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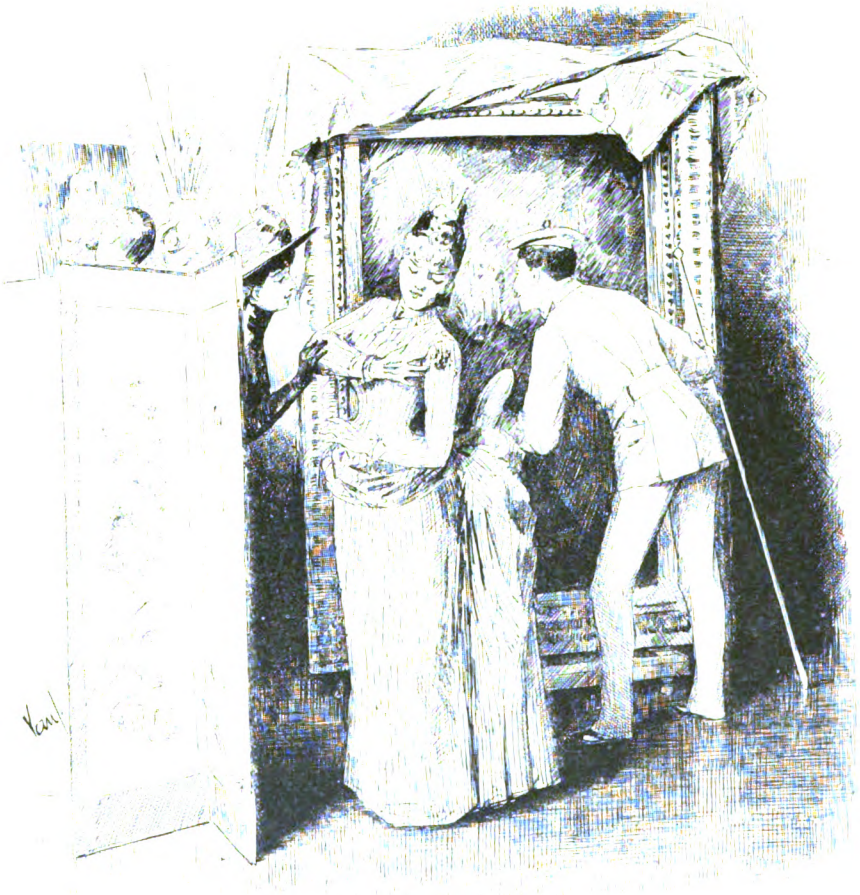

A POINT OF VIEW.

Mrs. K. (*in great consternation*): OH, WHAT HAVE I DONE? WHAT HAVE I DONE?

Herr T. (*examining the painting*): NEFFER MIND, MADAM; I AM QUITE SURE I CAN SOON MAKE IT ALL RIGHT.

Mrs. K.: MAKE IT RIGHT! WHAT CAN YOU EVER DO, WHEN IT'S A PATTERN DRESS AND I HAVEN'T A BIT OF THE GOODS FOR A NEW SLEEVE?

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JANUARY 6, 1887. No. 210.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

GENERAL LOGAN filled a large space in the public eye. He had been on a recent presidential ticket; he had been a major-general, and was a senator; he never had kept out of any fight that offered accommodation to his talents; he was energetic, ambitious, a stalwart, and a partisan. He was as likely to be on the wrong as the right side of any given question, but whichever side he took, he took it with his teeth set and fire in his eye. The American people had a considerable regard for General Logan, and in many ways he deserved it. For one thing, he was not a politician for business purposes. If he thrashed the enemy and spoiled his camp, that was enough for him. He gathered in his legitimate booty with entire good-will, but did not try to get to Wall Street ahead of the news of his victory. He was honest, and paid his countrymen the compliment of dying poor. And he was a patriot, and when he happened, in the field or in the Senate, to get on the right side of any question, he was liable to do his country good service. There are plenty of wiser, and plenty of worse men in politics than Logan, but few braver.

* * *

WE present our compliments to Editor Grady of the Atlanta *Constitution*, the same who made the late speech at the New England dinner. Mr. Grady has as pretty a gift of the gab as any gentleman whose legs have curled up under Mr. Delmonico's mahogany for many a long day. They say that in his fiery passages he fused pistacio ice-cream with strawberry. That may be all poetry and exaggeration, but there is no doubt whatever that Grady talked beautiful sense in an admirable manner, and fairly won the praise that every one is giving him. It is a most comfortable thing to hear a Southern editor, manifestly speaking from his heart, proclaim that Lincoln was a hero, that slavery was wrong and mistaken, and that the war which killed it gave the South a new chance greater than it had ever had before. And it is especially gratifying to have evidence that the best spirit in the South is of Grady's mind in these opinions, and endorses him.

Good for Grady. His is the voice of one demonstrating at Delmonico's that Chauncey Depew, and Evarts and Jo. Choate have not a monopoly of spoken language. Come again, Grady!

* * *

LIFE desires to express its sympathy with the President in being the victim of rheumatism. We have had it in our's, and it is no fun. The sentiments wrung from Mr. Cleveland by his last attack — that he had had his own way before, and now the doctor should have his turn — are proper to the emergency, and encourage his friends to believe that he will get the better of his ailment.

* * *

THE newspapers insist that Secretary Lamar is going to get married. That is a good thing to do, and the news ought to be true whether it is or not. The genial secretary is much liked, and the people believe he would make an exemplary husband, but the newspapers have made matrimonial arrangements for him before, which he has failed to fulfill.

* * *

THE news of the retirement of Lord Randolph Churchill from the British ministry, has been received with interest in New York. Randolph, by virtue of his marriage, is a connecting link between Gotham's high social circles and the nobility of England. Certain Anglomaniacs have avowed that they heard Lord Salisbury's ministry drop when Churchill got out from under it, and it is not certain that their sharpened senses were not prophetic.

* * *

DR. HAMMOND'S account of his experiments with cocaine is better reading than anything in his novels. His confession that in moderate doses it increases his already intemperate addiction to copy-making gives some ground for public alarm, which is soothed by his admission that cocaine-made copy falls below his publisher's standard.

* * *

MAYOR HEWITT'S reign has begun. Long live the new Chief Magistrate! He belongs in Congress, and thither he must eventually return, but New York is a pretty important field, and if his recognized integrity and statesmanship can give us good local government, Gotham will hardly let his Honor have reason to repent the time he gives her.

* * *

1887! ANOTHER year of LIFE. It shall be as clean and as cheerful as it knows how: — as it has been since it began, four years ago. Its friends have been faithful. It is not too late to wish them

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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VERY NATURAL.

EXCITED DEPOSITOR with heavy check, stands astonished to see it promptly paid. What's the matter? says the paying teller.

EXCITED DEPOSITOR: Oh! nothing! Hem! I thought you'd broke. If you've got the money, it's all right, but if you haven't got it, I want it right away.

THERE is a difference between embarrassment and shyness. For example, when a young man is embarrassed for money his shyness doesn't stop him from trying to borrow some.

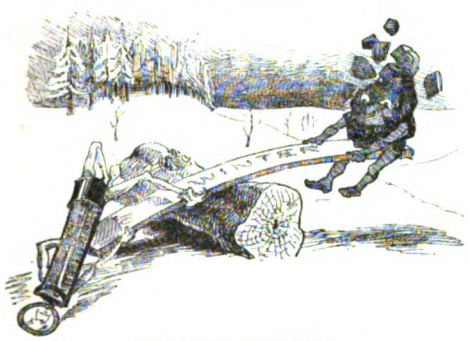
A SHORT CONVERSATION.

"AH! Mr. Scribelerous, how are you? I bought your last book, and have been reading it. I can't say I like it as much as some of your others. I s'pose you're here, at this reception, picking up character."

SCRIBELEROUS: Ah! is that you, Butterine? By the bye, that last lot of eggs you sold my boarding-house mistress were more than half bad. I suppose you're here drumming up custom.

NOT long ago we paid two dollars and looked down upon the top of Patti's head while she sang a little song, and if the gentleman who got away in Mexico with $30,000 worth of bogus tickets will drop in to see us, he can have our best dark closet to hide in as long as he likes.

BY executing murderers on Friday it gives them just about time enough to reach heaven for Sunday.



WINTER SPORTS.

HE.

FAREWELL, with humble air,
I kiss your finger tips;
The while my bold heart flies
In fancy to your lips.

The dainty glove I kiss;
A plague upon the fashion!
My purpose thwarts, Duenna-like,
A-warding off my passion.

SHE.

Prithee why should he be content
With kissing of my fingers;
Sure all the world such homage pays
— And yet the Dullard lingers!

M. H. M.

NEAR ENOUGH.

"PAPA," inquired a Chicago young woman, "at the concert last night, I heard somebody refer to the *tout ensemble*. What kind of an instrument is that, papa?"

PAPA (*not quite sure of himself*): "I think it must be French for trombone."

NOT THAT KIND.

"GOT that sitting in a draught, eh?" said old Drakes. "Well, keep away from draughts. I put myself on to one a month ago, and it cost me $15,000."

A GAME leg — Hindquarter of venison.

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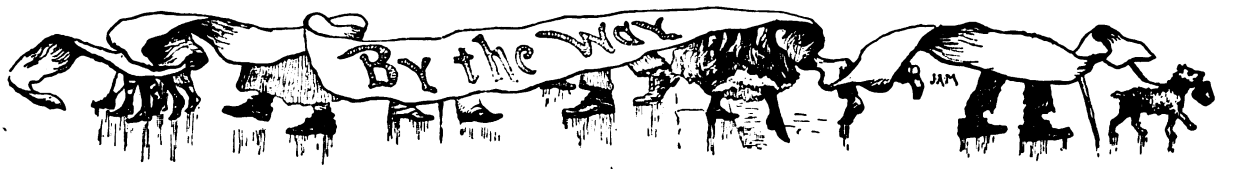

WINTER.

A Puckolet.

OH dear!
Hear
Old winter's sullen blast!
She's a blowing!!
And 'tis snowing
Awful fast.
The autumn long has past,
Likewise summer.
And the bummer
Goes to Florida,
Where 'tis torrida,
And for that future to which he's surely fated
Gets inoculated.

* * *

THE Christmas Issue of the English edition of our American contemporary, the Detroit *Free Press*, is a very fine effort. It is composed largely of cuts, stories, poems and paragraphs stolen bodily from past issues of LIFE, with the detail of credit overlooked. We are used to such treatment from foreign sources, but when an American contemporary stoops to such contemptible methods, we feel that it should not be permitted to pass without notice.

Is this Western enterprise?

* * *

THAT was a highly educated Apache who informed an examiner that there were three elements, Earth, Air and Fire-water.

* * *

THERE is hardly a paper in this country that has not, at some time or another, indulged in a column of "Celebrities at Home." They are very interesting reading, but their interest would pale before that of a similar column on "Celebrities Away from Home."

* * *

IT is greatly feared in Europe that the Czar is addicted to the kerosene oil habit.

* * *

EDGAR FAWCETT thinks critics should be gentlemen. This is not gallant, Mr. Fawcett. Give the ladies a chance.

* * *

THE President must take a back seat. "Innocuous Desuetude" and "Pernicious Activity" have been knocked out by the "Accidental Abnormality" of the *Tribune* book critic.

* * *

A LADY calling herself Silva Dolaro is singing in opera. That certainly is a taking name. In spite of its shortcomings the Silva Dolaro will always be popular with the masses.

MR. BRAM STOKER, an Englishman, lectured recently to a great audience at the London Institution, on "Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. Stoker thinks Mr. Lincoln is a great preacher, and predicts a glorious future for him. We think Mr. Stoker erred in saying that Mr. Lincoln was born in the State of Chicago.

* * *

BUFFALO BILL asserts that he is more than paid by his successful engagement here.

Buffalo must be a sort of receipted Bill.

* * *

NOW that General Logan is dead, the paragraphers and special correspondents are filling the papers with such anecdotes as press of other matter prevented being told of General Grant.

* * *

A DEAD SHOT.

Am. Sportsman: WHAT DID I BRING DOWN, PAT?
Pat: YER OWN DOG, SUR; BLEW HIS HEAD ALL OFF!
Am. Sportsman: WHERE'S THE BIRD?
Pat: PICKING AT THER DOG, SUR!

* * *

SEASONABLE STANZAS.

SWEARING OFF.

NOW bad habits come to grief
As we turn again the leaf
That's new.
And for ten or fifteen days
We do bid our former ways
Adieu.

THE ASYLUM FOR GOOD INTENTIONS.

FULL soon the men, the boys, the maids,
Will send some pavement down to Hades.

0°.

WE'VE reached the unhappy time year oh,
When the mercury slips down to zero,
And 'mongst our many thousand ills
By no means least are last year's bills.

Geo. W. Me.

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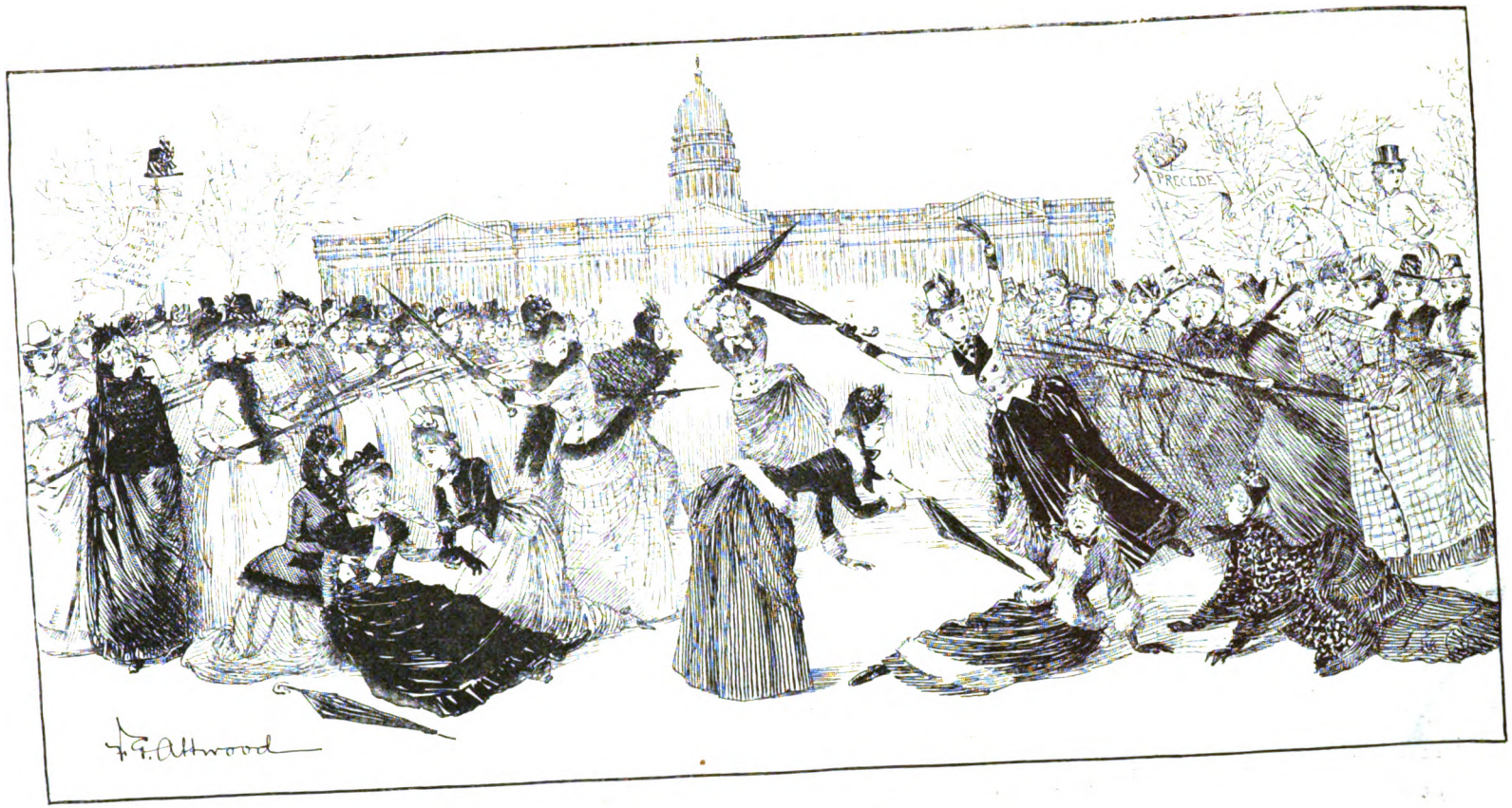

WILL IT BE CIVIL WAR?

FRIGHTFUL INTELLIGENCE FROM WASHINGTON.

THE COUNTRY CONVULSED.

We clip the following alarming paragraph from the columns of a contemporary:

IMPORTANT SOCIAL QUESTION.

SHALL CABINET OFFICERS' WIVES PRECEDE THE WIVES OF SENATORS?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—There is an important question of social precedence to be decided now that Senator Hoar's bill, which became a law at the last session, has given the members of the cabinet the right of succession to the presidency in case of the death of both the President and the Vice-President. The question is whether the wives of cabinet officers shall not hereafter take precedence of the wives of Senators. A social leader and the wife of a prominent official gave it as her opinion to-day that the Cabinet, as the official household of the President, should have the mooted second place, yielding gracious precedence to the chief justice, and being followed by the members of the diplomatic corps.

How thoroughly we have shaken off the influence of the effete monarchies.

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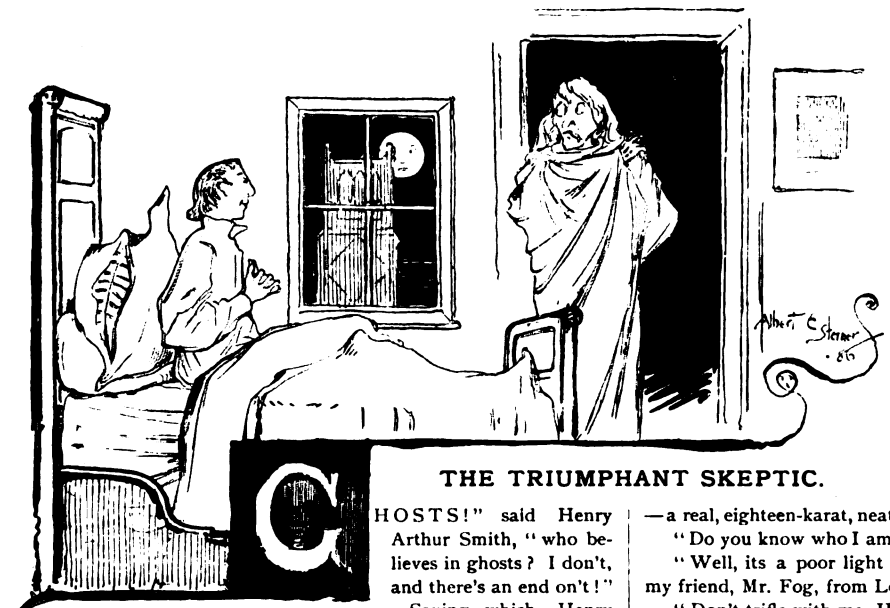


THE TRIUMPHANT SKEPTIC.

"GHOSTS!" said Henry Arthur Smith, "who believes in ghosts? I don't, and there's an end on't!" Saying which, Henry Arthur Smith asphyxiated the light, and laid himself down for a long winter's nap.

But Henry Arthur Smith's long winter's nap was neither so long, nor so wintry, nor so nappy as it set out to be. Whether it was due to his having eaten too copious a Christmas dinner, or whether his nerve-quieting concoction produced an opposite effect or not — Henry Arthur Smith was unable to say — the hero of this romance was foiled in his attempt to bury himself in what Byron gravely termed Night's Sepulchre.

Suddenly Henry Arthur Smith started from his bed, and tried to exclaim "Who's there?"

We say tried to exclaim, for it was simply an effort. Only this and nothing more. The "Who's there?" never got any further than Henry Arthur Smith's tonsils, dying away in a weird gurgle that but added to the intensity of Henry Arthur Smith's feelings. Whatever became of the lost exclamation, no one knows; Henry Arthur Smith may have swallowed it.

At any rate — not to delay the action of our tale — the missing words were originally framed in our hero's word-framer to greet, whoever it was that caused the white knob on Henry Arthur Smith's bedroom door to turn — for turn it did.

It may be necessary to explain that a love of wandering forth from the haunts of his wardrobe into the refulgent halls of gilded night frequently seized upon Henry Arthur Smith, and to prevent any errors on his part, which might lead him into complication with a stern parent in the next room, Henry Arthur Smith had applied a sulphurous coating to the hall door knob, so that on the darkest of dark wintry nights its rotund face shone out upon the sable cloak in which all else was enshrouded, like the red-inked "Please Remit" on an unpaid tailor's bill. This was how Henry Arthur Smith came to perceive the turning of the knob after having asphyxiated the glim, and may be set down as an indirect cause of his having made an ineffectual attempt to hurl an apposite "Who's there?" upon a supposititious midnight marauder — for that it was midnight was conclusively shown by the fact that the clock in the neighboring church steeple was at that moment chiming half-past eleven.

The sudden advance of the knob in Henry Arthur Smith's direction convinced him that the knob was moving toward him, and knowing that no well-bred knob ever moves toward any person without some exterior encouragement, Henry Arthur Smith divined that the door too was approaching.

A blast of cold air from below stairs, laden with the odor of Xmas pudding that once had graced the festive board, also convinced him that there was a draft from somewhere.

With that courtesy which invariably attaches to the cashier of a bank — for Henry Arthur Smith followed that highly lucrative profession — our hero decided to honor the draft with some attention.

"What's wanted?" he cried, not being able even at this late date to trace the misplaced "Who's there."

"Me," replied whatever was there.

"Well, come in, Me, and shut the door," said Henry Arthur Smith, by way of repartee.

Then, as if in response to this brusque, but sincere invitation, a ghost loomed up before Henry Arthur Smith — a real, eighteen-karat, neatly-brushed, clean, evidently washed spook.

"Do you know who I am?" asked the ghost.

"Well, its a poor light to recognize people by, but you look like my friend, Mr. Fog, from London."

"Don't trifle with me, Henry Arthur Smith," said the ghost.

"Indeed I won't, Mr. Fog, or the whatever your name may be. You're too damp looking and I am unarmed. My umbrella is down stairs."

"If you knew who and what I am you would shudder, Mr. Henry Arthur Smith."

"Well, as my chief delight in life is not shuddering, my dear Mr. Damp, I hope you won't tell me what you am. Do you am very often?"

"Mr. Smith, you are trifling with the child of the Elements."

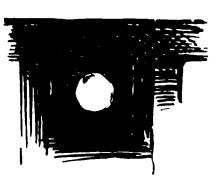
"Indeed, am I! Well, this is an unexpected pleasure. Does your mother know you are out, sweet child?"

"There is an unseen power, Henry that is prepared to overwhelm you if you continue thus to indulge in persiflage and insult its representative."

"So! Water power, I suppose, to judge from your make-up. How long has this power you speak of been Raining?"

"Sir, if you knew the consequences of your rash behavior you'd tremble as sure as I'm born."

"Well, that's not very certain, Mr. Fog. I don't believe you are born. There's just a little too much nebulousness about you to pass for a really up and down born person. What kettle were you born in, anyhow? Was it that born from whence no traveler e'er returns?"



THE KNOB WAS TURNING.

"It was not!"

"Well, I might have known it, because you'd have evaporated long before this if it had been."

"Henry A. Smith, I have been commissioned by the Wraith-in-Chief of Spook-land to visit you and force you to believe in Ghosts."

"Thainks, Gentle Spirit! Carry my respectful salutations to the In Spectre General and tell him to call upon me during business hours. If you can sit in the sun for an hour without a sizz, my dear sir, I may make an effort to believe in you, but at present you are too malarious in your general appearance to do more than compel me to ask you to pass me that box of quinine there — but no. Don't go too near those pills. They'd break you all up, Mr. Spook."

"Beware!" said the Ghost, advancing with a threatening gesture.

"Yes, I will," replied Mr. Smith. "I expect to be where I am now for the next four hours, and really sir, if you'll excuse me, I wish you'd

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do a little bewaring on your own account. Couldn't you manage to find a spigot somewhere and kind of turn yourself off? Let yourself down through the water-pipe and go home; there's a good fellow. I'd put you on my list if I could. But you know I can't."

"Why not?" inquired the spook.

"Because you always would be Mist, Mr. Fog!"

This was too much for the Embassador from Wraithville, for with a melancholy shriek that sounded like the dying gasp of a suction

HE PLUNGED DOWN THROUGH THE REGISTER.

pipe, he plunged down through the register, and a moment later an agonized sizzle told that the unhappy Mr. Damp, *alias* Fog, *alias* Me, had reached the furnace and was successful in his attempt at suicide, while Henry Arthur Smith fell into a gentle slumber, firmly convinced that there is no weapon so efficacious against the spirits of another world as the fashionable talk of this.

Carlyle Smith.

ULTIMA.

BETTER be sickly and poor, better be shabbily clad,
Better be homely and meek, better be dirty and bad,
Better be anything else upon earth — anything else but a cad;
The sick may recover their health, a check make a swell of a tramp,
The homely may fascinate hearts, and a saint may evolve from a scamp;
The weak may grow strong, and the dirty get clean,
The thin may grow fat, and the fat may grow lean,
But you never can, never can — never erad,
The deep-rooted dirt from the soul of a cad.

VALE CAD. *F. B.*

A LIBERAL HEART.

PUBLISHER: That book will cost you one dollar, sir.

CUSTOMER: Is that your inside figure? I'm a newspaper man.

PUBLISHER: Oh, in that case we won't charge you anything for it. Just give it a half-column notice in your paper, and take it along. We wouldn't think of charging members of the press anything for books.

AN INTELLIGENT SERVANT.

GREAT AMATEUR ACTRESS (*to servant*): How stupid of you, Bridget! I told you that I was not to be at home to anybody.

BRIDGET: But the gintleman sed, mum, that he is the largest soap manufacturer in the counthry.

GREAT AMATEUR ACTRESS (*hastily*): Oh, tell the gentleman I will be down at once.

BOOKISHNESS

TENNYSON'S PROTEST AGAINST THE REALISTS.

IT is so easy for mediocrity to jeer at what is great; so easy to read a few cable-mangled lines of Tennyson and jest at their "senility." But he who loves the poet for the songs of his strong manhood, will sit down with kindly, appreciative feelings, to read the little volume bearing the title, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." (Macmillan.) When he has closed the book he will feel that we have no singer, even in his prime, whose tones are so ringing and clear as this "old white-headed dreamer's."

To judge it simply as poetry, with no reference to its politics or philosophy — there is enough in it of clear vision and beautiful fancy to give it place in the paradise of song. For pure melody it would be hard to find a more musical line than the "Universal ocean softly washing all her warless Isles." There is strength of phrase though little beauty in "There the smouldering fire of fever creeps across the rotted floor."

* * *

THE absolute truth of Lord Tennyson's observation of nature and word pictures of landscape, which marked his earlier poems, are vividly present in this latest volume. There are touches of color that might have come from the palette of a painter in his prime. He tells us that "The moon was falling greenish through a rosy glow;" and again pictures the earth in a stanza full of strong imagery and vital phrase:

"Earth so huge and yet so bounded — pools of salt and plots of land —
Shallow skin of green and azure — chains of mountain, grains of sand."

* * *

YET there are those who sneer at the "pessimism" of an aged poet who still has the heart to write: "Follow Light and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom." What seems like pessimism in the poem is really a note of warning against a Realism which has taken the glory from fiction and poetry, and robbed life of its charm. It remains for young men to take up the cry of the aged idealist, and fight the battle which he is too old to lead.

* * *

THE hundred pages of blank verse in which Anna Katharine Green has set the drama of "Risifi's Daughter" (Putnam's) are melodious enough but lack most of the other elements of poetry. The story told is sadly romantic, but action and dramatic situations are missing. The following lines are worth quoting:

"Life is no plain, however vast or varied,
But rising ground, where every forward step
Shifts the horizon.'

Droch.

SPEAKING of diamonds, we have seen the time when the Kohinoor would look dim and lustreless along side of the ace.

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ANOTHER
AND NOT SO WELC

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ER W YEAR.
ELC TO ALL OF FUS.

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From Foreign Fields

EXTRACTS FROM THE CHUM'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH POTENTATES.

MR. GLADSTONE has written a reply to Baron Tennyson's "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After." It is believed by those who are intimately acquainted with the grand old man that he takes the poet's line:

"Old Experience is a Fool,"

in a strictly personal sense.

* * *

THE carriage built for the triumphal entry — which never took place — of the Comte de Chambord into Paris, is now the state carriage of the Queen of Greece. She paid $5,000 for it.

It is said to be a very hansom cab.

* * *

THE Queen has commanded the Poet-Laureate to write a triolet on the approaching Jubilee.

* * *

THE Czar of Russia, who is quite a wit, writes me that the King of Bulgaria is a *non-est* person, at all events.

If this is true it greatly reduces the chances of a large majority of the present candidates, and seems to point to the selection of the Battenberg Infant.

THE King of Spain has vetoed the resolution of the Cortes to substitute Granum for the bottle.

* * *

THE success of Queen Victoria's last book has been so great that her publishers have decided to issue an Edition-de-Luxe, limited to one copy, which will be presented to the Mikado of Japan.

* * *

A PRESIDENT of the Swiss Republic was elected a short time ago, but up to the hour of going to press, no one has been able to learn his name.

The President himself professes profound ignorance on the subject, owing to his conservative habits and inherent dislike of doing anything that might tend to establish a precedent.

* * *

PRINCE HENRY, of Battenberg, remarked to a friend, a few days ago, that as between his imperial mother-in-law and Dynamite, he'd choose to be blown up by the latter every time.

* * *

THE Sultan has offered to permit Sunset Cox to wear his shoes to church, if he will only return, but the late Minister is firm in his refusal to again visit Constantinople. It is reported in Washington that Mr. Cox thinks the Sultan a too harem-scarem sort of fellow to fool with, and prefers meddling with the tariff to smoking lemonade with the heathen impotentate.

SCRAPS.

COLD feet are not pleasant, except they happen to be pig's feet, then they are better cold than warm. Jokes of this kind are not so expensive as they used to be on account of the competition.

* * *

AN enterprising Harlem saloon advertises: "Free lunch in a box to take home — five cents."

* * *

LIEUT. HENN is confident that he will win next year. He counts his chickens before they are hatched.

AN INTERIOR.

Professor (who has been giving simple lessons in physiology): WHERE IS YOUR HEART, DEAR?
Mabel: HERE.
Professor: AND WHERE IS YOUR LIVER?
Mabel (indignantly): I HAVE N'T ANY. COWS HAVE LIVERS.
Professor: OH YES YOU HAVE.
Mabel (after some thought): WELL THEN, WHERE IS MY BACON?

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LEARNING A TRADE.

BLACKSMITH (*to young man*): You think you possess the necessary qualifications for a blacksmith?

YOUNG MAN: Yes, sir. I was a member of the foot-ball team at college.

BLACKSMITH (*dubiously*): You may be strong enough, young man, but this business demands brains as well as strength.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY who, it will be remembered, fell off a camel a year or two ago in Egypt, gets $13,500 a year.

OF RARE LITERARY MERIT.

MRS. WAYBACK (*to husband, who has brought home a verse of poetry with the author's signature attached*): Is this fust class poetry, John?

MR. WAYBACK (*enthusiastically*): Fust class poetry? I should say it was. I got that in a dime museum, Mariar. The feller wrote it with his toes.

THE LAST STAGES OF STARVATION.

"WILL you please give me a few pennies to buy something to eat with?" he begged, "I'm starving."

"I can't see a man starve," replied the kind-hearted man. "Haven't you had anything to eat to-day?"

"Nothing but a fifty-cent *table d'hôte* dinner," was the starving man's mournful reply.

Mrs. B. (*who, though still young, has been three times married*): OH, IF I WERE A MAN, *I* WOULD MAKE A NAME FOR MYSELF!

Tom (*who is number three*): STRIKES ME YOU'V DONE PRETTY WELL AS IT IS, MY DEAR. THIS IS THE THIRD YOU HAVE MADE.

THEN AND NOW.

"Thus times do shift; each thing his turn does hold." — *R. Herrick.*

THEN she was a little maiden;
Dimpled cheeks and laughter-laden
Eyes, that thrilled my soul —
But she scoffed my boyish passion,
While I, in true love fashion,
Languished in that rôle.

Now she is an older maiden;
Eyes less bright and wrinkle-laden
Brow, that years infer —
And she smiles upon me sweetly,
While I've changed my mind completely,
Single life prefer!

H. E. W.

HENRY WATTERSON shouts frantically "What shall we do, we are being glutted with gold?" Our advice is, let her glut.

THE OLDEST ON RECORD.

SUNDAY School teacher: now, children, can any of you tell me who Methuselah was?

SMALL SCHOLAR: He was a chestnut.

THE books that Bacon said should be digested, are probably those which have been devoured.

A COMPLETE STOCK.

OLD LADY (*to clerk*): Have you gentlemen's gloves?

CLERK (*glancing at the old lady's hands*): Yes, ma'am, but I think we have ladies' gloves large enough to fit you.

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3 A. M. AT THE L. STATION.

Policeman: HERE, MOVE ON.

Weary Citizen: 'SH — HIC — SHO — DON'T SAY A WORD — HIC — I DONE WANT TO WAKE M' — WIFE GOING UP STAIRS.

AT GETTYSBURG.

YOU take your stand upon the ground
Where Hancock fought so well,
You look with pity at the mound
Which shows where Cushing fell.
Your heart beats faster as you spy
Old Round-Top's lofty head
Across the fields — now thick with rye
But planted then with dead.
A monument, close by your side,
Relates some valiant deed,
And o'er the place where heroes died
Their deathless names you read.
You mark the peaceful homes which dot
The wide historic plain;—
A fascination haunts the spot
Where Pickett charged in vain.
Your heart is full; mayhap a tear
To check in vain you strive,
When nasal tones salute your ear
With "*Bullets! Two fer five!*"

George W. Pepper.

HE GAVE IT UP.

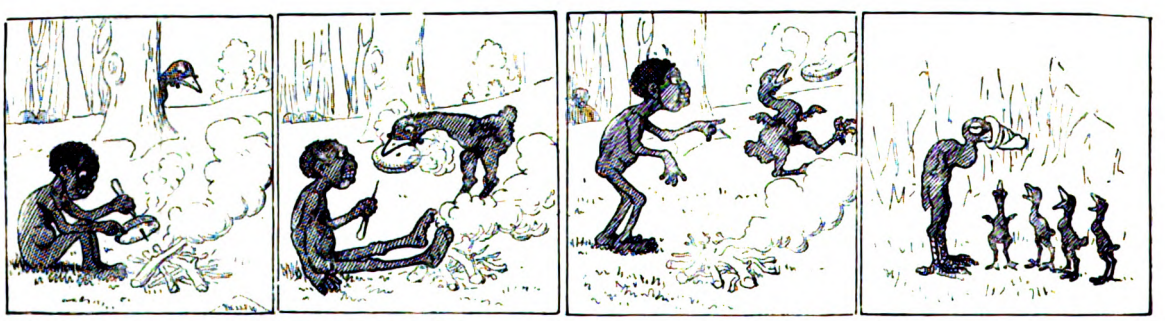
"MY DEAR," said an affectionate wife to her husband, "I am so glad that you have given up drinking. It is a terribly degrading habit, and I am delighted that my denunciations of it have had their effect."

"Yes," said hubby, puffing away at his Regina, "I bet Fawkins five baskets of wine on it, that I could leave off till New Year's day, and I'm going in to win."

THE modern society girl is an accomplished actress, but, as a rule, she is not fond of long engagements.

"THE prisoner has a very smooth face," said little Justice Duffy the other day.

"Yes, your honor," replied the facetious policeman, "he was ironed just before I brought him in."



WHAT THE OLD BIRD DID N'T KNOW ABOUT CALORIC.

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THESE CARPING OUTSIDERS.

SIMPSON: Well, Muggins, how's business?

MUGGINS (*our artist*): Oh, ripping! Got a commission this morning from a clergyman. Wants his children painted very badly.

SIMPSON (*with that pleasant way of his*): Well, my boy, you're the very man for the job.

They don't speak now. — *Judge.*

A COUNTRY parson, in encountering a storm the past season in the voyage across the Atlantic, was reminded of the following: A clergyman was so unfortunate as to be caught in a severe gale in the voyage out. The water was exceedingly rough, and the ship persistently buried her nose in the sea. The rolling was constant, and at last the good man got thoroughly frightened. He believed they were destined for a watery grave. He asked the captain if he could not have prayers. The captain took him by the arm, and led him down to the forecastle, where the tars were singing and swearing. "There," said he, "when you hear them swearing, you may know there is no danger." He went back feeling better, but the storm increased his alarm. Disconsolate and unassisted, he managed to stagger to the forecastle again. The ancient mariners were swearing as ever. "Mary," he said to his sympathetic wife, as he crawled into his berth after tacking across a wet deck, "Mary, thank God they're swearing yet." — *Harper's Magazine.*

A SUBSCRIBER asks: "Can you send me a good receipt for good hoarhound candy?" Certainly we can, dear. Send along your candy and you will get a receipt by return mail. — *New Haven News.*

PROBABLY.

FIRST BROKER'S BOY: What is your pa, Johnnie?

SECOND BROKER'S BOY: My pa is a bull.

F. B. B.: And what is your ma?

S. B. B.: My ma? I dunno. Oh, yes — hold on. I saw her when she was dressed to go to a party last evening, and I guess she must be a bare. — *Boston Courier.*

FAITH is sometimes represented by the figure of a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock, but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair-restorer. — *Shoe and Leather Reporter.*

A HARVARD professor has made the calculation that if men were really as big as they sometimes feel there would be room in the United States for only two professors, three lawyers, two doctors, and a reporter on a Philadelphia paper. The rest of us would be crowded into the sea and have to swim for it. — *Detroit Free Press.*

FEMININE CHARITY.

"It isn't possible."

"True, I assure you."

"But——"

"I heard her say only yesterday that she was twenty-seven."

"Then how old must she have been when she was born?" — *From the French.*

TEACHER (*in Mineralogy Class*): Johnny, give me the name of the largest known diamond?

JOHNNY: The ace. — *Binghampton Republican.*

"YOUNG men believe in nothing nowadays," says Mrs. Ramsbotham, with a deep sigh. "Why, there's my nephew, Tom, who was brought up as a Christian, and now he's an acrostic." — *Exchange.*

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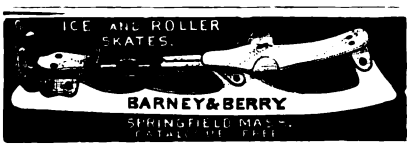

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[Respectfully dedicated to Adonis Dixey and the Evangeline Heifer.]

Heifer leg, heifer leg,
Heifer leg, onward!
From "heifer" dollar a night
Up to six hundred.
On with the heifer dance!
Watch but the hind legs prance,
Now—deed of necromance—
Salary six hundred.

Actors to right of him,
ctors to left of him,
The actor (?) in front of him
Got left, and wondered.
But the hind legs kept on
Till the "blue ribbon" won,
Caught the theatric "bun,"
Not yet six hundred.

—*Philadelphia News.*

She's coming—now I pause and shrink,
And like a coward on the stair
I wait and smell the sweet *Clove Pink*,
Which marks her presence everywhere.
(J. & E. ATKINSON.)

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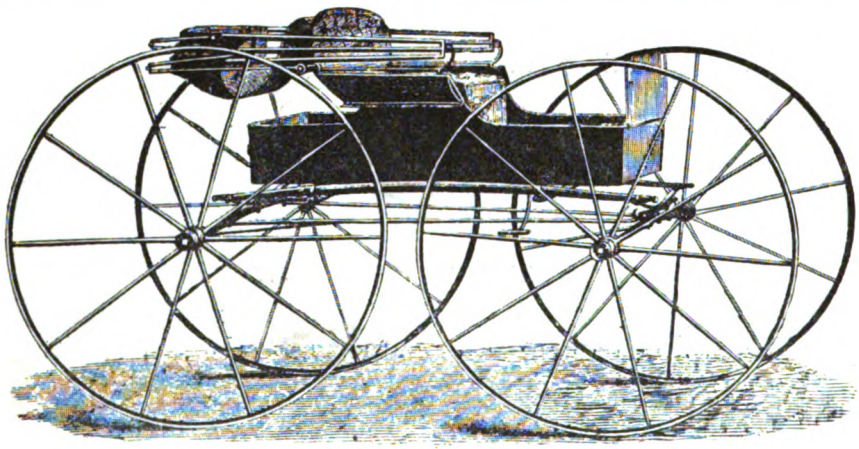
"WATERBURY TIT-WILLOW."

On a bench in the garden, my weeping small boy
Sang willow—tit willow—tit willow,
And I asked him—"Why will you the neighbors annoy
With your willow—tit willow—tit willow?
Do you find it amusing, or are you in pain?
Please stop it at once, and don't do it again!"
Still he piercingly howled, while his tears fell like rain,
Oh! willow—tit willow—tit willow.

My nerves, and my patience were really worn out
With his willow—tit willow—tit willow,
So I picked up a shingle sufficiently stout;
Oh! willow—tit willow—tit willow.

Across my left knee the sad youth did I fling,
Remarking, "Now forthwith explain me this thing
Or I'll give you sufficient occasion to sing,
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow."

"Oh, popper, please don't! *Do*, *do* put me down,
Oh! *willow*—tit willow—tit willow,
You know that you promised you'd bring me from town,
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow,
A new *Waterbury*, a watch that would go.
And tick and keep time, and I wanted it *so*,
And you went and forgot it, Oh, *dear* me! Oh! Oh!
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow."



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IN Germany, teachers are very poorly paid. At a teacher's festival somebody proposed the toast "Long live our school teachers!" "What on?" asked a cadaverous looking specimen, rising in his seat. — *Texas Siftings.*

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1887. NUMBER 211.

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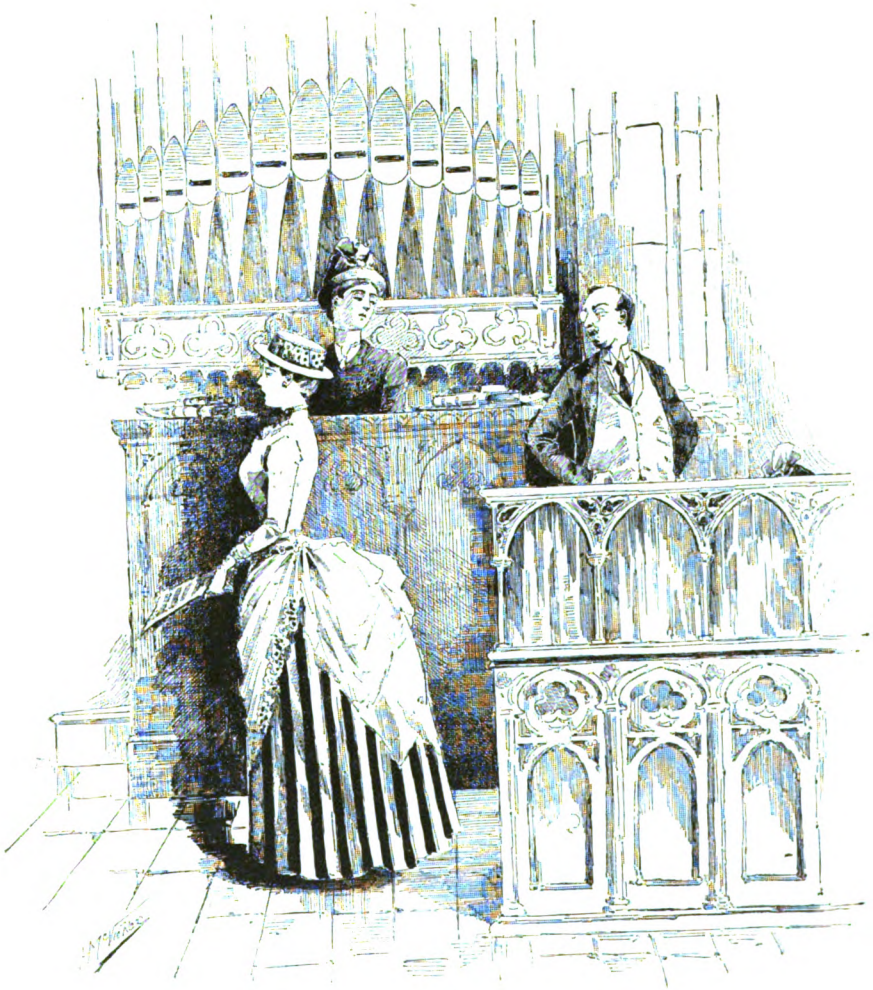

IN-CHOIR-Y.

Organist (*doubtful about the effect of combining stops*): WHAT WOULD YOU PUT WITH THE BOURBON, MR. BLINKIE?

Blinkie (*who was up late last night*): AH—EH—WELL, APOLLINARIS WOULD BE VERY GOOD.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JANUARY 13, 1887. No. 211.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

OUR old friend, General di Cesnola, is opposed to opening the Metropolitan Museum on Sunday. That ought to be a powerful argument with the trustees in favor of throwing it open. It is fair to assume from the general's expressed sentiments, that his objections to the Sunday opening are of the same character as the Puritans' objections to bear-baiting. He is reported to have said:

"I would not heat the building and let the public go there and freeze. When they had become stiff I would set them up among the other groups of statuary."

If the worthy man carried out his threat, at least one benefit would result. The Museum of Art would have some statuary which was not composed of unrelated parts put together for business purposes. But that would subject some of the general's antiquities to invidious comparisons, and would probably make him regret his boldness.

* * *

THE trustees of the museum are gentlemen whose opinions are entitled to a respectful hearing. Some of them have objections to a Sunday opening; others favor it, and among the latter is Mayor Hewitt, whose experience in the management of public institutions for the public benefit, have been as extensive and notable as anyone's. We trust that his views, and those of the gentlemen who agree with him, will prevail. The museum ought to be open every day in the week. The arguments in favor of that course are too self-evident to require setting forth.

* * *

OPINION is divided as to whether Professor Emmons or his wife ought to be shut up. The professor thinks the lady is unfit to be at large, and the lady certainly differs with him, even if she does not reciprocate his feeling. Certainly, she is a person of very eccentric behavior, and LIFE is disposed to convey to her husband the expression of its condign sympathy. Let her slide, Professor; she seems able to take care of herself, and you will only get yourself disliked by trying to shut her up. Very few of us, you know, are thoroughly sane, but we know we have got to take care of ourselves, and we do, and the sense of responsibility is good for us.

LIFE is glad to notice that the breach which lately gaped between our cousins, James G. Bennett and Cyrus W. Field, has been filled in. On the 13th of December, Mr. Field's newspaper, the excellent *Mail and Express*, called Mr. Bennett a vagabond. Now, if Mr. Bennett is not a vagabond it is hard to say who is. LIFE believes him to be one of the utmost vagabonds extant, and is at a loss to match him unless by the Wandering Jew. The *Mail*, though having called him a name which fitted him, and was not especially opprobrious, felt that it could afford to take it back, since it did Mr. Bennett no harm either way. So it retracted "vagabond," and extended the assurance of its sincere regret instead. Then Mr. Bennett's paper said it had never intended to hurt Mr. Field's feelings by anything it printed about him, and assured him that when its London correspondent called him a horse-thief it was without intention of disparaging his honesty, but solely with the determination to print all the news. So now Cyrus and James are reconciled once more, and we heartily wish some other New York editors — notably Messrs. Jones and Dana — might be led by the sweet influences of the new year to follow their example.

* * *

THE *Sun* had an eloquent editorial the other day, in which it cracked up canvasback ducks as being a delicacy only beaten by one American product. Numbers of its parishioners want to know what that commodity of unique superiority is. The oyster and the terrapin have been named, but the *Sun* says it is neither of them, and lies Stockton-like, declining to say whether it is lady or cat. This is no way for a great journal to treat its constituents, and the *Sun* ought to know better. We call upon Colonel Dana, of the National Guard, whose gifted pen has made his patronymic ambiguous, to let light in upon this mystery. If America produces anything better to eat than canvasback duck, we want to know it, both that we may have some ourselves, and that we may give the lie to the rumor that the *Sun* is biased by a morbid gustatory passion that makes every delicacy seem second to ——— as Stockton would say.

* * *

THE President is not yet free from twinges in his joints, but rheumatism is slow and rarely makes flying visits. The New Year's reception at the White House showed how far Mr. Cleveland was on the way to entire recovery, and how unfounded have been the reports which sought to magnify his illness. The New Year's reception also brought out new statements about the President's wife, who grows more and more like the estimable lady of whom the poet said, "None named her but to praise."

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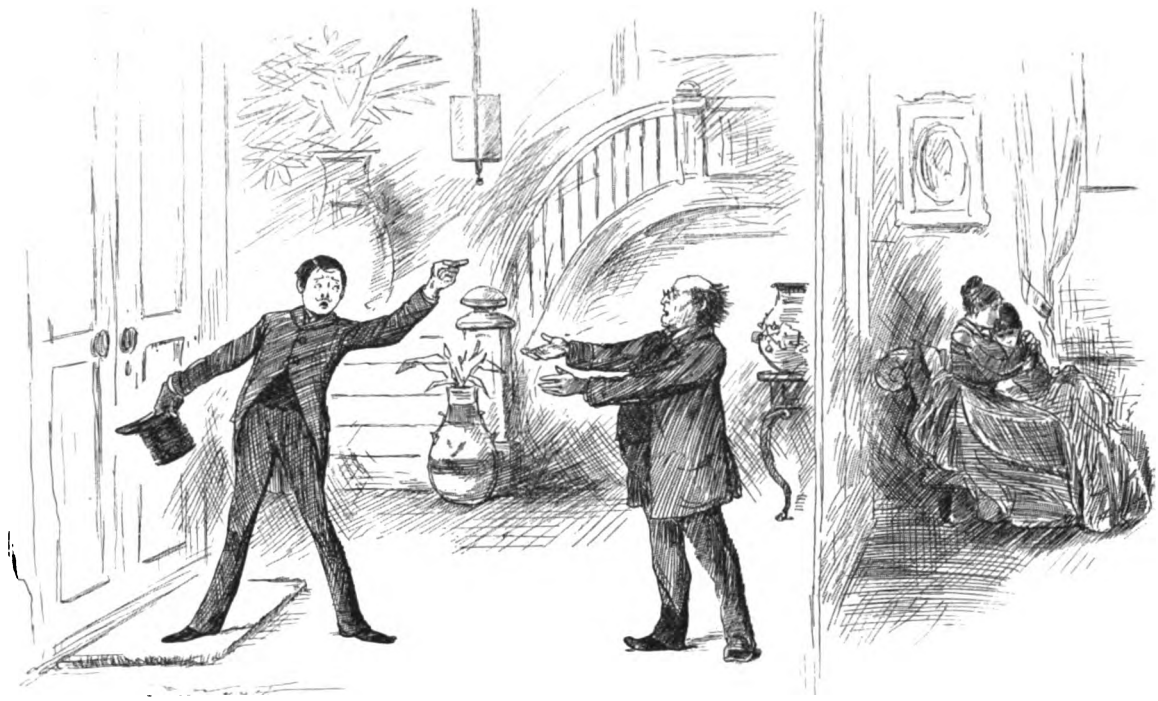


A TERRIBLE THREAT.

FAREWELL, FATHER, I CAN STAND YOUR REPROACHES NO LONGER. I WILL SEEK SOME FOREIGN CLIME — ENGLAND MOST LIKELY, AND ONCE THERE I SHALL SEARCH FOR A WIFE AMONGST THE NOBILITY, AND THEN —

OH, MY DEAR SON, ANYTHING BUT THAT! HAVE SOME CONSIDERATION FOR YOUR POOR MOTHER AND SISTER, IF YOU HAVE NONE FOR ME. I FORGIVE YOU. COME, COME TO MY ARMS!

(*An affecting tableau occurs.*)

APROPOS OF THE SEASON.

WHY doth ye ancient citizen
Thus wildly clutch the air?
Why squirmeth he so horridly,
So picturesquely swear?

Because ye little sphere of slush
Hath smote his neck kerwhack,
And now in icy rivulets
Doth trickle down his back!

Whim Miller.

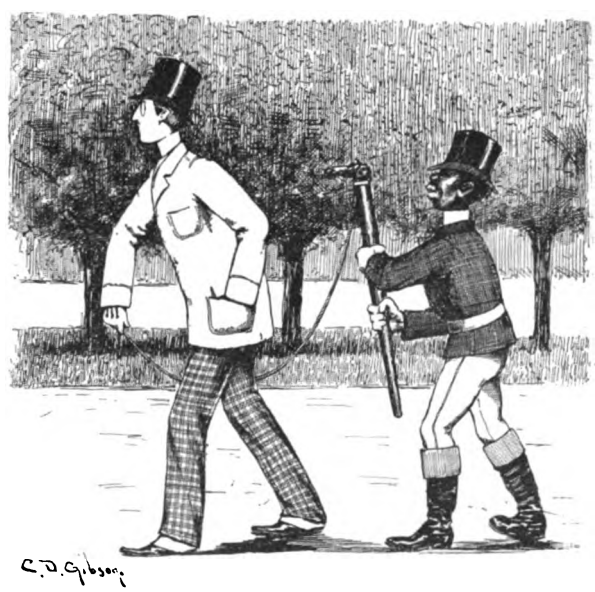
REPLENISHING HIS WARDROBE.

YOUNG GENT (*in furnishing store*): I want to get a box of paper collars, fifteen an' a half inch, an' a satin neck-tie.

DEALER (*affably*): Yes, sir; all right, sir; and how is everything over in Boston?

UNDER the heading, "Men and Things," the Boston *Herald* has something to say about Mrs. James Brown Potter and English society girls.

WHEN trying to catch the ear of a St. Louis girl, you should use both hands.



THE NEWEST THING IN CARRYING CANES.

THE STYLE WITHOUT THE FATIGUE.

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AN OPEN LETTER.

WRITES the Sultan of the Ottoman :
" Dear Mr. Cox — Oh, what a man
You are !
You're the jolliest critter I ever did see,
You made my existence one gladsome te-hee
And ha-ha !

And, oh, deary me, how dreadfully murky
Has Constantinople been since you left Turkey
And me.
Come back to me, loved one, and help me to grin,
Deserting forever that struggle for tin,
And settle with me, to be happy contin-
Ually.
Oh, leave, Sunset dear, that land of tornado,
And bask in the sun of the sweet bastinado ;
Oh, pack up your duds, back to Turkey do hustle, man,
Make life a joy to a poor aged Mussulman.
The madames, this morning, were asking about you,
Yours truly,
ABDUL, AZAIN'T HAPPY WITHOUT YOU.

* * *

IT is denied that Mrs. James Gown Trotter will attempt to go round the world on roller-skates, with a view to publishing her reminiscences in *Outing*.

* * *

A CHESTNUT.

"DID'ST EVER THINK, THAT BENEATH A GAY AND FRIVOLOUS EXTERIOR THERE MIGHT LURK A CANKER-WORM, SLOWLY YET SURELY EATING ITS WAY INTO ONE'S VERY EXISTENCE ?"
Pinafore.

* * *

THE *Vassar Miscellany* is authority for the statement that "a girl can limit her incidental expenses at Vassar College (inclusive of books) to $25 per annum."

This, of course, puts the expense of confectionery and four or five hundred dollars worth of other incidentals on the young man.

OUR CONUNDRUM DEPARTMENT.

IF the fool-killer's work were done, how many more complimentary banquets would be tendered to Mr. Dixey?

IF Levi P. Morton's fortune were on a level with his ability, what chance would he have for the United States Senatorship?

IF our fashionable women could be made to understand that English ladies never wear hats to the theatre, what kind of a view of the stage could a short man get?

IS a man's full conviction widely different to his sober judgment?

IF the brain of the New York society youth were one-quarter as large as his feet, would Browning be as popular here as in Boston?

IF Mr. Fawcett thought the letter U as important as the letter I, how large a horse-car would it take to carry a man from Fourteenth Street to the Battery?

* * *

THE kind of Rumor-tism that the President suffers from most acutely is that which crops out in the newspapers.

* * *

BIBLIOMANIAC: We are glad you appreciate the value of our advice in regard to binding your volumes. Why not bind your Guide to Cannes in Goat?

* * *

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BOARDING-HOUSE TABLE.

"GOOD MORNING, Professor," said the landlady sweetly, as that individual entered the breakfast-room and took charge of all the morning papers.

"I hadn't noticed it, madame," replied the Professor, seating himself on the papers to keep the other boarders from getting them.

"Hadn't noticed what?" asked Mrs. Fog.

"That it is a good morning," retorted the Professor amiably. "It's raining cats and dogs out. Where is my umbrella, Mrs. Fog? I left it in the corner of my room on going out yesterday morning, and it's not there now. I can't understand why it is that the morality, integrity, the—the common everyday honesty of life, seem to disappear when one gets within the portals of this house. Where, madame, I demand to know — where is my umbrella?"

"WHERE!" replied the landlady, striking a high G and pouring hot water over her oatmeal in her excitement. "Where? Why the owner came here yesterday and recovered it!"

And the silence that came over the meal was so hard that no one could break it.

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Mrs. Goodear: I AM *so* SORRY YOU ARE LATE. YOU HAVE MISSED THAT BEAUTIFUL ARIA IN THE FIRST ACT, AND THE LOVELY ANDANTE MOVEMENT IN THE SECOND.

Mr. V.: OH, I DON'T CARE SO MUCH FOR THE *area*, DON'T YOU KNOW, AS I DON'T GO IN FOR SCENERY. BUT IT CUTS ME UP AWFULLY WHEN YOU TELL ME I AM LATE FOR THE BALLET.

LIKES SOMETHING LIVELY.

SHE: Did you see Henry Irving in "Faust" while abroad, Mr. Breezy?

MR. BREEZY (*of Chicago*): No; I find most of Shakespeare's plays rather dull and uninteresting, although "Adonis" is not so bad.

WHILE the fashion of high hats is in vogue is the time to elevate the stage.

AN electric experiment—Repeating at the polls.

REMNANTS.

TRUTH lies at the bottom of a well, but if you want falsehood in any quantity you must go to the tombstones.

* * *

NO prima donna was ever known to be incapacitated by sickness from singing on her "benefit" night.

* * *

THE country is in fear and trembling every day that Congress may do something.

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A NEW THEME.

A LA MODERN SCHOOL.

THERE are many rhymes of *The Century* style
That a poet's fancy and soul beguile,
And chief of the themes these songs among
Is the paradox verse upon "Songs Unsung;"
Or, varying somewhat, the high-wrought strain,
To ease the stress of the mental pain,
The stanzas thought of in realms remote,
That came to the poet who never wrote.
I've been looking of late for such glorious themes
Amid the maze of my phrensied dreams,
So, for inspiration, I'll go get drunk,
And write thence a song upon "Thoughts Unthunk."

Andrew F. Underhill.

A FOOLISH HABIT.

"SIR," said an indignant female temperance advocate to a slightly inebriated anti-prohibitionist, "do you know that the horrors to which drink exposes women and little children are worse than those of slavery?"

"Then (hic) ma'am," replied the anti-prohibitionist, "women an' (hic) little children ought'nt to drink."

BOOKISHNESS

A DEFENCE OF CRITICS.

EVERY now and then some sensitive author writes indignantly of the whole order of critics as a race of useless beings who live to give others pain; who admire nothing because incapable of creating any original work, and who are a continual menace to good literature. It is probably true that a great author has little to learn from any critic, and it is equally true that a mediocre author won't learn from him. But on the innumerable company of readers the critic, should have a healthful influence. If he is an honest critic, he will have some sincere convictions to express; if he is intelligent, he will be able to clearly present the central idea of the author to the reader, and perhaps reveal a purpose that would have remained concealed; and if he has any moral stamina, he can warn the ignorant but well-disposed against those books which can only count for evil.

It does not take a great man or a learned man to do this; and yet he may be a very useful critic, stimulating the appetite for the right kind of literature among those whose opportunities of knowing may be less than his. If the faculty of properly appreciating and judging literature only belonged to those who can create it, how narrow and limited would be the reading public! The truth is, that the greatest literary man is he who appeals to the large heart of humanity. And it is the office of the true critic to bring the two into closer relations.

* * *

THE critic's main duty is, therefore, to the reading public, and not to the writers. When he has inspired the readers with some degree of faith in his opinions, then he begins to wield an influence of considerable importance on the literature of the day. The appetite of the reading public which he influences controls the character of the supply. A writer may have bitter contempt for his critic, but the latter may inspire contempt for the writer in a thousand readers. It is an unequal contest, for the readers control the sinews of war and often the necessities of life.

* * *

CRITICISM which is founded on malice kills itself, for literary art can seldom conceal malice from an honest reader. Nothing will awaken his sympathies sooner than evident injustice. He loses faith in even the sincere, unprejudiced opinions of the critic.

On the other hand, criticism founded on personal friendship awakens a similar suspicion, because of the evident flattery. Though the mass of the reading public is ready to follow a leader, it cannot be led by a fool or a knave.

All of which may be considered an indirect reply to Mr. Fawcett's question, "Should the Critic be a Gentleman?"

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

CHRISTINE, THE MODEL. By Emile Zola. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Ballades of Books. Chosen by Brander Matthews. Books for the Bibliophile Series. New York: George J. Coombes.

All is not Gold that Glitters. A Sketch. By Rae. Philadelphia, 1887.

Social Register of New York, 1887. Issued under the Supervision of a Committee by the Social Register Association, New York.

The Poems of Sir John Suckling. A New Edition, with Preface and Notes. Edited by Frederick A. Stokes. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

FROM the fact that he recently purchased a rope-ladder in Washington, and inquired of a barber how much he would charge to cut his hair, we were convinced that Secretary Lamar contemplated matrimony.

IT is believed that when Gabriel puts in an appearance the Standard Oil Company will buy his trumpet and give Gabe a ten thousand dollar job as president of a refinery.

AN EXCELLENT RESULT.

DUMLEY: One excellent result has followed my giving up smoking and tippling.

ROBINSON: What result is that, Dumley?

DUMLEY: I always have money in my pocket.

ROBINSON: Yes, that is an excellent result. By the way, old man, I wish you would lend me a fiver for a few days.

IT has been maliciously remarked that the Union Club is a "set of old Tabbies." The fact of their having spent $85,000 on drinks during the last year gives the lie to any such assertion.

AN editor's labors are very confining, particularly where he has written something that has got him into jail.

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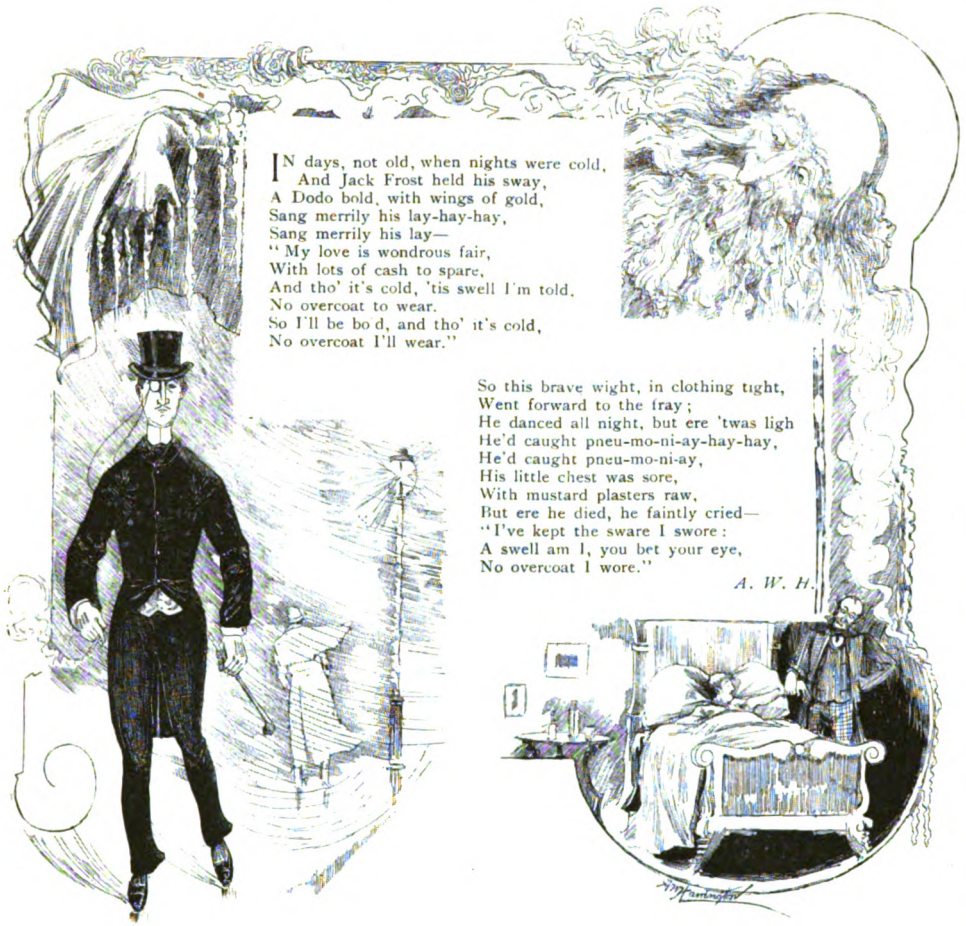

IN days, not old, when nights were cold,
And Jack Frost held his sway,
A Dodo bold, with wings of gold,
Sang merrily his lay-hay-hay,
Sang merrily his lay—
"My love is wondrous fair,
With lots of cash to spare,
And tho' it's cold, 'tis swell I'm told,
No overcoat to wear.
So I'll be bo d, and tho' it's cold,
No overcoat I'll wear."

So this brave wight, in clothing tight,
Went forward to the fray;
He danced all night, but ere 'twas ligh
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay-hay-hay,
He'd caught pneu-mo-ni-ay,
His little chest was sore,
With mustard plasters raw,
But ere he died, he faintly cried—
"I've kept the sware I swore:
A swell am I, you bet your eye,
No overcoat I wore."

A. W. H.

AN AMBITIOUS PAINTING.

AMATEUR ARTIST (*to friend*): It's rather an ambitious subject, Charley. I call it "The Gathering of the Hosts."

FRIEND: What does that big block of eagles signify, Fred, or are they vultures?

AMATEUR ARTIST (*faintly*): Neither, Charley; they are angels.

NOW that the Campbells are declared innocent all interest in them seems to have died out.

A FORGOTTEN DUTY.

"JOHN," said a wife in the middle of the night, rousing her husband, "I declare, I forgot to put the mackerel to soak."

"Um—Yum—Ah—I don' b'lieve you'd—Um—Yum—got much on it if you had," said sleepy John.

SCRAPS.

THE fashion in hats next season will require each girl to wear a real dressed turkey on her head.

* * *

THE first lesson in statesmanship learned by the American youth is to get rid of his surplus.

* * *

THE Chicago *nouveaux riches* think that the aim of a Browning Club is to put the right shade of brown on a roast pig.

* * *

A LADY in Cincinnati takes her baby to the matinee, and keeps the youngster, during the performance, in a little balcony on the top of her hat.

* * *

THE rumor that Ben Butler intends to organize a bag-eyed men's party seems to lack confirmation.

* * *

A CHICAGO boss plumber was recently interviewed by a reporter, and when he saw his remarks in print, he was so astonished at his intellectual stature, that he is now reading law and learning lawn tennis.

* * *

GERONIMO is discouraged with his campaign against quinine and fever, and is willing to go back on a Western reservation, if the government will pay him for the ammunition he has used in fighting the U. S. troops.

A SUPERFLUOUS QUESTION.

YOUNG LADY (*who has a great idea of her grandfather's age*): SAY, GRANDPAP, WERE YOU IN THE ARK?

G. P.: WHY NO, MY DEAR.

Y. L.: BUT, GRANDPA, YOU *must* HAVE BEEN; YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN *drowned* ELSE.

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HAIL C0

Monsieur le Comte (on seeing New York for the first time): QUE VOIS-JE! I LEAVES ZE EN(

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COLUMBIA!

ENGLAND AN' SAIL FOR MORE ZAN VON VEEK AN' FINDS MYSELF IN ENGLAND VONCE AGAIN.

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JANUARY 13, 1887. NUMBER 211.

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IN-CHOIR-Y.

Organist (*doubtful about the effect of combining stops*): WHAT WOULD YOU PUT WITH THE BOURBON, MR. BLINKIE?

Blinkie (*who was up late last night*): AH—EH—WELL, APOLLINARIS WOULD BE VERY GOOD.

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DEAR MR. EDITOR:

When Miss Margaret Mather played that long engagement against time at the Union Square Theatre last year, the kindly and encouraging critics, ever ready to discover "a gem of purest ray serene," praised her performance, hinted at certain peculiarities which needed correction, and of course prophesied a capacious and profitable future.

Miss Mather's *Leah* last year was a pleasing effort for an ambitious young woman to make. Of course you had to subtract from your pleasure a percentage of gurgle, a flavoring of rolled and ultra-rolled *r*, and a little of the eternal guttural sob. And you did subtract all this. You said to Miss Mather, "You have done well. Go West, or wherever you are going, and come back to us improved. You will then be welcome," or words to that effect.

Well, Miss Mather has come back. I say this in a mournful tone, for she has returned with the same old gurgle, which must be a good strong article, as it shows not the least sign of wear and tear; the same old flavoring of rolled and ultra-rolled *r*, and the identical guttural sob, which does duty for *Leah*, *Juliet* and *Julia*, with awful impartiality.

If she thinks her audiences are going to be magnanimous to pardon her this time, she reckons without her host. A gurgle can go too far, the *r* can refrain too long from rolling itself away, and the sob can become too stagey.

If she had not been over-weeningly complacent she would have known that the kindly criticisms she evoked last season were called forth merely by possibilities, which were almost probabilities.

Miss Mather will most likely be given one more chance. That will probably decide her future. If she be a wise actress she will try to reform. She can never make her peculiarities anything half as interesting as eccentricities, so that there is nothing to do but to drop them.

Alan Dale.

* * *

MISS HELEN HASTINGS, who will appear at the Union Square Theatre on Monday evening, January 17, is a young English actress who has won popularity in her native country by sheer force of talent. She will be seen in a new comedy of American life, supported by a company that has been formed here.

"I AM not accuthtomed to dwinking," he said timidly to the bartender, "but I am feeling quite thick, and I would like to athk you if you have any ware old whithky?"

"Rare old whisky?" repeated the bartender indulgently, "I should say so! I can give it to you raw if you want it."

POPE VERSUS PAPA ET ALS.

"WORTH makes the man, and want of it the fellow."
So sang one Pope, a bard of former days.
WORTH makes the woman, now, and makes the fellow
Want gold in heaps, if he her "tailor" pays.

R. D.

THE Chicago ministers who recently witnessed the ballet, kept only one eye to the morality of the thing.

IT is rumored that the Czar is drinking too much vitchski.

MORE NUTRIMENT TO IT.

WIFE (*enjoying her dinner*): What can be more delicious than a nice canvasback?

HUSBAND: A greenback, my dear, a greenback.

SCIENTISTS believe it impossible for a man to have a double. If this is so, how can a man be beside himself?

AN APPROPRIATE TEXT.

A CLERGYMAN who was visiting the Indian school at Chester, Pa., a Sunday or two ago, was requested to deliver the sermon at the morning services.

He consented, of course, and made a most excellent effort from the appropriate text: "Lo, I am with you alway."

A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

Commercial Gent: ENGAGED MISS?

Young Lady (from the country): OH MY, YES! THREE MONTHS AGO.

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THE MESSENGER BOY.

9 A.M.

He receives an important letter, to be delivered at *once*, and five cents for car fare.

9.30 A.M.

Buys a story paper with the five cents.

10 A.M.

Sits down to read it.

2 P.M.

Sees two dogs fighting, forgets himself, and runs.

3 P.M.

Slides for an hour or so,

4 P.M.

Decides on what he would buy if he were rich.

5 P.M.

Pitches pennies with another Messenger Boy, who also has an important letter.

6 P.M.

Finding that it is becoming late, he decides he had better leave letter.

The person for whom the letter is intended having moved in the mean time, he drops it in the basement and returns to the office.

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Employer: JAMES, HERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU, FROM THE DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

James, in agony: THEN IT'S FROM MY SON. HE'S BIN SICK FOR WEEKS, AND I'VE BIN EXPECTIN' THIS EVERY DAY.

UNRECORDED SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

A PROTOPLASMIC SOURCE OF IDEAS.

"DO you consider Shakespeare to have been a great poet?" asked Taine of Victor Hugo.

"Shakespeare wrote dainty love sonnets and was a clever word-juggler," replied Hugo, shrugging his shoulders; "but, *ma foi*, he was deficient in imagination and lacked dramatic force."

"On what merit, then, does his title to posthumous fame most securely rest?"

"On the rare merit of being, in a protoplasmic sense, the unique literary precursor of the immortal ideas of Victor Hugo," said the poet. A finer saying has never been recorded.

DE QUINCEY'S READY WIT.

Lamb was lunching one day at Hazlitt's, in company with De Quincey and Landor, when Coleridge came sidling in, and seating himself on a coal-scuttle began a long harangue on the sacramental rites of the Artotyrites. While engaged in his dismal monologue, Hazlitt went upstairs to take a nap, and De Quincey and Landor quietly removed their shoes and stole out of the room, leaving Lamb in a partly comatose condition to the tender mercy of the pitiless table-talker. After a rubber of cribbage, Landor suddenly arose to his feet and consulted his watch. "Great heavens! Tom, it is four o'clock, and Coleridge is still bubbling and snuffling away like an old tea-kettle. We have fallen into a long digression from the subject under discussion when the pedagoguish old bore came in. *Mais revenons a nos moutons.*" "No, no, friend Walter," protested De Quincey, with a humorous wink at a bronze Cupid, succeeded by a spasmodic effort to appear exceedingly grave, "let us return to our Lamb."

JOHNSON AT MRS. THRALE'S.

Dr. Johnson, having returned from a visit to the Cock-lane ghost, found an invitation to dine at Mrs. Thrale's awaiting him on his study table. After brushing the snuff off his laced coat he whistled for Boswell to polish his boots, and then bidding him trot on behind, started off at a brisk pace, taking care to touch every fourth lamp-post on the way with his grimy fingers and avoid the cracks in the pavement. Arriving at Mrs. Thrale's he found Goldsmith, Garrick, and Fanny Burney engaged in animated conversation. When the covers were removed, Johnson insisted on being helped first to soup, spattered Garrick with gravy, and began reeling off his yarns, suffering no one present to take part in the conversation. In a lucky moment, however, he was seized with a coughing fit in an unsuccessful attempt to swallow an apple dumpling, and then Goldsmith, improving the opportunity, turned to Garrick and quietly said: "How sad it is, David, that so many worthy playwrights who are contending for the honors of the stage and the applause of the critics should be living in attics." "Indeed, friend Noll," was the reply, "there is no sadder spectacle in this tragedy of human life. But I am more deeply affected by the melancholy reflection that these poor fellows are victims to the demon drink." At this moment, Boswell pulled out his note-book, and addressing Johnson, who was quite purple in the face from the effects of his difficult feat of deglutition, said: "Sir, why should a playwright, living in an attic, drink more heavily than one who dines at a gentleman's table?" "Zounds! Bozzy," roared Johnson, gulping a goblet of wine, "it's because of his dram-atic tendency."

Harold van Santvoord.

SOME OTHER DAY.

OLD DARKEY (*to gentleman*): Cud yo' help a poo' ole cullud gem'men, sah? My gran'mother wuz nu'se to Christ'fer Klumbus, sah.

GENTLEMAN: Christopher Columbus?

OLD DARKEY: Yes, sah. She cum over un de Mayflowah wif him when he fust discovered Amer'ca, 'deed she did.

GENTLEMAN: Not to-day, uncle.

ONE of Mr. Blaine's sentences in his recent Boston speech contained 175 words, and Mr. Evarts, in his despair, has bought a new hat.

MISPLACED THANKS.

LADY: I was very much annoyed on a street-car this afternoon. A gentleman very politely touched his hat and offered me his seat, and I thanked him for it.

HUSBAND: Why should that annoy you?

LADY: Because he only gave me his seat to get off the car.

COLD CHARITY.

Mercury at Zero.

BEGORRA THIN, DINNIS, I SHTRUCK THIM WHIN THEY WUZ AT DINNER AN THEY GIVE ME A DISH OF ICE CRAME!

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ART SCISSORS ART NULLUS

BACKWARD TENNYSON.

IN his age did daintiest Alfred turn once more to Locksley Hall;
In his age the Lordly Laureate piped in accents deuced small;
Sang the world was rent asunder into very little bits,
And the lion toppled over like a cat in desp'rate fits.
O my Alfred! O my poet! with your senile groans and sighs,
Once more comes your second childhood, and you revel in mud pies.
—*Boston Gazette.*

SHE (*to young poet*): How much do you get for your poems, Charley?
CHARLEY (*with pride*): From $2 to $5.
SHE: Well, isn't that very little, Charley? I see that Sir Walter Scott got $10,000 for one of his.
CHARLEY: Yes, but you see, writing poetry isn't the business it used to be. There's too much competition.—*New York Sun.*

A FAT WOMAN entered a crowded street-car and, seizing a strap, stood on a gentleman's toes.
As soon as he could extricate himself, he arose and offered her his seat.
"You are very kind, sir," she said.
"Not at all, madam," he replied, "it's not kindness, it's self-defence."—*New York Sun.*

TWO STUDENTS ring a hated professor's bell at midnight. He puts his head out of the window and wants to know what's up. "One of your windows is wide open." "Where?" exclaims the startled professor. "The one you are looking out of."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

NO IMPROVEMENT.

UNCLE SAM: "Got a new idea, have you?"
NAVAL CONSTRUCTOR: "Yes, siree. I can make you a war vessel now that will meet every requirement. It's modeled after a duck."
"Can it fly?"
"Well, no; but it will sail like a duck."
"Suppose a Canadian cruiser sees it and shoots?"
"It will dive, just like a duck."
"Dive out of sight?"
"Clear to the bottom."
"Well, I dunno. Sounds mightily like those we have now.—*Omaha World.*

"GEORGE," said the senior partner to the junior in a law firm of three, "I thought you told me that Alfred had gone out of town on legal business? I understand he's down the road on a visit to a young lady." "Well, sir," said George, with an injured look, "It's not illegal to call on a young lady, I believe?"—*Puck.*

THE "Town Tattler," of the New York Sunday *Star*, tells this: I read a good story this week about Henry W. Grady, the editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Some years ago a paragraph was printed in the *Constitution* saying that a man well known in a certain circle of Atlanta society had died. The next day the alleged dead man called at the *Constitution* office and demanded a retraction.
"This paper," said Mr. Grady, "never takes back anything it has said, and will not in this case but if you insist that you have been misrepresented, why, we'll put you among the births. That will square it."

SYMPATHY FOR THE BULGARIANS.

"The Bulgarians want a king very bad, but somehow or other they can't get one," said a member of the Texas Legislature to a ftiend. "I can sympathize with the Bulgarians. I once lost several thousand dollars by not being able to get a king when I needed one."—*Texas Siftings.*

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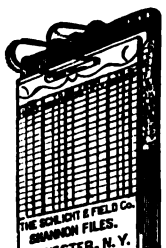

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[See full description in previous issue.]

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The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage tells a very good story of himself and adds to its humor by putting in those wild gestures for which he is famous.

"There was a man in my parish," he says, "whom I was anxious to have join my church, and who had a habit of looking upon the wine when it was red. One day I happened to meet him just in front of the church and stopped and spoke to him.

"Have you decided to join the church?" "I've thought shome 'v 't, but —"

"Why, what is the matter?" "Well, I've been thinkin' 'bout joinin' yer church, 'n the longer I think o' v't the sicker 'r feel, b'gosh!"—*Rochester Union.*

KENTUCKY MAN: Yes, we all like old General Clay, but I don't think he'll ever be governor, he's too cranky on the temperance question.

OMAHA MAN. I did not know he was a Prohibitionist.

KENTUCKY MAN: Well, he isn't quite a Prohibitionist yet, but he's so extravagantly fond of water that we're afraid of him.

OMAHA MAN: That's it, eh?

KENTUCKY MAN: Yes; maybe you wouldn't believe it, but it's a fact that he mixes a little of it with everything he drinks.—*Omaha World.*

One I know whose name is Hope—
Pretty name, so full of grace,
ATKINSON'S *White Heliotrope*
Lingers round her dwelling-place.

PROF. LOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:
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Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

THE news editor prepared an article in which he said: "Mr. Dash is hopelessly ill." Before going to press Mr. Dash died, and a hasty alteration was made in the sentence to meet the new condition of affairs. When Mr. Dash's friends read in their paper that "Mr. Dash is hopelessly dead," they were naturally shocked. — *Boston Transcript.*

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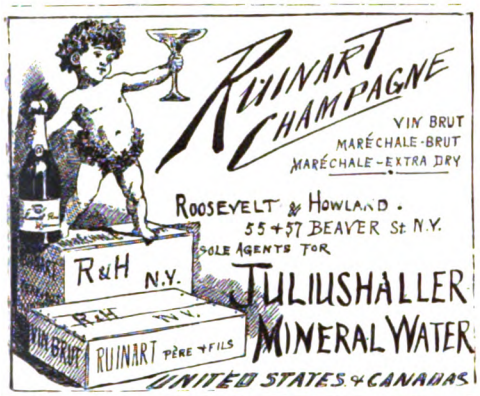

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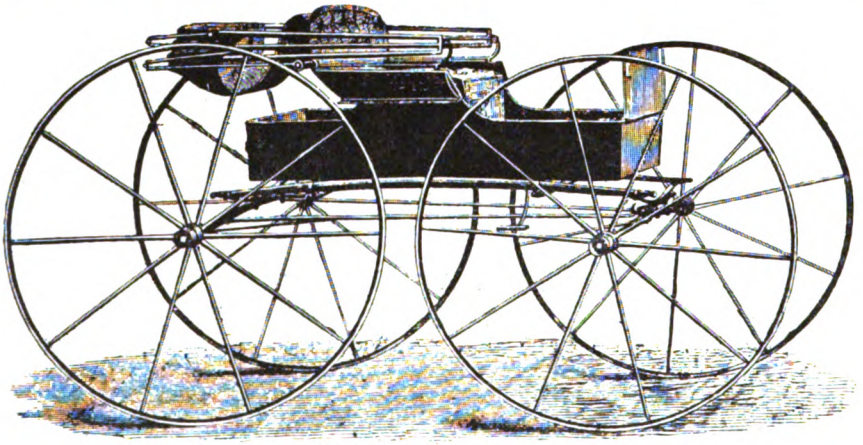

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THEY do not say "stomach ache" in Boston. "Gastric neuralgia" is the proper word; but it gets there all the same. — *Philadelphia Call.*

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PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER, FOR IT CONTAINS NO SHELLAC OR ACID.
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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1887. NUMBER 212.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

TEN CENTS A COPY.

THE PRUDENT MAIDEN.

He: AT LAST, MY DEAR AMELIA, THE HAPPY MOMENT HAS ARRIVED WHEN I CAN TELL YOU HOW I LOVE YOU.
She: FOR GOODNESS SAKE, MR. TOMPKINS, DON'T TELL IT HERE.
He: WHY? THERE ARE NO WITNESSES.
She: THAT'S JUST IT!

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JANUARY 20, 1887. No. 212.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IN the last instalment of Hay and Nicholay's commendable life of Lincoln, which is running in *The Century*, there is an account of Mr. Lincoln's courtship and preliminaries to marriage. It includes the record of a very severe attack of the "blue devils" that the coming president experienced at the prospect of wedding Mary Todd. General Adam Badeau carries an uncomfortable load of contemporary history, and is glad to relieve himself of some of it whenever a chance offers. He says he does not wonder that Lincoln had forebodings, and goes on to tell how very crazy Mrs. Lincoln's behavior was while she lived in the White House.

Badeau is just a splendid newspaper writer. For years the government paid his expenses, and he went about filling his mind with impressions. Now he can remember more in five minutes than an able-bodied man could forget in half a day. About anything that has happened in the last quarter-century he can tell you some particulars that everyone else has forgotten, and also tell how it struck General and Mrs. Grant and Queen Victoria. He is the ablest compendium of gossip that goes on two legs, and we hope he will live to write down everything he knows for the diversion of his contemporaries and the confusion of posterity.

* * *

THE *Atlantic Monthly* announces a poem by Mr. Lowell, in derogation of the materialistic tendencies of the day. The special tendency he deplores is suspected to be that of Mr. Hawthorne to materialize conversation. Much can be forgiven to any tendency that drives Mr. Lowell to verse-making.

* * *

MR. OATES, of Alabama, wants the House of Representatives to make a ten year's residence in this country a condition precedent for aliens to naturalization. Such a law would make it necessary for prospective politicians, who come to our shores, to dabble in some preliminary industry. That would be a good result, and we hope (with faint expectation) that Mr. Oates' bill will pass.

THE American Copyright League, for good and sufficient reasons, wants the Senate Committee on Patents to report General Hawley's league copyright bill, as well as the bill drafted by Senator Chace. Senator Hawley's bill is the one to pass, and must beat the Chace bill in a fair field.

* * *

STEVENS, the bicycler, has reached San Francisco with the remains of his machine. Good for Stevens. He went round the world, and rode all but 10,000 miles of the way.

* * *

THE Gate City Guard of Atlanta is anxious to whip Great Britain, because the British Government won't permit that organization to land in England as an organization.

After Mr. Grady's speech the other evening, we feel like taking Atlanta's side against the field, but in this instance Atlanta is in the wrong.

It is nothing other than a blatant conceit that leads any military organization to wish to go through the capitals of Europe exhibiting itself with all the pomp and vanity at its command. No useful end can be served by such an exhibition, unless it be undertaken with a view to encouraging some native industry, such as a liver pill or a new order of corn plaster.

If the Gate City Guard wants to go as an advertisement for S—polio or S-zod—t or to help Mrs. J—s B—n P—r establish the R—c--r C—m among the effete nations of the old world, it has our sympathy and best wishes. Otherwise, it has not.

Calm down, gentlemen.

* * *

A WRITER calling himself J. Clayton Adams writes entertainingly in the *Forum* concerning what he terms "literary log-rolling."

The key-note of this article is in the statement that something should be done to "dam the flood of panegyric with which commonplace works are floated into circulation," and we are forced to confess that Mr. Adams very successfully dams the flood, without resorting to much of the proverbial faint praise.

We hope to hear more from Mr. Adams in the same strain.

* * *

THE *Tribune* says that Col. F. D. Mussey is the flying correspondent of *The Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette*. He is light in weight, with a bullet-shaped forehead, sandy hair, blond complexion, and a sandy mustache with curled ends. It is doubtless due to these personal peculiarities that the correspondent is able to fly.

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HOW TO INCREASE IT.

WIFE: Let me read you, my dear, a few sensible remarks I have here about increasing your circulation.

HUSBAND (*Editor N. Y. daily*): What's the use? I understand it better than anybody else. Slap in all the murders, rake over all divorce cases and scandals carefully, for the most racy details; cater to the masses; sing of the wrongs of the workingmen; give your readers "pictures;" write up graphically all robberies, assaults and elopements; lie like thunder about the circulation you have got. That's about what they say, isn't it?

WIFE: No, not exactly. This says take a walk before breakfast and use Dr. Killum's liver pills for the blood.

WHEN little boys indulge in slippery proceedings their mothers are apt to do the same. If this should chance to meet the eye of any little boy, he should cut it out and paste it in his Waterbury watch.

ANTICIPATING.

YOUNG LADY (*expecting, to brother*): Bob, what is the most fashionable color for a bride?

BOB: Well, sis, I don't know about fashion, but for me, I should prefer a white one.

MR. EVARTS has received a flattering offer from Mme. Tussaud's London show for the hat he has worn since Hayes was inaugurated.

THE BEST WAY.

M. L. HOLBROOK has written a book on "How to Strengthen the Memory."

He omits the most fashionable of strengtheners, that of tying a string about the forefinger.

POLICEMAN NO. 000, HAVING CAPTURED A YOUNG MALEFACTOR WHO PROVES UNRULY, HAD TO SIT UPON HIM TO BRING HIM INTO A PROPER STATE OF SUBJECTION. HE THINKS HE MAY HAVE SAT EITHER TOO HEAVY OR A MOMENT TOO LONG.

PISCATORIAL.

Miss V.: YOU SEEM TO BE BEST MAN AT ALL THE WEDDINGS, MR. B. WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO TAKE A LEADING PART YOURSELF?

Mr. B.: OH, THERE ARE AS GOOD FISH IN THE SEA AS EVER CAME OUT OF IT.

Miss V.: YES, BUT DON'T YOU THINK THE BAIT IS GETTING A LITTLE STALE?

A PROPER QUESTION.

"TALK about small babies!" exclaimed old Mrs. Bently, "why, when I was born I was so small that they put me in a silver sugar-bowl and put on the cover."

"What! and did you live?" asked old Mr. Bently.

IN certain railroad catastrophes, would not the term *collide*-escoping be more literally correct than telescoping?

HAD EXPERIENCE.

"YOU say that you have only been in this country three months," said a lady to an applicant to become mistress of the kitchen. "I'm afraid you haven't had experience. Were you at service before you came to this country?"

"Dade an' I wasn't, mim! Me feyther was wilthy, an' owned a cow an' two pigs, but I've had experience since I've been here. In the three months, I've been in twinty-sax places."

A Mantell Piece—Tangled Lives.

QUERY.

IT would be interesting to know if a rose by any other name would cost as much at this season of the year.

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SEASONABLE THOUGHTS FROM THE POETS.

POPE.

BEHOLD the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty withered, and their verdure lost!
Behold yon Dude without his ulster on,
Rejoice to think he will not be anon.

COWPER.

O WINTER, ruler of th' inverted year,
'Tis very plain that thou at last art here,
For filmy ice envelops all the town,
And most pedestrians are upside down.

* * *

J. RUSSELL YOUNG remarks that even the correspondent of a newspaper has occasional scruples.

We can't say as to the scruples, but many of their writings are *prima facie* evidence of more or less drams.

* * *

IN view of the fact that Buffalo Bill obtained renown as the hero of many a battle, and the slayer of some 90,000 buffaloes, it is edifying to watch him hunt tame cows at the Madison Square Garden with a shot-gun loaded with wad.

* * *

THE new foreign Cardinals will receive their hats in March. This is unfortunate, as March is a very windy month, and it's hard to keep a strange hat on one's head at that time of the year. The new Cardinals should petition the Pope to wait until April.

* * *

THE Lewiston (Me.) *Journal* says that a man in Penobscot County spanked a boy who was cutting up didos in a meeting-house. The police court of the town fined him $14 as a reminder that it is the province of the law, not of individuals, to spank.

This may be good law, but it is very poor justice. Things are coming to a pretty pass if a man cannot protect his didos from the vandal small boy without laying himself open to the law's displeasure.

If George Washington knew what kind of liberty he was laying up for posterity, he would have lied occasionally, and kept out of public life.

* * *

SCOTCH girls knit while they are listening to the tender declarations of their lovers.

The more enterprising American daughters have the mitten ready made.

* * *

A SOCIETY item says that ex-Governor and Mrs. English are being lionized by the American colony at Nice.

It is because they're English.

THE Koran says there is a Devil in every berry of the Grape.

Get thee behind me, Sauterne.

* * *

THE man who tried to go round the world on a bicycle failed in the attempt.

He had to cross the Pacific in a boat.

* * *

FRANCE shows that she bears the Duc d'Aumale no ill will by accepting the Chantilly estates. It is very kind of France to hold out the right hand to a gentleman in distress, even though it is held out to take hold of something.

* * *

SOME one ought to introduce a bill providing that the word "Senator" shall be spelt $enator. There would be some cents in such a measure.

* * *

NEW York City drinks 6,000,000 barrels of beer every year.

No wonder Bostonians think this city too full for comfort!

* * *

BIBLIOMANIAC. We think you err in binding up your History of the Dude in sheep. Full calf would be more appropriate. The essay on the Irish in New York would look as well in Rocksburgh.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT asks if we believe Governor Hill to be a "Demigogue."

We do not. There is no half-way business about D. B. Hill. He's nothing short of a full, undivided gogue.

* * *

RICH men feel pretty comfortable about their hereafter. The recent experiences of the Campbells have made them small enough to go through the eye of a needle and not half try.

* * *

THE first edition of Mr. Howell's story, "The Minister's Charge," is nearly exhausted.

How about the readers?

* * *

LOCKSLEY HALL ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

TO LET.

WILL BE ALTERED FOR BUSINESS PURPOSES

TO SUIT TENANT.

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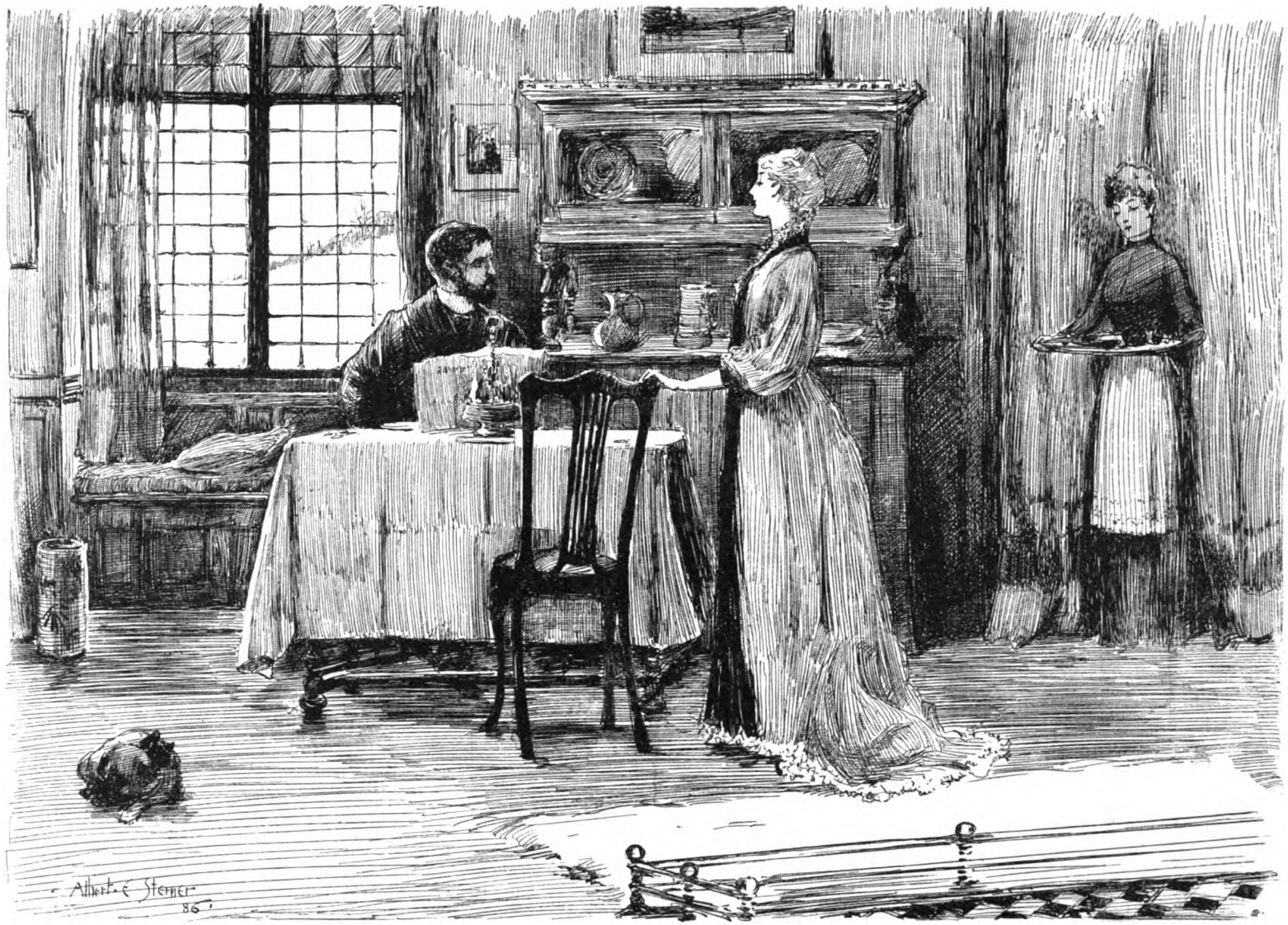

JUST THE FUN OF IT.

He: YOU REALLY WENT TOO FAR IN YOUR CONDUCT WITH CAPTAIN FITZHENRY AT THE BALL LAST NIGHT. DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU'RE A MARRIED WOMAN?

She: YES, BUT HE DIDN'T.

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AMUSEMENTS.

MADISON BEAR GARDEN.

BISON WILLIAM'S

WILD WEST SHOW.

BISON WILLIAM WILL GIVE THREE EXTRA MATINEES ON

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY,

AND EVERY LADY IN THE AUDIENCE WILL RECEIVE

A PAPOOSE

WITH A RING IN ITS NOSE, AS A SOUVENIR OF THE OCCASION.

MR. B. WILLIAM WILL FIRE SEVENTEEN SHOTS AT

SIX CHARITY BALLS

SPRUNG FROM A TRAP, BREAKING ALL SIX IN THE COURSE OF ONE FORENOON.

THE COWBOY BAND WILL PLAY SELECTIONS FROM WAGNER, AND A

GRAND BALLET,

COMPOSED OF

FOUR TRIBES OF ZUNI INDIANS,
SPECIALLY IMPORTED
FROM COUNTY CLARE,

CLAD IN THE SAVAGE INADEQUATENESS OF WAR PAINT, WILL MAKE THE GARDEN HIDEOUS FOR THREE SUCCESSIVE HOURS.

LIBRETTO BY STEELE MACKAYE,

ASSISTED BY

GEORGE W. LO, THE POOR INDIAN.

ADMISSION, - - 50 CENTS.

The Celebrated Broncho Steerers may be seen every evening and at Saturday Matinees.

BOOKISHNESS

THE ROMANTIC REACTION.

WHILE the Realists are calmly writing of the death of Romanticism in literature, it curiously happens that the most successful recent works of fiction have been "Vice Versa," "Mr. Isaacs," "Called Back," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and "King Solomon's Mines." These are all wildly imaginative and of the extreme type of the romantic school. They cannot be called a high form of creative literature, but they are nevertheless a startling proof that the people who read are hungry for something more than the dry husks of realism.

True, the people are often hungry for the wrong kind of food, and popular judgment is not the measure of literary merit. But in this case the people are at least groping after the truth, though for a time they have seized upon sensational romance instead of true idealism. They have indicated, however, that when a genuine idealist comes he will be welcomed. There will be as great a reaction in fiction as there was in poetry, from Dryden and Pope to Byron, Shelley and Keats.

* * *

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD has caught the tide on its turn. "King Solomon's Mines" made him fame and money, and "She" (Harper's) will add to both. Here is improbability of the wildest kind, absurdity heaped on absurdity, horror added to horror, and all adorned with rhetorical sins which would throw the whole Boston school into Pharisaical frenzy. Yet there are many, even among the scholarly remnant, who would prefer wandering with *She* in the Caves of Kôr to following *Lemuel Barker* through the streets of Boston. This age of intense competition in business needs to be lifted, in its very few minutes of rest and reflection, out of an atmosphere clouded with gold dust into the serenity of No Man's Land.

* * *

THOUGH this is a wild romance, it has a strong physical basis. The men carry bodies of flesh and blood with them in their adventures. This element of virile force gives dignity and strength to any work of the imagination. When it is lacking the characters get beyond the range of human sympathy. One never loses sight of the grand physique of the magnificent *She*. It is as a physical feat that the terrible crossing of the bottomless chasm thrills the reader; the horrors of the swamp and caves are physical, and the final catastrophe to *She* is a dramatic epitome of two centuries of physical decay, ending in death.

* * *

THE faults of the work are evident to any reader. Horrors have been multiplied, so that they lose much of their value as artistic material. Fine imagery is often obscured by words and phrases strung together for their melody, Many pages, with few alterations, could be arranged as blank verse, and would pass as fairly good poetry. The hints of a great allegory are confusing and lead to nothing. Any reader who will spend his time hunting for a fine moral lesson will miss the charm of this thoroughly fantastic tale. It is not wholesome throughout; it is not food for the weak or nervous, or silly; it violates the laws of art; but it is, with all its shortcomings, a remarkable work of the imagination

Droch.

* * *

SOME enterprising gentlemen have compiled a Social Register of New York for 1887. Just what the requirements for admission to these sacred columns were we have been unable to discover. It does not even seem necessary that one shall be a resident of New York to have one's name appear among the elect, for there are those whose domiciles are set down as London, Eng.; Washington, D.C.; Yonkers, and even Throgg's Neck. One family hails from Tarrytown, wherever Tarrytown may be, and what is still more wonderful, the register reaches over and takes in an occasional stranger from Weehawken, N. J.

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RETRIBUTION.

The Deacon thought those boys had a suspicious air about them.

And subsequent events confirmed his belief.

ANOTHER CAUSE.

THE Associated Charities, in their annual report, say that there are four causes for poverty: "Drunkenness, ignorance, laziness and pride." They say nothing of the fifth, depositing money in savings-banks.

THIS TIME, SURE.

"YES! boy Jove," said Slimsey, "I'm going to leave off drinkin' after New Year's."

"I've heard you say that once before," was the remark of Van.

"Ya-a-s! that was a year ago. I began again about eleven months since."

He turns to chastise them, but the snow-slide gets there first.

NOT THE MAN.

"HOW brilliant Augustus De Chatters is," said Miss Asaline Le Fritters to her friend, Josefina McBoltz, as that elegant, gilt-edged youth left the room. "He really is like champagne, he has so much sparkle about him."

"Yes!" answered Miss McBoltz, but there's no pop about him. He's been alone with me for an hour past, and never said a word to the point, though I was hoping every moment he'd go off."

CHANGE OF DIET.

"MAMMA, you say that papa goes to work to earn his bread. Why don't he earn cream cakes, sometimes?"

It seems to us to be a crying defect in this volume that some wealthy people of Boston, Leadville and Bingen-on-the-Rhine, are omitted, and as we are asked by the compilers to kindly note and advise them of such errors as we see, we deem it our duty to ask them why they have omitted Mr. Jaehne, Herr Most, and many other of our esteemed socialists who need more or less registering? Why have Mr. and Mrs. James Brown Potter been registered as living abroad when Mr. James Brown Potter is at home?

And while we are whying, why will not the New York City Directory do just as well as a Social Register as this poor little shrimp pink compilation of typographical errors?

Is it because the Directory is an index of the trades in which our society people have made their money? And that trade is vulgar? And that the Directory is, therefore, full of vulgarity?

Perhaps so. But there are various kinds of vulgarity, and Social Registers represent one well-known species.

This notice must not be construed as an advertisement, although the Social Register Publishing Company have our full permission to use it as such.

· NEW BOOKS ·

TO THE POET LAUREATE, by Louis Belrose, Jr. Washington: Brentanos', A. S. Witherbee & Co., Proprietors.

By Woman's Wit. A Novel, by Mrs. Alexander. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Buffalo Express Pictorial Year-Book. Buffalo: J. N. Matthews.

Gotham and the Gothamites. By Baron Heinrich Oscar von Karlstein. Translated by F. C. Valentine. Chicago: Laird & Lee.

Civitas, the Romance of Our Nation's Life. By Walter L. Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Romance of the Unexpected. By David Skaats Foster. New York G. P. Putnam's Sons.

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THE COMING REACTION

FOR WHICH THE HON. BUFFALO F. W

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In the Hall

ON AGAINST ANGLOMANIA.

F. WILLIAM SHOULD RECEIVE ALL GLORY.

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MR. BRANDER MATTHEWS has done what very few people would have considered possible: he has written a really entertaining play out of some of the oldest material he could have obtained if he had advertised for it. He has called to his aid the playful and familiar villain whom we knew centuries ago, when we were babes and sucklings, as a French count; he has hailed the gentle "American abroad," who has been popular ever since he has been able to get abroad—I can't remember dates; he has enlisted the services of the pompous old matron, outspoken, punctilious, and proud of her father's papas, and, lastly, he has taken us to Nice and left us, *plantés là*, as they would say down there, in that dear old delicious atmosphere of vice and gaiety. There is no Monaco—thank goodness! Only a whiff here and there is given of that ill-used resort.

"Margery's Lovers" was produced at the last of the series of author's matinées at the Madison Square Theatre, and was very favorably received. Everyone knows what capital work Mr. Matthews can do, and all were able to testify to the many excellent parts of his play. When he was good he was very good—like the little girl who had a curl.

Margery's lovers were *Lieut. John Alden, U. S. N.*, and the *Count de Saragac*, a Frenchman. The former was a good young man, played by Louis Massen, that prince of sticks. The latter was the heavy villain, admirably played, with refinement and originality, by young Mr. Salvini. The rôle was the usual thankless part one gets so weary of writing about, but Mr. Salvini breathed into it a new life, and made it really the success of the piece. *John Alden* is falsely branded as a card-sharper, by the father of the girl he loves and the wicked count. The scene in the card-room at Nice, where the plot is hatched and accomplished, was the most striking one in the play, and roused the audience to enthusiasm.

"Margery's Lovers" has very little plot but plenty of incidents, and perhaps a brief survey of the characters will indicate best what the incidents were. The heroine was *Margery Blackerall*, an Englishwoman using the most pronounced American accent. Miss Marie Burroughs, who did such excellent work in "Saints and Sinners," was really unkind to Mr. Matthews, in all but the emotional sides of her rôle. She was rude, pushing, loud-toned, and looked pert and trimmed up. She would persist in calling Paris "Parrus," and speaking of lovely as "larvely."

Mr. J. H. Stoddart did some effective work as *William Blackerall*, the heroine's old reprobate of a father. The old gentleman had been ordered off every race-track in England, and had done horsey evil elsewhere, but he loved his daughter. That was his bright spot. The wicked count knew all his history, and threatened to "peach" if *Mr. Blackerall* declined to help him to blacken *Alden's* character. So the old man fell, and rose again by confessing all and setting matters straight. Mr. Stoddart was very good, but every time he sobbed he conveyed the impression that he was irretrievably swallowing his false teeth. There was the little click caused by the suction of the gums, there was the râle which is so painful to hear.

Mrs. E. J. Phillips as *Mrs. Webster*, the old lady so fond of her ancestors, was worth seeing, though her part was irredeemably stupid. An American who is so interested in the Adams' of Maryland, and the fact that Miss So and So's mother was a somebody from somewhere, and the granddaughter of General Snooks, who married Miss Smith, must be one of the types peculiar to Nice. I've lived in London, and Paris, and New York, and Boston, but I've never met her equivalent in those cities.

Walden Ramsey, as *Bobby Webster*, was amusing. He was the American abroad, and talked about going to Troy on the cars, and sociables and sleigh-rides. Miss Lena Langdon, as *Miss Sara Webster*, the light element of the play, was refreshing when taken after Miss Burroughs. Miss Langdon has a pretty voice, a pretty manner, and a pretty face. The last character of interest in the play — and though he is last he is not least — was Mr. E. M. Holland's *Lewis Long*, which was extremely clever. Mr. Long was the means by which the wicked old father was led to confess, and amused the audience by his wonderful energy which succeeded a long period of affected laziness.

"Margery's Lovers" is a good play, as I have already said. It recalls the good old days, but as we are so fond of

Customer: ARE YOU SURE THIS BREAD IS FRESH, BAKER?
Fresh Baker: WELL, I SHOULD SAY SO—IT'S TO-MORROW'S.

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THE INS AND OUTS OF TEMPERANCE.

"BRUDDERIN, WE HAB WID US DIS MAWNIN' A 'STINGUISHED 'POSTLE OB TEMP'RANCE. HE HASE CONSENT'D TER OFFER A FEW REMAHKS, WHYLES YO' PASTOR GOES INTER DE DRESSIN' ROOM FER TER WRASTLE WID DER SPERRIT BEFOH DE REGULAR SARMON."

"DIS YER YAINT STRIC' HOSPITALITY, BUT HIT'S SOUN' COMM'N SENSE, WHEN DAT YAR TANK IN DE PULPIT IS 'ROUN'.

"DE LAS' TARM HE PREACHED HEAH, DIS CHILE DID'N MAK OUT TO GET BUT MIGHTY LITTLE."

doing that ourselves, we ought to be delighted to have so able and intellectual an assistant as Mr. Brander Matthews.

* * *

THOSE who enjoy a good play, well acted, should not fail to attend the revival of "The School for Scandal" at Wallack's. It may be doubted if this perennial comedy was ever more completely and adequately put on the stage, or more perfectly acted in its leading characters. The inimitable *Sir Peter* of the venerable John Gilbert has lost nothing of its old-time strength, and the charming vivacity of Kyrle Bellew, as *Charles Surface*, wrings plaudits from those even who are disposed, as a rule, to quarrel with the young gentleman's methods.

Miss Annie Robe is an engaging *Lady Teazle*, in all but the great screen scene, wherein she does not seem quite at her ease—as, indeed, who would under the circumstances?

The perfection of the leading rôles makes it a matter of wonderment that Mr. Wallack should allow the minor characters to fall into incompetent hands, for that there is a painful amount of stickiness prevalent among the lesser lights of the Wallack company, is fully demonstrated at this performance.

The costuming of the piece is tasteful and appropriate, and the effect of the whole performance is widely different from that which has been unfortunately *en regle* at Wallack's for the past few years.

TOO MUCH WEATHER.

WIFE: What are the weather probabilities for to-day, dear?

HUSBAND (*consulting the paper*): Northwesterly winds, with snow, followed by copious showers from the Third Avenue elevated railroad.

IDENTIFICATION.

"MET your friend Skips, yesterday, and took a drink with him. Nice fellow!"

"Couldn't be; Skips is on the road. What did he drink?"

"I'll swear to it! He drank lemon and soda."

"That settles it. Twasn't Skips."

WHERE?

"MA'M, YOU SAY YOUR CHECK IS TEN? WELL, THESE CHECKS CALL FOR NINE AND ELEVEN—YOU'LL HAVE TO MOVE—!"

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A DUDE, at a Tragedy Play,
Tried to hand from his box a bouquet,
But he fell o'er the side
Down a big Ophicleide,
And gave the whole business away.

THE GRUMBLER IN THE LOBBY.

"AMERICAN OPERA, indeed," grumbled Fitz-Jones, as he struggled into his fur-lined coat, "I didn't understand a word of it! When a singer is tumbling summersaults up and down the chromatic scale, it doesn't make any difference to me whether the words are English, Italian or Choctaw, when it comes to a question of finding out what it's all about. Give me Italian Opera. It sounds prettier, and the printed argument gives a fellow some idea of the general drift of affairs."

"Oh, my dear boy, you should buy a 'book,' you know," replied his friend De Smythe, punching his crush hat out into its normal shape. "Then you could realize what a consummate idiot the tenor was making of himself."

"Fellows, the whole thing lies in a nutshell, just as any other chestnut does," added the critic. "In the light of reason Grand Opera is arrant nonsense. When it is sung in English, that fact is relentlessly fired home to the philosophic consciousness. When it is sung in Italian, the eye and ear are pleased, and to the imagination is left the task of inventing some pleasing explanation, as in every higher form of art. When the basso, aided and abetted by one hundred and seventy-five high-priced musicians, tells you in his deepest chest tones that supper is ready, or that some other everyday occurrence has taken place, your imagination takes a back seat and your common sense kicks you over the traces. *Hinc illæ lachrimæ.* *A. P. Smith.*

TOOK THE BULL BY THE HORNS.

LAWYER: Have you made your will?

CLIENT: Yes, I had Mr. Quill draw it yesterday.

LAWYER: Are you sure it's tight enough to stand a contest?

CLIENT: Oh, yes; but to obviate that, I left all my property to you.

SCRAPS.

A RECENT sage observation, that the smaller the dude's head the larger his cane, may be applied with equal force to the bonnets of the ladies.

GENERAL MILES is said to be the handsomest officer in the U. S. Army. It doesn't require much change in the old proverb to say that Miles lends enchantment to the view.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

HOW HE CAME TO SIGN.

"I UNDERSTAND that Billy Bliven has signed the pledge," remarked a Cincinnati traveling man.

"Yes," was the reply; "they caught the poor fellow when he was about half seas over and roped him into it. Billy'll do 'most anything when he's been drinking."—*Merchant Traveler.*

COMPLAINANT (*in a police court*): "Yes, your honor, I recognize this handkerchief. It is mine."

MAGISTRATE: "What makes you think so? I don't see any mark on it, and I have one just like it in my pocket."

COMPLAINANT: "Possibly, your honor; I have lost several."—*Le Gaulois.*

PLEASANT FOR UNCLE JACK.

Uncle Jack returns from a long walk, and, being somewhat thirsty, drinks from a tumbler he finds on the table. Enter his little niece Allie, who instantly sets up a yell of despair.

UNCLE JACK: "What's the matter, Allie?"

ALLIE (*weeping*): "You've drinked up my aquarium and swallowed my free pollywogs."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WE notice in a newspaper some verses headed "The Seven Ages of Woman." After a woman is thirty she abolishes the other six.—*Somerville Journal.*

DE GARMO: "And how do you stand on evolution, Miss Brewster? Don't you believe man is descended from the monkey?"

MISS BREWSTER: "Oh, yes, I think man is; but what puzzles me, Mr. De Garmo, is where women came from."—*Columbia Spectator.*

"I DO love a liar," observed Mrs. Grap, after her husband had been telling her why he was detained at the office. Mr. Grap simply answered "Egotist," and now they eat meals in silence.—*New Haven News.*

BRINGING TEARS TO A NEEDLE'S EYE.

"IT'S funny about Washington people," said a young man from New York to a Washingtonian. "How do you mean?" asked the Washington man. "Why, everybody has a way of saying 'yes, indeed.'" "Have they!" exclaimed the Washingtonian, bitterly; "well, they haven't; I asked a girl last night if she would marry me, and the way she said 'No, indeed!' was enough to bring tears to the eye of a needle."—*Washington Critic.*

How kind artists are to each other! "What do you think of the Colin Campbell case?" said some one to a painter. "The perjury in it is horrible. Did you see that Frank Miles swore that he was an artist?"—*London Truth.*

"AND what was the disposition of the remains?" was asked of a man who recently lost his mother-in-law. "The disposition of the remains," he replied, with real feeling, "was quiet and peaceful."—*Harper's Bazar.*

CHARITY.

MR. SKINFLINT VANASTORBILT (*handing the waiter a nickel*): "Here, my friend, is a slight compensation."

WAITER: "Thanks, Gov'ner, keep it. I was poor once myself."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

"HA! ha! ha!" laughed Dumley, as he finished a long chestnut. "Capital story, eh, Featherly?" "Yes," replied Featherly, "it's good every time, Dumley; good every time."—*New York Sun.*

MRS. DE HOBSON (*complacently*): "Yes, Mr. Featherly, that is a portrait of myself when a little girl. It was painted by a celebrated artist."

MR. FEATHERLY (*anxious to say the right thing*): "Er—one of the old masters."—*New York Sun.*

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is a department of short stories, sketches, etc., etc., for the younger members of the family; while

THE HOUSEHOLD

is devoted to articles by competent writers on fashion, etiquette, cooking, the care of the house, the management of children, etc. **It is the only Magazine that never contains long and tedious articles, and that can be read from the first page to the last with unabated interest by everybody.**

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FEATURES FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Arrangements have been made for beautifully illustrated articles on Asia Minor, Japan, Mexico, Constantinople, the Palaces of France, Italy and Austria, the Lighthouse Service, California etc. As there is a great and growing interest in Russian literature, THE COSMOPOLITAN will contain translations from such writers as Count Tolstoi, Th. Dostoivsky and M. Gogol. The stories from the French and German will be the finest written. Everybody will want to read **"Signor Io,"** the most charming and deliciously humorous story ever published. The scientific, literary and historical articles will be of great and permanent value.

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HIS MIND WAS ON WOOD.

"I used to think that men had an awfully easy time," said Mrs. Franks, "but I've changed my mind, and hereafter I'm going to take all the care of Charles I possibly can. You see, the other morning I told Charles we wanted some wood and to be sure and order some. Well, I waited all day, and that wood didn't come, and I was almost angry, for, said I, he has forgotten it, as usual.

"Charles didn't come home until late—long after I retired. He had to go to his club, and it seems he was detained until after midnight. He was awfully restless, and kept talking in his sleep, saying every once in a while, 'Give me another dollars' worth of chips.' So you see I knew that his mind was troubled about that wood. How much it must have worried him to thus disturb his rest! Hereafter I'm going to attend to all house matters myself. Poor man! he has enough to bother him without doing home errands."—*Boston Transcript.*

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IT was a rainy day and Philip had been looking out longingly at the soaking lawn, when he turned to me suddenly. "I guess it's going to stop rainin' now." "Why, Philip?" "'Tause I just ast Dod to turn off the tanks."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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"WATERBURY TIT-WILLOW."

On a bench in the garden, my weeping small boy
Sang willow—tit willow—tit willow,
And I asked him—"Why will you the neighbors annoy
With your willow—tit willow—tit willow?
Do you find it amusing, or are you in pain?
Please stop it at once, and don't do it again!"
Still he piercingly howled, while his tears fell like rain,
Oh! willow—tit willow—tit willow.

My nerves, and my patience were really worn out
With his willow—tit willow—tit willow,
So I picked up a shingle sufficiently stout;
Oh! willow—tit willow—tit willow.

Across my left knee the sad youth did I fling,
Remarking, "Now forthwith explain me this thing
Or I'll give you sufficient occasion to sing,
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow."

"Oh, popper, please don't! *Do, do* put me down,
Oh! *willow*—tit willow-tit willow,
You know that you promised you'd bring me from town,
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow,
A new *Waterbury*, a watch that would go,
And tick and keep time, and I wanted it *so*,
And you went and forgot it, Oh, *dear* me! Oh! Oh!
Oh, willow—tit willow—tit willow."

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JANUARY 27, 1887. NUMBER 213.

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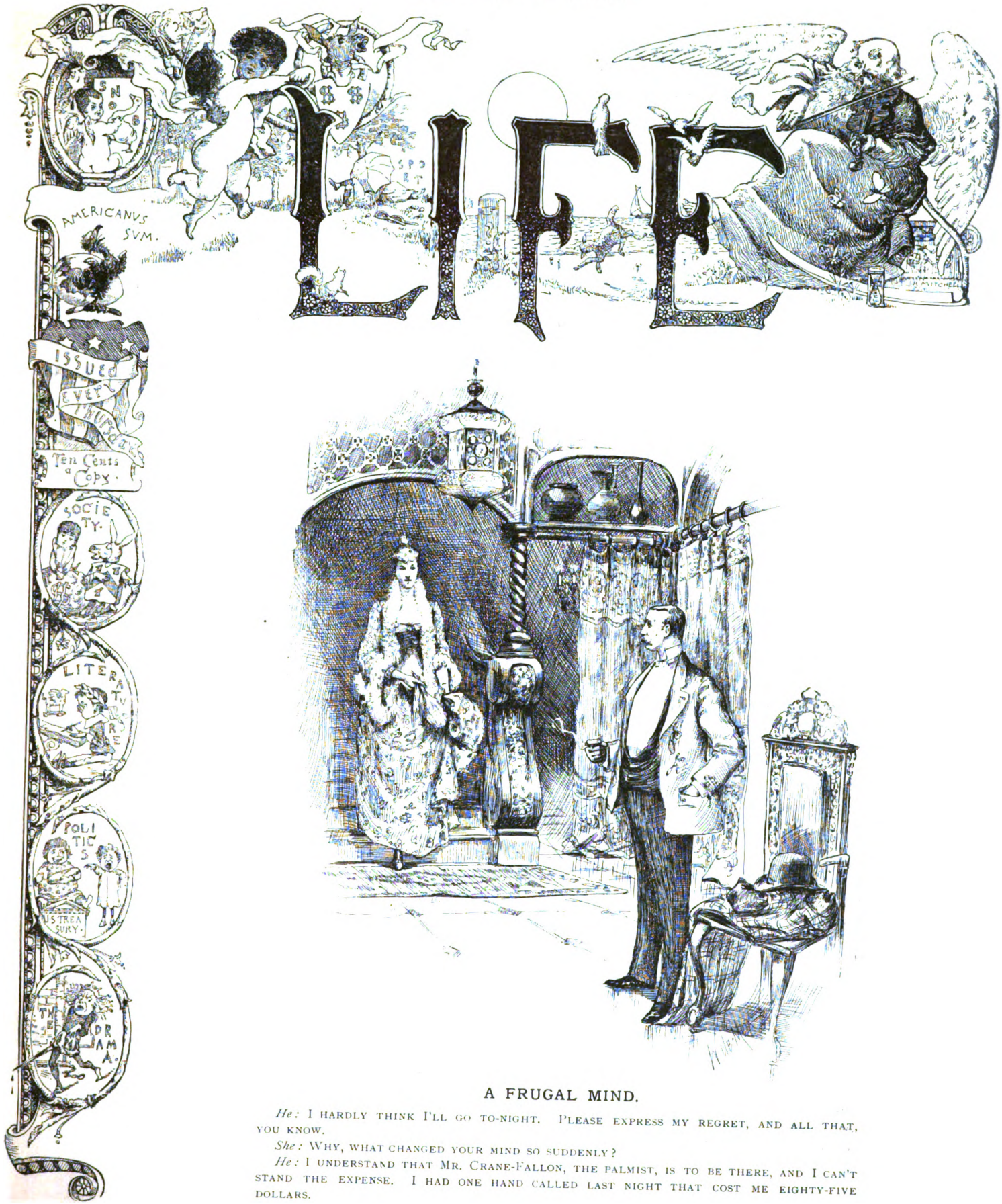

A FRUGAL MIND.

He: I HARDLY THINK I'LL GO TO-NIGHT. PLEASE EXPRESS MY REGRET, AND ALL THAT, YOU KNOW.

She: WHY, WHAT CHANGED YOUR MIND SO SUDDENLY?

He: I UNDERSTAND THAT MR. CRANE-FALLON, THE PALMIST, IS TO BE THERE, AND I CAN'T STAND THE EXPENSE. I HAD ONE HAND CALLED LAST NIGHT THAT COST ME EIGHTY-FIVE DOLLARS.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JANUARY 27, 1887. No. 213.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE want to see a sufficient provision made for Mrs. Logan by private subscription. For Congress to grant her a comfortable pension may seem pleasant and laudable, but it is not a proper precedent, and the next lady who is left in her plight would have good reason to complain if Congress did not provide for her also.

General Logan's widow ought to have a decent income. But it should come from private subscription, not from Congress.

* * *

SEVERAL of our contemporaries, notably the motherly *Tribune*, and the *Evening Post*, are devoting much of their space to the domestic-service problem. The problem is how to get the unhired girl to hire out to a private family in preference to becoming a shop-girl, or seeking employment of a manufacturer. The solution at which our wise neighbors arrive is, that would-be mistresses must make domestic service more attractive, not so much by requiring less work as by establishing friendlier relations with their servants. Money buys very much in this world, but the most valuable services cannot be bought. Friendly consideration goes almost as far as good wages in securing good servants and keeping them. The trouble with most women who are constantly at loggerheads with their maids is that they (the mistresses), do not understand their business. They are not good enough democrats. They regard themselves as of a different clay from their servants, and conduct themselves in accordance with that idea. Silly creatures! Their servants can make them happy or miserable, according to their whim. Is it not worth while for them to try and keep on good terms with people whose power is so great, and with whom their associations are so intimate?

* * *

THE ingenious Mr. Edward Atkinson, whose head for figures is so notorious, is advertised to demonstrate in next month's *Century*, that, whereas by general average an American citizen pays less than four dollars and a half a year for government, it costs the subjects of Kaiser Wilhelm twelve dollars apiece. This must be taken as the reason why the Reichstag and Prince Bismarck have fallen out, and it further furnishes to every American proper grounds for blessing himself in that he is what he is, and belongs to no European nation.

Bismarck's speech, and the resulting fracas, has had one effect, for which we cannot be too deeply grateful. It has given the cable companies fresh meat, and superseded the endless drivellings about Bulgaria which have bored this devoted country so long.

* * *

MR. LOVERING, of Massachusetts, has introduced into the House a bill granting a pension of $25 a month to Walt Whitman. The objection to most irregular private pensions is, that their bestowal creates a bad precedent. No such objection can be urged in this case. Walt Whitman is unique, and it is not likely that there will ever be another poet enough like him to claim a pension because he had one. Neither is $300 a year in itself a sufficient endowment to tempt youth from the paths of peace into the paths of poetry. Let Walt have his pension—if he will take it. His wants are few, and this meagre income might supply them. For the credit of the country, don't let him be driven in his age to write for bread, and maybe rival Tennyson.

* * *

ARE we going short of coal, or will the fight abate? The question whether twenty or twenty-two and a-half cents an hour constitutes proper wages for coal-handlers is interesting, but it is not nearly so important to the people of New York as the fact that the weather has been very cold, that coal has been scarce and costly, and that the greatest sufferers from the fuel famine have been the poor. The impression gains ground that the millennium is not crowding upon us any closer for all the combinations of labor that modern ideas have brought us.

* * *

DR. MCGLYNN, poor man, is fighting a losing battle. In his character as reformer, he is arrayed against himself in his character as a priest, and he will fall. The inconvenience of belonging to an hierarchical church in which it is impracticable to bolt and set up a hall of his own, must be vividly brought home to him.

* * *

IT was with much regret that LIFE learned of the illness of its favorite diplomat and congressman, Mr. S. S. Cox. The sun has seemed a candle brighter since Mr. Cox returned to his native heath and his fellow-citizens, deserting forever the haughty Turk, and we do not like to hear that he has even the most infinitesimal symptoms of those ills which modern greatness seems heir to.

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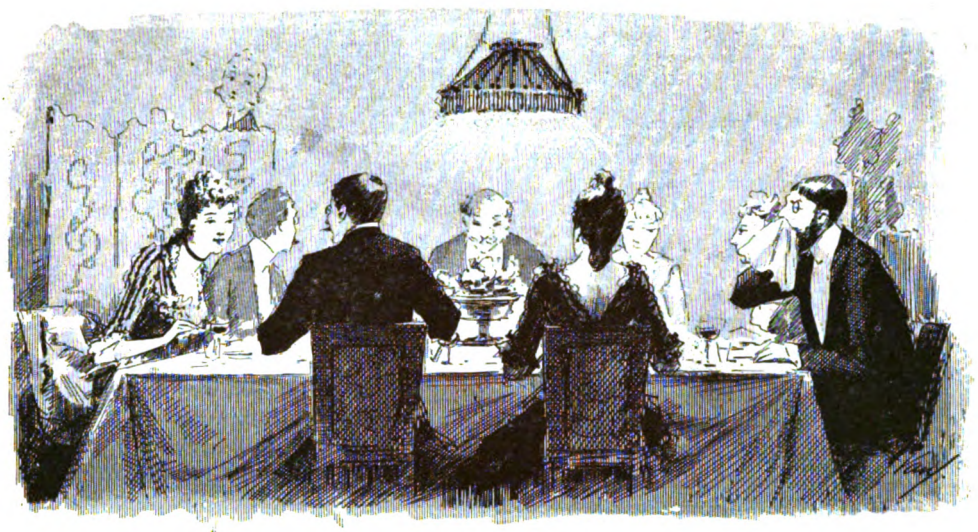

NO EPICURE.

Young Hostess: I MUST SHOW YOU MY BABY, MR. BROWN; ARE YOU FOND OF THEM?
Brown (absent minded): YES—OH YES! BUT I HAVEN'T EATEN ANY LATELY.

"THE HIGHLY IRASCIBLE CHANCELLOR."

CHANCELLOR BISMARCK has brought his Teutonic thumb into play and endeavors to crush the Reichstag into compliance with his wishes in respect to the German army.

That was a very subtle distinction which the Chancellor made between the army of his choice and that of the Mugwump Windthorst—Imperial or Parliamentary.

A Parlormentary force may do for the leaders of the German in this country, but with a man like Boulanger, with his legions of French dancing-masters waltzing along the borders of Alsace and Lorraine, it is hardly to be wondered at that the Chancellor desires something more stable.

THERE is a rumor abroad that Mayor Hewitt, in a fit of abstraction, attended a Wagner opera one night last week, and became so excited that he read the riot act and threatened to call out the militia if the disturbance didn't quell itself.

TO CAPTAIN WILLIAMS.

THAT you, dear captain, should be called
A man of mettle, is most proper,
Considering the well-established fact
That you're a copper. *J. K. B.*

SIGNOR JOSEPH TOSSO, the late violinist and composer, used to say of himself: "My father was an Italian, my mother a Frenchwoman. I was born on board a Spanish ship, sailing under the English flag in Mexican waters."

It is safe to assume that Signor Joseph died of International complications.

SEATS in the United States Senate cost nearly as much as seats at the opera.

MRS. SPRIGGINS thinks that a certain young lady of her acquaintance has no sense of proprietorship, because when the funeral was passing she had her sleigh driven right through the center of the corsage.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

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A BOND OF SYMPATHY.

NOW the boy and pedagogue on
The Toboggan
Scoot
Down the chute,
And when they reach the level,
Go like the —— Dickens.

And when, next morn, the urchin can't decide
Whether he should multiply or divide,
The master cannot find the heart to chide
The kid
With whom he slid
That slide.

* * *

THERE was once a time when we wondered what the difference was between an Alderman-at-Large and a plain, every-day Alderman.

We think we perceive a difference now.

* * *

BARBEROUS.

Artist: WITH OR WITHOUT, SIR?
Stout Party (glancing at razor): WITH OR WITHOUT WHAT?
Artist: CHLOROFORM.
Stout Party: OH, ETHER!

* * *

MR. SALISBURY, the Premier, not the Troubadour, has assumed charge of the British Foreign Office.

This is an appropriate selection on the part of the Prime Minister. He has always been more or less at sea in his official life, and he must know how to do it by this time.

A PHILOSOPHER once said: Every man is a volume. From the veracity of a majority of mankind, we imagine the Philosopher meant a bound volume of newspapers.

* * *

EVERY workman would be a capitalist if he could, simply because of the principal involved.

* * *

FOTHERINGHAM, the falsely accused express manager, will probably recover damages for his imprisonment at the rate of $400 per day.

Will some kind corporation step up and falsely imprison us? All offers received previous to February 1st will be attended to at 50 per cent. off for cash.

* * *

JAY GOULD is said to have gone through life leisurely. Indeed he has. It has taken him fifty-two years to get this far, and we know plenty of people who reached 1887 in less than half that time.

* * *

THE price of coal may rise, but the number of hundredweight to the ton rarely gets above nineteen, with the driver and cart weighed in.

* * *

AN unkind critic insinuates that the lovely Lilian Russell is so much a thing of the past, that when she is spoken of as Solomon's wife, people hesitate and wonder which Solomon it was.

* * *

WE clip the following astonishing sentence from that compendium of pure English, the N. Y. *Sun:*

"For the past thirty days it has been the talk on 'Change that Norman B. Ream, whose $200,000 residence was burned this morning and whose luck for three years has been so phenomenal, that from being so thoroughly "busted" that he had to order his trades closed he is now worth several millions, has at last been hoodooed."

We have the greatest respect for our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Dana. We believe that as a vocabulary, as a journalist, and as a friend to the undertaker, he is without his equal in this country, but we think he owes the public some explanation as to this new verb, "to hoodoo." Whence is it doorived? Who dood it, so to speak? And what did the dude who did do it mean it to mean? And should he not have said that Mr. Ream has at last been hoodone, and have gone on to tell hoodone it?

We ask these questions in behalf of that large class of readers who aid Mr. Dana in paying the interest on the $175,000 mortgage his concern has recently acquired, as well as to assist the editors of the *Century's* new ten-volume dictionary in their efforts to make up their last nine volumes from new words emanating from the inventive faculties of the gentlemen of the press.

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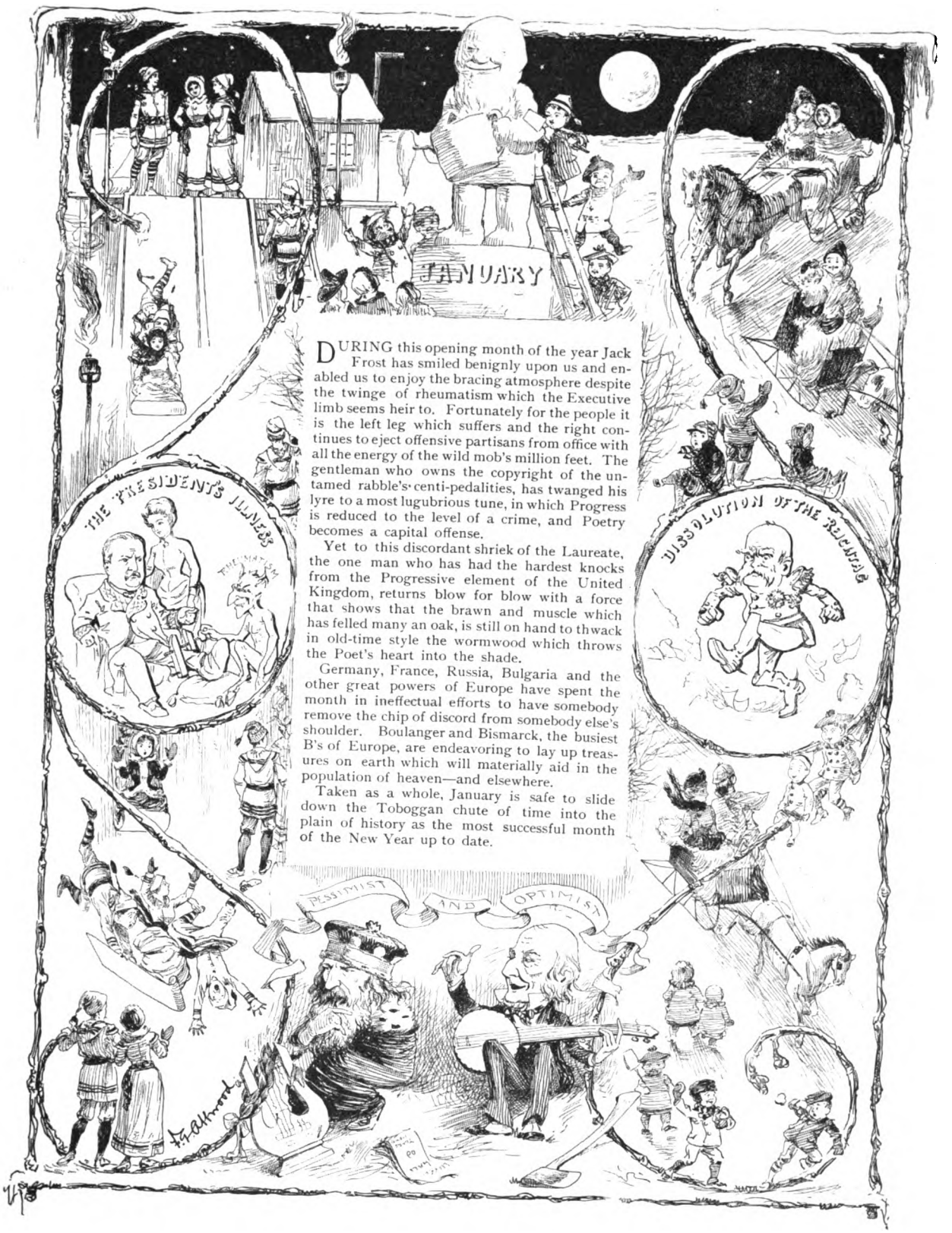

DURING this opening month of the year Jack Frost has smiled benignly upon us and enabled us to enjoy the bracing atmosphere despite the twinge of rheumatism which the Executive limb seems heir to. Fortunately for the people it is the left leg which suffers and the right continues to eject offensive partisans from office with all the energy of the wild mob's million feet. The gentleman who owns the copyright of the untamed rabble's centi-pedalities, has twanged his lyre to a most lugubrious tune, in which Progress is reduced to the level of a crime, and Poetry becomes a capital offense.

