

SIGNS OF NEW YORK.

Power and Instructive Announcements
That See Along the Streets of a Great
City.



ADVERTISING is one of the arts, and, by the way, there is nothing so deceptive and bewildering to the visitor from the country than the signs of New York. Some of them while no doubt very intelligible to New Yorkers, convey an entirely false idea to strangers. For instance, "MRS. SMITH'S FAMILY SHOE STORE," conveys the idea that Mrs. Smith had such a large family that it required an entire store to supply them with shoes. If the sign furnished the additional information as to how many members there were in the McFinigal family, and why they bought their shoes at one particular store, it would be a great comfort.

Another sign in the upper part of New York reads:

"MRS. SMITH'S SERVANTS' BUREAU." It would seem to be a matter of indifference to the general public whether Mrs. Smith kept a servant or not. Who cares, outside of Mrs. Smith and her personal friends? And what interest the public can have in the bureau of Mrs. Smith's servants is difficult to imagine. If the object is to acquaint the people with the private affairs of Mrs. Smith and her servants perhaps the best way would be to publish a biography of Mrs. Smith and her servants with a portrait of the bureau. It is not right to excite the curiosity of a million and a half of people, and then refuse to gratify it.

The names on the business signs, or at least some of them, appear slightly foreign, while others are suggestive of attempted puns. A man who sells vegetables has his name painted on his cart. It reads simply: "P. Green." One of the most peculiar signs is that for a German bookstore. It reads, in large letters:

"O. RUBSAM & GIT."

That's all there is of it. No details of the affair are given. There is no hint as to what was the matter with Sam, or how often he was to be rubbed, or what particular salve should be used. The inference is that Sam was very sore, and being perhaps of an irritable disposition, grudge suggested that whoever rubbed Sam should immediately seek safety in flight. But the question naturally arises to the person who does not investigate the matter, why publish such domestic affairs to the people passing on the streets, who are more inclined to jeer than to offer any substantial sympathy? Why seek to create a feeling of sympathy for Sam, of which he may be wholly undeserving? The best way for the stranger to do is not to allow himself to be prejudiced by any outward signs. In this instance, it is plain that there is some deep and unexplainable mystery behind "O Rubsam & Git," and simple justice to all the parties concerned should at least be given an opportunity to explain if they can. A stranger, who at first supposed that "O Rubsam & Git" was in the nature of an admonition, entered the store and courteously asked how Sam was coming on, and what effect the rubbing had on him.

The whole matter was arranged without prejudice to either party. An elderly German gentleman, wearing spectacles, said that he was the senior member of the firm of "O. Rubsam & Git." His christian name was Otto, or for short "O. Rubsam." When reprimanded for having such a suspicious name as "Rubsam," he apologized and explained that the family name was Ruebensamen, which, being translated into English, means simply "turnip seed," and that the name had been shortened to "O. Rubsam."

"But if your name is Turnip Seed," said the stranger, "why don't you call it Turnip Seed instead of putting out a sign that is calculated to deceive and mislead the public. There are a great many Americans who use vegetable names like yours. I know ever so many men who are called 'Beats,' for instance. The woods are full of them. Just about this time Mr. Git came in, and not understanding English, made himself very disagreeable. In fact he made the sealer after knowledge get up and 'git.'"

There is a firm in New York called "Lies & Co.," and strange to say they are not in the printing business and are not publishing a campaign organ. There must be a great many people in New York by the name of Carpenter, as the firm name of

"CARPENTER & BUILDERS" appears on nearly every block. The firm name

"COFFINS & CASKETS" is also seen very often on the streets.

There is a sign on the Bowery which reads: "Thomas Rinderhoff, pants exclusively does not appear. Another outrage on the word exclusively is to be seen on a Second Avenue hotel, where is displayed an immense sign that runs: "EXCLUSIVELY FOR GENTLEMEN ONLY."

