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Texas Siftings.

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NEW YORK AND LONDON, DECEMBER 21, 1889.

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CANINE DREAD OF DEATH.

FIRST HUNTER—WHY DOES DUDELY POORSHOT'S DOGS HOWL SO DISMALLY EVERY TIME HE TAKES THEM OUT?

SECOND HUNTER—THE FEAR OF DEATH MAKES THEM HOWL. HE ALWAYS SHOOTS SOME OF THEM BY ACCIDENT. HEAR THEM RECITE THE GLADIATOR'S

CHORUS: "CÆSAR, MEN ABOUT TO DIE SALUTE THEE!"

Texas Siftings.

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A. MINER GRISWOLD, } Editors.

J. ARMOY KNOX, Manager.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER" KEY.

FIGURED goods—heiresses.

SIGN of a hard winter—"Overcoats for sale."

WHEN a nun elopes and marries it is always with a nun-known man.

THE only walking match Paris has known for some time is Bernhardt.

BELTS are fashionable with women, but the only man to wear the belt is Sullivan.

IT is the woman who loves to hear herself talk who ought to invest in a phonograph.

WHISKY works great financial losses, but look at the amount the New York Water Works.

HOW a girl can cure freckles: Win a young man's heart, and they will be invisible—to him.

SALT LAKE Mormons consider their church a hierarchy than the United States Government.

THE papers have announced an earthquake in Venice. Water-quake that must have been!

IN Africa it costs more to convert a native to Christianity than it does to convert him into a slave.

A BOSTON man gave a two hours' lecture on the Lynn fire. He must have been a great Lynnguist.

Oh! dear country cousins, who've come in to-day
To squander your hardly earned dollars,
Rejoice! for the summer is so far away
Its heat cannot wither your collars.

A CERTAIN Texas paper employs female type-setters only. The bachelor editor is handsome, and all the printers set their CAPS for him.

BUFFALO BILL, at the zenith of his popularity and success, is not ashamed of the fact that he was once a scout. He scouts the very idea.

JEFFERSON DAVIS dead is mentioned with respect by men who, twenty-five years ago, were clamoring to have him hung on a sour apple tree.

A NEW YORKER explained the illumination which his nose presented, by saying that he had attended a Chinese Feast of Lanterns on Mott street.

NOT content with showing up The Mistakes of Moses, Col. Ingersoll will expose The Imperfections of the Common Law before the State Bar Association at Albany, next month.

WHEN will politicians learn that forged letters always transform themselves into boomerangs? Foraker of Ohio hoped to defeat Campbell with one, and now, in the soup himself, he is making frantic efforts to explain that he knew nothing of the forgery.

YOUNG SAPHEAD, who had prolonged his evening call until midnight, happened to strike that well-worn quotation about leaves in Vallambrosa. The young lady yawned and asked at what hour one "leaves in Vallambrosa." He took the hint and his leave too.



There are those, orphaned and lonely,
He almost always forgets,
Whose little stockings are empty,
Whose hearts are filled with regrets.

Santa Claus, I always fancied
You were excessively nice;
That your ideas were quite perfect,
And your kind heart beyond price;
If so, 'twill surely not pain you
To take a woman's advice.

Seek first the poor little wee ones,
Loveless, and lone and distressed;
Fill up their stockings with treasures,
Gather their thanks to your breast,
Then we will crown you King Christmas,
Of all kings, dearest and best.

M. A. B.

A BOOM FOR SIFTINGS.

For the past six weeks the publishers of TEXAS SIFTINGS have been making great efforts to secure yearly subscribers for their publication, and those efforts have been crowned with the most extraordinary success. The unexampled offer we have made and still make of what may almost be termed a whole library of books, to subscribers who send the regular price of SIFTINGS for a year, four dollars, has resulted in responses from all parts of the Union. Thousands of names have been added to our subscription list and still they come. The premium offered is such an astonishing one that many



GETTING EVEN.

MR. GUZZLETON—Why, where's the dinner?

MRS. GUZZLETON—It isn't ready; I've been asleep all the afternoon.

Wha-a-t!

Why, if you're going to turn night into day, I'll turn day into night!

DVICE TO SANTA CLAUS.

Under the brow of the mountain
Nestles a quaint little town,
Into whose old-fashioned chimneys,
Mossy, and broken, and brown,
Santa Claus, dear old marauder,
Christmas Eve always comes down.

Fleet are his mystical reindeer,
Swift, as though gifted with wings,
Bearing their bountiful burden
Of the most beautiful things
Gathered from earth and from ocean,
That the dear Saint always brings.

Yet, though he loves all the children,
Some of them must be his pets;

think there must be some mistake, and write us if it be indeed genuine. Many on receiving the books express their satisfaction and thanks by letter, and say they have spread the good news among their neighbors. The fact is we almost make a present of the books to our subscribers, but we are bound to boom SIFTINGS into a bigger circulation than any other weekly family paper in the land, if possible, and we shall find our reward in the increased demands upon our advertising space. We speak of TEXAS SIFTINGS as a family paper, and that is what we aim to make it, keeping its pages free from what is objectionable to good taste, either in letter-press or illustrations.

STRANGE CONDUCT OF THE GULF STREAM.

A Washington scientist has discovered that the oft-recurring rain storms to which the Atlantic coast has been subjected this year, is due to the near approach of the Gulf Stream. Instead of keeping its place as it should do, it has swerved inland, and this hot current of water, coming in contact with the cold currents of air, causes the unusual humidity. A Boston scientist, a spell ago, assured us that it was the spots on the sun that caused our heavy rains, but we think that the Gulf Stream explanation knocks the spots off the sun theory. No one who has ever bathed in the Gulf Stream can fail to realize how great a change it must effect in the temperature of the coast line when it takes a sweep inland. But what can be done about it? Captain Eads is dead, else he would probably go before Congress and ask an appropriation of a few millions to build a jetty that would keep the Gulf Stream within its proper bounds. A successor may spring up who shall suggest some such plan for getting rid of the surplus.

STANLEY AS A RESCUER.

Henry M. Stanley has a distinguished reputation as a traveler and explorer in strange lands. His fame o'ertops that of Marco Polo, De Soto, Livingston and Fremont. It would seem that he might afford to rest on his laurels now, but he is not likely to. He has acquired a mania for rescuing people and he can't quit. He will rescue a man whether he wants to be rescued or not. Take the case of Emin Pasha, who was in reality a German bearing the tongue-tangling name of Schnitzler. He was governing a province in the interior of the African continent, and getting along very well so far as we know. As governor he didn't have to work more than two or three hours a day, and he was laying up money. His situation was a much less irksome one than that of Governor Hill of New York, for no one expected him to run for the Presidency. But one day Stanley took it into his stubborn head that he would rescue Schnitz—that is to say, Emin Pasha. So he organized an expedition and went in search of him.

It was a long and discouraging hunt, but he found him at last. When Stanley starts out to rescue a man he never gives up, and Emin would have saved himself and everybody else a great deal of trouble if he had come out and met him half way. He didn't want to leave the province he was governing, but Stanley was obdurate and Emin was rescued, *will he nilli*. But will Stanley be satisfied now? Not a bit of it. After a brief period of rest he will plunge into equatorial Africa again and rescue some other hapless man who would much prefer to stay there.

CHRISTMAS.

The joyful holiday comes when the frost makes the world without cold and drear, to give the fire on the hearth a ruddier glow, and light up the midwinter pathway with a sunshine that Nature so sternly refuses to vouchsafe. Little do we care for whistling wind or drifted snow, while such a guest abides among us, making young eyes sparkle with pleasure or quickening in older hearts the friendships that bind them in golden ties; while the bells without ring their chimes in glad token of our friendly joys. The wise men of old brought their gifts of frankincense and myrrh to the cradle of a prince; but we pay him greater homage by bestowing our gifts upon his subjects. Remember the little ones and don't forget the poor. And so a merry Christmas!

A STORY OF FIDELITY.

AND HOW IT WAS REWARDED AFTER FORTY YEARS.



delicious, and the birds were exultant in song.

The old man was a poet at heart, keenly susceptible to nature's sweet ministrations; and as he rolled leisurely along behind his gray mare he gave himself up to the witcheries of memory and was soon wandering in the happy valleys of the past. This morning recalled another full of sunshine which lay behind him nearly forty years. Strange that it came and so persistently remained in his mind when he had not thought of it in many a day. How strange are the tricks of memory, anyway.

He saw himself young again, and ready to start on a long journey, with the friend of his youth, Neil Boone, by his side. They were going to California to find some of the gold about which all the world was then talking. The parting from his own family was over, and he stood on the porch of his friend's home hearing the sobs that came from within as mother and sister bade Neil good-by. At last all was over and he and Neil had closed the gate of the dooryard behind them, when Neil's sister Carrie rushed after them, sobbing as if her heart would break, and imploring them not to go. He knew instinctively that she was weeping for him even more than for her brother. Throwing down his bundle he caught her in his arms and declared that he would stay at home forever if she would promise to marry him. This she did, and Neil Boone went on his way alone, and from that hour they had heard not a word from him. Carrie was a gray-haired woman now, the mother of grown sons and daughters. They had been happy together, but their ignorance of Neil's fate had long been a grief to them.

"Surely he has been in a better world this many a year," said Farmer Johnson to himself, with a sigh, as he recalled the bright young face full of hope which went away on that beautiful morning of long ago and came back no more. But it was strange how near Neil seemed to him this morning. He could almost see and hear his voice. Distance and time had no reality, after all—they but seemed to be and were not.

The gray mare stopped at the post-office from habit. Mr. Johnson got out and went in, also from habit, and came back with a letter. The handwriting of the superscription was familiar and yet strange. It reminded him of something he had once known and forgotten. He went into Brown's store to read the letter, and his hand shook as he glanced at the signature. This is what he read:

"DEAR CARRIE AND WILLIAM:—I know that you are still among the living, for I have heard of you through friends, though I dare say you have long believed me to be dead. I went away determined never to return unless I could bring back riches, nor would write you until I had good news to tell. Alas! that time never came, for I have worked against adverse fortune until I am old, and still I have nothing. Now I long to look once more upon your kind faces and my native hills; but I am too poor to come to you. If God has pros-

pered you enough to enable you to send me the money for my journey, you will have the lasting gratitude of a lonely old man who is

Your affectionate brother,
NEIL BOONE."

"Poor Neil," said Mr. Johnson, folding up the letter and putting it in his pocket. It was read aloud to the family that evening, and one and all said that the money must be sent. So a horse and cow were sold and the money they brought went flying across the continent to the brother who had toiled in vain.

It was weeks before an answer came. It was very brief, but expressed the old man's gratitude in the warmest terms, and said that he was too sick to travel just then.

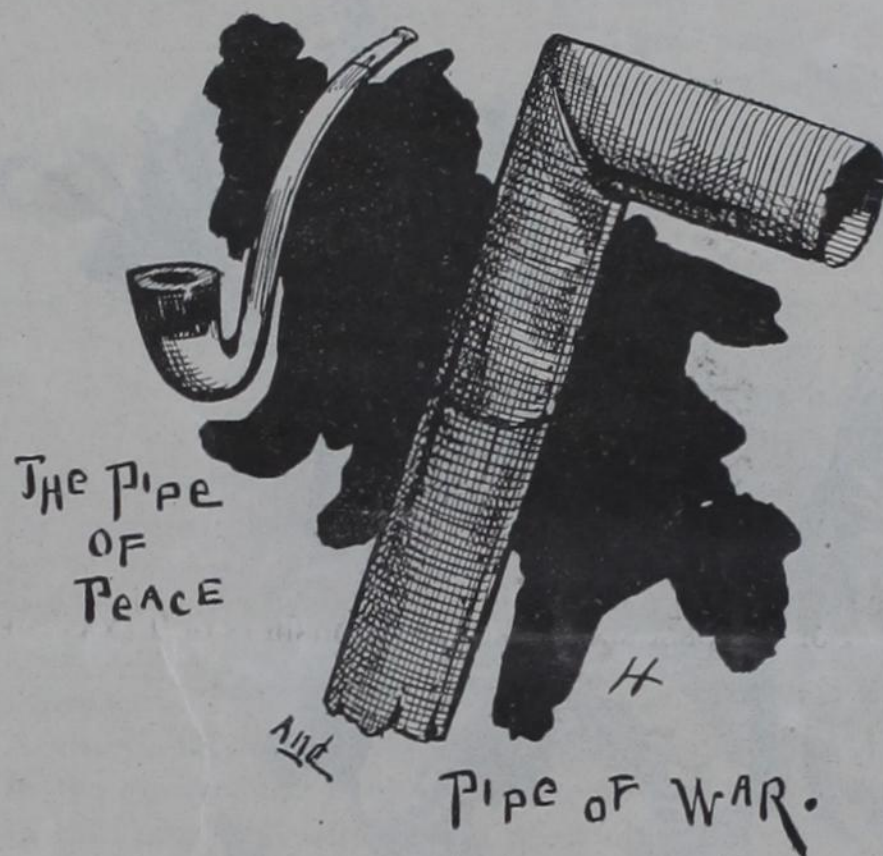
After that no more was heard from him for months. At last a large official envelope arrived, addressed in a strange hand, and within was the announcement that Neil Boone was dead and had left a million of dollars to be divided equally between his sister, her husband and their children. He had wanted to test their fidelity and generosity before making them his heirs, and their kind and prompt response to his appeal had touched him.

"Poor Neil," said Mr. Johnson again, as he folded up this letter. "Poor Neil."

GERTRUDE GARRISON.

"IF I WERE A MAN."

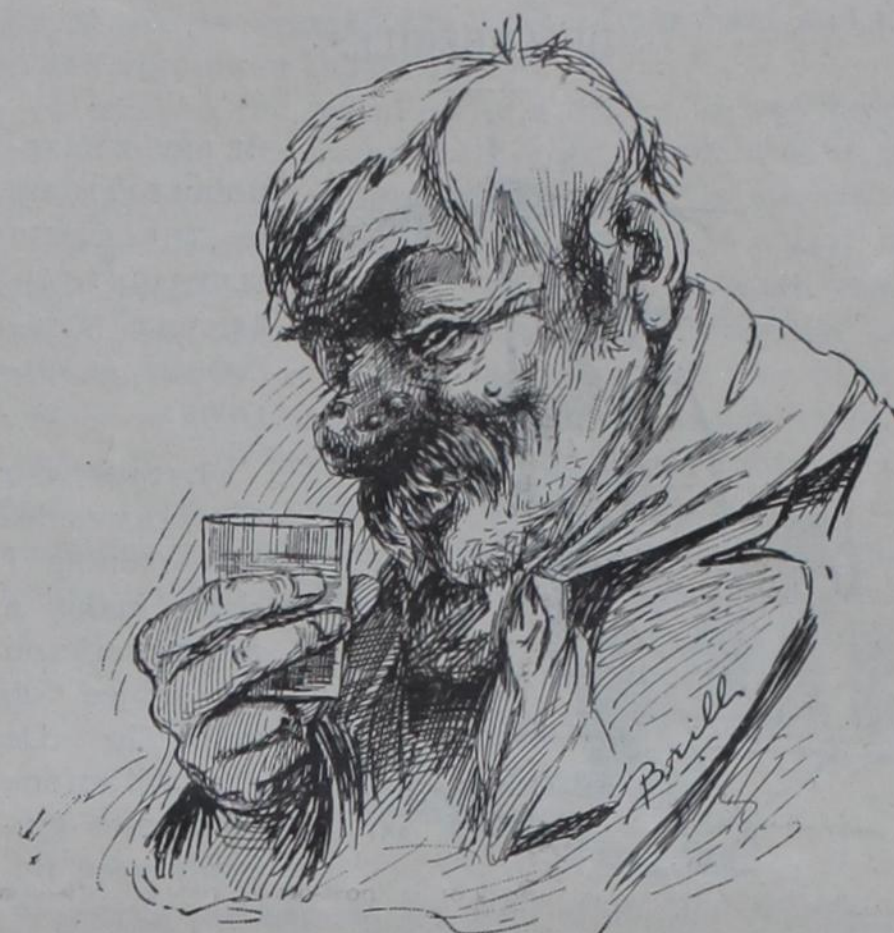
If I were a man, I would not be a sheep or a puppy, whatever I might have been in a previous existence. And if I were married, I would revive a good old ob-



Two Kinds of Pipes.

solete custom and support my wife. And although as a woman I shall never uplift my lily hand in favor of this "woman's rights"-office-seeking-feminine-striving-after-notoriety-movement, I hope as a man I should be magnanimous enough to smile upon its most rabid and unreasonable supporters. If I were consulted on business matters by lone widows and spinsters, I would not try to persuade them that a villainous old swamp would be worth millions in a few years.

If I were a man, I would not parade the streets in pretty clothes and ogle modest girls until my annihilation would be devoutly prayed for. I would not imagine that every woman, in her heart, likes familiarity in men, no matter how indignantly and persistently she may resent it. I would not flatter myself that if I stretched out my arms with matrimonial solicitings, all the girls, widows and divorced wives in the country would rush into them with rapture in their eyes and blessings on their lips.



A (W)rye Face.

And if, instead of being "every inch a man," I were mere merely the filling out of a tailor's suit, I would light a cigar, set fire to myself and summon all the winds of heaven to scatter my ashes to the very extremest quarters of the globe.

MISS CULPEPPER.

A QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE.

A German was boasting in the presence of some Russians about the obedience and discipline of the German army, citing numerous instances from the war between France and Germany.

"Gentlemen," replied one of the Russians, "what you say about the discipline in the German army amounts to nothing at all when compared with what occurs continually in the Russian army. But I will merely recite one instance of what occurred at the beginning of the reign of the Czar Nicholas, when the discipline in the Russian army was comparatively lax. At that time, before the telegraph was discovered, the Russians used signal stations, which were a few miles apart. The soldier made a signal which was repeated by the soldier at the next station, and thus the news was conveyed thousands of miles.

