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THE UNION REVERSE.

UNION SOLDIER, TO CONFEDERATE—"I have lost by the triumph of my government, you have gained by the overthrow of yours."



THE JUDGE.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

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WHY WE WAVE.

Ten appointments by President Cleveland conferred on ex-confederate soldiers, to one given to a defender of the Union. Two ex-confederate generals in his cabinet, not one ex-Union officer. A Union soldier who left a leg at Gettysburg turned out to make room for a Democrat who at the time of that battle was cowardly plotting against the government. Union soldiers' orphans and widows receive their very pensions from a secret enemy of their cause, a man who signaled his advent to power over Union soldiers' fortunes by an attempt to oust from office a dead Union officer's daughter, against whom he admitted that there was no cause of complaint.

These and a hundred more such acts of aid and comfort cannot be waved aside with the cry of "Bloody shirt." The Union side represented something as well as did the Confederate side. Union men had a "conviction that they were right," as deep and moving as that that stirred the Confederates; and, Mr. Cleveland's policy to the contrary notwithstanding, the Union side is entitled to at least *equal* honor and protection from the U. S. government with that accorded to its late enemies.

To plain people who love their country and its flag, the Union is still "a live issue"—the more since that side is discriminated against. They will not be deterred by any cry of "bloody shirt" from manifesting their patriotic indignation, and if "sectional animosities" are revived, the party that has re-inaugurated proscription of Union defenders will be held responsible.

THE UNSPEAKABLE POLICEMAN.

Is it possible to secure passably-decent men to administer city governments in this country? Why do the enormities and deformities of human depravity always come on top in the Metropolis?

Why is it possible to find only blackmailers to suppress gambling and prostitution, beer-guzzlers to execute the license-laws, wolves to guard the sheep?

For a variety and a surprise, why cannot we have one department of law administered by others than law breakers?

Does THE JUDGE rant? All the world has read the investigations of police conspiracy with gambling houses, dance houses, prostitution houses for the protection of the one and the profit of the other. A police-inspector's son was a living witness to what ought to have been the damnation of the service and to have caused a popular upheaval of reform. Did anything come of it?

Policeman Conroy commits a most brutal murder, and gets simple imprisonment to be ended with speedy pardon by some Democratic governor at the behest of Democratic pals, probably.

A police sergeant poses before the public in the brilliant role of ravisher of young girls.

These savage beasts are not placed over a helpless people by a conquering tyrant. They are the full blossom of the attempt at self-government! Of all the unspeakable crimes to be charged up by History against the Democratic party, the record of its government of the Metropolis is the foulest category.

This is "how we live now."

What are the Intelligence, Culture, Wealth, Feminine-Refinement, Christianity of New York going to do about it?

THE LADY OF THE LAKE.

"When it is not one thing it is something else" that agitates the mind and threatens the health of the New Yorker. His favorite health resort, Central Park, is now pronounced infected. Its drainage doesn't drain; its waters are covered with scum so thick that the little tailless tadpoles take their cues and go gamboling on the green; the statues and the obelisks are shaky, the lawns are forlorn, and the Lady of the Lake paddles about with a gondola in the shape of a coffin. All this in the minds of nervous citizens.

If "the Lungs of New York" are diseased, through what shall it breathe? Where shall the sole find rest from malaria? Indeed, between malaria out of doors and tumbling dwellings when in-doors, there seems to be only one safe resort, only one secure style of habitation for the urban. He might as well emigrate to Greenwood or Cypress Hill at once.

But there is another suggestion: Suppose all these sanitary scares are the result of a

collusion between the fecund reporter and the versatile Coney Island speculator! It is a noticeable coincidence that the malaria and the summer resort seasons open together. There's matter in this, an one could find it out.

To the poor and crowded population the condition of our parks is no trifling matter, and next to insuring safe and wholesome housing, the city authorities should guard from infection the only outing places of half a million of our people. But they won't, probably. City officials can be safely depended on to do only one thing—draw their salaries regularly.

RULINGS.

CENSUS CARR, with more'n a thousand men, marched up to Hill and then marched down again.

"ENGLISH damsels are learning to fence." Quite natural, with the English government learning to hedge.

WALL STREET has been asking, "is Vanderbilt a bear?" The anti-monopolists and Pedestal funders say no, he's another sort of animal.

"THE playground of the soul," is the poetical title that a clergyman gives the human face. There seem to be a good many rough and bloody games on that campus.

THE Democratic party seems to be playing under the new balk line rule. Northern Democrats who want appointments softly sigh, "Oh, carom me back to Ole Virginny."

BOSS MANNING has ordered the wires taken off the Treasury building. The underground wires will be worked with renewed vigor till the close of this administration. And yet the Western Union says this thing is impracticable.

"Them Two Cents."

It was high time for a change of administration. The new Democratic Treasurer counted the millions in Uncle Sam's cash box and detected a deficit of two cents. The deficit was \$2.02 at one time, but they found two silver dollars that had rolled out of one of the bags and escaped the hungry eyes of the new employes. The missing two cents will be advertised for, and if the Republican party does not restore them it will be turned out. Who's got them two cents?

P. S. and very N. B.—The lost treasure is found. It had leaked out of a bag and rolled into the corner. After the count had been concluded and the Treasurer had turned all the new rascals out, a scrubbing woman detected and gobbled it. As she had already been suspected of indecent partisanship in consequence of having volunteered to work in the wards—of a Union Army hospital, during the war—she was promptly discharged. This is but the beginning of reform and economy in the present administration.

A FLOWER IDYL.



TIS all the rage,
This giddy age,
To deck one's self with flow-
ers;
The girls you meet
Upon the street,
Seem quite like walking bowers.
But one fair day,
When on my way,
I think I saw the worst;
'Twas cousin Joe,
Who looked as though
She'd stuffed with daisies and
burst

Lillian Goes to the Circus.

Last week I went to the circus. There is nothing startling in that announcement, because I make a point of going every year;—the only wonder is that I left it so late—and that was Jack's fault, not mine. It is as much as your life is worth to merely whisper the word Barnum before Jack—a bull and a red rag doesn't begin to express it! As far as I am concerned, "The Greatest Show on Earth" has been a ghastly failure!

It commenced with the parade—and there it was Jack's fault. After I had choked down my dinner he would smoke a cigarette, and in the words of that stupid little game, "the consequence were," Fifth Avenue was jammed. We were caught in the crowd, and all we saw of the procession was a camel's head, the trunk of an elephant, and a phalanx of glittering spears going by full tilt. Jack made the atmosphere blue all the way home—the recording angel must have drawn a long sigh of relief when I finally succeeded in changing the subject.

I positively adore the circus! When I was a small child my highest ambition was to become a tight-rope walker; and even now, regularly every year, I have a morbid desire to gaze on the "Living Wonders," that nothing but the charms of the fat woman or the grace of the skeleton lady can satisfy. It is a deplorably low taste, I admit, but peanuts and sawdust have an immense fascination for me.

"Constant dropping will wear a stone." I finally badgered Jack into taking me to the Great and Only's last performance; Of course, if I could have foreseen what would happen, wild horses would have been powerless to drag me there! As it is, Jack can't shake his gory locks at me; if we had been on time we would have taken our seats like respectable Christians, instead of making a gratuitous show of ourselves!

We arrived late; the "Opening Grand March of all the Curiosities" was half way around the arena, when, by some dreadful mistake, we became mixed up in it! I found myself walking beside "Jo-Jo, the Russian Dog-Faced Boy!" Imagine my sensations! I had to go on, for "Arada the Wild Man" was right back of me, and I was so deadly afraid of him that I hurried all I could to get out of his way.

Glancing over my shoulder I saw Jack stalking along between the fat woman and the pink-eyed Albino lady. Jack's face was a study? It was almost fatal to me—if I hadn't been so miserably afraid of the wild man, I should have enjoyed his discomfiture.

Three times we swept around that arena—I was so tired I almost dropped; and when we did get out, Jack stormed and raved to such an extent that I was thankful to get home. He insisted upon going—wouldn't even let me see the animals (and I love the animals) and swears he will never take me anywhere again—men are so selfish, especially brothers! I do think I am the most unfortunate creature. In the words of that ridiculous nursery rhyme:—

"I never had a piece of bread
Cut nice and smooth, and thick and wide,
But fell upon the sanded floor,—
And always on the buttered side!"

