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UNCLE SAM AND HIS LIVER.

IN SPRING THE OLD MAN'S FANCY TURNS TO THINGS ABOUT HIS HEALTH,
AND IN LIVER REGULATORS HE INVESTS HIS SURPLUS WEALTH,

Texas Siftings.

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

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

He has the nerve—a dentist, when he kills it.

A STRIKING figure in sporting circles—John L. Sullivan.

It would be appropriate to "tender" a benefit to a locomotive engineer.

QUAY's name isn't pronounced like K. And he isn't pronounced O K, either.

An actor out of a job says, while he can't find J. M. Hill once a week, he can see Augustin Daly.

It is "Women in Medicine" now. When delicate health was fashionable it was medicine in women.

ONE of the saddest things in connection with the revival of Pinafore is the resurrection of the Pinafore joke.

It is not so great a wonder, come to think, that so many people are illiterate. Everybody was born that way.

THE student who cannot pass an examination, frequently experiences a greater difficulty in passing a saloon.

WHEN the Israelites fell into idolatry they worshiped Baal, but it wasn't straw-bail. They insisted on sufficient security.

A DOWNTOWN saloon is called the Cotton Exchange. It is where men who "spit cotton" in the morning get their cocktails.

"How to close a broken crevasse," heads an article in a New Orleans paper. But a broken crevasse can't afford any clothes.

COMEDIAN HOPPER says he acts to keep De Wolf from the door—of the poor house. But Hopper rarely plays to a poor house.

A LAWYER in a case in court cried "I object" so often that a young lawyer said the spectacle was valuable to him as an object lesson.

VICTOR MEYER, a German scientist, is confident that chemistry will yet enable us to make bread out of wood. Will this raise the price of board?

A MAMMOTH bazar in Philadelphia advertises for "Bundle girls." Is it possible that the old Dutch custom of "bundling" is still maintained in Pennsylvania?

A WIDOW in France has confessed that she has gone without food for nine years and doesn't care for it. She is receiving offers of marriage from frugal widowers.

"PONY" MOORE, the London variety hall manager, offers to back Charley Mitchell to lift more than any living man, and will risk \$5,000 on it. There are New York politicians who can "lift" more than any Mitchell that ever lived, only give them a chance at the treasury. Pony, Moore.

THE FATAL "NO."



LACK-EYED
Alice was so
stately,
Of such queen-
ly presence
she,
That each night
when she se-
dately
Gave her fin-
ger-tips to
me,
Chilled by such
a haughty
bearing

I essayed no greater daring.

E'en my looks I long dissembled
Fearing that too bold they were,
And my voice that somehow trembled
As I parted late from her—
As I said, "Good-night," and after,
Cursed her good-night's careless laughter.

But alas for stately Alice
And the seeming haughty bearing,
For the black eyes' tender malice
Stung me once to sudden daring.
Dear black eyes! that then belied her,
As I trembled there beside her.

Suddenly her bearing altered
And a coyness sweet possessed her,
While the little "No" she faltered
Conscious of my wish confessed her.
Ah, that "No!" Could I resist her?
When she faltered "No," I kissed her.

GEORGE HORTON.

HE IMPROVED ON MASSILLON.

Some French scholar connected with the Kansas City Times has discovered that Senator Ingalls' eulogy of the late Congressman Burnes, of Missouri, was stolen almost bodily from one of the sermons of Father Massillon, Bishop of Clermont, whose funeral orations are among the classics of the French language. The Senator admits that he got some of his ideas from Massillon, but claims that such thoughts upon death are the property of humanity. He intimates that he has improved upon the French orator, and complacently demands credit for doing it. "Is this play original?" asked the manager. "Certainly," replied the dramatist. "But it reads wonderfully like Shakspeare." "The ideas are Shakspeare's, but I flatter myself that I have clothed them in much better language," replied the rival of the immortal William. As a funeral orator

Ingalls knocks Massillon higher than a kite, although the Frenchman was no slouch at obsequies when he laid himself out. He could talk to the mourners' bench in a way that brought groans and lamentations even from third and fourth cousins of the deceased, and his remarks at the grave sometimes threw "the immediate friends" into convulsions.

A SMALL POTATO NOW.

One is never sure of anything in this world. For a hundred years one Parmentier has been credited with introducing the potato into France as food. The centennial of this important event was celebrated in France in 1873, and a great many grateful and complimentary things were said about Monsieur Parmentier. Recently an old volume turned up that was printed in Rouen in 1767, showing that a certain Mustel, a retired captain of dragoons, cultivated the potato in that place as early as 1763. A French paper says that Captain Mustel should now be hailed as the true Christopher Columbus of the *pomme de terre* (potato), and Parmentier only its Americus Vespucci. Very neatly put.

REFUSED TO SEE REPORTERS.

Commander McCalla, late executive officer of the United States corvette Enterprise, who was tried by a court martial on a charge of cruelty to seamen, has been relieved of command for a period of three years, according to the findings and sentence of the court. A morning paper says: "Yesterday Commander McCalla took up his quarters at the Brevoort House, but he was not at home to representatives of the press who desired to hear what he had to say about his sentence or his intentions as to the future." Refused to see representatives of the press and divulge his intentions for the future! What assurance on the part of the late commandant. It is plain that McCalla's sentence was altogether too light.

A NUMBER of years ago Ruskin set out to discover, as he said, what kind of a world he had got into; what it was made of and what might be made of it; what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; what were the readiest means in his power of obtaining happiness and diffusing it. Well—the latest report is that Ruskin has become insane. Has he investigated too much?

"RAISED ornaments are coming into fashion, I observe," said the stealthy house-breaker; and then he raised some off the mantel-piece.

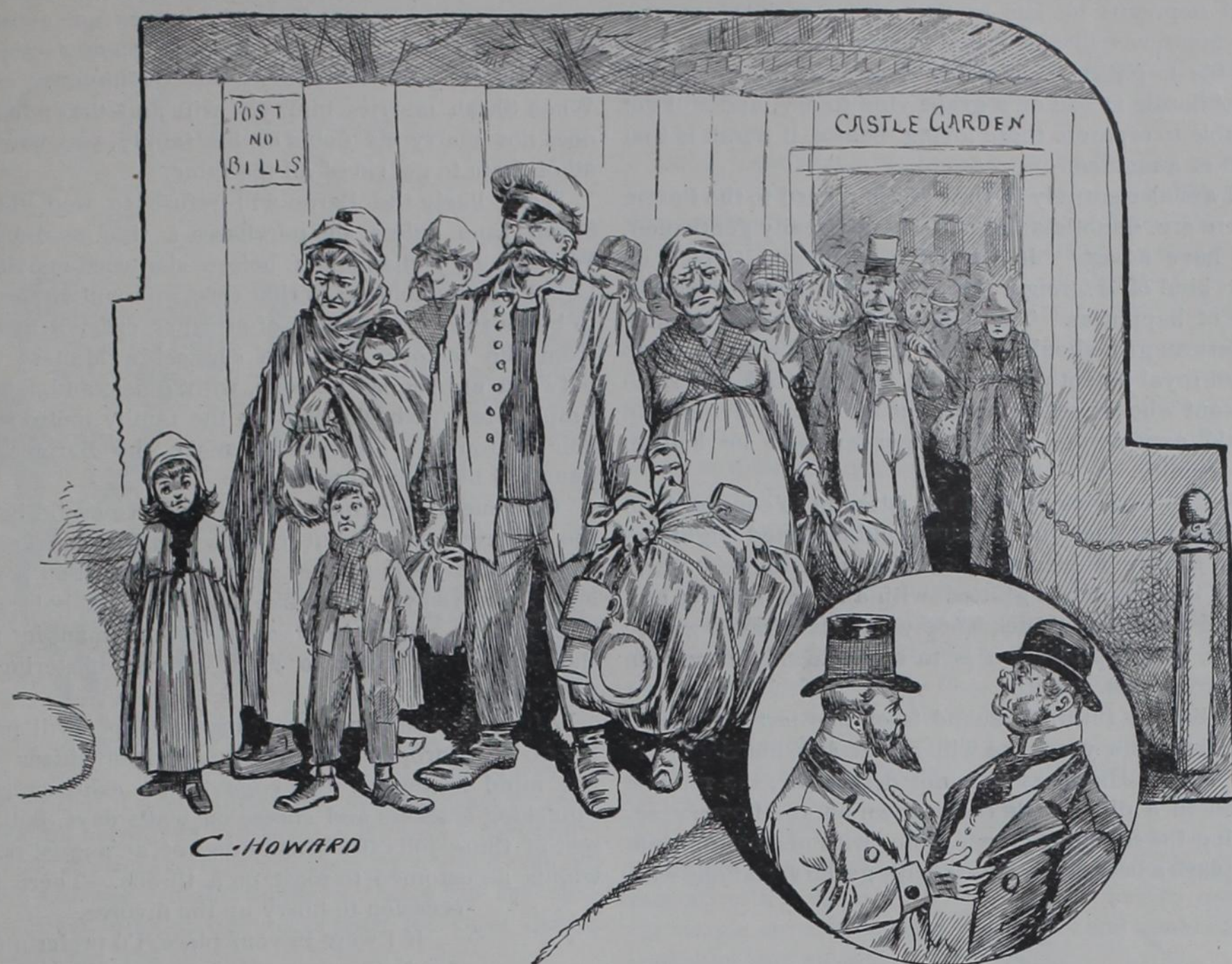


POOR MR. HENPECK.

LITTLE FANNY—Ma, are you going to take pa with you to Saratoga this summer?

MA—No, my dear; he will stay at home with you.

LITTLE FANNY—Well, I want you to take him along, for when you are away he doesn't mind me at all.



ANOTHER KIND OF HORROR.

JAWKINS—Have you ever read much about the "horrors of the steerage?"

HOGG (confidently)—I've seen 'em; seen 'em myself, coming out of Castle Garden—and such a lot of "frights" I never saw before in my life!

AN INAUGURATION.

I once for a time held my residence in a city which possessed the proud distinction of being the capital of the commonwealth in which it was located. Aside from this it was much like all the other "finest cities in the land;" its streets got muddy, its horse-cars were never on time, most of its hotels were vile, and a great many poor actors found their way into its opera houses. It had a morning paper whose editors thought this round earth must stop revolving if its inhabitants were not edified daily with their editorials on The Cause and Cure of Crime, or the Situation in Bulgaria, or Hayti, or Brazil, or Samoa, or whatever other place chanced to have a situation at that time. In this city women gabbled and chattered much as they do in other cities; wives henpecked their husbands; sons "blew in" the hard gained sesterces of their sires; old maids suffered severe aberration of memory when questioned about their age; taxes were extortionate; if a lassie met a laddie under the proper circumstances a "mash" was recorded in two books of life; and in a general way life was as much of a "demnition grind" in this city as in any other, except a period which came around once in two years, being the memorable time when a new Governor was inaugurated into office as the chief executive of the State.

The Governor of that State did not amount to a continental rap; his salary was not as large as that of the foreman of a brewery; his private secretary did all his work and all his thinking; the opposition newspapers called him a lunk-headed yap; his own party papers said as little about him as they could, for they had him "sized up;" and aside from having a few farmers stare at him, and occasionally seeing his picture in a town or county history, where he paid to have it printed, this possessor of "the greatest distinction within the power of the people of the State to confer" had little to remind him of his greatness.

After I had lived a month in the city the morning daily that took so much interest in Situations, announced that on a certain date a newly elected Governor would be inaugurated. My soul was at once filled—I might say deluged—with a yearning to witness this impressive ceremony, and I posted off full tilt to corner a country legislator and secure a ticket. I found the law-maker in a second-class room in a second-class hotel smoking a sixth-class snipe, and he was glad to exchange the coveted bit of blue pasteboard for some decent cigars; then the disciple of Lysurgus and myself both "smiled," and I went away happy in knowing that I was to see a real live great man, and mayhap wag his fin.

The inauguration day got around promptly on time. Fully fifty people, mostly poor relations of the new Governor, came in from outside towns; the Mud Hen

Township brass band, from the executive's former place of residence, came to the Capital City and tooted away in the belief that the eyes of the nation were upon them; the watery-eyed disciple of the Disciples, who was to entreat the greater Governor to lend his assistance to the little one, had on a new pair of trousers; and the new Governor's straw colored wife was so happy and proud and tickled and stuck up that she nearly busted. The sovereign people, who are given sometimes to making complimentary remarks about the Land of the Brave, crowded into the corridor of the Capitol and squeezed themselves so tightly together that they could scarcely breathe; the retiring Governor made a speech that nobody understood and nobody wanted to; the brass band made the best attempt it knew how at playing "See the Conquering Hero Come;" the Conquering Hero, who had formerly been a fat hog raiser, walked proudly up to the rostrum clad in a Prince Albert coat and an assumption of modesty, kissed the book, took the oath, and then sailed in on that beleaguered audience that had to stay and bear it, and read them an inaugural address that made them wish inaugural addresses had never been born, or had died when they were young. Then the Governor and the wife of his bosom backed up against the wall and worked their elbows till the hands of the populace were properly shaken; then the old

world got an inning, recovered from its awe, and went pegging along the same as ever, and in two weeks the people had forgotten the very existence of all the Governors they had ever heard of.

Don't go to an inauguration, gentle reader; it's no fun. Go to see your girl, go to the varieties, to a Swede dance, to bed, to Gehenna, to any place but to a sure and awful fate of listening to an address composed and delivered by a hayseed Governor.

V. Z. REED.

FRENCH FUN.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

WHY HE DID IT.

A.—You have heard, I suppose, that I am married again?

B.—Yes, and they say you married your deceased wife's sister.

A.—Yes, I did.

B.—Why did you do so strange a thing?

A.—Simply to avoid having two mothers-in-law.

AGING RAPIDLY.

Conversation turned upon the difference in age that ought to exist between husband and wife.

"My wife was nine years younger than I," said Calino, "when I married her."

"How is it now?" queried a friend.

"I don't know," replied Calino, shaking his head doubtfully, "my wife has been aging very rapidly of late."

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

A monsieur calls to see Madam X. In the ante-chamber is her little daughter, aged seven, who says with decision:

"Mother does not wish to receive you, monsieur. She is in the salon blowing up pa!"

DIDN'T WANT TO BE IDLE.

Judge (to criminal)—You were caught in the act of filching a porte-monnaie from the pocket of the complainant. What have you to say?

Criminal—It isn't necessary for me to steal, m'sieu le president, but I am of so active a disposition that I can't live without doing something.

The judge took compassion on him and sent him to prison to work for a year.

"JORDAN AM A HARD ROAD," ETC.

A.—Prof. Adler, of New York, calls preachers religious tramps. That's a little severe.

B.—Yes, sir, but there is some provocation for it. You see they wear out their soles on the road to Heaven.



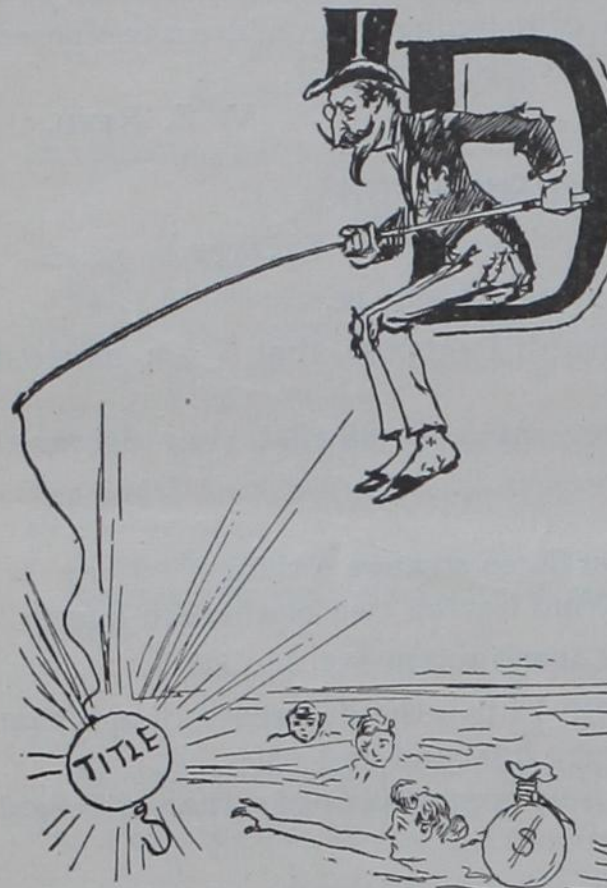
IN CENTRAL PARK.

