

A Letter From Bill Sart.

WHITE HOUSE, Sept. 13, 1890.
To Mr. Dan McCullum, Houston, Tex.

MY DEAR MAJOR:—The White House is more cheerful than it has been since Cleveland left it. Harrison, who is little off most of the time when he is here, is off at Cresson Springs, Pa., and got a confidential letter from him to-day in which he writes that he made a favorable impression on some G. A. R. veterans who called on him. When we take the fact into consideration that from the close of the war until his campaign he utterly ignored the G. A. R., it would appear as if some of the veterans were an easy set to fool.

I could have gone along with the President, but I declined. In the first place I want to get worn again. Sitting in the vicinity of Harrison's chair to the marrow. It is like being locked up in a refrigerator or attending a church social.

Day before yesterday I had to use some harsh language to Secretary Windom. I asked him if he knew that Wall street was on the edge of a panic, and that he was expected to buy enough bonds to relieve the stringency. He had heard something about it, but did not regard the situation as serious.

"You confounded clump," I said excitedly, "don't you know that there is a panic owing to your slowness, there will be a Democratic administration in next time as sure as God made little fishes."

That did scare him a little, and I managed to get him on the train for New York, but he is so slow that very likely there will be a crash anyhow. If he does not act in time it will not be my fault. If Windom had not been stirred up by me, he would have done nothing, and a panic would have been the result. Will I get credit for having saved the party? not much.

There was a queer looking customer here to-day. His name was Smithers, and he came all the way from Indiana to see the President. He said that he was a high protectionist and a farmer. He tried to make me believe that a high tariff was beneficial to the farmer.

"Look here, Smithers," said I, "you remind me of some darkies down in Texas. They were taken in as badly as you are."

"How was that?" he asked.

"There was a white man in Austin, Tex., who was a pretty sharp fellow, and the way he used to fool those darkies was simply scandalous. For instance he persuaded them that a fourth of the cotton crop was bigger than a third and did business with them on that basis, but the worst trick he ever played on those poor darkies was during the rise in the Colorado river. He played it on those poor niggers very much like the high tariff barons play it on your farmers."

"In what way?"

"You see the river was high, and it brought down lots of drift wood and a big lot of sawed lumber from a saw mill perhaps a hundred miles up the river. It was what we lawyers call flotsam and jetsam."

"Well, what next?"

This Major Jackson was standing on the bank of the river and saw all this valuable lumber floating down the river, so he concocted a plan to get it. There was a lot of darkies on the bank, and he called out to them, "Come on, boys; I've got a job for you. Wade in and pull out all this lumber and I'll give you a dram of whiskey." How those niggers worked. They rushed into the water and risked their lives, but they pulled out lots of lumber.

Major Jackson sold for about three hundred dollars. One of the darkies who had worked very hard for his dram of whiskey, met old Uncle Moses and told him about the transaction.

"So you pulled all that lumber out of the water and spoiled your clothes, and Majah Jackson got the lumber and you got dramed didn't you?"

"Dat's right, Uncle Moses."

"Well, jess tell me—did Majah Jackson hab any moar right to dat lumber den you hab?"

"Don't believe he had, now I comes to think of it."

"Doe Majah Jackson own de Colorado river what fetched down the lumber?"

"No, reckon not."

"D'n whaffor you fool nigger let him hab de lumber for? Dat lumber belong to yens' Jess as much as hit did to him, but jess because he tol' yer ter do all de work, while he took all de money, yo' went and done hit for a dram of whiskey."

The visitor from Indiana made out as if he could see the point, so I explained it to him. I said:

"The stream of prosperity which this country enjoys brings down a great deal of wealth. You farmers work day and night, and should have a fair share of it, but you haven't got it. The monopolists and proprietors of protected industries are rolling in wealth, which they get without effort. They stand on the bank and tell you to pull the timber out of the river, and you fools enough to do it, and you're willing to keep on doing it to the end of the chapter."

The old visitor didn't like my talk at all. He looked out that he was a distant relative of Mrs. Harrison, and wanted to see the President about getting an office.

"Look here," says I, "Don't you fool away your time trying to get an office. You are the only relative of the Harrison's that is not provided for. You are a priceless freak and can get your price as such in a dime museum."

