

PN 4305

.D6 D8

Copy 1



Class PN4305

Book II 6 168

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.





DUTCH DIALECT



CONUNDRUMS JOKES
AND RECITATIONS



660
/601

Dutch Dialect

Recitations Readings and
Jokes

CONTAINING AN ABUNDANT SUPPLY OF INTERESTING AND MIRTH-PROVOKING READING MATTER, COVERING THE CREAM OF THE WHOLE FIELD OF DUTCH HUMOR AS RECITED BY OUR FOREMOST DUTCH COMEDIANS OF TO-DAY.



—
Chicago

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & COMPANY
Publishers

PN4305
I6I8

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
TWO COPIES RECEIVED
APR. 9 1902
COPYRIGHT ENTRY
Mar. 6. 1902
CLASS *aXXa*, No.
28280
COPY A.

COPYRIGHT, 1902
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & COMPANY
CHICAGO.

548 21 Feb 1922

CONTENTS

Der Shoemaker's Poy	7
The Vay Rube Hoffenstein Sells.....	9
Mine Moder-in-Law—Charles F. Adams...	12
Dot Lambs Vot Mary Haf Got.....	14
Shonny Schwartz—Charles F. Adams.....	15
In der Shweed Long Ago.....	17
The Dutchman's Family	19
Der Mule	20
The Dutchman in the Police Court.....	21
Schneider's Ride—Gus Phillips	23
Dyin' Vords of Isaac	26
The Dutchman's Serenade—Becky Miller.	28
Bender Puys a Delephone.....	29
Dot Young Viddow Clara—Carl Pretzel...	36
Dissibation—Mark Quencher	38
Ein Deutes Lied	42
A Jew's Troubles—Hurwood	44
Dis Den I'll Dink of Dou—Oofy Gooft...	47
Yoppy's Varden unt Hees Drubbles—Sidell	48
A Dutch Sermon	52

Goin' to der Races	53
Keno—M. J. Neville	55
Pretzel's Speech Before the Illinois Assem- bly	57
Fritz Valdher Is Made a Mason—Fritz Hoofnagel	59
“Uncle Schneider” Visits the Side-Shows.	64
Honez Joseph Unclesteiner	70
Schlausheimer Don't Gonciliate—Von Boyle	71
Maud Muller—After Hans Breitman.....	74
Cheeg—Mark Quencher	76
I Kin Nod Trink To-Nighd—Oofity Gooft.	80
Professor Dinkelspiegelmann on the Origin of Life	81
Dot Baby off Mine—Charles F. Adams....	83
Clory Mit ter Stars und Sthripes—Yawcob Von Spluttermann	85
Dot Sunflower	86
Der Schwartz Egsberience Mit a Bogsing Lesson	88
Der Loddery Dicket—Carl Pretzel.....	92
Swackhamer's Ball—Not Hans Breitman..	97
Dakin' a Shweat—H. M. Seymour.....	100
Schnitzel's Philosopede	103
Hans Vcn Spiegel's Fourth of July Ora- tion—Gris	105
He Vas Dhinkin'—Oofity Gooft.....	107

Carl Pretzel's Lecture on Man—Mine Deory	
Apost Bedigree	108
Reckermemper der Poor	112
“Der Dog und der Lobster”—Saul Sertrew	114
The Solemn Book-Agent—From Detroit	
Free Press	116
Tickled All Oafer	119
Barbara Freitchie	121
Jokes, Gags, etc.	123
Why Not, If He Paid the Shot.	123
Made to Fit	124
Dutch Advertisement, etc., etc.	124

Dutch Dialect

DER SHOEMAKER'S POY.

DER meat-chopper hanged on der whitevashed
vall,

For no gustomers comed to der putcher's shtall;
Der sausage masheen was no longer in blay,
And der putcher poys all had a holiday.

Der shoemaker's poy comed dere to shlide
On der door of der zellar, but shtealed inside;
Mit der chopping masheen he peginned to make
free,

Un he cried, "Dere ish nopody looking at me."

O! der shoemaker's poy,

Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

Der day goed away, un der night comed on.
Ven der shoemaker vound dat his poy vas gone,
He called up his vrow, un der search pegan
To look for der poy, un vind him if dey can.
Dey seeked un asked for him at efery door,—
At der putcher's, der paker's, un groshery
shtore;

At der lager-pier cellar, der shtation-house;
 But der answer dey getted vas, "Nix cum
 arous."

O! der shoemaker's poy,
 Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

Dey seeked him all night, un dey seeked him next
 tay,

Un for more as a mont vas der duyvil to pay,
 In der alleys, der houses, un efery place round,
 In der Toombs, in der rifer, un in der tog-pound.
 Dey seeked him in vain undil veeks vas bast,
 Un der shoemaker goed to his awl at *last*;
 Un ven he'd passed py, all der peeples vould cry,
 "Dere goes der shoemaker vot losed his poy!"

O! der shoemaker's poy,
 Un, O! der shoemaker's poy!

At lenkt der meat-chopping masheen vas in
 need:

Der putcher goed to it, un dere he seed
 A pundle of pones; un der shoes vas dere
 Vot der long-lost shoemaker's poy did veear.
 His jaws were still vagging, un seemed to say,
 "Ven no one vas here, I got in to blay:
 It closed mit a shpring, un der poy so green
 Vas made sausage-meat by der chopping ma-
 sheen."

O! der shoemaker's poy,
 Der *last* of der shoemaker's poy!

THE VAY RUBE HOFFENSTEIN SELLS.

“HERMAN,” said a Poydras street merchant clothier, addressing his clerk, “haf ye sold all of dose overgoats vat vas left over from last vinter?”

“No, sir; dere vas dree of dem left yet.”

“Vell, ye must sell ’em right away, as de vinter vill not last, you know, Herman. Pring me one of de goats and I vill show you somedings about de pisness. I vill dell you how ve vill sell dem out, und you must learn de pisness, Herman; de vinter vas gone, you know, and ve hav had dose goats in de store more as seex years.”

An eight-dollar overcoat was handed him by his clerk, and smoothing it out, he took a buckskin money purse from the showcase, and, stuffing it full of paper, dropped it into one of the pockets.

“Now, Herman, my poy,” he continued, “vatch me sell dat goat. I haf sold over dirty-fife uf dem shust de same vay, und I vant to deech you de pisness. Ven de next gustomer comes in de shop I vill show de vay Rube Hoffenstein, my broder in Detroit, sells his cloding und udder dings.”

A few minutes later a negro, in quest of a pair

of suitable cheap shoes, entered the store. The proprietor advanced smiling, and inquired:

“Vat is it you vish?”

“Yer got any cheap shoes hyar?” asked the negro.

“Blenty of dem, my frent, blenty; at any price you vant.”

The negro stated that he wanted a pair of brogans, and soon his pedal extremities were encased in them, and a bargain struck. As he was about to leave, the proprietor called him back.

“I ain’t gwine ter buy nuffin else. I’s got all I want,” said the negro, sullenly.

“Dot may be so, my dear, sir,” replied the proprietor, “but I shust wants you to look at dis goat. It vas de pure Russian vool, und dis dime last year you doan got dot same goat for dwenty-fife dollars. Mine gracious, cloding vos gone down to noding, und dere vas no money in de pisness any longer. You vant someding dot vill keep you from de vedder, und make you feel varm as summer dime. De gonsumption vas goin round, und de doctors dell me it vas the vedder. More dan nine beoples died roun vere I lif last veek. Dink of dot. Mine frent, dot goat vas Russian vool, dick and hevy. Vy, Misder Jones, who owns de pank on Canal streed, took that

goat home mit him yesterday, and vore it all day, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders, und he brought it pack shust a vile ago. Dry it on, my dear sir. Ah! dot vas all right. Mister Jones vas a rich man, and he liked dot goat. How deep de pockets vas, but it vas a leetle dight agross de shoulders.”

The negro buttoned up the coat, thrust his hands in the pockets, and felt the purse. A peaceful smile played over his face when his touch disclosed to his mind the contents of the pockets, but he choked down his joy and inquired:

“Who did you say wore this hyar coat?”

“Vy, Mister Jones vot owns de bank on Canal streed.”

“What yer gwine to ax fur it?”

“Dwenty dollars.”

“Dat’s powerful high price fur dis coat, but I’ll take it.”

“Herman, here, wrap up dis goat fur the schentleman, and throw in a cravat; it will make him look nice mit de ladies.”

“Nebber mind, I’ll keep the coat on,” replied the negro, and pulling out a roll of money, he paid for it and left the store.

While he was around the next corner moan-

ing over the stuffed purse, Hoffenstein said to his clerk:

“Herman, fix up anudder von of dose goats de same vay, and doan forget to dell dem dot Mister Jones vot runs de pank on Canal streed vore it yesterday.”

MINE MODER-IN-LAW.

DUTCH DIALECT RECITATION.

Dhere vas many qveer dings in dis land off der
free,

I neffer could qvite understand;

Der beoples dhey all seem so deefrent to me

As dhose in mine own faderland.

Dhey gets blenty droubles, und indo mishaps

Mitoudt der least bit off a cause;

Und vould you pelief it? dhose mean Yangee
chaps,

Dhey fights mit dheir moder-in-laws?

Shust dink off a vwhite man so vicked as dot!

Why not gife der oldt lady a show?

Who vas it gets oup, ven der nightd id vas hot,

Mit mine baby, I shust like to know?

Und dhen in der vinter vhen Katrine vas sick

Und der mornings vas shnowy und raw,
Who made rightd avay oup dot fire so qvick?
Vhy, dot vas mine moder-in-law.

Id vas von off dhose voman's rightds vellers I
been

Dhere vas noding dot's mean aboutd me;
Vhen der oldt lady vishes to run dot masheen,
Vhy, I shust let her run id, you see.

Und vhen dot shly Yawcob vas cutting some
dricks

(A block off der oldt chip he vas, yaw!)

Ef she goes for dot chap like some dousand off
bricks.

Dot's all rightd! She's mine moder-in-law.

Veek oudt und veek in, id vas always der same,
Dot vomen vos boss off der house;
Budt, dehn, neffer mindt! I vas glad dot she
came,

She vas kind to mine young Yawcob Strauss.
Und ven dhere vas vater to get vrom der spring
Und firewood to shplit oup und saw
She vas velcome to do it. Dhere's not anyding
Dot's too goot for mine moder-in-law.

DOT LAMBS VOT MARY HAF GOT.

Mary haf got a leetle lambs already:
 Dose vol vas vite like shnow;
 Und every times dot Mary did vend oued,
 Dot lambs vent also oued vid Mary.

Dot lambs did follow Mary von day of der
 school-house,
 Vich vas obbosition to der rules of der school-
 master,
 Also, vich it dit caused dose schillen to schmile
 out loud
 Ven dey did saw dose lambs on der insides of
 der school-house.

Und so dot schoolmaster did kick dot lambs
 quick oued,
 Likewise, dot lambs did loaf around on der out-
 sides,
 Und did shoo der flies mit his tail off patiently
 about
 Until Mary did come also from dot school-house
 oued.

Und den dot lambs did run right away quick
 to Mary,
 Und dit make his het on Mary's arms,
 Like he would said, "I dond vas schkared,
 Mary would keep from droubbles ena how."

“Vot vas der reason about it, of dot lambs und
Mary?”

Dose chillen did ask it, of dot schoolmaster;
Vell, doand you know it, dot Mary lov dose
lambs already,
Dot schoolmaster did zaid.

MORAL.

Und so, also, dot moral vas,
Boued Mary's lambs' relations:
Of you lofe dese like she lofe dose,
Dot lambs vas obligations.

CHARLES FOLLEN ADAMS.

SHONNY SCHWARTZ.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Haf you seen mine leedle Shonny?—
Shonny Schwartz—
Mit his hair so soft und yellow,
Und his face so blump und mellow;
Sooch a funny leedle fellow,
Shonny Schwartz!
Efry mornings dot young Shonny—
Shonny Schwartz—

Rises mit der preak off day,
 And does his chores oop right away;
 For he gan vork so vell as blay—

Shonny Schwartz.

Mine Katrina says to Shonny:

“Shonny Schwartz,
 Helb your barents all you gan,
 For dis life vas bud a shban,
 Py-und-py you’ll been a man,
 Shonny Schwartz.”

How I lofes to see dot Shonny—

Shonny Schwartz—

Ven he schgampers off to schgool,
 Where he always minds der rule,
 For he vas nopody’s fool—

Shonny Schwartz!

How I vish dot leedle Shonny—

Shonny Schwartz—

Could remain von leedle poy,
 Always full off life und shoy,
 Und dot Time would not annoy

Shonny Schwartz!

Nefer mindt, mine leedle Shonny—

Shonny Schwartz.

Efry day prings someding new;
Always keep der righdt in view,
Und baddle, den, your own canoe,

Shonny Schwartz.

Keep her in der channel, Shonny—

Shonny Schwartz.

Life's voyich vill pe quickly o'er,
Und den ubon dot bedder shore

Ve'll meet again to bart no more,

Shonny Schwartz.

IN DER SHWEED LONG AGO.

IN der shweed long ago I dinked I vas shmard,
Und I dinked I did vant me a vife,
To share all my money und sorrows und joys,
Und to helb me along drough my life.
I wanted a lady kind-hearted und goot,
Dot vas handsome und sensiple doo,
Dot cood blay der bianco or cook a beefshdeak,
Darn my shdockings or made me a shdew.

She must nod be doo shmall-sized or neider doo
dall,

Und she musn'd be old or doo young,
Und ven I vos shboking had visdom enuff

To always kebd quied her tongue.
 She musd nod be doo dark or agin be doo
 lighd—

A kinder bedwixed und bedween.
 She musd nod knew doo leedle, or vorse, knew
 it all,

Or be vat some beebles call “creen.”

She must be good-nadured, vear always a
 shmile,

No madder of dings did vent wrong—
 Ven my friends came around for to make me a
 call

Be ready to sung dem a song.
 Of der lodge bisness habben'd so kebd me oud
 lade

Und I come valdzing home “dighdly-
 shlighd,”

She musd pet und caress me und dank her good
 shdars

Dot I didn't shdaid apsend all nighd.

In a vord, be berfecd—mind, feature und
 form—

From her feet to der crown of her head.
 Now, dot vas der damsel dot I had in view,
 Und der von I vas villing to ved.

Dot's a long dime ago, und my head dot vas
pald

Und I vas a pachelor shdill.

My gal I hafe nefer saw shkibbing round
loose—

Vat's more, I don'd dink dot I vill.

Oofty Gooft.

THE DUTCHMAN'S FAMILY.

DIMPLED scheeks mit eyes off plue,
Mout like id vas moised mit dew,
Und little deeth chust peekin' droo—
Dot's der baby.

Curly head und full off glee,
Drowsers all oud ad der knee—
He vos peen blayin' hosses, you see—
Dot's liddle Otto.

Von hundred und sixty in der shade
Der oder day vhen she vas veighed;
She beads me soon I vas afraid—
Dot's mine Gretchen.

Bare-footed hed und pooty shtoud,
Mit crooked legs dot vill bend oud,
Fond off his beer und sauer kraut—
Dot's me himself.

His masder from der shore replied.

“Der boads aboud do sail;
As oder means in vain you’ve dried,
Subbose you dwist his dail.

I dhink dot dat vill magke him land.”

Der boats-boy, brave, dough bale,
Den near drew mit oudstretched hand,
Do magke der dwist avail.

Dhen game a kick of thunder sound!

Dot boy—oh, where vas he?
Ask of der vaves dot far around
Beheld him in der sea.

For a moment nod a voice was heard,

Bud dot mule he vinked his eye,
As dhough to ask, to him occurred,
How vas dot for high?

Anon.

THE DUTCHMAN IN THE POLICE COURT.

Yah vohl! yah vohl! Dad man he svindle me,
Schudge! S’help me, he svindle me! I vill tell
you all aboud de pizness, Schudge. You see,
dot feller, Mansmann, of Tent avenue, come de

audra day to mein shtore, in Chatham street, und he say to me, "Yacob, gif me dot suit of cloes for ochtsene tollare," und, sacht Ich, "Mansmann, dot is verth more as ochtsene tollare, but du bist mein freund, so take it along mid you." Vell, Schudge, dot feller he try on dem close, und dey vas a leetle too loose in de pants back und goat sleeves; so, sacht Ich, "Mansmann, I fix dem for you, und I bring dem bei your house on Tent avenue." Vell, I do dis, und I go bei Mansmann's sein house gestern about mittag mit dot suit of close, and he try dem on, und dey fit shust like a glove. I tell you he vas glead. I bet you! Und sacht er bei mir, "Yacob, you're a pully poy, I bet you! Take ein glass bier." Den I say, "Bizness first und bier after." Den he pay for dot suit of cloes. Den we trink tree, four couple glass o' bier, yaw! Und Mansmann sacht, "You got blendy dime, Yacob. Let us blay pinagle." Vell, ve do dis. De limit vas ein tollare a game. I can blay pinagle pooty vell, I bet you! Nefer haf I see of mein life enny man he peat me a shquare game. So I vas not 'fraid for Mansmann. But, Schudge, he don't play a shquare game. I bet ten tollare he don't play shquare. He beat me more as ochstene dimes, and vin

back all dot money he gif me for dot suit of cloes. Vot shall I dō now? He got dot suit o' cloes, and he got dot money for it too. Och! Der Svindler! Oh, yaw, Mr. Mansmann pay me for der cloes pefore be pegan to play. Dot ist vare. Dot ist so. But he vin it back, und I got notting; no cloes; no money! I play for to vin. Dot's so. But I don't vin somedings. You tink dare is no case, und I petter go home!

[Yacob stands like one in a dream for a minute, then exclaims bitterly:]

Vell, s'help me gracious, I don't can tink I vas avake! Him got mine goods. Dot's so. Und him got mein guelt. Dot's so. Yacob, dot's besser you goin' home und ask your vife if you vasn't a yackass mit long ears!

SCHNEIDER'S RIDE.

BY GUS PHILLIPS.

From agross der rifer, ad der broke of day,
Bringin' of Brooklyn vresh dismay,
Der noos vas brought by a Dootchman dhrue,
Dot der officers of der refenue
Voult be ofer in less as a' hour or two,
To confershkate all der vhiskey dher got
In Schneider's blace, or near dot shpot.

Und vilder yet der roomers flew,
 Dill Schneider didn't know vhat ter do;
 So he glosed der door, und he barr't 'em dight,
 Saying, "Dhey may hammer away mit all dheir
 might;

But ofe dhey got in, dhen ve shall see,
 Vhich vas der shmartest—dhem or me."
 For a' hour or dhree no resht he got,
 Shtill Schneider stayed right on der shpot.

But dhere is a shtreed in Brooklyn town,
 Dot ishn't bafed—dot leads right down
 To Coney Island; und vot ish more,
 It's a voonder dot nefer vas used pefore—
 It vas right in vrondt of der back of der shtore;
 Und dhere on dot shtreed vos nine drucks und
 a card,

All loaded mit vhiskey und ready to shtard;
 Dhey're most all loaded, und Schneider ish
 gay,

For in ten minutes he'll be more as a mile
 away.

Dhey're ofe, und nodings ish left ter show
 Vich vay dhey made up dheir mints ter go;
 Efery dhinks ish mofed, yet not a sound
 But der noise of der wheels agoin' around,
 Ash so schwiftly dhey go ofer der ground.

Und Schneider turn round und says, "Good
day,"

For now he vas more as fife miles away.

Shtill shumps der horses, shtill on dhey go,
Und der vay dhey mofes dot ishn't shlow;
Dhey're goin' down hill, und faster und faster
Dhey're drifen aheadt by Schneider, dheir
master,

Who Shtucks to 'em now like a poor-man's
blaster;

For vell he knows dot if now he vos dook't,
He could make up his mint dot his goose vas
gooked—

So efery muscles he prings in blay,
'Cause dhey ain'd any more as ten miles away.

Under dheir vlyin' hoofs der roat
Like a great big mud-gutter dot flowed,
Und ofen der flies dot comed from town
Got tired at last, und had to lay down
Und dook a shmall resht on der ground;
For Schneider und der horses dhey vent so
fast

Dot efen der flies gifed oud at last;
Und der dust vas thick and der horses vas
gray,

Und Schneider vas fifteen miles away.

Der Very first dthing vhat Schneider saw
 Vas der sant, dhen he heard der ocean roar;
 He shmelt der salt in der goot old preezes
 Vhat wafed ofer vhere dhere vashn't some
 dreeses,
 Und his heart velt glad und his shpirits vas
 gay,
 Und der very horses dhem seemed to say:
 "Ve prings you, Schneider, all der vay
 From Irishtown, und safe der vhiskey,
 But 'pon our vorts, it vas rader risky!"

Den hurrah! hurrah for Schneider dhrue,
 Und hurrah! hurrah! for der horses too!
 Und vhen dheir shadders vas high und dry,
 Let some bully boy mit a grockery eye
 Get up on der top of a parrel und gry—
 "Dhese ish der horses vhat safed der day
 By cartin' dot vhiskey und Schneider away
 From Irishtown, dwendy miles away!"

DYIN' VORDS OF ISAAC.

Vhen Shicago vas a leedle villages, dher lifed
 dherein py dot Clark Sdhreet out, a shentlemans
 who got some names like Isaacs; he geeb a
 cloting store, mit goots dot vit you yoost der

same like dhey vas made. Isaacs vas a goot fellers, und makes goot pishness on his hause. Vell, thrade got besser as der time he vas come, und dose leetle shtore vas not so pig enuff like anudder shtore, und pooty gwick he locks out und leaves der pblace.

Now Yacob Schloffenhaimer vas a shmard feller; und he dinks of he dook der olt shtore, he got good pishness, und dose olt coostomers von Isaac out. Von tay dhere comes a shentlemans on his store, und Yacob quick say of der mans, "Hoy you vas, mein freund; you like to look of mine goots, aind it?"—"Nein," der mans say. "Vell, mein freund, it makes me notting troubles to show dot goots."—"Nein; I don'd vood buy sometings 'to-day"—"Yoost come mit me vonce, mein freund, und I show you sometings, und so hellup me gracious, I don'd ask you to buy dot goots."—"Vell, I told you vat it vas, I don'd look at some tings yoost now; I keeps a livery shtable; und I likes to see mein old freund Mister Isaacs, und I came von Kaintucky out to see him vonce."—"Mister Isaacs? Vell, dot ish pad; I vas sorry von dot. I dells you, mein freund, Mister Isaacs he vas died. He vas mein brudder, und he vas not mit us eny more. Yoost

when he vas on his deat-ped, und vas dyin', he says of me, 'Yacob, (dot ish mine names), und I goes me ofer mit his petside, und he poods his hands of mine, und he says of me, 'Yacob' ofer a man he shall come von Kaintucky out, mit ret hair, und mit plue eyes, Yacob, sell him dings cheab;' und he lay ofer und died his last.' *Anonymous.*

BECKY MILLER.

