

Vol 13 Looking for ...

# Texas Siftings.

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CHILDHOOD'S FAREWELL TO WILLIAM TELL.

# Texas Siftings.

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#### IN "A. MINER" KEY.

THE Indian question—How!  
AN imp-porter—printer's devil.  
ON the stocks—Wall street "bears."  
A STERN duty—steering a canal boat.  
A LEADING article—a blind man's dog.  
ITEMS-of interest—pawnbroker's pledges.  
DOGS ought to welcome the tax on tinware.  
THE scrap-book is composed in gum-Arabic.  
IT is the dentist who can do tooth things at once.  
WHAT's the pedigree of the horse that passed the Rubicon?  
"WHAT kind of a cat is that, Pat?" Pat—"Angora, begora."  
TREAD not in crooked paths, unless you are a landscape gardener.  
LAZINESS is death, and it is exceedingly premature with some men.  
WHAT has done more for the elevation of woman than the balloon?  
THE man who goes to the top of a tall steeple has high church views.  
HAS Patti given her last farewell or not, who knows? Perhaps Craig-y-Nos.  
ALL pavements are more or less faulty, but some are not asphalt's others.  
A MAN looks for the path of duty afar off, yet it passes right by his door.  
MARRYING rich widows, like drinking liquor, is often done solely for the "effects."  
A MAN sentenced to be hanged asked for a suspension of public opinion in its stead.  
WHEN the old folks try to sit out a fellow and his girl, they engage in a hopeless task.  
GRATITUDE is the music of the heart, but there be men whose hearts are insensible to harmony.  
JIM—"Why do negro minstrels cork themselves?"  
BILL—"To keep their jokes from getting flat."  
BEAUTY is only skin deep, says the adage. But I doubt whether it is kin deep, in a poor relation.  
IT is a glorious thing to resist temptations, but it will be money in your pocket if you avoid them.  
WHEN the dramatic combinations begin to break up the army of walking delegates will be largely reinforced.  
THERE was a convention of champagne dealers in New York the other day, but the proceedings were not reported; they were extra-dry.



It is the pretty waiter girl—  
She's one among a score;  
And 'tis not that I love them less,  
But oh, I love her more.  
Down to the festive board I sit;  
She stands behind my chair;  
I catch the slight suggestive cough  
That tells me she is there.

My pretty, pretty waiter girl!  
She hath a pleasant voice;  
Of chops and steaks, of fish and fowl,  
She bideth me make choice.  
I ponder on my little joke  
While fingering the menu;  
Then, "If I were to order duck,  
I might perhaps get you."

Her eyes are on the tablecloth;  
Their glance it is severe—  
"Or, should I call for venison,  
'Twere you, again, my dear."  
She wears the lofty look of one  
Who searcheth the topshelf;

"Pray, do not ask for goose," she said,  
"For you might get—yourself."

JONES ROCKWELL.

#### THE NEW TARIFF.

Jay Gould isn't disturbed about the new tariff. If it increases the cost of some articles, says our modern Croesus, cheerfully, people will simply use less of them. That is so. If the laboring man's suit of clothes costs more than formerly, let him only buy half a suit. Clerks on six dollars a week, who have been accustomed to wear two diamond studs in their shirt front, must get along with one. It will gratify many to learn that the duty on steel plate has been reduced five dollars a ton, which will place this article within the reach of many who have heretofore felt that they couldn't afford to have a steel rail about the house. Now is a good time to lay in your steel rails. We hear a great deal about stimulating home industry. The duty on foreign drinks is so great now that if you stimulate home industry you must do it on native wines.

#### ROYAL VISITORS.

It is remarkable how little the Atlantic coast line dipped when Comte de Paris, the would-be king of France, stepped upon our shores. And the Comte is probably a little surprised himself to observe how little his presence seems to disturb the even run of things. To be sure a few editors were alarmed lest the fact that some of our leading citizens who went down the bay on a government tug to meet him, might be considered by the Republic of France as an endorsement of his claims to a certain musty old throne that is kicking about in some Parisian *garde meuble*, but there has been no declaration of war as yet. Kings don't count for much in this country, anyhow, real or pretended. They might drop in every day, and few of us would stop work to go and call on them. A king landed in Philadelphia the other day, and very little was said about it. He is a recognized sovereign, too, requiring no Boulanger to scheme for his acknowledgement—Gaspar Melchior, king of the English gypsies. Comte de Paris traces his lineage back to St. Louis, but Melchior beats him by more than twelve centuries, for he claims to be a lineal descendant of the Eastern King Melchior, one of the trio of wise men who were present at the birth of the Savior. His coming was not so extensively heralded as that of the Orleanist, which probably accounts for the failure of the authorities at Washington to extend to him an official welcome. Princes, potentates, you are welcome to our shores. Try and enjoy yourselves.

A TEXAS woman says a good place to catch a husband is by the ear.

#### GOOD-BYE TO WILLIAM TELL.

Older people who are accustomed to having their idols smashed and seeing cherished delusions vanish before the fierce light of modern research, may part with William Tell with tolerable composure, but it will be a sad day for the children when they have to give up the Swiss hero and his cross-bow, and realize that the story of the apple shooting is a fraud. Children are natural hero-worshippers, and they like a cruel tyrant like Gesler to execrate. How dreary their story books will appear with the Tell legend eliminated, as has been proposed in Switzerland, just because some unsentimental old wiseacres have concluded that there is little or no foundation for the story. We trust that the subject will be reconsidered and Switzerland allowed to retain its Bill Tell. The allegory on our first page, depicted by artist McCarthy, has a pathetic interest in this connection.

#### MR. HALE'S INNUENDO.

Our esteemed contemporary, Edward E. Hale of the Boston Commonwealth, says that Boston is proud of its clubs. Of course he couldn't say right out in his paper, John L. Sullivan (who is known as the hardest-hitting club in the country.) The Commonwealth is quite *recherché*, you know.

THERE is no prouder moment in a young man's life than when he first sees his picture exhibited in a showcase outside of a photograph gallery.



#### IN NO DANGER.

MR. SHALLOWPATE—Aw—Miss Cleverwit—I've been reading—aw—that brainy people shouldn't—aw—marry brains. What do you think about it?

MISS CLEVERWIT—You are not in the least danger of doing it, Mr. Shallowpate.

A CORNER IN WALL STREET.



**I** DON'T mean what you mean. A "corner" in Wall street is, in the language of brokers, one of those operations by which one man, or set of men, get another man or set of men in a predicament, and calmly proceed to squeeze all worldly

wealth out of them by strictly legal means. The process is very simple, though much ingenuity is often exercised in making it work. Wall street brokers do not merely buy and sell with one another those securities and things which they have to sell, but they often sell what they have not got, and buy what the other fellow never had. Then the man who has sold, when the time comes to deliver the goods, proceeds to hustle. If he can buy for a less price than he is to receive on delivery, he is of good cheer, and accumulates gain with elation.

But it sometimes happens that the man who buys, lays a trap for the seller, and gets control beforehand of all there is of the goods they are dealing in. Say there are 1,000 shares of some stock in existence, and A. buys from B. 100 shares to be delivered in a week. B. hasn't any 100 shares, but he thinks he can get them for less than A. is going to pay. But A. quietly gets 950 shares in the meantime, and when B. looks around for his 100 he has to buy fifty from the very man who is going to buy for him.

The usual custom in such cases is for A. to find out exactly how much money B. has of his own, and how much he can raise by selling all that he has, and borrowing from his friends. The sum total is exactly the price he has to pay to settle with A. It is a very pretty game—for A. As for B. he goes away and hangs himself, and the world is rid of one more broker.

But that isn't the kind of a corner I mean. I mean the corner of the street where Broad and Wall come together. If ever there was a place on earth where the philosopher may find "sermons in stones" that is the place.

A short block away stands Trinity Church, facing Wall street, and serving Mammon indirectly at least, by displaying a huge and famous clock in its steeple. No other church in America would be placed so appropriately there, for no other owns fifty million dollars worth of property. The public does not know just how much Trinity owns, for the secret is jealously guarded, but years ago it was acknowledged to be fifty millions, and probably it is really twice as much. It is quite likely that the income of half a dozen millions is employed in the service of Him who had not where to lay His head. All of it is held in His name. What becomes of the rest? I know men who have spent years in trying to find out. I have tried, myself. Nobody ever did find out.

However, Trinity stands, like the benediction of Mammon himself, at the head of the Street. People there call it The Street, as if there were no other. The Sub-Treasury stands on Wall street, facing down Broad, as if to lend substantiality to the transactions, as Trinity gives them sanction, and around the corner the traffic in the wealth of nations goes on from day to day. Does a government wish to hypothecate its revenue for immediate millions? It can be accommodated on this corner. Is a waterway to be constructed between two seas, to change the path of the world's commerce? The money can be raised on this corner. Is a State bankrupt, needing aid to carry on its government and to improve its territory? This corner is the place to go to. Is some fool with a moderate fortune intoxicated with dreams of wealth, and does he think he can attain it by speculation? Let him go to this corner, and he will—straightway lose his all.

Years ago I knew a brilliant man, a managing editor of one of the greatest newspapers in the world. He had a little fortune left to him, and he forthwith left the newspaper and went to Wall street. Almost at once he made a lucky stroke and won a boodle. Next day he met a wise man whom he knew, and communicated to him of his joy. They discoursed thus:

Brilliant Man—I shall never return to journalism. I can make more in a day in Wall street, than I can make in a year of newspaper work.

Wise Man—Yes. That is very easy. Anybody can make more in a day in Wall street than he can by a year of hard work. The thing is to make more in a year in Wall street than by a year of hard work.

But the brilliant man heeded him not, and went his way. Afterward he returned to journalism, but his fortune remained in Wall street.

It is easy to get rich on this corner, but it is hard to stay rich. Yet there is one sure way, and many there be that know it. In handling other people's money, borrowing for them, and making their investments there is always a commission to be made. If the broker can get enough of this business to do he will get rich, providing always that he will not speculate. This is the true and only prosperity of Wall street.

And how great is that business, and that prosperity! The financial transactions of a whole quarter of the world pay tribute to the men on this corner.

They are busy. From ten o'clock till three they are looking for bargains and making them. The Stock Exchange, when business is brisk, is perfectly indescribable. If one can imagine each man in the crowd, yelling like a fiend at the top of his voice, and dancing about in his eagerness to trade, he may get an idea of what the Stock Exchange is. But if his imagination be not equal to such a flight, he must see it before he can get the idea.

Even the messenger boys around this corner move quickly. This is true, though it will not be believed by any one who is familiar with the messenger boy only in other places. Even the telegraph service is sometimes too slow for the necessities of the Street. Science itself cannot quite annihilate time, and a minute is sometimes worth a king's ransom.

The men of Wall street are like any other men, except that they become sharpened in wit by keen competition, and often grow careless about small sums by reason of their familiar handling of large ones. Much has been said and written about them as a class, but this is the only foundation for it all.

