Ward's jokes, but Wilkes got mad."

"Perhaps Booth knew that he needed police surveillance in reality."

"Perhaps he did. We went to Ward's dressing room when the show was over, and he sent for champagne to smooch it over."

"You have traveled much, I suppose."

"All over the country, and by every possible means of conveyance."

"In what lines have you been employed chiefly?"

"Glass from Pittsburg and lamp and gas, fixtures from Philadelphia. I make an occasional trip for the Hickman Hose Coupling Co., but I spend most of my time on my Maryland farm. I am getting a little old, and I like the repose of home better than the rattle of a railroad train. So long."

"So long."

G.



JUST SO.

CROOK (blustering)—On what grounds do you propose to hold me?

DETECTIVE—The prison-grounds.

THE CLOWN WHO TRIED TO PLAY RICHARD.

"I played tragedy once," said Uncle Dan Rice to a group of professionals at the Morton House the other day. "I stalked the boards a few brief moments as Richard III. Let me tell you about it. It happened in New Orleans along in the fifties. I had my circus there and it was doing a big business, for I was a favorite in New Orleans in those days, I can assure you."

"Harry Chapman, the comedian, a great friend of mine, was to have a benefit at the St. Charles Theatre on Sunday night, and asked me to go on the programme. I had long entertained a sneaking notion that tragedy was my forte instead of comedy; that I was born to stride the boards as Hamlet or Richard III., instead of making the people laugh by my antics in the ring."

"Here, then, was my opportunity to show what was really in me. I told Harry that I would take a part in the programme and play the hump-backed tyrant. Harry smiled and said it would be the hit of the evening. It was. The house was packed, and when I came on telling about the Winter of our discontent being made glorious Summer by this son of York, to my surprise I was received with roars of laughter. I hadn't counted on that. I tried to be serious and impressive, but they

EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.



"HERE!" exclaimed Mr. Kelly, looking up from his paper, "that would be a good thing for you."

"What would?" asked his wife.

"Fencing," replied Mr. Kelly.

"Fencing!" she echoed, in surprise; "I never could build a fence."

"What's the use to be an idiot!" retorted her husband, with considerable asperity; "I mean the art of sword playing. Here—let me read you: 'Fencing is now regarded as fully introduced into fashionable circles for amusement of the ladies. It is a wholesome, fascinating exercise, admirably adapted to women. Married ladies are even more benefited than the unmarried,'—and lots more to the same effect," said Mr. Kelly. "How d'ye s'pose you'd like it?"

"Well, I don't know," said his wife, doubtfully. "How is it done?"

"Oh, they generally use small swords—foils, they call 'em, but you might begin with a stick, and I'll show you how, if you want me to."

"You say it's fashionable?" Mrs. Kelly hesitatingly asked.

"Says so right here," exclaimed her husband. "What d'ye say," he went on, enthusiastically, "shall we begin now? You need exercise, Martha, and I've noticed for some time that you was becoming sedentary—that's what the paper says right here in this piece. Shall we begin?"

Mrs. Kelly reluctantly consented, and her husband, inspired with the idea, dashed out into the shed, and presently returned with two laths which in his exuberance he had recklessly wrenched off the hen-coop.

"Now, then," he exclaimed, pulling off his coat, while his wife moved the table and chairs out of the way, "this is the way it is done," and he instructed his wife how to hold the representative foil, while he made preliminary passes in the air to demonstrate the method of exchanging blows. "Now, to make it more real and pleasant," he continued, "we'll call it the fencing scene in Hamlet."

"Oh, that will be ever so nice," Mrs. Kelly exclaimed; "and I'll be Mr. Hamlet."

"Oh, yes," sneered Mr. Kelly, coldly, "a healthy Hamlet you'd be. Who ever saw a Hamlet with red hair and a mole on his chin? I'll be Hamlet, myself."

His wife graciously yielded the point to save dispute, and contented herself with acting as Mr. Laertes, the other character in the play.

"Come on, now," said Mr. Kelly, assuming a jaunty position, with his lath in the air and his left hand behind his back for protection.

His wife grabbed her lath with both hands, threw it energetically aloft, and knocked a globe off the chandelier.

"Oh, that's the way," growled Mr. Kelly, as she stooped to pick up the debris. "Hamlet would have done just that way."

"I didn't know I was right under the burner," protested his wife, as she threw the broken glass in the stove and resumed her lath.

"Now be more careful, this time," said Mr. Kelly, as she again took a position. "No—don't hold your foil like that—you ain't going to beat no carpets. There—that's more like it—now then."



Mrs. Kelly receives a clip on the hand.

"It almost broke my fingers," she wailed.

"Pooh! Musn't mind a little thing like that," Mr. Kelly remarked, as she bound up the injured member.

"I guess you wouldn't call it a little thing," protested his wife.

"Hah!" retorted Mr. Kelly, scornfully; "a man wouldn't notice a dozen cracks of that sort. Come on, now."

His wife picked up her lath again in a dispirited sort of way, and crossed Mr. Kelly's foil.

"Look out, now," he said, excitedly; "I'm coming for you with the death blow, and you want to look out for me."

This bit of information had the effect of stimulating his wife to extraordinary efforts, and the foils struck fire at every blow, while Mrs. Kelly's lath performed a variety of gyrations simply marvelous in their eccentricity.

"Here I come!" shouted the excited Mr. Kelly, and he lowered his foil for the finishing stroke. At that instant his wife's lath was describing a most astounding evolution in the air, and in the confusion of the moment that worthy woman brought it down with a degree of spirit totally unlooked for in one of such sedentary habits, catching her husband neatly across the ear, and knocking him with great precipitation over a chair.

"What d'ye do that for?" he yelled, as he struggled to his feet and hung on to his aching head.

"I didn't go to," pleaded his wife, abashed and awed by the unlucky termination of their innocent pleasure.

"Oh, no, you didn't go to," shrieked Mr. Kelly, in a passion-torn voice, dancing about the room and rubbing his injured ear, "oh, of course not—you wouldn't have done it for the world."

"You musn't mind a little thing like—"

"None of your back talk round here," shouted Mr. Kelly; "you take and lug them laths out into the shed, and the next time you want any exercise, don't you ask me to help you out with none of your blame foolishness," and as his wife meekly gathered up the remains of their encounter, he jumped into his boots and went out doors to rub his swollen ear.

What women seem to hanker after is exercise.

W. O. FULLER, JR.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

STRATEGY.

Mrs. Meyer—When you were courting me you were not very demonstrative; in fact, you were at times cold, if not absolutely indifferent, and now that we are married you are quite the reverse.

Mr. Meyer—That's so; but I did that to fool the old man.

In what way?

You see, Clara, if had been a very devoted lover, your father would have reasoned that I was bound to have you, and instead of \$10,000 he probably would not have given \$5,000; but I acted as if I didn't care whether I got you at all or not, and rather than run the risk of having you on his hands he came down handsomely. I'm not very pretty, Clara, but there is the head of a statesman on these shoulders.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

First Actor—Have you heard the latest disgraceful scandal in theatrical circles?

Second Actor—My wife has skipped with a handsomer man.

First Actor—Where were you when she eloped with the other fellow?

Second Actor—I was with her in the room.

First Actor—And you had no suspicion?

Second Actor—Certainly, I had my suspicions. In fact, I knew all about it; but I made out that I was asleep, and I snored like a good fellow, for if she had known that I was awake, she would not have dared to

risk it. It makes me shudder when I think of what a narrow escape I had from not losing her.

IT ALL DEPENDED.

Mother—I am going out, Mamie, and I want you to be a good little girl while I am gone, and I'll bring you home a paper of candy. Now, are you going to be good?

Mamie—Yes, I suppose so; but I can't tell how good I ought to be unless I know how big that paper of candy is going to be.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Wife—The cat is in the pantry, eating the cold steak. Come and drive her out.

Husband—Is it that steak you cooked for dinner?

Yes.

Then, I reckon, the cat's gone already.

ONLY A LITTLE ROW.

Schmidt—What was all the row about over in your house last night?

Meyer—Row in my house? I don't remember any row. Oh, yes; now I come to think of it, I had a few words with my wife, and she smashed a wash-basin on my head.

TOUGH ON THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

Q.—At the North Pole the nights are six months long.

Z.—Dear me, that's pretty tough on the night watchmen.

HE MIGHT EVEN SWOON AWAY.

Jones—You may say what you please, but this country has never produced a greater man than George Washington.

Smith—Don't talk so loud. There is a little dude sitting right behind us, and it might hurt his feelings to hear you talk that way.

HE NEEDS IT.

A.—Why should the soldier never lose his head in battle?

B.—Because then he would not have any place to put his helmet on.

A SLIGHT HINT.

Augustus—My dear Fanny, I would like to be your companion on the pathway of life.

Fanny—Is that so? We will start out in the direction of the first preacher's house.

A SURE SIGN.

Clara—I am sure that George loves me and will make me his wife.

Jennie—Has he proposed?

Clara—He has not exactly proposed, but I know he is going to. There is one thing that convinces me of it. Jennie—What's that?

Clara—His antipathy to dear mamma.

If the good that some men do in this life were interred with their bones the sarcophagus wouldn't be crowded any.



SAMSON AND DELILAH.

JAWKINS—Great Scott! Borrowit, who's been butchering your hair?

BORROWIT—O, my wife tried to clip it last night.

JAWKINS—Well, you've certainly lost your head on that woman!



CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

MRS. YERGER (to colored servant)—Do you know when Col. Yerger came home last night?
SAM—I dunno, mum, but when I tuck his boots at seven o'clock dey was warm.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

TOO POLITE.

The *maire* of a small town on the frontier of France was very polite, particularly toward what is called the gentler sex.

One day a lady with whom he was well acquainted called on him, officially, to write out her passport. Although she abounded in physical discrepancies, she was vain to excess. Our *maire* wrote out the requisite description of her personal appearance, and when it came to describing her eyes he wrote: "Eyes, dark, beautiful and full of expression—only one of them missing."

SARCASTIC.

Last Christmas Mrs. Yerger gave her colored servant Matilda Snowball quite a number of valuable presents, but as is usually the case with colored servants, she was not satisfied.

"Are you going out, Matilda?" asked Mrs. Yerger.

"Yes, mum, I'se gwinter go ober ter my old mudder and let her see what I'se got for Christmas."

