

# Texas Siftings.

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## JEALOUSY IN THE PROFESSION.

BOOTH, BARRETT, NAT. GOODWIN, BUFFALO BILL *ET AL.*, THROWN IN THE BACKGROUND BY THE RISING STAR,  
JOHN L. SULLIVAN.



# Texas Siftings.

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

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## IN "A. MINER" KEY.

HELD by the grand jury—secret sessions.

A TRIAL trip—opening move in a wrestle.

THE password at a German theatre is "nixey."

A GREAT water way—life-long total abstinence.

THE counterfeiter is always on the side of free coinage.

THE height of tyranny—to arrest a brook because it murmurs.

THE Directory ruled all France at one time. It wasn't merely a city directory.

TURN your back on borrowed trouble and you will be better prepared to face the real.

A BURGLAR gets at his work early, but he doesn't keep at it any later than he can help.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR couldn't write his name, but he made his mark, just the same.

It is said that free silver will help the poor man. But the poor man never finds silver free.

THE Texas Cartoon claims to be a peculiarly Texas paper. Why, then, does it draw so much from "Life" in New York?

It is said that money can never give happiness. This is an experiment, however, that every man wishes to try for himself.

Oh! the editor's lot has its ills;  
For almost every night,  
With his wife he must fight  
O'er the storekeeper's troublesome bills.  
But the Congressmen's lives are more hard,  
Who, in spite of their rank,  
And their balance in bank,  
Come to blows o'er the bill of the lard.

You can select a man from any sect to be a guide and philosopher, but it takes a Quaker to be guide, philosopher and Friend.

ROBERT COLLYER has observed that few great men were born and bred in this city. But they rush to the city to make their bread, about as soon as they can.

ANOTHER dynamite gun invented by an American has burst during an experiment with it. In case of war it would be a good scheme to induce the enemy to employ as many of these guns as possible.

THE inquest in the case of the suicide Stephen Beck will be held to-day. His daughter who fell from the train after his jump was improved.—Philadelphia Inquirer. First time we ever heard that it improved one to fall from a swiftly moving train.

JEFFERSON said, "Thanks to a benevolent arrangement of things, the greater part of life is sunshine." It would be difficult to make some politicians of the present day believe it, though. The clouds are lowering about them more and more every day.



No shadowy moment should know.

Alas! 'Tis the anguish all women must feel;  
For it they must suffer and sigh;  
And, when the long strain breaks their heart-strings at last,  
Must quietly lie down and die.  
Dost know what this *bête noir* of womanhood is?  
This agony, hidden from view?  
'Tis life's cruel failure that a number six foot  
Will not fit a number two shoe.

## MUSIC AS AN ARTIST.

This is a wonderful age, there is no question about that. In fact we never lived in an age that equaled it, so far as our recollection extends. Think of musical sounds imprinting themselves upon matter, and producing definite forms to suit the harmony. That is what is done now. An elastic membrane covered with a semi-fluid paste capable of receiving very light impressions, is stretched over a hollow receiver; the vocalist sings on the surface of the membrane, and, *voilà*, the musical note mirrors itself in the paste in the most unexpected forms. There are exquisite flowers—this is no flower of rhetoric—and birds—no flight of fancy—and even trees and fishes to be seen, though the latter may seem to be a fish story. Occasionally shells and bunches of fruit are discernible, as the music varies. Pythagoras, the Greek philosopher, insisted that music is the principle of form in nature, and that "every shape and natural figure in the animate and inanimate world was determined and created by the divine infusion of music into the formless matter of chaos." Here, then, is modern science strongly corroborating the doctrine of the pagan philosopher. The creation of the world was accompanied with "music by the band!"

## WASHINGTON CHARGED WITH PLAGIARISM.

A Paris paper is in great glee because it imagines that it has discovered foundation for a charge of plagiarism against our beloved Washington. When the Father of his Country was a youth he wrote a book entitled "Rules of Civility," and the French editor claims that the rules were copied from an old French book on manners and conversation written by one Father Périn. Supposing there is a similarity, that doesn't establish a charge of plagiarism. Are not the rules of civility nearly the same the world over? If Washington cautioned a young man against wiping his nose on his coat sleeve in the presence of company, he simply enunciated a point of etiquette old as coat sleeves themselves. Joseph's coat of many colors might have been shiny on the sleeve for anything that we know to the contrary, and we don't know how many times his patriarchal father reproved him for it. Washington, we think, said it wasn't *en règle* for the gentleman of the house to sit down at the dinner table in his shirt sleeves, especially when there were guests present. Father Périn might have said the same thing in his book, but does that make Washington a plagiarist? Not at all. If we mistake not all books on etiquette contain similar rules. The French editor is 'way off.

## LIFE'S AGONY.

'Tis not pain or sickness that causes the shade  
That darkens her beautiful brow;  
Her friends are all faithful; her wealth is untold;  
Her lover is true to his vow.  
Then, whence come those sighs as of fond heart bereft?  
Those bitter tears, why should they flow?  
A young life, hedged in from all troublesome care,

## SODA WATER IN PARIS.

Some enterprising Yankee has introduced soda fountains in Paris, but Parisians don't take to them very kindly. They are accustomed to sitting down to their drinks and imbibing at their leisure, but soda water cannot be taken that way with any kind of satisfaction. So the enterprise is likely to prove a failure. By the way, nothing astonishes a Frenchman more than the celerity with which an American will toss off a drink while standing at a bar, and in five minutes call for another. He can't understand it. Monsieur likes to sit at a little table in front of his favorite café, on some stirring boulevard, and slowly sip his wine or *groseille*, watching the passing crowd meanwhile or chatting with a friend. It is a pity that American drinking habits cannot be reformed on the French plan.

## ALAS, ALACK! NO APPLE-JACK.

It is with more or less gloom that SIFTINGS notes a lack of apple-jack for 1890. Misfortunes never come singly. It is also claimed that the hop crop is short, and all this will cause us to suffer the fiendish jigs and the barbaric glee of the jolly prohibitionist. If we could reach (by law) the reprehensible pessimist who sent word about the blight in the apple-jack orchards the other day, we would request our lawyer to be in readiness. And this is no selfish cry. The whole country suffers, for it is estimated that the loss this year in internal revenue from apple-jack will be \$270,000. The jolly farmers of Middletown, N. Y., and its immediate neighborhood, boast of being the greatest producers of apple-jack in the world, and indeed that is where it all comes from. Up to date they have been drinking apple-jack half the time and sitting on the fence the other half watching it grow.

## BREAKFAST AT TEN.

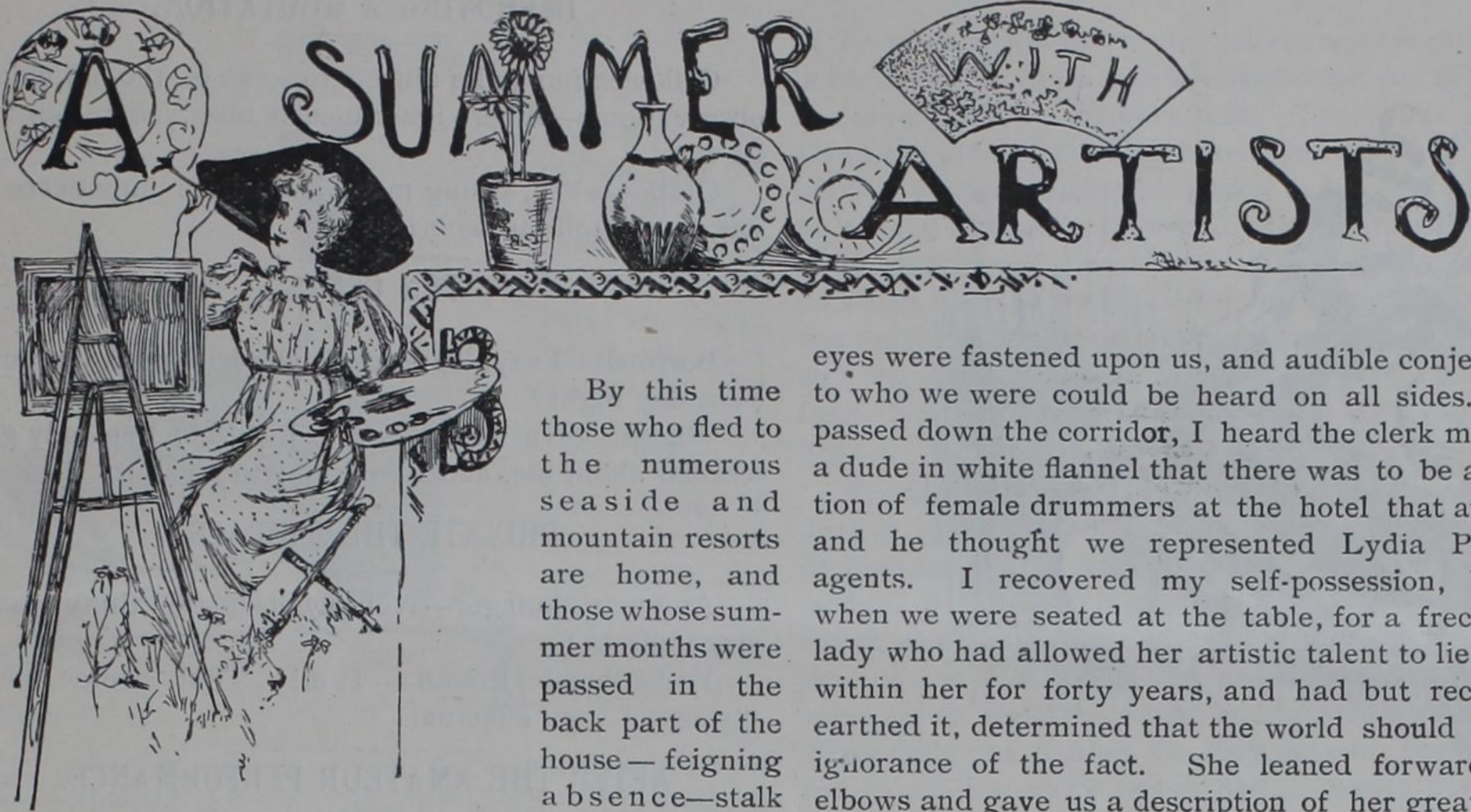
Mr. Robb, an efficient man who has risen to be a Park Commissioner in the greatest city of the New World, failed not long ago to wear the plain coat and vest of his office with that tension of suspenders which indicates a well-borne man. That dignity and gentleness which come from perfect understanding and a good digestion were not Mr. Robb's on the day he said, at a meeting of the Board, that he would wipe the floor with Mr. Gallup, president of the body. The Board had adopted a Gallup idea which seemed to make it impossible for Robb to do his duty and eat his breakfast at ten. So he lost his temper. Slave! Gastronomic serf! Creature of Breakfast at Ten, you must conquer your stomach or your temper! What a hopeful case you present for the rising generation! It is hardly necessary to add that after the Commissioner conceived that his colleagues were trying to Robb him of his morning snooze, and after he had got on a high horse he found he could not ride on a Gallup.



## AN UNPARDONABLE OFFENSE.

YALLERBY—Whar yer goin' wif dat hog ob yourn?  
JOHNSING—Leadin' him ter execution—ter de butcher's, sah. He bruk into my watermillion patch las' night. Dar are some things, sah, dat can nebber be forgiven!





By this time those who fled to the numerous seaside and mountain resorts are home, and those whose summer months were passed in the back part of the house—feigning absence—stalk forward and

back in the sunlight of the front windows.

All are discussing the charming people they met—who had the largest diamonds and who the shortest bathing suits. The summer I have just passed will not only serve to supply my declining years with reminiscences, but will furnish the Ladies' Aid Society with gossip enough to keep it in thriving condition until I am too old to thread my own needle; so I shall reserve all these sweet morsels to be used for such noble ends.

I never before realized what a wonderful creature an artist was, and I think most people entertain just such erroneous ideas as I did before I spent a summer in their company. I shall try, in a feeble way, to define the term: An artist is a person capable of standing on the beach with one eye squinted while he smites a mosquito over the other, and sees that the wild waste of water before him is red, yellow, green, blue and brown, like the streaks of color in a rag carpet, instead of bluish green flecked with white caps over the surface, as it appears to common eyes. The smoke from the locomotive becomes a "wreath of ebon azure," and the golden-rod that sways in the breeze is a "great, golden gob of bloom." I feel that all my life I have been seeing through a glass, darkly; even the most trivial object, when seen from an artistic standpoint, assumes wonderful attributes and qualities. Things that would once have escaped my attention now thrill me with delight, or jangle against my overly sensitive nerves. For the benefit

of those who may never have the pleasure (?) of traveling with artists, I will state that they have some interesting characteristics, very different from the ordinary linen-duster travelers, or the fashionable silk-ulstered pleasure seekers. This party of artists consisted of about forty females from Kentucky, Tennessee and Kansas, who for years had painted plaques, snowshovels and silk banners. They felt that their genius needed a wider scope, and a few weeks at the seashore would give them fresh inspiration; so they organized a sketching club and wrote East to a well-known artist, asking him if they might secure his services for the summer. In a reckless moment the poor young fellow, after going through the usual modest preliminaries—only his preliminaries seemed a little more modest than usual—sat down and wrote the secretary accepting the position. He stated that it would be necessary for him to lay aside several pictures recently begun, for any one of which he would receive several thousand dollars. This, however, with a true artist was only a secondary consideration. He had consecrated his whole life to art, and longed to impart to his fellow creatures some of the enthusiasm that burned within his bosom, and in return would only ask a thousand dollars. He suggested some secluded spot along the coast of Maine, where, unmolested by the vulgar gaze and rude comment of the unappreciative, they might commune with nature and drink the sublimity of Grand Old Ocean. When the secretary read me this portion of the letter I told her that I felt we had made a wise selection; the man who expected to commune with nature when surrounded by forty women had so little common sense that he must be a first-class artist. We met at the Astor House, in New York, and spent the morning in the hotel getting acquainted and studying one another's traveling dresses and eccentricities. We did not attract any particular attention until we filed into the dining room at noon; then all

eyes were fastened upon us, and audible conjectures as to who we could be heard on all sides. As we passed down the corridor, I heard the clerk murmur to a dude in white flannel that there was to be a convention of female drummers at the hotel that afternoon, and he thought we represented Lydia Pinkham's agents. I recovered my self-possession, however, when we were seated at the table, for a freckle-faced lady who had allowed her artistic talent to lie dormant within her for forty years, and had but recently unearthed it, determined that the world should not be in ignorance of the fact. She leaned forward on her elbows and gave us a description of her greatest work of art, just completed a short time before and raffled off at a church fair. It was "Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still." She said she had spent days in search of a face expressive of such force of character and such a commanding presence as she felt Joshua should have under such circumstances, and felt rewarded for her pains when she found a wood-cut of Daniel Voorhees. All the desirable traits were depicted there, and she draped him with a purple toga and placed a mace in his hand pointing towards the sun. There was a lull in the conversation while the lady attended to the meat and vegetables before her,



A Party of Forty Female Artists.

but when she came to pie there was another artistic outburst. She said: "Using two parts chrome yellow to one part flake white will make the color of this custard pie, or an oriental sunset, if you paint a rim of vermilion around the edges and then take a stiff brush and drag it out into fringe, to represent rays."

We took the Fall River boat for Boston, and none of us suspected that the dudish-looking little man with a red and white blazer who sat and smiled as each in turn of forty pale-faced, sad-eyed women leaned over the railing was the teacher. They did not rave over the sublimity of the scene, but gazed mournfully as if they had parted with all their artistic feelings, as well as their breakfasts. No one seemed enthusiastic about getting to work for a day or two; the smell of paint was less refreshing than in by-gone days. We all wanted to commence our work the same day, and no two of us wished to paint the same view—each fearing that her neighbor might make a more successful sketch. Our amiable teach-

er said we were at liberty to paint any view we preferred, but meekly suggested that time was an important item when there was such a large class, and he preferred we should not get more than a quarter of a mile apart, as he felt he could hardly do us justice and take a ten-mile walk on the sandy beach.

We had decided that we would take one daily bath at eleven o'clock, so, shortly after, out came forty bathing suits of all colors and lengths, and as each female stepped into the water, forty little shrieks were heard successively. Our modest teacher ventured in, looking like a great black and yellow striped spider in the distance. He went a quarter of a mile further up the coast, watched by forty pairs of admiring eyes; but one sweet girl artist, who always knew just what to do in a case of emergency, waded out up to her neck and yelled for help; this, of course, had the desired effect. Two of the Kansas ladies, who wore their trousers down around their ankles, went right out of the water, saying "they would die before they would be seen in the water with a man." The sweet girl ventured to reply that she doubted whether they had ever been seen with one on land.

