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THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

MISS SHODDY—ATCHEE! ACHOO! ATCHEE!

MR. OLDBOY—MY DEAR MRS. SHODDY, YOUR DAUGHTER SEEMS TO HAVE CAUGHT COLD.

MRS. SHODDY—I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT MY DAUGHTER HAS THE GENUINE IMPORTED RUSSIAN GRIPPE. WE NEVER USE ANY OTHER KIND.

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

SIGHS and tears will never pay arrears of duty.

KIND words are like bald heads, they can never dye.

CHRISTMAS-TIED—locked up in the calaboose during the holidays.

REGRET not yesterday, despise not to-day, depend not on to-morrow.

If you should happen to want your ears pierced, just pinch the baby.

ALMOST all men have at some time stood beside the grave of opportunity.

"He is a man of moist habits," is the modest way of saying a man is a drunkard.

EVERY cloud has a silver lining. The boy who has the mumps can stay away from school.

THE Postmaster-General should suppress matrimony by all means, for matrimony is a lottery.

AN exchange says the best thing to give an enemy is kindness; but that depends on the enemy's size.

SOME geologists have contradicted Moses; but as all geologists have contradicted each other, Moses stands about as well as anybody.

"Is marriage a failure?" he asked of a maid
Who clung pretty close to his side.
"I'm sure I can't tell, sir," the young lady said,
"Until you have made me your bride!"

MANY a man confesses in the prayer meeting that he is full of sin, who would be very sorry to have his customers admit that he is right.

If Berry Wall had been spanked more when he was a boy he would be less of a dude now. There wasn't enough hand-writing on the Wall.

HEINRICH HEINE, when he was a student, once wrote to a friend: "Send me fifty thalers right away, or I will starve myself to death at your expense."

EDISON's latest invention is a loud-talking machine, but it is no improvement on the original one that was exhibited some years ago in the garden of Eden.

FLYING machines will play an effective part in future wars, if the commanding general can be induced to get into one of them. Rapid promotion would be one of the results.

EDITORS are trying to draw a moral from editor Grady's death. The moral is that a man threatened with pneumonia shouldn't travel fifteen hundred miles to make a speech, and on a raw and gusty day, as at Plymouth Rock, stand an hour or two with his head uncovered.

SOME New York syndicate sent out "Bob Ingersoll on Christmas," to its numerous clientèle of newspapers, and most of them claimed that Ingersoll wrote in response to a request from that special newspaper. This is pretty thin journalism nowadays, the pretense is so transparent.

"SENCE MY MARY WENT AWAY."



ES sir, you should
jest have seen her—
seen her long and
silky hair,
Shinin' like a shock o'
sunbeams, wavin' in
the summer air;
While her cheeks
seemed bloomin'
roses, and her fin-
gers—don't you
know,
They were white as
maple branches,
wrapped around by
winter's snow.
Eyes so big an' blue
an' honest, allus
gazin' into mine;

An' a heart that never faltered, whether rain or whether shine,
Cheerful words fer everybody, smilin' all the livelong day;
Do you wonder that I'm lonely, sence my Mary went away?

I remember how we used to, on them sunny afternoons,
Stroll together through the woodland, listenin' to the pleasant tunes
Played by little jolly breezes, foolin' 'mong the tree tops high;
An' she thought that river yunder, was a strip o' fallen sky.
Course it's only my odd fancy, anyhow, it strikes me so,
That things now ain't half as cheery as they were a year ago;
The trees are green, it's mighty sartin, but to me they're ever gray,
An' the birds seem kinder silent, sence my Mary went away.

Why the pathway down the valley where we wandered hand in hand,
Is to-day a sorter gloomy one I can't quite understand;
Then the crick which giggled softly, shook itself an' run along,
Now goes slippin' past the willers with an awful solemn song.
Them old hills, too—eh? you're goin'? Sorry to have kept you here.
Good-by—strange the air looks misty—maybe—why, 'twas jest a tear.
Like as not you think me foolish, but don't smile at what I say,
Fer I feel, Oh, God! so lonesome, sence my Mary went away.

HERBERT BASHFORD.

A GREAT REFORM IN NEW YORK.

Law in New York is not always powerless, and the strong grip it recently took on the electric light wires and poles, pulling and cutting them down so that they may no longer be a menace to human life, gives the community confidence and a greater sense of security. There was a time when it almost seemed as if those companies owned New York city. They set the law at defiance, and not only kept up their network of deadly wires but added to them continually, and when remonstrances poured in from the public they replied with the old Tweed query, "What are you going to do about it?" Commissioner Gilroy showed what he could do about it as soon as the question of law was settled by a competent court, and as the zealous work of removing wires and poles goes on all through the city the people applaud. Subways are being prepared, and soon the electric wires will be underground and a great danger removed. It seems a wonder now that the city submitted so long to the overhead wire nuisance and the arrogance of those corporations who persisted in keeping them up. We hope the authorities will not stop their reforms until others are effected, notably a reform in the street-cleaning department, for the streets of New York are a disgrace.

MISTAKES AT THE BAR.

An English lawyer once pleading for a man charged with felony, made a most glowing speech as to the utter ruin that would overtake the defendant's wife and large family. The oration being concluded, the learned advocate discovered that his client was a bachelor. On another occasion a lawyer who was sometimes forgetful, though ready-witted, as we shall presently show, having been engaged to plead the cause of an old offender, began by saying: "I am informed the prisoner at the bar bears the character of being an unmitigated scoundrel!" Here somebody whispers to him that the prisoner was his own client, when he immediately continued: "But what great and good man ever lived who was not greatly calumniated by many of his contemporaries?"

A SAD ECHO FROM JOHNSTOWN.

Very pathetic is the story of Emile Etoine, formerly a puddler employed at the Cambria Iron Works, at fated Johnstown, who was in Europe when the flood occurred, and heard no word of the catastrophe that swept his wife and children into eternity. Having secured \$20,000 that had been willed to him, Etoine

started for home, expecting to surprise his family, who had been very poor, with their good fortune. When he arrived at the Johnstown depot he did not recognize the place, when the brakeman called the name. He thought a mistake had been made, and asked one of the depot men how far it was to Johnstown. When told of the flood that swept old Johnstown away, he sank upon the platform insensible. Restored to consciousness he found that the part of the city in which his home stood had been swept away, and a diligent inquiry of several days brought no news of any of his family. They were all lost, without doubt. When satisfied of this he left, a sorrow-laden man, for the old home of his childhood.

SAVING FRANCE.

The people of France seem to have settled down to the belief that they can get along very well without what they call a *sauveur*. The House of Orleans has been waiting a long time to give them one, as it once did in the person of Louis Philippe, the citizen king, but he was unable to save it entirely. Since the fall of Louis Napoleon the Count de Chambord, until his death in 1883, sat in chilly majesty in his *chateau de campagne*, waiting a summons to bring out the white banner of the Bourbons and "save" France. But France didn't want the grandson of Charles X.—last scion of the House of Bourbon which Henry IV. founded—for a *sauveur*, and so the call never came. Prince Napoleon and his dissolute sons have each strained an ear occasionally to catch the echo of a bugle call, but no. France desires no more saviors of the Napoleon line. The last man to aspire to the position is Boulanger. It almost looked for a while as though *le brave Général* was the coming savior, which, it was urged, poor France was so much in need of. But his star declined as rapidly as it rose, and in place of saving France he threatens to devastate America with a course of lectures.

THE GRIPPE.

"Don't worry about your sneeze," says the Herald. "Bear yourself as though there were no such thing. Don't watch your symptoms; don't be in everlasting fear lest you may sneeze; don't worry yourself into some other disease from sheer anxiety about this one." Then in another column on the editorial page it calls attention to articles published that same morning under the caption, "What the doctors say." Is there any method better calculated to make one worry than to read what the doctors say about an epidemic? They rarely agree. When invited to spread their opinions in the newspapers, they are chiefly successful in showing what they don't know.



LIFE IN PIZEN CREEK.

MISSIONARY (just arrived, to the Mayor of Pizen Creek)—I am very sorry to find that there is no suitable place for a young man to spend his evenings. I mean to try and—

MAYOR RATTLER (becoming excited)—Smitten Washington! no place for a young man to spend his evenings, hey? Ain't you heard of my Square Faro Bank on Chateau avenue? There's a place for a young man to stay all night if he's got the dust and the sand! Roaring Jehosaphat, what's your idea of a suitable resort for a young man?



DEADLY TREES.

We read of strange, diabolical trees that grow in certain wild countries. They almost seem to be endowed with demon powers. The Upas tree is the first that I remember to have read about. It grows somewhere on the island of Java, and is said to poison the air for a considerable distance around, so that beasts and birds, and sometimes incautious travelers succumb to its virulent breath. There was a picture of it in Olney's Geography, I remember. It was a large and apparently flourishing tree, somewhat resembling the old Charter Oak, at Hartford, Conn., depicted on another page. But the Charter Oak wasn't baleful in its effects, its chief purpose being to advertise the Charter Oak Insurance Company.

But I have wandered away from the Upas tree, and any one would be glad to, if it is half as bad as it has been painted. In the picture I recall there were heaps of bones lying all around the tree, and a thoughtless traveler was seen approaching in the distance, unconscious of danger, but evidently destined to contribute his bones to the collection.

Recent investigations, however, go to show that tales about the Upas tree of Java have been greatly exaggerated. The atmosphere about it is not nearly as poisonous as that of the Chicago river, we are told. In fact, one traveler who professes to have been there, says the natives of Java prefer the Upas as a shade tree above any other, chiefly on sanitary grounds. Its balsamic effects are healthful, and it is in demand to plant around invalid resorts. The world has been greatly fooled with regard to that Upas tree for a good many years.

A recent traveler in Queensland, Australia, professes to have seen the stinging tree, which produces the strangest effects on animals and men. It has saucer-shaped leaves, deeply notched, and each point is provided with a thorn like that on a thistle, which is its sting. A puncture from the thorn leaves no mark, but the pain is said to be maddening. A touch from one produces hydrophobia, when it doesn't result in total paralysis.

In the South Australian jungles there is said to grow a cannibal tree, because it swallows everything, and it would require a cannibal to swallow everything that is told about it. This tree grows up in the shape of a huge pineapple, though it seldom attains a height of over eight feet. It is not very high, but it is broad enough in its views to take in anything that comes along, from a pious missionary to the advance agent of a circus. Thick, board-like leaves put out from the top of the tree and hang listlessly down until there is business for them to attend to, when they seem to be inspired with demoniac life. Let a man climb up into this tree to rest, as foolish travelers sometimes do—though they won't after reading this article—and the giant leaves awaken from their inertia. They rise slowly and stiffly like the arms of a derrick, and ap-

proaching each other they embrace their victim in a deadly hug, a hospitality as unlooked for as it is disagreeable, to a man up a tree.

A REVERIE.

What suffices wealth, ease and daily intercourse with our friends if we are not in the enjoyment of good health? Can one glean content from a carbuncle on the back of his neck, or harvest calm enjoyment from the imported influenza? Hardly.

To be happy we need health, and we also need the sunlight from human hearts to make our lives harmonious. We are all in a sense dependent on each other for happiness and chewing tobacco. We require for our content not only the tender solicitude of those near and dear to us, but we are also dependent for our inward happiness on the cook, in whose power it is to bestow on us chronic dyspepsia. The washerwoman, who irons off the buttons on our shirts, is also to be conciliated if we desire length of days and peace of mind.

To know that our happiness is studied by some unselfish creature brings exquisite pleasure, but oysters, raw, with a little lemon juice on them are not bad to take.

The reader will perceive an incoherent pathos in the foregoing, which is modeled after a style of newspaper homily that is running through the press just now. It comes from excessive indulgence in mince-pie during the holidays, but will wear off in time.

A CHRONIC GROWLER.

Wife—This is a pretty time of night for you to come home. At first you came home at two, then at three, and now you stay out until four.

Husband—Just you keep quiet. When I came at two you growled; when I came home at three you growled more, and now you growl worse than ever when I come home at four. I am coming home after this at five, just to see if you don't growl then, too.

WHY THEY BUY.

Wife—I saw such a lovely vase to-day in a store on Broadway. I must have it.

Husband—What sort of a looking vase was it?

Wife—I don't know how it looks. All I know is that Mrs. Moneybags' husband refused to buy it for her. I must have it.



A DISAPPOINTING TRIP.

MR. GUMPY—What is the matter with you, Miss Alice? Did some one kiss you while we were going through the tunnel?

ALICE—No; and that's just what's the matter with me. I'm blushing to think how unattractive I must be getting. That's the first tunnel I've come out of unloved since I was fourteen years old. They say the road is full of tunnels, too. Oh, dear! what a trial this day will be.



TALMAGE ABROAD.

As a pulpit advertiser Dr. Talmage is a hustler. When he was in Athens he desired to preach, but no place would suit him except Mars Hill, and the very spot where St. Paul stood when he delivered his justly-celebrated address to the Athenians. Dr. Talmage no doubt congratulated himself on making a greater sensation than St. Paul did, for whereas the latter could only hope for the slow march of centuries and the tardy growth of Bible societies to distribute his sermon throughout the world, Talmage had the aid of a stenographic reporter, the Atlantic cable, an elaborate system of telegraph lines and a syndicate of newspapers to send his like a flash wherever the English language is spoken. The apostle would feel very much chagrined, no doubt, could he know it, however much Minneapolis might rejoice over the discomfiture of St. Paul.

Talmage doesn't intend to be beaten by anybody in the sermon business. Should he go to Arabia Petræa he will climb Mount Sinai and endeavor to find the identical spot on which Moses stood when he received the Law, and from there he will preach a sermon that shall make the ten commandments take a back seat. And at Jerusalem there is no place but the Mount of Olives that can serve Talmage for a pulpit. It wouldn't surprise us at all if he had already prepared a Talmagian discourse to deliver there, that will make the Sermon on the Mount read weak and feeble for years to come. Verily, there is but one Talmage, and sensational preaching is his profit.

A COMPLETE GIVE-AWAY.

Lawyer—You say, madame, that you have been a true and loving wife?

Witness—I have, sir, as God is my witness.

And you have spared no effort to retain the love and esteem of your husband?

I have done everything I could to make him love me, and he knows it.

Ahem. Madame, who gets up and makes the fire these cold mornings?

He—he—does.

Ah, indeed; then don't you think your statement that you had made every possible effort to retain your husband's love and esteem a little premature, eh?

A CANDID TRAMP.

Gilholly says he does not think it right to bestow promiscuous charity.

Not long since a hard-looking tramp stopped him and asked for a temporary loan. Although Gilholly was disposed to regard the transaction more in the light of a permanent investment, he nevertheless advanced an entire dime.

"Thank you, Colonel, thank you. I can tell by your looks that you know how a fellow feels who has had no education and has to beat his way," replied the tramp in a wild outburst of mingled gratitude and candor.

AN INSINUATION.

First New Yorker—Sam Jones says that there are some things past praying for.

Second New Yorker—He does, eh? He must have been reading about New York's effort to secure the World's Fair.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XI



MY LAST paper spoke of the treaty of Verdun, in 843. From that historians date the erection of the kingdom of France, properly so called. This treaty, which dismembered the magnificent empire of Charlemagne, established the boundaries of France much as they are now, and put the sceptre in the hands of Charles the Bald, Charlemagne's grandson. But he was compelled to wage desperate and bloody wars against some of his provinces in order to enforce his authority.

