

# Texas Siftings.

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## ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

LITTLE WILLIE (WHO HAS BEEN REPULSED)—WHERE CAN I FIND SINCERITY?  
MISS BORED—WHY, IN THE DICTIONARY, OF COURSE!

## Texas Siftings.

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

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### IN "A. MINER KEY."

PREVENTS fits—a poor tailor.

TABLE-TALK—Pass the butter.

WANAMAKER'S Great Display—cheek.

PRACTICES fetich arts—the chiropodist.

FLUSH times began with Eve's first blush.

NEWMARKETS are chiefly found in old ones.

CORALS are brought up in a reef-form school.

A ROUNDELAY—police interference at a prize-fight.

A GOOD printer can always tell how the case stands.

A FACETIOUS toper calls his stomach a sample-room.

I never had an early flame  
To whom I would attention pay,  
But what another fellow came  
And coolly stole my girl away!

THE Duke of Newcastle is going to sell his old castle.

WHEN dentists go into partnership they ought to pull together.

It was a sarcophagus maker who said it is never too late to end.

To cure an actor of ranting, rant back—*Similia similibus curantur.*

THE State of trade—any State ready to trade off a Presidential election.

How a locomotive engineer can make his own headlight—by drinking too much.

IF Mrs. Burnett's new play, Nixie, fails to draw it should be re-christened Nixie Blunt.

THE Georgia Railroad must be wofully behind the times; it never had a mortgage on it.

AMERICAN girls are not fond of domestic life. It is ruling their own domestics that they aspire to.

"Oh, would I were a bird," he sang  
Throughout the live-long day;  
And passers-by in current slang  
Said, "So you are—a jay!"

NEW YORKERS ought to be satisfied with any ticket at the next municipal election that would "sweep the city."

COOLER counsel prevailed—when they put the culprit in the "cooler" instead of lynching him, as at first proposed.

PATTI refused \$1,000 for an essay on the voice—said she hadn't time to write it. Foolish girl; doesn't she know that celebrities are not expected to write the essays they sign?

WHEN the news became known that there had been started "A Society of Young Girls of Pure Character Upon the Stage," everybody wanted to know what was their character when off the stage.

### BISMARCK'S SUCCESSOR.

General Von Caprivi, the new President of the Prussian Cabinet, in his initial speech to the Deputies, said he considered it a most favorable dispensation of Providence that at the moment of Prince Bismarck's retirement "our august young monarch should be there to fill the gap." As it was "our august young monarch" himself who hastened Bismarck's retirement, I can imagine that even the phlegmatic Prussian Deputies had difficulty in repressing a smile at this declaration.

### AN ACTOR OUT OF PLACE.

The other night, at the Star Theatre, New York, while W. H. Crane was doing his best as The Senator, he was surprised to see his old partner, Stuart Robson, step upon the stage across the footlights and congratulate him upon his success. Had it been Joe Emmet who had done this no one would have been astonished, but Robson has some reputation for sobriety now, whatever may have been his habits in earlier days. The Senator didn't look overmuch pleased, and the audience wasn't tickled to death. It is to be hoped that the example won't be copied generally. We don't want to see little Barrett stalking on to the stage at an unexpected place to congratulate Booth on the way in which he is doing up Hamlet, and while we like Billy Florence and cannot see too much of him as a general thing, we don't care to see him turn up in the most thrilling part of Rip Van Winkle, and reaching out his hand exclaim: "Jefferson, old boy, put it there; you're doing it bully!"

and under his arm, and even catches occasional glimpses of it as the towel is being employed. He fidgets, and squirms, and mutters under his breath, if he don't growl aloud: "Miss that engagement, sure." "Don't be so particular." "Does it take all day to shave a man?" Now, if the clock wasn't there he couldn't do that, and it doesn't surprise me to learn that the barbers of New York have resolved to banish the clock during business hours. They think that life by a barber's chair will be less vexatious.

### EMIN WON'T STAY RESCUED.

As a general thing, when a man has been rescued, he ought, in common gratitude to his rescuer, to remain rescued; but Emin Pasha seems determined to prove an exception to the rule. Stanley, who has been carrying on a general exploring business in Africa for a number of years, in which he has been quite prosperous, as we understand, hearing that Emin was in trouble went to his relief. He did this in the most disinterested way, and, in fact, at no small loss to himself. His regular business was neglected for a long time. Orders upon orders for new and peculiar discoveries that Stanley alone could make accumulated at his office, but they couldn't be filled, because no one but Stanley could fill them, and he couldn't because his whole time was taken up in searching for Emin. His long search was at length rewarded. He found his man, but to his astonishment Emin seemed averse to being rescued. Stanley is somewhat reticent upon the subject, but we infer that the Pasha made some resistance, but Stanley having the strongest party the ungrateful wretch was rescued in spite of it. All along the return march Emin watched an opportunity to slip away from his rescuers and go back, no matter how much he might go back on Stanley. A watch had to be kept over him, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he was brought even to the borders of civilization. He found fault with everything—said the cooking was inferior to what it was in Central Africa, and swore that the liquor was abominable. In fact, he proved that when he fell out of a window after a banquet they gave him to celebrate his release. And now that Stanley has gone to England the news comes that the ungrateful Emin Pasha has gone back to be rescued again. But Stanley won't do it, that's certain.

### NO HOPE FOR NEW YORK.

It is plain that hayseed legislation for New York City is a failure. The country legislator may be a very good and exemplary man at home, all by himself, but when he gets to Albany and there becomes an aggregation of hayseeds, he is easily corrupted. He learns to scent a job from afar, and is immediately seized with what Shakespeare calls an "itching palm." He can be bought considerably cheaper than his brother legislator from the city, owing to the difference in house rent and the cost of provisions, I suppose. But how New York City can be governed in the best interest of its citizens is one of the most difficult problems of the hour. Should the World offer a prize

for the solution it would probably find that every individual had a special plan of his own. And so I presume things will go on in the same old way. The streets will always be filthy and constantly torn up. Saloons will continue to break the Sunday closing law, except when there is a spasmodic raid, of which they will be duly informed by the police where they are not behind in their assessments; and the elevated roads will keep on packing human beings into their cars like hogs.

OUT of all reason—the hopelessly insane.



C. HOWARD.

### IN THE PARK.

BESSIE—You're a funny bird, Mr. Policeman.  
POLICEMAN—A bird, is it, ye take me fer? Do Oi look loike a burd, now?  
BESSIE—No, you don't look a bit like a bird, but nurse said you were a sparrow policeman, and sparrows are birds, you know.

### TO BANISH THE CLOCK.

One of the greatest annoyances a New York barber has to contend against is the manner in which the customer he's shaving regards the clock. When elected to take the chair he says: "Quarter to three now. Got an important engagement at three. Can you go over my face in a quarter of an hour?" In nine cases out of ten it is a difficult face to go over in double that time, but the barber is anxious to please, so he undertakes the job. But never does his customer take his eye off that clock. He squints at it over the barber's shoulder,

A HISTORY OF FRANCE  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
PART XXVII.



It was during the reign of Charles VI. that Henry V. of England invaded France, won the memorable battle of Agincourt (so called from a castle of that name near the battlefield), and subdued nearly the whole of Normandy. The

quarrels between the rival factions in France rendered this possible. Henry made peace on condition of receiving the Princess Catherine, daughter of Charles VI., in marriage, being made Regent of France during the rest of the king's lifetime and succeeding to the French crown at his death.

According to all accounts Catherine was a beautiful and amiable princess, and when Henry took his bride to England her reception was a splendid one and she was crowned with great glory and honor. This peace was called the Perpetual Peace, but it didn't last long.

Henry returned to France to

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Charles VII., surnamed "the Victorious," began his reign (1422) under very discouraging circumstances. He was derisively called "King of Bourges," as he had fixed the seat of his government in Bourges, and it was for a time the only city in France that acknowledged his power. He was reduced to a miserable state for a king. He had neither army nor money, and was so poor in purse that he couldn't afford to employ servants. Some faithful old generals stuck by him, however, and acted as serviteurs. It was a touching thing to see these veterans doing the housework, while they endeavored to cheer up the drooping

with a vigor unknown before. Months, years flit past like dogs with tin cans tied to their continuations. We are not as supple as we once were, and "vittles" do not taste like they did when we tramped twenty or thirty miles with a fishing pole or gun at the age of sweet sixteen. Finally our eyes grow duller, and with stooping form and shuffling gait we approach that dark, mist-covered valley, which when we stood in the vestibule of life and played "hookey" seemed so far off.

COMPLIMENTARY MENTION.

Strong-minded people often affect to despise compliments; and yet very few people like to be entirely without them. "Hardly," says a noted writer, "will you meet with anybody, man or woman, ever so aged or ill-formed, but if you venture to commend them for their comeliness will show traces of appreciation."

And why not? Very often a compliment arises out of pure good nature, and as Dickens has shown in his



Charles VII. of France in poverty and distress—His old generals do the housework.

GLOVES ON THE ELEVATED.

MR. HAYSEED (who is very near-sighted, to his spouse)—Soap must be skeep.  
MRS. HAYSEED—What makes you think so, Joshua?  
MR. HAYSEED—Waal, jest look at the color of them hands.

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AUSTIN URGED TO JOIN THE WOMAN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

don't see your name among the delegates to the convention of the Women's Clubs," said Mr. Austin, sally, as he laid down the morning paper.

"Do you think, John, you could get up your meals while I attended the Women's Club Convention?"  
"Course I could, and be glad to. As my prospect of becoming famous grow dimmer I am turning to you to cast glory upon the name of Austin. And you do only do it by going into this Women's Club business."

rollicking, jolly characters, how pleasing such good nature is to the very best of us.

If we sift the matter, we shall find implanted in us all a most powerful and useful moral agent, called love of approbation or praise; and that a compliment is very like the real and genuine thing which even the most inveterate pessimist likes. If used for base purposes it is base; if used for simple good nature and good humor it is one of the most delightful things in the world.

ABOUT CHARITY.

The best charity is not that which giveth alms, whether secretly or with ostentation. The best charity—that which "worketh no evil"—is the charity that prompts us to think and speak well of our neighbors. We are all ashamed to confess that our quickest instincts are to think ill of others or to magnify the ill of which we hear. There is a universal shrugging of shoulders, as much as to say: "Well, I expected as much." "It is just like him." "I had my suspicions," and thus on through an endless chapter, with which every reader will be more or less familiar from his or her own experience.

The charity that gives is good, but the charity that makes us "think no evil" is better, and it alone is the charity that covers a multitude of sins.

AN EXCEPTION TO THE RULE.

Colored Waiter—I jes' 'spise dis heah slang. 'Pears like you can't go nowhar but you heahs some of de mis'ble trash. Now, it's in de soup—in de soup—wha'ever you goes—eve'thing's in de soup.

Boarder—Not quite everything, Julius. Didn't you say that this is chicken soup?

Yes, sah.

Well, I'm dead sure there's no chicken in the soup and never has been.

Race track dinners should be served in courses.



Prince Hal fails to recognize Falstaff when he becomes Henry V. of England.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.



HE published testimony of Commander McCalla, of the American navy, whose conduct has just been explored officially, is not calculated to reassure the small boy who has been contemplating running away to sea, as a preliminary step to becoming a pirate. After reading about

the treatment of the sailor on board of the Enterprise, he will naturally prefer to go West and assist the intrepid but overworked scout in rescuing captive maidens, and culling ripe Indian scalps at so much per cull.

The officers, themselves, on board of the Enterprise were at times, when they had access to liquor, not perfectly sober. It very often happened that one of them would call the attention of a brother officer to the fact that a coil of rope had begun to wriggle and was darting out its forked tongue at him. And it seems that the men were not much better off. Sea serpents, *au naturel*, seems to have been a permanent feature of the menu.

A man may smile, and smile some more, and keep on smiling, and go to bed without removing his boots, and still not be such a bad fellow, after all; but, somehow or other, McCalla seems to have struck fighting whisky every time; and then his sword was swinging around in the air like the enraged tail of a circus lion whom some visitor had prodded with his umbrella in the interests of science.

At the beginning of the cruise the sailors were treated with some consideration, but afterwards Commander McCalla got into the habit of whacking them with his trusty blade. Then the sailors looked back at the previous pleasant time with feelings similar to those of the poor Irish woman, whose husband beat her with a poker. She said in court, referring to her honeymoon: "Ah, them were happy days when Pat only hit me wid his fist, and niver thought of batin' me wid de poker."

In some respects the life of a sailor on an American man-of-war differs materially from that of the happy tar we see on the stage. On the stage the sailor always has a pleasant smile on his face, and is dancing a hornpipe, or a jig, or spinning a yarn to his mates, which he could not do when the only old gag he had was a bayonet.

If the sailor on the Enterprise danced the hornpipe, he must have done it under the most discouraging circumstances. As a general thing, he wore a strait-jacket. To people who have lived in a Harlem flat, or been obliged to ride daily on the crowded elevated trains, a strait-jacket may not seem to be much of a punishment, but it is, at all events, not calculated to produce hilarity when a man does not change his jacket for a week at a time. Besides, on board of the Enterprise, it was fashionable to wear cuffs very close around the wrist. In fact, the average sailor's limbs were so copiously festooned with chains that at a distance he must have looked like a graven image of Lafayette or Washington on Decoration Day. By the bye, Commander McCalla's deck orations were very forcible in their language, but lacked the polish peculiar to a certain New York after-dinner speaker when he is half seas over. The sailors complain that they led a dog's life of



it, and as they were chained together like so many links of sausage, there is some apparent truth in the allegation. There was also a dungeon on board of the Enter-

prise in which the sailors spent a great many of their leisure hours. It was customary to lock them up in the cellar, pour a ton or so of coal on them, and go away and forget the combination. No wonder the sailors grumbled. Even the barrel hoop will turn when it is trod on, and so will a worm.

Another sailor was struck on the head so violently that he lost all consciousness, so he testified under oath. And when he was asked if he thought he had ever fully recovered from it, he replied that at times he still had his doubts. There is no doubt that some of the sailors were not perfect gentlemen, but that is not strange. Even the gentle shepherds have some crooks among them.

Every attempt on the part of the sailors, while the ship was abroad, to obtain justice failed, until they actually were afraid to make a mere statement for fear of committing themselves; they began to think that justice was being meted out to them in strawberry boxes, and that the arm of the law should be worn in a sling, so lame was it.

The cruise of the Enterprise abounded in new-laid horrors freshly picked from the vine, to use a mixed metaphor, which caused the hair of the poor sailor to curdle in his veins, and every drop of blood on his head to stand on end and howl, as it were.