LITTLE BOY (with his father, pointing to statue)—What made him put on his coat first when he came out of the water?

AMERICAN HEIRESSSES AND FOREIGN NOBLEMEN.

LETTER TO A MILLIONAIRE WHOSE DAUGHTER WANTS TO BE A COUNTESS.

NEW YORK, May 5, 1890.

TO BOYLE VAN SLICK, ESQ.,
FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

DEAR SIR:—One of the documents with which my narrow-chested letter-box was gorged to repletion a few days ago, was an epistle from yourself. Although an utter stranger, you ask me if I think it advisable for your daughter, Sarah Jane, to marry His Serene Highness, Prince Langohr-Habenichts, Duke of Schaafskopf-Sondergleichen, Count

Kameel von and zu Dummerjunge, Baron von Windbeutel Vielfrass, etc., etc.

At first glance I was afraid that Sarah Jane contemplated becoming the simultaneous bride, so to speak, of all the members of some little German band, including the well-born rajah who tootle-tootles with the piccolo, and the noble duke who swallows the indigestible clarinet, and I was about to lay the matter before the grand jury in the interests of public morality. I have, however, ascertained that the high-sounding titles all belong to one man, so the grand jury will now have time to attend to other criminals.

Ordinarily I do not reply to communications like the one before me. After I have culled the red ripe juicy stamp enclosed for the reply, I cast the letter aside, but as I intended writing for publication on this subject, I can use your letter for a sort of text.

Still I don't want you to suppose that I keep gratuitous wisdom on tap; and when you want to give the suction valve that supplies your intellect with thoughts a rest, all you have to do is to drop me a line and I'll send you all the sage counsel you need, and pay the freight, besides.

In giving you advice on this important subject, I am somewhat puzzled. It is my custom always to give a man precisely the sort of advice he likes best. Then I know that my advice is appreciated. But your letter is so brief that I cannot tell what brand of advice you prefer.

There are several distinct types of American girls, and there are different kinds of foreign noblemen at large in this country. Some American ladies think twice before they marry once; others marry several times before they think at all; others have made up their minds to wed some scion of royalty, and a chimpanzee with a title would not be entirely safe in their company.

Now, Boyle Van Slick, if your daughter belongs to this class, and you propose to thwart her, you will find it cheaper to let out the contract at so much per thwart. The Baron may have the record of a convict, and be a scrofulous liar, besides, but that will only cause Sarah



A Chimpanzee with a Title wouldn't be Safe.

Jane to cling to him all the more violently. The more total depravity he has to the square inch the greater the pressure will she bring to bear on him. You may be able to put the sky in soak in a tin cup, or hang out the Atlantic Ocean on a grape-vine to dry, and still not be able to separate those loving hearts, if Sarah is that kind of a maiden.

I am also entirely in the dark in regard to the Baron. There are, doubtless, barons who are really gentlemen, and have assests. If Sarah has managed to pick up that kind of a foreign tetrarch her future life may be full of happiness. There is no reason why a sensible American girl should not be as happy with a high-toned royal potentate as with a freckle-faced American peasant who whacks a street-car mule for a living, and would expectorate in the finger-bowls, if he had an opportunity.

But, Van Slick, I shall not attempt to conceal from you the fact that the genuine gold-mounted, eighteen-carat foreign nobleman is not frequent in New York, while the market is glutted with a bogus style of mildewed nobleman, much shop-worn and frayed at the edges, whose profession is to separate silly American girls from their wealth.

If Sarah's future husband is of this last mentioned type, in a few years she will regret her marriage. If His Royal Highness does not desert her, she may be found in a dingy little room down on the Bowery, rebuking the squalling crown prince with one hand, while she plays a beefsteak cantata with garlic variations with



Ultimate Domestic Scene.

the other, while her noble spouse, having paralyzed an unfortunate customer with his whisky-laden conversation, flays him with a dull razor.

However, do not be discouraged, Van Slick, there is no danger of the Baron not deserting Sarah. He will have to do that in order to rope in some other American heiress.

I hope, Mr. Boyle Van Slick, that you have not permitted one of these royal personages to wriggle himself into your home life without exploring his antecedents for flaws. If you have, then all I have to say is that your faith surpasses that of Abraham and the man who eats chestnuts in the dark.

If you don't know how to take the royal visitor, take him by the ear and lead him out into the street. Don't hesitate even if Sarah has acquired the habit of festooning his imperial neck with her lily-white arms, even as the affectionate grape-vine wraps itself around the blushing Texas live oak sapling. Fire the mildewed nabob! Give the enamored hospodar the grand bounce!

Doubtless you perceive, Van Slick, that at times I run largely to slang. I do this for your special benefit. I want to use language which is within the range of your comprehension. I don't want you to read this letter and then go away with the delusion that this is a prescription how to make lobster salad.

Ordinarily, my conversation is so recherché that nobody is able to understand what I say.

Don't give your consent to the marriage until you have compared the bashaw's photograph with that of the pictures in Inspector Byrnes' Rogues' Gallery. If your future son-in-law's picture is not there you had better take a trip to Europe and hunt around for clews.

I don't think you will like it, however. It will be very much like sampling barreled eggs. You will be surprised to learn that as far as being well connected is concerned the Baron is not as well connected as "the

old oaken bucket." While his reputation for being fast is very great, you will find that it does not extend to paying his debts. Like a "busted" piano factory, he will not be able to take up his outstanding notes. When Sarah marries him, you will find that while she does not marry his debts or his family, you will have all of them to get rid of all the same.

Very likely the Baron will refuse to wed the fair Sarah Jane unless she purchases a title, as did Miss Wheeler of Philadelphia, before she was married to Count Pappenheim. In that case, you will either have to buy a second-hand coat-of-arms, or order a new one from the factory. Let me suggest a Maltese Cross between an Angora unicorn, with gules, and a Texas jimplecute on wheels, holding the family motto with a pair of tongs. That would make the Baron's eyes hang out like door knobs.

On general principles, Van, my advice would be: fire the mildewed fraud, but I know you will not heed it. For an American of either sex to marry a titled personage is very risky. It is like licking a red-hot poker. There is no money in it, and only one man in forty thousand knows how to do it without blistering his tongue.

After the marriage the unhappy couple will probably go to Europe. The plain American citizen does not mind sitting on the edge of an ash-barrel and munching crackers and cheese on wash days, but that sort of thing jolts the sensibilities of an august person who is accustomed to roost on a throne. There is no occasion to hurry up the divorce.

If I were in your place I'd prefer a plain Anglo-Saxon son-in-law, who gouges between his teeth with a fork; still, I do not believe in carrying patriotism to excess. I don't believe in a man smoking a home-made cabbage leaf if he can get an imported Havana. If an American male or female is so excessively homely that he or she cannot find a companion between the St. Lawrence and the Rio Grande, then I say, by all means let them select affinities from the families of the reigning European sovereigns, but otherwise I would not give a royal potentate any more show than a light-weight teamster has of getting a job in a coal yard.

Yours truly,
ALEX. E. SWEET.

OUT WEST, OF COURSE.

Stranger—I suppose you have some refined people of culture in your town.

Native—I can't say much for their culture, but men are frequently refined if they are hauled up before the Recorder a second time.

THE LATEST FAD IN ST. LOUIS.



DUDES in New York are very successful in making themselves appear absurd by means of ridiculous dress, but the latest fad among the dudes of St. Louis certainly entitles them to the roll. It is the custom among the swells of that town to darken their eyebrows by the use of a little kid pencil and a black powder. One of the young idiots who practices

this silly fad was asked why he did it.

"Oh," he replied with a lisp, "it gives such a devilish stwong expression to a fellah's face, doncherknow."

His face, by the way, before and after, had about as much expression in it as a bowl of cold clabber.

It strikes us that if the sensible people of St. Louis would take it into their heads to put a little dark color directly under the eye (applied forcibly with the fist) of these simple fools, the appearance of the city would be much improved.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXX.



BEING thoroughly equipped for her warlike undertaking, Jeanne Darc, after sending a formal summons to the Duke of Bedford, requiring him and his lieutenants to surrender all their fortresses and retire from France, set out for Orleans. The Duke only laughed at this, of course, re-

marking that it was a little early to inaugurate a women's rights movement in France. He asked, derisively, how long it would be before Jeanne Darc would demand female suffrage. If she wanted a "voice" in the elections let her bring on her voices from the rural shades of Domrémy, and all that.

But the Maid paid no attention to these slurs, any more than do the advance-idea women of to-day. She crossed the Loire without molestation, and was enthusiastically welcomed in the beleaguered city of Orleans. She was banqueted by the Sorosis, and the Mayor presented her with the freedom of the city, which was rather satirical, since the city had possessed no freedom for a long time.

The French soldiers had the utmost confidence in her, and one morning she led a sortie upon the English besiegers (to sortie try her hand at fighting, as it were), and the result was that one of the enemy's works was carried—though it wasn't carried very far—and its defenders slain. There was immense rejoicing over this event in Orleans. The newspapers got out extras, displaying in great headlines—"The English defeated by a woman!" "Jeanne Darc the Kate Field of France!" "For President in 1430, the Maid of Orleans!" etc., etc.

A few days later the Maid led an attack against the strongest point of the English position, called the Fort of the Tournelles, in which she was severely wounded by an arrow. She retired for a moment to weep, declaring that the English were "real mean;" but quickly recovering herself, she plucked away the weapon with her own hand, and hurried again to the front. Her troops, inspired by her courageous example, returned impetuously to the charge; the enemy fled, panic-stricken, and the fortress was won. On the very next day the discomfited English broke up their camp—being all broke up themselves—and retreated hastily, abandoning their baggage and artillery. They made their stand, under Lord Suffolk, a few miles away, at a place called Jargeau, but it was only a "one-night stand," as showmen say, for the Maid followed him up and besieged him there, and he was taken prisoner. She made it a practice to carry her white banner wherever she went, though it impeded her movements a good deal in scaling a wall. On this occasion while slowly mounting a ladder encumbered with it, she was struck on the head with a stone and tumbled into the ditch, banner and all. But the French carried the day all the same. They won other battles, too, led by the intrepid Maid, whom the French and English believed



The Maid's Reception.

to be either an angel from heaven or a witch from the other place. The latter idea prevailed in the end, as will be seen.

After these many successes over the English Jeanne Darc believed that it was about time the Dauphin was crowned at Rheims, which she considered the end of her mission. So they set forth with an escort of ten thousand men, the Maid of Orleans leading on her white horse and in her shining armor. From every town on the line of march great crowds came out to meet them, and called upon the Maid for a speech. Everybody, of course, wanted to shake hands with her. Multitudes of young ladies urged her to inscribe her name in their albums, together with some pretty little sentiment; but she was unable to comply, owing to the fact that she had never learned to write, though she could cipher—sigh for her beloved France.

On the 11th of July, 1429, Charles VII. was formally crowned King of France, in the old cathedral of Rheims, where French kings had been in the habit of having their first crowns fitted to their heads from the time of Philip Augustus. The Maid, who stood manfully by him all through the ceremony, begged permission of Charles, at its conclusion, to lay aside her armor, which was galling to one of her sensitive nature, and go back to her native village. She wanted no office under the new administration, she said, and she didn't care about a pension. All she desired was to resume the simple life of a peasant girl, which she would rather lead than lead an army.

But Charles said, "No!" She must continue her glorious career until every Englishman was driven



Jeanne Darc Storms the Walls of Paris.

from French soil. So they rode on together, sometimes winning battles and sometimes losing them, for the voices which directed the Maid were not as explicit as at the outset. They grew contradictory and confused. And the Maid said it was all because her mission was ended and she ought to go home.

Charles marched against Paris, which was still held by the English, and attacked the walls near the gate of St. Honoré, where the Maid fell in the assault and lay for a time among a heap of dead, but she managed to crawl out, none of the dead making the slightest opposition. At the place where she fell there is now an equestrian statue of the Maid of Orleans, carrying her white banner.

The spirit of Jeanne was now very much broken, because she had broken the old sword she wore, and this was a bad augury. At the siege of Compiègne she was basely left alone in a retreat and taken prisoner by an archer fighting under the Duke of Burgundy, a French ally of the English, who was besieging the citadel. The Duke sold her to the Duke of Bedford, for the sum of ten thousand francs. She was conveyed to Rouen, where, after the mockery of a trial she was condemned to perish at the stake for practicing sorcery. The execution took place in Rouen on the 30th of May, 1431. It is said that the ungrateful King of France made no attempt to save the life of the Maid, to whom he owed his crown, but that is the way things go in this world, frequently.

First Society Lady—Have you heard that Mrs. Jones died last night?

Second Society Lady—Is that so? Why, the woman owes me a visit.

NO WONDER SHE WAS AFRAID.

A Galveston, Texas, man is in the habit of getting up early and going in swimming in the bay before breakfast. One morning his wife remarked at the breakfast table:

"George, I am so anxious while you are away bathing in the morning that I can't sleep a wink until you get back."

George felt very much flattered that his wife cared so much for his safety, and being desirous of allaying her apprehensions, he said:

"Don't be alarmed. I know how to swim, and there is no danger of my getting drowned."

"I was not thinking about your getting drowned. That never entered my head; but I am afraid that some thief, knowing that you leave the house early in the morning, may sneak in while you are away and steal the silver."

NOT SO BLAMED FUNNY.

Yerger—How is your uncle coming on? I hear he is getting better.

Gilhooly—He is completely cured, my dear boy. He is more active than he was twenty years ago.

It would be funny if you should die before him; then he would be your heir.

O, no.

How's that? Wouldn't he be your heir?

Yes; but I don't see where there is any fun in that.

ALMOST A REPROACH.

Texas Editor—A Mormon editor is in jail for supporting four wives.

Wife—You say he was an editor?

That's the way it reads.

And he supported *four* wives?

Just so.

Well, I don't believe it.

DON'T CROWD THE MOURNERS.

Jones—If the New York officials have any gentlemanly instincts at all they will refrain from stealing for a while.

Brown—Why should they hold up just now?

Jones—Because the prison at Sing Sing is overcrowded.

HOW HEADS ARE TURNED.

A.—There is a sort of sympathy between extremes.

B.—I don't precisely understand what you mean.

Well, for instance, many a homely man's head has been turned by a pretty woman's foot.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

Applicant—So you want to attend to the correspondence. Have you had much clerical experience?

Merchant—Well, I've got a brother who is a preacher. I'm not a cleric myself.

PICNIC JOYS.

Col. Yerger—Well, how did you like the picnic?

Gilhooly—I was so glad to get home again that I was glad I went.



A STAGE FARE.

Ham and Eggs.

REPORTING CITY NEWS.

MIDNIGHT SCENES IN THE OFFICE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER.



must be very lazy to sleep till eleven."

The only adequate reply I ever found, and I have studied the matter carefully, is to say: "My dear sir, (or madame, as the case may be), do your ears wag voluntarily, or because you can't help it?" It is useless to explain to such a man that you did more work after he went to sleep than he will do all day. His poor little brain wouldn't hold that idea long enough to understand that you had to sleep some time.

From nightfall till 2 A. M. is the reporter's working day. Midnight is his noon, and if the reader will visit Newspaper Row at that hour, he will see, even though he be unobservant, much that cannot fail to interest him. Most of all, he will be interested in the reporters.

The world knows little of them, and that little is likely to be to the reporter's disadvantage, for his misdeeds, as a rule, are those to which the public gives attention. Let him go on, year by year, doing his work as a gentleman, faithfully, conscientiously, and without offense, and the credit of it all goes to the newspaper he serves. Let him commit some breach of propriety, perhaps from undue zeal, and ignorance, and the world hears of it. Everybody says: "Another of those pestiferous reporters."