"Well, be sure and come home early."

"Huh!" said Matilda, sticking out her mouth, "hit gwinter take de ole lady long ter cast her eye ober what I got for Christmas."

HE WANTED AN ESCORT.

An Austin lawyer heard somebody calling "Police!" in front of his house. He rushed out into the street and discovered that the demand for the police came from a man who was sitting on the sidewalk.

"What's the matter? Anybody hurt?"

"No; I'm drunk, and want a policeman to take me home. Police!"

"Can't you find your own way home?"

"No; I want a policeman to take me home. I'm drunk. Police!"

"Where is your home?"

"In Chicago. Police!"

At last a policeman did come along and helped him get to the station, which was, however, several blocks in the direction of Chicago.

A BRIGHT FACE.

De Smith—Don't you think Miss Jinks has a very bright expression on her face?

Jones—I can't say that her face is very bright, but there is no doubt about her being lantern-jawed.

A GIFTED GIRL.

Dudely—Miss Emma, do you play the piano?

Emma—No, sir.

Do you sing?

No, sir; and I haven't had the influenza, either.

KISSING.

A celebrated philosopher remarked that kissing was a very stupid act, and that very day on his return home kissed the hired girl, mistaking her for his wife. It takes by actual timing just a second and a half to kiss, and yet some young men take half an hour of it every time they call on their best girl.

Still, kissing is popular. You can't go to a play nowadays without seeing the hero bite a piece out of the heroine's make-up, much to the delight of the horrid men in the audience.

Out in Cincinnati not long ago a young man told his best girl that kissing cured freckles, and the osculation that subsequently took place between those two would have removed blackberry stains from a white muslin dress.

Edgerton, Kansas, has a female police judge. Women are sometimes the best judges of men, though a little severe on their own sex.

MISUNDERSTANDING ABOUT THE CENSUS.

The Census Commissioner of New York has been kept very busy hearing complaints of balked enumerators and explanations from people arrested for refusing to answer questions. The most common plea for not replying to questions was that "the directory man had called once." They thought it was for another city directory. One lady in reduced circumstances said she didn't want a vast horde of country relatives to know where she was living. They would pour in and overwhelm her. She is probably getting herself in readiness to go and pass the summer with some of those country relatives now. A survivor of the draft riots ordered the enumerator out of his house. He thought "the Lincoln government" was getting ready for another war draft. Numerous people took the census business for a new and ingenious scheme of book agents and sewing-machine peddlers on the installment plan, and they refused even the first installment of information. "I've signed all the petitions I am going to," said a morose man, when the census chap opened up his papers. "I've petitioned for clean streets, and pure water, and unadulterated beer, and ballot reform, and the suppression of hand-organs, and the promotion of wooden-headed policemen, and in favor of electrical execution of the man who sits cross-legged in street cars, and for the establishment of savings banks in almshouses, and—well, I don't know what I haven't petitioned for, for it ain't no use. Nothing is done that should be, and this subscriber doth continue to petition and pray no longer." When an explanation was made he responded quite cheerfully, but he couldn't abide a petition. A farmer out in the country chased an enumerator clear across a forty-acre lot. He thought he was the same slick chap who came along a year ago and got him to sign a paper in favor of evangelizing the Indians of Puget Sound, and it turned out afterwards that it was a note for eight hundred dollars which he was compelled to pay.

A PREVENTIVE.

"Yes, sir, I passed through a cholera epidemic when the people died all around me like sheep," remarked an editor to a friend.

"How did you manage to escape?"

"I had a patent inside at the time."



HER ADVICE.

CHOLLY—Aw, Emily, what d'ye think of the new silk sash I'm wearing with me blazer?

EMILY—Why, Charlie, I think—if you'd only do your moustache up in pink ribbons, you'd look much more lady-like!



BIG GAME IN THE TOILS.

BY H. P. UFFORD.



William Little, the "herd boss."

Suddenly interrupting the account which he was giving me of the last Navajo attack, Little exclaimed, "Hallo! thunder in the winter! how did that steer get up there?"

He pointed up the valley, and toward the opposite side, where a solitary animal seemed to be peacefully grazing.

Now the camp had been placed in that particular spot in order to restrain the cattle from wandering up to the head of the valley, and straying into the foothills. The sides of the valley were so steep that the animals could not climb out, and the cowboys formed a living fence which kept them within bounds.

A steer seldom strays far from its fellows, and Little was very much surprised to see this one at least two miles from the nearest "bunch."

"Wonder if 'taint that ole line back we got in that bunch from the May boys? He's such an unsociable critter he's alluz a-strayin' off by himself. Take a squint at 'im through yer glass, and see what he's like."

Unslinging my field-glasses, I looked at the creature. Then I handed them to Little, and said, "See if you think that looks like 'Old Line-back.'"

He steadied the glass for a moment, and then he suddenly dropped it, and called out, "A grizzly by jing! We'll have some fun now. Bob! Charley! Kid! wake up! here's a grizzly!"

Three cowboys, who were making a late breakfast, jumped up and came rushing out. Catching sight of the bear, they hurried to the corral where their horses were tied.

These rough and ready riders, as they came out, made a picturesque group of men. Just following Little, the "boss," came "The Kid," the youngest, and the pet of the whole "outfit." The rest took delight in his boyish jollity, and looked on with pride at his harem-scarum venturesomeness. He was sixteen, Texas born and bred, or, as he says, "born in a saddle, and riz in a corral," he knew nothing but horses and cattle, and like the ancient Persians, thought that a liberal education consisted in being able "to shoot straight, ride a horse and tell the truth."

Then came "Broncho Bob," so called from his ability to ride and conquer the worst bucking broncho. Close to him was "Jaybird Charley," who has received his name from his partiality for bright colors, and especially for his showy blue scarfs and neckties.

They were dressed much alike, with broad-brimmed white hats decorated with bullion fringe, blue shirts, with a handkerchief loosely knotted around their throats, and pantaloons tucked into their high-topped boots, over which last, when riding, they wore the Mexican *calzoneros* or overalls made of calf-skin, and buckling loosely around the leg. They all used the heavy bit, the high-peaked roomy saddle, and the long, sharp-rowelled spurs of the Mexican *vaquero*. They were rough and boisterous, and given to horse-play and rude railery, save Charley, who seemed to be of quieter ways than the rest, and was a man of some education.

"Where are your guns?" I asked, as they were about to start.

"Guns nothing!" said the Kid; "here's what'll do the b'ar's business for him!" He whirled his lasso around his head.

FAIRLY enjoying the fine weather of a morning in September, while I was engaged in the survey of the Sierra La Sal, I had ridden down to a cattle camp a few miles below us to deliver and get our mail, which was brought there by special messenger. Sitting on my horse in the shade of the cottonwoods, I was talking for a moment with Wil-

"Indeed!" I answered, somewhat incredulously. "I think you'll find there's a difference between a grizzly and a Texas steer."

"Reckon there is; but, just the same, we'll ketch the b'ar with these yer riatas, and fetch him into camp alive!"

"Honestly, do you really intend to 'rope' that bear?"

"Right you are!" he shouted, as we dashed away to cut the bear off from which he was distant about half a mile.

The big beast appeared not to see us until we were within two hundred yards, when, with a grunt of surprise, he left off digging his afternoon lunch of crickets and field-mice, and shambled toward the little ravine through which he had come down into the plain.

This move brought him, quarterwise, in front of Little, who yelled to his horse and dashed at him. I who am not a cowboy, wisely decided that this was none of my business, and drew my horse up to an easy lope, contented to watch the fun from a distance.

I was amazed to see with what rapidity the bear got over the ground. Little's pony was a particularly good one, but he did not gain more than one yard in five on the bear, which lumbered at a gait that seemed very slow and awkward, and yet would have left the swiftest sprint-runner behind.

But Little gained steadily, if slowly, and presently I saw the loop of the lasso circle around his head, gaining speed with every revolution, till it shot out in front, the snaky coils straightening out as it flew, and the loop, round as a barrel-hoop, settling lightly over the bear's head.

Well cast, "Little Billy," well cast! Sixty feet, if an inch, and not five feet left in coil. The trained pony stopped as if turned to stone, made a quarter wheel, and, sinking back upon his haunches, braced himself for the coming shock.

But the lasso was old, and had seen too many years of faithful service; and as the weight of the lunging beast came on it, it quivered a moment, and then snapped close to the loop, and the loose end whizzed back.

Hardly had Little gathered up the slack of his useless lariat when "the Kid" dashed by, yelling like a Comanche Indian, his lasso cutting the air with a hissing sound as it whizzed around his head. The first cast missed, but the next was more successful, and a second time the bear wore a necklace of rawhide.

But the "Kid" was too light a weight, and rode, that day, too light a pony; and though the horse met the shock gallantly, the momentum of the immense mass of flesh at the other end was too much for him. After a moment's ineffectual resistance, he was jerked over sideways, and fell prone, but the "Kid" nimbly cleared himself and alighted upon his feet.

Like an automaton, the bear surged ahead, dragging the pony after him, until his late rider, rushing forward, cut the lariat with his knife, and freed his horse, which scrambled to its feet; puffing and blowing, with his breath almost jolted out by his rough passage over the ground.

Little and the "Kid" are now out of the fight, but where are the other two? Turning, I saw that Bob's horse had stepped into a badger hole, and thrown his rider over his head. But Bob had retained his hold upon the lariat, and a spirited contest began, the horse rearing and plunging and backing away, while Bob tried to catch the bit, eager to mount and be "in at the death."

Charley, on the slowest and best-winded horse in the camp, is two hundred yards away, and it begins to look as if the bear would gain the gulch, and escape.

Excited by the prospect, and forgetting all dictates of prudence, I dashed forward, shouting and swinging my hat, and by a shorter cut to the left succeeded in heading off the bear. This feat might well have cost me dearly, for the creature came upon me so closely that I only avoided a collision with him by abruptly turning and bolting from his line of retreat. But I had delayed his flight, and Charley now bore down upon his heels. My rash impulse, I proudly felt, had mended the hunt, for a moment later the lariat was around the grizzly's neck, and Charley's powerful pony, setting back on his haunches, jerked the bear off his feet and landed him on his back with a thud that almost shook the ground.

