

# Texas Siftings.

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## RUSSIAN TENDERNESS TOWARD THEIR WOMEN.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKISH STUDENTS GET LIFE BANISHMENT FOR INSULTING LADIES OF THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY—AT HOME POLITICAL OFFENSES SEND RUSSIAN WOMEN TO SIBERIA.

## Texas Siftings.

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### IN "A. MINER" KEY.

AN ocean race—whales.

ALOOF from the World—Quay.

A SIGHT draft is a draft *per se*.

ABOUT the fisheries—fishermen.

WINDOW plant—a plate-glass factory.

VICE-REGAL—moral lapses of a prince.

A WAR artist ought to be able to draw a pension.

WHEN words fail to express, try some reliable freight line.

THE end of Mormonism—to get as many wives as possible.

"OWED to a skull" should have been dedicated to the winner in a skulling match.

IT is plain that Alexander was a slave-holder. Wasn't he the great Massa-donian?

OUT of every thousand inhabitants of Russia twenty-one are blind, but the blindest of all is the Czar.

LADIES who paint their faces lay on a priming of chalk first, which is *prima facie* evidence of their art.

THE flour manufacturers of the country are impatient to have the people of America decide what shall be "the national flour."

JACK THE INKSLINGER, who soiled women's dresses, is in jail, but how about the ink slingers who seek to smirch women's reputations?

WHIPSOCKET asks, "How expensive is it to keep a horse?" That depends. In some parts of Texas it is impossible to keep a horse at all.

SINCE the new liquor law went into effect in Boston, men take their drinks sitting at a table, which does away with standing accounts at the bar.

LOOKING at the portrait of Hon. Richard Vaux in the newspapers, it is difficult to realize that Queen Victoria ever permitted him to dance with her.

THE Atlantic professes to discover a growing reverence for the Constitution in this country, though the way in which some men abuse theirs doesn't show it.

A MAN cannot "rest assured" just because he has taken out an insurance policy on his life. He is compelled to hustle in order to keep up his payments.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN went around the world in less than fifty-eight days, but the joke about his being a fast Train encircled the globe in much less time than that.

OUR minister to France is devoting much of his time and attention to the study of the Black Laws of that country. So interested is he in this section of the criminal code, that he says he will not a single white law read,

### MONSIEUR "A LOUER."

Colonel Bloodgood, of St. Louis,  
Took a trip to gay Paree,  
Just to air himself a little  
And to see what he could see.



He had visions quite ecstatic  
Of the Zhardaig Mahbeel,  
And the giddy can-can dancers  
Set his fancy in a reel.

All the way upon the steamer,  
All the way upon the train,  
Fond imagination flourished  
In his overheated brain.

But at last the Colonel landed,  
And hotelward took his way;  
When the first thing that he saw was  
On a placard, "A Louer."

"Ah," he murmured, "that, no doubt is,  
Some extraymong reech mussoor;  
He's the owner of that building,  
And his name is Colonel Louer."

Then our hero 'gan to wonder  
Whence that foolish custom came,  
Or what use was served in marking  
Buildings with the owner's name.

As he pondered, all unable  
Cause or reason to surmise,  
Soon upon another building  
That "A Louer" met his eyes.

Hardly from that shock recovered,  
As again he glanced around,  
He saw something that impressed him  
With amazement most profound;

For a row of vacant windows  
Stretched beyond his vision's reach,  
All with placards in them hanging  
With "A Louer" upon each!

All the night the Colonel wondered  
What the wealth was of that man,  
And next morn he rose and shouted:  
"I will solve it if I can!"

So he started with a note-book,  
And each time he saw "A Louer"  
He would add the building's value  
To the "figger of mussoor."

Mornings dawned and nights descended,  
Still the Colonel wandered on;  
Swelled the Frenchman's pile to billions—  
Till his own was almost gone.

Then at length for Old Missoory,  
Sailed our hero with his list,  
Feeling that his wondrous figures  
Paid him for the sights he'd missed.

And he often tells his children,  
Gathered round him by the hearth,  
Of that very wealthy Frenchman,  
"Richest man upon the 'arth?"

GEORGE HORTON.

### THE DECEPTIVE PLEASURE BOAT.

The pleasure boat is the most harmless thing in the world, tied up at the wharf, but when it is out on the water with a party of pleasure seekers, it often becomes an agent of disaster. At this season of the year the newspapers contain daily accounts of the ravages of the pleasure boat. It catches its victims in calms as well as storms, and often displays its inborn treachery when least expected. If passing steamers do not sink it, or a sudden squall engulf it, there is liable to be some frolicsome idiot on board who considers it a rare joke to rock the frail craft, just to give timid navigators a scare, with the result that some of them get a douse in the water, if they be not drowned outright. Beware of the pleasure boat, unless your life is insured in a water-proof company.

### SITTING AT THE BOTTLE.

Just as the tendency is towards bars where men must take their tipples standing, no seats being provided for the weary, Boston is required to drink sitting down. You can't get a drink at the Hub without ordering something to eat as a preliminary. Cases where men are overloading their stomachs with food, and acquiring dyspepsia by eating too frequently between meals, are on the increase in Boston.

### SKILLFUL GAMES.

The Paris Tribunal has decided that the law grants no action for the payment of a bet when it is not made on a game in which skill is required. But where is there a game in which skill is not required? Take faro, for instance. Who but a skillful dealer can draw just the card he wants out of the box? And the man who deals poker, can he secure five aces without considerable exercise of skill, not to mention a skillful management of his revolver in making his hand good? Only the most skillful men can conduct the bunco game with success, and three-card monte is unremunerative in the hands of the inexpert. All swindling games require more or less skill.

### A PRACTICAL LICENSE REFORM.

One of the most sensible and practical suggestions yet presented concerning the licensing of saloons in New York city, was made by Police Inspector Williams to the Fassett Investigating Committee, when he was on the witness stand the other day. In view of the many evasions and flagrant infractions of the excise law, he advised that the owner of the property and not the lessee or occupant of the saloon be required to take out a license to sell liquor, which he should be made to forfeit if the excise law is violated. This would make the owner absolutely responsible for the uses to which his property is put. Being held responsible in this manner, landlords would be directly interested in having the law obeyed. Investigation has developed the fact that when a proprietor of a disorderly place has been deprived of his license, his barkeeper can get another with very little trouble, and business goes on at the old stand with little or no interruption. Some of the worst dives in the city are on property owned by men who wish to be considered highly respectable. Some of these are church members and proud of their social position. If they will harbor such dens for the sake of the rent money they realize, let them apply for the necessary license in their own name. Then shame may be required to show its blush.

As the inhabitants of Greenland have only one sickness, consumption, native doctors are never compelled to say "heart failure" when a patient dies, to conceal their ignorance.



### HIS KNOWLEDGE OF HOME.

ALGY—I heah you're going to "cwiss the pond" this summer again.

CHOLLY—Yaas; I expect to have a first-clawss time, too, faw now I'm well acquainted with all the railway and steamer lines all over Europe.

Well, good day, old man, I—

Aw—wait a minute, please; which of these—aw "L" woads will take me to the South Ferry?

A HISTORY OF FRANCE  
FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

BY A. MINER GRISWOLD.  
PART XXXII.



ALL the kings of France Louis XI., who succeeded his father, Charles VII., was the most remarkable character. He abounded in contradictions, for he was at once confiding and suspicious, avaricious and extravagant, audacious and timid, mild and cruel. He first came into prominence by heading an insurrection against the king, his father, who after putting it down by force of

arms, executed some of its leaders, but spared his unfilial son. Some fresh act of rebellion compelled Louis to flee into Burgundy, where he lived five years in a despondent condition.

When he heard of the death of his father, Louis returned to France and was crowned at Reims, after which he repaired to Paris. He was welcomed according to the customary usages when a new king came to the capital. The provost and chief magistrates of the capital came to meet him, followed by an immense crowd of people. One of the features of the welcome was five ladies of high degree, richly dressed and superbly mounted, representing the five letters which spell the word Paris. The King was highly complimented, and gallantly remarked that he yielded to the seduction of the "spell."

At the gate of the city Louis perceived an immense silver ship, suspended from the arch, and in this vessel were numerous personages representing the different departments of State. A ship, *mes chers enfants*, is the principal figure on the coat of arms of Paris. It has been there from time immemorial, and indicates the maritime importance that Paris and the Seine once enjoyed. The most interesting portion of the exercises was the freeing of many hundreds of birds, all at once, from a great number of cages, who filled the air with their songs and almost obscured the light of day.

Hardly was Louis seated upon the throne than he began to display those characteristics that made his reign odious. He dismissed all of his father's councilors, many of whom were out of a situation for a long time, and surrounded himself with men of very low origin and habits. His chief cronies were his hangman, Tristan the Hermit; and his barber, known as Olivier the Devil, on account of his cruel and wicked disposition. He made an ambassador of the latter. The King took a fancy to the barber, because, unlike the generality of his ilk, he was a fluent talker. His conversational powers were extraordinary, and he told a story so well that the King sometimes got shaved twice a day just to hear him, laughing so heartily at times that he almost fell out of the chair.

It was a bit of pleasantry on the part of Olivier to inveigle some enemy of the King into his chair for a shave, and as he dexterously slit open his jugular, inquire with feigned solicitation, "Does the razor hurt you?" It amused Louis greatly to hear the barber describe the event in his own inimitable way.

Another favorite of the King was a simple miller's son, La Balue, whom he made Cardinal and raised to the highest dignities. But the miller's son was insatiable when he once got his hand in the hopper. He sold the secrets of the King to his enemies, for which act he was imprisoned in an iron cage of uncomfortably small dimensions, for a period of eleven years. And what added to the bitterness of his punishment was the fact that the ingenious chamber of torture was the invention of the indiscrete Cardinal himself.

The powerful counts and lords of provinces that Louis conspired with against his father, were the first against whom he directed the force of arms and intrigue when he obtained the sceptre. He broke up feudal authority in France and made the royal power stronger than ever before. He found a stubborn con-

testant in Charles the Bald, Duke of Burgundy, grandson of John Without Fear. They had been boyish comrades together when Louis sought refuge in Burgundy from the wrath of his father, but in their manhood they often did battle the one against the other. Louis resolved upon a bold stroke of policy—he would seek Charles the Bald in his own city of Peronne and have a personal conference with his rival. Notwithstanding the remonstrances of his more prudent officers, he set out for Peronne with a slender escort, protected by a written safeguard from the Duke. He relied upon his proficiency in the arts of flattery and persuasion to get the better of Charles in the conference, but the experiment nearly cost the venturesome King his life.

Duke Charles received the King with all outward respect and honor and lodged him in an old castle all by himself. Negotiations were proceeding very happily, until news was received of an outbreak in the Burgundian city of Liège, incited by the emissaries of Louis himself. Then Charles the Bald got mad. He shut the King up in the old castle, and deliberated for three days whether or not he should hang him. Gradually his rage subsided, but he compelled Louis to ride to Liège with him and witness the merciless punishment which he inflicted upon his rebellious subjects. Then the King was allowed his liberty under the most mortifying and degrading conditions, which he swore to fulfill, but of course broke as soon as he got away.

If you wish to read the story of the above event, told in a most interesting and romantic way, obtain a copy of *Quentin Durward*, by Sir Walter Scott. The story of this adventurous young Scotchman, who left

ished in laying siege to Nancy, in Lorraine, 1475—the last Duke of Burgundy of the house of Valois. In his zeal to submit all the provinces of France to the sole subjection of the crown, Louis brought many proud and noble heads to the block, but he was successful. In his latter years he lived in constant fear of assassination. In La Chapelle, in Paris, built by Saint Louis for the preservation of the holy relics, the guide will show you the narrow and secret passage through which Louis XI. went to hear mass, listening behind a small wicket covered window. He spent his last days at the castle of Plessis-les-Tours, which was encircled by thick ramparts and a broad ditch. Distrusting his own countrymen, his guards were Swiss, and he kept archers in the high towers with orders to shoot any person seen approaching after nightfall. Louis died in 1483, of apoplexy, and was succeeded by his son, Charles VIII.

NO ROOM FOR DOUBT.

Two physicians, named Bledsoe and Curem, were residents of a Texas town, and as is frequently the case, they were bitter rivals, and hated each other heartily.

Not many months ago a man by the name of Robinson died. Mrs. Robinson, a nervous, excitable little woman, firmly believed that her husband had been buried alive. In order to relieve her mind, she repaired to the office of Bledsoe one morning, as she wanted to tell him of the many things which led her to believe her husband had been buried alive. Curem was the family physician, but she did not go to him, for the reason that he had pronounced her husband dead, and would ridicule anything to the contrary.

"Dr. Bledsoe," she said, "I firmly believe my husband has been buried alive."

"Who was the physician in attendance during his illness?" asked Bledsoe.

"Dr. Curem."

"Dr. Curem, eh? Well, madam, if he attended him you need have no further apprehension as to your husband being buried alive. Your husband was undoubtedly dead when buried."

AN ECCENTRIC "SLYCOON."

In Illinois a small cottage just at the edge of a recent cyclone was moved by the wind thirty or forty feet without injuring the structure materially. The family was scarcely aware of the movement, but coals were scattered from the grate upon the floor, and there was danger of a conflagration. The head of the family seized a bucket and hastened to the well for water, but no well was to be found! The house had covered it, but the patriarch did not notice this fact. Rushing back to the house, he exclaimed:

"Maria, that war the daggondest slycoon ever heern on. It hes blowed the well clean off the lot, without even leaving a stun to tell whar it war!"

POINT FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

Teacher—What zone do we live in?

Boy (who has an intemperate father)—Ma says she thinks we must live in the intemperate zone.

Sand-bagging may be classed among the too base hits.



Louis XI. takes a fancy to his Barber.

his kin and country to take service under Louis XI., gives a very faithful though highly colored account of the times in which this monarch reigned.

In the long and bloody struggle in England between the rival houses of York and Lancaster—the "Wars of the Roses"—Louis aided one side and then the other, as best suited his policy. He obtained possession of Burgundy on the death of Charles the Bald, who per-



Reception of Louis XI. on entering Paris,

## ALONG THE WATER FRONT.

SIGHTS AMONG THE SHIPS AND SAILORS ON SOUTH STREET AND ON WEST.



NE OF THE least beautiful and most interesting phases of the great city is its water-front, or rather that part of it which is built up in docks. Thro'out the lower part of West street and of South street these docks are contiguous and are crowded with all manner of craft known

to sailor men. These, of themselves, form pictures, beautiful or ugly, as the case may be, but always interesting. Sometimes, indeed, they are interesting, because of their ugliness, as in the case of one small fishing-smack, so uncouth and awkward in appearance as to excite the profound disgust of one old sailor who stood looking at her.

"Gosh!" he exclaimed, "that boat looks as if some feller had built her himself."

It is not, however, the boats and ships that make the water-front interesting to the average landsman. It is the bewildering variety of strange people and curious kinds of business that are to be found along the docks. The sailor men, many of them foreigners and all more or less picturesque in their sea-togging, attract a multitude of small traders and the like, whose object is to get some of Jack's wages away from him, legitimately or illegitimately. The longshoremen, a class by themselves, cluster in groups around the corners of the streets waiting for work. Teamsters bringing freight for shipment, or carting it from ship to storehouse, form still another class, more noisy and violent and less amusing than all the rest. And a thousand and one various types of curious humanity, coming and going, or loitering idly around, fill out a fantastic panorama that is never dull nor tame, and that never fails to fasten the attention of a student of mankind.

Wonderful, too, is the sight of the actual transactions of international commerce. The great ships that bring enormous fortunes in merchandise on every trip are laden and unladen at the docks, and bales and barrels and boxes of precious merchandise are strewn on the wharves in irregular, scattering heaps, waiting to be carted away for distribution through the regular channels of trade. It is hard to realize, when you handle a foreign fabric, or eat some foreign fruit, how many processes it has passed through, but on the water-front it is easier.

Along the dingy streets—why is it that a street beside the water is always dingy and dirty?—there is always something to excite the curiosity. There are the shops where second-hand supplies for ships are kept. They are marine junk shops, and in them you may buy anything from a cable to a chronometer that goes to the fitting out a boat. They are all related to the same thing, and therefore all related to one another, but the landsman can hardly realize it as he looks at the display which is made largely on the sidewalk.

There are the peddlers—wield and wonderful beings, so very foreign that they do not even dress in English, and do not understand a word of the language. They carry little trays on which is their stock in trade—knives, cheap jewelry, gay colored handkerchiefs, coarse, gaudy gloves, shoe-strings and knick-knacks of many sorts. They do transact some business, no doubt, else they would not continue, but for the most part they stand around street corners and look strange.