The class are injured by the offenses of single members. Even when some miserable creature hides in a jury room, and excites the contempt of the entire community, there are many otherwise intelligent men who condemn reporters wholesale because one of them has failed to understand common decency.

Go at midnight to a newspaper office and see them as they come in with their stories. The scene is an active one, though every man of the forty or fifty in the big room is seated at a desk, and is quiet about his work. Half a dozen "copy-readers," it may be, are busily reading, correcting and condensing the stories the reporters have brought in. The city editor is listening to the stories that others tell as they come in, one by one, and is rapidly computing how much space he can give to each one, knowing that he is sure to be obliged to leave many of them out. Messengers are coming and going, bringing in manuscript or carrying out orders. Reporters are writing busily, some trying to finish a long story against time; some polishing up their sentences.

The fire signal sounds, and the "emergency man" is sent out to report the fire. It is a hard job, and an unpleasant one, to say nothing of a spice of danger. The reporter, on this duty wears a badge that admits him inside the fire-lines where he may be scorched or deluged and where he must take his notes. Poor Donnelly, of the Sun, was killed by a falling wall a few years ago while on such duty.

News comes in of a murder, and another man has to go out from the office, it may be into some thieves' resort, and interview men who would willingly kill him for what few valuables he may have on his person.



Reporters at Work.

PROBABLY no reporter of any great experience in working for a morning daily lives who has not been tempted to be rude, or at least to commit murder, by self-glorifying donkeys who say to him: "Hm! Fine time in the day to be getting up! Why, I get up at six o'clock every morning. You

From there to the police station, and perhaps to one or two other places in the neighborhood, to learn all the particulars possible, and then back to the office to write as full an account as can be written by a quarter past two, which is the latest minute at which his last word can be put in print for the morning paper.

Political news comes in, and some reporter who has already been at work fourteen hours has to rush out, hail a cab, and make the rounds of all the clubs and principal hotels to catch confirmation or denial from those who know whether the story is true or not.

Tidings of a shipwreck come. It is a busy night, such as sometimes occur. Another reporter must go to interview the owners or agents, and still another prepare to start at once for the scene of the disaster. He may have to hire a tug and start at once, or take the next train down the coast.

The sudden death of a prominent man is reported, and the next man must do the hardest thing a reporter ever has to do: go to the house of mourning for the particulars which the public must hear and which cannot be obtained elsewhere in time.

As the morning comes on, the work gets faster and faster. Some of the men are through and go. Others wait around for their comrades, but there is seldom any loud talk. Men who are writing against a narrow margin of time cannot be disturbed. The latest men rush in, tired, hungry, and, it may be wet through, but there is no time to eat, rest or get dry. The work must be done first. Stanley McKenna ruined his health and became a hopeless invalid in the prime of life in this way, and he is only one of the many I could mention.

The business is as exacting as military service, and claims not only the time but the very lives of its ser-



Reporting the Fire.

vants sometimes. There is no place in it for sluggards or shirkers.

Two o'clock comes and nearly everybody is through. Only one or two of the very latest stories are to be finished. At ten or fifteen minutes after, the last of the "copy" has gone to the composing-room and the reporter's day is over.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

UNDERSTOOD THE BUSINESS.

First Dude—How is it that you get invitations to balls, parties, weddings and like festivities?

Second Dude—It is the simplest thing in the world, my dear fellow. When I suspect that any of my big-bug acquaintances are going to give a blow-out, I tell them that I shall be out of town. They imagine it is safe to invite me. They do so, and lo and behold, I bob serenely up. Strategy, my boy, strategy!

A GOOD REASON FOR LEAVING.

"Why did you leave that family you was with so long?" asked a servant girl of another whom she met on the street.

"I just gave them notice that I was going to quit. I've got no use for a family that will keep a girl like me more than three weeks," was the candid reply.

The papers are talking of a Poultry Trust, and say it is something new, yet most of us have seen a truss'd fowl.

ONLY A POSTAL—BUT—!

BY S. J. W.



WO spruce young men, modishly dressed, with that ineffable air of to-the-manner-born, stalked into the office of the H— Hotel, after the arrival of the boat one morning not long ago, asked for rooms on the ground floor and registered in neat business hands, A. La Mode and Up-

ton I a Mode, Swanton, we'll say, Ohio.

Glancing at the names as he wrote the numbers of their rooms, the clerk made a paralytic movement toward the letter-box, swallowed a sob, as if actuated by a real grief, paused, took another look at the register, then, with an air of emphatic conviction handed the keys to a boy, gathered up pens and blotter and proceeded to work on the bill-heads once more.

"Have you some mail for us?" asked one of the young men, following the movements of the clerk and his question with a drawled, superfine pronunciation of his name.

The clerk started guiltily, glanced again at the register, struggled with a sigh (or a smile), and politely asked, as if the register might lie, "Swanton, Ohio?"

"Yes, Swanton," said the young man.

It was the dullest season of the year at ——. The usual coterie of invalids, mourners, society recuperants, designing mammas and fair maidens that haunt the place the year around, was there. Guests were on better terms with each other and with the hotel officials than at any other season; and the three postal cards, handed out with quivering nerve to the young swell from Swanton, had not only refreshed the idle moments of those behind the desk, but, handed over it, had served invalids with dishes of invigorating laughter, old men with themes of educational moment, women with food for gossip, and had superseded in interest the last novel, the news, politics, scandal—even the irrepressible subject of ache and pain.

With a smile of pleasure followed by a gasp of surprise and consternation, the young man glanced at the cards, hastily pocketed them and rushed from the office. As the memory of the clerk served those gathered round the desk, the postals read as follows:

I.

WILD CAT CHUTE, March —, —.

DEAR BOYS:—The roads is so bad we haint bin to town since you left. Consquintly we haint heard nothin' from you yit but hope youse are gittin' on all rite. The cow was took sick this morning an' Pa has drove over to Hullus fer med'cine. Annie cant do nothin' with her and we all wishes you was here to help. Good-bye. Your sister,

MOLL.

II.

DEAR BOYS:—I hope Mary ann did not scare ye 'bout Nellie. shes alrite now an pert as iver. The warm wither has spoilt the hog slawterin' an' yer Pa is mighty sot about. Dont spend all yer money as young folkes is li'ble to. Look out fer pickpockets an' hopes you is injyin' yerselfs is Your lovin' MOTHER.

III.

DEAR BOYS:—We haint had no letter yet. Youse orter rite. Ant Sal an' Miss Peters is comin' for Easter so be shore to git home buffore then. Don't forget them woolen socks fer Pa to Macy's at N. Y. In haste.

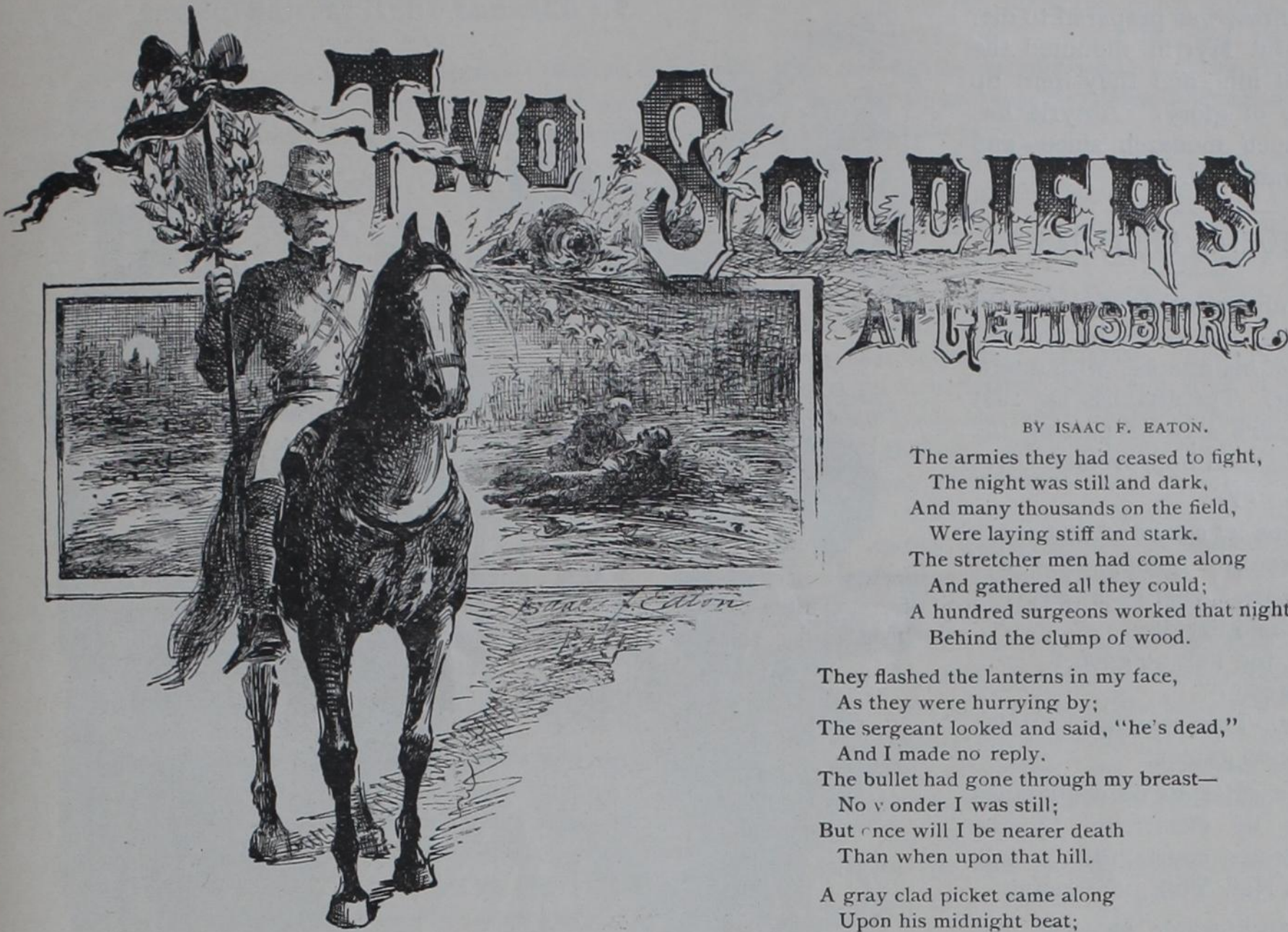
Yours truly. Your lovin' sister,

MARY FREEMAN.

No one knew what boat the young men took, how or when they left. But the dust of travel on their neat English tweeds was never removed with the crisp whisk of old Pomp's brush under the hospitable ten-dollar-a-day roof of the H—

It came out through friends long after that the postals were the concoction of a practical-joking friend. But the young swells from Swanton, who with means, leisure and inclination had resorted to — for a season of gayety and flirtation, never ventured back to face the telling story of the postals.

It is said that Howard Carrol is writing a biography of Arthur. Arthur? Arthur? Oh, yes, I remember; he was President of the United States once.



BY ISAAC F. EATON.

The armies they had ceased to fight,
The night was still and dark,
And many thousands on the field,
Were laying stiff and stark.
The stretcher men had come along
And gathered all they could;
A hundred surgeons worked that night
Behind the clump of wood.

They flashed the lanterns in my face,
As they were hurrying by;
The sergeant looked and said, "he's dead,"
And I made no reply.
The bullet had gone through my breast—
No wonder I was still;
But once will I be nearer death
Than when upon that hill.

A gray clad picket came along
Upon his midnight beat;

He came so near me that I tried,
To move and touch his feet.
Instant he bent and felt my breast
Where life still fought at bay;
No one who loved me could have done
More than this man in gray.

Chilled with damp of blood and dew,
His blanket o'er me spread;
A crimson sheaf of wheat he brought,
A pillow for my head,
Then knelt beside me for an hour
And bathed my lips and brow;
But for the man who was my foe
I'd not be living now.

Then as the coming daylight shone,
He bent his lips to say,
"God spare you, brother, though you wear
The blue, and I the gray."

* * * * *

The sounds of war are silent now;
We call no man our foe,
But soldier hearts cannot forget
The scenes of long ago.
Dear are the ones who stood with us,
To struggle, or to die;
No one can oftener breathe their names,
Or love them more than I.

But from my life I'd give a year
That gray clad man to see;
To clasp in love the foeman's hand
Who saved that life to me.

REPLEVIN VS. TROVER.

A couple of lawyers got into an argument the other evening, returning home on a Sixth avenue "L" car, and edified many of the passengers. It was a question about replevin. Doe (one of their names) asserted, in a case supposed for illustration, that, if a man sold another a horse, said horse to be delivered the next day on payment of the price, and if the vendor, on tender of the price, refused to receive it and refused to deliver the horse, then, and in that case, the vendee could possess himself of the property by an action of replevin.

Roe (the other man) denied the proposition. He maintained that, replevin being an action to recover possession, and the possession of the said horse never having passed to the vendee, the latter could not bring an action to recover what he had never had, but should seek his remedy in trover.

"Trover!" ejaculated Doe, with a sweet tone of compassion in his emphasis, "why, Roe, can't you see that the horse became the property of the vendee the moment the contract was concluded?"

"Heaven's, Doe, are you so uncandid as not to distinguish between property and possession? A man may have property in a thing without having possession of it, may he not?"

"O, come now, Roe, none of that, you know. Who is uncandid, when you are so hot that you won't acknowledge the property and the possession both to have been in the vendee in this case?"

"See here, John Doe, your proposition is absurd, and so good a lawyer as you ought to be ashamed of it."

Mr. Richard Roe, any man who says replevin wouldn't lie in this case is a miserable pettifogger!"

"John, any man who says it would be anything but trover is an ass!"

Here there were gleams from fierce eyes that seemed to mean violence and carnage. Doe was evidently having a struggle to choke down his internal pressure. Roe looked as if he were expecting every second to be blown sky-high from the safety-valve of himself, on which he was sitting.

"Dick Roe," hissed Doe, simmering down to a dreadful condensed bitterness, "you are a pitiable, imbecile humbug!"

"And you, Jack, you are a potter-headed snake in the grass—you are a—in truth and in fact, you are a base counterfeit!"

"Call me a counterfeit? I'll tweak—I'll just try a replevin on your nose!"

"You will, will you? Well, I demur. I think I will argue a little in trover!"

They had come to issue. Doe had Roe by the nose, and Roe was doing his best to make damages lie against Doe's eyes. There was a rush of the passengers. A boy cried, "Go in, Replevin! Sick him, Trover!" A woman shrieked "Police!" but none appeared, of course. The conductor parted them, and when the train stopped at a station Doe got off, shaking his fist at Roe, who remained behind.

C. K.

The weigh of the transgressor depends entirely on his avoidupois.

THE RIGHTS OF TRADE.

A TALE AFTER MY OWN ART.

In a prologue, four chapters, and epilogue, and any amount of varnish.

PROLOGUE.

Lack of inspiration and a desire to spread myself compel me to cast this story into the common mould of dull, cold prose. O, who can think of woman's love and man's devotion without letting himself loose in soothing strains of sublimated poesy! But, to my tale, as the rat said upon whose caudal appendage the cat was dining.

CHAPTER I.

Clarissa Holly was one of those maidens it is difficult to describe. All the paint of the best poet laid on thick could not do justice to her freckles, her double chin or her extensive smile. Suffice it to say that Richard Jolly loved her, loved her with an all-fired double-distilled devotion that was full of nightmare and chocolate creams.

"I love you," he cried.

"Come off," she whispered.

CHAPTER II.

In order to make my story intelligible, it must be related that Clarissa Holly was a city lass who took the "Duchess" in daily and wholesale doses, and whose vision was full of handsome dukes and soldierly counts. What did she want with a commercial traveler like Dick Jolly, whose days were spent in praising the virtues of cloth caps. What, indeed!

CHAPTER III.

As the action has slowed up somewhat, let me transcribe a little conversation that took place one balmy night in December at the gate of Clarissa Holly's mansion in Washington Square, north-east.