From a timid, shrinking creature, our teacher soon developed into a lordly and important personage.

I will not attempt to describe any of the wonderful marine views. I am not capable of doing so. Our teacher said they were gems, but he lost his conscience at the time his timidity disappeared. I know that there are forty kinds of waves on the Atlantic, and that one man can succeed in convincing forty women that each individual method of painting waves is the correct one.

AN ARTIST.

#### INSPECTOR FLORA M'FLIMSEY.

Flora McFlimsey is known as a woman but not as a female factory inspector. That bright Phoebus of the morning which shines for all, except Grover Cleveland and T. DeWitt Talmage, The Sun, had a word to say on this point the other day. The word was this: "Some of the women were dressed in a way that would be apt to excite the envy of the female operatives if they wear such costumes when on their tours of inspection."

We would prefer to see women curbing that tendency to strut like Malvolio. It would show and create a better feeling if our dear sisters, who are factory inspectors, would wear, when earning their salary, modest robes of office with tin badges.

#### DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN.

Slowpay (to butcher, who has presented his bill for the twentieth time)—Sir, you are no gentleman.

Butcher—How do you make that out?

Cardinal Newman says a gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. In your business your inflict pain, therefore you are no gentleman.

Well, you would be more of a gentleman if you inflicted *payin'* a little oftener. Good day.

#### THE COMING JURIST.

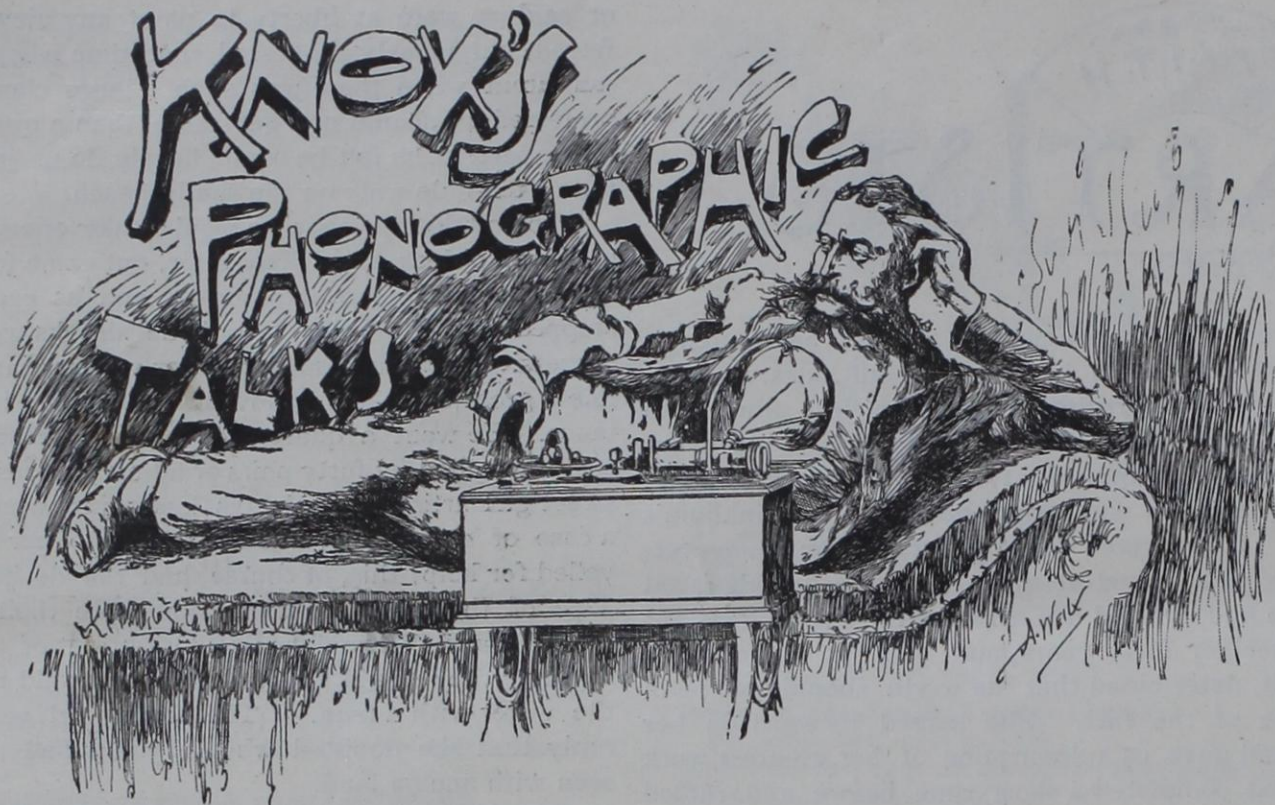
C.—How did you come to put your son at studying law, when the whole country is overstocked with lawyers?

D.—You forget that there are not very many great American jurists, so there is a fine opening for the lad.



Waded out up to her neck and yelled "Help!"





My phonograph has been suffering from a fit of perverseness to-night, or rather I have been doing the suffering while it has been really enjoying itself, and exasperating me to no small degree by refusing to work properly. It seems to me as if it did this out of pure devilishness.

Queer, isn't it, how sometimes inanimate objects will apparently get sulky and refuse to do what they were intended to do. Haven't you struggled with a window sash and pushed and pulled until you felt angry enough to kick the lights out of it, and you were half inclined to believe that it knew what it was about and declined to move just because it had a spite at you?

My phonograph has been in one of these moods and declined to record a story that I have been warbling into it for the last ten minutes. Now, if you start to write a story with a fountain pen and it refuses to exude ink, you are soon made aware of the fact and may be able to encourage it by blowing into its internals; or, better still, you can throw it into the ash barrel and fall back on an old stub pencil. The phonograph is different; you may give it your best thoughts and think that it is absorbing them, but if you have failed to feed its motor with the proper amount of electricity, or have forgotten to adjust its something or other at exactly the right tension, you will find no record of what you have said when you ask it to "please repeat."

It works sometimes, as does the press-the-button cameras. I took one of them down to Long Branch last week. I had never seen one of the things operated but I tried to follow the printed directions, which left the impression on my mind that all I had to do was to press the button and the Kodak man would do the rest.

I aimed the machine at everything I met, from George W. Childs to a balky horse, and blistered my thumb with pressing the trigger. Afterwards when the Kodak man tried to develop the plates he didn't develop anything except a disposition to use bad and wicked language. He pointed out to me a little wad of green baize in the muzzle of the instrument that he said I should have extracted before working the button, and he hurt my feelings not only by charging me \$1.50 but by unnecessarily remarking that he thought any darned fool would have known enough to pull out the plug.

I wasn't discouraged, however; I tried again. I threw the plug away so that it could not by any chance obstruct the daylight, and I aimed at the striped stockings of a little brunette who was coming out of the surf. Then I took a snap shot at a pale horse, and was careful to press the button each time, but it seems that I forgot to turn some crank that changes the plates, and the result was that I took two pictures on the same plate. My friends who have examined the plate since it has been developed say that they do not know whether it is the picture of a blond horse with striped hind legs or of a brunette female with a banged wisp of a clay-colored tail.

I am inclined to think that our own ignorance and impatience have more to do with the failure of some machines to work than have any defects in the machines themselves.

\* \*

I am out of humor with the stuff that the evening papers feed to us day by day. Here is the one I have just been reading. It calls itself an "enterprising" sheet, and it may be justly said of it that it is ahead of the times, for it gets out its 4 o'clock edition at about 1:30 daily. I wish they would hire an editor who would know the difference between news and driveling

idiocy and have him edit the paper, even if it doesn't go to press until dark.

This paper tells me that the Liverpool underwriters refuse to insure cotton shipped from New York "unless the mode of stowing it on the ship is changed to conform to that of East India."

Now, what is the use of telling us that, without telling us what the East Indian mode of stowing is. Does the statement convey any information to our minds? Not one in 500,017 of us can be expected to know whether an East Indian jams his cotton into the bowels of a ship with a crowbar or pours it into the hold out of a tin cup and then sits on it until it settles. What we want is information that we don't have to chew, or develop with acids, or translate with the aid of the "Encyclopedia Britannica."

Here, in another column, I find the statement that "there are some Yale graduates driving street cars in New York." There is nothing new or extraordinary in that piece of news, except that it proves that a college education does not entirely unfit some men for earning a living.

Again I find our brilliant editor asking this question: "Why do the Heathen rage?" and giving no answer. If he had told us that the heathen probably rage because so many Dark Continent explorers are writing lies about them in the magazines he would have given us something that we could at least afford to believe.

Another of his gems reads: "A German has invented spectacles that enable a man to read under water."

That is aggravating, for it does not tell us enough. I am burning with curiosity to know what necessity there was for the invention, and who, in heaven's name or any other name, would ever want to read anything under water. The only people who go much under water are divers, and nobody can imagine them loafing around among coral reefs, sunken ships and drowned men, with spectacles on their noses and, say, evening papers in their hands.

The last brightly gleaming paragraph I shall quote is to the effect that "Good clothes are to respectability what the frame is to a picture."

There is nothing wrong about that, only such slabs of bogus wisdom have been blasted out of the alleged intellects of hundreds of the long-haired teachers of the past. And they are quite too *passee*, besides not being true. Have we not all seen frames that were worth more than the pictures, and have we not often seen a \$50 suit of clothes on a five-cent man?

That is all I have to say about this editor to-night because — but hold, there is just one more. He is given to print the word "damn" as "d—n," an emasculation of the word that is childish. It is a good honest word, and is not at all obsolete, I notice. I have also noticed that such authors as Webster, Shakspeare and Paul, an apostle, are never ashamed to spell it in full. It is, however, probably not worth criticizing further the columns presided over by an editor who would print in one column "He that believeth not shall be d—d," being too careful not to shock his readers by spelling the bold bad word in full, but not too nice to avoid shocking them in the next column with a detailed description of an indecent assault that would disgrace the police papers or even the columns of the New York Evening News.

If the guilty party will accept these few kind words of mine, paste them in his sombrero, and promise to do better, I'll say better things of him when I talk again.

J. ARMOY KNOX.

#### IMPROVING A QUOTATION.

Callowchump (who objects to some of the old man's observations)—Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise.

Oldboy—Yes, young man; and where impudence is wit, 'twere folly to be bright.

#### TEN CENTS.

Borrowit—I say, Tom, can't you lend me a ten until Saturday night?

Wiggins (evasively)—Sorry, Jack, but I've only got a dollar about me, and I don't like to break it.

#### PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

Amateur Manager—Well, what did you think of our stage effects?

Professional Friend—H'm! They were more "stagey" than effectual.

#### AFTER THE AMATEUR PERFORMANCE.

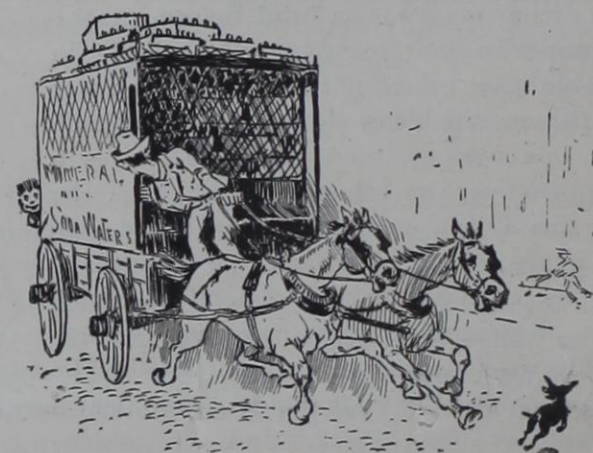
Parrott—You didn't seem very well pleased with friend Shinn's Brutus.

Wiggins—No; it makes me tired to see a man play a hero with stuffed legs.

#### OUTWARD SIGN OF INWARD SORROW.

Wiggins—Your clothes are looking pretty rusty, Jack.

Borrowit—Yes; the iron of hard luck has entered my soul!

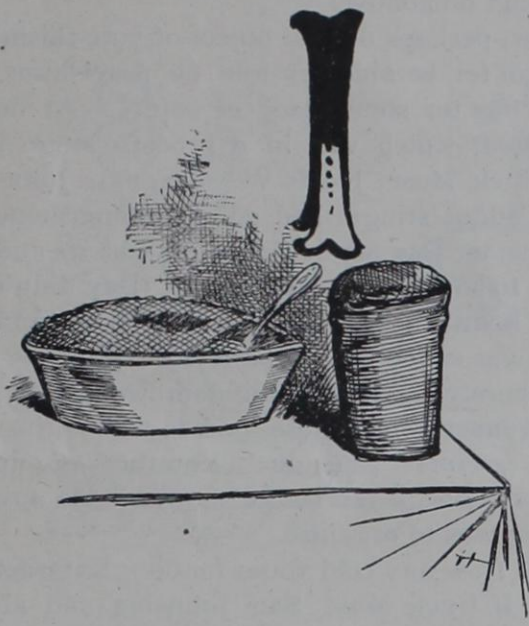


George Benjamin Luxe

A BOY'S REVENGE ON A SODA WATER WAGON.



BEANERIES.



IT HAS been the fashion for lo! these many years, to deride Boston for her habit of baked beans. In other words the fair city has shared a very common fate. One of her most excellent traits has been seized upon by ribald, would-be wits, and has been used as a target

for ill-directed ridicule. It is decidedly to the credit of Boston that she is devoted to baked beans. If more of the world would imitate her in this respect, and would at the same time emulate her devotion to brown bread, more of the world would be better off.

It must not be supposed that New Yorkers are blind to this fact. New York seldom misses a trick of any kind. Whatever there is in the world, of the very best, is pretty likely to come New York's way, and is very sure to be recognized and held fast if it is worth the keeping. It therefore comes about that New York also has the bean habit and doubtless would have the brown bread habit also if brown bread were as super-excellent as the baked bean. Moreover, New York—and this is something that every New Englander will regard as blasphemy, to say nothing of its being "flat burglary as ever was committed"—New York knows how to bake the bean much better than Boston does. It may be that this statement will make many enemies for me in Boston. I have no doubt it will. As I am perfectly willing to stay out of Boston, so long as New York remains, I care nothing for this, and will declare the truth, regardless of all trivial consequences.

New York baked beans, then, are vastly superior to the Boston article. Yet the bean, in the metropolis is peculiarly the food of the humbler people, while Boston rejoices in the fact that her proudest and richest and wisest citizens live principally on this leguminous food. Very likely that is the reason why the least among New Yorkers is greater than any Boston man alive.

So pronounced, in fact, is the fondness of New Yorkers for beans, that the cheaper restaurants of the city—and New York excels in cheap restaurants—are generally known as beaneries. No man can really know New York till he has dined at one of these places. Beyond question the most famous of these is on Park Row. It is exactly like the others, only much more so. It was established many years ago by a man who was a Baptist clergyman, but who gave up ministering to souls and immortalized himself—that is with a brief modern immortality—by ministering to the bodies of men. In his latter days he enjoyed fast horses and an enormous jet-black moustache, and his sons now carry on the business.

More modern beaneries are usually on the ground floor, but Oliver Hitchcock always carried on his business in a basement. His outfit was not expensive, but his place was always as clean as care could keep it. A few hours on Sunday morning were the only ones

in the week when you could not get a substantial meal in his restaurant for a quarter. And what you would get, moreover, was of the very best. There was no style about the place. Each customer was supposed to have his own handkerchief in his pocket and therefore to have no need of a napkin. If the forks had been silver somebody would have been likely to steal them, so Hitchcock had them of steel in the first place. The dishes were good and thick, so they would not break easily, and the waiters presumed upon the fact in handling them, so that there was usually a brisk clatter going on.

Those waiters were, and are, a great joy to the student of mankind. Their indifference to the restraints of conventionality is sublime. Their colloquial familiarity with the customers is delicious. The ease with which they carry around tall pyramids of cups and saucers and plates, and the accuracy with which they serve six or eight customers at once, is awe-inspiring. They dally not, neither do they palaver, but Delmonico in all his glory never had a waiter like one of these.

They use, and so do many of the customers, weird synonyms for ordinary words. "Boot-heels and slush," for example, is readily understood to mean coffee and cakes. The coffee is a compound, the secret of which is known nowhere else. I shrewdly suspect that it is not coffee, but it is remarkably good, and always exactly the same. The cakes are toothsome little disks of indigestion only to be eaten red-hot and swimming in the best butter of commerce.