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!
 I don't lofe you now not vone schmall leetle bit.
 My dream vas blayed oudt, so blease git up und
 git;
 Your false-heardted vays I can't got along mit;
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vas all dot young voomans false-hearted like
 you,
 Mit a face nice und bright, but a heart plack—
 und plue,
 Und all de dime shvearing you lofed me so,
 too:
 Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

You took all de presents vat I did present,—

Yes, gobbled up efery blamed ting vat I sent;
All de time mit anoder young rooster you vent:

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhy, vonce I t'ought you a shtar vay up high;
Und den, for your sake, I vould villingly die.
But oh, Becky Miller, you hafè profed vone big
lie!

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Vhen first I found out you vos such a big lie,
It hurt me so bad, I t'ought I should die;
But now vas a shangè, und I don't efèn cry:

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

Don't try make pelieve you vas sorry about:
I don't pelieve vone vord vat comes out by your
mout;

Und pesides I don't care, for you vas played
out:

Go vay, Becky Miller, go vay!

BENDER BUYS A DELEPHONE.

Bender vas somedimes a pooty smart man,
und somedimes not pooty so smart. For ex-
amble; Bender, you know, vas a putcher-shop
vat sells pork, und he has vone daughter—und

sausages-meat und carrots, also redishes. Und his vife she vos dere too. Bender he vas pound to keep up mit de times up. He has a short-hand glerk vat can sell sauerkraut in four distinct langviches—also phonography. If you ask him vot is de use of dot, he says:

“I pet you I vas going to keep out mit de times. If my childrens efer gets ahead on me, dey vill haf to got up early in de morning—in fact, dey vill haf to got up de tay before yesterday.”

So vhen dot delephone is discovered he gits vone right away. I tink at first he tought he could send packages trough it from his shop to the house up, and *vice versa*. I know dot vhen he commenced to begin making inquirements apout it he told a man dot it vas a goot idea, und dot he vas going to haf vone of dose t'ings und send meat around to his customers py delegraph. He had only vone opjections, he said, und dot vas dot you could send der meat oud easier as you could collect de bills in py electricksity.

Vell, Bender he has vone grown-out daughter—shust grown out of her teams; und his shief private secretary—dot lingvist—he vould like to marry into de Bender family. I know

dot for some time, but Bender he don't yet know somet'ings apout it himself already. Vell, Bender he makes his mind out so soon dot delegraph vas up he vill spoke to his vife drough it about somet'ings.

Now, also, you must recollect dot yoonk man he made his mind out dot he vould shneak up dere too und say somet'ings to *her* vot he vas afraid to say personally pefore of her face. He didn't care how much dot delephone might plush, but he didn't vant to plush himself—except py delegraph. Bender he didn't nefer knowed not'ings apout dot. Don't you forget dot. Vell, Bender said to his vife de ferst t'ing:

“How you vas?”

Und she answer:

“I am pooty vell, I t'ank you; but de shildrens vas pooty sick, I don't t'ank you.”

Den dere vas a mans comes in to puy a yard of Bologna sausage, und Bender he viped away a tear und measured it off. Den he vent pack to de handle of dot delephone und he says:

“Vas you shtill dere?”

Und he put his ear down und listened, und dis strange, mysterious answer comes back:

“Yes, my dear, I vas shtill here, nefer fear,

und I vill meet you, my darling, py moonlight alone, as you request, when dot clock strikes nine. Ve vill pe fery happy. Two beats mit but a single tought—two hearts dot beat like forty.’’

Bender he scratched his head a leetle, but he couldn't make anyt'ing out of it. So he valked sadly away.

His custeemers didn't know vat to make of him. If he had been a yoonk man, dey might haf t'ought he vas in lofe. For examble: for de rest of de afternoon he sold milk py de pound und beefsteak py de quart—mit vone hand. Mit de oder he kept scratching his head. But de more he scratched de more he didn't know not'ings apout somet'ing. Vell, dis yoonk man vas a fery curious yoonk man, especially apout eating. In fact, he vas a sort of epicurious feller. So he vent up to dot delephone und opened de trap und vhispered:

“Dot rose vas red, de fiolet plue, but turnips vas pest vhen cut in two; und pe sure you dake de skins off. Vhen a loafer's lips his sweet-heart's meets dot vas de sweetest of all de sweets; but, now, in the matter of cooking dose beets, you poil him tender, und you *orter* pe sure und poil dem in cold vater, und don'd forgot dot vinegar.

Den dot yoonk man he sat down und rested himself. Den Bender he approached de handle of dot conundrum again. He vas commencing to grow pald, he added, und shtill he couldn't make somet'ings out, on account of scratching de hair off, und t'inking. Dot yoonk man vatched him silently. He had no combassion mit him. Such is lofe! Bender opened de leetle door in dot delephone, und he says:

“How vas dey gitting along now?”

He vaited anxiously for a reply. He vas fery fond of his childrens. Dey vas de only twins he had, und de idea hit him dot maype his wife vas a leetle bit outside of her head on account of de danger, or else she vouldn't talk apout “meeting him on de clock ven de lane strikes nine,” und all such nonsense like dot, und he is married fourty year already. He asked the question again:

“How vas dey gitting along now?”

Suddenly dere comes into his ear a delegram mit dispatch, to wit, viz.:

“I haf cut dem in half und boiled dem. Den I skinned dem und poured hot vinegar all ofer dem.”

Bender rushed from de shop out mit great vivacity.

Dot scene shanges! Ve are now inside of Bender's house where he lives, but *he* ain't dere yet. His vife is standing up against the vall on the east of dot delegram-trumpet. De shildrens has got some fever, und she vants to ask Bender somet'ings apout dot. She opens dot delephone, und puts some vords in like dis:

“Maype you petter come home. I don'd know vat to do mit dem.”

Vell, de only feller vat vas now on de oder end of dot t'ing vas de epicurious yoonk poet. He vas always t'inking apout poets und vinegar, und meet me py moonlight alone, und turnips. It vas a case of mistaken indemnity. He put his mout dere, on de end of it, und blew dese vords drough dot hole:

“I vill come pooty soon. I hope you have put dem in de ofen to keep dem varm till I come. Meet me py moonlight alone, love, und don'd forget de vinegar.”

Den Mrs. Bender she got her back out. She says, delegrammatically:

“Are you drunk, or am I crazy? I vould pe ashamed to talk apout your shildren, if yeu vas me, in such a manner.”

Dot vas vot she said amounted to, only she made a good deal more of it. Den she shut de

cofer of it up quick, und wouldn't wait for any answer. She valked away. No quicker is her pack turned as she hears a noise. She turned quick arount, *und dere stood Bender*. She t'ought he must haf come t'rough dat delephone, or else somepody must pe a lunatics asylum. You haf heered apout de nafal engagement between the Meritor und de Monomack, I suppose? I vill not get into details. But Bender he did go into details. So did Mrs. Bender. Dey handled de supsheet mitout glofes—not efen boxing-glofes.

A sbeech in time safes nineteen. If dose yoonk loafers had only de courage dot time to explain some t'ings apout dot, it vould haf been all right. But dey vas so dumb like a oyster—dumb like two oysters, hence de clamamity.

As dot case now stands, Bender don'd know vedder he vas droonk or his vife vas crazy, or de delephone vas a lunatic, or de atmosphere vas cranky, or—or—anyt'ing else aboud it. Und de yoonk man, I am afraid, vill haf to wait sefen year pefore he asks Bender for his taughter. Odervise Bender might cut dem off mit a sausage.

N. B.—Bender vill trade a ferst-hand dele-

phone for a second-hand vig, on account of too much t'inking, also seferal exblanations mit his wife.

DOT YOUNG VIDDOW CLARA.

Vell, I baed you she vas handsome, mid ackom-
blishmentds rare und fine,
Und so modest like a rosebud, dot gushing vid-
dow mine.

'Dwas in her coundry oud dis beople first I met,
Yoost under der shady, shaddowy log, for an
hour long we set.

I talked aboud der sun und moon, of der fhlow-
ers choice und shweet,
Und I told her how I lofed her, from her head-
crown to her feet;
Und I told her she vas beaudiful, und dot she
vos got mine heart,
Und from her side I'd always been, und nefer
would depart.

Now, dot viddow didn't say somet'ings, but hofe
an awful sigh,
Dot maked mine heart get tremblings, I dink I
must get die.

I don'd could look me on her face, I vish me
now I look,
For dhen I yoost could blainly saw why she dot
sickness dook.

Pooty gwick I got some courageousness, und I
shpoke to her again;
I looked me ub, yoost on her face, mine gracious
dot gife me pain,
Her eyes dhey vas tanzin', und vas merry mit
dot shport,
While mine vas dhrowing oud der tears vot some-
dimes comed in *court*.

Now, dot viddow had shtuddied nadure, und vos
shkooled in all der arts;
Why, she vas got diplomas much, as der mistress
of all hearts.
She could told yoost efery seckond vhen to sigh
und vhen to shmile,
Vhen to be a shplaindid maedchen, or a viddow
all der vhide.

Vell, dot's der vay she blayed me, so, feillers, you
besser look oud,
She could blay mit you so easy as der angler
does der troud;

She is a handsome, cheerful viddow, mit a t'ou-
 sand virtues more,
 But I dells you how's der reason, now, Clara
 vas been dhere pefore.

CARL PRETZEL.

DISSIBATION

I dink dot der didle of dis bieces vill ad once
 addrad addendion, und I hobe dot der dissi-
 baders who see dis vill bonder deirselves as dey
 read. In der firsd blace, dis dissibation is a
 fery bobular performace choosed now. Id
 seems do been one of der necessidies of life do
 drink, und busd, und dissibade und raise der
 doose chederally, in order do been gonsidered
 somepody whoefer. A young fellèr don'd gon-
 sider himself finished undil he has gone droo his
 brebaration, und many a boor young feller *is*
 finished pefore dot he geds half droo!

Vat is der reason of all dis? I gif id ub und
 von'd addembd no rebly, oxeibd do say dot I
 bleef it is a nadural feeling in mosd men do
 been sociable und cholly, und some men—hafing
 more of dis feeling dan of gommon sense—go in
 doo shdrong, und inshdead of being gomford-
 ably cholly dey only sugceed in being oxdremely

ungomfordaple; for no feller vad knows dem ropes vill say dere is any bleasure in heafy busding. I haf peen "doo der mill," und I know dot gomford shlibs away ven der head pegins do wobble und der legs do shkade.

Uf dose beeble cood only peen sensible dey cood haf a bully dime, und been as habby as der day is long, *midoud vishing do been as habby as der year is long—all in one day!*

Do gif you a shlighd idea of der bleasures of der heighd of dissibation I vill relade my exberiences vich habbened vonce ven I vend mit a bardy of young bucks do haf a "high olt dimes." Ve firsd goaxed inside a bile of drinks do shdard mid. Den ve sed oud in a vaggon, resolwing do shdop ad efery ligger warerooms ve med, in order to insure id dot ve shall hafe dot goot "high olt dimes." Ad firsd dot vas easy enuff, bud afder a shmall vile dot vas a nice job. Ve coodend shdob dot foolish horse righd in frond of a sdore do safe ourself each our necks. Ve always landed him a cubble of few houses on eider side, und somedimes ve varied der monodony py drifing his schnood ub in der door, und vood vish do die him do der door knop, bud der brobrieder always ogscused us dot ve cood do dot.

Der gidding in and our soon bresended exdra-ordinary diffiguldies, und at lasd ve coodend ged der shdep of der vaggon low enough for us do glimb in, und ve vas forced do cadch each oder by der legs und boosd ourself in. As for der chumping oud, dot soon becomed dangerous on account der sidevalk didn'd vaid as long as usual dill ve douched id, but shdarded ub do meed us so soon as ve chumped from der vaggon.

Afder a vile it vas a fisical imbossilness do chumb oud any more; so as der infisible green shades of nighd vas being bulled down ve drifded around for home. Ve singed und howled a good disdance, und ad lasd ve becomed quiet und schleebly und sinked on der dop of der boddom of der vaggon. Afder boud a bard of a hour ve missed von of our fellers; ve coodend find him on account he had schbilled oud der vaggon. So ve durned round, und, afder a figorous search, ve found der objeck of our anxiedude in der middle of der road, on der boddom of his back, singing in a combaradifly chofial manner, "Whad are dose vild vafes say- ing about id." Ve coodend answer dot, so ve god him in, ven he oggsclaims: "So, I vas schbilled oud of der vaggon, is id? Vel, deir! *I doughd id vas going kind of schlow!*"

Ve rode back, und der horse being indented, vood go himself his own vay, und ve soon had der sadisfaction do been successfullly runned into by a enchine, und vas dumbled into der gudmudder mid much brecision und exacness. Der march from dot gudder do our respectif houses vas a hisdorical und vonderful efend. I cand rememper me der frisd ding apoud id; I only rememper I vas in a ped for a gubble of veeks mid my dwo eyes gombined into von, und my head feeling like a don of goal being dumted down a cellar; und dot vas galled a "high olt dimes!" Oggscuse me of dot, uf you blese, from some more "high olt dimes;" if I musd drink, I'd raeder dook me a gubble of quards of lager mid my olt voman, ven all de childs are safe on der bed, und drink id dogedder as ve dalk of der olt dimes. Dots "high olt dimes" enough for me now, I baed you! Der vorsd side of der gase is dot young fellers ged oggsdremely broud of dey been drunk; und if dey had der good fordune do roll in der gudmudder dey vas a hero! und id is a fery nice ding, indeed, do hafe a plack eye or nose, so do been aple do say, mid garelessness, ven a feller asks vad is der madder, is: "Oh! I vas on a chambaree der oder nighd, und I falled in a

cellar. I vas so drunk I coodend dell me difference bedween a segond-hand refolfer und a eighd day glock!" Und der heighd of der ambition of some of dose young roosders is do been dook ub mid a boliceman on account of a drunk. Also id is quide effecdif among young ladies do been known as a oggsdremely awful drunken young beebles, who is quide beyond some gures. Ven a young berson dinks like dot, his gase is boody bad. You musd shdop id, young feller, righd away. Hold up your horses, up! Shud down on id. Dook id easy und moderate und no one vill cowl. You musn'd been a dissipader—und ad der same dime you needend been a olt maid. Keep a shade bedween der dwo.

MARK QUENCHER.

EIN DEUTCHES LIED

The schades of night vas falling down,
 Ofer der roofs in dis 'ere town,
 Ven up der schtreet, vas valking slow,
 A deitscher gal vich I did know,
 Von Germany.

I saw her, und, mit a pooty quick step,
 I got me right away und soon ve met,

Und durning round she said to me,
"Vas! Crouple John in dis gountry?
My koodness!"

Ve valked along und mit much joy,
She cried out "there's the very poy,
Vot I vaited pooty long to see;
Youst one minute," she said to me,
"Exkooze me."

Of gourse I don't vos can refuse,
Und didn't vos got nudder vay to choose;
So rite away quick she make a bow,
Und left me standing dhere somehow,
I don't can told you.

'Dwas der longest minute I ever seed,
Before nor pehind so longer's I leifed;
I strained mine eyes mit all mine might,
Und saw her almost out of sight
Mit der veller.

Dunder und blitzen! vasn't I mad;
Of I hat dat veller I bounch his 'ead;
So quick as I getch 'im, I dolt you so,
I maker his eyes so placker ash plue.
I dolt you dot!

I dolt you youst vat I shall do,

I drowns myself, und so vould you ;
 I make me rite away to de river, bolt,
 But I dinks me youst now der vater's too colt.
 I waits till zommer.

But exberience und visdom must always be
 pought.
 It vas youst so goot deitsch gals ash efer vas
 kot ;
 Und I von't drown myself for Katherine yet,
 Pekause I finds me der vater's too vet.
 Vot a beebles, vot a gountry.

A JEW'S TROUBLES

Vot a coundry dot is anyvays! unt vot a
 peebls! Ve poor Shews don'd got some quiet-
 ness anyveres. Ve vas been persecooted, dot is
 vot it is. Yust linden vonce, vat droubles I haf
 by mineself.

In the vorst blace my name vas Isaacs—dot is
 my lasd name—my vronde name vas Solomon,
 unt I keeps me a nice leedle cloding shtore in
 de Powery. You oughd to seen it vonce. I got
 me eferyt'ing in dot shtore. Vell, von day
 lasd veek, a nice cushdomer, vot liefed in Yar-
 sey, come in, unt I sells him a peautiful coat

very sheep. Von he pud id on, id vas a leedle, *yust a leedle*, full preasded in de pack; bud I got dot coat ub in my handt, so he dit nod know dot it vas too pig enough. I dold him dot vas *peautiful* fid—yusd like it vas made for him!

“Of you don’d peleaf dot,” says I, “I galls my vife. Maria, don’d dot coat fid dot shentlemans?”

“Yah, Solomon, dot vas a loafly fid, for sure!” said Maria.

So dot shentleman buy dot coat, and giefe me yust vot I asked him, und nefer said vonce, “I giefe you hafe of dot brice,” or somedings like dot, und I vas mad yust like a hornet, dot I didn’d ask him dwice as mooch!

But vot has all dot got to do mit my droubles?

Nix!

Vell, go ahade!

Von day I gone me oud for a leedle valk und vas schmoking von of dose real Hafana segars vot you puy dree for den cents, ven ub comes a pig, bull-headed mans, vot hafe his hair all viled off, und he busds me in de schnood righd avay quick, pefore I know me some dings, unt, as my nose don’d vas fery schmall, it hurd me like fury.

“Vot de madder is, ain’t it?” said I. “Vot for you hid me dot vay?”

“Pecause you vas a *Shew*; dot is vot de madder vos!” said dot old fighder.

“Vell, vot of I vas a *Shew*? I don’d do some-dings by you! I don’d know you anyvays.”

Und den he giefe id do me again righd in my left ear.

“Dot ish pecause you vas a *Shew*—a *Shew* vot *killed de Savior!* Dot is vy I hid you, und I’ll busd efery hook nose vot I meed!”

“Vot hafe I got to do mit dot, anyvays? Id vos more ash a dousand years ago ven dot hab-bened, unt I vas nod borned yet! You pig shackass, vot you means anyvays?”

“Vell,” says old schwell headt, “dot makes me nod different! I don’d hear me noding about it *till lasd nighdt*, unt I’m going to ‘pud a headt’ on efery *Shew* I see, for doin’ it!”

Vell dot vas pig fool anyvays, so I lefd him and gone me home to Maria, unt she pud mustard boultice on my schmeller. I vil sent dot feller up to blay “scheckers mit his nose,” yust so soon as I catch him again.

HURWOOD.

'DIS DEN I'LL DINK OF DOU

Ven der shbring dime dot is coming,
Und der grass begins to grow,
Ven der humming birds is humming,
Und dot frosd dot has to go;
Ven der leafses dem vas shbrouding
Oud on efery limbs und bough,
'Dis den, my loafly shweedness,
'Dis den I'll dink of dou.

Ven der summer dot is got here,
Und dot's nice und varm und dings,
Und on efery geeseberry bushes
Some birds jumbs oud und sings.
Ven der farmer und he's fader,
Dem puds ub deir flails und blough,
'Dis den, my loafly shweedness,
'Dis den I'll dink of dou.

Ven der audumn dot's here also,
Und dem leafs begins to fell,
Und all dem leedle shoo-flies
Den flies around like—vell
You know yourself how dot is—
Of you don'd you *vill* know how—
'Dis den, my loafly shweedness,
'Dis den I'll dink of dou.

Ven old vinter gids here likewise,
 Und no madder vere you go,
 Ded ground is awful shlidey
 Mit ice und freeze und shnow,
 Ven ve gife our habby Chrisdmas,
 Und kill dot fadded cow,
 'Dis den, my loafly shweedness,
 'Dis den I'll dink of dou.

OOFTY GOOFT.

YOPPY'S VARDER UNT HEES DRUBBLES

Vonst ubon ur dime, Yoppy und me—dot ish Yoppy's varder—und mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder—wend oaffer mit ter Yersey's lant vot ish pelong ter me. Dey vash der pudifulest lant vot nefer vash, dot I bade zu—ondly dey vos korffered oaffer mit doo muchd vasser. Vail, Yoppy und me—dot ish Yoppy's varder—und mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder—ve dakes der blough to blough ub all uf dose puddiful lants; und zo helb me pob, zo zoon I don'd say Rob Yackinson, und I hobe do porrow ein halber tollar von you, uf me und Yoppy und mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder—und ter tam blough didn't all cot sheepreckt! Yoppy vashed himself ashore mit a par of zorft zoab, und I

vos neffer foundet avter a goobel ov times. Vail, I go mit my howiz mit Yoppy, und I lookish in ter vinter, und zo helb me pob, uf mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder—vasend det! Und I says, "Yoppy, yourn mudder ish det, you tam leedle vool, und I ish yure varder. Und now you und yuse old varder ish bote of uns or-fants." Oh! mine Yott in himmel! she vos ur ferry heffy loss do me; she veighet zo more ash dree hoontret und dirty-dree bounts. Und zo yung!—she vos yoost dirty, und I ish dirty-dwo.

Vail, me und Yoppy und mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder, you no—game von der Nye Yorik, und ve obens ur lager pier zaloon (not mid ur growpar, zo like ash doze purklar vellers dooze); und dot vellers dey uset do gome mit mine howiz und schmoke mine peer und trinkt mine zickars und keeze mine vrow—dot ish Yoppy's mudder, you no—und boots it all town oof der schlades, und dey makes me noddings fur dot dings, zo de lonker ash I geebs dose zaloon, de more I don'd have got noddings doo.

Vail, von nide zo more ash dwendy-leffen pig vellers dey goom und dey role mine vrow—dat ish Yoppy's mudder, vat ish korn det—und an udder parril of zourkraut town ter schdairs und

dey trode me und an udder parril of lager owit mit der vinders, zo I logs ter key und I buts ter toore int mine boggit und I goes ter schdairs town, und I valls ter vinders owit und I prakes ter sidevalks mit mine pack, den I does to der staytchun man und I prings der bolice howiz fur to getch dot vellers vot makes me zo much drubbles. Mine Yott! you ought hafe shood zeen dot vellers schketattle. Dere vas von veller, vat vash nameit Hanzanzvanzdanzdandy-danzvonhighvonlowvondutzenhizenlozen, ven I schpeak dot veller's namen I moost trink right away ur glass lager! Vail, dot veller, der more he vash run, der more he shtand shtill all der vaster. Ven I vas schtobt running vor him, I vos fount dot I vash losd mit mineselves, und der night, him vos zo dick dot I cood shtur heem oop mit mine poots. Unt der rain, him goom zo vasd dot in more dan dree minudes mine shkin vash vet droo do mine glose. Und ven I zee mine hant pevor mine vace I kood not dell dat him vas dere. Vail, py-und-py, I veels mine-selves along mit mine hantz, und ven I kooms for mine owen howiz—Yott in himmel! vot you dinks? Py tam, him pelongs to some anodder potty. Zo I makes ub mine mint dot de lonker ash I leef, der more I don'd vind, py gracious,

out. Den I goese du mine howiz, vot ish a pudiful one, dat ish on de gorner py der mittle uf ter plock—you garn't helb put miss id, ash id hafes ur vooden prass nocker vot ish mate uf tin, und a baper bane uf glass mit der vinder, und ish schinklet mis shtraw—zo I goes du mine howiz, as I vas say von dimes alretty pevore, und I vos hear mine lettle poy Yoppy schwear, und I leeks him zo like ash ter teyfel; und avder I leeks him I zays, "Vot you t'inks now, you tam leetle Dutch cuss?" unde he zay, "I dinks nottings," und I zay, "You lie like ter teyful, you leedle vool—you t'inks—py tam, you know you t'inks—und zo I leeks you again for dot."

