

# Texas Siftings.

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*Thos. Worth*

*Jennie Lee Gregory*

*James Nathaniel Parker*

A LEAF FROM OUR SCRAP-BOOK.

*Gregory* *Gregory*



# Texas Siftings.

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## GREY'S ELEGIES.

FOOT-PADS—Cork soles.

A PLANE dealer—the carpenter.

A GREAT hardship—the City of Paris.

A MAN of the world—Joseph Pulitzer.

EVERY dog has his day. The nights, however, are still reserved for cats.

The gladdest words of tongue or pen  
Are winning tips from stablemen.

THE tramp who received a nickel from a young girl said he had had a miss-giving about it.

THE reason why American girls seldom marry beneath them is because they are fond of Hymen.

DUMB-BELLS are only five cents a pound in New York. Here's a chance for men who want quiet wives.

FASHIONABLE ladies are not fond of hard work, and yet they know what a toilet is to dress for dinner.

"A RISING Young Man" is the title of a new novel. The hero probably sat down upon a bent pin.

Stone walls do not a prison make  
Nor iron bars a cage,  
That is, if bribes the wardens take  
To cease espionage!

BANK cashiers lead a checkered career in their business, and their condition isn't much improved when they graduate at Sing Sing.

THE lie that has been going the rounds about Jay Gould wearing a ragged coat would now appear to have been made out of hole cloth.

MRS. LANGTRY is said to have become fascinated by the handsome valet of an English duke. Is she going to become a lily of the valet?

AN Austrian athlete is said to have exhibited the greatest feat in the world at a recent royal gathering. Chicago girls must look to their laurels.

The young man took his sister's hand,  
And sought to soothe her fears,  
"The cry-sis has arrived!" he said,  
As she burst into tears.

WHEN he turned up the torn sleeve of his pants, which the watch dog had just drawn asunder, the tramp remarked that he had a large rent-roll.

A GENTLEMAN went to keep a written appointment in Wall street with a broker whom he did not know by sight. Seeing a forlorn-looking gentleman seated in the office, he said: "I beg pardon, sir, are you the broker?" To which the other promptly replied: "No sir, I'm the fellow that got broke!"

"WHAT do you want?" asked the lady of the house sharply, as she opened the door in response to a ring. "I'm a taxidermist, madam, and I called to—"  
"Well, we pay our taxes when they're due and no sooner, so you can skip!" and the door was banged like the forehead of a girl fresh from school.

## EDIQUETTE MUST BE ENFORCED.

The telegraph records another instance where a Texan, in one of the border towns of that State, shot a stranger who refused to drink with him. How many times must this thing occur before people will learn the simplest rules of etiquette? It might be urged that the individual shot being a stranger in those parts was unfamiliar with the customs that prevail there; but that is no excuse. He should have informed himself before going. No doubt the gentleman who shot him regretted the necessity that compelled him to do it as much as anybody, still the rules of politeness in a new settlement must be enforced, no matter who is hit.

## BUYING OFF A MINISTER.

A church in Pittsburg wished to get rid of its minister. No charges could be brought against him sufficient to cause his removal, and he refused to resign. The situation was preplexing for a time, but a happy solution of the difficulty was arrived at finally. The congregation being a wealthy one resolved to buy him off. They made him the liberal offer of \$5,000 to resign, and he accepted it. How much better this was than trying to shut him out of the church where he came to preach, as is sometimes practiced with an obstinate minister who won't take a milder hint; or pitching him out of the pulpit after he had climbed in a back window. No matter how unpopular a minister may have become he always has some friends, and they are apt to rally around him in a church fight and make an obstinate resistance, greatly to the disturbance of the neighborhood and the scandal of the church. Settle your difficulties with your pastor amicably as possible, brethren. It is better to buy off than fight off.

## A NEW COLLEGE "YELL."

The invention of fraternity yells has grown into a kind of industry. College boys organize a new fraternity and then a yell is indispensable. Without it they would be considered of no account. Prizes are offered for the most novel yell, and strange noises are heard night and day in the students' rooms and on the college campus. The other day the Grand Council of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity met in Chicago. It had been struggling along without a yell since its creation at an Ohio university, and something had to be done to relieve it of the reproach that was resting upon it. When other Greek letter societies came marching by filling the air with their peculiar yells, Phi Kappa Psi men were silent and hung their heads with shame. But the Grand Council in Chicago has now taken away the stigma. A son of ex-Governor Foraker of Ohio reported a yell that was pronounced satisfactory, and it was immediately adopted. He is evidently a chip of the old block, for his father, the ex-Governor, has been in the yelling business for some time. He overdid it last fall, however, raising such a yell in Ohio over the forged charges against the Democratic candidate for Governor (Campbell) that he (Foraker) was defeated and his rival elected. The yell business can be overdone.

## NOT A SIGNAL SERVICE TO NEW ORLEANS.

Sergeant Dunn, now in charge of the New York station of the Signal Service, is a very unpopular man in the Mississippi Valley just now, particularly in New Orleans. He predicted the great flood that has been causing the Father of Waters to overflow its banks so disastrously, and said New Orleans was in



## FEMALE VANITY.

The little girl seems to be discouraged. In fact she is weeping bitterly. Why does she shed tears? It is because she can't gratify her vanity. She wants the peacock killed and stuffed, so she can wear it on her hat, and her big sister cruelly says it would not be becoming to her.

## THE VICTIM OF DIET.

You have met him, no doubt—the man who has made up his mind to keep his health good by eating the right sort of food in proper quantities and with the right kind of mastication. Resolution sits upon his brow, his eyes turn scornfully upon his fellow men and he deliberately sits in a restaurant, painfully working his jaws trying to masticate a hard piece of brown bread. No luxuries of the table for him. This man at home is a nuisance to his wife; he buys fish which he eats for brains, and struggles in the morning with harsh oatmeal and some baked apples, chewing, chewing, chewing, while casting contemptuous glances around upon the disgusted people who are not so good and are not going to be so healthy as he is to be. He even turns his toes out, abhors butter, and walks on the side of the street which he considers the healthiest. His children get no candy, and his wife only receives a scolding because she does not live up to the laws of health. He becomes pale, fretful and morose, and says of a healthy man, "He lives for his stomach," while he is dying for his.

A BOOKWORM generally reads at a snail's pace.

imminent danger of being swept away. The flood came, but New Orleans remains, and now they are mad at Dunn. They are probably madder than they would be had his dismal prophecy been fulfilled. He says, however, that his words were not accurately given by the reporter who took them down. He didn't mean that nothing whatever would remain of the Crescent City. But the people of that city refuse to be placated, and they would like to see Sergeant Dunn disconnected with the weather altogether, so far as an official capacity—or incapacity—is concerned. They say he should not be intrusted with the reins of government, so to speak. A prophet should be very careful in his predictions. One in California predicted that San Francisco was to be wiped out by an earthquake on the 7th of April, and many people living on low ground sold their possessions and went to the hills. Others went crazy. The prophet has skipped, taking some of the profits with him, no doubt.

A BROOKLYN clothier has the following announcement in his window: "\$5,000 woolen men's suits for sale." Wool any gentleman kindly step forward and be fleeced?



## A HISTORY OF FRANCE

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART XXIV.

King John of France was held prisoner in England four years, when he was released by the payment of a large ransom—much more than he was worth, in fact—and the ceding of considerable French territory. On the other hand, England renounced all pretensions to the throne of France. The remainder of John's reign was uneventful, except that he voluntarily went back to England and gave himself up, because one of his sons, held as a hostage for the payment of a portion of his ransom money, had made his escape. This was considered an act of the highest honor on the part of John—thus atoning for his son's breach of faith—and he was received in London with the most friendly courtesy and consideration. Then, too, they had got accustomed to seeing John around. He was a first nighter at the theatres, and no important assembly was complete without him. True, he was always telling how much superior Paris was to London, but all Frenchmen do that, and they don't mind it in London. John died in that city in 1364 at the age of forty-five.

His son, Charles V., who succeeded him, was of a feeble bodily constitution, hence he had no taste for chivalry and war. He preferred books and study, and would rather sit in his library than on a throne. By the way, *mes petits enfants*, kings don't sit on their thrones half as much as they are supposed to. Thrones are high—they come high—stiff and uncomfortable. They have no rockers on them, though they are made to rock occasionally. A king might keep an imposing and elaborately upholstered throne in the best room of his palace to awe visitors, and he might even sit on it on state occasions, but you would have found that there was some easy chair in the back sitting room that His Majesty much preferred to lounge in.

Charles V. was an excellent ruler and obtained the surname of the Wise. He was hard up at times, but it could never be said that he was without a V. to his

name. He got mixed up in a civil war in Spain, and the English were mixed up in it, too. That was the way for hundreds of years—let France become involved in a muss and her rival across the Channel was inevitably hauled into the fight. In the above instance England got the worst of it. Charles never took the field in person, but he was a daisy for planning and directing. He planned an invasion of England, which wrought great devastation in the section visited. The French ravaged the country and burned towns, among others the town of Rye. There is a little old Rye still left, however.

Charles the Wise triumphed over many of his enemies and restored many captured strongholds to France, yet his obstinate conduct towards Brittany, whose independence he sought to annul, alienated the people of that province, who had hitherto been his staunch and powerful allies against England. "Stubborn as a Breton" is a proverb, and Charles found his match in them for bull-headed obstinacy.

One of Charles' greatest generals was from Brittany—Du Guesclin by name—and he resigned rather than draw his sword against his patriotic countrymen.

Charles won him back by agreeing to leave the Bretons alone. When Du Guesclin died the king caused his body to be interred with distinguished marks of honor among the tombs of the French monarchs at St. Denis. Charles only survived him two months, dying, it is supposed, of poison administered to him in his youth through the machinations of the wicked king of Navarre. Poisons administered through machinations are sometimes quite as fatal as when administered through a syringe.

The success of Charles the Wise in winning back so many provinces of his dismembered and desolated empire entitles him to rank among the greatest sovereigns of France. He was a despot many times, but



## HIS MAIDEN TRIP.

CRUSTY PASSENGERS—Ouch! good gracious, but you're awkward.  
CONDUCTOR—You must excuse me, sir; this is my first trip.

it was necessary for him to be. A king who wasn't capable of playing the despot when occasion required was held in contempt by the French of his day—he was considered a sort of no-account king. He laid the foundation of the fortress and prison known as the Bastille, in 1369, though it wasn't completed until 1383, three years after his death. His acquaintance with literature was considerable, though it is doubtful whether he ever read Zola's novels. He was a generous patron of men of letters, though not to the extent that the late Sunset Cox was, who by the legislation he secured in their favor won the everlasting gratitude of our letter-carriers.

## A MODEST YOUTH.

St. Paul, in one of his epistles, throws out a pretty strong hint that while he who marries may do well, the bachelor who neglects his opportunities does still better. If St. Paul ever sees the New York daily papers he will be more than ever satisfied in his own mind that he knew just what he was talking about.

However, be that as it may, there is a man by the name of Falkenstein in New York who indorses all that St. Paul has had to say on that subject. Falkenstein had promised to marry a young lady by the name of Unger, but hesitated for a long time about fixing the date of the millenium, so to speak.

The family of the prospective bride grew weary of Falkenstein's slowness, and finally, having corralled the evasive youth in the parlor, they remonstrated with him. On that day Falkenstein's salary had been raised a dollar a week, but still he shivered on the brink of matrimony.

He shivered still more when he gazed at the array of hostile faces. He didn't care for the tears of his would-be bride, but he was awed by the shovel in the hands of a maternal uncle. An elder prospective sister-in-law was balancing a flat-iron preparatory to telescoping him with it, while a maternal aunt had the fire poker in her hands and enough fire in her eye to start a conflagration.

He attempted to flee as a bird to the mountains, but an old grandmother headed him off with a well-directed whack with a potato masher. Several distant relatives were acting as reserves. Enough pressure was brought to bear upon the young man to have made him take all the female members of the family, including the aged grandmother, but still he hesitated. He, however, lifted up his voice, which seemed to have a fog-horn attachment, and thus he was rescued from his perilous position.

## POSSIBLY THEY WERE OLD CHUMS.

Police Justice (to tramp)—Take off your hat in court.  
Tramp—What's the use of being ceremonious, judge? We have both been here before, many a time.



## THE DUMPING QUESTION.

CAPTAIN (of outgoing steamer)—Say, are you feeling bad?