Aside from these two staples the bill of fare consists of corned-beef and beans, ham and beans, pork and beans, beans, eggs, pie and crullers. Tomato ketchup and



The Fondness of New Yorkers for Beans.

peppersauce are furnished as freely as pepper and salt, and are used by the gallon. Some few other items may be included, but I don't remember ever to have heard them called for. Each item is either five cents or ten cents, and no living man can eat half a dollar's worth.

The customers are mostly workingmen, and the place is as democratic as a public bath. I don't remember to have seen any negroes eating there, but I presume they would be served if they should go, just as readily as the editors, Chinamen, clerks, newsboys, compositors, bootblacks, tramps and proof-readers who make up the majority of the customers. It is a strange place, and yet the strangeness of it is essentially that of the commonplace.

DAVID A. Curtis.

AN ANARCHIST WITHOUT A PLOT.

First Actor—It is reported that Hoyt, who wrote the Tin Soldier, Hole in the Ground, etc., has turned anarchist.

Second Actor—He won't be at all dangerous.

Why not?

Did he ever get up a plot that amounted to anything?

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD.

Real Estate Agent (to Harlem property holder)—What do you want for that corner lot you offer for sale?

Property Holder—I am holding it at \$250,000.

Agent—Well, you keep on holding it. Good day.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.



John Smith—Of course it is a matter of considerable interest, but not as much so as five per cent. a month.

Democrat—No doubt Quay has very good reasons for being silent. His tongue, when asked about using that money, does not oscillate as rapidly as that of a woman talking about her baby. As an auctioneer he would not be able to earn his salt, but as a politician he understands the business. "He knows enough who knows how to be silent," says the Italian proverb.

Total Absterainer—I have been told that at Bar Harbor the bar is harder to find than the harbor. Yes, Schooner Head is near Bar Harbor, but there is no beer there. What's the matter with New York? Are not our local facilities to become an inebriate all that can be desired? Why not patronize home institutions?

Anxious Inquirer—You are mistaken. The Medicine Man of the Indians is not a patent medicine man by any means. There are no fences where the Indian lives.

The Indian Hair Restorer is a fraud. No Indian ever restores any hair. Why don't you buy a wig?

In regard to your third inquiry you are off again. Indians do not feather their skulls in the same manner that oarsmen do.

If you ask any more such stupid questions I'll have to conclude that you instigated the recent strike on the New York Central. You seem to think that the world cannot get along without you, but the town you live in will experience a boom when you die.

Fruit Grower, Wilmington, Del.—It is not certain what kind of an apple Sir Isaac Newton saw fall from a tree when he thereby discovered the attraction of gravitation. Probably it was a fall pippin. You autumn make a note of this fact.

Professional Joker—The joke about the scarcity of ice is not available owing to the fact that thirty-two schooners laden with ice arrived in New York yesterday, and more are to follow. However, put it on ice, and if we have a mild winter, it will be useful next summer, for the iceman does not change his business methods as often as the leopard does his spots.

The joke about Vice-President Webb tying up the strikers in his net came to hand a little too late. If Webb keeps his position the witicism will make quite a hit next time there is a strike on the Central.

Snag—You are quite right in refusing to pay before taking the gas. The best way is to take no money with you at all when you go to the dentist, for if he fails to restore respiration he may take it himself out of your pocket, and there is no telling how much he will pay himself.

Epicure—You should try and curb your overindulgence in clam chowder. All such passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them.

Ardent Lover—You do not furnish me with sufficient information in regard to the personnel of your rival to enable me to advise you understandingly, but on general principles always forgive your enemies—especially those you can't lick.

Maid—There is a ring at the telephone.

Mistress—You go, Fanny; I cannot be spoken to while I am not dressed to receive company.



A Bowery Beanery.





The times aren't what they were, my boy, some thirty years ago,  
When we used to find such lots o' fun at the good old minstrel show.  
What rousin' songs they sang for us! We seldom hear dem more;  
Some brought de hot tears to de eye—some set us in a roar.  
There was one about Susanna a-comin' down de hill  
One night when stars were shinin' bright and everything was still;  
De buckwheat cake was in her mouf, de tear was in her ee,  
As her true-love left for Alabam' wid de banjo on his knee.  
How I loved to listen to dat song! it made me clap my hand  
When I heerd de chorus dat was sung by dat Ole Minstrel Band.

And de ole plantation dances, de walk-arounds and jigs,  
De "Essence ob Ole Virginny"—de delight of all de nigs—  
Were as full of merriment, my boy, as anything could be,  
And had de power to make de clouds ob melancholy flee.  
How touchin' 'twas to hear de song about Ole Uncle Ned,  
Who had no teeth to eat hoe-cake, no hair upon his head,  
Who shuffled off his mortal coil and left dis world of woe  
To journey to dat happy land where all good darkies go.  
I reckon he was welcomed when he reached de golden strand,  
Where he has since been joined by most of de Ole Minstrel Band.  
I tell ye when aroun' dis world I've sometimes had to roam  
I've listened wid my eyes in tears to "De Ole Folks at Home;"  
And 'twas no matter where I went—how far I chanced to go—  
I'd oft hear breathin' in my soul de song of "Ole Black Joe."  
I've sailed o'er all de oceans, and wherebber I might be

"De Floatin' Scow ob Ole Virginny" went sailin' 'long wid me;  
I've been upon de mountain top and roamed through forests deep,  
I've laid me down in wigwams and wid Injuns gone to sleep,  
But wedder in de Western wild or in some distant land  
Still in my soul I'd hear de songs of dat Ole Minstrel Band.  
Some say dar is no show above for people such as they;  
Well, now I'd rather take my chance 'long mid dem any day  
Than wid a lot of other folks who seem to think, by gum,  
Dat they alone hab got de right to go to Kingdom Come;  
Who sing and shout and make long prayers and think dat they can buy  
Clean tickets of admission to dat realm beyun' de sky;  
Who grind de poor and store up wealth and scoop in all they can,  
No matter how they practice wrong agin their fellow-man.  
I take no stock in dem, my boy! much rather would I stand  
And run my chance for hebbin wid dat good Ole Minstrel Band.

CALEB DUNN.

### DE KATARACT OF THE GANGES.

A FEW REMARKS BY REVEREND WHANGDOODLE BAXTER ON  
THE FEASIBILITY OF FORMING A COLORED FIRE COMPANY  
TO BE CALLED THE KATARACT OF THE GANGES.

BELU'BED BREDDERN AND SISTERN:—I hears dat dar am some talk in dis heah congregashun about raisin' a cullud fire company, and I has been asked ter make some remarks on dat subject.

In de fust place it strikes me as being sorter silly dat de niggahs ob dis heah town should bodder demselves about getting up a fire company. I has notised dat dar's none ob you what owns any houses or stables what am liable ter burn up. What the debble does you niggahs wanten be climbin' out ob bed nights ter sabe

de property ob de white folks, when you haint no property ob yer own for de white firemen ter sabe, which dey wouldn't do nohow?

Howsumebber, perhaps de real object of yore raisin' a fire company am ter be able ter tote de pervishuns, furniture and de like ter some place of safety. At de last fire I attended, which was in a grocery store, I notised dat ole Uncle Mose, Jeems Webster, Sam Johnsing and seberal udder stinguished cullud gennermens was berry anxshus ter tote off de bottle of whisky and de canned goods to some place ob safety. Dey didn't say whar. Ef it hadn't been fer de Trabis Rifles and de perlice, what was called out ter pectect de property, dey would hab shorely carried off all dem wet goods. All the cullud gennermens whose names I has just menshuned are gwinter jine de "Kataract ob de Ganges," which I hears is ter be de name ob de fire company dey proposes to organize.

I don't wanten frow any cold water on de "Kataract ob de Ganges." If Uncle Mose, Sam Johnsing and all dem udder onreliable niggahs am really anxshus to run ter fires and sabe de white man's property from burnin' up, hits werry kind in 'em, but my advice am ter hab nuffin ter do wid de "Kataract ob de Ganges," and jess confine yerselfs ter yer legitemate bizness of pulling chickens after dark, and udder trifles what has been left out doors. How the debble are you niggahs gwinter run ter de fires and tend ter udder folkses' poultry at de same time? You is bound to neglect sumfin. In de words ob de late A. T. Stewart, the great New York millionaire, "Stick ter yer bizness."

And don't none ob you fool niggahs s'pose de white man is gwinter be tuck in wid dis heah "Kataract ob de Ganges" bizness. If dat ar niggah fire company am present at a conflagrashun eberyding what burnt up or can't be found will be laid ter de charge ob de "Katract ob de Ganges." Ef dar am one pertickler place what de "Kataract ob de Ganges" wants ter stay away from hit am a fire.

As I done tole yer before, keep on liftin' de tender pullet, cull the juicy watermillion, and if yer gets time do a little whitewashin' ter help yerselfs along ontill election times; but take de advice ob yore pasture, and don't fool wid de "Kataract ob de Ganges."

### A SUBSTITUTE FOR SCOURING SOAP.

Wife (to her husband)—When you are down town, John, step into the store and buy me some scouring soap; there isn't a bit in the house.

Little Johnny (looking up from a newspaper he is reading)—Wouldn't posse be good in place of soap.

Posse! What do you mean?

Why, the paper tells about a train robbery, and says a posse is scouring the woods for the robbers.

Junior Clerk—Bah! The head book-keeper? He's nothing but a figure-head.

Office Boy—Yer ain't quite right there, cully; he ain't a figger-head, but he has to have one.



### HE TOOK THE HINT.

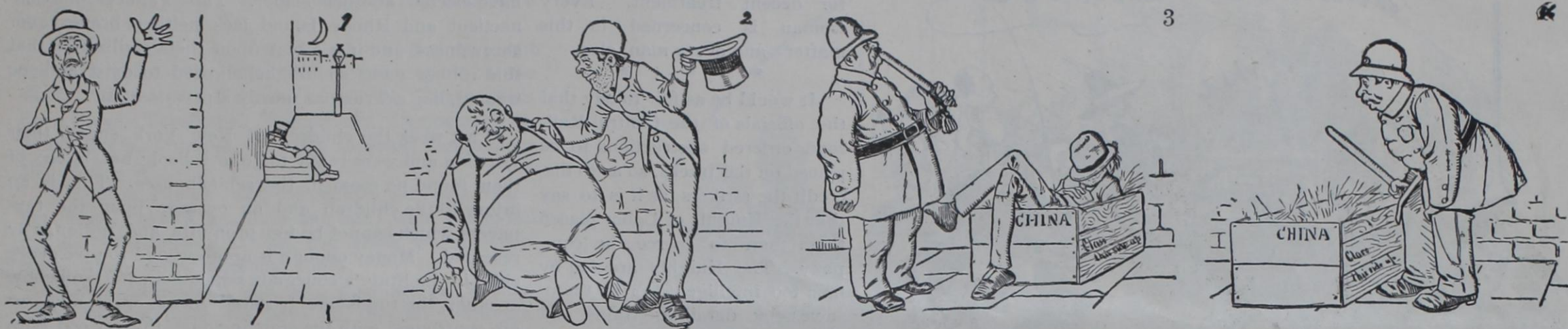
FATHER (at midnight)—Sorry to disturb you, but I thought I would show you my new dog.

DAUGHTER—O, papa! How kind of you. Isn't he cute, Harry?

HARRY (who takes the old man's hint)—Just in time, sir. I was about to go, anyhow.



## THE POLICEMAN IN A BAD BOX AT LAST.



## THE RIVAL PERFUMES.

Miss Sullivan was a New York opera singer. She was a star, and her great rôle was Bettinni in the Mascotte. As she was very handsome she had very many admirers, one of whom was in the habit of sending her every evening before the performance began, a small box containing some genuine, natural orange blossoms. In the second act Bettinni decorates herself with orange blossoms, and it was very natural that Miss Sullivan should prefer the beautiful natural orange blossoms to the artificial ones furnished by the property man. Perhaps she had some particular reason for preferring the natural ones. Quien sabe?

Signor Doboni played Pippo to Miss Sullivan's Bettinni. One of his peculiarities was that the perfume of the natural orange blossoms made him deathly sick. He politely asked the diva to use artificial flowers, but she refused to do so, being, as is the case with most great singers, a little cranky.

This was a serious matter with the Signor. It became impossible for him to perform his part properly. He appealed to the manager, who, remembering that one of the rules of the theatre was that the actors should use only such costumes, etc., as were sanctioned by the manager, insisted that the diva wear artificial orange blossoms.

She was obliged to comply. The next night she wore the artificial flowers, but she saturated her handkerchief with extract of orange blossom, which was much stronger than that of the natural flowers. Poor Doboni was in despair. To make him as miserable as possible the diva was unusually affectionate on the stage. Once more he appealed to the director, but there was no rule compelling an actress to use any particular perfume.

Doboni was sick enough to throw up even his contract. The affair, moreover, leaked out, and many persons came to the theatre to see the fun. On the night following, instead of holding himself aloof from Bettinni, Pippo, or rather Doboni, was unusually demonstrative. He got up as close as possible to the actress, and seemed to enjoy the perfume of the orange blossom. Miss Sullivan, on the other hand, became deathly pale, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that she could finish her part. The other actors seemed also to be somewhat slow in their movements, and to hold their handkerchiefs to their noses more than there was any occasion for. Even in the boxes near the stage a peculiar kitchen smell was observed. In the second act, when Pippo and Bettinni sang a duet while embracing each other on the European plan, the face of the beautiful Sullivan was drawn up all out of shape.

Doboni had deliberately gone and eaten a beefsteak with garlic just before going on the stage.

## AN EVEN THING.

Democrat (to disgusted Republican who has been running down President Harrison)—What have you got to complain about Harrison?

Disgusted Republican (who has failed to secure an office he wanted)—Harrison doesn't promote merit.

Democrat—That evens things up; merit never promoted Harrison.

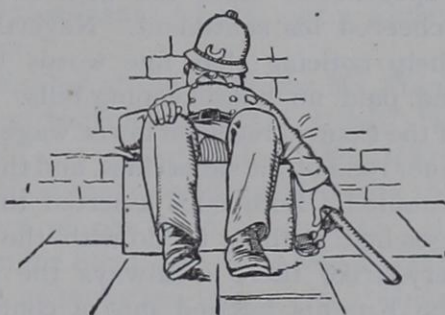
## HE MUST HAVE BEEN DESPERATE.

A.—I heard the strangest expression to-day.

B.—What was it?

A Chicago man wishing that he lived in St. Louis.

I knew that Chicago as a residence became almost intolerable at times, but I never supposed that it ever got as bad as that.



## DIDN'T WANT A THERMOMETER.

"Can I sell you a thermometer to-day?" inquired a young man at the back door of a farm house.

"What's them?" demanded a hoarse voice from the echoing corridors of a large kitchen, and the manipulator of the voice loomed up in his shirt sleeves.

"Thermometers," answered the youth.

"What are they good for?"

"To indicate the temperature."

"What temperature?"

"The temperature of the atmosphere where they are located."

"Reg'late the weather, eh?"

"No, they don't exactly regulate the weather, but they indicate it. In other words, they tell you just how hot or cold it is by easy reference to a graduated scale running from forty degrees below zero to far above boiling point."

"Say, confound yer picter, don't you s'pose we know when we're cold and when we're overheating ourselves?"

"Certainly, but then—"

"What in thunder do we want of a thermometer? Don't you s'pose ef I was cold now I'd put on my coat? Mebbe you think I haven't got a coat. Even ef I hadn't got a coat, couldn't I sell a two-year-old and git me one?"

"Yes, certainly, but that is not the idea. You know some seasons are hotter or colder than others, and oftentimes it is a satisfaction to know just how much they vary."

"Well, darn your hide, ef I'm too warm—ef any of us is too warm—can't we peel ourselves; can't we shuck off

every last rag an' go in swimmin'? Come, now, what do you say to that, eh?"

"But then there are other uses for a reliable thermometer. You make butter, do you not?"

"Yes, sir, we churn once a day reg'ler. We've made butter afore you was weaned."

"Yes—well, you may not have noticed it, but butter never comes until the cream has reached a certain temperature. By the application of one of these thermometers you can readily ascertain the exact temperature of the cream, and"—

"And let Bob stand around the room idling away time waiting for Jersey cream to heat up. No, sir, it won't go down, that kind of argument won't. Bob's hired to work, not to watch a scientific rattletrap, and when the butter don't come I say to

Bob: 'You keep on churnin', and he shakes her up for all that's out. No, we don't want none of yer thermometers. We hain't got no use fer 'em. You'd better go hum an' go to work, young man, afore you git too cranky for this world. I shouldn't be a bit surprised to see you around here next summer with some kind of a contraption to tell us to go in when it rains. Sure you haven't got something to tell us when it's sundown?"

