

MEN IN PADDED CLOTHING.

This Legs Made Stout, and Narrow Chests Made Broad.

There is a profession which many people know nothing of. It is that of the man who models the human figure, but not in clay. He models in cloth.

An expert in this art can demand a large salary, and is always sure of employment in the large tailoring houses. A reporter visited a fashionable up-town tailor to have a talk with one of these artists.

He was introduced to a dapper little Frenchman of about 45 years.

"You have had a large experience in your profession, I suppose?" asked the reporter.

"I have given it my constant study for nearly twenty years, and the more I see of it the less faith I have in the common sense of the masses of my patrons."

"That's rather a broad assertion to make."

"Nevertheless it is true and becoming more so every day. You Americans are of all people the least satisfied with what nature has given you. You are always trying to go one better than nature, and instead of trying natural means in the way of taking plenty of air and muscular exercise, you substitute the pad and corset."

"Will you tell me the latest idea of a good figure from a dude's standpoint?"

"That depends a great deal upon what the dude wants."

"If he wants a finely-developed pair of calves, I can supply him. If he lacks breadth of chest, I can furnish him with as fine a chest as you could wish to see. Should the deficiency be in the shoulders, I can produce a pair that Atlas himself would envy. The process of producing these is very simple."

"But first I must inform you that I have nothing to do with tailoring. I simply make cloth coats or pads which answer the same purpose to the tailors as lasts to the shoemaker."

"To do this it is absolutely necessary to have an accurate idea of the proportions of the customer, otherwise it would lead to a very amusing confusion."

"Once I had a customer who wanted to possess a shapely pair of legs. The original ones were sufficiently full for all practical purposes, but he wanted them more full. I made some pads for the thighs, calves and hips. They were made of fine chamois leather, and when finished they were sewn into the trousers."

"The result was the gentleman walked on Fifth avenue next morning with finely-shaped legs, but entirely out of proportion with other parts of his body."

"Do many people wear pads of this description?"

"Quite a large number. Most gentlemen prefer to wear padded under garments; by this means they avoid the bulky appearance which padded clothes gives them. The cheapest outfit costs \$35."—[N. Y. Mail and Express.]

Romance Among the Pigeons.

"It is interesting to see them pair," said Mr. Gaskill.

"Yes," said the woman who has an ambition to raise the market price of pigeons. "I saw a pair of little hen and cock. She is heart whole and fancy free she pays attention to his wooings."

"If she is already mistress of a nest and does not care for attentions from the opposite sex, she goes on with her feeding, paying no heed to the soft, pigeon English of the proposing gallant."

"And if she is single, what then?"

"If the hen turns a willing ear to the rooster he coos gently, as if inviting her to be his bride, and then he rises in the air and flies away followed by the hen."

"The rooster will carry her to the pigeon-house that he makes his home, that is, provided the hen has never had a nest and reared young. Wherever a pigeon nests that is its permanent home, and it cannot be enticed away."

"You see that pigeon on the roof with her feathers all ruffled up. She is a inconsolable widow. She has had a nest in my house, and a few days ago she was courted by one of my neighbor's roosters. They made a match of it, but the hen refused to go home with the rooster and he refused to take up his abode with her."

"So, after several days of ineffectual persuasion, they decided to play quits."

"Therefore she is here and her beau is gone."—[Atlanta Constitution.]

He Gave Her His Hand.

The train was slipping along toward Elmira at forty miles an hour, when a passenger came into the smoker and called out:

"Now, gents, there's a woman in the car back there whose case appeals to our sympathies. She's a poor widow, and just as she got on the train some one picked her pocket of \$80. She hasn't one cent to her name, and will be among strangers when she gets to Elmira. Come, now, let's clip in."

Every man in the car cheerfully contributed to the fund—every man but one. He was a young man about 25 years old, poorly dressed, and evidently without much money; in fact, he explained:

"Gents, I'm as sorry as anybody can be, but I'm powerful short on money. I'll tell you what I'll do. If she isn't over 40, and hasn't got a game leg, or a stiff neck, or a bad breath, I'll marry her as soon as we reach Elmira, and take her right out to my farm."

"Well, come in and see her and talk the matter over."

The young man went back to the car with him, and he was favorably impressed at first sight. He sat down and stated his intentions and circumstances, and wound up with:

"I've bin looking for a wife for a year past and haven't found anybody except a cross-eyed gal and a rheumatic widow. If you are agreed we'll be married to-day."

The woman said it was pretty sudden, but she guessed it was the best she could do. A purse of \$30 was handed her, and as the pair got off at Elmira, hand in hand, the man said to a hackman:

"Here you! Drive these two fond hearts to the highest preacher, and drive as if there was a tornado coming up behind you."

They Received a Good Plain Education. President Cleveland never attended a college of any kind. The acting Vice-President, John Sherman, is a graduate of the common schools of Ohio. The Secretary of State, Thomas F. Bayard, never got farther than a Delaware rural academy. The Speaker of the House of Representatives, John G. Carlisle, is a self-educated man.