Yet to this discordant shriek of the Laureate, the one man who has had the hardest knocks from the Progressive element of the United Kingdom, returns blow for blow with a force that shows that the brawn and muscle which has felled many an oak, is still on hand to thwack in old-time style the wormwood which throws the Poet's heart into the shade.

Germany, France, Russia, Bulgaria and the other great powers of Europe have spent the month in ineffectual efforts to have somebody remove the chip of discord from somebody else's shoulder. Boulanger and Bismarck, the busiest B's of Europe, are endeavoring to lay up treasures on earth which will materially aid in the population of heaven—and elsewhere.

Taken as a whole, January is safe to slide down the Toboggan chute of time into the plain of history as the most successful month of the New Year up to date.

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UNANIMITY.

IT clearly was a put up job,
He knew it all the while;
And though he had to see her home,
He did not like her style.

And when they parted at the gate,
She muttered with a sigh,
"I'll be at home to-morrow night,"
He answered, "So will I."

E. D. Ward.

BEES may be said to be paradoxical in that they are stingy, yet not parsimonious.

BOOKISHNESS

A FEW BOOKS OF DIGNITY AND VALUE.

AFTER the usual holiday lull in book-making the presses have begun again to hum, and publishers are making ready for the "spring trade." There are even indications that for a month or two we will be spared the flood of cheap fiction which is accumulating for "light summer reading." Certain it is that between the artistic horrors of the holiday season and the sentimental nonsense of vacation time there should be a brief period for books of some dignity and weight. One can hardly expect any additions to literature, but there may be something added to the store of valuable information.

* * *

THOSE who enjoy the society of the bright and learned men in politics and literature, who have adorned the reign of Queen Victoria, will find a near and pleasing view of Macaulay, Thackeray, Gladstone, Palmerston, and a host of others, in the two volumes of "The Hayward Letters" (Scribner & Welford). There are no startling or disagreeable revelations, but much that is genial and very human in the light confidences of eminent men who prized the fine sympathy and friendship of Abraham Hayward.

We are promised another glimpse of literary London in the Memoir of Charles Reade, which Harper's will soon publish. There may be many opinions as to the merit of Reade's novels, but only one as to his decided force, originality, and inventive power. These indicate a strong individuality which should make his life very entertaining reading.

* * *

AMONG American books, the brilliant essay of Edgar Saltus on "The Anatomy of Negation" (Scribner & Welford), will attract the attention of the scholarly. This is in line with his "Philosophy of Disenchantment," and, like it, is a glorification of unbelief. The charm of the book is, however, not its philosophy, but its style. The writer has the temerity to sum up whole systems of thought in a paragraph, and to overthrow cherished beliefs with an epigram. He catalogues men as though they were rocks. "Montaigne," he says, "wrote about nothing at all with a charm that has never been excelled." Luther, he tells us, was "a courageous blunderer." Voltaire and Diderot were the authors of two works which are not catalogued—"The French Revolution" and "Modern Thought." Diderot was "a giant whose head was in the clouds and whose feet were in the mud."

And summing up the philosophy of it all, he says: "Life seldom seems other than an immense, an unnecessary infliction."

* * *

THE pages of LIFE are not for the discussion of philosophy. It is only as very clever literature that we have referred to this book. The best antidote for its pessimism is a hearty laugh, a bit of good-fellowship, or a ten-mile walk. Mr. Saltus himself prescribes "good health" and "indifference."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE GOLDEN JUSTICE. By William Henry Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Cocoa and Chocolate. A Short History of their Production and Use. Dorchester: Walter Baker & Co.

Rhodes' Journal of Banking. Published monthly. By Bradford, Rhodes & Co., New York.

A Year in Eden. By Harriet Waters Preston. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A Question of Identity. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Helen's Babies. By John Habberton. Two Hundreth Edition. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

AN OPEN LETTER.

LORD TENNYSON, Esq.

Dear Lord:—I have read with feelings of unmixed delight your latest addition to Locksley Hall. I now feel tolerably certain that there is one poet beside myself who can't write poetry, and I point with some excusable pride to the fact that in spite of your superior advantages, it has taken you longer to reach this point in your career than it has me. I got there in two short years—not without assiduous labor, however—and I feel that, with Miss Cleveland and yourself, I may now settle down on my laurels with the comforting assurance that whatever poems I may write will invariably be returned to me with the thanks and regrets of the editor. And, if your Lordship has failed to notice it in your own experience, the knowledge that one's verses will surely be returned him is, in this country, a source of income in itself. I have added at least five hundred pounds per annum to my modest competence by burning my poems as I write them, saving thereby the postage to and fro; and as I grow older and more prolific with my pen, this sum will constantly increase until, second childhood reached, I shall retire from the business free from the want of an uncanceled stamp, at all events.

A recent cable despatch from our friend Gladstone informs us that he has answered your poem in the *Nineteenth Century*, praising your metrical ability and fanciful facility, which it is the fashionable thing to think you still possess. This, of course, makes it unnecessary for me to take exception to any of your statements relative to Progress, or to say anything concerning the construction of your recent effort. So I may come to business at once.

Will you kindly write an ode for LIFE commemorating the accession of Mr. "Fatty" Walsh to the Wardenship of the Tombs? If you could do this for us, bringing in that beautiful "You-You" business, with one or two allusions to the Wild Mob's Million Feet accelerating Mr. Walsh's departure sooner or later, you would greatly oblige.

I'll drop in at Locksley the next time I'm abroad and talk over a comic opera scheme with you.

With regards to the Queen.

Yours truly,

Carlyle Smith.

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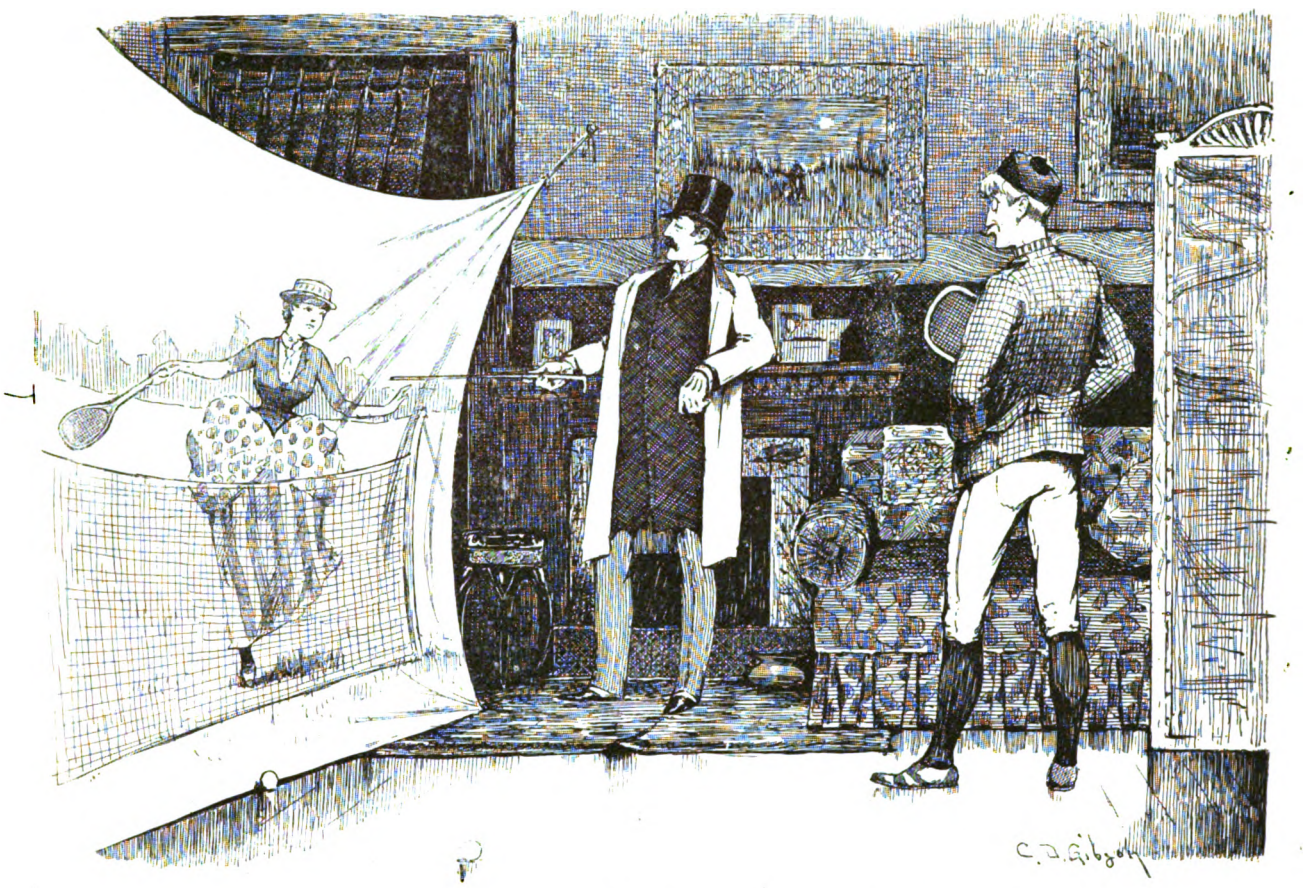

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

Cholly: SHE ISN'T A VERY LIVELY PLAYER, AWTHAW, BUT I'M GETTING SOME SPLENDID ANGLE PRACTICE AGAINST THE CANVAS, Y'KNOW.

LACRIMÆ RERUM.

I AWAITED his coming a year,
And I thought, "When he comes, he'll propose."
I practiced his favorite songs,
I brought out my prettiest clothes—
A love of a gown, made by Worth,
Tender blue, with a touch of pale rose;
For hours I polished my nails;
I read up both poems and prose,
But alas! when the fatal day came,
I'd a boil on the end of my nose!

E. S. N.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST.

ONE of the most entertaining bits of autobiography we have ever read is the following account of his professional life, with its disappointments and rewards, by a Texas editor:

Been asked to drink	11,362
Drank	11,362
Requested to retract	416
Did Retract	416
Invited to parties and receptions by parties fishing for puffs	3,333
Took the hint	33
Didn't take the hint	3,300
Threatened to be whipped	170
Been whipped	0
Whipped the other fellow	4
Didn't come to time	166
Been promised whisky, gin, etc., if he would go after them	5,610
Been after them	5,610
Been asked what's the news	300,000
Told	23
Didn't know	200,000
Lied about it	99,977
Been to church	2
Changed politics	32
Expect to change still	50
Gave to charity	$5.00
Gave for terrier dog	$25.00
Cash on hand	$1.00

We doubt if the editor of any one of our New York dailies could compress so much entertaining reminiscence into so little space. We also question whether in the whole rank and file of New York newspaperdom there will be found a thousandth part of the frankness displayed by this Texan brother in his graphic portrayal of those personal characteristics which go to make up the successful journalist of to-day.

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THE MUSIC OF

ITS EFFECT ON AMERICAN CITIZE

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THE FUTURE.

NS OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES.

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THE first-nighters of New York were on the tiptoe of expectancy on Tuesday night, when Mr. Augustin Daly fulfilled his promise to present Shakespeare's farce, the "Taming of the Shrew." There was a tendency among them to doubt the ability of the company to do justice to the poet's work, but this was soon dispelled, and even the critics were seen to applaud.

The *Petruchio* of Mr. Drew, whose characteristic buoyancy was peculiarly appropriate to his rollicking conception of his part, was a noteworthy performance, as was fully attested by the rounds of applause which recalled that gentleman before the curtain.

Miss Rehan—who, by a strange unanimity of the critics, was set down as physically unequal to *Katharine*, and who, it may therefore be safely assumed was personally adequate to the undertaking—has rarely appeared to greater advantage. Such faults as can truly be attributed to her were more largely due to Mr. Daly's adaptation than to any personal shortcomings.

The love-making of Mr. Otis Skinner's *Lucentio* with Miss Dreher's *Bianca* was a charming feature of the performance, while Mr. Gilbert as the philosophic *Sly*, Mr. Clarke as the *Duke—alias George Jones*, according to Mr. Joe Howard—carried nicely such honors as the Induction afforded. Mrs. Gilbert and Mr. Lewis made much of small parts, and the genial Charles Fisher was as vigorous as ever as the unhappy individual who was responsible for the shrewish bride.

* * *

THIS is the second and last week of Miss Helen Hastings' engagement at the Union Square Theatre. This pretty and vivacious young lady from over the sea, comes among us with an honest reliance upon her own merits, that is most refreshing after the many besmirched stars the mother country has been sending us of late. Miss Hastings has a pleasing manner, and is sincere and unaffected. Although the play itself is very amusing, it is not of the deepest profundity, and we hope her talents may soon vivify something less farcical than "Pen and Ink." She can certainly do it.

NOT RECEIVING ANYONE.

WIFE (*to sick husband*): A gentleman down-stairs, John, wishes to see you.

SICK HUSBAND: I 'm too sick to see anyone.

WIFE: It's the minister, John.

SICK HUSBAND: Well, I am not sick enough to see him yet.

GENERAL BOULANGER recently toasted President Cleveland at a French Banquet.

If the war minister would go a little farther and broil Bismarck, he could make himself an Emperor.

THE costumes at the Charity Ball covered a multitude of shins.

VERBUM SAP.

A WARNING TO CHOLLY NOT TO BE "CARRIED AWAY" BY THE FASHION.

A PIECE OF EXTRAVAGANCE.

COUNTRY EDITOR (*soliciting a subscription*): Now, my friend, the *Weekly Bugle* contains all the latest news of the day up to the hour of going to press, and costs but one dollar a year. Can you afford to do without it?

CITIZEN (*hesitatingly*): Well, it may be a trifle extravagant for a man of my limited means, but I'll try to.

WE can only account for some of the costumes at the opera, on the ground that the ladies think that when they go to the diva's they should dress as the divers do.

GRAY hair being fashionable, elderly ladies never say dye.

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OMENS: GOOD AND BAD.

FINDING a horseshoe or a twenty dollar gold piece is a symptom of luck.

* * *

STUB your right toe and you are going where you are wanted—your left, where you are not wanted. Stub both and you will go where you don't want to go yourself.

* * *

IF you leave your wine-closet unlocked, your servant will have a red nose and you will lose your wine.

* * *

IF you see a new moon through the glass, you will have sorrow as long as it lasts; and if you see a nail in the heel of your shoe, you will suffer until you pull it out.

* * *

IF you break a mirror it is a sign that someone will die within the year, and if the mirror belongs to another man you will have to pay for it.

CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL.

OLD GENT (*a warm admirer of youthful sport*): NOW, BOYS, PLUG UP HIS EYE AND KNOCK HIS HAT OFF. BLESS THEIR LITTLE HEARTS, HOW THEY DO ENJOY THAT HEALTHFUL EXERCISE!

OLD GENT (*with equal warmth*): 'OD ROT THOSE LITTLE SCOUNDRELS. THERE'S GOT TO BE A STOP PUT TO THIS INFERNAL SNOWBALLING.

PALMISTRY.

SHE traced with dainty finger,
Upon his open palm,
A fortune of riches and honor
Without one touch of harm.

The line of his life was long,
There was intellect too, she said,
But when she broke at the line of heart,
She gravely shook her head.

"A serious matter already,
And you not twenty-four?
Why not a vestige of heart remains.
Such lines I never saw!"

He bent his head and whispered,
"I'll explain that if I may:
I've not a vestage of heart, because
You've stolen my heart away."

M. W. W.

A BOY who will feign cramps about school-time is indulging in champagne.

ADONIS is now being performed at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia.
Appropriate enough.

THE beggar who asked for a crust, wasn't satisfied when he got it. He wanted the crust of the earth.

SCRAPS.

THERE is a strong movement among the members of Congress to take their feet off their desks during the meetings of that august body, so that the members in the rear seats may see the Speaker.

OUR congratulations to Mr. Hiscock, condolences to Mr. Miller, and thanks to Mr. £. P. Morton who has largely contributed to the result at Albany. It is money makes the mare go, but solid worth sometimes brings the dark horse to the front. Mr. Hiscock is, by a large majority, the most deserving of the triolet who have striven for the senatorial toga, and it is gratifying to note that in these days, when all officers from aldermen to senators have more or less boodle qualifications, a man who owns less than four railroads and a telegraph company, with a reserve fund of valuable franchises, can get to the top.

We trust that Mr. Hiscock will urge Mr. Evarts on to breaking that silence which the past has shown is not due to lack of words, and which at present would seem to indicate a lack of ideas.

AN art museum for Princeton is President McCosh's present desire.

It certainly ought to be established. There are many artistic fossils in Princeton that need an asylum, and, as an example of an old master, Dr. McCosh is a glorious success. But may the old master never be hung!

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BOTH HANDS BUSY.

A NEGRO in Alabama was brought up for stealing a pair of chickens, but declared, solemnly, that he "didn't steal dem ar fowls," declaring, on the other hand, that the complainant had beaten him brutally with a club.

"But," said the judge, "you're twice as large and strong as he is, why didn't you defend yourself?"

"Why, jedge, see hyar; I had a chicken in each hand, an' what's two raw chickens agin' a club?"

ONE of the Chicago clergymen declared the ballet to be "inexcusably fleshy." The reverend gentleman's knowledge of the ballet is superficial. It is not inexcusably "fleshy;" it is inexcusably "saw-dusty."

A PHILADELPHIA EPISODE.

YOUNG MRS. B.: Do tell me, Dr. Gruel, in a really scientific way, do you consider our Schuykill water either healthy or fit to drink?

DR. G. (*who holds a political appointment on the Board of Health*): Viewed in the light of a beverage, its wholesome qualities are abused by many; but if taken by the spoonful, and properly chewed, I consider it both nutritious and toothsome.

IN the light of recent events, the old chestnut that "Britannia rules the waves" seems a trifle idiyachtic.

THE REBOUND.

Mrs. Grudge: WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE POSSESSED MRS. BROWN TO TELL ME YOUR MOTHER KEPT A BOARDING-HOUSE, MRS. PARVENUE?

Sally Parvenue (*who is precocious*): PERHAPS IT WAS THE SAME REASON THAT MADE HER TELL MAMMA YOUR FATHER DROVE A HACK.

Binks intends visiting the Lenox Library, and hearing there are no seats in that temple of luxury, he hits upon a device which will add materially to his wife's comfort.

It works beautifully, and they begin to feel themselves repaid for all the red-tape required to effect an entrance, when they hear a footstep in the corridor.

In his agitation, he pulls too soon the string for concealing the device, and with the above result. Binks now shares the popular sentiments in regard to the L. L. as an educator.

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AN IMPARTIAL JUDGE.

"YOU have heard all the evidence," said the judge in summing up, "you have also heard what the learned counsel have said. If you believe what the counsel for the plaintiff has told you, your verdict will be for the plaintiff; but if, on the other hand, you believe what the defendant's counsel has told you, then you will give a verdict for the defendant. But if you are like me, and don't believe what either of them have said, then I'll be hanged if I know what you will do."—*Ex.*

A CARD.—We return many thanks to those noble workers, in saving our household effects on Sunday last. May His shining smile guide all in future, and may His frowns follow those who pillaged so heavily after all was saved.—ALEX. OLDHAM.—*Ex.*

A CHESTNUT WORTH PRESERVING.

A STORY is told of a man of a very silent disposition, who, riding in his gig over a bridge, turned about and asked his servant if he liked eggs. The man replied "Yes, sir." Nothing more was said on the subject till the following year, when driving over the same bridge again, the master suddenly turned again to his servant, and said, "How?" to which the man promptly responded, "Poached, sir!"

BOUND TO HAVE THE DOLL.

A VERY little miss was busy yesterday amusing herself with her doll, when she was observed to pause suddenly and think intently for a moment. Then, turning to her mother, she said: "Mamma, when I die, can I take my dollie to heaven?" "No, my child; they don't have dolls in heaven." Whereupon the little one indignantly exclaimed: "Den I'll take my dollie to hell and play by de fire."—*Buffalo Courier.*

CARDS UNNECESSARY.

TWO ladies had an amusing experience in making a formal call at a house on Linwood Avenue the other day. The maid asked them to wait until she ascertained whether the persons inquired for were in. Presently she tripped down-stairs, and announced that "the ladies were not at home." One of the callers, finding that she had forgotten her cards, said to her friend: "Let me write my name on your card." "Oh, it isn't at all necessary, Miss ——," put in the maid, cheerfully, "I told them who it was!" *Exeunt ambo*, with suppressed emotion.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

COLORED WORSHIPPER: Mistah Clarence, wasn't dem Patriarchs of old de mos' forgetfullest men you ebber knowed of?

MR. C.: How so, Mr. Johnson?

MR. J.: Why, I heered de preacher at my house ob worship, read out de good book, time an' time again, how Abraham he ferget Isaac, an' Isaac he ferget Jacob, an' Jacob he ferget a whole lot moah. 'Pears like dem Patriarchs couldn't 'member anybody.—*Pittsburgh Bulletin.*

BOUND TO BE WITH THE ENGLISH.

PONSONBY: Awthaw, I'm going to take a spin in my cutter this afternoon. Will you join me?

DE TWIRLIGER: With pleasure, dear boy, but where is the snow?

PONSONBY: "Awthaw, I'm actually shocked. Haven't you heard of the great snow-storm in England?—*Philadelphia Call.*

"WELL, that's just like the cheek of these foreign artists," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "What is?" asked her husband. "Why, that man, Munkacsy is coming back here next summer to paint Niagara Falls, and I believe he'll just spoil them, so I do."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

WIFE: You talked in your sleep last night, John, and you mentioned mother's name.

HUSBAND: That so? It must have been that mince pie I ate before going to bed.—*Harper's Bazar.*

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body-Brussels, at every repeat of the pattern. Look carefully to the trade-marks and be sure you get the genuine LOWELL carpets.

For nearly Half a Century
LOWELL CARPETS
Have been acknowledged to be the
BEST.
The grade has never been lowered, and the Company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.
Sold by all First-class Dealers.

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Tuesday Evening, Jan. 18th, for the First Time in this country, Shakespeare's Comedy of Contrasts, in five acts, entitled THE TAMING OF THE SHREW, with Mr. Drew, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Fisher, Mr. George Clarke, Mr. Skinner, Mr. Joseph Holland, Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Leclercq, Mr. Bond, Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Dreher, Miss Gordon and Miss Rehan in the chief parts.

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HELEN HASTINGS IN A NEW COMEDY, ENTITLED
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To injurious tight lacing many of the ills of suffering womankind is, with truth, attributable; yet, many society leaders owe their recent noticeable improved form to the skill of a corsetière who makes the systematic graduation of stays her peculiar study. The accuracy with which she fits, contributes comfort, and, by her system of gradually readjusting superfluous flesh, reduces redundancy, lengthens the waist, and prepares for the modiste the correct-shaped and flexible frame upon which to build the outer dress. Miss T. I. SCHNEIDER, of No. 274 Sixth Avenue, receives the distinction of accomplishing all that the above indicates, and her numerous patrons pronounce her corsets the acme of perfection, comfort and elegance.

THE hotel clerk was studying his chin through a small hand-mirror, when a guest said:

"One moment, sir, please."

The clerk continued his investigation intently.

"One moment, sir, if you please," repeated the guest.

And still the clerk's absorbing occupation went on. Finally he turned slowly, and said:

"Well, sir, what do you want?"

"I want to buy the earth," said the guest, "if you don't ask too much money for it."—*N. Y. Sun.*

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"DID you ever try a toboggan?" asked Tom Reed of the Hon. Frank Lawler.

"No," replied Frank, scornfully. "I don't believe in them fancy drinks. I always take mine plain and old-fashioned."—*Washington Critic.*

CHICAGO MAN: You seem wonderfully interested in that paper, Jinks; anything stirring?

ST. LOUIS MAN: Oh, no; but you see it's a home paper sent me from St. Louis." "Oh, that's it!" "Yes. I was reading a remarkably good article, entitled: 'The Horse Car Must Go!'" "Humph! Don't even the horse cars go in that town?"—*Omaha World.*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES got mad at his breakfast table the other day. He opened a Western paper that had been sent to him, and read that: "A young man, named Holmes, has been turning out some very pretty verses in Boston recently, and we hope to give our readers the pleasure of perusing some of his work in the near future."—*Puck.*

DOWN in Ohio a woman had a drummer arrested for winking at her. When the trial came off, it was found that the eye which she claimed he wunk, was a very clever glass imitation of the human optic. Of course this put a stop to the suit, but she was bound to get square with somebody, so she found out where the eye was made, and presented a bill to the firm for the advertising she had given them.—*Peck's Sun.*

Down where Southern winds are blowing,
Where two rippling rivers meet,
There's a sweet *Magnolia* growing,
Shedding incense faint and sweet.
(ATKINSON found its retreat.)

PROF. LOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a *perfectly* pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

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SONGS 100 new and popular songs sent free to all who send 4 cents to pay postage, 100 pieces choice music 6 cents. Catalogue free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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THE SEVEN CUTICURA BOYS.

These seven beautiful boys owe their beauty of skin, luxuriance of hair, purity of blood, and freedom from hereditary taint of humors to the celebrated CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Thousands of children are born into the world every day with some eczematous affection, such as milk crust, scall head, scurf or dandruff, sure to develop into an agonizing eczema, the itching, burning, and disfiguration of which make life a prolonged torture unless properly treated.

A warm bath with CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, and a single application of CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure, with a little CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the New Blood Purifier, is often sufficient to arrest the progress of the disease, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

Your most valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES have done my child so much good that I feel like saying this for the benefit of those who are troubled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Eczema, and I tried several doctors and medicines, but did not do her any good until I used the CUTICURA REMEDIES, which speedily cured her, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.
ANTON BOSSMIER, Edinburgh, Ind.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Our oldest child, now six years of age, when an infant six months old, was attacked with a virulent, malignant skin disease. All ordinary remedies failing, we called our family physician, who attempted to cure it; but it spread with almost incredible rapidity, until the lower portion of the little fellow's person, from the middle of his back down to his knees, was one solid rash, ugly, painful, blotched, and malicious. We had no rest at night, no peace by day. Finally, we were advised to try the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The effect was simply marvellous. In three or four weeks a complete cure was wrought, leaving the little fellow's person as white and healthy as though he had never been attacked. In my opinion, your valuable remedies saved his life, and to-day he is a strong, healthy child, perfectly well, no repetition of the disease having ever occurred.
GEO. B. SMITH,
Att'y at Law and Ex-Pros. Att'y, Ashland, O.
REFERENCE: J. G. Weist, Druggist, Ashland, O.

One year ago the CUTICURA and SOAP cured a little girl in our house of the worst sore head we ever saw, and the RESOLVENT and CUTICURA are now curing a young gentleman of a sore leg, while the physicians are trying to have it amputated. It will save his leg.
S. B. SMITH & BRO.,
Covington, Ky.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

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GENUINE VICHY
IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.
GRANDE GRILLE — Diseases of the Liver.
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VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1887.

NUMBER 214.

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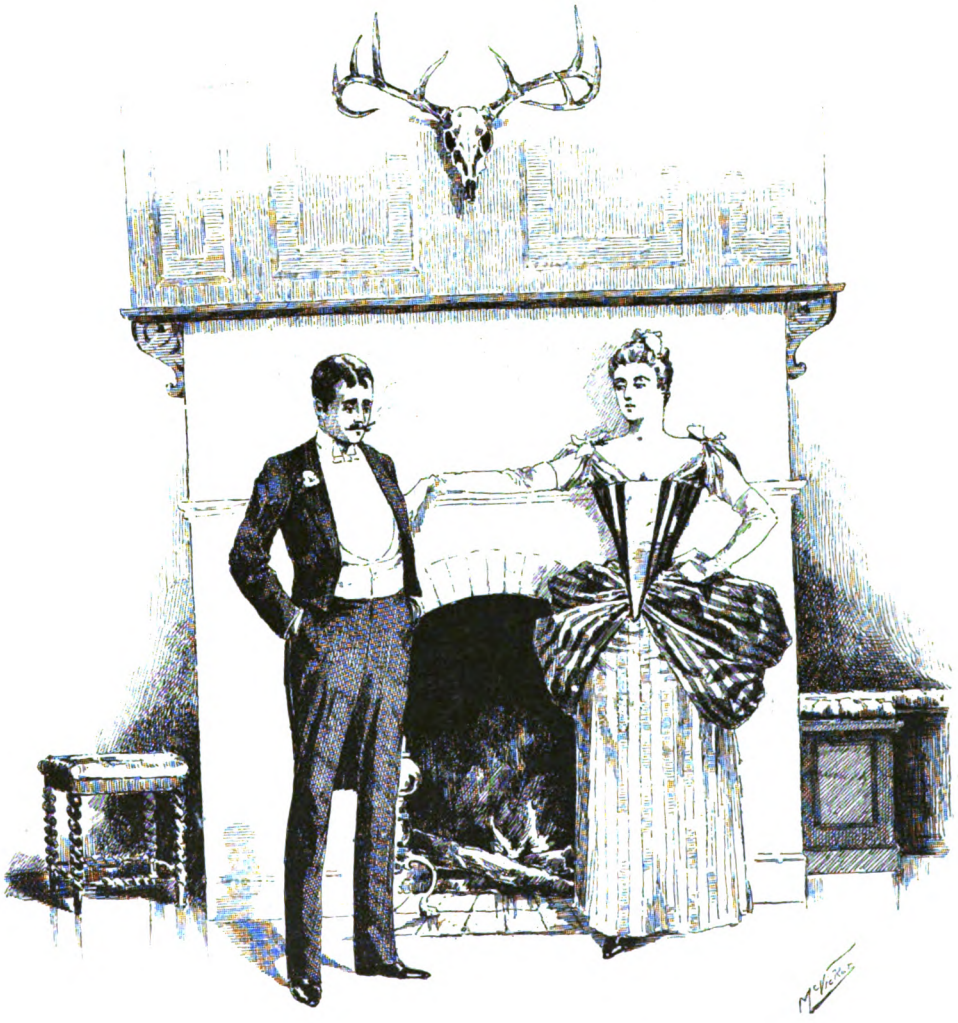

THE VOICE OF WARNING.

Charley Haitewater: DO YOU NOTICE HOW SEPULCHRAL MY VOICE IS?

Mrs. C. H.: THAT IS QUITE NATURAL, MY DEAR; IT COMES FROM THE PLACE OF DEPARTED SPIRITS, YOU KNOW.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 3, 1887. No. 214.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

OUR brethren of the Methodist and Baptist folds resident in Philadelphia complain of the American Opera Company, and say it presents an indecent ballet. Our Methodist neighbors call upon their chief of police to stop its degrading exhibitions. The Methodists affirm, that after shocking Philadelphia by its performances, it went out and scandalized the wickedest towns of the West, and now has come back with added horrors to demoralize the Quaker City.

What's the matter? Is the American Opera Company's ballet any worse than any other opera company's ballet, that it starts such a tempest of expostulation? Is it a fact that objections are made to it everywhere except in New York, and that what saves it here is the fact that no one notices it for looking at the side shows in the boxes?

Oh no, we cannot think so. The trouble must be either that the Philadelphia complainants are not educated up to the ballet, or that they have not seen it. Is it possible that they have heard that the denunciation of the Chicago brethren were followed by free tickets to the clergy?

* * *

ONE of our morning contemporaries saw fit to publish the other day a long article concerning General Grant's attitude on the rum question at certain critical junctures of the war. The article in question included a private letter of warning, written by General Rawlins to General Grant, bidding him, as he valued all that was dear to him, to keep a pledge he had made, and let intoxicants entirely alone. The article demonstrated pretty clearly that General Grant came near a pretty disastrous fall, and was only saved by the exercise of his will, aided by Rawlins's influence.

Divers of our other contemporaries have denounced the publication of these documents as a blow aimed at Grant's reputation, and prompted by malice. Whatever may have been the motive of the publication, it won't really hurt Grant's fame. That is a finished monument that has been put together to stay. To our mind, Grant is so important a figure in history, that it is worth while that the whole truth about him shall come out. It is an interesting circumstance, valuable to every struggling man, that while this great captain had to concentrate his energies on the conduct of a great campaign, to command armies and carry vast responsibilities, he had at the same time to fight a battle with himself. That he won battle-fights is part of history. The more the truth appears, the greater must be the respect of wise men for the victor against such odds.

A false notion that the same story has provoked is that credit given to Rawlins is taken from Grant. The truth is, the nobler and wiser Rawlins's character appears, the more is Grant to be admired for recognizing that he was worthy, and trusting him implicitly.

In a world where hosts of men grow weak and fall, the lesson of a life in which infirmities were overcome, and a great character developed from adverse beginnings, is not one that can be spared. Life is a struggle at the best, and the more desperate the fight, the more glorious the victory.

* * *

WHAT is the matter with the anti-saloon movement in the Republican party? Nothing, unless it is that the movement is limited by being named Republican. Saloons are no good. At any rate, one in a block is enough. Tax them! Bleed them for licenses until nine-tenths of them, at least, are closed. LIFE doesn't believe in Prohibition, not because rum is not an evil, but because prohibition does not prohibit. But though the liquor traffic cannot be stopped entirely, it can be kept within bounds. Here's toward you, anti-saloonists. So long as your aim is purely to shut up rum-shops, and does not degenerate into a dodge for scooping the Prohibition vote into the Republican net, LIFE is with you.

* * *

THESE are lively times for Professor Alexander Graham Bell. He is the patentee of a very valuable machine, and this week a cloud of lawyers are besieging the Supreme Court in behalf of rival inventors who want to take his toy away from him. When he gets through at Washington, there will be another suit for him to meet in Boston. Let justice be done, even though it costs a pretty penny to get it! Out in the western part of New York State, people allude to Professor Bell and his company as extortionate monopolists, and if the Bell patent is broken in a fair fight, there will be some rejoicing.

* * *

A VERY curious feature of contemporary life in America is the practice of rich corporations to hire private armies to fight their personal enemies. Are there no police and no militia that Pinkerton's troops are tolerated?

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BISMARCK QUI CITO DAT.

HOW doth the little Bizzy B
Improve his waxing power,
And plot against his Europee—
An neighbors every hour.

He buzzes here and buzzes there,
Each fizzy feud to fan;
When they fall out, then he falls in,
And scoops what'er he can.

O. H.

RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

"I SAY, Dumley," remarked Robinson, with some indignation, "I hear you have reported about that I owe you money."

"You have owed me twenty dollars for several years."

"That may be, but I don't owe you anything now. That twenty dollar debt became outlawed the first of the year. You ought not to spread damaging reports about a man," concluded the still indignant Robinson.

THE SIN OF IT.

AN Episcopal clergyman was asked recently if he though dancing a sin. "Yes," responded the worthy rector—"Yes, a great sin—*if you don't dance well!*"

IT has been asserted that Poe wrote his blood-curdling story of "The Black Cat" while under the influence of delirium tremens. This may or may not be, but we have always believed that when he wrote his famous crow poem, he was a raven maniac.

SCRAPS.

THE only safeguard we can provide against the police is a law requiring the officer to shoot at an innocent pedestrian when a thief attempts to escape.

Under such circumstances the thief would have but one chance in a hundred of not being hurt.

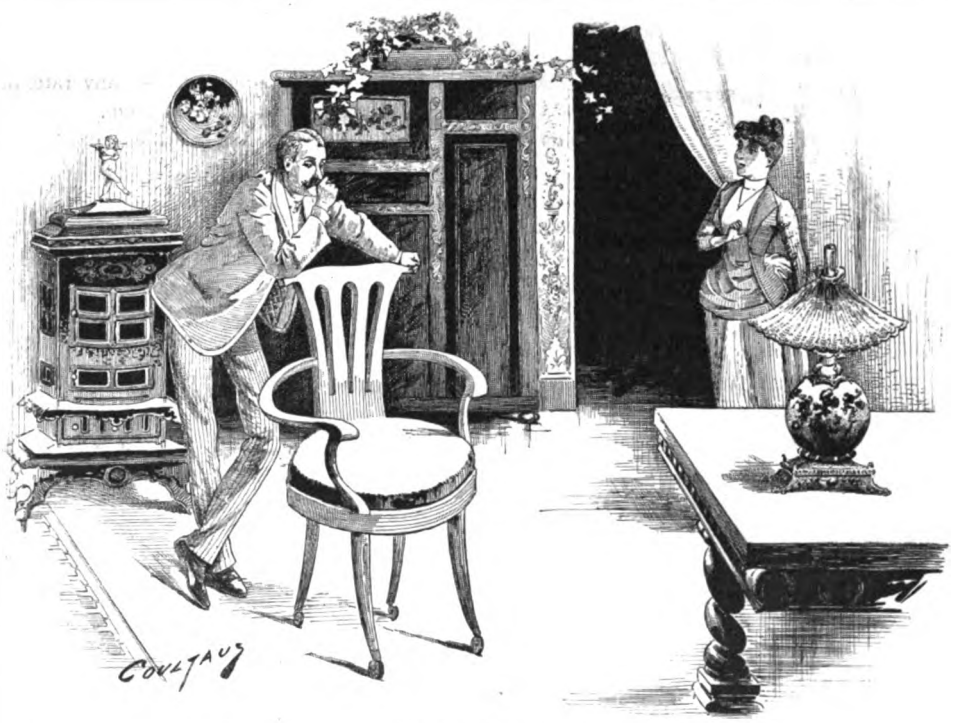
* * *

A VERY profane theatrical note states that Miss Eastlake plays *Helle* in Wilson Barrett's "Clito."

Sheol do well to revise her part before she tries it on the New England provincial towns.

* * *

SENATORS in France receive a salary of $1,750. It is a losing investment for the statesmen in this country.



IDIOMATIC.

Julia: HAVEN'T YOU PUT UP THE STOVE YET?
Harry (who is very short): JOVE! I WONDER HOW MUCH I COULD GET ON IT.

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SINLESS ENOUGH.

THEY sat around the polished board—
'Twas Sunday evening, too—
And played a wicked gambling game
Which some have christened Loo

A pious-minded man there came,
And highly shocked was he,
A gambling on a Sunday night,
These wicked youths to see.

But to his fuming one replied,
"Don't try, old man, to sit on
Us fellows here for playing cards,
It's Monday morn in Britain."

* * *

TERRIBLE EFFECT OF THE COAL STRIKE IN SHANTY TOWN.

* * *

A RURAL exchange tells how, when the news of Mr. Hiscock's election reached the town, the mayor shouted himself hoarse.

What freaks some people do make of themselves.

* * *

THE coal strikers hope to obtain a large enough increase in wages to cover the rise in the price of a scuttle of anthracite.

These strikes are great things!

* * *

UNLESS the weather moderates, the Chamber of Commerce will have a brass derby cast for the Dodge statue.

* * *

THE silver men think that most men's appreciation of dollars evens up the depreciation of the dollar itself.

MRS. JAMES GOWN TROTTER is not only an accomplished amateur actress, but she is a superb amateur pastry maker.

Her celebrated Recamier Cream Puff is still the talk of society.

* * *

IF one should judge from the name, John L. Sullivan, and not Sir Arthur, ought to be responsible for Ruddygore.

* * *

WHEN Mr. Evarts does open his mouth, the Atlantic cable won't hold the sentence.

* * *

A LITTLE colored boy in the Senate gallery last week yelled out, "Hey, Boodle!" and nineteen senators, irrespective of party, jumped to their feet and resented what they called a personal insult.

* * *

THE English people are going to have a Jubilee this year, because Queen Victoria has occupied a front seat in the kingdom for fifty years. This is a very long time, and it reflects considerable credit on the lady that she has behaved herself to the entire satisfaction of her people for so extended a period.

If William IV. had been more of a gentleman, and had given up his seat to the lady when she first stepped aboard the Royal car, the Jubilee would have been more of a success, inasmuch as it would probably have included those two busy B's, Messrs. Brown and Beaconsfield, in the programme, both of whom would have added an *éclat* to the affair, which it now lacks.

As an appendage to a jubilee, Mr. Salisbury is about as useful as a tin-horn at a funeral, and the Poet-Laureate is in such a frame of mind that his jubilate will probably transpire to be a dirge of the deepest dye.

The effect of this celebration on the nation will, however, be good, and the settlement of the course for the Jubilee Yacht Race, including a sail around Ireland, will be regarded by the thinking people of that benighted land as a most gracious attention on the part of Her Majesty.

The Prince of Wales is getting a smile of joy in training for the great day, so as to convince the loyal subjects that he hopes his dear mother will hang on for fifty years more, while Her Majesty herself is cultivating condescension by graciously accepting such little presents as her subjects are disposed to shower upon her.

Altogether this jubilee is a good thing to have, and none will join more heartily in this general rejoicing than the native-born American citizen, when he sends a boat across the seas, and brings the English Yachtsman face to face with the stern reality of our American racing craft.

Geo. W. Me.

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BOOKISHNESS.

THE OLD AND THE NEW STYLE OF FICTION.

IN a short flight of fancy, called "The Monarch of Dreams" (Lee & Shepard), T. W. Higginson has given us a glimpse of the old Hawthornesque allegory, with its severe moral undertone, yet touched with gleams of humor and most delicate imagination. It is a kind of literary art which the readers of to-day do not appreciate. The colors are not strong enough; the background is too vague and immaterial.

Even the obtuse will, however, thank Mr. Higginson for the quiet humor which remarks the survival of idealism in Rhode Island, and asserts that "It is the only State in the American Union where chief-justices habitually write poetry, and prosperous manufacturers print essays on the 'Freedom of the Will.'"

* * *

IN *Harper's* for February, Mr. Howells says some very true things about the excellence of the American short story. He rightly ranks the stories by women as "faithfuller and more realistic than those of the men." The reason for this lies on the surface. American short stories are as a rule domestic, and in this atmosphere woman lives and has her whole emotional and mental being.

It can also be truthfully added that in this country of opportunity for business and professional success, very few men of health, grit and force can see anything intellectual or manly in the weaving of stories for effeminate readers. There is a hearty contempt among the stalwart young men of to-day for the whole school of "realists" who differentiate pretty little spasms of pride, envy or love, and imagine they are "studying human nature." If the realists were half as acute in their observations as they would have us believe them to be, long ere this would they have discovered the full force and prevalence of this contempt for their methods.

There are several surprising inaccuracies (for a realist) in Mr. Howells' essay. He praises one of W. H. Bishop's short stories as not easily forgotten, but calls it "One of the *Twenty* Pieces," missing the biblical allusion on which the story turns. He speaks of the author of "Vice Versa" as Mr. Anst*ie*, an error which is hardly typographical. We are also told that each of the great American magazines has a currency as large as that of the *Petit Journal* in France, which is not true by several hundred thousand copies.

As Mr. Howells would perhaps put it, these statements seem to have been "written in the spirit of expiring romance."

In the same magazine Mr. Howells begins his story "April Hopes," with a description of Harvard Class-Day. The *Harvard Crimson* is moved to say: "It is a clever description enough, though one would judge that Mr. Howells has not seen a class-day for the last seven years, on account of certain little inaccuracies which are noticeable to the initiated." All in all, the great apostle of Realism is relying too much on his untrained imagination.

New Yorker (*who has been showing his English friend the city*): DID YOU EVER SEE A PLAY CALLED "THE STREETS OF NEW YORK?"

English Friend: NO; BUT I HAVE SEEN THE STREETS OF NEW YORK AFTER A THAW, YOU KNOW, AND THERE IS NOTHING LIKE THEM IN EUROPE.

WITH the quality of American short stories so admittedly high, one can hardly understand how Mr. Grant Allen, an English writer, was permitted to furnish to the same number of *Harper's* a sketch so absolutely silly and weak as "Leonard Arundel's Recovery." That a young man should suffer blindness from a simple cataract for twenty years without an operation is bad enough in these days of enlightened surgery; but that the author should afflict his heroine with a fever in order to change the shade of her hair, when a little soda and water would have produced a more beautiful effect, cannot be justified on any principle of literary art or common humanity.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

SCRAPS OF PHILOSOPHY for Skeptics. By "Rudolf" Deist. Knoxville: J. R. Zuberbachler.

The Story of the Normans. Told chiefly in relation to their conquest of England. By Sarah Orne Jewett. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Life of Thomas Hart Benson. By Theodore Roosevelt. American Statesman Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

POINTS FOR THE DELEGATE FROM UTAH.

THERE is a movement on foot to secure a constitutional amendment providing for uniform marriage laws throughout the States and Territories; and it would seem that we must either abrogate the matrimonial policy of the Mormons, or adopt it ourselves. As Mr. Caine, the territorial delegate from Utah, will doubtless urge the latter course, and as the vigor of his arguments so far has not equaled his enthusiasm, it may not be amiss to aid a forlorn and friendless statesman by outlining for him a few arguments in favor of Mormon polygamy and its universal adoption.

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I. Polygamous affection is *real*. It has been repeatedly demonstrated that a man can consistently love a great many women simultaneously. Solomon assuredly did, and, in addition to adoring his numerous wives, was able to conjure up a platonic affection for the Queen of Sheba.

II. It is more generous in a man to share his patronymic with several ladies than to give it all to one—and probably compel her to surrender it in the end.

III. It is well known that in a given population the males and females are numerically equal; and it is argued that monogamy is a natural law—there being one woman to every man—and that universal polygamy would be unnatural in giving one husband so many wives as to leave some other man in enforced celibacy. To this it may be retorted that *some* men ought not to have wives, whereas *every* woman ought to have a husband. Moreover, as the monopolization of wives continued, the demand for them, irrespective of attractions, would increase so enormously that, before enforced bachelorhood could result, the old maid would have to disappear from society—the removal of which factor may be presented as a compensatory boon. And although the discomfiture of the spinster would be transferred to the bachelor, yet, to be regarded as a grim joke rather than a sociological monstrosity, would be an improvement in his status.

IV. But, furthermore, the system is so beautifully self-regulating that the seemingly unfair distribution of wives would correct itself, for it must be remembered that the death of a *few* husbands would flood the matrimonial market with a *multitude of widows*, who could be depended upon to allure and supply the surplus of bachelors. After all, bachelorhood would be merely a matrimonial detention; widowhood—a brief interregnum. Thus would we defer to the laws of population, and maintain, through a pleasing variety of oscillations, the equilibrium of conjugal partnership, and, at the same time that we eliminated the perpetual maiden from the problem, we would see the sourness of bachelorhood neutralized by the chastened sweetness of widowhood—and the widow's pangs of bereavement assuaged by the bachelor's sense of long dispossession.

V. Americans possess liberty and equality, but what we want is *fraternity*, and the Mormon community is a close approximation to a universal brotherhood of actual consanguinity.

VI. Mormonism and patriotism are synonymous, for every Mormon feels that, to some extent, he is the father of his country.

VII. If, like the Mormon, every man would contract new alliances at fixed times, he could gain a livelihood from dowries or the proceeds of wedding gifts, and could render his married life a perpetual honeymoon redolent of orange-blossoms, and brightened by the comforting reflection that he could never become a widower—although enjoying a widower's freedom.

VIII. 'A man's *bride* is always an angel, his *wife* is often a shrew; but unless he happens to live in New England or Pennsylvania, he must abide by his contract and suffer. Not so the fortunate Mormon. If one wife frowns upon him, he can say, "Yet have I another." He leaves Amanda to her wrath for a season, and devotes himself to Clarissa, until from jealousy Amanda beams upon him again. This is the healthful sort of competition which is the life of matrimony as well as trade. It is a counter-irritant for connubial troubles, and it retains the glamour of illicit flirtation without its immorality.

IX. The Mormon household is not a domestic bedlam, a pandemonium, or a sewing society. The wives do not all talk at once, and in the marriage contract the husband reserves an inalienable right to move the previous question. In high council, he is chairman of all he surveys, and if any wife takes the floor without catching his eye, she is confronted with the mace, which is fashioned to resemble the domestic poker.

X. There is a division of labor among the wives, and, as the household is divided into departments, all the cares do not fall upon one woman. Thus woman, released from the thraldom of centuries of monogamy, and no longer a housekeeping automaton, can devote some time to her social and intellectual culture, and realize the dream of Mr. John Stuart Mill, who, were it practicable, would endorse these remarks.

XI. Under the proposed system of polygamy, mothers-in-law would, of course, be pitted against each other, and internal dissensions of the wives would create a diversion in favor of a henpecked husband. Thus, while the subjugation of woman ends, the supremacy of man is strengthened.

XII. Moreover, a man could give his motherless children a stepmother's fostering care without offending them or introducing a raw hand into the family.

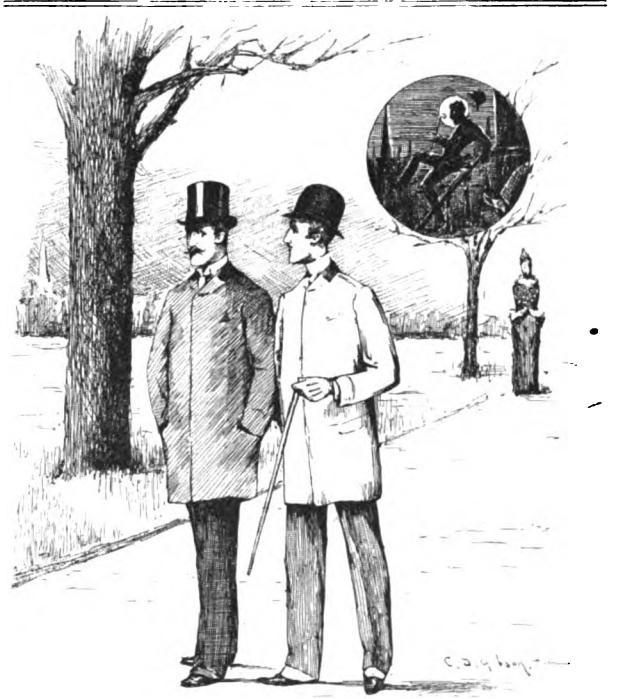
XIII. The only serious argument against polygamy is the argument of spring bonnets; but, by the simple device of marrying a few milliners, even this may be invalidated.

Eureka Bendall.

TO THE ELF ON MY CALENDAR.

SWEET Elf, you'll pipe a merry tune,
Make days and months all gladness,
The clear, bright note you sound in June,
Will cheer December's sadness.

You'll never pout on rainy days,
Nor when it's cold will shiver,
But sit serene and sing your lays.
May Old Time bless the giver! *Droch.*



A MATTER OF NERVE.

Boggs: WHY DID YOU LEAVE OFF GOING TO SEE MISS SIMPKINS SO SUDDENLY?

Dix: I COULDN'T STAND THE WEAR AND TEAR ON MY NERVES.

Vide upper right-hand corner for the "wear and tear."

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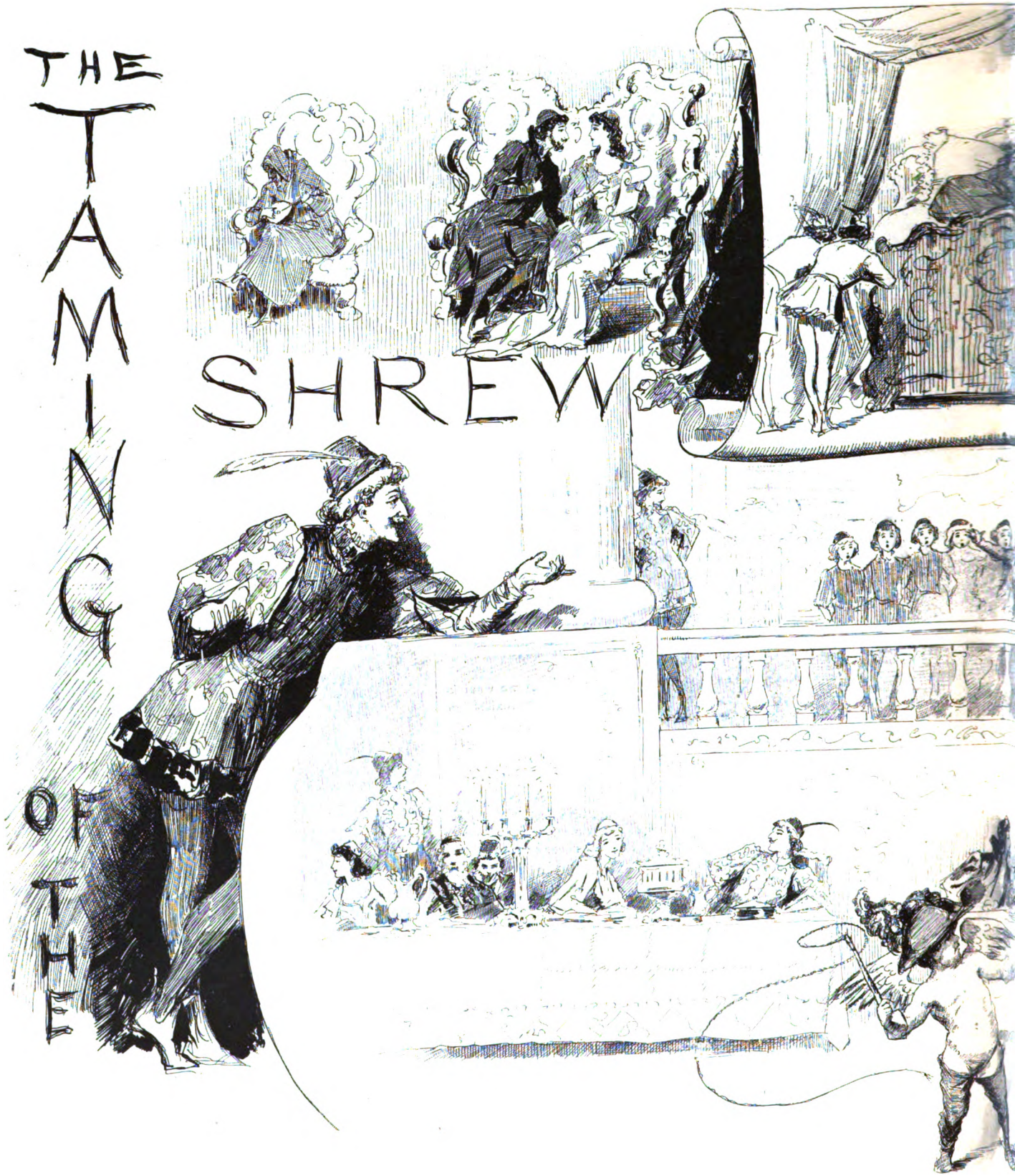

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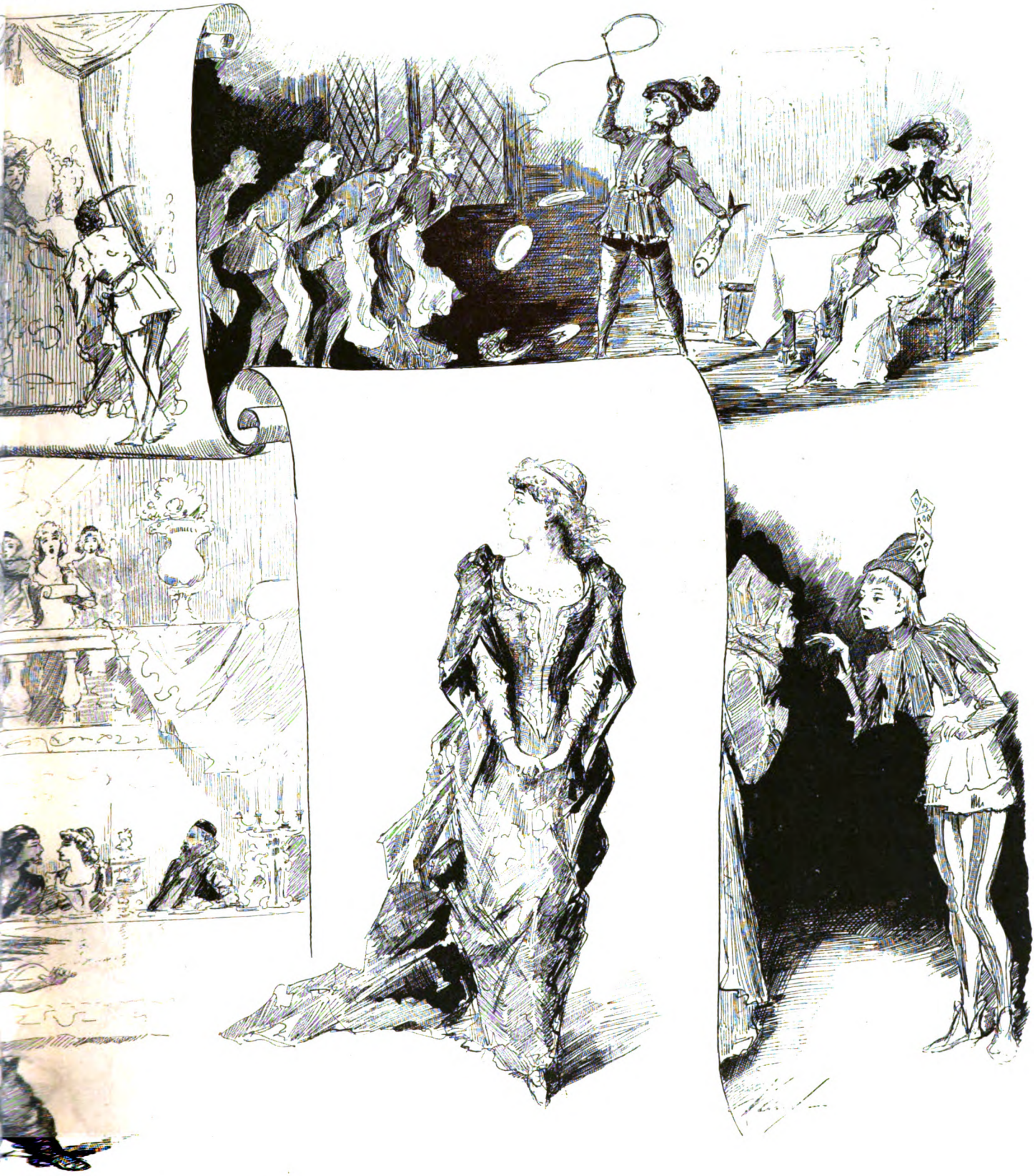

REVIVAL AT DALY'S.

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THAT the "Taming of the Shrew" at Daly's is the most notable success of the year is beyond all question. The mature judgment of those capable of forming an opinion has been that Mr. Daly's talented company have climbed several of the steps which lead to the pinnacle of everlasting fame by their delightful rendition of Shakespeare's work. The critics have been unusually sparing in their adverse comments, and it is something to have secured their unanimous praise.

The sumptuousness of the scenery, and beauty as well as accuracy of the costuming are in themselves a feature of Mr. Daly's revival, and are in every respect worthy of the manager from whom we have been lead to expect, if not perfection, at least as nearly that as is attainable.

It is a great pleasure to add our quota of the praise due to both manager and company, and to say that the only regret we have, after viewing such a performance, is that Mr. William Shakespeare himself could not have been as highly favored.

For the benefit of those who, like the Divine Bard, have been unable to be present, we have reproduced a few of the leading scenes as they have appeared to our artist, and feel that the importance of the occasion fully justifies the space and position allotted them.

* * *

THE admirers of Miss Rose Coghlan will be glad to hear that she will once more appear on Metropolitan boards in a character which she has made peculiarly her own, *Lady Gay Spanker* in "London Assurance." The stage has of late been too largely occupied by sensational drivel and miserable persiflage, and it will be a relief to the old theatre-goers who pine for the glories of former days, to pass an evening with an old favorite in one of her old successes.

The reappearance of Miss Coghlan will be one of the events of the theatrical season, and many who have watched her career as a star with interest will be on hand next Monday night, at the Union Square Theatre, to testify that, though she has been lost to sight, she still retains countless friends among the very fickle New York theatre-going public.

* * *

MR. GEORGE RIDDLE is to read Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" on the evening of February 5th, at Chickering Hall, assisted by the Symphony Society's orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Frank Damrosch; the vocal parts by the Normal College Alumnæ Choral Society. Fraulein Klein and Fraulein Franconi, of the Metropolitan Opera House, will also assist, and the event promises to be one of unusual interest.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE.

"I NOTICED," said the Professor opening his napkin so as to drop the bill it contained under the table, "when I dined with Mr. Van Sikes last night, that dinner was announced by the servant in person, not by the clang of the bell. It was a pleasing innovation."

"Well, Professor," said the Landlady amiably, "if it was so pleasing to you, I will adopt the same system here."

"Oh, indeed, don't, Mrs. Fogg," said the Professor, putting four more lumps of sugar into his coffee. "Don't think of it—where you have mutton four times a week and veal the rest of the time, the clang of the bell is a most appropriate reminder."

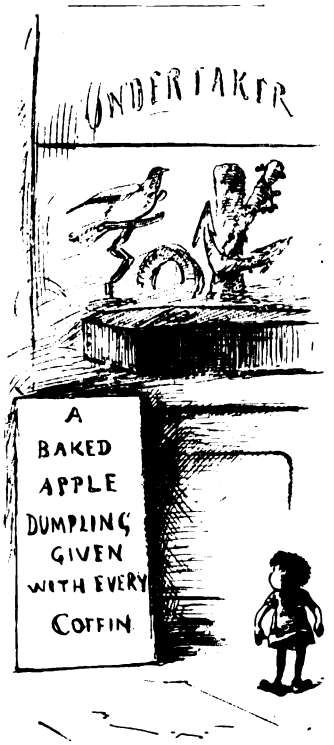
And the crisp and casual manner in which Mrs. Fogg recovered the bill from beneath the board and thrust it into the Professor's hand, told too truly that she was deeply conscious of his meaning.

MR. HENRY NORMAN, the accomplished Editor of a popular Annual, complains that his story as printed in the American Edition was devoid of plot and point owing to the omission of the last three pages.

The funny part of this is that none of the critics noticed the omission.

A POPULAR actress states that her new costumes are revelations.

She must be going into the ballet.



ENTERPRISE IN THE SMALL-POX DISTRICT.

Empty Mortal: WISH'T I WAS A CORPSE.

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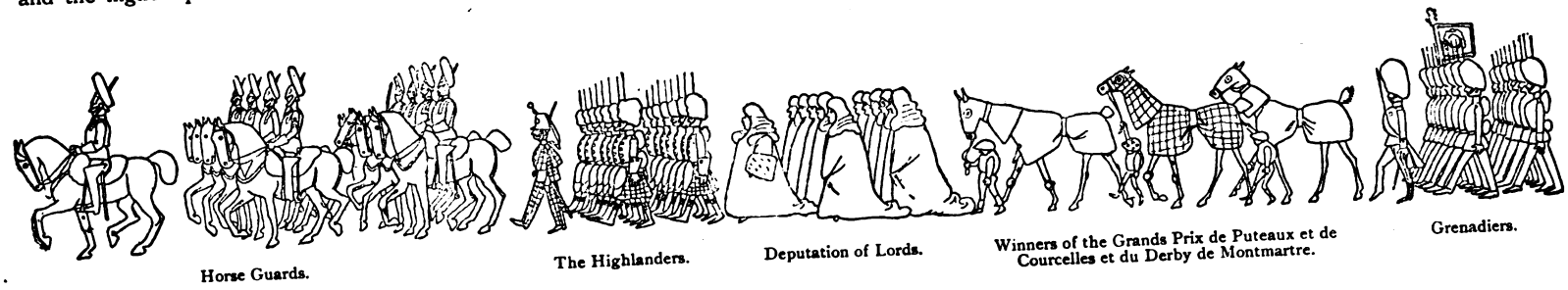
THE MARRIAGE OF AN ENGLISH JOCKEY.

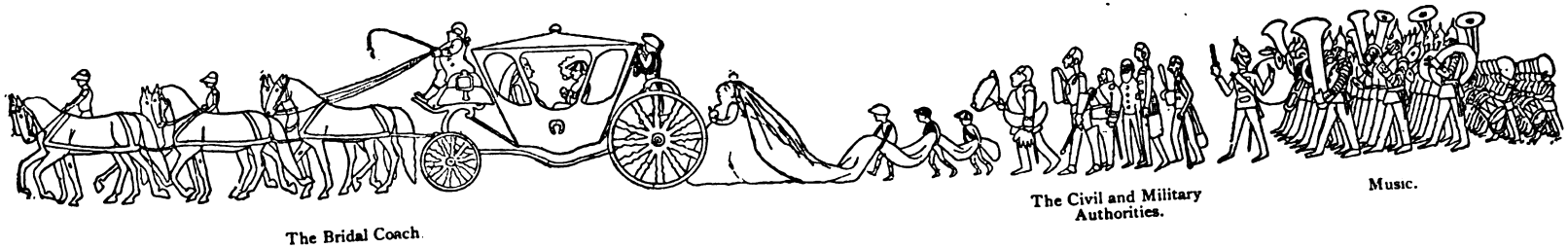
Le Figaro.

IT is known with what pomp and glory the funeral of the jockey, Fred. Archer, has been celebrated. It is nothing, however, compared with the marriage soon to be celebrated at London between the *entraineur* Harris Knight and Miss Betsy Knocks, the daughter of a bookmaker of the city. The cortege will create a sensation, and will prove to civilized Europe that England, alone in the world, knows how to render appropriate honors to the bravery and the higher qualities of the chivalry of the turf.



Horse Guards. The Highlanders. Deputation of Lords. Winners of the Grands Prix de Puteaux et de Courcelles et du Derby de Montmartre. Grenadiers.

The Presents. The Lord Mayor. The Family. More Highlanders. The Friends. The Blues.



The Bridal Coach. The Civil and Military Authorities. Music.

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MR. MONEYBAGS HAS BURIED HIS THIRD WIFE. CAN YOU FANCY A WOMAN MARRYING THE OLD MONSTER?

WELL, HE *is* UGLY, BUT THEN HE DOES GIVE SUCH MAGNIFICENT FUNERALS!

A TEST CASE.

O'BRIEN: Phat the divil be yez doing under the horse's feet, enny way?

MULLIGAN: Drive on, yer fool; I want to find out if me loife is insured in a reliable company.

PROBLEM SOLVED.

BOARDING-HOUSE KEEPER: You old fraud! how do you walk around if you are blind?

BEGGAR: I be'ant blind in me legs, mum?

WHILE celebrating the anniversary of Benjamin Franklin's birthday the other evening, one of the speakers remarked that "the works of Charles Dickens can be bought for twenty cents a pound, which is cheaper than beefsteak." This is quite true, yet there are times in the lives of all of us when a pound of beefsteak, compared with the whole catalogue of Dickens's literary labors, is as a mountain to a mole-hill.

STOLEN SWEETS.

BROWN: Why don't you spread your umbrella?

COLES: Well, to tell you the truth, I'm afraid some one in the crowd will recognize it.

BROWN: Then why do you carry it?

COLES: Afraid some one will call for it while I'm out.

A MILLIONAIRE TUCRE.

SAID a maid, "I will marry for lucre,"
And her scandalized ma almost shucre;
But when the chance came,
And she told the good dame,
I notice she did not rebucre.

DOCTORS say the corset must go. But they are wrong, the corset has come to stay.

ONLY ONE FAULT.

BILLETTS says that he has a cook, a good creature, who has but one fault. She can't cook.

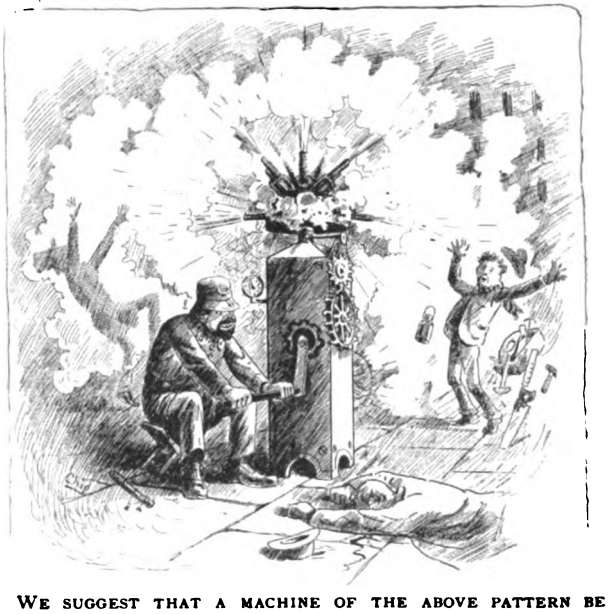
A BLACKGUARD—A negro on picket duty.

LOOKING AHEAD.

"PLEASE, ma'am, will you give me something to eat? I haven't had a morsel to-day," said a tramp at a farm-house.

"Why, man, what do you mean?" said the lady, "you've got a large loaf of bread under your arm. Why don't you eat that?"

"If I did that, what would I do to-morrow?" said the tramp.



WE SUGGEST THAT A MACHINE OF THE ABOVE PATTERN BE PLACED ON EVERY STREET CORNER FOR THE BENEFIT OF POLICE OFFICERS FROM WHOM A PRISONER IS TRYING TO ESCAPE. THE MACHINE IS CAPABLE OF 3,000 SHOTS A MINUTE, THUS MULTIPLYING INDEFINITELY THE "EFFICIENCY" OF AN EXCITED OFFICER.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

A YOUTHFUL THEOLOGIAN.

A BOY who had lived in Paris, Maine, until he was eight or nine years old, and had gone regularly to church, where he had heard the doctrine of future punishment strenuously preached, moved to another town. In school one day the teacher told her little folks about some trivial misdemeanor which had been committed by some naughty boys.

"Won't God punish 'em?" asked the youngster from Paris.

The teacher, taken by surprise, hesitated.

"Well, there's a God up to Paris that would punish 'em, anyhow," remarked our young friend before the teacher could answer.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

A WITNESS was testifying that he met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter called the waiter, and said—

"Hold on," exclaimed the counsel for the defence, "I object to what he said."

Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said.

"Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory.

"Well," replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a beefsteak and fried potatoes.'"—*Ex.*

PLEASANT FOR THE CRITIC.

YOU know the man who always wants your opinion of him or something he's done, the candid truth, and then quarrels with you for giving it to him. He has various methods, but this is one of the neatest I've heard for a long time for a judicious hint. A celebrated artist in New York had just finished a picture. Artists don't like to be advertised. It is for love of art they paint, and they are hurt if their name gets into the newspapers favorably. That, however, is a universal failing. The picture had been on show in his studio in a private way, and the painter called upon the art critic of a big New York daily, an old friend of his. He found him very glad to see him, of course.

"I want you to come and take a look at my new picture," said he. "It's just finished."

"I'll be delighted, certainly."

"I've only one thing to ask. We've been close friends for years, and, of course, that may influence you. But I don't want it to. I want you to lay aside all recollection of our friendship; look upon me simply as a painter who has painted a picture. I want you to come to my studio, and give me a cold-blooded criticism of the work. I've just licked one fellow who said he didn't like it."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

SUCH WRITERS ARE NEVER GRIEVOUS.

FROM a city in the Mexican State of Jalisco we have received the following request: "Editor *Argonaut*—Dear Sir: If you have not any inconvenient, I will request you send me one excemplar of your accredited news paper. If his lecture is affability to me, I will tell you, and then you can send me a subscription. Please excuse me if I am grievous. Your most respectfully.——— ——— ———." The gentleman is not at all grievous. We have forwarded a copy, and trust that the lecture of the *Argonaut* will prove affability to him.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A BELLEVILLE (ILL.) servant-girl went to sleep one afternoon and did not wake up until forty hours later. When she awoke she was naturally much incensed to find that she had been defrauded of two evenings out.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you sell type?" "Type, sir? No, sir. This is an ironmonger's. You'll find type at the linendraper's over the w'y!" "I don't mean tape, man! Type, for printing!" Oh, toype yer mean! I beg yer pardon, sir!"—*Punch.*

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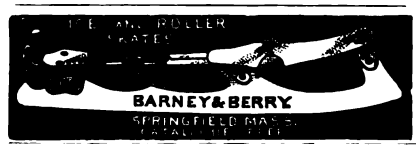

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knew the peculiar virtues of J. & E. ATKINSON'S, of London, *Old Brown Windsor Soap*, and this generation will change it for no other.

A punster says that Adam was provided with a help-mate for the sake of Evening things up a little. —*Merchant Traveler.*

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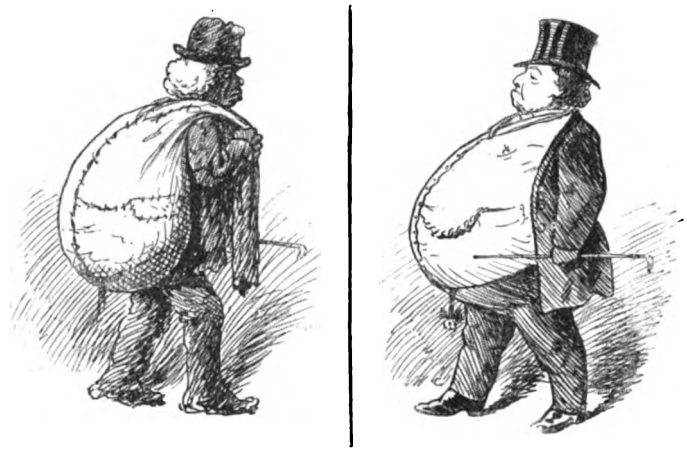

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Made of Carr's Treble-milled Meltons and Kerseys, with lap or strap seams, all new shades, Ecru, Tans, Browns, Military Blue, Green, Black, lined with pure dye silk or satin, at $25.00, sold at $45.00, $55.00 and $65.00 elsewhere.

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TOBOGGANING.

The most fascinating of Winter Sports. Use the celebrated PROCTOR TOBOGGAN, which for strength, finish and speed excels all others. Discount to clubs. Send for circular.

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"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOME SCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it: "I never saw an other I liked half as well."

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BALL DRESSES.

JAMES McCREERY & CO. have just received a special importation of select novelties in Tissues, Crepes, Tulles and Gauzes for evening wear.

JAMES McCREERY & CO.,
Broadway and 11th St.

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or those who shave themselves at home are invited to try

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An exquisite Soap, producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case, covered with red leatherette. The most elegant article of the kind ever offered to the public.

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BEAUTY of **Face** and **Form** secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars,* etc., by **Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co.,**
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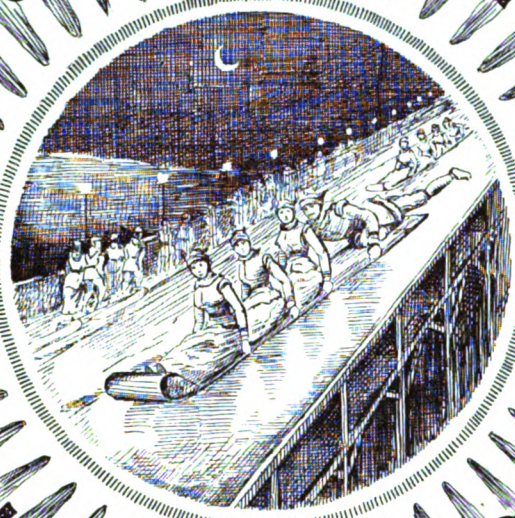

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Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

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TWENTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL STATEMENT

OF THE

WASHINGTON

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.

W. A. BREWER, Jr., President.

Net Assets, December 31, 1885 . .		$7,394,545 64
Receipts during the year 1886:		
For Premiums . .	$1,508,698 70	
For Interest, Rents, etc.	407,117 81	$1,915,816 51
		$9,310,362 15

DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by Death . . .	$518,486 54	
Matured and Discounted Endowm'ts.	152,718 86	
Cash Dividends, Return Premiums and Surrendered Policies	435,633 85	
Annuities.	4,543 99	
Total paid Policyholders	$1,111,383 24	
Taxes	15,121 53	
Commuted Commissions	55,499 13	
Profit and Loss	43,343 12	
Dividends to Stockholders.	8,590 75	
Expenses: Rent, Commissions, Salaries, Postage, Advertising, Medical Examinations, etc.	262,793 02	1,496,730 79
Net Assets, December 31, 1886		$7,813,631 36

ASSETS.

U. S. and N. Y. City Stocks	$659,703 42	
Bonds and Mortgages, being first liens on real estate.	6,377,398 67	
Real Estate	430,216 57	
Cash on hand and in Banks and Trust Co.	137,631 52	
Loans on Collaterals	170,197 29	
Agents' Balances . . .	38,483 89	7,813,631 36
Add excess of market value of Stocks over cost.		167,546 58
Interest Accrued . . .		63,936 68
Interest due & unpaid		12,862 25
Deferred and Unpaid Premiums, less 20 per cent.		211,636 73
Gross Assets, Dec. 31, 1886		$8,269,613 60

LIABILITIES.

Reserve by N. Y. standard, Department valuation . . .	$7,219,901 00	
Claims in course of Adjustment.	57,169 99	
Matured Endowments not yet called for . .	1,865 20	
Premiums paid in advance.	6,816 60	
Unpaid Dividends to Stockholders	528 50	
Salaries, rent, etc . .	2,041 68	
Surplus as regards Policy-holders	981,290 63	$8,269,613 60

Policies issued in 1866	3,266	Number of Policies in force	16,504
Amount of Insurance in 1886	$7,428,439	Total Amount Insured	$36,574,831

W. HAXTUN, Vice-President and Secretary.

F. S. FRENCH, Sup't of Agencies. CYRUS MUNN, Ass't Secretary.

I. C. PIERSON, Actuary.

B. W. McCREADY, M.D., Medical Examiner.

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THE NEW COMBINATION POLICY

OF THE

Washington Life Insurance Company

OF NEW YORK

affords ample protection for the family of the insured for twenty years, with annual dividends at the end of the first and each subsequent year, payable in cash, or applied to augment the policy, at the option of the insured.

It enables the insurant to secure to himself a competence for old age, being the full amount named in the policy, together with all accumulated dividends.

Upon the completion of the period, and simultaneously with the payment of the Capital Sum, the insured is also at once the possessor of full paid-up non-participating insurance for one-half of the Capital Sum, which is an estate in reversion, without further cost, and payable at death.

IT GUARANTEES

in strong and explicit terms advantages not found in the policy of any other company.

Suppose the amount of the policy to be **$30,000.**

IT GUARANTEES—
The payment of **$30,000,** and all accumulated dividends, should the insured die within the period of twenty years.

IT GUARANTEES—
The payment of **$30,000** *cash*, together with all accumulated dividends, if the insured survive the period.

IT GUARANTEES—
The payment to the insured of the full sum of all cash dividends to its credit, if desired, should the policy be surrendered before the expiration of the term.

IT GUARANTEES—
To the policy-holder who survives the twenty years' period, a paid-up life policy for **$15,000** in addition to the **$30,000** CASH, as above.

ANNUAL CASH DIVIDENDS.

Under the Combination Policy of THE WASHINGTON, the insured secures more protection than by any speculative scheme of insurance ever devised, by as much as the accumulated dividends would increase the amount of the policy.

Contrasted with the policy of any company whose dividends are deferred five years, ten years, fifteen years or more, during which the insured risks the entire loss of the surplus earnings of his premiums, and magnifies the hazards of his insurance, this policy of THE WASHINGTON is not only intrinsically more valuable, but is incomparably superior in the measure of the security it affords.

THE IDEAL CONTRACT.

As an endowment, the Combination Policy, being a positive contract, is better for the insured than any policy ever before issued. As an Endowment and Life Insurance Policy combined, it is the "IDEAL" CONTRACT; and is superior to a "Tontine," or "Distribution," or "Deferred Dividend Policy," by as much as a *definite* is always superior to an *indefinite* contract.

ITS LIBERAL CONDITIONS.

Protected by the unique non-forfeitable dividend system of THE WASHINGTON, with annual cash dividends, with provisions for surrender more liberal than the non-forfeiture law of the State provides, and with privileges of residence and travel unrestricted; with all these benefits united in the COMBINATION POLICY OF THE WASHINGTON, it is confidently recommended to the public as the nearest approach to perfect life insurance contract ever devised.

"Careful, Lion! If 'ou b'eak mama's EDENIA bottle, mamma will never forgive 'ou, Never!"

LUNDBORG'S PERFUME EDENIA. LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

If you cannot obtain LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES and RHENISH COLOGNE in your vicinity, send your name and address for Price List to the manufacturers, YOUNG, LADD & COFFIN, 24 Barclay Street, New York.

M. J. Paillard & Co.

Beg to call your attention to their complete stock of superior grade and elegant

MUSICAL BOXES

with selections from all the standard and light operas, and the popular music of the day.

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EXTRA DRY and

Procurable Everywhere.

Procurable Everywhere.

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WE EXCEPT NONE.

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53, 55 and 57 Beaver Street.

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LADIES
BLACKING

PRESERVES AND SOFTENS THE LEATHER. FOR IT CONTAINS NO SHELLAC OR ACID.

HIGHEST AWARD, GOLD MEDAL, AT THE NEW ORLEANS EXPOSITION.

Bottle contains **double** quantity. Use no other

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GENUINE VICHY

IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

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You don't wait till **Burglars** come before buying a revolver — Then don't wait till Sickness comes before buying a bottle of PERRY DAVIS'

PAIN KILLER

you may need it in the night for Diphtheria — Cold — Tooth-ache — Neuralgia or

ACCIDENTS.

Buy a bottle **NOW.**

All Druggists sell it.

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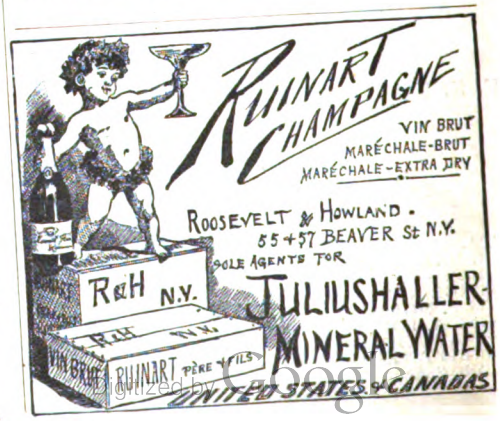
Ladies' Department, No. 431 Fifth Avenue. } New York.



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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 10, 1887. NUMBER 215.

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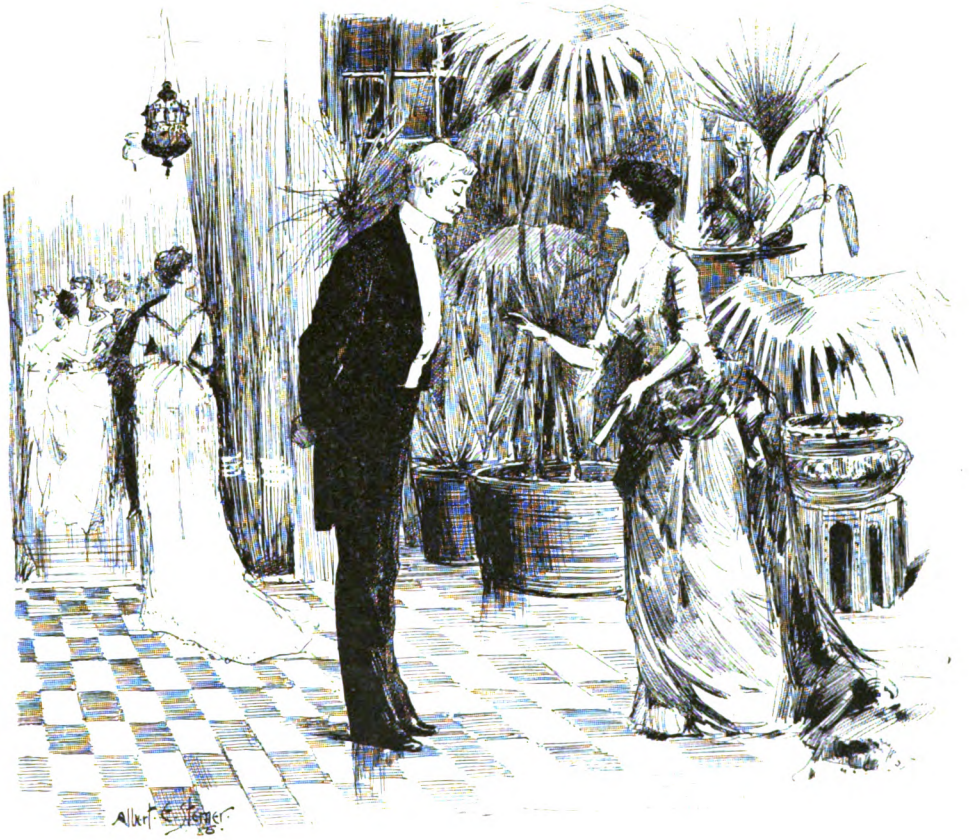

SHE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Mrs. H.: GREAT HEAVENS, CRANSTON! DON'T DENY IT; I SAW YOU KISS HER!

Mr. H. (*stiffly*): YOU ARE MISTAKEN. SHE KISSED ME.

Mrs. H.: BUT WHY DID YOU LET HER?

Mr. H.: I COULDN'T BE RUDE TO A LADY.

Mrs. H.: BUT WHY DID SHE WANT TO KISS YOU?

Mr. H.: I CAN'T IMAGINE. YOU OUGHT TO KNOW.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 10, 1887. No. 215.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IN the light of the assertion that the ballet of the National Opera Company has been increased, presumably to popularize the company, is there not something ambiguous about the *Graphic's* allusion to Mrs. Thurber's heroic efforts to keep the "Enterprise upon its legs." It can't be possible that the *Graphic* means that the lady is trying to make the legs of the ballet support the whole company! Oh, no!

* * *

EVERYONE knows that it was recommended, ten years or so ago, as a cheap way to deal with the Indians, to board them at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. If the American fishermen would consent to become citizens of New York, accept membership at the Union Club, and devote their energies to conducting the Patriarch's balls, it might be less expensive for our anxious country to pay their dues, and provide them with needful accessories to polite life than just at this time to fight England in their behalf. Coney Island would give them a taste of sea life in summer, and if that were not sufficient they might interest themselves in defending the *America's* cup, always at America's cost for yachts and champagne.

We can afford to bluster a little about the fisheries, and even to negotiate, but could we fight? Certainly there will be no occasion. The New York *Tribune*, inspired by remorse, perhaps, because of the defenseless state in which the Republican party has left the country, suggests that we might do pretty well afoot if not afloat, and that we could send an army into Canada that would make the Canucks homeless in short order. And it says, too, that England has enough to do at home these days, and would be more afraid to fight us than we would be to have her.

Let us yell and brandish our fists, and shout "fish or blood," and make a dreadful spectacle of ourselves, but oh! let us not fight till we have time to buy some tools, and cast a fort or two to set up in front of us.

A NINE day's wonder, the duration of which is barely past, was the recent descent of a horde of unclassified Americans on the house of the Chinese Minister in Washington. The heathen envoy gave a ball and invited a good many Christians of the brand supplied in Washington. It appears that not only did they all come and bring their friends, but that great numbers of uninvited guests crowded in; ate the celestial ices and terrapin, and drank the champagne. Some of the correspondents make more of the story than others, but there cannot be much doubt that the facts were scandalous. No one seems to have suggested that the occasion resulted from a concerted effort to bring the pagan gentleman to a due understanding of the scriptural parable about the host who went into the highways and byways to find guests for his feast. The advantage of living in a Christian country seems to be that the inhabitants, being familiar with the parable aforesaid, do not have to be hunted out like rats, but come themselves and do their duty. They say that when the Chinese Minister gives another party he will hire unto himself a hall, and put up feeding-troughs around it.

* * *

A WASHINGTON jury has found Mrs. Emmons sane. That is all right. She is not demented enough to spoil her fun, even though she does make it an anxious world for the Professor. Could he stand a trial now and prove that he was sane when he married her? She had a record then, and he ought to have discovered it.

* * *

LIFE hopes the news is true that Secretary Manning is about to leave the cabinet and become president of a bank. It is understood that, next to an hotel clerkship, the highest achievement in business is to be chief magistrate of a bank. The pay is said to be good, and we have always understood that it was paid in consideration of knowledge, not for work. That is the best quality of job our Republic affords, and for Mr. Manning we want the very best. Knowledge is essential to the place he holds now, but it is not enough. There is work, too, there. Mr. Manning has worked enough. Neither the administration nor the country can afford to accept the sacrifice of what health is left to him.

* * *

THAT was a diverting story the newspapers had about Brigham Young's rehabilitation, but no one, not in the employ of the Associated Press, is required to believe it.

* * *

THEY say Mr. Travers will never come back from Bermuda. New York without Mr. Travers will not be so pleasant or so cheerful a town by a long distance. Has anyone, since John Van Buren, been so much or so justly quoted as Mr. Travers?

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CHIROGRAPHICAL.

DIRECTED in a dashing way
A dainty note before me lay.
Above the motto, *Toujours gaie*,
That served to seal it,
A saucy Cupid sat a-pout
And roused me to an instant doubt;
From whom it came, and what about,
Would Time reveal it?

Had Clementina sent me word
That my appeals at last had stirred
Her stubborn heart? Had Maud averred
My love requited!
Or Chloe — but this could not be—
Implored me to drop in to tea
On Friday, *en famille*, that we
Might then be plighted?

Did some swell dealer advertise
Bargains in rugs of Persian dyes?
Had Madame opened just my size
In Paris bonnets?
Forgetting, or unconscious that
I am a Man and wear a Hat?
Or did that wretched *Evening Bat*
Refuse my sonnet?

Poor, pretty note! The author's name
I never learned, nor why it came
To kindle Expectation's flame
And fondly feed it.
'Twas writ in such a stylish hand,
That though for many days they scanned
Its scrawls, no expert in the land
Could ever read it!

M. E. W.

A prominent Chinese official in Washington prepares a little banquet for a very few friends.

The sensitive inhabitants, however, pour in by the hundred, and set a glorious example of American cordiality to the Barbarian of the East.

HE KNEW THEM ALL.

DISTRICT SCHOOL EXAMINER: So, my little man, you are quite a student, eh? Well, tell me what you have learned?

YOUNG AMERICA: Learned my letters.

DISTRICT SCHOOL EXAMINER: Very good, and now tell me *what* letters you have learned.

YOUNG AMERICA: Letter "a," letter "b," and letter rip!

A REPORTER'S BAD WORK.

CHICAGO EDITOR (*to reporter*): In your report of the fire, you refer to the building as having been "gutted."

REPORTER: Yes, sir.

CHICAGO EDITOR: Well, "gutted" might do for Cincinnati or St. Louis, but culture and refinement have got this city by the throat, young man, and our magnificent fireproof buildings are no longer gutted; they are disemboweled.

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SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

NOW be wary,
Lest too airy,
Be the garments on your back
In February,
Pneumoni-a re-
Sumes his place upon the track.

* * *

AN EARLY SPRING POEM.

Hot-house Variety.

I D the Sprig the yong bad's eds he frequedtly prodoudces ed,
For the Sprig is just the tibe for idfluedza of the head.

* * *

PISCES.

[*To be Read to Slow Music.*]

HUSH!
Hist!
See the slush,
Sniff the mist.
Snow
Doth flow,
And gently ebb.

* * *

'Tis Feb.

* * *

THE DIFFERENCE.

Girl: AIN'T THAT YOUR FADDER COMING?
Boy: NO, IT'S YER OWN!
Girl: HOW CAN YOU TELL?
Boy: 'COS YOUR FADDER TAKES UP BOTH SIDES OV THER STREET, AND MINE LIES DOWN IN THER MIDDLE.

THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE.

"AH, Mrs. Fogg," said the Professor, placing the biscuits in front of him, "I never ignore your rolls, whatever else I may do."

"Indeed, Professor, your words charm my soul. As the poet says, 'Every ear is tickled with the sweet music of applause;' but I have noticed that there is one of my rolls for which you seem to have a chronic aversion."

"And that is, my dear madam?"

"The pay-roll," responded the landlady, with a smile that reached over and tickled the solemn boarder so that he laughed.

* * *

THE GENTLEMEN'S RIDING CLUB has been badly swindled by its employés.

This is hardly surprising, for you "cawnt expect a gentleman to know anything about business, ye know."

* * *

MRS. GOWN-TROTTER was a charming amateur actress; so there is a strong possibility that as a professional she will be atrocious.

* * *

THE REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER refuses to decry the fashion of high bonnets.

We see now that Mr. Beecher goes to church on Sundays for much the same reason that the ladies in his congregation attend.

* * *

IT is our candid opinion that Mr. Fawcett should consult an oculist.

His I's will give out very soon if he does not do something.

* * *

SPEAKING of the possible cruelty of Bismarck in forcing a war on a peaceably disposed people, the *Times'* correspondent says: "Bismarck may or may not be anxious to shine as a humanitarian, but his first duty is to conserve the future of the empire he has created."

Now, small boys and newspaper writers should not use big words that they do not understand, and we would request the *Times* correspondent to consult his dictionary concerning the word "humanitarian," and then tell us what it has to do with the present situation in Europe.

This same correspondent speaks of Sir Michael Hicks Beach as being the only "articulate" member of the British Cabinet.

Lord Salisbury has always been known to be an exceedingly stiff creature, but we never suspected that his lordship was devoid of joints.

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He: WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO TO THE OPERA TO-NIGHT?
She: INDEED I WOULD, BUT I HAVEN'T ANY CLOTHES.
He: OH, THAT WON'T MATTER OVER THERE.

A MODERN PENITENT.

OF old, when haunted by remorse,
A man, turned monk, pursued a course
Of hair-cloth shirt and gloomy cell,
And paid a chap to scourge him well.

All that is changed in modern days,
His penance is in other ways:
At monkish tasks he doesn't grub,
But joins a first-class Browning club,
Keeps up his feasting and his toddy,
And scourges mind instead of body.

THE TILDEN LIBRARY TRUSTEES think the Fifth Avenue Reservoir would be a good site for their building.

A sort of dam site, as it were.

NO wonder we hear so much about the impending dissolution of Parliament when the Peers of the Realm are so dissolute.

BOOKISHNESS

MORE OF BRET HARTE'S STORIES.

SINCE Bret Harte lost his consulship, he has been writing better stories than ever. He does not want a very large canvas, but he fills it with dramatic figures and bright colors. A novelette of thirty thousand words is the favorite vehicle for his fancies, and bound in one of the compact "Little Classic" volumes, it is delightful company for a quiet evening. He gives us a brace of them in "A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready" and "Devil's Ford" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Both are studies of the influence of sudden wealth on poor miners. The first is sombre and ends in death; the second is comedy, mingled with melodrama.

When one quietly thinks over these stories, in comparison with the author's famous early sketches of "The Luck of Roaring Camp" period, he will honestly conclude that there is truer sentiment in these latter-day productions. The pathos

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of old *Slinn*, the desolation of *Mulrady* amid the grandeur which his wealth had brought him, are touches of that very human kind of art which only years and sorrow can bring, even to the most sensitive man.

* * *

IN "Devil's Ford" there are flashes of humor, with a wild Western flavor which contain the seeds of genuine laughter. To this element *Whiskey*, *Dick* makes many contributions. He is only a minor character, but he fills the stage when he is on it. He is tipsy and vulgar, but makes such a terrible effort to be refined, and is so chivalrous to the ladies, that you feel a degree of sympathy with him.

When *Miss Christie* asks *Dick* whether his finding her in San Francisco was accident or the result of effort, he sums up the whole case with a wave of his hand, as "partly promiskuss an' partly coincident." His reflection on fashionable life is that "this yer minglin' with the *bo-tong* is apt to be wearisome, ez you and me knows, unless combined with experience and judgment." The humor of his remarks depends so on their setting that it is not fair to quote them. It is the air of the man, his shining, soapy face, his perfumed handkerchief and lofty sentiments mingled with mining-camp slang, which make him irresistibly funny.

* * *

IF one may revert to the inaccuracies of the great apostle of Realism—it is interesting to find that a correspondent of *The Evening Post* has discovered that—"In writing of the '*Marquis de Peñalta*' Mr. Howells says that the father of the heroine, *Don Mariano Elorza*, has a passion for the smell of freshly ironed linen and loves to put his nose in the closet where it hangs. *There is nothing of the kind in the book.*"

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CHURN. By one of the Mites. New York.

A Millionaire of Rough-and-Ready and Devil's Ford. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Conflict of East and West in Egypt. By John Eliot Brown, Ph.D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

MOTTO for a French ball—*Liberté, Fraternité, Decolleté.*

DO YOU?

MISS CHILLINGLY: So, Mr. Robinson, you kept a diary for four whole years and then gave it up!

MR. FEATHERSTONE ROBINSON: Ya-as. And it's weally quite interwesting to look it ovah and see what a fool I was then.

MISS CHILLINGLY: It's a pity you gave it up. Only think! In ten years you might read it over and see what a fool you are now!

BASE INGRATITUDE.

MR. ADONIS DIXEY, in an interview with a Philadelphia reporter, says:

"Another thing that struck me as more than a bit cheeky was the editor of LIFE palming that barber-shop joke from 'Adonis' off as original in the last number of his paper. Got a picture of it, and almost the same words that Howard and I use in the play. Here it is:

Barber: With or without?

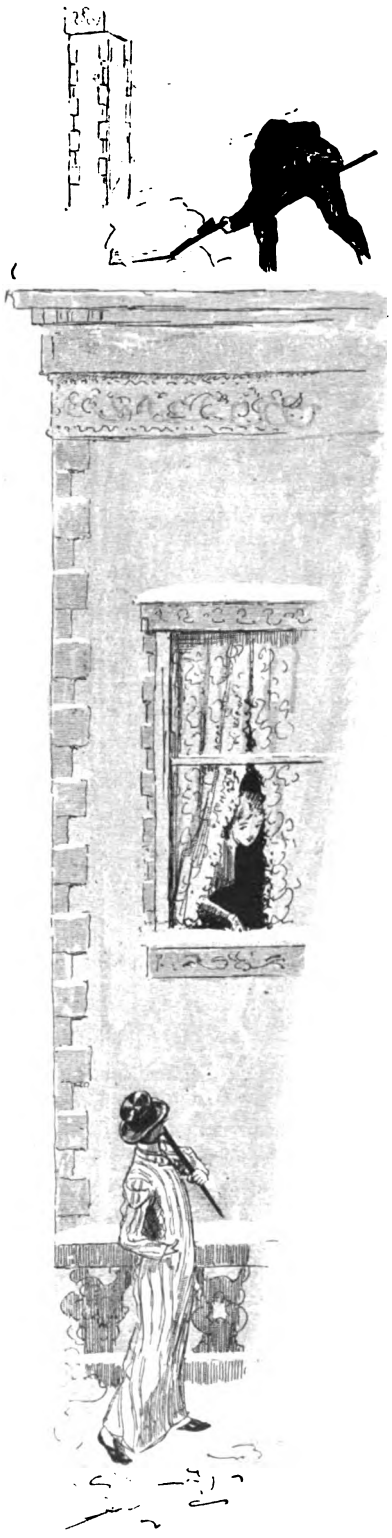
Stout Party: With or without what?

Barber: Chloroform.

Stout Party: Oh, ether!

And this, too, in the face of our run of over 600 performances in New York."

This is the return we get for our endeavors to boost a struggling young comedian into prominence.



THE MASHER—

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MASHED.

À PARIS.

Gentleman from Chicago: VITE GARÇON! JE SUIS FAIM.
Garçon: AH! QUE MADAME EST BIEN DÉGUISÉE!

THE AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

THAT entertaining writer, Mr. Henry Hayes, has given us a charming story in *Sons and Daughters*. The following extract, while it carries consternation into the hearts of our Quaker City brethren, seem to be highly appreciated by New York and Boston:

"Rich Americans feel that they lack distinction unless they can get a title. Even our best names here are only local; they don't pass current out of their native city. Look at the Biddles, even. Now, of course, a Philadelphian would sooner be a Biddle than to be a king; but yet only last winter Lord George Hurst was over here—a serious fellow, don't you know, with a note-book, and a desire to go to the root of the matter—and he button-holed me one night, and said: 'There is just one thing more I want to ask about. Will you please tell me what is a biddle? I hear it said, "He is a biddle," or "She was a biddle," and it is quite incomprehensible to me what a biddle is.'"

Laugh on, ye sons and daughters of Gotham and the Hub. By and by some man will tell this story with embellishments, in which a livingston and a saltonstall will play an important part, and then Philadelphia will laugh as loudly as Chicago weeps when she sees Pork spelt with a littlep.

BROWNING NOTE.

PEOPLE who have professed surprise at the number of Browning clubs in Boston, are satisfied, after reading the lines—

"Bah!
Tra-la-la!
Ha, ha, ha!"

in the poet's last work, that Browning ought to be clubbed.

A HARDER thing to keep than a secret — Money.

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THE MARCH O

Jonathan : AND TO THINK THAT

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OF EMPIRE.

I OWNED THIS COUNTRY ONCE!

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PROPRIETARY ARTICLES.

USE GUMMILINE FOR THE TEETH.

DR. PULLEM'S

Before Using. RECENTLY DISCOVERED WASH *After Using.*

GUMMILINE

IS FACILE FORCEPS OF

TOOTH POWDERS.

Dr. SCOREMUS says:

I have submitted the bottle of Gummiline sent for my inspection to a most rigid examination. The analysis shows the presence of 90 per cent. fluid iron, 7 per cent. brickdust, and 3 per cent. gunpowder, all of which it is well-known will produce an immediate effect upon the most stubborn teeth.

JOHN SMITH, of Hoboken, writes:

I tried three bottles of your tooth-wash upon a dog which has recently shown signs of distemper. The animal has not shown his teeth since.

PRICE 50 CENTS A BOTTLE.

Send two-cent stamp for illuminated diagram of our teeth.

PULLEM & JERKEM, Jersey City.

AMUSE THE LITTLE ONES.

THE NURSERY BOMB. THE NURSERY BOMB.

Perfectly Harmless.

Dr. Scoremus has analyzed our Nursery Bombs and finds them to contain nothing but gun-cotton, kerosene oil and a parlor match.

A Parent Sends the Following Testimonial:

My little son Willie was given one of your estimable Nursery Bombs last Christmas, by a neighbor, as a token that all animosities between them had forever ceased. It went off just before dinner, and Willie was so taken with it that he has not asked for anything since. As soon as we can find one or two of the remains which are still missing, we will send you a complete photograph of our boy to go with this testimonial.

THE HOBOKEN NOVELTY COMPANY.

POMPADOUR CREAM. POMPADOUR CREAM.
POMPADOUR CREAM. POMPADOUR CREAM.
POMPADOUR CREAM. POMPADOUR CREAM.
POMPADOUR CREAM. POMPADOUR CREAM.

USED BY ALL OUR FIRST FAMILIES.

Dr. Scoremus, in a letter to our Mr. Pompadour, states that he can confidently recommend the Pompadour Cream for removing all undesirable drawbacks to the complexion. He says: "I find sufficient quantities of vitriol, prussic acid and corrosive sublimate in your cream to remove any complexion, however bad, from the face of the earth.

Mrs. James Gown Trotter, in a fac-simile letter, dated February 1st, to our Mrs. Pompadour, writes that Pompadour Cream is, beyond all question, the best preparation in the market for professional beauties, and while she is opposed to the use of cosmetics herself, she advises all others to freely indulge in this "dream in vitriol."

Send certified check for two dollars to the

POMPADOUR CREAM CO., N. Y.

TO THE WOMAN WITH THE HIGH HAT AT THE THEATRE.

Do not be discouraged because the man behind you has to change his seat. You are as sweetly pretty, darling, and can see the stage just as well as if he were still there.

WHEN Miss Rose Coghlan ceased to be known as that horribly technical, unsympathetic being known as a "leading lady," and became what is called with sickening persistence a "star," New York put on sackcloth and ashes and mourned. But time heals all things, as we used to say when we had no object in being original, and though it is a horrid, ungrateful thing to say, Gotham forgot Miss Coghlan, or at least remembered her without the smart of the newly inflicted wound.

And now she has come back to us—her own inimitable self—heightened and accentuated by gorgeous costumes which no leading lady could possibly afford; and with a repertoire, a supporting company, a manager, a husband, and all the rest of the paraphernalia so dear to the heart of a true actress.

Miss Coghlan has just produced "London Assurance," the first of the eighty plays which ended in "The Jilt," and which have kept Boucicault verdantly alive. It was probably Boucicault's greatest effort, and if the old gentleman had gracefully been gathered unto his forefathers after its evolution, he would have been none the worse for it.

Miss Coghlan is a handsome *Lady Gay Spanker*. I feel I ought to call her rollicking, as everybody does, but I hate the word as applied to anything but a tavern song. In the parts where coquetry, vivacity and femininity are required Miss Coghlan is not to be surpassed. She is everything everyone ought to be, if not more. But when tenderness and pathos are involved, my *Lady Gay* is an incomprehensible creature, who expresses emotion by a corrugated voice. J. H. Gilmour played *Richard Dazzle* very unsatisfactorily. The fact that he had pockets in his trousers seemed to prey upon his mind, and his methods were annoying and irritating. The other members of the company did nicely.

* * *

AS *Peg Woffington* — the gifted actress who to-day would probably be unable to earn $50 per week on the road, the good old times notwithstanding — Miss Helen Dauvray shows that she really has talent of no mean order. In the much advertised and namby-pamby role of "One of Our Girls," she was pleasant and instructive, but did nothing that six out of ten in her profession could not have accomplished.

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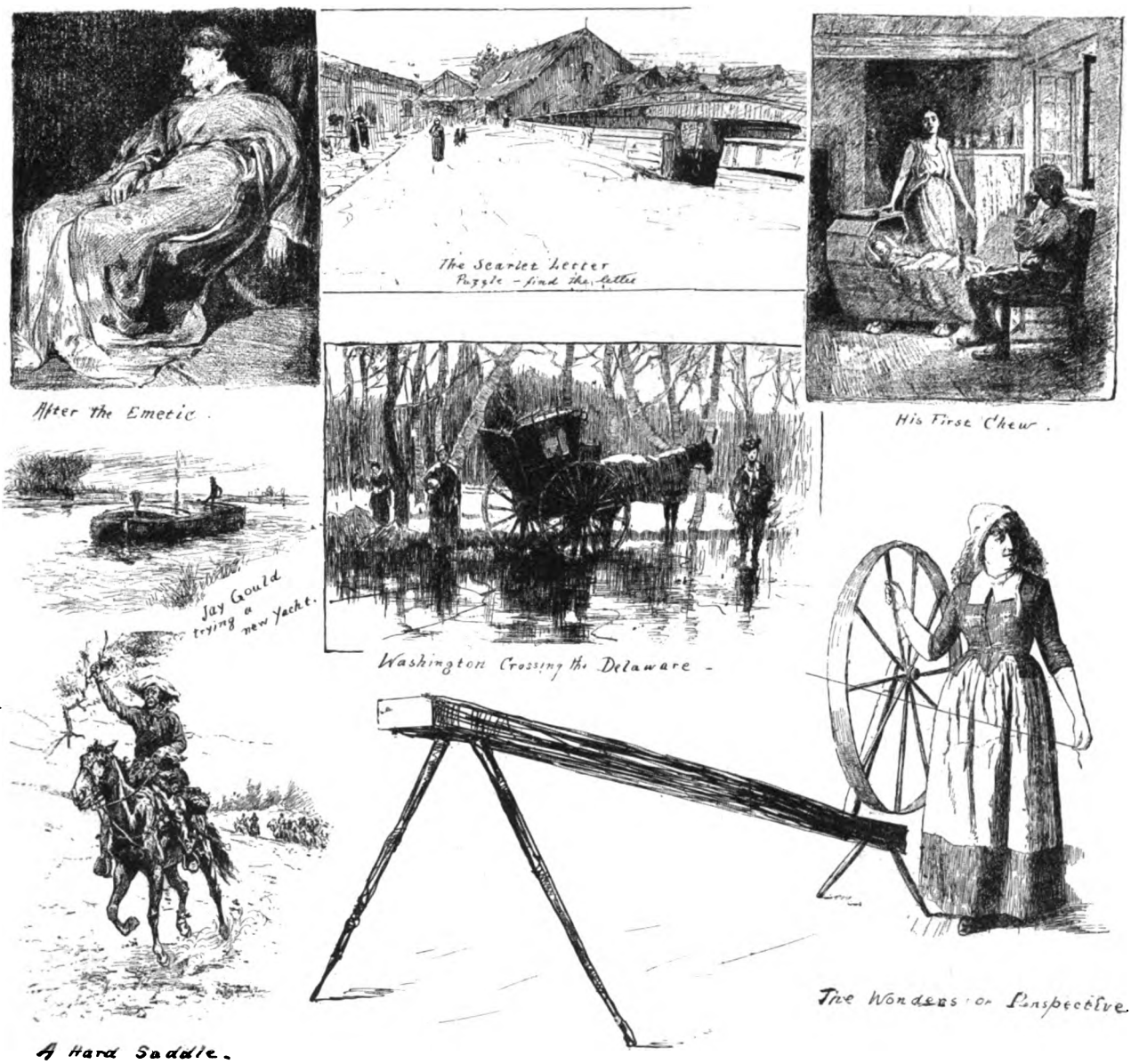
In "Masks and Faces," however, Miss Dauvray is grateful and comforting — like the famous breakfast cocoa. In the comedy phases she is admirable, her natural brightness aiding her with every appearance of spontaneity. And Miss Dauvray had obstacles to overcome. She is certainly not built for *Mrs. Woffington*. That actress was surely never as spare as Miss Dauvray; in fact, I always supposed she was one of those grand, majestic creatures who usually have such grand, majestic tempers. Miss Dauvray's company is an excellent one. John Howson as *Triplet* is probably one of the best impersonations of that part that has been seen. It is a finished and graceful interpretation. Miss Ellie Wilton as *Mabel Vane* is an acquisition. Mr. Sothern, unfortunately, appears as *Ernest Vane*, a vehicle which does not bring his talents forward. "Masks and Faces" ought to be successful, and to Miss Dauvray thanks are due for the artistic manner in which it is put before the public.

Alan Dale.



GEMS FROM THE WATER-COLOR EXHIBITION.

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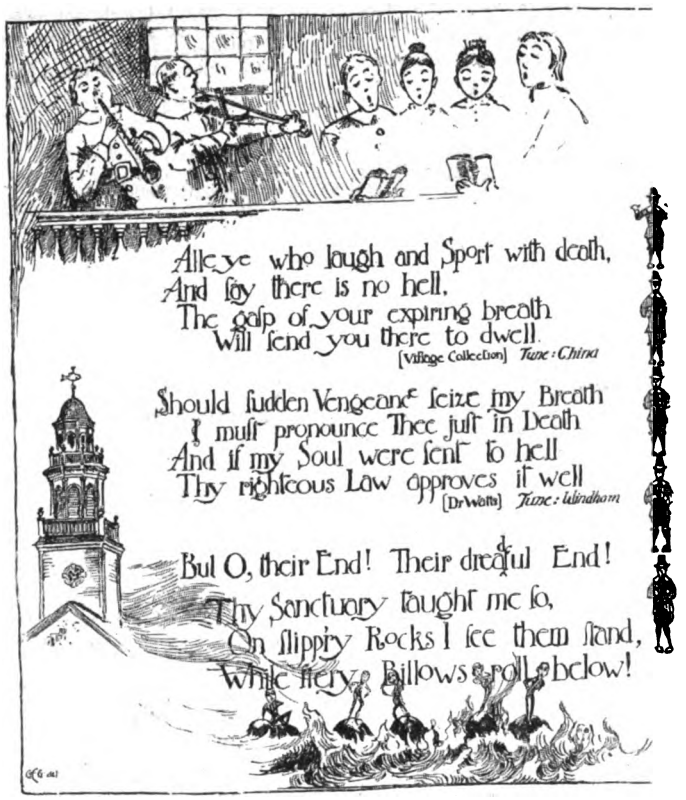

CHOIR SUGGESTIONS FOR ANDOVER.

HIS IRREVERENT REVERENCE.

A DOUBLE-FACED priest of Kildare,
Used to pay a rude peasant to swear,
Who would paint the air blue,
For an hour or two,
While his reverence wrestled in prayer.

HE HADN'T HEARD OF IT.

SHE (*emerging from the theatre*): How absurd it is for anyone to say that Bacon wrote "The Taming of the Shrew."

HE: Why, of course it is. I didn't know that Daly's authorship had been questioned.

EVERY poet sometimes has to sacrifice his cents to the exigencies of meter;—when he pays his gas bill, for instance.

LOOSE IN AN ART GALLERY.

MRS. PARVENUE (*indicating a painting of the Madonna*): Whose picture is that, sir?

DEALER: Raphael's, Madam.

MRS. PARVENUE (*surprised*): Are you sure? I have always supposed that Raphael was a man.

IT is reported that the Charleston Earthquake Fund has been used to pay for ground rent.

SCRAPS.

THE FRANCO-GERMAN VIEW.

THERE is a place that Ingersoll
Is certain don't exist,
And if it don't we're certain that
It never will be missed.

But if it does, why what of it?
It can't our comfort spoil.
We Teutons and we Frenchmen quite
Enjoy a festive broil.

IN his recently erected wing to "Locksley Hall," Tennyson exhorts:

"Hope the best, but hold the
Present, fatal daughter of the past."

This seems rather unnecessary. If the fatal daughter of the past is like the fatal daughters of other people, she may be counted upon to hang on to all the presents she can lay her hands on.

ONLY one thing is needed to make the toboggan an enormous success, and that is, a patent arrangement that will cause it to gravitate up hill.

YOUNG SIMMER IMAGINES HIS ROOM TO HAVE BEEN RATHER COLD DURING THE NIGHT. THE ARTICLE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE PICTURE IS SIMMER'S FAVORITE SKYE TERRIER WITH EVERY HAIR CONGEALED, AND THE INTELLIGENT READER WILL PERCEIVE THE ARTIST HAS DEMONSTRATED THAT EVEN A DOG'S BARK CAN TAKE FORM AND FREEZE.

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NO PROTECTION.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*walking very carefully*): Hallo, bub! This fine snow sort of covers up the ice so that you can't see it, doesn't it?

SMALL BOY (*holding on to the fence*): You're right, old man; but you feel it just as much when you slip down. — *Lowell Citizen.*

HIS PLACE WAS WRONG, BUT HIS HEART WAS ALL RIGHT.

A DISTINGUISHED member of the profession told me the following story the other day of a brother comedian, William J. Florence: Florence, in his younger days, was a great speech-maker. On the least provocation he would rush before the curtain and hurl expressions of gratitude and promises of a speedy return at the backs of the retreating audience. One evening, when he was doing one-night stands on the New England circuit, a few injudicious auditors were bold enough to applaud at the fall of the curtain on the last act. Florence darted from behind and bowed to the audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "or fellow townsmen, as I may call you, I thank you. Though you may not be acquainted with the fact, it was in this old town of New Haven that I lived as a boy. Under the shade of the college elms and by the side of the old Court House I spent the happiest days of my life. I see many familiar faces before me to-night who were boys with me then. I have met with some approbation in my life, but nowhere is it more sweet and more dear than in this my native town. To-day as I walked the streets — "

At this point a gentleman in front whispered in a very loud voice: "Mr. Florence, this isn't New Haven, it's Hartford." — *Philadelphia Press.*

WHEN Macaulay was an undergraduate he attended an election meeting in Cambridge, and was rewarded by a dead cat being thrown in his face. The man who hurled the offensive article apologized by saying that he had no wish to hit Mr. Macaulay, as he intended it for Mr. Adeane.

"I wish," replied Mr. Macaulay, "you had intended it for me and hit Mr. Adeane. — *Ex.*

AN "impressionist" sent in a "Sunset" picture to the Royal Academy. He carefully marked on the back of the frame which was the right side up; but he added, in a polite note, "Should my work be placed on your wall upside down, please catalogue it as a sunrise." — *London Telegraph.*

A MACKINAC ISLAND man was acting as a pilot for the St. Ignace mail sleigh recently, and moving a short distance ahead of it, when he went through the ice and into the water neck deep. "Hold on there, John!" he exclaimed, without a change of countenance, "the ice is not safe here." — *Detroit Free Press.*

PATERFAMILIAS: Do you know, miss, it was twelve o'clock last night when that young man left?

DUTIFUL DAUGHTER: Oh! it couldn't have been, pa.

PATERFAMILIAS: But it was. Now, don't let that happen again.

DUTIFUL DAUGHTER: But, pa, I can't turn them out, you know. What shall I do? I did nothing to entertain Mr. Blank last evening except to show him my scrap-book.

PATERFAMILIAS: Well, I'll bring home my account-book to-night with the dry-goods, millinery and dress-maker expenses balanced up. Show him that. — *Omaha World.*

A BEDRAGGLED-LOOKING woman sold baskets on the west side yesterday. Coming to one back door with a willow specimen as big as herself, she was told that nothing in her line was wanted, whereupon she asked: "Has another lady been peddling baskets around here to-day." — *Buffalo Express.*

The word "LOWELL" appears in CAPITAL letters in the back of Lowell, Wilton, and Body-Brussels, at every repeat of the pattern. Look carefully to the trade-marks and be sure you get the genuine LOWELL carpets.

For nearly Half a Century
LOWELL CARPETS
Have been acknowledged to be the
BEST.
The grade has never been lowered, and the Company unhesitatingly challenge comparison with the production of any manufacturer in the world.
Sold by all First-class Dealers.

The Lowell Ingrains are wound upon a hollow stick, which the U. S. Superior Court decided to be a valid trade-mark. The public are thereby thoroughly protected against deception.

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Perfume
EDENIA.
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LADIES' ROUND HATS.
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Delicious! Nutritious!
Absolutely Pure!
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LADIES' TAILOR,
HABIT MAKER,
19 EAST 21st STREET,
WOULD respectfully announce that he will, as in preceding years, in order to keep his skilled hands fully employed, make especial inducements at
Reduced Prices
from date to February 15th next.
N. B.—All garments made at reduced prices to be embraced within the above period.

Model garments remaining on hand offered at half price.

KIMBALL'S SATIN
Straight Cut Cigarettes.
People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s, 20s, 50s, and 100s. *14 Prize Medals*
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.
Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.
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AND
H. I. M. the Empress of Russia.

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EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves.,
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays 1 to 11.
Great success of Benjamin Constant's Famous Picture,
STORMING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
MUNCZI LAJOS
And Prince Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra.
Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.
AJEEB, THE MYSTIFYING CHESS AUTOMATON, AJEEB.

DALY'S THEATRE.—Every Night, 8.15.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

"A popular triumph."—*Herald.*
"The senses charmed."—*Times.*
"Delight and astonishment."—*Commercial.*

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Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

THE real inventor of the telephone was evidently a contemporary with the earliest Mason. — *Lowell Courier.*

THEY were talking of the feminine sex, when Mme. B. exclaimed: "You men are right to accuse us. I only know two perfect women."

"And who is the other?" inquired her companion, gallantly. — *N. Y. Graphic.*

NEW YORK women are said to dress too elegantly for the street. There is a melancholy satisfaction in knowing that the like was never said of a Bostonian. — *Boston Commonwealth.*

THE paragraphers will all agree that it would be a pity to have Beacon street widened as proposed. Boston has all the Beacon street it can stagger under now. — *Somerville (Mass.) Journal.*

"WELL, what is it, Nora?" "Indade, mum, the water's cold." "What water?" "The hot water, mum." — *Boston Commonwealth.*

THE rack was one of the instruments of torture in the olden time. The music rack is usually used for the same purpose to-day. — *Boston Manufacturers' Gazette.*

THE medical men would have us believe that the children of nearly related parents are prone to be weak, either physically or mentally. Adam's sons, it will be remembered, married their sisters. Hence it will be seen why the human race is, generally, woefully wanting in body as well as in mind. — *Boston Transcript.*

She has two eyes so soft and blue,
And such a shy, coquettish way;
And when she shyly comes to you,
You think of fields and *New-mown Hay.*
(J. & E. ATKINSON.)

PROF. LOREMUS ON TOILET SOAPS:

"You have demonstrated that a *perfectly* pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

Is made from the choicest quality of stock, and contains a LARGE PERCENTAGE of GLYCERINE; therefore it is specially adapted for Toilet, Bath and Infants.

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An exquisite Soap, producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case, covered with red leatherette. The most elegant article of the kind ever offered to the public.

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The most fascinating of Winter Sports. Use the celebrated PROCTOR TOBOGGAN, which for strength, finish and speed excels all others. Discount to clubs. Send for circular.

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ESTABLISHED 1801.

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FOR THE HAIR.

This excellent article is admitted to be the standard preparations for all purposes connected with the hair. It prevents its falling off, eradicates scurf, dandruff, etc., and keeps it in the most beautiful condition. Its habitual use renders the use of oil, pomatum, or any other preparation, quite superfluous. It is richly perfumed with the most delicious floral fragrance, and is warranted to cause new hair to grow on bald places.

A SKIN WITHOUT BLEMISH.

No organ is so perfect and so beautiful as the skin. Soft as satin, sensitive as a camera, tinted with the loveliest delicacy, it yet has the strength and elasticity sufficient for the protection of all the underlying frame, tissue, muscle, bone, and nerve. Everywhere a network of sudorific ducts, veins, and pores, it constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation, and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a speedy, economical, and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.
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☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA, and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—*a complete cure.*
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Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES in my case of severe Chronic Eczema Erythematosa, and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others.
FERNAN ESENCHARDO,
3306 Penna Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

I was almost perfectly bald, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. CUTICURA REMEDIES in six weeks cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hair is coming back as thick as it ever was.
J. P. CHOICE, Whitesboro', Texas.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

HANDS soft as dove's down and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

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THE ONLY
GENUINE VICHY
IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.
GRANDE GRILLE — Diseases of the Liver.
HOPITAL — Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

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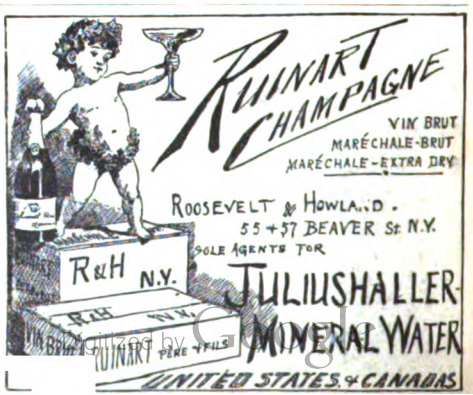

VOLUME IX. NUMBER 216.

· LIFE ·

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

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From "THEIR PILGRIMAGE."
COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY HARPER & BROTHERS.

THEIR PILGRIMAGE. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With 80 illustrations by C. S. REINHART, pp. viii., 364. 8vo, Half Leather, $2.00.

No more entertaining traveling companions for a tour of pleasure resorts could be wished for than those who in Mr. Warner's pages chat and laugh, and skim the cream of all the enjoyment to be found from Mount Washington to the Sulphur Springs. . . . His pen pictures of the characters typical of each resort, of the manner of life followed at each, of the humor and absurdities peculiar to Saratoga, or Newport, or Bar Harbor, as the case may be, are as good-natured as they are clever. The satire, when there is any, is of the mildest, and the general tone is that of one glad to look on the brightest side of the cheerful, pleasure-seeking world with which he mingles. . . . In Mr. Reinhart the author has an assistant who has done with his pencil almost exactly what Mr. Warner has accomplished with his pen. His drawings are spirited, catch with wonderful success the tone and costume of each place visited, and abound in good-natured fun.—*Christian Union*, N. Y.

Nobody will question that Mr. Warner has seen with his own eyes every landscape, every stretch of beach, every hotel piazza and dining-room, every skirt and whisker which in this book he describes. There is an intense life-likeness to it all; the figures are as real as the places; the characters are more than types; they even will recognize themselves. . . . The author's humor is a constant quality. His good-nature is contagious. His companion artist is in sympathy with him. —*Literary World*, Boston.

Mr. Reinhart's spirited and realistic illustrations are very attractive, and contribute to make an unusually handsome book. The justice and delicacy of Mr. Warner's observations and the lightness of his manner are as noticeable on any page as in the whole.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Published by

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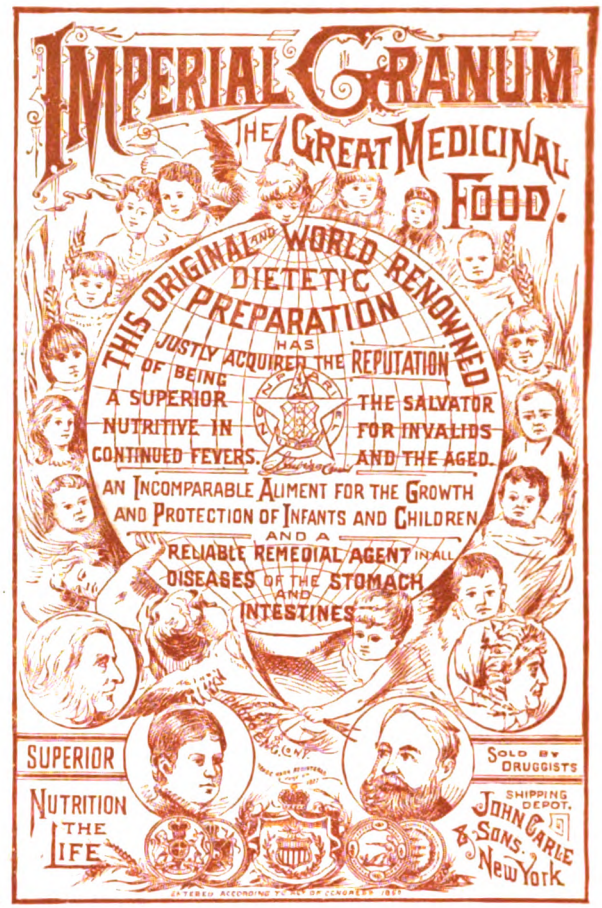
☞ *The above work sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*



THE MIDWINTER NUMBER.

The Century Magazine

For February is of unusual interest and variety. Its notable features include:

THE BAILING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS,

When accused of complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln. A remarkable chapter of inside history compiled by Geo. Parsons Lathrop.

FICTION.

Serials by Frank R. Stockton and George W. Cable, the latter's illustrated by Kemble, together with two illustrated short stories.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.

By John G. Nicolay and Col John Hay. Lincoln's career in Congress, and the national questions of the period and his six years' law practice. The history is told with many anecdotes and sketches of prominent men, and accompanied by numerous portraits and other illustrations.

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RECENT ART DISCOVERIES IN ROME. By Professor Lanciani.
THE OLDEST CHURCH IN LONDON. Illustrated by Pennell.

FURTHER CONTENTS

Comprise two articles, with portrait, on Father Taylor, the famous Boston preacher, by Walt Whitman and the Rev. C. A. Bartol; "Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania," by General Longstreet; "The Relative Strength and Weakness of Nations," by Edward Atkinson; a sketch, with frontispiece portrait, of President McCosh; Poems by Edmund C. Stedman, Joaquin Miller, and others; Topics of the Time; Bric-à-Brac; Open Letters, etc.

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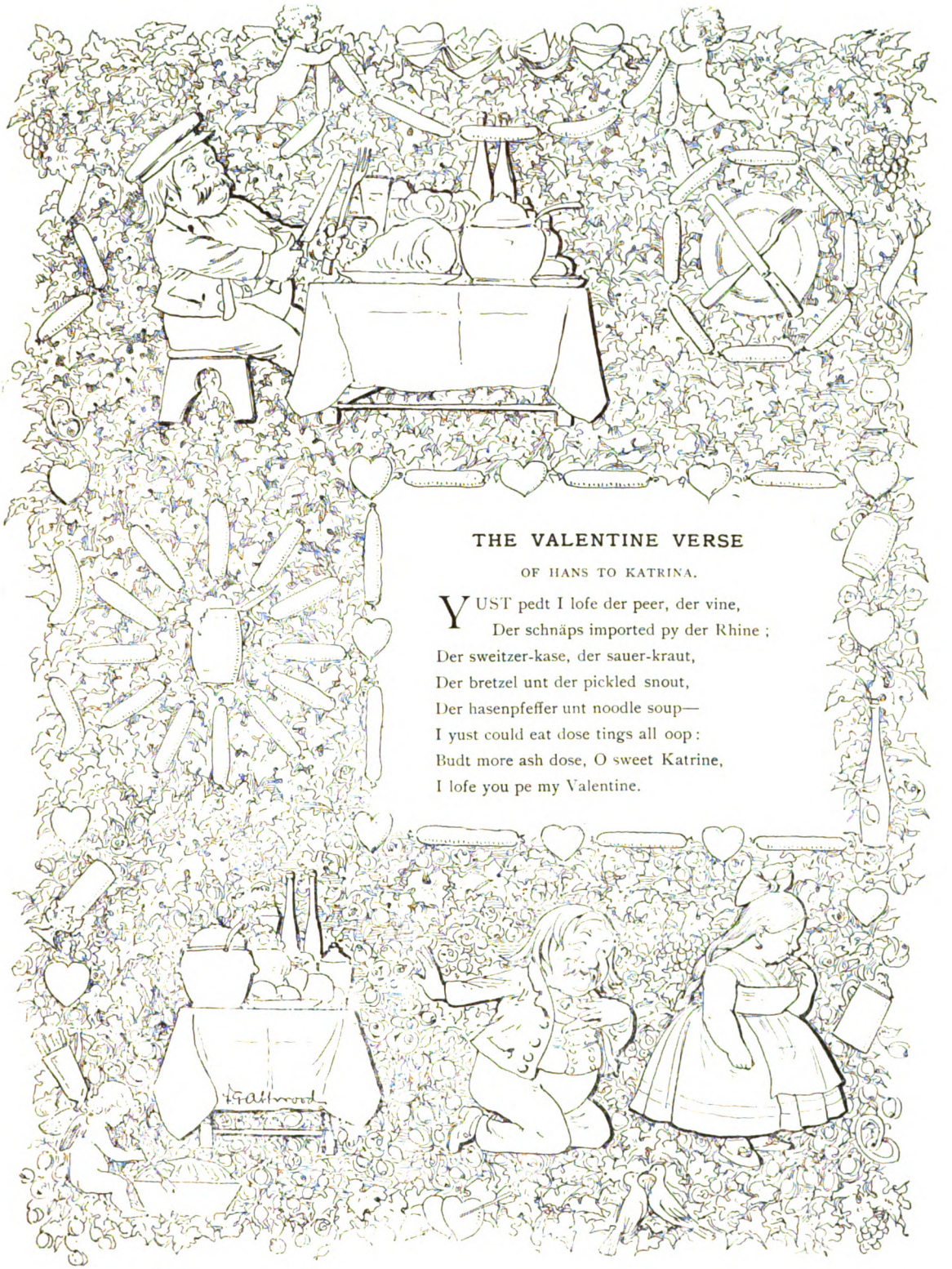
VOLUME VIII.
No. 216.

· LIFE ·

FEBRUARY 17TH,
1887.



THE VALENTINE VERSE

OF HANS TO KATRINA.

YUST pedt I lofe der peer, der vine,
Der schnäps imported py der Rhine ;
Der sweitzer-kase, der sauer-kraut,
Der bretzel unt der pickled snout,
Der hasenpfeffer unt noodle soup—
I yust could eat dose tings all oop :
Budt more ash dose, O sweet Katrine,
I lofe you pe my Valentine.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 17, 1887. No. 216.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

HAPPILY the immediate responsibility for the White River accident does not rest upon anything more tangible than the spirit of the age. It accords with that for travel to be rapid even at the occasional cost of lives. Rails and axles will break now and then in winter. Human precaution seems not to avail to prevent that, and when the break comes at an awkward time and an unlucky place, the consequences are apt to be awful. Some railway bridges are more conducive to car-wheels than others. The White River bridge may or may not have had the latest improvements. We don't know how that is.

But there is not the least doubt that these terrible stories of burning cars and roasting passengers have become intolerably trite, and that the place in the affections of the people that was once warmed by the car stove is vacant. Out on the car stove! Remove it! Pitch it away! Smash it! It is a fiend!

Any car company or railroad that will take the necessary pains, and spend the requisite money, can heat its cars without stoves. We understand that the Pullman Company admits this fact and has begun to act upon it. There is not a railroad in the country that can afford to carry stoves in its cars after this winter.

* * *

SOMETIMES it seems as if we were really getting nearer the millennial time when the railroads will serve the people instead of bossing them. We do not expect to be hauled without charge as a matter of right, but we hope to be carried more cheaply, more comfortably, and with less hazard than at present. What with plenty of competition and interstate commerce bills, and the high price of legislation, railroading is constantly improving in this land of freedom.

* * *

A FAVORITE line in the newspapers a week ago was this: "Mrs. Howells says her husband writes novels as a man saws wood."

That is to say, he humps up his shoulders, perspires freely, and makes a loud monotonous noise with his pen. Everybody seems to be down on Howells. The Harpers are making him odious since they hired him by alluding to him as "the greatest living novelist;" the critics go for him on the slightest provocation like bulls for a red rag; he is continually pouring hot water over himself because he doesn't know what not to say; and now his wife is after him.

Howells needs a defender, and if he would agree not to let any shop-girls into "April Hopes," we think that LIFE would say a kind word for him. Meanwhile, if he gets tired of abuse, he has only to emulate his admired Mr. James and write a story like "The Bostonians," and we are pretty confident that no one will ever speak of him in print again.

* * *

THE little Van Zandt girl seems to think she is married to her Anarchist, and the lawyers are not sure that she is not. If marriage with one proxy is good, so is marriage between two. Glorious thought! See what possibilities there are in it!

To serious minded people who contemplate marriage, big public weddings are tedious solemnities that they wish to avoid. Especially is this true of the men who get no glory nor aught else of advantage from such shows except a wife. But "society" demands show weddings. Now, if such people, and particularly the sober-minded men, could be married by proxy, it would be a great boon, and, if so disposed, they could even attend their own weddings, and sit in a pew and be a prey to emotion without becoming a spectacle. To sit calmly in a church and see one's self married, without so much as the trouble of tight shoes, is a tempting prospect, and should have influence with the noble army of bachelors, which the newspapers tell us is so much too large.

There are a hundred other things that people who affect fashionable society ought surely to be glad to do by proxy, and which could be quite as well done that way: formal visits to be made, dull dinners to be eaten, dances to be sat out, tight clothes to be displayed. It will be a luxury of the sensible rich sometime, to have doubles to live their life of show, and leave them strength and time to live their real life. We cannot have an astral presence, but we may achieve a proxy.

* * *

SOME of our contemporaries are indignant because the Duke of Marlborough is reported to have said that his debts were so heavy there was no resort left for him but an American heiress. Don't fret, friends. Any American girl that cares to marry his Grace is welcome to him, and he is welcome to her, and we will throw in a year's subscription to LIFE.

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SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

She: IT WAS AWFULLY MEAN OF YOU TO GO TO THE THEATRE WITHOUT ME.

He: OH, WELL, IT IS JUST THE SAME AS IF WE BOTH WENT; WE ARE ONE, YOU KNOW.

Two Days Later.

