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**PROUD PRODUCERS OF ELEGANT APPAREL FOR GENTLEMEN BOYS AND CHILDREN.**

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**Are Fashionable—And that don't wear out easily—We know all about this, because we have made clothes for thirty years—and have always made the best. We make them from the best materials—in the best way—we study the wearer's interest. We're not ashamed of our Clothes—nor of our Name—so we put 'em together.—You'll find the label shown above on every garment we make.—It is a positive guarantee of Quality—and more.—It warrants Style correct—Shape proper—Fit perfect.—Our garments cost more at wholesale than others.—It costs more to make them in our way.—That's why some retail stores don't keep them. Nearly all reputable dealers do—because people insist on having them.—If they haven't got them, they will order from us anything you want. We only sell to store-keepers. Never at retail. The fact that a Clothier sells our Clothes is proof of his Taste and Judgment—He looks after his customers' interests and gives them the best to be had.**

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**STEIN, BLOCH & CO. WHOLESALE TAILORS.**

THOUGHTS IN LIGHTER VEIN.

**Some Waifs Picked from the World of Wit and Humor.**

**HE PROVED TO BE A HUSTLER.**

Compromised for a Dime—The Shrewdness of True Love—Willing to Drop the Case—Mr. Perkins Has Doubtless Explained.

New York Sun: "Ah! Mr. Greene," he said, as he shook hands with a gentleman from New Haven, as they met in Union square.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Smith."

"By the way, I sent you a young man a few months ago."

"You did?"

"I recommended him as a hustler."

"Yes."

"Well, I wanted to ask you how he developed. When I pass judgment on a man I like to follow him to see if I am right or wrong."

"Oh, you were right in this case."

"Then he was a hustler?"

"Indeed he was. When he had been with me three months he ran away with my daughter. I took them home, extended my blessing, and now he has gone with my wife and \$10,000 cash. You make no mistake in your man, sir. He is at present out-hustling five good detectives."

**Man and Wife.**

Lawrence American: "I don't believe I'll go home for dinner," said Porson. "I left my wife in rather an angry mood this morning, and she might make it hot for me. You're no old man, what a woman she is. She's always ready to flare up, is cross half the time, and I'm never happy until I've shut the door on the outside and started for business."

"It's your own fault, though," replied Corson. "I warned you against her before you were married. I knew her a long while, and I never found any good points about her. She was always a cross-grained, ill-tempered, sour-dispositioned girl, and—"

"What's that you say?" interrupted Porson. "Sour-dispositioned, cross-grained, ill-tempered, and that, you—She is, eh? I'll teach you to say any thing about my angel of a wife. You warned me, did you? I'll knock the stuffing out of you."

**Why Negotiations Were Suppressed.**

Puck: The other day two colored citizens met on the steps of the capitol at Washington. One of them angrily exclaimed:

"Misser Jones, if you don't pay dem seven dollars de law will be put on you powerful hard!"

"Now, don't be unreasonin', replied Jones in a cajoling voice.

"But you've got money in de bank!" shouted the first.

"Yes, I know I could git a check on de bank, but I've got to get a blank check, borrow pen 'n' ink, put on my specs, write all ober de check, go down dar to identify you, n' figger up de loss of interest, an' probably while I was in bank some one'd be lookin' for me on de street to hire me at \$1 dollars a day. Dese an' de chief reasons why 'I don't want to pay de money for de nex' two weeks."

**A Cheap Compromise.**

New York Sun: In crossing Union square the other day a lady dropped her sashkerchief, and a gamin of ten, who

noticed the fact, ran after her and restored it.

"Thanks, child, thanks," she replied as she received the diamond fabric from the gamin's hand. "Now, then, what can I do for you?"

"Nuthin'," he replied.

"Oh, but I must reward your action in some way. How shall I do it?"

"Well, mum, if you are bound to do it please give me a hundred dollars, instead of presenting me with a mansion on Fifth avenue. Taxes is high, and dad is out of work, and we don't want no dead horse to carry these hand things."

"She made it 10 cents and another vote of thanks, and he seemed perfectly satisfied."

