

ADVICE TO BOYS.

BY CHARLES R. BARRETT.

You may wish for this,
You may wish for that,
And wish for fruits of the soil,
Mark it down a Saxon truth,
Success results from toil.

If you would have this,
If you would have that,
And have it all secure,
Accept it as a simple fact,
Knowledge you must procure.

If you have saved this,
If you have saved that,
And it is all your own,
You deserve all the credit
To be not a rolling stone.

If you work for this,
If you work for that,
And labor with a will,
The result will be success,
And men will note your skill.

You may read this book,
You may read that book,
But read the better kind;
You must read a useful book,
Or you're only wasting time.

You may drink this glass,
You may drink that glass,
'Till you quench the liquor crave
Forget not that in the end
You'll fill a drunkard's grave.

You may go this way,
You may go that way,
You may go from door to door;
Without God's love in your heart,
The devil will get you sure.

UNCLE SI'S FAMILIAR EPISTLES TO INQUIRING YOUTH.

2—Serving it Hot for a Would-be
"Koper."

An immature New York tough writes to me as follows:

"Mistur Unkel Si ime in a snide Shue Store 20 years old i am butt wanter bee a Koper Kopp fur short wich is plesman yer know & sum gits onto it Rich Cos Its a Bully Racket & ime gonter Be a Kof if You was Mee wood You Be plesman You Ken Bleed de Quisby Blokes & Blowers & make a Stake every Day ime gon fur it Sure wood You, if yer Down on fellers yer Ken Lay fur em & Nock de Stufin outen Em its a Dizzy Racket & ime gonter bee One woudn't You few was Mee, yer Ken wurk de Gin mls to de Queans taist & bee hi Pye wid all de Dazy survent gurls & Play it sweat on de Apel wimmis fur Peenutts & peeches yer Ken fish de Lushes pokes & run em in fur D.unk & Disordly & swipe many a flumsey & the Salry is Bang up 1200 Dollers Year & Kountt Mee in every Time."

Well, s.r, I termed you an "immature tough," but, repurusing your uncouth screed, I must say that your immaturity is not that of the new-born clam or unfledged tadpole, not at all. All you require is a slight experience in the field congenial to you to become a blooming tough of the first water; of hickory incorrigibility; it is in you, and all it wants is an outing.

It is evident that the "Shue Store"—whether it or you is twenty years old would be hard to tell by your letter, but I presume you refer to your own age—is no place for you or your capabilities. What you most urgently require is a place in the field most congenial to your warped nature; and the more immediately the better, as you would the sooner reach the end of your tether, young man, it being morally certain that you would go it with a rush from the start, without any discretion whatever, thereby being the more quickly brought down to the ring-bolt, much to the relief of your fellow-citizens and a portion of the rest of mankind, probably. As such galoots as you—your letter justifies the use of this term, and the application of it to you—can't be jerked up and juggled for what they are capable of doing, the best way is to give them every chance possible of showing their cussedness, as a quick means to the desired end—the squelching of such galoots by gallows and rope, or the secluding of the same in stone residences of the State; therefore, if you can't emulate Tim McCarthy, of Oak street, your city, young man, and become a dive-keeper of like cussedness of caliber, by all means do the next best thing, and get appointed to the "finest police force in the world," as a "chief" once termed it, and which it fondly imagines itself to be, but which is thus ironically termed by the citizens at large, with others not "at large," many of whom, in durance vile, are better, morally, than the same number of the "finest," picked at random.

As a New York "cop," young man of innate cussedness of soul, you will have opportunities to follow your natural bent, which is cussedness of eighteen carats, fully equal, if not superior, to those enjoyed by dive-keepers of the McCarthy stamp, and I feel convinced, from your letter, that you will be fully able to take advantage of said opportunities, and make the most of them. You may not pull together as big a boodle as Tim McCarthy, the Jay Gould of dive-keepers, has corralled in the same length of time, but a fellow of your internal sheolishness can do well until he runs the thing into the ground, as it were, which you are bound to do sooner or later. Should you ever rise to a captaincy in the "finest," your opportunities for harvesting a boodle will increase in number and volume, and the amount of filthy lucre you can hive for a "rainy day"—this is a figurative term for an indefinite period, as understood—need never be known to any one not inside your own waistcoat, and will only be limited by your desires in the direction of wealth, be they moderate or the reverse.