Feminine Reflections on the Street.

Well, now I guess I'm ready. Yes, a woman's longest work 's to dress. There is nothing so upsets the mind as wondering if all 's right behind. So, for a walk. I'll take this side; most people here; the sidewalk's wide, and then its sunny here to-day, the better dressers walk this way.

Who is that woman there before? If I walked so I'd stay in-door. That bonnet's large enough for two. Her hair has got a lovely hue, but then I bet it ain't her own. I know that mine is mine alone—my combing's made into a switch, and so you can't tell which from which. How shall I step? there's many ways, such different modes to show one's grace. I'll try a while the forward lean and mincing step, and then I mean, when further on, to change the gait to longer stride and head up straight. I'd like to know what makes men stare at women passing? I declare, its awful! Just one kindly look is quite enough for us to brook. Yet some a single glance don't give, and that's pure insult, as I live.

Why do some make their skirts so plain? There comes that flimpy Miss De Laine. How could she speak after the flare we had at that last mission fair? But, then, I'm glad she spoke the first. If that blue dolman ain't the worst I ever saw! It makes me smile. Some people have such little style. Those women scan me with wide eyes. They only look to criticize, and certainly have little sense. I'm better dressed, at all events.

Merchants should keep their windows clean; we can't half see ourselves; it's mean. Why do they mark their things so high (cheap goods we hate) we cannot buy? 'Tis aggravation, nothing less, to look at what we can't possess.

Some man behind keeps step with me; I'd like to know who he can be. To have one following in the wake gives me a sort of nervous ache. I can't turn 'round to see who 't is. Maybe he takes me for a miss. Now I must make my steps just so. I wonder if one shoulder's low. Is it my left or right? Well, well, I'd make a pretty spectacle to raise the high one higher still. I feel his eyes. High heels I hate, they are so hard to navigate. Men seeing us go by say "Ah, what easy grace and motion." Faugh! It is the hardest work for me to try to walk unconsciously, and puts me to the hardest strain! One wishes she were home again. To run the gauntlet of all eyes is where the bane of walking lies. O, must I sneeze upon the street! I, I never could get over it, and people looking! No, I don't propose to sneeze and so I won't.

Well, home at last; and very tired. I went to admire and be—Janet! Well, did I ever yet! All through the town I wore this sacque with collar turned up at the back!

A. W. BELLAW.



SATISFACTORY SUBSTITUTES.

FOND HUSBAND—"I must leave you, dear. Too bad, for you will be lonely without me."

FOND WIFE—"Ah, Clarence, love, if you will only send home a parrot or a monkey to take your place, I shall be content."

A Cheerful, Inspiring and Successful Method of Discussing a Grave Subject by Proxy.

We had taken in a slugging match at Farwell Hall and stopped at a Madison Street oyster house for a bite of supper and a bottle of Bass's, before going to our rooms at the Potter House, known otherwise as "The Synagogue."

Josh Brown swears he had satanized octopod served him, instead of the deviled crab he ordered, but whatever the cause he suffered from a cheerful colic and all the usual trimmings thereto appertaining, throughout the night; and in consequence reported in the morning "present but unfit for duty."

"This is hard lines, fellows," he complained. "You two will be through with Chicago and ready to take in Milwaukee by the end of the week, and here I haven't nearly done up my trade. Won't you boys wait for me?"

"Of course we will, old man," said Cusby, "but just the same I ought to be getting on."

An idea struck me. "I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Josh. I'm nearly through my biz and if you'll post me a little on your line and give me a list of customers, I'll go and work your trade for you."

Josh saw objections, and stated them, but I was confident and Gus eloquent, so he primed me with pointers and presently I started out sample case in hand.

The first undertaker I struck did a rattling good trade on the north side.

"Is Mr. Pallbury in the house," I asked the first man I met—a very sour and melancholy looking cuss he was, too.

"Pallbury is my surname, young man," he answered dismally, "what will you have?"

"Thank you, old boy. I never drink anything in the morning," I answered, "but I'll take a cigar if you have one about your clothes."

"What's that, sir, I never—"

"All right, don't trouble yourself to send out for one." I went on cheerfully, "I can sell you the bill and smoke afterwards. I represent the Western Union Coffin & Casket Co., of Philadelphia, and came in to show you our new spring styles in wooden overcoats. Have I your attention?"

The old chap apparently didn't like my style. He started to say something to the effect that it would be good for my health to take a little out-door exercise about that date, when I interrupted him.

"Much obliged, Mr. Pallbury. We'll go out together for that cocktail presently, but now I want you to look at these photographs which are all styles of recent French importation. Here is the 'Opera' coffin, for instance. So named because it is cut low in the neck and is done up in white satin and swan's down. Quite a

dandy little box, hey, old man. And here's another that really yanks the bakery. Lined with pink gros-grained canton flannel, you perceive. It imparts a bloom to the cheek of the deceased calculated to deceive the doctor and fill with joy the heart of the life insurance man. It is stuffed with the best quality of curled hair and is very comfortable. Did I understand you to say you would take a great gross? No? Well, you'll be glad to, presently."

By this time his nibs was dancing with rage. He all but swore and tried to get away, but I collared him by the coat tail and started in on another round.

"The next thing, if you will allow me to change the subject, is shrouds, and that sort of thing. Here is a very daisy. Get on to the quality of the material—genuine Atlantic A Surah, I assure you. And how do you like the trimming? Gaze on this line of fluting running from third base here out to centre field. And this other starting at the quarter stretch and coming in under the wire in good shape. Put that garment on the dear deceased and a smile of perfect satisfaction will o'er-spread the features of him, she, or it, who has gone aloft to push clouds."

This sort of thing went on for half an hour. Friend Pallbury raged and stormed but without effect. From coffin plates I passed lightly to embalming fluid, praising, in fitting terms, Dr. Potter Field's wonderful discovery. Then I eloquently discovered on our "Calvary hearse, a vehicle which on account of its perfect appointments and easy springs brings great though unexpressed delight to its fortunate occupant."

I think it was the hearse that fetched him, for at this point he threw up the sponge, while I, though slightly disfigured, was still in the ring.

"Young man," he wailed, "how much of an order will you take to leave me in peace?"

"This is about the proper thing," I replied, presently, handing him a memorandum that I had previously prepared for convenient use in case of such an emergency; "sign that and you are a free man."

He kicked a bit at the size of the bill—and it was a corker, too—but finally signed. Thereupon, highly elated, I bade him "Good day," and returned to the hotel.

When I began to spring the yarn on Josh he was in bed, but before I had finished he was up and dressed. He insisted very ungratefully, though, that I had killed his customer, and hereafter, colic or no colic, he would always be sure to drum his trade himself.

L. L. LANG.



SHE'S GONE

COLD the morning that our Mary
Rose to light the kitchen fire,
Wet the wood, and imprecations
Threatened consequences dire;

But the kerosene was handy
Mary went (perhaps 'twas best)
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"THEY HAIN'T A RINKIN'."

FRESH from the farm the rural couple came
To note the varied wonders of the city:
The pomp of wealth, and poverty's gaunt frame
Evoked their admiration and their pity.
They reached the rink—"Say, Josh! let's go inside,"
She said, "We'll give 'em sev'ral points, I'm
thinkin'."

He bent his head and listened, then replied:
"We can't, Jemina, gosh! they haint a rinkin'."

ONE'S RAVING.

Once upon an evening dreary,
While I pondered, weak and weary,
Came a dismal misereere
Floating through my chamber door.

"Cats!" said I, and with swift motion,
From my carbine hurled a potion—
Ha! I have a happy notion
That they'll caterwaul no more.

GRANT.

Master of silence as of war,
Patient and strong and still,
Whom Freedom's God predestined for
The place none else could fill.

Savior of Freedom's heritage
When treason blackest grew;
Prime figure on the grandest page
Time's pencil ever drew.

True heart, whose giant patience taught
A nation hope thenceforth;
Strong arm that worked out Lincoln's thought,
The bulwark of the North.

The Star that in the nation's night
Arose at Donelson;
The star whose never-wavering light
Led hope and victory on.