Vail, lasd dwendy-febund of Secuary, dot vash Birthington's Washday, dot vash a circular singumstance, zo I geefs mine leedle poy (mine vrow's sohn) a pigtire uf Crossington Washing ter Delaware, und you moost peliefs me dat he has hat ter roomatory inflammatism efery dime since, because I don'd geef him dot wridings uf der Inderation of Declapendence. Vail, I geeps him quiet py puying him a pran new zegund hant obercoat do make a bair of shtoggins mit. Zo now he toand pe ad de pind of zigness any more many dimes longer, und he geeds up und runs aound egsglaiming, vere are

de blayhoots uf mine childmades?" und I zays, "Ock mocken nix cum trusick von der busick und ter lally go sheng von der shyster lubies, und der schreetergeeter vonceber der ochsen-schlagen." Und he zay, "You oafers ter fence, all der vile," und I dinks so doo, yoost zo chure als I bin a Constantinopolitainisher dudelsack-fifenmachersgazel. Dat ish goot for anodder glass lager. I go vay queeck und trink it right away mit mineselfs.

SIDELL.

A DUTCH SERMON

Mine friends, ven first you come here, you was poor, and now, friends, you is prout; and you's gotten on your unicorns, ant dem vits you like a dongs upon a hog's pack: now mine friends let me dell you dis, a man is a man if he's no pigger as my dumb. Ven Tavid vent out to fight mit Goliah he dook nothing vid him but one sling; now don't mistake me, mine friends; it vas not a rum sling; no, nor a gin sling; no, nor a mint vater sling; no, it vas a sling made mit an hickory stick. Now, ven Goliah sees Tavid coming, "You little damp't scoundrel, does you comes to vight me? I vill

give you to the birds of the fielt, and de peasts of the air!" Tavid says, "Goliah, Goliah, the race is not always mit the shwift, nor ish the battle mit the strong; and a man is a man if he's no pigger ash my dumb." So Tavid he fixes a shtone in his sling, and he drows it at Goliah, and knocks him rite in the vorehead, and den Tavid takes Goliah's swort, and cuts off his head—and den all the pretty cal's comes out and strewed flowers in his way, and sung, 'Saul is a creat man, vor he has kilt his thousands, put Tavid is creater as he, vor he has kilt Goliah.' Now, mine friends, when you coes out to vight mit te rebels, remember what I dell you, dat a man is a man, if he's no pigger as my dumb."

GOIN' TO DER RACES

Yimmey, I hof been havin' lots of fun, so I vill dole you boud id. Some uf my friends in Skincinnati dey said: "Honnas, led's go down do Lexington und see der races." So I says, "Wera well, all righd; led's go." So ve shtarted righd away, und gud down dare Sunday night. Evera ding vos so grouded vot I couldn't got no blace to shleep, only on dop uf der billiard-dable, und me und der maskeeders

had a fight about it all nighd. Der nex' tay everaone vend do der races. Such a groud! You couldn't got no vay uf riden oud dere ad all. All my friends vend oud on horseback. I dole um I would rader ride inside uf a vagin as oudside uf a horse, bud dare vos no odder vay of gin', und id vos doo lade do back oud now, und I dole der man: "Gif me der yentlest hos' vot you god." Vell, dey gif me der longest leg horse vot you efer saw. I had do got a ladder to go on dop his back, und I vos no sooner ub dare dan I vished I vas town again. I pelief uf I vos a ridin' on a ret-hod gookin' shtove I would feel more gomfortable as ub dere. He gommenced yumping round like he vos bracein' for der song-und-tance peesness. Ad lasd, afder he had vend backwards und sidevays und efery odder vay vod he could go, he shtarded off on a drod. Yimmey, vos you efer dare? Christopher Golumbis! I bounced me round dill I couldn't dole me fun der hos. In about a half an hour I vos oud on der race-ground. I gommenced to hollar: "Whoa, hossey!" But he wouldn't whoa—he yust gept goin' till he god right oud fun der drack. Vell, ven de beoble seed me dey yust gommenced to hollar, und my hoss gommenced to got oxcited.

Und I gommenced to look for a good blace to shlide off, ven some feller hollared "Go!" Yim-mey! I vend. Fairst I dook a sead right pehind his ears, den right ub close by his dail. Den I had a bird's-eye view uf der gomet und shtars und der odder beople, und den I done know noting more dill I vok ub dis morning. Der doctor says I vill pe aple to go home in a veek, und you pet I ain't goin' to no more races.

HONNAS.

KENO!

Lasd Duesday nide, aboud dwelve o'glock,
 A young man drough Broadvay did valk;
 Mit fife dollars in his bocket oud,
 He vend by a blace vere dey do shoud——

Keno!

"Come ub schtairs," der "capper" said,
 "Of you don'd, dot's baetter you go home by
 bed."

Ven at der door dot young man did appear,
 Dese vords drobbed in by his left ear——

Keno!

He vend in und sot him down
 Mit a growd of young fellers vot hangs about
 town;

Card dwendy-dree—id vos his number—
 Ven he yelled him oud like a polt of dunder—
Keno!

Aboud dree o'glock, or very near four,
 Der beoples heard an awful roar,
 Dot sounded like a big jack-ass,
 As from dot young man's moud did pass—
Keno!

Lader und lader dot young man schtaid,
 Und for anoder "pot" he very hard blayed;
 Ven he did by his eyebrows scratch,
 Dese vords vere heard like a snappin'-match—
Keno!

Id was now boud dwelve minutes behind fife
 o'glock,
 Und der broprietor says "Dot game musd
 shtop."
 So soon dem vords fell from his moud,
 Dot young man once again did shoud—
Keno!

Dey glosed dot game ub very gwick,
 Und der broprietor he feld awful sick;
 As dot young man down Broadway did go,
 Dese vords did by his head echo—
Keno!

M. J. NEVILLE.

PRETZEL'S SPEECH BEFORE THE ILLINOIS ASSEMBLY

Mr. Shbeaker und Shendlemen of der Shoory :
Id vas mit feltin' heart-feel dot I listen mine-
self with a loud tone of voice to der logics und
sendiments vot I hear beneat' der hallowed
brecinkts of dis glassic blaces, und while sidding
mineself down so flat I can shtand, breathin'
der bure admospheres vat comes fon der
fframes out of der great und der goot, I can
hellub dinking how goot, of not id vas dot I
should been here. I hafe congregated me to-
gedder on dis house, to trink mineself all ub
der knowledges vat trobs fon der mout' out of
dose vat zail der shkib of der Konshtitootion fon
der Shtate py Illinois.

On ackound I vas so full of der outside in, mit
der logics, conundrums, rittles, und such dings
beculiar of dis inphlated poddy, I feel I don'd
cood shbeak mineself a mout'ful, already.

Shendlemans of der shoory, I don'd got some
langwages vat I had I vood gif you eny, shtill
mit all shspeedfulness I vood lock mine libs open,
and gif some dickulations fon mine hedt out,
und I hobe dhey vood trob on yourselfs or on
your hearts, like der summer sun vhen he
breathes softly like der deuce ofer der schleebin'
valleys.

I look me round, und seed der honorable members of dis shoory, trawn ub in hollow shpid-
doons mit blainty of pigamy shtamped ubon
your brows. I feel der leedle dear-trobs dricklin'
down mine sheeks. Ockubyin' de seats of der
souls of Washington, Peuchanan, Mrs. Vinslow,
Clay, und Susan Cady Prandrett, I told me not-
ting lies, on ackound of der olt atverb, vich
said of our pehindt-fader like dot: "Mine
childs, dot's besser vhen you told me ein
t'ousand lies as cud mine voods ub one abble-
drees mine garten down." Mine coundrymen,
der ears of der whole coundry vas about you.
Oxceptt efery shkiduvation, fon a sead py der
Aldermanic poddy to a vet-nurse; und vhen you
handle der American eakle pird, reckermember
yon don'd cood got him mithout you put a par-
rel of salt on his andiquaded dail.

Id vas for dhrue der ebock of new and oldter
departures, (oxcept fon your frow). All der
leatin' lites of der pheesickle und bolidickal
vorldt have been indo dhemselves a leedle times
und said dot, und dot ish who ish der reason
mit me. Und now, mister shendlemans, I comed
me fon der ruins of Shicago, oud mit der left
leck (vich vas der right one) dot maked ofer
der lamp dot make trouble mit der packpone of

dot city. Py your hants I gif dot kickin' drophy as you deserf id. Blace id mid der odder arkifes of dis coundry, to been kebt as a memendoe und a varning to all peoples dot a kickin' gow vood make a heab of drouble. Don'd kick some t'ings vat you got to be done; but reckermember, "as dot twig got pent, der tree goes yoost der same like dot." Been virtuous enuff und you all vood been ogstremely oxcen-drink. Dook der leck hoof and vear him by your necks.

FRITZ VALDHER IS MADE A MASON

Von day I shpeak mit a friend von me,
 Dot I'd like to join dot Masonry;
 Und says he, "Fritz, vy dot's all righd.
 I pud your name ub, in to-nighd."

Den he have a baber oppication,
 Dot I shall sign do been a Mason;
 Dot nefer yed undil dot dime
 Such odder like dit, I did sign.

Und also if efer I vas born,
 Und size of age, ven I did come;
 Also, doo, my oggubation,
 Und how long I vus in creation.

Ven dot vas done den loud he yelled,
 "Gum oud now, Fritz; five dollars geld,
 Gause dot must always get do be
 Dot you bay your application fee."

So he dook dese dings und off he did go,
 Und said, "Now vaid a veek or so,"
 I caided fifdeen veeks about,
 Und afder dot I got blacked oud.

It twelf monds more I dry again,
 Shausd der same und den got in:
 Gause der feller bot blacked me out dot dime
 He died, und den der game vos mine.

So I vend ub and paid der fee,
 Und obened der game of Masonry.
 Dey schdribbed me de der skin right down;
 Und pud me on a long nighd-gown.

Und doo big deekins dook my arm
 Und led me out did up mit yarn;
 Dey made it lifely, der was no resd,
 Und punched a hayfork droo my breads.

Dey said dot vas a lessen den
 Do make me know I'd suffer ven
 I dold someding oud aboud der vay
 Dey jerked me, und gafe der boys away.

Dey played der moosic, marched around,
Und snatched me by dat long nighd-gown;
Und kneeled me down to greeb und dravel
Drough a blace all filled mit gravel.

Dey said dot vas do deach me do
Der valuation of a shoe;
Und a naked Brodder on his knees
Must always be led down mid ease.

Der Caster said, "Now go do work,
Und as you've god but dot old shird,
I dinks Id's bedder for your schtation
Dot you pud on der Mason's abron.

Detn he dold me he vas proke
Und hungry, und mid durst did schoke;
He'd like some schdambs to scheer his heart
Und gife some odder Brodder part.

I dold him no, dot vouldn't do,
It vos blayed oud, mit me also so;
Den he dold me for all dime do gome
I must lend do efery Brodder some.

Dey schtood me in a corner rigid,
Und ask conundrums most all nighd;
Den dold me I had struck der station
Of a first-glass bully E. A. Mason.

Anoder nighd I vend again
 Do take anoder dose der same;
 Und dey plucked my feaders as before,
 Und pricked my ribs till I could swore.

Dey done lods of dings, und vork it vell
 Plendy dings I don'd kin dell;
 Dere vas der sky und moosic sound
 I see'd und felt und schmelled around,

I glimed der stairs, vend droo der gade,
 Und got into anoder schdate;
 Ve got oud droo der Demble Halls
 Do fields of wheat and vaterfalls.

But ven I vent in for der lasd
 Dot bead der odders I had passed;
 For den you bet it's lifely chasin'
 Ven dey make you be a Mason.

Dey snatched der gambas ouf mine preast,
 I kneeled und scthood dill I don't kin resd;
 Dey make me dell how much I know
 Of dem degrees vot dey dit show.

Dey dake me oud, und in once more,
 Ven der Deekin sctop me ad der door,
 Und says, "You don'd god droo, you see,
 Und a Mason I dink you don'd kin be."

“First you must dake a feller’s pard
Und schtand up schdoud mid plenty hard;
Und if plenty courage you don’d got
They’ll fire you oud like a gannon shot.”

So I brace me up der best I kin
Und make me schdoud like anyding,
Dill I got bunched py a kind of shoe
Who says, “I’m glad I met mid you.”

Und he shouded oud, “Dell vot you know
Or I rush you down mit dot shoe below;
Und if you *do* fall in mid him
He’ll knock your lights all out of wind.”

I was so dick about my head
Dot I don’d kin see dot vot he said;
Den across der back he split me zounce,
And mid der oder shoe me make me bounce.

He grab me hard, und shake me vell,
Und ask me dings I don’d him dell,
Und den he bounced me awful schdoud
Und knock me mosd der sduffin’ oud.

Den droo der dark dey rush me some
Do anoder shoe mid a bell, named Gum;
“Gome oud mid vot you know,” he said,
“Ouf you don’d, I schwear I busd your head.”

“I don’d know somedings vot you vant,”
 “You lie,” says he, “to say you can’t;”
 Und he raise me vonce between der eyes,
 Ven I see der stars all in de skies.

Und since dot dime ven oud I vas led
 Of Masons I don’d a word have said;
 For dem fellows dey mate a fool mit me,
 Dere were solt me pad; ’twas no Masonry.

FRITZ HOOFNAGLE.

“UNCLE SCHNEIDER” VISITS THE SIDE-SHOWS.

Vell, der sircus am out; der shpangled-bandy-
 loon ladies und der fellers mit no ofercoats on
 hafe gone in, und am fast a-grawlin’ into dheir
 efry-daily clothes; und der audience feelin’
 goot und lifely after dheir couple hours jollity,
 as shlowly creepin’ out mit dheir prains und
 pocket-book vide open for some more fun; for
 dhey vish tu saw der whole of der oxcitements,
 so dhey am inspectin’ mit much interests der
 magnificent chromobaintings shticked up in
 front of “der Side-Show,” und listenin’ mit
 attentive mouts to der vonderfus shtories of der
 not pashful “Plower:”

“Shtep right out in, ladies und jentlemen: shtep right out in, und saw der most shtupendous und conshtuous gonclomeration of der worldt. Shtep oud in. Soon de orkestra peguns to play. Take out der steam galliope, Shonny. Here vas der guriosties from der golt-mines of Maine to der trobics of California; from der Gape of Suez to der Ishmus of New Hamshire. Only twenty-five cents am der invitations, so shtep oud in!” Vich bein’ der case—I took his vordt for it—I buy me twenty-five cents wort of invitation, and “shtep oud in” at vonce.

“Der band” he vas a hand-organ, und “der orkestra” vas a poy mit a pleck-dirty shirt, a pare foots und a vicious nose who vas blayin’ mitout his notes, und vas ’keepin’ time mit his mout—a-shewin’ tobaggers. Ah! ha! here vas a poxful of der shsnake family—Anna Conders, Rattle Tails, Shlide Quicks, und oder famous prands. Dhey am very long und wery qviet und dot’s all der specialties dhey got, I dink!

Here ah a “Vhat it is!” vich I vood schvore vas a monkey uf der man didn’t told us all it vas *really* a “Vhat it is!”

Here as a bleasantful sight—der Fat Voman. My! but ain’t she shtuffed goot. She looks like she vas feed for a month shteady on mush und

milk, und shtopped yoost as she vas apout to shpill ofer! She got a werry fatty expression of body, und her face looks so gomfortable like dot of a brize big vat *knows* he am a brize big. She am more of a successfulness as a sitter-down as a shtander-up, und she got gapabilities to occupy dree shairs at vonce!

Here vas a more difficoolt berformance—der “Lifing Shkeleton.” It am qvite easy enough to been a dead shkeleton, if dhey gif a feller blenty enough time; but to bin a life shkeleton dot reqvires a oxtensife bractice und a natural talent dot vay. Dis jentleman he looks like he bin eatin’ werry mild dis last fourteen years. He am got pones to a foolish degree. He am poney by profession. He makes pones his bizness, und he makes no pones boud it, too, also. Uf der fat lady should took a notion to schkrouge up against der shkeleton jentleman, I vood tremple for his keepin’ togedder werry long. (No, my shild, he vasn’t made to order.)

Ah! ha! here am der schvallerer of der sword—a barty vot shtabs himself down der dhroat efery daily mit great reckularity, und eat rade-hot bieees of iron mit blenty relish und mitout mustard or komato scratchup. For me myself I vood radder shtab myself in my dhroat mit a

sharp sassidge-pologny, und eat rade-hot bieces of toast-preadt any time; voodn't you myself?

Now vas der Sirkassian girl oxposed to view. She vas a lady mit a light hairful of thick headt dwisted oud und dragged around like her husband had grabbed her py der vool dis mornin' und dragged her downside-upshtairs a few times, dhen galloped a leetle in und oud of der rooms, dhen curled it mit a poker-shtick, und dhen voodent gif her der comb so she cood knock it shdrait in time for der exhipition. She am a nice leetle lady, howefer, und lots der leetle shildren und der inquisitice old voomans bull der hair midout pitin' not no von.

Here's der giant, a ampitious-looking feller vat's had der luck to hafe his brofession in life already brebared for him by bein' builded apout a couple feets, or headts, higher up as der oder rest of mankind. He is werry fierce around der moustache, but am tame und shociaple nefer-dheless. (Vy, my shild, vat a foolish qvestion. How der doose do you suppose I know how it come dot Chack der Giant Killer forgot to kill dis von. You goost keep on a chewin' your candy-taffy, und don't ask such middle-aged qvestions.)

Und here's der oder end—der dwarf. Dis is

der jentleman in der Tom Tumb line of bizness. He am a unfortunate leetle rooster vat had der unluckness to got formed a grate vays too short enough; und he is altogedder too low down to bin much of a success in anyding outside of his beculiar brofession. Der ladies kiss und sqveese him, und he don't got frightened; und altogedder he has a goot easy time mit not no vorry on his shmalle-sized prain. But I subbose it ain't much use shtudy hard to bin a dwarf, uf a feller ain't got some natural adwantages und tastes dat vay. (Vat you'm a-cryin' 'bout, my shild, now. *Vat!* You vant to bin a dwarf und got shiny puttons on your coat, do you? Vell, nefer mind vorryin' apout dot now. Yoost bite der life out of dis abble, und ve'll talk of dot some odder time. Now come aheadt!)

Look a-here! Dot's der vonderful Fish-man, der jent vot kin schvim much better in vet vater as on dry land. He kin shew tobaggio, shmoke, blay cards, tell shtories, run a races, valk der tight-rope, vent up in a polloon, und in fact do everyding under vater so easy vat you can't do not nohow, und he bresents der anomaly (oh! but dot's a fine vordt for Uncle Schneider's goose-pen!) of a man vot succeeds first-rate notmitstanding his head "am most

always under vater!" I vood succeed at dis drick of eatin' under vater myself, I am sure, uf it vasn't dot der vater always gits in der vay when I vant to preathe some vind; und I got such an opstinate vay of schwallerin' dhree or dwo quarts of der vater pefore I gonclude dot I can't do it pooty shlick. I kin eat a egg under vater, but also I eat bout a bucketful of salty vater to shlide it down somehow, vich radder shpoils der flavor und also ubsets my shtummick loose mit sea-sickness und misery!

Now, my shild, let us shkip out of here und vent into dis big tent here; dat vas der poarding-house of der animals—der menagerie. Dis, my shild, am der vonderful King of Peasts himself. Vat a gomic expression he am. (Vat you'm a laffin' at? It ain't der King of Peasts, ain't it? It's a monkey, it is? Vell, dot's so, too. I yoost wanted to saw how you'd took it; come in aheadt.) Here am der giraffe. Vat a wery gontinued neck he am got—vat! How werry dhirsty he must git when he does git dhirsty. Und dhere's der elephant mit his nople nose. (Vat you say? Vat oxtensif beer gapabilities he am got mitout inconveniencin' himself! Yes, he am. It seems to me dot beer am always running dhrough your leetle mind. Vat! It seems

to you dot peer am always running dhrough my big neck, does it? Vell, all right; don't be so smarty, but some aheadt.) Look! Dhere's der gamel mit a vart on his pack; und der grizzley pear, a inhabitout of der "Bolar Regions." (Vat? Where am dhem! Vy, up on der dop end of der map somevheres. Dot's vhere it's always Vinter efen in Summer, und vhere der beebles don't slouch around nights in parefoots und shirt sleeves.) Vell, here's der attraction, sure—der "Happy Family" of monkeys and oder pirds. Yoost let us took a schqvint here und dhen ve vent home, on 'count I'm tired in my dhroat and legs both. My! Yoost look at der crowd around dis case. Und dots der vay, my leetle shild, you vill find it always in efery oder kind of bizness drough life—der fun und foolishness vas always draw der big crowd!—so uf you vant to got der gang mit you, don't forgot vat i'm a telling you to-day—be sure to hafe blenty monkey bizness!

HONEZ JOSEPH UNGLESTEINER.

Heiner, mine peau—so putty like snow—

Come by me, you know dot it's time;

Leave dot olt home, where we used to roam

On der panks of dot peautiful Rhine,

You knows me, yah! You says dot to
 You sweet, curly bronzed head-kleiner.
 I vas him—I vas your beau—yah!

Honez Joseph Unglesteiner.

Ven you vas peen von leetle gal,
 I ofden dought me about dot;
 Dot nefer vonced got fon my doughts
 Mine lofe—don't gift me away dot.
 I comes across dot poundless sea,
 To work away for you, mine Reiner;
 So you could been habby mit your

Honez Joseph Unglesteiner.

So now comes by me, dot you will,
 Und we will nefer bart some more,
 But life habby by dot States;
 Bid goot-pye to dot dear olt home;
 Come by me, to America dear,
 Away oud here—I peen a coal-miner
 By dot Scranton blaces, yah—Is

Honez Joseph Unglesteiner.

SCHLAUSHEIMER DON'T GONCILIATE.

His name vas Schlausheimer, vot mendedt furnitoor and put cane seats in de pottoms of a shair. He had vone vife py his secondt mar-

riages, und she called him her secondt-handt husbandt on accountt he vas marriedt pefore to anoder vomans by de name Gretchen, vot had red hair und green eyes. Schlausheimer used to say he vas pooty vell marriedt, not on accountt he vas marriedt many, like old Brigham Young, but on accountt he vas marriedt mooch—two hundred and fifty pounds avoirdutroy,—dot vas his vife.

Mrs. Schlausheimer she vas fat like a peer barrels, und Schlausheimer he vas fat like a match.

Dey had ten shildren petween dem. Two vas boys, two vas girls, dree vas a dwin, two a drip-let, und vone vas a quadruped—or I t'ink dey called douple pair twins a quartette, on account of de noises dey made.

Und he had on accountt of his first vife by the name Gretchen, also, ten shtep-shildrens. Und efery single vone of dot shtep-shildrens vas dwins.

I vent vone tay to Schlausheimer's on accountt he did not brought a shair he vas mending pack, und I found dem playing de Franco-Prussian war.

“Vot's all dot droubles?” said I.