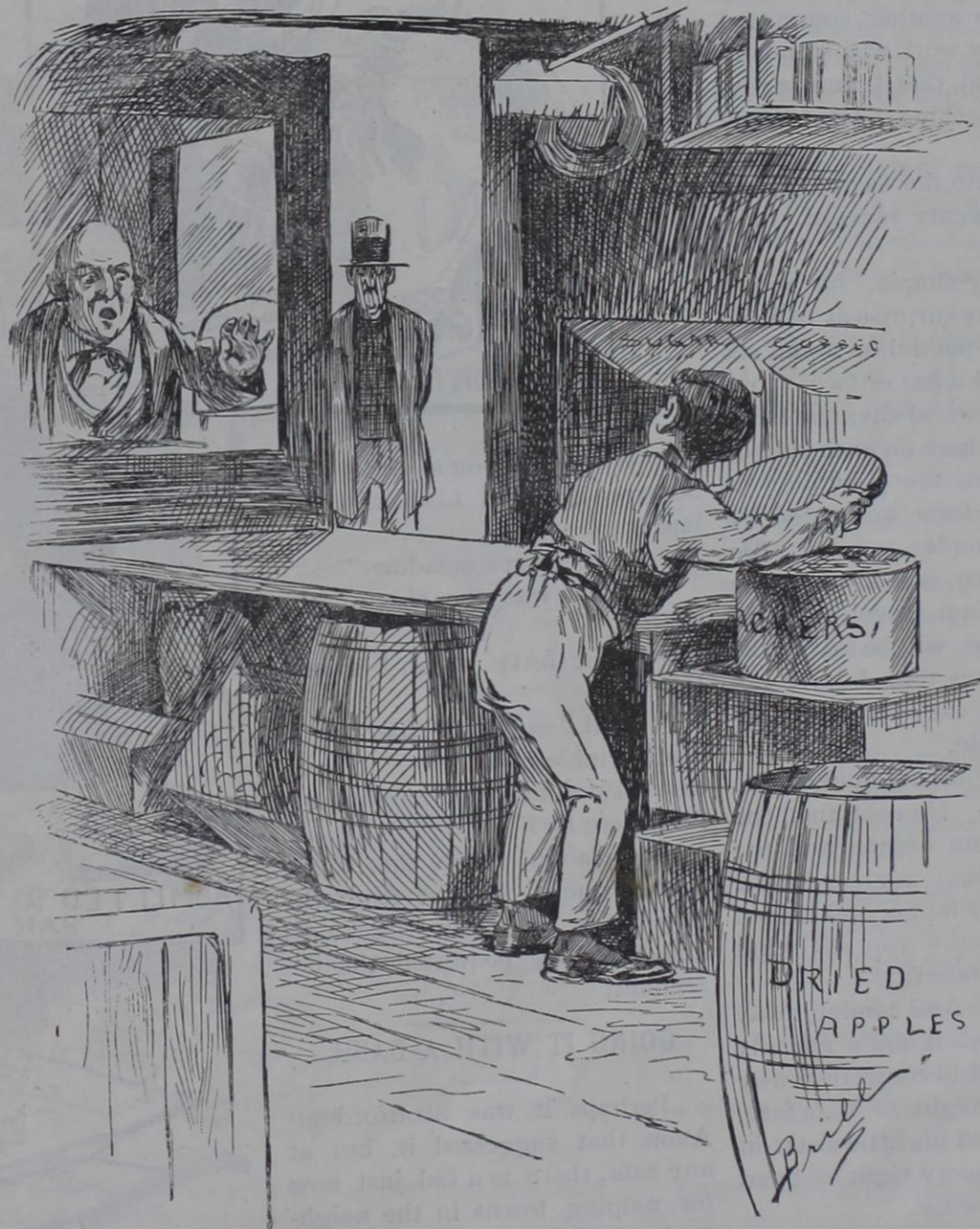
DAVID A. CURTIS.

HIS ONE ERROR.

Jiggs—What's the matter with Snoope, anyhow?

Jeggs—O, nothing much—except that he seems to be convinced that he that sneaketh, findeth.

If the game was on Linden when the sun was "low," who was "high?"



PRECAUTION.

GROCER—Hi, Sam! put back the dried apples and take the caramels off the counter.

BOY—All right, sir; and shall I cover these crackers? Deacon's pretty fond of 'em, you know.

GROCER—Yes; an' don't forget to add fifteen cents to his last bill.

EBERLUTION.



**L**ADIES AN' GEN'LEMENS:—I invites yo' strictis' 'tention dis ebenin' to a subjeck dat is one ob de abstractis' an' abstrusis' in de underbridge dictionary. A man by de name ob Darbin fust discovered dis progenerous law, but not tel many yeahs had collapsed sence de flood. De animals had got so dispursed sence dat time, dat trac-in' back de 'sem-

blance to de 'riginal wuz tejous business. Darbin's logicin' wuz not sufficiently p'inted to be convincin', but mine is. I'm in possession of fac's dat's unfamiliar to de mos' 'luminated members ob dis club. Eberlution means somefun better, growin' outen somefun wusser, 'cordin' to de underbridge dictionary. I brung dis egg ter 'lustrate de principle wid. Now, ef dis egg wuz put under a settin' hen, providin' it's a good egg, an' nobody knowed whar de nes' wuz y' all knows dat in 'bout free weeks a chicken will hatch—dat ain' no eberlution; kaze why, dat wuz jes' what you suspected wuz gwinter happen. On de yether han', ef dat egg wuz ter hatch a rabbit or a dog, dat would be eberlution. Nuffin' dat yo' sees now is what it usen ter be, an' ef it is, it's gwinter be diff'nt arter while. Dar ain' no stan'still in dis worl'; dem things as is fitten ter live keep takin' on improvements an' 'tachments, an' dem as ain' fitten draps out, dey patent runs out. All dis means "Survivin' ob de fittest." Scientific men keep diggin' up skilitons ob sarpents dat wuz miles long, an' beastis' dat wuz bigger den a house—all dey patents done run out—wuz gone extinct. Look at de wiggle-tail in de rain-water bar'l, nex' time you see him he's gwinter be a whale in de ocean, an' swaller you whole ef you fall outen de ship. Now, I'm fixin' to 'stonish some folkses

dat feels bigoty 'bout dey pedigree. Take up dat pedigree an' tote it back far 'nough an' you gwinter find dat onct you wuz a monkey. 'Pears to me lak some ob dis club ain' got no big distance to trabel back-ards, nuther, specially dat man snorin' in de corner. De monkey wuz a ambitious cuss—beat all de yether animules climbin'. He clum tel he wore all de ha'r offen his body, an' his tail clean off at de roots. He clum in manners, ladies, an' he clum in morals, gen'lemen, an' he's gwinter keep on tel he climbs clean inter de Kingdom. De scale starts wid little a standin' fer ape, an' ends wid big A standin' fer angel. Dat's what I call a sublime climb.

N. T. KETCHAM.

A PERFECTLY VALID EXCUSE.

Judge Duffy—Prisoner, you were very drunk last night. Can you explain it?

Prisoner—I can not, sir. I passed a very quiet evening at your club, and—

Judge Duffy—Sufficient, sir. You're discharged.

IT DEPENDS.

Rev. Snorter (at the camp-meeting)—My young friend, has the devil left you yet?

Jack Inkleigh (a reporter there on professional duty)—It depends on how soon you tackle the next fellow.



## PERPETUAL MOTION.

At last! And the lucky individual has been buried in all obscurity for the past twenty years, in the insignificant, remote little village of Teutopolis. He is a Teuton. That, of course, goes without saying.

"I have worked for the past twenty years on my machine," the genial inventor affably vouchsafed me on my broaching the subject, "but the people are so skeptical in such things, that I had much trouble to secure partners.

"Fifteen years ago, I got a butcher to go in with me; but unfortunately for my invention, three years later—just about as we were getting the machine to work smoothly (of course, you must understand every little arrangement, every little piece in the mechanism must fit like clockwork)—he became bankrupt. Well, in the next few years I had several partners, but my star had not yet risen. Two of them—one a practical machinist and the other a baker of considerable ability, became so enthusiastic and wild in their anticipations of our grand success that was soon to be achieved, that they were transferred to an asylum.

"My next partner died, and the partner before my present partner, for some trouble or another, committed suicide; and so, of course; put my work at a standstill for a time, for you must understand that I, personally, had not the capital to perfect the machine. I put in my brains."

Herewith he conducted me into the sacred apartment that held the result of his twenty years of study and devotion.

"Oh, yes, I know it looks very simple," he anticipated me as I was about to utter my surprise at beholding before me nothing but an iron pendulum about six feet long, hung on a thin shaft, and a bar or two; "but you know that the simplest things are always the best. "You see," he continued, "I have here on each side of the pendulum a steel spring. When the pendulum is in motion, this spring takes up the force generated by the shock against that check-bar yonder, you see. Do you understand? Well, this force reacts upon the pendulum, consequently the pendulum travels with renewed force (part of which, of course, will be lost in the running of machinery, et cetera; but that I have accounted for) to the other side, where the operation is repeated by the spring here on this side."

Here he gave an illustration by taking hold of the pendulum and rocking it to and fro. He continued the operation until he puffed like a steam engine and the perspiration stood out upon his forehead in great beads. Having exhausted himself, he finally let go, and turned to me: "Just take hold and convince yourself what power is contained herein. It is wonderful!"

To humor the inventor I did so. And coming away—after a few moments of exercise at it and a friendly farewell to the genius—I endeavored to conjecture why in the world some one had not thought of it before. Every schoolboy who has ever pushed his little sister in the backyard swing, has had the theory right at hand—but, unfortunately, allowed it to escape.

C. M. M.

"You acknowledge, then, that you beat this man?" said the judge to a pugilistic photographer. "I did, your Honor. I mounted him and touched him up in my best style."

## OLD ABE'S READINESS.

We once heard the following story of "Old Abe," told by a neighbor of his in Springfield, Ill., where the martyr President used to practice law.

"It was in the early days of Lincoln's law practice, before he was known outside of a small circle at his home. He was engaged to defend a man in a charge of assault and battery. The case was an aggravated one, one farmer having pitched into another without much provocation and given him a severe beating. The case was clearly proven by the testimony of neighbors who witnessed the assault, and there seemed to be little chance for the defendant to escape.



"Where did you say this fight occurred?" asked Lincoln of the last witness.

"In Bascom's meadow."

"What was the size of the lot?"

"'Bout forty acres, I should say."

"Well," said Old Abe, with a droll twinkle in his eye, "do you think it was much of a fight for a forty acre lot?"

The laugh which this unexpected query brought from the jury made the affair ridiculous, and the jury acquitted the defendant.

## GOING IT WITH A DASH.

Perhaps it was Stratford-on-Avon that suggested it, but at any rate, there is a fad just now for naming towns in the neighborhood of New York after that style. We have any number of places on-Hudson, and on-the-Sound, and I learn that the fashion is extending to the interior. A letter came to SIFTINGS the

other day, dated from "Dogtown-on-Suckerbrook."

But what I desire to relate is the strange eccentricity of a young man who lives at Hillside-on-Hudson, a place which he named himself and which he never tires of talking about. What may be called the dash style has crept into his entire conversation.

"How's your health?" asks a friend.

"Not very good. Got cold-on-lungs."

"Doing anything for it?"

"Yes. Plaster-on-chest."

"Where is your office now?"

"Twenty-on-Wall."

This young man visits the race-course and puts up "hundred-on-Fleetwood;" at a restaurant he calls for "dozen-on-half-shell," and boasts of knowing "girls-on-stage." And all because he lives at Hillside-on-Hudson. If he keeps on he will doubtless become lunatic-in-cell, or stiff-on-ice.

## FRENCH FUN.

IN A SICK ROOM.

Invalid—Oh, my friend, you are too kind to come and spend the evening with me, though of course it can be little pleasure to you.

Friend—Nonsense; you mustn't talk like that. Life isn't all pleasure. We can't always expect to do what would be most agreeable to us to do. Some one had to come and see you, you know.

INNOCENCE ITSELF.

First Honest Villager—Well, how did Jean Rivere come out? Did they convict him of poaching?

Second Honest Villager—No; there was no evidence against him, and he swore solemnly that he was innocent.

First Honest Villager (with a fearful sneer)—Innocent? O, yes, he's innocent; just as innocent as I am, the scoundrel!

A SECOND VOLUME COMING.

Young Lady (to recently married friend)—Is he all you hoped for?

Married Friend—Why, of course.

Fine fellow, genteel?

More than that; elegant. Besides that, he talks like a book.

Well, when you come to volume second you may find the story different.