It was during his reign that feudalism grew and became strong, in some instances defying even the King himself. It was an outgrowth at first from the necessities and dangers of the times. Royalty was weak and unable to enforce its authority or protect the public interests, hence the more powerful nobles built fortresses called *chateaux-forts*, and surrounded themselves with vassals, pledged to do battle for their lords in return for the protection they received in times of danger. Charles the Bald strove in vain to check this movement on the part of the aristocracy, which tended to the overthrow of the monarchy. He repeatedly forbade the erection of castles and the fortification of towns without the royal permission, but his edicts were disregarded, and in the end he was compelled to yield.

When a wealthy and powerful baron built a great castle, surrounded by strong walls, small farmers in the neighborhood unable to protect themselves hastened to him, offering a yearly payment in money or personal military service in return for his favor and protection. A royal ordinance in 841 sanctioned this, and later on it was rendered obligatory. This was a bad move on the part of the crown, for the allegiance which had hitherto been paid to the sovereign, was thus transferred to the counts and barons and other feudal dignitaries. And then it came about that the lord of the castle was almost as big a man as the king himself. He declared war, made peace, dispensed justice, imposed taxes, coined money, enacted laws, and conferred honors and rewards. The next step, quite naturally, was the hereditary transmission of these privileges, authority descending from father to son. Vassals were transmitted, also. The result was that by the close of the century the whole country was parceled out among confederate houses, the heads of which, while nominally recognizing a King of France, obeyed no law but their own.

I have been thus particular, my children, in explaining feudalism, in order that you may better understand the disorders that finally arose from this peculiar condition of society. Yet it was a necessity of the times, as I have said. This was about the time when Norman invasions of France began, and a man naturally felt safer in a strong castle or a walled town than he did out on a farm, and he was quite willing to carry a pike or a crossbow in return for the privilege. Like boys who come to the city from the country, he had little taste for rural life afterwards, and was ready to hire out as a vassal, even though he got no more than his board and clothes the first year. Finally he didn't wish to or couldn't change his mode of living, and became a vassal for life, as did his descendants.

Some of the feudal lords of France had other uses for their strong castles besides a protection from Norman and other invaders. Every castle was provided with a "donjon keep" in which prisoners could be kept in cells beneath the ground. These cells were

chiefly furnished with darkness and an unhealthy quality of damp, and no one cared to remain there very long if there was any way out. When time hung heavy on the hands of a feudal lord, he would sometimes sally forth at the head of a band of trusty vassals, who wanted a little fun, too; and riding up the plank road past the toll-gate they would lie in wait for some peddler or book agent, and collect toll of him in advance of the gate-keeper. If the amount was not satisfactory the hapless traveler was conveyed to the castle and thrown into a dungeon, there to remain until his friends came with the required ransom. And he ran the risk of staying there all his life if they failed to put in an appearance. The foundation of many aristocratic fortunes was laid in this manner, not only in France but in Germany, and other countries of Europe. The masters of the castles on the Rhine followed this business to a large extent.

The Normans, or North men, were a hardy race of sea rovers and adventurers from Denmark, Norway and Sweden. Sometimes they are called Scandinavians, a name given by the Germans in olden times to all the tribes living to the north of them. The Norman Danes first appeared on the coast of England in 787, repeating their invasions from year to year until they possessed the whole of that country under their king, Canute, who reigned fifty years, when the Saxon dynasty was restored under Edward the Confessor. The great Norman invasion of France occurred in 841, after which nearly the whole coast of western Europe fell into their power. Piratical bands ravaged the French and Spanish coasts as far as the Straits of Gibraltar. Of the Normans in France I will tell you more hereafter, *mes petits amis*.

Charles the Bald died in 877, in a miserable hut upon the Pass of Mount Cenis, during an invasion of



A LONG TIME TO WAIT.

BLACK JIM—Steady dar, Tige! If you flushes dem birds 'fo' I gits dis breeches loadin' shot gun ready, I'll jist natu'ally kill you!

Germany. He is believed to have been poisoned. He was succeeded by his son, *Louis le Bègue*, or the Stammerer, his only surviving son, who reigned little over a year. What followed will be related in my next.

SUICIDE.

What a scrutiny of mortuary statistics would disclose on the question we are not in position to say, but that self-destruction is much more frequent than formerly is certainly the general impression. If this remarkable form of slaughter is indeed increasing, an inquiry into the cause could not fail to be of peculiar interest. May it not be that the evolution and agnostian theories have a considerable share of the responsibility? The one says that man and all organic life have sprung spontaneously from primal elements, and the other that we know not whence we are, nor whither we go. Both have a tendency to promote doubts as to the personality of God, and the immortality of the soul. The apprehension that there may be greater ills to fly to has made millions of wretched mortals stick to the weary task of living until like ripened fruit they have dropped without violence into the arms of Death. Convince mankind that the universe is not a creation, but a growth, and that no God has spoken from the depths of vasty space, and numbers of human beings, spurred by sheer loneliness and hopelessness would view dissolution as

an open gateway and rush through it pell mell like tortured captives. Philosophy increases our wisdom and courage, but it may well be doubted that it augments our felicity. F.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE OWL.

This is a nocturnal bird, and on this account is not readily recognized by people who do their hunting in the daytime. Because the owl keeps itself secluded and is seldom seen, it has gained a reputation for great wisdom, being accredited the wisest of birds. The owl is not much of a songster; in fact, it cannot sing at all, it can only hoot. The owl is the only animal that the ability to hoot does any good to. Almost any animal can hoot; but they can do other things also—sing a note or two or give a peculiar call, but the owl has but one talent, his hoot, and he works it for all it is worth; under all circumstances and conditions the owl hoots. This one trick has aided the owl considerably in gaining its reputation. It hoots at everything, and as some consider it an evidence of superior wisdom to hoot a thing, the owl is declared a wise bird.

There is an old story that illustrates how the owl's retirement from society often leads to mistakes as to his identity. An Irishman chanced to meet a boy who had met an owl and made him a prisoner. "Hey, me boy, phat'll ye take fer the parrit?"

"This is an owl."

"Ah, not a bit do I care how owld it is; phat do-ye want for the parrit?"

The owl is carnivorous, and has a liking for the young chickens of the farmer; but unlike the hawk, the owl does not swoop down on his prey in broad daylight, but sneaks into the hen-roost while the hens are asleep.

Alas! the wisest, sometimes, are over-rated, and a vigorous hoot passes for brains. E. R. C.

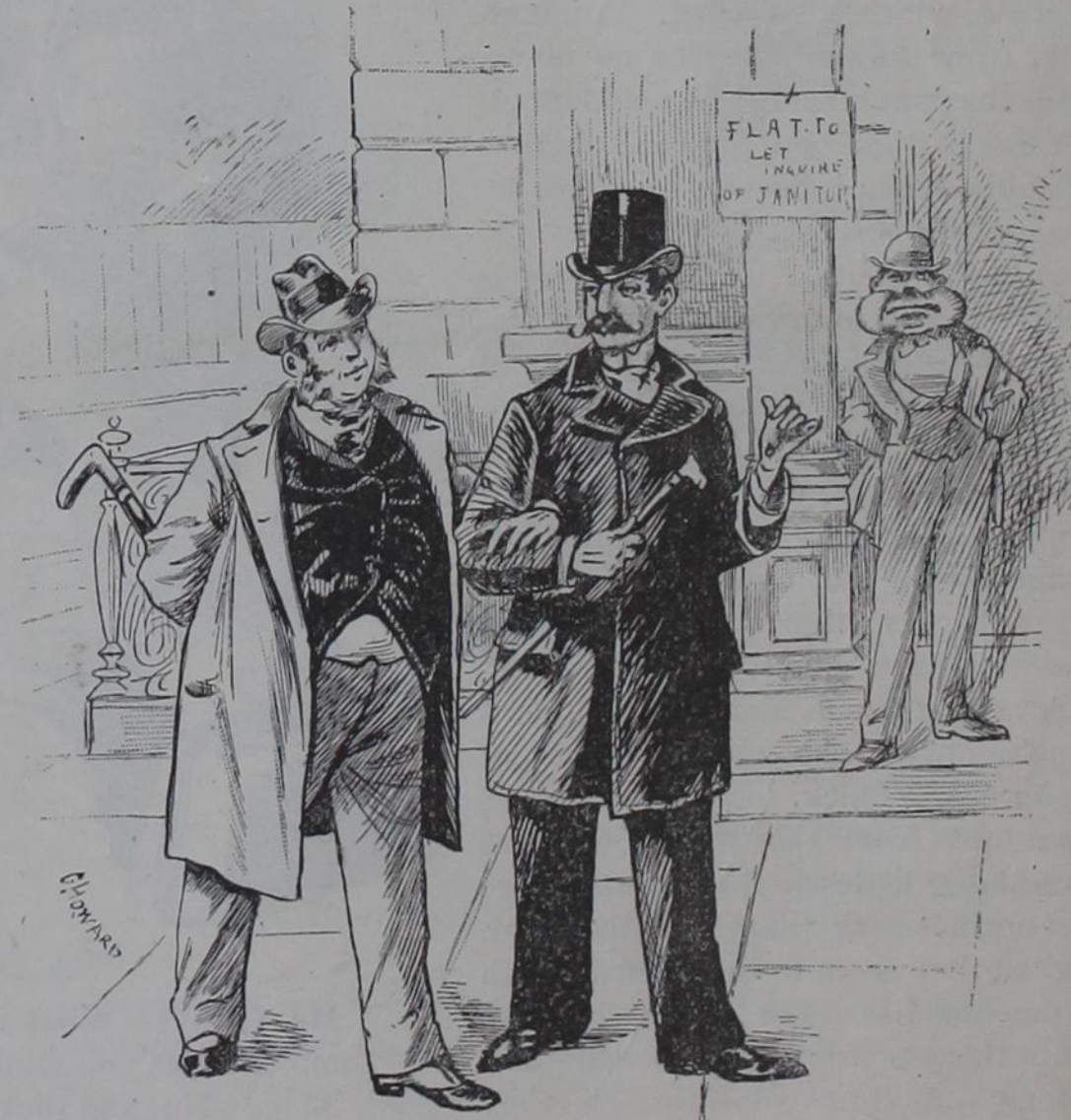
SIGNS AND OMENS.

"We will never take the horseshoe from the door," sings the saucer-faced dude at the piano. We thump him on the back and encore the song—not that the horseshoe, or the little horseshoetta, or the little shoelet of the diminutive mule nailed up over the door has any real use, but there is a significance attached to it that does do good.

Yes, we are believers in signs and omens, simply because of their effect on poor human nature. We are all bundles of habits. As the child is educated so will he live, believe, struggle with doubts, accept some, reject others; yet withal will he be involuntarily impressed with that which he has been taught.

A belief in omens and signs is in the air, and the average American will continue to feel a trifle uneasy when he upsets the salt-cellar or breaks a looking-glass. In secret he will hail a good omen with delight, and it will make him more cheerful and contented with his lot.

For this reason we still insist on the efficacy of the line which commences this screed—"We will never take the horseshoe from the door."



AN OBJECTIONABLE FEATURE.

JAWKINS—What do you find the worst feature of flat life?
HOGG—The Janitor's cheek!



Now the Summer girl has gone
The Winter girl succeeds her,
Fair is she to gaze upon,
And the Fashion needs her;
She her shapely form can show
Clad in costume pretty,
Her dressmaker can well bestow
The neatest in the city.

Summer girls are full of fun,
Winter girls are fuller,
Cheeks are red without the sun—
Bright and healthy color;
Summer girls have lots of beaux—
Winter girls have many—
They are, as every fellow knows,
Prettier far than any.

J. S. G.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A HUMORIST.

I am a reporter.

Once in a while when I can snatch the time from my irksome routine duties, I undertake to make a little extra money by writing up a feature article or doing a little interviewing on my own hook.

I have always thought that in the latter class of work I am at my best, having been generally successful in gathering interesting and readable information from all persons of reasonable intelligence whom I have deemed it worth while to look up.

While I am sure I am not what is ordinarily denominated as "fresh," yet I have an easy way of approaching people that puts them at ease at once.

I went to see a humorous writer the other day for the purpose of interviewing him. I was especially interested in the case because I particularly desired to trace, if possible, the connection between the humorists' business and the melancholy mien and shattered physique which I had always supposed was peculiar to them.

In the counting room I was told that the gentleman was in his office above and I ascended with a mingled feeling of sympathy and curiosity to gaze upon his cadaverous and careworn features and bowed form.

Entering the room I found seated there a fat-faced, goad-natured looking chap who bore a striking resemblance to our butcher.

I said, "I called to see Mr. Funnygloom, and I'll sit down and wait until he comes. I suppose he will return soon?"

He chuckled gleefully, and taking my hand in a most cordial grasp, responded, "I'm Funnygloom."

"But," said I, "there must be some mistake. You are perhaps the younger brother, or the son, or perhaps the grandson of the Mr. Funnygloom I want to see. It is humorous-writing Mr. Funnygloom I'm after."

"I'm the feller," he said, with another reassuring chuckle, "and at your service;" and he again shook vigorously the hand which he still retained in his warm, moist palm.

"I beg pardon," I said, as I regained with some difficulty, wiped and secreted my hand, "but your personnel is so utterly unlike my preconceived idea of the appearance of the humorist that I supposed, of course, you simply awaited his coming. You do not look sad."

"I hope not."

"Nothing the matter with your liver?"

"Not a thing."

"And your lungs?"

"Sound as a dollar."

"Heart?"

"Works like a hired hand."

"Good appetite?"

"Best on earth."

"Good digestion?"

"First-class. Would you like to look at my tongue?"

I thought that a silly, if not an impertinent, thing to say, but I passed it by in silence.

"Sleep well?"

"Like a schoolboy."

"Conscience must be clear?"

"Easy as an old shoe."

"And you write jokes?"

"That's my business."

"Is it hard work?"

"Softest snap in the world. I wouldn't follow it if it wasn't."

"How do you go at it?"

"I don't go at it at all; it comes to me. See?"

"No, I don't see. Please explain."

"With pleasure. Something happens or something is said that tickles me."

"Well?"

"Well, I write it."

"Well?"

"That's all."

"Humph! I should say you do have a snap. Why, anybody could do that."

"Certainly they could."

"But suppose nothing happened and nothing was said to tickle you for—say six months; you'd be in a bad fix, eh?"

"Oh, no. I'd think about plenty of things that might happen or that might be said that would have a snicker in 'em and down they'd go."

"But I don't see how you can do that. If I get to thinking my mind always turns to serious things; wondering, for instance, how I'm going to pay my tailor or—"

"Well, now, there's whole gobs of fun in and around that idea."

"I don't see it. How? Where?"

"Well, in the first place, it's funny he'd trust you. See?"

"No; I'll be hanged if I do."

"Well, I do; and I expect he does too, by this time; though perhaps he may not look at it in its humorous aspect."

"I came here to be insulted, did I?"

"I don't know, but that's

another quaintly funny idea—man hunting up insults, see?"

"Naw."