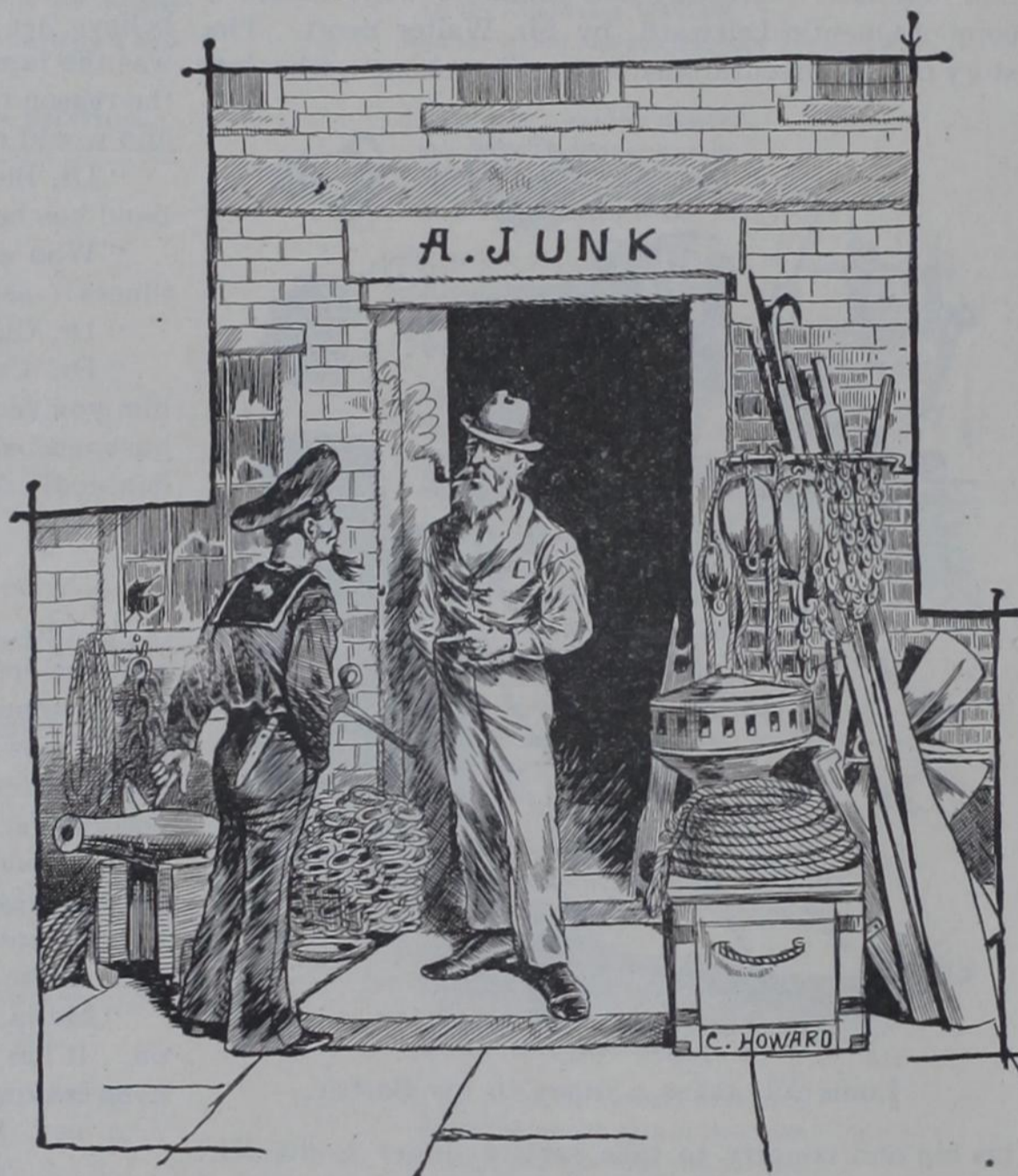
There are wonderful old weather-beaten houses with skeleton stairs from the sidewalk to the second story, and signs at the head of the stairway telling that a lawyer's office is inside. Much as Jack hates a law-

yer he sometimes has to consult one about some case in admiralty practice, and lawyers are like every other kind of workers; wherever there is a demand for them they are to be found.

There are tattoo artists, a few of them, and their shops are as curious as everything else in the neighborhood. Their stock in trade consists of a great number of needles, indelible ink, both red and black, and an extraordinary variety of most marvelous designs which they are prepared to reproduce on any part of the human body for a small fee. They all claim to have clients among wealthy merchants, bankers and fashionable women, but they all stay around the water-front, as if sailors were their natural prey, as doubtless they are.

There are thieves a plenty. The old days when the "dock-rats" and river pirates were bold enough to carry on their business on a large scale, and did not hesitate at murder, if murder were necessary to escape capture, have passed away. The river and harbor police are remarkably efficient, and the thieves have grown proportionately timid. Being thieves, of course they steal, but it is petty thievery, not wholesale robbery, as of old.

There are "runners" for the many sailors' boarding houses. They, too, have been checked by the police and other interference, so that they no longer rob the sailors in the high handed way they used to, but instead are careful to preserve a color of legality to the



The Junk Shop.

various plans they have for getting his wages.

In olden times the gates of the city were kept with something of the pride that a well-to-do man has about his front door, but that pride seems to have died. The approaches to most American cities are disgraceful, and New York is no exception to the rule. It is true that around the Battery much has been done of late years to beautify the water-front, but nowhere else is the effort discernible. New York still resembles a noble mansion surrounded by neglected grounds and tumble-down outbuildings. No doubt this will all be changed some time, but we who are now alive will never see it.

DAVID A. CURTIS.

## BABIES.

I have recently acquired a healthy, prepossessing female girl-daughter. It is a she. If the young minx continues healthy there is a probability of her swelling the ranks of the fair sex when she grows up. My wife says she is a little dear, and I believe her. In fact she is a little too dear. Before the doctor and the nurse and the druggist get through with their plundering they will have got control of more than \$100 of my attenuated wealth.

In common with every infant that has been born since Eve became a mother, my baby is the prettiest in the world. At least I have the wife's authority for saying so, but I don't know that my better half is a particularly good judge of beauty, or she never would have married a fore-shortened, wall-eyed, bald-headed son of a gun like me.

This baby struck me as painfully plain in features, but of course I had to conceal my opinion from the wife and those sympathetic women neighbors who came in to congratulate my spouse and absorb wine in the back parlor.

The complexion of the infant is unmistakably healthy, and it hasn't any teeth or good manners. It is the most helpless looking apology for a human being I ever saw. It can't talk worth a cent, though the wife maintains an imaginary conversation with it all day long and far into the recesses of the night. Any kind of a hideous squall the baby exudes is readily interpreted by my wife to mean something intensely witty or profoundly interesting. Fortunately I am ignorant of the language—English or United States is good enough for me.

I think it would be a great convenience to business men if babies could be born when they are about four years old, about which time it begins to be safe for men to handle them. We should thus avoid much noise and nonsense, not to speak of sitting up nights in the capacity of deputy-assistant nurse. The Legislature ought to consider this question.

Not knowing anything about babies and being somewhat proud of my ignorance, I had expected to be presented with one of those ready-made artful little toddlers who cling to the lower fringe of their mother's skirts in the park, stare at strangers with their big, round, blue eyes, and lisp in wonder, "I is papa's girl," should anybody make inquiries as to their identity. I had anticipated a perfectly equipped, neatly-dressed little girl with hair in curls, whose interesting prattle would cheer up my spirits when I reached home in the evening, but when I saw that diminutive, apoplectic-looking aggregation of helplessness, lying in state upon a square foot of canton flannel, the visionary picture which I had framed in my mind faded away like the thick end of a beautiful dream.

G.

## HE WANTED IT POSTPONED.

Mr. Johnsing—I'se feelin' mighty bad. I reckon you had better make me some sassyfrass tea.

Mrs. Johnsing—If you feels so bad maybe I had better run quick for de doctor.

Mr. Johnsing—Whut yer want ter run for de doctor for? What yer want ter hurry me inter my grave datter way for? Kaint yer let me die slow?

## SLIGHTLY SARCASTIC.

Wife—Did you bring me that present you promised?

Husband—I have changed my mind again.

Wife—It's a great pity that people who change their minds so often never get a good one.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Proprietor (astonished)—Whew! Three hundred subscribers in one mail! I wonder what is giving our paper such a boom?

Managing Editor (gleefully)—I killed our funny man's jokes on death by electricity.

## HE WAS AN EXPERT.

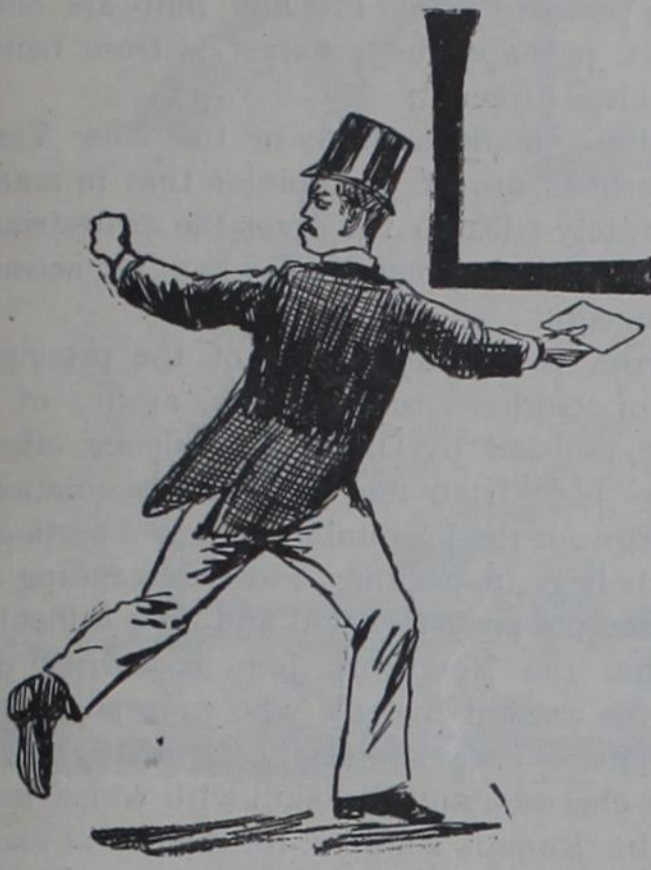
Lady—How nice you removed that bunion.

Chiropodist—Yes, I have had considerable experience. I used to do all the carving at one of the biggest hotels in this city.



The Peddler with his little Tray.

A DRUG CLERK'S ROMANCE.



**L**AST Sunday afternoon, Bill Jones, having finished writing a letter, went across the street to a drug store to get a two-cent postage stamp. The young man in attendance was busily engaged in looking across the street, and instead of handing out the stamp, said:

"I've been watching that feller across the street for the past half hour. He tries to flirt with every girl that passes. Just look at him now."

As the windows in the drug store were not very clean, the young man across the street could not be seen very distinctly, and the clerk invited Jones to the front door, where they saw a young man carrying on a violent flirtation with a young lady passing.

"I suppose he belongs to that army of young idiots, who, not being married, has not settled down to the stern reality of life, and consequently makes a fool of himself whenever an opportunity presents itself. In my opinion every young man should get married," said Jones, emphatically, (Jones, by the way, contemplates matrimony.)

"You are mistaken in regard to that fellow, for he is married." And here the young man's voice trembled. "Ah, sir, I could tell you a tale about that young man, a beautiful young lady and myself that would bring the dew to your eyes."

"Go ahead, tell me all about it," said Jones, who being engaged, is deeply interested in all matters pertaining to love and intrigue. He also forgot for the moment that he had promised to meet a friend at half-past three, and it was already four.

"I will, even if it does bring up memories of a dark and bitter period of my life. But six short months ago I was a merry, light-hearted youth, as happy as the day was long, or a man who can pick winners at the



"One day that fiend across the street burst in upon my happy dream of bliss," said the drug clerk, bitterly.

That guyascutis across the street and myself were in love with the same girl. Excuse these few tears, I pray you, sir, but it is a sad story."

Jones was all attention now, for he suspected that he had a rival like the one which the clerk was about to describe.

"I loved her madly—fondly, and she loved me madlier—fondlier. I would like to remark, incidentally, that in those days, as now, I was a remarkably handsome man. Ah! those were indeed happy days! But all in this world is not sunshine."

"No, indeed," said Jones, sadly.

"One day that fiend across the street burst in upon my happy dream of bliss. He also loved her madly, fondly. He had a wart on his nose as big as an adult walnut, and four thousand dollars in his inside pocket. He got the girl. I got a polite little request, from her own sweet lips, to take a sneak. For months I was so sore-hearted and sad that I positively refused to work."

"No!"

"Yes, sirree. My grief was so great that beyond reading a novel a day I merely existed. Even to this day there are times when compounding three-grain quinine pills, a sad, pale face, with large, soulful blue eyes and a few off-colored freckles, appears as if in a vision before me, and I am obliged to brace up with a foaming bumper of vanilla cream."

"Yours is surely a sad case," said Jones, gazing into space, and making mental calculation as to what mode of suicide he would use if his love affair proved to be similar to the poor drug clerk's. "He evidently does not treat her right, for, see, even now he is flirting."

"Treats her like a dog. He deceived her from the very first. That four thousand dollars was all a bluff. The man who loaned it to him, to get ahead of me, had to sue him to get it back."

"A cruel, cruel trick," muttered Jones.

"Not only that, but he deceived her far worse than that. When he was courting her he led her to believe that he was a crack base-ball pitcher. After he married her it leaked out that he earned his living as the bearded lady in a dime museum on the Bowery, and that he had a wife and two children out West."

"Horrible, horrible!" exclaimed Jones. "Oh, you villain, if ever I lay my hands on you, I'll teach you to deceive a poor, confiding female," and he shook his fist violently at the young man in the window, much to that young gentleman's astonishment. "But, Great Scott! I forgot all about my engagement with a friend at half-past three, and here it's a quarter past four. Give me that stamp, quick, as I must mail this letter; it's very important."

"Can't you wait a few moments longer, while I tell you how that feller's wife tried to commit suicide last week?"

"Dod gast that feller's wife! Give me that stamp."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to own up. You see, the boss went off with the key to the stamp drawer, and won't be back for half an hour yet."

Jones was turning pale with rising anger.

"I hate to lose a customer, even it is only for a two-cent stamp, so I thought I would amuse you until he came back. Of course that lay I was giving you about the feller across the street is all made up for the occasion. I saw a play on the Bowery, and about the same as the gag I've just given you, so I just fit it to the young fellow across the street."

Jones made a vicious stab at him with his cane, but missed him and knocked over a lot of bottles of bay rum and tooth powder. He finally left, swearing vengeance on the clerk. LEWIS M. SWEET.

SHORT SIFTINGS.

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

SOUND SLEEPING.

S.—It is very singular, isn't it, that a man sleeps the soundest the night before he is hanged.

T.—What's the matter with his sleeping sound the night after he is hanged?

AVOIDING TEMPTATION.

First New Yorker—What are you going to do about ice this summer?

Second New Yorker—I'm not going to take any. I have a horror of burglars, and I don't propose to tempt them by keeping any ice in the house.

HE STILL HAD A GRIEVANCE.

Jones—You look as mad as you did last winter when you were down on the ice.

Brown—Well, I am as mad as I was then. The only difference is now I'm down on the ice man.

HE KNEW WHAT HE WAS ABOUT.

Colonel Yerger—Where are you going to spend the summer?

Judge Peterby—I know a nice quiet place up in Maine.

But, my dear fellow, you will not be able to get anything to drink but water in Maine.

I say, do you know how far my hotel is from the New Hampshire line?

I do not.

Then don't talk. Do you suppose I am an utter idiot?

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

Simpson—What are you going about for grinning like a country poorhouse idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?

De Smith—No; but I'm promised a position as a hotel clerk at a seaside resort, and I'm getting the bland smile well in hand.

A DEAR PLACE.

Smithers—Haven't you read somewhere that home was the dearest spot on earth?

Blithers—I believe I have.

Smithers—Well, it's not, by a blamed sight. If you have any doubts as to where the dearest spot on earth is just try a couple of weeks at a Saratoga hotel.

HARD TO PLEASE.

First Subscriber—I'm done with the editor of the Bugle.

Second Subscriber—So am I. What did he do for you?

I'm going out into the country for a few weeks to live on a farm and reduce expenses, and I hinted at the chump to give me a complimentary notice to the effect that I had gone to Saratoga, and he never mentioned my name at all. What did he do for you?

What did he do for me? He put in his measly paper that I was going to spend the summer at Saratoga, and my creditors are just hounding me to death in consequence of it.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

Y.—Going to take a vacation at some fashionable resort this year?

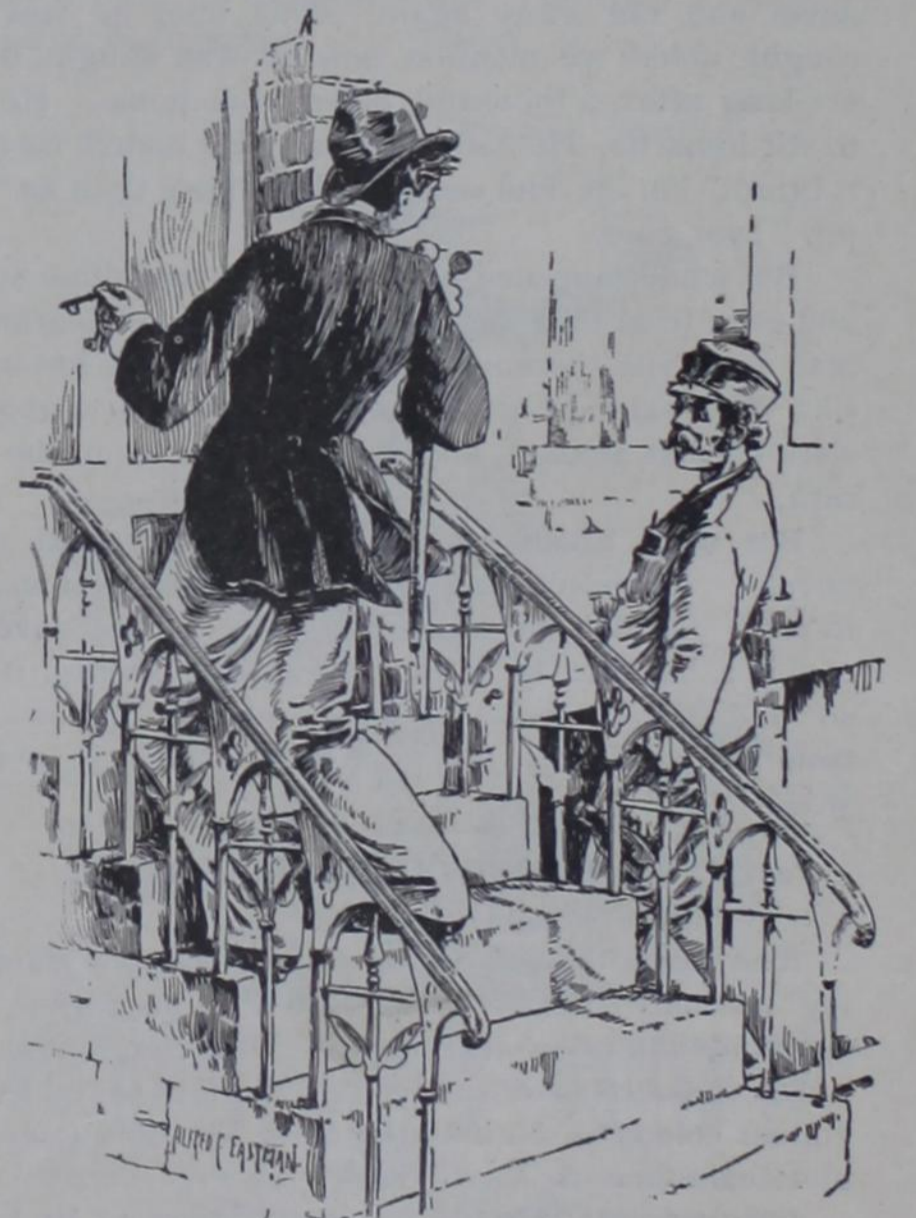
Z.—No, indeed. I need rest.