## TOMMY'S IDEA OF IT.

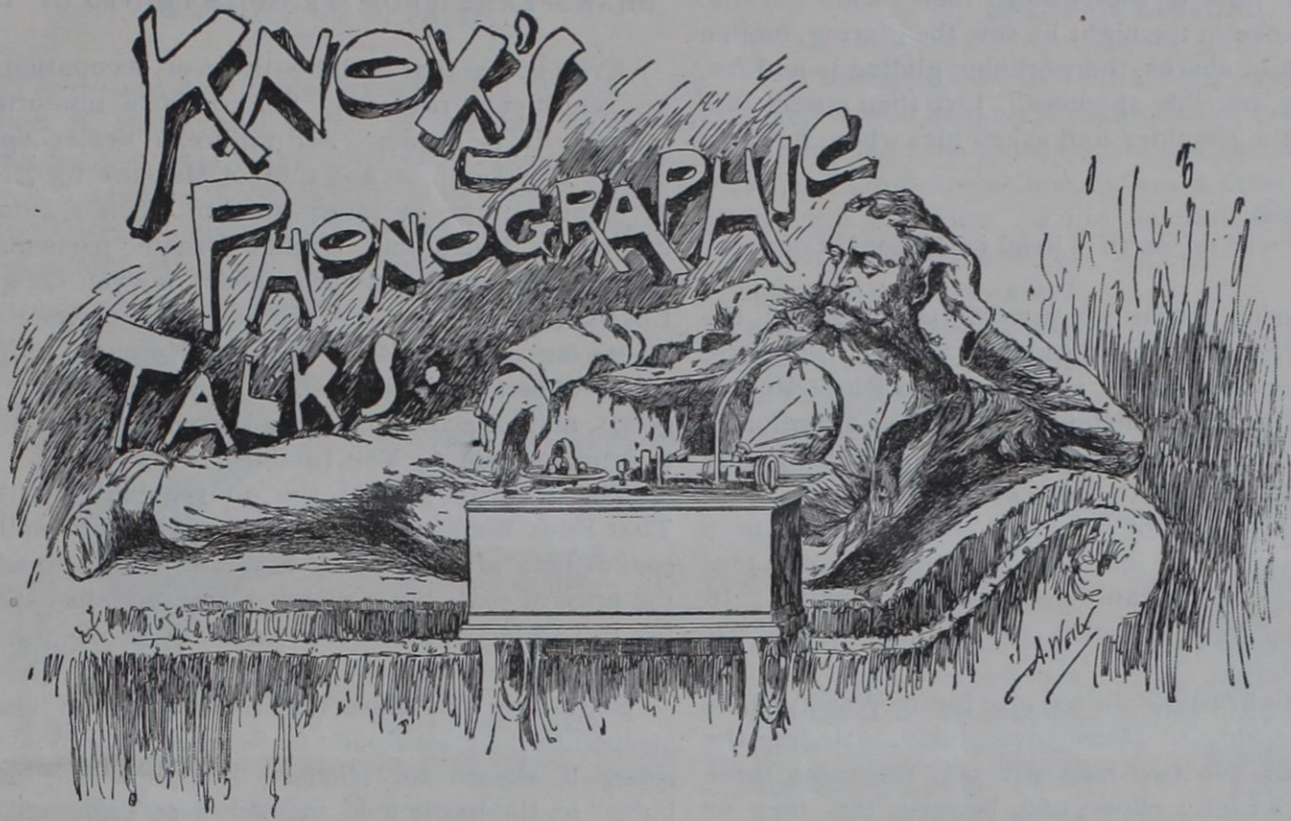
Tommy—Can I play marbles to-day, mamma?

Mamma—No, my child, to-day is Sunday.

Tommy—Well, then I won't play a regular game. I'll just teach Johnnie Spilkins a few things about the game that he ain't "on" to. That won't be a sin, will it?



LEGAL LORE ILLUSTRATED.



To-night, as my phonograph merrily whirls around, I am going to impress on its waxen cylinder a record of how I spent the early hours of last Sunday morning in a police court. One day last week Judge Duffy and I were talking about the blending of humor and pathos in a play recently produced in New York.

"Come up to my court to-morrow," said the Judge, "and sit with me for two hours and, in that time, I guarantee to show you more that is humorous and more that is pathetic than you can see in a dozen plays or find in as many books."

As I had never been in a police court, and as I wished to see the phases of life and the measure of justice that might be found there, I gladly accepted the Judge's invitation. As a consequence I found myself at nine o'clock in Essex Market Police Court. The drunks and disorderlies and the other criminals, who are garnered from the worst part of the Bowery and the adjacent districts on the East Side, are all brought to Essex Court, and the harvest is greatest on Saturday nights; therefore there are more cases before the court on Sunday morning than on any other day of the week. There were over fifty last Sunday.

As I took a seat beside "The Little Judge," and he, draping his face in a frown so dark that it filled the sunlit court room with twilight shadows, opened court with a thunderous pounding on his desk and a stern judicial voice that caused the welkin to ring and made the artificial teeth of some of the prisoners drop loose from their sockets—when he did this, I say, I was extremely pleased to think that I was on the safe side of the bar beyond which stood the herd of wretches to be tried.

What a villainous looking lot most of them were. What a lack of linen; what rumped and rusty clothes; what bleary eyes and unkempt hair!

The professional, or what in the language of the courts is called "The Habitual," usually wears a black eye and an air of defiance. He knows that the Judge will not be lenient with him, for he has been "up" for drunkenness often before, and he looks as if on small provocation he might say, "I'm ugly and I'm bad, and I'm glad of it."

The amateur, or "fust-offence" drunk, hangs his head, and you imagine as you look at the shadows flitting over his miscellaneous assortment of swollen features that you can see his head ache and hear whole bucketsful of remorse sloshing around inside him.

The former usually gets ten to thirty days, while the latter, after a lecture that makes him squirm, is told to go and sin no more. Yes, the Judge usually measures the justice of making it "ten days" or "discharged" by the face of the prisoner rather than by the evidence, and, in the more than fifty cases that I saw him try, I could find no fault with him, except that in some cases where the prisoner really deserved punishment he was discharged. This was always an act of mercy, and the reason for it was that some one was dependent on the delinquent for bread and would suffer if he or she were incarcerated. Or sometimes it was that punishment would serve no good purpose to the accused nor to society, the act being a venal one and the accused repentant. Again, the imprisonment and association with criminals would be injurious to the moral character of one who had strayed only a short distance from the paths of virtue, and was sorry for it.

For instance, let me give you a specimen of the Judge's style:

Judge—Jenkins, you have been grovelling in the gutter; you were very drunk last night on Hester street.

Jenkins—I cannot deny it, sir.

Judge—You seem to be an intelligent man. What have you to say for yourself?

Jenkins—I am a telegraph operator, and got my pay yesterday, and asked some friends to take a drink with me, and I—I—I suppose, Judge, I took too much.

Judge—Yes, yes. Drink and the world drinks with you; swear off and you swear alone. Have you enough money left to pay your fine?

Jenkins—I haven't a cent, sir.

Judge—How much do you get a week?

Jenkins—Fifteen dollars, sir.

Judge—Spent all that in rum?

Jenkins—No sir; I sent \$10 to my mother in Utica soon as I got my pay. I support her.



Judge—A man that thinks of his mother first and his friends afterwards has some good points. You can go.

Judge—Robert Jones, you were drunk. What do you do for a living?

Robert—I'm a longshoreman, sir.

Judge—Show me your hands.

[Robert shows his hands, which exhibit evidences of toil.]

Judge—Yes, you look as if some truth was mixed with the whisky inside you. Have you a family?

Robert—A wife and three children.

Judge—Your wife will likely at this moment be distressed regarding your absence, and your little ones will be breakfasting on a crust of bread and a cup of weak tea, while the rum-shop man with whom you left your money last night will have porterhouse steaks with mushrooms, and he will ride with his family in the park this afternoon while you will have iron bars around you. My friend Knox at my right here says that this lecture of mine is punishment enough. It might be to him if he was in your place, but it isn't to such fellows as you. I feel like giving you thirty days, but your family would suffer, and as I am not here to punish innocent women and children I shall let you go.

I shall drop the dialogue style here and close with a few of the Judge's comments and admonitions.

When a witness comes up the Judge abruptly says: "Swear to your affidavit self you God kiss the book."

Florence, you say you are a lady. You do not look it. You further say you were returning at 2 A. M. from visiting a sick friend. Ladies do not promenade the Bowery at two o'clock Sunday morning. Florence, you will not see your sick friend for ten days.

George, I have heard your explanation of how you almost fractured your friend's skull, and I have considered the evidence of the witnesses. You say you drive a coal cart. When your master wants to weigh you in the balance with a ton of coal you will be found wanting—for just thirty days.

Henry, you say the doctor told you to take a drink morning and evening for your pneumonia. You evidently wanted to get well too quick and took a larger dose than the doctor prescribed. Your disease saves you. A damp cell would kill you. Go, and in future follow the doctor's orders.

A sickening, besotted caricature on female humanity came along. Ah, Judy, here again? Drinking one of your failures, you say? It seems to me it's one of your successes. I think I'll give you—

Judy—O, sure, Judge dear, ye wudn't be hard on a poor scrubbin' woman that only tuck wan wee sup after a hard day—

Rap, rap, rap, by the Judge's gavel. There is dead silence in the court, and the Judge to me (*sotto voce*), "That's rapped attention, isn't it?" Judy, you will be secluded from the freedom of the city for ten days.

Without giving the sentences of each or bothering about the offences of which the following were charged, I'll give you a few lines that I jotted down as they were spoken. Every one had an excuse—most of them absurd.

My head is troublin' me an'—

Yes, I see it's a swell affair.

I joined a benevolent society last night, yer Honor, and to be candid with you I did get full with some of the members.

That was not a benevolent society, sir. If people like you would join the society of their wives and children it would be better for us all.

You say you are a waiter, John. A waiter usually holds a tray, but I notice from the complaint that last night you played the deuce. Bad judgment on your part, John, etc.

When the Judge wants to let a prisoner off because he knows that the ends of justice are as well served by the prisoner's discharge, it is very amusing to listen to his ingenious excuses.

For instance:

Do you spell your name with an e or an a?—With an e? Yes. I have a dear friend, a namesake of yours, who spells his name with an e. So on his account I'll let you off.

You used to black my boots when you ran the Astor House stand? Well, then, on account of old acquaintance I shall discharge you.

You have a sick brother. I am sorry for that. I once had a sick brother myself, and I sympathize with you, Dan. You go, but never come back here again, or a whole family sick and plague-stricken won't save you.

Judge Duffy gives the accused more latitude in explaining his defense than does any other police justice in New York, and he tempers justice with mercy and with another thing that he is celebrated for—good, old-fashioned common-sense.

I have only given you a few points regarding what I saw and heard in "The Little Judge's" court. A stenographic report of what is said there any day by witness, prisoner and judge would be much more interesting and instructive reading than is this phonograph talk of mine.

J. ARMOY KNOX

## A FEW MATURE JOKES.



ONE day, not long ago, I was talking with a man who expects soon to become the father of an essay about the difference between wit and humor, and about some of the tests by which one can tell when a sample of either is which. The author I speak of never has thrown off a "gag" (so many facetious things are gags!) He sometimes gets a far, faint and dim glimpse of a thing. Then he crawls up toward it, using his hands and knees, as it were, as a means of rapid transit. He surprises it, lassoes it and returns to himself with the air of one who despises the vanity of the world and yet feels that "See, the Conquering Hero Comes" would be exactly appropriate to the occasion. Then he chuckles all by himself, or perhaps, reads it to a sympathetic friend or his devoted wife. Then he begins work on his diagram, and after innumerable spontaneous erasures gets his joke ready. He sells it, at last, to a moribund funny paper. (Moribund is a large, pedantic polysyllable, meaning "ready to bust up.")

But my friend, the author, has some good jokes to casually weave into his essay. They are not his. They are some of the old stock that misrepresented the truth, just for fun, long ago, and have been lying in idleness ever since. For instance, that amusing little incident of Dean Stanley's visit to New York, not long after the Revolution. Have you not heard it? Well, that's funny. It is about

## A SMALL BOY WHO GOT MIXED.

The boy was placed at one end of a speaking tube leading to the Dean's apartments in a hotel, and told to say, when the Dean whistled, "The boy, my lord." Of course the scamp got frustrated, and the first chance he got yelled back to the astonished Dean:

"The Lord, my boy!"

## ONE FROM ADDISON.

Another of my friend's stock of illustrations is that old but sly dig of Addison:

"My love's bosom is as white as snow—and as cold."