"Well now, I'll show you. To get at the grotesqueness of it by contrast, there's nothing new or strange in an individual seeking sympathy; there would be nothing singular or ludicrous in a man in trouble going miles out of his way to see the tender looks and to hear the loving words and affectionate solicitude and cheer of mother, sweetheart or sister. Now, on the other hand, consider a man advertising in the newspapers, putting up posters or trying his level best to make enemies in a hunger and thirst after insult, and finally hitting upon a joke-writer to administer the dose. See anything funny in that?"

"Not a darn thing; and, see here, I want you to understand that though I am slow, I'll pay for my breeches."

"Capital! That's another good one; that's enough to make a horse laugh. And you mark my words, it'll make your tailor smile, too, if you do it; and I shouldn't be surprised if he'd invite you to smile with him."

I don't mind owning that I was pretty mad by this time, and the fellow was so confoundedly serene looking that it made me all the angrier.

I fairly yelled at him in my rage: "I'll show you a receipt for them breeches!"

He yelled too, then, with idiotic laughter, and exclaimed: "Splendid! Splendid! Don't tell me you're not a humorist! Going to show me a re-seat for them, are you? By George, that's excellent! I'll print that and I'll illustrate it with cuts of the breeches before and after taking the re-seat. Much obliged, young man; call again." And with that he bowed me out and actually had the audacity to offer me his big, slimy paw again.

Talk about humorists!

If that fellow is a fair sample of humorists, then all humorists are infernal fools, or I am.

CORT.

During a trial before a Texas Justice for the possession of a hog, one of the counsel, a fat, bristling fellow, kept interrupting the Judge until his patience was exhausted, and he exclaimed: "What part do you take in this case, anyway?"

"I am counsel for the defense in this case."

"Oh, excuse me; I thought you were the hog in question!"

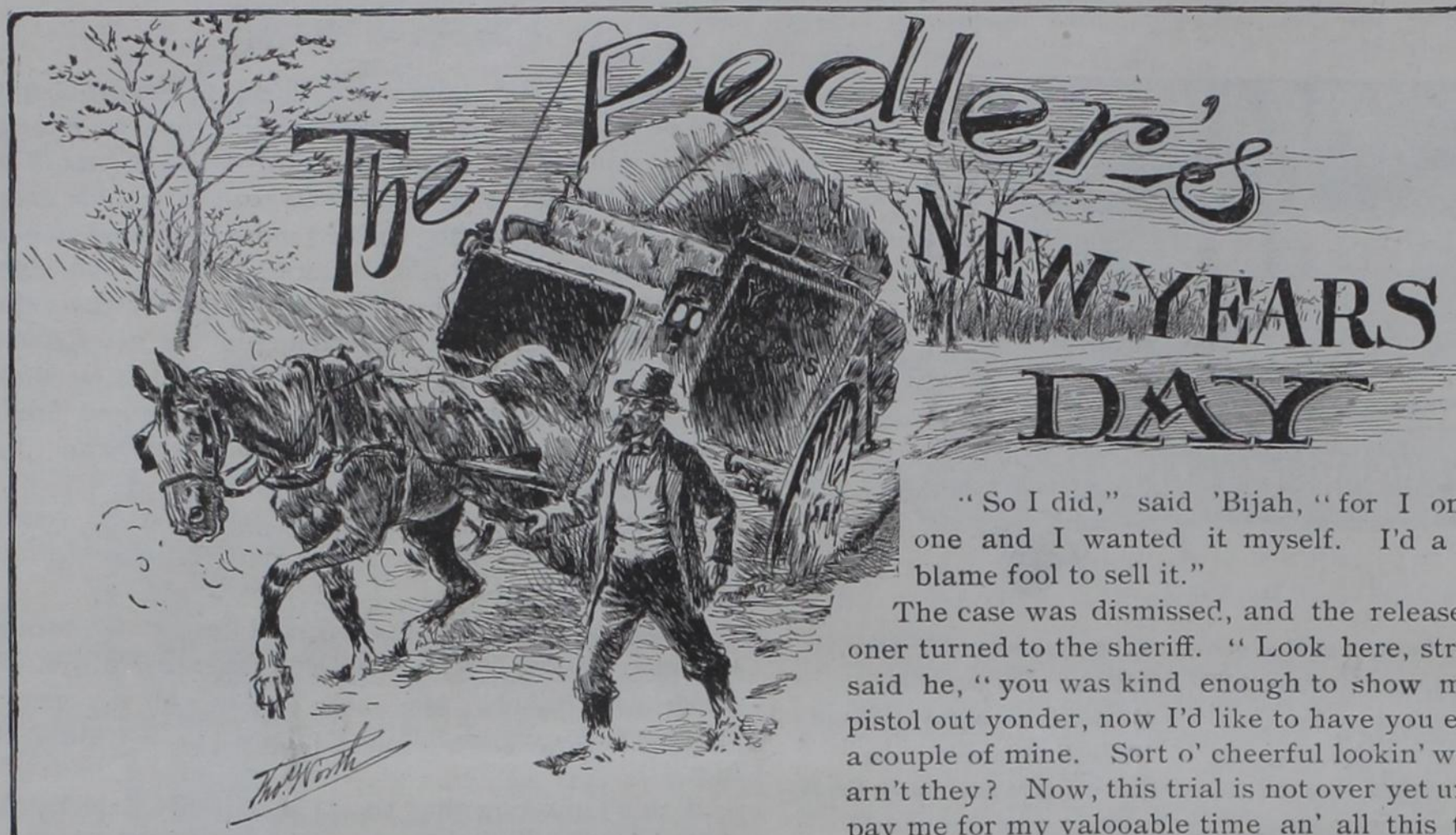


AT THE AUTHORS' CLUB.

[Enter Hugo Sniffles, drunk and muddy, with a lot of MSS.]

FRIEND—Say, Hugo, who's been throwing mud on you?"

SNIFFLES—The critics, of course!



It was New Year in Southwest Missouri; one of those days when the Indian summer haze over the valleys and the balminess of the air makes one forget that the woods are brown, and the roads almost impassable. But 'Bijah Little was discouraged. His old sorrel horse was tired, his wagon coated with mud, and his peddler's outfit almost as large as when he started. He had made money in that business in Vermont, in his younger days, and had thought that the West would give his talents fuller scope, but for three days he had sold nothing. As he plunged through the mud by the side of his horse he remarked to that sagacious animal: "We don't keer one continental, do we, Jerry? We'll go back to Varmount 'fore long. The tavern-keeper at Bluetown told me this mornin' to take the bottom road, an' I'll be plagued is this ere one has got any bottom to it. Mornin', stranger," for a man in blue homespun had checked his pony by the side of the wagon. "Guess you dropped down from the clouds, didn't you?"

"Naw," said the new-comer; "I'm just from Bluetown, an' I want to know if you're a goin' to sell any o' that truck o' yourn in this yere township."

"W—a—al," answered 'Bijah, slowly, "that's just to aboot what I'd like to find out right here, for if I knowed I warn't, I'd be makin' tracks where the mud warn't quite over my head."

"Well, mister, I 'low you're a sellin' them notions, or you wouldn't be cartin' them aroun'."

"Softly, stranger, softly!" said 'Bijah, "that's accordin'; I haint sold a blessed thing to-day, nor yesterday, nor day before, but the day before the day before that, I sold—"

"Then you are sellin' things here?"

"Just a tryin' to, but makin' a tarnal poor show at it."

"Hev you got a license to sell?"

"Waal, no, I can't say as I have; but I—"

"Never mind any more of your Yankee furriner talk; you're my prisoner; no use holdin' back, for I'm the sheriff from Bluetown and arter you, an' the best thing you can do is to turn that old crow-bait o' yourn around an' mosey back to town ahead of me."

"But, stranger, I—"

"None o' your sass, now; you git, or I'll settle your hash right here," and 'Bijah, after a glance into the sheriff's pistol, turned Jerry around, and, without another word, went back to town and into the office of the 'squire.

"Mr. Little," said the 'squire, putting his pipe in his mouth to look more magisterial, "you are arraigned here for selling goods without a license."

"Which I haven't done," said 'Bijah, spitting on the stove in a very decided way; "I'll be blamed if I've sold a thing since—"

"But you've been trying to sell; you've been offering goods for sale without a license, and for that I shall have to fine you the—"

"Not much you won't!" said 'Bijah, coolly.

"Why, what's the matter? Have you a license empowering you to sell goods, or to legally offer them for sale in this county of the State of Missouri?"

"In course I have, 'squire," and the document was produced and pronounced all right.

"But," interrupted the amazed sheriff, "you told me you hadn't any license to sell."

"So I did," said 'Bijah, "for I only had one and I wanted it myself. I'd a been a blame fool to sell it."

The case was dismissed, and the released prisoner turned to the sheriff. "Look here, stranger," said he, "you was kind enough to show me your pistol out yonder, now I'd like to have you examine a couple of mine. Sort o' cheerful lookin' weapons, arn't they? Now, this trial is not over yet until you pay me for my valooable time an' all this trouble. Hand over ten dollars, an' I'll call it squar'. I'd pop one o' these pistols, anyway, if I thought I could shoot any brains into that wooden head o' yourn, but I'd hate to leave you with any less 'n you've got now. Thankee, sir. I've let you off too easy. I s'pose you know to-day is New Year's, the regulation swarin'-off day; an' if I was you I'd swar off tryin' to tackle a Yankee, till I knew how to ask a question."

And the sheriff stood, a few minutes after, rubbing his head as he watched a tall figure wading along by a sorrel horse through the fathomless mud, with his cheerful voice ringing his hearty "Huddup, Jerry!"

MARY A. BENSON.

A New York bigamist pleaded that he did not consider his first marriage binding, because he was drunk; but it seems the knot was tied as tight as he was himself.



In the Office of the 'Squire.

A BUSINESS WOMAN.

Jones (to a former sweetheart)—So you are going to throw yourself away on old Jimson?

She—Throw myself away! I guess you don't know that he has a million and a bad case of heart disease. Call that throwing myself away? That's what I call getting fancy prices.

WELL TREATED.

Sam Johnsing—Did you see the kurnel?

Jim Webster—I did for a fac'.

Sam—How did he treat you? Wid de proper respect?

Jim—De best in de world. De cigar smoke what he blowed in my face come from a twenty-five-cent cigar.

A TEXAS LOTHARIO.

Miss Esmerelda Longcoffin—Hostetter McGinnis, it is outrageous the way you treat me.

Hostetter McGinnis—What's up now, Esmerelda?

You are engaged to me, but you flirt with Birdie McHenipin.

Be calm, Esmerelda, be calm. I'm going to go back on that other girl, too.

A WOMAN'S NEWSPAPER

DISCUSSED IN THE AUSTIN FAMILY.

"Have you observed that Kate Field has started a paper of her own?" said Mr. Austin the other day.

"I saw something about it in the papers," Mrs. Austin replied. "What does she call it?"

"Kate Field's Washington, is the name of it."

"What assurance! Why, the Father of his Country is no more Kate Field's Washington than he is *my* Washington. He belongs to all of us. True, there was a time when he was Martha's Washington, exclusively, or ought to have been, but now that he is dead no individual woman can claim him, and if Kate Field—"

"You're way off the track, Matildy. Miss Field's paper is published in the National Capital, and that's why she calls it Kate Field's Washington; see? It refers to the city and not to the great man for whom it was named," Mr. Austin explained.

"Oh, that's it, is it? Then I suppose if she had started a paper down here in the capital of Texas, she would have named it Kate Field's Austin."

"Perhaps."

"And maybe she would have printed your portrait on the first page. How our friends would snicker, and point to it as Kate Field's Austin. Ha! ha!"

"Mrs. Austin," said Mr. A., sternly, "such levity does not become a married woman and the mother of a family."

"A wonderfully proper man, *you* are, Mr. Austin. But why did you bring up this subject?"

"To show you what the women of our age are doing, madam. To prove—"

"But Miss Field is not of our age. She is a great deal younger."

"When I say age I refer to our epoch—century, or whatever you may call it."

"Never saw any of her writings in the Epoch or the Century, either," said Mrs. Austin.

"It is a hopeless case, trying to make you understand, sometimes. I wish you were a literary woman, Mrs. Austin."

"Oh, you *do*!"

"Yes, I do. Then you might take your position among the noble band of women who are toiling to benefit humanity, to promote progress, to support—"

"Their husbands?"

"Who said anything about supporting husbands? Wouldn't you like to be at the head of a woman's newspaper?"

"Yes, I would, for a little while, so as to pound some common sense into the head. I don't know anything about Kate Field's Washington—haven't seen it—but the most of the women's newspapers that come down here into Texas are poor affairs. They tell us how oppressed and downtrodden we women are. Am I downtrodden, Mr. Austin?"

Mr. Austin was compelled to admit that she was not, to any alarming extent.

"No, indeed; and I would like to see the man that could down-trod me!"

"So would I."

"Then the woman's paper gives us advice about 'How to Manage a Husband,' written, usually, by a woman like Kate Field, who never had a husband to manage. Kate Field's Washington may be managed all right, but no one can tell how Kate Field's husband would fare."

"But go on about the woman's newspaper. I'm interested," said Mr. Austin.

"It assumes that a woman wants different kind of reading from what a man does. That's all stuff and nonsense. We want to know what men are reading and would die if we didn't find out."

"Why, Matildy, I never heard you talk that way before. I believe you have got a literary streak in you, after all."

"But I shan't start a woman's newspaper, not if I know myself."

And so another of Mr. Austin's dreams of fame and notoriety fades away.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

ASKING TOO MUCH.

Manager—I shall expect you to play Desdemona next week.

Actress—What! Desdemona next week, with this gripe? Nevah!

And why not, pray?

Imagine Othello raving over my lifeless body, and in the most impassioned moment to have Desdemona give a loud double sneeze. Nevah!

SHE WANTS TO STAR.

TEXAS SIFTINGS was established mainly for the purpose of "driving dull care from the face of the earth to the grottoes down under the sea," but through its columns I am now compelled to perform one of the saddest duties of my life, viz., knock the romance out of the fond day-dream of a trusting young woman. I might do said knocking through the mail, but I want to be as off-hand as possible about it, and besides, it will be easier for the young lady to read the print than it would be to read my rather eccentric chirography.

A few days ago I received a letter from a young lady whom I have never had the pleasure of being acquainted with, in which she modestly asks me to help her to startle the world in a histrionic way. Her letter is as follows:

C....., Iowa, Dec. 3d, 1889.

"DEAR SIR:—Please excuse my gall in writing to you, a total stranger, but I have heard through a friend of mine who lives in the same town you do, that you are an amateur speculator, and I am going to offer you the grandest speculation you ever tumbled onto in your life. The people around here don't appreciate me, but within my girlish bosom is hidden the divine spark of genius, and some time I will make them feel sick by blossoming out as the greatest actress in Iowa. Now, Mr. Reed, if you will put up the currency necessary to star me in "Lady Mac Beth," I will begin studying it at once. Please reply at once, and if you want to go into this send me \$100 to bind the bargain. I'll tell you I can make Rome howl if I once get to be a theatre actor. Yours truly,

MINNETTA BILGE."

I should like awfully to oblige you, Minnetta. Imagine the triumphant "tower" we would make through the Skunk River country, the cheering multitudes that would come to see us, and the flattering press notices we should receive. For instance, wouldn't it tickle both of us till we would nearly die to read a notice like this:

(From the Brighton, Iowa, Enterprise.)