He: THIS HOUSE IS ENOUGH TO FREEZE ONE, AGNES. DIDN'T YOU ORDER THE COAL?

She: NO, DARLING; I BOUGHT THIS SEAL-SKIN SACQUE INSTEAD. BUT I AM WARM, AND WE ARE ONE, YOU KNOW.

THE ADVERTISING OF THE FUTURE.

In no spirit of levity LIFE predicts that unless some new method of heating our cars is speedily obtained the railroad advertising of the future, to be honest, will have to read very much as follows:

TO TRAVELERS.

TRY THE

CEMETERY SATCHEL.

One of the greatest conveniences of modern travel. Adds materially to comfort of travelers. In the over-heated cars, holding as it does all the articles of the toilet, together with

OUR POPULAR SHROUD,

which experts state to be the best RECHERCHÉ DUSTER ever manufactured.

THE

Travelers' Novelty Co.,

HOBOKEN.

Trade-Mark.

SECURE BERTHS AT ONCE for the Ice Carnival. Upper Berth, similar in construction to our trade-mark, $4.00. Lower Berth, with ice-box attached, $7.00.

THE SUREDEATH LINE, Limited,

41172 Broadway.

The Holocaust Rapid Transit Company's

Cars are heated by the Celebrated

BURNHARD HEATER.

No difficulty about fires. Fire Insurance Policy and Free Incineration Coupon given away with every first-class ticket on our line.

CLERGYMEN

Of all denominations constantly in attendance. No victim of the Holocaust Rapid Transit Company has ever been known to complain of our service. Low rates to all parts of this world and the next. No return tickets issued.

TICKETS FOR OUR ROUTE AT ALL RESPECTABLE UNDERTAKERS.

NOTICE.

TO GENTLEMEN CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE.

The cars of the Central Railroad of Hohokus are heated by the most approved of modern apparatus, and we feel that we can conscientiously recommend any person who may be tired of life to travel on our road. The chances of escape are **NOT ONE IN TEN THOUSAND,** to say nothing of the crime of which our system relieves our patrons.

E. TERNITY,

General Passenger Agent.

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HE THOUGHT SO TOO.

THERE had been wet weather at Windsor Castle for two weeks, and Her Majesty, walking to the window, remarked:

"What a long rain we're having!"

"Yes," said the Prince of Wales, sadly, "I don't think you'll get out for some time." And then Her Majesty looked at him as if she suspected him of a little too much double entendreness.

* * *

A BOSTON scientist is fully convinced that the Garden of Eden was located at the North Pole.

If he is right, it is not wonderful that Adam and Eve had an innate hankering after warmer clothing than they had at first.

* * *

A BALLET GIRL was recently arrested for vagrancy, but was discharged on the testimony of one of her audience concerning her visible means of support.

* * *

IT is a peculiar thing that in spite of state prejudices there is as much water in Kentucky corporations as in any other.

A BATCH OF INTERCEPTED VALENTINES.

IT was late St. Valentine's Eve when a low, gurgling sound, somewhat similar to the song of a canary with a cherry-pit in his throat, announced the coming of the postman. The flagging thud of his feet, as they wearily climbed to the portals of LIFE, told too truly that the poor minion was exhausted, and that he should stagger into the office and fall fainting over the waste-basket occasioned no surprise in the editorial circle.

It is a cast-iron rule of our office to relieve persons in distress when it is possible, so we relieved this weary postman of his letters, and gently, but firmly, dropped him into the street.

Among the documents thus acquired were certain ones which we feel it our duty to forward to their destination, and knowing no better way of reaching the persons addressed than through our own columns, we have ventured to make use of them. The first, dated Paris, was directed to Chancellor Bismarck, and consisted of a portrait of the Goddess of Liberty drinking *vin ordinaire* with the Prussian Eagle, as a symbol of eternal friendship, and the subjoined lines:

Oh, Chancellor Bizzy, sweet god of the Rhine,
Don't think *La Belle France* quite lacking in spine,
Because just this moment she doesn't incline
To enter with spirit your little combine;
Rest tranquil, sweet Bizzy, a year or two more,
Then Johnny Crapaud will quite enjoy war,
And for your galorious Teuton *Empire*,
Will gladly assist in providing the *bier*.
I am yours to command, from my toes to my hair,
BOULANGER, of Paris, *Ministre de la Guerre*.

Following this was a handsome paper-lace affair representing the Czar of Russia flying through space with a torpedo in tow. The following poem was printed in red letters over an allegorical chromo of the hereafter in green and yellow:

Ta-ta,
O Czar,
Despot of the Russias;
Thro' space
Apace
This bomb your highness ushers.
When you get back, I opine,
You will be my Valentine.
Here I set my seal and fist,
SKYHIVITZKY, Nihilist.

The third was addressed to Queen Victoria, Windsor Castle. It bore symptoms of the Prince of Wales's composition, and yet its authorship is open to question. It read:

A HINT.

There was an old lady benign,
For fifty odd years did recline
On a big gilded throne,
And, begobs, be it known
That 'tis time the old gal did resign.

Whether this is a valentine from the Prince, or another Irish outrage, we prefer to leave to the general public.

The next epistle consisted of a little green laureate holding a blue pen marked "Pessimism" in his hand, combating with a purple giant labeled "Progress," beneath which were the following lines:

Upward, downward, downward, upward, beating in and 'bout the stump;
See the poet, with his pencil, giving Progress many a thump.
It is natural that the second blast from out the poet's pen,
Should be rankly pessimistic while 'twas optimistic when
He was young, for then he had some thing to look to up on high,
Which was far above his station, far as earth is from the sky.
He could toady and be happy, looking up to lords and earls,
He could write the poems that would suit the critics and the girls.
Now the poet has grown older, and he wears a noble's clothes,
And as suited to his station, up Lord Alfred turns his nose.

A cry of joy was permitted to escape the lips of the political editor when these lines to the President were brought to light:

'Tis said in parts, dear Mr. C.,
Your policy is strong,
Whereas in others there are those
Who say that you are wrong;
But one thing's certain; when from place
Rank partisans you vote, oh
Then your method's a success
In toe-toe.

Unfortunately for the public and the individuals directly concerned, a political discussion here arose which not only put an end to the session, but had a similar effect upon two editors and a large package of valentines which still remained unopened.

Geo. W. Me.

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THE INVASION OF AMERICA BY THE BRITISH.

FORCING AN ENGAGEMENT.

SCRAPS.

A DEBATING club in Boston has reached the sage conclusion that the Lowell-Hawthorne misunderstanding was a typographical error.

* * *

WE notice that the wives of Senators and Cabinet officers never bother about the question of precedence when a subscription list is passed around.

IN the war dance at the Wild West show the Indians don't seem to have much more than a pair of paints on.

* * *

FATHER McGLYNN could never have thrown ten soldi into the Trevi Fountain at Rome and drank seven glasses of its waters at twelve o'clock on a moonlight night.

If he had, he would have gone back to Rome.

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BOOKISHNESS

A PHILADELPHIA ROMANCE.

AND now Philadelphia will begin to claim that it is a "literary centre," because the author of "The Story of Margaret Kent" has written another novel, "Sons and Daughters" (Ticknor), and placed the scene of it in the suburbs of that somnolent town.

As a matter of course, there is nothing more dramatic in the book than a lawn-party and an elopement. Philadelphia girls don't take their excitement in social gaiety or adventures. They are of the kind who have intense ambitions, jealousies and loves. Over these they dream and brood, and have grand thoughts of the most impracticable nature. Their emotions are saturated with Calvinism, which magnifies the importance of the individual and yet makes her a creature of fate. There never was a Philadelphia girl who did not firmly believe that somewhere in the universe there was an ideal lover created expressly for her; or, in other words, that the whole drama of Creation is a fine scheme for supplying Philadelphia girls with husbands.

To be perfectly candid—they generally trap their game. Their complexions may be sallow, their dresses may hump on the shoulders and be devoid of an enticing curve or a bright bit of color, their pronunciation may be as broad and flat as the plains of the Amazon—but they know how to persuade a man that there is only one woman in the world for him, and she lives in the Quaker City.

* * *

TO those interested in this psychological problem, the story of "Sons and Daughters" will give some valuable hints. It is a woman's book in every particular. The men are of the kind that women adore and true men despise—weak, visionary fellows, always talking of their "careers," which some rude fate has "shattered." They are looking around for some woman to "sympathize" with and "save" them. This sort of thing flatters the vanity of an intense woman of the Philadelphia type. She immediately recognizes the despairing lover as her fate—and loyally sacrifices her pleasure to his whims forever after.

* * *

THIS book is an eminently proper domestic story, and yet the sentiment of it is of that shade of falseness which most deludes young women of tender years. There is an utter blindness in it to any dictates of reason. Love is enough and love is all: with it, perpetual happiness; without it, despair. It is this reducing the whole problem of life down to a single passion which has done as much as the doctrine of Protection toward the mental and material stagnation of Philadelphia.

* * *

IT would not be fair to omit all mention of the merits of this story. It is written with unusual literary finish. There are many bright things in it, and some genuine wit. The reader will be interested in spite of his prejudices, and almost wish that he could spend a summer flirting at Sycamore (Chestnut) Hill.

Droch.

LITERARY LOG-ROLLING AND LITERARY BACKBITING.

MR. GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP having very successfully scored the author of "Literary Log-Rolling" in the current issue of the *North American Review*, an anonymous creature, who claims to be an adult member of the Authors' Club, "protests" through the columns of the *Evening Post* against Mr. Lathrop's interference.

Says he:

> As to "Literary Log-Rolling" and "Literary Backbiting," perhaps I may say that while it is awfully kind in a young man from Boston to take the whole city of New York under his arm, and while so slight a favor as to champion the entire membership of the Authors' Club is hardly worth mentioning beside it, yet perhaps there are certain gentlemen connected with that club who might prefer even to be allowed the opportunity of taking care of themselves.

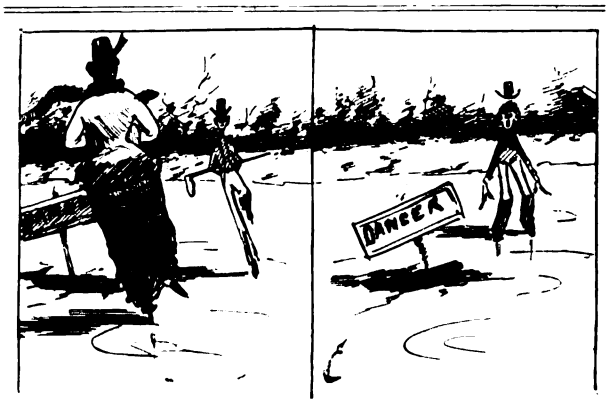
If the gentlemen who "might prefer even to be allowed the opportunity of taking care of themselves" cannot do it better than this anonymous adult in the art of verbosity, we fear we must take sides with Mr. J. Clayton Adams, in his crusade against the Authors' Club—although we have always thought that that institution served more than one useful purpose.

Perhaps, however, this gentleman, who, though an adult member of the Authors' Club, does not seem to have learned the art of writing his own name, has taken as personal Mr. Lathrop's statement that "the man who assails authors with distorted, dishonorable and untruthful aspersions under cover of mask and cloak, convicts himself of a dastardly deed far more despicable than the extremest complaisance of mutual admiration. A pseudonymuncule of this sort who goes up and down concealing his identity carries a corpse inside his coat. It is the corpse of his own dead self-respect."

If it be that the *Post's* correspondent takes these remarks as personal, we are not much surprised at his behavior.

To be called a dastardly pseudonymuncular hearse is enough to disconcert any man, even a New Yorker.

J. K. Bangs.



THE VANISHING LADY.

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THE MILLENNIAL GIRL.

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ST. VALENT

INE'S DAY.

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from foreign fields

THAT EUROPEAN WAR.

ACTUATED by a desire to relieve the overwrought nerves of such readers of LIFE as desire to tour through Europe next summer, and are deterred by rumors of war, our Chum to Potentates addressed the crowned heads of Europe on the subject with the following results:

(*From General Boulanger.*)

MY DEAR CHUM,—Your communication of the 15th received. Rich Americans need have no fear of visiting Paris this coming season. The rumors of war between La Belle France and our beloved cousins over the Rhine are merely persiflage. Indeed, to show you how peaceful we feel, I will mention that our military expenditures last month were but a trifle over seventeen billion francs. The twenty-foot-thick granite wall we have erected on the frontier is simply a precaution against mosquitoes, and the four million repeating rifles recently ordered, are to be used to furnish the armory in our new military club-house.

Yours ever, BOULANGER.

* * *

(*From Bismarck.*)

MEIN LIEBER CHOM,—This war talk is absurd. The Emperor feels rather weak in the knees, and to brace him up, Moltke and I thought we'd work up a little parade for him. The idea of our making war on our dear allies of France is ridiculous in the extreme, and I may as well tell you that the increase in our standing army merely provides for forty-three battalions of trombonists and a few more brigades of oboe players. The concentration of these forces on the frontier is merely a friendly attempt to serenade our neighbors over the Rhine.

Sein, BISMARCK.

P.S.—The Emperor Bm. sends his love, and has ordered a pretzel struck off in honor of your recent visit. B.

* * *

(*From Emperor Joseph.*)

DEAR CARLYLE,—Please deny the *Sun's* assertion that I looked glum at the Industriellen Ball, because I am afraid of getting hurt in a suppositious war. I admit I looked glum, but it was because Queen Victoria, who has a pet cooking-school at Windsor, sent us a real English plum-pudding, which she prepared with her own Imperial digits, and to avoid international complications, I had to eat it. Our military preparations are due to the fact that I want the army to help me out when the Queen sends me another pudding. The reporter who says he saw me curiously examining a new style of cannon-ball was in error. It was that same old Victorian cake I was regarding, but I don't wonder the correspondent mistook it for a cartridge. Between the two, I prefer cartridges every time.

Your true friend, JOE.

* * *

(*From Lord R. Churchill.*)

THE Lord presents his compliments to the Chum, and begs to state that the absence of a *casus belli* in Europe induced him to resign. There is nothing that the descendants of a former Chum to a former Potentate—John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and that Queen from whose time the present Mary-Ann style of architecture is alleged to have been derived—gloat in more than war, but the haunting fear of a revolt in the civil service keeps poor England in a continual state of subservient peace, which doesn't suit the Churchill taste. My desire was to egg France on to free the Alsace and Lorrainians from the German yolk—if I may thus carry out the original metaphor—but the Government preferred devoting its attention to Jubilees and International yacht races, rather than be identified with which, to use the subtle phrase of *Punch*, I put on my hat and Randolph to Cannes.

* * *

(*From the Czar.*)

DEAREST CHUMOVITCH,—Your questions surprise me. Of course there is to be no war over here. Who'd begin it, I'd like to know, with the rest of us around? I admit our relations are badly strained, and candles have been selling at war prices for over a year, but there is too much uncertainty about who'll be who after the war is over for the relations to get into a regular open row. For my part, my sole object in making war preparations is to preserve peace, and the more dynamite we put into missiles, the less there is left for the winter palace.

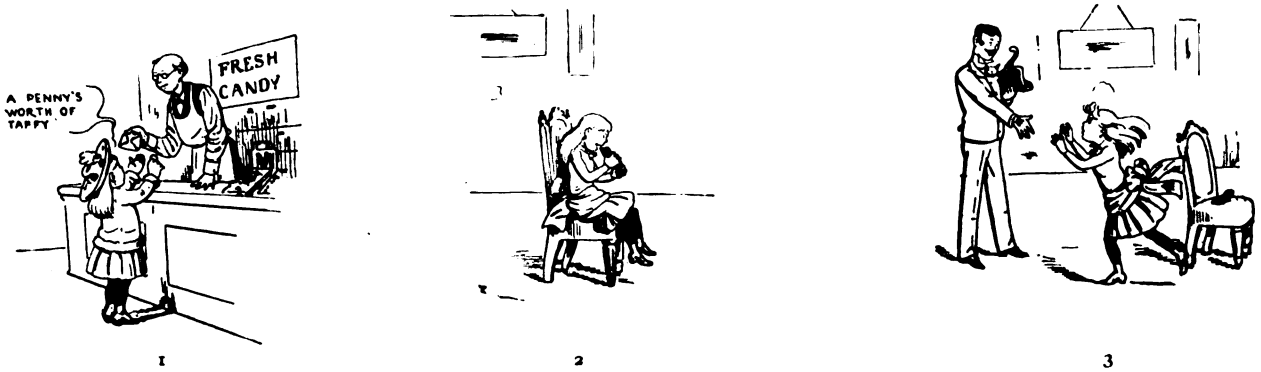
I wish you could have been here last Tuesday. We garroted a man who had the cheek to tell me I looked pale. It would have done you good to see the recherche choke we gave him for it.

Yours, ALECK.

* * *

These were all that had been received up to the hour of going to press, and are sufficient, I think, to show that Europe will be kept quiet and peaceful for the next year, even if it takes blood to do it.

Carlyle Smith.



1 2 3

A COHESIVE TALE.

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HOW HE WANTED IT DONE.

FRIEND: Now, Charley, I'd advise you to have the operation performed by Dr. Sawbones. He is a very skillful surgeon, and will perform his work in a rare manner.

PATIENT (*alarmed*): Rare? I'd rather it be well done.

TENNYSON is said to be engaged in an adaptation of "When this Old Hat was New," for the Queen to sing at her jubilee.

GOING INTO THE MINISTRY.

FATHER: I hear you've decided to go into the ministry, Samuel.

SON: Yes, father.

FATHER: So you're going to work for the Lord, eh?

SON: Yes, father, but I trust it won't be long before I shall get a $10,000 salary.

WE have Knights and Peers in this Republican land just as they have in England.

Only our Knights deserted the Piers for the sake of higher wages.

IT is customary to poke fun at the English for saying, "'Arf 'n 'arf," but we think that a much better way to say it than the German "holluf undt holluf."

POPE, PRUSSIA AND PEACE.

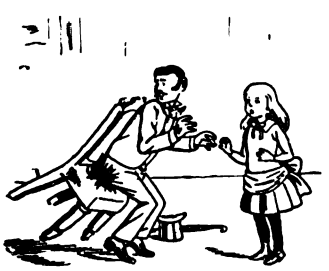
A COMPLETE understanding has been reached by Prussia and the Pope on questions of Church and State.

They are as happy as two P's in a pod.

IT is said that the French have reason to fear an epidemic of Krupp.

POOR ENGLAND!

The U. S. Navy (with its fiercest voice): TAKE CARE, OR, BY THUNDER! THERE MAY BE A WAR!



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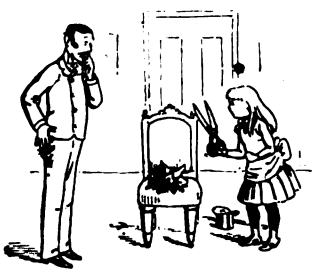

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A COHESIVE TALE.

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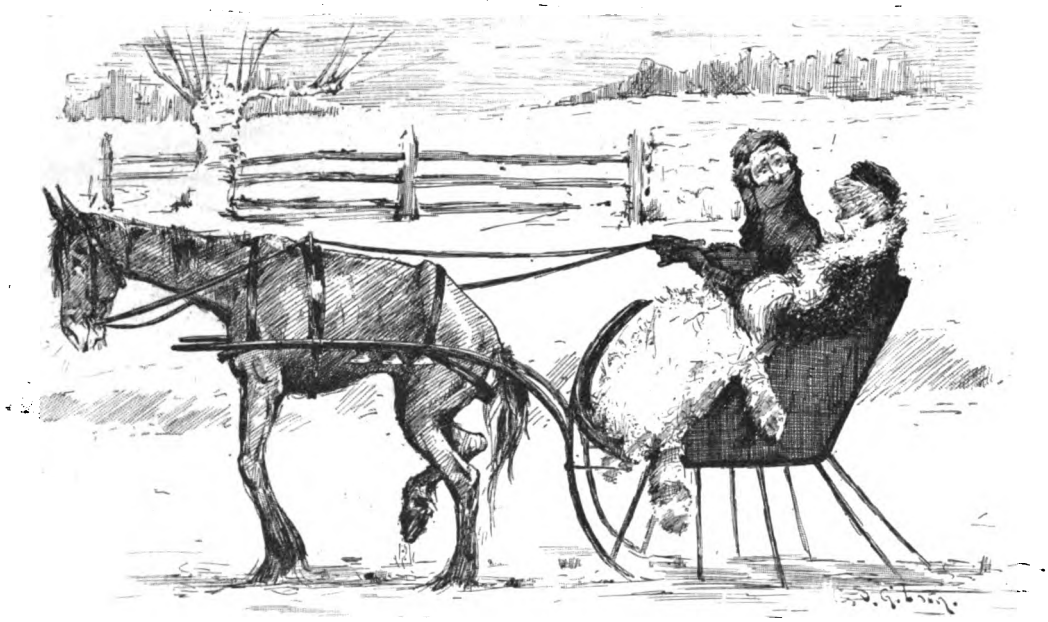

Emily: WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR, MR. SHARPE?

Mr. Sharpe: WAITING FOR! WHY WE STARTED HALF AN HOUR AGO!

HE ALWAYS LOST HIS LOAD.

WAGGISH CLERK: I see you've hired Tim Dolan to drive one of the wagons.

EXPRESS MANAGER: Yes. Isn't he all right?

WAGGISH CLERK: Well, that's for you to find out. Where he was employed before he was all the time losing his load.

EXPRESS MANAGER: Why, he came well recommended. What did he haul?

WAGGISH CLERK: He drove a sprinkling cart.

AS the New York Limited Express approached Pittsburg on the evening of January 19th, a baggage-gentleman, named Henry Mingus, was arranging the trunks in the baggage car. Clinching with a modest one that seemed his size, he threw it across the car to the top of a pile of baggage. Mark his astonishment! The trunk seemed to evaporate; the roof of the car sailed away in the direction of Harrisburg, and Mingus was left curled up in the corner much demoralized.

Thus we may learn that the worm will turn, and that the smasher who goeth often for the trunk gets broken at last.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

HE WANTED CASH.

"DID you say that your grandmother had $20,000, and did not leave you a cent, though you are her only direct heir? Did she leave a will and testament?"

"I said just that. Yes, she left a will and testament, and in the will she left me the testament, and nothing else."

IN addition to being the greatest man on earth, Henry W. Grady is president of the Southern baseball league. We must again extend to Mr. Grady assurances of our tiptopmost profound consideration, and regret that we have but one hat to take off to him.

THE RABBLE.

"ARE they in society? No, sir! I used to go there, but gave it up. Never found anybody at their house but artists, authors, musicians, composers and such fellows. They didn't suit our set."

IT'S said that Boston is becoming jealous of Pittsburg's fame as a natural gas centre.

OUR old Knickerbocker families are said to be dreadfully proud of their English blood.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLUS

A REMARKABLE ADMISSION.

"WERE you acquainted with the murdered man?" asked the prosecuting attorney of a witness for the defense in a murder case. The willingness of the witness to say all that he could in behalf of the murderer was very apparent, by the way.

"I know'd him. He was de honestest"—

"Never mind about his honesty. You say you knew him."

"Yes, sah; and I'se proud to say I nebber knowed sich a noble"—

"Nobody asked you about that. What was the condition of his health—was he not in robust health?"

"No, sah! He was the feeblest niggah I eber seed."

"He was killed by the accused, was he not?"

"I can't say so, sah. My idee am dat he was in sich bad health dat, eben ef he hadn't been killed when he was, he would hab died, anyhow, at least two days previous, sah."—*Texas Siftings.*

BERTIE: Pa, who's that a picture of? Pa: Father Time, with his scythe. Bertie: But, pa, he's nearly bald. Pa: Yes; most old gentlemen are. Bertie: But, say pa, I thought Time had a forelock. —*Tid-Bits.*

A LITTLE Buffalo girl was not feeling well and her parents suggested that she might be about to have chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said: "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa; I found a fedder in the bed."—*New York Sun.*

NONE of us are so poor that we can't pay a compliment when it is due.—*Newport News.*

BEFORE the wedding day she was dear and he her treasure; but afterwards she became dearer and he treasurer.—*Newport News.*

THE cost of the cigars and whisky consumed in this country in one year would build a new navy, but it never will.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

A MORNING contemporary says: "He fell heavily to the floor a lifeless corpse." We think under the circumstances, he was fully justified in falling.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

SPRING time is coming. Will the honest paper-hanger strike? You can bet high that he won't. Why will not he strike? (Colloquial Bostonese for "why won't he"?) Because it looks too much like work. Why so? Because then he would have to walk around all day, instead of sleeping in pleasant half-papered rooms.—*Burdette.*

THE most attractive thing about a toboggan is a pretty girl.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A MAN never drops into a newspaper office to tell about a little race on the road unless his horse comes in winner.—*Tid-Bits.*

WOBURN'S new Postmaster is an undertaker. It is to be hoped he will not develop a tendency in favor of dead letters.—*Boston Herald.*

BROWN: What do you think of the play? FOGG: Fairly good thing; but what I object to is the intense realism in the third act—a church scene, you know; it was so natural that I actually went to sleep.—*Boston Transcript.*

"IF there is anything I like better than classical music," said Major Brannigan, in a high voice, as he moved with the throng out of the concert-room, "its lemons. They both set my teeth on edge."—*San Francisco Post.*

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

"The Ladies' Favorite," for all toilet cleansing and purifying purposes; for preventing chapping, chafing, comedones, or "flesh-worms," and other skin affections; for curing dandruff (which if left to continue, causes baldness); for correcting the injurious effects of cosmetics; and for washing the delicate skin of infants.

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HABIT MAKER,

19 EAST 21st STREET,

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from date to February 15th next.

N.B.—All garments made at reduced prices to be embraced within the above period.

Model garments remaining on hand offered at half price.

Seal and Astrakhan Coats and Jackets *made only of the best quality* English-dyed skins and warranted a satisfactory fit.

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STEEL PENS Are the Best.

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SPRING SEASON, 1887.

The Messrs. REDFERN have the honor to announce to their Lady patrons that they are now prepared to show their

ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR GOWNS AND COATS

for the ensuing Season. These will be found in every respect worthy of the reputation of the *Maison* REDFERN.

A large consignment of **New Cloths,** mainly from Styles and Colorings supplied by the Messrs. REDFERN, have just been received from the most eminent English and Scotch manufacturers.

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So to speak, may be obtained by taking a bottle of FRED: BROWN'S GINGER with you on your travels, and taking a hot drink at night, made with a gill of hot water, a teaspoonful of the Ginger, and a lump or two of sugar.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

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Monday, Feb. 14, } LADY OF LYONS.
Tuesday, " 15, }
Wednesday, SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.
Thurs., Friday, } PEG WOFFINGTON
Sat. Matinee, } IN
Sat. Evening, } MASKS and FACES.

EDEN MUSEE, 23d St., bet. 5th & 6th Aves.,
Open from 11 to 11. Sundays 1 to 11.
Great success of Benjamin Constant's Famous Picture,
STORMING OF CONSTANTINOPLE.
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"A popular triumph."—*Herald.*
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"Delight and astonishment."—*Commercial.*

MATINEES, SATURDAY AT 2.

To injurious tight lacing many of the ills of suffering womankind is, with truth, attributable; yet, many society leaders owe their recent noticeable improved form to the skill of a corsetière who makes the systematic graduation of stays her peculiar study. The accuracy with which she fits, contributes comfort, and, by her system of gradually readjusting superfluous flesh, reduces redundancy, lengthens the waist, and prepares for the modiste the correct-shaped and flexible frame upon which to build the outer dress. Miss T. T. SCHNEIDER, of No. 274 Sixth Avenue, receives the distinction of accomplishing all that the above indicates, and her numerous patrons pronounce her corsets the acme of perfection, comfort and elegance.

A GENTLEMAN in high official circles, when a young man, went West with a slick citizen by the name of Robinson from his own town to go into business together. After an absence of a year he returned alone. "Well," said a friend, meeting him, "how are you? You are looking first-rate. How did you leave Robinson? Is he holding his own?" "Yes, and mine, too."—*Washington Critic.*

INTELLIGENT APPRECIATION.

BOSTON GIRL: "Tell me, my friend, do you admire Hawthorne?"

NEW YORK GIRL: "Oh, my; yes! I think it is great! When we were at Saratoga I used to drink two big glasses of it every morning before breakfast."—*Lowell Citizen.*

Mrs. Fourstar's little girl was there. I must tell you one of her odd little sayings. Her father has a small round bald spot on the top of his head, and kissing him at bedtime, she remarked, "Stoop down, papsy dear, I want to kiss the place *where the lining shows.*"—*London Truth.*

A Western paper contains the following touching wedding announcement: "Married, at the residence of the bride, on Thursday evening, Mr. J. W. B—— to Miss Mary L. H——. The wedding was strictly private, owing to the bridegroom being still in mourning for his first wife."—*Tid-Bits.*

In Selecting Cosmetics,

avoid poisonous compounds. You can always rely upon the *Milk of White Roses,* as made by J. & E. ATKINSON of London. Delightfully curative.

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CUSTOMER (*in restaurant*): "Waiter, isn't it strange that I should find several flies in my soup?"

WAITER (*somewhat amazed*): "It is strange at this season of the year."—*Harper's Bazar.*

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NONE SO BLIND, ETC., ETC.

Beggar (in undertone): I SEE YER, YER YOUNG VARMINT. I WONDER WHAT DEVILTRY YER UP TO.
Boy (to himself): IF I WUZ TER HOLLER MAD DOG, I'M A THINKIN' WHETHER HE'D LET THAT MONEY-BOX DROP.

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"You have demonstrated that a *perfectly* pure soap may be made. I, therefore, cordially commend to ladies and to the community in general the employment of your pure 'La Belle' toilet soap over any adulterated article."

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IF all the codfish in Canada were to be made into one codfish, and all the embezzlers in Canada into one embezzler, and that embezzler were to eat that codfish; and if we could then extradite him by making so much war as might be represented by the touchhole of a Revolutionary horse-pistol, our voice would still be for peace.—*St. Louis Republican.*

FIRST ANARCHIST (*just shown to his room in the hotel*): "Gottlieb, for heaven's sake come here! What is that strange substance on the dressing-case?"

SECOND ANARCHIST (*trembling*): "It must be a new kind of bomb. The capitalists are plotting to destroy us. Let us fly!"

FIRST ANARCHIST: "Stay! Let us question the rascally landlord." (*Rings bell.*)

LANDLORD (*in response to excited enquiries*): "That, gentlemen, is a ball of soap."—*Phila. Call.*

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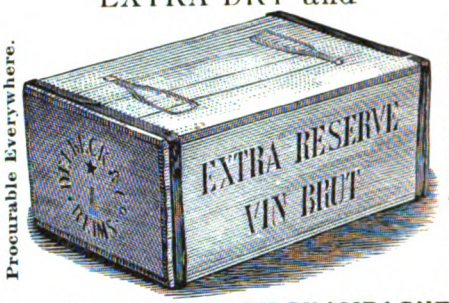

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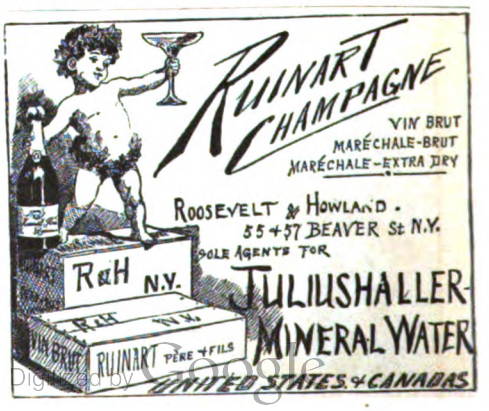

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1887. NUMBER 217.

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DOLLARS AND SCENTS.

Clara: OH, JOHN! WHAT LOVELY FLOWERS! THEY LOOK AS IF THEY HAD JUST BEEN GATHERED. WHY, THERE'S A LITTLE DEW UPON THEM!

John (somewhat embarrassed): DUE UPON THEM! NOT A CENT, CLARA, I ASSURE YOU, NOT A CENT!

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. FEBRUARY 24, 1887. No. 217.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vol. III., IV., V. and VII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

LENT again. Our friends in society have kept up a very active performance ever since the horse show in November, and are doubtless even more enthusiastic over the season's end than they were at its beginning. The strain of social enterprise in New York and Washington and the centres of fashion is intense, and it is very grateful to the rich and giddy to stop for a season and sit around. Now it will be Fortress Monroe and Florida for enfeebled fashion, while the incorrigibles will be making ready to run over for the London season.

* * *

THE President gets grateful acknowledgments from all sides for vetoing the Dependent Pension Bill. LIFE loves the veterans, and likes to see them thrive and multiply; but the pension business has been overdone, and every one who is not an applicant, a claim-agent, or a congressman, knows it. As for the congressmen, they would pension Mark Twain's hero, who did not go to the war himself, but sent his wife's relations. There is no discrimination about them whatever.

* * *

SOME of our esteemed teetotal friends are after Dr. Howard Crosby because he does not think it sinful to drink wine. No more do we; and when LIFE and Dr. Crosby hold the same view on any subject, there is room for belief that they are right. Dr. Crosby is for high license and the mitigation of the saloon misery. The Prohibitionists and the Saloonists are both against him, and when those two factions agree upon any matter, it is safe to say that both are wrong. If anybody has any influence up at Albany he cannot do better than to throw it in favor of Dr. Crosby's high license bill. It is the only feasible means of reducing the number of saloons. It will shut up hundreds of dives, and incidentally it will bring a great deal of money into the treasuries of the cities it affects. But the increased revenue from high license is of minor importance; the main thing is that it will restrain in some degree the competition in drunkard making.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS is the price paid by Boston to Chicago for the privilege of hiring Mike Kelly to play baseball. Personally Michael is to receive $2,000 for his services, and $3,000 for his photograph (another instance of beauty being preferred to merit). Mike is king of the diamond, and Boston means to be king of clubs, if she has to pawn her culture to hire the requisite talent.

* * *

IT is noised abroad in missionary circles that Missionary Hume is going back again to India to teach the Hindoos Christianity. Mr. Hume will be remembered as the merciful being who was not sure that the unenlightened Heathen went straight to Hell, but thought it possible that opportunities to take the other track were offered them after death. The American Board was immensely scandalized at the assurance of his suggestion, and declined for a long time to send him back to his work. Now the Prudential Committee, which had his case in hand, under strong pressure of public opinion, has consented to let him go back, on the understanding that his views of post-mortem probation are not positive, but merely hypothetical, and with the understanding that he will not say much about them.

* * *

HOW many strikes like that of the coal-handlers will it take to disintegrate the Knights of Labor? Very few. The organization is so big and so loosely put together that too many fools come to the top.

* * *

LET us admire the *Evening Post* for the excellent licks it put in against the Pauper Pension Bill.

* * *

THEY say Mr. Parnell has Bright's disease, is insane, and is generally disqualified for work; but we will not believe all that yet. It is a fact, though, that the Uncrowned One is not in good health, for which we are sorry. Emperor William continues to die from day to day as usual, but Mr. Hewitt is slowly getting better of his rheumatism. We are quite well, thank you, and so is ex-Secretary Manning.

* * *

A CAREFUL compiler of statistics states that the total seating capacity of the New York churches is "not more than 350,000. The number of men in the city between eighteen and forty-five years of age, according to the most reliable information, is 353,107." This will bring joy to the hearts of some of our friends, as explaining their motives in staying away. And there exist certain delicately organized creatures who prefer losing the pleasures of attendance to the consciousness of crowding others out.

* * *

THE few of our readers who may have chanced to survive the recent stroke of weather are herewith congratulated.

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FEBRUARY FACTS.

THE United States Senate discusses the Fisheries question, and decides to tell Canada she's another.

The Princess Louise manifests some displeasure at being known as the "Maiden all for Lorne," but her Imperial mother puts her soft pedal down and endeavors to deaden the discord, until the London organs are prohibited by law from echoing the peals of the Divorce Court.

Philadelphia secures Mr. Munkacsy's painting, "Christ before Pilate," for the Wannemacher Art and Dry Goods Association.

Coal rises higher, and the strikers continue to strike, with little chance of hitting, and the maiden who has received no valentine prepares a few sealed proposals for next year.

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IDYL OF THE SEASON.

OH, this is the season when valentine's come,
Brimming over with love or with hate;
One damozel's happy, another's made glum,
When the postman doth toot at the gate.

Some screeds are refulgent in paper and paste,
And others cost only a penny,
Depicting a siren with tapering waist,
With lines that imply she's not any.

The office-boy now his employer doth soore,
And gleefully watches him fume,
When regarding a portrait that's eighty parts jaw,
With a couplet foretelling his doom.

The young and the old, all join in the fun,
Drinking toasts to old Valentine's ghost,
To all 'tis most welcome—that is, except one,
The poor mortal that carries the post.

* * *

WE have frequently heard it said that Senator Edmunds is unduly fond of milk; and we fear he was much under its influence when he made use of that delightful metaphor: "Out of the frying-pan into the sea."

* * *

TRAVELING ON HIS SHAPE.

* * *

ALEXANDER OF RUSSIA is a dipsomaniac. This comes from an over indulgence in tallow candles.

* * *

IT has been said that the Irish sweep everything before them. The creature who made the remark never could have had an Irish servant in his house.

* * *

A DALY PAPER: The programme of the "Taming of the Shrew."

WHEN one thinks of di Cesnola and a General, and then thinks of General di Cesnola, he comes to the conclusion that the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is made up of unrelated parts.

* * *

STUDENT: A literal translation of *Sic itur ad astra* is—this way to the Astor House.

* * *

LET us see. Wasn't it somewhere about this season of the year that a man named Washington, and claiming to be the uncle or some close connection of his country, was born?

* * *

MR. WATTERSON calls George William Curtis the Bunthorne to an Oscar Wilde Administration.

Better call him the Bunthorne in the Republican flesh.

* * *

EX-PRESIDENT PORTER, of Yale University. is said to be writing a book, the topic of which has not yet been made known.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

If LIFE were in a betting mood, it would put dollars against buttons that the book is to be a disquisition on the Science of Baseball.

* * *

AN epidemic of Postal-Cardial meningitis is raging in Philadelphia.

* * *

MR. EMIL PAUL, having eaten eighty-four quail in forty-two days, will now try to read the Philadelphia *News* for twenty-six consecutive days, a feat that has never yet been accomplished by any living person.

* * *

IF it be true that Mr. Vilas reads all the postal-cards that go through the United States mail, Mr. Cleveland owes it to the country to demand his resignation.

* * *

THERE is a movement on foot to establish a Mrs. James Brown Potter Bureau of Information.

* * *

MRS. REBECCA FORBES STURGIS is writing a story entitled "A Million Dollar Stake!"

She is said to have derived her main incidents from Delmonico's.

* * *

IF our Albany legislators were as capable of making laws as they are of making hay, there would be less cause for complaint.

* * *

MR. CLEVELAND said *I* fourteen times in the course of a recent address, and Queen Victoria made use of the expression "Me Luds and Gents" eighteen times when she opened Parliament.

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TO MISTRESS PRUE.

A VALENTYNE.

GO, Valentyne, unto ye Mayde
Yt hath my Hearte in sore Distress,
Bidd Her be not afrayde
To tell me Yes.

Tell Her of Fyckle Man, & say
Yt I am all uncertayne, so
Yt, come another Day,
She may say No.

More Fyshes are there in ye Sea
Wherein to cast ye Hooke, I trow;
& if she wolde catch Me—
Then catch Me now!

Her Worshipper,

Ye Idle Idyller.

Feby 14, 1887.

A COMING STAR.

PROBABLY IN TRAGEDY.

IT was immediately after the one hundredth performance of Mr. Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show that a reporter of LIFE called upon one of the Bucking Ponies for the purpose of eliciting a few items of bronchial information.

The gentleman was found in his sumptuously furnished box stall smoking a cigar and toying gently with some fricasseed hay. He smiled pleasantly as he rose, and with much *empressement*

EXTENDED A HOOF OF WELCOME

to the reporter, and stated how much he appreciated the attentions of the dear people of the East, and how he longed for next season to come around, when he expects to appear before them in a full line of star parts.

"What! are you going to desert Mr. Bison?" asked the reporter.

"Well, yes; I'm afraid that's about the size of it," replied the Pony. "You see, William and I don't get along well together. He is jealous of my abilities as a marksman. Perhaps you heard how I broke three boxes of glass balls last evening at one shot. I was loaded with a Cheyenne squaw, who inadvertently stuck a spur into my ribs, and I fired her off at short range. Besides breaking the balls it killed the lady, and as the Government charges the management four dollars for every damaged red man or woman, Buffalo took that as an excuse to get mad. My resignation was handed in immediately, to take effect after the London season."

"What parts do you expect to play next year?"

"Well, I can't exactly say. I am to create an original part in a comedy Steele Mackaye is writing for me, and Mr. Rice has made me a flattering offer to give my celebrated imitation of Dixey and Nat Goodwin in the 'Heifer.' Did you ever see me as Irving?"

The reporter expressed himself in the negative, but indulged the hope that Mr. Broncho would give him a private view.

"Why, certainly I will," he replied, giving his mane a backward toss and extending his nostrils slightly forward.

"There!" he said, turning around and eyeing his visitor. "This is my make up as

IRVING."

"Capital!" said the reporter. "Your front legs are the perfect counterpart of Irving's, while the expression of your face is decidedly that of *Mathias* in 'The Bells.'"

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"I thought you'd recognize it," said the Pony, joyously. "You see," he continued, "I have a mission in life. I'm a native born American Broncho, and I want to shame those Anglomaniacs out of their notions about everything English being the best. To do this I am getting my legs into training for the greatest effort of my life. With my front legs as Irving's weak-kneed *Hamlet* and my hind legs as Booth's sturdy but melancholy Dane, I hope to show these people how far superior the American is to the Englishman. You see, next to ballet dancing, the role of *Hamlet* requires more expressive limbs than any part I know of, and it is in the intellectual qualities of the legs that Booth is immeasurably the superior of the two men."

"That certainly is a good idea," said the reporter, "and I sincerely trust that you will not only carry it out, but will remember that there are four dramatic critics on LIFE who would be pleased to give a review of your performances from the standpoint of Anglomaniac, Anglophobiac, Democrat and Mugwump."

"That will be very nice," replied the Pony, with a smile. "I intend giving a performance for the critics of New York, and shall try to hire the State of New Jersey for the sake of accommodating them. Those who can't get in can sit on the Brooklyn Bridge and look over, you know."

"Could you give a few points for the readers of LIFE on the science of Bucking?"

"With great pleasure," replied the affable Broncho. "It is very simple and easily learned. If you will kindly step up on my back I'll teach you the whole thing in less than a minute. You may gather your points afterward."

"You're very kind," said the reporter, climbing on his host's back.

"Oh no, not at all," replied the Broncho, quickly. "Now, there are four motions. Ready?"

The correspondent reluctantly expressed his readiness.

"ONE."

"One," said the Broncho," gathering his hind legs beneath him, as the reporter assumed a horizontal position.

"Two," he continued, raising himself to an angle of forty-five degrees, as is shown in Fig. B, while the correspondent reached out to remove a large horsefly from the top of his ear.

"TWO."

"Three," he ejaculated, with a sort of a rocking-chair motion that caused the interviewer to lean slightly forward and pull his stirrups up higher, so that he could see how the land lay.

"THREE."

"And four," said the Broncho, looking slyly around at his pupil, who, suddenly remembering an engagement at the hospital which demanded his immediate attention, was taking the shortest cut to the sidewalk through the second-story window on the north side of the garden.

"AND FOUR."

"Well," yelled the Broncho after him. "I never saw a cowboy get through the motions quicker than you did. You literary fellows are smart, and if you'll come in and rehearse to-morrow you'll be an accomplished Broncho steerer in less than a week."

But the reporter, not caring for a hearse of any kind, much less a rehearse, kept on his way, rejoicing that very little more than some of his valuable time had been killed by the interview.

Carlyle Smith.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

ASPIRING Artist: Your drawing came to hand this morning. In reply to your inquiries as to ink and paper, we think if you would use no ink on less paper and would draw a $50,000 prize in the Louisiana Lottery, you would do better.

* * *

Too many bills spoil the surplus.

What beautiful weather! Just like spring.

Swish!

Whash!!

Don't know but it feels more like fall, though, after all.

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PLEASANT NEWS.

REFERRING to a matter of no special interest to the reader, a lady informed her husband that she had "changed her mind."

"Well, I am glad of it," he replied, and his manner displayed great satisfaction. "Whom did you swap with?"

SCRAPS.

THE English language should be called a dead language. It has been murdered often enough.

* * *

RIDDLEBERGER is said to be contemplating resigning from the Senate, because his poverty subjects him to insult.

We commend the Senator in this. He is the poorest Statesman we ever saw.

* * *

AN English soldier complained bitterly because he found a well-seasoned brier-root pipe in a can of American beef issued to him at Aldershot. He expected a meerschaum.

TWO A. M.

Fond Wife: WHY, JOHN! YOU SAID YOU WERE GOING TO BISHOP'S PSYCHO-HYPNOTIC LECTURE.
John: WELL, SHO A DID. GOT MESHMERIZHED.

WILL LIKELY BE DECLINED.

CHARLIE (*to his pretty cousin*): Here is a little story, Clara, that I have written for *Babyland*, and I wish you would tell me what you think of it.

PRETTY COUSIN (*after reading the story*): Where do you intend to send it?

CHARLIE: To the editor of *Babyland*.

PRETTY COUSIN (*dubiously*): Well, I'm afraid, Charlie, that he will find it too young for his publication.

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

"I AM alarmed for the future of this country, Johnson."

"Why so, Briggs?"

"Because of the rapid increase in population. Soon the land will not support all the people."

"Nonsense! The medical colleges are now turning out four thousand physicians yearly."

IT is said that Germany means Bizzyness.

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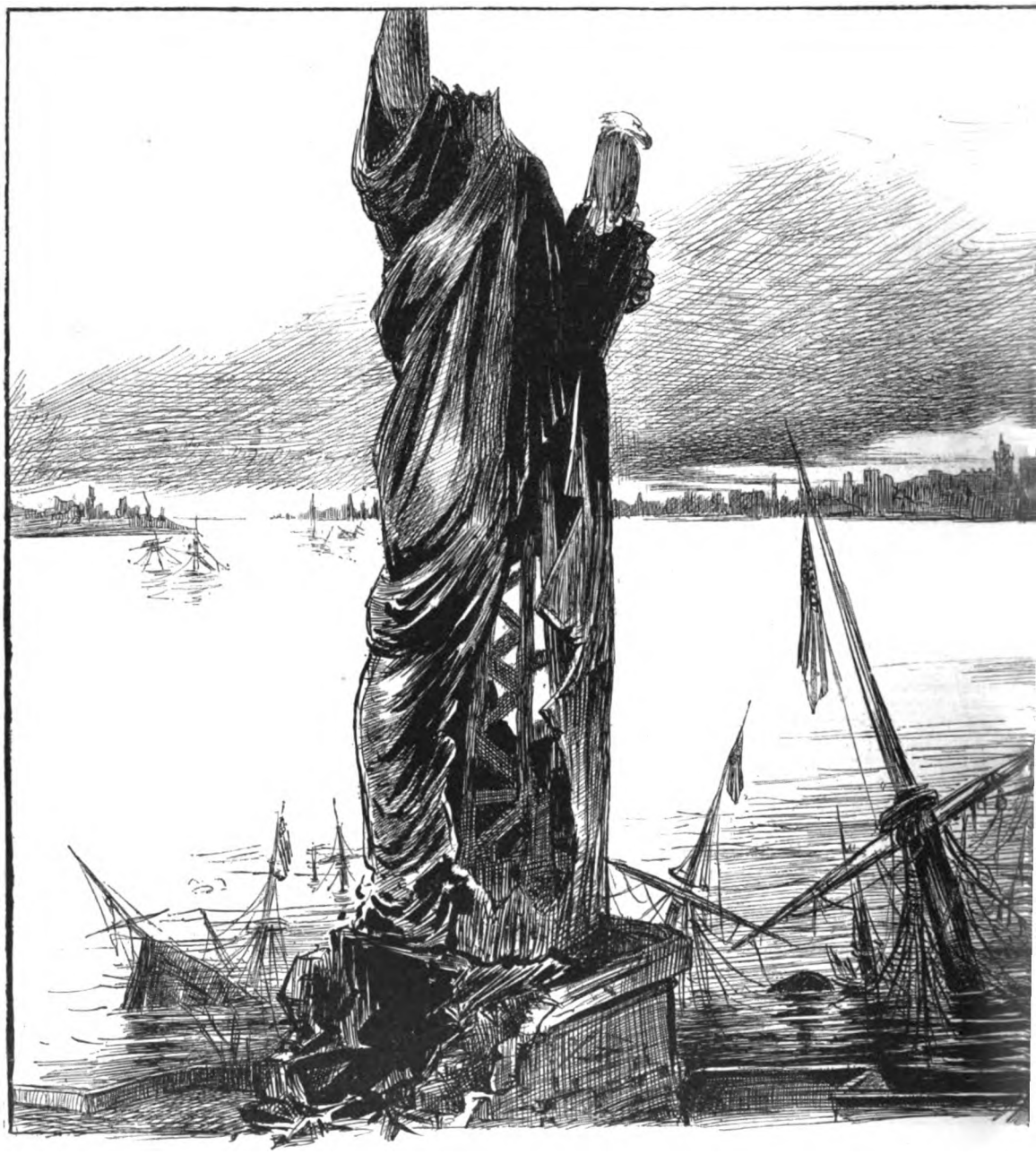

THE NEXT

BEING A VIEW OF THE U. S. NAVY AND THE CITY OF NEW

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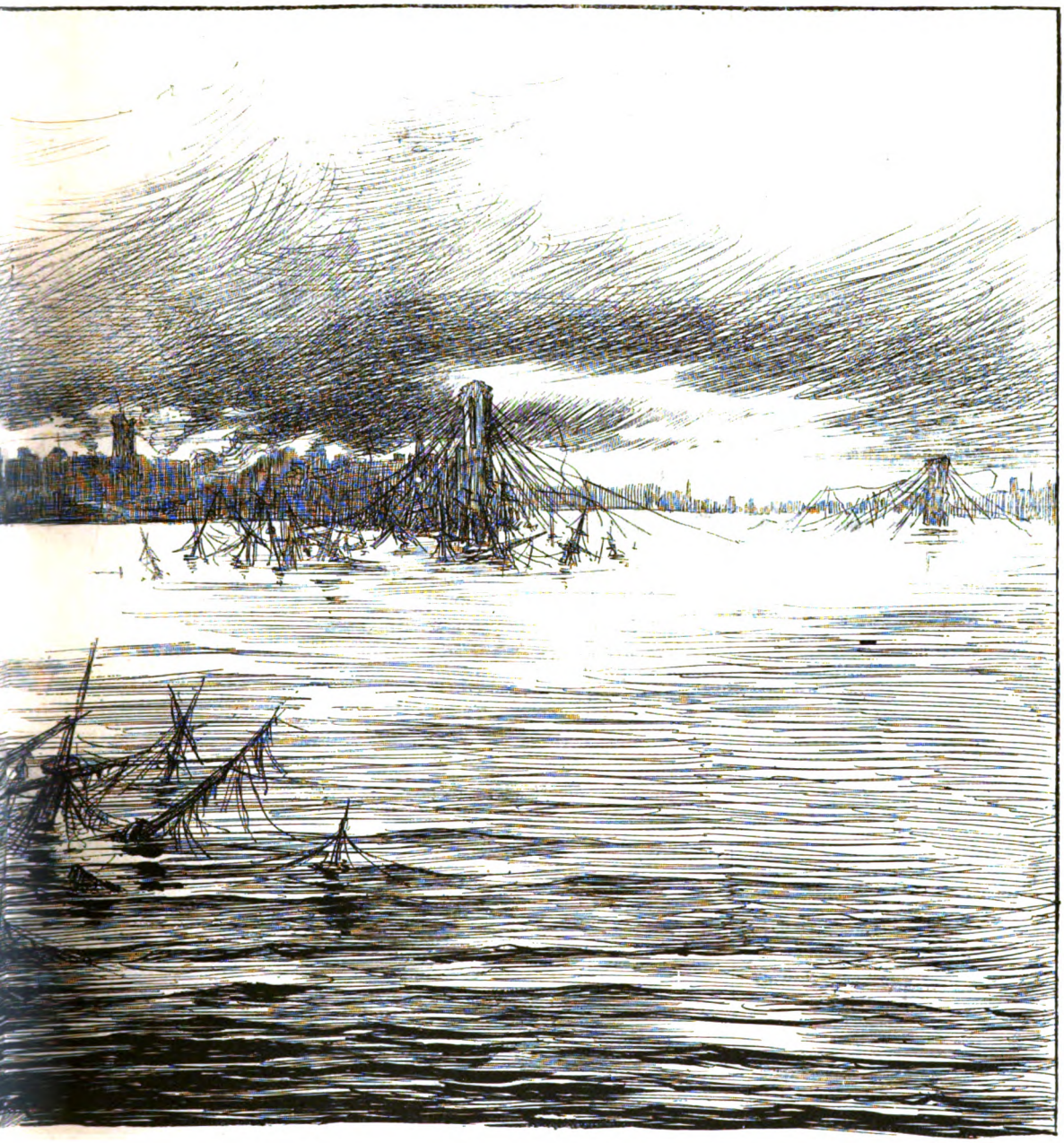

T MORNING.

W YORK TAKEN AFTER THE ARRIVAL OF A HOSTILE FLEET.

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THE German Opera season has closed without any serious damage to the Metropolitan Opera House, and the mortality among the audiences has not been much greater than might have been expected.

Herr Wagner has received his full share of attention from the company, and beyond a slight settling of the foundations on the Seventh Avenue side of the building, and a suspicion of a bulge on the south wall, the Opera House has seemed to stand it very well. With the addition of a few more iron girders in salient points of the building, we see no reason why Wagner should not be given another season here, and if Herr D—rosch should decide to again present "Tristan and Isolde," "Die Walküre" and "Siegfried," we are sure the New York opera lovers who find the music of "Erminie" and the "Mikado" too heavy for pleasure, will be glad to assist in making the blow-out a financial success. The Editor would parenthetically remark that the use of the term "blow-out" in reference to Wagner is not a resort to slang. It is the only punishment that fits the crime.

Among the successes of the season has been Goldmark's opera of "Merlin," which received its initial performance before New York's supremely critical boxholders, who manifested their approval by ceasing their conversation long enough to witness the ballet and permit the occupants of orchestra chairs to observe that Fraulein Lehman was doing something beside gesticulate and open her mouth. Many of New York's most prominent sporting men say that the love scenes of *Merlin* surpass any Græco-Roman encounter ever seen in this city, while the music is of so high an order that even the Germans in the audience found it necessary to go out between the acts to get air.

We hail with joy the announcement that "Faust" will be given next season, and if Herr Von H—le will play the *Mephisto* to Herr Milde's *Faust*, it cannot fail to obtain the unqualified approval of the public.

* * *

EBEN PLYMPTON in a bad play would be unendurable. He is an arrant poser, a consummate believer in himself, and one of the most self-conscious men of whom the stage can boast. Yet in "Jack," a charming little comedy-drama, by Mrs. Harry Beckett, which was produced last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, and had been previously seen at a single matinée, Mr. Plympton made a decided and undeniable hit.

There are so few modern plays nowadays worth troubling about, that "Jack" is a pleasant surprise. It tells a quaint, pretty, decent little story, in a bright and piquant manner. There is nothing strikingly original about it, I am thankful to say. Originality at present seems to mean monstrosity.

Mrs. Harry Beckett has managed her plot so carefully, and made such a judicious selection of the characters which are not absolutely essential to the play, that the work of the playwright is forgotten. There are none of the disconnected scenes, the absurdly stagey exits and entrances, and the ridiculous irrelevance of some of the recent metropolitan productions. "Jack" tells the story of the love of two young men, Bohemians, for the girl who kept their house for them in a platonic and sisterly manner. One of the youths becomes suddenly rich, deserts his friend and the girl whom he loved, and who loves him, and hies him to more aristocratic quarters than the dingy little house in Charlotte Street, Soho. The scene where the old friends are exchanged for the new, is admirably contrived. Of course, the girl, when she is deserted, finds that she really loves the other man, who is there, ardent and amorous, to return her affection. Everything ends happily and satisfactorily. Even the riches which had caused so much misery betake themselves to the right quarter.

In the play are two amusing characters, which were very agreeably impersonated. Miss Josie Hall as *Baby Blanchemagne* was delightfully exaggerated, and Miss Virginia Buchanan as *Lady Blanchemagne* was equally laughable. Mr. Kent appeared as the bad, and Mr. Plympton as the good young man, while Miss Georgie Drew Barrymore was the fair maid around whom the play revolves. *Alan Dale.*

* * *

ON Saturday evening, February 26, Mr. Van der Stucken is to bring out a new and undoubtedly interesting work, "The Trojans in Carthage," by Hector Berlioz. With Mr. Van der Stucken's able orchestra, a chorus of selected voices, and assisted by well-known soloists, it is safe to predict a most successful event.

American Traveler: WELL, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN ANYTHING. THE AXE IS HANDY, FIRE EXTINGUISHERS CN HAND, AND I HAVE A SAW AND MONKEY-WRENCH IN MY SATCHEL. MY ADDRESS IS IN MY FIREPROOF CARD-CASE. NOW I CAN TAKE A SMOKE.

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OPERATIC.

Mrs. K.: HARK, MR. LOUD! WHAT *is* THAT NOISE? ONE CAN HARDLY HEAR ONE'S SELF TALK.

Mr. L.: IT IS NOTHING, I ASSURE YOU, BUT THE SINGERS.

SMALL WONDER.

COUNTRYMAN (*in the gallery of the Stock Exchange*): How much does it cost, mister, to do business down there?

MISTER: The seats, I think, are worth about thirty thousand dollars.

COUNTRYMAN (*fetching his breath*): Gosh, I don't wonder most of 'em stand up.

FRANCE has got a new enterprise on hand which may cost her more than the Panama Canal. It is to find out whether Boulanger or Bismarck is the best man. Considering that Bismarck is a certainty and that Boulanger is only a possibility, Lesseps' ditch seems the better investment.

HER INVITATION.

IN the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow,
Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eye escaped a tear—
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered,
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?"

Tom Masson.

MISS FLORA MCFLIMSY, whose wardrobe is always supplied with "nothing to wear," wears it at the opera. And, hang it all, brothers, it's becoming to her.

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WHY NOT

BE PREPARED FOR ACCIDENTS AND HAVE YOUR MATTRESS READY TO BE CARRIED HOME ON?

A SAD CASE.

A DESPATCH to the *Times* from Vincennes, Ind., says: When the verdict sentencing ex-Treasurer Hollingsworth to the Penitentiary for three years on the charge of embezzlement was read in court he cried like a child. He refused to partake of food in any form, and all night lay on an iron bed tossing under the tortures of mind and body.

What a sad, sad case of remorse this is! How our sympathies are aroused by this picture of mortal woe! What a pity it is that Mr. Hollingsworth did not weep like two children, and toss three nights on four iron beds, with the tortures of five bodies and six minds before he embezzled once!

It is a flaw in Nature's ways that remorse comes after and not before we fall into evil. Let us boycott Nature.

Flowers for Mr. Hollingsworth may be sent to the Indiana States Prison.

IT seems that Tennyson was wrong in putting the strength of the famous Light Brigade at six hundred men. About a thousand survivors of the charge have died in the last five years.

FULLNESS under the eyes denotes language, say the phrenologists. Young men should remember this when they go courting.

VERSES WITH A VALENTINE.

I CANNOT send you in this iron time,
A dainty lace and paper thing,
With wreaths of roses and a pretty rhyme
Of love, devotion and the wedding-ring;

And Cupid's self imprinted on the page,
In varied colors, in suggestive way,
With bow and arrows, relics of an age
We laugh at and despise in this stern day.

Lace paper's out of style, and quite passée
Are tinsel roses, while the rhymes themselves
Are in our mother's albums, laid away
With school-girl fancies on forgotten shelves.

And Cupid's self can never claim a thought,
Nor all the symbols that his worship deck;
Love, nowadays, is not won but bought:
I'll send you for your Valentine—a check!

J. M.

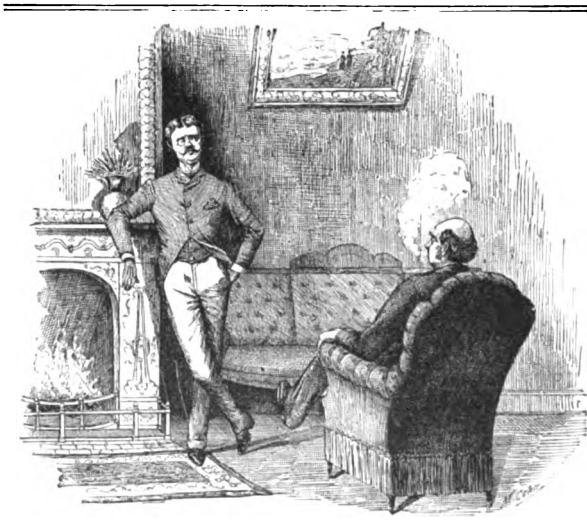
A NEW list of household hints contains this: "Salt in the whitewash will make it stick better." Investigating committees should bear this in mind.

AGGRAVATING ENOUGH.

MISS DOOLITTLE (*who is deaf, but won't acknowledge it to Mr. Browne*): "How is your family, Mr. Browne?"

MR. BROWNE: All quite well, thank you, with the exception of my wife. She was out in the rain the other day, and got quite wet; the result was a very severe cold on her lungs, which we feared would end in congestion, but she is convalescent now."

MISS DOOLITTLE: Indeed! So glad. And how is *Mrs. Browne?*



CANADA'S FULL OF 'EM.

NO, SIR! YOU CAN'T HAVE MY DAUGHTER, AND THAT SETTLES IT!

WILL YOU TELL ME WHY, SIR? I AM HER EQUAL IN EVERY WAY, AND STAND WITH A GOOD REPUTATION.

THAT'S IT! THAT'S IT! YOU'RE A BANK TELLER, AND A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER, AND—AND—WELL—CANADA'S FULL NOW.

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ART SCISSORS ART NULLUS

WHO IS SHAKESPEARE?

A STORY was told me to-day by one who is a force in Colorado politics, on ex-Senator Tabor, almost as interesting as the night-gown story told on Colorado's ex-legislator, when he was filling somebody's unexpired term in the Senate. The fame of Tabor's Opera House at Denver is world-wide, and when Mr. Tabor determined to build a theatre at Leadville he announced that he would have one built that would make his former effort at Denver look like a shed. He loudly asserted that he would knock the earth out, especially in the decorations, in the Leadville home of Thespis. He sent to Italy for the decorator, and did not go inside the Leadville structure until the Italian sent him word that he would like his opinion. Mr. Tabor went in company with the artist, and, after careful scrutiny, expressed himself as quite satisfied.

"But tell me," quoth Mr. Tabor, "what man you are making famous by putting his portrait up there?"

"Why, that is a very true presentment of Shakespeare," replied the artist.

"Who is he?" asked the ex-miner.

"Why, the great dramatist, of course, and not only the greatest playwright, but the greatest bard as well."

"Well, he may have been a big fellow, but I never heard that he did much for Leadville. Just paint him out of that and paint me in." And Mr. Tabor's portrait overlooks the auditorium.—*Ex.*

"Is it possible to teach girls how to whistle?" asks an exchange. It is, if you will only leave them alone after they get their lips puckered up.—*Burlington Free Press.*

STEERING A CHICAGO MAN.

A stout man of consequential mien walked into a New York saloon near Pine Street, and depositing on the floor a valise marked "C. J. Chicago," said to the barkeeper.

"I want a glass of hot bullion."

"Sorry, we don't keep it," said the barkeeper, but you can get it around in Wall Street at the Assay Office; ask for Mr. Jordan."

"I will, thank you," said the Chicago man, and he picked up his valise and went out into the rain.—*New York Sun.*

WIFE (*four a.m.*): I should think you would be ashamed to hear the cocks crow on your way home.

HUSBAND: 'Fi went t' bed (hic) five o'clock, I'd crow too. That's the kind o' rooster I am.—*Puck.*

CITY MAN: What the blazes is the matter with that hen?

FARMER: Nothing; she has just laid an egg.

CITY MAN: Great Scott! One would suppose she had laid the foundation of a brick block.—*Boston Courier.*

FRIENDLY CHAT.

CLARA: I understand that Mr. Fetherly paid me a very pretty compliment to-day?

ETHEL: Yes? What was it?

CLARA: He said that among the most beautiful young ladies at the party was Miss Clara Smith.

ETHEL (*with a cough*): Yes, I noticed you among them.—*New York Sun.*

NO FUN IN HIM.

MAMMA: What's the matter, Bertie? I thought you'd stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon.

BERTIE: Tommy ain't got no fun in him.

MAMMA: He hasn't?

BERTIE: No; we was playin' house, and every time I hit him with the whip he yelled. I don't want a cry-baby around me.—*Tid-Bits.*

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SWELL NO. 1 (*pretending to mistake for an usher a rival whom he sees standing in evening dress at the cloak-room door of a theatre*): Ah! Have you a programme?

SWELL NO. 2 (*equal to the occasion*): Thanks, my man; got one from the other fellow."—*New York Tribune.*

HE: I beg your pardon, Miss, but I don't admire your last name.

SHE: Great heavens, man, haven't I done everything in my power to change it? Must I knock a man down with a club?—*Washington Critic.*

"R-r-r-r-r" "Hello; Central!" "Hello; what number?" "How much is a telephone worth?" "Telephones are not sold. They are simply rented." "I don't want to buy one. I just want to know how much I would have to pay if mine got smashed by some accident." "Oh! I don't know, about $40, I think. Have you a bet?" "No; I have an axe." "R-r-r-r-r."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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AN English author exclaims: "But the charming Venus of Milo is dead." Yes, stone dead.—*New York Graphic.*

I caught her hands: "Now listen, Nannie,
Why is it, dear, you sweeter grow?"
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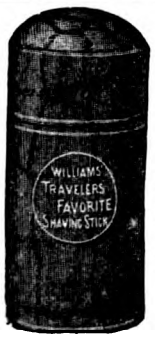

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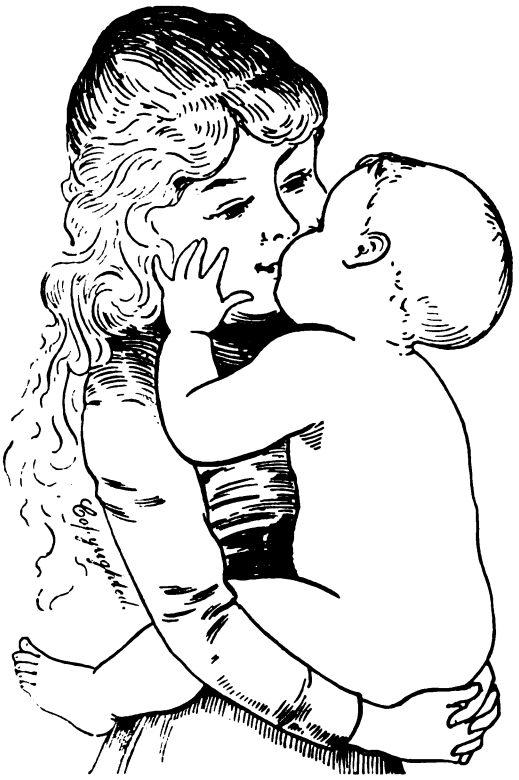

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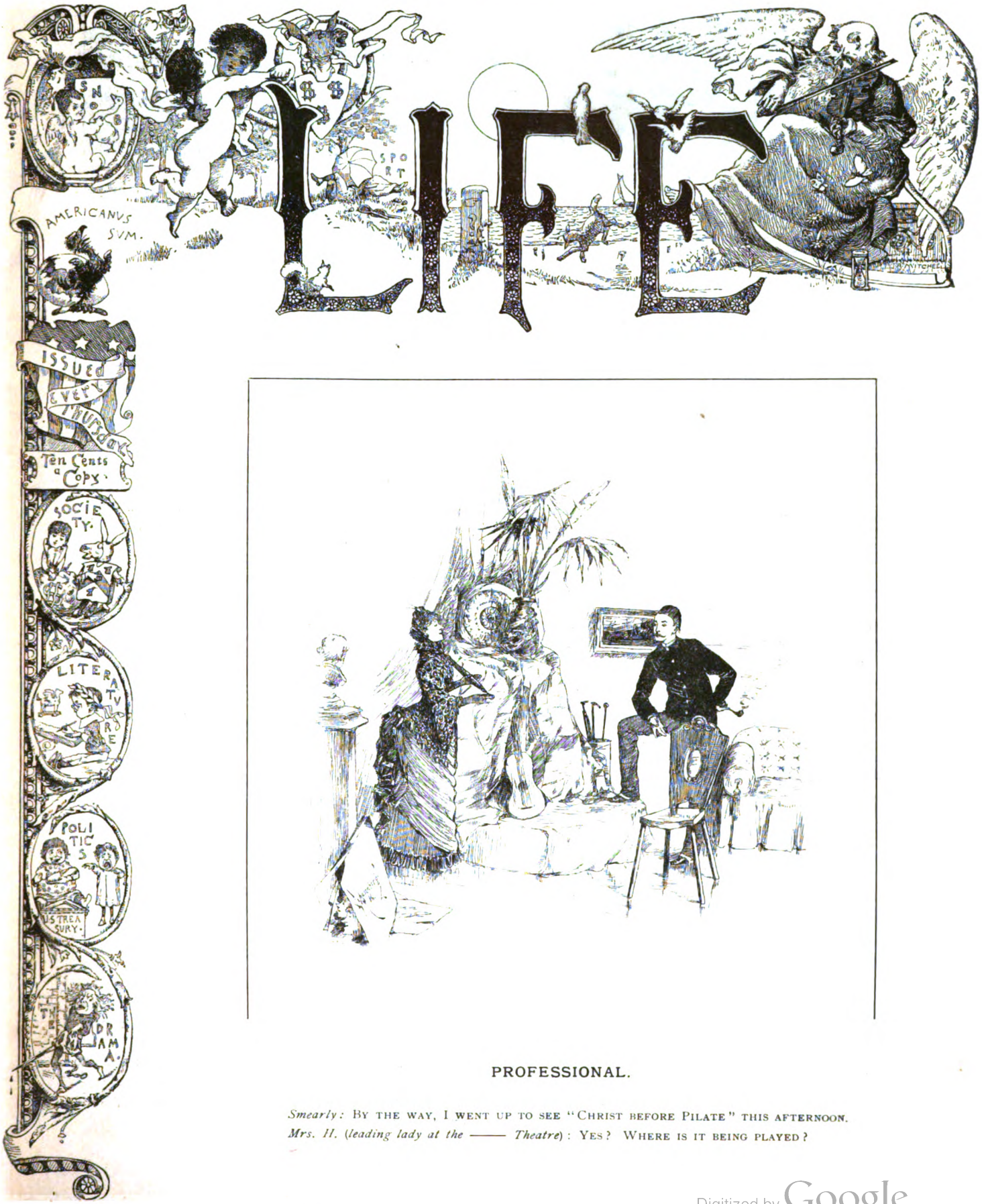

PROFESSIONAL.

Smearly: BY THE WAY, I WENT UP TO SEE "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE" THIS AFTERNOON.

Mrs. H. (leading lady at the —— Theatre): YES? WHERE IS IT BEING PLAYED?

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 3, 1887. No. 218.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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"IT is more fun than a goat," as the small boys say, to see Colonel Henry Watterson make faces at the President. Uncle Dana has a diverting facial expression, but he cannot contort his features like Henry.

Uncle Dana and Colonel Watterson have one thing in common in their grimaces; they both assume that they are trying to scare Mr. Cleveland into being a good man and to scare the evil mugwump spirit out of him, but they go at it a little differently. Uncle Charles suggests that unless the President mend his ways it will not do to nominate him again, but Colonel Henry frankly admits that the Democrats cannot nominate anyone else, and holds that for that very reason it is doubly important to correct his errors. Next to the spectacle of brethren dwelling together in unity, the spirit of mortal delights in brethren who thump each other artistically. Colonel Watterson is such a brother, and we confess that we like to see him getting in his work. If Boston should ever be filled with a consuming passion to add the king of fighting editors to her remarkable collection of experts, we are not sure but that she will have to buy Watterson. He will come high, but he cannot be matched; and my! how handsome he would look sitting on Boston's front bench with Dr. Brooks, and Dr. Holmes, and Mike Kelly, and Dr. Lowell, and Professor Sullivan!

Yes, if Boston persists in wanting to have the best, she must have Watterson. His photograph will cost a good deal more than Mike's, and there will be the expense of a pipe-line for cordial from the blue-grass country; but money is no object to Boston. It is only a matter of selling a mortgage on a block in Chicago; that's all.

And while we're talking, what are we offered for Evarts and Chauncey Depew? They cannot play baseball, nor are they exceptionally effective with their dukes; but, Boston dear, they are unique! If there is a pair of men anywhere who can make a small city great, they're the chaps! You can't grow them; you haven't the environment and you haven't the meals, but perhaps if you imported these grown specimens you might keep them without deterioration; and if you can, you ought to do it. Collectors have their responsibilities and should not shirk them. Put them in your cabinet and then you would have—

The greatest living American preacher,
The champion fighter,
The greatest living American poet and orator,
The only autocrat,
The greatest living baseball player,
The king of poker-playing editors, and
The greatest ———

Well, hire Chauncey and William, and classify them according to what you need most. "Intellectual Odd-Jobs Done with Neatness and Dispatch" is their sign, and they beat the world in their specialties.

* * *

ONE of the best jobs of the day is to be assistant-great-man. The opportunities of the position are great and a person of fair abilities put in the way of advancement is liable upon short notice to overtop his model. Dan. Lamont is the ideal performer in this part. The poet says:

"A favorite has no friends!"

but the country is full of Dan's friends, and their number is increasing, which shows that his is not all reflected light. Our friend Badeau had a corresponding place, and profits every day of his life by his experience; for all that Colonel Grant says: "Badeau did not have the full confidence of Father." Grant's Lamont was Rawlins. The newest individual of the species is one Colonel Jung, who is Lamont to General Boulanger, and is represented to have the conquest of Germany all planned in his head, ready to be sprung whenever his principal gives the signal.

* * *

A SOBER diversion appropriate to the lenten season is provided by the thoughtful consideration of Judge Hilton in opening the public exhibition of the Stewart pictures on Shrove Tuesday.

* * * *

DR. HOWARD CROSBY is a Prohibitionist after LIFE'S own heart. The philanthropic divine approves of man's looking upon the wine when it is red, when he feels the need of such spectacular invigoration, and even goes so far as to question the sanity of him who is so blind as to object to the cup solely because it stingeth like an adder when goaded too far.

The unholy alliance of Teetotaller and Rumseller, when viewed in the light of a freak, is all that can be desired, but when the "combine" ventures to oppose so politic a measure as the High License bill it is an abject failure.

The legislation of either is bad enough, but when the two are combined the essence of iniquity is attained.

LIFE begs to assure Dr. Crosby of its cordial support in his noble fight for right.

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GRACE'S VALENTINE.

SUCH a dainty valentine!
Cupids, mottoes, lace,
Roses, satin frills — in fine,
Just the thing for Grace!

Push the satin frills apart,
Lo! beneath the lace
Lies a flimsy, tinsel heart—
Just the thing for Grace!

TO THE BOSTONIANS.

MR. ANDREW LANG is an English gentleman of letters who has yet to touch that which he does not adorn. In view of this fact, it is not surprising that his "At the Sign of the Ship," which occupies about the same relation to *Longman's Magazine* as the Editor's Study does to *Harper's Monthly*, has attained for our English contemporary a widespread popularity.

In his January contribution, Mr. Lang discourses pleasantly concerning the Municipal symbol of the American Athens. Among other things he says: "I have read in some strange, old 'volume of forgotten lore' that Pythagoras said that whatever is written in bean-juice, on this earth, reappears on the lunar disk. How long it must be since anyone tried this simple experiment and wrote a sentence in bean-juice!" Here is a suggestion which we hope Boston will not ignore—that of manufacturing ink from the oil of the bean, and securing therewith a lunary as well as mundane literature. It is true that were all the literary spokes of the cultured hub to write with this fluid, there would have to be sacrificed myriads of the beloved emblem; but would not this very immolation tend to elevate literature, even in Boston? And if the production of the community were limited to the capacity of the moon, would it not be a priceless boon to the world at large?

Indeed, yes, brethren of the Pen! It were a public benefaction should you play the Brutus to your beloved succulent and write your books in its juice.

AN absent-minded man in Chicago left his fiancée to obtain a marriage-license and came back with a decree of divorce instead.

THE PALMISTRY OF OUR YOUTH.

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A POSTROPHE TO MARCH.

HAIL to thee, thou harbinger of Spring!
Thermometer at forty, and still rising;
The early budlet—pretty, trustful thing!—
Puts forth a petal, experience despising.
Enter now, O March, and sounding thro' the street,
Let mortals loud rejoice in listening to thy bleat;
Do, for the nonce, let rule and proverb slide,
And like the roaring lion, don't subside.

* * *

THE prospects of the United States in a war with any foreign power are not *couleur de rose*, unless some floriculturist can secure a navy-blue Jacqueminot.

* * *

ANARCHIST SPIES is willing to die, because he realizes that while there's life, there's soap.

It is in the application of it that this proverb escapes being a chestnut.

* * *

THE legislature has decided that hanging is a capital punishment for women who kill as well as for men who murder.

* * *

EDMUND P. HYDE was officially declared insane yesterday in the Supreme Court. His mania is of a religious character. He gets mad every time he attends church.

* * *

THE dude with asinine ears may take consolation in the lines:

"Man wants but little ear below,
And wants that little long."

* * *

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

"BUT THIS IS WONDROUS STRANGE."—*Hamlet.*

* * *

THE Stewart Estate litigation demonstrates that while twenty-five cents is deemed a sufficient reward for a waiter, $50,000 is inadequate in the eyes of a Butler who has waited some time for his money.

INNOCUOUS UNINTELLIGENCE.

"SAY, Dan," said Mr. Cleveland, gazing out of the window, "What do you think of a matutinal perigrination?"

"Please, sire," replied the faithful vizier, "I would prefer to consult before committing myself to an opinion."

"What would'st consult, O Daniel, the probabilities?"

"No, sire, the Dictionary."

* * *

THE children of the Apaches imprisoned in Florida are being educated in Philadelphia.

The poem will have to be changed to "Slo, the Poor Indian," if the children are susceptible to their surroundings.

* * *

FROM A GALLIC POINT OF VIEW.

"AH! but zis ees a fonny contree. If a man haf a fast horse he call it *mère* after his muzzare, and if he haf two he calls it *père* after hees fathaire."

* * *

THE Queen has graciously condescended to accept a copy of the Arabian Nights from Lady Burton.

Gracious, what condescension!

* * *

THE Empress of Japan intends introducing English manners into her court life.

Her chief difficulty will be in finding the manners.

* * *

"BEN. BUTLER, Lowell's foremost son?" ejaculated Mrs. Spriggins. "If he's Lowell's son, what's he call hisself Butler for?"

* * *

THE Royal Infant of Spain is every inch a king; but that isn't saying much in view of the fact that His Majesty still sleeps in one of his lamented father's old cigar boxes.

* * *

ETIQUETTE ITEM.

SOCIAL ostracism will surely follow the eating of peas with a spoon, and no polished person ever uses a fork for soup.

* * *

MR. JOE HOWARD is believed to think of Mr. Pulitzer as a sort of *jeu d'esprit*.

* * *

LOTTA is now worth over a million dollars. Phew! That's a Lotta money for so little a woman.

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WISDOM LET LOOSE.

JAM

WASHINGTON DOTS.

THE Chinese Minister intends giving a small afternoon tea to a few of his Washington friends and has hired the Ball-Ground for the purpose.

* * *

MR. SHERMAN has resigned the President Pro-Temship of the Senate owing to an attack of the Presidential fever, which has left him much indisposed.

* * *

THE following letter from the Chum to Potentates has been received by the President:

NEW YORK, March 1, 1887.

HON. GROVER CLEVELAND,
President of the United States:

DEAR SIR,—In your letter to the undersigned, bearing date February 29, 1887, you say: I have devoted no inconsiderable ingredient of my personal desuetude to the problem which now confronts the country with appalling pertinacity in whatsoever direction we may deviate; the problem, in what manner we shall dispose of the surplus? You likewise ask, will I kindly transmit whatever recommendations I may desire to make which may contribute to the disentanglement of this well-nigh indiscerptible bewilderment in which you find yourself established.

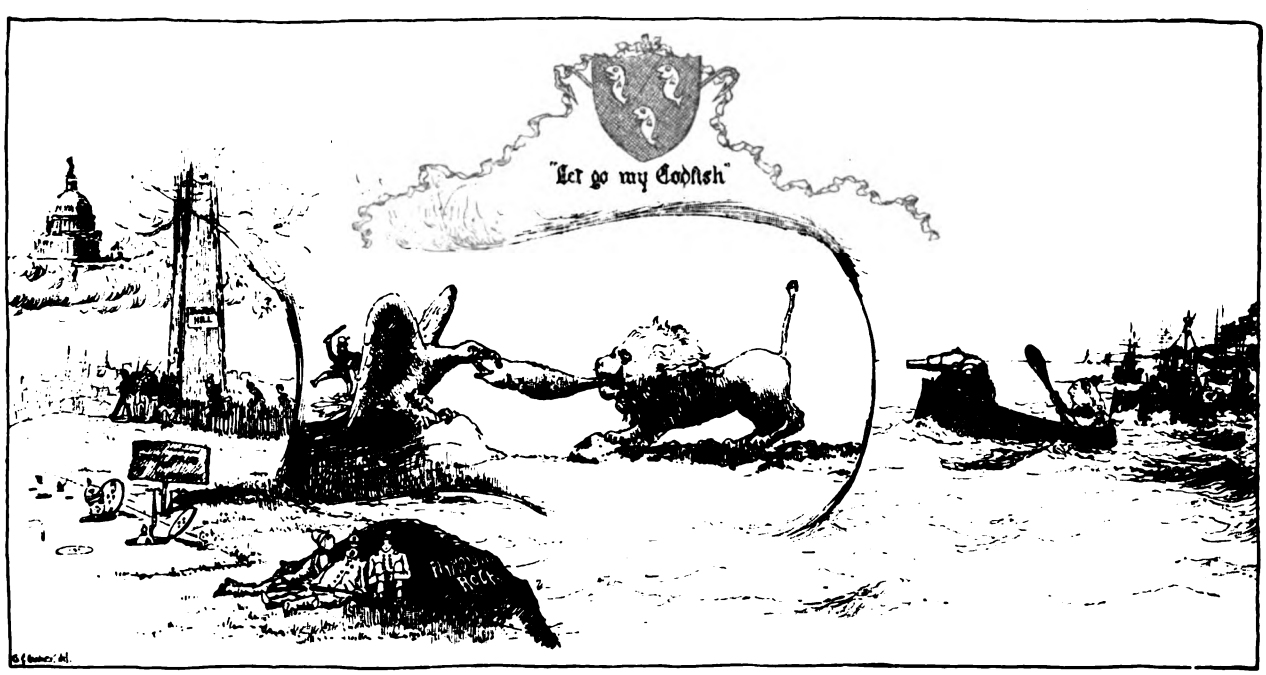
Recognizing the importance of the situation, my dear Mr. President, I seize my pen with what would seem, were the circumstances less exigent, almost pernicious agility to reply to your communication.

In the whole course of my career as the friend and counsellor to crowned and uncrowned heads such a question has never been submitted to me. It has frequently been asked, how shall I obtain a surplus? but no Potentate of my acquaintance has ever suffered from fatty degeneration of the treasury. It has therefore required considerable mental activity on my part to reach any conclusion which I could conscientiously submit to your official scrutiny.

One solution has suggested itself to my mind, however, which would materially diminish the perplexities of your situation. It is that you apply the $100,000,000 which the Republican party has left in the Treasury for no other purpose than to add to the vexation and embarrassment of a Democratic executive, to a subscription to LIFE, for 20,000,000 years. There is an old adage that Father Time should be taken by the forelock, and among newspaper men you are probably aware there is an impression that there is no time like the present for securing your paper and avoiding such a rush as is liable at any time to set in; and, after all, twenty million years is only two hundred thousand centuries, and what is a century to the true American? The time will be up before you know it.

I enclose a stamped and directed envelope for the return of my suggestion if it be found unavailable.

The suggestion will be submitted to the Cabinet next week, when it is expected it will be adopted.



TAPESTRY RECENTLY PRESENTED TO SENATOR INGALLS BY HIS FRIENDS AND ADMIRERS IN THE AMERICAN COLONY IN CANADA, IN HONOR OF HIS GALLANT DEFENSE OF THE RIGHTS OF AMERICAN FISHY-MEN.

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LESSONS IN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR: Mr. White, you may inform us what is the subject of the lesson to-day.

MR. WHITE: We are to discuss Mr. Howells and his methods.

PROF.: Quite right. Now, will you tell me for what he is chiefly noted.

MR. W.: He writes for *The Century* and *Harper's*.

PROF.: Go on. Is that all?

MR. W.: All that I can think of just at present, sir.

PROF.: You are very stupid, Mr. White! Now, attend. You see this picture hanging on the wall. Of whom is it the portrait?

MR. W.: Of Mr. Howells.

PROF.: What do you see in this portrait?

MR. W.: I see a pair of eye-glasses and a dissecting knife.

PROF.: Very good. For what does he use the knife?

MR. W.: To dissect human nature, I suppose.

PROF.: Where does he begin?

MR. W.: At the surface.

PROF.: Where does he end?

MR. W.: At the surface, where he began.

PROF.: But does he never touch the heart?

MR. W.: Oh, no, sir! his knife is too short, it can only lacerate cuticle.

PROF.: Now, be careful, Mr. White. What can you say of Mr. Howells' critical essays?

MR. W.: They are unique in their way. For example—he has followed the "golden rule" with regard to Mr. James, and has himself improved on Dickens and Thackeray.

PROF.: Can you tell me how he has improved on them?

MR. W.: Yes, sir; by giving them his valuable advice.

PROF.: How about his essay on Mr. James?

MR. W.: Mr. James' essay on Mr. Howells will explain that more fully than I can, Professor.

PROF.: To change the subject, what can you tell us about Mr. Howells' women characters?

MR. W.: He says they are women.

PROF.: Have you never seen any exactly like them?

MR. W.: No, sir; I don't remember that I have.

PROF.: Think again. Take plenty of time, young man.

MR. W.: Yes; I believe I have, after all.

PROF.: Where did you see them?

MR. W.: At a boarding-school, where I visited my sister.

PROF.: How should Mr. Howells' women resemble the young ladies at a boarding-school?

MR. W.: Because young ladies when at school are at their silliest age.

PROF.: You will remember I instructed you to read some of our author's later work. What did you peruse?

MR. W.: Nothing.

PROF.: Then you may take your seat.

MR. W.: But, Professor, I tried.

PROF.: Well, what did you try to read?

MR. W.: "The Mouse-trap."

PROF.: And didn't succeed?

MR. W.: No, sir; it was too vast.

PROF.: The idea of it?

MR. W.: Oh, no! the idea was small enough.

PROF.: Then what was too vast?

MR. W.: The space it occupied, Professor.

PROF.: That is all. You may sit.

Andrew F. Underhill.

A SURMISE.

FROM that dainty Parisian bonnet,
With a jeweled humming-bird on it,
Down to your tiny bottines,
You are quite the most perfect creature
Who ever made dressing a feature
In the ranks of society's queens.

You look so very expensive,
That single young men grow pensive
In summing up what you wear.
The wealth of ribbons and laces,
That your willowy figure graces,
Would cause financial despair.

I wonder, oh, triumph of fashion!
If you won't fly into a passion,
Should you reach heaven's gate some day,
And find, ere you enter the portal,
That guests of the city immortal
All dress in the same simple way.

Ernest De Lancey Pierson.

FAIR (?) HARVARD.

CERTAIN baseball worthies at Harvard have met with a rebuff. When these fierce old ladies in boys' clothing invited Yale to join them in their little scheme for monopolizing public interest in college games, they received a courteous slap in the face, which, we trust, will have a beneficial effect. Such a scheme is all very nice and select, but it savors much more of the tea-pot than the open field. There is something melancholy yet comic in this endeavor to exclude from direct competition such a college as Columbia, for instance, whose agile nine are the present champions.

GAS TRICK.

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MR. HOWELLS AND OTHER BOOK-MAKERS.

MR. HOWELLS is quite too awfully realistic in his last chapters of "April Hopes." New York girls undoubtedly do pronounce bird, *boyd*, and church is without question *chuych* with them; but they do not say moybid for morbid or peyson for person. When Mr. Howells tries to write the New York girl dialect his realism becomes funerealistically ridiculous. The New York girl has her faults, Mr. Howells, principally tailor-made, and it would seem as if you might find enough in her to satirize without dipping down into that rich imagination which so many of your readers say you haven't got. If you wish to study the New York girl don't look at her through a telescope, but come hither and take a good square look at her, and then satirize her in that good, square fashion that is the only legitimate method for a man of your standing. We know your business requires you to do a certain amount of creating, but it seems rather hard that the sins of a Boston novelist's imagination should be visited upon the children of Gotham, who have already accumulated a wee bit more than their share of this world's idiosyncrasies.

* * *

"A HALF Century in Salem," by Mrs. M. C. D. Silsbee (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is an interesting transcript of the personal recollections of one of the most brilliant women of that historic town. It is told in an easy, entertaining manner, and gives a graphic picture of those good old days when American life had a character of its own.

· NEW BOOKS ·

Borderland. A Country Town Chronicle. By Jessie Fothergill. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Through the Gates of Gold. A Fragment of Thought. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Comedy of Human Life. By Honoré de Balzac. Scenes from Country Life. The Country Doctor. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Merry Men and other Tales and Fables, by Robert Louis Stevenson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Widower: GUESS YOU'LL HEV TER CHISEL THAT LAST PART OFF 'N' PUT IN A SKULL 'N' CRCSS-BONES, ER A CHERUB ER SOMETHIN'. I'M GOIN' TER GIT MARRIED NEX' WEEK 'N' DON'T WAN' TER MAKE NO HARD FEELIN'S 'TWEEN MARIA 'N' TH' DEPARTED.

A PAIR OF TIGHT SLIPPERS.

TRIUMPH OF GENIUS.

Sullivan to Gilbert.

THE name, to me, dear Gilbert, has
Become a bloody bore.
In want of any other thing
I favor "Ruddygore."

Gilbert to Sullivan.

My dear Sir Arthur, your new name
Recalls to mind a piggery.
But ah! I have it. Happy thought!
Let's call it the "Ruddigore."

A RAILWAY from Chicago direct to the City of Mexico is projected. With a few more additional facilities for leaving the city, life in Chicago will become bearable.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET.

SHE: Your little wife made that cake with her own dear little hands!

HE: Well, now, if my little wife will eat that cake with her own dear little mouth I will be satisfied.

A CASE OF NECESSITY.

MINISTER (*to boy who is digging for worms*): Little boy don't you know that it is wrong to work on Sunday, except in cases of necessity?

BOY (*going on with his digging*): This is a case of necessity. A feller can't go fishin' 'thout bait.

TAKES TWO TO MAKE A STARE.

WIFE: That man has been staring at me for five minutes!

HUSBAND: Well, you wouldn't have known it if you hadn't kept your eyes on him.

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BEGINNING

THE PERE

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G OF LENT.

NNIAL PULL.

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WHEN I heard that Gilbert and Sullivan had written another comic opera my spirits fainted within me, in the good old-fashioned biblical style, and I uttered these words: "How long, oh, public, how long?"

All this inward persiflage—if I may use the word—meant no disrespect to Gilbert and Sullivan, for the man fails to live who admires them more than I do. It simply indicated a desire to know if that peculiar plurality or singularity known as the public, intended to make a craze of the latest production and reduce the world to a condition of simply existing for "Ruddygore."

I have been answered in an undeniably forcible manner.

When the "Mikado" appeared, and separated itself from the cloud of advertisement that was the first symptom of its coming, it made an instantaneous success. For three months I was a happy man. I went to the Fifth Avenue Theatre about fifty times. I trilled "The flowers that bloom in the spring" with the best of them.

Then came a period of sultry monotony. "The flowers" became disgusting. It was even considered bad form to recognize them, and the "Mikado" came to be a thorn in the flesh. It was given when it absolutely failed to attract, and if it were billed now, an audience couldn't be drawn to the theatre by wild buffaloes.

It is very otherwise with "Ruddygore." I feel young and joyous when I think that not an organ-grinder can catch an air from that opera, however dexterous he may be, and that there is positively nothing to whistle. It will not be on the boards until we all sicken of its very name. I doubt exceedingly whether we shall ever be deluged with "Ruddygore lancers," "Ruddygore quadrilles," "Ruddygore waltzes," "Ruddygore polkas," and, worst and most trying of all "Selections from 'Ruddygore.'"

Oh, how I hate those popular "selections," and those operatic dances that make one feel so indecorously theatrical! We shall not have Ruddygore neckties, Ruddygore handkerchiefs, Ruddygore corsets, and Ruddygore furniture. The opera will pursue an even way, and it is extremely improbable that it will last very long.

Gilbert and Sullivan's latest opera is certainly worth seeing. The very worst that firm can do, is equal to the very best any other comic opera makers can manufacture. "Ruddygore" has none of the elements of popularity that distinguished "The Mikado," "Patience," "The Pirates," and "Pinafore." Gilbert and Sullivan had evidently felt that the time of their operatic gestation was at an end, and that they must deliver themselves of a novelty. And that is exactly what they tried to do. The novelty, however, was not a very conspicuous part of the delivery.

"Ruddygore" is a very dreary sort of an opera. There are Gilbertian flashes here and there, but they are not very numerous. The plot is so involved that I wouldn't attempt to describe it, because I think I should be unsuccessful. A witch's curse seems to play a prominent part in the play, because, by its means, a chorus for a quantity of ancestors can be introduced, and a scene, more or less effective, can be shown.

Irrelevance is not like Gilbert, but "Ruddygore" is ridiculously irrelevant from the beginning to the end. Songs are introduced simply because it is felt to be time that some one should sing. There are the usual finales when the whole force of the company is present on the stage. In fact everything is too usual to be successful.

George Thorne, who as *Ko-Ko* made such a favorable impression in "The Mikado," is given an utterly foolish part in "Ruddygore"—that of *Robin Oakapple*, a young farmer. There is no rhyme or reason in this part that it is supposed to parody was the problem that kept me in misery for four hours, because I had a horrid conviction that it was supposed to parody something. Unless Gilbert cables over his intentions, however, the New York public will be blind to the merits of *Robin Oakapple*.

Miss Geraldine Ulmar, who, in "Ruddygore" is as delightfully naïve and maidenly as she was in "The Mikado," appears as *Rose Mayhew*, a village maiden, in which she interprets some quaint conceits, and sings some charming songs. The pretty duet, "What could a maiden do?" which she sings with *Robin Oakapple*, is about the only thing in the whole opera worth listening to twice. Sir Arthur Sullivan's

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Ha, this is something like!

Whew! —!

Well, I'll be —— ! —— !!

music is as weak as Gilbert's libretto, and the two together cannot make more than a suggestion of strength.

Miss Kate Forster was *Mad Margaret*. *Mad Margaret* is more recognizable as a travesty than any other character in the opera. There is in it a dash of Faust's heroine and a flavor of Mrs. Hamlet that was to be, which can be detected after some little consideration.

Courtice Pounds as *Richard Dauntless* had a sort of concert-hall part, in which he dances a hornpipe and makes some very tiring allusions to the dictates of his heart. Mr. Federici as *Sir Roderick Murgatroyd*, owing to the part, is not of very much importance. Miss Elsie Cameron is *Dame Hannah*, a mild dilution of *Lady Jane* and *Katisha*. Miss Cameron has nothing of an amusing nature to do, and beyond the reference to herself as an abducted maiden is an undoubted nuisance. Leo Kloss is *Old Adam Goodheart*, which—as it is the fashion to seek for motives in all Gilbert's ideas—is probably a burlesque on Adam in "As you Like It."

The chorus in "Ruddygore" is less conspicuous than it might effectively be. The scenery is pretty. It may be interesting to know that the uniforms in the first act represent those of the 9th Lancers, the 17th Light Dragoons, the 52d Light Infantry, the 18th Hussars and the Coldstream Guards, but such information is imparted by the programmes very much as though we had been told: "Here you may laugh." Not quite, however. Whatever emotions "Ruddygore" may inspire, laughter has no place among them.

Alan Dale.

NOT ENCOURAGING.

GENERAL BOOTH, of the Salvation Army, says no man of that organization can afford to use whiskey. It seems to us strange that at the low price of that condiment his disciples cannot afford a horn now and then. He must keep them very poor.

A WASHINGTON paper says the President has not altered any in his manner since his marriage. That when he is introduced to anyone he simply shakes hands, bows, smiles, speaks a few words, and passes on. There was a rumor going round that he twisted his friend's arm, threw a back somerset, and yelled defiantly.

INS AND OUTS OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BRIDGET (*well trained*): Be yez in or out, mum? It's the grocer?

MISTRESS: Out!

GROCER (*with bill following close*): Well, I will wait until you return.

IN CHARLESTON.

First Lady: ISE GWINE TER CHUTCH TO TANK DE LAUD DEY AIN'T NO MO' ERFQUAKES. AIN'T YO GWINE TOO, MY SISTER?

Second Lady: NO! NO! MY SISTER, I NO GWINE! ENTY DE BRIC' CHUTCH?

First Lady: DE BRIC' CHUTCH FO' TRU', BUT DON' YO' TRUS' DE LAUD?

Second Lady: I TRUS' DE LAUD, AW MY SISTER, I TRUS' UM, BUT I NEBER FOOL WID UM.

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A REMARKABLE PEOPLE.

First New Arrival: ARRAH, MICKEY, AN' THIM IMIRICANS BATE THE WURRLED FUR INVINTIONS! MURTHER ME OYES, BUT IF THEY AIN'T GONE AN' CONSTHRUCTED A CLOCK IN TH' MOON!

A PRACTICAL HOUSEKEEPER.

BRIDE: You know, Charley dear, I am so practical. I know all about housekeeping. Mamma says I am to go to Brown's for meat, and to Jones's for vegetables; of course groceries and that sort of thing I get at Tiffany's.

Horror and despair depicted on the face of young husband.

THE Knights of Labor should be given arrest.

SPAIN has a cruiser that runs over the water at the rate of twenty-seven and a-half miles per hour.

Our Secretary of the Navy should purchase a vessel of this sort for our approaching war. It would help us to get away with colors flying.

A WELL-FED ANIMAL.

NEW BOARDER: Nice cat — awful fat, ain't it?

LANDLADY: Yes. It eats up all the boarders can't eat.

NEW BOARDER: Ah, that accounts for it!

MOTTOES FOR THE MILLION.

THE better the day, the better the dude.

THERE is no cash in last year's vest.

IT is a large foot that wears a 13 shoe.

MEN, like bottles, should be corked when full.

LITERARY ITEMS.

MR. GLADSTONE received $\left\{\begin{matrix}\$1,250\\500\\350\end{matrix}\right\}$ for his reply to "Locksley Hall," sixty years after. It is interesting to know this. How much Tennyson got for the poem is not made public, but anything less than ten years and a big fine is inadequate remuneration.

A GENTLEMAN writes to the *Evening Post* on the subject of spirits and beer.

One point he fails to make is that too much beer makes one lose one's spirits, while an over indulgence in spirits is only too likely to result in a premature bier.

ROUGH ON MUAY.

WHILE strolling along on the quay,
A maiden I happened to suay;
So as she came nigh
I winked my right eigh,
Which caused the coy damsel to fluay.

INSPIRATION.

Farmer: TO THINK OF OUR LAST COW BEIN' LEFT OUT AND FROZE STIFF!

Wife: I TELL YER WHAT WE KIN DO; KEEP HER TILL SUMMER AND SELL HER TO THE BOARDERS FOR ICE-CREAM.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

AN EGREGIOUS ERROR.

"I would make Boston a suburb of glory."—*Sam Jones.*

MAKE Boston a suburb of glory,
Sam Jones?
Do you know what such sacrilege means?
I fear you have not read the story,
Sam Jones,
Of that city of culture and beans.
You are sailing through breakers and rocks,
Sam Jones,
A dangerous sea you are tossed on:
Hereafter be sure in your talks,
Sam Jones,
To make glory a suburb of Boston.

—*Tid-Bits.*

"CHESTNUTS!" yelled several persons in the gallery at the minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones, "if you don't get what you want, ask for it."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

EASTERN RAILWAY SUPERINTENDENT: "Some delay up the road, I hear?" TELEGRAPH OPERATOR: "Yes, two passenger trains going at the rate of sixty miles an hour came together at Cliff Crossing!" "Cliff Crossing? There is a big embankment at that point." "Yes, both trains went over the precipice." "Well, it won't take long to get the track cleared, then. I was afraid it might be something serious."—*Omaha World.*

PROFESSOR THOMSON, of Cambridge, hit his class very neatly when he observed some of them smiling at a slight inadvertence of his own. "Gentlemen," said he, "let us remember that we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."—*New York Ledger.*

"I DON'T mind giving up my neckties before they're half worn out," said a society young man yesterday, "because they look pretty in crazy quilts, but I'm going to draw the line on my married lady friends hereafter." "Why," asked a friend. "The last lot of scarfs I gave to Mrs. ——, her husband has been wearing ever since."—*Buffalo Courier.*

THERE is to be an Exhibition of Orchids at the Eden Musee for one week, beginning March 1st, and, to quote the projectors of the enterprise: "This display promises to be something unusually superb and interesting, surpassing as it will in many respects all former floral exhibitions, as it will be entirely an *Orchid Show*, and will embrace some five hundred distinct varieties of the most wonderful and interesting species of plants and flowers, natives of all the various tropical countries; thousands of the most beautiful fantastic blossoms will be exhibited, together with their mode of growth and habitation."

"COME in, my poor man," said a benevolent lady to a ragged tramp, "and I will get you something to eat." "Thanky, mum; don't care if I do." "I suppose," continued the lady, setting a square meal before him, "your life has been full of trials?" "Yis, mum; an' the wust of it wuz, I allus got convicted."—*Judge.*

SPECIAL BY CABLE.

"THE Queen will be glad when the Jubilee year closes. Among other forms of annoyance is the pertinacity with which tradesmen send advertising presents. One of the most singular of these is a *garment* that plays 'God Save the Queen' when the wearer sits down."—*Extract English Paper.*

Her Majesty's confidence in Redfern "ideas" remains, however, unimpaired.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

"The Ladies' Favorite," for all toilet cleansing and purifying purposes; for preventing chapping, chafing, comedones, or "flesh-worms," and other skin affections; for curing dandruff (which if left to continue, causes baldness); for correcting the injurious effects of cosmetics; and for washing the delicate skin of infants.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP.

Don't forget the name.

Cibils BEEF EXTRACTS

Delicious! Nutritious! Absolutely Pure!

The Cibils Company, New York.

NONE should FAIL to examine the merits of the

IMPERIAL BURNER,

which gives the most brilliant and perfect light produced by any **Lamp** known.

On *exhibition, lighted,* in a selection of Lamps specially imported this season by

BENNETT B. SCHNEIDER,

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The best satisfaction guaranteed, or you can have your money returned.

EXTRA QUALITY

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Habit Maker and Hatter,

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Also LONDON and NEWPORT,

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All mail orders promptly attended to. A perfect fit guaranteed without personal attendance.

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Ladies' Tailor.

SPRING SEASON, 1887.

The Messrs. REDFERN have the honor to announce to their Lady patrons that they are now prepared to show their

ORIGINAL DESIGNS FOR GOWNS AND COATS

for the ensuing Season. These will be found in every respect worthy of the reputation of the *Maison* REDFERN.

A large consignment of **New Cloths,** mainly from Styles and Colorings supplied by the Messrs. REDFERN, have just been received from the most eminent English and Scotch manufacturers.

210 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

IN Peace prepare for War!

GUARD AGAINST THE SUDDEN CHANGES PREVALENT NOW, BY USING

FRED. BROWN'S GINGER

WITH HOT WATER AND SUGAR.

BEAUTY **Wrinkles, Black-Heads,** Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed. Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book and (testimonials sent sealed), **4c.** **Madame Velaro,** 249 W. 22d St., N. Y. City. *Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.*

To injurious tight lacing many of the ills of suffering womankind is, with truth, attributable; yet, many society leaders owe their recent noticeable improved form to the skill of a corsetière who makes the systematic graduation of stays her peculiar study. The accuracy with which she fits, contributes comfort, and, by her system of gradually readjusting superfluous flesh, reduces redundancy, lengthens the waist, and prepares for the modiste the correct-shaped and flexible frame upon which to build the outer dress. Miss T. T. SCHNEIDER, of No. 274 Sixth Avenue, receives the distinction of accomplishing all that the above indicates, and her numerous patrons pronounce her corsets the acme of perfection, comfort and elegance.

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HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

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HOPITAL — Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.

A POTENT REMEDY FOR

Indigestion, Acute and Atonic Dyspepsia, Chronic and Gastro-Intestinal Catarrh, Vomiting in Pregnancy, Cholera Infantum, and in convalescence from Acute Diseases.

Over **5,000** Physicians have sent to us the most FLATTERING OPINIONS upon DIGESTYLIN, as a REMEDY for all diseases arising from improper digestion.

For 20 years we have manufactured the DIGESTIVE FERMENTS expressly for Physicians' use, and for the past year **DIGESTYLIN** has been by them extensively prescribed, and to-day it stands without a rival as a digestive agent.

KIDDER'S DIGESTYLIN FOR INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA

It is not a secret remedy, but a scientific preparation, the formula of which is plainly printed on each bottle. Its great DIGESTIVE POWER is created by a careful and proper treatment of the ferments in manufacture. It is very agreeable to the taste, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. For the reliability of our statements, we would respectfully refer to the WHOLESALE and RETAIL DRUGGISTS of the country, and PHYSICIANS generally. Sold by Druggists or

Price $1.00.

WM. F. KIDDER & CO., 83 John St., N. Y.

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Special Sale during the week.

600 Pairs

Madras and Crete Curtains.

$5.00, $7.50, $10.00 per pair.
Reduced from $7.50, $11.00, $15.00.

500 Pairs Guipure Curtains.

Per Pair : $2.00, $3.00, $4.00, $5.00.
Formerly $3.50, $5.50, $6.50, $8.50.

An early inspection will insure Great Bargains.

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Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

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Concerts from 3 to 5 and 8 to 11.
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· 1887 · SPRING. · 1887 ·

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An exquisite Soap, producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case, covered with red leatherette. The most elegant article of the kind ever offered to the public.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE HOLIDAY GIFT

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Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

"CAN February March?" asked the punster, with a sickly smile. "Perhaps not," replied the quiet man, "but April May."—*Ex.*

TO LADIES! Are you Corpulent? **CORPUS LEAN** is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful **Flesh Reducer**—Ten to **Fifteen Pounds a Month. NO POISON. ADIPO-MALENE** never fails to permanently develop the **Bust** and **Form.** *Non-injurious.* **BEAUTY** of Face and **Form** secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars* etc., by **Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co.,** 2815 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Bottle contains double quantity. Use no other

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Colds Coughs Croup.

are surely cured by

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Pain Killer

read the directions

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1887. NUMBER 219.

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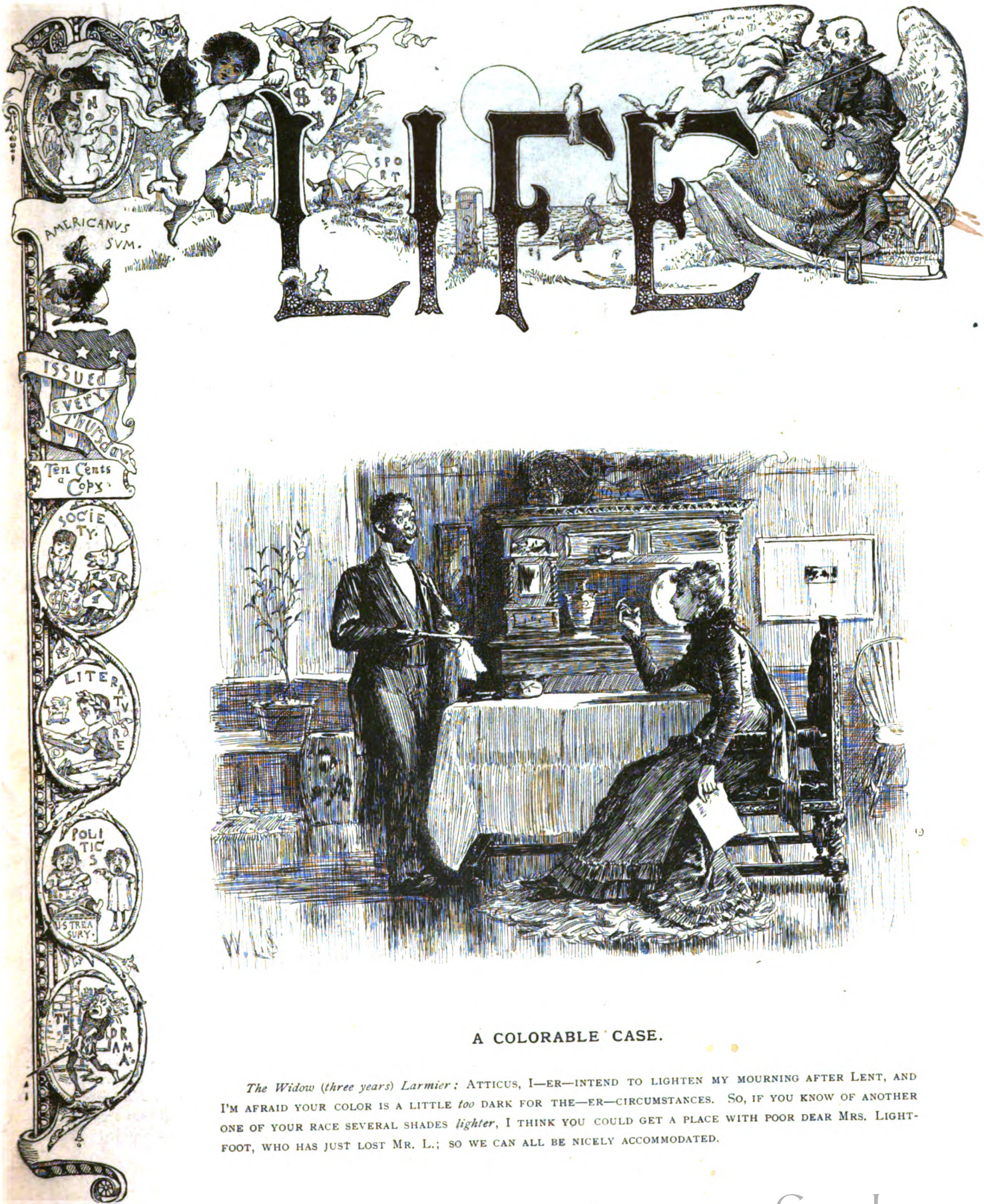

A COLORABLE CASE.

The Widow (three years) Larmier: ATTICUS, I—ER—INTEND TO LIGHTEN MY MOURNING AFTER LENT, AND I'M AFRAID YOUR COLOR IS A LITTLE *too* DARK FOR THE—ER—CIRCUMSTANCES. SO, IF YOU KNOW OF ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR RACE SEVERAL SHADES *lighter*, I THINK YOU COULD GET A PLACE WITH POOR DEAR MRS. LIGHTFOOT, WHO HAS JUST LOST MR. L.; SO WE CAN ALL BE NICELY ACCOMMODATED.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 10, 1887. No. 219.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IT looks as if Boston thought better of Mike Kelly than Chicago does of James Russell Lowell. Mr. Lowell went out to Chicago to make a speech on George Washington's day. It seems that he had intended to discourse on American politics, but, upon mature reflection, changed his mind, and read to his auditors an essay on the authorship of "Richard III." His reason for doing so is rather vague. He had some sort of compunction, which he explained, but it is a question in some minds whether the scholarly Bostonian did not reflect that the Chicago people were an impulsive set, and piqued moreover at the loss of Kelly, and that they were liable to make short work of an orator who spoke counter to their political prejudices. Perhaps Mr. Lowell feared that his remarks would be taken to reflect on Carter Harrison, and that he would be hanged to the nearest lamp-post. Perhaps he had planned a criticism on Mr. Blaine or a defense of his Mr. Hayes, and thought better of it at the last moment. At any rate, he changed his mind and his subject, and took up with Richard III., who is dead a long time and quite out of Chicago politics.

Here in New York, it is believed that at the beginning of Mr. Lowell's remarks, his audience were not aware whether Shakespeare wrote "Richard III.," or Richard III. wrote Shakespeare. Nor is it believed that they cared a hoot from St. Louis which wrote the other. Most of Chicago's information about Shakespeare comes from Ignatius Donnelly, who is figuring out that he was merely a shadow of Lord Bacon. Accordingly, that Mr. Lowell was heard through and allowed to go in peace, is a token of much forbearance on Chicago's part, and must be taken as a sign that she is climbing into the upper levels of civilization.

When Mr. Lowell had dined with the Harvard Club that same Washington's Day evening, seeing himself among men in whose enlightenment he had confidence, he let himself out, and said much that was edifying, and in particular thumped the corner-grocery politicians very heartily and shook the mantle of Edmund Burke in their faces. We believe he got safely home to Boston, which is well.

It may not be so satisfactory to Mr. Lowell to make speeches in the wild West as it would be to hobnob with the English nobility. But it is a great deal more satisfactory to us. We admire to see him enlighten his countrymen, even if the effete monarchies have to lie in the shadow while he is at it.

* * *

IT will please everybody to hear that the *Mayflower* sloop, of Boston, is going to England to sail for the Queen's Cup and such other mugs as she has a chance at. Mr. Burgess is going with her, and all good Americans will take a lively interest in their record. John Sullivan's arm is well again. Why not send him over, too!

* * *

NOW and then the patient and deserving poor get some special solace for their pains. A car-load of excursionists are wrecked on a railroad, a yacht sinks, or an epidemic breaks out at a fashionable watering-place, and the rich who have gone pleasuring for their health's good suffer. Just now, we poor are hugging ourselves by the armful to think we were not shaken out of our beds at Nice, or anywhere along the Riviera. The Charleston earthquake, which has been the seismic sensation all winter, now takes one of the rear benches. It was a good earthquake for a young country, but it has been beaten.

* * *

AFTER all, Sir Charles Dilke will never do to put in a Sunday-school book. No sooner is he polished off and put on the shelf with a suitable moral on his door-plate, than he has a new stroke of good luck. His new fortune of half a million dollars does not restore his character, but it is doubtless a solace as far as it goes. Certainly it is not a proper reward for a person of his iniquities.

* * *

GOVERNOR LOUNSBURY, of Connecticut, does not allow the members of his staff to drink anything more potent than pink lemonade. If he catches any one of them taking aught that is spirituous, he rebukes him and has him promptly pumped out. He allows them to go to parties, to wear a uniform and be colonels, but in the matter of intoxicants he is inflexible. We recommend Governor Lounsbury to come to New York and go to school a term to Dr. Crosby. He can put his staff in the good doctor's infant class.

* * *

NEWSPAPER correspondents along the Atlantic coast who are at work on their summer stories are warned that Mr. Theodore Gill has demonstrated in the *Forum* that there is no reasonable ground for belief in the sea-serpent. Hereafter the sea-snake must be caught to be believed.

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THIS MORNING.

ON the old gray terrace where we had parted,
With vows, and pledges, and many a sigh,
Where the sunlight slept and the swallows darted,
I met her—my sweetheart of days gone by.

'Twas the ghost of a curtsey, silken, stately,
That she dropped as she passed, and turned from me
To the grand Milord she has wedded lately,
The gouty, tyrannical, rich Marquis.

But I smiled to myself in cynic fashion,
As I watched the bloom on her proud cheek fade,
And the stir of a long-forgotten passion
That fluttered her bodice of gold brocade.

Oh, the fickle world! . . . . All the boughs are budded,
There are flocks of sails on the glancing sea,
And my heart with an April joy is flooded,
Though Dolly is married, and not to me! *M. E. W.*

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TO GILBERT & SULLIVAN.

YOUR latest operatic freak,
Ye gents of "Ruddygore,"
To use your native idiom,
Is a bloody bore.

* * *

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has been trying to prove that Shakespeare did not write "Richard III."

The ex-Minister to England probably wants to saddle it off on Julian Hawthorne, but he can't convince us.

* * *

JAKE SHARP believes in the old scriptural intimation that it's a Broadway that leadeth to destruction.

* * *

SARAH BERNHARDT lives in a constant state of terror, owing to her fear that the elements may make a mistake some day and strike her for a lightning rod.

* * *

SECRETARY ENDICOTT wears a military band around his hat.

* * *

CARTER HARRISON, whose motto is "Pro bono Publico," intends retiring to private life. If he does, it will be the Probonest thing the Mayor has yet done for the Publico.

* * *

THE Trade Dollar Bill has passed. This is not remarkable. Any kind of a dollar bill will pass in the House of Representatives.

* * *

IT is said that Mr. Frank R. Stockton writes his funniest stories when suffering from neuralgia.

What a tremendous sufferer Mr. Stockton must be!

* * *

NO, Gladys, Irish serving maids do not all come from Biddeford any more than French waiters come from Tip-perary.

* * *

DURING her approaching visit to the Continent, Queen Victoria will be known as the Countess Balmoral.

The Prince will probably be known as the Marquis of Badmorals.

* * *

PROFESSOR HUGHES says a silk ribbon is a better lightning conductor than a metallic rod.

If this is true, there is hardly a chair in a fashionable house that is not absolutely safe from lightning.

* * *

THE peace that both Germany and France are so anxious to preserve is a piece of territory known as Alsace and Lorraine.

A PROHIBITIONIST speaker in Jersey City, last week, was so overcome by his bottle of tea, that he kept referring to "Old Hickory" as "Old Chestnut."

* * *

THIS is the season when the Episcopalian tries real hard to be a Christian, and eschews tobacco before breakfast, by way of penance.

* * *

PROVERBS FOR THE MILLION.

A KNOB will turn.

IT'S a short lane that doesn't go far.

HE who runs may read; but he who spends most of his time reading finds running a laborious exercise.

NOTORIETY is the thief of fame.

THE wages of sin is death, and pay-day is sure to come sooner or later.

* * *

IN honor of the paragraphers who have largely contributed to her fame, the distinguished New York amateur actress will hereafter write her name, Mrs. James Brown ¶otter.

* * *

LOOKS LIKE AN OLD ONE, BUT IT'S NEW.

"SAY, Jones, lend me your umbrella, will you?"

"Can't."

"Why not?"

"It's——borrowed."

* * *

IT is unfit that Rutherford B. Hayes, of Ohio, should be denounced any longer as a chicken fancier. The *World* says: "Allan G. Thurman has the best assortment of chickens in his neighborhood, and takes good care of them."

* * *

MR. HEWITT is barely on his legs again, and not yet able to go out, but he seems to get there notwithstanding. By dint of the kind offices of Chairman Lee, his short letter to the Brooklyn Democratic Club has made more stir than Governor Hill's long and able Jeffersonian address.

* * *

CONGRATULATIONS.

MAY we offer our congratulations to our esteemed colored contemporary *Puck*, upon having reached the august age of ten years?

Puck, we toast thee! Like the ballet girl—

"Age cannot wither thee, nor custom stale
Thine infinite variety."

May you live long and prosper, thou that hast reached thy decade without decadence; who, to use a Homeric phrase, dost yank the bun and e'en the Bunner, and whose cartoons are most tuneful in their harmony of tint.

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"LIFE'S" CANOE EXPEDITION TO PIKE'S PEAK.

REALIZING the importance of Discovery as an element of Journalistic success, the Proprietors of LIFE, at great expense, dispatched an Exploring Expedition to the Wild West, under the command of Captain Blizzard Blazier, the eminent discoverer. The discovery of America by Columbus and of New Orleans by Benjamin F. Butler were great achievements in their day, but were more the result of fortuitous circumstance than of scientific calculation. LIFE believes in the theory that it requires greater genius to sail in a canoe directly from our great metropolis to the topmost tip of Popocatepetl, than it does to drift around an ocean until one's vessel runs against a continent, or flop about at the head of an army until the fabulous treasures of New Orleans dining-rooms loom up with dazzling brilliancy on the horizon. One is luck, the other is a matter of business. For this reason Captain Blazier was instructed to discover, if possible, some geographical object that people knew about, and Pike's Peak being of considerable general interest, owing to the amount of weather discovered by the Single Service officer who dwells in lonely state thereon, was chosen. It need hardly be said that the expedition was an enormous success, and that Captain Blazier now holds the championship belt for the light-weight Discoverer-ship, having made the discovery of the Peak in some years less time than it took the original Pike.

As usual the Captain has prepared his reminiscences of the trip — not from any motives of self-glorification, but from a desire to add to the world's sum of knowledge. The feat of crossing the continent in a canoe is a great one, not second to that of sailing over the Pacific on a bicycle, as we believe Mr. Stevens has recently done, and we feel that the following illustrated extracts from the Captain's graphic narrative are fully worthy of the space they occupy.

CAPTAIN BLAZIER'S GREAT FEAT.

"Even our gallant commander was somewhat disconcerted at the idea of sailing up a cataract, but being a man of infinite resource, he reached down into the cabin of his craft, and much to the surprise of

the party, dragged forth a pair of telegraph pole slippers, donning which he ascended the frozen column of the Hippowatomie Geyser with all the agility of one accustomed to any or all climes."—*Vol. IV., chap. 4.*

* * *

THE DISCOVERY.

"The sun was shining brightly on the snow-clad summit as the expedition neared the objective point. The peak first hove in sight at six A. M., but as most of the party were asleep, the Captain postponed the discovery until after breakfast.

"As the clock in the Admiral's canoe struck nine, the explorers glided gently over the small crag that was in the intervening space between them and the signal service building, in which the peak is kept, and the gallant Captain, giving three knocks on the oaken portal, cried out:

"'What ho, within there!'

"'No hoe within here,' came the muffled response; 'we have no garden on this bleak peak."

"'Well, come out of your concealment. You're discovered.'

"'At last! It is as I feared,' said the voice within, as the door was opened, and the retired Brigadier-General in charge appeared before us.

"'You feared it, eh!' said Blizzard Blazier, drawing himself upward to his full stature; 'and why did you fear it?'

"'Saw it in the New York papers.'

"'Well, trot out your peak,' rejoined the Commander, unfurling the flag which he brought with him, 'and if you have it, bring us a champagne supper for six.'

"Thus was the discovery made."—*Vol. XLI., chap. 97.*

THE DISCOVERY.

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ON THE EVE OF DISCOVERY.

"We passed the night beneath the spreading branches of a petrified forest, listening to the booming of the canyons in the distance,

LISTENING TO THE BOOMING OF THE CANYONS.

and lulled into gentle slumber by the tuneful song of the coyote."—*Vol. I., chap. 17.*

* * *

A COLOSSAL ADVERTISEMENT.

"Among the natural curiosities of the region explored we found a colossal iceberg in the form of a human head with elephant tusks,

securely fastened to the side of the mountain. The commander, who had seen such things before in the course of his travels, manifested no surprise at this discovery, but called our attention to the adamantine qualities of the cheek, which he said was unequaled in the history of advertising. With due pomp we christened it "The Greatest Show on Ice," and reluctantly left it to its lonely grandeur."—*Vol. XVI., chap. 43.*

* * *

DISPATCHING NEWS.

"Messengers with full accounts of the discovery were immediately dispatched to LIFE, and the New York daily papers. The trip down the mountain side was exciting to the last degree, and rather wearing upon the constitution, but the survivors express themselves as regarding the expedition as the most fascinating reminiscence of their lives.

"The monotonous run across the prairie was enlivened by several deadly attacks on the part of a Wild West Show on a grand scale, but beyond the loss of one day's rations, and a hot keel which destroyed one vessel and seventeen manuscript volumes of reminiscences, no serious damage was sustained."—*Vol. LV., chap. 110.*

For Sale by all Newsdealers. LX. Volumes. 91omo.

A CURE for poverty — Sinecure.

A SERIOUS CASE.

"DOCTOR," said a Philadelphia patient, "I'm troubled with insomnia, and I want you to do something for me."

"Do you lie awake most of the night?" asked the physician.

"No, I'm all right at night, but I can't get any sleep during the day."

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BOOKS AND THEATRES

"THE COMMON CHORD."

HENRY R. ELLIOT, whose successful novel, "The Bassett Claim," will be remembered for having had much to do with the final passage of the Spoliation Claims Bill, has written another pleasing story called "The Common Chord" (Cassell & Co.). The scene of it is the half-quaint, half-philistine neighborhood of old Greenwich village, now known as the Ninth Ward of New York. The borders of this region have been favorite backgrounds for Bunner's stories. He has had a great fondness for the Bohemianism which lurks around Washington Square. Mr. Elliott has, however, gone a little farther west, into the homes which are free from the ills of poverty, but near enough to them to harbor sympathy with wretchedness, and far enough from luxury to be chary of aping it with cheap and gaudy imitations.

* * *

THE author happily describes his characters as "ordinary around-the-corner people, whose useful natural lives are pitched in the rich, solid, satisfactory chord of C." The most successful of them, from a literary point of view, are old *Mr. Goodkind*, his daughter *Nellie* and *Winans*. *Nellie* is a mingling of sunshine and caprice, with a dash of that sound common sense which so often saves foolish American girls from the full penalties of thoughtlessness. Her eccentric old father, with his great collection of scrap-books, his quiet humor and optimism, is a fine example of contented old age, and a lovable failure in life. For we forget in our worship of success how much there is admirable in failure—the chastened spirit, the kindly heart, the ready sympathy with suffering, and the broad charity which judges as one would be judged.

* * *

FOR *Winans*, the disabled veteran who began late the struggle for a living in New York, we had hoped most in this story. There was a pathetic mingling of strength and weakness about his brave effort to break through the bars which the mutilations of battle had placed between him and an active career. In him were the bravery of a soldier and the simplicity of a child. Around him and *Nellie* the whole interest of the story should have centered. The unfolding of their characters would have furnished a theme as attractive and artistic as that of "The Midge."

And no doubt this has been the author's intention, but we think he has been too often diverted from it by the episodes in which *Stockwell*, *Watson* and *Flint* take conspicuous part. They do not harmonize with the "common chord," but are discordant sharps and flats.

The story, as a whole, is a clean, honest piece of work, never dull, and filled with bright touches of homely sentiment.

* * *

A BOUND volume of *Public Opinion* (Washington), which is before us, shows how fully the projectors have carried out their idea of making it a complete and valuable "summary of the press" on important current topics. The selections have been made with discretion and carefully classified. In a volume, with its complete index, it is a most useful contemporary record of opinion, especially on political questions. *Droch.*

· NEW BOOKS ·

SHOPPELL'S MODERN HOUSES, an illustrated Architectural Quarterly. New York: Co-operative Building Plan Association.

Forced Acquaintances. A book for girls, by Edith Robinson. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Story of Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Source of the Mississippi. Comprising, I. Letter from Messrs. Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co. II. Report of Hopewell Clarke, Chief of the I. T. B. & Co. Expedition to the Headwaters of the Mississippi, October, 1886. Reprinted from *Science*. New York: Ivison, Blakeman & Co.

IS IT A JOKE?

READERS of the *Century* have been much confused by a History of the United States published serially in that magazine under the somewhat personal title of "Abraham Lincoln." There certainly existed a president of that name, and we believe he is alluded to once or twice in this history; but such a reputation should not be used for advertising purposes. If we remember rightly, the editors of this magazine once announced with some ceremony that a life of Mr. Lincoln was soon to appear in their pages.

Where is it?

WELL PROPORTIONED.

NEW YORK GIRL: The feet of the Statue of Liberty are six feet long!

CHICAGO LADY: Six feet long? Why she must be nearly twenty feet high, then!

Jane: IT'S TOO BAD, HARRY, YOU HAVE BEEN SO AWFULLY CUT UP.

Harry: OH, IT'S JUST BULLY, JANE, I CAN'T HAVE MY HANDS AND FACE WASHED FOR A WEEK.

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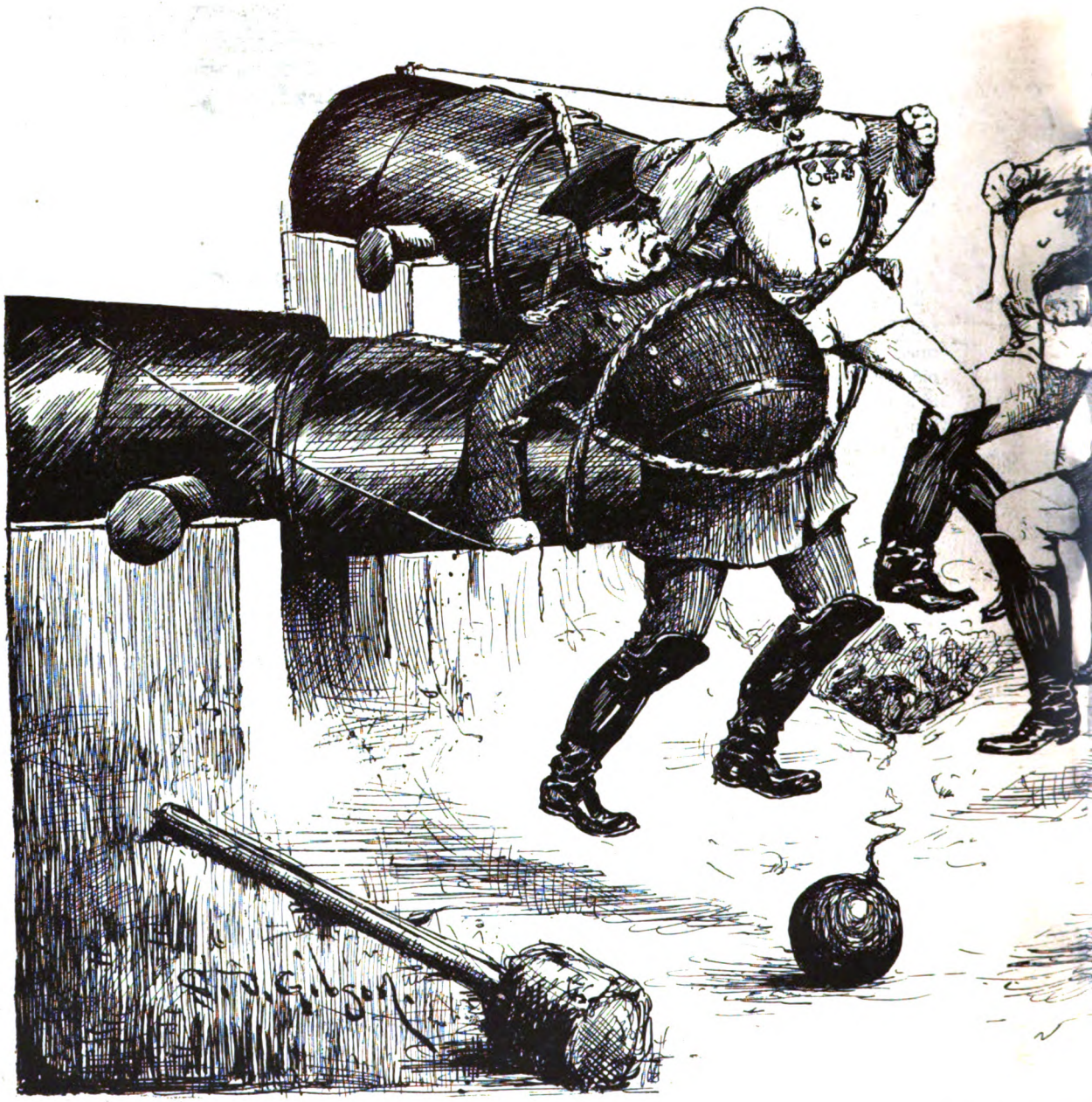

WHO OPENS

A LITTLE INVENTION OF OUR OWN F

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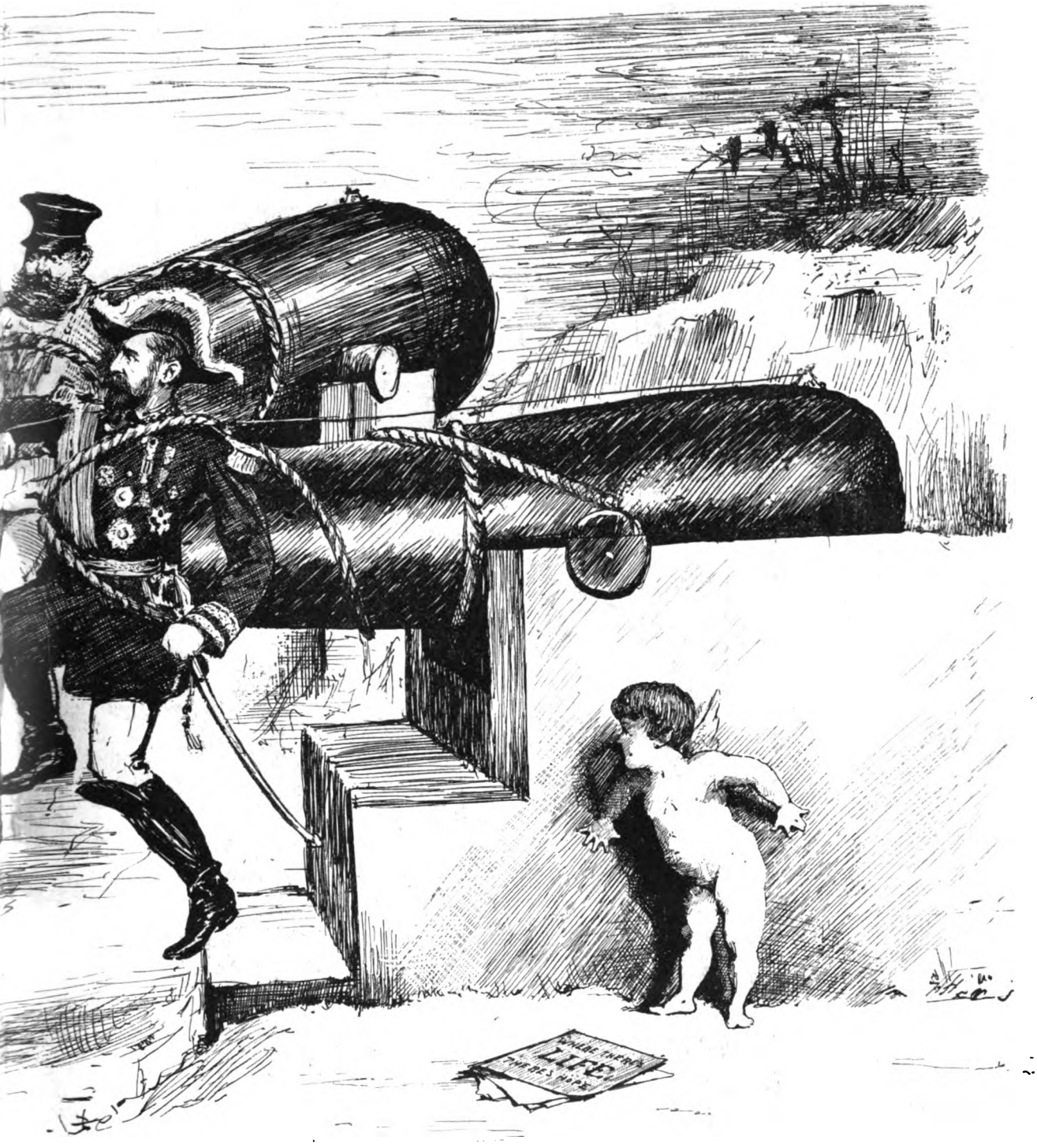

S THE BALL?

