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IT FETCHED THEM.

OFFICE BOY—YOU CAN'T SEE THE EDITOR, SIR, UNLESS YOU STATE WHY YOU WISH TO SEE HIM.
VISITOR—ALL RIGHT, THIS CARD WILL FETCH 'EM.

Texas Siftings.

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Eds. Texas Siftings.

IN "A. MINER KEY."

A CHILD'S toy is often a short's top.

A FIELD day—when the favorite loses.

WESTWARD bound—books made in Chicago.

NEVER tell a blind man that he is looking well.

IT is the early edition that catches the book-worm.

A CROWBAR a hundred years old is just as pry as it ever was.

WHEN Dixey plays the barber he acts well his part—the hair.

MIRRORS are for the indolent; they encourage idle reflections.

WHAT a troop of other vices follow in the train of untruthfulness.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And tries to bake her daily bread,
What power can soothe her melancholy
When her husband calls it chunks of lead?

IT must have been a wheelwright who was first put in spokesman by his fellows.

PAY a hired man for attending to something and he loses interest in it immediately.

WHEN cattle are transported on a steamboat it is not unusual to see a Texas steer.

SPECULATORS in eggs and poets traveling in a foreign country try to get the lay of the land.

A MOUNTAIN is made up of atoms. You can tell what they are if you can only get atom.

THE butterfly is a greedy creature; no sooner does it come from grub than it goes for grub.

A CHINAMAN arrested for stealing a tidy, explained that "Time and tidee waitee no manee."

A THIEF who sought to conceal a diamond in his "potato trap," was convicted out of his own mouth.

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just,
But six times he who gets his blow in fust;
And nine times he whose adversary's bust,
And ten times ten who in a Colt doth trust.

SOMETIMES a man takes such high moral ground that he can't stoop down to help the needy and distressed.

INQUIRER asks: "Can a judge sit upon a jury?"
You ought to see one of our New York judges sit upon one occasionally.

FROM the row now going on in Pennsylvania over Matt. Quay, one might suppose that the arch-fiend was in the Keystone State.

IT is the old man who has shunned work all his life who is continually saying: "That boy ought to be set to work and kept at it."

How absurd for newspapers to publish "Rules for Husbands." Any sort of wife can prescribe better rules for a husband than he can find in a newspaper.



HICH SHALL I TAKE?

There is Blanche, with the silver-white tresses,
And Corinne, with the black, lustrous eyes,
And plain Kitty, who makes her own dresses,
Is good-natured, accomplished and wise.
It is so hard to make a selection,
That I think I'll propose to all three;
She who answers with purest affection,
Shall to-morrow my affianced be.

There! I've written three notes, and have sent them,
As a strong, three-fold challenge to Fate,
And such fervor my eloquence lent them,
That my spirits with joy are elate.

What! One answered already? Surprising
With what quickness a woman decides;
Zounds! My hair takes a sudden uprising;
An unlooked for experience betides.

For the three girls have written one letter,
"Thanking me for the honor conferred,
Thinking they cannot do any better,
They'll accept, and take me at my word."
Please to hold up that mirror; it shows me
Just how silly a donkey can be,
When I'm asked by each idiot who knows me,
If I love by the old Rule of Three.

WHAT GLORY AMOUNTS TO.

Young man, don't sigh for military glory. Don't feel bad because there is no war on hand in which you can cleave your way to undying fame, and have your brave deeds pictured on the canvas or embalmed in immortal verse. Twenty survivors of the Charge at Balaklava are in an English workhouse, and the others are dragging out a miserable old age. A recent effort to raise a fund for these veterans only secured the paltry sum of \$120. "All the world wondered."

LIKE A SOLDIER.

She was beautiful and she was singing, "Let me like a soldier die." A gallant young member of the Seventh Regiment, who was standing by the piano, whispered to her that he would let her like a soldier, but it wasn't necessary for her to die on account of it. They are to be married in June. This is just like a soldier.

THE NEW POWER OF MUSIC.

We needn't be astonished at any new development of science in these days. Some one professes to have discovered that force can be generated from musical sounds. This statement affords a wide field for speculation. Why may not the singing of a teakettle supply the force necessary to turn the crank of the coffee mill in the morning, or work a bellows to keep the fire burning? We have never been able to look upon the family piano as anything but a nuisance, but if its music can be utilized to work a wringer or churn in the kitchen, its days of usefulness have just begun. The village brass band has been an active agent in driving nervous people distracted, but perhaps it may serve to drive street cars in the near future; who knows? To whistle down brakes will have an exceedingly literal meaning, when the whistle is raised to a musical power capable of being harnessed to the brake. When the new force is thoroughly developed and disciplined, the hand-organ will enter upon a career of usefulness never before dreamed of. A few turns of the crank will set the music going, which in turn will generate the power to keep the cylinder revolving—a kind of perpetual motion. Then the surplus force may be utilized in blacking shoes, so that one Italian may manage a hand-organ and a shoe-black's chair, both at the same time. By an ingenious contrivance suffering neighbors may be able to revenge themselves on the clarionet or trombone player. His music may be made to generate the power necessary to hurl a brick at him. Then if orchestral music at the theatre can be depended on to furnish the force required to chastise the young dude who persists in talking during the play, music has a mission in this world never before dreamed of.

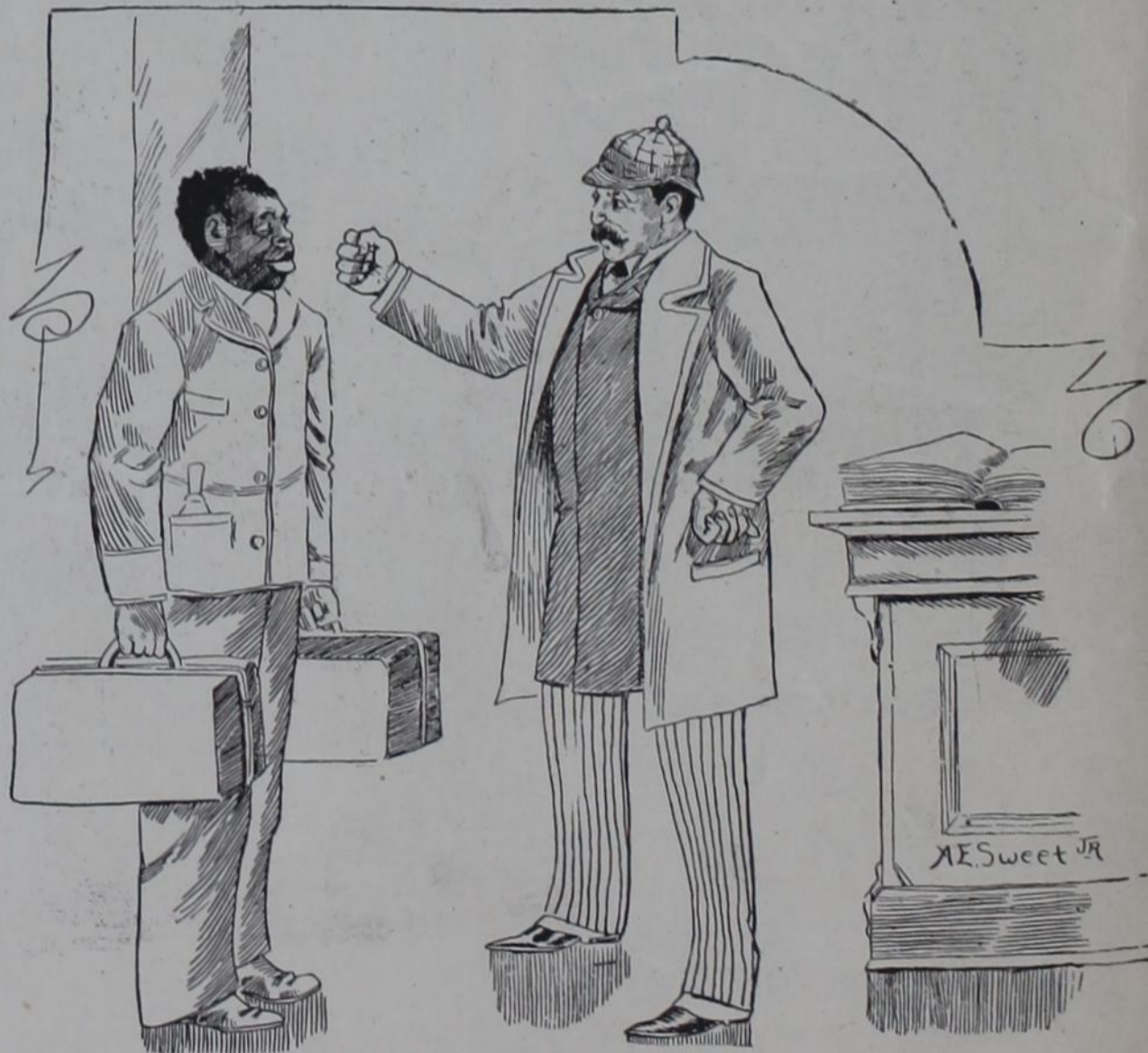
Knows no bounds—a cast-iron dog.

IT SHOULD BE NEW YORK.

"Brooklyn is not New York," says the Tribune. No, but it will be a part of New York some day. What sense is there in running two city governments where a river alone divides two great communities whose interests are in common? The spoils of office constitute the only reason for this condition of things. Now that Murat Halstead has become editor of the Brooklyn Standard-Union we trust that he will advocate the one city project.

PROHIBITION WON'T DO.

Rabid prohibitionists are in a towering rage. The Supreme Court of the United States has decided that it is unconstitutional to prevent a resident of any State carrying into any other State original packages of intoxicating liquor and there selling them. Prohibition is thereby rendered a dead letter in law as it generally has been in practice. It has always been a delusion and a fraud. Drunkenness has been increased rather than repressed by prohibition, for there is some latent perversity in human nature that impels a man to drink liquor when you say he shan't. Men living in prohibition towns, who had previously abstained from liquor, have been known to buy a two-gallon jug of whisky secretly, and lug it home at night over ten miles of ploughed land, just to show their spite against "sumptuary laws." Many of them don't know what sumptuary means, either, but that doesn't make any difference. They won't have their liberties interfered with, that's all. Excessive drinking and drunkenness are very bad, there's no disputing that fact, but prohibition isn't the remedy. Sensible and practical license laws are what the country wants.



NOT HIS FAULT.

INDIGNANT DRUMMER—I told you five or six times to wake me up this morning at seven. Here it is ten o'clock. Why didn't you wake me up sooner?

HOTEL PORTER—I did wake you up sooner, boss, only you didn't hear me.

THE TALE OF A SHIRT.

Last summer I was sick in a hospital for several weeks, and as I was not allowed to read I frequently got very lonesome. I read the mottoes on the wall and studied the pattern of the wall paper for several hours each day, but even such wild excitement as that grew tame in time, and I was glad when one day I heard a canvasser in the hall say he was soliciting orders for shirts, and I had him come to my room and measure me for some shirts, as being measured was a great relief from looking at the plaster-cast of St. Joseph on the mantel. One of the shirts he brought me was a daisy. It opened both front and back, and the bosom had little corrugations standing out on it that made it look like a window-pane with frost-breath on it. I was too sick to put it on, but had it propped up on a chair by my bed and soon came to regard it as an old friend; the two parts of its bosom would actually open and come as near smiling on me as they could. At night when my big nurse lay snoring on his cot I could look over and see my shirt friend wide awake and good humored, and a belief grew in my mind that if I died and crossed the silent waters that shirt would manage somehow to go with me and I would wear it in the New Jerusalem.

The shirt became my mascot and helped me in business. If I wore it I could go out with a dollar and come home with a house and lot, but if I didn't wear it I could start out with a silver mine and not have a crow-bar when I returned.

I recently went away on quite an extensive trip, and when I was ready to start found that the shirt had not been sent up from the laundry. At first I thought I would wait for it, but the laundryman said he would express it to Wichita. I went to the express office every day, but the shirt failed to arrive, and the express agent finally told me if I was so busted hard up for a shirt he would lend me one of his. I told him if he had a clean one that was not in pawn it would help his chances of promotion to put it on, and left orders to have mine forwarded to St. Louis. It failed to reach St. Louis while I was there, and I ordered it forwarded to Chicago, and kept on having it forwarded until it finally reached me at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin, in a very limp condition. I rolled it into a tight ball and stuffed it into the top of my high hat till I got to St. Paul, where I again sent it to a laundry. For years I have not had such a feeling of joy as was mine when a



AN ENTERPRISING PARTNER.

MR. AARONS (to his partner in the clothing business)—Vat you vant to fish fur? You'll ruin the bizzness vid yure idleness.

MR. LEVI BAXTER—I vas tould that a man named McGinty jump off this dock dressed in his best suit ov clo's, and I'm fishing fur the suit.

boy from the laundry brought me a bundle marked: "I shirt at 25c.—25c."

I hurried to my room and unpacked the bundle only to find a short-sleeved, ruffled, frilled arrangement with the name "Gertie Smith" stamped on it. I pinned a note to it telling Gertie that I thought her shirt was very pretty indeed, but for reasons of my own I preferred not to trade, and would like mine sent instead, and sent the package back to the laundry. My own shirt was then sent to me, and when I unwrapped it I found a note pinned to it which read: "It's a pity for such a nice shirt to be worn out on such a chump.—G. S." That ended my correspondence with Miss Smith. I then went West on the N. P. road, and on the car got very well acquainted with a charming young lady and was having a good time with her till we got to Little Missouri, Dakota, where a cowboy got on the train. He rode in the Pullman without a berth check, and the conductor only mentioned once that one was required; the cowboy showed him the carving on the butt end of a revolver, and then the conductor went forward to a day coach.

This cowboy showed that he was partly civilized by immediately falling in love with my fair friend, but she did not reciprocate and treated him very coolly. I was in the smoking apartment when he came in and said: "Podner, that purty young heifer out in the car seems to trot into your corral without bein' roped. Tell me how you git her to take sich a shine to you."

I thoughtlessly told him it was on account of the shirt I wore, and he meditated a minute and then said:

"Peel, podner."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Git outside of that shirt and let me put it on so's I kin try to maverick her into my herd," he replied.

I objected, but the cowboy needed that shirt in his business, and I "peeled" and sat with my coat buttoned up to my chin while he donned the shirt and again tried to get the girl to shine up to him. He soon returned and gave me back the shirt and said it was no go, but he was obliged to me all the same, and if I ever struck the bad lands again he would show me around.

At Hope, Idaho, I stopped and hired a man to row me to an Indian camp about six miles up the shores of Lake Pend d'Oreille. There Indians were all clad in blankets except the chief, who by some means had procured a full suit of "white man's" clothes with the exception of a shirt. He looked at my shoes, then at his own and said: "Indian all right," then in turn at

each of my garments, and was greatly pleased that he had duplicates till he got to the shirt.

"What him?" he asked, tapping my shirt bosom with his finger.

"Shirt," I replied.

"Shirt! Chief Mullethead need shirt; white man gim-mum shirt quick."

I tried to convince the Hon. Mr. Mullethead that I couldn't spare it and offered him \$10 instead, but he only said:

"White man gim chief shirt and ten wampum, too, and heap damsudden."

I decided that I would do it. The noble Red Man has been crowded out westward by the resistless tide of emigration, but that does not prevent him from being as mean as an Iowa hailstorm if he has the drop on you, and as I didn't want to exterminate Mullethead and his tribe I sadly handed him my shirt, and before we got away from the camp the chief was adding another bride to his household in honor of his new shirt.

V. Z. REED.

THE STRONGEST MAN.

"Now, children, who was the strongest man?" asked the Sunday-school superintendent.

"John L. Samson!" yelled a little fellow whose knowledge of sacred and profane history was somewhat mixed.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A bruise may be hindered from discoloration by instant application of hot water. A good way to hinder the bruise itself is to avoid sitting in the grand stand directly behind the catcher in order to see how much curve the pitcher has. Foul tips are plentiful this year.

