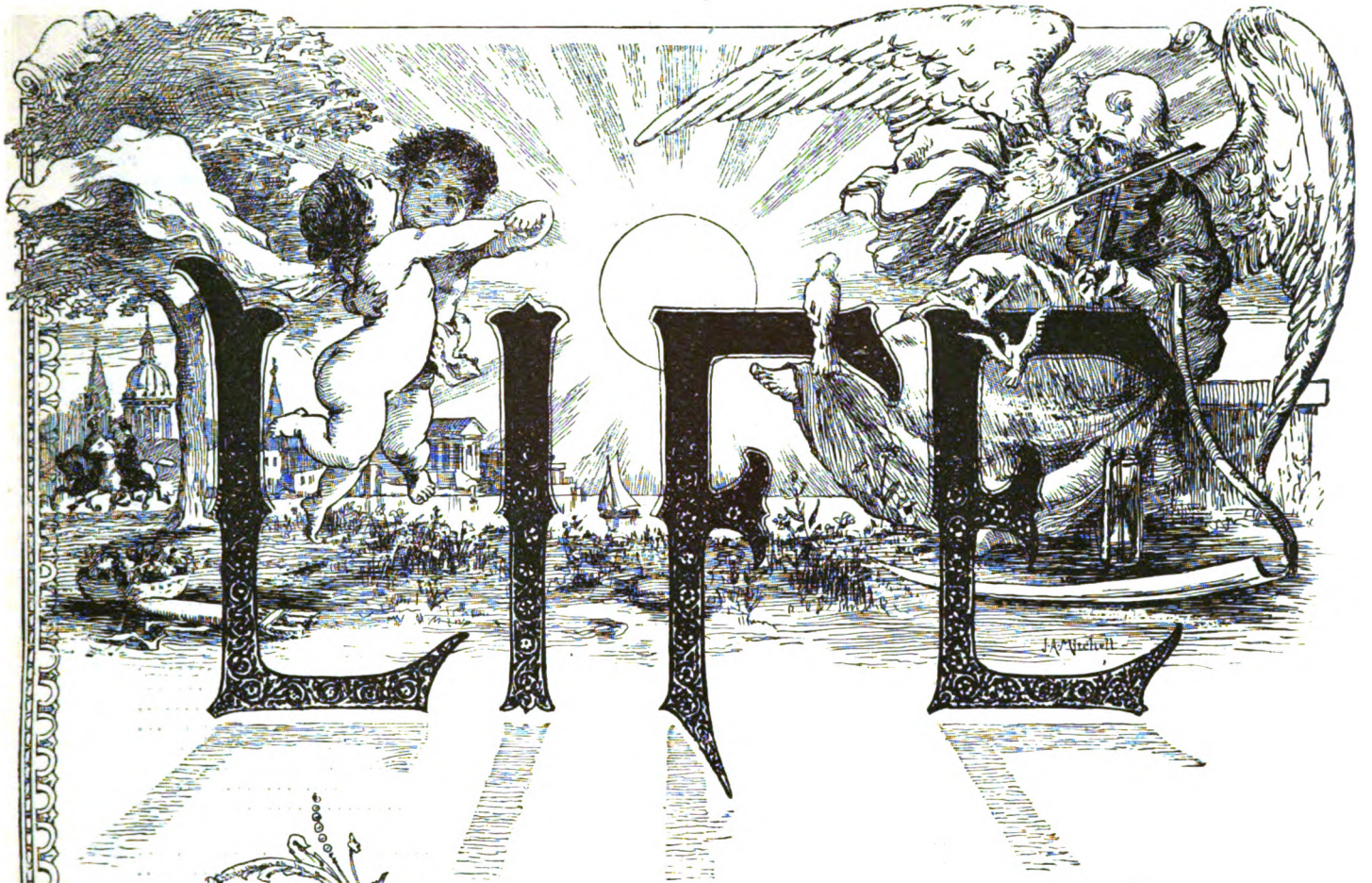

Volume III

JANUARY—JUNE

1884

Published at the Life Office - 1155 Broadway -
New York.

Entered at N.Y. Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

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Gilliss Brothers & Turnure, The Art Age Press, 75-79 Fulton Street, N. Y.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JANUARY 3, 1884. NUMBER 53.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

LIFE

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AMERICANVS SVM

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy

SOCIETY

LITERATURE

POLITICS

TREASURY

THE DRAMA

1155 Broadway NEW YORK

"BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD, O, TIME!"

Papa: ACCORDING TO THIS NEW STANDARD, MINNIE, WE MUST SET THE CLOCK BACK ABOUT FOUR MINUTES, EH?

Minnie (still in the market): FOUR MINUTES! PUT IT BACK LOTS, PAPA. NOTHING LESS THAN TEN YEARS WILL DO ME ANY GOOD!

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VOL. III. JANUARY 3D, 1884. NO. 53.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions in future.

PROBABILITIES FOR 1884.

(COMPILED BY OUR OWN ASTRONOMER.)

JANUARY: The weather will be variable, but generally either one thing or the other; rising, falling or stationary barometer; wind shifting from N. to S. or vice versa, as it feels inclined; snow, rain, hail, frost or fog, followed by clear weather or worse, generally worse, and by cold days on which it will be observed some presidential candidate will get left.

February: More weather. It will be generally found warmer within doors during this month. Barometer steady or fluctuating, followed or accompained by wind or calm, favorable or otherwise to the ice crop.

March: Unusually large spots will appear on the *Sun*, which, when examined by polarized light, will be found to consist largely of presidential meteors emanating from the constellation A. Danæ.

April: Spots on the *Sun* will continue. About this time there will be some solar reference to the emigration of the Republican party.

May: There will be trouble.

June: And trouble.

July: More trouble.

August: More yet.

September: Still more.

October: Much as can be had.

November: Something will be heard to drop in various sections of the country.

December: Total eclipse of the *Sun*.

* * *

"I SHALL *not* go to Washington this winter. Why should I? No. I shall find some quiet little place where I and Phillips can have a little private boom and not be disturbed."—*Butler.*

* * *

THE persecution of that esteemed manufacturer of antiquities, General Di Cesnola, is still going on. A martyr to six-toed Venuses and interchangeable priests, he affords the most sublime spectacle of sacrifice to art known in history. What surer evidence of moral decay could be produced than this attempt to throttle at its birth one of the most disinterested enterprises of the age—renaissance of early Greek art in modern marble dust and glue, and the effort to secure for our museums good reliable home-made patch work in plaster? It can only be said, in time to come, that the General did his best, and public gratitude must ever rest like a benison upon the museum which fostered, encour, aged and sheltered him.

* * *

"AS I have to stand on something more solid than a hole in the ground, may I suggest that a mortgage be put under me?"—*Bertholdi's Liberty.*

* * *

"PROFESSOR MARSH of Yale College," says our esteemed contemporary the N. Y. Times, "says the skull found in the Sound is not that of a pterodactyl." This welcome intelligence relieves a suspense which was becoming unendurable. Business is now being resumed all over the country.

* * *

THE recent Loan Exhibition, though most laudable in its aim, is a reminder of the experience which befel the Rev. Mr. Josiah Perkins, of Waco, Texas. Mr. Perkins was a fervent and long-winded Methodist, and had undertaken the spiritual charge of a flock in Waco upon that somewhat slender benefice known as "boarding round." Under this regime he lost about four pounds of flesh for every convert, and was, last August, a subject for tempting offers from worldly-minded proprietors of dime museums who were short of living skeletons and what-is-its. About this time Waco became alarmed over the prognostications of local savants that a tornado was expected which might considerably mix up landmarks and do other damage to personal and real estate in the city. To pacify heaven, satisfy the gnawings of conscience, and stave off the phenomenon, the affrighted congregation turned to their pastor, and bethought them of fattening him up against the day of wrath by giving him a donation party. The arrangements for this propitiatory festival were duly made, and one evening the party, numbering two hundred of the faithful, swooped down upon the emaciated shepherd, had an exceedingly pious and convivial time, danced all the plaster off the walls, broke the windows, spilled the kerosene in the flour barrel, and ate him out of house and home. The receipts were, as exhibited by his private memorandum:

"1 pek appls, 2 pint vinyjer, 4 mins Pise, 1 gall merlases, 2 busted clox, a haf jar of pikles very sawr, a small qwilt wh. belongd to a child wh. died of meezles, 106 biskits made with sallyrattis, 1 meling, 1 mush ditto, 1 hare larryit, 2 knary burds, both femail and one cord wood."

The day after this catastrophe he was asked by a deacon how he felt, and thus replied:

"Wal, brother, I am truly thankful, fer now, watever ken come, the tornader hez no terrers."

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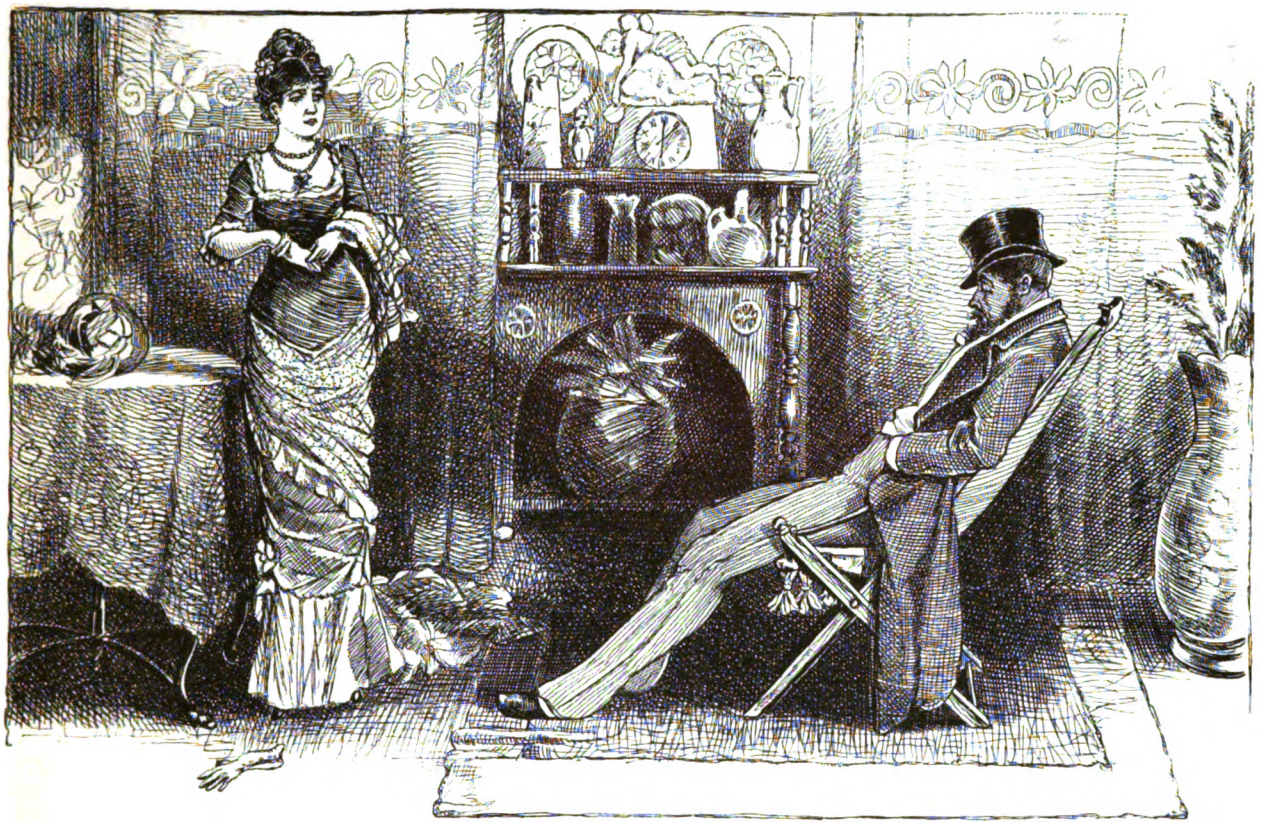

LOGIC.

Wife (to husband, who has fallen into bad ways): JOHN HENRY, HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING? EVERYONE AT THE PARTY SAW THAT YOU WERE NOT QUITE RIGHT; EVERYONE NOTICED THAT YOU WERE INTOXICATED!

Husband: THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IF I'D BEEN QUITE RIGHT AND NOT 'TALL 'TOXICATED THEY'D HAVE NOTICED THAT TOO—JUS' SAME THING, M' DEAR!

OVER THE WAY.

IN an attic window, over the way,
There hangs a cage where sings a bird—
Presumably sings; for, alack-a-day!
His faintest note I have never heard.
For constantly closed by night and day,
Is that attic window, over the way.

At that attic window, over the way,
There sits a maiden who sews and smiles,
But on whom she smiles I cannot say;
Not upon me does she waste her wiles.
Never toward me do her glances stray,
From that attic window, over the way.

To that attic window, over the way,
Do what I will, my eyes will turn.
A non-conductor is glass they say—
It must be so, or her cheeks would burn,
And her fair face flush, with a strange dismay,
At that attic window, over the way.

By that attic window, over the way,
I acknowledge I 'm nearly driven wild.
If I could hear once that small bird's lay!
If only once upon me she 'd smiled!
But I can 't and she has n't! Perhaps she may,
When she reads these lines, on some blest day,
Let one sweet, sunny smile me repay
From that attic window, over the way.*

P. S.—Dear sir: I regret to say
(Through qualms of conscience I cannot lay)
That a vacant lot where the children play,
And the Wm. goat browseth all the day,
From my present palace (Avenue "A")
Is the only thing that 's over the way.

J. CHEEVER GOODWIN.

*Confidential note to the Editor accompanying the foregoing.

THE big inning of the end. The one in which the last game of the season is decided.

A DEAL table.—A card table.

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GREETING.

WITH the present number, LIFE enters upon the second year of its existence, capable of standing upon its legs without knocking its knees together, and confident of its future. In so doing, it has buried the time-honored lie that there was no sphere for a satirical journal which kept entirely within the limits of refinement and decency. It feels that its path has been smoothed by the cordial welcome and good wishes of its many friends, and to these it returns warm thanks, together with the promise that in the future it shall more than compensate for those past shortcomings which were naturally incident to youth.

A TRIANGULAR DUEL IN THREE ACTS.

BY

ONE OF THE ACTORS.

This play has just had a marvellous run of one consecutive night in Boston.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. BOWSER, handsome and confident.
Mr. TOWSER, not so handsome but clever.
Miss WAVERING, the Queen, of that "calm which is just between."

ACT I, SCENE I.—*Beacon Street—Sunday afternoon—Bowser and Miss W. out for a stroll.*

BOWSER, *loq.* I hope you don't treat Towser as you do me; he 's rather susceptible and it might hurt him, poor fellow.

Miss W., *loq.* O no, I don't treat him at all as I do you, of course.

SCENE II., ACT I. *Towser and Miss W. at Miss W.'s house, sitting together on a small sofa.*

Miss W., *loq.* I went to walk with Mr. B. yesterday afternoon and he said he hoped I did not treat you as I did him, you were so susceptible.

TOWSER, *excited.* What do you mean? I should hope not.

Miss W. O no, that 's what I told him; I said I did not treat you at all as I did him.

ACT III., SCENE I. *Miss W. and Towser still sitting on the sofa, but with more of the sofa in view.*

TOWSER, *loq.* Poor Bowser! good enough fellow, though.

M. M.

THERE seems to be a very strong impression in the community that the Metropolitan Museum was extensively swindled when it purchased the Cesnola collection, but it certainly got its money's worth in the Venus with eleven toes, when it only paid for ten of them.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE VII.—BITES.

I. BITES of all sorts are painful, and if not treated with expedition and skill, they sometimes prove very dangerous. The most common kinds are those received from dogs, mosquitos and bears. The rarest kinds are trilobites and Jacobites.

2. One seldom, if ever, gets a bite when out fishing.

3. If about to be bitten by a dog, while serenading or foraging in a melon patch, immediately take some violent exercise in order to preserve a good circulation. For instance, run a mile or so without stopping.

4. Never stop running because there is a man with a club apparently chasing the dog—sometimes he is encouraging him.

5. If this does not accelerate the action of the heart, climb the nearest tree.

6. Do n't get down again for the purpose of rescuing the sample of your trousers. This is one of the dog's perquisites, and he wants it for his scrap-book.

7. When a mosquito begins to bite, do n't slap him. Some authorities insist that you should let him finish, and then offer him a toothpick and an after-dinner cigar.

8. The above rule applies strictly to mosquitos, and must not be extended to include dogs or bears.

9. On suddenly entering the parlor, where the mistletoe hangs, you may surprise a young man apparently in the act of biting a young lady on the cheek. The symptoms which follow this generally include violent blushing and a tendency to talk about the weather. The most popular remedy is a solitaire ring applied to the third finger of the young lady's left hand.

H. L. S.

MY BRIERWOOD PIPE.

SWEETER than rosy lips to me,
Or clover to the honey bee;
Richer than Amalthea's horn
In memory's bright "dewy dawn"—
Each whiff 's an *open sesame!*

Their bluish mists curl lazily
In spiral swirls—the spirit 's free,
Here puffing in the amber morn
My brierwood pipe.

In dreamy languor oft I see
The brimming cups of revelry;
The sweetest buds that time has shorn
In living beauty bloom, new-born.
O lips, caress it lovingly,
My brierwood pipe.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

ONE of the Nihilistic organizations of Russia has sent for several copies of the hand-book "Don't." It is thought they will attempt to assassinate the Czar with one of them.

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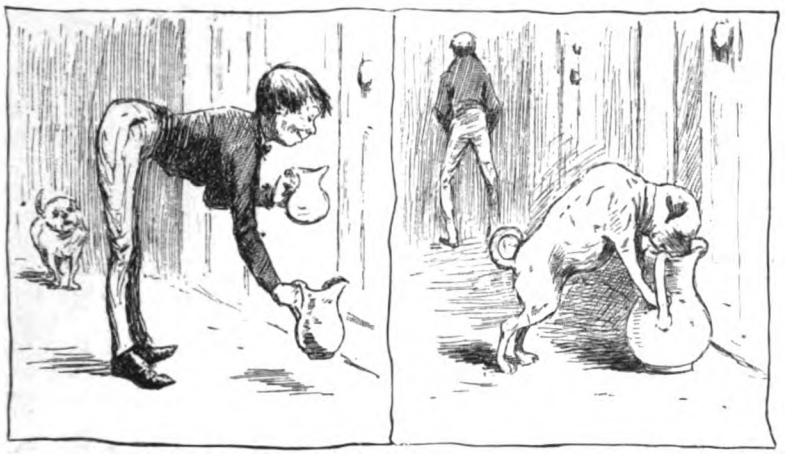
ICE WATER.



THIS SAVES ME TROUBLE. ME, TOO.

RONDEAU.

LES clairs sont bas : the lights are low.
Fantastic forms flit to and fro
Where but a few moments before,
The players tripped across the floor
In rhythmic steps—now quick, now slow.

The place is wrapt in after-glow ;
The shifting scenes proclaim the show
Is at an end. The play is o'er—
Les clairs sont bas !

