

Texas Siftings.

VOL. 12—No. 10.
Copyrighted 1890, by Texas Siftings Pub. Co.

NEW YORK AND LONDON, JANUARY 4, 1890.

10 Cents a Copy.
\$4 per year in Advance.



RING OUT THE OLD; RING IN THE NEW!

Texas Siftings.

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

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

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 4, 1890.

TEXAS SIFTINGS can be obtained wholesale at all wholesale News Depots and at 10 cents a copy on all News Stands.

TEXAS SIFTINGS will be supplied to Newsdealers by any of the wholesale News Companies.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Any part of the United States or Canada, one year, postage paid, \$4.00
Foreign countries, 75c. extra,
All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Send money by express money order, post-office order or registered letter to

TEXAS SIFTINGS PUBLISHING CO.,
47 John Street, New York.

The English edition of Texas Siftings is printed and published weekly in London, at the office of the Texas Siftings Publishing Co., 4 East Harding Street.

Persons desiring to have MSS. returned or communications answered, must inclose a stamped envelope with their address thereon.

Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

DEATH sows many "weeds."

SMALL talk—the conversation of dwarfs.

A DRINK that sailors like to make—home port.

WOOLLY whiskers should be trimmed *à la* mutton chop.

CINDARELLA found that a low menial position led to a hymenial one.

SILENCE is golden: when the gold is coined, however, money talks.

ETERNAL vigilance is the price of an oyster at a church social.

THE original time lock—the one you are advised to take Time by.

HAS the papers to show it—the publisher whose journal doesn't sell.

CHICAGO lard dealers are expected to "turn over a new leaf" New Year's.

SOME unrepentant wretch has invented parlor baseball. Is there to be no end to this?

A PIANO recital—a tale of woe from a man who is compelled to listen to one perpetually.

STOCKS, it is said, are bound to find their level. Is this because of the water there is in them?

"RING out, wild belles!" a young fellow exclaimed, when he found himself a ring out on account of one.

SMART boy—"Pa, is hay ever bailed out?" Pa—"Yes, my son, when there isn't room to bail it inside."

BOODLE aldermen and absconding cashiers refuse to discuss the Canadian annexation question except in Canada.

AN exchange says the late Robert Browning was very fond of using American phrases in conversation. Bet your life he was!

SAID Cassius, I cannot tell what you and other men think of this life," but we can assure Cassius that Life is a pretty good illustrated paper.

Of the much-dreaded ailments of winter,
Such as fever, pneumonia and cough,
There is none so oft-coming and catching
As that New Year's disease—*swearing off!*

THE failure of a New York tailor on account of his losses on the turf, shows that a tailor shouldn't "lay" anything on any equine, unless it be a clothes-horse.

SOMEONE has sent us a poem signed Yussuf, which he wishes to see in SIFTINGS. The poem is too long; and too deep, where it isn't too shallow. Well, you know how it is Yussuf.

IT having been made known that explorer Stanley is a woman-hater, he is deluged with letters from women who want to marry him. They desire to prove to him, no doubt, that his antipathy to the sex is well grounded.

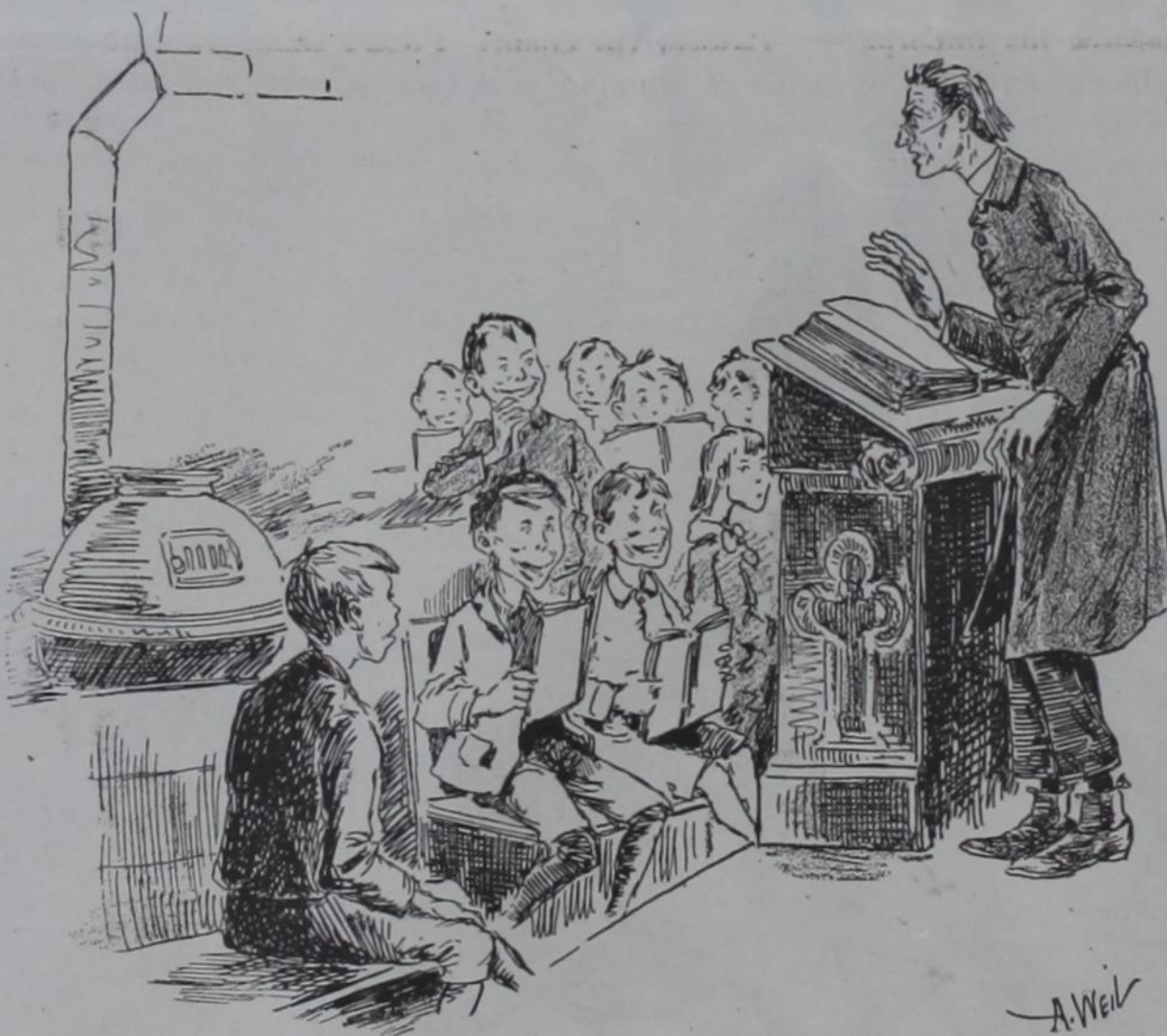


'Tis silly to wed for affection, they say,
And wicked to marry for gain;
So at first sight there seems to be no other way
Than single through life to remain
But I've hit on a plan that is wise and complete,
Combining affection with sense;
'Tis to wed, if she'll have you, some demoiselle sweet
Who lives on the fruit of her rents.

GEORGE HORTON.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

This is the week when the "We have entered upon a new year" editor turns himself loose. He begins by deploring the calamities of the year that is gone, administering to it a stern rebuke for its vexations, disappointments and short-comings. Then he expresses a mild hope that the year upon which we have entered will do better by us, although there is an under current of doubt as to the outcome, since he has been deceived by the promises of the incoming year so many, many times. Though the world is in profound peace he is liable to discern on the horizon the cloud of war, albeit no larger than a man's hand at poker when luck is running against him. He expects, too, that it will be a year of pestilence, since the Asiatic plague is on its dread march, and there are rumors that it has already secured passage to America on board one of the fastest ocean greyhounds. He thinks that we should all be prepared to meet and grapple with it, and, considering the filthy condition of the streets and alleys of New York, we think we are safe in assuring the plague a hospitable reception and a prolonged residence in our midst. With regard to a prospective famine, too, the



HE COULDN'T BE TOO BRIEF.

REV. MR. PERKINS (to the Sunday-school class)—Now, children, what shall I talk about? What shall I say?
PIPING VOICE in the rear)—Say Amen and sit down.

glad New Year editor has some apprehensions, for has not the open winter seriously damaged the wheat, and hasn't the Colorado beetle been seen to be mending its working overalls, with a view to resuming active operations in the early spring? If the editor is not mistaken in his calculations, too, this is the year for the periodic appearance of the seventeen or eighteen-year locusts. But let us welcome 1890 as he leaps joyously into the ring—which graceful and successful act is portrayed on our first page—and in accordance with its traditional light-heartedness and good humor, TEXAS SIFTINGS wishes its friends and patrons, each and all, a Happy New Year.

STRUGGLES OF THE DAILY PRESS.

This is a trying period for the daily press. Competition compels publishers to issue newspapers of gigantic dimensions, but the trouble is to find sufficient

news to warrant their publication. There is no war in progress. The nations of the earth are at peace, and their occasional blustering tone toward each other doesn't excite any special apprehension. An occasional earthquake or flood is reported, but as a rule the interest involved is of a local character only. The daily press received a severe blow when Stanley Africanus got through all right. True, it furnished a day's sensation, but it put an end to newspaper expeditions in search of him and speculations as to his probable fate. For the present Stanley, as a press sensation, has had his day. A mere glance at one of these big dailies shows the straits to which the publisher is put, in order to fill his space. Columns are devoted to prize-fights, murders and suicides of the more ordinary nature; divorces, scandals and escapades of one kind or another. Nothing justifies the elaboration of many of these events except the rivalry of newspapers and the necessity of keeping up a reputation for printing the biggest paper in the city. As a rule the actual news of the day in which there is general interest could be printed on a single page and even less. But newspaper enterprise must not be allowed to lag, though news does.

TEXAS SIFTINGS WILL GET THERE.

Papers have to be boomed nowadays if they hope to keep up with the procession. They must do something to make themselves talked about. We have no desire to tear any laurels from the brow of Nellie Bly, who is going around the terrestrial world to advertise the World of New York, but TEXAS SIFTINGS won't get left if it can help it. Going around the world is not a difficult achievement, if the porter wakes you up in time to make the proper connections. An expedition to the North Pole is a frozen chestnut, and a journey into the heart of Africa has lost its novelty. But there are prizes to be won in other fields, and TEXAS SIFTINGS has pre-empted one. We have sent a representative on an exploring expedition into New Jersey. He leaves at precisely twelve o'clock on New Year's day, but there is no telling when he will get back. People are permitted to guess, however, and a prize will be given to any one who makes an exact guess. The prize will consist of a ticket, admitting the holder to the World's Fair in 1892, provided it is held in New York. People may guess as many times as they please, but they must buy a copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS before doing so (price 10 cents.) You can cut out any article or advertisement from SIFTINGS you see fit, write your guess thereon and inclose it to us, together with ten cents for another copy, on receipt of which you can repeat the operation until the SIFTINGS representative returns from the heart of New Jersey—which is improbable—or you are out of money. Now set your guessers at work. Don't be afraid of exhausting the supply of SIFTINGS, because we have all the pages electrotyped, and can issue a fresh edition any time.

REMARKABLE FORBEARANCE.

It is worthy of remark, that, in connection with the trial in the United States Court of President

Means and Vice-President Decamp, of the late Metropolitan National Bank, not a Cincinnati paper has said anything about Means' means or wondered why Decamp did not decamp.

UPS AND DOWNS OF KINGS.

While one monarch is forced to vacate his throne, another, who had been deposed, is allowed to resume his. Dom Pedro can no longer sign himself Emperor, but King Malietoa, whom an insurrection drove from the throne of Samoa, is again allowed to take up the sceptre. Kings have their ups and downs very much like other people, only their prominence calls more attention to them. The time is not far distant when kings will only be read about as curious and interesting specimens of a past age, and people will wonder why they were tolerated. A well authenticated descendant of a king will secure a big salary as a museum freak.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.

PART X



CHARLEMAGNE founded a great empire, but it didn't hold together long. His eldest son, Louis, called *le débonnaire*, on account of his amiability, succeeded him on his death (814), and was crowned Emperor of the West and King of the Franks. The Pope came from Rome to crown him, in the same old cathedral at Rheims, where the

coronation of Clovis took place.

A cousin of Louis named Bernard, who had received the iron crown of Lombardy from his uncle, Charlemagne, very foolishly made war against Louis, who sent an army against him. Bernard was defeated and made prisoner, and his royal cousin, affectionate and *débonnaire*, ordered his eyes put out. Bernard was not a victim meek and resigned, for he killed five of his torturers before they deprived him of his eyesight. Those were cruel days, *mes enfants*.

It is some satisfaction, in view of this inhuman treatment, to know that Cousin Louis was afterwards filled with remorse for his deed. He wore sackcloth, and went about with dust and ashes heaped upon his head. But the king's own sons proved to be Bernard's avengers, as you shall see, *chers petits amis*.

Louis wished, while living, to bestow his imperial crown upon his eldest son, Lothaire, being content himself to reign over the Franks. Whereupon his two other sons rebelled and marched against their father. Lothaire, whom his father had loaded with favors, treacherously abandoned him and joined his brothers. In the battle which ensued Louis was defeated, and himself and family taken prisoners. They compelled their father to formally renounce the crown at Soissons (832), "in expiation of his sins," as they jocularly put it.

But great indignation was excited among the nobles on account of this high-handed and unfilial proceeding. They rose in their might and restored Louis to his throne. By his second marriage, with Judith of Bavaria, a wise and excellent woman, he had a second son, Charles the Bald, to whom he concluded to give the empire. Charles was born bald and never fully recovered from it. He was the bald-headed man who set the example of taking a front seat whenever there was a ballet show, and bald heads have done it ever since.

Soon after Louis retired to a convent on the banks of the Rhine to spend the remainder of his days in meditation and prayer. One night, seeing a comet coursing through the heavens, he took it to be an omen of his death, and not to falsify the prediction he went dead very soon after.

In the meantime the three sons of Louis by his first marriage fought among themselves for

the ascendancy. Lothaire was defeated by the other two at Fontenay, and then followed the treaty of Verdun, by which the empire of Charlemagne was very much cut up, as he would have been had he known it. Lothaire was reduced to reign over the little principality of Lorraine, his brothers died and Charles the Bald became king of France. It was during his reign that the Normans, or North men, began their ruthless forays on French territory, of which I will tell you in my next paper.

FAILED TO LEAD THE WITNESS.

When the professor met one of his oldest and most intimate friends the next day after his lecture, he naturally expected some comments on the previous evening's remarks. Many other topics were freely discussed.

Finally the lecturer grew uneasy and remarked: "I was pleased to see you at the hall last night."

"Yes, I was there."

"Fine audience."

"Yes; nice crowd."

"I always like to see my near friends about me when I lecture; persons whom I know can appreciate, I mean, who will sympathize, or rather, who—eh? What did you say?"

"I didn't say anything."

"Oh! beg pardon. I thought you did."

"No. Fine day?"

"Turning colder, I fancy. Well, I must be moving. So long."

As he thoughtfully pursues his way the lecturer discovers to his surprise that he hates, with a large and tumultuous hatred, the man from whom he has just parted, and for whom he had theretofore entertained the warmest esteem and affection.

And yet the man was his friend. He had paid his way, was too considerate to say that he didn't like the lecture, which was the fact, and too thoroughly honest to say that he did or to make any pretense of the kind.

NO COMPROMISE.

Lawyer (to client)—I don't think you stand much show of winning your case, so you had better make a compromise. What will you take?

Client (a Kentuckian)—I'll take whisky straight, every time.

An English writer says Americans take life too hard. He ought to go among our wild Indians; he would find that they take life remarkably easy.



NOT THE KIND HE WANTED.

TRAMP—Please, sir, give me a nickel.

GENTLEMAN—Will a copper do?

Yep.

Here, Officer! here's a man wants a copper.

(Tramp doesn't wait.)



A MISTAKE.

ARABELLA (with a feminine scream at coming unexpectedly upon Algernon at the door)—Oh! I thought it was a man!

THE NEWSPAPER OF TO-DAY.

(From Scribbler's Magazine, January, 1900.)

Verily, journalism has changed since the days of news letters and pony-expresses. Changed even since the days of war correspondents and sextuple sheets. To compare the newspaper facility, the newspaper method, the newspaper liar of to-day with the newspaper practice, privilege and imagination of the past would be to compare a fly to a boa-constrictor, or an apple to a prize pumpkin!

Take, for instance, any day's issue of the New York Screamer. Note the broad margins, the beautiful great primer type, the cream-laid paper; note how even the smallest paragraph approaches the dignity of pure literature, decked, as it is, with verbal art and covered all over with rhetorical flourish. Notice the shortest editorial—no hurried English there, but a style and expression that put to shame the lucidity and picturesqueness of Addison and Macaulay!