Recovering himself, the grizzly rolled to his feet and plunged mightily to get free. But the pony gave him not an inch of slack, and the lariat, though it stretched and cracked and "sang like a fiddle-string," stood the strain nobly.

Changing his tactics, the bear then bolted toward his captor; but a touch of the heel sent the horse off at an angle, and as the lasso tightened again the grizzly

was once more jerked from his feet, and landed on his side. Again and again this manoeuvre was repeated, until the bear grew sullen, and, squatting on his haunches, seemed to be meditating the next move.

Meantime the others had gathered around, but, at Charley's request, did not interfere. Soon the bear, rising on his hind-legs, seized the lariat with his fore-paws, and began to pull himself toward his captor. Charley's most energetic jerks failed to get it from his grasp. Then spurring hither and thither, he tried to tangle the beast and throw him, but to no purpose. The animal slowly but steadily shortened the distance between them. If Charley had been alone he would have been forced to cut his lariat to escape; but Little, watching his chance, now dashed in, and, bending from his saddle, snatched up the loose end of the "Kid's" lariat as it trailed along the ground, knotted it around the pommel of his saddle, and, throwing his horse back upon his haunches, blocked the bear's game.

Then Bob, who had succeeded in remounting, dropped a dexterous loop so as to catch an upraised hind foot; and now, like Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians, the formidable animal was helpless. If he made a frantic rush for Charley, Little's lariat checked him. If he turned on Little, Charley brought him up with a round turn. If he tried to bolt, Bob checked his horse, and the bear found himself helplessly pawing on three legs. If he sulked and hung back, Little and Charley dragged him ignominiously along, while the "Kid" and I played *vaquero* in the rear.

But the creature kept up the contest, and horses, riders and bear were thoroughly blown by the time the camp was reached. Then came the question, what shall we do with him?

The beast was full-grown and in good condition. The massive muscles of his chest and shoulders stood out like ropes as he tugged at the cords which held him. One sweep of those curving sickle claws would cut a man into ribbons. His little red eyes glowed like dull coals of fire. Foam dripped from his cavernous mouth—he was mad from head to foot—and every separate hair on his body quivered with rage. In short, he was an incarnation of immense strength and brutal ferocity.

To keep such a monster alive was impossible. No pen nor ropes would hold him for an hour. Sentence of death was passed, therefore, and the "Kid" stepped forth as executioner.

"I will tell you where to shoot," said Little to the boy. "Draw, in your mind, a line from the inner corner of each of the bear's eyes to the base of the opposite ear. Have you got the point where those two lines cross?"

"Yes."

"Then ride close, and put a bullet an inch above it."

The heavy cavalry Colt cracked sharply. For a moment we thought that the creature's thick skull had defied the ball, for he neither stirred nor flinched a hair. But suddenly a convulsive shiver ran through the big mass of gray brawn and bone, the glare of the eye died out slowly, as a coal fades in the sunlight and the white ash covers it, and the great brute pitched over upon his nose—dead.—Youth's Companion.

WHERE SAM HOUSTON GOT THAT HAT.

The venerable Richard Dowling, one of the oldest residents of St. Louis, tells of a visit which he made to Gen. Sam Houston at his home in Huntsville, Texas, in 1858.

"I was introduced to Gen. Houston," he said, "by Capt. Simms, after having requested him to do so, though he remarked that 'you could tell Gen. Houston among a thousand.' I was received very cordially by the general, and immediately felt as much at ease in his company as if I had been intimate with him for years. I was struck with the peculiarities of his appearance and dress. He wore a shad-bellied, or what would be called now a cutaway coat, dark colored vest and pants, and black cloth gaiters over his shoes. He had a brown beaver hat, with a tremendous high crown and broad brim, under which gleamed a pair of gold spectacles. Struck with the odd appearance of his ponderous hat, I had the curiosity to inquire:

"Say, general, where did you get that hat?"

And he informed me that he had it made to order in Austin.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The professional beggar may try to mend his ways but mendicant.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For Sunstroke.

It relieves the prostration and nervous derangement.

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



A SUMMER complaint—It's too hot.—West Shore.

THEY do not "set 'em up" in Boston; they "set 'em down."—Washington Star.

A PROSPEROUS butcher is always able to meat his indebtedness.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

IN New York society Shepard's flub-dub organ is called the Snail in Distress.—Atlanta Constitution.

NOT so much alike as they seem—The Reward of Merit and the Merit of Reward.—N. Y. Clipper.

"THIS is a hard set," as the hen said when she was trying to hatch a porcelain egg.—Boston Bulletin.

RESTAURANT keepers are always ready to steak a man when he has money.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE expenses of an electric company may be summed up as current expenses.—Lawrence American.

FIRST FISHERMAN—"What luck?" Second Fisherman—"None at all; can't get the cork out."—Munsey's Weekly.

NEVER believe all the good a man says about himself, nor all the bad he says about his neighbors.—Somerville Journal.

A MAN never becomes so wise that he can tell which is worst in this world, love without money or money without love.—Atchison Globe.

WHAT a vast difference it makes with the average man whether he picks up a carpet tack with his fingers or his heel.—Dansville Breeze.

GREAT joke on a London grave-digger—he was digging a grave for another person and he fell into it dead.—Kentucky State Journal.

THE jeweler's wife can afford to wear a diamond ring; but she can't always afford to wear the same ring all her life.—Somerville Journal.

HOW'S this: A few days ago Bismarck took a stand and Bill Hohenzollern struck an attitude, yet neither of them was arrested.—Kentucky State Journal.

WANTED—A dog who can tell the difference between tramps and honest poor men with pretty near the same kind of clothes.—Kentucky State Journal.

NO BUSTLES is the style now, yet we really think that a good many girls would look more nymphy with small and properly shaped bustles.—Kentucky State Journal.

A SANE man is a man in perfect mental health. Where do the census managers draw the line? Are not the vast majority of us a little "off" on some subject or other?—Boston Globe.

WHEN a man has done a foolish thing, he always looks around quickly to see if anybody saw him; when a woman does—but who ever knew a woman to do a foolish thing?—Somerville Journal.

A POPULAR soprano is said to have a voice of fine timbre, a willowy figure, cherry lips, chestnut hair, and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in the lumber region.—Norristown Herald.

THE "sweetest girl graduate" essay joke this year doesn't differ from last year's crop, judging from the specimens already printed. It is composed of white stuff trimmed with lace and ribbon.—Norristown Herald.

THE boy with knee breeches is a poor marble player generally. It is the boy with the baggy trousers, who wipes his nose on his coat sleeve and rubs his hands in dirt before shooting, that has the most marbles in his pocket.—Atlanta Journal.

TO INDUCE country custom, an enterprising Chicago hotel man has issued the following advertisement: "If your lungs are too weak to blow out the gas please use hand-bellows, which you find in the washstand drawer."—Arkansas Traveler.

Ladies take Angostura Bitters generally when they feel low spirited. It brightens them up.

The Sweethearts.

"So this winds the thing up, does it, Miss Pankey?"

"It does, Mr. Swackhammer."

"And you haven't any explanation to give?"

"What explanation do you want? I have told you I wished to break off the engagement because it has become irksome to me. Isn't that enough?"

The young man uncrossed his legs, got up, and reached for his hat.

"Seems strange," he said, as a yearning look came into his eyes, "that the engagement didn't become irksome to you until the oyster season was over."

Miss Pankey did not deign any reply, and Algernon Swackhammer, with a low bow, turned upon his heel and walked out.

When the door had closed upon his retreating form she sank nervelessly into a chair.

"The stupid wretch," she exclaimed. "He ought to have had more sense than to take me at my word!"

Suddenly she stooped to the floor, picked up a small ivory tablet that had dropped from Algernon's pocket, pressed it passionately to her lips, bowed her head upon her hands, and sobbed aloud.

Years had passed. The afternoon sun was gilding the pretentious spires and cupolas of an ambitious Western town, and the soft, weird music of the fish peddler's horn was heard in the street, when a middle-aged man with a valise in his hand opened the gate in front of a modest but neat and well-built cottage, walked briskly up the steps, and knocked at the door.

A lady answered the knock, a lady well preserved but no longer young.

The stranger bared his head. His hair was beginning to turn gray, but time had evidently dealt leniently, and care had left no deep traces on his brow. He spoke:

"Is the gentleman of the house—Am I dreaming? Isn't this Cassimere Pankey? Or rather"—and he smiled—"isn't this the lady who was once Miss Cassimere Pankey?"

"I am Miss Pankey," she answered, "and you are Algernon Swackhammer. I recognized you as soon as I saw you. Won't you come in?"

"Well, well," said the middle-aged traveler, as he sat in an easy chair in the front parlor a few moments later and looked with interest at the face of the lady. "Who would have thought of meeting you here? And you tell me you are still Miss Pankey? Isn't this your home?"

"It is my brother's. He's a widower. I keep house for him."

"And you have never married?"

"No."

"How have you prospered?"

"I—I have no reason for complaint. And you?"

"I have had a great many hard knocks, Cassimere—Miss Pankey—since we met last. By the way, we parted rather uncerimoniously, didn't we?"

The lady sighed.

"And I have always felt that I owed you an apology," he continued, "for not sending your photograph back after you had returned mine; but the fact is," he went on, awkwardly, "I—er—couldn't find it. It had got lost somehow."

Miss Pankey sighed again.

"That reminds me," pursued Mr. Swackhammer, "that I lost a little book-slate the last evening I was at your house. I must have dropped it out of my pocket in some way. It wasn't of any particular value, and I don't know when I have thought of it before, but the recollection of it happened to occur to me just now. It was a little black book-slate, with—"

"I think it was an ivory tablet."

"No. I am quite positive was a little black book-slate."

"I am sure it was a white tablet."

Going to the mantel she opened a plush-lined jewel casket and took out a little ivory tablet.

"Here it is," she said.

"And you have kept it all these years!" exclaimed Mr. Swackhammer.

"Yes."

"I see I was mistaken. But to change the subject. Do you consider yourself—aw—fixed in life? Have you no—no plans for the future?"

"Why, I—"

She paused, and her visitor proceeded: "In a sense, I suppose, you are a fixture here? Your brother's children are to some extent dependent upon you?"