The captain of your 290th precinct, a "blue nose" from the kingdom thereof, which is located somewhere in the fogs of old-cheese density that enshroud the far eastern portions of this otherwise blest and happy hemisphere, has, it is alleged, by following, the routes of

economy and foresight, not to mention hindsight, and by "strict attention to business"—it is a cold day when he doesn't attend to "business"—laid by a store of the needful sufficient unto the end of his days, even should these run up into the hundreds of years, as did those of the late lamented Mr. Methuselah, of Palestine, or some ranch contiguous; and this lay-by was erected on the foundation of a \$2,000 yearly salary, and in a few short years; which goes to show that frugality is not confined to Congressmen, and that a New York police captain may frugalize a fortune proportionally as great as that of an M. C., by the same methods of thrift. It also goes to show that, to become men of multitudinous "rocks" on moderate salaries, we must be men of serviceable "sand," paradoxical as it may seem; and that the aforementioned police captain has an abundance of this sort of "sand," goes without saying.

But all police precincts are not alike. Not all are highly productive "sugar" plantations; not all rich, auriferous "placers" for the aggrandizement of the head "prospectors." While all "pan out" more or less, in the great metropolis-by-the-sea, there is but one fairly entitled to the tart for "productiveness;" and, as happy must be the captain in whose precinct the gamblers, crooks, and bagnio-keepers most do congregate, provided said captain has abundance of serviceable "sand in his craw," then must the captain of the pre-eminent police precinct of New York be happy, for he can "round up" more cattle of the breeds mentioned, to the square acre, than any other police captain on the continent, probably; and this kind of stock is very profitable, if well handled; and what this captain doesn't know about handling stock of the varieties mentioned wouldn't be worth knowing to any one else. Verily there is but one 290th precinct—in all the land, let us hope—and the "sports" and the "crooks" and the bagnio-keepers are its profit, and ever will be, else am I no prophet.

But why speak of captaincies to you, unfledged bird of evil intent, snooded in a "snide shoe store"—it is "snide," I suppose, because it doesn't offer opportunities enough for your beating and balking propensities—why to you speak of captaincies, when, fledged in the field of promise, that of police provision, you will fly to certain destruction, and go to meet Crowley, gone before, long ere you sport the chevrons of a sergeant, even.

You—why, you are a moral rattlesnake, a moral hyena, a moral tiger, a moral octopus—this means "devil-fish," understand—in short, a "moral leper," than which nothing worse can be said of a human. When a man gets to be a "moral leper" he has struck bottom, as it were, and rests—no, he can't rest, he flounders about in the blackest slough that turpitude ever opened on the pampas of civilization; and there's just where you are floundering, you moral "devil-fish," you. Your letter proclaims you a combination of moral monstrosities; a whole moral menagerie of wild and carnivorous beasts and reptiles, every one of which is worse than the other; and that you should so commit yourself in black and white argues that the doctrine of total depravity was not founded on the baseless fabric of the cosmic phantom of irreconcilableness, or any other spook in the far-away whinnies of ancient preovisity, but on the solid bedrock of innate cussedness, an integral portion of which is represented in your person. Now, put that in your pipe and smoke it, depraved galoot of sheolish virus; into your glass and "drink it down," or spread it on your bread and "eat it up;" any way to get it into you, I care not how.