Through Shiloh's ridges and ravines,
Blood-drowned and choked with dead;
Through bayous where the cypress leans
Funereal overhead,

Where Mississippi's tortuous flow
By bluff-built Vicksburg runs,
And fleets and transports drifted slow
Down by the belching guns;

Where Chattanooga's mount of death
The stooping clouds caress;
Then, while a nation held its breath,
On through the Wilderness;

Until in Richmond's smoking brands
The gaunt Rebellion died,
And Victory, Freedom, Peace, joined hands
By Appomattox-side,

Head of a grateful people, crowned
With honor due the worth

That drew a zone of homage 'round
The girdle of the earth.

And now, Field-Marshal old and gray,
He takes the field again;
And fights from waning day to day
His stubborn last campaign.

Wounded and faint he meets the attack,
And still with failing breath
Again and yet again beats back
The bayonet-charge of Death.

But yield he up his sword to-night,
Or longer foil the foe,
E'en Death shall own its greater might
Than that which lays him low.

His fame, none other shall eclipse;
His name none else supplant,
While lives the prayer on patriot's lips,
"God bless our General Grant!"

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Why We Hate England.

The important conundrum is frequently propounded in the papers. "Why do Americans dislike England?" It is probably because she is so greedy of territory, trade and glory. She wants the earth. A little boy said to his sister: "Oh, how greedy you are, to take the largest apple in the dish. I wanted that one."

When America contemplates her own Indian policy, treatment of negroes, war on Mexico, purchase of Alaska, exclusion policy in trade, looks at all the uncivilized territory near her, and compares the Suez Canal with the Isthmus of Darien, how can she help hating England?

She loves Russia. Russia does not take the biggest apple out of our dish.

How They do it.

BUSINESS man to journalist.—"Anything new to-day, Ripper?"

Ripper—"Ye—s—s! I'm going to start a daily paper. Great success, my boy, great success."

Skipper—"How d'ye know before you start it, old feller?"

Ripper—"Oh! I'll say so, myself. First day, print a thousand for gratuitous distribution, call it twenty-five thousand. Day after, flaming display. 'Fifty thousand! All sold! After that, increase five thousand a day, *on paper*. D'ye see?"

Skipper—"But when you get to a hundred thousand?"

Ripper—"Oh! say 'Unprecedented success!' and stop putting it in figures. Bound to go, must go. Good day!"

DEMOCRACY'S WARNING TO GROVER C.

(AFTER ENGLISH PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS BY BARON T.)

You, you, if you have failed to understand,
The "pap" for Demys. is their all in all;
On you will come the curse of all our band,
If that old party fall,
Which Jackson left so great.

This chance, to bounce the Rads. from every berth;
This chance for office that we longing see—
Poor we'uns, what are all our votes now worth,
And what avail our "chin" last fall so free,
Since you won't fill the slate?

You, you, for whom we worked St. John so neat,
And Burchard hired to compass Blaine's disgrace;
In '88 we'll lift our million feet
And kick you from your place.
But then too late, too late!
"EUSTIS, HENDRICKS, & CO."



"I AWAIT MY LOVE—I AWAIT MY LOVE."—Popular song.



BUT HE DIDN'T.

ARMY REMINISCENCES.

THE CHAPLAIN'S LEG.

"No? 'Tain't you? O, be joyful! Why, hello Cap. — Well, well, it's goin' on twenty five years since I saw you. How've I been? O, first rate. Don't get onto my rig, eh? Well I spoze not. 'Taint exactly the same we used to wear in the old days. I'm a soldier of Zio now, a fightin' sin and a Captin in the Salvation Army. Well, yes, 'tis a change, for I own up I was purty tough in them old days and it was only by a miracle of mercy I was saved. O no, I don't never touch the intoxicatin' bowl, thank you— it stingeth like an adder and '—does St. Paul say that, sure? 'A little for stomach's sake?' Well, I ain't feelin' very well and I spoze it 'll brace me up a little. Well, I'll tell you all about it.

You know our regiment left the brigade on the Potomac and went down to Tennessee under Rosencrans, where we did some purty tall fightin'. You recollect the battle of Murphreesboro?—well, it all happened there. It was a hot fight and the cannons was just boom-in' and the muskets a rattlin' like Fourth of July. I was layin' down behind a log a restin'—'cause I'd been in the thickest of the bagge-wagons all day and kind o' tired o' dodgin' the provost-guard—and I was a layin' there listenin' to the bullets a rattlin' through the limbs, a thinkin' of the time when the Angel of Peace would spread her white wings over the country and the cruel war would be over, and a thinkin' what good times I'd have when I got back home. when all to once it struck me that them d-d—ah bullets was gettin' rather thick and I thought I'd just reconnoitre a little; so I raised my nose above the log and took a look. By thun—ah, that is, Halleluja! there was them d-d—I should say misguided Johnny rebs no more'n four rods off—a whole detachment of 'em—deployin' about, with a couple of cannon, too. Then I just ducked down agin to think.

"The first thought that struck me was that I wasn't going to help the cause any by layin' behind that log any more and—well, you know me. I come from a family that *kill*—my father was a doctor—and, first off I thought I'd draw my trusty blade. Well, you're right, that's so. I *didn't* have no sword, speakin' after the manner of men, 'cause I was a private. What I mean is that my first idee was to charge on them cusses, single-handed and alone, like Sampson went for the Philistines, but I didn't see no jaw-bone of no ass—not even a mule's—and then I was a soldier, too, and you know a military man who's had any eddication in tactics knows the value of strategy. So I thought I'd jest control my burnin' ardor and try a stragetie movement. I concluded the best thing to do was to outflank the durned cusses and operate on the rear. To carry out my plan successfully you know, I'd have to make considerable of a 'detour', and bein' an old soldier yourself, you know as well as me that when you make a 'detour' you don't go d'rectly toward the enemy.

"So up I jumps and starts to make my 'detour' as fast as I could, for everything depends on promptness in military manoeuvres, you know. Well, as I was a detourin' along, lickety split, who should I see ahead of me but our chaplain a detourin' too. I didn't know he had got army tactics down so fine, before, but it's amazin' how soon a fellow picks up pints in the army. Well, I had a little more experience than him, and when I was purty nigh up to him—great guns! what should come along but one of them forty pound cannon

balls a makin' a detour along our line of march. Well, I jest felt a shock and set down minus my right leg—took clean off at the thigh, and the next minit that poor preacher was in the same fix and we was both settin' in the road lookin' at our legs lyin' cross-wise together like two jack-straws.

"I don't mind if I do—jest 'for the stomach's sake,' you know.

"Well, as I was sayin', me and the Chaplain was a sittin' in the road and we didn't know what the h—ah!—what on earth to do, when a merciful Providence seed our bad fix and who should come a ridin' along but the brigade surgeon. He was one of them young fellers with a good deal of ambition in his perfeshion and jest liked to saw off arms and legs, for the fun of it, but as our legs was off already he didn't have no show in that line, so he jest jumps off his horse and grabs the legs and takin' out his instruments, finds a long needle and some thread and begins to sew our legs on to us agin. Well, yes, it did hurt, but not bein' anxious to stump around on a wooden leg all the rest of my life I didn't squeal. Finally he got us into an ambulance an' took us to the hospital and we was there quite a spell till our legs and bodies grew solid together.

"I recollect when I first tried to walk on that there leg how skittish it acted, and I noticed it didn't seem natural. One day I was a settin' on the bed a lookin' at it and I noticed it looked a little skinny since the accident, so I examined it pretty close and I found several odd things about that there leg. First I come across a big mole on my ankle that I hadn't never noticed before and then a bunion on my heel and a corn on my toe. Now I didn't never used to have none of them things and it set me a thinkin', so I put my two feet together and I'm durned if one wasn't a hull inch longer than t'other, and then the truth

come to me like a revolution and I went and called on the Chaplain.

"Yes, sir, that's jest what we did do—we compared legs, and there wasn't any room for doubt—that fresh doctor had stuck my leg onto the Chaplain and his'n onto me. Do? Why, what *could* a feller do but let it stick? and as things has turned out it proved to be one of them mysterious workin's of Providence for my benefit. Ah, I tell you Cap. the ways of Providence is inscrutable and there ain't no use of tryin' to scrute 'em! What at one time seems to be a great misfortune often turns out to be a blessin'.