"Clary," he said, "all these months I have been your devoted slave; I have worshipped at your shrine as a Frenchman worships sausage, and you repulse me. (Aside, and between his teeth—I shall win her yet). Give me but one ray of hope, yes, one wax-candle glimmer of hope, and I'll do anything to deserve your priceless love."

"You're a drummer," she said, dispassionately.

CHAPTER IV.

And so the bolt fell. Dick Jolly went on selling cloth caps and prospered. He married his father's cook, and is as happy as a fly browsing on a bald head. And Clarissa? Too late she discovered how much she loved him. And as the evening shades do gather, you'll find her sitting on the front porch, a far-away look in her eyes and plaintively crooning, "The Heart Bowed Down!"

EPILOGUE.

The moral of my story, gentle readers, is that a vender of cloth caps is not to be snuffed at. Both a living and a story may we make out of whole cloth.

NATHAN M. LEVY.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

First Boy—How do you like your new teacher?

Second Boy—He is not a lightning teacher. He strikes several times in the same place.



THE WEARY MAN SPEAKETH.

SQUAWKER—What do you think of "Little Annie Rooney?"

GRUMF—Humph! Would there be any dredging needed to send her to join "McGinty?"

THE STORY OF SARDANAPALUS.



SARDANAPALUS, King of Assyria, never allowed any business of State to interfere with his pleasure. He maintained a circus company in the halls of justice and converted the royal palace into a variety theatre. His queen, Zarina, he utterly neglected, lavishing all his affections upon a ballet dancer named Myrrha, said to have been a Myrrhacle of beauty and loveliness.

He hated state dignitaries, and would keep an ambassador waiting in the ante-room while he indulged in light badinage with a female clog-dancer. He dressed like a dude, and went about attended by a train of women and young slaves.

Everybody flattered Sardanapalus and encouraged him to pitch in and have a good time, save one, his brother-in-law, Salemenes, a blunt fellow who wasn't afraid to tell even a king just what he thought. He told the King it was scandalous, the way he went on, and all the neighboring kingdoms talking about it. It made him mad, he said, to see "the blood of mighty Nimrod" going to waste through such a royal "rimsh. Instead of leading armies to battle he was a leader of the ballet, and in place of directing affairs of State he was director for a band of female minstrels.

While the King was enjoying his revels, plotters were at work undermining his power. Salemenes warned him in the most solemn manner, but the King only laughed. He said he would not forego one of his wine suppers for all the plotters that ever threatened a kingdom.

It was while Sardanapalus was at one of his banquets, sandwiched between Myrrha and a high kicker belonging to the London Gayeties Company, that the storm came. He was about to respond to the toast, "Lovely Woman," when the special policeman stationed at the door rushed in, announcing that the Satraps had revolted and were besieging the palace.

"As I was saying," continued the King, not heeding the interruption, "it is lovely woman who assuages every sorrow; it is her gentle hand—"

"The King's in danger!" shouted the patrolman of the beat, as he kicked in the back door. "To arms! to arms!"

The King merely glanced at the intruder and continued: "As I remarked, it is woman's gentle hand—"

At this moment the Queen rushed in, and with no gentle hand she snatched Sardanapalus from among his favorites, and demanded to know if he was going to sit calmly by and see his family murdered by the Satraps. As soon as he heard her Satraps he aroused himself, and seizing a sword he rushed out upon the invaders.

The conflict raged for hours, until nearly everybody on the royal side was killed except the King himself, then he saw that further resistance was idle. He retired to one of the innermost chambers of the palace, built a funeral pyre consisting of the piano, sofa, *fauteuil* and half a dozen parlor chairs, and sprinkling some petroleum upon it, used by the servant girl in

kindling fires, was prepared to die. His faithful Myrrha mounted the pyre with him, and they went up in a blaze of glory. Assyria has had no such monarch since—and doesn't want one.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

Mr. Pulitzer celebrated the anniversary of the World by presenting each of his attachés with a new spring hat. The attachés say that Mr. Pulitzer's style of passing the hat is a decided improvement over the usual way.

"So you let a colored man carry off the oratorical honors, did you?" remarked the father of a Harvard student the other day.

"Yes, but he's no good."

"No good?"

"Naw. That coon hasn't stolen a base in ten games!"

'Tis far safer to be condemned to death by electricity, by the United States courts, than to talk back to a New York policeman.

"It's an ill wind," etc., etc. The labor troubles in China will cause the supply of fire-crackers for the Fourth of July to fall short this year. Hooray!

A question of time—isn't your watch wrong?

"My day of reckoning has come," remarked the book-keeper, sadly, on the first of the month, as he proceeded to make out his statements.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox says the world has lost its passion. Ella should turn her passionate orbs in the direction of the man who ran for office to please his friends, and after election found they had all voted for his opponent.

Only a few of 'em left—He—I notice you have a piano, Miss Clara.

She—Oh, yes; but it is my sister who plays on it—not me.

He (rapturously)—Clara, I love you! Will you be my wife?

If Harrison wants to make a great many people happy he will run for President again. Even many of his friends will be happy to see him beaten.

An exchange says that there are not many strikes in the South. If the editor reads the New York Mail and Express he will see that it strikes at the South in almost every issue.

Elevating the stage seems to be all the go now. Nearly every day we read of some company "going up."

We often find it difficult to square a pretty round bill.

A SWINDLED LANDLORD.

Tenant—I don't think I ought to pay any rent for this month.



HOW SHE TOOK HIM.

BOBBY SNOB—Mabel, darling, I am afraid our engagement will have to be broken; now, do not take it to heart.

MABEL DARLING—O! I shan't, Bobby, dear; I'll take it to court for twenty thousand.

Landlord—Why not?

Because the roof leaks so that the water runs down the wall.

What! There is running water on the premises? You will have to pay five dollars. I wonder how long you have been enjoying water privileges at my expense.

HE COURTED DANGER.

Mr. Seaside—It is very dangerous to go on the water in a boat.

Mrs. Seaside—Yes, all kinds of distressing accidents are liable to occur. Old Moneybags went out on the lake in a boat with the Widow Gitthar, and when they got back they were engaged.

OR THE BARBER LIED.

Barber—I guarantee this Magic Hair Restorer. It has never been known to fail.

Jones—But, my dear sir, I tried it and it had no effect whatever.

Barber—Then there was something the matter with your head.

BOGUS GRIEF.

Little Fanny—Aunt Jenny is a regular hypocrite!

Mother—What makes you say that?

Little Fanny—Because she sits at the piano and howls and bellows as if her heart would break, and never sheds a tear. I've been watching her.

HE RELIEVED HER ANXIETY.

Wife—Who will mend your old clothes when I am dead and gone?

Husband—Nobody will mend them, because I won't wear any old clothes when you are dead and gone. Then I'll have money enough to buy new clothes, so don't worry about that.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

Bob—I am afraid Tom is getting into a bad habit.

Dick—What bad habits?

Bob—When he gets into clothes that are not paid for.

CONVERSATIONAL ITEM.

Grandma—Keep quiet, Tommy; children should be silent when older people are talking.

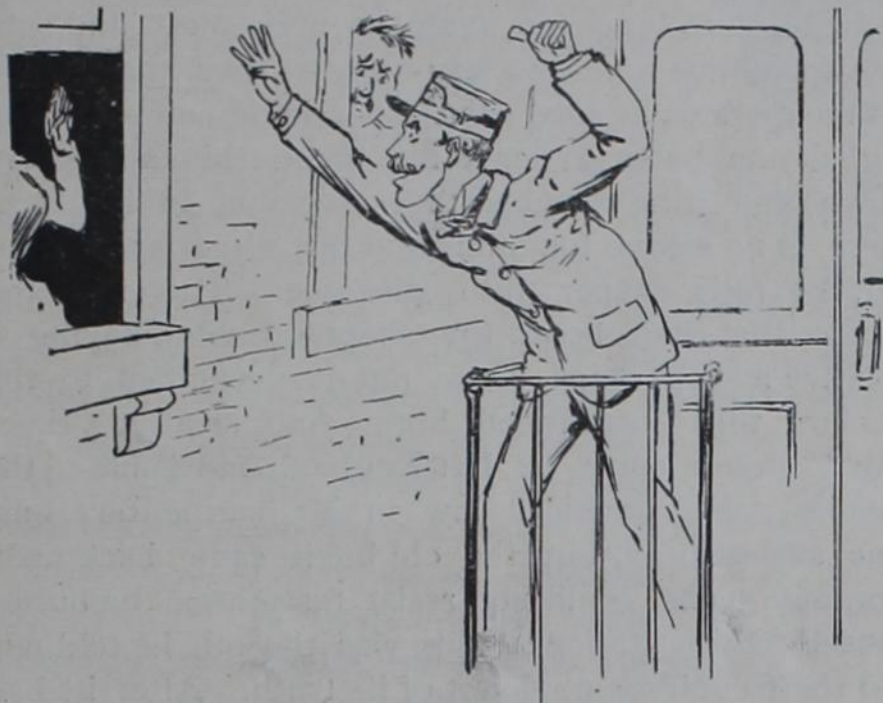
Tommy—Then I'll not get a chance to talk for a good while yet, for old people never are silent.



Mrs. Sardanapalus Admonishes her Lord that Danger Lurks.

ANOTHER MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Among the many thousand letters I receive daily, requesting my autograph, photograph, and to settle up, the following communication attracted the attention of one



They Had a Regular Code of Signals.

of my four-dollar-a-week secretaries, who handed it to me:

DEAR SIR:—I am a stranger in New York, from Texas, and would like to call your attention to one of the many peculiarities I notice in your town. While riding on the elevated road the other day, I obtained a seat near the end of the car, where I could see the guard on the platform. My attention was attracted to the guard by his queer conduct between the stations. At times he would smile like a star soubrette trying to look like her lithographs, and then he would make violent gestures with his hands. I thought the car was in charge of a lunatic, and hastily left it. The guard on the next car was afflicted the same way. Now, what I would like to know is this: Are these men all lunatics? Can it be possible that they are employed by contract, at a low rate, from asylums? Kindly answer soon, as I am confident you can unravel this mystery. I have often heard of the gigantic brain which works eight hours a day beneath your forehead, and of which, by the way, there are only a few left.

Yours truly,

ED. RISCHIE.

MY DEAR RISCHIE:—I am not at all surprised that you have noticed the queer antics of the guards on the elevated road. Like yourself, I noticed the same thing when I first came to New York, and was very much puzzled thereat, until one day I happened to glance out of the car window, and saw a female in a window in one of the houses along the line going through the same idiotic gestures. Then it dawned on me—I mean upon me. At first I thought the lady was the guard's wife, but as he smiled at four ladies on the block and would have, taking the average of block, 3,578 wives, on one side of the avenue only, this was improbable.

As I travel twice a day on the elevated road, at about the same time of day, I saw the same guard, and in the course of a month or two I became quite familiar with him. From him I obtained much information, and among other things, ascertained that they had a regular code of signals with the fair sex along the line. Their signals differ in meaning from signals that you and I are familiar with. For instance, if you held up four fingers at me, I would readily understand that you were very desirous of having me take a drink with you, which, of course, I would refuse. Now, when a young lady holds up four fingers to an elevated guard it means: four o'clock, Sunday afternoon, on the Mall in Central Park. It frequently happens, Ed., that the husband of one of the fair ladies follows her out to Central Park



He Applies for a Position.

and mauls the life out of the guard who is there waiting for her. It is said by some that the Mall in Central Park derived its name from the many incidents similar to the one I have just mentioned occurring there. But I don't believe it.

One day while chatting pleasantly with the guard about base-ball, corruption of politics in New York City and the advisability of putting Cincinnati on the maps of Ohio next year, I saw him suddenly assume a two by four smile, and hurl kisses at a lady in a window. Just about the same time a small puff of smoke issued from the adjoining window. The next second the guard gave a frantic little yell, and clasping his left shoulder with his right hand, he hopped about three feet into the air. Examination revealed the fact that he had been struck in the arm by a small ball from an air rifle. Another case of jealous husband. The guard bound up the wound with a handkerchief, and on the next block was up to his old game. You might as well try to break a mustang of bucking, or reform a New York politician as to break an elevated road guard of flirting. He said he did not mind a little thing like a wound in the arm from a rifle ball, at all. He says he has wounds all over his body, inflicted at various times by husbands along the line. Some of the cars are as badly perforated by small rifle balls as a "No-Shooting-Along" sign in Texas.

One of the real drawbacks, and about which the



MILD, BUT FULL OF MEANING.

MR. GUZZLETON (going out)—You needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria.

MRS. GUZZLETON—No; I suppose you can do all the "setting-up" that is needed, yourself.

guards complain loudly, is the fact that they can flirt on one side on the avenue only, at a time. The guard told me of a friend who was a freak in a museum on the Bowery. He was the proud proprietor of two heads, and was of course the pride of the museum. Up to a month ago he was a happy, contented freak, but at that time the guard told him what an elegant time he would have if he was a guard on the elevated road, instead of a freak, as he could then flirt on both sides of the street at once. Freak was delighted with the idea, and immediately applied for a position, but without success. Now the freak is pining away, and is getting so thin that he will soon be advertised by the proprietor of the museum as the only living double-headed skeleton in existence. The proprietor raised the freak's salary a dollar a week, but still he is not happy. He sits in a corner of the museum, weeps copiously, and threatens to blow the brains out both heads if he is not appointed a guard on the elevated soon.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

THE AMENDE HONORABLE.

A stranger traveling on horseback through the backwoods of Arkansas was very much impressed with the

familiarity that existed between the pigs and the natives. The swine had a free pass to the privileges of the house, and seemed to make liberal use of it. Riding up to a shanty, the stranger asked a tall, unkempt specimen of humanity:

"Why don't you keep your pigs out of your house?"

"Look here, stranger," responded the Arkansas man, putting his hands in his pockets, "ef you mean to say that my family ain't fitten for hogs to associate with, just come out like a man and say it."

The stranger immediately appeased the native by conceding that the farmer was a fit associate for a hog, and the usual greeting of: "Light, stranger, and have some simmons beer. Roll a pumpkin out from under the bed, and make yourself at home. When you fust spoke, I thought you was getting some sarcasm on me, and I don't propose to take any of dat ar'."

A POINT IN THEOLOGY.

There was quite a sensation in the Austin Blue Light Colored Tabernacle in consequence of some rather pointed remarks by the pastor, Rev. Whangdoodle Baxter, on the subject of marital infelicity.

"Hit's my 'pinion," remarked the colored expounder, thumping the pulpit violently with his umbrella, "dat de husband or de wife what breaks dar marriage vows should be put to deff."

"May I ask de reverend pasture a question?" interrupted Uncle Mose.

"Sartinly, Uncle Mose."

"I understand yer ter say dat de husband an' wife should not be unfaithful to one anudder."

"Jes' so, Uncle Mose."

"Den ef dey should not be unfaithful to one anudder, who else should dey be unfaithful to, in your 'pinion?"

There was a painful silence for several minutes, which was finally broken by Whangdoodle saying in a loud voice:

"Uncle Mose, will you have the goodness to pass de hat?"

A JEWISH BULL.

The following goes to show that the Irish do not make all the bulls:

"What would you Jews have done for a religion if no such person as Moses' father had ever existed?" asked Sam Bennett, who loves to bother "the chosen people," of Mose Schaumburg.

"Misther Bannett, de Chews vash dot chosen beeples, and if Moses' father had never been born, den, some udder man would have founded de Mosaic religio' probably Aaron, de brother of Moses."

James C. Parker

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS DOG.

BY JOSEPH JEFFERSON.



