

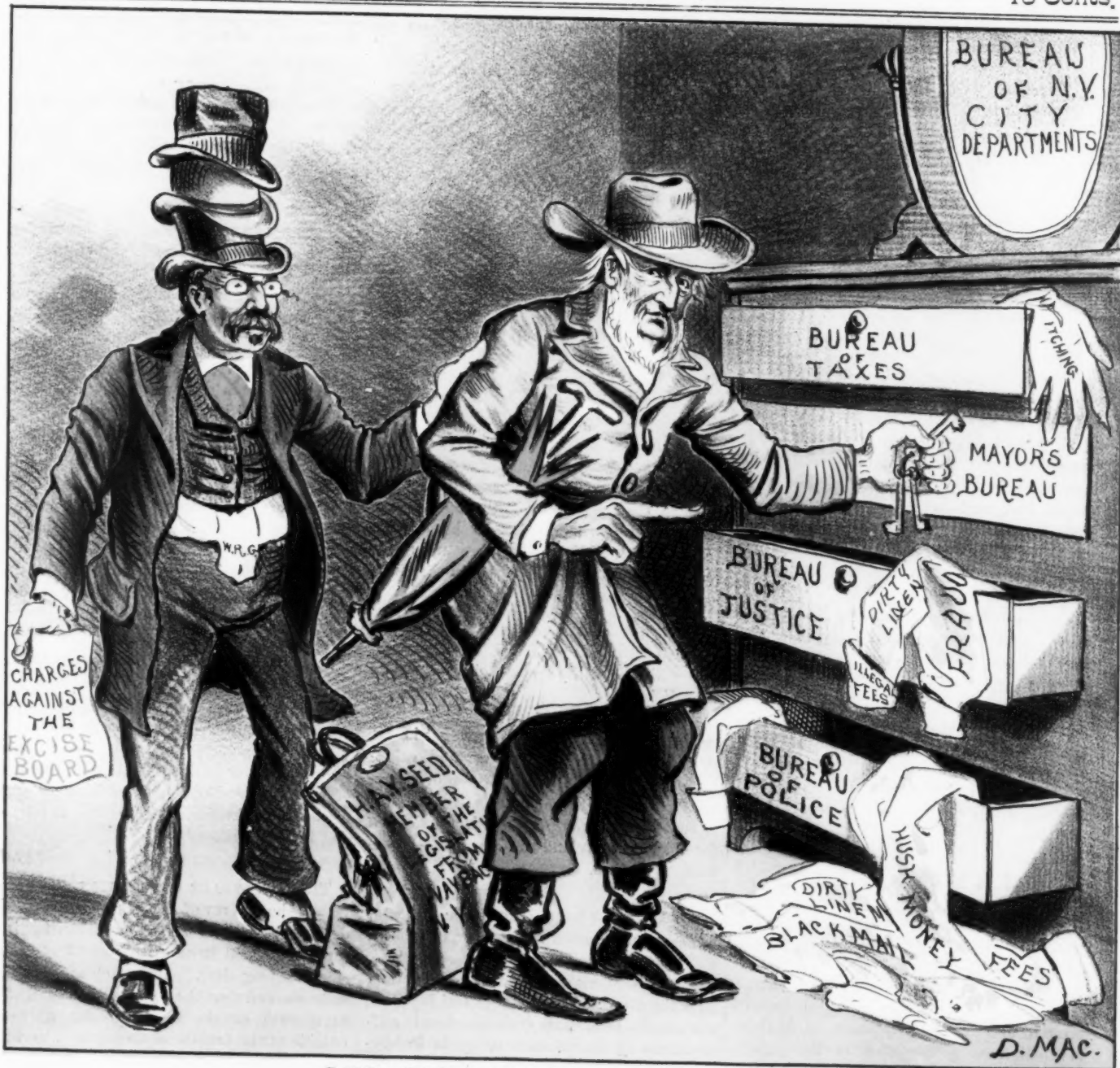


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LET THE INVESTIGATION GO ON.

MAYOR GRACE (to Member of Investigation Committee)—“Look at what I have been doing.”
 M. I. C.—“Yes, that’s what I’m going to do. Seems to me there is a good deal of dirty linen in these bureaus.”

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D. MAC.



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CIVILIZED COW-BOYS.

What is our business-system, at best, but a "stand-and-deliver" scheme? "Hold up your hands" is not a greater terror to the Tenderfoot on the Plains, than is "C. O. D." to the helpless citizen in the city. Our whole business system is founded on the cow-boy principle, *caveat emptor*—Let every buyer look out!—which means that overcharging and cheating are proper and legal up to the point of detection. No more is claimed in behalf of any robbery than that Might makes Right.

Let the traveler and the pater familias beware. The road-agent, the milliner, the bunco-steerer, the plumber, the Wall street sharp, the gas man, the dress maker, Old Santa Claus and Old Nick are on their trails.

Well, a man has no business with more money than he can use on his own needs, and they who supply the artificial wants of modern life are the socialists who help to secure a divide and keep the money in circulation.

"WHEN THIEVES FALL OUT."

The senate investigation into New York misgovernment has gone to the point of causing the thieves to fall out and begin telling truths about one another. Each bureau that has been opened has revealed its own peculiar and excelling rottenness, while there is a delightful preservation of the Democratic unities in a proper increase of the steal-

ings and corruption as they ascend the official scale. It answers Metropolitan ideas of propriety that a bribe of \$25 should be the gauge of a humble policeman's honesty, while the Mayor is making 30 per cent. a month out of his connection with Ferdinand Ward, the brevet custodian of the city funds, by Grace; and that where a turnkey sells his official trust for a small honorarium, the police justices maintain the dignity of the bench by "assessing" court clerks and stenographers 80 per cent. of their salaries for the exclusive use and behoof of the bench—and of the ward politicians back of it.

To still further support official dignity, we are edified by Mayor Grace's indignant and truly-virtuous arraignment of the Excise commissioners. Now, let the legislature arraign and cashier all the dishonest officials of the city, even though it leaves not one in office.

Mem:—These uncovered rascals are all Democrats and the head of the gang is a "Democratic reformer." And of such is the Kingdom of Democracy.

JAPANESE POLITICS.

The Mugwump courtiers of the Federal Mikado were determined to show their zeal and importance by cutting off some one's political head. They had everything arranged for a capital act. The execution went off with *eclat* and chocolate eclaires.

But when the returns were in and it appeared that the Mugwump executioners had made the grievous mistake of trying to cut off the head of Nanki-Po Hill, the heir-apparant to the Mikado Cleveland's seat, the tables were turned.

The Mugwump had blundered, and in independent politics a blunder is worse than a crime.

Since then the fate of the Mugwumps has been a lingering one, with humor and frying mixed. Everbody jokes and roasts the *Ko-Kos*, *Pooh-Bahs* and *Yum-Yums* of our politics.

FRIENDLY ASSURANCE—the conduct of the man who hails you Tom, or Jack, and proves his friendship by a whack and, "lend me a V.!"

THE PRESIDENT ANNOUNCES that he has no time to give to considering applications for office. Yet, several million of Democrats gave about three month's time last year to considering only one man's application for office. Cleveland was his name—Cleveland, of Buffalo.

BECAUSE THE NEW Democratic collector of customs at Boston is a gentleman, clean, well-mannered and decent, the Democratic papers all denounce him as a Mugwump. And the Mugs. do not seem to feel insulted; nor are the Democrats made blushing self-conscious by the reflection on spoils Democracy.

RULINGS.

THE LARGE NUMBER of mulattoes and quadroons indicates the general prevalence of color-blindness in the South.

MISS ANDERSON'S FAILURE is an encouraging rebuke to American Anglomania. Theatrical dudism is too high-priced at \$2.50.

THE ENGLISH IDEA of stumping in the pending canvass, seems to be, an occasion for throwing stumps of cigars and cabbages at the speaker.

THE NEW YORK *World* insists that it is not an organ. What does the *World* know about it, anyway. It does not even know who owns and edits it.

A MAN IS WRITING long letters in the *Inter-Ocean* addressed "to a Mugwump." We fear they will all land in the dead-letter office, marked, "Party addressed not found."

COL. BOB INGERSOLL seems the most successful faith-cure in the country. He cures everybody of faith in anything, or tries to. Some chronic cases he can't touch—happy fellows!

THERE IS ABROAD more hostility to slugging matches than there is *in* them. A prize fight now literally fills the ancient description of a tournament—"a gentle and joyous passage-at-arms."

A BRILLIANT SOCIETY SEASON means a time when much money is spent by people who can afford it, more by those who can't, most by those who spend other people's money and so can best afford it.

A PAPER HAS BEEN STARTED in Pennsylvania called *Death*, devoted extensively to chronicling cases of suicide and murder. The first dailies of New York already occupy this ground, and they claim to be live papers, too.

A NEW YORK GIRL, who married an English nobleman a few years ago, has learned from a London weekly that her husband is "a card-sharper and an unmitigated blackguard." She ought to congratulate herself that her husband is a step in advance of the typical English "gentleman" who considers it a husband's prerogative to larrup and kick his wife *ad libitum*.