## A GREAT STRAIN ON FRIENDSHIP.

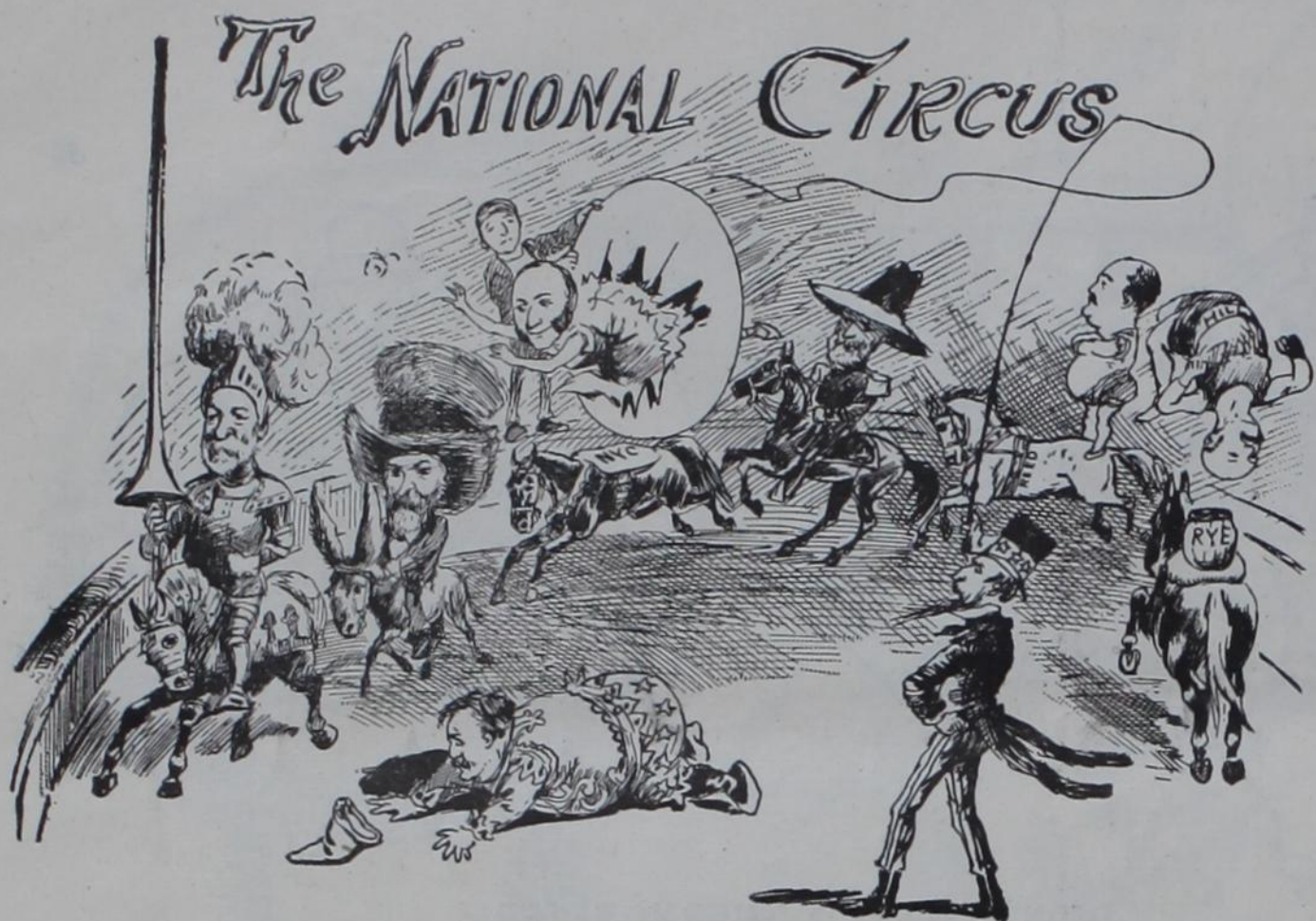
Smith (to his friend Jones, to whom he loaned a tenner a year ago. Jones, seeing him coming, was hurrying away down a side street)—Hello, Jones, what's the rush?

Jones (confused)—In a great hurry to meet a man.

Smith—Don't run away from me, Jones. If I had known my loan of ten dollars was going to break our life-long friendship, hang me if I would have let you had a cent!

The famous man may be bored by applications for his autograph, but it saddens him when they cease to come.





Canada is coming to the front. The American people are being reminded of the fact—which few of them realize—that Canada holds a larger portion of this continent than the United States. The irresponsibility of the Canadian government, of which General Grant complained, now exists rather in theory than in practice. Every year, England withdraws more and more from any interference in Canadian affairs. The Labor Congress, just held in Canada, informed the British Ministry by a unanimous resolution that no more Governors from England were wanted, as the Canadians had statesmen fully qualified to preside over the Dominion. Senator Sherman, in a recent speech, called for the application of Blaine's reciprocity scheme to Canada, asserting that the interests of the two countries are identical and that free trade with our immense neighbor on the north is much more important to us than with the South Americans, who send us comparatively little and buy nothing from us. The proposition of Senator Evarts to tax all the tea that comes over the Canadian Pacific railroad is the counter-check to Senator Sherman's plan. If we are careful for a few years, not to offend provincial susceptibilities and to treat Canada with courteous consideration, the Union may be reinforced by that Dominion, which is as rich in minerals and grains as most of our States. Toronto is already an American city, resembling Chicago as Montreal resembles Boston.

John Swinton has returned from Europe, restored to health and with his head full of new ideas. He says that the workingmen of England have a great deal more influence than in this country, and that Parliament is much more in touch with them than our Congress. He believes that English laborers are happier than the same class in America; they are better friends with their employers and are practically more independent. Co-operation is more successful in England and Scotland than here, and most of the working people are members of co-operative building clubs and co-operative banks, and are supplied by co-operative stores. These statements, coming from Mr. Swinton, who has devoted his life to the Labor question, are surprising and will astonish the organizations with which he is connected. He will have to prove his travelers' tales by statistics before he can get the people to believe that the laboring classes in England and France are in any respect better off than those of America. But he is certainly right about the British Parliament, which is a much more representative body than our Congress has become under the influence of party and of monopolies.

Every lady knows the offices of the Staten Island Dyeing Establishment, scattered over New York and the adjoining cities. The World has caused a sensation by describing the treatment of the American girls, employed by this concern on Staten Island, as worse than slavery. They are said to be overworked; exposed to poisonous miasmas; deprived of the privacies of ordinary decency, and virtually condemned to die early of rheumatic complaints or of consumption. They have complained in vain to the Charity Organization Society, which, like most of these so-called benevolent societies, does nothing to help the helpless. The newspapers are more influential than any such organizations, and the revelations of the World not only excite general indignation but suggest a means to effect a thorough reform. If every lady will determine not to deal with the old Staten Island Dyeing Establishment until it treats its workwomen properly, and will say this emphatically to the persons in charge of its various offices, the evils

complained of will be remedied at once. The poor girls do not ask for higher wages, but simply for decent treatment. Every woman is concerned in this matter—and every man, also.

It would be as fair to say that the officials of the Central Railroad ordered obstructions to be placed on the tracks, so as to discredit the strikers, as it is to say that the Knights of Labor placed them there to coerce the company. The Knights are led by men too intelligent to ruin themselves by derailing trains and killing passengers. Their case has been managed with moderation and is now to be officially presented to the next Legislature by the State Board of Arbitration,

which has power to take evidence, but not to act upon by the facts. To arouse public indignation and prejudice railway outrages would be insane folly. Poor as they are—poorer on account of the recent strike—the Knights have offered a reward for the discovery of the miscreants. They must be found and punished. Murder itself is less heinous than an attempt to wreck a passenger train. The Company advertises a reward of \$5,000, and this ought to be enough to bribe one of the wretches to turn State's evidence. It is now agreed by all the Labor leaders that the strike on the Central road was hasty and badly advised, and even they admire the magnificent administrative ability displayed by Third Vice-President Webb in carrying on the business of the road with scarcely a day's intermission. But the trouble, which involves the very existence of the Knights of Labor as an organization, is not settled yet, and, as Senator Sumner used to say, never will be settled until it is settled rightly.

This is the view taken in Wall street, and it assists the tightness of the money market in keeping stocks down. Investors argue that if a sudden strike could occur upon such a well-managed railroad as the New York Central, no other road in the country is safe. The popularity of Mr. Depew as president of the Central is exceptional. The employes have been petted in kindly words and the Vanderbilts have erected a splendid clubhouse for their entertainment, comfort, and instruction. Whenever Mr. Depew made one of his genial speeches to them the men laughed at his jokes and cheered his sentiment. Nevertheless, they could not help noticing that fine words buttered no parsnips and paid no housekeeping bills. The petted employes of the Central received lower wages than those upon any other road of the same class, and this fact made them discontented. Both sides asserted that the question of wages had nothing to do with the strike; but behind every strike there is always the question of wages. The Knights hurried into a contest with the Company because they believed that after breaking up their organization the Company would cut down their wages. Now, if an apparently peaceful and harmonious road, like the Central, can suddenly be disturbed by a strike that stops traffic and costs the stockholders hundreds of thousands of dollars, what other road is certain to remain a profitable investment? This argument keeps money out of Wall street, and the licensed gamblers there are becoming as poor as Job's turkey, their seats mortgaged and most of them in debt to their washerwomen.

Who would suppose that, in this age and country, a band of robbers could ravage a civilized community for years? The story of Henry Weeks and his gang reads like a chapter of one of the old novels of Mrs. Radcliffe or Harrison Ainsworth. The gang is located on the border line between Rhode Island and Connecticut. For several years they have pillaged the farms and villages and raided the towns. When pursued, they would slip across the line, into another State, and defy the constables. Why the people of the two States did not combine against them and hunt them down is inexplicable. At last a lucky detective got upon the trail of Weeks; chased him into a house; followed him down to the cellar—and Weeks disappeared. But the detective had read the old novels and he thought himself of a sliding panel. Sure enough, a concealed trap-door opened into

another cellar, and Weeks was arrested. This happened only a week ago, and it has not broken up the gang. Weeks may be sent to prison; but they have elected another leader. The Yankees of Connecticut and Rhode Island lack neither bravery nor shrewdness, and it is a blot upon their civilization that this robber gang should be allowed to exist and be treated, like a Trust, as mostly a private affair.

Last week the children of New York ended their vacation and were ready to go to school; but 15,000 of them found no room in the schoolhouses. This is an injury to the children and an outrage upon the taxpayers which cannot be too promptly and indignantly resented. Money enough is appropriated to give every child in the State a collegiate education; but, somehow or other, the funds are frittered away, until now we are confronted with the startling fact that 15,000 boys and girls are without school accommodation. In addition to this deficiency, it is acknowledged that more than half the schoolhouses are unfit for children, from sanitary reasons, or have been reported unsafe by the Fire Department. If anything can arouse the people to a united effort to reform the scandalous mismanagement of New York, this outrageous mismanagement of the school fund ought to have that effect. The public schools of America are its pride. To popular education we owe almost all the blessings we enjoy. Every American boy and girl has as much right to be educated as to live. To deprive 15,000 children of an education is as bad as putting out their eyes or cutting off one of their limbs. In this generation, to be ignorant is to be maimed. Let us hope that the men and women of the future, who are the victims of the professional politicians of the present, will excite such sympathy that the war-cry of the November election will be, "Down with the officials who do not provide schools for our children!"

All parties are perplexed about the November election, because it will be the first held under the new Secret Ballot Act, and nobody can tell how the law will work. The leaders may make the usual deals and bargains, but how are they to insure the obedience of the voters? Tammany tickets can no longer be handed out from Republican boxes, nor Republican tickets from County Democracy boxes, because all the ticket boxes are abolished. Purchased voters can no longer be brought to the polls in blocks of five or ten, because each voter must go into the polling-place by himself. There will be no use of paying money for votes, because it will be impossible to discover whether the votes are delivered. A worker cannot answer for so many majority in his district, because he will have no means of ascertaining how a single one of his heelers has voted. It will no longer be good policy to get voters drunk, because every voter must be sober enough to make his mark. When our citizens are left to themselves, in secret, will they vote according to their own convictions, or will they still be under the influence of the rascals who mislead them? This is the question to be decided, and upon it hangs, not only the fate of many politicians, but ultimately of the Republic. It may be mentioned, as a significant fact, that the Democratic vote has fallen off whenever this system has been tried elsewhere. Another fact, which may also be significant of the wrath to come, is that Dick Croker has bought a house at Wiesbaden. But perhaps that is only to conciliate the German vote.

THE RINGMASTER.



WHY SHE WORE YELLOW.

REV. MR. JONES—Sister White, it grieved me las' Sunday, ter see you at church in deep mournin', an' at de same time er wearin' yaller strings on yer bonnet. Dat ain't zactly de way ter mourn, sister.

SISTER WHITE—Brudder Jones, I wears dem yaller ribbins in memory ob my los' lubbed one—who wuz er bright mulatter, befo' he up an' died.



## MILK FOR BABES.

"Hev' you such a thing as a weakly paper?" asked an aged countryman who strolled into a city book store the other day.

"Weekly papers? Yes, sir; plenty of them; and the clerk pointed to some piles of newspapers on the shelf. "Here's the Express, Advertiser, Times, Monitor, News, Telegraph, Republican, Democrat, Dispatch, Bugle, Trumpet, Christian Director, Temperance Bell, and——"

"Hold on, friend," said the countryman, in a tremulous voice, "one of 'em 'll do me, but I want you to tell me, sort o' confidential like, you know, which one o' them papers is the weakest one."

"Don't understand you, sir; they are all weekly. Then, besides these, we have all the daily editions, about a dozen monthlies, and two or three tri-weeklies——"

"Hold on, friend, hold on, that's jest what I want, to try a weakly. You see," continued he, as he picked a couple of cockle-burrs out of his hair, "I want the paper for my darter Jane; she's not edzactly my darter, neither, but her mother was half-sister to my cousin's first wife—makes her sort o' kin, you see—well, she's been powerful sick, an' the doctor says she'll be weakly for a right smart while, so, bein' as she's real peart at book-larnin', an' kin read a line at a time 'thout spellin' a word of it, I thought while she's so weakly, I'd better get her a weekly paper to amuse herself with. Jest you pick me out the very weakest one you've got, wrap it up, an' tie it up, so to kind o' s'prise her when she opens it, an' I'll pay you for it. Be sure now, an' don't send her anythin' too strong."

The clerk folded and tied up a copy of the Temperance Bell, put forty-five cents of the half dollar received for it in his own pocket, and smiled pleasantly, as his queer customer, with a "Much obleeged to you, sir," shuffled out of the store and lost himself in the crowd.

MARY A. BENSON.

## POLLY'S LITTLE JOKE.



OLLY sent us a joke the other day. It was in a daintily scented envelope and carefully inscribed, with all the little dotlets over the i's, on a small portion of one page of a large expensive sheet of elegant linen paper. This was the joke:

Some men are born great; some achieve greatness, and some have greatness because they cannot avoid it, but the great majority of men do not know a polonaise from a dustpan.

## COULDN'T AFFORD IT.

Excursionist (to the captain of a cheap excursion steamboat)—Any danger of the boat blowing up, Captain?

Captain—Not in the least. We can't afford to blow people up at these low rates.

## IN THE GOLDEN AGE.

First Student—Augustus Caesar, I discover in my readings, had among his personal attendants a Keeper of Overcoats.

Second Student (sadly, as he remembers that his own is in pawn)—They had pawnbrokers in those days, then.

## THE PROOF OF IT.

Actor (superciliously)—Oh, the public will stand anything.

Sarcastic Friend—Right you are; and the best proof of that is the fact that the public will stand your acting.

## A RETURN TO FORMALITY.

Algy (after the tiff)—I don't see why you should call me Mr. Baboony; I was "Algy" two months ago.

His Wife (stiffly)—But I was not Mrs. Baboony then!



DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES.

JUDGE—Prisoner, are you married?

PRISONER—No, yer Honor, those scratches on my face came from stumbling over a barbed-wire fence in the dark.

## DIFFERENT TEMPERAMENTS.

There were four boarders at a certain hotel, and they were of different temperaments. On one occasion they had to wait an unusually long time for their dinner, and it was amusing and instructive to see how different they acted under the same provocation. Old Col. Hall was of a phlegmatic temperament. He did not get mad and scowl at the delay in bringing on the dinner. Not at all. He merely folded his arms resignedly across his ample vest, and, after heaving a quiet sigh, remarked placidly: "It seems to me that dinner is a little later than usual. Let's wait a while and see what will turn up."