"One day a soldier at a station near St. Petersburg did not see the signal in time, and dreading the punishment that awaited him for negligence, deliberately hung himself on the signal tower. The soldier at the next station mistook this for a signal, so he deliberately but promptly hung himself, also. In consequence of the discipline which prevails in the Russian army, next day it was discovered that all the soldiers at the signal stations from St. Petersburg to Warsaw had hung themselves on their signal towers. Of course a much stricter discipline prevails at present, and—"

"That will do," replied the German, "I give it up."

IT WASN'T HIGH TONE.

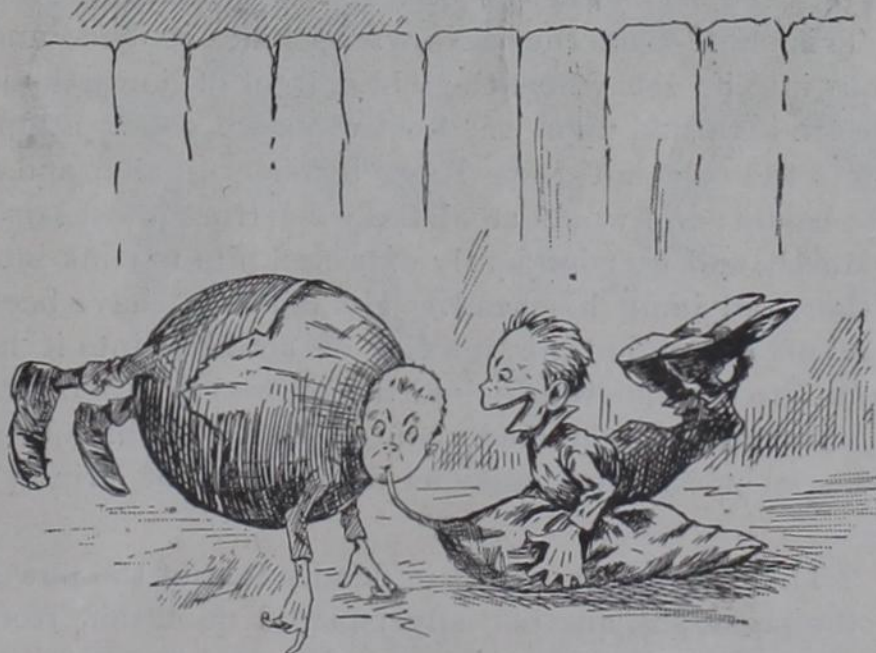
Publisher of illustrated paper (looking at a picture not in good taste)—What kind of process is this intended for, Mr. Artist?

Artist—Half tone.

Publisher—Low tone would be more appropriate.



Johnny blows up a toy balloon to the astonishment of Willie.



Willie jumps on the toy balloon and it blows up Johnny.



Johnny sails away in the air and both boys are astonished.

"DE AMBERILL."



HE REV. WHANG-
DOODLE BAXTER,
OF THE AUSTIN
BLUE LIGHT TAB-
ERNACLE, DIS-
COURSES AS FOL-
LOWS:

LADIES AND
GENNERMENS:—
Dis ebening I
shall make a
few remarks on
de subjec' ob
amberills. De
amberill am one
ob de mos' gin-
erally used im-

pliments ob husbandry I knows, hence a few p'inted re-
marks may not be regarded as obstreperous or ontimely
when de fac' am taken inter considerashun dat we has
about ten feet ob rainfall durin' de past free weeks.

De historian tells dat de origin ob de amberill am
lost in obscurity of de pre-adamic man. De amberill
am older den de monerments ob Egyp'.

In dis heah kerneeshun I will jess remark dat de old
cotton amberill what was left in place ob my nice new
silk parachute, after de sarvices las' Sunday ebening,
must be de amberill ter which de historian refers. De
ole amberill which some whelp ob Satan
has shoved off on yore berlubbed pasture
am much older den de pyramids ob Egyp'.

I was tole dat Sam Johnsing was de
niggah what lef' de venerable relic in place
ob my nice new sunshade, an' dat he had
soaked my amberill for a quart ob white
mule whisky. I met Samivel one day las'
week, and what dar was ob de ole cotton
amberill I wore out ober dat niggah's head.
I only wish hit had been a hickory club in-
stead.

I makes dis heah explernashun as dar
has been rumors out in de niggah settle-
ment neah Wheatville, in de rubarbs ob de
city, dat I had acted in a manner onbe-
comin' a meek and lowly follower ob de
Lam'. I know I lammed dat niggah for
all I was wuff, an' I had er rite to.

But ter return ter de subjec' ob dis
ebenin's discussion, I read in de paper de
odder day dat an amberill will last much
longer ef hit am placed wid de handle
downward ter dry. Maybe so, ef dat yal-
ler-faced moke, de holler ob whose foot
makes a hole in de groun', Sam Johnsing,
who am ober dar flirtin' and chatterin' like
a monkey wid Swayback Lucy instead ob bein' on de
mourners' bench repentin' ob his shins.

De reason more amberills den watermelons am
stolen by de niggers ob Austin am because such tricky
niggahs as Sam Johnsing don't have ter plug de amber-
ill, for hit am always ripe.

Yer needn't bat yer eyes at me, Sam Johnsing. You
am de identical Sam Johnsing I se discussin' about.
Yer will steal a rope wid a hoss at de odder end of it,
an' den I'll get myself summoned ter tend de coroner's
jury when you am cut down off de live oak tree. Den
I'll preach yer funeral sermon, and congratulate yer
relatives dat you am safely in dat bourne where am-
berills am no good on account ob de scarceness ob de
water.

I hope de congregashun will 'scuse me for referrin'
ter dat coon what stole my amberill, but it was a bran
new silk amberill, wid a nickel-plated handle, and cost
seben dollahs!

After de benedicshun de congregashun wid de ex-
cepshun ob Sam Johnsing will disperse. I wishes ter
'pologize ter Sam for de unkind words I has been usin'
toward him. I wish ter ask his forgiveness all alone
by hisself. I hab a rawhide ready to assist me.

De quire will now sing dat lubly hyme while a ker-
lecshun for a new amberill for yore berlubbed pasture
is taken up:

May all his friends shake him,
And de debble take him;
I alludes ter de feller
What stole my ambreller.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

Robinson—What! no letters for me?

Letter-carrier—None this morning.

Robinson—That's a pretty state of things. What
did I give you a quarter for on New Year's Day, eh?

THE EBENEZER FLAPJACK.

The latest issue of this great journal of the Ozarks
contains the following editorial:

THE ARISTOCRACY OF AMERICA.—An Eastern maga-
zine, honored because it was established just after the
flood, respected because its publishers have succeeded
in bilking the long-eared and long-suffering public
out of a bath-tub full of money, contains a long-winded
essay attempting to prove that journalists constitute
the aristocracy of America.

Bosh!

Rats!

Aristocrats clothe their patrician feet in socks; they
gayly disport themselves in underclothes; yet if the
gentle reader will amble into the office, press room and
sanctum of the penner of these lines, we will show him
a pair of poor but proud feet that are compelled to pick
their way along the rocky path of life wrapped in strips
torn from a decayed shirt; we will show him a manly
physique as free from contact with luxurious under-
garments as it was on the day our respected female
parent did her patriotic duty and obeyed the ancient
command by contributing us to the population of this
surging, progressive nation of gloomy backwoods,
dreary plains, grimy cities and political bunco steerers.
We are not a Victor Hugo; we lack many long shots of
being a Tolstoi, and we don't dress in this way because
our soul is bursting with love for the plebeians of this
land and we want them to think we are not stuck up.
Not much! We dress, or rather fail to dress, in the



Brother Baxter chastises Sam Johnsing.

manner we do because after we pay the newspaper
union for the few paltry "insides" we need in our busi-
ness, and remunerate our virtuous but vinegary land-
lady for our daily sustenance, we are bankrupt, broke,
busted as it were, and have not the wherewithal to put
up for socks.

Aristocracy, forsooth! If the pampered minion who
wrote that article will gaze upon the interior of the
Flapjack office, see us seated upon the butt end of a
nail keg, writing on tea paper, with a soap box for a
desk; if he will look at the battered derby that presses
our throbbing dome of thought; if he will read the duns
that litter our drawer, and then gaze across the street
at the Woodman's Home saloon and see the diamond
glittering on the Taurus neck of the beer-jerker he will
take a tumble to himself, in the language of Plato, and
see that the beer jerker is the true American aristocrat.

This effete Easterner says wrong hides its head and
slinks into its lair when the white light of journalistic
censure is turned upon it. Last week we called atten-
tion to the fact that Lige Rugg is a beer-guzzler and a
wife-beater, and would steal the wool from a lost lamb
in March, and we confidently expected him to slink into
his lair and hang his head. His lair must have been
away on a vacation, for instead of slinking into it he
slunk into our sanctum, jolted the blessed breath out of
our manly frame, jammed about a quart of minion type
down our mouth and made us drink a pint of printer's
ink.

"The priesthood cowers in deadly fear of the power
of the press," is another silver-plated quotation from
the champion magazine jackass. We said in our usual
pleasantly interesting way that the Rev. Smirklip was
a superannuated fraud, a lecherous leech, a blood-suck-
ing parasite and a gay and festive Lothario. What is
the result? Ask of the flowery banks of the horse

pond where he chucked us among the mud cats and
the lizards.

From this out The Flapjack is not going to turn its
white light upon oppression and wrong; it is not going
to bellow forth its clarion tones against the iniquity of
the land. Not by a dad-binged sight! We are going
to try to get our vital organs back to their proper posi-
tion in our inner man, heal up the abrasions on our pro-
boscis, and hustle for the prosperity and well being of
the Arcadian city of Ebenezer. Hoop-poles taken on
subscription.

V. Z. R.

MY CHRISTMAS.

When all the world is gay, when women, like the
newspapers, put on a few more feathers and a little
extra paint, when men, even though impoverished by
holiday expenditure, are convivial and merry, I alone
in my sky-parlor am sad and sorrowful.

Think of living near the stars, the glorious empyrean
filling you full to overflowing with sweet poetic images,
and having the beatific vision spoiled by the chill wind
coming through a pasteboard covered hole in the
window-pane and the rain coming through a leak in
the roof!

Think of loving the adorable maiden who cleans the
kitchen across the way, with not the price of a Christ-
mas card in your pocket to express your devotion! Oh,
my Phillippa, may be in my soulful eyes, may be in my
ardent glances, may be in my sentimental attitudes,
thou knowest the depth of my passion and the pro-
fundity of my burning yearning.

Think of walking the streets this happy time, gazing
in at the bakery laden with special pies appropriate to
the occasion, looking with mouth agape at the chickens
in the butcher-shops, while your appetite dallies with
your stomach, forcing you to compromise on a pint of
chestnuts, at the old Italian stand, or a snatch from a
free lunch counter!

Think of sitting here while the odor of roast turkey
from the ice-man's ranch next door assails your sense
of smell, with only a ham sandwich that you can call
your own! Think of the bronze chandelier in the line
of your vision, brilliantly lit with a Christmas tree
near-by, illuminated with a hundred dancing lights,
while you write by the light of the moon, and a flicker-
ing candle throws its fitful glow across your paper!

Think of getting a letter from an acquaintance ask-
ing you to return the ten dollars borrowed last Christ-
mas, when you owe fifty dollars borrowed long before
that! If that is not the impertinence of insolence, then
I'm a fool and not a poet! As if all the simpletons
were already dead, and I could not bunco any one else
out of a paltry ten-dollar note!

But with all my troubles thick upon me—the poor
live long, was said of yore—it is some satisfaction to be
able to say that I may be happy yet!

NATHAN M. LEVY.

A COFFEE TRUST has just been proposed, and there
would seem to be plenty of grounds for it.



A STICKLER FOR FACTS.

SQUIRE GRUFF—Hey, hey, boys! what's this?

BOBBY—I hit Tommy, and he hit me back.

TOMMY—'Taint so, sir; I didn't hit his back;
I just punched his nose!



HE DIDN'T KNOW SHE WAS MARRIED.

ENRaptured DUDE (to chorus girl behind the scenes)—Miss Footlights, I adore you. Can you—can you be my wife?

MISS FOOTLIGHTS—I'll ask my husband about it; he's just coming off the stage.

[Dude came off immediately.]

CAUGHT ON JURY.

I was never a jurymen before.

As a newspaper man I have sometimes been compelled to "sit down on" people and movements, but this was the first time I was made to sit down on the jurors' bench.

I didn't seek the office of jurymen; the office sought me. It found me at work in my office, never dreaming of the honor that was about to be thrust upon me.

A man sent in word that he wished to see me. I let him see me, and he pressed into my hand a bit of paper with the remark, "There's a little joke for SIFTINGS," and hurried away before I could return it to him with the customary thanks.

I examined the paper and discovered that it was a summons to attend court as a juror, or be treated as a deserter. I concluded to attend, although conscious that I might be knocking some honest, hard-working professional juror out of a job.

When I entered Court Room No. IV., I was surprised to find so many men ready to perform jury duty, and I felt proud of my fellow-citizens in consequence. "Surely," thought I, "New York is not all gross and sordid. The pride of citizenship is not extinct, although the World's Fair Guarantee Fund is allowed to languish. The call of duty meets with a cheerful response, and—"

At this moment the clerk of the court invited those provided with excuses to step forward and confer with Judge Beach, when there was instantly such a general and combined rush for the bench that I was left sitting almost alone. My only companions were a lame man who couldn't get on his feet with alacrity, and a deaf man who didn't hear.

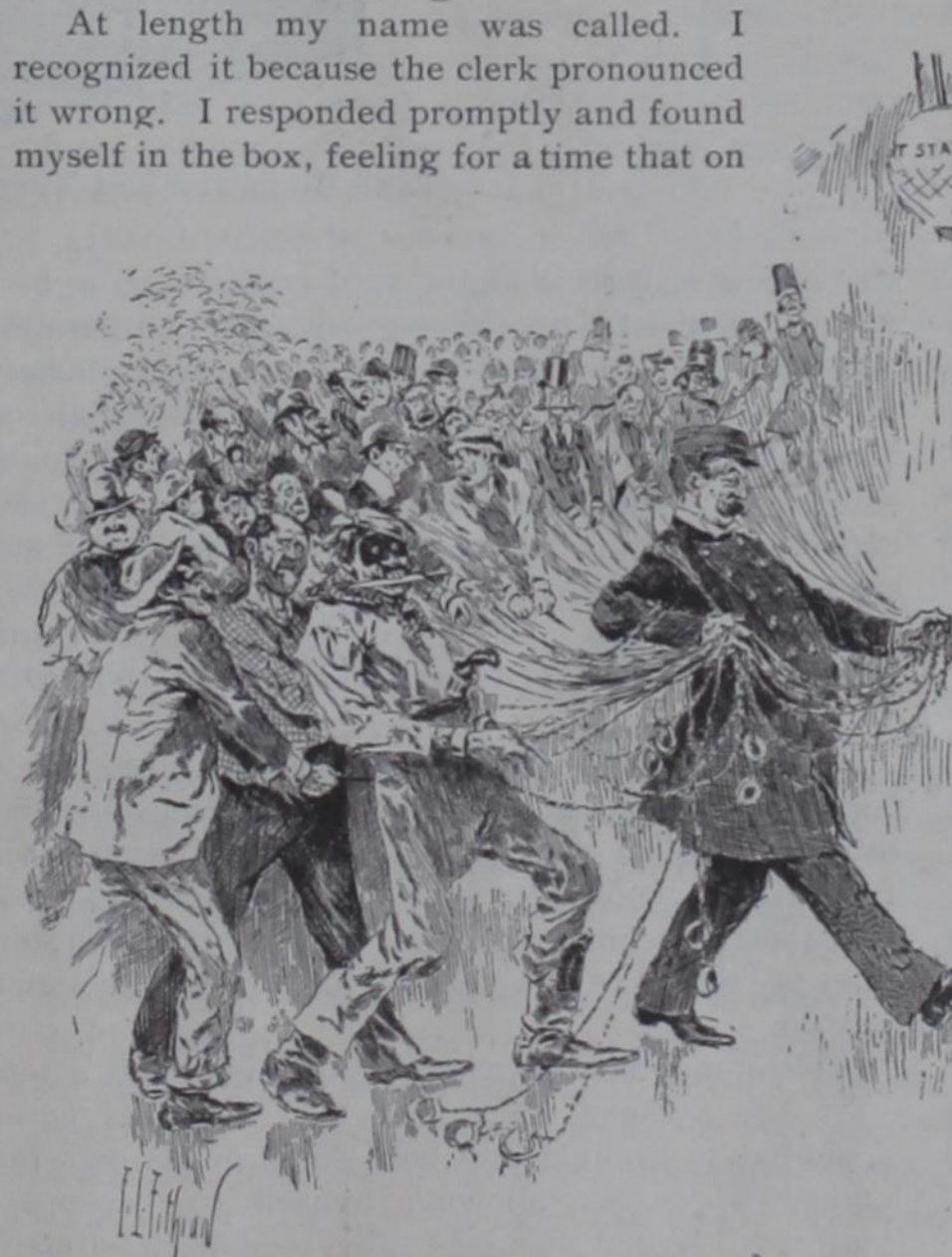
I felt compassion for the Judge, compelled to listen to a long string of excuses, but I discovered that he listened very little. There was a cold glitter in his eye, and I observed that he began to shake his head almost before the petitioner for a reprieve began to speak. I realized then that his business there was to try cases, and he couldn't do it without jurymen.

It looked as though I would have to be one of his jurymen however inconvenient it might be. But I concluded to try to get off, not to appear singular in the multitude, so I brought up the rear of the procession.