"That charming and talented histrionic meteor, Mlle Minnetta de Bilge, (under the sole management of V. Z. Reed) appeared at the new school-house in District number 7 last night in a sparkling new comedy entitled Lady Mac Beth, Mrs. Mac being the character acted by Mlle. de B. The large and spacious house was literally packed, fully fifty people being present. When the curtain was rolled up to make ready for the first act the audience was cold as ice, but with the appearance of the star there was a ripple of suppressed expectation, and after she had snorted around a while and raised Cain with old Mac Beth, that æsthetic audience fairly whooped itself hoarse, men, women and children getting up on their hind legs and kicking holes

in the wall in their mad delirium of joy. The only adverse criticism we can make is that in one act this charming lady appeared upon the stage in her night gown, and this journal wants to distinctly and emphatically inform the manager of that show that we are respectable folks out in this neck of the woods, and he can't trollop his women around before our wives and daughters with no clothes on."

I appreciate, coy Minnetta, how nice all this would be, and I would be as happy as a clam if I could get away long enough to star you, but I really will be compelled to decline your liberal proposition. I went broke once in sunny Kansas and eke in the backwoods of Missouri, when I was only starting a little patent right, and I fear that you and I would have to walk back if we tackled anything as heavy as Lady Mac Beth. Shelve your ambition for a time, fair Minnetta, and content yourself with reading "Paul Revere's Ride," at the township literary society.

V. Z. REED.

HIS FATHER WAS MISTAKEN.

During the war in Tonkin between the French and Chinese, the young Count T. was wounded in the head by a bullet. In fact his skull was fractured, and he was taken to the field hospital in a comatose condition.

"He will never regain consciousness," remarked one of the military doctors, "I can see his brains."

The patient slowly opened his eyes, and asked in a feeble voice:

"Can you really see my brains?"

Upon the doctor answering in the affirmative, the wounded nobleman replied:

"I beg that you will write to my father at once and inform him of your discovery. He always said that I had no brains, and that was the reason he made an army officer out of me. He did me a great injustice."

RUSE OF THE MOBILE CAR DRIVERS.

A reformed car driver who worked for the Street Car Company of Mobile, Ala., in the days when paper currency was all the go, says that the company introduced the patent boxes which for a time headed off the boys effectually in their "knocking down" fares. But the victory of capital over labor was short-lived, for the drivers supplied themselves with large grasshoppers which they tied by the wings with a string and shoved down into the box, and when Mr. Grasshopper grabbed onto a dime they jerked him back out of the box.

This was kept up for some time with great success,



WHEN THE COURT PRONOUNCED JUDGMENT.

YALLERBY (who has won his case)—Dar, Mose Johnsing, I tol' yo' dat der right was boun' ter pervail!

JOHNSON (beaten, but untterrified)—Berry well, sah; but when yo' sees dat lawyer's bill ob yourn you'll t'ink yo'self left instead ob right!

until one day the string broke and left the bird in the box, which gave the snap away.

VERY OLD WINE.

A.—I sent you a bottle of wine. Did you get it?

B.—O, yes, I got it.

A.—It is very old.

B.—Well, I should say it was now. You sent it by a messenger boy.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

TALL LYING.

In the Paris Jardin des Plantes, a frequent visitor asked the keeper:

"Is not the giraffe much thinner than he used to be? He seems to me to be dwindling away."

"You are quite right," replied the keeper. "When I first took charge he was already jealous of the obelisk, but I think he would have come out all right if it had not been for the Eiffel tower. That will be the death of the poor creature, yet."

AN ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

A.—How is your grandfather coming on?

B.—My grandfather? He has been dead over a year and a half.

A.—Ah, that explains why I see him so seldom of late.

ALWAYS ON TOP.

C.—In hard times most people growl and complain, but it is all the same to me whether the times are flush or not. I'm always on top.

D.—Are you a mugwump politician?

C.—No, I drive an omnibus.

A MILITARY DELUSION.

Cavalry Drill-Master (to recruit who is always falling off his horse)—Say, you, there! Do you think you are a government bond, that you are always rising and falling?

AN UNGRAMMATICAL CASHIER.

First Clerk—Do you notice that our new cashier has a very defective education? He mixes up his grammar dreadfully.

Second Clerk—Well, I only hope he will not mix up the pronouns "mine and thine" the way the last one did.



HER ESCORT.

MISS PASSÉE—Oh, I'm having such a delightful winter. 'Escorted to theatres, balls and parties almost every night, you know.

[Right-hand cut shows the messenger boy who escorts her at a dollar a night.]



BILL SNORT IN THE WHITE HOUSE.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



SOME OF THEM DON'T REMEMBER EVER TO HAVE HEARD OF HARRISON—OTHER REPUBLICAN SENATORS REFUSE TO GET TOGETHER—TOM REED TELLS A FUNNY STORY ABOUT A FOUNTAIN.

WHITE HOUSE, Jan. 2.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—I date this letter from Washington city. I arrived at the White House from New York just before Christmas. After an absence of more than a month, I fail to perceive any change in Harrison.

N. B.—Perhaps that was because he had been making some Christmas purchases.

But, joking aside, Harrison is always the same. He received me placidly, standing pigeon-toed, as usual, with his head cocked on one side as if musing on the infinite. With an icy smile he extended his hand, and I noticed that his grasp was cold and clammy, like that of a serpent.

Nevertheless, I soon discovered that he still hoped for a second term, and that he expected me to keep on breaking up the "Solid South," and otherwise assisting him at getting up a new Harrison boom. As I am drawing a salary, it occurred to me that I ought to do something, otherwise Harrison might suddenly dispense with my services.

N. B.—It is a wise thing to cling to the man who holds you up, or otherwise he may let you fall.

A few days before Christmas Harrison said to me:

"Well, watchman, what of the night?"

"I think the outlook is good, Mr. President. In my opinion Jim Blaine is no longer your rival in 1892."

"What has he done?" asked Harrison, somewhat surprised.

"Well, Mr. President, I have been in New York and elsewhere, and my impression is Blaine is out of the race on account of the family's treatment of his daughter-in-law."

"You mean Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr.?"

"I do. The treatment that woman has received at the hands of the Blaine gang has killed Blaine politically. If it has not, I don't want to be an American



Harrison Hesitates about Swearing off.

THE GREAT TEXAN RETURNS TO WASHINGTON—HARRISON GREETED SNORT PLACIDLY—THE PRESIDENT REJOICES AT BLAINE'S GREAT MISTAKE—SNORT MAKES AN EFFORT TO PROMOTE HARMONY BETWEEN THE PRESIDENT AND THE LEADING REPUBLICANS—

any more. If the American *vox populi* don't get even on Blaine for that outrage I'm going to become a dago and change my name to Signor Guillermo De Snortini."

"It's too bad, too bad," said Harrison, rubbing his hands.

"By the way, Mr. President, I've got a little scheme to get you and the leading Republicans together. You are drifting away from the party leaders."

"What is your idea, Col. Snort?"

"This being Christmas time, and everybody feeling good, I'll invite a lot of Republican Senators and other big guns to have a kind of a love-feast with you at the White House on Christmas Eve."

"You can try it, Col. Snort, but I don't think they will come," replied Harrison.

"I started out to round up the guests for the wedding feast, so to speak."

The first Republican I tackled was a Western man. He passed his hand thoughtfully over his brow and said, slowly:

"Harrison? Harrison? Let me think. I've heard that name before. What—what—er—what State is he from?"

I just dropped him and went on to the next. He said:

"My dear Col. Snort, when you embrace your pretty cousin that may be called 'a strained relation.' Well, my relations with Harrison are strained, but it's a different kind of a strain. Don't wait for me, for I'll not be there. I'm not on hugging terms with that Indiana fraud any more. He went back on me after the election."

Then I tried No. 3.

"I don't think I can come. I wanted a few friends appointed to positions, but 'Brer Harrison' couldn't see it. Did you ever read what Opie Read wrote about friends?"



The Nigger in the Christmas Tree.

"Don't think I ever did."

"Well, he wrote 'You kin impose on an enemy and he don't think much erbout it, but when yer impose on a dear friend he is dun wid yer for life.'"

"So friend Harrison has imposed on you?"

"He did that very thing. A man, even if he is President, can't cultivate a Congressman's acquaintance by harrowing up his feelings. I'll not be there on time."

I consulted with half a dozen more leading Republicans, but after I got through talking with them it seemed to me that Harrison's death would not make them cry as much as peeling an onion would. If Harrison has a warm bosom friend outside of "Wanny," it must be a chest protector or a porous plaster.

Finally, I ran across Tom Reed of Maine. He didn't want to come to the White House, either. He said that notwithstanding it had been very mild this winter he suffered too much from cold shoulder every time he called on Harrison.

"There doesn't seem to be any connection between Harrison and the leaders of his party," I remarked.

"No," replied Reed, "there ain't, and that reminds me of a little story."

"Let us have it, Tom."

"Well," said Reed, "there was a feller up in Maine who went to Boston and came across one of those stores where they sell garden statuary, and fountains and the like. Well, he bought a fountain and ordered it shipped to his home in Maine. The Boston firm

shipped the fountain, and didn't hear from him for two weeks."

"What next?"

"Well, about three weeks afterwards, my constituent walked into that Boston store and said to the proprietor: 'I've had your cussed old fountain set up in my yard for the last week, and not a drop of water yet. At what season do they begin to squirt?'"

"What was the matter with the fountain that it didn't play?"

"Why, the blamed fool hadn't connected the fountain with the water works. Harrison hasn't established cordial relations with his party, and the consequence is that he is more ornamental than useful."

"Will you be up at the White House Christmas Eve?"

"Guess not," replied Reed, "but I may send baby McKee a drum so Harrison will not forget me."

Of course there was no Republican love-feast at the White House, but we had a Christmas tree in the family. Some boy had hung a nigger baby on the tree for the President. He blinked at it like an owl in the sunshine.

I have drawn up a set of good resolutions for Harrison to sign, but he has one of his obstinate spells on just now, and refuses to sign. I told him that his best friend was the one who gave him the best advice, but he holds out like that one juror in the Cronin case.

Happy New Year, Johnny.

Your friend,

BILL SNORT.

NOT FAR OUT OF THE WAY.

At a Sunday-school in Winsted, Conn., recently, the text was: "Wisdom is better than rubies."

"Do you understand the text?" asked the teacher of one of the little girl scholars.

"Yessum."

"What is it?"

"Wisdom is better than rheumatism."

J. H. VAN K.

MATRIMONIAL ITEM.

Indignant Visitor—In the notice announcing my marriage in your paper, it reads that I was murdered, instead of married.

Editor (cynical old bachelor)—Yes, I noticed the mistake myself in the proof, but the distinction was so slight that I let it pass.

A POLITE LITTLE BOY

Grandmother—I am sorry to see that you are not polite. What do you do when you meet your teacher on the street?

Tommy—Dodge around the nearest corner.



SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS FOR CASH IN ADVANCE.

SAM JOHNSING (suspected of stealing dogs, in order to obtain the reward)—Jedge, ef yer fine pointer dog was ter git stole, how much reward would yer give ter get him back?

JUDGE PENNYBUNKER—About five dollars, I suppose.

SAM JOHNSING—Boss, jess gimme four dollars an' I'll let dat dog erlone. Dah's a church festival comin' off soon, and I'se bound ter hab some little cash.



HE WANTED SOMETHING BIG.

DUDE—Show me some walking-sticks.

CLERK (showing a small cane)—How would something of this sort do?

DUDE—Me deah fellah, I didn't ask you for a toothpick, did I?

THE COLORED SERVANT IN TEXAS.

Matilda Snowball—I heahs you needs a cullud lady ter do de work fer you. My name's Matilda Snowball.

Col. Yerger—Yes, my wife needs some help. How much do you want a month?

Matilda—Fifteen dollars ef de place suits me.

Col. Yerger—Anything else?

Matilda—I wants ter go out Chewsday night ter 'tend de lodge meetings ob de Order ob de Mysterus Seben Wise Virgins.

Col. Yerger—Anything else?

Matilda—Monday arternoon I makes calls.

Col. Yerger—Is that all?

Matilda—No, indeedy. On two nights in de week I tends de distracted meetin's at Parson Whangdoodle Baxter's Blue Light Tabernacle.

Col. Yerger—Anything else?

Matilda—I wants yer ter onderstand dat dis heah cullud lady don't fotch in no wood and no water. Ketch me!

Col. Yerger—Of course not, Matilda. I will fetch in the wood myself. Anything else?

Matilda—You needn't 'spect me ter git up in de mawnings and make de fires.

Col. Yerger—I never dreamt of your doing anything of that kind. Whenever you want a fire made just ring the bell for Mrs. Yerger and she will attend to all that.

Matilda—And I se not gwinter do no scrubbin' nor washin' ob de dishes. No cullud lady lowers hersef dataway.

Col. Yerger—Why should you when my wife and daughter are here to attend to the drudgery?

Matilda—Am dat so? Dis am de berry place I has been lookin' for. Yer kin 'spect me ter show up to-morrer mawnin'.

Col. Yerger—Hold on, Miss Snowball; I wish to ask you a few questions. Can you render one of Beethoven's immortal symphonies on the piano?

Matilda—Hey! What's dat?

Col. Yerger—Can you play on the piano?

Matilda—No, sah; but you should hear me sing hymn tunes at de Blue Light Tabernacle. I se de sopraner, I is.

Col. Yerger—I'm sorry to hear that you are not a performer on the piano. While my wife is washing the dishes and doing your work I expected you to take her place at the piano. Please close the front gate as you go out.

A TYPICAL MILLIONAIRE.

Clergyman—I have called to ask you to subscribe to the rebuilding of the Presbyterian hospital which has just been burned down.

Millionaire—You can put me down for three dollars.

Three dollars! With your immense fortune you refuse to subscribe more than such a paltry sum?

Ah, my dear sir, if we poor rich people were so constituted by nature that we enjoyed giving money away, it would be too much happiness for mortal man to enjoy.

A TRICKY NEGRO.

Judge—Jim Webster, you are accused by Sam Johnsing of having shot him intentionally with fine shot while you were out hunting together.

Webster—No sich ding, boss. He shot hisseff ackerdentally, and now he lays it on me.

But it's not likely that he would shoot himself in the back.

Oh, you don't know dat nigger. Dar's no rascality what he ain't capable ob doin'.

SOCIETY NOTE.

A.—What do you think of Dudely?

B.—Not much.

But, my dear sir, he belongs to the cream of New York society.

If you want to call him a milk-sop why don't you do it, instead of beating the devil around the bush.

ALWAYS IN THE LEAD.

It is not likely that Boston or Philadelphia will ever get ahead of New York, commercially or otherwise. The relations between these cities are similar to those existing between a little Texas boy and his younger brothers.

"Will Tommy and Jimmy always be younger than me?" he asked.