**The Tactics of Love.**

Boston Courier: Miss. Hurrup—Ah! George, you cannot tell what troubles a girl has who is receiving the attentions of a gentleman.

Mr. Holdoff—Troubles, Carrie? Of what nature, pray?

Miss H.—Well, one's little brothers are always making fun of one, and one's relatives are always saying, "When is it to come off?" as if marriage was a prize to be won. There's the inquisitiveness of one's parents, they want to know everything. There's the pa, now, he is constantly asking such questions as, "Carrie, what does he call upon you so regularly? And he stays so late when he does call? And he sometimes looks so mad when he asks these questions that I actually tremble."

Mr. H.—And what answer do you make to his questions, Carrie, don't you?

Miss H.—I can't make any answer at all, for you see you haven't said anything to me, and—of course I—

Mr. H. Holdoff whispered something in Carrie's ear, and the next time her father questioned her she will be ready with a satisfactory reply.

**Not in His Thoughts.**

Detroit Free Press: An ex-captain of volunteers was entertaining a few friends in an office on Larned street with some of his army adventures, when a new arrival listened for a moment and then interrupted with:

"Mr. H., you're captain, but how is it when a man is in his thoughts?"

"How do you mean?"

"Does he have to think of outside matters?"

"Well, hardly."

"Just has his mind occupied by what is going on around him?"

"Yes."

"Was that the way with you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"For instance, while you were fighting at Gettysburg you didn't let your mind wander back to me, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Exactly—all right—I didn't suppose you did. You went away owing me \$10, you know, and I didn't know but it bothered you. All right—all right—it's outlived now and I shan't ask for it. Go on, captain, and tell 'em how you won glory and renown and don't think of me."

**He Wanted to Plant Potatoes.**

Atlanta Constitution: A southwest Georgia justice of the peace had listened to the evidence in a case that was being tried before him, and when that had been concluded one of the lawyers arose to make a speech in favor of his client.

The judge listened patiently for half an hour, and then began writing on a piece of paper in front of him. A few minutes later he interrupted the lawyer by saying:

"Gentlemen, when you have finished your speeches you will find my decision written on this piece of paper. You will have to excuse me awhile, as I have to plant some potato slips. Let me know

when you have concluded and I will return and sentence the prisoner." It is unnecessary to mention the fact that another young lawyer had his finest efforts out short.

**Willing to Let It Drop.**

Atlanta Constitution: An old negro in Albany was brought up on the charge of stealing and tried in the superior court during Judge Wright's time.

The case was presented to the court by a prominent young attorney, the solicitor, and the old negro was ordered to stand up.

"Have you a lawyer?" asked the court.

"Now, sah."

"Are you able to employ one?"

"Now, sah."

"Do you want a lawyer to defend your case?"

"Not perticular, sah."

"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"

"We—ll—ll," with a yawn as if wearied of the thing, "I'm willin' ter drap de case; s'far as I'm consarned."

**He Has Explained.**

Detroit Free Press: "My wife, Mr. Perkins, said the husband after the trial of a street case."

"Ah! Glad to see you, Mrs. Winters. Why, how you have changed in two weeks?"

"Changed? No one has spoken of it," she blankly replied.

"Why, when I saw you with your husband at the theater two weeks ago to-night you seemed to be a girl of about eighteen."

"At the theater? You—you—you—"

Her husband had been making and winking, but now, as Mr. Perkins said nothing, the wife settled back, figured it out that she was home alone with a toothache that night, and the frozen stare she turned on her husband as they got off covered the platform with a glare of ice.

**Another Kind.**

Lawrence American: "How did Blawhard lose his eyes?"

"He had an encounter with an Indian, I believe."

"Why, I never knew that he had been further west than Buffalo!"

"He hasn't. He ran into a cigar sign when he was coming home from the club one night."

**He Must Catch His Mule.**

A correspondent of the Buffalo Commercial relates that while himself and a doctor were traveling in Virginia they came upon an old colored man whose mule, attached to an old two-wheeled vehicle, was in the dumps and wouldn't go.