A brood of Fancies come and go :
How slyly come they on tip-toe !
What if Malice peers through the door ?
What though Envy the dark explore ?
My love is in my arms, you know !
Les clairs sont bas.

L. J. V.

BOOKISHNESS

"THE Fair Enchantress, or How She Won Men's Hearts," is a "novel of great power and interest," to quote its publisher's disinterested preface—by Miss M. C. Keller, of Louisiana. A perusal of its pages will show that the fair author (of Louisiana) is a devotee at the shrine of Miss Augusta Evans, the author of "St. Elmo" and "Beulah ;" and in this particular volume she out-Evans Augusta.

Miss Keller (of Louisiana) has peculiar ideas of the qualities a young girl should possess to win men's hearts. Perhaps they go at it differently in Louisiana, however, than here out of the regions of civilization. The extreme simplicity with which the heroine's utterances are clothed will at once strike the reader. Witness the following extract from a conversation between her and a classmate in the convent where she is laying up her store of misery. The classmate says :

"Mercy, Edna, how can you study in all this babble ?"

To which the little *ingenue*, aged thirteen, replies :

"It does not annoy me any more than it does the ancient men of the Dead Sea who, Carlyle says, are changed into apes, sitting on the trees there, grinning in the most affected manner, gibbering and chattering very genuine nonsense."

The opening chapters deal with the convent life of the heroine, where she makes many friends by her artless simplicity and quotations from Carlyle and other light authors, on whom all Louisiana girls, as we all know, are brought up. The bonds between her and her friends, we are told, are stronger than those of "Old Judea" or "Dead Greece." This, no doubt, is a touch of local color.

An episode in the moonlight with no bearing whatever upon the rest of the story is thrown in with considerable force and with unequalled properties. Among the latter being "the *noon* of a warm June night ;" and an earth left to dark shadows which by some mysterious power of the author's pen is made white. The situation of the novel is not given in the first three or four chapters, although sundry hints are given to the effect that "If there be a Paradise on Earth, it is there, it is there." In fact, the heroine remarks this to her companion who is wrapped in sleep with her "form serenely beautiful in the moonlight." The companion makes some reply which is not mentioned in the book, but which is described with such power that between the lines as it were the reader can hear the words, "Frevens sake, Eshner, gooter shleep. Lemme lone, wilyer ?"

Edna won't stop "frevens sake" or anyone else's, and further says :

"Claudine, wake up and listen to the strains of Nature's harp. They are sweet enough to have been played by the legendary music-demons of a land where Mozart rules."

Then Claudine "only murmurs in her happy rest."

Edna is not to be balked, but continues :

"No monument in all the world, unless it be the Alhambra, compares for sensuous delight with the Durbar Hall at Delhi ; for magnificence solid and imposing with Akbar's palace at Agra ; for absolute perfection with the Taj Mahal ; but no grandeur in all European or far Eastern worlds compares with the tranquil sublimity of this pure convent scene."

This naturally fills the bill ; Claudine wakes and remonstrates as the sun rises and one of a few dozen "belts of amb[illegible] tioned in 39 pages betokens the dawn.

We pass on. We learn in the next chapter that this thirteen summered maiden sings so entrancingly that people passing pause, charmed by the "exquisite pathos and mournful purity of Edna Mabrey's tones." A description of her general appearance, full of topaz eyes and a form which thirteen summers had rounded "with the wonderful symmetry of a Venus de Medicis," follows. In truth, "those who have looked on the sculptured face of the great Palmyrean Queen can see that of Edna Mabrey." We can all thus form a mental picture of this lump of loveliness, knowing exactly how the great Palmyrean Queen looked.

After four chapters of this cheerful existence, Edna is sent home and finds her mother murdered, with her infant in her arms. This is somewhat of a blow to her, although she expresses no surprise whatever. Her father had been murdered six years previous, and she of course was used to that sort of thing.

The next chapter is given up to parting with people whom she "may never see on this earth again," and not knowing exactly to what earth she will go when she leaves this, she makes no engagements for the future.

She resolves to track the murderer of her parents, of whom she caught a glimpse in the dark, the night of her mother's dramatic demise, and after the funeral goes out with her little sister in her arms into the "cold, cold world." She indulges in sentimental reflections, and the poor baby looks up and says : "Mother is watching her waifs." Gentle reader, did you ever see a Southern baby ? If you have not, you cannot appreciate how faithfully this fair author has portrayed it.

They go dead-head to the city, presumably New Orleans, and wander through the streets all day looking for work, and the day closes, finding them temporarily boarding on the soft side of a tomb-stone, resting their heads probably on a "broken pillar" in the cemetery. Of course they are picked up by the inevitable "noble benefactor," and go through weeks and weeks of sickness

(*Continued on page* 7.)

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A NOCTURNE IN LEAD AND GOLD.

Mr. CRŒSUS (to Mrs. C., as they go home from the dinner-party)—"Well, after the ladies left we had coffee in cups, that, so help me! did n't hold *two teaspoonsful*, an' I told old what 's-his-name that gave the dinner that folks called *me* mean, but I never cut things down to such a dashed fine point as that!"

NAMES are not always without significance. G-a-t-h evidently represents Greatest-American-Truth-Hater.

A REPUBLIC such as our own is undoubtedly the grandest government in the world, but after all it is rather disheartening for a man who was born under the shadow of Bunker Hill monument to go to Castle Garden and see two or three United States Senators sitting on green trunks. The New Yorkers do n't mind it, however, because they 've been accustomed to that sort of thing for two hundred and fifty years.

"ALL BAWLED-UP."—The town crier.

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(*Continued from page* 5.)

in a mansion, which, from the following description, will be recognized at once by all residents of New Orleans. Note well the local touches, which only a Southern author, sketching on the spot, could throw in :

"The music-room was separated from his sleeping apartment by a heavy, navy blue velvet, supported by three orientally carved pillars of Parian marble. From these the rich velvet fell in massive folds over the handsomely carpeted floor. The windows were shaded with curtains of the same rich color. The walls between them were covered with paintings by Rubens and his pupil Vandyke. Statues of Mozart, Beethoven and Guido stood in the recesses near the grate. Over the low, marble mantel hung a full length portrait of Beatrice, beneath which was an exquisitely chased silver case, containing a small Swiss clock. A beautiful terra cotta vase of antique shape, stood near the south window, filled with a rare eastern creeper, trained almost to the frescoed ceiling. A covered harp sat in one corner, while another contained a costly rosewood melodeon. Near the centre stood a Chickering piano. A delicious perfume from the pale, pure blossoms of the creeper, filled the apartment with rich fragrance."

Still another room in this house, which bespeaks the well-known affluence of the average Southern gentleman, is the library :

"It was divided from the music room by rich, sky-blue curtains, hanging from marble columns. Tall bookcases, of a wood resembling satin in finish, filled with choice and richly-bound volumes, concealed the walls. Chairs and lounges of a wood, the product of East India forests, were covered with crimson. In two corners of the room were tall marble swans with silver cards in their beaks from which hung large baskets, in the form of boats, full of natural water lilies. Silver storks upheld white calla lilies, on the corners of the low marble mantel. The windows were draped with rich blue curtains resembling Cashmere shawls. The marble floor was polished so highly that it suggested the glassy surface of a large mirror. Handsome Japanese rugs partly covered its shining whiteness. Two figures of silver, one holding a torch and the other an upright lily, stood on either side of the mirror between the windows. The figures were life size, representing Night and Modesty. They were Oriental in character and of exquisite delicacy in execution. The marvelous taste with which a dash here and there of scarlet had been introduced among all this pale blue, marble and silver vastly augmented the great beauty of the apartment. A cup of crysta' was sustained in one corner from the beak of a stuffed scarlet flamingo. In the opposite corner was a statue of the Eastern goddess, Silence, with a finger upon its lips. Upward, over the low, black marble mantel, was trained a natural vine, with small, exquisite flowers, growing in earth like all the plants in both rooms. Its scarlet brightness gleamed against the polished walls."

This house is the home of Erle Kingsley—her benefactor first, afterwards her lover. Of course there is a jealous woman who, with the graceful carelessness peculiar to women of Louisiana, poisons the little sister and attempts to poison Edna, now known as Mora Evans ; but is prevented by Erle Kingsley. At the age of fourteen, Mora's voice is perfect, and by her beautiful warbling of pathetic songs she entrances a member of the British h'aristocracy.

After "three years had glided on," at seventeen years of age, she had written a novel off-hand, over which "all America raved." In what shape the ravings were produced we are not informed. Judging from the style of literature before us, however, we can imagine.

A Philosophical discussion which would stump Emerson as to its meaning is given as a sort of entre-act, having no possible relation to the rest of the story, except to show what a charmingly pedantic girl Mora is. Then "another season sweeps onward into the past," as Miss Keller (of Louisiana) lucidly observes. Miss Edna continues in her wild career of success and sets the country wild again with her valedictorian address. This, after what we have read, is not improbable. She goes North as a tutor to a young boy who speaks philosophy as perfect as the dead baby heretofore referred to, and who is killed off after an insignificant existence by an opportune attack of yellow fever.

She writes an opera based on her own life, acts the heroine, herself, and has a thrilling scene with the villain in the play, who naturally enough is the villain of her life and is the identical murderer whom she had previously seen in the dark. Of course, the world gets wild again.

A few yellow-fever chapters are here inserted, and Mora is of course on hand and gets in more solid nursing than any other woman in the country. She could n't do less and be the heroine of Miss Keller's novel. She becomes engaged, but it would not be possible to allow this chance to go by without another death, so the man dies of the fever and becomes the fifth corpse of the volume.

The only unnatural part of the book is the end. Edna marries Erle Kingsley, her benefactor, after he has fought a duel with the Englishman. At last she comes to perfect rest and peace. So does the reader.

UNDER the disrespectful caption "John Bull and His Island" (Scribner's Sons) comes a charming translation of the frank and amusing treatise on England and the manners of her people, by Max O'Rell, a Frenchman. Mr. O'Rell is singularly free from prejudice, all things considered ; but when occasion arises, and it seems to be pretty often, he pokes the slyest of French fun at his phlegmatic, beef-eating brother, with a zest which shows his nationality. It is one of the best books of the season, and we cheerfully recommend it to Anglomaniacs especially.

FROM MR. PERKINS.

TO the Editor of LIFE : It has seemed to me that our minor poets have shown a singular lack of patriotism in conveying from Austin Dobson (who originally conveyed from the French) the metrical curios which he styles rondeaux, triolets, pantoums, etc. Can we not be original in our manner as well as in our matter? I would suggest two new metres to the verse-producing world. The first I call, for local reasons, "A Cabriolet ;" the second I have evolved by telescoping the "pantoum" and the "triolet," and thereby getting the word "pantalet," which aptly describes a certain weak, anacreonic doggerel now in vogue. I submit two specimens of each style of verse, as illustrations :

THE BRITON'S WAIL IN NEW YORK.

(A CABRIOLET.)

I hired me a hack ;
I cried out "Alack !
I must dine upon bread."
I gave up my purse.
Never ride in a hack,
Unless you are dead—
Then ride in a hearse,
Lying flat on your back.
I hired me a hack—
I would I were dead.

This, I think, would be a charming bit for the frontispiece of a volume entitled "Impressions of America." Messrs. M-tth-w Irv-ng and H-nry Arn-ld are heartily welcome to use it, though neither of them sent me tickets to their shows.

PELLUCID HER EYE.

(A PANTALET.)

But, ah ! I was dry !
And the starved dancers crushed
Till my shirt-front was mushed—
The champagne was dry.

I cannot say why,
But the night-bird was hushed,
Yet the throstle-wits thrushed—
I cannot say why.

Ah ! pellucid her eye,
And her oval cheek flushed
Like a strawberry crushed—
Oh ! pellucid her eye.

I sighed : "Let us fly !"
She smiled not nor gushed,
But from me she rushed—
Mayhap I seemed fly.

The champagne was dry,
Ah ! pellucid her eye—
I cannot say why.

There seems to me to be a sad, yearning mystery about this metre which will make it useful to the concoctors of magazine poetry. The squeamish may pronounce the word as if spelled "pantalay."

Yours, most respectfully,
G. Q. A. PERKINS.

IT DISAGREED WITH HIM.

"Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash."

Old Song of Santa Claus.

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THE MODER

Pl

And the strong lance of
Arm it in rags, a pigmy

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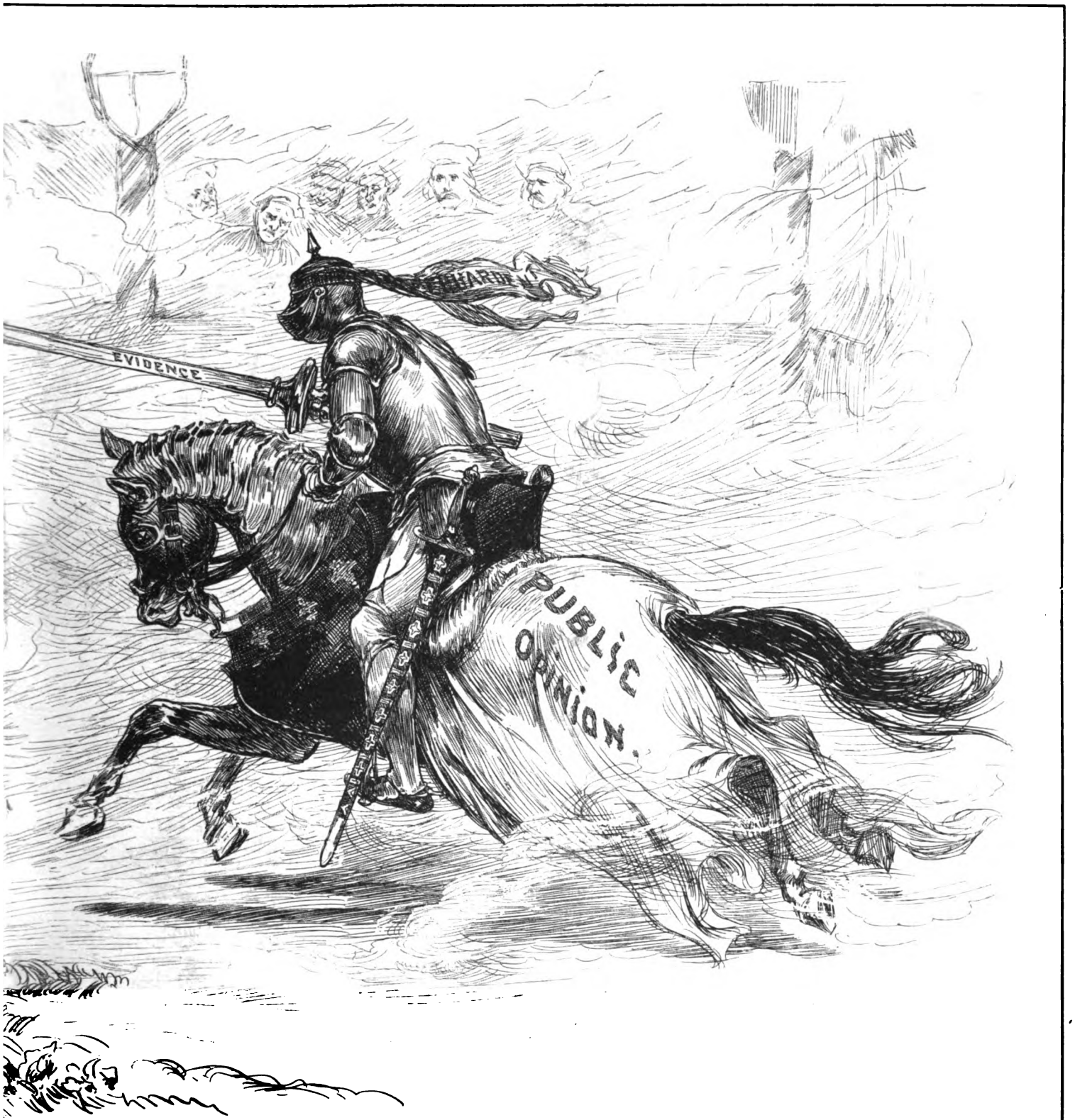

N TOURNEY.

ate sin with gold,
Justice hurtless breaks:
s straw doth pierce it.
—*King Lear.*

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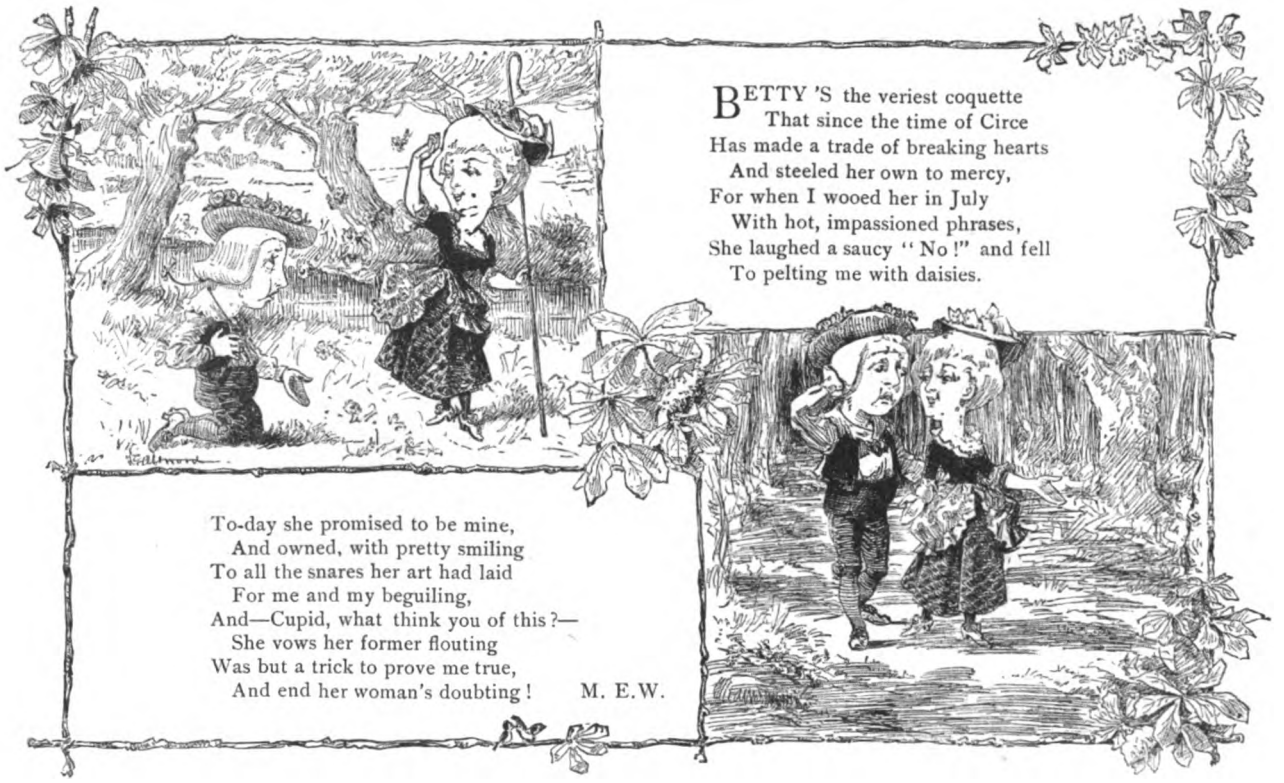

BETTY 'S the veriest coquette
That since the time of Circe
Has made a trade of breaking hearts
And steeled her own to mercy,
For when I wooed her in July
With hot, impassioned phrases,
She laughed a saucy "No!" and fell
To pelting me with daisies.