Your letter shows you to be a fatty degeneration of triple X depravity; a natural-born beat, bilk, bruiser, ruffian, thief, and everything that is frowned upon in respectable circles. If not already a practical thief, your letter shows that you are on more or less intimate terms with the vernacular of thieves in regular standing, and that if you cannot "patter flash" with the most accomplished of the fraternity, you can catch on to the lingo readily, and finish your education in that line at short notice; and let me tell you, sir, that no well-regulated citizen would ever be on terms of intimacy with the flash of thieves, and don't you forget it.

It is evident that you have studied into the marvels, "makes," maneuvers, and mysteries of that portion of the political economy of civilization which absorbs policing—if you haven't as yet "fit into" it, as old man Shingle "fit into the Revolution," it is morally certain that you would fit into a policeman's coat and place, and, in time, vie with the toughest of a crowd nothing if not tough.

It is a "Bully Racket," you say, "& sum gits onto it Rich." To cotton to your vernacular, I must say that you have got the matter "dead to rights"—it is a "bully racket" for such as join the force, going down through the slums in blue and brass, and doing business on the great thoroughfares; and many do "get onto it rich," the idiom understood. You can "Bleed de Quisby Blokes & blowers & make a Stake every Day," you say. Yes, you festive tarantula, you can do these things, which are done every day, and you are just the centipede that will never fail in doing. "You ken Lay for fellers if yer Down on em & Nock de Stufin outen em," you say. Of course you can; it is done every day, and you are just the "tarrier" to go for 'em; your ruffianly, brutal nature will have a wide scope for operation, and will never be backward in coming forward, I am satisfied.

As you say again, you oan "wurk de

Gin mills to de Queans taist & bee hi pye wid all de Dazy survent gurls." Of course you can, and, as you say, sponge on the apple women, fish the pockets of "lusers," and "swipe many a himsey." True, too true, you shovel nosed shark, for they "all do it," and you are not going to be left, to any great extent. You say the "Salry is Bangup 1200 Dollers Year." Right you are again, you hook-billed vulture, chafing in a "snide Shue Store." It is a "bang-up salary" for such material as gathers it in. Not one in fifty, the whole force through, could command the half of it in any other sphere of action, the mechanics being too lazy to work at their trades, while the remainder could command only the low pay of unskilled laborers. Yes, you are right, I say, again; it is a "bang-up salary," and you are just the sort of grappling-iron to get onto it with your hooks.

You wind up your glowing dispatch with what has been the slogan of every individual jackal from away back before the time of one Adam of Eden, and which is—"Kountt Mee in every Time"—me with a capital M and double e, you warped and carnal parasite in human form!

Count you in, eh? I do; make no mistake. You will "get there" as surely as the bald-headed buzzard of Bermuda to the banquet on an overripe carcass of a mule defunct, or other feast of carrion; but it is gratifying to know that you will overgorge yourself in quick time, and, figuratively speaking, succumb to indigestion; in other words, you will sow the wind and reap the whirlwind. I know you will, for that's the sort of reaper you are, and don't you forget it.

But there, your screed makes me tired—you make me tired—all over and clear through. Go and be a "Koper" at once, and stand not on the order. The sooner you get on the "force" the sooner you will mount the gallows, or be retired to a State prison, for you are of cussedness abnormally cussed. Selah!

P. S.—If you fail to become a graft on the New York "Finest," light out on the double-quick for London, where, according to late revelations, there is a "Drury" police force, enrolled in which organization you would soon become a shining light, out-Heroding Herod, as it were.—Uncle Si, in Chicago Ledger.

How Bills Are Carried.