FOR PRESERVING THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

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ONE of these days a big cry will go up, and an agonized community will declare that the sum of their sufferngs is complete, and that henceforth they will have no more of the Court of Louis XIV. as a subject for comic opera. The man has been found, I believe, who can eat eighty consecutive quails in forty consecutive days. And yet the poor, plump quail is no enemy.

Let the energetic curiosity-monger try and discover the man who can consume forty of these modern comic operas in as many consecutive years, and I can promise him a large patronage.

Now "Lorraine" in French must have been very nice. The Court of Louis XIV., of course, became entirely subordinated to what we, in our prudishness, must not understand, though I have not the least doubt in the world that our intelligence in all matters is as great as that of the French.

If we had been in Paris, we should have laughed and enjoyed "Lorraine." The ladies would have cried "shocking!" and laughed; the gentlemen would have jocosely dug one another in the side, and laughed.

The passage across the Atlantic Ocean, however, robs a French opera of all that rendered it amusing abroad. The vasty deep takes away its flavor. It is ready for American production, as insipid as a boiled potato; as recklessly wholesome as roast mutton, and as ruthlessly and relentlessly nourishing as rice-pudding.

All that American managers can do under these lugubrious circumstances is to revel in the fact that they are highly pure, and attempt to enliven matters by a topical song, which is always received with uproarious enthusiasm.

Colonel McCaull's production at the Star Theatre of "Lorraine"—music by Rudolph Dellinger, libretto by Oscar Walther, and adaptation by W. J. Henderson—is, of course, interesting, as Colonel McCaull puts his operas on the stage regardless of expense, and has drawn together a company individually and collectively artistic. Mr. Henderson has done some clever work. He has flavored the boiled potato, injected a dash of garlic into the roast mutton, and syruped the rice-pudding.

Dellinger's music is tolerably fascinating. The air, "Oh! Sweet Land of Provence," will surely become popular. It is pretty and whistlesome, and fully as sentimental as the song in "Mignon" which describes the land where "*je voudrais vivre, aimer et mourir*," and which the Paris organ-grinders gloat over. Then the love song in the first act, and the duet in the second, are worth listening to and remembering. Miss Soldene sings a kissing song, which is inappropriate, and De Wolf Hopper a topical rigmarole, which seems to please.

Miss Gertrude Griswold, who has studied in Paris, made her first appearance before a Metropolitan public in "Lorraine." She was nervous, as the solemnity of the occasion and the rôle she interpreted fully justified; but, in the language of the non-committal, she made a favorable impression. Mme. Cottrelly is always welcome, and her appearance as captain of the royal pages was no exception to the rule.

Alan Dale.

A SOUVENIR OF THE "WILD WEST."

Tommy: HALLO THERE, YOU OLD BUFFALO! I'VE CAUGHT HIM, FRED! HOORAY!

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APPROPRIATE COLORS.

FOR the bondholder: vermilion.

For the baby: yeller.

For the old maid: blue.

For the dog: Ocur-purple.

For the sailor: écru.

For the author: red.

For the veteran: scar-let.

A REFORM RECOMMENDATION.

NEW SERVANT: I was two years in me last place, mum.

MISTRESS: Oh, that speaks well for you. Where was it?

NEW SERVANT: In the Reformatory, mum!

A CONTEMPORARY shouts "There are rapids ahead of the Democratic party!" Possibly so, but the "barrel" will take it safely through.

"I HEAR that young Mr. Philkins is quite ill," said Mrs. Joggins.

"Yes, poor fellow," replied Mrs. Snooper, "he leads such a sedimentary life that his health is shattered."

RESTORING THE HIRSUTE.

PAT: Phwat is that ye are at, Biddy?

BIDDY: Sure it's a bottle of hair-resthorer Oi'm putting on me ould muff.

IMPRESSIONS OF "RUDDYGORE."

A LATER VIEW OF "RUDDYGORE."

FOR those unfortunate beings who have not yet had the pleasure of seeing "Ruddygore," we have portrayed a few of the most remarkable scenes in that production.

The storm of adverse criticism which greeted the first night's performance of the opera, has, in a large measure, subsided. The full conviction of the critics that the piece was hopelessly bad is being set aside by the sober judgment of the masses that it's not so bad after all.

To be sure "Ruddygore" is not the "Mikado" or "Patience," but it is much better than the "Princess Ida" in all respects, and as a musical effort ranks by no means least of Mr. Sullivan's achievements.

The dialogues of Mr. Gilbert are flabbily English in their stupidity, but the "ballades, songs and snatches" are in almost every instance charmingly written, filled to the brim with surprises, and quite worthy of the pen that produced the "Bab Ballads."

As for the company, it improves with age. Mr. Federici is an exceedingly picturesque-looking corpse, with a voice highly indicative of the tomb wherein its owner is supposed to have lain. The unwelcome part of Miss Forster still retains its unwelcomeness in the first act, but as the little Quaker in the second she is surpassingly charming and sings her patter with all the vim of which she is capable.

Altogether, we think "Ruddygore" likely to stay for some time, and if Miss Ulmar will only consent to leave a trifle less powder on Mr. Pounds' coat sleeves when retiring from the mimic embrace, the masses may be counted on to admire the production as long as it shall stay.

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EXTREMELY COMFORTING.

"AH! old boy; out again, eh! Well, I must say I never expected to see you again. Looking every day for your death in the papers. What's been the matter? Bright's disease? Eh! very deceptive thing. Can't tell, though. People do *sometimes* get well. *Very* seldom, though. Generally die just as they think they're convalescent. You look very bad. Good-bye!"

A SOCIETY PEBT.

BY indulging a penchant to bebt,
A "hossy" young man got in debt.
He owed such a sumb,
He was forced to succumb—
He is wearing his summer suit yebt!

Mistress: BRIDGET, I DON'T THINK IT IS PROPER FOR YOU TO ENTERTAIN MEN IN THE KITCHEN.
Bridget: YEZ BE ROIGHT, MUM, BUT THERE WAS SOMEONE IN THE PARLOR ALREADY.

Why should I yield to the dictates of a foolish popular prejudice in smoking cigars in the street, which I cannot afford, when I prefer a pipe. I will have moral courage!

I have moral courage, always thought I had. Every man should have moral courage. It is a noble attribute.

Here comes Miss Van Wayup and her mother. Moral courage is a good thing in its place.

Hope they did not see me smoking that confounded pipe. Don't think they did.

NO TROUBLE.

"DOCTOR, I hear that you have a very bad case today."

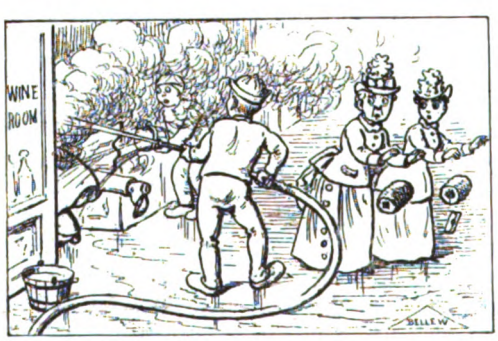
"What one is that?" asked the doctor.

"That boy that was kicked in the stomach by a mule."

"Oh! no trouble about that. It killed him right off!"

* * *

THE average woman is considered too delicate to shoulder a musket, but nobody questions her right to bare arms.



No, they did not; but they never quite understood it all.

SUFFOCATING YOUNG LADY IN THEATRE: I wouldn't come here again to hear—*the Angel Gabriel!*

HE: Wouldn't you? He'll make a very good play—the last trump.

* * *

THE Chinese of California are the queue-cumberers of the soil.

* * *

NO, John L. Sullivan never had any connection with the Boston Belting Company.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

THE QUALITY OF MERCY IS NOT STRAINED.

THE little bridle mule in the nigh lead slipped on the icy pavement, and Mr. Bergh's best man was on the spot. "Take that mule and have him sharpened before you drive him another foot."

"He is sharpened," said the driver, "rougher than a file. Look at them hind shoes—corks on 'em that 'ud wedge a hole through an ice-house."

The officer lifted a hoof to see, and straightway looked over the top of a four-story building. Buzzingly ran the word through the telephone: "One of your men has been nearly killed by a mule."

Tenderly back came the muffled order: "See if the mule is hurt, and if it is arrest the man."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

WE are told that California will produce this year 10,000,000 gallons of wine, one-seventh of which will be turned into brandy. The brandy will mostly be turned into high-priced politicians.—*San Francisco Hotel Gazette.*

WHEN Hobbs returned to his country home after his brief visit to the metropolis, he was asked if he saw many strange things in the city. "Wal," replied Hobbs, "I dunno. I seen a lot a curus things, that's a fact; but I guess, by the way them city folks stared at me, that I was about as big a curiosity as there was in the hull city.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Salvation Army stopped in front of a saloon in East Portland and began singing "It is water we want, not beer," and the saloon-keeper turned the hose on them. And yet they were not happy. It is hard to please some people.—*Norristown Herald.*

A ONE-LEGGED preacher in a Georgia town once upbraided a young man for carrying a gold-headed cane. "There are no gold-headed canes in heaven," said the man of God. "No; and there are no wooden-legged preachers there either," was the crushing rejoinder.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

IN reference to the socialists leaving this land where liberty is alloyed with law, it may be said that they ought in common gratitude to stick to America, since so much of it sticks to them.—*San Francisco Hotel Gazette.*

WHY don't the wives of the workingmen strike? They work about eighteen hours a day and get nothing but their board. Perhaps they fear that their masters might bring in "scab" wives, and lower the price to half rations.—*Ex.*

THE Eastern socialists are becoming disgusted with this country and threaten to "shake the dust off their feet against America," and leave her unsympathizing shore forever. We hope that they will speedily execute the latter portion of this threat, but the former—Heaven forfend!—*Ex.*

Child at Washington: Who are all those men lounging around outside the Capitol?

Parent: They are United States senators, my child.

"Are there any more senators besides them?"

"Only one."

"Where is he?"

"He is inside making a speech."—*Omaha World.*

THE Emperor William of Germany is the tallest monarch, being just six feet. The defunct King of Bavaria was the "shortest," being in debt several million dollars.—*Norristown Herald.*

IN THE ALPS.

Guide: "If the ladies will only stop talking, your honor may hear the roaring of the waterfall across the valley."—*Fliegende Blatter.*

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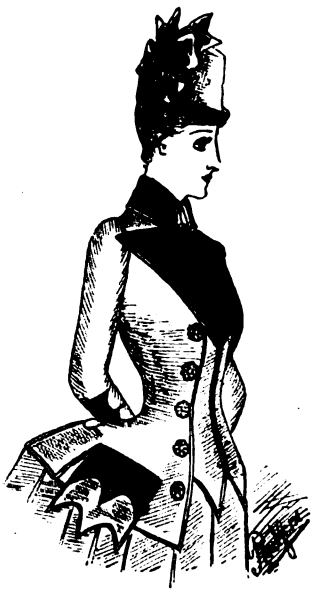

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.
"A popular triumph."—*Herald.*
"The senses charmed."—*Times.*
"Delight and astonishment."—*Commercial.*
MATINEES, SATURDAY AT 2.

"HERE, waiter; what kind of water is this?" said a guest at a country hotel down South. "Dat's spring watah, sah," replied the waiter, politely. "Oh, is it? Well, bring me some winter water. This is warm enough to wash a shirt in."—*Washington Critic.*

"WHAT is an *affair du cœur*, papa?" said the small boy who had been endeavoring to read the daily paper. "That must be a new name for a dog-fight," said the old gentleman, as he reached for the paper. —*Boston Bulletin.*

A MAN who imagined himself a telephone, and who has been trying for a year to shout "hello!" in his own ear, has been sent to an asylum at Flatbush, L. I.

"YES," remarked a Massachusetts man, with a cold in his head, "we will codfish-cake every Cadadiad vessel we cad ged our hads on."—*Washington Critic.*

SOME EXCELLENT COMPARISONS.

Somno—Lent——The policeman.
Preva —Lent——Poverty.
Si —Lent——The Mugwump.
Re —Lent——The usurer's money.
Succu —Lent——English scandals.
Condo—Lent——"I told you so."
Reqo —Lent——The Spring onion.
Truc(k)u-Lent——The baggage-man.
—*Columbus Dispatch.*

IT IS A QUIET MOMENT.

THE "silence of the tomb" is a carnival of sound compared to the stillness reigning in a crowded street-car when the driver brings it to a standstill, twists the lever around the brake, pokes his head in at the door and says in deep tones: "Somebody hasn't paid their fare."—*Hartford Journal.*

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Will not injure the most delicate fabrics. A stretcher for holding clothing while marking, given free to every purchaser. NO HEAT.
Price, 25c. AM. HEADQUARTERS, 46 Murray St., N. Y.

THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

Aunt Rachel: WHY, BOY, HOW YOU DO SWEAR!

Boy (flattered): I DON'T SWEAR WERY GOOD; BUT I RECKON WHEN I GIT AS OLD AS MY DAD, AND HAS THE PRACTICE, I'LL BEAT HIM ALL HOLLER.

WE often see the heading, "Shipping Intelligence," in the papers, and lately we have frequently wished that some could be shipped to the Indiana legislature. —*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

PUGILIST SULLIVAN denies that he drinks. Please don't doubt his word. Drink hardly expresses the vociferous and enthusiastic manner in which he goes at it.—*Philadelphia Herald.*

E. D. KAHN & CO.,

56 West Twenty-Third Street,

· 1887 · SPRING. · 1887 ·

ARE NOW PREPARED TO OFFER MANY NOVEL STYLES. **SPRING WRAPS, JACKETS, ULSTERS,**

Of their own importation and manufacture, unobtainable elsewhere.

Specialties in fine tailor-made costumes.

E. D. KAHN & CO., 56 WEST 23d STREET.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
STRAIGHT WHISKIES,
"OLD CROW" AND HERMITAGE,
SOUR MASH.

Sold absolutely pure, unsweetened, uncolored. Various ages. None sold less than four years old. Reliable for medical use.

We have taken every barrel of Rye Whisky made at the Old Crow Distillery since January, 1872.

Sole Agents for The Pleasant Valley Wine Co.

Full lines of reliable Foreign Wines, Liquors and Segars.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

69 FULTON ST., BROADWAY AND 27TH ST.,
AND 9 WARREN STREET.

ESTABLISHED 1853.

"Do you have damp sheets?" said the fussy old man at the hotel, securing a room.

"No," said the clerk, who wanted to be obliging, "but we can sprinkle 'em for you if you like them that way."—*Exchange.*

THE Chicago woman's weapon is her mouth, but you never hear of her being arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. It can't be concealed.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People.* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room: something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "HOME SCHOOLS FOR PHYSICAL CULTURE," 16 East 14th St. and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof. D. L. DOWD. Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to Get Strong," says of it, "I never saw an other I liked half as well."

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co.,

Merchant Tailors

and Importers,

16 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

MAKERS OF

THE C & S SHIRT

PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.

TRAVELERS

or those who shave themselves at home are invited to try

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

An exquisite Soap, producing a rich, mild lather that will not dry on the face while shaving. Delicately perfumed with Attar of Roses. Each stick enclosed in a turned wood case, covered with red leatherette. The most elegant article of the kind ever offered to the public.

A MOST ACCEPTABLE HOLIDAY GIFT

to a gentleman who shaves. Obtain it of your Druggist, or send 25 cents in stamps to

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,

GLASTONBURY, CONN.

Manufacturers for 50 years of "GENUINE YANKEE" and other celebrated Shaving Soaps.

A SHOWER of mud fell at Lincoln Neb. recently a rain of terra, so to speak.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

TO LADIES! Are you Corpulent. **CORPUS LEAN** is a Safe, Permanent and Healthful **Flesh Reducer**—**Ten to Fifteen Pounds a Month. NO POISON. ADIPO-MALENE** never fails to permanently develop the **Bust** and **Form.** *Non-injurious.*

BEAUTY of **Face** and **Form** secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in America for removing **Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc.** Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars,* etc., by **Return Mail. Mention article wanted. Chichester Chemical Co., 3815 Madison Square, Philadelphia, Pa.**

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Office of · LIFE · 1155 Broadway, N. Y.

JAMES McCREERY & CO., Broadway and 11th St.,

are displaying an assortment of Spring Dress Goods unprecedented for variety and originality. In addition to the importations already announced they have received a number of exclusive novelties which will not be duplicated this season; also a choice collection of India and China Pongee Silks in new colorings and designs.

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Entirely remodelled and improved. Large bedrooms, open fires, hydraulic elevator, etc. Is now open and will remain open throughout the year, as heretofore.

F. W. HEMSLEY & SON.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted *absolutely pure Cocoa*, from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

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United States Mutual Accident Association

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TIME TRIED AND PROVED

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Unrivalled for Prompt and Equitable Settlement of Claims.

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$10,000 Death by Accident. $10,000 Loss of Hands or Feet.
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These amounts of Indemnity are provided by the Policies of

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320 & 322 Broadway, New York,

At a cost to members in the Preferred occupations of about $26 a year, which may be made in one payment, or in installments.
One-half or one-quarter of above insurance at proportionate rates.

MEMBERSHIP FEE, $5.00 FOR EACH $5,000 POLICY.

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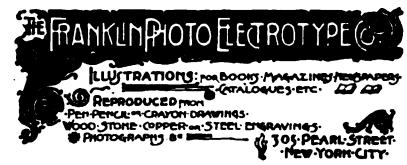

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THE 27th ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE

Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES.

For the Year Ending December 31st, 1886.

AMOUNT OF LEDGER ASSETS, JANUARY 1ST, 1886. . . . . $62,087,513.85

Income.

Premiums	$16,272,154.62	
Interest, Rents, etc.	3,601,578.57	19,873,733.19
		$81,961,247.04

Disbursements.

Claims by Death and Matured Endowments	$5,121,473.91	
Dividends, Surrender Values and Annuities	3,017,113.28	
Discounted Endowments	198,020.71	
Total paid Policy-holders	$8,336,607.90	
Dividend on Capital	7,000.00	
Commissions, Advertising, Postage and Exchange	1,946,046.69	
General Expenses	1,305,931.98	
State, County and City Taxes	169,400.17	11,764,986.74
NET LEDGER ASSETS, December 31, 1886.		$70,196,260.30

Assets.

Bonds and Mortgages	$19,881,470.94	
New York Real Estate, including the Equitable Building and purchases under foreclosure	10,406,394.10	
United States Stocks, State Stocks, City Stocks, and other investments	26,568,537.31	
Loans Secured by Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, $1,876,937)	1,392,606.00	
Real Estate outside the State of New York, including purchases under foreclosure, and Society's Buildings in other cities	6,021,831.22	
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies, at interest, and in transit (since received)	5,855,390.07	
Due from Agents on account of Premiums	70,030.66	$70,196,260.30
Market Value of Stocks and Bonds over book value		2,894,052.14
Interest and Rents due and accrued		640,387.32
Premiums due and in process of collection (less premiums paid in advance, $51,446)		334,135.00
Deferred Premiums		1,445,638.00
Total Assets, December 31, 1886.		$75,510,472.76

I hereby certify, that after a personal examination of the securities and accounts described in the foregoing statement, I find the same to be true and correct as stated.

JOHN A. McCALL, Jr., Comptroller.

TOTAL LIABILITIES, including legal Reserve on all existing policies (4 per cent. Standard) $59,154,597.00

Total Undivided Surplus, over 4 per cent. Reserve $16,355,875.76

Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in general class, is	$5,728,761.76
Of which the proportion contributed (as computed) by Policies in Tontine class, is	10,627,114.00

(On New York Standard of 4½ per cent. interest, Surplus is, as computed . . . . . $20,495,175.76)

We certify to the correctness of the above calculation of the reserve and surplus. From this surplus the usual dividends will be made.

GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, J. G. VAN CISE, } *Actuaries.*

New Assurance written in 1886.	$111,540,203
Total Outstanding Assurance	411,779,098
Increase of Premium Income	$2,810,475.40
Increase of Surplus (Four per cent. basis)	2,493,636.63
Increase of Assets.	8,957,085.26

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33 Union Square, N. Y.

DELBECK
EXTRA DRY and

Procurable Everywhere. Procurable Everywhere.

We offer the DELBECK CHAMPAGNES with a full conviction that there are no better wines imported.
WE EXCEPT NONE.
E. LA MONTAGNE & SONS,
53, 55 and 57 Beaver Street.

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SILKS AND VELVETS.

A fine selection of New Spring Styles. Figured, Striped and Plaid Surahs, Fancy Velvets, Plain Silks, Satins and Sicillienes for street and evening wear.

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The most fascinating of Winter Sports. Use the celebrated PROCTOR TOBOGGAN, which for strength, finish and speed excels all others. Discount to clubs. Send for circular.

NEW YORK BICYCLE CO. AGENTS,
38 Park Place.

FARMS on James River, Va. in Claremont Colony. Illustrated Circular Free. J. F. MANCHA, Claremont, Va.

PURITY AND BEAUTY OF THE SKIN.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair from infancy to age.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

I have had a Ringworm Humor, got at the barber's, for six years, which spread all over my ears, face and neck, and which itched and irritated me a great deal. I have used many remedies, by advice of physicians, without benefit. Your CUTICURA REMEDIES have entirely cured me, taking every bit of humor off my face and leaving it as smooth as a dollar. I thank you again for the help it has been to me.
GEO. W. BROWN, Mason,
48 Marshall St., Providence, R. I.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 Illustrations, and 100 Testimonials.

I commenced to use your CUTICURA REMEDIES last July. My head and face and some parts of my body were almost raw. My head was covered with scabs and sores, and my suffering was fearful. I had tried everything I had heard of in the East and West. My case was considered a very bad one. I have now not a particle of Skin Humor about me, and my cure is considered wonderful.
MRS. S. E. WHIPPLE, Decatur, Mich.

I was afflicted with Eczema on the scalp, face, ears and neck, which the druggist, where I got your remedies, pronounced one of the worst cases that had come under his notice. He advised me to try your CUTICURA REMEDIES, and after five days' use my scalp and part of my face were entirely cured, and I hope in another week to have my ears, neck, and the other part of my face cured.
HERMAN SLADE, 120 E. 4th St., New York.

I have suffered from Salt Rheum for over eight years, at times so bad that I could not attend to my business for weeks at a time. Three boxes of CUTICURA and four bottles RESOLVENT have entirely cured me of this dreadful disease.
JOHN THIEL, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible blood purifiers and skin beautifiers.

TINTED with the loveliest delicacy is the skin bathed with CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

ESTABLISHED 1801.

Barry's Tricopherous FOR THE HAIR.

The Oldest and the Best,

Has almost a miraculous effect on the scalp, destroying scurf and dandruff, and causing a splendid crop of Hair to spring up and flourish where before all was barren.

VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MARCH 17, 1887. NUMBER 220.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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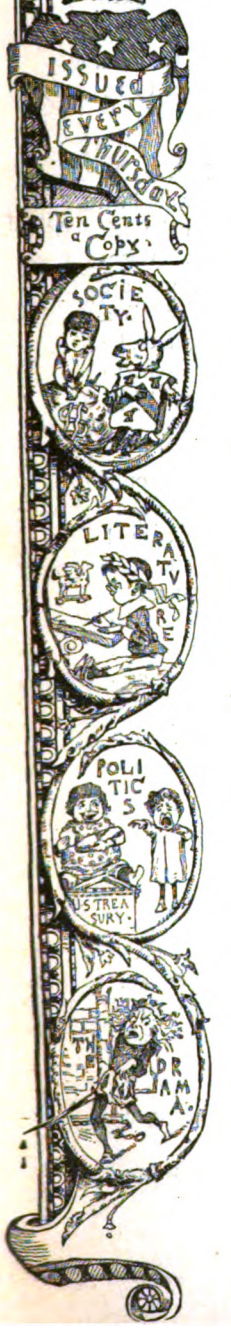

A RIVAL IN THE FIELD.

Ancient Bridegroom (*short-sighted and morbidly jealous*): WHO WAS THAT BOWED SO CORDIALLY TO YOU FROM OVER THE WALL? THOSE FAMILIAR NODS ARE SIMPLY OFFENSIVE.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 17, 1887. No. 220.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE *Century* for March continues its biographical remarks on the great men of Abraham Lincoln's time, with a few bits of irrelevancy about Lincoln himself thrown in. The historical narrative that Messrs. Hay and Nicolay are giving us is a great success as a picture of days gone by, and it is a great pity that it should be marred by those personal details of an obscure Illinois lawyer which we notice have crept into the story from time to time.

Apropos of the title of this history, we sometimes feel discouraged over the tendency our literary men have to misname their works.

"Abraham Lincoln," by Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, would properly be christened "From Boone to Booth; or, the Surprising Adventures of Senator Tom, Governor Dick, and Congressman Harry, in the Early Days of the Roaring Republic," an honest style of title which seems to have died out with our grandfathers in literature. There was once a happy day when the purchaser of books knew what he was getting when he invested his money. Now, he buys a volume, entitled "The Merry Men," to read in the silent watches of the night, and thus relieve the overwrought condition of his weary brain. What are the consequences? Read Robert Louis Stevenson's last book, and see if your mind becomes underwrought or whether the hair that is on your head will remain in a normally recumbent attitude for any given time.

Even the idols of literary mankind are falling into this besetting sin, and we find James Russell Lowell advertised as contributing a poem to the *Atlantic Monthly*, which is—well, not all poetry by several yards.

Mr. Howells, the cap to the present literary climax, publishes a volume with the single innocent title, *Poems;* and as far as division of lines and arrangement goes, they are poems—and they are bound like poems, and to a near-sighted person who can't read, they look like poems; but in reality they are more prosaic than anything of Mr. Howells' we have ever had the good fortune to read, and by no means as poetic, even in the measure of their *afflatus*, as the same gentleman's prose.

There should be a law to prevent this misnomerism, or else we should be consistent and name our girls John, Thomas or James, and our boys should all be Maggies or Minnies.

* * *

NOW, all you great men who were eminent in war times, and sit on the front bench still, spread along. The death of Henry Ward Beecher has left a large vacancy, and there are none too many of you left to make a showing. Spread yourself, William Evarts! Spread yourself, Tecumseh Sherman! The country has need of you and likes to remember that you are perennials.

* * *

WHAT do you think about Minister Ward? Was he insane when he shot his wife, or is he a wolf in a pelt who has always abused his wives whenever he felt mean? The question is full of psychological interest. Without desiring to prejudice any person's opinion, we are inclined to think that Ward has a diseased mind, and is a proper object of sympathy. All the same he ought to be tried and sent to prison. He isn't mad enough to be sent to an insane asylum, nor sane enough to be at large. Sing-Sing seems to be the place for him.

* * *

IF our young friend, Washington Irving Bishop, can only perfect his system of mind reading, and gain the confidence of the people, he can save this town a pretty annual penny by simplifying the trials of criminals. How the lead would drop away from the heel of Justice, if, instead of witnesses, jurymen and counsel, to find out about the financial methods of an alderman, the prisoner's mind could be examined by Mr. Bishop, and the results of the diagnosis communicated to the judge. The facts being thus elicited, only the application of the law would remain, and justice would be cheaper than eggs in April.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS was fifty years old the other day, and being interviewed gave manifest evidence of mature wisdom, saying among other things that Mark Twain was one of the ablest writers of the day. If Mr. Howells has not passed the teachable age he ought to read Stevenson. There's a writer for you, William, and one that makes literature! Your Mark Twain doesn't pretend to be literary. When he works he's a funny man, and when he enjoys himself he's a business man, and he makes his phases work together like a jack-knife and a stick.

* * *

THE *Times* states that Julius T. Davies is now engaged in winding up the firm of Grant & Ward.

What for? Does any sane man want that firm to go again?

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A BOX PARTY.

THE curtain's up, and *Faust* is singing
His vain desire for love and youth;
His tender tones are sweetly ringing
Two master-minds' eternal truth.

Half tranced, the people sit and listen—
So sweet the tenor never sang;
With notes so bright they seem to glisten,
When—hark! what means that awful bang?

'Tis but the door of Box A closing,
Released by white-gloved, careless hand;
Four men, five ladies enter, posing
The "rabble's" wonder to command.

Now cloaks and wraps with downy lining
Slip from their wearers' many charms,
Showing, with costly stuff's outlining,
Considerable neck and arms.

And then, with lazy languor sinking
Upon the box's foremost chairs,
Ces dames prepare to show, unthinking,
Their own (no, not the opera's) airs.

They forthwith add, with laugh and chatter,
Their quota to the whole effect:
What though they spoil a scene—what matter?
They do as their sweet wills direct.

And so they rattle on unceasing,
Until the curtain falls at last—
A worried audience releasing
From interruption fierce and fast.

And as they go where supper's waiting—
Game, oysters, terrapin and wine—
The fairest of them all is stating,
She thinks the opera "just divine!"

S. D. S. Jr.

AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. DE BOGGS: "Have you heard how Mrs. De Peyster—she that was Sallie Van Cott—has received the degree of A.M. from Wellesley?"

MRS. WAYBACK: "No; I haven't heard. What does A.M. mean?"

MRS. DE BOGGS: "Why, it stands for *alma mater*, of course. Didn't you know she had two children?"

MRS. GNU VORICH says that she is going to take a cottage somewhere in New Jersey this season; but it is a *sine quinine* that there shall be no malaria.

HE does a driving business—The cabman.

ALSO, OUR YOUNG AFFECTIONS RUN TO WAIST.
—*Byron.*

A WEDDING GIFT.

She: WHAT POSSESSED YOUR UNCLE TO SEND US SUCH A THING?

He: OH! I SUPPOSE IT'S FINE. YOU KNOW THE OLD MAN WRITES THAT WE MAY NOT LIKE IT AT FIRST, BUT IT WILL GROW UPON US.

She: Grow! GOOD HEAVENS! THAT WOULD BE TOO MUCH.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

LAW. An elaborate tergiversation for defeating the ends of justice.

RESPONSIBILITY. A pair of boots that cramp the feet and are frequently thrown in a neighbor's door-yard.

MIND. A scientific postulate from which we deduce the theory that the Ego is self-existing and that human reason is superior to divine wisdom.

SALOON. A political training-school; an educator in politics.

LOVE (*obs.*). An old-time superstition, the result of nympholepsy.

FRIENDSHIP. A reciprocal relation for securing benefits whose continuance depends upon the susceptibility of one mind to being duped by another.

BANKRUPT. A man who demonstrates his failure to live at the expense of other people by making an assignment, and gives his money to the lawyers so his creditors can't get it.

CHEEK. A superior test of business capacity; political assets.

TARIFF REFORM. (A synonym for OLD YARN.) An old stocking in the hands of the politicians, which is being re-knit by one set as fast as it is unraveled by another.

Harold Van Santvoord.

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THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MARCH 17TH.

IN the morning he sallies forth gaily,
To join in the gallant parade,
'Neath the sheet of green muslin that's labeled,
"The old Tipperary Brigade."

About noon he shakes his shillalah,
And calls, "wid de whole av 'is troat,"
For some "bloody son of ould England"
To tread on the tail of his coat.

And at night he's replete with emotion,
Derived from six bottles of Rye,
And in honor of Holy St. Patrick,
Deprives his sweet spouse of an eye.

* * *

"WHAT is the Drift for '88?" asks the *World*. We think we are safe in saying that there is snow-drift for '88.

* * *

ENGLAND needn't be so proud of her leisure class. Since we gave up the Prison Labor Contract System we have a leisure class too, and what's more, we keep it in a fair apology for a feudal castle at Sing-Sing.

* * *

THERE is a flower named *Nepenthes Charles A. Dana*, which sells for a dollar.

Can't the *Times* get up a *Platycorium Georgejonesium*, and sell it for $1.10?

* * *

MRS. POTTER'S first appearance, it is stated, will be in "Man and Wife."

We fear there is a mistake about this. There is an unnatural transposition of terms.

* * *

WILL not some public-spirited man organize a Society for the Suppression of Price?—we mean the detective of that name. He is an unmitigated nuisance, a terror to respectability.

* * *

BROOKLYN deprived of Beecher? 'Tis but a "name writ in water."

* * *

ALTHOUGH Mr. Howells has completed his fortieth year, life still wears a novel aspect to him. He has a great future behind him.

* * *

THE Infant King of Spain is able to walk Spanish now with the assistance of the Minister of the Nursery.

IF the *Tribune* ever gets out of Mr. Reid's hands, the head-lines of the editorial page will possibly read:

Founded by Horace Greeley,
Foundered by Whitelaw Reid,
Found Dead by ———

* * *

WE cannot conscientiously express wonderment that the French and Germans are at loggerheads. The Germans generally are at lager-heads.

* * *

A FRAGMENT FROM MILTON.

(*Hitherto Unpublished.*)

Fitzterence O'Donovan Hoole,
With a keg of cold powder did fool;
And up from the alley
Fitzterence did sally,
To return when the weather gets cool.

* * *

LATEST READING OF AN OLD PROVERB.

THE fool and his overcoat are soon parted.

* * *

MRS. JAMESBROWNPOTTERINGS.

THE Haymarket Theatre, London, has secured Mrs. Potter as leading lady. Miss Terry having refused to give up her situation at the Lyceum, Mr. Irving will have to get along without the accomplished American as best he may.

Mrs. Potter is to be commended for her consideration of other members of her profession. Recognizing that there is more room at the top than at the bottom, and being too amiable to crowd anyone, she begins at the top, content to work her way down, slowly, of course, but none the less surely, as the opportunity offers.

The European war will be postponed until Mrs. Potter has debutted.

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SCRAPS.

A PLEASANT young lad had a kfife
Whose pitch was as sharp as a knife:
So shrill was its shriek
That he "busted" his chiek;—
And his neighbors are weary of klife.

A CHANGE FOR THE WORSE.

TOMPKINS: How are you? Oh, say, I will pay you that bill the next time I meet you!

JOHNSON: You have been saying that for months. A little change would suit me better.

TOMPKINS: Oh, well, I'll try not to meet you any more.

BEEN THERE HIMSELF.

"GOING out hunting without a dog?" "What in thunder do I want of a dog?"

"To blame for not bringing in any game."

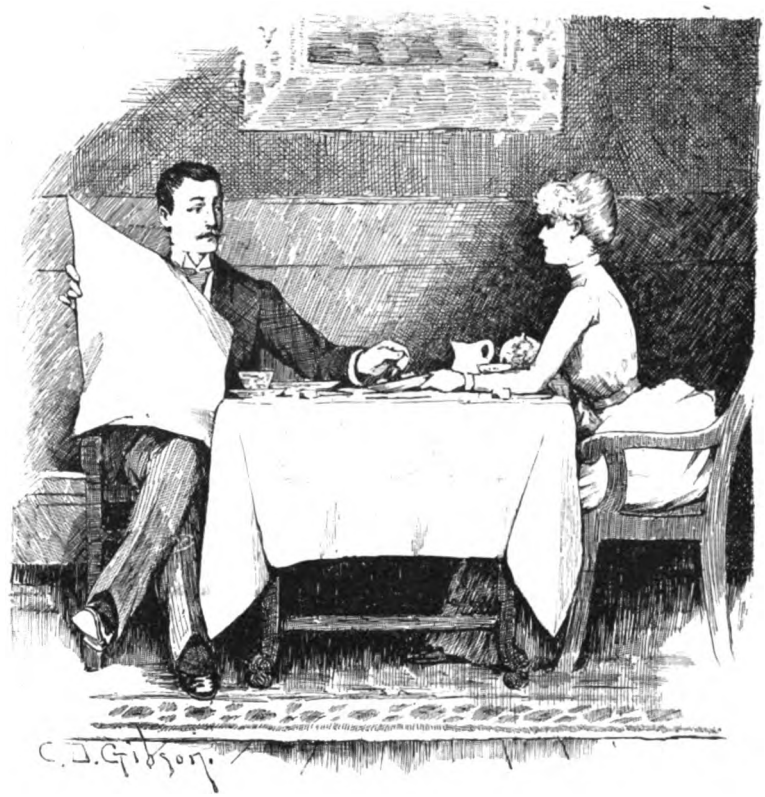
SOBRIETY.

ARKANSAS JUDGE (*to prisoner*): You swear (hic) that on th' night in (hic) question, you were sober ash judge?

PRISONER (*hastily*): No, sir.

AND were you not afraid of being in Marseilles? Didn't you dread the small-pox?

MRS. PARVENUE: Oh, no, indeed! I've already had the celluloid, you know.



Tom: MY DEAR, MARY FORGOT SOMETHING THIS MORNING WHEN SHE SET THE TABLE.

Sally: WHAT WAS IT, LOVE?

Tom: THE NUT-CRACKERS, FOR THESE POTATOES OF YOURS.

And she has been a month at the Cooking Club!

COMPOSITE AFFECTION.

BLONDIN ALONZO SIMPKINS, on seeing the beautiful composite portrait of the last senior class of Smith College, published in the *Century*, fell straightway in love, and resolved that the one object of his heretofore vain and empty life should be to seek, find, and wed the fair one. While in this frame of mind he wrote the two first stanzas of the following.

The next day he was made to understand that the photograph was not that of a single angel, but those of forty-nine separate and distinct ones super-imposed upon each other. Filled with grief and disappointment he penned the remaining lines as an offering to the memory of the lost one — or ones.

I.

THE world, until I saw thy face,
Was dark and dull and drear;
Now nature smiles in every place,
No future do I fear.

All troubles, cares and woes depart,
No obstacles appall;
The hope that thou wilt rule my heart
Bids every barrier fall.

II.

Alas, sad Fate! once more the world
Is but an empty show;
Again I'm hopeless, lone and sad,
Nor may I comfort know.

Whom I had once resolved should be
For life my partner fair,
Can never, never be my own—
I live but for despair!

If with the turbaned Turk I dwelt,
Or with the Mormon, thrifty,
Two, three — six wives might bless my lot—
But even then, not fifty!

WHAT NEXT?

ANTHONY COMSTOCK has sent a Jerseyman to prison for two years and fined him $500 for selling Balzac's Droll Stories and the Queen of Navarre's "Heptameron." We are all of a tremble for fear Tony may find out about the Bible or take a notion to read Shakespeare.

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ONE OF THE TRIALS OF A PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY.

LINES.

AFTER VICTOR HUGO.

SWEETHEART, were I a king to-day,
My subjects all, on bended knees,
Led by myself, uncrowned, should lay
All gifts before thee fit to please.

Were I the Lord of Life above,
All fecund spheres should wait on thee;
While for one kiss of thine, dear love,
Eternity a breath might be!

John Moran.

AT THE ORCHID SHOW.

THE wax potentates at the Eden Musee had to take a back seat last week. The flowers that bloom in the spring held the body of the house, and a very respectable looking crowd they were.

General Washington, who still crosses the Delaware eight hours each day, was quite concerned over the situation in which he found himself.

"Why," said he, "I never saw such a British lot of people in my life. Some of the descendants of my staff came walking through the room, and for the life of me I wouldn't have known them from English aristocrats. One of them, indeed, called me a 'bloody old idiot,' because I helped make him a free-born American citizen instead of a slaving colonist like those Canadians. If this is the sassiety I helped form, blamed if I don't turn my boat around and recross the Delaware, refuse the Presidency and go on a New York newspaper, where I can lie comfortably and get paid for it. It's very orchid to have to stand here this way and listen to these people's delighted comments on a *Rhafis flabelliformis*, that looks for all the world like a demented hollyhock, or an *Odontoglossum cirrhosum*, which, if it resembles anything, looks like an inebriated bumblebee. Orchids! Who ever saw an orchid in '76!"

"Go buy a toboggan and chute yourself, George," remarked the Emperor William, from the potentates' box on the other side of the room. "There's a bud in the other room that reminds me of the pipe of my ancestors, and I won't hear it maligned."

"You'd better puff it, then," retorted the Father of his country. "What are you, any way? You're nothing but a faded old tulip, and you know it."

"Well, I'd rather be a tulip than a wax ferryman with peach-blow trousers on; and as for my being faded, I'm not planted yet, which is where I have the bulb on you."

"Bully for you, Billiam," ejaculated the Pope, as Washington stooped over and made a cotton snowball to throw at his adversary. "Go in and win; I'm betting cardinals' hats on you."

"Did you hear about Columbus," said King Humbert to the Pope.

"No; is he dead?" replied the head of the Church.

"Dead? Why they've melted and recast him, so that he now represents Jay Gould discovering a paltry little blossom they call *Maranda Vanderluckii*."

"That's tough!" said the Pope.

"Stuff, is it? Well, you ask the management. You'll find it solid truth."

"It's an insult to Italy!" ejaculated the Pope.

"It is indeed!" said the Czar; "but what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, I suppose we'll have to apologize," replied King Humbert. "I don't see any other way out of it. After all, we're only wax, and if the management opened fire on us this parliament would dissolve. By the way, Billiam, I see it's rumored about town that you're dead. Are you?"

"Well, I don't exactly know. I'm feeling a little rocky, to tell the truth. Both of my legs gave way last night, and rolled down-stairs into the crypt. All that supports me is this photographer's head steadier, which has me by the nape of the neck, and gives me an apoplectic sensation that bodes me ill. Every time that door opens the draught blows me to and fro and makes me kinder sea-sick—still, I don't think I'm dead yet. I don't look so, do I?"

"Oh, not so very dead!" kindly returned the Queen. "You always were rather corse in appearance, you know."

"Madame," said the Czar, "if you'll have that stuffed I think the Musee would exhibit it."

"What do you refer to, Alexander?"

"That giddy joke of yours, my dear. It was one of the two that Noah had with him on that archæological expedition of his to Mount Arrow-Root."

"Which shows, my dear Aleck, that it was worth preserving. I take notice that Noah didn't have two Czars on his boat!"

"No; but if you're as old as you look, my liegess, he had you there."

"Ah, there!" smiled the Pope.

"Oh, take a cup of tea!" cried the Prince of Wales, seeing that his mother was getting involved in war.

"English breakfast tea?" she asked.

"No, repartee!" retorted the Czar—which response created such excitement that the automatic fire-alarm threw double sixes, and the engines came and put the party out. *Carlyle Smith.*

AN ACCOMMODATING SPIRIT.

MISTRESS (*severely*): I have made the fire and cooked the breakfast!

NEW SERVANT: Well, mum, you needn't wait for me. After this, sit down and ate whin yez git it ready.

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THE WAIL OF A LENTEN LOVER.

IN pious garb Clorinda goes,
Her sackcloth fits, 'tis tailor made,
And on her head ashes — of rose!
A bonnet of religious shade.

Her conversation, once so chic,
Is all of charities and slums;
Her bang looks out of curl and meek,
The curate now in favor comes.

The pompous fellow little knows
Upon what dangerous ground he's treading;
When Easter comes I'll pardon foes:
He shall officiate at our wedding.

M. H. M.

* * *

AT THE KURTZ ART GALLERY.

WESTERN MAN (*who has been doing Broadway and the Hoffman House, to gentleman*): Them pictures is good enough for anyone, but—how do you git to the bar?

* * *

WIRE PULLERS: The electric subway commission.

* * *

THERE is a man in Allentown, Pennsylvania, who has worn the same hat for eighteen years.

He ought to move to New York, so as to be eligible for Mr. Evart's position in the Senate when the long-winded statesman steps out.

* * *

NOTWITHSTANDING the recent severe frosts, peaches can be had at $5.00 a dozen.

* * *

TRICKS OF TRADE.

YOUNG WOMAN (*timidly to clerk*): I would like to look at some false hair, please.

CLERK (*experienced*): Yes, ma'am. What color does your friend want?

Sale effected.

· NEW BOOKS ·

SONS AND DAUGHTERS. By the author of the story of "Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Manual of Chirosophy, Chirognomy, Chiromancy. By Ed. Heron-Allen. Illustrated by Rosamund B. Horsley. London: A. Grothwell.

The Jesuit's Ring: A Romance of Mt. Desert. By Augustus Allen Hayes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE TEACHINGS OF BUFFALO BILL.

THE DECORATIVE CRAZE.

THERE ONCE WAS AN ACTRESS BURLESQUE, WHO'D AN EYE FOR THE QUAINT PICTURESQUE; SO THE SCREENS O'ER THE LIGHTS, SHE PAINTED O' NIGHTS, IN A WAY THAT WAS TRULY GROTESQUE.

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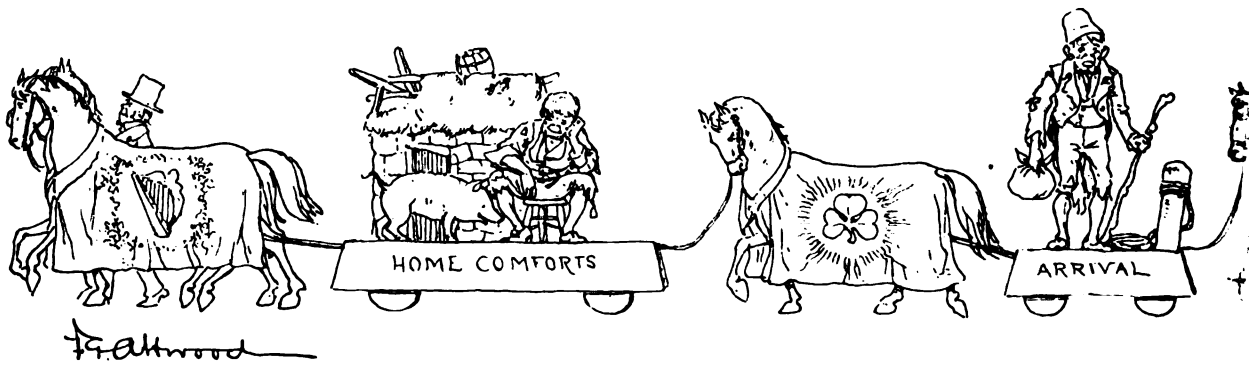
The Populace. The Foorce. Music (Mulligan Gu



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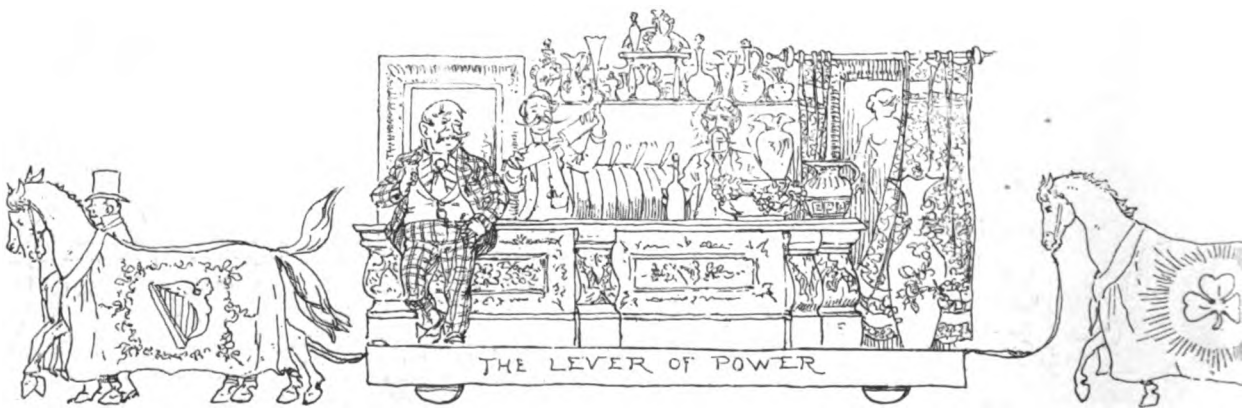

SUGGESTIONS FOR A ST. P

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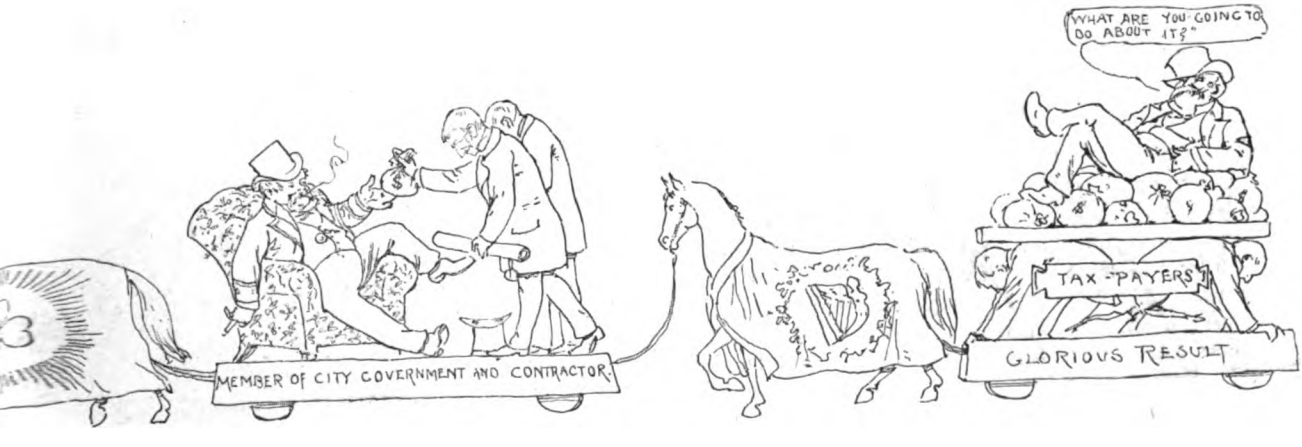
aard's Band).

Chief Marshal and Staff.

e rise and progress of an adopted citizen.



PATRICK'S DAY PROCESSION.

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PRESENCE OF MIND.

Farmer: WHAT YOU DOING HERE?

Colored Party: COUNTING THER CHICKENS, BOSS.

Farmer: WHAT THE DEUCE ARE YOU COUNTING THE CHICKENS FOR?

Colored Party: TO SEE IF ANY BEES MISSING. ISE GOT TWO HERE THAT I HAINT SURE BELONGS TO ME.

KISMET.

"I WILL know the worst!" he said—
"For oh, this wild unrest—
This pitiless, tense, unvoiced suspense,
It will kill me, unexpressed!"
So he said, "I will know the worst!—
I will face her, with lifted brow,
And speak my love though the heavens above
Weep stars to stay the vow!"

"I will know the worst!" he said,
And low at her feet he fell;
Loosing the flood of his whole heart's blood
In the tale he had to tell.
And he knew, oh, he knew the worst,
As still he must needs confess,
In the sighs and tears of the fated years
Of his doom: She answered "Yes."

J. W. Riley.

THE STING IS IN THE TAIL.

FOUND, a postal-card, with the following inscription: "Dear M. — Mother will leave for New York to-morrow, on the 10 A. M. train. She can only remain for a few days. Please meet her at Grand Central Station.—KATE.

"P.S.—Mother has postponed her visit.—K."

MORE THAN THE BARGAIN.

THE ancient proverb says, "You cannot get more out of a bottle than you put in it." That's an error. Besides what he put in, he can get a headache, a sick stomach, and perhaps ten days in the lock-up.

SPORT

THE APPROACH OF THE YACHTING SEASON.

O HEART! my heart! pull down thy blinds and tie crape upon thy door-knob, for in a little while the long yachting season will be upon us, and the voice of Rachel will be heard weeping for those of her children who have gone down to the sea in rum-laden ships, and the columns of the daily press will be given over entirely to Yachting matters, yachting news, yachting gossip, and yachting discussions of every nature conceivable.

The campaign will be opened, as usual, with a prolonged squabble upon the subject of measurement and time-allowance, and, as usual, nothing will come of it, for everybody knows more about it than everybody else, and everybody else wants the rules arranged to suit his especial craft, and be-hanged to the rest of them. Then will come the startling announcement that the Commodore of the Old Rye Yacht Club has bought a bottle of hair-restorer, and that the ex-commodore of some other club has had a bad cold; but—the heavens be praised!—he is feeling somewhat better at present.

A little later all Christendom will be paralyzed by the announcement that Mr. Smith, of Tootsville on the Delaware, is thinking of building an eighteen-foot cat-boat, and that Mr. Jones has sold his sloop to a Mr. Robinson, of Newport, Kentucky, for the sum of seventy-five dollars, and the sloop in question will be at once overhauled and put into commission. Think of it!

Then a little later all business will come to a standstill and the sun will stop in its course, because it is reported in large capitals that Mr. Burgess (raise your hats and salaam, gentlemen!) has designed a boat exactly like the *Puritan*, save that her midship section is one inch deeper and she has a trifle more freeboard.

How trivial do the affairs of nations seem, and how small do such men as Hannibal and Napoleon appear when compared to a Burgess—a *divino, sanctissimo* Burgess!

And then the usual to-do over the international race will begin all over again, and the cup committee will worry themselves gray-headed over the question of whether or no they can accept the challenge and at the same time be dead sure of winning. And then in the course of time we shall have over again the same dreary old farce of a heavy-weather boat racing against a light-weather boat in smooth water and light winds; and the American eagle will flap its wings and screech itself hoarse with delight and surprise because a sprinter beats a long-distance heavy-weight over a short course, and thus demonstrates the superiority of all things American!

Then the European and financial news will be crowded out of the paper in order to make room for the reports that Mr. Binks's schooner is to be overhauled and painted, and

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that Mr. Jenks's cutter the *Bloodonthemoon*, is to have a few pounds of ballast taken out of her, to make room, presumably, for an extra supply of champagne.

And then we shall read of nothing else but that this and that boat is overhauling and forever and eternally going onto marine railways and into dry docks to get their blessed barnacle-laden bottoms scraped and painted, and the process will be carefully described in every single instance, and an "extra" published in order to let the anxious public know when a boat has successfully come off the railway, preparatory to going on again at once, in order to have her bottom cleaned and painted.

And then the *Herald's* columns will be given over to announcing that Mr. Bullwinkle's steam yacht *Growler* passed the Whitestone station cruising eastward; then, dated half an hour later, a despatch will be printed to the effect that the *Growler* passed the Whitestone station cruising westward, homeward bound. Great Jove! Just suppose for a moment that Mr. Bullwinkle had gone out for an hour's sail and the entire civilized world had failed to be informed of the fact! It would have been the end of things. Heavens and earth! however did our ancestors manage to get along without a daily press?

Why do they have such things as yachts? Must private bar-rooms always be afloat, and is there no quiet and secluded spot on dry land where one can retire and get satisfactorily tight? It begins to look as though there was no such place, and so we non-yachting people will have to cultivate patience and live on the hope that there will be no yachting in the next world, although hope, like red herring, is a pretty poor article of food for a steady diet.

Roland King.

HIS MISTAKE.

Aunt: WHY HAVE YOU BROKEN OFF YOUR ENGAGEMENT?

Niece: BECAUSE HE GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD THAT I INTENDED TO MARRY HIM.

AT THE METROPOLITAN.

During the last act of "Tristan and Isolde."

MAMMA (*to friend of the family who has just dropped in for a call*): What *are* the girls doing in the back of the box, Mr. Smithson?

SMITHSON: Oh! they're throwing bean-bags now, with Jones and Tompkins. But they've had a capital game of Puss-in-the-Corner.

MAMMA: Poor children! They must have something to while away the time.

A SATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

WASHINGTON EDITOR (*to reporter*): Did you see Dan Lamont?

REPORTER: Yes, sir.

EDITOR: And what did he say about the President's going in for a second term?

REPORTER: He said that he didn't know anything about what the President intended to do.

EDITOR (*rubbing his hands*): Good! Make about a column of it.

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AT THE EDEN MUSÉE.

She: WAL NOW, LUTHER, COULD ANYTHING BE MORE NATERAL?
He: BODY COULDN'T TELL IT FROM REAL IF THEY DIDN'T KNOW IT WUZ MADE O' WAX, 'CEPT THE NOSE IS RUTHER RED AND SHINEY FUR LIFE.

She: AND HIS EYES MOVE, TOO. EH!—WHAT? O!—LUTHER!!

A FISH STORY.

AN eagle and a cock were prowling around together one rainy day in Lent, looking for some fish. It happened that about all the available supply in the market had been cornered by a sly old dame named Britannia. As the two birds approached, she flatly refused to let them have any.

"What are we going to do about it?" said the eagle.

"I'll tell you," said the cock, who was a French bird, and full of vim. "She knows I am game; and I've got twenty-inch armor on my spurs, and plenty more where that came from; so I'll enter a strong protest."

And he protested.

After a little delay the old dame appeared and said that the Secretary of the Tape and Bundle Office informed her that "the Government was not justified in disregarding the strong protests of France;" so the cock was allowed to take as much fish as he liked.

The eagle looked on.

"I'm getting to be a pretty old fellow," he said, "going on to a hundred and twelve. I was a good fighter twenty-five years ago, but I'm getting out of repair. Wish I could make a *strong* protest."

Then he began thoughtfully to sharpen his bill against a tree; and at the time we last saw him it had grown into a great Retaliatory Bill; but just what he is going to do with it we are unable yet to state.

G. E. Hanson.

PROOF OF INNOCENCE.

SIR CHARLES DILKE has just inherited $700,000. That man guilty? Never!

THE FREAK OF A MARCH WIND.

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ART SCISSORS ART NULLS

A UNIVERSAL GENIUS.

ONE young man lingered near the managing editor's desk, waiting for an appointment on the regular staff.

"But you drink?" said the manager, wishing to let the candidate down easy.

"Yes," replied the young man; "so did Alexander the Great."

"And you are a dude?" glancing at the youth's dandified dress.

"So was Disraeli."

"And you are a liar?"

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"And you are head and ears in debt?"

"Like Alexander Dumas."

"And you are a glutton?"

"So was Peter the Great."

"And you swear occasionally?"

"So did George Washington."

"You are liable to get drunk?"

"Like Daniel Webster."

"You are not a college man?"

"Neither was Lincoln."

"And then you write a wretchedly illegible hand?"

"Like Horace Greeley."

"And you can't make a speech?"

"Like Grant."

"Well," said the manager, plunging into a heap of manuscript, "anyhow, we don't want you; you won't do. Good morning!"

The young man turned away exceedingly sorrowful.

"It's no sort of use," he said. "A fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Grant, and can't even get a place on the Brooklyn *Eagle*. This world is growing too fast for genius."—*Burdette.*

"WAS there nothing in my story," reproachfully writes Augustus, "that was good for anything?" Bless you, yes, Augustus, the three stamps inclosed in it for return postage were good for six cents. Howells' self never used better ones.—*Burdette.*

A MESSENGER boy from Commodore Bateman's Wall Street office was sent out yesterday to hunt up Mr. Harvey Durand, with the message that Commodore Bateman wanted to see him. The youth returned and reported that Mr. Durand was in Delmonico's. "Anybody with him?" asked the commodore. "Yes, sir," replied the lad, "a gentleman and six brokers."—*New York Sun.*

WHAT THE WAVES WERE SAYING.

"I HAVE found out what it was the wild waves were saying?" observed the snake editor.

"What was it?" asked the horse editor.

"Let us spray."—*Ex.*

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW is quoted as having recently asked a banjo club to "disturb the silence."—*Ex.*

SENATOR DAWES does not pose as a humorist, but his wit is keen at times. During the boundary line controversy between Massachusetts and Rhode Island the subject came up at a dinner-table in Washington, and a Rhode Island Member of Congress, waxing indignant over it, exclaimed to Mr. Dawes: "Dawes, it's a shame for Massachusetts to attempt to steal a part of Rhode Island! a confounded shame!" "Don't make so much fuss about it," retorted Dawes. "If we should steal your whole State it would only be petit larceny, and a justice of the peace would have jurisdiction."—*Boston Journal.*

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INDIGESTION & DYSPEPSIA

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An examination respectfully invited.

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THE New York *Ledger* says that Maud S. drinks about twenty quarts of water a day, and could not live without it. Notwithstanding her cold-water principles, she is inclined to be decidedly "fast."—*Norristown Herald.*

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When the birds begin to sing;
Early, gracious *Hyacinth*,
ATKINSON its odors bring.

Ed. Heron-Allen's "Palmistry."

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Scalds,
Sprains,
Burns,
Bruises,
Cuts,
Frost-bite,
need prompt care
Perry Davis'
PainKiller
is the best remedy
for such Troubles.
Take a bottle home
Today.
You will find it useful.
All druggists sell it.

BEAUTY Wrinkles, Black-Heads, Pimples, Freckles, Pittings, Moles and Superfluous Hair permanently removed. Flesh increased or reduced. Complexions beautified. The Form developed. Hair, Brows and Lashes colored and restored. Interesting Book and (testimonials sent sealed), 4c.
Madame Velaro, 249 W. 22d St., N. Y. City.
Correspondence confidential. Mention this paper.

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MUSIC BOXES
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They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

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MUNCZI LAJOS and P. Esterhazy's Orchestra.
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ADMISSION 50 CENTS. CHILDREN 25 CENTS.

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TAMING OF THE SHREW.
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"The senses charmed."—*Times.*
"Delight and astonishment."—*Commercial.*
MATINEES, SATURDAY AT 2.

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MARCH 24, 1887. NUMBER 221.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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IMPOSSIBLE.

Mrs. N. (*alluding to the price*): I THINK IT VERY HIGH.

Modiste: TOO HIGH FOR BEAUTY, PERHAPS, BUT IF MADAME SIT IN A DRAUGHT IT EES MUCH SAFER SO. AH! MADAME (*sorrowfully*), ZE PNEUMONIA TAKE AWAY SOME OF OUR MOST BEAUTIFUL NECKS ZIS WINTER; AND ZE DRESSES VAIRY HIGH, LIKE ZEES ONE!

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 24, 1887. No. 221.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE don't boast of our standing army here in the United States, nor do we need to. If anyone is curious as to our means and appliances to kill, we can point to our railroads and show their record for the past winter, and the most exacting questioner must be satisfied. "Destruction" is the word that has been wont to fill the needs of the railroad reporter, but since the White River accident and the smash-up last week near Boston, "annihilation" seems more suitably descriptive. If the prospective traveler asks for a remedy, we know but one which is conveyed in the warning familiar at country crossings: "Look out for the cars when the bell rings." Keep off the track; Keep out of the cars; travel by canal or stay at home! These two last disasters have both been "unavoidable," and belong to the class of accidents which proverbially occur in the best regulated families.

* * *

RAILROADS break men up into very small fragments, but then sometimes they make men too. Their creative powers must be allowed to offset their destructive forces as far as they go. Railroads made the Vanderbilts; they made Jay Gould and Martin Irons, and the Garretts of Baltimore. Their latest creation is Mr. Alfred Sully, who came up in a night with such animation and vigor as to make everyone ask questions about him the next morning. It has since appeared that Mr. Sully does not bloom so well as he sprouts, and it is still a question whether in his staying power he will rival the oak or the primrose. Mr. Sully was another of those poor boys that were born in the West and came to New York to take the bread out of the mouth of the worthy metropolites. That seems to be the chief end of the American man in these days—to come to New York and make a fortune, or "perish in the attempt."

* * *

WHAT becomes of the old families in this burg whose fortunes have been divided up and exhausted and whose representatives have come down to hard pan? Do these said representatives trickle back into the country and recuperate and eventually make a fresh descent on the stronghold of wealth, or do they live on here in town? Do all the great prizes that year after year are distributed go to the new men who are born ancestors, or do the men born descendants occasionally show strength that is native to Manhattan. We would like to know, and perhaps Mr. Bunner, whose specialty New York is, will sometime tell us. The newspapers now and then record distressing instances of the degeneracy of the youth who are born to luxury, but not to culture. The first generation born after wealth seems to be the critical one. If that generation can stand it, the next is more apt to get along and become acclimated to the atmosphere of wealth. Is it not so, Mr. Bunner? Or are there too few rich grandchildren of rich grand-parents to formulate a rule by?

* * *

BARNUM has somehow forgotten to exhibit himself and Colonel Forepaugh in a cage together as a happy family.

* * *

DR. JUSTIN D. FULTON has resigned his pastorate, and withdraws from his combat against the wiles of the devil to take up the cudgels against the Roman Catholic Church.

We feel safe in saying that none but a Brooklyn man would have the nerve to do this, and we greatly fear that Dr. Fulton will find a personal Pope harder to fight than the impersonal gentleman with horns.

To be candid, we are not enthusiastic admirers of the Church of Rome, but we trust the Brooklyn divine will not succeed in utterly annihilating it, because we have a large enough leisure class on our hands without the myriads of priests who would be thrown out of employment, should Dr. Fulton prove the victor.

* * *

ANOTHER unsuccessful attempt has been made to disseminate the remains of his August Majesty the Emperor of Russia through airy space.

The pleasant little ruse of stuffing a prayer-book with dynamite and poisoned bullets was employed this time, and had it proved successful, there would not have been enough Czar left for a state funeral.

There are only two prescriptions that we know of that can keep the unhappy autocrat out of the grave or the madhouse. We recommend that he either abdicate and go on the stage in support of Mrs. James Brown Potter, or give Russia a constitution. The latter course may serve as a pleasant little boomerang which shall render his own constitution bomb-proof.

No potentate is so well guarded as he who is fortified by the good-will of his people. Alexander should so fortify himself.

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A Ballad of ye Guitar.

1776.

BENEATH her latticed window,
In Spain so far away,
The Gallant wooed his lady fair,
With many a song and lay.

And as he thrummed his light guitar,
The lattice wide was thrown,
And a hand let fall a little rose—
A sweet white rose—half blown.

The Gallant raised it to his lips,
And swore, with eager breath,
To keep the dainty little rose,
And serve his love 'till death.

1886.

In the brightly lighted parlor
She sits, and plays away
All sorts of college songs and glees,
And many a negro lay.

While he looks on in wonder,
At the clever fingers' skill,
And he brings her some hot-house roses,
Wrapped up in a paper frill.

She took great pains to keep them fresh,
For they were much admired;
But all were dead when morning came,
Because—each one was *wired*.

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THE NEWSPAPER GUIDE.

(*Compiled at great expense by the Exchange Editor.*)

FOR English read the New York *Sun*,
For scandals seek the *Times*;
And always read the New York *World*
For full details of crimes.

'Tis best to take the *Tribune* for
News of the late uprising;
And silver's worth you'll always find
The *Commercial* advertising.

For interesting items of
That Democratic ghost,
The Civil Service, go and buy
The daily *Evening Post*.

And if you'd like to read about
D. Dudley Field and brother,
Invest your money in the *Mail*—
'Tis better than another.

But if the truth alone you want,
Free from all taint of libel,
We think you'd better get your news
From out the family bible.

* * *

WE very frequently see ministers, but never a church, with a surplice.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN'S dress should always be perfectly quiet. Hence the man who wears squeaking shoes is not a true gentleman.

* * *

THE *Sun* says "we have no equivalent for *bête* in our language."

What is the matter with angle-worms?

* * *

IT is a wise stock that knows its own par.

* * *

SARA BERNHARDT drinks a bottle of stout for lunch every day.

Extremes still meet.

* * *

DR. HOLMES, in his recent contribution to the *Atlantic*, says: "I never get into a large and lofty saloon without feeling as if I were a weak solution of myself—my personalty almost drowned out in the flood of space about me."

The Doctor should try the Hoffman House saloon. It would make two other men of him.

A HIGHLY-RESPECTED popular writer bears the name of Thomas Dunn English.

But Thomas Dunn is not English; Thomas Did is more correct.

Apropos of the above, we cannot but notice a peculiar coincidence in a recent number of our highly-esteemed contemporary the *Epoch*. Three consecutive articles, "Effects of Marriage," "Chivalry in the Cars," and "A Sale of Town Lots," are written by gentlemen bearing the respective names, Welsh, Jermin and English. Here is a congress of nations indeed.

* * *

BEFORE AND AFTER.

AN OLD SIGN REVERSED.

* * *

A GERMAN BAND, in a fit of abstraction, played "God Save the Queen" as the St. Patrick's Day Parade passed up Fifth Avenue.

The coroner's verdict was, "Suicide, in the first degree."

* * *

IN reply to a criticism on his alleged obscurity Mr. Robert Browning ventures the following remarks:

"I have had too long an experience of the inability of the human goose to do other than cackle when benevolent, and hiss when malicious, and no amount of goose criticism shall make me lift a heel against what waddles behind it."

Which is a long way off saying that Mr. Browning is more humane than the average mule, which is a good thing for the critics who prate of the poet's faults. If he only would allow the dynamic stores of his intellectual hoof to stretch backward for a moment how these same critics—even those from Boston—would pray for that oblivion to which obscurity is as the leviathan of a drop of Croton to the elephant that disporteth itself on the circus poster.

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THE WEDDING JOURNEY.

He: DEAREST, IF I HAD KNOWN THIS TUNNEL WAS SO LONG, I'D HAVE GIVEN YOU A JOLLY HUG.
She: DIDN'T YOU? WHY, SOMEBODY DID!

A SUGGESTION FOR DINNER GIVERS.

THE Philadelphia *Telegraph* tells a harrowing tale about a Washington hostess who recently gave a fashionable luncheon at the capital. She ordered to be placed among the table decorations, a set of salts of exceedingly handsome and novel design, which, coming from a very dear friend, were among the most highly prized of her wedding gifts. One of the servants placed the name-cards against them, and a guest, after admiring the salt, and supposing from the card resting against it that it was intended as a favor, took it up and put it in her pocket. Most of the other guests, one by one, followed her example, while the dismayed hostess, utterly unable to understand the meaning of such proceedings, looked on in speechless surprise. When her guests departed she counted her treasures and found she had but two left. The next day came the explanation. A polite note was received from a lady who had been present, saying she had neglected to take her favor, mentioning it, and asking the hostess to kindly send it to her.

This is a valuable addition to the world's sum of knowledge regarding social life in Washington. Taken with the Chinese Minister episode, it places Washington society in a unique position among the various social orders in this country, and makes one believe that communism is on the high-road hither.

We have very little fear that the habit of appropriating the silverware of one's host will be adopted by fashionable New York, but we cannot help suggesting that where Washingtonians are among the guests at dinners, or other events where portable property is displayed, there should be large embroidered mottoes hung at conspicuous points of the house of entertainment, reading:

PLEASE LEAVE WHAT YOU CANNOT EAT.

"WHAT is the church for?" asks a Christian weekly. One thing that it ought to be for is to teach Christian weeklies not to steal funny matter from their wicked brothers.

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BALLADE OF LENT.

THE mortals of fashion grow faint
Ere Spring sets the bud on the tree,
Their muscles are weary and spraint,
And weak is the joint of the knee;
They've danced in the german till three
In attitudes painfully bent,
Bemoaning there ever should be
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

Behold in their faces the taint
Of Winter's perpetual spree,
From powder, enamel and paint
At last temporarily free;
Gay colors and rich filigree
Have vanished, and now it is meant
Our oculars only should see
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

Oh, this is Society's plaint:
Poor invalid idiots we!
The sinner is suddenly saint,
And sings in a low, minor key;
No more at the "Five o'clock Tea"
Are wit and dyspepsia blent,
And well with the Vespers agree
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent.

ENVOY.

Aristocrat, this is your plea:—
No sin will your conscience repent!
"Oh, fain, Forty Days, would we flee
The sackcloth and ashes of Lent!"

Idle Idyller.

IT is said that the whole Jewish synagogue will soon be sent over to Pasteur to be treated for Rabbis.

BOOKKEEPER: One who borrows but never returns them.

WHY NOT?

SINCE LOVELY WOMAN IS SHOWING HOW MUCH OF A NUISANCE SHE CAN MAKE OF HERSELF, WHY SHOULD NOT THE MEN KEEP THEIR HATS ON TOO?

"WHEN IN ROME," ETC.

DIAMONDS

ABOUT her neck they gleam in lustre bright,
Like stars that shimmer on the zone of night:
Yet more than Afric's flawless gems I prize
Soft Pity's jewels in her loving eyes.

Clinton Scollard.

TWO CHIROSOPHICAL EFFORTS.

MR. ED. HERON ALLEN'S work on chirosophy is a very entertaining book, and is well worth the inspection of those who are interested in the science of palmistry.

It brings the art of prophecy within the reach of all, and may be regarded as an infallible guide to the future by those who are not content with a knowledge of the past.

* * *

ANOTHER handsome volume on a different branch of chirosophy—the science of the poker-hand—comes to us from Mr. John W. Keller, whose chief title to fame rests on a play called "Tangled Lives." We are of the opinion that Mr. Keller's forte is poker-playing rather than play-writing, and we doubt not that the former would prove to be the more lucrative of the two professions for him.

His treatise on the idiosyncrasies of the "bobtail flush" and the "jacker" form very pleasant reading, though more likely to prove popular with the sterner sex than with the sex which, by some strange course of unreasoning, is generally set down as the milder.

Mr. Keller should not stop with writing about poker-playing. There is a large field left open for him by Mr. Howells and our other literary genii. We have produced successors to Dickens and Thackeray—at least the successors think we have. We have produced any number of Shakespeares within the last three years, but up to the hour of going to press, the place of the lamented Hoyle is still vacant. We think Mr. Keller likely to fill this aching void, but we should like to get his views on Progressive Muggins before finally according him the honor.

* * *

A GREAT deal of very good paper and ink has been wasted by the publisher of "The Experiences of an Englishman in Philadelphia Society," who, from obvious motives, fails to put his name to his production. "Raconteur," who claims the questionable honor of having written the book, should learn that abuse is not satire, and that a dollar expended in copyrighting such trash as he has disseminated is part of that willful waste that breeds woeful want. Indeed, a woeful want of breeding, it seems to us, is the chief characteristic of "Raconteur's" work.

· NEW BOOKS ·

A CENTURY OF ELECTRICITY. By T. C. Mendenhall. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Roger Camerden: a Strange Story. New York: George J. Coombes.

Victims. By Theo. Gift. Leisure Hour Series, No. 198. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Madrigals and Catches. By Frank Dempster Sherman. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

The Game of Draw-Poker. By John W. Keller. New York: White, Stokes & Allen.

A Satchel Guide to Europe. With maps. Edition for 1887. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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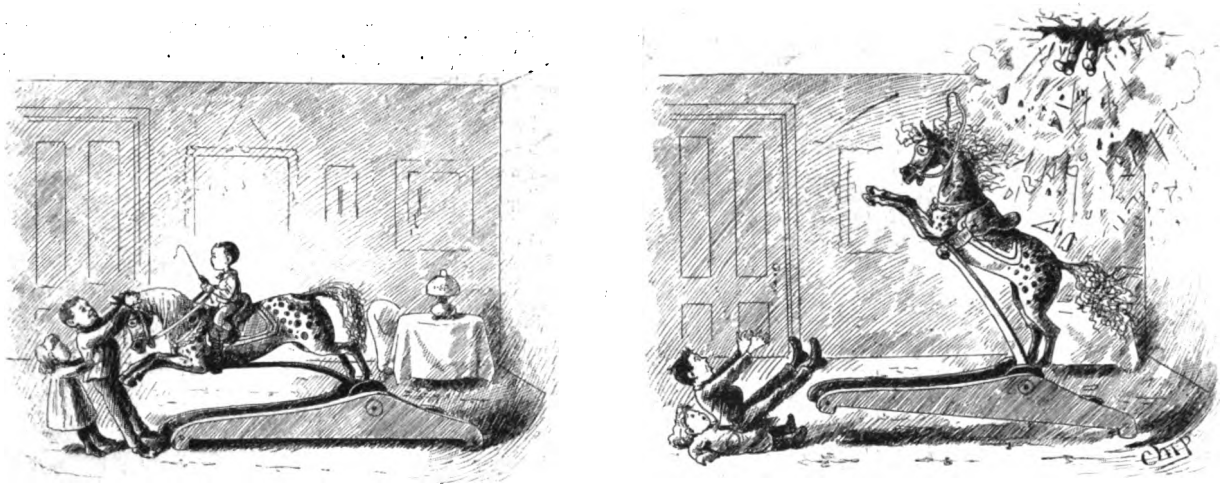

Gentleman Rider: WHEN I SAY *ready*, TOMMY, YOU LET GO.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY A LA LIPPINCOTT.

PARNASSUS, OHIO, March 22d, 1887.

EDITOR OF LIFE:

Sir,—In deference to the prevailing popular interest in the private life of the *literati*, I cheerfully contribute a bird's-eye review of my checkered literary career.

Being of an intellectual temperament, I was, naturally, put to sawing wood, when five years old, to help support the family; my specialty was fancy seesawing. I learned my letters from circus-posters, and acquired the remainder of my education by intuition. After a hard day's work I would steal away to my little garret and consume the pine-knots (that had knocked the molars out of my saw) in the perusal of such classics as *Moll Flanders* and *Memoirs of Vidocq*, lent me by a kind journeyman preacher, whose reputation, though local, was as high as that of Parson Downs. I communed with nature, early and late, and many a long summer night have I spent under the soughing pines—following, line after line, the heaviness of *Homer's Eyelid*—by the uncertain glimmering of a glow-worm. I was not eccentric, but I did such things in order to provide good material for my biography. I owe much to intercourse with nature. My ideas of rhythm were derived from the songs of the cat-bird, katydid and jar-fly; my Conception of Intense Situations was strengthened, and my Observation sharpened, whenever I sat upon a hornet's nest, and my Perception of Local Coloring was superinduced by the sumac and the pokeberry.

* * * * * *

Like Howells, I soon took my place among the *literati* of the country—as printer's devil for a Cincinnati paper. I sometimes think that Dante, who, we know, served his term at setting up italics, must have owed his powerful conceptions of Hell to his experience as a mediæval printer's devil. The editors rejected all my early poems, but conceded them to be in the blank-blankedest verse. So I brought them out in a volume entitled, "*Rejected Gems; or, Pearls Cast before Swine.*" My first great philosophical essay was published at advertising rates. It was the well-known "*Dead-Lock on the Human Understanding*," and was said to have produced somnolence in the Duke of Argyll! To pay the expenses of my works, I traveled around lecturing on phrenology, and at the same time renewed my amicable relations with nature. Reposing in her lap with her bosom for a pillow was fine training for a poet, but was hard on the constitution, when no friendly hay-ricks loomed up on the wintry horizon. I can truthfully say, however, that it will be a cold day when nature makes a poet cynical.

* * * * * *

I returned to Cincinnati and started the *Cincinnati Morning Black-Mail* which had a long and remunerative career while the decision of courts was being awaited. Then I went to Chicago as a playwright and wrote my melodrama, "*Romance of a Bald-Headed Young Man; or, the Bohemian Ballet-Girl*," which was a great spectacular success, and raised me, as it were, from the poke-bonnet row of the parquet of despair to the peanut gallery of fame. The proceeds of this success I put into a humorous paper, "*The Horse-Laugh: A Try-Weakly*," but the humor was so much broader than the circulation that it died of inanition. When the war broke out I went abroad and remained until the end of internecine strife. The non-partisan position I then occupied has enabled me to write my recent popular war-articles. My most successful attempts at Fiction were juvenile, and were addressed to my parents.

* * * * * *

When I tell you that my valuable library—collected by years of patient borrowing—is stored away on shelves made of dry-goods boxes, and draped with bands of scolloped newspaper for ornament—you will understand that I am poor—and married. I advise young authors to keep their eyes skinned for a Mæcenas, but I feel justified in saying to them that if they cast their bread upon the waters it shall be returned to them after many days Times are hard out here, and I experience difficulty in realizing anything from post-obits anticipating the post-humous fame of my literary remains; but the Administration is pledged to care for indigent men of letters, and as no book has been written on Monte Carlo, I hope to get the consulship at Monaco.

Yours expectantly,

Eureka Bendall.

AFTER THE SERVICE.

MRS. HOBSONBY (*returning from church*): What a very eloquent man the Rev. Dr. Swell is! What did you think of his long prayer?

MR. HOBSONBY: I thought he gave the Lord some very good advice.

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JUST RUN DOWN FOR REST AND QUIET.

LIGHTENING THE
THE SICK

AT A WINTE

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FE ·

TALES OF HIGH TEMPERATURE.

CARES OF

ONE LUNG AND FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

ER RESORT.

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IT certainly was condescendingly gracious of Miss Fanny Davenport to allow Sarah Bernhardt to produce "Fédora" before a metropolitan public; to permit genius to show what mediocrity is unable to do. Miss Davenport, however, can afford to be liberal. Her name has been frequently coupled with that of the great French tragedienne, which is in itself something for which the American actress ought to be thankful.

The audience which greeted Sarah Bernhardt at the Star Theatre was a curious one. It was distinctly, undeniably and disgracefully cold. It showed, beyond any doubt, that it could not appreciate genius unless the genius were of Anglo-Saxon origin. Only at the end of the third act, when the very wax at the Eden Musée would have melted beneath the sublime art of Sarah Bernhardt, did this conventional crowd become in the least enthusiastic.

At the end of the first and second acts the applause was of the feeblest, and the actress was only recalled by the persistence of a Gaul in the gallery, who insisted upon seeing her again. At the close of the performances, the stirring death scene was witnessed by men and women whose sole ideas seemed to lie in the speedy possession of hats and coats and departure.

I was disgusted at the scene. I have witnessed performances at the Porte St. Martin, in Paris, where no ridiculous "Society People" (as folks who live in decent houses and wear decent clothes are called in New York) were present—when the house was filled with only the popular elements. There Sarah Bernhardt was appreciated as she should be, and every little courtesy was paid to her art.

At the Star Theatre people were present principally because it was "the thing." Those whose names appeared in the newspapers the following morning certainly did not waste their time. But, oh! what a bleak, bleak night it was for those who were obliged to announce the fact themselves that they had been to see Bernhardt.

The framework of Sardou's "Fédora" has been made known by Miss Davenport. That is all she can show. She can no more realize the spirit of the play than Sarah Bernhardt could understand the wealth of humor in "Adonis" or "The Rag Baby."

Sarah Bernhardt's work is magnificent. It is something entirely peculiar to herself. It can be seen with no one else. The sensuality of the third act loses the grossness it would have in the hands of an ordinary actress. If any woman other than Bernhardt dared to try the risky close of the act in its unabridged form, she would simply wallow in obscurity. But Sarah Bernhardt rivets all attention to herself. She makes *Fédora* the point of interest, and does not allow anyone the time to say that the situations are immoral.

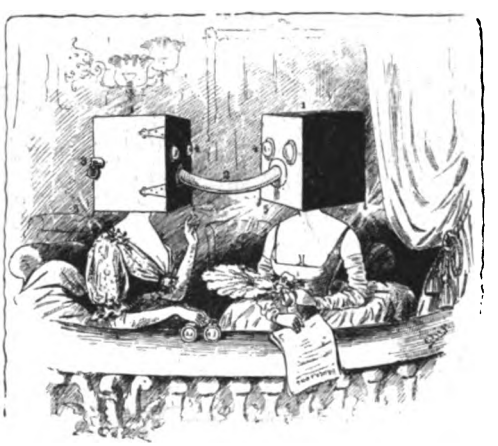
No one can forgive plump, comely Fanny Davenport for her illicit love of *Loris Ipanoff*. She ought to know better. She should be supplied with tracts about the lust of the flesh, and so on. Her diet should be restricted.

But with Sarah Bernhardt everything is different. She could not have done otherwise than love *Loris*. It was perfectly natural, constituted as she was. *Fédora*, with Fanny Davenport, might wed a plump alderman at the end of the play, and live unhappily ever afterwards. *Fédora*, with Sarah Bernhardt, could only die. That fact is apparent in the first act. Sarah Bernhardt's support is not particularly good. Philippe Garnier is a stick, and nothing is worse than a French stick. Mlle. Malvau is hard-working, but hoarse. M. Angels is, perhaps, the best of the bunch. The scenery at the first representation was wretched. I understand that Sarah Bernhardt was furious at the stage setting, and that at the present time things are better. I hope they are. The great actress should have every aid.

Alan Dale.

WHEN Mr. James Russell Lowell last visited this city, someone observed that it was a familiar instance of "Rus in urbe."

THE Toothless Invader: The Baby.



THE NEW CONVERSATION SUBDUER AND GIGGLE ANNIHILATOR.

For the use of young ladies with a superabundance of animal spirits, who are in the habit of attending the Opera and Theatre.

EXPLANATION OF DIAGRAM.

Fig. 1. The Giggle Annihilator adjusted for use.

Fig. 2. Rubber Conversation Tube connecting Annihilators.

Fig. 3. Padlock securing door of Annihilator, to be locked by the usher, who shall keep the key until after the performance.

Fig. 4. Glass eye-holes.

Fig. 5. Hooks from which to suspend diamond ear-rings.

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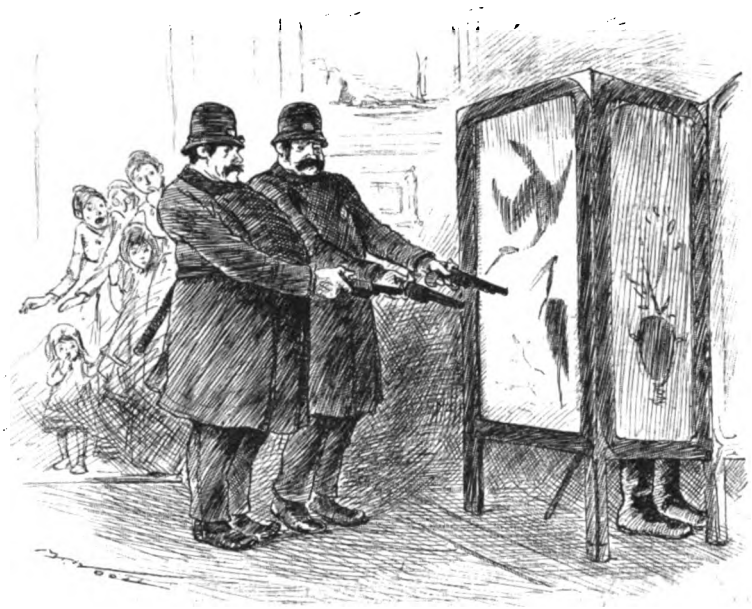

Bridget, on entering the parlor, finds a man concealed, and immediately summons "The Finest."

One of "The Finest": TERENCE, BEFORE WE FIRE, DON'T YOU THINK WE HAD BETTER ASK HIM IF HE HAS GOT A POLITICAL PULL, FOR IF HE HAS WE MAY LOSE OUR PLACES.

GIVE-AWAY.

HE was a bridegroom newly made—a wedding tourist he;
His bride sat in the waiting-room, as sweet as sweet could be
Yet one would think that he had been a husband half his life,
As on the register he wrote "J. Percy Newe and wife."
But as he raised his shiny hat, that showed no mark of age,
A shower of rice fell from within upon the open page.
"Enough," the jeweled clerk exclaimed, and brushed away the rice;
"John, Bridal Chamber No. 4 (we charge him double price)."

H. D. Coolidge.

DOM PEDRO'S venerable aunt, the esteemed and beautiful Princess Isabella Maria Ceonception Jane Charlotte Gualberta Anna Francis, of Assissi Xaviera Paula d'Alcanterav Antoinette Radhaela Michaela Gabriella Joachina Gonzaga is dead, and Dom has advertised for sealed proposals for a tombstone.

NOTHING MEAN ABOUT HIM.

LAWYER: I shall have to charge you fifty dollars for my services in the case.

CLIENT: But the amount involved is only forty dollars.

LAWYER: Well, make it forty, then. I'm always willing to do the fair thing.

SHAKESPEARE must have been eating chicken salad when he exclaimed "What's in a name?"

"ETHEL, the General's been very civil, and detailed most of us for duty on his staff, during the parade and banquet on the Twenty-second."

"Dear! That's more like a club than a staff."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

(A LA BAZAR.)

MAGGIE.—1. No; a yellow satin is not suitable for street wear unless you have it dyed. 2. You should always ring the door-bell when visiting, and not use a pass-key.

A. B. C.—Trim your velvet skirt with flounces of white Hamburg edging, and slit the waist up the back, so it can be buttoned in front.

Regular Subscriber.—1. Certainly not. 2. Of course. 3. Not much. 4. Yes. 5. No. 6. Usually.

Daisy.—White chalk is good for red elbows; also stove polish. If we were you, we would have the graduating dress made with sleeves to come to the wrist. This will prevent red elbows attracting attention.

Clara B.—1. No; seal-skin sacques will not be worn all summer. 2. Sash-ribbon should be a yard wide, and all wool. 3. We do not answer impertinent questions by mail.

IT must be discouraging to the fool killer to realize how far behind in his work he is getting.

GOING UP TOWN.

BRAKEMAN (*gently, but firmly, to old lady on elevated car*): This is the third time, madam, that I have told you that this train *does* go up Third Avenue.

OLD LADY (*anxiously*): Oh, then, it does go up Third Avenue, does it?

COMMAND OF LANGUAGE.

CULTURE IN THE MODERN ATHENS.

BOSTON LADY (*returning a borrowed translation of one of Balzac's novels*): Thanks, very much! I am so fond of Balzac. I think he writes such elegant English!

The other side of the Screen.

THE FACT IS, THE DEACON CAME HOME AT AN UNUSUAL HOUR IN THE MORNING, AND WISHING TO CONCEAL THE FACT, TOOK OFF HIS BOOTS BEFORE GOING UP-STAIRS.

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ART SCISSORS ART NULLUS

CHICAGO LITERARY NOTES.

OUR enterprising fellow-townsmen, the proprietors of the Home restaurant, have added to their popular dinner bill of fare a new work entitled "Beans a la Lowell," a delicate compliment to the distinguished poet now visiting among us.

MRS. HANNAH MORE GARDINER, President of the West Side Browning Club, has suffered a keen bereavement in the demise of her pet poodle, whom she had named Robert, in honor of her favorite poet. While not wishing to invade the sanctity of the gifted lady's grief, we cannot forbear saying that this lamentable occurrence has cast a gloom over the whole community, and the dispensation seems all the more distressing since deceased left a numerous infant progeny.

IN justice to Mr. James Russell Lowell it should be said that his lecture upon "Richard III." las Tuesday afternoon, did not refer to Richard J. Oglesby, our honored Governor.

THE Bookbinders' Union will give its regular annual ball in Brand's Hall immediately after Lent.

MR. MÆCENAS B. FULSOMTONE, the well-known purveyor of green hams and President of the Michael Angelo Art Club, has just sent to his London agent an order for $15,000 worth of books. The choice of volumes is left with the agent, the only specification made by Mr. Fulsomtone being that the books contain plenty of pictures and be bound in red morocco.

WE understand that our talented fellow-townsman, T. Babbington Greenleaf, is engaged upon a rhythmical translation of the tripods of Horace.

"M. E. B."—The only English translation of Goethe's "Faust" we can recommend is that made by General Zachary Taylor, one of our ex-Presidents.

IT is understood that the private dinners given to Mr. Lowell during his stay here have called for an expenditure of not less than $40,000. Yet there are carping critics who say that Chicago is not a great literary centre.—*Chicago News.*

IN the hotel parlor, 11 P. M.:

"Have you any idea what time it is?" he asked, after he had talked her to sleep three or four times and waked her up as often by laughing boisterously at his own brilliant ebullitions of wit, humor and burlesque.

"Really, I haven't," she replied wearily.

"It certainly must be time I was going home," he continued, as he made a move in the right direction.

"Oh, I am sure it is very much later than that," she said, sweetly and innocently, and then he went away with a hideous suspicion in his manly bosom.—*Washington Critic.*

AN Illinois paper has the following: "The funeral services of the late William P. Lewis were somewhat hurried to enable his estimable and grief-stricken widow to catch the two o'clock train for Chicago, where she goes to visit friends."—*Puck.*

ANOTHER CLAIMANT.—PENSION DOCTOR: What battle were you in? PENSION FRAUD: Bull Run. PENSION DOCTOR: Were you wounded there? PENSION FRAUD: I would have been if I had waited. PENSION DOCTOR: For what do you claim a pension? PENSION FRAUD: For loss of wind.—*Puck.*

THE Newburyport *Herald* reports that "Joseph G. Stevens was bitten by a dog at the south end last week, and the dog now sleeps the sleep of death." This should be a warning to dogs to keep away from Mr. Stevens's south end.—*Lowell Courier.*

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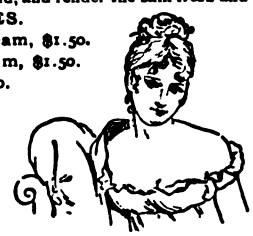

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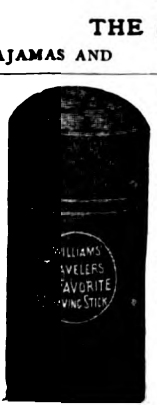

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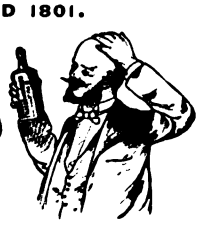

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LIFE

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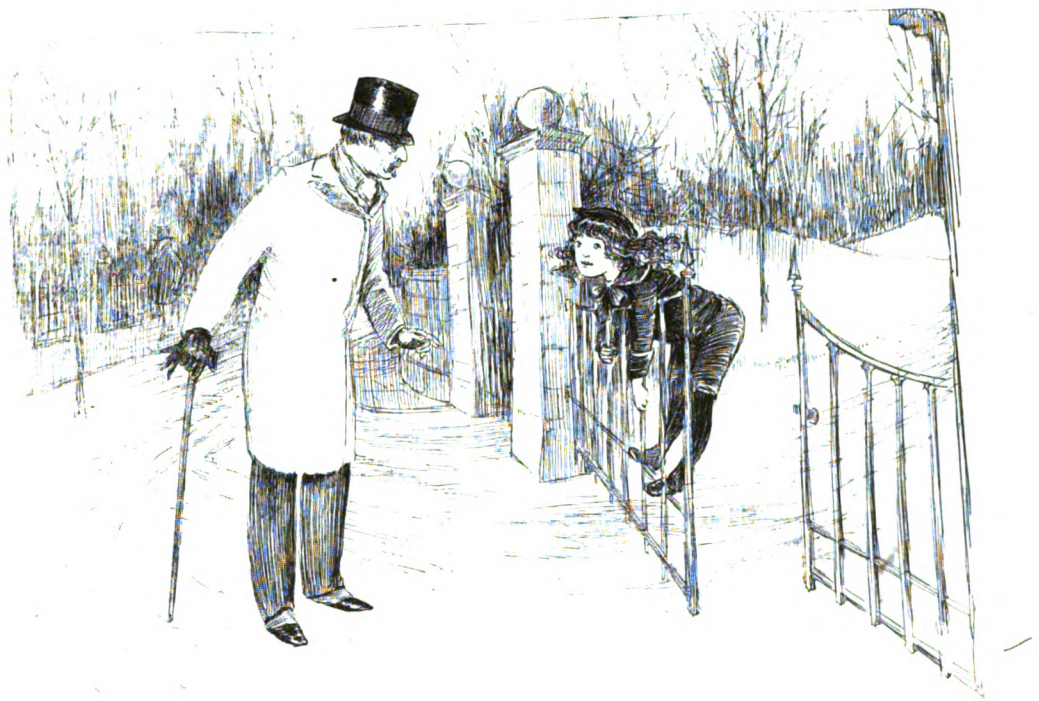

THE ADVANTAGES OF RELIGIOUS TRAINING.

Mr. S.: SEE HERE, MY BOY, MR. BROWN DOESN'T LIKE YOU TO SWING ON HIS GATE.

Precocious Boy, who has lately been to Sunday School: WELL, I DON'T CARE FOR MR. BROWN, NOR HIS MAN-SERVANT, NOR HIS MAID-SERVANT, NOR HIS OX, NOR HIS ASS, NOR ANYTHING THAT IS HIS.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MARCH 31, 1887. No. 222.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

LIFE cordially felicitates its neighbor, the *Sun*, on its great feat of rising twice in every twenty-four hours. It is a luminary as is a luminary. Its telegraphic columns shine with electric light, and its editorial page is bright with the powerful glow of Jefferson reason varied and enlivened by the fitful gleam of the scissors.

Dual existence has advantages which possibly our neighbor has overlooked. In troubled times of English history it was customary among some thrifty Scotch families for the head of the house to ally himself with one political party, while the heir took up with the opposite one. May we not expect that if in due course Mr. Dana should again follow the standard of General Benbutler, Mr. Cummings will steer his journal on some course where the people can follow him, so that every evening may bring a poultice for the sting in the morning's tail? Hail to the *Sun*. Now that its morning and its evening rays have met, shadows will surely disappear from the earth.

* * *

MR. PULITZER! Oh, Mr. Pulitzer! Where is the *Evening World?* But it may be that with the prospect that Ira Shafer will soon be at leisure again, Mr. Pulitzer thinks one newspaper quite enough for any man to have on his hands in any one city.

* * *

THANK you, Mr. Editor, of *Scribner's*, for the Thackeray letters. There was already between the covers of printed books as much of the mind of the author of "Vanity Fair" as the world deserves, but these letters are like a new picture of a familiar face, and give us a new point of view.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS discourses in the latest *Harper's* about pernicious novels, and gives an infallible test for determining exactly whether a story is pernicious or not. Will he please apply his formula to the shop-girl portions of "The Minister's Charge," and let the world know whether they are absolutely hurtful or merely tiresome?

BUFFALO'S hotel fire has jostled the finger of scorn off the car-stove and left it pointing at the over-head wires. There is a theory that they prevent the prompt extinction of fires, and the cry for them to come down off their poles is vehement and far-reaching. So many wires there are now—telegraph, fire-alarm, telephone, electric-light, messenger-boy, cab-call, ticker, and most of these duplicated so many times by so many different companies—that the wonder is how the sparrows and sunlight can percolate through them. The wires have got to go.

* * *

AND, by-the-way, when we get all the contemporary modern improvements so that they keep their places, will there be others in turn, at present undiscovered, to be fought and hooted at and buried? When the cars are warmed by steam, and all the hotels have a fire-escape apiece for every drummer, and asbestos skirts for the maids, and the telegraph wires are under ground, and grade crossings have ceased to be, and every railroad bridge has an inspector, will there be a new crop of improvements to be made that are just as impertinent and peremptory as these?

No doubt there will. It is that kind of a world, and we reformers have a living to make as well as anyone.

* * *

THE single amusing consideration of the Buffalo hotel fire was that fifteen or twenty insurance men who were interested in the fire were on hand with such speed that some of them even left their clothes behind. Such business zeal has not often been matched.

* * *

THE Crosby bill has passed the Assembly and will pass the Senate. Whether it gets by the Governor or not is a matter for the prophets to risk their reputations on. The people who want it want it very much, and will try to make the Governor feel their resentment if he kills it. Doubtless he will consider this when he sits in judgment on the measure, and will carefully estimate whether the high-license people or the liquor dealers of New York weigh heavier in the political balance. Wily David. He will not let his feelings carry him away—not he.

* * *

JUST why a condemned murderer should have his death sentence commuted because he confesses to his villainy at the eleventh hour, is clear to none but a New Jersey comprehension.

If ever a man deserved hanging, that man is Janitor Titus, and his treatment at the hands of Justice makes us sincerely regret that Western methods are not more in vogue in the East.

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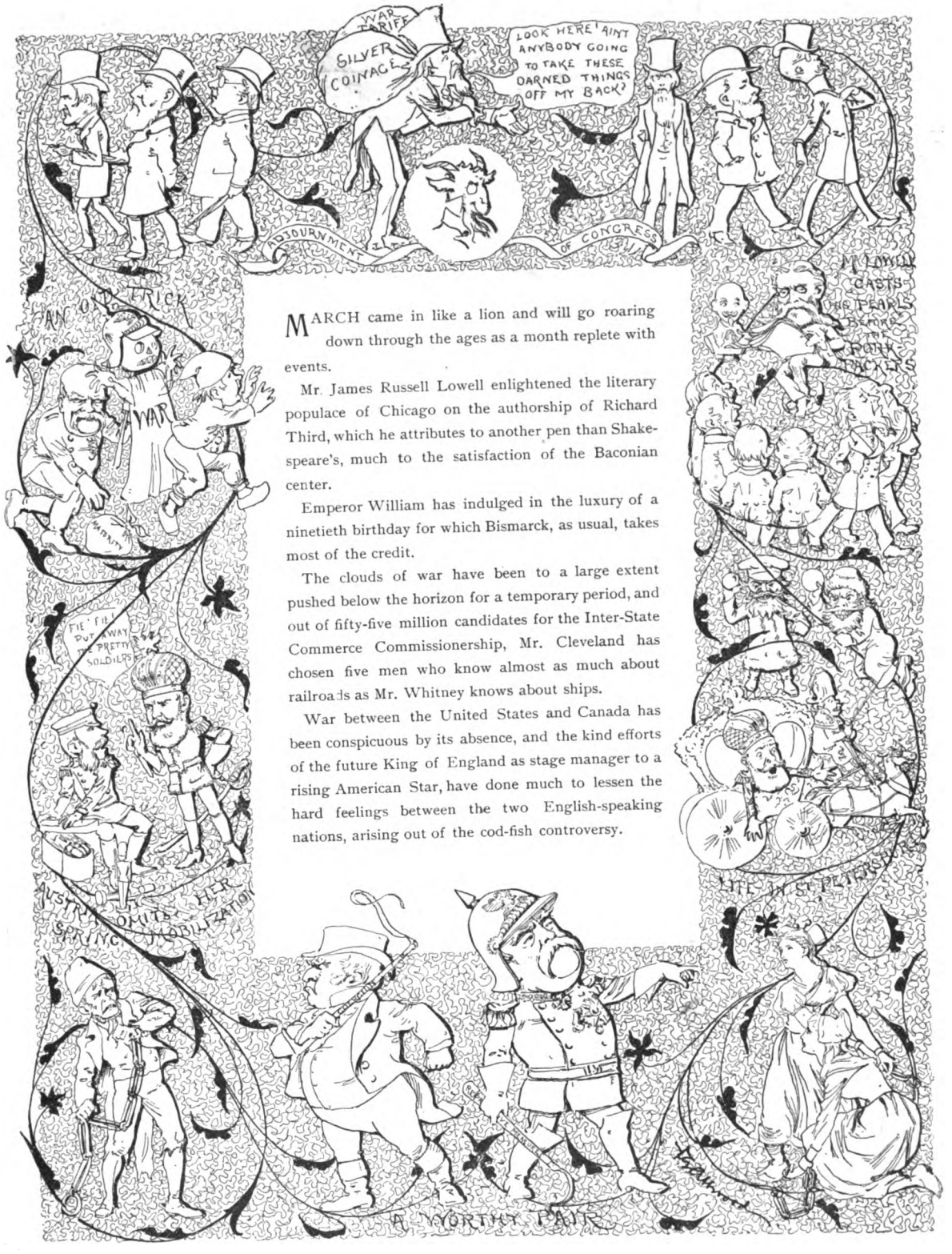

MARCH came in like a lion and will go roaring down through the ages as a month replete with events.

Mr. James Russell Lowell enlightened the literary populace of Chicago on the authorship of Richard Third, which he attributes to another pen than Shakespeare's, much to the satisfaction of the Baconian center.

Emperor William has indulged in the luxury of a ninetieth birthday for which Bismarck, as usual, takes most of the credit.

The clouds of war have been to a large extent pushed below the horizon for a temporary period, and out of fifty-five million candidates for the Inter-State Commerce Commissionership, Mr. Cleveland has chosen five men who know almost as much about railroads as Mr. Whitney knows about ships.

War between the United States and Canada has been conspicuous by its absence, and the kind efforts of the future King of England as stage manager to a rising American Star, have done much to lessen the hard feelings between the two English-speaking nations, arising out of the cod-fish controversy.

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THOUGHTS FROM THE POETS ON SPRING.

Thomson.

COME, gentle spring! Ethereal mildness, come
And send brutal winter, material wildness, home.
Fair-handed spring unbosoms every grace
When horny-fisted winter is tumbled off his base.

Goldsmith.

Winter, lingering, chills the lap of May.
So winter do not linger; get away.

Lucy Larcom.

The peach bud glows, the wild bee hums,
The oyster loses caste and the cucumber cumbs.

Herbert.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
And showers and thunder and colds in our noses.

* * *

HARPER & BROTHERS have just published a book entitled "Baldine."

We hope it is not an elaborate advertisement of some newly discovered hair restorer.

* * *

WE have reached the season when the young man's fancy turns to thoughts of love, and the young maiden begins to put on what Milton termed "airs, vernal airs."

* * *

HAVING written a volume called "The Opening of the Chestnut Burr," it is quite appropriate that Mr. E. P. Roe should follow it up with a second, bearing the suggestive title, "An Original Belle."

* * *

WE have frequently been puzzled as to the exact significance of the Oxford and Cambridge honor known as the Senior Wrangler-ship.

Close attention to Parliamentary debate has in a degree cleared up the mystery.

* * *

THE Evening *Sun* is not the best paper in New York by any means, and it never will be while the Morning *Sun* continues to shine for all.

* * *

AN Amateur Composite Photographer recently superimposed a negative of Irate Shafer upon a birdseye view of Jewseph Pulitzer.

He obtained a most accurate photo of the Sullivan-Ryan prize-fight.

* * *

LIFE congratulates the Emperor William upon having attained his *dolce far* nientieth birthday.

WE are inclined to believe in Washington Irving Bishop, the Mind-Reader.

Somehow or other a man whose name combines the veracity of Washington and the gentility of Irving with the virtues of a Bishop inspires our confidence.

If William Shakspeare were here he might get some clue as to "what's in a name?"

* * *

MR. CLEARY is a shining example of the man whose virtues and vices may be described as being "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

* * *

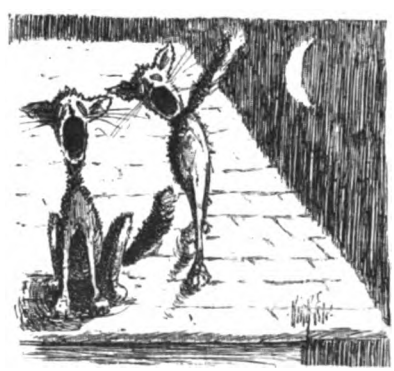
LATE NEWS ITEMS.

UP to the hour of going to press, Mr. Pulitzer still lives.

MRS. JAMESBROWNPOTTER'S debut may have to be postponed until the Prince of Wales's dress coat is made over.

KAISER WILLIAM sneezed four times yesterday morning. Otherwise the situation in Europe is unchanged.

* * *



METHOUGHT I HEARD A VOICE CRY, "SLEEP NO MORE!"

* * *

IN the March number of *Longman's Magazine*, Mr. Andrew Lang writes: "A Mr. Boyes, in the *Forum*, declares that the American Young Girl is the 'Iron Madonna' of fiction who crushes romancers in her ruthless embrace and he thinks that fiction is therefore in a valetudinarian state."

We have searched the *Forum* through and through, Mr. Lang, and we fail to find there or elsewhere the "Boyes" who would thus malign the girls.

Perhaps you refer to Mr. Boyesen, who recently wrote entertainingly to show "Why We Have No Great Novelists." If so, you have made a great error. Mr. Boyesen is not one of the "Boyes." He is a full-fledged author with as many laurels on his brow as there are js in his name, which is saying much. We think you owe Mr. Boyesen an apology for your assault upon his good name.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Husband (John by name): WHO WAS THE MAN I MET IN THE HALL AS I WENT OUT? GOOD-LOOKING CHAP.

Wife: OH THAT WAS REYNOLDS, OR REGINALD—SOME SUCH NAME—TRACY. HE HAS JUST HAD A CUP OF TEA WITH ME. BY THE WAY MAY I POUR YOU A CUP?

Husband (opening Post and speaking from behind it): YES, DEAR, THANKS. THIS IS COZY.

Wife (looking absent-mindedly out the window): HERE'S YOUR TEA, REGGY. REGGY, DON'T YOU HEAR ME, DEAR?

Husband: Reggy! Reggy! My NAME IS JOHN—OR TOM—OR SOME SUCH NAME.

HIS BIRTHDAY PARTY.

BOY: Ain't it time to eat the good things.

MOTHER: Certainly not. You must wait until your friends come.

BOY: I guess they won't come, 'cause I didn't invite them. I thought I'd rather have it entirely exclusive.

THE barbers trace their calling back to Solomon, who was the first heir-cutter.

TIGHT-LACING, like other evils, has its compensation. It prevents waist-fulness.

A MAN who takes Life easily. — A subscriber.

THE LAY OF THE LISTED LASS.

QUOTH she sadly, I have surely
Been placed upon the list,
For now that I am *Mrs.*,
I never shall be *Missed*.

OUR respectful compliments to Sir George M. Pullman, and now that he is a knight will he please fee his own porters?

THE heaviest babies in the world are those in the royal families of England. It is estimated that the little Battenburg Henry turned the public treasury scales at something like £5,000.

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PHOTOGRAPHY.

"O LOVELINESS, you've come at last
To bring life's joys completion—
A countenance of classic cast
Americano-Grecian.

"I'm fond of such a chin and nose,
And such a mouth between them;
Of lips—a rose upon a rose—
Although I've never seen them.

"How hopelessly, and O, how long
In vain for you I've waited,
And dreamed of you, and in my song
Your graces celebrated.

"And now you come, sweet Loveliness,
Forth from Minerva's closet—
And I who write have but to bless
Photography Composite."

* * *

This lyric all complete, forthwith
To Massachusetts goes he—
A sentimental youth—to Smith—
To seek the vision rosy.

And does he find this face that seemed
To him a glimpse of Heaven?—
Alas! the face of her he dreamed,—
Belonged to Seniors seven.

BOOKISHNESS

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN'S VERSES.

LET us be thankful that the Fates, when they cruelly robbed us of our great poets, did not send a troop of young men to take their places, full of gloom and Byronic passion. Our young poets are men of cool heads and well-adjusted hearts. If they "yearn" or "pine," or "feel remorse" they do it in very respectable rondeaus or madrigals or sonnets. They gild sorrow with pretty phrases until one scarcely knows it from well-bred joy; they make love a succession of graceful compliments, and hate, an exhibition of scholarly satire. All the passions are exercises in rhythm, and vice is an intricate form of metre with peculiarly elaborate rhymes.

Of course, this is very "artificial," and prejudicial to the growth of a "deep poetic sentiment," and "too frivolous" to be considered genuine literature. My dear critic, you are taking these young men more seriously than they take themselves. They have never claimed to be doing more than setting pretty fancies in graceful frames. And you will admit that they do it extremely well? That Bunner, and Roche, and Peck, and Scollard, and Sherman have made verses that Locker, Lang and Dobson might call good?

* * *

THIS prelude will prepare you to believe that Mr. Frank Dempster Sherman's little volume of "Madrigals and Catches" (White, Stokes & Allen) is worthy the laid paper, bevelled boards, and gilt tops, in which it is so neatly set. You will frankly take his word for it that

"These are songs for gladsome youth,
Half in jest and half in truth;
Lyrics light as gales that toss
Leaves the orchard floor across."

* * *

THEN, when you dip in between these inviting leaves, you will be surprised to find here and there something more than simple melody. In "Dawn and Dusk," you will, perhaps, discover real poetic fancy—visions of color and form glimmering where

"Slender strips of crimson sky,
Near the dim horizon lie;
Shot across with golden bars,
Reaching to the fading stars."

There is even more of this rare quality in the ingenuous lines called "Child-Fancies." It is a really fine conceit to picture the summer meadow as a battlefield swarming with a Lilliputian army—

"Each soldier with a clover-shield,
The honey-bees with drums;
Boom, rat-ta! they march and pass
The captain tree who stands
Saluting with a sword of grass,
And giving them commands."

* * *

THE love poems of this volume are just tender enough for a summer flirtation. They can be quoted freely at Bar Harbor or in the Catskills without committing either party to any "serious intentions." There is plenty of sentiment in them, of the kind that any sensible fellow can bestow on any pretty girl under the favoring circumstances provided by moonlight and the sea. It is, perhaps, as near the passion of love as it is well to approach,—since the most approved marriages are those arranged for financial reasons.

A word should be said in praise of the metrical skill which Mr. Sherman has shown in all these verses. It has been well sustained with varied and attractive rhymes, and a tuneful ear for pleasing melody.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE STORY OF ANCIENT EGYPT. By George Rawlinson, M.A., with the collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. The Story of Nature's Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Two Gentlemen of Boston. A Novel. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

A Child of the Century. By John T. Wheelwright. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Village Photographs. By Augusta Larned. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

AWKWARD.

MR. CROESUS' NEW ENGLISH COACHMAN: 'Scuse me, Sir, but the crests on your harnesses is the same as Lord Bathurst's, Sir, and Hi was a thinkin', Sir, as we'd better try a change!

OUR COOK'S AMMUNITION: Baking Powder.

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DECIDEDLY SOOTHING.

HANDSOME CHARLES (*a little forgetful. Dining out and wishing to make himself agreeable*): I wonder if the company has heard that story of the miser and the prince.

THE COMPANY (*most of whom have on sundry other occasions been regaled by H. C. with the same tale*): Oh, yes!—A very tolerable story.—*I* have heard it.—I think *I* have, etc. (*And the hostess touches the bell to order the next course.*)

SWEET LITTLE EDITH (*who secretly worships H. C. and sympathizes with him in this terrible moment*): Oh, I have not heard it *very lately!*

THERE WAS A BON VOYAGE ABOUT HIM.

MRS. SHODDY: Really, Angeline, I cannot see what you find objectionable in Mr. Rocks. He is very rich, and a perfect gentleman. He has an inimitable air of *bon soir*.

ANGELINE: Oh, no, mamma, he has none of that about him. If he had I would like him better. He never leaves.

UNINTENTIONAL.

CONFUSED CLERK (*in drug store, to Miss Brown, who prides herself on the manner in which she has retained her youth*): "Excuse me Mum, but was it you that wanted this bottle of soothing syrup?"

THE question has long remained in dispute, and so still remains. Which is the luckier man—the man with dollars or the man with sense?

PROVERBS.

FOR A COQUETTE.—Flames too soon acquire strength if disregarded.

FOR AN OLD BEAU.—A bow long bent waxeth weak.

FOR A GLAZIER.—No gains without panes.

FOR A MAN WITH GRAY HAIR.—Never say die.

FOR A CRIBBAGE BOARD.—Two can play at that game.

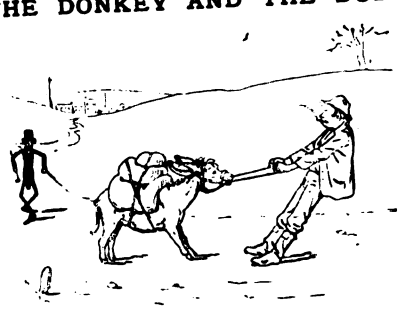
FOR AN UMBRELLA.—Lay by for a rainy day.

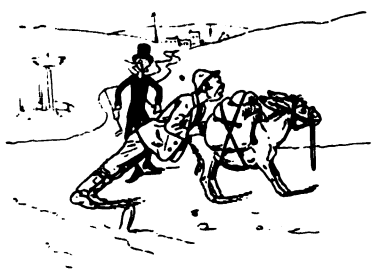
FOR A MODERN NOVEL.—Bad beginning, bad ending.

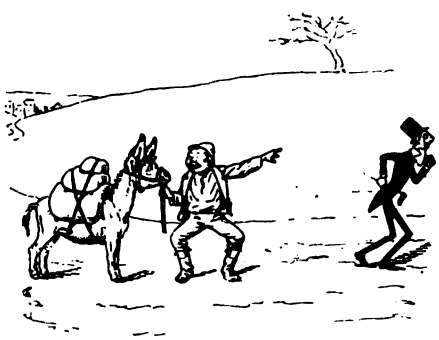
FOR A STATUE OF LIBERTY.—By the hands of many a great work is made light.

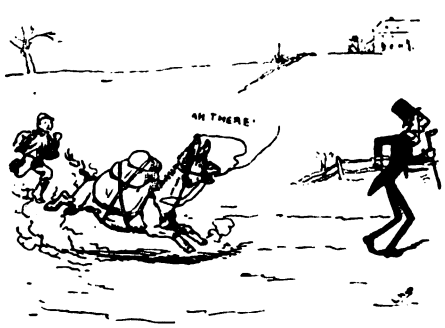
H. V. S.

THE DONKEY AND THE DUDE.









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THE TERRORS O

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Tea Plague

OF THE TEA.

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THE YACHT RACE.

(By Special Bottle Service.)

A LARGE case of variegated bottles was received at LIFE'S office, on Saturday afternoon. Originally made to contain apollinaris, soda-water, champagne, and other beverages of a like nature, they now held nothing other than spirited accounts of the progress of the *Dauntless* and *Coronet*, as they sped over the waters between Sandy Hook and the pinnacle of Fame.

LIFE'S correspondents, on the two vessels, had full instructions to note down all the most interesting events of the voyage, and when opportunity and bottles offered, to drop them overboard, addressed to the editor. The subjoined messages are the result:

FIRST DAY.

ON BOARD THE DAUNTLESS, OFF CONEY ISLAND.

Have just arrived. The captain has gone ashore for bottles. Weigh anchor in ten minutes, and start for deep water. The *Coronet* is ten miles to Elephantward.

*

CORONET, OREGON BUOY.

Had a fine sail thus far. We are anchored over the *Oregon*. The captain has been fishing all the morning for hand-bags and state-room trunks. Managed to bring up three ball-dresses and a set of false teeth from the room occupied by Mrs. * * * * * We have suppressed this name by request.) The *Dauntless* is nowhere n sight.

* * *

THIRD DAY.

DAUNTLESS, WAVEVILLE, OCEANA.

Couldn't write yesterday. Too empty for utterance. We are still here. Passed two schooners loaded with bricks bound for Egypt. Very exciting sport. Captain washed overboard this morning. So did the rest of us. Nine miles ahead of the *Coronet* at lunch.

*

MAST-HEAD, CORONET, 5 P.M.

Booming along with sails full. Steward in same condition. Got a tow from a *Cunarder* last night, and made a three hundred mile run before the *Dauntless* caught on. Couldn't write yesterday, as captain had a prohibition fit on, and there were no bottles. Scenery monotonous.

* * *

EIGHTH DAY.

DAUNTLESS-ON-ATLANTIC.

Still here. Captain says we're nearer there than we were a week ago, but I haven't noticed any change. Have kept my eye on the same piece of horizon for four days, and she hasn't moved an inch. Saw a whale this morning, and heard a sermon on Jonah from a Unitarian clergyman in the crew. Jonah evidently struck oil. To liven matters up, opened a pool on whether the whale was dead or alive. Unfortunately he dived out of sight before we could determine. All bets were declared off, which is just as well, as to-day is Sunday, and there's no money aboard. There is a speck on the horizon that looks like the *Coronet*, but the captain says it is a storm brewing. I wish we could run against a brewery of some kind, as the Milwaukee is getting low.

*

CORONET, SUPER-WAVE.

Have just sighted a lumber barge from Maine, and learn by signal that we are forty miles ahead of the *Dauntless* according to the New York papers. This is the best news we've had since the *Herald* reporter was washed overboard. There has been much suffering among the crew owing to the captain having neglected to lay in enough champagne, and had it not been for the kindness of a passing steamer in lending us a case I fear we should have had a serious mutiny. The brilliant young man who represents the *Sun* has been sea-sick ever since we left shore, and is vociferous in his demands to be landed. He wants the earth. The circulation of the *World* on board is something enormous. One copy has gone through every department in the ship from the captain down, and he is beginning to peruse the want columns a second time.

* * *

TENTH DAY.

DAUNTLESS, WATERTOWN.

Had mighty hard luck yesterday. A heavy wind came from to-forrard I think they call it, and blew us back ninety-three miles. We had the consolation of passing the *Coronet*, but we did it stern first, so nothing has been gained by it. The captain is quite put out over the accident, and has gone into the cabin to write to the papers about it. It was very careless in the weather bureau to leave such a wind out here without a guardian. Our only hope now is in another *Cunarder*.

*

FORECASTLE, CORONET.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! we are forever lost. There is a strike among the sailors because of that unfortunate champagne affair. The men refuse to work and have declared a boycott on the officers and guests. They nearly killed the cabin-boy for polishing up the railing in the saloon, and called your correspondent a scab because he tried to splice matters for the benefit of all concerned. Unless we meet with a kindly disposed steamship the *Dauntless* will take the cup.

* * *

These were all the dispatches received up to the time of going to press. It is very evident that if Messrs. Bush and Colt fail to arrange with the Cunard or White Star Steamship Company the race will be lost by both parties. It is to be hoped that some solution to the difficulty will be reached, as business is at a standstill, and the Queen's Jubilee will be seriously interfered with if the deadlock continues.

THE *Evening Post*.—Lamp-post.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

BOHEMIA.—An idyllic resort for people of culture who wear ragged clothing and consider it vulgar to pay their debts; a refuge for securing indemnity for social ostracism.

LABORER.—A man to whom the world owes a living, because he is too indolent to earn one himself.

A DISTURBING ELEMENT.—Jersey lightning.

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Justice: IS THAT THE WEAPON WITH WHICH THE PRISONER ASSAULTED YOU?

Complainant: YAS, BOSS, DAT'S DE SAME RAZZER.

Justice: PRISONER IS DISCHARGED. DON'T COME HERE AGAIN UNLESS HE TRIES TO SHAVE YOU WITH IT.

LITERAL TRANSLATIONS.

Faux pas: Pass the forks.

De bene esse: An Essay on Beans.

Je ne sais pas: I ain't sayin' nothin'.

De mortuis nil nisi bonum: It is not nice to bone the dead, *i.e.*—Body snatching is not a genteel profession.

Al fresco: All painted up. We may speak of an actress as being *al fresco*.

Amor patriæ: After more country. The French, German and English are especially distinguished for this quality.

Amour propre: Propped up by love.

Ancien régime: The Old Guard.

Au reste: Do be quiet.

REAL CHARITY.

A YOUNG woman, all goodness, threw open every door in the house and sat shivering. A friend came in, and said: "Why, my dear, what does this mean?" The chattering answer was, "why,—why,—why—it's so very cold out of doors, and so warm in the house, I thought I would let a little out for the poor."

THE PREDOMINATING ANIMAL.

MRS. BASCOMB: "Emerson says that when we are asleep the animal in our nature predominates. What does he mean?"

MR. BASCOMB: "The night-mare, probably."

BOSTON claims to have successfully transplanted a rabbit's eye into a human socket. Sheep's eyes in human heads have long been noted, but it is believed that no rabbit ever wore spectacles before.

IN addition to the four concerts advertised in Mexico, Patti has kindly consented to give a Patti "benefit." Patti will do anything almost to please the public.

LOCAL WORTH.

EASTERN MAN: Does this kind of a breeze circulate around here much?

WESTERN MAN: No. It's a darned counterfeit—the only thing that passes in this locality is a genuine Blizzard.

JONES, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND, HAD WRITTEN TO HIS LADY LOVE, WHO LIVES IN THE COUNTRY, THAT BUSINESS WOULD CARRY HIM THROUGH HER VILLAGE. SHE WAS AT THE STATION TO GIVE HIM A PASSING SALUTE.

BUT JUST BEFORE REACHING THE STATION THE ENGINEER PUT ON A FULL HEAD OF STEAM. THE ABOVE GIVES A FAIR IDEA OF THE GLIMPSE JONES GOT OF HIS DIVINITY.

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COULDN'T LOOK LIKE IT.

Brown: WHOSE UMBRELLA IS THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE ONE I LOST.

Smith: I DON'T SEE HOW IT CAN, FOR I SCRAPED THE HANDLE AND ALTERED IT GENERALLY.

PALMISTRY.

TOGETHER, distant from the crowd,
Which moves about with noise unending;
Far from their jests and laughter loud
We two a quiet hour are spending.

We've slipped away—we hope, unseen—
Her mother's watchful eye evading,
To where the palms and aloes lean,
With kind intent the corners shading.

We talk of—nothing. Now and then
A silence comes, replete with meaning.
A painful hush is broken, when
She—just a trifle closer leaning—

Asks, "Can you read my hand and tell
What secrets Life and Time are keeping;
Whom I shall marry—ill or well—
And shall I know most smiles or weeping?"

One little glove is laid aside;
A tiny hand in mine is resting;
Two perfect eyes, with question wide,
Make matters more than interesting.

"Within your hand I see full well
Most hopes fulfilled—most wishes granted;
Life holds a secret Time will tell,
And love will come, with touch enchanted.

"Whom shall you marry? If aright
I read the lines I here discover,
You'll wed with him who, here, to-night,
Declares himself your ardent lover!"

I pause. Her eyes look up—then down.
A blush from cheek to brow is spreading;
Then, with a smile which hope does crown,
She asks, "When shall we have our wedding?"

S. D. S., Jr.

FILTHY LUCRE.

"MONEY, my dear young friend," said an elderly adviser, "doesn't alone bring happiness in this world."

"I know it doesn't, sir," responded the young man, frankly. "It only brings terrapin, and small bottles, and trips to Europe, and canvas-backs, and lying a-bed late in the mornings, and taking tailor-made girls to the opera nights, and all that sort of grief and misery. Give me a contented mind and—say $20,000 a year, and somebody else can have the money," he concluded, with fine scorn.

POTTER'S FIELD: The Diocese of New York.

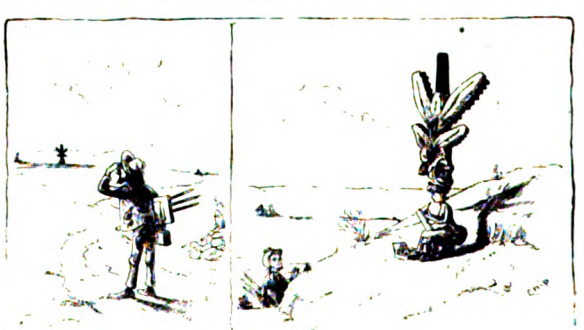
O, CERTAINLY!

NEW COOK (*to Materfamilias*): "Oi hev jist bin afther sindin' out me invitayshuns for a foive o'clock tay an the twinty-sivinth, an' if yez would be afther havin' an ingagemint to doine out an that day it would be a grate convaynance to me!"

FORCE OF HABIT.

WAYFARER: I beg your pardon sir, I have lost my way. Will—

EDITOR: Lost your way, eh. Well, why don't you advertise and offer a reward for it?



By Jove! an old windmill; just what I want. I'll go around and get a front view.

The front view.

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AVT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

WRONG AGAIN.

"WHY do we prefer the poets of the past to those of the present?" asked the teacher. "Because," replied the smart bad boy, "the poets of the past are dead." "And therefore?" suggested the teacher. "They cannot write any poetry," continued the smart bad boy. "Neither do the poets of to-day," replied the teacher kindly, "so you are away off your base. Go down foot." And the astonished boy began to wonder if the teacher wasn't getting a little bad herself. It turned out, however, that a magazine had just returned her verses and published some of Whittier's.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"SAY, Pa," asked the pride of the household, after a moment's reflection, during which he had inadvertently declined a second help to buckwheat cakes, "If a man does what he ought to do he does his duty, don't he?" "Yes, he does, my son." "Well, suppose he don't do what he ought to do, does he do his donty?" Up to the hour of going to press the parental answer had not been given.—*Harper's Bazar.*

NOT LONG TO WAIT.

GENTLEMAN (*in restaurant*): "A couple of soft-boiled eggs, waiter—not over four minutes."

WAITER: "Yes, sah."

GENTLEMAN: "And I'm in a big hurry. How long will I have to wait?"

WAITER: "How long did yo' say yo' wan' dem aiggs biled, boss?"

GENTLEMAN: "Four minutes."

WAITER: "Half an hour, sah."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A PRETTY good story is told of a local druggist, the incident occurring some time ago. A man who was rather hard of hearing had a compound put up for him, and he called for the bill. "Thirty cents," replied the druggist. The buyer put down three cents and started for the door. The druggist sang out: "Hold on! you've made a mistake; thirty cents!" The man didn't hear him. As the door closed behind him the druggist remarked: "Well, go on; I've made two cents on the deal, anyway."—*Geneva Advertiser.*

HUSBAND: "If you only had the ability to cook as my mother used to, I would be happy, dear."

WIFE: "And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as my father used to, I, too, would be happy, dear."—*New York Sun.*

A SECOND SCHENK.

WE still cling to the simple faith that the acme of human wisdom is to know when to lay down a poker hand.—*Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.*

GASTRONOMIC CONDENSATION.

YOUNG MAN (*in coffee and cake saloon*): Wheat cakes, waiter, brown on top, and coffee with not too much milk in it.

WAITER (*vociferously*): Wete cakes an' coffy, an' have em right.—*New York Sun.*

Police Magistrate: Prisoner at the bar, have you any children?

Prisoner: No, your honor.

P. M.: Why not?

Prisoner: Well, I am not married.

P. M. (*who hates a giggle at his expense*): That's very fortunate for your wife.—*Exchange.*

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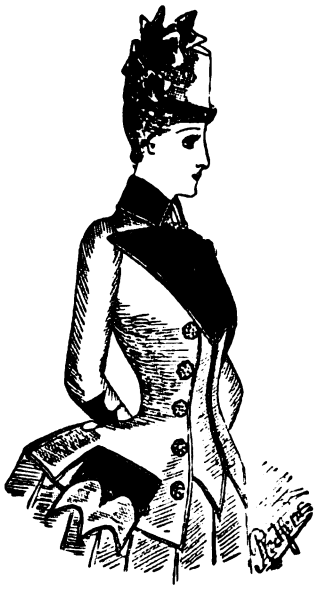

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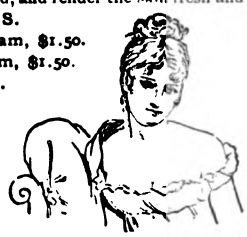

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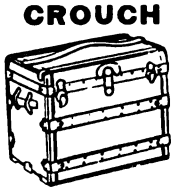

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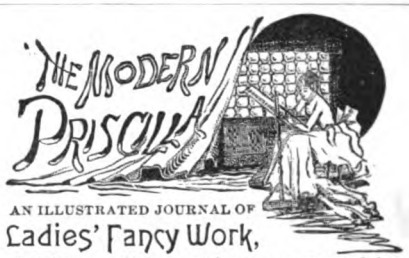

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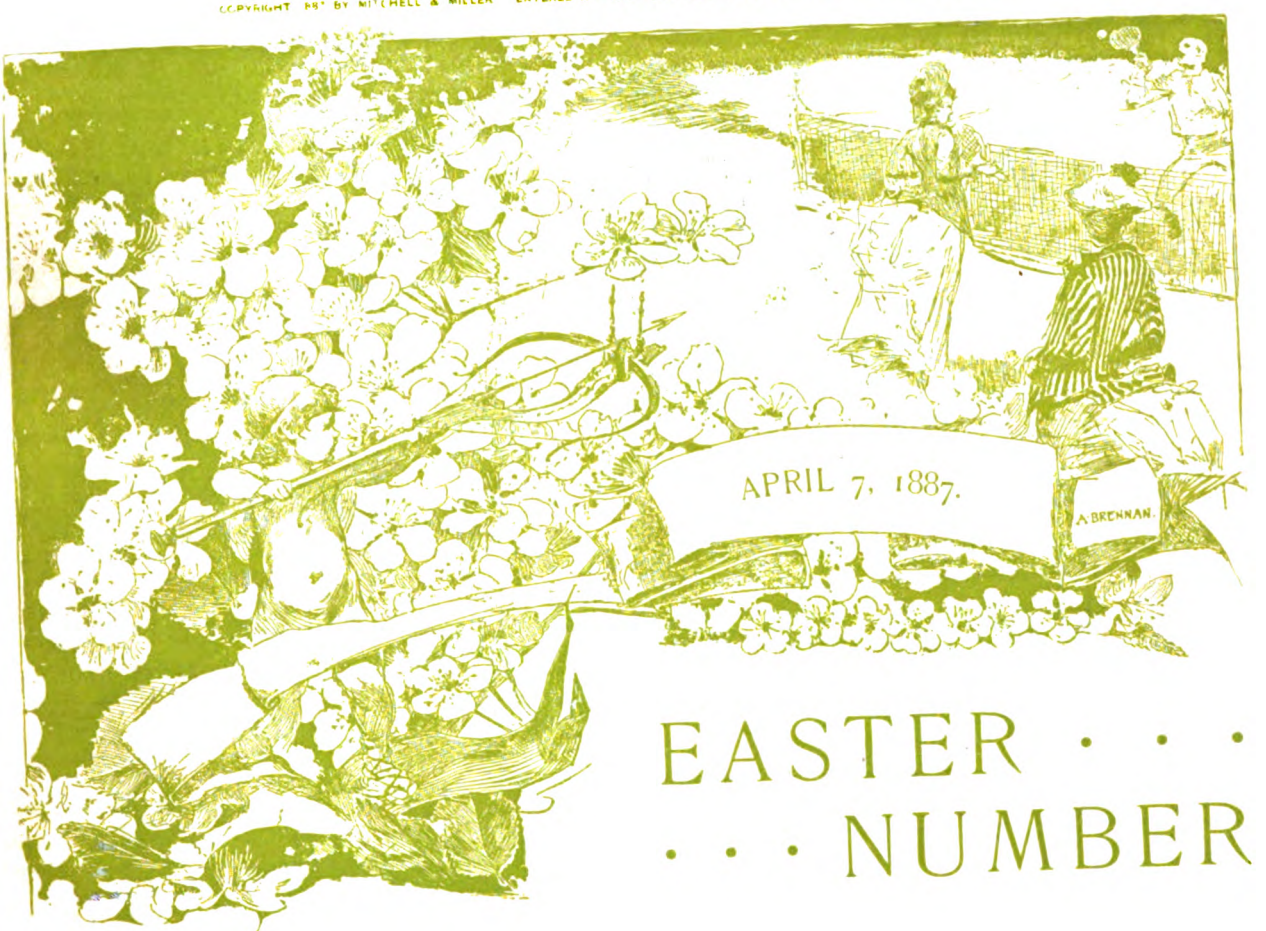

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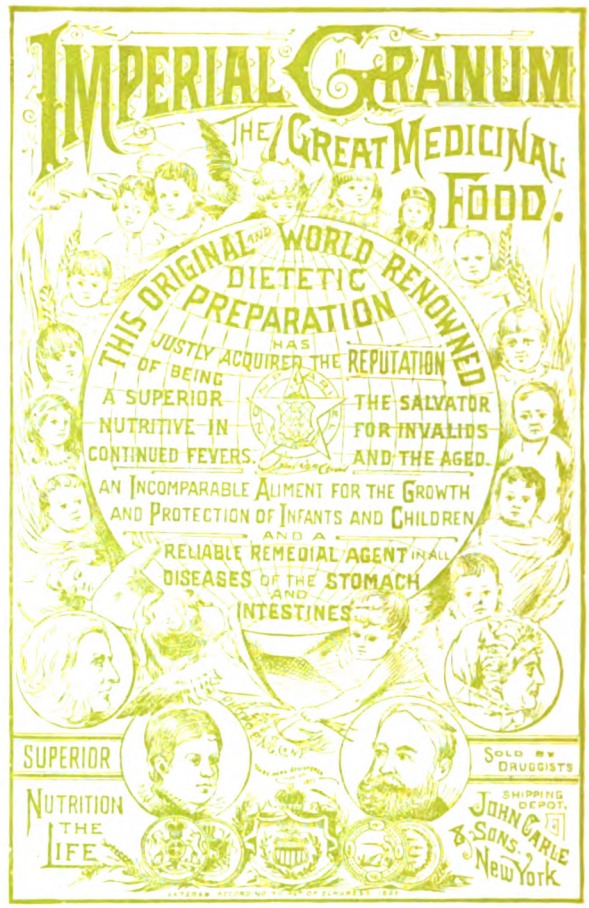

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"ENGLISH AS SHE IS TAUGHT."