PERSUADED by a faultless day, I had galloped about twenty miles from the home station; dismounting from the horse I sat down to rest and take a lunch. A large flock of cockatoos, those beautiful white parrots with yellow crests, came circling around and lit in the trees overhead. I was watching the curious maneuvers of these birds as they were chattering and hopping about among the limbs, when they stopped suddenly as if alarmed. Something was evidently approaching of which they were in dread. They set up an awful scream, and with a tremendous flutter spread their white wings and sailed away. Just at this moment a large black collie dog came bounding out of the bushes and suddenly stopped in front of me. For a moment or two I was startled. The dog paused and eyed me keenly, then coming slowly up walked around me, and at last approached and licked my hand, which I had held out to him. In a moment more he had bounded away, leaving me astonished at his strange conduct. I had never seen a dog act in so singular a manner, and was wondering what it could mean, when a sharp, joyful bark warned me that he was returning; and, sure enough, he had come back waving his tail and followed by a tall, gaunt figure of a man thinly clad, barefooted, and with a wide-brimmed, frayed straw hat on his head. He was about fifty years of age, and as he removed his hat and made me a well-mannered, dignified bow, I could see that, though he was undoubtedly a shepherd, he had once been a gentleman who had seen better days. As he stood bareheaded before me the wind blew his long, thin, sandy hair about his brow, and he regarded me with a strange far-off look in his eyes, as if I had been miles away. I met several shepherds after this and noticed that same strained expression. They live so much alone, sometimes being three or four months without seeing a human being, that they form this habit by looking over the plains, hoping that they may catch sight of some one to relieve the awful monotony of their lonely lives.

"Thank God! God bless you, sir! I hope you are quite well," he said.

There was not much expression in the man's face. I almost fancied that he looked like a sheep, but there was enough to prove that he was glad to see me; and would have been to see any one else, for the matter of that.

"Sit down, my friend, and have some lunch with me," said I.

"Thank you, I will," said he. "Well, Jack, you are right, quite right; you always are, old boy." This was said to the dog, who never once took his eyes off his master, but stood in front of him wagging his affectionate tail, that expressed as much love for the poor, tattered, wasted shepherd as it could have done had he been an emperor in purple robes. "Yes, always right and true, eh, old boy?" The dog answered by licking the shepherd's hand and rubbing his head against his master's legs. "I knew you were here," said he.

"You knew I was here? How could you tell that? What do you mean?"

"Oh, when I say that I mean that I knew it was a friend, or at least not an enemy; and Jack knew, if I didn't. About an hour ago, the dog began to get uneasy. He ran about sniffing the air and giving little short barks, then all of a sudden he broke away and left me. I thought he was on the lookout for something strange so I just sat down among the sheep and waited for him. Presently he came back quite pleased at what he had discovered; then he gave some more of those little short barks and ran off toward you and back again, then wagged his tail impatiently. He could not have spoken plainer if he had been a Christian. The loving beast knows the lonely life I lead, and how I yearn sometimes for a human face to look at. That's why he went on so—God bless him! It'll be a shame for us to live in the other world if Jack don't go there. Look at him now, can't you see in his face that he knows that I have been talking about him?—and every word I've said, for the matter of that, I believe." And, sure enough, the look in the dog's face was almost human.

The man now sat down quietly beside me and ate sparingly and rather mechanically of the lunch, always sharing his morsel with Jack. I took out a flask of

whisky, and pouring out some of it into a cup, offered my guest a drink. His eyes beamed with a longing look as he saw the liquor, and turning on me a strange, frightened look, said: "No, none of that for me. Put it away, please; I don't like the sight of it." It now dawned upon me that my friend was a retired drunkard, who had come out to this lonely part of the world to avoid temptation. I had heard that there were many such in Australia, and that the shepherd's life was chosen as being the most isolated one that could be found. I rose to take my departure, when he put his hand gently on my arm, and with an appealing look, said:

"You won't go back to-night, will you? It's too late. I wish you would stay in my hut to-night, it's so long since I've seen a human face—over three months now. A man only comes once in a great while to bring provisions, and that's all we see of humanity from one year's end to another. Do stay to-night, won't you?"

"I'd like to oblige you," I replied, "but they'll be uneasy about me at the home station. I must be twenty miles from there now, and it will be long after dark before I get back, even at a smart gallop."

"But are you sure you know the way?—you might get lost," said he.

"Oh, no; I've only to keep on the banks of the Murray and I'm all right."

The poor fellow hung his head, the picture of despair.

"Well," said I, "I'll stay." He brightened up at this. "How far is your hut from here?" I asked.

"Not a mile, I assure you."

So he started off at a good pace, fearing I might change my mind, I suppose. The dog bounded ahead, barking away, and I followed on horseback. We soon came upon his charge—a large flock of sheep. As they heard the dog's bark the stupid creatures pricked up their ears and looked surprised, just as if they had never heard it before; then they took to their heels and galloped off, with the dog in full pursuit, running first in front, and then at the side, as some stray wether showed a disposition to rebel, then circling round and round till he got the flock just where he wanted them. He now went in and out among the sheep as though giving orders that they were to put up for the night. They seemed quite to understand him, so they quietly lay down in little family groups. By this time we had reached the hut, and the dog came up wagging his tail, as much as to say, "It's all right; there's none of them missing." The hut was built of mud, sticks and straw, with the hard earth for the floor. I hobbled my horse so that he might browse about in safety, the shepherd prepared a cup of tea—the usual beverage of the bush—and the dog, not a whit tired, stood bolt upright, overlooking his distant charge with the air of a general reviewing his army.

The sun had gone down behind the low horizon with the same effect that it does at sea, and as we sat outside upon a couple of rude blocks of wood, drinking our refreshing tea, the moon rose up shedding its soft light over this mysterious scene; there was no sound but the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell and the crackling of the little fire that was boiling the tea. The smoke went straight and silently up into the still air; the loneliness was bad enough with two men—what must it have been with one.

I felt there was something more in my profound acquaintance than I had yet learned, so I lighted my pipe and began to draw him out. It is curious that a man being alone among dumb creatures loses after a time something of his human expression and acquires that of his dumb companions, and that a dog under the same circumstances retains his individuality. Here was a man who, to judge from his manner and speech, must have been tenderly reared and highly educated, and one who had practiced the busy calling of the law; yet in a few years of isolation the bright mind had become faded, and the human look of the face changed almost to the blank expression of a sheep, while a dog under the same circumstances had retained his perfect individuality. Jack's eyes sparkled like diamonds. His character was marked by intelligence, faithfulness and affection. He would lie with his head between his paws, and his sharp nose flat on the ground, turning up the whites of his eyes to watch us as we talked. Now and again he would heave a deep sigh of satisfaction, as much as to say, "The old man is all right to-night; he's got some one that can talk to him."

I questioned the shepherd about his past life. It seems he had been educated at Eton; then became a fast youth in London, where he studied for the law, and in a short time rose to be a successful barrister. He had married early, and had one child, a daughter,

born to him. After two years of wedded life he lost his wife and child. Despairingly he took to drink, and being weak and desperate, went down hill and lost his position; that once lost in London is seldom regained. Not so in America. Here, when a man falls, if he has the strength to brace up again he goes West, and rubbing up against a new society absorbs fresh magnetism and recuperates at once; but London is compact; the Englishman hates to leave his home; his failings are known, and if he remains they are flung in his face. There is no escape for him, and, as his friends shun him, he falls deeper into disgrace. This was the trouble that had beset the shepherd, who, having a sensitive and perhaps weak mind, succumbed to the pressure that surrounded him. And so after a time, with a broken spirit, he left England and came to the colonies. He practiced law in Melbourne for some time successfully, but the old habit came back upon him, and as he could not resist temptation he buried himself on this station. This was the tale he told me, and there could be no doubt of its truth. After he had finished he turned his strange, far-off look on me again, and said:

"Are you superstitious?"

"Well, I think I am a little. Most people are, if they would own it," said I.

"I didn't use to be," he said with a sigh; "but since I've lived here I seem to have become so, and it's all Jack's fault."

The dog, not looking up, beat his tail on the ground gently, as if to say, "Yes, blame it all on me; it's all my fault."

"I have never seen anything ghostly or mysterious myself, but I think Jack does sometimes. When we're alone—and God knows that's often enough—he'll start up and look around slowly as if his eyes were following something in the hut; at these times he will give a low, strange kind of moan, and putting his tail between his legs, seem to be frightened, peering up into my face with an inquiring stare, as if he said, 'Don't you see it, too?'"

The dog during this recital kept slowly beating time with his tail, as if he were indorsing every word his master said.

"After noticing this with the dog," said the shepherd, "I called to mind the strange look I used to see in the beautiful face of my baby when she was six months old. The little thing would sometimes stare at vacancy, and then smile sweetly and turn its head around as if following something—just as that dog does. What's your opinion of this sort of thing? Do you think the spirits of those we loved in life can return and stand beside us?"

I told him that his question was a difficult one to answer; that different people held different opinions on these mysterious matters, and the chances were that nobody had hit it quite right yet.

"Well," he said, "if they can come, I know who it is that the dog sees when we're alone."

It was now getting late, and the shepherd insisted on my taking his couch, an old canvas cot with a plain gray blanket spread upon it; so, as I was quite tired, I accepted the offer, and lay down for a night's rest. My companion stretched his tall figure on the grass outside. The dry climate of Australia admits of this; there is no danger in sleeping on the ground; the chances are there would not be a drop of dew during the night, and that the grass in the morning would be as dry as hay. Jack lay down between us, and seemed, by one or two satisfactory sighs that escaped him, to be quite happy.

I was awake for some time, and happening to look towards my new acquaintance, found that he was lying upon his back with the moon shining full upon his pale face. I had heard that it was dangerous in this climate to sleep in the moonlight. People had been known to go mad, or to have been struck with paralysis, for committing this indiscretion. I called to him to move into the shadow, but he did not heed me; so, thinking he had dozed off, I let him alone.

The strangeness of the scene, together with the strong tea, seemed to banish sleep from me, and I must have been there an hour with my eyes closed, but quite awake, when presently I heard something stirring, and, opening my eyes, saw the shepherd sitting up in the doorway with his head resting in his hands. After a time he arose and went out into the night air. He seemed uneasy, and began restlessly to pace up and down in front of the hut. The dog remained still, but I felt that he was awake and watching his master, as he

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.

walked nervously backward and forward in the moonlight.

Presently the shepherd stopped in front of the hut, and came, with a hesitating and irresolute step, towards the door. He entered slowly, and stooping down upon his hands and knees, crawled stealthily to the chair on which my coat was hanging; he put his hand in the breast pocket and drew forth the flask of liquor. And now he seemed bewildered, as if some strange emotion had seized upon him, and then fell upon his knees as if in prayer. Suddenly he seemed to rouse himself, and instead of drinking the liquor, placed the flask untouched back in the pocket of the coat; then stretching himself on the floor, with an apparent air of comfort and satisfaction, went off to sleep. The whole proceeding so haunted me that it was broad daylight before I closed my eyes. When I awoke, the sun was high in the heavens. It must have been midday. My host had prepared breakfast—some bread freshly baked, tea, and salt beef. He seemed quite calm, and had lost the nervous, wearied look that was noticeable the evening before. After our meal, he spoke freely of the night's proceedings to me. I told him I had seen all that had taken place. "I thought perhaps it might be so," said he. "The old craving came upon me again, so strong, too, but if ever I prayed for strength it was then. Well, at that moment there was a hand laid on my head; a calmness came over me that I had not felt for years; and when I returned the flask to your pocket I knew then, as I know now, that another drop of liquor will never pass my lips; and, as God is my judge, I believe it was the angel hand of my dead wife that rested on my feverish head. It's all over now, thank heaven, and I can leave this lonely place and return to the world again with safety."

I started for the home station; the shepherd walked some distance by the side of my horse, and at last we shook hands and parted. I looked back after a time, and in the distance saw his tall figure against the sky, waving his old straw hat at me, while the faithful dog by his side was looking up into his face and wagging his expressive tail.—The Century.

To Bridge Behring Straits.

The announcement of the projection of a great trans-Siberian railway has revived in Russia the project of bridging Behring straits. While the distance from the American to the Russian shores is between fifty and sixty miles, this stretch is broken by the Diomed islands, lying about midway in Behring straits and well scattered. Three large, well-known and inhabited islands of this group are so situated as to form convenient stations in a route from Cape Prince of Wales, on our shore, to East cape, on the Siberian. They are Fairway rock, Krusenstern, or, as the people call it, Ingaliuk, and Ratmanoff, or Imaklit; and between the two latter passes the boundary line of the treaty of 1867. The distance of the first from the American shore is hardly a dozen miles, and that of the last from the Russian shore only about twice as much. There is also King or Ukivok island, inhabited, and a survey might disclose uninhabited rocks capable of additionally breaking the distance for a bridge route. The depth even in the middle of the straits is said to be about thirty fathoms.—Portland (Oregon) West Shore.

Judge Lawrence, of the Supreme Court of New York, has decided that Dr. I. G. B. Siegert & Sons have the exclusive right to the Trademark and name of Angostura Bitters, and has granted them an injunction against C. W. Abbott & Co., of Baltimore, restraining them from using that name or putting up goods in imitation of the Angostura Bitters.



WINKING at sin—Lowering the eyelid at the druggist.—Leadville Herald.

ONE letter which never minds other people's business—Let her B.—Life.

CHICAGO will howl now. St. Louis has two cases of leprosy.—Atlanta Constitution.

A GRASS WIDOW is not a woman whose husband died from hay fever.—New York Journal.

A NIAGARA guide is called "Pride," because he goeth before a fall.—Rochester Herald.

THE man who is "driven to drink," is often hauled to the police station.—Norristown Herald.

DEER are not the bravest of animals and yet they always die game.—Lawrence American.

MAN is often fonder of his dogs than he is of his kin; but, then, a dog can never contest a will.—Puck.

FIGURES can't lie, but lies figure quite extensively in almost all statistical articles.—Boston Transcript.

CORN is an emblem of peace, but it is never appreciated until it gets on its ear.—Binghamton Republican.

RUSSIAN students still sing "God Preserve the Czar," but they don't say in what.—San Francisco Alta.

If her mouth were of the size of her feet, poor Chicago might be able to chew what she has bitten off.—Puck.

If YOU have any remarks to make about a mule it is safer to say them to his face.—Terre Haute Express.

THE heroine of a popular story is described as having teeth like pearls. They were in fact, her chewels.—Puck.

THE Salvation Army is well named—it constantly has a tough time saving itself from jail.—Kentucky State Journal.

WICKWIRE—"You haven't a dollar to spare, have you?" Yabsley—"What a mind reader you are, Wickwire."—Boston Times.

NO MAN was ever yet so modest as to believe, in his inmost heart, that he was getting all the salary he earned.—Somerville Journal.

IN his discourse on evolution Darwin never described the transition of the worm of the still to the seven-headed boa-constrictor.

WHY should a young man say he's "raised" a mustache when the truth of the matter is that it is "down"?—Yonkers Statesman.

THE spring lay of the hen is never thrown into the editorial waste basket. It finds a place on the editor's inside.—Norristown Herald.

NEVER tell a man he is in the heyday of his career. The heyday is frequently the day when man goes to seed.—Commercial Advertiser.

THE "woman's club" craze is giving considerable currency to the question: "Does your wife carry a night-key?"—Brooklyn Daily Eagle.

"WICHITA, Kan., has forty-two women's clubs." No doubt the men out there need to be disciplined by such female forty-two's.—Norristown Herald.

THE man who, when the mercury is down to 10 minus, drinks beer to keep warm, is now pouring in the beverage to keep cool in an atmosphere of 90 plus.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

NOTHING will turn a woman's head so quickly as a new bonnet—particularly if it is on the head of her next-door neighbor sitting three pews behind her in church.—Somerville Journal.

How to elevate the masses, is still the burden of a good deal of speculation. We thought the introduction of elevators a number of years since had solved that problem for all time.—Yankee Blade.

Most complexion powders have a vulgar glare, but Pozzoni's is a true beautifier, whose effects are lasting.

A Texas Journalist and His Northern Bride.