## THE FORTY THIEVES.

I am extremely backward about coming forward with this anecdote. But it has a modern air about it, and my friend, the author, thinks it is one of the most forcible he has found. It is about a man from Maine (neither Reed nor Blaine) who attempted to get into a New York theatre where the attraction was The Forty Thieves. He asked at the ticket window:

"How much for a ticket?"

"Dollar and a half."

"Keep it. I don't want to see the other thirty-nine."

## ONE FROM CONNECTICUT.

A Milford man who had been on a spree in New

Haven, got into a rolling-mill there while drunk. When he awoke in the night he saw the glaring, molten iron, the bright sparks, the workmen gliding to and fro, and the long, horrible shadows. Just then a man tapped him on the shoulder and asked him where he came from.

He gasped:

"When I was on earth I lived in Milford, Connecticut."

In conclusion, let me say a word for my friend, the author, and for all of that sad company of humorists, for revenue or subsistence, at least. The Right Honorable John Bright, after listening with close attention to Artemus Ward's very funny lecture on Utah and the Mormons, remarked with real sincerity:

"I must say I cannot see what people find to enjoy in this lecture. The information is meagre and presented in a desultory and disconnected manner. In fact, I cannot help seriously questioning some of his statements."

If John Bright could not see any fun in Ward, what's the use of trying to please everybody, including the Jimmy Dulls? No two men will clip the same three jokes from a funny paper, and because this man or that man "don't see it" is not conclusive proof that

## SHAKSPEARE FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.

Ever notice that a man's trade or occupation colors his sentiments regarding Shakspeare's immortal creations? It is a fact. An umbrella dealer specially enjoys *The Tempest*, and a tailor Measure for Measure. A manufacturer of mosquito bars feels a wonderful interest in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, particularly in New Jersey, and a divorce court lawyer delights in *Love's Labor Lost*. A commercial traveler never misses an opportunity to see the Merchant of Venice, if there be the least prospect of selling him a bill of goods, and an accommodating bartender has no choice in drinks except As You Like it.

The favorite play in the oil regions is *All's Well That Ends Well*, although there is no end to wells, and coal dealers are moved by a *Winter's Tale* to advance the price of coal; but a married man who has spent his life in *Taming of the Shrew*, naturally avoids the *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

Regarding the characters themselves our ideas are steeped in the color of our trades. A horse dealer considers it absurd for Richard III. to seek "another horse" on the battle field instead of at Tattersall's, and a maker of weapons thinks Macbeth must have been a

chump to ask "Is this a dagger I see before me?" implying that he didn't know the difference between a dagger and a bowie-knife.

To an expert in insanity Ophelia in her melancholy and King Lear in his ravings possess an overpowering interest. There is deep meaning in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, to many bores, if they could only see it—they tire everybody; and drunkards who get Tight-as Andronicus ought to reform before they are dead as Julius Cæsar.

There is no pawnbroker but admires *Shylock*, tap-room keepers wonder why there are no more *Falstuffs*, and an undertaker has been

known to shed tears when all the main characters in *Hamlet* were killed off, because he couldn't get the job of laying them out! A. M. G.

## THE FREE LIST.

Henry C. Miner, theatre proprietor, was standing in the entrance of his Fifth Avenue theatre the other day, when a seedy actor approached him.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Miner," he said, "have you a copy of the new tariff law?"

"I have," replied Mr. Miner.

"Will you be kind enough to run it through and see if I am on the free list? I may want to look in at the theatre to-night."

Ingenious, but it didn't work.

## SHE BROUGHT HIM.

Evangeline (to her lover, who was too bashful to propose)—Do you approve of the custom of throwing a shoe after the bride?

Bashful Lover—I—that is to say—you—I mean I don't—don't see any objection.

Evangeline—Well, I'll furnish the shoe. [To be married Thanksgiving.]

## HE HADN'T DONE IT.

Indifferent Portrait Painter (to blunt friend)—I suppose I break a Bible commandment every day.

Blunt Friend—What commandment is that?

That which we find in Exodus: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness, etc."

When did you ever make any likeness?



## EXCESSIVE DOLLARS.

MUSIC TEACHER (to pupil with a somewhat uneducated mother)—Pause here.

MRS. SUDDENWEALTH (the mother)—Mary, get your hat immejitly. I ain't payin' to have no woman learn my darter music who haint got no better bringin' up than to call hands, paws!

some other man does not. The great Artemus himself noted this perversity or diversity in human nature, and that noting is undoubtedly the secret cause of his famous sentence:

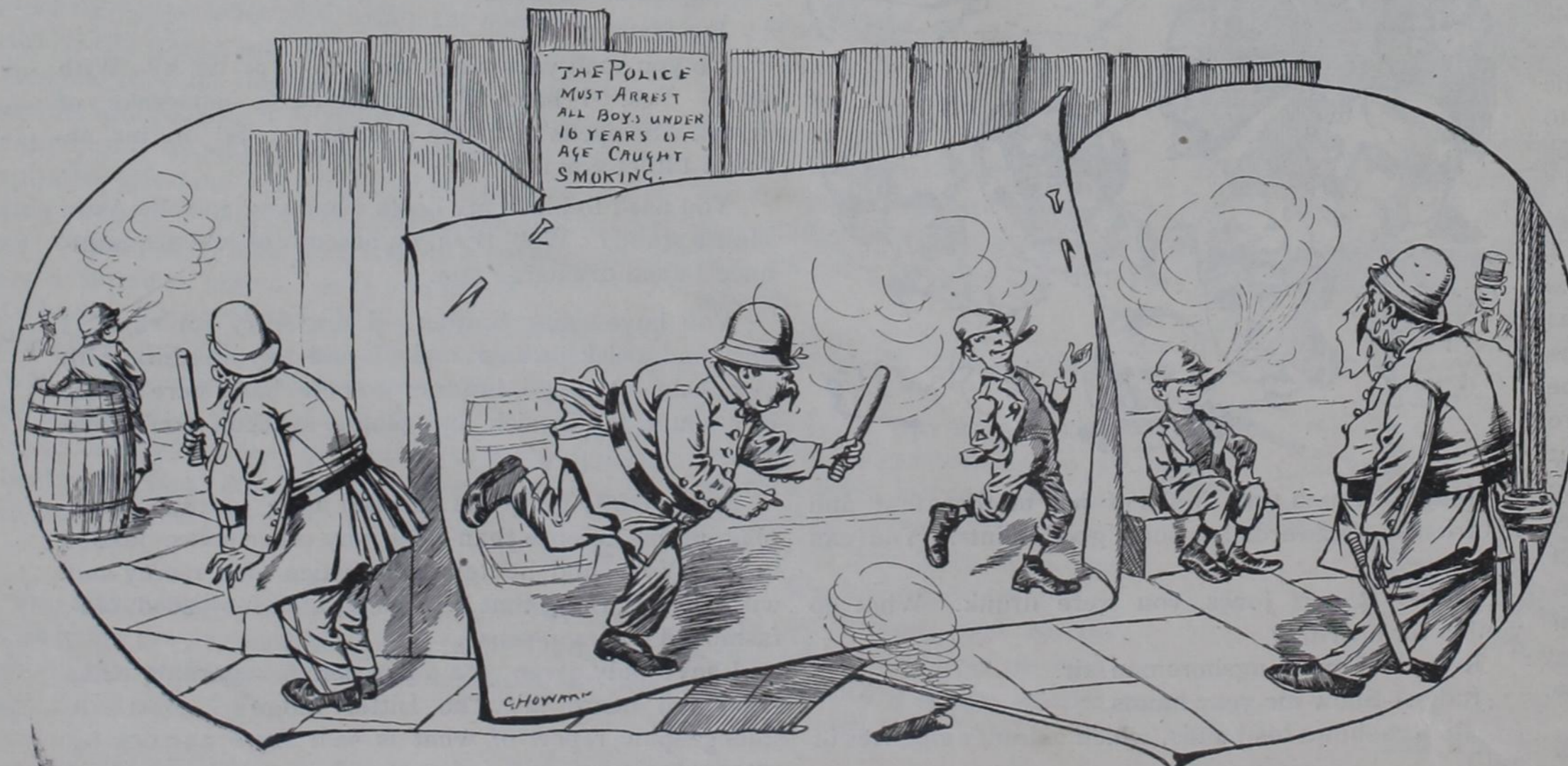
"This is a goak—A. Ward."

## OTIS COLBURN.

## DUTY ON CORSETS.

Girl (to her betrothed)—Why do you squeeze my waist with both arms?

Lover—Don't you know that the McKinley bill doubles the duty on corsets?



THE WAY THE COP DIDN'T CAPTURE THE JUVENILE SMOKER.

MASSETT ON A YACHT.

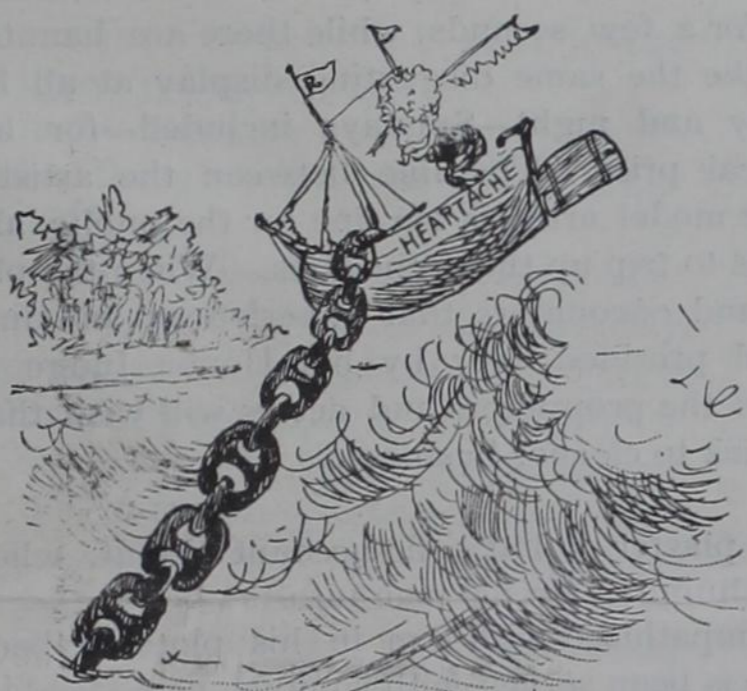
[These impromptu lines were written on board Mr. Robert B. Roosevelt's yacht, Heartsease, on Sunday night, Sept. 7, 1890, lying at anchor in the great South Bay, off Sayville, Long Island. I having expressed a wish to pass the night alone on the vessel, I dedicate them to Mrs. Marion T. Roosevelt.]



"WHO CAN BE HAPPIER THAN I?"

As if keeping watch—yes, watch—over me!  
While the lights from the shore  
Shine, meteor-like, through the trees,  
Flashing like diamonds

HERE'S a pleasure indeed—  
A great pleasure to me—  
To be here all alone  
On the open sea,  
With no noise save the plashing  
Of the waves afloat,  
As they beat 'gainst the sides  
Of my lonely boat!  
Then the air is so balmy,  
And the sky so blue,  
Now tinged with the setting sun's  
Golden hue!  
While the feathery clouds, rose-  
tipped,  
Sail through the sky,  
Who can be happier here than I?  
And the bright stars glimmer  
Soft on the sea,



"WITH NO NOISE—SAVE THE PLASHING OF THE WAVES AFLOAT."

In the cool evening breeze!  
And the white sails, in the distance  
And the crafts in the bay  
Make pictures, weird and lovely,



"A GREAT PLEASURE TO ME TO BE HERE ALL ALONE"

At the close of this day;  
So this little world of silence to me,  
Calm, cool and still on the open sea,

Is soothing; though at times racked  
With doubts and fears,  
And heartaches, that find relief only in tears,  
I feel a balm in this perfect silence and rest,  
As I sit here, alone;  
And the pulse in my breast—  
My only companion—  
says softly to me:  
"Soon silence and rest  
Ever for me—and for thee."



"THAT FIND RELIEF ONLY IN TEARS"

STEPHEN MASSETT.