He went off saying that was blamed queer talk to be heard in the White House, and he was going to inform his distinguished relatives about it.

BILL SNORT.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

The Engagement Ring Romance.

The first one usually doesn't cost much, but it costs enough for all that. You are about 20 when you begin looking over the jewelery exhibitions and find yourself wondering if she will be pleased with what you save and pinched to get. At length you have bought it. Then comes the eventful evening; you stroll down the street feeling your importance at every step; with a hopping heart you pass into your love's sweet presence; there she sits expectant; before you know anything about it her hand is in yours. Over her taper fingers the jeweled band is slipped, but what follows you remember so well it need not be told.

Hank Halsted was born and reared away down in the Ozark region of Christian county, Mo., almost within gun shot of the famous Bald Knobbers of South Missouri. He had never been out of the country, much less out of the State, and his ideas of engagement rings were limited. When pretty Sallie Diggs—pretty in spite of her length, shambling walk and freckles—insisted upon a ring before she would consider the engagement binding, Hank was nonplussed.

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

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

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

"Now Sallie, are ye satisfied that wvens is ingaged?"

"Yes, Hank," Sallie whispered, shaking the ring round on her finger; but say Hank, whad dy ye git it?"

"Ye won't tell?"

"Hanes?"

"Hones, Hank."

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

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

"Say, Hank, ain't ye fraid yur dad'll tick ye wi' he fin's lis galluses busted?"

A Preacher and Tobacco.

The country will await with interest the result of an effort to be made during the next twelve months by Brother Herbert E. Ryerson, of Michigan. Last week he was brought to the house of the Methodist Conference, Bishop Andrews presiding, to answer to the charge of habitual use of tobacco. The Detroit Free Press reports that he appeared agitated and much chagrined at the situation. To the Bishop's question whether the accusation was true or not, Brother Ryerson, "with head upon his breast and eyes looking on the floor," said:

"I have used it ever since I can remember, and use it now. I have tried again and again to quit, and have done so for a year fat a time, but I can't hold out. I know it is wrong, and I still try to give it up."

The Bishop invoked the assistance of the Great Helper, who would not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear," and Brother Ryerson was released with the statement that, unless he stopped the use of tobacco entirely by next year, he would have to retire from the Methodist ministry.

In his trial, however, Brother Ryerson may be assured that general sympathy goes with him, win or lose.—N.Y. Sun.

How They Smoke.

If a man smoke his cigar only to keep it lighted, and relishes taking it out of his mouth to watch the curl of smoke in the air, set him down as an easy going man. Beware of the man who never releases his grip on the cigar and is indifferent whether it burns or not; he is cool, calculating and exacting. The man that smokes a bit, rests a bit and fumbles the cigar more or less easily affected by circumstances. If the cigar goes out frequently, the smoker has a hole-saddled disposition, is a "ail fellow well met," with a lively brain, glib tongue and generally a full of capital anecdotes. A nervous man who fumbles his cigar a great deal is a sort of popinjay among men. Holding the cigar constantly between the teeth, chewing it occasionally and not caring if it be lighter at all are the characteristics of men who have the tenacity of bulldogs. The fop stands his cigar on end, and an experienced smoker points it straight dead or almost at right angles with his course.—El Poutou.

"Did he own de land on de bank of de river what you hauled de lumber on de w' er?"

"No, reckon not."

"D'n whaffor you fool nigger let him hab de lumber for? Dat lumber belong to yens' Jess as much as hit did to him, but jess because he tol' yer ter do all de work, while he took all de money, yo' went and done hit for a dram of whiskey."

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Sick Headache,

Dyspepsia, Fever, Kidney Diseases,

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Tutt's Pills produce regular habit of bowels and good digestion, without which no one can enjoy good health.

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W. Pool, R. M. Barringer,

Commissioners—North ward, J. A. Rendleman, D. M. Miller; South ward, D. R. Julian, J. A. Barrett; East ward, J. B. Gordon, T. A. Coughenour; West ward, R. J. Holmes, T. C. Linn.

CHURCHES.

Methodist—Services every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 6 p.m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 6 p.m. Rev T. W. Guth