To the bilious man who is afraid of death, a voyage on an American man-of-war must be a lovely boon. Before he is fairly out of sight of land he will wish he could die.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

hand exclaim-  
doing it bully!"



AN ACTIVE WOMAN'S GRIEF.

"You are going to die, William," remarked a lady of energetic nature to her poor little husband. "The doctor says you can't live two hours."

"Very well," responded William, in a weak voice, but with a sigh of relief; "go down and blow up the servants at once."

"Wh—what?" said the agitated woman, bending over him.

"Free your mind, Nancy, free your mind," he gasped feebly. "I shall be as quick about it as possible, but I shall try your patience. Blow enough to make you cheerful a couple of hours, and by that time I shall be out of the way. I shall never have another opportunity, and I want to die in peace."

"He wanders," said the lady to herself, scowling through her tears at some cheerful voices that stole into the room of death from the street below. Then she added, "I wonder if those pesky triflers don't know there's some dying going on up here. I shall speak to the policeman about this. It's a shame that I've got to be worried and worried to death, when my heart is so full of other matters that I can't find time to think. Here I've been—"

"I should like to comfort you," interrupted the rapidly failing man, with a faint smile of apology. "but the truth is I've got so much of my own dying on hand that I can't find the time. Bear up, my dear. I'll call around at the station-house and make complaint of those thoughtless fellows to-mor—or rather, I'll send my ghost."

"William!" ejaculated the grief-stricken woman, "that's just like you. Always too shiftless for anything. Always putting off until to-morrow what should

be done day before yesterday. My mother warned me of it before I married you. If there is anything I hate it is procrastination! If there's anything I abominate it's a shiftless man!"

"Go down and give it to the servants," said the dying man, huskily.

"He wanders," repeated the agitated woman, rising hastily to make frantic passes at a fly resting in the sunshine on the wall. "This house is overrun with vermin from cellar to garret. It makes no difference how much I toil, and delve, and drudge, and work my fingers to the bone, and wear old clothes and look like a fright. William! if you don't get me some exterminator to-morrow—"

"It's unnecessary," interrupted the gentleman addressed, with a sad sweet smile. "I—I guess I'll—I'll manage to—to go off—without it."

His head fell back and there was a strange look in his eyes.

"He's dead!" shrieked the widow, throwing herself upon the lifeless form and weeping violently. "I had forgotten that he was dying—I had so much to think of! Nothing goes right in this house. My poor, patient husband!"

There was the sound of approaching feet.

"Go 'way!" she screamed. "Leave me alone with my dead! But stay," she added, recognizing the hired girl. "Go straight to the undertaker's, Susan, and tell him to come at once; and if he slurs this job as he has

ance, but Stanley having the strongest

grateful wretch was spite of it. All along march Emin watched tunity to slip away rescuers and go back, how much he might on Stanley. A watch kept over him, and it the greatest difficulty was brought even to ders of civilization. H fault with everything— cooking was inferior to was in Central Africa swore that the liquor was inable. In fact, he prov when he fell out of a w after a banquet they g to celebrate his release. now that Stanley has g England the news come the ungrateful Emin Pas gone back to be rescued. But Stanley won't do it, certain.

NO HOPE FOR NEW Y

others I've heard of I'll never give him another as long as I live. Undertakers are so shiftless."

A gleam of sunlight stole into the room and rested for a moment on the dead man's face. "I declare!" exclaimed the heart-broken woman, "I told Susan to close the blind tight and she hasn't done it. We shall all be covered with dust and the carpet will be ruined. I shall discharge Susan as soon as the funeral is over."

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, and, having found the requisite time, wept bitterly.

ROCHESTER.

RAPID TRANSIT ILLUSTRATED.

Young Smith—You didn't stay very long at The Poplars last evening, where you went to see the Pippis girl.

Young Brown—No, I didn't. Old Pippis broke in on us and gave me a hint to go.

What did he say?

He opened the outside door and asked me what I thought of rapid transit.

What did you do?

I gave him an immediate illustration of it.

AT A SOCIAL GATHERING.

Pencil (to scissors editor of alleged humorous department of the Earth)—Give us a funny story from your next issue.

Sinnick (sarcastically)—He can't!

A RARE FREAK.

Countryman (in dime museum)—Say, bub, what sort of a curiosity be you?

Freak—I'm the boy what never whistles.



GLOVES ON THE ELEVATED.

MR. HAYSEED (who is very near-sighted, to his spouse)—Soap must be skeers in New York, Jerushy.  
 MRS. HAYSEED—What makes you think so, Joshua?  
 MR. HAYSEED—Waal, jest look at the color of them hands.

MRS. AUSTIN URGED TO JOIN THE WOMAN'S CLUB MOVEMENT.

"I don't see your name among the delegates to the Convention of the Women's Clubs," said Mr. Austin, sarcastically, as he laid down the morning paper.

"Oh, don't you!" replied Mrs. A., coloring up. "I wonder what time I can give to Women's Clubs, slaving from morning till night as I do to keep this house in order, and not a servant to help me."

"Oh, you do a great deal that you don't need to do, Mrs. Austin. We could live more frugally and be just as healthy. A bowl of bread and milk for breakfast, for instance, is quite enough."

"You say that after you have stuffed yourself with steak and eggs, and potatoes, and pancakes, and coffee. I would like to see you breakfasting on bread and milk alone."

"Then a simple dish of cold pork and beans at noon," said Mr. Austin, continuing his economical reflections, "would carry us through the day; just see how much time you would save. Some of the most prominent women in town belong to the Women's Club, and they couldn't if they tied themselves down to housework, as you persist in doing."

"As I persist in doing, Mr. Austin? Who would do it if I didn't, I would like to know. You say you can't afford to hire help in the kitchen."

"But, my dear, let the kitchen run itself. Soar above the kitchen. Set out a little cold ham and bread and I will be content, so that I know you are taking your position among the noble women of the land."

"What would it amount to if I did?"

"What would it amount to? Why, you would see your name in the papers in the daily reports of the proceedings of the Federation of Women's Clubs, right alongside of Susan B. Anthony, Mrs. Stanton, Ella Dietz Clymer, and lots of 'em! What would I care if I never had a meal again if I could read the name of Mrs. John Austin in that splendid constellation of workers for the good of the female sex."

"Do you think, John, you could get up your own meals while I attended the Women's Club Convention?"

"'Course I could, and be glad to. As my prospects of becoming famous grow dimmer I am turning to you to cast glory upon the name of Austin. And you can only do it by going into this Women's Club business."

"Well, I have my doubts about succeeding," said Mrs. Austin, ruefully, "but I'll try."

That evening Mr. Austin came home from his work,

tired and hungry. He went straight to the dining-room, and found on the table some dry bread and a bit of cold ham, with a note from his wife which read:

"DEAR JOHN—I have taken your advice and gone to the Women's Club Convention. I have soared above the kitchen, and have left a frugal repast for you as you suggested. I would advise you not to sit up for me, as I may stay to the evening session. And should I go and stay over night with some of the sisters, you can take a bowl of bread and milk for your breakfast, consoled with the thought that I have taken a position among the noble women of the land—in short, have embarked on a mission. Yours faithfully, MATILDA."

Mrs. Austin did come back that evening, and the first thing she had to set about was to cook a big meal for that cross and hungry bear, her husband. He would have gone crazy if she hadn't.

A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.

John P. Smith, the veteran manager, is one of the oldest and most popular members of the Elks of New York City, of which association he was at one time the presiding officer. At one of the lodge meetings not long ago, the question was brought up of donating his accumulated dues to a member of the lodge who was in an asylum being treated for softening of the brain. Some spoke in favor of the proposition and it was likely to be carried, until John P. got on his feet.

"Mr. President," said he, in a tone of the utmost gravity, "it seems to me that you are establishing a dangerous and destructive precedent."

"In what way?" asked a brother Elk.

"Why, if we are going to donate dues to all members of this society who are suffering from softening of the brain, we might as well shut up the lodge rooms."

This sally brought a big laugh and the proposition failed to carry.

The secret ballot is nothing new. Wives have entertained it regarding their husbands almost since marriage was instituted.



TIT FOR TAT.

MRS. FUSSY—I saw you coming out of a saloon, John, when I was in the next street shopping.

MR. FUSSY—My dear, you shouldn't do your shopping in the neighborhood of saloons!

## HOW TO GET AROUND NEW YORK.



HE stranger who comes to the great city and finds it necessary to get around much, is very likely to have somebody get around him unless he is pretty well informed. The trouble, though, comes from the applicability to mankind of Carlyle's classification of Britons. He said they were

"about forty millions, mostly fools." Still, although this rule sometimes seems to hold good, there are people who come to New York who are not fools. Consequently, being here, they naturally want to go around, more or less, and see the wonders of a city which is in many ways the most wonderful on earth. How to get around is more of a problem than one realizes until he attempts to solve it. I venture to say that not one citizen of New York in every ten could stand an examination on the means of travel from one point to another in the city. For example, how many men could tell off-hand the quickest and most convenient way to go from Fort George to the Grand Street Ferry, or from the Brooklyn Bridge to the White Star dock? Yet there are few active citizens who do not use one, two or more of the different "lines" every day,



Obstructions in Front, Danger Behind.

and many who are familiar with a great number of them.

Undoubtedly the best way to go around, even in so large a place as New York, is to walk. Thousands of interesting sights on every hand are missed by the lazy or hasty man who hasn't the inclination or time to walk. He loses, for instance, the restful and gladdening sense of calm enjoyment that comes from the cleanliness of our streets, to say nothing of missing the pungent perfumes that arise in some few places where the streets are not so clean. He has not the same opportunities to walk around in the gutters or the middle of the street in those places where the sidewalks are given up to merchants, and occupied by their barrels and bales and boxes. He is not so likely to meet the cordial and courteous bunco-steerer, or to be caught by the neck and run into a second-hand clothing store, where he will buy a brown paper overcoat in order to get out without being assaulted.

But for him who is willing to forego these joys, there are other pleasures that go far toward serving as substitutes. If he would ride, let him put nickels in his purse. He can ride on any line, and for any distance up to nine or ten miles, for five cents. Let him also possess himself with patience, and carry with him all the good nature he has. He may need both.

Lengthwise of the city run four elevated railroads, all under the same management, and all offering the same discomforts and perils in varying degrees. The

perils are none the less actual because of the fact that very few people get killed. It is said that half a million passengers a day travel on these four roads combined, and it is certainly evidence of great skill and good luck that so few persons have been killed or injured in the dozen years the roads have been in operation. Moreover, detentions and irregular running of trains are very unusual, which is another most remarkable thing, considering the great volume of travel.

Short of being maimed, or killed outright, however, the traveler may expect almost anything in the way of discomfort. If he boards a train in the busy hours, he will be likely to get his breath squeezed out of him in the mad rush of frenzied people all anxious for the seats that comparatively few will get. Most persons prefer to sit down, though it is questionable whether it is most comfortable to sit and be trodden on, to stand and tread on others, or to hang yourself to the roof of the car by a strap which the company kindly provides for the purpose, and swing loosely around, bumping against all your immediate neighbors. It is a choice of evils.

Perhaps the unfortunates who hang themselves get the best conception of the greatest peril of the roads. It is a well established rule in railroad building, that the outer rail on a curve should be higher than the inner rail. The object—to prevent the train from being carried off the track by its own impetus—is easily understood by any intelligent person. When these roads were built, this was not done at a single one of the curves. Since then, this radical and amazing error has been corrected in a number of places, but has not been rectified in other places. I have had some of the veteran engineers of the road tell me that they never bring a train around from Ninth avenue to Fifty-third street without shuddering at the danger.

Notwithstanding all these and many other drawbacks, the elevated railroads are, like the telephone, the electric lights, and other instruments of torture and assassination, really indispensable to modern conditions of life in the metropolis. To suspend their operation for a day would be to partially paralyze business.

For real enjoyment and mighty exhilaration, one should ride in the surface cars, so-called, instead of climbing up to the elevated. There are some twelve or thirteen lines of horse-cars that run up and down the city; nine that run across it, and one that runs around the lower half, from Fifty-ninth street down. This is called the Belt line, partially for the reason that the conductors and drivers are

always ready to belt sheol out of anybody that suggests a possible improvement in the management. Besides all these there is a cable road uptown, a fashionable line of stages run in the interest of Sabbatarianism by the pious editor of the *Wail of Distress*, and half a dozen other lines of cars that go nowhere in particular. They just meander.

These are of various degrees. They are slow, slower and slowest; dirty, dirtier and dirtiest; crowded, crowder and crowdest. The ambition of the management of most of them seems to be to reach the superlative degree of excelling in these particulars. Dogs are not allowed to travel on these cars. There may, perhaps, be some other rules established for the comfort of the passengers, but if so I cannot recall them. They are not enforced.

Chimerical projects are started, from time to time, by visionary citizens who consider that this condition of things should be improved, and who are anxious to spend millions of money for the benefit of the community. It is generally believed, however, that they might be able to make a profit out of their schemes, and therefore all manner of objections are raised, and they are not only prevented from carrying out their iniquitous plans, but they are held up to the execration of all right-minded citizens.

After all, if you don't like the cars, you can take a cab, or walk.

## GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

IT HAPPENED AT EASTER.

Fritz—What is mamma doing in the garden?

Karl—She is laying the Easter eggs in the grass for us to hunt for them.

Fritz—Is that so? Why don't she cackle?

PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

"Tell me a story, grandma."

"What kind of a story do you want, Tommy?"

"Tell me a story with plenty of raisins and candy in it, and a dog."

COLD COMFORT.

Creditor—When are you going to pay your debts?

Debtor—That's none of your confounded business. But I need my money.

That's none of my confounded business.

WHY HE WAS PUZZLED.

Visitor—How are you coming on, old fellow?

Invalid Inebriate—I'm puzzled just now. The doctor has prescribed brandy.

Well, you are not puzzled to know what to do with that, are you?

No, I know it must be taken inwardly. I didn't intend to use it as a liniment.

Then what puzzles you?

The doctor did not tell me what dose to take, and now I don't know whether a bottle of brandy is taken in one or two doses.

A THREATENED EGG FAMINE.

Pa (dressed for hunting)—I am going to bring home a lot of rabbits.

Mamie—Are you going to shoot rabbits sure enough, pa?

Yes, Mamie dear.

O, don't do that, pa. If you kill all the rabbits where will we get Easter eggs next year?

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

A.—Did you ever see a race between a balloon and a railroad train?

B.—No, and I don't suppose anybody else ever did.

A.—Well, I have seen that very thing.

B.—How was it possible for the balloon to travel in the same direction with the train?

A.—The balloon couldn't help itself. It was packed up in the baggage-car.