To-day she promised to be mine,
And owned, with pretty smiling
To all the snares her art had laid
For me and my beguiling,
And—Cupid, what think you of this?—
She vows her former flouting
Was but a trick to prove me true,
And end her woman's doubting! M. E.W.

AMERICAN ARISTOCRACY.

No. XV.

Ishtar: "I hope, my lord, my father, will have me marry where I love."
Arbaces: "Love! There it goes! Love! What is love but a riggish impropriety of the blood, an apoplexy of imagination and a soiler of reason;—more constant to what it hath not than an idiot clawing for the moon; to what it hath, briefer than a midget. Love! leave love to monkeys. Gold, my girl, gold! Gold feeds and warms; gold clothes and cherishes; it binds thy friend, fires thy lover, confounds thine enemy; it is broader than a sheet to cover wickedness, for if thou dost but fee thy priest, it will translate thee to heaven ere your poor saint can cry *I pray*. Get thee a bridegroom that clinks, and though his nose be no longer than a wart, thou shalt be happy.
Semiramis, Act I.

THE untimely departure of Monsignor BUNTHORNE CATESBY-CAPON from our midst, as our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune* feelingly remarks, has brought to our CIRCLE a GLOOM which only the certainty of his ultimate return can dispel.

We are now enabled to recover from our awe sufficiently to reason feebly upon the great moral percepts which he expounded during his stay, and in a measure to lift from them the glamour of his Presence.

The Monsignor immeasurably delighted us with his theory of Marriage. In the dear old Church of ROME, Marriage is a Sacrament, and, when ornamented with a High Mass and other ecclesiastical trimmings, is a solemn and expensive affair, consuming twice as much holy candlegrease as a wake and nearly as much incense as an Easter celebration. It is made a Sacrament for two reasons: 1st, because it gives Mother Church a chance to get in some fine work on the sinful friends of the contracting parties, as they assemble to see the ceremony, and 2nd, because it thus brings into her dear old coffers a lot of money which might otherwise go to the support of some riotous and heretic Justice of the Peace. To this there can be not the slightest objection, for, as the tariff is on a sliding scale, from a plain LOWER-CLASS wedding cut bias, in the sacristy @ $2.50; to a double, super-extra Cathedral affair, *decolletée*, trimmed with a gros-grain Bishop and several dozen small boys in red flannel and illuminated by a bonfire of candles, cheap @ $3,000, all the faithful can avail themselves of its privileges and blessings.

In dear old ENGLAND, the Mother Church of ROME, although in precarious position, has chances for revenue, which are denied her in this brutal land. An eminent writer, in a book recently issued, says:

"In England, on Sundays, after Service, the Catholic Churches give concerts. These concerts are advertised in the newspapers, along with the theatres. You pay sixpence in the central nave, and threepence in the side seats. On grand occasions, when there is to be a solemn procession through the church, with a bishop in the rear, the prices are doubled: seats are a shilling, and sixpence. You receive a ticket on entering, just as you do at a theatre. These concerts are all more patronized because on Sunday there is no competition. Besides, some of them are excellent: there is a full orchestra, singers, and every attraction." *

In this city, sacred concerts are given by that sweet evangelist, St. WILLIAM MCGLORY, but public opinion frowns upon their employment for the purposes of church emolument, and weddings are, therefore, next to Purgatorial Masses, the most successful line of business into which the Mother Church can embark. What was our surprise then, at hearing the Monsignor rail against Divorce. It is a well known mathematical axiom, "The more divorces the more the weddings." If only widowers and widows are allowed to marry again, it can be seen at once that a light, fanciful and connubial nature, such as many of us FIRST CIRCLERS have, must suffer restraint, and NEWPORT'S

* "John Bull and His Island," page 199.

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popularity as a winter resort must necessarily dwindle. Besides, this doctrine is radically opposed to the Monsignor's declaration in favor of the *mariage de convenance*.

If, according to Monsignor's law, matches are to be made by parents and not by that underclothed, mythical and obsolete small-boy CUPID, we certainly would have fewer of those horrible matches between our daughters and poor men, or between our noble sons and penniless girls. Under the present system, we find it sometimes difficult to keep our children's affections from entanglements out of which no addition to our own bank account or social position can possibly come. By the French system we could pick our millionaire, and, provided he were willing, force our daughter into an alliance with him. Then, if he were consumptive, paralytic, imbecile or apoplectic, as he probably would be, we could soon gather in our daughter and the profits of the investment, and set her again. An experiment similar to this is still in a Bostonian state of progress, and has yielded enormously with but little exertion.

Now if this system could be synchronized with a light and automatic divorce law, it would be of incalculable benefit to some of us poor swells. Suppose, for example, that divorce was made a Sacrament, just as marriage is now, and that for from $2.50 to $3,000, according to alimony and other trimmings, it could be obtained in the Church. Why, the ineffable benefit to both Church and people would be incalculable; there would be a stream of weddings at one cathedral door and a tide of divorced persons at the other, both equally happy, and dear old Mother Church would be so proud and rich and gay, you could n't think.

There are some antiquated fools who hold that no woman should marry a man unless she loves him with the noblest love of her nature. They hold that she should not offer herself or allow herself to be offered for sale, as a chattel, for so many dollars and cents, but that the union should be prompted and sanctified by that affection and respect which alone can make married life endurable. They see in the French system only a brutal sacrifice of youth and innocence to gold and passion—a sacrifice which too often justifies the victim in private infractions of laws which should be inviolable. They desire to keep some things beyond the grasp of gold, and believe with Richelieu that the mate for beauty should be a man and not a money chest. They concede the fact that the wisdom of upright parents should be consulted, but not the will of such as would counsel a match made for purely selfish and worldly ends.

These imbeciles of course do not belong to the Church of Rome, where marriage is a Sacrament and a—business proceeding. They should be brought within the range of the magnetic batteries of Monsignor BUNTHORNE CATESBY-CAPON, for if there is one thing which our SOCIETY needs more than another, it is a more frugal eye in matrimony. The act is so delightful, the moral effect so excellent and the future of the couple so happy, that a mercenary marriage should be the aim of every young girl who has the least spark of womanhood within her.

But this divorce question? The Monsignor says we may swear to a lie at the altar and marry for gold, but we cannot be divorced. That is bad. He should change his system. It will never work in this land of easy laws and feathery vows. What we want most is a still easier method of divorce—one which will enable a man or a woman to resort to the *mariage de convenance* often enough to accumulate a real fortune, and not sell oneself merely once, and perhaps for a pittance.

MR. BOOTH.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH'S performances at the Star Theatre have naturally attracted a great deal of attention. Outside of Mr. Booth's own work, there has been little in these performances to command praise or interest. Years ago Mr. Booth gave a remarkable series of Shakespearian representations at Booth's Theatre—that splendid edifice which is now being made into a dry goods store. Those representations were as brilliant in their way as Mr. Irving's performances are, in quite another manner, to-day. Mr. Booth, however, was unfortunate as a manager. Ruined and disheartened, he went out of Booth's Theatre. From that moment he has been industrious at making money, and he has taken pains to do nothing for the stage. He has continued to act, and that is, without doubt, something. But he has not produced a new play, not made a great revival, not created a fresh character, not organized a respectable company, not presented plays respectably. He has acquired money. He could easily, at this hour, place himself at the head of a fine and well-paying company, and give performances which might be compared, for completeness of illusion and character, with those given by Mr. Irving. But Mr. Booth is not inclined, evidently, to move from his old nest. Brilliant success has not effaced that first failure of years ago. And so Mr. Booth offers Shakespeare without an adequate company, with no stage effects, and with poor scenery, conventionally and tiresomely. During his present engagement, moreover, he has established a curious indifference to his business. It is well known that he avoids rehearsals, and is perfectly satisfied, for example, when a complicated drama like Othello is merely pitchforked upon the stage. The other night Mr. Booth and Mr. Sheridan appeared together as Iago and Othello. Their performance was a rough rehearsal. Mr. Booth had not been willing to rehearse his part privately with Mr. Sheridan. Surely, all this goes to prove that Mr. Booth, great artist as he is undoubtedly, has a strange lack of conscientiousness. This is the hour, nevertheless, when Mr. Booth should act with his best zeal and strength. He followed Mr. Irving. That should mean everything for him—the American actor.

Mr. Booth has been seen as Richelien, Lear, Hamlet, Bertuccio, Othello and Iago. He began well with Richelieu, a performance marked by delightful *finesse* and lucid method. His Lear passed muster, without being a remarkable performance. The Hamlet was carelessly done, though Mr. Booth is able to give a very beautiful and spirited impersonation of Hamlet. His Bertuccio was vigorous and picturesque, and quite devoid of pathos. His Othello was wooden—a ridiculous Othello. His Iago is not matched today upon the stage; yet Mr. Booth appeared to take slight interest even in his performance of Iago; he rattled off words as though he lacked sense of color and expression; he lounged through the part, and was only awakened at great moments to the spirit of the character. Plain speaking is, it seems to us, called for by Mr. Booth. It may be expedient not to "lecture" Mr. Booth, since this actor is apparently, in the judgment of his friends, too high

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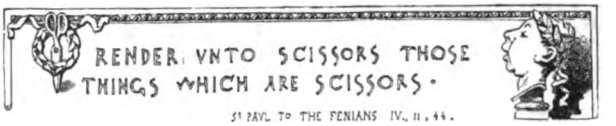
for criticism. But this is nonsense. Mr. Booth is the kind of actor LIFE takes peculiar pleasure in talking to ("lecturing," if you like the word), because Mr. Booth has opportunities and duties that other actors do not have. Success improves work. This is a little moral maxim which Mr. Booth might remember when he desires to entertain his public.

Mr. W. C. Sheridan, who appeared as Othello to Mr. Booth's Iago, was, if possible, more singular than Mr. Booth himself in this splendid, deep, and vibrant character of passion. Mr. Booth was passionless. Mr. Sheridan was as lusty as Falstaff, and unpleasantly suggestive of the late Mr. Backus—corked. But nearly all the actors go to pieces when they try to do Othello. Mr. Sheridan is, therefore, in good company. Furthermore he is, in a proper play and character, an admirable actor—too declamatory, without doubt, but strong and thoughtful. His Louis XI. is an impressive and salient performance.

Mr. H. H. Boyeson has written a play called "An Alpine Rose," which is about to be produced at the Madison Square Theatre. It tells the story of two Alpine girls, Ilka and Irma, one tender and imaginative, the other gay and mischievous. Ilka loves a brawny poacher, one Hansel, who is afterward turned into a soldier, much against his will. A Count von Dornfield is mixed up comically in the play and becomes, in the end, the husband of Irma. He saves Hansel's life, when Hansel is taken as a spy; he does various good to the sisters; he leads them involuntarily into a troublesome intrigue, and then leads them out of it. This play should make an agreeable dramatic entertainment.

G. E. M.



HER GREAT UNDERSTANDING.

THE diamonds she wore were of brilliancy rare,
And she dressed in fine laces and satin;
She spoke French and German with accent most fair,
And was n't a novice in Latin.
Her wonderful wealth was almost on a par
With her rare and correct nomenclature,
But her feet were regarded by all, near and far,
As grand and sublime freaks of Nature.

—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"So, Buster is out of the street, eh?" "Yes, he 's had to go." "Bad clean-out?" "Lost every dollar he had." "Ah! he should have moved with more caution." "Caution! Why, man, you could n't have known him! He was the most cautious man in Wall Street. He had a part of his cash in a partnership in a faro bank, some more in a lottery scheme, $5,000 in a gift enterprise, and he got into his broker over $20,000."—*Wall Street News.*

AT the café of the new Theatre Italien:
"Waiter, a glass of beer, if you please."
"Brune or blonde?"
"Brune."
"One *bocka neara!*"—*Paris Paper.*

"ETHEL," said the teacher, "whom do the ancients say supported the world on his shoulder?" "Atlas, sir." "You 're quite right," said the teacher. "Atlas supported the world. Now who supported Atlas?" "I suppose," said Ethel, softly, "I suppose he married a rich wife."—*Ex.*

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A MAN can never paddle his own canoe with bad owers.—*Whitehall Times.*

A MAN who goes out on a bender may get in straitened circumstances.—*Marathon Independent.*

MAN wants but little here below, but woman is n't so easily satisfied.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Mr. CABLE has passed to his third reading in Boston. He will be adopted.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A YANKEE genius has invented an umbrella which cannot be stolen. Most of you folks will doubtless be sorry to know this.—*Phila. Call.*

JOHN KELLY is perfectly willing that Governor Cleveland should steer the ship of state, if Tammany Hall is allowed to furnish the wind.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

ENGLAND is spending lots of money to see Mary Anderson, and this country is doing the same to see Henry Irving. Question: Which country is getting the worst of it?—*Philadelphia Call.*

"A CAPTAIN'S chest picked up at sea," is announced in a New York paper. He was probably blown to pieces in some of the recent gales, and the rest of him will be picked up later.—*Burlington Free Press.*

MANY hotel servants are now complaining of the wretched quality of the food given to them. We do n't blame them one bit, if they have to live on the same stuff that is served to the guests.—*Lowell Citizen.*

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The prices for single figures—in full dress, with an adjustable costume—are from 10c. to 25c. each. A box containing several dolls, assorted, costs from 60c. to $1. A box containing one doll, *dressed*, and two costumes *extra*, costs 35c. or 50c. (Packed for safe mailing.)

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THE Khedive of Egypt works sixteen hours a day, and requires only five hours' sleep in twenty-four. That man would be an invaluable assistant on a weekly paper whose editor had a well developed case of asthma.—*S. F. Wasp.*

ANTIQUITIES.—Antiquary (showing his treasures): "Colt's revolver, found on the Field of Waterloo!"—Friend: "Eh! But I should have thought—I'd no idea they—" Antiquary: "No—I dare say!" (With exultation.) "Oh, they're dooced rare, I can tell you!"—*Punch's Almanac.*

A PATENT has been granted in Washington for a "hen's nest." Unless the hen is chained to the nest, it is doubtful if she can be restrained from laying her eggs in some out-of-the-way place where they will not be discovered until they are ripe enough to tender to amateur Hamlets.—*Norristown Herald.*

"MOTHER!" exclaimed Edith, "what in the world did you invite that horrid Mrs. Brown to our party for?" "Why, Edith, Mrs. Brown goes into the best society. I am astonished that you should want to leave her off our list." Edith: "Well, I do n't care; she can 't come, for she told me only day before yesterday that they were going to Washington for a fortnight." Mother: "And do n't you suppose I knew that, Edith? Why, you silly girl, that 's the very reason why I invited her."—*Boston Herald.*

AN ACCOMPLISHED WIFE.—"Ah, old fellow," said an Austin gentleman, meeting another on the avenue, "so you are married at last. Allow me to congratulate you, for I hear you have an excellent and accomplished wife."

"I have, indeed," was the reply; "she is so accomplished. Why, sir, she is perfectly at home in literature; at home in music; at home in art; at home in science—in short, at home everywhere except—"

"Except what?"

"Except at home."—*Texas Siftings.*

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HAPPY YEAR! Bright New Year!
Eighteen Eighty-Four is here!
Time of pleasant salutation,
Time of kind congratulation,
Time of happy social meetings,
Time of good old-fashioned greetings;
Time of home hilarity;
Time of generous charity;
Time for worthy resolution
Sometimes missing execution.
Bright the prospect; never brighter;
Clear the skies are; never lighter.
Seems as if the heavens o'er us
Speak of luck and profit for us.

Yet the wise and careful student
Of the future should be prudent;—
'Spite our very best intention
Risks too numerous to mention
Every hour of life befall us;—
Every day and night they call us
To be wise and make provision
'Gainst disaster and collision.

Now make a useful resolution;
Put it into execution!
On the mutual accident plan
Which avails for every man.
Be in time, your life insuring,
For your family securing
Freedom from distressed vexation;—
For yourself the compensation
Paid with regularity,—
Better than the best of charity.
While disabled, if thus thrifty,
You will be receiving fifty
Greeenback dollars every week,
Stopping many a household leak.
If you chance to lose your life,
There 's ten thousand for your wife!

Eighteen Eighty-four is here!
Be wise! Insure! This bright New Year.

Every reader of this poem upon sending their address to The United States Mutual Accident Association, 320 and 322 Broadway, New York, will receive *as a sort of recompense* in return an Art Calendar for 1884.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JANUARY 10, 1884. NUMBER 54.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

LIFE

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THE DRAMA.

1155 Broadway, NEW YORK

DESIGN FOR A SALAD DISH.

RESTFUL SLUMBERS AFTER INDULGING TOO FREELY IN LOBSTER SALAD.

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VOL. III. JANUARY 10TH, 1884. NO. 54.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

"BEN and I are out."—*Phillips.*

* * *

A SPECIAL meeting of the Thompson Street Poker Club was held Saturday evening for the purpose of discussing the ways and means of aiding the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund. Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS, who had unfortunately not entirely recovered from an acute attack of malaria contracted on New Year's Day, was found to be too unparliamentary and uproarious to occupy the Chair, so that power was conferred upon the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, who, though evidently convalescing from the same malady, was drowsy but dignified, and banked as usual.

Mr. RUBE JACKSON opened the question and the jack-pot by remarking that he had seen a photograph of the statue, and thought that its complexion should strongly recommend it to the zeal of the colored race.

Mr. GUS. JOHNSON passed out with the remark that he never did n't have no luck on jackers nohow, and wanted to hear the Bartholdi matter more fully discussed before venturing an opinion.

Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES came in without remark.

Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS woke up and said he would open the pot for a dollar and a half. Mr. RUBE JACKSON, who saw there was trouble coming, hastened to mildly assure him it had already been opened for thirty-five cents. Then said Mr. WILLIAMS in a voice of war:

"I rise dat two dollahs, 'n I 'll knock de tar outen de niggah wot doan' rassle."

This definite proposition had the effect of scaring Mr. JACKSON half to death, and of recalling the Rev. Mr. SMITH from the temporary state of coma into which he had lapsed. He drowsily ran over his hand, inquired who had opened the pot, and on being informed of Mr. WILLIAMS' belligerent burst of chips, electrified all present by drawing forth the honorable wallet and slapping it on the table with great violence. He then said to Mr. WILLIAMS:

"Look hyar, TOOT: what yo' doin?"

"I jess—jess rised dat pot," faltered Mr. WILLIAMS, who had not forgotten past experiences with that wallet.

"Yo' *rised* it, didyer?" sarcastically inquired Mr. SMITH: "*yo'* rised it?" Here he opened the wallet and shook out a roll of bills. "I see dat rise 'n I swole dat pot ten, twonny—fohty dollahs." Here he leaned back and smiled reassuringly on Mr. JACKSON, who had begun to breathe again.