THE FREE-TRADE CONVENTION at Chicago was the first ray of hope that the fearfully depressed shipping and manufacturing interests of Great Britain have seen from this side in a long time. Inasmuch as the debates showed that the convention was made up of stark cranks who represent no one outside of the lunatic asylums, it was not much of a ray, either.

A LECTURE IN BROKEN ENGLISH.

The German Policeman tells of His Experience on the Platform.

By Julian Ralph, Author of the "Sun's German Barber," Etc.



"ID ye lecture?" Reilly, the blacksmith, inquired of the German Policeman, "and fwhat koind of a toime did ye have?"

"Vell," said the Policeman, "I subbose you would like me to dell you dot I vos rotten-egged or der audience vos baralyzed or such tings like dot, but no, my frent, der audience vos bleazed und I a hundert tollar made."

"Sure," said Reilly, "I knew ye'd git satisfaction wan way or another. A frind of moine, on the force, officer Mulcahey—as thoroughbrid a mon and as loively a policemon as iver ye knew—he thried to lecture wanst fer the benefit av the A. O. H., and he made a failure; sure, he knew nothing at all about spaking in public. The aujence began fer to drop out av the hall, whin suddintly officer Mulcahey laped from the platform, knocked down a mon who was laving the place and sang out, 'maybe I can't lecture, but begobs I can lick any man that don't kape his sate till I'm t'roo.' Well, av course, he had his hands full, and no more lecturin' that noight. That's fwwhy I was afther savin' I knew you'd get satisfaction wan way or d'other. It's the way the police have av doing everything they go at, in this city."

"Vell," said the policeman, "I got me more fun as you can shake at a shtick. In der frst blaces I vos scared like a house afire. Dimidity und pashfulness are not grimes any more as boverty is, but like boverty, dem peen mightdy hard to shake off. I choost vonted to dake a railroad drain, und I didn't care vhere I dook it to. I vent py der man vich lifts der pox-office inside: 'look here,' I say; 'I am too shcared to sneak by dem beople; I choost vant to glimbd owd!'"

"Grate Heffens!" he gried; "Bedder I go und gif der beople der money back."

"No!" I sgreamed, "tond you do dot; ton'd geen a pig fool—vot you vont to gif away der money back for? Gif dem back der dickets—dem baid for der dickets und dem got a right to haf 'em."

"Vell, ve could not agree, und so I on der blatform vent. I felt choost like a man vot's in chail. I knew I had a goot-deal done to get there und dot I got to shtick it owd."

"I had peen dolt dot uf I should sing I vould shcare myselluf to death, or der least dings vich vould habben vould peen der flight uf der audiences from der house owd, alretty. Vell, I haf long ago dook nodice dot beople vich got so much shmardness chenerally keep it der inside uf their own heads—dem neffer let it owd fer der resd uf us to see it. Choost so in dis case, I dit sing, und

it vos no failure. It vos der cholliest audience you ever haf seen. Laughter vos like gunbowder sbrinkled all der house arount, und choost a sbark uf my good nadure vould set it all aplaze. Dot made me so goot feel I choost sung dem 'der monkey married der happeon's sisher.' Dot's funny like ter tickens in mere common English, but in my batent imbroved vay uf sbeaking it simbly vos immense. Vell, sir, before I got through der second verse I seen drickling dcr faces down some weeping eyes; negst came der handkerchiefs owd, und finally, as der newsbabers say, 'dere vos not a dry tear in der house.' You can'd call dot a failure? eh, vot? Vell, so I should dink *not*."

"After congradulading der beople on hafing sbent a bleasant efening und saying vot dem n'et not dank me as der man in der pox-office had collected all der danks I vonted, I glimbed der backside uf der hall owd und vent und got a glass uf peer vich dasted as goot as uf it cost a hundert tollar."



A Liberal Education—in Gush.

I can conceive of no greater boon to mortals given than going to bed on "Anderson's first-night and getting up in the morning reading "Winter's criticism of the performance." QUIP.

Unobjectionable.

"How old is she?"
 "Something over thirty."
 "That's an objection."
 "But she has fifty thousand in her own right; is that an objection?"
 "Oh, no; that's an object."

Lacteal Hostilities.

The New York milk dealers have been on a rampage for reform. They demand better milk from farmers, and require that none but strictly pure and wholesome water be mingled with the milk. There will, we think, never be a good understanding between the farmers and milk pedlars until the percentage of water to be added is equitably adjusted between them. They can't both add 49 per cent—there's the trouble. They had better do with their issues as they do with the milk—pool 'em.

It is comforting to know that there is no misunderstanding between the consumers and these belligerents. They all understand what the compound is.

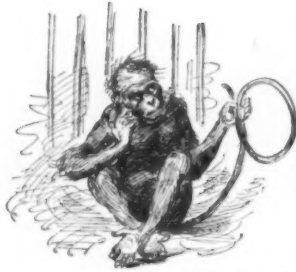
Malt Geography.

He had just come in the side door and said "what's the game, boys?"
 "No ante—only drinks," said one showing his hand. "I'm makin' toward Beerinng Straights."

How to Preserve the Obelisk.

Mugwump (depressed) to hilarious Irishman—"The City of New York is so corrupt that Cleopatra's Needle scales at the sight of it."
 Irishman—"Why don't the likes of ye plug the eyes of it?" QUIP.

PREHENSILE PHILOSOPHIZING.



FF in a distant corner the visitor may see,
Leaning his head upon his hand, a lonely Chimpanzee
That some travellers had captured in the branches of a tree,
But is now an educated ape and knows his A B C.

He has a thirst for knowledge, and—like any other man—
Feels that progress and improvement are the great Creator's plan.
This hungering for culture has never been assuaged,
And his latent possibilities have never yet been gauged
On account of his environments, for he is always caged.
And ever and anon his tail he thoughtfully will scan,
While he pitifully murmurs "This is not the end of man."

One day he stole a paper from a learned Professor's hat
On, "The Concord School of Philosophy and The Thisness of the That,"
And he has made a solemn vow that when the year rolls 'round
He will be found among the crowd upon their classic ground.

It makes but little difference to either you or me
Whether from monkey or from man we trace our ancestry,
Whatever be our origin—deny it if you can—
The poet truly says, "The mind's the measure of the man."

H. A. B.

Briefs Submitted.

The power behind the
thrown—the billy goat.

The baggage-smasher feels
most at home on the trunk
lines.

"The end of courtship is
marriage." And marriage is
the end of courtship.

The latest thing in corsets
is not usually the freshest.
She seldom gets out of bed
before noon.

The American who can es-
cape being the victim of an
attempt at a monument, must
be a prodigy of obscurity.

Our Jeff raised the standard
of rebellion so high that a
poor imitator like Riel has no
show; but must hang for it.

Tarbox, though quite a
young Nevada town, has al-
ready one Foote in the grave.
He was shot last week in a
saloon.

"Marriage, to a large class
of our young people, seems to
be a bugbear." Whereas
courtship seems to more re-
semble a hug bear.

Lord Tennyson is said to
be at work on a new poem.
The alarmed public cares not
a continental how new the
poem is; but anxiously in-
quires: "How long, Oh,
Lord?"

Gov. Hill, they say, "be-
gan life as a printer's devil."
A devil of a beginning, truly!
The usual sad, bad way is to
begin life as a baby—and end
by never becoming Governor.

—:0:—

Mitigating Misfortune.

SOFTHEARTED OLD GENT—
"Sad affair, indeed; I under-
stand many valuable lives
were lost?"

"Well, no," answered the
insurance man, looking up
cheerfully, as he turned the
paper, "only two of the five
hundred blown up were in-
sured, and the payments on
both policies won't be over
eight hundred dollars."

The Tale of My Thanksgiving Turkey.

BY HAMILTON.



"Ah, there, my dude," said I to my marketman the
other morning, "have you such a thing as a nice spring
turkey about your stall, something nice you know?"

"Spring turkey! you bet; just what you want. By
the way, you know I kill all my own poultry?"

I nodded.

"Well, you see that pair hanging at the end of the
rack up there? Well, that pair used to go around the
yard springing up and down like mad. I have known
them to spring 36 hours at a time and not half try; why
that one on the left used to spring sideways at times un-
til some one would come out and stop it. They used to
spring up to their roost and spring down again, and, you
can believe it or not, but an hour or so after I had killed
them they went springing around like a couple of idiots.
Maybe you don't call them spring turkeys, well, I does,
you bet."

"That is a fine story you have just sprung on me, my
dear friend. You don't expect me to swallow it, do you?"

"Which," said he; "the turkey?"

My wife bought the turkey this year.

OFF THE BENCH.

ALL SIGNS FAIL at Hallowe'en.

A GOOD MANY actors' ambition to star
need many seasonings.

THE PUPILS constitute the real school-
bored, not the directors.