On Third Avenue, over the door of a German artist, is his name in large letters: "A. DAUBER." It is not often that the truth protrudes so conspicuously as it does in this sign.

A few days ago I saw the sign of "TERRA COTTA & DRAINPIPE."

In short, the signs of New York are a perpetual source of instruction and amusement to the man of an observing turn of mind.

ALEX. E. SWEET.

POOR OLD BIXBY.

He Tries to Oblige His Wife and Manages to Put His Foot in It.

"The girl is gone and I've had to get dinner myself to-day," said Mrs. Bixby, when Mr. Bixby came home the other night. "I expected another girl this afternoon, but she hasn't come, so I'll have to ask you to look after the children, Elijah, while I wash the dishes."

"No," replied Mr. Bixby, firmly but kindly. "No, Mandy, taking care of babies isn't my forte. Only women can do that to perfection. But I'll tell you what I'll do, Mandy, I'll do up the dishes and tidy up the kitchen slick as a whistle while you attend to the children. Washing dishes and sweeping is something I can do. I've done it for my mother a thousand times, and I'd just like to show you how proficient I am in that sort of thing. Now, you and the children clear out and let me have free swing at things and see if I don't surprise you."

Mrs. Bixby "cleared out," but had occasion to go into the kitchen half an hour later to scald out the baby's bottle, and that she was surprised her words indicated. "Why, Elijah Bixby," she cried aghast, and she is a very even-tempered woman, too. "What do you mean by washing the dishes in the skillet? You didn't see any thing else? Why, the dish-pan's under the sink. And what are you washing them with? An old sock that the girl uses for an iron-holder? And you've been wiping them on the floor scrub cloth! And there's those fine glasses and the solid silver spoons in water with an inch of grease on top of it, and—well, if this is the way you washed your mother's dishes—"

"Wash your own darned dishes, then, madam," shrieked Bixby, as he fled to his own room.—Time.

TRUTH WILL OUT.



Unsuspecting Mother—I can't imagine where all the cake goes.

Guilty Ethel (anxious to avert suspicion)—It must be the kid.

Unsuspecting Mother—The kid; what kid?

Guilty Ethel—I don't know, but I heard Uncle Harry say to pa: "That kid takes the cake."—Time.

Polonius and His Lost Chance.

"Polonius was a splendid bit of character work."

"Yes; but he had his drawbacks. When he started off and said: 'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,' he lost the best chance in the world to show off his wisdom."

"How's that?"

"Why, he should have gone on and said: 'But, if thou must do one or t'other, let it be borrowing. There's money in it.'"—Harper's Bazar.

A Long Engagement.

She—I haven't any thing new to sing to you to-night, George.

He—Well, give me something old, then.

She broke into a refrain that was "a song of the day" seventeen years before. He (at the close)—That's very, very old, Clara.

She—Yes, George; I sang that to you the night we became engaged.—Judge.

Gave Himself Away.

Miss Simperthy—What was that poor man arrested for?

Mr. Rowne de Bout—Having too much to say.

Miss Simperthy—Nonsense! I saw him begging with a deaf and dumb sign.

Mr. Rowne de Bout—That's just the reason.—Puck.

A DUTY WELL PERFORMED.



Cordelia (who had been sent out to "shoo" the hens)—It's only an o' th' divils Oi cud get me grip an, mvm, but he's th' ringleader.—Judge.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

NEW USE FOR TILE.

How It May Be Employed for Sub-irrigation in Gardening.

The control of soil moisture, by storing up part of the water supply during a time of excessive rainfall for use at a subsequent drought, is a problem that has long occupied the minds of good cultivators. We have begun to realize that for general outdoor garden crops soil-soaking is the only effective method, and that mere surface sprinkling is apt to do more harm than good.

Our modern improved appliances for drawing water from wells by the use of wind-mills have made it feasible to fill, at comparative light expense, tanks constructed somewhat above-ground, and thus obtain the necessary water and pressure for flooding smaller areas in a short time.