"Of course, but—"

"Then then permit me, Miss Pankey, for the sake of old times," said Mr. Swackhammer, rapidly, as he opened his valise and took out a number of documents, "to call your attention to the fact that life is uncertain, disease and death stalk abroad in the land, fatal accidents may happen at any time, and it is the part of wisdom to provide against contingencies by securing those who are or may be dependent upon us against want. In the policies of the Limpinlazarus Life Insurance Company, which I represent, and for which I have traveled for the last seven years, you will find the most absolute security offered by any company in the field, and either on the ten-year, the endowment, or the life plan, as you may prefer, you will find the premiums smaller in proportion to the gilt-edged character of the insurance afforded than in any that has ever come under your notice, while the non-forfeitable feature of the policies, peculiar to our company alone, together with the dividends that accrue after the third year, thus steadily decreasing the annual premiums, while at the same time—"

"Was this your object in calling. Al—Mr. Swackhammer?"

"It was, Miss Pankey. I've just begun to work this town."

Opening the little ivory tablet he began jotting figures down in it with great rapidity.

"Now, you will see," he said, "on the ten-year plan—let me see, what is your age?"

"You will please excuse me, sir. I have some bread in the oven that I must go and look at, and I don't need any life insurance. Neither does my brother. I wish you success, Mr. Swackhammer. Good afternoon."

Miss Cassimere Pankey sat in pensive silence a minute or two after her caller had departed, then picked up the little ivory tablet, put it back into the plush-covered jewel case, took them both out to the kitchen, tossed them into the stove, and went about her work with a firm and decided expression on her face.

Three weeks afterward she married a bald-headed dentist fifty-seven years old, who had been making love to her for about eight years.—Chicago Tribune.

'Twas Ever Thus.

Schoolmarm (to class)—"Children, I had to punish little Willie to-day for telling a wrong story. You must never, never tell fibs. You will never grow up to be good men and women unless you love the truth and always stick to it."

Same Schoolmarm (to census enumerator)—"My age? Oh, yes; I'm twenty-two next fall."—Pueblo Opinion.

The simplest and best regulator of the disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure constipation and Piles; remove Sallowiness and Pimples from the Complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

Making a Reduction.

"Strawberries, ma'am?" queried the huckster, as she stood in the door of her house in Jersey City.

"How much?" she cautiously inquired.

"Twelve cents a quart, ma'am, or two quarts for twenty-five cents."

"Oh! Well, I'll take two quarts."

"Exactly, ma'am."

He measured out the berries, got his quarter and drove off, while she disappeared in the house. She came out again after a couple of minutes, however, looked up and down the street, and, not being able to see him anywhere, she shook her fist in the direction he took and exclaimed:

"I'll know him by the wart on his nose, and I'll get even with him if it takes a year!"—New York Sun.

The Inn at High Point.

I am "in" with it.

The Inn at High Point.

"But where is High Point?" you ask, "and what are the peculiarities of the Inn that is located there?"

Easy enough to explain. High Point is one hour's drive from Port Jervis, N. Y.

And Port Jervis is on the Picturesque Erie Railway, within easy distance from New York City.

The Inn is on a lofty point of ground, nearly 2,000 feet above sea level, and if you see level you will take your family there for their warm weather vacation.

Because the air is pure, and so is the water, for it comes from a beautiful mountain spring lake.

And mountains spring all about you, and the valley and river scenery is unsurpassed for beauty and novelty.

And the Inn: It is so constructed that city folks wishing to summer in the mountains, can have all the conveniences and comforts that they are accustomed to at home.

They may miss the rattle of milk wagons in the morning, and the yell of the fruit and vegetable peddler, but they will have pleasure, and peace, and contentment.

There are hot and cold baths, rooms illuminated by gas, and musical with electric bells.

There are no back rooms at the Inn at High Point, and no back talk on the part of the patient and obliging clerks.

The table is furnished with milk and cream from the most celebrated dairies in the world, and no guest is refused a second piece of pie. Orange county farms provide fresh butter, eggs and vegetables daily.

The region boasts of seventeen hundred acres of mountains and mountain forests, yet any guest possessing a favorite mountain of his own is permitted to bring it with him if he likes, without extra charge.

Can I say more for The Inn at High Point? I have reached the highest point when I add that C. St. John, Jr., is the genial manager. His address is Port Jervis, N. Y. GRISWOLD.

Pat's Wetting.

The proprietor of a shooting-box in the west of Ireland, having been driven home in a regular downpour, and perceiving that his Jehu was almost in rags, sympathetically said:

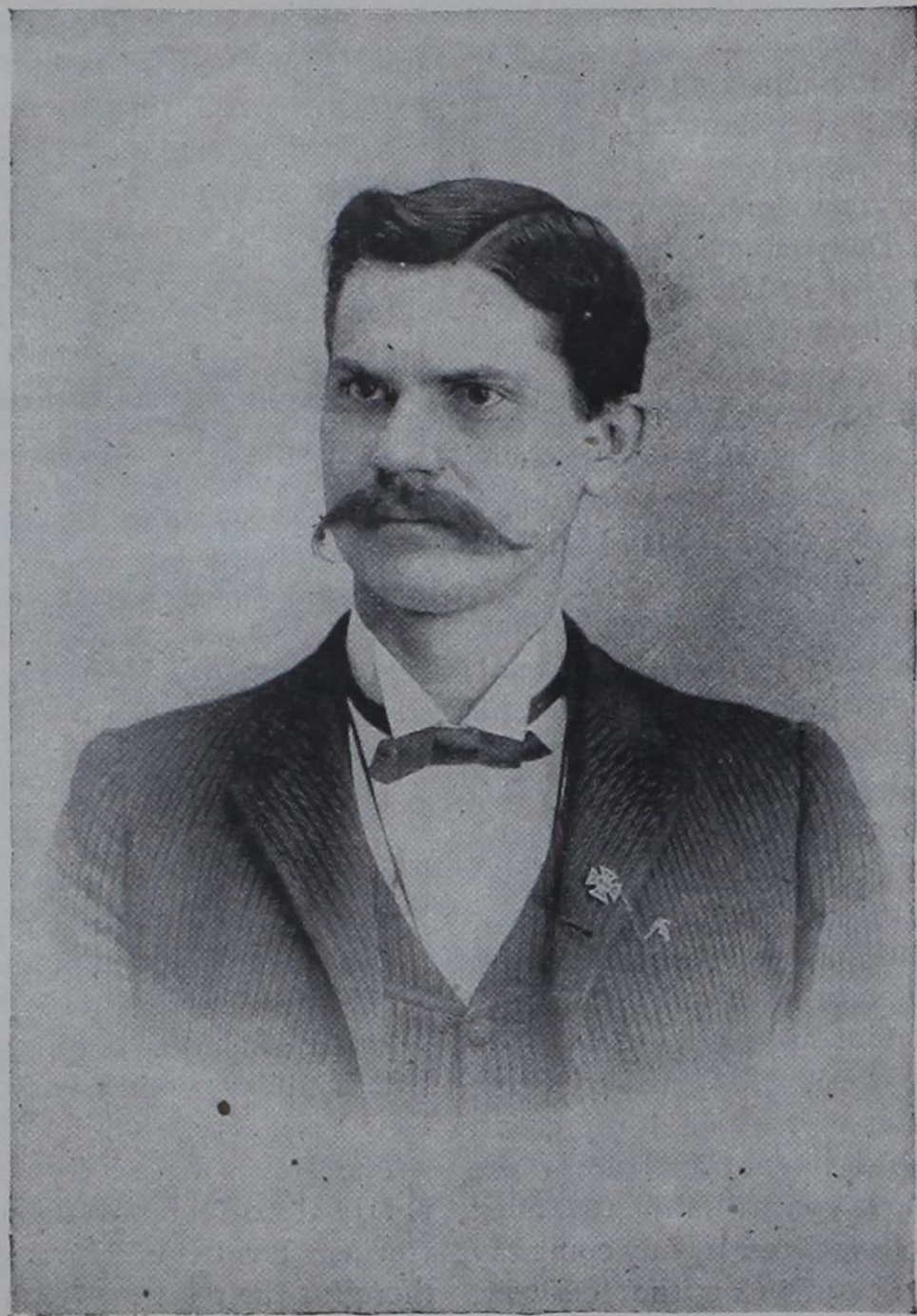
"Pat, my poor fellow, you must be wet through and through!"

"Faith, then, no, your honor," replied Pat. "I'm wet only to the skin; but, please goodness, I'll be wet inside as soon as your honor can get out the spe'rirts!"—N. Y. Ledger.

Ladies who value a refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Powder. It produces a soft and beautiful skin.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



WILL H. MILTON, JR., OF MARIANNA, FLA.

How He Won His Bet.

The famous Hungarian, Count Zichy, who lived on a princely income in Vienna, was in his younger days well known all over Europe for the bets he made and generally won. Once, when there was a heavy duty imposed on every head of cattle entering the Austrian capital, he made a bet that he would carry a lamb, duty free, through the gates of Vienna, and that the gate-keeper, who acts as imperial officer, adjusting and receiving the duty, would be glad to let him pass.

Next morning the count, disguised in the clothes of a butcher, his butcher-knife in his hand, his shirt-sleeves rolled up, and carrying a heavy sack on his shoulder, made his way to one of the fashionable gates of Vienna. But the watchful officer soon espied him.

"What have you in that sack, fellow?"

"A dog, sir."

"A dog? Dog yourself! Down with that sack. I know fellows like you sometimes carry dogs in sacks through the gates and sell them for mutton in town. Down with your sack!"

"But it's nothing but a dog, and a bad dog, too. I will —"

"Never mind what you will. Down with your sack!"

The officer pulled the bag from the supposed butcher's shoulder, cut the string, and, sure enough, out jumped one of the biggest dogs in Vienna. The dog rushed against the faithful government servant, landed him several steps away in the gutter, and then left for parts unknown. After him went the young butcher, shaking his big knife before the eyes of the frightened officer, and exclaiming:

"I'll settle you after I catch that dog."

About two hours afterward the face of the butcher again appeared before the raised window of the gate office.

"I have just caught that dog again. Would you like to look at him?"

"Get away! Get out, you and your infernal dog!" And with a crash the window went down, and the smiling butcher entered Vienna.

But no dog was that time in the sack,

but the fattest lamb that could be found in the suburbs of the capital.—Boston Herald.

Feminine Cleverness.

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact, and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman, my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, counselor and friend.—Philadelphia Times.

Macaroni.