AT A BALL.

She—Your brother ought to get married. He is too good a young man to pine himself away in single blessedness.

He—He has made up his mind neyer to marry. He is going to be a preacher.

But a great many preachers marry, why should not he?

He is afraid if he marries that he may have a son, and everybody knows how preachers' sons turn out.

MEDICAL ITEM.

Father—How is my boy coming on at school?

Teacher—He is making considerable progress in all his studies, but his handwriting is as bad as ever. I don't think he ever will learn to write a decent hand.

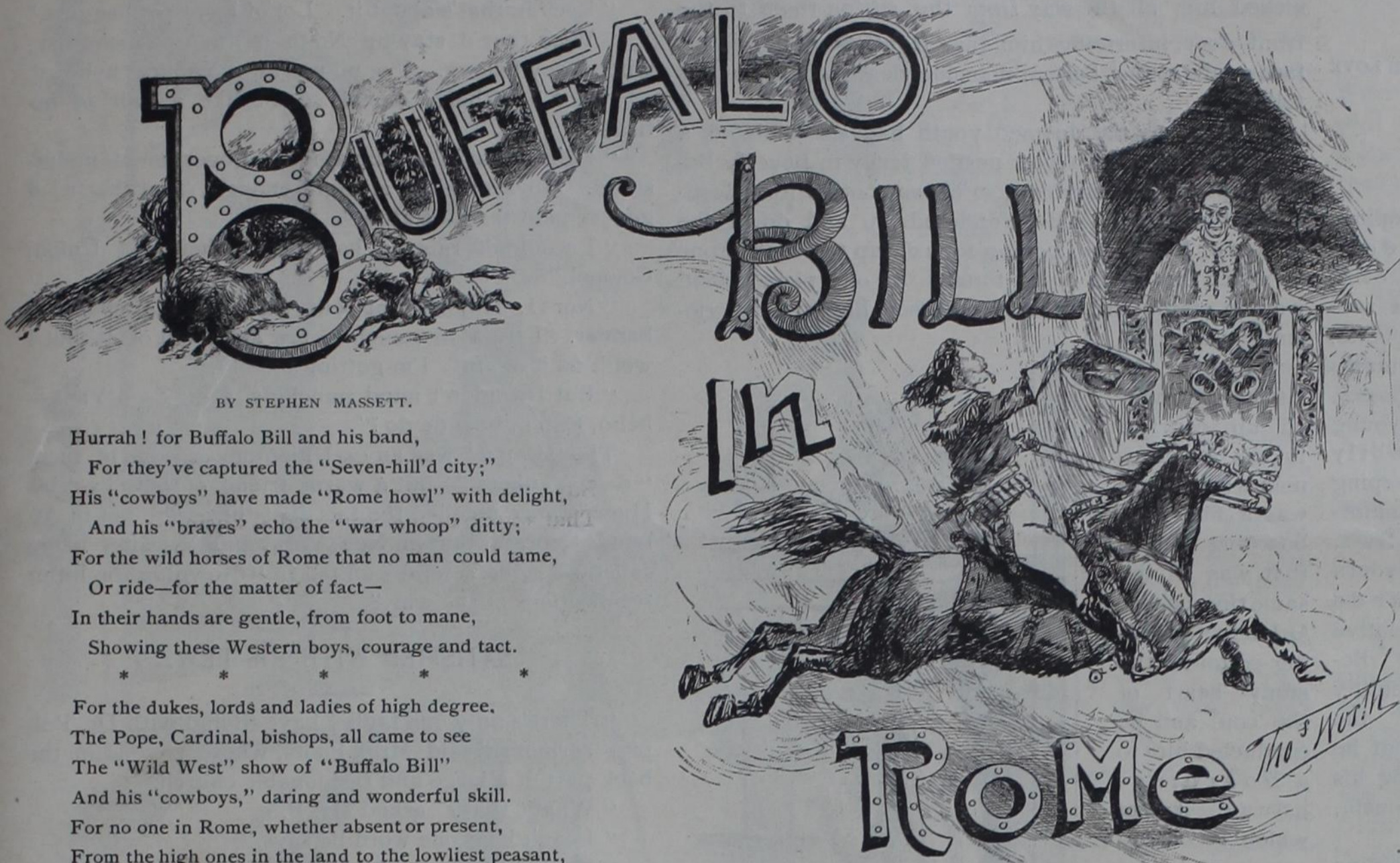
That will not be any drawback to him. I'm going to make a doctor of him.

Well, I think from his handwriting that he will make a very good doctor.



On the "L."

DAVID A. CURTIS.



BY STEPHEN MASSETT.

Hurrah! for Buffalo Bill and his band,  
For they've captured the "Seven-hill'd city;"  
His "cowboys" have made "Rome howl" with delight,  
And his "braves" echo the "war whoop" ditty;  
For the wild horses of Rome that no man could tame,  
Or ride—for the matter of fact—  
In their hands are gentle, from foot to mane,  
Showing these Western boys, courage and tact.

\* \* \* \* \*

For the dukes, lords and ladies of high degree,  
The Pope, Cardinal, bishops, all came to see  
The "Wild West" show of "Buffalo Bill"  
And his "cowboys," daring and wonderful skill.  
For no one in Rome, whether absent or present,  
From the high ones in the land to the lowliest peasant,  
Their wild horses could ride—or even astride—  
Until Buffalo Bill's boys dashing along came,  
Putting at once all other horsemen to shame,  
And with the breezy coolness of the Western slope  
Tamed them at once—right in sight of the Pope!

\* \* \* \* \*

Then hurrah! for Buffalo Bill and his boys!  
For the wild horses of Rome, to them, are but toys!

The "cowboys" of the West are unconscious of fear,  
And the welkin will ring, with cheer upon cheer,  
When they return once again to "Home, Sweet Home,"  
And tell of their wonderful ride in Rome!

--From N. Y. World.

A SMALL BOY'S COMPOSITION.

The disobedience of parents is often the cause of a great deal of uneasiness to their offspring. There are many men in the prison at Sing Sing who began to commit crimes by being disobedient to their children.

Disobedient parents are often the result of too indulgent children. Of course parents have their privileges, and do not relish having them interfered with, but it is the duty of every conscious child to see that his parents do not assume too much authority. Parents are naturally presuming, unless they are checked up once in a while.

The child who fails to keep a tight rein on the reckless parent is, sooner or later, sure to have his gray hair brought down in sorrow to the grave. There is a wise old adage: "Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Obedient and good parents make useful men and women when they grow up.

HE HAD BEEN DECEIVED.

A humorist, who recently married a young lady with beautiful teeth, because she always indulged in vociferous hilarity at his jokes, now wants to obtain a divorce. He claims that he has been deceived basely. It seems that the teeth were false, and she only wears them now when they have company. When her beautiful ivories are reposing quietly in a glass of water on the bureau he says her appreciation for humor isn't so durned keen.

FIRST HORSE ON THE JOKER.

Brown (with great solemnity)—You're the very man I want to see, Smith. I was over to our friend Jones' house this morning and (dropping his voice to a tragic whisper) I found him—don't breathe this, now, to a living soul. I hate to mention it even to you, but I think some of his friends ought to know of it and save him if possible. I found him hitting the pipe.

Smith (smiling)—Yes, I saw him myself. It was that long pipe from his hall stove. Stimulants on you?

Brown (with even greater solemnity)—Yes, I suppose so.

SHE KNEW ALL ABOUT A BOAT.

They were registered Mr. and Mrs. Brown at the hotel in the little village on the Sound. In half an hour after their arrival Mrs. Brown was overheard to say to her husband, "See here, Brown, I want to take a ride in one of them boats."

"Of course, love, but wouldn't it be better to wait until after dinner? Nobody goes sailing at this time o' day. Don't you see that all the boats are tied up or drawn ashore?"

"Botheration! Brown, get a boat."

Brown yielded, and arm-in-arm they marched down to the landing.

"See here Brown, (his name wasn't See here Brown, but she addressed him in that way oftener than in any other), did you ever row a boat?"

Brown had to acknowledge that he never did, but he was willing to try.

"Then I'll teach you," said Mrs. Brown confidently.

The little craft rocked lightly on ten feet of clear water, at the bottom of which were strewn the usual assortment of oyster cans, broken crockery, mussel shells and old boot legs.

"Now, my dear," said Brown, "be careful how you get into the boat. Don't jump into it, or try to get into it head foremost, or upon all fours, but put one foot on each side and"—

"See here, Brown, do you s'pose I've never been in a boat before? Don't I know that them two little pegs in the side of the boat are a sort o' stirrup for a lady to put her foot into, this way, so as to"—

"No, no!" shrieked Brown, but it was too late. The lady had put her foot into it. Her 165 pounds avoirdupois was too much, and as the boat ported and turned up its keel for the sun to kiss she keeled too, and went to the bottom of the bay among the oyster shells, etc. And the boat-hook that hauled her out ruined her best dress.

JUST PUNISHMENT.

Mother—Come in now, Tommy, and put on your clean clothes.

Tommy (playing ball in the back lot)—All right. Soon's I make a base hit.

Mother (two hours later)—You, Thomas! Come right here, sir.

Thomas obeys and gets a sound thrashing which, he bears heroically, remarking at the close, "Served me just right, so it did."

Mother—For not obeying mamma?

Tommy—No. For not making a base hit on that chump of a pitcher.

NOT DISMAYED.

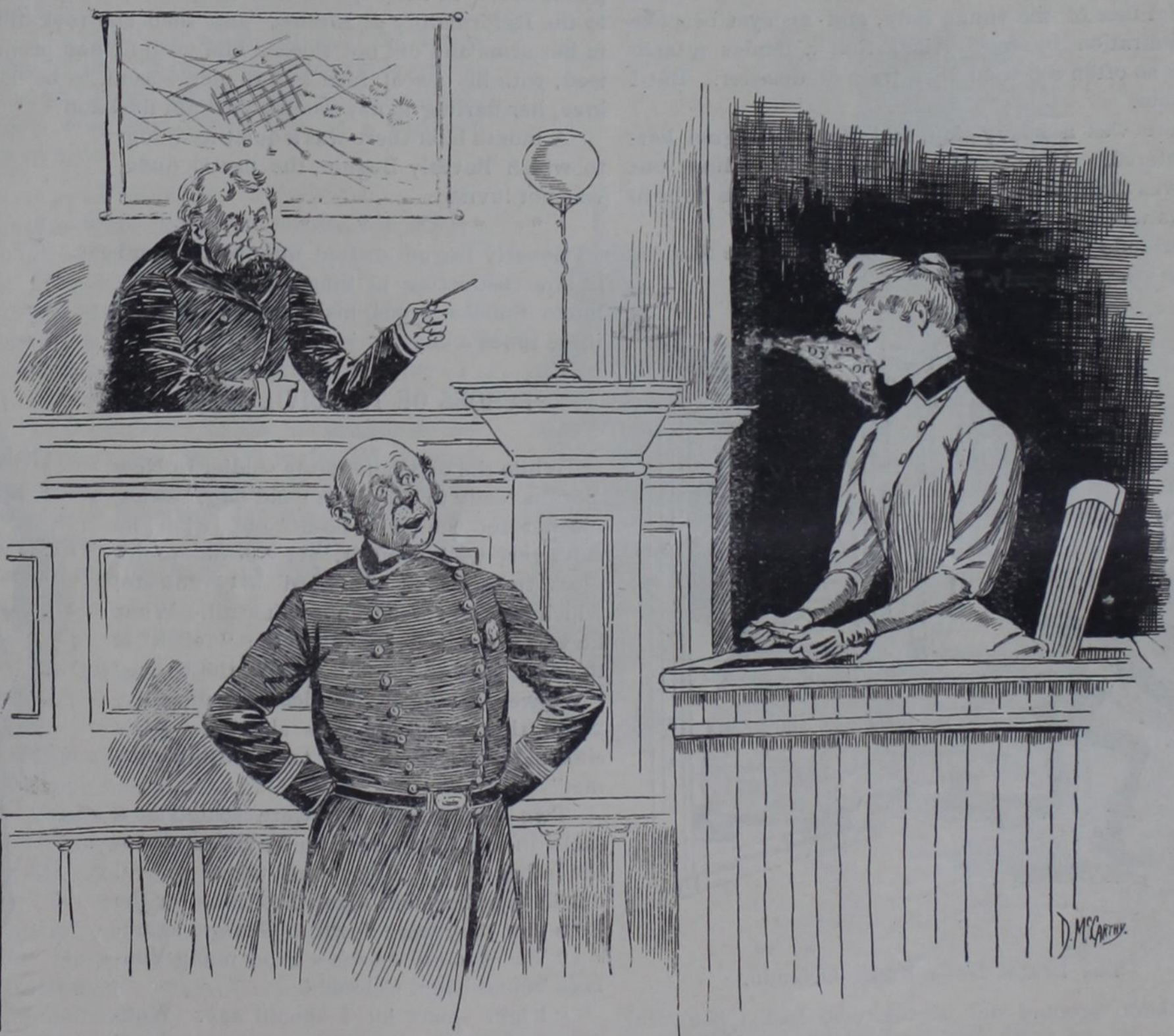
Aramantha (to her lover, who has just proposed)—Before I give you an answer I have a secret to impart.

Lover—What is it, dearest?

Aramantha (blushing and stammering)—My—my teeth are false.

Lover (heroically)—No matter; I'll marry you in spite of your teeth!

An exchange says the Georgia Railroad has never killed a passenger. No; passengers die of old age before they get to the end of their journey.



ANTICIPATING THE HAPPY DAY.

JUDGE—Have you taken an oath before?

FEMALE WITNESS—No, your Honor, but I expect to next week at the altar. I am to be married on Wednesday.

## A SOCIETY NOVEL.

BEVERLY BEGUM, A COARSE, BRUTAL DUDE; OR, TRUE LOVE GETS THERE IN THE END.

BY LEWIS M. SWEET.



In a large, copious bay window, which fairly overflowed with rare tropical plants, chrysanthemums and other posies, stood a fair young boy, shabbily dressed, weeping a perfect hemorrhage of tears. The fair youth was Orlando Snooks, a relative of Beverly Begum, the wealthy owner of the

premises. Orlando's father had been wealthy, but he went into bankruptcy just before he died, leaving his only son dependent upon the charity of his rich cousin, Beverly Begum, a brutal dude.

At the time at which my story opens, Geraldine Bacon, a Chicago heiress, was a visitor at the Begum mansion. She was a tall, imperial, tailor-made girl, and her figure was beautiful—being two hundred thousand in her own right. She was regarded as the richest prize in the matrimonial market, and none realized this more fully than Beverly Begum, but she loved him not except as a distant sister.