A young lady doctor who had just graduated at a Northern college took up her residence in the small Texas town of Possum Hollow, and hung out her shingle. By her amiability and kindness to the sick and suffering she soon overcame the prej dice against female physicians, and became quite popular with all classes. Unlike regular doctors, she advertised in the local papers, and thus she made the acquaintance of Major Jim Edwards, the editor of the Possum Hollow Bugle. He was an energetic, pleasant sort of a fellow, and he took an immediate liking to the lady physician, who, while not very handsome, was intelligent and entertaining, although somewhat devoid of sentiment. Jim's visits to her boarding-house became quite frequent, and it was plain to the most obtuse that he was very much in love. Dr. Jennie Sawyer—for that was the name of the new arrival—while polite and entertaining, did not give the Texas journalist any reason to suppose that his affection was reciprocated. Major Edwards, far from being discouraged, determined to have the question settled at once. He invited Miss Sawyer to take a walk, and as soon as he had an opportunity to do so unobserved he promptly blurted out:

"Miss Jennie, I love you with my whole heart."

She did not seem to be surprised or excited, for she merely replied:

"I think you are mistaken, James."

"No, I'm not! Indeed, I'm not! My heart has been aglow with love for you ever since I first saw you," replied Major Edwards, excitedly.

"I am aware that it is generally taken for granted that the heart is the seat of emotion, but I know that the functions of the heart are purely mechanical and muscular."

"But, Miss Jennie, I—"

"All that the heart does is to pump the blood through the veins and arteries of the human body. I have dissected too many not to know."

"Well, then, Miss Jennie, since you persist in giving this conversation an anatomical turn, what organ is responsible for the emotions?"

"I agree with the celebrated Dr. Virchow, of Berlin, that the liver has much more to do with the emotions than the heart."

"But I can't well say that I love you with all my liver; although I believe there are affections of the liver," said Major Edwards, drawing a long breath and casting a despairing glance at the young lady. Presently he broke out again:

"Miss Jennie, I dream of you every night."

"I'm sorry to hear you say that. It shows that your case is more complicated than I supposed. But I think I can be of assistance to you."

"Eh?"

"What do you eat for supper?"

"At all events, do not ridicule me."

"I'm not mocking you, James. You must eat light suppers, and take more exercise. Let me look at your eyes." And taking his head in her hands she gazed in his eyes, and said, shaking her head, "As I expected. You are bilious. Have you a bad taste in your mouth when you get up, and a dull pain in your side?"

"Confound my liver! I want—"

"You want to take better care of yourself; you want to take three pills to-night, and a Seidlitz powder in the morning. Oh, I know what you want!" she replied, laughingly.

"No, you don't know what I want. I want to tell you that I love you to distraction, that your image is ever before my eyes."

"Is that so? I'll have to make a more careful diagnosis of your case," she remarked, thoughtfully.

"I tell you, now, I see your image always before my eyes, no matter where I go!" he replied, excitedly.

"Poor fellow! Your intellect is failing. You should have come to me before."

"I would have come to you before, but, Miss Jennie, you gave me no encouragement. May I hope—"

"Certainly you may."

"Thank heaven! Am I to understand that you take—"

"Of course I'll take your case. I want to report it to the Medical Journal. Those hallucinations show that your liver trouble is complicated with malaria. The heart irregularities are purely functional, and will disappear in time, if you follow my dictation."

"Confound it, Miss—"

"You must avoid everything like excitement. Let me feel your pulse. Dear me! your circulation is completely run down."

"My circulation run down? I guess not."

"Oh, yes, it is. It is not over sixty right now."

"Not over sixty!" howled the journalist. "Why, Miss Jennie, I am sending out three thousand copies of the Bugle every week to bona fide subscribers, and six hundred more to deadheads. Is that what you call having no circulation? Why, my circulation is increasing at the rate of over one hundred copies a week. Didn't you read the sworn statement in last week's Bugle about our circulation, in which I state our books are open to the inspection of the public? The advertising patronage is keeping pace with the circulation. Just think of it! a column and a half live, paying, new ads in last week's Bugle! and that's not all—I am solid with the sheriff and county clerk, and will get all the county printing. Why, Miss Jennie, the success of the Bugle has been truly phenomenal."

"Are you sure?" she asked, demurely. "And you are not deceived in regard to the circulation by hallucinations, owing to your liver complications?"

"I swear I'm not. I am abundantly able to support a wife in style. Your every wish shall be complied with."

"I certainly think, James, that your liver complications and the functional irregularity of your heart need the care of somebody who has had experience in such matters, and if, as you say, the Bugle is in such a flourishing condition, I might—"

In the last issue of the Bugle appears the notice of the marriage of Dr. Jennie Sawyer and Major Edwards, the handsome and talented editor of that journal.—Alex. E. Sweet, in Lippincott's.

There was no Deal On.

"I suppose Williams was delighted over his big luck in the lottery and went in for real estate deals, as he has always wanted to do. What did he have on when you saw him?"

"A jag and a new suit of clothes."—Merchant Traveler.

Protect the System from Malaria.

It is possible to do this even in regions of country where miasma is most rife, and where the periodic fevers which it causes assume their most formidable types. The immense popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is very largely attributable to the fact of its efficacy as a remedy for chills and fever, bilious remittents, and as a preventive of the various forms of malarial disease. In those portions of the West and South where complaints of this nature prevail, and in the Tropics, it is particularly esteemed for the protective influence which it exerts; and it has been very widely adopted as a substitute for the dangerous and comparatively ineffective alkaloid, sulphate of quinine. Physicians have not been among the last to concede its merits, and the emphatic professional endorsements which it has received have added to the reputation it has obtained at home and abroad.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. E. B. HUBBARD, TIFFIN, OHIO.

E. B. Hubbard was born at Chester, Mass., in 1843. He was educated at the Hinsdale, Mass., Academy, from which institution he graduated with honors. He started in life as a school-teacher, but shortly after took up the study of pharmacy.

Mr. Hubbard located at Tiffin, Ohio, in 1874, where he has since resided, and has been chosen to represent the Democracy in several local stations of trust. In the fall of 1885 he was elected to represent Seneca county in the 67th General Assembly, and was appointed by Speaker Entekin to serve on the finance committee. In 1887 he was re-elected to the Assembly, and was complimented by his brother Democrats by being unanimously elected chairman of the House caucus. Again he was invited by a Republican speaker to serve on the finance committee. In April, 1887, Gov. Foraker appointed him one of the Democratic honorary commissioners of the Cincinnati centennial exposition. He is at present a member of the Democratic State Executive Committee, and is regarded by his party associates as one of the best organizers in the State.

Tender.

I was in a group of newspaper men just after I had read of a reception which had been "tendered" to a well-known citizen. I wanted to express an opinion upon the barbarous misuse of the word quoted, and asked, to introduce the subject, "What does 'tender' mean?" I received several answers, and here they are:

"A tender is a small vessel which takes provisions to a larger vessel outside of a pier," came from the man who had crossed the ocean.

"A tender to a sail-boat is a dingey which follows on behind," is what the member of the boat club said.

"A tender isn't a boarding-house steak," said the bachelor.

"You've heard of the young lady whose lover was taken to a war vessel on a tender, haven't you?" was another remark—"The case which made Tom Hood say 'What a hardship that must be.'"

I didn't wait to hear any more and postponed my remarks.—Brooklyn Citizen.

Chicagoed!

Farmer's Wife—"Well, my poor man, what brought you to your present condition? Drink?"

Tramp—"No, madam. In a moment of reckless enthusiasm I subscribed to the World's Fair fund in Chicago, and most unexpectedly had to pay up."—Munsey's Weekly.

The Chance of a Lifetime.

"I've got a note of \$100 to meet today, and I'm \$20 short," he said as he entered the office.

"Say, don't you try to meet it," said the other.

"Why?"

"It's no use. If you've managed to get \$80 together, take it and skip for South America at once. Train leaves at three o'clock and you have seventeen minutes to pack up and catch it."

"But, my dear—"

"Don't stop to argue. They don't expect you to pay the note, and you'll never have \$80 in your life. Skip!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Best Lie He Could Think Of.

"I will never go down town with you again," said an apparently neglected wife to her spouse, as they were quietly meandering down the crowded thoroughfare.

"What on earth have I been guilty of?" exclaimed the husband.

"There is not a woman that passes us but what you turn around and gaze after her."

"Well, my dear, I was only looking up a spring style of bonnet."

"Pardon me, my dear," replied the lady. "How cruel it was of me to judge you so harshly."—National Weekly.

Mr. Charles Smith, of Jimes, Ohio, writes: I have used every remedy for sick headache I could hear of for the past fifteen years, but Carter's Little Liver Pills did me more good than all the rest.

A Farmer's First Deposit.

They had opened a bank at Medina, the first one in the history of the town, and one day after it was in good running order Farmer Adams hitched his horse and wagon in front of the building, looked to see if the crock of butter and basket of eggs were safe, and then entered the building. He was well known to all of the officials, and each had a word for him as he entered. He looked around him in wonder, and then addressed himself to the president.

"Wall, Steve Smith, you've gone and opened a bank, eh?"

"Yes."

"Git a reg'lar charter?"

"Oh, yes."

"Got things so that robbers can't git the money?"

"Yes."

"Wall, now, look-a-here, Steve, I've knowed you a long time, haven't I?"

"You have, Mr. Adams."

"Knowed you when your father run off and left the family as hard up as a spring coon with a broken leg?"

"Yes."

"Knowed you when you growed up and married Hanner Taylor?"

"Yes."

"How is Hanner and the young'uns?"

"Well, thank you."

"That's proper, but what I was goin' to say was that I guess I'll put some money in your bank—not a great deal, but jist 'nuff for a nest egg, like."

"We shall be glad to number you with our patrons."

"Yaas, but look-a-here, Steve, I don't want no foolin' about this bizness. When I want my money I want to find it right here."

"Certainly."

"And I want to find you here."

"Of course."

"And if you bust up the bank and run off with the cash, as some of 'em hev done, do you know what I'll do? I'll hitch up the old mare and foller you to the end of the airth, and when I overhaul you I'll give you the allfredest drubbing any man on this globe ever got."

"You need have no fears, Mr. Adams."

"Waal, you hear me, and now here is four dollars to begin on. It's to sort o' try you, and, if everything is all right, I may put in four more when I sell that steer. That's all, unless you bust up and run away."—New York Sun.

A Great Victory.

When a man runs a quarter of a mile to catch a train, and jumps on the platform of the last car, "all out of breath," as the locomotive steams out of the station, he feels as if he had won a great victory. But when the train stops before it has proceeded fifty yards, backs into the station and waits half an hour for some unexplained cause, he's mad enough to blow up the whole business with dynamite.—Big Four Gazette.

No Time for Small Finances.

Collector—"Please announce to Professor Penny that I have called in regard to a little bill that has been running for four months."

Servant—"I'm sorry to inform you, sir, that the professor is engaged on an article on 'What to Do with the Surplus,' and cannot be disturbed."—Munsey's Weekly.

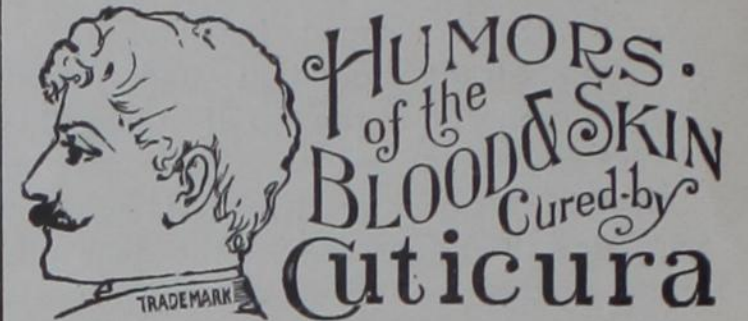
He Wouldn't Have Landed.

If Columbus could have known what a farce would attend the attempt to celebrate his discovery 400 years later through a world's fair he would probably have gone back without landing.—Boston Globe.

Art Criticism.

First Critic—"Well, what do you think of it?"

Second Do—"Capital; exceedingly realistic treatment of the subject; true to nature! . . . By the way, have you any idea what it is intended to represent?"—Grip.



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

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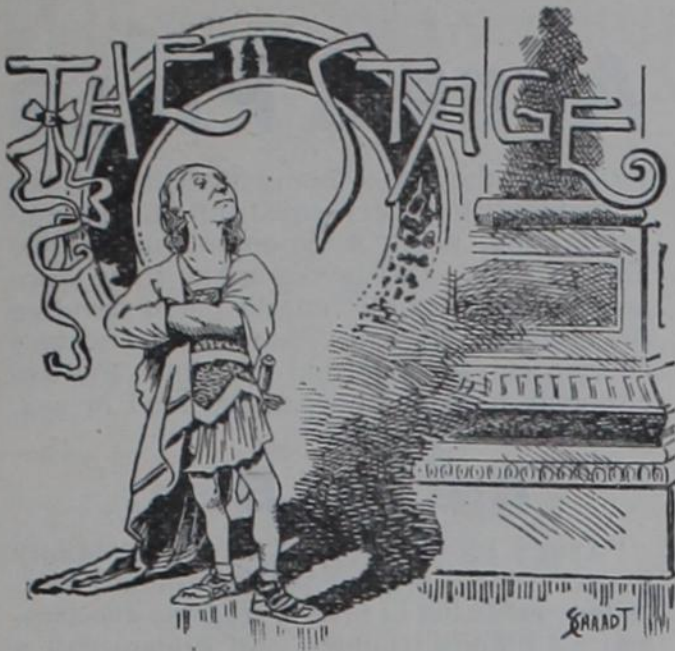
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Sol Smith Russell will open at Daly's on the 18th of August.

The Schatchen at the Star Theatre is doing a very profitable business.

Nat Goodwin's new play, The Nominee, lately made a big hit in Portland, Ore.

James Norrie, the sweet tenor of the Old Homestead company, was lately married in Philadelphia to Mary Burt.

New specialties are constantly being added to the City Directory, at the Bijou Theatre, which is still crowded at every performance.

The Paymaster, in which the only John L. Sullivan sparred three rounds, and Duncan Harrison makes a leap into real, live water, drew very well at the Grand Opera House last week. This week Morrissey's English Opera Company in Faust opened to very large houses.

A Silent Partner, at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, has made a very good impression, and the audiences have been very large during the past week. Mr. Pck proves himself to be a comedian of higher rank than was supposed from his performance in Mixed Pickles.

J. M. Hill's Cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg possesses a unique and never-failing charm for all visitors to the city. I attended it last week, in company with an Englishman from Montreal, and was amused and instructed by the delight with which the beautiful painting filled my enthusiastic friend. He had been previously complaining to me of his apathy in all matters of art, but once before the grand canvas, his enthusiasm revived. Certainly there is an hour's enjoyment for the appreciative in this colossal work of Paul Philippoteaux.

Barry and Fay began their second week of fun making at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre last Monday. McKenna's Flirtation is the medium through which these funny men amuse and produce laughter, cure dyspepsia and banish melancholia. People have cried laughing at these stars in this piece before, and all classes of theatre-goers are charmed by their infectious humor. The fun making is clean and healthy. New songs and jokes have been introduced that never fail to excite some manifestation of pleasure even in the cynical and sober-faced observer. The singing of The Typical Masher, and When the Dinner Hour Comes 'Round, are rollicking scream-raisers. The company contains some of the best talent.

Probably the best attraction in the city is to be found at the Academy of Music, where the grand revival of Pinafore holds the boards. The stage setting is very effective, and the cast could not be better. Digby Bell is a very amusing Sir Joseph, and, strange to say, refrained from gagging, excepting on one or two occasions. The Buttercup of Laura Joyce Bell was all that could be desired. W. H. Clark's magnificent baritone voice was heard to good effect, as Capt. Corcoran, especially in the solo, Fair Moon, to Thee I Sing. Chauncey Olcott is a fair Ralph. Gertrude Sears, who sang Josephine, has a fine voice, but her acting is very stiff, and she needs training badly. Pinafore

ought to run profitably all summer, as presented at the Academy, and it no doubt will.

Kissing Mother.

How many young ladies of to-day would laugh at the absurd idea, as they express it, of kissing mother, but you cannot, dear girls, imagine how it will brighten her dear face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little, dirty, chubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work these last ten years the contrast would not be so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, and yet if you were sick that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face.—Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

Women's Ways.

When a big woman hates a little woman she calls her a "snip," and speaks of her clothes as "duds."

The homage that a man pays to a handsome woman, a woman has been known to pay to a very mean man.