FUN AT THE TABLE.

An Austin man read in a paper that the family should always be the scene of laughter and merriment, and that no meal should be passed in the moody silence that so often characterizes those occasions. The idea struck him so favorably that when his family was gathered around the table that evening he said:

"Now, this sort o' thing of keeping so blamed mum at meals has got to stop. You hear me? You girls, put in an' tell stories, an' keep up agreeable sort o' talk, like; an' you boys, laugh and be jolly, or I'll take and dust your jackets with a grape-vine till you can't stand. Now begin!"

The glare that he sent around the table made the family as funny as a funeral.



WHY THE BIRDS TWITTERED.

ALGY (unlocking his door as the milkman comes along)—Shay, tell me, John, wha' time ish it, thish mornin'?

MILKMAN (of a humorous turn)—4:60.

ALGY—Haw! It's early. I fawncied it waszh nive o'clock!



ALWAYS DECORATION DAY WITH HER.

WIFE—What do you think about my hat?

HUSBAND—Well, I think as Decoration Day is over, you might take it off for a few minutes while you are in the house.

## DIME NOVELS.

A STORY OF TWO LITTLE BOYS.

There were two little boys living in the same neighborhood. One of them read dime novels and the other did not. What was the result? The boy who read dime novels—and tried to write one, too—was filled with a desire to go West and scalp Indians. He wanted to decimate the savage red men, and then settle down as a Texas cowboy, if cowboys ever did settle down. He stealthily laid in a stock of old revolvers and dirks, together with a quantity of bad ammunition, for he was a bad boy himself, and one night he stole away from his father's roof and started on the warpath. He was caught and brought back, but determination like his could not long be thwarted. He read another dime novel and ran away again. This time he was not caught, unless we mention how he was caught broke not long after, a thousand miles from home. He had to stir himself. He had to hustle. He hadn't seen an "Injun," but he had seen tougher times than an "Injun" ever does.

But what happened to the boy who read dime novels and even tried to write one? Why, he had learned to read and write thereby, and cypher—sigh for life in the Far West—and he got a good situation as a grocer's clerk on that account, and is now a partner in the concern.

But what about the boy who didn't read dime novels? He didn't read them because he never learned to read. And if he wanted to write a dime novel he couldn't, because he didn't know how to write. And so he took up boot blacking, and no Indian ever trembles when his name is mentioned, not even a wooden Indian.

## A TARIFF ON MURDERERS.

The recent trial of Signor Campobasso for murdering another Italian named Rocco, is attracting considerable attention just now. The frequency with which the natives of sunny Italy attempt to reduce the Italian colony in New York to its lowest numerators and denominators, so to speak.

The percentage of desperadoes seems to be larger among the Italian immigrants than among other foreigners. As the population of this country can safely be relied on to raise its own murderers, a high tariff should be put on the imported murderer.

We admit, however, that there are obstacles. There are good Indians and bad Indians, and the same remark applies to all nationalities more or less. The trouble is distinguishing the sheep from the goats.

before the Senate, resorted to the classics for a quotation, citing the Latin sentence, *amicus Cato, amicus Plato, sed major veritas*—"Cato is my friend, Plato is my friend, but truth is mightier."

The next morning, in the Globe newspaper, this quotation appeared in the Senator's great speech: "I may cuss Cato, I may cuss Plato, said Major Veritas."

An Illinois man has been married six times, and each successive spouse brought him a good-sized farm. If he becomes a widower again he won't look at anything less than a township.

Scientists tell us it is only the female wasp that stings, but unfortunately both sexes wear the same style of polonaise, so it is almost impossible to select the right kind of hornet. Just so with Italian exiles.

However, when they do commit murder they should be promptly dealt with, for the same reason that the English shot their Admiral, Blyth, viz: "to encourage the rest."

## OLD BUT GOOD.

Some years ago, writes an old observer from Washington, a distinguished Senator of the South was going to make a great speech before his peers in the United States Senate, and that he might properly go down to posterity by his oratorical effort, he employed a phonographic reporter to take down his speech *verbatim* to publish to the world.

The able Senator, in the course of his speech, to show his own honesty, honor and patriotism in regard to the question

RECKLESS DRIVING.  
Of the many perils to which life and limb are subject in New York perhaps the greatest is from being run over by reckless drivers.

Those who have made a study of the New York Jehu and his methods are of the opinion that in many cases he deliberately tries to run over the pedestrian, and that he never is happier than when he accomplishes his fell design.

To safely cross Broadway or any of the principal thoroughfares of Gotham requires the agility of a trained acrobat, assisted by Divine Providence, otherwise the luckless pedestrian may make his calculations to go to the morgue or the hospital in detached sections.

Those who believe in peculiar traits descending to posterity from remote ancestors will find little difficulty in believing that the New York Jehu is a direct descendant from the ancient Britons, who were so expert with their chariots. They had scythes attached to the wheels of their chariots, and the skill with which they could cut off the Roman soldiers, for a while at least, made Julius Caesar regret that he did not stay at home and mind his own business.

The one redeeming feature of the New York Jehu is the utter impartiality with which he impales people with the pole of his chariot or festoons the wheels of his vehicle with their mangled limbs. It appears to make no difference to him whether the victim is one of the Vanderbilts, or a saucer-faced dude, an Italian organ-grinder, or the archbishop of the diocese. All is fish that comes into his net.

## ASSUMING RESPONSIBILITY.

Two colored porters in a Texas hotel were about to wrestle with the large trunk of a newly arrived stranger, when one of them took occasion to remark:

"Dis heah trunk weighs at de leas' twenty-five pounds more den free hundred pounds, and I kaint lift no moah den free hundred pounds."

"Nebber mind, Sam," replied the porter; "jess catch on and tote free hundred pounds up de sta's, and I'll be 'sponsible for de rest."

"Any kind of volumes supplied on short notice," was the inscription hung in a Boston bookseller's window. A wag went in and asked for a volume of steam, and left the store rather suddenly at the end of the proprietor's shoe.

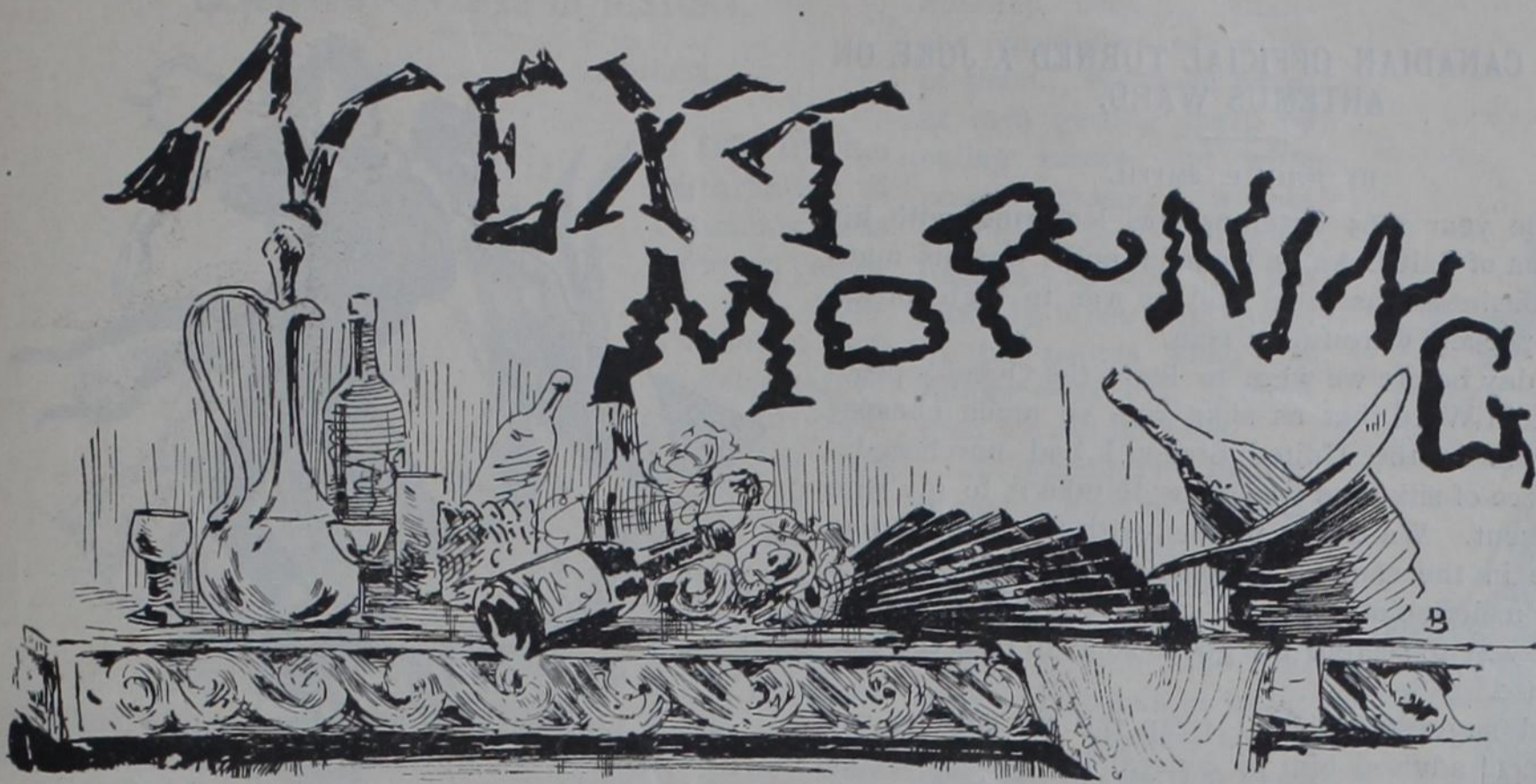
A girl likes to have a handsome young man for her chaperone, especially if she considers the chap her own.



HE WANTED TO BE THE HEIR.

PLANTER (indignantly)—Look here, you little black scamp, I'm paying you to work, not to loaf.

IMPUDENT LITTLE DARKEY—Looky here, boss, s'posin' you 'dopts me as your son, den you won't have to pay me nuffin.



Bright as midnight's hour the hall  
Gleams with splendor of the ball;  
Beauty, pleasure, drive away  
All the dull cares of the day.

But next morn, if we could peep,  
In the rooms of those who sleep,  
We might spy upon the bed  
Many a haggard aching head.



Jaded beauty scolds her maid;  
Worn-out youth seeks brandy's aid;  
And the lately brilliant rooms  
Are a den of dust and brooms.

So at midnight will the Muse,  
Sly coquette, our brains confuse;  
She is all our own, we think,  
And Ambrosia seems our drink.



But at gray light of the dawn,  
Back to earth once more we're drawn;  
Weary, flat, unprofitable,  
Seems the MS. on our table.

G. E. HANSON.

GERMAN JOKES.

(Translated for Texas Siftings.)

BY ALEX. E. SWEET.

WELL UP IN MYTHOLOGY.

Fond Mother—Why, child, what is the matter with you? Your clothes are all covered with ashes.

Advanced Infant—We have been studying mythology, and I played Phoenix. I had to rise up out of the ashes.

ALMOST A HINT.

Flower Girl—Please, sir, buy some flowers?

Gent—No, little girl. I don't need any flowers. I'm not in love with anybody.

Flower Girl—Is that so? Well, I ain't either—as yet.

BETTER BEAR THE ILLS WE HAVE, ETC.

First Reveller—I guess it is time for us to steer for home.

Second Reveller—I know it is, but I don't like to risk it. The idea of seeing my wife's face duplicated and triplicated is enough to sap the nerve out of a Bengal tiger. Let us stay right here where we are.

VARIETY THE SPICE OF LIFE.

Mrs. T.—So you are going to sue for a divorce?

Mrs. S.—Yes.

Husband unfaithful, or is it incompatibility of temper?

It is neither. I am simply tired of writing my name the same way. I want a new one.

WASTED OPPORTUNITIES.

Friend—You have only been married two weeks and you are fighting already, so I hear.

Mrs. Young—Yes, life's too short to waste any time. I ought to have tackled him two weeks ago.

MOON LUNATICS.

Mr. B.—You say you believe that the moon is inhabited?

Crank—I do. I've no doubt the inhabitants of the moon eat, drink, and sleep, just as we do. Fair Luna is certainly inhabited.

Mr. B.—Well, I don't believe anything of the sort. It is my opinion that the lunatics are right here, and that one of them is in this room.

A MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

Pa—Have you seen with the microscope all the little animals that are in the water?

Tommy—Yes, papa, I saw them. Are they in the water we drink?

Certainly, my child.

Now I know what makes the singing in the tea-kettle when the water begins to boil.

A FELLOW SUFFERER.

Judge—Have you ever been punished before?

Criminal—Of course I've been punished. Didn't you hear me testify on the witness stand that I had been married?

Judge—I didn't hear you say you had been married or I would not have asked you about your punishment.

IN BIG LUCK.

Billings—Jinks is a lucky dog. Just think; a dog trod on his foot.

Thompson—What is there lucky about that?

Billings—Why, suppose instead of a dog it had been a horse or an elephant? Then his foot would have been mashed all to pieces, wouldn't it?

FAIR DUELLING.

Second—Gentlemen, before this duel begins I wish to call your attention to one thing.

Duelist—What is it you wish us to observe?

Second—You must be careful that each one of you two principals stand at an equal distance from the other.

WHY SHE LOOKED PALE.

Guggenheimer—That young lady over there looks very pale.

Schimmel—She does. In fact she reminds me of death on the pale horse.

What do you suppose is the matter with her—disappointed in love?

No, she ran short of red paint; that's all she lacks.

A PRECAUTION.

He—We are now coming to a tunnel. Are you not scared?

She—Not a bit, if you take the cigar out of your mouth.

THE PUNISHMENT FITTED THE CRIME.

Wife—Don't you ever think of the lovely day in May when you confessed your love to me?

Husband—What is there to think about. I know I confessed and now I am serving out my punishment.

NO WONDER SHE KICKED.

First Servant—How do you like your new place?

Second Servant—I don't like it at all.

What is the matter? Do they treat you rudely?

O no; but they talk so loud that I can hear every word they say without having to listen, and I ain't used to that.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

It is the maddest folly in the world for a man to saddle himself with debts, if he ever expects to pay them. If you once acquire the habit of paying debts and fall behind, it will be very difficult to catch up unless you take to robbing trains and meet with phenomenal success, which is too improbable a contingency to justify a young man taking any risks. One who inherits wealth and goes on year after year spending a little more than his income, will become poor in time, and will ultimately bring his gray-haired father and other distant relatives to their respective tombs by running for office. Living beyond their means has brought multitudes of other highly respectable people to ruin, hence, the safest way is to start a big daily newspaper in a small town, and in a short time you will have so much means, so many corner lots, and such an immense cash balance that it will be impossible for you live beyond your means, even if you should keep a fast yacht and other expensive necessities.

A man who is in debt, walks in the midst of perils, if he is fool enough to walk. He should ride in the street cars, and then it will be impossible for him to walk in the midst of perils. Get ahead and keep ahead, and your success is tolerably sure, particularly if the sheriff or man with your note on hand is trying to catch up with you.

SOME OTHER EVENING.

Clara—Well, to tell the truth, dear Charley—

Frank—Charley?

Clara—I mean, Frank. I declare, how absent-minded I am. I thought it was Thursday evening instead of Wednesday.



A PERTINENT QUERY.

ANARCHIST—Somebody ask me a question.  
VOICE—Where did you get that hat?

## OUT WEST.



**T**HAT the West is infinitely superior to the East goes without saying. It has more wealth per capita, more grand scenery, better air, prettier women, faster horses, and fewer barnacles and croakers to the square inch than any other part of Columbia's domain, but it is not exactly the kind of a country many of the effete Easterners suppose. The days when the noble red man galloped across the trackless plains seeking the beasts of the desert have faded into the murky outlines of a rather rapidly receding past, and English syndicates are now madly scouring the prairies in search of first trust deeds, breweries, irrigating ditches and town sites. The wigwam of the poor Indian has crumbled or been blown across the swamps, the lone hunter has passed in his checks or removed to town and palmed himself off as the original man who predicted that three great cities would spring up within sight of Pike's Peak, the hardy frontiersman has platted his mountain ranch into town lots, heavy crops are growing on sandy land that once was thought to be too poor to raise a fuss on, and the Wild West of Yuba Bill and M'liss is kept green in our memories only by ham actors and dialect writers. The frontier bully has given way to solid men who are building cities and railroads and daily making more money than our grandfathers ever saw. The West has the only Denver, one certain Pike's Peak with a railroad to the top of it, and fewer strikes and less hard times than any other part of the green, round earth.