His neighbor at the table was Mr. Hankingson, who is of a very despondent turn of mind. He writes very melancholy sort of poetry about the vanity of all earthly things. He is continually troubled with the most dismal forebodings of one kind or another. He leaned his brow upon his hand, and as he toyed languidly with the salt cellar, he remarked to himself: "How long we have to wait for dinner. Some accident has probably happened to the cook. Perhaps she has fallen down and run the carving-knife into her heart."

Young Welson, the next at the table, who is of a very sanguine temperament, said: "Dinner is behind hand to-day, but probably they are fixing up something extra for us. Who knows but what we may have pie, or even custard to-day."

Old Col. Van Pelt represented the choleric man, for it was his nature to irascible. He grasped his knife as if he intended to use it as a weapon, remarking: "If that——landlord don't bring on his miserable grub soon, he can eat it himself so far as I am concerned."

Good character is an excellent thing for a young man to start in with, but he needs a good suit of clothes to go with it. Somehow a man in seedy clothes is believed to be seedy in character, too.

## THE NEW YORK SUN DECEIVED.

Again that bright Phœbus of the morning, yclept the New York Sun, flashes his light. He asks, "Has it ever occurred to Dr. F. W. Russell, of Winchendon, Mass., that the world appears primarily to have been made for healthy people to live in?" The Doctor, by the way, is afraid that many other people are now afraid of cyclones who would not be had the Modern Newspaper kept his mouth shut in or out of respect to the gamboling twisters of the air. SIFTINGS notices that Phœbus does not make his bright statement in the indicative mood. He merely asks meekly as becomes one who lives in New York all the year round.

It has occurred to us that many a man has taken extreme care of his diet and been killed by taking a pull at the wrong bottle in the dark. Many a man has made himself an athlete and been drowned by the cramps. Thousands, aye, millions since the "flight of years began," have lived plain, simple lives, with honest hearts and willing hands until the prime of life, only to fall, then, clasping a stove-pipe and breaking their necks. Hence we meekly ask, dutiful Sun, if while the world appears, our eyes do not deceive us?

## SUMMER RESORT COLORS FOR 1890.

Lelith Tearbottle—We were at Old Port for the summer. Where were you?

Annabel Lee—We were at Mosquito Bar, New Jersey. Lovely time.

Lelith—What did you wear for every day?

Annabel—White, with brown facing.

## DOES PROTECTION PROTECT?

Banker—Are you not a burglar?

Hanker—No; a friend.

Banker—What are you doing in my bedroom at midnight?

Hanker—Keeping watch.



THE EVOLUTION OF THE BICYCLIST.



## THE LION KING'S SECRET.



HEN I was young I was quite prominent in the ring, and I was one of the best riders of my day.

"Forty years in the ring, from a boy up, and in every part of the world. Languages? Oh, yes, I speak several—French, German, Spanish, Italian and a bit of Hindo-

stane. I made a tour around the world with Chiarini. There was a 'globe trotter' for you!

"You would like to hear a little of my experience? Pshaw, I wouldn't know where to begin, except at the beginning, and then the yarn would be too long for your patience. I have passed through the several stages of a circus actor's life, and now I have descended to a performer of trick dogs, and go in with a whip to keep a horse for one of the riders.

"First and last, I have done about everything in the business. As a boy I was an apprentice and became a good bareback rider and accomplished acrobat—for we had acrobats in those days, and I was as good as the best of them.

"There wasn't much aerial business going in my prime; perhaps it's lucky for me that there was not, for I was a daring chap and might have broken my neck. When I found that I was becoming less limber and agile, I trained a trick horse and took to clowning. I had a voice and could sing then.

"When they got to putting a dozen performing horses into the ring at one time I took a back seat, and it was no use to clown any longer when they covered a whole common with canvas and performed in three rings and on a hippodrome track.

"I don't think that they'd have even those dogs, but for one of them, Revolver; he is a wonderful animal; he turns somersaults, and I want you to see that he gets a good notice. For I tell you that when that dog fails to get me an engagement, I will have to go to work on canvas or driving a cage.

"Lion kings? Well, they ain't of much account to-day, but there was a time when Van Amburgh and Herr Driesbach drew thousands to see them put their heads in the jaws of a wild beast.

"The people are hard to satisfy nowadays, and if a feature was made of the man entering the lions' den they would want to see a keeper eaten alive at every performance.

"There was a fellow once that I saw on the Continent. He was a big German, who had been in the employ of one of the great animal importing firms. He had saved up money enough to own his own den and animals, and very fine specimens of the lion kind they were, too. We were traveling with the same show, and as there is quite a romantic story connected with him, I will tell it to you, if you care to wait and listen:

"The lion man, as we always called him, was a great feature in our show, and he received, as I was told, a good round salary. Men in his line were scarce, and he took advantage of it. He earned a good deal of money, was what we Yankees call close, and he held on to the coin with a grip that was never released, except from necessity.

"At the same time we had with us an equestrienne. She was either Spanish or Italian, which I never knew, as she spoke both languages; but she was dark, very beautiful and a most magnificent rider—the best in all Europe.

"My lady also got a big figure for her services, and divided the honors with the lion man, and the rider was just as miserly as the subduer of wild beasts.

"The woman's beauty, as well as her salary, tempted more than one of the boys to shine up to her. Ha, ha! Yes, I plead guilty, I was one of the would-be suitors. But my suit didn't suit any better than any of the rest.

"If anyone gained favor in her eyes, it was the King of the Lions, and it got to be a habit of hers to remain to the finish of the performance and witness his entry into the iron bound den.

"It was a thrilling spectacle, let me tell you, and

the people used to both shudder and shout at his entry and exit. That fellow did have nerve!

"Every mother's son of us, and the daughters, too, were jealous of the pair. The men envied the lion man, and the women—well, they were in a state of mind.

"They were in love! Well, I can't say that they were moved by the tender passion, as you will learn as I progress, for I do not propose to anticipate in my relation. They were mercenary; you comprehend that, and I will go on with the yarn.

"Each knew that the other had a goodly sum o' money accumulated, and cupidity, if not Cupid, played a part in the drama. Their intimacy grew as time flew, and one day the lion man betrayed to the object of his adoration a secret, his great secret—the hiding place of all his wealth!

"He lifted up a trap door in the centre of the lion den, and showed the equestrienne his store of gold, all his gains of years. 'This,' he said, 'is my bank,' and patting the great beasts on their heads, exclaimed, as he laughed sardonically: 'And these are my watchmen,' and then he added, 'and you can share this with me if you will.'

"The woman coquettishly dodged the issue, but the lion man felt sure that the gold had tipped the scales in his favor.

"From that instant the woman had but one purpose, and that was to possess the gold of the man who had, as it were, put the money at her feet. She smiled upon him; she was radiant; he was happy. Would he teach her to enter the den? At first he refused; then she pouted prettily, with assumed displeasure, and called him 'a great big beast,' and told him that he cared more for his lions than he did for his lady.

"Then he weakened, perhaps convinced by her cajoling that there might be a commercial side to the argument, and when she actually kissed him and said so pleadingly: 'Please' and affected to weep, he consented, and she clapped her hands in glee and cried: 'They shall not only see a Lion King in the den, but your Queen!'

"For prudential reasons her entrance into the lions' den was in private. That woman must have nerves of steel, for she faced the dangers without a quiver.

"The lion man now felt that his suit was well won, for he had the field entirely to himself. Each day the beautiful rider smiled more sweetly upon him, and each day she became more familiar with and on better terms with the monster lions, the giant guardians of his fortune.

"There was never a day in the life of the lion trainer that he did not peep into his strange treasure chest. One morning he came as usual, when the circus was untenanted, and to his horror and amazement found the gold gone and its hiding place empty!

"Gone, all gone! Not a coin left! He had been duped. The truth flashed upon him instantly. She was the despoiler. He rushed with a brain afire to his lodgings. The equestrienne was gone, and the evidences left behind indicated a hasty departure.

"He flew to the police, but to no avail. The authorities made a careful memorandum of the facts, and the secret police smiled at his relation and his simplicity.

"He acknowledged that he was penniless, ruined; and a man in misfortune without money does not excite much sympathy in this world. The distracted fellow was in a frenzy of doubt. He cursed, he swore, he wept!

"The thought of suicide tempted him to destruction. At the sight of a stream of water he ran away for fear that he might end his life by drowning.

"Fool! fool!" he screamed in his rage, as he thought of his lost treasure and the fair thief who was now miles away and safe from the pursuit of the indifferent and apathetic authorities.

"The news of the robbery was quickly told about the town, and at the hour of performance the exhibition place was packed and all the vicinity of the circus crowded, with many more unable to gain admission. The theft had awakened a new interest in the Lion King, and the managers looked upon the occurrence as an advertisement that made good for the loss of their principal rider.

"The lion man's performance was always the last number of the show, and when it came time to send the big den in the Lion King had not yet made his appearance. Neither had his den been opened, as was usually the case.

"The thought that he might disappoint had not occurred to the management. The music cue had already been given, the announcement was being made, and there was a hurrying and a scurrying behind the curtains. It was but the work of a moment to throw up the top doors and take down the bottom ones.

"Not a man or woman spoke; not a soul had the powers of speech.

"The Lion King and the beasts lay dead upon the bottom of the cage—all poisoned!"—New York Clipper.

## HOW TEXAS HAS CHANGED.

The close readers of Texas papers has observed a significant change in the past ten years which clearly shows the drift of Texas rural industries. Formerly there was not a weekly paper in north, west or south-west Texas that did not bristle with advertising cuts of long-horned cattle, giving the marks and brands of numberless ranchmen, and the local columns of the same papers were given largely to recording cattle sales and the doings of cattlemen. Then, also, the live stock papers of this and other western states were filled with similar exaggerated cuts of brands, similar transfers of cattle and similar notices of drives, round-ups, etc. The daily papers all had "cow columns" recounting the latest personal business doings of the "cattle barons," enlivened occasionally with descriptions of gorgeous banquets and stories of wild extravagance on the part of cowboys or rollicking cattle owners. Now there are not a dozen weekly papers even in the extreme western part of the state that publish regularly live stock items; the live stock papers are devoted to stock farming and economical methods of growing grain, forage, etc., for stock feed; the daily papers have nearly all found a greater demand from their readers for political and general news than for live stock literature, which of late years they had to substitute for live stock news; and the advertising cuts of long-horn steers with brands across their sides have almost entirely given place to cuts of pure-bred Hereford, short-horn Holstein, polled-angus and Jersey cattle with long pedigrees and high-scoring records, cuts of pure-bred Berkshire, Poland China, Duroc-Jersey and Essex hogs, and even cuts of Plymouth rock, Langshan and Leghorn fowls. This all goes to show that Texas is changing, indeed has already changed, from a range to a farming country with improved live stock as a necessary adjunct to the farm. The weekly papers now contain five items of big corn, wheat and fruit yields or importations of pure-bred cattle, sheep, swine and horses to one item of range cattle transfer. Everywhere the sign of the plow is seen in the land and nowhere does the old time scrub long-horn find a welcome.—Dallas News.

## A MODEST DRUMMER.

Will Hansard, a traveling salesman of Louisville, was last week pursuing his calling in Bell and Harlan Counties, Ky. The two counties are the most mountainous and thinly inhabited in the State. Just before starting back to Louisville, he passed the night at a farm-house in Harlan. When he went to bed he hung his trousers on a chair near the window. Next morning the trousers were gone and no one knew where. Some one passing in the night had reached in at the window and taken them, for his host was above suspicion.

Mr. Hansard called loudly for the farmer, expecting to borrow a pair of trousers from him. His wife came to the door and said that her husband had gone hunting an hour before, and as he had only one pair of trousers he had very naturally worn them. Here was a dilemma, but his hostess, who was a woman of expedients, solved it. She came to the door with one of her Mother Hubbards and suggested that the drummer put it on. He consented. She tossed the garment to him and closed the door. He got into the Mother Hubbard, went out to the stable, hitched up his team and climbed into his buggy. Here he took the garment off and handed it back to the lady, who was full of sympathy for him. The buggy concealed his lower extremities, and he wrapped his linen duster around them to keep them warm.

Mr. Hansard drove quickly to the nearest store, about four miles away, expecting to buy a pair of trousers there, for all the country stores keep ready-made clothing. When he got there he found numerous ladies who had congregated to see the opening of some new goods. He could not leave the buggy, but he yelled for the proprietor to come out, and to him he made known his predicament. The merchant brought to him five or six pairs of trousers. He drove down into a neighboring hollow, tried them on, found a pair to fit him, and thus his tribulations were ended.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**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**

**Imparts New Energy to the Brain,**

*giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.*





THE Midnight Sun—our youngest.—Exchange.

A RATTING game—dice.—Burlington Free Press.

THE vital spark—the old maid's last chance.—Exchange.

MEN sprang from monkeys; women spring from mice.—Exchange.

"It's a long time between drinks," as the water-bucket remarked in Kentucky.—Puck.

CONSIDERING all things, Adam was the wisest man of his day.—Kentucky State Journal.

THE incapability of the Chicago World's Fair people is a site to see.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE servant who is made to keep her place is not apt to keep it very long.—Dallas News.

THE public suffer, but how often has the hand-organ man heard his own tunes?—Exchange.

WHY doesn't an English syndicate buy Canada's debt? There's millions in it.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

LADIES, never powder a dimpled cheek. It can do execution well enough without being loaded.—Puck.

HE—"It is such a pleasure to be near you, Miss Nellie." She—"Pa needs a coachman."—Exchange.

TELLING a hair-raising story to a bald man is a deplorable instance of misdirected energy.—St. Jo. News.

"ONE is beautiful but poor. The other is cross-eyed and rich. I'll marry the cross-eyed one, to show that I am self-sacrificing."—Texas Cartoon.

REPUBLICANS of the Fifteenth Illinois district are said to be deserting their Cannon. Oh, tut, men! Stand by your gun and fire him.—Exchange.

A NEVERSINK (N. Y.) drake is credited with having killed and eaten sixty young chickens. He made ducks and drakes of them, of course.—Chicago Mail.

THE pen is mightier than the sword and no one seems particularly anxious to measure pens with Mr. Hogg for the governorship of Texas.—St. Jo. News.

A VERY delicate miss up-town was seized with a severe attack of cholera morbus while looking at a peach in a fruiterer's window.—Philadelphia Record.

WINGS—"The way I read the tariff on imports, it vetoes the immigration of European riff raff." Wangs—"Under what head?" Wings—"Raw material."—St. Jo. News.

IT is easy for a deaf man to miss his calling.—TEXAS SIFTINGS. Yes, or to raise the blind, if he has the necessary chips, and that's the game they are playing.—Dansville Breeze.

"Wuz yer ebbah contented?" asked one sable Washingtonian of another. "I dunno ez I wer ebbah zackly contented," was the reply, "but I hez felt ez ef I couldn't eat ernutful of watah million."—Galveston News.

JINKS—"Why, Binks, what's become of your watch?" Binks—"Sat in the train next to a man who asked me ten times in one hour if I had the time." Jinks—"Well?" Binks—"Gave him the watch."—Jewelers' Circular.

If dride appels waz worth ten thowsand dollars an ownce peeple wood wair them for shirt studs, but if dimundz waz worth owly a dollar a bushel yu couln't maik pies of them. This showz the souperiority off dride appels too dimundz.—Great Divide.

THEY were sitting side by side on the sofa, when the young author said: "Yes, I have a new volume in press." "How I envy that volume," said the roguish girl, blushing, and when he saw the point, they were both very, very happy.—St. Jo. News.

If you suffer from looseness of the bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.

### Queer Things Do Happen.

A boy with a wonderful capacity for cold water made a kind of Noah's ark time of it last evening for people who dwell around the South Park. There is a tall stand pipe near the park, where the sprinkling carts load up and the pressure from the pond at that point is something like a million pounds to the square inch. Just what possessed the aforesaid boy to climb that stand pipe while the band was playing gayly in the band stand will probably never be known.

Possibly he had found life too slow at the drinking fountain, and it may be that he didn't think he could do the stand pipe any harm. At any rate he shinned up and began monkeying with the cap at the top. A full grown man with cold steel appliances would undoubtedly have experienced considerable difficulty in unfastening that cap, but the foot high urchin found it easy enough. His accomplishment will surprise him to the end of his days. He was bending directly over the pipe, stomach down, when the last thread of the cap screw was loosened.

There was a swish and a roar and the million-pound pressure sent a mighty volume of water a thousand feet into the air. It would have been a magnificent spectacle but for one feature which froze the blood in the veins of the assembled multitude.

As far as the eye could reach, and almost at the very top of this tower of water, a tiny speck slowly revolved. It was the small boy, helpless, and feebly waving his hands and feet in his terror.