PASSENGER—Yes, I'm afraid I'm going to be very ill.

CAPTAIN—Get down into the cabin as quick as you can. Don't you know you are liable to be fined for filling up the harbor?



## AROUND POLICE HEADQUARTERS.



NE of the traditions that seem to interest everybody, for no discoverable reason, about the public buildings of New York, is that the handsome stone building used as Police Headquarters, was paid for by the fines collected from delinquent policemen. Probably the only foundation for the story is the fact that it is a very fine building. It is well located, a couple of blocks east of Broadway in a neighborhood that would destroy the health of a brass dog if he chose it for a permanent residence. The advantage of the location is that it is not very near anything else of special importance, and being out of the way, it does not attract casual visitors who might otherwise drop in and read the Superintendent's exchanges and tell him lies about fishing and inform him how to elevate the tone of the press. There are so few visitors, in fact, that the policemen are frequently sent out to invite guests to call. When a man gets one of these invitations he may not feel as proud about it as if the Prince of Wales had asked him to dinner, but he generally accepts. Some men will even leave their business and go right around with the policeman and stay, perhaps two or three days. They have even been known to stop right in the middle of an exciting game of cards and go at once. In such cases, though, the policeman usually carries the cards along,



Inspector Byrnes Interviewing a Criminal.

too. It is really remarkable to see how promptly such invitations are accepted, but after all, the average man finds it hard to resist the assiduous attentions that are given to him, when the Superintendent or an Inspector really wants to see him. There are several rooms fitted up for the use of these guests, and a great many very well-known people occupy them from time to time. None of these people have ever been known to complain of any lack of attentiveness while they were there, on the part of their hosts.

All through the great building uniformed men are stationed, day and night, keeping guard with military strictness on every doorway and possible avenue of egress. Ingress is easy enough. The huge sentinel at the door, who never seems to have anything to do excepting to look handsome and answer questions, will interpose no objection to the entrance of anybody who looks as if he had legitimate business to attend to, but the visitor might as well try to walk out through the solid wall as to go outward past that sentinel if there is reason to suppose that his presence is desired inside.

To the left, by the main entrance, is the office of the genial, soft-spoken, kindly-mannered Superintendent Murray. You may walk right in, unless he is engaged with some one else. Then two more sentinels interpose, who would rather rend you exceedingly assunder than let you pass. When you get in you will find the "Super" sitting still, thinking. I never caught him in his office doing anything else, except conversing with somebody, but if you sit there a little while you won't get away with the idea that he does not earn his salary.

When the last great "car-strike" was in progress, and the police were keeping a vigilant outlook for trouble, and finding it from time to time, the "Super" sat there for ten days and nights, never leaving the room for fifteen minutes, receiving reports and sending orders to all parts of the city. It looked to me, watching him on one of the most exciting days, like nothing so much as a gigantic game of chess. I believe he knew, all through those ten days, the whereabouts of every man on his force, and I don't believe he raised his voice once above a low conversational tone.

Back of his office is the department of Chief Inspector Byrnes, the most famous detective in the world. You will never find your way in without being directed, and even if you know the way, you are likely to be stopped, politely but firmly. As you go through the various rooms and hallways leading to his inner office you can see mystery fairly hanging on the walls in clots and lying around in chunks on the floors. Quiet men standing in corners, talking in whispers, will let you pass without a word, or even a look as far as you can see, but they will all know you again. They are the detectives—the only men on the force who are allowed to enter the building without being in full uniform.

Probably you won't see Inspector Byrnes. In that case you will miss a great treat. He is a strikingly handsome man, who dresses elegantly though quietly, and whose manners are studiously suave and courteous. Yet, smooth and pleasant as he is, it is said that few criminals can talk with him for half an hour without telling much that he wants to know.

On the same floor are the offices of the other Inspectors, famous men, too, in the city, but less interesting in the office than when heading a column of their men in a riot. To see Inspector Williams inject himself into the central part of a disturbance on the streets, is to behold a spectacle of great cheer. The others are perhaps equally efficient, but Williams' long night-stick has a reputation that few weapons get.

Up the broad stairs are many rooms for many purposes. A small army of clerks, under the direction of the gallant Major Kipp, of the Seventh Regiment, is always busy at the voluminous records that are kept in the department. Each of the Commissioners has two or three rooms and as many clerks for his individual work. A huge council room serves various purposes. At stated intervals of-fending policemen are tried—when they are found out. It is also used on election nights for the reading of "returns," a somewhat farcical proceeding, by the way, for it has never been known that all the returns have come in, in time to be read the first night, and the reading is always suspended by midnight.

Two other departments in the building are worthy of mention, but the casual visitor is only likely to see one of them. That is the Health Bureau, to which more arbitrary power is delegated than to any other department of the government. The other is the hotel department, in which the guests of the police are cared for. The rooms in this part of the house are small, but they are very secure. Few persons



A GRATEFUL BRIDE.

PARSON WHANGDOODLE BAXTER (who is very ugly)—You has done paid me. What's dis ten dollahs foah?

BRIDEGROOM—Dat's an extry gif' from de bride, bekase you didn't kiss her after de ceremony.

care to investigate these rooms, but those who enter them usually remain for some time.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

## WHAT BROTHER REYNOLDS OBSERVES ABOUT CHURCHES.

That they never forget to take up a collection.

That short sermons always seem to give the best satisfaction.

That every one tries to be the last one out when services are over.

That no preacher ever neglected to tell the story of the Prodigal Son.

That the young woman with a new bonnet and a young man with a high collar like a front seat.

That the smart, bad boy always gets red in the face when his father gets up to tell his experience.

That the "man of the world" who helps to sing the doxology imagines he is taking an active interest in his soul's salvation and doing much for the church.

That some good deacon gets up just before the collection is taken up and says something about the poor heathen.

That some people take more pride in saying they "haven't been to church in two years" than some others do in declaring they "haven't missed a Sunday in seven years."

BRO. REYNOLDS.

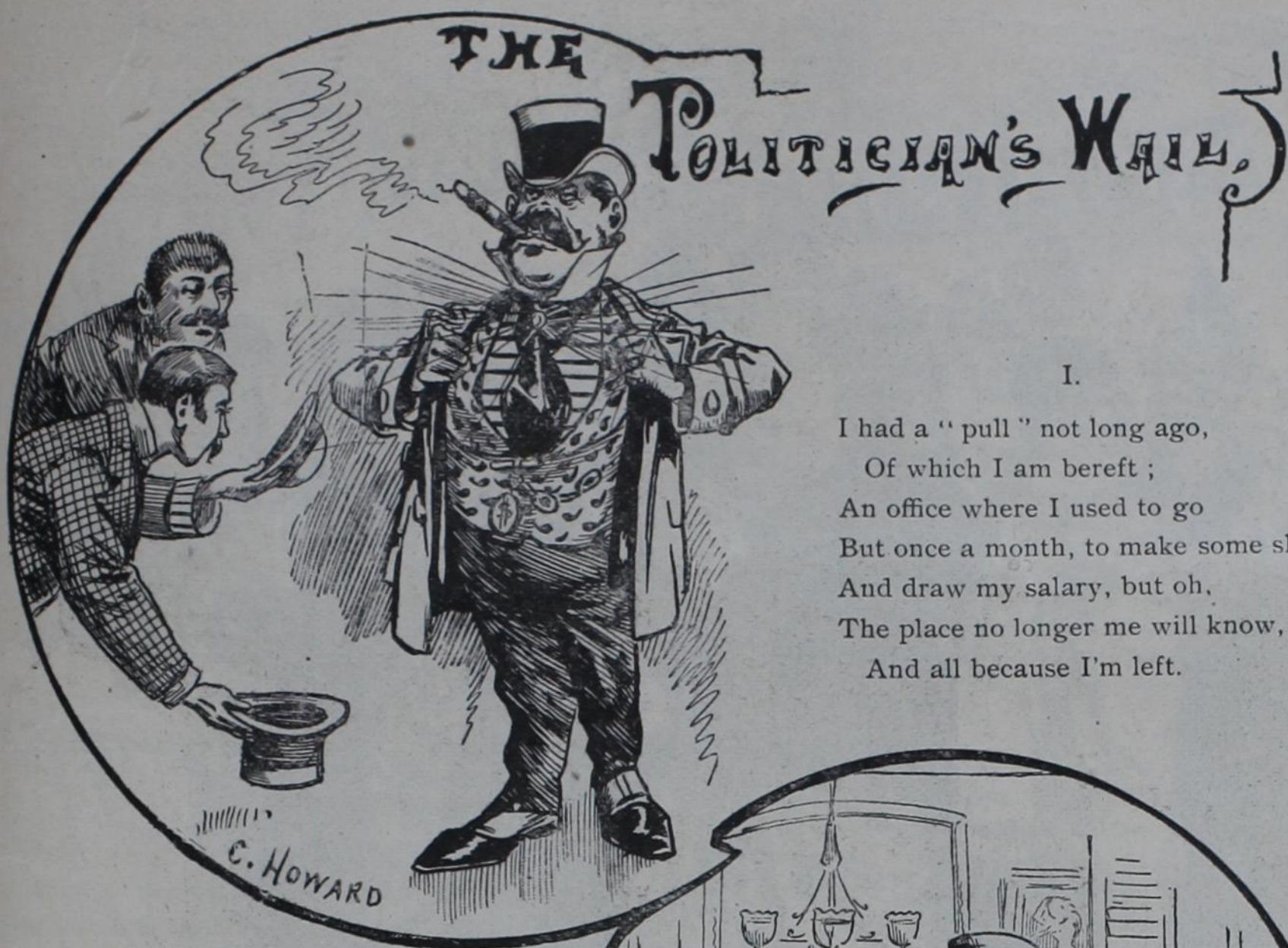


THE ORATOR.

They noticed that he didn't eat his dinner, and his friends asked, "Tell us, Spouter, what can ail you?"

"I am booked to make a speech," replied the sinner. "If I get 'too full for words' I'll be a failure!"





## I.

I had a "pull" not long ago,  
Of which I am bereft;  
An office where I used to go  
But once a month, to make some show  
And draw my salary, but oh,  
The place no longer me will know,  
And all because I'm left.

## II.

I led my district many a year  
And at all games was deft;  
Full many a dollar did I clear  
From candidates I used to cheer,  
And never flinched from rum or beer.  
It galls me therefore now to hear  
That I am badly left.

## III.

My heart to ancient adage true  
Ingratitude has cleft.  
The heelers I gave jobs unto;  
The jail-birds I have smuggled through;  
The men for whom I've lied till blue,  
In fact each member of my crew  
Forgets me, now I'm left.

W. E. S. F.



are by far the most satisfactory Hair Restorer I ever tried."

## THE VENTILATION FIEND.

The winter is past and gone, and the world is at peace with the ventilation fiends that make life terrible. Ever since fresh air was invented has the earth been cursed with people who fancied themselves annointed to ladle out vast volumes of fresh but chilling air to nervous, timid, delicate people, who don't want a pint of it.

The ventilation idiot—who has not seen him? Who has not suffered at his pitiless hands? Who has not longed to kill him? He haunts the railway train and makes his dwelling in the church; he goes to the theatre; he invades your office; he tramples upon the sanctity of your home, and wherever he goes he brings with him blasts from Greenland and theories from the stormy caves of Æolus. And he sweeps down upon you and your peace and your tranquil home like a tornado, and he overwhelms with fresh air until you want to suffocate. How you do hate him, the man whose hobby is ventilation.

He dresses always in a manner peculiar to his tribe, does the fresh air idiot. He wears two pairs of woolen stockings and heavy cork-sole shoes, two suits of flannel underwear, a chamois chest-protector, a double-knit jacket, a woolen vest, a double-breasted coat, lined pantaloons that weigh eighteen pounds, fur gloves and a seal-skin cap pulled down over his ears. Then he goes around bragging how he never wore an overcoat in his life.

He bangs in upon you in your office. "Whoop!" he cries, "what an oven!" And he leaves the door wide open and a torrent of icy wind rushes in and bathes your slippered feet in a chill that doesn't leave them for a week; after which he throws up all the windows.

He sits down beside you in the railway car, and as soon as he sees you take off your overcoat, makes you sit next to the window, and then opens it upon you. He is the nuisance of nuisances.

R. J. B.

## AT A NEW YORK RESTAURANT.

Guest (to head waiter)—Is your name Tide?

Waiter—No, sir.