Vell, Mrs. Schlausheimer had a prommstick

her hand in, und she vas drying to poke a cat or somet'ings from oudt de ped under. She look up und say:

“Mr. Von Boyle, I can do notings mit dot Schlausheimer.”

“Did you tried moral bersuasion mit him once? says I.

Vell, pefore she could answer dot, dot cat comes vrom de ped unter oudt, und it vasn't not any cat at all; it vas Schlausheimer, und he says:

“Mr. Von Boyle, I vill told you de kind't of moral bersuasions my vife makes use mit me oudt. She calls me tay behindt yesterday a oldt lager-peer saloon.”

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer broke in:

“But didn't you told me I vas a voman's rights confention?”

Den Schlausheimer broke oudt:

“But didn't you nearly, mit a proomstick on account of dot, proke my arm?”

Den Mrs. Schlausheimer she says:

“But dot vas his own fault, Mr. Von Boyle. I vas shoost going to rap him a little on de head, und if he didn't put up his arm it vouldn't get hurt like a fool. Schlausheimer, efery cent he gets, he spend him in whisky. Und den he haf

sooch a pad indisposion he comes und peats me home."

"Vell," says I," can you not in some manner gonciliate him?"

"I do eferyt'ings I can found oudt," says she, "to gonciliate him. I schold him, I pull his eyes and scratch his hair, I kick him de bedt oudt—*but he don't gonciliate.*"

VON BOYLE.

MAUD MULLER.

Maud Muller, von summer afternoon,
 Vas dending bar in her fader's saloon,
 She solt dot bier, und singed "Shoo Fly,"
 Und vinked at der men mit her left eye.
 But ven she looked oud on der shdreed,
 Und saw dem gals all dressed so shweed,
 Her song gifed oud on a ubber note,
 Cause she had such a horse in her troat;
 Und she vished she had shdamps to shpend
 So she might get such a Grecian Bend.
 Hans Brinker valked shlowly down der shdreed,
 Shmilin' at all der gals he'd meed.
 Old Hans vas rich—as I've been dold—
 Had houses und lots, und a barrel of gold.

He shdopped by der door, und pooty soon
He valked righd indo dot bier saloon.
Und he vinked ad Maud und said, "My dear,
Gif me, of you pplease, a glass of bier."
She vend to der pplace vhere de bier keg shtood,
Und bringed him a glass that vos fresh und
goot
"Dot's goot," said Hans, "Dot's a better drink
As effer I had in my life, I dink."
He dalked for a vhile, den said, "Goot-tay,"
Und up der shdreed he dook his vay.
Maud hofed a sigh and said, "Oh how
I'de like to been dot olt man's frow,
Such shplendid close I den vood veer,
Dot all de girls around vood shdare.
In dot Union Park I'de drive all tay,
Und efery evenin' go to der pblay."
Hans Brinker, doo, felt mighty gweer,
(But dot mite peen von trinkin' bier),
Und he says to himself, as he valked along
Hummin' der dune of a olt lofe song,
"Dot's der finest gal I efer did see,
Und I vish dot she my vife cood be."
But here his solilligwy came to an end,
As he dinked of der gold dot she mightd
shbend;
Und he makd up his mind dot as for him,

He'd marry a gal mit lots of "din."
 So he vend right off dot fery tay,
 Und married a voo-man olt und gray,
 He vishes now, but all in vain,
 Dot he vas free to marry again;
 Free as he vas dot afdernoon,
 Ven he med Maud Muller in der bier-saloon.
 Poor Maud she married a man mitout "soap"—
 He vas lazy, doo—but she did hope
 Dot he'd get bedder ven shildren came;
 But vhen dey had, he vas yoost der same.
 Und ofden now dem dears vill come,
 As she sits alone ven her day's vorks done,
 Und dinks of der day Hans called her "my
 dear,"
 Und asked her for a glass of bier,
 But she don'd complain, nor efer has,
 Und oney says, "Dot coodn't vas."

AFTER HANS BREITMAN.

CHEEG.

Dot is qualidy vich is berfecedly requisite in
 dis vorld, so dot you can make oud of yourself
 someding ad all. Midoud dot, a berson don'd
 can god his sald; und he vill been boosded aside
 by der represendadifs of der more bush-ahead

glass, vich bossesses more pones, mussils und cheegs.

Dere are some differend kinds of cheegs. Dere is der heldy cheegs, vich is der dop of der heab. Der heldy cheeg don'd shdop ad some-thing ad all. Id vill dook your lasd segar und den send you down shdairs for a lighd. Id vil bick oud der nicesd had ad a bardy und valk off mid dot midout der slighdesd backwardness. If you hafe a heldy cheeg for a bedfellow on a cold nighd, and if you are vaked ub by der cold, you vill hafe der sadisfaedion of opserfing all der plankeds shnugly rolled around der heldy cheeg, und he vill eggsclain from under der clothes, "Boody hard do god varm, ain'd it?" Id vill borrow your new bandyloons und den growl ad you pecause dey don'd fid. Id vill ixdend do you a varm invidation do drink, und den vill do you der honor dot you can bay for dot. Once ubon von dime I lended me a faluable book do a female friend.

A good vile elabsed idself, und I didn'd see id some more. So von tay, I valks me ofer do her house, und chudge of my exbrise, do seen dot book on der dable mid a inscribdion on id dot dot book vas bresended do dot young lady by her olt friend Uncle Schneider, vich vas a ber-

feed lie. Vell, I coodend said someding. I oxcbedded dot as a mosd advanced sdage of heldy cheeg.

Den dere is der female cheeg. Dot is a mosd dormending arrangemend. Id vill vake you ub in der morning mid ids piano dorduring, und vill keeb you avake ad nighd ven id howls dot dot "Sweed Shbirid vill Bless und Hear Id's Brayer!" Id vill dook your sead in a car, midoud efen saying: "Dank you, ole buffer; you're a bully ole buck, so you are!" Id vill also gife a gapidal imidation of disdainfulness, if you don'd hob yourself ub ven dey abbroach deirselfs. Der young female cheeg vill hafe confer-sation mid you aboud' efery subject—bolidics, religion, bolidical oconomy, etc.—midoud, berhaps, dot it is efen aple do dellWashington's lasd name.

Der aggomplished female cheeg vill dell you all der necessary informadion aboud der newestd biees ad der theadres, und vill shbeak you a lisd of her friends vich are going, und led you know, in aboud fife leedle minudes, dot she voodened make a heafy objection do vend dere herself mid you. Id vill dife in a musig shdore und insbedd ids nose in efery biece of musig vich dey can rememper, from Dan Emmed's anciend-

est sonadus, down to Beed Hoofen's ladesd gallops und valdses. Und afder hafing made der glerks schread like sbongs, und oggsamined all der heafiest bieces of Joe Haydn, Misder Beed Hoofen, Esq., und Charley Von Weber, id vill burchase a simblified copy of der Kisses Valse, und hafe id rolled ub in der nicesd vay. Mid dis id vill brominade Broadvay for a cubble of hours, hafing der heafy combosition exbosed in a brominend bosishion. Der female cheeg is in elemends, so do shbeak, ven id has a young fellow on some sdrings, und ocebds bresends, und books, und candies, und ice greams, und races, und theadres, &c., midoud hardly asking his name, led alone loafing him.

Der old female cheeg vill charge dain dollars do fiftheen a veek, for a bed-blace in der mosd nord-easdesd gorner of der second sdory of der garred, und dree assaulds on shdale grub und hashes, und der family (medley) silfer efery daily.

Somedimes dere is a mean kind of a cheeg. Id vill schbend fife dollars oud of four for chin und millok, vile der resd subbords der family; und if dere ain'd blaindy of eferyding, dis cheeg vill fighd mid der olt vooman on accound she didn'd boughd more dings.

So! dere you hafe der differed variadiions of cheeg. Dook id aldgedder, und, if used for a good burbose, id is one of der besdesd condriances do boosd a fellow ahead against der chok-ing wafes of drubble vich is med so ofden during der brogress droo life.

I KIN NOD TRINK TO-NIGHD.

Don'd ask me, please, dis efening, friends,
 Don'd fill no glass for me,
 Dot makes me sick und sad to heard
 Your songs of joy und glee;
 Just dook der rosy bier away,
 Remoof dot from my sighd,
 Dot makes my heart vent piddy-pat—
 I kin nod trin to-nighd.

You say so dot vill shmood my cares,
 My shbirids do vill sheer,
 Yet I can'd jine your fesdife growd,
 Nor shwig der rosy bier;
 Lasd nighd I tinked a barrel full
 Und got so awful tighd
 Dot now I'm sick like anyding—
 I kin nod trink to-nighd.

Den bass der foaming lager round,
 Fill efery glass bud mine,
 Don'd led der cares dot gloud my soul
 Shlung shadows ofer dine;
 Trink deeb und gafe der shmall shord hours
 To bleasure und delighd,
 Bud keeb der shduff away from me—
 I kin nod trink to-nighd.

Some oder nighd ven I feld goot
 Ve'll had a shblendid dime,
 Mit songs und doasds und blendy fun.
 Und sendimend und rhyme;
 But nod to-nighd, dot don'd cood be,
 My head dot vas nod righd,
 So, derefore, friends, blease cound me oud—
 I kin nod trink to-nighd.

PROFESSOR DINKELSPEIGELMANN ON THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

Laties ant Shentlemans: Ven a man knows somedings he speaks mit hees sendiments, ant ven he speaks he someding says dot some peobles to hear is mooch glat. I haf a great bleasure in das science vot makes de mankind vare he coomes ant vare he goes. Vare he coomes? Of

goorse you knows dat! Ah, you doesn't pe so sure! You doesn't pe so schmart ash nefer vas! You knows vare he coomes, eh? Vell, den, I shtops, ant bauses, ant observes mit myself yesterday, ven I pays fifty cent for a schicken, "Vare you coomes apout, schicken?" Ant he says, "I coomes mit a hen, py te egg." "Dot's so," I speags quick—"dot's vot te hen hat her pusiness, of goorse." But, holt on, somedings; I ask mit te schicken, vare you gits dare, mit a shell inside? I asks, vare you coomes ven te egg has *goot* inside ant no schicken dare? Eh? Who speags abound dot? Who shall say dis somedings:

How shall dot schickens pe in dot egg?

Dells me dot! You pees haf got mooch some-schoost don'd knows so mooch as yesterday, ven te egg vas mit a shell around it, unt to-day, look gwick! 'tis no egg, a nein—nein! It valks, and talks, ant eats, ant pimeby somedimes pretty gwick gits on him feathers ant odder dings—all foon te egg.

No, sir, laties ant sehentlemans, vat you don'd know apout dot egg is te same as py te mankind; you don'd know like a schild so mooch. You haf not von leetle itea 'pout vare you is pefore you is; you don'd look pack into noddings

vare you haf peen ; ant so das is all. You nefer knows dot—nefer !

Ant now te gwestion—vare you goes to? I egspects you don'd know dot, any mooch like you knows vare you coomes always; so I gloses te address vich haf gif me more bleasure as fun to speaks mit you; ant I shall gontinue to bur-sue dot schicken gwestion efer so mooch again, vor das is excellent mit te science ash nopoty shall oonderstand. Dot's so. Goot-night (*or tay*).

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

CHARLES F. ADAMS.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! Shust look here und see

A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe,
 Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
 Vas grazzy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
 Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
 Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmalle leedle vellow I dells you vas qveer;
 Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer,
 Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck,
 A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck,

Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine
To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pecun to shbeak goot English, too,
Says "mamma," und "bapa," und somedimes
"ah-goo!"

You don'd find a baby den dimes 'out of nine
Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloer ofer, und drows dings
aboutt,
Und poots efryding he can find in his mout;
He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom
his chair,
Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare;
Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcu-
pine,
Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off
mine.

Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty
vell;
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutsch-
er yell,
Und dravel der ped-room widout any clo'es,

While der chills down der shpine off mine pack
quickly goes;

Dose leedle schimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine,
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine.

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men,
Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den;
Dey vill veer a vite shirt vront inshted off a bib,
Und wouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir
crib—

Vell! Vell! Ven I'm feeple und in life decline,
May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off
mine.

GLORY MIT TER STARS UND STHRIPES.

YAWCOB VON SPLUTTERMANN.

Te Eagle vot is American! I speaks mit it
so prout as nefer vas! Goot pirt! Pig ding
py te odder pirts! Oh, coom arouse vere de bee-
bles sees you, *goot!* Schoost git up und sgreech!
Sgreech und gry alout like tunder, und say—
“Hurrah mit der Doodle! Hail Golumby as
nefer vas!” Und schoost go oop high—high
as te church efer ter stheeble, und gry “Liberty,
Freedom, te Rapooblic!” so long ash ter mens,
un vimmens, un shildrens speaks mit somedings

grant in te soul. Oh, I sees by te next year, vay afar mit te distance, vat I sees! A great, gross beobles, so habby ash ter government nody knows how, a schpeakin' by te troompit apout der habbiness vat schmells schweet, like ter schmoke foon ter scherubim. I sees te oxbeef lying town mit te galt py der meadow in te grass. I sees pirts un peasts going mit te schoorch hant in hant, a shoutin', "Clory mit te Sthars und Sthripes." I sees mens, un vimmens mit bipes und fiddles, und drooms, gryin' "Clory mit ter Sthars un Sthropes!" Un den I schwells, un schwells, un grows pig, un stretches mit my arms apout some odder man's frau, un gries—"Clory mit ter pirt of Freedom und ter Rapooblic so long as nefer shall pe!" Oh, mine goontry—Oh, your goontry—Oh, eferypoty's goontry. I—I—dinks I'll go mit Hans Yost's saloon un trinks tri un tri lager. Goot-tay (*or night*):

DOT SUNFLOWER.

OOFTY GOOFT.

We meandered in der bier-garten—

Der shbarrows dem singed in der dree—
My love she blucked a sunflower

Und gife dot all to me ;
I kissed dot shweed sunflower,
Dear love, dot you gifed to me,
Und dot shweed day in der bier-garten
I gifed my heart dee.

Fife days in a dumpler of vater
I sherished my flower mit bride,
Und vadched und vadched by der hour
Dem seeds a-obening vide ;
Bymeby'd vas a big sunflower—
How ofden I'fe dunk dot ober !
Den I put dot away bedween der leaves
Of a book midout any cover.

Fife years dot maiden did held my heart
In dot dumpler of her own,
Dill der bewdiful bud of bassion had grown
Such a nice sunflower, full plown ;
She sniffed ids dender fragrance,
Und den, ah, voe der day !
She broke der dumpler of her heart,
Und flinged my flower away.

In a leedle olt book I vas reading lasd nighd,
A drying my voes to forget,
I durned a leaf over, und dere peheld
My sunflower, my pet ;

Dot shboke boud der basd, of dot summer day,
 Der bier-garten vere dot grew;
 Und I sighed und gried o'er my flower dot died,
 Und my heart dot vas died too.

DER SCHWARTZ EGSBERIENCE MIT A BOGSING LESSON.

I hear sho much dalk yoost now goncearning der noble ard of self-devence, dot I dinks mit mineself it vos goot for me to know how to use mine vishtiguffs ven der little boys in der shtreed jaff me und gall me "Dutchy Yarman sausage!" Und I gonsiders dot I would go to der man vot deach me der bogsing vight; und I dells mein frau, bud she say nein.

"Hans," she say to me, "I don't dink it vos der jeese for a married man to know how to vight, begause ven he make a row his vife she might get der verst of it."

"Yah, datsh a fagt," vos mein rebly: "but I don't dink dot would do her mooch harm a few dimes for de goot of her healt und a gviet life. Anyvay old fooman, I go und have some egsberience mit der bogsing lessons—yah!"

I get mineself diregted to der adletic hall and shbarring agademy by a mans, und I go in. I

shee a man dere mit his doo hands shtug indo doo round blum-buddings mit der budding-gloths on, und he vos dancing round der room as mad as a lunatigal Mardge hare, und der vos a big bag like a monshter ham hung up to dry in de room, und dish lunatic vas hitting der bag mit der right hand blum-pudding, und den mit der levt-hand blum-budding and blowing mit his breath ash vell; und every dime he shmite der bag hard he say:

“Dot’s on to ye! Dere’s vun in der dader-trap! Dot knogs out your ivories! I’ll pood your beebbers in mourning for you! Into your bread-basged! On der gonk—hooray!”

Ven he bersheeves me he dance around me, und he loogs ash if he vould dransfer his ad-dentions from der bag to minesshelf, for he flash der blum-puddings before mein eyes, und he say:

“Now, den, Bologna, pood up your forgs—pood ’em up. Vere vill you have it, Schneider, say? Shall I land you ein on der kisser? Vere vill you have it?”

I say I don’t vant to be had mit it; dot I prefers it mit der jill off; und den I asg him if he vos der bugilistig Brovessor of der noble ard of shelf-devence; und he pood his right hand blum-

pudding over his levt hand bressht, und he bow und shay he vos der honor to be him.

Vell, I shay to him: "I vant to get some bogging lessons to vight mit. Vot vos der brice?"

"Der gustomary jarge," he shay, "is ten dollars for sigs lessons; bud ash you are a sdranger in dese barts, I gives you halve-a-dozen for five tollars, bayable in advance."

I shay very goot, und dot I vill gommence at once, und I bay him over der gash. Den he asg me to veel his byzebs, und I look all round der room, und I dell him I don't shee no byzebs knoging round to veel mit.

"No?" he shay. "Veel it here." Und he bend mit his elbow, und I veel his arm und I vind dot der byzebs vos like a ghash-iron Yarman sausage vot vos growing too big for its shkin. "I give you a byzebs like dot avter you have der sigs lesson," he say; und I say yah, mit danks, dot I like dot.

I dakes off mein goat und my vest-goat und I pood mein fishts into doo new blum-buddings like der bugilishtig Brovessor ov dot noble ard, und I shtand oop und shabe ad him like shabe ad me.

"Goom on!!" I shay.

"Loog oud, den," egshglaims der Brovesser,

“und regollekt dot dere are dree grand leading brinciples in vighting—hit out shtraight, hit out qvig, und hit out hard. Now, dry dot on my nose, und mind youself!”

I hit out shtraight und qvig und hard mit mein fisht to *his nose*, und I hit him shtraight und qvig und hard mit *mein mout* on *his* fisht. I veel a big byzebs gooming already on to mein ubber lib, und I shpid out soom blood.

“Loog here, Brovessor;” I shay, “does der fife tollars inglude der dendisht’s ogsbences for new deeth?”

He larvd und dell me to dry again—dot I vos imbrove fasht, und dot I vill soon be able to vight all der Frenchmen in der vorld, und I says I dinks so neider.

Ve schabes away again, und I shuds mein eyes und hits out mit both blum-buddings shtraight, qvig, und hard again, und den dere vos a railway drain gollison ad mein levt ear, und I vas shtrug mit lidening und tunder; und ven I oben mein eyes I vos grazefully reglining on der vloor ov der adletig hall und sparring agademy. I dinks dere vas a shingle or doo knogged off mein roof. De Brovessor grinsh all round his mout und he asgs me:

“Vy don’t I geep mein egvillibrium?”

“How ter teufel gan I geep him,” I reshbond, “when you nog all der egvillibrium oud ov mein earhole mit a shledge-hammer?”

He lift me oop und ve shabes soom more, und he tabs me on der nose, und breag der bagbone of it; den he puds up a shudder over mine right eye, und raises anoder young byzebs yoost over der levt ear. Den he blay handball mit mein jaw all round der room; he shifts mein two ears farder bag on mein head, und he vinishes me in der shdomeg, und I dake a balloon journey soomerset like a t'ousand of brigs into der corner.

“I dink dot vill do for der virsht lesson,” he shay.

I dell him I dinks so doo, for a fagt und no mistake. Und I say I don't no vich ish mine tob end, und vill he pood me right side oop, mit gare, und I vill go home.

“Ven vill you have der shegoond lesson?” he say, ven I vos leaving.

I tole him I vas see aboud dot, bud I don't vas got no more bogsing mit dat noble Brofessor. I vas got me out of dot qvick.

DER LODDERY DICKET.

Eferywhere, no matter vhere you vas, you heerd somet'ings von dot loddery pishness py Galliforny. Efery man vas crazy py der headt,

und so gwick dhey got a dicket dhey yoost dink vot dhey do mit der gelt vhen it vas come. Some vas pick out lots und houses to buy mit it. Now das infections comes on me yoost der same alike, und for more as dhree tays long I don'd cood trife it mine hedt out. I don'd vood gone hime any more, but yoost shtob mit der poys pooty late out und trink citer made von red abbles, so dot vhen shleebiness vas come, I shoood got a nitehorse, und tream somedings to buy a dicket mit. Vhen I dinks der nitehorse vas dhere, I valks me shlowly hime to mine frow. I goes me der house in, und she says somet'ings about me, und I yoost say notting too, but so gwick I cood, I got der bed in, und pooty gwick I don'd know somet'ings enny more. All der nite long I saw, mit mine eyes vide shut, der verst lookin' t'ings you nefer saw in mine life already. Dose t'ings I tream of in ter tay time vas dhere pehind dot in ter nite time. I saw leetle bull toats shump-ing und zingin' like efert'ing. Shbiders und muskeedlers vas grawlin' der vall ofer on mine bed. More as dwo sech eight cooble of elephants vas valzing a bolka on mine shest, und I baed you I vas schared, for vhen I shboke I cood say notting at all of I vas to died. 'Dwas not long dhey shtob a good vhile dhere in von pblace,

und ven I don'd know it dhey vas come und gone, come und gone. Pooty gwick bimeby dhey don'd vas dhere eny more. Vell, dink von dis t'ing, not more as a minute long, ven, mine graciousness!! Vat der tuyfel comes me here of mine side-bed! Shure vot I life, it vas der nitehorses, looking me of der face mit his eyes out. Of you gife me a tollar, I don'd vood saw such t'ings again vonce. Pooty gwick dhey gommence to tance und valtz a bolka der floor round mine bed, und so gwick I know it I don'd got eny t'ings on. I vas a fish-maide in der vasser out. Dhen dhey vas laff me of mine face mit dhere fingers. Efery humbug dhey dink of to do, it vas done of me. Und I dell you I vas crazy mit mineself of matness. More as vonce I got mine ped oop, und I don'd cood shtir already as I vas so skarte like a sheep mit a tief on his pack. Dhen I dries to vake mine frow Gretchen von der shlumbers out, und vas more troubles as I cood do. She don't know somedings in her shleeb; consekerwendly vas not so fraid as me. I got some courages py dis time und looks me der room round vonce. Oh! such crazyness vas dhere I don'd vood vitness eny more. Dhen ag'in I vas not lookin' der room round. I vas py a prewery vvhich vas shuckful

mit efery kindt of golt und greenbex; kecks full oop mit loddery dickets shtood eferywhere around, und it vas mit mine pockets dherein so much I cood lift. Now dis shood been a segret, und of dhey pring me der gelt I vood gif Gretchen a goot surprises. Vell, I vas again on mine house und Gretchen she don'd know eferyt'ings. I vait me batiently more as dree tays long so das loddery shood come und dhen I vood go mit der pank und got der gelt. Now Gretchen she vas older, und shmarder as me, shmells some leedle mices, und vhen I don'd vas dhere, she valks der shtreet ofer und got a dicket mitout mine knowledges und consentds. Vell, der tay comes so gwick he can, und I vas habbiness. Vhen der Efening *Mail* papers vas out, I yoost buy a couble und look von der trawin's to found out of I got somet'ings. Der more I look der more I don'd saw somet'ings, und pooty gwick all der dickets vas dickets, und notting more. I don'd got some langwages to oxbress mine mor-difications. Of I had I vood gif you eny. I vas so mat like eferyt'ings, und vood kick mine out-sides in mit von hand, I vas so mat. To gone hime vas now a good t'ings, und to soag mine hedt mit a couble Prandret's Pills vas a goot t'ing too, und so I do it. No sooner I vas dhere

on der house, Gretchen vas vild mit oxcidemenl. She reads der pabers dot vas all full mit das loddery pishness, und apoud der gray-haired olt voomans dot vins der hoondret t'ousand toller und dot vas Gretchen. She vas der olt voomans, und now ve vas riches. Efery olt goots py der house vas thrown der vindow out. New goots, new furnidure, new eferyt'ings vas ordered to come on our house. Wie go mit der try good shtores und got silks, und galicoes, und such t'ings. Efery tay wie rite feet pack in der carriages, und I told you vot it vas, dhere vas pig enchymends on der Pretzel House. Gretchen she vas a lofein' frow, I baed you, und efery morning pehind nite, you cood hear her soft vinning foice say somedings like dot:

“Carl, du Deitschen luffer, got out von das ped so gwick you can! You vas trunk, ain't it? Been out mit der poys last night? I kick you mit my rite handt. Yoost see vonce, dis house vas crazy, don'd it!”