Mr. WILLIAMS ran his hand over. It somehow did n't seem to be as large as before. He then said:

"I—I 'sidered dis pot was fer—fer de fun'."

"Wot fun'?" asked Mr. SMITH.

"De pedstal fun'."

"Dat 's why you swole de jacker?"

"Ye—yes."

"Well, den, for de sake ob de pedstal fun', I jess swole it fohty dollahs."

Mr. WILLIAMS' respiration was labored for a few minutes, during which time he ran his hand over again.

"Ise a patriot," he said, "an' I 'll do anyting in de cause."

"Den yo' call dat rise?"

Mr. WILLIAMS threw up his hand. The Rev. Mr. SMITH raked in the jack, counted it over twice, and said:

"De gross proceeds of dis entertainment am five dollahs 'n seventy-two cents. Five from thirteen, nine, carry one; six 'n four 's nine—dat leaves jess seven cents profit fer de fun'. Brudder Jackson will take charge ob de seven cents," he concluded, passing that sum over in coppers.

"Bud whar—whar 's de res' ob de money goin'," inquired Mr. WILLIAMS.

"The res' of de money," said Mr. SMITH, impressively, "is absorbed by de 'spenses ob de entertainment. Brudder JACKSON will now pass around de aces."

* * *

THE *Inter-Ocean*, of Chicago, with true Western enterprise, presents its readers with a complete list of all the eligible bachelors of that city, with their several attractions and dependencies. One young gentleman is quoted as being "handsome as a red wagon" and "a good and moral dancer," while another "likes a quiet game, and plays it well." This Leap Year catalogue, we are informed by the *Inter-Ocean*, meets a want long felt, and is being thirstily sought for all over the West by maidens anxious to marry. The effete East knows not what true journalism is.

* * *

BOSTON tiptilts her patriotic nose at the feeble efforts of New York to obtain a pedestal for Bartholdi's Liberty by the aid of loan exhibitions and begging. Has Boston forgotten that Fanny Elssler had to dance $3,000 worth of pinnacle on the Bunker Hill monument?

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LOVE.

Young Simpson (to the lovely Felicia, as they stand on the piazza in the moonlight): MISS FELICIA, THIS WORLD LOOKS SO DREARY AND LONELY TO ME. I FEEL AS THOUGH NO ONE LOVES ME.

Felicia (in a sympathetic tone): OH, MR. SIMPSON, GOD LOVES YOU.

Simpson, after a thoughtful pause, suggests they go in, as it is growing chilly.

HERE entombed lies a church, choir, chancel, and steeple;
Congregation and pastor here wait for the dawn.
Ah! sad was the fate of these miserable people,
Engulfed in a worshiper's cavernous yawn.

Before any soul in the church could emerge, he
Had swallowed them all—English, Irish, and German.
He could swallow the church, congregation, and clergy,
But, alas! he was choked by the minister's sermon.

HENRY EMERSON.

A GOOD DAY FOR DUCKS.—Fry-day.

TO THE LADIES: Marriage is ever a mister-y; but anything is better than perpetual miss-ery.

SHOULD Theobaud Bauer defeat Christol in the promised wrestling match, it would be a clear case of the Bauer behind the thrown.

"YES," said young De Smyth, as he pensively chalked the end of his cue, "Jack was my oldest and best friend, but he married a girl from the suburbs who was n't in society, so of course I had to drop him. My shot?"

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NO PUBLIC SPIRIT?

EVERY little while some new movement or another reveals the heterogeneous character of New York social life, its lack of *esprit de corps*, where such spirit is needed. No other great city, perhaps, could have had such a compliment paid it as that implied in the Bartholdi statue and ignore it as has New York. And now that a number of really public-spirited citizens of leisure and means combine to give some of their time, and others of their treasures, to help raise a fund for the pedestal to the great statue, the papers are rather silent about the enterprise, or drop a few words as charily as if, like the girl in the fairy tale, their words were pearls and diamonds, and might be turned over gratis to the raising of the fund.—*Boston Transcript.*

One would infer from the above that New Yorkers are deficient in public spirit. The *Transcript* seems to be unaware of the fact that money has been pouring in from our prominent citizens at a rate which would almost finish the pedestal within the lifetime of many who are now living; that one or two of our wealthiest men have actually promised money to the cause without demanding a mortgage on the statue or asking for any security whatever; and that many whose incomes scarcely exceed a hundred thousand a year have freely subscribed, their contributions often varying from fifty cents to more than a dollar each. Although the statue is practically sticking in the mud, it is not impossible that we may at some future period extricate it without calling upon the country at large for assistance.

This is by no means the first time in history that pride and public spirit have prompted a generous people to give more than they could afford, and yet we seem to be regarded with contempt, not only by our own countrymen, but by foreigners as well.

A SYNDICATE of capitalists has bought a large tract of land surrounding the great Shoshone Falls, of the Snake River, Idaho, and in cold blood they announce that they will make this spot the Niagara of the West. Now, do you see? That thing comes of the acquittal of the great robber, Frank James. The reign of brigandage has been endorsed in the West, and next year it won't be safe for a man on a salary to go near Idaho.

A KERCHIEF.

BUT filmy fabric it, 'tis true,
As soft as down and bright as amber,
Brocaded with gay threads as blue
As flowers that up my trellis clamber.

Upon one silky side behold,
Embroidered neat, some blooming roses,
While on the other, flecked with gold,
A bright-winged butterfly reposes.

And though 'tis but a trifle, yet
A something sweet upon it lingers;
'T is neither "rose" nor "mignonette,"
But the faint touch of fairy fingers.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

SUSPENDING PAYMENT.—"Hanging it up."

UPON THE SQUARE.—The compass.

A BAD LOT.—A zealot.

A HARD LOT.—A New Hampshire pasture.

KNEE PLUS ULTRA.—The ballet girl's limbs.

A CAPITAL IDEA.—IDEA.

THE LAST OF THE PIE-EATERS.

BY JADE-OYLE.

STRONGLY outlined against the Summer sky, Yallerhammer stood on the rowel of a sharp spur of the Rocky Mountains. The majesty of his form was only surpassed by its freedom from the fashionable garb of Broadway civilization.

Yallerhammer was the last of the Pie-Eaters, once one of the most powerful tribes that ever stampeded a mule corral or inhaled fire-water; but the wasting influence of Border vengeance and Eastern soldiery and sixty proof still-juice had sent his compatriots on their last long journey and left him alone, and conspicuous for nothing but ancestral heroism and promptness at the Commissary on ration day.

A proud spirit, nevertheless, lingered beneath his time-stained and rent hickory shirt, and the remnant of a better man is seldom protected by Government trousers.

From his lofty eminence Y. H. viewed the scenic panorama that floated before his vision, and wished that the Post were nearer. Drawing from the hip pocket of his cerulean-lined pantaloons a portentous document, which proved to be his order for supplies, he calmly set himself to its perusal. It was formed after the manner of a prescription, and was written in a forgotten language. A leisurly glance at the writing told the lonely Y. H. that it was Latin; upon discovering which, he instantly read as follows:

Deliver to bearer the following articles, to wit:

Two tins of light-weight oysters.
Two tins of light-weight tomatoes.
One tin of American sardines.
One bushel of pea meal.
Five pounds of New Process sugar.
One pound of oleomargarine.
One quart of cotton-seed oil.
One box short count clothes-pins.
Ten pounds No. 2 bacon.
One pound common gelatine.
One bottle salad dressing.
Ten pounds Irish potatoes.
One pound alum baking powder.

(Signed) FITZ DE FITZ,
A. M. Q. G. U. S. A.

Yallerhammer paused as if lost in reverie; a load seemed to clog his once active faculties; he wondered what clothes-pins were. Lighting his discolored T. D.

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clay pipe at a neighboring street lamp, he limped toward the distant Post, with only such a limp as can be acquired in Government brogans.

* * * * * * * *

Sun up on the prairie, and an hundred Federal soldiers awake to the morning light to find every mule in the train gone, and, stranger still, every one of these Federal warriors had to relieve his nose from the ungrateful presence of a tight-fitting clothes-pin, deftly fitted on. An excited search for the missing animals discovered Yallerhammer, the last of the Pie-Eaters, in a neighboring gulch, his arm clasping a three-gallon spirit jug, his breath gone, and the fatal liquor oozing forth over his manly breast. Yallerhammer was dead; but in his aboriginality he had found a use for clothes-pins.

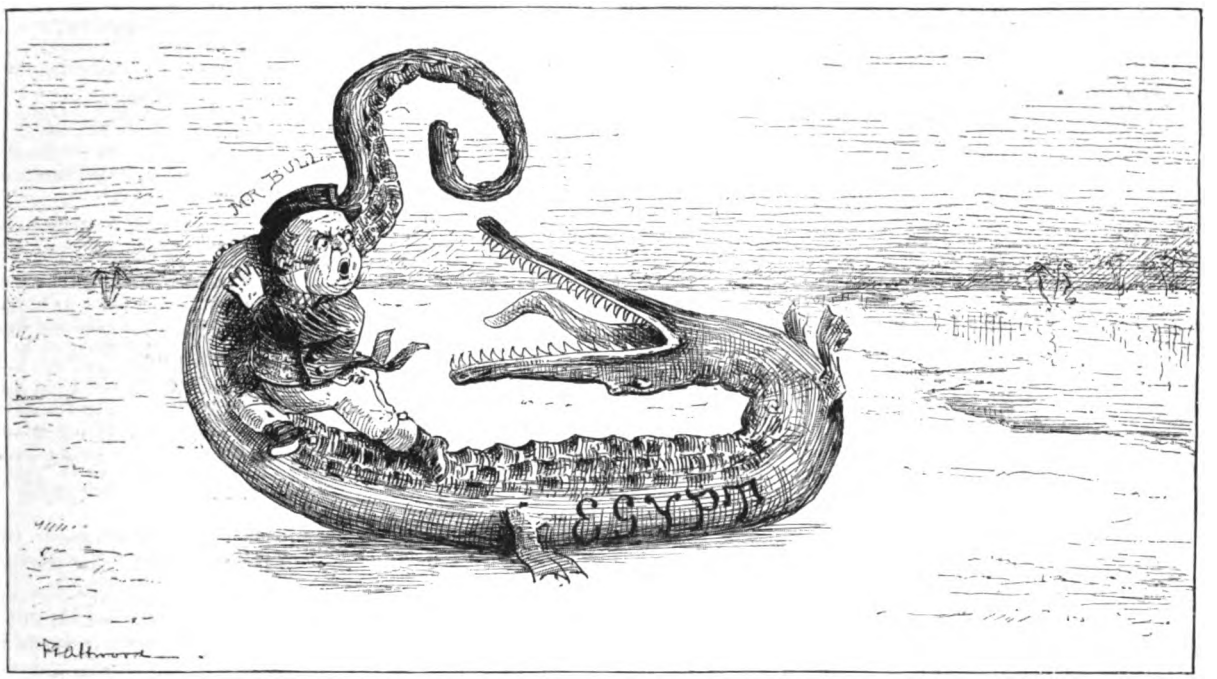
A MATTER OF CORSE.—A *post mortem*.

A BUDDING poet sings: "There is a pleasant void within my heart." To judge from the conclusion, the vacuum has pervaded the rest of his anatomy, and even gone to his head, as they say of strong drink.

A *tour de* fours.—A coaching trip.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—Dr. Birch.

A NEW departure in banking—made by a New Jersey cashier.



AN ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE NILE.

HAS MAN SEVEN SOULS?

IT is only lately, when the light of science has established the postulate of the non-existence of the soul into a fact of consciousness, and the unregenerate children of Adam, long scathed by theological fires and tortured by dim forebodings, are drinking bumpers to the good old deity Pan, that an English pundit revives a Druidical doctrine, and shakes the world to its centre by the startling announcement that man has seven souls. Mr. Gerald Massey is so well known in the poetic world as a scientist, and in scientific circles as a poet, that his Poly-Psychic Hypothesis is the most important contribution to the scientific literature of the day. At one time it was felt, through the influence of the late Mr. Emerson, that man might have, at least, two souls—the soul proper, and the over-soul. Also Goethe made Faust explain, in the terrible inquisition of his conscience:

> "Two souls, alas! reside within this breast,
> And each withdraws from and repels his brother."

But even the Rosicrucians and their ardent apostle, Robert Flood, did not concede as many as three souls to man, or that the soul was divisible into several component parts, each perfect in its kind; and thus, modern science finds itself in the position of Hercules after he had severed a head from the monster in the Lernian marshes, for no sooner has it extinguished the light of one soul than seven other souls spring up in its place!

It would be premature to predict the altitude of Andover and of the evangelical pulpit, upon Mr. Massey's disclosure, and also whether there is enough spiritual food in the gospels of all nations for the seven souls of man. One thing, however, is certain: There will be a "boom" in the ministry, as every convert to the new faith will need a spiritual adviser for each soul. And each may embrace a new tenet, or experience a separate rejuvenescence; as, for example, one soul may be converted to Buddhism, another to Roman Catholicism, another to Episcopacy, and so on, thus harmonizing the contentious forces in the spiritual world and uniting the sons of men into one brotherhood. The millenium is clearly in sight. We owe a great debt to Mr. Gerald Massey, the poet-psychologist and revealer of truth.

H. V. S.

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Old lady (to Cabby): NOW I WANT TO GO TO THE DRESS-MAKER'S; I 'VE LOST THE ADDRESS, BUT IT 'S A SMALL HOUSE JUST BEYOND MADISON SQUARE, DOWN A STREET, ON THE RIGHT, AND THE NUMBER 'S OVER THE DOOR.

Cabby: WELL, WONT YOU PLEASE GIT UP HERE AND DRIVE YOURSELF, SO 'S WE COULD BE SHURE OF NOT MAKIN' ANY MISTAKES?

THE ST. PATRICK CLUB.

A MEETING for perfecting the organization of the St. Patrick Club of this city as a rival of the great Indian Organization of Fourteenth Street was called last night at the residence of Hon. Barney McCue, Goat Cliff, Central Park West. The reception room of Mr. McCue's domicile had been cleaned and the pig temporarily placed in the *salon* adjoining. At eight o'clock precisely Mr. Patrick McHooley drove up in his *Dhumpe* Cart made expressly for him by Booster of Boom Street. Shortly after Mr. Patsy Crinnion, accompanied by Denis O'Toole, Father Heeney of the Harlem Cathedral, Jake Nelligan, Jerry Bragen and his brother Billie, arrived on his stone drag. The meeting was called to order by Mr. O'Hagen who, clearing his throat, said:

"Gintlemin av the matin',
Ave we a quarium prisint?"

"Phwat 's that," whispered Crinnion.

"Faix an' oi dunno. Is it a glass box fur fish yer afther wantin', Misther Shpaker?" asked McCue.

"Be aisy wid ye, Barney. Oi waz simply askin' waz there enough gintlemin prisint to condooct the arder av biznis! The wurrud quarium, oi wud shtate fur the education av the mimbers, is a quatation fram Tirince, the ould Oirish poet (Cheers), an' in New Yark ginrally is disignated boi the figger sivin! The book av organization which oi hould in me hand sez: Sivin mimbers shall constituate a quarium."

"'We are sivin'" quoted Father Heeney.

Alderman Fitzpatrick moved that Father Heeney be fined for using slang. Mr. Fitzpatrick was thrown under the table and unanimously put out of order.

"Numinations for momintary Prisidint ter sit whoil we timporize concernin' oor conshtituency are now in arder," announced Mr. O'Hagen.

"Oi numinate Billie Bra——" Billie's supporter was suppressed.

"Oi prapose Misther McCue," shouted some one, no one could tell who. At all events the voice came from where McCue had been standing.

"Misther McCue is numinated an' oi move the numinations be closed, therefar there is only wan man befare the matin', so—" and here O'Hagen drew himself up to his full height—"so oi declare Misther McCue elicted!"

At this announcement there was a general division of the members, almost one half of them,—and among them the suppressed supporter of Billie—uttering a whurroo, and removing their coats, executed a fandango from one side of the room to the other. The friends of Bragen glared menacingly at the McCueites and danger was snift in the atmosphere.

Mr. McCue blushed as he was wafted to his place at the table, and after a few moments' reflection, during which the members sang "God Save the Green," he said:

"Gintlemin av the Organization av St. Pathrick, Oi am here——"

"Thrue far ye!" yelled Crinnion, a leader of the opposition.

"Oi am here to-night wid a heart runnin' over wid commotion," went on McCue, ignoring. "Yez have elicted me prisident *per diem*, an' oi thank yez far the discrimination. We 've druv the British from the Batthery wan cycle av decades ago!"

"Hurroo!" yelled Bragen.

"The gintlemin will plaze address the chair."

"There ain't wan in the room."

"Yis, gintlemin, the Oirish can thruly say, we druv the British fram the fray shoors av America to the bluddy fields av anarchy, finance, an' denoralization." (Tremendous applause, during which the lights were extinguished and the unnominated Bragen folded his limbs about the waist of the chairman and saluted his lower jaw with spasmodic scintillations of his red right hand. The others were busily engaged in a like manner, and it was not until three quarters of an hour had elapsed, during which a vigorous sofistical argument was indulged in by both sides and Chateau McCue removed from the face of the earth that six policemen and Mrs. President Pro Tem McCue could adjourn the meeting.

The St. Patrick's Club is still unorganized; for, as Mr. Crinnion says: "The gintlemin av moi constituation wint there wid harmony in their troats an' came away wid abrasion an their ois. The McCue gang numinated an' troid to worruk an us a boss av Shanteeville. In the wurruds av the philosopher, we did n't loike the Chair, so we sat an 'im; an' Oi say phwat 's the sinse av havin' a chair that can 't be sat an, by the powers!"

J. K. BANGS.

BOOKISHNESS

THE MUFFIN-GETTERS.

THE hungry and impecunious reader is requested to note the peculiar appropriateness of this title, and he has doubtless been asked from time to time if he regards it as indicating in any way the name of the author, and if so, why! It is hereby respectfully announced that no living soul is aware of the author's identity, except the author himself, and he is n't sure. The manuscript came to the publishers by mail and all the correspondence in reference thereto has been conducted under assumed names. Why this is so no one knows or—cares. The publishers, we are told,

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have received seven hundred and fifty-three letters stating the reasons of as many persons for believing the work to be that of a man or of a woman. In due course these letters will no doubt be given as an appendix to the book. The bare suggestion is enough at this time to fire the public mind with a burning curiosity. It is wise indeed to make *Hay* while the sun shines.