The advice given you by Greeley is still good, young man. It will pay you to come West. But if you think of coming to learn the long-haired natives a few things you had better wait till some other year. The condescending smart young man has already been here; he came to get rich out of the thick-headedness of the natives, and his poor feet were sad and wan almost beyond recognition by the time he got back. But if you are a hustler and have any use for money in your plan of living it will pay you to come. You may find a few things out here that will surprise you, but you will soon catch on, and then for the first time in your life you will appreciate what great luck you were in to be born in the United States. Scattered around on both sides of the Platte river you will find a railroad station called Denver that in twenty years from now will be larger than Chicago; nestling in a confiding way under the great shadow of Pike's Peak you will find a place called Colorado Springs that on account of its unequalled scenery is destined to become the Mecca of the artists of the world; in the valley of the Jordan you will stumble on to an old-fashioned Mormon town that will be the metropolis of a country a thousand miles square; and under the fogs that hover over Puget Sound you will find great cities that already are being numbered among the world's great shipping points. In place of sod houses and skin tents you will find very decent shanties with hot air, plate-glass, and electric lights, which were hurriedly thrown together at a trifling cost of a hundred thousand dollars or so.

The sun shines in the West several hours later than it does in the East; the farmers plow in midwinter, and never care a rap whether it ever rains or not; men get rich over night and stay rich; we get TEXAS SIFTINGS three days before the date of publication; and when it comes to a little matter of building a city of a few score thousand hustling inhabitants, or building a railroad a few hundred miles through canyons once considered impassable, or to the top of a mountain that is three miles straight up in the air, the West finishes the job in less time than it takes the great city of New York to enforce an ordinance.

V. Z. REED.

Jones—Do you mean to say I'm stupid?  
Smith—O, no; not at all. All I mean to say is that if you and a donkey were looking out the same window everybody would be willing to swear that you were brothers.

## HOW A CANADIAN OFFICIAL TURNED A JOKE ON ARTEMUS WARD.

BY JOHN P. SMITH.

In the year 1865 Artemus was lecturing, with his panorama of Salt Lake, in Canada, and I was his manager. Business was good and he was in high spirits, and his pockets were full of coin.

The day before we were to leave the Queen's provinces I told Ward that as silks were so much cheaper there than in the United States, I had purchased a large piece of silk, and was going to take it to my wife as a present. Ward was pleased with the idea, and he told me in the same confidence that he had bought a piece of melton cloth, and we conferred together as to the best way to secrete the goods so as to pass the custom house.

Ward suggested that I wrap the silk around my body, and I advised him to conceal his melton in the folds of his panorama of Salt Lake. It would not only be hid from view, but the salt would help preserve it, I told him. The propositions were agreed to. I left for the States the next morning in advance of Ward. The bundle of silk wound around my body made me feel decidedly uncomfortable, and I grew very heated when I came to the custom house and was being interrogated about my baggage.

The official was very polite, and passed my baggage without a murmur. He then invited me into his private office, handed me a cigar and begged me to take a seat. The heat of the room began to make me very uncomfortable, and I arose to go.

"Be seated, sir," said the official; "I want to have a little chat with you."

"No; I must be going," said I. "I can't stand sitting so long, besides I have a great deal to attend to."

"You seem to be a stoutish sort of man for one of



Dead Loads of Money.

your age," remarked the official, lighting another cigar after handing me one.

"Yes," I replied, the warmth from the silk increasing. "I'm pretty solid, but I can't stand a hot room."

"Oh," said the inspector, "what's the matter? Any trouble with your heart or lungs?"

"Only a slight oppression of the chest, that is all."

"Oppression about the chest!" exclaimed the officer, rising hastily and approaching me. "Pray let me make an examination. It may be dangerous. Remove your coat, please."

"It's nothing; it will soon pass away."

"My dear friend, you should not neglect Nature's warning a moment," said the officer; "and I insist upon examining your chest. Doubtless I can relieve you of all your trouble; if not, a doctor can be called."

"Lucky if he don't call a policeman," I thought to myself. When I saw that the inspector was determined to examine me I acknowledged the corn confessed that I had the silk concealed.

The officer laughed heartily, and said: "I knew it all the while. Here's a letter I received this morning, but the writer didn't want me to say anything about it."

It was a letter written by Ward, informing the inspector that a would-be smuggler would attempt to pass a quantity of silk, describing me and claiming one-half of the reward for the information.

I was indignant, of course, but determined to get even with the incorrigible joker, so I told the inspector about Ward having the roll of cloth concealed in his panorama. The inspector relished the joke, and let me off with a moderate penalty.

The next morning Artemus Ward arrived at the custom house with his panorama, when the inspector commenced interrogating him, insisting that he permit him



OVERDOING IT.

MISS SNOWBALL—Mistah Johnsing, don't yer squeeze me. You is abusin' de liberty ob de press, 'deed you is.

to view his unrivaled pictures.

Ward tried every excuse, but the officer was importunate, and finally he was compelled to have his man unwind one section of the panorama before the inspector.

Artemus stood by and explained the views, until suddenly the cloth came to light; then he struck an attitude like his performance upon the stage, and in his inimitable drawl he said: "This, ladies and gentlemen, is a view of Brigham Young in the bosom of his family, but it is slightly obscured by some twenty yards of melton cloth that has paid no duty. That confounded Smith told you all about it. What's the damage?"

The inspector soon settled the matter of charges, and for once Artemus found himself caught by his own joke.

## MARS AND THE ASTRONOMERS.

The astronomers are in a perspiration, so to speak. It is all on account of Mars. It is called the opposition of Mars. What Mars is opposed to is not very clear to the non-astronomer. We are nevertheless informed, confidentially, that it is something very important.

We do not know positively how often Mars gets into the ranks of the opposition, but when that event occurred in 1887 it was discovered that the planet had two satellites of its own. Curiosity is aroused to ascertain if the number of the satellites has increased. The name of the planet indicates that such a contingency is possible. Maybe the astronomers will discover that another pair of twins have made their appearance.

The general public does not take the interest it should in planets. What we need is a live comet that will loom up where people can see its perihelion and watch it switch its tail around and threaten war and disaster. The young people want a comet that will require watching at night, and that has a nucleus, and carries with it a hyperbola or a parabola in a valise.

If the astronomers were not such a superficial set, they would see to it that the wishes of the public were respected, and the comet supplied at once.

Water is good in case of fever, but watered stock makes the market feverish.



DANA—"Who's the Liar Now?"



IMPORTANT EVENTS IN HISTORY.

THE EMBARKATION OF COLUMBUS.



NO DOUBT the embarkation of Columbus was quite an affair at the time. The entire town of Palos turned out and went down to the beach to see Chris off. He had been hanging around the bar-rooms of Spain for some

time, filling everybody that he could corner with his scheme, and bracing them for a schooner. They were glad to see him sail away on what they firmly believed would be his last trip, and could well afford to do the elegant.

The marine band paraded through the streets, followed by large floats on which were represented the different trades; there were representatives from the bricklayers' and cigar-makers' unions and a target company followed by the mayor and those of the aldermen who chanced to be at home, in barouches. Mr. Columbus reviewed the parade from a grand stand erected for the occasion, in company with a very wealthy pawnbroker who was considerably interested in the affair.

Columbus went around and bid good-bye to the boys and promised to write them just as soon as he found anything to write about. The final separation at the pier was very affecting and impressive; thousands had heard that he was going and gathered around to see that he went. Queen Isabella and her husband were there with their staff officers. The Queen was dressed in the gorgeous uniform of a German colonel; she wore no jewelry. As a parting gift to hold in remembrance of him, Columbus gave her a chattel mortgage on the ships that he was going to use, and bidding her an affectionate adieu, stepped over the string piece to the deck of the tug as the band played Hail Columbia, which was very appropriate.

Assuming the attitude in which he had seen Washington depicted while crossing the Delaware, Columbus stood on the deck and was gradually lost to the view of those on shore. The initial step in holding the World's Fair at Chicago had been taken.

EDWIN RALPH COLLINS.

NEEDLE PRODUCERS.

You frequently read of them, and they are generally women. The needles after being properly swallowed, with or without water, are forgotten for a while, but they rarely fail to show up again. They come to the surface after years of wandering, sometimes.

Occasionally a man—or a seventh part of a man, if he be a tailor—turns up a single needle which he had inconsiderately swallowed when he was a journeyman, but woman, generous woman, has been known to blossom with a whole paper of needles which she had accumulated in some mysterious manner.

We read the other day of a Down-East lady who has been delivered of over two hundred needles within a year, and it is believed that her fruitfulness is not yet at an end. She must be a very uncomfortable if not dangerous person for her husband to embrace—liable to run a needle into him from the most unexpected quarter.

It seems incredible that a woman could swallow two

hundred needles, unless she purposely made a diet of them. We have heard of men getting sharp by eating razors, but what possible reason a woman can have for swallowing needles day after day, unless it be to see their names in the papers when the things work out, is more than we can imagine.

A speculative Yankee is said to have been struck with the speculative possibilities of a needle swallower. He heard of a widow woman who was very industrious in bringing forth needles, and it occurred to him that there was money in her. He believed it to be a natural faculty that could be quickened by cultivation, so as to yield a profitable supply for the market, and he opened a correspondence with her with a view to matrimony. He had a notion that she might be trained so as to produce, not only needles, but scissors, pocket knives, and other forms of cutlery.

She looked favorably upon his suit—it was a business suit entirely—and they were married, but it was a just punishment to his cupidity that she never turned up another solitary needle. Needless to describe his chagrin.

HAPPINESS.

Reflection will convince you that it is not easy to give a satisfactory definition of happiness. Perhaps in order to obtain an idea of what it really is, the best

way to begin is with some sketch of what it is not. But an attempt at a definition may serve us.

Happiness is the quiet and continued existence of a mild pleasure pervading the mind, such as is observable in a man on a hot day in a shady retreat, pulling a mint julep through a straw.

Happiness may arise from health and a clear conscience. This brand of happiness is peculiar in New York city officials who have not yet been caught. It may also arise from a sense of having done one's duty; from a satisfaction at position, security, wealth, gratification of wishes, desires, passions legitimately indulged

in, or from a variety of other causes; but it is a state of mental calm, a halcyon peace, arising not physically, but from the soul or mind. Hence, it may be said that "nothing earthly gives it or can destroy it."

Rightly to understand it, we must lift it out of the sphere of bodily and earthly enjoyments. A sick man, a cold man, a starving man may be very happy. So far as we can understand, those who suffered the most cruel martyrdoms were not denied happiness, even at the time of martyrdom.

PROOF WANTED.

A small boy was detected in a cherry tree by the stingy farmer who owned it. The farmer made the boy come down out of the cherry tree and talked very seriously to him about the sinfulness of stealing. The boy replied indignantly that he hadn't stolen any of the cherries.

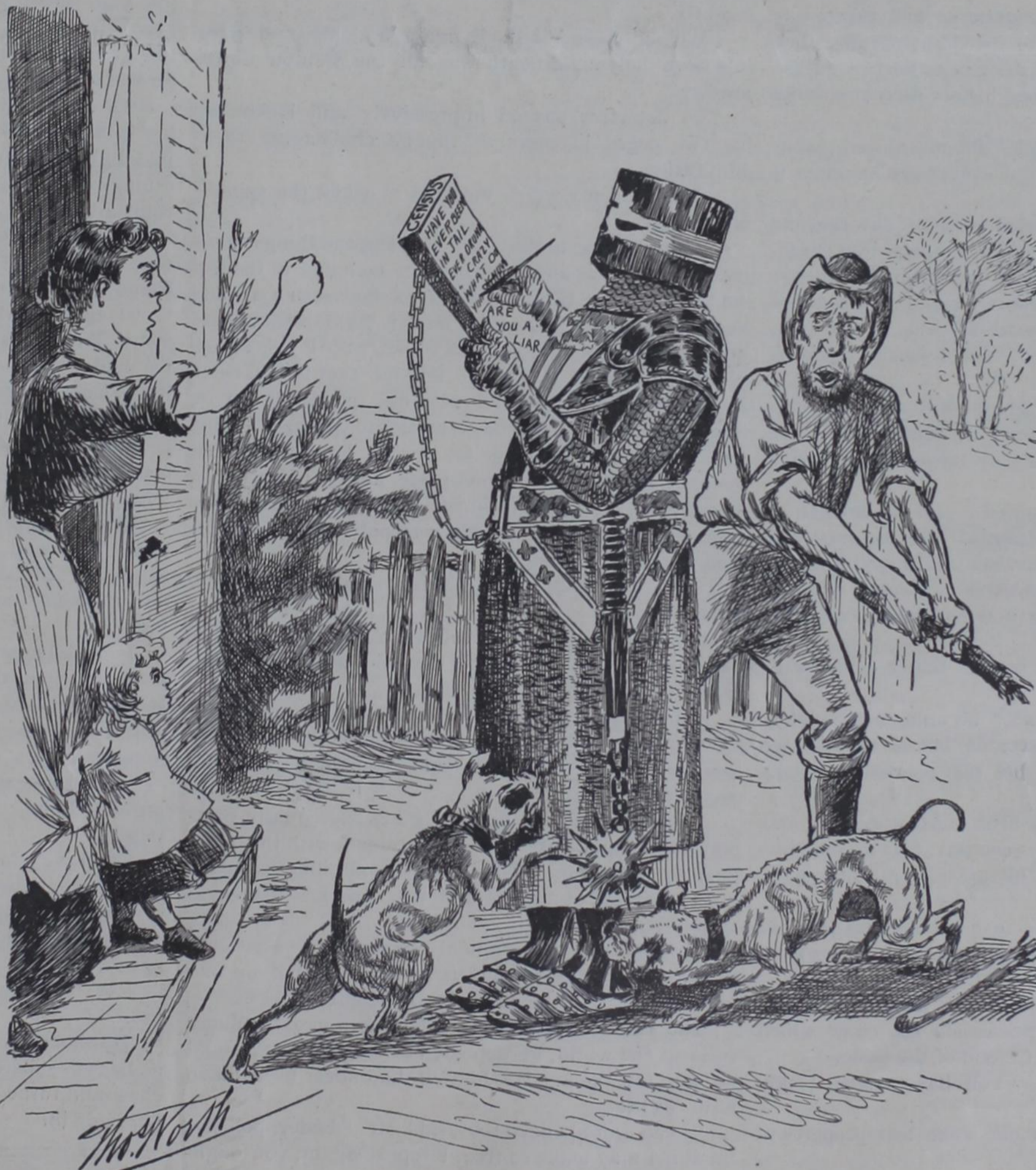
"Now, just you count those cherries over again," said the boy, "and see if there is any of them missing."

ONLY A TRIFLING DISTINCTION.

Der's mighty little diff'ence 'tween de white race and de culled. 'Bout all I can see is dat when de white man laugh he bend in like he had de cramp colic, and when de culled gem-man laugh he bend out like he was a Bo'ad Alde'man. An' I dunno but I'd a heap sight radder look like de line ob beauty dan a jack-knife.



Columbus parting with Ferdinand and Isabella.



THE CENSUS ENUMERATOR.

How he must dress if he asks those odious questions about idiocy and disease.

## A BUTTERFLY.



WHEN Mrs. Walsingham lost the diamond butterfly which her husband had given her on the first anniversary of their wedding-day, she was naturally much perturbed by her loss.

For two seasons Mrs. Walsingham's butterfly had been an absorbing topic of conversation, whenever pretty Mrs. Walsingham herself happened to be present, and on more than one occasion it had attracted the admiring attention of Royalty.

And now the butterfly was lost. The world—or rather such portion of it as was crowded into the Court Theatre on that disastrous night—had seen the jeweled insect flashing and scintillating in Mrs. Walsingham's pretty brown hair all the time of the performance. But when husband and wife stood in the light of their own hall lamp, the former had uttered an exclamation of dismay.

The butterfly was gone!

Everything had been done that is usual in such cases. The colonel had looked carefully in the carriage, and had made a thorough examination of each separate fold in his wife's dress. Next morning he had gone off to the theatre and had himself searched the box in which they had been sitting. Then, with commendable prudence, he had cautioned his wife against speaking about her loss, even to the servants, and in the advertisement in which he offered a considerable reward for the recovery of the missing trinket, he had described it as "a jewelled insect (paste), valuable to the owner because specially designed for the Polish wife of Prince Boris Ivanvitch when she secretly sold the Ivanvitch diamonds to supply her compatriots with funds for a revolutionary uprising."

The colonel was very pleased with the wording of this advertisement, and read it aloud with a great deal of complacency to his wife.

Mrs. Walsingham was not quite so well pleased as her husband. She objected to the slight put upon her cherished possession by describing it as paste, and the aristocratic flavor of its mythical history did not console her.

"Even if I did get it back," she murmured plaintively, "I shan't care to wear it if everybody imagines it is paste."

When, however, the colonel pointed out that he had referred the public in the first instance to a neighboring stationer's, and that there was nothing whatever in the advertisement to suggest to a captious world that Mr. Walsingham's famous butterfly was in question, she was greatly impressed by her husband's cleverness.

That evening the Walsinghams did not dine out, but had a cozy tete-a-tete dinner at home, so as to be on the spot if any one came with news of the stolen jewel.

"Not that I am at all sanguine," said the colonel, as he thoughtfully peeled a banana. "If the thief had happened to be a stray pickpocket, we might hope to see the 'fly' again. It's more likely, though, that the vagabond who has the thing now had his eye on it for some time past."

But even as he spoke the solemn butler came softly in.

"A person to see you, sir," he announced, deferentially; "he won't give his name, but he says Foster (the stationer) has sent him, and that you will know all about it."