Geraldine had often noticed the fair-haired boy grooming the cuspidors and doing other menial work about the premises with cheerful mien and a large patch in his pants where it could be seen. Once Geraldine asked Beverly who the boy was, but Bev replied with a fresh-baked sneer that the boy was a beggarly relative. One day, while visiting at the Begum mansion, Geraldine noticed Orlando weeping in one corner of the parlor. She went up to his side and said softly:

"Cheer up, sonny." Then she began to pick lint off the youth's collar, which is said to be the first symptoms that the young man is in peril.

Orlando raised his great blue eyes, with the tears still trembling from their long, brown lashes. When he saw who she was he gave a little yelp of surprise, as well as of pleasure, for he had been fascinated by the beautiful face of the young lady, and his eyes bespoke the admiration he felt. Alas! that a tender attachment is so often followed by a train of disaster. But I anticipate.

There was a heavy step, and Beverly Begum hastily entered. He smiled sweetly at Geraldine, but there was thunder on his brow and a dangerous light in his eyes when he said:

"Orlando Snooks, shine my boots and see that the stoop is swept properly."



The Brutal Dude Kicks Orlando.

Orlando scooted out of the room like a beautiful summer dream. He felt sure that his proud cousin had overheard all, and would never forgive him for speaking to that peerless beauty, Geraldine Bacon. When the shades of night began to fall Orlando was called into the presence of his cousin. The brutal dude seized the fragile youth by the back of the neck and

kicked him all the way from the sitting-room to the front door, informing him that if he ever showed his face again at the Begum mansion death would quickly follow.

Fortunately the doomed youth had accumulated a five-dollar bill which had nestled lazily in Beverly Begum's pants that morning, so he was not entirely destitute of resources. He wandered up and down the streets of New York, looking for a cheap ten-cent throne on which his brain could totter. At one place a bold woman stared at him, which caused him to blush violently and hasten away. At last he summoned up courage to ask a policeman where there was a first-class boarding-house that was at the same time cheap.

Orlando's pleading softened the stony heart of the cop, and he conducted him to a boarding-house, from which oozed the aroma of boiled cabbage. Next morning, when Orlando awoke, the sun was shining through a dingy little window—as is usual in such novels as this. Life had now begun in earnest—he was compelled to break the five-dollar bill. He must now find employment or do without eating. Fortunately he succeeded in obtaining employment as an elevator boy in a large building on Broadway.

Often, as he slid up and down, his thoughts would wander back to a dark, handsome face, with dandy black eyes, and he would forget to call the number of the floor, and the passengers would call him "measly chump," "idiot," etc., etc.

One day a lady entered the elevator, which was empty, with the exception of Orlando. His blood surged to his face in an instant, as he was enfolded in the arms of Geraldine Bacon.

"You bad young man, how I have been hunting for you everywhere! I went to the morgue and to all the police courts in the hope of finding you. I even wrote to the Reformatory at Elmira," and then she took him in her arms and did not release him until he had promised, with his sweet face hid in her bosom, to be her love, her darling tootsy wootsy duckum husband.

A month later there was a quiet wedding, to which Beverly Begum, the brutal dude, was not invited.

Beverly Begum drifted into politics and is now rusticing in Sing Sing, while Orlando Snooks prods his epiglottis with pie three times a day.

## ECHOES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

While the ex-Confederate soldier in New York is ready to cheer the "old flag," swing his hat for the "U-n-i-o-n!" etc., when he can't very well avoid it, yet his old prejudices remain and are hard to eradicate, which isn't so very strange, after all. What he won't do, if he be a genuine "rebel," is to admit that the South was in the wrong. "We were whipped," he declares, moodily, "and that is all there is about it. Let's sink old differences, and take a drink with me."

Two ex-Confederates were seated at a table in the Hoffman House art tap-room the other day. They had taken several drinks together, and seemed to think for the time that they were down in Georgia again.

"Pears to me there's a good many Yankees 'round heah, Colonel."

"Right smart lot, I should say. Wonder what they're doing down heah, Major?"

"Do' know. They carried off about all they could when they came down with Sherman."

"Kind of a cleaning up expedition, eh, Major?"



Meeting of Orlando and Geraldine.

"Reckon that's about it. Lot of ke-ar-pet baggers." "Wish they'd stay up No'th in their own country, where they belong. I've no use for a Yankee, nohow." "Nor I either, Colonel; don't like a hair of his head."

"I ain't a sayin' nothin' agin the government, understand. Government's all right enough, 'cept that d—d government tax on cotton."

"I wouldn't raise a hand agin their old Union, Colonel."

"Nor I, Major. Let 'em wave the star-spangled banner. I tried to punch a few stars out of it, but I won't do it again. I'm getting too old."

"But I wouldn't mind punching some d—d Yank—hello, Cap'n, how de do?"

The "Cap'n" was an ex-Union officer—one of them "d—d Yankees"—but a warm friend of both ex-rebs. His presence recalled the fact that they were not in Atlanta, Georgia, but in New York, and a waiter being called all three veterans united in "drowning the bitter recollections of the war."

## SATISFIED WITH HIS PEW.

"There's only one fault I have to find with Dr. Pulpit's sermons," said Mrs. Poots, whose pew is in the back part of a large and fashionable church.

"What's that?" asked Mr. P.

"I can't hear one word he says."

"Humph! That's just what I like about 'em," grunted Poots.

## A LOSING SPECULATION.

Young Admirer—What exquisitely beautiful teeth you have, Mrs. Dashaway. I'd give a thousand dollars for such teeth.

Brutal Husband—You would be \$993 loser on that bargain, young man. The whole set only cost \$7.

## THE RIGHT TIME.

First Clerk—Do you think old Wiggins will raise my salary if I ask him?

Second Clerk—If you ask him to-day he will.

Why to-day?

He just got a divorce from his wife.

## DID SHE TAKE HIM FOR A DUDE?

Lady (to "cullud" gemman, digging post holes)—Do you ever perspire, Sam?

Sam—No, mum; I jess sweats.

"Who invented the straw-cutter?" asked a rural schoolmaster. "Well, I had a hand in it," said a boy, as he looked at a stump of a finger, ruefully.



## A BAD VENTURE.

WIGGINS—I heard that you recently invested in some lots in that Western town that was just laid out.

PARROTT—Yes.

Well, how did you prosper?

I was laid out, too.





QUEER EFFECT OF SOAP.

WIGGINS—You look out of sorts, Brother Parrott.  
 PARROTT—Why, yes; my wife's doing her spring cleaning, and the house is so dirty I can't set foot in it.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

SCOTCH RELIGION WANTED.

In Scotland the violin is regarded by many people as the devil's instrument. No religious family will have a violin in the house. The great need of this country at the present time, it seems to us, is a little of the kind of religion they have in Scotland.

AN OPTICAL DELUSION.

A gentleman, who imagined that he recognized a lady friend, advanced cordially and addressed her: "I beg pardon," he said, "but isn't this Miss Greenleaf?"

"No, sir," replied the lady, "my name is Redpath."  
 "Ah, excuse me, I must be color blind."

MAYBE HE WAS DISSATISFIED.

"Did the murderer make any confession?" asked the city editor of the execution reporter.

"Not a word."  
 "Was he resigned to his fate?"

"He appeared to be at first, but toward the last he did considerable kicking."

GONE TO PHILADELPHIA, PROBABLY.

"Have you waited on a great many sick people?" asked a gentlemen of a professional nurse.

"Oh, yes."  
 "Will you give me the addresses of some of them for references?"

"I can't do it. They are all dead. I don't know where they live now."

BUT THEY WERE HIS OWN.

"What is the matter, old fellow; you look worried?"

"Well, I am—I'm being dunned up hill and down dale by my infernal creditors."

"Oh, you owe a large sum of money?"

"No, but a great many small sums, and debts are like children—the smaller they are the more bother they are."

HE TOOK NO RISKS.

Levi—Did you read dot article dot Sunday's Herald in about dose bombardments of New York?

Moses—I have read all about dose bombardments. It was choost dreadful how much broperty might be destroyed by dose hostile shells.

Levi—Dat's so. I dinks I goes right away and buts my broperties in my wife's name. I don't want to dake any risks.

HE HAD A STRAIGHT FLUSH.

"He was always ready with an outstretched hand,"

said a gentleman, the other day, speaking of a friend who had departed this life quite recently.

"Yes," said another gentleman, "but he was always sure to beat you if you called him."

DRAWBACKS OF JOURNALISM.

Doctor—You must take a teaspoonful of this medicine three times a day regularly, taking a dose before each meal, until you feel better.

Journalist—But, my dear doctor, I can't possibly follow your directions.

Why not?  
 Because I don't get but one meal every two days.

SILENCING CRITICISM.

First Actor—The Daily Bazoo gave you a fearful racket yesterday.

Second Actor—Yes, the reporter was a little severe, but it will not happen again. I'm going to shut his mouth for good.

Great Heavens, do not do anything rash! Don't let us have any shooting.

That's not the way I'm going to stop his mouth. I'm merely going to invite him to dinner. That will answer just as well as shooting.

A FINE HEAD FOR BUSINESS.

After examining a large number of music boxes at Jacot's establishment on Broadway, a lady, evidently from the country, asked:

"Can't you knock off five dollars on the price of this box?"

"We cannot possibly do it. This style of box plays six tunes."

"I'll tell you what I'll do. As I can shut it off I'll only let it play three tunes, and you knock off five dollars on the price. How does that strike you as a business proposition?"

THEATRICAL INTELLIGENCE.

A.—Were you at the theatre last night?  
 B.—I was.

How did you like the play?  
 Oh, the play on the stage was all right, but there was a little after-piece in which I was mixed that I didn't like at all.

What was that?  
 In coming out of the theatre the crowd was very thick, so I thought I'd squeeze my pretty niece's hand, but I made a mistake and squeezed her aunt's hand, and there was an awful row about it. It was something that was not down on the programme.

SMOKING IS UNHEALTHY.

Ex-Custom House Official—Say, Tom, haven't you got a real Havana cigar about you?

Custom House Official—No, I have not got anything of the sort about me.

That's funny. When I was in the Custom House I always had my pockets full of cigars for my friends.

I've no doubt of it. Perhaps that's the reason you ain't in the Custom House now. For my part I don't propose to take any foolish risks. These Custom House cigars are not healthy.

A Chicago Socialist insists that it is the duty of a State to feed its people. He seems to favor a provisional government.

ROBBING THE REGULAR POLICEMAN OF HIS INCOME.

First New York Policeman—Did ye read in the Wurruld, Denny, about thim bogus detectives that wint around among the Aist Side saloons and made the proprietors put up hush money for kapin' the side-dure open a-Sunday?

Second Policeman—Faith, I did, Pat, an' I wish I had the handlin' of the scoundrils, interfarin' wid our regular business.

The law ought to sind the blaggards till the pinatinsary, whin they are caught. It is hard enough work for a dacent polacemon to make a livin' off his bate, widout these bogus detictives interferin' and chatin' us out ov our honest incomes. It's takin' the bread—and the beer, too—right out of our mouths.

Right you are, Pat, and whin we git our eye on wan o' thim robbers (shaking his club significantly) let him luck out for himself, that's all.

TOO FAR TO GO FOR A LIGHT.

Tough (to respectable citizen in Mulberry street, smoking a cigar)—I say, Poppy, gimme a light, won't ye, for my cigarette?

(Respectable citizen walks on without noticing him.)

Tough—See here, Poppy, you're on Mulberry street, not on Wall. Better not put on quite so many lugs. Gimme a light?

Citizen (disgustedly)—Oh, go to —

Tough—I won't do it, Poppy. Too far to go for a light.

THE NAME APPALLED HIM.

New York Merchant (to a young man who has applied for a situation)—Your appearance is in your favor, I must admit, and you seem to be a young man of requirements. What is your name?

Young Man—My name is Hilton.

Merchant (nearly falling off his chair)—Great heavens! young man, do you think any New York merchant would engage you under that name? Appeal to the Legislature to have it changed at once, or abandon all hope of getting a foothold in a mercantile house where there is anything to get away with.

MR. GOSCHEN, Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his yearly financial report, discloses the fact that England has a surplus of \$17,000,000. Land o' Goschen! what will they do with it?

THE outcome of an attempt to get into New York's upper ten depends chiefly upon one's income.



SHE WASN'T MUSICAL.

MRS. SNOWFLAKE—Cain't stay long, Mrs. Kink; I jess cum in tu see ef yo' would join de Mission Band.

MRS. KINK—Fo' de law', honey! doan' cum tu me. I cain't eben play on a mouf organ.

## AFRICANUS AND THE ATHLETE.



AN OLD circus man in the Kean's Head listened to me as I read from the paper the paragraph about the workman who leaped into the bear pit in the Paris Zoological Garden and saved a fallen infant.

"Yes, it is pluck, that is," he said; "but so much depends on the make of a man! Now, I've seen a man,

finely built, but not half so big as we made it out on the bills, tackle a raging lion."

"I should like to hear that," I said, giving the waiter the signal he expected, to supply the veteran "Out-man" with refreshments for an hour.

"It's a long stretch back," he began, "for I reckoned my life by days then. I was 'tached to the troupe of Kichenoff & Lecoq—Samson Lee Cox he was, that organized the lion and dog fights in the old days that somebody else got the glory for, I'll be bound! I was sweeper, rope splicer, tent peg sharpener, meat scales for the animals, all that sort of 'prenticeship. I was dre'ful fond of the show myself, and many's the cut with the rope end and saddle strap I received for being on the stare when hurdles ought to be held up or balloons fetched out.

"Thar was one of our heroes, one of our stars, that stuck to the family straight on all through South Europe, mocking at the fevers and the *quarrellines*, which they was wus than cholera with the sulphewations—ugh!

"We called him the Model Athlete, the Gypsum (Egyptian) Antinose (Antinour) and all that rot. He was handsome. Our Samson caved in at Messina, and so we sot him up. He was more supple than strong, but he could lift pretty tidy. Still we had to plug the weights with lighter stuff. It took the women folks, though, because he was so perfect in shape. No whipping around that! He could have minted a pile by just sleeping on them steps in Rome whar the painter men picks up their patterns. You see, being so smoothly made, and with a smiling face, no one thought so much of him as of a strong man who scowls under shaggy brows, or balances a big head on a bull neck, or has very long arms, or some striking peculiarity. Bless you, if I could on'y pitch on a dog with an eagle nose, or an oysterich with two inches of neck, I would begin show life agen, and land here in three years outside with a fortune!