RIGHTS THAT no one should deny to a
woman are marriage rites.

WILL THE NEW darkey hair tonic, Anti-
curl, cure the skating mania?

THE MILKMAN resented it when his con-
gressman sent him a speech upon "Our
water-ways."

WHY DO NOT the sailors, when they holy-
stone the deck, sing, "Rocked in the cradle
of the deep?"

THE CHARGE, at the crematory, for in-
cinerating a "corp" is \$24, but the man-
agers urn all they get.

"MONEY CONTINUES CHEAP," the mar-
ket reports say; and yet it seems dear to
every American heart.

A MAN OUT WEST started a paper, call-
ing it the *Free Press*, and inside of six
weeks he had a chattel mortgage on the
press.

CHICAGO CIRCLES are agitated over
"School Book troubles." So are Chicago
switches, no doubt; and in circles, possibly.

IT IS QUITE a coincidence that the fall is
the season when heavenly meteors and infer-
nal meters are getting in their best exhibi-
tions.

LOVE'S BAKING POWDER is on the mar-
ket. Some of it given to the boys might
make them come up a little more promptly,
when the girls are waiting.

A NEW TERROR has been given to death,
for great men, by the monumental failures
perpetrated to their memory. We begin to
be afraid to die, ourselves.

THE NEWSPAPER HEADING, "Railway In-
telligence," is sometimes misleading. When
it chronicles the inability of the trunk-line
managers to observe their pooling arrange-
ments, for instance.

MISS BURT, a young woman in Illinois
who was "raised from her death-bed by
prayer," has eloped with the pastor. This
can hardly be deemed a fair test of the
prayer-cure. Evidently the young woman
had other than religious inducements to rise



THE EVOLUTION OF THE DUDE.

Edmund Russell, the lecturer on art, has been studying the Fifth Avenue dudes and wondering why they and the dudines see-saw down the street with elbows projected from their sides when they walk. His study of Delsarte has given him "points," and he accounts for the phenomenon in this fashion. The elbow is,

according to Delsarte, the thermometer of individuality, and the stronger, coarser and more assertive is that individuality, the more will the elbow project. Thus, fishwives and the slatterns of tenements put their arms akimbo when they engage in verbal wrangles, in order to give their elbows as sharp an angle as possible.

Jockeys are small, vulgar and self-important. In order to make the most of themselves they stick out their elbows, as if they were holding the reins, and walk with a swagger. The English are a racing people. Even the best classes effect a rough, coarse dress and go in thousands to the race track. They are thrown into contact with these jockeys, are interested in them, and unconsciously affect their horsey airs and bragging appearance.



When the American dude finds an Englishman thrusting out his elbows as he walks the streets he does not inquire why he does it, for whatever is English is right, so the poor little thing puts himself on exhibition as an imitator—one remove distant—of an illiterate stable boy.



The akimbo of the dudess is probably the result of the law of heredity; the survival of the wash-woman and fish-monger in her ancestry, perhaps not far-removed.

But the evolution of the dude species goes back of the fish-woman



and jockey. The frog has the same akimbo as the dude; and in her unintelligent imitativeness the woman of fashion clearly shows the survival of monkey natures. Mr. Russell gives many curious illustrations of this ape characteristic in the blind imitation of our fashionable women.

AFTER GILBERT AND A DRINK.

On a keg near a bar-room a bummer once lit
Singing "Whiskey, good whiskey, old whiskey."
And I said to him: "Crimsonbeak, why do you sit,
Singing 'Whiskey, good whiskey, old whiskey?'
Is it want of the needful," I humanely cried,
"Or a hard-hearted wretch 'hind the counter in-
side?"

With a woe-laden sigh the benzine cask replied:
"Oh, whiskey, good whiskey, old whiskey."

Then he grabbed at his throat and rolled up his eyes,
Moaning "Whiskey, good whi-key, old whiskey."
When a glass of cold water I brought in the guise
Of whiskey, good whiskey, old whiskey.

He tasted it once, then a gurgle he gave.
And no more for his "lodge" or his "ferriage"
he'll crave.

For the willows sigh softly across his cold grave,
"Oh, whiskey, good whiskey, old whiskey."
"LUNTH."

Cinderella.

By the kitchen door, on the shady side of the goose-berry bush, the grasshopper lifted up a voice of droning monotone, while within a tortoise-shell tabby reveried of musk-melon and Tommy and a lazy fly protested against the customary 1,000 flops of the wing per second.

No wonder Cinderella grew sleepy over her potatoes. Cinderella who excelled in the kitchen-arts and had two secret sorrows!

Cinderella excelled in many arts, but potato-paring was the one upon which she bent her energies—into which she threw her soul. Like the delicate shaving from the jack-plane—fit to be-ribbon a damsel's hair—were the potatoe-parings of Cinderella. How artistically they curled over her skillful hand! How delightedly she watched them form into quaint letters and fantastic shapes! The Lady of Shalott never wove so many dreams into her magic web as Cinderella entwined with the gyral strands beneath her paring-knife; and had it not been for her secret sorrows she might have been happy; they haunted her night and day; sitting with her in the kitchen; walking with her up and down the village street; they laid down with her at night and rose with her at morning. But at this particular moment she was forgiving and forgetting while rapidly succumbing to the Mesmeric passes of the drowsy god. Her eyes grew heavier and heavier; the parings grew thicker and thicker; she nodded and nodded; she cut off great slices of potatoe, and at last, surrendering unconditionally, her chin rested in her bib and the potatoes rolled upon the floor. The fly, with the nice precision that flies are addicted to, lit on the under side of Cinderella's nose; but it had no sooner commenced to twist its moustache than Cinderella gave a snort that carried it off its feet and bumped it against the floor with the resistlessness of an Iowa cyclone. The fly felt dazed and mad; it promptly proceeded, however, to buzz defiance in Cinderella's ear. Cinderella, unconscious of the greater danger of lopping off her own ear than that of the fly's, waved the paring-knife with bloodthirsty menace. The indispensable scavenger only buzzed in demonish glee and evaded every thrust. Cinderella resolved, at any cost, upon insecticide: dispensing with the eyes of dream, and half opening the sleepiest one, she executed a lightning-like half circle, and—cut off her left auricle! Cinderella awakened with a screech that Gabriel himself, had he been on the spot, would have taken a note of. She awakened several things beside herself. The tabby jumped for the nearest egress and smashed every fragile thing in her path; a gossiping milk-pitcher, in frantic haste to regain the accustomed shelf, fell on the hearth and was broken into many pieces; the sleepers beneath the floors groaned and creaked; and the echoes, ghostly from the pallor of long sleep, tottered forth like a procession of Rip Van Winkleian sounds which querulously wavered about the wild and wide-eyed Cinderella. But the fly escaped nonchalantly and unhurt, and the secret sorrows remained intact. That artisan who is so closely connected with the mundane affairs of all peoples was glad of that; he charged for shoes according to their dimensions, and one pair for Cinderella was more remunerative than three for any other maiden in the village. In this fact lay Cinderella's great sorrows; she knew so well how hopelessly she contradicted the tradition of her name; she was conscious, with that consciousness that knows no surcease, of possessing the two biggest feet in the town. No person or prince was equal to the payment of her shoe bill; and Cinderella sadly realized that her preserved maidenhood was due to the fact.

B. ZIM.

ON THE ROAD.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," apologized the clerk, "but the house is full; not a single room vacant; cots in the parlors."

"What's going on?" Gus Cusby asked.

"Fat stock show. City is crowded with grangers."

"Is the other house full, too?"

"Haven't the least doubt of it, Mr. Cusby. I'm sorry we can't give you rooms, but we'll manage the meals if you can get quarters outside. By the way, you know Wumpie, the druggist, around the corner?"

"I should say I did. He's a sure customer of mine. Sell him every time I come to town."

"That's good, for I was going to say that he had just finished putting up fine apartments over his store for high-priced lodgers, and I have no doubt he would accommodate you and your friends, particularly as you know him so well, Mr. Cusby."

"A good suggestion, boys," Gus said, turning to us. "Let's go around and interview the old man."

"It's a go," I agreed, and Brown said nothing, but packed up his grips and headed for the door.

We found that we were playing in great luck, for not only had Cusby's customer rooms to rent, but the apartments proved to be "just the cheese"—three bed-rooms and a parlor, *en suite*. The carpets and furniture were brand new and the paint and fresco was almost fresh enough to smell.

"Pretty ceiling you have here, Wumpie," Cusby remarked, with his head thrown back. "They ought to put up this sort of thing in barber shops."

"Yes, I flatter myself it's rather neat," returned the druggist, "but it don't compare with the ceiling of the store. Come down and look at it."

"We will be down presently, Mr. Wumpie," Brown said. "Have you any objections to our having a case of beer sent in?"

"Not in the least. Not in the least, my dear sir. Have and do what you like. So you pay for all damages, I don't care a rap what happens. Make yourselves entirely at home."

"Thanks, Wumpie, we will. Now please ring up a district messenger boy and we'll send for that lager before going out."