Use a little kerosene in a boiler of clothes to help the rubbing. To help some poor struggling devil of an undertaker use a little in the stove when you light the fire in the morning.

Rooms covered with oil-cloth can be greatly improved by taking up the oil-cloth and replacing it with Brussels carpet.

Never use the first water that comes from a pump or hydrant, as it has been in a lead or iron pipe all night and is not healthful. Standing all night in a glass bottle does not hurt whisky, hence many prefer it in the morning to water.

To prevent tramps calling a second time, feed them on your wife's pie, made by a new recipe which she has just discovered.

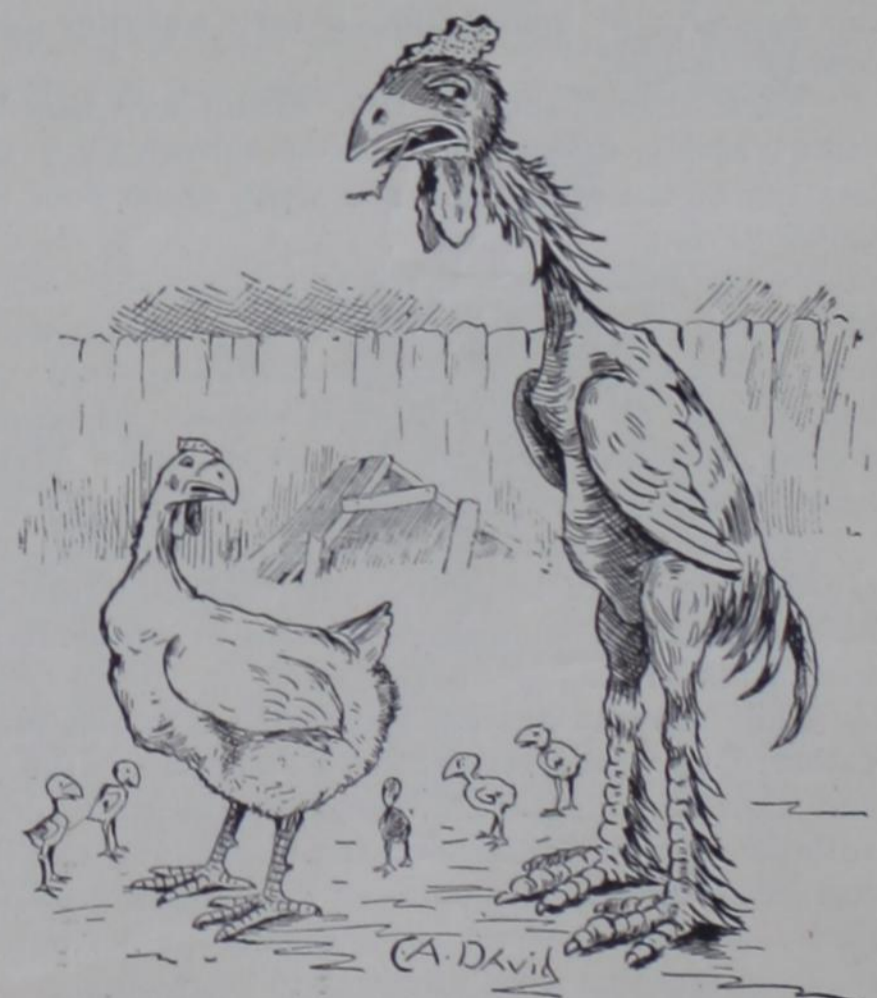


CONCLUSIVE.

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY—What evidence have you to impugn the intelligence of this witness?

THE DEFENDANT (blurring out)—He once served on a jury.

THE DEFENDANT'S ATTORNEY (despairingly, to the court)—Your Honor, I feel it my duty to withdraw from this case. My client has killed it himself.



A SHORT STOP.

SHE—Did a big, fat grasshopper pass here a minute ago?

HE (with a gulp)—No, he stopped.



FROM HEAVEN TO EARTH.

HOULIHAN (to his friend the drum-major)—Hurro, Denny; but yez did foine to-day. Yez walked that proud that wan would think your head sthruck the stars at ivery sthep.

DRUM-MAJOR (anxiously)—But Oi wondher how it sthruck the girruls along th' loine?

MRS. AUSTIN'S RESOLUTION NOT TO TALK.

Mrs. Austin read the other day about a woman, who, to punish her husband for his meanness, resolved not to speak a word so long as she lived, and actually kept her resolution for over forty years. Now Mrs. Austin had no idea of keeping a forty years' fast—tongue fast—but her husband had picked her up so often when she did speak that she thought she would try the virtue of silence a little while, anyhow, and she proceeded to put her resolution into immediate execution.

"No," cried Mrs. Austin aloud, springing from her chair, "I will not utter a loud word—"

Then she checked herself abruptly, as she realized that she was speaking very loud words. This showed the necessity of maintaining a very watchful guard over her tongue.

"Sakes alive!" shouted Mrs. Austin, as a base-ball came crashing through the window, thrown by a careless boy on the street, and she went to the door and yelled "Police!"

She had made a very bad beginning on her system of silence, that was plain. At the door she met a tramp, who begged piteously for something to eat. He had walked all the way from Minnesota on a single cracker, and was en route to Maine, where he had heard that a farmer had advertised for a hired man.

Mrs. Austin detests a tramp, and she was about to give him a piece of her mind, but recollecting that she had enlisted as a mute she concluded to write out her sentiments on a slate.

While she was hunting a slate the tramp carefully gathered up what overcoats and hats were in the hall and made off with them. When Mrs. Austin returned with the slate and discovered the clearing-up sale that had been effected, she shrieked "Goodness gracious! Stop—" then she stopped suddenly in her outcry, realizing that that wasn't the way to keep mute.

While she was busy at her work a spell after, and thinking how astonished Mr. Austin would be when he found that she had foresworn talking, as a punishment to him for worrying her so, she was startled by Mrs. Poppleton, who had come in by the back way unobserved.

"For the land's sake!" screamed Mrs. Austin, "how you did frighten me." But as Mrs. Poppleton is a woman who talks incessantly, never permitting any one else to get in a word edgewise, there was no opportunity for Mrs. A. to break her vow of silence further with her.

To her chagrin Mr. Austin didn't come home to dinner, so she was denied the opportunity of posing as a mute before him that evening. Nor did he show up until the small hours of the morning, and then he was carrying a hefty jag.

"Who'm—I—who are you?" hiccoughed Mr. Austin, as he staggered into the sitting-room.

Then Mrs. Austin wrote on the slate which she had ready for his coming, "I am your own dear wife, John, but I can never speak a word to you more."

Mr. Austin gazed at it in a dazed sort of way, and said: "Who tole yer to—er—put it on er slate? I pays for what I orders. No slate for me."

Then he seized the slate and endeavored to break it on the stair railing, when Mrs. Austin seized her bewildered husband by the coat collar and snaked him off to bed, exclaiming, "You miserable, pernicious, abominable, pestiferous, deteriorating, spasmodic, monumental, drunken idiot, I resolved to have no more words with you, but you torture me beyond endurance. I must talk."

And the neighbors say that a woman's voice, pitched at a very high key, was heard in the Austin mansion until nearly daylight.

THE LABOR AGITATION.

Labor is undergoing one of its periodical seasons of agitation.



It is agitating for less hours of work for the same amount of pay.

How would this system work in other fields of business? Could you in reason ask your grocer to give you a pound and a half of sugar for the equivalent of one pound? Well, he wouldn't do it if you did.

The railroad offers to carry you twenty miles for a certain price. Make a procession of yourself some day and march up to the ticket-window, and threaten that if you are not carried twenty-five miles for the same amount of fare as for twenty you will walk, and what will you do? Why, you will walk, of course.

Go into a hotel and demand a week's board for the price of four days', or tender to a livery stable keeper a six hours' fee for using his team eight hours, or demand a gallon of beer for the price of one glass, or—but there is no use in extending this thing. If workmen only desire to work six or eight hours a day, that is all right, but they shouldn't endeavor to force others to pay them for their hours of leisure.

An Union Square enthusiast

who addressed the assembly on May Day night, declared that after they had secured eight hours, they would strike for six hours, then for four hours, and he hoped to live to see the day when the poor oppressed laboring man wouldn't be compelled to work a single domed hour! We will bet something that he isn't a workingman at all, and never intends to be, if he can help it. It is easier to address laboring men than it is to address oneself to labor.

We don't wish to be considered as arraying ourselves against labor. We live on the most intimate terms with work, as we are rarely able to get off short of working from twelve to fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. It is necessary in our business. When papers can be carried on by working six or eight hours a day, we will rejoice, of course; but we will expect salaries and things to be cut down some to match.

ALMOST EVERYBODY WILL BE THERE.

Q.—Do you think that the Fair at Chicago will be a success?

T.—It think it will be a success financially. There will be immense crowds there.

But the Chicago people are not going to make much of an effort.

They do not need to make any special effort. The fact that Chicago is regarded as the wickedest city in the country will draw immense crowds from all over the United States.

THE CALF'S BRAINS.

Gilholly went into a restaurant, gave his order for some fried calf's brains, and then waited in vain for the waiter to bring what he had ordered. At last he asked:

"Well, what about the calf's brains?"

The waiter shook his head dismally as he replied:

"The outlook isn't bright to-day."

"What's the matter with my brains?"

"There isn't any, that's all."

A CRYING WANT.

Mr. Happypa—These scientists are a superficial lot. Friend—What's the matter now?

Mr. Happypa—Well, why the mischief don't Edison invent an illuminated paregoric bottle? I'll not last through the summer if he doesn't.

"State what a Keystone is," said the teacher to Tommy. "Ask Billy," said Tommy; "he's from the Keystone State."



MISSING THEIR OPPORTUNITIES.

ELDERLY PARTY—Why, this is dreadful. Cap. McCalla not only gagged and chained his men, but he threw buckets of salt water on them besides.

SMITH—Yes, it's a wonder they didn't take advantage of the opportunity to kick the bucket.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.
PART XXVIII.



COME we now to a very monotonous period in the history of France, when it was threatened with national ruin. It seemed at one time that it was destined to pass entirely under English dominion. Charles VII. was king, but the royal cause was in a critical and embarrassing

condition. There was fierce internal jealousy and conflict, and the English under Regent Bedford held Paris and the most of the country above the Loire. The city of Orleans, which was the key to the provinces beyond the Loire, was still held by the French, and defended by a brave garrison headed by Gen. Dunois. When the English laid siege to Orleans it was well understood by both sides that the fate of Charles and his kingdom was to be decided there.

It was on the 12th of October, 1428, that the siege began, headed by the Earl of Salisbury, who, being killed by a cannon-ball early in the conflict, was succeeded by the Earl of Suffolk.

In February of the following year a battle took place between the English and French which the chroniclers have called the *Journée des Harengs*, or Battle of the Herrings. It came about in this way: Lent was approaching, and it was observed with great strictness in those days. Meat was forbidden, and in order to subsist the besieging troops the English who occupied Paris sent a convoy of salt herrings to Orleans, under command of one Sir John Falstaff, the name that Shakspeare gave his fat knight, though the original Sir John was a brave man, according to all accounts, and not a boaster and poltroon like the character which the great dramatist has immortalized. "But flesh is frail," said Sir John in extenuation of his faults; "I have more flesh than other men, and therefore more frailty."

When the French shut up in Orleans heard of this convoy of salt fish a strong force sallied forth to cut it off, and to cut off their fish meant starvation to the English besiegers, unless they broke the rules for Lent. The French and English came to an encounter at Rouvray, and the former were defeated with great loss. The herring went on their destination.

This defeat spread consternation among the loyalists. One powerful count, taking with him two thousand soldiers, left Orleans in despair. The inhabitants sent word to the Duke of Burgundy, who had sided with the English, that they would surrender the city into his hands, provided the English would retire. The English refusing to do this, the Duke of Burgundy got mad and retired to Flanders, taking all of his Burgundy with him. Then Orleans was more and more hardly pressed, and became day by day less capable of defense. King Charles remained at Chinon, some miles away, helplessly perplexed, and he even debated a project for escaping from France and seeking an asylum in Scotland, though Scotland was one of the worst places of refuge at that time that there was. The English had shut up James, King of Scotland, in a fortress for nineteen years, and Charles was more likely to find a prison in that stormy land than asylum.

At this painful juncture appeared Jeanne Darc, an humble village maiden, whom the French people at that time believed to have been commissioned from heaven for the salvation of her country, and although in this age special commissions from heaven are scrutinized with incredulous eyes, many good and sincere people in that country believe the legend still, and worship her sainted memory. Jeanne was born in the little village of Domrémy, on the Neuse, near the border of Lorraine. Her parents were simple villagers, who gave her christian teaching, but she could neither read nor write. Think of a female champion in these days so poorly equipped as that. Jeanne with all her prowess and daring would not be recognized at a Woman's Rights Convention, or admitted to membership in the Sorosis.

But this chapter is so long already that I will

resume further consideration of the Maid of Orleans for another week.

BURNT CORK FAVORITES OF THE PAST.

An "old-timer" was telling the boys at the Hoffman the other day some of his recollections of old-time favorites in the burnt cork line.

"I knew Billy Morris, who introduced the mocking-bird song; and Dick Sliter, the greatest jig dancer that the world ever saw. Dick made a starring tour through the country, and danced in theatres between the plays. I saw him dance in the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, after J. W. Wallack, Jr., had played Hamlet. This was in 1851. The 'Bateman Children' were playing in the Eagle Street Theatre at the same time. Little Kate Bateman's Richard III. was considered wonderful, child as she was."

"Knew the Bryants, I suppose," said a listener.

"Knew them when they were boys, all bright as buttons; but Jerry, who died young, was the brightest. Dan got an idea that he could play Irish comedy in a white face, and he went out starring in 1864. But he didn't succeed very well. The people would only have Dan in burnt cork."

"Tom Briggs was a great banjo player in the early days. He and Sher. Campbell went to California on a steamer, and poor Tom died on the passage. There was a great quartet in George Christy's Minstrels thirty odd years ago. They were William Castle, tenor; Sher. Campbell, baritone; John A. Herman, alto; and



The Battle of the Herrings.

G. W. H. Griffin, basso. No such quartets nowadays. Castle and Campbell went into English opera and did well until poor Campbell died. He was a right good fellow, and a great favorite everywhere."

"Who was the first female impersonator in burnt cork?"

"Barney Williams."

"Not the Irish comedian?"

"Precisely he. He blacked up and dressed as a wench, and sung and danced 'Lucy Long.' This was along in the forties. The town went wild over it, and 'Oh, poor Lucy Long,' went all over the country. Political songs were written and sung to the tune in the presidential campaign of 1844. I remember a verse or two the Democrats used to sing:

"Oh, poor Cooney Clay,
Poor Cooney, Cooney Clay,
The White House you will never see,
You'd better keep away.

"That little star of Texas
You tried to scratch away,
'Twill serve to light us while we skin
Poor Cooney, Cooney Clay."

"Who was the first to do the comic stump speech?"

"George Christy, and he was inimitable. Like Dan Bryant, he had native wit of the first order, and he never failed to make extemporaneous gags and hits that brought down the house. Bob Hart and Ad. Ryman were noted for grotesque humor, and the 'Bob Killey' of Ben Cotton was a triumph of art. Bob was great in 'Shoo Fly,' too. Frank Brower made a great hit as 'Happy Uncle Tom.' Charley White dates back further than any of them, I think. He played the accordion in Vauxhall Garden as far back as 1842. I tell you, it makes me feel old to think of it."

"Harrigan and Hart were minstrels once, were they not?"

"Yes, indeed. Harrigan played the bones and

banjo, too, and did it well. Tony Hart was known for years as Master Antoine, and he was the best boy singer on the stage."

IMPORTANT TO DRUGGISTS.