A correspondent of Farm, Field and Stockman, traveling on his bicycle in Italy, tells of the macaroni factory found in every country village: "We rode past many a string of the long pipes hung out by the roadside to dry. Inasmuch as Italian roads are dustier even than ours at home, it did not impress us with the cleanliness of this article of food. Sometimes, even, the macaroni is laid out to dry on cloths spread on the ground with no one watching it to keep off children, dogs or chickens, and not the slightest protection from dust. Your correspondent formed the resolution to patronize, in future, the American article—as being more apt to possess the virtue of cleanliness."

Found It at Last.

A planter, riding along a road one Sunday, came upon old Simon, sitting with his back against a cypress tree.

"Why, look here, Simon, why ain't you at church this bright and praiseworthy day?"

"One day is ez much praiseworthy ter me ez ernudder. I ain' got nothin' at stake."

"You've got your soul at stake, haven't you?"

"Wall, sah, I dunno 'bout dat. I uster think so, but now I's jest on dat slippery place whar er man changes his mine."

"You are not becoming an infidel, are you?"

"I'd be mighty tempted ter be one, sah, ef I thought dat it would pay better den de diffunt samples o' 'ligion dat I has tried, an' it 'pear like I dun tried 'em all. I started out ter be er mighty 'ligious pusson, an' I wouder been till yit ef bad luck hadn't er kep' on grabbin' me an' t'arin' my garments. Some time ergo I started out ter be er Meferdis. I prayed in de Meferdis way an' shouted in de Meferdis fashion, an' thought dat I wuz gittin' erlaung all right, when er ca'f dat I wuz almos' in lub wid ups an' dies. Den I says, I did, 'dis 'ligion ain' gwine do. I better change.' I changed, an' de fust thing de folks knowed I wuz ez rank er Baptist ez you wanter see. I had merse'f soused in de bayou, an' I didn't run wid nobody but Baptis' folks. Den what you reckon happened? Mule took an' run erway wid er plow an' tore it all ter pieces, an' it cos' me er dollar an' er ha'f ter git it fixed. Den I says, 'dis 'ligion ain' gwine do, nuther,' so I sorter looked erroun', I did, an' 'cided ter be er Preserterian. Wall, I j'ined dis church, an' had merse'f sprinkled all ober, an' 'gunter trot wid nobody but de Preserterian folks. I done putty well till my old sow she jumped in de back water an' drown herse'f. Den I j'ined de Free Will church—j'ined it yistidy—an' now, here I is, 'spectin' ebry minit ter yere dat suthin' hab dun went wraung; an' ef it is, w'y den, I's out wid de churches, sho' nuff."

Just then a boy came running up. "Unk Simon, oh, Unk Simon!" he exclaimed, yo' wife dun runned erway wid dat yaller man frum ober de creek." "Look yere, chile, doan come projick-in' wid me." "I's tellin' de truf, sah; cross my heart I is." "Sho nuff, now?" "Yas, sah. Ain' you dun seed me cross my heart?" "De lady dun gone?" "Yas, sah, dun gone." "Wid de yaller man frum ober de creek?" "Yas, sah, wid dat berry man." The old fellow turned to the planter, and said:

"Look yere, Colonel, I gwine ter stick ter dis Free Will 'ligion. I's dun struck my gate now. Dat Free Will 'ligion fits me like one deze yere knit shirts."—Arkansaw Traveler.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Nerve Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents.

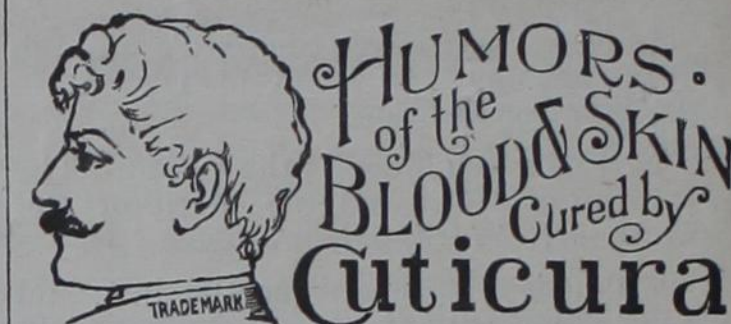
A Feminine Explorer.

"One of the most intrepid explorers of the day," says the Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph, "is a Parisian lady, Mme. le Ray, mother of the Duc d'Abrantes, who has been for several months engaged in eastern travel. After having visited Babylon and Nineveh, she traversed the Persian deserts amid terrible privation in order to reach India. For five days and five nights her little caravan had to encamp in the wilds

without meeting a living soul or even discovering the slightest trace of a human being. During all this time the cold was so intense that Mme. le Ray's fingers were frost-bitten, and her guides became seriously ill. She managed at last to reach the Persian Gulf, where she embarked for India."

Wooden—"Say, Smart, I want some information."

Smart—"Well, your face shows that." —Boston Times.



HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP. Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Blood and Skin Diseases."

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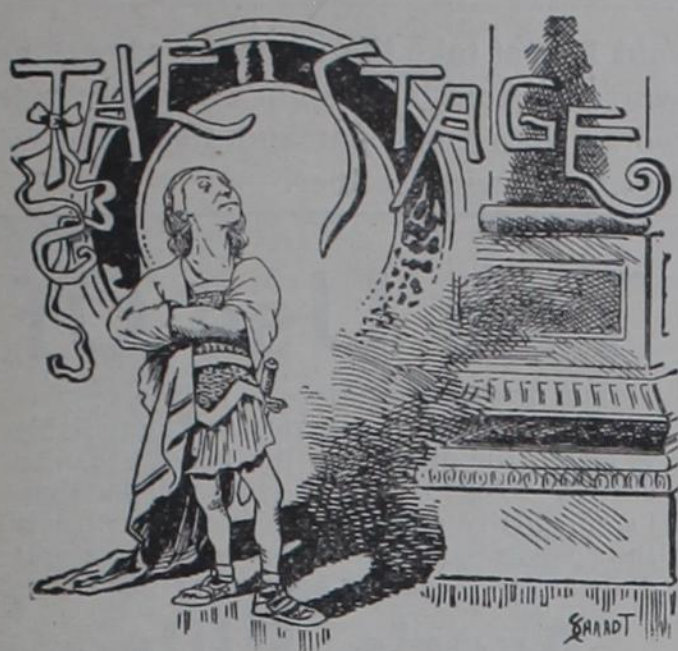
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



J. K. Emmet will begin his next tour on Sept. 8th at Miner's People's Theatre.

Hoyt has just completed another farce-comedy, which he calls *A Trip to Chinatown*.

Minnie Palmer begins her tour on Sept. 15. She will produce her new play, *My Prima Donna*.

Funny De Wolff Hopper, in *Castles in the Air*, at the Broadway Theatre, draws as well as on the first night. The opera has been cut considerably, and is now first-class.

Edwin Arden, in *Raglan's Way*, at the Union Square, is drawing fairly good houses. The cast is excellent, but the play is rather disappointing. It is too chestnutty.

Richard Mansfield's latest venture, at the Madison Square Theatre, Beau Brummel, fills the house nightly. The performance is a grand one, and well worth seeing.

Agnes Herndon, in her new play, *La Belle Marie*, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, closed a slightly unsatisfactory two weeks' engagement last Saturday night. The play is of the "sickening detail" class, but would have fared better had a competent cast been engaged. Miss Herndon was all that could be desired.

The Brazilian, at the Casino, has been produced with the brilliance of costume and scenic effect for which the management is famous. The first and last scenes are by the late Matt Morgan, and the waterfall in the last act is an artistic triumph. Since the opening night the libretto has been greatly improved. Miss Marie Halton's cigarette song and her table dance are charming, and the chorus at the close of Act II. is very melodious. Hardly enough opportunity is given for the fine baritone of John Brand, whose single solo gives but a glimpse of his capabilities. Carroll and Solomon furnish the fun of the piece, and their topical songs produce as much merriment as ever. Not least in the attractions of an evening at this famous house is the delightful concert by the Hungarian Band and Casino Orchestra on the roof garden at the close of the operetta.

Helping a Boy.

As we left Cleveland the sheriff of a county about fifty miles away came into the car with a prisoner—a ragged and forlorn-looking boy of seventeen, who had stolen a small sum of money and been run down. Public sympathy was at once enlisted on the boy's side, and we began to plan how to aid him in making his escape. Five of us chipped in a dollar apiece, and then we gathered around and began to talk politics. The sheriff soon became interested, and, as we purposely opposed his views and beliefs, he soon got hot under the collar. He was one of those men who can't argue sitting down. He soon got up, and as he grew hotter he had to have more room. He began to pace up and down, leaving the boy alone in the seat, and I slipped in beside him and asked:

"Why did you steal the money?"

"He owed me five times as much and wouldn't pay a cent of it," he replied.

"Would you dare jump off this train?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here's five dollars. Slip out on the platform and wait. If the sheriff follows you, jump. If he doesn't, then wait for a slack."

He took the money and slid, and he had been on the platform two minutes before he was missed. The sheriff made a rush, the boy made a leap, and as we ran to the rear and looked for him he got upon his feet and waved us a farewell. The sheriff came in, looked our crowd over, and sat down with:

"D—n politics and you, too!"—*New York Sun*.

Why Woman is Man's Best Friend.

First and foremost, woman is man's best friend:

Because she is his mother.

Second, because she is his wife.

Because she is patient with him in illness, endures his fretfulness and "mothers" him.

Because she will stick to him through good and evil report, and always believe in him, if she loves him.

Because without her he would be rude, rough and ungodly.

Because she teaches him the value of gentle words, of kindly thought and of consideration.

Because she can with him, endure pain quietly and meet joy gladly.

Because, on her breast, he can shed tears of repentance, and he is never reminded of them afterwards.

Because when he is behaving like a fretful boy—and we all do, you know, at times—with no reason in the world for it, woman's soft word, touch or glance will make him ashamed of himself as he ought to be.

Because without her as an incentive he would grow lazy; there would be no good work done, there would be no noble books written, there would be no divine strains of melody.

Because she has made for us a beautiful world in which we should be proud to live, and contented to die.

Because—and this is the best reason of all—when the world had reached an unenviable state of wickedness, the blessed task of bringing it a Savior for all mankind was given to a woman, which was God's way of setting his seal of approval on her who is mother, wife, daughter and sweetheart, and, therefore, man's best friend.—*Edward W. Bok, in Ladies' Home Journal*.