"Your Honor," said I, when my turn came to plead at the bar—and I leaned over the desk a little, trying to smile in a conciliating way—"Your Honor, I am an editor."

Four or five juries were drawn before my name was reached, but I am used to that kind of thing. I gave up buying lottery tickets long ago, because I never had the luck to draw anything.

At length my name was called. I recognized it because the clerk pronounced it wrong. I responded promptly and found myself in the box, feeling for a time that on



TRYING ON BRACELETS.

Inspector Byrnes may not be a jeweler, although he has probably tried on more bracelets than Tiffany's oldest salesman.

I drew back to observe the effect of my words, but his face was cold and hard. He was evidently accustomed to having editors stand up before him and plead.

"Editor of a comic paper," I added, trying to enlarge the smile.

A sterner look came into his face at these words, such as it wears, I imagine, when he sentences a man to a long term in the State's prison.

"And I occasionally give a comic lecture," I added, resting my elbow familiarly on the desk, "can I be excused?"

The Judge didn't say so, but his eye looked it—"You might perhaps be excused for editing a comic paper, but you can't be for lecturing," and he shook his head energetically.

That settled it. I was unanimously elected to serve as a jurymen during the December Term of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, according to law herein made and provided.

Jury duty, I discover,

consists largely in appearing at court at 10:30 in the morning, to be told after a while to look in at 2 P. M., as you are passing by—always glad to see you. You call at 2, and if the court is too busy to give much attention to you, you are asked if it wouldn't be convenient to "drop up" at 10:30 A. M. the next day. Always ready to accommodate you, you depart, greatly to the envy of the twelve men—good and true—cooped in the jury box, who have a pressing engagement and can't get away.

Four or five juries were drawn before my name was reached, but I am used to that kind of thing. I gave up buying lottery tickets long ago, because I never had the luck to draw anything.

At length my name was called. I recognized it because the clerk pronounced it wrong. I responded promptly and found myself in the box, feeling for a time that on

my shoulders reposed the laws of the land and the sacred liberties of the people.

I enjoyed the sensation for a while. It was flattering to have a lawyer, whether for the plaintiff or the defendant, look straight at me when he alluded to "this phenomenally intelligent jury." And when "my friend on the other side" would ask if it could be expected that an honest juror would consider for one moment such a piece of evidence, his eye always seemed to be resting upon me. This was agreeable, of course, though nothing more than I am entitled to expect. Yet the occupation of juror is a monotonous and uninteresting one, and I shall resign the first opportunity, no matter how much loss of pay it may entail.

A. MINER GRISWOLD.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

A LIMITED SUPPLY.

G.—So you are going to marry another one of those Jones girls?

H.—Yes.

G.—You have been married to two of them, haven't you?

H.—Yes.

G.—And there are only two unmarried sisters left?

H.—Yes, that's all.

G.—Well, then, you ought to be careful with those Jones girls and not waste any more of them, or they will not hold out.

HUNTING ITEM.

C.—What luck did you have while you were out hunting yesterday?

D.—The worst in the world. It's very strange that the birds never fly where I shoot.

VERY UNSATISFACTORY.

A.—I saw your mother-in-law at the theatre last night. She seemed to enjoy herself very much. She laughed herself half to death.

B.—Yes, that's just like her. She always does things by halves. She is a very unsatisfactory sort of a woman.

AT THE CLUB.

F.—Find anything in the paper?

G.—No, I was just glancing over it to see if anybody I knew had been born.

A VEGETARIAN.

A.—Just look at Smith over there. He claims to be a strict vegetarian, and yet he is putting himself outside of a beefsteak.

B.—You don't understand Smith. He is a strict vegetarian, but he is also a Catholic, and this being Friday he fasts by eating meat.

THEATRICAL ITEM.

Mr. Oldbeau (to ballet dancer)—Miss Montague, I worship you as a deity.

Miss Montague—You do, eh? I always understood that the ancients made sacrifices to their gods and goddesses. Where are your offerings?

WHY HE WEPT.

Jones—What makes you look so blue?

Smith—My only brother is going to marry Miss White.

Jones—I don't wonder you feel bad about your brother marrying that heartless flirt.

Smith—O, it isn't that; I want to marry her myself.





It was Christmas Eve. The air was filled with soft flakes of falling snow, and the ground was covered with a mantle of glittering whiteness which deadened the footsteps of pedestrians hurrying to their homes, their faces bright with anticipations of the morrow. Bells chimed from high steeples, and holly and evergreen piled along the sidewalks gave the scene an unmistakable holiday aspect. Here and there happy children, accompanied by their parents, passed through the brilliantly lighted stores, and their exclamations of delight sounded on all sides.

Just around the corner from this gay panorama, in a half-sheltered nook between two stately stone entrances on Madison Square, a little match girl in tattered garments crouched, shivering. Her wares were all unsold, for on this merry Christmas Eve nobody seemed to want to buy her patent strike-three-times-and-swear-before-you-get-a-light lucifers.

Her eyes were fixed hungrily on an adjacent basement window where a Milesian cook was giving a *petit souper* to her friends, the chambermaids and laundress, while two policemen, who for the nonce had laid aside their air of stern authority, were entering into the revels with great zest. The entire party had adjourned to the kitchen where they were attempting the new *Le Rève* waltz, and the repast stood waiting for them. The window had been raised to admit fresh air and to let out the odor of Third avenue perfectors, which permeated to such an extent that the statue in the neighboring park shook as with ague.

A large corn-fed turkey decorated the end of the board nearest to Mary. Its appetizing fumes were wafted across her senses, and her eyes glistened as they followed its sinuous keefe curves and then wandered to "Merry Christmas" done with cloves in *repousse* on an immense boneless ham wreathed in smilax.

The blare of the accordion in the kitchen playing "I believe it, for my mother told me so," sounded upon Mary's gelid ears. The fun grew fast and furious. The turkey was so near and yet—it smelled so good! The snow kept on falling, and she was very cold. She endeavored to light some of her matches to warm her numbed fingers, but true to their instincts they refused to burn.

* * * * *

In a cold and cheerless garret up six flights of stairs, little Mary's widowed mother, with her nine children gathered around her, sat waiting the return of the little match-girl, the sole support of the family. The fire in the self-feeder had burned so low that Elfrida was trying to warm herself through a pair of field glasses. Ten years before this Christmas Eve, the father of this little family had been lost at sea. Suddenly a knock sounded upon the door, and a bearded stranger muffled in a cloak stepped inside the room. A colored man carrying a large valise followed.

"I have been told, Madam," said the stranger, "that you are the widow of James Mihoh who was lost at sea ten years ago to-night."

"Yes!" answered the widow, rising with trembling eagerness and scanning his bearded face closely.

"I have been commissioned, Madam," said he, drawing a package from the valise, "to present to you a free sample of our new double x soap compound, inscribed as you see 'C for Christmas' frost and snow, clean your teeth with Washeo! I shall call for your order in two weeks. Good evening," and, bowing politely, he left the apartment. Then the widow sat down with a dull sickening thud. At this critical point little Mary burst into the room. She carried, with some difficulty, a large, freshly-cooked, corn-fed turkey, which she placed upon the table without a word.

We will draw the Hading veil over what followed. There was no question asked. Mary's manner expelled inquiry. But in less than thirty minutes there was not enough left of the bird to hold an inquest on.

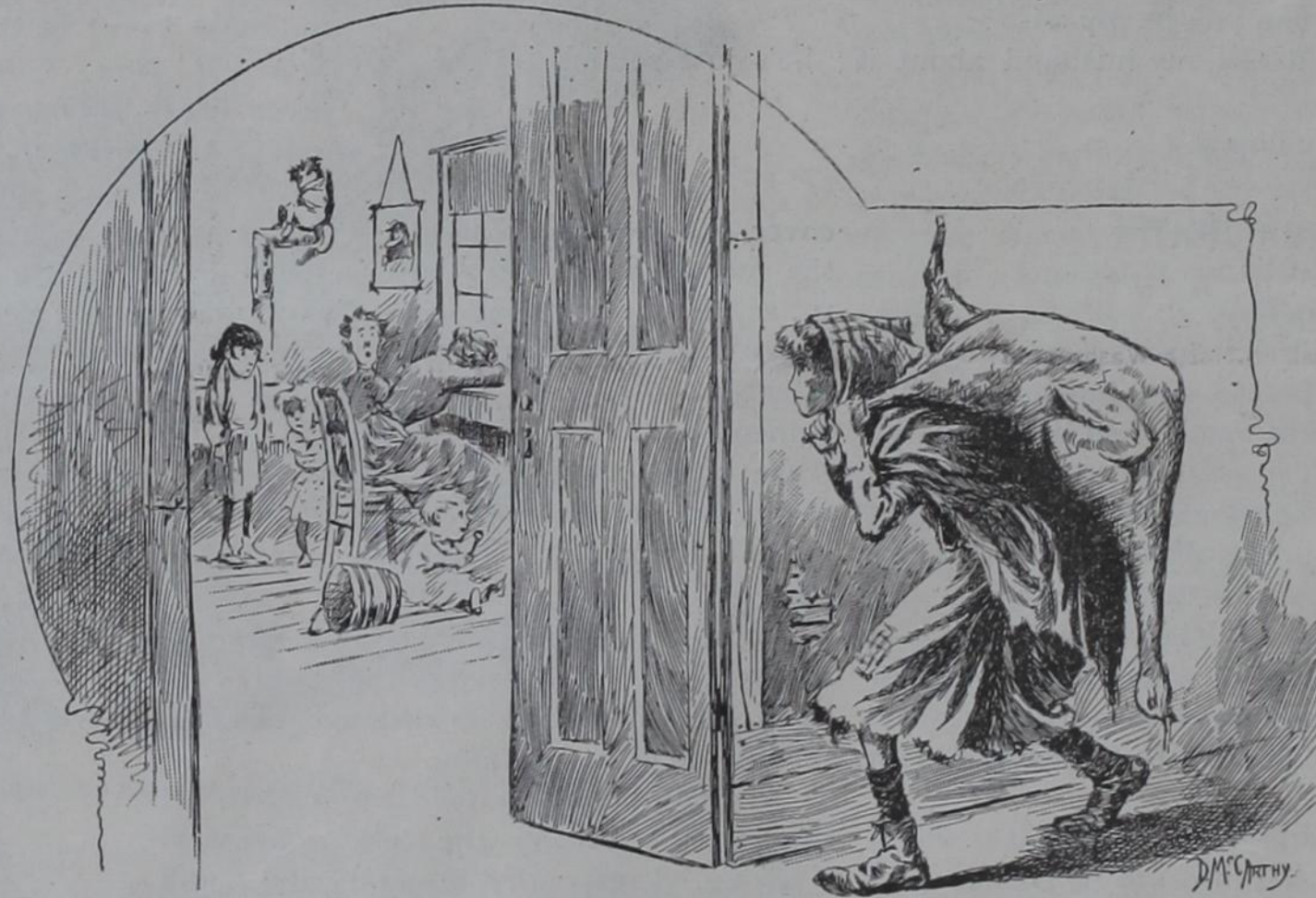
And there was a sound of weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in Madison Square.

KATE MASTERSON.

THE JOYS OF WINTER.

All through the summer months when the bright flowers were blooming and the grass was green, when girls were clad in bewitching loose gowns, and when the nights at least was comfortable, there was a grand army of cranks who were always running down the summer and howling about the joys of winter. Winter is now on deck with both feet, but instead of being distressingly happy the aforesaid cranks are cussing the infernal climate and wishing it was summer again so they could go out to Pike's Peak and drink iron water and ride picturesque burros over the mountains with jolly summer girls.

To the proverbial man up a tree it does not look as though much fun could be extracted out of this fleeting life when Mr. Fahrenheit's barbarous invention registers 20 below, yet one can have lots of fun in winter. He can freeze his ears going to see a girl who tells him how much fun she used to have when she lived in Des



Little Mary and Her Turkey.

Moines and clerked in a gum store; then, just as he is about to proceed with the regular order of business, the young lady's brilliant mamma comes in and cheers the young man's soul by blowing about the social conquests she made when she was in the bloom of youth; and she stays right in that parlor and talks like a sewing circle till it is 11 or 12 o'clock, and the young man has to sadly amble out into the night and the storm without getting a single kiss from the gum girl. Mammars are always unusually idiotic in the merry months of winter.

In the winter the gay and sapheaded butterflies of fashion congregate at divers social gatherings and look sublimely foolish while they discuss the weather and Tolstoi, with whose books they have acquainted themselves just enough to carry on a conversation with some other jay who doesn't know any more about them than they do.

Tolstoi may be a great and good man with a pure heart and a sound creed, but the subscriber hereto would like to strangle him with some of his own outlandish words for allowing himself to become a "fashion." A few evenings ago a seemingly estimable young lady pounced upon me in order to unload a little of her Tolstoi enthusiasm, and to conciliate her I admitted right in the start that a magician had sent us wondrous tidings from the frozen Steppes of the North, but, instead of letting me off with that, the young lady made me confess that Hot Scotchovitch Coaloilovitch, or some other such heathen, was just too awfully sweet for any imaginable earthly use, and that some other unspeakable

Siberian just made me feel as though I wanted to take his dear old neck in my arms and just kiss the dear old man for an hour. I am not particularly stuck on kissing gray-bearded Nihilists, but I had to lie or offend the young lady, so I lied, I actually believe, for the first time in my pure young life. I have noticed that it is only in the winter that people rave about Tolstoi or Emerson or Ebers, and that is one of the reasons I love the joyous winter.

In winter you and your loved ones may gather in close family communion about the parlor heater and fry the front part of your anatomies a crisp brown while you freeze the united backs of the family; you may gladden the soul of the meek and lowly plumber by forgetting to turn off the water, and allowing every pipe in the house to burst; you may get rheumatism in your joints, a cold in your head, and have a regular old hallelujah picnic all around.

Hurra for the joyous winter, the glad season when the happy farmer lad hies away with his mules and bobsled to ride over the glittering snow with the rural belle of red cheeks and red elbows; when the lean and hungry exponent of the faith broadly hints that a donation party would do good to his heart and his stomach, and when all mankind wake up to a fuller realization that they are fearfully short of undergarments!

VERNER Z. REED.

THEATRICAL ITEM.

Reeve, the great English actor, was in the habit of taking great liberties with his audience. He would interpolate dreadfully. In fact, when he forgot his own part, he would cooley invent his share of the dialogue, without reference to the other performers. On one occasion he was acting the lover to Mrs. Fitzwilliams, a plump little actress, in the scene where she holds out her hand to Reeve with this speech:

"Can you refuse anything to your Pauline?"

Reeve, looking at her plump hands, cried out:

"Paw-lean? Paw-fat, I call it!"

THE AIM IS DIFFERENT.

There is one noticeable difference between Northerners and Southerners when it comes to a fight with fire-arms. The former rarely hit the object aimed at. When a shooting bee occurs in the North if anybody at all is hurt it is some distant spectator. When the fight occurs in Texas, or some other Southern State, the mortuary report is quite lengthy and usually embraces most of the combatants.

Mrs. Southworth planted all five bullets in the body of her victim. If she had been a Northern woman the bullets would have been distributed all over the landscape in the vicinity of Fulton Ferry, and Pettus would have eaten his Thanksgiving turkey in this sublunary sphere.



DESERVES TO BE HEN-PECKED.

OLD HEN—You're the sucker I've been laying for, are you?

THE DOCTOR'S REVENGE.

An elderly lady who was simultaneously very wealthy, and who also had a very inflated idea of her own importance, had a pet monkey, which suddenly became quite ill.

The lady, whom we shall call Mrs. Portly Pompous, had the assurance to send for one of the most prominent physicians to attend the ailing simian. When the Doctor was introduced to his patient he was very much enraged, but he did not betray it. He examined the sick monkey's pulse, and asked the usual questions.

In a corner of the room was a little boy, a grandson of Mrs. Portly Pompous. The Doctor approached the boy, examined his pulse, and then said solemnly to the lady: "Madame, your two little grandchildren are suffering from indigestion. Give them only light food, with plenty of exercise and they will soon come around all right."

After the Doctor had said this he bowed himself out, with the feeling that he had in a measure vindicated his outraged professional dignity. The bill which he sent in was so heavy that Mrs. Portly Pompous, who is somewhat stingy, almost had a fit herself over it.

THE CRAZY ENGINEER.

There is nothing that seems to have such fascination for an escaped lunatic as a locomotive, especially if it be standing in the yard already fired up. He fires up himself the minute he sees it, and then mischief, if not on foot, is surely on wheels. He jumps on the foot-board with a glad cry of joy, grasps the lever and away he goes, tearing! If he was never in a locomotive cab before in his life he seems to know just what to do to let on steam, and just how to get the greatest possible speed out of the iron horse. It is a nice awakening for the fireman, who had fallen asleep in the cab, to find a maniac at the throttle, with the consciousness that if he interferes with him the maniac will throttle him. Numerous are the instances recorded of such incidents, tempting the wildest flights of the reporter's pencil. Still the situation can hardly be overworked.

DECAY OF ROYALTY.

Archduke John, of Austria, has renounced all his titles, wealth, and proposes to earn his living as plain John Orthi. Possibly the archduke perceives that sooner or later—and probably sooner—all royal and semi-royal personages will be retired from circulation, and he only wants to get an early start.

The divine right of kings and the idea that they have a right to live by the sweat of some other man's brow will not be entertained much longer by the peoples of Europe.

MILITARY ITEM.

Frederick the Great wrote to one of his generals: "I send you with 60,000 men against the enemy."

On numbering the troops it was found that there was but 50,000, and the officer expressed his surprise on the part of his sovereign.

Frederick's reply was: "I counted you for 10,000 men."



A DECEPTIVE WOMAN.

SMITH—There is no doubt that blonde-haired women have worse tempers than brunettes.