Pay a visit to the Screamer building—eighteen stories high, with special wires running to China, Iceland, the North Pole and heaven. Notice the front of alabaster, the bannisters of mahogany, and the stairs of Ferrara marble. Even the printer's devil has his own special room, finished in hard wood and with a towel for his own use. And the managing editor's apartment—shall I ever forget it! Carpet of the richest hues, curtains from Lahore, the walls covered with exquisite canvases from the brushes of Titan and Paul Veronese, sculptures from the chisels of Albano and Canova, easy-chairs and tête-à-têtes, an ormolu clock, a *chaufferette*, ah me, and what not!

Remember, too, the immense presses of the establishment, each one costing hundreds of thousands of dollars; the staff of students, professors and professional poets; its circulation reaching to the quintillions; its gifts of grand pianos, railroad shares and city lots to subscribers and readers, and, above all, its benevolent interest in and solicitude for the unwashed public. Then, too, my readers, if ever, like myself, you are wafted with gentle force from the eighteenth story to the ground-floor through a pneumatic tube, in that rap-turous flight at least, you will begin to have some idea of the magnitude and stupendous power of the newspaper of to-day!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

HARMONIOUS INHARMONIOUSNESS.

He—Dr. Pulpit surpassed himself to-day. Grand ideas and beautifully clothed—beautifully clothed!

She (aroused from profound meditation)—What did you say, dear? Oh, yes, to be sure. Dr. Pulpit's clothes. He does dress well—elegantly. But I was just thinking what a dowdy his wife looked. Really, she's a disgrace to the church.

FITTING.

Professor Kahoop (reciting The Bells)—They are neither man nor woman. They are neither brute nor human. They are ghouls—

Colonel Kaw (entering)—Wal, by George! that thar's the best poetical description of a Kansas loan agent ever I heerd!



It was hundreds and hundreds of ages ago—
I was only a wee little maid,
But had three ancient aunts who were working for me,
While in infantile freedom I played.
There was tall Aunt Keziah, with her long crooked nose,
And her "specs" on the top of her head,
Who delighted to scold, though her heart was of gold,
And she did make the nicest brown bread.

Then came Aunt Plumy Ann, who was little and thin,
A good wind might have blown her away,
But she knitted the stockings, and made all our clothes,
While her spinning-wheel hummed every day.
But my precious Aunt Hitty was dearest and best:
Round and plump as a dumpling was she,
And I flew to her heart like a bird to its nest;
It had always a warm place for me.

They had tended and cared for me many a day,
Loving me for my dear mother's sake,
And I one day heard Aunt Plumy Ann tell Keziah,
"Let us make Mary Ann's New Year's cake."
How I clapped my wee hands as I saw them stir up
Eggs and sugar, and butter and cream,
As a sweet, rich foundation for any amount
Of wild nightmare and horrible dream.

Aunt Keziah did the stirring; I saw her put in
A big bowl full of raisins and spice;
While she went to her room for a sly pinch of snuff:
Little Plumy said, "Let's have it nice."
So she dumped in a cupful of raisins, then flew
From the room; and the very next minute
To the cake with some raisins Aunt Hitty came in,
And, as quick as a flash, stirred them in it.

Aunt Keziah came back, put the cake in the pan,
Tried the oven to see if 't would "fizz,"
And quite soon had it baked, although, when it was done,
She declared that it "hadn't half riz."
But, whatever its faults, it had none to my taste,

For I ate it all, even the crumbs;
What its real effects were, I can't just recollect,
But the cause couldn't be—lack of plums.



In the long years since then, Fate has seldom bestowed
Such a generous gift, rich and sweet,
And perchance it is best; perhaps acid and gall
May make human life much more complete.
But I think the most perfect work I've ever done,
Has been toil for affection's sweet sake,
Though, perhaps 'twas but adding superfluous plums
To some dear little child's New Year's cake.

M. A. BENSON.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE FLY.

This insect is a small, rapid flyer, and should have been classed among fowls, on account of its ability to get through the air rapidly. The fly first came into prominence and gained a place in history as one of the plagues of Egypt. What the bald-headed Egyptians suffered at that time will never be accurately known until the inscriptions on the monuments reared shortly afterward are deciphered. It may be just as well, however, that they are not understood, as it might add some undesirable words to our language.

The fly joins us in the early spring and lingers with us until frost or later. While it is here it is met everywhere. In the morning your appetite leaves you when you see it enshrouded in the butter on your toast; at dinner you detect its remains floating jauntily in the soup, and in the evening as you are eating ice-cream with your girl, the second spoonful reveals its fringed corpse with its little legs meekly folded awaiting your pleasure.

The organism of the fly is very wonderful; it has plenty of wings, six legs and hundreds of eyes. It can skate up a window-pane and walk with ease on the ceiling, a feat that would give liver complaint to anything else but a fly. Why the fly, that leads a life of ease and mischief, should have hundreds of eyes, and man, who has to hustle from the rising of the sun until after the performance, should have but two, is one of the mysteries of nature.

The fly and ant at the family board
Ofttimes complete the group;
The ant is in the sugar,
And the fly is in the soup.

E. R. COLLINS.

WHY SHE WEPT.

He was a Galveston, Texas, Sunday-school superintendent, and owing to ill health was compelled to resign a position at \$2,000 per annum and his care of the little ones on the Sabbath, having in view an idea of

returning to his childhood home (the birth-place of so many Presidents), Ohio.

In bidding adieu to his school on Sunday last, he delivered a feeling address. Grief was manifested by his assistants, and some of the scholars. At the conclusion of his address to the children, he bid them all "good-bye," saying he would meet them in heaven.

One young lady was noticed to weep bitterly, and could not apparently be consoled, so the affectionate superintendent went to her and asked if his going away was the cause of her grief. There were no more tears shed, and lifting her bright face that she might see him, said: "No, that is not the cause, but papa has been promising me that as soon as you paid him the \$150 he kindly loaned you some time ago, I should have an elegant new dress, and now you are going to heaven, and I won't get it, as you have not paid him."

IN NEW YORK, OF COURSE.

Police Commissioner (to candidate)—Suppose you were to arrest a criminal, and he were to offer you a dollar to let him go, would you do it?

Candidate—No, sir.

What would you say to him?

I'd say to him: Thy me wid a fiver.

A PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

C.—Did you say I never came home straight?

D.—I did.

What do you mean by slandering me that way?

There is no slander about it. How can you ever come home straight with those crooked legs?

A Yankee has invented a lathe on which granite may be shaped. He says he will leave no stone unturned by which he may make a fortune.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

First Student—I have pledged my word to my old man that next season I'll give up loafing and go to studying in earnest.

Second Student—Pledged something with your old man? Why, I didn't know he kept a pawnbroker shop. The very next time I have occasion to soak my watch I'll patronize him.

A CHEERFUL PROSPECT.

A. (to his friend B. at the ball)—Isn't it time we went home?

B.—Just let me have one more dance.

A.—You had better come on right now. Your wife will see that you have another dance after you get home.

WHAT HE GOT.

Smith—I saw you sitting in the arbor the other night with your Dulcinea. Did you get her consent?

Jones—No; rheumatism is all I got.

Well; ain't that enough?

PARENTAL PRIDE.

Herr X. is much given to spending his time at the club room indulging to excess in what is poetically called "the flowing bowl." Curtain lectures have no effect on him, as he does not quit carousing until he gets through.

Not long since, while thus enjoying himself, a messenger arrived in hot-haste.

"Herr X.," said he, "there is a girl at your house."

"Tell her to go away. What have I got to do with the girls? I am a respectable married man."

"But I mean a baby girl."

"What! Left an infant at my door? Send it to the police station. Nobody can blackmail me."

"But it is your own. Mrs. X. has presented you with a girl baby."

"O, she has, has she? That's very kind of her. Well, boys, I guess I'll have to put up a couple of bottles on that news."

And he didn't go home at all that night.

IMPORTANT TO SOMNAMBULISTS.

Brown (at the office of a celebrated physician)—Doctor, I come to ask you if there is no remedy for somnambulism.

Doctor—Do you really walk in your sleep?

Yes, I have been a somnambulist for the last two years, and it seems to me it is getting worse.

That can be cured. Just take this prescription to a hardware store and have it filled.

Take a prescription to a hardware store? You mean a drug store, don't you, Doctor?

I mean precisely what I say. This prescription calls for a paper of carpet tacks. Before retiring take two teaspoonsful of tacks and scatter them on the floor of your sleeping apartment. Two dollars, please.

HE TOLD THE TRUTH.

Judge—Have you ever been punished before?

Prisoner—Well, at all events, not in the last ten years.

Are you sure of that?

Certain, sure. I've just served out a ten years' sentence.



Not lost, but gone beef o'er.

MR. AUSTIN ADMIRES THE WIFE OF DR. SCHLIEMANN.



“HERE’S a wife for you!” exclaimed Mr. Austin, the other morning, looking up from the paper he had been reading.

“A wife for me? I don’t want any wife,” replied Mrs. Austin. “And you don’t appear to have much use for one, you are so smart.”

“A wife any man might be proud of,” continued Mr. Austin, ignoring the sneering tone of his wife.

“Are you speaking of Lot’s wife?”

“Oh, you’re too fresh for Lot’s wife. I allude to the wife of Dr. Schliemann, the man who dug up old Troy.”

“Was the Doctor a resurrectionist?”

“No, indeed.”

“What did he want to dig up old Troy for, unless he wanted a subject to dissect?”

“You would be a good subject for dissection, you would,” sneered Mr. Austin, “only I’m afraid you would be a little too dead.”

“Well, you ain’t the liveliest corpse I’ve seen, yourself. But tell me about this Dr. Schliemann and that wonderful wife of his.”

“He is a learned savant who takes great interest in old and almost forgotten cities.”

“He would enjoy Philadelphia, then.”

“Never mind Philadelphia. You sneer at that city because my folks hail from there.”

“Hail is a good word. They fairly snow us under, sometimes. But go on with your biographical sketch of the Schliemann family of resurrectionists.”

“A few years ago,” said Mr. Austin, without heeding this slur upon his family, “Dr. Schliemann took it into his head that he would find Troy.”



Dr. Schliemann and Wife Excavating Ancient Troy.

“East or West Troy?”

“I am speaking of Ancient Troy; the Troy described by Homer—”

“Winslow Homer?”

“No; Old Homer, the Grecian poet, who wrote over two thousand years ago.”

“What paper did he write for?”

“The Troy Budget, probably. But you don’t take any interest in such subjects, and I might as well quit.”

“Oh, yes, I do. Go on and tell me all about it.”

“Well, Troy was a city in Asia Minor, that, after being besieged for ten years by the Greeks, was finally taken and almost destroyed.”

“Did they destroy all the Troy laundries?”

“I wish they had, and then perhaps I could have my shirts done up at home to suit me.” [The laundry question is always an irritating one to Mr. Austin.]

“Well, after Troy was destroyed, what then? Did folks have to go to Albany to do their trading?”

“If I wanted to do any trading I would trade you off for a woman who had some sense.”

“I pity the woman. Perhaps you would like to swap me off for Mrs. Schliemann?”

“Ah, there is a woman to help a man along in the world,” cried Mr. Austin, with enthusiasm. “When the

Doctor takes a notion to dig up some ancient city that has been buried and almost forgotten for centuries, she goes along to assist him.”

“You mean to say she takes a pick-axe and digs, too?”

“Of course, she does. She has studied the geography of these old cities so thoroughly that she knows just where to strike with a pick to unearth a court house or a police station, it doesn’t much matter which. This saves the Doctor a heap of trouble.”

“I should think it would. But I have had a training that would fit me for just such work, myself.”

“You have?” exclaimed Mr. Austin in surprise.

“Yes, I have.”

“In what way? I would like to know.”

“Well, I have had to dig for a living ever since I married you, Mr. Austin, and I expect that I always will. So bring on your buried city; I’ll furnish the pick-axe.”

But Mr. Austin had heard enough, and he incontinently dug out.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU FOILED.

(Translated from the German for Texas Siftings.)

Dumont, the proprietor of a small factory in Paris, one day received a polite invitation to take supper with Cardinal Richelieu at his country residence. Dumont was somewhat surprised, as he had no acquaintance with the Cardinal; however, he made his preparations for the trip, and mounting his mule one afternoon he started for the Cardinal’s villa.

Dumont had scarcely left Paris when a tremendous storm overtook him, and he was obliged to seek shelter in a tavern. He was warming himself by the fire when a second traveler, who had been overtaken by the rain, entered. While the two strangers were drying their clothes by the fire, they entered into conversation with each other, during the progress of which Dumont mentioned his proposed visit to the Cardinal.

“Have you ever said anything to awaken the enmity of the Cardinal?” asked the stranger of Dumont.

“Not that I know of. Well, now I come to think of it, I believe that I did say something about the death of the Duke de Montmorenci.”

“And your name is Dumont?”

“Certainly, that’s my name.”

“You seem to be an honest man, Monsieur Dumont, so let me give you some advice. Don’t go to Cardinal Richelieu’s. You are mistaken in his object in inviting you to supper. He is going to have you hung.”

“That is not possible!”

“I know better, for I am the man who is expected to hang you.”

Dumont recoiled with horror.

“Who are you?” he asked.

“I am the public executioner. I have received an order to come to his country house to hang you. Overtaken by the storm, like yourself, I sought shelter in this inn. Your honest face impressed me, and I determined to save you. The Cardinal frequently calls on me to do things I abhor, and I am about to give up my position. You had better take my advice, return to Paris as soon as possible, and get out of the country if you can. I hope you will remember that I have done you a good service, and the least indiscretion on your part may cause my ruin.”

Dumont thanked the executioner, mounted his mule and returned to Paris as fast as he could travel. He then went to a friend to whom he entrusted his secret. By the liberal use of money he obtained a forged passport and finally reached England in disguise, where he lived until after the death of the Cardinal, which occurred two years later.

AFRAID HE WOULD NOT RUN AWAY.

Landlady—I don’t feel as if I could extend your credit further, Mr. Prettyboy. You know you owe me two months’ board now, and you’re not working, and I am quite sure you have no personal property of value except your other shirt with the embroidered stud holes. What security have I?

Mr. P. (reassuringly)—Oh, I’ll not run away.”

Landlady—That’s what I’m afraid of. If I was sure you would I wouldn’t mind keeping you a few days longer. No, I think you’ll have to go to-day. I’ll send Sally with one of my glove boxes to put your things in. Good-bye!

The expert steeple climber may be a bad man, and yet stand high in community.



POPULAR PLAYS.

Hans across the sea.

AN INDULGENT HUSBAND.

Bachelor—No more sewing on of suspender buttons now, old boy, eh?

Benedict—No, I wear a belt now. I’ve got no time to sew on buttons. Keeps me hustling to buy bread and butter.

THAT INEVITABLE POSTSCRIPT.

Smith—What has become of your wife? I have not seen her for some time past.

Jones—No wonder. She has been staying with her mother for the last two weeks. I got a six-page letter from her this morning.

What does she say?

I don’t know. I haven’t got to the postscript yet.

THE LUCKY MAN.

G.—The papers are full of social scandals, murders, suicides and the like.

H.—Yes; when we read about the misery there is in the world we must admit it is much better never to have been born.

G.—No doubt, but you must recollect that such good luck does not fall to the lot of one man in a million.

Wife—Great heavens! that new boarder has a fearful appetite!

Husband—I’m glad of it. Let us hope he will bite at our eldest daughter.



WHEN MOSE YALLERBY WAS REJECTED.

MOSE—Farewell, farewell, O faithless one; dis heart am yoah’s no more!

CHLOE—Git out! git out! yo’ silly chump; yo’ see dat open door?

I leab yo’ now; wif darkened brow I seek der midnight’s black expanse!

Well, go; but watch dad’s terrier—he might catch on yo’ pants!



"Martha, what's the matter with our having some New Year's punch?" asked Mr. Brisk, as he came in out of the frosty air, and looked longingly at the tea-kettle singing merrily on the stove. "I take great credit to myself for the moral firmness I have exhibited to-day; I haven't been near a saloon, and haven't 'sworn off' but once since dinner; and now, in the quiet of the home circle, under my own vine and fig tree, I am going to indulge myself with a little needed stimulus. To a certain extent stimulants are beneficial when—Why in blazes didn't you tell me that tea-kettle handle was hot? If you had half as much sense as the law allows you'd have a holder somewhere within ten miles of the stove. Get me some milk, if you know enough, and some sugar, too, if you can tell it from salt. It isn't everybody that can make a whisky punch that is perfect; that is at once bright and sparkling, and invigorating.