Where acres are to be irrigated, however, arrangements of this kind will soon find their limit of usefulness, and



FIG. 1.

a more generous water supply is needed. This can sometimes be obtained by tapping a stream, pond or canal; or by damming a stream of water above the land to be irrigated. Opportunities of this kind are frequently met with, but they are seldom utilized.

Some years ago we obtained good results by damming a little stream or brook flowing by just above a one-eighth-acre patch of celery, the rows running with the natural slope of the land and letting near the whole of this water run along in little channels made by the hoe between the rows, until the whole ground had a complete soaking. It took tons of water, but the result was gratifying.

Ever since then we have been wishing to prepare a piece of land for underground irrigation, in somewhat the same way, as we find it described and illustrated in a recent number of Drainage and Farm Journal.

The use of common drain tile from two to three or four inches in size, says our contemporary, affords a very convenient and a successful method of underground irrigation.

Fig. 1 illustrates a continuous line of tile to be laid across the incline or slope of the land with very slight fall—sufficient to afford a slow current of the water. A portion of the water escaping through the joints of the tile rises by capillary attraction toward the surface

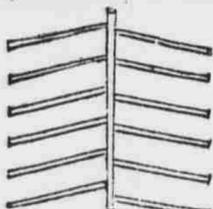


FIG. 2.

of the soil. The lines of tile are laid at a depth of one foot or fifteen inches below the surface. The excavations for the tile may be made cheaply by plowing out the trenches, passing back and forth with the plow three or four times in the same furrow. Little labor will be required to bring the bottom of the trench to a regular grade. The lines of tile should be laid as close as ten feet apart; less will be better. The water turned in at the stand-pipe A will pass along the tile to the further end which is closed. As much as one acre may be included in one system if the surface configuration will admit of it. The tile of the upper end may be as large as five inches, falling off to four, three and two inches.

Fig. 2 illustrates a main tile four or five inches in size, or larger if necessary, with branches of smaller tile three inches or less, the outer ends being closed. The sizes of tile both for the mains and laterals may be reduced in size as the further end is approached. The water enters at stand-pipe A, following main pipe and branches to B.

Fig. 3 is a cross section showing the effect of under irrigation on the soil. The water naturally tends to sink in the soil, but not so deep as to go beyond



FIG. 3.

the feeding ground of the roots of the growing crop—the capillary action of the soil brings a portion to the surface. It is well to remark at this point, if two or three inches of the surface soil is kept very fine by frequent stirrings that it will serve as a mulch to prevent the moisture evaporating so rapidly at the surface.

This system of irrigation has the advantage of cheapness of material, construction and the economy of water. In addition it supplies the water where it is needed without puddling the surface, and allows the cultivation to go on without hindrance.

A small area may be prepared at a time for underground irrigation at a reasonable cost, and when done it is a permanent improvement. A few hundred dollars and the labor required with care will put several acres in condition to test the efficiency of such system.

MATCHED TEAMS.

Their Value—How to Match Horses—The Business a Science in Itself.

The value of well-matched teams over carelessly matched, especially carriage teams, is not generally given much intelligent thought. The matter was very clearly placed before me recently, says M. L. Hines in National Stockman.

"I want to show you one of a span of horses which I have purchased. If you have time now come around to the stable. It's but a step." Thus spoke a friend, a prosperous jeweler, who has a great love for and good understanding of trotters and roadsters. Going to the stable I was shown a grandly built bay, with straight back, clean limbs, a fine head and beautiful black mane and tail. "If I can mate this fellow I can sell the span for a thousand easily," said the jeweler. "But where is his mate? You said you had purchased a span." I was then given a little lesson in matched teams.