JONES—Is that so?

SMITH—Undoubtedly.

JONES (whispering)—Then my wife must dye her hair.

BACHELORS CHRISTMAS

In my worn, tattered gown in
my four-story-back
I watch the bright fire's warm,
sensuous track
As it plays on the carpet or
tenderly marks
Its flight up the chimney with
showers of sparks.

'Tis a queer little den; but so
cozy, you know,
That I don't care a rap for the whirlwind of snow
That blusters and beats on the stout window
pane,
Or moans through the chimney-tops in a
weird strain.

Just eight years from to-night, just eight
years from to-day!
Can it be that my pipe makes my memory
stray?

I will never forget it, if, after those years,
I am still giving way to these fanciful
fears.

We met—let me see—'twas at Newport
one fall,
And something or other induced me to
call.

How jolly we were and how gayly she
sang
"The Wake of Tim Reilly," and
"Kitty's Swate Bang."

She was pretty—a blonde, with those
sparkling, blue eyes
That steady a chap by their wonderful
size.

My pulses still twitch and my heart
patters fast
As I dream of those glorious days of
the past.

When I came back to town
all the fellows declared
My heart by some fair coun-
try maid had been snared;
They vowed I smoked pipe
after pipe in my flat,
And drank quarts of tea like
an old tabby cat.

One day in my mail I re-
ceived a wee note,
And I knew in a second 'twas Molly who wrote,
"When you've time please to call at North Washington
Square,"

I read as my coffee spilled over my chair.

How happy I felt, but how nervous I grew
As I gazed at the photo I stole from Jack Drew!
We had oceans of pleasure and sport, I declare,
The first time I ventured in Washington Square.

She married some ninny—a ghost of a man
Who simply coins wealth from a "life-giving" bran.
They say she is happy, they say he is kind;
And by what right have I any trouble to find?

But the curtain comes down; it's the end of the play
And the lights twinkle out in the usual way.
The play is quite bad, but the trouble all lies
With the smoke that gets into the author's old eyes.

DEWITT STERRY.

WHY WE CANNOT RIVAL THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

The great attraction of the Paris Exposition was undoubtedly its artistic features, and the display in this direction was the largest, most comprehensive, most attractive and valuable that was ever brought together. In the first place the grounds were very attractive. One could turn in no direction without meeting with an object or a view pleasant for the eye to rest upon. There were magnificent fountains, statuary and parterres of flowers on every hand. Then there was everything to amuse—splendid music at the music stands, theatres, concert halls, panoramas—so that it was a popular place of resort from the first. Parisians made the grounds a summer resort day and night. They went with their families as to a joyous fête, scores of times. Said a Paris friend, "We just live at the Exposition, and only go home to sleep." It was a constant recurring novelty.

The art display alone comprised about 20,000 pieces, covering the entire field of art, including statuary, paintings, every kind of drawings, architectural, designs for the industrial arts, water colors and pastels. There were screens, façades, gothic arches, doors, galleries and old statues gathered from the celebrated cathedrals of Europe, and the museums and old aristocratic houses of France had loaned their priceless treasures to enhance the display.

No American Exposition could hope to rival or even approach that of Paris in this regard, no foreign government would permit their museums to loan for exhibition here their valuable works of art. And how meagre are the sources from which we can hope to

draw such material in America. Then, too, the best architects, artists and designers of France worked for more than four years to perfect the show, many of them without compensation. Can we accomplish in little more than two years what they did?

It will indeed be a marvel if the World's Fair of '92, whether held in New York, Washington, Chicago, St. Louis or Podunk, be anything more than an overgrown State Fair or annual Cattle Show. We are pained to say it, but it is true.

INTELLECT AND FAT.

Our modern philosopher, George Francis Train, who has reduced nutrition to the smallest possible amount and says he thrives on it, avers that fat is deadening to the brain and consequently a foe to intellectual activity. But is this so? Some of the greatest men the world has ever known were plump even to obesity. Napoleon was decidedly embonpoint. Dr. Johnson was fleshy even to flabbiness. So was his biographical shadow, Boswell. Balsac, the great French novelist, was so stout that it was a day's exercise to walk around him; and he was encircled with bandages as if he were a hogshead. Rossini, the composer, was a regular Jumbo, since for six years he never saw his knees. Jules Javin, the prince of critics, broke every sofa he ever sat down upon; his cheeks and chin protruded beyond his beard and whiskers. Lablanche, the Italian singer, was charged three fares when he traveled. Dumas père was stout, and Saint Beuve was cursed with the stomach of a Falstaff, as Renan is now. Eugene Sue had such aversion to his growing corpulency that he drank vinegar to keep it down, and yet he wrote the Wandering Jew. A man is not necessarily fat-witted because he has a boundless stomach.

BILL SNORT IN NEW YORK.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



HE great Texas journalist makes a few calls—Snort intrudes on Pulitzer's privacy—Interesting discourse between the two greatest living journalists—Mr. Pulitzer expresses his opinion of Dana—Snort gives Pulitzer points—The latter tries to hire the gifted Texan—Snort visits Dana—what the editor of the Sun says about Pulitzer—Snort's letter to his young friend.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16.

MY DEAR JOHNNY:—Yesterday I called on those two great New York journalists, Joe Pulitzer and Charlie Dana. I was told that it would be almost impossible for me to have a personal interview with Pulitzer, but being an experienced rusher in where angels fear to tread I was not in the least discouraged.

I sent up my card by the elevator boy to Mr. Pulitzer, who promptly sent back word that he was in Europe. As the boy closed the door before I could get into the elevator, I climbed up seven pair of bone-spained stairs, and stalked right into Pulitzer's private editorial abattoir. I was very much surprised to find that he had returned from Europe. Such is rapid transit in New York.

"Vell, dat ish vot I call galls," said Pulitzer, with a wild glare in his tone of voice.

"Mr. Pulitzer—"

"Please don't call me Mr. Pulitzer. Dot's too cold. Choost call me Joe," interrupted the proprietor of the World, very sarcastically.

"Joe it is, then. Well, having observed the truly phenomenal success of the World under your Napoleonic management, I wanted to get a few points from you to assist me in making my own paper, the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator, the New York World of the Lone Star State."

"Vell, Col. Snort, vot can I do for you?" replied Pulitzer, with one of the most beautiful smiles I have seen in New York.

"Don't call me Col. Snort. That's too cold. Call me Billy. Now, Joe, how do you buy original poetry—by the yard or by the pound?"

"I bays a professor terventy tousand tollars a year to attend to dot Original Poetry Department of de World."

"I suppose, then, you don't wash your own rollers, or write your editorials?"

"I bays Mr. Cookerill thirty tousand dollars a year to attend to all dose tings."

"You are better off than poor Dan McGary of the Houston Age was when he started out. He used to borrow a piece of chalk from a friend who kept a billiard saloon, write his editorials on the soles of his shoes and set 'em up barefooted."

"Humph, dot Dan McGary must have a baber like Dana's Sun."

"Do you ever suffer from writers' cramp, Col. Pulitzer?"

"I done tole you, I bay fifty tousand dollars to a man to have dose writers' cramps for me."

"In Texas, we journalists don't have the writer's cramp as much as we did before the free lunch system was established. We had writer's cramp in our jaws. Meal tickets effect a temporary cure. You get enough to eat, I suppose?"

"I bays a man tervelve tousand tollars to do my eating, but I believe dot Dana has got writers' cramp in his jaws vat vas epidemic."

"I see, Gen. Pulitzer, you publish

portraits in the World. Do you draw them yourself?"

"No, I bays a great artist sixty tousand tollars a year to attend to de Art Department. Do you have illustrations in Texas bapers?"

"Not since a leading citizen of Houston shot at Dan McGary for publishing the picture of the leading citizen's wife as a society queen."

"Vot vas de matter?"

"The society queen's picture came out black in the paper?"

"Choost like does illustrations in Dana's Sun."

"Mr. Pulitzer, are you a warm personal friend of Mr. Dana?"

Mr. Pulitzer breathed hard a time or so, and after gnashing his teeth, replied calmly:

"He vas a mendacious mortgaged old schoundrel! Vat would you do if he taunted you mit your relationship mit Schudas Iscariot?"

"I would denounce him as an egotistical wart, a lying skip-jack, a red-nosed scavenger with blue mold and mental paralysis. That's what Dan McGary of the Houston (Texas) Age called me when I insinuated that he drank beer."

"Schiminy cracious! Let me make a note ob dose gems. I will choost paralyze dot Ananias Dana. Besides vat he put in his baper, other miserable schlings have come to my ears."

"If he annoys you again, Judge Pulitzer, you might retort that he is a writhing, crawling, slimy reptile, whose frothy ravings and outlandish gibberish indicate that he is a hopeless fanatic, and a malignant old hehyena."

Mr. Pulitzer, after expressing his surprise that such a cyclone of culture had passed over Texas, offered me an unheard of salary to take charge of the "Personal Vituperation Department" of the World, which proposition I have under consideration.

I then called on Dana, with whom I had a slight acquaintance.

"Charlie," said I, "Pulitzer says some of your miserable slings have come to his ears."

"Slings come to his ears? I guess they were ginslings, and came to his mouth. What has the parrot-faced fraud got to say for himself?"

"He says if you taunt him again with his relationship to the false apostle, he will denounce you as an egotistical wart, a lying skip-jack, a red-nosed scavenger, with blue mold and mental paralysis."

"Snort, what reply would you make to such language as this?"

"If Pulitzer said that about me I'd reply that he was a poor, slimy, corpse-faced, mildewed creature, with the breath of a bungstarter and the record of a New York alderman. That's about as severe a thing as you can well say, but you might add that he was an animated slush-bucket, whose shriveled up soul was imbued with the electric fires of eternal perdition."

"Great Scott! a man could attend the Yale school of journalism for 300 years and not be able to write like that."

"That's nothing, Mr. Dana, to what Dan McGary, of the Houston Age, says about people who insinuate that he drinks beer."



Pulitzer welcomes Snort.

"Well, Snort, I'd set up a whole keg of beer rather than have that said about me."

"What is one keg of beer among McGary? You would have to charter a brewery."

"Do you think McGary would take charge of the Malicious Fabrication Department of the Sun, if I offered him a princely salary?"

"I think he would, if he knew that there were 3,000 beer saloons within two miles of your office."

"Will you write to him, Snort? I need that kind of a writer in my business."

"I will, Mr. Dana. He will come on quicker than a prepaid telegram."

"If I can only get McGary, I'll make such journalistic skunks as Pulitzer hunt their holes," said Dana, enthusiastically.

"Pulitzer is getting up a lively paper, Mr. Dana," I remarked.

"Yes, he is a little too fresh; but it don't extend to his news columns," replied Dana, with a sneer.

"Isn't the World reliable?" I asked.

"Reliable!" howled Dana. "Why, you might just as well shear an hydraulic ram for wool as to try to find reliable news in the World; but what I want now is McGary, of Texas."

"O, he will be here as soon as I write to him about the beer saloons and the free lunch routes."

"Col. Snort, how can I ever repay your kindness?" said Dana, embracing me on the European plan.

"All I ask, Mr. Dana, is that you put a brief notice in the Sun denying the rumor—that Col. Snort assisted President Harrison in writing that message to Congress."



Dana Embraces Snort on the European Plan.

"I'll do it, Snort. Don't forget about McGary."

Thus we parted, but I have a suspicion that when Major Dan McGary, of the Houston Age, and Col. Bill Snort, of the Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator, are respectively at the heads of the personal detraction departments of the World and the Sun, the eyes of the New Yorkers will be opened to the possibilities of personal journalism.

Your friend,
BILL SNORT.

ABOUT THE GENTLER SEX.

Several gentlemen were discussing the question—What do women like best to do?

"To get married," said one.

"To be in love," said another.

"They would rather dance," remarked a fourth.

"What's the matter with putting on finery?"

"Shopping," suggested a fifth.

An elderly gentleman finally remarked: "The female sex like all the things you have mentioned, but my experience teaches me there is one thing they prefer over all, and that is 'to boss the shanty.'"

"Kerrect!" replied the others, in chorus.

THE WRITER'S CRAMP.

You write a great deal. If you are not careful, you will get writers' cramp.

I've got it now. I've had it for years.

You don't tell me so! Can't anything be done for it?

Yes. Send me five dollars to get something to eat. The stomach is the place where the writers' cramp strikes me most.

EDUCATIONAL ITEM.

Professor—Gentlemen, will you please make less noise?

The noise continues.

Professor—Gentleman, I am now describing the resemblance of certain types of apes and the human family, and I have a right to expect that you will look directly at me.

NATURAL HISTORY LECTURES.

THE HEN.

The hen is the lady of the feathered tribe, and being such, is, of course, entitled to consideration. The ordinary domestic hen is the one with which we are the most familiar, being associated with our daily lives more or less, according to the opulence of the boarding mistress.

From her earliest infancy the hen shows an independence of character and a business instinct entirely foreign to her more pretentious fellow fowl, the rooster. The hen is a thorough democrat. It makes no difference to her whether she first broke her confining shell beneath the wings of a mother hen, or tumbled down the chute of a fifty-dollar electric incubator, she knows she was destined to scratch for a living, and scratch she will. It makes no great difference to her where she scratches, beside the highway or in the midst of the garden; her busy little claws toy with mother earth.

The hen at times displays some queer traits, and is not without a bit of humor. She will creep through a hole in the fence where a picket is off and then the next minute rush frantically past an open gate when you try to induce her to go somewhere else. She will stand in water up to her bustle and go through all the motions of scratching when she knows there is not a worm within a hundred yards of her. She will travel all day in mud and rain and then when it clears go and stand on the newly painted piazza and make as many tracks as she can with her muddy feet.

When the hen gets a notion into her head that it's her time to set all other business is put aside and she will set patiently for weeks trying to hatch chickens out of porcelain eggs; should she be given some eggs to work on and at last find that her chickens are ducks, it makes no difference to her, she will scratch and fight for them just the same as though her brood was the finest blooded game-cocks.

Glucose can be turned into molasses and horse meat into sausage, but the hen has a corner on the egg industry, and no one can adulterate the egg while it remains in the original package. The egg may get old and feeble, may even approach second childhood while tarrying in the mart of the commission merchant, but this is not the fault of the hen.

E. R. COLLINS.

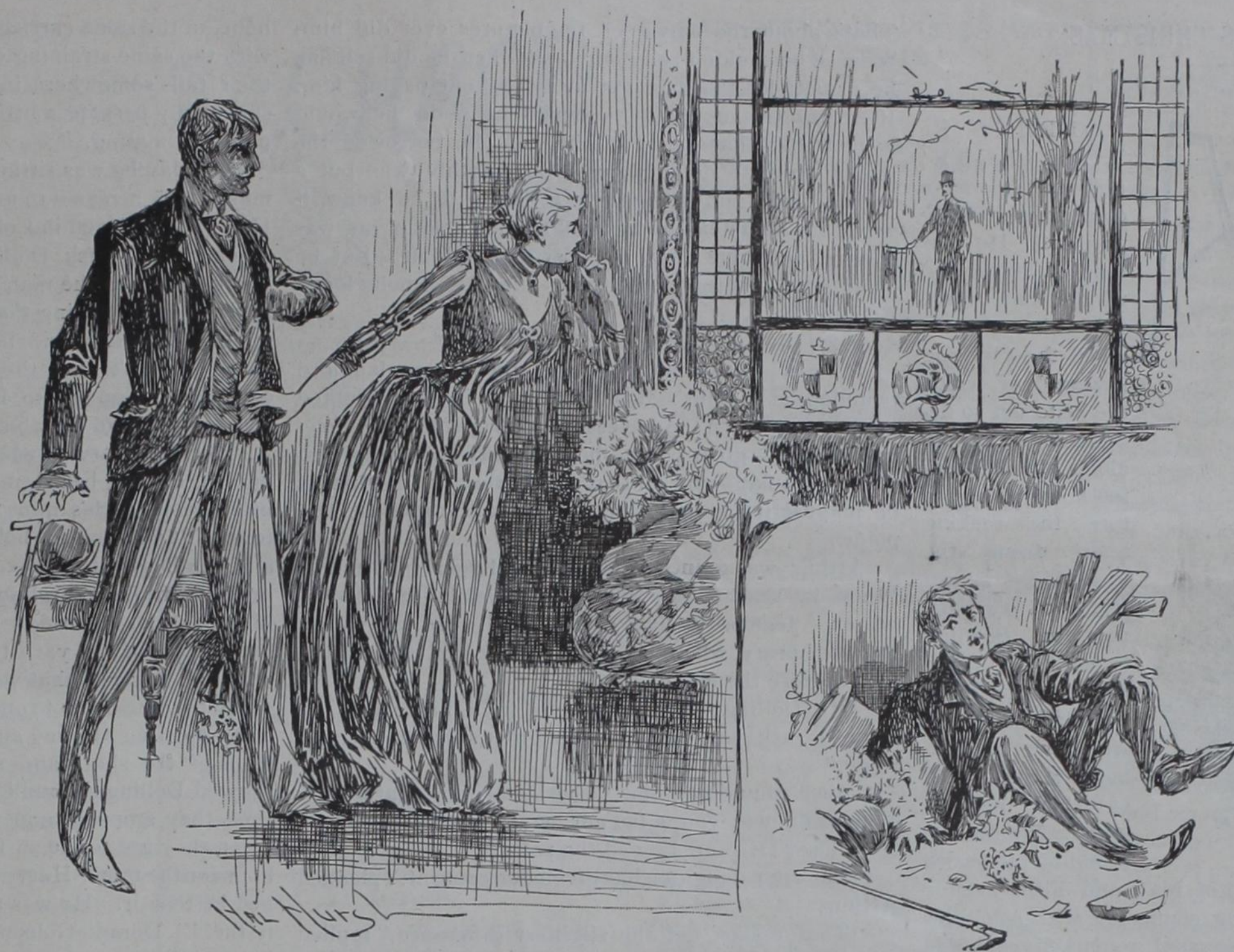
GASTRONOMICAL ITEM.