"You see the correct way is this," he continued, as his mother-in-law rinsed some glasses and his wife brought from the front room closet an old-fashioned punch bowl and ladle: "First pour the hot water on the sugar and nutmeg; no, I think it is the milk and sugar, then the nutmeg must be added gradually; put in the whisky afterwards; then cover the bowl and let all steam up together for a minute, and you have something indescribable, a real 'Elixir of Life.' In punch-making there is a decided deterioration from that of the ancient régime. There was a time when—Great Scott! Hand me that ladle! You are the very slowest mortal that ever tried to move about the house. I can fill the glasses while you are thinking about it."

"Are you sure it is all ready, Jared?" timidly asked his mother-in-law.

"Sure? Of course I'm sure. What else do you suppose I'm here for? I want you to understand emphatically that I made this punch and that there is no discount on it. Now, drink some, and you will pronounce it the best thing you ever tasted. Here's to the health of Mrs. Brisk and Mrs. Brisk's mother!" and Mr. Brisk waved his glass gracefully and took a swallow of its contents.

"This is really d-e-l-i-g-h-t-u-l," said he; "you see it is compounded so delicately, and the ingredients are so nicely commingled that you can scarcely distinguish the different flavors."

"Why, Jared," gurgled his wife, "it's just lovely; it tastes so much like the milk tea mother gave me when I was little, only this has got nutmeg in it."

Mr. Brisk took another sip from his glass, tasting it more carefully; then, glaring wildly at Mrs. Brisk, he roared:

"How much whisky did you put in this mess?"

"Me? Why, Mr. Brisk, I never put a drop in. I don't even know where your whisky bottle is. Mother, did you pour any whisky into Jared's punch?"

"Now, Martha," said the old lady fretfully, "you know I never touch his whisky 'thout I git the rheumatiz and want to rub on a little."

"Well," said Mr. Brisk, "no mortal man could keep his senses with a couple of idiots like you in the house. You didn't either of you have sense enough to put any

whisky in the bowl, or to tell me to do it; and how in the name of suffering Moses could I think of it with both of you goading me on to lunacy?"

"But, Jared, dear," murmured his wife, "you know you said you could put in the whisky afterwards."

"Thunder and lightning! So I can, and so I will. I'm going to the saloon right now, and I'll put in a plentiful supply, too, and don't you forget it! And as



The tea-kettle was hot.

he slammed the door behind him, his mother-in-law was shouting in her shrill, quavering voice:

"Don't make it too strong with milk, Jared!"

MARY A. BENSON.

"SUPERIOR" SCHOOL TEACHERS.

In one of the years of the earlier part of my pilgrimage in this vale of tears I was misguided enough to try to teach school. The only mitigating circumstances were that I was decidedly young and decidedly "busted" in a financial way. However, I soon reformed, and ever since I have been doing my best to atone for my bad break. I had begun to believe that everybody had forgotten all about it and that it would never be "laid up" against me, but I find that I am not to get off so easily, for about a week ago I received an invitation to attend a Teachers' Convention that is soon to be held in an otherwise pleasant city in Illinois. The letter of invitation is written by a school teacher who was once my school mate, and in order to induce me to attend he says: "The teachers attending the convention will be almost entirely of the superior class."

That settles it, gentle pedagogue. I won't go. "Superior" school teachers may be very fine things to have around, but I have resolutely schooled myself to getting along without

them. I can understand and appreciate a little rosebud of a "school-ma'am" who doesn't know so confounded much she can't sleep good, and I can have a very enjoyable time with a young man who doesn't think that because he teaches school there ought to be an aureole about his head, but when it comes to "superior" teachers—excuse me.

The superior teacher is usually about nine feet high and an inch thick, and resembles a Mackinack straw ready for pleating. He invariably wears a long-tailed coat that is from four to forty years behind the times, and a compassionate, condescending smile for all the benighted heathen who say "rowte" instead of "rute" and don't know the number of cubic inches in the planet Mars; he thinks anyone who differs from him politically is a traitor, those who entertain differing religious beliefs are heathen, and a man who doesn't agree with his prohibition views is of the scum of the earth. He believes that a young man who smokes is doomed to perdition, and that a young lady who doesn't go around looking like a Quakeress at a funeral is morally certain to be lacking in her chief virtue. His blood is about as thick as ice water and about as warm, but it is a popular belief that he has a sex. He always wears a full beard, usually of a rusty brown or faded black color, and he thinks what he doesn't know wouldn't fill one page of an almanac. He sometimes writes for educational journals and his articles ("Productions," he calls them) are liberally interspersed with the words "ultimatum," "transcendental," "paradoxical," etc. Verily, your superior teacher is the champion yap of the century.

If you want to realize how utterly bleak life may become, ride on a smoking car with a superior school teacher for a seat mate. Offer him a cigar and he will deliver you a learned lecture on the evil effect nicotine has on the mucus membrane of the alimentary canal, and when he finishes that discourse, out will come his pencil and he will figure for you what the money you annually spend for cigars would amount to if you placed it on compound interest until the time of the resurrection. Offer him a drink and out comes his little pamphlet of statistics, and he shows what a potent factor beer is in filling the mad-houses and jails. Then he caresses that unbearable beard and works off that old chestnut about "One of his classmates—a young man of more than ordinary promise, but he drank—and to-day he's dead." In sheer desperation you ask him to play cards, having a forlorn hope that you can choke him off in this way, but he is still on deck and trots out the decrepit old gag about "cards being an antidote to thought." You need an antidote to thought by this time, you even could make use of an antidote to existence, but your superior companion refreshes you with that intensely interesting story of the learned blacksmith, and advises you to eschew cards and learn several languages with the time you will save.

The principal pleasure and amusement of this superior being is contemplating his own superiority. He never saw a base-ball game or a horse-race, never played keno or stud poker, never traded horses, never went swimming except in a bath tub, don't know how to shoot off a gun, couldn't tell a billiard table from a toboggan slide, never hugged a woman, thinks the theatre an institution of your and my esteemed contemporary, the Devil, and thinks a man who doesn't say "day-po" isn't morally fit to be the head of a family.

I am not in the least particular about the kind of company I keep, but I draw the — at superior school teachers.

VERNER Z REED.



Mr. Brisk goes to put in the whisky afterwards.



A SPECIAL STYLE.

COUNTRYMAN (buying new suit of clothes)—'Pears to me, mister, that these pants are too short.

LOWENSTEIN—Vy, my friendt, dot vas our special style for suburban residents. You don't haf to roll dhose clothings up in the mud und look like von of dhose silly dudes!

THE PUZZLING AMERICAN MISTRESS.

Mistress (from the upstairs hall)—Bridget!

No response.

Mistress (from the downstairs hall)—Oh, Bridget!

Still no response.

Mistress (in the kitchen)—Why, Bridget; didn't you hear me call?

Bridget—Yissum.

Mistress—Why didn't you come to me, then?

Bridget—Faith, and wasn't it yersel' tould me if anny wan called you'd be to your sister's in the shuburbs, and cud I come to ye a droppin' me wurruk to go to the shuburbs and me a knowin' you wasn't there at all, at all, and ain't it the fool I'd be to be doin' the loikes o' that? Sure it's ravin' crazy you do be makin' me wid your ins and your outs.

THE INDEPENDENT FARMER.



IM JOHNSON was a horny-handed son of the soil, and as he read in his county paper the oft-repeated fabrication about the farmer's independence he felt the customary thrill of pride which was, however, abruptly superseded by another variety of thrill at the sudden entrance of his brawny-armed, red-head-

ed, freckle-faced wife:

"You, Tim Johnson, hain't you got nothin' fer to do but lazin 'round the house a-readin'? I declare to goodness if it hain't a burnin' sin and a shame and a temptin' of Providence the way you carry on, a stayin' up and a burnin' oil till after nine o'clock at night and a layin' abed till five o'clock in the mornin'. You're jest leadin' a reg'lar city gambler's life, and I wouldn't be much s'prised to hear of your a playin' that ere bunko next, only you ain't got no gumption to learn nothin' new nor to do nothin' right what little you do know, not but what you hain't none too good for it."

"Why, mother; I jest got in the house 'bout five minutes ago and I've been a workin' stiddy since sun up a —"

"Shet up! Gracious knows it's a mercy taint winter all the year 'round or I'd be a shriekin' maniac in less'n' no time a havin' a great, hulkin' loafer a layin' 'round the house from mornin' till night a feedin' and a

readin', and a readin' and a feedin'. Git right out o' here now 'n' if you hain't got nothin' better fer to do you can saw and split wood till I ring fer you fer dinner, and that won't be fer more'n three hour yit."

Out in the woodshed the farmer mused upon the article he had been reading: "It reads smooth and slick enough, and I s'pose it must be all so or they wouldn't put it in a newspaper, but somehow or other I don't feel so dirned independent."

CORT.

"PA'S HIRED MAN."

A rough, plainly-dressed man was standing at the rear of the Dorsey residence industriously beating an old white mule with the end of a plank. The old mule bore the ordeal patiently for a time, but at last "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and he raised his heels in righteous indignation and kicked and squirmed heroically, and made things fly in a general way.

Finally, the commotion became so great that the folks in the house—or at least the young folks in the back parlor—were attracted by the noise, and Katy Dorsey's new beau, Walter De Land, arose from his seat at the window and exclaimed:

"My gracious, Katy! Who is

that man in your back yard beating that mule so cruelly?"

"That man," answered Katy, as her face colored; "why—he—that's Pa's hired man. Why do you ask, Walter?"

"Why do I ask? Oh, Katy! is your heart like stone? See how that wretch is beating that poor dumb animal?"

"The mule is used to it," said Katy, faintly.

"Used to it? Oh! Katy—to torture a poor dumb brute in such a manner. It is outrageous!"

"But, Walter," pleaded Katy; "the mule—"

"No! no! Katy; don't intercede for the wretch—don't palliate his offense! Your kind heart will kill you yet."

"I can't help it, Walter; let us go into the front parlor and avoid the disagreeable scene."

"No! no!" replied Walter, firmly. "I cannot do it! I must protest—I must;" and before the amazed Katy could restrain him, Walter rushed out the side door and ran towards the stable.

"Hold! Hold!" he shouted. "Cease to beat that mule—cease, I tell you!"

The man paused, and seemed bewildered.

"Do you hear me?" shouted Walter.

"Hear you?" inquired the man.

"Yes; hear me!" repeated Walter.

"Sir," said the man, as he laid down the plank; "do you know whom you are talking to?"

"Yes," answered Walter, "I do. I am talking to an insolent hireling and an inhuman brute!"

"You are?"

"Yes, sir, I am; and moreover—"

Walter did not finish, for the "inhuman brute" caught him by the coat collar, shook him as a cat would a mouse, and rushed him along the pathway towards the front gate. The unfortunate youth's wearing apparel was considerably deranged, and as he ran by the parlor window he heard Katy's plaintive voice within, faintly crying:

"O, Pa-pa! Pa-pa! Don't! Don't!"

FRANCIS H. COPES.

CONFESSIONS OF AN EX-GALLERY GOD.

I was not reared in the lap of luxury, and I have not always been on familiar terms with affluence. In my youthful days I did not sit in the splendor of the dress-circle at the theatre, nor dazzle the common herd with my diamonds from a box. I occupied instead a throne near the ether blue dome of the opera house, as I

gathered my store of information from the stage. I have guyed the star actress and applauded the man with the performing dogs.

To me the greatest show on earth was the old, reliable Uncle Tom-er, which is still doing business at the old stand, with increased facilities. I admired its fierce, toothless bloodhounds, its tattered and tactless Topsy, and its deep-scheming Marks. If Uncle Tom himself had not been so old and feeble, and had turned a few somersaults around the deathbed of little Eva, he, too, would have won my vociferous applause. I recognized no good or evil from the standpoint of a gallery-god: when the beetling-browed villain knocked the hero out in the second act, and held the fluffy-haired heroine a red-eyed captive, I applauded the man on top. For I knew that the good did not die young—on the stage—and that the hero had as many lives as a common house-cat; that in the last act he would wed the fair, false-haired girl; while the stiff, pulseless form of the deep-voiced villain was being dragged away through the labyrinth of wings.

The stony heart of a gallery-god is moved by the sight of Enoch Arden's stoop-shouldered form, as he turns sadly away in the gathering gloom and plods wearily toward the nearest saloon; and I have often wished that Colonel Arden would get drunk, come back and reveal his identity, creating a *dénouement* that would shake the house from gallery to parquette.

I have sat dumb and motionless on my unpainted throne while the sylph-like form of the flower of the graduating class came upon the stage, swept her trail behind her and read the old, tottering story: "We stand to-day upon the threshold of life." To wit: The aforesaid flower was my sister, and I sat within range of my father's spectacled vision.

RICHARD S. GRAVES.

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR IS HARD.

He was a dirty, big-fisted, blear-eyed, whisky-soaked bum, and as he sat on an empty beer-keg with his elbow on his knee and his unshorn chin buried in his palm, he meditated thusly:

"If somebody would only take me by the hand—if some sweet woman would but place her little hand upon my arm and, looking up into my face with a winning, enrapturing smile, plead with me to abstain from the use of intoxicants for her dear sake, I believe that I could arise from this degrading depth like a Phoenix from—" Just here an ample hand, rudely grasping his coat collar, dragged him from his resting place and a threatening voice exclaimed: "Phat! And are yez dhrunk agin and not six hours loose! Sure and it's a foine, long vacation you'll be afther gettin' from his Honor the mornin'. Come along wid me, ye dhrunken Shpalpeen! Not a word, or I'll bate the brain o' ye!"

WOULD STOP HER IF HE COULD.

Mamma—Don't let me speak to you again, Tommy. Tommy—You bet I wouldn't if I knew how to stop you.

Lady—Here comes our pretty little poet. Poet—Pretty is all right, but am I really so very little? Lady—O, that refers to your poems. They don't amount to anything.



THE PREVAILING CRAZE.

JONES—Do you know who that lady in black is? SMITH—You can't come it, Jones. I'm not going to ask who she is and then have you say "McGinty's widow."

THE PAN-AMERICANS IN NEW YORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



HE PAN-AMERICANS TAKE IN NEW YORK—MAYOR GRANT IN A STATE OF MIND—HE EXPRESSES A FEAR THAT SOME OF THE DELEGATES WILL BE CLUBBED BY THE POLICE—OR FIRED DOWN THE STAIRS OF AN ELEVATED STATION—

OR BE BLOWN UP BY A SUBWAY EXPLOSION—OR THAT THEY WILL WANT TO SEE THE GRANT MONUMENT—SNORT SUGGESTS A PLAN TO FOOL THE DELEGATES—THE GREAT TEXAN'S LETTER TO JOHNNY:

NEW YORK, Dec. 24.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—I was about to leave New York for Washington city when Mayor Grant rang me up on the telephone. He wanted to see me at his office in a hurry. I went with such velocity that checkers weighing two pounds each could have been played upon my extended coat-tails, for Mayor Grant is one of my most personal friends.

"Have you got another crisis on hand, Mr. Mayor?" I asked.

"I have, indeed, Col. Snort. You know the Pan-American delegates are visiting New York."

"Yes, so I have read in the papers."

"Well, you know they are remarkably intelligent gentlemen, and I want them to carry away none but favorable impressions. If they become disgusted I, as Mayor, will be blamed for it."

"I understand, Mr. Mayor. You must follow the example of the woman who hangs out her wash in the front yard."

"I don't quite catch your meaning, Colonel."

"When a woman hangs out her wash, she hangs the finest pieces nearest the fence. The pieces that are shabby are kept in the background, where nobody can see them. These strangers from South America should not be allowed to see anything in New York except what is pretty."

"But how will we manage it?"

"Well, now, Mr. Mayor, you have got me where the wool's tight. There is so much in New York which ought to be covered up, but which is not, that I don't see how we can fool these delegates."

"They will naturally want to roam around town and see things for themselves. They will be astonished at our rapid transit facilities," said Mayor Grant.

"Yes, and suppose, for instance, Senor Don Valgame Dios, of Patagonia, gets back thirty cents change out of a five-dollar bill at an elevated ticket office?"

"Such things happen every day, Col. Snort."

"And when he remonstrates, a nigger porter fires him down into the street and fractures his spine. He will not be an enthusiast about our rapid transit facilities."

"And the blame will fall on me, Col. Snort."

"Or, suppose Senor Don Fulano de Trespalacios asks a policeman a civil question and is clubbed until he is unconscious?"

"I've known it done, frequently, Col. Snort."

"And suppose, then, Mr. Mayor, the unfortunate stranger is carted to Bellevue Hospital and an autopsy is held on him while he is alive, as was the case with poor Bishop, the mind-reader?"

"In that event, Snort, I'm afraid he would never care to partake of our hospitality again."

"That's just it. There is no telling what may happen to a stranger in New York. Do you think they should be taken to the theatre?"

"Yes; some of these delegates are doctors, and

would, no doubt, appreciate the opportunities afforded them on the stage and in the boxes of studying female anatomy. No doubt they will be very much entertained," said the Mayor.

"It would be very unfortunate if any of them were blown up by subway explosions or were to rub up against an electric wire."