"Certainly, Cusby, of course. Boy will be here in three minutes. When you come down, slam the door after you. It's a snap lock. Here's the key. Take good care of it. It's the only one I have," and the chemist disappeared.

The boy came and went, and soon after the beer arrived.

"I guess we'll sample this right off," Josh remarked, going down into his grip for a corkscrew. "Get some glasses, will you, Lang?"

I brought them and Josh pulled the corks and filled.

"Here's looking at ye, boys," he said.

"I likewise bows," from Gus.

"'And on 'art," I responded.

And then, after the first sip, simultaneously:

Lang—"Warm as love."

Brown—"Hot as Hades."

Cusby—"Burns like blazes."

"Let's send for some ice," I suggested.

"No. I'll tell you what we'll do," Cusby said. "We'll place some bottles in the wash bowl, put the stopper in and turn on the faucet, thus," suiting the action to the word. "Now, see, the overflow vents through these holes into the waste pipe and as fresh water is running in constantly, the booze will cool quickly enough."

"Say, fellows, the day is badly broken into and I suggest that we leave our beer here to cool and go out and see this fat stock lay out. We'll postpone business until to-morrow."

"I agree to that, Lang," approved Josh.

"And I," dittoed Augustus.

So we clapped on our hats, and Cusby, after taking one last look at the beer cooler, followed Brown and me out and slammed the door after him in accordance with the landlord's directions.



As we were passing Wumpie's door he beckoned us in and with great satisfaction showed us the ceiling.

"Cost \$600, gentlemen. Paid the bill yesterday. Finest thing in the city."

It was a neat bit of work. The centre piece, I remember, was particularly striking: a trio of cupids each arrayed solely in his own innocence without even so much as a safety pin to hold it on, tripping the light fantastic in total disregard of the laws of gravitation around a heavily gilded mortar and pestle. The rest of the ceiling was a firmament of delicate elephant's egg blue, starred generously with very perfect representations of phials, pill boxes and other articles used by the drug trade. In each corner was depicted in a lifelike manner a dispeptic appearing bull-frog, seated on a log and engaged in heated political argument with a stork. This bird was evidently possessed of a corn, which cereal was probably in an aggressive condition, for one of the claws was raised as if to give the afflicted

member a little ease.

"Very neat, Wumpie," Cusby said in approval. "We are in a bit of a hurry just now, but we will come back and admire this work of art of yours later."

I don't think we were any of us greatly pleased with the pigs, charmed with the chickens, or stuck on the steers. An hour of the stock show was dose enough, and we were glad to pull out. After that we went to supper, at which meal we took our elegant leisure. And so fully three hours had elapsed when we reached our corner again.

"Let's go into Wumpie's for some cigars to have with that beer of ours," Cusby suggested, as we neared our lodgings.

As we entered the shop we encountered a man, who proved to be the proprietor himself, clad in a rubber coat with a pair of gums on his feet and an umbrella over his head.

"What are you gotten up in that rig for, Wumpie?" Gus exclaimed.

"Walk in, Cusby. Enter gentlemen, all. Come in and admire this ceiling of mine," invited the druggist. "You promised, you know. Gaze upon it and tell me how you like it now. Step this way, please."

Somewhat surprised by the man's manner, which was sarcastic enough to turn treacle into tartar emetic, Cusby and I advanced toward the center of the room and looked up.

For myself, I will say, I saw nothing, because I got in one drop a pint of water on the bridge of my nose, and thus my vision was temporarily handicapped.

"Jumping Jonah!" ejaculated Gus turning up his coat collar and backing out. And then: "Man the life boat, Josh, we are drowning. Help!"

Joshua, who stood in the doorway, turned about and clapping his hands speaking-trumpet fashion to his mouth, sang out at the top of his magnificent pair of lungs (J. B., expanded six inches easily): "Man overboard! Man overboard! Lower the port cutter and look alive, men. Bear a hand there, you lubbers." And continued to yell similar suitable orders until the druggist managed to gag him.

Of course, Augustus and I pulled out as fast as we were able and joined the other two on the street, from which safe ground we stared through the windows at that ceiling.

The innocences of the three kids did not appear to have been water-proof. Indeed, their legs and bodies were quite washed away and what was left of them appeared to be indulging in a swimming match, the prize for the victor, in which seemed to be the gilt mortar and pestle, which remained aloft as sound and bright as ever. The elephant-egg-blue-firmament had been converted into an ocean of Spanish-mackerel green. The storks and frogs were on deck, but their appearance had changed. They looked depressed and unhappy. The discussion as to the tariff had evidently been dropped and the prevailing damp weather was evidently the subject on which they were exchanging their views.

"How did you manage all this Niagara business, Wumpie?" Cusby asked presently.

"This dampness, my dear friend, I am inclined to think, comes from your apartments above. Perhaps you can offer some further explanation?"

"It's the beer cooler," we three ejaculated in chorus and looked blankly at each other.

Then said Gus: "But, Wumpie, why

didn't you go up stairs and turn off the water directly?"

"You have the only key, as you very well know, Mr. Cusby."

A pause.

"And you said, I think, that the ceiling cost you a tenner?"

"Six hundred elegant dollars, my dear sir," corrected the druggist.

"Damn it all," we three exclaimed in unison harmony, you know, that sad waste of water in mind, and the following formula immediately occurred to us:

Six hundred divided by three leaves two hundred.

L. L. LANG.

The Little Starter.

The matrimonial outlook was depressing. My merits were unrecognized and Blossom was in debt for the sign—"Dr. B. Schwartz"—which creaked and chirped in front of her mother's boarding house. Still she was sanguine and waited for the cholera while I was schooling myself to hear with fortitude news of my Uncle Shadrack's demise.

"What rugged health you enjoy, Uncle," said I thoughtfully, one evening when he called.

"Excellent, perfect, Samson," he replied, somewhat confidently, I fancied. Just then the voice of my affianced floated up with some far reaching kitchen odors—

"I love my love and he loves me."

"Yes," said Uncle, with a sniff, "cranks go in pairs."

Now, Blossom's voice was somewhat wire like, still the remark hurt me, following his flippancy about his health, so I replied with dignity:

"Uncle Shadrack, that is Blossom, my future wife."

"What," said he "that blowsy, hard-breathing woman? Blossom, indeed—Blizzard, I should say. Your father was a green enough Saunders, but Blossom; nine dollars a month—faugh!"

I was grieved, but still he was my father's brother, so I sought to turn the conversation.

"Speaking of that, Uncle, makes me think of your lot on tenth street. I see you sold it?"

"Who spoke of lots?" said he with a cold look in his little eyes. "You were speaking of—"

"Green things," said I kindly.

"Umph! You fetched that from a distance," said he, "but Samson," he added in a gentle voice, "you are my nephew and when you and Bliz—Blossom fix the day you can—can come and tell me."

My heart warmed to him. I felt I was his nephew and bade him good-night with heartfelt fervor; then Blossom and I fixed the day before he should change his mind or she should outgrow her red silk dress, and I started for Uncle's, Blossom and her mother promising to sit up until my return.

Uncle Shadrack's little stove held about a pint of coal, but as he never opened the drafts for fear of blistering the walls, he sat with a quilt gracefully thrown over his shoulders.

"Uncle," said I shivering, "this is a terrible night, shan't I throw in a little more coal for you?"

"More coal! More coal! Why I'm all in a sweat now. You had much better open a window. Take of your coat, Samson, or you'll suffer when you go out."

Against my judgment I removed my coat

and began as cheerfully as possible. "Well, Uncle, Blossom and I have fixed the happy day."

"Rushing things, eh?" said he pleasantly, "and I suppose you have come for that little starter I promised."

"Little starter!" the dear old man; my eyes were misty as I answered: "Oh, Uncle, you will make this the happiest day of my life."

"Tut! tut! Samson," said he, "I was a poor boy once." He then gave me the benefit of his ripe experience, enjoining me to caution in business, never to endorse paper and even to avoid partnerships; then going to his little safe he hobbled back with a large sealed envelope. "Take this home with you, Samson," said he. "No, no, I want no thanks; and now, good-night."

As I could not speak I wrung his hand with respectful tenderness and took my leave. I ran all the way home, my hand on the bulky envelope, and all out of breath, burst in on Blossom and her mother.

"I told you so," said Blossom, jumping with joy. "Didn't I tell you ma, that Sampson would get it?" And even the mother forgot her incredulity at the sight of the envelope.

"And now, said I, "let us see the little starter."

"The little starter; the kind old man, I could kiss him a thousand times," said Blossom, enthusiastically.

"You shall," said I, "as many times as you like."

I opened the envelope very carefully, drawing forth at last, a package of heavy manilla paper.

"What is it?" said Blossom, excitedly.

"Unroll it," said her mother, eagerly.