ONLY AN EDITOR.

It so happened once that men of various trades got together and held an exposition, and gave practical exhibition of the practical work of the different crafts, so that the dear public could see a little of the way in which it was done. While the affair was at its height, a medium-sized man in a threadbare coat walked around among them and talked with the artisans at their work. With the machinist he talked of cranks and engines, rods, shafting and such things in general; with the carpenter he made friends and conversed off-hand about buildings and lumber, joints, circle-heads and the like; he became quite chummy with the blacksmith and gave him a couple of good points on horse-shoeing; the painter was delighted with a new combination in colors that he suggested, and the tanner got an idea on a quick way to take off hair; in fact, every one of the workmen that he stopped to chat with were pleased and voted him a first-class fellow.

While the mechanics were standing at the door waiting for the termination of the noon hour, the man in the threadbare coat passed out.

"There goes a man who is as good a machinist as I have met in many a day. It's strange that he is out of a job," remarked the engineer.

"A machinist?" asked the carpenter. "I'll bet that that man has been a boss carpenter at some time. He's well posted."

"Well, he's neither," said the blacksmith; "that man is an A No. 1 horse-shoer; he put me on to a point that I had been studying over for some time."

"No, no, boys, that chap is a painter, and I should not wonder if he was a frescoer," broke in the painter.

Altogether, they got into quite an argument about the man. Finally, one of them addressed a passer-by and asked: "Who is that man going down the street yonder?"

"That man? Why, that's the editor of the Daily Horn Blower."

"What!" they cried in astonishment, "is that all he is—as smart a man as that running a paper? Why, anybody can run a paper."

Moral—Of course he can.

COLLINS.

SIFTINGS' TARIFF BUREAU.

SIFTINGS is in receipt of numerous letters from people who seek information with regard to the new tariff. It is remarkable what confused ideas many have on this subject, as will be seen by the following.

Bill Tart, of Piledriver Creek, writes: "Dear Editor—Pleas tel me in yore neck's issue what graip juse has to pay under the new skedule when I contain not more than 18 percent of alkohall."—When do you ever contain as little alcohol as that?

J. Smith, Olean, says: "I carry on a small home industry, having only a small home in which to carry it on. I run a grindstone to grind axes. Axes are sent me from all this neighborhood. Now should there be a foreign accent in me, what will be the duty on it?"—Stand up to your duty, whatever it is.

Crispin Lapstone, Squat Hollow, writes: "You are a friend of the poor man, I know, because you put the price of your paper so high that a poor man can't afford to buy it, hence he saves valuable time by not reading it. You may not know much, but you may understand this new tariff. Now I make shoes for a living, in addition to some I make on credit. Has the duty on dressed leather increased, and if I imported it undressed would it be excluded from the mails?"—Apply to Wan-amaker.

A. Pestle, Crab Corners, says: "I am about to open a small drug-store at the Corners, but am in doubt what prices to put on drugs, not being acquainted with

the new customs tariff. I wish you would quit your fool pictures long enough to give your readers some information. Do Seidlitz powders come in free? Will there be any profit on copperas, or do the tariff-fixers copper us to lose? What is the duty on face powder? I knew my duty when I used to face powder in the war, but these ain't war times, though one would think so to



WORKING OVER OLD MATERIAL.

DESPAIRING ACTRESS—What can I do for an advertisement? I've exhausted everything, down to diamonds and divorce!

ASTUTE MANAGER—Make up with your late husband!

read about the high tariff. I am told sago comes in free. Shall I buy some? If you sago I'll go ye. I hear that toilet articles must pay a duty of 50 per cent. Is this cos-metics are so expensive? Aniline dyes are used here a good deal, and if you print any line about it, please send a marked copy of your paper containing it."

"Pine Bluff, Oct. 20—Editor of SIFTINGS:—I am in the paper business, and am bothered to death about this new tariff. What is the duty on ground wood pulp, and could I save money by grinding my own pulp by hand? Will sized paper advance, even when it is undersized? When the price of paper advances in the ream will it occasion trouble in the choir? If a bank refuses my paper will it do any good to write to McKinley? I am told that playing cards pay fifty cents a pack. I was playing cards last night, and it didn't pay me a cent. Wm. BLUELINE."

"Texas Boy" has his fling at the tariff. Hear him: "Editor of SIFTINGS—If anti-mony is taxed, what must you put down to come into a game of poker?—Darkies are going into the silk business; I see there is a tariff on Silk Co. 'coons.'—What advantage will there be to the government in a heavy purse sent, if there isn't any money in the purse?—There is a tax on aluminum and none on electricity. Both are illumine-em, ain't they?—Why shouldn't iron in pigs pay as much as iron in a hogshead?—Forgings of iron and steel get off with a small penalty, but forgings of notes may send a man to the penitentiary for ten years.—Imported snakes pay 20 per cent., but you can get the native variety on five-cent whisky.—Lenses are taxed sixty per cent., but a man who lenses money without security won't have anything left to pay taxes with.

ACCOUNTED FOR.

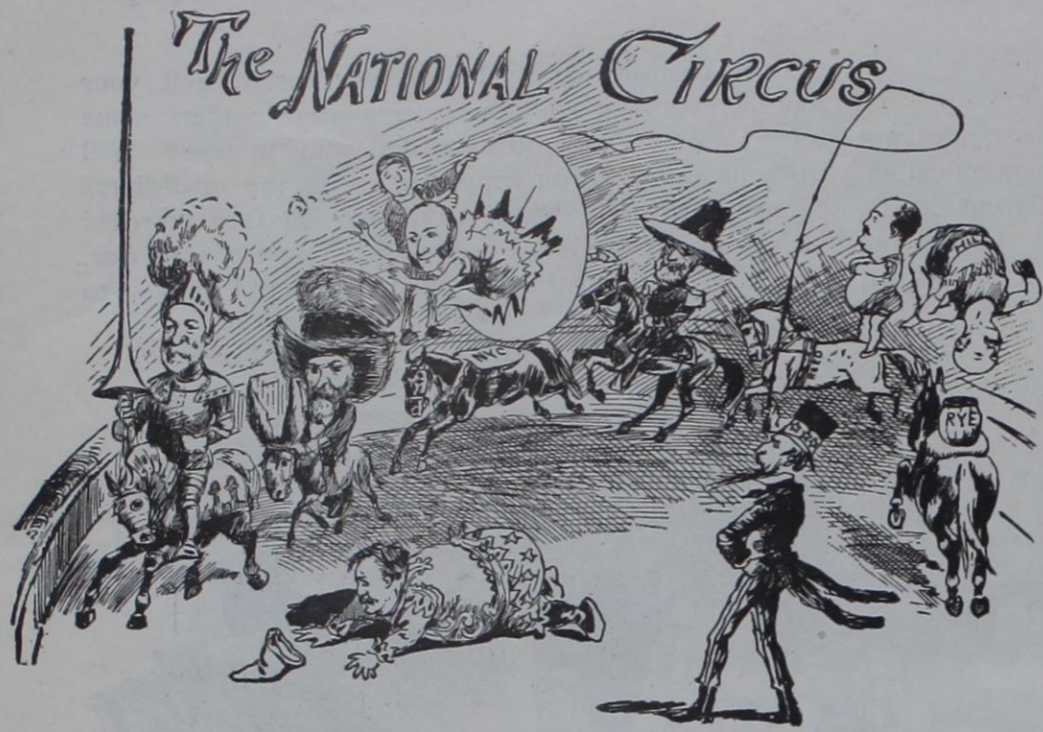
Mr. Wiggles—The African race is wonderful for its adaptability to all climates. I knew one black as my hat who was born in Ireland near Queenstown.

Mr. Jiggles—Wasn't that a case of burnt Cork?

HIS UNDERTAKING INTERFERED WITH.

Mr. Mudde (undertaker)—Wife, we are ruined.  
Mrs. Mudde—What! Have you lost all our money?  
Mr. Mudde—Worse than that. Dr. Bolus, the great doctor on the next block, to-day has retired from practice.

ALL the vowels appear in their regular order in but two words, abstemious and facetious. To say that one is abstemious is avowal worthy of anybody, and I mean nothing facetious in the declaration, either.



The ancient Latin proverb, "No cobbler ought to go beyond his last," may now be superseded by the latest New York proverb, "No clergyman ought to go beyond his first attempt at politics." The idea of a lot of clergyman and criminals getting together to nominate a Reform ticket was sublime, but impracticable. On one side of the table, a Catholic priest, who has learned nothing from the example of McGlynn; on the other, a so-called Boss, who has not yet paid up his defalcations as clerk of a court! The æsthetic Rev. Heber Newton and a notorious ballot-box stuffer conferring about candidates! The bluff Rev. Dr. Crosby being used as a catspaw by the sly, shrewd speculator from Peru! Surely, politics makes stranger bedfellows than poverty. But the outcome of the unholy union is a weak, hopeless mongrel ticket, which everybody laughs at and very few people will be persuaded to vote. "The Mule ticket!" "The Jackass ticket!" These are the names bestowed upon it in baptism.

Nobody has ever had greater temptations to go into politics than the divine Founder of the Christian religion. First, He was offered the whole world; but as the offer was made upon modern political principles, by a personage who did not own the world, this temptation may be passed without comment. Then, He was implored to allow the use of His name on the straight Hebrew ticket for King of the Jews. Did He accept? Did He go into convention with the rag-tag and bobtail of the loafers and office-seekers of Jerusalem? Did He issue circulars, collect subscriptions and request His followers to advocate His election in their sermons? No, He took a coin of the realm as His text and advised all Christians to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. That is a broad, vital distinction; and those clergyman who are engaged in the present disgraceful alliance with professional politicians ought to blush with shame as they recall it. Why are they meddling with the things that are Cæsar's? Why are they not attending to the things that are God's? These misguided ministers should be so rebuked by their congregations and their consciences that they will never again be so flagrantly false to their solemn vows and so contemptuously indifferent to the teachings and example of Him whom they profess to serve.

If any independent citizens are seeking, in good faith, for a candidate who will earnestly endeavor to reform the government of New York City—and no government more needs reformation—what is the matter with Mayor Grant as a reformer? During his two years of office, Mayor Grant has discharged his duties more thoroughly, efficiently and with cleaner hands than any of his predecessors. The only mud thrown at him has been by the Fassett Committee; but none of that mud sticks, because everybody knows that it was thrown in revenge for Mayor Grant's refusal to carry out a corrupt political bargain made by the Bosses of the two great parties. The amateur reformers forgot this pregnant fact. They also forgot that, under Mayor Grant's able and honest administration, the city taxes have been reduced and the city finances so admirably managed that New York pays less interest for its money than any other corporation in the world. During his first term as Mayor, one of the greatest works in history, the new Aqueduct, has been satisfactorily completed, and the city saved for all time from the danger of a water-famine. Another great work, the burying of the electric wires, has been pushed with a vigor which no other Mayor has ever displayed. It is certainly not his fault that the city is not supplied with real Rapid

Transit. Are not all these reform measures? Does not Mayor Grant, then, deserve the votes of all genuine reformers?

Some New Yorkers have short memories, or else they would appreciate Mayor Grant by comparing him with his predecessor, pepper-corn Hewitt, who, as Douglass Jerrold said of Albert Smith, lacks another "S" in his initials. Hewitt's idea of reform was abusing everybody and doing nothing. For years, he threw every possible obstacle in the way of burying the wires. Pretending to a legal knowledge which he did not possess, he argued, in pedantic speeches, that to obey the explicit order of the Legislature was unconstitutional. Meantime, the electric corporations, taking advantage of his folly and weakness, planted so many poles on Broadway that it looked like a decayed forest. Where are those poles now? Mayor Grant has cleared them away. Of course, the companies protested and used Hewitt's pleas; but have New Yorkers forgotten how we all laughed when Mayor Grant's axemen began to cut down the poles, and the agents of the companies ran on ahead, taking down the wires which they had solemnly sworn could not be safely removed from the streets? For this reform alone, if he had done nothing else, Mayor Grant would deserve the re-election of which he is now certain.