Guest—Or Time?

Waiter—Not at all.

Guest—Well, it ought to be one of them. You wait on no man.

It is not often that journalists are swindled, but we saw a paper badly "hung up" the other day. It was wall-paper.

## FABLES.

BY E. SOAP, ESQ.

## THE LARK AND HER YOUNG ONES.

A Lark who had a large family to support, kept them in a field of Corn that was almost ready to be sickled o'er with the pale cast of the reaper. She feared lest the reaping would begin while she was away, and before her young brood was fledged. She charged them to observe closely what the men who owned the field talked about, and report when she returned.

"What did you hear while I was away?" asked the Lark.

"The old Farmer told his Sons the Corn was ripe for the sickle, and advised them to ask the Neighbors to come and help harvest it."

The old Lark laughed, and said the Neighbors were more likely to aid in drinking the Corn after it was made into whisky than they were to help cut it without pay. Then she flew away again.

Coming back soon after, she found the young Larks in a great flutter. "What's the matter now?" she asked.

They had heard the Farmer direct his Sons to invite their Relatives to the harvest, and there was a multitude of them.

The old Lark laughed again. "They'll come," she said; "oh, yes, they'll come, but it will be after the harvest is over and cold weather has set in; then they will come bag and baggage and live on him all winter. No danger of your resting-place being disturbed just yet."

Then their spirits rose—rose with the Lark, as it were, and they were tranquil.

The next time the mother of the brood returned they reported that they had heard the Farmer tell his Sons to go out on the highway and offer any tramps that come along five dollars a day and board to work in the harvest field until the corn was in. The old Lark

laughed louder than ever at this. She said the tramps

would treat his proposition with scorn, and probably burn his barn as a warning never again to insult honest labor with such a proposition as that.

But one evening, when the maternal Lark got home, she saw the Farmer and his Sons whetting their sickles, and heard the old man say, "Boys, we must be up at four o'clock in the morning and pitch into that cornfield ourselves." Then she knew they must vacate those premises without waiting for a writ of ejectment, and they quickly "got."

MORAL.—If you don't want anything done get somebody else to do it.

## SOMETHING HE COULD RECOMMEND.

His wig blew off and was captured and returned by a handsome young lady, to whom the old gentleman wittily and graciously acknowledged his obligation with "A thousand thanks, my dear. You



## A PRUDENT BOY.

MR. JONES—Tommy, when your aunt comes you must kiss her and be very polite.

TOMMY—No, Pa, you just bet I ain't going to kiss her.

MR. JONES—Why not?

TOMMY (aged twelve)—Great Scott! Don't you ever read the papers? Half the divorce suits and shooting scrapes come from men kissing other men's wives.





## NARROW ESCAPE OF A YOUNG MAN.

For several weeks past an unidentified young man in Harlem has been kissing ladies on the street. All efforts by the police to arrest "Jack the Kisser" have failed. A gang of spinsters who were hunting for "Jack the Kisser" in order to be kissed, mistook Dudely Canesucker for the miscreant, but thanks to the gestures and cries of the imperiled youth, he was rescued just in time from a fate worse than death, by Policeman Mulligan, a personal friend of Dudely.

## A CHEMICAL EXEGESIS ON BEER.

It is strange, aye, very strange, how the origin of words coincide with the essential characteristics of the thing or things described. Then the chemical nomenclature, those symbolic characters, so prevalent with the marvelous and mysterious, the uninitiated passing them by without a thought of what their names will on the morrow be.

Lager-beer, that beverage concerning the intoxicating properties of which so many differences of opinion continue to exist, means to lie, for is it not taken from *lagun*, to lie? and lies are connected with it from *Alpha* to *Omega*.

The farmer-deacon lies when he promises to bend his ensigns to stop its sale, and then starts for the brewery to find a market for his grain.

The brewer lies when he states nothing unwholesome or adulterated enter into its manufacture.

The saloon-keeper lies when he says his beer is always fresh, and that the churchmen sneak in the side door for a toddy.

The drinker lies when he declares he has not been drinking, but merely went out to see a man between the acts, as it were.

The bummer lies when he gets too much beer—not only with his tongue but in the gutter.

Analysis, however, can never lie, 'tis said, but whoever saw a beer analysis that did not savor of lies—i. e., too much beer having been sent to his laboratory for the test, perhaps. Here is what may reasonably be looked

for, among other things, as a result of an analysis of average lager-beer.

Acetic acid—written by chemists  $\text{HC}_2, \text{H}_3, \text{O}_2-60$ ; translated, *à la* SIFTINGS' scribe—His candidate, 2 drinks; himself, 3 drinks; out, 2 drinks—(the sign of minus) 60 cents.

Citric acid—written  $\text{H}_3, \text{C}_6, \text{H}_5, \text{O}_7$ , plus  $\text{H}_2, \text{O}_2-210$ ; translated as before, holler 2 times; call, 6 times; hurrah, 5 times; order, 7 times, plus hurrah, 2nd order—same sign, 210—two dollars and ten cents; no candidates this time.

Pyro. phosphate—written  $\text{H}_4, \text{P}_2, \text{O}_7$ —himself treated 4 times; partner, 2 times; Oldboy, 7 times, plus himself, 2 times; Oldboy, nothing—(out) 178.

Salicylic acid— $\text{HC}_7, \text{H}_5, \text{O}_3-78$ ; translated, his candidate, 7; himself, 5, and Oldboy 3 times, minus, 78.

Uric acid— $\text{C}_5, \text{H}_4, \text{N}_4, \text{O}-168$ ; translated, shows that out of a possible one hundred and sixty-eight of the boys who drink beer containing this substance, five will be crafty, four hungry, four nobodies; all will be out, and the rest fools. This is not as it should be, but I can't make it come right; and some of them have noses.

Ethybic acid—written  $\text{CO}_2, \text{H}_5, \text{O H}$ , plus 32; translated, carried out, 2; home, 5 times; old house increased 82.

Glucose—written  $\text{C}_6, \text{H}_2, \text{O}_6-180$ ; translated, changed drinks, 6; headaches, 12; ordered, 6 heats, minus 180.

Water—written  $\text{H}_2, \text{O}$ —equals 18 healthy; 2 (twice) out nothing equals 18 times as long to live. Funny, isn't it?

CEREVISTÆ FERMENTUM.

## HOW THEY WROTE.

Bulwer wrote his first novel in full dress. This was a very novel idea, but still it is not positively necessary for the gifted young man of to-day to wait until he is able to purchase a full dress before making the venture.

Start in with paper and pencil and a confident mien, and the dress suit will follow in due time.

Cæsar composed his famous commentaries on horseback, while John S. Grey composes his "pomes" in the interior of a Third Avenue street car.

Calvin studied in bed. A limited wardrobe was probably the cause, he being compelled to await the arrival of his wash lady, or perhaps he had no stove in his room. But, no matter, he got there.

Camaens composed his verses with the roar of battle in his ears. Poets with their wives' mothers living with them do the same thing, even in these modern times.

Pope never could compose well without first declaiming at the top of his voice. His articles thus produced were always accepted by the humorous papers of his time.

Bentley composed after playing a prelude on the organ, and Charley Hoyt composed his most successful farce comedies immediately after reading a copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Moral—Read TEXAS SIFTINGS.

## BOGUS WARES.

Everything that has real merit is sure to be imitated. It is no longer possible to judge even men by their appearances. The woman who wears immense diamond ear-rings may really own blocks of houses.

In New York, during the past year, the Coffee Exchange has bought and sold four times as much Brazilian coffee as was raised in Brazil. In fact, there is good reason to fear that this country uses ten times as much coffee as is raised, anyway. When coffee is high the chicory market feels the thrill.

The Dansville Breeze man asserts that raspberry jam can be made of stewed tomatoes and hayseed, and he lives in expectation of white clover honey being made out of bone phosphate.

When anyone flatters the Princess of Wales, that's the time to expect a royal flush.

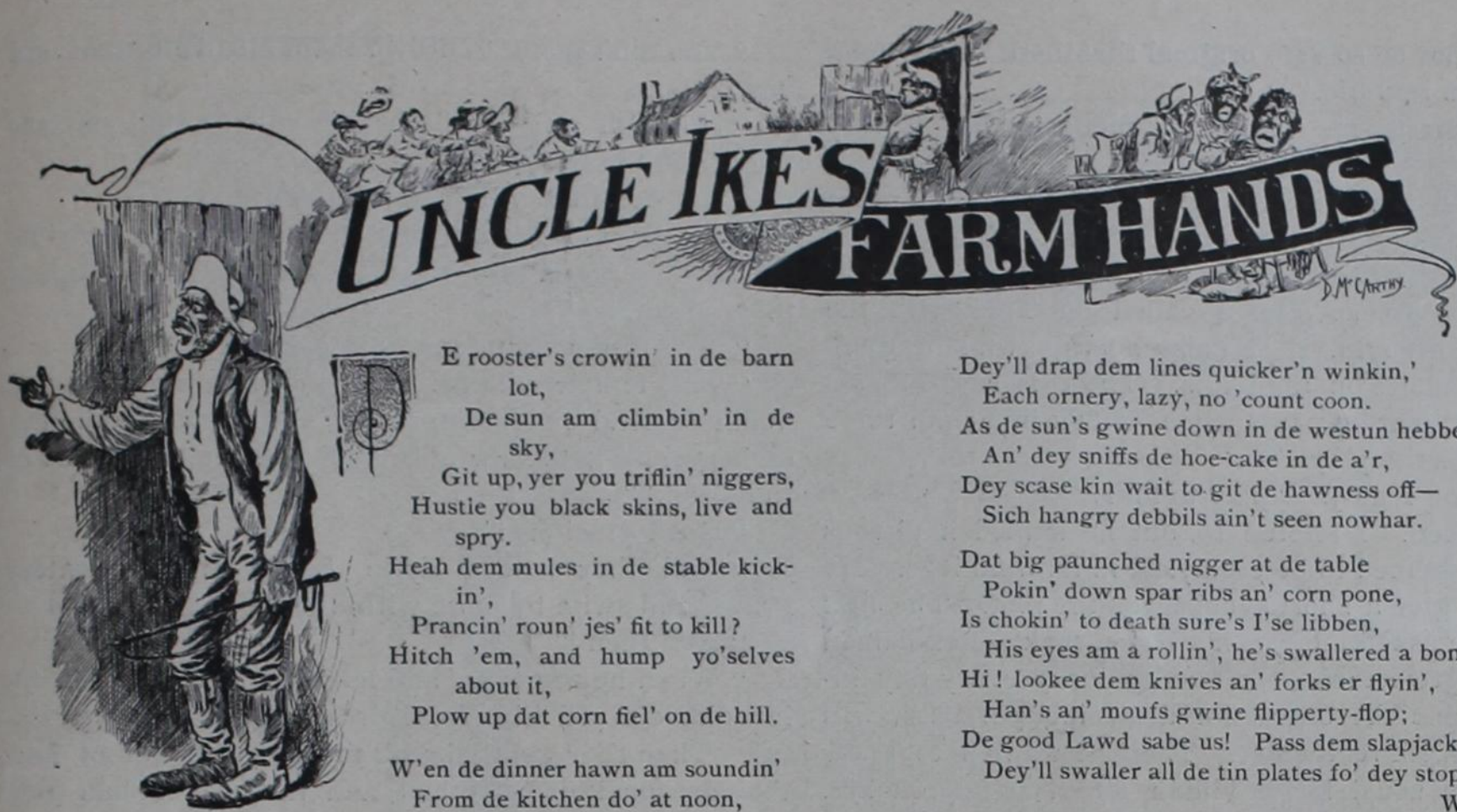


As he hears the low growls of the brute behind him, his whole life seems to pass before his eyes, and—



He suddenly remembers that, years ago, he was the India-rubber man in a side show.





E rooster's crowin' in de barn  
lot,  
De sun am climbin' in de  
sky,  
Git up, yer you triflin' niggers,  
Hustle you black skins, live and  
spry.  
Heah dem mules in de stable kick-  
in',  
Prancin' roun' jes' fit to kill?  
Hitch 'em, and hump yo'selves  
about it,  
Plow up dat corn fiel' on de hill.  
W'en de dinner hawn am soundin'  
From de kitchen do' at noon,

Dey'll drap dem lines quicker'n winkin',  
Each ornery, lazy, no 'count coon.  
As de sun's gwine down in de westun hebbens,  
An' dey sniffs de hoe-cake in de a'r,  
Dey scase kin wait to git de hawness off—  
Sich hangry debbils ain't seen nowhar.