The hero of the tale is Henry Barnum, a perfect gentleman. The scene is laid in Buffland—a side-splitting bit of humor, by the way, only equalled by the frequent allusions to the neighboring city of Clevalo. Indeed, the whole story is illumined by many such delicate touches. In a palatial residence on Algonquin Avenue Henry Barnum, perfect gentleman, lives in solitary magnificence. Maud Batchin, the beautiful young daughter of a Buffland carpenter, calls on Henry and is completely dazzled by his gentlemanly magnificence. Being told by the "speerits" at a *séance* given for her special benefit that the correct thing to do is to declare her passion openly, she goes straight to Henry, lays her head on his shoulder, rolls her eyes, and puts up her mouth for the usual seal, etc. Henry, perfect gentleman that he is, kisses her once for luck and says: "Get thee gone, girrul,—but if you wish to see me later, come in by the back door of the conservatory when no one is around." This was naturally a shock to Maud, but she bore it bravely, albeit she was half consumed with rage at the thought that possibly a yellow-haired rival was the cause. Said rival, by name Agnes Melding, is a perfect jewel of a girl, a perfect lady in short, who lives with her widowed mother, also a perfect lady, next door to Major Barnum, the perfect gentleman. Unknown to Aggie, her heart and Harry's beat as one, and it takes nothing less than the great strike of '77, a street fight in front of Barnum's house, and his gentlemanly rescue of the perfect ladies to suggest to her this fact.

Meanwhile, the carpenter's daughter is wooed by two low, vulgar—oh! so low and vulgar, naughty men, named Leeny and Unit. Maud finds it hard to choose between these two gallants, and we don't wonder. She was angry because Harry (perfect gentleman) had scorned her love, and she was bound to be revenged. Unit, who was hard up, was inspired with the unique thought of breaking into Harry's house, killing Harry (alas! poor gentleman!), avenging his lady and securing the ducats. Skipping into the house one evening *vid* the window he finds Harry piling up greenbacks on his library desk, as is the custom of every rich and well-regulated gentleman of Buffland. He cracks Harry on the skull with a hammer thoughtfully borrowed from Leeny, picks up the money and flees. But—and just regard the butness of this but—at that moment Mrs. Melding (perfect lady) was peering through an opera glass from her chamber window at the terrible scene. A wild rush, a cry of "Henry!" on the still night air from the love-tossed soul of Aggie and both are at his side. He moves! "I love him. I will be his widow, if I was not his wife," whereupon—and note this fine touch, which shows her all-absorbing passion—she goes straight back to her room and falls into a sound and peaceful sleep.

Meantime, Unit, red with gentlemanly gore, asks Maud to be his bride. Maudy hesitates, and contrary to all precedent, is not lost. Unit attempts to fasten his crime on Leeny, and so far succeeds as to secure the arrest of that high-minded youth, who naturally feels grieved at conduct so ungracious. He jumps lightly through a third story window of the jail, catches a drain pipe on an opposite building and safely descends to the street. He finds Unit at Maude's house and immediately twists his neck, but in deference to the sensibilities of Maud covers the face of the departed with a table-cloth. He and Maud then sit side by side on the sofa and indulge in love's young dream. Pa and ma enter, also the police—tableau! Leeny is triumphantly acquitted of the numerous crimes and marries at last the fair Batchin. Barnum recovers, and after hearing Aggie sing a ballad or two, concludes that the best way to stop all that sort of thing is to marry her at once, which brings the tale to a touching close.

We hope soon to see another book from the same author, and we have a set of prize questions ready to propound as soon as the first installment shall appear.

W. S.

YES, OUR STREETS *are* A LITTLE SLIPPERY, AND THE ELEVATED TRAINS *do* MAKE ONE JUMP.

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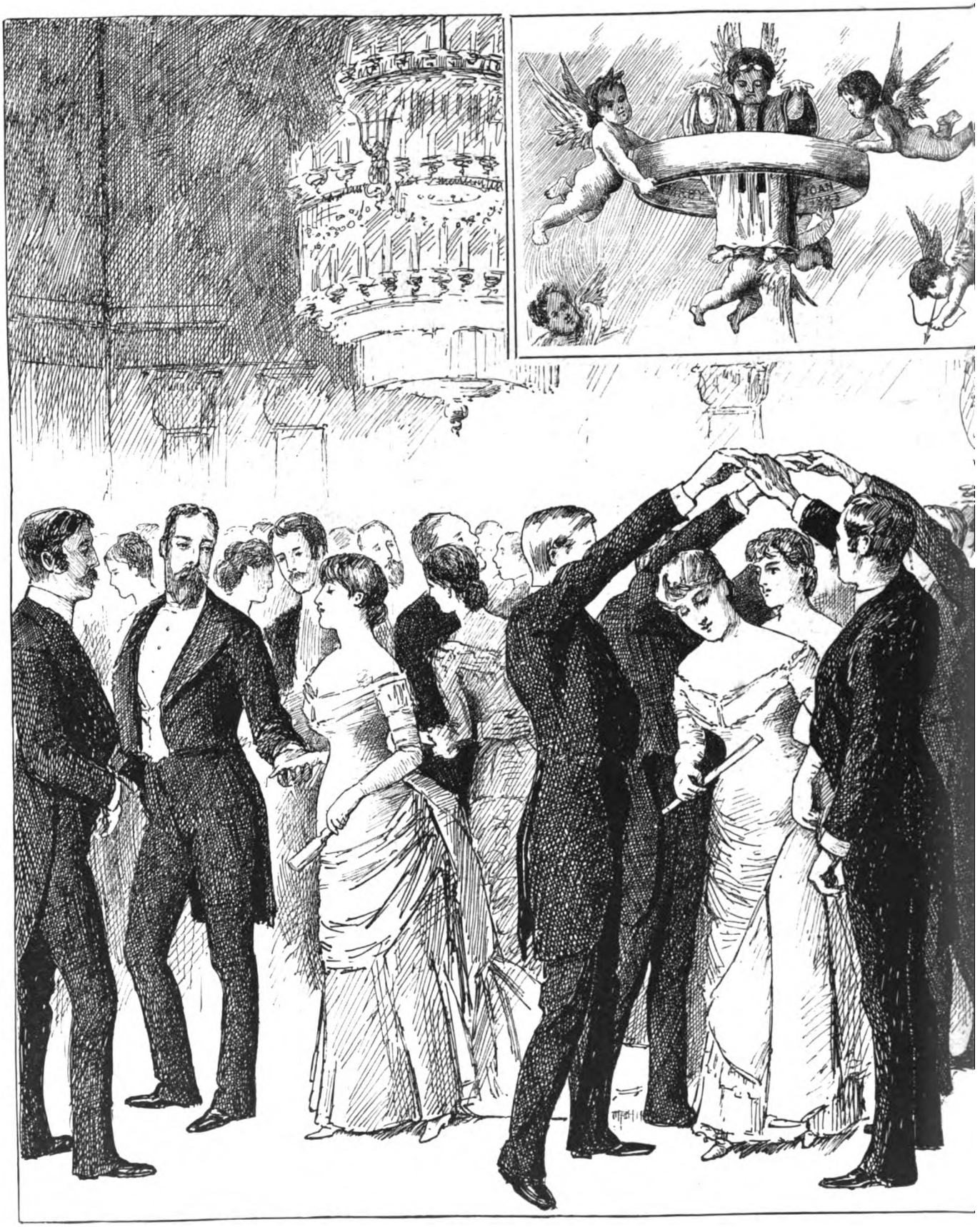

COMING

"Such
Which, fading in a lit
Do bloom again in Pa

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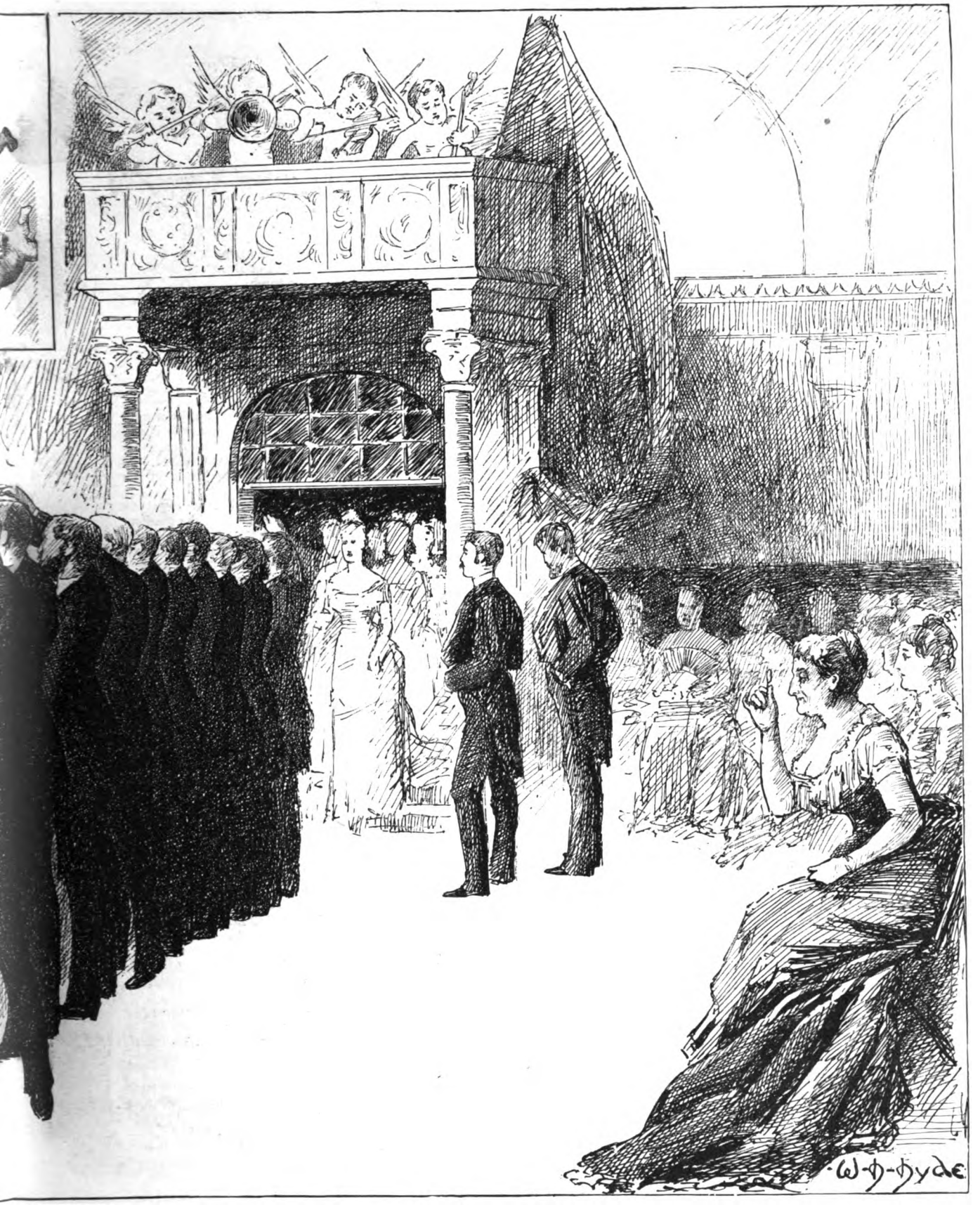

IG OUT.

I ARE THOSE BUDS,
ITTLE FROM OUR GAZE,
ARADISE."

—Semiramis, Act II.

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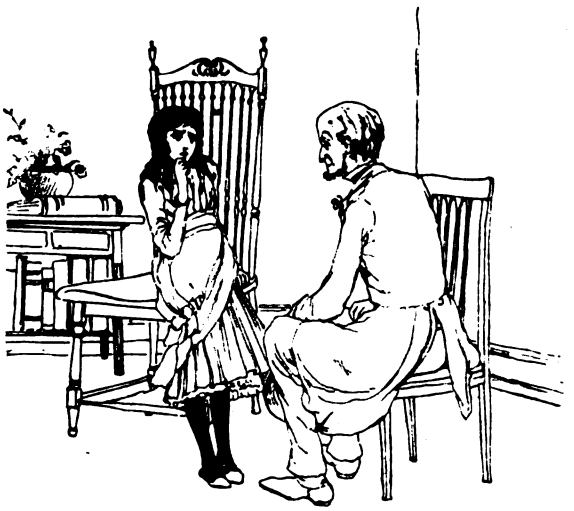

CONSCIENCE.

Unprepossessing old Bachelor: AND WHY DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO GET MARRIED, MISS MABEL?

Miss Mabel (aged Twelve): OH, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU NEEDED SOMEBODY TO TAKE CARE OF YOU AND——O GOODNESS, YOU *did n't* THINK I SAID THAT TO LEAD YOU ON, DID YOU?

NOBODY DID IT.

SAID Garlington, "Lay not to me
This latest murder of the sea
To blast a soldier's fame.
It ought to be quite plain to you
That Captain Pike and thievish crew
Are properly to blame."

To which the Captain straight demurs,
And hotly answers: "Damn it, sirs!
For twenty years and more
I 've hunted seas for tusk and whale,
And never heard of such a tale
In all my life before!"

And likewise, too, the gallant crew
Reproachful spake: "Dear, me! Can you
Be patient with such stuff?
Indeed, the ship was very old,
The ice was thick, the weather cold,
And this was quite enough!"

The Signal Service Chief declares,
As one who knows the force of airs,
"I 'm very sorry, but
I was away, and am content
Upon that orphaned supplement
To keep my vision shut."

The Captain of the Yantic shows
A wish to tread on others' toes;
But plainly, can 't be hid,
His vessel sailed into the dark,
Equipped for hunting up the snark
Or as the Jumblies did.

Then who is left to whom we turn
A face and eye that justly burn
In presence of this shame?
A sergeant who deserted! who,
Of all the expedition, knew
The storage of the ham.

But, all the same, the Proteus lies
Forever sealed from human eyes,
And night of Arctic cold
Still keeps the secret of the snow
We long to hear, yet fear to know
As better left untold.
The gist of this—if gist there be—
Is, not to send a ship to sea,
Upon an Arctic search,
When all the Chiefs are out of town
And leave the thing to Smith or Brown;
Or, rather, in the lurch.

D. B.

POPULAR DISEASES,

AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

1.—PNEUMONIA.

PNEUMONIA is very easily acquired, and need not be sought in the markets—if this now unfashionable promenade is still visited by the fair sex. A select article can be obtained at social entertainments. Wearing one breastpin less than usual and eschewing heavy, unbecoming, granny-like wraps when leaving a crowded, heated assemblage generally suffices.

A $500 seal-skin sack (spelled "sacque" when writing "on space") should be closed to the neck in church and at the theatre. If it is unbuttoned or taken off and resumed on leaving, it fails in its purpose, and the seeker for this popular disease may be deprived of its expensive, consequently stylish, prestiges. Among these is the pleasure of hiring a two-horse doctor, who is quite an ornament to the front of a mansion.

Abrupt changes of temperature are useful. Though our climate liberally provides them, they are advised, as this is not written for any pent-up Utica or Syracuse, but for the universe.

Those few fair ones who divide their attentions between Cicero and the washtub rarely aspire to a fashionable pneumonia, and are apt to call it "ammonia" or "rheumonia." It then becomes quite vulgar.

Some singular people acquire pleuro-pneumonia. Literature of to-day shows that cattle make a similar selection. When the error is discovered too late, the humiliating association can be mitigated by calling it "*plural pneumonia.*"

Sand-paper under-garments are not conducive to pneumonia, consequently are not advised.

Having duly acquired the disease, send for the doctor, thus: Write on dark blue paper, with your coat-of-arms and a blunt pencil, "deer docTer i hav gott a newmonier on my lung cum rite away i wont tak no nasty medersin."

If he does not respond immediately, send for a physician who is better versed in heraldry.

When he arrives, ask him to prescribe for your cat or parrot; he will be delighted.

Broncho-pneumonia is neither a fashionable nor a recommendable disease, and should be relegated to the *bronchos* (horses) of Mexico.

DIFFERENTIAL DIAGNOSIS.—Pneumonia resembles neither delirium tremens nor cholera infantum; but all can be acquired at once.

MEDICO-LEGAL CONSIDERATIONS.—There are no cases recorded in which the disease was embezzled.

HISTORY.—The worst spell occurred in 1882, when the Board of Health received a death-certificate in which it was written, "blewmoonyear."

If there are any good or bad readers who now do not know how to acquire a pneumonia, it will be because of their inability to properly estimate a very popular disease sufficiently to encourage them to read the preceding directions industriously.

Should the next of this series be on Corns or Dyspepsia, it will not be illustrated by steel engravings or chromo-lithographs.

FRED. C. VALENTINE.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

No. XV.—The Sabbatarian.

WHAT is this?
This, dear, is a gentleman who has been trying to observe the Sabbath.

He seems to be very tired?
Very.

And his breath—whew!
That is the odor of sanctity, my precious.

But it smells like very bad whiskey.
So it does.

He has been drinking, then?
So it seems.

But I thought you said he had been trying to observe the Sabbath?
I did.

But how?
According to law.

But how according to law?
Why, by the laws of the State of New York, framed by that broad-minded jurist, Mr. David Dudley Field, there are only two ways of spending the Sabbath.

What are they?
Going to church or getting drunk.

Or both?
Yes.

But why does not the gentleman go to a library and improve his mind?
It is against the law.

Go to the museum?
Against the law.

To the art gallery?
Against the law.

To the theatre?
Against the law.

Stay home?
His home is one cheerless, ill-ventilated room, and he is driven from it by loneliness.

But are not the saloons closed on Sunday by the same wise law?
Oh, yes.

Then, how did the gentleman get in?
By the back door.

But why does he not go to hear the good, pious preacher?
Because it makes him tired.

Then he is a big exception to the rule, is he not?
Oh, yes.

How many other exceptions are there in the city?
About 850,000.

My! but are there so many who do not go to church?
Yes.

And how many would go to the libraries, museums, theatres and art galleries if they were opened?
About 1,000,000.

Then why does not the majority rule?
Because we get such wise and good gentlemen as Mr. Field to frame our laws, and send chuckleheads to Albany to endorse them.

But the poor people who work hard all the week?
Well?

They do not want to go to church all Sunday?
Scarcely.

What can they do?
Get drunk.

But for recreation?
The law forbids recreation to the poor.

Why?
Ask Mr. Field and the Sunday Closing League.

But is this not a free country?
Oh, no.

But, I thought it was?
You were wrong.

What is it, then?
An absolute monarchy.

By whom governed?
On week days by Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. John Kelly.

And on Sundays?
By the saloon keepers and parsons.

But is there no supreme authority over all these!
Oh, yes.

Who?
The devil.

HAND AND GLOVE.

GREAT SWELL (at an evening party): "You have dropped your glove, Miss."

Sentimental Spinster: "Thanks." (Sudden thought): "Can he mean anything?"

STANLEY has discovered a river in Central Africa called *Kissmelonga*. It cannot be very far from Lake *Nyum-nyum*.

A MEDICAL journal says, "Much of the distress and sickness attributed to dyspepsia is occasioned by humor in the stomach." This is believed to be an awful grind on the paragraphers who have said funny things about the doctors.

A CORRESPONDENT asks if John Swinton has n't a middle name. Certainly. It is I.

THE Japanese have taken to using patent medicines. The Japanese must go.

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A TREAT.

HEY, MARIAR! LOOK; I JUST HAD IT PUT IN MY BASKET. I DUNNO WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S EITHER A SQUAIL ON TOAST OR A CHARLOTTE ROOSTER!