"Dis mule am balked, boss," said the old man, "an' I'll jes' git a dollar to de man dat can start 'im. I'll do it for less than dat, unco," said the doctor. He took his case from the carriage and selected a small syringe, which he filled with morphine, and then injected the drug in the animal's side. The mule resarred, gave a loud baw and started off at railroad speed. The negro gave a look of astonishment at the doctor, and with a loud "whoa!" started down the road after the mule. In the course of ten minutes they came up to him, standing in the road waiting. The mule was nowhere in sight. "Say boss," said the dandy, "how much is dat stuff worth you put in dat mule?" "O, about 16 cents," laughingly replied the doctor.

"Well, boss, yo' kin squirt 20 cents' worth in me right away. Heah am de cash. I must catch dat ar mule."

**Sayings of Celebrities.**

Puck: "If I can't get a gingerbread elephant whenever I want one, I'll pour the mustard into the jar of preserves, just for spite."—Emperor Willie.

"If any man says that I haven't been

president for a year, he's a liar."—Benjamin F. H.

"I now represent one northern state and three southern states in the United States senate; and if I can add a few western states to my list, I'll be well fixed and satisfied."—C. E. Chandler.

"I hate to see the weather getting warm; it reminds me of the perspiring that I must undergo, with that old cast-iron shirt on, before the leaves begin to turn."—The Gam.

"There is no sense in saving at the bung and losing at the Pigout."—Editor London Times.

"The spring chicken, as usual, is going to live a tough time of it."—Hotel-keeper.

**His Mistake.**

Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly: The daughter of a Boston baker.

"Well, what do you propose to do about the case?"

"We—ll—ll," with a yawn as if wearied of the thing, "I'm willin' ter drap de case; s'far as I'm consarned."

**How the Scotchman Argued.**

Chicago Tribune: General Dax, cashier of the Hibernian bank, says: "Our bank in connection with others closed its doors on Washington's birthday. We took advantage of the chance by making some changes in the office, so that my presence was required around the building. A Scotchman of my acquaintance came in and presented a pound note, which he wanted cashed. I told him we couldn't do it, mentioning that the day was a holiday."

"A holiday?" he asked. "What's a holiday?"

"Washington's birthday," I replied.

"When was he born?"

"I had to confess that I had forgotten."

"Well," said Scotty, "it's a drum fume holiday veen ye donna ken what day the man was born."

**He Spelled It with a "b."**

New York Commercial: One of the engraving clerks at Albany is an ex-captain of military art and secured his place through a "pull." A few days ago he copied a financial measure, and fellow clerk who was looking over the draft suddenly asked:

"How do you spell the word 'income'?"

"I don't know," he answered; "how do I?"

"By Jove!" said the dissenter from Webster's orthography. "I don't know how I came to leave off the 'b.'"

**Boastful States.**

New York Herald: Seattle—We've got the biggest Wash in the union. Jackson—And we the prettiest Miss. Philadelphia—And we the wealthiest Pa.

Hot Springs—But we are the most ancient; we have got the Ark.

Bangor—And what's the matter with Me?

New York—Hush, children, about your follies; you will make little Chicago ill with envy.

**Thousands of Dollars**

Are spent every year by the people of this country for worthless medicines for the cure of throat and lung diseases, when we know that if they would only invest \$1 in SANTA ALBIE, the new California discovery for consumption and kindred complaints they would promptly and surely find relief. It is recommended by ministers, physicians and public speakers of the Golden State. Sold and characterized by Goodman Drug Co., at \$1 a bottle. Three for \$2.50.

The most stubborn cases of catarrh will speedily succumb to CALIFORNIA CATARRH CURE. Six months' treatment for \$1. By mail, \$1.10.

**MRS. THURBER'S GREAT WORK**

Her efforts to Form a National Conservatory of Music.

**COOPERATION IS GREATLY NEEDED.**

Kate Field Views The Work and Plainly Shows why the Scheme Should be Freely Encouraged.

Kate Field's Washington: Why not? And why not found it Anno Domini 1892, when, if the Two C's, Congress and Chicago, agree about a world's fair, this continent will be singing psalms to Columbus, that will drown even the music of the spheres? That sensible man as the present commissioner of education, Dr. Harris, should advocate a national conservatory, indicates an idea based on human necessities, not to be relegated to a pigeon hole marked, "Luxury Among Farmers."