Waiter (to party from the country, just seated)—Here's a bill of fare, sir.

Gentleman (from the rural districts)—Now, look here! If you think I'm gwine to pay any bill of fare till I've had somethin' to eat, you're foolin' yourself. Fetch on your vittles first.

PERIL TO A BURGLAR.

A.—What are you looking for?
B.—My latch-key. I have lost it through a hole in my pocket.



AN HONORABLE RETREAT.

YOUNG MEREDITH (to Mrs. Youngwife, tenderly)—Ah, my dear Mrs. Youngwife—Eleanor, "I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more."

MRS. YOUNGWIFE (starting up in alarm)—I am sure that is my husband's step on the walk.

YOUNG MEREDITH—Great Scott, what shall I do?

MRS. YOUNGWIFE—Jump from the back window as quickly as possible.

YOUNG MEREDITH (who has jumped from the window and found safety among the barns and cow sheds at the other end of the lot, with a long breath)—Thank heaven! It was a narrow escape, but my honor is saved!

Perhaps some burglar may have found it and entered your house.

Well, if he has got into the house and found my old lady awake he will not burgle again in quite a while, particularly if she mistakes him for me.

AN ECCENTRIC FEMALE.

Jones—How are you and your lady love coming on?

Smith—Do you know I am beginning to have my suspicions about her?

Why, what's the matter?

Nothing, except that she don't flirt with other men. There is some mystery about her which I cannot fathom.



THE WAITER'S TIP.

WAITER (to Brown, on whose bald head he has just upset his tray)—Skuse me, boss! but the fact am dat when a gemamin fugets to tip de waiter dis tray am just sure ter do de tipping fer him.

ELIJAH GOES TO THE THEATRE.

There used to live in one of the upper counties of Michigan an odd sort of genius, Elijah Somers. Elijah, or 'Lige as he was commonly called, took it into his head one day back in the seventies that he ought to see Chicago. 'Lige had never been beyond the boundaries of the county. A husking-bee or a shearing frolic had been the acme of his youthful dissipation, and the old man decided that he wanted some new fun. His decision was received with considerable surprise, and after much persuasion his wife and daughter prevailed upon him to let them join the excursion. They were to stay one day in Chicago, arriving in the morning, and would start on their homeward journey at midnight.

During the day they were surfeited with strange sights—the cable cars with "nary thing to draw 'em," as Elijah insisted, and other modern inventions equally as astonishing to them.

About nightfall they stopped in front of a

Thespian temple and gazed with admiration on the many colored bills announcing the play for the evening.

After considerable perturbation, for had not the circuit rider declared that theatres were things of evil, they decided to attend. They were the first at the box office when it was opened, and Elijah addressed the ticket-seller about as follows:

"Mister, how much to go inside?"

"One dollar a ticket."

"Gewhilikins! That's more than the circus cost last summer; I've only got a dollar. Say, can't you 'low me to go in a spell, then marm, then Lize?"

"No, sir!"

"Well, marm, then I reckon you and Lize had better go to the depot and stay. I'll go in an' see the show an' tell you all about it."

Like a dutiful spouse and daughter they agreed. Elijah went in and secured a seat near the front. The play for the evening was Faust, given with the most realistic stage settings.

The theatre was darkened. Flames of many colors lighted the stage, set to represent Hades. Fire disported around the condemned, whose groans mingled with the fiendish laughter of innumerable imps, with cloven hoofs and forked tails, gave even old-timers an idea of the wrath to come.

Elijah gazed with astonishment which soon changed to fear; he grasped his hat and fled from the theatre as if Mephistopheles had quit the stage and was in pursuit. He arrived at the depot in a state of disquietude which was plainly visible.

"Dad, did yer 'joy yerself?" Lize inquired.

"Don't talk foolish, gal. Do I look like it? I seen h—1!"

"Dad!"

"Shore did yer see that place an' see ol' Satan?" asked his wife.

"Sartin," he replied.

They plied him with many questions, but if they had anticipated any pleasure in his report of the play they were disappointed. The old man kept silent and threatened never to take them anywhere again if they divulged the fact of his going to the theatre.

Never after that could 'Lige be persuaded to go away from home, and once when the circuit rider was preaching an eloquent sermon, and giving a description of the other place, 'Lige electrified the congregation by exclaiming: "You got it right, dominie, fer I seen it too."

DOLLINGER'S CHRISTMAS.

BY FRED. H. CARRUTH.



DOLPHUS K. DOLLINGER, millionaire, was a cold, proud, haughty man. He was fond of his family, which had come to this country when the "lurking savage" of which the historian so delights to tell, lurked along the Battery ten hours a day, or tore the reeking scalp from the head of his bosom friend or law partner, on Bowling Green. He was proud of his great wealth, much of which he had inherited and much of which he had made in Wall street; proud of his record

as a business man; proud of his grand Fifth avenue home; proud of everything connected with Adolphus K. Dollinger. He was also, as I remarked, cold and haughty, and during his whole life in the metropolis he was never known to stop on Broadway, between Fulton and Ann streets, and buy a pair of suspenders of the red-faced man who is in that business there. Promptly at three o'clock every afternoon his coachman might have been seen waiting in front of his office in Wall street, with the top of his boots turned down and a very stiff spinal column. Exactly at 3:15 Mr. Dollinger appeared and without shaking hands with the coachman, or otherwise greeting him, stepped into the carriage, which the man with the weeping-willow boots drove rapidly to the Fifth avenue mansion, with the assistance of a pair of beautiful chestnut horses from which the tails had been carefully removed before starting.

Old Dollinger had a wife—Mrs. Dollinger. She was also cold, proud and haughty, as became the daughter of a Kill Von Kull and wife of a Dollinger. In fact there was nothing very affable about either one of them. A maiden aunt, poor in both purse and spirit, once came in from Stichty hatchet, New Jersey, and made them a six-weeks' visit in December and January, and she used to say when she got home that sometimes after a meal with the Dollingers, at which she had asked for soup twice and drank a little quietly out of her finger-bowl, that it was very pleasant and a great relief to her to go out on the stoop and associate a while with the cast-iron griffins. She said she had never supposed that griffins could be so sociable and pleasant. She had always had an idea from the way a griffin held back its head and carried one jaw up and wore its tail at half-mast that it was far from warm in its affections or cordial in its manners; but she said that after she had eaten pie with her knife ten or fifteen minutes at her nephew's table, it was surprising how pleasant and sociable those iron griffins could be.

There was another member of the Dollinger family—a daughter—an only child. She was not as were her parents. Reared in the frosty, gray atmosphere of the Dollinger brownstone-front cold-storage warehouse, she was like a being from another world—like the soft cloud-like pasque flower among the snows—a violet amid the April chill. Proud she was to be sure, but proud of something better than wealth; and she was not cold nor haughty. Her name was Amelia. Her mother wanted her to write it with the upper part of an exclamation point roosting on the "e," but she refused. She said that if she should ever write a thin red-covered book she would put the weather-cock on the "e," but that while she stayed in her right mind she could never think of it. She remonstrated with her mother when she wrote her name Mrs. Louise Kill Von Kull Dollinger Dollinger, but it didn't do any good.

Arthur Graves was a poor artist. He had a studio in East Fourteenth street, where he painted large soulful pictures and got behind them and breathed low when the landlord pounded on the door for the rent.

That's about the only good the pictures ever did him, because he couldn't sell many and when he did sell one he usually let the man get away without paying him. If Arthur Graves could have paid his debts he would have found that he owed the man he borrowed the money from to do it about \$800. Arthur was but a young, poor and struggling artist, and he knew it would be years before he could paint a lot of big war pictures and take them to Russia to exhibit. But he loved Amelia better than his own life, and Amelia loved Arthur.

It was Christmas eve. As the weary landlord pounded at Arthur's door, that poor but undoubted genius went down the fire-escape. Bright lights—glowing hearths—good cheer—holly—peace on earth—mistletoe—flip-flap—and all that sort of thing. (Ten pages of manuscript suppressed by the authorities at this point.)

Arthur was going to ask old Dollinger for Amelia. When he reached the house he touched the electric button. Jeames, in livery, responded. He was shown into the library, where Dollinger, cold, calm, calculating, stood before the fire.

"Mr. Dollinger," said Arthur in a firm voice, "I came to ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage."

"Sir!" thundered the father, "sir, how dare you? You, unknown; you, a beggar; you, an artist! Leave the house! Go! or I'll call the police!"

"But your daughter has given her consent," pleaded Arthur.

"That makes not the slightest difference," replied the old gentleman, growing purple in the face. "Go this instant, or my men shall throw you out!"

"I take it, then," returned Arthur, as his thin lip curled bitterly, "that you are opposed to the match?"

"Insolent puppy!" roared the old man, while the veins stood out on his neck and forehead; "begone this instant, or I will hurl you through the window! But stay one moment! Come back when you have one million in cash and I may consider your suit. Now go!"

"Don't sit up for me to-night," said Arthur, as he turned away stunned and crushed.

"If Arthur goes, I go, too!" cried a wild, agonized voice. Amelia rushed in and hung about Arthur's neck, while he showered great, warm kisses on her lips and forehead.

"Go, both of you!" fairly bellowed the old man, with face vivid purple and veins almost bursting. "Never darken my door again!"

"Yes, go, and never show your faces here again!" cried Mrs. Louise Kill Von Kull Dollinger-Dollinger, sweeping in.

They turned, with arms twined about each other's necks, and passed into the hall. Here Arthur by mistake took a fine black silk umbrella instead of his own red-white-and-blue campaign affair, and they went out past the griffins and down the stone steps, while the great white snowflakes settled down upon them with a soft, pitying touch.

Five minutes later they mounted the steps of the Twenty-eighth street station of the Sixth Avenue elevated. Dropping two red theatre checks into the chopper-box, Arthur passed on to the platform followed closely by Amelia, while the guileless and near-sighted gateman pumped the checks.

"Love," whispered Arthur, as he pressed her little hand in his, "love, we will seek the Reverend Mr. Tyemup; he shall make us one and I'll paint him a picture for his fee."

A train dashed up. "Har'm!" shouted the man who had allowed his machine to eat the theatre checks. Quickly Amelia stepped on. Guard No. 14,874 yanked the bell-rope viciously, slammed the gate savagely in Arthur's face and the train shot away.

"I shall never see her again!" cried Arthur, reeling away. "She is gone from me—lost in New York—swallowed up in the shadows of a great city!" With a wild shriek he fell on the platform. The gateman tossed him over the railing to the street below. There they gathered him up and took him to the Seventeenth Precinct Police Station.

Nearly three years had rolled away. During all this time Dollinger had not heard one word of his daughter or Arthur Graves. He knew nothing of their whereabouts. But he was still the same cold, haughty, proud Dollinger. He still scorned to buy chestnuts of the man on the corner or give the faintest tip on the stock market to his footman. The same coachman, wearing the same boots, drove him away at the same

hour, in the same carriage, drawn by the same horses, with the same straining evidence that they had mislaid their tails somewhere in England. Dollinger was the same, only perhaps a little colder, a little harder, a little more calculating.

One day he was sitting in his office looking over the mail, when he came to a letter from a man named C. H. Harvey, who lived in Colorado and had a little mining scheme. It struck Dollinger as being a good thing, and he wrote to the man about it. Harvey sent a long letter in reply, saying that he had got the biggest gold mine in Colorado, and he wanted to sell it cheap, because he didn't have the capital to work it. Dollinger concluded to go out to Rainbow City, where the mine was located, and see about it.

The man Harvey, who was quite pleasant appearing and wore a full beard, met him at the station, and took him directly to his mine, which was on the outskirts of town. It was only a hole in the ground, with a rope and windlass with a box on the end of the rope. Dollinger and his mining friend got in the box and the hired man let them down. Dollinger didn't notice the little pieces of red yarn tied on the rope, but the hired man did, because that was what he was paid for, and every time he came to one of them as the rope unwound he stopped so Harvey and Dollinger could sample the walls of the shaft and see how rich it was. Harvey showed Dollinger a million dollars' worth of gold every time they stopped, and they stopped five times; and when they got to the surface Dollinger offered two millions for the mine. Harvey looked as if he hated to, but at last he took it. He was a modest man and only called it the El Dorado-Golconda mine, and Dollinger hired him at \$1,000 a month to superintend it, and started East.

Dollinger soon found that El Dorado-Golconda was somewhat expensive. He sent a big draft to Harvey for machinery, labor, etc., by every mail. The first thing he knew he had all the money he had in his mine. Still his manager kept calling for more. Pretty soon he got a letter from a Rainbow City lawyer named Snatchem, saying that there was a big mortgage on his mine before he bought it which must be settled. So he sent on the deed to his Fifth Avenue house and collapsed into a chair, a ruined man without a cent in the world. Then came a parting letter from Harvey saying that he took his pen in hand to inform him that he was in very good health in the dry climate of Colorado and hoped Dollinger was enjoying the same great blessing. He inclosed a bill reading: "To salting mine before you visited it, \$200. Please remit." He explained that it cost fully \$200 to fix it to sell to him, and he wanted the money. He also said he would be along about the twenty-fourth of the month (December) to take possession of the house, and closed by telling him not to forget that two hundred. Dollinger bowed his head and wept. His spirit was broken at last. So was Mrs. D.'s. They both wept, and they were still weeping when Christmas Eve came, the time Harvey said he would be on hand to take the house.

It was the same Christmas Eve, and the unprejudiced observer might have seen a pedestrian moving rapidly up Broadway. Why should I try to conceal the fact that it was Arthur Graves, the hero of the fire-escape? For it was he. Why did he scan every female face so closely? He was looking for his Amelia, of course. He had been out of town for three years, but he had come back to find Amelia or to come pretty near dying in the attempt. It was a dreary Christmas Eve for him. The lights shone out from, etc. (Six pages of fine prose poetry are here omitted by request.)

Arthur Graves had reached Twenty-third street, when he paused to buy a flower from a pale young woman who sold chrysanthemums and roses behind a little out-door stand. As he handed her the money he looked at her more closely, and uttering a wild cry, clasped her in his arms.

"Amelia!" he whispered.

"Still yours, Arthur!" and each was too happy to speak more.

They stood thus for some five minutes, affording a very interesting entertainment for the passers-by. Then Arthur turned and kicked the flower-stand over into the middle of Madison Square and motioned to a hack-driver to approach.

"We will go to the Rev. Mr. Tyemup for sure, this time," he whispered, "and," he added, with a dreamy, mysterious look in his eyes as he gazed up Broadway,

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.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

For Abuse of Alcohol.

It relieves the depression therefrom.

"I—I think I can manage to pay him a small fee in cash this time."

A half-hour later the reverend gentleman pronounced them man and wife. Tossing him a \$500 bill as a slight compensation for what he had done, Arthur took his bride on his arm and went out.

"Drive to Dollinger's," he said to the man.

"Oh, don't do that," said Amelia, anxiously. "Papa is as hard as ever—he won't let us enter."

"Never fear, love," replied Arthur, and again the far-away, mysterious look came into his eyes; "we will see if we cannot soften the old gentleman."

They walked up past the griffins and Arthur rang the bell—much bolder than he had three years before. Jeams responded as before, but he looked sick. They stepped into the library and found Dollinger sitting on the sofa with his wife near.

"By heavens!" cried Dollinger, "the beggar artist and my undutiful daughter. 'Leave my house instantly!' and his face began to grow purple again."

"Your house?" said Arthur inquiringly. "Your house?" he continued, as he took his place before the fire and Amelia rested her hand on his shoulder. "Your house, my friend?" he went on, arching his eyebrows. "It strikes me I have here a deed for this house myself," and he drew a legal-looking paper from his pocket.

"Are you not Arthur Graves?" cried the old man.

"That's my name," replied Arthur, carelessly. For some time, however, I have been C. H. Harvey, of Rainbow City, Colorado; and on occasion Attorney Snatchem, of the same place. You told me not to come back till I had a million—I've got twelve millions and I would have had more if you had been more saving when a young man and laid up more. However, I cleaned you out and I don't know what more I could do. Could you let me have that two hundred to-night that I had to spend to sell you the mine?"

"Sir!" thundered Dollinger.

"Beggar!" thundered Arthur.

"What do you mean?" howled Dollinger.

"Insolent puppy!" howled Arthur.

"Answer me!"

"Leave my house!"

"Stop!"

"Git!"

Dollinger sank down in a paroxysm of rage. Mrs. Louise Kill Von Kull Dollinger-Dollinger fainted.

"You musn't be cruel with papa," said Amelia with a smile.

"That's so," said Arthur. "I never thought of that. Of course we musn't be cruel. What shall we do with him, though?"

"He might remain with us as coachman, couldn't he, dear?"

"Good idea," said Arthur. "Adolphus," he added, as he turned toward his father-in-law, "you are coachman, now. Turn down the tops of your boots and go out to the barn and see if the horses don't want some more hay."

Dollinger lowered his head and complied.

It was a happy, happy Christmas—rather more so for Arthur and Amelia than for the old gentleman.

The Cause of His Woe.

Applicant (to lawyer)—"I want to get a pension."

Lawyer—Were you ever wounded?"

Applicant—"No, not personally—but my wife's first husband was killed in the battle of Fredericksburg."—Munsey's Weekly.

No Christmas or New Year's Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the world-renowned Appetizer of exquisite flavor. Beware of counterfeits.



ABOUT this time the farmer draws his celery.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

SOOTHING-SYRUP manufacturers are paid considerable hush money.—Hotel Gazette.

A HEN is conscientious. Her chief object in life is to fill the bill.—Binghamton Republican.