A New York druggist, who spent the winter in a Texas town for his health, was asked by the genial clerk of the hotel:

"Stranger, what might your business be?"

"I am a pharmacist."

"A what did you say?"

"A pharmacist."

"O, yes, a pharmacist. Well, you can buy as good farming lands in this neighborhood as you can find in Texas. You have struck the right locality, stranger, if you want to farm. I'll take you out 'this afternoon in my buggy, and show you one I've got to sell."

CAREFUL WITH KIND WORDS.

A merchant in a certain Texas town is a great flunkey after people who are rich, and has a corresponding contempt for those that are in failing circumstances. One day he remarked to his clerk:

"Have you written that letter to Smith, Jones & Co.?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you signed it?"

"Not yet."

"Well, in signing it do not put: 'Very respectfully yours.' Just leave out 'very.' There are rumors that they are embarrassed, and we have got no taffy to throw away on beggars."

PLEASURE AND PROFIT.

Metropole Boniface (of New York)—But how do you make any money, if your rates are so low? Don't you give your guests anything to eat?

Lon. Beach (of the Seaside House)—Oh, they're western folks, and about all they want is fish.

Metropole Boniface—Well, you don't get that for nothing, do you?

Lon. Beach—Why, you see, the boarders catch the fish themselves!

Nothing proves more clearly that no one has been found to step into Josh Billings' shoes, than the fact that the New York Weekly is republishing the witty philosopher's contributions to that paper.

"Cheap Sunday lectures" are advertised in Cincinnati. Sunday is so cheap in that ungodly city that few care to keep it.

We hear a great deal about McCann's Mount St. Vincent, but you ought to see him mount St. Tammany.



THERE ARE SKINS AND SKINS.

MISS GIDDY—What do you think of Mrs. Puffem's skin?

MR. DE FLOP—O, if you mean her complexion, I think it's beautiful; but if you mean her husband, I think he's a rank—ahem! I beg your pardon.

WELL I SHOULD SMILE!

W. J. MONAHAN



If a friend proposed to "set 'em up" in truly proper style,
Would I go out to oblige the man?
Well, I should smile!

IV.

Suppose I heard some big fellow was thirsting for my gore,
And vowing that he'd kill me if he ever met me more;
Do you fancy I would hesitate in putting many a mile
Between me and that pugilist?
Well, I should smile!

V.

Do you think I write these verses just to make a local name,
Or thinking that in future I'll perhaps be known to fame?



Don't you think that filthy lucre has full power to reconcile
The writer to a lack of fame?
Well, I should smile!

JOHN S. GREY.

IN THE PARK.

Q.—Who is that awkward man on horseback, riding down the bridle path?

U.—He is proprietor of a new riding academy down town.

And that preposterously fat man who fills his carriage to overflowing, who is he?

He is a specialist who makes a great income by reducing people's fat.

ONE, OR THE OTHER.

A.—Chicago is a great place.

B.—What's up there now?

Nothing, except the usual thing. If the people are not excited over some great social scandal, it is some secret assassination.

That's so. It is either hug or thug.

I.

SUPPOSE a young and pretty girl were sitting by my side,
And though I spoke in loving tones she did not ever chide;
Suppose her face came near to mine but for a little while,
Would I kiss that pretty maidens lips?
Well, I should smile!

II.

Supposing that the President should send for me to-day
And ask me to accept some big fat office right away;
If I thought that in his offer there was no deceit nor guile
Do you think that I'd accept the place?
Well, I should smile!

III.

If the day were hot and dusty, and I felt too dry to think
And had half a-mind to treat myself to some nice cooling drink,



LEGAL DEFINITIONS.

Designed for the assistance of young law-students:

Case—A dozen.

Assault—A sailor.

Staying proceedings—Putting on corsets.

Accord and satisfaction—Lynch law.

Rule absolute—Where the wife wears the trousers.

Attachment costs—Damages in a breach-of-promise suit.

Notice to quit—When a girl's mother begins to wind the clock.

Ejectment—When her father interests himself in the matter.

Judgment on the roll—Unfit for publication at our boarding-house.

Proceeding after issue joined—Enraged parents pursuing their eloping offspring.

Trespass—A little unpleasantness with the neighbor's cross dog.

Bound over to keep the peace—The dog's return leap over the fence, after securing the piece from your nether garments.

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

Considerate Brother—I say, Clara, if young Nogood comes around here again, rope him in. Don't let him escape.

Clara—Why, brother Tom, it was only day before yesterday that you warned me against him. You said he was a loafer and could never earn enough to support himself, much less a wife.

Considerate Brother—Yes, but I have found out since that he was a college chum of Russ Harrison. He would make a bully brother-in-law, with me for his deputy.

WHEN some men say "I hate a fool," it sounds like they were running themselves down.

STILL WRANGLING OVER THE FAIR.

There was a group of men in the corridor of the Fifth Avenue Hotel the other evening. They were gathered about a man who was expressing himself quite vehemently with regard to the "World's Fair fizzle," as he termed it. "The people of this country were earnest and enthusiastic at first," said he, "with regard to a great celebration of Columbus' discovery, in 1892. Their enthusiasm, which was worked up to a high pitch, might have been maintained had it not been for the wretched selection which Congress made of a location for the Fair."

"What do you mean by wretched selection?" cried a Chicago man, fiercely.

"I mean that instead of giving it to a prairie town on Lake Michigan"—

"I'll be giving it to *you* if you run down my city," shouted the man from Chicago, defiantly.

"The gentleman is right," interposed a calmer man, getting between the Chicago chap and the first speaker. "Congress committed a fatal error. Now the thing for Congress to have done was to locate it in the great metropolis of America, in the city which above all others"—

"That's what *I* say," interposed another gentleman, "New York should have had it."

"New York nothing!" exclaimed the calmer man, a trifle less calm; "I mean St. Louis. That is the country's true metropolis."

The New Yorker and the Chicago man united in derisive laughter at St. Louis' presumption.

"Easy, gentlemen, easy," said a new speaker. "All the cities have their claims, to be sure, and they deserve respectful attention, but there is only one capital to this nation and that is Washington. Now had the Fair gone to Washington"—

"No one else would have gone there," said Chicago.

"Well, you wouldn't, if you waited for your district to send you to Congress," retorted the Washington man, who seemed to know him and his aspirations.

"And you wouldn't have got there if your friends hadn't secured a government appointment for you so as to get rid of you!"

How this controversy would have ended it is impossible to say, had not friends of the excited parties drawn them away in separate directions.

Still, the Fair goes to Chicago, though it isn't likely to hurry about it.

MONKEY VERSUS MAN.

Son—Pa, a monkey is five times as good as Deacon Good, ain't he?

Pa—Jimmy, I'm surprised! Why do you say so disrespectful a thing?

Son—Why you only gave him a cent last Sunday when he came around with the plate, and you gave the organ-grinder's monkey five cents this morning.

OPPOSED TO GROUND FLOORS.

Broker (persuasively)—It's a splendid opportunity, and remember you get in on the ground floor.

Capitalist—Don't want it. Last time I was let in on the ground floor I dropped right through into a sub-cellar, and I've been there ever since. No, you'll have to let me off.

No wonder dictionaries are so fragmentary, when so many people break their word.



HOW HE WOULD STOP HIM.

PAT (who is being lowered into a well)—Stop, will ye, Murphy? Oi want to coom up agin.

MURPHY (still letting him down)—Phat for?

PAT—Oi'll show ye. Af ye don't sthoph lettin' me doon Oi'll cut ther rope!

THEY TRIED THE BLOOD TESTER.

AN IDYL OF CONEY ISLAND.



S a fraud and a delusion, the average dime museum takes the lead. Coney Island, when that so-called pleasure resort is in full blast, has more than its share of them,

and the following is one of the many swindling games that are practiced on the pleasure seeker by these sharpers: Two brothers, Tom and Bill Snooks, who had been in New York but a short time, went to Coney Island one hot day last summer. They had wandered around aimlessly for over an hour, in a vain endeavor to find something to amuse them, when they observed, near the Iron Pier, the glaring posters of a dime museum which proclaimed that for the ridiculously small sum of ten cents the public could view many startling curiosities, among which were a case of bona fide ossified man, a picturesque tattooed man, etc., etc., etc. The young men hastily separated themselves from ten cents apiece, secretly regretting that they had not taken an earlier boat, as they firmly believed that it would take a vast amount of time to view the many curiosities mentioned on the posters.

Their disappointment was by no means small when they entered the "grand curio hall" and found that all the curiosities in the place consisted of a fat boy, who was sound asleep with his mouth wide open, which resembled an open coal hole in the sidewalk; a Circassian (Ave. A) girl, who made a Herculean effort to flirt with them; a negro whose limbs were attached to his body upside down, but which earned him the high title of "Guyasc'tis," and a half-starved dwarf. Bill and Tom were thoroughly disgusted, which was augmented at being braced by the Guyascutis for "a chaw uv ter-backer."

They proceeded to the next room, called the "Theatorium" by the proprietor. A young man with a dissipated face and a curved back was viciously pounding a piano, while one of the "star actresses, gaudily dressed (to a surprisingly limited extent), was executing a most difficult dance, the grand secret of which seemed to be to come down very heavy on both feet and turn around swiftly.

The dancer had scarcely ceased, when a man upon whose face the shades of an everlasting and horrible curse seemed to have settled, touched Bill on the shoulder. He was a small man with a square face, badly marked by small-pox. He had an eccentric way of looking at a man, which at once convinced the man looked at that kind Providence had deserted him and was not on his side that morning.

"Have you seen Edison's latest invention?" he asked, in a husky voice, at the same time lavishly bestowing a cast-iron look on the two brothers that would throw an ordinary tiger into a fit.

"I don't think we have," answered Bill, timidly.

"Well, you don't want to miss it. Come along and I'll show it to you."

He led them into a small room, where upon a table was displayed a contrivance which he called "Edison's Blood Tester." It was a simple affair, consisting of two hollow glass balls, connected by a short piece of rubber tubing. One of the balls was filled with a bright red fluid, resembling blood. The museum man explained that by taking the two glass balls in the hands the fluid would run from one to the other, the force indicating the condition of the blood. If it ran swiftly the blood was in good condition, whereas if it got a messenger boy gait on, the man didn't have more than three weeks to live.

A small card, prominently displayed, bore the following tale:

THIS IS EDISON'S BLOOD TESTER.

TRY IT. NO CHARGE.

Three men, with faces suggestive of crime, immediately began testing their blood, and seemed highly pleased at finding it in as good condition as the tester indicated. Bill and Tom were urged to try it, and as it did not cost anything, they also found out the exact condition of affairs in the interior.

Just as they were leaving, the dime museum man said:

"Now, gentlemen, the charge for obtaining this valuable information is only fifty cents each."

The three men promptly paid fifty cents each, one of them remarking that it was well worth that amount to find out the condition of his blood, as he had had grave doubts about its exact shape, and that now he could rest easy.

"I should say it was cheap," remarked another. "Why, I paid Dr. Loomis four dollars about three years ago for the same thing."

It is needless to say that the three men were in with the swindle.

"Well, I don't pay a bloody cent," said Bill, very emphatically.

"Nor I," said Tom. "You're a set of blood-suckers!"

"What!" exclaimed the dime museum man, with virtuous indignation, "have you got the cheek to come in here, test your durned blood, and then refuse to pay for it when there's a card right before your eyes saying what it will cost? No, sir! I'll not stand it!"

Murmurs of "It's a shame to cheat the man," from the three.

Bill and Tom looked at the card. It now read:

THIS IS EDISON'S BLOOD TESTER.

TRY IT. ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

"Are you fellers going to pay up?" asked the museum man, in a low, prophetic tone.

"Not much," said Bill, grimly.

The museum man slid out of the room.

Bill and Tom were warned by one of the three men to "pony up" quick; that the museum man had gone for the bouncer, who was a regular slugger, who used to be a prize-fighter, etc.

He re-entered the room with a man fully six feet three and broad in proportion.

"Where are they!" yelled the bouncer, in a James Owen O'Connor tone of voice, which awoke the fat boy, and that individual waddled to the door and looked lazily on. The bouncer grabbed Bill by the collar, and shaking him violently, shouted: "Is dis der slob?"

"Yes; but give 'em one more chance. Now, are you fellers going to pay? Remember this is your last chance," said the proprietor.

Bill was wrapped in deep thought, as if undecided what to do. In the meantime the bouncer was getting very impatient, and it required the united strength of the three men and the fat boy to hold him back. Bill observed that actual measurement would result in obtaining the information that the bouncer was fully three feet across the shoulders. He mentioned this fact in



Bill Sizing up the Bouncer.

an undertone to Tom - and then they paid fifty cents each.

When once again out doors, neither spoke for several minutes. Finally Bill, with a mighty effort, said: "Tom."



TOO TECHNICAL.

JACK BOWLINE (ashore for a good time)—Say, shipmate, I'm off my course, and I wish you'd steer me straight.

OFFICER O'GROG—Is it a bunco man yez takes me for? Be off, afore Oi run yez in for insultin' an officer.

"Yes," said Tom.

"We've been swindled—most outrageously."

"Yes," repeated Tom.

"Now, Tom, raise your right hand to heaven—a little higher—that's it," and right there, before a crowd of astonished onlookers, they made a solemn vow never to enter another dime museum as long as they lived.

LEWIS M. SWEET.

THE VACATION AND PICNIC SEASON.

The vacation season will soon be upon us, and the clerk is now working his employer for a "week off." Some will go to Saratoga, some to Long Branch, while others will hie themselves to the roof and patiently sit two or three hours a day in order to acquire the regulation seaside tan, and then lie about the splendid time they had at the beach to some unfortunate who has had no vacation.

In the smaller cities, that institution introduced by Adam and Eve and now known as a picnic, will soon be in full blast, and the woods will be full of high-colored dudes and giggling girls, who will play at all sorts of silly games and will imagine they are having an awful jolly time. The older folks will watch them for a while, and then be so happy to get home that they are glad they went.

One of the peculiarities of a picnic is the fact that it seems to affect the minds of most of the young ladies who attend them. For instance: A young gentleman will be introduced to a young lady; she will treat him most considerately; insist on his being with her most of the day; he will put large, balloon-shaped blisters on his hands rowing a boat up and down the river for her; he will wade out into the river and get his feet dripping wet in order to pluck a measly, half-dead water-lily for her, and the very next day he will meet her in the city, and she will pretend not to know him and give him a most royal snub. Why is this thus? Will some young lady explain?

PRECIOUS LITTLE.

Mamma (who is stirring up a cake, says to her little boy of five summers)—Tommy, run over to the corner grocery and get me a bottle of extract of lemon. Now hurry!

Tommy—I will not have to pay for it, will I, mamma?

To be sure you will. Precious little one gets in this world without paying for it.

Why, mamma, you said God gave me to you. Silence.

Then mamma kisses her boy very meekly and says: "So he did, dear; but you were precious little then. Now run, or my cake will not be light if it stands much longer."

WILLING TO HELP HER OUT.

Wife (sobbing)—Some day you'll find me lying at death's door, and then what will you do?

Husband (courteously)—My dear, have you ever known me to be so ungallant as to allow a lady to open a door when I was present?

LADIES' DINNER TO MAX O'RELL.*



* Mr. Paul Blouet (Max O'Rell) having been lately entertained to a *déjeuner* by a hundred ladies, and sent to his wife a report of the affair, Madame Blouet sent the above lines to her husband.

HOW A YOUNG DOCTOR WAS DECEIVED.

One day last week I had a very interesting talk with a young medical student who is at one of the large public hospitals. He remarked that with some of his patients he had no patience at all, because they tried to deceive him.

"But I should think that a patient would find it very difficult to deceive a skillful physician," I remarked.

"Yes, so it is, after a physician has graduated, but when he is inexperienced, as I was when I first went into the hospital, he is liable to be imposed on."

"Were you very badly deceived?" I asked.

"Yes, to some extent. I was given charge of two patients, and their symptoms were so peculiar that I made a very exhaustive diagnosis of their cases."