Fortunately the tremendous force supported him, and the centrifugal power convexing toward the sides of the torrent, kept him in the middle. It was wet work looking on, but for a few seconds nobody dared to move. Then a brave member of the police department recovered his presence of mind and darted to the Park House telephone. A little later Superintendent Kieran of the water works arrived on the scene, pale but determined.

The same thought seemed to inspire the crowd at the same moment, for five hundred voices exclaimed: "You must let him down easy." Superintendent Kieran needed no such warning. He knew that to shut off the supply suddenly meant a terrible fall for the half-drowned lad, who had ceased to move up there among the stars, and with a touch as a woman's he began to turn back the swift tide in the main artery.

Inch by inch the tower of water diminished; inch by inch that small speck of humanity descended. The excitement was at concert pitch. Everybody spoke in hoarse whispers. Finally a joyous cheer rang out. The urchin was thirty feet from the ground, and scores of arms were outstretched to receive him. "Stand steady," was the order, and the last spoonful of water was turned off, and the boy dropped safely into the network of hands. "That beats balloons," he said, as he wiped his face with his dripping sleeve.—Fall River Globe.

### A Wide Difference.

"Please, sir, give me aid. My wife and children are starving."

"Who are you?"

"I am a Knight of Labor ordered out on a strike by our leaders."

"Well, I'm a Walking Delegate, on my way to Newport to join my family, who are spending the summer there. I have no time to stop, but here's ten cents for you."—Norristown Herald.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, and are satisfied that purging yourself till you are weak and sick is not good common-sense, then try Carter's Little Liver Pills and learn how easy it is to be free from Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, and all liver troubles. These little pills are smaller, easier to take and give quicker relief than any pill in use. One a dose. Price 25 cents.

# Catarrh Cured, ONE CENT!

If you suffer from Catarrh, or any of its symptoms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do at an expense of one cent for a postal card, by sending your name and address to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 85 Warren Street, New York City, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for curing Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and oftentimes fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe, as all Catarrhal and Bronchial affections can be cured at this time of the year in less than one half the time required in cold and severe weather. The timely use of this great recipe may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 85 Warren Street, New York.

### A Modern Pharaoh.

Ismail Pacha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, whose death by poison is announced in the dispatches from Constantinople, was one of the most brilliant and fascinating scoundrels of the present century. He was cultivated, progressive and enlightened, but it was impossible to define the exact boundary line in his character where Western civilization of the most advanced nature terminated and Oriental barbarity began. Although the world is indebted to him quite as much as to M. de Lesseps for the Suez Canal, and owes to his munificence a great part of the knowledge we now possess of the history of ancient Egypt, yet his reign was marked by excessive violence and bloodshed.

He ascended the throne over the body of his eldest brother, who was drowned in the Nile in consequence of a draw-bridge having been intentionally left open at the moment when the Viceroyal special train was due. Thirteen years later he caused his Minister of Finance, a statesman of European reputation, to be strangled by his chamberlains at the close of a banquet on the Khedivial yacht. The sole object of this crime was to prevent the murdered man from explaining to the foreign Powers how it was that the Khedive had only permitted \$200,000,000 out of the total of \$500,000,000 borrowed by the Egyptian Government to reach the national treasury. And many hundreds, perhaps thousands, of persons who had offended him or who stood in his way sickened and died at their homes within a few hours after drinking at the Khedivial palace what was significantly termed a "strong cup of coffee."

Fearing by every Government in Europe on account of his extraordinary talent for intrigue, his death has been expected ever since the day, four years ago, when in an unwary moment he proceeded to Constantinople to pay his respects to the Sultan, and thereby placed himself in the latter's power. From that time forth he was detained at Stamboul in magnificent but close captivity, which not even his vast wealth was able to relax. It is not in the least incredible that he too has at last succumbed to something in his coffee.—N. Y. Tribune.

### The Funeral was Small.

Mrs. O'Rourke—"Did yez see Mishter O'Tool's funeral, Mrs. Rafferty?" Mrs. Rafferty—"Oi didn't."

Mrs. O'Rourke—"Only three carriages! Faith an' if Oi couldn't have a better funeral nor that, Oi'd rather not die."—Exchange.

### The Effects of Mental Exhaustion.

Many diseases, especially those of the nervous system, are the products of daily renewed mental exhaustion. Business avocations often involve an amount of mental wear and tear very prejudicial to physical health, and the professions, if arduously pursued, are no less destructive to brain and nerve tissue. It is one of the most important attributes of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, that it compensates for this undue loss of tissue, and that it imparts new energy to the brain and nerves. The rapidity with which it renews weakened mental energy and physical vitality is remarkable, and shows that its invigorating properties are of the highest order. Besides increasing vital stamina, and counteracting the effects of mental exhaustion, this potential medicine cures and prevents fever and ague, rheumatism, chronic dyspepsia and constipation, kidney and uterine weakness and other complaints. Physicians also commend it as a medicated stimulant and remedy.

### An Engagement Ring Romance.

The first one usually doesn't cost much, but it costs enough, for all that. You are about twenty when you begin looking over the jewelers' advertisements and find yourself wondering if she will be pleased with what you save and pinch so to get. At length you have bought it. Then comes the eventful evening; you stroll down the street, feeling your importance at every step; with thumping heart you pass into your love's presence; there she sits expectant; before you know anything about it her hand is in yours. Over her taper finger the jeweled band is slipped, and what follows immediately you remember so well it need not be recalled.

Hank Hilliard was born and reared away down in the wild Ozark region of Christian County, Missouri, almost within gunshot of the famous Bald Knobbers of south Missouri. He had never been out of the county, much less out of the State, and his ideas of engagement rings were limited. When pretty Sallie Diggs—pretty in spite of her length, shambling walk and freckles—insisted upon a ring before she would consent to consider the engagement binding, Hank was non-plussed.

He expostulated without avail, scratched his head, thought a long while and finally went away. He came back the next afternoon, his brown face wreathed in smiles.

"I've got her," he exclaimed, and reaching in his pocket he drew out a great ring of brass.

Sallie smiled and reached out her hand. Hank slipped the ring over the girl's largest finger and leaning near the simple maiden, whispered:

"Now, Sal, air ye setisfied that weuns is ingaged?"

"Yes, Hank," Sal whispered, shaking the ring around on her finger. "But say, Hank, whar did ye git it?"

"Ye won't tell?"

"Nope."

"Hones'?"

"Hones', Hank."

"Ef ye must know, I cut it outen dad's Sunday galluses."

Sal slipped over into Hank's arms, and as their freckled, sunburnt cheeks touched the girl whispered:

"Say, Hank, ain't ye 'fraid yer dad'll lick ye when he fin's his galluses busted?"—Exchange.

### Succotash.

Half a pint shelled beans, 6 ears corn, cupful of milk, teaspoonful of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Boil beans an hour; pour off all but half cup of the water, add milk, corn—which has been scraped from the cob—butter, etc., and steam 15 minutes. If you like succotash, but have no appetite for it, if the sight of food fills you, or you suffer from distress after eating, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Has cured others, will cure you.

### Love's Philosophy.

She—"George, dear, what do you think our happiness is chiefly dependent upon?"

He (as his arm steals about her willowy waist)—"Upon our surroundings, sweet."—Dakota Blizzard.

The perfume of violets, the purity of the lily, the glow at the rose, and the flush of Hebe combine in Pozzoni's wondrous Powder.





OUR LIVING ST. PATRICK.

If any New Yorker lives whom the community is willing to call St. Patrick, it is Patrick S. Gilmore. Tens of thousands who have spent an afternoon or an evening with Gilmore by the sea or anywhere else will join us in the toast "To Patrick S. Gilmore, the Saint of Coney Island." He has earned his popularity by sincere and incessant efforts to make others feel happy, and this is a saintly calling. Few men are privileged to be masterful followers of the great god Pan, but SIFTINGS thinks if the god himself could step off his pedestal in the Hoffman House Art Gallery, from bronze into life, he would at once inquire the way to Manhattan Beach. He would think of the one single reed he pulled out of the river and stand spell-bound listening to scores of different instruments, including anvils and cannons, cannons that paralyze young lovers on the beach just after they have asked, "What are the wild waves saying, sweetheart?" Here's to the health of our St. Patrick that breathes! As Rip Van Winkle says: "May you leef long undt brospen."

Clews of Wall st.—Henry.

Louis Adler does not fear Anthony Comstock. He exports dressed beef.

W. K. Hammond likes brick dust. He has secured some through his several kilns.

Corner Messemmer has a sort of hypnotic name. He is prepared to tackle every body.

Thomas J. Mack is now a president—of a new club, the John J. Logan Association.

Joseph King gave a "corn party" recently—his annual fête. All wore large easy shoes.

Major Geo. W. McLean's income this year will be over \$33,000,000—as Receiver of Taxes.

Capt. Howard Patterson, late admiral of the Haytian navy, will soon command a Yankee yacht.

Assemblyman Gibbs finally got that lost parrot back. Polly's night out cost the legislator \$25.

Nathan S. Jarvis, ex-clerk of the court, will hereafter listen to the common pleas of his private business.

Col. Loomis Landon says he does not object to enlisting Irishmen. He knows how the Irish can fight.

Dr. McGlynn's recent call on Henry George has not been paid yet. When the two meet, snow falls.

Fire Chief Gicquel may think his name is never confounded with others. But some may think it is all by itself.

Simon Cummings still sails R. G. Ingersoll, his yacht. Mr. Cummings says that in his boat he never regrets the passed.

Frank Renschler is satisfied with Harrison's administration. He has got the

contract for the main emigrant station on Ellis Island.

Benson Sherwood is now in charge of the ballet girls of the Madison Square Garden. Is this the reward of those who yearn for art?

King Zimmerman, better known as Gus Zimmerman, king of the American sharpshooters, is home again, and the country is safer.

Alderman Tait and his Democratic confrères would not want a recount of New York if they had some experience as enumerators.

City Chamberlain Crain borrowed \$100,000 the other day from a Brooklyn bank. The city needed a little money for its vest pocket.

William T. Marks was shocked last week by 1,000 volts of electricity and was unconscious only a minute. Thunderbolts please notice.

A. B. DeFreece will take a hand in raising money for the Grant monument. When Mr. DeFreece puts his foot down (225) something stirs.

Jesse McNamara of the Cannon Association announces a ball for the society on October 21st. This is a cannon ball that does not bore us.

Ex-Alderman Robert Hall lost his stage-coach recently. But Mr. Hall smilingly assures his friends that all of his world is not a stage.

Col. L. M. Lawson is one of the most active men in New York in the work of honoring the memory of your friend and his friend and our friend, S. S. Cox.

John Jacob Astor II., who gave \$5,000 to the Press Club, doesn't like the milky way so far as he went. It was a milk cart that caused his accident at Newport.

District Attorney Fellows is now fully convinced that it is not well to get into hot water. He is just recovering from that collision with his morning pitcher of hot water.

Henry Wehle voices the woe of many. He has in hand over one hundred cases against the New York and New Haven Railroad company for excessive passenger charges.

It is affirmed that Judge Bookstaver's lips were normally dry while he was deciding what must be done with the \$110,000 a year rent which is charged for the Hotel Victoria.

Police Justice Meade found an office in the soup—the clam soup at College Grove some days ago. Or was it Chowder? What is the odds, the salary being the same, Mr. Meade?

John Swinton, who has been hobnobbing with the Nihilists in Europe, has come home. He failed to get the pleasure of seeing one crowned head blown into the heart of Africa.

Lawyer Judson G. Wells thinks there are some ill winds that blow nobody good. One of them was spending the day on

the Sound recently and tipped Mr. Wells and party out of his yacht.

Lawyer Roger G. Sherman has taken up the case of Shiek Jugigo. He is a Jap whom the State is threatening to strike with lightning. Mr. Sherman will try to stay the hand of the modern Jupiter.

Immigration Commissioner Stephenson says he would be willing to let the Park Commissioners have Castle Garden if they would sit there and pay the rent. The point to this joke is Battery Point.

Ex-Judge Dittenhoefer has discovered that Collis P. Huntington, a certain railway magnate, legitimately stole a railway down in Texas; that is, the method was questionable as to morals, but very sharp as to business.

Max Freeling rolled off his horse on Labor Day and refused to mount again. He said he had endured horseback riding long enough, and knowing only one way to get off, so he fell off. Others say he was hungry and took a roll.

Wesley Rosenfeldt, dark-eyed and smiling, stood on the stairway of the lobby of the Fourteenth Street Theatre the other day and said boldly that there was "only a little difference of opinion between two old friends." He referred to the two old friends who are trying to manage Fay Templeton.

Dr. Moreau Morris, chief of the summer corps of the Health Department, is inclined to favor King's Daughters. He says the princesses in New York did much good work last season among the poor. These princesses do not aim chiefly to twitter with lordlings, hence Dr. Morris' admiration, doubtless.

Clarence Thompson thinks that \$1,200 a year is a big enough salary for him and is now chief clerk of the Barge Office in place of J. S. Frazer who thought \$25 a week too small. Man wants but little here below, but when he has four or five littles in his family, \$25 dollars a week is somewhat confining as regards the opera.

Dr. C. A. Bucklin is prepared to alter eyesight at his new place of relief, No. 206 West Forty-second street. He is the executive surgeon of the new New York Institute for eye and ear diseases. It won't cost you a cent to get help there, for, according to the certificate of incorporation, the managers intend to maintain a free hospital for the diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat.

Miles J. Cavanagh, president of the Michael J. Madden Association, has matured plans for capturing the Boulevard Hotel, College Point, L. I. September 30th several big guns will be taken down and loaded with clams. The other officers of the Madden Association are: Patrick J. Dunn, vice-president; Thomas McCormack, recording secretary; John J. Flynn, treasurer; William P. Donohue, sergeant-at-arms, and John J. McCord, captain.



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**PROF. HART, 87 Warren St., New York.**

### Poet vs. Editor.

Poet Riley, conversing of poetry, says that "a certain subject can be completely covered in four stanzas, but you can not make some idiots understand that." In the hands of some "poets" many certain subjects can be completely covered in no stanzas at all, but alas! you can not make some idiots understand that.—Chicago Mail.

### Lawrence Trainer's Story.

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Send your address and a 2-cent stamp for treatise on Rheumatism and full information. Address, The Yellow Pine Extract Co., Box 246, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### Where the Wild Waves Moan.

First Little Fish—"Come, quick! The President is fishing. Let's go and get caught."

Second Little Fish—"Oh, that's Mr. Cleveland. He isn't President any more; he's only an ex-President. Don't bother about him."

Old Fish—"I am ashamed of both of you. You act just like a couple of ordinary American citizens."—Exchange.

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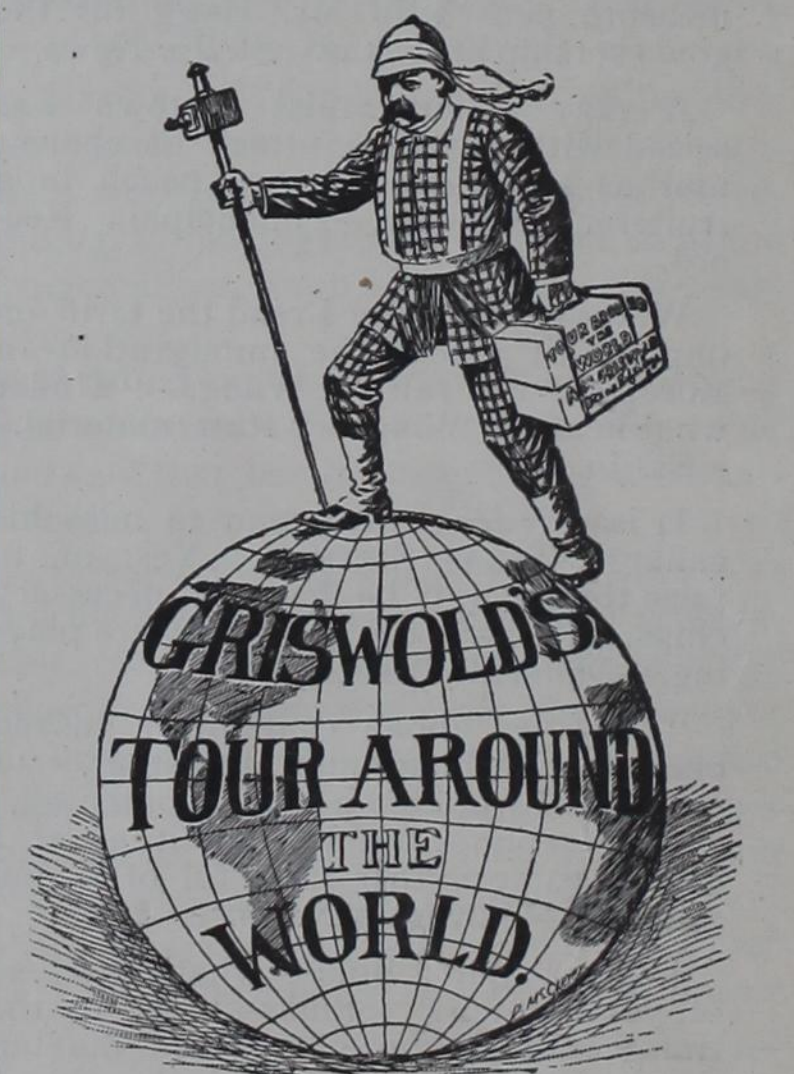
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**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**





This is the sixtieth consecutive week at Tony Pastor's.