I reeled off nearly three yards before I reached the inner packet sealed with wax and marked in Uncle's careful handwriting:

"For my nephew, Samson Saunders." My hand now trembled visibly, but I broke the seal and disclosed—five, old fashioned, copper pennies. While I was speechless, Blossom folded up in a swoon, and, unnerved by the steely glitter in her mother's eye, I dropped the coins and rushed into the street.

Through swirls of cutting snow, I plodded back to Uncle's, but the house was dark and no one answered my repeated thumps on the door. At last I stood on the curb and shook my clenched fist at his window and shouted at the top of my voice: "Hi there you old shark! You come down here and I'll give you a little starter, you old reprobate!" but the wind whistled derisively, and, thoroughly chilled, I turned homeward.

In the morning I thought to leave the house unscen when Blossom threw her arms around my neck.

"Poor, dear Samson," she sobbed. "I will love you just as much and ma says we can get married without any little starter and always board with her. Just throw these pennies in his face, they are the oldest ones he could find, too, the wretch."

Old pennies, thought I vaguely, allowing her to kiss me as much as she liked; I then took them to a coin dealer, who finding them unusually rare specimens, bought the five for nearly three hundred dollars. Thanking Uncle in a sarcastic note, Blossom and I went on our delightful bridal tour, returning from which a letter awaited me.

"DEAR NEPHEW SAMSON:—I expected you to throw those pennies in my face, when I should have shown you their value and kept them. I now believe you are shrewd enough to manage some interests of mine and trust you will favor me with an early call. My regards to Blizzard.

UNCLE SHADRACK."

M. M. CASS, JR.



—F.M. HOWARTH—

A WORM-EATEN CHESTNUT.

WIFE—"You're drunk! I know you're drunk."

HUSBAND—"Wasser use o' giv'n er feller sheshnuts aller time'sh? I'sh know that two hour's 'go, m'dear."



THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD BEHEADED THE HEIR APPARENT; BUT
MIKADO CLEVELAND—"Ha! ha! ha! I forget the punishment for
compassing the death of the Heir Apparent."

KO-KO CURTIS
POOH-BAH SCHURZ
YUM-YUM BEECHER

JUDGE.



HAMILTON

ARENT; BUT IT IS ONLY THEIR OWN HEADS THAT ARE TO COME OFF.

CURTIS }
 H SCHURZ } "Punishment!"
 M BEECHER }

MIKADO CLEVELAND—"Something lingering, with boiling oil in it, I fancy. Something of that sort. I think boiling oil occurs in it, but I'm not sure. I know it's something humorous, but lingering, with either boiling oil or melted lead.



If the principles of acoustics had been better understood by the builders of that paragon of play-houses, the Lyceum Theatre, they would not have set the orchestra above the audience. Sound more easily and unbrokenly rises than descends, and notes that force their way down to the audience are reflected and broken; ruining the harmonic effect. The same violation of acoustic law is made at the Madison Square Theatre; but there they do not also offend the eye, as is done at the Lyceum, by thrusting the unattractive fiddlers and bass drummers on the stage in front of and in contrast with the beautiful scene setting. The old way of placing the orchestra between the audience and the stage, and below them, is the best. The orchestra of a theatre should have the most favorable position for its legitimate business which is that of an accompanist to the performance and a diversion to the audience between the acts. When the orchestra assumes a prominent position as at the Lyceum Theatre, the proper order is reversed, and it becomes a leading feature of the performance, as much out of place as a piano accompanist is when he obtrusively usurps the attention that belong to the soloist.

The one-week-stand policy so successfully followed by the Grand Opera House management, from being the exception is becoming a rule in our Metropolis. That a play which has run at one of the leading houses for weeks—in fact, run itself out—can be transferred to three or four other theatres in the same city and play for a week in each to good business proves two things, viz: That each theatre has its own clientele and that a different scale of prices draws a different class of people.

The Third Avenue Theatre under the management of Mr. J. M. Hill, is the latest to endorse the limited-engagement policy. Since the doubtful success of "For a Brother's Life," which ran for a month, the one week engagements of Ida Mullen in "Dimples" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin," have greatly increased the receipts of this unusually charming little house of amusement. This week, Mr. Frank L. Frayne in "Si Slocum," is the attraction. Next week Mr. M. B. Curtis appears as the ubiquitous "Sam'l of Posen." In one respect Mr. Curtis is not true to the line of character that he represents, viz: he gives you your money's worth every time.

If it is true that laughter promotes digestion, Tony Pastor's heterogenous

Thanksgiving Jubilee was a success in a medicinal way. He presented many funny and ludicrous features in his "Annual," but the good-natured audience was impartial—it laughed whether there was anything to laugh at or not.

During the first week "May Blossom" bloomed for the last time this season in our city at the Grand Opera House. David Belasco, author, Georgia Cayoan, actress, and Daniel Frohman, manager, are separately and collectively gratified at the continued popularity of this charming comedy. Kate Claxton and her "Two Orphans" are at the Grand Opera House this week. Of course, the box office receipts and the enthusiasm are heavy.

Last Tuesday, December 1, Margaret Mather played "Juliet" for the fiftieth time at the Union Square Theatre. The seventy-fifth performance is billed for Christmas Eve. Facts are reliable as well as stubborn things. Newspaper commendation or derogation weighs but as chaff in the scales with these iron facts. Doubtless, Captain J. M. Hill had a prevision of this seige and capture of Metropolitan favor, when he contracted for his ammunition four or five years ago, although its power had only been tested from behind a fire-screen balcony.

"Ships that have long sailed together can of Mr. Lester Wallack and Miss Rose better stand the weather than any other two." This seems to be verified in the case Coghlan. Thus far this season the performances at Wallack's have been unprofitable experiments, and it is doubtful if there will be much improvement until some one is found to fill Miss Coghlan's place, who has an occasional spark of originality in method, or is a better imitator of her predecessor than Miss Robe proves herself to be. As for Miss Coghlan, although she claims to have made money upon her trip, we doubt if, clear of expenses—not to mention the anxiety and the exhaustion and inconvenience of road life—she has made a weekly average equal to the liberal salary she easily earned for eight years as the leading lady at Wallack's Theatre. Miss Coghlan and her

old admirers are to be seen and heard at Josh Hart's Theatre Comique this week—the one upon the stage, the others in the lobby.

The "Ratcatchers of Hamelin" which is on the boards at Niblo's, presents an art novelty, viz: animated "still-life" studies. In the putting on of the "Ratcatchers" the Kiralfy's have excelled their famous "Excelsior" production. The spectacle of so much glitter, shimmer and shine dazes our sight very much as the Arabian Nights' wonders used to bewilder our childish imagination.

"Old Lavender" had become such a favorite with his audiences that it seemed like a general bereavement when the curtain dropped for the last time upon the play. But the cordial welcome given to "The Grip," "Old Lav's" rival, demonstrates the fickleness of popularity.

In this new play Mr. Harrigan has Americanized the English parental custom of ante-natal betrothals by giving the contract the Yankee title of "The Grip." That the union soldier considers his daughter's happiness of more importance than his promise to his old friend, the Confederate soldier, is also Americanism. In fact, the whole play excepting the one suggestion of English custom is decidedly American, and as such its merits cannot fail to please the theatric world. Dave Braham's new songs that are rung out of "The Grip" at happy interval, are characteristically simple and pathetic.

Among the leading attractions at Philadelphia is McCaull's Opera House (late Haverly's Theatre) where, under the management of W. K. Morton is produced "The Mikado." We would call particular attention to our old friends E. S. Grant as the Mikado, Digby Bell as Ko-Ko, and Laura Joyce Bell as Katisha (whose voice, we are happy to say, has greatly improved) supported by a fine cast. Mr. McCaull has done everything in his power to make this play a success, and with the assistance of his courteous acting manager, Mr. Morton, and his assistant, Mr. Southwell, the "Mikado" cannot help having a long and successful run.

THE GIRLS.

H, the pretty, pretty maidens!
 Each coquettish little dear
 With the cutest little feather
 Dangling close beside her ear!
 Words are wanting to express
 The "get-up" of their dress,
 But it makes the manly bosom feel astonishingly queer!
 It will always be a wonder
 How the average girl of taste
 Can make herself so "killing"
 And do it in such haste.
 How dex'trously she'll waste the lace
 And lace the pretty waist
 Of her dainty, silken dress,
 With its twenty tucks or less,
 Till the whole effect is stunning and immaculately chaste.
 Oh, they know how to do it,
 The naughty, naughty flirts!
 With their little, jaunty jackets
 And their fancy over-skirts,
 With their hair in "Montagues"
 And their little, buttoned shoes,
 The sterner sex they torture, caring nothing how it hurts.
 H. A. B.





Ladies and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of Public Opinion:

The marked increase of commercial failures since election again calls Your Jury's attention to the causes of business adversity. The improvement in business and industry that has been from month to month predicted, and last summer was heralded as having actually begun, is evidently again indefinitely postponed. The year now drawing to a close will make a record of the largest number of business disasters of any year in our history. This, at a time when there is no decisive general financial panic and in face of all the elements of prosperity—peace, health and super-abundance of all products—must convince Your Jury that unusual and unnatural agencies of depression are at work.