"Yes; in that case they would not be likely to regard their trip to New York altogether in the light of a pleasure trip."

"And it would increase the veneration, for instance, of Don Ridalgo de Sabemuchio for our security to life and property if a 10,000-pound safe fell on him from the tenth story, or he was flattened by a beer truck."

"And yet it often happens," the mayor said.

"Nor would his relatives like it if he were buried in the potter's field before they knew he was dead, as has happened more than once."

"And, Snort, for all this I'm liable to be censured."

"And the ladies accompanying these gentlemen may go to Macy's or some other big establishment and have their clothes torn off and be tramped to death by the she-toughs that crowd those places."

"Oh, my Lord! I wish those Pan-Americans had remained in Washington," exclaimed Grant, wringing his hands.

"And they are sure to see some of our statues in Central Park, and have the nightmare afterwards and wake up everybody in the hotel."

"Well, I can't be blamed for those works of art. I didn't make them, heaven be praised for its infinite mercy and goodness."

"But worse still, Mr. Mayor, if those Pan-Americans are introduced to those New York flannel-mouthed aldermen and saucer-faced dudes, they will think they have struck a menagerie. A nice idea of your intelligence they will carry off."

"Yes, and if the strangers go out and breathe in some of the New York climate their reception will be more in the nature of a hospital than a hospitable reception."

"I think Jim Blaine has a spite at them, and brought them here so they will catch pneumonia and die," said I.

"Yes, and then he will blame it on me and Tammany Hall, and try to make political capital out of it for his party. Blaine is a statesman from the ground up."

"And what will you say, Mr. Mayor, if the delegates want to go to Grant's tomb at Riverside Park, that looks like a bake-oven, in order to shed a few tears?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Senor Don Curiosidad, one of the most influential delegates, has already asked me to show him the Grant Monument. I don't know where it is."

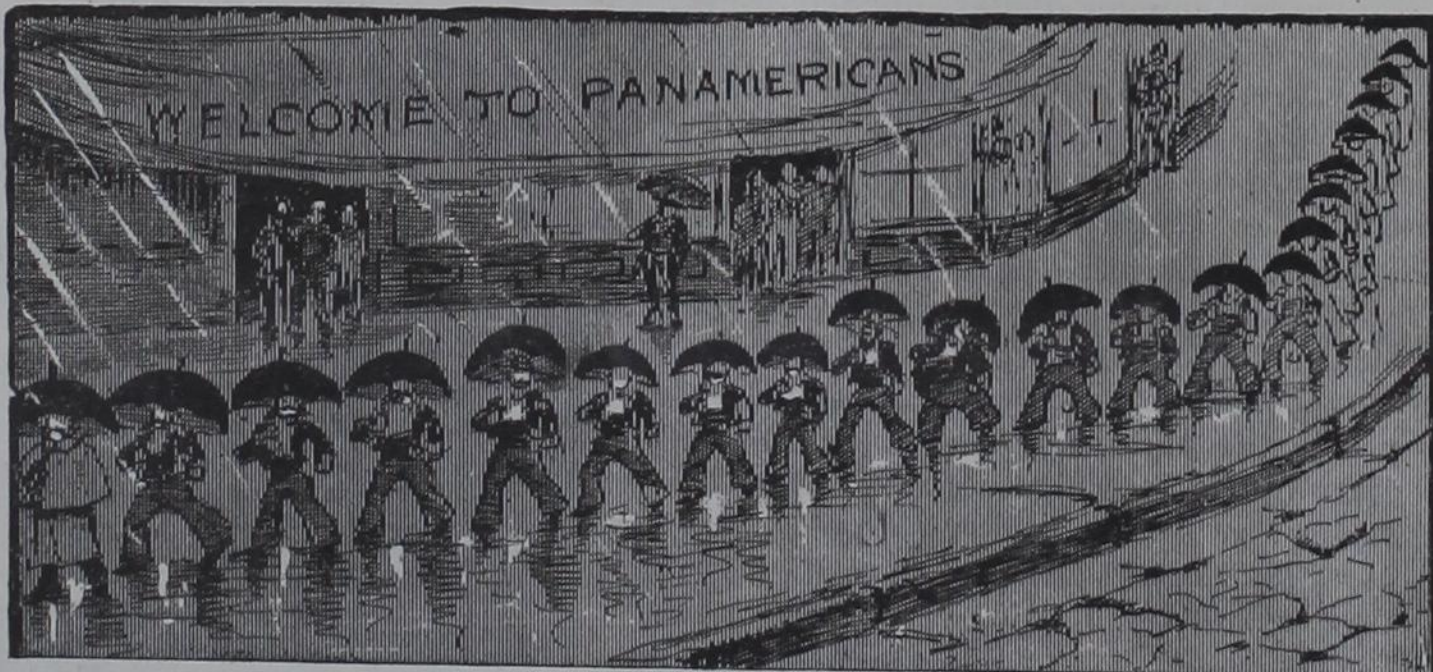
"He must think it very strange that the mayor of New York don't know where the Grant Monument is."

"I expect he does. And how shall I explain away the mud in the streets?"

"You cannot, Mr. Mayor, there is too much of it; but I've got an idea."

"Let us have it at once, Col. Snort."

"Keep them full of champagne, and they will never



The Pan-Americans in New York.

mind the weather; and as for the muddy streets, they will imagine them to be superior to the golden boulevards of the New Jerusalem."

"Good idea, Snort. I've got an idea, too. Now that the Van Chumps, the Astorviks, the Vanderclams, the Doolittles and all the other New York millionaires have gone back on us, why not make the Pan-Americans happy by allowing them to raise the World's Fair guarantee fund for us, eh, Snort?"

Mayor Grant is no fool, Johnny, if he does represent Tammany Hall. Take him by and large, as they say

in Boston, Grant makes a pretty good mayor. He doesn't please everybody, but who the deuce can? Even I you remember, while mayor of Crosbyville,



Leaf from a South American's Sketch-book.

you know that. Your friend,

had my detractors. They said I wasn't public-spirited enough. Not public-spirited enough! Didn't I chase the editor of a paper in a neighboring town four times around a block with my revolver, one day, for printing a lying report that Crosbyville had the small-pox, just to hurt trade in Crosbyville? They scored me for being seen coming out of the back door of a saloon wiping my mouth Sunday morning, after I had signed an ordinance shutting up all the saloons on Sunday, but the saloon interest had to be conciliated, if I ever expected a re-election, Johnny, BILL SNORT.

HE NEEDED REST

Anxious Wife—Doctor, how is my husband?

Doctor—He will come around all right. What he needs now is quiet. I have here a couple of opiates.

When shall I give them to him?

Give them to him? They are for you, madame. Your husband needs rest.

WHEN TO BLUSH.

Mother—Yesterday evening Mr. Brazen read several quotations from Byron, and yet you never blushed.

Daughter—I didn't know that I ought to blush when Byron was quoted.

FINDING A LOST CITY.

A Harvard professor professes to have discovered, on the Charles River, near Boston, the site of a lost city, but there is such a sight of lost cities on the American continent that he finds it difficult to draw attention to this particular one. He says it was founded by Leif Erickson, the Norwegian navigator, who led an exploring expedition to these shores nearly five hundred years before Columbus discovered us, in order to forestall Christopher. But the newspapers of that day didn't take much notice of it, and Columbus got the credit.

The lost city was called Norembea, according to the Harvard professor, but how he knows it was is more than we can say, since the town records must have been destroyed centuries ago. He even locates the tavern in which Leif Erickson used to put up, and by and by he will doubtless produce an old bar bill which Leif left behind, unpaid. He would just as Leif do it as not.

HE WASN'T STUCK ON THEM.

W. Farb—What do you think of Miss Shoddy's diamond ear-rings?

M. Spring—They would delight me very much if I was a bill sticker.

A bill sticker?

Yes, they are so pasty.

THE MARCH OF PROGRESS.

"You can kiss me if you want to, Charley," she said, "but"—and a delightful color suffused cheeks, brow and neck—"my little brother is behind that screen where you see the small hole in the centre, with a detective camera."



THE GIRLS THAT A YOUNG MAN RAGES ABOUT.

FUN-BLOSSOMS FROM THE SOUTH.

In one of our churches a negro—the sexton—does the duty of pumping the organ, and is visible to the congregation. One Sunday two countrymen, who had never seen an organ, came into the church just as the music began with a tremendous roar from the organ. One of the men grabbed the other and said: "Gosh, man, jes listen at dat nigger's bass voice; he is worse than the thunder."

A negro woman, who always on all occasions that the whisky could be procured was drunk, excused herself by saying to her mistress, who was scolding her: "Oh, misses, it taint fur de lub ob de drink, but jes to feel 'toxicated, dat I takes it."

An old darkey, trying to describe the May-apple bloom to some ladies, said, "Well, chil'en, I knows you is seen de crab-apple bloem."

"Yes, yes," they all cry in chorus.

"Well, den," says he, most solemnly, "dey ain't at all alike."

K. Y.

A LAUNDRY TRUST.

The Chinese laundrymen in New York have formed a laundry trust which embraces twelve hundred laundries. It is very evident that John is not as stupid as he looks. If he should ever manage to acquire the right to vote, he will, in a short time, be able to give points to the proud Caucasian. As it is now, even on the Pacific slope John is more than his holding own. In the language of the poet:

"You shootee me and hangee me,
You bootee me and bangee me,
Me doee workee, gettee boodle,
Livee on ratee, poodle;
Oh, me livee, oh, so cheapee,
And me workee while you sleepee."

ROUGH ON THE MUSE.

Poet—You have returned in the nick of time, my dear. Here's the grandest thing I was ever inspired to write. I'll read it: Canto 1.

Wife (bitterly)—Can't owe one? you needn't read it. I know all about it. I've just had practical experience in that line. The grocer wouldn't even let me have a

loaf of bread and a quarter of a pound of butter without the cash. There's no use talking, Josiah; you'll have to quit this nonsensical scribblin' business and go to work.

A COMMON COMPLAINT.

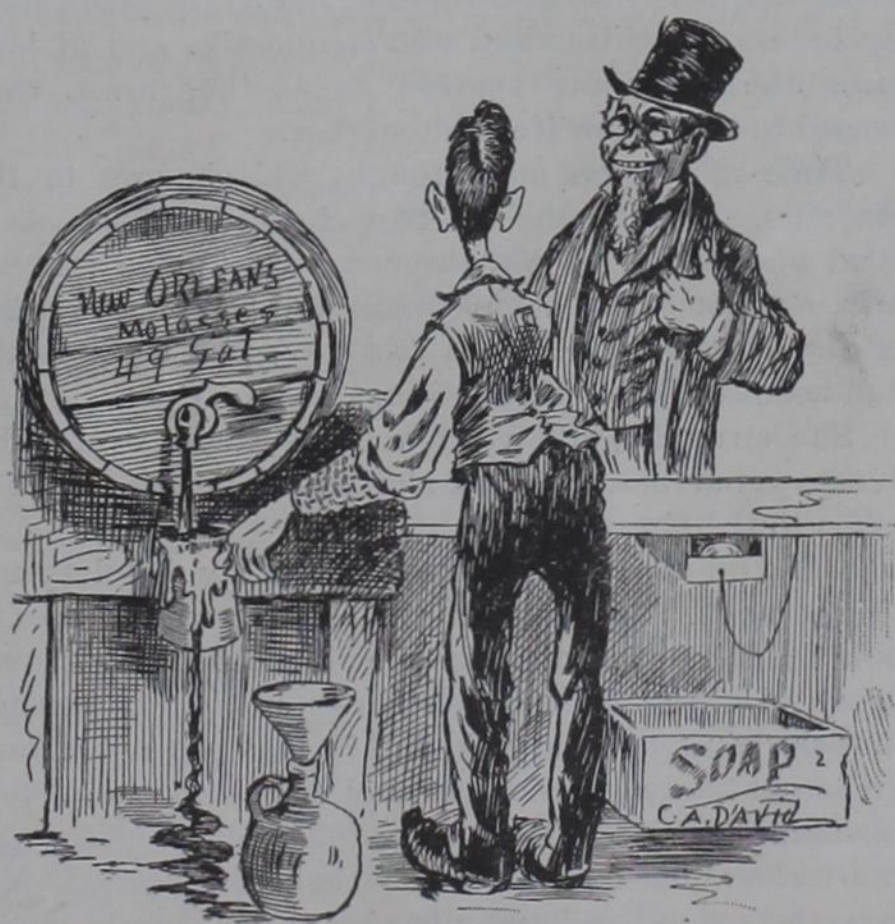
Friend—You don't seem to be very happy with your husband.

Bride—You are right; I am not.

Can't you get along with him?

I can get along with him all right, but not with his income. It's too small.

The founder of the Knights of Pythias is dead. After a while the oldest Knight of Pythias will begin to die, and there is no telling how long he will keep it up.



HE COULD DRAW.

TRAVELING PHRENOLOGIST—Young man, your head indicates artistic ability of a high order. Have you ever cultivated your talents?

YOUNG MAN—Oh, yes, sir! bin drawin' molasses off an' on fur about a year, I reckon.

A SUSCEPTIBLE MAN.

L.—Look at that beautiful lady. The very sight of her intoxicates me.

M.—Well, if that's so, you can stand about as little as any man I ever saw.

A TEST OF COURAGE.

Showman—Ladies and gentlemen, I will now proceed to enter the cage of this wild, untamed lion.

Intoxicated Man—That's nothing, ole fel. Just you tackle my (hic) wife's mother, and then you can brag.

A SOFT THING.

Proud Father—Charles, why don't you study at school? What will become of you when you grow up?

Son—O, I'll be a grandfather. I'll just sit around and do nothing and have the best that's on the table.

A DOUBTFUL CASE.

Lawyer—Your opponent will have to pay the entire amount, but you will have to stand the costs.

Client—Will you please tell me, have I won or lost?

HE WAS NOT SURE.

Guest—I want something to eat.

The waiter calls off a number of dishes, at the same time moving his feet about uneasily.

Guest (observing this asks)—Have you any corns?

Waiter—Don't know. I'll ask the cook.

HE WOULD LET THE HOUNDS TRY IT FIRST.

Jack (an enthusiastic sportsman)—Wouldn't you enjoy riding after the hounds?

Bill—Perhaps I would. I'll let the hounds ride first, then I may ride after them.

THE Southern negro hasn't done so badly. According to Mr. Grady the negroes of Georgia hold \$10,000,000 of assessed property worth double that amount. And we suppose that they are no more frank and truthful to the assessor than white men are.



AND HOW IT RETURNED AFTER MANY DAYS ON NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

HEN, the Hunters came into Hillport, from no body knows where, the general sentiment of the town was one of disapprobation. They had no end of boisterous, half-clad, uncared-for children, who ran wild over even the most sacred precincts of the village. These young savages were no respecters of persons. They whooped and shouted under the very windows of Judge Jones, whose name usually inspired fear in the breast of large or small Hillporters. Nor did they stand in awe of ministers of the gospel or show any regard for a church. In truth, they did not know the uses of a church, beyond the fact that it was a lot of fun to throw stones at it while people were within on Sunday mornings. And as for a preacher, wasn't he a creature whose long-tailed coat afforded glorious opportunities for decoration which made laughter for the decorators? These were the base uses to which the Hunter children put sacred beings and buildings. They did dozens of other things equally hateful in the eyes of the respectable portion of the community; but with all their mischievous instincts their depredations were never absolutely flagrant and unendurable.

By and by some of the more charitable of the townsfolk began to pity the forlorn condition of the young savages, particularly when it became known that their father was a shiftless soul, who loafed three days for every one he worked, and that their mother had lost whatever spirit or energy she had once possessed and was now merely enduring existence until it ended. And as for poverty, Hillporters had never really known what it was until the Hunters enlightened them.

One of the few persons who felt sorry to see the little Hunters grow up so neglected was Mrs. Raynor, whose pretty home was not far from their dreary dwelling. She had made the acquaintance of all of them, but had taken a particular fancy to six-year-old Ruth, a pretty child, with much sweetness and gentleness in her face and voice. Indeed, to look at Ruth one could not realize that she had been born to neglect, poverty and all the unhappy results these two evils breed.

Mrs. Raynor helped the poor little untaught soul to many an innocent pleasure and some substantial comforts. One raw autumn day she met Ruth on the street in tears.

"What's the matter, Ruthie?" asked the kind lady.

"I-I-I want to go to school and have warm clothes like o-o-other little girls," sobbed Ruth, shivering in her thin and ragged gown. "I-I'm so tired of being hungry and cold."

This blunt confession smote Mrs. Raynor to the heart.

"Don't cry, child, don't cry; I'll see if you can't have some warm clothes and go to school," and she took Ruth by the hand and led her home.

That evening Mrs. Raynor said to her husband: "George, I want to bring little Ruth Hunter here, put some decent clothes on her and send her to school this winter with our children. My heart aches for the poor neglected little thing."