Pictures that Attract the Crowd.

A Wabash avenue dealer says: "I have made a study of the crowds on the street that stop here to look at our windows. I have done this because it is my business and because it is amusing. My observation is that a French war picture will hold the crowds longer than any I can put in the window. There is something about a French war scene that is action. Whether the artist is the cause of this interest that centres itself upon these pictures, or whether it is because people like French history more than any other, I don't know. We have an engraving here of Napoleon at Waterloo. It is an old subject. You have probably seen it in other windows about town. But whenever we put it in this window it will hold a crowd longer than anything we have. The pictures of the last French war—the Franco-German, I mean—are always looked at with apparent increased admiration."—*Chicago Times*.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything. One pill a dose. Try them.

No Flannel Shirt for Him.

A Lewiston little boy declared a philosophic independence and accepted the consequences in so matter-of-fact a way last week that it may make a story, even if it is not so very funny. His mother dressed him up in a new flannel shirt and sent him to school. The shirt irritated his cuticle, or, in other words, he itched. When he came home that night he was cross—and very cross for so small a boy—and he declared he and the shirt had parted company forever.

The next morning, as his mother prepared to dress him for school, the boy drew the line at the shirt.

"No," said he, "I don't want to wear that shirt."

A brief debate ensued, in which the boy appeared to have formed his opinion and to have decided to stick to it. The question, when put before the house, was carried by the boy, who would not don the shirt.

"If you will not wear it," said his mother, "I shall send you back to bed."

Back to bed he went. He got no dinner. Afternoon came. A neighbor went in to see him—his mother telling her that she had a bad boy upstairs. The boy lay there in bed wide awake, his little cheeks flushed with the situation, but showing no signs of change of heart.

"Don't you want to go to school?" asked the neighbor.

"School?" was the reply. "I shall never go to school again."

"Don't you want to?"

"Yes, but I can't. I've got to stay here."

"All your life?"

"Yes'm," was the reply; "all my life. I shan't ever get up again, prob'ly."

What could a mother's heart do against so philosophic an acceptance of the termination of a life career as this? What but kiss him at tea time and go and buy the little bunch of pluck some downy little undershirts that should never tickle him.—*Lewiston Journal*.

A Free Trip to Europe.

On May 31st the Hobbs Medicine Co., of San Francisco, Cal., (Eastern office, Chicago, Ill.) closed a contest they had advertised as to where the word "Husband" was first found in the Bible. The Rev. Francis Gilliat, of Addison, N. Y., sent in the first correct answer, and he has been awarded the coveted prize. The company pays his fare as well as traveling expenses to and from England, Ireland, France and Germany. The company also awarded One Hundred and Six other prizes to successful contestants.

Served Him Right.

Organo Grindero was on trial, charged with having set a tenement on fire, in which twelve Italians were burned to death.

Lawyer—"Gentlemen of the jury, must we not charge the whole of this crime upon the prisoner?"

Prisoner (rises excitedly)—"Gentlemen, you must not think me alone a guilty. You must not charge the hol-a-caust on me."

Verdict, guilty.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

If you once try Carter's Little Liver Pills for sick headache, biliousness or constipation, you will never be without them. They are purely vegetable; small and easy to take. Don't forget this.

She Found Out.

"I was never so flustered and perplexed as I was the other day," said a lady to me yesterday. "I was coming back from Chicago, and in the car I met an old friend of my school days. I was very glad to meet him; so was he, I think, to meet me, and anyhow we indulged in a host of reminiscences. But I was uncomfortable from the very first because I could not remember his name. I did remember that at school we used to call him 'Dumpy,' because of his somewhat

diminutive and stocky appearance, but I couldn't address a middle-aged gentleman, a wealthy financier, by such a name. His last name I couldn't remember at all.

"I wanted to find out his name—you know how awkward it is to keep on saying Mr. or sir to a man. How to get it out of the man I tried to think. I suppose my brain got muddled attending to several matters at once, for at last I said: 'Let me see—what was your name before you were married?'"

"The look of astonishment on that man's face I shall not soon forget. I discovered his name; but it did not make me much more comfortable."—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Sweet Girl.

"Maria."

"Yes, Tom."

"Maria—I—ah."

"Yes, Tom."

"Maria, do you—that is—"

"Yes, Tom."

"O, will you marry me?"

"Yes, Tom. That is the fourth time I've said it. I knew what you were driving at all the time."—*New York Herald*.

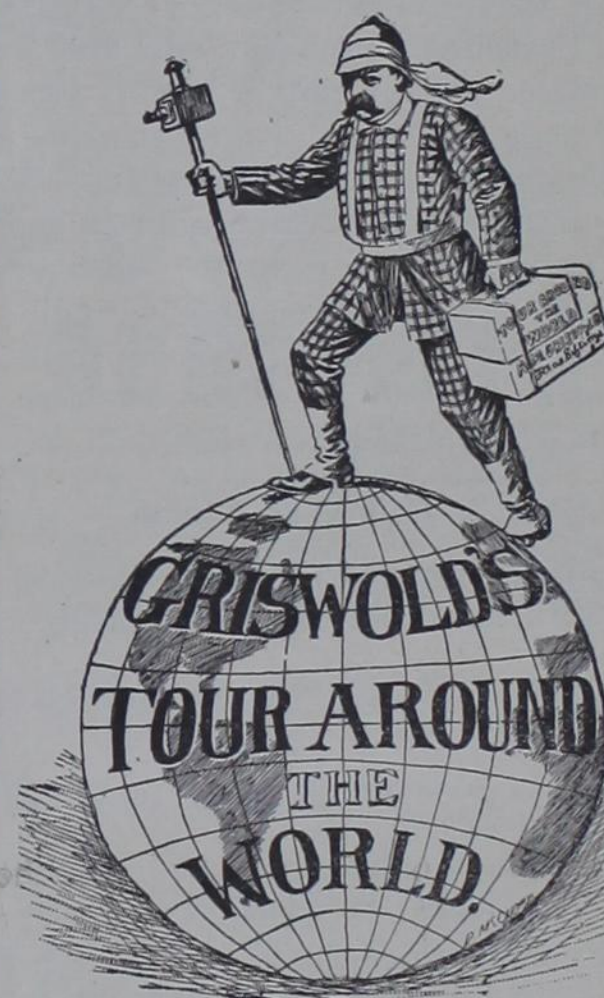
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



W. D. Howells' new story *The Shadow of a Dream* has just been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Macmillan and Co. have brought out a handsome cheap edition of Tom Brown's School Days, with fifty-eight illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sydney Prior Hall.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's popular novel, *The Wrong Box*, which met with such success on its publication last year, is soon to be reissued by the Scribners in their Yellow Paper Novel Series.

A. S. Barnes & Co. have issued a second edition, revised and containing new illustrations, of *A History of Art*, by William Henry Goodyear, B.A., Lecturer by Appointment in the Cooper Institute, New York.

A new novel entitled *With the Best Intentions*, by Marion Harland, will be published at an early date by the Scribners. The scene of the story is laid at a summer watering-place in the region of the great lakes.

F. Marion Crawford's new novel, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, is said to be a charming story of somewhat the same character as his *Marzio's Crucifix*, recently published. It will be issued by Macmillan & Co., early in July.

West Shore contains a very interesting narrative of a Winter Raid on the Alaska Sealing Grounds by a Victoria schooner. In view of the efforts being made to protect the seals during the regular season and the international complications involved, this winter poaching voyage of the "Yokohama Pirates" is of double interest.

Wasp, the lively and humorous stinger of San Francisco journalism, will issue a midsummer holiday edition July 1, with illustrations on every page, affording scenes, characters and sentiments appropriate to the season. There will be a decided California flavor to the edition, which will be the largest ever yet published. It will contain a resume of political events in California, and embrace many new and unique features.

What a Fall Was There.

"Mamma," said a Chicago lad, "did little brother come directly from heaven?"
"Y-yes."
"And landed here in Chicago?"
"O course."
"Well, he took a mighty big tumble."
—Boston Post.

Lose No Time.

How men of this busy nineteenth century, bustle, hustle, and rush about in their mad endeavors to accomplish their various errands of life. Indeed, one might be reasonably led to suppose that the amount of time which is absolutely necessary for the proper performance of their duties is not allowed them. Time wasted is money spent. Save both then by making sure you are routed via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas R'y, when traveling between Kansas City and points in Texas and Mexico. Hours are saved, through sleeping cars had, and each and every facility for economical and comfortable railway transportation is assured if your ticket reads via the M. K. & T. R'y, from Kansas City to points in Texas, the Indian Territory and Mexico.

For tickets, rates, and further information, call upon your nearest railroad ticket agent, or address Gaston Meslier, Gen'l Pass. & Ticket Agent, Sedalia, Mo.

He Wouldn't Support a Deceitful Man and He Gave His Reasons.

When Colonel Aberdeen announced himself as a candidate for the Legislature there was throughout the country an almost universal expression of approval, for the Colonel had been so kind and patient in his dealings with the negroes that many of them were willing to throw aside politics and vote for him. There was one old negro, however, that shook his head and muttered in opposition.

"Why, what do you mean by opposing the Colonel, Dan?" a white man asked one morning when he met the old negro in the road.

"I reckon I's got a privilege ter do what I's doin', sah. In dis yere free country er man ain't got no right ter tell er pusson how he mus' vote ur how he musn't."

"Of course not, Dan, but we counted on your vote as a sure thing."

"How come?"

"Why, the Colonel has always been your friend. Last year when your wife died he paid the funeral expenses, didn't he?"

"Yas, but de 'spenses wan't much. De buryin' was dun on his own lan' an' he gorrer feller dat owed him ter make de coffin outen his own plank, so it didn't cost him nuthin'."

"That may be, but you should consider the spirit of generosity that prompted the action. And, hold on a minute; here is another thing: Last spring when you had the rheumatism he sent a number of hands into your cotton-field."

"Yas, caze he knowed dat a third o' de cotton would 'long ter him an' dat de mo' it wuz worked de mo' he would git."

"I must say, Dan, that you are one of the most ungrateful men I ever saw."

"You's got er right ter yo' 'pinion, sah."