The situation is marked plainly enough as the product of steady adverse influences rather than of temporary excitements; the result of a low condition rather than of a feverish derangement of the body politic. Your Jury, therefore, needs to particularly enquire, what is that steady, depressing, depleting, impoverishing thing that has produced the present alarming prostration?

Of all the commercial factors within the view of Your Jury, there is none that so completely corresponds to all the symptoms as does shrinkage of values. This tendency, if constant, must not only bring a succession of losses and consequent failures to all who deal in the declining products; but the downward tendency will always paralyze enterprise and drive capital into timid hiding. Such are the effects long felt, and the cause is adequate to it.

Experts have prepared to lay before you quotations from market-reports that demonstrate the existence of such a decline in prices, almost unimpeded during the last ten years, and substantially operative for the past thirty-five years. They will show you that the decline in produce, merchandise and labor has entailed a loss in this country of over three thousand million dollars within the past decade—property sunk and disappeared to a larger amount than the civil war cost; the losses of peace, greater than the destruction of war. Your Jury will be able to find in the enormous scaling down of values an abundant explanation of commercial lethargy, business failures, industrial inactivity, labor distress, over-production, under-consumption, debt and derangement, all of which are but different effects of one great cause.

A tribunal so thorough and unprejudiced

as Your Jury of Public Opinion will not be content to stop in your inquest at a fact so phenomenal and evidently explainable, as shrinkage, but will go back to ask what caused the shrinkage? Several phenomena attending that fact will be made apparent to you which will help to explain this baleful influence:

1. The shrinkage is world-wide. It is seen under trade, industrial and political systems widely differing; in free-trade England and protectionist America; in manufacturing France and Germany and agricultural India and South America.

2. The one fact that does obtain under all these differing conditions is that values have everywhere been regulated by the standard of gold.

3. The fact that gold has steadily become scarcer and higher in equal steps with the decline of all values will complete the chain of evidence that fastens on the gold standard of values the responsibility for all the ruin and misery that have marked the course of the past ten years.

In applying this solution to the situation in the United States, Your Jury will be aided in your inquest by startling revelations of the government's influence to increase the difficulties here. To the general downward tendency of gold values the government has added its steady depressing pressure, and that often in defiance of law. It is even now acting on the assumption that only gold is money. It has, moreover, by a useless, injurious and illegal withdrawal of legal tenders from circulation, and refusal to call bonds for nine months past with hundreds

of millions of surplus idle in the Treasury, added contraction of the currency to shrinkage of values and thus much aggravated the evils of monometallism. Such a loading down of the safety-valve, you may well conclude, would have long since caused an explosion but for the extraordinary energy, resources and endurance of the people whose will you express. No other country has the popular strength and patience to have passed through it.

If Your Jury finds in these facts the best explanation of the situation, it will become your next duty to consider remedies. The patient needs relief, and that speedily. It is for you to decide whether bimetalism—a double standard of values—is sufficient remedy. If you so find, you will order the continued coinage of silver and gold, on equal footing; and will compel your servants at Washington to cease their unlawful conduct of the affairs of the Treasury on the destructive gold basis.

But if you find that bimetalism cannot be fairly enforced; that the influence of banks and capitalists with the administration may continue to defeat bimetalism and maintain gold preferences and shrinkage; then Your Jury should consider whether it is not necessary, in order to deliver the country, to resort to the silver standard. In case you decide on silver as the law of values, you will probably order the increased coinage of silver, and its substitution for gold in government transactions. The continual coinage of silver, therefore, is a necessary prescription for either remedy for the evils of gold shrinkage. C. E. B.

A DESPERATE CHARGE.



Heigh, ho, the gas-bill there—
Citizen in mad despair;
Hear yell that breaks the air!
All the folks wondered.
In rushed his wife, all wan—

"Is it a button gone?"
"No—no!" he thundered.
"Only this—this!" he brayed,
"Charge of the Light Brigade!"
Then the bill sundered.

F. W. TRESIDDER.

"BUTTON, BUTTON—WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?"



BIG BUTTONS ARE COMING IN! GET OUT YOUR PLAQUES, SOUP-PLATES, CHINESE GONGS, AND ANCIENT SHIELDS.

Tales Out of School.

Bertie—"Mrs. Lovejoy, is anybody sick with the whooping-cough at your house?"
Mrs. Lovejoy—"No, Bertie. Alice hasn't been very well, but she's better now."
Bertie—"I heard Mr. Lovejoy tell papa that he had it whooped up to him in great style at home, night before last."

Necessary to Touch Royalty.

Stranger (with a pompous air)—"I would like to send a telegraph to the Queen."
Telegraph Clerk—"You will find blanks there, on your left."
Stranger—"Oh, those won't do. Do you suppose I'd telegraph the Queen on such ordinary paper? This message is from an Irish society, and I want to do it up in style. Haven't you any Royal Irish Linen paper there? And some green ink, please."

Worn Out by the Blast.

Fogg—"Well, how's Rasp this morning?"
Mrs. Rasp—"Henry's not up yet."
Fogg—"Not up! Ho! He ought to have been up early after that glorious hunt we had yesterday. We had all the accessories, too. You know the line, don't you—"The Horn of the Hunter is Heard on the Hill?"
Mrs. Rasp—"Oh, yes; and I guess Henry must have heard it once too often yesterday."

OFF THE BENCH.

MEN CONTINUE to be arrested in the Territories for unlawfully cutting government timber, but no one disturbs those free booters in New York who lawlessly cut timber for newspapers and patent-entrail syndicates.

THE AUTUMN STYLES are called by a fashion paper, "a study in stripes." This style is fashionable all the year around at certain New York State resorts distinguished for "these 'ere buildin's where the underpinning goes clear tew the ruff."

COME TO THINK OF IT, how absurd is the newspaper title, "*The Daily Sun*." Can a sun be anything else than daily? If Good-all, now, would call his the *Chicago Nightly Sun*, it would be something unique and attractive and have a suggestion of chivalry and sleepless enterprise about it, besides.

IT IS STRANGE that Dr. Wythe, the inventor of the automatic train-recorder, which registers all the stops and variations of speed of a train at any point on its run, has not adapted it to human beings. Husbands out at the lodge, wives out shopping, errand boys, policemen—no end of its "giving away" utility.

WHY SHE LAUGHED.

Oh, the pretty little maiden,
Brimming over,
In the clover,
With a very boisterous glee.
What now, think you, did she see?
Just a dude!
Dear, how crude;
Very rude!

But the maiden couldn't help it,
No she couldn't,
And she wouldn't,
When she saw it coming near
With a soft and silly leer:
So she cried,
Eyes all wide,
"Bless my hat!
What is that?"

Then with many, many giggles,
Like one daft,
Loud she laughed;
Till the dude was loath to stay,
And quite angry sped away
Down the lane,
Might and main.

Then the pretty, merry maiden
Rolled she over,
In the clover;
And she giggled and she shook,
Till the grass contagion took;
And the joyous daisy tops
Laughed and laughed, until the drops
Of the dew within them hid,
Rolled quite o'er their scalloped lid.
Just because this maiden crude
Laughed when first she saw a dude.
Dear, how rude!

DUTVA.

Out of His Jurisdiction.

MISTRESS—"Mary, I wish you would tell the cook when you go down that I do not approve of her having so much company staying late and making a noise."
MARY—"Well, mum it'll do no good. Mary is going to leave to-day. She's decided to get married."

MISTRESS (to her husband, the eminent Justice C.)—"Do you hear that, Alexander? Why don't you try to prevent her deserting in this shameful manner?"

JUSTICE C.—"My dear, this case is out of my jurisdiction. I have no power to over-rule the decision of the court below, this time."

Scientific Notes.

A patent saddle has just been placed upon the market by Mr. Huslam of Dublin. The patent about it consists in its being so uncomfortable that it renders it pleasant to be thrown and kicked by the horse.

Two gentlemen in Oregon have invented a new kind of bed for drummers. It is connected with a clock which works a lever possessing twenty-horse power. The lever is so arranged that by setting the alarm for a certain hour the drummer shall at that hour be thrown out of bed against the wall with sufficient force to wake him.

Mr. A. S. Keating, of Corry, Pennsylvania has been misdirecting his energies in patenting a money drawer. That style of individual has reached an all too-luxuriant perfection already. G. C. D.

SEASONABLE RHYMES.

Behold, Winter Cometh.

The days are colder growing,
The raw nor'easter's blowing,
The beauty of the Indian summer's fled, fled, fled,
The tramps are disappearing,
The time for snow is nearing,
The little boy is fixing up his sled, sled, sled!

The Lazy Husband.

Some morning we'll discover
Snow three feet deep or over—
The husband then will have a dreadful cough,
cough, cough,
And really won't be able
To go down to the table
Until his little wife has "shovelled off, off, off."

The Livery Man will have to Stand it.