"So he had to add to his *rippertory*. He put in a new scene of pantomime every place we showed in. Roman statoos, higherglown'ffles, Napoleon on the Alpine peaks, and a very good *ch. sion* he looked after Canova—that's a figger *cker* once celebrated, I daresay you know, and the Indian warrior in five attitudes.

"There was one star tableau of his that we liked best. A precedent of the Della Crusea 'Cadamy put him up to it, from some old pocket retrievers. It was called 'The Numidian Gladiator Combats the African Lion in the Arena, and overcomes him with the thought of his wife and little ones in the desert home!' Pooty lines, ain't them 'ere, for a bill? But we did more by sound of trumpet and a short coat on that tower than by programmes. Only the priest, and maybe the Mayor's scribe and the schoolmaster, in most of them towns could read.

"Signor Arion looked the part, I can tell you. First place, the costume was correct to a spangle. A Numidian shape, of black velvet, spangled with silver and trimmed with leopard skin; salmon tights, short curly hair, as black as the velvet, and sandals. In his hand he carried a club, which he swung like a feather.

"It was a rare entertaining bit to fetch all the stablemen out with the entree to see it, even after a fifty of times. The music would begin growling, and

hurry up to the ring with a clash of cymbals—that was the lion coming at the hunter.

"The man would make for the centre pole as if it was a palm tree in the oasis of the desert, and spy the pretended brute. You couldn't count the dodges, just as graceful as a snake's when the little *itchnewman* is a-puzzling him to a fever. All of a sudden, out would spring the Numidian, there would be one skelp with the murderous club that would make the tan fly, and that lion would be ruled 'out.' The applause was the cue for some one to rush out with a big lion skin, flop it out to the full extent and halloa in their 'lingo': 'This is the hide of the gigantic king of animals, which our model athlete slew in the desert.' That was good for his recall, you bet!

"It was a first-class act.

"There was another of the troupe that liked it full as well as me. She joined it at Messina. A little ugly toad, that you would have scorned to waste a clod at on a country road, but of all the divils when she got on horseback! Well, no one under our flag ever see the mate—not even Mr. Cox, and he knew hoss better than bread or salt. Not that she did so much fancy or right out and out riding! Oh, no! but she would git more hearty applause for dodging a ribbon jump, or clinging to the mane when the bareback hoss left the hurdle, than another that next to broke her neck. It was the style, the fascinating dare-devil, style that knocked them.

"Well, some parties have a tremenjous cheek," said my mate—half an Englishman, who chummed with me. 'Yes, that little sallow, dwarfed, slim-shanked devil is making eyes at the Hercules.'

"I whistled. I'd seen the same incredible thing.

"Then Carline told the rest of our discovery. And we all looked, and what was wus, we all laughed. She knew—just as good as a clairvoyante—what we laughed at. Her little beady eyes flashed like a lime light. Arter the look she gave me, I never sot a cup down half empty anywhere whar she might come. (That's got me into the habit, to this day, of tossing off clean.) Her very dog—a little japping poodle that stole the animals' meat and got us feeders blamed—he shared in her hate. I was bit for nothing, and Carline was gnawed when he was drunk on the ship taking us to Constantinople. All that little beast could do to injure he did.

"Curious thing. Arion was the last to notice Signora Blondina's regard. But when he did, alligators and hyena chops, he took to her! He did!

"She was a little spite when she found that lovely, handsome fellow warmed to her! He'd peep out to look at her, he'd slip on a coat and walk round behind the ringmaster and afore the clown when she was at her turn. And I saw her make believe slip many's the time, all for the pleasure to see him turn pale, open his arms and step one foot out ready to fling the hoss smack into the audience afore it should catch her on the 'come round' and spile her beautiful face!

"Our fust show at Constantinople was on a flat-boat right among the furrin' craft. We kept the animals out of the bill, except the utility hoss, as safe as a billiard table on anything as broad as he could stride. The Hercules was a great go. The men of the Italian barque, Il Re Celeste, chucked up their red caps and wanted to illuminate in his honor. The captain feasted him aboard, which he wouldn't go until the proprietors and a couple of our ladies was included. You be sure that Signora Blondina counted one.

"That show lifted us up. It got us the leave to put up tents on the edge of the furrin' quarter. It soon got wind what a splendid man Hercules was, and the veiled eyes clustered at peepholes when he strolled through the dogs at the gates. The Sultan heard of him.

"'He is a dog!' said he, when his women murmured a wish to see our moral and intellectual exhibition. 'The Christian mountebank is a dog, and so was his grandfather before him, and the two would not dare to face a Turkish cat, let alone the lion Africanus in my menagerie.'

"'Big Blusterer!' said little Blondina, when this was reported to her. 'You tell the Grand Seignior that his lion is a mere crawler to our giant giaour, *'Escolino della Maggiovanza'*, by which she meant the tip top of Herculeses; 'Tell him so, though he calls it high treason. I would beard him for one.'

"She glanced over at the Signor. We were all at the table, brother to brother, as the furriners say. He bit his lip. We murmured. It was a shame for that little minx to goad on that beautiful man to throw away his head.

"The Sultan was told of the sally. We guessed as much afterwards, as you will see.

"We was sent for to give a show in the palace courtyard. The women were all behind the window lattices, in course, but we had a crowd of black men, yellow men, white and red—enough to massacre us and then devour the hosses. We did immense business in the three days before we was to appear. There was a whisper that the Eyetalian Hercules had insulted the lion of the Father of the Faithful, and that thickened the pack. There wasn't no cloud on his brow, though, to talk like them Orientals.

"The Sultan and his court was well pleased with our troupe. In some things we sailed lengths ahead of any of the Arab beggars that he was like to see. We was pretty nigh the finish when the Big Bashaw waved his hand. Two of his slaves uncovered a stone pit at one side, and let into it a very fine African lion. I could see it had not been fed for a couple of days. It looked up at the crowd like a cat at a mouse that is in a trap, when you taunt her with it. The wall was deeply scored with his claws; he knew of old that it was next to no use trying to climb out. But wouldn't he have liked a pair of wings for about two minutes, that's all.

"The Hercules was about to begin his first act. He had stepped forward to salute the Sultan in the Arab style, touching his heart, mouth and forehead with his hand. The lion roared hungrily.

"La Signora's little dog gave a squeak of fear.

"Some one—it never was me!—Carline I believed—had accidentally trundled the snappish brute over the plain edge of the pit. We rushed to it.

"Of course the lion would gulp him down like a fly. Well, he would, but he hadn't caught him, and that made the difference. The dog alighted on his feet, and cut away to the furthest corner. He shivered as if he had come out of the water, but faced Africanus with a wary eye. The big scare had made a hero of him. Twice he dodged the lion's bounds, and the Sultan frowned the blackest at hearing the women laugh in the gallery.

"Signora Blondina had recognized her ugly pet. Instead of lamenting it, for she never hoped to see it again, she poured out the hottest shower of abuse! All the vile wretches she could think of she called me—innocent me! and be hanged to her—if she would not have liked to hurl me into the pit to bring back her cur! But Arion finished his bow to the Sultan, reached the spot in four strides, said sharper than I ever heard him speak to her: 'Peace, child!' and looping a silken awning rope that was handy, to a ring in the wall, lowered himself by the hands alone, cool as ever a man descended from the aerial bar—just under the lion's nose.

"I never knew where I got the 'lectric shock from—but I saw and seized the club he had been performing with, and slid it over to him as neatly as Carline had tossed the dog. He caught it, seeing its shadow on the stones, before he heard my 'Guarda a vous,' with the left hand. The lion, startled as any sensible beast would be by the sudden arrival, drew back just to see if there was any more coming down. The little dog, no longer desperate, grovelled along between the man's feet. He stooped, and as a juggler flings a ball, caught the stupid dog by the scruff and landed him in La Signora's lap.

"The lion saw the prey escape him. He made a spring at the silk cord. Lor'! if he'd have caught it! Whew!

"'Pull it up,' said Arion, without a tremble in his voice, always sweeter than you'd think belonged to his bulk.

"One of the black men did pull it up beyond the lion's reach. The Sultan quivered with some new kind of feeling. I fancy he felt the animal clawing at his top knot!

"A silence fell like in church.

"Our man leaned on his club, waiting for the lion to recover from his fall. Africanus shot fire out of his eyes—the mouse had gone, but a fine fat rat remained in its stead. That was his idea of the thing. But he wasn't quite satisfied. He circled half round, trying to avoid his eyes.

"Too hungry and vexed to stay long at this game, the brute marched before him once more, but sidewise this trip. It was a challenge.

"'It's but a big cat!' said the Signora, frothing at the mouth, and before we knew it she had seized the cord and swung herself into the pit!

"At that moment the big cat took the spring.

"With a 'My God!' Arion drew the little sarpint

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

## Makes Delicious Lemonade.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

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.

back with him, as the lion rushed blindly forward, and dashed against the wall a great deal harder than would naturally have happened to him. But before our man could draw a long breath, the animal had turned and made for him.

"The blood-matted mane and hair made a horrible sight, and the moans of pain and anger combined did not reassure us. But our athlete stood his ground, for, besides himself, had he not a dearer one to protect?"

"Blows from the club did not seem to weaken Africanus, but the end was at hand. Close to the wall stood the Signora, not fearfully crouching, as most women folks would do, but with a dagger, taken from her hair, in one hand, she waited till the time came when she could stab the brute. As the combatants came nearer and nearer, she reached forward, and, with a strength which her slight frame did not seem capable of, she plunged the dagger into the lion's side.

"The wounded animal, with a shriek that made our blood run cold, staggered and finally fell, dragging Arion with him. But the latter was quickly on his feet, and rolled the wounded animal over on his back, and held him there with his foot on his breast-bone, the four paws quivering like a horse's that's fallen short in a steeplechase at a water jump, and, says he in the 'lingo' that they all tumble to there:

"Lord of the Sun and Stars, a thousand ducats and I'll let your Africanus live."

"The Sultan nodded. An interpreter cried:

"Yes!" and our hero and heroine were hauled up.

"The lion got well. The dog died of the fright, and the Hercules married Blondina. I suppose the ducats set them at ease, for they gave up the ring. I was never invited to their house to see their brood of the handsomest children ever seen out of a picture, but Carline was and he told me all about it. He said Blondina was as sweet tempered as a mother could be, only she would like to tear the man to pieces that shoved her dog to the lion. Carline must have said it was me."—Henry Llewellyn Williams, in N. Y. Clipper.

**How to Keep Your Friends.**

A girl I know said: "I'm a great one for making friends." It sounded as if she ought to be very happy, but when I had a minute to think I wondered if she were good at keeping them. Making friends is easy to the girl who is bright and happy, whose society gives pleasure and who is genial. But the keeping of them demands more than this.

If you want to keep a friend don't get too intimate with her.

Have your own thoughts, and permit her to have hers.

Do not demand too much of her in the way of confidence.

And do not be too aggressive, wanting to know why she hasn't done this, and why she doesn't think as you do.

If you think your friend's style of dress is not beautiful, don't tell her; you only offend her, because deep in her heart she is convinced that she knows a great deal more about it than you do.

Do not find fault with your friend's friend, and do not expect to be the only one given a corner in her heart.

Be as considerate of her feelings as if she were a stranger, and remember that politeness is an every-day garment, and not one intended only for high-days and holidays. To sum it up in one sentence, preserve the courtesy of the beginning if you wish to keep your friendship to the end.—Exchange.

After a sleepless night, use Angostura Bitters to tone up your system. All Druggists.



A SAUSAGE skin is a ground hog case.—West Shore.

GENERALLY speaking—Women.—Harvard Lampoon.

BOSTON people will look at Peter Jackson through colored spectacles.—Grip.

THE pictures in a rogues' gallery are not all steal engravings.—Washington Star.

A MAN should look up to his business. The astronomers always do.—Yonkers Statesman.

BEAUTY is skin deep, and that's why it doesn't show much on the rhinoceros.—Washington Star.

WHEN an author wants to write "spirited" conversations, he gets drunk.—Dansville Breeze.

POLITICAL economy—"Never buy any more votes than you absolutely need."—Washington Post.

WHEN a man goes home loaded there is likely to be an explosion in the house.—Buffalo Courier.

POLICEMAN—"How does my new club strike you?" Vagrant—"It's stunning."—Washington Post.

EVERY man has a fool streak; it is only a matter of giving him a chance to show it.—Atchison Globe.

KLEPTOMANIA is rated to be, by all odds, the most lucrative form of insanity.—Harvard Lampoon.

"O LORD, how you made me jump!" as the grasshopper remarked when he was first created.—Jury.

"I THINK you have a very striking face," as the nail head said to the hammer.—Dansville Breeze.

WOMANS was weighed in der balance und was found wanting—wanting a new bonnet.—National Weekly.

THERE was never a crank born that a shrewd worker didn't turn "it" to his own uses.—Ashland Press.

"PANTS for one dollar."—Friendship Register. Many of us do, or even a quarter.—Dansville Breeze.

LAWYERS are men who work with a will. Doctors often put them in the way of it.—Florida Times-Union.

"PUT not your trust in riches," but there's no objection to your putting your riches in trusts.—Yonkers Statesman.

"STRANGE," mused Billy Blood, Jr., "but the more I contract debts the more I increase them."—Harvard Lampoon.

ELISHA Goup, whose head is as bald as an apple, says he can't see anything shocking about a ballet except bad dancing.—Puck.

A PAINTING "valued at \$50,000" was burned in London a few days ago. The loss is estimated at \$2,000.—Norristown Herald.

A MAN can make himself decidedly unpleasant by insisting on reminding us of what we thought last year.—Milwaukee Journal.

THERE is another mean thing about the Chinese. Every one of them is a tail-bearer. See the queue?—Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald.

THE new two-cent postage stamp must be made of better material than the old one. Though it is smaller it will go just as far.—Dansville Breeze.

THE twelve apostles would have a hard time getting into a Fifth avenue church unless they could make some arrangements with a tailor.—Puck.

AFTER the Arizonians got through with him the coroner cut him down and sat on him. The verdict was, from the appearance of the rope, "knot dead."—Light.

"WHAT is society?" It is a place where people who were poor twenty-five years ago tell of the plebeian origin of their neighbors and conceal their own humble beginnings.—Boston Gazette.

# ALLCOCK'S

## POROUS PLASTERS.

**A COMMON-SENSE REMEDY.**

In the matter of curatives what you want is something that will do its work while you continue to do yours—a remedy that will give you no inconvenience nor interfere with your business. Such a remedy is ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. These plasters are not an experiment; they have been in use for thirty years, and their value has been attested by the highest medical authorities, as well as by voluntary testimonials from those who have used them.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless. They require no change of diet, and are not affected by wet or cold. Their action does not interfere with labor or business; you can toil and yet be cured while hard at work. They are so pure that the youngest, the oldest, the most delicate person of either sex can use them with great benefit.

**Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.**

**He Quit.**

A talkative old man attracted the attention of every one in the car. He was very tall and very large, and his thick head of hair would have excited the envy of the Chicago Board of Trade.

"Where do you live?" some one asked.

"Live in Wilson, Missouri—run a newspaper there. Pretty close picking, but between old rails and new wool I manage to make a living."

"How far are you going?"

"Thought I'd go down to the Hot Springs."

"Rheumatism?"

"Oh, no. Just thought I'd go down there and boil some of the licker out of me. I quit drinking for awhile, but went to a sort of a banquet one night and got started again."

"How old are you?"

"Eighty-two."

"Pretty old man to get on a spree."

"Well, but I wasn't so old when I got on it."

"How long ago was it?"

"Forty odd years."

"What, and you haven't gotten over it yet?"

"No, for I just kept on drinking. I'm pretty bad when I get started."

"You don't mean to say that you have been drunk for forty years?"

"Yes, I do. Went to that old Whig banquet forty-three years ago this coming June and have been whooping it up ever since till the other day, and then in a thoughtful moment I said to myself that it was time to quit, and I did. My wife had something to do with it, too. 'Look here, Godfrey,' said she, 'if you ever expect to make anything of yourself you'll have to stop drinking. It is about time you was making a success of your paper, and I would advise you to quit.'

"Well," the old man continued, "I took the matter under advisement and quit; so now the reaction causes the necessity of a few baths. I tell you that after a man has been on a spree awhile it is a pretty hard matter to break right off. I don't intend to drink another drop. A man cannot afford to throw away his life. There is too much work to be done."—Arkansaw Traveler.

**Brown's Bronchial Troches**

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

**The Dominant Instinct.**

From the crowd—"Horrors! Look there! A runaway!"

Crash—bang! (Horse thrown and carriage overturned.)

Terrified voice from the wreck—"Helb! My Gott, quick! Dot horz will smash my prains out mit his hoof. Hold his feet somebody." (Crowd rushes forward.)

"Lay still!"

"Climb over the back!"

"Don't move!"

"Crawl out, for Heaven's sake!"

"Get under the seat!"

"Wriggle around on top!"

"Wrap the cushion around your head, so you won't get hurt!"

(A brawny drayman thrusts his arm through the buggy top and drags the man from his perilous position.)

The Rescued (casually)—"Many tanks. (Turning to the crowd.) Which shows, gentlemen, the necessity for accident insuranz. I reprezend the Hustlers, of Hartford, Conn. Capital, two millions, and assets six. We would be pleased to write you up for any amount you choose, on the most reasonable terms. First-class indemnity for the smallest money. Do I hear any one speak?"

(No one speaks. The horse faints from astonishment.)—Morrill Hazard, in The Jury.

**The Clangor of an Alarm Bell**

Close by in the stillness of the night, could scarcely startle the ordinary individual more than do trifling noises the nervous invalid. But once the nerves are braced and the system invigorated with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, this abnormal sensitiveness is succeeded by a tranquillity not to be disturbed by trivial causes. Impaired digestion is a fertile cause of nerve weakness and unnatural mental gloom, and a vigorous renewal of the action of the stomach is one of the surest means of invigorating and quieting the nerves. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, a form of nervous disease, is unquestionably benefited by sedatives, when it is prolonged, or of frequent occurrence, but its permanent removal is more effectually achieved with the Bitters. This medicine is also signally efficacious for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and torpidity of the kidneys and bladder.

**Well Educated.**

Angel Child—"Mamma, do the little children in France say their prayers in French?"

Mamma—"Yes, darling, always."

Angel Child—"And do the children in Germany say their prayers in German?"

Mamma—"Certainly."

Angel Child (after reflection)—"My! God is pretty well educated, ain't he?"—America.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for Sick Headache, and every woman should know this. They are not only a positive cure, but a sure preventive if taken when the approach is felt. Carter's Little Liver Pills act directly on the liver and bile, and in this way remove the cause of disease without first making you sick by a weakening purge. If you try them you will not be disappointed.

## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.



ALEXANDER E. SWEET,

(EDITOR OF TEXAS SIFTINGS.)

Alexander E. Sweet was born in St. Johns, New Brunswick, Canada, March 28, 1841. Besides editing TEXAS SIFTINGS, founded by Sweet & Knox in 1881, Mr. Sweet contributes to New York Sunday Herald, Kellogg Newspaper Co., of Chicago, Washington National Democrat, Louisville Courier-Journal, Lippincott's Magazine, and other publications. Mr. Sweet is also the author of the Bill Snort Letters, and of several books, which have had a large sale.

## Russian Affairs.

To-day the Czar of Russia is in hourly fear of a violent death at the hands of his subjects. He dare not show himself in public unless surrounded by guards so that access to him is impossible. His days are days of terror; his nights, nights of waking. For him, and he knows it too well, death lurks at every turn. He even receives his daily food from the hands of trusted servants with fears that it may contain poison. If he desires to travel from one part of his kingdom to another, the journey is made in secret and always under a strong guard, and usually by night. Instead of traveling like a king should, to be met at every wayside station with throngs of his subjects; instead of looking into the faces of happy husbands and wives and listening to the shouts of laughing children held aloft by smiling parents to catch a glimpse of their loved ruler, he is hurried through his own magnificent domains under a strong guard of soldiers at the dead hour of night, in secret and and like a criminal who has committed some dastardly outrage and who has sought the protection of the officers of the law to shield him from the fury of a mob. But suppose the Czar were to issue an edict freeing every political prisoner now rotting in the prisons of Siberia and granting them a free pardon. Suppose he should announce his intention of giving to his people a constitutional government, and that from this on they, by their chosen representatives, were to have a voice in the management of national affairs. Suppose he should, too, proclaim the freedom of the press, should establish free schools, and set to work these mighty educators of the public mind and heart, and mark the change! The day after these decrees had been fully promulgated and known to be in full force and effect, this same Czar could

ride alone and unattended by soldiers from St. Petersburg to Moscow, and his journey would be an ovation from one end of his route to the other. He would be met everywhere with smiles and tears of welcome; little children would strew flowers in his path, the air would be rent with happy shouts, "Long live the Czar!" and the very name Russia would be dearer to every man, woman and child within its borders.

I shall send the Czar a marked copy of The Traveler containing this article, though I have little hope that he will profit by the few excellent hints here given. However, having done my duty, I shall rest content.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in Arkansas Traveler.

Select European Tour, conducted by a foreign lady. For circulars address Mrs. Schmidt, Raleigh, N. C.

## Next Summer.

Wife (awakening her husband)—"Oh, George, there's a burglar in the house!"

Husband (sleepily)—"Huh!"

"Yes, and he's at my jewelry box!"

"Huh!"

"No; I declare, he's in the ice-chest room!"

"Is that so? Give me my revolver, quick!"—Lawrence American.

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

## Too Inexperienced.

Policeman—"Do you have to take care of the dog?"

Nurse-Girl—"No. The missis says I'm too young and inexperienced. I only look after the children."—Grip.

Hall's Hair Renewer enjoys a world-wide reputation for restoring the hair to bald heads and changing gray hair to the original color of youth.

## Discipline.

The Emperor of Germany, sitting in his room one day, heard sounds of a violent tumult in the nursery, and speedily made his way to the scene. When he entered the room, the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel drew themselves up, and saluted their father in the military fashion, as was their wont.

"What is all this noise about?" the Emperor asked.

"A little dispute, sire," replied the elder son, "and I thought I would let my brother know who is Crown Prince here."

"Because I wanted to use the Latin Lexicon first, sire," said the younger, "he slapped me."

"I did, sire," said the elder lad, "for Eitel would not else believe that my rights are first in this house."

"Good!" said his majesty. "I see what you mean, and I think it will be as well in the same way to let you know what rights the Emperor, your father, has in this house."

The Emperor proceeded accordingly in a manner to impress itself on the mind and also on the body of the young Crown Prince.—Youth's Companion.

## No Notice Taken of It.

First Tramp—"I don't see why our names don't get inter the papers, Bill."

Second Tramp—"Why should they?"

First Tramp—"Well, I read to-day that a dinner was given to some big gun in New York a day or two ago. We get dinners given to us every day and nothing is ever said about it. Folks is prejudiced, Bill."—Munsey's Weekly.

That tired, languid feeling and dull headache is very disagreeable. Take two of Carter's Little Liver Pills before retiring, and you will find relief. They never fail to do good.

## Preaching and Practice.

Mr. Wealthy—"I presume, sir, you will join our new forestry association."

Mr. Richman—"Most gladly, sir. The way our virgin forests are being destroyed is a shame—an outrage. John! Put a few more logs on the grate."—The Jury.

## ANTI-MALARIA.

Why suffer from Malaria when you can protect yourself from it by wearing a Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchel? "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." The Mexican Anti-Malaria Satchel is a preventive—a protection against Malaria. Send one dollar and get a Satchel, and keep away Malaria. Address

KEITH SHELLMAN,

1228 Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mention this paper.

## RAILROADS.

CLEVELAND, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.

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SHORT AND DIRECT  
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BETWEEN

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Private Compartment Buffet Sleeping Cars, Standard Wagner Palace Sleeping Cars and Elegant Reclining Chair Cars on Night Trains.  
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NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COMPARABLE TO THE CUTICURA REMEDIES IN THEIR MARVELOUS PROPERTIES OF CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING THE SKIN, AND IN CURING TORTURING, DISFIGURING, ITCHING, SCALING AND PIMPLY DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCALP AND BLOOD, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.

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



D'Oyley Carte only lost \$50,000 on The Gondoliers' season which closed last week.

Louis Aldrich played to crowded houses in Philadelphia last week in his new play, The Editor.

George Lesoir, the dramatic critic, is sketching an ideal story of Old Jed Prouty, of Bucksport, Maine.

John I. McNally, of the Boston Herald, has written a new farce-comedy called A Straight Tip, which deals with sporting matters.

Same as usual at the Bijou—crowded houses and delighted audiences. No farce-comedy ever produced in New York has had so prosperous a run.

A German tenor who comes under that broad and universal head "well known" has, through a surgical operation on his throat, become a first-class baritone.

Kate Claxton, in Bootles' Baby, at the People's Theatre this week, is doing splendidly. The company in the main is capable, and as a play for the production of laughter and mother's ecstasies it certainly fills the bill.

It is not often that we see theatrical advertising so cleverly done as by the New Park Theatre, where Daniel Sully in The Millionaire is meeting with great success. The advertisements from this house always attract the attention of the reader by their originality and point, and are written by the skilful manager of the house, Mr. William M. Dunlevy.

Charles Frohman has established a branch office of his Exchange at No. 11 Adams street, Strand, W. C., London, England, and Al. Hayman is now there completing the arrangements. The business in London will be carried on exactly as it is in New York. The booking time of the principal theatres of America will be kept at that office, and all necessary arrangements for completing an American tour can be made there the same as here. The offices here will be moved from No. 127 Broadway on May 1 to more commodious quarters.

Stuart Robson has been enthusiastically welcomed by very large and fashionable audiences, and it is evident that The Henrietta has lost none of its charms since its long run at the Union Square. No less hearty than Mr. Robson's was Mr. Frank Mordaunt's reception. He assumed Mr. Crane's old part, and the audience over and over again expressed their appreciation. Mr. Edward J. Ratcliffe, as the renegade son, also deserves mention, especially for his work in the third act. The widow, portrayed by Miss May Waldron, was capitally done, and Miss Eugenie Lindeman, as Rose, was very acceptable, although at times she overacts. The balance of the company was fairly efficient.

Faust Up to Date, which closed its New York engagement at the Broadway Theatre last week, is altogether the most delightful and melodious burlesque recently put upon the boards. Nothing has equaled the tunefulness of its music since Audran's Olivette set the town agog. There is not an air in the operetta which is not worthy of a popular immortality, and the acting of the London Gaiety Company leaves nothing to be desired. Certainly it cannot be said that

good work goes begging in New York. The large and beautiful auditorium of the Broadway—the safest and most comfortable theatre in the city—was nightly filled with an enthusiastic audience. The dancing of the *Pas de Quatre* elicits rounds of applause; and Miss Florence St. John as Marguerite, Miss Addie Conyers as Faust, and that talented and versatile comedian, Mr. E. J. Lonnen, exhaust the epithets of commendation.

Over a Towel.

The soul and body of the dry-goods clerk waxeth weary when he sees three women headed for his counter, says the Detroit Free Press. One is bad enough; two are worse, but three women in counsel over the merits of a bath towel are enough to make a poor worn-out clerk wish he might depart from earth by the electricity method.

"It seems like quite a good one for the money, don't it?" says the intending purchaser.

"Well, I don't know," says the other, holding the towel up at full length and eyeing it critically, "I got one quite as good for thirty-seven and a half cents at White's."

"You did?"

"Yes, but it was eight or nine weeks ago, and I don't s'pose they've any more like it."

"I may be mistaken, but I've an idea it would shrink," says number three, taking the towel from number two and wrapping a corner of it over her finger. See, it's a little thin."

"Well, I wouldn't mind if it did shrink a little, because—oh, look at this one! Isn't it lovely?"

"Beautiful! How much is it?"

"A dollar and a half."

"Mercy! I'd never pay that for a bath towel."

"Nor I."

"These colors would fade."

"Of course they would."

"Do you know I like good plain crash as well as anything for towels."

"I don't know, but—see these towels for fifteen cents. I paid twenty-five cents for some last week not a bit better."

"Let's see; they are full length? Yes. They are cheap. I've a notion to—but I guess I won't. I have so many towels now."

"They're a bargain if one only really needed them."

"How do you like towels used as tidies?"

"Horrid!"

"I think so, too."

"So do I—oh, let me tell you, I saw a woman on the street one day with an apron made out of a red and white fringed towel!"

"Mercy! Looked like fury, didn't it? How was it made?"

"Oh, one end was simply gathered to a band, and—there, the towel was just like this one—and she'd taken it so and gathered it in so, and—really, it didn't look so bad, after all."

"Do you suppose the colors would run in this border?"

"Well, I hardly know. I had one very much like it once, and the colors in it ran dreadfully the very first time I washed it."

"Then I'll not take this, for I—why, if it isn't four o'clock, and"—

"Who'd ever have thought"—

"I must go."

"So must I."

"And I—no, I'll not take the towel today."

Wanted to Know.

"Scuse me, ma'am, but I'd like to ask you a question," said a long, leathery, keen-eyed woman to an elegantly clad

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

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and aristocratic looking lady sitting in front of her on a railroad train.