"Who were they?"

"They were really tramps!"

"What was the matter with them?"

"I'll explain their symptoms to you, but I'll have to use a few Latin and technical terms that may puzzle you a little. One of them had *cardia podgaracia* in his lumbar region. It threatened to turn into *gastro-taxia*."

"Perhaps he contracted it in his lumbar region while sleeping without proper covering out in the woods?"

"Good joke. But seriously the man was ill. He explained his symptoms and I knew at a glance that his *ductus arteriosis* was badly congested."

"It is a wonder he lived long enough to get to the hospital."

"I cured him of all the complications in sight. In less than a week his *ductus arteriosis* was in a normal condition, while the pain in his lumbar regions, which I had treated with a compound cathartic poultice, was reduced to its lowest numerators and denominators, so to speak. But the other case was more complicated."

"I am sorry to hear that."



Making an Exhaustive Diagnosis of the Case.

HONOR the feast they made,
The fatted calf they slayed,
They'd dine O'Rell, they said,
Ladies one hundred.

Honor the feast they made!
All the world wondered,
No, though he did suspect
Some one had blundered,
His not to make reply,
That he would rather die,
He did just murmur, "My!
Face them, one hundred!"

Honor to Max O'Rell,
Bravely he sat and well,
Stared at by fright and belle,
Across the fruit and wine,
His pose was really fine,
Facing the hundred!

Ladies to right of him,
Ladies to left of him,
Ladies in front of him,
Vol-au-vents sundered,
Mash'd by a hundred fair,
Sav'ring the raw duck there!
How could he keep his chair?
All the world wondered!

"The patient had a bad case of aneurism of the obicular muscle, complicated with congestion of the mucuos membrane and apaticus. It would not have been so bad if it had been simple apaticus, but this involved the febrilis which made it probable that peritonitis might set in any time. Are you following me?"

"Oh, yes. He was in a bad fix. It didn't take him long to die under those favorable circumstances."

"He didn't die; I just knocked the febrilis silly with my prophylactic treatment and a few therapeutics applied outwardly. I reduced the congestion of the mucuos membrane and the zymotic symptoms disappeared as if by magic."

"And you say he recovered?"

"I thought he was well enough to swim out of the hospital, when he sprung some more symptoms on me that made me fear he was going to have a severe case of *eczema solare* complicated with *chloasthma ephelis*, which you know is a phase of *epilepsia thoratica*. You catch on, don't you?"

"Certainly; and the other patient?"

"After I had knocked the pain in his lumbar silly with the compound cathartic poultice he told me that he felt peculiar symptoms in his stomach, so I treated him for *marasmus infantum* aggravated by *colica biliosa*, but his system did not respond as promptly as I had expected. I was trying to head off some fresh symptoms that showed *rheumaticus paralyticus* was prowling about in his system when the head doctor at the hospital opened my eyes."

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'Young man, what's the matter with those two tramps you have been doctoring for the last month?'"

"I replied: 'Doctor, one of them is the most interesting case known to medical science; I am writing it up for the Medical Journal. It demonstrates beyond a doubt what Virchow, Dr. Hammond, and other great specialists have denied, viz.: that a man can have *chloasthma ephelis* and *eczema solare* while he is suffering *rheumaticus paralyticus*. My article will startle the profession.'"

"What did the doctor say to that?"

"He said, 'Bosh! Haven't they got appetites like corn shellers, and don't they sleep all night?'"

"Yes, but that is the case with all forms of *ephelis*."

"Look here, young man," said the doctor, "those two tramps are taking advantage of your inexperience. They are fixing up to stay here all winter, where they can get plenty to eat and no work. They are palming off bogus symptoms on you. When the weather gets warm they will swim off, but not before. Give them a dose of No. 9."

"What is No. 9?"

"It is a black bottle containing a mixture of equal parts of *asafœtida*, *nux vomica* and lingering death, as far as the taste is concerned."

"Did it cure them of their diseases in the Latin parts of their bodies?"

"Yes; they resigned instantly. The same afternoon the one who I thought had *eczema solare*, burglarized a house, and of the seven policemen who arrested him, five had to be taken to the hospital. The other, who led me to believe he was suffering from aneurism of the obicular muscle, broke up all the furniture in the hospital, and it took nineteen men to put the invalid in a straight-jacket."

"Well, Doctor, I'm much obliged to you, and if ever I get *anemisma* in one of the lobes of my *epiglottis*, or my *medulla spinalis* has a cranky spell I will send for you. Good-day, Doctor."

As I took no notes possibly some of the medical terms need revising a little. I have, moreover, thrown in a few of my own invention, just for luck. It, however, is a fact that medical gentlemen are occasionally too copious, not to say extemporaneous, in using large and difficult conglomerations, etc. It is also a fact that tramps gain admission to the hospitals just about the time the autumn leaves begin to turn mellow; and it is difficult to persuade them to go out again into the fresh air until it is spring-like and balmy.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

THEATRICAL MATTERS IN CHICAGO.

Mrs. Porker—What is going to be played at the opera-house to-night?

Mrs. Wildwest—It is not decided yet.

How is that?

All I know about it is what I read in the paper. It says they are going to play *Othello*, or the *Moor of Venice*, but it didn't say which. For my part I'd just as lief see one as the other.

So would I.

A NEW DANGER.

First Tramp—We have got to be careful, cully.

Second Tramp—What's de matter?

First Tramp—I read in a paper dat skin diseases is spread by de circulation of bank-notes.



ABSENT-MINDED.

NATIVE TEACHER (to African convert)—How do you like your missionary?

CONVERT (in a brown study)—Baked!

A MEAN INSINUATION.

A Texas clergyman, about to be appointed Chaplain of the Penitentiary, preached a farewell sermon to his congregation, which had treated him rather shabbily. There was nothing in the sermon at which anybody could take offence, but some of the newest members of the congregation did not like the text, which was: "I go to prepare a place for you, so that where I am ye may be also."

HOW SHALL WE BE EXECUTED?

Brown—Do you believe in hanging as a punishment for crime?

Robinson—Yes, I think it has a positive influence in the suppression of crime.

Brown—Humph! It seems to me that it has more of a neck-ative influence.

MUSICAL ITEM.

Smith—Did you hear Patti sing when she was in New York?

Jones—Yes, I went to hear her.

Do you think she has lost any of her notes?

No; but I lost some of mine. I had to break a ten-dollar bill.

STREET CRIES IN NEW YORK.

SHOUTS OF THE PERIPATETIC PEDDLERS THAT ASSAIL THE EARS OF FRANTIC CITIZENS.



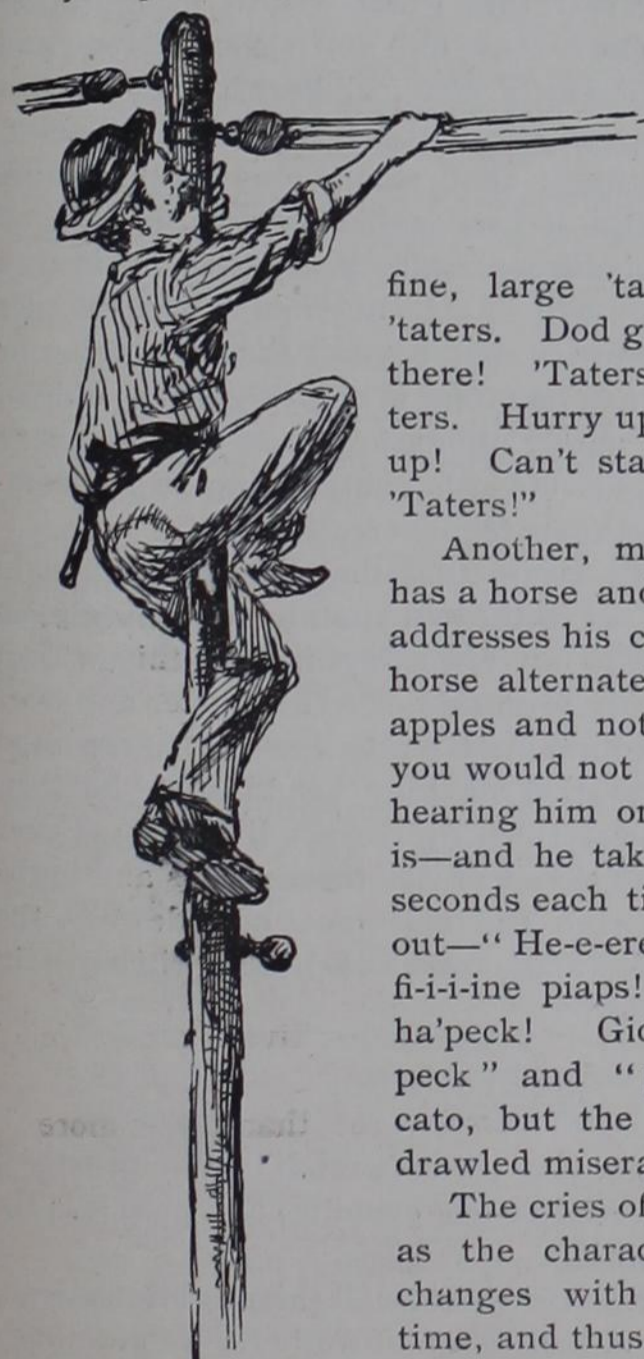
N army of men and boys, with comparatively a few women, make a living, such as it is, in the streets of New York, with no fixed place of business. They roam from block to block seeking customers for what they have to sell or wish to buy for future sales to second-

hand dealers, and by toilsome labor and unflagging industry manage to pick up enough pennies to support life; but seldom, I fancy, more than that.

Having no shops, they cannot display signs to appeal to the eye of the customer, and are forced to assail his ear to attract his attention. This they commonly do by yelling. As I write this line one of them is passing my window. He pushes a hand-cart on which is strung a line of bells "jangled out of tune," surely enough, but anything but "sweet." At short intervals he yells, almost loud enough to split a board fence, what sounds like "Yah! Yah! Yah Bow!" Of course he is not saying that, but one who did not know would think he was. What he is trying to say, and really thinks he is saying, is "Rags! Rags and Bottles!" He buys them for a trifle and sells them for a trifle more.

Another man just comes along with whose shout I am also familiar. If I were not I would not know what he meant. He calls out in a brisk, jerky way, "Put 'em up! Put 'em up! Cent a yard! Put 'em up!" He is a professional hanger of clothes-lines. The fixing in place of a clothes-line is something the occupant of a "flat" cannot easily do for herself, but it must be done. A great pole like the mast of a schooner stands in the back yard, and by fixing pulleys at her back windows, and other pulleys on the pole at a corresponding height and stretching a rope on the pulleys, she can have facilities for flaunting the family linen in the breeze every wash-day. Now, no self-respecting mother of a family is willing to shin up a pole to the height of a fifth story window, even if she be able, so my friend of the jerky shout picks up his living at her expense.

Vegetable venders come through the streets, and each has his own peculiar cry, for each has his regular route, and each seeks to get regular customers. One, a reckless, impudent fellow, amusing because of his very impudence, seems to have bullied the neighborhood into patronizing him.



His cry is, and he repeats it all day long, "Here's your fine, large 'taters, damn fine 'taters. Dod gast you, go 'long, there! 'Taters, ladies, fine 'taters. Hurry up, ladies! Hurry up! Can't stand here all day. 'Taters!"

Another, more modest, also has a horse and wagon, and also addresses his customers and his horse alternately. He sells pie-apples and nothing else, though you would not learn the fact by hearing him only once. His cry is—and he takes more than ten seconds each time in drawing it out—"He-e-ere's your ni-i-ice, fi-i-i-ine piaps! Te-en ce-ents a ha'peck! Gidda-ap!" "Ha'peck" and "piaps" are staccato, but the other words are drawled miserably.

The cries of the street change as the character of the city changes with the progress of time, and thus the most musical of all of them—a sound of really enjoyable nature, is lost. Few of the younger generation have ever heard the cry of the chimney-sweep. It was really a song, and if it had words beyond "Sweep, oh!" nobody but the sweep

himself ever learned what they were, but the notes were clear and sonorous and the melody as rich as most genuine African songs are.

It is noticeable that there are not many negroes among the street peddlers, and that the few there are sing instead of shouting as the white men do. One passes frequently an old fellow selling bananas, who, I think, must have been a sweep in his earlier years, for his song about the fruit he loves so well is as luscious to the ear as the fruit is to the palate.

One thing peddled on the streets seems to be an exception to the rule, for the peddlers are mostly negroes. In the summer when the new green corn first comes to market, a regiment of darkeys get out their little kettles and charcoal stoves and buy corn, salt and butter. Then they select a corner, build a fire and set up a shout that is indescribably sweet in sound. It is a brief song of only four notes, and any musician can echo it by singing the first, third, first and seventh of the minor scale. It will be only an echo, though, unless he has a voice as mellow as a negro's. For some occult reason which I could never really understand, hot corn is never sold on the street excepting at night. Toward midnight, to hear the mournful notes of the cry ringing out on the quiet air of some almost forsaken street is to catch a wierdly fine effect.

From early morning till late at night the air is never still. Some stentorian voice is always shouting, and the variety of the cries is almost endless. The newsboys

have their special hours, but sometimes when unexpected and important news brings out an "extra" edition, they will travel all over the city at any hour, generally in couples, bawling a hoarse cry that is never intelligible excepting as to the word "Extree-ee." Besides them there are the "glass-put-in" man, the scissors-grinder, the mender of wash-tubs and of tinware, the hard-clam vender and the strawberry woman, with scores of others only to be remembered by the census enumerator.



"Yah! Yah! Yah Bow!"

DAVID A. CURTIS.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

HE DID HIS BEST.

Wife to husband, who is about to leave for a day's hunting:

"Don't come home again without shooting some game."

"Ah, my dear little wifey, you will have to consult with the rabbits themselves about that. They are to blame that I don't kill more of them."

ALMOST AN INSINUATION.

Customer—Are these pants all wool?

Clerk—As I am a honest man, dey vas all vool.

Customer—Then I suppose they are two-thirds cotton.

A WONDERFUL FREAK.

In Berlin a gentleman walking on the street with a young child met an acquaintance who asked:

"What a pretty child you have got there?"

"That," was the reply, "is an infant prodigy. That child is three years old and has not yet begun to play on the piano."

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

An auctioneer in Berlin had occasion recently to announce to a party of friends that his daughter was engaged to be married. Owing to force of habit he closed his remarks as follows: "For the first, second and third time—going, going—gone!"

SANITARY ITEM.

Schmidt—What are you doing now?

Meyer—I have accepted a position in the establishment of Schimmelpfenig, the grocer.

Schmidt—He is a bad one. He changes his clerks as he does his shirts. He will not keep you on more than three months.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A newly appointed official to a government position in a small town in Germany was waited upon by a delegation.

"Was any great man ever born in this town?" asked the official.

"Not yet," replied the spokesman of the committee, "but no doubt there will be a change for the better under your administration."

TIMES CHANGE.

Father—When I was a boy I was a very different fellow from what you are. I went to bed at eleven o'clock and was up bright and early at four.

Son—It's the other way with me. I go to bed bright and early at four and crawl out of bed at eleven—or later.

MORE THAN HE COULD STAND.

Justice—Why did you assault this man, who did not give you the slightest provocation?

Prisoner—I had plenty of provocation, may it please your Honor.

What was it?

He exasperated me by going around with a happy expression on his face, while I have to scratch gravel to get money enough to pay my house rent.

A SELF-EVIDENT PROPOSITION.

A.—Have you never observed that sons are frequently not like their fathers at all?

B.—Yes, that happens in a great many families.

Were you personally acquainted with my father?

I was not intimate with him; but I am satisfied that he was a very intelligent gentleman.

A CHEERFUL DISPOSITION.