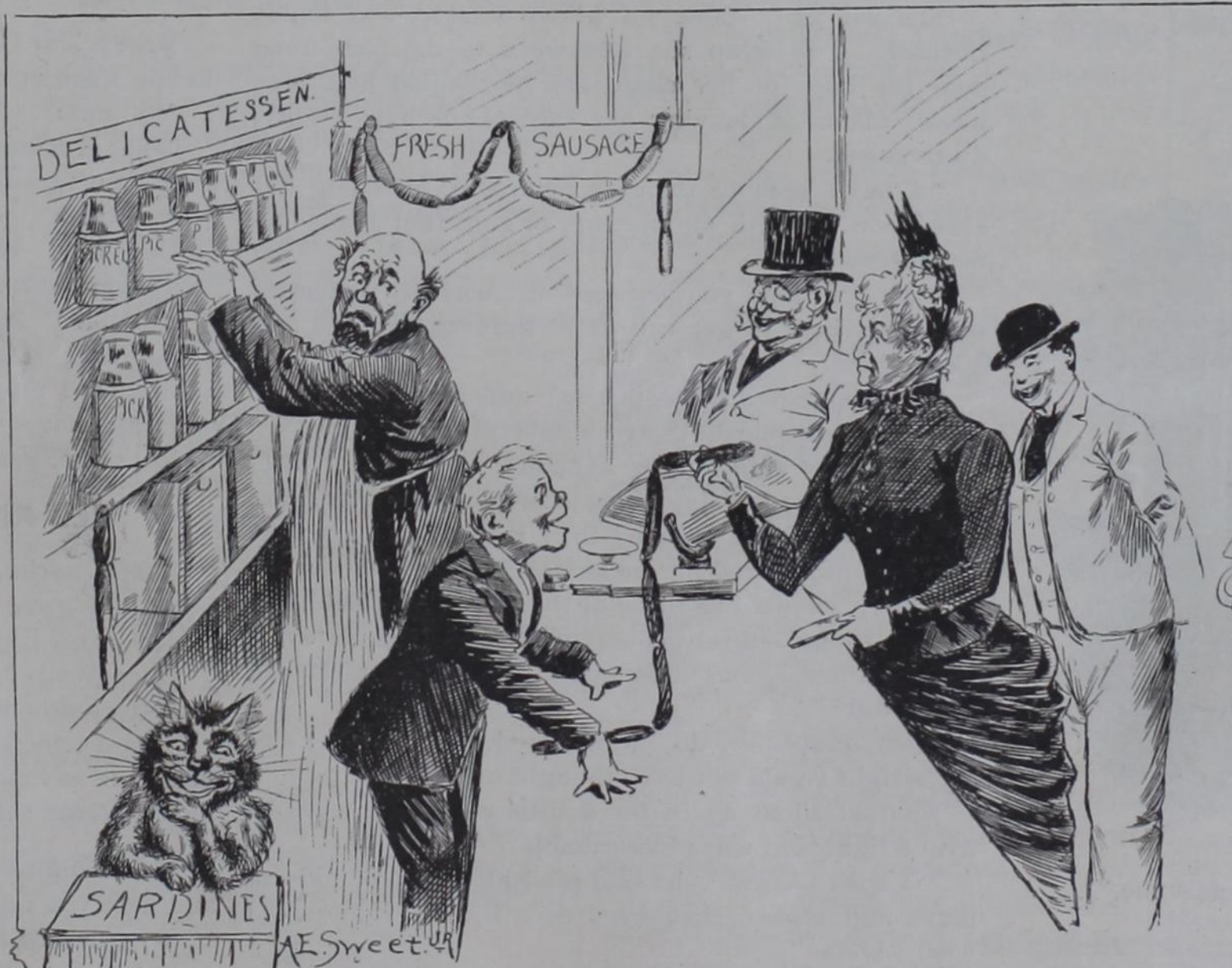
"Yes, my son," replied his mother.

"That's bully! I'll always be able to lick 'em and take their things away from them as long as I live," exclaimed Tommy, gleefully.

A MITIGATING CIRCUMSTANCE.

Lady—Who is that fellow who comes to see you every evening?

Bridget—He is a gentleman who is engaged to me, but I'm thinkin' of telling him not to come here any more, mum. He talks too much.



THE SAUSAGE QUESTION.

MRS. POMPOUS—Are you sure, sonny, that there is no trichina in these sausages?

NEW BOY (who is humorous)—Trichiny? Old car hosses don't have no trichiny.

About whom?

About yourself, mum; he says you are the most beautiful lady in the city.

He doesn't seem to be such a bad man after all. I guess you can let him call once in a while.

IMPORTANT TO JOURNALISTS.

New Reporter—I say, Mr. Editor, I'd like to know—Editor—What would you like to know?

A prominent citizen has broken his neck on a toboggan slide.

Well, what of it?

I'm puzzled to know whether the item comes under the head of Sporting News or Society Gossip.

THE SUPPLY OF PARENTS.

Lucy (aged eleven, who is reading a paper)—It is perfectly dreadful!

Father—What's dreadful, Lucy?



GEMS FROM THE POETS.

"Would he were fatter."

Julius Cæsar, Act 3. Scene 2.

Lucy—Another faithless wife, the mother of six children, runs off with a married man, who leaves a large family behind. Dear me, if this don't stop pretty soon there will not be any parents left.

DRAMATIC ITEM.

C.—Jones is making lots of money out of his play.

D.—He is, eh? I'm glad to hear that somebody can make something out of it. I went to see it, and I couldn't make anything out of it.

HISTORICAL ITEM.

Tommy—Grandpa, do you remember Daniel Webster?

Grandpa—Oh, yes, my child, I remember him very distinctly.

A pause.

Grandpa, you are a good deal older than I am, ain't you?

Yes, indeed.

How much older must I grow to remember George Washington?

LABOR ITEM.

A bricklayer having a brick in his hands when the clock struck five, instead of dropping it like a hot potato, proceeded to lay it in the wall, whereupon another bricklayer howled:

"Say, Pat, is it all night that yer goin' ter wurruk?"

THE COAL QUESTION.

Customer—What's the price of your coal?

Dealer—Six dollars a ton.

Weigh me out a ton.

Ahem. Where the coal is weighed in the presence of the purchaser I always charge a dollar extra.

A MODERN MARTYR.

AN ENOCH ARDEN WHO CAME NOT.



WENTY-FIVE years ago, when I was a theatrical agent, (it was an eminent manager who spoke), I saw many an odd and interesting bit of life. I was a pretty close sailor to the wind in those days, and sought humble lodgings wherein to rest myself when the business of the day was over, be-

cause my purse could pay for no other.

As I was busy at the theatre much of the time night and day, I always hunted up a lodging as near it as I could, and sometimes I found myself under strange roofs, undergoing queer experiences.

In the winter of '64 the star whose performances I arranged for was to play at the Arch Street Theatre, in Philadelphia, then under the management of Mrs. John Drew. As usual, I went knocking about in the near neighborhood of the theatre, looking for cheap lodgings. It was dark when I began my search, and I could but dimly see the little white cards on the walls announcing that furnished rooms could be obtained within.

I looked at room after room, but all were beyond my means, even in the humble quarters in which I ventured to search. At last, feeling unusually tired, and a little discouraged, I saw a card on a plain little frame house which promised, from its appearance, a scale of prices low enough to satisfy my attenuated purse. It was a very plain little place, indeed, yet it had about it nothing which suggested that its people belonged to the low classes. On the contrary, a certain daintiness sat upon it and almost overcame the dismal signs of poverty which hung about it. There is such a thing as noble poverty, and I saw it for the first time in that house.

I rang the bell, and remember to this day how its loud tinkling startled me, so near was it to the outer door and so silent the house. You know how jangling and pervasive is the noise made by a cheap door-bell.

It was quite dark by this time, and as I stood on the narrow little step I wondered if the house was not, after all, tenantless. After a few moments the door opened as noiselessly as doors always open in blood-curdling stories, and there stood before me a woman—surely the whitest-faced and most worn-spirited looking woman I ever saw—and at first glance, the oldest. For a few seconds I forgot the object of my call, so strangely did she affect me.

Well, I engaged a room in her house and took possession of it at once. Poverty had marked everything



"A worn-faced woman stood before me."

For Constipation

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

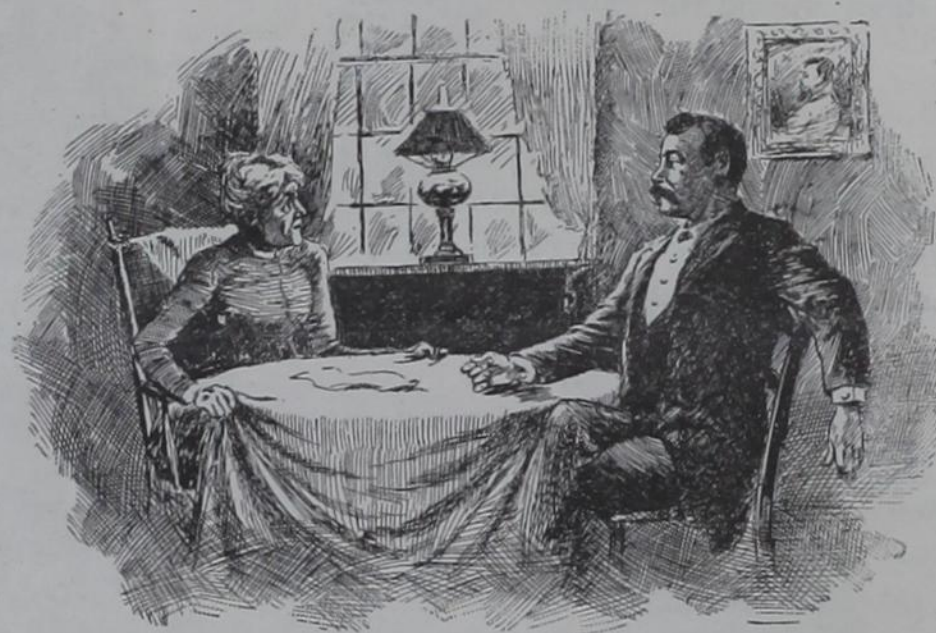
Dr. J. R. FORTSON, Kiowa, Ind. Ter., says: "I have tried it for constipation, with success, and I think it worthy a thorough trial by the profession."

for its own within those walls, but it was not poverty of the repellent order. It was even attractive and commanded one's instant respect, for over it cleanliness and daintiness had spread their refining mantles so that its terrors were put out of sight.

I saw my hostess but seldom. She moved about the house more like a spirit than a human being, and of afternoons and nights sat sewing, sewing, incessantly sewing, in the little sitting-room on the first floor. Beside myself, she was the only inmate of the house. As I began to notice her more I saw that the appearance of age which had struck me so forcibly at first sight, was but an appearance. There was something about it not real. If you can imagine anyone who is old, and yet not old, you will know what I mean when I say that her age was not real. I can't explain it, but I understand it. Say you knew a woman who was but twenty, and in one night some awful thing would sweep over her soul which would make her appear sixty. You would know, then, that her apparent age was unreal, wouldn't you? Well, it was so with my hostess. She was like one who had been suddenly stricken, and had not grown old with years. It was, after all, but the external appearance of age that enveloped her like a garment of sorrow which covered and smothered youth.

She was always in the sitting-room when I came home after the theatre, sewing, sewing as all women sew who have no other weapon with which to fight the wolf than a needle. Sometimes she asked me to sit down a few minutes and talk, and I found her intelligent and interesting in conversation, though her grave, serious manner never changed to animation.

My star was playing "Enoch Arden," and I gave my hostess tickets to the play. She went. When I returned from the theatre that night she was in the sitting-room as usual, though not sewing, and she asked me to come in.



"Do husbands come back to their homes after years of absence, as Enoch Arden did?" she said.

"I want to talk to you," she said in broken tones, and there was a strange light in her eyes and an eagerness in her face quite unusual.

She sat by a table on which a lamp was feebly burning. The wrap she had worn to the play hung over the back of her chair, and her bonnet had been hastily taken off, leaving her snow-white hair slightly disarranged.

"I have been to the play," she said, fastening her eyes upon me with an intensity of gaze that made me uncomfortable.

"Ah! I hope you enjoyed it," was my response, trying my best to get rid of the burning of those sad eyes of hers.

She said not a word, but sat and looked at me in that fixed, inexplicable way for several minutes.

"Do those things ever happen?" she said at last, her eyes almost burning holes in me. As I had no idea what "things" she referred to, I managed to say that I did not understand her meaning.

"Why, events like those of this play," she said, too excited to be entirely coherent; "Do husbands come back to their homes after years of absence, as Enoch Arden did?"

"No doubt they do," I answered, "or the poet and playwright would not have thought of it."

She sat silent again for a little while, her eyes lit with a light that was indescribable.

"I wish I knew," she said presently, "if, outside of plays and stories, they ever do. I wish I knew. I wish I knew."

She clasped her hands and looked at me as though I must tell her. At least, I felt that way, and in order to turn her eyes from me for a moment, I repeated that I thought they did.

She hung upon my words with a look which resembled joy in her face.

"I have dreamed of it," she said, "I have hoped for it for years. I have thought of the possibility of it every waking moment of my life. I have longed for it with all my soul. Why? Because my husband went away fifteen years ago—went in unreasoning anger—jealous without cause, and I have listened for his footstep every moment of my waking life since. I have lived in this house, working like a slave to keep it, that he might know where to find me when he came, because we lived here together. Every night, through all the long, lonely years of his absence I have kept a light burning in this room that he might see it and think I was within waiting for him. I am not so old as I look. I am thirty-five, and you might think me sixty, so much have I suffered. Sometimes I dream that he has come, and for a long time after I am almost sure that he will; but the years go on and I am still alone. But now, that I have seen that play, Enoch Arden, I feel something like hope growing again in my heart. Let come what will, I will wait right here in this house until he comes or I go to my grave."

I looked at her snow-white head, and her delicate, withered face, and felt my heart swell. I had read of martyrs, but she was the first one I had ever seen. What words had I for a sorrow like hers?

The next night I left the city. She was in her sitting-room when I started, going on with her weary waiting, and as I looked back from the corner of the street I saw the window lighted by the lamp which burned for him whose coming was so long delayed—and—well, I am not ashamed to say that a tear rolled down my cheek as I thought of the woman who waited within.

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

MARRYING A MAN TO SAVE HIM.

Mrs. Frankness—They tell me you married that worthless, dissipated fellow who used to hang around your house so much. What did you do that for?

Mrs. Shiftless—I married him to save him.

Did you save him?

Well, not long. They had him in jail as soon as we got back from our honeymoon.

A BIG "JAW."

Father (to the dentist)—I want you to examine my little boy's teeth and see what's the matter with them.

Dentist—Certainly. (Seats the boy in the operating chair and looks at his teeth.) Ah, I see. His teeth are crowding each other, and one or two must be extracted to give room for the rest.

Father—What is the cause of the crowding?

Dentist—He has evidently inherited the large teeth of his father and the small jaw of his mother.

Father—Small jaw of his mother! Reckon you never heard that woman talk. She's got the biggest jaw of any woman in seventeen counties.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

Benevolent Old Lady (to little girl)—My little dear, do you wash your face and hands every morning?

No, mum.

Good gracious! That's perfectly dreadful. Do you wash your face in the middle of the day?

No, mum.

Dear me! When do you wash yourself?

I never washes.

Horrible! It is shocking how depraved the lower classes are! I must organize a society to see that children are properly washed. Tell me, little one, do you really never wash yourself?

No, mum, mamma washes me every morning.

HER MIND ON HEAVENLY THINGS.

She—Charlie, you know you promised me something handsome on my birthday.

He—Yes, I know.

She—Well, I saw a diamond breastpin yesterday in a shop window that was perfectly heavenly.

He—Perfectly heavenly, was it? Say, Fanny, don't you have any earthly wishes? Do you think of nothing but heavenly things?