The Tice meter, for measuring the product of whisky-stills, received the approval of scientific experts, but it was necessary to carry through the House a clause in a bill requiring their use by distillers. An adroit lobbyist, known as Boynton, undertook to secure a favorable report from the Committee on Ways and Means, of which Gen. Schenck was Chairman. He accordingly arranged for a quiet game of draw-poker in a parlor at Willard's Hotel. Gen. Schenck, Tice the inventor, Boynton, and another member of Congress made up the quartet. The game was a lively one; \$10 "ante," \$50 "blind," and a "straddle" if anybody felt reckless enough to try it on. When the party broke up rosy-fingered morn was rolling back the somber-hued curtains of night and ushering in another day, and old Tice's wallet was empty. He was apparently very much crestfallen, and Gen. Schenck was correspondingly happy. The next day the Ways and Means Committee reported in favor of the Tice meter, and the bill became a law, very much to the sorrow of the distillers. The meter was a fraud of the first water. Each one cost from \$1,500 to \$3,000, giving Tice a margin of \$1,000 to \$2,500, according to the size of the meter. Scores of distillers were compelled to pay for the "blasted fraud," as they all called it, but not one succeeded in running a gallon of whisky through the so-called meter. Tice, however, was not to blame—so he said. His meter was a good machine, as he invented it, but the committee of scientific men who sat upon it under the act of Congress directed various improvements to be made, which rendered it impossible for a drop of high wines to get through it.—Boston Budget.

Labor Statistics.

A building was in process of erection opposite a public building, in Washington City. One of the clerks, who had been looking out of the window for some time, said to another clerk who was reading a newspaper:

"I have been watching that workman over there, and he has not done a lick of work in all that time. I wonder what he gets paid for?"

Just about the same time the workman remarked to a fellow workman:

"Just look at that Government clerk over there. He hasn't done anything except look out of the window for the last half hour. No wonder the country is going to the dogs."—Texas Siftings.

He Preferred Vermont Railways.

"How fur is Albany?" asked a countryman at the Grand Central Station. "One hundred and forty-four miles." "How long does it take to git ther?" "Three hours and twenty-five minutes by fast line."

"An' how much does it cost?"

"One dollar and forty-four cents."

"Gosh! a dollar and forty-four cents for ridin' less'n four hours. Why, up in Vermont I kin ride half a day on a railroad for less money than that, an' not go near so fur, nuther."—New York Sun.

A PITTSBURGH lady cooked Lafayette's dinner when he visited America in 1825. It will be remembered that the Marquis never returned.

A PLAN is proposed to light weather-vanes by electricity.

Cowboys on a Drive.

A picturesque, hardy lot of fellows, these wild "cowboys," as they sit on the ground by the fire, each man with his can of coffee, his fragrant slice of fried bacon on the point of his knife-blade, or sandwiched in between two great hunks of bread, rapidly disappearing before the onslaughts of appetites made keen by the pure, invigorating breezes of these high plains. See that brawny fellow with the crisp, tight-curling yellow hair growing low down on the nape of his massive neck rising straight and supple from the low collar of his loose flannel shirt, his sun-browned face with the piercing gray eyes looking out from under the broad brim of his hat, his lower limbs clad in the heavy "chaps"—or leather overalls—stained a deep reddish-brown by long use and exposure to wind and weather, his revolver in its holster swinging from the cartridge-filled belt, and his great spurs tinkling at every stride, as, having drained the last drop of coffee, he puts down the can, and turns from the fire toward the horses, picking up as he goes the huge heavy leather saddle, with its high pommel and streaming thongs of rawhide, that has served him as a pillow during the night. Quickly his "cayuse" is saddled, the great broad hair-rope girths tightly "sinched," the huge bit slipped into the unwilling mouth, and with a bound the active fellow is in the saddle. Paw, pony, paw; turn your eyes till the whites show; lay your pointed ears back; squeal and kick to your heart's content. Oh, buck away! you have found your master; for the struggle does not last long. The practiced hand, the heavy spurs, and stinging whip soon repeat the almost daily lesson, and with one last wicked shake of the head the wiry "cayuse" breaks into his easy lope, and away go horse and rider to their appointed station on the flank of the great drove.