“Vell, vell, ish dot so, und you don'd traw somet'ings mit der loddery? I dink you vas der olt voomans.” Dot must haf been a nitehorse who said dot, und I now dink it vas.

SWACKHAMER'S BALL.

Rudolph Swackhamer gave a ball,
It vas a bully vone,
Und every vone who vent to id,
You bet, had blenty of fun;
Dere vas ugly mens und ugly girls,
Und some vas bretty fair,
But vait a vile und I'll dole you
De beebles I saw dere.

Dere vas Peder Kuntz und his nice vife,
Und his daughter, Lena, too,
Und Kady Slotts, the butcher's vife,
Mit her nose all plack und plue;
Dere vas Otto Fleishman mit his son—
An honest poy, you know,
Who sdole vone tay apout tirty hams,
But de shudge he let him go.

Und Dinglebender he vas dere,
Und he vore a diamond ring;
I pelieve it gost him fifdeen cends,
Und it shined like any ding;
Und den dere vas Miss Bumblestein,
She vas mit Fritz de gound,
(She ist de gal I dole you dot
I med oud at Fairmound).

Dere vas Erdlebracher und his frow,
A-alking here und dere;
She'd a punch of garrots on her head,
To match her auburn hair;
She vas der nicesd in der room,
But den she liked her bier,
Und ven she obened her bretty moud,
It stretched from ear to ear.

Kansmeyer he vas also dere,
Und he had a bretty gal,
I pelieve she vas an Irisher,
Und dey galled her Blue Moud Sal;
Und oh! de sdyle dat dey pud on,
Aldough his coat looked hart;
But den his girl vore a more-e-an-tick,
Vich gost nine cends a yart.

Und Lautenslager valtzed around
Mit his exguisit vife,
(I done know vat exguisit means,
But I guess it vas all rite);
He had a dirty gollar on,
But it you gouldn't see,
Begause his viskers covered id,
(No vone knowed dat but me).

Und den dere vos olt Kimmlebrod,
Who geeeps a bier saloon,
Und has a free lunghe gounder, too,
(I goes dere ven ids noon);
Yust look!! his feet are awful pig,
Und I've ofden heart it zaid,
Dat ven he puds his preeches on,
Dey go on over his head.

Und ven it game aboud dwelve o'clock
Dey vas dancing de nine-bin,
Ven some vone pud de gasses oud,
Und all vas dark mit-in;
Den some vone yelled oud fire, too,
Und de beeble ran aboud;
De gas lamp (vich purned oil) den fell'
Und struck Fleishman on the snoud.

Den Kimmlebrod und Kansmeyer
Run against Miss Bumblestein,
Und Erdlebracher und Lautenslager
Got struck mit a boddle of vine;
Und Peder Kuntz und Kady Slotts
Vell in a dub of gream;
Und Dinglebender—vas is dat?
Mine Got!—'tis all a tream!

Not Hans Breitman.

DAKIN' A SHWEAT.

Dish is vat a coundry! I gets to feel pad pefore I am dere one, two, t'ree week. Mine vrow tell I shall see der doctor. I dink it shall be. I find him so soon as never vas. Him ask vot ish my dishtress. I tell him I ish ill in mine poddy. He say, "Vat ish your symptoms?" "Vot's um?" I say. "I nix vostan mooch English; I ish von Dutchman." "How feel you?" he says. "Like dunder, sir! I feel like de baddest man in de vorld, an' my vooman feel so like. Mine nose have no hole for to breathe; mine head seem like Mans' football when he is blew it tight; I sits at der stove dish hot day an' I feel like der cool of Lent." He say a worstest cold is cotch me. I dink it shall be so. He say I will dake a shweat. "Vat ish dat? How to do shall it be?" He say very mooch how I vill do, an' hope I must feel petter the other day. "One dollar to pay." I say, "You come next day to mine house, an' I are much petter, I shall pay you."

I go sooner to mine house an' say, "Vooman, I shall have some mushtard tea an' cat-milk pashte pehind der shmall of mine pack, an' shoak mine clothes an' get at der bed mit many warm feet." De vrow say, "Vat ish der mat-

ter? You are loss your wits." I says, "Do for me vat I say, quickst." She say, "We have no cat." "Get at de others vwhile I die!" I say.

Mine vrow ish very spry to know English, an' she get a voman in der other house maķing der t'ings as der doctor did say. I shmokes a pipe an' drinks a lager; I dinkṡ I vill get petter. Mine vrow soon bring der t'ings an' say, "Now, Hans Peter, get to your bed soon, an' put dis mushtard as der doctor did say you to." I gets in mine room, den I dinks where did der shmall of your pack be?—my pack ish all pigger. Den I dinks der pashte shall be put at der hide; so mine preeches I gets out of, an' lay der t'ing on quicker, an' puts on my preeches, an' one, two, t'ree, coat, an' boots, an' hat, an' meetins, an' gets in der bed, an' den der old voman come an' put one, two, t'ree, seex comfortable upon me. I dinks I get petter pefore next day, an' must pay der tollar. De vrow go out an' say I want notting. I dinks I vill shleep. I dream I wants to sheratch my pig behind de shmall of his pack, an' I can not catch him. I vake up quick. Somevat bite my pack. I holler der vife to kill der pedbugs. She say, "No pedbug in my house." I feel so I must die. "*Go ask der doctor, my dear vrow, sooner!*"

Her gone, I dinks I shall shcratch mine pack or kill me; I ish hotter ash blixen. I opens der window an' pegins to get der clothes off to der hide. I dinks I will be so old I die pefore I can get off mine preeches. I not just much alive an' I gets der mushtard pashte out at der vindow, an' pegins to shcratch (like dish) 'gainst der vindow-pane. I hear some one holler, "*Hans Peter, you ish mad!*" I see mine vrow an' der doctor come ver fast to der door under my vindow. I dink I pay der vile schamp *two tollar* an' I can shmash der haed of him. I t'row der vash-powl, der shaving-glass, der hat, an' der boots, an' I sheare der villain into der shtreet, an' I say, "*Py schippet-ter blitz! I cotch you, sar, I give a shweat to you, sar. You come to dish house an' I will put a mushtard pashte to der ears an' feet of you. You roast an' cook me in der ped!*" I never see dat wicked doctor again. I shmoke mine pipe an' drinks plenty lager, an' feel petter the other day.

I not dake a shweat till I die. Mine vrow laugh when I say dish, an' I shmash der mug at her shkool. Dat's why I gits petter, 'cause I sooms here to says to all der peobles, *nix shweat!*

SCHNITZEL'S PHILOSOPEDE.

Herr Schnitzerl make a philosopede,
Von of de newest kind;
It vent mitout a veel in front,
And hadn't none pehind.
Von vreel vas in de mittel, dough,
And it vent as sure ash ecks,
For he shtraddled on de exel dree,
Mit der vheel petween his lecks.

Und ven he vant to shtart id off,
He paddlet mit his veet,
Und soon he cot to go so vast,
Dat avery dings he peat.
He run her out on Broader shtreed,
He shkeeted like der vind,
Hei! how he bassed de vancy traps,
And lef dem all pehind!

He vellers mit de trotting nags
Pooled oop to see mis bass;
De Deutschers all erstaunished saids:
"Potztausend! Was ist das!"
Boot vaster shtill der Schnitzerl flewed
On—mit a ghastly smile;
He tidn't tooch de dirt, py shings!
Not vonce in half a mile.

Oh, vot ish all dis earthly pliss?

Oh, vot ish man's soocksess?

Oh, vot ish various kinds of dings?

Und vot ish habbiness?

Ve find a panknode in der shtreedt,

Next dings der pank ish preak;

Ve falls, und knocks our oudsides in,

Ven ve a ten-shtrike make.

So vas it mit der Schitzerlein,

On his philosopede;

His feet both shlipped outsideward shoost

Vhen at his exdra shpeed.

He felled oopop der veel of course,

De veel like blitzen flew,

Und Schnitzerl he vos schnitz in vact,

For id shlished him grod in two.

Und as for his philosopede,

Id cot so shkared, men say,

Id pounded onward till it vent

Ganz teufelvards afay.

Boot where ish now der Schnitzerl's soul?

Vhere dos his shbirit pide?

In Himmel troo de endless plue,

Id dakes a medeor ride.

HANS VON SPEIGEL'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

Vellow mit der Zitizens: Vot for ve meets here today, hey? Vot you say? Is it yust a leedle bicnie for noddings, or is it another brize fight? I dells you vat for. We meets to-day to zelebrate der Vourth of Yuly, which, by reading your almanacs you vill see gooms on the fiert tay of Yuly dis year. In some goontries it gooms on the sienfe tay, which is de reason dey don't can zelebrate all der vhile.

Der Vourth mit Yuly pese a krate fellers. He govers der whole American gontinent. His right hand sits town on Maine, unt his left hand shtands up on Galliforny. He scratches his head mit de forests of Alaska, unt zoaks his corns in der Kulf of Mexican Moostang Liniment!

Long dime leedle w'ile ago de Vourth of Yuly was yoost a leedle poy. He landed from a Hamburg shteamer at Philadelphia in seventeen hoonert unt seventy-six, unt he has been a booty healthy poy ever since.

Vellow mit der Zitizens!—Der Vourth of Yuly is a pig ding, and he has ton pig dings for dis goontry. He prings hot wedder mit schnapping grackers, but he also prings der bicnie mit der

lager peer. So long as he governs der whole goontry, so long as he broducts der native porn zitizen of voreign pirth, unt geepts down der tam Know-nodding, yoost so long will Hans Von Speigel gast his vote for der Vourth of Yuly. Now let us all zhoin in singing der "Shtar Spangled mit der Panner."

Oh, say, don' you see, py ter tawn's early light,
 Vas so proudly ve hailed in ter twilight's last
 gleaming,

Whose proud shtripes unt pright shtars mit der
 berilous night

On der ramparts ve vatched, vas so callantly
 streaming (all die vile).

Unt der rockets red clare, der pooms pursting in
 air,

Oh, mine Cott! it gifes broof that our vlag it
 bees there.

Und der shtar-spangled mit der panner
 In driumph shall va-i-a-i-a-i-ave
 O'er der landt mit der vree
 Unt der home von der prave!

Now, then, poys, three cheers for der Vourth
 of Yuly, unt den gooms der lager peer.

HE VAS DHINKIN'.

He sot by der fire a-dhinkin',
Und his eyes vas on der shtove,
His bipe vas clinched bedween his dooths,
Und his lips dhey didn't move;
His hands vere grossed upon his breast—
Agrost his breast so glose—
Und dhree big tears run out his eyes
Und drickled down his nose.

He vas dhinkin' of days gone by,
When he used to vas a leedle shild,
Und used to sot by his mother's breast
Und kinder draw it mild;
When he used to sot by his mother's lap
Und play mit her apron shtrings,
Und gone to shleep mit der kitten-kats—
Und *all* dot kinder dhings.

He vas lifing his boyhood days again,
He vas yoost a shild once more;
He thought he doned like he used ter done—
Shlide down on der cellar door;
Play shnap der whip, I shpy der wolf,
Und odder dhings so gay,
Und dhree more tears run out his eyes
Und passed forever away.

His heart vas glat—a great big shmile
 Dot settled on his face;
 Mit all der beoples in der vorlt
 He vould not shange his place.
 He sot unt sot, und der tears dhey fell,
 Und drickled down his nose;
 Den der fire vent oud und he yumped in bed,
 Midout tookin' off his clothes.

CARL PRETZEL'S LECTUHE ON MAN.

MINE DEORY APOUT BEDIGREE.

Der key to mine deory vas a monkey, und dot vas abarent mit you all.

Olt Shendlemans Tarwin did said dot “man vas comed from a monkey out.”

Ofer dis vas been der pefront orriginal of man, der monk, in a good many inshdances vas ondidled to hafe mine sympady, ofer he cood use dot.

Id vas for drue a circular singleshdance, dot man in all his brisdine beaudy and lustre, vas dook his bedigree from der insect tribe.

Yoost call a mans a monkey, and he dinks right avay you consult him.

“But der drooth befrails vhen id vas

mighdy." "As der dwig got bent der drees goes yoost like dot." "Und as he falls so he must shtand."

Yoost for inshtinckt let us dook a look indo der fudure of man.

In 1492, about der time vhen Atam got shnaked der garten of Eten out, man vas yoost becomed acklimated mit der vedder.

He had been pored mitout his knowledges or consents; his konshtidootions vas adabted to der glimade vat vas dhere, und his fframes vas shuckfull of der outside in mit life.

All nadure vos so quiedude like der deuce, I vish I cood yoost shnore me so loud as it vas quiedude enuff. At dis eboch dhere vast comed some shnakes, dot shnakes cood said somet'ings, consekerwendly dot inscekt hafe one of der powers vchich man did hafe apofe der voomans kindt.

Atam was done vat der repdile did said, und dhen he vas fall down so flat he cood shtand.

Dis vas only for inshtinckt, to brove dot man, not only comed der monkey out, but to gife der shsnake raddle a shance to got a bedigree neider.

Ferry ofden der beculiar gharachtedistics of odder pirds cood been foundt linkering around der phrame works of mankindt.

Dook der vassup, der sheebs, vich makes so many mutton medts vat you ofden comed in contact with in der daily valks of life.

Dook der shnail—der not pooty gwick snail—and on his feadures cood been viewed der out-lines of man.

Dook der shkunk. Vell, dot's besser you don'd hantle him; but shtill efen on dis vhibber-will smellum shtrong songster de gearackderistic feadures of man vas more greatly visiple as on some odder pird.

Eferyvhere, no matter vhere you vhent, man mit dis latter consbickuousnecessidy (I'de shtuff dot vord as a relick) vood comed in contact mit you no matter vat your name vas.

Dis adds annoder heldy charm to der fact dot mans bossesses more dishtinckt gwodations from der animals kindt as he did once from clay earth.

Vy, dot clay vas only some inanimate mut mitout lifely. Vat you don'd cood hold for more as a minoot long by shplid shboon.

Ofer you got no jeckobtions, und you got plenty time enuff, and you don'd got eny doubt about it, yoost dook a dry once to make a man mit some of der mut vat growed on der shtreet.

Efen of you got der pest gwalidy, I baed you

two tollars und a half you don'd could make it shpeak somet'ings ofer you dry two weeks. Und reckermember you got to make him valk more as a mile neider, or you loose der beer, ain'd it. Vell, I baed you.

I dink I know fife or dree fellers vat vas dry to make a man, but I nodice dhey don'd only got der left hand done yoost yet, und vhen dhey got it gombleted dhey vood hafe to write under der pigdure, "Dis vas a cow."

Vat I vant me to temonsthade vas dis: Dot man vas made.

Vell, you see dot vhen Mr. Kolumbus Kristopher vas landet mit his ark poat, some mans vas comed der vasser over mit him, but dhey vas olt mans.

Hisdory don'd did speak a mouthful about dhere names or der bedikree of dhere antcesdors.

It was mit a dekree of uncerdaindy to found out who dhey vas.

Enyhow dhey vas our before fadders, vedder dhey vas monkeys or not.

Der well ret mans of der cidy, or der well ret mans of der forrest out, vas yoost so ignoranter like me neider. So dot makes it yourself efident fact dot man vas a connundrum, und it vas besser you gif him ub, excebt vhen you hear mit

your eyses some of der animal ghearacteristics brominently displayed on der feadures of der male man. Dhen you cood said mit a cerdaindy dot man comed from an animals oud.

I hear me ladely dot der dedt shpirid ghosts of some andiquated monk vas comed to earth of clay.

I forgot me which, und it vas had a dendency to increase der mempers of mine deory, but deth to dose who vas ashamed of myself about dhère pedikree.

Der shpiridualists und female voomans sufferers vas deshbise mine tocktrine, und on dat askound I see me der drooth of der olt atferb dot a rolling shtone vas der root of all evil.

RECKERMEMPER DER POOR.

One day in der summer times, dhère vas dwo peobles dookin' a shmalle valk der field ofer. One vas a goot und holy shendlemans, der odder vas a young mans dot vas not holy too, on ackound he got a couble evil thoughts on his mind once on a vhile. While dhey vas valkin' along, der shmallest aged one saw an old coat und a pair of shoeses by der roadside.

“Ha, ha,” he say a couble times, now we have

some fun. I will yoost make 'em shoeses full mit thistles, und vhen der man makes 'em on, he vood shump like his heart vas proke."

"Nein, nein," say der goot olt man, "dose vas a vicked dricks I bead you. Now, mine poy, on ackound dot you vas rich, dot's besser you put a silver tollar in each shoeses, und dhen we yoost hide in der bushes und vatch for dot. Don'd let us got und make poor people pay for dot."

Pooty soon gwick dhere comed along some poor old man, dot vas tired mit his vork. He shtops und makes on his coat, but so gwick he vas make on his shoe, mine gracious, but he vas oxbrised to saw dot silver. Dhen he makes on der odder one, vhen he could no longer contain himself, but lookin' eferyvhere der place around, mit tears rolling down his feadures, he makes his knees on der ground, und mit his lookin' ub to heaven, he gave thanks for der timely boundy vat vas comed to safe his sick frow und shtarving childrens.

"Now, mine poy," said der old man in der bushes, "don'd you feel beeter?"

"Yah, dot ish so, I yoost feel me now der trooth of der old atferb vvhich I nefer pefore undershtood, dot it vas more goot to gif dhen to got somet'ings."

"DER DOG UND DER LOBSTER."

SAUL SERTREW.

Dot dog he vas dot kind of dog
Vot ketch dot ret so sly,
Und squeeze him mit his leetle teeth,
Und den dot ret vas die.

Dot dog he vas onquisitive
Vareffer he vas go,
Und like dot voman, all der time
Someding he wants to know.

Vone day, all by dot market-stand,
Vare fish und clams dey sell,
Dot dog vas poke his nose aboud
Und find out vat he smell.

Dot lobster he vas took dot snooze
Mit von eye open vide,
Und ven dot dog vas come along
Dot lobster he vas spied.

Dot dog he smell him mit his nose,
Und scratch him mit his paws,
Und push dot lobster all aboud,
Und vonder vat he vas.

Und den dot lobster he voke up,
Und crawl yust like dot snail,

Und make vide open ov his claws
Und grab dot doggie's tail.

Und den so quick as never vas
Dot cry vent to der sky,
Und, like dem swallows vot dey sing,
Dot dog vas homeward fly.

Yoóst like dot dunderbolt he vent—
Der sight vas awful grand,
Und every street dot dog vas turn
Down vent dot apple-stand.

Der shildren cry, der vimmin scream,
Der mens fall on der ground,
Und dot boliceman mit his club
Vas novare to pe found.

I make dot run und call dot dog,
Und vistle awful kind;
Dot makes no difference vot I say,
Dot dog don't look pehind.

Und pooty soon dot race vas end,
Dot dog vas lost his tail—
Dot lobster I vas take him home,
Und cook him in dot pail.

Dot moral vas, I tole you 'boud,
Pefore vas neffer known—
Don't vant to find out too much dings
Dot vasn't ov your own!

THE SOLEMN BOOK-AGENT.

A DUTCH RECITATION.

He was tall, solemn and dignified. One would have thought him a Roman senator on his way to make a speech on finance. But he wasn't, singularly enough, he wasn't. He was a book-agent. He wore a linen duster; and his brow was furrowed with many care-lines, as if he had been obliged to tumble out of bed every other night to dose a sick child. He called into a tailor-shop on Randolph street, removed his hat, took his "Lives of Eminent Philosophers" from his cambric bag, and approached the tailor with—

"I'd like to have you look at this rare work."

"I haf no time," replied the tailor.

"It is a work which every thinking man should delight to peruse," continued the agent.

"Zo?" said the tailor.

"Yes. It is a work on which a good deal of deep thought has been expended; and it is pro-

nounced by such men as Wendell Phillips to be a work without a rival in modern literature.”

“Makes anybody laugh when he zees it?” asked the tailor.

“No, my friend; this is a deep, profound work, as I have already said. It deals with such characters as Theocritus, Socrates, and Plato, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. If you desire a work on which the most eminent author of our day has spent years of study and research, you can find nothing to compare with this.”

“Does it shpeak about how to glean cloze?” anxiously asked the man of the goose.

“My friend, this is no receipt-book, but an eminent work on philosophy, as I have told you. Years were consumed in preparing this volume for the press; and none but the clearest mind could have grasped the subjects herein discussed. If you desire food for deep meditation, you have it here.”

“Does dis pook say sumding about der Prussian war?” asked the tailor as he threaded his needle.

“My friend, this is not an every-day book, but a work on philosophy—a work which will soon be in the hands of every profound thinker in the country. What is the art of philosophy? This

book tells you. Who were, and who are, our philosophers? Turn to the pages for a reply. As I said before, I don't see how you can do without it."

"And he don't haf any dings about some fun, eh?" inquired the tailor, as the book was held to him.

"My friend, must I again inform you that this is not an ephemeral work, not a collection of nauseous trash, but a rare, deep work on philosophy? Here, see the name of the author. That name alone should be proof enough to your mind, that the work cannot be surpassed for profundity of thought. Why, sir, Gerritt Smith testifies to the greatness of this volume!"

"I not knows Mr. Schmidt: I make no cloze mit him," returned the tailor in a doubting voice.

"Then you will let me leave your place without having secured your name to this volume? I cannot believe it. Behold, what research! Turn these leaves, and see these gems of richest thought! Ah, if we only had such minds, and could wield such a pen! But we can read, and, in a measure, we can be like him. Every family should have this noble work. Let me put your name down; the book is only twelve dollars."