There are very few persons who are positively never afflicted with what is known as the blues. We all of us have our dark days—days of depression and gloom, when the brow is clouded and the tears seem ready to fall—just as the sky is sometimes filled with dark masses that threaten deluges of rain, and it seems as if no brightness could ever pierce through to gladden the earth.

This state of mind is caused by biliousness, brought about by overfeeding, and the misery can be mitigated to some extent by not eating so much between meals.

Dark days—days of real darkness—come to all. Sunny tempers bear them cheerfully through every trial. They may bend, but no tempest of affliction can quite break them; and, though they walk in outer gloom all their lives, there is a brightness within that will radiate to other hearts and cause happiness to spring amidst the desolation of woe.

Marshall P. Wilder's book, "People I Have Smiled With," has been so successful that the little humorist is contemplating a sequel, "People who Smiled With Me, and What it Cost." No one will be Wilder than the author if the book does not prove a "go."



Hot-Corn Vender.

A WIDOW BEWITCHED.



ALMOST twelve months had passed since the death of Oliver Beauchamp. Why Mary Vane had married him nobody could ever make out. He was such a thoroughly uncomfortable person that even his money could scarcely have been a sufficient inducement to the most mercenary girl in England to consent to pass her life with him. Mr. Beauchamp had been in the habit of spending the greater part of his time in the pleasing occupation of coquetting with one fashionable physician after another, for, truth to tell, he was a *malade imaginaire*. The doctors found Mr. Beauchamp to be anything but a satisfactory patient, for so fond was he of fresh woods and pastures new that he had the playful habit of deserting his medical advisers just as they had begun to flatter themselves that a really full-feathered fool had come into their professional net. Then Beauchamp would try quackery, and doctor himself with one well-advised nostrum after another, so that the only wonder is that he lived as long as he did.

Now, it was owing to the advice of Sir Celsus Gorget that Mr. Beauchamp came to marry Mary Vane. When she came out at the county ball at Loamshire, he took her down to supper, and half an hour afterward proposed to her and was accepted. Young ladies of eighteen years of age have a habit of accepting their first offer. A good many explanations, more or less possible, have been given for it; but the real reason, no doubt, is that the charming creatures honestly believe that they never will be lucky enough to have a second offer, and that, therefore, they will do well to make hay while the sun shines.

Now, Sir Celsus had said to Beauchamp, as he pocketed that gentleman's two guineas and bowed himself out of the consulting-room: "Why don't you try marriage? You seem to have tried everything else. Mind, I don't say I altogether recommend it, still, I throw out the suggestion; think it over."

Beauchamp did think it over. Indeed, during the following week he pondered on the great man's advice day and night; and, just as he would have accepted any other panacea, so he swallowed Sir Celsus' nostrum and married Mary Vane. The nostrum can scarcely be said to have been singularly efficacious; for in less than twelve months from the date of his marriage he died, leaving Mary Beauchamp £3,000 a year. She was a good and kind wife to the unhappy man, and I think that, after all, what killed him was a too liberal allowance of somebody's electric pills and somebody else's African elixir.

Captain Graham was a hero of a romance. He had not a penny in the world, but he had black curly hair, his teeth were perfect and his features admirable. Moreover, Captain Graham went to a good tailor, and his boots were undeniable. For various reasons the captain had arrived at a stage of existence when it struck him as singularly advisable that he should marry money. He went down to Brighton and he put up at the Bedford. He used to walk up and down the king's road and stare out of the windows of the club like a young lion seeking whom he might devour. Of course he came across a great many pretty faces, but to his mind he saw nothing half so delicious as that charming young widow, Mrs. Beauchamp; and as within a week of his arrival the young lady thought fit to cast aside her weeds and blossom forth in gentle violets and delicate mauves, he became more than ever confirmed in his opinion.

It is scarcely worth while going into details as to the captain's machinations in obtaining an introduction to young Mrs. Beauchamp. Suffice it to say that they were triumphantly successful. He was to her as a revelation. He came, he saw, he conquered. He proposed to her one moonlight night upon the west pier.

For Nervous Diseases

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. F. G. KELLY, Alderton, W. T., says: "I have prescribed it in a large number of cases of restlessness at night, and nervous diseases generally, and also in cases of indigestion caused by lack of sufficient gastric juice of the stomach, with marked success, and consider it one of the best remedies known to the professional world."

Miss Jenkins, Mrs. Beauchamp's sheep dog, was sitting within a yard of them; but then Miss Jenkins was listening to the soft strains of a selection from "Dorothy," which was being played by the band, and "Queen of My Heart To-night," as a cornet solo, distracted her attention from the subtler rendering of the same theme which was being poured into the young widow's ear by the enamored captain. Mrs. Beauchamp listened with pleasure to his tale.

"I am a poor man, you know, Mary," said he. "I have little else but my good name and my sword to offer you, and I hardly know if we should have enough to live upon." He almost winked as he said the words, but they conveyed a noble idea of his own disinterestedness, as he intended they should. "We may have to wait, Mary," he continued, "and I may even have to ask you to go to India with me, for my regiment is one of the next for foreign service." Poor fellow, he evidently had not the slightest idea of the three thousand a year. "I should not mind doing that for the man I loved," said the widow softly. And then he squeezed her hand, and then she squeezed his, and then, and then it was all settled in the most dignified manner, and Mrs. Beauchamp became engaged to Captain Graham.

Two days later Captain Graham went into one of the fashionable photographers and sat for his likeness and ordered it to be finished on porcelain in colors, regardless of expense. He did not in the least demur at the five guineas which Mr. Halftone's assistant said it would cost. He only stipulated that it should be ready in forty-eight hours. At the end of that period Mr. Halftone was in the best of tempers as he inspected the gallant captain's portrait. "You have been very successful, Mrs. Smith," he said patronizingly to the "young person" who had done the miniature; "it is a speaking likeness. And now would you mind doing me a little favor? My customer is a very haw-haw sort of a fellow and insists upon the portrait being delivered by hand. There is the address, Mrs. Beauchamp, 2A Regency Square. You have honestly earned your five shillings, Mrs. Smith," he continued, as he handed her a couple of half-crowns, "and a turn in the air will do you good."

The pale young woman in a well-worn plaid dress, with great black rings under her eyes, thanked her patron.

"I am glad you are pleased, Mr. Halftone," said she; "I shall be only too happy to deliver the likeness." And she wrapped it carefully and delicately in paper. Then she put on a dowdy old bonnet and a cheap ulster, drew on her well darned gloves and started on her errand. When she arrived at 2A Regency Square she knocked at the door timidly enough; but there was a hard, determined look upon the thin features and the great, hollow eyes sparkled fiercely. She asked for Mrs. Beauchamp, and was shown up at once as the young person from Mr. Halftone's. Mrs. Beauchamp was in the dining-room giving the finishing touch to the floral decorations of a rather elaborate cold luncheon which stood ready served upon the table.

"It is so good of you to have brought it. I am dying to see it." And she took a knife from the table and enthusiastically cut the string. "It is charming. It is capital," she said, as she gazed ecstatically at the picture. "Algernon's looking his very best. And then in her rapture she kissed the portrait.

The pale young woman grew paler than ever.

"I ought to be ashamed of myself. I really beg your pardon. But you see Captain Graham is my affianced husband," said the widow, confidentially.

"He was my affianced husband once," said the young woman simply.

"What do you mean, girl?" said Mrs. Beauchamp, as she seized her fiercely by the wrist.

"The original of the portrait, madam, is my husband, my miserable, unprincipled husband, the man who left me to starve or to drag out a wretched existence to which starvation would be preferable. The sordid wretch who prays upon the weaknesses of others, the man who hesitates at no meanness, and who, from what you say, madam, is prepared to add bigamy to his other crimes."

"I cannot believe it," cried Mrs. Beauchamp. "It is some trick."

"Algernon won't deny it if you care to confront us, madam," said the young person from Mr. Halftone's, wearily.

The tone carried conviction with it. Mary Beauchamp felt a ball rise in her throat and the hot blood mount to her ears as she, too, had called him Algernon only yesterday, and then she snatched the glittering ring from her finger and trampled it beneath her little foot. Of course this was quite the correct thing to do

under the circumstances, but it did not really hurt the ring, as the Turkey carpet was comfortably thick.

"If you will permit me, madam," said Mrs. Graham, "I will take care of that ring, which, I take it, came from my husband. That is his knock," she said confidentially, as a tremendous rat-a-tat solo was performed on the street door, "and if you do not mind," she continued, "as I am not very strong, I will sit down."

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Beauchamp, "I was very rude." At that moment a servant announced Captain Graham. "I think I am a little before my time, dearest Mary," he said effusively, as he held out both hands, half-expecting that his fiancé would rush into his arms. He was totally unconscious of the presence of Mr. Halftone's assistant. "Captain Graham," said Mrs. Beauchamp, very coldly, "permit me to introduce to you this lady, who tells me she has met you before."

The young woman in black rose and confronted him. "Great heavens, Ada!" he exclaimed in his astonishment; but he recovered himself in an instant. "You have scored the odd trick, ladies!" he said, jauntily; and perhaps it is better for all of us," he added, with effrontery. "Honors are easy. I am afraid you will have to excuse me. It might be better after all if I ask you not to press me to stay to lunch. You will doubtless have a great deal to say to each other." And kissing his finger tips to the pair of them the captain effected a masterly retreat.

That was a lesson to Oliver Beauchamp's widow she is not at all likely to forget. She is still single, for somehow or other pretty Mary Beauchamp is very hard to please. Perhaps it is a case of once bitten twice shy. She is not an ungrateful woman, and makes Captain Graham's deserted wife a liberal allowance, as, in truth, is no more than just, considering the abyss from which the latter rescued her. That gallant officer, Captain Graham, has long been compelled to leave his regiment, and the last that any of his former associates have heard of him was that he was nearly lynched as a welscher at Hampton races. They are a very rough lot at Hampton races, and if ever a man stood in need of a new suit of clothes, it was Captain Graham upon that memorable occasion.—St. James' Gazette.

OUR KALEIDOSCOPE.

A great deal is written nowadays concerning the evils of money-getting; that is, the accumulation of wealth for the single purpose of possessing it—an occupation, when once entered upon, that leaves those who follow it no time for rest or recreation, permits them to partake of none of the sweeter joys of life, gives them no time to study literature, music or art, but keeps them ever madly striving for gold.

People have a mistaken idea, and I am sorry to say it is almost universal, that great wealth brings great happiness; therefore they toil and slave, scheme and plan, to the detriment of physical health and often at the expense of their intellectual and moral advancement, to acquire something, that when obtained, is more likely to bring with it care and disappointment, than the perfect happiness so fondly hoped for. It is true that a competency will enable any one to live happier than he can in poverty, but beyond that no higher or better happiness can be found in money-getting, unless, indeed, one is so purely philanthropic as to give every dollar of his surplus towards contributing to the comfort of his less fortunate fellow-creatures.

Now, I am fully aware that there is nothing new in the ideas above set forth, and that it would be almost impossible for me to lay down anything on this subject that has not already been said or written over and over again. But the commonest truths have to be repeated to each new generation, or they would soon be lost. And so the simplest rules for correct living must ever be kept in mind to save us from these follies and indiscretions that shorten the existence and destroy the happiness of the human race.—Ed. R. Pritchard, in *Arkansaw Traveler*.

SAME THING.

Irate Wife—Oh, you mean wretch! You promised to be home at six o'clock last evening, and here it is six o'clock in the morning.

Intoxicated Husband—Zat's all (hic) right, my dear, zat's six of one and half-dozen of z'other. Same thing.

Boker's Bitters since 1828 acknowledged to be by FAR THE BEST and FINEST Stomach Bitters made, whether taken PURE or with wines or liquors.



THE quail-hunter's sport begins when the game is up.—Puck.

A SERMON on the mount—The usual bicycle advertisement.—Light.

THE pun is mightier than the sword—It has killed more people.—Light.

A GOOD-SIZED sinking fund will help to keep a corporation afloat.—Truth.

HE—"Nice night, isn't it?" She—"Yes, good night."—Chicago Herald.

MAN wants little here below; the earth is one of the smallest planets.—Light.

THE securing of the World's Fair is the biggest feat yet heard of from Chicago.—Grip.

MANY people enjoy a musical refrain better than its execution.—Dansville Breeze.

THE clergyman who preaches without notes is apt to starve to death.—National Weekly.

IF a man wants to pull himself into bankruptcy he can do it with draw poker.—Truth.

SENATOR PLUMB is a millionaire, and was once a poor editor. He should publish his formula.—Dansville Breeze.

CAN it be that the habit of casting bread upon the waters is what makes the dark blue ocean roll?—Somerville Journal.

The saddest words of tongue or pen,
Are these sad words: "Say, lend me ten."
—Town Topics.

AN aeronaut out West complains of the hard times this spring. He says that he has not made ascent.—St. Louis Magazine.

NO ONE laughs harder at a poker joke than the man who wants the bystanders to believe that he understands it.—Somerville Journal.

THE recent failure of a New York corset firm abates apprehension in regard to its having come to stay.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

ADVICE is more worth as oxamble. Dots besser you dook advice und gif der oxamble to der fellow dot could use dot.—National Weekly.

SOMEBODY really must murder most of the reporters and half the editors of this town, for remarking every five minutes: "The reason is because."—Judge.

MOST of the "Lines Written in an Album" would be just as correctly described if the "n" in the first word were to be left out.—Somerville Journal.

MEN dress to please the women, and the latter, dear creatures, array themselves gorgeously that other women may be a prey to envy.—Milwaukee Journal.

A DULLARD says "many an editor has been ruined by trying to be smart." He's right. But no editor was ever ruined by being smart.—Stewartsville (Ind.) Independent.

THE eight hour plan is right. That gives a man eight hours for work, eight hours for sleep and eight hours in which to clamor for six hours as a working day.—Dallas Sandwich.

THE iceman's hired man may now be seen in the early morning studying a dog-eared arithmetic. He is learning the table of troy weight in preparation for the summer delivery.—Merchant Traveler.

"YOUR papa and mamma know what is best for you, Tommy," said his mother. Tommy rolled about a good deal on the rug and then said: "Ma, do you know sometimes I feel like being an orphan."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE London Lancet is discussing whether the head develops after a mature age has been reached. One short newspaper paragraph has been known to increase the circumference of an actor's head in less than twenty-four hours.—Dramatic Mirror.

No buffet should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the South American appetizer.

Amusement for Literary Homes.

When Solomon wrote his famous paragraph about there being nothing new under the sun, his prophetic eye did not span the gulf between his time and ours, nor did his contemplation dwell upon the coming era of decorative art, when decalcomania and silken bow-knots would make one's interior—I mean the interior of one's home, of course—a thing of beauty and a joy forever. Every day there is a fresh outcropping of novelties in this direction. A newspaper which lies before me contains the announcement that "Mr. ——— is building a house at W—— that will be just the place for a man of literary tastes. Around the fireplace, instead of tiles, he will have set the electrotype plates of his first book. It was printed when he was sixteen." What an idea! What a wealth of possibilities it calls up! Literary people who have hitherto been too poor to follow the vagaries of fashion in decoration can now afford to be abreast of the times. Even the millionaire will have to stand back when this new fashion begins to prevail, unless some of the family can produce a literary masterpiece and have it cast upon plates "more lasting than brass." It will be only a matter of time when we shall read paragraphs like this: "Last night at a dinner given by Mr. X., the celebrated writer of short stories, the name of each guest, instead of being on an ordinary square card, was painted on the back of a blank of the sort returned with rejected manuscript. All the best periodicals in the country were represented." Or this: "Professor Z., the well-known antiquarian, is renovating his house. In his library, instead of wall-paper, he has used the original manuscript of his great work, 'History of Socialism Among the Cave-Dwellers.' The frieze is formed of the many press notices of Professor Z.'s book." Callers upon authors would find such a scheme very useful if generally adopted, as they would be in no danger of forgetting a graceful allusion to their host's great work. The plan might even be carried further, and evidences of successful literary effort be used for personal adornment. How would this do: "Last night, at the reception, Miss Q. the poetess appeared in a costume of singular originality and appropriateness. The trimming of her trained gown of ivory-white silk was composed of galley-proofs of her latest epic running up and down the skirt. The pen which she used in the composition of this immortal production was used as an ornament to her hair." Poor Solomon!—Kate Field's Washington.