Before Mayor Grant's term, there were murmurs and rumors of jobbery, stealing and Rings in connection with the great new Aqueduct. There were no more such complaints after he took a hand in the work, and the contractors who had scamped their sections were compelled to make good all deficiencies. The result is that we have in this Aqueduct not only the finest, but the cheapest, public improvement ever built in any country. Is not this true reform?

TEXAS SIFTINGS believes in lifting the municipal administration out of politics. The so-called reformers say the same thing; but their notion of non-partisanship is opposing Mayor Grant because he is a Democrat. He did not seem to care much about politics when he appointed a Republican as Police Justice and another Republican as Aqueduct Commissioner. Put politics aside, as he does, and judge him by his practical administration. The streets are now better cleaned and kept in better order than at any previous time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Although handicapped by legislative privileges, giving every gas, water, steam, electric or other company the right to tear up the pavements, the repaving of the city under energetic Commissioner Gilroy has been carried on systematically and without extravagance. Are not these reforms? Add to all this, that Mayor Grant has been a man of the people, accessible to all classes, cordial, polite and generous, and every citizen may ask himself if we could have a better, more faithful and more perfect Mayor if, by a miracle, the clergy and their unconvicted associates had been allowed to cut a model out of a piece of sermon-paper and blow into it the breath of life?

As a descendant of Revolutionary ancestors, I protest against the claim put forward on behalf of Frank Scott, that, because his maternal great-grandfather steered the boat in which Washington crossed the Delaware, therefore we must make Scott Mayor, in order to pay the ferryage. Washington paid that ferryman spot cash and gave him a little over to get a drink with. The Father of his Country never ran in debt for such services, and no candidate can run successfully upon a ferry-ticket. It is an insult to George's memory to pretend that we owe anything to the great-grandson of the man who steered him to Trenton.

Dillon and O'Brien have played into Balfour's hands by forfeiting their bail and running away to this country to raise more money for the Irish patriots. Balfour is shrewd, calculating, cold-blooded and merciless; it is a mistake to take him for a fool. He wants all the money to flow into Ireland that can be raised, under any pretext, from famine to patriotism, because he knows that, whatever may be the first distribution of it, the British landlords will ultimately get the benefit. Of all the money sent to Ireland by well-meaning sympathizers,

the pounds go to the landlords; the shillings go, through the rumshops, to the Queen, and the pence go to that staunch friend of England—though England has always been his bitterest enemy—his Holiness, the Pope of Rome.

Women of America, who cannot vote, this November, have a more congenial opportunity of exercising their power by getting up a mammoth, National petition to the Queen of England, asking her to abolish the sale of intoxicating liquors throughout her dominions. The Queen can accomplish this tremendous reform in a day, not by issuing a Proclamation—she has no more power to do that than our President—but by refusing to accept a revenue derived from the poisoning of the poor and the degradation of her sisters. The moral effect of a petition signed by a million of American women would be immense. The Queen could not resist it; or, if she did, her throne, now supported upon beer and whisky barrels, would totter beneath her.

That odious play, The Clemanceau Case, is being taken through the country, after being nastily advertised in New York. Parents and guardians are shocked to hear that it has been exhibited before the college students at New Haven, Hartford and Boston. Are there no local laws to prevent such an outrage upon decency and degradation of the drama? Are not theatrical managers wise enough to know that they will get the worst of such an opposition to the dens of infamy and vice? They can only show a naked woman on the stage for a few seconds, while there are haunts which can make the same disgusting display at all hours of the day and night—Sundays included—for half the theatrical price. The line between the artist model and the model artist is too fine for the public, although it seems to trip up the authorities. When the play gets West, and encounters that experienced and impartial tribunal presided over by his Honor, Judge Lynch, perhaps the proprietors and actors will wish that they had stuck to cleaner business.

The plaster of Paris, no-account Count, who came here to humbug Frenchmen into the belief that Americans sympathized with him in his plots to become a King, has been served with so much cold shoulder that he now wants to hurry off to Portugal, cutting short his impudent visit here. The State Department has ignored him, and TEXAS SIFTINGS has not. He might have withstood one of these snubs; but, combined, they convince him that he had better clear out before a fence-rail is substituted for a throne and tar and feathers for a royal robe. It has been done—and to better men.

The publication of one of his boyish compositions upon "Honesty," reveals the fact that Jay Gould's name was originally Jason Gould. How neatly this recalls the Golden Fleece!

THE RINGMASTER.



IN ATLANTA, GEORGIA.

MAUDE—Papa, was Davy Crocket a Mississippi politician?

PAPA—Of course not, my daughter. Why do you ask?

MAUDE—Because, whenever I read about him he was always shooting coons!



SAMSON AS A BOY.

Samson showed great strength when an infant, and his nurse declared that he was the most difficult boy to hold she ever knew. Parents have trouble in raising their children, many times, but Samson could raise himself, with his little finger.

The boyhood of Samson was largely given to athletics. He loved to imitate the strong man of the circus, and thereby caused great fluctuation in the cannon-ball market—they went up and down continually. He stole under the canvas one day, when the circus was showing, and when the canvasmen attempted to put him out he pulled the centre-pole up by the roots, used the tent as an umbrella and walked off, leaving the astonished audience sitting in the rain.

Menageries learned to give his town a wide berth, because he had a way of getting into the lions' cage, seizing the king of beasts by the jaws and pulling them apart, to examine his works and see what he was made of. He broke up a zoological collection in that way when he was only a cub himself. He played with 200-pound dumb-bells as though they were marbles, and bankrupted every health-lift man that came to town. He carried off the neighbors' gates, just for fun, and once he lugged away a city's gates, though some consider the story a little Ga(u)za.

Samson wore locks of great length, and other boys used to shout after him, "Johnny, get your hair cut," though they were careful to be out of his reach when they did it. It was the cutting of that hair, by a female barber named Delilah, that finally caused his overthrow in the play of Samson, in which he played the title rôle, though he brought down the house by it.

A STERN REBUKE FROM THE BENCH.

"It surprises me to see a young man like you here," said a Texas judge to a fellow who had been brought before the police court for being drunk and disorderly the night before. "You filled yourself with an enemy that committed petit larceny on your brains."

"Very sorry, Judge."  
 "Now here you are," continued the Court, in severe tones, "a young man of intelligence, with good clothes on, baring a grease spot on the elbow where you rested it in the lunch table soup. You doubtless have a mother and sisters who think a good deal more of you than I do."

"Family's all ri-right," whimpered the culprit.  
 "You've been sent to school and taught how to earn a good living. In return for all this you go whooping around the streets at midnight, tearing down signs and making an ass of yourself generally. Is that like the conduct of a reasonable creature?"

"No, Judge, it is not."  
 "Of course it ain't. Now I'm going to teach you a lesson, young man, and you will thank me for it some day. You needn't turn pale and whimper; that won't do you any good. Have you got any chewing tobacco about you?"

"Here's a bit of navy plug, your Honor."  
 "Thank you. Take my advice—chew more and drink less as I do. You're discharged."

"What?"  
 "Discharged, I said, and the next time you are tempted to take a drink—Eh? Go out and join you? Well, I don't care if I do. Court stands adjourned till to-morrow morning."

IN THE DIME MUSEUM.

"Love me little," began the dwarf.  
 "Love me long," concluded the giant.

SMOTE the enemy hip and thigh, was the way the text read, but little Johnny rendered it in his Sunday-school class, "Smote the enemy with a hip, hip, hurra!"

THE MINSTREL MAN.

He loved her as his own soul, and he called at her Austin residence last Sunday to put an engagement ring on her dainty finger.

"Can we sail down the stream of time together, pet, in the same gondola?" he whispered sweetly.

"Yes, George," she sighed, as she leaned her golden head against his diagonal vest pattern, down to the shoreless sea of eternity, and beyond in the mystic spirit land our souls shall intertwine, and (leaping to her feet suddenly)—Oh, my! there he goes now!" and the young girl rushed to the window and looked out longingly for several minutes.

"What is the attraction?" said the young man, somewhat annoyed.

"He's just too sweet to live!" murmured the maiden, too much absorbed to hear George's voice. Then he got up and saw the end man of the minstrel troupe passing along on the other side of the street, so he calmly sat down and allowed the show to pass.



NO FLIES ON THE PROFESSOR.

FAIR PUPIL—Professor, you must allow me to congratulate you upon your rapid acquirement of English.

PROFESSOR—Ya, my dear lady, I hav learned—vot you call in speak—I vos on no flies!

EFFECTS OF THE NEW TARIFF.

First Street Arab—Gimme a puff from yer ciggyret, Bill.

Second Street Arab (puffing away vigorously)—Can't do it, Jimmy.

Aw, now, Billy, yer real mean. I giv yer a puff of mine t'other day, yer know.

Can't help it. That was before the new tariff. Ter-baccar has riz.

THE only way for some men to manage a wife is to make a star actress of her and attend to her business.



Ov I do dat some more I vas be von "Chay Gules."



A FORTUNATE MISHAP.

I puts me one nickel in un see vat I gets.

HAVING HIS OWN WAY.

"Why did you run away from home?" asks Joshua Whitcomb of the ragged young tramp.

"Because I wanted to have my own way."

"Well, you look as though you'd had it," is Whitcomb's sententious reply.

The boy who is eager to have his own way is continually met with, and many times it is an extremely hard way. The tyranny of home is of the mildest sort, he finds, compared with what he has to undergo in endeavoring to have his own way. Many times he falls into evil company, and in imitating their way and making it his own he discovers himself on the way to a reformatory or prison.

Ask the wretched old tramp whom you find sitting on the park bench, how he began his downward career, and if he be candid he will tell you it was by trying to have his own way.



Och, himmel!

HOW TO LIVE HAPPILY.

Jinks—Well, well, Jimjams, this is a fearful jag; where did you get it?

Jimjams—Fishin'.

Fishing?

Yesh. Shee, when I got (hic) bite, took drink to celebrate. Shee?

O yes.

But hole on! 'N when I didn't (hic) get a bite, took (hic) drink to drown m' shorrow. Shee?

MAKING UP THE DIFFERENCE.

Jones—Moses, it strikes me that those trousers are too short.

Moses Isaacs—Vell, mine frend. I give you a coat that's just a little too long to make up the difference.

## CURED OF STAGE-FEVER.



THEATRICAL manager H. J. Sargent has conducted the affairs of several stars of considerable magnitude at one time and another, among them Modjeska, has been struggling against adverse fortune recently, but as he stood upon the deck of the Britannic last Wednesday, as she was steaming away from the dock, he waved his somewhat battered hat and

called back to his friends, so they say: "I shall come back with barrels of money."

Sargent went in the steerage because they wouldn't let him work his way across, and through the generosity of a friend who advanced the money for the trip. On the same boat was Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell, the Englishwoman whom Sargent was going to put on the American stage. The two, manager and star, have been wandering along the ragged edge of starvation for some months in New York, owing to Sargent's inability to make her twinkle, and the obduracy of her relatives, who cut off her allowance of £8,000 a year when she decided to become an actress. Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell comes from high social circles in London. Her relatives and connections form almost a regiment in the pages of Burke and Debrett. Her ancestry dates back to the days of William the Conqueror. Her grandmother was a daughter of the Earl of Kingston, and her uncle was Sir Edward Repps Jodrell. The family is wealthy, it is said, and possesses a splendid collection of plate and historic jewels, Saxe Park, Norfolk, and country seats in Oxfordshire and Derbyshire. Besides these possessions there is the Jodrell mansion, at No. 21 Portland Place, London.

During the visit of Buffalo Bill to England, Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell invited that well-known American to her drawing-room and gave an entertainment in his honor, at which she met Sargent, and he found in her a woman who was possessed of the footlight fever in a most unmistakable manner. He easily persuaded her to go upon the stage. The English papers were full of it; her relatives were chagrined beyond measure, but Harry Sargent said she could be a star and be a star she would.