“Zwelve dollars for der pook! Zwelve dollars, und he has noddings about de war, und no fun in him, or say noddings how to get glean cloze! What you take me for, mister? Go right away mit dat pook, or I call der bolice, and haf you locked up pooty quick!”

TICKLED ALL OAFER.

A DUTCH RECITATION.

The Chief of Police yesterday had a visit from an old farmer living out on the Center Line road, who had a story to tell. After two or three efforts, he began:—

“I vhas goin home, last night, ven I overtakes two men on der roadt. Dose fellers dey laft, und saidt would I gif ’em a ride? I laft, too, und say, ’shump in.’ ”

“Yes, I understand.”

“Pooty queek one feller laft, und saidt he likes Dutchmens, ’cause his uncle vas a Dutchmans. Dot vas all right, und so I laft, too. I vhas real tickled, und I shakes all oafers.”

“Yes.”

“In a leetle vwhile one feller vphants me shange a seven-tollar bill, so as he could gif some money

to der orphan assylums; und he lafts, ha! ha! ha! Dot tickeled me some more, und I lafts too. Den he odder feller, he grabs me py der collar und pulls me down behind, und says dey looks in my pockets for a shteampoat dot vos stolen from Detroit. Dot makes us all laff, like some goot shoke.”

“It must have been funny.”

“It vhas. Döse fellers took out my wallet and counted oop der monish. I had shust ten tollar; und dey laft, und said dot dey must go on some trips to der seashore mit dot. Dot tickled me some more, und I laft, too.”

“Well, what then?”

“Vhell, den dey shumped oud, und put deir fingers on der noses, und says, ‘Goot-py, old Dutchmans,’ und avhay dey goes like some horse-races.”

“And you didn’t laugh at that?”

“Vhell, not pooty much. I vhas all ready to, but I shtopped. If dem fellers vhas up to shokes, it was all right; but if dey vhas robbers, I vhants you to catch ’em, und gif ’em some pieces of my mind, like ’dunder. I doan’ like somepody to laff at me vhen they doan’ feel tickled all oafers.”

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

A DUTCH DIALECT PARODY ON WHITTIER'S CELEBRATED POEM.

Id was droo der sdreeds of Fredericksdown;
Der red-hot zun he vas shine him down.

Bast der zaloons all filt mit bier,
Der rebel vellers valked on dier ear.

All day droo Fredericksdown so fast,
Horses and guns, and sozers bast.

Der rebel flags he shone him out so bridt,
As if, by Jinks! he got some ridt.

Vere vas der Onion flag? Der zun
He look him down not on a vun.

Up jumped dot olt Miss Frietchie den,
Zo oldt by ninescore years and ten.

She grabbed up der old flag der men haul down,
And fassen'd id quick by her nidtgown.

Den she sot by der vindow ver all could see,
Dere vas none vot lofe dot flag so free.

Purty soon come ridin' up Stonewall Jack,
Sittin' from der mittle of his horse's back.

Under him brow he squint him's eyes.
Dot flag! Dot make him great surprise.

Halt! each feller, make him sdill!
Fire! vas echoed from hill do hill.

Id busted der sdrings from dot nidtgown,
But Barbarie Frietchie, she vas around.

She grabbed the flag again so guick,
Und oud of the vindow her arms did sdick.

“Obuse if you would dis olt bald head,
But leave alone dot flag!” she said.

Zo soon, so guick as Jack could do,
He holler him oud mit a face so blue:

“Who bulls a hair oud of dat bald head
Dies awful guick. Go aheat!” he said.

Und all dot day, und all dot nite,
Till efery rebel vas oud of site,

Und leave behind him dot Fredericksdown,
Dot flag he vas shticken by dot nidtgown.

Dame Barbarie Frietchie's vork is done,
She don't forever get some fun.

Bully for her! und drop a tear
For dot old vomans midout some fear.

JOKES, GAGS, ETC.

Max—"I knows a vomans vot got a pearls from an oyster oud."

Gus—"Dot's nodings. Mine sister got a ti-mond necklace oud of a lobster."

Lou—"How vos dot he made his money?"

Joe—"In dot pocketbook pizness."

Lou—"Is he still in de same pizness?"

Joe—"Nix—he quid the pocketbook pizness and gone in de stocking pizness. You know dere's more money in stockings now than there is in pocketbooks."

Mike—"If I puts mine money in the bank ven can I draw it oud?"

Joe—"The next day. But you shall gife them two veeks' nodise."

WHY NOT, IF HE PAID THE SHOT?

Levi, Jr.—"Fadder, de shentlemans vat puy's te tiamond engagement ring yesterd'ay comes py te store to-day ant pawned it."

Levi, Sr.—"How vos he look?"

Levi, Jr.—"All proke up."

Levi, Sr.—"Vill you nefer learn to take interest in te bizness? Vy didn't you try to sell te shentlemans a pistol?"

MADE TO FIT.

Friend (to Mr. Levy)—“Don’t you think it’s a pity, Levy, to let your little son walk so early? He is getting quite bandy legged.”

Mr. Levy—“I wants him to get bandy legged. You see, I am bandy legged minselluf, and ven mine poy is old enough to veer mine left-off trousers dey vil fits him petter if he is bandy legged!”

 DUTCH ADVERTISEMENT.

An old German out West, who had a horse stolen from his barn, advertised for it as follows:—

“Von nite, de oder day, ven I was bin awake in my shleep, I heare sometings vat I tinks vas not yust right in my barn, an I out shumps to bed, and runs mit the barn out; and ven I was dere coom, I seez dat my pig gray-iron mare he vas bin tide loose, and run mit the staple off. And who efer will him back pring, I yust so much pay him as vas bin kushtomary.”

Two Jews are driving in Riverside Park. Cohen’s cigar has gone out and he says to Einstein: “Give me a little fire.” Einstein does not notice

the cigar and intent on the scenery replies: "F'or vy vill you dalk business ven ve are oudt for bleasure?"

"I work in a tunnel."

"How do you like it?"

"Out of sight!"

"Don't they ever let you out?"

"Oh, yes. I come up to vote."—Rogers Bros.

"What's a corporation?"

"You ain't no corporation."

"Why not?"

"If you owe a man money you got to pay it, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you're no corporation."—Rogers Bros.

RULES FOR CENTRAL PARK: "Couples making love will beware of the rubber plant."—"While driving through the park don't speak to your horses. They carry tales." "All the animals are not in cages. There are some dandelions on the lawn."—Rogers Bros.

Mike—"Vos you efer naturalized?"

Jake—"Ya. Bud id didn't took."

Mike—"Who vos your parents?"

Jake—"Seigel and Cooper."

At a German picnic if one man gets excited and calls another a liar, the friends of the two get around, some one orders beer and the two men shake hands and join in a song. At an Irish picnic if a man calls another a liar, that's your cue to climb a tree. There's no glass of beer going to square that.

SALOON KEEPER—(to new bartender.) “Mike dose glasses stand higher down from de keg, Yawcob. Der profit in der beer pizziness is in der pubbles.”

(Two Jews in a street car.) FIRST JEW—“I vill nefer go py Far Rockaway agen fer de summer. Nodding but Irish everywhere.” SECOND JEW—“It's de same at Saratoga, Abey, it's alive mit Irish. I vish I could go vere dere vas no Irish.”

MRS. CLANCY (on the opposite seat.) “Yer can both go to h—l, y'll find no Irish there.”

“How much vas dose musical instruments worth?”

“Oh, about \$2,000.”

“Vell, for how mooch vas dey insured?”

“They are insured for \$5,000.”

“Vell, vy don't yer?”—Bartell & Morris.

Isaacs (instructing his son)—Ven you zell a coat to a man vat wants a coat, dot's nodding; aber ven you zell a coat to a man vot don't want a coat, dot's peezniss, my poy—dot's peezniss.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN—"Vat shell ve gif liddle Abie for de birthday?"

GOLDSTEIN—"Vash de vindow und let him look oud unt see de hoss-cars go py."

CAPTAIN—All is lost! We can not save the ship!

MOSES—Do you hear what he says Ikey, the ship is going to sink.

IKEY—Vell let it sink. Vat do ve care? Ve don't own it.

"I saw your sister on the street to-day."

"How was she looking?"

"I don't know. I didn't see her face."

"How did you know it was my sister?"

"Oh, I'm quick at figures."

"Say?"

"Well, what is it!"

"Can't I get my money insured so that when I spend it I could get it back?"—Weber & Fields.

Two rich Jews took lunch together in a swell restaurant the other day. After they had discussed all the delicacies of the season, topping off with a large cold bottle, one said to the other: "Isaac, vere in the verldt do you suppose dese Gristians ged all of de money dey gif to us?" And Isaac replied: "Abraham, I gan't imagine."

THE END.

CATALOGUE OF
**FREDERICK J. DRAKE
& COMPANY**

PUBLISHERS.

352-356 Dearborn St. CHICAGO.

UPON receipt of the price, any book advertised in the following pages will be sent by mail, postage paid, to any Post Office in the United States, Canada, or the Universal Postal Union.

As to our financial standing, we respectfully refer you to any bank or business house in Chicago.

Not Responsible for Money or Books sent by Mail, unless Registered.

Parcels will be registered on receipt of Ten Cents in addition to the amount of the order.

No orders whatever will be filled unless sufficient money accompanies them.

Write your name plainly.

Give full Address, with Post Office, County and State.

A complete Descriptive Catalogue will be mailed free on application. Send for it.

We will be pleased to consider for publication any manuscripts sent us.

We desire one or more good agents to represent our books in every county in the United States. Write us for terms, etc.

HOW TO SEND MONEY.

In remitting by mail, the safest means are a Post Office or Express Money Order, or a Draft on New York or Chicago, payable to Frederick J. Drake & Company. When these are not procurable, Cash may be sent in a Registered Letter. Unused United States postage stamps of the denomination of ten cents or under will be received as cash in amounts less than one dollar. Soiled stamps, or stamps other than those of the United States, and personal checks or drafts on local banks cannot be accepted.

Frederick J. Drake & Company's
CATALOGUE OF
Standard Up-to-Date Hand Books
on the following Subjects :

Dialogues, Recitations, Tableaux,
Charades, Pantomimes, Mock Trials,
Monologues, Drills, Marches, Minstrel
and Entertainment Books, Magic,
Palmistry, Hypnotism, Black Art,
Electricity, Speakers, Poultry,
Letter Writers, Dream Books,
Fortune Tellers, Popular Dramas,
Photography, Etiquette, Dancing,
Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Each book in this list is the work of a competent specialist, and will be found reliable, practical and thoroughly up-to-date.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

DUTCH DIALECT.

Recitations, Readings and Jokes, as told by our foremost vaudeville stars, Weber and Fields, Rogers Brothers, Marshall P. Wilder, Ezra Kendall, Geo. Fuller Golden, Gus Williams, and others. Every lover of German dialect wit and humor ought to procure a copy of this new and up-to-date book, as it contains the choicest emanations of the most celebrated and renowned Dutch comedians and humorists of the present day. Rip-roaring, side-splitting Dutch dialect. Hot humor covers its many pages, and comedians and amateurs who wish to keep an audience or social gathering in a continuous stream of laughter and merriment, and receive tumultuous applause at every appearance, will find in this book exactly what they require.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

CHOICE DIALECT AND VAUDEVILLE STAGE JOKES.

A New Standard collection of Readings, Recitations, Jokes, Gags, and Monologues in Irish, Dutch, Scotch, Yankee, French, Italian, Spanish, Chinese, Negro, and other dialects, representing every phase of sentiment from the keenest humor or the tenderest pathos to that which is strongly dramatic. We heartily recommend this book to amateurs and professionals as being the Best, Latest and containing the brightest dialect stories of the Vaudeville stage. It is full of ginger and unlike anything before published. There is another laugh in you, it will have to come out if read.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

CONUNDRUMS AND RIDDLES.

Collected and arranged by John Ray. This is the latest, largest and best collection of Conundrums and Riddles ever published. Containing upwards of two thousand choice new intellectual Conundrums and Riddles which will sharpen your wit and lead you to think quickly. They are always a source of great amusement and pleasure, whiling away tedious hours and putting every one in a general good humor. Any person, with the assistance of this book, may take the lead in entertaining a company and keep them in roars of laughter for hours. We heartily recommend it to Amateurs and professionals for entertainments of all kinds.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

TOASTS AND AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

Compiled and Edited by William Young Stafford. How many times have you been called upon to respond to some toast or speech? What would you not give for the ability to be rid of this embarrassment? This book contains Presentation Speeches, At and After Dinner Speeches, Political Speeches, Welcomes, Congratulations, School Commencement Valedictories, etc. Also toasts and welcomes on various subjects. From this book you may learn some lessons that will prove profitable when called upon to speak or respond to some toast or sentiment. Send for a copy and prepare yourself.

Not only is it valuable to the novice, but the experienced orator will find many good suggestions.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

PATRIOTIC READINGS AND RECITATIONS.

This is the choicest, newest and most complete collection of Patriotic recitations published, and include all of the best known selections, together with the best utterances of all eminent statesmen. Selections for Decoration Day, Fourth of July, Washington and Lincoln's Birthdays, Arbor Day, Labor Day, and all other Patriotic occasions. The following are some of the many choice pieces included in this valuable work:

The Battle of Santiago.	That Starry Flag of Ours.
Hobson's Daring Deed.	Deeds of Valor at Santi-
Gen. Wheeler at Santiago.	ago.
The Flag Goes By.	The Negro Soldier.
In Manilla Bay.	A Race for Dear Life.
My Soldier Boy.	Our Country's Call.
The Yankees in Battle.	Patriotism of American
The Banner Betsy Made.	Women.
The Battle Field.	The Roll Call.
Washington's Name.	Sinking of the Merrimac.
The Stars and Stripes.	The Fourth of July.
Our Flag.	Columbia.
Etc., Etc., Etc.	Etc., Etc., Etc.

There are few things more popular during National Holidays than entertainments and exhibitions, and there is scarcely anything more difficult to procure than new and meritorious material appropriate for such occasions. This book will fill every want.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

“COMIC RECITATIONS” AND READINGS.

A New Volume of Comic readings and Recitations, compiled and edited by Wm. Young Stafford. Many of which have never before been published in book form. Its contents comprise some of the best efforts of such world-renowned humorists as Mark Twain, Joseph Billings, Artemus Ward, Ezra Kendall, Bret Harte, Bill Nye, Ben King, Geo. Thatcher, Lew Dockstader, Wm. S. Gilbert, James Whitcomb Riley and others.

This is an unequalled collection of the most amusing, eccentric, droll and humorous pieces, suitable for recitation in schools, drawing-room entertainments, and Amateur Theatricals. It would be impossible to find so many irresistibly funny pieces in any other tongue. They range from the most refined wit to the broadest farcical humor; but always free from even an approach to vulgarity.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
 Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

LITTLE FOLKS' SPEAKER.

Containing cute and catchy pieces for recitations by small children of ten years and much younger, including Speeches of Welcome and short Epilogues for opening and closing Children's Entertainments. The subjects are such as delight the infantile mind and the language, while childlike, is not childish. All of the selections are new and fresh, many being specially written for this volume. It would be difficult to find another collection so replete with short, bright, cheery printed pieces as contained in this book.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
 Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENTS.

With programmes for amusements, containing parlor games; charming tableaux; tricks of magic; charades. and conundrums; curious puzzles; phrenology and mind reading; hypnotism; palmistry; humorous and pathetic recitations, dialogues, etc., etc. Including etiquette and the art of entertaining, the whole forming a charming treasury of pastimes for the home, public schools, and academies, lodges, social gatherings, amateur theatricals, Sunday-schools, etc. Beautifully illustrated with hundreds of fine engravings. Size 7½x10. Elegantly bound in cloth, with emblematic designs in gold and inks. 350 double column pages; clear type.

Price\$1.75

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
 Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
 352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

HAYERLY'S NEGRO MINSTRELS.

A complete hand book written to encourage, help and guide amateurs in their efforts to form troupes and give a successful evening's performance. An entire program is arranged with full details, consisting of a first part with the brightest dialogue between "Tambo," "Bones" and the "Middleman;" the introduction of ballads and songs, etc., new and side-splitting stump speeches follow, filling the interim between the first and second parts. The latter suggests the usual olio performance of dances, banjo solo and novelty acts. The entire program is concluded by a fine afterpiece given by most of the troupe.

There is no more popular and successful form of public entertainment for amateurs than negro minstrel shows. They consist of music and fun and when free from vulgarity are bound to please any audience. Mr. Jack Haverly was one of the most widely experienced men on the minstrel stage, and in this book has drawn on his stock of tried features, selecting and offering his best therefrom.

Besides arranging the program and giving the complete dialogue for the same from the rising to the falling of the curtain, Mr. Haverly has prefaced it by short chapters on "Make-up," "Dress," "Settings" and some very helpful general remarks.

The additional matter in the way of gags and jokes makes this book one of the best joke books published.

Descriptions of how to walk the cake-walk, and other useful matter, all of which makes this book the most complete one of the subject ever issued.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles.....50 CENTS.

FACIOLOGY.

By La Vergne Belden Stevens, L.L.B. New edition revised and enlarged. Presenting this volume to the public the publishers have refrained as much as possible from being too scientific, and to present it in a clear and practical form. Each chapter is profusely illustrated, by heads and faces taken from photographs from life of the most famous men and women who are noted for abnormal developments, good or bad. If you want to know Human Nature you should procure a copy of this valuable work.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

COMPLETE DEBATER'S MANUAL.

By Charles Walter Brown. This book will fill a place occupied by no other. It is not only a manual of parliamentary usages but a complete guide to all matters pertaining to Organization. In Parliamentary Usages it is full and accurate. It gives in brief space all essentials of parliamentary usages as applied to: Lodges, G. A. R. Posts, High School Societies, Literary and Debating Clubs, Town and Ward Meetings, Political Conventions, etc.

Debating Clubs will find this book unequaled. It tells us all about how to start the machinery. How to outline and prepare a debate. It gives full debates, so that the inexperienced speaker may know about what he is expected to say, and how much is required to fill his allotted time. In Organization "The Debator's Manual" excels. It begins with the first steps and gives a model organization, Constitution, By-Laws, etc.

Price, Paper Covers25 CENTS.
 Cloth, Gold Titles.....50 CENTS.

NEW CENTURY AMERICAN STAR SPEAKER.

Being a standard work on Composition and Oratory. Containing rules for expressing written thought in a correct and elegant manner; model selections from the most famous authors; subjects for compositions and how to treat them; use of illustrations; Descriptive, Pathetic and Humorous writings, etc., etc. Together with a Peerless Collection of Readings and Recitations, including programmes for special occasions from authors of world-wide renown, for Public Schools, Academies, Colleges, Lodges, Sunday-Schools and Social Entertainments. The whole forming an unrivaled Self-Educator for young people. Embellished with hundreds of fine illustrations.

Large 8-Vo. Cloth binding, with original designs on front and back covers. Price.....\$1.75

PRACTICAL ETIQUETTE.

A strictly modern book on Politeness. Just what one needs to keep in touch with what is "Correct" at the present time. Hints on politeness and good breeding, sensible talks about etiquette for home, visiting, traveling, dinner parties, evening entertainments, social intercourses, dress, letter writing, etc.

Price, Paper Cover.....25 CENTS.
 Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,

Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

"IRISH WIT AND HUMOR,"

Containing the best sayings of all Irish speakers and the efforts of all famous Irish dialect writers. Irish wit and humor is a factor in human experience which the world can ill afford to lose. In some of its qualities it is second to the wit and humor of no nation on earth. Judging it by its average specimens—and it would be manifestly misleading to take a lower standard—it manages to convey an idea fully; but in its haste to express itself,—the metaphors get mixed, and the thoughts transposed or reversed. For playfulness, for sarcastic keenness, for gracefulness, and for red-hot scornfulness, nothing is more effective than some of the examples of the wit and humor of the Irishman, as told in this timely volume. Amateur theatricals or entertainments of any character will find this book a most acceptable addition for gathering material.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

HOW TO TELL FORTUNES BY CARDS.

By Madame Zancig. Fully illustrated. This little manual has been written to give amusement, and it describes the methods that are commonly used by Gypsies and others when they profess to "read your fortune." Many have witnessed a great number of most wonderful and useful conclusions which have been produced by this science, and many future events have been foretold. Much depends on the ingenuity and skill of the reader, who, after having duly obtained the true and full meaning that each card in the pack bears separately, and in its independent state, must be also fully enabled to form, judge, and vary all their several mixtures, company, and combinations, which are easily deducted and calculated by a person of an ordinary capacity. Any one can tell the present, past and future by following these simple instructions. Fully illustrated.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Title50 CENTS.

HIBERNIAN SONGSTER.

A grand collection of over 500 songs that are dear to the Irish heart. Including sheets of selected music and numerous toasts and sentiments.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

LOVE LETTERS.

With directions how to write and when to use them. By Ingoldsby North. This is a branch of correspondence which fully demands a volume alone to provide for the various phases incident to Love, Courtship, and Marriage. Few persons, however otherwise fluent with the pen, are able to express in words the promptings of the first dawn of love, and even, the ice once broken, how to follow up a correspondence with the dearest one in the whole world and how to smooth the way with those who need to be consulted in the matter. The numerous letters and answers in this book go far to overcome the difficulties and embarrassment inseparable from letters on this all-absorbing topic, in all stages from beginning to end of a successful courtship, aided in many instances by the author's sensible comments on the specimen letters, and his valuable hints under adverse contingencies. It also contains the Art of Secret Writing. The language of Love portrayed, and rules in grammar.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
 Cloth50 CENTS.

AMERICAN IDEAL HOMES.

Edited by Benj. F. Cobb, containing plans of Eighty houses, ranging in price from \$550 up to \$6 500, two churches, five barns, three sheds, one store building and summer cottages. These plans were drawn by a licensed architect of the State of Illinois, who has given his especial attention to the planning of medium-priced houses. In designing these house plans great care has been taken in making these perspectives artistic and the arrangement of the houses convenient, and the floor plans of the different houses presented offer so many suggestions as to make the book almost invaluable to anyone planning a home. The book is 7½x10½ inches in size and is bound in English green cloth. The perspective views and floor plans, which are both given, are printed from the best half-tone cuts on enamel paper, and the prices of the blue prints and specifications, which we furnish, are shown in the book. The average price of the blue prints and specifications is five dollars a set, and they are just the same as plans which if prepared especially for you by an architect would cost you from fifty to seventy-five dollars.

Price. Cloth Binding\$1.50

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
 Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
 FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
 352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
 SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

BROWN'S BUSINESS LETTER WRITER AND BOOK OF SOCIAL FORMS.

By C. W. Brown. The most complete practical compendium of correspondence and business forms ever published. Gives full instructions for writing, and specimens of Business Letters, Legal Forms, Leases, Deeds, Wills, Contracts; models for Refined Love-Letters, covering Courtship, Engagements, Marriage; Social Forms, Invitations, Acceptances, Regrets, Condolences; Family Letters for Parents, Guardians and Children; How to address the President and Government Officials. Also leading synonyms. Teaches how to write correctly.

When you wish to write a letter you have only to consult the book, find the model, and then form your letter upon that, putting what you want to say to suit yourself.

"Brown's Letter Writer" is not full of love-sick effusions and long-winded models of high flown style from impossible Chesterfields to imaginary Counts or Duchesses. It is plain, easy and to the point. It will tell you anything you really need in the way of a letter.