"After a while I got kinder used to the ways of the Chaplain leg and we got along tolerably well together. Of course there was a little friction now and then owin' to the different trainin' of my leg and t'other one. For instance, when I was a goin' to bed there would always be a difference of opinion between them two legs. One was for gettin' right into bed and the other was always floppin' down on its knee and upsettin' me. But there wa'n't no serious disturbance until one d. y I got well enough to go out for a walk, and as I was a walkin' along—thankful enough to have two legs to go on if one wa'n't my born leg—I met some boys I knew and they was so glad to see me out agin, we all concluded to celebrate. So we started for the nearest saloon. I had some difficulty with my adopted leg at the door of the gin mill, but after a little rubbin' and coaxin', I got it in and we ordered our drinks. And by gosh! I hadn't more'n touched my liquid before the Chaplain's leg begun



to pull and kick. Paddin' and smoothin' and coaxin' and swearin didn't do no good for, speakin' in parable, that there leg jest got its back up and in spite of all I could do it made for the door and, of course, I had to go along, too. But before I got there, land o' Goshen! what do you s'poze I saw? Why there was my leg comin' lickity split straight for the bar a draggin' that poor Chaplain after it!

"Yes, I did kinder feel it was purty tough on me, first off, and I acknowledge I did cuss the Chaplain's leg for a season, and I allow I thought the Chaplain had got the best of the bargain, but my eyes wasn't opened then. I was a poor blind sinner and wedded to my idols and the lusts of the flesh. 'Tain't so now, I've been converted and all on account of that Chaplain's leg. You see, every Sunday that leg would march me off to church and by degrees it got the bulge on me, and controlled me more and more, until I got to goin' to all the religious meetin's, and finally, to make a long story short, I jined the Salvation Army and now I'm a devotin' my remainin' years to savin' souls.

"What became of the Chaplain? O, I almost forgot that. The fact is that leg of mine seemed to have a bad influence over the poor fellow. He got into bad company and took to drinkin and the last I heard my leg was at Sing Sing dressed in a striped uniform a settin' on a pile of stones and I guess the Chaplain was a settin' behind it, poor fellow!

"How do I reconcile that to a kind Providence? Well, I don't lother. Mine is a poor, finite mind and I told you, first off, that the ways of Providence was inscrutable and I for one don't try to scrute 'em. I wonder if they've got any cloves here, 'cause I must be off to a Halleluja Meetin'. Won't go along, eh? Well, good bye, Cay, and don't fergit your eternal interests." H. A. B.

OFF THE BENCH.

"AN incident of hotel life"—paying the bill.

How can a tourist be said to "get off on a steamer."

GRANT IS convalescent, his doctors are "sick," the public is "tired."

Do the "secret dark and midnight hags" consort in the mystic Flats?

BARREL-MAKING would seem to be the best line of work for cooperation.

If the tramp is a way-journer, doesn't he belong to the industrial class, the wage-earners?

WITH 50,000 skating rinks "in her midst" this country may be said to be rapidly settling to hard pan.

ROSSA declares that the press of New York is "decidedly English." "Newspaper English," O'Donovan?

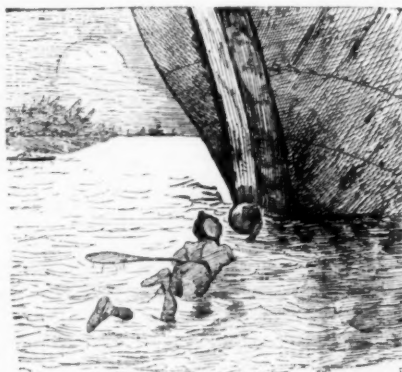
THE intestinal troubles in Central America are doubtless due to the damage to the ascending Colon, when it went up in flames.

YE MARINERS FROM ENGLAND.

Ye mariners from England,
That haunt our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze,
Your swift steam launch send out again
To match a swimming foe
Who sweeps through the deep,
The "Garnet" far below,
While the bos'n roars both loud and deep
And the officers do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave,
For the deck it was their field of fame
And Ocean was their grave,
But those bloody tars will leave their beds
When Boyton comes below
To sweep through the deep
With his rubber bag in tow,
"Wy, blow my heyes!" (in wild surprise)
"You cawn't do that, chew know"

Britania needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is on the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep;
But thunders from her native oak
Can't reach the chap below—
He's a rower from the shore
With a rubber bag in tow—
When the battle rages loud and long
Your vessel high he'll blow.



Lights From the "Garnet."

Capt. Boyton's bogus torpedo scare on board H. M. S. "Garnet" recalls the battle of the kegs in Revolutionary times.

"British walls of oak" versus Yankee coats of rubber.

Britain rules on the sea, America under it.

While the English man-of-war walks the water like a thing of life, the Yankee man of rubber and torpedoes paddles the sea like a thing of death.

The British officers on the "Garnet" made light of Boyton's torpedo joke. It would have been easy for Boyton to make light of the "Garnet."

The brightest gem in Queen Victoria's crown does not seem to be a garnet.

If the Irish Boycott English landlords and the Yankees Boyton English vessels, it will be hard lines for her.

America would not hesitate to play England a rubber in the game of war.

Boyton's escapade was not so much like a lark as a shark.

The "Garnet's" band plays "Shells of Ocean."

The watch on the "Garnet" at first

thought Boyton was a merman. It was a mere sell.

British seamen bold should not be so torped-o.

An Englishman has so little sense of humor that none of them appreciates that joke of Boyton's. They couldn't if he had really made it practical and exploded a torpedo there; can't get a joke in with a torpedo.

Boyton loaded his "Quaker" torpedo with brick. This was his card—"A Perfect Brick." It was not convenient to slip his card into the ship's Hand, so he slipped it under her bottom.

Though Boyton went under he certainly did not fail.

The officers of the "Garnet" were certainly very quiet about Boyton's bag. A rubber of whist, evidently. The vessel's Hand was not well played, though.

Timely Sympathy.

Philadelphia is an odd place, and has odd ways. Once in a while one of its citizens demises, and, on the day of the funeral, the dead man's coffin is placed in the back room, the street door is thrown open, and the friends assemble in the front parlor. Such was the case the other day, and a waiting group in that department only desired the presence of the clergyman for the performance to go on. A measured tread was heard in the hall, and a tall, stately figure entered to the center of the room, and looked blandly around upon the company, who all arose to their feet. He spoke, "Are any of you gentlemen troubled with corns? If so," taking from his pocket a small package. "I have here a most invaluable specific. Price only twenty-five cents."

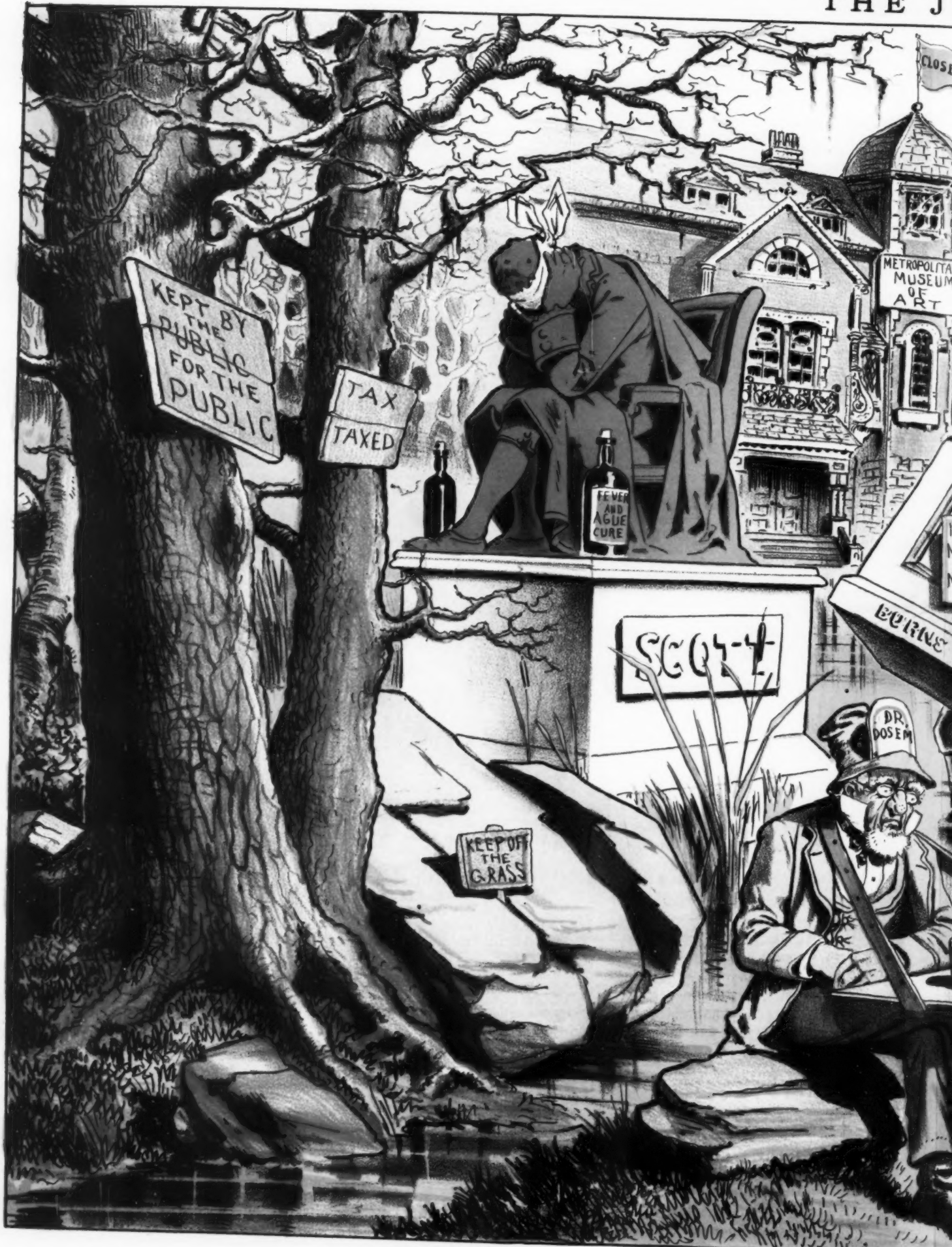
The intervention of the sexton prevented an eruption. "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined."