Mrs. Walsingham gave a little start of delight, and the colonel could scarcely conceal his excitement. "Show him in here, Bailey," he said quickly; "it is some one we are expecting."

The butler withdrew, and in a few seconds ushered in a slight, gentlemanly looking man, with sharp gray eyes and smooth face.

"Colonel Walsingham, I believe?" began the stranger, taking with easy self-possession the chair which the colonel indicated at the far end of the table.

The colonel assented. "You have come, I presume—"

"To give information about some lost property of yours. Precisely."

"Have you found it?" queried Mrs. Walsingham eagerly.

"Well, that's just what I wish to ascertain," said the

stranger suavely. "My name is Sawder, Fred Sawder, late of Scotland Yard," he continued, turning to the colonel. "I'm a detective, and a few hours back I came across a piece of jewelry answering to your description."

"You don't mean to say so?" cried the colonel excitedly. "Where did you find it?"

"Well, it's a long story," said Mr. Sawder, deliberately, "and brings in matters which are, so to speak, professional secrets at present. But there—the whole account will be in the papers to-morrow, so there's no harm in my telling you."

Both the colonel and Mrs. Walsingham waited anxiously for him to go on, and after a few seconds' pause, he was graciously pleased to do so, pointedly addressing himself now to Mrs. Walsingham.

"Of course, madam, you have heard of the great Fenton Court robbery?"

Mrs. Walsingham made a motion of assent.

"Er—well—the fact is, to-day I had the good fortune to recover nearly all that stolen jewelry. I have just telegraphed to Mr. Fenton to come up and identify the things to-morrow."

"You have got back the diamonds?"

"Everything, madam, as far as we can tell."

"Tell us all about it," commanded Mrs. Walsingham in her pretty, imperious manner, while her husband's face seconded her request.

"Oh, well, there's not much to tell, ma'am. From information received, we made this morning a raid on the house of a party called Sleepy Jim—sleepy, because he just isn't sleepy, don't you see, madam? Well, Jim was very easy and careless, and we searched and searched, and not a thing could we find, and at last we gave it up. I was the last to go, and as I went, I heard—for my ears are quick—I heard Jim give the least little bit of a sigh.

"Come back, men," I shouted; 'the things are here, and we won't be such numskulls as to go away without them. Let's have one more look round.' Then it occurred to me that Sleepy Jim had not been sitting on the table for nothing all the time we were turning his place upside down. So I just pushed him and it on one side, kicked over the square of carpet on which the table had been standing, and lo and behold, there were plain signs that the boards had been raised pretty recently.

"We had those boards up again in a jiffy, and there in a deep hole underneath was all the Fenton Court jewelry."

The detective paused impressively and looked at his two eager listeners, as though challenging their admiration.

"Well, and my wife's butterfly?" asked the colonel inquiringly.

"I am coming to that, sir. Among the things there were several pins and brooches not included in the list supplied to us at Scotland Yard. I had seen your advertisement, and I thought one of the miscellaneous articles looked much like your insect. So I just asked Sleepy Jim about it, and he told me that it had been brought to him by a man who had picked it up in Sloan street, and had been afraid to pawn it. Jim gave him thirty shillings for it; for he saw the diamonds were uncommon good paste, and—"

"But they are nothing of the sort," put in Mrs. Walsingham indignantly; "that was only my husband's idea to call them paste."

"Ah!—That was smart, sir, very smart. You ought to be one of us."

The colonel looked gratified. "Won't you take a glass of wine, Mr. Sawder?" he said, pushing the decanter over to him.

"Thank you, sir, I don't mind if I do," replied Mr. Sawder, helping himself, and he required little pressing to be induced to repeat the action several times in the course of the next hour.

As a consequence, he soon grew exceedingly communicative and entertained the colonel with the most thrilling Scotland Yard narratives, all illustrative of the cleverness of rogues and the superior astuteness of detectives.

"It's not that the criminal classes are so especially clever," he remarked, judicially, as he wound up one of his tales; "but the public is so uncommonly soft!"

The colonel acquiesced. There were a great many fools in the world, he opined; but for his part he had no pity for them. He himself had never been taken in in his life.

"I can quite believe that, said Mr. Sawder, politely; "and if I may make so free, I repeat again, you ought to be one of us."

The colonel did not at all resent Mr. Sawder's freedom. He was particularly pleased with him and his

stories, and in the fullness of his heart he told him he was going down to his club for half an hour, and he would be charmed to give him a lift.

Mr. Sawder was quite sensible of the Colonel's condescension, and accepted the offer with effusion. Having arranged with Mrs. Walsingham that she was to come down to Scotland Yard the following morning, he went off with the colonel into the adjoining room, waiting there while this gentleman got ready to go out. This room was a sort of sanctum to Colonel Walsingham, and while he drew on his gloves, he passed in review his collection of firearms and other objects of warlike predilection.

The detective seemed a bit of a connoisseur, and his enthusiasm was sufficiently dashed with discriminating knowledge to be particularly pleasing to the colonel, who actually deigned to bring out from a cavernous cupboard his latest extravagance: to wit, a handsome fur-lined coat he had recently imported from Russia.

"What do you think of that?" he asked.

"Think?" said the detective, "why, that it's not a thing to be left in the hall."

"Rather not," laughed the colonel; "we keep it in the cupboard in this room. Why, that coat cost me eighty guineas!"

"It looks as if it had," said the detective, warmly, and the colonel being now ready, the two gentlemen got into their hansom and drove off.

It was scarcely half an hour afterward that there was a hasty pull at the door-bell. Mrs. Walsingham was tired, and had gone to bed, and the household had followed her example. The butler alone was still up, busy with the silver in his pantry.

"Why, master's forgotten his latch-key!" he cried, hurrying to the door; "it's lucky for me he's come back so early."

But it was not Colonel Walsingham who stood in the doorway—it was Mr. Sawder.

"Sorry to trouble you, my man," he said, speaking very fast, and slipping a shilling into Bailey's hand; "but I left some most important papers behind me, which I was showing to Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham. Will you give them to me?"

"Papers, sir? I haven't seen any."

"But they must be here," cried Mr. Sawder, looking very worried. "The fact is—I dare say Mrs. Walsingham told you—these papers have to do with the Fenton Court robbery. We nabbed the man and the swag this afternoon, and the owner's coming up to-morrow. So you see the papers are awfully important."

"Of course, they must be," said the butler, unbending from his solemn dignity on the instant. "Well, I'll just light a taper and see if they are anywhere in the dining-room. I may have overlooked them but I don't think I have."

The detective followed him into the dining-room and helped in the search, but no papers were to be found, and he grew more and more anxious.

"I tell you what it is," he began in a vexed tone, "Mrs. Walsingham must have noticed them directly we had gone, and, knowing their importance, must have locked them up somewhere. Now, if you can get them for me to-night I'll not forget you."

Bailey's kindness, or his affection for the prospective coin, made him consent, after a little demur, to do what he could.

"I'll go upstairs and call one of the women servants," he said, "and then send her to call Mrs. Walsingham. I'll shout up to the under housemaid," he added, "she'll come like winking when she hears my voice."

It took longer to get the housemaid to come down, however, than the butler had anticipated, but at last she had gone off on her embassy, and had brought her mistress's answer to Bailey, patiently waiting on the upper landing.

"I'm sorry, sir," he began, as he descended the last flight of stairs. "but Mrs. Walsingham hasn't seen your papers."

Then he stopped short. The rosy tints fled from his well-hourished face, and a bilious hue took possession of that broad expanse.

The street door was open and Mr. Sawder had disappeared.

"A 'do'" murmured Bailey faintly; "a real old 'do.'"

He thought of his plate, and almost breathed again as he remembered that he had deposited it in the plate chest and turned the key before he had let the insidious stranger in.

**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.

"Depend upon it, he's only gone off with master's umbrella," he said, trying to assure himself.

The next moment he struck his hands wildly together, and rushed into the colonel's study. When he came back he was perfectly green. The colonel's fur coat, for which he had paid eighty guineas only a few weeks back, was nowhere to be found!

The officials of Scotland Yard next morning listened with polite attention to Colonel Walsingham's account of what had happened.

"A clean-shaven man, with gray eyes, you say?"

"Yes," was the answer. "He gave the name of Sawder—Fred Sawder."

"Fred Sawder! The man was James Croft alias Sleepy Jim, cleverest rogue in the United Kingdom, and as slippery as an eel. I am afraid you will never see your coat again, sir."

And he was right, for the colonel never did. But one result of his little experience was that he competely changed his views of criminals.

"It is not that the public is so stupid," he was often heard to say; "it is those scamps who are so horribly clever."—The Argosy.

**How to Treat a Sweetheart.**

When he comes to see you, let me give you a few hints as to your treatment of him:

First of all, my dear, don't let him get an idea that your one object in life is to get all you can out of him.

Don't let him believe that you think so lightly of yourself that whenever he has an idle moment he can find you ready and willing to listen to him.

Don't let him think that you are going out driving with him alone, even if your mother should be lenient enough to permit this.

Don't let him think that you are going to the dance or the frolic with him; you are going with your brother, or else you are going to make up a party which will all go together.

Don't let him spend his money on you; when he goes away, he may bring you a box of sweets, a book or some music; but don't make him feel that you expect anything but courteous attention.

Don't let him call you by your first name, at least not until you are engaged to him, and then only when you are by yourselves.

Don't let him put his arms around you and kiss you; when he put the pretty ring on your finger it meant that you were to be his wife soon, he gained a few rights, but not the one of indiscriminate caressing. When he placed it there he was right to put a kiss on your lips; it was the seal of your love; but if you give your kisses too freely they will prove of little value. A maiden fair is like a beautiful, rich, purple plum; it hangs high up on the tree and is looked at with envy. He who would get it must work for it, and all the trying should be on his side, so that when he gets it he appreciates it. You know the story of the man who saw a beautiful plum on a tree, which he very much wanted. Next to it hung another plum; it seemed as beautiful, and it was apparently just as sweet as the one he wanted. The seeker for it stood under it for a moment, looked at it with longing eyes, and, behold, the plum dropped into his mouth. Of what value was it then? It was looked at and cast aside. Now take this little story, and make it point the moral that I wish it to.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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



A PAIR of ear-rings—Two telephone calls.—Star Sayings.

A MAN never forgets how good he is to others.—Atchison Globe.

FAIR motto for Chicago—"I'll make thee glorious by my pen."—Puck.

THE tramp always comes before dinner when he comes after dinner.—Binghamton Leader.

DON'T try to drown your sorrows in a jug; troubles are great swimmers.—Asheville (N. C.) Citizen.

"YES," said President Harrison, to the office-seeker, "your face is familiar, but I can't place you."—Star Sayings.

THE waiters of Chicago hotels are on a strike. They have been waiting a long time for it.—Kentucky State Journal.

WE honestly wish we had a pocketbook made of clouds, then it would always have a silver lining.—Dansville Breeze.

A PAPER devoted to Indians is published in Washington. We presume they use copper-faced type.—Yonkers Statesman.

CHARITY begins at home, but it ends in the poorhouse—which is a jolly good reason for not putting up too much on it.—Puck.

A BANK is an institution into which you put your confidence and money, and draw out your confidence.—Philadelphia Times.

BEER is sold by the pound in New York. This is the reason, we suppose, that so many people get loaded with it.—Boston Courier.

—DIGGS—"A man who drinks is a donkey." Biggs—"May be that's why his friends say, 'Ears' to you."—Boston Gazette.

THE oyster is now on strike, but it is understood that he objects to the at-hour movement.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know what kind of an animal a sun dog is? Well, we should say a setter.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

"SHE is very plain, isn't she?" "Yes," said the Boston woman; "she is the most obvious person in the room."—Harper's Bazar.

MODERN SOCIETY.—He (making a party call)—"I think party calls are great bores; don't you?" She (receiving)—"Yes, indeed."—Life.

A NEW YORK type-writer answers to the endearing name of Huggins. Business is no doubt pressing, with her.—Westborough Tribune.

AN English paper states that "women are too much inclined to tuzzle the hair," a statement that most married men will endorse.—The Ram's Horn.

"AN Automatic Cash Boy," is advertised. We would like to get any amount of the "automatic cash," but we already have a "boy."—Dansville Breeze.

HEAVEN will be full of surprises, but none greater than when a man realizes that all his good intentions have put no jewel in his crown.—Atchison Globe.

THE wife of a herdic driver in Boston when she speaks of her husband uses the name of his vehicle. His name is Richard and she calls him her Dick.—Boston Courier.

COL. BULLY—"As sho' as yo' bo'n his wah a most horrible takin' off—most horrible." "What ailed him, Colonel?" "Watah on the brain—watah, sir!"—Rocket.

WHEN it takes a fellow eighteen minutes to assist a girl to don her sealskin sacque the natural inference is that he hopes to be more than a brother to her.—St. Joseph News.

"Ah, good morning, Mr. Brown. You are taking an early walk!" "Yes, I always go to walk mornings so that I shall have nothing to do afternoons."—Fliegende Blätter.

The use of Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.

**How to Throw a Base-Ball.**

Now, a few words regarding the objects to be aimed at in general practice. First, as regards throwing. Every one has what may be called a natural way of throwing the ball, but this so-called "natural way" usually means a perverted method acquired through carelessness, or attempts to throw too hard before the arm is sufficiently accustomed to the work. As a result of this, there are few boys or college men who may not learn a great deal in the matter of throwing by careful attention for a few weeks to one or two points. The first man to whom attention should be called is the man who takes a hop, skip and jump before he lets the ball go. No man can run fast enough to beat a thrown ball, and, consequently, it takes longer to carry the ball part way and throw it the rest, than it does to throw it all the way. Therefore, the first thing for the man who has acquired this trick to do, is to stand still when he gets the ball, and then throw it. The opposite fault to this, is that of leaning away when throwing. A man gets a sharp grounder, and throws the ball before he has recovered his balance, and the force of his throw is thereby greatly diminished. While this is not nearly so common as the other fault, it is quite as difficult to correct. The happy medium between the two is the man who receives the ball, and, quickly straightening himself, drives it while leaning forward; and, as it leaves the hand, takes his single step in the direction of his throw. So much for the feet and body, now for the arm, hand and wrist.

The best and most accurate throwers are those who continually practice what is called a "short-arm" throw. To get an idea of the first steps toward the acquisition of this method, let the player take the ball in his hand, and bringing it back just level with his ear, planting both feet firmly, attempt to throw the ball without using the legs or body. At first the throw is awkward and feeble, but constant practice speedily results in moderate speed and peculiar accuracy. After steady practice at this until quite a pace is acquired, the man may be allowed to use his legs and body to increase the speed, still, however, sticking to the straight, forward motion of the hand, wrist, and the arm. The secret of the throw is, of course, keeping the hand in a line with the arm and not swinging it out to the side and away from the head, where much of the accuracy and some of the quickness is lost. Certain catchers have brought this style of throw to such a pitch of perfection as to get the ball away toward second almost on the instant it strikes the hands. They aid the throwing by a slight twist of the body.

The quickness of this method of throwing is, of course, due to the fact that there is no delay caused by drawing back the arm past the head or by turning the body around, which lose so much valuable time. Its accuracy is due to the fact that it is easier to aim at an object with the hand in front of the eyes than when it is out beyond the shoulder. One can easily ascertain this by comparing the ease of pointing the index finger at any object when the hand is in front of the face, with the difficulty of doing so when the arm is extended out sideways from the body. Still further, in the almost round-arm throwing, which many players use, the hand describes an arc, and the ball must be let go at the proper point to go true. If let go at any other point in the swing, the throw is certain to be wild. In the other method, that of straight-arm throwing, any variation is far more likely to be a variation in height only, and in that respect the variation may be greater without serious error. A straight-arm throw sends a ball much easier to handle

than the side-arm style. The latter is likely to curve, bound irregularly, and be more inconvenient for the baseman. In-field throwing should be on a line, as much as possible, and there are few distances to be covered there that require any "up and over" throwing. In getting a ball in from a deep out-field, the distance is sometimes so great that none but professionals or exceptionally strong throwers can drive the ball in except by giving it quite an upward direction; even then, however, one should be careful to keep the ball fairly well down, as it is far better to have it reach the catcher on the bound than to go sailing over his head. "Keep it down" is a cardinal rule when fielding to the home-plate from the field. If a low ball be thrown, it is easier for the catcher to touch the runner, who in a tight place will invariably slide as close to the ground as possible. A high throw gives the catcher almost no chance to recover and put the ball on the man, whereas a low throw brings his hands in the most advantageous position for touching the runner. The same is, of course, true in the case of the catcher's throws to the second or the other bases, to put out the runner.

The position of the fingers when throwing a ball is a point upon which there are individual differences of opinion; but the majority of the best throwers in the country use principally the forefinger and middle-finger in giving direction to the ball.—Walter Camp, in St. Nicholas for June.

"For several years I have recommended your 'Castoria,' and shall always continue to do so as it has invariably produced beneficial results."

EDWIN F. PARDEE, M. D., "The Winthrop," 125th Street and 7th ave., New York City.

**What is Castoria?**

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine, nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

"The use of 'Castoria' is so universal and its merits so well known that it seems a work of supererogation to endorse it. Few are the intelligent families who do not keep Castoria within easy reach."

CARLOS MARTYN, D. D., New York City. Late Pastor Bloomingdale Reformed Church.

**He Knew a Cheaper Process.**

First Tramp—"Lend me a quarter to go to the dentist's and get this confounded tooth yanked out."

Second Tramp—"I can tell you a cheaper process. There's a young married woman keeping house around the corner, who makes a first-rate pie crust for removing the teeth."—West Shore.

Will be found an excellent remedy for sick headache. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Thousands of letters from people who have used them prove this fact. Try them.