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Aborigines, a system of mountains.
Alias, a good man in the Bible.
Assiduity, state of being an acid.
Auriferous, pertaining to an orifice.
Ammonia, the food of the gods.
Capillary, a little caterpillar.
Emolument, a headstone to a grave.
Equestrian, one who asks questions.
Eucharist, one who plays euchre.
Franchise, anything belonging to the French.
Idolater, a very idol person.
Ipecac, a man who likes a good dinner.
Irrigate, to make fun of.
Mendacious, what can be mended.
Mercenary, one who feels for another.
Plagiarist, a writer of plays.

These are some examples of sentences in "Grammar," "Mathematics," etc.

Gender is the distinguishing nouns without regard to sex.
A verb is something to eat.
Adverbs should always be used as adjectives and adjectives as adverbs.
Every sentence and name of God must begin with a caterpillar.
When they are going to say some prose or poetry, before they say the poetry or prose they must put a semicolon just after the introduction of the prose or poetry.
A straight line is any distance between two places.
Parallel lines are lines that can never meet until they run together.
A circle is a round straight line with a hole in the middle.
Things which are equal to each other are equal to anything else.
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VOLUME IX.
No. 223.

LIFE

APRIL 7TH,
1887.

THE ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

AS I was walking out one day,
Sir Cupid by the way I met,
Who held a flickering heart, wherefrom
He strove to light—a cigarette!

And as I passed I heard him say,
"Deuce take this heart of a coquette;
The flame's too fickle, I declare,
To even light a cigarette!"

O tempora! has it come to this?
O mores! is the end not yet?
When Love has ta'en the fire of Love
To light a passing cigarette!

When hearts designed alone to make
Such matches as from heaven we get,
Are turned by this outrageous boy
To matches for a cigarette!

O. H.

REPARTEE.

Excited Member of the S. P. C. A.: SEE HERE, I'LL ARREST YOU IF YOU STRIKE THAT POOR HORSE AGAIN! LET ME REMIND YOU THAT "HE WHO MADE THEE, MADE THE OTHER BRUTE."

Angry Cartman: ARREST ME, IS IT? YE'D BETTER ARREST YER MITHER FUR TAYCHIN' YE TER WALK ABOUT ON YER HIND LEGS!

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. APRIL 7, 1887. No. 223.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

BEGINNING with the current issue, the publication day of LIFE will be Tuesday instead of Monday.

* * *

THE world is materially duller for the loss of Mr. Travers. He has long been an eminent example of how a man may be a boon to his fellows and a solace to mankind, by having just as much fun as possible under all circumstances. It is believed that he had a very good time himself, and certainly he did his share to make it cheerful for the rest of us. He will be sincerely mourned by a great many people who knew him, and regretted besides by a vast number who never had the advantage of his society.

* * *

IN view of Mr. Travers' continuous interest in all that pertained to athletic sports, it is safe to say that he would have rejoiced in the latest educational departure at Harvard. The Cambridge Summer School of Athletics is to be conducted this summer by Dr. Sargent, in the Heminway Gymnasium, and is intended to fit young people of both sexes (we believe) to spread the science of physical culture abroad in the land. It is a good thing. The muscles are worth developing; chests should be deeper, and shoulders set farther back; and any movement that tends toward the development of the lungs, and the subjugation of the liver, increases human happiness and benefits the race. In particular Dr. Sargent's school deserves to be fostered as a possible antidote for the Summer School of Philosophy at Concord. Concord and Cambridge are not far apart, and it may be possible for ambitious persons to be pupils in both schools coincidently, and temper their abnormal intellectuality by reasonable cultivation of their physiques.

* * *

LIFE entirely agrees with the esteemed Indianapolis *Journal*, that the President might do worse than to take a course this summer in Dr. Sargent's school, though better still for him, perhaps, would be to hire some professor of self-defence to knock him about daily at the White House until his vacation sets in, and then, under capable direction, try mountain climbing. The *Mail and Express* says that is a panacea, but should not be attempted by an amateur except under supervision of a competent physician. For such supervisor and accomplice we cheerfully suggest Dr. Ward, of Albany, the companion of Mr. Cleveland's fishing expeditions. No doubt the ascent of such hills as are to be found in the Adirondacks or the neighboring White Mountains would do them both good, and soothe those prophets of evil who declare that the President will die of sitting in a chair.

* * *

THE *Coronet* got there considerably ahead, and LIFE is glad of it. Not that we should have been any less pleased if the *Dauntless* had won, but it is scriptural to rejoice with those who rejoice—a wise provision which minimizes the possibility of losing any chance to "holler." The particular thing to be glad of is that both yachts got comfortably across in spite of the boisterous weather, and that no one was hurt. Wine with you, Mr. Bush! Here's to you, Captain Crosby!

* * *

NEVER mind, Captain Samuels. You got your book out in good time, and it's a first-rate book.

* * *

AVERY prevalent complaint which threatens to become epidemic, concerns the propensity of rich men's sons to get themselves into very serious trouble. It is easy to imagine how it may be a matter of anxious consideration for the big and recent rich, whether it is advisable for them to try to raise their male issue or not. When a boy who has the command of money has a bad face, he is apt to drop farther, and with a much more hopeless thud than the decadent progeny of the comparatively worthy poor. It is a solemn undertaking for a rich man to raise boys.

* * *

ALL the more credit to the late Mr. Vanderbilt, who seems to have had very fair success with his. Thank you, Mr. Cornelius, for the "Horse Fair." We are your humble servants, sir; more power to your pocket!

* * *

AND speaking of sons, everyone knows what trials good Queen Vic. had with Wales. It appears now that his royal highness bids fair to learn to sympathize with his mother. There is a prince-kin who will be king of England some day, if nothing prevents, of whom various tales come scurrying across the water. This poor young creature has the misfortune to be as susceptible as other lads of his age, and is as ready any day to fall in love as to eat his dinner. It devolves upon his father to keep him straight-laced and strait-jacketed until the proper princess appears, and considering the heir presumptive's antecedents we do not envy the heir-apparent his job.

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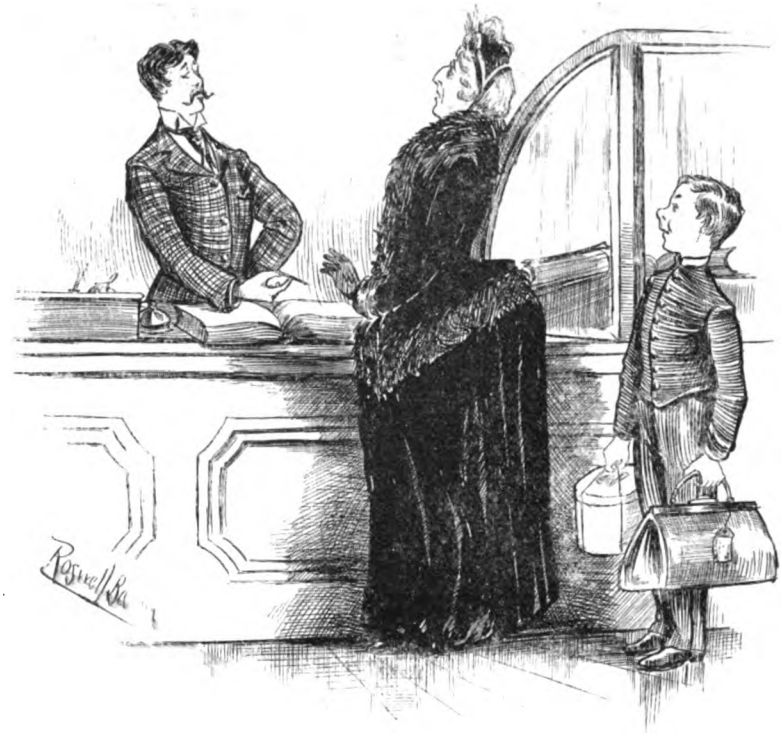
LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE PRESENT CRAZE IN BREAST-PINS.

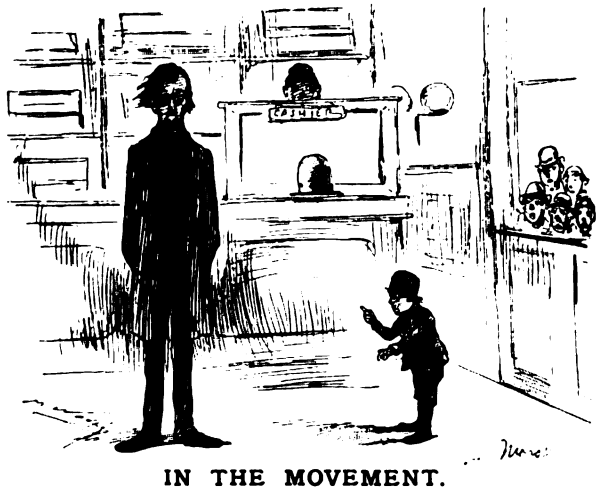
DORA, you're a pretty miss,
One that I would love to kiss,
But I can't.
For, if I were to essay,
You would check me with a "nay,"
Or, "you shan't."
One would know you for a flirt,
Seeing you adjust your skirt
With a tug;
While upon your shapely breast
Crawls, in golden harness drest,
A live bug.
Though the "buglet's" chain is short,
He is free — too free — to court;
(Lucky knave!)
For his stamping-ground's your heart,
Of all parts the very part
That I crave.
Your sweet smiles are not for me;
So I'm jealous when I see
(O, dull pain!)
That obnoxious, captive bug,
Rub his head against your jug —
— U — lar vein.
If his "Bugness" knew my case
He might offer me his place,
And his mask.
Since you'll not grant me your hand,
Let me, chained thus, ever stand
On your basque.

J. C. C.



FORCE OF HABIT.

Over-worked Hotel Clerk: NO MAIL; BREAKFAST FROM SEVEN TO TEN; LUNCH AT ONE; DINNER, SIX TO EIGHT; BAR-ROOM, DOWN THE CORRIDOR ON THE RIGHT.



IN THE MOVEMENT.

"I HAVE BEEN TOLD DAT YER HAVE BOUNCED JIMMY OLIVER WIDOUT SUFFICIENT GROUNDS. NOW, I'VE COME TER TELL YER DAT I'M SECRETARY OF DE DOUGHNUT BITERS' PERTECTIVE UNION, AN' DAT YER'VE NOT ONLY GOT TER TAKE JIMMY BACK AGIN, BUT DAT YER'VE GOT TER SUPPLY DE ASSOCIATION WID MILK AN' CANDIES FER A WEEK, OR DERE'LL BE EVERY WINDER IN DE PLACE BROKE, AN' DON'T CHER FERGIT IT!

PARTIALITY.

BUT forty days we can afford,
To cease from dinner, dance and revel;
This time's but "lent" unto the Lord;
The rest we *give* unto the devil.

G. E. Throop.

IN THE RESTAURANT.

BROWN: Aw, John, was Mr. Smith in heah yesterday?
JOHN: Yessir.
BROWN: Did he awsk awfter me?
JOHN: Yessir.
BROWN: What did you tell him?
JOHN: Told him you had gone for the day.
BROWN: Well, what did he say to that?
JOHN: "Good enough" was 'is werry words, sir.

THE Higginsville *Courier* says: "We are happy to say positively to our many readers that there *is* a Mr. James Brown Potter." It is gratifying to feel sure that the study of the microscope is so earnest and so successful in Higginsville.

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ETYMOLOGICAL.

NOW the melted snows of winter
From the gutters deep escape will,
And by aping flowing rivers
Give a name to sunny Ape-rill,

* * *

THE Boston *Courier* says that a man with a large family of daughters seldom keeps a dog.

Not in Massachusetts, at any rate. The surplus of femininity there seems to warrant the assertion that dogs are not needed.

* * *

EDWIN BOOTH is said to object to matinée performances on the ground that night is the proper time for stars to shine.

* * *

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES states that he was once offered pay for a poem in praise of a certain stove polish, but declined.

We see no good reason why the good Doctor should decline to sing the praises of a certain stove polish. If the stove polish were uncertain matters would be different.

* * *

VERY CATCHING.

* * *

THE fact that William was a man of peace probably gave rise to the proverb, "The Penn is mightier than the sword."

* * *

IT is too bad that Judge Hilton did not supplement Mr. Vanderbilt's gift to the Metropolitan Museum with the $66,000 Meissonier.

Water-carrier di Cesnola would have had a grand opportunity to make a composite painting of the two masterpieces if the Judge had been generous.

THE sun will go out, according to Sir William Thomson, in ten million years.

Good! This will give the Standard Oil Company a chance and for warmth, we always have our politics.

* * *

HE who seeks nourishment in overcooked meats is needlessly extravagant—chips are cheaper, says a gastronomic philosopher, who doesn't know what it is to take a friend's hand at poker.

* * *

THE Emperor William, it is said, is determined to live until Adam Badeau is dead. He trembles to think of the personal anecdotes that might be told of him.

* * *

THE man who spoke of the editor of the Drawer in *Harper's Magazine* as Charles Deadly Warning, was not far wrong if he knew of him simply as the Humorous Adviser of the great publishing house.

* * *

WITH Mr. Goblet at the head of affairs in France, the European Republic should be a great water-power in the land.

* * *

IF the High License bill becomes a law the rumsellers are going to retaliate with a bill increasing the water rates. What effect the success of such a measure will have on the milk industry is likely to become a serious question.

* * *

SINCE Columbia beat Harvard on the water and the other colleges on the baseball field, she has done considerable booming as a university.

If she can only repeat the successes of last season, we see no reason why a degree from Columbia should not be quite as good as one from Harvard or Yale.

* * *

A YONKERS dentist has recently failed because another man had a better pull than he.

* * *

THERE never was a counterfeit nickel in this world that did not eventually find its bob-tail car.

* * *

IT is rather hard on Mrsjamesbrownpotter that she and Buffalo Bill will be rivaling each other in London at the same time.

If the lady would only join forces with the Wild West Show the aggregate would give the American eagle such a chance to scream that the Queen's Jubilee would be as silent as a Presidential candidate on the Tariff question.

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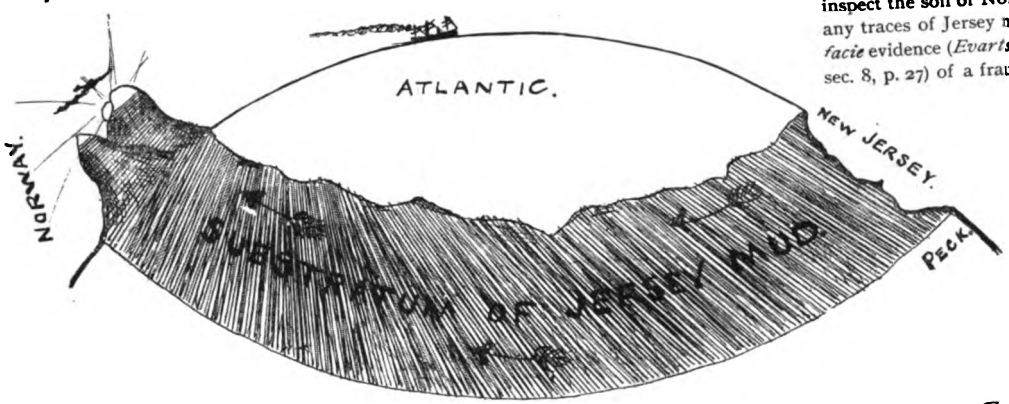
THE RISE AND FALL OF EMPIRES.

YEARS ago, when noting the changes in the earth's surface, scientists proclaimed that the shores of New Jersey were sinking; while, on the other hand, those of Norway were rising. They proved their case by personal inspection—first riding over the salt marshes (between New York and Newark) and then consulting pictures of Norway cliffs in back numbers of the *London Graphic*.



SCALE.

1 8 800 2 9 184 16 1 1/2

This statement made it plain to the sovereign people of New Jersey, that some mighty power was fooling with their State, and they asked themselves the question: "What can be done to remedy the evil?"

Then, like true Yankees, they went to work to find the answer. They hired the *Herald* chart maker to draw a profile map of the situation, and he has just completed his work.

The map shows the depression of the New Jersey and upheaval of the Norway coast, as compared with the surrounding surface of the earth. The substratum of Jersey mud extends down from the ocean's bed, and forms a belt of submarine soil from the state on one side to the kingdom on the other. As the Norway coast rises, it draws after it, by the suction system, this immense belt of mud, and New Jersey being fastened to the opposite end, is naturally obliged to follow—thus sinking slowly but surely below its former clothes-line altitude.

The extent of Norway's robbery will be fully appreciated by observing that her coast is already high enough to be snow-capped; while that of Jersey does not even rise to the low-water mark—or even to the requirement of a sunset gun.

The arrows show the direction in which the mass is moving—Norwayward. Above, upon the surface of the ocean, will be observed the steamer *Thingvalla*.

Please bear in mind that the above map is made in accordance with the theory of Columbus, *i. e.*, that the earth is round. LIFE, however, will not hold itself responsible for any miscalculation in this direction.

Certainly the result is astounding. The map shows the whole affair to be a clear case of national poaching.

Norway's crags draw thousands of tourists to her shores, consequently her cliffs are valuable. But, like a true monopolist, she is not satisfied with the earth, and is trying to better herself, even at the expense of a weaker neighbor; by an underground, syphonlike arrangement (see map) she saps the land from New Jersey. The malarial gases on the surface of our State press it down, while the rarefied air of cold Norway constantly lifts that country. Thus the natural agencies work, and Jersey falls while Norway rises.

What will be the ultimate result? Asbury Park, Ocean Grove and Long Branch will some day be watering-places in Norway.

Now, the only thing New Jersey gains by this is—*atmosphere*; for, by a well-known scientific law (*Huxley*, vol. viii., p. 1113), Nature abhors a vacuum; consequently, as the Yankee's land sinks, air rushes in to fill the vacant space.

Thanks to kind fate, her politicians, seeing a chance for patronage, will incorporate the matter into the next canvass as a "local issue," and thus aid their State—by the appointment of a Special Commission, which will be sent abroad, under fat salaries, and all expenses paid.

The members of this commission will at once inspect the soil of Norway, and if they find in it any traces of Jersey mud, they will have *prima facie* evidence (*Evarts, Rulings on Mud*, vol. ii., sec. 8, p. 27) of a fraud, and act accordingly.

First procuring an injunction against further trespass, they will present to the king of those parts, the claim of New Jersey, viz.:

1. $100 per cubic foot for all soil taken from the State of New Jersey, U. S. A.; or,

2. Send back, by the Thingvalla Line, all rocks and dirt wrongfully acquired.

And the king of those parts will doubtless accept the latter mode of reparation.

Wallace Peck.

VERY LIKELY.

Inquisitive Old Party: MY GOOD MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME WHO IS DEAD?

Newly Arrived Hibernian: NO, YER HONOR, BUT OI THINK IT'S THE GINTLEMAN IN THE HEARSE YONDER.

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A SKETCH OF ISAAC NEWTON.

Written for a Forthcoming Encyclopædia, with a view to animate the Encyclopedic style.

ISAAC NEWTON, who, coming after Bacon, may be styled the stepfather of English Science, first saw the light in Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642; but his investigations of the luminiferous ether at this date were not as profound as subsequently, he being confined to the house by a severe attack of milk-crust. As Isaac's natal day was the 25th of December, his biography is invested with all the peculiar charm of a Christmas story. We will not attempt to trace Newton's lineage, but the family was of great antiquity; for Isaac's grandfather was a centenarian, and his grandmother came near being an old maid. At school, the boy soon displayed remarkable mechanical genius by constructing a pneumatic putty-blower of 48 calibre for private use; and every school-boy has heard of Ike Newton's wonderful water-clock, which struck the years, rang fire-alarms, had a shower-bath-alarm attachment, and propelled a grist-mill on the eight-hour plan. At twelve o'clock it also gave an exhibition of Niagara Falls and the Lakes of Killarney; it is known to Science as Newton's Own Waterbury. How Sir Isaac would sneer, could he see a couple of peasants come out on the front porch of a modern Swiss clock and dance a hurried jig as the hours strike! And yet this is an age in which we know it all! Isaac's attentiveness to his studies was inversely as the head-master's distance; so he was taken from school to tend the farm. But so imbued was the lad with the great idea of the conservation of energy, that he would sit down in the shade, figuring out the binomial theorem on his cuff, when he ought to have been hay-making or treating the cattle for botts. One sultry but historic summer noon, between terms at Cambridge, Newton was seated under a gnarled apple-tree in his mother's garden, perusing the fly-leaf of Descartes to keep up his reputation. High over his head a june-bug burrowed deep into the plump cheek of a large horse-apple, swaying it gently on its stem. Suddenly the leafy canopy parted, and, cleaving the air, fell with a mellow thud on the head of the absorbed student, who, starting from his brown-study, instinctively exclaimed, "Foul and Out!"—at the same time glancing nervously as if he expected to be mobbed. But remembering that it was not half-holiday at Cambridge, and perceiving that cider and equilibrium had knocked out an apple by some freak of nature, he gradually took in the gravity of the situation. As he rubbed his head, he passionately asked himself why that apple had not bounded into space with the june-bug as a joyous satellite, and thus he was led to discover that majestic force which alike precipitates the frost-bitten persimmon to the vile dust from which it sprung, wheels the planets down the ruts of time, prevents the rain-drops from diluting the milky way, and enables the right-fielder to put in his work. The invention was not believed in for sixteen years; so the Keely motor may brace up. The time-serving and primitive papers of the day ridiculed Professor Newton until he gave a trial exhibition, and succeeded. Then they dusted up an abominable woodcut of some beef-eater at the last coronation, and pictured and lauded the philosopher. Our hero's sole weakness consisted in allowing himself to be knighted by Queen Anne for manipulating a magic-lantern at one of her tea-parties; but we note with a feeling of vindictive pleasure that he got into the Royal Society without amassing a fortune in America, and giving a blow-out to the Prince of Wales. Newton was the most patient and gentle of men. A bench-legged terrier of his once upset a candle and destroyed reams of priceless manuscript. Yet there was no hot word, no angry kick for the luckless brute. There was merely a new dogskin rug on the library floor next day. We owe much to this celebrated man. His researches in optics gave us everything from the single eye-glass to the aurora borealis; and in literature the Differential Calculus immortalizes his name, but it is not detraction to say that a *Key to Todhunter's Algebra* would have more endeared him to the student world.

Eureka Bendall.

AD SIMPLICITATEM.

FOLLY, you're the girl to love,
Always smiling, and as trim
As the hand within your glove—
As the hand you'll give to him
Who, one dear and dreamy day,
Bending over you, shall say:
"All my brain is strangely stirred,
Thinking of your pretty face
Peeping from the folds of lace—
Musing on a whispered word—
All my heart is in a whirl"—
Folly, you're the girl!

What you know is very slight,
Measured by a scholar's books;
Logic—what is wrong or right,—
Mathematics—in your looks,
Full of double curvèd lines
And of plus and minus signs;
Language—limited to one,
Rich in fascinating flaws,
Disobeying grammar laws,
Half in earnest, half in fun,
Yet with every word a pearl:—
Folly, you're the girl!

Books hold but a minor part
Of the lore a girl should know:
Better is the constant heart,
Constant now, and ever so;
Giving all its love to make
Life a heaven for Love s sake.
This is wisdom of the wise:
This it is belongs to you,
Shining brightly in those two
Soft and sympathetic eyes—
Giving man's poor heart a twirl—
Folly, you're the girl!

Idle Idyller.

IT IS STATED THAT THE MASSAGE TREATMENT, OR "LAYING ON OF HANDS," WAS MUCH IN VOGUE DURING THE EARLY ELIZABETHAN PERIOD.

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BOOKISHNESS

THE THACKERAY LETTER.

THE lovers of Thackeray have, for all these years since his death, carried with them the memory of a benignant, kindly man, who made rare sport of the foibles of men and women, while his heart was tender toward them. No adequate biography of him has been written to prove that this ideal Thackeray was the real one. But now a series of his unpublished letters is being made public through *Scribner's Magazine*, which show how lovable a man was the real Thackeray, who dined, and traveled, and slept, and had his little likes and dislikes, and unreasonable prejudices after the manner of all humanity. These letters can cause no revulsion of feeling, such as the Carlyle letters awakened. Indeed, those who may have still believed that there was something of the cynic about Thackeray, will now be compelled to own that he was a man, sincere, honest, genuine; that he often made jests while his heart was breaking, and that in his nature there were deeps of emotion and faith which his published books have hardly revealed.

The letters are a permanent contribution to good literature.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

A CLUB OF ONE. Passages from the Note-Book of a Man who might have been Sociable, with Marginal Summary by the Editor. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Lovely Wang. A Bit of China. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. Leisure Hour Series, No. 199. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

THE April number of the *Century* is of unusual interest and exceeding rich in illustrations. For frontispiece there is an excellent portrait of Nathaniel Hawthorne; and a good portrait of this master is always welcome. The whole number is made up of so many articles which must be read, and most of them illustrated in such reckless profusion that we feel like rebuking our neighbors for their extravagance. "Abraham Lincoln" is, as its projectors intended, as much a history of his time as of the man himself, and is laden with that knowledge for which all good citizens should thirst.

SCRAPS.

IN view of the popular expression, "Every once in a while," would it not be well to decide how many onces there are in a while?

BOSTON people have ceased speaking of a man as a book agent. He is now a book agent-leman. The word "expanse," too, is tabooed in polite circles, owing to the allusion in the last syllable.

THE knowledge that "murder on the high seas" is an extraditable offense has caused great consternation among *débutante* vocalists.

A DISTINGUISHED deadlinguist states that salve is not a good name for a corn remedy. Instead of corn-salve, he would have corn-vale.

THE reason that evil flourishes like the green bay-tree, is because money is the root of it.

THE new Governor of Pennsylvania is appropriately named. Proud is the State that wears a Beaver on its head.

EPICUREAN.

Waiter: DO YOU PREFER A DRY CHAMPAGNE?

Country Bridegroom: OH NO, WET!

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THE LAST

FIVE MINUTES

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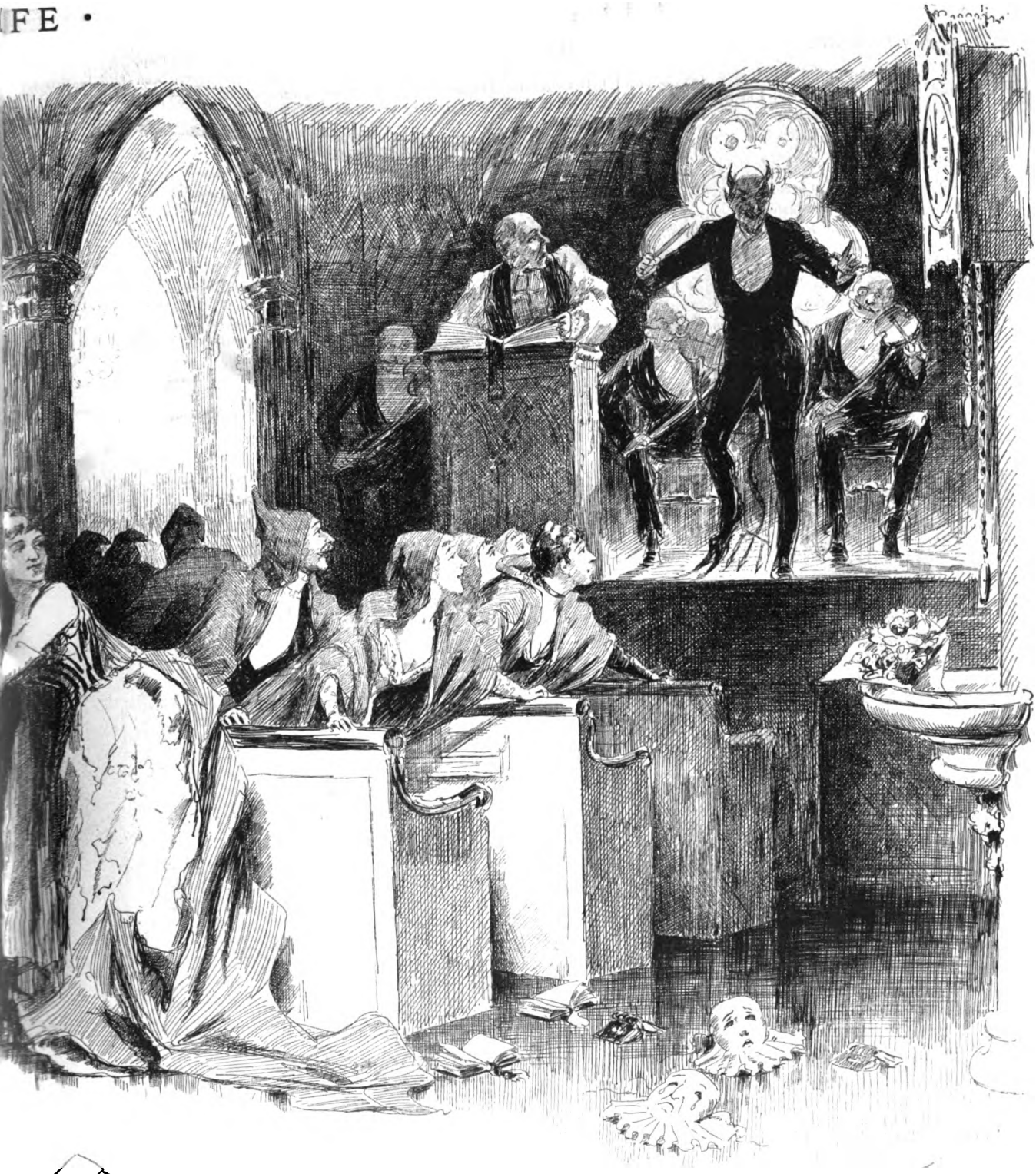

T OF LENT.

BEFORE EASTER.

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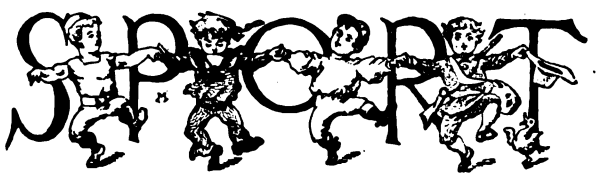
TO CELIA.

I WOULD not kiss you if I could—
I would not press your hand, I swear;
'Twere vain t'undo your silken snood,
To tempt me with your golden hair.

My arm abhors your dainty waist;
My head upon your virgin breast
Nor comfort can, nor rapture taste,
But sighs for pillows and for rest.

My eyes I close and turn away,
If but an ankle steal in sight.
And to your rippling laughter gay
I shut my ears with all my might.

And, yes, though you're the brightest miss,
That ever babbled French at school,
If you believe one word of this,
I'll laugh and call you—*April fool.*



A SMALL port bottle received at LIFE office last night confirms our suspicion that the ocean yacht race is over and that the *Coronet* wears the victor's jib. It contained a clipping from the *World* of last Monday, profusely illustrated with pictures of porous plasters showing the various positions which the winner occupied during the voyage, and announcing that through the enterprise of Mr. Pulitzer the yacht had that moment been sighted off Roche's Point.

The record of the *Coronet* is a fair one considering the difficulties she had to overcome. It is not so marvelous, however, as to cause any uneasiness in steamship circles, Captain Cook of the Cunarder *Etruria* feeling certain that his vessel is by all odds the faster in all respects, even including the passengers.

The sufferings on board the *Dauntless*, which arrived at Cork some days before she was sighted, form a horrible tale, which we would repeat were it not that it is copyrighted by our E. C. the N. Y. *Times*.

We may, however, editorially allude to the horrible situation in which the sailors and guests on the *Dauntless* found themselves after the third day out. The loss of the water-tank and four barrels of salted codfish brought them face to face with a most awful dilemma. The gallant yachtsmen had to choose between death by starvation or a surfeit. They chose the latter, and for thirteen days the devoted men lived on champagne, shad roe, *filet a la Delmonico*, deviled crab, and *pate de foie gras*. Not one scrap of hard-tack or Croton remained to them. Yet they survived, and up to this hour not one has been heard to murmur. It is not often that the world is called upon to applaud such heroism, and if Captain Samuels and his men do not transpire to be the children of Immortality, it will be because Immortality is a hard-hearted, unappreciative father.

Her Imperial Majesty, the Queen of England, has graciously intimated that she will accept the *Coronet* as a Jubilee present, should Mr. Bush see fit to offer his treasure. Mr. Bush, we are told, can be persuaded to see fit for the small sum of £30,000.

* * *

APROPOS of the *Coronet's* aristocratic title, we think it most inappropriate for a Republican vessel. We think if Mr. Bush was particularly set in naming his ship after some particular headgear, he should have chosen something more American. "The Liberty Cap," "Jonathan's Fur Hat," or "The Theatre Bonnet," would have been better than the *Coronet*, and would have signified that she "goes on ahead" just as well as the Anglomaniacal title.

* * *

CAPTAIN BOYTON, whose progress toward the New Jersey Coast in a rubber suit was arrested by a sportive wave which toyed with the swimmer to an unexpected degree, has been baled out by his friends, and will float from Albany to New York on a cake of ice this week.

The Captain's contributions to science have been most interesting, and it is to be hoped that he will crown a life of glorious achievement by swimming up Niagara Falls. Those who doubt that it requires genius to float on the bosom of the Atlantic until picked up by a passing steamer would be convinced by such an achievement as the Niagara experiment, and perhaps the owners of the Dodge statue would permit the bronze effigy of the great water expert to sit on top of the piece of corrugated sewer pipe, against which the late philanthropist is made to lean so elegantly and gracefully. A fountain shared thus would be a most affecting testimonial to undying greatness.

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$

PATTI is here, and it only costs seven dollars to sit in the orchestra and hear her sing! Yet we know for a certainty that many a sordid New Yorker would rather have fourteen dollars in his pocket than take his wife to the opera. To this have we sunk, we brutes! Mme. Adelina Patti and Mr. Henry E. Abbey deserve all the money they can get, and they mean to get all they can lay their hands on. We are a mighty people, we Americans; but we have our little peculiarities, like many a barnyard fowl, and if properly worked we are well worth visiting. Seven dollars!

And the mortifying feature of it is that every seat will be taken. When we recall the Morgan sale, it really seems as if there were no limit to our intelligence.

JUST OFF THE "DAUNTLESS."

HOST: Have a glass of champagne, Charlie; it will do you good.

YACHTSMAN: No, thank you; I've drunk nothing but wine for the past four days. Water-tank burst, you know.

OUR OLD FRIEND BOGGS, WHO KNOWS NEW YORK IN THE SPRING, IS PREPARING FOR A VISIT TO THE CITY.

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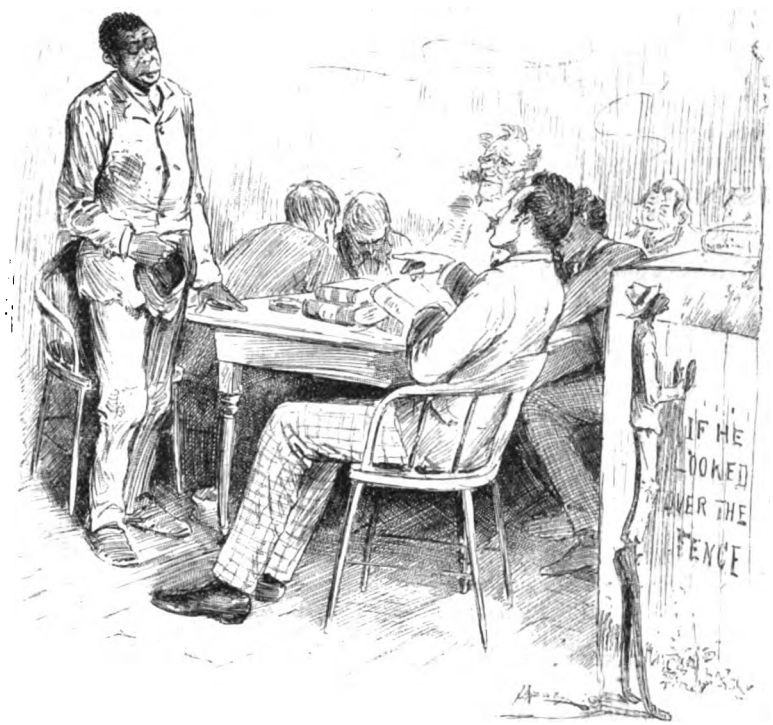


EITHER PERJURED HIMSELF, OR HAD REMARKABLE FEET.

"NOW, YOU SAY, MR. KOLBY, THAT YOU STOOD OUTSIDE, AND, LOOKING OVER THE FENCE, SAW THE DEFENDANT HERE STRIKE MR. SMITH."

"YES, SAH."

"HOW TALL ARE YOU, KOLBY?"

"'BOUT FIVE FOOT SIX, SAH."

"THEN TELL ME, IF YOU PLEASE, HOW YOU COULD STAND AND LOOK OVER A NINE-FOOT FENCE?"

"I STOOD ON MY TIPTOES, SAH."

HOW TO POPULARIZE RELIGION.

PUCK thinks that doing away with the contribution box would tend to popularize religion, and the Norristown *Herald* believes that the absence of the sermon might help.

Both contemporaries speak truly; but we think the choir ought to go too. We won't say where they should go to, because no man is certain where he will bring up himself, and we hope to keep clear of the choir as long as we are alive or dead.

WANTED TO KNOW THE TUNE.

MISS BROWN: You say you have left college, Mr. Platt?

Mr. PLATT (*very dignified and with an air*): Yes, I am at present tutor to the Taylor children.

SMALL BROTHER OF MISS B. (*much interested*): I say, what can you *toot?*

MRS. O'HOOLIHAN, commenting on the number of deaths that occurred this late cold season, remarked that there "were payple doiying neow that niver doied befoore!"

SUBLIME ASSURANCE.

"SAY, lend me your umbrella, will you?"

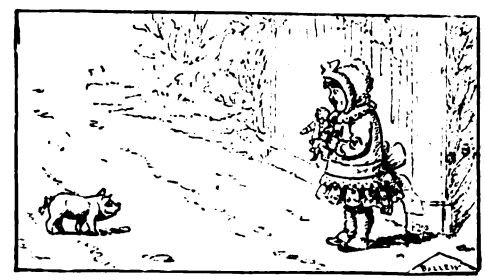
"Why, it's raining yet!"

"Well, that's the reason I want it."

CAPTAIN BOYTON should spell his name Buoyton.

JUST CAME TO HANNED.

THERE was a young man who had planned,
To purchase a small piece of lanned,
But he spent all his boodle
In buying a poodle,
Which every one told him was granned.



"Oh, mama! come and see ze dear 'ittle tiney, tawnty 'ittle piggy-wiggy."

"Nice piggy—n-n-n-ice 'ittle piggy—go way!"

"Boo-ooh! ooh! M-a-a-a-mar!"

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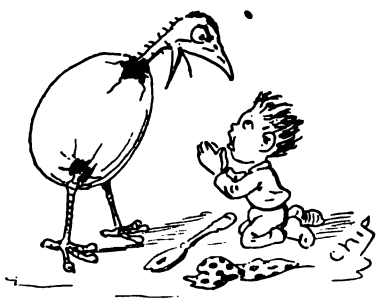

YOU ARE THE YOUNG MAN WHO THOUGHT OF HAVING ME ON TOAST, ARE YOU?

FOR FORM'S SAKE.

WHEN I behold her taper waist
Within its bodice snugly laced,
Then say I, "Love, no figure rare
With thine can even half compare."

"Could Paris (who with bumpkin's eyes,
To dumpy Venus gave the prize),
Have seen thy hour-glass form divine,
The golden apple had been thine."

She gives a quivering gasp, a start!
Have I——no, I've not touched her *heart*,
'Tis fashion's fetter makes her pant;
She's trying to draw her breath—and can't.

H. D. C.

THE *Household* says: "The coming woman will walk five miles a day."

It will take her a long time to get here at that rate.

THE best singer is the one who can reach the highest notes.

Musical and bank notes are both included in this remark.

CARTER HARRISON is said to have an eye on the Vice-Presidency.

Chicago is a good preparatory school for Vice.

LORD TENNYSON has issued his Jubilee poem, and some driblets of it have come over the cable. The occasion is fit to inspire the Laureate to a greater effort than is common. LIFE hopes his American critics will suspend judgment on his performance until they get the whole *Carmen sacculare*, with the t's crossed and i's dotted, and the stops all in place. The practice of drawing conclusions from disjointed fragments of new poetry by Tennyson and Browning, strung on a wire, is unfair.

SHE WAS NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE GAME.

IT was the day before Easter, and she (being inclined that way) was arranging the flowers. Her escort, having no taste in decoration, sauntered out of church, and, returning, offered her two fine Winter Nelis pears.

"I can't take them now," said she, "my hands are full." Then she wondered why some of the more worldly of the bystanders laughed, when he said, sadly (and perhaps reminiscently, being inclined that way), "Why not? A full hand takes two pairs."

THE vice precedent of our society. Rum.

ABSOLUTELY FLIRTATION PROOF.

WIFE of a rich rural Californian at her first grand dinner.

THE COLONEL OFFERS HIS ARM: I am to have the pleasure of taking you out to dinner, Mrs. A.

RICH RURAL WIFE: Go 'long with you; my husband is here; take your own wife out!

REGINALD: "And now, Miss Daisy, your brother is going to sing "Salve Dimora." Can he take high C?

UNMUSICAL MISS DAISY: Oh, yes; he takes everything he can get!

AFTER THE ELOPEMENT.

He: NOW THAT THE DANGER IS ALL PAST, DARLING, REMOVE YOUR VEIL AND LET ME GAZE AGAIN ON THAT CHARMING FACE. HOW NICELY WE OUTWITTED THE OLD MAN, DIDN'T WE.

She (removing veil): OI DOAN' KNOW ABOUT *that*, SIR. MISS HELEN'S FAYTHER LOCKED HER IN TH' CHELLAR ABOOT AN HOUR AGONE, AN' OI JIS' KEM ALONG TER KAPE YEZ FROM BEIN' DISHAPPINTED.

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AS GOOD AS A DIVIDEND.

"GREAT accident on our road!" exclaimed the private secretary as he rushed in on the president.

"What—where?"

"At Four-Mile Creek, an hour ago."

"Many killed?"

"Yes, forty or fifty."

"Thank Heaven! If only two or three had been killed we'd have had to pay $5,000 apiece for them. If forty or fifty are mashed we can plead that it was a dispensation of Providence."—*Wall Street News.*

ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN THE WORLD.

"I BEG your pardon, madam, but you are sitting on my hat." "Oh, pray excuse me! I thought it was my husband's."—*Burdette.*

THE late Mr. William R. Travers liked Bermuda enormously, but it would seem that he found its comforts not altogether unalloyed. A friend who recently visited him there was congratulating him on his improved appearance.

"This is a grand place for change and rest," said his friend. "Just what you needed."

"Yes," replied Mr. Travers, sadly. "Th-th-this is a magn-ni-ni-nif-ficent place f-f-f-for b-b-both. The ni-ni-niggers look out f-f-f-for the ch-ch-ch-*change*, and the hotel ke-ke-keepers take th-th-the *rest*."—*Town Topics.*

ASSISTANT EDITOR: Here are two cable despatches—one to the effect that war in Europe is inevitable, and the other that peace is assured. Which do you want used?

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Which did we publish yesterday?

ASSISTANT EDITOR: War.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Then use peace to-day. People want variety.—*Puck.*

COMPETING FOR A PRIZE.

"YOU will want to enter something for the county fair, I suppose, Mr. Hayseed?" said the chairman of the agricultural society.

"Waal, yes," replied Mr. Hayseed; "you kin put me down for the biggest hog in the county."—*Harper's Bazar.*

IN FULL DRESS.

"WHY, mamma!" said little Mary, looking up from a catalogue of the Stewart collection, where there was a picture of the "Greek Slave," "did people really ever *dress* like that?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

AT THE RESTAURANT.

WAITER: I beg pardon, Mr. Brown, but you don't order such dinners as your boys.

MR. BROWN: Umph! My father isn't as rich as theirs.—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE COMPOSITE MUGWUMP PHOTOGRAPH.

A CHICAGO photographer has been much interested in the subject of composite photography, as illustrated in the March *Century*. A few days ago he took a negative of a Chinese idol, by way of experiment, and by successively superimposing thereupon the negatives of a rhinocerous, a donkey, a King Charles spaniel, a pelican, a gorilla, a Flat-head Indian, and a Dutch cheese, he has secured a pretty fair photograph of a mugwump.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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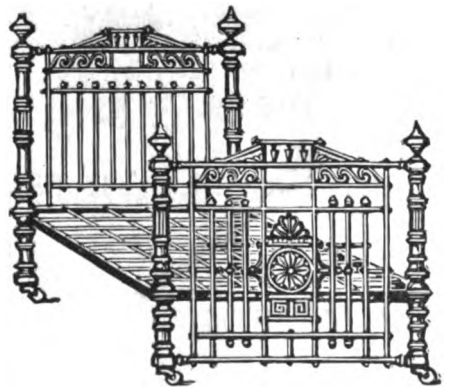

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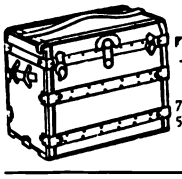

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THE hanging of the Anarchists having been postponed until next fall, these gentlemen will spend the summer in Chicago. Some people call this a reprieve. —*Indianapolis Journal.*

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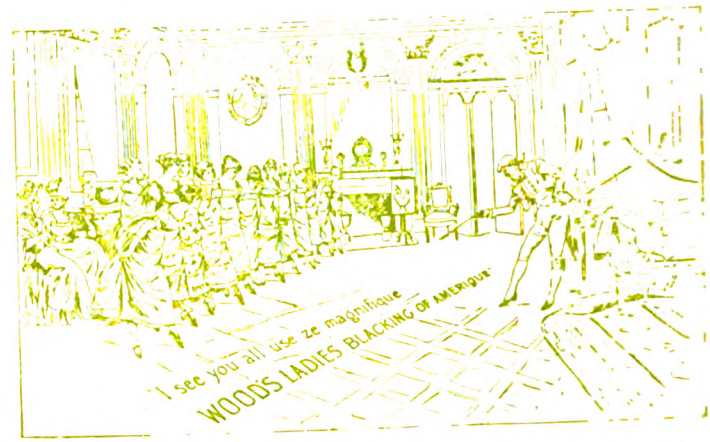

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, APRIL 14, 1887. NUMBER 224.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SVM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

A BLUFF GAME.

Doctor: NOW, MY LITTLE MAN, YOU TAKE THIS MEDICINE AND I WILL GIVE YOU FIVE CENTS.

Young America: YOU TAKE IT YOURSELF AND I WILL GO YOU FIVE CENTS BETTER.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. APRIL 14, 1887. No. 224.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

A CRYING want is a proper greeting for Easter. LIFE has a cheerful young friend who turns out of an Easter morning in a shiny hat and with a bunch of violets in his buttonhole, and meets his acquaintances with the announcement that "The Lord has Risen!" It is certainly a word in season, and he puts so much sunshine and urbanity into it that he needs no other greeting. But all of us have not his talents. It is the common way to let the natural feelings break out in apparel and flowers, but elsewise to leave them unspoken. A Merry Christmas! A Happy New Year! are recognized cries; but no adjective has come down predisposed to be tacked on to Easter, and we fear it is idle to try to invent one. Easter is not the only sign of spring. Anything, meteorologically speaking, may come at this season on any day. The weather may start in Florida or in Montana; in either case it gets here in good preservation, and a straw is a burden or a heavy overcoat a luxury merely according to where the start is made. But from the South come indisputable proofs that spring has set in. The sea-serpent has been seen off the coast of Southern California, and nine persons were poisoned in Memphis about a week ago by ice-cream. These are the sort of swallows that spring is made of. Ice-cream rages even in northern latitudes the year around, but the sort that tastes of the freezer and strikes in is summer ice-cream and no other.

* * *

THE Washington physician who spoke disparagingly of the health of the President is getting no thanks. His professional brethren talk of eliminating him from their ranks, and though they will hardly do that, it is likely that he will not prescribe for Mr. Cleveland again unless he is regularly called in. The President declares himself to be sound, and not yet advised by any failure of his energies that he is not good for another term. He is busy with the work in hand, and not disposed to disturb his mind about his chances of being his own successor. Which is fortunate, for if he should undertake to keep track of the "straws" collected by the esteemed morning journals of this town alone, he would have no leisure for the duties of his office. Scarcely anyone who deals in politics seems to take less thought about the future occupancy of the White House than its present tenant.

* * *

THE man who said "murder will out" seems to have had no just conception of the obscurity of life in New Jersey.

* * *

MR. BLAINE, who is on a Western trip this spring, took occasion to upbraid the citizens of St. Louis for that they never recognized or commemorated the services of Thomas Jefferson to their town. Mr. Blaine says, and we presume it is true, that Jefferson bought the land on which St. Louis stands from Napoleon I., and he thinks the Missouri people ought to have raised a monument to their purchaser long ago. It has long been considered good Republican doctrine that Jefferson was something between the Bob Ingersoll and the Carter Harrison of his day, and it looks as if Mr. Blaine's historical studies had upset his political judgment when he talks of monuments to the chief bugaboo of his party.

* * *

THERE are rumors, by the way, that Carter Harrison's glory is departed, and that the City Hall in Chicago is about to know him no more. Good-bye, Carter. Don't hurry back. It will spare your feelings to be out of town when the Anarchists are hanged.

* * *

THE rumor of the loss of the *Scythia* that disturbed New York and Boston ten days ago, remains unaccounted for. It was a very curious rumor, and about thirty Boston reporters, who rode most of the night in the cars and walked several miles through slush, are anxious to know who started it.

* * *

THE Kissane story reads as though it might be "continued" in the next number of *The Weekly Hair-Raiser*. The Eastern public is still uncertain whether the W. K. Rogers identified as Kissane is the same who was lately private secretary to Rutherford B. Hayes. They will want to know very definitely about this before the District Attorney quashes that indictment.

* * *

IS there no way of getting rid of the Fifth Avenue bus? A greater nuisance was never allowed to travel unchained. The ability of the managers to economize seems absolutely without limit, and we expect soon to see the noisy nuisances shaking up and down the streets, with one horse and an automatic self-paying driver.

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WHEN FIRST THE MAID I LOVE, I WOOED.

WHEN first the maid I love, I wooed,
I gave the rein to hope and passion;
She smiled at my excited mood,
And told me "love was out of fashion."

In dainty verses next I tried
To move her by my pretty wit;
She tossed each ardent page aside
And clearly would have none of it.

I took her to my father's bank,
And showed her vaults of smiling gold;
I laughed at love and lauded rank,
And there again my tale I told.

The dawn of love was in her eyes—
Her answer was not hard to guess;
I saw her bosom fall and rise—
She blushed and softly answered "Yes."

Henry Emerson.

METEOROLOGICAL.

VISITOR (*in a mountainous New England town to a resident Professor*): Good morning, sir; this is *beau-ideal* weather.

PROFESSOR: Yes, but come here a couple of months later and we'll show you some *boreal* weather.

AN APRIL FOOL.

TIME, APRIL 1ST.

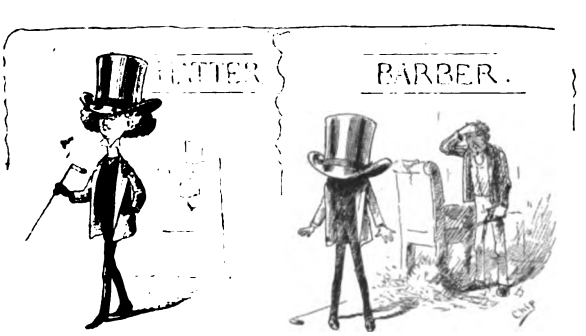
YOUNG HOPEFUL: Papa, has the signal service man been trying to fool us? because the clear weather flag is up and it has snowed all day.

PROUD PARENT: I suppose he has, my son.

(*Several days after—A clear day and the general rain flag up.*)

YOUNG HOPEFUL: He has been trying to fool us again, Papa, but April fool is gone and past and he's the biggest fool at last.

THE Democratic party is safe not to run down Hill—at least while Mr. Cleveland is at the head of it.



HE DIDN'T HAVE HIS HAIR CUT BEFORE BUYING HIS NEW SPRING HAT.

A FLASH FROM THE TORCH.

Mrs. H.: ISN'T IT HIGH, WILLIAM?

Mr. H. (*sadly*): YES, MY LOVE, LIBERTY USUALLY DOES COME HIGH.

NEXT MORNING.

CHAPPIE: Haw, Cholly, how feel?
CHOLLY: Immense. How you?
CHAPPIE: First Clawss. How's head?
CHOLLY: Immense.
CHAPPIE: Haw, naturally.
CHOLLY: Haw.

A HARD time. — The Iron Age.

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THE CLOSE OF LENT.

LENT is over, and the sinner
Now resumes the ball and dinner,
While the trees are bringing forth their dainty buds.

Those who fasted well or ill,
Set the pace much faster still,
In a grand display of fashionable duds.

* * *

PHILADELPHIA fathers can derive considerable comfort from the knowledge that their sons are now referred to as "fast young men."

* * *

THE *World* confesses that it takes twenty-one hundred and seventy-six pounds of ink to print its Sunday edition.

It is strange that so much weight should go to make such a light paper.

* * *

THE New Jersey police came very near tracing the Rahway murderer last week, but a New York detective interfered and lost the clue.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN who has tried both says that he cannot decide which is the more cheerful, the business of an undertaker or a week at Old Point Discomfort.

* * *

IT is announced that Mr. Vanderbilt's new yacht rolls; but so does Mr. Vanderbilt—in wealth.

* * *

BOSTONIANS retain a large portion of the Puritanic cruelty of their fore mothers and fathers.

At a Longfellow memorial held at the Hub last week, Mr. Howells and some other authors had to stand up and read their own works.

Some people enjoyed the spectacle, but we think the punishment was a little too large for the crime.

* * *

DR. FULTON'S crusade against the Roman Catholic Church is succeeding beautifully.

At least ten Roman Catholics have died in Brooklyn since the Doctor began his work.

* * *

THERE is a measure before the legislature to exempt religious institutions from the water-tax.

We are glad to know that our legislators appreciate what we all owe to religion, but we think the bill should be amended so as to exclude the Baptists from its workings. There is no reason why the State should show undue favoritism to any one sect.

MR. HOWELLS is not very well satisfied with the condition of fiction.

Perhaps the eminent realist has been reading W. D. H.

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has done a good thing in promoting Mr. Fairchild to the Treasury portfolio.

We are assured, on the highest authority, that Mr. Fairchild can tell a counterfeit coin a mile off.

* * *

THE number of poor servant girls who have waked up to find that they were murdered in New Jersey week before last is appalling.

There are almost enough of them to organize a labor union and boycott their identifiers.

* * *

"NO EASTER EGG OF ME, THANK YOU!"

* * *

BUNYAN said that "Humility is the light of understanding."

This explains why the man with light understanding feels humiliated when wearing knickerbockers.

* * *

"NOTHING," writes Balzac, "is irredeemably ugly but sin."

Balzac died without seeing Ben Butler.

* * *

THE Czar of Russia gets homesick if a week goes by without his attempted assassination.

He is changing his mind about might making right, especially when it is dynamite.

* * *

JOHANN MOST is very like the month of March. He is windy. He went in like a lion and came out like a lamb.

We hope he will continue the parallel, and, like March, keep quiet for a year or so.

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DE PROFUNDIS.

'TIS a strange, strange fate that has brought her here,
To this sad old winter resort;
How the sight of her name brings back the time
When I hopelessly paid my court.

As I seek my room through the hallway dim,
I pause as I pass her door;
And the old romance, with a pang dies out—
For I hear my lost love—snore!

Roland King.

THAT HOUSE IN FLA.

A man in St. Augustine, Fla.
Built a house which was almost all ca.
There was nothing so nt.,
As *he* thought, in the st.,
But his guests said that nothing was ha.

COLOR BLIND.

MRS. JOHNSON (*full-blooded negress*): Gawge, go wash yo' face, it's all black.

GEORGE (*her ten-year old son, after carefully examining his face in a 3x4 fragment of looking-glass*): I don' want to wash, ma; I don' see no black.

ONE of the favorite sackcloths for Lent was sealskin sacque cloth. No ashes.

STATISTICAL.

THERE are 23,000 prohibition drug-stores in Georgia, or one jug to each inhabitant.

OUT OF ORDER.—A non-union man.

A SEAL-SKIN.—A notary public.

A JOKE-OWES MAN.—The editor of a comic paper.

SOCIAL CO-OPERATION.

DEBUTANTE: "What beautiful china the de Jones have."

OLD STAGER: "'Tis rather pretty. It looked much better at Smythe's last week, though. Smythe's mahogany table rather set it off."

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BOOKISHNESS

MR. WHEELWRIGHT'S "DRIVES" AT BOSTON.

IT is refreshing to find a Boston writer who is not so oppressed with the surpassing intellectual greatness of that center of learning but that he can make a little mild fun of his fellow-townsmen. John T. Wheelwright has had the temerity to make the hero of his novel, "A Child of the Century" (Charles Scribner's Sons), a man who was "suffering from a severe attack of Boston," and who, to escape from the depressing atmosphere, fled to Europe only to fall in love. It would appear from this that the only cure for a "severe attack of Boston" is to divert the disease from its acute form of *self-love* to the love of another. If the external object of affection is a rich and beautiful girl from Cincinnati, the cure will probably be complete and permanent.

* * *

AND Mr. Wheelwright, with still more audacity, says through one of his characters: "There must be some life in Boston, outside of the novels, as dramatic as it is elsewhere. The novelists of the day delight in analyzing men's motives; and it seems to me that many of them have taken out all their works so often to inspect them, that, like the little boy who performs this operation upon his father's Frodsham watch, they cannot put them together again."

These are the sentiments which LIFE has persistently asserted for three or four years, and we welcome Mr. Wheelwright to a front seat on the "mourner's bench" of repentant Bostonians. May he never write any more verses about "savage" critics who "stab the Bostonese," but keep right on in his good work of doing a little satirical stabbing on his own account!

* * *

THE author has also dared to do another thing at which his fellow-Bostonians will be shocked—he has used a great deal of sharp, crisp, every-day American-English. It is not extremely elegant, but it is expressive, and (to follow his example) "it gets there all the same."

These American witticisms sparkle on a good many pages. Often they do not ring quite true, or are "stale and unprofitable" through age. But they are bright enough to keep one awake and wondering what is on the next page. It was certainly a good, though not entirely novel, thing to say that *Sewell* had been brought to manhood "under the ægis of a protective tariff and a Puritan ancestry;" that "in most cases a man in love is a nuisance to everybody," and that four Boston girls "appeared used to society, yet, at the same time, inured to a lack of attention from men."

* * *

THE first half of this novel is the best. Even the conventional transatlantic voyage is attractively described, and Paris and Etretat are made interesting. From the time of *Sewell's* return to Boston the story loses its coherence. We are given a Mugwump campaign in that city, a Speakership fight in Washington, the usual rich-man's ball for political purposes, and a very commonplace defalcation. They have little to do with the story—indeed almost any kind of incident could have been used to fill in the necessary interval of agony between the Boston man's discovery that he was in love, and the time when his courage reaches the proposing point. He seems to have been an exceedingly faint-hearted lover for a Mugwump.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE FEUD OF OAKFIELD CREEK. A Novel of California Life. By Josiah Royce. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Latest Studies on Indian Reservations. By J. B. Harrison. Indian Rights Association, Philadelphia.

Natural Law in the Business World. By Henry Wood. Lee & Shepard.

Practical Cheirosophy. A Synoptical Study of the Science of the Hand. By Edward Heron-Allen. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Christ before Pilate. A Steel Engraving of Munkacsy's Painting. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

SEWED WITH THE WRONG MACHINE.

HENDERSON DETECTS A LOOSE THREAD IN THE SEAM OF HIS NEW SPRING TROUSERS.

A QUICK PULL REVEALS THE FACT THAT HIS TROUSERS WERE NOT MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND.

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THE EFFECT OF CULTURE.

Boston Girl: OH, MOTHER! I DID SOMETHING AWFULLY IMMODEST AT THE PARTY TO-NIGHT.

Mother: WHY, MY DEAR CHILD, WHAT WAS IT?

B. G.: THAT HORRID BOUQUET MR. BEACON SENT ME HAD SOME CINNAMON PINKS IN IT. THEY MADE ME SNEEZE, AND—BUT I CAN'T SAY IT.

Mother: GO ON!

B. G.: MY GLASSES FELL OFF, AND MR. BEACON SAW MY BARE FACE!

LESSONS IN LITERATURE.

PROF.: Mr. Osborne, you say Mr. James was born in America.

MR. OSBORNE: Yes, sir.

PROF.: He is an American, then?

MR. O.: Oh, no, sir! he would never be anything so vulgar. He is English!

PROF.: Where do you gather that?

MR. O.: From his books, Professor.

PROF.: Do you mean to say he despises his own country?

MR. O.: Oh, no! he merely wishes to set it an example.

PROF.: Ah! I see. Now, Mr. Osborne, tell me, to what school of literature does he belong?

MR. O.: The linguistic school.

PROF.: What are the characteristics of that school?

MR. O.: the power of making words mean what you please.

PROF.: That is very flattering to the reader, is it not?

MR. O.: Very. It makes him do most of the work.

PROF.: Then Mr. James is a great genius?

MR. O.: Yes, sir; he is wonderful.

PROF.: What does Mr. James chiefly admire in nature?

MR. O.: Mr. Howells.

PROF.: How is that?

MR. O.: I cannot say. Mr. Howells' essay in *The Century* on Mr. James may explain it.

PROF.: What is Mr. James' most marked characteristic?

MR. O.: His power of analysis.

PROF.: How does he use that power?

MR. O.: In showing his characters in every possible light, at all hours of the day and night, and in all conceivable attitudes.

PROF.: What effect does this have?

MR. O.: His publishers are constrained to spend large sums for paper in the manufacture of his works.

PROF.: Any other effect?

MR. O.: It tends to increase the World's stock of profanity.

PROF.: Very well, so far. Now, what can you say of the plots of this author's novels?

MR. O.: I do not understand you, Professor.

PROF.: The plots, I said; the plots! What about them?

MR. O.: I did not see anything like that in his works.

PROF.: Oh, you didn't! What does he say to that?

MR. O.: He says he does not need any. You see, he writes well enough without them.

PROF.: But would he not be thought better of if he preserved the unities?

MR. O.: Oh, no! he would then be judged by the same standard as the great writers.

Andrew F. Underhill.

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"KNOWLEDGE

VERY TRUE, GENTLEMEN, AN

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FE ·

E IS POWER."

ND SO IS GOOD HEALTH.

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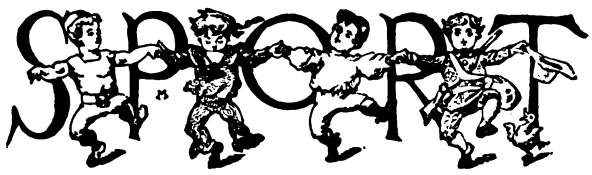

I HAVE it on undeniable authority that the disagreement between Captain Samuels and the owner of the *Dauntless* arose from Mr. Colt's desire to sail closer to the horizon, which Captain Samuels, knowing the difficulties attending such a course, resolutely refused to do.

For my part, I think Captain Samuels should have obeyed his employer even if he was ordered to saw the ship's log into laths and construct a hen-coop on the hatchway. An owner has some rights which even an employé is bound to respect.

I do not place much credence in the report that the *Coronet* won because the food gave out, and it became a matter of life and death with those on board to reach Queenstown before Tuesday. Any one who has crossed the ocean is, of course, aware that the sea abounds in edibles of the most delicious kind. Who that has feasted on *Gulls Fricassees* can ever forget the delight of that epicurean indulgence? What sort of man is he who retains anything but pleasant memories of Albatross-on-Toast, seasoned with the salt of the atmosphere, the pepper of hunger, and the mustard of appetite?

Rather let us attribute the *Coronet's* victory to the dreadful condition of affairs existing in the *Dauntless's* larder, allusion to which was made in these columns last week. After living five days on champagne and Welsh rarebits, the devoted crew of the defeated vessel found themselves so heavily overloaded that speed became impossible, and the bird of victory, which up to that period had swooped dangerously near the *Dauntless's* spars, flew off at a decided tangent and perched on the bowsprit of her rival.

The losers may take consolation in the fact that though their vessel was slower, their living was much faster than that of those on board the *Coronet*.

* * *

I LEARN from private advices from Boston that a novel series of contests is to be inaugurated at the Hub. Under the auspices of an Athletico-Literary Society, having its being on Beacon Street, Boston, is to challenge the United States to an All-around General Superiority Match, to take place in the early summer. The trophy offered is a belt, elaborately and appropriately carved, and is to be awarded to that city which furnishes the best literary-athletic team. The contest is to consist of a ball match, a prize fight, a prize poem contest, an analytical-novel writing race, a high jump, and a debate on the authorship of Richard III., for points. With such a team as the Boston nine—John L. Sullivan, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Howells, a dark jumper, and James Russell Lowell, it may be readily imagined that Boston is well equipped for the fray. I haven't much doubt that New York could beat Boston at baseball, but with the exception of Captain Williams and Edgar Fawcett to pit against Sullivan and Howells, we haven't much of a chance at the other points of the contest. If Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, could be prevailed upon to enter for the jump, there might be some prospect of our winning; but if Boston's dark horse should transpire to be ex-Governor Butler, Mr. Dana would undoubtedly withdraw and Boston would win by default.

Nothing has been finally determined upon as yet, and the originators of the scheme may include a prize exhibition of Boodle Aldermen, so that New York may enter with some prospect of success. I hope the leaders of our literary and athletic communities will take the matter in hand, so that we may be well represented. Boston has already spent $10,000 on Mike Kelly, and Chicago has made an ineffectual effort to secure Mr. Lowell. Cannot New York afford a few paltry dollars for a Poet?

* * *

A NEW game which properly comes under the head of Sport is called "Progressive Lincoln." A copy of the *Century Magazine* is placed on each of the play-tables, which are arranged as in Progressive Euchre. The players then proceed to find anything they can about Abraham Lincoln in the "History of the Martyred President" now running in the *Magazine*. Those who find five remarks about him first are declared winners and move forward, while those who fail retrogress, as in all the progressive games now so popular.

The game is destined to become a great favorite with society people, but one precaution should always be taken. Chapters of the history which contain five allusions to the subject must be provided for the game, otherwise the evening is likely to go by without any winners, and drag correspondingly.

* * *

A SMART man is Captain Samuels. He writes a book, gets it recommended by a bishop, and then gets up a twenty thousand dollar yacht race to advertise it. It is a good book, a credit to its author and its backer, and a joy to its readers.

IS THIS MIND READING?

Blindfolded Medium (with pistol): YOU STARTED FROM THE BANK AN HOUR AGO WITH A PILE OF TEN AND TWENTY DOLLAR BILLS, WHICH YOU HAVE AT THE PRESENT MOMENT IN THE INSIDE POCKET OF YOUR WAISTCOAT; YOU HAVE ALSO TWO ROLLS OF GOLD COIN IN YOUR TROUSERS' POCKET. WILL YOU KINDLY THROW UP YOUR HANDS FOR A FEW MOMENTS WHILST I CONVINCE MYSELF WHETHER I AM RIGHT OR WRONG IN MY SURMISES? *He was right.*

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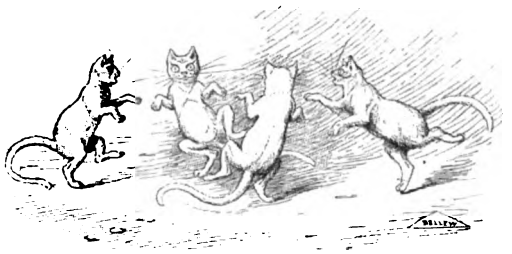
FRENCH PHRASES FOR YOUNG BEGINNERS.



Pas de Quatre.

Pa de Two.

Pas de Two.

THE YEARN OF THE INSOLVENT SWELL.

OH, for a lodge in the Pribydor Islands!
Shaded, secluded and far from the world;
Oh, for a home in the Thibetan highlands!
Where Nature her forces chaotic has hurled.

Mine be a cot, far in wilds Patagonian,
Swept by the surges of ocean and storm,
Or a cave in the depths of some island Ionian,
Out of all sight of a curst human form!

Or a dreamy air-castle, wherein to take leave of
The earth and its turmoil, its sorrows and fits—
In short any refuge that mind can conceive of
Which tailors' can't reach with their d— "Please, remits."

Albert Comstock.

THE DIARY OF A PROFESSIONAL DINER-OUT.

I.

FEBRUARY 10TH.—Dined at the Morgan's last night. The Morgans are pretty new people, and have had a rather tough struggle in climbing the giddy heights of society. They still show a lack of "form" and knowledge of the world by a tendency to be religious, and old man Morgan actually said grace before dinner began! This was an entirely new experience to me, and as it was a very faintly mumbled affair, I did not realize what was going on, and started off in the middle of it upon a delightful anecdote about a Boston lady who married a New Yorker for her first husband, a Baltimorean for her second, a Charleston man for her third, and was in hopes of so adjusting matters that she would be able to pass her declining years in the balmy air of Florida. The rather awkward silence that followed this *contretemps* was at last broken by Mrs. Morgan, who said to me by way of reproof, "Mr. Carroll, I heard some people talking you over the other day, and they all agreed that you ought to get married." Whereupon I explained that I should only be too happy to do so, but I had unfortunately bought too many horses at auction—horses that were apparently perfect, both physically and dispositionally, but which had turned out on closer acquaintance to be utterly worthless. I was called "horrid," and voted a brute for this comparison, and so for the moment was obliged to subside and turn my attention to the young lady who I had "taken in." She was, as I soon discovered, a child of the Quaker City, and—ah, me! is there anything in the wide world so charming as a Philadelphia girl? It is extremely odd that a town who's name is synonymous for death and oblivion, whose streets are grass-grown, and where the tram-cars run in only one direction, should give rise to such delightful creatures. Let me add that I am a judge in the matter, having enjoyed profound experience of all the various species, beginning with the Boston girl, who is so high-bred, but so much like her own hard rock-bound coast. It is a never-ceasing pleasure to me to watch a thermometer as a Boston girl approaches, and see the mercury scuttle down into the bulb as fast as ever its legs can carry it. And then one turns to the New York girls for relief; it is impossible, however, to classify them, for there are so many of the dear creatures, and so many crosses and breeds and goodness knows what not, that you can only buckle on your stoutest armor and pray to escape with a few remnants of your heart remaining to you.

But I am dragging the anchor of my discourse most inexcusably; let me come back to my haven beside the Sanctissima from Philadelphia. Ah, me! she was so charming, so unconscious, such a little patrician, and so cordial and sympathetic in her dignified refined little way! And when I was wicked and brutal enough to ask her if Philadelphia wasn't the place where the chestnuts went when they died, she replied by inquiring if I intended to go to Philadelphia when I was gathered in. And then she gave me such a mischievous, pleading, oh,-don't-be-angry-with-me sort of look, with her great brown eyes, that I felt—oh, dear! oh, dear! A glass of ice-water and a fan, quick, please! Hullo! quarter to seven! I must dress and go to the McWhirters', and be bored to death. However, it's better than paying for a dinner at the club; so *adios!*

II.

FEBRUARY 11TH.—Went to McWhirters' last night. Thanks to my Waterbury I arrived there twenty minutes too early, and felt about as dreary as a Canadian orange grove as I waited in a dark parlor for the old people to come down. Bah! how I hate to be too early for a dinner; it has such a hungry look about it!

The McWhirters are an awfully old family. The first McW. was, I believe, a sutler in William the Conqueror's army, and the family ought to have died out long ago, for they have been going on altogether too long, and are the stupidest lot of jays that I ever had the misfortune to fall in with. I think, by the way, that all old families, barring my own, ought to die out, for their brains seem to have gotten discouraged and weary, and the older they are the more appalling is their stupidity. However, that is neither here nor there; so let me come to the surface once more.

The McWhirters' party was composed of a lot of old goats just like themselves, and it was pretty hard work keeping awake as I "took in" an elderly young lady from Baltimore who had red hair and very little to say for herself. I began with her by asking—*apropos de rien*—if she had read the "Princess Casamassima." She replied that she didn't remember whether she had or not, and wanted to know who wrote it, and when I said it was by James, she said sneeringly, "Oh,

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yes; he's the man that always begins with 'A solitary horseman was seen approaching, etc.'" Oh, dear! oh, dear! that's always the way with Baltimore girls, they are so jam solid full of ignorance!

I thought that blessed dinner would never come to an end; but at last we finished our cigars and returned to the drawing-room. Nobody had anything to say, so we sat and blinked at one another like so many dyspeptic owls, and three of the old men went to sleep and snored. At last Mrs. McW. remembered that I sang a little, whereupon there was a great outcry, and everybody who was awake insisted that I should at least try; so I turned to the piano and discovered that it must have belonged to the first of the McWhirters, and that the Conqueror's army had used it pretty roughly. However, there was no help for it; so I thoughtlessly sang Brahm's "Wiegenlied," and a cuckoo-clock struck twenty-four times in the middle of it, and the cuckoo flopped out and fairly drowned me with his "Hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo!"

When the clock and the bird and I had finished our trio nobody said a word; dead silence reigned for what seemed ten minutes at least. At last Mrs. McW. said to me, hesitatingly, "You—er—er play the *piano* very well!" And then an old chap who had just woke up asked if I couldn't give them "Home, Sweet Home," and another old fellow wanted "Over the hills to the Poorhouse."

I went home after that, and if ever the McWhirters ask me to dine with them again I'll accept and not go. *Roland King.*

TIME IS MONEY.

HIGGINS: I sold you that overcoat three weeks ago for a dollar and a quarter. How much do you want for it now?

MERCHANT: Vell, you could haf it for six tollar. Ve *must* haf some dinks for storage, you know.

UP at the top the world is full of sunshine.—*San Francisco Examiner.* It is indeed! Come up, brother; come up, and bask in its rays.

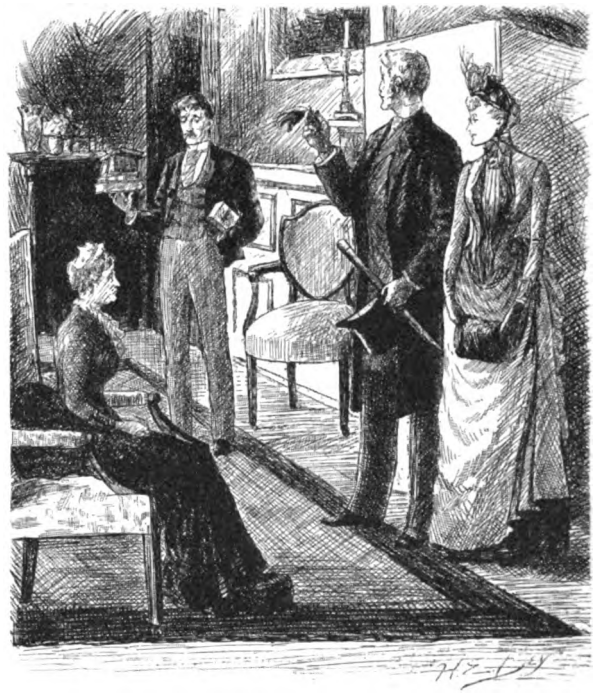
COULDN'T USE THEM RAW.

UNLUCKY HUMORIST: I'll never send anything to *The Weakly Crow* again! Here's a lot of spring jokes, which they return with advice to put them in the fire.

FRIEND: I suppose they think roasted chestnuts are best.

À LA PSYCHE.

Little One: AH, YOU OLE PROUDY, YOU! YOU AIN'T NO WENUS, IF YER HAS GOT DER SYKESY TWIST TER YER HAIR!



SOMETHING TO FALL BACK ON.

Mr. S.: HELLO, JACK, STUDYING? THOUGHT YOU WERE TRAINING FOR THE COLLEGE NINE.

Jack's Mother (whispering): HUSH! THEY WOULDN'T TAKE HIM ON. HE'S DREADFULLY DISAPPOINTED, POOR FELLOW!

His Sister: Yes! REALLY *desperate*, YOU KNOW. THERE IS NOTHING LEFT FOR HIM NOW BUT TO TRY FOR THE Φ B. K. AND HE FEELS THE DISGRACE.

ONLY ONE THING NEEDED.

SMITH (*one of the boys*): I hear you and Hatton are getting up a gold mining company. Is that so?

LAMBKINSON (*a lamb on his first shearing*): Aw—yes! doocidly profitable, you know.—You in it?

SMITH: Oh no, none for me, thank you. But how are you getting on?

LAMBKINSON: Splendidly!—we've got everything but the mine!!

THOUSANDS of country houses attest Queen Anne's great popularity as an architect.

CONSIDERATE.

BENEVOLENT OLD LADY (*addressing one of her protégés*, a native of the Emerald Isle): I am very much surprised, Mrs. Maloney, to see this pig living in the same room with you and your children.

MRS. MALONEY: Sure, marm, he's a very illigent crature, and particular; but he don't moind us, a tall, a tall.

ONE who is never without a vice — The carpenter.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

ALL HE WANTED WAS A CHANCE.

A LADY returning home on an ocean steamer was much amused at the flirtation of the steamer surgeon and one of the fair passengers. One day, when the breeze wafted strongly in her direction, these words were borne to her from the loving couple: "It's so chilly," said the young lady. "I feel as if a goose were walking over my grave." "Do you?" asked the surgeon, tenderly. "I wish I was that goose." —*Ex.*

WHEREIN HE WAS MORE HONEST.

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER (*timidly*): Isn't fourteen cents rather high for turkey? I am quite sure the price across the way is only thirteen.

BUTCHER: With the feet on?

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: N-no, I think the feet are cut off.

BUTCHER (*with a superior smile*): I thought so. When we sell a turkey, ma'am, we sell it feet and all—*N. Y. Sun.*

A GEORGIA STOCK DEAL.

AN Atlanta man who has just recovered from the Birmingham fever encountered a fellow-citizen with a bottle of whisky yesterday.

"I say," he remarked, "I'd like to have an option on that."

"How's that?" asked the man with the whisky.

"Why, this: I'll give you a quarter for the option, you drink a third of the whisky, I'll drink the other third, then we'll water the stock and declare a dividend."

They disappeared in an alley.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AFTER THE HONEYMOON.

TWO young wives are talking of their husbands.

"You can't imagine," said one, "what a stupid blockhead Charles is!"

"And Henry?" ejaculated the other. "Why, his head must be made of wood, or something harder, for plates and dishes break on it with as little difficulty as the sea upon a rock!"—*From the French.*

WESTERN APPRECIATION OF ART.

THE rage among millionaires for great paintings is increasing. Rockefeller has just offered $100,000 for Millet's "Angelus." Rockefeller knows a good thing in oil when he sees it.—*Cleveland Sun.*

A PRECOCIOUS youth, prompted by an unpleasant recollection of the last term, says that school teachers are like dogs: "They lick your hands." This carries off the palm.—*Texas Siftings.*

WIFE (*to husband*): Why is young Tompkins called a good fellow by his friends?

HUSBAND: Because he is always good-natured and pleasant, can tell a story well, spends his money freely, and shamefully neglects his family.—*N. Y. Sun.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (*to driver of Third avenue street car*): My friend, what do you do with your wages every week—put part of it in the savings bank?

DRIVER: No, sir. After payin' the butcher an' grocer an' rent, I pack away what's left in barrels. I'm 'fraid of them savin's banks.—*Ex.*

A WOMAN who was lost in the woods of New Hampshire for three days, said that the most that she suffered from was in not having her knitting along, and she blamed herself a good deal for not bringing a hand glass with her.—*Detroit Free Press.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best.
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

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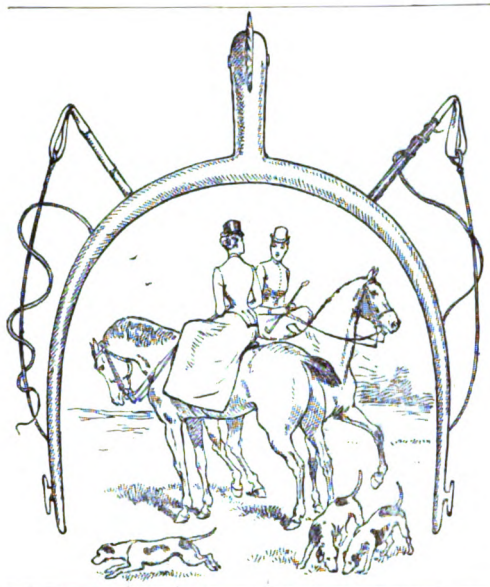

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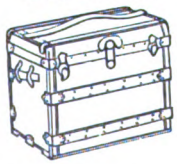

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"THE GREAT ABYSSINIAN BANANA."

Mr. William Robinson, the great English authority on gardening, says this is the noblest decorative plant in the world, and the many customers we induced to try it last season confirm this.

Mr. Krieger, superintendent of Wheeling Park, writes: "I never had anything in the park that has attracted one-quarter the attention and admiration as these wonderful Bananas. You will remember my buying fifty of them when at your establishment last spring, at your earnest recommendation, though I confess I was decidedly skeptical of such small plants realizing your glowing description. I planted them in an old dahlia bed, and although the soil was very rich already, I piled on the manure 'thick and heavy,' and spaded it in. Then I had my men water the bed daily with the hose. The result is astonishing. To-day (Oct. 14th) the plants are 13 feet high (actual measurement), and their beauty and majestic appearance are beyond my powers of description." A member of the Pittsburgh Club, who bought a lot to plant in front of the club-house (in the central part of the city), says: "The rapidity of their growth astonished me, and I have been bothered not a little trying to tell the many inquirers what they are. They are cheap, ridiculously cheap, for I could not have equaled their tropical effectiveness with a couple hundred dollars' worth of palms."

The great merits of this banana have long been known to plantsmen and amateurs, but its high price has always prevented its becoming popular. We have succeeded in getting a large stock, which we can offer at about one-sixth the usual prices.

In the latitude of New York they should not be planted until the 20th or 25th of May. In some of the Southern States and California they are entirely hardy.

PRICES: 50 cts., 75 cts., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00, and $3.00 each; $5.00, $8.00, $10.00, $15.00, $20.00, and $30.00 per dozen, according to size; a few extra-large plants at $5.00 and $10.00 each. The smallest-sized plants will make fine specimens (from 6 to 12 feet high) the first season if soil is very rich and freely watered. We will send the smallest size, post-paid, by mail, carefully packed, for 75 cts. each. The large sizes are not mailable.

OUR BOOK.—Our work, "*A Few Flowers Worthy of General Culture*," was published (at first for free distribution) to call serious attention to the great advantage of gardening with hardy flowers; but its attractiveness created such a great demand for it, and from many who were not plant buyers, that it was a serious tax on us, and we are compelled to make a nominal charge for it. The fourth and enlarged edition, now ready, is certainly the most beautiful and original book on flowers yet published—can be had bound in handsome durable cover, for 50 cents, or in leather for 75 cents, and FIFTY CENTS will be ALLOWED ON THE FIRST ORDER SENT amounting to two dollars or more; or an order for two dollars or more will secure a copy free, but no a second copy if one has already been received.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SUM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy.

ART IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. W. (*coming down*): IT IS DELIGHTFUL, THIS YEAR.
Mrs. L. (*going up*): MANY INTERESTING PICTURES?
Mrs. W.: OH, THE PICTURES! I DIDN'T NOTICE.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. APRIL 21, 1887. No. 225.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

GOVERNOR HILL is a most able financier. His High-License veto shows that. There are more solid chunks, in the way of campaign funds, to be had from the rum-sellers than from any other class, and that the man whose weather eye is constantly fixed upon his own political advancement should endeavor to make himself solid with this class is not surprising.

The Governor is to be congratulated that the unconstitutional features of the Platt amendment give his veto a slight vestige of respectability.

* * *

COLUMBIA COLLEGE has celebrated her centenary anniversary by making Doctors of several score of learned gentlemen and defeating the New York Base-ball Nine in fine style.

We beg to assure Columbia College of our most distinguished consideration, and express the hope that before another hundred years have elapsed she may again prove victorious at the bat.

* * *

MR. BARNUM has instituted a lawsuit against the Grand Trunk Railway Company for $100,000 damages to Jumbo—the damage consisting chiefly in the fact that Jumbo dead and articulated has not the drawing power of Jumbo living and consuming buns.

From purely patriotic motives we take sides with Mr. Barnum, but we must confess that if the Railway Company should put in evidence the circus poster now plastered all over this city, in which the beast is depicted as butting the head-light out of a locomotive, and inflicting summary vengeance upon the railroad generally in a frantic effort to save the Baby Elephant, Mr. Barnum's suit would be thrown out of court.

The great showman has certainly had more than $100,000 worth of advertising out of the incident, and were his adversaries any other than Canadians, LIFE would feel constrained to say that he ought to be satisfied.

DE mortuis nil nisi bonum is an ancient remark to which we would like to call the attention of the newspapers of this city.

Concerning the personal virtues of the late Messrs. Travers and Raymond, LIFE has yet to read the first uncomplimentary allusion; but there are more ways of detraction than one.

If either of these two gentlemen, whose geniality has made their loss an irreparable one in their respective walks in life, could have foreseen what bad posthumous witticisms would be attributed to them, they would have struggled harder to retain their hold on earth.

Indeed, brethren of the press, let the old motto be translated freely, Concerning the dead, "nothing but good jokes."

* * *

WHAT an intelligent lot of men are our detectives! It is estimated that about two dozen innocent men have been brought within the shadow of the gallows by the variety of clues which these choice minions of justice have discovered in connection with two recent murders.

It begins to look as if the only absolute safety for the reputable citizen lies in his committing some horrible murder. It is the one infallible receipt for keeping detectives at a distance.

* * *

THE next of the Broadway Boodlers to be tried is expected to be the venerable Jacob Sharp.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Sharp will receive a fair trial. There are thousands who believe him guilty, but the child-like way in which the gentleman under indictment drinks his three quarts of milk daily gives him an air of innocence which will stand him in good stead at his trial.

Milk and guilt do not seem to go well together.

* * *

IT seemed like old times on Wednesday to read in the papers that the New York nine had beaten the Mets eighteen to five.

* * *

MR. BUSH, the owner of the *Coronet*, has been accused by his sailors of meanness. They say their food was poor and their expected share in the prize-money refused them.

This is a very grave accusation, and Mr. Bush's friends will be pleased to hear that it is not true. The men received all the hard-tack and canned fruit they could eat, and were given eleven dollars extra besides for their trouble—presumably in digesting the food.

It isn't every man who, after winning a ten thousand dollar prize and increasing the value of his vessel by several thousands more, will give his men eighty-five extra cents a day for their efforts in his behalf.

Such liberality in addition to the hard-tack and salt-cod, even among sportsmen, is rarely found!

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A MAN OF UNDOUBTED FAMILY.

AUNT CRŒSUS: "I cannot tell you, Clara, how shocked I am to come home and find you married without consulting me. And to a man with all these children, after all that I've told you about my fortune being yours whenever you should marry to my liking!"

CLARA: "Why, Aunty, you know I gave up young Smith on your objection that he hadn't family, and I supposed this would just suit you."

A MAN who does business on a large scale — A coal dealer.

WHEN punishing a child never strike it above the belt.

HE FOUND HIS MAN.

BROWN: What's the matter with Dumley? I saw him across the way a little while ago, and he looked quite used up.

ROBINSON: He was all right yesterday.

BROWN: Where did you see him?

ROBINSON: I met him on the street. The *Bugle* had an article about him in the morning, and he was looking for the reporter who wrote it.

BROWN: Ah, yes; he must have found him.

NOW that the Whitney baby has been baptized the work of constructing the new United States Navy will be pushed rapidly to completion.

A HOME RUN — Running the sewing-machine.

IN TIME OF PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

Cholly (who has dined): SHAY, OLD CHAPPIE, GIMME YOUR TAILOR'S SHADDRESS; 'M A MARRIED MAN MYSHELF, AND THERE'S NOTHING LIKE BEING ON THE SAFE SIDE OF A TIN ULSTER — EH, OLD (*hic*) CHAPPIE.

A LAST WORD.

IF you love me, tell me so;
Coal is very high:
Father thinks it isn't right
You should come here every night,
Staying till the fire is low
Just to spoon and sigh.
Calling me your "little sweet"
Does not pay for gas;
While your lonely heart may yearn,
In the chandeliers there burn
Jets that make a thousand feet
O'er the meter pass.
Love, I know, completely fills
Life's void gallery:
Yet while these dear moments haste,
Think how many dollars waste—
Coal and gas and other bills—
Father's salary!
Then, I prithee, dear one, brace!
Do but speak the word:
Else must I to father yield,
Else must you vacate the field,
Else must some one take your place;
"Stocks and bonds" preferred.

Caryl Gould.

GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY has written an essay on General Lee, which demonstrates that what Sir Garnet does not know about our civil war is not worth printing, much less knowing.

The kick of a Soudanese camel may give an Englishman military prestige, but it does'nt make a "literary feller" of him, by any means.

ALL the difference in the world—The difference between the North and South Pole.

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THE GUILTY PARTY.

WHO struck Billy Patterson?
To know it you'd fain;
Draw hither thine ear,
It was William Kissane.

Who wrote the "Breadwinners?"
You'd guess it in vain;
But it's very safe betting
'Twas William Kissane.

And who sunk the Oregon,
Deep in the main?
Her side was knocked out
By William Kissane.

And "Beautiful Snow"
Will always remain
A shaft monumental
To William Kissane.

Well, who is Kissane,
This sinner and saint?
Oh, some say he's Rogers,
And some say he ain't.

* * *

LET'S see, didn't the Republican Party have a little trouble over some "my dear fisheries" about two years ago?

* * *

NO, John, a lady-bug is not so called because of her quiet, modest ways, but because of the chromatic gorgeousness of her bonnet.

* * *

IT is probable that the Last Lay of the Minstrel will not be widely different to the same old lay we have been given by the minstrels of the last seven and a half centuries.

* * *

MAN is 90 per cent. water, and yet the Prohibitionists are not satisfied.

* * *

PATTI-NICOLINI: Our regular subscription price to artistes of your standing is $75.00 per annum. We come high, Madame, but as the poet said, "We must be had."

* * *

THOSE who know him say that Mr. Dockstader, the minstrel, is not as black as he is painted.

* * *

A CHICAGO missionary nearly converted an anarchist last Sunday, but he inadvertently hummed the hymn, "Go to that clear flowing Fow-hown-tain, where you may wash and be clean," and the anarchist returned to his evil ways.

THE reason why so many of our young men are fine baseball players is that many of them have been brought up on base hits.

* * *

NEVER look a gift mule in the heels.

* * *

HARPER'S BAZAR is instructing the young idea on How to live on $500 a year.

The average youth of to-day lives about a week on $500 a year.

* * *

TIME is a great heeler, but not much of a politician.

* * *

PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

"OH! THAT THIS TOO, TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT."—*Hamlet.*

* * *

TOBOGGANING is not very good sport in the months without an r.

* * *

OUR standard literature is the best literature; our standard music is the best music; but our Standard Oil painting wears a dark aspect. It is painted very black.

* * *

DR. HAMMOND prefers the name "Syggignoscism" to that of "Hypnotism," meaning the agreement of one mind with another mind.

We wish the recent aldermanic jury had suffered syggignoscismatically.

* * *

THE Coroner's Jury, in the case of Lyman S. Weeks, who was recently murdered by a Brooklyn burglar, has returned the verdict that the shooting was done by an unknown man.

It is a great relief to know this, and if the Rahway murder can be brought home to the same person, much will have been done to restore confidence in our police.

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JUST GIVE THE HIGH HATS ONE SIDE OF THE THEATRE TO THEMSELVES, AND MUCH JOY TO THE LOVELY DEARS!

THE RHYME OF THE SAD-EYED MAN.

I'M a doleful, sad-eyed man, with a tendency to gloom—
  And very mournful, sombre, grave convictions;
I'm lachrymose, despondent—my dreams are of the tomb;
  And I'm always full of trials and afflictions.

My tones are quite disconsolate—my eyes are filled with tears;
  I'm the victim of a harassing reflection;
I avoid the flowing bowl—for 'tis said it only cheers—
  And I find my only comfort in dejection.

I'm bilious, jaundiced, joyless—I'm cheerless, saturnine;
  My heart is always heavy:—I'm splenetic,
Dispirited and solemn—I lament and mope and pine,
  And I take a grim delight in things pathetic.

I am married to a wife, and we lead a grievous life,
  For she's depressed, low-spirited and dismal;
But I find a consolation in our never-ending strife,
  And especially her moments paroxysmal.

I'm morose, ill-tempered, churlish—my appetite is light;—
  I enjoy what Burton has to say of vapors;
And I take immense delight in fearful dreams at night,
  And I revel in the wit of English papers.

The world is all forlorn, and the universe awry;
  Funereal, dark calamities will fix it.
I scowl and frown and grumble—I droop and moan and sigh;
  I've a sorrowful expression like Don Quixote.

Then I'll foster melancholy, and welcome clouds and rain;
  I'll go about despairing, sobbing, moaning:—
I'll seek all things unpleasant, and in ecstasy of pain,
  I'll die downcast, disheartened, wailing, groaning!

A. M.

A RUSSIAN NOBLEMAN died recently whose name was too long to be sent by cable; but it is gravely asserted that he could shell an ear of corn with it, and have enough left over for a barbed-wire fence, a nail-claw, and springs for a mattress.

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"PERFECTLY LOVELY."

NOT EXACTLY A FARCE.

SCENE—Drawing-room of Mrs. Stuyvesant Vanderpuyster. *Dimensions*—Fifteen by twenty-five feet. *Contents*—Fourteen rigidly uncomfortable but highly ornamental chairs; one divan covered with a rug and four Persian pillows; one spinet; sixteen water-colors with India silks of varied hues hung over the frames; seven vases; eight tables holding as many lamps; twenty-three paintings in oil; one catalogue of the Morgan sale, bound in crushed levant; two Japanese screens; one bisque monkey endeavoring to climb on a silken cord from the card receiver on the centre table to the crystal knob of the chandelier.

(The front-door bell rings and Miss Emily Munnibags, accompanied by her fond mamma, enters the room.)

EMILY (*in a whisper*): What atrocious taste! See that ochre scarf hanging over the sky-blue water-color on the corner easel!

FOND MAMMA (*hearing the rustling of a dress and the squeak of a hand on the banisters without*): Yes, indeed; it is a charming harmony of color!

(*Enter Mrs. Vanderpuyster.*)

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: So charmed to see you, Mrs. Munnibags, and your sweet daughter Emily. (*Smirks and kisses both.*)

FOND MAMMA: How well you are looking!

EMILY: Isn't she looking well, Mamma!

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Well, really now, I am so glad to hear you say so. I haven't been feeling very well lately. But you, Mrs. Munnibags, are a perfect picture of health, and I see the roses in Emily's cheeks are by no means faded.

(The roses in Emily's cheeks change from Marechal Niels to Jacqueminots in acknowledgment of the compliment.)

FOND MAMMA: Emily was just saying, as you entered the room, how sweetly you had fixed everything here. So artistic, you know.

EMILY: Yes, dear Mrs. Vanderpuyster, it is charming. Just like cousin Robert's studio, which is said by his brother painters to be quite the most artistically arranged room in New York.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*beaming*): Yes, so I have heard. Your cousin is such a clever painter! His water-color at the exhibition is——

EMILY: You mean the oil, Mrs. Vanderpuyster, I think?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*who has not been to the exhibition*): No; I think——Oh-h-h, yes; it is an oil, now I remember. But it is so exquisitely done; so—er—so—well, so very delicate, you know, that I really thought it was a water-color. I should have known. So stupid of me.

FOND MAMMA: Oh, not at all, Mrs. Vanderpuyster.

(*Embarrassing Pause.*)

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Ah, by the way, Emily, how have you recovered from your Wednesday evening's dissipation?

EMILY: *Wasn't* the cotillon divine? I could dance forever under such circumstances.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: What did you think of the debutante? Wasn't she sweet?

EMILY: Indeed, she looked perfectly lovely. Quite the prettiest girl in the room.

FOND MAMMA: Yes, I consider Eveline Rosebud a beautiful girl. Perfectly lovely; but—er, did you notice anything peculiar about her mouth?

EMILY: You mean her nose, Mamma. Don't you know, you said you thought it was crooked?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Well, now that you speak of it, there *is* something *queer* about both. Her teeth, I think, rather spoil her mouth. They are so large, and it seems to me that they protrude a little.

FOND MAMMA: No, Mrs. Vanderpuyster; I don't think it is her teeth so much as the peculiar shape of the mouth itself, and a—er—a lack of color in her lips that mar an otherwise exquisitely molded face——ah, that is, excepting her nose, which is a trifle crooked.

Quite the Prettiest Girl in the Room.

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MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Well, don't you think, Mrs. Munnibags, that perhaps Eveline's nose appears a little crooked because of the abnormal largeness of her eyes? It occurred to me on Wednesday night, when she was flirting so outrageously with young De Grote at the cotillon, that they were—ever so slightly, of course, but still unpleasantly starey.

Something Peculiar about her Mouth.

EMILY: Oh, I hardly think Eveline's eyes could be called exactly abnormal, Mrs. Vanderpuyster. Her ears are quite large, you know.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: True! I had not observed that so much of her ears as I had of her hands, however.

FOND MAMMA: Wasn't she awkward with her hands? I heard that she upset a plate of melted ice on Henry Goddard's shirt front.

EMILY: Tee-hee!

FOND MAMMA (*proudly*): If Eveline only had Emily's figure she might carry off these defects and pass for a really handsome girl.

Her Nose is a Trifle Crooked

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*sweetly*): Ah, but we cannot all be Emily Munnibags, you know. (*More Jacqueminot roses in Emily's cheeks.*)

EMILY: Well, if Eveline isn't distinctly pretty, she's a sweet-tempered girl.

FOND MAMMA: Indeed, her disposition is lovely; although I must say I distrust the amiability of these girls with such fiery auburn hair. Don't you, Mrs. Vanderpuyster?

And her Teeth Protrude.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: I have heard that auburn hair and sweetness of disposition are a rare combination. I heard from Ella Garrison that Eveline's maid told Helen Jackson's little brother's nurse that she has a wee bit of a temper. Still, she inherits that from her father.

FOND MAMMA: That reminds me, Mrs. Vanderpuyster, I have long wanted to know who *was* Eveline's father?

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: I am not exactly certain. I understand that he made a great deal of money manufacturing button-hooks during the war.

EMILY (*whose grandfather was a baker*): It must be a horrid feeling to think that one's money was made from the necessities of one's fellow-men.

FOND MAMMA: Yes, Emily; but Eveline couldn't help *that*, you know.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Eveline's mother was a daughter of Mr. Rosebud's partner. She is a very sweet woman. Did you ever meet her?

The Eyes are Unpleasantly Starey

FOND MAMMA: No. We are to call upon her this afternoon. I saw her once at the opera, and Eveline has asked us to call and make her acquaintance. I never liked her appearance, I must say. She has that same sarcastic smile that Eveline affects.

EMILY: Yes; isn't it too bad that Eveline has that? It causes so much disappointment when she talks. Her conversation is—well it isn't exactly bright.

Her Ears are Quite Large, you know.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: I must confess Eveline does *not* shine in conversation.

(*Lengthy Pause.*)

Ensemble: But she's a perfectly lovely girl in spite of it; isn't she?

(*Another Pause.*)

FOND MAMMA (*rising*): Well, Mrs. Vanderpuyster, I think we must be going. Do come and see us!

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Why must you go so soon?

EMILY: Oh, it is getting late, and, you know, we have promised to call on Eveline this afternoon.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Do give the dear girl my love.

FOND MAMMA: We will, indeed; and don't forget you are to come to see us very soon.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Yes; some day next week.

EMILY: Can't you come Tuesday morning and stay to lunch? We'll ask Eveline to meet you.

But She's a Sweet-tempered Girl.

FOND MAMMA: Yes, dear Mrs. Vanderpuyster, do come.

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: Why, that will be delightful!

EMILY: Be sure and come early.

FOND MAMMA:
EMILY:
MRS. VANDERPUYSTER: } Well, good-bye!

(Door opens. Exeunt Emily and Fond Mamma. Emily waves her hand to Mrs. Vanderpuyster standing in the hallway, and calls back, "Don't forget Tuesday!" Mrs. Vanderpuyster replies, "I won't." All say good-bye again, and the door closes.)

MRS. VANDERPUYSTER (*going upstairs*): How those two women did peck at poor Eveline, the dear girl!

FOND MAMMA (*walking up the street*): Did you ever hear such a pulling to pieces as Mrs. Vanderpuyster gave Eveline Rosebud?

EMILY: Wasn't it horrid of her!

J. K. Bangs.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE TWO BROTHERS. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Prisoners of Poverty. Women Wage-Workers; their Trades and their Lives. By Helen Campbell. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

The Hunters of the Ozark. By Edward S. Ellis. Deerfoot Series, No. 1. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

Drops of Blood. By Lily Currie. Fireside Series, No. 22. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

MUSIC: A polite art which serves its highest usefulness as a stimulus to conversation.

DUTY: An obligation that rests entirely upon one's neighbor.

ADVICE: A superfluous article which everybody is eager to give away, but no one cares to receive.

CONSISTENCY: A jewel which frequently needs re-setting.

NEWS: Old women's gossip; salacious scandal and secrets of domestic and conjugal life: anything in the way of rumor that does not relate to public affairs.

CIVILITY: An ancient form of behavior, popular in feudal times, but unsuited to the exigencies of modern civilization.

ARTIST: A man of subtle æsthetic perceptions who attains proficiency in some such useful art as hair-dressing, or negro minstrelsy.

POETRY: Any metrical composition whose merit is unrecognized by the average magazine editor.

ECONOMY: A habit of life which enables a woman to save money in her domestic expenditures in order that her husband may keep up his end at the club.

CULTURE: The pursuit of social folly having its origin in the love of singularity.

Harold van Santvoord.

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THE BOYS' M

BARNUM IS HERE, THE SCHOOL TEACHER COMES

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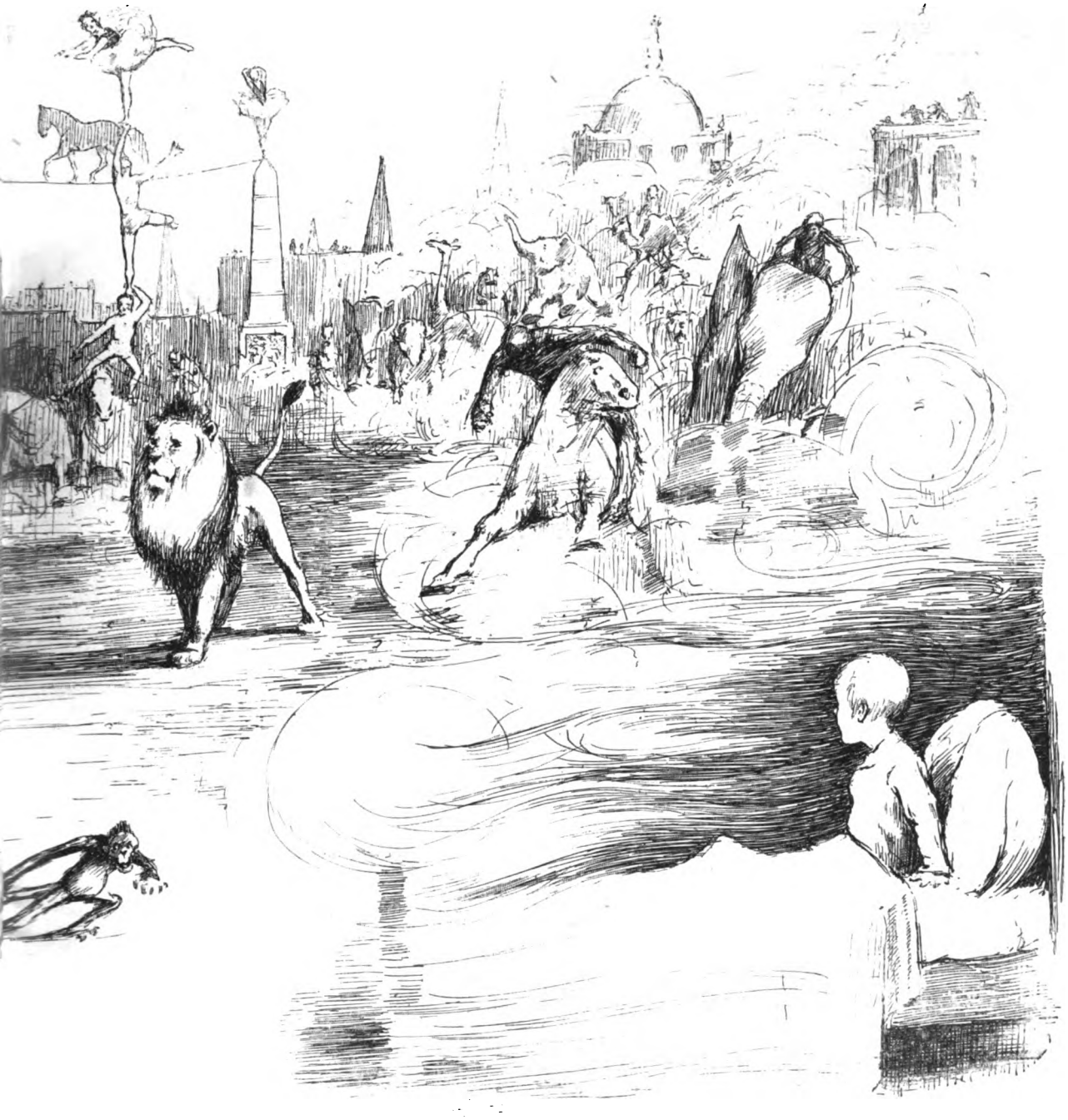

M ILLENNIUM.

TO GRIEF, AND THE WHOLE WORLD IS A CIRCUS.

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From Foreign Fields

EUROPEAN NOTES.

THE *Times* correspondent at St. Petersburg says that on April 1st the Czar received information that a plot was being laid near the Gatschina Palace. A regiment of Siberian Cuirassiers was sent to the scene and discovered that it was a grass plot, at which the Czar was so much incensed that he ordered the colonel of the regiment to commit suicide within twenty-four hours.

* * *

THE London *Punch*, next week, will contain the following apropos of the approaching Jubilee.

At Windsor Castle.

QUEEN VICTORIA: Now, Walesey, dear boy, come up to tea to-morrow at seven. And mind, sonny, don't you-be-late.

PRINCE OF WALES (*with some asperity*): Don't jubilate? (*you be late*). Well, I guess not. What in thunder have *I* to jubilate (*you be late*) about?

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE is so mad about the recent closure that his friends think of sending him to Pasteur for treatment.

* * *

THE Emperor of Russia has commanded Count Tolstoi to write an autobiography of the late Czar. The Count, fully understanding the difficulties of such an undertaking, at first demurred, but the Czar called for a map of Siberia, and convinced the Russian Howells that it was just as well for him to begin at once and get seven chapters done before breakfast next morning.

* * *

THE Turkish Court has gone into mourning for a month for Mr. Sunset Cox. The Sultan has invested the late Minister with the Order of the Golden Fleas, to pay for which a dog-tax has been levied in Constantinople.

* * *

A HANDSOME baby-jumper has just been blessed by the Pope, preparatory to its being sent to the King of Spain on his first annual jubilee. The King is in unusually good health, and under the able tutorship of the Secretary of the Nursery, can now weep in five different languages.

* * *

THE Crown-Prince of Italy has graciously condescended to contract the measles. The Roman populace rejoice greatly over this additional proof of the Democratic sentiments of the reigning house.

* * *

THE British Peerage is now greatly agitated by the question, Who shall invite Cyrus W. Field over for the Jubilee?

Mr. Field, on being consulted, said that he didn't care much where he went, to which the Lords replied that they didn't either; so that matters are now in a sort of *statu quo*.

Carlyle Smith.

SO MUCH FOR DREAMS.

"SPEAKING of omens," he said, "not long ago I read of a cashier who dreamed that he was murdered while protecting the funds of the bank and that seven angels carried him off to heaven. The very next night he was—"

"Murdered?" she interrupted, with a shiver.

"No; he was on his way to Canada."

MARK TWAIN wrote of a certain wine: "It heals the worn mind as well as the wasted body," and half a dozen people nearly died laughing at it before they discovered that there was no joke about it.

Such is the force of habit.

A CHAMPAGNE dealer, charmed with Baron Tennyson's Jubilee Ode, has written to the poet, offering ten dollars for a poem entitled "Pommery Saeculare."

COLUMBIA has made Mayor Hewitt an LL.D. He should have been made a Doctor of Dive-inity.

FAITH.

"BUT DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE, JIMMY?"

"CERTINGLY I DO. I DON'T THINK THERE AIN'T NOTHINK WHAT AN EFELANT CAN'T DO!"

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SCRAPS.

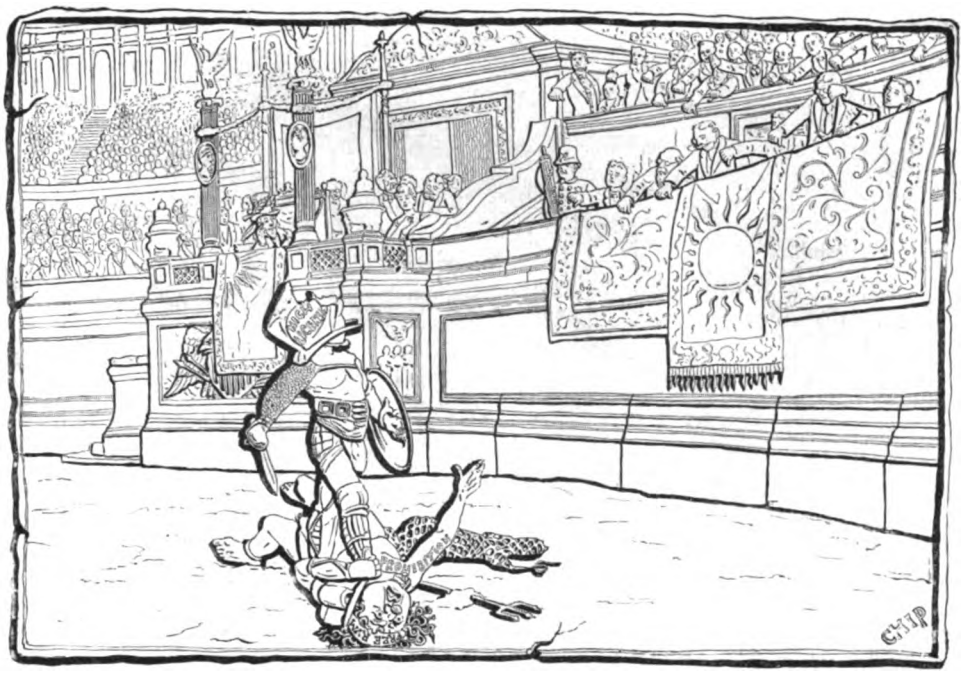
"I TELL you, it's all nonsense," said the editor, after selling six sacks of declined manuscripts to the junk dealer, and sorting over eleven dollars' worth of unused postage stamps—"it's all nonsense to contend that there are no profits in literature."

* * *

SOME prying brute of a newspaper man broke into the privacy of James Russell Lowell's society, a few days ago, and absconded with the news that the ex-Minister will summer abroad.

* * *

WHEN street-cars are run by electricity probably lightning-rods will be introduced, for they invariably prove good conductors.



POLLICE VERSO.

WHERE THE PUBLIC AND GOVERNOR HILL DIFFER.

EMPYREAN DEPTHS,
Ye 14th daye of Aprille,
(Newe Style), 1887.

MY DEARE FRENDE DALYE:

Inne company with my goode frende Baconne—who you maye rememberre as ye author of my playes—I occupied on yester e'en a front seat atte the One Hundredth performance of "Ye Taming of ye Shrew" in youre most charmyng playhouse. I wolde we had so coole a place to sitte in for alle tyme.

Egad, I never knew I wrote so well, and Baconne, e'en that sour, crusty philosopher, did clappe his crumblyng fingerres till ye duste did fly from out them whenne ye curtaine fell upon act ye first.

Inne act ye seconde ye scenes did so affect me that in ye spirit I didde yelle for joy, and Baconne, too, did rolle his eyes as if ye Deville didde possesse him, and cryinge all ye time "Ye gods, whatte chayres!"

The temper of ye Rehanne, deare frende, did make me gladde, and when ye Dreher walked uponne ye stage, Baconne did ask that I shulde pinche hym, lest it be a dream. I alwayes thought that Curtis was a man, but now that Madame Gilbert takes his lines, I'm gladde his sex is changed.

And Drewe! Ah, me! why had we not this buoyant, gladsome youth in olden tyme, with Skinner for ye Florentine, and roaryng Lewis, that our sides shulde ache for laughing!

Ah, Sir Dalye! would that we two had walked togetherre in ye dayes of good Queen Bess. How we had made thyngs humme! Ye starres! what wealth, what honours had been ours had not the centuries come between us, and what greater immortality had been mine when shared with you!

I give you joy, deare frende—ay, benefactor; and in ye language of ye market place, I pray you "Keepe it uppe!"

Thine ever, with affecsyon and gratitude,

WM. SHAKESPEARE.

P.S.—Baconne, who never yet did care for ye "Taming of ye Shrew," nowe claimes its authorshippe.

AN ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

TO THE ARTIST WHO ILLUSTRATED A POEM.

I KNOW what they will say to you:
They'll say that you have caught
With wonderful fidelity
The spirit of my thought.
Though mortifying, 'tis your due
That I confess just here,
You drew the picture first, and then
I caught at the idea. *A. W. R.*

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SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

"SAY, JACK, HADN'T WE BETTER GIVE UP OUR SEATS TO THE LADIES."

"NOT MUCH, OLD CHAPPIE; I'VE HAD TO GIVE UP MY SEAT AT THE THEATRE SINCE THEY TOOK TO WEARING HIGH HATS, AND I'M GOING TO HANG ON TO MY SEAT IN THE CARS TILL THE FASHION CHANGES."

VERY RIEWED.

A PARTY who testily viewed,
The behavior inane of a diewed,
With a dynamite bomb
Knocked him out *sur-le-champ*,
In innocuous desuetiewed.

C.

LAYING LOW.

SHE: Have you ever read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," Mr. Breezy?

HE (*a Chicago young man*): No, I think not. What lay was he on?

THE NEW BABY.

GENTLEMAN: I hear you've got a new baby up at your house, Uncle Rastus.

UNCLE RASTUS: Yes, sah; bo'n las' week.

GENTLEMAN: Going to call it Rastus, I suppose?

UNCLE RASTUS (*with a grin*): No, sah; 'tain't dat kin' ob er babby. I specs we is gwine ter call it Martha Washington Cleopatra, sah, arter de ole 'ooman.

A PHILADELPHIA firm is said to have the contract of furnishing sleepers to the Pennsylvania Railroad.

THE rule oftenest broken in school — Ferule.

THE VEIL TRICK—IN THREE ACTS.

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ANT SCISSORS ANT NULLS

GALLIC GALL.

"WELL, that's just like the cheek of these foreign artists," observed Mrs. Snaggs. "What is?" asked her husband. "Why, that man Munkacsy is coming back here next Summer to paint Niagara Falls, and I believe he'll just spoil them, so I do."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

COULD'NT SCARE HIM.

"SAY! say!" called a Montcalm-street woman to a tramp who had just left her door with a piece of bread in his hand—"don't eat that! The girl says it is a piece we had lying around with 'rough on rats' on it?"

"It's too late, madam," he replied, as he swallowed the last morsel. "I've had people try to play that trick on me before to get their goods back, but it always fails. I prefer the stuff to butter, but don't say so, because I hate to put people to trouble."—*Detroit Free Press.*

FELL BELOW THE AVERAGE.

"EXCUSE me, sir," said a young man, nudging a fellow-passenger in a Madison street car; "you have a speck of soot on the end of your nose."

"That's been there for eighteen years," replied the passenger. "It's a peculiar kind of a mole, and you are the ninth man to ask me to sponge that nose since breakfast this morning. As a rule, the average is about twelve a day."—*Chicago Herald.*

TOURIST (*to Highland sentry on a cold, frosty morning*): Sentry, are you cold with the kilt?

SENTRY: Na, but I'm near kilt wi' the cauld.—*Ex.*

FATHER: Tommy, you should try and be a better boy. You are our only child and we expect you to be good.

TOMMY: It ain't my fault that I am your only child. It is tough on me to be good for a lot of brothers and sisters I haven't got.—*Texas Siftings.*

THE GALLERY HE VISITED.

NEW YORK LADY (*to Mr. Breezy, from Chicago*): Would you care to visit any of the galleries while in the city, Mr. Breezy.

MR. BREEZY: Why, yes; there is nothing I should like better. What are the prices—three shots for ten cents?—*Puck.*

A BOOK entitled "Traits and Stories of Ye Olde Cheshire Cheese," has recently been issued by an English publisher. Where is that much-vaunted American enterprise? Shall we not soon have a volume on "The Lusciousness of Ye Fragrant Limburger," or "The Beatific Flavor of Ye Festive Bock?"—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

AN ADMISSION.

"FANNIE," said a Sixteenth street mother to her pretty daughter, "didn't I hear Frank kiss you last night when he went away?"

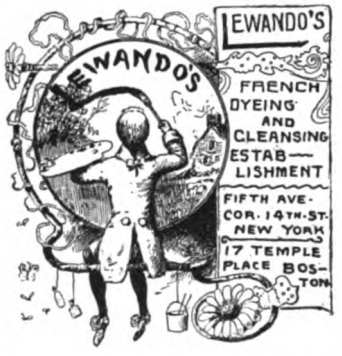
"No, ma'am, you did not," replied the daughter, indignantly.

"No?" said the mother suspiciously.

"No, you didn't; because Frank shut the parlor door before—"

Then the girl stopped and blushed and blushed again, and made a rush for her own room.—*Washington Critic.*

YE little spalpeen! I'll tache ye now niver to come home agin half-dhrownded to yer poor ould mudther till yez knows how ter shwim!—*Wasp.*



Lundborg's
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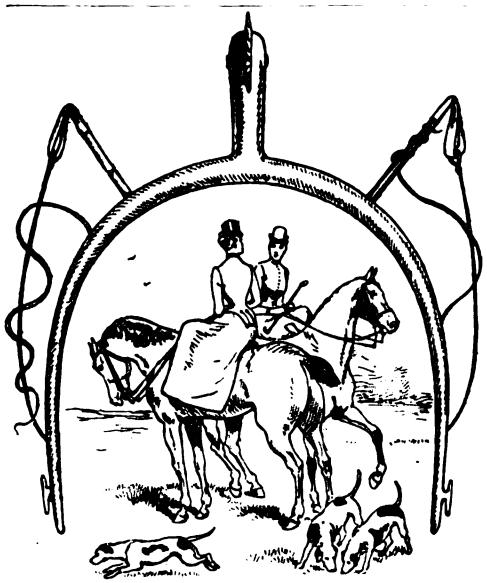

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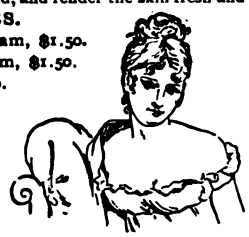

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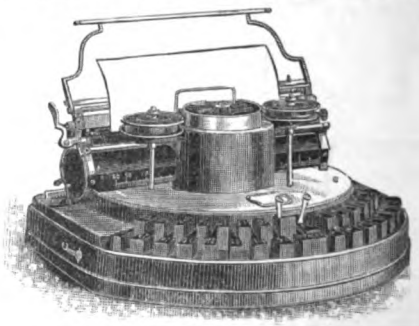

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BEAUTY of **Face** and **Form** secured to every Lady using our **Toilet Requisites.** Unexcelled in America for removing Skin Blemishes, Flesh Worms, (Black-Heads,) Wrinkles, Pock-Marks, etc. Send 10c. (stamps or silver) for *Particulars, Testimonials, Circulars,* etc., by **Return Mail.** Mention article wanted. **Chichester Chemical Co.,**
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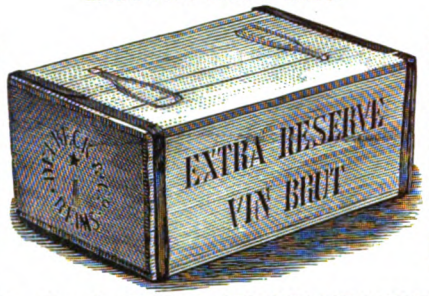

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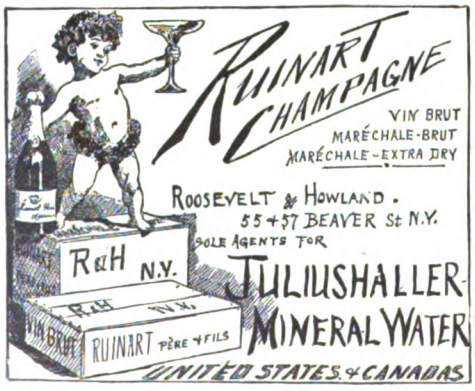

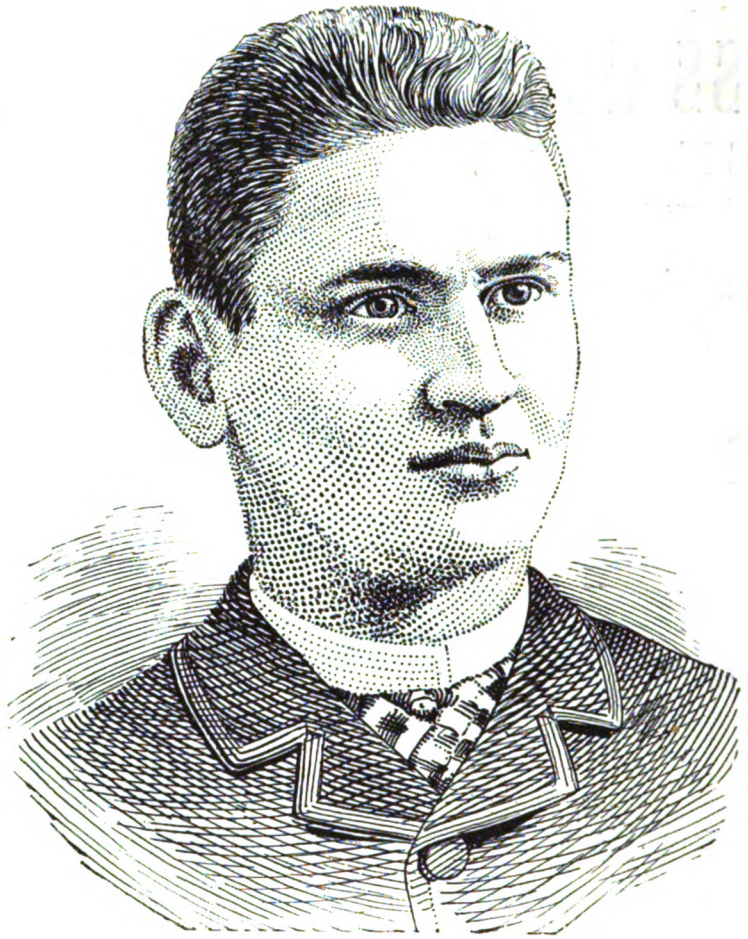

W. J. McDonald

In returning thanks to you for my miraculous cure of eczema or salt rheum, I deem it advisable to give you a detailed account of my case, and as there is, and always will be a prejudice against advertised remedies, you have my consent to publish this testimonial, and all inquiries, by letter or in person, I will cheerfully answer. I do this that people who go on year after year paying out large sums of money to incompetent physicians and receive no cure, or even relief, or end in filling a premature grave, as was nearly my case, may be induced to make trial of the wonderful CUTICURA REMEDIES.

At the age of three months a rash made its appearance on my face. A physician was called, he said teething was the cause, he prescribed some cooling medicine, but the sores spread to my ears and head. Another M.D. was called. He professed to know all about the case, called it "King's Evil," and prescribed gunpowder, brimstone, and lard mixed into a salve, but the disease continued. They could not do anything with it. Another prescribed borax, water and flour; another linseed poultices. None of them did me any good at all, but made me worse. The disease continued unabated; it spread to my arms and legs, till I was laid up entirely, and from continual sitting on the floor on a pillow my limbs contracted so that I lost all control of them, and was utterly helpless. My mother would have to lift me out and into bed. I could get around the house on my hands and feet, but I could not get my clothes on at all, and had to wear a sort of dressing gown. My hair had all matted down or fallen off, and my head, face and ears were one scab, and I had to have a towel on my head all the time in the summer to keep the flies off. My parents consulted a prominent physician and surgeon here in Chicago (the other physicians before mentioned were of Dundas and Hamilton, Canada), he said he could do nothing for me, that the chances were that I would grow out of it, or that it would strike inwardly and kill me in time. He wanted to cut the sinews of my legs so that I could walk, but I would not let him, for if I did get better I would have no control of them.

The disease continued in this manner until I was seventeen years old, and one day in January, 1879, in the *Chicago Tribune*, I read an account of your medicines. They described my case so exactly that I thought, as a last resort, to give them a trial.

When I first applied the CUTICURA, I was all raw and bleeding from scratching myself, but when I applied it I went asleep almost immediately, something I had not done for years, the effect was so soothing.

The first morning after using it my flesh (I had no skin only on the end of my nose) was a pink color. Next day it was kind of white, and I could place my hands on the sores without it being painful. In about two weeks I could stand straight, but not walk, I was so weak, but my sores were nearly well. Then I commenced the use of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, and in three days I was worse than ever. I was one mass of pimples from the top of my head to the soles of my feet; to say they were painful would not do justice to the case. In from two to four days they burst and left a small scale, which dropped off, and left the spot pure and the skin white, and, as near as I can judge, I was cured in about six to eight weeks, and up to this date (*i.e.*, from January, 1879, to January, 1887) I have not been sick in any way, or have had the least signs of the disease reappearing on me. I have an excellent appetite, have the very best of health. My limbs are straight, supple and strong. I have been exposed to all sorts of weather without the least signs of the disease yet. The only difference I find in myself is that my skin is finer, softer, and not so liable to get chapped as is other persons.

No doubt many persons will not believe this almost improbable story, many will think it grossly exaggerated. I don't blame them a bit if they do, but to satisfy themselves, they can call or write to me, and find out if what I have written above is true or not. There are many persons who can testify to the wonderful cure I have received by your CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Gentlemen, let me again thank you for my cure.

3732 Dearborn St., W. J. McDONALD.
CHICAGO, ILL., Jan. 30, 1887.

Nothing is known to science at all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50 cents; SOAP, 25 cents; RESOLVENT, $1.00. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, APRIL 28, 1887. NUMBER 226.

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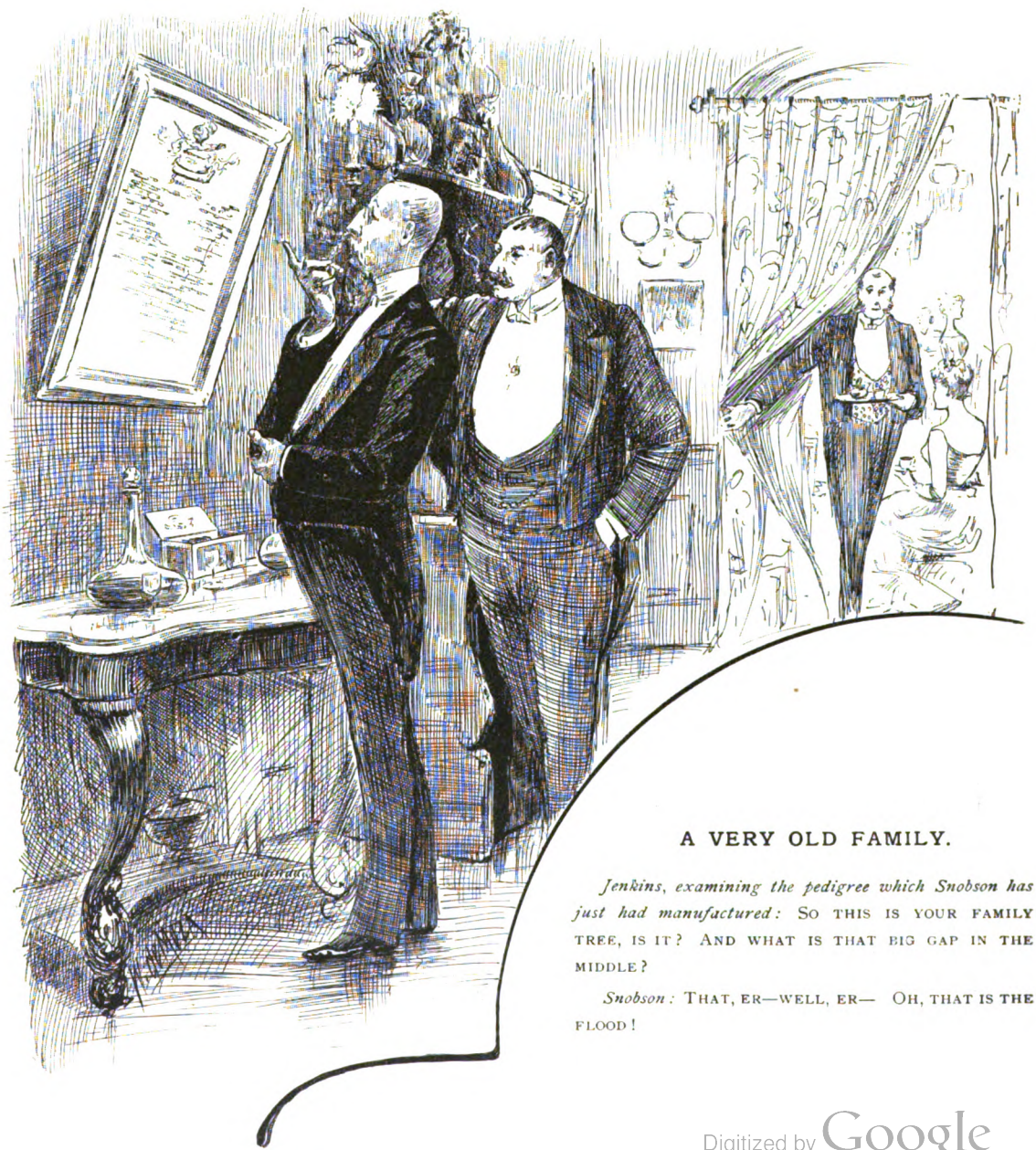
LIFE

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.



A VERY OLD FAMILY.

Jenkins, examining the pedigree which Snobson has just had manufactured: SO THIS IS YOUR FAMILY TREE, IS IT? AND WHAT IS THAT BIG GAP IN THE MIDDLE?

Snobson: THAT, ER—WELL, ER— OH, THAT IS THE FLOOD!

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. APRIL 28, 1887. No. 226.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

LIFE begs the gentlemen who are in charge of the Vedder Liquor Tax Bill, to remember that there is no hole too small for Governor Hill to crawl through.

It is to be hoped that this new measure, when passed, will be veto-tight.

* * *

THE person who remarked, apropos of English politics, that the Tories were slowly but surely forging ahead of the Liberals, spoke more truly than he knew.

The alleged Parnell letter, in the London *Times*, shows that in the matter of forging, the Tories are unquestionably in the lead.

* * *

NEW YORKERS cannot rejoice too heartily over the defeat of the Elevated Railroad scheme; and if it be true that the Arcade Road will weaken the buildings along the proposed route, strenuous efforts should be made to bury it deeper than its projectors ever dreamed of doing.

We cannot afford to pull down our finest buildings even to gratify a railroad corporation.

* * *

MR. GEORGE RIDDLE explicitly declares that he has shaken off his feet, for all time, the dust of the Boston stage. He will neither act, declaim, or show himself in public before a Boston audience again. He also avers that Boston has big feet.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett does not go so far as to say that Boston shall read no more of his stories, but he admits that his confidence in her critical faculty is eradicated, and thinks that she has lost the opportunity of a lifetime to prove that she had some sense.

Both of these gentlemen have proclaimed their sentiments in letters published in the newspapers of New York and other big towns. The occasion for their disaffection seems to be that Fawcett wrote a play and Riddle brought it out in Boston, and that the Bostonians thought they did not like it. Both the gentlemen most intimately concerned, but especially Mr. Riddle, have blundered in setting forth their grievances in print. If they had kept quiet their disappointment would have been veiled in the obscurity of its scene. No one in the great world would have known they had been hit if they had not cried out with such resounding vociferation.

We don't believe Boston cares whether Mr. Riddle ever acts again for her or not. The gentleman seems to have forgotten that the city of Mike Kelly or Lowell, and of Sullivan, has the materials for a good show always on her polling lists, and naturally feels independent of itinerants.

It is well enough for Mr. Riddle to keep out of Boston if he chooses, but he might better attribute his absence to the Interstate Commerce Law than admit that he is disaffected.

* * *

AS to the said Interstate Commerce Law, were the Messrs. Putnam sarcastic when they printed it the other day in their "Questions of the Day Series." The community is as anxious as ever to know how it is going to work, and hopefully ignorant of its possibilities. If the measure is brought back to the next Congress for repeal, "We didn't know it was loaded" will be all the apology that its fabricators need make. One thing about the bill inspires confidence, that is Judge Cooley's name signed to the decrees of the commission.

* * *

THE *Independent* claims to have discovered that it is the sprightly Gail Hamilton who says such vindictive things about worthy men in the *North American Review*. Does the *Independent* believe that women are better haters than men, and that it is unlikely that any man could be inspired by such a miscellaneous spite as Arthur Richmond has exhibited?

* * *

THEATRICAL managers all over the country are cancelling their engagements because of the Interstate Commerce Law.

The long and short haul clause operates largely to their disadvantage. In fact, the average haul is much too short to meet the expenses of the long.

* * *

MR. GEORGE RIDDLE went to Boston in a *rêve* of success, but he has left that village in a rave of disgust.

* * *

THE idea that Boston is losing her critical prestige is a mistaken one. A Boston audience is as likely to be correct in its conclusions as any other, if it only has reliable information from a larger city as to what its first families should accept as the proper thing.

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IF April is ever raised to the pedestal of fame, the pedestal should have a bas-relief interrogation point upon it as being most symbolical of the history of the month.

The great fishery question, "What is the price of shad?" has agitated alike rulers and ruled.

The controversy over the authorship of Richard Third, so important an element in the history of March, has been retired into innocuous desuetude by the ever deepening mystery surrounding the authorship of Arthur Richmond's blackguardly screeds and it is rumored that Mr. Lowell, the great investigator, is giving the matter his best attention.

The Interstate Commerce Act has proved itself one of the most insoluble of mysteries, and "whom will it hit next?" is a problem which has been daily propounded from the beginning to the end of April with a strong chance of hanging over into May.