The separation between Marie Wainright and her husband, Louis James, is said to be complete.

Cora Tanner's "lovely" gowns shown in One Error at the Fifth Avenue Theatre are the talk of the town.

Preparations are making for the celebration of the fiftieth performance of Mme. Angot at the Casino in October.

Scenery is now being painted at the Fifth Avenue Theatre for the coming engagement of the Kendals at that theatre.

Francis Wilson as the Merry Monarch will entertain ten other cities before he comes back to New York. He will leave in two weeks.

Sardou, the great French dramatist, is coming to America with Sara Bernhardt. Bernhardt is Henry Abbey's only attraction for this season.

Mrs. Brown Potter and Mike Higgins, more generally known under the pseudonym of "Kyrle Bellew," are now going on a starring tour through India.

Aunt Abby and the County Fair are at home again at the Union Square. Mr. Burgess will complete his run of two seasons at that theatre. No play ever had a longer run at one theatre.

Manager Hammerstein of the Harlem Opera House seems to have won at last. The September weeks at his handsome theatre this season have been the most successful in the history of the house.

The Bostonians are managed this year co-operatively by Karl, McDonald and Barabee. They will open next Monday at Boston (Music Hall) in a new comic opera by DeKoven, entitled Robin Hood.

Otero, the famous Spanish dancer, will arrive from Paris to-morrow (21st inst.) She will fill a long engagement at the Eden Musée. New York stock brokers who have seen her in Paris praise her highly.

P. S. Gilmore closed his season at Manhattan Beach amid waving handkerchiefs and the booming of cannon used in "Shall Auld Acquaintance be Forgot." He is now in St. Louis and will be gone several months.

Hermann's Theatre will be the next new theatre in this city to open its doors. It is on the site of Dockstader's Hall on Broadway. The Minnie Palmer Opera Company in Susette is the attraction under the direction of James Barton Key.

Agnes Huntington, whose \$125,000 backing by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, secures for her immunity from financial failure, is to produce Paul Jones at the Broadway theatre, October 6. The papers which are now predicting the success of this opera, forget that it is dull in plot and incident, that the music is the reverse of bright, and that Miss Huntington was vainly implored to begin her American season with some other production. However, time will tell.

The Liliputians, who commenced an engagement at Niblo's on the 15th inst., came from Europe, where they have had a most successful career. Their Pupil in Magic had a run of 200 nights in Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg, Milan and Amsterdam. Their performance is of an

international character. The ballets and singing are excellent. A composer, Herr T. Christiani, conducts the orchestra. The stay of the Midgits in this country promises to be highly satisfactory.

There is an individuality about Sol Smith Russell's comedy that is as marked and distinct as that of Jefferson, or any other actor on the stage to-day. He is one to be studied and enjoyed by appreciative people to the fullest extent. There are some things in his play of A Tale of a Coat, as played at Daly's, that are open to criticism, but taking the whole Coat and not confining one's self simply to the Tale, it is a good play, and gives Mr. Russell an admirable opportunity to display his peculiar humoristic powers.

#### In a Typhoon.

The North China Daily News of July 18th says: The steamship Kwanglee, Captain Lincoln, which left Hong Kong for this port on Friday evening, had rather an exciting experience on the passage up. She arrived this morning and reported having passed through a typhoon of unprecedented violence, it being due alone to the admirable way in which she was navigated and the stability of the engines that the vessel was brought safely into port. The gale began on Sunday night while the ship was off Wenchow, and lasted about fourteen hours. It raged with unabated fury till late next morning, and many of the officers say that it was the wildest typhoon they ever experienced, which is borne out by the way the decks have been swept.

Fortunately preparations had been made for its coming, the hatches had been battened down and everything made fast, but for all that, the damage done was very considerable. On the fore-castle head the railings, bars of heavy iron an inch thick, are twisted into every conceivable shape. From this part of the vessel one of the native hands who was crossing the deck at the beginning of the storm was caught in a squall and carried right aft to the bridge, fracturing two of his ribs. This was the only casualty. The water rushing over the bows and along the deck must have been tremendous in volume, for everything that was not of the most massive and indestructible nature was carried right away.

The houses on the upper deck were smashed into matchwood. About amidships on the deck some two-inch iron piping was twisted up like a corkscrew. Steps and railings were carried away completely by the waves sweeping along the deck. The rails along the front and port side of the bridge are all destroyed, a considerable portion of them having been torn right out of the sockets and carried away. This happened to one of the davits also, and the boat there was torn away.

#### Little Helps.

Most people seek the deep slumber of a decided opinion.

The extreme sense of perfection in some men is the greatest obstacle to their success.

The man of genius may be a guide, but the man of talents will be a leader.

Tolerance is the only real test of civilization.

We must often consider, not what the wise will think, but what the foolish will say.

One ought always to be mindful of the first syllable of the word conversation, and talk with people—not to them.—Sir Arthur Helps.

A man's wife should always be the same, especially to her husband, but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills, she cannot be, for they make her "feel like a different person," so they all say, and their husbands say so too!

#### Her First Play.

They sat anxiously awaiting the rise of the curtain.

The play was one of those melodramas that cause the hair to stand on its hind legs and stay there.

Finally—

The music—

Died away—

And the curtain—

Rolled softly—

And smoothly up.

The stage showed a winter scene.

A woman dying in a snow drift.

"Oh, this is terrible!" sighed the young lady.

"It is warmer on the stage than 'tis here," said the young man, "and at the present moment the supes are arranging a summer scene on the back of the stage, with beautiful paper roses growing out of the door mats painted green to look like grass.

"But she seems to be starving."

"She isn't though. The actress lives at the best hotel in the town; one can see she is stout, and suffering from indigestion. She isn't hungry, and, if she is, she can send for cheese and beer between acts."

"I can't help—

"Feeling sorry—

"For the—

"Poor woman—

"Lost in—

"The snow."

"Snow?" said the young man smilingly.

"That's not snow. It is note paper. The man who is above conducting the snow storm isn't spreading it enough. It doesn't fall upon the poor woman so that she can die properly. It all goes to one side of her now without touching her as she wrings her hands with the b-i-t-t-e-r co-o-odd. That snow storm isn't two feet wide."

But his companion kept on worrying as though she was looking at real anguish and solid suffering.

And the next day she related it to her friends—what she had suffered—and then a sured them that she had never had such a splendid time in all her life.—Louisville Courier Journal.

#### The Palouse Country, Washington.

This section of the Northwest is daily attracting the attention of eastern people; especially is this true since the completion of the UNION PACIFIC through this new empire, thus opening up a direct line from the Missouri river to Spokane Falls, just north of the Palouse Country.

Many desirable farms may yet be had in this remarkably productive region on reasonable terms, as the settling of this vast section is yet in its infancy.

The Union Pacific is now the most direct line, and with its Fast Time, Elegant Equipment and Low Rates of Fare, is the favorite route to this region from all points east.

For rates, pamphlets or other matter relative to the Palouse Country call on or address E. L. LOMAX, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Omaha, Neb.

#### How Millionaires Live.

Mrs. Leland Stanford lately paid \$85 for fifty cards to be used as menus for one of her big dinners. The man of the United States was stamped in silver on the cards and the drawings and engravings were exquisite. At the dinner which General Breckinridge gave the cards cost \$5 apiece, and Mrs. Justice Blatchford gave not long ago a luncheon the cards for which were engraved by hand at a cost of \$18 a dozen. Some of the cards were in raised silver and gold. They looked as though the gold and silver had been melted and poured into letters on the cards. The cost seventy-five cents apiece.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

#### Her Life for His.

In Grand street the other day several people cried out in terror at seeing a ragged, bareheaded girl of six almost under the feet of a coal-cart horse. A man seized her by the arm and swung her to the walk, and as he looked down upon her he said:

"Why, child, you might have been killed!"

"Yes, but I had to save him, you see," she replied, holding out her hand and exhibiting a sparrow which had somehow received an injury and fallen to the street.—New York Sun.

#### Very Successful.

Rev. Sylvan Flock (to Rev. Pownsend Powndes, the noted Evangelist)—"Did you have a successful revival at Quohosh?"

Rev. Pownsend Powndes—"Very! I received four hundred and fifty dollars for three weeks' work."—Puck.



EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE, whether torturing, disfiguring, humiliating, itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, is speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humor Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and incomparable efficacy. Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases."

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**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**





ISN'T IN IT—THE FOX.

## Literary.

The title of Hans Breitmann's (Chas. G. Leland) new book is *Gypsy Sorcery and Fortune Telling*.

Frank R. Stockton's new story, *The Squirrel Inn*, will soon appear in *The Century*. Messrs. Nicolay and Hay are to contribute to this magazine a series of papers on the personal traits of President Lincoln.

West Shore, published at Portland, Oregon, has changed its form. It has increased the size of its pages, of which there are sixteen, and introduced new features, including a children's department. It prints colored cartoons, and is a very readable paper.

The Eclectic for September prints the following papers from leading English magazines and reviews: *What Nationalism Means*, Edw'd Bellamy; *Russian Prisons*, E. B. Lanin; *A Journey to the Capital of Tibet*, Graham Sandberg; *The Protection of American Literature*, Edmund Gosse; *Angelic Immorality*, F. H. Balfour; *Russia, an Ode*, Swinburne; *The Latest Discoveries in Hypnotism*, Dr. J. Luys.

The North American Review for September contains two papers on The Federal Election Bill, one by its framer, the Hon. H. C. Lodge, and the other by Master-Workman Powderly. The former, of course, advocates the bill with vehemence; the latter finds many of its provisions impracticable, and he considers that it legislates in favor of illiteracy. Gail Hamilton writes about *Society Women of the Time of Christ*, though she wasn't acquainted with them personally. Robert G. Ingersoll writes of *Tolstoi and The Kreutzer Sonata*. While he admits that the famous Russian author is a man of genius, he considers this latest story of his brutal and absurd. Mrs. Campbell Praed writes very entertainingly of *Literary Women in London Society*.

## Gratitude.

Mr. S. P. C. Childers—"Boy, you shouldn't beg; it's disgraceful! But don't cry—I'll give you ten cents for that paper you have there."

Urchin (blubbing)—"I—I wouldn't beg, boss, if—if I could meet such champions as you are every day."—*New York Clipper*.

## In a Good Cause.

Amazed Mother—"What does this mean, miss? The idea of allowing a young man to hug and kiss you in that way!"

Sweet Girl—"Oh, it's all right, ma. Mr. Nicefello gives me a penny a hug, and it's all to be applied towards raising the mortgage on our church."—*New York Weekly*.

**Have no equal as a prompt** and positive cure for sick headache, biliousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

## Death of a Famous Chinaman.

The mail which has just arrived from China brings news of the death, at his palace at Honam, in Canton, of probably the wealthiest man in China. To Europeans he was known by the famous name of Howqua, his real Chinese name being Ng Chi-Sing. In the history of the foreign trade of China no name is so celebrated as that of Howqua. Prior to the Treaty of Nanking in 1842, Canton was the only port in China at which foreign trade was permitted, and there for about a century the East India Company had a monopoly. On the Chinese side the trade was also a monopoly, being confined to a unique corporation of Chinese merchants, known as the Co-Hong, which was usually composed of eight Canton merchants. These were held responsible by the Chinese government for the conduct of the Europeans in the factory, and with them alone could the latter deal. This system lasted for about 140 years, and was swept away by the war of 1841-'42 and the Treaty of Nanking, by which the Co-Hong was abolished, and other ports, including Shanghai, were opened to foreign trade. For the last forty years of its existence the head of the Co-Hong was Howqua. His wealth was almost fabulous. In 1834 he put it down himself at over \$26,000,000. In 1841, when Sir Hugh Gough levied a ransom of \$6,000,000 on the city of Canton, Howqua advanced over one million to the authorities. He was the leading tea-merchant of China of those days, the congou teas which he grew on his own estates being especially renowned on the London market. This Napoleon of the trade of China died, aged seventy-four, in 1843, and was succeeded by his son, who died last month. The magnificent gardens of his residence in Canton were one of the many sights of the city. He was always pleased to show them and his mansion to English visitors, and he never failed to draw attention to the presents which his father and himself received from successive English sovereigns in recognition of services rendered to British subjects in Canton. The younger Howqua was nearly sixty years of age at the time of his death.—*London Times*.

## An Old Saw Aptly Applied.

Watchmaker—"The first time I cleaned your watch it was in a gold case; the next time in a gold filled case, and now it's in a silver case."

H. A. R. D. Uppe—"Yes, sir; 'circumstances alter cases,' you know."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

## Delay Enhanced Its Value.

Miss C. Urious—"According to weight your engagement ring must be very valuable."

Miss A. Sperity (who is an old maid)—"Yes; if wait is an indication of value it should be worth about \$7,000."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

## The Lounger on Duty.

Scene 1—Office of Society Topics.

(Enter a brisk odor of red herrings and lager beer, followed by seedy individual in décolleté broadcloth, with dried beer trimmings).

Proprietor Society Topics—"Hello, Zola, d'ye want to make a stamp?"

Seedy individual (promptly)—"Well, I should relax my facial expression!"

Proprietor Society Topics—"Well, just take in a few of the hotel registers this morning and see who's in town."

Scene 2—Front of St. Marc Hotel.

Seedy individual (humbly approaching desk)—"Beg pardon, sir, but can I glance over your register for one moment?"

Clerk (haughtily)—"Hey?"

Seedy individual (meekly)—"I asked whether I could glance over your register for one moment. Hope, sir, you have no objection, sir!"

Clerk (with magnificent scorn)—"Well, rush it! I'll give you just two minutes to look over the list and fling yourself out into the sidewalk again. Time!"

Scene 3—Office of Society Topics.

(Seedy individual hard at work as follows on Lounger paragraphs):

"While glancing languidly over the register in the lobby of the St. Marc yesterday, I almost dropped my cheroot (a reminiscence, by the way, of a delightful evening spent with Sir Lionel Westgate, of Her Majesty's Life's, and a select little set of gay club-men), as I remarked, I almost dropped my cheroot in surprise to run across the autograph of my old chum, the Count de la Frommbosio. So the count is once more basking in the sunlight and *chic* of Gotham society. Well! well! as we would say on the Bourse: 'Ce monde est plein de fous.' If I remember aright, I first met the count at Baden, where we were both taking the waters. His persistent attentions to Miss Madeline X—, a fair young bud of two seasons, was the talk of the clubs. Many were the rumors," etc.—*Journalist*.

A YOUNG fellow up-town has been so very properly brought up that the other night, when he walked on the cat's tail, he unconsciously exclaimed: "Oh! please excuse me."—*Philadelphia Record*.

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Dr. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**

## The Married Man's Definition.

Batcheller—"Ned, how would you define a love letter?"

Benedick—"A love letter is a thing that ten years afterward you generally wish you hadn't written."—*Somerville Journal*.

## An Artist's Suggestion.

Mrs. Verte—"You don't mean to say, Tom, that you really think it is even right for women to paint their faces?"

Mr. Verte—"Homely women always should—an inch thick."—*Somerville Journal*.

## WHEN THE HAIR

Shows signs of falling, begin at once the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

"We have no hesitation in pronouncing Ayer's Hair Vigor unequalled for dressing the hair, and we do this after long experience in its use. This preparation preserves the hair, cures dandruff and all diseases of the scalp, makes rough and brittle hair soft and pliant, and prevents baldness. While it is not a dye, those who have used the Vigor say it will stimulate the roots and color-glands of faded, gray, light, and red hair, changing the color to

## A Rich Brown

or even black. It will not soil the pillow-case nor a pocket-handkerchief, and is always agreeable. All the dirty, gummy hair preparations should be displaced at once by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and thousands who go around with heads looking like 'the fretful porcupine' should hurry to the nearest drug store and purchase a bottle of the Vigor."—*The Sunny South, Atlanta Ga.*

"Ayer's Hair Vigor is excellent for the hair. It stimulates the growth, cures baldness, restores the natural color, cleanses the scalp, prevents dandruff, and is a good dressing. We know that Ayer's Hair Vigor differs from most hair tonics and similar preparations, it being perfectly harmless."—*From Economical Housekeeping, by Eliza R. Parker.*

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## VERSES NEW AND OLD.