If a national conservatory ever becomes a fact it will be due to Mrs. Jennette M. Thurber, to whom I owe an apology. In referring recently to woman's inhumanity to woman, and asking for the names of women who had spent money freely upon their own sex, I entirely overlooked one of the most generous of her kind, who for years has devoted brains, time fortune to the advancement of an art in which women are especially interested. It is often said that women have no "staying" power—that they are good for temporary work, and it comes to dogged persistency they are found wanting. If dogged persistency in the face of adverse circumstances ever had a better illustration in the history of musical art than in Mrs. Thurber, where is it to be found? And who ever brought to enthusiasm more unselfishness? Ever since 1885 this public-spirited woman has furnished the means of work for the conservatory founded by her in New York, called "National" because she has dreamed of such a type of training-school in the United States as blessed France, Austria, Germany, Belgium and other countries, whose population is far less than ours, and whose needs therefore are not nearly so great. We boast of 70,000,000 inhabitants. Does it occur to us that, in proportion to population, our obligations multiply? Seventy millions of souls to keep out of jail by giving them congenial employment and innocent amusement. One hundred and forty million of ears to gratify with good music, or they will take to bad.

Though only five years old, the "National Conservatory" has twenty-five hundred pupils representing thirty-three different states and territories and one British dependency, as follows:

Alabama	Arkansas	California	Colorado
Connecticut	Delaware	District of Columbia	Florida
Georgia	Idaho	Illinois	Indiana
Iowa	Kansas	Kentucky	Louisiana
Maine	Massachusetts	Michigan	Minnesota
Mississippi	Missouri	Montana	Nebraska
Nevada	New Hampshire	New Jersey	New Mexico
New York	New York	North Carolina	North Dakota
Ohio	Oklahoma	Oregon	Pennsylvania
Rhode Island	South Carolina	South Dakota	Tennessee
Texas	Vermont	Virginia	Washington Territory
West Virginia	Wisconsin	Wyoming	Yukon Territory

New York naturally furnishes the largest number, Idaho the smallest,

while nine states and the remaining territories are without representation. This is a remarkable showing for so brief an existence.

The actual yearly cost of every pupil is \$300; the course extends over four years; \$600,000, at least, is needed annually to keep this institution alive. As but twenty-seven cents pay for the present date, and as they are required to give only a third of their cost, it is readily seen how little they contribute to the support of this beneficent idea. It is literally true that Mrs. Thurber is educating 250 young Americans, from thirty-one states and two territories, to earn their living in a beautiful and civilizing art! Is this right? Should this great work fall on the shoulders of one ardent woman? Even she begins to see that her stalwart child is growing beyond her control, and that, to make it "national" in more than name, co-operation is needed. Fertile suggestion, Mrs. Thurber proposes different basic California's minimum state giving in proportion to population, and west shall represent their different states and establish a Maintenance fund the aim of which shall be to sustain this conservatory until made self-supporting by either endowment or bequest, every citizen giving in proportion to his wealth or to the local necessities of musical education. Thus \$12,000 is a minimum for New York, where other conservatories are established upon a different basis. California's minimum is \$6,000, her lack of home instruction making up for a larger population. Inasmuch as every student costs the conservatory \$1,200 for the course, New York's fifty students absorb \$60,000, Massachusetts' sixteen students cost \$19,200, and so on.