A woman has patience with herself, but she has less patience than a man with other women who are like her.

A poor girl has to be awfully good looking to be pretty, and a rich girl has to be awfully homely to be ugly.

There never was a woman who did a thing to benefit herself that she did not claim that she was doing it for the benefit of some one else.

All the women suffragists have kind and indulgent husbands and brothers, but they are trying to better the conditions of the women who do not attend conventions.

If there is one thing greater than a girl's praise of her own home when she is in another town it is her abuse of it in comparing it to the other town when she gets back.

Why is it that a woman who has a husband and who does not care for her personal appearance will begin to fix up and look dressy as soon as he is dead? Is it because her husband would not let her have the money when he was alive, or does being a widow make her feel as if she was one of the girls again?—Atchison Globe.

Woman's Logic.

Miss Keen—"Is Mr. Bright an Irishman?"

Miss Blunt—"An Irishman? Why, no; what made you think he was?"

Miss Keen—"Oh, he is always making such pat remarks."—Somerville Journal.

Dramatic Note.

De Stick—"What do you think the critics will say about my acting?"

De Slick—"Give it up."—Dramatic Mirror.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Just What She Wanted.

Young Lady (at bird store)—"Has this parrot any accomplishments?"

Proprietor—"He can speak a little, but he's too old to learn anything new."

Young Lady (hesitatingly)—"Would he imitate any sounds he might hear, such as a sneeze, or a cough, or anything of that kind?"

Proprietor—"No. The girls were trying the other day to teach him to imitate the sound of a kiss, but he wouldn't do it."

Young Lady—"I'll take him."—Chicago Tribune.

Hunting Liver.

"Well, Dennis, did you get the liver I sent for?"

"No, mom, Oi didn't."

"Why not, Dennis?"

"Sure, they didn't have none, mom."

"That's funny, where did you go?"

"Sure, Oi fwint to the place where the sign's over the door, readin' 'Livery.' Oi axed 'em, 'Hev yez anny liver, sor?' An' he said he had nothin' but shtrap ile an' he'd give me sum in a minit, so Oi kem away, shure, mom."—Dansville Breeze.

Identified.

"Who is that fellow who has been talking about Withers all the evening?"

"That's Withers."—Puck.

Big Dinners.

Every day in this city thousands of persons eat too much at dinner, and, as a consequence, suffer from Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, &c. If these will take just one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after eating, they will be surprised by the entire absence of those unpleasant feelings which daily distress them, and may continue in their improper course of eating big dinners without fear. Only one little pill, remember.

How MANY things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.—Atchison Globe.



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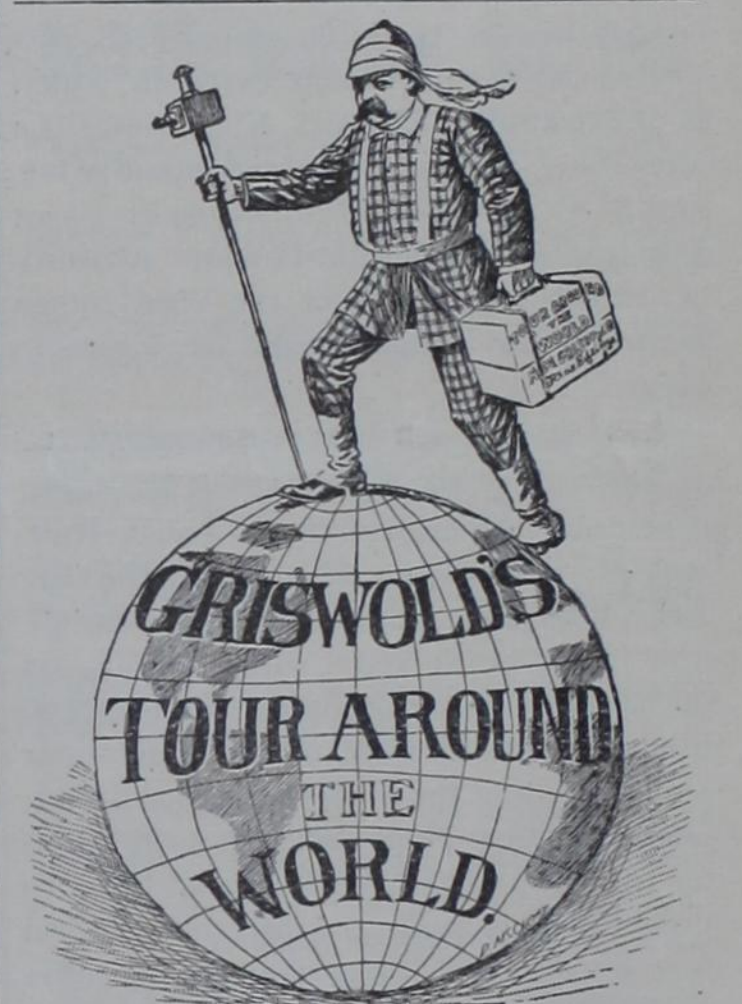
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



David A. Curtis contributes to Drake's Magazine for May, a thrilling railroad sketch entitled A Ride with Gabriel.

What's the News? is the title of an article by Eugene M. Camp which will appear in the June Century, and which will, by the consent of those interested, give figures as to cost of special dispatches in certain of the daily papers; paper bills, etc. The work of Albert Pinkham Ryder, the American colorist, is the subject of an article in the same magazine, and this will be accompanied by four of Ryder's pictures engraved by Kingsley. Arlo Bates will have a story entitled Mère Marchette.

The Cosmopolitan for June prints a striking portrait of Murat Halstead as a frontispiece. Mr. Halstead the Review of Current Events for this periodical. Allan Forman, editor of the Journalist, contributes a readable paper on Soft Crabs, Canvas-backs and Terrapin, which is illustrated. Edward King describes Versailles from a romantic standpoint, and S. G. W. Benjamin writes of Farm Life and Irrigating in Persia. A Study of Half-breed Races in the West Indies is from the graphic pen of Lafcadio Hearn.

D. B. Martin, General Passenger Agent of the "Big Four Route," (Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis Railway Co.), sends us a copy of the Big Four Gazette, a monthly publication, now in its ninth year, with a circulation of twenty thousand copies. It is issued by and in the interest of the Passenger Department of the above-named railroad, one of the best equipped and most popular railroads in the West. In addition to miscellaneous reading matter of general interest, the Big Four Gazette contains a complete directory of all officials and agents of the system, together with accurate time-cards of all passenger trains. The final page is occupied by a handsome colored map of the country covered by the Big Four and its connections. Agent Martin is a very enterprising and efficient railroad man.

No Free Advice from Him.

"Doctor, what will remove superfluous hair?"
(Gruffly)—"A razor, sir."—Yankee Blade.

To be free from sick headache, biliousness, constipation, etc., use Carter's Little Liver Pills. Strictly vegetable. They gently stimulate the liver and free the stomach from bile.

Business Amenities.

"How do you like the cut of my coat?" remarked one tailor proudly to a rival in business.

"Well the cut of your coat appertains so certainly to a coat of your cut that I'm going to conceal my opinion."—Merchant Traveler.

Cure for the Deaf.

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing, and perform the work of the natural drum. Always in position, but invisible to others, and comfortable to wear. All conversation, and even whispers, heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. Send for illustrated book with testimonials free. Address F. Hiscox, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Spring Practice in Base-ball.

With the first warm sunshine that comes after the frost is out of the ground, there stirs in the heart of the base-ball player an intense desire to get into the field and begin playing. I remember a young man who used to work in clock factories in Connecticut. Although an excellent workman, he never seemed to secure any permanent position, but drifted from one town to another. Early one fall he applied to me for a position, and as he showed that he knew his trade he obtained employment. He worked admirably and well through the winter and even into the spring. One day—and it was a beautiful day, everything just turning green and the sun shining as bright and warm as in midsummer—I missed him, and asked the foreman of the room what had become of him.

"Oh, he's off," was the reply; "he'll get his kit to-morrow, and you won't see him again till next fall."

I took pains to meet the young man the next morning when he came to take away his traps.

"What's the matter?" I inquired.

"Nothing," said he, "except yesterday I heard a blue-bird singin', and I don't do any work in shops after that."

A similar yearning to be out of doors tempts the ball-player. Many times the fine weather is treacherous, and premature practice is cut short, or even rendered detrimental to the welfare of a nine, by the damp, chilly winds. As a rule, it is wise to take advantage of only the very warmest days, practicing in the early afternoon, until the weather is fairly settled. The New York nine were once obliged to take a vacation, after a few weeks of practice in a cold spring, because so many men had lamenesses of one kind or another from exposure in inclement weather. When a college nine goes on the field for the first time there is usually a superfluity of enthusiasm, which leads players to practice too long or too violently. Captains have learned this, and unless they are carried away by the same tendency, do not encourage any long practice during the first weeks. After that, as the men become "broken in" and the weather improves, the players are allowed to do more work. All the men playing in the outfield can practice together, as the work of the three fielders is much the same. These men take positions in the out-field in something like a cluster (not so near, however, as to interfere with one another), while a batter knocks fly balls out to them which they take turns in catching. A most important preliminary to this practice is the selection of an experienced man to bat the ball. There are many men who may be good players but to whom knocking flies to an out-field is an utter impossibility. Such men may have to hit the ball a half-dozen times before sending a fly-ball near any of the fielders. Again, it is not advisable to select a man who knocks only the simplest kind of flies every time—although such a man is to be preferred to the wild hitter who sends the men chasing a half-dozen failures in order to receive one catch. The batter should be able to knock high flies, line hits, long flies, and occasionally a sharp, hot grounder. His object is to give the fielders as much practice of every kind as possible, and a good man will gauge the ground the fielders can cover, and, while avoiding "running them to death," will occasionally give each man an opportunity to make a brilliant catch. Nothing encourages and improves the candidates so much as keeping their ambition thoroughly aroused during the entire time of practice.—Walter Camp, in St. Nicholas.

How Mrs. Leslie Succeeded.

Shall I confide to you that I, who claim to be a business woman, and at the same time appreciate the comforts and luxuries of life as much as most persons, I myself have made it a practice for years to rise at seven, no matter how few hours I had been in bed, refresh myself with a cold bath, breakfast, and be in my office at nine o'clock or soon after, there to remain, generally luncheonless, until four in the afternoon?

I do not enjoy it nearly so much as I should a different order of things, but I had a sacred trust to fulfill; my husband had left it in my hands to rehabilitate his name, and build up again a business shattered through no fault of his. It was a gigantic undertaking, and I threw myself into it so completely that I thought by day and dreamed by night of nothing else, and was for a time no longer a woman, but an embodied Idea.

Of course I succeeded; that sort of effort generally does succeed; but without a particle of self-conceit, I will say that I do not think many men in my position would have been able to make that success. A good many women could have done it as well as I, no doubt; but few men could have borne the ordeal.—Mrs. Frank Leslie, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Figs and Thistles.

(From the Indianapolis Ram's Horn.)

It is not the crown that makes the king.

All of God's calls to repentance are urgent.

If your heart is wrong, your life will be wrong.

The promises of God are heaven's bank-notes.

Not to love the good is a proof that you are bad.

If you want to bear the cross easily, don't drag it.

The real giant is the man who overcomes himself.

When a farmer expects to raise a big crop, he puts heart into his plowing.

If you want to have a good time in heaven, pray for a hard time on earth.

Whenever you are tempted to doubt God's will toward you, look to Calvary.

The brightest pictures outside of heaven are those which hope has painted.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external Pain, a few applications rubbed on by hand, act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

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All Internal Pains, Diarrhoea, Colic, Spasms, Nausea, Fainting Spells, Nervousness, Sleeplessness are relieved instantly, and quickly cured by taking inwardly 20 to 60 drops in half tumbler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

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"I have been in this country eight years, and, during all this time, neither I, nor any member of my family have used any other kind of medicine than Ayer's Pills, but these we always keep at hand, and I should not know how to get along without them."—A. W. Soderberg, Lowell, Mass.

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Family Medicine

for 35 years, and they have always given the utmost satisfaction."—James A. Thornton, Bloomington, Ind.

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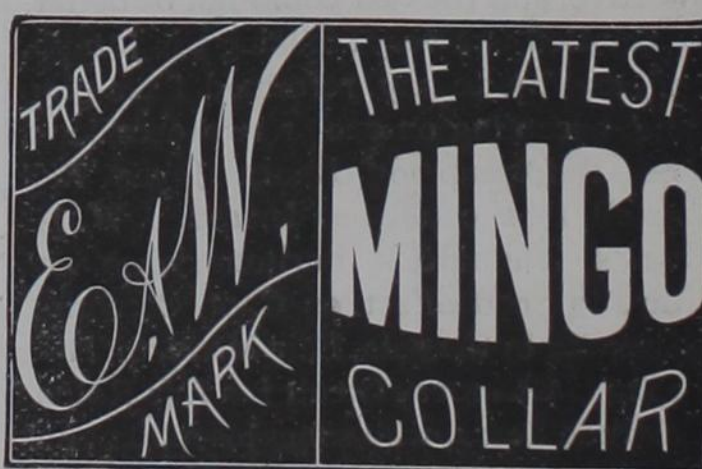
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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

FITCH.



Fitch wuz a curys sort of a man,
Built on a kind of a skimpy plan;
Little, an' lean, an' holler-cheeked,
Eyed like a pigeon, an' nosed like a hawk.
Ugly ez sin, with a voice thet shreaked,
Yit hevin' one favor—Fitch could talk!

Let him start in, an' I don't keer how
Busy ye might be et hoe er plow,
Plantin' er hayin' with clouds in the west
An' frogs a-hollerin' fer rain Kerflaw!
Let Fitch git a yarnin' an' all of us jest
Laid off whilse we listened—fer Fitch could talk.

Seemed like his freckles all dribbled away,
An' his stubby wiskers thet pyeared like hay,
Acterly took on a shine like gold
Ez he loosed his words without break er balk,
Whilse we-uns hyearin' the language rolled
From them dry, thin lips, 'lowed, "Fitch kin talk!"

Nobuddy listened at him like me;
Thet's how-come my sweetheart, she
Hyearin' me brag of his wit, she said,
"Fetch him to see me—pore spindlin' gawk!—
Ef thar's half an idee in thet quare shape' head,
I'll 'gree with you-uns thet Fitch kin talk."

So me bein' ruther a harnsum man,
An' him bein' plain ez a bucket o' bran,
I never thought nothin', but brung him, thet's why
I'm still in the market, whilse he's toein' chalk,
Bein' married to her, fer I missed it, says I,
When I disriklickted how well Fitch could talk!

—Eva Wilder McGlasson.

THE FAITHFUL LOVER.

Beloved one, if your hair were gone,
And you were to wear a wig,
Oh, I would love you still the same,
And would not care a fig!

My sweetest, if those pearly teeth
Were purely artificial,
Why, I would love you still the same,
Nor deem them prejudicial.

My darling, if those beauteous eyes
Should prove to be but glass,
Yes! I would love you still the same,
And let that item pass.

My dearest, if from every limb
You were compelled to part,
Oh, I would love you still the same—
I only want your heart.

J. H. C., in Puck.

THE SERENADE.

I hear him 'neath my window still
His ardent serenade begin.
Ah, heart and brain of mine be still!
Nor let him guess the thoughts within.

And if the moon be not too bright
I'll ope my window wide and high,
And in the soft and silvery light
His lithe and agile form may spy.

How often in the days of yore
He's breathed those old, familiar themes;
And now to-night he comes once more
To waken me from happy dreams.

I would he were so near to me
That I might reach and make him feel
The thought that I with joyous glee
Would but too happily reveal.

But ah, I dare not be so bold,
For he would startle be thereat.
Yet if his form I once behold
I'll quickly shoot that yowling cat.

—Exchange.

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.

Tastes Differ.

"Give me intellect every time," said one of a group of men in a down-town club the other day. "I married a woman of brains."

"Every man to his liking," said another, with a smile. "I lean towards the artistic. My wife paints like a female Raphael, and beautifies the house with rare taste."

"The practical woman is more in my line," ventured the third. "Women should not rise too far above the earth if they want to make good wives."