The others soon follow, camp is broken, the wagon securely packed ready for the road, and the work of the day commences. The cattle seem to know what is coming. On the edges of their scattered masses the steers lift their heads and gaze, half stupidly, half frightened, at the flying horsemen; as the flanks are turned they begin closing in toward one another, moving up in little groups to a common center. Now and then a steer or some young bull, more headstrong or more terrified than his comrades, breaks away and canters off clumsily over the prairie. In a moment he is pursued, headed off, turned, and driven in toward the herd again. As they "close in mass"—to use an apt military phrase—"round up" on all sides by the swift-riding cowboys, they are gently urged onward by the drivers in the rear, until the whole herd is slowly moving forward, feeding as they go, in a loose wide column, headed toward the break in the mountains that indicates the mouth of the canon through which it is to pass.

Very slowly and cautiously the herd moves forward: sometimes there is a halt in front; those in the rear crowd up more closely; very gently, and with soothing cries, the experienced cowboys urge them on again. It is ticklish work, for a momentary panic may drive scores of them down the precipitous sides of the mountain.

And now the canon widens, and, succeeding the high rock walls and great trees, its sides gradually merge into gently rising, grass-covered slopes; the river, too, is broader, its surface shining like polished silver, and betraying its onward movement only by an occasional soft ripple and low lap-lap of the water against its overhanging banks, from which, breathing out the sweet fragrance of thousands of newly opened buds, the wild rose bushes hang down their slender branches. Away up the slopes, dancing and nodding their pretty heads in the soft breeze, the gayly colored wild flowers—yellow sunflowers, daisies, blue harebells—mingle their bright hues, melting into one another on the distant round hill-tops, covering them as with a carpet of the softest velvet.—R. F. Zogbaum, in Harper's Magazine.

Useful Hints to Fleishy People.

Recourse to starvation, anti-fat, dieting by measure, and the swallowing of acids is not only absurd but suicidal. Mr. Banting's dietary is so depleting to the system that for one relieved thereby a dozen suffer positive injury. Any one can reduce his flesh by not eating sufficient food to repair the waste that is constantly going on. The cure, however, in this case is worse than the disease. Starvation remedies are of no account, for abstinence from food means a sacrifice of albumen as well as fat, and anemia ensues.

A strict regimen is the only cure for obesity. A dietary, however, that robs the system of its nutrition should be avoided. Fat is supposed to produce fat. Such is not the case. Fat, combining with the carbo-hydrates and albuminous compounds, operates directly against obesity. No dyspeptic need fear to eat fat so long as too much is not taken. Fat checks all nitrogenous waste and appeases thirst as well as hunger. The great thing to be done in order to correct corpulence is to abstain from eating starchy and saccharine foods. Vegetables rich in albumen, however, make desirable dishes. Potatoes should never be eaten. Fish and all kinds of meats can be eaten at pleasure, but beer and malt liquors generally should be avoided, in consequence of the carbo-hydrates contained therein. A dietary from which the sugars and starches are excluded will do for the corpulent what no medicine can do—that is, make them thin.

PAPER flour barrels, a recent invention, are coming into favor in some parts of the West.

HUMOR.

THERE is an infidel cobbler in St. Paul who says that when he breathes his last it will be awl over with his sole.—St. Paul Herald.

DID you ever really know a woman too busy to run to the parlor window to look at a neighbor with a new bonnet?—Fall River Advance.

A HALF-OUNCE of scandal will blast a great reputation quicker than ten pounds of dynamite will rend an ordinary rock.—Barbers' Gazette.

"Of course you believe he loves her?" "I'm not so sure about it." "Why not?" "Why, ding it all, he wants to marry her!"—Chicago Ledger.

EXPERIMENTS are being made to coin money out of quicksilver. It is hoped that they will get some kind of money that will hurry subscribers a little.—Newman Independent.

LARD may be weak and cheese be flat And eggs so for a song— But the man who deals in butter laughs, For butter's always strong.—Boston Courier.

"THEY didn't pick that stuff quick enough, did they, mamma?" asked a little boy as he passed a grocery where several cakes of Limburger were taking a breathing spell outside.—Brooklyn Times.