"Very well," replied the lady, haughtily.

"Well, then, here goes: I been settin' behind you fer three mortal hours trying to figger out if your hair is all yer own or if part of it's a switch, an' blest if I kin yit. You've a sight of it if it's all yer own, an' if it's a switch it's a darned good match. Which air it, anyhow?"—Detroit Free Press.

**The Northern Summer Resorts**  
of Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, not forgetting the famous Excelsior springs of Missouri, are more attractive during the present season than ever before. An illustrated Guide Book, descriptive of a hundred or more of the choicest spots of creation, on the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y, will be sent free upon application to A. V. H. Carpenter, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

**During a Nooning.**  
Mrs. Race (of Chicago)—"I'll wager anything that that gentleman over there is a townsman of mine."  
Mrs. Riverside Rives—"How do you know?"  
Mrs. Race—"He's so refined in his eating arrangements. He put his napkin around his neck with a little gold chain, pinned back his cuffs with pearl-headed pins, and now he's blowing his soup with a cute little silver bellows."—Puck.

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Cigars at \$35 per 1,000, or any other of our Cigars worth \$30 per thousand and upward, which may be all of one brand or assorted to suit, we will, upon request, send to your address, post-paid, the three following papers: America, Texas Siftings and the Chicago Weekly Times for one year.  
R. W. Tansill & Co., 55 STATE STREET, CHICAGO.

If the grass about a rural residence attains a great height and remains uncut it would seem tolerably safe to assume that the owner of the premises is no mower.—Detroit Free Press.

**EVERY OWNER OF HARNESS SHOULD USE**

**FRANK MILLER'S HARNESS DRESSING**  
For Harness, Buggy Top, Saddle, Fly Net, Travelling Bag, and Trunk Manufacturers.  
Gives a beautiful finish, which will not peel or crack off, moist or crack by handling; does not lose its lustre, by age; does not wash off with water; does not stain. It is not a varnish. Contains no Turpentine, Benzine, Naphtha, Alcohol, or other injurious articles. It is simply a finishing dressing.  
DIRECTIONS: Let your leather be clean and perfectly dry. Apply with a clean, soft sponge or brush, giving a quick, even motion, and allow the dressing to dry undisturbed. If a high gloss is required, give a second application after the first is thoroughly dry. This dressing will not work with gum tragacanth, or any other material.  
Keep the tin closed tightly when not in use.  
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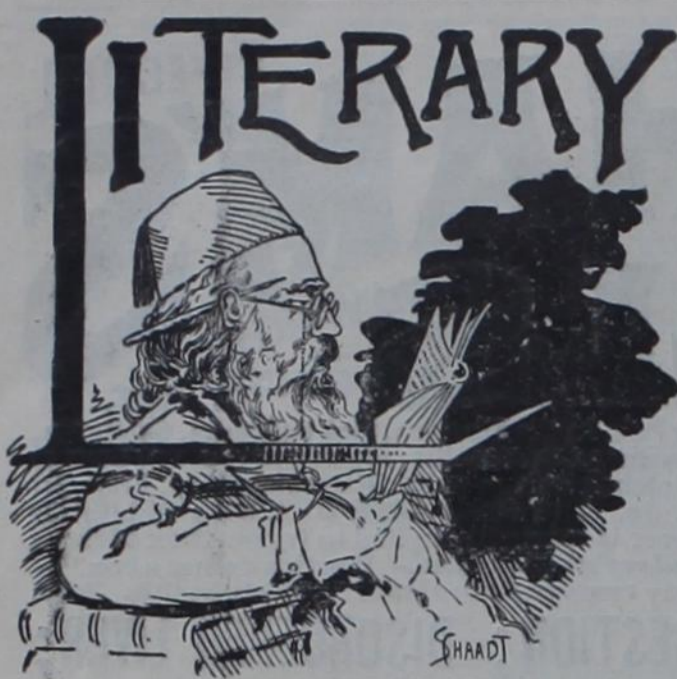
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Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York

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



We have received from W. C. Locherty, Eastern Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, The Theatrical Date Book for the current year, which gives much useful information concerning this great route to the West. It gives a list of the large cities and towns on its lines, together with the names of their chief theatres and halls, managers or proprietors, terms, and names of their newspapers. There are two hundred and twenty-five of these cities and towns, many of them the best in the country for patronizing good entertainments.

St. Nicholas for May has for a frontispiece a scene from the opening article on The Passing of General Bacon, entitled Buzz-z-z. Bat, Ball and Diamond is an interesting paper on the national game of base-ball. It is the first of a series of papers by Walter Camp, and illustrated by H. A. Ogden. The second paper of Six Years in the Wilds of Central Africa; chapters four, five and six of Majorie and her Papa; In the Lumber Woods; a continuation of Lady Jane, and Crowded Out o' Crofield, and other miscellaneous articles of interest and amusement may be found in this number.

Theodore Child, one of the most industrious and painstaking of American writers in Paris, has written a series of papers on Modern French Painters, for Harper's Magazine, the first of which appears in the May number. It is the initial article, and a copy of Aimé Morot's Charge of Cuirassiers at Rezonville forms a spirited frontispiece. There are fourteen illustrations. Following this is a profusely illustrated paper on Old New York Taverns, by John Austin Stevens. It is a volume in itself. Through Bush and Fern, by William Sharp, is an interesting account of ranch life in Australia. English Lyrics under the First Charles is illustrated with copies from old prints.

Scribner's Magazine for May contains a variety of interesting papers. The frontispiece is a remarkable portrait of the artist Millet, from a crayon drawing made for the magazine by J. Carroll Beckwith. The opening article, Barbizon and Jean-Francois Millet, is the first of two articles by T. H. Bartlett, who has long been a resident of France and has had unusual opportunities of knowing members of Millet's family, and had access to many of the artist's unpublished letters. The article is rich in illustrations of this quaint old town Barbizon, made famous by Millet's pictures. There is also a practical article on Home Building for Men of Small Incomes; two short stories of striking originality by new writers; the second paper on the useful Rights of the Citizen series, and a description of Japanese Theatres, by a Japanese author, fully illustrated by Japanese artists, with other essays, fiction and poems. The June number of this popular periodical will contain Henry M. Stanley's first article on the Emin Relief Expedition Across Africa. Mr. Stanley will write for no other magazine.

**Always avoid harsh, purgative Pills.** They first make you sick and then leave you constipated. Carter's Little Liver Pills regulate the bowels and make you well. Dose, one pill.

### Paris Tradesmen Satisfied with the Republic.

It is a great mistake to imagine that the trades-people of Paris are yearning for a restoration of the monarchy in the expectation that it would increase their business. For they are perfectly well aware that luxury and even extravagance prevail to a far greater extent under a republican form of government than under the rule of a king or emperor. Society in ancient Athens and Rome was noted for its devotion to the goddess of fashion, and there are not two cities in the world of to-day where, in proportion to the population, so much money is spent on dress as republican Paris and republican New York. Some astonishing statistics have recently been compiled by the French authorities with regard to the gross revenues of the most famous "couturiers" on the banks of the Seine. It seems that no less than \$5,000,000 is the amount of the annual turnover of the nine leading "Knights of the Thimble." Worth's bills figure for more than a quarter of this sum. Nearly a sixth is annually taken by a costumer who devotes himself exclusively to outdoor toilettes, while \$400,000 constitute the gross profits of a ladies' tailor whose specialty lies in the cut of his traveling, shooting and riding costumes. Nor are these enormous results restricted to dressmakers. Business of every kind has attained a greater degree of prosperity than under any former system of government. An illustration thereof is furnished by the fact that the exports of 1889 show an increase of no less than \$67,000,000 over those of the preceding year, while the imports have augmented to the extent of \$15,000,000. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that both the Parisian trades-people and the industrial classes throughout France should have become staunch adherents of the Republic.—New York Tribune.

### 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 Verbose Tramp."

"I saw an article in your paper the other day," said the tramp as he reached the editorial floor—"an article about the verbose tramp. I want an explanation. How did this tramp look?"

"It was some reporter who wrote the article."

"Well, does verbose mean that he was a hustler?"

"Hardly."

"Was he languid?"

"Not that, either."

"Does verbose mean that he had lost his appetite?"

"No."

"Run down in flesh?"

"No. Verbose is verbose. It's a sort of demeanor and look hard to describe."

"Am I verbose?"

"No."

"Is it anything against the purfeshun?"

"No."

"Won't discourage the women from passing out cold victuals and old clothes?"

"Not a bit."

"Then I'm satisfied. I didn't know but it was some new thing—something to work agin us, and I wanted to know. Couldn't many of the boys be verbose if they wanted to, could they?"

"No."

"Then it won't spread?"

"Oh, no."

"All right—that's all. I've dodged most everything for twenty-two years past, and am glad I haven't got to worry over this. No verbosity here, thank you.

May be all right, but unction has carried me safely through thus far."—Detroit Free Press.

### The Old Man Was Disappointed.

Uncle Peter went to see a ball game Saturday, says the Charlestown Enterprise. It was his first view of such a contest in ten years, and he looked somewhat disappointed as the innings rolled off with machine-like promptness, but he said nothing until he was on board a homeward-bound car. Then his nephew addressed him:

"What do you think of it, uncle?"

"That was a base-ball game, was it?"

"Of course it was. Why do you ask that?"

"And they call that playing?"

"Certainly."

"Nobody punched nobody else from one end to the other?"

"No, indeed."

"And the umpire wasn't kicked off the field?"

"That is a rare diversion nowadays."

"And the whole eighteen men didn't huddle together in a bunch and jaw, every time a man was called out?"

"Oh, no."

"And nobody didn't steal the best bats and make off with the spare ball?"

"That is impossible under the present arrangement."

"And the whole thing didn't wind up in a free fight?"

"You saw that it didn't."

"I know that I saw it didn't, and I also know a game of real base-ball when I see it, and that confounded croquet party that we paid two dollars to look at is no more like the real games they used to play than an amateur minstrel show is like genuine fun."

**All cases of weak or lame back,** backache, rheumatism, will find relief by wearing one of Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents. Try them.

### But It's Very Unlikely.

"What's the difference between improbable and impossible, Jack?"

"Let me illustrate. It is improbable that I shall lend you any more money till you have paid me what you owe me, but it is by no means impossible."—Yankee Blade.



**Radway's**  
**READY RELIEF**  
Price 50 Cts.  
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL  
Instantly Stop Pain  
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL  
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS,  
& MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.  
Radway & Co.

A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

### DR. RADWAY'S PILLS.

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

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

## Good News!

No one, who is willing to adopt the right course, need be long afflicted with boils, carbuncles, pimples, or other cutaneous eruptions. These are the results of Nature's efforts to expel poisonous and effete matter from the blood, and show plainly that the system is ridding itself through the skin of impurities which it was the legitimate work of the liver and kidneys to remove. To restore these organs to their proper functions, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the medicine required. That no other blood-purifier can compare with it, thousands testify who have gained

## Freedom

from the tyranny of depraved blood by the use of this medicine.

"For nine years I was afflicted with a skin disease that did not yield to any remedy until a friend advised me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla. With the use of this medicine the complaint disappeared. It is my belief that no other blood medicine could have effected so rapid and complete a cure."—Andres D. Garcia, C. Victoria, Tamalipas, Mexico.

"My face, for years, was covered with pimples and humors, for which I could find no remedy till I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Three bottles of this great blood medicine effected a thorough cure. I confidently recommend it to all suffering from similar troubles."—M. Parker, Concord, Vt.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.  
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### JEWELRY.

Watch Clubs and Instrument frauds exposed. For discussion send for Catalogue, free. E. P. PERCIVAL, Watchmaker, 221 N. 8th St., Phila., Pa. 20-year Gold filled Keystone Watches \$15. Elgin, Waltham, Rockford, Springfield Works, \$1 extra. Mention Siftings

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A \$50.00 Power Feed Mill for Farmers, only ..... 30.00  
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## \$15 TYPEWRITER

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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

VERSES NEW AND OLD.

PLANTATION PROVERBS.



Spec' dar's poor off-cullud darkeys up in heben white as snow,  
Spec' dar's lots ob likely niggas buckin' cord-wood down below.  
Nebber steer a midnight journey by de screamin' ob de loon—  
Nebber spec' ter 'prove yer beauty in a tussle wid de coon.  
Ef yo' coat is las' yeah's pattern, plod erlong an' neber min',  
Dar's a pile ob healthy growin' in de humbly punkin vine.  
Allus sabe de dryes' field-corn fur de grindin' at de mill,  
Allus sabe yo' stronges' breathin' fur de journey up de hill.  
Nebber harness up de sto' clerk ter pull frough de fiel'-han's part;  
We'n ye' spec' ter tote de firewood, use de common dumpin' cart.  
—J. Russell Fisher, in St. Louis Magazine.

THE DUDE.

He is a man of many charms;  
The largest is a locket;  
Huge checks he has upon his clothes,  
But rarely in his pocket.  
His collar often rises high,  
Though mild his disposition;  
He screws a glass into his eye;  
Although he's no magician.  
His voice is low, his scarf-pin loud,  
His cane his greatest passion;  
All tailor-made is he, and yet—  
A man—after a fashion.  
—Addie Funk, in Puck.

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

I wish I was a editor,  
I'd in my sanktum stand,  
And wear upon my countenance  
A smile just orful bland.  
An' when the candydate cum in  
To try to taffy me,  
I'd exercise no modesty  
To any grate degree;  
I'd tell him right into his teeth  
That our influence allers  
Is lent to the aspirin' man  
That has the shinin' \$\$\$,  
An' if he flanded up the dust,  
Forthwith my sheet 'd praise him,  
But if he didn't come to time,  
Great Moses! how I'd raise him!  
—Modern Argo.

NOW THAT SPRING HAS COME.

A teacher in a Sunday-school announced that he'd present  
A silver-clasped, morocco bound, illumined Testament  
To every boy who, on the coming Sunday, could repeat  
From memory a chapter from the Scriptures all complete.  
When Sunday came he found that only one had gained the prize,  
And so he set to work some other method to devise;  
Instead of Testaments he offered each a ball and bat;  
Ere Sunday came each urchin memorized his chapter pat.  
—Chicago Herald.

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,

Makes His Living by Waking Folks Up.

"There's a man who has got a job which will keep him comfortable during his old age," said a Twelfth Precinct policeman to a reporter early yesterday morning. The speaker was standing at the corner of Grand and Fitt streets. The man whom he pointed out was a short, stout person, whose gray hair and mustache gave evidence of his being close to sixty years of age. He was walking along Grand street.

"What does he do?" asked the reporter.