## A DATE WITH THE DENTIST.



No, friend, I have not lost my mother,  
She was never so well in her life.  
I'm not mourning the death of a brother,  
Nor the sickness nor flight of a wife.  
'Tis not love and the sneers of a woman  
That have turned my face ashen and gray;  
'Tis the prospect of torture inhuman—  
I've a "date" with the dentist to-day.

Not a comrade of mine has turned traitor,  
I think they are all true as steel;  
Nor has Calumny's rife incubator  
Hatched aught that will injure my weal.  
My liver is right, and my stomach  
Is a mortar all viands to bray;  
Yet I feel in my bosom a dumb ache—  
I've a "date" with my dentist to-day!

Oh, I think and I dream till I shiver  
Of engines, of burrs and of drills;  
My nerves are awake and they quiver,  
And my soul with expectancy thrills.  
In my teeth I shall soon have him feeling  
With his prod in a business-like way,  
Caring naught for my squirming and squealing—  
I've a "date" with the dentist to-day!

—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

## LOVE, SHALL WE WAIT?

Once only, Love, may love's sweet song be sung;  
But once, Love, at our feet love's flower is flung;  
Once, Love, only once, Love, can we be young;  
Shall we love, dear Love, or shall we hate!

Once only, Love, will burn the blood-red fire:  
But once awakeneth the wild desire;  
Love pleadeth long, but what if Love should tire!  
Now shall we love, dear Love, or shall we wait?

The day is short, the evening cometh fast;  
The time of choosing, Love, will soon be past;  
The outer darkness falleth, Love, at last:  
Love, let us love ere it be late—too late!

—Richard Watson Gilder.

## AT LAST.

They loved. They felt they had to fly.  
"We must escape your husband's eye,  
And let it take us near or far—  
Come, follow after Fate's bright star."

"To-morrow morn; meet at the train."  
She slips away; eve dawn is plain,  
And, rushing to the station, spied  
Her love, who soon stands by her side.

They dash inside! the whistle sounds.  
But who is this whose hasty bounds  
The platform shake. "'Tis he," she said;  
"My husband comes; he'll shoot us dead."

The train moves slow; he just has time  
Up to the window-sill to climb,  
And as the cars dash fleet away  
He gives his wife a big bouquet.

—Exchange.

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

## Obeeyed "De Speret."

An old negro was found casting a net in a preserved fish pond. "I have caught you at last," exclaimed the owner. "Stand right where you are. If you try to run I'll shoot you. What are you stealing my fish for?"

"Look yere, you doan call dis stealin' feesh, does you?"

"Of course I do, you trifling scoundrel!"

"Wall, ef dat's de case dar's er p'int o' diffunce betwixt us. I calls it 'ligion, sah."

"You call it what?"

"'Ligion, sah; dat's what I calls it. Peter and John an' all de 'ciples, when da felt 'ligious, tuck er 'net an' went an' kotch some feesh, an' now, when de sperit dun moved me, an' I has come 'cordin' ter de scriptur' an' gunter cast de net, w'y yere you come an' calls me er thief. Ez 'ligious er man ez you ez oughter be 'shamed o' yo'self. W'y, I reckon ef you hader libed in de ole days an' hader seed Peter er feeshin', you wouder got after him, too. Dar was jes sich men er libin' at dat time, sah, an' whut did da do? Da strayed off atter de golden ca'f o' 'niquity an' let de feesh o' righteouness er lone. De speret moved me ter come off down yere an' cast dis yere net an' now you come an' 'ject ter de speret."

"I object to you stealing my fish, you trifling rascal."

"I ain't stealin' yo' feesh, sah. I jest castin' de net like de sperit tole me to do."

"So you haven't taken any fish?"

"No, sah, cose I ain't; but I kain't hep it if de speret tole me ter cast de net."

"What have you got in that bag?"

"Dis bag right yere?"

"Yes, that bag right there."

"What's I got in it?"

"That's what I said."

"Wall, sah, I put er few feesh in yere jest ter keep 'em frum bein' proud in de flesh. Feesh is monstus proud some time, sah, an' I jes wanter show 'em dar's sicher thing ez pride comin' down putty low."

"Yes, and I'll just show you there's such a thing as going to jail."

"What! 'Caze I follered de speret an' tuck de pride outen de feesh? Wall, I sees one thing mighty cl'ar. Dar ain't no usen er man follerin' de speret deize days. Ef Peter was yere now he'd git 'gusted wid de white folks an' go off down yander wid de niggers. Now, sah, ef you wanter disgrace yo'self by takin' me ter jail I'se wid you."—Memphis Avalanche.

## Bismarck and the Empress.

The following excerpt from a letter in Labouchere's Truth helps to reveal the inwardness of the hard feelings of ex-Empress Frederick against Bismarck:

Everybody who is acquainted with the domestic history of the court of Berlin during the short reign of the Emperor Frederick has painful stories to relate about the relations which existed between him and the then Chancellor, who, moreover, treated the Empress very harshly and rudely, to say the least of it. When the Emperor arrived at Charlottenburg from San Remo, directly after his father's death, he was not allowed to speak, and he informed Prince Bismarck in writing that the Empress would, therefore, speak for him in his interviews with Ministers. The first time, however, that Prince Bismarck came to the palace on business he refused to communicate with the Empress about state affairs and threatened to resign if she were present at his interviews with the Emperor. Presently, however, the Empress arranged to see Prince Bismarck in private, and represented to him that the Emperor required

her aid to get through his business; whereupon the Chancellor is said to have replied that if repose was necessary for his Majesty he could obtain it by abdicating, but that the affairs of the state must be transacted efficiently, regardless of his state of health.

## Evils of Racing.

Employer (warningly)—"I am informed, sir, that you attend horse races and bet on them."

Clerk (coolly)—"I won a thousand dollars last week."

Employer (excitedly)—"Where d'ye get y'r tips?"

## Cure for the Deaf.

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

## The Oft Rejected.

"You have no sisters, Mr. Cilley, have you?"

"I never had until this summer," said Cilley, sadly. "I've got seven now."—New York Herald.

## Consumption Surely Cured.

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

TEXAS SIFTINGS seems to have an inexhaustible fund from which to draw its funny sayings and illustrations, and instead of running out as most publications of the kind have it grows brighter and better each year. If you want literature that will always be fresh for dessert send to New York for a copy of TEXAS SIFTINGS.—Chicago Western World.

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**LITTLE**  
**LIVER**  
**PILLS.**

## CURE

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

## SICK

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

## HEAD

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

## ACHE

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

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

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**FRUIT**  
**POULTRY**  
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## The Truth Stands.

During a certain voyage of a Down-East vessel the mate, who usually kept the log, became intoxicated one day and was unable to attend to his duty. As the man very rarely committed the offense the captain excused him and attended to the log himself, concluding with this:

"The mate has been drunk all day."

Next day the mate was on deck and resumed his duties. Looking at the log he discovered the entry the captain had made and ventured to remonstrate with his superior.

"What was the need, sir," he asked, "of putting that down on the log?"

"Wasn't it true?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; but it doesn't seem necessary to enter it on the log."

"Well," said the captain, "since it was true, it had better stand; it had better stand."

The next day the captain had occasion to look at the log, and at the end of the entry which the mate had made was found this item:

"The captain has been sober all day."

The captain summoned the mate and thundered: "What did you mean by putting down that entry? Am I not sober every day?"

"Yes, sir; but wasn't it true?"

"Why, of course it was true!"

"Well, then, sir," said the mate, "since it was true I think it had better stand; it had better stand."—Traveler's Record.

## TWO VERY LUCKY MEN.

One in Jersey City and One in New York Who Struck it Rich.

James Oram, of 333 Grand st., Jersey City, has received \$15,000 he drew on one-twentieth of ticket 51,176 in the August drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery, and has resigned his place in Rouse & Turner's pottery factory in Morris st., Jersey City.

Mr. Oram was born in Ireland 55 years ago, and came to America in his youth. He has worked at his trade in Jersey City many years, and has a neat sum that he saved from his earnings. Two years ago he concluded to try his luck in The Louisiana State Lottery. He bought 11 \$1 tickets at as many drawings without success, but at the twelfth trial he got \$5. This was in March last.

Mr. Oram was discouraged and he bought no more until the Monday before the last drawing. The next Wednesday he was informed of his success. The thirteenth venture had won. He received the money last Saturday, deposited it, and that night he quit work as a potter, and now contemplates a trip to the home of his boyhood, in Ireland.

Charles Weiss of 1,352 1st ave., gave an excursion to Coney Island yesterday to his friends in celebration of his good luck in drawing \$5,000 in the same drawing of The Louisiana State Lottery. The money was delivered by the Adams Express Company last Saturday. Mr. Weiss is a young man, a native of Austria, with a good milk business, at 438 East 75th st. The winning ticket was selected by his sister. It was a one-twentieth share in ticket No. 92,811, which won the \$100,000 prize. After hearing of his success in the drawing he sold out his retail milk business and will hereafter carry on a wholesale trade only.—New York Daily News, Sept. 3.

When one begins to court the muses he is flirting with the waste-basket.—Dallas News.

## She Washed the Steps.

Florence Blythe, besides being a damsel of exceedingly novel ideas, bids fair to become, like Beautiful Bertha, "a model for housewives," says the San Francisco Examiner.

Saturday afternoon she paid a visit to her mother, Mrs. Julia Ashcroft, who resides in a very modest flat at 937 Guerrero street. But Florence was not of the opinion that it was incumbent upon her to hold her hands and sit idle while her mother was busy, so the little heiress took a pan of soapsuds and a rag such as an ordinary girl who is not an heiress to millions would use, and proceeded to scrub the back steps.

A representative of the Examiner, who happened to be in the house next door, recognized her, and thinking it rather strange that a "maid so rich" should stoop to wash steps, accosted her.

"Beg pardon," said the reporter "but isn't washing the back steps rather an unusual proceeding for a girl who is negotiating for the purchase of such a mansion as Miramonte?"

She blushed slightly, then sat down and laughed heartily.

"Well, yes," she answered, "perhaps it is rather unusual. Indeed, I think it is a little too rare, at least among girls who haven't quite a million. It seems to me that if a good many girls would do just as I am they would be a good deal better in health, and it wouldn't hurt them a bit, either."

"Then you believe in housework?" the reporter asked.

"Indeed I do. I believe that every woman, be her income \$10 a month or \$10,000, ought to learn and practice all the household arts. Why, it ought to be one of the chief aims of an American girl's education to make a true housewife out of herself; don't you think so?"

The reporter expressed no opinion as to this subject, but asked in reply:

"Do you intend washing the stairs at Miramonte, Miss Blythe?"

"I do if they need it, and I haven't anything better to do at the time. This idea that hot suds and a rag are beneath a girl because she happens to be a little wealthier than her working sister does not suit me at all."

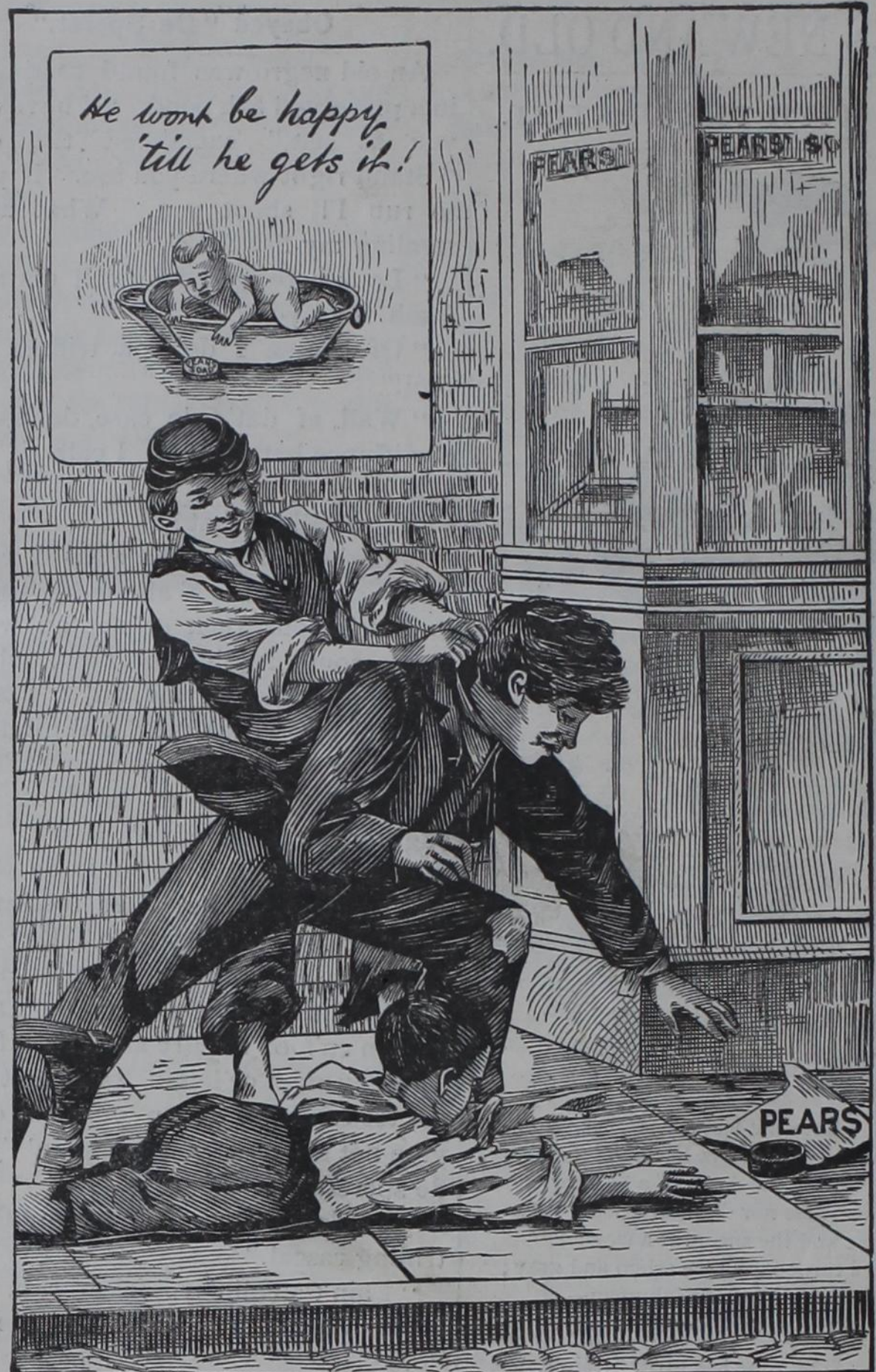
"But are you not afraid it will make your hands rough?"

"Not a bit of it," she answered sturdily, "and if it does it will be an honorable roughness. I would much rather my hands were turkey-red from respectable toil than lily-white from idleness."

**Not one in twenty are free** from some little ailment caused by inaction of the liver. Use Carter's Little Liver Pills. The result will be a pleasant surprise. They give positive relief.

## Vengeance, Sweet Vengeance.

"Our next issue will be our last," writes a Georgia editor. "We are satisfied the people of this town can get along without us, for we have been getting along without the people for six months past. There are some subscriptions owing, but we will not collect them, as the citizens will soon need the money to defray the funeral expenses of the town."—Atlanta Constitution.



SCRAMBLING FOR IT.

Here is a good-natured tussle for a cake of Pears' Soap, which only illustrates how necessary it becomes to all persons who have once tried it and discovered its merits. Some who ask for it have to contend for it in a more serious way, and that too in drug stores where all sorts of inferior soaps, represented "as just as good," are urged upon them as substitutes. But there is nothing "just as good," and they can always get Pears' Soap if they will be as persistent as are these urchins.

*Shun Misrepresentations.*

## An Illinois Pearl for a Countess.

On Saturday last Charles Ellis, an amateur fisher, found a pearl in the Pecatonica river, at Winslow, near Galena, Ill., which he sold to an expert buyer for \$600. The gem was one of the largest that has ever been discovered in these waters, of a dark, bluish-brown tint, and remarkably lustrous. The pearl was seen by a New York agent who gave a check for \$1,200 for it on sight. It is to adorn the coronet of a well-known English countess.—Globe Democrat.

The giddy world is Vanity Fair, yet many people live for half a century and never see it.—Ex. Not many in New York.

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