Paper Cover25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

HERRMANN'S BOOK OF MAGIC.

Including a full exposure of the Black Art. This is a practical treatise on how to perform modern tricks, by Prof. Herrmann. Great care has been exercised by the author to include in this book only such tricks as have never before appeared in print. This assures the performer a secret and almost endless fund for suitable material to be used on all occasions. With little practice, almost anyone can perform the more simple tricks, and with practice, as he becomes more adept, he can perform the most difficult. No book published contains a greater variety of material for conjurers and sleight-of-hand performers than this book. Coins, cards, silk hat, handkerchiefs, balls, are all introduced in the many programs offered, thus affording one an endless variety from which to select for parlor or stage entertainments. Fully illustrated. By a knowledge of what is contained in this book on Black Art, you can make the weak as strong as a lion, or the "bully" as timid as a child. You can cure disease, cause others to come to you, love you, and obey your every wish. Or, if you desire, you can make fun by the hour through its agency.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

“PRACTICAL LESSONS IN HYPNOTISM.”

By L. W. De Laurence, A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., Instructor of Hypnotism, Personal Magnetism, Mesmerism, Magnetic Healing, Suggestive Therapeutics, Psychology, etc., at the American School of Psychology. This is the author's latest and best work. It gives the only course which starts the student out upon a plain, common sense basis of Hypnotizing people. Each of the many chapters contain from ten to thirty practical lessons prepared especially for self-instruction, a feature never before offered the public. Many books published on Hypnotism pretend to teach the student without first mastering the real principles and entirely ignoring the constituent elements of Psychology. Prof. De Laurence teaches a method which will enable any student to go right into a promiscuous audience without any subjects whom you have previously hypnotized, and give successful hypnotic demonstrations. He has demonstrated the fact that anybody who can read can learn his methods as contained in this valuable book. the instructions are plain and the methods are the result of long experience, careful research, and much study. Thousands have mastered his instructions as taught in this book, and are now successfully applying Personal Magnetism and Hypnotism in their daily vocations, which is sufficient evidence to prove the worth of this volume. Be sure and get this book, Practical Lessons in Hypnotism, By L. W. De Laurence. Fully illustrated.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

“SAFE METHODS OF BUSINESS.”

Containing the latest and most correct methods of conducting every business on absolutely safe principles, by Hon. Frank Gilbert, Ex-Sub Treasurer U. S. To the busy person time is money, and, for the idle, information has little attraction. The book that is terse, pointed and pithy is the one that is read and prized. This volume possesses these requisites in a remarkable degree. It contains no dead matter, the pages being filled with facts, figures and general information, involving law, both State and National, commerce, agriculture, social customs, mercantile transactions, and calculations, and the rights and wrongs of civil life—all in a form carefully designed for practical utility. 12 Mo., Cloth, 300 pages, fully illustrated.

Price.\$1.00.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

BECAUSE I LOVE YOU.**The Book of Love, Courtship and Marriage.**

It fully explains How Maidens Become Happy Wives and Bachelors Become Happy Husbands in a brief space of time and by easy methods. Also Complete Directions for Declaring Intentions, Accepting Vows and Retaining Affections both Before and After Marriage, describing the invitations, the dresses, the ceremony, and the proper behavior of both bride and bridegroom, whether in public or behind the nuptial curtain. It also tells plainly how to begin courting, the way to get over bashfulness the way to "sit up," the way to find the soft spot in the sweetheart's breast, the way to write a love letter, the way to easily win a girl's consent, the way to "do up things" before and after engagement, and hundreds of other things of vast importance to lovers. This is just the treatise to be in the hands of every young bachelor or maiden, every married man or woman, every widow or widower, young and old.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

LESSONS ON PHRENOLOGY.

A Complete Illustrated treatise. By Prof. William Windsor, L.L.B., Ph. D. Phrenologist and Anthropologist. New Edition revised and enlarged. The unremitting demand made by an indulgent and appreciative public for a new edition of the lectures, By Prof. Windsor, has compelled the publishers to issue this new and complete course in Phrenology, which is in every regard a most careful and easy method of Instruction in that popular science. The book is fully illustrated with carefully prepared drawings, which will enable any one to fully master the profession.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Title50 CENTS.

LITTLE FOLKS' DIALOGUES AND DRAMAS.

A collection of original Dialogues and Dramas by various authors, sprightly and sensible, particularly adapted for little people from three to twelve years old, on subjects and ideas fitted to their age, handled in the quaint manner of childhood, and developing the germ of mimicry and appropriate action, so often observed in even children of tender age. Suitable for all occasions. Special day celebrations, etc. With costumes for boys and girls.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

MODERN QUADRILLE CALL BOOK AND COMPLETE DANCING MASTER.

Containing all the new modern square dances and tabulated forms for the guidance of the leader or others in calling them, full and complete directions for performing every known square dance, such as Plain Quadrills, Polka Quadrills, Prairie Queen, United States Quadrille, Presidential Quadrille, Varieties Quadrille, Francaise, Cake Walk Quadrille, Dixie Figure, Girl I Left Behind Me, Old Dan Tucker, Money Musk Waltz Lanciers, American National Lanciers, Military Lanciers, Columbian Lanciers, Oakland Minuet, Waltz Quadrilles, etc., etc.

In the Round Dances, a special feature consists of the introduction of the Wirth and other newest methods of teaching the steps of the waltz, etc., so thoroughly illustrated by diagrams that they can be perfectly mastered without the need of personal introduction. In this manner are clearly described the Waltz, Galop, the Plain, Guide, and Heel-and-Toe Polkas, Military Schottische, the York, Caprice, Berlin, Minuet,

The "German" introduces over One Hundred of the newest and most popular Figures, fully described, and conveniently grouped for ready reference. etc., etc.

Every information in regard to the service of Ball-Room Etiquette, duties of Leaders, and general instruction is fully and clearly given.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

THE GYPSY WITCH DREAM BOOK AND POLICY PLAYER'S GUIDE.

This is the most complete dream book and policy players' guide published. It contains an alphabetical list of dreams on every subject, including the lucky numbers, given names of both males and females and their numbers. Birthdays and their significance, Lucky Days, Rules to learn the number of Saddles, Gigs, and Horses in any given row of numbers, and what amount they will bring, Combination tables, etc. It is the most reliable and authentic dream book ever published, the gathering of the material alone has occupied many years of careful research.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth50 CENTS.

Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent, Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

"ELECTRICITY FOR ENGINEERS."

By Charles Desmond. Tenth Edition, revised and enlarged. This is the accepted standard authority on Electricity for Engineers. Two volumes in one. Volume one (constant current), contains a clear and comprehensive treatise on the principles, construction and operation of dynamos, motors, lamps, indicators, and measuring instruments, also a full explanation of the electrical terms used in the book. Volume two (Alternate Current Apparatus), contains an explanation of the principles governing the generator of, and a description of the instruments and machinery used in connection with Alternate electrical currents. Superbly illustrated with 138 fine line illustrations. 12 Mo. Cloth, 430 pages. Price.....\$2.50.

FIRST LESSONS IN ELECTRICITY.

By W. Jerome Harrison. Revised and enlarged by William L. Weber. This is an elementary hand book of lessons, experiments and inventions. It is a book for beginners, though it includes as well examples for the advanced students. The author stands second to none in the scientific world, and this exhaustive work will be found an invaluable assistance to either the student or mechanic. The following subjects are treated: Frictional electricity, magnetism, current electricity, electrostatics, electromagnetics, measurements, of currents, electro-optics, induction currents, electro-chemistry, telegraphs and telephones, etc., etc.
Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth50 CENTS.

STANDARD PERFECTION POULTRY BOOK.

By C. C. Shoemaker. The recognized standard work in poultry in this country adopted by the Breeders' Poultry Association. It contains a complete description of all the varieties of fowls, including Turkeys, Ducks, and Geese, also full directions for operating incubators and brooders.

Many old-fashioned farmers are inclined to discredit the statement that there is money in poultry. Why? Because they are not up to the new and improved ideas in poultry management. A little trial of the rules laid down in this book will soon dispel all misgivings in this direction, and tend to convince the most skeptical that there is money in poultry-keeping. Fully illustrated.
Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

PRACTICAL HOUSE BUILDER.

Compiled and edited by H. E. Burnham, Architect. This valuable little manual gives in simple style the correct and most economical plans and specifications for building houses for towns or country, barns, stables, churches, etc. It deals thoroughly with the practical building of a house; hundreds of details which the amateur builder usually learns through expensive experience. It contains specimens of contracts, specifications and plans, and a study of it will save omission and extras. The plans deal with houses costing from \$300 to \$4,000, which makes it the most valuable and up-to-date house builder published. Fully illustrated.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Title50 CENTS.

TOKOLOGY.

A book for every woman. By Alice B. Stockham, M.D. This is unquestionably the most valuable work of the kind published. The author, in sympathy with the needs of her sex, discusses at length, with strength and purity, physical questions of the greatest importance. Complete, plain and specific directions for the care of a woman during the entire term of pregnancy, including baths, diet, exercise, clothing and medical treatment. Explicit lessons are given for her management during and after confinement. Plain instructions for the care of an infant, its clothing, bathing, nursing, etc., are given. Profusely illustrated. Also a special chart of female organs.

Cloth. \$2.25.
Morocco \$2.75.

HOUSEHOLD COOK BOOK.

Complete Modern Housekeeping Manual. A comprehensive collection of new, choice and thoroughly tested recipes, including every department of domestic cookery. Especially adapted for household use. Also containing medical and toilet hints, invalid cookery, plans for setting the table, carving, and a great variety of information invaluable to every housekeeper. Profusely illustrated.

Besides being the very latest it is also the largest and most reliable Cook Book published. Everything is practical, and of the twenty-eight hundred cooking and house-keeping recipes, the greater majority will be found serviceable in all homes. While the aim has been to give the receipts for all dishes, even the more elaborate have not been overlooked.

(Continued on page 16.)

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

HOUSEHOLD COOK BOOK—Continued.

The book contains 656 large octavo pages, handsomely printed from new plates on a good quality of toned paper. It is handsomely bound in white oil cloth with marble edges and is embossed with a special cover design in inks. Price\$1.50

There are nearly double the number of recipes in this book that are found in any other book published, as will be found in the comparative table below:

	Mrs. Lincoln's Cook Book..	Century Cook Book..	Three Meals A Day.....	White House Cook Book..	Household Cook Book...
No. Words	198,000	201,000	242,000	240,000	410,000
No. Pages	536	587	554	590	656
Recipes, Total No..	1,200	1,300	2,300	1,850	2,800
Recipes for Fish....	39	41	60	59	170
Recipes for Soups..	43	47	65	53	89
Recipes for Shell Fish	39	32	33	46	55
Recipes for Sauces for Fish and Meat	42	41	28	38	100
Recipes for Meats..	108	120	103	134	213
Recipes for Salads.	18	34	38	30	93
Recipes for Vegeta- bles.	62	73	101	100	176
Recipes f. Puddings and Dumplings ...	46	25	112	125	133
Recipes for Cakes..	81	52	138	125	303
Recipes for Deserts	56	45	112	108	152
Recipes for Ice Creams and Ices.	38	43	24	19	55
Recipes for Candy Making	None	28	44	41	75
Recipes for Jams, Jellies, Marmalades	24	32	110	39	142
Recipes for Pickles	10	6	60	31	75
Recipes for Bever- ages.	20	30	30	52	97
Recipes for Invalid Cookery	68	None	56	45	33
Recipes for Chafing Dish	None	20	None	None	82

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

THE MAGICIAN'S HAND-BOOK.

By "Selbit." If you wish to be up to the minute you must have the new book on Magic and Illusions.

The pages of this excellent cyclopedia on Magic abound with thorough descriptions and beautiful illustrations of the Very Newest Tricks and Illusions, and also contains a great many hints which will prove invaluable to the amateur as well as the professional magician. It is also the only work published which contains full instructions on the Art of Juggling.

We highly recommend the purchase of this book, which is far superior to any of the numerous works on Conjuring which have appeared in the late years. So confident are we of the fact that our customers will be more than pleased with this book, we offer to refund the amount paid for it, if the book does not come up in every way to the purchaser's expectation.

Fully Illustrated; 12 Mo. Cloth.....\$1.00

ZANCIG'S NEW COMPLETE PALMISTRY.

The only authorized edition published. By Prof. and Mme. Zancig. here we have the simplest presentations of the Science of Modern Palmistry published. All of the discoveries, investigations and researches of centuries are summed up in this practical treatise on Palmistry. There is no trait, no characteristic, no inherited tendency that is not marked on the palm of the hand, and can be traced with unerring accuracy by following the principles and instructions laid down in this book, enforced by numerous timely illustrations of known historical personages. Even a casual reading of this book will enable us to know our own character better and give us convincing proof of the sincerity or insincerity of friends—or professing ones. If a careful study is then made you will be astonished at the accuracy with which you can read the life-history of any one through the graven lines on the palms. 86 fine illustrations. N. B.—Other editions bearing the name of Zancigs are not authorized by them.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth Titles in Gold.....50 CENTS.

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUCTOR.

By T. Stith Baldwin. The camera is now recognized as a factor in the fields of pleasure, profit and instruction and is used by every class of citizen; by the tourist and other pleasure seekers as an adjunct to further the enjoyment of a vacation and to provide lasting

(Continued on Page 18.)

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC INSTRUCTOR—Continued.

souvenirs of a pleasant experience: by the professional man as a most valued assistant in scientific research; by the itinerant photographer as a means of livelihood, as he travels from place to place.

Any man, woman or child of ordinary intelligence, without previous experience, by simply following printed instructions, can soon acquire the knowledge necessary to properly operate the camera, develop the plate (or film), and print and finish the picture. It also contains full instructions for Lantern-slide and transparency making, fully illustrated.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth50 CENTS.

CARD TRICKS. How to Do Them.

and principles of Sleight of Hand. By Prof. A. Rotenberg. Fully Illustrated. This book gives, with careful and easy instructions, the newest card tricks and Sleight of hand yet offered to professionals and amateurs. Not only does this book contain all of the new tricks, but nearly every one known is fully explained and exposed by explicit directions and carefully prepared illustrations. No more agreeable form of public or private amusement can be devised than that of successful card tricks. The great trouble is usually the difficulty in learning the tricks or in successfully producing them. This book gives plain instructions how to do them so as to render their production certain of success. 80 fine illustrations.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth, Gold Titles50 CENTS.

TRICKS WITH COINS.

Embracing every sleight and subtlety invented and known. By T. Nelson Downs, "King of Coins." Illustrated.

Full and complete expose (illustrated) of the Author's World-Famous Coin Creation, "The Miser's Dream" including the correct method of executing the Continuous Back and Front-Hand Palm.

A Series of absolutely new Passes with Coins, including eleven distinct and different methods of causing the disappearance of a single coin.

This Book contains a complete explanation, with illustrations of many Coin Tricks and the Author. Written in a plain, easy, comprehensive style, which makes it the very best book on coin tricks published.

Paper Covers25 CENTS.
Cloth50 CENTS.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

Drake's Descriptive List of Plays.

NEW PLAYS AND ENTERTAINMENTS.

These plays are of the highest order of merit, and make the very best list before the public. They are spirited in action and rich in variety of incident, containing pathos, delightful humor, and sparkling wit. This series contains no worthless nor worn-out plays. Every one is up-to-date. None of them is in any way objectionable to the most fastidious. All can be produced in any town or village hall, many of them on a platform or in the parlor, without scenery or properties.

ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD. 15 Cents.

A comic drama in two acts, by Thos. and J. M. Morton. Six male, three female characters. Two interior scenes. Time, two hours. A standard play, pleasing to audiences of all grades, brimful of comic situations and containing some powerfully affecting passages.

ARABIAN NIGHTS, THE. 15 Cents.

A farical comedy in three acts, by Sydney Grundy. Four male, five female characters. Costumes of to-day. Parlor scene throughout. Runs 2 1/4 hours. A superior piece from the literary point of view.

AT SIXES AND SEVENS. 15 Cents.

A comedieta in one act, by J. M. Morton. Three male, four female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 45 minutes. The excellence of this gay little piece consists in the humor of its situations.

BACHELOR'S BEDROOM, THE; OR TWO IN THE MORNING. 15 Cents.

A farce in one act, by Charles Matthews. Two male characters. Time 40 minutes. Show the inconveniences that arise from inviting a crank to share your bedroom at 2 A. M.. Sometimes called "A Good Night's Rest."

BARBARA. 15 Cents.

A play in one act, by J. K. Jerome, two male, two female characters. Modern costumes. Sitting-room scene. Time, 50 minutes. A well written romantic story with touches of genuine humor.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

FREEZING A MOTHER-IN-LAW. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by T. E. Pemberton. 3 male, 2 female characters. Parlor scene. Everyday costumes. Time, 45 minutes. One of the best of the "mother-in-law" plays, with chances for good acting all around, marked by keen humor of dialogue and uncommon drollery in its situations.

FUNNIBONE'S FIX. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by A. Williams. 6 male, 2 female characters. Office scene. Everyday costumes. Time, 30 minutes. Represents a sub-editor's woes in running a country newspaper. Funny from first to last, with an irresistibly ludicrous ending.

FURNISHED APARTMENTS. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act. 5 male characters. Plain room scene or no scene at all. Time, 50 minutes. Dr. Planus lets his suit of rooms to Mr. Thompson, not knowing that they have already been let by his assistant to Mr. Smith. Both lodgers arriving to take possession at the same hour, a laughable scene ensues.

GALLUS JAKE. 15 Cents.

An Ethiopian comicality in 1 scene, for two black-face comedians. Kitchen scene, or no scene at all. Plays about 10 minutes. Ephraim, a white-washer, and Jake, a dinky dude, have a comical spirit-rapping experience that scares them out of their senses.

HANDY ANDY. 15 Cents.

An Irish drama in 2 acts, by W. R. Floyd. 10 male, 3 female characters. Time, 1¼ hours. Full of absurdities that provoke laughter.

HAPPY PAIR, A. 15 Cents.

A comedietta in 1 act, by S. Theyer Smith. 1 male, 1 female—both light comedy. Time, 45 minutes. A highly diverting little play, full of brisk movement and giving wide scope to both characters for clever work.

HARVEST STORM, THE. 15 Cents.

A drama in 1 act, by C. H. Hazlewood. 10 male characters. Landscape scene. Time, 45 minutes. The story of a bank clerk falsely accused of embezzlement, and his final exculpation, is set forth with high dramatic effect and unflinching interest.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

HAUNTED HOUSE, THE. 15 Cents.

A Negro farce in 1 act, by Griffin and Christy. 2 male characters (landlord and whitewasher) and several ghosts. Plain interior scene. Time, about 15 minutes. Pete Johnson tries a little spirit rapping and is scared nearly out of his wits in consequence.

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR OLD CLOTHES; OR THE TAILOR'S STRIKE. 15 Cents.

An original eccentricity in 1 scene for 3 darky comedians. Time, about 15 minutes. Dr. Squozzle and Zip Johnson, returned from California, try to get some sleep in the office of a hotel, while waiting for the train. Taking off their coats, etc., things get badly mixed.

HOME. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by T. W. Robertson. 4 male, 3 female characters. Modern costumes. Parlor scene throughout. Time, 2 hours. A prime favorite with playgoers everywhere.

HOW TO TAME YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by H. J. Byron. 4 male, 2 female characters. Parlor scene. Time, 35 minutes. Mr. Whiffles, being oppressed with a meddlesome mother-in-law, invokes the aid of a friend to cure his relative's eccentricities. After a series of absurd extravagances the old lady is thoroughly "tamed" and Mr. Whiffles' serenity restored.

IN HONOR BOUND. 15 Cents.

A drama in 1 act, by Sydney Grundy. 2 male, 2 female characters. Parlor scene. Evening costumes. Plays 40 minutes. A simple, pretty piece, neatly designed and freshly written; a little sentimental, but neither forced nor tawdry in its sentiment.

JOHN SMITH. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by W. Hancock. 5 male, 3 female characters. Time, 40 minutes. A favorite and laughable piece in which the great number of John Smiths in the world is cleverly utilized in producing a series of button-bursting misunderstandings. Every character is good, and the farce is easy to play.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

JUMBO JUM. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act. 4 male, 3 female characters. Time, 40 minutes. Jumbo Jum is a comical darky who gets everything upside down in an uproarious way. The character is so full of genuine humor and fun that it is sure to convulse any audience with laughter from beginning to end. A favorite piece with "cullud" comedians.

LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET. 15 Cents.

A drama in 2 acts, by C. H. Hazlewood. 4 male, 3 female characters. Costumes of the day. Time, 1¼ hours. This is a dramatization of Miss Braddon's well known novel, a favorite stock play with repertoire companies and popular among dramatic clubs. Lady Audley is among the best of leading emotional characters.

LEND ME FIVE SHILLINGS. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. M. Morton. 5 male, 2 female characters. Time, 1 hour. The humor of this celebrated farce springs from the hero's perplexities and mortifications. It invariably provokes continuous explosions of laughter, and has long been a favorite in the repertoire of Mr. Joseph Jefferson.

LOST HEIR, THE. 15 Cents.

A drama in 3 acts for 10 male characters. Time, 1¼ hours. Deservedly a favorite because of its real dramatic effectiveness and the unflagging interest that follows the fortunes of the young hero.

MARRIED LIFE. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 5 female characters. Time, 2 hours. A sterling comedy that invariably provokes uproarious outbursts of mirth.

MISCHIEVOUS BOB. 15 Cents.

A comic drama in 1 act, for 6 male characters. Plain room scene. Time, 40 minutes. A taking farce for boys, marked by a serious, and even pathetic, as well as comic interest.

MISCHIEVOUS NIGGER, THE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by Chas. White. 4 male (darky, French barber, Irishman, and irascible old man), 2 female characters, (played by male actors). Plays 30 minutes.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**

MORE BLUNDERS THAN ONE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by Thos. G. Rodwell. 4 male, 3 female characters. Time, about 1 hour. Consists of a succession of comical misadventures growing out of the pranks of a blundering Irishman who drives everybody nearly wild with his oddities. The leading character is an Irish comedian.

MRS. WILLIS' WILL. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 1 act from the French of Emile Souvestre. 5 female characters. Plain room scene. Time, 45 minutes. Conveys the moral that fine clothes and scheming selfishness do not always succeed. A country jig, danced under protest by two of the personages, is the medium of much fun, and the whole cast, being composed of distinct types, gives scope for some very neat character acting. No scenery required.

MY AWFUL DAD. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by Chas. Matthews. 6 males, 6 females, and 3 utility male characters. Modern costumes. 2 interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. Keeps the audience in roars of laughter from first to last. The play always makes a brilliant hit, and will be talked about long after many another play has been forgotten.

MY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 45 minutes. A laughable piece in which each of two elderly "mashers" attempts a flirtation with his neighbor's wife.

MY PRECIOUS BETSEY. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. M. Morton. 4 male, 4 female characters. Plain room scene. Time, 55 minutes. It is indescribably funny and never yet failed to convulse an audience with laughter. 2 of the characters (1 male and 1 female) may be omitted, if desired. Sometimes called "Bobtails and Wagtails."