"Well, I'll tell you his history. He was a mechanic who got out of a job about two years ago. Being used to rising early, he kept it up, though out of work. A bartender living in his house asked the old man to wake him every morning. He consented, and continued to do so for a week or more, when the bartender explained to a milkman how he managed to get out of bed on time. The milkman was a late riser, and he got the old man to wake him up also. It was not long before the milkman told a drowsy butcher of the scheme, and the old man had another customer. The old man got paid from each man, and reports of his reliability having got around among those who had to get up early, he soon had over a dozen customers. He now has enough men to keep him going all night. He has never been known to let a man sleep after the time when he had to get up. For, as he says himself, 'the man might lose his job, and if he does I lose a customer.' He carries a policeman's night-stick and a huge bunch of keys."—New York Sun.

The Census will Show Less Deafness.

It is claimed that there will be considerable falling off in the percentage of deaf people in the Census of 1890, owing to the extended use of the sound disc invented by a citizen of Bridgeport, Conn., named H. A. Wales.

A Woman's Pocketbook.

"I read in to-day's paper that a pocketbook had been left here by some one who had found it, and I called to ask about it; I have lost mine," said a New York woman in a newspaper office the other day.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the clerk in attendance. "Will you please describe the contents of the pocketbook you lost?"

"Well, now—let me see. I think I can name everything that was in my purse. There was a dollar bill, two ten-cent pieces, one or two nickels, two or three coppers, some postage stamps, some silk samples, a small sample of yellow floss, a pearl-handled glove-buttoner, a little poem entitled Baby's Bath, a recipe for sweet pickles, a lock of baby's hair, a cat ticket, a sample of torchon lace, a memorandum of things I wanted to get, a row of pins, a funny little joke cut from a newspaper, a small pearl button, a brass tag, several addresses, a tiny lead pencil, a Canadian dime with a hole in it, a small rubber eraser, a railroad time-card, an advertisement of a bargain sale of handkerchiefs, a pressed violet in a bit of tissue paper, a sample of dress braid, and five or six other things that I can't—Oh, thank you! yes, that's my pocketbook."

And the pocketbook he handed her was just three and a half inches long by two and a half wide and half an inch thick.—Z. D., in Puck.

Owned the Earth.

A good story is told of a distinguished Atlanta educator who made a tour of Europe last summer. In Belgium he walked into a shop and called for a cigar. Several were thrown on the counter.

"How much are they worth?" he asked.

"Three for a quarter," answered the shopkeeper, glibly.

"Why, you must take me for an American?"

"Of course I do."

"How came you to guess my nationality so easily?"

"Because when an Englishman comes in here he asks for a cigar, pays for it without asking any questions and walks out."

"Well?"

"Well, when one of you Americans come in here, you walk up to the counter and call for a cigar just as if you owned the whole d—d earth."

The American threw down a quarter, picked up the cigars and walked out without a word.—Atlanta Constitution.

Costly Candor.

A story is told of Congressman Taulbee, of Kentucky, who was shot lately by Charles Kincaid in Washington City, that contains considerable humor. An old colored man called Uncle Eph had lived in the Taulbee family many years and was considered an honest and faithful old servant. After the election for Congressman, Taulbee having been a candidate, he was taunted by some of his opponents with the statement that Uncle Eph had voted against him. Loath to believe it, he called old Eph into his room and said:

"Uncle Eph, is it true that you voted against me at the election?"

"Yes, Massa William," replied Eph; "I voted de 'Publican ticket."

"Well," said Taulbee, "I like frankness, and here's a dollar for your candor."

The old colored man stood scratching his head, when Taulbee asked:

"Well, Eph, what is it?"

"Well, Massa Taulbee," said Eph, "if you is buying candor you owes me fo' dollars mo', kase I voted agin ye five times."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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.

She Sweetly Requested.

There were seven men standing on the rear platform of a Gratiot avenue car, and every one of them was smoking, when a woman signaled to the conductor to stop. He held the door open, but she stood and surveyed the crowd for a moment, and, as no one moved, she sweetly requested:

"Conductor, won't you please knock out one side of the car, so that I can get out without disturbing those gentlemen?"  
—Detroit Free Press.

The Cod That Helps to Cure The Cold. The disagreeable taste of the COD LIVER OIL is dissipated in

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA. The patient suffering from CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGH, COLD, OR WASTING DISEASES, may take the remedy with as much satisfaction as he would take milk. Physicians are prescribing it everywhere. It is a perfect emulsion, and a wonderful flesh producer. Take no other

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**CURE SICK HEADACHE**

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

**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 every where, or sent by mail.

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

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JOHN MILLARD writes from Olinburg, Ind., Nov. 29.—Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 4 weeks. My face was entirely smooth. Hundreds more.

ELIXIR grows the hairiest beard, and hair, in 4 weeks. Warranted. In bottles or metal cases, ready for use. Complete remedy by mail, only 25c, in stamps or silver. Worth four times this amount. Smith Med. Co., Palatine, Ills.

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MADAME GIOVANNINI, 37 East 64th street. Young Ladies' Home School of Music, Languages, Elocution and Painting. English Department. Terms moderate.

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

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

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**What a Boy Should Know at Eighteen.**

A youth of eighteen who is to have the best chances should know how to study, and how to do it with enthusiasm also, because he has learned the lesson at least five years before.

Enthusiasm, guided and controlled by knowledge as to the use of the powers, is the true life of a living man, alive with the spiritual forces. Everything else is in sleep, or is dead.

I make my starting-point, and my guiding thought, the thought that he should learn how to study, and should gain enthusiasm, at the beginning.

In the first place, as I think, the study of language may be most hopefully and successfully started in these earliest years. The boy moves joyously where the man finds only labor and weariness. The children of our households to-day may gain the same thing that we gained at five and twenty, and far more than we gained, when they are ten or twelve; and the progress is like the joyful song of their childhood, when they are led along the rational method.

They grow up into French and German, as it were, as they grow up into English, and talk and read and sing in these languages just as they do in their own. Why should they not breathe in enthusiasm with every breath of their learning? It was with a great price, indeed, that we obtained this freedom. But they were free born.

Let me say here that, in my judgment, every boy who has the best chances ought to have the mastery of the French or German language (I should say of both) before he is eighteen years of age—a mastery kindred to that which he has of English.

He should also have such a knowledge of Greek and Latin as will mean power in and over those languages, and will enable him to read them with ease and with satisfaction as he enters upon his college course. The man who knows the ancient languages as he ought to know them, will never contend against their holding a place in the education of all widely educated and roundly educated men.

The boy who has the best chances ought, in the years between twelve and eighteen, to be set forward in his course of history and the beginnings, at least, of the literature of his own language.

My feeling is that the boys who have the best chances should know something of music, and should, at least, see the opening of the door towards art studies. The opinion is now well established, I suppose, that all persons can be instructed in vocal music with a measure of success. I believe that the same thing can be accomplished in the line of instrumental music.

That the mathematical studies should be pursued energetically before the youth has reached the age of which we are speaking, I may add, is admitted by all. The men of the former generations and the men of our day agree at this point.—President Dwight, in the April Forum.

**Queer Indian Superstitions.**

The superstition of the pagan religions is well illustrated by an anecdote, related in the St. Paul Pioneer Press, of a traveler in India. "One of the numerous temples contains a couple of relics of the god to whom it was dedicated, one of which is the last footprint made on the earth by the god before ascending to heaven. This footprint is in the solid rock, showing that the god gave a vigorous push to start himself well on the way, and it is about two feet in length, showing that he was of super-heroic stature. The other relic is a tooth of the god. Some years ago the temple was captured by Europeans, and the sacred tooth was ground

to powder and thrown into the river by the irreverent captors. But the particles of the tooth came together, so the priests say, and assumed their original shape, and the perfect tooth was found reposing on a leaf. It was carefully replaced in the altar of the temple, inside of nine golden caskets, where it remains to this day. The blind worshippers believe it to be the original tooth of their god, and their faith is not at all shaken by the fact that naturalists who have examined it pronounce it to be the small molar tooth of an elephant."

**A Casino Girl Out Walking.**

An exceedingly good looking young woman who passed up Chestnut street yesterday afternoon can congratulate herself on creating more of a sensation and being the occasion of more comment than any other member of her sex on the promenade. The curly blonde hair was crowned by an Alpine hat and a profusion of feathers, her mouse-colored gown fitted her handsome figure as if it had been molded upon her, and was cut low enough back and front to permit a liberal display of her plump neck, and sleeves that ended just below her elbow revealed a good deal of a shapely arm. The dress hardly fell lower than her ankles, and so everybody was allowed to see that she wore a startling pair of very light lilac-colored shoes that harmonized well enough with the remainder of this stunning costume. It was these shoes that first caught the gaze of the throng. Men stared with appreciative interest, and women—the majority of them—scowled and whispered disapproval to one another. But the object of it all swept along serenely unmindful of the attention that she excited, though she could not possibly have been unconscious of it as she chatted with her escort. She was a Casino chorus girl and had stood in tights too often before audiences to be worried because people were looking at her and talking about her.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

**Women as Car-Jumpers.**

"I never tried but once to step off a moving street-car," said a Detroit lady in conversation with a friend.

"Did you get a fall?"

"No. I had heard my husband say that you must jump off in the direction in which the car is going, and as it reached the place where I wanted to stop I just skipped out as if I had been accustomed to it."

"Was it as difficult as you supposed?"

"It was ten times harder. I ran a few steps, and it seemed to me that the whole planet was turning round. I sprawled all over to keep from falling, and when I struck the sidewalk I nearly knocked two men down who were passing, in my mad attempt to preserve an equilibrium. As I reeled away I heard one of them exclaim:

"It's a shame to see a woman in such a condition on the public streets—she ought to be arrested." I could not run after him to explain matters, but I have never had the slightest ambition to jump off a street-car in motion since. Yet it does look so easy when John does it."—Detroit Free Press.

**She Saved the Dog.**

"Madam, the house is on fire. Save yourself and child as best you can."

"Good Heaven, where is Fido!"

"Here in his little crib."

"Nonsense, man. That is the baby. Ah, here is my little doggie. Wait till I put his little blanket on. He might catch cold."

"And what shall I do with the baby?"

"We are only five stories from the ground. Drop it out the window."—America.

**Wanted to Be Great.**

An old fellow was lying on the gravel near a creek, groaning piteously. A man came along and, seeing the sufferer, approached and asked what ailed him.

"Nothin', only I'm a blame fool," he answered, writhing in pain.

"Well, but simply being a fool should not cause you to suffer so much. I have seen a great many fools, and they rather appeared to enjoy themselves."

"That mout be, but they wan't sich big fools as I am."

"But say, your leg seems to be broken. How did that come?"

"See that bunch of cornstalks and trash up yander in that tree?" the old fellow replied, pointing to a tall sycamore.

"Yes."

"That was the cause. I come along here this mornin' and said to myself after studyin' awhile: 'Milton B. Joyner,' said I, 'you are gittin' along in life and you ain't never made folks open thar eyes yit, so it is high time, for I have noticed that a man that don't do somethin' outen the usual never makes no noise in the world nor never causes folks to talk about him. Now, I tell you what you do. You have hearn folks talk about high water and have hearn a good deal of lyin' fust and last, so now if you want to take the breath outen all the liars, jest tote a lot of cornstalks and trash way up in that tree and fix the stuff jest like the water had left it thar. Then folks in general and liars in particular will come atter they have hearn about it, and of all the wonderment you ever hearn in your life you will hear it then, and not a man nor liar among them will dare to say that they have ever know'd the water to be any higher, and then, old man,' says I, still talkin' to myself, 'you can go on away a-knowin' that you have made folks open thar eyes.' Wall, I gathered up the trash and cornstalks and toted them up to the top of the tree, and fixed them all nice and started down, but my foot slipped and the fust thing I know'd I was layin' here with a broken leg and a-knowin' that I was the biggest fool in this whole country. Now you know."

"You were indeed foolish."

"The biggest fool in the country, I tell you."

"Can I do anything for you?"

"Nothin', only if you feel kind toward me you can jest break this other leg, for sich a man as I am oughter have no legs a tall."

"Oh, I couldn't do that."

"Then go on away and let me alone."

"But I don't want to leave you here to suffer alone."

"That's all right, podner. I won't be lone long. Old Jim Pitts will come along atter while and knock me in the head. Good-by."—Arkansaw Traveler.

**Natural Curiosity.**

"I should think, sir," said a Mormon wife severely to her husband at Castle Garden the other morning, "that you would be ashamed to be seen flirting with that girl so openly."

"Flirting, my dear," he returned in astonished tones. "I wasn't flirting. We were engaged before the vessel left Queenstown."

"Oh," said his wife, calmly, "I beg your pardon. If you have proposed to her, I presume it's all right. When does the interesting event take place?"—New York Truth.

**A Good Time to Start.**

"You haven't a cent, and yet wish to marry Miss Bilyan. Don't you expect her father to kick you out?"

"Oh, no. I intend to go before the footlights."—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

*Good morning*  
Have you used  
**PEARS' SOAP?**

**Father Paid.**

Paterfamilias—"But this fast life of yours; do you think it pays?"

Tom Fastun—"No, father, 'it don't pay, but I am very grateful that you do."—Harvard Lampoon.

**LUCKY PRIZE WINNERS.****Lucky Investors in The Louisiana State Lottery.**

The last drawing of the Louisiana State Lottery proved fortunate for two San Franciscans, as on March 11th a portion of the first and also of the fourth capital prizes fell to residents of this city.

Mrs. Charlotte Hedge, living at 32 Second street, was seen yesterday afternoon at her home. She keeps a rooming-house at the address named, and readily admitted that she was the lucky holder of a coupon of ticket No. 8132, one-twentieth of which—representing her share of the \$300,000 and amounting to \$15,000—was paid to her in gold coin. She pleasantly stated that she had repeatedly bought tickets, but had never dreamed of such a large prize falling to her share. The money at present is resting safely in the bank, and Mrs. Hedge has not made up her mind how she will invest it.

The other one of the winners mentioned above is young Albert Bachman, employed in the cigar store of R. S. Gannon at the Post, Market and Montgomery streets gone. He has been a regular buyer of lottery tickets for the past seven years and has on several occasions won prizes of from \$5 to \$50. Last drawing he struck it rich, however, for ticket No. 26,354 won \$25,000, and his coupon entitling him to one-twentieth of that sum, consequently brought him \$1,250. He is a pleasant young man, and though elated over his success, has not lost his head, but is steadily sticking to his post, earning his living by the sale of the fragrant weed. He is well known and his success was a matter of sincere congratulation from his friends.—San Francisco (Cal.) Chronicle, April 2.

One looking at Niagara naturally gets a falls impression.—Harvard Lampoon.

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