"I KNOW what makes it yain, mamma," said a little toddler during a shower on a hot day. "And what do you think it is that does it, darling?" "I dess it's Dod a twettin'!"—Chicago Ledger.

PROF. PROCTOR says that "without water there can be no volcano." "That may be (hic) so," said old Beasley; "and without whisky there (hic) would be fewer eruptions—at home."—Norristown Herald.

"I CAN'T say as he went to heaven," remarked a Fort Scott citizen of a deceased townsman, "but he paid a bill of eleven years' standing the day before he died, and you can judge for yourself."—Texas Siftings.

TABLEAU—Mother with a bad boy bent—across her knee. Slipper in her hand, which she surveys intently. Recitative—meditatively: Um, um. This looks to be very well adapted to the end in view.—Merchant Traveler.

"I AM going to husband my resources," said an indulgent mother to a worthless son, who was worrying her life by demanding money. "I think you had better husband some of my sisters," was the curt reply.—Carl Pretzel's Weekly.

AN exchange notes: "Many well-meaning people neglect the payment of bills, not because they are too stingy to pay or have not the means to do so, but merely because they do not realize how convenient it would be to those to whom the money is due."—Yankees Gazette.

"MISS EMMA NEVADA," it is stated, "recently kissed 300 girls in San Francisco." Well, that is nothing to brag of. When we were a young man—remember we emphatically state the time—we kissed 400 young girls, and we didn't go to California to do it either.—Whitehall Times.

"Do you have your chickens sent you from Tennessee?" asked a new boarder of an Eighth avenue landlady. "No, sir; I get them down in the market. Why?" "Oh, nothing; only I read this morning that hens in that section of the country are never killed until old enough to vote. That's all."—New York Morning Journal.

A CATASTROPHE.

Only a cyclist gazetteer.
Astrod of a six-inch wheel,
Eyesidew saw a maiden romantic
As he drives on his swift steed of steel.
Only a poor little tabby,
Sinking sily a ross the smooth street,
Her motled fur dry and shabby,
Out she darts from beneath the girl's feet.
Only a sky-rocket header,
While the maiden just stands still and stares;
A poor felme, who couldn't be deader,
And a whopping old bill for repairs.
—Somerville Journal.

WHEN Eli Perkins was in Little Rock, and while he sat in the rotunda of the hotel, relating his experiences, an old farmer who had been an attentive listener arose, signed wearily, and remarked to a friend: "Come on, sam, let's go. I don't know that man's name and I don't want to hurt his feelin's, but blamed if I don't believe that he's the worst cut-and-dried liar I ever saw. Come on or he'll fetch the rheumatiz back on me so bad I can't hobble."—Arkansas Traveler.

REPARTEE.

They were luv'ing one day,
In a hand-some cafe,
And she happen'd to say,
As she notice'd the way
That he and icecream were in unity,
"Can you eat ice cream with impunity?"
And he made the reply,
With a wink of the eye,
"No, but I can with a spoon."
But her triumph came soon;
As they left the saloon,
He gave her a good opportunity;
And now, Beesie, dear,
As the weather is clear,
Can you take a walk with impunity?
Her smile was as bright as the moon,
And deliciously shy
Came the mocking reply,
"No, but I can with a spoon."
—Ben Wood Davis, in Life.

Getting His Eyes Opened.

Jim Doolittle, a Texas man, has not been married very long, but there are already some rumors of an impending divorce. He complains that his wife has a very bad temper.

"When did you first get acquainted with your wife?" asked a friend.

"I have known her for a good while, but I didn't get really acquainted with her until after we were married," replied Jim, with a sigh.—Texas Siftings.

Water and Spirit.

"I don't think my religion will be any obstacle to our union," he urged; "I am a spiritualist."

"I am afraid it will," she replied. "Papa is a prohibitionist, you know."