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by H. J. Byron. 5 male, 4 female characters. Modern costumes. 3 interior scenes. Time, 2½ hours. The movement throughout is exceedingly brisk, the interest not being permitted to flag for a moment. The play has great merit, and it is always greeted with unlimited laughter and vast applause.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

NO CURE, NO PAY. 15 Cents.

A Negro farce in 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin. 3 males, 1 female (played by a male actor). Plain interior or no scene at all. Plays about 15 minutes. Dr. Ipecac has a new method for restoring speech and hearing to the deaf and dumb. Geo. Washington Green, a dandy lover, gets under the treatment by mistake, with terrifying and ridiculous results. Cato, a darky servant is an extravagantly comical character. The other three characters can be played with white faces.

NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by Wybert Reeve. 6 male, 5 female characters. Garden and parlor scenes. Modern costumes. Time, 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ hours. The extraordinary whims and fancies of a wife who seeks to establish petticoat government, her husband's comical predicaments and her ultimate cure, form the motive of this comedy which brings shouts of laughter from the audience. It is played sometimes as "Is Marriage a Failure?" and "The Second Honeymoon."

OBSTINATE FAMILY, THE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act. 3 male, 3 female characters. Plain room scene. Everyday costumes. Time, 40 minutes. A lovers' quarrel between two servants grows, by a very natural process, into what threatens to be a domestic cyclone of vast proportions.

OUR BOYS. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by H. J. Byron. 6 male, 4 female characters. Modern costumes. 3 interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. Full of opportunities for exciting a laugh, though some of the best effects are produced in the few serious moments of the play.

OUT IN THE STREETS. 15 Cents.

A drama in 3 acts, by S. N. Cook. 6 male, 4 female characters. Modern costumes. Time, 1 hour. Wherever this play is presented it is received with the greatest enthusiasm.

POPPING THE QUESTION. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone. 2 male, 4 female characters. Parlor scene. Time, 40 minutes. It is an exceedingly neat farce, easy to play, and always brings down the house. Requires no scenery.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

PERSECUTED DUTCHMAN, THE; OR THE ORIGINAL JOHN SCHMIDT. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. Barry. 6 male, 3 female characters. Time, 50 minutes. Audiences never tire of this farce, though it has been played, and played again. Shouts of laughter greet the indescribably funny predicaments of a Dutch commercial traveller who stops at a hotel.

PRETTY PIECE OF BUSINESS, A. 15 Cents.

A comedieta in 1 act, by Thos. Morton. 2 male, 3 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 50 minutes. Consists of a series of absurd complications growing out of a plot to make a diffident old batchelor come to the point. No scenery required.

QUACK DOCTOR, THE. 15 Cents.

A Negro farce in 1 act, by J. W. Smith. 4 males, 1 female (the latter played by a male actor)—all black faces. Dr. Squash pulls teeth, cures fits, makes love to Dinah Primrose, and upsets things generally until his patients get together and mob him. Time, about 25 minutes.

QUARRELSOME SERVANTS. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by G. W. H. Griffin. 3 male characters (1 white, 2 black faces). Plain room scene or no scene at all. Time, about 15 minutes. A popular and effective skit for 3 comedians.

QUIET FAMILY, A. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by W. E. Suter. 4 male, 4 female characters. Plain room scene. Everyday costumes. Time, 45 minutes. A flare-up and reconciliation in which two quarrelsome families living under one roof create a whirlwind of boisterous fun which involves servants and all. The piece fetches shouts of laughter, and is good for parlor or afterpiece.

REGULAR FIX, A. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. M. Morton. 6 male, 4 female characters. Parlor scene. Everyday costumes. Time, 50 minutes. The audience is kept in a state of continuous and explosive mirth at the way in which the hero extricates himself from the dilemmas that confront him at every point.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

ROOMS TO LET, WITHOUT BOARD. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by Griffin and Denier. 3 male characters. Bedroom scene. Plays about 15 minutes. The farce is so full of snappy "business" and comic incident that it is sure to go well. Can be played with white or black faces.

ROUGH DIAMOND, THE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone. 4 male, 3 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 40 minutes. In this farce, whose popularity is unexcelled, the contrast between a country bumpkin and his fashionable city cousin is laughable in the extreme, while the dialogue and situations are funny straight through. Very easy to play. It is called, also, "The Country Cousin," and "Cousin Joe's Visit."

SCHOOL FOR SCHEMING, THE; OR LOVE AND MONEY. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 5 acts by Dion Bouccicault. 7 males, 8 female characters. Time, about 3 hours. The author has constructed a very entertaining play with numerous merits. Spectators are always deeply interested in the development of the plot, and applause follows each act.

SCRAP OF PAPER, A; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A LOVE-LETTER. 15 Cents.

A comic drama in 3 acts, by J. P. Simpson. 6 male, 6 female characters. 3 interior scenes. Modern costumes. Time, 2 hours. A comedy of the present time, full of healthy laughter, in which the intrigue has been wrought out with consummate skill.

SHAM DOCTOR, THE. 15 Cents.

A Negro farce in 1 act, by Chas. White. 4 male, 2 female characters (all black faces, played by male actors). Bellshazzar Bug, M.D., practices on old Johnson in a very novel way, but contrives to administer a good dose of fun to the audience. Time, about 20 minutes.

SLIGHT MISTAKE, A. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 1 act, from the French of Emil Souvestre. 5 female characters. Plain room scene. Time, 30 minutes. A pleasing comedy whose moral is coated with the sugar of fun.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

SINGLE LIFE. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 5 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours. All the characters are comic—5 bachelors and 5 spinsters. The play deals with the loves, suspicious and quarrels of the ten who wrangle themselves into a state of final harmony. It is pure fun all the way through, and the audience is kept in roars of laughter from beginning to end.

SOLON SHINGLE; OR THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER. 15 Cents.

A New England comedy in 2 acts, by J. S. Jones. 7 males, 2 females, and jurymen. Time, 1½ hours. A well known and popular comedy. Many of the scenes are intensely pathetic, others are equally humorous. The play throughout appeals to all that is pure and wholesome. Every appearance of the old Yankee farmer brings outbursts of uproarious mirth.

STAGE-STRUCK DARKY, THE. 15 Cents.

A darky interlude in 1 act, for 3 male characters (1 impersonating a girl). Plays about 10 minutes. It is a burlesque on high tragedy acting, the three characters impersonating Claude Melnotte, Lady Macbeth, Damon and Pythias, etc.

STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE, THE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by O. E. Durivage. 4 male, 2 female characters. Time, 45 minutes. All the characters are good. Funny straight through, with a "star" Yankee comedian who doubles up the audience with laughter every moment he is on the stage. Sometimes called "Our Jedidah."

THAT RASCAL PAT. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. H. Grover. 3 male, 2 female characters. Time, 50 minutes. A ludicrous farce with a capital Irishman, whose varying drolleries, blundering and impudence in trying to serve two masters at once, convulse the audience with explosions of mirth. No scenery required.

TROUBLESOME SERVANT, THE (Handy Andy). 15 Cents.

A farce for 2 male characters (1 white and 1 black face), by G. W. H. Griffin. Plays 15 minutes. No scenery required. Both characters are thoroughly comical and will fetch roars from the audience.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

ROOMS TO LET, WITHOUT BOARD. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by Griffin and Denier. 3 male characters. Bedroom scene. Plays about 15 minutes. The farce is so full of snappy "business" and comic incident that it is sure to go well. Can be played with white or black faces.

ROUGH DIAMOND, THE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. B. Buckstone. 4 male, 3 female characters. Parlor scene. Modern costumes. Time, 40 minutes. In this farce, whose popularity is unexcelled, the contrast between a country bumpkin and his fashionable city cousin is laughable in the extreme, while the dialogue and situations are funny straight through. Very easy to play. It is called, also, "The Country Cousin," and "Cousin Joe's Visit."

SCHOOL FOR SCHEMING, THE; OR LOVE AND MONEY. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 5 acts by Dion Bouccicault. 7 males, 8 female characters. Time, about 3 hours. The author has constructed a very entertaining play with numerous merits. Spectators are always deeply interested in the development of the plot, and applause follows each act.

SCRAP OF PAPER, A; OR THE ADVENTURES OF A LOVE-LETTER. 15 Cents.

A comic drama in 3 acts, by J. P. Simpson. 6 male, 6 female characters. 3 interior scenes. Modern costumes. Time, 2 hours. A comedy of the present time, full of healthy laughter, in which the intrigue has been wrought out with consummate skill.

SHAM DOCTOR, THE. 15 Cents.

A Negro farce in 1 act, by Chas. White. 4 male, 2 female characters (all black faces, played by male actors). Bellshazzar Bug, M.D., practices on old Johnson in a very novel way, but contrives to administer a good dose of fun to the audience. Time, about 20 minutes.

SLIGHT MISTAKE, A. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 1 act, from the French of Emil Souvestre. 5 female characters. Plain room scene. Time, 30 minutes. A pleasing comedy whose moral is coated with the sugar of fun.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

**FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.**

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

SINGLE LIFE. 15 Cents.

A comedy in 3 acts, by J. B. Buckstone. 5 male, 5 female characters. Time of playing, 2 hours. All the characters are comic—5 bachelors and 5 spinsters. The play deals with the loves, suspicious and quarrels of the ten who wrangle themselves into a state of final harmony. It is pure fun all the way through, and the audience is kept in roars of laughter from beginning to end.

OLON SHINGLE; OR THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER. 15 Cents.

A New England comedy in 2 acts, by J. S. Jones. 7 males, 2 females, and jurymen. Time, 1½ hours. A well known and popular comedy. Many of the scenes are intensely pathetic, others are equally humorous. The play throughout appeals to all that is pure and wholesome. Every appearance of the old Yankee farmer brings outbursts of uproarious mirth.

STAGE-STRUCK DARKY, THE. 15 Cents.

A darky interlude in 1 act, for 3 male characters (1 impersonating a girl). Plays about 10 minutes. It is a burlesque on high tragedy acting, the three characters impersonating Claude Melnotte, Lady Macbeth, Damon and Pythias, etc.

STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE, THE. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by O. E. Durivage. 4 male, 2 female characters. Time, 45 minutes. All the characters are good. Funny straight through, with a "star" Yankee comedian who doubles up the audience with laughter every moment he is on the stage. Sometimes called "Our Jedidah."

THAT RASCAL PAT. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by J. H. Grover. 3 male, 2 female characters. Time, 50 minutes. A ludicrous farce with a capital Irishman, whose varying drolleries, blundering and impudence in trying to serve two masters at once, convulse the audience with explosions of mirth. No scenery required.

TROUBLESOME SERVANT, THE (Handy Andy). 15 Cents.

A farce for 2 male characters (1 white and 1 black face), by G. W. H. Griffin. Plays 15 minutes. No scenery required. Both characters are thoroughly comical and will fetch roars from the audience.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.**

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,

352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.

SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.

THREE BLACK "SMITHS," THE. 15 Cents.

An Ethiopian farce in one scene, for 3 darky comedians. No scenery required. Plays about half an hour. John Smith, Joe Smith and Jonah Smith get into a laughable mix from sameness of name. Anybody who wants his wrinkles hammered smooth and the iron taken out of his soul, needs to see the adventures of the Three Black Smiths.

TURN HIM OUT. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by T. J. Williams. 3 male, 2 female characters—also 2 porters to bring on a trunk in which one of characters is hidden. Plain room scene. Modern costumes. Time 45 minutes. The situation is wildly farcical, and gives rise to any quantity of roaring fun. No scenery required.

UNCLE JEFF. 15 Cents.

A farce in 1 act, by Chas. White. 5 male (including 2 darkies and a Yankee) and a female (played by male actors) characters. Plays about 20 minutes. Uncle Jeff, the leading darky comedy role, is a born mischief-maker, and plays any number of pranks that set all the other characters by the ears.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (Original Version). 15 Cents.

A drama in 6 acts, dramatized from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel, by Geo. L. Aiken. 15 male, 6 female characters. Time, about 3 hours. This is the original 6-act version which has been played thousands of times by both professional and amateur companies.

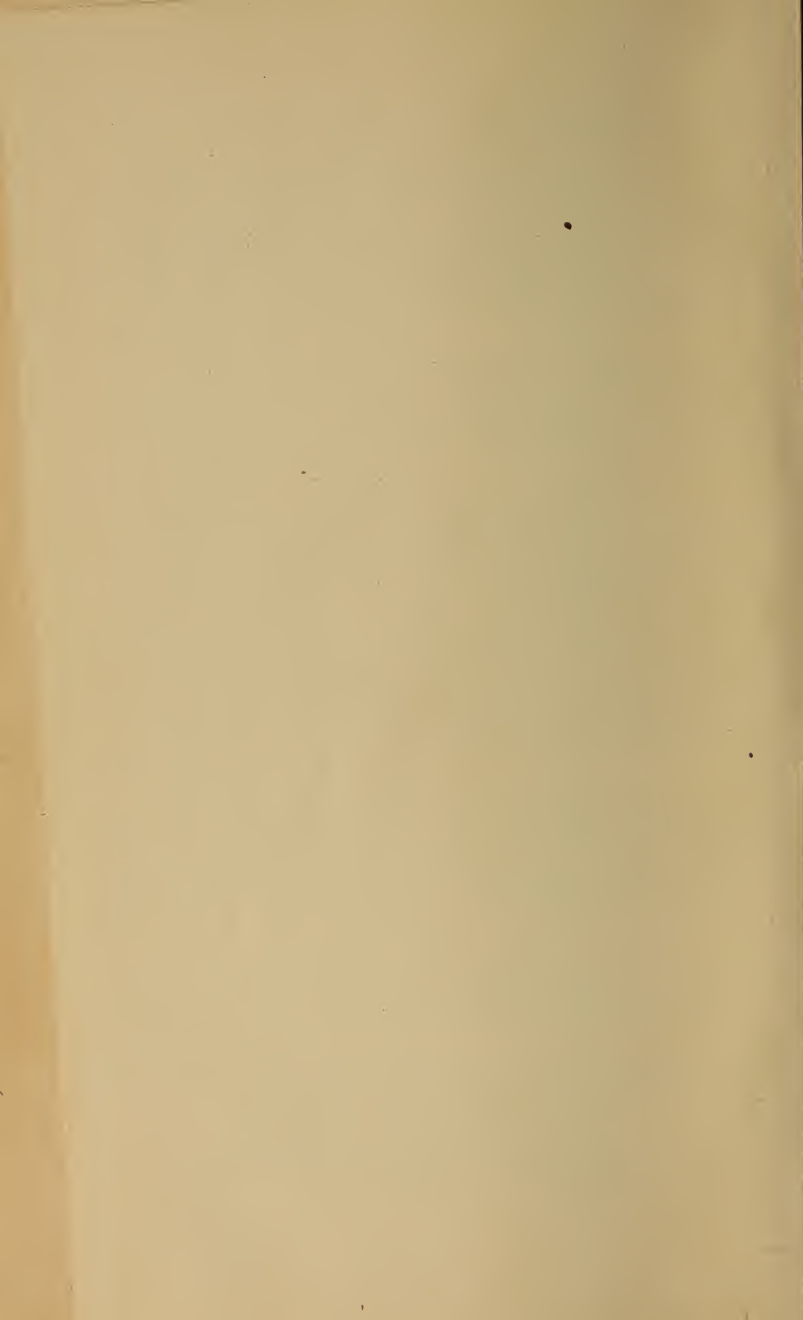
UNCLE'S WILL. 15 Cents.

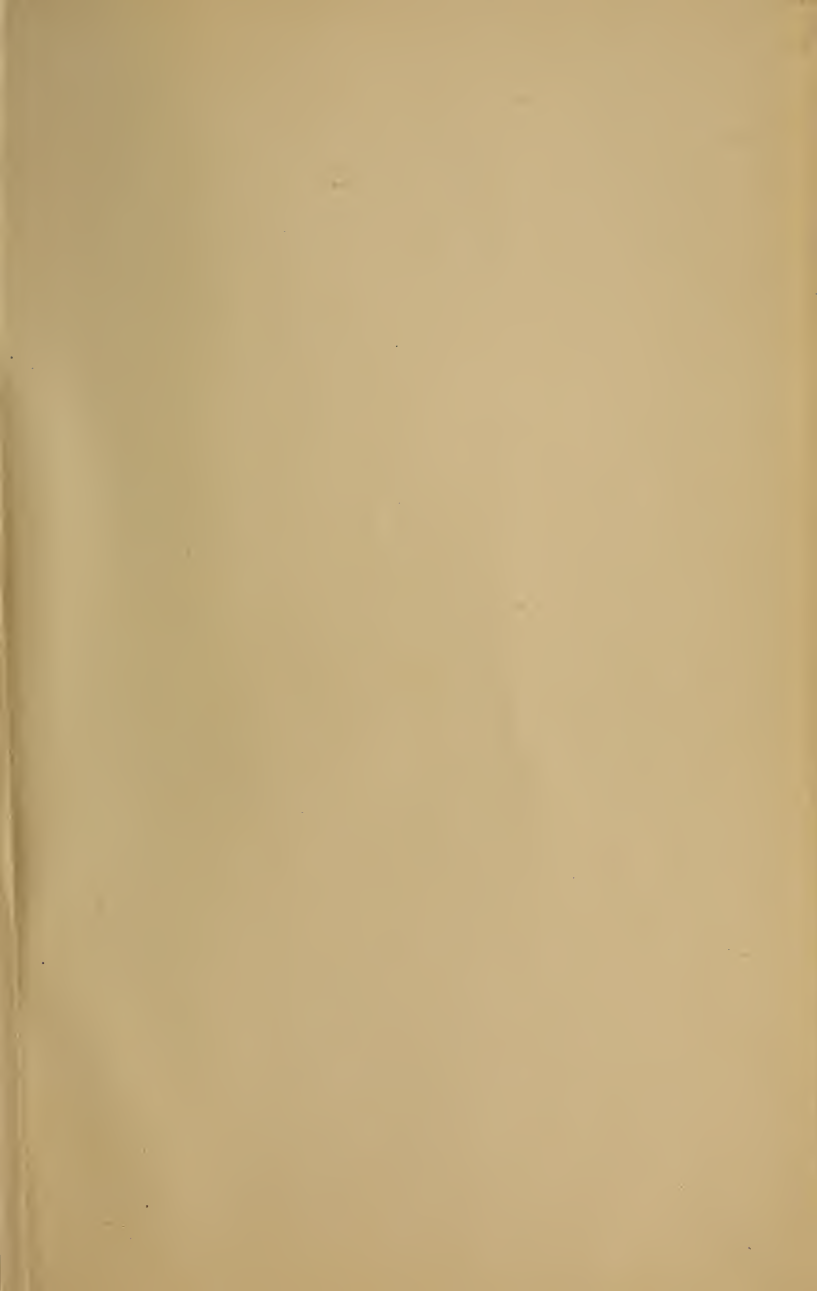
A comedieta in 1 act by S. Theyre Smith, 2 males, 1 female. Time, 30 minutes. Original in conception, and full of sparkling dialogue, this brilliant little piece keeps up a constant ripple of amused expectation. The characters are all "star" parts, easy to play yet worthy of the most accomplished talent. Nothing better for the parlor. No scenery required.

UNHAPPY PAIR, AN. 15 Cents.

An Ethiopian farce in 1 scene, by G. W. H. Griffin. 3 male characters and supers. Time, about 10 minutes. Two very hungry darkies strike the leader of the band for a square meal. Affords a chance for specialties and ends in a comic duet.

**Any Book Advertised in This Catalogue Sent,
Postpaid, on Receipt of Price.
FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.,
352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago.
SEND FOR COMPLETE CATALOGUE.**



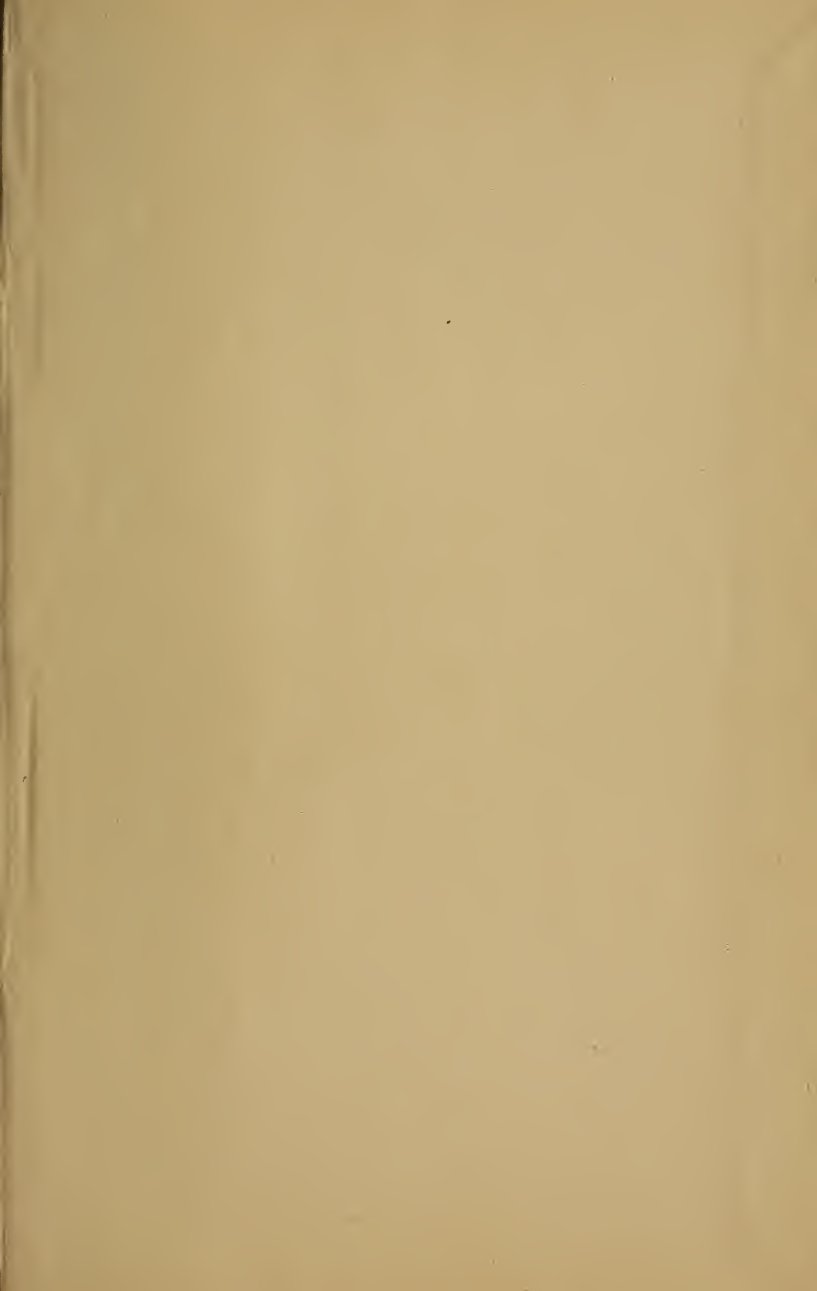


Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Nov. 2007

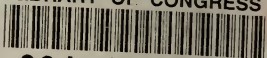
PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 021 158 225 A