Dat big paunched nigger at de table  
Pokin' down spar ribs an' corn pone,  
Is chokin' to death sure's I'se libben,  
His eyes am a rollin', he's swallowed a bone!  
Hi! lookee dem knives an' forks er flyin',  
Han's an' moufs gwine flipperty-flop;  
De good Lawd sabe us! Pass dem slapjacks!  
Dey'll swaller all de tin plates fo' dey stop.

WILL DIETZ.

## ON MY WAY SOUTH.

BY COL. TWEED.

As the steamer swayed from the dock I stood on deck watching the wheel of fortune whirl luck to every-one but myself.

The Mississippi at this time of the year is unusually sloppy and wet. Sand bluffs rise here and there. These bluffs, although smaller and finer grained, are in all other respects equal to those I met while engaging a sleeping berth.

In the morning while strolling on deck, I observed a tall, pale man watching something invisible before him. I thought it might be the realities of married life. Now

As I was stumbling up Main street, I suddenly threw my arms about a large wooden Indian. A policeman uncommonly full of extract from the forbidden fruit, fell off a high pile of carpet and said: "Let hic her or I'll hic you to the hiction."

I soon arrived at L' Orange Garden Hotel. I found it impossible to sleep, and after trying to work my pillow into something softer went to the window. Mr. Fiddle Strings behind the foot-lights of a full moon was preparing to appear in a new role prepared especially for the evening, when two gentlemen walked in and retired, stating that they had sublet the room to a theatrical troop, and they must catch some sleep.

Five o'clock found me on board a fast train speeding towards the Gulf. I gazed out of the window for a long time in order to alleviate the sufferings of a gentleman from Texas, who stated several times during the day that he understood the tariff question to perfection, and several times entered preliminary spasms. Towards evening he placed his elbows comfortably in my lap and proceeded to outline the affairs of the government from the administration of the cherry tree cutter to that of our grandfather's hat. As he found a new location for his elbows, I caught him on the verge of a flowery sentence to ask his ideas in regard to the relation of the World's Fair to politics. He dropped his newspaper with a heart disease promptness. Just like Jim Sanford's ferry boat, every time the pilot blows the whistle the boat stops for the want of steam.

"What's your politics?" I thought at first a strong Republican, and then a strong Democrat, but perhaps this man is a prohibitionist. I told him I was not old enough to vote. The conductor called my station.

I immediately drove to my hotel, where there were plenty of waiters and a fresh supply of scented toothpicks on the cashier's desk.

## EDUCATION THAT DOES NOT EDUCATE.

It seems to me that nature designs very few people to be scholars, but when so many make a failure of life, we are greatly surprised, and say that they had a good education, when, in reality, it was, for them, the very worst education in the world, because it didn't fit them to do their work.

The result of education should be to elevate one's uses, but sometimes the student himself reminds one of the cheap wooden box in which his books are packed. We certainly have different capacities for assimilation of mental food, and I think that to be gifted with a tenacious memory and a brain that is not constructive, and a little heart that will always be poor and have nothing to give, is a most melancholy position to be placed in.

There is a certain kind of character, which if it tries to be a scholar, is a miser with his wealth, because he does not know how to spend and make use of it.

## LOOK OUT FOR HIM.

When a man guilty of some dereliction of duty begins his explanation with a slowly enunciated "Well—the fact—is," look out for him. He is ransacking his brain for the most plausible lie.

## AN ENGLISH TRAMP.

Police Judge—Where did you come from?  
Tramp—I'm English, you know.  
Any business?  
Oh, yes, Your Honor; I'm one of Her Majesty's Footmen of the Backyards and All Outdoors.

## DIFFERENT PHASES OF ANGER.

There are various and sundry kinds of anger. One kind has such a tendency to flare up and go off when it is not loaded, creating a bad odor, that it has been aptly compared to a gas well, in which there seems to be considerable human nature, by the way.

In its commoner aspects, anger is one of the basest passions of ignoble minds—when, for instance, a man's choler, like his collar, needs to be buttoned down tight to keep it in its place.

The simplest observation shows that man's poorest and lowest exhibitions of himself are in his moments of passionate anger. Curiously enough the man who is always in a pickle very rarely is able to preserve his temper.

The gentler sex is, so there is reason to fear, very much addicted to anger. However, one thing is sure, a woman is never insincere when she is in a passion. With the exception of keeping house and keeping a secret there is nothing more difficult for the average American woman to keep than her temper. At the same time she never begins to show her temper until she loses it. If she claims to have a mind of her own she may be relied on to utilize every opportunity to give everybody a piece of it.

Anger seems to have been known in Shakspeare's day, for the immortal bard remarks incidentally:

"The brain may devise laws for the blood; but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness, the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple."

## SOMEWHAT MYSTERIOUS.

Not long since, two thieves were caught while attempting to steal electric wire in broad daylight from a pole within a few yards of the Western Union Building on Broadway.

Possibly, as the desire to gamble and the yearning to steal are said to be twins, the proximity of Wall street may have inspired these humble Napoleons of finance. It would not be at all surprising, if on searching them, a couple of brick buildings with mortgages on them had been found in their pockets.

The ancients regarded the world as square, but we read of things every day that justify us in suspecting that there is nothing square about it.

A very strange feature of this electric wire robbery is the immunity from danger enjoyed by the thieves. If they had been worthy, tax-paying citizens, the chances are that they would have dropped dead as soon as they touched the wire. Something similar occurred in Texas not long ago. A notoriously bad character stole a hive full of bees and carried them seven miles on horseback. He was not prodded by a single bee. On the day previous an estimable citizen, who was beloved by all who knew him, was stung in 723 places, and he didn't come within forty feet of the hive.

## A FEMALE DOCTOR IN A HURRY.

Excited Messenger—Mrs. Sawbones, come quick! A man has fallen from the roof of his house and is bleeding to death.

All right. I'll be there as soon as I've got on my new dress and have done up my hair. Let me see; hadn't I better wear my dark blue dress, or that light violet-colored one? The blue dress is more becoming to my complexion; but the other is so stylish.



ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.



## THE ETERNAL FITNESS OF THINGS.

MR. JOHNSING—Miss Lubly, won't you faber de cumpany wid a little song dis ebenin'?

MISS LUBLY—Not dis ebe, Mister Johnsing! Dar ain't no music in me when I isn't got on my accordian' skirt! So you'll hab ter excuse me, 'deed you will, Mister Johnsing!"

his countenance became more pathetic; he shifted a large hunting case watch to the opposite side so as to gain his equilibrium, and turning towards me rose in a vertical line until he saw that he had gone as far as he had grown in that direction, and came close to me. By the way of making his acquaintance, I asked him the time. He said as the boat had left Big Dock at three o'clock and had sailed back after some cotton and the captain's wife's second cousin early in the day, it probably was not more than an hour one way or the other from six o'clock. Just then a colored gentleman appeared on deck, and with a fathomless bass voice that made everyone look wistfully towards the life preservers, declared: "Now is the time to lay the foundation of wealth by practicing economy and stopping at the L' Orange Garden Hotel."

I arrived in Memphis long before daylight, the time when the city is most attractive. Even then the beauty was marred by a few stray gas jets that were kept burning so that the police might have protection while they slept.



## THE COL. BILL SNORT LETTERS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

COL. SNORT, OF TEXAS, WRITES A PLAY.



ONE day last week I met my friend, Col. Bill Snort of Texas, on Union Square. His outward appearance was so much changed for the better that it was with difficulty I was able to identify him.

He wore a very superior brand of tailor-made clothing, and was engaged in inflating the lungs of a twenty-five cent cigar. I was somewhat surprised at all this evidence of prosperity, as only a short time previous his financial condition was such that when he had occasion to explore his garb, in the futile effort to unearth a possible nickel, a small covey of tobacco crumbs and a few pawn tickets were all the game he could flush in the interior of his pockets.

Col. Snort invited me to come to his rooms. As I knew that his previous boudoir could only be reached by climbing seventeen pairs of bone-spavined stairs, I hesitated to accompany him to his lofty lair, until he mentioned that now his rooms were at one of the most expensive hotels in New York, outside of Ludlow Street Jail, of course.

When we reached his elegant apartments I naturally asked for an explanation.

"My dear fellow, I have written a successful play," he replied, as he motioned to his valet to fill the glasses with some port of the innings of 1823.

"And how did you come to write a play?" I asked.

Lighting a fresh cigar, Col. Snort explained how he had seized himself by the straps of his boots and lifted himself into fame and affluence.

## COL. SNORT'S STORY.

"You know I was pretty poor last time I met you. The quarter I got from you lasted me a whole week, but thanks to my old chum, Tom Dickinson, I'm now a little more comfortable."

"Who is Tom Dickinson?"

"He is a man I knew before the war. He is the manager of the Standup Theatre. One day Tom says to me: 'Snort, why don't you write a successful play? I think you have the real dramatic instinct. You have the same peculiar glitter of genius in your eyes that poor Bartley Campbell had. I'll pay your board while you are writing a play, and if it is a success we will divide even.'"

"Did you accept his proposition?"

"I did, on the spot. That remark about paying my board settled it. In regard to the glitter of genius in my eyes I had reason to believe that it came from some tonics which I had just taken to soothe my bronchial tubes."

"Did the manager give you any points?"

"O, yes, he said that I must have a plot, and that as most of the good plots were already stolen I better get up my own plot. He said that plots, like umbrellas, didn't always belong to those who used them most. He also told me that while the characters should be original

they need not be so very original that there was nothing like them in real life."

"It seems to me that your manager has a very level head."

"He has that very thing. He told me to make startling situations in the play, so that nobody could get out an injunction against him for having stolen the plot. Three weeks later I called on Tom with the play under my arm. I had also a large wad of gladness and patches on my pants. There is a good deal of wear and tear on pants when you sit in a chair three weeks and write plays."

"Did you read your play to him?"

"Not then. I offered to, but he smiled a piteous smile that seemed to be paralyzed in its hind legs. He told me to give a short synopsis of the plot. The first question he asked me was if I had a tank. I explained that I had two tanks—one an ordinary every-day inebriate, while the other, for drowning purposes, was only filled with real water. Then he wanted to know if I had the usual heavy villain, and I paralyzed him by saying that I had no villain."

"I am surprised at it myself. I never heard of a play without a bold, bad man."

"You see I didn't want half a dozen literary women to bob up with injunction suits, and accuse me of stealing their plot. I have three desperate, fascinating, beautiful female villains, who change their dresses

"You ain't going to drown them all like kittens, are you?"

"Not a bit of it. The female villains pull out the plugs and the boat sinks."

"But don't the villainesses drown, too?"

"No, they have concealed on their persons invisible rubber life preservers which they inflate, thus keeping them afloat."

"This is getting intensely interesting."

"The female villains hold the innocent country maiden's head under water until she drowns, while the orchestra plays to slow music, 'Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep.'"

"Good gracious!"

"And they rescue Kyrle Bellew from a watery grave, and swim to shore with him."

"And then!"

"When he comes to, and learns how the female villains have saved him from drowning, he is very grateful. Then they gently break the news to him of how they drowned his betrothed, and thus saved him from a fate worse than death."

"Haven't you got it mixed?"

"Not a bit. As soon as the hero learns that he has been rescued from the wiles of the innocent country maiden, he offers his hand and heart to the three female villains, who, after holding a business meeting, coyly admit that they are no longer indifferent to his



Four Hearts that Beat as One.

nine times during the play, who still pursue the good young man all through the play, and actually capture him in the last act; but I have left out the male villain entirely."

"Well, that is original."

"That's just what tickled the manager. He said: 'Col. Snort, this is simply grand. There are dozens of Fifth Avenue ladies who are aching to order their dresses from Worth and go on the stage at once to elevate it. They can't act, but that's not necessary at all to the success of the play.'"

"You have a hero?"

"Oh, yes. He is a beautiful young man and strictly moral in his habits. The manager is going to engage Kyrle Bellew for that rôle."

"And you have a heroine?"

"Certainly. She is a pure-minded country girl who knows nothing of the ways of the world. There are lots of actresses to take that rôle, but the manager has got his eye on a lady who is living with her seventh husband, who has just abandoned his sixth wife. She will make a splendid innocent country girl."

"How about the plot?"