**A Chicago Girl.**

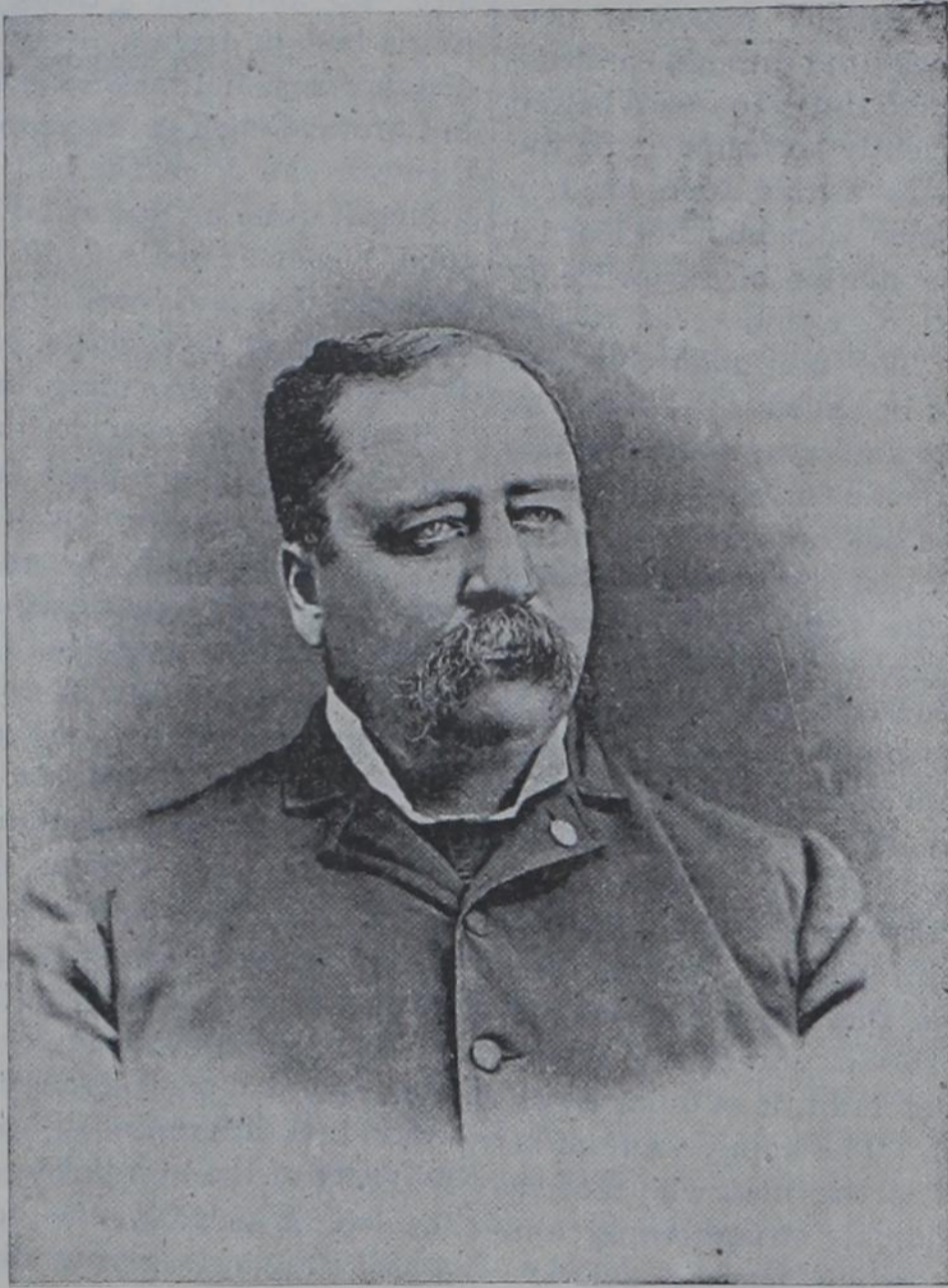
Johnson—"Why, Grizzly, your party back so soon! Did not Miss Bigfoot enjoy the lake?"

Grizzly—"No; but I believe her objections are somewhat personal. You see, she was sitting on the edge of the dock and the water cast reflections on her feet."—West Shore.

Oh, if I only had her complexion! Why it is easily obtained. Use Pozzoni's Complexion Powder.

SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY

OF PROMINENT AMERICANS.



HON. A. L. TOWLE, NIOBRA, NEBRASKA.  
REPRESENTATIVE FROM KNOX COUNTY.

Figs and Thistles.

Actions are ideas in motion.  
God never made any black flowers.  
The man who does nothing is nothing.  
What a man is, depends upon what he loves.  
If the heart is pure the life will be all right.  
Our duty toward God is measured by our ability.  
Sin in its own clothes is never given house room.  
Great haste can never overtake a lost opportunity.  
Immovable men, like Job, make the devil uneasy.  
The best soldier is the one who obeys orders the best.  
It is when afflictions come that the promises of God shine like the stars.  
Without a revelation of what God is, no man can know what he himself is.  
The richest people are those whose treasures can not be burned up or stolen.  
The truth needs no formal introduction. Its name is written on its breast.  
If you haven't anything but your troubles to talk about, don't say much.  
If you have no temptations, stop! Turn around! You are going the wrong way.  
If the devil could tell the truth the saloons would all end with this generation.—The Ram's Horn.

The Reason.

"I wonder," said a department clerk to Willie Washington, "why so many of the inscriptions on the tombstones are in Latin?"  
"Perhaps," said Willie after some thought, "it's because Latin's a dead language, you know."—Washington Post.

The Iron Steamboat Line.

The boats of the Iron Steamboat Line were put in perfect order during their winter's vacation, and they are now making trips to Coney Island and Long Branch every day with sufficient frequency to accommodate travel to those popular resorts. They are not only very swift boats but models of safety.

Not Homesick.

There are some feelings, innocent enough in themselves, which nevertheless a man does not like to express in so many words. If he must acknowledge them, he prefers to do it indirectly, not taking a straight course, but, as the old saying is, going "round Robin Hood's barn."  
The captain of Company G, Twelfth Vermont regiment, was strolling in the woods just out of camp, says a writer in the Salem Witch, when he came upon a member of his company sitting on the stump of a tree, and looking as though he had fought his last fight.  
"What's the matter, Bill?" said the captain.  
"Oh, nothing," was the reply. "I am all right."  
"You look as though you had a fit of homesickness."  
"No, sir," said Bill, with some resentment, "nothing of the sort."  
"Well, what are you thinking about?" asked his questioner.  
"I was thinking," said the Vermonter, "that I wished I was in my father's father's barn."  
"In your father's barn! What on earth would you do if you were in your barn!"  
The poor fellow uttered a long-drawn sigh and said, "I'd go into the house mighty quick!"

Who, indeed? A famous artist once painted an angel with six toes. "Who ever saw an angel with six toes?" people inquired. "Who ever saw one with less?" was the counter question.—New York Ledger.

Wherever Malaria Exists,

The bilious are its certain prey. In intermittent and remittent fever, dumb ague and ague cake, the liver is always seriously affected, and the blood contaminated with bile. One of the chief reasons why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a sure defense against chills and fever and every form of malarial disease, is, that it does away with liability to the disease, by reforming irregularity of the biliary organ in advance of the arrival of the season when the disease is prevalent. There is no finer fortifying preparative for those about visiting or emigrating to a locality where the miasma-taint exists. There is no certain immunity from disease in an endemic or epidemic form, to be secured by the use of the average tonics and anti-spasmodics. But where quinine fails the Bitters succeeds both in preventing and curing. Moreover, it removes every vestige of dyspepsia, and overcomes constipation, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and tranquilizes and strengthens the nervous system.

The Doctrine of Rotation in Office.

It is the cry of foray, not the watchword of reform. It is an excuse, not a reason. It is the sign and symbol of a predatory raid, the rallying banner of landless resolute enlisted to an enterprise that hath a stomach in it. Looked at in any way, rotation is a perpetual recurring menace to the stability of our government. It is the prop of a falling party and the instrument of fraud. It is a constant temptation to politicians to use public salaries as a fund with which to pay private debts, thus compelling the people to furnish the means for their own corruption and to defeat their own will. It wrecks the lives of tens of thousands of young men by offering, as a bait to cupidity, high wages which outbid the market. It makes idle expectants of the industrious, starves the few it feeds, and lures the mass to vagrancy. It subverts the true ideal of office, transforming public servants into private henchmen, and partisans into camp followers. It degrades skilled labor, and makes the government an almshouse. It breeds parasites, markets citizenship, and suborns public opinion. To sum up, it makes of administration a chaos, of politics a trade, and of principle an interest. Rotation is not an "essential element to secure the perpetuity of free institutions."—Oliver T. Morton, in Atlantic Monthly.

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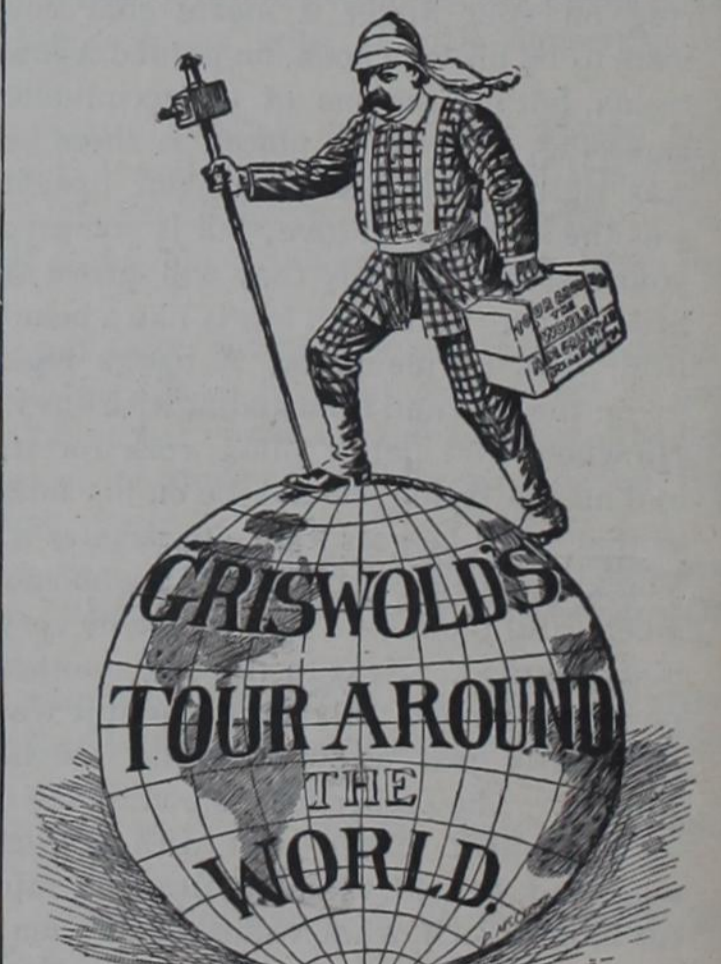


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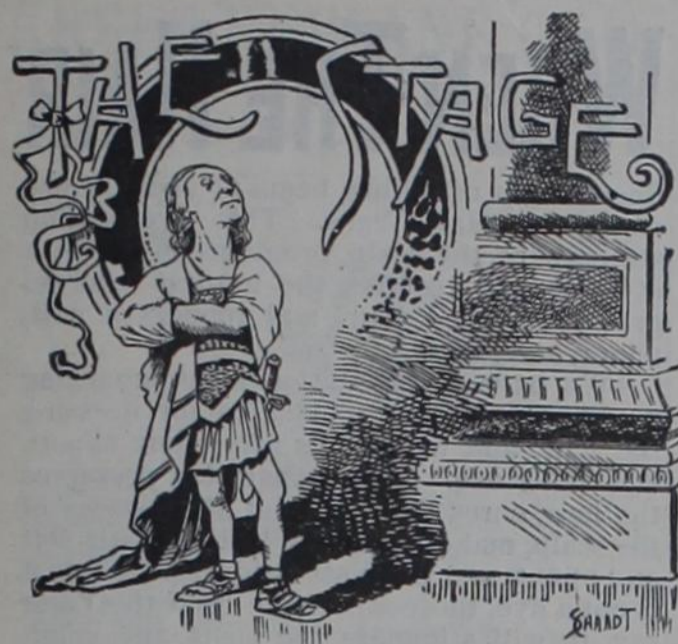
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One by one the theatres are closing as the close weather comes on.

Mr. Stuart Robson has gone to his villa at Cos Cob for the summer.

Scott's Ivanhoe is supposed to be the subject of Mr. Arthur Sullivan's new opera.

Ted Peiper, a clever comedian, has been engaged for the part of Mufti in Blue Beard, Jr., for next season.

The news that Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., is recovering and will soon be herself again is indeed gratifying, and it is to be hoped that this unfortunate lady's streak of bad luck and misfortune is at an end.

The City Directory, at the Bijou, is still playing to crowded houses, and is received every night with shouts of laughter and constant encores. The dancing of the Three Rosebuds, Julia Glover, Sadie Kirby and Rosa France, in the black ballet, is both graceful and charming. Amelia Glover, as the Little Fawn, may well challenge Carmencita's vaunted performances. Charlie Reed is a host in himself, with his songs and dances, and everybody wants to learn How McCarthy Learned to Waltz. On June 19th Russell's comedians give their 150th performance of this successful musical absurdity. The amusement of the audience indorses the statement that it is "constructed for laughing purposes only."

Messrs. Proctor & Turner, who have just closed their second successful season of Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, have completed their arrangements for next season. It will open Sept. 8th, with William Gillette's successful farce-comedy, All the Comforts of Home. Following this, and commencing on or about Oct. 15, Mr. Charles Frohman's company will present a new play by Messrs. De Mille and Belasco. The new work will follow in the same style as these authors' former plays, and will tell a story of society life in New York, and will be presented with a cast of metropolitan players, who are to be kept together to present plays by American and foreign authors, after the manner of stock companies in New York.

**In Original Packages.**

Farmer—"Come out here to the bars, Miss Beacon Street, I want to show you my new Jersey calf."

Miss Beacon Street (enchanted)—"Oh, what a lovely little cow! Now, I suppose that is the kind that gives the condensed milk, isn't it?"—Somerville Journal.

**Sunday Travel.**

The Puritan and Pilgrim are now performing the boat service of that famous "water highway," the Fall River Line. The double service of this line will become operative on June 16th, when the Providence and Old Colony will be run in addition to the first-named vessels commencing on the same date, the express trains connecting with steamers at Fall River will arrive at and depart from Park Street Station, Providence Division, Old Colony Railroad, instead of Kneeland Street Station, Central Division. The new steamer Plymouth is rapidly approaching completion, and will be placed in service some time during the summer.

**Newspapers.**

From a "Topic of the Time," in the June Century, on "Journalists and Newspapers," we quote as follows: "No doubt the present tendency towards trivialities and personalities will continue until private rights and public morals are better protected by the laws, and until the acme of size and profit in newspapers has been reached. In the race for expansion and power, the leader who has adopted the readiest means has often imposed his methods upon men who would choose the best means. The fault of a lower tone, here and there, is not properly chargeable to the great body of workers, for in the profession will be found to-day a high average of ability and conscientious performance of duty; and never before our time have newspapers been able to command the trained intelligence and taste to enable them to do all they are now doing for the development of art and literature; all that the newspapers of to-day are doing for every good cause, and notably at this moment for that of good government. Capital and financial success are, of course, essential for the production of a great modern newspaper; but the public has a right to demand that those who bear the highest responsibilities of the profession should issue newspapers which they, as private individuals, would be willing to indorse in every part as men of character, refinement and self-respect."

**Only the Mayor.**

That ex-Mayor Hewitt has a keen sense of humor is a fact not known to the general public, but I had frequent occasion, in attending meetings at the City Hall during his administration, to notice chance flashes of wit which enlivened the proceedings most amusingly. I recollect once happening to see Mr. Hewitt hurrying through Chambers street, on his way to Ringwood, when he was stopped by a blockade on a very dirty crossing on West street. He looked around for a moment, and then calling a policeman near by he began questioning him, in his customary imperious way, as to why the street was not cleared. The blue-coated official, apparently angered by his contest with the truckmen, blurted out:

"And who in thunder are you, anyhow, that wants to know?"

Mr. Hewitt's manner suddenly changed as he meekly replied:

"I have the misfortune to be Mayor of New York."—New York Star.

**THE LOUISIANA STATE LOTTERY.**

**THE SEMI-ANNUAL RECORD.**

**Its Enormous Total and Wide Distribution—Caprices of Fortune.**

A partial list of the prizes above One Thousand Dollars, paid by The Louisiana State Lottery Company during the six months ending May, 1890, together with the names and addresses given to the Company by the holders, omitting those who have requested it. Receipts for the amounts are on file at the offices of the Company.