Gentleman—You got fifty cents from me yesterday and here you are again to-day.

Beggar—Of course; what guarantee have I got that one of us may not die before to-morrow?

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



A GOOD thing to have around the house—a piazza.—Chicago Globe.

THE packers want the Senate to pull down its Vest.—Chicago Times.

THE yachtsman ought to be thoroughly familiar with sheet-music.—Boston Gazette.

No wonder ships cling to the water. They have a strong hold.—Binghamton Republican.

THE Crockery Trust is broken. It ran up against the Servant Girl Trust.—Philadelphia Times.

IN filling prescriptions for the influenza the druggists expect to do a Russian business.—Buffalo Times.

ALTHOUGH people do not like a tumble, they generally appreciate a fall in the mountains.—Boston Gazette.

WATER differs from a good many things in that it is highest when there is most of it.—Binghamton Republican.

NATURAL selection does not seem to enter the case when it comes to selecting a jury.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

POTTSTOWN reports the birth of a child with a lion's head. But perhaps the lynx in the story.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

AFTER all, why not let the stage elevate itself? Who is to condemn it if it uses its wings and flies?—Pittsburg Chronicle.

WOMEN who elope with coachmen probably think that class of men will make stable husbands.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

DR. BROWN-SÉQUARD thought his elixir would be like the leader of an orchestra, because it would beat time.—Yonkers Statesman.

No more men hail with deafening din
The high ball and the low ball,
All interest is centered in
The small boy and the snowball.
—Merchant Traveler.

AMONG the alleged gamblers arrested at Saratoga is John Frost. Now Jack knows how it is himself to be nipped.—Yonkers Statesman.

"NEWSPAPER men have a right to be proud." Well—yes. Handling the pastepot is apt to make 'em a little stuck up.—Florida Times-Union.

DR. CANINE, of Louisville has a daughter who has married an earl's son. Dr. Canine probably regards himself a lucky dog.—Boston Transcript.

A MICHIGAN girl goes about smashing window-glass. There seems to be no record of any girl who has smashed a looking-glass.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

IT'S a wise man that knows the exact length of the railroad tunnel before he undertakes to change his shirt between daylight and daylight.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THERE is nothing novel in the announcement that Mrs. Chanler has abandoned literature. Amélie's literature has always been more or less abandoned.—Omaha Bee.

THE New York Prohibitionists have formally condemned recklessness in the conduct of the Pension Bureau. It is a good place to introduce a little temperance.—Boston Herald.

JUST because an eight-year-old boy is remarkably expert in walking on the railroad track, his parents are not justified in thinking that he was cut out for an actor.—Somerville Journal.

WHEN a man goes over Niagara Falls in a barrel "two heads are better than one." That is, the two heads of the barrel are better than the one on the man's shoulders.—Norristown Herald.

AS REGARDS the World's Fair, there isn't a doubt now but what the good Chicago people will get there with both feet—that is, taking for granted, of course, that New York can accommodate the feet.—Puck.

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

Our Kaleidoscope.

[Scene in a jury-room, the jury having just retired to make up a verdict in an important criminal case.]

The Foreman—"Now, gentlemen, we will proceed to take a ballot on the general proposition, guilty or not guilty."

The ballot is speedily taken and results in eleven to one for "guilty."

The Foreman—"Gentlemen, it is evident we are very nearly agreed on that point. Will the juror who voted 'not guilty' kindly explain his vote?"

A Juror—"I voted 'not guilty' for the reason that there was not, to my mind, enough evidence to warrant us in finding the defendant guilty of the crime charged."

Chorus (from several jurors)—"Why, there were four witnesses who testified positively that they saw the prisoner commit the crime!"

The Crank Juror—"Yes, I know, but I think they lied. I pride myself on being able to read character; and from a study of those witnesses' faces I am convinced they lied when they swore they saw the defendant shoot his wife."

The Foreman—"Well, but their testimony was not impeached in any manner by the defense. You must remember that the prisoner, by his counsel, admitted that he did the killing, but claimed that it was done in self-defense."

The Crank Juror—"All very true, but from a careful study of my bible, which has been my constant companion throughout this long and tedious trial, I have fully satisfied myself that the defendant is the victim of conspiracy on the part of the state and its witnesses. I have studied carefully the face of the prisoner and am thoroughly satisfied that he is incapable of committing the crime with which he is charged."

Here the eleven sane jurymen all tackle him, one after another, and endeavor to show him his error. Four hours later, and as darkness sets in, they desist in disgust and send to the court a request for food and bedding for the night.

Three days later twelve jaded men file into the court-room and once more take their seats in the jury-box.

The Court—"Gentlemen, the court understands that you have at last reached a verdict in this case."

The Foreman (rising)—"We have, your honor."

The Court—"Pass it up and the clerk will read it."

The verdict is handed up and the clerk reads:

"We, the jury, find the defendant guilty of murder as charged, and fix his punishment at five years in the penitentiary."

A loud hum of disapproval runs through the crowded court-room and a bailiff raps for order. Counsel for the defense moves that the jury be polled, which is done, and each jurymen nods his head as the question is put: "Was, and is this your verdict?"

The wretch who committed a cold-blooded, brutal murder, and who richly deserved hanging, escapes with a merely nominal punishment and all because of the one-man power in our jury system, which so often compels eleven intelligent men to yield to one crank or rascal, as the case may be, and thus violate justice by rendering what is known as a "compromise verdict."—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

SINCE the introduction of tan shoes in the South black-and-tan has become the favorite combination in swell colored society.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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.

The Grammatical Boy.

Sometimes a sad, homesick feeling comes over me, when I compare the prevailing style of anecdote and school literature with the old McGuffey brand, so well known thirty years ago. To-day our juvenile literature, it seems to me, is so transparent, so easy to understand, that I am not surprised to learn that the rising generation shows signs of lawlessness.

Boys to-day do not use the respectful language and large, luxuriant words that they did when Mr. McGuffey used to stand around and report their conversation for his justly celebrated school reader. It is disagreeable to think of, but it is none the less true, and for one I think we should face the facts.

I ask the careful student of school literature to compare the following selection, which I have written myself with great care, and arranged with special reference to the matter of choice and difficult words, with the flippant and common-place terms used in the average school book of to-day:

One day as George Pilgarlic was going to his tasks, and while passing through the wood, he spied a tall man approaching in an opposite direction along the highway.

"Ah!" thought George, in a low, mellow tone of voice, "whom have we here?"

"Good morning, my fine fellow," exclaimed the stranger, pleasantly. "Do you reside in this locality?"

"Indeed I do," retorted George, cheerfully, doffing his cap. "In yonder cottage, near the glen, my widowed mother and her thirteen children dwell with me."

"And is your father dead?" exclaimed the man, with a rising inflection.

"Extremely so," murmured the lad, "and oh, sir, that is why my poor mother is a widow."

"And how did your papa die?" asked the man, as he thoughtfully stood on the other foot awhile.

"Alas, sir," said George, as a large, hot tear stole down his pale cheek and fell with a loud report on the warty surface of his bare foot, "he was lost at sea in a bitter gale. The good ship foundered two years ago last Christmas, and father was foundered at the same time. No one knew of the loss of the ship and that the crew was drowned until the next spring, and then it was too late."

"And what is your age, my fine fellow?" quoth the stranger.

"If I live till next October," said the boy, in a declamatory tone of voice suitable for a Second Reader, "I will be nine years of age."

"And who provides for your mother and her large family of children?" queried the man.

"Indeed I do, sir," replied George, in a shrill tone. "I toil, oh, so hard, sir, for we are very, very poor, and since my elder sister, Ann, was married and brought her husband home to live with us, I have to toil more assiduously than heretofore."

"And by what means do you obtain a livelihood?" exclaimed the man, in slowly measured and grammatical words.

"By digging wells, kind sir," replied George, picking up a tired ant as he spoke and stroking it on the back; "I have a good education, and so I am able to dig wells as well as a man. I do this day-times and take in washing at night. In this way I am enabled barely to maintain our family in a precarious manner; but, oh, sir, should my other sisters marry, I fear that some of my brothers-in-law would have to suffer."

"And do you not fear the deadly fire-damp?" asked the stranger, in an earnest tone.

"Not by a damp sight," answered

George, with a low, gurgling laugh, for he was a great wag.

"You are indeed a brave lad," exclaimed the stranger, as he repressed a smile. "And do you not at times become very weary and wish for other ways of passing your time?"

"Indeed I do, sir," said the lad. "I would fain run and romp and be gay like other boys but I must engage in constant manual exercise or we will have no bread to eat, and I have not seen a pie since papa perished in the moist and moaning sea."

"And what if I were to tell you that your papa did not perish at sea, but was saved from a humid grave?" asked the stranger, in pleasing tones.

"Ah, sir," exclaimed George, in a genteel manner, again doffing his cap. "I am too polite to tell you what I would say, and besides, sir, you are much larger than I am."

"But, my brave lad," said the man, in low, musical tones, "do you not know me, Georgie! Oh Georgie!"

"I must say," replied George, "that you have the advantage of me. Whilst I may have met you before, I cannot at this moment place you, sir."

"My son! oh, my son!" murmured the man, at the same time taking a large strawberry mark out of his valise and showing it to the lad. "Do you not recognize your parent on your father's side? When our good ship went to the bottom, all perished save me. I swam several miles through the billows, and at last, utterly exhausted, gave up all hope of life. Suddenly I stepped on something hard. It was the United States."

BILL NYE.

Poor Humanity!

The common lot is one of sorrow say—at least—the pessimists, they who look at the worst side. Certainly what would otherwise be a bright existence, is often shadowed by some ailment that overhangs it like a pall, obscuring perpetually the radiance that else would light the path. Such an ailment, and a very common one, is nervousness, or in other words, weakness of the nervous system, a condition only irremediable where inefficient or improper means are taken to relieve it. The concurrent experience of nervous people who have persistently used Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is, that it conquers entirely supersensitiveness of the nerves, as well as diseases—so called—which are invited and sustained by their chronic weakness. As the nerves gain stamina from the great tonic the trouble disappears. Use the Bitters for malaria, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles.

Divert His Thoughts.

A medical journal contends that it is a cruelty to ask on entering a sick room, "How are you to-day?" and "How do you do?" and the like. It is better to divert the thoughts of the patient from his condition, and ask him to "Come out and take a beer?" or "Where's McGinty?" or something that way—though the medical journal aforesaid doesn't say so.—Norristown Herald.

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.

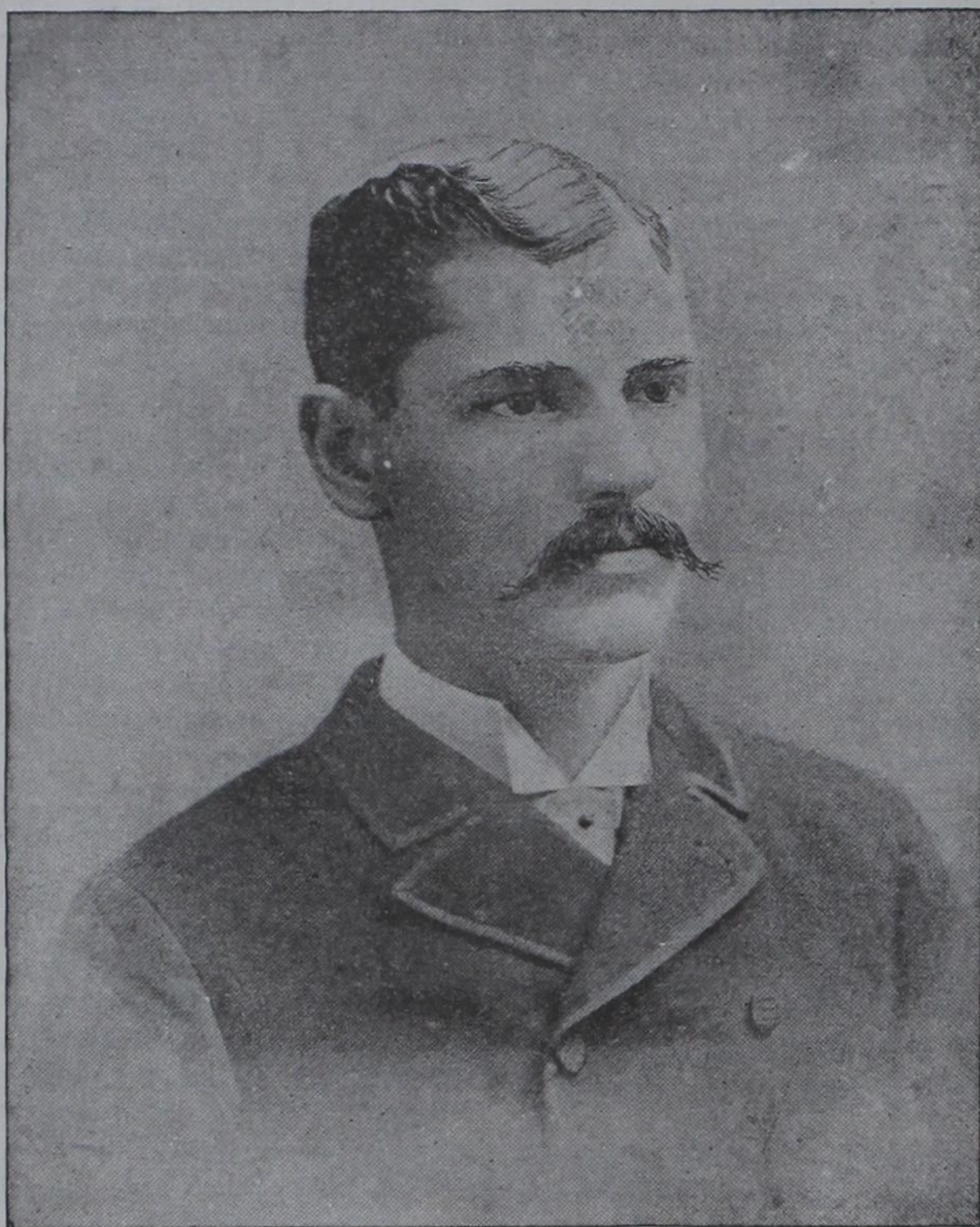
Only Two were Fatal.

Sympathetic Citizen—"Is he fatally wounded, do you think, officer?"

Policeman—"Two av the wounds is fatal, sor, but the third is not, an' if we can lave him rest quiet for fwhile, I think he wud come round all right."—St. Louis Humorist.

Brant shooting on Smith's Island by Alexander Hunter is a strong story begun in the January Outing. Catching Frost Fish with a Shotgun is the strange title of an Australian story by Edward Wakefield. Ice Yachting, by W. W. Howard, gives a good account of the sport. Lt. W. R. Hamilton concludes his interesting and instructive articles on the National Guard, and C. H. Shinn writes of California Winter Resorts in a charming vein. The illustrations are unusually fine and the whole number is a good one.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. JOS. ST. AMAND, OF ST. AMAND, LA.,

MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, LOUISIANA.

Hon. Jos. St. Amand was born in Ascension Parish, Louisiana, and is 27 years of age. He is a descendant of French nobility and belongs to one of the first families of Louisiana. His grandfather, Alexander de St. Amand, was one of the leading men of his section, and was a Colonel in the war of 1812.