"Ah, that is the most original part of the play. The innocent country girl is betrothed to the good young man, but the three society ladies, who are female villains, are also in love with Kyrle Bellew, the good young man. Are you following me?"

"How does it turn out?"

"The three female villains, the hero and the heroine attend a picnic, and they all get in the same boat, in the bottom of which the female villains have bored holes and plugged them."

charms, and elope with him to Salt Lake City, where he marries them all at one inning, and as the curtain goes down the orchestra plays the Grand Wedding March. Great play, ain't it?"

"Well, there is no danger of literary people claiming your having stolen their plot. I have never heard of anything like that."

"That's what the manager said when he handed me a check for \$5,000. He will save that much in lawyer's fees alone. Usually, the wicked people in the play come to grief, but in my play the wicked triumph, just as they do in real life. I am at work on a new play which will startle the public. There is a balloon, and also an honest boodle alderman in it, and we are going to have patents out on both of them. Well, if you must be going, good-bye."

I have not seen Col. Snort since, but I have no doubt his play will be a great hit.

## COLORED SOCIETY NOTE.

Sam Johnsing—Has yer lubly darter made her debout?

Mrs. Crow—Not yet, Mr. Johnsing.

Dat's a great pity. Sich a lubly flower was not born ter blush unseen and waste her fragrance on de desert air.

She can't blush any odder way except onseen, she am so dark complected; but her sister Mollie am seberal shades lighter. Yer can see her blush almost ebervy day.

A MAN frequently complains that his friends have let go of him, when, in fact, he has let go of himself.



"Can this be Col. Snort?"





## A BRIEF DREAM OF GLORY.

PORTER—This is the parlor car, Mister. You can't ride here without payin' extra fare.

MR. WAYBACK—How much is it?

PORTER—Seventy-five cents for each of you.

MRS. WAYBACK—Give him seventy-five cents, Josiah, and you go and stay in the smoking-car until we get to Squeehawket.

## JUST SUITED HER.

He—May I not pour out my burning heart at your feet?

She—That's a good idea. My toes are right chilly.

## HE MEANT BUSINESS.

Matrimonial agent (in whose office are several candidates of both sexes)—Ladies and gentlemen, it is now five minutes of four o'clock, at which hour the office closes. Please engage yourselves at once. Delays are dangerous.

## EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

Visiting Friend—It must cost a good deal of money to be a student.

Student—It takes some money at first, but afterwards you can live on credit.

## HE DID NOT GET ENOUGH.

Gilhooly—The bigger fool a man is the more luck he has.

Gus De Smith—What causes you to make that remark?

You know Tom Beasley?

Yes.

Well, he has married a widow worth \$50,000.

Humph! If he had had luck in proportion to his stupidity he would have had a million, at least.

## QUITE DIFFERENT.

Justice (to student)—You are accused by Mr. Meyer, who lives across the street from your room, of insulting him.

Student (surprised)—In what way have I insulted him?

Justice—He alleges that you continually call your dog Meyer.

Student—May I be permitted to ask Mr. Meyer a question?

Mr. Meyer—Vat is it you want to know?

Student—Mr. Meyer, how do you spell your name?

Mr. Meyer—I spells my name M-e-y-e-r.

Student—I thought so. Your Honor will perceive at once how groundless Mr. Meyer's charges are, when I inform Your Honor that my dog spells his name M-a-y-e-r.

## NO TIME FOR DETAILS.

Enamored Guest (to attractive female waiter)—Katy, I love you. Do you return my love?

Waitress—Yep.

Why don't you call me Charlie?

Can't you see for yourself that I have both hands full?



## HE WAS AMUSING.



B. WORTHINGTON BIBBS represents an English syndicate that has recently established a number of saw-mills near the imaginary line running between Arkansas and the Indian Territory. Several days ago, while Mr. Bibbs was at-

tempting to go, on horseback, from one mill to another, he lost his way in the "deep tangled wildwood;" and, after many hours of blind wandering, came upon an old fellow sitting on a log. His face wore an expression of comical laziness.

"Ah, my good man," said Bibbs, "will you tell me the road to one of the Albion saw-mills?"

"Which one?" the old fellow asked, looking up and squinting at the Englishman.

"Oh, it makes no difference whatever, I assure you."

"Then I don't reckon it makes any difference which road you take."

"Ah, now, you are very, very amusing."

"Yas, so is a frog."

"Well, now, really, I never noticed that, but since you have mentioned it, I doubt not that you are right. There are a great many things in nature that we never really notice until our attention is called to them, you know."

"Yes, an' that's whut the circuit jedge 'lowed, but the gran'jury kep' on a-fetchin' in the indictments."

"Ah," said the Englishman, adjusting his eyeglass and giving the squatter a searching look of inquiry.

"Reckon it is," said the squatter.

"Beg pardon, but what did you say?"

"W'y, you 'lowed 'ah,' an' I say I reckon it is."

"Yes, ah, very amusing, I assure you. Now, will you tell me the way to ither one of those mills?"

"Ain't got time."

"Why, it would not take long, I assure you."

"Well, ef you know more about it than I do, you'd better go on."

"Well, now, really, this is extr'ordinary."

"Yas, that's whut the jedge 'lowed, but the jury fotch in a verdict of guilty."

"Well, well, you are the most amusing man I ever met; but I do wish you would give me the information I seek. Which road shall I take?"

"Do you see any road?"

"No, I—"

"Wall, then, how air you goin' ter take it?"

"Upon my word, you are exceedingly peculiar. How long have you lived in this community?"

"Come here when Nan was a baby."

"How old is Nan, permit me to ask?"

"Wall, ef she hadn'ter died she'd 'a' been older than Betsy."

"Pray tell me how old Betsy is?"

"Not quite as old as Nan would 'a' been."

"Upon my word, you are an extr'ordinary man. You are a farmer, I presume."

"Kain't say I am."

"What is your calling, then?"

"Call hogs sometimes, an' sômetimes I don't call nuthin'."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Eat sometimes an' then ag'in I drink."

"Well, I must say you are the most peculiar man I ever met."

"Neenter say it unless you want to. Ain't nobody a-shovin' you."

"Well, well," said the Englishman, giving him another searching look, "I am somewhat interested in you."

"Yas, that's what the wild turkey said when she picked up the June bug."

"Ha, ha, quite a fable, I assure you. But come, now, tell me the way to the mill."

"Which one?"

"Ither."

"What's that?"

"I say ither."

"Reckon you'd better go on. Man come 'round here last fall an' said ither, an' the fust thing we know'd he'd run away with a hoss."

"Well, did I ever hear the like!"

"Don't know as you have. Don't know what you've hearn. Ain't never run with you none."

"Well, now, joking aside—"

"Ain't jokin' a side nur a back, nuther."

"Well, then, aside from joking, will you tell me the way to ither one of those mills?"

"Come around some other time. I'm busy now."

"Look here, my good fellow, you are getting to be provoking."

"Yas, that's w'ut the lizard 'lowed when the sawlog was drug over him."

The Englishman sought an easier position in his saddle, looked at the squatter, frowned perplexedly and then said:

"I have come here for the good of the community. I—"

"Whur air you frum?"

"London, England."

"Which side of the railroad is it on?"

"Well, upon my soul!"

For several minutes afterward the Briton could say nothing more, and, during his silence, he seemed to be wondering whether or not to proclaim the old fellow a fool. After a while, appearing to have resolved to make another effort, he said: "I have come here for the good of the community and really deserve better treatment, even at the hands of an irresponsible native."

"Reckon you'll make more money outen the neighborhood than I will," the squatter replied. "You come in here and crowd the neighborhood."

"Crowd the neighborhood?" the Englishman exclaimed.

"Yas, that's whut you air doin'. All my life I have been crowded. Some time ago I lived way over yander (waving his arm). Was gittin' along fust-rate till one mornin' I woke up an' found that another feller had moved in."

"He didn't move into your house?"

"No; but he settled down not more'n five mile frum me an' skeered the deer. I went to him an' axed him ter apologize, an' he wouldn't do it, an' then, ruther than ter be crowded, I left."

"I must say that you are the most amusing man I ever saw."

"Then I don't reckon you knowed my brother Bill."

"I did not."

"Wall, now, he was amusin', sho nuff. Ef you ain't in a hurry, I'll tell you about him."

"I am prepared to hear anything, I assure you."

"All right. Wall, one day me and brother Bill was out at the sto', an' a feller that was readin' suthin outen a paper, an' the drift of it was that Governor Henry was the strongest governor the state ever had. Bill didn't say nothin', but I seed that he was worried, an' that night atter he went to bed, Bill, he says, 'Alf—that's me—did you hear that feller read outen the paper that Governor Henry is the strongest governor the state ever had?' I 'lowed that I did. 'Wall,' says he, 'I don't like fur that sort of thing ter be flung 'round yo' uncle Fuller—meanin' him—fur you know I'm the strongest man thar is anywhar in this state, an' ef Henry thinks he's the strongest, w'y, he's got to prove it, that's all! I axed him whut he was goin' ter do, an' he 'lowed that he wanted me ter go down ter Little Rock with him an' see the governor. I agreed, an' the next mornin' we hitched up ole Tom an' the gray mar' that we got frum the Posey boys, an' away we went. We was about three days on the road, but that didn't make no difference, fur Bill he had a good deal at stake, an' you bet I was with him. Wall, we got thar at last an' found out whar the governor roosted, an' we went thar. I was sorter skittish, but brother Bill he wa'n't, for he walked right up an' axed a nigger whar the governor was. Then the nigger he grinned an' wanted to know our names, an' then Bill he shoved him aside an' walked right in, an' I went with him, for I was with Bill world without eend. We found the governor a-settin' with his feet up on the table, an' as soon as I laid eyes on him I seed that a mistake had been made, fur he was lean an' dried up an' wa'n't a patchin' compared ter Bill, an' he looked like he was sorry fur it, too, but that didn't make no difference to Bill, for he says, says he, 'Governor, I l'arn through the papers that you air the strongest governor the state ever had,

an' I don't believe it, an' I stand here to take the part of old Governor Fulton, that was the friend of my gran'daddy, an' you bet he could lift more at a hand-spike than you can any day, an' I want you to understand it, an', fu'thermore, I want you to know that I am atter you right now.' Wall, the governor sorter laughed, an' says, 'Bill, I know you air a putty good man, an' I'll try you a few falls putty soon, but before we go into it let's try a little of this juice, the oldest you ever seed.' Wall, Bill he took his tobacker outen his mouth an' the gov'nor tuck down a jug an' then we all hit it an' we kep' on a-hittin' it till atter a while me an' Bill found it as much as we could do to stand up, but the gov'nor he kep' on a-smilin' an' a-pourin' it out an' finally Brother Bill he says, 'Governor, I reckon that thing they printed about you was the truth. I am your friend, for I reckon you air stronger'n me,' an' Bill he drapped an' I drapped an' the governor he smiled an' said he reckoned it was about time he was pardonin' a feller that had stol'd a set of harness, an' so he did. Me an' Bill, soon as we was able, come—"

"What has become of that remarkable man?" the Englishman asked.

"Wish you hadenter axed me that, fur it makes me sad. He fell in a sink-hole an' me an' pap found him shortly atterwards. The hole was putty deep, but down thar stood Bill."

"You got him out, of course," said the Englishman.

"Wall, let me tell you. As I tell you, me an' pap found him an' was just about to let down a rope to draw him out when one of the dogs treed a 'coon. Wall, we 'lowed that Bill would stay thar an' we didn't know whuther the 'coon would or not, so we went atter the 'coon, an' when we come back we found that the sink-hole had caved in on Bill. We would 'a' dug him out, but pap—a mighty smart man, too—'lowed that it wa'n't no use to dig him out jest ter bury him ag'in, so we let him stay. Say, stranger, you axed me ef I would tell you the way ter one of them mills. Wall, you keep on a-goin' an' ef you 'don't come ter one of them you come back here and call me a liar an' I'll take it like a lamb takin' tender grass in the spring of the year. Good-bye."—Opie P. Read, in Arkansas Traveler.

## THE STORY OF A PLUNGER.

Time—1890. Place—Sheepshead Bay Race Track.

## BEFORE THE RACE.

Moses Mosenstein (near-sighted and nervous)—Mosey, vere is Firenzee?

Moses Junior—He is shust coming out, fader, mit a blanket on.

Moses—A blanket? I don't like dot.