Already scholarships have been founded. Timothy Hopkins of California, the late T. H. Garrett and Miss Mary Garrett of Baltimore, and C. P. Huntington of New York, having given \$5,000 apiece, by which they are entitled to nominate one person each for free instruction. Surely others will follow their patriotic example. However, it is not excessive who, though blessed with many talents, is able to form a scholarship. Therefore a maintenance fund has been devised to consist of annual subscriptions of \$100, whereby the donor becomes a patron. Here at the capital of the nation Mrs. Thurber has begun this musical crusade and rightly for here are congregated the representatives of many states whose young people are reaping the benefit of her generous enthusiasm. The roll of honor now records the well-known names of Mr. Alexander Laughlin, Mrs. Lucius Tucker, Mrs. A. Graham Bell, Mrs. C. G. Hubbard, Mrs. Anthony Pollok, Mrs. Charles Nordhoff, Mrs. Olive Risley Seward, Miss Sara Carr Upton, all of Washington; Mrs. Harriet S. California, Mrs. Stewart of Nevada, Mrs. Mauderson of California, Mrs. McPherson of New Jersey and Mrs. Charles Augustus Williams of Connecticut. This is a good beginning, but only a beginning.

The maintenance fund needs but \$50,000, of which \$12,000 is already pledged. Mrs. Thurber wants \$20,000 subscribed by the nation in Washington assembled and she ought to have it. The Columbia will in four years cost the conservatory \$8,400! Citizens of Washington alone ought to make up the amount their own children will take from the treasury. Maryland will be equally in debt while New Jersey and Pennsylvania will be under far greater obligations. Two hundred names are needed in response to this call. Where are they? Have not the people 200 friends among the rich?

For weak back, chest pains, use a Dr. J. H. McLean's wonderful healing plaster (porous).

**IN A CALIFORNIA CANON.**

Chambers' Journal: The hills are verdured with the pines and firs.

On mossy banks the lady fern peeps out, and from the chasms and sunny slopes Nature, revivified and beautiful, stirs. Where you under find his tiny pinions whirrs, and red-tailed manna-eaters is alight. With delicate bells, and from the thicket's gloom The linnets practice his trills and slurs. Cloves of pine and bay fill the air. The sun shines warm on rocks and sprouting grass. The white clouds break apart and softly pass out of the deep blue sky; and over the snows Where but a while ago the snowdrifts lay. The hills wear all their mingled blue and gray.

**A WIDOW'S BRIDAL GARB.**

The Beautiful Clothes Worn by Lady Winifred Byng.

I am told that long sleeves are coming in for evening dress, writes Madge in London Truth. What will the girls do with pretty arms do then. I have just been reading the description of the wedding dress worn by Lady Winifred Byng on the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Herbert Gardner, M. P., and I think it quite the perfection of a young widow's bridal garb. It was made in the Empire style and consisted of pale peach colored crepe-de-chine, with embroidery round the edge of the skirt in a design of Parma violets and bows of ribbon. Bands of similar embroidery confined the folds of the crepe at the waist. The small bonnet was made of violets, with a little of the embroidery introduced.

**Four Buried Cities in One Spot.**

The Rev. A. N. Somers, pastor of the Universalist church of Fort Atkinson, has closed his labors here, having accepted a charge at Black River Falls, says the Milwaukee Sentinel. Mr. Somers is one of the noted archeologists of the United States, having visited personally over fifty-five thousand localities in the union where were words of "mound builders." He has spent his several years' stay in Atkinson his chief work of interest in that vicinity, and testifies to what was previously known—that the region is one of the richest archeologically in the United States. Here is one case spot in this country of which its people are proud it is the little village of Aztlan, which has been dubbed "The Ancient City" ever since it came within one vote of being made the state capital, many years ago. It is built upon the ruins of a city that was evidently the capital of a vast region held by the mound builders, taking in the site of Wisconsin and surrounding states. Mr. Somers made explorations here recently and discovered the remains of not one but four cities, built one above the other.

**Given by 800 Babies.**

Nobody can accuse the Glasgow "Gambles" of ingratitude, says the London World. Mr. John Burns has worked indefatigably for thirty years to promote their welfare, and last week 800 of them joined forces to present him with an illuminated address enclosed in a silver gilt case on the part of the donors and the chairman of the Cuned county was not let into the secret until the last moment.

**No Chance for Enemy.**

New York Weekly: Northern (down south)—There are plenty of chances to make money in this section, if you'd only look for them. Take this town for example. The water of your artesian wells and cisterns isn't fit to drink. Colonel Summitt—I know it, but what kin we do? The proble about here won't let us start breweries.

Brown's Universal expects to have a new observatory ready for use early next fall.