She appeared first in her own country at Liverpool, at the Alexandria Theatre, but the attempt, it is said, was absolutely painful. Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell told some of her friends here that Sargent then persuaded her that her poor success was due to the English prejudice against a woman of rank going upon the stage, and persuaded her to come to America. A contract was made between them by which it was stipulated that Sargent should manage her theatrical business in the United States for three years, at \$10,000 a year, and that she should furnish \$25,000 in cash to start the business. Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell says that Sargent has been living upon her ever since. When she determined to come to America, her allowance of £8,000 a year was cut off, but, nothing daunted, she set sail for New York fully believing that Sargent had secured a theatre for her, and that the making of money would be inevitable. They took up their quarters at the Union Square Hotel, where, it is said, a disagreement took place over Mr. Sargent's wine bill, and her trunks were seized for payment. The matter was adjusted, however, and the party, consisting of Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell, her maid, three dogs and Sargent, went to the Wagner Hotel in Fourteenth St. Here poverty covered them like a garment, and many peculiar stories are told of their make-shifts.

The party was finally driven from the Wagner Hotel for non-payment of lodging bills, and moved to No. 62 East Eleventh St., where Mrs. Lodewick took them in, and where the party took Mrs. Lodewick in to the tune

of \$1,268 board money, it is said. Mrs. Lodewick kept them all till last Wednesday, when she determined that she would rescue the star from her manager and send her back to England, especially as Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell's mother died on September 15 and left her daughter, it is said, a large inheritance. With this intent Mrs. Lodewick bought a first-class passage ticket to England, got Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell into a cab, drove to the pier where the steamer lay and saw the star safely on board. The business manager wouldn't forsake her, however, but bought a steerage ticket and steamed away with her. Mrs. Churchill-Jodrell's friends think Sargent has a sort of mesmeric influence over her. Mr. Sargent's friends, on the other hand, say that the woman, who is about as broad as she is long, could never succeed as an actress, and that Sargent was unable to get anyone to advance the money to bring her out, and anyway, he expected she would have enough for that purpose herself.—N. Y. Tribune.

## THAT MOUSE.

"Oh! Oh! Come here! Quick! Quick!" It was the voice of my Anna. She was shrieking for aid.

"Come! Come! Bring a pail of water!"

I pictured her coming to meet me with her clothing in a blaze.

Placing Billy on the table, I hastened to help her.

She was dancing wildly round the room, but there was no sign of fire. She was gesticulating as much as was possible while her hands grasped convulsively a portion of her dress.

"What is it? Are you burned? scalded? poisoned?"

I seized her hand, but she sprang from me.

"Don't, don't! I must hold on! It is here! It is in there!"

Her eyes looked as if they would start out of her head. Had Anna gone mad?

In my most soothing tones I besought her to tell me what had alarmed her.

"It is in my pocket! Think of it! In my pocket! Why don't you bring the water? I can't hold on much longer! O, it's getting out! I feel it!"

"Calm yourself," I begged. "You will be ill if you excite yourself in this way."

"Calm yourself; don't excite yourself," repeated Anna sarcastically. "I should like to see you calm yourself if you had a mouse in your pocket and didn't know where it might go next."

"A mouse!" my heart leaped for joy. My Anna was sane.

"Yes, a mouse. As soon as I felt it I pulled out my hand and held on to the top of the pocket so it couldn't get away. If you will get a pail of water, you can tie a string round the pocket just above my hands and cut it out of the dress."

"But you will ruin your dress," I expostulated, and I proposed several less expensive ways of disposing of the mouse.

"And you think a little hole in a dress of more consequence than my feelings!" Anna grew almost frantic again as she pictured the mouse roaming at its will.

Fearful of the possible effects, I did exactly as I was told. I brought the water; I tied the string; I cut the stuff; and down went the pocket.

My tender-hearted Anna covered her eyes and turned away her head so that she might not see the struggle of the drowning creature.

But there were no struggles

"You must have squeezed it to death," I said.

Then Anna opened her eyes and looked at the pocket lying at the bottom of the pail.

She mildly suggested that I should cut the string and take out the contents, as among them were a note of invitation, two concert tickets, and other articles of value.

I found the tickets and the invitation saturated with water and sticky from their vicinity to a package of caramels.

Anna indignantly exclaimed that she would not be childish enough to carry caramels in her pocket. Little Maude must have slipped them in. Finally I drew out a pair of soaked kid gloves and assured her there was nothing else living or dead in the pocket.

"Where is the mouse?" I asked. "That is the mystery."

"There is no mystery at all," replied Anna in an aggrieved manner, as she pointed out some dilapidated wet fur on the wrists of the gloves; "Can't you understand?" she asked, as if provoked by my stupidity. "I tacked on that swan's-down for the tableaux the other evening. We came home late and I was so tired I

rolled my gloves into a ball and put them in my pocket. Naturally, as soon as I touched the fur I thought it was a mouse. And now there is an almost new pair of gloves spoiled!"

"Yes," I said feelingly, for I was the provider of gloves.

"Well," said my Anna, resenting my tone, "what made you put them into the water?"

I did not answer, for at that moment there was a thump and a scream. I had forgotten Billy. He had fallen from my study table.

"You don't mean to say that you sat Billy on the table?" exclaimed Anna, hastening after me, almost breathless. "What possessed you? You will be the death of that child yet!"

Such is woman.—M. Bourchier, in *The Epoch*.

## A COQUETTE'S PHILOSOPHY.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

He exclaimed: "Is it, then, impossible for a woman to love only one man?"

But she had her answer ready for him: "No; one can keep on loving forever; all that one can do is to be constant. Do you believe that that exalted delirium of the senses can last for years? No, no. As for the most of those women who are addicted to passions, to violent caprices of greater or less duration, they simply transform life into a novel. Their heroes are different, the events and circumstances are unforeseen and constantly changing, the denouement varies. I admit that for them it is amusing and diverting, for with every change they have a new set of emotions, but for him—when it is ended, that is the last of it. Do you understand me?"

"Yes; what you say has some truth in it. But I do not see what you are getting at."

"It is this: there is no passion that endures a very long time; by that, I mean a burning, torturing passion like that from which you are suffering now. It is a crisis that I have made very hard for you to bear—I know it, and I feel it—by—by the aridity of my tenderness and the paralysis of my emotional nature. This crisis will pass away, however, for it cannot last forever."

"And then?" he asked with anxiety.

"Then I think that to a woman who is as reasonable and calm as I am you can make yourself a lover who will be pleasing in every way, for you have a great deal of tact. On the other hand you would make a terrible husband. But there is no such thing as a good husband, there never can be."

He was surprised and a little offended. "Why," he asked, "do you wish to keep a lover that you do not love?"

She answered, impetuously: "I do love him, my friend, after my fashion. I do not love ardently, but I love."

"You require above everything else to be loved and to have your lovers make a show of their love."

"It is true. That is what I like. But beyond that my heart requires a companion apart from the others. My vainglorious passion for public homage does not interfere with my capacity for being faithful and devoted; it does not destroy my belief that I have something of myself that I could bestow upon a lover that no other man should have; my loyal affection, the sincere attachment of my heart, the entire and secret trustfulness of my soul; in exchange for which I should receive from him, together with all the tenderness of a lover, the sensation, so sweet and so rare, of not being entirely alone upon the earth. That is not love from the way you look at it, but it is not entirely valueless, either."

He bent over toward her, trembling with emotion, and stammered: "Will you let me be that man?"

"Yes, after a little, when you are more yourself. In the meantime, resign yourself to a little suffering once in awhile, for my sake. Since you have to suffer in any event, isn't it better to endure it at my side rather than somewhere far from me?" Her smile seemed to say to him: "Why can you not have confidence in me?" and she eyed him there, his whole frame quivering with passion, she experienced through every fibre of her being a feeling of satisfied well-being that made her happy in her way, in the way that the bird of prey is happy when he sees his quarry lying fascinated beneath him and awaiting the fatal talons.

## WHAT, HO! GLEN ECHO!

"I understand President Harrison is buying real estate in Glen Echo. What's the meaning of that?"

"I guess he's looking for a place where he'll be able to hear himself quoted occasionally."—Puck.

## For Tired Brain

## Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. O. C. STOUT, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."





KEEP IT UP, CHIEF BONNER.

Chief Bonner, of the Fire Department, has held recently more than one theatre manager's nose to the grindstone for not carefully complying with the public's demands for safety, i. e., the law. This is as it should be, for enterprises of the theatre nowadays are chiefly for dollars and, if the law permitted it or winked at it, it is probable that few managers would be morally strong enough to turn away money as long as a man, woman or child could squeeze in. Things would go on this way and culminate in a sickening holocaust. That's the tendency of business—modern business principles and ancient, too. By always acting firmly and without prejudice, Mr. Bonner can impress thoroughness and respect for human life where it very much ought to be impressed, and he can gain a recommend even from the Fassett Investigating Committee.

Coroner Levy has heard from Jerusalem.

William H. Bellamy is not the father of Looking Backward.

P. F. Glennon is in charge of Tammany Hall Naturalization Bureau or citizen manufactory.

Supervisor Kenny of the City Record announces a surplus of funds. What will he do with it?

John G. Boyd wishes free coinage of silver. We would like to assist in a little freer distribution of it.

Captain J. S. Shepherd of the 23d Regiment is highly complimented by Inspector Jackson in his report.

Mr. Oliver Dyer, author of the excellent pen-pictures, "The Great Senators," will lecture about them this winter.

The secret of Colonel C. H. Blair's nomination for Congress from the Twelfth District is out. He was born in Ohio.

T. M. Robinson has been married more than twenty-five years and does not believe for a moment that marriage is a failure.

Theodore Broadhead is not troubled with the big head, but he is one of the shining lights of the local Republicans, all the same.

Tim Shea has beaten the whole Oyster Dealers' Association, and now feels at times as if he were a bigger man than old Grant.

Captain Garland of the Madison street station will be retired after election. He is sixty years old and has grown gray in the service.

Carl Shurz, of national and good repute, is actively connected with the German Legal Aid Society, which has already helped 40,000 persons.

John Brodsky's tootsy-wootsies are not at all disconcerted while pressing the velvet carpets of the Republican headquarters in Fifth avenue.

General Bourke, Assistant Appraiser

of the Port, is arranging a champagne dinner with a display of fireworks for his friend, Examiner Lessner.

According to the Sun, Johnny Brodsky is the most popular man in the Business Men's Republican Organization. "If you see it in the Sun, it's so."

Theodore F. Cuno, one of the editors of the Volks Zeitung, is a candidate of the Socialists for the Assembly from the XII. District of Kings county.

Dr. Anton Palitschek has received over \$2,000 for the fund for the relief of the sufferers from the floods in Hungary. Dr. Palitschek is the Austrian Consul for New York.

Excise Commissioner Meakin told Ivins the Investigator that he thought to raise the Excise Board above politics would prevent most of the ills the Board is now heir to.

Marvelle Cooper, the Appraiser, is one of the most approachable officials in New York. His endowment of good nature is as big as his mortal coil, and that is not saying a little.

Gustav Schwab will continue to serve the people via the North German Lloyd Line of European steamers, notwithstanding he was nominated for mayor—by the Tribune.

Henry Sedley, private secretary for Surveyor Lyon, is a litterateur. But for a long time now his identity has been somewhat mixed by the post-office with Henry Sedley, a bartender at No. 75 Chambers street.

John DeWitt Warner has told J. Wesley Smith "who the — he is." Smith asked just after he was beaten by Warner in getting the XIth District nomination for Congress.

W. T. Crossdale, a strong man for Single Tax, seems to be developing rapidly as an orator. He has been nominated for Congress by the County Democracy of the VIIth District.

John H. Stadlander is the new president of the St. Anthony Young Men's Lyceum, at No. 77 Macdougall street. James J. Dunn is treasurer. The Lyceum is a strong organization and has done much good work.

Deputy Sheriff Hamburger frequently has particular attachments for people entirely unknown to him. The attachments might, with some danger, be called Hamburger's takes.

George L. Rives did not want to be mayor—that is, a candidate with a possible contingency. He is satisfied with his honorable history as Governor Cleveland's Assistant Secretary of State.