## FIRST QUARTER.

Moses—Vere is Firenzee, now, Mosey?

Moses Junior—De last in de race, fader.

Moses—Holy Abraham! but dot is terrible-awful!

## SECOND QUARTER.

Moses—Vere is he now, Mosey, my son?

Moses Junior—De same place, fader.

Moses—Ach, mein Gott! I am a ruined man! Vy did I gampol!

## THIRD QUARTER.

Moses—Vere now, my dear son?

Moses Junior—Still de last, fader!

Moses—O, Rebecca, O, my poor leetle shildren, your vicked fader has ruined you ferefer! Mein Gott, let me die!

## HOME STRETCH.

Moses—Who vins, my poy?

Moses Junior—Firenzee, fader.

Moses—Tank Gott! Mosey, go over and cash my ticket. It is for two dollars. Mein Himmel, I'll never gampol again!

## OVERDOING IT.

Commander McCulla, of the navy, is not, by any manner of means, as tender-hearted as the young lady who refused to strike an octave; but he, nevertheless, should be protected by that clause in the Constitution that forbids the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment. He should not be made to suffer more than the law allows. At all events, he does not deserve such fiendish treatment as the publication of his picture in some of the New York daily papers.

By the way, while McCulla is not much of an artist, like the Ancient Mariner, he is one of the mast-ers himself.

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.

## For Nervous Debility

## Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. H. T. TURNER, Kasson, Minn., says: "I have found it very beneficial in nervous debility, from any cause, and for indigestion."





ANCIENT order of Masons—"More Mort!"—Dansville Breeze.

THE most costly ring in America was the Tweed Ring.—Jewelers' Circular.

A BOARDING-HOUSE problem—To be able on beef hash to beef hash on able.—Puck.

WHATEVER the seine fisherman makes out of his profession is net profit.—Exchange.

SOME faces have a very striking appearance, and this is particularly true of a clock.—Jewelers' Circular.

McGOGGINS calls his room on the tenth floor a princely apartment, on account of its royal highness.—Light.

THESE are trying times for me, was what the cook said as she stood over the lard keg.—Boston Courier.

A LOCAL debating club will discuss the question, Does a man hunger or thirst for kisses?—Binghamton Leader.

THEO. BROWN observes that there are some men who are mean enough to counterfeit a counterfeit itself.—Light.

PUT two doors side by side and the small boy will go through the one that squeaks.—Atchison Globe.

How can amateur photographers put spirit into their pictures if they use only dry plates?—Baltimore American.

Marriage may be a failure,  
As some folks have found out;  
But courtship—ah! that's heaven,  
Beyond the slightest doubt.  
—Harrisburg Telegram.

THE time when a Congressman is "out of order" is when he has been out all night with the boys.—Boston Courier.

THE dog may have his day, but the cat certainly takes the cake so far as the night is concerned.—Philadelphia Times.

WHEN a railroad locomotive goes off on a toot the engineer is usually carried home in a cab.—Binghamton Republican.

"HERE comes some food for reflection" as the mirror said when a plate of apples was set in front of it.—Dansville Breeze.

ELIK says that a woman uses tears in an argument because she has the right to choose her weepin's.—Washington Post.

UNIONS of the blue and the gray are heavenly. They can be seen in skies and clouds any day.—New Orleans Picayune.

NEVER put on airs. If your wife finds one on your coat collar, and the color isn't just right, there'll be trouble.—Merchant Traveler.

THE trombone amateur's music may not be very sweet, but it never comes out at the little end of the horn.—Terre Haute Express.

A BEAR never knows until he is muzzled how many people there are in the world who are not afraid of bears.—Atchison Globe.

There was an old man in a wagon;  
'Twas evident he had a jag on.  
He would whip up his nag,  
Then take a big "snag"  
From the neck of a two-gallon flagon.  
—Dansville Breeze.

FLAUBERT says that there's no imagination in France. He has evidently never examined a Parisian fashion-plate.—Boston Gazette.

THE language of love contains much exaggeration, but the lover of a millionaire's heiress can truthfully declare that he is her bond slave.—Baltimore American.

"A TRUE American is too honest to steal and too proud to beg." All the same, we are patiently waiting for the quarter we loaned to a New Jersey editor ten years ago.—St. Louis Magazine.

A FACETIOUS St. Louis swell who danced with a couple of Chicago girls at a party recently, remarked that although he liked rings on his fingers, he couldn't stand belles on his toes.—St. Louis Magazine.

Angostura Bitters, the celebrated appetizer, of exquisite flavor, is used all over the world.

#### He was Great Socially.

An old negro was chopping down sasafra sprouts in a fence corner when a white man came along and asked: "Can you direct me to Colonel Phil Henderson's house?"

"I could do it, sah, ef I had de time."  
"If you had the time!" the man exclaimed.

"Yas, sah, ef I had de time. Been rainin' er good 'eal lately an' I couldn't work much, an' now dat I has got at hit, w'y I hatter make de licks count."

"That's a strange idea. How long would it take you to tell me?"

"Well, sah, it's dis way wid me: I kin talk all along in de sociable widout no trouble, jes' like I am er talkin' ter you right now, but ez soon ez I ginter give d'reckshuns ter er place, w'y I git ter stutterin' an' it takes er powerful long time fur me ter git through, an' er gin I does git through, I has got sich er start dat I kain' stop, an' long atter de man is dun gone I stan's dar a talkin' an' er losin' my mighty valuable time."

"I never heard of anything like that before," said the man.

"No, sah, I reckon not, an' de doctors demse'fs say dat it is mighty cu'is."

"Try it now and see if you can't tell me."

"Dar ain't no use'n tryin' it, sah, 'caze I knows my 'fermity. Like mighty well ter 'blige you, but den I's got er wife an' chullun ober yander in de cabin an' ef I doan work, w'y da's gwine suffer, sho'."

"You can talk all right in a sociable way, can you?"

"Oh, I am ez fine ez a fiddle den. Nobody kin beat me in de sociable. Folks comes fur miles an' miles ter yere me talk in de sociable, but da doan ax me ter gin 'em de d'reckshuns ter er place."

"Well, is there not some way by which we could turn the giving of directions into a sociable talk?"

"Lemme see. I wonders now ef dat fack couldn't be done? Oh, yas, I's got it now—jes' happen ter ricolleck dat dar ain't nothin' dat mecks me feel so sociable ez er few dimes—say twenty-fi' cents."

"All right, here is a quarter. Now, which way must I go?"

"Wait er minit," said the old negro, taking the money. "I haster sorter feel my way er long, fur dis is sort o' er spiryment atter all." He looked up and down the fence, wiped his mouth, pulled out his upper lip and worked it around and then said: "I 'gratulates you, sah, dat this un'ertakin' is gwine ter be er success. Go right down dar ter de eend o' de fence an' take de lef' han' road—hol' on, sah. You kin see de house frum yere. Yander it is, ober on de hill."—Arkansaw Traveler.

#### Would Not Take the Risk.

"Is this a fire insurance office?"  
"Yes, sir; can we write you some insurance?"

"Perhaps you can. You see, my employer threatens to fire me next Saturday, and I'd like some protection."—Munsey's Weekly.

#### Of Its Own Account.

"Somebody has taken my revolver out of my desk," said the religious editor, glancing round the room.

"You didn't know it was loaded, did you?" asked the snake reporter.

"No, I didn't think so."

"In that case it probably went off of its own accord. They always do, you know, when you don't think they're loaded."—Philadelphia Press.

**An Extended Popularity.**—Brown's Bronchial Troches have been before the public many years. For relieving Coughs, Colds, and Throat Diseases they have been proved reliable. Sold only in boxes. Price 25 cents.

# ALLCOCK'S

## POROUS PLASTERS.

**PURELY VEGETABLE  
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS  
HAVE NO EQUAL**

**Always Reliable**

**Always Ready**

**Always Safe**

**Always Effective**

**Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation.**

**Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.**

#### The Box Didn't Make Change.

It would be supposed that by this time nearly every man, woman and child in this city would know enough about the money boxes in street cars to enable them to put their fare in the box. Especially is this the case when there is a large sign staring the passenger in the face to put "the exact fare in the box."

Yesterday a lady, nicely dressed, boarded a short line Birmingham car at the corner of Carson and Tenth streets, to ride to the city. She flashed out of her pocket, which was concealed where no man could ever find it, a beautiful little purse, and extracting a dime, she refused the proffered aid of a fellow passenger to put her fare in the box. She walked to the forward end of the car and dropped the dime into the opening of the box. Then she stood there with an expectant look on her face and one hand on the top of the box. Whether she expected the box would open and hand out a nickel in change in about the same manner as practiced by a cabinet "speak easy" the other passengers could only guess. The driver told her she would have to stand the loss of the nickel unless the car took on another passenger.

At the Pittsburg end of the bridge another passenger got on. He wore a light blond moustache and self-satisfied air of "mashing" anything in sight, as he tripped past the young lady. As he asked the driver for two nickels in exchange for a dime, the mule puncher told him of the young lady's predicament. Of course, he was only too glad to pay her back the five cents and smiled sweetly as he handed over the amount. With a "you-bet-I'm-in-it" expression, he turned around and dropped the other nickel in the box. Then he discovered that he was out a nickel, and the smiles of the passengers made him go out on the platform and commune with himself. The individual who enjoyed the joke the most was the young lady who caused his misfortune.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

#### Literary Piracy a National Disgrace.

It is all very well for American authors to spend their days in trying to remove this reproach. But it is really the affair of the whole people. Every man and woman interested in literature to any degree ought to write a letter to his or her Congressman, begging him to exert himself to correct this great wrong by the passage of a law in keeping with the intelligence and honesty of our people. For

Americans, as a mass, are not in love with dishonesty, and are not insensible to national dishonor. We protest against the leaving of this whole movement to the people interested in book-making. Every American shares in this disgrace, and we are glad that the movement for its abolition has become more and more to be a movement of the intelligent people of the whole country.—The Century.

#### Good Enough For the Price.

Mr. Slowpay—"I don't like to complain about trifles, Mrs. Snapper, but my hash appears to consist largely of fragments of deal board."

Mrs. Snapper (the landlady)—"Well, what kind of board do you expect for \$5 a week? Polished mahogany?"—Munsey's Weekly.

#### A Necessity of Health.

It is a prime necessity of health that the action of the bowels should be kept regular. But the way to overcome a temporary fit of constipation, or to remedy chronic costiveness, is not to deluge the stomach and drench the bowels with purgatives of violent and painful action. The happy medium between an inoperative and violent cathartic is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which acts just sufficiently upon the bowels to relax them, without pain, and which being a wholesome tonic, as well as aperient, has the effect of strengthening both them and the stomach, and promoting the well being of the whole internal economy. The removal of bile from the blood, increased activity of the liver, usually dormant in cases of costiveness, and sound digestion follows the use of this beneficent medicine, as thorough and genial in its effects as it is safe and pure in composition. Rheumatism, fever and ague, kidney troubles and debility are also remedied by it.

#### One Thing Needful.

"These are my household gods," he said to her as he entered his bachelor apartment.

"But you lack something," she remarked.

"What?"

"A household goddess."—Munsey's Weekly.

#### 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, 852 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

#### A Willing Confederate.

Fond Mother (addressing infant)—"You precious little bump of sweetness! I should just like to eat you up."

The next eldest—"I wish you would, ma, I'll help carve."—Burlington Free Press.

**Backache is almost immediately relieved** by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Try one and be free from pain. Price 25 cents.



## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



The above portraits are intended to represent some of the members of the Saturday Night Club, of New York. They are really misrepresented above, for they are handsomer and much more intellectual-looking than these alleged portraits would lead one to suppose. For instance, see the portrait of Mr. Clarke Bell, the President of the Club—the gentleman with the handsome mouth and elaborate side whiskers. He leads a double-barreled life. During office hours he is one of Gotham's most learned and eloquent lawyers; after office hours he is a hardened epicure, the president of several social clubs, and the life of every gathering of which he forms a part.

Above to the right is the portrait of a man who some people think should have been, some think can be, and some believe will be, President of the United States—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew. Clarke Bell says that when Depew came back from Europe a few months ago he brought with him a trunk full of imported English jokes, which he intended to use on the "Saturday Night" and other clubs. A wise tariff provision says that foreign jokes shall pay a duty of thirty per cent., but Mr. Depew got them passed by the Custom officials without having to pay duty, as he claimed he brought them into this country as "tools of his trade."