"Don't forget the social side of life," suggested another. "My wife is a social favorite, has been a belle in her time and is the life of any gathering."

"I married a woman—a common ordinary woman," observed a young man, quietly, "and therefore, however paradoxical it may seem, an uncommon and ordinary creature. She is not intellectual, but sensible; she would look awkward with palette and brushes in hand; she is matter-of-fact when occasion requires, and sufficiently girlish to be romantic and imaginative; her social conquests are made at home, where she loves to shine. She is only a woman, but she makes a good wife and I wouldn't want her changed."

And somehow or other the rest looked as if they half envied him.—Figaro.

The Northern Summer Resorts

of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, not forgetting the famous Excelsior springs of Missouri, are more attractive during the present season than ever before.

An illustrated Guide Book, descriptive of a hundred or more of the choicest spots of creation, on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. will be sent free upon application to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Wit About Women.

When you see some men the first thing you think of is a large, overbearing wife.

There never was a man so worthless that his wife did not think other women were trying to steal him.

About the poorest man in Atchison said this morning: "The good influence of my wife made me what I am."

Why is it that the quiet, worthy fellow is never so attractive to women as the flashy fellows of no consequence?

A woman's indifference to her looks vanishes at the sight of a man as quick as a boy's lameness leaves him at the sound of a fire-bell.

There probably never was a little girl who did not wish she was grown up and could wear a long dress to hold up when she goes over the crossings.

A girl of ten will dress the same as a girl of forty when bifurcated skirts become universal. Probably that is the reason the girls of forty are fighting for it.—Atchison Globe.

A Good Climax.

Patent reversible, double-back-action climax for melodrama:

Stage occupied by the heroine and the villain. [Malarial music.]

"Now, Gladys Hugglesthorpe—at last, I have you in my power!"

"Mercy, mercy!"

"Gladys Hugglesthorpe, will you be my wife?"

"Never!"

(Wait here for applause.)

"I give you one more chance. Another moment and your brains will be scattered to the four winds of heaven!"

(Business of pistol to head. Enter with a rush, the hero, with two pistols.)

"Not while Grizzly Joe lives to protect her!"

(Gladys faints—Picture—Red light—Quick curtain.)—Dramatic Mirror.

Ancient Hosts and Hostelrys in New York.

The earliest record of an English hostelry that our printed documents afford is of the King's Head, kept by one Roger Baker, where committees of the Council and Assembly of the province met for conference, according to the journal of the latter body, on the twenty-ninth day of August, 1701. Subsequent entries show that these meetings were of frequent occurrence, and always at taverns. Although the City Hall afforded abundant accommodation, the gentlemen preferred, after the fashion of the day, to negotiate over the social board. The King's Head appears to have stood in "Queen street, without the fortifications," on a location which may be now precisely described as the northwest corner of Pearl and Liberty streets. The sign was the head of William of Orange, of "glorious and immortal memory," then near the close of his reign. Baker's rival in the patronage of the gentry was one Gabriel Thompson who kept the White Lion, the site of which has not been handed down. His name, with the mention of his occupation, is found as early as 1683. Besides the King's Head and the White Lion, the name of only one other tavern sign between 1700 and 1730 has been preserved, that of the Boot. On the other hand, the names of keepers of taverns are constantly met with in official documents. Henry Swift appears as the host who provided the dinner given to Lord Lovelace on his arrival to the command of the province—an entertainment which cost the sum of forty-six pounds seven shillings and sixpence, which must have been the equivalent of an enormous quantity of "bread and sack" at the prices of the time. Of the other ancient hosts the names only have come down of Bernard Hardenbrook, Elizabeth Jourdain, who entertained the Council and "lodged her Majesty's soldiers," and the widow Post, of the family of butchers and tavern-keepers which appears for a century in our annals.—Harper's Magazine.

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.

A Paradox.

"A thousand congratulations, old fellow!" shouted his chum to the hero of a German student duel; "that was a glorious victory! How are you feeling?"

"Oh, I feel all cut up!" replied the champion.—Puck.

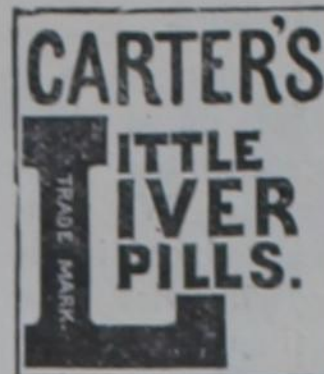


**GAIN
ONE POUND
A Day.**

A GAIN OF A POUND A DAY IN THE CASE OF A MAN WHO HAS BECOME "ALL RUN DOWN," AND HAS BEGUN TO TAKE THAT REMARKABLE FLESH PRODUCER,

**SCOTT'S
EMULSION**

OF PURE COD LIVER OIL WITH Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda IS NOTHING UNUSUAL. THIS FEAT HAS BEEN PERFORMED OVER AND OVER AGAIN. PALATABLE AS MILK. ENDORSED BY PHYSICIANS. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. AVOID SUBSTITUTIONS AND IMITATIONS.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S TAFFY-TOLL. It's delicious.

PHOTOS 14 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 50 for 25c. NOVELTY CO., Bay Shore, N. Y.

DYSPEPTICS (Incurable preferred) wanted. Popp's POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

Self-threading needles. Weak sighted or blind can thread them. Finest silver wire and steel. Sample sent by mail, 10c. 5 for 25c. 12 for 50c. Money easily made selling them. C. Marshall, Lockport, N. Y.

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\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE. Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brewster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, Mich.

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L.A.B. INDIAN ASTHMA CURE. Send two cent stamp for trial package and circular. Eastern Drug & Chemical Co. 71 Oliver Street, Boston, Mass.

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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York.

MONEY IN FRUIT POULTRY AND STOCK BOOKS WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD! BY MAIL POSTAGE PAID AT THE FOLLOWING PRICES: Ladies Guide to Fancy Work, Illustrated, \$.25 How to Propagate and Grow Fruit, Ill'd, .25 American Live Stock Manual, Illustrated, .25 Guide to Profitable Poultry Raising, Ill'd, .25 Employment Seekers Guide, New Openings, &c., .25 Western World Guide and Hand-Book, .50 Dickens' Complete Works, 12 Vols., 1.00 Waverley Novels, by Walter Scott, 20 Vols., 1.50 The Western World, Illustrated, One Year, .25 Sample Copy and 100 Page Catalogue, .10 Chance to Save Money on a Thousand Articles, many of which we send free for a few Subscribers. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

\$75 PER MONTH SALARY and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewelry by sample only; can live at home. We furnish Team Free. Full particulars and sample case Free. We mean just what we say, and do exactly as we agree. Address at once, Standard Silverware Co., Boston, Mass.

A Moorish Wedding.

Upstairs, in a little tiny room, some of the usual sweet hot tea was prepared for us by three radiant negresses, the bridegroom's mother and aunts. We went down again, and were introduced in the other open room, filled likewise with squatting women, this time friends and relations, some old, some young, but mainly of the indefinable age, vacant, weary, worn out. At either end of the room was a bed in the alcove, the curtains of one of them were raised, and we were admitted to present our compliments and our silk kerchiefs to the bride. On the bed, as on a little stage, and surrounded by two or three other women, sat the little bride, a charmingly pretty young creature of 12 or 13. She sat—with her embroidered vest and muslins spread out, the hands folded, her face elaborately painted under the eyes, about the eyebrows, and with a large black patch in the middle of the delicately rouged cheek—absolutely motionless, scarcely raising her heavy black eyelashes, and faintly smiling on us. With her halo of gauze, her shimmer of gold embroidery, beads and borrowed jewels she looked even more like a miraculous Madonna than Mme. Hasan, or like some wonderful enchanted princess in a pantomime. They explained that she was not yet completely dressed, as the woman who was to paint her up had only just come. Accordingly we withdrew.

The curtain was withdrawn from the bed, the women seated on it drew a little to the sides, and the bride was displayed in her glory. She sat there, her legs folded under her, her hands folded in her lap, her head a very little inclined, like the figures of Buddha. A perfect breast-plate of jewels, strings on strings of beads, gold and pearls glittered over her vest; a long, delicate, white veil was spread over her back and shoulders; on her head she wore a high tiara of shining embroidery, stones and tinsel; and, strangest of all, upon her cheeks were painted two elaborate triangular patterns of red, black and yellow, like a piece of chintz. She was no longer the mere miraculous Madonna, who, after all, has something human about her; and as we turned away through the twilight which filled the white court, and the chanting and drumming and cymbal clashing became fainter, I felt as if I had been admitted to see some mysterious, half-living idol of India.—N. Y. Dispatch.

How Long to Sleep.

The popular belief that men of extraordinary mental activity are, as a rule, light sleepers, is not justified by the facts. What the just and right allowance of sleep may be for the individual does not seem to depend altogether upon the amount of mental or physical work done, and is, to a considerable extent, determined by inheritance and idiosyncrasy. The idler and the pleasure lover often seem to sleep longer and more easily than the laborious brain worker, and cases may be traced where a tendency to light or heavy sleep has run strongly in families, irrespectively of the occupations, or of the physical and intellectual activities of individuals. The only safe guide in de-

termining such a question is experience. If good health and full intellectual efficiency can be preserved by six hours' sleep, there seems no motive for making efforts, probably destined to failure, to secure eight hours. But care should be exercised that short sleep has not been the result merely of a long and continued bad habit, and that every opportunity is afforded to the organism to procure that amount of sleep that seems normal for it. Hence moderately early hours, quiet freedom from sources of disturbance are necessary, and for a prolonged period, before we can feel sure that the amount of sleep that seems natural to us is really so. Eight hours has been fixed by general consent as the happy mean, and we have no objection to make to it, although it is, perhaps, a liberal allowance for adults in vigorous health. The young and the ailing may with advantage take more, and, indeed, can hardly have too much of so excellent a tonic and restorative as sleep.—Hall's Journal of Health.

Men to Beware of.

Samuel W. King, at the head of one of the largest legal collection concerns in the country, has met and seen every type of man. From his observations he has made the following deductions, had them printed, and hung in his office:

Beware of the man who "Swears by all the gods at once," or one at a time, for that matter.

Of the man who slaps you between the shoulders and calls you "old man." No amount of familiarity is any excuse for this.

Of the man who hyphenates his words with "er—a."

Of the man whose salutation is, "What's the news?"

Of the man who asks you when he has seen you speak to another, "Who's your friend?"

Of the man who asks you, "Where did you get it?"

Of the man who in leaving says, "See you later."

Of the man who pokes you in the ribs when he is talking.

Of the man who adjusts the lapel of your coat, or rubs one sleeve, or both, when he is talking to you.

Of the man who talks to you on the train, or on a street car, when he never saw you before, unless there is a public crisis. Victor Hugo says that such salutations show public anxiety, and are only excusable when there is public excitement.

Sensible fellow, that Hugo.

Of a man who occupies a whole table in the writing-room of a hotel.

Of the man who can't get out of a chair without kicking it from under him.

Of the man who drops into a drug store to look up a name in the directory and hangs on to the book as if it were a new novel when he sees three or four others waiting to look up names.

Of the man who stands at the box-office of a theatre when there is a crowd back of him, talking about best seats and other topics.

The woman who will do this is no better. She isn't as good as a man.

Finally—Beware of the man who comes but never goes, and of his companion picture, the man who starts to go but doesn't.—Chicago Tribune.

Burdett's Reflections.

My son, there are just two things in this world that I don't know about, and you have just asked me about one of them. I don't know why there is trouble and sorrow and toil and poverty and sickness and death in this beautiful world. I used to know when I was much younger, but I find that as I grow older I don't know a great deal more than I used to know. I don't know why the best people seem to have all the suffering and the great sinners have all the fun. I don't know why innocent men suffer for the wickedness of guilty men. I don't know why the man that cast the faulty column in the Pemberton mills wasn't crushed when the mills went down. I can't see why my neck should be broken in a railroad accident because a train dispatcher sends out a wrong order, or a signal man goes to sleep. I don't see why my neighbor should be cursed with ill health and suffering, just because his grandfather was a hard-drinking old profligate. I can't see why I should have neuralgia just when I want to feel at my best. I don't see why some people starve when worse people fatter. Well, you say, wouldn't it be pleasanter if all these crooked things were straightened out? Yes, oh yes. And wouldn't I run things a little better if I had the running of them? Ye—e—hold on a minute—ye—I don't know, really, that I want to try. There are several things to consider when you sit down to run a universe. True, if I managed things I could make several improvements at once. I would never again have the neuralgia, for one thing; my boots would not run over at the heels like an italic d; my pantaloons would not work up, or bag at the knees, and my collars would not climb the back of my neck, and my moustache wouldn't keep waxed like a bristle at one end and out like a satin ribbon at the other, and—but there are some other things to look after. The little matter of day and night I think I might manage for a week, may be, but there would be an eclipse or two to look after, an occasional rain, some snow, a late spring, or an early autumn, or a capricious harvest time to manage; there are certain movements of the sun and other planets that have rather delicate relations with the earth—come to think of it, my boy, I have never yet been able to control my own personal neuralgia. Now, you are very kind, but I will most respectfully decline the appointment. I find, in looking into the varied and trying duties connected with the office, that my bodily and mental strength would not stand the great tax that would be laid upon them. While I am in the highest accord with the administration, and wish to give it, and to the extent of my poor ability do give, my most earnest support and encouragement, yet, I much prefer to do this in my capacity as a private citizen.—Ex.

He is a mean man who, on meeting an acquaintance who is afflicted with the ague, says, "Shake!"—Boston Courier.

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

Some Good Points.

The Hebrew Standard says:

That married women should not try to look as youthful as their daughters.

That wise women should never retail the gossip they hear on their neighbor's door step.

That thrifty women should not confine their economy simply to marketing, but stop the waste in the kitchen.

That sensible women should not order new finery without first ascertaining their husbands' ability to pay for it.

That charitable women should sometimes visit the homes of the recipients of their bounty.

That prudent women should not lavish their money on useless portieres and bric-a-brac.

That educated women should not lose golden time reading trashy novels.

Winning a Fortune.

Learning that Mr. Thos. Carty of this village, had drawn a \$5,000 prize in The Louisiana State Lottery at their drawing on the 15th of April last, the *Democrat* dispatched a reporter to learn the full particulars. Mr. Carty keeps a restaurant on Orchard St. in this village, and is a quiet, respectable citizen of moderate means. He received the reporter pleasantly and gave the following history of the transaction: Some time during the latter part of March, he inclosed \$1 in an envelope and sent it by U. S. Express to the address of the company at New Orleans. In due time he received by the same agency one-twentieth of ticket No. 27,994. About a week after the drawing he received from New Orleans a list of the numbers drawing prizes and found that the ticket No. 27,994 had drawn the second capital prize of \$100,000, and it did not take him long to see that the value of his twentieth part of the ticket amounted to \$5,000. He at once sent the ticket to the company by U. S. Express, and on April 30, Mr. Robert Bushby, the local agent, handed him the \$5,000 in cash, and after paying the agent \$25, the amount charged for collection, and receipting for the money, Mr. Carty took the cash home to show to his family. The money will be safely invested and will serve to keep the wolf from the door for many a day.—*Cortland (N. Y.) Democrat*, May 9.

Not Jealous.

Mrs. Lushley—"And there you were, when the policeman found you at three in the morning, hugging a cigar sign. Oh, it's just awful!"

Mr. Lushley—"My dear, it surely is not possible that you are jealous of a cigar sign."—*Terre Haute Express*.

A Grievance.

First Messenger Boy—"I don't like deliverin' messages in dere."

Second Ditto—"Why?"

First Messenger Boy—"Cuz all de doors are fixed so's yer can't slam 'em."—*Town Topics*.

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A Pure, Sparkling and Delicious, Lithiated Table Water. It has met with the greatest favor among physicians as being the best known water for Kidney and Liver Troubles, Rheumatism, Gout, &c. Send for pamphlet with analysis.

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HIGHEST AWARDS AT THE PRINCIPAL EXHIBITIONS. The Original—Take no other,

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