Mr. Raynor arched his eyebrows reprovingly. "You'll be sure to rue philanthropy of that kind, my dear. It's a risky thing to bring a barbarian like her among civilized beings. You don't know how she might injure our own children."

"I'll look closely after all of them," said Mrs. Raynor. "Why, the poor little thing has had no chance to be anything but a barbarian. I believe there's plenty of good in her if some one would take the trouble to develop it. Besides, I believe we all commit a sin when we see children growing up like savages before our eyes and never lifting a finger to save them. Our duty does not end with looking after our own."

"Well, well, have it your own way," said Mr. Raynor; "I, too, feel sorry for the little waif; but I hope you will not rue it."

Next morning Mrs. Raynor went to the Hunters to ask for Ruth. "What do you say, daddy?" asked the apathetic Mrs. Hunter, as she sat in hideous rags with a dirty baby on her lap, after she had heard Mrs. Raynor's request.

"Do as ye like about it," said the fond father. "Yung uns are most too thick around here."

"Well, ye ken take her," said Mrs. Hunter, nodding to Mrs. Raynor, "an' if she don't like it over there among your young uns she can come back any day." This was said in the most independent and airy fashion, as though there was every possibility that Ruth might not like life in the Raynor family at all.

Mrs. Raynor smiled as she thanked Mrs. Hunter, and then she took Ruth home with her.

The child was overjoyed. Nice clothes and kindness soon developed her self-respect, and she loved her benefactress as only a young savage can love. She was bright and quick, and learned with surprising rapidity. The winter went by and she still remained at the Raynors. The summer and another winter, and year after year slipped away and she was still there.

At last Ruth was twelve years old, and a very sweet and lovely Ruth she had grown to be. Her comfort and joy, however, were soon to end. One day her mother came over to the Raynors and told Ruth that they, the Hunters, were about to move "out West," and she must go with them. Tears and entreaties were of no avail. The miserable, ignorant woman had



"Mother," said an eager voice.

long been jealous of Ruth's affection for Mrs. Raynor, and she now declared that Ruth must come home and share the fortunes of the family.

So the poor child went away with her unlovely family into a life that was hateful to her. For a time she wrote frequently to Mrs. Raynor, but as the years went by letters came less and less frequently, and at last, after the Raynors removed to another town, they ceased to hear from Ruth altogether.

Time moved on and brought sad changes to the Raynors. One by one the rosy-cheeked children sickened and died, and Mr. Raynor soon followed them. Mrs. Raynor found herself alone and penniless, for her husband's affairs were in a bad way, and his property had been seized by his creditors.

She struggled for a time, but sickness eventually overpowered her, and, as she was destitute she was taken to the almshouse.

Here, on New Year's morning she lay, helpless and sick at heart. She put her thin hand over her eyes to hide the tears of humiliation which trickled slowly over her cheeks. Silently she asked herself how she had sinned that she must be punished thus? Had she not always given out kindness wherever and whenever she could? Had not her heart always been full of pity, mercy and charity, and her hands ready to help the needy? Yet here she was; ill, old and a pauper, a recipient of public alms. "It is greater than I can bear," she groaned, as the full force of her humiliation came upon her.

Somebody began to sing in the next room. It was poor old Nancy, one of the county's feeble-minded children. In a quavering voice she sang:

"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

The words blazed before the brain of Mrs. Raynor and she repeated them doubtingly:

"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

Ah, but it was not true—the promise in these words was not true, it was not true. Had she not cast her bread upon the waters in deeds of kindness, again and again? Yet here she was, forsaken. The tears gushed forth anew—tears of such misery as many an eye which has known sorrow is still a stranger to.

The door opened softly. Somebody entered, but Mrs. Raynor did not remove her hand from her eyes.

"Mother," said an eager voice, "Mother Raynor."

Who could call her mother? Surely, every voice that had a right to address her by that name was hushed in death.

The next instant a pair of arms were about her, and young lips were kissing her faded ones. "Mother, my true mother, it is I, Ruth Hunter. Speak to me."

After the first shock of joy was over, Mrs. Raynor asked Ruth how she learned of her misfortune. It was easily explained. Mention of the fact that the county had taken charge of Mrs. Raynor was made in one of the newspapers. A copy of the paper containing this paragraph was wrapped around an express package and sent to the town in Missouri where Ruth lived, and by accident fell into her hands. After reading it she started at once to find her former benefactress, and never rested until she reached the almshouse.

"And now, mother," she said, "you are going with me to live, for I am married and have a happy home in which you shall be loved and cared for as long as you live. I owe everything of good that has ever come to me to your kindness in the past, and I am grateful for a chance to repay you."

Mrs. Raynor lay quite still, too full of gratitude and joy to speak.

"And this is New Year's morning," said Ruth. "Let me kiss you again for a Happy New Year."

The words of old Nancy's song floated in once more. How sweetly they sounded to Mrs. Raynor's ears, cracked and broken as was the voice which sang them:

"Bread upon the waters cast
Shall be gathered at the last."

"Yes, the promise is true," she murmured. "It shall be gathered at the last. Mine has returned to me to-day."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

HOT BATHS.

The London Lancet, a medical journal of the very highest authority, in a very learned article, which we earnestly commend to the attention of our readers, particularly those of a scientific turn of mind, conveys some very valuable information in regard to the effects of hot and cold baths. According to the Lancet, a warm bath, if taken suddenly, causes the cutaneous vessels to dilate. There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and so there is to this.

It has been observed that children who tumble into tubs of boiling water, and persons who participate in boiler explosions, do not dilate. On the contrary, they die soon. In order to enable a person to die late, or, in other words, to promote longevity, the warm water must be taken internally in small quantities, after having been medicated with sugar, nutmeg and a small piece of lemon peel. It has also been found efficacious to mix the warm water with equal parts of fine old whisky. Hot water prepared as we have described causes a pleasant sensation of exhilaration, lubricates the tongue, and has a general beneficial effect on the system.

In one sense of the word it does cause the patient to dilate. After having applied internal applications of warm water, we have known men to dilate by the hour, particularly if they get to talking politics. That hot water will make a man dilate when applied outwardly, is also a fact. We once saw a waiter accidentally pour a cup of water—it was ironically called coffee—on the person of a guest at the dinner table of a hotel. The effect of this warm bath was to make the patient dilate with rage, and the waiter would also have died soon, right then and there, if the stranger, who was from the West, had not left his pistol up in his room under the pillow.

A FARMER given to long drinks asked a bother agriculturalist: "What breed of cattle would you advise me to adopt?" "Short horns," was the significant reply.

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.



THE pirate's motto—"My bark is on the seize."—Ocean.

THE smell of the mince-pie is heard in the land—Dansville Breeze.

THE smartest Aleck in the world is Electricity.—Washington Capital.

DONE to a turn—The three-card-monte victim.—Binghamton Republican.

A POUND of cure ought to be a sovereign remedy.—Binghamton Leader.

PEOPLE always long for money when they're short.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

A WAIF is astray, and astray is a waif from home."—New Orleans Picayune.

A LONDON shop-keeper refers to love as a popular hearticle.—Merchant Traveler.

MANY a man has made a goose of himself with a single quill.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE late oarsman Searle was generally accounted a gentleman and a sculler.—Boston Herald.

IF a Bread Trust is formed the monopolist will surely take the cake.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A NEW fountain pen is called the Office-Holder. It doesn't work worth a cent.—Yonkers Statesman.

WHEN a hen makes a dead set for a family she gets it if she has half a chance.—New Orleans Picayune.

THE difficulty of climbing the extinct volcano of Iztacihuatl must be most pronounced.—Boston Herald.

A WOMAN may refuse a man her hand, yet be perfectly willing to give him her arm.—Kearney Enterprise.

Home from the club he comes, the hour is late,
And he finds his wife awaiting, stern as fate.
How true to him the poet's words appear:
"From gay to grave, from lively to severe."
—New York World.

THE wheels of matrimonial life run more smoothly where there is a little juvenile.—Terre Haute Express.

THE man who is "alone with his thoughts" often is surrounded by the deepest solitude.—Rome Sentinel.

WHY need the wild sea waves lash the shore? There's no danger of the shore getting away.—Richmond Recorder.

MANY a person who claims to be stage-struck turns out after a trial to be only stage "truck."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE rapid spread of the influenza in Russia isn't altogether astonishing. All Russians usually have a koff.—Boston Herald.

"NEVER mind me," said the pyrotechnist to his wife. "I am only going down to the city on a little rocket."—Rome Sentinel.

It seems to be generally agreed among right-thinking people that the bucket-shop is outside the pale of society.—Boston Transcript.

THE Watch Trust is said to be breaking up. It is time. A great many other trusts, by the way, need watching.—Norristown Herald.

A CYNICAL, suspicious man thinks that Potomac Sharps have been at work somewhere in the Potomac Flats legislation.—Washington Capital.

EMILE ZOLA is anxious to visit this country. No one will have any objection as long as he comes in the original French.—Rochester Post-Express.

THE claim that telephone business is conducted on sound principles seems plausible, but really it is supported merely by hearsay evidence.—Baltimore American.

WHEN the boys on the schoolship Saratoga begin their first cruise the most pertinent order and one that won't be promptly obeyed will be, "Avast heaving!"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Nothing contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of Angostura Bitters.

The Dare-Devs of the Mexican Army.

A very important subdivision of the army is the gendarmerie, a force charged with certain classes of police duties, of which the most responsible is that of keeping the highways clear of robbers.

The section especially employed as a road guard is known as the Rurales, and is by all odds the most picturesque, and in some respects the most meritorious, body of troops in the Mexican service.

The beginning of this famous corps was in the time of Santa Anna, when General Lagarde organized a troop of ranchmen that was known popularly—because of the rancho dress of leather that its members wore—as the Cueros. On the fall of Santa Anna the Cueros took to the road, and were such successful highwaymen that they presently were given, because of the lavish ornamentation of silver upon their leather garments, the new nickname of the Plateados.

The head-quarters of the organization were in the mountain of the Malinche, near Puebla, and its members very diligently worked the highway between the capital and Vera Cruz. Nor must these highwaymen be classed with ordinary vulgar robbers.

The conditions of the country at this period were such that hundreds of men had no choice between starving and stealing, and the Plateados conducted their irregular business in a chivalrous fashion, and frequently manifested a generosity in their treatment of the travelers who fell into their hands quite worthy of the gallant traditions of Sherwood Forest and of the courteous customs of Robin Hood.

In Comonfort's time the good thought was acted upon of turning the Plateados from road robbers into road guards, and the rather startling proposal was found to work out admirably in practice. The corps was organized, and still is maintained—being now about 4,000 strong—upon a footing unlike that of any other section of the army. Each man provides his own horse and equipment (excepting his arms), and is paid ten reales a day, out of which he provides rations for himself and forage for his horse.

The men are armed with sabre, carbine and revolver, and have a service uniform of brown linen blouse and trousers, though this is worn less often than the regular rancho dress of jacket and trousers of soft-dressed brown leather. The dress uniform is the rancho costume glorified—the leather jacket and trousers loaded down with silver buttons and silver embroidery, and the wide felt hat richly trimmed with silver or even with gold. The mountings of the saddles and bridles are of silver, and frequently silver stirrups match the rider's heavy silver spurs.

On dress parade the horses wear housings of tooled and embroidered leather, and each man carries at the pommel of his saddle, a light horse-hair lariat, and strapped fast to the cantle a crimson blanket. The horses are by far the finest, excepting officers' mounts, in the service, and are so greatly beloved and so affectionately cared for that they seldom get out of condition; while on review they positively shine. The men are magnificent fellows, fully looking the dare-devils that they actually are.—Thomas A. Janvier, in Harper's Magazine.

Public Speakers and Singers

Can use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" freely, without fear of injury, as they contain nothing injurious. They are invaluable for allaying the hoarseness and irritation incident to vocal exertion, effectually clearing and strengthening the voice. "They greatly relieve any uneasiness in the throat."—S. S. Curry, Teacher of Oratory, Boston. Ask for and obtain only "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES." 25 cents a box.

Electricity Versus Hayseed.

"Ef I plead guilty, squire, kin I explain the circumstances?"

"The law allows you to make any statement you wish in your own defense, without pleading guilty."

"Thank ye. Well, squire, I'm Nahum Cravens to home, an' I hev bin a township trustee for nigh on to seven year. I'm a Dry Baptist, too, squire."

"You are charged with disorderly conduct, Mr. Cravens."

"So the gentleman down stairs sez afore I come up. 'Twas this a-way, squire: I wanted ter see them things an' animals at the Bloo or Zoo place, an' a policeman told me take a red car at Fifth and the post-office. I sees a car a-standin' thar without no mules or hosses to it, an' I sez:

"'Be this the garden's car?"

"'Yes, sir; step aboard."

"'Whar's your hosses, friend?' sez I, thinkin' I should have ter wait.

"'Don't have hosses,' sez the feller in blue clothes.

"'Mules, I reckon?' sez I, thinkin' he was jokin'.

"'No mules neither. Hurry up; it's a-goin' to start,' sez he.

"'S'pose you work oxen on this line eh?' sez I, because I was gittin' riled.

"'No, you old jay, we ain't got no oxen,' sez he, snappish like. 'You've got one second to get on.'

"I got aboard, squire, an' had hardly time to look about when the consarned thing gave a jump an' went aflyin' along. By Jude, I didn't know what ter think. Whizz-z-z! whirr! ding-ding! I staggers out an' sez to the feller:

"'For land's sake, how do she go?"

"'Electricity,' sez he.

"'Whar is it?' sez I.

"'Up on the hill,' sez he.

"'How on airth does she get down hyar?' sez I.

"'Oh, rats! Go set down!' sez he.

"Just then I ketched sight of a pole reachin' up from the top of the car to a clothes line stretched along, and I sees into the trick. They were pullin' the dinged thing along with a steam windlass. Then sez I: 'Young man, I'm Nahum Cravens, a township trustee for seven year, an' I don't allow no city whippersnapper to fool with me, an'—" "Mr. Cravens, I know the rest. You fought like a pugilist and howled 'Murder!' You are behind the march of civilization, and I'm afraid hopelessly so. Pay the man with the large diamond here \$12, and go home and cultivate cabbages. Next!"

When the township trustee called on the old soldier for his valise and umbrella afterward that battle-scarred patriot offered the following sage suggestion:

"Mr. Cravens, don't be surprised at anything nowadays. These electrictricks are just raisin' jessy. Between me an' you, Mister Cravens, it wouldn't surprise me a bit to wake up some morning an' find a whizzgig lockin' up people in the cells I've been attendin' for nine year last Thanksgiving. Give my compliments to Missus Cravens an' the family. Good-by, sir; good-by."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Brownings.

Robert Browning lived long enough to see a very sharp distinction drawn between "the Brownings." Ludicrous as it seems to us now, thirty years ago he and his wife were ranked together and criticised together, so far as such an uncritical association did not preclude the possibility of criticism. No critic feels bound now to take judicial notice of the poetry of Mrs. Browning, nor does any reader think it necessary to his culture to become acquainted with it. The opinion of the judicious among those who have

read it was fairly enough expressed in a letter of the late Edward Fitzgerald, indiscreetly published by his biographer, and made deplorably memorable by the monstrous outburst of senile spleen with which it was resented by the aged poet, of which the only redeeming feature was that it showed that a bereavement of nearly thirty years was still to him a thing of yesterday. In this long interval Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been almost forgotten, and would have been quite forgotten but for the association of her name with that of a poet who has ever since been growing in the esteem of readers of English, on both sides of the Atlantic, into one of the first literary forces of our time, a force that must be taken into serious account by whoever undertakes a survey of the literature of the Victorian age.—N. Y. Times.

A Tremendous Sensation

would have been created one hundred years ago by the sight of one of our modern express trains whizzing along at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Just think how our grandfathers would have stared at such a spectacle! It takes a good deal to astonish people now-a-days, but some of the marvelous cures of consumption, wrought by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, have created widespread amazement. Consumption is at last acknowledged curable. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only known remedy for it. If taken at the right time—which, bear in mind, is not when the lungs are nearly gone—it will go right at the seat of the disease and accomplish its work as nothing else in the world can. It is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a *positive guarantee* that it will benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.

The New Yorker Wilted.

Up at the Hotel Richelieu is an enthusiastic New Yorker who has apparently learned by heart William Waldorf Astor's celebrated screed directed against Chicago and her claims for the world's fair. Upon every occasion he springs the damning charges that Chicagoans do not have servants to attend their front doors, and that they sit on the front steps on warm evenings. The other day he engaged in an 1892 argument with a modest young Chicagoan, and pretty soon he sprung Mr. Astor's charges and the Chicago boy got hot.

"We may be guilty of sitting out on our front steps," he said, "but I'll be blowed if we leave our ashes and garbage out on the curbstone, as you do. Why, you have no alleys in your big town and you fringe your streets with canfuls of odors which put our stock yards to the blush. A carriage may tip one of these big cans over and deluge people with ashes. Then we may open our doors ourselves, but in New York you have burglars to open yours. Get rid of your garbage cans and your burglars and then come at me."