A Sweet Consciousness.

MINISTER LOWELL, when he unveiled the bust of Coleridge, in Westminster Abbey, said: "All the waters of the Atlantic cannot wash out of the consciousness of either nation that we hold our intellectual property in common." That is what the pirate printers in both countries seem to think.



SPRING SOOT AND A SOOTIBLE SIGN.



THE LADY OF

E JUDGE.



OF THE LAKE.



"SHE'S LITTLE, BUT OH MY!"

There is an attractive force about certain atoms of humanity—little specimens of femininity—similar to that of those atoms of matter that draw together miniature worlds of which they are the center.

So a little woman, especially if she be a public woman, possesses an attractive charm; it is indefinable, unless the charm be in the *littleness* itself. Anyway, these mites seldom fail to be the nuclei of an admiring concourse.

Minnie Palmer charmed crowded houses at the Union Square for three weeks. Why? Because she is petite, pretty and petted. Pretty because she is petite; petted because pretty and petite; hence, popular because she is petite.

Imagine her a foot taller, weighing 180 lbs. with a tendency to corset corpulency. Should we applaud when she jumped upon a stool and shook an empty watering-can in a lover's face? Should we be delighted with her indifferent singing? Would her fairly pretty face, conceding it to be exactly the same as it is at present, look so cunningly funny when she squinted her eyes, wrinkled her little nose and pouted her painted lips? No. Had Miss Palmer only "a little taller grown" and fatter too, the movements we now pronounce graceful would have been ungainly; where we are now kindly indulgent and feign not to see the mechanical efforts and effects of this little lady, we would have been severely critical.

We might now be inclined to point out some flaws in this lady's "Sweetheart," only one shrinks from laying even the finger of criticism upon such a tiny creature.

If an actress cannot be petite—the next most desirable qualification is an indication of dramatic instinct.

NONE OF OUR FUNERAL.

So Rose Coghlan plays "Honeymoon" instead of "As You Like It?" Well, if her newly acquired husband like likes it, we have no right to object. It is not our honeymoon, you know.

WHITHER ARE OUR "CHESTNUTS" DRIFTING?

Sometime ago there was an exodus to Oblivion of the negro minstrel troupes that used to raise the roof with side-splitting laughter. Now, the prestige of New York variety shows is dimmed. The favorite combination of "Harrigan and Hart" is broken. What does this portend? Will legitimate burlesque business become a relic of the "good old times?" Shall we have only remnants of it, to be incorporated into such plays as "Adonis," "A Bunch of Keys," etc.,

with no more character than a piece of a wedding dress has in a confusion crazy-quilt?

"WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

Not so much as there is in two; especially if those happen to be Booth's and Ristori's. There was enough in these names to fill the Academy of Music from the orchestra to the third gallery, and that too, on a wet, disagreeable night.

"Macbeth" is purely tragedy; there is not a line of comedy, an ironical sentence or (with one exception) a pun or any play upon words in it. That is the way the Shakespearean drama reads, but as it was acted on this occasion there was enough of burlesque comedy element presented. The lines contain sufficient of the tragic-awful "to harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood, etc.," and that was about the effect that we expected these leading tragedians would produce, but somehow, it didn't harrow.

Congratulations are in order, if it was intended to relieve the sombreness of the entertainment by stupid scene-shifters and ludicrous auxiliaries. It would have made us laugh if it had not made us "tired." When the noble *Macduff* roared his grief vociferously and pounded his right as well as left lung instead of his heart, the whole audience seemed inclined to "Lay on *Macduff*"—or to sit on him. The supernumeraries that officiated as maids of honor, soldiers, guards, courtiers and noble Thanes, were shabbily, even meanly, dressed, and shied about the stage as if ashamed of being thus appraised. Greatness does not consist in belittling others. The genius of an actor is not magnified when he contrasts his finished art with the crude attempt of novices. He thus degrades his art and himself.

The public will not long submit to such penuriousness and self-aggrandizement. The advent of Irving has created the demand for harmonies in dramatic art, not for a few good notes that are occasionally heard in the discord of tin-pan orchestration. Perhaps the best result of Mr. Steele Mackaye's Dramatic School, is the effect that the ensemble scenes, given by the pupils of that institution, has had upon public taste. Lawrence Barrett for saw the strength their mob enthusiasm would give to his "Julius Cæsar," and generously invited them to exhibit with him at the Star, free of charge. We understand that the seventy-five supers in "Macbeth" also rendered services free, much to their disappointment and disgust. If this report is true, it is a disgrace to the actors, managers and all concerned. 'Twas bad enough for the audience to be imposed upon by the obnoxious "Book of the Play" gougiers—New Yorkers are used to all kind of swindles—but the supers should be paid their pittances.

Booth was our own Booth. His natural tone and perfect enunciation were gratifying to our American pride after a surfeit of Irving's ranting, hollow tones.

How would this English idol appear playing under such unfavorable circumstances as those that surrounded Booth at the Academy? Isn't Irving's case an illustration of the "fifty dollar saddle on the twenty dollar horse?" But it is to his credit that he lavishly spends the fifty dollars for the saddle.

Too many families in New York and Brooklyn buildings are coming to grief on the home base. THE JUDGE declares a foul.

CAMP MEETING.

Mr. Blank, his wife and his mother-in-law
Who to join the church were inclined,
Didn't know which was worst,
To be poured or "immersed,"
And "sprinkling was not to their mind.

Tired out with the strife, says Blank to his wife,
"Your mother will never give in,
But as for the rest
The Lord knows what is best,
We might leave the matter to Him.

I must ease my brain of this terrible strain
It is more than I can bear,
Let's go on a lark
To Ashbury Park,
We may settle the question there."

At the Park that night the stars shone bright
When down came a thunder shower!
The stars no more twinkled,
Mrs. Blank she got "sprinkled"—
The Presbyterians counted one more.

Mr. Blank went out to saunter about,
When a lady, wash-basin in hand,
Looked out of her window,
Saw nothing to hinder,
And—he joined the Methodist band.

Mrs. G — said she'd "take a sail on the lake,"
But the boat gave a sudden lurch,
It quickly tipped over
And poor Mrs. Grover
Went into the Baptist church.

H. A. B.



A BROOM THAT WON'T SWEEP THE OCEAN HIGHWAY.

A SHARK COMMITS SUICIDE.

One of the Adventures of Jack Servenmalet While in the West Indies.