THE consumer may consider himself lucky if he gets milk of the first water.—Troy Press.

A MAN might never become a fence even were he continually a-railing.—Detroit Free Press.

DRAMATIC critics recognize the fact that a stickful is enough for a poor actor. New York Dispatch.

WAGNER is to have a statue in Munich. It will probably be fastened to its pedestal by brass bands.—Puck.

THE man who reaches the top of the ladder must get there in a round-about way.—Yonkers Statesman.

EVERY once in a while the banana-peel looms up as a sad reminder of the roller-skating craze.—Merchant Traveler.

"COULD you lend me \$5 until day after to-morrow?" "No. I might want to use it myself before Christmas."—Life.

"I WILL toss coppers with you," remarked one steer to another as they made for a couple of policeman.—Boston Globe.

SOMEBODY who conceals his identity behind a typewriter remarks that the flood was a Noahtable affair.—Washington Capital.

IT seems that comic opera stars now disappear when they want to keep themselves before the public.—Baltimore American.

"GNAW, you don't," as the cheese said to the mouse when he tried to eat a hole in the wire screen that covered it.—Dansville Breeze.

THE trouble about this new fashion of putting a watch in the handle of your cane is that the rain is liable to soak it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE orderly mother, with a walking baby in the house, has a place for everything—and the baby knows where it is.—Somerville Journal.

A PONY of brandy will not help a young man in the race for business success, though it may carry him along at a fast gait.—Boston Gazette.

THE blizzard season has opened in the great Northwest, and it looks as if the crop was going to be something to blow about.—Boston Herald.

THREE-YEAR-OLD Georgie was with his papa in the barn. Seeing a pitchfork he said: "Papa, is that what horses eat hay with?"—Kearney Enterprise.

SPEAKING of the hoped-for rise in the American merchant marine, it is in order to remark that a little smack often develops into a courtship.—Boston Transcript.

"THE invention of Smith's is wonderfully like yours," remarked Tellico. "Yes," replied Spriggins, "he's refrigerating on my patent and I'm going to sue him for it."—Yenowine's News.

IT was the pleasant duty of the judges of the wine exhibits at the Paris exposition to taste 30,000 different kinds of wines and liquors. Chicago must certainly have the World's Fair.—Chicago Herald.

AN effort is to be made to introduce base-ball into Paris; but it is not likely to succeed the French duel as the national game. The latter is not so dangerous, and it is just as amusing.—Norristown Herald.

Dyspepsia in its worst forms will yield to the use of Carter's Little Nerve Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus.

TEXAS SIFTINGS VISITS CITIZEN TRAIN!

Was reading TEXAS SIFTINGS when (Imagine my astonishment)
My Land Lord ushered in My Den
(Knox? Wright? And Berger?) in My Tent
(Delegation from SIFTINGS sent!)
Friend Knox was "Full" (of Anecdote)
As in old Times you used to be
Before your "Psychic-Regimen"
Where you and Massett followed me
(In Fast) Fastest of Witty Men!
Wilder and Wilder flew the Chaff,
Hotter and Hotter "Bastile Fun"
(No Chestnut Joke? No Fossil Pun?)
But (TEXAS SIFTINGS Griswold laugh
(Introduced whole Bastile staff!)
They showed my Guests Palace Hotel,
Kelly! (who saved Sullivan's Life)
Using on Shea "Hogarty's Knife!"
(Shea would have shot him with Inch Slug
Had he not cut the throat of Thug!
Soup Kitchens! (For Two Hundred Scamps
("Criminals?" "Convicts?" "Felons?" "Tramps?")
Bath Rooms! (Where the Naked Truth
Is washed through Dirt of Age and Youth?)

FINEST BASTILE OF COSMOS!

Windows! (Twenty by Forty High)
Filling Bastile with Flood of Light
(Sun, Moon and Stars? Horizon? Sky?
And Ventilation's Splendid Light!
Staff showed them "Lupton's Libraries"
Which TEXAS SIFTINGS gave to Jail,
Greatest of "Psychic Luxuries,"
To Stripes (and Stars) shipwrecked in Gale!
Showed Little Kittens in my Cell,
Boston Papers (carpeting Floor)
Register of "Bradley's Hotel"
Where Guests have just arrived (From "Hell")
And Knox (with SIFTINGS enterprise)
Asked Boniface to advertise!
Land Lord replied with courtesy,
Judges? Police? (as Drummers) filled
Hotel Bradley (sans Press Club Billed!)
Of course I refused Bail again,
But it was very good of you,
Kind Acknowledgments All The Same
(For Friendship is not always True)
In "Jail Life" of

GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN.

Cell to
"Hotel Bradley."
My Fifteenth Bastile! (For Life this time!)

The Christmas Tree.

Vast is the crop of such fruit, shining our Christmas tree in blossom, almost at the very top; ripening all down the boughs.

Among the later toys and fancies hanging there—as idle often and less pure—be the images once associated with the sweet old Waits, the softened music in the night, ever unalterable! Encircled by the social thoughts of Christmas time, still let the benignant figure of my childhood stand unchanged! In every cheerful image and suggestion that the season brings, may the bright star that rested above the poor roof be the star of all the Christian world! A moment's pause, O, vanishing tree, of which the lower boughs are dark to me as yet, and let me look once more! I know there are blank spaces on thy branches, where eyes that I have loved have shone and smiled, from which they are departed. But, far above, I see the Raiser of the dead girl, and the widow's son; and God is good! If Age be hiding for me in the unseen portion of thy downward growth, O, may I, with a gray head, turn a child's heart to that figure yet, and a child's trustfulness and confidence! Now, the tree is decorated, with bright merriment, and song, and dance, and cheerfulness. And they are welcome. Innocent and welcome be they ever held, beneath the branches of the Christmas Tree, which cast no gloomy shadow! But, as it sinks into the ground I hear a whisper going through the leaves: "This in commemoration of the law of love and kindness, mercy and compassion. This, in remembrance of Me!"—Charles Dickens.

Brown's Bronchial Troches

Contain ingredients which act specially on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary efficacy in all affections of the Throat, caused by cold or over-exertion of the voice. They are recommended to Singers and Public Speakers, and all who, at any time, have a cough or trouble with the throat or lungs. "I recommend their use to public speakers."—Rev. E. Chapin. "Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

Christmas Tide.

A writer in the Century says: The intensity of modern life and the deepening of consciousness through intelligence breed sadness. We think too much and work too hard to have time for enjoyment, and if we suddenly discover that we have need of it, we take it in inordinate quantities, rather than in simple and natural ways; we go out and buy pleasure at so much the hour instead of somehow contriving to live a mirthful life. Close observers of modern society, like Walter Besant, have discovered that a main lack in the lives of the poor is that of cheer, and he argues that philanthropic plans should embrace measures for daily brightening the lives of the people by some simple experience of a pleasurable sort. It would be a somber fact if the number of those who live through a day without a laugh or even a smile could be ascertained—a strange miscarriage of Nature, since man is the only being within her dominion who is capable of that action.

Christmas has rendered the world this good service, that now for many years it has called men to sympathetic cheerfulness. It comes, indeed, but once a year, but for some days the cloud on the brow of humanity lifts a little and the wail dies out of his voice. At times it has been too obstreperous in its mirth and called for puritanic check, but for most it has been true to its origin and stirred the human heart to sympathetic gladness and hope.

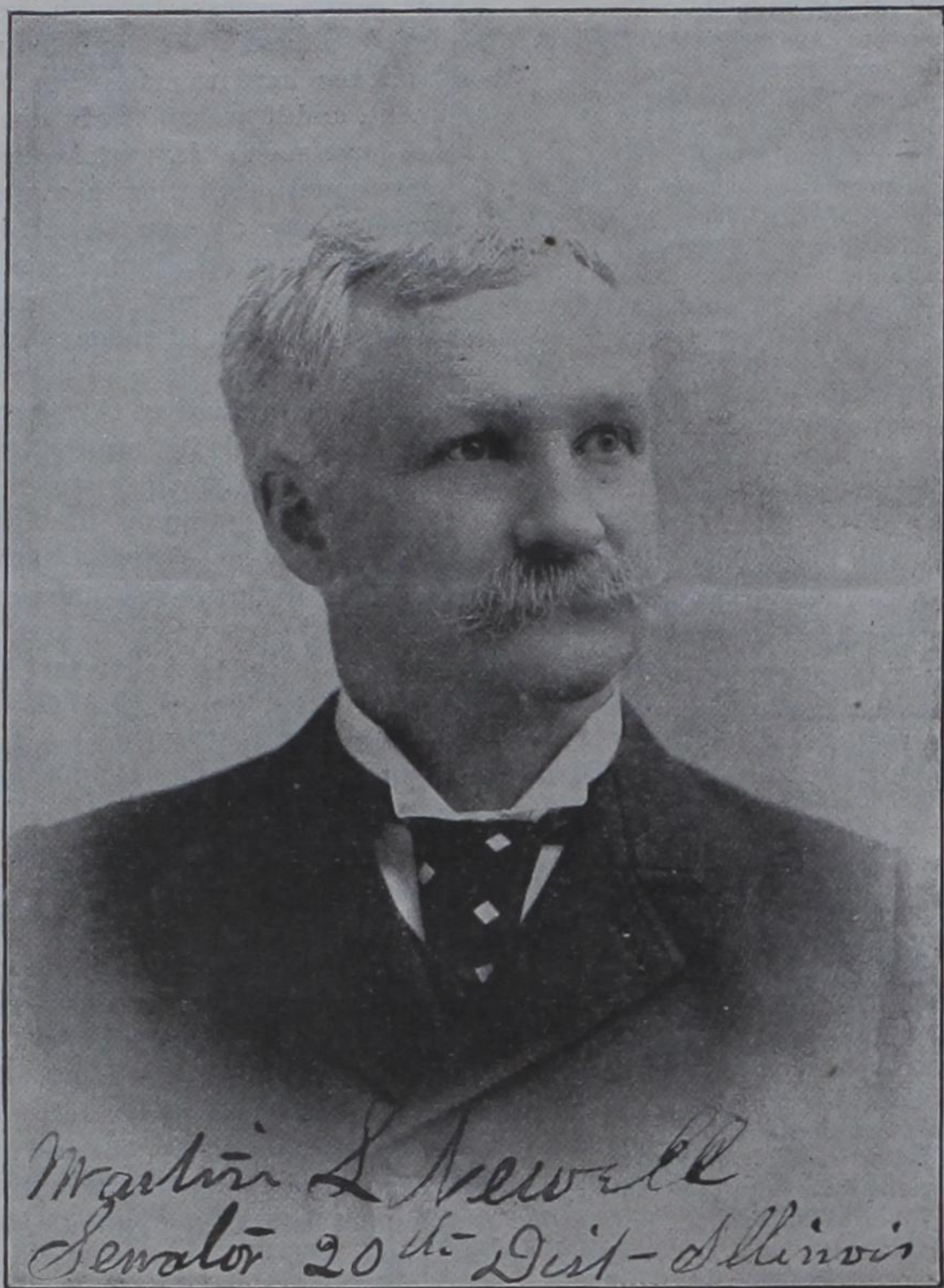
We shall soon hear the growls of the pessimistic critic over the wastefulness of Christmas mirth. Heed not him; he does not know that the key-note of the universe is joy, and that Christmas laughter is only a stray echo of an eternal hymn, and nearly the only one that has reached us, and that it is well worthy of being caught if we would ever hear the whole. Therefore, fathers, give gifts to your children, even if you have to lessen the daily portion, remembering the wisdom of Mahomet, who said, that if "he had two loaves of bread he would sell one and buy hyacinths, for they would feed his soul." And, ye children, stir up your fathers to mirth, Christmas comes but once a year, and the years left to them may not be many.

Miss Liberty, who holds aloft the torch on Bedloe's Island, in New York Harbor, rejoices in what is literally an iron constitution, and so we don't think it worth while to recommend to her the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. But this is the one great exception which proves the rule. For all the rest of womankind the "Favorite Prescription" is indispensable. The young girl needs its strengthening help at that critical period when she is blossoming into womanhood. The matron and the mother find in it invigoration and relief from the numerous ills which beset their existence. And ladies well advanced in years universally acknowledge the revivifying and restorative effects of this favorite and standard remedy. The only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

What Chicago Lawyers Can Do.

The defense in the Cronin murder case have succeeded in getting a reputable physician to say that none of the wounds on and about Cronin's head were sufficient in themselves to cause death. Now just watch those lawyers and see them prove that Dr. Cronin was not dead when discovered, but was buried alive, and suffocated, and *ergo* the people who buried him are guilty of the murder. The lawyers can do it, or else the bar of Chicago is losing its grip!—Leadville Herald-Democrat.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. MARTIN L. NEWELL.

SENATOR, TWENTIETH DISTRICT, ILLINOIS.

Hon. Martin L. Newell, the Democratic Senator from the Twentieth District of Illinois, is a native of Onondaga County, New York. He emigrated to Illinois in 1856, and was soon after elected to the office of State's attorney which he held for twelve years. He is a graduate of the old Cortland Academy, a school once famous in Central New York. He studied law with the late Oliver Porter, of Homer, N. Y., and was admitted to the bar at Watertown in 1864.

Mr. Newell is a fine classical scholar, a good speaker and an able lawyer, it is said the best at the bar of his county, and one of the best in the circuit. He has of late years given considerable attention to legal literature. In this field he has gained some notoriety as a law writer in the Northwest. Of him the Chicago Legal News says: "After an extensive experience of twenty years in the book printing business we have never had an author prepare his manuscript as carefully, and accurately as Mr. Newell."

The Senator has always been a consistent Democrat and is held in high esteem by his party in Illinois.

A Costly Christmas Gift.

When a woman forms a habit it is all a waste of time for her husband to try to break her of it. Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present regularly at Christmas, a man who likewise forcibly realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in his household, said to his wife:

"This year you must not undertake to make me a present, I insist. It would be absurd to do so at this time when we need everything we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year I will burn up the present as surely as you make it."

So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together her savings and bought for her dearly beloved, as a Christmas present, a ton of coal.—Chicago Herald.

I like my wife to use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder because it improves her looks and is as fragrant as violets.

An Ohio girl left her rich fiancé to elope with an itinerant photographer. The latter asked her to go and refused to take a negative.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

Paragraphers.

A New York paper that is noted for its poor opinion of the paragraphers, says:

"There are over forty thousand families in Glasgow, Scotland, living in one room."

All living in one room, are they, Mr. Editor?

Paragraphers may be fools, Mr. Observer, but some of them certainly know a little about English "as she is wrote" correctly.

Speaking of paragraphers, an Eastern paper asks who was the first American paragrapher?

He may not have been the first in point of date, but certainly the first American paragrapher who made himself known, respected, and felt as such, was George D. Prentice.—Alexander N. De Menil, in St. Louis Magazine.

She Tried it Again.

S. S. Superintendent—"Now, children, who is it that gives us wonderful blessings and gifts of every kind?"

Susie (who is thinking of Christmas)—"Santa Claus."

S. S. S.—"No; one greater than Santa Claus, greater than any man, to whom even the President of the United States looks for direction and guidance."

Susie (whose father is a Democrat)—"Mr. Wanamaker."—Puck.

Jay Gould Sized Up.

"During Jay Gould's short visit on 'Change Thursday,' remarked Mr. Thomas Booth to the man about town of the St. Louis Republic, "I was impressed afresh with a fact that has many times in my life been brought strongly before my notice. That fact is this: How difficult it would be to pass judgment upon a man's ability or prominence in current events by his bearing and general manner. I suppose there is no doubt about Mr. Gould's position among his fellows. He is one of the remarkable characters of the century; but he could have spent a whole day on 'Change without any one suspecting it. In the first place his personal appearance is not at all striking. Small, plain, not showing in face or figure any sign of the powerful and restless brain that has put him in the very front rank of the world's financiers and railroad managers, he has besides, a manner as simple and unaffected as any farmer you might meet on a country road. He is as easy as an old shoe, and as natural as a man working by the day."

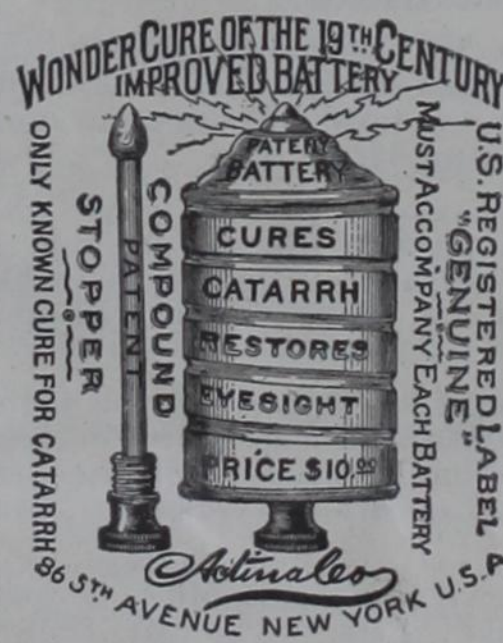
"I have, on the other hand, met men who impressed me with vast ideas of their ability and certain greatness as soon as I knew them. A sort of personal magnetism, a something in their appearance would seem to entitle them to be ranked above the average. These first impressions of mine have, in nearly every instance, been dispelled in time, and I have had occasion to wonder that men I had thought so big afterward shrunk into the very smallest proportions."

"I might, as I said, have talked with Jay Gould a month without any startling discovery of his ability, and as I saw him on 'Change, a little, unassuming, ageing man, frail and plain of speech, I had to pull myself together to realize that the 'Sphinx of Wall Street,' the man whose lightest words are telegraphed broadcast and have a magic influence on the markets of the entire world, stood before me in the flesh."

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.

SOME compositors can read better what an editor scratches out than what he doesn't.—Kentucky State Journal.



SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS.

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.