The "Henrietta" Mine and Mrs. Opdyke.

Nicholas Vanalstyne is the name of a prominent character in The Henrietta, which is now being presented by Stuart Robson at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre. He is a bluff, but kind-hearted old millionaire "bull" broker, who, between his speculative deals, finds time for love making with a Mrs. Opdyke. While wooing her to the song of the "ticker" in his office, the stock of The Henrietta Mine begins to tumble. Just in the middle of a frank statement of his feelings in his own "rough, blunt way," the suitor hears the ticker. A glance at the tape and he ejaculates, "I've got to back out of this!" Mrs. Opdyke can hardly believe her ears. "'Henrietta' down to seventy-six," he shouts next. "The old lady is getting me into a trap. They've got the old bull in a corner." This is more than the pretty widow, who thinks he means a woman, can stand. She demands an explanation. Old Vanalstyne forgets the "ticker," and resumes the love-making.

But the clicking goes on, too. Forsaking his charmer, who falls not into his arms, as she hoped, but solidly on the stage, old "Nick" reads the fateful legend of the tape once more: "The old girl is down again. That's the worst tumble I ever saw in so short a time!" But the old operator comes out right, after all. Much against his will—but fortunately for himself—he had consented to the union of his beloved Agnes with this stupid boy, Bertie, and gave him a check for \$500,000. "Not a cent more!" he exclaims to the young people, who rush forward to thank him.

But he Killed the Grizzly.

"Did I ever see a grizzly?" repeated the man in the bearskin overcoat. "Well, I should remark! Yes, sir; and killed one, too. What do you think of those for claws?"

And he pulled out and passed around for inspection several claws which gave one the shivers with their length and sharpness.

"I had a sawmill out in Nevada," continued the man, after the claws had been gathered in, "and one day when I was all alone a thumping big grizzly came down out of a gulch, entered the mill and drove me out. He didn't seem very ferocious, but as soon as he had chased me out he began rolling and playing in a pile of sawdust. His antics were laughable, and it was plain that he was almost tickled to death. He stayed around for an hour or two and then walked off. Next day, at about the same hour, he came again, and again he played in the sawdust like a pup rolling on the grass."

"But why didn't you shoot him?" asked one of the group.

"Because my man had gone off to get my Winchester repaired, and I had only a revolver. You might as well shot at him with a popgun. I determined to do for him, however, and on the morning of the third day I planted twenty pounds of powder in the center of that sawdust pile, and laid a train around behind the mill. At noon I shut down and watched for old Ephraim, and at two o'clock he hove in sight. He came right along as if he had the best right in the world to be there, and without looking around for me, he made for the sawdust and began to enjoy himself. I let go for him with the train and took to my heels. There was a flash and a crash and a smash, and I looked back to find everything gone and the heavens showering down the blood and hair of the grizzly. I had blown him up, but the mill went too."

"But where was the sawdust?"

"In the mill."

"And it didn't occur to you that in blowing up the bear you would —"

"Also blow up the mill? No, it did not. It was an error of judgement on my part, and that accounts for my being dead broke at present and under the necessity of traveling second class. Gentlemen, be warned by my sad fate. If you ever want to blow up a bear lead him off to some desolate spot where no harm can come of it, and five pounds of powder will hoist him as high as ten."—N. Y. Sun.

Graduated Fees.

Boston Clergyman—"That's John Brent, the rich wool merchant. He gave me \$50 for marrying him."

Chicago Lawyer—"Yes. And he gave me \$5,000 for procuring a divorce for him."—The Epoch.

The new combination of Smart Weed and Belladonna, as used in Carter's Backache Plasters, has proved to be one of the best that could be made. Try one of these popular plasters in any case of weak or lame back, backache, rheumatism, neuralgia, soreness of chest or lungs, and you will be surprised and pleased by the prompt relief. In bad cases of chronic dyspepsia, a plaster over the pit of the stomach stops the pain at once. Ask for Carter's Smart Weed and Belladonna Backache Plasters. Price 25 cents.

Howard Seely.

Howard Seely, the writer and novelist, is a familiar figure in metropolitan life. He was born in New York about thirty years ago, but during the greater part of his life has resided in Brooklyn, which city he has grown to regard as his home. Mr. Seely was graduated at Yale College in 1878, and subsequently prepared for the bar at Columbia Law School, but his tastes were rather literary than legal, and he has practiced but little. He went to Texas early in the eighties, where he saw much of the hardships as well as the picturesque features of the frontier. Upon his return North he published a series of sketches illustrative of ranching life, entitled "A Lone Star Bo-peep, and Other Tales." This volume, because of its fresh, breezy unconventional style, was received with favor, and was later brought out in larger form by Dodd, Mead & Co., as "A Ranchman's Stories." In 1888 "A Nymph of the West" was published by the Appletons—a Texan novel which became widely known and was deservedly popular. During the last five years Mr. Seely has contributed a score of additional sketches and stories to such periodicals as Harper's Weekly, Lippincott's and Peterson's Magazines, Texas Siftings, Pittsburg Bulletin, and various newspaper syndicates throughout the country. His poems and "dialect verses," also, have been widely copied. What especially fascinates in this author is a rare poetic touch, a very definite grasp of character, and a capacity for strong and effective writing in the handling of his chosen theme. The faithfulness of his Western pictures is generally recognized throughout the West, and has attracted attention even in England. His later writings of Eastern scenes have the same individual literary charm. In person Howard Seely is a tall man of medium build and wears a blond beard of the Vandyke fashion; he is cordially regarded by his many friends.—Yankee Blade.

When on the High Seas,

On the rail, on a steamboat, aboard a fishing smack, or yachting on the coast, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will be found a reliable means of averting and relieving ailments to which travelers, mariners and emigrants are peculiarly subject. Sea captains, ship doctors, voyagers or sojourners in the tropics, and all about to encounter unaccustomed, an unaccustomed or dangerous climate, should not neglect to avail themselves of this safeguard of well ascertained and long-tried merit. Constipation, biliousness, malarial fever, indigestion, rheumatism and affections of the bladder and kidneys are among the ailments which it eradicates, and it may be resorted to not only with confidence in its remedial efficacy, but also in its perfect freedom from every objectionable ingredient, since it is derived from the purest and most salutary sources. It counteracts the effects of unwholesome food and water.

The Cannibals Kick.

ACT I.

Presbyterian Missionary—"My savage hearers, repent, I beseech you. Remember that hell is paved with the bones of infants not a span long. All your babies for hundreds of years have been burned in everlasting fire."

Chorus of Cannibals—"Wow! Wow! Ugh! Ugh!"

(The congregation rebels and the preacher is decapitated.)

ACT II.

First Cannibal—"What part of the missionary do you prefer? Shall I give you a drumstick?"

Second Cannibal—"Thank you; anything but the heart."—America.

Newspaper Item.

Young Reporter—"You told me, sir, to boil everything down. Now what shall I do about that little explosion in the Exposition building this morn'—"

Editor—"Explosion in the Exposition building! Blow it up! blow it up!"—Boston Post.

They make one feel as though life was worth living. Take one of Carter's Little Liver Pills after eating; it will relieve dyspepsia, aid digestion, give tone and vigor to the system.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. HENRY FROST, BOSTON, MASS.

Mr. Frost was born in Granby, P. Q., in 1832. His education was obtained in the district schools and in Derby Academy, Vermont. He came to Boston in 1852; entered the employ of Pierce, Clark & Reed, wholesale dry goods merchants; in 1854 he was admitted a partner of the firm of L. B. Horton & Co., which took the name of Horton, Boon & Frost; in 1857 Boon, Frost & Co. He is at present a large and prosperous silk manufacturer, his firm representing the Eureka Silk Manufacturing Company, of which Mr. Frost is vice-president, and for whom Seareey, Foster & Bowman are the selling agents. Of this latter firm Mr. Frost is also a partner.

Mr. Frost has been a member of the Boston ward and city committee for ten years; member of the Boston Common Council 1886 and 1887; Member of the Legislature as representative 1888 and 1889, serving on the committees on public charitable institutions, cities and library. He was chairman of the building committee of the Boston Young Men's Christian Association twelve years; is a prominent member of the Boston Merchants' Club and Mercantile Association; trustee of Home Savings Bank, and a number of other corporations. He has been a member of the Congregational denomination since 1853, and is an honored member of the Congregational Club. Mr. Frost was a delegate to the World's Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association which met at Stockholm in 1888.

"The Latest Siberian Tragedy."

We quote the following from George Kennan's article in the April Century: "The survivors of the Yakutsk massacre were tried by court martial, without benefit of counsel, upon the charge of armed resistance to the authorities, and all were found guilty. Three of them were hanged; fourteen, including four women, were condemned to penal servitude for life; five, including two women, were sent to the mines for fifteen years; four boys and girls less than twenty-one years of age were condemned to penal servitude for ten years, and two others were sent as forced colonists to the arctic villages of Verkhoyansk and Sredni Kolynsk, in the remotest part of Yakutsk." And this sentence, the St. Petersburg officials say, is an evidence of the 'unusual moderation' of the judges who composed the court martial! A further proof of this 'unusual moderation' is furnished by the fact that the political exile Kohan-Bernstein, after receiving four severe bullet-wounds at the time of the massacre, and after lying nearly five months in a prison hospital, was carried to the scaffold on a cot bed and hanged by putting the noose around his neck and dragging the bed out from under him. If this is Russian 'moderation,' one might well pray to be delivered from Russian severity.

"One of the executed men, two hours before the rope was put about his neck, scribbled a hasty farewell note to his comrades, in which he said, 'We are not

afraid to die, but try—you—to make our deaths count for something—write all this to Kennan.'

"The appeal to me shall not be in vain. If I live, the whole English-speaking world, at least, shall know all the details of the most atrocious crime."

A New Story About Lincoln.

Although Mr. Lincoln was methodical in many things, he was slovenly in some of the details of his business. He had no particular place for anything, for the reason, may be, that he didn't have the particular place. One smiles as he sees a yellow bit of paper, which was evidently a binding for a bundle of papers, on which were these grinning words: "When you can't find it anywhere else look in this."

"It" meant something which Mr. Lincoln knew would be wanted some time, and as there was no particular place for "it" "it" was liable to be slipped into the bundle around which was this binding.—Chicago Tribune.

He Went, Never to Return.

She—"I dreamed last night that I was the most beautiful woman in the world, Mr. Noodly."

He (stupidly thoughtless)—"That's just the way, Miss Fwances, don't you know. Dweams always go by contwawies."—Washington Star.

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

A Duffer Meets a Consumptive.

You have seen the duffer—a hulking big fellow, with a bullet head and lots of wind and fat, but without an ounce of sand in his craw. He always picks his man, and he always means to be certain that he has got hold of somebody that can be bluffed and bulldozed.

There was a chap of just this sort—a duffer from Dufferville—in the crowd of passengers obliged to wait at the depot in Decatur, Alabama, for several hours on account of a railroad accident. After half an hour everybody sized him up for what he was, but he was permitted to go blowing around because no one wanted the excitement of a row. He boasted of his fights and his victories, and he tried hard to pick a fuss with two or three farmers, and finally got his eye on something good. It was a tall, slim, hollow-eyed man from Ohio, who was evidently on his way to Florida to die of consumption. He had a deathly look to his face, and as he wandered up and down the platform he coughed in a hollow and dismal way. Duffer arranged to meet him in his walk, and at once loudly demanded:

"Did you move my valise off the seat?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"Well, I want to find the man who did; I can mop the earth with him in two minutes."

"Well, I don't care who it was."

"Oh! You don't! Mighty independent, you!"

"Go away from me, sir! I don't know you, and I don't want to."

"Don't you? If you were only a well man I'd make you eat mud. As it is, don't give me too much sass or I'll teach you manners."

"You are a loafer, sir—a first-class loafer!" said the Buckeye, as he continued to walk.

"I never strike a sick man," replied the other, "but I will tweak your nose once just to reduce your temperature. Now come—"

He reached out with thumb and finger, but he didn't get the nose. Instead of it he got it biff! bang! in the face with the right and left, and as he went down the consumptive kicked him to his feet and knocked him over a baggage truck. He didn't get up again until two men assisted him. He had two bunged eyes, a bloody nose, and a bleeding mouth, and he looked about in a helpless way and stammered:

"Gen—gentlemen, lead me off somewhere where I can be alone."

When he had gone some one asked the consumptive if he wasn't afraid the exertion would give him a hemorrhage, and he replied:

"What do you take me for?"

"Aren't you a Northern consumptive on your way South?"

"Not for Joseph! I'm a professional contortionist on my way to fill an engagement in Cincinnati. I saw that duffer sizing me up, and so played to catch him. If he should want anything more send him around."—New York Sun.

More cases of sick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Her Villain.

Mrs. Westend—"Why, Biddy, what's the matter?"

Biddy (sobbing)—"Me feller's—gone—back—on me, mum."

"O well, child, you are pretty enough and good enough to get a more faithful beau."

"I know that, mum, but you don't know, mum, how used I got to that villain."—St. Louis Magazine.



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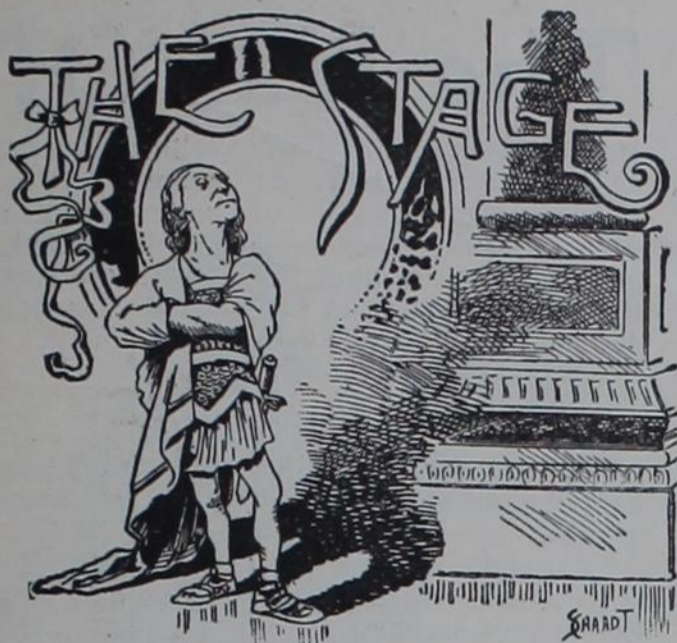
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Work on Harrigan's new theatre will begin shortly.

Edwin Booth and Madame Modjeska closed their tour last Saturday night.

Tony Pastor's new departure in the minstrel line has met with much success.

Richard Mansfield, at the Madison Square Theatre, is repeating his success of three years ago.

Joseph Murphy, in Kerry Gow at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, entered his second week to large houses. His impersonations of the whole-souled Irish lad is excellent, and has never been equaled.

New dances, songs and special features in the City Directory at the Bijou Theatre make a second or a third visit to that popular house as enjoyable as the first. It has now been played over one hundred nights, and fills the house to overflowing every night.

De Wolf Hopper's debut as a star at the Broadway Theatre, in Castles in the Air, was a most complete success. Mr. Hopper is one of our funniest men in comic opera, and is a great favorite in New York. He has surrounded himself with an excellent cast, including Tom Seabrooke, Marion Manola, Della Fox, and many others equally well known. The opera itself is full of lively, catchy music, and as presented at the Broadway it will no doubt have a long and prosperous run.