"Yes, every man has a right to his opinion when his opinion is honest, but is it an honest opinion that causes you to oppose the Colonel's election?"

"Yas, sah; I kin stan' right yere flat footed an' say it is."

"Would you mind tellin' me what caused you to form an ill opinion of him?"

"Oh, I ain't totin' my grebunces roun' de neighborhood. Still, ef you 'sists on it I kin tell you. It's my 'pinion, sah, dat de Colonel is 'ceitful."

"Deceitful! Why, this is the first time that I ever heard such a charge brought against him. You must be mistaken."

"No, I ain't. I knows whut I's talkin' erbout. Knows he's 'ceitful, 'caze I dun kotch him in one o' his tricks."

"What sort of a trick?"

"Oh, I doan' wanten go roun' de 'munty, sah, talkin' erbout er man."

"I insist upon knowing, Dan."

"Wall, ef you mus' know you mus', I reckon. It wus dis way: I'd allus had de highes' sorter 'spect fur de Colonel—neber did think he wuz er man o' pertention an' airs; but erbout er minit ergo, when ole Gabe preached down yere, I foun' out my mistake. De Colonel he come ter de meetin' an' all de niggers wuz powerful glad ter see him, da wuz. He sot down an' put his hat on er table an' den he tuck out one de putties'-lookin' handkerchucks you eber seed, wiped his face on it an' den put it in his hat. I 'lowed ter myself: 'Dar's er silk handkerchuck dat didn't cos' less den three dollar. De Colonel ain't er man ter go roun' er makin' er show an' eber'-thing he's got is wuth ez much ez it looks like.' After 'while, when da got ter singin' putty peart, I sorter sauntered up ter de table whar de Colonel's hat wuz an' while standin' dar passed my han' ober de hat dis way (making a motion with his hand) an' de fust thing I knowed de handkerchuck wuz in my han', an' not feelin' like turnin' roun' ter put it back,

fearin' dat I mout 'sturb de congregation, I went on out under tree an' looked at de handkerchuck, an' bless yo' life, it wa'n't nothin' but cotton. Den I 'lowed dat he didn't hab no right ter come eroun' er foolin' er man dater way, an' he didn't hab, nuther. Ef dat handkerchuck had er been silk, like it promised when he stood dar er wipin' his face on it, w'y I wouder voted fur him, but sense he dun 'ceibed me so I kain't hab no confarence in him; I darfo' doan' feel dat I would be doin' right in givin him de great priviledge o' my sufferage, sah, an' you mout ez well go on an' let me erlone."—Arkansaw Traveler."

Temperance with a Vengeance.

Stranger (to clerk in temperance hotel)—"You don't seem to have any bar here?"

Clerk—"No, sir, but all our rooms are fitted with electric bells. You can go up to your room, if you wish, sir, and have a Kodak drink."

"A Kodak drink? What is that?"

"You press the button; we do the rest."

—Lowell Citizen.

No Wonder he Was.

Snifkins—"Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—?"

Bimley—"No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color."—Lawrence American.

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.

Why He Took It.

Editor (to associate)—"Why did you accept this spring poem?"

Associate—"Well, sir, the blamed poet (for who does not blame him?) walked in here with that poem in one hand and a revolver in the other, and

THE GREATEST SHORT STOP IN THE WORLD!

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

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DR. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

said I must take the poem or something worse. I told him I didn't wish anything worse than the poem and took that."—Furnisher and Clothier.

The Use Of

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

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

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

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

Effective

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

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

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

A ROMANCE SPOILED.



Two lovers went to the base-ball game
One afternoon in May.
He was a "crank;" she never had seen
Professional players play.

He faithfully tried to explain it all,
She tried to understand;
But the more he talked, the less she knew
Why he thought the game was "grand."

He cheered, he danced, he yelled "Hi! hi!"
She calmly looked about;
And if any one made a three-base hit,
She asked if the man was out.

She tried her best to keep the score,
But when the game was done
He found that whenever a foul was hit
She had given the man a run.

It dampened his ardor to have her say:
"Why doesn't the umpire bat?"
And each question she asked diminished his love,
Though he wouldn't have owned to that,

Till at last she asked in her guileless way,
"Which nine is playing now?"
He broke the engagement then and there,
And now they don't even bow.

—Somerville Journal.

THAT GOLDEN HEAD.

That golden head! that golden head!
Ah me! I loved it so;
But that was in years long since dead
In life's dear long ago.

I fondly built air castles fair
While gazing on this head,
And hoped that others clustering there
Might make me happily wed.

But others came not—e'en I lost
The golden head I prized,
And then by fate was madly tossed
And nearly paralyzed.

For that dear shining golden head,
That gave my heart surcease,
I lost at poker with old Ned—
A bright ten-dollar piece.

—Earl Marble.

JUST AWAY.

I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away.

With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him facing on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes.

Mild and gentle, as he was brave—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things; where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to.

The touches of his hand have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed;

When the little brown thrush that harshly chirped
Was dear to him as the mocking bird;

And he pitied as much as men in pain
A writhing honey bee wet with rain,

Think of him still as the same, I say;
He is not dead—he is just away!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

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.

Monsieur and the Picnic.

I veel go on two condeetions, says
Monsieur Bourgeois in Galignani's Mes-
senger. First, zat I pay my share—in
advance. Second, zat I am not on zee
comeetee.

At zee last peek-neek vee vere zree on
zee comeetee; zee proprietaire of my
house, zee zentleman of zee newspaper
and mee.

Zee ladees brought peegeon pies, zey
brought sandweeches, zey brought geen-
ger beer. But I had to breeng lobsters,
I had to breeng filets de bœuf, I had to
breeng champagne—because I vaus on
zee comeetee.

Omneebuses, museek, rowboats! Ah
pourboires everywhere.

I could not ask zee proprietaire and
hees guests to pay, because hee would
not have reepaired my veendows.

I could not ask zee zentleman of zee
newspaper and hees guests to pay, be-
cause hee would have put everybodee's
name in zee newspaper except mine.

I could not ask my guests to pay.
Zee people ate my deeshes, and I had
to eat of only zeir deeshes, because I
vaus on zee comeetee.

Zee proprietaire made zee lobster sal-
ade and carved zee filets de bœuf. Zee
zentleman of zee newspaper took zee
corkscrew of my penknife—zere vaus no
ozer anywhere. (Can you tell mee where
is zat deer leetle penknife with an ivory
handle?) Hee made zee corks fly, and
poured my champagne full in zee beegest
glasses.

I had to help everybodee—because I
vaus on zee comeetee.

Zey drank my health; I had to vash
zee plates, because zey vere my plates.

Zee champagne vaus pleasant; zee
dreenkers felt fresky. Zee proprietaire
zrew some bread at zee fat ladee; shee
zought it vaus zee judge; shee zrew some
at hees eye. Hee zrew some at her, but
heet zee colonel's wife. Shee zrew some
at zee judge. Everybodee laughed;
everybodee zrew bread.

What an example for my daughter! I
hrought her up for twelve years with
economy. Eef shee leaves only as beeg
as her leetle feenger of bread at dejeuner
shee finds it under her napkeen at diner,
and shee must swallow it. I say to her:
"Mam'zelle, eef you leave so much bread
to-day, so much to-morrow, so much zee
day after, so much every day—it ees a
sin!—at zee end of zee year you have lost
so much of your dot."

Vhen zey had vaisted two loaves of
good fresh bread, zey took zee ball of zee
leetle giri of zee doctor, and, like beeg
cheeldren, zey played at tennees.

Zey had no raquettes; it did not mat-
ter; zey played with my plates, because
my plates vere clean; and zey played
teel my plates vere broken.

Zee fat ladee fell on zee grass. I had
to carry her—because I vaus on zee
comeetee. Her ugly pug dog, with a
broken nose, carried off a peece of filet
bœuf beeger zan I eat in one veek. Zee
fat ladee laughed vile I carried her;
everybodee bravoed, and I had to look
happee—because I vaus. No; I veel go
on two condeetions; first, zat I pay my
share—in advance; second, zat I am not
on zee comeetee.

His Absence Accounted For.

Dixter—"I sent my trousers over to
the tailors yesterday to be repaired."

Wixter—"I wondered why I didn't
see you on the street."—Furnisher and
Clothier.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that
I have a positive remedy for the above named dis-
ease. 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.

A Unique Five-Dollar Bill.

Yesterday afternoon as the crowd was
thickest in the Palmer House rotunda a
young man approached a group of men
at the counter and pleasantly remarked
that it was an unpleasant day. The
stranger wore a shabby silk hat, trousers
shaped like elephant's legs and a fancy
shirt of a pattern resembling kitchen wall-
paper. He held a greenback in his hand
and seemed to be greatly interested in
the money.

"Pardon me," said the stranger, by
way of breaking the ice, "but I've just
had the strangest experience in my life,"
and he looked intently at the five-dollar
bill in his hand, holding it toward the
light and trying to see through it.

The crowd gathered closer around the
young man, but as he did not show any
intention of telling his strange expe-
rience, a drummer asked him to re-
late it.

"See this five-dollar bill?" said the
stranger. "Now, I don't suppose there
is a gentleman here who could tell it
from any other bill of the same denomi-
nation."

At this point Clerk Cunningham and
Dr. Sutton, of Rome, N. Y., pricked up
their ears. The clerk is a numismatist
of no mean ability, and the Eastern phy-
sician is in Chicago for the sole purpose
of picking up curiosities to add to his
large collection. Both of these men
reached for the bill.

"It looks like any other," remarked its
owner, "but I'll bet fifty cents that no
one can tell why it is different from any
other five-dollar bill. Not that I care for
a mere half dollar, but just to test your
knowledge of paper money and just to
make the trial interesting, I'll put up
fifty cents."

He handed his money to Mr. Cunning-
ham. Dr. Sutton deposited a like sum.
Then the relic-hunter from Rome felt of
the bill, held it toward the light and
scrutinized every number and line on the
greenback; but he found no evidence that
the note was either a counterfeit or a
rare bill. Finally he gave it up, and also
his half-dollar.

"It that is an odd bill," he said, "I
am fooled. Now that I've given up my
chance will you tell me its peculiarity?"

"I don't mind," said the stranger, as
he put his two half-dollars in his pocket.
"You see this five-dollar bill belongs to
me, and no other does. Pardon me for
taking your money, but I'm trying to get
a stake so that I can get back to New
York. Good afternoon, gentlemen."—
Chicago Tribune.