And last but by no means least is the question, "Is or is not Tennyson a poet?" and if so, "Why not?"

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THE BARDS ON MERRY SPRINGTIDE.

Bryant.

STILL sweet with blossoms is the year's fresh prime,
And praises of Spring lamb are sung in rhyme;
And e'en th' inebriate with his vision astigmatic,
Hath inward yearnings for existence paradigmatic.

Heber.

Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil,
And man, whate'er his station, is indisposed to toil:
A change comes o'er the spirit of the beaver,
And nineteen persons of each score are slightly touched by fever.

Cowper.

Spring hangs her infant blossoms on the trees;
Rocked in the cradle of the Western breeze:
And he who watches very shortly sees
The infant blossoms are inclined to sneeze.

* * *

"BORROWED wit is the poorest wit," said Lavater Lavater apparently never read the Pebbles column in the *Independent*.

* * *

THE new Police Patrol boxes need but one more feature to make them perfect. They should contain comfortable berths, so that the members of the force could go to sleep decently and in order.

* * *

POPE thought he said a great thing when he remarked that "no creature smarts so little as a fool."

In reality the poet simply indulged in a veritable chestnut. Everybody already knew that a fool isn't one of the smart kind.

* * *

WE have always believed the Standard Oil Company to be a live corporation, but we never suspected it would eventually set the river on fire, as it did last week.

* * *

DO you keep a diary, Mr. Smith?
Ya-as, Pepys.

* * *

MR. WILSON BARRETT will sail for England on May 10th.

It is suspected that Booth and Irving are conspiring to wreck the ship by means of dynamite or a surreptitious rock in the Atlantic.

* * *

SIR GEORGE M. PULLMAN is a Carquis by birth.

AN exchange says that this is a "Journalistic period." We have noticed that a great many journals have come to a full stop recently.

* * *

THE Czar of Russia receives the largest salary paid any ruler on the face of the earth.

He gets his extra wages because of the uncertainty of his stay on that part of the earth.

* * *

FROM DAWN TO DUSK.

A. M.

DUMLEY (*to caller*): I'm sorry, Jones, that I can't offer you anything to drink. The last drop went last night.

P. M.

JONES (*to Cadley*): I saw Dumley this morning.

CADLEY: How was he?

JONES: Oh, he seemed out of spirits.

* * *

FERDINAND WARD is the star-singer in the Sing-Sing prison choir.

His early training as a Sunday-School Superintendent has helped Mr. Ward to obtain considerable prominence in this world.

* * *

A CHICAGO man paid $1,000 for an Indian Bible recently. It is peculiar how much more a man will give for a bible he can't read than for one he can.

* * *

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX says that Havana smells too bad to be called celestial.

Mrs. Wilcox has evidently not ridden in a railway carriage with some of the celestials we know of.

* * *

THE Philadelphia *News* quotes LIFE as saying:

"But if the truth alone you want,
Free from all taint of libel,
We think you'd better take the NEWS,
Or else read the Bible."

Which LIFE did not say. Even admitting that such wretched metre as appears in the last line of our alleged verse could gain admittance to our columns, we never should have contented ourselves with the simple recommendation contained therein. We should have felt constrained to add that the news contained in the Bible is much fresher than any we have yet seen in the pages of our esteemed Philadelphia contemporary.

MARINE APPLIANCE.
THE BREECHES BUOY.

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Hyde and Seeke.

LOVE, HYS GAME.

ONE day beneathe a willowe tree,
Love met a mayde moste faire to see;
"Come play at hyde and seeke," cried he.
"With alle my hearte!"—quoth she.

"I'm it!" Love cries, and rounde hys eyes
A scarfe the maiden bindeth,
And inne and oute and rounde aboute
Ye willowe trees he windeth—
Yette ne'er the maiden findeth.

Stille inne and oute and rounde aboute,
And stille no maiden meetinge;
Till piqued, ye rogue unbinds hys eyes,
And, perched upon a branch, espies
Ye mayde retreatinge;
"Fie! Fie!" cries Love—"you're cheetinge!"

LOVE, HYS REVENGE.

"Now, you," quothe he, "must seeke for me!"
She binds her eyes, assentinge,
And inne and oute and rounde aboute,
Seeks she for Love relentinge—

But Love, they say—alas, ye day!
Has spread hys wings and flown away,
And left ye mayde lamentinge,
And left ye mayde repentinge.

O. Herford.

LEFT OUT IN THE COLD.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY (*to applicant for admission*): What may I call your name?

APPLICANT: I haven't got any. I'm the man who has been writing anonymous contributions to the newspapers.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY: Who sent you to me?

APPLICANT: Peter.

HIS SATANIC MAJESTY (*indignantly*): Well, Peter ought to know better. You can't get in here, my friend; this place is too good for you.

THE latest conundrum asked in the royal family is: "What relation is the Queen to the Guelph of Mexico?"

POINTING A MORAL.

WIFE (*witnessing the play "Ten Nights in a Barroom"*): What a terrible curse rum is, John!

HUSBAND (*feeling for his hat*): Awful—awful! Such a play as this ought to point a moral of incalculable good.

WIFE: Where are you going, John?

HUSBAND: I'm going out to see a man.

IT is not true that Buffalo Bill has been urged to occupy the Bulgarian throne. In fact, the throne will have to be repaired before it can be used; it is terribly split up the back and hornets have built a nest under it. A few days ago a a Swedish prince got on it to see if it would fit, stirred the hornets, and is now in the hospital. He is delirious and talks wildly about Russian intrigues.

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EUNICE.

SHE tripped along the stony lane
To meet me where
The brooks slipped in and out again
And lisped a dreamy, drowsy strain —
To meet me there.

The shy, staid doves upon the walls
Flew toward the town;
She heard my timid, feeble calls,
She heard my lightest of footfalls,
And she — looked down.

What fond, exquisite little sighs
We'd breathe and look,
Defeated by each other's eyes
And those infatuated cries,
Down in the brook.

Or on the cedar-boardered walks,
Together we
Would watch the proudly-preening hawks,
Or simper love in vapid talks
Deliciously.

But she is thirty now and fat
'Old' Mrs. Brown.
We met last night; I doffed my hat,
My stout, worn heart beat pit-a-pat,
While she — looked down.

De Witt Sterry.

WOMEN ON THE INCREASE.

IN Massachusetts there are 65,000 more women than men. As a natural consequence the chances of men for entering the connubial state are as five to four compared with those of the opposite sex. Were there no restraints to polygamy an enterprising single man, whose passion is inspired by an ardent love of beauty, might easily secure at least two partners for life; but the results are too awful to contemplate. On the other hand we may be sure the conditions are not favorable to celibacy. So great, indeed, is the preponderance of women, that the only means of escape for a misogynist is a broomstick flight to one of the planets.

No less unfortunate is the plight of one who is deliberating upon the choice of a wife. A true lover is not unlikely to find himself in the position of Buridan's ass. The cynic who declared that when sixty beautiful women are in the room the sentiment of beauty is lost—meaning that a sensitive soul gifted with acute perceptions of the beautiful is so dazzled and confused when multitudinous types are present that the face of his fiancée is as devoid of charm as the wrinkled visage of an apple-woman—was a virulent woman hater who had never spent a day in Boston in his life. Indeed, the contrary is quite true, and the more numerous and varied the types of beauty that environ the soul, the more deeply entangled it becomes in the magic web of their potency and charm. But this is not all. In 1987 the number of women in excess of men in the staid old commonwealth of Massachusetts cannot possibly fall short of 500,000 at the lowest estimate, unless a foreign army invades the land, and bears them away to scenes of domestic servitude beyond the seas. As this is not probable, posterity must submit to the alternative with as good a grace as possible.

We need not vex the mind, however, with vague conjectures as to their probable destiny. It is not likely that many of us will survive to pay their milliners' bills, or be harried by hordes of importunate book agents whose increasing numbers will spread dismay throughout the land. We are safe from these annoyances at all events. But let us indulge the hope that new fields will be open to their industries; and now that the bean has become a symbol of culture, whose meaning is altogether too vague and deep to be expressed in mere words, they might do worse than employ their leisure hours in cultivating the succulent vegetable, for, after all, there is no nobler aim than culture, and matrimony is not the chief end of life.

Harold van Santvoord.

AN old canteen, half-full of Confederate whisky, has been dug up near Manassas. It will be published in one of the magazines as a war article.

LAST week the Prince of Wales had one of his coat-tails torn off by a wagon-tongue while crossing a London street, and next day four hundred American swells were on the street with one coat-tail apiece.

SOCIETY NOTE.

COUNT VON HAMMERSTEIN, of Holland, advertises for a rich American wife. The count comes from a noble ancestry, and traces his descent back to the celebrated Knickerbocker Hammerstein, a brave half-breed Viking pirate, who was hanged at the yardarm of an English ship.

A MOTTO.

FOR A LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT. — Even the rustle of the leaves will alarm the hare.

SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

A PLAIN-SPOKEN lady we know well,
Fell in love with Sir James Russell Lowell.
But when told, he said "naitchah"
For nature, the "craitchah"
Concluded the match wouldn't go well.

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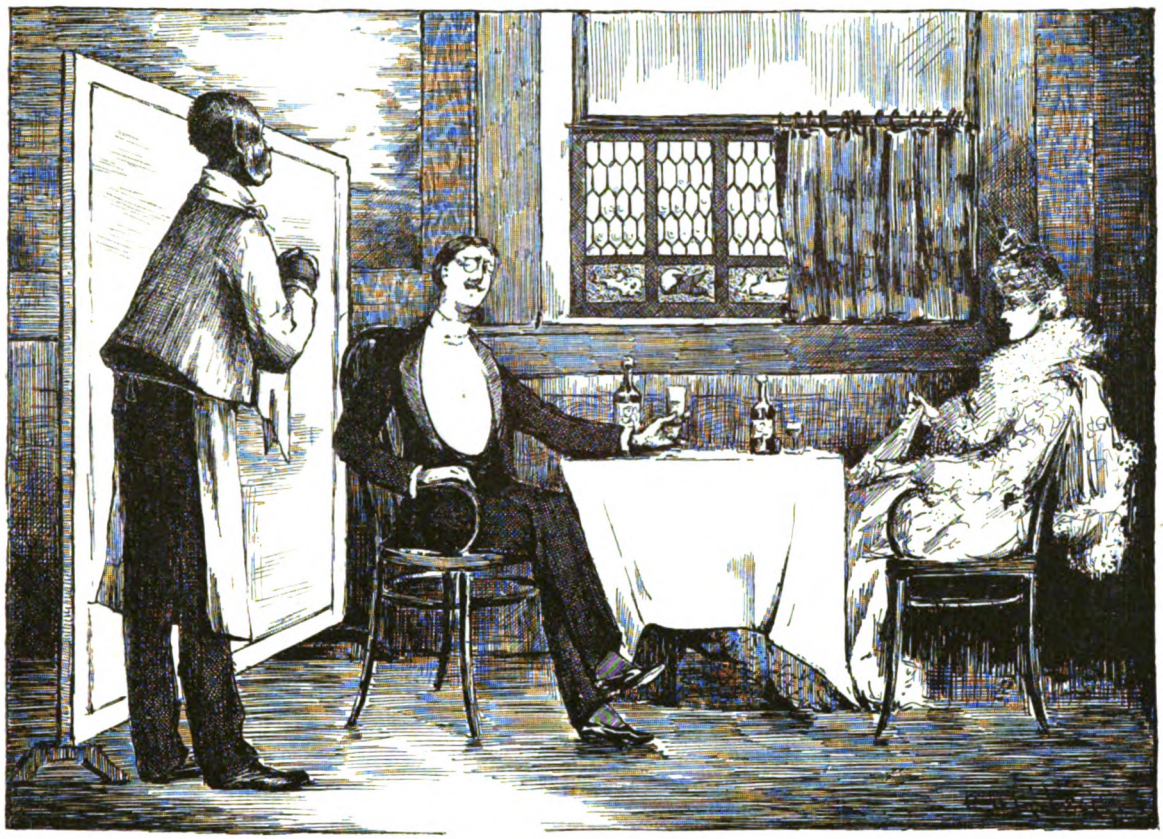


NOT TO BLAME FOR IT.

Mr. R. De Pell (with asperity): THE PROPRIETOR WANTS TO KNOW WHO I AM! I'M MR. PHILIP FERDINAND HORTON RHINELANDER DE PELL.

Waiter: WELL, YO' OUGHTN'T TER GIT MAD AT ME, SAH; I HADN'T NUFFIN TER DO WIF GIVEN YO' DAT NAME.

A TALE OF TWO SPIRITS.

THE Ghost of old John Endicott was one night wandering aimlessly through the streets of Boston, when he ran across the Spirit of the Times, who had just been attending a comic opera.

"Friend," said the Ghost of Endicott, "I feel myself lost; can'st tell me the time?"

"With pleasure, sir," responded the other, "1887."

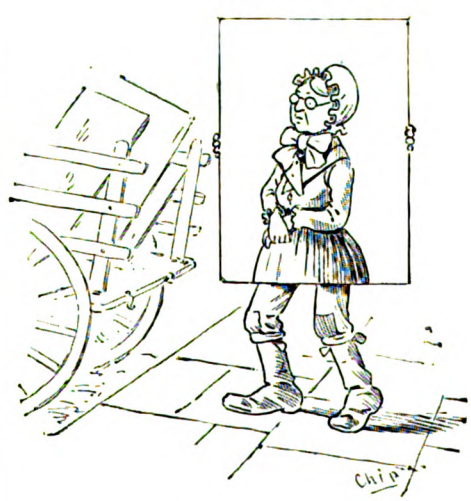
"An evil time," said the Ghost; "here in this old city of the saints, where once the ungodly were given to the edge of the sword, the sons of Belial now throng around ball-players and prize-fighters."

"Ah, now, I recognize you, Governor," rejoined the Spirit of the Times, "You came over here in old days to get what *you* wanted; and that is what *we* are trying to do now."

"But the glory is departed:—the reign of evil is come," sadly responded Endicott.

"Stuff!" exclaimed the Spirit of the Times, as he threw off his hat and dress coat; "do you know me now? I have watched all times and peoples since the days of Abraham, and I know that Human Nature will eternally break through all cast-iron rules. You cannot put shackles on the Future."

Which some zealots might profitably bear in mind.



GRANDMA'S PORTRAIT GOES TO THE EXHIBITION.

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BISMARCK'S

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FE ·

PLAYTHING.

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THE performance of "The Country Girl" and "A Woman's Won't," at Daly's, on Monday last, was a delight to the eye, the ear, and the hospital for whose benefit the performance was given.

It required an effort, such as Mr. Daly's talented company alone can make, to fully repay the audience for the difficulty they encountered in obtaining tickets, and for the risk they incurred by stirring out on so inclement a day. It is to be hoped that the doctors who had the benefit in charge are better physicians than theatrical managers. It was due rather to the desire of the populace to see Miss Rehan as the charming *Peggy* than to any innate longing of mankind for an hour's wait in a doctor's ante-room, listening to such pleasant sounds as a physician's private office alone can produce, in the vain expectation of getting a good seat, that the auditorium was so crowded.

If the hospital derives as much benefit from the performance as the physicians must have derived from the weather, the post-graduates need never again want for a refuge.

* * *

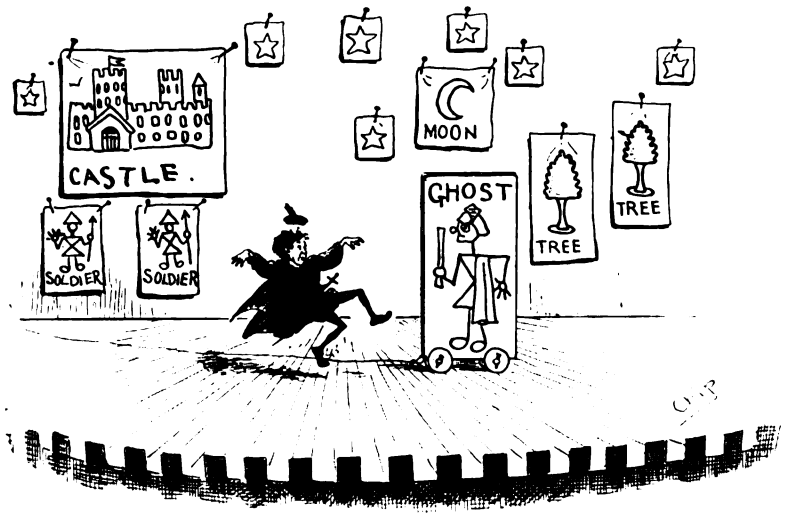
THE engagement between a squad of men from the Ninth Company, Seventh Regiment, and Thespis, which recently took place at the Academy of Music, resulted in the entire rout of the Goddess and the capture by storm of over a thousand passive spectators who filled the auditorium of the popular old Academy.

The first gun was fired at eight o'clock, and from that moment it was evident that the soldierly youths who pride themselves on their similarity to the father of their country, who was "first in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen," might add histrionic laurels to their unscarred brows. Not one showed the white feather even when the battle waged hottest, and striplings who have scarcely yet learned to bear arms vied with veterans of a decade's standing in swallowing that awful lump in the throat which is the premonitory symptom of stage fright—and what is more, they kept it swallowed.

Mr. Boyesen has said that the awful American young girl is a discourager of novelists, which may be very true, but we think she is an encourager of militiamen—and there are more militiamen than novelists! The boxes filled with the bright faces of their friends of the weaker sex, doubtless spurred these young soldiers on to their histrionic triumphs; and if ever the gallant Seventh is engaged in a contest of more deadly nature, we trust it may be in front of some young ladies' boarding-school, where they will be sure to acquit themselves gloriously—not that they would not do so ordinarily, but that they would do so extraordinarily under such circumstances.

The militiamen's beds, for which the benefit was given, will be fifty per cent. more comfortable for this effort.

SOME years ago it was the style for people to dress up: of late we notice that fashionable ladies are inclined to dress down.



THE HAMLET OF THE FUTURE.

THE RESULT OF THE NEW RAILROAD LAW, CHARGING FULL FREIGHT ON THEATRICAL PROPERTIES.

ONE DRAWBACK.

HER face of beauty, wondrous rare,
Framed with a fluff of sunny hair;
Her violet eyes, all hearts ensnare
In love that's scarce platonic.

Was ever maid so fair as she?
But yet, alas, she's not for me,
Because, beneath it all, I see
A temper most cyclonic.

H. D. C.

THE REIGN OF ANTHONY I.

HIGGINS: Good gracious! A wasp has got under my collar!

WIGGINS: For heaven's sake don't take it off here, or Comstock will get after us!

NATURE is already having her field sports. The first event is a backward spring.

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SCRAPS.

CHERIFF PASHA, of Egypt, is dead, but Sheriff Grant, of New York, is still on hand.

* * *

A GENTLEMAN, who has the nerve to call himself Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne, presumably of Tankerville-Chamberlayne Villa, Tankerville-Chamberlayne-on-the-Chamberlayne, England, wants to race his yacht, the *Arrow*, against General Paine's *Mayflower*.

The sole conditions he imposes are that the *Arrow* shall be run by steam, and that the *Mayflower* shall be tied to a buoy during the race.

It is nothing but Yankee obstinacy that stands in the way of so sportsmanlike a proposition being accepted.

* * *

IN view of the position English yachtsmen take regarding the centreboard, Mr. Chamberlayne's telegram refusing to grant "*so great an advantage as unrestricted centreboard*" is very refreshing.

* * *

HOWARD CROSBY is said to be writing a book on Prohibition, with the following preface: "If you let me compound the drinks of a people, I don't care who makes its laws."

* * *

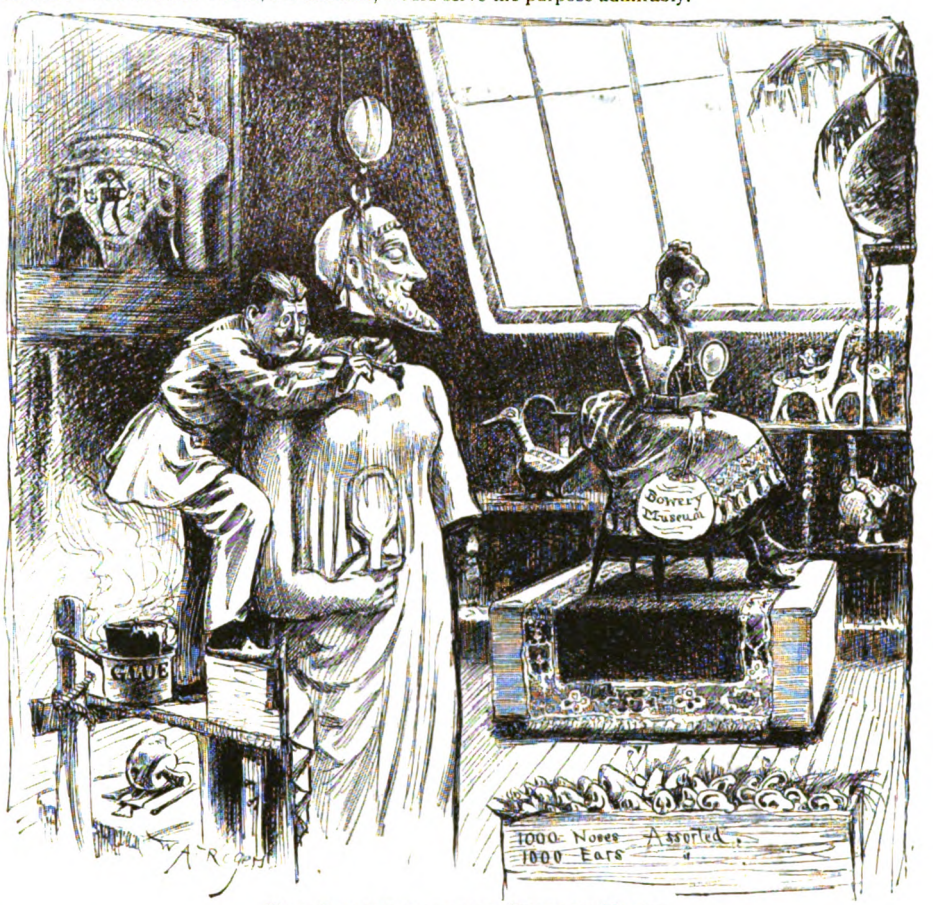
IGNATIUS DONNELLY is now persuaded that Richard the Third wrote Mr. James Russell Lowell. He will try to prove this by internal, external, and circumambient evidence.

A SUGGESTION.

NOW that the Metropolitan Museum is the recipient of so many valuable pictures, with a scarcity of space in which to hang them, why is it not a good opportunity of dumping the Cesnola statuary into the Atlantic Ocean? They could never injure the ocean, and their absence would be of incalculable benefit to the Museum.

But as Mr. Cesnola's persistent labors and damaged reputation deserve something more from this community than the paltry thousands he has received for his stone-work, we modestly offer a suggestion.

Select some representative statue, and retain it as a monument to the inventive genius of this wonderful collector. The bearded Venus, for instance, would serve the purpose admirably.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE BEARDED VENUS.

It is a beautiful piece of work, of boundless importance to archæologists, the admiration of sculptors, and one wherein the Marquis di Cesnola has devoted his best energies, and which he regards with a natural pride. What could be a more fitting monument to the glory of this inimitable restorer?

Plated with a solid coat of impenetrable brass, with an appropriate inscription at the base, it would serve a glorious purpose.

It absorbs much less space than the present collection, as a whole, and if placed in a commanding position, beneath the cellar stairs, for instance, would speak volumes to the intelligent visitor, and point a healthy moral to all future humbugs.

ZOÖLOGICAL.

HAVING overheard something about Darwin and the quadrumanæ, at breakfast yesterday. Bodkins enquired if Mike (who has just built a cottage with his savings) was a monkey. "I guess he must be," said Bodkins, "everybody says he is so forehanded."

NEW DEFINITIONS.

FAME: A long ladder which is suddenly pulled away from under the feet as soon as we reach an invisible niche above us.

MATRIMONY: A stupid and tedious romance with a gilt-edged and seductive title-page and illuminated cover.

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HIS FIRST VIEW OF THE NEW BABY.

Nurse: WELL, CHARLEY, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?
Charles: WELL, I THINK IT'S GOING TO BE A *girl.*

IN "FLA.'S TRE.

A DASHING young damsel from Me.,
With a face most uncommonly Ple.,
Had such cute little Ft.,
That when seen on the St.,
Young "Cholly" was driven Inse.

* * *

'Twas a few hours ago down in Me.,
That I kissed a dear angel named Je.
If she whispered refre.,
'Twas too low to be ple.,
So I did so age. and age.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.

A MOST promising event is the festival in aid of the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital, of East 34th Street, to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House, the 26th and 27th of this month. The interior of the Opera House will be arranged to look like a street, and each booth will represent a month of the year.

THE Prince of Wales says that the dramatic critics must consider him a condemned idiot about dramatic affairs. The critics plead guilty.

BOOKS BY NOTED AUTHORS.

THE PROPER METHOD OF WATERING STOCK. By Jay Gould, R.A. (Railway Absorber), is not, as some of our rural readers might infer from its title, a treatise especially designed for the perusal of cattle breeders. It is a volume treating upon the scientific mode of irrigating railway securities. The amount of water which any given railway can absorb without converting it into a canal, is calculated to a very fine point, by an adept in the art.

Men I Have Met. By John Lawrence Sullivan, Ph.D. (Doctor of Phistology). The well-known reputation of the author of this volume in the particular branch of science to which he has devoted his life, will insure a large sale for this book. Besides discussing the physical and mental characteristics of the gentlemen who have the honor to be mentioned in Professor Sullivan's book, details are given as to the number of rounds required to knock them out, and the manner in which the gate-money was divided. It may be remarked, in passing, that the men met by Professor Sullivan did not look so handsome subsequent to the meeting as previous, with the exception of Professor Cardiff. It is to be regretted that the work under review went to press before its distinguished author held his recent debate with that gentleman; and that consequently nothing appears in its pages in reference to it. A second edition will probably give Professor Cardiff the prominence he deserves.

Words and Their Uses. By Grover Cleveland. This book will be found invaluable to students seeking to acquire a peculiar literary style. It treats of the best method of combining English words so as to produce striking euphuisms. The history is given in full of such double-jointed phrases as "innocuous desuetude," "offensive partisanship," "odious agility," "ghoulish glee," "pernicious activity," and "noisy enthusiasm," with full directions for the construction of similar effective orthographical combinations. The author will be recognized as the brother of Miss Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

What to Drink. This book is a work of collaboration on the part of Messrs. Sedgwick and Manning, late Envoy to Mexico, and present United States Minister to that country. The subject is treated principally with a view to discussing the effect of high altitudes on beverages, in order to arrive at some definite conclusion regarding the effect of rarefied air and mescal in superinducing a condition favorable to pneumonia. Travelers should give the book a careful perusal before leaving for Mexico.

Silverware: How to Select and Keep It. By General Benjamin F. Butler. A small volume for the use of tramps and other tourists, which will doubtless meet with a ready sale. It is illustrated with numerous engravings, showing the various designs in spoons from 1864 to the present time.

Pan-Electricity. By Augustus H. Garland. This work treats exhaustively the subject indicated in the title. Being written by a man with a thorough knowledge of the subject, the book should become a standard authority. The method of "getting in on the ground-floor" is thoroughly elucidated, and the best method of accepting presents of stock in corporations without allowing the acceptance to influence one's official action, is discussed.

William H. Siviter.

SOCIETY NOTE.

"ARRAH, THIN, MRS. DIVINS, WILL YEZ GO TO THE CIRCUS WID A SELICT PARTY THIS DAY?"

"FAITH, THIN, MRS. MORIARTY, MINNY THANKS, BUT I IXPICT A LITTLE CIRCUS OF MY OWN. THIS IS THE OULD MAN'S DAY FOR GITTIN' DHRUNK!"

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

MISS COCKETT: "Yellow roses are supposed to indicate flirtatiousness, and moss roses mean love, do they not, Mr. Neversmile?"

MR. NEVERSMILE: "So I'm told; and white roses mean silence."

MISS COCKETT: "Well, what do these large cabbage roses and jacks mean?"

MR. NEVERSMILE: "Bankruptcy, Miss Cockett—bankruptcy every time."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THOSE BOSTON GIRLS.

(*In the lobby, after the matinee*): "Those two Boston girls who sat in front of us weren't half bad, eh, old man?"

"Quite taw, I'm sure. But how do you know they're from Boston?"

"Didn't you notice that they did all their talking in French?"

"Gad! And such French, too!"

"Exactly."—*Town Topics.*

Two Irishmen unknown to each other appeared at the delivery window one day at the same time. One stepped forward and asked: "Anything for Patrick Maloney to-day?" The clerk looked through a certain number of letters and replied: "Nothing for Patrick Maloney!" and Patrick walked out. The second man then inquired: "Anything for Patrick Maloney?" "Just looked for Patrick Maloney," said the clerk with a smile, "and there's nothing here." "Faith," explained the waiting man cheerfully, "it's a different Patrick Maloney I am."—*Elmira Gazette.*

SISTER, Thou Hast Left Us.—Old Lady Stout of North Beach No Longer to Terrorize Summer Boarders—The large number of citizens of Portland and other places who spend their summer vacation at North Beach will be rejoiced to learn that Mr. J. L. Stout, proprietor of the Sea View House, has been granted a divorce from Mrs. Stout, whom it would be a piece of glaring mendacity to call his "better half." She is gone, and guests at the Sea View House will be terrorized by her no more. As she is a lady, the only thing permissible to say about her is that she does not know how to run an hotel. The establishment will in future be conducted by Mr. Stout, who is a genial, accommodating gentleman, and will make his house a popular place of resort. No more will guests be taken by the shoulder and forced to sit just where they do not want to at table, no more will they be compelled to eat flannel cakes when they desire hot toast, or drink coffee when they wish tea. Life at the beach this summer will be well worth living, and there will be plenty of fish at the rocks, and every tide will be a crab tide, and most of the crabs will be soft shells.—*Portland Oregonian.*

A NEW YORK girl visiting recently in Philadelphia was taken to the opera by a young man, and at the close of the performance was asked to partake of some slight refreshment in the way of a supper. She accepted the invitation, and at the conclusion of the repast was somewhat astonished to see her escort reach for her pocket-book, which lay on the table at her side, and coolly pay the bill out of her money. This, it seems, is customary in Philadelphia when a young gentleman's means are somewhat limited. It relieves his lady friends of the embarrassment they might otherwise feel on partaking of any entertainment at his cost. It struck the New York girl, however, as being very ridiculous, and she began to laugh. "I fear you are laughing at my expense," said the young man. "Let me explain." "Oh, no," she replied, "I was laughing at *my* expense!"—*The Independent.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she bathers it over us.

"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure. Purifying. Emollient. A luxury for shampooing. Cures Skin Diseases. THE PACKER MFG. CO., 100 Fulton St., New York.

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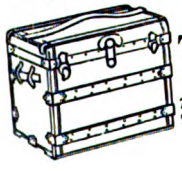

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And soon Sick Headache will subside
When Tarrant's Seltzer has been tried."

THE ENGADINE

Bouquet, Atkinson's New Perfume. This superb distillation sweetly recalls fragrant Swiss flowers. Bright jewels in a setting of perpetual snow.

SOMEWHAT DEVOTIONAL.

"My young friend," he said solemnly, "do you ever attend a place of worship?"

"Yes, sir; regularly every Sunday night," replied the youth, "I'm on my way to see her now."—*Sun.*

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LOST THEM IN THE POOL.

"WHERE'S YOUR GAME, LOVE?"

"IT WAS HARDLY WORTH BRINGING HOME, DEAR, SO I LEFT IT AT THE DEPOT." (*He had been playing a stiff game of poker in the smoker, and a king full had beaten a dozen birds.*)

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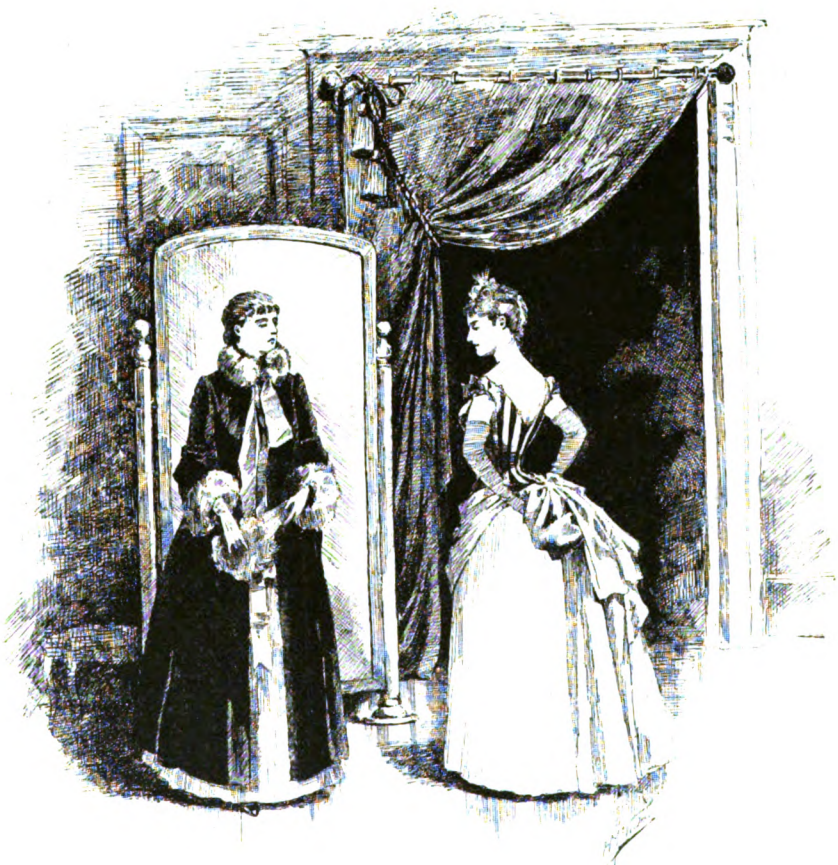

THE RIVALS.

First Rival, with malice: WHAT AN UNINTERESTING CROWD THERE IS HERE TO-NIGHT! MR. OGILVIE SAYS EVEN *I* OUTSHINE THE REST OF THE WORLD.

Second Rival, sweetly: YES, HE TOLD *me* YOU LOOKED WARM.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MAY 5, 1887. No. 227.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IT is doubtful if the American mind is gifted with the capacity to believe that any man doesn't want to be President, or that any President does not wish to continue in office indefinitely. The recent rumor that Mr. Cleveland had written out the expression of his desire to return to private life in 1889, was received in most quarters with smiling incredulity, and is probably regarded at this moment by many of our friends, the practical politicians, as a clever feint. Notoriety and prominence must be curiously attractive to human nature, or people would not be so incredulous about the allurements of ease and philosophic retirement in comparison.

* * *

WHY shouldn't Mr. Cleveland think it would be pleasant to get out. If he should refuse to be a candidate for a second term, he would leave the White House immensely the gainer in personal reputation by his four years of official life. Even our neighbor, the *Sun*, will hardly assert that the nation's two years of intimate acquaintance with him has not given him an enviable place in its regard. Even the most confirmed and mouldy moss-backs think a great deal more respectfully, at least, of him than they did when he began. They may not admire him as a democrat, but they have learned a new estimate of him as a man. If he should go out in 1889, he would go out with colors flying, to the enjoyment of a distinguished position among his fellow citizens. And he would have political prospects still left. He might rest for four, or eight, or twelve years, and still be a candidate for re-election if the fit struck him or his fitness struck the public. He would not be laid on the shelf with so much emphasis, even presidentially speaking, as if he had served a double term, and Mr. Cleveland is a very young man to be laid on the shelf in any respect. If he should retire, or be retired, after a single term, LIFE, for one, would like to see him emulate the example of John Quincy Adams, and serve the people at the other end of Pennsylvania Avenue.

THERE is one serious objection to quitting office that must have often occurred to Mr. Cleveland. He would be one ex-president, and the other would be Mr. Hayes. That consideration ought to keep his ambition fired, if nothing else could.

* * *

DR. McGLYNN and Henry George, and some other men, have started an anti-poverty society. Now, we had an idea that George's idea of a society of that sort was for one member to be himself and the other Mr. VanAstorbilt, and then for both members to contribute their effects to a pool and live off the proceeds. The newly-formed society must be constructed on a different basis, for two of the "other men" who are in it are clergymen, and George keeps right on with his paper and Father McGlynn has planned to go lecturing. An anti-poverty society whose members work is nothing. Society with the large S is that very thing now. Mr. George cannot patent his new institution; it was there before.

* * *

LIFE hastens to felicitate the Hon. Sir George M. Pullman on his celebrated vestibule train. Are all the reports true, Sir George? Can the whole process of American life be carried on aboard your moving palace? Is it true that a millionaire can board this famous train in Jersey City, and eat, smoke, drink, read, sleep and be shaved in such grateful succession for a fortnight as hardly to know that he has ever left home, while the train has been to San Francisco and returned? We haven't heard of anything so peculiarly elegant since that worthy retired merchant built the library so admirably quiet and secluded that "I might spend a week there and nobody be the wiser." Are you not afraid, Sir George, that you will enervate us through these luxuries which you tempt us with?

* * *

CAN any true New Yorker witness without some trepidation the growth of the Ohio Society in Gotham? Last year it had a dinner and its men talked. This year, about a fortnight ago, it had a great ball, at which General Ewing made the only speech. In a single year, he said, the society had increased from 115 to 400 members. It had outgrown its habits, its rooms, everything! At this rate, how long will it take for Ohio, with her well-known talent for helping herself, to absorb New York?

The prospect is sufficiently serious, aside from that it is interesting. We are used to having the East send its picked men to the West to grow up with the country, but there is a deal of novelty about the return of their sons in their strength from a country that is grown up.

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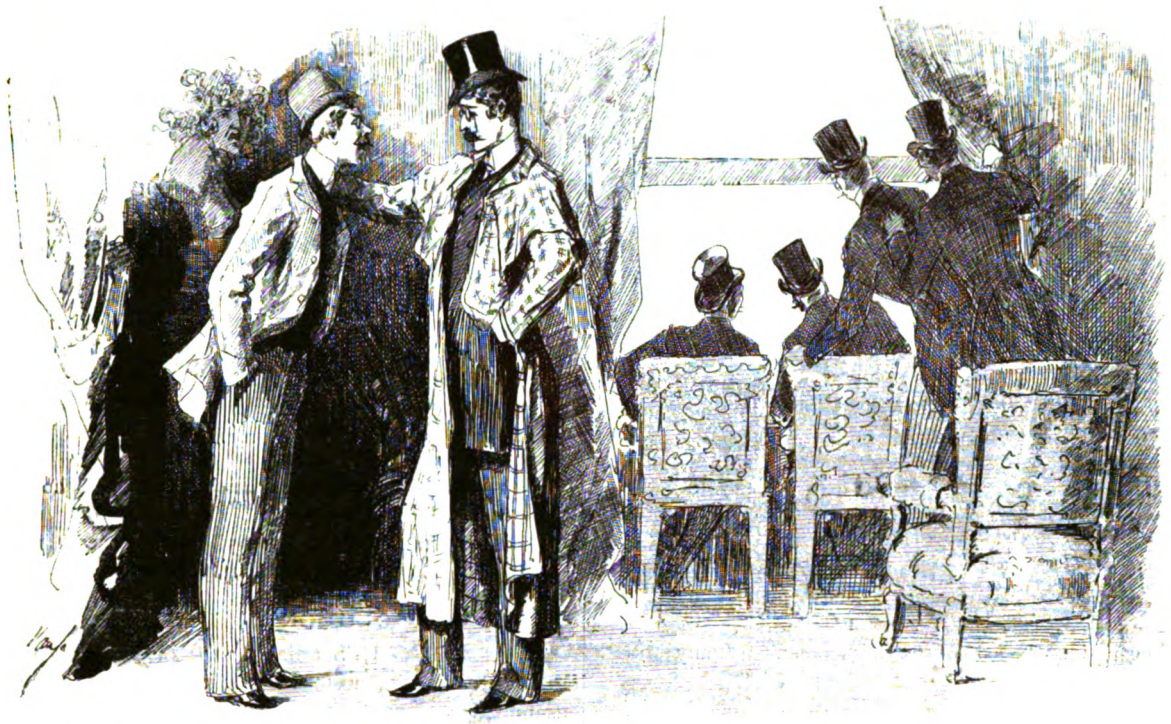

ONE TONGUE.

Dumley: HERE, PEABODY, WHAT IS THIS I HEAR ABOUT A MARRIAGE BETWEEN YOU AND THAT SMITHERS GIRL? SHE IS IN NO WAY FITTED TO MAKE YOU A CONGENIAL COMPANION.

Peabody: YOU'RE WRONG, OLD BOY, SHE IS A MOST CULTURED WOMAN AND SPEAKS SEVEN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES FLUENTLY.

Dumley: YES, THAT'S ALL VERY NICE, BUT WHEN YOU HAVE BEEN MARRIED AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU WILL FIND THAT ONE LANGUAGE IS ALL THAT YOU WANT A WOMAN TO SPEAK FLUENTLY.

A ROMANCE.

[*Ye Poet, waxing sentimental, sendeth off to hys ladye love ye metrical recital of hys woes & hys undying affection.*]

THERE'S a room in Bohemia, cheerless and drear,
That the sun never gladdens with light —
No friends ever break on my solitude here,
And day is as sombre as night;
Yet night is all sunshine and day is all blest,
And troubles fall lightly as dew:
Trim Fancy in holiday garb I have dressed,—
I'm dreaming, fair lady, of you!

When I wonder and blunder through drowsiest lore
Of Blackstone and Bishop and Kent,
'Till my brain is as dry as the dust on the floor,
And reason is crooked and bent,—
Then Fantasy comes, and in Fantasy's train
Come visions of happiest hue.—
Far away in my sun-dazzled castles in Spain,
I'm dreaming, fair lady, of you!

So the sun may come up and go down, as he will,
'Till he smiles on my fresh covered grave;
And little I'll care, lying pallid and still,
For the honors that living men crave;
But I'll dream on forever in peace—if the dead
May dream of the love that they knew—
And the low-waving grass that grows over my head
Will whisper, dear lady, of you!

[*Ye Mayde being from ye Weste and ill-appreciating ye flightes of Pegasus makes reply.*]

Oh, give us a rest on your "castles" and "dreams,"
And your "grave" and your "low-waving grass!"
Please send me a box of good chocolate creams,
And burn all your metrical gas.
Perhaps you don't know that you give me a pain,—
But, really and truly, you do!
Go and bury yourself in your "castle in Spain,"—
It's the place for such duffers as you!

[*Ye Poet taketh ye nexte train for "fayre Provence."*]

W. S. Case.

JAY GOULD is not much of a numismatist, but he has the finest collection of coins in the country.

OF course Governor Hill doesn't want to sign a high-license bill.

The Executive's private bills for treating his constituents are probably too large at present rates.

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MAY.

NOW the man who owns a truck
Is in luck,
And the lord whose land is rented
Feels contented;
But he who moves the first of Gemini
Is rather lemony.

* * *

BOSTON is trying to get up an author's club, leaving out Sullivan and Mike Kelly.

The next thing we know Harvard College will be trying to row the New London race in a bath-tub. These Bostonians are very impracticable people.

* * *

THE *Herald* says that there are not ten women in the world who can sharpen a lead-pencil. They always ruin the point.

The same may be said of the way women tell funny stories.

* * *

THE CUT DIRECT.

MRS. VAN DYKE: Are you going to call on the late Mrs. Jones?

MRS. SMYTHERS: Indeed, I am not! She never sent me cards announcing her divorce, and I don't intend to run after any woman.

* * *

A GNOME DE PLUME.

* * *

SOME enemy of the New York *Sun* has discovered that Mr. Dana's name when written in blank verse, thus:

Charles
Anderson
Dana,

presents another acrostical allusion to the great Mugwump who supported B. F. Butler in the last campaign.

* * *

THE Czar recently declared that he was afraid of nothing; and as Nihilism consists largely of that, we rather believe the Potentate told the truth.

* * *

STOCKS and vessels are much alike. When they get too much water in they are liable to sink.

MAYOR HEWITT is doing so well in enforcing the Sunday laws that we have great hopes of the ultimate enforcement of the Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday laws.

* * *

THE Pennsylvania Senate has passed a bill providing that the punishment for murder in the first degree may be death by the use of electricity.

Experts say that it is much pleasanter to be telegraphed into eternity than to be let down into it by a rope.

* * *

"PAPA," said Mr. Gladstone's little boy, "how many legs has an ass?"

"That depends on the ass, my boy," returned the Grand Old Man; "Lord Salisbury has only two."

* * *

A SOLOMON IN THE BUD.

MARK TWAIN'S article in the *Century* is very good reading—almost as good, in fact, as the subjoined examination paper received at LIFE office this morning.

I. *Why does a telegram sent from New York at noon reach St. Louis before noon?*

Because it never takes the Western Union Telegraph Company more than twenty-three hours to cover the distance.

II. *What is the greatest difference in time that two places may have?*

There is about a century's difference between New York and Philadelphia.

III. *What causes the continual fogs on the Newfoundland coast?*

The Newfoundland coast is English, you know.

IV. *Where is the Levant?*

Down East.

V. *State briefly the causes that led to the American Civil War.*

Niggers.

VI. *Name the principal point of difference between the government of Russia and the government of the United States.*

In the United States the government endeavors to elevate the people and in Russia the people try to elevate the government. They sometimes succeed in Russia.

VII. *The State of Michigan is divided into two parts by what water?*

Fire-water. The Prohibitionists are slightly in the rear.

VIII. *If the 1st of March were a Friday, what day would the 17th of March be?*

St. Patrick's Day.

IX. *Wherein lies the difference between the Senate and the House of Representatives?*

The Senate is Republican and the House isn't.

X. *Name the five races of mankind.*

Horse races, yacht races, foot races, boat races, and the race for office.

The unfortunate part of this is that the youth who has displayed such rich and varied stores of learning as above was summarily flunked at the Theological Seminary to which he applied for admission, and has now gone on a Western paper in the capacity of humorist.

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SCRAPS.

THE PRINCE OF WALES never smokes Reign-a Victoria cigars.

* * *

MRS. SPRIGGINS remarks that she would rather fool with a bee than be with a fool.

* * *

"GOOD CHARACTER," says a philosopher, "is property."

The Anarchists are quite consistent in opposing property.

* * *

A NOVEL suicide is reported from Chicago. A young gentleman of leisure, becoming despondent, smoked a Flora Bernhardt cigar so strong that it drew his brains out.

* * *

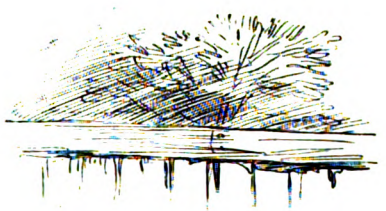
"ONE half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives," is a saying as old as Dr. Mary Walker.

It is believed to apply with much force to the Editorial and Business halves of the New York *World*.

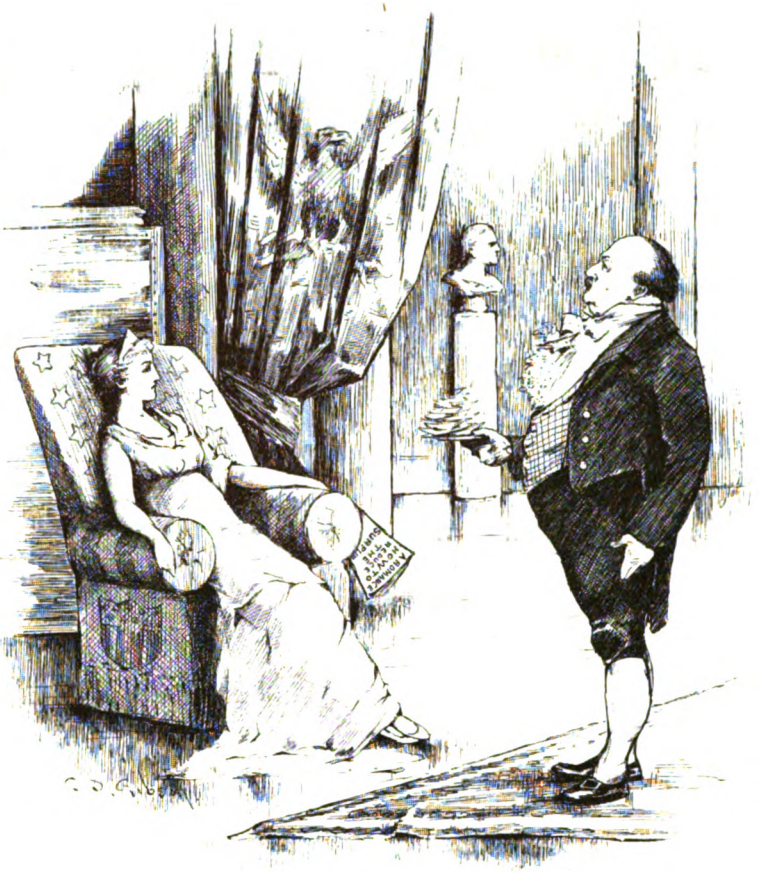
* * *

AN exchange says that Mark Twain and Mr. Howells walk around New York with their arms lovingly locked.

This is probably done to keep them from writing in the streets.



SAY, NERO, I'M GOING TO BE OUT LATE, AN' I DON'T WANT YOU TO BARK WHEN I GET HOME AN' WAKE THE FOLKS UP.



A FRUGAL MIND.

Miss Columbia: GROVER, IF JOHN CHINAMAN CALLS WITH THAT LITTLE BILL, ASK HIM TO WAIT ANOTHER FIFTY YEARS. IF JOHN BULL COMES ABOUT CANADA, TELL HIM I AM SICK AND CAN'T FIGHT. AFTER THE WAY MISS MEXICO TREATED ME, I DON'T WISH TO SEE HER ANY MORE. IN FACT, I AM IN NO CONDITION TO MEET ANYONE! NOW, HAVING NO VISITORS, I CAN READ THE LAST ROMANCE ON "HOW TO REDUCE THE SURPLUS."

THE BLUE-BLOODED GOAT.

AN old goat settled in New York city, and being anxious to get into the best society, told his new acquaintances that his great-grandfather was a Bengal tiger. The animals were disposed to doubt the truth of this; whereupon the goat produced a certificate of deposit showing that he had $3,000,000 in a down-town bank. This proof was accepted as conclusive, and in less than a month the goat was president of a swell club.

MORAL: This fable teaches that the *reductio ad pecuniam* is a powerful method of proof in the sociological system.

CHICAGO, since Mr. Lowell's insinuation that Bacon wrote "Richard the Third," is much impressed by the lines, "Off with his head; so much for Bucking Ham."

The populace don't think much of a man who talks about a bucking ham.

MR. ROCKAFELLER ought to cross the Atlantic in a dory. He would be safe enough if the ancient saw about "oil on troubled waters" contains the germ of truth.

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BOOMERANGS

A FEW REMARKS ABOUT LITERARY BOOMS.

LITERATURE cannot be successfully "boomed" as the acute business manager pushes a patent medicine or a new variety actress by means of lithographs and portraits, with accompanying "reading notices" of a eulogistic character. To have written one or two good short stories does not place a man or woman among those set apart from their fellows by extraordinary talent or ability. All this exuberant talk about "bursting into prominence with a single short story" is of a kind with the puffs of a country weekly which comments on the "statesmanlike effort of our new assemblyman," and compares him with Webster or Calhoun.

There was never any literature worth the name which was not rooted deep in truth, and no man can produce it who has been puffed up with a false and exaggerated idea of his own ability.

* * *

ALL this is by way of prelude to a frank condemnation of the very interesting article in *Harper's* for May, on "The Recent Movement in Southern Literature." It is appreciative, good-natured, and in the main just in its judgments, if due allowance be made in all these qualities for exaggeration. But the perspective is radically bad. A short story assumes the importance of a novel, and a first novel is rated as an achievement approaching the wonderful. Twelve portraits are published, yet only three of the authors have made really valuable contributions to our literature. The rest are buds of promise.

When one thinks that after Hawthorne had written scores of his beautiful tales, which are unapproachable in style and fancy, he yet modestly rated himself as "the obscurest man of letters in America;" when one considers that great romancer's twelve lonely years in the old house at Salem, and his frank expression that "in this dismal chamber Fame was won;" when one recalls the long apprenticeship of Thackeray, full of good work which yet delights us; when, indeed, he is mindful of even a small part of the dignity, labor and achievement which go toward the making of what is admirable and true in letters—then must he be full of indignation at any form of adulation which gives that conspicuous place to petty workers which even those who have wrought long and well would be reluctant to claim for themselves.

* * *

SUCH injudicious praise reacts on those who receive it, perverting their judgment; it raises false ambitions in the ever-growing army of those who deceive themselves by believing they can write; it creates a wrong standard of literature among those who read.

The South has given us good literature, and will give us much more. Its people are courteous, warm-hearted, unselfish, genuine. Their deep affections and vivid imagination must continue to color our books with those elements which can never come from the cold and critical North. But the South does not want its writers "boomed" by the methods used in "working up" the "commercial movement" in Birmingham and Decatur.

* * *

THIS is the only criticism to be passed on a wonderfully entertaining number of an always interesting magazine. The illustrations are unusually rich and effective, and there are notable articles such as Coquelin's "Acting and Actors," and Bishop's "Jerry and Clarinda."

· NEW BOOKS ·

SOCIAL REGISTER. New York, April, 1887. New York: Social Register Association.

The Church Review. April, 1887. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Essentials of Perspective. With illustrations drawn by the Author, by L. W. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Buchholz Family. Second part. Sketches of Berlin Life, by Julius Stinde. Translated by T. Dora Schmitz. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Saracinesca, by F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Synopsis of Phrenology, and chart describing the Phrenological Developments for the use of Practical Phrenologists. New York: Fowler & Wells Co.

A HEN is a very superior creature, but she never could lay a corner store.

CASTING HIM DOWN.

POET: Well, old man, congratulate me, I've got something in the *Atlantic*.

MORTAL: What is it, a whale?

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Susie: OH! MAMA, I'LL NEVER DISOBEY YOU AGAIN.

Mama: WHY, SUSIE, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

Susie: WELL, I DRANK MY MILK AT LUNCH AND THEN I ATE —A PICKLE; AND THE MILK SAID TO THE PICKLE, "GET OUT;" AND THE PICKLE SAID, "I WON'T;" AND THEY ARE HAVING AN AWFUL TIME!

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She: IS IT RAINING VERY HARD?

M. le Baron (who has just heard the expression "to rain cats and dogs"): NON, ONLY A LEETLE; IT EES RAINING KITTENS AND PUPPIES.

THE ORGAN OF SNOBDOM.

THE *Social Register* has adopted a system of showing who is who, which is explained by the subjoined note clipped from its pages:

It is intended to trace the lineage of all the families whose names are in the Register by inserting the married woman's maiden name and the initials of a person's father, and his or her mother's maiden name.

This is a most delightful safeguard against the entrance into society of unworthy persons. A full set of parents must now be proved or the applicant for social honors goes to the wall.

It is just as well that the public should be informed on such subjects, and we think it should be extended further, by ringing in the grandfather, and saying whether or not any relative, collateral or otherwise, has ever graced the gallows, and if so, for what crime; also, in what business profession or crime the "woman's" or "person's" fortune was made, and of how many dollars such fortune consists.

LIFE is gratified to note that "women" and "persons" are to be admitted into society, and is altogether pleased with the *Social Register* as a key to Snobdom, its ways and byways.

WE commend the Rime of the Ancient Mariner to the Prohibitionists. They will perceive what a hardship it is to have

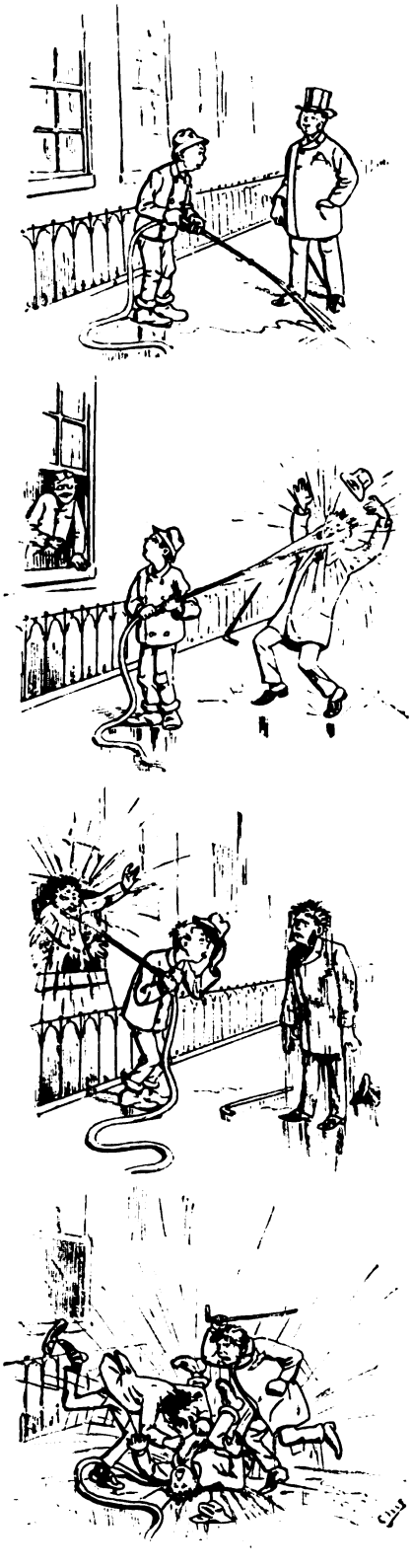
"Water, water everywhere,
And not one drop for drink."

AN INSOLUBLE MYSTERY.

WHY are we always so much more rejoiced at finding a dime than at earning a dollar?—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*

We have to give it up, friend *Chronicle.* We have more than we can conveniently manage accounting for our own peculiarities without attempting to explain the idiotic preferences of our contemporaries.

TRYING TO BE POPULAR.



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SCIENTIFIC

THE Grand Duke di Cesnola has confided almost a column of woe to our E. C. the *Mail and Express*.

It appears that there is no fireproof apartment in the Museum, as it now stands, in which the late Miss Wolfe's paintings can be placed.

Mayor Grace would not let the Museum have its appropriation unless it would open its doors on Sunday—and the Board of Apportionment is expected to act very much as Mayor Grace acted, respecting the $315,000 when the bill permitting the City to give that much money is passed.

It costs $47,000 a year to run the Museum now, and it will shortly cost $88,000 a year to do it, and the City which bound itself to pay for repairs has never paid one cent.

Thus waileth the Marquis, who seems to be fireproof himself even if his Museum is not—else would he have been fired long since.

Now, as to Mayor Grace and the Board of Apportionment: the former was and the latter is representative of the people, and both seem to have taken the very level-headed view that what the people pay for the people must have access to on all reasonable occasions, whether it pleases the Ameer of Afghanistan or displeases the Ding di Cesnola; and, if the Corporal in charge backed by the Board of Trustees decides that the people may not have access to that for which they are taxed, at so reasonable an hour as may be found from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. on any Sunday, the representatives of the people do right in withholding the appropriation.

No one asks Alderman di Cesnola to exhibit himself on Sunday, nor does the ordinary citizen much hanker for a Sabbath-day's view of the Board of Trustees. Hence the personal feelings of this nobleman and these gentlemen should not be brought into a controversy where they stand a fair chance of being slightly maimed, as it were.

Next as to the fireproof buildings, we fear that in their absence we detect the Trustees in a small joke at Admiral di Cesnola's expense. It was not very long ago that a collection of statuary was burned in the Central Park, and while we, of course, make no direct charges, we nevertheless feel tolerably certain that there would not be much wailing and gnashing of teeth among the Trustees if they should wake some morning and find the whole Cesnola collections turned to ashes and the Duke himself somewhat

"Chastened by Fire."

There was method in Hamlet's madness, and the melancholy aspect that the Metropolitan Museum Trustees have worn since Lieutenant di Cesnola's experiments in composite antiquities were exposed, convinces us that between them and Hamlet there is a decided case of parallelism.

Third and last—why should the City pay for repairs when the Midshipman himself has shown that when left alone he is capable of stupendous achievements in reparation, on his regular salary as Director?

Is not the City justified in thinking that the gallant Duke will eventually repair a crack in the wall so that it will resemble a triumphal arch, and rest content with the glory of his achievement? Are we not all watching earnestly for the day when the present brick building shall have been repaired into a marble palace with a façade from Rome, a cupola from New Jersey, and a back door from the soon-to-be-destroyed Madison Square Garden—all regularly paid for in the Director's salary?

Really, we think that taking all things into consideration, the Colonel has very little cause for complaint. It is very hard for him, no doubt, to sit all day long contemplating the nose of a Cyprian lady glued above the mouth of a Greek god; but he placed the pin in his own chair and should not growl because he has to sit on it.

He should view the condition of affairs with resignation—for his resignation would give the Museum new life.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

AGENT: It's the best investment for your money I know of. Why, the income from it alone is $20,000 a year.

CUSTOMER: Why does the owner sell?

AGENT: Well, the fact of the matter is he owes the State $400 for taxes, and he wants the money, bad.

Perhaps it's unnecessary to state that these youngsters have been to the circus.

Balancer (to boy on top): WHY DON'T YER WAVE THE FLAG, TOMMY?

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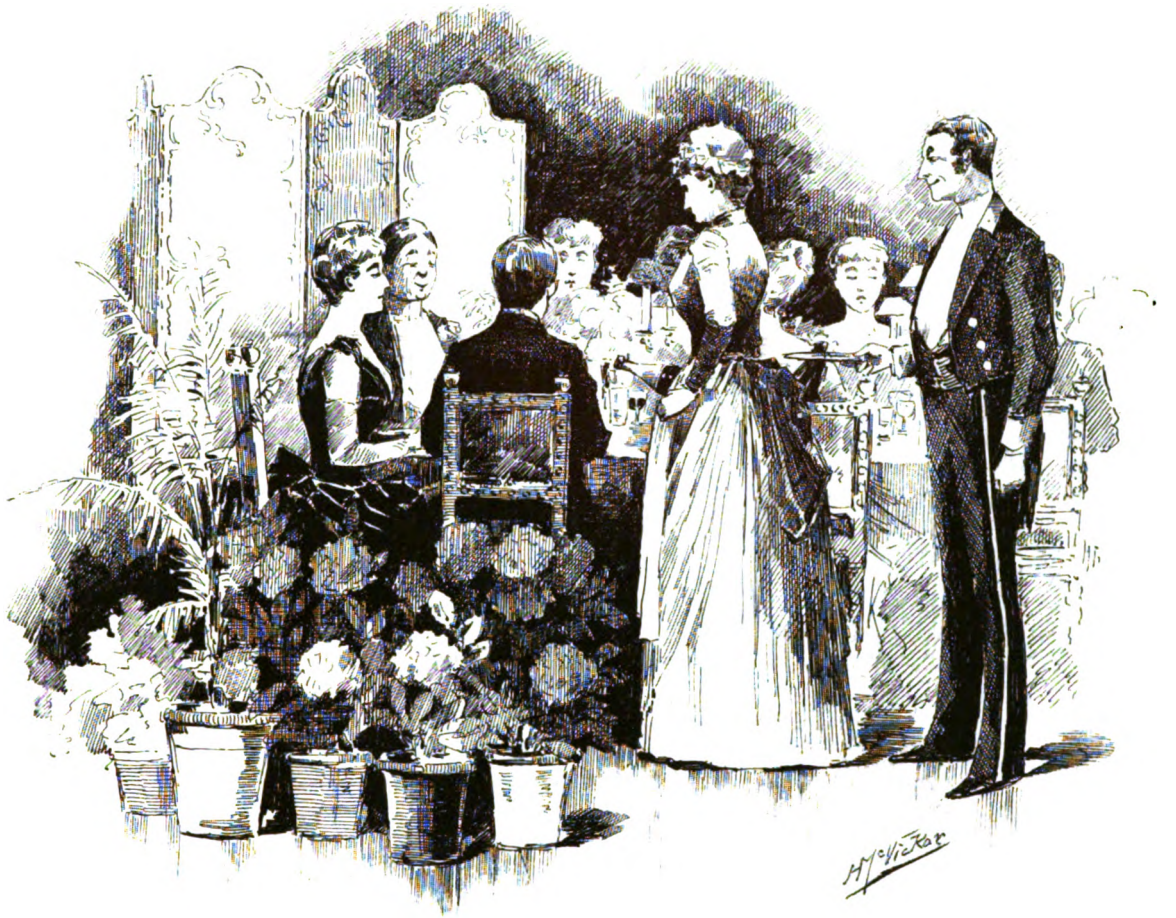

PREVIOUS TRAINING.

The New Servant (beginning to pour the champagne): SAY WHEN.

STRANGE!

'TWAS Rose that turned my head, last June,
With airy phrases uttered wittily;
And Rose that stole my boyish heart,
Coquetting cruelly, but prettily.

'Twas Rose whose blushes swept her cheek
All through the tender songs she lilted me;
And yet—*hinc illæ lachrymæ*—
When autumn came, 'twas Rose that jilted me!

M. E. W.

BOSTONIANS consider Mr. Riddle's assertion that their feet are notoriously large as a deserved tribute to the broadness of their understanding. Mr. Riddle should remember that large feet are symbolical of great soles.

OUR friend the inebriate states that there is nothing like drink to promote reel fun.

THE UNCIVILIZED BEAR AND THE CIVILIZED BARE.

A YOUNG man who had foolishly pawned his overcoat before the bleak winds of March had ceased, was gazing at a polar bear in a menagerie.

"Why do you shiver?" said the bear.

"I envy you your warm coat," responded the youth.

"Ah, if you only wait until the summer," said the bear, "you will see me suffer more than you do."

But when the summer came and the bear was luxuriously disporting himself in the cool bath furnished by his owners, he saw the young man sweltering under the same coat he had worn in the spring.

Which shows that the savage has no appreciation of the benefits of civilization.

"THACKERAY'S LETTERS."—W. M. T.

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DE CRESCENDO, OUR TENOR, HAS A SUSPICION THAT MRS. DE CRESCENDO IS INCLINED TO FLIRT WITH THE DOUBLE-BASS, AND HE ACTS ACCORDINGLY.

A PIECE OF VOL POETRY.

A SOLDIER once fought in Ky.,
In a manner exceedingly ply.;
"Tho' I rank as a Col.,"
He wrote in his jol.,
"If I live through this war, I am ly."

"NO," said Mrs. Malaprop sadly, "I knew that girl couldn't live; it was like seeing a flower fade away—pellet after pellet falling off."

A FITTING UNION.

"A VERY appropriate wedding took place in Boston the other day," remarked Staggers; "a Cincinnati man married a Boston girl."

"What was there so appropriate about that," asked Scroggs.

"A union of pork and beans, you see."

COMPARED with some hotel bell-boys, the distance covered by the drifting Sandy Point bell-buoys is insignificant.

RIDER HAGGARD should have named his last story *High Noon* instead of *Dawn*, for all who have read it agree that it is very light.

CRANK OR HYPOCRITE?

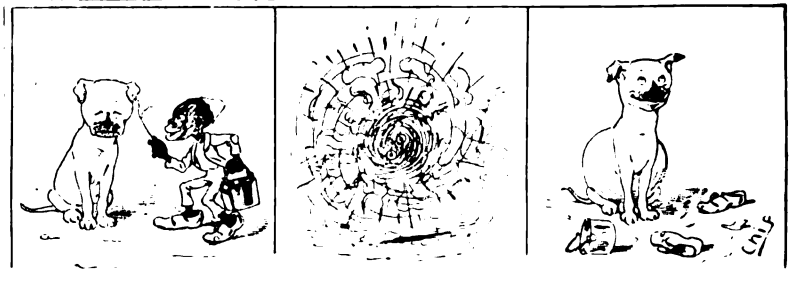
MR. ANTHONY COMSTOCK can see a nastier meaning in an innocent work of art than any adult of our acquaintance. Whatever suggests the human form is, to this man, an indecent thing, and had he held office in the days of Phidias, he would have delighted in "suppressing" the friezes of the Parthenon. What a magnificent contempt he must have for the licentious brute who created the Venus of Milo!

AS between the Jubilee and the Wild West Show the Queen is said to have a marked preference for the Buffalobillee.

A MONUMENT TO DEPARTED WORTH.

"MY goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Wayback, stopping in front of the Worth monument, "he's dead, is he? Wall, I declare; what'll the York ladies do fur dresses now, I wonder!" And then she moved on to the next curiosity.

MAN wants but little here below, and he generally gets it.



THE MISSING LINK.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

A TRYING ORDEAL.

"I NEVER have tried going without food very many days at a time," observed Sharply to a friend, "but I once went without a drop of water fourteen days."

"Were you out on the plains?" inquired the friend.

"No; I was out on a yachting cruise."—*Mail and Express.*

WILSON: What do you think of Patti's singing in "Semiramide?"

KENNEDY: Can't say, old man; never heard her.

WILSON: Why, I saw you at the opera the other night, didn't I?

KENNEDY: Yes, but I was there with an opera party.—*Pale and Depressed.*

A CHICAGO Congregational preacher was in some mysterious manner knocked down the other day, and no one can imagine how it happened. Perhaps Henry Ward Beecher's mantle fell on him.—*Omaha World.*

THE late John G. Saxe received many requests for his autograph, even during his last illness, and last week the mail brought twenty-five applications from different parts of the country. Fortunately, however, he was dead.—*Omaha World.*

"MAWNIN', Brudder Smif! how's all de folks wid you?" "Dey is well, bress Moses! One ob de chilluns was ailin' yisterday, but hit died jurin' de night."—*Texas Siftings.*

SAID HER PRAYERS IN FRENCH.

IT was a haughty Eastern lady who had but dimly heard of this turbulent town, where people light their cigars with dynamite and you shoot a waiter for bringing you a potato that's only half boiled. She did not know what language we talked, but she had no manner of doubt that we had never heard of French. There was a San Franciscan lady with her little child down on a visit, and the three foregathered. One night the Eastern lady was watching the San Franciscan mother putting her little four-year-old to bed, with the usual formulæ.

"Ah," said the Eastern lady, "of course you haven't got so far in these matters as we have?"

"What do you mean?"

"My children have all been taught to say their prayers in French."

The California mother blushed. She had to confess with shame that her child could only speak to God in English. But the little four-year-old was listening. She got up in bed and put her little hands together:

"Mon Dieu. Bon jour. Comment vous portez-vous? Amen."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

THE *Sunday Herald* declares that the stories about the frauds in the champagne business are yarns. It has interviewed a lot of champagne dealers, and they say so. This is as conclusive as the confirmation of the Indiana man's estimate of the local judge, who he declared was the greatest jurist living. "You can't prove it," exclaimed a doubting listener. "I don't need to," was the answer, "he admits it himself."—*Lowell Courier.*

A PUBLIC reader says he has committed to memory more than 300,000 verses of poetry. We should regret his death, of course, but it seems a pity to lose the chance of getting so much rhyme out of the world at one fell swoop.—*Somerville Journal.*

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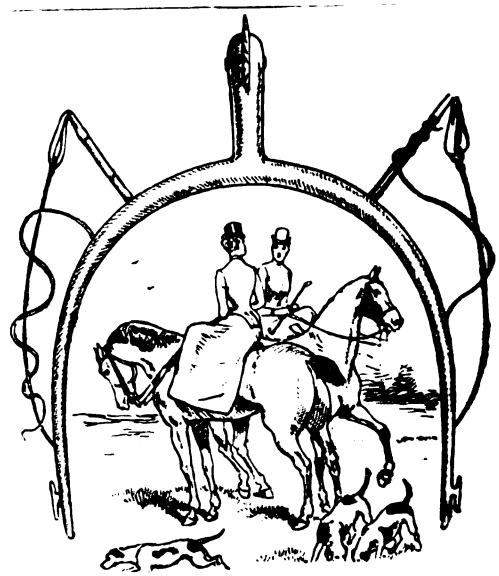

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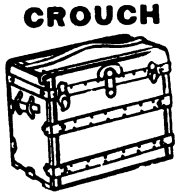

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VIEWS OF PHILADELPHIA.

A PHILADELPHIA economist figures out the reduction of car fares in that city from six to five cents as a positive loss to poor people. He says that when they walked before they saved six cents, and now they only save five cents.—*Boston Herald.*

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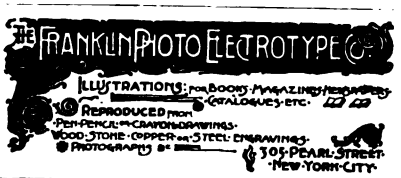

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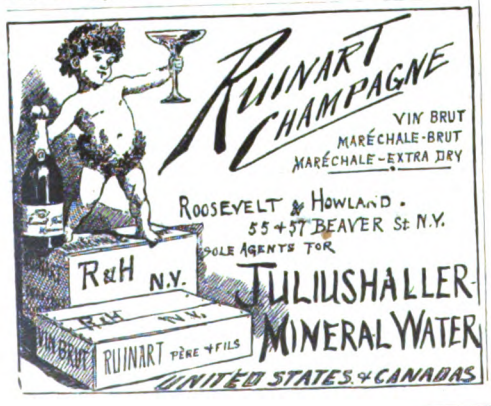

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Soft healthful skin.

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ST. CLAIRSVILLE, Belmont Co., Ohio, April 18, 1887.

Publishers of LIFE.

DEAR SIRS: This once beautiful town has been completely swept by cyclone, the most appalling disaster ever known in this section of the country; the greatest distress prevails, many families are homeless, and have lost all. St. Clairsville has always been foremost in rendering assistance to other localities whenever help was needed, and it is to be hoped that she will not be forgotten in her present distress. Money is greatly needed. Please ask through your valuable paper for immediate assistance and open subscription-list at once.

Truly yours, R. J. RILEY, Business Manager,
St. Clairsville Gazette.

All Subscriptions should be forwarded to Samuel D. Riley, Esq., Box 32, St. Clairsville, Belmont Co., Ohio.

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PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MAY 12, 1887. NUMBER 228.

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ALL THINGS COME TO HIM WHO WAITS.

Charley: My lunch to-day only cost me seventy-five cents.

His Wife: That was cheap, dear; what did you have?

Charley: Bread and milk.

His Wife: Isn't seventy-five cents a good deal for bread and milk?

Charley: Oh, no. Twenty-five cents for the bread and milk and fifty cents to the waiter.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MAY 12, 1887. No. 228.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THERE is a new labor organization. It began on Sunday night, ten days ago, in Boston. Its members call themselves squires of work. The only squire who has announced himself, so far as organized, is Mr. Edward Atkinson, the honored founder of the order. He proclaimed the new faith in a speech made to a big houseful of Knights of Labor. It did not please the knights much, but it has pleased a lot of other people. The first principle of the organization is, "Mind your own Business," and the next principle seems to be—though the founder did not say so in so many words—"Smash any man who tries to prevent you from earning an honest living in your own way."

There is an adult, substantial call for such an order as Mr. Atkinson suggests. His address was full of wisdom of a sort that we workingmen will find it profitable to assimilate. The newspapers have reported it more or less fully, but doubtless it will be printed in a cheap form, so that we can all get it and paste it in our notes for future reference. No one will find the information it presents more important than the Knights of Labor. Mr. Atkinson, with his figures and his common sense, can do them more good than all the walking delegates that ever called better men names.

* * *

WHILE Mr. Atkinson was talking common sense in Boston, and making himself disliked by his audience, in New York, a crowd of people in Chickering Hall were shaking that edifice with cheers for Dr. McGlynn, Henry George, and the Anti-Poverty Society, the corner-stone of which it would appear is Mr. George's blessed theory of public property in land. When the cows come home and Father McGlynn's democratic pope is observed walking down Broadway in a stovepipe hat, Mr. George's theories may relieve the necessities of the poor; but to tide us over the interval, Mr. Atkinson's ideas come in very handy.

* * *

MR. WILLIAM O'BRIEN has come over seething with Celtic eloquence to twist his fingers in the scalp-lock of Lord Lansdowne, and make that noble earl wish he had been born bald-headed. They say his lordship is not kind to his tenants, which is lamentable if true, and that it is true Mr. O'Brien will probably refuse to let us doubt. Precisely what effect his mission will have it is hard to premise, though it is safe enough to say, no doubt, that no New York constituency will send the Canadian premier to Congress after O'Brien has finished with his character.

* * *

WHILE Mr. O'Brien has his hand in with the British peerage, he may find an inviting subject in the late Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton, who is held up as a painful instance of the way a man ought not to treat his wife, by Lady Lytton's new biographer. Lord Lytton is dead, which would perhaps be a disadvantage from Mr. O'Brien's point of view, but at least he is intimately known in this country —which Lord Lansdowne is not—and a great many people will be interested to learn anything to his discredit. If the American people are thoroughly apprised of Lord Lytton's possible defects, they can stop reading his books; but however they may feel about Lord Lansdowne, they will have to bear it and be quiet. They don't owe him anything, and he has written no books.

* * *

THE pictures of the Pharaohs in the last *Century* must not be mistaken for illustrations in the "Life of Lincoln." The authors of that exhaustive biography passed the Pharaohs several numbers back, and are understood to be well along in their retrospective summary of the Middle Ages.

* * *

MONSEIGNEUR DOANE is a Roman Catholic bishop, or something, down in New Jersey. At least, he is high-priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral, at Newark, and spiritual adviser to Miss Mary Dunn. He says Miss Dunn, being a Catholic, must not sing soprano or otherwise in the Protestant churches, and New Jersey is mad and wants his scalp.

Monseigneur, you are all right. You think that the members of a Protestant church choir personally participate in the Protestant form of worship, and encourage the congregation. Therefore, you think a Protestant choir is no place for a pious Romanist who believes that Protestantism is a snare.

Sir, you flatter the Protestant churches by your opinion of their choirs. The facts are not as you suppose. The average Protestant choir merely sings. It neither performs any worship on its own account, nor abets that of the congregation, and it is probable that Miss Dunn might sing in the Reformed Church indefinitely long and never think a bit the less of the Pope.

But the facts ought to be as you think they are, and perhaps your action may be an incentive to Protestant choirs to live up to your opinion of them, and so good may result.

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Yours Sincerely

HER little note is folded neat
(Rough linen is a dainty sheet).
And ere she signed her name, she wrote

Sincerely Yours

I know that you will tritely say
She signs her letters every day,
To friends and aunts (my rivals too),

Sincerely Yours

I know you'll say the phrase is old,
Not loving—no, but rather cold;
And yet I think she really meant

Sincerely Yours

And it has given courage to me
To ask if she'll consent to be,
During our brief terrestrial trip,

Sincerely Mine!

NEW DEFINITIONS.

BENEVOLENCE: Complaisance on a full stomach; a generous bestowal upon the indigent poor of the lees and overflow of the cup of happiness.

LEISURE: Spare time, which men of idle habits, in search of mental relaxation, employ in boring others.

TEMPERANCE: A moderate indulgence of the appetite, *i. e.*, total abstinence; a measure of reform which aims to abate a popular evil by reducing the license, or removing the tax. (Synonymous with FUNKISM and PROHIBITION.)

EGOTISM: A laudable self-appreciation; deference the mind pays itself in its inner court; a just and inward recognition of its peculiar talents and gifts.

PROMISE: A verbal agreement to discharge a pecuniary or social debt, or confer an impossible benefit, in the infinite future, thereby exciting hope or anticipation; hence, a perpetual release from obligation and performance.

TREATING: A social custom which authorizes a man who desires a modicum of liquid relief, to pay two dollars for a julep, get his legs into difficulty, and set a spinning-wheel whirling in his head.

BEAUTY: A chimera; a personal quality or charm, resulting from the use of toilet soap.

HAPPINESS: The consciousness of exciting envy in the minds of others.

RECREATION: An exhausting form of labor, and exemption from rest; an attempt at physical improvement, or relief from mental vacuity, ending in melancholia, or bankruptcy.

CHURCH: A fashionable club-house for the display of millinery and vocal pyrotechnics, and encouraging hero-worship. (*Note:* In colonial times churches were set apart exclusively for religious worship.)

INSANITY: A condition of self-abandonment preceding an act of crime; a partial eclipse of the mind caused by the contents of a black bottle, and subsequently construed into an elaborate argument for purposes of legal defense.

LEGISLATION: In parliamentary tactics, a process of futile quibbling conducted in the interest of a lobby at the expense of the state, chiefly valuable for its official emoluments and the forensic exercise it affords. *Harold van Santvoord.*

OUR esteemed contemporary, the "By the Way" man of the Philadelphia *News*, recently devoted a column to the question, "What is News?"

This is like the English lord mentioned in a recent novel, and referred to in these columns, who asked, "What is a biddle?"

They have no biddles in England, and from what we gather from exhaustive research in Philadelphia papers, news is yet an unknown quantity in the Quaker City.

No wonder our E. C. is puzzled.

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THE SIGNS OF THE TIME.

THE baseball now is whizzing and a-swinging is the bat ;
The maiden bloometh forth in a forty dollar hat ;
The Dude doth walk abroad with his legs done up in bagging ;
And the dog doth bask in sunlight with his little tail a-wagging.
Spring-lamb is on the market, and some grass is on the sod ;
Green peas wax somewhat cheaper—'bout $1.10 per pod ;
The silence of the city is broken by the sweet,
Melodious sound of "Strr-r-roar-brys" from hucksters on the street ;
And from the mansions of the proud a rich, resounding thwack
Tells tales of carpet-beating in the little yard a-back.
Oh, yea !
'Tis May !

* * *

IS not the *Times* rather severe on David Deadly Field when it says that the Civil Code Bill is not a lawyer's bill ?

We should feel deeply pained if Cyrus does not take up the cudgels in his brother's behalf.

* * *

HENRY GEORGE is the first man we ever met that doesn't want the Earth. He only wants what is on it.

* * *

THE Madagascans are becoming rapidly civilized. There are 400,000 of them who profess the Christian religion.

The number of those who profess to be Christians in New York isn't more than twice this.

* * *

PROHIBITIONISTS are investing all their money in Western Union.

There is almost enough water in that corporation to suit them.

* * *

NO, Charles, the German Street Band may not be said to be a species of gutta-percha.

* * *

A CONTEMPORARY advertises: Wants in the *Star* are free.

We thought wants were free everywhere. It is gratification that costs money.

* * *

POET: Your villanelle is quite villainous but unavailable.

* * *

MR. HOWELLS is a fair poet, but he must grow some before he can wear Longfellow's old clothes.

WHY NOT?

SENATOR PAYNE is known as "The Sardine Senator," he is so deep in oil.

* * *

WHEN Munkacsy's "Death of Mozart," Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair," and Meissonier's "1807" have passed through the restorative process at the Di Cesnola Museum, we shall expect to see a great composite masterpiece known as "No. 1807, Death of Mozart at the Horse Fair," by Bonkacsonnier.

* * *

TWO peaceably disposed citizens suffering from influenza, recently met and actually came to blows over a discussion of the weather.

* * *

NOTES AND QUERIES.

WE always know when Spring has come to stay. Not only is our mail crowded with love poems aspiring to meet the public gaze, but there are thousands of vouchers attesting that the spirit of inquiry breaks forth at the same moment that the young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.

Among the queries of the week we find the following:

1. To what branch of the cattle kingdom does the Parad-ox belong ?

2. If a woman becomes a widow by losing one husband, how many does she have to lose to become a widower ?

3. Should a runner wear rubber shoes because he's eraser ?

4. If, as LIFE recently remarked, Nature is indulging in athletics by having a backward Spring, will she continue them when Summer-sets in ?

5. Is the signature to a cheque a *signe qua non* ?

6. Are sugary remarks made from *verb. sap* ?

7. When a lady and gentleman are walking should the lady walk inside the gentleman or *vice versa* ?

8. In view of the editorial *we* employed on the New York *World*, is it proper to say "Mr. Pulitzer *is* a crank," or "Mr. Pulitzer *are* a crank ?"

9. Is Browning or Camera Obscura ?

10. Do Bostonians take Buddha on their Brown Bread ?

There are no prizes offered, but the editors of LIFE will gladly receive and acknowledge answers to the above questions, inasmuch as the learned gentleman who has charge of our Bureau of Information lost his mind before he could reply to these seekers after truth.

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TO "J. S. OF DALE."

ON READING "IN A GARRET."

O POET, with a soul so gentle,
Laughter mingling with your tears,
Your singing bringeth back the springtime,
And hopes that faded with the years!

And so we pause amid our striving,
List'ning to your tender strain
That teaches us to bide in patience—
Youth and love shall come again!

RELIGIOUS TO THE LAST.

"BACK from Cannes, eh?" said Mr. Neversmile to Mrs. Spriggins as he seated himself beside her.

"Oh yes, indeed; I couldn't stand the gyrations of the ground."

"You were in the earthquake, then?"

"Indeed I was. And do you know I was so frightened that I got right down on my knees and said my Cataclysm as fast as I could. Religion is a great refuge, Mr. Neversmile."

WHY?

"WELL, CLAHANCE, WHAT AH YOU GWAN TO BE WHEN YOU AH GWOWN?"

"WHY, I'M GOING TO BE A MAN—WHY DIDN'T YOU?"

UNCROWNED MARTYRDOM.

"OH, MARY DEAR, WHAT'S THE MATTER? ARE YOU SICK?"

"NO, ONLY BREAKING IN A PAIR OF SLIPPERS."

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LYRA HIBERNICA.

ME darlin', I sind ye dhis letther,
To loosen the luve in me heart,
An' break the belligherent fetther
What kapes us so woidely apart:
Me pin puts the wurds on the pahper,
So fasht I can't kape it in ink,
And Cupid, the lad's cut a cahper—
Now—pwhat do ye think?

He's blishtered me sore wid his arrow,—
I'm shlowly exhpirin' away!
He hoides in me hod an' me barrow,
An' faix he is cum there to shtay.
O think, Biddy dear, in phwat danger
Me loife ivry day has to run,
To foight wid this therrible shtranger
Phwat carries a gun!

Now ye are the wan, me dear Biddy,
To set all this throuble aroight.
He'll not foight wid you,—if he did he
Wad call ye swate names in the foight.
So, swate darlin', Biddy McGuinnis,
Soy yis, an' it's married we'll be;
An' that's a most beauthiful Finis
For Cupid an' me.

Patrick O'Hoolihan.

THE fog which hangs over London is estimated to weigh about fifty tons of solid carbon, and two hundred and fifty tons in gaseous form. And yet the English talk of the high-pressure under which we Americans live.

Gentleman: BUT I AM AFRAID HE WOULDN'T MAKE A GOOD WATCH DOG.

Man with Purp: NOT A GOOD WATCH DOG! WHY, LOR BLESS YOUR 'ART, IT WAS ONLY LAST WEEK THAT THIS 'ERE WERY ANIMAL HELD A BURGLAR DOWN BY THE THROAT AND BEAT HIS BRAINS OUT WITH ITS TAIL.

FROM ADVANCE SHEETS.

THE following is a specimen chapter from the new story, now in the press, entitled "The Bostonese," by Howell Dean Williams and James Henry, Sr. It is understood that Mr. Williams furnished the pens and paper, and Mr. Henry, Sr., the ink.

CHAPTER VIII.

Carlton came out upon the steps of his boarding-house, a grave doubt filling his soul. Ought he to go and see Esther? Chance decided for him. The driver of a passing street-car mistook his fixed gaze and stopped. He got on, placing the left foot forward as he did so.

There were no other passengers, yet he took his place with an uneasy hesitancy that was not natural.

He even glanced up at the conductor in a half-shamefaced way when he came to collect his nickel, and put his hand into his pocket with such a careful, lingering manner, that the fare-taker briefly wondered if the trifling sum were possibly a drain upon this prosperous looking man's resources.

Carlton felt but did not rightly interpret this momentary scrutiny—he did not, in fact, get so far as an attempt at interpretation; but resenting that he should have been forced to recognize the existence of the conductor, he tendered his money with some asperity, and easing himself a little on his left hip rested his elbow against the window and looked out.

At the next corner he left the car. The walk to Esther's door was barely a block, yet it took him five minutes to accomplish it, and he ascended the stoop slowly, as if at each step he resisted some backward impulse.

It was almost with a groan that he laid his hand upon the bell, but it rang out the next instant with a quick decisive clang, that startled the near-sighted parlor maid, who was at the moment making a close estimate of how much of the dinner claret she could safely imbibe, almost out of her cap.

To add to her confusion her mistress suddenly opened the door. "Sarah," she began quickly, then paused—ought she to betray even to herself that she expected Carlton, and to caution her servant was equivalent to this. With an effort she recovered her serenity of manner, and continued with a coldness that made Sarah think the claret racket was onto—"show any callers to the shrimp pink drawing-room." Then she closed the door.

Sarah walked through the hall, her suspicions a little lulled, but her cap decidedly rakish, which fact, Carlton, in his preoccupation, scarcely remarked, or if he noticed it, it failed to produce any lasting effect upon his mind.

There was an instant's delay with the burglar latch at the door, but only an instant, and before Carlton had time to pull himself together again, he was confronting Sarah, and asking sibilantly:

"Is Miss Esther at home?"

The girl replied in the affirmative, and ushered the new-comer, per order, into the shrimp pink drawing-room. This was a small, cosy apartment in the north-east corner of the house, which stood in the south-west corner of the spacious grounds, and received its appellation presumably because it was furnished in lobster-red plush, with elephant's-breath hangings.

Carlton did not put down his hat. He held his cane also. They were both new, and he thought, with a passing twinge that was evolved from a different cause, that the occasion to be relieved of them when Esther should come would afford a favorable and apparently unsought-for opportunity for their display.

He also stood. He had time to hold and stand nearly ten minutes before the *frou-frou* of Esther's skirts was heard upon the stairs.

This was due to several reasons. First, she had been hanging over the balusters at the upper landing when Sarah opened the door, and she allowed time to elapse to convince herself that she had been unavoidably detained there by the catching of her dress on the rod-button of the top stair.

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It was in these little ways that Esther betrayed her feline nature. She played with herself as a cat plays with a mouse, and like the cat, too, she never for a moment entertained the idea of letting herself escape.

Another reason, or pair of reasons, combined to further her present delay. The bang over her left temple needed recurling and the iron did not readily heat, and her tailor-made dress was not tied back tight enough; her movement was too free and untrammeled. But at last both of these defects were remedied, and now there was nothing to do but to go downstairs.

She went.

Carlton was very glad.

He was still standing. To tell the truth, he had worn the bloom off several expectant attitudes, and now that she was come, she caught him leaning forward over a small table as if he were about to address a meeting.

With rare tact she ignored this, and gliding forward with as much ease as the tapes on her underskirt would allow, she put out both hands in the pretty foreign fashion that a summer in New Jersey had imparted.

"How do you do?" she said, simply.

To Carlton, in his present mood, this question seemed complex, and it was with a sort of fine discouragement that he replied:

"Ah, thanks; fairly."

There was a pause. Carlton felt that the crisis was rapidly approaching. How should he meet her next question? There was one way to postpone it, and he seized it. He would interrogate himself.

"You expected me?" he said, catechizingly.

"Oh, no," she replied, lying quickly and sweetly.

Carlton was still on the ragged edge. He waited.

So did she.

Meantime the gas in the chandeliers burned brightly on at the rate of $1.85 per thousand, and through the closed double-windows came ever and anon the hoarse cry of a newsboy yelling "Extry!" "Extry!" over a bundle of first-edition afternoon papers that he had got stuck on. To this day the smell of gas makes Carlton choke, and he never hears that cry of "Extry" without feeling a disposition to kick the crier.

But in the shrimp-pink parlor that night he did neither. He only waited. Esther was the first to return to her muttons, as it were.

In soft confusion over her delayed hospitality, she now murmured:

"Will you not sit down?"

Carlton glanced at her. She was not looking his way, for she had crossed from behind the table to a low fauteuil that encumbered the drawing-room nearer the fireplace. When she reached it she paused a moment, kicked her skirts eastward, and then bending a little forward from the waist up, she sank gently upon the upholstered plush.

Then she turned and looked at Carlton. He did not know that with all her care she had broken a strap, and she knew that he did not know.

The silence deepened and grew.

It must have been fully ten feet long and almost as thick before Carlton's decision was taken. Then he acted promptly. He put his hat and cane upon the table, turned away from them, and bracing himself for the effort, took the two or three short steps necessary to cover the distance to the fireplace, and then, having previously noticed that an arm-chair covered a small hole in the rug to the left of the grate, he rapidly, but with a degree of stiffness readily apparent, seated himself therein, exhaling as he did so a deep breath of relief.

Esther caught herself wondering if it were the first or third strap that had given way.

But Carlton was not satisfied. At the moment of actual contact with the chair he had heard a sudden thud in the region of his waistband, and now, as he sank deeper into its London smoke cushions, it dawned painfully upon him that his suspender button had come off.

Philip H. Welch.

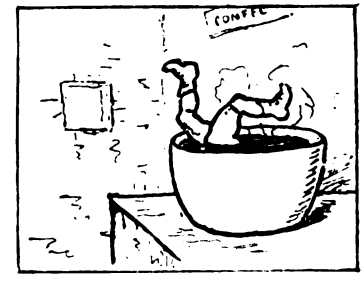
UNDERGRADUATE ARROGANCE.

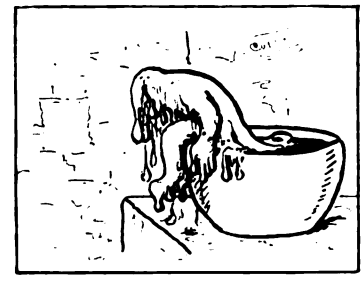
TO what unreasonable lengths college students will go when given a free foot, has just been shown by the action of the Senior class at Columbia College.

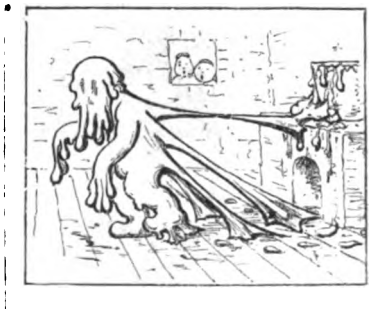
A memorial fireplace costing $500 was designed and tendered to the Board of Trustees; and simply because that august body declined to receive it, but expressed a willingness to accept a $2,500 memorial, the students declined to give anything.

Students are getting to be entirely too high-handed, and if it were left to LIFE to settle, no member of the present Senior class at Columbia should be given a degree until he had left a $5,000 memorial behind him. This trifling with a venerable body, such as is the Board of Trustees of Columbia, should be nipped in the bud, if the College has to increase the tuition fee to defray the cost of nipping.

A CANDY STORY.







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HEAVEN F

POSSIBLE EFFECT OF THE NEW FREIGHT RATES UPON CERTAIN

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Those who dispense with scenery and costumes, of course, are not affected.

FORBID!

N DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS WHO ARE WONT TO VISIT US.

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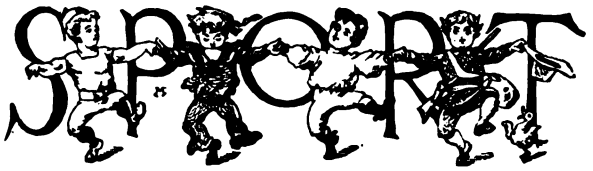


THE baseball season has opened, and along with the twittering of the birds, the budding of the trees, and the clattering of the truck, comes the news that the "Mets were beaten yesterday 17 to 5."

It is an infallible sign of spring when the Mets are beaten 17 to 5, and we invariably put on our thinner clothing when we read that refreshing, though perennial news in the papers.

We note with some sorrow that the resignations of the St. Louis and Kansas City clubs have been accepted. It has always been pleasant to feel that there were one or two clubs in the League fitted by nature and by art for the last place in the contest, and now, the withdrawal of these members has left the League without any real solid club which can be relied upon to trot along quietly but firmly in the rear. If we thought agitation would help the matter any, we would agitate the Mets for both the vacancies, but with so many bosses at the head of that club, it would require three or four times as much agitation as we are capable of at this season of the year, so that we prefer to leave matters as they are.

Mike Kelly, the serf for whom Boston has recently paid $10,000, is a great card for the Hub, but to look at him he doesn't seem widely different to any ordinary $4.25 mortal. He has two eyes and a nose like most other men, and those who know him intimately assert that he is liberally endowed with mouth. He cannot plough up any more ball-field when sliding to a base than anyone else, and as far as batting is concerned, he can't bat any farther than a howitzer, so that it looks as if Boston had overreached herself in the speculation.

* * *

IN the Intercollegiate League, Harvard and Yale start out in the lead. The recently admitted Columbia nine scored a large-sized goose egg in the opening contest with Harvard, but as an undergraduate of the former institution sagely remarked, "that's nothing." The New York boys would certainly have won had they been willing to violate the canons of hospitality and thrash their visitors on the home grounds. The same may be said of the Yale-Princeton game, at Princeton, and we congratulate the Columbia and Princeton nines upon their courteous forbearance in not reversing the scores. Our only fear is that the rough, ill-mannered boys who are undergoing a course of athletics at Yale and Harvard have not been so well brought up as our New Jersey and New York youths, and that they may not see the necessity of returning the courtesy of their fellow-members in the League.

It may be well to add here

that { Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia, } is confident of winning.

LIFE hails with delight the prospect of a boat-race between the real and the "brummagem" Cambridge, and trusts that no hitch in the arrangements may arise.

We expect to hear at any moment that the English oarsmen demand unrestricted steam-power for their own boat, and that four coxswains and a ton of lead in the Harvard boat shall be a *sine qua non*. Should this prove to be the case LIFE trusts the Harvard boys will accept, and we offer the suggestion that should the English crew transpire to be the better of the two, it were an easy matter to saw the foreigners boat in two the night before the race, and then accuse them of Courtneyism. With a good saw, a strong heart, and a newspaper, there is no reason why these Britons should beat us, and we need not do anything that will place us without the English definition of sportsmen.

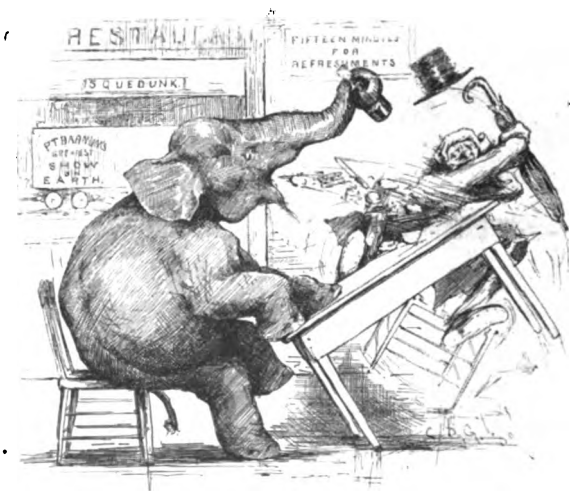
* * *

THE Madison Square Garden last week was a perfect bow-wower of canine beauty. "Prett-y little Dugs from England," "Sweet little Doggs from Boston," "Nice little Dorgs from Chicago," and "Perfect little Doygs from New York," barked and yelped in unison for four days, until a judge said that some of them were nicer animals than others, although others were very highly commended because of their ancestry and family connections in society. Then they were lead back to their respective homes to furnish patients for Dr. Pasteur, who, we have no doubt, is very much obliged to them.

The exhibition was much too dignified for the ordinary mortal, and the absence of the plain yellow dog, with his infinite variety of cussedness, did much to detract from the success of the Eleventh Annual Bench Show.

A LONDON MAN had to pay £5 for kissing a Governess.

Over here he can kiss a Governor for a paltry vote.



THE TRIUMPH OF THE PACHYDERM.

ONE OF THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING THICK-SKINNED.

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CHOLLY IN PARIS.

La Comtesse: VOUS AVEZ ÉTÉ EN ENGLETERRE?

Cholly: OUI, JE FUS UN ÂNE Á LONDRES.

A FAIR EVOLUTIONIST.

SHE'S quite well-versed, I understand,
In philosophic learning;
Her heart's consumed—so I've been told,
With psycho-psychic yearning.
In Kant and Locke she daily finds
Enjoyment, calm, pacific,
And on the Evolution scheme,
Her views are quite specific,
For in the seas Darwinian
She takes her deepest plunges,
And *apropos* of "men" avers
That we're evolved from sponges!

Frederick Evans, Jr.

THE BELATED CAT.

A FABLE OF THE FUTURE.

ONCE upon a time there was a Young Man who possessed an Iron Will and was determined to succeed in whatever he undertook. He was only a poor Railroad Clerk, but he had so favorably impressed his employers that he was allowed the princely salary of ten dollars a week, on which he was able to afford the magnificence of a whole hall-room to himself in a boarding-house.

Returning home weary one night he was intensely annoyed by the yowling of the House-Cat, which had been carelessly locked out. Sleep was impossible.

Approaching the window cautiously the young man raised it, and hurled an old boot at the cat; but that creature only responded by a fiendish howl of derision.

She knew not the danger of provoking a man with an iron will and a purpose in life.

In an instant a can of dynamite circled through the air, and when the momentary earthquake subsided, the entire neighborhood consisted of a hole in the ground.

A careful search in several townships fail to reveal any remains of the young man, so we presume he is at last sound asleep.

MORAL: With proper determination and tenacity, almost anything reasonable can be achieved.

NO, John Henry, this disease of jumping from the Brooklyn Bridge is not a species of lunacy, it is a well-developed form of Dropsy.

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Smith: HERE YOU ARE, BEASTLY DRUNK AGAIN! DON'T YOU FEEL ASHAMED OF YOURSELF AFTER SWEARING OFF SO RECENTLY?

Jones: MY DEAR BO—*hic*—OY, I DON' WAN' TER BE A SLAVE TO THAT SWEARING OFF HABIT.

MARINE ARISTOCRACY.

OH! thou, whose proud bosom is swelled with emotion,
When using the "arms" which your grandsires possessed,
Go! look at the children of old Father Ocean,
And you'll see every "swell" there, is "sporting a crest."

G. E. T.

AN APPROPRIATE SELECTION.

"I SEE that old Dr. Fettlox has been appointed visiting physician to the Old Soldiers' Home. How on earth did they come to choose him?"

"Why, don't you know he's the most renowned veteran-ary surgeon in the country?"

"Indeed. You surprise me. I thought he was a horse doctor."

THAT man should be 90 per cent. water seems incredible until we meet those who never like to pay for their own beverages.

It is never a surprise that a sponge should hold so much.

AT AN AFTERNOON TEA.

MRS. SMITH: Good afternoon, Mr. Robinson; excuse my left hand.

MR. R. (*who is deaf and thinks she is alluding to the bad weather*): Yes, it is rather dirty!

SCRAPS.

BELLA JONES, a young lady of Del.,
Of the fashions was not very wel.,
So a handkerchief red
She wrapped round her head,
And this rig to the ball did Miss Bel.

* * *

DR. McGLYNN and Henry George are lecturing against poverty.

Talk is a poor weapon.

* * *

IT'S darkest just before Dey. This accounts for the proximity of the Arabs to the Negroes.

* * *

A FALSETTO voice does not necessarily imply a falsetto teeth.

* * *

THE Canadian papers refer to Americans as thieves, and we don't wonder. Most of the Americans in Canada are more or less that way.

* * *

HETTY HOSKINS, of Hartford, Ct.,
Was amazingly proud of her pt.,
Which pride to express,
She held up her dress,
And thus a fine figure did Ht.

* * *

A WINNER on Wall Street is apt to feel bully; but if he loses, he wears a bare-ish aspect.

"NO, MARY ANN GILLIGAN, YOU CAN'T COME UNDER MY UMBRELLER; IF I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR TO WALK WITH WHEN I AIN'T GOT NO UMBRELLER, THEN I'M NOT GOOD ENOUGH TO RECKERNIZE WHEN I'M WALKIN' WITH ONE!"

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

A BOSTON GIRL'S AMBITION.

BOSTON FATHER (*to newly graduated daughter*): I am glad that your mind has taken such a turn toward art, for you know that more is expected of you than if you lived in Chicago.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: And I hope that you will distinguish yourself in more than one way.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: I particularly desire that you become noted as an essayist.

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: I have spared neither pains nor expense in your education thus far, but notwithstanding this immense outlay of time and money, if you can think of anything which you believe will add to your equipment for the career which you are about to begin—if you can suggest some other way of refining your taste, please do so. Do you know of anything else?

DAUGHTER: Yes, father.

FATHER: What is it? Speak out; never mind the expense.

DAUGHTER: Well, father, I'd like to go this afternoon and see Professor Sullivan thump that yap from the country.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A LADY who advertised for a girl "to do light housework," received a letter from an applicant who said her health demanded sea air and asked where the lighthouse was situated.—*N. Y. Herald.*

TO BE SETTLED LATER.

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who has great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."—*N. Y. Sun.*

OMAHA LADY: Van Dusen is the name of the gentleman your daughter is to marry, I understand, Mrs. Vanderhoffener.

MRS. VANDERHOFFENER (*New York lady*): Yes, and it is such a relief to know that she has made a suitable match. Mr. Van Dusen, like the Vanderhoffeners, comes of the genuine old Knickerbocker stock, and I should be distressed to have a child marry outside of it.

OMAHA LADY: I well know that the original Dutch settlers of Manhattan Island were remarkably good people.

MRS. VANDERHOFFENER: Yes, indeed. I wish you could see Mr. Van Dusen. Everything about him is so delightfully English.—*Omaha World.*

A TRIFLE UNREASONABLE.

"Why didn't you stop?" said the fat passenger as he clambered onto the car.

"Ye didn't signal," replied the driver.

"I stood on the corner."

"Well, I'm no mind reader," said the driver, lashing his horses.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A SMALL boy in Boston, who had unfortunately learned to swear, was rebuked by his father. "Who told you that I swore?" asked the bad little boy. "Oh, a little bird told me," said the father. The boy stood and looked out of the window, scowling at some sparrows which were scolding and chattering. Then he had a happy thought. "I know who told you," he said. "It was one of those —— sparrows."—*Sunspot.*

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When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
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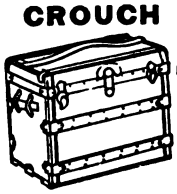

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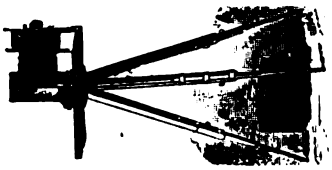

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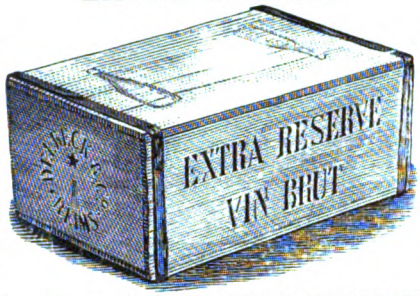

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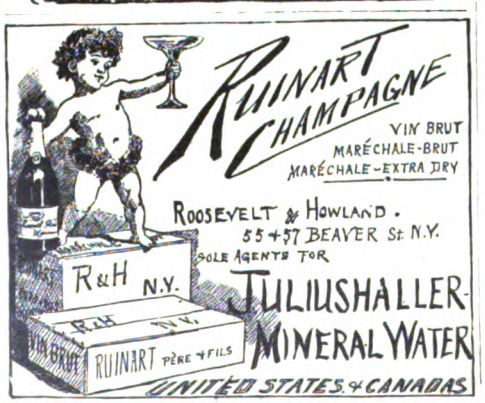

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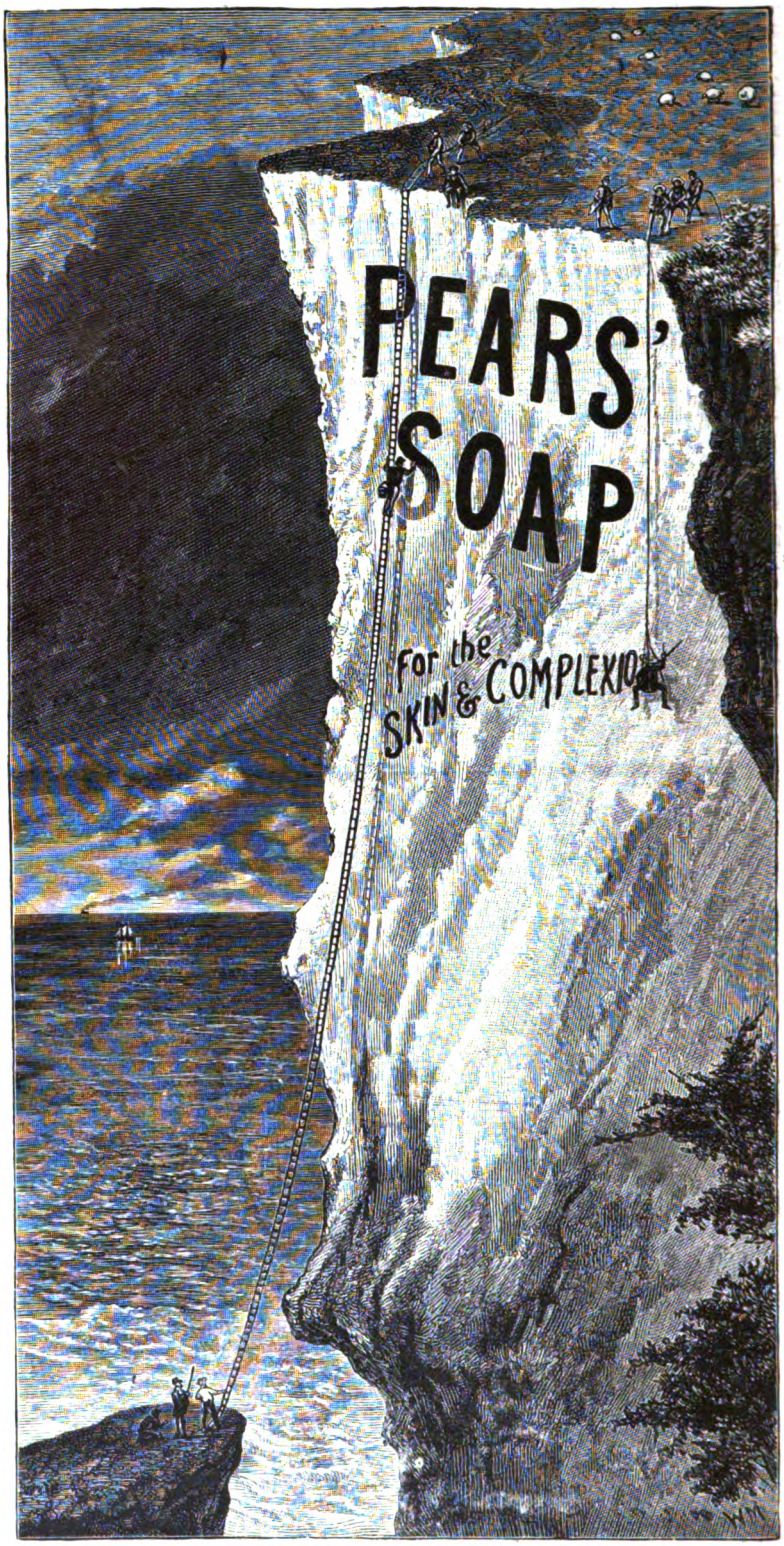

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VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, MAY 19, 1887.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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NUMBER 219

OUR ARISTOCRACY.

Mr. Nicolas Van Hattan: AH, BUT THESE PEOPLE IN TRADE ARE PUSHING IN EVERYWHERE!

Mrs. R.: BUT SUPPOSE WE HAD NEVER COME HERE. YOU POOR LITTLE MANHATTAN FARMERS WOULD HAVE BEEN FEEDING YOUR PIGS AT THIS HOUR INSTEAD OF STRUTTING ABOUT OUR DRAWING-ROOMS.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MAY 19, 1887. No. 229.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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IT is not every day that we have royalty to visit us. The presence of the Queen of Hawaii at Washington has stirred the officers of the government to considerable efforts to provide for her entertainment. Her Majesty is neither so handsome nor so rich as many simple American ladies, but there is no question about her royalty. The absence of several American kings who are visiting England with Buffalo William's show is much regretted. It would have been pleasant to have had them here to show Queen Kapiolani around, but Her Majesty allows that the officers who have had her in charge have done so well by her that she hasn't missed her peers.

* * *

SHE is going to Europe from here, and will doubtless be in Paris in time to bid on the French crown jewels, which she can use in her business if she has enough confidence in its future to increase her plant. There is a good deal to discourage her from purchasing. It is true the Queen of England has a jubilee coming on, but where she has succeeded in keeping her seat how many have failed! The Bulgarians are teasing Alexander Battenberg to come back and boss them, but he won't; the Czar wishes that he was a plain man, with confidence in his own integrity. It hardly pays for anyone not in the show business to lock up very much capital in crowns.

* * *

THEY say the Queen of England has condemned Lord Tennyson's ode, and declines to have it sung at her jubilee. Her Majesty's faculties are wonderfully clear, considering her age and her trials with her offspring. She takes her poetry with the rhymes on, or not at all.

* * *

SIR EDWARD THORNTON is in this country to try and induce the State of Virginia to pay a fraction of its just debts. It is to be hoped that since Sir Edward's late experience in Turkey he takes disappointments easily. Blessed is the financier who expecteth little from the State of Virginia!

GENERAL SHERMAN does not agree with Lord Wolseley that General Lee was a bigger man than old Grant. Thomas he considers quite as great a general as Lee, and much fitter to compare with him than Grant. It is a pleasant spectacle to see Tecumseh get out his favorite weapon, and fire it at a Britisher. Mr. Jefferson Davis takes a shot at the same delinquent. It is some years since Mr. Davis and General Sherman have been able to use the same target.

* * *

THE RECURRENCE OF SHERIDAN.

A MILITARY DRAMA COMPLETE IN THREE ACTS.

Act I.

ANONYMOUS NEWSPAPER MAN: General Sheridan intends soon to take his annual ride through the Shenandoah Valley.

Act II.

GENERAL ROSSER: Sheridan is a bloodthirsty brute, who likes to revisit scenes of carnage and recall the misery he has caused. Boycott him!

Act III.

GENERAL SHERIDAN: I haven't been in the Shenandoah Valley but once since the war, and have no notion of going again. The trouble with Rosser is that he remembers the licking I gave him. Also, he is running for Congress. Tell his friends to put a plaster over his mouth.

* * *

THE City of Mexico's Associated Press correspondent turns up again with a gossipy story about Mlle. Bazaine and various gentlemen who have been trying to fight about her. The Spanish Minister to Mexico is the correspondent's beneficiary this time. She will have several warm sympathizers in the United States.

* * *

IT begins to look as if the Mayor and his myrmidons really meant to let the town go dry of a Sunday.

* * *

NEW YORK'S annual shows are a new feature of Metropolitan life. Beginning with the Horse Show in the fall, and including the various flower shows, the Dog Show, the Cattle Show, Mr. Barnum's Great Moral Show, and the Arion Ball, they form a singularly varied and instructive succession of spectacles. Whatever becomes of Madison Square Garden, it must continue to be a show-place.

* * *

WELL, Mr. Riddle, dear; Boston, though small and hide-bound, is a convenient place for many purposes, and it wouldn't have paid you to keep angry with her.

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Coming out of Club at 3 a. m.: GAD! THAT SETTLESH IT. NO MORE ABSINTHE *this* SPRING.

WONDER WHAT SOBERED THAT DUDE SO SUDDEN!

"WANTED: A SITUATION."

IT is really most distressing
That, although my needs are pressing,
I cannot make the money that inferior fellows can;
Nor find an occupation
In this Philistinish nation,
Congenial to a college-bred and cultivated man.

My talents—they are many—
Do not bring me in a penny,
While the unenlightened vulgar go on heaping up their gains;
I can do so much that they can't,
But all "situations vacant"
Are reserved, as I discover, for the men of vacant brains.

I was noted when at college
For a very special knowledge
Of history, antiquities and numismatic lore—
But in Coinage early dated,
My interest has abated;
Some interest on our modern coins would benefit me more.

In the "ologies" and "isms,"
In all theologic schisms,
In the speculative systems of both old and modern thought,
I am versed, I may say, deeply,
But my "views" I'd part with cheaply,
Could I ascertain the market where that kind of thing is bought.

I am trying legal practice,
But the melancholy fact is
That, although I passed with honors when I took my law degree,
And did credit to my tutors,
I do not suit the suitors,
And my knowledge of fee-simple does not bring a simple fee.

The thought I sometimes harbor,
That to be a chatty barber,
Conductor on a surface car, or driver of a van—
To get a place as waiter,
Or run an elevator—
Are about the only chances for a cultivated man.

Arthur W. Gundry.

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SEASONABLE STANZAS.

A MALARIALET.

OH, why should the spirit of mortal be gay,
Greeting Spring with a shriek of hilaria!
Knowing well that in May
There's the Doctor to pay
For allaying his case of May-laria.

THE SPIRIT OF INERTIA.

SAYS Campbell: "Let us do, or die!"
—Most surely good advice to give—
But at this season of the year,
We much prefer to don't and live.

* * *

WE cannot help feeling dissatisfied with Voltaire for saying, "Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors."

How is a man going to get the chance to serve his country if he hasn't any ancestors? If Voltaire's spirit happens to hover in this neighborhood, he will greatly oblige us by an early answer.

* * *

DRYDEN says, "We derive all that is pardonable in us from ancient fountains."

Dryden must have heard about man's being nine-tenths water.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT wishes to know if negative gravity is positively ridiculous.

Any solution to this problem will be gratefully received at LIFE office.

* * *

SPRING has come to stay. George Francis Train and the sparrows have reappeared in Madison Square.

* * *

TOM OCHILTREE asserts that if Roscoe Conkling would accept the Labor nomination for the Presidency he would sweep the country. We hope Mr. Conkling will accept. The country at this season of the year needs to be swept.

* * *

A MAN naturally feels put out when ejected from a theatre.

JUDGING from recent athletic achievements, it seems as if we could look to Columbia for nothing but education. She plays very base-ball.

* * *

THE English earldom of Shrewsbury is still held by the heirmale of the original grantee.

The earldoms of Blue Point and Rockaway have been allowed to subside into innocuous desuetude.

* * *

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of prejudice. He said: "I was born an American; I live an American; I shall die an American."

Now, if Daniel had been born an American and lived an Irishman, he might have died an Englishman and still have been President of the United States.

* * *

WE are accustomed to hear of the Ship of State, but the number of railroad men in office would seem to warrant a change. The Palace Car of State would be more appropriate. Fisher Ames knew what he was talking about when he said America's bones are but car-tilages.

* * *

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE,
AND NOT ONE DROP FOR DRINK!"

A BATTLE half lost is a battle half won — for the other fellow.

* * *

WHEN Lamb defined amusement as "a clear fire, a clean hearth and the rigor of the game," the game he referred to must have been Cricket on the Hearth.

* * *

ROCHEFOUCAULD has shrewdly said: "Accidents sometimes happen from which a man cannot well extricate himself without a species of madness."

This is particularly true of such an accident as the loss of one's collar button under the bureau on a busy morning.

* * *

WHEN Barnum heard that among the Pope's Easter Gifts was an ivory egg, lined with quilted satin and inclosing a ruby and several diamonds, he cabled over to his representative in Rome to buy the hen at any price.

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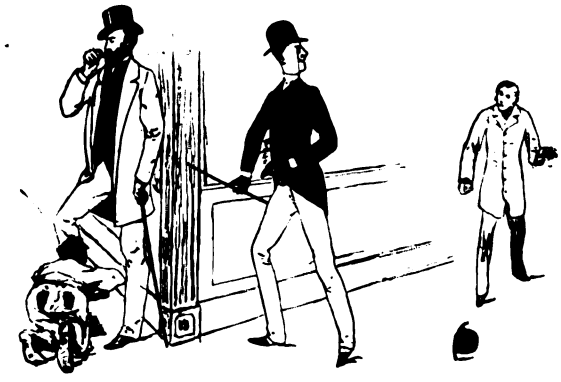
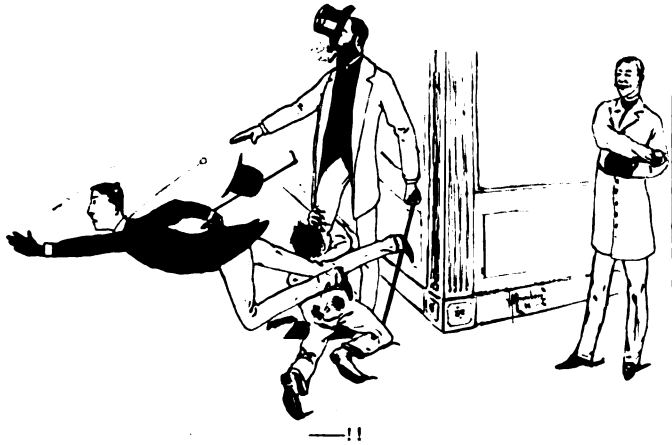


LET THE IDIOT CHASE HIS OWN HAT; IF HE HASN'T WIT ENOUGH TO KEEP IT ON HIS HEAD, HE HAD BETTER——



——!!

OXENFORD; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF INNOCENCE.

ONCE upon a time there was an Ox who owned a large estate in the country. But his dearest possession was a son whom he had brought up in the strictest principles of morality, and free from all the contaminations of city life. When this son became of age he was a very great Calf indeed.

"My boy," said the father one day, "I must send you to New York to do a little business for me. Here is a letter of introduction to my friend, Dr. Bull."

The young one set out.

We must draw a veil over the transactions of the next few days. The experiences of a good and green young man, on first coming to the city, cannot be exposed to the public eye.

We will content ourselves by inserting the moral: A tree is known by the fruit it bears.

* * * * * * * *

In two months there was a breach of promise case brought by a burlesque actress, the old man was constantly receiving drafts for gambling debts, and finally the Innocent was packed off to Europe, to obtain a chance for reflection.

There is such a thing as too much goodness. A little wickedness is the salt that keeps us from spoiling through freshness.

HE LIKES IT.

I LOVE my neighbor's gracious wife;
I make no scruple of it:
No scripture says: Thou shalt not love!
It reads: Thou shalt not covet!
I do not covet, no, nor get,
A single thing he misses;
I simply love her, and to that
My right's as good as his is.

My neighbor's not the man to let
My feelings disconcert him:
He knows I love his wife, and that
My state of mind can't hurt him.
She sets no special store by me,
But doats upon my neighbor.
I think he rather likes to see
My pains reward my labor.

THE Mayor of New York and his Superintendent of Police are making a determined effort to shut off Gotham's Sunday grog. It is a righteous attempt, for what are statutes for if not to be enforced? But Summer is upon us and presently there will come a piping hot Sunday and then if the law is still working we shall look for a delegation to Albany and a suspension of the rules.

BOULANGER is a better name for a man of peace than for a minister of war.

A Butcher would be a more efficacious warrior than a baker.

MADEMOISELLE CÉLESTINE, OF CALAIS,
IS A BRILLIANT YOUNG GIRL DE BALLET.
WHEN A PERSON NAMED MOSES,
PRESENTED SOME ROSES,
SHE SNUBBED HIM, AND SAID, "O ALLEZ!"

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THE COMING OF SUMMER.

AND when the summer comes again,
And the swallows northward fly—
And when in the shady wooded glen
The happy lovers sigh,
The time for winter's tasks to end
In ballrooms and in cloisters,
Why then, my optimistic friend,
You'll have to forswear oysters.

Pearce Bailey.

BOOKISHNESS

ANOTHER OF CRAWFORD'S ROMANCES.

IT is, perhaps, the chiefest merit of F. Marion Crawford that he always writes a story with interesting features, and sometimes of peculiar intensity. He distinctly belongs to the romantic school, and he has proved his title to a respectable place there by reason of his well-sustained inventions, with occasional touches of real imagination. There is at least one expatriated American novelist who is free from the vices of realism, though he undoubtedly is touched with some of the worst faults of romanticism.

* * *

IN his latest story, "Saracinesca" (Macmillans), he has again exhibited his almost fatal facility for reeling off page after page of fluent, and often picturesque English, which makes even his best stories diffuse, though never entirely tiresome.

Mr. Crawford's inventiveness is not shown in his characters, but in his situations and beautifully elaborated stage settings. From "Mr. Isaacs" to "Saracinesca" we have only met with three or four types of character. The hero is always superlatively handsome, rich beyond the dream of avarice—an ideal lover with all the qualities, mental and moral, which once belonged to the gods on high Olympus. The heroine is always radiant with beauty, and endowed with great intellectual force, which holds in check her wildest emotions except on certain rare and heart-breaking occasions when passion triumphs over will, and we are shown fine melodramatic effects with a very lurid background. The other stock characters in Mr. Crawford's repertoire are polished villains, male and female.

* * *

THIS quartet of good and evil appears in "Saracinesca," with its usual accompaniment of titles, palaces and gold without stint. All this is amusing enough, though one sees from the very beginning just how it will end. It is good old-time romance, and we are glad of it.

But, with the vast domain of fancy at his disposal, why does Mr. Crawford persist in giving us occasional glimpses of that peculiarly blasé strata of society in which the virtue of women is forever an object of suspicion, and the passions of men are always judged at their worst? You may gild this society with gold and adorn it with numberless jewels; you may picture the fine women and men in gorgeous palaces, but you have still been false to art, whether as realism or romance, when you have set up a morbid standard of morality as normal.

It is a pretty wicked world,—but after all, such as it is, it moves along, commercially and socially, on an abounding faith in the honor and virtue of men and women.

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE STORY OF MARGARET KENT. By Henry Hayes. No. I. Ticknor's Paper Series of Choice Reading. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

The Fool of Quality; or, the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. By Henry Brooke. Introduction by Rev. W. P. Strickland, D.D., and a Biographical Sketch by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A. In two volumes. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Miss Bayle's Romance. A Story of To-Day. Leisure Hour Series, No. 201. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A Woman in the Case. An Address. By Prof. Elliott Coues, M.D. Brentanos'.

Rural Hours. By Susan Fenimore Cooper. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The Devil's Hat. A Sketch in Oil. By Melville Philips. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

Mrs. Siddons. By Nina A. Kennard. Famous Women Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

How to Travel. By Thomas W. Knox. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Story of Alexander's Empire. By Prof. John Pentland Mahaffy, D.D., with Collaboration of Arthur Gilman, M.A. The Story of Nation's Series, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

GENERAL LORD WOLSELEY APPROVES OF GENERAL LEE.

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SCRAPS.

MRS. MALAPROP says *Harper's Magazine* is "Neat but not Godey."

* * *

IT is said that Andrew Lang wrote "Auld Lang Syne" and didn't sign it.

* * *

A NEW collection of readings from Lamb is entitled "Mutton Chops."

* * *

A PROPER headline for marriage notes would be Maritime Notes.

* * *

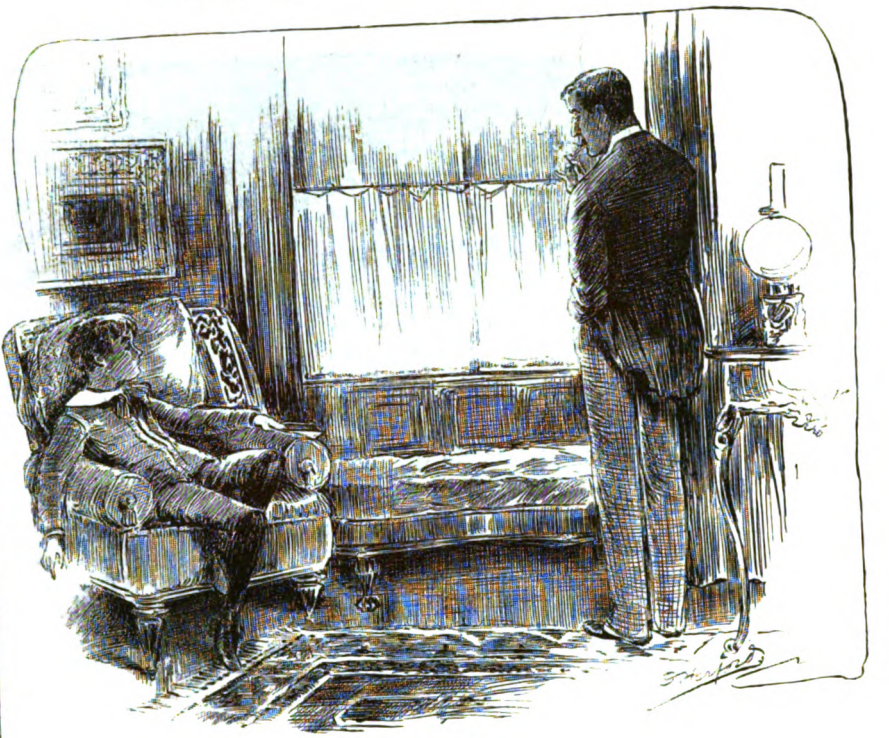
JUDGING from the Columbia College Ball Nine's scores o and 4, we are inclined to believe she is paying off some old scores.

* * *

WHAT the depositor wants to know is not that his money is all right, but that it's all left.

* * *

ACTORS and actresses are like lovers after quarreling. They are always kissing and making up.



POLYPHONIC.

Jack (backward in his grammar): PAPA, WHAT PART OF SPEECH IS WOMAN?

Papa (fresh from a verbal engagement with Mamma, in which, of course, he has been badly worsted): SHE ISN'T ANY PART OF SPEECH AT ALL, JACK; SHE IS THE WHOLE OF IT!

"SOY, TEDDY NOLAN, SEND US IN A RED-HOT ONE."

IT COMES!

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

AN Anarchist who had just arrived in this country came and sat down under the Statue of Liberty.

"I have escaped the despots," he said, "but the world will not go well until all that now exists is destroyed."

"Would you destroy all things?" asked the Statue.

"Yes," he replied.

"But *I* exist," said the Statue, "and I am LIBERTY: me you can never destroy! Be quiet, or I will put my foot on you and send you down to the father of your theories."

And as the Anarchist went away he thought the American girl was too big for him to fool with.

EDUCATION IS A GREAT THING.

"I SEE that a post-mortem examination is often made in murder cases. What does a post-mortem examination mean?" asked a young Lewiston wife of her better half.

"A post-mortem examination, my dear, is intended to allow the victim to state, verbally, his own testimony against his assailant, and is taken down in writing."

"Thanks, darling; and you won't look down on me, will you, because I haven't your education?"

He said he wouldn't.

SHAKESPEARE once cried, "Oh, I could hew up Rocks and fight with Flint!" We don't know much about Flint, but we would like to see a man who can hew up rocks stand up before Professor Sullivan.

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PANDORA'S SPE

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RING OPENING.

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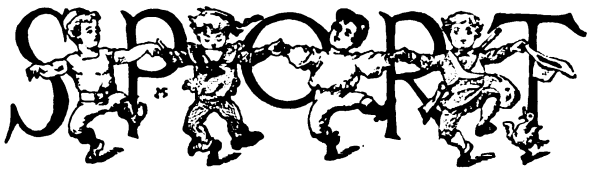


IT has been said of the New York Baseball Nine that they are of uniform excellence, and they are. It is chiefly in the matter of uniform that they excel. It may be doubted if any other team look as pretty as the Giants do when they stand at their various stations in the field, but when it comes to ball, the Giants are not there. They play a game in which there are bases, bats and balls, but in that game on which the fate of the pennant rests, they are not proficient.

It is quite an interesting question whether beauty interferes with one's proficiency in sport or other professional walks in life. If the New Yorks claim that because they are things of beauty and a joy forever, there is no reason why they should try to win the championship, we cannot see why they do not move in a higher society as professional beauties. If they attend at the ball-grounds for the sole purpose of being looked at, they waste a great deal of valuable time; not their own, unfortunately, but that of those gifted mortals who know ball when they see it, and are disposed to grow clamorous when they pay to see it and don't.

These remarks are chiefly brought out by the generous way in which the Giants handed over countless bases to the Nine from Washington, last week. These latter gentlemen have modestly hugged the rear end of the race up to date, feeling, perhaps, that a club composed of men, no one of whom was worth more than two thousand a year, had no right to trouble other clubs in which there abounded millionaire pitchers, ten thousand dollar batters, and seventy-five dollar mascottes. It may be that New York wished to reward this modesty; if so, we sincerely trust the Giants will quickly learn that Virtue is its own reward, and that until Virtue officially joins the league the members of the league had best stick to ball.

* * *

WE recommend the New Yorks to cast their eyes toward Philadelphia if they wish to see to what heights baseball can rise when it is played by artists. Nines representing Mr. Nat Goodwin and Mr. Augustin Daly recently met in the Quaker City, and Little Jack Shepard laid out the Tamers of the Shrew, 18 to 5. Up to the hour of going to press, the full details of the match and the make-up of the nines had not reached us. We have no doubt, however, that Mr. Drew proved himself as heavy a batter as he is clever an actor, and if Mr. Skinner slid to his bases as gracefully as he treads the boards, it is doubtful if the Goodwin nine stole the hearts of the spectators as easily as they stole runs.

We have it from an eye-witness, that however well the Goodwin people play ball, the Daly nine are still the champion exponents of Shakespeare and German comedy.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT sends me a companion game to that of Progressive Lincoln, recently described in these columns. It is called "Chinkopins." It is not played on a bowling alley, as its name would seem to suggest, but is of a much higher and, we might say, literary order. An English almanac, of a date not later than 1850, is laid on the table, and the players, who may be of an unlimited number, seat themselves around, with pad and pencil in hand. With these tools they copy the witticisms found in the almanac, until each player has a dozen different jokes on his pad. These are mailed by their respective copyists to the editor of *Harper's Drawer*, who retains and publishes such as strike his fancy, returning the others, provided a stamped and directed envelope is enclosed with the jokes when sent. Whoever gets the greatest number of old jokes in the one volume of the magazine takes the prize.

The popularity of this game in certain circles probably accounts for the reappearance of one or two old friends in a recent issue of our Franklin Square contemporary.

* * *

THERE was a cattle show in progress at the Madison Square Garden last week, at which several fine specimens of lowing kine were to be inspected.

A visit to the exhibition was saddening, because there was no perceptible increase in the accomplishments of the cow over those last year's specimens. The breeds of dogs, horses, and even hens are improved every year, and it seems strange that the inventive genius which is supposed to be rife in this country is so backward respecting the cow. The Jersey cattle give good enough milk, but what man wants is a milk-punch cow for Sunday use. The cow that will stand on its rights and refuse to supply the market with cream that is nine-tenths chalk and one-tenth milk, is still to be invented. The cow that will keep a memorandum as to how many small boys have milked her in the pasture during the day is still a cow of the future, and the heifer that will dance better than Dixey has yet to grow its hind legs.

Why this should be, we cannot tell; but we can shake our heads sadly and weep that this melancholy state of affairs should exist.

Carlyle Smith.

LITERARY NOTES.

MRS. J. ELLIOT CABOL'S authorized "Life of Emerson" is said to successfully refute the charge that the Concord Philosopher ate pie for breakfast.

* * *

A NEW novel by Anna Katharine Green is entitled "7 to 12." It is a brief resume of the recent New York-Washington Baseball game.

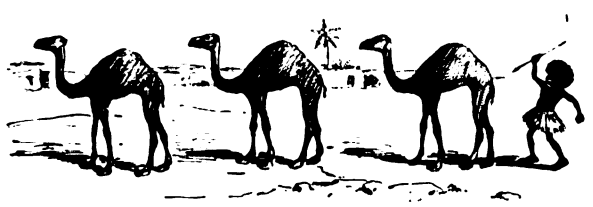
* * *

MARK TWAIN'S article on "English as She is Taught" was so successful that he may write a few more answers for the *Century*.