Around the World in Eighty Days was magnificently produced at Niblo's last week, and the presentation signalized most fitly the reunion of the Kiralfy Brothers, Imre and Bolossy. The marvelous ingenuity of the brothers for devising wondrous spectacular effects was never more dazzlingly displayed than in the gorgeous splendor which shone forth from every part of last week's glorious production. From the moment that Phileas Fogg descends the steps of his London club and starts on his strange journey one is feasted with a succession of pictures that dance before the eye with the confusing brilliancy of drops of crystal spray which leap up from some mighty falls and glisten in iridescent glory under a summer sun. The engagement at Niblo's will undoubtedly be very profitable.

The box-office receipts at Proctor's 23d Street Theatre, the three weeks of Stuart Robson's engagement in The Henrietta, demonstrate what has been claimed all along, that this prince of comedians is doing just as big business alone as he and Wm. H. Crane did when jointly starred in the same play. This must be regarded as an evidence of Mr. Robson's widespread personal popularity, and a flattering tribute to his artistic and laughter-provoking personation of the Wall Street "Lamb," Bertie, the thought of which, by theatre-goers who have seen it, is sufficient to cause a smile. The rôle that Mr. Crane played was placed in competent hands when it was given to Frank Mordaunt, whose versatility was never illustrated to better advantage. Frankness compels the admission that whatever laurels Mr. Crane won in the part

belong to Mr. Mordaunt, with an additional decoration for strong emotional and heroic acting in scenes where vigor is demanded.

At the conclusion of the last performance of The Old Homestead, Saturday night, Denman Thompson and his merry company of players filed out of the side-door of the Academy and disappeared in the darkness. For four months or more the echo of the honest voice of Joshua will be missed, the chant of the farmers will be hushed, and the laughable peculiarities of Happy Jack and the Ganzey boy will be but pleasant memories. That the play will be missed goes without saying. It has won too many friends during its long and prosperous career not to leave behind it a feeling of the deepest regret at its departure as well as a feeling akin to gratitude at the pleasure it has afforded ourselves and our children. The stage of the Academy is now occupied by the Duff Opera Company in H. M. S. Pinafore. The revival is on a scale of magnificence that eclipses all previous efforts in the direction of comic opera presentations. This statement is justified by a few of the startling features that distinguish the reproduction. A huge man-o'-war, the bow of which projects far out into the orchestra, is manipulated so as to toss about as if in real water. The chorus numbers 105, and the orchestra consists of forty pieces. In addition to this the regular company is made up of the most distinguished comic opera singers in the profession. The selection of the Academy was a wise one, as its immense stage offers opportunities for realistic display superior to any other theatre in the city. Notwithstanding the grandeur of the production, the usual popular prices of this house prevail during the engagement.

An Hibernianism.

A number of patriotic sons of Erin were seated around a table one night discussing a little of everything, when one of them began a lamentation over a lightweight silver dollar he had in his pocket.

"Th' hid an' th' tail's worn down that foine ye wouldn't know th' hid from th' tail if it wasn't that the hid's always on th' other soide."

"Got worn thot way by cirkylation?"

"So they say; but Oi belave some smar-r-rt divil's tuk a jack-plane an' shcraped a doime or two off her for luck. Cirkylation can't wear a dhollar down loike thot."

"It can, too, an' Oi'll prove it," said a third. "Have ye got a good dhollar, Dinny?"

Dinny, curiously enough, had one, and produced it.

"Now pass it round th' table."

Around it went.

"Twicet more."

Twice more it went.

"Wance more, an' let me hov it."

Once more it circulated, and finally rested in the palm of the instigator of the performance. He then leaned over to the owner of the dollar and handed him a silver quarter.

"Phwat's this?" asked the latter.

"Thot's yer dhollar!"

Circulation, history says, left its mark that evening upon something more than pure dross.—Harper's Magazine.

It Prejudiced the Natives.

Larkin—"Hello, Shatter, I thought you had gone to Missouri to go into the tobacco business?"

Shatter—"So I did; but I am back again, busted. I made a fatal error."

"What was that?"

"I offered a cake of soap with every dime's worth of the weed."—Munsey's Weekly.

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Rapid Transit on the Prairie.

H. L. Earle, who is connected with the Judson Pneumatic Company, has recently been in Dakota, and told a New York Press reporter of an invention that he saw there: "There is a genius out there," said he, "who has invented a sailing apparatus for a wagon and sweeps over the prairies with it at the rate of sixty to seventy miles an hour. He says he can go up to eighty or a hundred miles, but I wouldn't want to risk myself at even the lowest speed. I sailed with him at about forty miles an hour, and that was rapid enough for me. He has just the skeleton of a buggy with a seat on it. The shafts are turned backward, so that his knees strike them as he sits on the seat, and he can shift the direction of the wheels by his knees. He has a brake right in front of him to operate by hand, and the sail is on a mast right over the lynch-pin of the front gear. Old Preacher Jasper used to say, 'The sun do move.' I tell you that wagon do move. The sail operates exactly as if it was on a boat, and by tacking you get the effects of boating."

If you are nervous or dyspeptic try Carter's Little Nerve Pills. Dyspepsia makes you nervous, and nervousness makes you dyspeptic; either one renders you miserable, and these little pills cure both.

A Good Idea.

Wife—"I declare, Fred, I am almost ashamed to go out with this hat on. It isn't at all the style."

Fred—"Is this Bridget's day out?"

"No."

"Then why don't you borrow hers?"—The Jury.

Behind the Times.

"Johnny," said one urchin to another, "are you going to have your head shingled this summer?"

"Am I what?"

"Are you going to have your head shingled?"

"Say, if that's the way your father uses shingles on you, all I've got to say is that he is away behind the times."—Puck.

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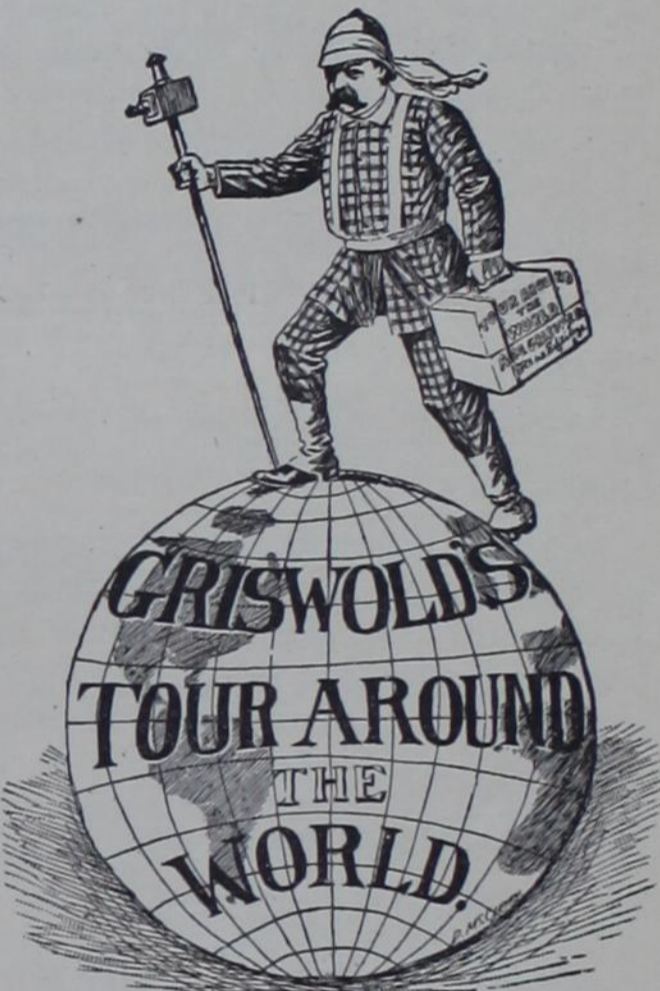
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



Among useful little volumes is *Fruits and How to Use Them*, a Practical Manual for Housekeepers, by Mrs. Hester M. Poole, recently published by Fowler & Wells, New York. It contains over 700 valuable recipes.

Among numerous interesting papers in the North American Review for May are the following: The Hatred of England, Goldwin Smith; Soap Bubbles of Socialism, Simon Newcomb; What Shall we do with Silver; R. Q. Mills; The Typical American, Max O'Rell; Audacity in Women Novelists, Geo. Parsons Lothrop; The Mississippi Floods, Gen. A. W. Greely; Why Cities are Badly Governed, State Senator Fassett.

The May Eclectic now before us has many articles of interest on important current topics. Emile de Laveleye's paper on Communism is a searching analysis of the subject which is so agitating the thinking minds of the world, and is even more potently stirring those which do not think. The science of character is discussed by W. L. Courteney, and Mona Caird talks about the morality of marriage. Prince Krapotkin has much of interest to suggest in his comparison of Brain Work and Manual Work. Professor Huxley's timely paper on Capital, the Mother of Labor, is eminently worth the reading, as in it he pricks more than one economical fallacy. Mr. Gladstone has a characteristic paper in defence of Holy Scripture.

Archibald Robertson and His Portraits of Washington, is the initial paper in The Century for May. Robertson was born in Scotland in 1765. He early devoted himself to art, studied at the Royal Academy, London, where he knew Sir Joshua Reynolds and Benjamin West. He came to America in 1791. He was very successful in delineating the face of Washington, and his portraits are religiously preserved. An interesting article upon Some Relics of Washington follows the above. As though the public had not had enough of the erratic Marie Bashkirtseff, Two Views of her are given in this number. The Women of the French Salons treats of the seventeenth century ladies, of whom Mme. de Sévigné is the central figure. We cannot help noticing how bare Jefferson's Reminiscences appear without illustrations.

In the May Atlantic, E. P. Evans writes entertainingly of the early career of Henrik Ibsen, as poet and playwright. He is of Danish and not Norwegian descent, as generally supposed. His mother was of German blood, and he was born in Skein, Norway, in 1828. His earliest ambition was to be an artist, but instead of mixing colors he apprenticed himself to an apothecary at sixteen and learned to compound pills. During intervals of leisure he fell into musing and then into poetry. His first poem was entitled *Catiline*, in which he held up the lawless *Catiline* as a sincere patriot and lover of the people—an ideal revolutionist, in fact. He printed it at his own expense under the barbarous pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, which probably accounts for its limited sale. In his subsequent struggles for literary fame at the capital of Norway, Ibsen was very poor for a time, but fame and money came at last. Those who are anxious to know all

about the famous Ibsen should buy the May Atlantic.

An Indian's Exciting Experience in a Montana Theatre.

"You see, it happened like this," said an old-timer. "It was in '66. My old friend Bill Hamilton, of Stillwater, sometimes called Wildcat Bill, was a United States Deputy Marshal and Sheriff of Choteau county. There had been some illegal whisky selling going on around the Blackfoot country, and finally Bill got after the guilty parties.

"A young Indian named Two Wolves got mixed up in the affair, and Bill arrested him as a witness and brought him to Helena. Howey was Marshal here at that time and I was a deputy.

"When Bill arrived in town with his Indian he called on Howey and me to help take care of him. Well, on the day that Bill and his prisoner arrived there was some sort of a show going on in an old hall up on Bridge street. We all wanted to go, but we didn't know what to do with the Indian. Finally Bill said: 'We will take him along with us,' which we agreed to do.

"Neither Bill nor the Indian had ever seen a show before. Well, we went up to the hall and got seats in the gallery, the Indian being seated between Bill and me. I forget what the play was, but it was one of the old-fashioned kind, where the whole company was killed off before the show was over.

"We got interested in the performance and forgot all about the Indian. He kept quiet until the killing began. When the actors began firing pistols and showing knives the Indian got nervous, and finally, when the people on the stage began falling thick and fast, he could stand the show no longer.

"Suddenly he made a jump from the seat, and before Bill and I could stop him, that Indian had jumped clean through a window near by and got out onto a sort of platform.

"He got down to the ground, stole a horse somewhere, and rode twenty-five miles bareback down to the valley. There he stole a saddle and went home again to his friends in the tribe.

"Bill never caught him, but we heard afterward that the Indian said the reason he left was because he was afraid of being killed. He said the white folks in Helena were killing each other on a platform in one end of the room and the rest of the people were sitting around laughing at the business."—Helena Independent.

What Colors Will Photograph.

The time was when the photographer required certain colors in dress to produce good effects. Now, with the experience and the improvements in chemicals, these restrictions are removed. He can photograph white as well as black. The capable artist prides himself on his ability to show the most delicate and elaborate lace-work on the bridal dress.

With these restrictions no longer necessary, I would say—wear your most becoming dress.

Blue and pink will photograph white.

Purple will appear many shades lighter than it is in reality.

Red and deep yellow appear black, or nearly so.

Strong contrasts in dress or trimmings will give a gaudy effect.

Subdued and quiet colors make the neat picture. For example see the pictures of nuns, or the lovely pictures of Quaker ladies.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Astronomical Item.

"Jennie, what are you out star-gazing this time of night for?"

"Well, mamma, I read in the Bible

how the Lord promised Noah that he would put a bow in the clouds, and as I am just out of beaux I thought maybe I might drop onto that one."—Dansville Breeze.

Caught Napping.

Persons who own impulsive tongues may often be provoked into amusing blunders when some easily answered question is unexpectedly put to them. Most of us have been victims of the old joke, "What day of the month is the fourth of July?" and, wise as we think ourselves, it has doubtless caught us napping.

"Jane," said a joker to his wife, "do you know what cod-liver oil is made of?" "No, I'm sure I don't," returned she, without stopping to think. "I suppose it's a patent medicine—all advertisement and humbug."

"I am going to give a free lecture in town," said a gentleman visiting his native place to an old friend. "I hope you'll come."

"Delighted, I'm sure! How much are the tickets?"

The very meanings of words are sometimes ignored by rash speakers.

"Yes, I've actually succeeded in getting Mr. C's autograph," said a lady, displaying with pride an album leaf adorned by the name of a famous author, "But I dare say his amanuensis wrote it."

One instance more of unexpected questions which find no answer. A gentleman one day stepped into an office full of clerks and said, brusquely. "Can any of you tell me Carl Jones's Christian name?"

On the spur of the moment no one could.—Youth's Companion.

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Mean Business.

"I shall forbid Clarence to enter my house," said papa, sternly.

"Would you break the boy's heart?"

"No; I'd break his neck."—New York Sun.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

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DR. RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT. The Best Spring Medicine. \$1 a Bottle.

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Harsh, drastic purgatives to relieve costiveness is a dangerous practice, and more liable to fasten the disease on the patient than to cure it. What is needed is a medicine that, in effectually opening the bowels, corrects the costive habit and establishes a natural daily action. Such an aperient is found in

Ayer's Pills,

which, while thorough in action, strengthen as well as stimulate the bowels and excretory organs.

"For eight years I was afflicted with constipation, which at last became so bad that the doctors could do no more for me. Then I began to take Ayer's Pills, and soon the bowels became regular and natural in their movements. I am now in excellent health."—Wm. H. DeLaucett, Dorset, Ont.