The span in question had been purchased by a wealthy woman, whose coachman knew nothing of the art of handling horses. The span were of the same weight, stood the same height, and had the same black points. They were called a well-matched span, but they were not. The one possessed a straight back; the other's was inclined to "sway." One was four inches longer from center of the breast to tail than his mate, and as for their heads they were different in outline. Then the mate to the one shown me was, previous to being matched, driven single, and when sold had not been accustomed to the double harness. The coachman knew so little of his business that he could not make the horse keep in place. The horse was cranky and nervous, and the natural result was a runaway.

Of course after that the woman offered the span for sale. She had paid \$700 in cold cash for them and accepted of the jeweler \$400 worth of diamonds for them. He saw they were poorly matched, and sold the poorer one to a grocer for \$250 and kept the better. He is now on the lookout for a perfect mate, and as he has a standing offer of \$1,000 for the span, once he gets a satisfactory mate, he can afford to pay \$400 for such a horse and make a handsome profit.

Matching horses is a science of itself. It is not enough to get horses of the same general looks, if first-class prices are wanted. It took a friend and myself a year to find just the mate for a handsome carriage horse. In the meantime we saw hundreds of animals of which fifty might have been selected that would make fair mates. In matching, the eye of the true horseman is sufficient, but the inexperienced must depend a good deal on the tape line. Measure from the top of the head to withers, from this point to the top of the hips and from here to the root of the tail. Measure the length of the legs from joint to joint, the length of the head, the distance between ears and eyes, the circumference of the body over the withers and around the flanks. Then measure the distance to the ground from the top of the head when elevated to its full extent, and don't forget to measure the stride. After these measurements have been satisfied see if the horses are matched in gait. If not try to overcome the difficulty, for that is an important matter. Once get a pair well matched and you will not hunt for a purchaser.

POULTRY NOTES.

BUCKWHEAT as a poultry food is both stimulating and fattening.

CANE or sorghum seed is fed to fowls with good results. It stimulates egg production and in many ways is good for a change.

SEASON the feed of chickens and all other fowls with salt. It is a preventive of disease, and is good for the entire animal creation.

SOME hunters near Bowen, Ill., wounded a big bald eagle and captured it. The bird is very vicious and measures seven feet from tip to tip.

We have not had much cold weather yet. This is no reason why you should put off fixing up all holes in your hen houses until it is too late.

A DUCK recently killed near Jamestown, N. Y., has caused great excitement in that region. In its crop was found a piece of gold quartz. The bird had been feeding on the borders of Chautauqua Lake near by, and it is claimed that an examination of the locality revealed many more specimens of rich, gold-bearing quartz.

Dried Japanese Persimmon.

Very few people, says the San Francisco Chronicle, are aware of the fact that the Japanese persimmon, when dried, is one of the most delicious fruits imaginable. Those who are acquainted with this fruit know that it must be fully ripe when picked, otherwise the flavor will not be what it should. But the perfectly ripe persimmon is difficult of handling without damage, and therefore considerable loss is apt to result. Experiments made, however, show that the Japanese persimmon may be used as readily as a fig, which, indeed, it resembles in appearance after being cured. The dried persimmon has a very meaty, pleasant taste, and will, undoubtedly, as soon as its excellence becomes known, take a prominent place among table delicacies. The persimmon ought also to make a very acceptable glace fruit, and a good profit awaits the man who shall take advantage of these hints and prepare this product for market in pleasing shape.

Don't forget to protect those young grape vines you set out last spring.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The late Robert Browning was very fond of using American phrases in conversation.

The first edition of Byron's rare "Waltz" of 1813, was bought not long ago by a London bookseller for \$250.

The novelist Bulwer's wife once wrote to Wilkie Collins that he did not know how to describe a villain: "Now," she said, "if you want a genuine villain, write up my husband."

William Dean Howell writes from 1,000 to 1,500 words daily, and after his pages have been copied on the typewriter he goes over them again, adding a word here and erasing a line there, until they are perfect.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich writes slowly and fastidiously, revising and correcting the most unimportant article with poetic care; all his articles before they reach the printer are written and rewritten at least three or four times.