BEAUTY OF Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE TO THE CUTICURA REMEDIES IN their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaling and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

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 acrofula. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1; SOAP, 25c. 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.

Dull Aches, Pains, and Weaknesses Instantly relieved by the CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain killing plaster. 25c.

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

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. Arnoy 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.

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MADE WITH BOILING WATER.
EPPS'S
GRATEFUL-COMFORTING
COCOA
MADE WITH BOILING MILK.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
CHANCE FOR ALL
To Enjoy a Cup of Perfect Tea. A TRIAL ORDER of 3½ 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.

TAKE PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. FOR CONSUMPTION. PRICE 25 CENTS. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. GOOD FOR YOUNG AND OLD. Very pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. Sold by druggists everywhere.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Mr. Henry C. Miner is keeping his promise to the East-siders that he will bring the best attractions to the People's Theatre. Last week the Mestayer-Vaughn company gave great satisfaction with their Tourists in a Pullman Car, and this week A Royal Pass is on the boards.

Wild & Collyer have made a "large" hit in their new comedy, The Masher. Dan Collyer's songs, If the Night were Twice as Long, and In Union there is Strength, are excellent and are encored nightly. The company is above the average, the staging first-class, and under the efficient management of Mr. John Hollingshead Wild & Collyer's New Comedy Theatre is bound to succeed.

The Bijou is rapidly becoming famed as the home of farce comedy. Later On, Brass Monkey, and the inimitable Roland Reed have appeared lately, and had crowded houses. Manager J. Wesley Rosenquest makes a point of securing only the best, and no doubt the high standard of the past will be fully kept up in the future. This week the Brass Monkey with new songs and dances is reigning supreme with all its old-time vigor.

Barry and Fay in their comedy, Irish Aristocracy, are filling the New Park Theatre nightly. Hugh Fay's impersonation of Michael Mulcahy is an excellent piece of acting, especially the scene in the first act, where he depicts the misery of a man recovering from a four days' drunk. W. Barry's admirable acting, together with Miss Kate Davis' imitations, make Irish Aristocracy well worth seeing. By the way, have you noticed "Hustler" Manager Wm. Dunlevy's unique style of advertising?

The Rev. Robert Collyer, of the Church of the Messiah in this city, having seen a performance of the Old Homestead at the Academy, has written to the following effect to Mr. Denman Thompson: "I do not wonder that the city and country far and wide should take such delight in it, because as I sit and look and listen I can see how we cannot help ourselves if we would. Some things in it touch all our hearts. It touched me afresh as I sat there laughing and crying in the same breath. It is given to not many men and fewer women so to touch the hidden springs of what is noblest and best in us, and deepen and sweeten them."

At the Fifth Avenue, Wilson Barrett has just terminated a very successful engagement. As Claudian and Wilfred Denver in the Silver King, he drew large and highly appreciative audiences. Mr. Barrett's acting is of the very highest order, and the result of many years of hard work. There is absolutely no staginess about him, and one while watching his portrayal of character can easily forget he is in a theatre at all. Miss Eastlake has also the faculty of appearing

natural without any effort. There is no straining after effect, no rant, no false vehemence. George Barrett is perhaps one of the most finished comedians on the stage, and his rendering of the part of Daniel Jenks is simply superb. Altogether Wilson Barrett can congratulate himself on having strengthened the impression he made in New York on his last visit.

Took Another Snort.

Paul Hull, a well-known Chicago newspaper man, went to Louisville last week. He had never been in the place before, but he had met a number of Kentuckians and knew the social customs of the city. He went up to the Courier-Journal office, and, entering an editorial room, thus addressed an old gentleman whom he found sitting at a desk:

"Good-mornin'. I am from Chicago, but I don't reckon that makes any difference. I have called to ask if you don't reckon it's about time to take a drink?"

"I think so, Mr. Hull," the man answered. "Just wait a moment, and I will go down with you. Well, now," he added, "I reckon the printers can wait. I was going to write a few lines, but the paper can rock along without them."

"I reckon you know of a place where they keep good lickin'," said Paul, as they entered the elevator.

"I reckon I do."

They turned into an alley and then went into a saloon. They braced themselves against the bar, and had taken several drinks, when Paul remarked:

"By the way, colonel, how long have you been on the Courier-Journal?"

"I am not connected with that paper," the colonel replied. "I am editor of the Christian Sentinel."

"What's your politics?"

"No politics at all, young man; all religion, nothin' but square-toed religion. Let's take another snort."—Arkansaw Traveler.

\$500 Reward.

So confident are the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy in their ability to cure chronic nasal catarrh, no matter how bad or of how long standing, that they offer, in good faith, the above reward for a case which they cannot cure. Remedy sold by druggists at 50 cents.

"If I must die," pleaded the turkey, "let me be buried decently. Please don't eat with your knife!"—Christmas 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.

A Ten Strike.

Old Gentleman—"I don't know what to make of the coming generation."

One of the Coming Generation—"Well, you can make me your son-in-law if you want to."—The Epoch.

Every nervous person should try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. They are made specially for nervous and dyspeptic men and women, and are just the medicine needed by all persons who, from any cause, do not sleep well, or who fail to get proper strength from their food. Cases of weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervous and sick headache, &c., readily yield to the use of the Little Nerve Pills, particularly if combined with Carter's Little Liver Pills. In vials at 25 cents.

What She Wanted.

"What does my little girly want me to give her for a Christmas offering?" he asked, as he held her hand, on the doorstep.

"Oh, anything, darling," she replied softly and sweetly, "It makes no difference to me how simple the gift is; I care only for some little token of your remembrance of me."

"My own darling!" he said in a tone of evident relief, and as he kissed her

PAINLESS BEECHAM'S PILLS EFFECTUAL

THE GREAT ENGLISH MEDICINE WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

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

WEBSTER'S CELEBRATED

ENGLISH GRAIN CREEDMOOR

Every kind of foot-wear for men, ladies, and children, in stock or made to order. Careful attention given measure work, a perfect fit being obtained by my system of measuring. Send 2-cent stamp for illustrated catalogue of shoes and rules for self-measurement.



Double sole and tap, hand-nailed, best English Grain stock, bellows-tongue, perfectly water-proof, made on an extremely easy last, and very durable. Excellent for Fall and Winter wear.

Sent by Mail or Express, prepaid \$5.50.

No man who is obliged to be out-of-doors in all kinds of weather and cares for a water-proof, durable, easy shoe should be without a pair of the "Creedmoor." The fact that this is the sixth year this shoe has been advertised in The Century, and each season increases the sale, is sufficient guarantee that it is all we claim.

CORTEZ, COLO., March 13, 1899.

F. P. WEBSTER, Esq., 277 Washington St.
Dear Sir: Some two years ago I bought a pair of Creedmoor shoes, which have given me every satisfaction in the hardest usage. Will you kindly send me your price on one pair of them and with postage prepaid.

W. H. WELLS,
Chief-Engineer Montezuma Water-Supply Company

F. P. WEBSTER,

277 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

and went on his homeward way she murmured between her set teeth:

"Now, I just wonder if that fellow will have the gall to send me anything less than a pearl set! I had hoped for a solitaire ring but I doubt if I get it! If he should send me nothing but a picture card!"—Time.

The Great American Tea Company offer superior inducements to those who like excellent Teas, pure and unadulterated. The long established fame of this great company for supplying Teas of the best quality at lower rates than others, has increased the sales of the company so enormously that they have enlarged their facilities for supplying their patrons throughout the country, as may be seen by reference to their advertisement in another column.

TO INVESTORS.

At the base of the Rocky Mountains, in the great shadow of Pike's Peak, a great city is building. Its future is assured, for it is the most efficacious health resort in the world for invalids afflicted with consumption, bronchitis, or any form of pulmonary trouble, and, whether the cotton crop in Georgia, sugar in Louisiana, corn in Iowa or wheat in Minnesota, falls, the city of Colorado Springs will grow and flourish, for many of the people afflicted with these disorders will remove here to live, in order to enjoy the health which they cannot have any place else.

There is more fine scenery within a radius of seven miles from the city of Colorado Springs than there is within the same radius any place on the globe. The scenery embraces such world-renowned points as Pike's Peak, the Manitou Grand Caverns, Cheyenne Canyons, Garden of the Gods, the Fountain Valley, Monument Park and other interesting points.

Colorado Springs

IS A CITY OF 12,000 POPULATION,

has six lines of railroad, street cars, motor line building, fine hotels, daily papers, the best college in the West, and many residences that would grace any suburb of Chicago or New York. The population is increasing at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum, and real estate values are advancing from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent. each year. About 1,000 new buildings have been erected in 1898 and hundreds of contracts are let for next year.

Part of our business is building houses, and we always have for sale good buildings of from 3 to 12 rooms that will rent to net investors from 10 per cent. to 20 per cent. on cost. We have vacant lots at prices ranging from \$75 to \$3,000, and will sell lots, or houses and lots, on long time and easy payments. We give absolute titles and guarantee to Eastern investors who buy by correspondence that they get their property as cheap as though they were on the ground.

For persons desiring good investment securities, we loan money on 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. conservative value, to net loaner 7 per cent. to 8 per cent., and charge no commission from loaner. We furnish bank reference. Correspondence solicited.

REED BROTHERS,

Colorado Springs, Colorado.

Burning Questions.

"Going to have something?" said the oil can to the kerosene lamp.

"Not this morning," was the answer, "I'm pretty full now."

"Oh, I see," said the can, "been out all night, eh? Well, will you smoke?"

"Thanks; I'll smoke after supper," said the lamp.—Puck.

ORATORS

say Piso's Cure for Consumption is THE BEST for keeping the voice clear. 25 cents.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co.
591 B. W. W. N. Y.
PHOTOGRAPHIC
OUTFITS
CATALOGUE FREE.

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 parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures the most aggravated cases of these distressing diseases by a few simple applications made (two weeks apart) by the patient at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free by A. H. DIXON & Son, 337 and 339 West King Street, Toronto, Canada.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, have issued a paper edition of Zola's novel, *A Mad Love*; 25 cents.

That Dowdy, by Mrs. Geo. Sheldon. New York: Street & Smith. Price 25 cents. A capital story, No. 24 of Street & Smith's Select Series.

Prof. Fisher's papers on The Nature and Method of Revelation begin in the December Century. Their appearance has been made especially timely by the creed revision and doctrinal discussions now in progress. The first article is on Revelation and the Bible.

Our Asiatic Cousins, by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens (illustrated); Boston: D. Lothrop Company. In this book of 367 pages is compressed a great amount of interesting information concerning the Hindoo, including the Fire-Worshippers; the Egyptians, the Semitic races, which includes the Phoenicians, Jews and Arabs; the Chinese, Japanese, etc. The work has twenty illustrations.

The Law of Husband and Wife, compiled for popular use, by Lelia Josephine Robinson, LL.B., member of the Boston Bar. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.00. The seven chapters of the work are devoted to the following subjects: marriage, property rights, wife's separate estate, wife's support, separate maintenance, custody of children, claims of widow and widower, divorce. Laws upon these subjects in various States are explained and discussed.

The Tartuffian Age, by Paul Mantegazza, a translation. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price \$1.25. It was the great French dramatist, Molière, who made Tartuffe a synonym for hypocrisy, hence the meaning of the Tartuffian age is apparent. In treating of hypocrisy in its various developments, in man, the author shows how the trait is displayed among various animals, birds and insects. One becomes almost weary of the enumeration of the hypocrisies of the world which the book contains, yet it is very interesting.

Around the World Stories, by Olive Risley Seward, editor of William H. Seward's *Travels Around the World*. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Price \$1.25. The author of this book was the adopted daughter of President Lincoln's Secretary of State, Wm. H. Seward. She accompanied Mr. Seward in his trip around the world, and edited his book. The stories contained in the volume under consideration are gathered from recollections of travels with the ex-Secretary and his family, and are designed to interest children, though adult readers can find enough to repay perusal.

The December number of *Outing* is one of the best ever issued. It contains many illustrations of a high grade. Some of Henry Sandham's best work is shown, and sterling artists like Dalziel and Hoskin, have furnished most beautiful wood engravings. The opening article, *Wabun Anung*, by F. Houghton, is a clear description of a tour in the region of the Great Lakes. Another very noteworthy article is the *Merits and Defects of the National Guard*, by Lieut. W. R. Hamilton. The criticism will assuredly call forth much discussion. We note further the *Game of Curling*, by James Hedley; *Wheeling through the Land of Evangeline*; *Game Protection*; a very interesting illustrated article by W. I. Lincoln Adams on *Instantaneous Photography*; *Women and their Guns*; *The Yale Stroke*,

Alligator Shooting in Florida and Na-ma-go-os, a fishing sketch. Our *Vista*, *Snow Sculpture*, *The Age of Sail*, and *A Skating Interlude*, are poems of much merit. The editorial departments present authoritative opinions on questions of the day, while the records show what has been accomplished in the various pastimes.

Chance for a Speculation.

Now don't all run at once for your wallets and check-books! It isn't corner lots in Chicago, Minneapolis, Kansas City, or the "Future Great." It isn't options on wheat, corn, pork or lard, nor "puts" or "calls" on Northwestern's or Southwestern's, nor yet is it gas, oil, telegraph or telephone stock. It is better than any or all of these. It is a deposit in the *Bank of Health*, which every one can make by the purchase and use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in all cases of chronic constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, headache, "liver complaint," and the like. Sold the world over.

Served Him Right.

My. Layman—"See here, Doctor, you said there was n't any such disease as hydrophobia."

Dr. Schmerz (emphatically)—"No, sir, there is not."

Mr. Layman—"But old Grubbs got it all the same, and last night he died."

Dr. Schmerz (meditatively)—"Well, a man who goes and catches diseases that don't exist ought to die."—Christmas Puck.

Grave Cause for Anxiety

Exists when the kidneys lose their activity. Prompt measures should be taken to renew it, otherwise Bright's disease, diabetes, or some other organic trouble, is to be apprehended as a consequence. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a most desirable diuretic, as its stimulative action upon these organs never crosses the border line of safety and merges into irritation, as do many stimulants used for the same purpose by the careless and uneducated. The stimuli of commerce, fiery and unmedicated, are not suitable corrective agents in a case like this. They excite without producing a permanently desirable result. The "just medium" between them and an ineffectual diuretic is the Bitters, which is also a specific for malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and rheumatism.

Our Kaleidoscope.

It was Holland who, in his book, "Nicholas Minturn," said: "In this world we must take things as they are, not as they should be." Holland was, in his day, a popular writer, and wrote some pretty fair books, but he laid down a wrong principle when he wrote the sentiment quoted above.

Legitimately carried out, it would stop the wheels of progress and reform, and leave the whole human race in a deplorable position. It implies that we must be contented with things as we find them without taking the trouble or worry to better them. Had Copernicus, Newton and Martin Luther acted on this principle of accepting things as they found them, the world would just now be barely emerging from the condition it was in during the middle ages.

It is safe to say that a spirit of discontent at the existing state of affairs lies at the bottom, the beginning of all great reforms.

Copernicus was not satisfied with the theories of the scientists of his time regarding the motions of the heavenly bodies, so he investigated for himself and made discoveries that completely overthrew the doctrines of his associates and set the world right where, from the beginning it had been wrong. So Newton, in the same spirit of dissatisfaction with the accepted philosophy of his day, gave to the world his valuable discovery of the law of gravitation. So, Martin Luther, disgusted with the existing state of affairs in the Catholic church and not content to take them as he found them, started the Reformation, and in doing it, set the world on the broad highway leading to intellectual light and freedom.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in *Arkansaw Traveler*.

The New Christmas Literature.

There seems to be arising in these times a new Christmas literature which boldly affirms that it lies behind, that science has ignored something, has left something out of the account, and that the forgotten factor is Christ himself, says W. D. Howells in the December Harper's. The new Christmas literature is not specifically adapted to the Christmas season; it is not expressed any more in kindly poems, fervent essays, or tales, little or long, alone, but in books that have meaning for the whole year and for every moment of life, but that may be most profitably read and pondered now, when all the associations of the time ought to remind us of the Man who came to bring peace and good-will to men. The new Christmas literature does not necessarily deck itself with sprigs of holly, and bathe itself in pools of burning brandy on platters borne by the tinsel-crowned, bottle-nosed genius of the feast to the board smoking with bowls of wassail, while the upper servants carouse in their hall, and the scullions carry out the fragments of the second table to the dogs and the poor. But it remembers that the Son of Man came eating and drinking, and it does not frown upon honest revelry and innocent mirth, though it entreates each and every one of us first to love his neighbor as himself, and to be mindful of him not only now but throughout the year. Oddly enough, after a period of scientific exaltation, in which it seemed as if man might really live by the nebular hypothesis alone, if he could have a little help from the missing link, the new Christmas literature denies that there is anything of life everlasting in these things, and it reverts openly to the New Testament as the sole source of hope and comfort.

She Knew.

Servant—"Boy wants to see you, mum."

Mistress—"Has he got a bill in his hand?"

"No, mum."

"Well, then, he's got one in his pocket. Send him away."—Yenowine's News.

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THE GREAT CONQUEROR OF PAIN,

Instantly relieves and soon cures Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, Stiff Neck, all congestions and inflammations, whether of the Lungs, Kidneys, or Bowels.

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Headache, Toothache, Weakness or Pain in the Back, Chest or Limbs, by one application. Internally in water for all internal pains, flatulency, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Seasickness Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever and Malaria.

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An excellent and mild Cathartic, Purely Vegetable. The Safest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

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IN its first stages, can be successfully checked by the prompt use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Even in the later periods of that disease, the cough is wonderfully relieved by this medicine.

"I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral with the best effect in my practice. This wonderful preparation once saved my life. I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and given up by my physician. One bottle and a half of the Pectoral cured me."—A. J. Eidson, M. D., Middleton, Tennessee.