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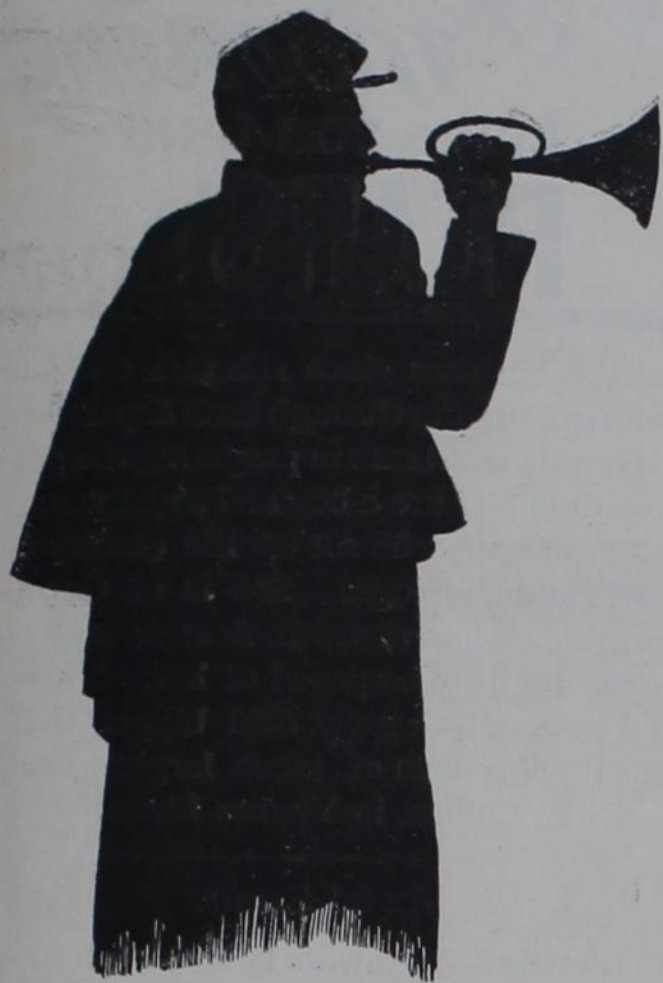
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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

WAITING FOR THE BUGLE.



We wait for the bugle; the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair,
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of that bugle each comrade shall
spring

Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;
The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life-giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not
here,

And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are
sear,—

Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a
moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is
blown.

—Thomas W. Higginson, in the July Century.

A DEAR LITTLE MAID OF TWO.

I'll sing you a song to a nursery tune,
Of a dear little maid of two,
Who has peachen cheeks and rosebud lips,
And eyes of a soft sea blue;
With charms of a gleeful innocence,
That are ripe at the age of two.

She is not an angel, no, no, no,
And Heaven be praised for that;
She is fairly human from top to toe,
With limbs that are daintily fat,
And where she trots, be it high or low,
There is wealth of surprising chat.

Somebody's heart is strong and brave,
And somebody's love is true,
By day, by night, they are amply tried
By this little maid of two;
But somebody's love would never tire,
Had it ten times more to do.

What reward does somebody get
Dear dreamer, with eyes of blue?
A kiss, a smile, from the roguish pet,
A tender caress or two.
Why, each of these is a heaven of bliss,
From a sweet little maid like you.

Come, happy maid, with the sea-bright eyes,
And prattle about my knee,
Then lay that soft, round cheek to mine,
And laugh in innocent glee;
That childish talk and downy touch
Give joy and strength to me.

Then grow, my sweet, as well you may,
And be like somebody, true,
For high-born dames of noblest heart
Have been as tiny as you—
And in the maiden of twenty-one
May we find the maid of two!

—Henry Johnston, in Good Words.

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.

Superstitions About Babies.

In Ireland a belt made of woman's hair is placed about a child to keep harm away.

Garlic, salt, bread and steak are put into the cradle of a new-born babe in Holland.

Roumanian mothers tie red ribbons around the ankles of their children to preserve them from harm, while Esthonian mothers attach bits of assafœtida to the necks of their offspring.

Welsh mothers put a pair of tongs or a knife in the cradle to insure the safety of their children; the knife is also used for the same purpose in some parts of England.

Among the Vosges peasant children born at a new moon are supposed to have their tongues better hung than others, while those born at the last quarter are supposed to have less tongue, but better reasoning powers. A daughter born during the waxing moon is always precocious.

At the birth of a child in Lower Brittany the neighboring women take it in charge, wash it, crack its joints and rub its head with oil to solder the cranium bones. It is then wrapped in a tight bundle, and its lips are anointed with brandy to make it a full Breton.

The Grecian mother, before putting her child in its cradle, turns three times around before the fire while singing her favorite song to ward off evil spirits.

In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it.

The London mother places a book under the head of the new-born infant that it may be quick at reading, and puts money into the first bath to guarantee its wealth in the future.

The Turkish mother loads her child with amulets as soon as it is born, and a small bit of mud well steeped in hot water, prepared by previous charms, is stuck on its forehead.

In Spain, the infant's face is swept with a pine tree bough to bring good luck.

In America the child is handed over to a nurse with instructions to "raise it on the bottle."—Springfield Republican.

How to Die.

I was in Oudh at the time when a very rich Hindu—brother to the famous Prime Minister of Nepaul, Sir Jung Bahadur—arrived in a dying state at the sacred city of Ajudhia. Though stricken with mortal sickness he had made the long and painful journey from Nepaul in order to die in the holy city that gave Rama birth, and which is to the Hindu what Mecca is to the Moslems, and far more than Jerusalem is to the Christians.

On hearing of his arrival the English magistrate at Fyzabad went to see him the day before his death, as it proved to be, says a writer in Temple Bar. He found the Rajah lying on a low wooden bedstead, such as is used by the poorest natives, in a bare, mud-plastered little room, having neither window nor a single article of furniture except the bedstead in it and with his silver dishes and drinking vessels spread about on the mud floor. To English eyes it seemed truly a strange and comfortless deathbed, but such a view of it would not have struck any of the Hindus present; the dying man, they would have said, had all he needed, and God was gracious to have let him live until his journey was accomplished.

I know of no Western parallel to this scene. Princes and nobles in the Middle Ages have doubtless suffered voluntary privation and courted physical pain by way of an expiatory or at least meritorious act, but we know that they were keenly alive to the full merit of such

penances, and did not fail to put them down to the credit side of their account with Heaven. But this Indian noble had no such feeling, and would have been genuinely surprised at its being thought that he had done anything worthy of admiration. His wretched and poverty-stricken surroundings were to him a perfectly indifferent accident of this quickly-passing life, and counted as nothing. He had attained his heart's desire, and was now happy, waiting for death.

She Did Not Want a Valet.

"Mrs. Langtry always had great trouble in securing a leading man while she was in this country," said a theatrical man yesterday. "I don't know why it was," he continued, "but it was, nevertheless, a fact. Maybe it was because she was something of a crank. Once upon a time, I remember, her leading man left her without warning, and she had to have another at once. Her manager finally wired to Eben Plympton, who was in New York City, making him a flattering offer. Of course, you know what a crank Plympton is. He received the telegram and wired back: 'Will accept at salary named if I can get the line on the bills, 'Accompanied by Eben Plympton,' not otherwise.' What do you suppose the message was that Mrs. Langtry's manager wired back? You can't imagine, but it broke Plympton's heart. He said: 'Mrs. Langtry wants a leading man, not a valet.' What do you think of that? Plympton is now out of the 'accompanying' business."—Chicago Herald.

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

Confidence All Gone.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he gasped as he sat on the window-sill in the post-office yesterday with an open letter in his hand.

"What's the matter?" queried the friend with him.

"Why, I advertised for a lady correspondent—not over twenty-five—lively—brunette preferred. Here is my answer."

"Any name signed?"

"Yes, 'Maude,' but I know the writing. It's my own wife's hand, and she is a blonde, very dull, and over forty years old! Just think of her cheek in answering such an ad! No wonder our sex has lost its confidence in women!"—Detroit Free Press.

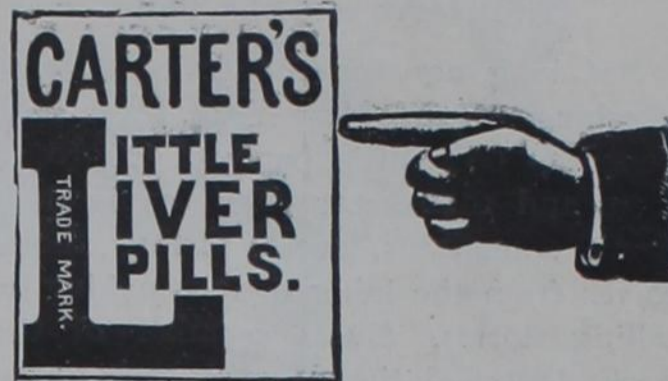
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SICK

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

HEAD

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ACHE

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

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

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The Negro and the Mule.

Not long ago, on the train between Washington and New York, there happened to be a little party of Congressmen; and those statesmen, as is their wont sometimes, were resting themselves from the labor of law-making by telling stories. Every member of the party had had the floor at least twice, with no presiding officer to suppress him or make him afraid. Presently the third round of stories was begun, and Congressman A— of Mississippi was called upon.

"I am sorry, gentlemen," said he, "but I've told all my stories, except one or two on myself."

"Oh, that makes no difference," said another Congressman. "You're among friends—tell us a story on yourself. Out with it!"

Congressman A— protested, but he was dragged in.

"Well," said he, "in the last campaign it fell to me to make a stump speech in one of the black districts of my State. I came to a place where I had an audience of about fifteen hundred colored people, more or less. I hadn't been much used to making speeches to the negroes, and I was a little puzzled, perhaps, to know just what to say. But before I went to the meeting I heard that the Republican candidate for the district had said in the hearing of several reliable people that 'a nigger was no better than a mule.' Here was a theme for me—a whole speech, ready made. I had only to make the most of that unfortunate remark to get the votes of all the colored men for my side.

"I went to the meeting in high glee and lost no time in trotting out that damning remark. 'My friends,' said I, 'what do you think of a man who says that a nigger is no better than a mule? What is your opinion of a man who ranks you, my friends, on the same plane with that degraded and despised animal? And the man who has done that is no other than the Republican candidate for this district!'

"I expected an outburst of indignation upon this, but the audience seemed to remain remarkably apathetic. There was not a word of response or a sign of wrath. I thought, perhaps, that my audience, with the simplicity of the race, had failed to apprehend the enormity of the comparison, and so I repeated the story with a variation, ending with the same appeal: 'And how, my friends, do you like to be told by a Republican candidate that you are no better than a mule?'

"Silence still. I could not call out an expression of feeling from that audience. But, not to be balked in that way, I determined to make an *ad hominem* appeal. I singled out an aged and dignified colored man who sat on the front row of benches, and addressed my remarks directly to him.

"Uncle," I said, pointing my finger at the old man, 'I want to ask you a question.'

"Sah?" said he.

"The question is this. What do you—*you*, as a self-respecting colored man, think of a man who says that the nigger is no better than the mule?"

"Wall, sah," said the old man, very quietly, but with a voice that was heard with horrible distinctness throughout the assembly, 'I ain't done studied no great 'mount on the gin'ral question if de nigger am better dan de mule; but I kin tell ye one thing for sartin' shuah, boss—in dese yere parts deir wotes don't count no mo!'"

The laughter that followed this story was given without regard to party.—Boston Transcript.

The Seven Bibles.

The seven bibles of the world are the Koran of the Mohammedans, the Tri Pitikes of the Buddhists, the Five Kings of the Chinese, the Three Vedas of the Hindoos, the Zendavesta and the Scripture of the Christians.

The Koran is the most recent of the five, dating from about the seventh century after Christ. It is a compound of quotations from both the Old and New Testament and from the Talmud. The Tri Pitikes contain sublime morals and pure aspirations. Their author lived and died in the sixth century before Christ.

The sacred writings of the Chinese are called the five Kings, the word "Kings" meaning web or cloth. From this it is presumed that they were originally written on five rolls of cloth. They contain wise sayings from the sages on the duties of life, but they cannot be traced further back than the eleventh century before our era.

The Vedas are the most ancient books in the language of the Hindoos, but they do not, according to late commentators, antedate the twelfth century before the Christian era.

The Zendavesta of the Persians, next to our Bible, is reckoned among scholars as being the greatest and most learned of the sacred writings. Zoroaster, whose sayings it contains, lived and worked in the twelfth century before Christ; Moses lived and wrote the Pentateuch 1,500 years before the birth of Christ; therefore that portion of our Bible is at least 300 years older than the most ancient of other sacred writings.

The Eddas, a semi-sacred work of the Scandinavians, was first given to the world in the fourteenth century.—Philadelphia Dispatch.

Very Extenuating Circumstances.

"How came the jury to acquit the prisoner?" asked the astonished stranger. "The evidence all went to show, did it not, that he killed the man?"

"Yes," replied the jurymen, "but it also appeared in evidence before you came in that the man he killed always persisted in saying 'Is that so?' when anybody told him a bit of news."—Boston Journal.

A Chip of the Old Block.

Mr. Einstetter (in the bosom of his family)—"How mooch mein liddle Davit loaf hes fader—heh?"

Little David—"Von hundert per cend., no discound, fasd golors, mit exchange on Lohndon!"

Mr. Einstetter (in an agony of filial love)—"Ach! mein fader's own chrantson, say dot agains!"—Puck.

Reforming a Brakeman.

On one of the locals was a pert-looking young lady evidently just returning home from college. They went to Troy by way of the bridge. When the train had rumbled across the bridge and passed Greenbush the festive trainman banged opened the door, placed his hand in position at his mouth and yelled loud enough to wake the dead "B!!th!" As he finished, the pretty miss beckoned him toward her with a most enchanting smile. He looked rather dumbfounded, but went. "Will you kindly tell me what you said, sir?" she replied.

"Certainly, miss; I said Bath," he replied.

"Oh, did you? Why, it did not sound a bit like it. Are you suffering from any throat trouble?"

"No, miss; not that I know of."

The train moved on. As it rolled into the station, Iron Works, the trainman again rushed in and howled "I ii-rr Works," and slammed the door with a fearful bang. As he came through, the miss again called him.

"What was that you said?" she asked in a sweet voice.

"I said Iron Works," he replied, uneasily.

"Oh, thank you; so sorry to trouble you," she replied.

At the next station the trainman came in, shut the door softly and pronounced the word perfectly. He cast a triumphant look in the fair maid's direction and left the car. It is said that he can now be understood by passengers. The maid reformed him.—Albany Argus.

LUCKY PHILIP.

A Well-Known German Wins \$15,000 in the Louisiana State Lottery.

A few days ago Philip Reichwein, of 99 Noble St., received a draft through the Merchants' National bank of this city for \$15,000 from The Louisiana State Lottery Company at New Orleans—Mr. Reichwein holding a twentieth part of the ticket winning the capital prize of \$300,000. During the month of February Mr. Reichwein made a trip to New Orleans with the Indianapolis Maennerchor society, and while there purchased a ticket for the March drawing, leaving it with a friend there. That ticket drew \$5, and sending word to his friend to invest that in more tickets he gave little thought to the matter. Shortly after the last drawing he found he held a ticket drawing a twentieth part of the capital prize. Mr. Reichwein was formerly proprietor of Reichwein's hall and saloon, corner Market and Noble streets, but retired from business several years ago. He is a prominent German, well known in the city, and supreme secretary of the ancient order of Druids, which gives him a large circle of acquaintances in New Orleans. Previous to his trip Mr. Reichwein had at different times purchased a few tickets in the lottery but had never drawn anything.—Indianapolis (Ind.) Sentinel, April 29.

Youngest Woman Editor.

Andrea Hofer is probably the youngest woman editor in the United States. She is twenty years of age and carries on, in a successful manner, a paper called the McGregor (Ia.) News. She does all the editorial and a greater part of the mechanical work, setting up the editorials, notes and reviews as she thinks them out, her time being too precious to waste in writing them. She has worked

Good morning
Have you used
PEARS' SOAP?

at the business since she was ten years old, graduating through each department. Her only assistants in preparing the paper for the press are a boy and a girl younger than herself, who set up the correspondence and clippings. She is of German origin, as her name indicates; and her folks ought to be proud of her. This little woman is a great deal bigger than a good many men of much larger growth.—E. R. Collins, in Yankee Blade.

Awful Smart.

Chawley—"Gawge is an awful smart fellow."

Fweddie—"So they say."

Chawley—"Oh, he is. He went to England and caught the accent in less than a month."—Yankee Blade.

One for the Critic.

Critic—"You wouldn't mind if I criticised your work adversely, would you?"

Artist (coolly)—"Oh, it doesn't make a particle of difference which way you criticise it."—Jury.

At Lonelyville in July.

He (tenderly)—"Do you know what makes me linger here, and why I have not left this village two weeks ago?"

She (archly)—"Perhaps you are waiting for money to pay your board."—Drake's Magazine.

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