Monmouth H. Underhill, Jr., will be the happiest man in Westchester county this fall if he goes to the Assembly from the IId District. He is one of the liveliest men in "these parts" of the earth, and he will make one of the most efficient officers of the State under Hill.

Joseph Koehel, who sells the chief features of an animal diet at No. 39 Myrtle avenue in Brooklyn, is as proud of his daughter as any man in the world. She ran through a dense volume of smoke recently, when her home was afire and rescued her brother. Her name is Annie.

Captain Charles F. Roe, of Troop A, Cavalry N. Y. N. G., is said by Colonel Jackson, Inspector of the Army, in his report, to be well qualified for his command. And the troop is called "a well selected, soldierly body of men." The troop made its first appearance in camp this year.

One of the most popular of San Francisco's bonifaces has just taken a long lease of the Coleman House on Broadway, and H. H. Pearson (for that's his name), late of the Baldwin, in Frisco, is going to make things hum in New York, for he says he has fallen in love with the city, and fully intends, to keep a first-class house, and he'll do it.

Colonel John H. Wood and Colonel William Scott, Mayor Henry V. Williamson, Captain George T. Hussey and Walter W. Thorne have just returned from "ole Virginny." They went down to see if their old battlefields were still there. They fought them over again, but the conflicts were not reported in the newspapers.

Grandfather Isaac Dayton is one of the sturdiest old oaks in the Republican ranks of this city. He will go many blocks to defend a friend. He declares, in spite of his Republicanism, that "People are all tangled up by the talk of the various forces which are to make up a combination against Tammany. Tammany is a solid unit, and will win against the combination forces."

According to the Reverend R. S. MacArthur, embracing was made popular on this Island of Manhattan long ago—at least a precedent was established by a high authority. Mr. MacArthur said in a recent political letter to Mortimer C. Addoms: "Providence threw her watery arms around this piece of land, making it an island. How many male islands with whiskers are made in New York now from day to day.

Smart Weed and Belladonna, combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters, make Carter's S. W. & B. Backache Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

It is said that cholera is dying out in Spain and a number of people are dying out with it.—Exchange.

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

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

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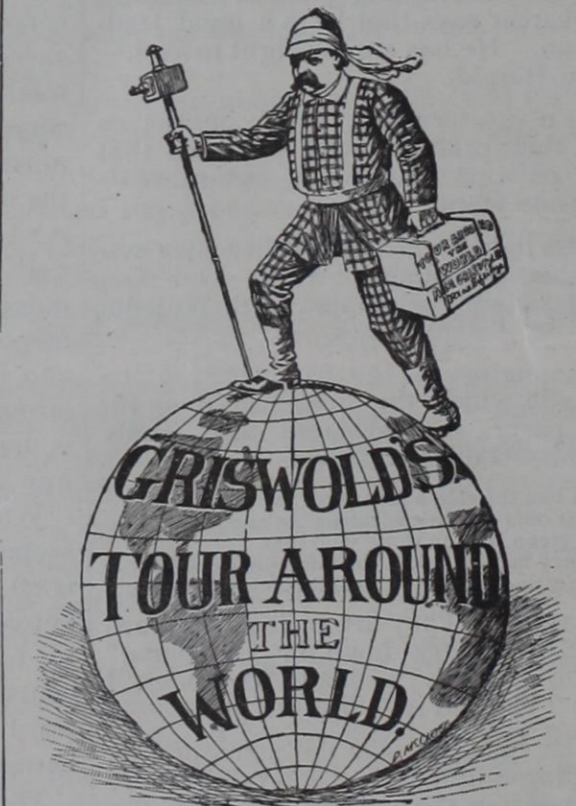
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**SEASON 1890-91**



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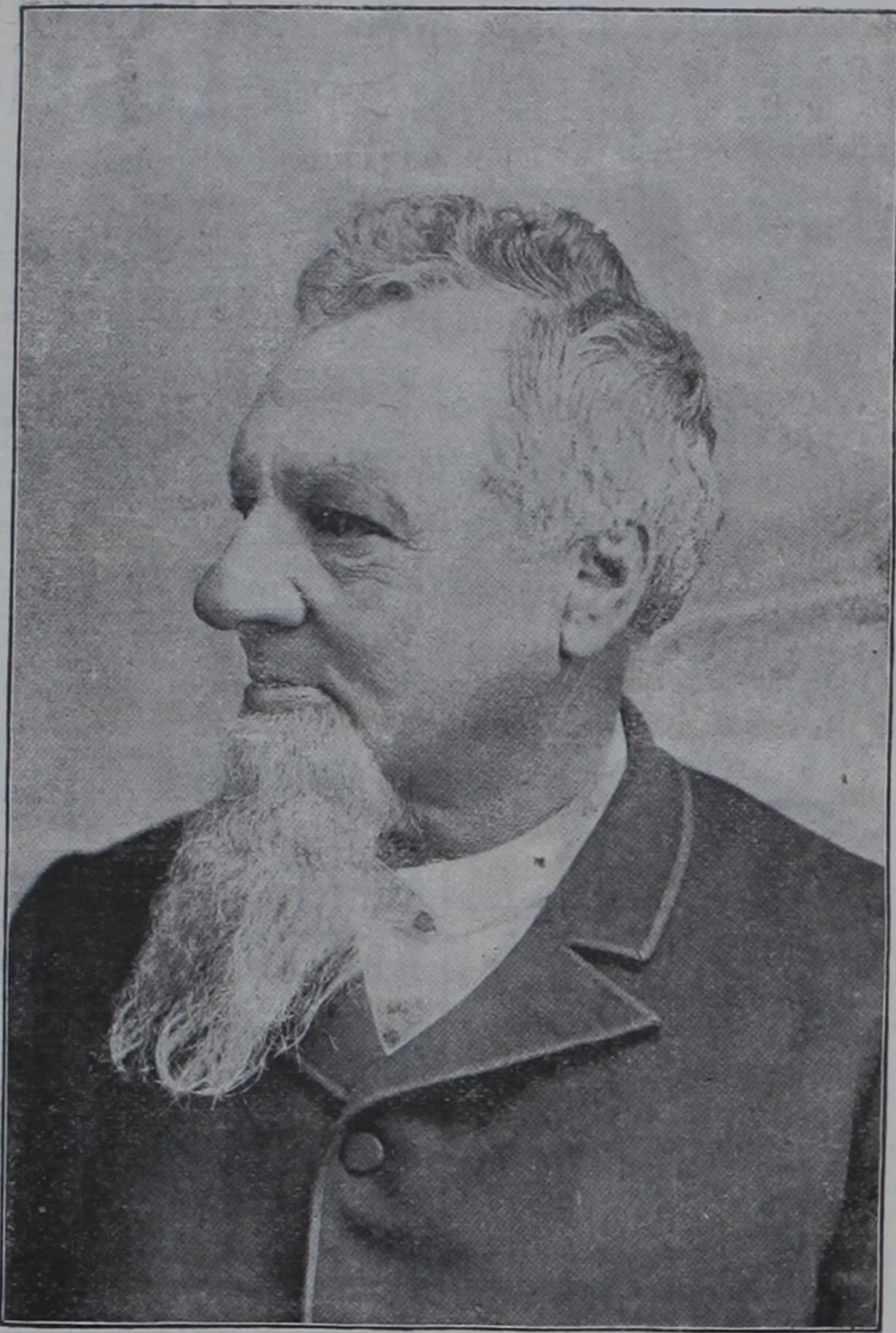
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## SIFTINGS' PORTRAIT GALLERY.



COL. DAN RICE.

THE VETERAN CLOWN AND CIRCUS PROPRIETOR.

The best known name in connection with the circus business in America is that of Dan Rice, whose portrait is shown above, taken from a recent photograph. He is a familiar figure in New York City, having taken up his residence at the Everett Hotel, Vesey street, and he bears his years sturdily. Many suppose him to be much older than he really is, on account of his having been before the public so many years, but he secured wide notoriety as a clown while still in his teens.

Dan Rice's full name is Dan Rice McLaren, and he was born in New York City, at the corner of Mulberry and Chatham streets, the home of his paternal grandfather, Daniel McLaren, a leading New York merchant at that time, and once a partner with the original John Jacob Astor in the importation of teas. The father of the subject of this sketch, Daniel McLaren, Jr., succeeded his father in the business, although he had been trained for the law, having studied in the office of Aaron Burr.

The earliest predilection Dan Rice displayed was for horses. He rode and won numerous races as a boy, at Long Island, Trenton, N. J., etc., notwithstanding his father's remonstrances, and his first trip to the West was to take a celebrated race-horse to Pittsburg, a great undertaking for such a youth, he leading the horse the most of the way.

It wasn't long ere young Dan drifted into the show business, and before he was twenty years old he had acquired world-wide fame as circus clown and jester, horse educator, wild animal trainer and show manager. There is no State in the Union—no town of any considerable size, in fact—that he has not visited, and he has made more people laugh than all the other "funny men" combined, not to mention those whom he has astonished by his feats of strength and achievements in subduing wild animals. With all this he has realized the largest income for his name and services ever paid to a professional of the arena.

Col. Rice got his title in Washington during the administration of President Taylor, having been appointed Colonel on the President's private staff, in acknowledgment of services rendered in furthering his nomination and election. At the outbreak of the war he contributed largely to the equipment of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania Volunteers, from Erie county, and afterwards erected an expensive monument to the memory of their heroic dead, at Girard, Pa., his then residence.

Col. Rice retired from the show business in 1882. His wonderful and eventful career will soon be given to the public in book form, and no doubt it will be eagerly read. Notwithstanding a long and arduous professional life, Dan Rice is in vigorous physical health, and the play of intellect and wit is unimpaired.

## A Small Matter.

Mr. Youngley—"Sir, I have called to beg you for your daughter's hand."

Mr. Opulent—"All right, go and take it."

"But—er—er—"

"Haven't I told you to take it. Can't you see I'm in a hurry to see the ball game."—Light.

## Cure for the Deaf.

Peek'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.

## Easy Guessing.

Tom—"Guess how much I paid for this coat."

Jack—"Ten dollars."

"Exactly the figure. How did you guess it?"

"That is easily explained. You always pay for your things twice as much as they are worth."—Yankee Blade.

## Quite Swelled.

"Don't you think her feet look awfully swell in those patent-leather shoes?"

"Yes; most frightfully swollen."—Light.

## A Struggle With a Sturgeon.

Faithful Jim is the name of an old Siwash in the employ of Mr. W. H. Vianen. Jim looks after the fish-house, cleans salmon, runs the delivery barrow, breaks ice, and performs numerous other little duties of an easy and pleasant nature. Faithful Jim, as his name would indicate, is a very trustworthy and honest Indian, and he takes really a wonderful delight in performing every one of his little duties with an exactness and care that would make the eyes of the strictest disciplinarian glitter with pride and pleasure. The other morning a number of fat and handsome sturgeon were landed landed on the slip, apparently dead, and without power of motion, and Mr. Vianen ordered Jim to carry them inside and clean them. Jim carried the first two inside and laid them carefully down beside the water hole, and he was just about to deposit the third, a fifty-pounder, when the fish, coming suddenly to life, gave a tremendous wriggle and almost slipped through Jim's hands into the water hole. Faithful Jim took a strong hold and was about to drag it from the water, when the fish gave another jump, causing the Siwash to slip, and like a flash the fish and the man shot through the hole into the river. Then there was a commotion in the depths that betokened that a gigantic struggle was in full swing, and the loiterers who had seen the accident felt very anxious for Jim's safety, for they knew he would never let go while life remained in his body. The terrible struggle lasted fully a minute, and Jim's long shaggy hair came to the surface, swirling and twisting and lashing the water into foam. Mr. Vianen seized the hair and drew Jim's head above water, and as he did so the Siwash gave vent to a squamish war-whoop, which startled the whole neighborhood. "Me Faithful Jim," he said, and sure enough when they dragged him out the fish was found locked in the strong embrace of his arms, and as peaceful as a snail, after the long struggle. Then Faithful Jim seized a heavy club, and, after dancing a species of Siwash war dance over the tired sturgeon, belabored it until life was extinct.—New Westminster (B. C.) Columbian.

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