Jack Servenmalet was sitting on a gun-carriage on the main deck of the big man o' war at the foot of West Twenty-Sixth street smoking his pipe, the other night, in a complacent way in spite of an occasional jibe from his shipmates about his adventure at the rink, when the carpenter's mate began to tell a story. Then Jack smoked rather more vigorously, but said nothing.

"Remember the 'Ammygansett'?" said the carpenter's mate. Jack nodded.

"Guess may you have heard what a narrer escape she had in the China Sea when I was carpenter's mate onto her. Must have been when you was with the 'South Pacific.' We was headin' for Nagasacki when it comes to blow a livin' gale from east'ard. In course we didn't mind that when we'd got her snugged and the engine slowed down, but the gale kept a increasin' an' a increasin' until along in the first watch, maybe about four bells the old man comes on deck and has a look around. Then he orders the officer of the deck to up helm and run for it, which it was the proper thing to do, only jest as we got off into the trough of the sea a butt started right on the bluff of the bow where there never ought to be no butts. The water it poured in through a hole as big as your leg, an' all hands was called to pump ship.

"Twarn't no use, though, cause the 'Ammygansett' had been fitted out by contract, and the pumps mostly had no suckers into 'em. What to do 'cept to properly cuss the contractors nobody didn't know, when a lucky thought comes to me. I was a fav'rit with the old man, and when I goes to the capstan he says,

"Well, Bill, what is it?" says he.

"I was thinkin' sir," says I, "if I was to bore some holes alongside the stern-post, maybe the screw which its a workin' there astern might suck the water outen the ship, instead of takin' it from alongside, to shove her ahead with," I says.

"Cap'. Suffrige was allers quick at catchin' on to new idees, an' he tells me to heave ahead. The water on the slop deck was up to my belt, but I wasn't skeered at that, and in jest ten minutes I had a hole through. Believe it or not, the suction jerked the auger clean outen my hands, and it took me and my mate five minutes to get it clear of the hole. It would have done you good to hear the water siss. I didn't have to do no more. That one little two-inch hole kept her clear for ten days, while we was runnin' off before the wind. Then we made Nagasacki dry dock for repairs."

The carpenter's mate stopped to cuff a second-class apprentice for giggling, and Jack took his pipe from his mouth and blew a widening column of smoke against a beam over his head. Then he said:

"I never heered of that 'ere afore; maybe its cause I was captain of the foretop on the 'Amaranth,' cruisin' in the West Indies when the 'Ammygansett' was on the China station. I warn't no captain's pet, but bein' a trusty officer I got shore leave three times a week when we was in port. I was payin' considerable attention to natteral history, with sharks as a specialty. Sharks is about the knowinest fish that ever swum. They can't exactly talk, but they has a expressive way of rollin' their eyes and a wrinkl'n' their countenances, what shows that they has more sense in one minute than some folks ever gets in a whole cruise to China and back again."

The second-class apprentice giggled at that, and was promptly cuffed for his impertinence by the carpenter's mate, while Jack continued:

"One day I sets myself on a big rock, at low tide, about four fathoms from the beach. It was a foot out of water, and I was experimentin' with the sharks by shootin' holes through their fins

with a self-cockin' revolver. It would a made you snort to see 'em scoot. Bimeby I missed a big one. It took me all aback till I tried it agin, and then I see that he reefed his fin jest as he saw me workin' my finger on the trigger.

"Mighty knowin' critter, that," says I to myself. "Wonder what he'll do next." I didn't have to wait long to larn. He see my feet was close down to the water, and jest as I got a fresh cylander into place he made a rush for 'em. I'll admit I was skeered, I will. I jest laid the pistol on the rock and jumped for the beach quicker 'n you could say scat with yer mouth puckered.

"Then that 'ere shark comes close inshore and eyes me, and then goes out to the rock and raises hisself outen the water and eyes the pistol and then comes back and looks at me mighty wicked, as if he was thinkin' 'I'm on to you, Jack; no more nonsense in these waters.' All this time the tide was runnin' in and bimeby the pistol was swamped. Mr. Shark he kept sojerin and sojerin around a eyin' me and the pistol till the water was as much as two feet deep over the rock."

"Must a riz about three feet, and in the West Indies at that," said the carpenter's mate reflectively.

"In course it did. As I was sayin' the shark he jest floated hisself over the rock, and there he lay rollin' first one eye down at the pistol and then the other, and a workin' it around with his tongue. Then he scoots out to sea, and after an hour or more brings back two other big ones, and they all examines the pistol very close. All this time the tide the tide was runnin' out agin and when the big shark see it he stations hisself right over the rock and grounds hisself there. Pretty soon the whole head of him showed up out of the water with more'n a fathom of smile on his countenance, as much as to say,

"I've got you this time, Jack; why don't you get yer pop?" which I was gettin' anxious about myself, lest the gunner should miss it.

"But his rejoicin' was really not timely. Wiser folks nor sharks,

those as thinks they is, rejoices untimely over other people's misfortunes. When he tried to turn round and say something to his mates, he found hisself fast on that 'ere rock. If you could a seen the look that came over his countenance then! His eyes rolled jest wild, and his jaws worked theirselves into a lather, but it warn't no use. Thar he was and no mistake, and then his two mates deserted him. He see 'em a scootin' for deep water, and just give up intirely to despair. His face twitched painful, and his lower jaw drooped till his chin rested on the butt of that pistol in a pitiful way. He let it lay thar a minute, rollin' his eyes about as if he'd got a idee. Then he turned hisself a bit, and before I knowed what he was up to he had that 'ere pop between his lips with the muzzle in and his tongue on the trigger. As I said, it was a self-cocking revolver. That 'ere shark died with his decks cleared for action, and colors flyin'. I tell ye, sharks is a mighty knowin' fish."

The second class apprentice had listened with open-eyed wonder to the story of the shark's suicide, and when Jack ceased speaking drew a long breath. The carpenter's mate cleared his throat and said, dreamily:

"Say, Jack, ye must have watched that ere shark nigh onto twelve hours."

"Jest about," said Jack.

"Must have been powerful lonesome for ye, Jack."

"Naw 'twarn't. I forgot to tell ye the carpenter's mate as was a sort of a ammyter liar was along, an' he helped amuse me with yarns about savin' ships from sinkin' by borin' holes alongside of the stern post."





1. DISCOVERY.

"Sick 'em, Fido! hit's a squirrel."

Aldermanic Discharge.

"I know my duty, sir!" said Alderman Oilimpam, "and I have been injured in the discharge of it."
 "Ah! Ha!" exclaimed Fibbetts. "I was afraid of it. I've seen you loaded often, and thought it was time for you to go off, but I didn't know it was duty. Thought it was whiskey."



2. STRATEGY.

"Watch 'em, Fido, an' I'll fix him."

MAPLESON has left, but he flung defiance back at American's locked vaults, saying he'd be over next fall with a larger opera troupe than ever. Ah, me unhappy country!



3. INGENUITY.

"I'll soon bag him!"

The Sport's Diagnosis.

"Hello, Billy boy; out again?"
 "No, I'm in. What'll you take?"
 "Pony, thanks. Got well, eh? What was the matter?"
 "Doctor didn't know. Said I'd die. I knew better."
 "How juno?"
 "Knew I'd get well's soon's. Tom McGuire sent me the money on all my billiard wagers—sent it all in silver, too; for a cod, you know. 'S soon's I saw that, I knew it meant change for the better. See?"



4. SURPRISE.

"Golly! hits bigger nor any squirrel."

Not that Man, another Man.

A fashionable young lady, at a literary party, was asked if she was acquainted with Irving, and answered "No! not personally, but I've seen him act." The enquirer gently remarked that the Irving he meant was Washington. "Oh!" was the reply, "I didn't know that Washington ever acted."



5. UNEXPECTED.

"Help!"

No 'Count.

APPLE stand on the corner. Noble Italian, making explanation to fashionable young lady. "Ah! Mees, I am only zee Count, vis ma estates confiscate in Italia."
 Young Lady—"Oh! you're no account. Counts are out, and coachmen are in."



6. PLUCK.

"Hold tight, Fido!"

THE BEST POLICY.