The young New Yorker wilted.—Chicago Herald.

The Grave Gets Tired Yawning.

Seemingly, for certain wretched invalids who toddle feebly along, though always looking as if they were going to die, but omitting to do it. They dry up, wither, dwindle away finally, but in the meantime never having robust health, know nothing of the physical enjoyment, the zest of that existence to which they cling with such remarkable tenacity. They are always to be found trying to mend by tinkering at themselves with some trashy remedy, tonic or "pick me up" to give a fillip to digestion, or "help the liver." If such misguided folks would resort and adhere to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it would be well with them. This superb invigorant, supplies the stamina that the feeble require, by permanently reinforcing digestion and assimilation. It overcomes nervousness, insomnia, malaria, kidney complaints, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism and neuralgia.

A CANADIAN, being lowered into his grave, groaned in time to be saved. He must have been thinking of the undertaker's bill.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. GEORGE W. CARLETON, OF GAYSO,
DEMOCRATIC SENATOR TWENTY-THIRD DISTRICT, MISSOURI.

Not Recently.

Judge—"You are a freeholder?"
Prospective Juryman—"Yes, sir."
"Married or single?"
"Married three years ago last month."
"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"
"Not for three years past."—Terre Haute Express.

"Dakota Hot Springs"

Is located near Buffalo Gap, a station on the Tremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley R. R. Trains leave Omaha daily for the Springs. Parties troubled with Rheumatism should not fail to go there, as it is without doubt the only place to effect a *Sure Cure* without the aid of medicine or a doctor. Below is a clipping from the Sioux City Exchange (Daily). It says of the *Dakota Hot Springs*:

"These springs differ from any others in America and Europe, not only in their constituents, but also in the fact that the cures which have been effected in the past are entirely without the aid of medicine or the assistance of doctors. The cures which have been effected upon persons who have been given up by doctors are truly marvelous. When the plain facts are told and certified to by hundreds of persons whose veracity is beyond question, and also by some of the best physicians, they still read like exaggerations.

ANALYSIS OF THE WATER.

An analysis by Prof. G. A. Marimer, chemist, Chicago, Ill., resulted as follows:

Constituents.	Grains.
Silica	2.464
Peroxide of iron	a trace
Calcium sulphate	16.352
Magnesium sulphate	4.320
Sodium sulphate	25.620
Potassium sulphate	13.790
Sodium chloride and potassa	62.546

The chemical combination is so perfect that, notwithstanding its great specific gravity, the water is clear as crystal, through which the smallest object can be seen at a great depth.

These are the very best ingredients for mineral waters. The water also seems to be thoroughly impregnated with volatile elements, gaseous constituents, and highly charged with magnetic and electrical properties. Of the various theories that prevail in regard to these springs, which have probably been flowing for thousands of years, it is generally accepted that the waters are heated by the absorption of highly heated vapors and gases which emanate from sources deeper seated than the water itself.—G. W. B.

A Confederate Colonel's Bluff.

Just after the war there was a crowd of us in the billiard room of a hotel one evening, says a New York Sun writer, and among the "touchy" southerners was a Col. Gray of the Tennessee troops. He was said to be a duelist, a dead shot, a fearless man, and all that, and was therefore held in awe. Among those present was a long, lean, typical Yankee who had come down to smell out cotton. He looked humble and harmless, and had been hustled around a good deal without losing his temper. By some accident in moving about he bumped the colonel, and the latter promptly wheeled round on him with:

"Sir, you are as clumsy as an ox."

"Don't git riled, kurnel; I didn't mean to," was the reply.

It was a good time to bluff, and the colonel drew himself up and replied:

"Then apologize, sir—apologize at once!"

"I said I didn't mean it, and I didn't, but I ain't going to crawl, you know."

"Who are you, sir?"

"Wall, neow, I'm Isaac Williams, and who might you be?"

"You have insulted me, sir. There's my card."

Williams took the pasteboard, looked it all over, slowly read the name, and turned to the colonel with:

"Hev ye got any cotton to sell, kurnel? If so, I'm your huckleberry."

"If you have a friend let him consult with the major here!" replied the fire-eater.

Some one explained to the Yankee that he had been challenged, and he scratched his head, whistled his surprise, and following the colonel to the bar he said:

"See here, kurnel, I don't want this blame thing hanging over me all night and disturbing my sleep. Let's have it out now."

He fished up a Remington from his right hip pocket, a second from his left, and, handing one to the colonel, he advanced his right foot and said:

"Toe to toe, kurnel, and muzzle to breast. That guarantees sure work and no fooling. Somebody count five, and

then we'll begin the skirmish. My will has been made for two years, and I reckon the papers will inform Hanner how I turned up my toes."

The colonel took the revolver, started to advance his foot, drew it back, turned as white as snow, and laying the weapon on the bar, walked out of the place without a word to any one. The Yank had raised him out of the game.

Objections Not to be Ignored.

Wife—"Henry, I fear we shall have to look out for another house."

Husband—"Why, I thought you were well pleased when I secured this one."

Wife—"So I was, and it still suits me just as well."

Husband—"Why, then, this notion of changing?"

Wife—"Well, the cook and chambermaid both object to the arrangement of the house, and to its being off the beat of their favorite policemen. We'll have to move back to the old locality."—Boston Budget.

To Our Subscribers.

We have arranged with The Hintz Engraving Co. to furnish each of our subscribers with the beautiful engraving entitled "The Wedding Presents." Size of sheet 22x28 inches, a framed copy of which excellent production of art ornaments the walls of our office. When ordering, mention the name of TEXAS SIFTINGS, and send 30 cents in silver or postal note to pay for packing and postage. Direct all orders to The Hintz Engraving Co., P. O. Box 587, Cincinnati, O.

What She Wanted.

"Now, conductor," said an old lady, who got on the cars at Chicago, "I place my safety in your hands."

"All right, madam, I guess we can take good care of you."

"And if there is an accident, and the cars are thrown down a steep embankment, you'll be sure to wake me up, won't you?"—Rochester Budget.



ONLY KNOWN CURE FOR CATARRH. IT IS THE MOST POWERFUL NERVE Stimulant IN THE WORLD.

IT IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR HAY-FEVER, ASTHMA, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA AND COLD IN THE HEAD. WILL LAST A LIFETIME. A CURE FOR ALL DISEASES OF THE HEAD AND THROAT. GIVES IMMEDIATE RELIEF. FREE TRIAL AT PARLORS, OR SEND 6c. FOR ILLUSTRATED BOOK. BATTERY SENT TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD ON RECEIPT OF PRICE, TEN DOLLARS. REMIT BY REGISTERED LETTER, EXPRESS, OR P. O. ORDER.

Eyesight and Hearing Restored.

RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

Battery convenient for pocket.
Actinalco
86 5TH AVE., NEW YORK, U. S. A.

(Save this!) Beautiful Bosom. (Write Now!) "Woman's Rarest Charm," is produced by BUENA BUSTA. A woman's boon to women. Safe, Speedy, Sure. Send 25 cents and secure a \$1.50 package for trial. BIG MONEY FOR DRESSMAKERS. *Woman's Toilet Specialty Co.*, Berlin, Wis.

FOR SIX CENTS.

We are pleased to announce that we have made remarkably low clubbing rates with the ST. LOUIS MAGAZINE, the recognized leading low-priced American magazine. The magazine is beautifully printed and illustrated, and is a high-grade literary, historical and humorous monthly of fifty pages. Terms, only \$1.50 a year; specimen copy six cents, sent to any one. Address St. Louis Magazine, 901 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. We will send the St. Louis Magazine and TEXAS SIFTINGS one year to new subscribers for \$4.50, the price of both being \$5.50. Address TEXAS SIFTINGS PUB. CO., New York.



How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN AND scalp diseases, with loss of hair from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail. CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by THE POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP.

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

GLAD TIDINGS TO ALL THE WORLD.

LOVERS of health do not despair. GERMICIDE, a great germ destroyer, will positively cure CATARRH, Eczema, Tetters, Piles, Salt Rheum, Itch and all Skin diseases. Gladly would we send a box free to all if we could afford. So sure are we that we can cure you we will send trial for 35c. GERMICIDE CO., Akron, O.

School Supplies.

IF YOU WANT THE FINEST GLOBES FOR PRIVATE LIBRARIES,

If you want the best School Desks, the best Aids to School Discipline, Slated Paper, or any other style of Black Boards, or any other "Tools to Work With" in the school-room, such as Maps, Globes, Charts or Black Boards, the best thing to do is to write the J. B. Merwin School Supply Co., St. Louis, Mo., for Special Introductory Prices on these articles. This firm furnishes the best goods at the lowest prices, and will take pleasure in answering all inquiries. Address the

J. B. MERWIN SCHOOL SUPPLY CO.,

1104 PINE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.

We speak from personal knowledge, as we have dealt with this firm.—[Ed.]

THREE DOZEN

GOOD STORIES

Selected from Texas Siftings.

8vo., 194 Pages with 100 Illustrations

BY THOMAS WORTH AND OTHER WELL KNOWN ARTISTS.

This book is the sensation of the hour. The demand for it has never been equalled in the history of American literature. It is a book of 194 pages, containing more than 100 of the original sketches written by Alex. E. Sweet and J. Arney Knox, and which have made TEXAS SIFTINGS a household word with all who love fun and good humor, and is illustrated with over one hundred original and very unique illustrations.

Sold by all newsdealers and booksellers, or mailed to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents by

J. S. OGILVIE & CO., Publishers,

57 Rose Street, New York

MADE WITH BOILING WATER.

EPPS'S GRATEFUL-COMFORTING COCOA

MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

CHANCE FOR ALL

To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea. A TRIAL ORDER of 34 pounds of Fine Tea, either Oolong, Japan, Imperial, Gunpowder, Young Hyson, Mixed, English Breakfast or Sun Sun Chop, sent by mail on receipt of \$2.00. Be particular and state what kind of Tea you want. Greatest Inducement ever offered to get orders for our celebrated Teas, Coffees and Baking Powder. For full particulars address THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO., P. O. Box 289, 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

50c PRINTING OUTFIT, ONLY 25c

and 10c MAGIC HAT RACK, 25c

To get Agents and buyers we will, for 60 days only, send these two valuable articles

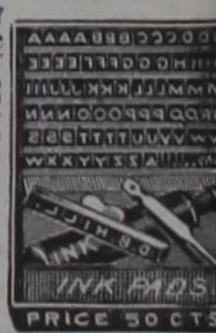
postpaid on receipt of 25c. silver or stamps. 3 sets 50c., 6 sets \$1.00. THIS IS A WONDERFUL OFFER. Outfit used for

setting up names, printing cards, marking linen, books, envelopes, papers, etc.; contains 3 alphabets neat type, type holder, indelible ink, pad, tweezers, all in most

easy with Directions, full Catalogue and terms. YOU can make MONEY at printing or selling outfit.

Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free. Address

INGERSOLL & BRO., 45 Fulton St., N. Y. City



Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



The success of Aunt Jack at the Madison Square Theatre is something phenomenal.

Dixey's Seven Ages, at the Standard Theatre, never seems to grow aged, although he does.

The old, time-worn favorite, Mazeppa, is the attraction at Jacobs' Third Avenue Theatre this week.

The Charity Ball, a new play by David Belasco and Henry C. DeMille, is the latest attraction at the Lyceum Theatre.

A vaudeville company, headed by Sheridan and Flynn, of McGinty fame, are playing for a season at Dockstader's Theatre.

Thursday evening, January 2d, is the time set for the inauguration of the Lenox Lyceum, Madison avenue and 59th street. Theodore Thomas with his grand orchestra are the chief attractions.

Faust was up to almost everything, and he is up to date at the Broadway Theatre. The London Gaiety Company is drawing crowds nightly in Faust Up to Date, an operatic burlesque in two acts, containing lots of good music and fun.

As You Like It, which has been called Shakspeare's happiest comedy, will be produced every night at Daly's Theatre until further notice, in the happiest manner. Daly's actors are all very happy in it, and they diffuse happiness throughout the audience, as they never fail to do in any comedy in which they appear.

Catarrh Cured.

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

At a Public Dinner.

Mrs. Pongee—"Isn't that Mr. Dolliver near the chairman?"

Pongee—"Yes, my dear."

"How utterly miserable he looks. Has he been ill?"

"Oh, no; he's all right. The poor fellow is booked for a funny speech to-night."—Time.

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. Hiscoc, 853 Broadway, New York. Mention this paper.

Prudent.

Mrs. Slimdiet (the landlady)—"Mr. Dashaway, let me help you to a little more chicken."

Dashaway—"Thank you, madam, but my doctor has ordered me not to over-work myself."—New York Sun.

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

The Poor, Overworked Senator.

A member of the Cabinet is represented by the correspondent of a Chicago paper as giving an account of one of his days to show how he is driven to death, not by his official duties, but by the demands made upon his time by political visitors, most of whom are doubtless office seekers, though he refrains from saying so. He says:

"I have no leisure, not even on Sundays, no recreation, and no time with my family; but this is the penalty of holding office."

It is not a necessary penalty of holding any office, however high. It is the penalty of holding office at the head of a department under an Administration that invites politicians to a division of the spoils and a distribution of patronage as party rewards and party stimulus, instead of taking a stand against such a system of prostitution of the public service. The pledges of the President and of his party honestly carried out would have protected public officials from these raids which consume time that ought to be given to official duties and to needed "leisure" and "recreation." If Cabinet officers are run to death they know whose the fault is if they only had the courage to admit it.—New York Times.

"Had Been Worried Eighteen Years."

It should have read "married," but the proof-reader observed that it amounted to about the same thing, and so did not draw his blue pencil through the error. Unfortunately there was considerable truth in his observation. Thousands of husbands are constantly worried almost to despair by the ill health that afflicts their wives, and often robs life of comfort and happiness. There is but one safe and sure way to change all this for the better. The ladies should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Johnnie Got Left.

"Mamma, I'm going to church to-night."

"Why, Johnnie, you never wanted to go to church at night before in the world. What makes you want to go to-night?"

"Well, this morning the preacher said his subject to-night would be 'Elijah, the fish bite,' and I want to hear it."

Johnnie was allowed to go, and when he found that the subject was "Elijah, the Fishbite," and the preacher hadn't a word to say about fishing, he was so mad he hasn't been to an evening service since.—Dansville Breeze.

Those persons who do not need Iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little Nerve Pills a most desirable article. They are mostly used in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most magical effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating, and you will be free from Indigestion and Dyspepsia. In vials at 25 cents. Try them.

Not a Charity Bowl.

Mrs. Monde (dressed for the ball)—"Take good care of the baby, Marie. Don't let the little beggar cry."

Mr. Monde—How can you call the child a beggar, my dear? He certainly has visible means of support."—Puck.

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.

Rather Wearing.

"Why don't you go to work? Why do you waste your time begging?"

"Did you ever beg?"

"No; of course not."

"Den ye don't know what work is."—Puck.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's Hair Renewer, for it is the great conqueror of gray or faded hair, making it look the same even color of youth.

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

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

BEECHAM'S PILLS, taken as directed, will quickly restore females to complete health. For a **WEAK STOMACH; IMPAIRED DIGESTION; DISORDERED LIVER;** they ACT LIKE MAGIC:—a few doses will work wonders upon the Vital Organs; Strengthening the muscular System; restoring long-lost Complexion; bringing back the keen edge of appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "facts" admitted by thousands, in all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the Nervous and Debilitated is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PATENT MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. Full directions with each Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold by Druggists generally. B. F. ALLEN & CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, who, (if your druggist does not keep them.)

WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS ON RECEIPT OF PRICE 25 CENTS A BOX.

BARGAINS IN BOOKS.

Special inducements offered just now in a desirable assortment of Standard Miscellaneous Books. Send for catalogue or call on

JOHN R. ANDERSON CO., 150 Nassau St., Room 1, and 843 Broadway, near 14th St., New York.