"Several years ago I was severely ill. The doctors said I was in consumption, and that they could do nothing for me but advised me, as a last resort, to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking this medicine two or three months I was cured, and my health remains good to the present day."—James Birchard, Darien, Conn.

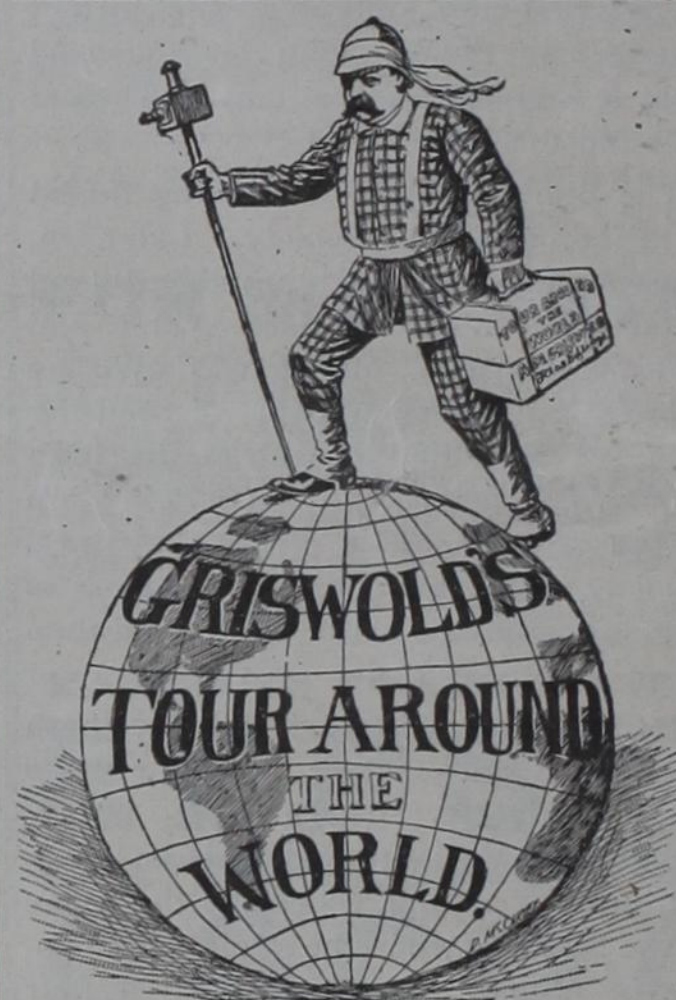
"Several years ago, on a passage home from California, by water, I contracted so severe a cold that for some days I was confined to my state-room, and a physician on board considered my life in danger. Happening to have a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I used it freely, and my lungs were soon restored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

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

RIGHT, QUITE RIGHT.

A pretty maid is nice to see,
And she is nice to woo;
But it matters not how sweet she be
If she isn't sweet on you.

—Rochester Herald.

BENEATH THE MISTLETOE.

(A tragedy.)

Atrocious villain he, and wretched sneak;
He was unmannerly, disgusting, mean,
Whilst she was fair, and gentle, soft and meek.
Her cheek was nicely puffed with velvetine;
He pressed his lips upon that flour-y cheek,
And left a pattern there—oh, hear her shriek!
Her hair in softest rings did curl and twist,
Above each penciled eyebrow fair and round,
In struggling, colors mixed as in a mist,
And dress improvers sprung with fatal bound.
He was a horrid brute, a bear, a bound,
For see—her headless hair lies on the ground!

—Kate Burton.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

We loathe, abhor,
Detest, despise
The man who does
Not advertise.
And when he finds
After New Year's
Enough to just
Tidy his fears
That he laid in
Too large a stock,
That to his store
Folks didn't flock,
And half his goods
Are still on shelf,
He'll loathe, detest,
Despise himself.

—Lowell Courier.

THE MORTON BAR.

Pa, there's a menagerie in town.
And people from near and far,
Are constantly running up and down
To visit—the Morton Bar.

Pa, is it a grizzly; will it get in a rage;
Has it big, bright eyes like a star?
Will it eat little boys if they come near the cage,
When they visit the Morton Bar?

Has it terrible claws—I hear that it draws?
Some say it is blacker than tar!
And if you're not careful, you'll catch its claws,
Should you visit the Morton Bar.

Some say it is brown, with a cage colored green,
Whose doors are never ajar;
While the price of admission is only fifteen—
To visit the Morton Bar.

Pa, who is Mr. Morton who runs this show?
Nothing in life seems to ever him mar;
For he's coining money from those who go—
To visit the Morton "Bar."

W. C. J.

CHRISTMAS THEN AND NOW.

We used to hang up our stockings
When I was a child, dear me;
Nor ever thought for a moment
Of having a Xmas tree.
You see we were old-fashioned children,
Not wise little women and men;
St. Nicholas came down the chimney—
We had wide-open fireplaces then.

We went to bed in the twilight,
To waken ere it was dawn,
And empty with trembling fingers
The stockings on Christmas morn.
But now the tree with its tapers
Is lit on the eve instead,
And hugging their Xmas presents
The little ones go to bed.

But then, pray where is the stocking
Could hold all the wonderful things—
The triumph of human invention
The modern St. Nicholas brings?
Now steam takes the place of the reindeer
Those fleet, fair couriers of yore;
And since we have closed up the chimneys
He needs must come in that door.

—Mrs. M. P. Handy.

New York Siftings.

Col. John A. Cockerill, of the World, was re-elected President of the New York Press Club by an unanimous vote. He has also been elected an honorary member of the German Press Club.

The Third Avenue Railroad officials have petitioned Commissioner Gilroy for leave to substitute electricity for horses as the motive power on that road. No street car horse will say "neigh" to the proposition.

We see by the New Orleans Picayune, of the 23d ult., that our old friend Col. Robert Murphy, who left us some months since to visit New Orleans on matters of interest, has been compelled to enter suit against his brother and former partner for a division of property. Col. Murphy has resided in New York since his return from France, twenty-two years ago, and is beloved, esteemed and respected by all who know him, and we feel confident in asserting that his success and speedy return among us is awaited by a host of devoted friends.

Christmas Fun.

The butcher's Christmas goose will taste better if your Christmas goose is paid for.

Pity the poor Boston girl whose innate modesty will not allow her to hang up her stocking.

It has just got out why Santa Claus didn't complete his round last year. He happened to look down into the stocking Miss Breezy, of Chicago, had hung up, and grew dizzy, and fell in.

Don't fail to say "Ooh-aah!" when they throw open the folding-doors and disclose the loaded Christmas tree.

Boycott the vinegar-faced old maid who wears a spray of mistletoe in her hair.

If you live in Charlestown, surprise your wife and give her a merry Christmas by coming home sober.—Boston Courier.

Everything is Lovely, and—

Mr. Kanoodle—"And now wouldn't you like me for a Christmas present?"

Miss Alert—"Certainly, if you'll hang yourself on the Christmas tree."—Puck.



Some
Children
Growing
Too Fast

become listless, fretful, without energy, thin and weak. But you can fortify them and build them up, by the use of

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND
HYPOPHOSPHITES
Of Lime and Soda.

They will take it readily, for it is almost as palatable as milk. And it should be remembered that AS A PREVENTIVE OR CURE OF COUGHS OR COLDS, IN BOTH THE OLD AND YOUNG, IT IS UNEQUALLED. Avoid substitutions offered.

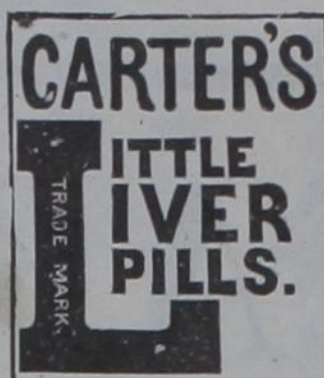
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42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, N. Y.



CURE

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

SICK

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

HEAD

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

ACHE

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

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

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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.; 50c. THURBER & Co., Bay Shore, N. Y.

DYSPEPTICS (incurable preferred) wanted. POPP'S POLIKLINIK, Philadelphia, Pa. Book free. Mention TEXAS SIFTINGS.

A. GOODRICH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 124 Dear born St., Chicago, Ill. Advice free. 21 years' experience. Business quietly and legally transacted.

\$3.75 A DAY And steady work right at home for any man or lady. Write at once. Franklin Co., Richmond, Va.

AGENTS wanted. \$1 an hour. 50 new articles. Catalogue and sample Free. C. E. MARSHALL, Lockport, N. Y.

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PROF. BAILEY'S ELIXIR IS GUARANTEED to produce a heavy MUSTACHE, BEARD, or hair on BALD HEADS, without injury, in two to three weeks. Two or three packages do it. One package 25c. four for \$1.00, or twelve for \$1.00. Agents make \$10 per day. Postage stamps not taken. \$100 offered to anyone who can prove that this Elixir does not do what is claimed for it. Sent sealed. Postage paid. Address: Lessor Supply Co., Lock Box 208, Concordance, N. Y.

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

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 becoming as clear as the creamy petals of a calla lily." By mail \$1 Depot, 220 6th ave., N. Y. All druggists. Mention this paper.

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

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FOR MAN AND WOMAN The only practicable electric belt made Cures Rheumatism, Bright's Disease, Sciatica, Paralysis, Torpid Liver, Lumbago, Nervous Debility, Female Weakness, General Debility, Painful Menstruation, Vitus Dance, Spinal Diseases, Kidney Complaints, Urinary Diseases. Pat. Aug. 16, 1887. Improved Aug. 1, 1889. Awarded the highest medal at Cincinnati Exposition, 1888. Gives mild or strong current of electricity which stimulates and assists nature to restore weak organs to health and vigor. ELECTRIC INSOLES \$1.00. Send 6c for sealed illustrated catalogue with full list of diseases and valuable information and sworn statements in English, German, Swedish and Norwegian. DR. OWEN BELT CO., 191 & 193 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY,
COR. BROADWAY AND 14TH ST., NEW YORK.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

A Chicago Man's Christmas.

A Chicago club man, who was listening to some Christmas stories told by his friends at the club, told the following, according to the Evening Mail, which is good:

"I had a time myself last Christmas. My wife had concluded to go out of town to visit her sister. I couldn't go, because, as you gentlemen know, our business is extensive and we have to exert ourselves at this season to strike a balance on time for the benefit of our Boston partners. I saw my wife off on the train. I came over here and had my dinner, played a game of billiards, and smoked a cigar. About eight o'clock I called a cab and drove down to the house of a friend of mine, who, by the way, was not at home when I got there. And, unlike Mr. Blucher, he never showed up at all. His wife is a charming woman, and, with his knowledge and full consent, she is just a trifle what that French waiter would call bonhomie. She is too bonhomie for me, I confess. She had two friends who were as bonhomie as herself. Now, you get a trio of bonhomie in petticoats and you had better look out. We had a game of cards—several games—and a bit of luncheon, at which the ladies sipped a little sherry, if my eyesight didn't deceive me, and I took some of my absent friend's finest brandy. I don't know how it came about, but it wasn't my night for brandy, and quicker than I can tell it my head flopped against the ceiling. If I was writing this story for a newspaper I would stick a lot of stars here to show what is left out, as the Irishman said. But as it isn't for print just shut your eyes and imagine that several hours are supposed to have elapsed. The hackman rang my door-bell, and when the door opened I passed in. The parlors were brilliantly lighted, and, as heaven is my judge, there stood my wife in her prettiest tea-gown. She pointed out the big easy chair, and I fell into it. I remember seeing her take a letter, which some one had tied about my neck. She opened it. Funny that I hadn't seen it before. Then she shoved a big mirror in front of me. Holy Joseph! my silk hat was shoved down over my ears. My collar was unbuttoned, and my necktie had lost its four-in-hand symmetry. My face was tattooed, and I looked correspondingly tattooed in general. My angel wife was again reading the letter. And then she folded it up, beat a sort of dead march in Saul with her feet, gazed into the register, and then carromed on me. I think I could have crawled down the register just then, but she was in the way. Then she said: 'It was very kind of Julia to send you home. Your friend George owes me a box of gloves. He bet that you wouldn't take a drink until I returned from Detroit. I didn't go to Detroit, as you see. I left the train at 31st street, and here I am. You needn't look at me, you brute. Julia is not to blame. I put up the job with her. I knew you would go there, but I think she might have buttoned your shirt collar. I don't like that a bit. I will call the girl and have her wash your face.' And she did. I remember my angel wife holding me in the chair and telling the girl with the sponge and hot water to rub harder. I remember that I was undressed, and that I was put in the bath-tub, and that the water was turned on from both faucets, the cold-water faucet seemed to have the right of way. I remember two women giggling in the hallway the next morning. One of them was my angel wife, and the other was Julia. I heard Julia say: 'His shirt collar was buttoned when he left our house,' and then my angel wife—my angel wife—said she would give a \$10 bill to know the hack-

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."

man who brought me home. But Julia was mistaken; upon my soul she did me a grave injustice. Dash a collar button, anyhow!"

A TAILOR'S GOOD FORTUNE.

He Wins \$15,000 in The Louisiana State Lottery.

Lightning—not political, but financial—struck in the region of Baltimore rather heavily at the last drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. Besides the numerous small prizes of \$5, \$10 and \$20 drawn by Baltimoreans, Mr. Joseph Kass, a tailor living at 424 North Castle street, had the extremely good fortune to hold one-twentieth of ticket 93—which entitled him to \$15,000. It goes without saying that Mr. Kass is highly elated over his good fortune.

Mr. Kass said yesterday that he has been in the habit of buying tickets in the Lottery for the past two years. In all that time he has not missed drawing some prize. They were in small sums, however, and only encouraged him to continue courting Dame Fortune. Just what to do with the money Mr. Kass is undecided.

The fortunate gentleman is a native of Germany, but has been living in Baltimore for 20 years. He has a small tailoring establishment in the rear of his dwelling and has been employed by the leading clothiers of this city.—*Baltimore (Md.) Herald, December 3.*

Wrestled with a Bear.

Charles Ford, of Shandaken, is rated as one of the best wrestlers among the Western Catskills. He was on a tramp Saturday when suddenly he met a bear. Man and animal both stopped, and though Ford had ample time to retreat, he stood his ground. His only weapon was a revolver, and taking deliberate aim he fired. At that moment the bear made a spring and the bullet simply grazed his tough hide. Ford fired again at the short range of five feet, but failed to stop the brute.

Then Ford's wrestling prowess came in. Bruin gave him a hug, and he gave Bruin a blow on the jaw with his fist that caused him to let up a little on the hug. Then Ford adroitly tripped up his shaggy antagonist, but the result was that both took a ridiculous tumble down the mountain. Ford says it was all right when he was on top, but when he was underneath the breath was nearly squeezed out of his body.

A gully stopped their downward career and landed Ford several yards in advance of the bear. Bruin was quickly on top of his victim again, however, but Ford, who had retained his hold on his revolver, stuck the barrel against the bear's mouth and fired. The animal released its hold and fell over dead. The carcass has been sent to a relative of Ford's living in Harlem.—*New York Clipper.*

All disorders caused by a bilious state of the system can be cured by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. No pain, griping or discomfort attending their use. Try them.

What Water Costs.

From a profusely illustrated article on "The New Croton Aqueduct," by Charles Barnard, in the December Century, we quote the following: "It is a curious commentary on the demands of civilization to observe the effect of building this dam. The million people in the city need a reserve of drinking water, and twenty-one families must move out of their rural homes and see their hearths sink deep under water. The entire area to be taken for the reservoir is 1,471 acres. Twenty-one dwellings, three saw and grist mills, a sash and blind factory and a carriage factory must be torn down and removed. A mile and a quarter of railroad track must be relaid, and six miles of country roads must be abandoned. A road twenty-three miles long will extend around the two lakes, and a border or 'safety margin' three hundred feet wide will be cleared all around the edge to prevent any contamination of the water. This safety border will include a carriage road, and all the rest will be laid down to grass. As the dam rises, the water will spread wider and wider over fields, farms and roads. Every tree will be cut down and carried away. Every building will be carted off, and the cellars burned out and filled with clean soil to prevent any possibility of injury to the water. Fortunately there is no cemetery within the limits of the land taken for the reservoir. Had there been one it would have been completely removed before the water should cover the ground. Fifty-eight persons and corporations, holding one hundred and eleven parcels of land, will be dispossessed in order to clear the land for the two lakes and the dams, roads and safety borders."

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

Johnny's Idea of Seasickness.

Here is a good description of seasickness by a six-year-old boy:

Little Johnny had been visiting lately at a place where they had a big swing, which is highly popular with the rising generation. When he returned home his father asked:

"Well, Johnny, did you swing in the big swing?"

"Yes, a little, papa; but it made my head ache in my stomach so that I had to stop."—*Boston Transcript.*

Immensely Popular.

For home amusement nothing can be better than the new parlor game called "politics, or the Race for the Presidency." It is immensely popular, and is equally enjoyed by old and young players. At all toy stores. \$1. Sent, prepaid, for \$1.25, by Reed Toy Co., Leominster, Mass.

Nothing Extraordinary.

The Major (at inspection)—"I want to compliment you, sir, on the faultless manner in which your blanket and overcoat are rolled. It is perfection."

Private Bimley (under his moustache)—"Four years' practice in Ford an' Gaylor's flannel department order do somethin' fer a man!"—*Puck.*

Fret not your life away because your hair is gray, while young, as you can stop all grayness and can beautify the hair with Hall's Hair Renewer and be happy.

He was Hard Up.

Leland Howse—"Jinks is pretty hard up."

Brownstone—"What's the matter—can't he raise the wind?"

Leland Howse—"Raise the wind? Why, if it was blowing a tornado he couldn't raise enough to agitate his whiskers."—*Harrisburg Telegram.*

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