That the Saturday Night Club is not a political organization is plainly demonstrated by the two portraits on the upper left-hand corner—Calvin S. Brice, a leading Democrat of national fame, in close proximity to Steve Elkins, a "big chief" among Republicans. As a club that gives most excellent dinners and gathers around its tables some of the most celebrated men of the country, the Saturday Night Club has no rival. Its sole purpose seems to be to bring together those who are recognized as leaders among men, and have them enjoy in each others society at these Saturday night dinners a "feast of reason and flow of soul." Their dinner last week was given to the judges of the Supreme Court of Connecticut. Almost all the bright lights in art, literature, statesmanship and the learned professions have at one time or other stretched their legs under the "Saturday Night's" mahogany.

### Preached the Wrong Doctrine.

Mother—"Yes, Willie, if you are a good boy you will go to Heaven when you die and have a gold harp to play on."

Willie—"I don't want a harp; I want a bicycle and base-ball."—Arcola Record.

A Boston man has invented a process of manufacturing whisky from beans. Now let some one devise a brown bread breath-killer, and life at the Hub will be a delirium of bliss.—Westborough (Mass.) Tribune.

### Edison's Electric Bug.

I wonder how many ever heard the wonderful story of how Edison made a bug. It happened away back in 1880 or 1881. There had been two or three persons killed by the electric wires, and people were seriously contemplating some plan to get them out of the way and still keep the new wonderful white light.

Edison proposed that the wires be put in gas pipes, but how on earth were the pipes to be "threaded" with the electric wires? After studying the matter one night, Edison said to a fellow electrician:

"Why, see here, Johnson, I'll make a bug that will drag a wire through every foot of pipe in New York city, if it becomes necessary."

"Make a bug!" exclaimed his companion, thinking the inventor had lost his mind; "what in the world do you mean?"

"Well, I'll make a bug," said the inventor, confidently, "that will go where I send him and drag a wire, too."

A few days afterward he laid a curiously constructed thing on the table in the office before time to go to work; it was his gas-pipe bug. It was constructed thus: A minute electro-magnet, carrying behind it a fine insulated wire-pawl. Now observe—every time the circuit was closed through the magnet the armature was attached, the pawl clutched the sides of a piece of gas-pipe provided for the occasion, and the magnet behind was drawn toward the armature about the sixteenth of an inch.

When the circuit was opened the armature reached forward ready to take a second step. Thus at every closing of the circuit, the little bug advanced one step, dragging the wire behind.—St. Louis Republic.

### LUCKY NEW YORKERS.

#### Several Patrons of the Louisiana State Lottery Strike Big Prizes.

Several New Yorkers won prizes in the March drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery. Max Pause, the well-known cafe-keeper of 45 Exchange place and former caterer of the New York Press Club, bought one-twentieth of ticket No. 10,122, which drew the third capital prize of \$50,000. Associated in partnership with him in the purchase of the ticket were Dennis Baney, a young man employed in a broker's office at 2 Wall St., and George Richards, an Englishman who runs the elevator in the building at 51 Exchange place. Pause, Baney and Richards have been buying Louisiana State Lottery tickets in partnership for some time. They have spent probably \$25 altogether in this way, and, having won \$2,500 in this month's drawing their investment has been rather profitable. "Oh! yes, it is true," said Mr. Pause to a *News* reporter, "that we had one-twentieth of a ticket which won the third capital prize in the Louisiana State Lottery. I had, in fact," Max continued, "two-twentieths of the ticket, but I gave the second twentieth to a friend of mine and he got the whole amount of his one-twentieth, \$2,500."

The owner of the entire twentieth was Mr. F. Lind, a book-keeper for Aisel & Co., 51 Exchange place. Mr. Lind, who is well-known among down-town brokers, admitted to a *News* reporter that he had won \$2,500 in the Louisiana State Lottery and seemed quite proud of it.

Messrs. Tisch & Greneisen, machinists and pattern makers, 142 Centre St., held one-twentieth of ticket No. 26,354, which won \$25,000. Messrs. Tisch & Greneisen got \$1,250, minus express charges, as their share.—*New York Daily News*, March 28.

### The Lawyer Did It.

Prison Visitor—"Ah! my man, what offence brought you here?"

Convict—"Hiring a poor attorney. The jury couldn't stand that."—Boston Budget.

### Use of the Typewriter.

Scene—The typewriter's office, Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Enter a broker in a flurry.

Broker—"Can you write a letter for me, miss?"

Typewriter—"Certainly, sir, with pleasure."

"Thanks. Will you?"

"To whom, sir?"

"To my mother in New York."

"Very good, sir; what shall I say?"

"Say! I thought you said you could write a letter. You just write the sort of a letter a dutiful son ought to send his mother. You know the kind of thing. That will do for me. Make it nice and affectionate and I'll come back for it in half an hour. Au revoir."

Exit broker, hurriedly.—Truth.



### INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES cured by CUTICURA Remedies.

FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA REMEDIES are infallible.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood diseases, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.

KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster 25c.

### THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY, KAVA FOURNIER.

FOR MEN. Over 30,000 cases successfully treated in the leading Paris hospitals.

Used in daily practice by all French physicians. Medals and Diploma of Honor, Paris Expositions.

Acts with magical rapidity in new cases.

Cures absolutely those chronic cases which other remedies only relieve.

Full package remedies sent C.O.D., express prepaid \$5.00. Handsome pamphlet free.

Kava Fournier Agency, 18 East 13th St., New York.

### ANTI-MALARIA.

Why suffer from Malaria when you can protect yourself from it by wearing a Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchet is a preventive—a protection against Malaria.

Send one dollar and get a Satchet, and keep away Malaria. Address

KEITH SHELLMAN,

1223 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mention this paper.



THE SOUND DISCS are guaranteed to help a larger per cent. of cases than all similar devices combined. The same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Positively invisible. Worn months without removal. H. A. WALES, Bridgeport, Conn.

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BY THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

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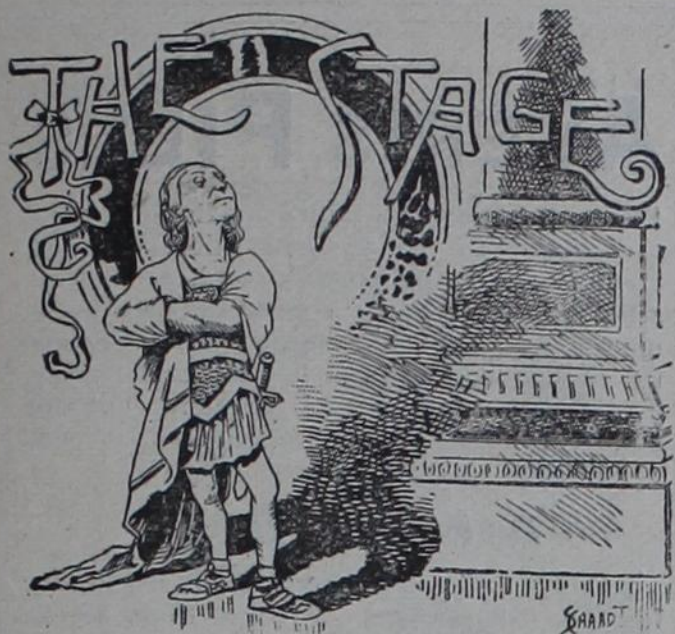
MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

# EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.





Nat Goodwin is going to produce A Gold Mine in London in July.

Mrs. James Brown Potter seems to have made an impression on the Australians.

Another! Nellie McHenry is going to drop farce comedy and seek laurels in a higher field.

A Long Lane, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre is running smoothly, and seems to please the audience.

Stuart Robson is doing phenomenally well in Brooklyn, and his friends are anxiously awaiting his appearance in New York.

The Knights of Tyburn made a tremendous hit at Niblo's last week. It is one of the grandest productions ever witnessed in New York.

The City Directory, with its new features at the Bijou, runs along as smoothly as ever. Charley Reed contributes a large share to the fun making.

Digby Bell, as Ko Ko, was very cordially received at the Broadway last week. He has surrounded himself with a competent cast, especially Miss Louise Beaudet, as Pitti Sing.

This from a manager in a small town is given as an actual extract from a letter to Frederick Warde: "We want Virginius here; there are lots of old Virginius who would give all they've got to see a good Southern play."

Last week Effie Ellsler produced a comedy drama, by E. J. Schwartz, entitled The Governess, at the People's Theatre. The play is a strong one and Miss Ellsler's part is admirably adapted for her. The performance throughout is a very enjoyable one. This week Hands Across the Sea is filling the house.

Alex. Comstock, who by the way, is a humorist in a quiet way, sends us the following ten commandments for husbands: Alex. says the tenth commandment in particular should be strictly obeyed.

1—Thou shalt, no matter how cold or stormy the night, proceed to lock all doors, outhouses and barns.

2—Thou shalt, no matter how steep the climb, proceed each night to thy cellar and carry up therefrom sufficient coal and wood for next morning's fire.

3—Thou shalt arise first each morning and proceed to light the fire.

4—Thou shalt cheerfully subscribe to the purchase of a bonnet for thy wife at Yule time and at Easter.

5—Thou shalt not sneer nor pass silly jests at thy wife's cooking; nor shalt thou mock her mother.

6—Thou shalt, at night, when thine offspring wails, arise and with thine offspring in arms pace to and fro until said wailing shall cease.

7—Thou shalt not demur at the absence of buttons from thine apparel; nor shalt thou mention rents that may exist therein.

8—Thou shalt not seek to conceal from thy wife any of thy doings while away from home; nor shalt thou attempt to hide currency in thy hatband nor silver in the toes of thy shoes.

9—Thou shalt make a confidante of thy

wife's mother, and always leave thy house open to her inspection.

10—Thou shalt take thy wife, thy wife's mother, thy wife's mother's mother and thine offspring to see the Old Homestead at the Academy, New York, at least once every month.

#### Concerning Crowns.

Many years ago it was the correct thing for a monarch to wear the identical crown worn by his predecessors. A king never was formally crowned on the day when he succeeded to the throne, but the ceremony was always postponed for a week or two in order to have the crown thoroughly renovated. In the days when the French had kings the monarch was so liable to be upset by a revolution that he was unwilling to delay the ceremony of coronation, and it often happened that a new French king would send out the prime minister with the crown within twenty minutes after the previous kings decease with orders to have it blocked for two and one-half francs while he waited. But there is no doubt that the custom of handing down the same crown from generation to generation had its disadvantages.

In the first place, it rarely happens that two kings have heads of precisely the same size, and as a rule the crown which fitted the original king for whom it was made never fitted any of his successors, but was always either too large or too small. Nothing looks more absurd than a very small crown cocked on the head of a very large king, except, perhaps, a crown which is much too large for the wearer and continually falls over his ears. There was, it is true, a certain reverence for antiquity and inherited rights shown by this custom of wearing an ancient ancestral crown, but it need not be supposed that any monarch really liked it.

No matter how carefully a king might have his father's crown scoured and repaired he always felt that he was wearing another man's clothes, so to speak. As for Queen Victoria, it is well known that she ordered an entire set of new crowns when she came to the throne, remarking, as she gave the order, that she had as much affection for some of her relatives as anybody need have, but as for wearing anything that had been on the head of that 'orrid King William, she would go to her grave bareheaded first.—Exchange.

#### Cool.

Father (shouting down stairs)—"Has George gone yet, Jennie?"

Daughter (sweetly)—"Not yet, paw."

Father (testily)—"Well, I want to go to bed."

Daughter (sweeter than before)—"All right, dear. I think it's the best thing you can do, for you've to get up early, you know. Good-night, dear paw."—Philadelphia Press

#### A Strict Vegetarian.

Fruit Dealer—"I have some very sweet blood oranges, madam; would you like some?"

Customer—"No, indeed! I am a strict vegetarian, you know."—Light.

#### Got it Bad.

"Is your son as fond of horse-flesh as ever?"

"Oh, dear, yes! He won't eat anything but Long Island bologna now."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

In a novel they marry and live happy ever after, but outside of it they live happy and marry after. There is a slight difference.—Chicago Times.

No one knows better than those who have used Carter's Little Liver Pills what relief they have given when taken for dyspepsia, dizziness, pain in the side, constipation, and disordered stomach.

## PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Fulness, and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c. THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. This is no fiction. Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one Box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be a Wonderful Medicine.—"Worth a guinea a box."