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

ABOU BEN BUTLER (who has just been fired)
Awoke one night, almighty cross and tired.
He saw within the moonlight in his room,
The Spirit of a Presidential Boom,
Who wrote on parchment tanned from human skin.
Exceeding "cheek" caused Butler to begin,
And to the Presence in the room he said—
"What writest thou?"—The spectre raised its head,
And answered with a gesture most uncouth—
"The names of demagogues who love the Truth."
"Is mine left out?" said Butler. "I should smile,"
Replied the Spirit,—Butler thought awhile,
And then he said, "Please put it in your note,
I only lie to gain the colored vote."

The Spirit wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again, with evident delight,
And showed the names of politicians, dead,
And lo! Ben Butler's name was at the head!

LEIGH HUNT (adapted.)

"HERE," said Noggins, as he threw down a paper in which he had been reading an article entitled "Night Watch With a Dead Infant," "I'd rather have a gold watch with a live infant!"

How can a man go round a square?

"TAFFY" a fool and he will stick to you.

THREE AMERICAN ACTORS.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH as Macbeth, Mr. John T. Raymond as the witty Western hero of "In Paradise," and Mr. John Gilbert as Jesse Rural in "Old Heads and Young Hearts"—that was, last week, the programme of the theatres. You pay your money and you take your choice. It would be somewhat difficult to present a greater variety of entertainment than that found in such a programme. I have spoken already with frankness of Mr. Edwin Booth's performances at the Star Theatre. LIFE and its contributors are nothing if not frank. I pray, therefore, that Mr. Booth will look upon me as a sympathetic and well-meaning adviser—if the word is not too strong—and not as a cynical and obnoxious fault-finder. The observer of actors may say, at intervals, a few things which have value for the actors. Mr. Booth, it has been suggested, is in the decadence of his power. On the contrary, Mr. Booth is in the maturity of his power. His fault is not weakness; it is indifference. Mr. Booth would rather walk along Broadway and air himself in our genial Winter sun than act at the Star Theatre. Acting seems to be an irksome business to him. Yet the business is one which, now more than ever before, he understands. If he should put his whole mind to it, the result would be, it is certain, impressive and imposing. Mr. Booth as Macbeth is a fine and thoughtful actor. He dresses the character in brown tunic, white tights, and auburn hair. His eyes glow out of a dark and intellectual face. His Macbeth is vacillating and weak; his Lady Macbeth is the head of the household. Miss Ida Vernon, however, might be engaged more profitably than in the acting of a character like Lady Macbeth. Mrs. D. P. Bowers gave a striking performance of that part a few years ago, at Booth's Theatre, to Mr. Booth's Macbeth. There are few Lady Macbeths on the theatrical bush. Mr. Booth lacks, quite materially, the breadth of force and passion, as well as the heroic and martial physique of Macbeth. He presents in a genuine and imposing way the superstitious side of the character. Salvini, who looked Macbeth to the life and who gave the part with great bursts of feeling, was a much too material, obvious Macbeth. His acquaintance with ghosts and hobgoblins was too concrete and theatrical. If Mr. Booth could show the material side of Macbeth, as he shows the strange and spiritual side of him, his performance would be more remarkable and complete than it is.

* * *

IT is said that the late Mr. Sothern, who was a charming actor and humorist, looked upon Mr. Raymond as the best of comedians. But it is barely possible that Mr. Sothern did not harbor such an opinion. Mr. Raymond is a funny man, who applies a little knowledge and talent to a great deal of ground. His boots, as it were, are almost too big for him. Yet it is thus that he manages to skip along with uncommon liveliness. Mr. Raymond fitted himself to a character once upon a time, and he has continued since to fit that character to every other character.

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A bright, intelligent, comical person—that is Mr. Raymond; though Sellers is Fresh, and Fresh is Sellers, while Mr. Raymond at all times is Sellers or Fresh. But we are amused by this actor, even though we are bored by his plays—and we are usually bored by his plays.

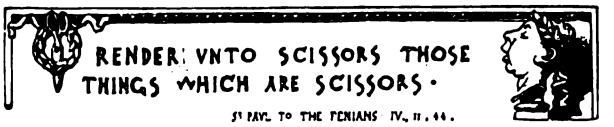
* * *

MR. JOHN GILBERT is one of the most sympathetic and masterly of actors in the dear old character of Jesse Rural. Boucicault was a fortunate man when he wrote "Old Heads and Young Hearts," a charming play—the truest and purest play, perhaps, that he has brought to light. Moreover, "Old Heads and Young Hearts" is a tolerably original work. This fact should not be forgotten. Mr. Boucicault is a terrible sinner in authorship—a bold and successful plagiarist. At any rate, it is something for him to say that his plagiarism has not been unsuccessful. The most delightful qualities of Mr. Gilbert's mellow and earnest acting are found in his Jesse Rural. The character, as he exhibits it, is a beautiful presentation of ingenuous old age—tender, deep-hearted, and marked by simplicity and humor.

* * *

MRS. LANGTRY has come back. She has reappeared in a play called "Peril," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. The play has an ominous title—for Mrs. Langtry. Mr. Coghlan is acting with her. It seems that Mr. Coghlan has had a falling-out with the æsthetic Mr. Stetson. Mr. Coghlan will soon join the company of the Union Square Theatre, and will have a part in Bartley Campbell's new comedy or tragedy, "A False Step."

G. E. M.



MMME. SARAH BERNHARDT did not live in America a year for nothing. After having mastered "Yankee Doodle" she is now practicing "Whale Colombier!"—*N. Y. Truth.*

THE poet who wrote "Man Wants but Little Here Below" should try again. Man wants all he can get.—*Oil City Blizzard.*

"I 'M all wool and a yard wide!" shouted a cowboy, as he gave his sombrero an extra side hitch and looked around for a foe. "That may be," replied an undaunted female; "but you won't wash."—*Phila. Call.*

A GENTLEMAN was giving a little Keokuk baby boy some peanuts the other day. The good mother said: "Now, what are you going to say to the gentleman?" With childish simplicity the little fellow looked up in the gentleman's face and replied: "More!"—*Detroit Times.*

"I HEAR you is bin mighty sick, Brother Borum. You is looking like you might a had a spell of malicious fever." "No, Sister Tempy, I nebber had de fever, but wusser den dat; I'se been mighty nigh the kingdom of deff, wid de delicious tremenjous. I'se had one good tussel wid de Debil, and he like dto got dis Nigger."—*The Judge.*

"LOOK here," said a roadmaster to an Irishman, "why do n't you put on a clean shirt?" "Because Oi have n't wan in me chist." "Well, why have n't you one in your chest?" "Because Oi have n't a chist. Git me a chist, your honor, an' Oi 'll hunt around fur a clean shirt to put in it."

"Now, Mr. Lawyer," said the dying man, "I want you to fix it in my will so that my son Joe won't get a cent. He is a worthless fellow, and will spend his money in a week." "Oh, that 's all right," said the lawyer, politely; "I 'll take care of it. I 'll see that he does n't get anything." And he did n't. Neither did anybody else.

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LEAP YEAR PROPOSALS.

LIFE is the best humorous paper published.—*New Bedford Standard.*

LIFE, of New York, comes to us in particularly handsome holiday attire. It is at all times the most refreshingly clever of the visitors to our table.—*Pittsburg Vanity Fair.*

LIFE—Its style is fresh and breezy, and its humor most delightful. Its cartoons are inimitable—conceived and drawn, evidently, by a master hand.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

LIFE is all and even more than the name expresses. It is all life; its pages fairly bristle with it. No new publication has ever touched the public pulse so pleasantly.—*Evening Leader, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

LIFE, of New York, the quintescence of delicate satire—the paper that above all others, seems to catch the spirit of the times to reproduce it on every page, is one of our most welcome visitors.—*Gilhooley's Etchings.*

THERE is not published in this country a cleaner, more wholesome, or more interesting humorous journal than LIFE, of New York. Its pictures are comical, yet do not descend to caricature. Its letter-press is original and witty. By all means, if you wish to laugh, take LIFE.—*Danbury Item.*

THAT brilliant comic weekly, LIFE, bubbles this week with fun and wit. Some of its illustrations are unusually humorous, notably the one on the title page entitled "Mural Painting." It is a capital hit at Cesnola, the high art antiquarian, with a sly little dig at the president.—*Rochester Herald.*

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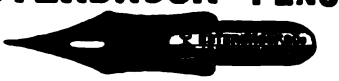

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"A GENTLEMAN," says a scientific exchange, "was greatly interested at one time in watching the burial of some ants." Wonder if they were his own—the heartless wretch.—*Burlington Free Press.*

THE Chinese Government contemplates issuing a note similar to a United States greenback; but in order that it shall be distinctively Chinese in appearance, we learn that the responsible position of Treasurer has been offered to General Spinner.—*Phila. Call.*

LIFE.—There is no humorous publication in the country which is more welcome to our exchange table than "Life." It possesses the very highest grade of literary and artistic merit and what is very much to the point never publishes a joke that is not full of fun. Would that all other funny papers followed the same rule.—*Detroit, Mich., Chaff.*

FOR modest merit, true wit and exuberant humor, give us LIFE, published by LIFE Company, 1155 Broadway, New York. London *Punch* is dull in comparison. With its usual enterprise the *Herald* recently had one of its good things cabled from London and published it ten days after LIFE had originally printed it. Read it every week.—*Richmond Whig.*

THE CHRISTMAS number of *Life*, which occupies a special field of its own among our would-be comic journals, is an evidence that clean, light reading on the topics of the times is appreciated, particularly when it is accompanied by clever drawings, and that the establishment of a journal which depends upon them for success is not quite so hopeless an undertaking as it seemed a few years ago. *Life* has justified its name by living, for with the next issue after the Christmas number it will have completed its second volume and the first year of its bright and cheery existence—*Mail and Express.*

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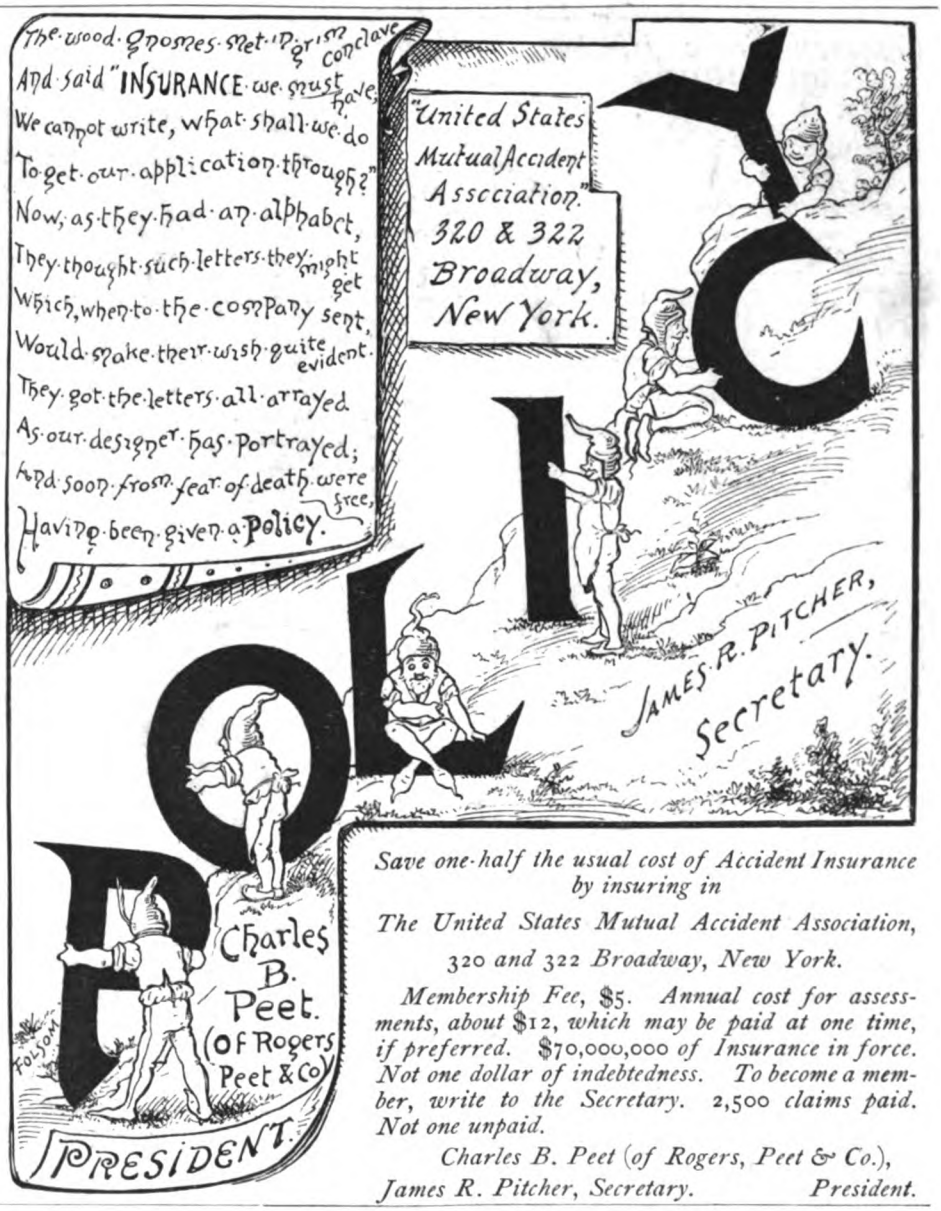

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1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

"I SEE it stated that Adam Forepaugh, the showman, has secured the white elephant. I wish it to be announced that so far as I am concerned this is untrue."—*Carlisle.*

* * *

"MR. Matthew Arnold has incurred the displeasure of all Boston by his criticism on Mr. Emerson," says the *Courier-Journal.* Now, who can be a sceptic in the face of this awful retribution?

* * *

WE congratulate our brethren of the pulpit that it will be yet some time before our several tom-toms are silenced. Public opinion we fear, is against us, but the law is in our favor, and we will continue to peal, toll, chime, boom and ring, for no purpose whatsoever except to make ourselves general nuisances, until the crack of doom.

* * *

VOLUME III of the 37 volumes which will be necessary to complete its report of the census of 1880, has just been issued by the Census Bureau. This is rapid work. It shows how thoroughly the department is organized. Why not entrust the collection of the Bartholdi Fund to it? As it is, it is improbable that even our great grandchildren will see Liberty upon her pedestal.

* * *

OUR esteemed heathen contemporary, the *Japan Mail*, commenting upon the fact that reels were used by the Chinese fishermen in the eleventh century, says: "What is there that Chinese civilization did not possess?" Lots of things. Chinese civilization had no Sunday Law which shut out the poor from innocent amusements and drove them to drink. It had no Metropolitan Museum of modern antiquities with a glue factory and marble yard attached. It possessed neither a BEN BUTLER, nor a TOM OCHILTREE, nor a TALMAGE, or a network of telegraph wires, or a corps of ticket speculators in the employ of a theatre. Chinese civilization may have been a very grand thing, but there are a couple of wrinkles of which it knew nothing.

IT appears to us somewhat singular that the "Rev." Father FLORENCE MCCARTHY, "Pastor" of the Church of St. Cecilia, Brooklyn, should be allowed to resume his clerical duties after having been convicted of criminal assault upon one of his parishioners. Had the offender been a layman, he would have been sent to State's prison for a term of years. As it was, the intelligent jury, no doubt awed by his reverence's robes and spiritual dignity, contented themselves with finding the charge proven, and with the award to the plaintiff of six cents damages. It is now clear that the best cloak for crime in Brooklyn is a cassock. Of course it cannot be expected that the Bishop of McCarthy's diocese will take action in the premises. But if the Holy Mother Church winks at the gayeties of her clergy, juries at least should treat them with the same rigor as they would those of laymen.

* * *

"I CAN confirm the rumor that Mr. Dana has written a tragedy. I made the greatest hit of my life in it."—HOLMAN.

* * *

THE London correspondents inform us that some time ago Mr. GLADSTONE delivered "a speech in favor of peace at a banquet." WILLIAM is right. Nowhere is peace of more importance than at a banquet. Fighting or disorder of any kind at the table is decidedly disastrous to good digestion. His remarks were undoubtedly sensible and perhaps even necessary if the French Minister and the Chinese Ambassador happened to be sitting opposite one another.

* * *

HIS Honor, the Mayor, is in favor of abolishing the Free College of the City of New York, the Normal School and the Nautical School, and of devoting the $1,621,823 which these three institutions cost annually, to the "liberal extension and support of our primary and grammar schools, which are a consistent and vital part of our institutions." Without expressing a doubt of his Honor's perfect sanity and zeal in the public cause, we would suggest that retrenchment be first made in the thousand and one other departments and sub-departments of the municipality, a tithe of whose waste would give a collegiate education to every youth in the State and have a surplus over.

* * *

AS the church choir cornet is no longer a novelty it has lost its virtue as an advertisement, and it is rumored that Mr. TALMAGE is seeking for a new attraction. In order to make his Brooklyn tabernacle draw full houses, the hymns should be rendered with a banjo quartette accompaniment. During the offertory, some Tyrolean jödelers, or a company of Swiss bell-ringers might perform in a manner befitting the sacred solemnity of the service.

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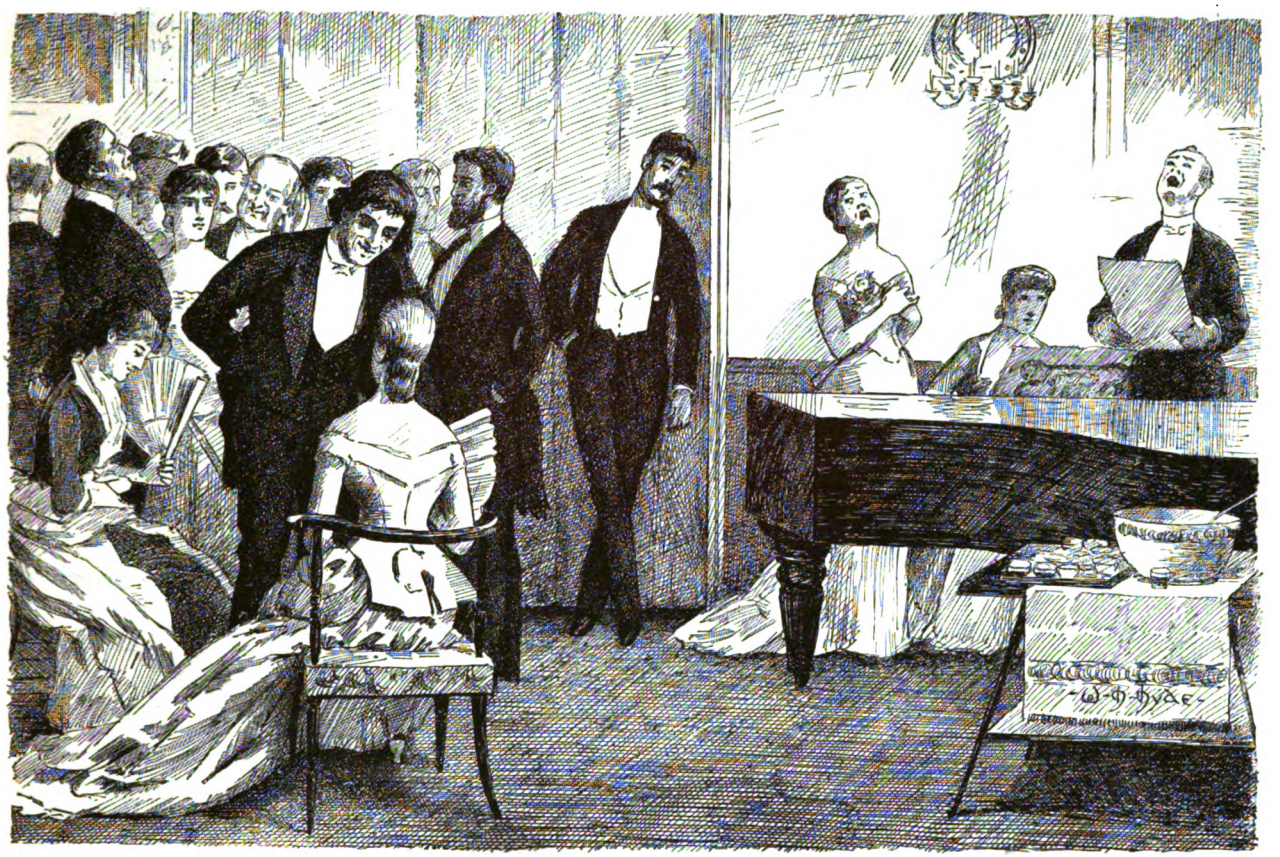

MUSICAL.