The lover then, no doubt,
Will take his sweetheart out
And drive her round the suburb in a sleigh, sleigh,
sleigh,
Behind a prancing span,
Let by a livery man
Who'll likely have to whistle for his pay, pay, pay.

The Organ Grinder.

The swarthy son of sunny Italy
Has left the thoroughfares,
And we regret it, for he played quite prettily
The old, familiar airs.
He played to empty houses where "to lets"
Were not exposed to view,
Played "Johnny Morgan" and "Sweet Violets,"
And also "Peek-a-Boo."
And never deemed his labor only loss
As patiently he played,
But simply thought the people mighty close,
And farther onward strayed.
Farewell till spring—then come with "Peek-a-Boo,"
"The Letter in the Candle"—
We loved thy music well because we knew
'Twas every bit by Handle.

[Boston Courier.

OYEZ! OYEZ!

SUCH IS LIFE.

The eyes may sparkle, the lips may smile,
And misery merriment feign,
The tongue may jest and all the while
The heart feel a bitter pain.
And so it is with the maid to-night—
The maiden fair and young—
Her eyes are bright and her laughter light,
And the jest is on her tongue.
But oh, the maiden's heart makes moan,
And her brain is in a whirl,
For her beau to the skating rink has gone
To-night with another girl.

[Boston Courier.

Facts about bank checks are stub born things.—[New Orleans Picayune.

Two stupid Michigan hunters shot a woman mistaking her for a bear. A woman should never be mistaken for anything but a bear.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Flattery used to be called "soft soap," now it is called "taffy." The style was changed because the lye was so plainly visible in the former.—[Merchant Traveler.

It is generally believed that the Sorosis Club had about thirteen surviving members, but we read that 130 assembled at the

breakfast given to Mary Anderson. No man knows how many friends he has until he sets out a free lunch.—[Phila. Call.

While Keene was playing *Richard III.*, in Little Rock, just as he called for a horse, a man from Washington county said to his companion: "Come on, Ab, an' les' go." "Wait a minit, Sam. The clown has called fur a hoss, an' I reckon the shows's goin' to begin."—[Arkansaw Traveler.

Canon Farrar is a great favorite in Boston society, yet he drops final "g" in nearly every instance where it occurs. This anomaly can only be explained by the gratification Bostonians derive from his manner of quoting that old passage about "livin', movin', and havin' our bean."

[Binghampton Republican.

An Italian astronomer declares that the planet Mars is peopled by intelligent beings, who are trying to attract attention from dwellers on this planet. Their efforts to attract the attention of people on this globe have perhaps chiefly consisted in holding free trade conventions, hence their lamentable failure. Come to think about it, however, that plan would disprove the Italian's assertion that they are "intelligent beings."

[Norristown Herald.

"There are incidents," said a teacher in a North Side school, "that will destroy the dignity of any occasion. The other day one of our lady teachers was drilling some of her younger pupils in forming sentences. She gave the word trumpet. Each member of the class was to form a sentence in which this word occurred. As a starter she asked an unusually bright little fellow if he could form a sentence with the word trumpet in it. He was eagerly confident in the belief that he could, and the teacher asked him to proceed. This was his sentence: 'I will trump it with a spade. This, of course, put the school-room in a roar, and the teacher went with the tide.'—[Inter-Ocean.

COMING DOWN TO CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Did you ever listen to a young couple working up to that point of affectionate intimacy at which they call one another by their Christian names?

"It has been a lovely party, hasn't it, Miss Jackson?"

"Lovely, Mr. Wilkins."

"I have known you a long time, Miss Jackson."

"And I've known you quite a while."

"I've often heard my sister speak of you."

"And my brother is always talking about you."

"Is he? I hear so much about you that I feel quite at home with you."

"It's a lovely night, isn't it, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Beautiful. I think Edith's such a pretty name."

"Do you? I don't like it."

"Edith."

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing; I was only repeating the name."

"I don't like all men's names. I like some. I like Philipp, and Ferdinand and—"

"What do you think of George?"

"That's your name? George!"

"I beg your pardon."

"Oh, nothing; I was merely repeating the name."

"What a lovely night it is, isn't it, Miss Edith?"

"Oh, there! George Wilkins, what did

you let me slip on that cobblestone, for?"

"'Pon my word, I didn't do it, Miss Edith."

"Well, we are home, or I am, Mr. George."

"I am very sorry."

"So am I. I am so much obliged for your escort; I've had such a lovely time."

"And so have I."

"Good night, Mr. Wilkins."

"Good night, Miss Jackson."

"Good night."

"Good night."

"Good night—Edith."

"Good night—George."

[San Francisco Chronicle.

HE WANTED A DIVORCE.

"Good morning, Marse William," said Green Coleman, an elderly colored individual, as he entered the Chancery Clerk's office in a certain town in Central Mississippi.

"Good morning, Uncle Green. What can I do for you this morning?" responded the clerk.

"I jes' drapped in. Marse William, to ax yer wot yer ax fer er deforcement?"

"A what, Uncle Green?"

"Er deforcement, Marse William—one er dem papers wid a big yellor plaster on ter it, same like Josh Bilbro got when der Jedge onhitched him an' his old ooman last court."

"Oh! you mean a divorce."

"Yas, dat's what I want."

"Well, you'll have to file your bill of complaint, and when court meets in December it will come up for hearing, and if your grounds for divorce are good and supported by evidence, the court, I have no doubt, will grant your prayer."

"Marse William, I done 'turn dat file back long sence, and dat rheumatiz complaint ain't 'fected me sence I bin rubbin' wid dem verbs. And 'bout dem grounds, Marse William, you'se knowed me 'long in reb times and eber sence freedom come, and and 'fore God, you know dis nigger got no groun'; not nuff to bury hese'f in."

"Uncle Green, the best thing for you to do is to employ a lawyer. He'll tell you what to do."

"He will."

"Yes."

"Well, Marse William, I sees you'se mitey busy—but jes tell me, what are dat goin' ter cos' me?"

"Let me see; one of these young lawyers will take the case for \$10, and the court cost will amount to another \$10—\$25, at the outside, is about all it will cost you."

"Twenty-five dollars, Marse William! 'Fore God, dat's pow'ful heap er money to be a spending on a 'ooman I ain't seed in mor'n twenty year."

"What do you want with a divorce from your wife whom you haven't seen for more than twenty years?"

"I jes' want it fer ter pacify der 'ooman Ise got fer er wife now. You see, der 'ooman I was married ter on ole massa's plantation in slave times, she run'd off time Sherman's raid, and den I tuk up wid dis 'ooman I got now, and she's feered my fus' wife might come back and level on me as her property."

"Oh! Uncle Green, that's all settled—it's barred by the statute of limitations. Just go home and tell your wife not to bother herself—that's all right."

"Won't yer gib me er writin' to dat conclusion? Sumfin' wot don't coss' more'n er

dollar, and put one er dem yaller plasters on it."

Seeing that nothing else would satisfy the old man the clerk gave him a certificate and stuck a gold seal on it, and refused to accept the dollar which he told him to invest in a calico dress for the old woman.

As the old man left the office, he raised his hat and said: "Thank you, Marse William; and ef yer eber git in such er pest-erment wid er 'ooman, and it's in my possession to justify yer, I'll 'turn yer com-plemint."—[Detroit Free Press.

JAKE'S JOKE ON HIS FATHER.

Mr. Dunder made a call at the Central Station again yesterday. After depositing his hat on one chair and his cane on another he said to the Captain:

"Maybe I go ash a delegate to der city convention. If I doan go like dot, I haf to buy some new cloz to go some funerals, anyhow. So I like to get some new suit."

"Yes."

"I ask Shake about it. Shake is my son, you know. He vhas an awful sharp poy. He travels to Buffalo und Chicago, und he known all aboutt poker und some fashions. Shake goes mid me to pick outt my suit."

"The one you have on?"

"Oh! no. It vhas der one I didn't have on. It vhas der one I come to tell you aboutt. I like some plain suit, mitout any show to it, but Shake tells me:

"Fadder, you must be oop mit der Baris fashions. If you take dot check suit eaferybody beliefs you vhas a Senator."

"Und der clerik in der shtore he looks me oafur und says:

"Shake vhas right. Der shtyle now is to look distinguished. If I meet you at der postoffice mit dot check suit on I belief you vhas some Cabinet officer, und I follow you around like a brass band."

"Yes."

"Vhell, I buys him und feels proud. I goes down mit der Central depot to see if my bradder-law comes in from Bay City, und a boliceman looks me all oafur und says:

"You doan't get in some work around here mit a shtring game! If you do up you go!"

"He shpoke like dot to me—Carl Dunder—a citizen who pays taxes in two wards und vhas as innocent as a child."

"Did, eh?"

"Dot oopsets me, und I vhalck outt doors to cool off. Some stranger come aroundt, und pooty soon he whispers:

"What vhas your lay, partner?"

"I doan't know what dot means, und he

says:

"Vhas it der banco or der confidence peezness? Maybe you like a capper?"