N. B.—All of ALDEN'S Publications at Reduced Prices.

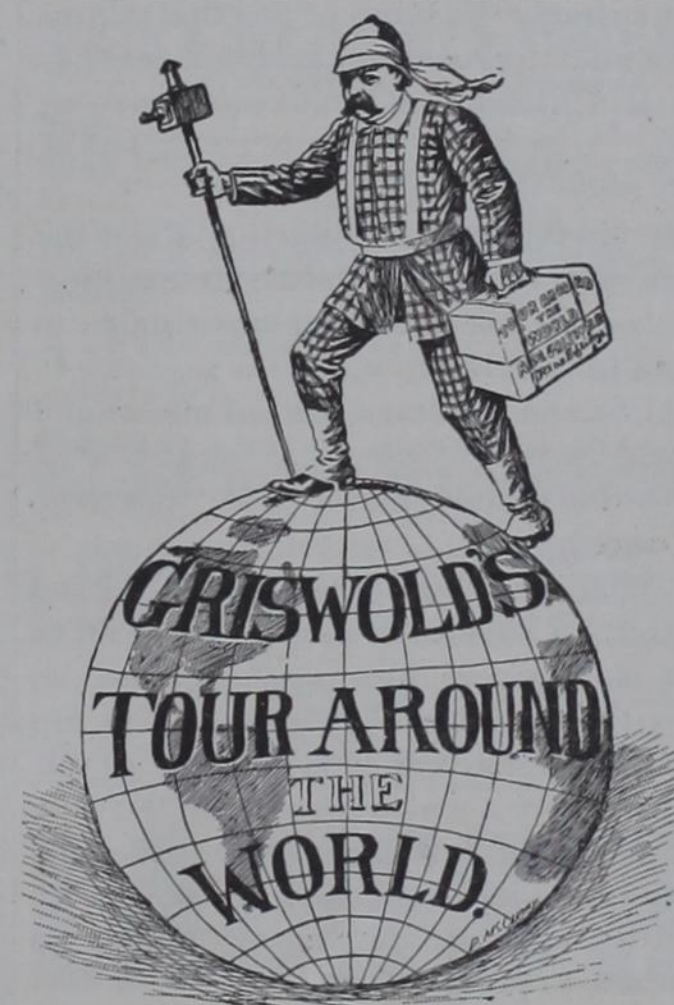
A Neat Compliment.

Old Gentleman (indignantly)—"Well, sir, what are you doing around here again? I thought that delicate hint I gave you just as you left the door last night would give you to understand that I didn't like you very well."

Young Man—"It did, but I thought I'd come and ask you —"

"Ask me what?"

"If you wouldn't like to join our football association."—Boston Beacon.



THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR'S"

New Humorous Illustrated Lecture.

For terms and dates apply to

Major J. B. POND, Everett House, New York City.

"DOWN WITH HIGH PRICES."

A \$65.00 Sewing Machine with attachments \$18.00
A \$50.00 Platform Scale, on wheels 10.00
A \$125.00 Top Buggy, Sarven Patent Wheels 65.00
A 2-Ton Wagon Scale, Brass Beam & Beam Box 40.00
A \$40.00 Road Cart, or Small Body Cutter 15.00
A \$15.00 Single Buggy Harness 7.50
A 240-lb. Scoop and Platform Scale 3.00
A 4-lb. Family or Store Scale, with Brass Scoop 1.00
Portable Forges and Blacksmiths' Tools for Farmers. Catalogue of 1000 useful articles sent free. Address

CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

STRANGE as it may seem, when the night comes when no man can work it's all day with him.—Binghamton Leader.

A GREAT COMBINATION.

Texas Siftings

(Illustrated) The Great Humorous Paper, The Witty Wonder of the Age.

OFFER No. 683.

With a mail order on this offer for 1,000

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: America, Texas Siftings and the Chicago Weekly Times for one year.

R. W. Tansill & Co., 55 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

\$225.00 CASH,
70 Diamond Rings,
50 PAIRS GENUINE DIAMOND
SCREW EAR RINGS,
26 Solid Gold AND Silver Watches
GIVEN AWAY

In our January, 1890, issue we published the first 100 names received in reply to our last Bible verse contest, in which we gave away \$225 in cash, a Solid Gold Watch, 25 Solid Silver Watches, and 71 Solid Gold and Genuine Diamond Rings.

\$661 MORE TO BE GIVEN AWAY,

Feb'y 1st, 1890. We will give to the first 150 PERSONS telling us where the word WIFE is first found in the Bible, before Feb. 1st, 1890, the following valuable prizes: To the 1st person giving the correct answer, \$100; 2d, \$75; 3d, \$50; 4th, a Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch; 5th, a Beautiful Diamond Ring; to each of the next 25, a Solid Silver Watch; 50 pairs Diamond Screw Ear Rings (perfect little gems); to each of the next 70 if there be so many correct answers, a Beautiful Solid Gold Ring set with genuine Diamonds. With your answer send 25c. to help cover expense of this adv't, postage, &c., and we will send you our Illustrated 16 page Monthly for 4 months and our new Illustrated Catalogue of Watches, Diamonds, &c. Our 11th Monthly of March issue will announce the result of the contest, with names and addresses of the winners. This offer is made solely to introduce our publications into new homes. We, as publishers, are thoroughly known. "Honesty and Square Dealing" is our motto. Our MONTHLY was established in 1877. Give full name and address. (Stamps taken.) Address

BLANCHARD'S ILLUSTRATED JOURNAL,
5 & 7 Warren Street, New York.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



In Godey's Lady's Book for January are several short stories appropriate for the new year. Major and Mrs. Hannibal Hawkins, their Bridal Tour, is a funny Yankee story, by Belle C. Green. The usual fashion plates and articles may be found.

Mrs. Croly's (Jenny June) new journal, the Woman's Cycle, seems to be on the high road to prosperity. The number for Dec. 26, which is before us, presents a very excellent table of contents. A Christmas Sermon is preached by Starr Hoyt Nichols; Jenny June writes interestingly of The Barye Exhibition and the Masterpieces. Ella Dietz Clymer (President of Sorosis) contributes a charming poem. Theodore Stanton has an entertaining paper on the Women of France.

The Cottage Hearth for January presents an interesting table of contents. Belle V. Chisholm contributes a short story entitled Laying up Treasures, though she doesn't lay down any rule for laying them up. People in Whom You are Interested gives portraits and short sketches of David Peck Todd, who was in charge of the expedition sent from the United States to Japan to observe the eclipse of the sun in 1887; Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Eliza Cook, Gen. Baum and others.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for January is a charming holiday number. The frontispiece illustration, A Fair Masquerader, is a pictorial gem in color and gold. There is an interesting paper by Lieut. W. H. Beehler, U. S. N., on The United States Navy and West India Piracy, with illustrations. Mary Gray Umsted describes A Christmas in the Rockies. The young folks will be much interested in Nan in Goblin Land, profusely illustrated. Thee and Me is a good Christmas tale. This is the largest and cheapest magazine published in the world (\$3.00 a year), and is edited by the accomplished Mrs. Frank Leslie herself.

Good Suggestion.

Editor—"I really don't know whether you intended this article to be funny or otherwise."

Author (inspired)—"Can't you use it in your puzzle department, then?"—Puck.

"Give Him \$2, and Let Him Guess."

We once heard a man complain of feeling badly, and wondered what ailed him. A humorous friend said, "Give a doctor \$2, and let him guess." It was a cutting satire on some doctors, who don't always guess right. You need not guess what ails you when your food don't digest, when your bowels and stomach are inactive, and when your head aches every day, and you are languid and easily fatigued. You are bilious, and Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets will bring you out all right. Small, sugar-coated, easy to take. Of druggists.

Our Kaleidoscope.

It does not speak well for the chivalry of the age, to say nothing of its being a libel on our boasted civilization, that the poorest paid labor is female labor. In all the large cities, in workshops and factories, in stores and offices, women and girls are toiling, slaving for wages so scanty that they can scarcely keep soul and body together.

Tom Hood sang the "Song of the Shirt" and touched the hearts of all, save the most sordid, who read it:

"Oh, men with sisters dear!
Oh, men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives."

The poet's plea in behalf of toiling needlewomen did much to awaken public interest in their behalf, the result of which was better treatment and better pay for them. But were Hood alive today to see the distress, the poverty, the bitter slavery of toiling womanhood, he might well say this is a barbarous and cruel age; for the condition of the seamstress is infinitely worse than it was half a century ago. The London Telegraph, in a recent article on this subject and referring to the condition of the women of England who earn their living with their needles, says: "When before in the world's history has the increase of the population of a mighty nation told with such merciless effect upon the women who work? When before have these forlorn creatures, by the exigencies of civilization been so hunted for house-room that they find themselves compelled to pay fifty and sixty per cent. of their earnings for a roof to shelter them, and to share three parts of their crust with their landlords? Political economists insist, with unerring truth, that no sane man should spend more than a tenth of his income in house rent; but the slave of the shirt week after week gives one shilling nine pence out of an earned half-crown for her desolate room, and has to sacrifice for this necessity the dry bread that sustains the scrap of fire that warms her chilled feet and her aching bones."—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

Wanted Inducements.

An old fellow, after standing about the corridor of the Grand Pacific Hotel nearly all day, at last found an opportunity to speak to the clerk.

"I reckon you have noticed me around here."

"I don't know that I have," the clerk answered.

"Why, I've been here all day; but no matter. I have been wanting to speak to you on business, but you have been so busy that I couldn't get a chance. I am from Michigan, and expect to stay in this town nearly a whole week, and I'd like to know what inducements you offer for folks stoppin' at your hotel."

"No inducements except that we do our best to please."

"No discount for cash in advance?"

"None."

"Don't make a man a little present when he leaves, I reckon?"

"No."

"Just let him go on away as a matter of course?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't reckon we can trade. I have lived too long and I've earned too much to throw away money without any inducement."—Arkansas Traveler.

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

A MAN'S hair is a good deal like a man himself. After a certain age it ceases to come to the front.—Burlington Free Press.

Starch grows sticky—common powders have a vulgar glare. Pozzoni's is the only Complexion Powder fit for use.

That Sunday Morning Shave.

They were walking along Fifth avenue, returning the salutations of smiling friends, who, as John remarked, were even more smiling than usual on that sunny Sunday morning, when she turned to her husband with the sweetest smile of all, and said:

"John, dear, when nobody's looking, rub that off your chin—that—that blotch of dried shaving soap." John had his handkerchief out in a jiff, and was at it.

"Off?" he asked.

"No, not quite; rub a trifle more to the right."

"Ah, yes, more to the right. No? Left, you say? How's that? Off now? Now? N—by Jove, Cornelia, so help me! If there isn't a blotch of shaving soap on your chin, too, only on t'other side!"

And in a twink Cornelia was at that smoothest, loveliest, dearest little chin of hers, with the dearest little lace handkerchief, and the prettiest blush on her cheeks, and John was almost willing to show the world right there on Fifth avenue how that blotch had its counterpart on Cornelia's chin—but he didn't.—Puck.

He Didn't Like to Experiment.

"No," said the man who keeps a grocery store to his clerical customer, "I don't think I'll join the church. I have all the respect in the world for religion in itself, but I don't like the idea of being a member of any church."

"Why not?"

"It's this way. I have observed that when people join church there is a sort of feeling of assumed kinship established by which people address each other as brothers and sisters."

"Very true."

"Well, I've got so many mean relations now that dislike to try any experiments."—Merchant Traveler.



Radway's
READY RELIEF
Price 50 Cts.
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL
Instantly Stop Pain
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS,
& MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.
A representation of the engraving on our
wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver, and whole Digestive organs. 25 cents.

DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT, for the Blood.

FREE
HORSE & BUGGY
\$75 PER MONTH SALARY
and expenses paid, any active man or woman to sell a line of Silver Plated Ware, Watches and Jewellery 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.

Indigestion

IS not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

SOLID GOLD & FILLED GOLD AMERICAN MOVEMENT
STEM-WINDING ACCURATE TIMEKEEPER
WARRANTED 5 YEARS
ONLY \$3.50

Having recently purchased the entire stock of watches of the bankrupt firm of Welden, Richards & Co., consisting of solid gold, silver, and gold-filled cases, we shall offer a portion of the entire lot at prices never before heard of in the watch trade. Among the stock are \$750 American Make stem winders, in solid gold-filled cases, which we shall sell singly or by the dozen to private parties or the trade at the unheard-of low price of \$3.50 each. Each and every watch is guaranteed a perfect time-keeper, and each watch is accompanied with our written guarantee for five years. Think of it! A genuine, Stem-winding, American Movement watch, in solid, gold-filled cases and guaranteed for five years, for \$3.50. Those wanting a first-class, reliable time-keeper, at about one-third retail price, should order at once. Watch speculators can make money by buying by the dozen to sell again.

Solid Gold Watches at \$3.50.

These watches must be sold, and as an inducement for you to order quickly, we will send to each of the first one hundred, ordering from this advertisement, a solid, 14k Gold Watch worth \$50, provided \$3.50 is sent with the order. Elegant, SOLID ROLLED GOLD CHAINS of the latest patterns, for \$1.00, \$2.00, \$3.00, and up ORDER AT ONCE. Be one of the first and get a solid gold watch for \$3.50. All are stem-winding, elegantly finished, and guaranteed perfectly satisfactory in every way. Send money by registered letter or P. O. order at our risk. Watches and chains sent safely by registered mail to any address, provided 25 cents extra is sent to pay postage.

EUROPEAN WATCH CO.,
87 College Place, New York.

THE ONLY PRACTICAL LOW-PRICED
\$15 TYPEWRITER

Catalogue free. Address Typewriter Depart., POPE MFG. CO., Makers of Columbia Cycles, Boston, New York, Chicago.

TRADE MARK
NEW
OTEGO
COLLAR

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

BRACE UP!

Whatever **H**is name
He should h**A**ve won fame.
The peo**P**le should raise
Appro**P**riate praise,
And great**Y** exalt
Towards heav**N**'s blue vault,
The fam**E** of the man
Who the Ne**W** Year did plan.
Everyb**o**d**y** then buys
A book of gr**E**at size,
And turns **A** new leaf,
And the refo**R**m though brief,
Convinc**e**s **T**he man,
If he'll d**o** it, he can
Turn aw**ay** from his beer,
His tobacc**o**, and "queer,"
And brace **U**p a whole year.
—Danzville Breeze.

THE DRUM MAJOR.

With martial tread and haughty mien he leads the
big brass band,
No ruler half so proud as he, no potentate so grand.
The shop girls gaze in wild amaze upon his stalwart
charms,
And his fierce glance fills the small boy's soul with
wild and vague alarms.
When the big parade is over, and silenced each
blaring horn,
He comes down town in a \$10 suit, which is some-
what faded and worn,
And a meeker, milder-mannered man it would be
hard to meet
For fifteen blocks in either direction upon the
crowded street.
—Terre Haute Express.

MA Y'S LITTLE CAMERA.

A little camera Mary had—
She did not think it wrong—
And every place that Mary went,
She took the thing along.
'Twas of the instantaneous kind;
'Twould take the lightning's flash
Or anything more quickly than
The miser takes his cash.
She tried the camera on a fly
And caught it as it flew,
And of the quickly leaping flea
She got a splendid view.
But when she tried to catch a boy
Who o'er his school books pored,
The instantaneous process failed,
She was completely floored.
The times when he began a task
Were very, very few,
And when he did begin she failed,
Since he so soon was through.
—Columbus (O.) Dispatch.

BIRTH OF THE NEW YEAR.

A new-born year! Behold the merry youngster
Crowing in the lap of Nature!
How like
He is unto his kinsman—him, the white-haired sire
We saw but yesternight entombed amid
The sob of tooting horns, and swing of bells,
And other lively signs of woe, and grief
That is peculiar. Upon his bier
We lay regrets, and bury with him, deep,
All sorrow; for, lo, his heir doth fill us
With gay promises of joy, of fruited hopes—
Yea, much with which his worthy sire sometime
Did flatter, and sometime forgot.
Verily,
These birthdays, like our own, are glad events
To brighten and to smooth our lifeway; e'n
Though they be, quite like our own, set milestones
At the side, to mind us that the journey
Hath an end—What then? What head of wisdom
Cares to hinder? Eternal youth might face
Eternity of travel; but that rare staff
By man's transgression lost, he bends beneath
His load of years and bundled ills that jade.
The way. Then, like as the footsore traveler
Greets the road-side inn, so waits he, thankful,
For the rest that lies beyond.
So, then,
Come on, ye Years! we'll meet your natal day
With merry mood and feasting, while we may.
—Joseph Whitton, in Table Talk.

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 Childrén, she gave them Castoria,

Gazettelings.

WITH HIS FORCES.

The dentist, while not being over adept
At what the boys designate "stunts,"
Than some of the tradesmen a little more dexter-
ous is
For he often does tooth things at once.
Money coiners may be lovers of pie in
general but they prefer to get to work
at the mints.
The fisherman takes no credit to him-
self for giving caste to his calling; it is
right in his line.
The mendicant knows nothing of the
"short weight" dollar; it is always a
long wait before he gets one.
The coal merchant who lives over the
way is as apt as any to be under the
weigh in his business transactions.
When you catch a boy getting over a
fence with tears in his eyes you won't
have to look far for the seat of his trouble.
"Did you hear about Mrs. Fluffy,
Belle? Her extravagance in dress has
driven her husband to put her on short
allowance."
"Umph! She's used to that. She
was a ballet dancer before he married
her."—Yonkers Gazette.

Queer Judicial Utterances.