Miss Blanche: THEY SAY THAT IS RUBINSTEIN'S "ANGEL" THAT THOSE PEOPLE ARE SINGING; BUT I DO NOT RECOGNIZE IT. WHAT KEY ARE THEY SINGING IT IN?

Prof. Krashbangski (the famous pianist): TWO FLATS, I SHOULD SAY.

MY KING.

A ROMANCE OF THE XIXTH CENTURY.

WHEN and where shall I earliest find him!
Whether 't is best to be gay or shy,
Or if my face may perchance remind him
Of some one he loved in days gone by?
If he 'll wear plumpers to make his cheeks fatter,
Or a smile round his toothless mouth will play?
To me such trifles can scarcely matter,
If he 'll ask me to name the wedding-day.

I shall not dream of him tall or stately,
Provided he is n't too well and strong;
He may crawl to the altar, or walk sedately,
If only his stay in this world is n't long.
What care I though his bald head be shining?
Each hope towards that beacon its flight shall wing—
Many years for an old man my heart has been pining,
And gladly I 'll welcome my King, my King!

But he must be rich, or I 'll never take him,
And old, and decrepit, the man that I love;
And every means shall be used to make him
Leave me his money, when he goes above.
I do n't think I 'll smother him while he is sleeping—
Since Othello, that 's rather a hackneyed thing;
But though the stars fall or the angels are weeping,
I 'll doctor his coffee—my King, my King!

M. H. G.

SMITH met Jones on the deck of an ocean steamer one calm morning after several days of very rough weather: "Why, I declare, Jones," said Smith, "you look years older than when I last saw you!"

"No wonder," answered Jones. "I have had several berth days lately."

A WESTERNER saw a placard bearing the words "Hamlet" in a book store. He went in and said he would like to hire some.

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FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE VII.—*Sprains.*

1. TWIST the joint vigorously, for it is a long lame which has no turning.

2. If the patient be an old man rub the joint for fifteen minutes, 75th meridian time, with a curry comb, or anything uneven enough to keep a healthy glow in the epidermal cells and to prevent the interstices of the vascular bundles from losing the efficacy of their functions.

3. If the patient be a young man rubbing is of no use, for youth is stronger than friction. In this case get the most expensive flannel tennis-shirt you can find, cut a piece out of it and bind it round the joint. Now wet the flannel and you will soon have a bandage tighter than any elastic band yet invented.

4. If an elbow is so badly sprained that it cannot be "crooked," administer stimulants to the patient in amounts corresponding to his habits.

5. For a sprained head a lump of ice and a temperance tract are sufficient.

6. If the patient have a sprained ankle take him to see Irving. He can then learn how, if worse comes to worse, a man can walk without using the joints of his legs.

7. If you want practice, go to any college foot-ball match. Be sure and take several assistants with you, however, as there will be more patients than any one man can attend to.

IN Mr. William Edwards the Hoffman House has an *objet d'art*. He is a bar-relief, as it were.

LOADS and loads.—Cartridges.

ALWAYS on the wrong tack.—The bare-foot man.

A MAN who may smile and smile and be a-fillin'.—A dentist.

THE auctioneer's friend.—The mor(e)bid man.

AN IDYL OF BEACON HILL.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING carefully upon the sacred scene, a shrewd observer might have detected that it was Boston.

The iron tongue of the solemn clock in a neighboring belfry told the hour with that deliberation peculiar to Beacon Street.

The number of its strokes, together with the algid darkness which had prevailed for many hours, suggested to Clarendon Cragie St. Faneuil that possibly an idea might lie behind the facts.

With that rapidity of cerebration acquired only in Cambridge, he added the facts together. They were these :

1. It was very dark.
2. The clock had struck twelve.
3. The last Harvard Square car had jingled out of sight.

From these complex premises he soon drew the following conclusions :

1. That it was midnight.
2. That it was time to go home.

Having worked himself into a pleasant glow by this mental exercise, Clarendon Cragie St. Faneuil walked stealthily up the hill with that ambling glide which is so characteristic of Bostonians after a hard freeze, and reaching the haughty portal of his grandfather, who was born in Salem and was otherwise enormously great, he let himself softly in with the latch-key.

An hour later, all was still.

CHAPTER II.

SOPHRONIA Somerset was from Salem.

So was her father.

And her grandfather.

Likewise her mother and step-uncle and first cousin and all their ancestors and relatives.

Need more be said ?

CHAPTER III.

"I LOVE you."

When Clarendon C. St. Faneuil had spoken these memorable words, with true Massachusetts politeness he paused for a reply.

Sophronia blushed.

It is a local custom when such occasions arise.

Clarendon was startled, although he half expected it. Still he was undaunted, and with that spirit which he had so proudly inherited, made a snap at the ear which happened to be nearest him.

Half an hour later they were engaged.

CHAPTER IV.

A MONTH flew by. Outside of Boston this would not have been remarkable ; but Time is leisurely on Athenian soil.

Time knows on which side his bread is buttered.

He respects Boston.

CHAPTER V.

A CLOUD gathered on the horizon.

It had reached the ears of Sophronia's parents that Clarendon had once committed the impropriety of walking on the wrong side of Commonwealth Avenue.

Simultaneously it was malignantly whispered in the St. Faneuil clique that Sophronia pronounced "bird" as if it were spelled "bur-yeed," instead of "berd."

Likewise "first," "fir-yeest," instead of "ferst."

These were terrible rumors.

Witnesses confirmed them.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH that liberal spirit which had descended to him from Cotton Mather, Sophronia's father expressed his willingness to spare Clarendon's life, provided he should renounce her.

On their part, Clarendon's grand-parents and first cousins magnanimously consented to still recognize Sophronia as a member of society at large, if she would at once break the engagement.

For six weeks Sophronia refused all nourishment, even Emerson.

For an equal length of time Clarendon was delirious —once being so far demented as to bow to a man of

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NO FLIES ON US.

SOY, young fella, are y' wid us?
It 's our Ball next Toosdie night;
We 're de Chimmy Toomey Rangers,
An' our mimbers is all white.

Naw, we won't have no hand-shakers,
Nor no daisies what ain't straight;
Mine 's a chinner down in Ridley's—
She 's a hummin'-bird, is Kate.

We ain't much as doods, us snoozers,
But y' betcher coldest chink
Dat no flies do n't die on us, much—
I should almost blush to blink.

Well, young fella, are y' wid us?
O, yer super! *dat 's* all right;
As I said, no crooks ain't comin'
To our Ball on Toosdie night.

WM. J. DUGGETT.

THE *Current*, a weekly journal, edited by Edgar L. Wakeman and published in Chicago, has appeared in the field. With a corps of notable writers and a large bank account it intends to enliven the West with sharp criticism and pungent views of men and events, and is entitled to good wishes for its success.

MUSHROOM—where the oatmeal is kept.

---

whose maternal ancestry he had not the slightest knowledge.

But time is kind, especially to Bostonians.

They recovered.

CHAPTER VII.

TWO years elapsed, and Clarendon's haughty father was gathered to that quiet, solemn Salem acre, where all the St. Faneuils slept.

By steady devotion to the business of marrying in wealthy but phthisical families, he had accumulated a colossal property.

He left it all to Clarendon.

At this time, Sophronia's parents began to relent.

They forgot the past, and invited Clarendon to come to their pew on Sundays.

This, as can be readily seen, was the utmost concession which could be expected from a family originally from Salem. And so he accepted, and went.

Sophronia was there.

The Rev. Mr. Friem preached upon Eternal punishment.

Clarendon thought of his departed parent, and, being secretly pleased, slightly pressed Sophronia's hand.

Then they both smiled, and were happy.

THE END. C.

De nihilo, nihil fit—The Nihilist is fit for nothing.

"THE largest circulation of any paper in the country"—curl-paper.

IT is in evidence that Adam was the original self-made man.

IT ill becomes those of us who take a LIFE every week to rant about the prevalence of manslaughter in the West.

THE MYSTERY OF BERTIE MANGOOSE.

BERTIE MANGOOSE was a leading spirit in the most exclusive circle of the Water-and-Milk Club, and his trousers were at once the envy and despair of his friends. One could not look upon these garments without being unconsciously ennobled and elevated, for in the beautiful statuesqueness of their fit and style they far excelled any other similar raiment known to civilization since the time of Monsigneur d'Artoris, whom Mercier alleges was lifted by four stalwart footmen and slid into his trousers from above, that they might appear upon his graceful limbs, devoid of the slightest vestige of a wrinkle.

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But Bertie's garments, his friends concluded, were not assumed in this manner, as it seemed impossible, judging from the overwhelming perfection and gradual tapering of the fit from hip to ankle, that his feet had ever been put through them ; and, though these friends bought the same material and spurred their tailors to the utmost, Bertie soared high above them all and their young lives were tinged with the wormwood and gall of bitter envy and hopeless despair. Their hats were as glossy as his, their collars were as high and shone with as brilliant lustre, their coats were as faultless, their shoes were as perfect, their walking-sticks were as wonderful masterpieces of design and workmanship ; but, in the matter of trousers, they were fearfully deficient.

Percy Golddust's despair was so terrible that he was rapidly going into a decline, and it was said that his mama had gone on her knees to Bertie to obtain the secret of his trousers as the only means of saving her son's life. Gerald Sophthed was losing his reason, Osmond Sugarpill had fallen a victim to insomnia, and yet Bertie remained immovable, and kept the secret locked in his bosom.

But there was a mystery about Bertie Mangoose that the Water-and-Milk Club had never been able to fathom. Bertie was never at the club two evenings in succession, but disappeared unaccountably every alternate night, and as regularly re-appeared again after dinner the following evening, arrayed in a new pair of trousers as perfect as the ones that had gone before, for Bertie had far too much self-respect even to wear the same pair twice. These mysterious disappearances became a matter of great anxiety to the Water-and-Milk Club ; and, but for the fact that his father always wore yellow gaiters and an eye-glass, and his mother's name was in the Elite Directory, it is possible that Bertie's position might have suffered among his associates. As it was, the club at last became so much agitated over the matter that Bertie's three particular friends decided to engage a detective to solve the problem—not without a hope that the discovery might result in a solution also of the secret of his trousers.

The evening that this decision was arrived at Bertie was away, and a man of small stature, with a piercing black eye and a fierce moustache, was admitted into the club parlor. It is unnecessary to say that with one swift, sweeping glance he took in every feature of the entire room, for he was a detective. It was detective Pinkeye. He inspected Bertie's billiard-cue, and asked to be shown his favorite brand of cigars. A box of the specially imported Havanas, each one wrapped in tin foil, that Bertie smoked was exhibited to him. He unwrapped one, looked at it carefully, put it in his mouth and lighted it. Then he asked for a paper, wrapped up the box in it and put it under his arm.

"Sh'h !" said Detective Pinkeye, mysteriously. "I have a clue." And he departed.

"Wagah a hundwed, me boy," said Gerald Sophthed, "that fellah finds out 'bout Beytie. Did you notice his eye ?"

"Yes," said Lucy Golddust. "Devylishly bwight fellah ; but whatevah was mattah with his collah ?"

"And his hawt had n't been bwushed faw a whole day," rejoined Gerald.

The next evening Bertie was at the club as usual, and he drank so recklessly of ginger ale and lost so largely at dominoes that, when he arose from the gaming-table, where he had played until almost eleven o'clock, his friends admired him more than ever.

As was expected, Bertie was again absent the night afterward. Osmond Sugarpill and Percy Golddust were playing a game of billiards at the club, and a lackey was just chalking the latter's cue after a brilliant run of three, when they were suddenly aware of a stranger in the billiard-room, who wore evening dress and carried a crush hat. Osmond was aghast, but Percy suddenly cried :

"Why, dear me, if it ain't Detective Pinkeye disguised as a gentleman !"

It *was* Detective Pinkeye.

"S'h'h ?" he said to Percy, in warning tones. "Come with me."

"Bwing my tawp-coat !" cried Percy to a servant.

A moment later he was in a cab with the detective, and they were rattling down Broadway at a furious pace. The cab turned into Great Jones Street and stopped at a corner where the name of the thoroughfare was not on the lamp-post.

"Wheyah aw we going?" cried Percy, in some trepidation.

"S'h'h'h !" whispered the detective. "Follow me without a word, or all is lost."

Percy followed Detective Pinkeye around the corner and into the hallway of a rumbling old frame building. A dim light was burning in the hall, and Percy, looking at his watch, saw that it was nine o'clock ; and just then the detective turned off the gas and they were left in complete darkness.

"S'h'h'h !" whispered the detective. "Put your peeper up to this hole I have bored in the wall, and do n't lisp a syllable whatever occurs."

LOOK-A-HERE, BOSS, IF YER WANT A GOOD SHINE YER 'VE GOT TER KEEP MY BLACKIN' WET—OR I WONT TAKE THE JOB.

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MY ADORED.

SHE was such a lovely maiden,
Ne'er was fairer born;
By her glances Cupid-laden
Were my heart-strings torn.

How I longed to make her love me,
Longed to call her mine;
But I feared she was above me,
She seemed so divine.

Now, alas! my hopes are broken—
I could bear reproof—
But those accents lowly spoken
"O! Come off the roof."

J. J. J.

Carte de visite.—A village cart.

Mirabile dictu.—"The d—l you say!"

Arrectis Auribus.—Getting up on his ear.

"A WOMAN wants a rough wash" appears in the column of "situations wanted" in the Philadelphia *Ledger*. So does Denis Kearney and so does Herr Most. The roughest kind; nothing short of a sandstone scour would make any impression.

Two fond young Pennsylvanians went down to the Luray caverns in Virginia and were married in the cave. Sensible young ducks, to begin their married life by creeping into a hole in the ground. About the time they have kept house one year, and the bills begin to come in, they will want to go back into their bridal cave and pull the whole thing in after them, cave, bridle and all.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL SURGERY.

1st Guardian of the Park: AND PHWHAT ARE YEZ DOIN' WID THE MAN WID DE BROKEN HID?

2nd Guardian of the Peace: WHIST NOW, BE AISEY. I TUMPED HIM A BIT TOO HARD AND HIS HID HAS PARTED, BUT I 'LL HAVE HIM FIXED YONDER.

1st Guardian of the Park: AND IT 'S A SMART BOY YE ARE. IF THEY CAN 'T FIX *that* HID, THEY 'LL GIVE HIM ANOTHER.

Percy glued his eye to this hole in the partition and found himself looking into what seemed to be a tailor shop, for there was a man cutting some very handsome cloth that fairly made Percy's mouth water it was such a beautiful trowsers pattern. There was a sewing machine in the room and a peculiar table about six feet in length that ran upon cogs in an iron groove, and was propelled by a band from a wheel on the sewing machine. Percy had not gazed long through this hole, when to his unutterable amazement, his friend Bertie Mangoose appeared from a back room, primevally attired. He was smoking a cigarette with an air of great unconcern, and to the still further surprise of his friend, he climbed upon the peculiar table and lay down. The tailor brought the cloth he had been cutting, arranged it about Bertie's limbs, and then strapped him to the table.

"He 's going to kill him!" cried Percy, a terrible thought that Bertie had engaged the man to assist him to commit suicide, forcing itself upon him.

"S's'h'h'h!" whispered Detective Pinkeye. "Not another word!"

Percy turned from the peep-hole with horror, but the sound of the machine in operation induced him to look through again. The tailor was working the machine, and the peculiar table was running along beside it, with Bertie lying prone upon it and the smoke rising in a little cloud from the cigarette he was serenely puffing.

The truth flashed upon Percy so suddenly that he almost staggered. Bertie's secret was out, and the club ordered a special tailor to fit them—the result being what we see every day.

F. M. W.

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A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO

IN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT
HOW WE SHIVER WITH AFFRIGHT
AT THE MELANCHOLY MENACE OF THEIR TONE.