* * *

A POSTAL card received from M. Jean de Peiffer, publisher of that excellent periodical, *Le Francais*, gives notice that "*Le Francais* ne parraissant pas pendant les mois de Juin, Juillet, et Aout, le numero de Mai ne sera envoyé que de 15 courant."

We congratulate M. Jean. It is not often that a strange journal in a foreign land succeeds in avoiding this business of parraissanting during the mois de Juin, Juillet and Aout, and we wish M. le Redacteur a most happy vacance.



DRIVING THE DROMEDARIES IN AFRICA.

DRIVING THE TURKEYS IN AMERICA.

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BUT—

I GROPE and stumble down life's way,
No guardian angel guides;
But in her place a fearful fay
In nooks and corners hides.
She trips me up with savage glee,
And leaves me in the rut;
I'm sure she'll be the death of me,
This cruel kill-joy — but!

As the coming author, I would write
The novel and the play;
And both had surely scaled the height,
Had "but" not barred the way!
I asked my love to marry me,
(Of offers she'd a glut!)
She thanked me thrice most cordially,
Felt highly honored — but —

My brain with golden visions teems,
A virgin mine of gold!
To-day, the choicest of my schemes
To Moneybags I told.
Of all the roads to wealth he knew,
Mine was the shortest cut:
He meant to join the favored few.
To-day! — to-morrow! — but —

I entered the official race,
And risked the party smut;
My friends were sure I won the place;
The vote was counted — but —
Since with this fiend I cannot cope,
Life's book I mean to shut;
I would use poison, pistol, rope;
Or try the water — but —

Fannie Windsor.

IT was Coleridge who remarked that to see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning.

Kean must have acted like thunder.

A SALT AND BATTERY.

Rev. Mr. ——: MY DEAR, I'VE BROUGHT YOU THIS PRETTY PARROT TO CHEER YOUR HOURS WHEN I AM AWAY. HE CAN'T TALK YET, BUT WE'LL SOON TEACH HIM; WON'T WE, PRETTY POLLY?

Pretty Polly: NOT BY A —— SIGHT!

REFERRED TO THE PROPER DEPARTMENT.

NIGHT EDITOR: Which is the most advanced college—Harvard or Yale?

LITERARY EDITOR: I'm sure I don't know. You'd better ask the Sporting Editor. He keeps track of the records.

NIGHT EDITOR: The records?

LITERARY EDITOR: Certainly. I believe they're about even on boat-races, but I think Yale is a bit in the lead on foot-ball. Still, I may be mistaken. The Sporting Editor will know all about it, though.

SHE WAS MERCIFUL.

"JOHN, I wish you'd get me a rawhide or a shingle. I want to spank Willie," quoth a St. Louis matron.

"Why not use my slipper, Mary?"

"Oh, I only want to spank him; I don't want to crush him."

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GASTRONOMICAL.

She: I LIKE THIS PLACE IMMENSELY SINCE THEY HAVE THE NEW FRENCH *Chef*.

He (*weak in his French, but generous to a fault*): WAITAH, BRING *Chef* FOR TWO!

A MOONLIGHT SCENE.

I.

A MAN
In love,
A maid
Above.

II.

He twangs
Guitar,
And wooes
His star.

III.

A man
Enraged,
A dog
Uncaged.

IV.

A grip,
A groan,
A dog
Alone.

A LITERARY CAREER.

"THERE goes that clever Mrs. Featherleigh, she makes a fortune every year from her pen."

"Indeed! I never saw any of her productions."

"Never saw them! why she wrote a letter commending 'Parian Powder for the Complexion,' that has been reproduced in fac-simile on every box sold. She received a thousand dollars for it."

AN appropriate inscription for a Waterbury Watch: "One good turn deserves another."

WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

AUTHOR: Have you read my tragedy yet?

MANAGER: Yes.

AUTHOR: What do you think of it?

MANAGER: Not what the public wants at all.

AUTHOR: But could not some changes be made that would make it take?

MANAGER: Yes, that might be done.

AUTHOR: Well, tell me what it needs.

MANAGER: Well, let me see. You ought to introduce a song and dance in the first act where the villain swears vengeance, and the hero ought to sing a topical song right after his love scene. In the third act, where the heroine takes poison, the curtain should go down on an Amazon march. Then run in a transformation scene, and I'll try it.

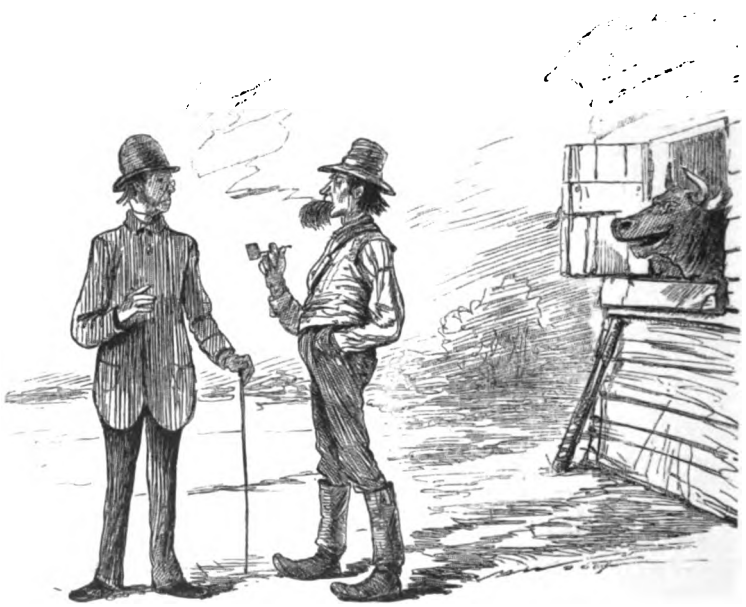
FO.

A young girl of St. Louis, Mo.,
As lovely and sweet as a ho.,
Was mortified seau,
At not having a beau,
That she strung herself up in a bro.

AT THE BALL.

"AH! good evening, Miss Brown. Is your card full?

"No, Mr. Smythe, but my escort is, and if you would kindly take me home I would be *so* much obliged."



Farmer: I NEVER HAD NO COMPLAINTS ABOUT MY MILK AFORE, AN' I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY IT SHOULD APPEAR THINNER'N USUAL; I SEND IT DIRECT FROM THE COW TO YOUR HOUSE, AN' ——

(*It was at this point that a loud laugh was heard.*)

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BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

IN a small town out West an ex-county judge is cashier of the bank. "The check is all right, sir," he said to a stranger, "but the evidence you offer in identifying yourself as the person to whose order it is drawn is scarcely sufficient."

"I've known you to hang a man on less evidence, judge," was the stranger's response.

"Quite likely," replied the ex-judge, "but when it comes to letting go of cold cash we have to be careful."—*N. Y. Sun.*

AN AWFUL THOUGHT.

"IT was terrible," remarked Herr Most to a brother nuisance, "to be deprived of my liberty and confined behind bars of iron."

"It might have been worse, John. What if those bars of iron had been bars of soap?"

Herr Most shuddered.—*Ex.*

A TREAT FOR JOHN.

"I HAVE a bit of good news for you, John," said a fond young wife.

"Yes?" remarked John, expectantly.

"Yes. You remember that two weeks ago hot-house grapes were quoted at $8 a pound. Well, I bought some to-day for $6!"—*Ex.*

ABDUL HAMED, present Sultan of Turkey, is rapidly adopting the ways of Western civilization. He recently ordered a census of his wives and finds that he has 484.—*Omaha World.*

MANY GROWN PEOPLE PREFER IT.

LITTLE TOMMY: Can I eat another piece of pie?
MAMMA (*who is something of a purist*): I suppose you can.
TOMMY: Well, may I?
MAMMA: No, dear, you may not.
TOMMY: Darn grammar, anyway.—*Ex.*

THE example of such men as the late Alexander Mitchell and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Scotchmen both, is worth to the young its weight in gold.—*New York Journal.* As one of them has died and the other has got married, it is doubtful which example the *Journal* would advise "the young" to follow.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THERE is a story going about town of an odd conception of dissipation on the part of a group of student Japanese which ought to be printed as a contribution to the literature of social ethics. There were three or four young Japanese students, the story goes, who were in the habit of dining on Sunday at a Back Bay residence. One of the party was a young man of high rank and great dignity, and when, one Sunday, he was missing from the table, the host asked with some solicitude the cause of his absence. "Oh, he cannot come," said the spokesman of the party, shaking his head sadly, "he very dissipated — he very dissipated!" The host thought it best not to make any further inquiry at the time, but after the meal he ventured to asked the same young man, in private — "You say Mr. Nim Shi is not well?" "No; he not well — he very dissipated." "Bless me! He hasn't — eh — been drinking?" "Oh no, no! He no drink." "Not gambling, eh?" "No, no! He no gamble." "May I ask you what he has been doing, then?" "Oh, he very dissipated. He eat spongee cake allee time — he all broke up now."—*Boston Transcript.*

"I know Washington was a great Injun fighter," said little Tommy, "because he cut down his father's Cherokee."—*Texas Siftings.*

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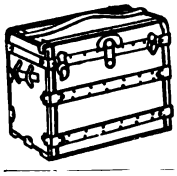

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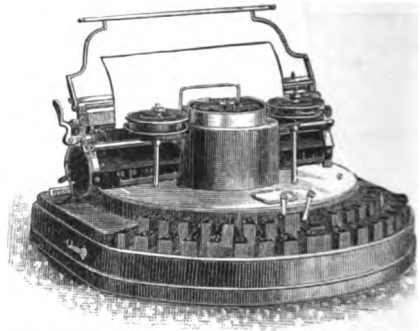

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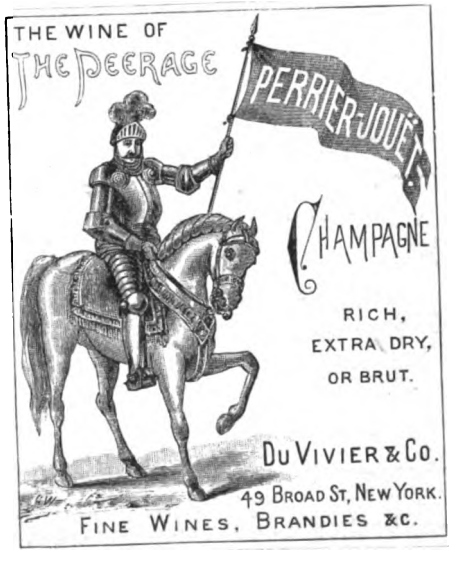

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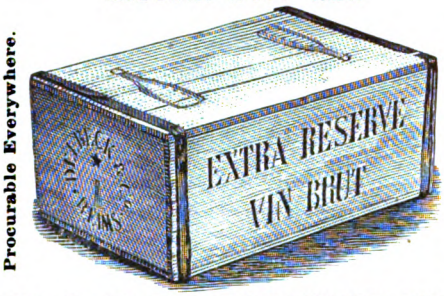

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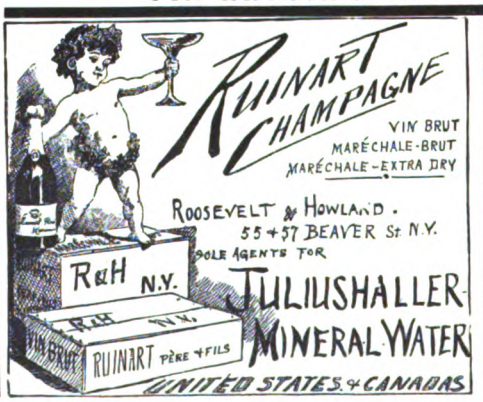

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, MAY 26, 1887. NUMBER 230.

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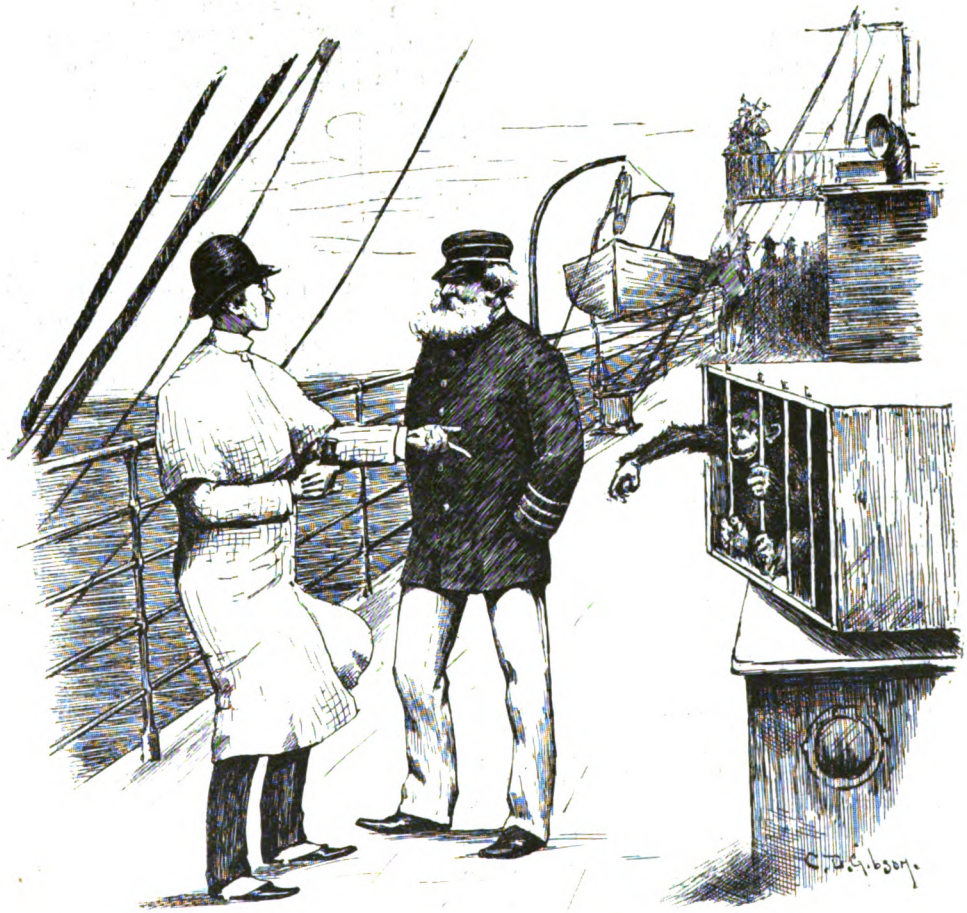

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. MAY 26, 1887. No. 230.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

A COUPLE of Rochester men have been convicted of conspiring to blow up the oil-works in Buffalo, and a large and influential section of the American press is shouting that the Standard Oil monopoly is hit. Three Standard Oil men were indicted with the Rochester conspirators, but were discharged for lack of evidence to hold them. Standard Oil may have been at the bottom of the explosion—far be it from us to express the contrary opinion!—but if anyone supposes that a Rochester man needs any special incentive or backing to blow up any convenient section of Buffalo, such person is not accurately informed as to the mutual relations of the two thriving cities of Western New York. If a Rochester man could prove that he set fire to the Richmond Hotel, Monroe County would send him to Congress.

* * *

IT used to be thought a fine thing to be a king, but how much above royalty is the condition of the Chicago laborer! How imperious, how haughty, how exacting he is, and what a remarkable impediment to industry! If he isn't on a strike, he has just finished striking, or is just about to begin. Contractors and capitalists are his hired men, and tremble at his nod.

The latest display of his characteristics was that of the bricklayers, who sent word to their bosses, so-called, the other day that they had decided to be paid on Saturday. The master masons were not able to agree that Saturday was the best pay-day, and Chicago's growth temporarily ceased. France has been said to be the country where the world's experiments are tried. Chicago seems to be the France of America—no offense to you, Cincinnati—and if any great social movement becomes epidemic, it is apt to show up on the shore of Lake Michigan as soon as anywhere.

* * *

OUR sympathies are enlisted by Mlle. Hélène de Rothschild, who lives in Paris. Mlle. Hélène is the daughter of a well-to-do banker of the Hebrew race who died and left her ample means for her support. All her relations are rich, but few of them are handsome, or seem to her as interesting as some people not of Jewish proclivities whom she is in the habit of meeting. She has made up her mind to marry a Dutchman, who is poor, but pleasing in her eyes, and of good family. She has twenty or thirty millions of her own, so that she doesn't care whether his pay is high or not; and though her mother had a cousin picked out for her, and the friends of her family are very much put out, she is going to marry her Dutchman, and try to have some fun in the world.

LIFE thinks Mlle. Hélène is right. If she loves Mynheer, why shouldn't she take him? For ourselves, we have no scruple in saying that if we were as rich as Miss Rothschild we would rather marry some nice girl whom we really loved than even the daughter of a boodle alderman whom we didn't especially care for.

* * *

THE Locomotive Engineers had the cream of New York's talkers to converse with them a week ago Sunday, when they met. The Mayor gave them good advice at some length, and Messrs. Dana and Depew backed him up. They are three good men to talk to workingmen, for each of them has done a power of work himself, and each had only to point to the others as instances of what industry will do when it has the right sort of brains behind it. Mr. Dana said: "I work fourteen or fifteen hours a day. My friend Depew, here, works, maybe, eighteen or twenty!" LIFE is glad to know even approximately how many hours Mr. Depew works, and if Mr. Dana had said twenty-six hours instead of twenty, we would have confessed that the results of Mr. Depew's labors bore him out.

As for Mr. Dana's own hours of work, we fear that some of them are wasted. Those licks he puts in on the Coleman boom, those digs at George Jones, and all those suggestions that Mr. Cleveland is not much of a President considering his weight—they all take time, and time that we fear would be spent to better advantage at the Polo Grounds encouraging Ewing to try and be more receptive at second base.

* * *

THE *Tribune* says Collector Magone is a rude man, and uncivil to merchants who have to do business with him. LIFE doesn't believe everything it reads in the *Tribune*, and it would be sorry to believe this. Even when the Collector is a practical politician he is the servant of the people, and should be at least as polite to them as Dr. McGlynn is to the Pope.

* * *

WON'T the Decorative Art Society please turn its energies to the fabrication of comely ash receptacles for the front halls of New York houses? The umbrella-stand patterns will do, with a trifling enlargement.

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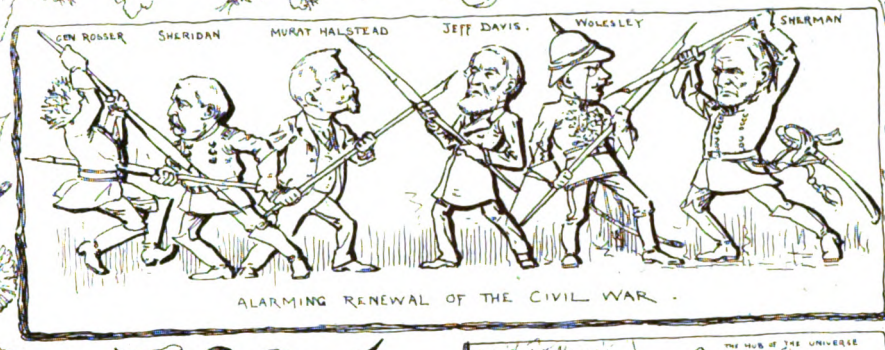

ALARMING RENEWAL OF THE CIVIL WAR.

O GEMINI.

MAY has come, bringing with her a renewal of the civil war in which Sherman, Sheridan, Rosser and others have successfully demonstrated the superiority of the pen over the sword.

A real up-and-down Queen, somewhat shady in the color, if not the quality of her ancestry, has been visiting Boston where she encountered her American contemporary the Railway Sandwich, somewhat similar in color to Her Majesty and infinitely tougher, but when compared with the Browning Teas given in her honor a welcome relief.

The new crusade against poverty has been begun by Dr. McGlynn and Henry George, who have doubtless been very successful as far as they are personally concerned, but with indifferent success as concerns the misguided mortals who pelt the crusaders with such small change as they happen to have in their pockets when the speakers please them with their platitudinizing and attitudinizing.

Editor O'Brien has crossed the briny deep to make it pleasant for Lansdowne, and has not succeeded in doing more than talk against time to a howling mob who have demonstrated how thoroughly English Canada yet remains, in spite of civilizing American influences, by their utter disregard of the rights of a citizen to speak his mind freely and undisturbed.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI IS SHOWN THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD

MUTINY IN THE BOAT.

THE BRITISH LION ENGULFS ZULULAND

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WHO WOULD BE AN HEIR APPARENT?

DEDICATED TO THE PRINCE OF WAILS.

BY Society's legions we're not incommoded,
Because they have largely to Britain exoded,
For all good New Yorkers have skipped o'er the sea
To shout with the Queen, "Jubilo! Jubilee!"
For a time Albert Edward the Next has subsided,
And dolefully counts all the years he has bided.
Apart the heir sits and he cries, full of woe,
"H'it's a mighty 'ard thing for meself,
Don'tcherknow,
To yell with the crowd, 'Joobilee! Joobilo!'
For you see h'it is h'almost h'as six is to seven
Whether ma or meself is the first h'into 'Eaven:
And indeed h'I must say to that aged old party,
My ma, who is warbling Lord T's *Jubilate*,
The whole business is quite too awf'ly *ex parte*
For the Prince
To evince
Any gladness that's hearty."

* * *

ATHEISM has been defined as "disbelief of Super-intelligence."

From what we have seen of Supers on the Metropolitan stage we are inclined to be Atheists.

* * *

GOVERNOR HILL says he thinks Home Rule will come some time.

That's right, Governor! Anything to please the Irish.

* * *

THE malady from which youths who wear a single eyeglass suffer is, in many cases, optical delusion.

* * *

WHEN man gets the better of woman in an argument, woman frequently is dissolved in tears, but it does not take her long to get resolved again.

* * *

AN economist has sagely observed that, no matter how large its population may become, there will always be enough earth to go round.

* * *

WHEN Mazzini said, "Good counsel has no price," he hadn't heard of the New York Bar.

"OH! MINE GOTT, VAT A COUNTRIES! DEY STHOPS OUR LAGER BIER, DEY STHOPS OUR MUSICK, AND NOW DEY TRIES TO STHOP DE ONLY DINGS VOT VE HEF GOT TO US LEFT FOR OUR RECREATION!
"DOT'S DYRANNY!"

A POINT FOR THE SUPERSTITIOUS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS declares that Webster, Lincoln and Beecher were the three greatest Americans of the century. Now, the superstitious will please observe that each had seven letters in his name, and what is more remarkable, that three times seven are twenty-one, at which age Beecher, Webster and Lincoln all attained their majority!

* * *

THOSE who wish to paint the town red on Sundays must use water-colors.

* * *

MUNKACSY'S "Death of Mozart" has gone to Detroit. The baseball championship will go there too. If this doesn't show that Detroiters are mean-spirited, selfish monopolists, nothing does.

* * *

A WITTICISM has just reached us from Philadelphia. A Quaker City youth has discovered that a girl tobogganing with her fiancé reminds him of archery, because she chutes with her beau.

* * *

EXTRA DRY.

JONES (*after a night off*): My! how my head aches.
MRS. J.: It is the champagne.
JONES: Not a bit of it. It's the real pain and nothing else.
MRS. J.: You must be better.

* * *

BISHOP HARE has confirmed 13,000 Indians during his episcopate.

Indians always were more susceptible to the influences of Hare than to anything else.

* * *

MRS. SPRIGGINS thinks it a shame that the police do not take some steps regarding the villainous behavior of the Washington Ball Nine in stealing bases from the New Yorks.

* * *

WHY HE WAS CALLED A PARENT.

"YES," said the old man sadly as he placed forty-five dollars and thirty-three cents in his landlord's open palm, "I am called a parent because I do."

"Do what?" queried the landlord.

"Pay rent," sighed the tenant.

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SOLVED AT LAST.

THE difference 'twixt young Tweedledum
And Tweedledee, in brief,
Is that young Tweedledum is dumb,
While Tweedledee is deaf.

THE Czar has suppressed Count Tolstoi's "Powers of Darkness," but he will not find it so easy to suppress some other powers of darkness, with which His Majesty may eventually come in contact.

HE SHOCKED HIS MAMMA.

"MAMMA," exclaimed a precocious New York boy, "the policemen of Boston don't wear pants."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the scandalized lady, "you don't tell me."

"It's a fact," persisted the boy; "they wear trousers!"

HOW HE WAS FEELING.

OLD TIMER (*tendering pass to conductor*): How are you feeling this morning, conductor?

CONDUCTOR (*handing back the pass*): I'm feeling "fare," thank you!

EPICTETUS was a far-seeing man. Said he: "Remember you are but an actor, acting whatever part is given you. *It may be short or it may be long.*"

If this was not a prophetic allusion to the long and short haul clause in the Interstate Commerce Act, we have failed to catch Epictetus's spirit.

IT is rumored that the prince of whales was lately captured by New England fishermen off Gloucester. This would seem an infringement on the present fish-treaty.

A STRONG BIT OF COLOR.

ANOTHER PHASE OF PROHIBITION.

English Traveler (troubled with Insomnia): CAN YOU GIVE ME A LONDON PUNCH?

Indignant Proprietress (with vehemence): *No*, SIR! WE DON'T KEEP LIQUORS OF NO SORT HERE.

THE TWO RATS.

AN old rat, whose long residence in the city had given him great knowledge of the wiles of civilized life, observed one evening a tempting bit of cheese close by his favorite hole in the wall.

Instead of greedily rushing at it, he called a young friend, saying, "Whiskerando, some kind person has prepared a feast for us. Help yourself."

The guileless innocent rushed on the cheese, which he devoured voraciously; but, alas! in a few minutes he rolled over on his back, stone dead. The dainty was poisoned.

"My experience in Wall Street has stood me in well," mused the old rat as he turned into his hole; "it is safer to give other folks pointers, and pocket your commission, than to risk your all on a wildcat investment.

G. E. Hanson.

LUCAN may have spoken truly when he observed that in a state of anarchy power is the measure of right; but had he known the anarchist of to-day, he would have added that he made no reference to water-power.

A POLITICAL DIFFICULTY.

"LET us elect to our halls of legislature," shouted an eloquent candidate, "men who are endowed with common sense."

A momentary pause here for the sentiment to be applauded when a voice came from the gallery: "But you can't get such men to run!"

AN advertisement for a complexion cream says: "It is used by ladies, school-girls and gentlemen after shaving." What can be nicer than a freshly shaven little school-miss of about sixteen summers?

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From Foreign Fields

BUFFALO BILL AT WINDSOR.

THE Queen having expressed her wish to the Chum to Potentates that the Wild West Show should appear before Her Majesty at Windsor Castle, your correspondent escorted that body into the royal presence on Tuesday last.

A large audience of Nobles had assembled to do honor to the aristocratic redmen of the far West, and the Royal Maroon Band played "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes," as the tribes bowed their respects to Her Majesty. The braves in honor of the occasion wore a new coat of paint and the regulation three feathers in their back hair—a costume which was at once effective and gentlemanly, if, as an old authority on dress has said, "A gentleman's dress is never conspicuous."

A large space in front of the castle had been cleared for the performance, and after a light luncheon Mr. Nate Salsbury mounted a pedestal from which the statue of William the Conqueror had been temporarily removed, and explained to Her Majesty that the Comanche tribe from the suburbs of Boston, would now see how near they could come to running over Prince Battenberg without really hurting him.

This was followed by an exhibition at shooting, when Buffalo Bill shot the Koh-i-noor out of the Queen's Spring crown seven times running, much to the delight of her Majesty and the wonder of the assembled Nobles.

Several cow-ladies were then introduced, giving the British aristocracy a fair imitation of high life in New York city. The Queen was much surprised at the refined way in which American ladies do their shopping on bucking ponies, and when one of the young ladies with auburn hair showed with what facility American girls use their firearms when their young gentleman friends decline to take them to the opera, the royal family was nearly carried away with delight.

At the request of the Chum Mr. Buffalo Bill gave a graphic representation of New York's first families on their way to church. The old camp-wagon was brought out and Mr. Cody disguised as Mr. Vanastorbilt, stepped up on the box and started the horses off. Grace Church was represented by a canvas tent, and Fourteenth Street was shown by a pole stuck in the ground. The Queen could hardly restrain herself when the team ran away, and the nimble Buffalo Bill, tying a lasso around his waist, stopped them by casting the noose over a stump on which were growing some wistaria vines and which was supposed to represent a lamp-post. Her Majesty had heard of Mr. Vanastorbilt, but never supposed he was so clever a man.

Then, as the carriage neared Fourteenth Street, the low, ominous war-cry of the Sioux Indians was heard, and the faithful picture of New York life that then followed, with its awful butchery and bellowing of buffaloes on Union Square, needs no description for your readers who have grown so familiar with it in the daily round of life. Suffice it to say that the British aristocracy fairly yelled with joy as Mr. Vanastorbilt slew file after file of the attacking party, losing only his scalp and four children in the melée.

The exhibition was closed by a pastoral scene showing how the Indians and whites live peacefully together in Philadelphia, with an allegorical tableau at the end, showing a six-foot Comanche labeled William Penn, standing beside a small four-inch stage sword, the significance of which Her Majesty immediately perceived, for as she left the grounds she spoke of the pathetic rendering of the old proverb, "The Comanche is mightier than the dagger."

In return for the pleasure he had given her, Buffalo Bill and "Potato-Faced-Charley" were invested with the Order of

HIGH LIFE IN NEW YORK.

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the Bath—which the Indian declined from natural scruples, not understanding the idiomatic significance of the decoration.

On the whole the day passed off pleasantly, and there were no disturbances other than a slight misunderstanding between the Prince of Wales and a young Sioux brave, in which the Prince's baldness served him in good stead.

It is rumored that the National Gallery of London has offered one of the Indians a large salary if he will annex himself to the Turner Gallery, and exhibit the sunset that he wears on the small of his back when he goes to war. The trustees of the Gallery claim to have internal evidence that the painting is by the hand of the master, and that it must be had at any cost.

It seems to me that this affords the United States a chance to settle the fishery question by swapping off the artistic brave for justice—and the only way to get justice from the English Government is to pay for it.

Her Majesty's desire to see these untutored savages in their native lair may induce her to visit New York next season, in which case she will probably be under the management of D'Oyly Carte.

Carlyle Smith.

A FLEETING FANCY.

THE maid in the pew that's before me
Is daintily dressed, and her face
Has attractions that surely don't bore me
To gaze on. I envy the lace
That circles her neck. What a grace
Characterizes this maiden so fair,
Who sits in the pew that's before me,
From her heels to her hair!

Her waist is so tapering, slender!
Her arms might be christened divine;
If I knew who the maid was I'd send her
A message from St. Valentine,
Of neat inexpensive design,
To tell her how greatly I love
This maid in the pew that's before me,
This beautiful dove!

"Let us pray," says the pastor, and kneeling,
The maid bows her bonnet so prim,
As softly the organ is pealing
The last dying chords of the hymn,
When I'm totally stunned by the shim-
Mering shine of a boot 'neath the pew;
'Tis the foot of that maiden before me—
Fugaces eheu!

The vision of beauty has faded,
Oh, would that the boot would fade too!
It fairly makes Pegasus jaded
To think of that gigantic shoe
That reached back to me under the pew.
'Twas a horrible shock to me when
I saw that this vision before me
Wore gentleman's size No. 10.

Mr.—— (*one of the lost tribes, although a Presbyterian*): HELLO! WHY THE DEVIL AREN'T YOU IN NEWARK?

Mr. S. (*from Newark*): WHY THE DEVIL AREN'T YOU IN JERUSALEM?

THE MODERN CUPID.

THEY say that Love is blind. Ah me!
Perchance 'tis so. And yet, I think
'Tis golden blinders that he wears,
And Love looks at us through the chink.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BUTCHER (*to customer, who has ordered some meat sent*): What name, please?

CUSTOMER: Welch.

BUTCHER: Thanks! All right, Mr. Walsh.

CUSTOMER (*slowly but firmly*): W-e-l-c-h.

BUTCHER: Thanks! All right, Mr. Walsh.

DISRAELI asserts that there is no education like adversity.

How about a University education, me Lud?

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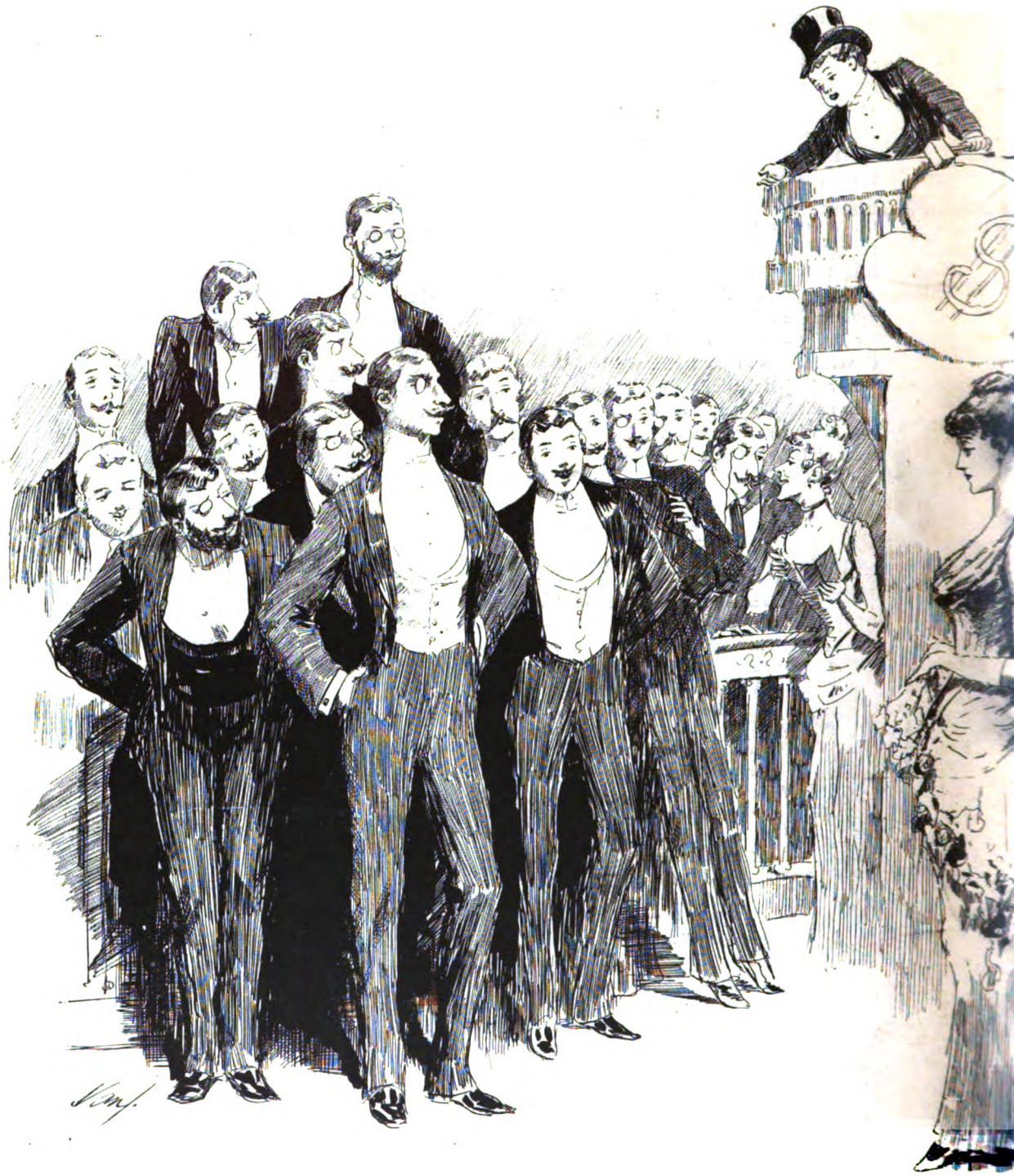

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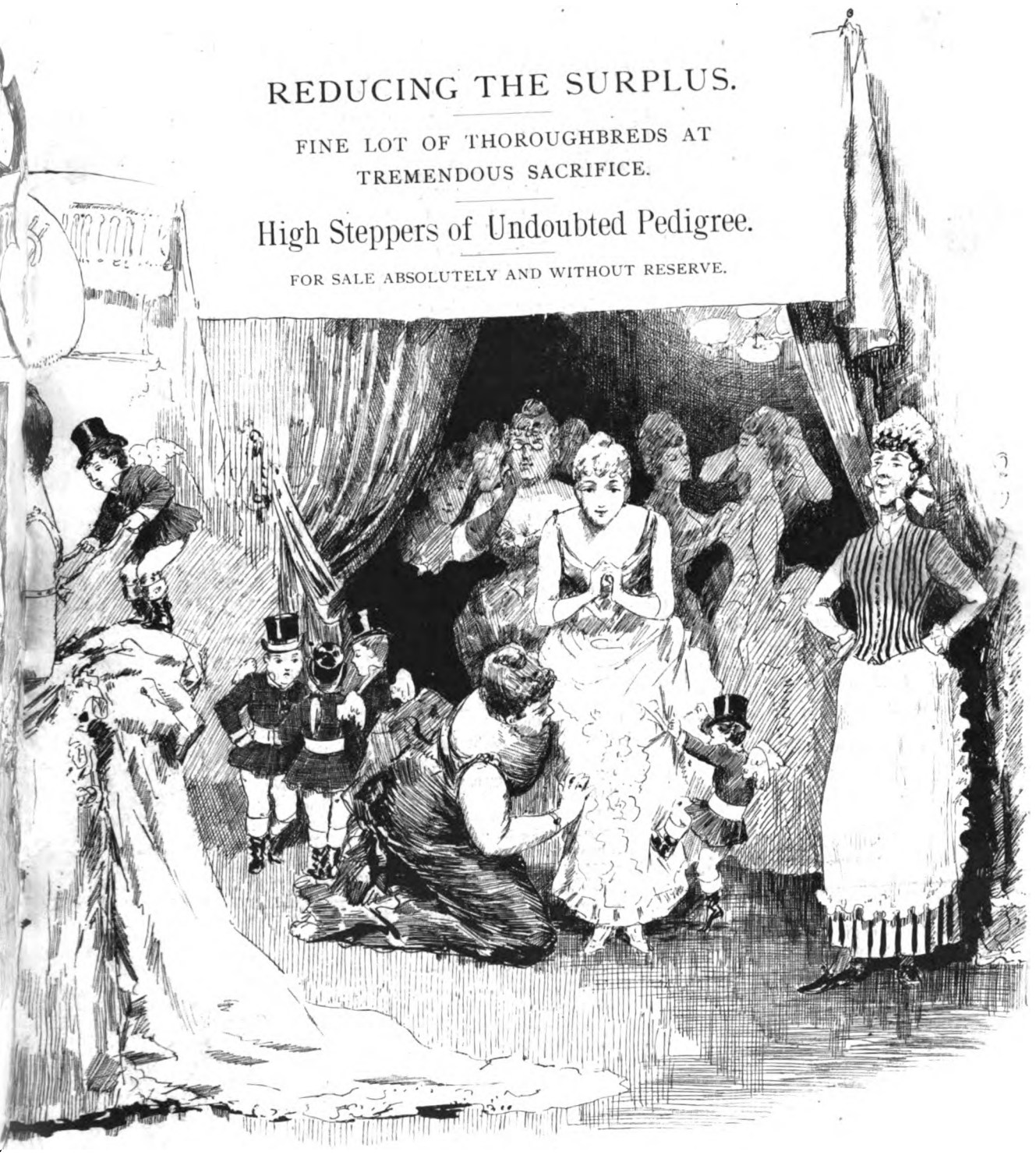

THE SEASON.

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LEGEND OF A ROSE.

IT laye amonge ye Grasses wett,
A Dead Rose, neare ye Tennis-Nett,
Once pluck'd by lovinge Fingers,
Yt dewey fresh did grace Her Haire,
& fell in eerie Moonshine where
Ye Ghoste of Memory lingers.

"Its faded Petals, wythered, sere,
Maie Zephyrs strew upon Love's bier,"
Ye Passione Flower is sighing;
With dreamy Payne its sore Hearte grieves,
Its Secret whyspered by ye Leaves,
Yt Love of Grief is dying.

Butt no! He stringes His Silken Bowe,
& mockynge Me, flits to & fro
To sett my Hearte a-shiver;
With Poppies I wolde putt to sleepe
Ye Wanton, & do bidd him keepe
His Arrowes inne His Quiver.

Harold van Santvoord.

THE END OF THE SEASON.

THIS is the time when the metropolitan favorite, after a wearying round of triumphs, seeks a change of scene and gets it in a bewildering succession of one-night stands; and when the wandering star from the provinces comes to New York for a metropolitan endorsement of the latest horror by the strangers passing through the city. This is also the time when the exhausted critic turns his tickets over to the office-boy and goes for his well-earned recreation to the Polo Grounds.

While waiting for the Giants to win a game, we can take a final glance at the theatrical situation.

Mr. Wallack appropriately winds up his career of mismanagement by taking his company to the pretty little theatre across the way in search of the audiences that used to come to him. It is hard that the cat in making its exit through the kitten's hole in the fence should find the task so easy as only to excite the pity of spectators. But the misfit is complete. The play, like the company, is vivified by a sentiment that has gone to seed. It is but fair to say that the company gives an adequate representation of the play.

John Gilbert and Mme. Ponisi bring a ripe experience to their familiar parts. Miss Addison gives a possible and clever performance of the lachrymose poor relation. Miss Russell is handsome, if not forcible as the intriguing governess. Miss Robe is a pretty, bright and over-haughty representative of the over-haughty *Marguerite*, and Kyrle Bellew is certainly realistic as that consistent prig, *Manuel*.

Yet one can but wonder when the decadence of the Wallack reputation was so evident at home, what motive prompted this unfortunate comparison with the best trained company in the country on unfamiliar grounds. Since death by inanition was inevitable, why commit suicide?

"JIM the Penman" has closed its successful career at the Madison Square and given place to Clinton Stuart, Esq.'s "Our Society." Mrs. Verplanck's name does not appear as co-author this season. The lady considered that if her work on the play was sufficient to entitle her to notice on the bills, it was enough to entitle her to compensation. The fact that the management held a different opinion and settled the matter simply as indicated, is an odd commentary on Mrs. Verplanck's share in the play. If once an author, why not always an author?

* * *

THE series of Authors' Matinees at this house concluded with George Parsons Lathrop and Harry Edwards' dramatization of Tennyson's "Elaine." While Mr. Lathrop, who did the literary piecing and joiner-work, was more successful than Mr. Edwards, who contributed the dramatic construction, Mr. Edwards undoubtedly had the harder task. Together they deserve credit for having brought out a better play than the Poet Laureate himself has been able to produce. "Elaine" is not yet a drama, but it will *act*, as those know who had the privilege of seeing Miss Annie Russell's exquisitely charming and sympathetic rendering of *la tres Belle Elaine*, the vigorous acting of Alessandro Salvini, and the manly work of Robert Hilliard.

By the way, the Authors' Matinees are being succeeded by a series of trial matinees. The rank outsider seeks in vain for any difference except in name.

* * *

LAST Monday an alleged comic opera was turned on at the Star Theatre. The "Pyramid" is its not very happy title—and the work justifies the name. The authors had an excellent foundation to build on, but their superstructure rapidly grew thinner, and soon vanished into air. Mr. Charles Puerner wrote the music, and wrote it in a very musicianly way. Mr. Charles Puerner and Mr. Caryl Florio wrote the libretto, and wrote it also in a very musicianly way. The fundamental idea of the book is that of two American tourists who go to sleep near the Great Pyramid and dream, apparently, that they fall in with a temporarily resurrected dynasty of mummies. Connected story there is none, and the authors proceed not to tell it for two acts, and then stop. There are love passages, some sentimental and some comic—but as the audience knows that they can lead to nothing, it fails to be interesting.

A clever libretto might have carried the workmanlike but not original or brilliant music. As it is, we fear that the "Pyramid," like its Egyptian prototype, will serve only as the tomb of its builder. Nevertheless, if, as its authors claim, it is the "First American Comic Opera," the management appear to be speaking well within bounds when they advertise its "unprecedented success." Any measure of success, however, that the opera may obtain will be due to the clever acting of Mr. David, a comedian who can make fun out of nothing, to Mr. Hilliard who sings delightfully, and to the best topical song that has been sung in New York: "Once in a thousand years."

* * *

DOWN town somewhere, at Niblos, Lawrence Barrett has been acting "Rienzi," and starts in this week with a nightly change of bill which will fill the large house with pleased audiences. Our native Lawrence has not suffered by comparison with the imported Wilson, who has gone home with his imitation Irving, leaving the coast clear to the only real rival of the real Irving.

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HOW THEY DID IT.

WASHINGTON DOT.

"DANIEL," asked the President, "why are Virginians so priggish?"

"I give up, sire," replied Daniel, "unless it's because their State is the mother of precedents."

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A BIRD in the hand is worth just what it will bring · it sells for a song.

* * *

ABSTINENCE makes the heart grow fonder.

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A PAYING BUSINESS.

Very Young Man: YOU WOULDN'T THINK IT, BUT I'VE JUST PAID SEVENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS IN CASH FOR A HOUSE, ALL MADE BY MY OWN PLUCK AND PERSEVERANCE.

Young Lady: REALLY! WHAT BUSINESS ARE YOU IN?

Very Young Man: I'M A SON-IN-LAW.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE scene of E. P. Roe's new novel will be laid in Southern California, but the book itself will be laid in the lap of every passenger on the Hudson River Railroad by that eternal nuisance, the train-boy.

* * *

AT a fair in aid of the Chicago Literary Centre, the best characters in fiction were decided by vote to be Old Sleuth, the Detective, Ananias, James G. Blaine, William Shakespeare, and James Russell Lowell.

* * *

AN Exchange says that Anna Dickinson began life as a school-teacher, but we doubt it. It is, of course, very difficult to speak with any certainty concerning what occurred in early times, but we have a most vivid recollection of reading in some old black-letter missal that the lady began life as a little girl baby, and as far as we have been able to find out, Miss Dickinson has not denied the statement. In the interests of biography, we feel called upon to question the school-teacher story.

THIS IS THE KIND WE PAY A DALLIAFERRO.

"A ROLAND for your Alliaferro,"
Said witty Mr. Talliaferro
Concerning one
Who made a pone
About the famous Balliaferro.

OVERHEARD IN BOSTON.

FIRST LADY: I am surprised at your not caring for Phillips Brooks.

SECOND LADY: Oh, I do care for him! I like him very much, but I just dote on Buddha!

PUT AWAY UNTIL AUTUMN.

FRIEND: Wilkins, why do you keep all these old almanacs?

WILKINS: Waiting for the jokes to ripen for republication.

IN the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as *fail*, but later on, when the youth gets into business for himself, then the word shows up in good shape.

LES FIANCÉS.

He: CLARA, SHALL I ASK HIM TO STRIKE UP A WEDDIN' MARCH, JUST TO HEAR WHAT IT'S LIKE?

She: O REGINALD, DO NOT, I BEG OF YOU! I SHALL EXPIRE WITH CONFUSION.

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VAUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

WITHOUT A MORAL.

I WAS a clerk in a grocery store at $9 a week, "he said, "but like many other young men I fell in with dissolute companions and was induced to gamble."

"And was tempted to take money which did not belong to you?"

"No, I won enough in a week to buy the grocery."—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE average American at home or abroad does not take kindly to anything that would seem to cast the shadow of a shade upon his native land. A story told last evening at the Richmond Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church by the Rev. George W. Peck might be cited in illustration. An Englishman was traveling through Italy with an American friend, and in the course of their sojournings each maintained the superiority of his own country. Finally the grand spectacle of Mount Vesuvius in eruption, throwing its brilliant rays across the bay of Naples, burst upon their astonished gaze. "Now, look at that," chuckled the Englishman, "you haven't got anything in America that can come anywhere near that." "No," moodily replied the Yankee. "It is true we have not got a Vesuvius, but we have got a waterfall that could put that thing out in less than five minutes."—*Buffalo Courier.*

DEACON: It pains me, Mr. Boggs, to see you coming out of a bar-room.

BOGGS: All right, deacon! Anything to save your feelin's. I'll go right in again.—*Judge.*

FORCE OF HABIT.

LADY (*in grocery store*): Let me have a pound of butter, please.

CLERK (*who used to tend in a cigar store*): Mild or strong?—*Harper's Bazar.*

TOLD by Labouchere: "'I cannot express how much I feel delighted and honored at having met you, Mr. Carlyle,' quoth Mr. Mallock, after a conversation with the sage of Chelsea. 'Eh! well, I hope I may not meet you again!' is said to have been the pleasant reply."—*Waterbury American.*

MR. MALAPROP.

MR. ——, the New Orleans banker, is now almost as much in New York as in his tropical home. He is a fluent conversationalist, and is fond of Latin. One evening at the Hoffman House he was missed from the parlor, where a gay party of Southerners were making merry. "Where have you been, Mr. ——?" asked a young lady when he returned. "Oh, just outside in the cuspador, walking pro and con," he replied. He was once deeply offended at a covert sneer in a Washington paper. "Why," said he, "that is catamount to calling me a fool!"—*The Argonaut.*

REPARTEE.

"GOOD gracious, Jane! why didn't you marry a monkey, and be done with it?"

"Oh," smiled Jane, "I thought you might want to marry some time, and I wouldn't take your last chance."—*Washington Critic.*

IN THE COURT ROOM.

JUDGE (*to a very homely old maid*): Miss, in what year were you born?

WITNESS: In the year 1846.

JUDGE: Before or after Christ?—*Texas Siftings.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she bathers it over us.

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ST. LOUIS, April 26.

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It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,

are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

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SOME fellow has invented a machine to tell how many hours a man sleeps. The contrivance was secretly placed on a New York police man the other night, and next morning it was discovered that he had slept ten hours out of six.—*Ex.*

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Each drop the goblet does contain.
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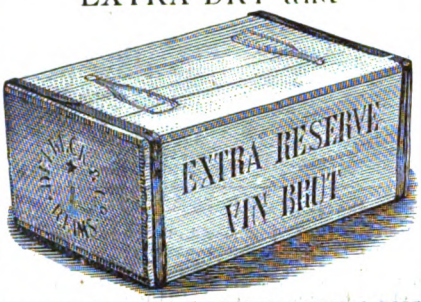

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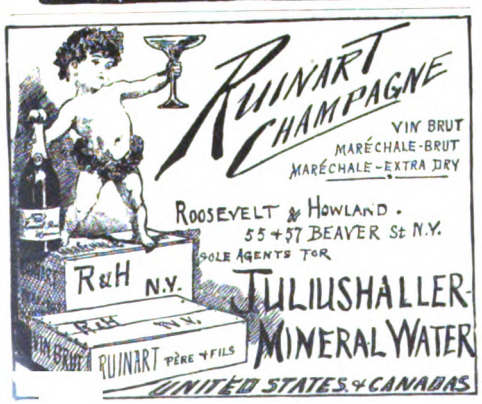

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VOLUME IX.

NUMBER 231.

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LIFE

RURAL NUMBER

June 2, 1887.

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SUMMER READING.

WARNER AND REINHART.

Their Pilgrimage. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Richly illustrated by C. S. REINHART. Post 8vo, ornamental cloth, $2.00.

The watering-places are all exquisitely touched with the life which they represent, and the pictures will stand for an accurate exposition of their social features. . . . The writing is in Mr. Warner's best vein. It is not intentionally humorous, neither is it forgetful of that quality. The characteristic of the book is that it delights the reader. . . It is entertaining in the highest degree as a treatment of American society, and this is what it was intended to be. The heroine of the story is a beautiful girl of the native type, and there is a delicacy in the treatment of her character which can better be enjoyed than described. The illustrations are a notable feature of the work.—*Boston Herald.*

Mr. Reinhart's spirited and realistic illustrations are very attractive, and contribute to make an unusually handsome book. . . . A happy blending of travel and fiction distinguishes this story. . . . The justice and delicacy of Mr. Warner's observations, and the lightness of his manner, are as noticeable on any page as in the whole.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

Nobody will question that Mr. Warner has seen with his own eyes every landscape, every stretch of beach, every hotel piazza and dining-room, every skirt and whisker, which in this book he describes. There is an intense life-likeness to it all.—*Literary World, Boston.*

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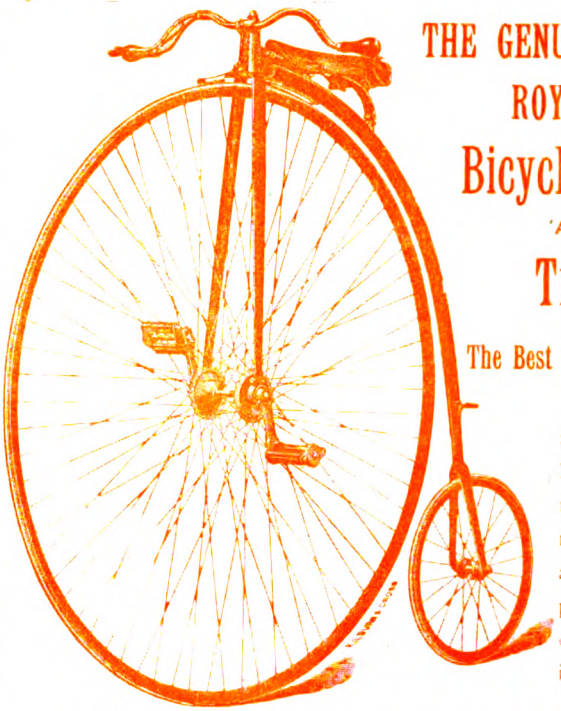

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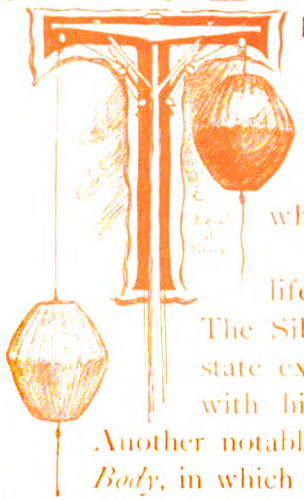

THERE are numerous attractive features in the JUNE CENTURY. Prominent among them are two papers of timely interest on *College Boat-Racing* and *Boat-Racing by Amateurs.* The first is by Julian Hawthorne, a member of the Harvard crew of his day, and is doubly interesting from its reminiscences of early crews and races. The second paper is by a Yale man, "Henry Eckford," who writes of the methods of amateur races, of experts, coaches, etc.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps contributes a very powerful story of American fishers' life, entitled "Jack." It is illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote and I. R. Wiles. The Siberian traveller, George Kennan, who visited Count Tolstoi at the solicitation of state exiles, gives in this number an account of the great novelist and his surroundings, with his opinions of men and events as developed in conversations with the writer. Another notable article is by Prof. W. O. Atwater, of Wesleyan, on *How Food Nourishes the Body*, in which he incidentally demolishes the theory that fish particularly nourishes the brain, and treats of the sources of intellectual energy. In the *Lincoln History* are accounts of the attack on Senator Sumner, and the Dred Scott decision, with extracts from the speeches of Lincoln and Douglass upon the questions that the case embodied.

There is a vigorous and thoughtful essay by T. T. Munger upon "Education and Social Progress," together with a descriptive paper on *Peterborough Cathedral*, by Mrs. van Rensselaer, with Pennell's charming pictures; and other articles by Frank R. Stockton, Edward Everett Hale, and others.

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VOLUME IX.
No. 231.

· LIFE ·

JUNE 2D,
1887.

LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME.

Georgiana: JOHN HENRY, WAKE UP! THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE HOUSE! OH, WHAT *shall* WE DO?

John Henry: HUSH-SH-H! I HEAR HIM; HE'S RUMMAGING IN THE PANTRY NOW. KEEP PERFECTLY QUIET, AND HE MAY EAT SOME OF THAT PIE YOU MADE YESTERDAY. THEN WE'LL HAVE HIM!

THE IMPRESSION SHE MADE.

NO doubt she had *organs* and *members*—
All living things have, as a rule,
But really she mostly impressed me
As a piece of extremely green tulle.

She could move—for we danced, I remember,
And tripped on that confounded stool:
While waltzing, I thought of her only
As an armful of very green tulle.

Then she ate, for I took her to supper—
All she wanted was "something that's cool;"
So I brought pistache ice, meanwhile thinking,
Just the thing for a bit of green tulle.

I was with her the whole of the evening,
And I flirted and talked like a fool;
Now my only remembrance of her,
Is of something in very green tulle.

Should we meet in the street on the morrow,
I should pass her, I know, like a mule:
I sha'n't know her again till I meet her
Arrayed in that very green tulle.

M. W. W.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JUNE 2, 1887. No. 231.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

DISTRICT ASSEMBLY 49 applauds the sentiments of Dr. McGlynn when he says he respects the opinions of noble men who throw bombs at the Czar. If the eloquent priest gets his views into practical shape, and meets "tyranny" in his own case by Russian methods, will 49 back him up? Does the hardihood of the town run exclusively to bridge-jumping, or will the Fourth Ward furnish a devoted squad to run over and blow up the Pope? Wouldn't it be a glorious tribute to 49 and American freedom to disintegrate His Holiness on the Fourth of July! How would that suit you, 49?

* * *

THE question of Sunday rum continues to be fraught with as much passion as ever, but talk only makes the town dryer. New York grows weekly more goody-goody, and her citizens hunt with increasing anxiety for convenient places to hie to for refreshment. How far we have out-Puritaned the Puritans is demonstrated by the recent exodus of a band of sportful Gothamites to the spring meeting of the Boston Country Club. The suppression of betting on horses by our Sunday-School Legislature gave Boston a fine meeting, with New York judges and New York horses, money and clothes to set the pace for her. It's a feeble wind that doesn't make the dust fly somewhere. Hail to the Pool bill! and may the Saturnian days return to Coney Island *te duce Hill.*

* * *

SOME people thought that when Editor O'Brien crossed the sea for the sole purpose of calling Lord Lansdowne names, he came on a fool's errand. If that was true, the circumstances that were needed to alter the case have come promptly to hand. The Canadian Orangemen have seldom disappointed any one who trusted them to make idiots of themselves, and if Mr. O'Brien came confiding in their ability to put themselves in the wrong, the result has nobly borne him out. LIFE cordially hopes that the ribs of the Press militant's representative may regain their normal position, and long defend the stout heart beneath them. As for you, Lord Lansdowne, dear, may heaven deliver you from your friends! Can't your lordship get a squad of Orangemen for tenants sometime, and sarve 'em out the way you know?

* * *

IN the current number of *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Howells expresses his disapproval of the American critics, suggesting, however, that they work under great disadvantages of ignorance, circumstances and sex, and are really not so malevolent and more amusing than might be expected. It is gratifying to see Mr. Howells' lance couched in this mill. If he is ever to have as much fun with the American critics as they have had with him it is time he began, and he should keep prodding with all his might. If Howells should run out so as not to be worth finding fault with, or should stop writing, the American critic would be inconsolable. The said critic doesn't know very much, perhaps, but he knows Howells, and anything that would tend to make that much of his stock of information unavailable would hit him where he lives.

The American critic will stick to you, Mr. Howells, Sir, as long as you are worth sticking to. Not the poster-paster is so good a friend to Mr. Barnum as he is to you. Sock it to him, Sir; he likes it.

* * *

REALLY the steamship companies seem to want to injure a profitable business and encourage Americans to stay at home. If they go on staving in one another's sides people will believe after a while that in spite of plumbing, there is a good deal to be said for houses and dry land. Was it the loss of the *Oregon* that kept the *Britannic's* compartments shut and saved her? Let the Cunard Company say Yes, and add *sic vos non vobis.*

* * *

IF one individual more than another monopolizes the public interest at this time, that person is probably Mr. Stagg, pitcher of baseballs to Yale University. Mr. Stagg is represented to be a young man of limited financial resources and phenomenal ability to place a baseball so that a batsman will try to hit it and fail. It is a talent which is in great demand in this country just now, and can command a magnificent remuneration. Most of the top professional clubs are as anxious to get Mr. Stagg as Chicago women are to own a Mazarine diamond, and the young man daily has occasion to adjust in his mind the comparative value of a liberal education and a liberal salary. Such is the suspense of the public that awaits Stagg's decision, that questions that once seemed momentous have grown trivial in comparison, and Yale men have even been heard to say that they did'nt care any more whether it was the lady or the tiger.

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Trephon's Wail

OH! Sally was ez sweet a lass
As ere the sun he riz on:
Her eyes so blue, her teeth of pearl,
And golden locks all in a curl,
Made for my heart a prison.

But summer boarders came along
To fill her father's pocket;
An' fust we knew, that wicked girl
Had give one Dude a shining curl,
An' he'd give her a locket.

She's married to the City Swell—
Her heart an' all is his'n.
We do not mourn, not us, but say,
Ef her will let we go our way,
Why we'll let she go shis'n.

A. W. H.

NEW DEFINITIONS.

LIE: A method of self-justification exacted by the demands of fashion and the higher influences of civilization.

BOODLER: A gentleman of high instincts, shrinking modesty and ample fortune, who when persecuted by foes retires into a hole and pulls the whole in after him.

SLANG: An elastic medium out of which we construct a unique vocabulary for elevating the tone and imparting flexibility to the English language.

EDITOR: A man who accumulates an enormous fortune by minding other people's business.

EDUCATION: An improved method of enlarging the biceps; the subjugation of mind to muscle, but sometimes an exchange of muscular force for mental inaptitude.

Harold van Santvoord.

A NORTH OF ENGLAND ferryman has the following motto: "No crown, no cross!"

PHENOMENAL as it may appear it is still true that Patti's voice is full of precious stones. This accounts for $7 admissions.

INFORMATION WANTED.

MR. HOWELL'S autobiographical remarks on childhood are charming to read, but they are disappointing for the reason that we are left in the dark as to whether in the olden days he parted his hair on the left or the right side; how many bites he made per apple, and whether he had to rise at seven minutes before seven or thirteen minutes after six on cold winter mornings.

It is to be hoped the great Particularizer will enlighten us on these points.

CUTTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

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A POSER.

DEAR Sphinx, please solve this rebus
That puzzles all from Luna bright to Phoebus:
Dost think that he who some few weeks agone
Heaped upon Athens contumely and scorn
And now is at her feet with sorrow sadly riven
Will find her great-soled enough to tell him he's forgiven?
Or will she ever more her thumbs serenely twiddle
At every mention of his name—canst solve the Riddle?
Come, dearest Sphinx,
Tell us what you thinks.

THE REPLY.

DEAR LIFE: Perhaps this man who has been tossed on
The blanket of the critics down in Boston
May find forgiveness for his later acts;
But if I have the facts
It will require something more exacting
Than repentance for these frowning
Devotees of Browning
To forgive his *Earl*-y acting.
This is truly what I think,
Yours ever, Sphink.

* * *

DUE TO NIHILISM.

REPORTER (*to Officer of* CELTIC): How do you account for the collision?

OFFICER: Have you asked my brother officer of the *Britannic?*

REPORTER: Yes, sir.

OFFICER: What did he say?

REPORTER: Nothing.

OFFICER: Well, that's what I say.

* * *

THE fact that the celebrated explorer's father was a Glazier may account for the facility with which many people see through Captain Willard G.

* * *

IT is rather hard on the pious man who attends church, to find it against the law to thirst after his righteousness on Sunday.

* * *

"I LOVE everything that's old," sang Goldsmith. How Oliver would have gloated over the jokes in Harper's Drawer!

* * *

THE Grecian ladies, according to Homer, counted their age from their marriage, not from their birth. They began when they were won, as it were.

* * *

IT pays to be honest in the long run, but in the short run there isn't much money in it.

THE professional poet finds inspiration in Spring; perspiration in Summer; suspiration in Fall, and desperation in Winter, which makes it strange that the professional poet should be so invariably irrational.

* * *

BUFFALO BILL is on chummy terms with the Prince of Wales. He calls him Unicorn Bertie and has taught him to ride a bucking cow.

* * *

IF the ticket-sellers on the L roads were as quick in their movements as the gatemen, fewer travelers would be left at stations.

* * *

THE wages of sin is death, and we never hear of a strike to have them raised either.

* * *

ONE of the most distinguished members of Harper's Southern Literary Movement has written a poem in which "corn" rhymes with "gone," and the *Star* objects.

We see no good reason why our contemporary should object. No one short of a genius could make such a rhyme. What we find to quarrel with is the non-sequitousness of "corn" and "gone." We have never yet met that kind of a corn, and we think Miss Rives can find enough realities with a semblance of impossibility to write about without going into this Riderhaggardish business of pure invention.

* * *

EVICTED.

GOVERNOR HILL IS EVIDENTLY AWARE THAT THE SPARROW CONTROLS NO VOTES.

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THE GENIAL WARMTH OF SPRING POETRY.

QUITE late was spring and cold my feet,
The register was lacking heat,
And very cool I found my seat
For early spring.
Shiv'ring I sat, when my two eyes
Lit on a paper of great size,
Full of news and many lies,
And I grasped the thing.

I had been very often told
That paper would keep out the cold,
So I hastened to unfold
The timely sheet.
A verse poetic printed there,
By Ella Wheeler Wilcox, fair,
Was so warm it singed my hair
And warmed my feet.

Clarence Stetson.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ETIQUETTE.

FORMULATED FOR THE COMPREHENSION OF THE OBTUSE WITH AN APPENDIX OF ARBITRARY RULES FOR BEGINNERS.

I. Don't allow your guest to become embarrassed. If he should break a champagne glass, immediately contrive to smash the epergne yourself. This conduct will put your guest in countenance, and will also develop powers of endurance in your wife.

II. Don't be flurried. If you should find that you have just been disparaging a near relative of your host, continue the subject vigorously until you shift the embarrassment from yourself to your host.

III. Don't, while visiting, be languid or taciturn. Don't have too little animation to get up and go home.

IV. Don't wear soiled linen. It is not chivalrous to boycott the laundry-woman.

V. Don't nap in church. You are liable to snore, and it would be inconsiderate to awaken other members of the congregation.

VI. Don't write anonymous communications. If you feel a hesitancy in signing your own name, use that of a friend. In writing cheques, this practice is now sanctioned by the best usage.

VII. Don't fail, as host, to follow a departing visitor to the hall door. You are responsible for the hats and umbrellas of the callers who remain.

VIII. Don't smoke in public conveyances. Some fellow-traveler might ask you for a cigar.

IX. Don't shake hands with every person present. Respectfully submitted to the President of the United States.

X. Don't hesitate to drink water during meals, no matter what may be said to the contrary. Some articles of food need to be put out.

XI. Don't fly into a towering passion with the waiter at a watering-place, and throw crockery. He might prove to be a Harvard or Yale man, whose challenge you could not decline.

XII. Don't leave the theatre just before the curtain falls. Everybody does; remain and avoid the crowd.

XIII. Don't appear in evening dress on any occasion before six P. M. Otherwise the inference in polite society is that you didn't come home till morning.

XIV. Don't notice or invite attention to the infirmities of others. Don't call on the mute for an after-dinner speech.

LABELLUS FECIT VINUM.

Patron (to Druggist): I WANT SOME OLD PORT FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

Druggist (to Assistant): JIMMIE, HAVE THOSE PORT LABELS COME OVER FROM THE PRINTER'S YET?

Jimmie: NO, SIR.

Druggist (to Patron): SORRY, SIR, BUT WE HAVEN'T ANY.

Patron: BUT WHAT HAS THE LABEL GOT TO DO WITH IT?

Druggist: EVERYTHING, SIR, IN OUR BUSINESS—EVERYTHING! STILL, IF YOU'RE NOT PARTICULAR, I CAN GIVE YOU A LITTLE WITH THE SHERRY LABEL.

XV. Don't fail to apologize whenever you inconvenience others. If you happen to be standing on a gentleman's head in a panic, don't forget to say, "Excuse me."

RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO SEARCHERS FOR SOCIAL CULTURE WHO USE THE INQUIRY COLUMNS OF THE PRESS.

I. Don't stir your coffee with your fork, or stick your spoon into the beef.

II. Don't rest your elbows in your plate, or in any dish.

III. Don't, in carving, stab with the fork, or do anything that will suggest cruelty.

IV. Don't forget to carry food to the mouth with an inward curve of the fork or spoon. No calisthenic flourishes over the shoulder or around the head are permissible.

V. Don't tuck your napkin under the chin, and don't carry away the ring.

VI. Don't come to lunch in your shirt sleeves, and don't retire in your dress-coat.

VII. Don't talk when your mouth is full. *Mem.:* Keep it full.

VIII. Don't fail to keep your Manual of Etiquette lying open for easy reference during meals.

Eureka Bendall.

A WESTERN poker-player who was caught with a couple of aces up his sleeve, explained that the mustard plaster on his back must have drawn them there.

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UNACCOUNTABLY OVERLOOKED.

IN my travels I have met with a great many individuals who are full of information about a war which they say took place in some parts of this country about twenty-five years ago.

It is queer that nothing about it ever got into the papers.

It occurs to me, also, that some steps should be taken to preserve some of this information for future use. Our children, if we have any, or if not, our grandchildren, will want to know something about this war, and it is time that some sort of a history of it was committed to paper.

Some of the men who know all about it are very old, and all of them are aging rapidly. Soon they will leave us, and take with them their rich stores of reminiscences, if they cannot be induced to convert them into a substantial form as a legacy.

We cannot depend upon oral tradition in this age as people were obliged to do in the hoary past. The rising generation is too much engrossed in baseball and other educational matters to permit of sitting at the feet of the sages who know all about the late conflict, and learning by heart their recital of its battles, its marches, its sieges, its campaigns, and the important parts they took in the stirring events.

I will mention one incident I deem worthy of preservation. A friend of mine, Major Baggs, told me one day all about the battle of Gettysburg, in which he was an active participant. Indeed, much of the Union success of the third day can be attributed to Major Baggs' gallantry. This was clear from his own statements.

On another occasion I happened to mention the siege of Vicksburg to the Major, whereupon he gave me a thrilling account of the whole affair, as he was attached to General Grant's staff at the time. Now, Vicksburg fell on the same day that decided the conflict at Gettysburg, and as the two localities are somewhat removed from each other, Major Baggs must have traveled very fast in his earnest desire to put down the war.

Such glorious deeds as these ought to be recorded for the emulation of coming generations, and I hope they will be. Major Baggs' exploits are only samples of hundreds, and all ought to take their place in history.

Perhaps, if the matter were brought properly before some of our magazine publishers, they would consent to print these reminiscences, accompanied by maps of battles and pictures of the writers.

I think it would pay, too. The only imaginable reason why it has never been done is that the magazine editors have never thought of it. I make no charge for the suggestion, valuable as I believe it to be. It is made solely in the interest of history.

Wm. H. Siviter.

"MAY I help you to alight?" said a young man to a lady about to leave her carriage. "No, thanks," said she, "I don't smoke."

THE NEW POISON.

Would-be Suicide: GIMME THREE CENTS' WORTH OF MILK, QUICK!

Dealer: VERY SORRY, SIR, BUT I CAN'T LET YOU HAVE IT WITHOUT A DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

A HINT FOR VICTORIA.

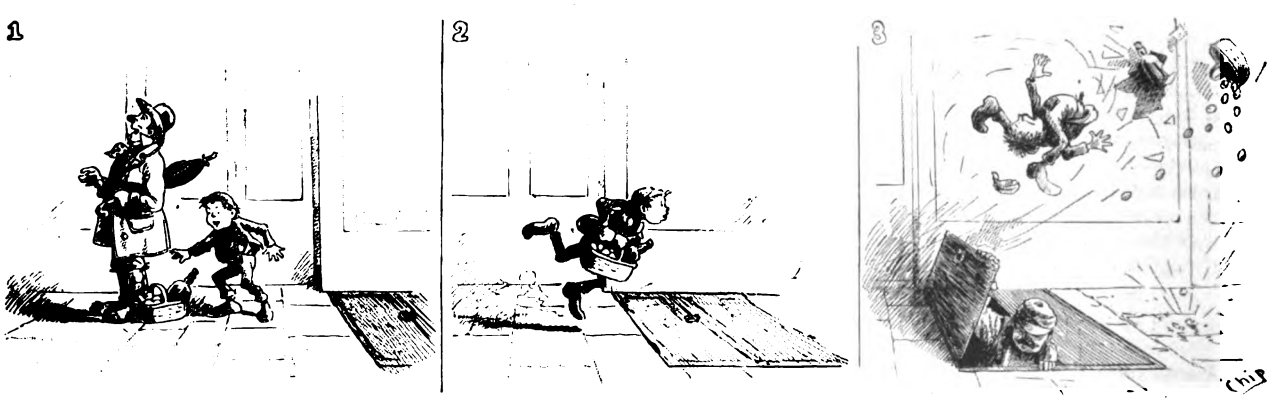
HIGGINS: I see by the morning paper that the *Celtic* and *Britannic* have come together with a crash in mid-ocean.

WIGGINS: That's nothing wonderful; the two nations have been at loggerheads ever since I was born.

HIGGINS: But the funny part of it is that the *British Queen* came to the rescue, and helped to bring the two safe to port. Wonder if the Old Lady won't look on this as an omen?

SEE the man hold up the post! Is the post loose?

No, the man is tight.



HOW RETRIBUTION OVERTOOK A WICKED BOY.

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AT AUTEUIL.

Freddy, on leaving his bride for a few minutes and knowing she is very weak in her French, has instructed her to look very dignified in case anyone addresses her, and to say haughtily: "PRENEZ GARDE!" *He returns to find her surrounded by a group of wondering Frenchmen and hysterically exclaiming:* "REGARDEZ MOI!"

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT HAUL.

PERHAPS this clause and that
Is suspended because,
Like a tiger, 'tis safer
When robbed of its claws.

LETTERS TO PROMINENT STATUES.

TO THE HON. WM. SHAKESPEARE, Central Park.

DEAR SIR: I note with considerable sorrow that another attempt has been made to detract from your glory by proving that you were not yourself, but that some other man enjoyed that distinction. It is all the more a matter of regret to me that your present detractor is an American, and no less distinguished an American than Mr. Justin Winsor, the librarian of Harvard College. His pamphlet, entitled: "Was Shakespeare Shapleigh?" is undoubtedly interesting, plausible and almost convincing; but, my dear William, permit me to assure you that while your personality remains identified with the effigy which now stands in the Central Park, no effort, however plausible, convincing or interesting, will ever prove that Shakespeare was Shapleigh—especially as regards his legs. Yours most truly,

* * *

ROBERT BURNS.

SIR: I would call your attention to our celebrated Bronchitis Wafers as well as to the efficacy of Smith's Liniment for stiff neck, from which, I believe, you are a constant sufferer. Send stamp for testimonial pamphlet. J. SMITH, Druggist.

HON. W. H. SEWARD.

MY DEAR MR. SEWARD: As an old friend and admirer, I feel that you will not take it amiss when I tell you that your trousers are woefully out of style, and by this time sadly bagged at the knees. If you will make an appointment to meet me some dark night, I will lend you a pair of bronze bags, cut in the latest and most approved style, and, if you feel disposed, will be accompanied by a very gentlemanly boiler-maker, who will take that reef in your limbs which we who knew you in the flesh feel is so greatly needed. The operation will be painful, but not nearly so much so as the undue elongation which your friends are compelled to view every time they pass you on Madison Square. Ever your friend,

* * *

GENERAL BOLIVAR, Central Park.

DEAR GENERAL: Can't we arrange to have you take a few lessons in horsemanship, either at the riding-school or of Buffalo Bill?

I have arranged with the glue works in Hoboken for the sale of your horse, and I think we can get you a better steed from the Gotham Cab Company (Limited). The new horse may need a few rivets here and there, and his hoofs may have to be soldered on a little more tightly, but you would cut a better figure with the new animal than you do now, and the lessons in horsemanship will add much to your dignity. Let me hear from you. Yours, in the bonds,

IF the young lady who wears shoes marked "11's" is afflicted with the same number in different form, $, she need never fear that large feet will interfere with her prospects in life.

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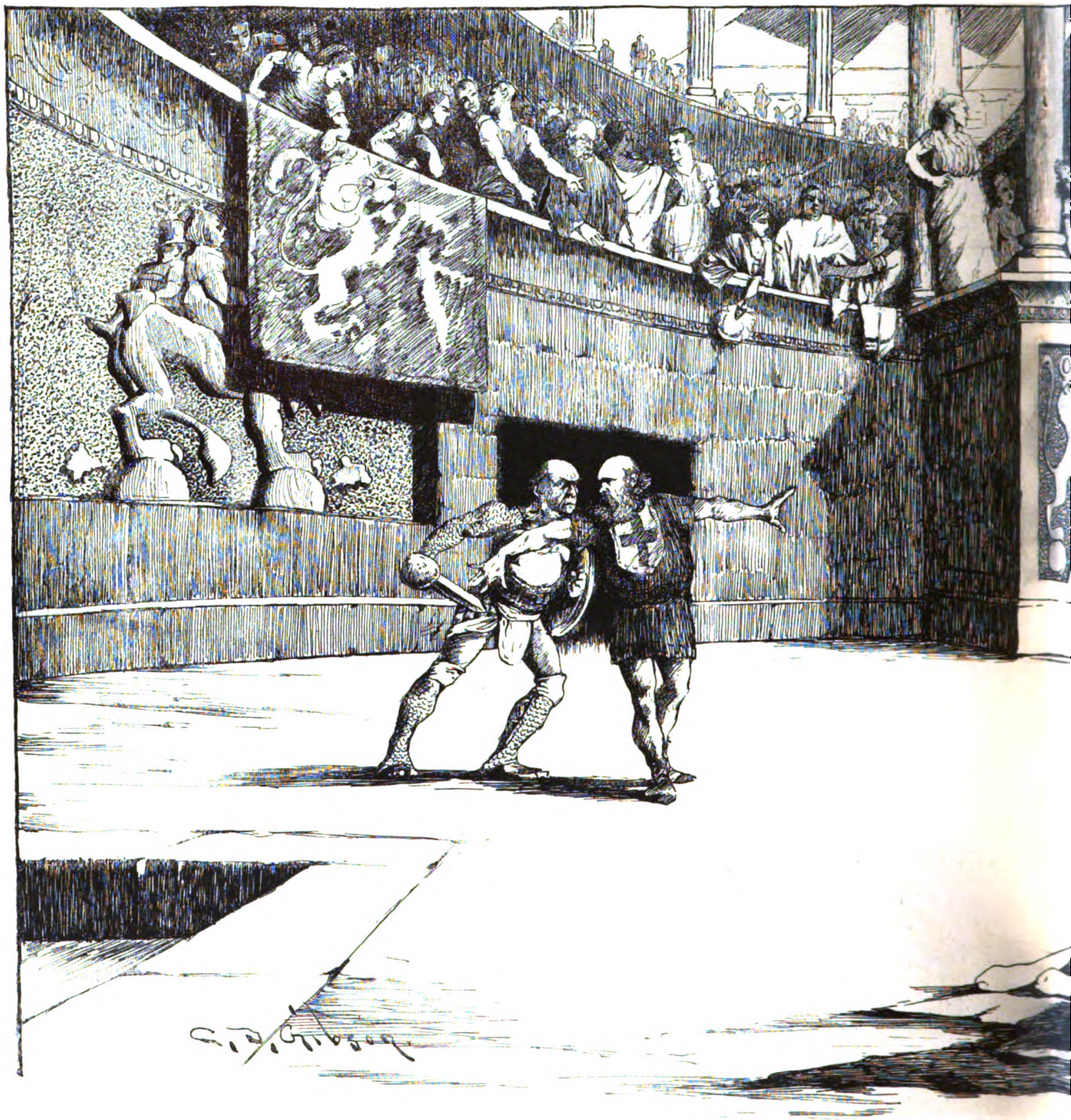

MORS VI

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AWFUL DISASTER!

THE BLACK STAR STEAMSHIP CELT CRASHES THROUGH THE FOG INTO HER SISTER STEAMER THE BRITON.

NO LIVES AND FOUR IMMIGRANTS LOST

THE COMPANY NOT RESPONSIBLE.

NO BLAME ATTACHED TO THE OFFICERS.

THE COLLISION SIMPLY A NATURAL OCCURRENCE DUE ENTIRELY TO FOG.

THE LOSS OF THE IMMIGRANTS CAUSED BY THEIR OWN CARELESSNESS.

WHAT THE OFFICERS SAY.

A collision between the Black Star steamers *Celt* and *Briton* occurred at sea on Thursday last, in a dense fog. The Company sustained severe losses, the principal being fourteen sheet-iron plates, one anchor, three life-boats, and the *Celt's* bow. It is believed that four immigrants lost their lives. The cabin passenger list remains intact.

A reporter of LIFE called at the office of the company shortly after the news of the disaster was received, and obtained the following information from the Captain of the *Briton:*

"Yes, I believe there was a collision between my boat and the *Celt*—that is, I read in this morning's papers that there had been. I was in command of the *Briton* on Thursday, and if I rightly remember, there was some talk about our having rubbed up against the *Celt*, and it was rumored that four immigrants had been careless enough to lose their lives through contact with the *Celt's* bow. I think the number was four. There were certainly four immigrants buried, but whether they were the ones that were killed or not I prefer not to say until I can hear from my good friend, the Commander of the *Celt*. I must confess, however, that admitting the *Celt* was to blame for this loss of life, the company certainly has sustained heavy damages, which more than offset the loss of four immigrants. The *Celt's* bow was so stove in as to be entirely unrecognizable."

"How do you account for the collision?" asked the reporter.

"I don't, my dear sir," replied the captain. "It takes two to make a collision, and my friend, the Captain of the *Celt*, and I have not yet made up our accounts. As for my own ship, I will ask you to inform the public that I had the fog-horn blown the night before the disaster. It was in good repair, had been recently painted, and a new tone put in its lower register, and the sound it emitted was of such a nature as to inspire confidence. There, as you will observe, my responsibility ceased. I lost no cabin passengers; and the mere fact that I had so precious a cargo as an American millionaire on board ought, it seems to me, to completely exonerate me from any suspicion of collusion to collide. If I should happen to have anything further to say, I prefer, as a British subject, to say it to a British public, who are more lenient, and I might say more just than you Americans, in their judgment of unfortunate victims of circumstances like myself.

The Captain of the *Celt* was next seen. He stated that as he had not yet heard from his esteemed *confrere* of the *Briton*, he was too much at a loss to account for the incident, as he termed it, to make any public statement. He would say, however, that he could corroborate the statement of the *Briton's* Commander that his fog-horn had been blown the night before.

"I heard it go off," said the captain.

"And you slowed up, of course?" asked the reporter.

The captain laughed heartily at this.

"Slowed up," he said, scornfully. "Well, I fawncy not. We tripped along at double speed then. It's sink or swim, my boy. When we go fast we get out of everybody else's way, and run down whatever gets in our way. Two birds at one stone, you see. Unfortunately, I didn't know that one of our own boats was in our way. I never discovered that unhappy fact until the mate came to me, and said: 'Capt'n, we've been, and gone, and done it! 'Tain't a Cunarder, hit's the *Briton*.' I reversed engines, of course, soon as I heard that, but it was too late. I was quite put out about it, I can tell you, and I think it quite inconsiderate in the papers to clamor for my punishment, as if I had done it on purpose. Why, I have a fine twenty guinea testimonial from all the passengers, saying that they never knew a collision managed with such neatness and dispatch! Do you think I'd have received that if there was any suspicion that I did wrong? Now, I wish you would say for me that I exonerate my dear brother of the sea, the Captain of the *Briton*, for any complicity in the death of those four immigrants. Nobody asked these immigrants to get aboard the *Briton*, and they were not compelled to sit where they were at the time of the collision. You Yankees are too ready to impute motives to us Englishmen; and I'll say right here, that I'll be 'anged if I'll say anything more on the subject."

It will be seen from these statements that really no one was to blame for the disaster, except Providence and the immigrants. The Black Star Line comes out of the trouble with colors flying, and all its former patrons who believe that there isn't much likelihood that the same thing will happen to the same ships, commanded by the same captains, on the same waters, twice in a lifetime, will, as heretofore, continue to embark to and from Europe on the Black Star Line.

BLACK STAR LINE

FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL EVERY WEEK.

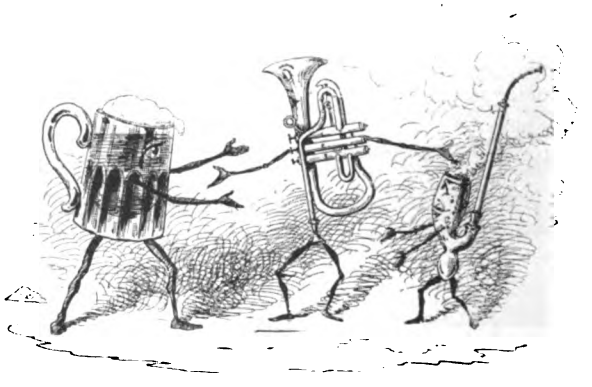
Free Burial Guaranteed to Immigrants.

LUGGAGE AT PASSENGER'S RISK

AND

ALL DISPUTES ARISING IN AMERICA TO BE SETTLED BY ENGLISH LAW.

Adv.



WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?

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PICTORIAL SHAKESPEARE.

"WHO KNOWS NOT WHERE A WASP DOTH WEAR HIS STING?"
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

THE Romans seemed to realize how obstinate woman could be, when they called her *mulier*.

PREMIER GOBLET, of France, is said to be quite an acrobat and a tumbler of great ability.

SANS PEUR.—A dead cat.

THE SOJOURNER FROM JERSEY.

ONE Sunday afternoon, a New Jersey mosquito, having painfully winged its way from its native shores to the Island of Manhattan, paused on the curb-stone of desolate and deserted Broadway, and like Macaulay's New Zealander amid the ruins of London, sent his eye abroad through the grim solitudes.

An ant, who was laboriously trying to scrape up a living under that sidewalk where so many toiling thousands have failed, observed the stranger, and remarked:

"You must indeed have come from a distance if you expect to find anybody here to-day. What do you seek?"

"I am only from the neighboring shores of Jersey," replied the mosquito, "and I seek food."

"Fool!" cried the ant, "return to your native place. The greater part of the population of this city is now in New Jersey, endeavoring to forget the heat and the dust and the thirst of this unfortunate city. Don't you know the blue Sunday laws are still in force?"

And the mosquito sadly returned to his own dwelling-place.

"WESTWARD THE COURSE OF TRAVEL TAKES ITS WAY."

HIGGINS: How's this, old boy; off for the West? Thought you were going to Europe.

WIGGINS: So I am; via Pacific Ocean and Suez Canal. The Atlantic's getting too crowded for safe travel.

A GENTLEMAN who has recently died left a large sum of money for a statue to Fitz-John Porter.

We advise Fitz-J. to see to the statue himself, or else provide in his will for a libel suit against the sculptor.

SCRAPS.

NOTHING so impresses us with the truth of *tempus fugit* as having a *Century* come around each month.

* * *

THE sign "Beware the Dog" is not hung up "that he who runs may read," but "that he who reads may run."

* * *

A MAN recently escaped from a Southern prison on a load of cotton. The papers stated that he got out on bail.

* * *

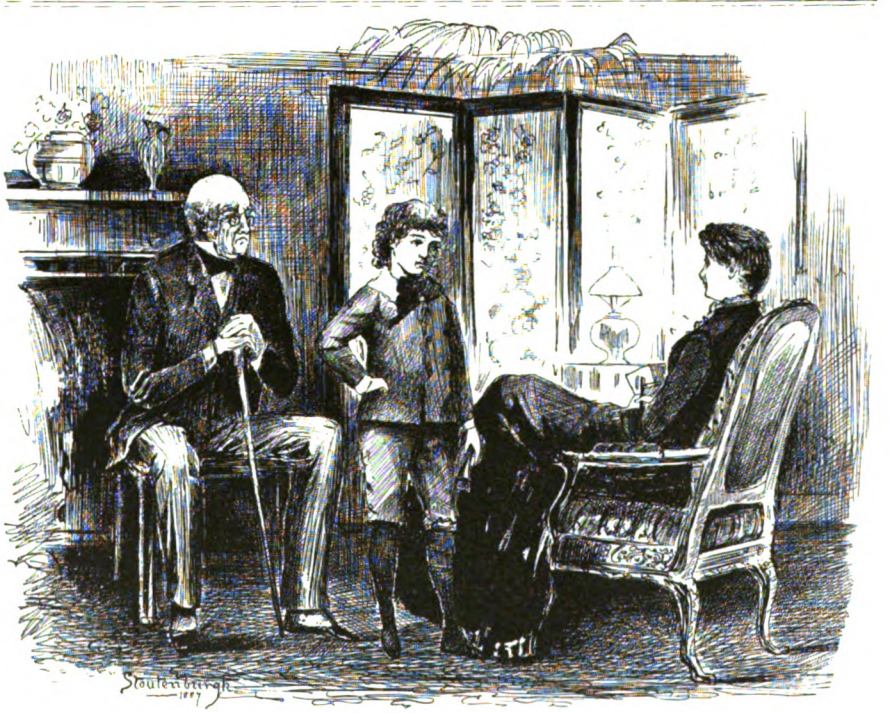
SINCE Hewitt has been mayor no young men are admitted to the bar on Sunday.

* * *

CHICAGO girls may not be handsome, but they have the reputation for being decidedly footsome.

* * *

PHILOLOGISTS say that Chauncy Depew should be called Chauncy Depot — or the station should be the Grand Central Depew.



Mrs. J.: YES, MR. BROWN, THIS HOT WEATHER IS VERY TRYING. TOMMY HAS BEEN BOTHERING ME ALL THE AFTERNOON TO TAKE HIM TO THE BARBER'S TO HAVE HIS HAIR CUT SHORT.

Tommy: OH, YES! AND I SAY, MAMMA, TAKE ME TO THE SAME BARBER THAT CUTS MR. BROWN'S HAIR.

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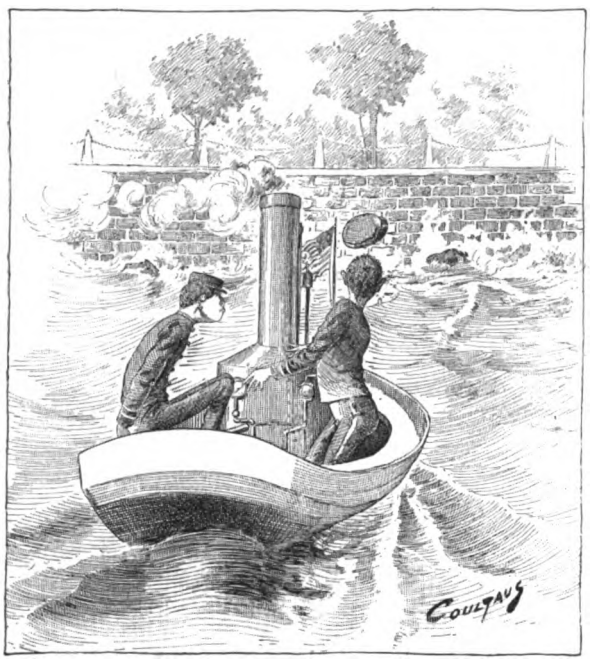
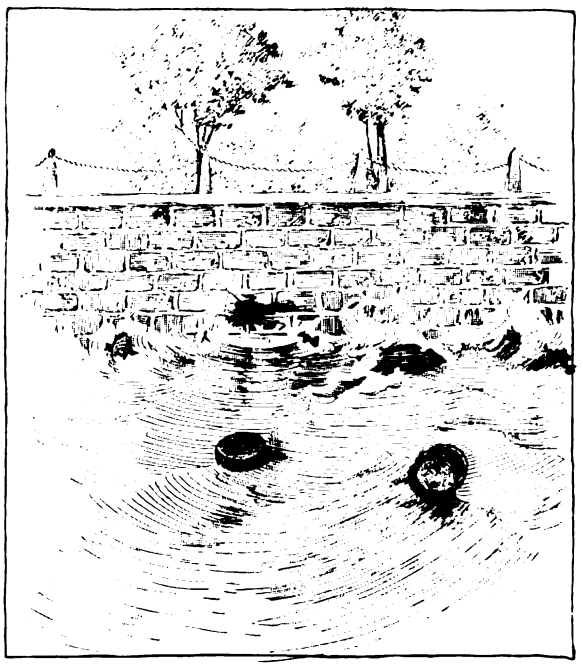
THE NEW STEAM YACHT.

FREDDY AND ARTHUR, WHO BELIEVE IT AN EASY MATTER TO RUN A STEAM LAUNCH ARE TRYING IT ALONE. THERE IS A SEA-WALL JUST AHEAD; THE RUDDER IS "CHOKED," AND BOTH HAVE FORGOTTEN WHICH LEVER APPLIES THE REVERSING GEAR.



TIME, 10.30 A. M.



TIME, 10.32½ A. M.

LITERARY NOTES.

BOSTON has a new book club, known as the N. B. Society. As its membership comprises only Bostonians who have written No Books it is necessarily small.

* * *

THE *piece de resistance* in Mr. Fawcett's new volume of verses is in blank verse, and is entitled "The Aspirer." The *resistance* of this particular *piece* is said to be much the same as that of rock.

* * *

MISS CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK was recently compelled to decline the request of a little girl for her autograph, because there were but two bottles of ink in the house.

* * *

"A KNIGHT-ERRANT" is the title of a charming story by Miss Edna Lyall, which makes it quite inexcusable for a St. Louis journal to refer to it as a Night-off.

ARE your cigars imported or domestic?

Well, judging from the way they disappear when I'm not home, I think, perhaps, they are more or less domestics.

A NEW JOURNAL.

THE latest addition to journalism is *Dress*. A monthly magazine devoted to the beautiful in women's and children's clothing.

The clothes press is mighty and will prevail.

WHY not offer John L. the presidency of the American Pommelogical Society?

NO CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Boy: WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE FOLKS, ANYHOW? WHAT ARE THEY RUNNIN' FOR? CAN'T THEY SEE I'VE GOT HOLD OF THE DOG!

A COLORED porter on a Pullman car sold a bottle of ale while his train was passing through a prohibition county in Mississippi. He was tried, found guilty and sentenced to pay his own fees for a month.

ROSWELL P. FLOWER made a million dollars in land speculations last year.

If he keeps this up Mr. Flower will be able to rent a seat in the Senate before long.

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HE VALUED DOMESTIC PEACE.

WILBUR F. STEELE, a Dakota legislator, takes no stock in woman suffrage—except when he is obliged to. Once the woman suffrage bill was before the house. A call was made for a vote, and the clerk proceeded to call the roll. When Steele's name was reached he rose with the dignity of a Demosthenes, and commenced: "Mr. Speaker, I am sorry that I cannot support this bill, but ——" At this moment a well dressed lady was seen to bend over the gallery rail. In a loud voice she exclaimed: "W-i-l-b-u-r!" He glanced upward. It was enough. He turned and said: "Mr. Speaker, I vote aye.' The lady was Mrs. Steele.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

A CAREFUL DOGNOSIS.

KENTUCKY GIRL: Pa, I'm afraid there is something the matter with Fido.

KENTUCKY PA: How so?

"He acts strangely and froths at the mouth, and when I offered him water he almost went into convulsions."

"He's gettin' some sense in his head, I reckon."—*Omaha World.*

"HERE, porter!" cried a distinguished victim of the Interstate Commerce Law, who was traveling on a Southern railroad, "bring me a bottle of ale."

"Can't do it, sah. We's passin' through a prohibition county. You'll have to wait about fifteen minutes."—*Burlington Free Press.*

WHOLLY UNPREPARED.

MRS. COLONEL YERGER is a continual source of embarrassment to her husband. Colonel Yerger recently gave a dinner party to a few select ladies and gentlemen. Of course, he was called on for an after-dinner speech. Colonel Yerger got up, and, assuming an imposing position, began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, unprepared as I am—being wholly unprepared to make a speech—being unprepared ——"

He was unable to proceed. There was a painful silence, which was broken by Mrs. Yerger saying:

"Why, Colonel, you knew it perfectly this morning." Tableau.—*Texas Siftings.*

MR. EVARTS had been speaking for some hours, and was evidently nearing his peroration. He began to sum up his arguments, and asked impressively what answer could be made to them. Again he placed the points in lucid array, and again asked a similar question. Then a third time he restated his case with vivid eloquence, and once more, in louder tones, wound up with:

"What is their answer?"

He paused. You could have heard a pin drop. Suddenly the door of the court-room opened, and a peddler, sticking his head and a feather-duster into the opening, cried out:

"Brooms!"—*American Magazine.*

"WHEN did you die?" asked St. Peter, who was putting some necessary questions to an applicant.

"A week ago."

"A week ago! and it has taken you all this time to get here?"

"Yes, sir. I died in Chicago."

"Oh, in Chicago; that explains it. Chicago is a long way from here."—*New York Sun.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

The simplest way to secure this, and to feel that a fresh and spotless collar or pair of cuffs is always available, is to keep a supply of what are called "LINENE" goods. They are quite as comfortable and genteel as real linen, and in no way inferior to it. In fact, no difference can be distinguished. Their many advantages are obvious to the experienced traveler. While it is not our desire to sell the LINENE goods direct to the consumer, we shall at any time be most happy to send samples. A sample collar and pair of cuffs is sent to any address on receipt of six cents, when goods cannot be obtained elsewhere. Illustrated Catalogue free. Address the

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
27 Kilby Street, - - Boston, Mass.

Paillard's MUSIC BOXES

ARE THE BEST.

They play selections from all the Standard and Light Operas and the most Popular Music of the Day.

Send stamp for Descriptive Price List to

M. J. PAILLARD & CO.,
680 Broadway, New York City.

(FACTORY AT STE. CROIX, SWITZERLAND.)

EXTRA QUALITY
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COPYRIGHTED.

CELEBRATED HATS
AND
LADIES' ROUND HATS.

178 & 180 Fifth Ave., bet. 22d & 23d Sts.,
and 181 Broadway, near Cortland St.,
NEW YORK.
Palmer House, Chicago. 914 Chestnut St., Phila.

FROM THEIR HANDWRITING,

The character of 2,300 persons has been analyzed by Mr. P. Brandt. Fee, $1.00. Instructions and references on application. Box 1992, N. Y.

KRAKAUER

LADIES' TAILOR,

Habit Maker and Hatter,
19 East 21st Street, New York.
Also LONDON and NEWPORT,

SOLICITS an inspection from his Lady Patrons of his novelties for GOWNS, COATS, ULSTERS, etc., for the ensuing season, imported from the leading houses in Europe. Ladies who favor me with their patronage can be assured that my establishment will, as heretofore, sustain its reputation for taste, style, workmanship and perfect fit.

All mail orders promptly attended to. A perfect fit guaranteed without personal attendance.

KIMBALL'S SATIN
Straight Cut Cigarettes.

People of refined taste who desire exceptionally fine cigarettes should use only our Straight Cut, put up in satin packets and boxes of 10s, 20s, 50s, and 100s. *14 Prize Medals.*

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.

CROSBY'S VITALIZED PHOSPHITES.

Strengthens the intellect, restores lost functions, builds up worn-out nerves, promotes good digestion, cures all weaknesses and nervousness.

56 WEST 25TH STREET, NEW YORK. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS, OR MAIL, $1.00.

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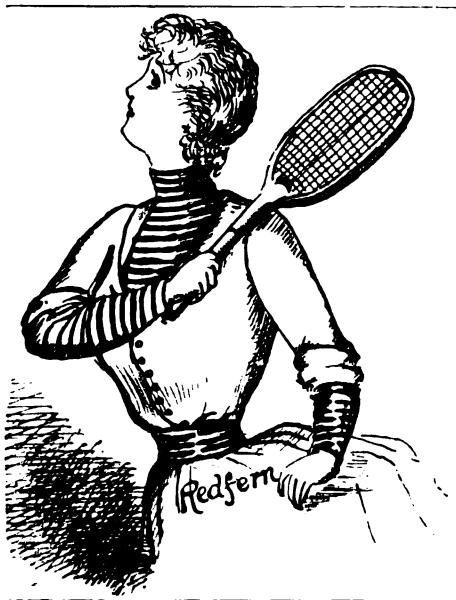


REDFERN
LADIES' TAILOR.

YACHTING GOWNS. TENNIS GOWNS.

THE MESSRS. REDFERN have just received a large consignment of their noted English Straw Hats, suitable for Walking, Tennis or Yachting.

210 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

SUMMER RESORTS.

HOTEL BRIGHTON,
ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

Entirely remodelled and improved. Large bedrooms, open fires, hydraulic elevator, etc. Is now open and will remain open throughout the year, as heretofore.

F. W. HEMSLEY & SON.

HOTEL KAATERSKILL,
CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

SEASON OF 1887 OPENS JUNE 25.
RAILROAD ACCESS DIRECT TO THE HOTEL.
FOR PARTICULARS, ADDRESS
W. F. PAIGE, Manager,
Gilsey House, Broadway and 29th St., New York.

CAMPOBELLO ISLAND.

This beautiful island, now famous as one of the most attractive summer resorts on the Eastern coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, off the coast of Maine, between the main land and Grand Manan.

It has a shore frontage of thirty-five miles, deeply indented by numerous bays, chasms and inlets, while the interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills that offer rare charms to the lovers of the picturesque.

The cliffs that overhang the sea for many miles are truly grand. The view of these mighty and awe-inspiring rocks, towering straight up out of the sea, will alone repay the visitor for the journey there.

The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st, are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

There are some forty miles of roads on the island, and the drives are varied and interesting. The stables are well equipped with well-trained saddle and driving horses.

The boating and fishing are excellent, and canoes, with Indian guides, are always at hand.

HOW TO GET TO CAMPOBELLO.

Take the steamers of the International line, leaving Boston Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m., arriving at Eastport the following morning at 8 o'clock.

An annex steamer connects with all steamers at Eastport for Campobello, two miles distant.

The steamers of the International line are new, and are the finest coastwise steamers sailing from Boston.

By rail, go via Boston and Maine or Eastern R. R. to Calais; thence by steamer down the beautiful St. Croix River, or by carriage to Eastport (28 miles).

By either route, baggage may be checked through to Campobello.

From Bar Harbor to Campobello.

Take steamer at Bar Harbor for Machias, where carriages may always be found in readiness. Drive to Lubec, 28 miles; thence by ferry to Campobello (10 minutes).

The drive is easy and delightful.

Application for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, Hotel Manager, at the office of the undersigned.

Illustrated Books, with Railroad and Steamer Time-tables, plans of hotels and map of the island may be had, as well as full information regarding the property, on application to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager Campobello Island Co.,
27 State St., Boston, Mass.

SUMMER RESORTS.

LONG BEACH HOTEL,
Long Beach, Long Island, N.Y.

ON THE ATLANTIC COAST, ONE HOUR FROM NEW YORK.

WILL OPEN JUNE 25.

Hotel perfect in all its appointments, elevators, etc. Boating, fishing, surf bathing. The finest beach in the world. A paradise for children. Always cool.

JOHN T. DEVINE, Manager,
ST. JAMES HOTEL, N.Y.

A TEASPOONFUL OF

Ed. Brown's Ginger

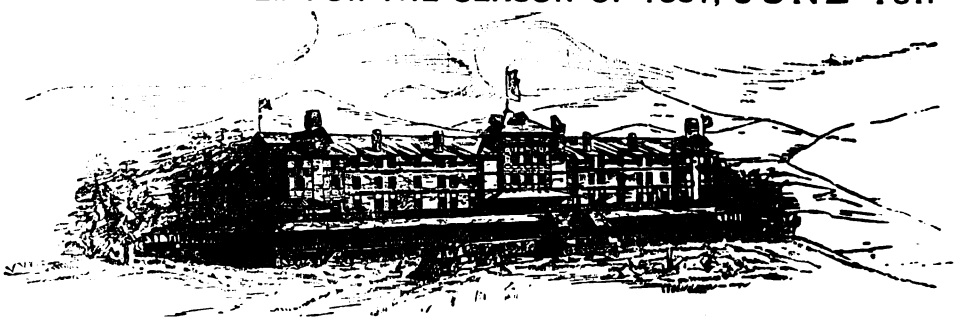
ESTABLISHED 1822 PHILAD'A, PA. U. S. A.

WITH A LITTLE WATER, WILL RELIEVE CRAMP, COLIC AND TROUBLE CAUSED BY CHANGE OF WATER. GOOD AT ALL SEASONS.

THE HOTEL BRESLIN

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J.

WILL BE OPENED FOR THE SEASON OF 1887, JUNE 1ST.



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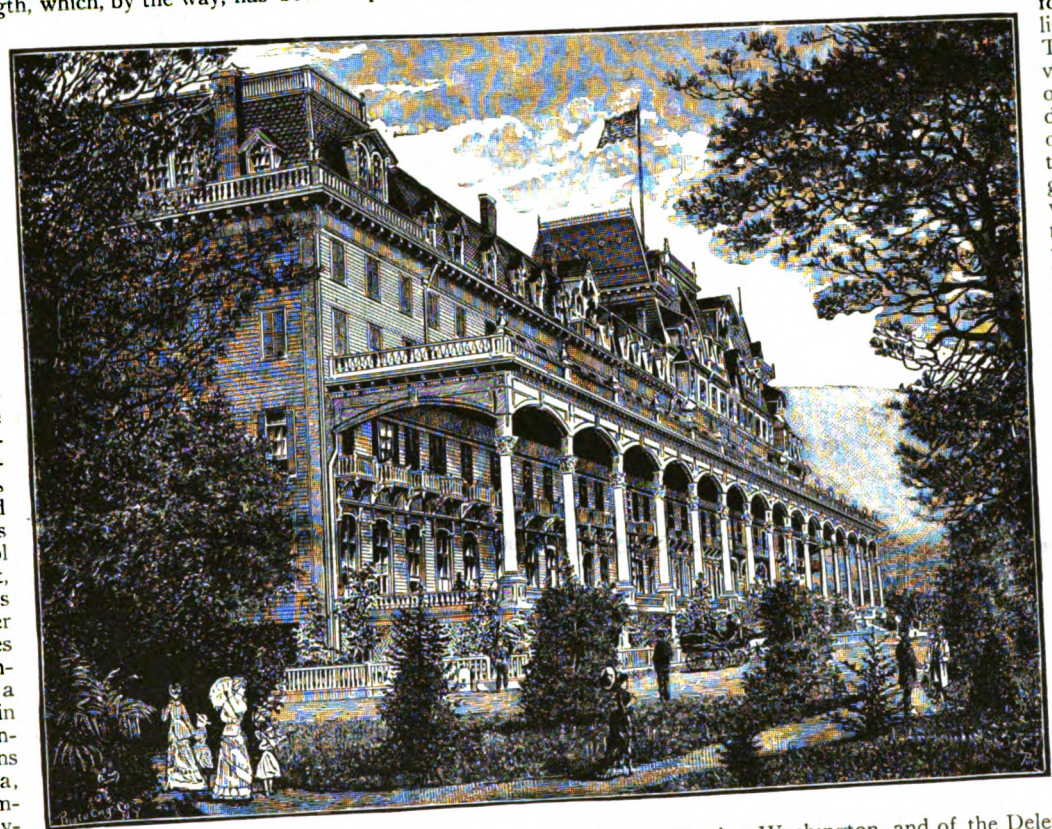
· LAKE GEORGE ·

TO THE WELL-TO-DO SUMMER TRAVELER,

it is unnecessary to elucidate the advantages of Lake George as an unequaled Summer Resort, in those respects which call forth all the sentiment and romance of our nature; but to those who have never seen this, the loveliest of lakes, with its islands of green, studded like beautiful armor with gems; whose waters, limpid, pure and cold, abounding with fish, and on whose bosom many hundreds of boats are seen gliding over its smooth surface, the occupants of which make a scene of unequaled picturesqueness, we would fain give a brief description of the general and desirable features of this resort. First: we would call attention to one of the finest hotels in location, appointment and size, to be found at any watering-place on this continent—namely: the Fort William Henry Hotel (see illustration), situated upon the Southern end of Lake George, upon a gentle rising slope of about 300 feet from the water, which space is graded and made beautiful with grass-plots, graveled walks, shrubbery, flower-beds and fountains.

The hotel is 334 feet fronting the lake, carrying with it the great piazza the entire length, which, by the way, has become quite famous through frequent description and praises of guests and sojourners. It is 25 feet in width and supported by a row of Corinthian columns 35 feet high—the outlook from it at all times is enchanting, commanding as it does a view of the lake for miles, including a number of the most picturesque islands and promontories—in the evening by moonlight, while the orchestra discourses sweet music, and the undertone is the flutter of cool dresses, dainty feet, beautiful ribbons and fans, together with the low voices of friendly promenaders, it is a delightful place in which to sit listening to the strains of the orchestra, watching the promenaders, and studying perhaps human nature as represented by new-comers, and doubtless as often the scene of as many engagements of the one sort, as the historical battlefields in the surrounding country were of engagements of another sort.



Under the dome (from the upper part of which a grand view of the lake is obtained)—upon the first floor, is the general office, including also a ticket office, telegraph office, bazaar, news, book and cigar stand, etc.: west of this is the drawing-room, and on the east, suites of apartments, bijou parlors, and a large billiard hall, while at the back, is the great dining-room, with accommodations for nearly one thousand guests. The lake and mountain air always circulating, supplies the best condiment. Fruits and vegetables are brought crisp and fresh from the Roessele Farm, near Albany, and the choicest meats and provisions from the metropolis. Shooting galleries, croquet grounds, bowling alleys, etc., are to be found in the grove near the hotel. There are many historical curiosities, including an Indian cabinet of exciting interest.

A writer on the subject of Lake George has most accurately described it as "A Summer Eden."

It may be doubted if any other resort in this country, or out of it, affords so many opportunities for the enjoyment of its visitors as does Lake George; and the country in the immediate vicinity teems with interest to all, be their tastes historical, literary, or purely sporting.

A few days spent at the Fort William Henry, cannot fail to be long remembered by the visitor. The smooth waters of the lake are spread temptingly before his gaze, inviting him to emulate the sailor, the oarsman or canoeist, and should his tastes render aquatic pleasures undesirable, he will always find compensation on the sloping shores of the lake, which invariably contribute to his enjoyment.

The surrounding hills are of sufficient height to render their summits a goal for the ambitious pedestrian, and the summits attained, the views of the surrounding country are of a degree of beauty well calculated to convince him that his labor has been amply repaid.

The drives through the surrounding country are charming in their infinite variety of scene, and among horseback riders or bicyclists the Lake George roads are justly celebrated.

Visitors having but a few days at their disposal, and who wish to see all that can be seen of this lake of incomparable beauty, and to visit the scenes of some of the most stirring Revolutionary events, the Fort William Henry Hotel is most convenient. From the wharf immediately in front of the hotel, the lake steamers start daily, making a tour of the waters, and forming a most delightful excursion. The islands to be visited, the quiet life of the monastic order at "St. Mary's of the Lake," and the scenes of sanguinary warfare as waged between the redskins and the whites, and later between French, English and American, all are within easy access of the hotel, and with every facility of reaching them without inconvenience or waste of time.

The Fort William Hotel unlike many of the caravansaries which are open for the reception of visitors every summer, is a distinct addition to the picturesqueness of the scene wherein it has its being.

Mr. T. E. Roessle, long and favorably known as the proprietor of the Arlington Hotel at Washington, and of the Delevan House at Albany, as heretofore, is the manager, as well as the owner and proprietor of the Fort William Henry Hotel.

As regards the accessibility of Lake George, the ways of getting there are almost as various as its attractions. They are briefly as follows:

From the West—By the New York Central R.R. to Schenectady and Albany, then by Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. R.R. to the hotel.

From the East—By Boston and Albany (Western R.R.) to Albany and Troy, then by Delaware and Hudson Canal Co. R.R. direct to the hotel.

From the North—By steamers daily on Lake Champlain and by New York and Montreal R.R. to Ticonderoga, then by steamer to the hotel.

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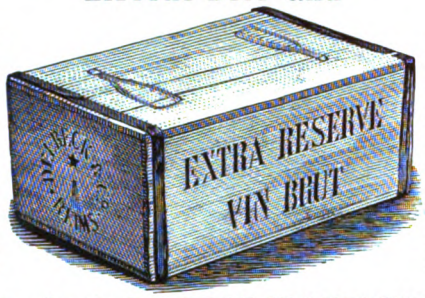

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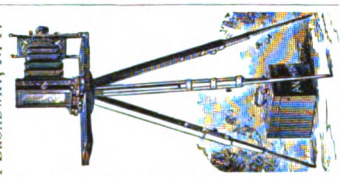

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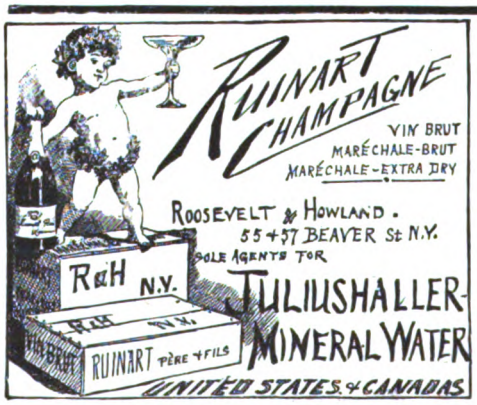

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JUNE 9, 1887. NUMBER 232.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.
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THE POETRY OF SOUND.

Mr. H.: CAN YOU PLAY ANY TUNES YET ON YOUR NEW PIANO, BESSIE?

Bessie: OH, YES; I HAVE JUST LEARNED "GAILY THE CUSPADOR."

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JUNE 9, 1887. No. 232.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

JUNE brings the summer—not merely in the calendars, but really and truly in the weather office and the hat stores. Now the straw hats which have been sneaking into circulation may vaunt themselves securely on the heads of their wearers, and now any stray cold wave which lowers the temperature enough to make their raiment insufficient for the human frame may expect to be met with objurgation and righteous complaint. Whit-Sunday has passed, and the German picnic season has set in.

Whoever failed (as we suppose some hundreds of thousands of our fellow-citizens in Gotham did fail) to get out into the country on Decoration Day, and fill his lungs with brand-new air, let slip a chance that should not have been neglected. Americans cannot learn too soon, from their German foster-brothers, to make the most of their holidays, and recruit themselves, whenever they get a chance, with country air and rural scenes. Even a German's allowance of beer will hardly hurt them if they spend the day out of doors.

* * *

CARRY the news to Mr. Dorscheimer that a kit of burglar's tools was found in a Buffalo lumber-yard last week, wrapped up in a copy of the *New York World!* The proprietor had hidden them, while he went out on other business. No doubt the tools are Mr. Pulitzer's. The *World* is his paper, and the clue could hardly have been more convincing, unless the tools had been found in a copy of his shirt, marked with his name. The editor of the *World* was believed to be in Europe. Now, what is his errand in Buffalo with those tools? Having a successful daily journal on his hands, with all its legitimate means of blackmail, he doesn't need to steal. He cannot be bent on vulgar robbery. No; he must be looking up Mr. Dorscheimer's record, and he must have provided the kit of tools so as to get at it informally if necessary.

It is not possible that the *Star's* editor has suspected something of this nature, and that that is why he no longer cares to prosecute his enquiries into the *World* editor's war record.

THE college oarsmen begin to get some attention. Harvard has four shells, two of them brand-new, and one of the two a fresh importation from England, but the aquatic bears deny that the "beef" which she intends to put into them is good beef. Harvard's stock is low, and so is Columbia's, and Yale men say that they have to give long odds in the wagers they make these days. If Harvard is to row the Englishmen she *must* win at New London, and it is the plain duty of Yale and Columbia to see that she does, even though they have to paint themselves red and do it for her.

* * *

THE President takes an early outing this year, but he seems to be taking it with energy and benefit. There are no more stories latterly about his waning health. Every prospect pleases, as far as Mr. Cleveland is concerned.

* * *

FOR the sake of those who cannot go far, and for the every-day use of all of us, let us encourage the authorities of Central Park to keep that resort as green and fresh as is possible. Thank you, Mr. Mayor, for your protest against the proposed assignment of the Park to the excellent New York Militia. The resentment which the proposition has called forth, and your indignant letter to the Governor, will doubtless protect our cockney playground.

* * *

AND isn't it queer and solemn, by the way, how this oppressed city of New York has not the privilege of self-government, but must be forever trotting up to Albany on the legs of its emissaries to ask the Governor or the legislature to let us enjoy our own after our own devices. Gotham, situated as it is between its board of aldermen and the legislature, is constantly in a frame of mind to be envious of that mythical personage who got between the devil and the deep sea. It is something, though, to have a mayor. More power to your elbow, Mr. Hewitt!

* * *

LIFE congratulates the able co-editor of the *Critic* on still having a serviceable neck.

* * *

BOULANGER being under a temporary cloud, the biggest men in Europe to-day are Bismarck and Buffalo Bill. The imagination cannot compute what our William's requirements will be when he gets back home, but it might be worth while to offer him the mission to the Court of St. James. The Queen admires him, all polite England is daft about him, he is solid with the masses, and at the same time he is an authentic American and very popular at home. If any other candidate for the shoes of Mr. Phelps can show half as many strong points as William let his friends produce him.

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TO AURORA

(BOREALIS).

WITH the lazy grace of an indolent queen
She curls her lip and she cocks her chin,
While the haughty droop of her mouth must mean
The reign of a scornful spirit within.

And she is so cold—so bitterly cold,
That I button my overcoat up to my chin,
And I shiver whenever I make so bold
As to take her hand, for my blood is thin.

B.

DISPOSITION OF THE SURPLUS.

OLD GENTLEMAN (*at a sewing class*): I suppose, Miss Arabella, that you young ladies are not interested in the question "What shall be done with the surplus?"

MISS ARABELLA: Oh, yes, we are indeed. We intend to surprise Rev. Mr. Whitechoker with one, and it is going to be lovely.

* * *

KNOWING LITTLE BOY.

TEACHER: Johnnie, What is the meaning of capital punishment?

JOHNNIE: Mamma says it's Washington etiquette.

LITERARY NOTES.

W. H. DOANE, of Cincinnati, makes $20,000 a year writing hymns. Rider Haggard and his parodists don't make this much in a lifetime by writing Hes, Shes and Its. This shows that it pays to be religious.

OWING to an annoying typographical error a sermon of Dr. Talmage's crept into a volume of sermons by Canon Fleming.

The learned divine has apologized profusely for his inadvertance in not recalling the volume, and Dr. Talmage has graciously concluded not to spike the Canon for this, his first offense.

PRINCE BATTENBERG is engaged in writing a volume, "Two Years a Son-in-Law to a Queen, or How to Live on £10 per Annum."

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL has written an exhaustive paper for a New York daily paper, on "Did Shakespeare write 'The Buntling Ball' and 'The Bread Winners?'"

JUDGE TOURGEE is about to publish a new novel. The title, we hear, is to be similar to "Hot Ploughshares," referring, no doubt, to some other warm shares lately owned by the Judge in a publishing enterprise.

THE Prince of Wales has escaped the Scylla of the Queen's birthday only to fall, it is feared, into the Charybdis of her Jubilee.

STATISTICS.

THE average baseball player gets $2,000. The average minister $500. The average baseball audience is 2,000. The average congregation, 500.

IF the excise law remains as it is the French crown jewels will eventually be found in Hoboken.

"TRUTH is mighty and will prevail," was not written in this city. When modified to fit New York society it reads: "Truth is feeble and will continue, as heretofore, to occupy a back seat."

PLEASE MUM, WILL YOU LET JIMMY COME WITH US TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL?

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TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

"*WHO loves not more the night of June*
Than cold December's gloomy noon?"

Well, he who hath but flannels thick,
With ne'er a chance to live on tick;
The man who owns toboggan chutes;
The vender of the rubber boots;
The mortal who by selling skates
His lack of lucre mitigates—
All find your sentiment at fault,
Sir Walt,
And dub it rot,
Great Scott!

* * *

IT is very evident from Dr. McGlynn's behavior, that as between the two archies, anarchy and hierarchy, the eminent divine does not prefer the hier.

* * *

MEN invariably decry the horse-cars for their lack of speed, until it becomes necessary to run for one.

It is astonishing how small things change one's opinions

* * *

A PHILADELPHIA man shot a woman "just in fun!"

Ha, ha! pretty good joke that was. Now, let us get up some joke on the assassin. What a witty thing it would be to hang him!

* * *

TO youths about to embark on a literary career we commend Davy Crockett's motto: "First be sure you write, then go ahead."

* * *

NO, Gladys "ostracism" does not come from ostrich and schism, but when the English nobility ostracize a man like Mr. Gladstone in the hope of defeating the ends of justice, one party to the schism is not unlike the ostrich.

Apropos of this, the Church should change their prayer to be delivered from heresy and schism, to one against hearsay and ostracism, as a measure against scandal and its effects.

* * *

THE spirits of a telephone operator are generally down to hello level.

"I BELIEVE absence is a great element of charm," said Beaconsfield, and the small boy who is allowed to stay away from school is inclined to agree with him.

* * *

A RECENT paragraph of ours calling attention to the fact that man is ninety per cent. water, leads a prohibitionist to remark that this won't put out the fire for us some centuries hence.

We are obliged to the temperate gentleman for the information, and beg to assure him that he need not worry about us, as we are laying in a good supply of firewater for future use.

* * *

KEELY, the motor man, seems to have really discovered a perpetual-motion engine. The engine he has been at work on is always going—to go very soon!

* * *

THERE is one thing about impracticable men that we honor. They never indulge in practical jokes.

* * *

THE Act that the theatrical people don't care much for is the Interstate Commerce Act.

* * *

GILBERT, the English librettist, has not seen one of his plays acted for fourteen years, owing to excessive nervousness.—*Exchange.*

Shakespeare, the English playist, never saw one of his plays acted for fourteen years either. It was no due to nervousness, but because no one of his plays was ever acted for fourteen years.

* * *

"I HEAR there's a fast set living down here," said the Chief of Police as he knocked at the door of Sheol.

"You're entirely mistaken," replied His Satanic Majesty, as his nose turned blue in the cold draft, "we're all total abstainers; not even a drop of water passes through this door."

"Well, you mustn't make so much noise," said the Chief as he turned away; "we're bad enough in New York with one prohibition day in the week; but if there are seven of them here it must be a very devil of a place."

A CONSISTENT CONVERT.

First Uncommercial Traveler: FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

Second ditto: OH, I'VE BEEN CONVERTED.

F. U. T.: CONVERTED TO WHAT?

S. ditto: WHY TO THE HENRY GEORGE THEORY OF THE NON-PRIVATE OWNERSHIP OF LAND, AND I'M GETTING RID OF ALL I OWN.

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AN UNSEEMLY HOUR.

Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cornet, is serenading his girl when the old gentleman interrupts him with: "HERE, YOU! WE DON'T WANT ANY FISH AT THIS HOUR OF THE NIGHT!"

AT THE GATES.

ST. PETER was dozing, his keys hanging idly at his side. He had had so little to do of late that he was actually getting lazy, and it was with many expressions of disgust that he rose to answer a timid knock at the gates.

"Whose there?" he asked as he fumbled over his keys in an endeavor to find the right key.

"It is I—Mabel Sweet," came the reply. I want to come in."

St. Peter chuckled softly.

"Of course you do," he said. "So does every one; but they don't all get in, nevertheless."

He swung the gates open, and took his station in the middle of the open space, thus effectually barring all passage.

"Give an account of yourself," he commanded. "What have you been doing upon earth?"

"Please St. Peter," she responded timidly, "I haven't been very good."

"I suppose not," he said tersely. "But tell me what you have done."

"One day I eloped with a Chicago drummer."

"Did, eh?" queried St. Peter with a pitying glance. "That's bad—very bad; but I don't know but that it carried its punishment with it."

"Oh, it did!" she exclaimed with emotion.

"Well then, what next?"

"I was very thoughtless, St. Peter," she exclaimed apologetically—very thoughtless indeed. Why, do you know, I carelessly split his head open with an axe when I got tired of him."

"That *was* thoughtless," commented the saint. "I really don't see how I can let you in."

"Please St. Peter, don't be hard on me," she pleaded. "It was all because of my thoughtless nature. Why, in the same way, I dropped my two children out of the sixth story window when they woke me up with their crying."

"Dear me, I wish you had been a little more thoughtful," he muttered.

"So do I," she replied. "And, oh! I almost forgot. On another occasion I neglected to return a few thousands of dollars that my sister entrusted to me."

"H'm! A bad case—a bad case!" mused the guardian of the gates. There is really no chance of your getting in. I suppose you wore those décolletés costumes, too."

"Oh, yes."

"Dear me! It is very sad. I would like to let you in, but I can't. I—oh, stop! Perhaps, you had some one great virtue that would counteract all the evils."

"I don't know, I'm sure," she pondered, "I can't think of anything, except—except I always took off my hat at the theatre."

An expression of ecstatic rapture passed over St. Peter's face.

"Come in," he said, bowing low. "Gabriel, give the lady a front seat, and order her a harp of solid gold studded with diamonds."

Elliott Flower.

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BOOKISHNESS

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT CRITICISM.

IN the Editor's Study, of *Harper's Magazine* for June, Mr. Howells has discoursed on Critics and Criticism in a most thoughtful and discriminating essay—full of a quiet satire which is none the less effective because it is good-humored. He finds that the office of the critic is "Mainly to ascertain facts and traits of literature, not to invent or denounce them; to discover principles not to establish them; to report, not to create." In conclusion he goes a little farther than this guarded statement of the critic's office and concedes that "Perhaps criticism has a cumulative and final effect; perhaps it does some good we do not know of. It apparently does not affect the author directly, but it may reach him through the reader. It may in some cases enlarge or diminish his audience for a while, until he has thoroughly measured and tested his own powers. We doubt if it can do more than that."

These sentiments are in thorough accord with those expressed in LIFE, on January 13th:—"The critic's main duty is to the reading public, and not to the writers. When he has inspired the readers with some degree of faith in his opinions, then he begins to wield an influence of considerable importance on the literature of the day. The appetite of the reading public which he influences controls the character of the supply."

* * *

ONE of the best strokes in this essay, and one in which the satire is most deserved, is Mr. Howells's characterization of women-critics: "They bring a lively stock of misapprehensions and prejudices to their work; they would rather have heard about than known about a book; and they take kindly to the public wish to be amused rather than edified."

This applies equally well to the fast increasing tribe of women correspondents who fill the press of the smaller cities (and even some that aspire to greatness), with the most absurd "Literary and Social Gossip," in which "Literature" is generally taken to mean the pot-boiling product of a semi-Bohemian circle and "Society" the occasional log-rolling "Soirées" of these same hack-writers.

It can be put down to the credit of New York that Boston far surpasses it in this kind of writing. What a terrible eye-opener it would be to many of the fine, intelligent men and women of what these correspondents call "The Provinces," if they should attend one of the "social gatherings" of these alleged "distinguished people" whom they have been reading about in the wonderful letters of "Our Boston Correspondent!" Oh, that Thackeray might arouse from his long sleep for one short hour to tear away this sham from all that is sincere and genuine in American letters!

* * *

THE drive which Mr. Howells makes at the brutality of British criticism—as "personal, arrogant, egotistical"—is another of the telling hits of this essay. It would seem that the English critic assumes something of the same attitude toward a book that he preserves toward his wife if he wishes to retain her love. Apropos of this, it will be recalled that Charles Reade was once asked what sort of a man a woman liked best, and replied: "A woman likes best a ruffian who ill-uses her, but with intervals of tenderness."

American women will resent this generalization by the acute English novelist; and American critics will, we believe, heed the entreaty of Mr. Howells and "Be warned by the examples which they have hitherto sought to imitate."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

HALLO, MY FANCY! By Charles Henry Lüder and S. D. S., Jr. Philadelphia: David McKay.

Was Shakespeare Shapleigh? A Correspondence in Two Entanglements. Edited by Justin Winser. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Life of Henry Clay. American Statesmen Series. By Carl Schurz. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

In Ole Virginia. Marse Chan and Other Stories. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Renée. (La Curée). By Emile Zola. Translated by John Stirling. Philadelphia: T. B. Petersen & Brothers.

Obiter Dicta. Second Series. By Augustin Birrell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Story of a New York House. By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Art of Angling. How and When to Catch Fish. By Wakeman Holberton. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The Alkahest; or, The Home of Clairs. By Honoré de Balzac. The Comedy of Human Life Philosophical Studies. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Renaissance in Italy. The Catholic Reaction. 2 vols. By J. A. Symonds. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Daniele Cortis. By Antonio Fogazzaro. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Yesterdays with Actors. By Catherine Mary Reignolds-Winslow. Boston: Cupples & Co.

Around the World on a Bicycle. Vol. I. By Thomas Stevens. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Struggling Artist (to patron to whom he owes a small advance): CONGRATULATE ME, MY DEAR SIR. SUCCESS HAS COME AT LAST.

Patron: BEEN ADMITTED TO THE ACADEMY OF DESIGN?

Struggling Artist: ACADEMY OF DESIGN! NO. I'VE JUST RECEIVED AN ORDER FOR AN 1888 BREWER'S CALENDAR.

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NEW GEOLOGY.

AN UPHEAVAL.

'TWAS out behind old Granther's barn,
One bright half-holiday,
I sat upon an old nail keg
And puffed my fears away;
And as the blinding smoke arose
It looked so quaint, bizarre:—
I breathed a sigh, a fond, proud sigh—
It was my first cigar.

I tried to knock the ashes off
And blow those pretty rings,
But somehow didn't have great sport,
Nor like the feel of things:
The trees began to rock and reel,
My joy sank under par;
I threw it from me—spare the tale—
It was my first cigar.

I leaned my elbows on my knees,
And looked down on the ground;
My sighs were now not fond nor proud,
And things kept sailing round.
Uncanny shapes possessed the earth,
And grinning sprites the air—
Alas! the smoky tears proclaimed
It was my first cigar.

* * * * *

I've oft since then seen hopes decay,
Lost many a fond gazelle,
Had sweethearts skip with other men
And speculations fail;
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When out behind old Granther's barn
I smoked my first cigar.

Cos.

THE Hon. Mike Kelly is playing such poor ball that the naughts in the $10,000 paid for him remind us strongly of goose-eggs.

THE proper way to keep a diary is to keep it under lock and key. That is, if it is a truthful diary.

THE CAUSE OF A RECENT FLOOD.

"You go on sketching, Charlie; I'm going to take a bath."

"Ah, Charlie, you ought to have some of this!"

YET AGAIN.

MANY tales exist illustrating the imperviousness of the average British intellect to an unexplained joke, but the following is such a touching example that we cannot refrain from reprinting it. It is from the columns of the *Montreal Star*:

THE SENIOR WRANGLER.

The following paragraph recently appeared in a clever and cleverly illustrated New York weekly paper, entitled LIFE: "We have been frequently puzzled as to the exact signification of the Oxford and Cambridge honor, known as the 'Senior Wranglership.' Close attention to Parliamentary debate has in a degree solved the mystery." Here is an example of a man voluntarily writing about something of which he knows little or nothing. It would hardly be worth while to point out the mistake made by a New Yorker about an English matter, were it not that, even in Canada, similar mistakes are frequently made with similar unconsciousness that they are mistakes. This blunder about *wranglers* is not uncommon in this country, and I have often heard educated people, or rather people who were supposed to be educated, speak of Oxford College and Cambridge College.

If the writer in LIFE had consulted his own American dictionaries he would not have gone wrong. Webster says: "The Senior Wrangler (Cambridge University, England) is the student who passes the best examination in mathematics in the senate-house. Then follow the second, third, etc., wranglers." Worcester defines the Senior Wrangler as "one who at Cambridge University, England, attains the highest honors in the public mathematical examinations for the degree of B.A." Brande, an English writer, explains the system more in detail: "At the close of the last day of mathematical examination at Cambridge, those who have most distinguished themselves (to the number of thirty at least) are arranged in order of merit by the examiners, and divided into three classes—wranglers, senior optimes and junior optimes. The first, or Senior Wrangler, is the most distinguished mathematician of his year. The name is probably derived from the public disputations in which candidates for degrees were formerly required to display their powers; of which the 'exercises' still held at Cambridge retain the forms." As an Oxford man myself, I can assure the writer in LIFE that the term "Wrangler" is confined to the University of Cambridge.

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PREPARING FOR THE SWEET

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SIMPLICITY OF RURAL LIFE.

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HER WEDDING.

I KISSED the bride ; while other men
Uncertain stood as if in doubt
Whether my act to imitate or — go without.
As playmate, friend and lover, I
Had worshipped at her shrine, and now
I stood a witness of her pledge and marriage vow.
Others had loved her too ; not I
Alone had found her fair ; but she
Could love and wed but one—and so you see—
The rivals heard the dainty lips
We longed to press, with solemn voice,
Pronounce the name of him who was her sweetheart's choice.
I kissed the bride ; a happy man
And proud : the proudest in that room,
I ween, and that with reason. Was I not the groom ?

E. P. R.

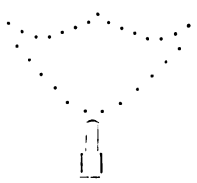
THE LEGEND OF THE GAS.

AND in the fourth reign of the satrap war there much peace and prosperity throughout the city, and the merchants flourished and the caravans brought goodly goods from the far east.

But as the city prospered, and the city fathers chuckled within themselves, even so did disaster fall upon the city.

The gas company got funny.

Now be it known to all that ere until this had the gas been of good quality, and burned in the houses of the towns-people thus :



Yea, and the price thereof was but two pieces of gold per M. And the young men, and the old men, and the middle-aged men, and the women, even so were they satisfied.

But, behold, did the gas company reason within themselves that their shekels could be increased by a new plan.

And therewith they erected a water-gas plant, and with mercenary intent mingled they it with their former good gas. And then was the illumination of the city carried on thus :

Now Abou Ben Levi was a tradesman of the city. And when he did discover the poor quality of the gas, even so did he tear his beard and swear by the Prophet, for he was a righteous man.

For he wist not by this light whether he sold a corn-colored silk or a web of cotton cloth.

And he called his brother tradesmen unto him, and they debated long on the subject. Finally they sent in a petition.

And the gas company were much wroth. Even so did they see their dividends about to dwindle.

And the superintendent called his men about him and told he them to go to the uttermost parts of the city and gather up all the old iron, and the pots of lead, and the heavy rocks.

And, lo, in a few days had they brought together more junk than had ever been seen by the oldest inhabitant.

And the superintendent ordered them to pile it upon the reservoir of the gas. Even so gleefully complied they, and worked they thus seven days.

And at the end of that time did the superintendent smile blandly, and hie himself to the store of Abou Ben Levi.

And he found Abou much pleased, for the light was much improved. Even so expressed the other tradesmen. But they wist not of what they spake.

And the superintendent winked unto himself and returned to the gas-house.

But now were strange noises heard in the cellars of the citizens, and Abou Ben Levi was much alarmed. And he betook himself one night to his own cellar, and even there did he find the noise, as of perpetual motion.

And he investigated, and surely did he find his meter become a motor, for the hands revolved with amazing quickness around the dial.

And he was much alarmed. But he told his thoughts to no one, and continued he about his business.

And at the end of the month did he go up to the house of the gas-company, not with his accustomed ease, but with fear and trembling. And falteringly did he ask of the treasurer for his bill for the preceding month.

And the treasurer busied himself for a long time, as if adding countless figures. Then did he hand the manuscript to the impatient Abou.