"Shust think of shpeaking like dot to somebody who vhas headquarters for a Blain club, und who pays his liquor tax like clocks?"

"Well?"

"Well, eferybody winks at me ash I go home, und one man says maybe I doan't pick his pocket if he knows himself. Some odder man said he like to hire out to my circus, und two poy's run after me und like some tickets to my minstrel show! Captain, vhas it der clothes?"

"I think so."

"Does somebody belief I vhas a shport?"

"That's it."

"Vhell, I say so to Shake, but he says it vhas my distinguished air, Captain!"

"Yes, sir."

"My son Shake vhas too shmart. Dot vhas some put-up shobs on me. I vhas going home now. I take a rawhide mit me, und I like you to come oop in two hours."

"What for?"

"To see dot great change which comes oafur Shake! You won't know him some more, und maybe he like to ask you if it vhas petter to rub on some oil or salt und water! Captain, good-day!"

[Detroit Free Press.

PRESERVING UNITIES.

Two newspaper editors of some prominence met last summer, from different sections of the country, and had quite a talk over business matters, etc. One of them said the greatest trouble he had was in standing off people who wrote plays, and who wanted him to examine them, read them, and give his opinion of them, and make suggestions as to their improvement. He had written a play once, which was quite successful, and it seemed that all the young play writers within five hundred miles thought he had nothing to do but examine plays. He said a great many of the writers were girls, who believed their plays were equal to any play ever written, and it was hard to criticise a play when a pair of tearful, anxious eyes were looking at you, seeming to yearn for a favorable verdict. He said if he could get out of examining plays he thought he could be happy. The other editor laughed a little at his friend and said:

"Well, maybe I can help you out. I used to be bothered the same way, and I have read plays enough to fill a box car, and have given plenty of advice. If I gave honest advice I made the author of the play mad, invariably, so I adopted a new plan. Now when a play is brought to me by an amateur author I ask for a week to examine it. When the girl comes after the play and the verdict, I take the roll of manuscript out of the pigeon-hole where it has been all the time, and putting on an air of judicial dignity, I say: 'Miss, your ideas are all right, only they are crude. You do not preserve your unities. There is nothing

that makes a play so successful as preserving the unities. Until you can preserve the unities, the play can never be a success.' Well, it is wonderful what an effect those words have. Nine times in ten the author will take the play and go away, thanking me for my trouble. The fact that they don't know a unity from a side sole of leather makes it easy. They don't want to give themselves away, and so they go away satisfied that I am an old hand at the busi-

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ness, and have learned to preserve my unities, and they go off resolved to preserve theirs in the future. I think if you will adopt my plan, and use the crude dodge and talk to your customers about preserving their unities, it will save you a heap of trouble."

The two editors separated, and had not seen each other until last week, when they met in the rotunda of a Chicago hotel. At first the one who had been advised about the unity business would not speak to the other, but finally, after being asked what had happened to break up their friendly relations, and what was the cause of the black eye, the troubled editor said: "I took your advice, sir, and I am sorry for it. A young woman came to my office about ten days ago with a play which she wanted me to read. I kept it a week, and when she came back I said just what you told me. I said, 'My dear, your unity is not preserved. It is crude, the worst kind. There is nothing more saddening in this world than to see a girl, endowed by nature with beauty and talent, produce a crude effort, and not maintain her unities. O, my Ge-od, why did you not preserve your unities, girl, instead of frittering them away in this crude manner? There are great possibilities for any girl who has talent for literature, but if she hasn't got the strength of character, the sand, as it were, to maintain her unities, that settles it.'"

"Well, you idiot, what did she say?" asked the other editor, looking at the black eye.

"O, she didn't say much. What could she say? She just snatched the manuscript, called me an old fool, and went out: In about an hour her brother came in and said he understood I had been lying about his sister's play, and calling her names, and before I could explain he hit me on the eye, and took me by the collar and mopped the floor with me. That settles it with me. I shall read no more plays, and you can have your crude unities back, as I have no further use for them." And the two play critics went into the hotel saloon and opened a small bottle.—[Milwaukee Sun.

JUST AS REPRESENTED.

Mesmerer brought home a bundle. "Here, Ferguson, put this on the gig, it's a buggy robe I bought at the auction."

Ferguson came back with the startling information, "That it wouldn't fit, wasn't big enough, and that it had sleeves in it."

Mesmerer unfolded it at full length. "Why!" said Nifty's friend, "It's a dressing gown, a robe de chambre. They thought they were selling me an old horse blanket, but I've got the bulge on them," he cried triumphantly as he put it on and felt in the pockets.

But he soon felt something else that induced him not only to discard the robe, but to change all his garments. He wasn't injured beyond a few scratches, but he had Ferguson wrap up the lively garment, which was then tied to the farthest end of his cane, and held at an awkward distance as he drove back. "I'll teach him to misrepresent goods," he muttered.

After an animated discussion, the auctioneer, when he had heard Mesmerer's experience, was all smiles but no apology, although the old man was itching for a fight. But what could he do? The auctioneer clearly demonstrated that it was just as he had represented, a buggy robe.

[Merchant Traveler.

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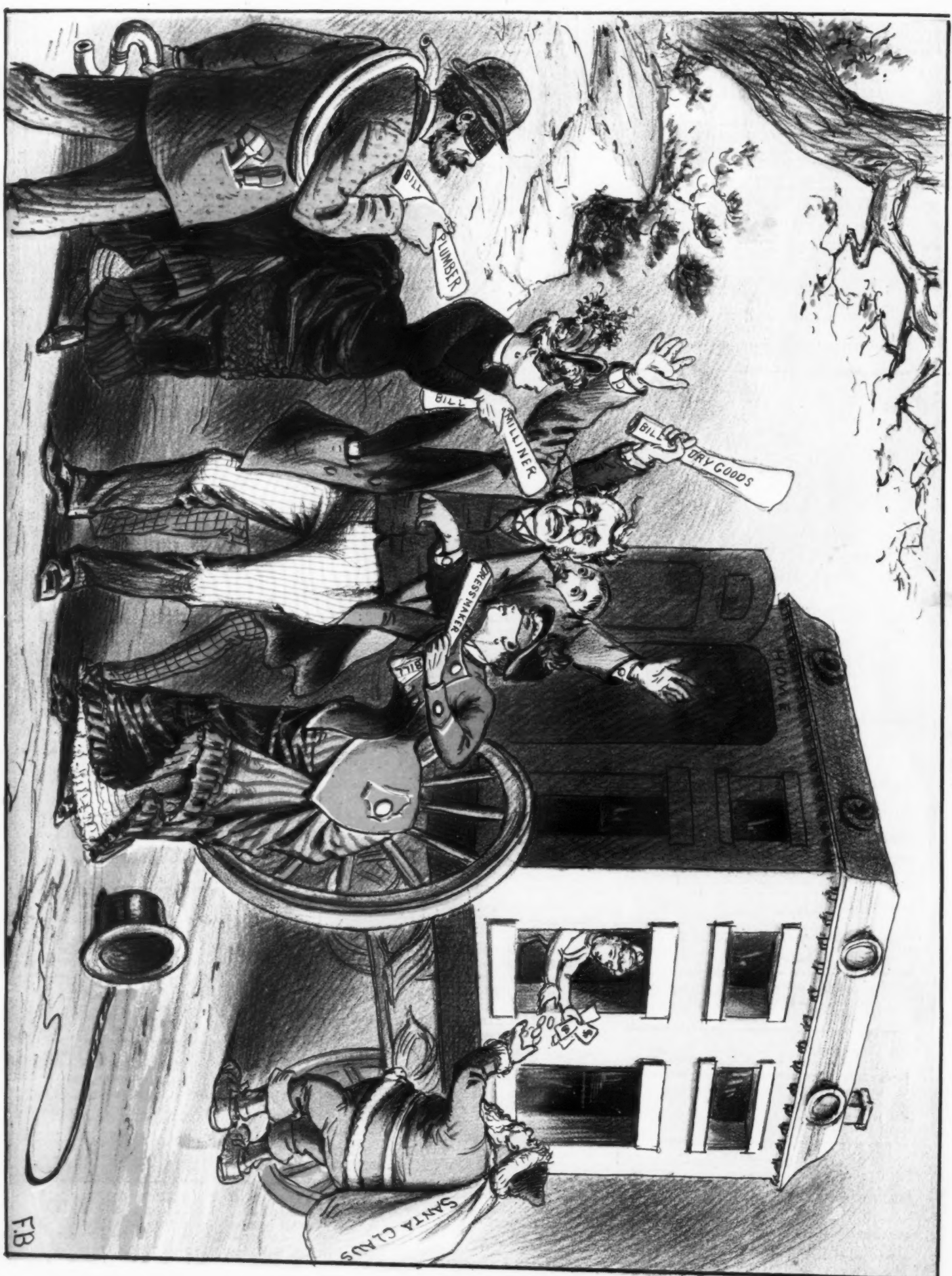
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