"Is the editor in?" she softly sighed.
 "If so, I've a little bill"—
 "Good Lord, ma'am, no!" the devil replied;
 "The editor's very ill."
 "Then tell him, please, that I called to pay
 "The bill for the paper he's sent;
 "Perhaps I'll come in some other day,
 "If the money isn't spent."
 "Hold, hold!" cried the devil with a yell,
 As she passed out through the door;
 "I was lying! The editor's perfectly well"—
 But he never saw her more.
 The moral, of this, my reader dear,
 Is plain enough, forsooth:
 Don't go to lying until its clear
 You can't make as much out of truth.

TOM ADDIS.

WE live in deeds, not years. We count our time by events, not by the calendar. In the slow old times a month meant simply 30 days, but now we have a *Century* in May, and ninety days extension on a note seemeth but as yesterday.



7. TRIUMPH.

"Slightly damaged, but still in the ring."

THE STANDARD JOKE (?) ALPHABET.

(For funny men.)

A's the green Apple that kills little boys;
 B is the Barber and Boarding-house joys;
 C's the spring Chicken and Clam in the Chowder;
 D is the Dude and the Dynamite powder;
 E is the Editor killing a poet;
 F is the Foot, as the Chicago girls show it;
 G's empty Gun, Goat and Gas-meter utter;
 H is the Hash and the Hair in the butter;
 I is the Ice-man, of course, and Ice-cream;
 J is the Jersey mosquito supreme;
 K is the Kick of the mule when he's mad;
 L is the Lover that's bounced by the dad;
 M is May Moving and Mother-in-law.
 N's the Niagara hackman's big maw;
 O's the One Oyster in church stews so thin;
 P's Picnic, Plummer, Pie, Poet and Pin;
 Q is the Question that's popped by us all;
 R is the Roller Rink—newest of all;
 S is the Stovepipe, and Shortcake so murky;
 T is the Tramp and the Thanksgiving Turkey;
 U's the Umbrella, that's Used-up and lent;
 V is the Verses to newspapers sent;
 W is Watermelon immense;
 X is the Small Easter bonnet's 'Xpense;
 Y is the leap-Year, that tickles men folks;
 Z is the Zany who "chestnuts" these jokes.

[Detroit Free Press.]

OYEZ! OYEZ!

The maiden just free from boarding-school
 Thinks life an Elysian dream;
 Ah, how should she know of life's sorrows and woe?
 She doesn't pay for the cream.

Oh, gaily the young man stirs his stumps
 In pursuit of the fleeting baseball,
 But little he sees of the agonies
 Of a corset ten sizes too small.

And we ever find in this weary world,
 Where the sheep must mix with the goats,
 That warp of woe has its woof of joy,
 If we only get down to our oats.

[Wash. Hatch.]

—A slow match—sparking but never popping.—[Arkansaw Traveler.]

—The melancholy days have come, the shaddest of the year.—[W. Hatchet.]

—The *Cologne Gazette*, despite its name is not a one scent paper.—[Norristown H.]

—There are some stupid men so inhospitable that they have never entertained an idea.—[Nopic.]

—A carpenter is not necessarily a prophet because he augers well.

[Attleboro Advocate.]

—Beecher has been preaching a sermon on Spring. Naturally there is more spring in Talmage.—[Nopic.]

—"The devil sows tares while the husbandman sleeps," or rather he goes on tares while the husbandman is supposed to be sleeping.—[Picay.]

—Miss Susan B. Anthony is on her way to Boston to look after a bequest of \$25,000. She has grown 40 years younger and very handsome.—[Call.]

—You may speak as you will of pedigree, generally, but in a sleeping-car, it is a man's berth which raises him above his fellows.—[M. Trav.]

—Ordinary astronomy teaches us the theory of spots on the sun, but Boston

astronomy teaches the theory of specs on the daughter.—[M. Traveler.]

—Miss Cleveland speaks four languages fluently. Now that her verbal resources are well known, it is safe to say she will Miss it all her life.—[Saratoga Eagle.]

—When you see a piece of ham entangled in the average citizen's moustache you must believe that he has tackled a lunch counter. You have prima face evidence of it.

[Weakly Carl P.]

—"You did not dare speak to me in that manner before I married you, sir!" she indignantly exclaimed. "No, nor you didn't dare come cavorting around me in curl-papers and rag-carpet slippers before I married you, mum!" he retorted. Then she cried and he profanified.—[Chicago Tribune.]

—The proprietor of a menagerie relates that one of his lions once had a thorn taken out of his paw by a French major in Algeria. The lion afterward ran over the list of officers belonging to the regiment of his benefactor, and out of gratitude, devoured both the colonel and lieutenant-colonel, whose places were then filled by the good major.

[Troy Times.]

—"You've heard about their boring all over the country for natural gas, haven't you, Mr. Flickers?"

"Yes, and I'm down on it, too."

"Why so?"

"Well, I think it ought to be stopped. How do we know but what that gas was put there to hold the world up, like a balloon? and after it's burnt to a certain point, down we'll go, kerchug."—[Pretzel's.]

—A few months ago a bell-boy of Portland, Me., swallowed two 25 cent pieces, two dimes and eight pennies, and thus far the doctors have been unable to get the money out of this human safe. An exchange of a recent date speaking of the affair says that, "strange to say, there has been no change in his internal arrangements since." Wrong. Are there not 78 cents of "change" in his internal arrangements?—[Hot. World.]

—There are 50,000 skating rinks in this country. On an average there are six falls a day in each rink, this makes a total of 300,000 falls a day throughout the country, or 1,800,000 fall a week. In the face of this showing the fall of Adam dwindles into insignificance. But the true American is by no means dismayed by these statistics. On the contrary, he exclaims: "Oh, my country, with all thy falls I love thee still!"

[Boston Courier.]

—"How old are you?"

"You mean in years?"

"Yes, to be sure."

"Well, to just count the birthdays, I'm only fifty, but to measure it by what I've been through I'm over two hundred."

"You've had a wide range of experience, then?"

"Well, I should think so. Why, man alive, I've experienced everything but religion, and I've been everywhere except in the Penitentiary, and I only missed that once by a carom scratch. According to what I've been through, I'm older than a circus joke; I actually am."—[Chi. Ledger.]

—Dr. William Everett, of Quincy, Mass., says "the Mugwump is an eastern bird with plumes of a gorgeous hue; his crest is red, his bosom white, his wings celestial blue, and sparkling through those tints are seen

resplendent stars of argent sheen." The Mugwump may be that sort of a fowl; but the full length portraits of Carl Schurz seen in the illustrated papers, indicate that the Mugwump is of the Shanghai rooster breed—three times more legs than body. If the Mugwump was such a "variegated cuss," Barnum would soon have one in his ornithological collection.—[N. Town Herald.]

WHY.

Little Minnie's mother had several times spanked her for going out onto the street. The other day as the groceryman was leaving the house, Minnie called to him and said:

"Tome back an' shut the gate."

"Why?"

"So I can't get out."

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

A COWBOY AT THE RINK.

Last night a cowboy from up near Wolf Creek, came into the opera house skating rink, and in a gruff voice demanded a pair of skates.

"I've been paintin' the burg red to night, and I guess I'll daub a little on the rink."

"Ever skated before on rollers?" asked Mr. Richard.

"No, but I'm a h—of a tearer at anything, I am, I howl when I come in and I'll turn this rink a somersault, the first flip out of the box."

"All right, mister, here's a pair," said Mr. Richard, who had just greased the rollers.

The cowboy got the skates on his feet, and cocking his hat to one side drew a six-shooter and bounded through the door with a wild whoop that startled everybody, but it wasn't half so loud as the noise he made when he sat down all of a sudden on the floor. As his feet went up in the air, and he came down with a bang the expression on his face was a study.

"So you'll cavort with me, you bucking galoot," he said as he rose up like a man who was going to break a mule. Then he gave a wild lurch to the left, swept his leg in a half circle, came back and hit the floor a terrible whack with the back of his head, while his six-shooter spun across the floor into the corner. Just as he was about to rise, a big fat woman came along like a quarter horse and struck him in the ribs with both feet. Then some boys skated over him, and fell over him. He rose game but groggy for the next round, and went down again at the bare sight of a sweet young miss of twelve whom he was afraid was going to skate on him.

He now gave up the sport and began to crawl on his hands and knees for the door, which wasn't far away, howling like a coyote whenever he heard anybody coming too near.

Some of the boys hauled him out into the ante-room and then took off his skates. One of them picked up his revolver, which wasn't loaded, and handing it to him, advised him to walk to Reno.