He Conversed in His Sleep.

"George, in your sleep last night I
heard you say 'Guffey, give me \$5 worth
of chips?'"

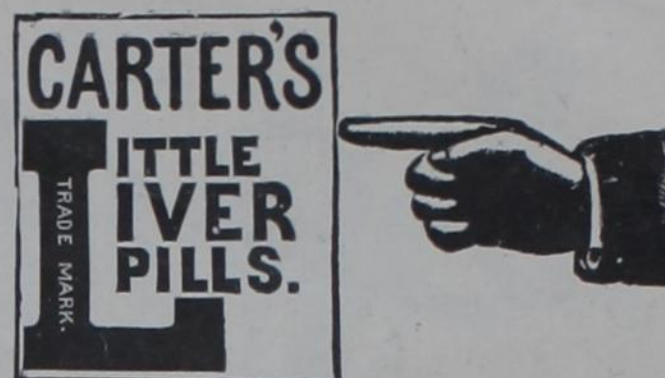
"Oh, yes; Guffey keeps a kindling
store."

"Well, we are greatly in need of
kindling to start fires, but we don't want
\$5 worth, George."—Times-Democrat.

A REMARKABLE bass singer has been
discovered in Brooklyn in the person of
a colored bootblack, who has been per-
suaded to enter upon vocal studies.
Hereafter this bootblack will shine in
musical circles only.—Norristown Herald.

A Matter of Interest to Travelers.

Tourists, emigrants and mariners find that Hos-
tetter's Stomach Bitters is a medicinal safeguard
against unhealthy influences, upon which they can
implicitly rely, since it prevents the effects that an
unhealthy climate, vitiated atmosphere, unac-
customed or unwholesome diet, bad water, or other
conditions unfavorable to health, would otherwise
produce. On long voyages, or journeys by land in
latitudes adjacent to the equator, it is especially
useful as a preventive of the febrile complaints and
disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, which
are apt to attack natives of the temperate zones so-
journing or traveling in such regions, and is an ex-
cellent protection against the influence of extreme
cold, sudden changes of temperature, exposure to
damp or extreme fatigue. It not only prevents in-
termittent and remittent fever, and other diseases
of a malarial type, but eradicates them, a fact which
has been notorious for years past in North and
South America, Mexico, the West Indies, Australia
and other countries.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who
suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortu-
nately their goodness does not end here, and those
who once try them will find these little pills valu-
able in so many ways that they will not be wil-
ling 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
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TAFETY-TOLU. It's delicious.

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ing articles in the world. 1 sample free.
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or blind can thread them. Finest silver
spring steel. Sample paper by mail, 10c. \$3 for 50c. 12, 50c.
Money easily made selling them. C. Marshall, Lockport, N.Y.

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for a time and then have them return again. I mean a
radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEP-
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warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because
others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a
cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle
of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
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HIS PROFESSIONAL HONOR INVOLVED.

JUDGE—The jury having found you "not guilty," you are discharged.

PRISONER—That's pretty tough on me, Judge. I am a member of the "Burglars' Brotherhood Benevolent Association," and if this acquittal leaks out I shall be regarded by my friends as a suspicious character. Everybody will say I'm a failure.

Chaos in Furniture.

Chaos reigns in furniture. The cry is something "uncommon," whether novel or ancient. Last season, when houses were filled with Greek and Oriental rooms, every woman was dressed à l'Empire. The contrast was grotesque. The "Josephine" has been laid aside, and now comes the never-ending cry for "something uncommon."

To begin at the door-step, there is a general carting away of piazzas, balconies and railing plazas. The iron is sold for junk, the planks are given away, and the stone about the stoop and windows chiseled rough. It must be remembered by the would-be fashionable to make her entrance hall individual, whether it be a yard square or of the baronial order. If paper and paint are used, let it be unlike anything else in the house.

There are rich red papers for this purpose, almost as beautiful and enduring as fresco. If oak is used, panels of dark rose du Barri and dull gold paper can be let in with fine effect, and the floor laid in hard wood, covered with wood carpet, which is cheaper, or the boards filled and stained and then dressed with a rug or two. The staircase must be different and gay to the last degree. For this there are French papers of brilliant, bizarre patterns, which charm and delight the eye. One lovely style of this wall paper is made of a simple rose branch, with a bird on it, thrown against a pale crimson cream background. At intervals of four feet a peacock appears almost life size and as grand as his colors could be in any element but sunshine. In all parts of the modernized house there is a demand for high colors, bright tints and airy, delicate designs.

Fancy a dining-room done in crimson and white, with window drapery of silver tissue and hangings of white beads and bamboo, and you have an idea of the turn taste has taken. Just now it is possible as well as pretty to fasten open the folding doors of the dining-parlor, and in the arch place a white cairene gate of open Musharabiyeh carving.

Nothing nowadays goes in twos but wedding couples. Two vases, two chairs

and two pictures make the half-dozen horrors against which the artistic and æsthetic worlds are screaming. Instead of the stuffy plush and velour coverings, a steady and growing preference is shown for those French and Turkish linen cloths of pale green, blue and ecru, with stamped magnolias and roses copied after and printed like the impression tapestries. These stuffs are everlastingly cool and clean, and any stain or soil can be removed with soap and water.

In lieu of the costly and perishable lace curtains there are delicate hangings of batiste-like weave in cream and atmospheric tints, machine worked with trelised vines and trailing plants that against the daylight have a tracery as delicate as lace work.

There is wisdom in going about and circulating among art shops and drapers before buying anything. —New York World.

The National Failing.

Jackson—"I'm going to start a new paper, and I think I'll call it The Umbrella."

Merritt—"Why?"

Jackson—"Because everybody who sees it will take it."

Merritt—"Yes, people would take it, but they wouldn't pay for it."—West Shore.

No Economy There.

"I shave myself."

"Then you must save quite a penny in the course of a year?"

"Well, no, I don't. You see, it costs me a good deal for salve and court plaster."—Yankee Blade.

The Villain of Fiction.

Amid the universal grayness that has settled mistily down upon English fiction, amid the delicate drab-colored shadings and half-lights which require, we are told, so fine a skill in handling, the old-fashioned reader misses, now and then, the vivid coloring of his youth. He misses the slow unfolding of quite impossible plots, the thrilling incidents that were wont pleasantly to arouse his apprehension, and, most of all, two characters once deemed essential to every novel—the hero and the villain. The heroine is left us still, and her functions are far more complicated than in the simple days of yore, when little was required of her save to be beautiful as the stars. She faces now the most intricate problems of life; and she faces them with conscious self-importance, a dismal power of analysis, and a robust candor in discussing their equivocal aspects that would have sent her buried sister blushing to the wall. There was sometimes a lamentable lack of solid virtue in this fair dead sister, a pitiful human weakness that led to her undoing; but she never talked so glibly about sin. As for the hero, he owes his banishment to the riotous manner in which his masters handled him. Bulwer strained our endurance and our credulity to the utmost; Disraeli took a step further, and Lothair, the last of his race, perished amid the cruel laughter of mankind.

But the villain! Remember what we owe to him in the past. Think how dear he has become to every rightly constituted mind. And now we are told, soberly and coldly, by the thin-blooded novelists of the day, that his absence is one of the crowning triumphs of modern genius, that we have all grown too discriminating to tolerate in fiction a character whom we feel does not exist in life.

Man, we are reminded, is complex, subtle, unfathomable, made up of good and evil so dexterously intermingled that no one element predominates coarsely over the rest. He is to be studied warily and with misgivings, not classified with brutal ease into the virtuous and bad. It is useless to explain to these analysts that the pleasure we take in meeting a character in a book does not always depend on our having known him in the family circle, or encountered him in our morning paper; though, judged even by this stringent law, the villain holds his own. Accept Balzac's rule, and exclude from fiction not only all which might not really happen, but all which has not really happened in truth, and we would still have studies enough in total depravity to darken all the novels in Christendom.—Agnes Repplier, in Atlantic.

The Jinriksha for Newport.

Next season a novel mode of "fancy transportation" is to be introduced to the fashionable world of Newport. Every imaginable style of vehicle has had its day at that leading resort, save the "jinriksha," the Japanese hansom, and now even that is promised. People who have visited Japan are enthusiastic in their praise of this queer little carriage on two wheels, drawn by a native, whose elaborate harness consists of a huge bowl-shaped hat and a navy blue gaber-

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

dine. This costume, however, would here be adopted to Western propriety and climate, but the "jinriksha" ought to catch on, as it has done at the Paris Exhibition. The Parisians have taken it to their hearts and gardens, and it won't be long before Japan's pet vehicle is seen traveling up and down the Bois de Boulogne. To know how distractingly pretty a young woman can be in her "jinriksha," look at the illustrations of Pierre Loti's fascinating story, "Madame Chrysantheme," where this odd go-cart plays an important part.—Boston Sunday Herald.

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TWENTY.

A. A. Marcus, a Jewish Rabbi, Secures a Fortune from The Louisiana State Lottery.

Golden fruitage has fallen from The Louisiana State Lottery Company, plumb into the pocket of a well known citizen of Boston.

It is Alfred A. Marcus this time, and the plum struck him \$100,000 worth.

Alfred Marcus is a familiar figure on our streets, having had extensive dealings in real estate, and he is generally conceded a very shrewd business man. In deeds of benevolence among his people he is hardly surpassed, and as one of the more fortunate of his class he has always been ready to relieve the wants of the distressed. In religious circles he figures as one of the strictly orthodox Jews. He not only has built two synagogues, but in one of them on Church St. he is the rabbi, and there is seen every Saturday conducting the service and reading the sermon. One day last week he paid off the mortgage on one of his churches, which, it has leaked out, was due to his good fortune in securing the plum from The Louisiana State Lottery pie. It seems that a few days previous to the drawing of May 13, he bought a whole ticket, No. 39,825. He paid \$20 for the ticket, and on the May 13 drawing found his was the lucky number, (39,825) and had drawn the entire second capital prize of \$100,000. The next morning, going to C. H. Allen of the Central National Bank, the money was sent for and received on Friday, May 23.—Boston (Mass.) Record, June 9.

THE jeweler's wife can afford to wear a diamond ring; but she can't always afford to wear the same ring all her life.—Somerville Journal.

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