At an early age Mr. Jos. St. Amand embarked in the mercantile business, and is now at the head of the firm of Jos. St. Amand & Co., which is doing a large and lucrative business in the town of St. Amand, La., a town which he founded and bears his name. He is also Postmaster at the above named place.

In matters of politics Mr. St. Amand has always been a staunch Democrat, and at the last general election, although but 26 years of age, his name was placed at the head of the Democratic ticket of his parish in recognition of his great popularity, and for the first time since the war the ticket was triumphant. During the session of 1888 Mr. St. Amand introduced in the Legislature many measures of reform, chief of which were "An act to secure homesteads to the actual settlers on the public lands of the State," and "An act forbidding the granting by Railroad Corporations to certain State Officers including members of the General Assembly free or reduced passes." But the crowning act of his public career was the introduction of a concurrent resolution requesting Congress to withdraw the unsold and unentered public lands in the State of Louisiana from market and to secure them for homesteads, thereby securing to the State of Louisiana for homestead settlers (2,300,000) Two Millions, Three Hundred Thousand acres of land.

Mr. St. Amand is a man of pleasing address. His splendid ability is recognized everywhere, and his high character and charming manners make him respected and beloved by all who know him. An earnest and logical speaker, a broad and profound thinker, a man of decided opinions and firm and bold in his convictions, Mr. St. Amand's friends predict for him with great confidence a career in Legislative halls distinguished for learning and ability.

He is a mason and is one of the best known and most popular young men in Louisiana.

Mr. St. Amand is still a bachelor.

The Chicago Idea.

Teacher (in a Chicago school-room)—
"Who discovered America?"
Bobby—"Christopher Columbus."
"And where did he first land?"
"In Chicago."
"You may tell me what city he visited last of all."
"New York."—Time.

It Depends on the Liver.

"Is life worth living?" somebody asked, and the facetious reply was, "That depends on the liver." Health and happiness are twined together. If a man's liver is out of order, his whole system is deranged. He suffers from top to toe. This is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These efficacious little globules are as much in advance of the old-fashioned, griping, drastic pills as electric lights are ahead of a wick stuck in whale oil.

Monte Carlo.

A correspondent writes to us: The Hotel de Paris at Monte Carlo, Princepau de Monaco, is, if possible, more popular than it has been for many seasons. At the closing of the Exposition at Paris there was more than the usual exodus of travelers to the Riviera, and naturally Monte Carlo attracted the greater number.

The director of the Grand Hotel de Paris, Monsieur Gustave Gretillat, has, by his amiable manner of caring for the comfort and pleasure of his guests, succeeded in making this famous hostelry the Mecca of all travelers for pleasure or health.

Here one finds all that is so rare in a hotel comfort combined with elegance, which makes a sojourn in this paradise of the Mediterranean all that can be desired. The friends of Monsieur Gretillat have a friendly way of speaking of him as "Gustave, le mauvais sujet," from the fact that he is so extremely affable and popular.

Uncle Gabe and the Bible.

United States Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, delights in telling a story of his efforts at missionary work among the Afro-Americans in the vicinity of his home, says a Washington letter to the New York Tribune. He selected as a specimen test "Uncle Gabe," a former slave, who had learned to read in a very crude way and to whom he offered five dollars if he would read the bible through to the end. Gabe accepted the offer and took away with him a brand-new bible and began his wrestle with the scriptures. Two weeks later Gabe returned, bible in hand.

"Well, Gabe, how did you like the book?"

Gabe hesitated to reply and was pressed further.

"Well, Marse Colquitt, I tells you how it is. I don't like de book nohow."

"Explain yourself; I don't catch your meaning," said the senator. "What part of the bible did you read, Gabe?"

"I reads, sah, until I gits to whar Abraham fergits Isaac, and Isaac fergits Jacob, and Jacob, he fergits Joseph, and den I reads no moah. There is too much fergitting, sah, to suit me."

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Key—"This door is locked, isn't it?"

Keyhole—"Yes; come inside and unlock it."—Puck.

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Children Cry for Fitcher's Castoria.



Pauline Hall is studying German.

Fanny Davenport will add Théodora to her repertory next season.

Blakely Hall, correspondent for the New York Sun, has written a play for Kate Forsyth.

Never in the history of Tony Pastor's Theatre has it given so good a variety performance as now.

It is Said Pasha is coining money in the South through the efforts of the California Opera Company.

Sydney Rosenfeld will call his new play The Stopping Stone, hoping that it will prove a stepping-stone to fortune.

Nat Goodwin will soon produce in Boston a new play by Steele Mackaye, entitled Colonel Tom. Is the Colonel from Texas?

There will be no statue to Lester Wallack very soon. The committee has dissolved. Gone to meet numerous other monument fund committees.

Hands Across the Sea, with its great ship scene, marvelous revolving scenes, etc., met with great success at the People's Theatre last week. This week the patrons of this popular theatre are being treated to the production of After Dark.

A. M. Palmer will alone produce Gilbert and Sullivan's new comic opera, The Gondoliers, in New York City. John Stetson has all the Eastern territory save New York, and David Henderson the territory west of Pittsburg. Manager Henderson will play it seventeen weeks at his Chicago Opera House, and then put it on the road.

The new comedy, A Legal Holiday, at Wild & Collyer's new Comedy Theatre, has caught on, and is drawing large houses nightly. Wild & Collyer have very good parts, and keep the house in a constant roar. The plays at this house are improving constantly, and it promises to become the home of local comedy in future. Just what New York needs at present.

Herrmann, the magician, will have a new theatre in New York next season on the same site as that now occupied by Dockstader's; it will be called Herrmann's Theatre, and will have a frontage of twenty-two feet, will hold a thousand dollars, and from the plans submitted by Architect McElfatrick will be an ideal Temple of Thespis. It is Professor Herrmann's intention to open the house with his own European Vaudevilles, and make it a permanent vaudeville house, presenting in addition to the very best European artists, travesties of one hour's duration on popular successes in the representation of which will be employed pretty girls, handsome costumes and the usual accessories.

The Old Homestead, at the big and popular Academy of Music in New York City, is still the same drawing card, and large and enthusiastic audiences are the rule nightly. Notwithstanding its long run the numerous incidents of the good old drama are as charming as ever, and the interest in every scene never flags from the rise to the fall of the curtain.

Uncle Josh (Mr. Denman Thompson) is indeed a character very dear to the hearts of the American people, and the moral bearing of the play touches deeply all who see it. One can laugh and cry in the same breath, for the Old Homestead is laughable as well as pathetic. There is no doubt but that this the second year of the production of the play at the Academy will prove a great success. There will be a special matinee performance on New Year's Day, seats for which had better be procured as soon as possible.

An Unlucky Present.

Blanche—"I hear that young Mr. Dolly made you a present of a book last night, Amy?"

Amy—"Yes, and I hate him."

"That's strange."

"No, it isn't! He brutally and causelessly insulted me. The book is called 'How to Be Beautiful!'—Munsey's Weekly.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequalled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

Young Ministers.

The Congregationalist devotes a column to "Hints to Young Ministers." Most Church Societies can discount the Congregationalist in giving hints to a young minister, especially when his services are no longer pleasing to the elders. But the very best tip a young minister can receive is, to marry him a wife before taking charge of a parish. Young ministers have come to grief before now by choosing one fair member of the flock, and thereby offending seventeen others and their mamas.—Puck.

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The Dansville (N. Y.) Breeze has recently been enlarged. It always was a very neat looking paper, and Mr. Burgess, its editor, is a very bright and witty writer.

If you want to read about An Ostrich Ranch in America, get St. Nicholas for January. Other readable articles are: Tracked by a Panther, Intercollegiate Foot-Ball in America, Pilot-Boat Trenching by Night, Christmas on the Polly, Bertha's Début, etc., etc.

Water-storage in the West is the opening article in Scribner's Magazine for January. It has numerous illustrations, and the Dam Across the Bear Valley supplies a frontispiece. One of the most readable articles in the number is on The Paris Exposition, by W. C. Brownell. Other notable articles are: Tripoli of Barbary, The Beauty of Spanish Women, Electricity in the Household, etc. H. C. Bunner, Editor of Puck, contributes An Old-Fashioned Love-Song.

In the Holiday number of the St. Louis Magazine (January) Ella Wheeler-Wilcox has a poem entitled A New Year. Boon. The boon she craves is to forget. She considers it a cursed thing to sit "by the dead embers of fires whose cheerfulness and warmth is gone," remembering—forgetting, rather—to put on more coal. Mrs. Margaret Anthon contributes a complete story, entitled The Hop-Pickers. Under the Sea is an interesting article, illustrated, concerning the wonders of the deep.

Kate Field's Washington, the new journalistic venture of one of America's brainiest women, has been received at this office, and we congratulate the accomplished editor on its appearance. It is quite unique in appearance and make-up, and its twenty-four pages embrace much good reading and an encouraging display of advertisements. The first page is embellished with an excellent picture of the Washington Capitol. It sells at 10 cents a copy. We wish Miss Field every success.

A charming number is Harper's Magazine for January. Howard Ryle's first paper on Jamaica, Old and New, appears, with 22 fine illustrations. An illustrated paper on the Russian Army follows, furnished by a Russian General. Mrs. L. C. Lillie writes of Two Phases of American Art. Much of the article is devoted to the American artist, Thomas Cole, and a portrait of him by Durand is given. Every one fond of equestrian exercise will be delighted with A Woman on Horseback, by Ann C. Brackett. The graphic and glowing Southern writer, Lafcadio Hearn, begins a serial entitled Youma, which is intensely interesting.

Mrs. Deland's Serial, Dr. Holmes' Over the Teacups, and the first installment of Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook's promised series of papers on Forgotten Political Celebrities make the Atlantic for January a number to be remembered. The short story of the number is one of Miss Jewett's best New England dialect sketches, called The Quest of Mr. Teaby. Agnes Repplier writes delightfully about English Love Songs, and gives a series of quotations to illustrate the subject. A Precursor of Milton, a certain Avitus, Bishop of Vienne in the fifth century, forms also the subject of an interesting paper. Mr. Aldrich's Echo Song, in a most unusual and graceful metre, and Miss Thomas' Mens Sana, are lasting contributions to poetry.

Old Age,

AS SEEN BY ONE WHO HAS REACHED IT.

The feeling must of necessity come to many aged persons that they have outlived their usefulness; that they are no longer wanted, but rather in the way, drags on the wheels rather than helping them forward. But let them remember the often-quoted line of Milton:

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

This is peculiarly true of them. They are helping others without always being aware of it. They are the shields, the breakwaters, of those who come after them. Every decade is a defence of the one next behind it. At thirty the youth has sobered into manhood, but the strong men of forty rise in almost unbroken rank between him and the approaches of old age as they show in the men of fifty. At forty he looks with a sense of security at the strong men of fifty, and sees behind them the row of sturdy sexagenarians. When fifty is reached, somehow sixty does not look so old as it once used to, and seventy is still afar off. At sixty the stern sentence of the burial service seems to have a meaning that one did not notice in former years. There begins to be something personal about it. But if one lives to seventy he soon gets used to the text with the threescore years and ten in it, and begins to count himself among those who by reason of strength are destined to reach fourscore, of whom he can see a number still in reasonably good condition. The octogenarian loves to read about people of ninety and over. He peers among the asterisks of the triennial catalogue of the University for the names of graduates who have been seventy years out of college and remain still unstarred. He is curious about the biographies of centenarians. Such escapades as those of that terrible old sinner and ancestor of great men, the Reverend Stephen Bachelder, interest him as they never did before. But he cannot deceive himself much longer. See him walking on a level surface, and he steps off almost as well as ever; but watch him coming down a flight of stairs, and the family record could not tell his years more faithfully. He cut you dead, you say? Did it occur to you that he could not see you clearly enough to know you from any other son

or daughter of Adam? He said he was very glad to hear it, did he, when you told him that your beloved grandmother had just deceased? Did you happen to remember that though he does not allow that he is deaf, he will not deny that he does not hear quite so well as he used to? No matter about his failings; the longer he holds on to life, the longer he makes life seem to all the living who follow him, and thus he is their constant benefactor. —Oliver Wendell Holmes, in January Atlantic.

Train Robberies.

If the railroad managers of the United States would expend a few thousand dollars for the purpose of arming their engineers, conductors and brakemen it is probable that the train robbery industry would soon go into a decline.

Nothing could be more absurd than these repeated acts of highwaymanship in which one or two daredevils bring a train to a stop and rifle mail pouches, express safes and pockets without even so much as verbal objection. Every train bears more employes than there are robbers in any one party, and if the former were properly armed and promised a suitable reward if they succeeded in killing or capturing a highwayman they would have no reason to fear such attacks as are now made with impunity.

These robberies occur weekly in all parts of the country—not always in remote localities by any means—and it is high time for the railroad authorities to adopt measures calculated to render them unfashionable. —Chicago Herald.

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"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored to a healthy condition. Since then I have invariably recommended this preparation."—J. B. Chandler, Junction, Va.

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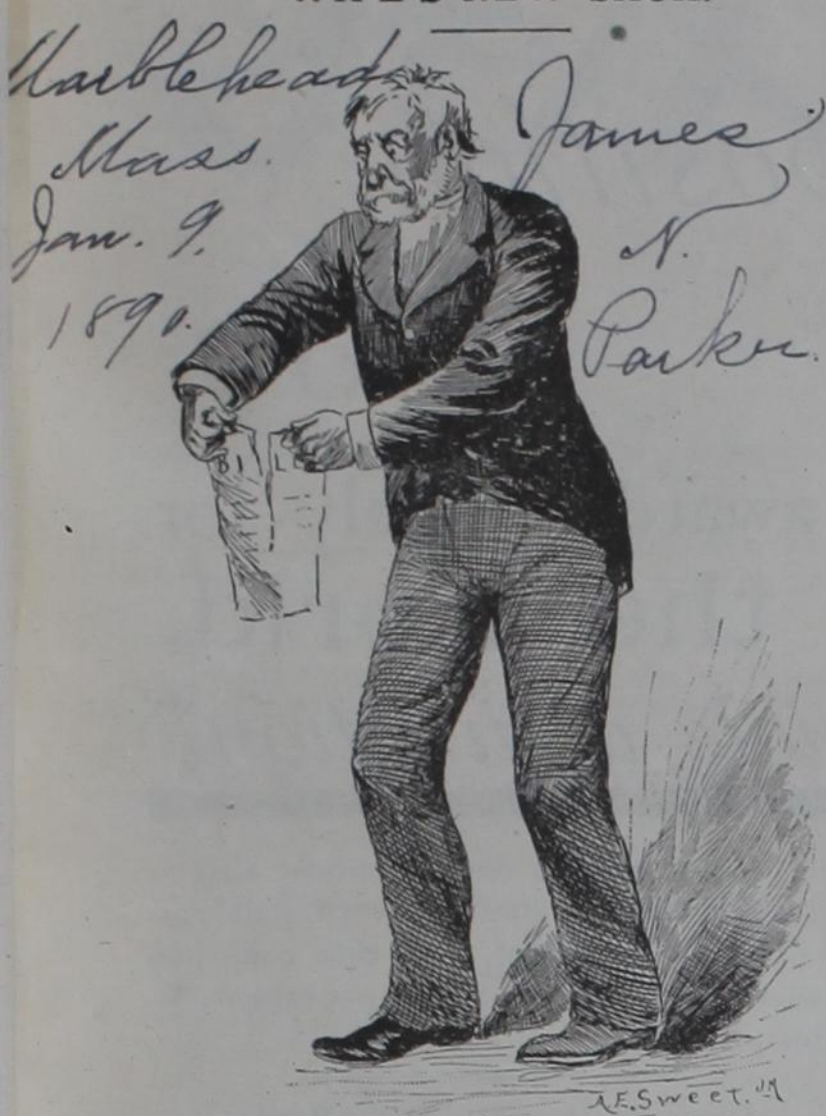
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE'S NEW SACK.