The fellow limped out of the place, lame in every joint, remarking, "As a son of a gun on wheels I ain't much."

[Carson Appeal.]

LESS ACCOUNT.

"Whut's the matter?" asked a colored man, addressing his wife who had come home.

"Oh, I kain't work fur dat white 'oman."

"Yer ain't quit, is yer?"

"'Cose I is."

"Den whut's I gwineter do? Gwine ter stan' roun' heah an' let yer lawful husban'

starb ter death? I 'clar ter goodness, wimmin is gettin' less ercount ebry year."
[Arkansaw Traveler.]

EXPERIENCED.

"I understand you want a coachman," said a young man applying at the door of a gentleman's residence on Michigan avenue.
"How much experience have you had," asked the gentleman.
"Three."
"Three what."
"Three elopements."—[Carl Pretzel.]

ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN.

"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Bryon. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, especially to women and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.

SHE WOULD NOT HAVE ME.

"And so she wouldn't have you?"
"Indeed she wouldn't."
"How'd that come?"
"Well, I sat down alongside of her and took her by the hand, as I heaved a sigh too deep to sound."
"How was that?"
"It didn't make noise enough. You see, I always do my sighin' in'ardly, an' breathe through my nose to hide my breath."
"Well, what then?"
"I felt her hand flutter in mine, an' I

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could hear her heart thumpin' like a Waterbury watch. I thought that meant 'say the word an' I'm yourn,' an' so I said it, but got left."

"You don't tell me. How did it happen?"
"Well, she fired up like a hornet, an' said she would never marry no man what popped the question as though he was referrin' to a sp'ilt fish."
"Well, that beats all. How in the world did you do it?"
"Well, I sorter give her hand a little squeeze to show her I was cheerful, an' then I says, quite glib-like, says I—'Mirandy, can you stomach me?'—[Chicago Ledger.]

A CHICAGO STATESMAN.

"Daniel, have you been drinking?" asked President Cleveland of his Private Secretary.
"No, sir."
"Has anybody started a distillery near here?"
"Not that I know of."
"What, then, is this dreadful smell?"
"I don't know sir, unless—"
"Unless what, Daniel?"
"Well, there's a Chicago Alderman out in the other room, waiting to see you."
"Ah, there is, eh? Well, Daniel, you step out and tell him to go over to Georgetown and call me up by telephone."
[Chicago News.]

* * * * Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose three letter stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

NOTHING IN A NAME.

"I verily believe," said Brother Gardner, "dat de foolishness of surtin parents in tyin' names to deir offsprings has clouded an' wrecked many lives. De ole man who was shovelin' snow nex' doah to me the other day was named Henery Clay. It was on the ideah dat he would make a mighty smart man, but the minit he got 'nuff to realize who an' what Clay was he pulled right back. He couldn't nebbber git dar, an' he knowd it. Instead of bein' addressed as Henery Clay, everybody calls him 'Hank Dirt,' an' he's wine to be called dat till de clay kivers his coffin.

"Some y'ars ago a naybur o' mine named his baby 'Washirgton Lincoln Grant Smith.' He war bound to fill dat boy chock full o' military genius and statesmanship, but de chile wasn't four y'ars old befo' he realized dat it was too steep. He hadn't reached ten befo' he was a thief an' a liar, and de odder day he went to prison for burglary. De name was too long fur de public to grapple wid, an' so he was called 'Wash Grant.' Later on it got to be 'Washboard,' an' by de name of Washboard Smith he am registered on de prison books.

"I has seen Prime Minister Jones drawin' a swill cart around, while clus behind him, leading a yaller dog by a piece of clothes-line, came Montmorenci Stubbins. I has seen Queen Catherine Rivers at the wash-tub, while the Princess Bienville was a hangin' out de clothes fur her. I has white-washed on the some job with Czar Jackson, an' I has blacked stoves alongside of George de Fo'th Bones.

"De white folks am just as bad, an' it really dose me good to see by de papers dat 'Hortense Victoria Clark' has skipped out

wid 'De Lisle Fitzne Brown,' who was a purfeshional roller skater loafer on a salary of five dollars per week. Ebry day de police judge am sendin' Zachariah Chandlers, Roscoe Cronklings, Thomas Jeffersons and Henery W. Longfellows to de jug, an' ebry day de good old names of Jane an' Betsy an' Sarah an' Emma an' Lucy am growin' in contempt wid the female sect.

"Speakin' fur de cull'd race alone, I say dat de fadder who rises above Moses or Samuel or William when huntin' fur a name fur his boy baby am coaxin' biles an' bunions to grow whar dey doan need to. De mudder who can't make a slection from Chloe, Catharine, Violet an' Sarah Jane needn't feel riled if her gal runs off wid a bow-legged stove-blacker an' ends up her days in a garret. Let us now attack de reg'lar purceedin's."—[Detroit Free Press.]

EVERYBODY TOOK HOCK.

They did not often give dinner-parties, and never gave a large one, but at the little reunions to which they did invite their friends they liked everything the best. So, on the afternoon of one of their choice little feasts, the host summoned his boy-in-buttons, and said: "Now, John, you must be careful how you hand around the wine."
"Yes, sir." "These bottles with the black seals are the best, with the red seal the inferior sherry. The best sherry is for after

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dinner; the inferior sherry you will hand around with the hock after soup. You understand—hock, and inferior sherry after soup?" "Yes, sir, perfectly," said the boy-in-buttons. And the evening came, and the guests came, and everything was progressing admirably till the boy went round the table asking of every guest: "Hock or inferior sherry?" Everybody took hock.—[Ex.

AFRAID OF DISAPPOINTMENT.

Col. Horsehead is a dyspeptic. The other morning the Colonel was awakened by one of the children who said:
"Papa, I hear somebody in the kitchen. It may be a tramp."
The Colonel got up, stepped to the door, looked into the kitchen, and then returning sat down with a weary sigh.
"Is it a tramp, papa?"
"No, child; it's your mother getting breakfast. I was afraid that I would be disappointed."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

FUNNY FASHION NOTES.

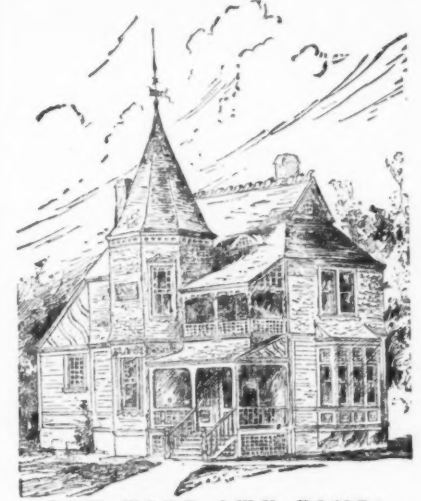
Hats with bricks in them are again worn. The Spring style of boots and shoes like corporations, have no souls.
On account of the hard times, coats are now worn longer than usual
The Spring has been so cold and backward that dog pants are scarcely seen.
It is the nobby thing for policemen in dispensing charity to distribute fall wraps among the poor.
Feather-trimmed suits are very stylish and young chickens are discarding their ova coats for them.
Many young married ladies, obliged to wear last Spring's clothes, prefer divorce suits.
Four pockets in the vest without any money in them, although not popular, are nevertheless, worn more than ever.
[Whitehall Times.

SERIOUS TROUBLE AHEAD.

"I tell you," said one man with a great deal of extra heat, "he is a man who will take any advantage of you! I wouldn't trust him to carry a pint of molasses half a block for me."
"And the most disagreeable person I ever met," added a second. "If I had his personal ways I should pray to be hit with a sand-club and shoved under the ice!"
"Oh, he'll go down, and don't you forget it!" put in the third. "I've heard hints already of his being financially embarrassed, and I expect to live to see the day when he'll saw wood for me at fifty cents per cord!"
The fourth and fifth men walked away together, and the fourth whispered:
"Too bad—too bad. I ought to have known how it would operate."
"Why, what has the man done?" asked the other.
"Done! Why, he's gone and bought a pacing horse which can clean 'em all out! D'ye suppose a man who is beaten on the show is ever going to forgive the party who does it!"—[Detroit Free Press.

AN OFFENSIVE BREATH

is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but it has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases, as thousands can testify.



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