**DRAWING OF DECEMBER 17, 1889.**

Ollie Hartman, Columbus, Ind.	\$50,000
A Depositor New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La.	25,000
A Depositor Trader's Bank, New Orleans.	25,000
Byron D Houghton, Oswego, N Y.	25,000
David Minorgan, Grand Forks, N. Dak.	15,000
Theo Mindrup, Concordia, Mo.	15,000
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco.	15,000
First National Bank, Pueblo, Colo.	15,000
Agency Bank of British North America, New York City	15,000
Z A Hakes, Cairo, Ill.	15,000
Arthur Harrison, New York, N Y.	15,000
Ghas E Woodson, of Hunter Bros, Memphis, Tenn.	15,000
John B Young, 33 Hannah St., West, Hamilton, Ont.	15,000
Capt Wm Falke, Pensacola, Fla., through Merchant's Bank, Pensacola, Fla.	15,000
The First National Bank, Corsicana, Tex.	15,000
E T Bellis, 2228 Walnut St, St. Louis, Mo.	15,000
Joseph Bassette, Worcester, Mass.	15,000
Arthur Bittiner, 523 Sixth Ave, New York, N Y., or 12 West 23d St, N Y.	15,000
O L Cusic and Chas Goetz, Princeton, Ill, thro' Bank of Wyanet, Wyanet, Ill.	15,000
Niblock & Lays, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Z P Cole, Pearsall, Tex, through the Texas Nat'l Bank, San Antonio, Tex.	15,000

F W Hansom & W G Miles, Moreland, Cook Co, Ill.	15,000
A P Morse, San Bernardino, Cal, thro' First National Bank, Los Angeles, Cal.	15,000
Earl Wheeler, Amsterdam, N Y.	15,000
A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
A Depositor through Fifth National Bank, Grand Rapids, Mich.	15,000
T L Crose, Emmetsburg, Iowa.	2,500
A T Prim, Belleville, Ill.	2,500
A depositor through Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.	2,500
Britton & Koontz, Natchez, Miss.	1,250
Christian Kehler, Natchez, Miss.	1,250
I Liebmann, for Louis L Levin, 108 Canal St, New York, N Y.	1,250
Thos Boland, Boston, Mass.	1,250
S Friedman, 26 Elm St, New York, N Y.	1,250
L C Jandorf, 34 Maiden Lane, New York, N Y.	1,250
John McCarvill, 14 Clarkson St, New York, N Y.	1,250
Trader's Nat'l Bank, San Antonio, Tex.	1,250

**DRAWING OF JANUARY 14, 1890.**

Thomas Marriott, Leavenworth, Kas.	\$5,000
A customer New Orleans National Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
Jno W Goodfellow, Hollidaysburg, Pa.	5,000
American Nat'l Bank, Kansas City, Mo.	5,000
Enoch Flack, Corbin, Mont.	5,000
Second National Bank, Jackson, Tenn.	5,000
Nevada Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
C N Duross, Detroit, Mich.	5,000
F J Riley and Abe Davidson, St Paul, Minn.	5,000
Hans Lagoni, Dwight, Ill.	5,000
John J Conley, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Robt T Parker, St James, Mo.	5,000
Eli Zane, Philadelphia, Pa.	5,000
Rudolph Knoll, New Baltimore, Mich.	2,500
Agency Bank of British North America, New York, N Y.	2,500
Hiram E Bailey, Zanesville, Ohio.	2,500
Mame E Langan, 1746 Brick Ave, Scranton, Pa.	2,500
W H Menton, 410 Mission St, San Francisco, Cal.	2,500
R T Jackson, Hurt's Store, Va.	2,500
Hannah Lay & Co, Traverse, City, Mich.	2,500
Henry Otte, 153 West 3d St, Cincinnati, Md.	2,500
Jacob Abbott, 435 Aisquith St, Baltimore, Md.	2,500
Wm E Eastlake, Peoria, Ill.	2,500
Lansor Burrows, 1453 Scott St, Williamsport, Pa.	2,500
John Daly, 462 Washington St, New York.	2,500
Chas G Lynch, Boston, Mass.	2,500
Robt Macklem, Port Alleghany, Pa.	2,500
A Correspondent in Costa Rica, C A, through J L Phipps & Co, New Orleans.	1,250

**DRAWING OF FEBRUARY 11, 1890.**

Paid Party in Denver, Col, through Colorado National Bank, Denver, Col.	\$15,000
Wm Klein, 931 Enterprise Alley, McKeesport, Pa.	15,000
John Boglar and S E Simpson, Carrollton, Ill.	15,000
Malachi J Good, Boston, Mass.	15,000
National Security Bank, Boston, Mass.	15,000
A Correspondent, through Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
W J Whitten, Blue Hill, Neb.	15,000
Elmira Lowe, 250 Diamond St, Phila, Pa.	15,000
L T Michrer, Fairview, Kas.	15,000
Henry Brady, Ottawa, Kas.	15,000
M W Sardin, Metropolitan, Mich.	15,000
Clara Kappeler, care Frank H Eckenroth, 321 Montgomery St, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
C Kozmiski & Co, Chicago, Ill.	15,000
John D Mayfield and Ed C Himstedt, Waco, Tex.	15,000
C P Kramer, 460 B'way, Cleveland, Ohio.	15,000
P O'Brien, 521 So 17th St, Phila, Pa.	15,000
H A Hurlbut, Chicago, Ill.	12,500
American Express Co, Detroit, Mich.	12,500
J S Webb, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Mrs Hattie Schwenck, 329 Market St, Philadelphia, Pa.	5,000
Princes Express, 34 Court Square, Boston.	5,000
Mrs Annie Johnson, 116 West 98th St, New York, N Y.	5,000
John Mahoney, Waverly, N Y.	5,000
D K Reed, Clarksburg, W Va.	5,000
Western National Bank, Baltimore, Md.	5,000
Percy Williams, care W H Kugler & Co, Pratt and Greene Sts, Baltimore, Md.	5,000
Geo B Carter, Janitor in the Nevada Block, San Francisco, Cal.	5,000
C Nordgren, Paxton, Ill.	5,000
Edgar Hill, Cincinnati, Ohio.	5,000
C T Aubushon, De Soto, Mo.	5,000
Bank of Montreal, Brockville, Ont, Canada.	5,000
O S Cox, Ironosa, Tex.	5,000
John Meyer, cor Baronne and 8th Sts, New Orleans, La.	5,000
W P Chester, 489 1-2 Tremont St, Boston.	1,250
J T Mascroft, Boston, Mass.	1,250
John Tolle, care A D Metz, Wapella, Ill.	1,250
Monroe Dedrick, Middleville, Mich.	1,500
James Furlong, Altoona, Pa.	1,250
G L Benedict, care A S Blake, 309 Canal St, New York City.	1,250
Thomas Mehon, Cleveland, Ohio.	1,250
Dio L Schlott, 89 N Cleveland Ave, Canton, Ohio.	1,250
Lowry Banking Co, Atlanta, Ga.	1,250
Farley National Bank, Montgomery, Ala.	1,250
First National Bank, Jackson, Tenn.	1,250
Tom Gasson, Birmingham, Ala.	1,250
American National Bank, Leadville, Colo.	1,250
L Schroeder, 1527 No 25th St, Phila, Pa.	1,250

**DRAWING OF MARCH 11, 1890.**

C C Conroy, 28 Ashland St, Malden, Mass.	\$30,000
Franklin Bank, Baltimore, Md.	15,000
H Hudson & H Knotts, care C D Kenny, 500 So Gay St, Baltimore, Md.	15,000
A Depositor New Orleans National Bank.	15,000
Miss Carrie Bell, Willis, Tex.	15,000
Charlotte Hedge, 32 Second St, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Fannie Poppe, care Chas Poppe, Stockton, Cal.	15,000
Geo M Green, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Chas H Johnson, 102 Sudbury St, Boston, Mass.	15,000
Albert Weiss, Galveston, Tex.	15,000
Joseph Goodman, care A Snellenberg & Co, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
J S Aman, 2912 Thompson St, Phila, Pa.	15,000
W Condigly, 2951 Fairhill St, Phila, Pa.	15,000
J R Barrows, Mount Carbon, W Va.	5,000
Klara Mathilda Karlson, Edgar, Neb.	5,000
W P Brandon, Gifford, Pa.	5,000
J C Pritchard, Buffalo, N Y.	5,000
Memphis City Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	5,000
First National Bank, Lima, Ohio.	5,000
Merchants' and Planters' Bank, Greenville, Miss.	5,000

Branch Bank of Commerce, Omaha, Neb.	5,000
A Notheic, 103 Adams St, Jefferson City, Mo.	5,000
Savory & Co's Express, 32 Court Square, Boston, Mass.	5,000
Robt Gregg and G O Edmonds, Boston.	5,000
G Phillip, Kalamazoo, Mich.	5,000
A Depositor Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La.	5,000
Abednego Williams, P O Box 3, Almy, Wyo.	5,000
B Heller, 34 Canal St, New York, N Y.	5,000
First National Bank, Tyler, Tex.	5,000
W H F Able, 22 Bull St, Savannah, Ga.	5,000
Arthur S Pickering, Engine House, Cleveland, Ohio.	5,000
Island City Savings Bank, Galveston, Tex.	5,000
Frank A Freimuth, 432 N Gay St, Baltimore, Md.	2,500
Max Pause, 45 Exchange Place, New York.	2,500
F Lind, 51 Exchange Place, New York.	2,500
Through First National Bank, Vicksburg, Miss.	2,500
I R Luff, Box 1610, West Chester, Pa.	2,500
John Bybee, Topeka, Kas.	2,500
A Depositor New Orleans National Bank.	2,500
Nat'l Bank of Commerce, Kansas City, Mo.	2,500
Merchants' Nat'l Bank, Vicksburg, Miss.	2,500
Wm Jones, 583 E Main St, Columbus, Ohio.	1,250
Wm Fox, No Wellington, B C, Canada.	1,250
Arthur Holston, South Bend, Ind.	1,250
Wm M Burnop, Londonville, N Y.	1,250
H B Royad, Waycross, Ga.	1,250
Ls Onesime Beaubien, 78 St Francois St, Quebec, Canada.	1,250
R D Kennedy, 505 Court St, Beatrice, Neb.	1,250
A Correspondent through Louisiana National Bank, New Orleans, La.	1,250
Albert Backman, Post and Market Sts, San Francisco, Cal.	1,250
Fisch & Greineisen, 142 Centre St, New York, N Y.	1,250
Tacoma National Bank, Tacoma, Wash.	1,250
L L Levin, New York, N Y.	1,250
German Bank, Memphis, Tenn.	1,250
J H Scott, Zanesville, Ohio.	1,250
Thomas Cuddy, care D Crawford & Co, St. Louis, Mo.	1,250
First National Bank, Denver, Colo.	1,250

**DRAWING OF APRIL 15, 1890.**

Felsenthal, Gross & Miller, Chicago, Ill.	\$15,000
Mrs M Tandy, Nyack, N Y, & Jno S Lewis, Meriden, Conn.	15,000
Bell & Eysters Bank, Duluth, Minn.	15,000
James T Gough, Grove St, Jersey City, thro' First Nat'l Bank, Jersey City, N J.	15,000
Philip Reichwine, Indianapolis, Ind.	15,000
Otis Edwards, Boston, Mass.	15,000
A Correspondent, Verdi, Nevada.	15,000
J C Higgs, Conway, Ark.	15,000
Thos L Watkins, West End, Central, S C.	15,000
Nat'l Bank of Republic, New York, N Y.	15,000
J B Castano, Box 214, Key West, Fla.	15,000
Fran Petterson, Iron Belt, Wis.	15,000
A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	15,000
Wm H Shupe, Adelphi, Ohio.	15,000
Mrs W Keller, San Luis Obispo, Cal.	15,000
A S Anderson, 203 W Indiana St, Chicago, Ill.	15,000
Jno P Walker, New York, N Y.	10,000
Jas E Ward & Co, 113 Wall St, New York.	10,000
W W Duffield, Pineville, Ky.	5,000
Metropolitan National Bank, Chicago, Ill.	5,000
C H Thul, Main Office American Express Co, Chicago, Ill.	5,000
Mrs Bernard Manning, 1014 Walnut St, St. Louis, Mo.	5,000
Wm H Prinz, Buffalo, Brewing Co, Sacramento, Cal.	5,000
Thomas Carty, Cortland, N Y.	5,000
Franklin Bank, St Louis, Mo.	5,000
F D Osgood, Boston, Mass.	5,000
R Fitzpatrick, 318 Apple St, Peoria, Ill.	5,000
H A Vialle, Boston, Mass.	5,000
James Forest, Philadelphia, Pa.	5,000
L L Saah, care American Express Co, Chicago, Ill.	2,500
Anglo-Californian Bank, San Francisco.	2,500
Harvey Harbison, Glen Rock, Neb.	2,500
Geo M Many, care S. Conte, 860 Broadway, New York, N Y.	2,500
Geo W Goodell, Lincoln, Neb.	2,500
Wm Rowe, Ypsilanti, Mich.	2,500
Jno Cooney, 404 South Mill St, New Castle, Pa.	2,500
E T M Co., Tuscarora, Nev.	2,500
Wm Way, Williamatic, Conn.	2,500
R B Warden, 876 Dauphin St, New Orleans, La.	2,500
M M Brougher, Trindle Spring, Pa.	2,500
Mrs S A Sanders, 12 W 23d St, New York.	2,500
G Montgomery, 33 Bunker Building, Kansas City, Mo.	2,500
M F Tabler, Norborne, Mo.	2,500
Alexander County Nat'l Bank, Cairo, Ill.	2,500
W H Durham, 224 So Front St, Philadelphia, Pa.	2,500
A Correspondent through Wells, Fargo & Co's Bank, San Francisco, Cal.	1,250
Alfred Bennett, care J. Eveleigh & Co, Montreal, Can.	1,250
Alexander Russell, Levis, Quebec, Can.	1,250
S Jarmulowsky, 54 Canal St, New York.	1,250
O M Crane, Somerset, Ky.	1,250
A Customer of Abe Mayer, New Orleans.	1,250
C M Bump, Bay City, Mich.	1,250
Mrs Col Grayson Tyler, Buckland, Va.	1,250
Third National Bank, Louisville, Ky.	1,250
Robt H Dorsey, Station F, Cincinnati.	1,250
Geo Hodges, Caro, Mich.	1,250

**DRAWING OF MAY 13, 1890.**

Alfred A Marcus, 127 Dartmouth St, Boston, Mass, collected through Central National Bank Boston, Mass.	\$100,000
John Kilgallon, 2041 Firth St, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
First National Bank, Jackson, Tenn.	15,000
W H Scheubel, 520 Jefferson St, Philadelphia, Pa.	15,000
Wm Waldrof, 405 No Gay St, Baltimore, Md.	15,000
Mrs. Ellen M Foote, Danbury, Conn.	15,000
Farmers and Traders Bank, Owensboro, Ky.	15,000
Island City Savings Bank, Galveston, Tex.	2,500
North Texas National Bank, Dallas, Tex.	2,500
Jacob Recht, 683 Broadway, New York.	2,500
J. Blenderman, 100 West St, New York.	2,500
S Markendorff, 357 Eighth Av, New York.	2,500
Gaston & Gaston, Dallas, Tex.	2,500
B H Davis, 41 Maiden Lane, New York.	2,500
A Depositor Germania Savings Bank, New Orleans, La.	1,250
Mattie Hinstala, Calumet, Mich.	1,250
E J Dobbs, Plainfield, N J.	1,250
Dewitt C Mason, 420 N Front St, Grand Rapids, Mich.	1,250
G Iron, New York, N Y.	1,250
J Kruger, Paterson, N J.	1,250

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

**Successful Hypnotism.**

Hypnotism may be the greatest of all sciences, but the most successful exemplification is found in the man that sells cheap wares on the street. One of the most successful hypnotizers stands on a street corner in Chicago and sells copper pens. He makes a hypnotic speech to the crowd, does not speak of the science, but uses words that hypnotize the congregation, and then taking up one of his pens makes a fine and delicate line with it.

"Now, we have a fine line," he says. "That is nothing out of the common, for just so long as we take particular care of a pen, it is likely to do its duty. The trouble is, however, that we are likely to let it fall on the floor; and I want to ask if any one ever dropped a pen that did not fall on the point. Probably you are in a hurry to write something. You seize the pen, but the point is ruined, and you must either get a new pen, at some inconvenience, too, perhaps, or give up writing. But with this pen you have no such trouble. Suppose you drop this pen. Say, for instance, that you jab it against the wall."

Here he takes up the top of a cigar box and rakes the pen on it—spraddles the points and twists the whole thing out of shape.

"No drop on the floor would produce such an effect as this," says he. "You might throw it out of a tenth-story window, and it would be in good order compared to its present condition. Now, let's see if we can do anything with it. Ah, we will bend it this way—any child could do it as well as I can—and see if it will write." Then he seizes a piece of paper and draws hair lines upon it. Wonderful! It is the pen that every man needs, especially the man that lives in the country and who does not write a letter oftener than once a month. This man buys a half dozen and chuckles in anticipation of the surprise that he is going to give his wife. After he has reached home and fed the horses and turned the old sow out of the garden, and put an iron hoop over the gate, he tells his wife about the pens. She does not believe him. Then he proceeds to show her. He draws a fine line, and she expresses admiration of the pen. "Wait," he says, "and I will show you the real beauty of the thing. Watch me."

"Oh, you are ruining it!" she exclaims, as he reaches over and rakes the pen on an old trunk.

"You just wait. See, noboddy could write with it now, but I am going to fix it as well as I can. All right again, now, you see."

"But you can't write with it."

"Can't I? Well, we'll see about that. Give me a piece of paper."

She gives him a piece of paper and he attempts to write. The pen splutters, and then the ink runs off in a blot. "Why, confound the thing, I don't understand it."

Of course he does not. The truth is, he has been hypnotized into the belief that the pen wrote well after it had been spraddled. This particular phase of the science is not new. It has been practiced for many years.—Arkansaw Traveler.

**About Rejected Poetry.**

It is a matter of history that some of the finest poetry ever written has had a narrow escape from the "limbo of things lost on earth." One of the greatest poets that ever lived came within an ace of being the "mute, inglorious Milton," for his almost divine epic found little favor with the booksellers of his day and was finally sold for about the sum which a first-class poet of the present day would expect for a poem of forty or fifty lines.

In that day, as in ours, every leading publishing house "kept a critic," on whose fiat the fate of an author's manuscript depended; and then, as now, the "readers" of such establishments sometimes made terrible mistakes.

It is our deliberate opinion that had the "Paradise Lost" been submitted to certain regularly employed critics of the present time instead of to the Grub street gentlemen of the seventeenth century it would have been pronounced, as of yore, a "dull and tedious production." Byron, as we all know, was mercilessly snubbed by the literary Jupiter of the Edinburgh Review, and Rev. Charles Wolfe's exquisite "Ode on the Burial of Sir John Moore" was so scornfully rejected by a leading periodical of the time that the author, in sending it to a provincial Irish newspaper, timidly withheld his name lest he should be cauterized by the press. But the public, a better critic than any cynic in foolscap uniform, turned up with ink, unexpectedly franked him for immortality.