For her new sack, the huntsman's skill
Procured the seal-skin where the chill
Winds of Alaska oft displace
The falling snow. The dusky grace
Of this new sack compels a thrill
Of pleasure as I gaze. And ill
Betide the senseless man who will
Not show approval in his face
For her new sack.

No wonder that the sparrows trill
A love-song to her, loud and shrill!
And I adore—no, not a trace
Of love, but anger's in its place.
Confound it! Here's the furrier's bill
For her new sack!!!

—Harvard Lampoon.

HOW JOHNNY LOST THE PRIZE.

His family and friends were there,
His uncles, cousins, aunts;
And all were sure that for the prize
Their Johnny had best chance.

'Twas Johnny's turn to speak his piece;
He said, with outstretched hands:
"Under a spreading blacksmith tree
The village chestnut stands!"

—Puck.

UNPARDONABLE SINS.

If you strike a friend hard in the face,
He may pass it as but a mere caper;
But beyond all excuse he'll be mad
If you spell his name wrong in the paper.

You may tread on a woman's dress,
And pardon receive with a smile;
But she'll shun you past all hope indeed,
If you dare quote her neighbor as "style."

—Boston Budget.

A PLANTATION LOVE SONG.

Oh, mer honey, mer loo!
Fresher dan de dew,
Layin' bright on de blue maw'nin-glory.
Oh, mer honey, mer loo!
Aint I tole it unto you,
Dat shoogar-sweet, true-love story?

Den I tell you ergin,
En hit ain' no sin,
Kase why? Mer Alabamer posey;
De good Lawd, He 'low,
Dat love, anyhow,
Gwinter shine out, evah bright an' rosey.

Dar's good, ole, sweet ham,
An' young an' ten'er lam',
Mek a niggah's lips jim erlong posey;
But de 'possum wid de yam,
Ain' no sich er ba'm
Ez de love of mer Alabamer posey.

—Will Visscher, in Tacoma Globe.

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.

His Little Scheme Failed.

"Say, old boy," he began, as he approached the bar of a Monroe avenue saloon; "I know I shouldn't give it away but it's too good to keep. Have you got a hint yet?"

"I get some hints eafery hour in der day," was the reply.

"But, say, a few of us are going to surprise you on Christmas. I ought not to tell you, but I can't keep anything."

"Vhell!"

"We've chipped in to present you with a little testimonial of our esteem. You are white, you are. You have always favored us, and now we will get back at you."

"Vhell!"

"It's a gold watch; but keep as still as death about it."

"Vhell!"

"We chipped \$20 apiece, but any one of us would have gone \$50 without a word."

"Vhell!"

"Glad to do it for you, old fellow. I was the one who engineered the little affair, you know."

"Vhell!"

"If you felt like setting up the beer this morning I shouldn't refuse. I'll take what they call a schooner. Ha! what are you pointing at?"

"Der door."

"Want me to open it?"

"Yes."

"And go out?"

"Yes."

"Certainly; but just remember one thing—you get no watch! I was only trying you to see if we were making any mistake. I find that we were. It will now be presented to the man three doors above. Farewell!"—Detroit Free Press.

I took Cold,
I took Sick,
I TOOK

SCOTT'S EMULSION

RESULT:

I take My Meals,
I take My Rest,

AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; getting fat too, FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY Incipient Consumption BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING

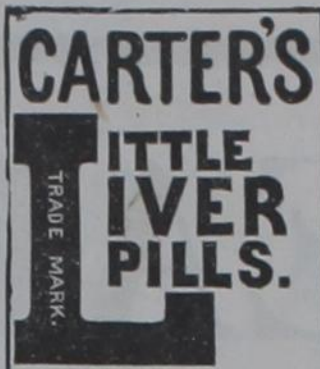
FLESH ON MY BONES

AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK. SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.



A NEW TREATMENT.

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



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 cure

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 there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

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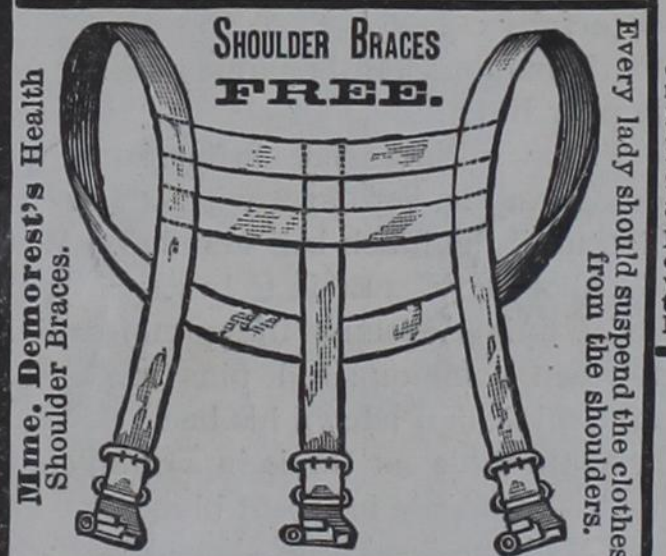
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Barnstorming in Mississippi.

Joseph Jefferson thus describes, in the December Century, a curious incident of his early career: "We now entered upon a course of the most primitive acting, going from town to town and giving entertainments in the dining-rooms of the hotels. As there were no papers published in these small villages there were no printing offices, consequently no bills; so flaming announcements of our arrival in a bold handwriting were displayed in the three important points of the town, viz.: the hotel, the post-office, and the barbershop. It fell to my duty, being an adept with the brush, to write, or rather paint these advertisements. Plays were acted in costume, but without scenery or curtain. The nightly receipts were small—just about enough to get us from place to place.

"Our objective point was the town of Liberty, Mississippi; but there was some difficulty in getting there, as the distance was greater than we could accomplish in a day. A farmer who had been to the theatre the night before for the first time in his life was so struck by the performance that he proposed to have his teams brought in and take us to his farm-house about twenty-five miles distant. According to his suggestion we were to rest for a day, give an entertainment in his barn, and so go on to Liberty.

"But," said my brother, "you tell me there is no other house there but your own. What shall we do for an audience?"

"Well," said the farmer, "all my family will come, to begin with, and there is a dozen or more on 'em; then there's eight or ten farm-houses close by and if one of your men will drive there with my son and blow the horn they will all come, for there ain't one on 'em ever seen a play before. I'll insure you a full barn."

"So the matter was settled, and we actually played in a barn, the house that we stayed in being the only one in sight. It seemed in vain to look for an audience in such a lonely place, but the farmer was right. Soon after the sun had gone down the full harvest moon rose, and by its dim light we could faintly see family groups of people, two, and sometimes three, on a horse, coming from all directions over the hill—now a wagon with a great load. Some of them walked, but all were quiet and serious, and apparently wondering what they were going to see.

"Those who have traveled through the Southern States will perhaps remember the kind of barn we acted in; there were two log houses joined together, with an opening between them, which was floored and covered in. The seats were arranged outside in the open air—benches, chairs and logs. The double barn on each side was used for dressing-rooms and for making entrances and exits, while the opening was devoted to the stage. The open air was well filled, containing an audience of about sixty persons. Our enthusiastic admirer, the farmer, collected the admission fee, a dollar being charged and freely given. The plays were 'The Lady of Lyons' and 'The Spectre Bridegroom.' The farmer had supplied us liberally with candles, so that the early part of the entertainment was brilliantly illuminated, but the evening breeze had fanned the lights so fiercely that by the time the farce began the footlights were gone. The little 'flaming ministers' had all sputtered out, so 'The Spectre Bridegroom' was acted in the moonlight.

"It was curious to watch the effect of a strong emotional play like 'The Lady of Lyons' upon an audience that had never seen a drama before; they not only were much interested, but they became

excited over the trials of the hero and the heroine; they talked freely among themselves, and, at times, to the actors. One old lady insisted that the levers should be 'allowed their own way,' and a stalwart young farmer warned the villain not to interfere again 'if he knew what was best for him.'"

Little Jamie and Poor Billy.

The girl-with-the-red-hair would like to command the attention in print, or anywhere else, of a woman in a white dress trimmed in rick-rack who boards at a certain establishment on Niagara street, which has a gilt sign over the entrance, says the Buffalo Express. Now, in the front yard of that house exists a goat—a small goat, and a gentle goat, as goats go. As a general thing one is not particularly fond of goats, but the more one sees the goat and the rick-rack woman together the fonder one becomes of the goat.

The woman does not own the animal but she does own a boy, aged 7, and possessed of as many devils as he has years. He is allowed to play in the front yard as long as he will stay there. Yesterday the rick-rack woman sat on the veranda and her son monopolized the yard. At first he amused himself by twirling sticks over the fence, hitting a passer-by now and then, but in the main doing little damage. Finally he went into the house, came out with a green paper, and went over to the corner where the goat was lurching on a pop-bottle.

The rick-rack woman buried herself in the pages of "The Lover's Revenge," only allowing herself to be disturbed when the goat would groan in agony or would rush furiously about the yard. Once she tore herself away from the page and said cheerfully:

"Is mamma's little Jamie sticking pins in poor Billy?"

That was just what little Jamie was doing, and he kept at it without interruption until the lunch-bell sounded. When the shoe-clerk came in to lunch he found Billy flying around the premises with thirteen common-sized pins stuck in a fanciful design adown his back.

At the table sat Jamie in a clean collar, tied with a little innocent blue tie.

"Madame," said the shoe-clerk, "that son of yours has been sticking pins in the goat; the poor animal is nearly dead."

"Did mamma's boy stick pins in the poor sheepie's back?" inquired the rick-rack woman tenderly, and she helped Jamie to his fourth ration of fried potatoes, and went back to the veranda to read "The Lover's Revenge."

A Positive Guarantee of Cure

is issued with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, when taken for chronic catarrh in the head, or for chronic bronchial throat or lung disease, if taken in time, and given a fair trial. Money returned if it don't cure.

PEARS' *Paris* SOAP. *Exposition, 1889.*

Pears obtained the only gold medal awarded solely for toilet SOAP in competition with all the world.

Highest possible distinction."

Belle of Deadwood.

The belle of Deadwood, South Dakota, is a young and dashing girl who turned her nineteenth year on Monday last. Her name is Margaret Sanford, and she is an orphan. Who her mother was no one seems to know. Her father entered a mining camp about twelve years ago, footsore, ragged and almost starved, having walked across the canyons from Nevada. The miners gave him food and clothing and began to constitute themselves little Margaret's body guard. One night the old man was found dead before his door, which the drifting snow had fastened so he could not enter. The child was asleep inside. After the funeral she became a sort of a wanderer, going and coming at will, and making many valuable discoveries of ore. She learned to use the rifle and revolver, and became one of the crack shots of the camp. With two exceptions she was never molested, and there was a funeral after each of these attacks. A year ago she struck an ore bed richer than the most in that vicinity, and again led the miners to the spot. This time they made a voluntary contract to give her one-fourth of the yield. They kept their word, and she is now a rich woman. She is tall, slender and good looking, and wears long golden hair streaming down her back. On horseback she is a perfect backwoods picture with her short skirt, buckskin leggings, brown shoes and wide-brimmed hat.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

The rosy freshness, and velvety softness of the skin is variably obtained by those who use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

Not Hard.

The conductor of a Chicago cable car approached a hard-visaged woman and asked for her fare.

"Go on with you, now, I've paid you once," said the woman.

"No, you haven't."

"Yes, I have."

"Give me a nickel, or I'll put you off."

"Do if you dare."

The conductor stopped the car and put her off.

"Rather a hard thing to do," said one of the passengers, "but it served her right, I suppose."

"Oh," the conductor smilingly answered, "it wasn't hard for me to do, for it isn't often that I have a chance to get even with her. She is my wife."—Arkansas Traveler.

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

Style or Nothing.

Woman—"Here, take this coat."

Tramp—"I know it's going to be a hard winter but style or nothing is my

motto. Fashion decrees that single-breasted ulsters shall be worn, and you will notice, madam, that this coat has two rows of buttons. I can not take it."—Boston Herald.

Blest be the Tie That Binds.

Miss Rattletrap—"You heard of the lovers' quarrel between Genevieve Satin-gloss and Guy Nemcomb? Well, they were married yesterday."

Miss Gabble—"Well, how was it brought about?"

Miss Rattletrap—"Why, the scheming creature sent him a made-up tie for a birthday present."—Clothier and Furnisher.

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

The Hat Stayed.

Indignant Lady (to usher at theatre—"Please order that gentleman in front to remove his hat. I can't see at all."

Usher—"Oh, that hat is all right, mum. It isn't a man. It's Dr. Mary Walker."—New York Weekly.

PHYSICIANS FIND IN

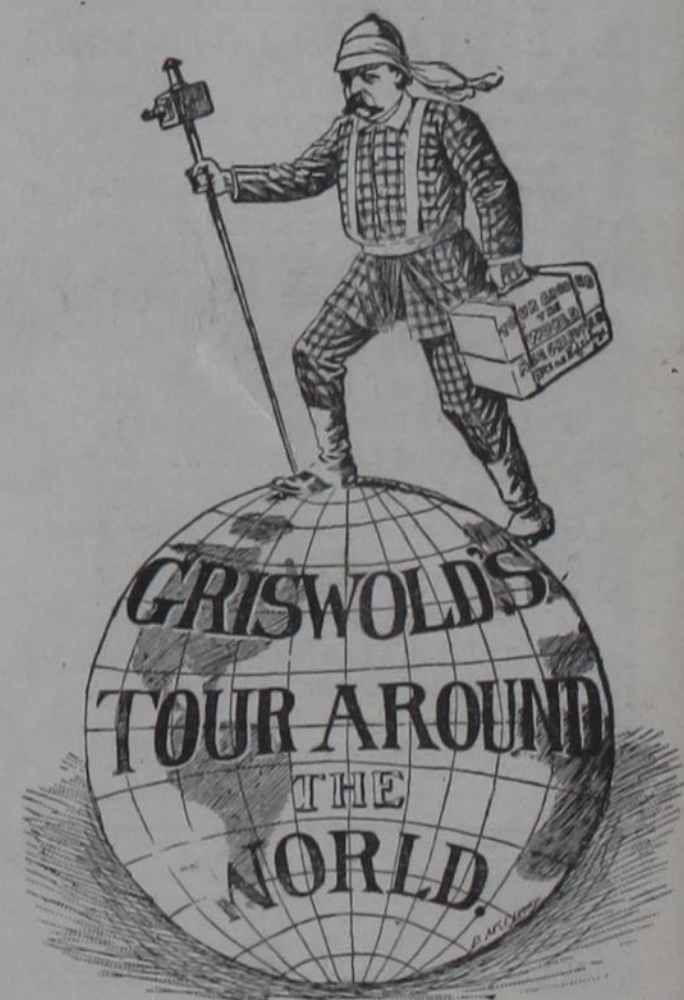
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