It was an English justice of the high
court to whom, in former days, was at-
tributed the famous exordium of a charge
to a jury in a case of larceny: "For
forty centuries the thunders of Sinai have
echoed through the world, 'Thou shalt
not steal.' This is also a principle of the
common law and a rule of equity." When
Swift and Pope made their celebrated
excursion into the art of sinking in poetry,
they never contrived any pathos more
perfect or complete than this.
Almost as delightful, though expressed
without the same literary skill, is the
sentence of a president of a court mar-
tial: "Prisoner, not only have you com-
mitted murder, but you have run a bayo-
net through the breeches of one of her
majesty's uniforms."
Perhaps, however, the best of all such
judicial utterances is that ascribed to a
rural justice of the peace: "Prisoner, a
bountiful Providence has endowed you
with health and strength, instead of
which you go about the country stealing
hens."—Exchange.



Children
always
Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypo-
phosphites of Lime and Soda is
almost as palatable as milk.
Children enjoy it rather than
otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH
PRODUCER it is indeed, and the
little lads and lassies who take cold
easily, may be fortified against a
cough that might prove serious, by
taking Scott's Emulsion after their
meals during the winter season.
Beware of substitutions and imitations.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST.

A NOVEL.

Descriptive of Adventures,

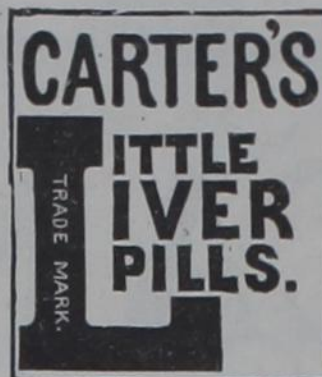
FROM THE CHAPARRAL TO WALL ST.

BY A WALL STREET MAN.

Printed from New, Large Type. Bound in Paper Cov-
ers. Price Fifty Cents.

POLLARD & MOSS, Publishers,

42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, N. Y.



CURE SICK HEAD

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles inci-
dent to a bilious state of the system, such as
Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after
eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
remarkable success has been shown in curing
Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are
equally valuable in Constipation, curing and pre-
venting this annoying complaint, while they also
correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the
liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only
cure

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

100 SONGS for a 2 cent stamp Home & Youth, CADIZ, O.

Ask your store-keeper for a bundle of COLGAN'S
TAFFY-TOLU. It's delicious.PHOTOS 19 Lovely Beauties, sealed, only 10c.; 58
25c. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S
POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Men-
tion TEXAS SIFTINGS.A. GOODRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 124 Dear
born St., Chicago, Ill. Advice free. 21 years'
experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.PLAYS Dialogues, Tableaux, Speakers, for
School, Club & Parlor. Best out. Cata-
logue free. T. S. DENISON, Chicago, Ill.\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home
for any man or lady. Write
at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.\$5 to \$8 a day. Samples worth \$2.15 FREE
Lines not under horses' feet. Write Brew-
ster Safety Rein Holder Co., Holly, MichMADAME GIOVANNINI, 103 East 61st street. Young
Ladies' Home School of Music, Languages, Elo-
cution and Painting. English Department. Terms
moderate.AGENTS wanted. \$1 an hour. 50 new articles.
Catalogue and sample Free. C. E. MARSHALL,
Lockport, N. Y.\$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 30 best sell-
ing articles in the world. 1 sample Free.
Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.LOVE COURTSHIP and MARRIAGE. Won-
derful secrets, revelations and discoveries for mar-
ried or single, securing health, wealth and happi-
ness to all. This handsome book of 160 pages,
mailed for only 10c. Union Pub. Co., Newark, N. J.We grow heavy mustaches in 20 to 30 days. DYKE'S
2 or 3 Pig's. do it. Pay
needed. As proof, send to
Dollar size Pig's, for 25c.
credit. Stamps taken.
whiskers, and hair on bald heads.
BEARD ELIXIR, the only remedy,
Agents, 50¢ per day. No experience
need out friends, we mail, anywhere,
4 for 50c, or 12 for \$1. We ask no
Smith Mfg. Co., Palatine, Ills.

LADIES READ THIS!

A TRIAL OFFER FOR A SPLENDID MAGAZINE.

FOR ONLY 25 CENTS.

"The Domestic Monthly" for 3 Months and a Coupon
Good for any "Domestic" Paper Pattern
to the Value of 25 Cents.

The above trial subscription offer will be open for only a short time. "The Domestic Monthly" is one of
the oldest and best known of the magazines for women, and the "Domestic" paper patterns are known
wherever dresses are made. The magazine has over 100 illustrations of new costumes, bonnets, novelties,
etc., every month, and a large amount of readable miscellany, consisting of stories, sketches, etc., with de-
partment profusely illustrated, devoted to Fancy Work, Knitting, etc., etc. It is a complete magazine for
women.

The regular yearly subscription price is \$1.50 a year, with \$1.00 worth of paper patterns free to every sub-
scriber. Yearly subscriptions are taken by newsdealers, etc., but to take advantage of this special trial offer of

3 MONTHS, AND A PATTERN COUPON FOR ONLY 25 CENTS.

Ladies must send by mail direct to

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY,

COR. BROADWAY AND 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

FREE! 84 Page CATALOGUE. STENCILS Seals, Stamps
Brands, &c.
S. W. REES & CO., 29 Church St., N. Y.

A MILLION BOOKS, rare, curious, current, in stock.
Almost given away. Libraries supplied cheaper
than at any book store in the world. Librarian
and books bought. Mammoth Catalogue free. LEG-
GAT BROTHERS, 81 Chambers Street, 3d door West
of City Hall Park, New York.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—A few good men to sell
our goods by sample to the wholesale
and retail trade. We are the largest
manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Perma-
nent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full
address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

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

SAVE MONEY. Before you buy TYPE
BICYCLE or WRITER
Send to A. W. GUMP & CO., DAYTON, OHIO, for
prices. New Bicycles at reduced prices and 400 sec-
ond-hand ones. DIFFICULT REPAIRING. BICYCLES,
GUNS and TYPE WRITERS taken in EXCHANGE.

WOMEN'S SECRETS Or How to be BEAUTIFUL

Largest Sale of any Book. Price, by mail, only 25 Cents.
Charles Dickens' Complete Works, mailed for \$1.00
Waverly Novels, by Walter Scott, 25 Vols., only 1.50
Mammoth Cyclopaedia, 4 Volumes, \$170 Pages, 1.00
11.00 Books at 8 cts. each; 20 for 50 cts; 50 for 1.00
FREE A large number of useful articles can be obtained free
for a very little work, these include Bicycles, Sewing
Machines, Crockery, Watches, Clocks, Accordions, Harmoniums,
Photograph Outfits, all Books, Papers, Magazines, &c. 100-page
Catalogue and copy of Paper with beautiful Engravings, sent for
10 Cts. Address THE WESTERN WORLD, Chicago, Ill.

I CURE FITS!

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, EPILEP-
SY 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. D., 183 Pearl St. New York.



READ WHAT
Dr. Campbell's Life Renewing
Safe Arsenic Complexion Wafers
Have Done.

A Grand Island, Neb., lady writes:
"Please send me a \$1 box of Dr.
Campbell's Arsenic Complexion
Wafers for they are doing me so
much good I do not wish to neglect
taking them, my health is greatly
improved while my complexion is
smooth as satin and rapidly be-
coming as clear as the creamy
petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1
Depot, 220 6th ave., N. Y. All druggists. Mention
this paper.

CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS

A NEW TREATMENT.
Sufferers are not generally aware that
these diseases are contagious, or that they
are due to the presence of living para-
sites in the lining membrane of the nose
and eustachian tubes. Microscopic re-
search, however, has proved this to be a
fact, and the result of this discovery is
that a simple remedy has been discovered
which permanently cures the most aggra-
vated cases of these distressing diseases by
a few simple applications made (two weeks
apart) by the patient at home. A pam-
phlet explaining this new treatment is sent
free by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 and 339
West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

The Engineer's Story.

In the smoking-car, along with half a dozen others of us, says a writer in the New York Sun, was an engineer who was going down to Peoria, and after a time the judge started to draw him out by saying:

"I presume you have had your share of close shaves, along with other engineers?"

"I have, sir," was the reply.

"Been in many smash-ups?"

"A full dozen, I guess."

"Any particular adventure that might be called wonderful?"

"Why, yes, I did have one," replied the man after relighting his old cigar stump. "I didn't think it any great shave myself, but the boys cracked it up as something extra."

"Let us hear about it," said the judge, as he passed him a Havana.

"Well, one day about three years ago I was coming west with the lightning express and was running to make up lost time. Down here about twenty miles two roads cross, as you will see, and there are a lot of switches and side-tracks. I had just whistled for the crossing and put on the brakes when the coupling between the tender and the baggage-car broke."

"I see, I see," murmured the judge.

"At the same moment something went wrong with old No. 40, and I could not shut off steam. She sprang away like a flash, and as she struck the crossing she left the track and entered a meadow filled with stumps."

"Good heavens!"

"She kept a straight course for about forty rods, smashing the stumps every second, and then leaped a ditch, struck the rails of the D. & R. road, and after a wobble or two settled down and ran for two miles."

"Amazing! Amazing!"

"Then, at a crossing, she left the metals, entered a cornfield, and, bearing to the right, plowed her way across the country until she came to our own road again. She had a long jump to make over a marsh, but she made it, struck the rails, and away she went."

"You—don't—say—so!"

"I was now behind my train, and, after a run of two miles, I got control of the engine, ran up and coupled to the palace car, and went into Ashton pushing the train ahead of me."

"Great Scott! And was no one hurt?"

"Not a soul and not a thing broken. The superintendent played a mean trick on me, though."

"How?"

"Why, the farmer who owned the meadow paid the company \$18 for the stumps I had knocked out for him, while the cornfield man charged \$9 for damages. The superintendent pocketed the balance of the money."

"The scoundrel! And how much are you paid a month?"

"Ninety dollars."

"That's for running on the road?"

"Yes."

"And nothing for lying?"

"Not a red."

"That's an outrage. The superintendent is an old friend of mine, and I'll see that you get the \$9 on the stumpage and a salary of \$200 a month as long as you live. It is such men as you who make a line popular."

In Outing for January the opening article, Wintering in California, is a delightful account of resorts on the Pacific Coast. The National Guard articles by Lt. W. R. Hamilton are concluded and much practical advice is given. Wabun Anung, by F. Houghton, is finished, and the writer bags two caribou by a lucky chance. Mr. W. I. Lincoln Adams gives some practical advice on Amateur Photography and some sound counsel on taking snow scenes. The illustrations are exceedingly good, and the whole number most interesting.

PEARS' "Paris" SOAP. Exposition, 1889.

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

How Tommy Escaped.

"Tommy!" said his father in a severe tone, "when I sent you out on an errand I told you to be back in ten minutes, and here you've been gone three hours. What kept you so long?"

"I was reading the President's message down at Mr. Glucose's store," replied the ten-year-old lad; "and it was so interesting I couldn't put it down till I had finished it."

His father being a Republican Tommy escaped chastisement.—Norristown Herald.

GOOD LUCK.

Mr. H. C. Clarke, of this City, Gets \$30,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery.

"Is it actually true that you have received a part of the capital prize of the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery?" asked a reporter for *The Star-Sayings* of Mr. H. C. Clarke, a young lithographer, who has been trying to procure a home out of savings from wages earned at his trade. He has been employed at August Gast's for some time past and resides at No. 712 North Comp-ton avenue.

"Yes," said he, "I have actually received \$30,000 in cash—good United States currency—as a 10th part of the capital prize of \$300,000. The money was paid to me by the Continental National Bank, of St. Louis, is now in my possession, and a part of it will go into an elegant little home for myself and my family."

"I suppose you will give up the trade now."

"O, yes," said he, with a smile that showed how happy he was, "lithography or any other occupation of 10 hours a day has little charm by the side of \$30,000, which enables one to look his friends in the face with a manly feeling."

"What was the number of your ticket?"

"No. 93. I sent \$2 to the New Orleans National Bank last month for a one-tenth part of a whole ticket, and that was the number I received in return. I put the ticket away, and thought no more of it. My wife thought it was \$2 thrown away, but she is smiling and happy enough now on account of the new home we are to have. I had become tired of pinching along from week to week, and was becoming discouraged at the slow progress I was making in procuring a competence for the 'rainy day' that impresses itself so vividly upon any one who has a family to support. The money I sent was not begrudged, because in our business we have very little opportunity of getting out to take advantage of chances to go into business, or to look after any paying investments. At any rate, I concluded if I did not risk something to increase my income be outside of my weekly wages it would several years before I could get what my heart was set on—a comfortable home."

"And you feel like another man now?"

"Certainly. I am prepared to enjoy life. The transaction was no myth and the reports of the drawing no rumor, I assure you. I have the money in my possession, which will save me several years' hard work and allow me to live respectably."—*St. Louis (Mo.) Star-Sayings*, Nov. 25.

Admirably Fitted for the Bar.

One of Col. "Bob" Ingersoll's stories is that he found himself alone in the office one day while as a young man he was studying law with a firm out West. He was interrupted by the entrance of a raw-boned, sharp-featured country-woman, who ambled into the room, leading a freckled-faced, watery-eyed, ten-year-old boy by the hand.

"Air you the lawyer?" she began.

On being answered in the affirmative she went on to say that she had brought her boy Jim to town for the purpose of binding him out at the "lawyerin' trade." She was morally certain, she averred, that Jim was a born lawyer, and that all he needed was a chance.

"But, madam," objected the colonel, "he is entirely too young to begin the study of law."

"Too young, indeed," sniffed the fond mother, contemptuously; "you don't know Jim. He was born for a lawyer."

Much amused, the colonel asked her on what grounds she based her hopes of future at the bar for her darling child.

"Why," said she, "when he was only 7 years old he struck work, and swore he wouldn't do another lick if he got killed for it. When he was 8 he got sassy, and put on more airs than a prize horse at the county fair, and now, Law bless me, he jest freezes onto everything he can lay his hands on."—*New York Star*.

Historic Anecdote.

On the night before Julius Cæsar was invested with the imperial purple, as is well known, there was a great storm, attended with many alarming portents. Some of Cæsar's superstitious friends, considering this a bad sign, wished to dissuade him from attending to receive the much-desired dignity.

"Consider the dreadful weather," said one of them. "The sky is lowering and the clouds gathering from all quarters. 'Tis an ill omen."

"Nay," responded the Emperor, "if I have skill in augury it is a good one, as it presages a protracted reign."

"That settles it," said Cassius to himself. I hadn't quite made up my mind to it, but no man that will work off sickly jokes like that on his friends will ever live to be Emperor, if I can help it. "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" Oh, I forgot—that comes in another play. (Aloud) Yes, sire, we are ready to attend you to the Capitol. Won't you have a hack? (Aside) He will have several before he knows it."—Grip.

Salt Wouldn't Save Some of Them.

A magazine writer, in telling "How to Save Boys," says:

"Open your blinds by day and light bright fires by night; illuminate your rooms; hang pictures upon your walls;

put books and newspapers upon your tables, and have music and entertaining games."

And after doing all this, the probabilities are that your boys will spend their evenings in a "club" room where the costliest piece of furniture is a 75-cent deal table, and the cigarette smoke is so thick that it can be thrown out of the window with a snow shovel.—*Norristown Herald*.

Hoist by His Own Petard.

"Will you kindly allow me to stand?" asked a gentleman as he got into a railway carriage, which carriage already contained the special number.

"Certainly not, sir," exclaimed a passenger occupying a corner seat near the door.

"The way these trains are over crowded is shameful."

"As you appear to be the only person who objects to my presence," replied the gentleman, "I shall remain where I am."

"Then I shall call the guard and have you removed, sir."

Suiting the action to the word, the aggrieved passenger rose, and, putting his head out of the window, vociferously summoned the guard. The newcomer saw his opportunity and quietly slipped into the corner seat.

"What's up?" inquired the guard, as he opened the carriage.

"One over the number," replied the newcomer, coolly.

"You must come out, sir; the train's going on," and without waiting for further explanation, the guard pulled out the aggrieved passenger, who was left wildly gesticulating on the platform.—*London Court Journal*.

A Serious Man Now.

"Where is the dashing boarder who used to be the life of the table when I was here before, Mrs. Livermore?" asked an old patron of the house, addressing the landlady.

"I married him," was the quiet reply.

"Indeed! He was one of the sprightliest fellows I ever met, always bubbling over with spirits and chock full of stories. He's away from home, I suppose; I haven't seen him since I returned."

"He's at home; he has never been away."

"Indeed! where is he, then?"

"He's in the kitchen washing dishes."—*Boston Courier*.

ONEITA

The analysis of this water shows it to possess remarkable mineral qualities. As a Table Water it has no equal, and for Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney, Liver Troubles and Dyspepsia it is unsurpassed. Send for analysis and circulars.

ONEITA SPRING COMPANY.

UTICA, N. Y.

J. M. BELL & CO., 31 Broadway, New York.