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#### From the Advance Sheets of "Damon and Pythias."

"I've seen plenty of cowboys in my life," said the major, rising from his chair and lighting a fresh cigar; "but there is one thing I never saw and never expect to see."

"What is that, major?" asked the colonel, filling his glass and twirling his moustache gracefully.

"A boy-cow," replied the major.

This was the beginning of the end. A year later these two men met in the twilight of a summer evening. No look of recognition, no glad words of welcome passed between them. They were as strangers.—Puck.

#### Another Titled Son-in-Law.

Blackberry—"Whafoh you let yo' daughtah marry dat ornery, wall-eyed, knock-kneed nigger, Mis' Lillywhite?"

Mrs. Lillywhite—"What yo' talkin' 'bout? He am a African nobleman, he am. I had to make a marriage settlement of foahy dollahs on dat coon, an' pay his debts, 'bout 'leben dollahs moah."—Munsey's Weekly.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

#### Some Choice.

"I'll pay you in time."  
"Thanks, but that kind of money won't pay my rent or clothe my children. I'll take it in cash."—The Epoch.

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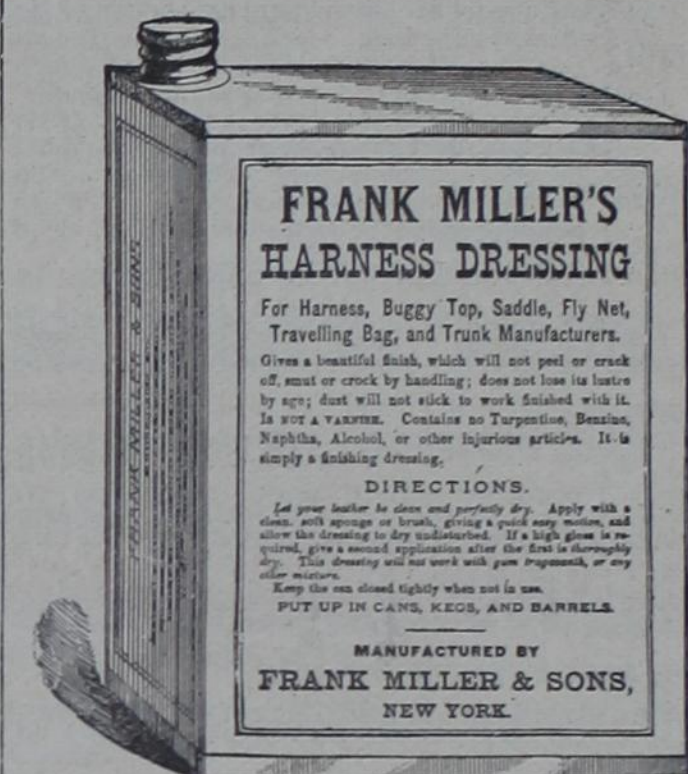


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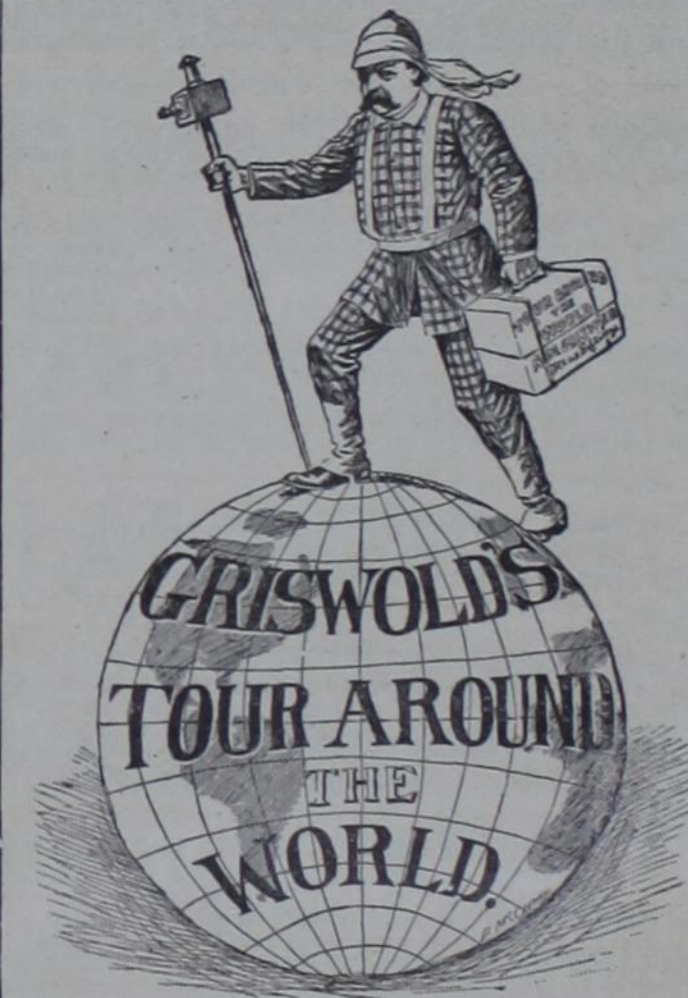
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It has been decided legally that a marriage by telephone is binding. Hence the increased necessity for electrical spark-arresters.—Baltimore American.

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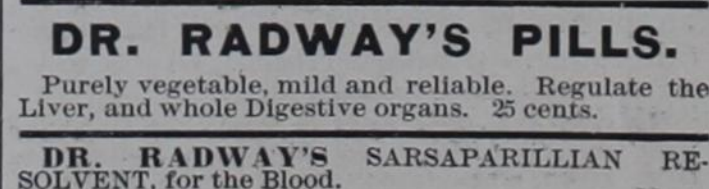
Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



quired the twelfth assailant, a burly, good-natured man.

"Have you the prevalent cold?" in-

"No, sir; we mostly season 'em with pepper, but I'll put some in for you if you prefer it."—The Epoch.



## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



## VERSES NEW AND OLD.

## HOW WILL IT BE?



I wonder so oft as I sit in my pew  
And hear this divine order read,  
"A new commandment I give unto you,"  
If Christ really meant what he said,  
"That ye love one another," it seems very strange  
To note the indifferent face  
Of him who sits front in his broadcloth and silk  
And lists with such indolent grace.

"Ye are my disciples." Now who does he mean?  
Those few in the soft-cushioned rows,  
Or those who sit back? Does Christ show a line?  
And is it the man or his clothes?  
Such strangers they seem—it really can't be  
They all to one body belong.  
Is this one a publican? this pharisee?  
This right, and the other one wrong?

"Come eat of my body and drink of my blood,  
Do this in remembrance of me;  
Draw near and partake of this sanctified food,  
To all who are worthy 'tis free."  
A moment together the rich and the poor  
Stand near by the altar of God;  
But quickly 'tis o'er, and how coldly they part,  
Not even a smile or a nod.  
Now how will it be when they come to the throne,  
And to each meted out what is just?  
Will the rich then receive all the beautiful crowns  
And the poor in a corner be thrust?  
—Jacinta Jaques, in the Omaha World.

## OMNIA VINCI AMOR.

When I with Phyllis fell in love,  
Did I the realms of verse invade,  
Or with guitar 'neath moon above  
Then serenade?

Oh, no! A simple way I learned  
That did the Muse's sway deter,  
And all such fancies overturned—  
I married her!

—Life.

## SONG OF THE SOUTH.

[Air—"As I roamed a young Highlander."]

Dearest Southland! Thy praises we joyfully sing,  
While our heartfelt devotion goes out at thy shrine;

As a child to its mother to thee do we cling  
In affection, and gather our strength like the vine.

Thy sun is our glory, and nearer to God  
Is the heart that it warms with its radiance strong;  
The treasures of Eden it draws from the sod,  
And ripens the note of the mocking-bird's song.

The fire of thy manhood, when fanned by the  
blessed

Wings of virtue, adorns with a heavenly flame,  
Such as never can leap from a passionless breast  
At the call of a duty to country or fame.

May that flame be the lamp our loved nation to  
guide

Down a bright stream of glory to Destiny's end,  
And our manhood, the source of our national pride,  
With a soul to adore and a sword to defend.

—W. M. O'Leary.

Dallas, March 20.

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.

## What Men Like in Women.

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one great possession and they are what men like in women.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman.

They like a pleasant appearance.

They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them.

They like the courtesy of the fireside.

They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition.

They like an ability to talk well and a knowledge of the virtue of silence.

They like a motherliness big enough to understand the wants of the older, as well as the younger boys.

They like a disposition to speak good, rather than evil of every human being.

They like sympathy—which means a willing ear for the tale of sorrow or gladness.

They like knowledge of how to dress well, which, by-the-by, doesn't mean conspicuously. Men are most attracted by good material, plain draperies and quiet colors; not by showy colors or designs.

They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain.

They like a companion—a woman who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them, who is interested in their lives and their plans and in their hopes; who knows how to give a cheering word, or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling.

They may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but a man shrinks from a woman who openly declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in a woman and is disappointed if he does not find it.

They like women to be affectionate—there never was a man yet, no matter how stern, no matter how cold, no matter how repressive as far as his own feelings were concerned, who did not love a loving squeeze of the hand, or a tender kiss from the woman dearest to him.

These are some of the things that men like in women.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## In a Nut Shell.

When a wife tells her tipsy husband to come straight upstairs to bed, she asks him to do something impossible.

Sir Isaac Newton made money by seeing an apple fall. Some women make money by keeping an apple stand.

The man who dances pays the piper. So it is just as well not to dance in these days.

Any man can marry comfortably if he has sufficient money to procure a license. The hitch comes when the knot is tied.

Orderly sages always file their wise saws.

There can never be any objection to a cigar manufacturer puffing his own goods.

Men who have horse sense know when to say neigh.—Boston Courier.

## For Every Girl to Remember.

I have seen mothers who have sacrificed youth, appearance, health and comfort in the effort to save money to educate and dress their daughters, brow-beaten, crushed and virtually ignored by their daughters in return for it all.

The American girl is taught that she is a young princess from the cradle to the altar. It is a great misfortune when she forgets that the mother of a princess must be a queen, or queen regent, and

should be so treated.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Ladies' Home Journal.

## Eight Hours a Day.

Chicago's carpenters have determined to work no more than eight hours a day, and they demand compensation at forty cents an hour. If their demands are not acceded to they will inaugurate a strike early next month. Their demands will probably be granted. Thus the eight-hour movement progresses step by step, gradually adjusting itself to prevailing conditions and circumstances, and there is now an encouraging prospect that what two years ago was expected to come, if at all, as a revolution, will have taken place in a few years more peacefully, quietly, and the welfare of the working classes of the country will have been materially promoted. That the movement is right in principle is not denied. The methods and effects of its advancement are the questions that come up for discussion. The movement is itself gradually working out the solution of these, and the sooner the better. The time would seem to be ripe now, if ever. Let the understanding be complete that the eight-hour day is inevitable. Ways and means will then adjust themselves to it.—Indianapolis News.

## Slow to Understand Browning.

Mr. Wagstaff has been reading Browning aloud to Miss Wilder.

Wagstaff—"And now what do you think of that particular poem? Do you think it worthy of Browning's reputation?"

Miss Wilder—"It's quite too perfectly lovely. Only Browning could have written it."

"You understand it fully?"

"Perfectly. It is as clear as light to me."

"Well, you see, I did not know but it might be a little obscure, as I've only been reading every other line, and"—the sweet girl had founced from the room.—America.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

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

## Its Day Out.

Customer (to waiter)—"Some cheese, please?"

Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir. Very sorry, sir. Cheese out, sir."

Customer—"That so? When do you expect it back?"—Life.

## Bermuda Bottled.

"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not I will not be responsible for the consequences." "But, doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money." "Well, if that is impossible, try

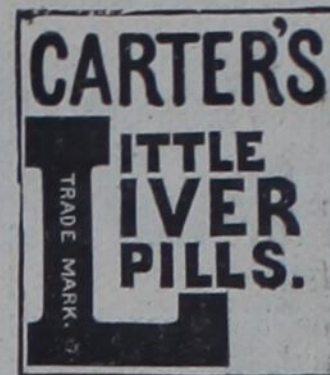
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I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Cough

or Severe Cold I have CURED with it; and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating properties of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggist's but see you get the original SCOTT'S EMULSION."



## CURE

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

## SICK

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

## HEAD

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

## ACHE

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

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

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