And lo, Abou Ben Levi fell, and delivered up the ghost.

He had used fifty million feet of gas at $2 a thousand.

Elmer C. Rice.

THEY say, though we can't vouch for the truth of it, that the Pope has read the story of Mahomet and the Mountain, and is looking around for a club preparatory to a voyage to New York.

Father McGlynn will not serenade His Holiness when he comes. No, indeed! The reverend father's brass band is in training to make it cordial for the next man-who-blew-up-the-Czar when *he* comes to this country.

First Lady (*who is constantly snubbed by No. 2.*): ARE YOU READING ABOUT THAT WOMAN WHO WAS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD ?

No. 2. (*coldly*): I AM.

No. 1.: DOESN'T IT FEEL HORRIDLY TO SHRINK UP IN THAT WAY ?

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A CONSPIRACY.

"Hey, Chimmie, you holler yer papers an' run inter him w'ile I roll de bar'l up."

"Yere's yer evenin' papers! Full account of der ——"

"Och, Gott in Himmel! I bet you I fall on sometings soft, aint it?"

PECULIAR.

A LADY named Agatha Cholmondley,
Received all her compliments glom-
ondley,
But smiled with delight
When they called her a fright,
And aimed to be called very holmondley.

THE NIHILISTS are still profoundly exercised about the Czar's health, and insist that he needs *a change of air*.

WHEN FAITHFUL FRIENDS FALL OUT.

SLIMKINS: I notice that your friend Brown seems to keep away lately. Had a row?

SIMPKINS: No; he got me to endorse his note a few days ago.

A PROGRESSIVE YOUTH.

MRS. TWILLINGHAM (*speaking of her son*): Augustus doesn't seem to be as progressive and go-ahead-itive as he ought, my dear.

MR. TWILLINGHAM (*sarcastically*): I don't know about that. He wears the largest trousers and carries the biggest cane of any young man in Upper New York.

THERE is one thing about impracticable men that we honor. They never indulge in practical jokes.

PARDONABLE TERROR.

Careful Papa: WHAT PAPER IS ETHEL READING, MY DEAR?

Careful Mamma: IT'S ONLY THE *Police Horrors*. THE COACHMAN LEFT IT IN THE KITCHEN THIS MORNING.

Careful Papa: OH, ALL RIGHT; I WAS AFRAID IT WAS THE *Sun*.

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ALAS!

Harry has been teaching the farmer's daughter how to play tennis.

She (after half an hour's instruction): AND *love* DON'T MEAN NOTHIN'; HOW FUNNY!

JAKE SHARP strongly disapproves of the poetic fantasy about leaving "foot-prints on the sands of time." He says that the foot-prints and the surface-tracks caused all his trouble.

A FABLE FOR ECONOMISTS.

AN ant, which was painfully toiling across the road with a grain of corn, observed a mouse scamper out of a hole under the door of the grain elevator near by.

"At your old tricks, I suppose," said the ant scornfully, "why don't you work for your living as I do, instead of stealing what you eat."

"Poor drudge," said the mouse in pitying tone, "you are only fit for a life of labor. You have not the far-seeing genius that grasps great combinations and ensures enormous profits. But know this—that myself and two or three other mice have formed a syndicate and bored a hole through the bottom of the grain bin. We have established a corner in corn, and are making more in a day than you can in your natural life. Do not complain of this, for it is perfectly legal—the corn, following the laws of gravitation, must fall into our pockets."

The mouse stalked away with the air of one owning the earth, and the poor ant wondered why the laws of gravitation were so arranged that *he* never could find an easy way of making his living.

This is respectfully dedicated to the sages who are wrestling with the labor problem.

G. E. Hanson.

MAKES THEM FAT.

NEW YORKER (*to Jerseyman*): Has tobacco smoke any effect upon your local mosquitos?

JERSEYMAN (*with pardonable pride*): No deleterious effect. I've known Rahway 'skeeters to smoke two packages of cigarettes a day an' grow fat on 'em.

A GOOD HOTEL.

QUEEN KAPIOLANI has been informed that she will be royally received and entertained at Buckingham Palace at the moderate charge of nine dollars a day. Her Hawaiian Majesty is assured that the Palace has been thoroughly repaired, renovated and repainted. Boarders entertained at summer prices and satisfaction guaranteed. Money refunded to guests who are not pleased.

THERE may be room at the top, but this is not the view taken by the small boy who climbs to the highest limb of a cherry tree and accidentally kicks the gable-end off a densely populated hornets'-nest.

AS clothes to a large extent make the man, the term "lineage" is to be enlarged and renovated.

A man's clothes-lineage is now the all important question in "Sassiety."

THE TURFITES FAVORITE GOD — Bacchus.

THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

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TRUE TO NATURE.

"SPEAKING about the artist who painted fruit so naturally that the birds came and pecked at it," said the fat reporter, "I drew a hen that was so true to life that after the sage threw it into the waste-basket it laid there."—*Peabody Reporter.*

GUARDING AGAINST FUTURE MISTAKES.

BOSTON YOUNG LADY: I want to look at a pair of eyeglasses, sir, of extra magnifying power.

DEALER: Yes, ma'am; something very strong?

BOSTON YOUNG LADY: Yes, sir. While visiting in the country, last summer, I made a very painful blunder which I never want to repeat.

DEALER: May I ask what that—er—blunder was?

BOSTON YOUNG LADY: Oh, yes. I mistook a bumble bee for a blackberry.—*Sun.*

ON the Lansing train the other day an old man shoved up a window as the locomotive whistled for a crossing, and stuck half his body out to see what the row was about. The brakeman happened to pass through the car, and seeing the situation, he said:

"Better take your head in, sir."

"Why?"

"Because you might strike a post or switch."

"Y-e-s, that's so," muttered the man, as he pulled himself in and sat down, "and the railroad would hop onto me for damages. It's better to be on the safe side."—*Detroit Free Press.*

ARITHMETIC WITH MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

MACON boasts of one of the most erudite professors of mathematics to be found in the United States. He published a series of arithmetics that has been adopted in many schools throughout the length and breadth of the land. Recently a teacher in the backwoods wrote to the professor:

DEAR SIR: Will you please send me the price of a key to your Third Grade Arithmetic. I have been using it in my school and I like it, but I want a key. Respectfully, BIRCHROD WISEACRE.

The professor received the epistle and wrote on a postal card:

BIRCHROD WISEACRE: Sir—It has no key. It is a stem-winder.—*The Atlanta Constitution.*

"So your father was in the war?" said he.

"Yes, he was killed at the battle of Bull Run," she replied.

"Where—er—was he shot?"

"He wasn't shot at all. He broke his neck running down the hill. War is an awful cruel thing, don't you think so?"—*New York Mail.*

HE KNEW A GOOD THING.

While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash system he stopped over for dinner at a little town in southern Illinois. The party ate some eggs, among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained the item, "One dozen eggs, $1.80." The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the restaurant-keeper replied, "No, sir; eggs are plenty enough; but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce."—*Buffalo Courier.*

WIDE AWAKE.

LITTLE Willie, when he first saw his new baby cousin, gazed on the tiny thing for a moment in awed silence, and then whispered, "Mamma, is he a her?"—*Norristown Herald.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best,
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it o'er us.

"The Ladies' Favorite." Pure. Purifying. Emollient. A luxury for shampooing. Cures Skin Diseases. THE PACKER MFG. CO.,
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MONDAY, JUNE 6TH.

The branch establishment at Newport, R. I., will be opened MONDAY, JUNE 13th, with a carefully selected stock of Imported Cloths, and a full staff of fitters and assistants.

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THE BLUE JAR AND WHITE SPOON.

OFFICERS of the Army and Navy, Chemists, Engineers, Physicians, Prominent Actors and Artists, Ministers of the Gospel, Railway Magnates, Judges, Senators, Professors of Dental Colleges, Bankers and Merchants, notable Ladies, and refined people everywhere, have been pleased not only with the snowy-white creamy Zonweiss, but the beautiful blue jar containing it, and its little white spoon for putting it on the brush.

ZONWEISS IS MADE FROM NEW MATERIALS.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD.

The last letter received relating to Zonweiss is from Hon. CHAS. P. JOHNSON, ex-Lt.-Gov. of Missouri. He writes as follows:

ST. LOUIS, April 26.

GENTLEMEN: With regard to your Zonweiss, I find that it cleanses the teeth thoroughly, is easy of application, has a delicate and pleasant flavor, leaves no after taste, and is in every way very acceptable

Very respectfully, CHARLES P. JOHNSON.

Zonweiss can be obtained of Druggists, or will be sent by MAIL on receipt of 35 cents, by JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Operative Chemists, 23 Cedar Street, New York.

THE FAMOUS RECAMIER CREAM.

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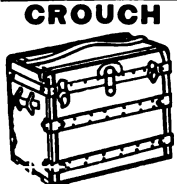

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Without delay themselves prepare,
Against the ills that may arise
From *ill-cooked meals* and *lengthy rides.*
A sure defense is at their call,
For **TARRANT'S SELTZER** conquers all.

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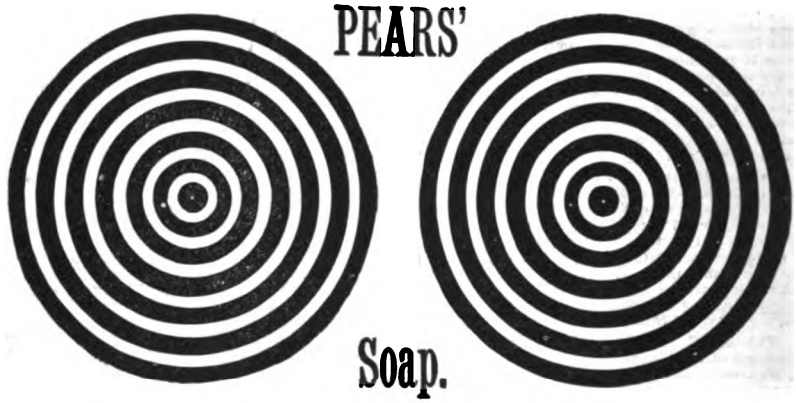

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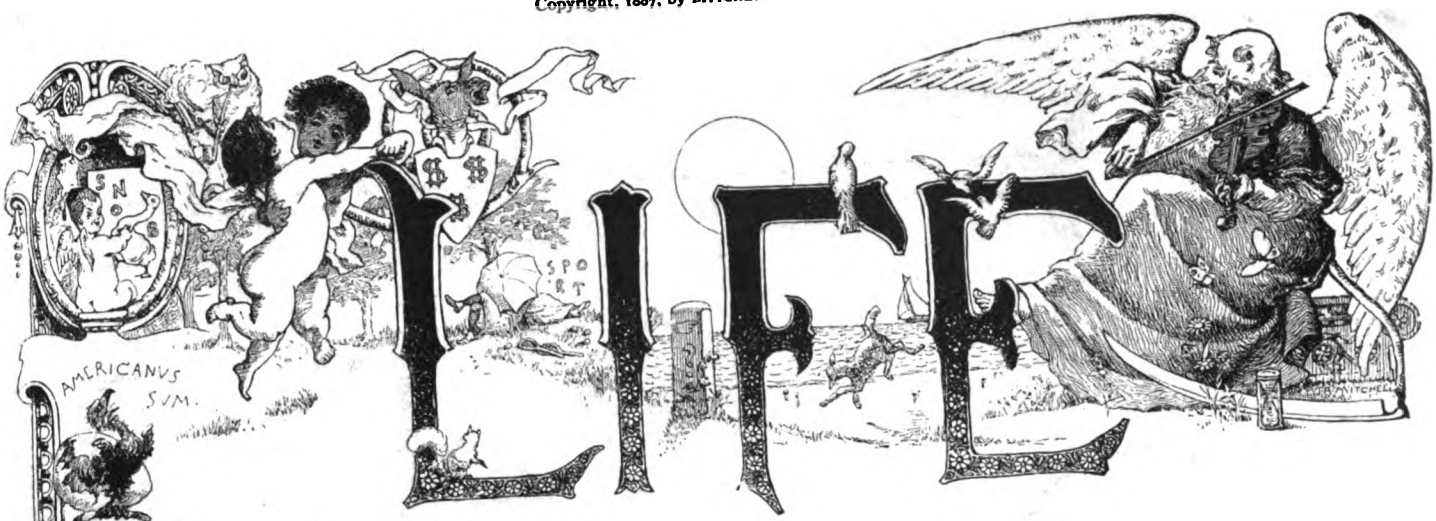

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Life: OH, COME OFF THAT ROTTEN BRANCH! IT WILL BE DOWN WITH YOU BEFORE YOU KNOW IT, AND IF YOU MUST HAVE A JUBILEE HERE'S SOMETHING THAT WILL SUIT YOUR VOICE MUCH BETTER.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JUNE 16, 1887. No. 233.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WITH this issue LIFE turns its back upon the scenes of its birth, and moves into more commodious quarters. Having grown and waxed persistently during the four years of its existence, the rooms which at first were more than large enough, have now become far too cramped for the business of the paper. At No. 28 West Twenty-third Street, whither our office gods are now being borne, our friends will henceforth find us working merrily in the lap of luxury, with more light, more elevator, more blue and gold, and roomier waste-baskets than usually fall to the lot of our more modest and unprincipled brethren. Those readers who recall the views of our establishment as given in No. 167 of LIFE, can form some conception of the growth which renders our moving a necessity.

* * *

HERE'S looking toward the Bishop of New York, and wishing good luck to his new project of a cathedral for his diocese! We want that cathedral. There is no reason why any religious advantages that are enjoyed by the people of the effete monarchies should be denied to us of New York. Not less than the subjects of Victoria or of Humbert do we need to have our minds hoisted away from this muck-heap where we dwell. If a new cathedral will improve us, let us have it; we are fit subjects for the improvement and can afford the cathedral.

* * *

APROPOS of cathedral builders, the public watches with interest the suit of Mr. Butler against the executioner of the Stewart Estate. The loss of Mr. Stewart and the gradual disappearance of a great part of his estate rank among the great American mysteries, and Mr. Butler, or any one else who seeks to discover what became of either of them, will have many sympathetic observers in his quest.

* * *

OUR enterprising Scotch friends who built the *Thistle* promise to give us a good race this summer. The new cutter runs away from her veteran competitors in a manner that indicates that the ingenious Mr. Burgess will have his lines put at last to a critical test. Perhaps it is on the books of fate that there shall be limits to the success of Americans in their dealings with the British, and that Buffalo William has reaped the full crop of glory that is coming to us this year. Well, there has come to be a touch of monotony about the results of the races for the *America's* cup. May the best boat win, and if she is the *Thistle*, a cordial round of American cheers will go with the ugly mug she captures.

* * *

THE trial of Jacob Sharp is an intricate and complex proceeding, developing wheels within wheels, and differentiating somewhat after the manner of the ingenious Chinese toys which peel off their coats and turn out to be something different at every divestment. It began as the trial of Mr. Sharp, but it has already developed into an investigation of jurymen, which has threatened to postpone Mr. Sharp's little affair indefinitely. Shall not the recipe for a jury trial in New York be amended to begin: "First catch your jury?"

* * *

MR. DORSHEIMER expresses his regret that one of his young men should have criticised his brother Jimbennett for renting his Newport house. Is not Mr. Bennett an editor, and is not Mr. Dorsheimer an editor also, and one with a Newport house at that? To be sure. The time may come when he will wish to edit the *Star* from his yacht, and rent his property ashore. He does wisely to make the way smooth.

* * *

THE Knights of Labor seem to be cutting each other's throats as merrily as though they were the gullets of employers. 49 believes the boycott as well adapted to the case of 126 as to Mr. Gould himself, and the sagacious Powderly, to whom "boycott" has such an odious sound, disguises it under a different name, which lets its claws come through as sharp as ever.

* * *

THERE is a grave discrepancy of opinion as to the damage a parade of militia would do in Central Park. Give the grass the benefit of the doubt!

* * *

HOW swift and steady is the course of the Knights of Labor to destruction! An unwieldy organization, impossible to rule and incapable of self-government, it has begun to experience the faction fights that must be the end of it. But it will not perish without having taught its lesson, one being the power of organized labor, which will survive in a different form. Another lesson that it has helped to teach is how much the tyranny of the many exceeds in oppressiveness the tyranny of the few.

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A GOOD MEMORY.

"EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT HAVEN'T WE MET BEFORE? YOUR FACE IS STRANGELY FAMILIAR."
"YES, MADAME, OUR HOST INTRODUCED US TO EACH OTHER JUST BEFORE DINNER."
"AH, I WAS POSITIVE I HAD SEEN YOU SOMEWHERE. I NEVER FORGET A FACE."

WHO? WHAT? WHICH? WHERE?

WHEN the young *débutante* gets sight of a beau,
She scarcely can peep thro' the leaves of her fan,
Her heart doth so flutter, her cheeks do so glow,
As she asks all a-trembling: "Who is the man?"

Twenty doth bring her to years of discretion,
No longer she blushes, but changes her plan;
With thoughts of the pocket, the place, the profession,
She questions the circle with: "What is the man?"

At thirty, each day the thought doth appal her,
That hour by hour her roses grow wan;
Her circle of lovers grow smaller and smaller—
She duns each deceiver with: "Which is the man?"

Forty changes her tune, and grown romantic,
Deems it charming to simper as much as she can;
Haunts watering-places, streams the Atlantic,
For the query of life now is: "Where is the man?"

IT is announced that a new racehorse is to be called "Waterbury," because it makes the fastest time on record.

SOME of the profits made by Jay Gould last year are quite ahead of anything mentioned in sacred history.

CAPILLARY.

AN Albany barber says the indiscriminate use of brushes in barber-shops is what makes people bald, and says it is because women keep out of barber-shops and have private brushes that they keep their hair. But someone said a little while ago that it was tight hats that made men bald, and proved it by pointing to the women and their bonnets. Both are wrong. Women's heads are covered, partly because their capillary energies are not diverted to beards, and partly for the reason that they are less exposed than men are to the inclemency of the weather. And another reason is, they say, that they are less scrupulous than the sterner sex about growing their hair on their own heads.

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JUNE SONG.

WE two would a-roaming go,
Heigh-ho! ho! ho!
Not where Nature's sweet scents do so beguile,
She can naught do but blush and smile the while,
Ah, no! no! no!
But where gay Cupid, with love-laden bow,
Dimpling aims at all who a-roaming go.
Heigh-ho! so! so!
We two would a-roaming go. *M. E. C.*

* * *

EDITOR O'BRIEN asked for bread for Lansdowne's tenants, but received a stone—indeed, several stones. The Canadians of Toronto and Kingston are strikingly liberal.

* * *

LITERARY people will be shocked to hear that Dante was not the author of *Vita Nuova*, any more than Shakespeare was the author of Bacon. *Vita Nuova*, it transpires, is a patent medicine, and if Dante wants to establish his authorship he will have to put on his best interference suit and go into court.

* * *

BEATEN ON HIS OWN GROUND.

Satan (horrified): GET THEE BEHIND ME, ANARCHIST!

* * *

OUR correspondent, who hints that honied words are made of *honi soit*, is in error. Neither is it true that they spring from Huny-adi.

* * *

BLACKMAIL is usually accompanied by a female.

* * *

"ON easy payments," Miss Jerusha Slow read aloud from the placard in a furniture store. "That's true!" she remarked. "I allus did find payments oneasy."

J–Y G—LD, the Vand—b–lts, Ast–rs, Mayor H–witt and Charles A. D–na have formed, and continue to form, an Anti-Poverty Society which is very successful.

* * *

RIDER HAGGARD is said to be the lineal successor of Death on the Pale Horse.

* * *

AUNTY POVERTY is seeking a divorce from Uncle Pawnbroker.

* * *

THE Philadelphia firm which gives a cap to every Pennsylvania woman who succeeds in celebrating her hundreth birthday, is either bound to encourage women in setting their caps, or else is itself setting a cap for free advertising.

* * *

IN Illinois, an apple has been unearthed in good condition, which had been buried for fourteen years. This is not so remarkable as the fact that "Adam's apple" still survives, after several thousand years.

* * *

NEW YORK'S Sunday relations with water nowadays are not as strained as they were.

* * *

SOME GREAT PROBLEMS SOLVED.

THE learned incumbent of LIFE'S Bureau of Information having lost his mind before he could reply to various burning questions which recently appeared in these columns, it became necessary for others, though at infinite risk, to throw themselves into the breach; such vital subjects cannot be overlooked. The following replies are all that have been received up to the hour of going to press.

Here are the queries with their answers:—

1. "To what branch of the cattle kingdom does the parad-ox belong?"

This is too abs-herd for serious consideration.

2. "If a woman becomes a widow by losing one husband, how many does she have to lose to become a widower?"

She is wi'dower from the first.

3. "Should a runner wear rubber shoes because he's eraser?"

Not unless he is detected in a mis-sprint.

4. "If, as LIFE recently remarked, Nature is indulging in athletics by having a backward Spring, will she continue them when Summersets in?"

Not if there is danger of an early Fall.

5. "In view of the editorial *we* employed on the New York *World*, is it proper to say, 'Mr. Pulitzer *is* a crank,' or 'Mr. Pulitzer *are* a crank?"

Either is correct, since he induces a wrote-ary motion.

6. "Do Bostonians take Buddha on their brown bread?"

Certainly, with Isis for dessert.

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LIFE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Condensed from the Century Magazine.

CHAPTERS I. TO MMDCCCLXII. INCLUSIVE.

IN order that this history may be as explicit, thorough and concise as possible, it will be necessary for us to go back several hundred years, and study the habits, characters and misfortunes of some of those people who figured in the golden days prior to the time in which we are interested—people who would interest the most *blasé*, and who, alas, are gone, but won't stay gone or forgotten, or anything else for that matter!

Prior to the landing of Columbus, the only town of any importance in this country was Boston, sweet Boston upon the Chawles! What Chawles's hind name was nobody has ever been able to find out, but this did not prevent Boston from existing in the vicinity, and flourishing there, in a small way, although the town was surrounded by a dense forest of bean-trees, where the bears and the wolves and the porcupines read their Emerson and Browning in undisturbed seclusion and security. But, ah me! how the times have changed! The bears have now all fled to Wall Street, the wolves are wearing merino underclothing, and the porcupines—ah! the porcupines are all in Boston yet, ready and waiting to shoot their quills at any unfortunate stranger who may dare to approach the gates of their holy little city.

FARM TILLED BY A MAN WHOSE GRANDFATHER'S SERVANT ONCE SPOKE WITH A LADY WHOSE NIECE'S HUSBAND SHOOK HANDS WITH AN ACQUAINTANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

One of the most distinguished inhabitants of Boston at that early date was a Mr. Timothy Maginnis, a most elegant gentleman of French extraction, and a man of deep religious convictions, as was evinced by his hanging over the door of his apartment this touching though sometimes rather personal text:

GOD BLESS OUR FLAT!

He was also Judge of the Circuit Court, and Lieutenant-General of the local militia; and, by the way, it is a strange fact that all the characters in this history were both judges and generals, or at least, if they were not they ought to have been, which is, of course, the same thing in the end.* Mr. Maginnis was never married, and he was also a bachelor, a combination of misfortunes that is truly painful to contemplate. He was also of a bilious temperament, much given to music and poetry, and played beautifully on the catarrh.

MRS. CRIPPLES.

Among the very earliest settlers in the western part of Arizona was a Mr. Jim. Cripples, a very elegant gentleman, as was likewise Mrs. Cripples. Mrs. Cripples was Mr. Cripples' wife and not his mother. We mention this fact simply because in making history for the civilized world one cannot be too careful and explicit, for any little inadvertance may give posterity untold trouble and annoyance.†

* The good die young.

† There can be no more charming Christmas or wedding present than a beautiful crystal globe, filled with clear fresh water, in which several exquisite gold-fish can be seen enjoying themselves, their glistening sides fairly shaming the rainbow as they disport themselves in the lightness of their hearts! (Copyrighted.)

ONIONS RAISED BY TIMOTHY MAGINNIS IN 1704.

One of the most prominent characters at this date was that old pioneer, Joel Flinders. Mr. Flinders was a most elegant gentleman, and a terrible swell, wearing suspenders on week-days as well as Sundays. He spent his summers at Newport, and his winters in Jacksonville, in order to accustom himself to the idea of death. One day, however, during the crowded spring season, he remarked that the hotel was very full, whereupon, the managers said that to accuse their house of inebriety was a thing they could not and would not stand, and so Mr. Flinders was obliged to go out to Montana, where he settled down and married a Philadelphia girl who had wandered out there in her sleep.‡ He then built himself a most palatial residence, and divided his extensive domain into preserves, quail, grouse, currant, strawberry and other jams, but no crowds whatever. Here he lived in great style, dining at twelve M., and going to bed at six P. M., so that he could be an early bird and catch worms.

At about this time the Flinders were joined by a Mr. and Mrs. Croaker, and their two pair of twins, all of them very elegant people indeed, and famous for their ability to emigrate. Soon after their arrival, however, things began to go wrong, chiefly because Mrs. Croaker's clothes were a trifle more new-fashioned than Mrs. Flinders', and moreover, Mrs. Croaker had an aggravating habit of shaking out the folds of her dress over her bustle whenever she arose from her chair, and then smoothing down the little tails of her tailor-made jacket; and this was more than Mrs. Flinders could bear, for she, Mrs. F., had, I am grieved to acknowledge, neither tailor-made jacket nor—well, if I must confess it—nor any bustle either! And then, on top of all this, Mrs. Flinders called on Mrs. Croaker one day with a view to organizing a glee club to scare the Indians away with, and she observed that judging from Mrs. Croaker's name she must come of a musical family, and moreover, she had overheard her singing frequently; but Mrs. Croaker said that she was not at all musical, and it was their parrot that Mrs. Flinders had heard singing, and so from that day the coolness between these two ladies grew cooler still!

PORTRAIT OF HIRAM S. FLINDERS, FORMERLY ONE OF THE SELECTMEN OF SMITHFIELD, ARKANSAS.

And now, my dear friends, having given you a most thorough and complete history of the entire life and career of our martyred President, we will bid you a most tender farewell, for, to be perfectly candid, we hear the distant tinkle of the dinner-bell, and as we were spanked and sent to our room without any lunch we are naturally interested in the coming event. And so, good evening! Charming weather we are having! Do call again soon; always delighted to see you! Good evening!

Roland King.

‡ There ought to be a footnote here, but we've somehow or other forgotten what it was.

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BOOKISHNESS

CHARLES READE AND TOLSTOI.

THERE are tantalizing glimpses of a remarkable man in the Memoir of "Charles Reade, D.C.L." (Harper's), prepared by two near relatives. It has no claim to be called a biography—for the narrative, which is the work of the Rev. Compton Reade, is not in any sense a sympathetic interpretation of the novelist's life and work, but is rather a haughty relative's eulogy written with an eye single to "family pride" and little appreciation of what was really greatest and best in Charles Reade.

Charles Reade, patronized by the Rev. Compton Reade, is a literary spectacle which would be amusing if it were not irritating.

But even such faulty workmanship cannot conceal the really massive quality of Charles Reade's imagination. His literary work is not of the highest type, but such as it is it was forged at white heat and was genuine metal, which even now, when it has cooled, has the true ring of steel. The impression which a sensitive reader will carry away from the book will be that here was a great-hearted man of imagination, who from childhood to middle-life hungered for the sympathy and support of a real home. There seems to have been a chilling lack of affection in his home, school and university life. And if his works show few traces of those quiet, deep sentiments which flourish only in a happy domestic atmosphere, it is because their author never lived in it until past middle-life. The sympathy which Mrs. Seymour gave him seems to have been the inspiration of his best work; before he met her he was a dilettante in literature, and after her death he lost hope and skill.

After all, the deepest note in the life of this strong, hard-fighting, irascible and successful man of genius was one of pathos—pathos which the unsympathetic Compton Reade has not wholly covered with his fine writing.

* * *

THE translation of Tolstoï's "Katia" (Gottsberger), recently published, is a beautiful bit of idyllic writing. This story, in its French form, was much praised by Mr. Howells, which is certainly convincing proof that the great Realist at least appreciates those qualities in the works of others which he carefully refrains from putting in his own. The deep sentiment, the intense passion, the absorbing beauty of fancy in "Katia" are like the cooling spray and quiet music of a fountain after a long journey on a hot and dusty road.

Yet in the *Century* for June we read that Tolstoï is rather ashamed of having been a writer of stories, and now thinks only of his great plan for the reformation of society! This is the hunger for Realities which after a time takes possession of all men of imagination. It forced the cry of despair from Carlyle, and almost drove him into public life; it made *vanitas vanitatum* the keynote of Thackeray's later years; and it led Macaulay, Beaconsfield and Morley into Parliament. The penalty for dreaming great things is dissatisfaction that you cannot do them.

* * *

IT is a long way from Tolstoï and Charles Reade to "The Devil's Hat" (Ticknor), by Melville Philips. This is a story of the oil regions of Pennsylvania—a field where rapidly changing fortunes, daring speculations, eccentric characters, wild scenery, and a wonderful product of nature, all lend themselves to the purposes of romance. But Mr. Philips has made a miserable use of his material, and his story would be called, in the language of the oil region, a "dry hole."

Droch.

· NEW BOOKS ·

THE APPEAL TO LIFE. By Theodore T. Munger. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

How to Make a Saint. By the Prig. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. No. 1. The Century Co., New York.

OVERHEARD ON A WET DAY.

YOUNG MAN: Mr. Weeks, why don't you shingle your barn?

OLD FARMER: 'Cause it's rainin'.

YOUNG MAN: Well, why don't you shingle it when it isn't raining?

OLD FARMER: It don't need it then.

BUSINESS.

I SAY, MISTER, WHAT'LL YER ADWANCE US ON THE BABY? WE WANT TER GO TER DE BALL MATCH THIS AFTERNOON.

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HIS REFLECTIONS.

SOFTLY the firelight glows
Warm on her face, and shows,
Very distinctly, those
Down-drooping lashes.
So far away she seems
From me, that all my dreams
Follow the flick'ring gleams
Falling in ashes.

Though we're the best of friends,
There, she declares, it ends;
Thinking it all depends
On her, capricious:
But if she handicaps
Me in this way, perhaps
I, as the months elapse,
May grow seditious.

Calm, she discriminates
'Twixt "friends" and "intimates;"
So, differentiates
'Twixt me and Towser!
Towser (she says) is *good*,
Easily understood,
Ever (if sleepy) would
Wish to arouse her.

What's to be done with such
Frivolous people? Much
Humored, she beats the Dutch
And rules each german:
Praed's verses are divine.
Dixit. (She laughs at mine!)
Oh, but she'd make a fine
Text for a sermon!

Should a sedate young man
Dance to a maiden's fan
Who holds him lighter than
Last summer's swallows?
Hardly. Yet she the wool
Over my eyes can pull.
Here I sit—like a fool—
Toasting marshmallows!

If, as the days go past,
Men come to think, at last,
That with assurance vast
Nature endows her
If this divinity
Finds no affinity
In her vicinity,
Why—she'll have Towser.

Mark Mallow.

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SPORT FOR

WE UNDERSTAND OUR MINISTER WILL HEREAFTER DEVOTE HIMSELF EX

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FE

THE QUEEN.

LUSIVELY TO PRESENTING "DISTINGUISHED AMERICANS" TO THE QUEEN.

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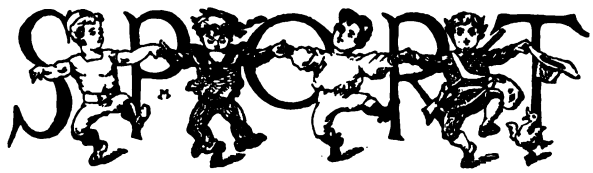

"SPORT," during the week, has neither languished nor slept, in fact the events of the last seven days have been both numerous and of great variety, but unfortunately our energetic and able horse-reporter has been drawn on the Sharp jury, and we have been compelled to call upon the gentleman who usually writes up camp-meetings and supplies us with theological points to "do" the turf, the diamond, the tennis field and the regattas. Being rather new at this class of work, instead of following the time-honored custom of calling around him the trusty "*Spirit*," *Forest and Stream* and *Amateur Athlete*, and gleaning from their friendly columns the desired information, he adopted the extraordinary method of actually junketing about the suburbs of New York and reporting the various events in person.

Unfortunately, as he has just departed for Bloomingdale, and his notes are in rather a mixed-up condition, we will not, out of respect for his memory and consideration for our readers, give more than a few excerpts from his report.

It is apparent that he hunted the National Game and corralled it down in the domain of Erastus Wiman, for the following entry appears in his diary:

"FIRST DAY—Was told they played baseball at St. George's, but could not believe that the sacred edifice could be so profaned. Visited Stuyvesant Square, and found the church doors closed and sexton away. Choir-boy, whom I met, said I was 'off my base,' and had better go down to Staten Island. Accordingly, went there. Field with high fence. Large congregation present. Very disorderly. Game utterly incomprehensible. Met two very nice, respectable gentlemen who offered to explain it to me, and we went outside to a quiet corner behind the fence. They showed me three cards, which they said were meant to represent the three principal players. I was to try to pick out the card with one spot on it. After vainly striving to understand the game, was informed I owed them eight dollars, but I objected. . . . The policeman who picked me up said I was 'paralyzed.' Must have had some kind of a 'stroke,' for I am badly bruised, and my watch is gone.

"SECOND DAY—Think I can understand horse-races better than baseball. Went to Jerome Park. (N.B.—It is not a park at all—no asphalt paths, no fountains, no 'keep off the grass'). Got a good position next the fence on the road where the horses were to run, and took out my diary to take notes. Policeman said I was a 'book-maker,' and hauled me before a magistrate, who committed me to a cell until the next morning. I was then examined, and affirmed that I knew nothing of bookbinding or publishing, but acknowledged that I was shareholder in the 'Baptist Book Concern' and a life member of the 'Tract Society.' Was released, but treated with much contumely and disrespect.

"THIRD DAY—Went to Yonkers to report tennis match. Beautiful day; pleasant place of meeting and quite a large congregation. Found a picturesque, ivy-clad stone wall on which to sit beneath a tree, and watch the service of the tennis players. Sun very hot, . . . wall growing harder, . . . feel very badly . . . hands and face much inflamed, . . . druggist agrees with doctor that it must have been poison ivy on the wall.

"FOURTH DAY—Hardly able to move, but must go down the Bay on steamboat to Atlantic Regatta. Upper deck good place to see from. Too much motion, however—will try lower deck. Very rough on lower deck, think I will retire to cabin. Head aches from blow received at St. George's, and am very lame with rheumatism contracted in cell—face so swelled I can only see out of one eye—will lie down—feel queer—cabin ceiling revolves rapidly—must be *very* rough outside. . . . . Steward! . . $$$$???"

And this is our only apology for not having a full account of the sport Mr. O'Brien, M.P., has been having with the labor unions, Mr. Butler with the Hon. Henry Hilton, and Colonel Bison-William with the Roy'l Fam'ly. It must also account for the non-appearance of our illustration of Mr. Lawrence Donovan winning the Victoria Cross by his Jubilee jump into the Thames, and the *Thistle* showing the *Mayflower* that it will have to bloom in the fall as well as the spring.

EXTRAWARDINARY.

THE "Grand Old Man" of Hawarden,
Went out one day in his gawarden;
Laid his axe on a tree,
And said "Look at mee;
Can't I chop well—axin' your pawarden?"

AN OCCASIONAL MIRACLE.

BOBBY: We don't have miracles, nowadays, do we, Pa?

FATHER: Oh, yes, the New York Giants occasionally win a game.

THE Interstate Commerce Commissioners are considerably nonplused over the matter of passing the summer.

THE NEW WORLD.

Party this side of the fence: ARRAH, MOIKE, AN' HERE'S A WHOITE SARPANT WRIGGLIN' THROUGH A HOLE IN THE FINCE, AN' A-HISSIN' AT ME!

Party of the other side: AN' SURE IT'S HAULIN' A BOW-LEGGED CHICKEN AFTHER IT!

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LOSING ONE'S HEAD.

"I CLAIM this for our sex," said Mrs. Tompkins, with a raspy emphasis, to a cynical young man who had been decrying the "higher rights of women," "in time of emergency they are always self-possessed. Now, sir, I challenge you to name a woman in history who, in the presence of danger, ever lost her head."

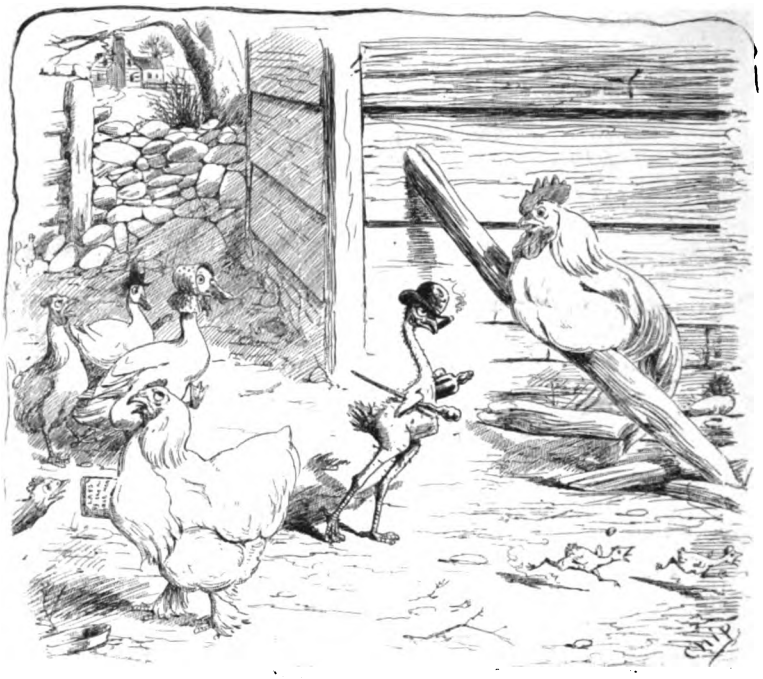
"W-ell, er— how about Marie Antoinette?"

"I SEE you have a rod, line, plenty of flies, a basket and a landing net; but where's your reel, young man?" said the guide, sorting over the traps.

"Oh, we'll get that after drinking up the bait."

A DUAL LIFE—An Arizona newspaper editor's.

THE recent Mexican law to the effect that every man must wear trousers is a good one and ought to be enforced. The only objection we have to trousers is that they bag at the knees.



A TOUGH CHICKEN.

THE GARDEN

New Gardener: WELL, BY THE HOLY PIPER, OI'V BEEN MOST EVERYWHERE, BUT OI'LL ATE ME HEAD IF IVER OI SEE A GOLD-FISH LOIKE THAT BEFORE.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

IT is announced in London that "Red Shirt," Buffalo Bill's Indian, who was recently interviewed by the Queen, will become a "parlor humorist" on his return to America.

* * *

THE Queen will expect all who attend her next drawing-room to deposit a Jubilee "tip" in a Chinese vase which will be found standing at the front door.

* * *

THE recent French crisis was stolen by a burglar and cannot be found.

* * *

IT is not true that Buffalo Bill is contributing London society notes to a Boston paper.

* * *

NEXT month the Czar will mass a body-guard of 300,000 men and take a fish on the Black Sea.

* * *

HILADELPHIA candy-dealer has bought nine bushels of the French crown jewels to be used in making up prize packages.

* * *

EEN VICTORIA'S Jubilee, which will be celebrated in a few days, has for months past kept her loyal subjects in a state of nt expectation, and they now all seem to have Jubilee on the

radesmen advertise jubilee whiskey, jubilee trousers, jubilee snuff, e bibles, jubilee antibllious pills, jubilee garters, jubilee polkas, e store-teeth and ministers of all denominations deliver jubilee ons.

n enthusiastic Israelite named William has changed his name to *illy*, and a fashionable dress-maker has just invented a new bustle, which, when squeezed by its fair owner, will play "God Save the Queen."

Would jubilee've it

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

MR. M——, a wealthy banker of the Chaussée d'Antin, applied the other day to a money-lender to advance him 50,000 francs on his wife's diamonds, for which he had paid 120,000 francs. "You can take out the jewels and get false stones mounted in their place. I don't wish it to be noticed." "My dear sir, that has been done already," replied the usurer. "Your wife has had the start of you, for I bought the diamonds from her last year."—*Petit Journal pour Rire.*

WAR WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

A GERMAN now residing in America has invented a rifle-ball, the universal adoption of which would greatly tend to mitigate the horrors of war. Its outer shell is composed of a very brittle substance, which breaks into pieces on coming into contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a chemical compound which renders the person struck by it insensible for the space of twelve hours, without showing any signs of life beyond the beating of his heart. In this condition the fallen are lifted into carts and conveyed away as prisoners.—*Humoristisches.*

"DID you see my picture in the paper to-day, dear?" inquired a young merchant who had just been made a town-councillor. "Yes, I did—and—and"— Here his wife burst into tears. "Why, what's the matter? Why does it make you cry?" "Why, Jack, I'm so disappointed. If I had known you looked like that I'd never have married you."—*Tid-Bits.*

HOW SHE MIGHT PRAY.

A CALIFORNIA woman who had $30,000 up as margins on stocks went to her pastor and asked:

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to pray for stocks to go up?"

"Certainly I do," was his reply.

"Well, what shall I do?"

"You might pray that they shouldn't go down, ma'am."—*Wall Street News.*

BETWIXT AND BETWEEN.

"Brown, what are Blivens' politics?"
"He takes a neutral point of view."
"How is he in mortality?"
"Oh, well, in that he's neutral too."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

PORTLAND, Me., has a bank cashier who has been in one bank fifty-three straight years. People who ask why he hasn't made a grab and run away are informed that the money in that bank is counted every night.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ex-Queen of Spain is worth about $7,000,000, and she is spending it at the rate of a million a year. The time when she will be obliged to open a laundry and work fourteen hours per day can be figured to a week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"GAZE upon that pure, beautiful evening star, and swear to be true while its light shall shine! Swear, my love! Swear by Venus!" exclaimed a youth in impassioned accents.

"How stupid you are!" answered the Girton girl. "That is not Venus. The right ascension of Venus this month is 15h. 9m.; her declination is 17 degrees, 25 minutes south, and her diameter is 10.2." —*Exchange.*

REMOVAL! The Offices of "LIFE" have been removed to No. 28 West 23d St., N. Y. All communications should be addressed there in future.

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The Hotels, to be Opened July 1st,
are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

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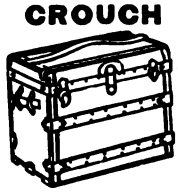

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TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT

SICK HEADACHE,

BILIOUSNESS,

CONSTIPATION.

The sore *Dyspepsia* people feel,
However light may be their meal,
Should ne'er be suffered to repose
And breed a train of graver woes,
When *perfect health* they may secure
Through TARRANT'S SELTZER safe and sure.

AGENTS WANTED (Samples FREE) for Dr. Scott's beautiful Electric Corsets, Brushes, Belts, Etc. No risk, quick sales. Territory given, satisfaction guaranteed. Dr. SCOTT, 843 B'way, N. Y.

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VOLUME IX. NEW YORK, JUNE 23, 1887. NUMBER 234.

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LIFE

AMERICANUS SVM.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

Ten Cents a Copy.

A WIFE'S EXPLANATION.

Violet: MA, HOW DO PEOPLE KNOW THAT IT'S A MAN IN THE MOON?

Mother (sadly): BECAUSE IT'S ALWAYS OUT NIGHTS.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JUNE 23, 1887. No. 234.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

APROPOS of the report that Sara Bernhardt's pet tiger had bitten an hotel waiter in Chicago, one of our honored contemporaries observed that the anxieties of American waiters would be materially lessened when Sara embarked for France. The observation is well grounded. Mme. Bernhardt has not conducted herself in such a manner during this visit as to overcome the prejudices that already existed against her informal morals. Not only the waiters, but all persons with a leaning toward reputable behavior, are invited to feel relieved when she goes home. We are glad that she is a Frenchwoman, and hope she will so continue. The disadvantages of her indecorous conduct are more apparent when her behavior is contrasted with that of the good American, Buffalo Bill. Bill has gone from the rude West to be the pet and admiration of the people of the effete monarchies. Bernhardt has come from the vortex of fashion to be a scandal to wild western cities. London cannot get enough of Bill; but we have had too much of Sara. She need not come back. She is too bad.

* * *

WORD comes from London that Baron Tennyson has gone off on a yacht, ill with the gout, leaving unfinished business in the Laureate's office, which, at the request of the Prince of Wales, will be undertaken by one Lewis Morris. Investigation in the newest almanac discovers that Lewis is not a typographical error for William, as might be supposed. There is such a man as Lewis Morris, and there are reasons, entitled "An Epic of Hades," for calling him a poet. They say he is very solemn, grave, calm, cold and pretentious, but such an upright judge as Mr. Richard Henry Stoddard denies that he can write poetry at all. Mr. Morris has not yet been appointed poet-laureate, but the fact of his getting this odd job put in his hands seem to indicate that his chances of succeeding Tennyson are good.

* * *

MR. W. S. GILBERT is by long odds the most successful English poet of our times, and has confidently expected to have his claims recognized. It will be a bitter blow to him not to get the place, and we violate no confidence in saying that if he, and not Morris, had got the exhibition ode job, an hundred people would have read the ode where ten will read it now. If Mr. Gilbert is disappointed so also are we, and both of us can console ourselves with reflecting that, at least, it is a great comfort to have Tennyson shipped off for a time to some place where he cannot hurt his reputation by more works.

* * *

THE poet whose fame is growing most in these days is one who has stopped writing, and whose collected works are withheld from the market by the censors of public morals. Walt Whitman grows in fame every day he lives. Pilgrims from England come to Jersey to see him.

So good a judge as R. L. Stevenson insists that there is good material in Walt's poetry. If Stevenson says so it must be true, and perhaps Walt is honored, partly because he has written poetry, and not solely because he has stopped.

* * *

LIFE was surprised when the last *Scribner's* came out to find in it a story by a lady who signed herself "Mrs. Robert Louis Stephenson." She ought to have known better, and doubtless she did know better, and the fault possibly is with the publishers of the magazine, who preferred a famous name to one unknown to readers. For a woman to sign her husband's name to her literary work is absurd, and goes dead against all the canons of good taste. Two New York ladies who continually offend in this particular, and who certainly must know better, are Mrs. Sherwood and Mrs. Harrison. Why those good gentlemen and skilled lawyers, Burton Harrison and John Sherwood, should be implicated in essays on etiquette, compendiums of Metropolitan news, or plays, or stories, or newspaper letters, however admirable, is something which, if any fellow has found out, he has kept it to himself. The case of Mr. James Brown Potter is even sadder. A quiet gentlemen who does something or other down-town, he gets an enormous advertising which he cannot use in his business or cause to enure to his advantage in any known way.

This is a new trick of literary and stage women, and LIFE, for one, doesn't like it. Mrs. Hemans never took pay for poems as Mrs. George W. Hemans; Mrs. Browning never rhymed as Mrs. Robert Browning; Mrs. Woffington spelled her first name P-e-g (to be sure there was no Mr. Woffington that we know of), and it is to the credit of Ella Wheeler that the literary public, as a public, doesn't know to-day whether Mr. Wilcox answers to the name of John or Obadiah. It is bad form, thoroughly improper and unadvisable, this appropriation of men's names as pen-names or stage-names for their wives.

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A FAIR FINANCIER.

"OH, NELL! ISN'T IT LUCKY OUR LEGACIES WERE ONLY FOUR HUNDRED DOLLARS!"
"LUCKY? WHEN WE EXPECTED, AT LEAST, TEN THOUSAND APIECE!"
"BUT DON'T YOU SEE, DEAR, IF WE HAD HAD ALL THAT PAPA WOULD HAVE INVESTED IT."

HE RESPONDETH.

She.

YOU still persist in using,
I observe with great regret,
The needlessly expensive
Cigarette.

He.

You should set a good example,
But you seem to quite forget
That you use a thirty dollar
Vinaigrette.

THE Jersey Lily always plays to crowded houses in New Jersey. The people there think she is a native of their own country.

ORANGE mobs are dangerous and so are orange seeds. And so are orange blossoms, too, sometimes.

AN Anti-Work Society would be peculiar, but it would be honest in the statement of its mission.

THE FOX AND THE GOAT.

A FOX and a goat that had become unfriendly for a trifling reason, met one day and had a fight, in which the fox was severely beaten. The goat spent the next few days in announcing his victory throughout the neighborhood; but the fox straightway sat down, wrote a lengthy description of the encounter, and sold it to a magazine as a war article, receiving therefor a handsome fortune. The article was published with profuse illustrations, representing the defeat, rout and annihilation of the goat. Thereafter the fox was the hero of the community, and the goat, being admonished by a vigilance committee, moved into the next county.

MORAL: This fable teaches that the pen is often mightier than the facts.

MR. DANA, of the esteemed *Sun*, claims that he has not danced in forty years. But he has made a good many other people dance.

TENNYSON, at the command of Her Majesty, is writing an ode to Buffalo Bill.

WHEN it comes to political suicide, the pen is mightier than a dozen swords.

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AN IDYL OF SPRING.

WHEN one who has "nice" tastes to please,
And likes to gratify them,
Sees on the menu, "Fresh green peas,"
And says: "Ah, good! I'll try them,"
It quite disturbs his peace of mind,
When he's devoured his order,
At bottom of the dish to find
A lump of canning solder!

* * *

IF the age of a nation may be computed as that of a tree is measured—by its rings—what a venerable institution our Republic must be!

* * *

THE numerous silver-tongued orators of the country now have a rival in a mule at Macon, Georgia, whose original windpipe has been replaced by a tube of silver. He will probably be sent as a Blaine delegate to the next Republican convention.

* * *

CAPTAIN NUTT, who was so prompt in pursuing the revolted Apaches of Arizona, probably has the elements of a kernel in him.

* * *

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

"Hi! Jimmy, come here, quick, or you'll miss the fun. They've knocked a ball clean through a man, an' he's a lyin' on the ground in convulsions!"

* * *

THEY had a "natural gas celebration" in Ohio the other day. Gas in celebrations, however, is no novelty, and is perfectly natural.

* * *

THE hobby which is running away with Dr. McGlynn appears to be a velocipede. What he needs is some new invention, which might be called a "lentipede," to make him go slow.

"WHAT'S this arrangement of J. Sharp, that I see in the papers?" inquired Miss Jerusha Slow of her nephew, Jack Speed. "It's the beginning of a symphony," answered Jack, "which will end in A Flat."

* * *

THE Gate City Guard of Atlanta, which has been denied admission to England, evidently is not the "Britons Guard Your Own," to which Tennyson alludes in one of his later poems.

* * *

UNDER the head of "Lost and Found," a detective bureau advertises "antecedents, daily habits," etc. It will be a very useful bureau if it succeeds in losing the antecedents of some people and teaches men who have been out late on business how to find their "daily habits" the next morning.

* * *

THE goose that laid a golden egg, with fatal results, has been rivalled by Edward Hen, who laid aside $2,000,000 before his demise.

* * *

THE loss of memory which afflicts great capitalists, and particularly railroad magnates, when examined in court, is on the increase. Numismatics, or the science of coin, is generally supposed to stimulate mnemonics, which is the science of memory; but in these cases the accumulation of coin works just the other way. It is very sad. Some people evidently think bleeding would be a good cure for the disease of memory which has fastened on the capitalists.

* * *

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the Cup and the Thistle.

* * *

THE custom of "bussing" a bride has not been an unfamiliar one; but at a fashionable wedding, the other day, the bride herself was Bussing.

* * *

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND has got through casting his fly upon the waters; but before many days it will return to him in multiplied form.

* * *

JUDGE LAMB, of Texas, who recently murdered his brother, appears to have been a black sheep. He certainly would not be fitted for the woolsack.

* * *

THE Fisheries Dispute was lately transferred from Canadian waters to Saranac Lake, with the hope of adjusting it in the Presidential trout-scales. The latest offishial intelligence, however, is that it has returned to Washington, *viâ* Albany, much refreshed by its vacation, and is calling for more bait.

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CONFESSIONS OF A BOSTONIAN.

"E un fiore moribondo
Piangea d'amor cosi."

IN stating that my name is Mr. Everett Winthrop Rose, I not only inform you that I am a Bostonian, but also that my mother's family is an exceedingly swell one, while my father's is not quite so swollen. I have spent a large portion of my life on the continent, and, in consequence, find great difficulty in inuring myself to the lower form of civilization which exists in this crude and unfortunate country. I am exceedingly refined and cultivated. I am not very popular with my fellow students, and I cannot but feel complimented by the fact, for it is an open admission that, notwithstanding my modesty and retiring disposition, my innate superiority makes itself felt in spite of everything.

My life since coming to this country has been a singularly placid one, for Boston, like Philadelphia, is an anæsthetic in itself, and in all probability I should have gone down to my grave quietly and in good form without ever having stooped to any of the commonplace and sentimental things that the vulgar outside herd indulge in to such an extent, had it not been for an unfortunate visit to Mt. Desert, where I met a certain Miss Ethel Vernon. It was at a small dinner that fate first threw us together, a dinner given by one of those cottagers who are such howling swells in Bar Harbor and such nobodys everywhere else. And how well we got on together! And how thoroughly we agreed on all subjects—that Shakespeare was an awful old bore; that there were no poets but Swinburne and Heine; that modern art was too dreadful even to speak of, and that there was no music but Wagner's! How short that dinner seemed! and what a lingering eternity the men spent over their *liqueurs* and cigars! and how grateful I was to that stupid donkey who said at last as he looked at me, "Let us a-Rose and go to the ladies!"

How quickly the ensuing weeks slipped by! It scarcely seemed an hour from our first meeting to the time when I held myself up by a post upon the pier, and, with a lump of mammoth proportions in my throat, watched her as she sailed away! sailed away with my roses in her hands and the soft September sunlight shining on her gentle face!

* * * * * * * * * *

Beyond a keen desire to annihilate all strangers, Bostonians, as a rule, have but one ambition, namely, to be dignified and to invest their smallest action with an importance worthy of their own greatness. It was a desire to live up to this noble trait that kept me from going on at once to New York to see her, for I hated to let her see that I could not get on without her, and I also disliked to appear like an over-ripe apple that was ready to fall with the slightest shake. Moreover, I felt it my duty to make her appreciate the great honor that I was doing her, and force her to realize how truly great Bostonians always were. Therefore, with a terrible effort I waited, and it was not until the latter part of December that I might have been seen in New York, looking hungrily for the name of the apartment house which she had given me. At last I found myself in the Caledonia's lift, creaking up to what to me was in reality a heaven!

And so as we sped upward the lordly youth who engineered the lift asked which floor I wished to stop at, and I, with an equal amount of lordliness, replied: "Mr. Vernon's," whereupon the noble youth gave me a pitying and withering glance, and reversed the lift, while my heart stopped beating and seemed on the point of bursting. When we had reached the ground-floor the youth slammed open the door, and said with a weary air, "The Vernons gave up their apartment a month ago, and went abroad."

I think that no one but a well trained Bostonian would have had the nerve and control to answer, nonchalantly, as I did, "Ah? Indeed!"

Roland King.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE MILK WAGON.

BLOOD (OR WATER) WILL TELL.

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BOOKISHNESS

WHAT BOOKS ARE MADE FOR.

"READING is not a duty, and has consequently no business to be made disagreeable. Nobody is under any obligation to read any other man's book." From this point of view, Augustine Birrell writes of literature in his second volume of essays, entitled "Obiter Dicta" (Scribner's). He has taken his creed of criticism from Dr. Johnson's theory that a book should teach us either to enjoy life or endure it. It is a wholesome doctrine, and its general adoption would sweep from our shelves much that is morbid, depressing, and stupidly learned. But "Obiter Dicta" would not be among the banished books, for it is full of wit, acuteness, and kindly satire. There is in all its pages a very lovable good-fellowship with literature, a keen appreciation of it on its human side—with a due recognition of what is skilful in its execution.

* * *

WHILE these essays are saturated with the modern spirit of tolerance and progress, they persistently turn the reader's attention away from contemporary literature. On Milton, Pope, Johnson, Lamb and Burke, the essayist dwells with almost affectionate admiration. He is not blind to faults, but he prefers to ignore the "dead dog in the stream," and write of the "beautiful, flowing river." (The figure is Dr. Collyer's.) He takes the intelligent reader's, not the critic's, attitude toward books. In this way he appeals to that wide and sympathetic circle which finds in literature something which makes them "for a short while forget their sorrows and their sins, their silenced hearths, their disappointed hopes, their grim futures."

And it may be remarked, by the way, that just at this point the whole modern school of Realists falls short of making good literature. Its photographic methods, picturing only the *visible* and *material realities* of life, serve to intensify our sorrows, to add a pang to remorse, to make the hearthstone seem more desolate, and to raise the vision of a hopeless future.

* * *

BUT we'll not preach from this platform—remembering that "Obiter Dicta" quotes Dr. Johnson's saying, that "he whom nature has made weak, and idleness keeps ignorant, may yet support his vanity by the name of a critick."

For, after all, there are a great many pleasure-giving books published even now. There is Swinburne's own choosing of his "Select Poems" (Worthington). It is the Poet's own brief for the Court which is to decide his right to the name. There can be little doubt of the ultimate verdict. He might rest his case on "A Forsaken Garden" alone—a poem which ranks with Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" and Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." It is the perfect harmony of word and sense and fancy which even a great poet only touches once in his lifetime.

In a very different field there is T. T. Munger's "Appeal to Life" (Houghton's)—full of a hopeful theology. And there is Stevens's "Around the World on a Bicycle" (Scribner's)—overflowing with adventure, good-humor, pluck and endurance. And there is "How to Make a Saint" (Holt's), by The Prig—a book which is directed at shams in religion.

So that a fair-minded reader will have to conclude that many of our books, faulty though they be as works of art, fairly meet Dr. Johnson's rule of teaching us to enjoy life or endure it.

Droch.

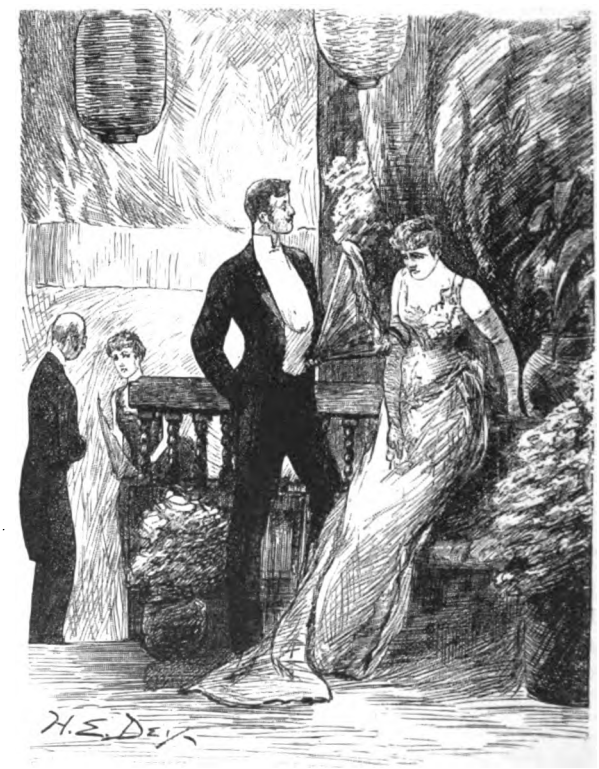
· NEW BOOKS ·

THE YOKE OF THE THORAH. By Sidney Luska. New York: Cassell & Co.

The Story of Metlakahtla. By Henry S. Wellcome. Illustrated. Saxon & Co., London and New York.

Lawn Tennis. New Edition. By Lieut. S. C. F. Peile. Edited by Richard D. Sears. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

WHEN Poe wrote the "Raven," both he and the bird were on a bust.



A NEW HEALTH LIFT.

Miss L——: I SHALL *never* HAVE BREATH TO SPEAK AGAIN; I WAS NEVER SO CARRIED THROUGH A WALTZ IN MY *life!*—YOU ARE A MOST ENTHUSIASTIC DANCER.

Mr. Thumperton: OH, I DON'T CARE ESPECIALLY FOR DANCING ITSELF. FACT IS, I'M TRAINING FOR THE SPARRING TOURNAMENT NEXT WEEK. I FAILED TO GET IN MY CUSTOMARY HALF-DOZEN ROUNDS FOR EXERCISE THIS EVENING, BUT FIND THIS A TOLERABLE SUBSTITUTE.

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From Foreign Fields

AT THE JUBILEE.

HER most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria having intimated to the Prime Minister that no Jubilee could be considered a success without the Chum to Potentates, your correspondent took a special steamer to the seat of joy.

The arrival of the Chum was celebrated by a salute of one champagne bottle, of which the Prince of Wales, the Queen and the Chum partook with much relish, and the quality of which was subsequently shown in the bill which Her Majesty presented when the American representative took his leave, and which is subjoined.

At five o'clock in the morning (New York time) the Imperial Band gathered beneath the Chum's window and played "*What is Home without a Mother?*" so beautifully that the Prince of Wales, who was assisting the Chum in the adjustment of his insignia, burst into tears.

"What is home without a mother?" he said, shaking his head mournfully. "I'd give all I possess to answer that question. It is the one deep, dark mystery of my life.

"It is rough on you, Wales," I said; "but all things come to him who waits."

"Waits? Well, my dear Chum, I've watched the Coercion bill for fourteen long months; I've watched for a new joke in *Punch* since Thackeray died; and when I was in New York, I went to Wallack's Theatre and sat in my seat between the acts—but never, never have I waited so wearily for anything as I have for the solution of the problem, "What is home without a mother?"

"You've been thrown on a cold, unsympathetic world, haven't you, Albert?" I ventured, taking the Order of the Bath from my wallet and ringing for the room steward.

"Well, I wouldn't mind the cold, unsympathetic world if I could get the throne," rejoined his Prospective Highness, with a sad smile.

"Ladies first, my boy. You wouldn't have your aged mother give up her seat to you, would you?"

The answer I could not catch, for at that moment the Grand Duke of the Annunciata threw open the door and announced Her Majesty's approach.

Immediately the Queen ushered herself in, and, with a coy smile, inquired how the Chum found himself this morning, and at once signified her intention to set the Jubilee a-rolling. The Imperial Chariot was ordered, and the Chum by special invitation seated himself beside Her Majesty, and the procession started.

Then your correspondent enjoyed the supreme bliss of driving through fourteen miles of London mob, who had the honor to be bulldozed by the soldiery for the privilege of viewing Her Majesty ride by them, with her nose at an angle of forty-five degrees with the vest pockets of the taxpayers. There was more pomp and vanity between the Palace and Westminster Abbey than the most devout churchman could renounce in a century. Hundreds of bands, brazen and German, rendered martial music at every street corner. Flags and banners of every hue and pattern, embroidered with every conceivable motto, hung from windows and poles, and flickered in the breeze. The London fog turned out in force. The Irish Members of Parliament exploded bombs as Her Majesty went by, and the inevitable small boy, perched on the lamp-posts along the route, cried "'Ail to the Chief!" most vociferously.

Altogether it was a most stirring spectacle, and Her Majesty blushed with pleasure as she kept raising her crown in acknowledgment of the plaudits of the populace.

At Westminster the Royal pew was magnificently hung with crimson draperies, so arranged that the Royal party could go to sleep during the sermon without attracting the attention of the congregation. The Canons of the Church were discharged at intervals of five minutes during the service, and next to Her Majesty the Lord came in for considerable attention. He was vigorously thanked for having spared the gracious German lady to rule over the destinies of England for so many years, and with a royal disregard for the feelings of the Prince of Wales. He was asked to vouchsafe unto Her Majesty at least one other happy return of the day, to which prayer the *Amen* of the Prince was unhappily mislaid.

After the sermon a special prayer for those at sea was offered in behalf of the Government, the Lord was again thanked for his special attentions to the English nation, and the meeting adjourned to Turtle on Toast and other delicacies.

The festivities continued until a late hour, and the Queen knighted the committee in charge; conferred the Order of the Bath on the Italian Minister; made the cook who prepared the Jubilee dinner a gentleman, and retired.

When the Chum took his leave he was handed an envelope containing the following memoranda:

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, June 21.

C. SMITH, ESQ.,

To REGINA VICTORIA, DR.

Terms Cash.

Use of Throne Room, one day	£6 6 0
1 Bottle of Imperial Fizz	1 1 0
Corkage	0 0 6
First-class Carriage to Westminster	6 2 0
1 Jubilee Banquet	5 0 0
Service	9 10 0
Lights	0 0 6
	£28 0 0

Received Payment.

Please Remit.

After reading this, the Chum tore a cheque from his book and made the following mem. on the back:

NEW YORK, June 21, 1887.

QUEEN VICTORIA

To CARLYLE SMITH, DR.

C. O. D.

Travelling Expenses to Windsor	£26 0 0
Consolation to Prince	1 1 0
Wear and Tear on Digestion at Jubilee Banquet	0 10 0
Cash to Battenberg for Expenses of Beatrice and Baby	0 9 0
	£28 0 0

Received Payment.

Pinning this on the throne, where Her Majesty would be sure to see it, the Chum withdrew.

Up to the hour of going to press no reply had been received.

Carlyle Smith.

SOME GHOSTLY FIGURES.

SOME attempt should be made to satisfy the hunger for knowledge shown by the poor, half-fed Vassar girls, who during the past year have consumed only 84,000 lbs. of meat, 95,000 quarts of milk, 32,000 clams, 100,000 buckwheats, and a few similar trifles. With a judicious system of milk, meat and poultry scholarships and degrees, to excite emulation, these young women might in time learn how to sustain life, and there would be some hope for the American physique of the future.

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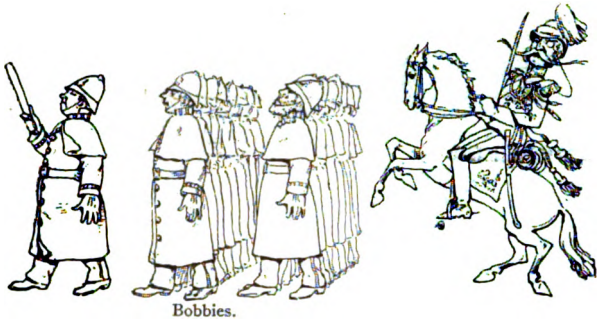
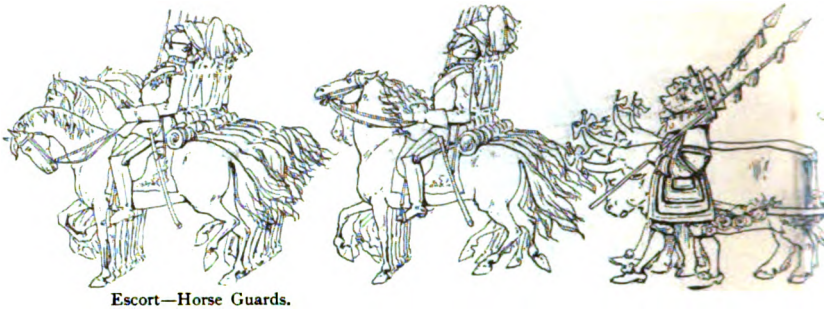
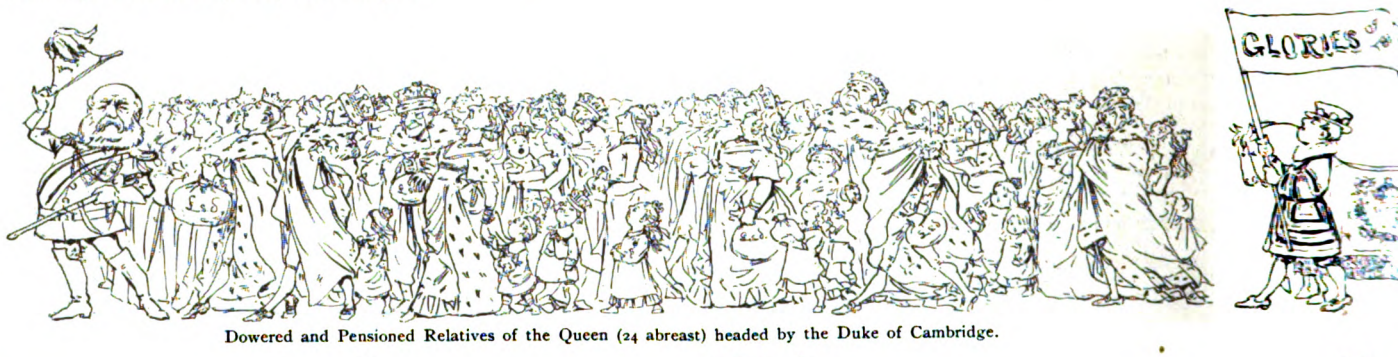


Bobbies.



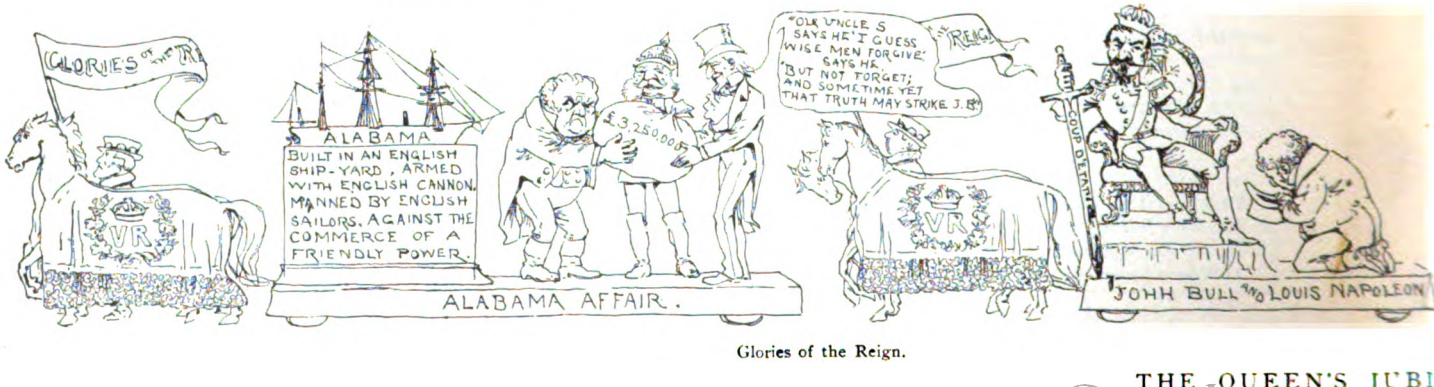
Escort—Horse Guards.

Choir Boys of Westminster, led by Lord Tennyson.



Dowered and Pensioned Relatives of the Queen (24 abreast) headed by the Duke of Cambridge.

Glories of the Reign.



Glories of the Reign.

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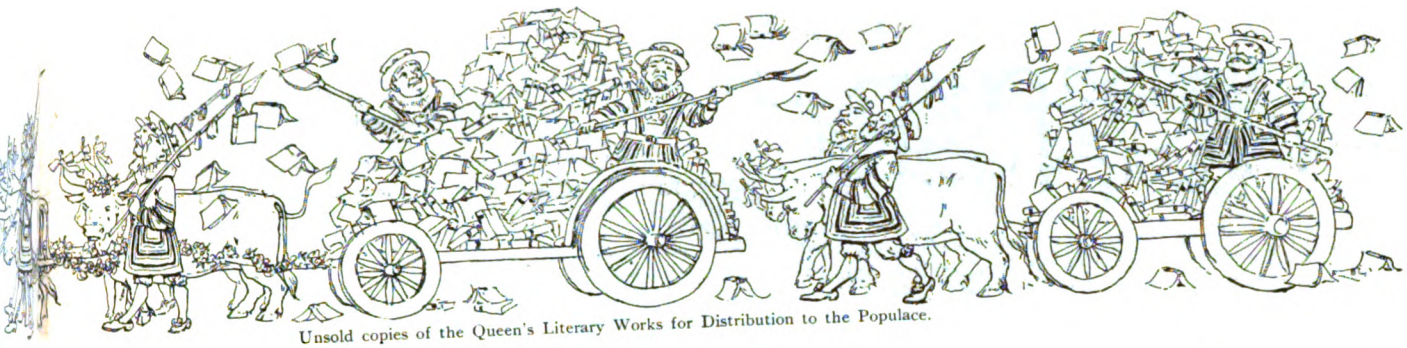
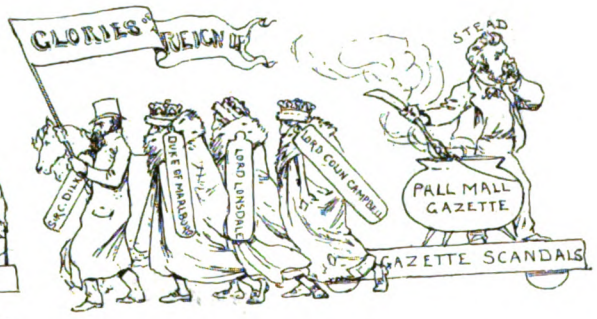


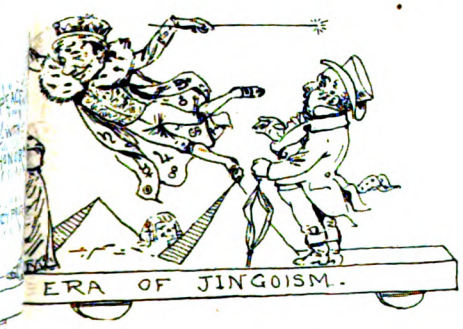
Unsold copies of the Queen's Literary Works for Distribution to the Populace.

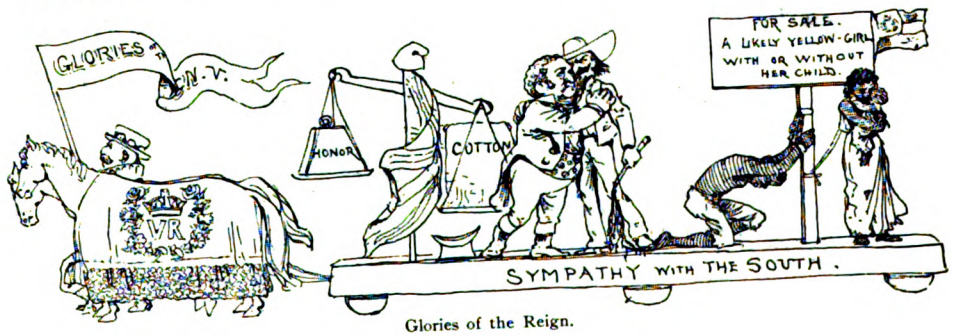
The Queen.

The Prince of Wales as Chairman of the Jubilee Fund.



Historic Tableaux—Glories of the Reign.





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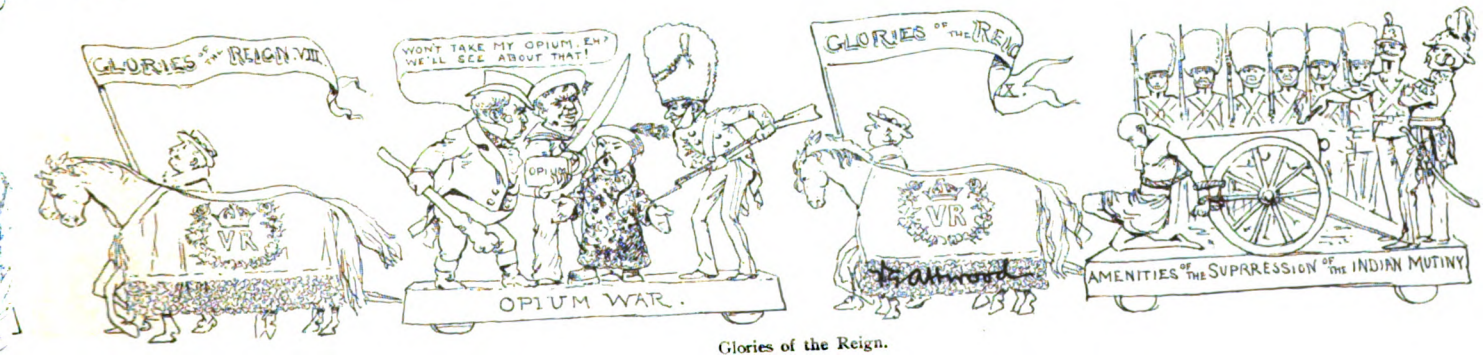

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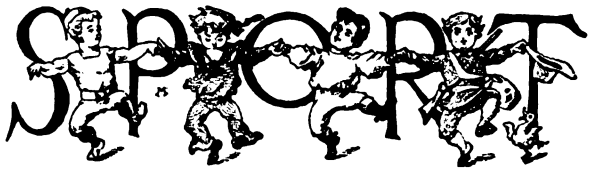

THE last fortnight has been, if anything in the night line may be so described, the (new-mown) heyday of the lawn-tennis season. Eighty clubs were represented at the Prospect Park tournament; and the inauguration of the Staten Island Ladies' Tennis Club-house, in strictly Old English style, was followed by the opening exercises of many other associations which unfurled their racquets to the breeze. The games for singles and doubles have begun, and the chances are, that if the racquet is kept up, many of the singles—where young men and young women play together—will find themselves converted into doubles before autumn arrives.

IN the pigeon-field Dr. Carver continues to derive a comfortable subsistence from the "incomers;" but this form of gunning appears to be too dry for Captain Paul Boyton, who prefers to shoot rapids. He shot the Passaic rapids (without sériously hurting them) from the old Gun Mill. The chief obstacle to this sport becoming general is that we cannot all afford to carry gun mills around with us, on the chance of getting a good shot at a waterfall. The single barrel weapon sometimes used for perforating the Niagara whirlpool is cheaper, but is not a popular fire-arm.

WHITE WINGS are very active this season, and the regatta quotations are firm, with a bullish tendency, which is likely to culminate when John B. sends his champion over for the international contest. The English are nourishing their hopes on the Thistle, a kind of fodder which some disrespectful persons on this side have remarked is the favorite pabulum of donkies. The Shamrock, which is "tender" (no suspicion of steam), is said to be a better staple of diet for sanguine Americans; but we should like to see her remodelled as a four-leaved clover. The Irish question ought to be kept out of the regatta, and it is sincerely to be hoped that Editor O'Brien will not be prevailed upon to come back and sail the Shamrock.

Meanwhile, what is wanted is a breeze, and the New York Club has introduced the novelty of searching for one, with electric lights. Another interesting event was the Seawanhaka Corinthian race, in which certain classes of boats were manned and steered by amateurs, while the professional crews were sent below and securely battened down. This is a pleasant custom, which promises to make yachting useful as well as ornamental. When yachtsmen generally take to doing the hard work, and giving their crews leisure for poker and champagne below decks, the relations of employer and employed cannot fail to be rendered more cheerful.

THE movement for a bench show of prize-fighters is said to be progressing favorably. For ever since a burglar who entered prize-fighter Burke's house in Chicago was knocked out in one round, gentlemen owning country-seats have been swapping their obsolete Cedarhurst watch-dogs for professional heavy weights, and the breed of stall-fed sluggers is improving. There will also be an opposition bench show of burglars when the next term of the courts open; so that both sides of this interesting in-and-outdoor sport will be illustrated.

A SACHT.

A YOUNG man on board of a yacht,
Said, "I am so awfully hacht,
I would like to take beer,
But it makes me feel queer,
For I always do take such a lacht."

A. B.

Mr. B——, newly married, takes a house in the country and is sent to the Intelligence Office in search of "help."

Prospective "Help": I'M SHURE I'D SUIT YE7, AND I'D LOIKE A FOINE PLACE IN THE COUNTRY FOR THE SUMMER WHERE I CAN GO AND RIST.

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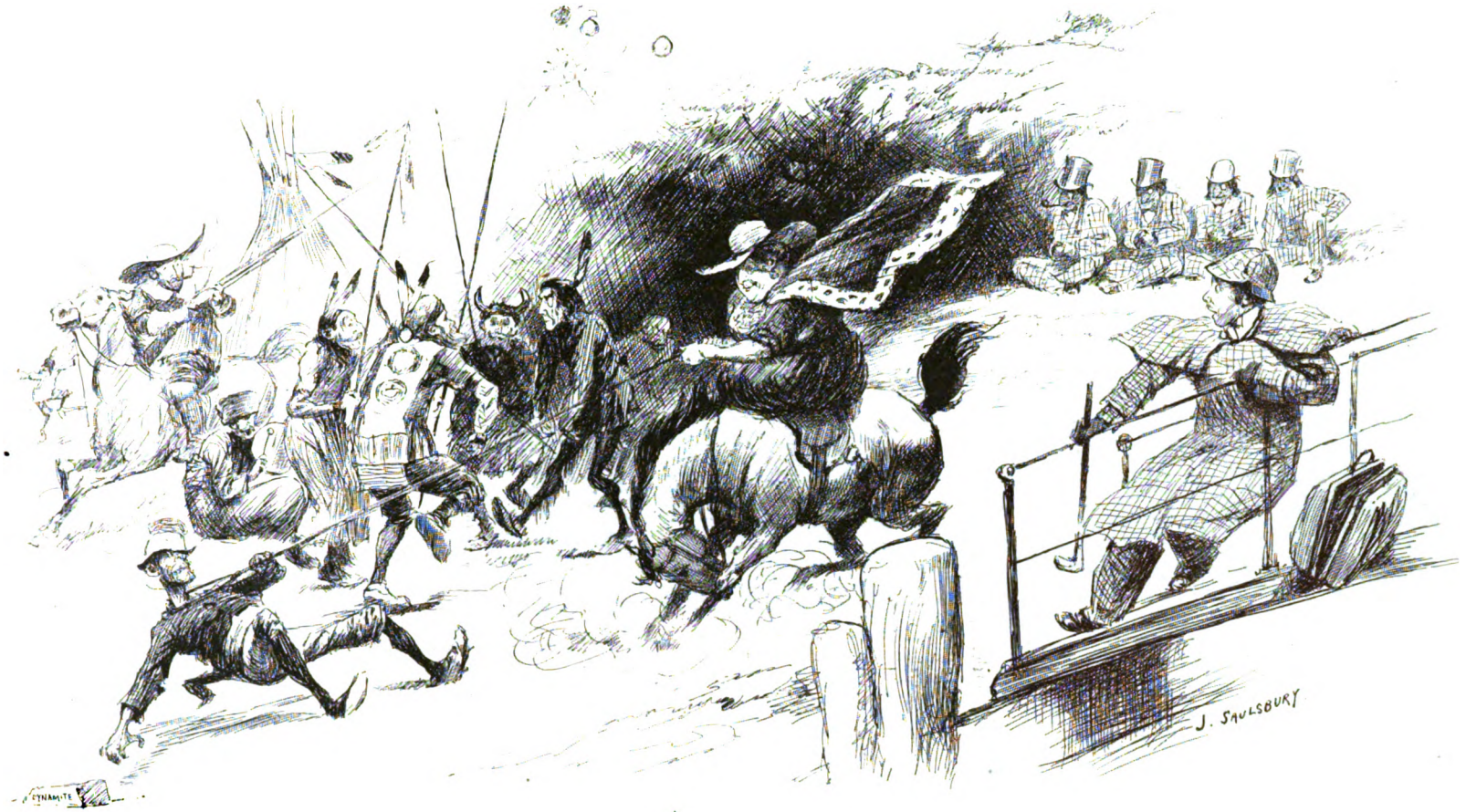

A SICKENING BLOW TO THE ANGLOMANIAC

WHO FINDS UPON LANDING IN ENGLAND THAT THE BRITISH NATION—THANKS TO THE HON. BUFFALO F. WILLIAM—HAS BECOME THOROUGHLY AMERICANIZED.

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SOLMONDEWHAT RUDE.

A BIBULOUS person named Cholmondeley,
Behaved all the evening so rolmondeley,
That the maids and the main
Stared again and again,
And glared at the party quite glolmondeley.

THE JURY SYSTEM.

"WHAT was the text this morning?" asked a stay-at-home husband of a church-going wife.

"Many are called, but few are chosen."

"What jury did he have reference to?"

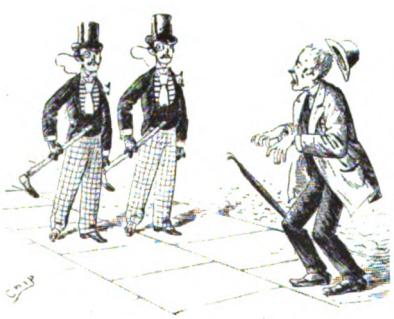
A CHICAGO Anarchist is under the ban of social ostracism for washing his face three times in one month. This constitutes him a dude and settles his fate.

THERE is a destiny which shapes the side-door, rough Hewitt as he will.

WHAT was done to the *Atlantic* to make her go? Those who know will not tell, and her original rule-of-thumb builders seem not to know. Her improvement makes a new element of excitement for the annual trials with Mr. Burgess's New England fleet.

IT seems that there are some Indians left in Arizona, and that the war season has come round again. But Geronimo is in Florida. Let us be thankful for a little.

AFTER DINNER — A hungry tramp.



TWO OF A KIND.

Party in the foreground: OH, LOR! I'VE GOT 'EM AGAIN. I ALWAYS KNOW THEY'RE COMING ON WHEN I SEE DOUBLE.

TWO SIDES TO IT.

Striker (coming home at 11 p. m.): BIDDY, PHWERE'S ME SUPPER?

Wife: OI'VE STHRUCK. OI CAN'T WORRK TWINTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY WHIN YERSILF WON'T PUT IN TIN.

HIS NAME SAVED HIM.

BUNKO STEERER (to stranger): Excuse me, sir, but is not this my old friend Mr. Ely, of Rome, N. Y.?

STRANGER: No, sir. I am Mr. Eichlensteinbergerblumenthallichtenschwartzcoff, of Quoddyquohogmachiasmemfremagog, Maine.

Bunko steerer excuses himself, but before he can reach his "pal" the stranger's name and address have escaped him.

THE editor of London *Punch* confesses that his paper cannot make much headway in America in opposition to the "Editor's Drawer" of *Harper's Magazine*.

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Ant Scissors Ant Nullus

QUITE HUMAN.

A BROOKLYN physician has been investigating cats and dogs, and he finds just as many cranks and fools among them as among the human race. He says that every fourth cat is off her base, while every ninth dog is a sort of fanatic.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A MINNESOTA poet sat by an open window writing a Spring poem on Thursday of last week. A thunderstorm was raging outside. Suddenly there came a blinding flash of lightning, and a moment later the poet saw burned upon his manuscript the letters "N. G." He was so impressed by this occurrence that he resolved to give up the poetry business at once; and he is now employed in a crockery store. —*Tid Bits.*

FROM an old bachelor's album: "It's too soon to marry when one is young, and too late when one is old. The interval may profitably be devoted to reflection."—*Tid Bits.*

ADVICE to young ladies about to graduate: Be just as sweet as you can. The man who doesn't like to look upon a sweet girl graduate is a villain—or married. Tie your essay with a blue ribbon, and be practical in the choice of a subject. We suggest "The Coming Man." Advice to young men about to graduate: Don't mind the newspapers. Whoop it up for all you're worth on the Commencement stage about "The Scholar in Politics," "The Ideal Republic," and "The Political Destiny of Patagonia." About five years from now read your oration over to yourself slowly.—*Buffalo Express.*

A POOR FIELD TO WORK.

BATH-HOUSE ROBBER: No use lookin' fer anythin' here, Bill. Ticket stub ter one of Joe Cook's lectures, an' a poker chip. Busted drummer from Boston!—*Tid Bits.*

CHURCHES in this great country increase at the average rate of ten a day; saloons at the rate of forty a day. What is the moral of that? It has none; it is very immoral.—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

THE Piutes say of the earthquake: "Ground heap sick—heap bellyache—no good!" The earthquake doubtless rolled them about on the hillsides at a lively rate.—*Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise.*

LUCK.

"HEAVENS!" gasps Mr. Hopeless, as he sits down heavily on his new hat, when leaving the Roseleaf's "Afternoon Tea," "There goes eight dollars and a half!" But hold! It is not his own, but the captivating Mashem's, his bitter rival. With rare caution he re-enters the house and lays the battered tile on a chair, to explain its present appearance, seizes his own and escapes in triumph.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

BROWN: Hello, Jones! How's your wife?

JONES (*a little deaf*): Very blustering and disagreeable this morning.—*E. S. Agriculturist.*

A printer up in Canada is said to be 103 years old. He has made so many typographical errors during his career that he is afraid to die.—*Somerville Journal.*

TEACHER: The wisest man that ever lived said: "There is nothing new under the sun."

LITTLE BOY (*enthusiastically*): But I'll bet they never had a baby at his house!—*New York Ledger.*

We are children who cheerfully join in the chorus
When PACKER'S TAR SOAP is the subject before us,
Mama tried all the rest,
So she knows it's the best.
And we laugh with delight when she lathers it over us.

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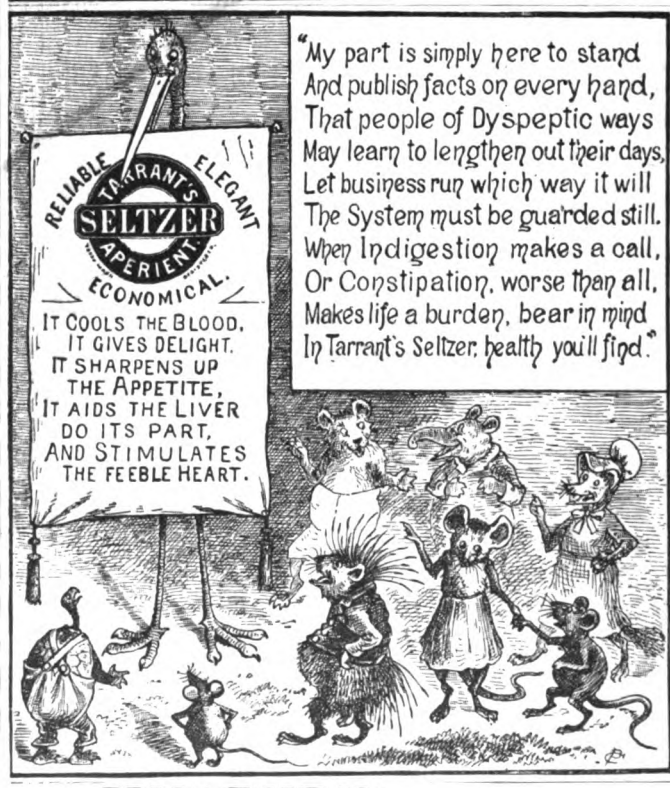

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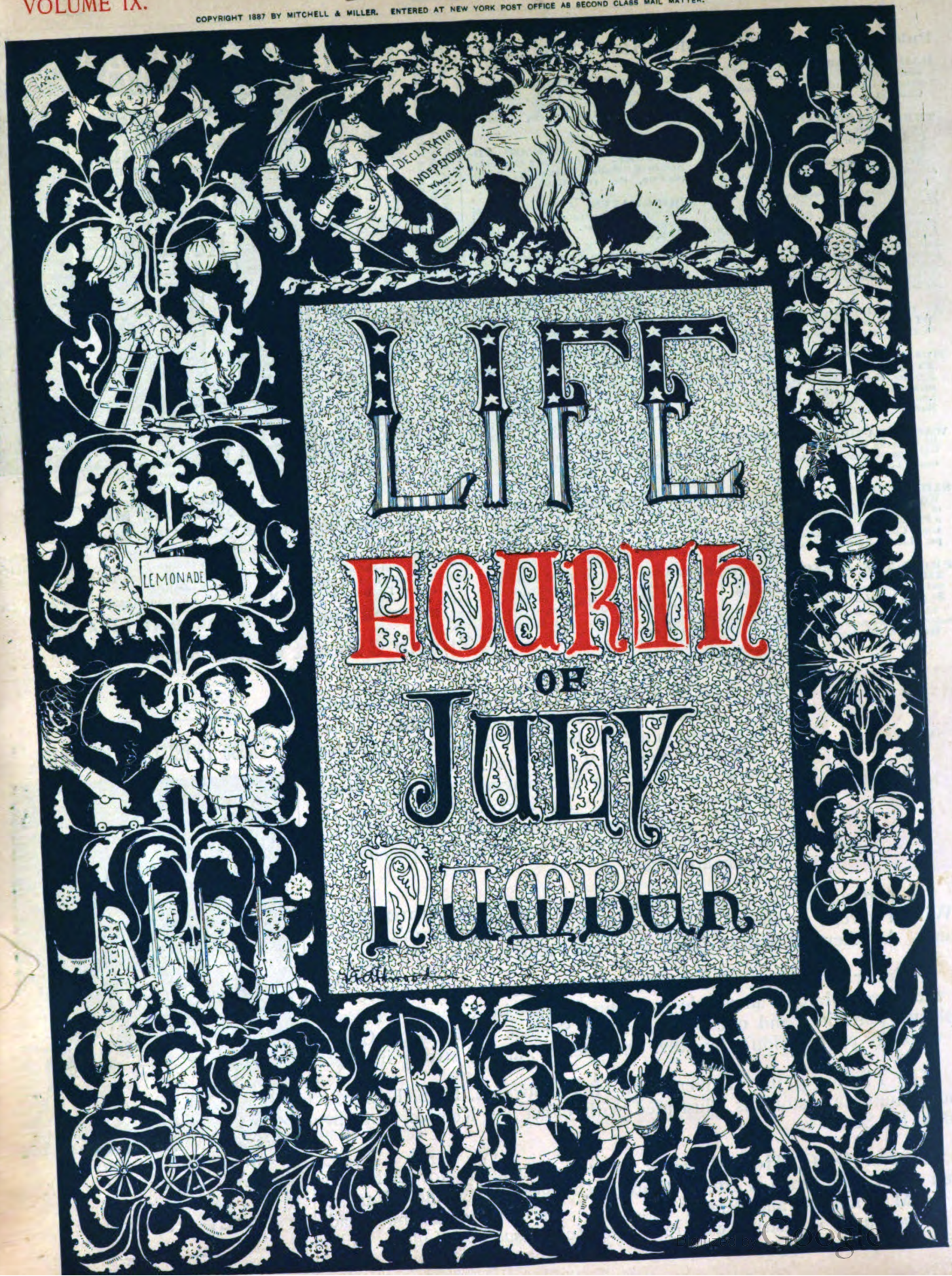

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A particularly seasonable article is one by John Burroughs, on "Wild Flowers," rendered doubly attractive by Harry Fenn's illustrations. Another out-of-door paper is "Sportsman's Music."

A letter from General Sherman touching on the risks and results of the Great March; an article on John Adams by George Bancroft, with two portraits; and one on "Christian Science" and "Mind Cure" (a vigorous presentation), by Rev. Dr. Buckley, are of strong interest.

The Fiction of the number is by H. H. Boyesen, H. S. Edwards, whose humorous story is illustrated with effect by Kemble, and by Frank R. Stockton.

General O. O. Howard writes of "The Struggle for Atlanta." Then there are Open Letters, Editorials, Poems by Sidney Lanier, Edith M. Thomas, and others, etc., etc. Those who do not read The Century regularly, will read the July issue carefully. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cents.

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VOLUME IX.
No. 235.

· LIFE ·

JUNE 30TH,
1887.

NOT GREEDY.

Miss Charlotte (who has $70,000 a year): REALLY, MR. HUNTER, SOME ONE ELSE HAS MY LOVE.

Mr. H.: WELL, THAT OUGHT TO SATISFY HIM—I WILL BE CONTENT WITH THE REST.

VENUS LAMENTS.

IN the old Arcadian days,
In times of love and lover's lays,
When maidens were right quickly wooed
And when the muse was not a prude;
The age was gold and gold man's creed,
But gold meant then true love, not greed.

For all the gold that glittered there
Shone in a maiden's yellow hair,
And never a miser there was unless
Some one treasured a maiden's tress;
And so men lived and laughed and sung
In the simple days when hearts were young.

But past are days of golden joy,
There comes an age of base alloy,
And now men turn with all avidity
From gentle Cupid to cupidity.

Francis Sterne Palmer.

THE JOLLY SIDE OF IT.

WE do not need any dynamiters to assist in celebrating the Declaration anniversary. The assortment of singed eyebrows, scorched hands, shattered legs or arms, bursted cannon and burnt houses, which we cheerfully offer upon the altar of freedom, is obtained by the simpler and more humane agency of fire-crackers, amateur artillerists and impartially distributed pyrotechnics.

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"While there's Life there's Hope."

VOL. IX. JUNE 30, 1887. No. 235.

28 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5.00 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., $1.50 per number; Vol. II., 25 cents per number; Vols. III., IV., V., VI., VII. and VIII. at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

ONCE more we salute the American Eagle, and feed to the noble bird those peppery confections in which he delights. The little English boys who exploded so many fire-crackers and watched so many rockets a week ago, are better of their burns by this time, and can wish themselves in the boots of our young patriots, whose gunpowder is still in prospect. Doubtless the amiable Queen of England has got so that she can sleep undisturbed once more, and all that fine squad of kings and princes have gone home; but there are fireworks left in the world for all that their royalties have seen, and a proper amount of powder will burn in honor of our national birthday.

* * *

THE Glorious Fourth finds us still here, and still a united nation, in spite of the efforts of the *Tribune* and General Fairchild to split us up over the proposed return of the rebel flags. Why not give up General Drum in place of the flags? Our Southern brethren would not rend him, we are sure, in spite of all the malice and uncharitableness his unseasonable enterprise has stirred up against them. They are generous, and will doubtless credit him with good intentions. But Drum is not one of the administration's good angels, and this is not the first unnecessary mess that he has got it into. Is it not time that he was muffled?

* * *

AS for General Fairchild, let us hope someone has put him on ice somewhere, and that he has partially cooled. As a counter-irritant he is a stinging success, and Mr. Cleveland ought to be grateful to him for an intemperate speech which has drawn public attention away from these flags. An orator of pyrotechnic methods, he shares the tendency of all fireworks—to go off too soon, and burn the hands that hold them.

* * *

IT is amusing to see the eagerness with which the esteemed *Sun* and many other disaffected journals have seized upon the flags incident as a political weapon. They insist that Mr. Cleveland is a dead injun as far as his prospects for another term go, and rush in to take his scalp and put him beyond any chance of resuscitation. Their affected glee is pathetic, it is so hollow. They cannot howl about nothing for a whole year. The American people are not fools, and there is plenty of time between now and next summer for even the Grand Army of the Republic to catch its breath and get its senses back. The regard of the people for Mr. Cleveland has never been based on sentimental considerations, but on their estimate of his qualities as an executive officer. General Drum will never be his Burchard. It is too long before election for that.

* * *

IF the Board of Visitors of the Andover Theological Seminary has expelled Professor Smyth from his professorship because he spelled his name with a "y," their action would at least have been comprehensible, and might have been justified. Neither of Professor Smyth's four accomplices spells "Smith" with a "y," and neither of them was expelled. But if the Board fired Smyth on account of his religious opinions, its action was incoherent, for Churchill, Tucker, Harris and Hincks all admitted at their trial that they think as Smyth does, but no one of them has been disturbed. Anyone might know that the Board that makes such an unwarranted distinction and shows so crude a sense of justice, is the same that insists that the unwarned heathen must be damned.

* * *

"PUNCH & SON" is reported as the name of a firm of undertakers in Rochester. Scions, doubtless, of the English house we know so well, who are following the family calling in a new land.

* * *

DEAR { Harvard, / Yale, / Columbia, / University of Pennsylvania, } Hurrah for you! We are glad you won.

Now, where is that Cambridge, England, crew?

* * *

OH, army of new graduates! We are looking your way. Go on and prosper, and don't believe those croakers who tell you you don't know anything. Most of them would give a pretty penny to have back the hopes that you may legitimately nourish. It's a grand feeling to believe that the world has something better than ordinary that you may get, and a sorry awakening to find that you cannot get it. Here's wishing that if such an awakening comes to any of you, you may have the necessary sense of humor to make it pan out sweet!

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ABOUT this time look out for graduates. The mosquitoes are not yet in full vigor, but the graduate will never be more important and full of promise than at this period of his career. Do not step on him or treat him unkindly. He will be wiser later. It will be a hard experience for him, but he will soon realize to his sorrow that youth and good raiment are drugs in the market.

* * *

THE wily Mr. Blaine skips merrily across the deep just to let us see for ourselves what an empty waste this continent is without him, while our President is regaled by the uproar of excited veterans, who see a rebel army in every currant bush. The Stars and Stripes have given way to the Bloody Shirt. If the garment were washed and laid away forever, to moulder and decay in peace, it would be an excellent thing for all of us. We must except, of course, the politician, who makes a living by waving it.

* * *

VICTORIA, Queen of England, has been most magnificently jubilated, and she can look back with a sovereign's pride upon all the glorious things that have been accomplished without her assistance. We mean no disrespect to our royal neighbor, but there certainly have been days when the Queen has failed to put in her ten hours' work.

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THE GLORIOUS FOURTH!

RING high, ring low,
And big guns blow!
Our patriot anthems—tune 'em
With each brass band
Throughout the land;
And shout "E Pluribus Unum!"

Each year, you see,
Our Jubilee—
Not being merely regal—
With bombs and drums
In triumph comes,
And loudly screams the Eagle.

The little boy
Declares our joy
In manner most emphatic;
And eloquence
Grows too intense
For throats enthusiasthmatic.

* * *

ADJUTANT-GENERAL DRUM would seem to have drummed himself out. He tried to flag the conciliation train, but it ran over him.

* * *

THE Ancient Order of United Statesmen will not parade this year.

* * *

IT would be a graceful attention on the part of our English cousins if, in return for the Potteresque celebration of the Queen's birthday in New York, they were to honor our Independence birthday in London. But we fear the Island isn't large enough to hold a Fourth of July.

* * *

THE genuine Fourth of Julyer, who paradoxically utters great truths once a year, must be looked for on this side of the water. Let the spouter spout, and the rocket rock the cradle of Liberty if it can, while all honest patriots gratefully perspire a tribute to the most independent climate in the world.

THE University of Pennsylvania's commission to investigate modern spiritualism reports that it is hard to get mediums to appear before it. The mediums generally say that they invite investigation; but when investigation invites them they have a previous engagement.

* * *

THE oarsmen of Cambridge, England, object to rowing against a University eight in this country, because they have heard that the thermometer at New London is in the habit of going up to 110 degrees, and that is about one hundred and nine degrees more than a college athlete wants or can get.

* * *

ADVICE TO SLOOP-BUILDERS.

NEVER count your racers before they are yatched.

* * *

"WEAK" coffee, contrary to the general rule, caused a good many merchants to pass sleepless nights lately.

* * *

SHIP CHANDLER is on deck once more and will resume business in Washington, but fortunately not at the old Navy Department stand.

* * *

IT is to be hoped that the Hon. Carl Schurz, who fell down on the ice last winter, has not slipped up on Clay, about whom he has just written a book.

* * *

THE Queen's Jubilee spirit is so infectious that even the dynamiters wanted to fire a salute for and at Victoria. They made the mistake of supposing that anything in the way of annoys would be appropriate to a celebration.

* * *

PIGEON-ENGLISH—The slang of the gun-clubs.

* * *

JONES (*to Williams*): So you are trying the Fandango Springs Hotel this summer?

WILLIAMS: No; It is trying *me*—severely.

Uncle Sam (*to discontented boys*): WELL, WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
Henry George and Dr. McGlynn (*in chorus*): THE EARTH!

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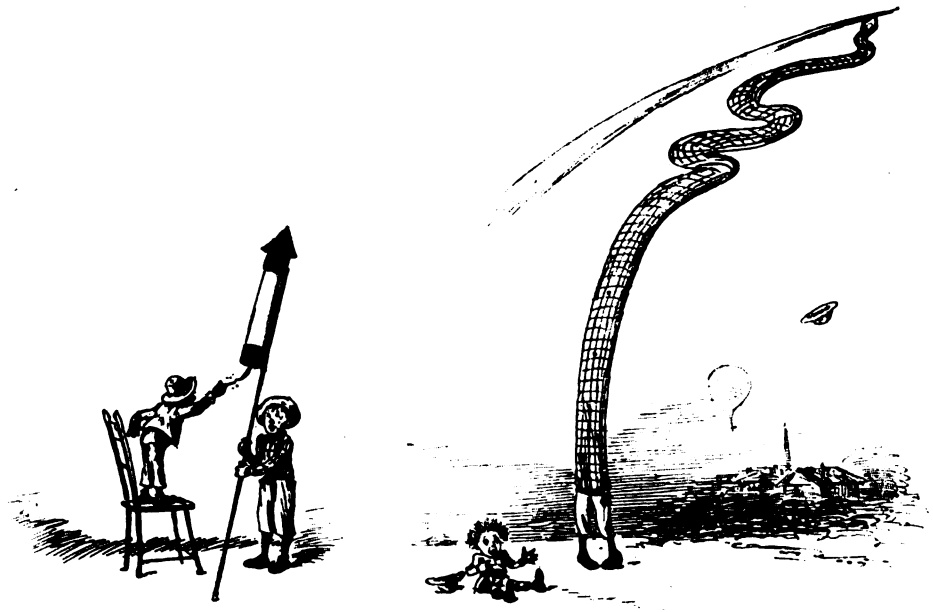

A HINT TO OUR YOUTHFUL READERS.

IT'S A VERY GOOD PLAN TO LOOSEN YOUR HOLD AFTER A SKY-ROCKET IS FAIRLY LIGHTED.

RETURNING THE SCALPS.

THE SHOSHONE NATION WAS CONVULSED WITH A CYCLONE OF PATRIOTIC INDIGNATION.

CHIEF PAIN-IN-THE-BACK, of the Shoshone nation, recently promulgated the following order:

It is hereby ordered that all scalps taken from white men shall be returned to their owners, if said owners are living; and the scalps of deceased people shall be sent to the nearest of kin to the hairless lamented. This is proper in view of the firmly established peace subsisting between the Shoshone nation and the Department of the Interior. These trophies are now decaying in the corn-crib of the Medicine Man. They were numbered and checked as they were acquired, and the proper designation of each scalp may be ascertained without much trouble. (Signed) PAIN-IN-THE-BACK.

The above order created the wildest excitement, and indignation meetings were immediately held. At one of these Captain Blue-Puppy, a gallant Sioux who lost an ear in the Custer Massacre and afterwards married into the Shoshone nation, jumped upon a hickory stump, and exclaimed, in an earthquake voice: "Scalped be the head that conceived the sacrilege! Whoo-ah! whoop!! whow!!! It shall not be done!"

That enterprising newspaper, the *Shoshone Lightning-Bug* at once dispatched reporters through the nation, who garnered the sentiments of the leading braves.

"It is an outrage to every Shoshone brave that ever took a scalp," said Billy Back-Step; "this reconciliation talk may do very well for the squaw-hearted slumgullions who hoed corn and dug fishing-worms while the daring bully boys were harvesting hair and glory, and stealing horses. What are you going to do with reconciliation, anyhow? You can't eat it, or sleep on it, or wad your gun with it, or realize on it at a pawnshop. Let the scalps alone. They are doing very well where they are."

Sprung-in-the-Knee was more conciliatory. "I approve Pain-in-the-Back's order," he said. "The white people are getting so numerous and pestiferous that I'm in favor of peace and reconciliation. We've got to let up on the Pale Faces, or there will not be enough of us left to feed a kitten. For this reason I'm in favor of white-winged peace. I have a lot of scalps which I would like to swap for a few mink-skins, or I'd be willing to sell them for twenty-five cents a-piece on the instalment plan."

Hamfat Bow-Knot savagely resented the order for restoration. "It's a —— —— —— shame!" he began, as he handed the reporter a cigar, and requested him to omit interjections and exclamatory expletives in reporting the interview; "who's to receive the scalps, anyhow? The men who lost them haven't asked for them. They are our scalps. If anybody wants them, let him sue us. I have one Italian-sunset scalp which I took from a sleeping Irishman, 'thinking him dead,' and I'd like to see any knock-kneed, splay-footed, brass-head chief get it; and if he ever tries it, one of us will have to go to the bone-yard. I think that Pain-in-the-Back ought to be chopped up with a dull broad axe for a soap factory."

At last accounts the indignant Shoshones were guarding the Medicine Man's corn-crib to prevent Chief Pain-in-the-Back from purloining the scalps from the national strong-box. *M.*

JUST HIS LUCK.

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth—I knew not where;
But shortly after a man came round,
And—I bought a dead dog at a dollar a pound.

QUEEN'S JUBILEE NOTE.

IT is said that the clerk of the robes in a Boston *natatorium* is to be made night commander of the bath.

NECK OR NOTHING: A society bud.

NOTA BENE! [Boston sign]—This restaurant closed.

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BOOKISHNESS

SIDNEY LUSKA AGAIN.

IT has been a pleasure to us to praise the work of Sidney Luska (Henry Harland), because he has chosen a new field in fiction, and has worked it judiciously; because he has, though a Gentile, pictured the modern Jew, as he lives here in New York, with fairness and appreciation; and, finally, because he has shown not a little skill and ingenuity in the telling of a good story—rapidly, picturesquely and entertainingly.

In his third and latest novel, "The Yoke of the Thorah" (Cassell & Co.), he has again exhibited a fair measure of these admirable qualities; but it must also be admitted that there is a falling-off in some respects. A clever plot, unravelled with ingenious skill, is wanting; an intensity of feeling—which made his other romances, though wildly improbable, seem real—is, in this story, often painfully "pumped." *Bacharach*, the hero, cannot appeal to the wholesome sympathies of the reader. When the development of his character and the plot is made to hinge on certain phases of hereditary epilepsy, the novel ceases to be a work of art, and yet can hardly be of any value as a scientific study in morbid psychology.

Novel-writing on this basis should be left to Dr. Hammond; no one could then mistake it for an attempt at literature.

* * *

SEVERAL affectations of style crop out, here and there, which should be effectually pruned before they become mannerisms. The worst of them is the cataloguing and personifying of inanimate objects. He describes a room, and, after enumerating a number of unimportant features, pounces on the "three pallid cupids" floating around the plaster medallion from which the gas fixture depended. The hero is made to wonder what "curious secrets those cupids might have whispered if they had been empowered to open their painted lips." Then follows another catalogue of merrymakers, weeping women, lovers' wooings, domestic quarrels, funerals, etc. Even the mirror is made to have "a very knowing look," as though it "could have startled you with ghostly effigies of the forms and faces that it had reflected in by-gone years."

The sight of a gilt clock, with its hands stationary at five minutes past six, starts the author's mind "irresistibly backward in quest of the precise point in time at which the clock had stopped." He wonders whether it was "years ago, or only months? In summer or winter? Morning or afternoon? Who was President? Where was I, and what doing? Perhaps—it was such an old-fashioned clock—perhaps I had not yet been born." A scheme of association of ideas like this carried to its natural conclusion would make a novel something like a condensed history of the world or an Encyclopædia of Biography.

This sort of thing was well done a generation ago by one distinguished master in fiction, and even his genius scarcely kept it from being a very cheap kind of artifice.

* * *

THE first of the thirty-two numbers in which the Century Company will publish their elaborate history of "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," is a very handsome quarto of 96 pages, printed on

AN INHOSPITABLE HOUSE.

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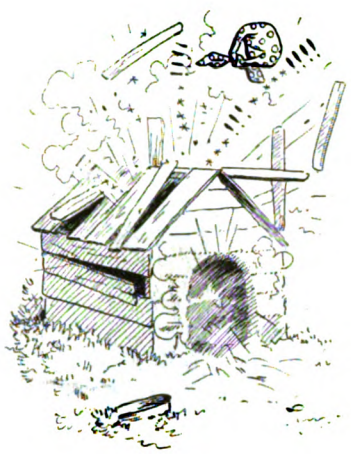

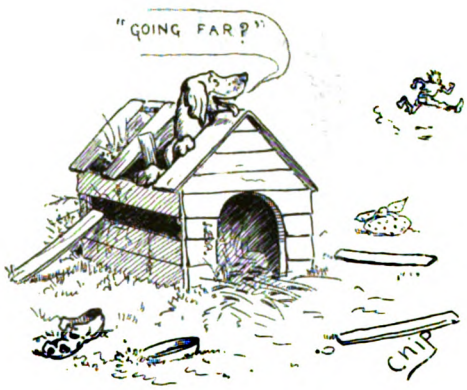

AN EXCITABLE VETERAN.

GENERAL LUCIUS FAIRCHILD seems to have torn his clothes in his excitement over the idea of returning the battle-flags. It is to be regretted that an apparently intelligent citizen should distinguish himself in such a manner. A little ice on the General's head at the critical moment might have done him much good.

PREPARATIONS COMPLETE.

"YOUNG man," he said solemnly, "are you prepared to go?"

"Prepared to go?" repeated the young man, blithely, "I should say so; I shipped my family to the country last week for the summer, have given up my flat and stored the furniture, and taken a room down town. I'm prepared to go anywhere."

IT is not true that the Hawaiian Queen has been employed to write plantation dialect songs for a New York magazine, at a salary of $10,000 a year.

heavy calendered paper, and bountifully illustrated. The typography and presswork are excellent; the footnotes are in good, open-faced type, and really are an ornament to the page, while even the reference marks are appropriately made to represent swords, anchors, guns and bugles instead of the conventional asterisks. There will probably be two opinions among bibliophiles as to the policy of extending large cuts "two ems" on the wide margin.

Nearly every page of these interesting contributions to war history shows marks of the careful editing of R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel, who have supplied much valuable information in the footnotes. In their permanent setting the *Century* war papers are certainly more entertaining and valuable than ever.

Droch.

NEXT to being dissappointed in love, nothing is sadder in a young man's life than to discover that the bloom is fading from his summer suit.

AT THE PIER.

Mrs. Gay (to bashful youth): AH! HERE YOU ARE, MR. MILD. WHY DID WE NOT SEE YOU AT THE CONCERT?

Bashful Youth (desperately in love): I-I-WAS-A-A-READING A VERY-A-A-INTERESTING BOOK. AND-A-

Chorus of Voices: WAS IT "SHE?"

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THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE NL

"NOW, MY DEARS, HAVE YOU ANY MORE QUES TO A

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E ·

NLIGHTENING THE UNIVERSE.

O ASK CONCERNING THE NEBULAR HYPOTHESIS?"

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WE are again put to the test to fill our sporting column and maintain the reputation of the paper as the first authority on all matters pertaining to the turf, aquatics and baseball, as our horse editor is still on the Sharp jury. Moreover, he has by this time become so accustomed to Metropolitan Hotel fare, Central Park drives and "*rosa perfectos*" at the city's expense, that it is doubtful if he can ever come down again to a place on our staff and a hundred dollars a week, as of old. The Assistant Business Manager wished to try his hand at the work, with a view to a possible change in position, but in the four-page article which he evolved he insisted in puffing various brands of soap and champagne in order to please our advertisers, and he had to be told gently, but firmly, that he was too valuable where he was to be spared. One after another all of the editorial force were tried, and of the twenty-eight productions handed in the most readable was one on Bishop Potter's new cathedral boom, but somehow or other it did not seem as if it would come in well under this heading, so all were rejected. Things began to look dark for our "sport" column.

AT last the office-boy came to the rescue. He declared that he was certain that he had *some* sporting blood in the back of his neck, and if he were given a holiday and a pack of cigarettes, he would put on his polka-dot vest and his *cafe-au-lait*-colored derby and go to the races as a reporter.

He followed baseball around the country as well as the bad walking would allow, and is of the opinion that Detroit will take the pennant, with Boston second and New York third, and that the Metropolitans had better pick strawberries, or study astronomy, or do anything but play ball. He wasted one day at the drifting match held by the Corinthian Yacht Club, and saw the *Atlantic* and *Shamrock* win. He got all the skin peeled off of his nose, sitting out in the sun watching the tennis matches on Staten Island, but at Sheepshead Bay he put in his finest work. He looked critically at the horseflesh in the paddock, struggled with the thousands around the bookmakers' boxes, and mingled with the enormous crowd on the grand-stand and the quarter-stretch. When the "Suburban" was run, he was one of the few lucky ones who knew how to spell the winner's name, and who held a ticket on him in the pools, and he dined at Manhattan Beach afterwards as if he was the Czar of Russia, or Buffalo Bill, or someone of that kind. He knew enough not to back a favorite in a big field with a muddy track, and he picked out Eurus as a sure-footed youngster who would probably run away with his jockey and get off well if they were not kept at the post too long. Luck favored the horse and our office-boy, who saw him steal a start, keep ahead of them all, and run in a winner by six lengths, while the bookmakers sobbed on each other's necks with joy, the betting public uttered curses that rumbled from Coney Island to Hunter's Point, and Assemblyman Ives cashed his tickets with that *nonchalant* pool-bill air for which his friends consider him so justly famous.

A PHILADELPHIA man shot a woman "just in fun!" Ha, ha! pretty good joke that was. Now, let us get up some joke on the assassin. What a witty thing it would be to hang him!

THE Thistle meets with ups and downs in her races, so far. It is to be hoped that later in the season, when she arrives here, she will become permanently Thistle-down.

A FRANCO-AMERICAN LAIT.

A MAIDEN quite sweet and *au fait*,
Was admired by all, 'till one dait
She made a *faux pas*,
By saying "*tas, tas*,"
To Algernon over the wait.

Now Algernon's reverend *pere*
Had instructed his scion and heir,
That to flirt on the strite
With a maiden *petite*
Was no pleasure for which he should cere.

So Algernon raised his *chapeau*,
And straight on his way did he geau;
While the maiden so *chic*,
Grew suddenly mich,
For her pride had received a sad bleau.

J. P. T.

HOW HE WAS WOUNDED.

Pension Agent: YES; YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU DESERVED A PENSION. WERE YOU WOUNDED ON THE FIELD?
Applicant: YES, SIR.
Pension Agent: WHAT WAS YOUR RANK?
Applicant: I WAS UMPIRE. FOUL BALL DID IT, SIR.

A VALUABLE PICTURE.

"THAT'S a beautiful pictur', John," said Mrs. Hayseed to her husband, who had brought home a tea-store old master. "Who is she; some actress?"

"Actress? not much! she used ter be Queen of France. That woman's Mariar Antynette."

POSSESSIVE CASE.

LITTLE GIRL: Did you see that lady that got off the car's yed palosol?

LITTLE BOY: Yes; and see that dude over there's nobby cane.

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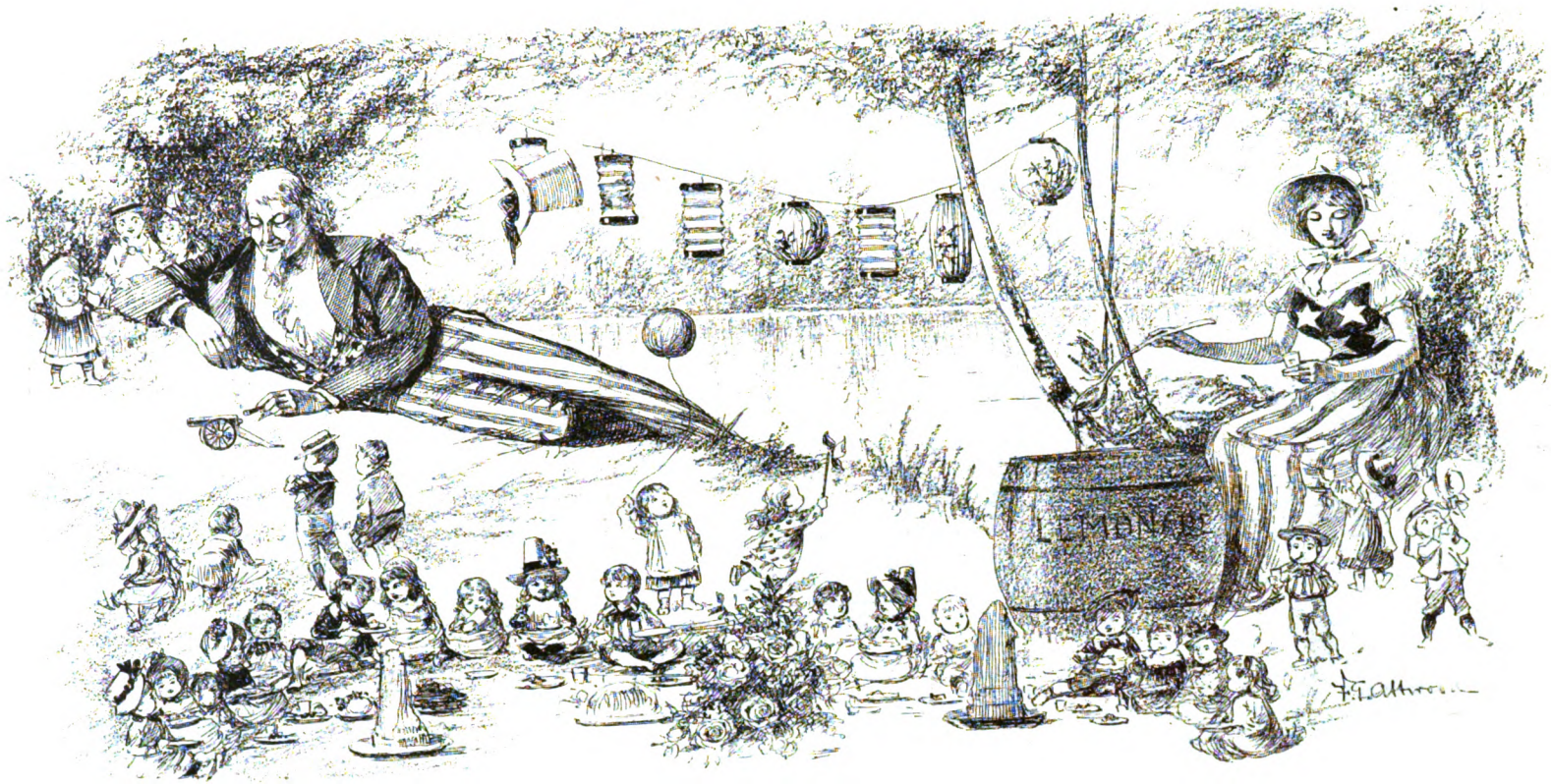

UNCLE SAM'S PICNIC.

FOREIGN NOTES.

A CALIFORNIA bonanza king has rented, for the summer, the celebrated Zweibeer Schloss on the Rhine. This famous castle has been locked up six centuries, and was last used as a sausage foundry. The new tenant will turn the Rhine through it for a week in order to wash away the high-born ancestral odor that hangs round it still.

* * *

THE Bulgarians are now using their throne as a lemon-ade stand, and it suits so well for this purpose that they are not anxious to have a new ruler.

THE Pope has decided that no Walking Delegate shall wear a watch larger than a cocoanut, or drink more than seventy-five glasses of beer in a day.

A CONSULTATION NECESSARY.

PHYSICIAN (*to anxious wife*): We have held a consultation, madam, over your husband's case; he is a very sick man, and it might be well to send for a minister, I think.

ANXIOUS WIFE: Will one be enough, doctor, or would you advise a consultation of ministers?

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A FOURTH OF JULY EPISODE.

Ma! Ma! here a great big roochee swallering up my fire-crackers fast as I throw them down.

Booh! oh! ooh!

Bang!!!

Ma! Ma! I wants another roochee!

PROFITABLE WY.

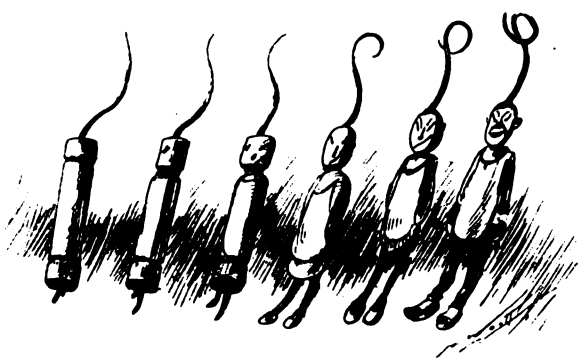
THERE was a young man of N. Y.,
Who ate his ice-cream with a fy.,
He went to Ia.,
Invented a ma.,
And made a large fortune in py.

THE gambling in coffee has been so deep and continuous that proper people have had to discontinue its use. A deacon in Dr. Hall's church is on record with the assertion that after two cups of Rio he is irresistibly impelled to go out and buy pools on a horse-race, which shows how evil association can corrupt a good brown berry. Experiments are in a forward state among some of the grocers to learn if the contagion has extended to chicory.

A (K)NIGHT OF LABOR.

OPERATOR: Madame, you can place two more words in this message for the same price.

MADAME: Aah, now! yew don't sayh! Well, till thim how they was, and that we're wishin' to say thim, and bring Mary and the twins."



A SEASONABLE STUDY IN EVOLUTION.

THE ELEPHANT AND THE MONKEY.

AN elephant who was feeling very lively after his midday meal began to caper around in the sunshine, roll over on the grass, and have a good time generally.

A monkey who was laid up with the colic, and dared not stir from his home in the tree-top, observed the elephant's frolic, and with a sour grimace exclaimed:

"It is a pity that any one of your standing in the community should make himself so ridiculous."

"What!" cried the elephant in amazement, "do you suppose the whole world must go into mourning because green cocoa-nut don't agree with you? A few such fellows as you can destroy the peace of the whole settlement. Get back into your hole, and let me alone."

It is believed that this monkey was the inventor of the law divorcing music and beer. *Hanson.*

TENNYSON is eighty years old, and can get up at six o'clock in the morning and chop out two poems before breakfast.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THOMAS HORNER.

AS swiftly from the corner, groaning, he emerged,
With crumbs and sanguinary stains on face and biblet,
His diminutive form a-turning, a-squirming, a-writhing,
His features distorted by diaphragmatic
Pains—sadly distorted, but not beyond recognition—
He cried aloud—Thomas Horner, Jr., the pie-eater—
Cried with a loud, long, lingering wail of suffering:
"I feel ill,
I cannot sit still;
But I won't bother the doctors for diagnosis,
Nor prescriptions of medicinal correctives;
For, without the shadow of doubt, I'm a gone gosling,
And their medicines would only annihilate
The taste that remains on the tip of my palate—
The taste of that vanished pie, so sweet, so delicious."

B. Zim.

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VAT SCISSORS AVT NVLLVS

AN ECONOMICAL IDEA.

BRIDGET, throw out the ice—buy some stale vegetables—put brickbats and boards on the beds—order salt pork and beans—keep the mail two or three days before delivering to me, and pull up the shades and let the sun glare in all it wants to. I'm going to enjoy the "Comforts of the Country," without going there!—*Puck.*

HONESTY is more precious than gold, although it cannot equal gold in opening the way into a fashionable city church.—*Whitehall Times.*

IN Hindostan a copper cent is called a "damri." From this probably comes the expression: "It isn't worth a continental."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE baby believes in the motto: "A place for everything and everything in its place," and her place for everything is her mouth.—*Somerville Journal.*

TENNYSON is ill with gout. It is apprehended that he caught it from some of his recent poetry, whose lameness is thus accounted for.—*Boston Transcript.*

AN art critic, describing a recent collection of bric-a-brac, says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." This is encouraging to visitors.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

"WELL, John," said the judge to a pig-tailed Celestial, "what can I do for you?"

"Want to gettee name changed."

"What's your name now?"

"Sing Sing. No goodee. Too much aldelman. Gettee changed to Walbee Twice."

"To Warble Twice?"

"Yep. Allee same Sing Sing."—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

"I THINK I've got rather the meanest husband in Detroit," exclaimed a little woman on the car the other day.

Her friend asked her to explain, and she continued:

"I found that he was smoking fifty cents' worth of cigars per day, and I got him to agree to give me as much pin-money per week as the cigars cost. He stuck to it one week."

"And then what?"

"He bought him a clay pipe and a pound of ten-cent smoking tobacco, and my income is cut down to two cents a week.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PONSONBY: Heard about Buffalo Bill, hey?

DE TWIRLIGER: Nevah heard of him. Who is he?

"Nevah heard! Awthaw, you pain me! The Queen visited him the other day, and his Royal Highness shook his hand."

"Baw Jove! Is that so? Why don't the man visit America and give a chap a chawnce, you know."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE efforts made by Boston girls to improve their intellect somehow seem to warp their shape.—*Puck.*

A NEVADA man who started out to look for a grizzly bear, found him in time for dinner—the bear's dinner.—*Puck.*

To Tourists, Travelers and Sportsmen.

ABSENCE from home always brings its annoyances, especially in the matter of insuring a supply of clean linen.

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are the finest to be found east of Boston. They are beautifully furnished and appointed throughout, and in both exterior and interior have an air of homelike comfort and refinement seldom to be found.

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"Did he send 'em as far away from Him as He could?"

"I suppose so."

"An' tole 'em not to come back for a good while?"

"They were prevented from coming back into His presence by a flaming sword. Can't you remember what they ate?"

"Guess it must 'a' been onions."—*Omaha World.*

IN a law suit over an old painting in New York, some experts valued it at $100 and some at $25,000. The $100 experts could plainly discern that it was a portrait of a child, while the $25,000 judges were unable to determine whether it was a storm at sea or the death of Shakespeare.—*Norristown Herald.*

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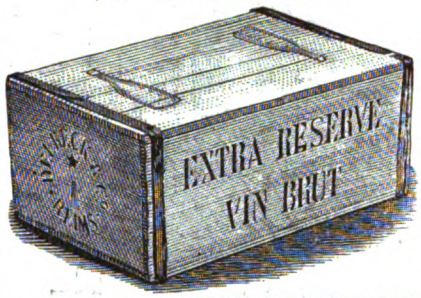

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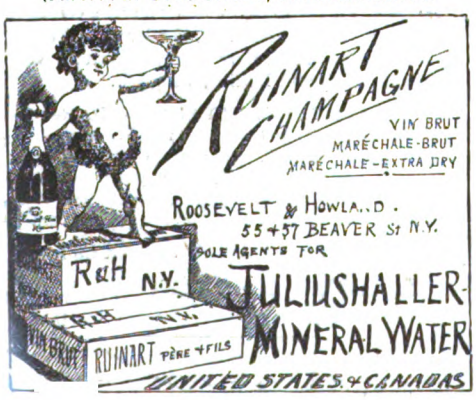

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The *Torpid Liver* day by day,
And *Regulates* the *System* through,
From crown of head to sole of shoe.
It cures the Piles, it opens pores,
Lost appetite it soon restores,
Wise families throughout the land
Keep **TARRANT'S SELTZER** near at hand.

37,000 MEMBERS.

THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION

OF NEW YORK,

P. O. BOX 851. Office, 320 and 322 Broadway, New York.

NEW FEATURES:

$10,000 DEATH BY ACCIDENT.
10,000 LOSS OF HANDS OR FEET.
10,000 LOSS OF HAND AND FOOT.
5,000 LOSS OF HAND OR FOOT.
$5,000 LOSS OF BOTH EYES.
1,300 LOSS OF ONE EYE.
2,500 FOR PERMANENT TOTAL DISABILITY.
50 A WEEK FOR TOTALLY DISABLING INJURIES.

The above combined insurance costs about $26 a year, or, One-Half or One-Quarter at Proportionate Rates.

MEMBERSHIP FEE, $5 IN EACH DIVISION.

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JAS. R. PITCHER, Secretary and General Manager.

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It is undoubtedly true that more children have been successfully reared by the use of Ridge's Food than by the use of all the other foods combined.

Do not experiment with your child, but take the food that has stood the test of time.

THESE ARE SOLID FACTS:

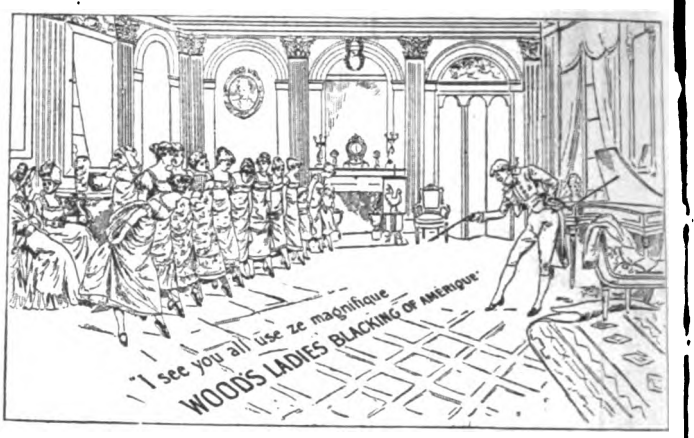
BETHLEHEM, IND., January 30, 1885.

I received a sample of RIDGE'S FOOD from you last fall and have given it a fair and complete trial, and have ordered it extensively among children and adults suffering from indigestion, diarrhœa, cholera infantum, infantile dyspepsia, acute indigestion attending febrile disorders, and it *has invariably given satisfaction.* I feel prepared to recommend it for its *palatability, purity, and bone and flesh forming* properties, and I am highly pleased with it. Yours, etc., B. F. SCULL, M.D.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., November 11, 1886.

Some two years ago I received a circular from you advertising **RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS.** I had a little girl about two months old then, puny and cross, but RIDGE'S FOOD enabled me to raise her nicely, and she is fat and healthy. I have another babe now and cannot get good milk for it, and have been induced to try "——" and "——" milk, but neither seemed to do any good. I believe every mother in this city would use RIDGE'S FOOD if they knew of it. Yours truly, MRS. N. R. THAYER.

Send to WOOLRICH & CO., PALMER, MASS., for pamphlet entitled "Healthful Hints," sent FREE to any address. Mention LIFE.



AT the World's Exposition at New Orleans, where all manufacturers competed, the committee of experts recognized its superior qualities and pronounced Wood's Ladies' Blacking the

"BEST,"

and awarded the only gold medal.

It contains no acids or ingredients injurious to leather. It produces a jet-black polish. It will not crack the shoe, but it softens and preserves the leather. Your shoe dealer will keep it if you ask for it.

THE

HOTEL BRESLIN

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J.

WILL BE OPENED FOR THE SEASON OF 1887, JUNE 1ST.

For further information as to rooms, terms, etc., address

G. M. BROCKWAY, General Manager,

Gilsey House, New York City.

Cavanagh, Sandford & Co.,

Merchant Tailors

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16 WEST 23d STREET,

Opposite Fifth Ave. Hotel, NEW YORK.

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THE C & S SHIRT

PAJAMAS AND UNDERWEAR.

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

THE ONLY

GENUINE VICHY

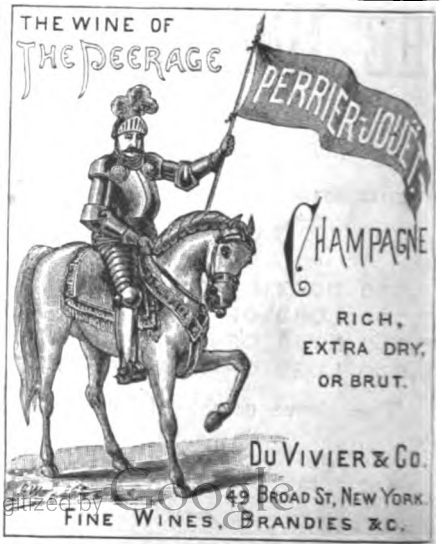
IS FROM THE SPRINGS OWNED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

HAUTERIVE AND CELESTINS } Prescribed for the Gout, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Gravel, Diseases of the Kidneys, &c., &c.

GRANDE GRILLE — Diseases of the Liver.

HOPITAL — Diseases of the Stomach, Dyspepsia.

To be had of all respectable Wine Merchants, Grocers and Druggists.



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