Edward A. Freeman, the English historian, is short, but stout and robust. Like most Englishmen, he has a well-fed, roast-beef-eating appearance. He wears a long, white patriarchal beard. He has a son married and settled in Virginia, and he is very proud of his American grandchildren.

William D. Howells believes with Anthony Trollope that a novelist should no more wait for inspiration in his work than a shoemaker or a tallow chandler. They both act upon the principle that writing novels is purely mechanical work, like writing lawyers' briefs, for instance, or book-keeping.

Frank R. Stockton has had a great deal of cheap fun poked at him for being "a rising young man of letters at the age of fifty-five." But it should be remembered that he had served a long and laborious apprenticeship to literature before he surprised the world with his fresh and original story, "The Lady or the Tiger."

Edward Lloyd, the proprietor of the Daily Chronicle and Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper, London, not only makes the paper on which he prints his news, but also grows the grass from which the paper is made. The visitor to his office is shown a large photograph of his Algerian grass farm, with laborers busy gathering and packing esparto for his paper mills at Bow.

George William Curtis is described as "a bland gentleman with a clerical appearance, and looking as though he ought to part his hair in the middle." He stands five feet ten, wears English whiskers, and dink light locks shade a handsome face. For twenty-eight years he has been the literary adviser of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, receiving the splendid salary of \$25,000 a year.

The French Academy gives a prize of 4,000 francs every year for the best verses upon whatever subject it may select. This year the assigned theme was labor, but of the 300 poets who entered the contest not one considered labor in any other light than that of pessimism. They all dwelt upon its pains, its hardships, its drudgery and its miseries, without once touching upon its benefits, its duties or its saving influences.

HUMOROUS.

Ethel—"What makes that man hold his head so high and strut about so?" Mother—"Why, didn't you observe him drop a copper in that blind organ-grinder's tin cup?"—Exchange.

Tired Child—"Mamma, how much did you put in the collection?" Mother—"A quarter, my dear. Why?" Tired child (gaping)—"Well, this preacher gives an awful lot for the money!"—Newport News.

"Why, my boy, you've spelt window without an n. Don't you know the difference between a window and a widow?" "Yes, sir. You can see through one—and—and—you can't see through the other, sir."—Punch.

Emma—"I guess you are a little fond of Mr. Boutwell, aren't you?" Nellie—"I don't know; what made you think so?" Emma—"I noticed at the whist party last night that whenever he lead a heart suit you always trumped and took it."—Kearney Enterprise.

Feminine Penetration.—Lily—"Dearest Sophie, do tell me what you think of my hat. Is this rose-color becoming to me?" "Oh, yes, it is just the color for you, dear." Lily (an hour later, to the maid)—"Take the rose-colored hat to the milliner's and tell her to change it for pearl gray."—Miegende Blatter.

Justice—"So you are here again, are you?" Old Offender—"Yis, sor, av it please yer honor." Justice—"Charged with larceny again, I see." Old Offender—"Yis, sor, I'm sorry to say." Justice—"Why is it that you are brought up here so frequently charged with the theft of small sums?" Old Offender—"If yer honor will use yer infloence to get me a job as confidential clerk, oi will thry to git away with so much that nobody will make any throuble for me."—America.

In the "Dry-Goods Emporium."—Mr. Fig—"Well, have you selected that five cents' worth of ribbon yet?" Mrs. Fig—"No, not yet. Did you get tired of waiting outside?" Mr. Fig—"O, no. I have been around to the office and cleared seven hundred dollars in a real-estate deal since you came in here." Mrs. Fig (calmly)—"Indeed. Then we will just buy that new silk dress I have been wanting so long." And Mr. Fig stood on one foot and reflected all to himself that there were times when a man got really and entirely too smart for his own good.—Terre Haute Express.