There is an enormous amount of humbug in modern criticism—quite as much as in the criticism of days gone by. The fact is that the ability to decide intelligently whether a work will succeed or fail is not an art, but a gift, and very few possess it. Mere book men know very little about the tastes of the community. If you want an "opinion as is an opinion" on what you have written, go to a man who understands human nature, and, though he may never have seen the inside of a college, he will be apt to tell you truly how the world will receive your offering.—Exchange.

**Cure for the Deaf.**

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

**He Also Had Rules.**

He had opened a restaurant in Buffalo, and after two or three weeks he called at a bank to get the cash on a small check received from some one in Philadelphia.

"Have to be identified, sir," said the teller, as he shoved it back.

"But I am Blank, of the new restaurant around the corner."

"Must be identified."

"This is payable to me or order, and I've indorsed it," protested the restaurateur.

"Can't help it, sir. Rules of the bank."

The man went out and brought some one back to identify him, and the money was handed over. Three days later the teller dropped in for a lunch at the new restaurant. He had taken a seat and given his order, when the proprietor approached him, and said:

"Have to be identified, sir."

"How! What?"

"Have to be identified before you can get anything here, sir."

"Identified? I don't understand you?" protested the teller.

"Plain as day, sir. Rule of the house that all bank officials have to be identified. Better go out and find some responsible party who knows you."

"Hanged if I do!" growled the teller, and he reached for his hat and coat and banged the door hard as he went out.—New York Sun.

**An Unmistakable Need.**

A new explosive has been invented which is said to be about the same as twin brother to an earthquake. But the nation doesn't need sure death at a distance half as badly as it does some sort of a reliable contrivance for getting a boy up in the morning without damage to the roof.—The Ram's Horn.

**He Got the Meal.**

The tramp entered the diaconal council. He had on a long frock coat, fastened closely around his waist by a thorn, and from the flowing lap above oozed out the ends of a much soiled handkerchief. His closely fitting trousers, through numerous portals of which protruded his interesting self, seemed to run without any dividing line into the shoe and boot which respectively incased his feet. The deacons had time to note the peculiarities before the stranger broke the silence.

"Gentlemen," he began, "your pardon for disturbing you, but I am very sick." He paused after this announcement to note the effect. "I went to the doctor," he soon continued, "and he gave me the pills—see, the pills," and he held up to view a view a small bottle which he had in the palm of his hand. "He said take the pills, three after each meal, and I would like very much to have some assistance."

"Well, why in thunder don't you take your pills, then, and not come bothering here?" interposed a deacon, who was becoming tired.

"Gentlemen," replied the tramp, with much unction, "I cannot take the pills; I have no meal."

He got a meal.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**A Reasonable Request.**

Sick Husband—"My dear, this room is very warm."

Wife (testing the register)—"There's no heat coming from the register."

Sick Husband (impatiently)—"Well, see if the dampers are all right at once. Do you want a man to stay here and freeze to death?"—Harper's Bazar.

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**A Poetic Pianist.**

Miss Gushly—"What a poetic pianist Herr Pachmann is."

Miss Flightly—"Real elegant!"

"Wasn't his playing of the Summer Song delightful?"

"And so realistic, too. Why, he hadn't played very much of it before my foot went to sleep."—America.

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**A Rich Brown**

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

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

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VERSES NEW AND OLD.

A WIDE FELT WANT.



I've got a new tile, of the latest spring style;  
It's glossy, it's sleek, and all that;  
It is ever so swell, and goes excellent well  
With my better half's new Easter hat;  
But comfort and ease, I'll take, if you please,  
Beneath my own fig-tree and vine,  
And worry along, with my pipe and a song,  
And that  
slouchy old  
felt of mine.

That new spring tile, of elegant style,  
Is hard, and as heavy as lead;  
It weightens me down, and like the king's crown,  
Uneasiness brings to the head.  
It makes a demand for a glove on my hand  
With dress of the mode, and quite fine,  
A dignified air and a quantum of care  
Unknown  
to that slouch  
hat of mine.

There's trouble enough, and the road is full rough,  
The easiest way we may go  
The journey of life, its care and its strife,  
Its trials, and burdens, and woe;  
So, just if you please, I'll gather what ease  
May lie in a goblet of wine,  
My pipe and the song, which fairly belong,  
With that  
slouchy old  
felt of mine.  
—Will Visscher, in Fairhaven (Wash.) Herald.

EN ROUTE.

You hear the sweet, faint echo of a kiss  
Like the gurgle of the water in a funnel,  
And you realize that someone's tasted bliss  
In the gloom and lasting darkness of the tunnel.  
—Time.

IF I WERE YOU.

If I were you, I often say  
To those who seem to need advice,  
I'd always look before I leaped;  
I'd always think it over twice.  
And then I'd heave a troubled sigh—  
For, after all, I'm only I.

I'd ne'er discuss, if I were you,  
The failings of my fellow men;  
I'd think of all their virtues first,  
And scan my own shortcomings then.  
But though all this is good and true,  
I am but I; I am not you.

If I were you, and half so vain,  
Amidst my folly I would pause  
To see how dull and light a fool  
I was myself. I don't, because—  
(And here I heave a pitying sigh)  
I am not you; I'm only I.

If I were you, no selfish care  
Should chase my cheery smile away;  
I'd scatter round me love and hope;  
I'd do a kindness every day.  
But here again I find it true  
That I am I, and you are you.

I would not be so very quick  
To take offense, if I were you;  
I would respect myself, at least,  
Whatever others say or do.  
Alas! can no one tell me why  
I am not you, instead of I?

In short, if I were only you  
And could forget that I was I,  
I think that little cherub wings  
Would sprout upon me, by and by  
—George H. Murphy, in St. Nicholas for June.

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.

All He Knew.

Old Roger Biscomb, of Cave Springs, Ky., came to Chicago several days ago, and while here attended the German opera at the Auditorium. The following letter, addressed to a friend at home, gives his impressions of the performance:

MY DEAR ABNER:—I promised to tell you of anything curious that I might run across, so here's at you, dod rot you, if I'd never seed you I'd never tock you, as Bill Anderson always says when he tilts the jug. I have seen so many things out of the common that I couldn't get them all down with a fine-pointed pen on both sides of a wagon sheet, so I will content myself with a little affair that I saw the other night. I went to that monstrous big building called the Auditorium. Abner, it is as big as Pilot Knob. I never did see anything like it. Why, you could hang the entire tobacco crop of Fayette county in it. Well, they had a show there that they called a German opera. I heard so much about it, what a fine show it was, that I concluded to go. As nearly as I could gather, the piece they played was written by a wagoner, a pretty sharp feller that drives a team about the town. I couldn't tell you how many folks were on the platform—tried to count them, but couldn't do it, they kept stirring about so brisk. Sometimes one would sing, and then they would all break out in the most outlandish song you ever heard. I couldn't understand a word, for they sang in Dutch. I don't reckon the feller that wrote the thing has been in this country very long. Don't reckon it would have hurt much if he had never come here. I know that I would be about as well off and weigh about as much if I never had heard his stuff. But most of the folks seemed to enjoy it might'y, and every once in a while they would fling up double-barrel spy-glasses and look at the singers. One feller that sat next to me 'lowed that it was the finest music he ever heard.

"You don't call that music, do you?" I asked.  
He looked white-oak splinters at me and didn't say a word. That wasn't the way I have been in the habit of being treated, and I sorter nudged him and said: "If you call that music you must have spent the most of your life in a neighborhood where the folks don't do anything but call hogs."  
"You dry up!" said he, "or I'll have you put out."

I sorter squared myself, took a fresh chew of tobacco, and leaning around and looking in his eyes, told him that when I went out the rest of the folks would be about ready to go home.  
"Hush!" said he, "I want to hear that solo."  
"I don't care anything about the solo nor the so higin," I answered. "What I want to know is, where were you raised?"  
"None of your business," said he, this time giving me a look full of red oak splinters.

"All right, if you are ashamed of the place you came from, I have nothing to say."  
Then he turned with a gaze that showed that all the splinters had took fire. "Look here," said he, "I have asked you like a gentleman to hush, and now if you don't I'll take other measures."  
"All right," said I, "but when you begin to take my measure, you'll find out that you are measuring a man before you get through."  
"Look here," he asked, "where are you from yourself?"  
"I am from Kentucky," said I.

Then he grabbed me and said, "Why, bless your soul, I am from there myself."  
"Well, I just naturally grabbed him, I did. "Come on out here," said he, "and let this blamed hog-calling go. I

have been here two weeks and you are the first man I have felt like grabbing."

"But hold on, don't you want to hear the solo?"

"Hang the solo! Let's go down here and see that feller that handles the juice."

Well, out we went and stood up to the juice rail. He knew fellers that I did, and—well, when he held up his glass and looked at me, I didn't see any splinters in his gaze. Abner, that's all I know about the opera.—Arkansaw Traveler.

Gems from Different Authors.

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and usefulness than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and caverned out by grumbling and discontented people.—Anonymous.

Grace alone can preserve grace. When we get a particular blessing we need another to preserve it.—Adam Clark.

Temptations are a file which rubs off the rust of self-confidence.—Fenelon.

Religion is no value to a merchant unless it keeps him from putting false labels on his goods; or to a plasterer unless it keeps him from putting up a ceiling he knows will crack in six months; or to a farmer unless it keeps him from putting the only sound pippins on top of the barrel.—Talmage.

Love and a cough cannot be concealed.—Latin Proverb.

The only path to a tranquil life is through virtue.—Juvenal.

There is no small pleasure in pure water.—Ovid.

Men's conversation is like their life.—Seneca.

I hold this to be the rule of life: Too much of anything is ban.—Terence.

The National Capital.

The City of Washington is an object of perennial interest to all patriotic Americans. Not alone because it is the great throbbing heart of the mightiest and grandest Republic the earth has ever known, but also on account of its material magnificence. All Americans take pride in its beautiful avenues, majestic architecture, stately homes, and well stored galleries and museums as things of grandeur and beauty in themselves, apart from the historic interest with which they are invested. It is a hope and aspiration of all "YOUNG AMERICA," at least, to some time or other visit the Capital of his country.

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Diamond Cut Diamond.

Farmer Eli (going home from the grocer's)—"Here, Dave, hev some more of this cheese."

Farmer David—"Shoved quite a hunk of it inter yer pocket, didn't ye?"

Farmer Eli—"Yes; but old Prunelle got the best of me, though. See him charge me two cents for that half a dozen clothes-pins? They ain't only three cents a dozen.—Puck."

Consumption Surely Cured.

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

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DIDN'T WANT TO GIVE IT AWAY.

MR. NUWED CRÆSUS (gallantly)—Bettah take my arm Misses Cræsus.  
MRS. CRÆSUS—Keep yo' arm to yo'sef, y' bawn idjot! S'pose I want to publish de fac' dat we's newly married?

How He Lost His Tail.

"Gentlemen," said a tall Kentuckian, hauling up and leisurely taking his seat in a vacant chair, "don't make fun of that dog, if you please," and, with a face of profound melancholy and touching pathos, he added, "unless you want to hurt his feelings."

"Oh, of course not, sir, if you dislike it. But, pray, how did he come to be curtailed of his fair proportions?"

"Well, gentlemen, I'll tell you," said the Kentuckian, replenishing the spacious hollow of his cheek with a quid of tobacco. "That thar dog was the greatest b'ar hunter of Kaintuck. A few years ago I used to take my rifle and old Riptearer of an afternoon, and think nothing of killing ten b'ars. One cold day in the middle of winter, bein' troubled a good deal with an old he-b'ar that used to carry off our pigs by the dozen, I started out with Riptearer, determined to kill the old rascal or die in the attempt."

"Well, after we had gone about two miles through the woods we all of a sudden came right smack on the old b'ar, with his wife and three cubs. I know'd I couldn't shoot 'em all at once, and I know'd if I killed either of the old 'uns t'other would make at me, for I could see they were mortal hungry. So says I, 'Rip, what'll we do?' Rip know'd what I was sayin', and without waitin' to hold any confab about it he gave a growl and pitched right in among them. With that I let fly at the she-b'ar, 'cos I know'd she was the worst when the cubs was about. Over she rolled, as dead as a mackerel."

"Rip then hitched on the he-b'ar, and they had a most mighty tussle for about five minutes, when the b'ar began to roar enough like blue murder. I run up then and knocked his brains out with the butt end of my rifle. The cubs were so skeered and cold that I killed 'em all in about two minutes with my knife. But Rip took on terrible about my knockin' of the old b'ar on the head. At fust I thought he was going to tackle me, and says I, 'Rip, that's downright ungrateful.' With that he sneaked off in a huff, but I could easily see he was terrible mad yet."

"Well, I left the b'ars all on the ground, concluding to call back with the neighbors for 'em as soon as I let 'em know. On the way home Rip kep' ahead

of me. Every time he thought how I killed the old b'ar his tail would stand right up on end, he was powerful mad.

"It was getting night, and began to grow freezin' cold. About half a mile from the house Rip came to a halt, thinkin' he'd have another look back in the direction of the b'ar. The scent of 'em raised his dander wuss than ever. His tail stood right squar' up, as stiff as a hoe handle. Just then it came on colder than ever, and poor Rip's tail friz exactly as it stood. I was in a bad fix—I had no fire to thaw it. While I was thinking what to do to get it down ag'in a big buck deer sprung up and darted right over the fence about fifty yards ahead. Rip did not wait to be told whar to go, but pitched arter the deer. I cracked away with my rifle, and just raised the fuzz between his horns. When Rip got to the fence he thought he'd make a short cut, so he dashed right through, but his tail was so brittle it broke off between the rails. Poor old Rip was done for good. He never had a tail to show arter that—it broke his spirit as well as his tail; and that's how he come to lose it. And now, gentlemen, I'm gettin' a little dry, and if you have no objection we'll take a horn."

**The well known strengthening properties of IRON, combined with other tonics and a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills, which strengthen the nerves and body, and improve the blood and complexion.**

A Cry for Help.

"Murder!"

The tone broke out, loud and clear, from the musical enthusiast, invited along with a lot of others to hear the piano performance in Wagner of the host's fair daughter.

"What is it? What do you mean?"

"I was merely referring to the young lady's execution."—Philadelphia Times.

A Spirit Stirrer.

Some amusing stories relative to the effect of the recent court martials and investigations are going about in army circles, and one of them comes from Jefferson Barracks, Mo. When a member of the military band came to the post surgeon with a long face and a plaintive story about a sore throat he was treated with a consideration which was as marked as it was gratifying.

"Sore throat, eh?" said the surgeon, pleasantly. "Let me see. Oh, that's not so bad. A slight irritation, nothing more. You'll be all right in a day or two. I guess you had better take no chances of renewing the trouble by using your throat, though, so I will recommend that you be excused from active duty for two weeks."

Armed with the surgeon's certificate the bandsman obtained his two weeks' relief from active duty. The two weeks had just come to an end when he met the post surgeon on the parade ground. The bandsman saluted. The surgeon, recognized the face and stopped.

"How's the throat?" he said pleasantly. "It's quite well, sir," was the reply.

"That's good," said the surgeon. "You can get back to your duty without fear. By the way, what instrument do you handle in the band?"

"The small drum, sir," said the musician."—N. Y. Tribune.

Pearls of Truth.

The greatest luxury a man can allow himself is marriage.

Pleasure is the flower that fades; remembrance is the lasting perfume.

Distrust a woman who speaks of her virtue.

A great writer does not reveal himself here and there, but everywhere.

To learn to die is better than to study the ways of dying.

Why should sorrow be eternal? Men surely weary of pleasure, why should they not weary of sorrow?

By being contemptible, we set men's minds to the tune of contempt.

That even a woman should be faultless . . . is an arrangement not permitted by nature, which assigns to us mental defects, as it awards to us headaches, illnesses, or death.

He is best served who has no occasion to put the hand of others at the end of his arm.

We mingle in society, not so much to meet others as to escape ourselves.

Self is the great anti-Christ and anti-God in the world, that sets itself up above all else.

Society is the master, and man the servant.

Tolerance does not mark the progress of religion. It is the fatal sign of its decline.

To-morrow is a satire on to-day, and shows its weakness.

Illusion is brief; but repentance is long.

When one looks on the thousand and one poor, foolish, ignoble faces of this world, and listens to the chatter as poor and foolish as the faces, one, in order to have any proper respect for them, is forced to remember that solemnity of death, which is silently waiting.

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

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite with the finite.

Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation.

A beloved face cannot grow ugly, because not flesh and complexion, but expression, created love.

Opportunity has hair in front, but behind she is bald. If you seize her by the forelock, you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.

Passion is always suffering even when gratified.

Absence in its anxious longing and sense of vacancy is a foretaste of death.

The finest day of life is that on which one quits it.

It is true that friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never.

Moral supremacy is the only one which leaves monuments, not ruins, behind it.

Simplicity of character is the natural results of profound thought.

Troubles, like babies, grow larger by nursing.

Men are women's plaything; women are the devil's.

He has half the deed done who has made a beginning.—Truth.

In Santa Fe.

First Society Belle—"Well, I see California Jim is yet paying you marked attention. Now, Pearl, in all confidence, has he got to the point yet?"

Second Society Belle—"No, he is still a little offish, but I reckon I can fetch him around. Say, Kate, lend me your six-shooter, and the next time he calls I'll get the drop on him and make him come to time, you bet!"—Yankee Blade.

The Kind of Jokes He Liked.

Contributor—"What kind of jokes do you prefer?"

Editor—"Leap year jokes."

Contributor—"Why?"

Editor—"Because it takes them four years to get around again."—Keystone.

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