What Has Been Done in Montana. D. A. Clark of Montana went to the range in 1864 with twenty-five cents, and now he has an income of \$2,000 a day.

THE LOGIC OF EVENTS.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Catson, putting aside a newspaper and turning to her husband, "a pair of ear-rings caused the Burmese war. I never heard of anything so strange."

"Oh," said Mr. Casson, "I have heard of stranger things."

"Nonsense."

"Well, I have, and I'll give you an example. One night, in Boston, a young man, meeting an acquaintance, said, 'Come, let's have a drink.' I was never in Boston, but that remark brought about our marriage."

"Why, George," exclaimed Mrs. Catson, "you are foolish. Neither of us were ever in Boston. You must be losing your mind."

"Tell you what I'll do; I promised to get you a new cloak, didn't I?"

"Well, now I'll bet you the cloak that I can prove my assertion."

"All right."

"If I succeed you don't get the cloak."

"I understand."

"Well, one night in Boston, about ten years ago, a young man, meeting a friend, asked him to come and have a drink. The friend, a drug clerk, did so. He took several drinks and got drunk. That settled it."

"Settled what?"

"The fact of our marriage."

"How can you be so foolish?"

"Never mind, I'll explain. The drug clerk got drunk and went to the store. Shortly afterward, a servant girl entered and handed him a prescription. In putting it up, he used morphine instead of quinine. The girl went away, and delivered the medicine to Mrs. Potter, who took it and died."

"Oh, what's the use of prolonging this foolishness?"

"Hold on. The death of that woman drew you and me closer together than we ever were before."

"We were not acquainted with each other ten years ago."

"That is very true, but wait. Mr. Potter, the lady's husband, was almost crazed by grief. He could stay in Boston no longer, so he came down to Kentucky and, after awhile, went into business. Don't see any light yet, do you?"

"Oh, hush."

"Wait a minute. He had not been in business long until I met him. He took a fancy to me, and gave me employment. After I had been with him several years, he sent me to Arkansas. I had been in this state but a short time until I met you."

"Summary: If the friend had not asked the drug clerk to drink on one certain occasion he would not have got drunk, if he hadn't been drunk he would not have made a mistake in filling the prescription, and had he not made a mistake, Mrs. Potter would not have been killed, and had she not died, Potter would not have left Boston, and had he not left that city I should not have met him, and had I not met him into business with him."

"Oh, for goodness sake, hush. You are enough to drive anybody crazy."

"She died and left the room. Her husband mused."

"I'll make her position hot, and she won't get that idea. I have always thought that the logic of events failed to meet with proper appreciation in this country."—[Arkansas Traveler.]

Mock Auction of Cigars.

That aged system of swindling by means of mock auction sales of cigars is still carried on successfully in New York. The other day a well-known Southern

man entered a little place where cigars were being sold by an auctioneer. There were apparently three or four men who were bidding briskly, and as the cigars seemed to be fine, the stranger knicked for a choice box, which was knocked down to him for \$5. Immediately afterward the sale was declared closed.

The Southerner stepped up to the counter, where apparent customers were receiving parcels, and asked for his box, at the same time tendering a \$5 bill.

"You owe \$30," said the cashier severely.

"For what?"

"These cigars are sold in lots, not by the box."

"But I distinctly bid for one box."

"You are mistaken."

"We all bid for lots," declared the customers.

The Southerner concluded he had a bargain anyway, and that his friends would be glad to take such cigars off his hands. He thought that he might, after all, have been bidding under a misapprehension.

He wrote an order on a prominent hotel where he was staying for \$30, and directed that the cigars be sent there. Then he went down town and forgot all about the matter until evening.

When he returned to the hotel the clerk said:

"We paid your order, but we know that you have been swindled."

"Oh, no; the cigars are worth double the money."

"Look at them and see!"

The package was untied, and twelve boxes of the commonest kind of cabbage-leaf cigars were exposed to view. The Southerner turned away in intense disgust.

"Don't give me away," he begged. "Rather give the cigars away—to the porters—anybody."

The next day he took a policeman to the auction store, vowing vengeance. The place was empty, and he invested another dollar in treats to the official, begging him also in the same disgusted manner.

"Don't give me away."—[New York Tribune.]

Liver Without Bacon.

A four-year old boy, while making a morning call at the house of a neighbor, overheard the servant girl talking emphatically to the cat in her endeavor to get it out of the kitchen.

Among other things the girl said to the cat was this: "If you don't get out of this I'll shake the liver out of you!"

This remark struck the listening youngster favorably, and he treasured it up for future use.

Next morning he chanced to be at this same neighbor's, and the smaller members of the household announced to him that they were going to have liver for breakfast.

The youngster put two and two together at once, and reached his own conclusions; then, to confirm them, he turned to the girl and asked anxiously: "Did you shake it out of the cat?"—[St. Albans Messenger.]

Curious Entry From a Marriage Register. An English paper gives the following curious notice, found in the marriage register of the Church of St. James, Barry street, Edmunds.

1832. November 5.—Christopher Newson, Charity Morrell. Charity Morrell being entirely without arms, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of the left foot, and she wrote her name in this register with her right foot."

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