AND THE PEOPLE—AH, THE PEOPLE!—
THEY THAT DWELL UP IN THE STEEPLE
ALL ALONE:

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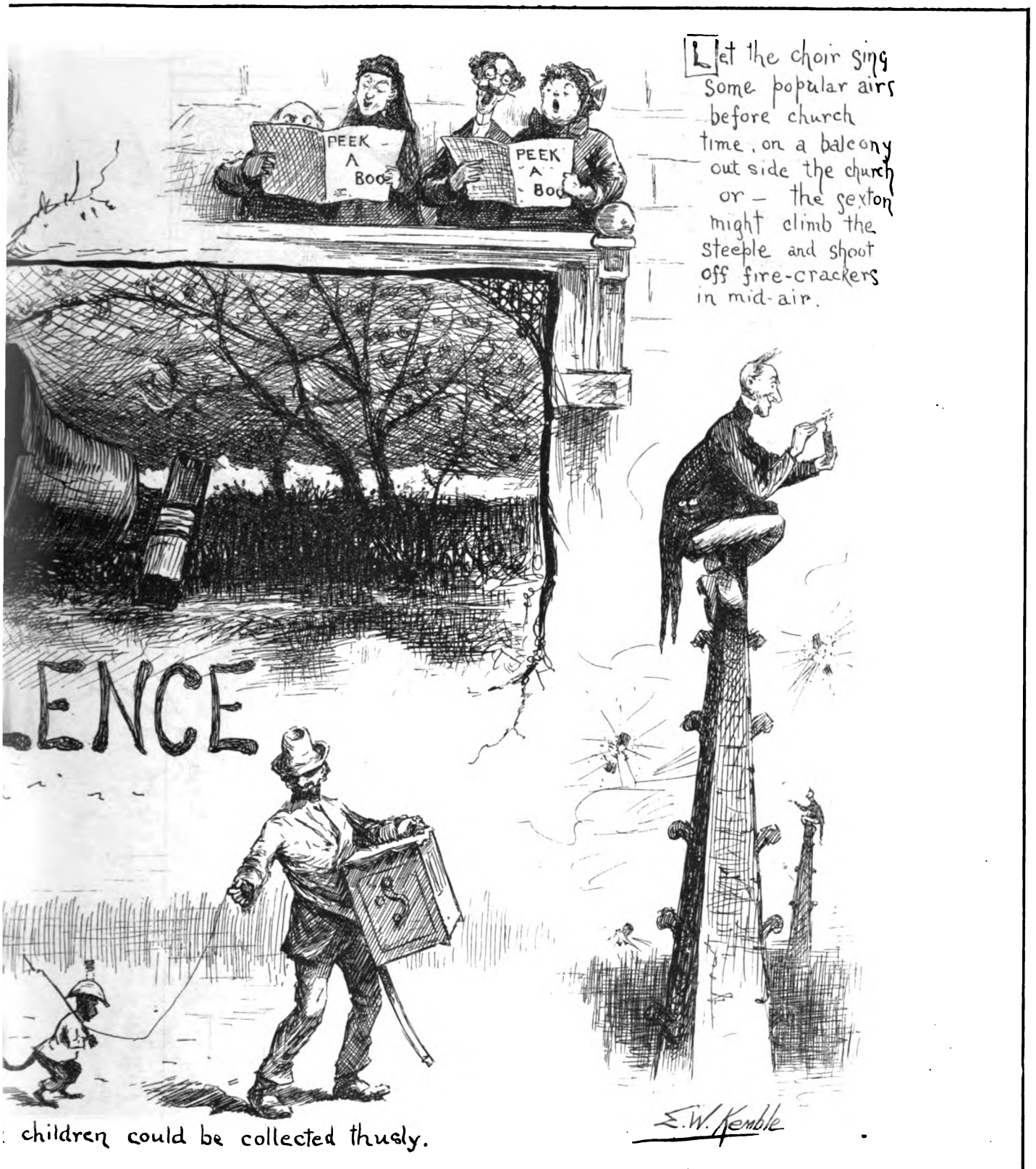

Let the choir sing some popular airs before church time, on a balcony outside the church or — the sexton might climb the steeple and shoot off fire-crackers in mid-air.

children could be collected thusly.

THE CLAMOROUS CLERGY.

AND WHO, IN TOLLING, TOLLING, TOLLING,
FEEL A GLORY IN SO ROLLING
ON THE HUMAN HEART A STONE—
THEY ARE NEITHER MAN NOR WOMAN,
THEY ARE NEITHER BRUTE NOR HUMAN,
THEY ARE GHOULS! —*The Bells.*

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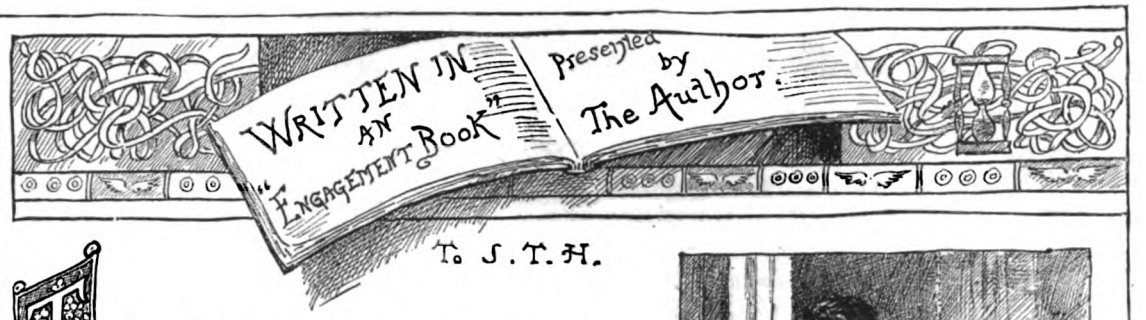

What a book for engagements for one so engaging,
Is quite indispensable, all of us know:
And if of its pages I had the arranging,
Engagements with me, and none else it would show.

But since that's impossible, take it and fill it,
With gay memoranda of dinner and ball;
Only spare me one sorrow and never write in it
"Engaged to another" for good and for all.

-W-H-Hyde-

The state of things before the presentation of the book.

-W-H-Hyde-

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XVI.—**The Lenox Library.**

WHAT is this?

This, dear, is the great Lenox Library.

What is it for?

Nobody knows.

But I thought you said it was a library?

So I did.

Then there must be books in it?

Perhaps.

Why is it called the "Lenox" Library?

Because it was founded and given by Mr. James Lenox.

Given to whom?

To the City of New York.

Oh! then it is a public library?

Yes, dear.

How delightful! Why, it must be very useful to students and to the reading public?

Very.

But why are the doors locked?

To keep people out.

But I thought you said it was a public library?

So I did.

Then how can they keep people out?

By locking the doors.

But why?

To keep the pretty books from being soiled.

Why! who would soil the pretty books?

The public.

How?

By reading them.

Gracious! What are all those brass things on the roof!

Cannon, dear.

What are they for?

To blow the heads off students who want to get in.

Why! and see those gallows!

Yes, dear.

And people hanging!

Certainly, sweet.

Who are they?

Students who got in.

But is there no way of getting into the library without being shot or hanged?

Yes, sweet.

How?

By writing an humble letter of application to the kind Lord High Librarian.

Well?

He will refer it to the 1st Assistant Inspector of Character.

And then?

It will go to the Third Deputy Examiner of Morals.

Next?

He will pass it on to the Comptroller of Ways and Means.

And he?

He will, after mature deliberation, send it to the Commercial Agency.

What for?

To get a proper understanding of the applicant's solvency.

Well?

Then it comes back for the monthly meeting of the Sub-Committee on Private Inquiry.

Why?

To ascertain if the applicant has any real necessity for consulting any particular book in the library.

And suppose he has?

Why, then the paper goes to the Sub-janitor.

And what does he do?

He finds out if the Astor or Mercantile Libraries have the book.

And if they have?

He tells the applicant to go there and consult it.

But if they have it not?

Then the application goes to the Commissioner of Vital Statistics.

For what purpose?

To ascertain if the applicant is still living.

And if he is?

At the next annual meeting of the Board of Directors, if there is a quorum present, which sometimes happens, he will get a ticket entitling him to admission between the hours of two and three on a specified day.

But if the poor applicant is busy on that day at that hour?

He forfeits his ticket.

But how is the public benefited by this "public" library?

Ask the Trustees.

"NEXT to pure reading matter"—the records in the family bible.

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SCENE, POST OFFICE IN ROME.

Elderly Party wishes to register a letter.
Elderly Party: I WANT THIS LETTER REGISTERED.
Clerk: SI, SIGNOR—IL SPEDITORE, SIGNOR.
E. P.: YES, I 'M AN AMERICAN, AND I WISH YOU 'D REGISTER THAT LETTER.
Clerk: MA IL SPEDITORE, SIGNOR, LA NOMA (*in despair*).
Jones (*who has overheard the conversation*): HE WANTS YOUR NAME, SIR.
E. P.: OH ! !—(*Gives name and turns with a sweet smile to Jones*)—THEY LABOR UNDER A GREAT DISADVANTAGE HERE, THEY DO N'T UNDERSTAND OUR LANGUAGE.

THE LANGTRY.

MRS. LANGTRY, once known as a "professional beauty," and not long ago a very celebrated woman—though it is hard to see now why she was celebrated—came back to us last week at the Fifth Avenue Theatre. Her reappearance was hardly a brilliant event. Yet many people were anxious to see her again, and the theatre was crowded at her first performance. It is fair to say that this was Mrs. Langtry's coming out as an actress. When Mr. Abbey brought her across the sea and placed her in Wallack's Theatre, where she made herself visible, for the benefit of an eagerly curious public which had heard almost too much about her, she was not regarded as an actress—she was merely a great sensation, and the sensation became greater as the weeks ran on. Mrs. Langtry seemed to be then a particularly reckless sort of woman, one of the sort which allow the world to think ill of them and who give their defiance to popular opinion. At this moment Mrs. Langtry is hardly a sensation, even a small sensation. No one discusses her. Her name is not conspicuous in the newspapers. Her private affairs and her peculiar system of ethics are serenely ignored. She had her day, and the day is past. But, all the same, she is still with us. Not even lost to sight and to memory dear. She is here—the whole of her, radiant with smiles and fresh dresses. These dresses, which were put together in Paris, represent apparently the diligent mental toil to which Mrs. Langtry subjected herself when she went abroad last summer. She went to learn, to study, to be an actress in fact, not an actress in notoriety. Well, she is patient. She is still learning. Mrs. Langtry has not lost any part of her good looks. On the contrary, she is prettier than ever. Her brown hair brushed off the forehead reveals a round and well-modeled face, in which, however, there is not easily found either intelligent expression or emotion. If a face could be taken as an index to the

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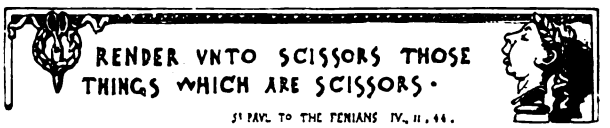
spirit, it might be said that Mrs. Langtry does not think nor feel; she has only slight physical sensations and superficial impulses. But one's heart does not always speak in the face and Mrs. Langtry may have a vigorous heart. It would be strange if her experience upon the stage had been wasted altogether. She has gained something in manner. She was restless and awkward. She is now reposeful and often graceful. In rapid action she is still school-girlish. She is, for the most part, a very school-girlish actress. She can exhibit the dignity and composure of a lady; but she does not exhibit by any chance the force and the depth of a woman. Amid the passions of dramatic situations, she is painfully unreal. She utters words as though they were mere sounds; she is often earnest and well-meaning where it seems impossible for her not to show feeling; yet the feeling is a very pallid flicker. On the other hand, Mrs. Langtry has charms and beauty, and a pretty woman is a godsend in this tough world. Therefore, let us be grateful and open our eyes—especially when this actress who is not an actresss, adorns herself in gorgeous millinery and transforms herself into a theatrical bird of paradise.

Mr. George Riddle—who is a young and good-looking Cambridge man, socially popular, and brilliant as an interpreter of great literature—began his course of readings last Wednesday at the Madison Club Theatre.

Mr. Boyesen's play, which is to be produced within this month at the Madison Square Theatre, will be called "The Two Alpine Roses." This is linked sweetness long drawn out. Alberg has already given us "The Two Roses."

The cheerful news is disseminated that our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Charles A. Dana, has written a tragedy, which will be produced by Mr. Thomas Keene. Mr. Dana's light shines for us all, and, in any shape that it is vouschafed to us, we are grateful for it. We shall be on the lookout for Mr. Dana's latest and most brilliant editorial on Thermopylæ. We trust that it will not be necessary to paraphrase Joseph—Bulwer's Joseph—and say: "Strange that so great a journalist should be so poor a poet." Meanwhile, Mr. Dana ought not to pretend that Mr. Henry Watterson wrote that tragedy. Mr. Watterson has his own tragedy to take care of—a certain Democratic Party.

G. E. M.



LOOKING AT COMETS.

"WHAT makes you so late to-night?" asked a wife of her husband. "You promised me you would be home at 10 o'clock."

"I 've been (hic) lookin' at the comets," he replied.

"Comets? there is but one comet visible to the naked eye."

"Yesh, but one comet vishible to er-naked eye (hic), but yer see I had the aid of er-powerful glassh and could see two of 'em."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"YES, sir," said the detective. "I 'll look up his character. By the way, do you wish to ascertain that he 's a nice or a bad person? I always like to please my customers".—*Boston Post.*

IT 'S all right, gentlemen, for you to think that your wives are angels, but is n't it rather incongruous for angels to carry in the coal and build the fires?—*Merchant Traveler.*

WE have about ceased to play on the name of that racy paper, LIFE, but our stock of approving adjectives is still quite large and is drawn upon weekly as LIFE is continued.—*Chicago Standard.*

CLARA playfully tapped Augustus on the head as if knocking at the door.

"Come in," said Augustus, facetiously.

"Thanks, dear," said Clara. "I don't like to go into an empty room, it 's so cheerless and lonesome like, you know."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE New York LIFE has the air of an assured success; any way, it is such literally and artistically. There are other successes in something the same line; but that does not interfere with LIFE, because it seems to be a venture peculiar to itself—its art is its own, and its tone and humor are its own. Its humor of pen and pencil has a quiet incision that we do not see elsewhere. At first we thought some of its drawings were a little Du Maurierish; but that impression is wearing off, and LIFE'S satirists in black and white are developing independent merits of the highest order. LIFE is a good paper of its class to take regularly at one's house.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

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ICE CREAM in the form of the Bartholdi statue is the latest. Serve cold without a pedestal.—*Philo. Call.*

IT was the gas-meter that first sang, "I 'll meter when the sun goes down."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

"SEE that woman with the spotted veil. It makes her look like the old Harry." "Ah, my dear fellow, you are right; but you do n't know how it improves her looks."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Do you know," said she, "that I believe I should dearly love to play billiards, and I am sure I could learn to play a good game?" "I think not," replied he, "for in a good game the jaw is barred."

A NEW book professes to give an account of how families live in Heaven. If it throws any light on the domestic arrangements of a man who has married his deceased wife's sister, or of the man who has buried his third wife on earth, and tries to explain matters to three spiritual mothers-in-law, the work must be very attractive reading.—*News Letter.*

Two old colored women were baptised in the James river. One submitted quietly, while the other came out of the water all excitement, shouting, "I saw Gabr'l! I saw Gabr'l, right in de bottom ob de ribber! Bress my heart for dat vishun ob glory."

"Hush your mouf, Dilsey," said the less excitable one; 'dat was nuffin but a big terrapin. I done seed dat, myself."—*The Judge.*

"I NOTICE in the paper that it is no longer fashionable for the minister to kiss the bride at the wedding ceremony," said a wife to her husband, who was a clergyman. "Yes," sadly responded the good man, with a long-drawn sigh, "many of the pleasant features connected with the old-fashioned wedding ceremony have been discarded, and—" "What 's that?" demanded his wife ominously. "I—I mean," he stammered, "that the senseless custom of kissing the bride should have been abolished long ago." "Oh!" replied the mollified lady, resuming her paper.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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THE sleeper. He will be there. Peradventure he leaneth his chin upon a cane, so that when the moment of deep and profound slumber cometh upon him his chin slippeth off, and with the bang of his head upon the pew in front of him he is awakened. Or, the slumberer may sit bolt upright and nod in time to his sleep and regular breathing. Only when you cast your eyes upon him, the watchful wife at his bosom stabs him with her elbow, and he glareth on the congregation as one who would say, "He that sayeth that I sleep, the same is a liar and a villain and a horse thief." Or, if he be so that he leaneth his head back until the lid thereof falleth down between his shoulders and he playeth fantastic tunes with his nose, insomuch that the boys in the gallery make merry over the same, then it is hazardous to awaken this slumberer right suddenly, because he dreameth of divers things, and sayeth to the tithing man who shaketh him up, "Hey? ha! ha! yes, all right? I'm up." And thus the congregation is scandalized. But if he foldeth his handkerchief over the back of the pew in front, and boweth his head devoutly on the same, even in that moment when the text is pronounced, then will that sleeper trouble no one, but will slumber sweetly on until the time of the benediction; and will awake refreshed and smiling, and he will extol the sermon and magnify the preacher. He is the old timer, from Sleepy Hollow.—*Burdette.*

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TO THE PUBLIC:

THE success attained by ***The United States Mutual Accident Association*** of 320 and 322 Broadway, New York, has aroused the jealousy and envy of stock accident companies, who, aided by mercenary insurance journals, have heralded many false and garbled reports with little if any direct loss to the Association, the institution to-day being sustained by a solid membership representing the best class of business men in this country to the number of over ten thousand.

The following comparison of figures speaks for itself, and must prove of interest to all who carry Accident Insurance. It affords a practical solution to the question: "How can the UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION afford to insure at half the rates of stock companies?

That it does accomplish this, and that the Association effects a saving of over a quarter of a million dollars per annum to its members in the cost of the insurance furnished, is known to its thousands of policy-holders, and is proved by its record of the past six years.

From figures taken from the Insurance and Commercial Magazine and the Annual Reports made to the Insurance Department of the State of New York, we find that the ***Travelers' Insurance Company*** of Hartford, (accident department,) received from 1866 to 1882—inclusive—***$13,457,274.*** As only ***$5,333,571*** of this amount was paid for accident losses and claims, ***$8,123,703*** of the policy-holders money remained to be used for profits and expenses in conducting the business. For each ***$100*** of claims paid, the policy-holders paid ***$152.31*** for expenses of management.

In 1882 the accident premium receipts of the same company were ***$1,819,313,*** from which were paid accident losses and claims amounting to ***$749,462,*** and for expenses ***$924,543,*** leaving a surplus to stockholders of ***$145,308,*** for one year.

The same company had in force December 31st, 1882, in round numbers, ***$173,000,000*** of accident insurance. Their expenses for the year were ***$924,543*** or a cost of ***$5.34*** per thousand of insurance then in force. This Association had at the same date ***$50,000,000*** of accident insurance and expenses for the year of only ***$1.14*** per thousand of the insurance then in force, showing on the above basis an average saving in expense of ***$21.00*** to each member holding a ***$5,000*** policy at the end of the year.

A comparison for the year of the average pro-rata of expense to each policy-holder, whether large or small, on the basis of membership December 31st, 1882, shows a saving in favor of this Association in the ***expenses of management of $7.55*** to each member. On the same basis the comparison is further improved by the showing made that the ***entire cost (exclusive of the reserve belonging to members), for insurance in the United States Mutual Accident Association was only four cents per member over the sum used by the Travelers' for expenses alone.***

Considering this comparison of figures it is not strange that the increase of members in this Association in 1882, was seven per cent. greater than in the above-mentioned company. In New York State where the merits of this Association are best known the ***Travelers'*** had upon the lives of its citizens, ***2619*** less policies in force December 31st, 1882, than they had December 31st, 1881.

The Accident Insurance Company of North America had a total premium income of ***$114,335*** from which they paid losses ***$27,588,*** and total miscellaneous expenses ***$78,132,*** showing that it cost that institution ***$284*** for each ***$100*** of losses paid.

The sharp competition brought about by ***The United States Mutual Accident Association*** for the accident insurance business of this country has induced the high rate stock accident insurance companies in order to save, if possible, their own business, to distribute broadcast throughout the land millions of circulars intended to defile the clean and illustrious record of this Association. They go back several years, when as an auxiliary to the Association a mechanic's Division was formed, for the purpose of granting a separate insurance upon its own merits to that class of individuals, and when within a few months after the organization of such Division a death loss occurred, the full amount represented by the then existing members of that Division of the Association was paid to the widow. They would have the public believe from their malicious and garbled statements that the Association does not pay its losses in full:—Whereas this Association does pay every loss promptly on receipt of proofs and for the full amount named in the policy.

The Association at this date has not a single claim upon its books unpaid, nor one dollar of indebtedness.

Respectfully,

320 and 322 Broadway, New York,
December 15th, 1883.

JAMES R. PITCHER,
Secretary.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JANUARY 24, 1884. NUMBER 56.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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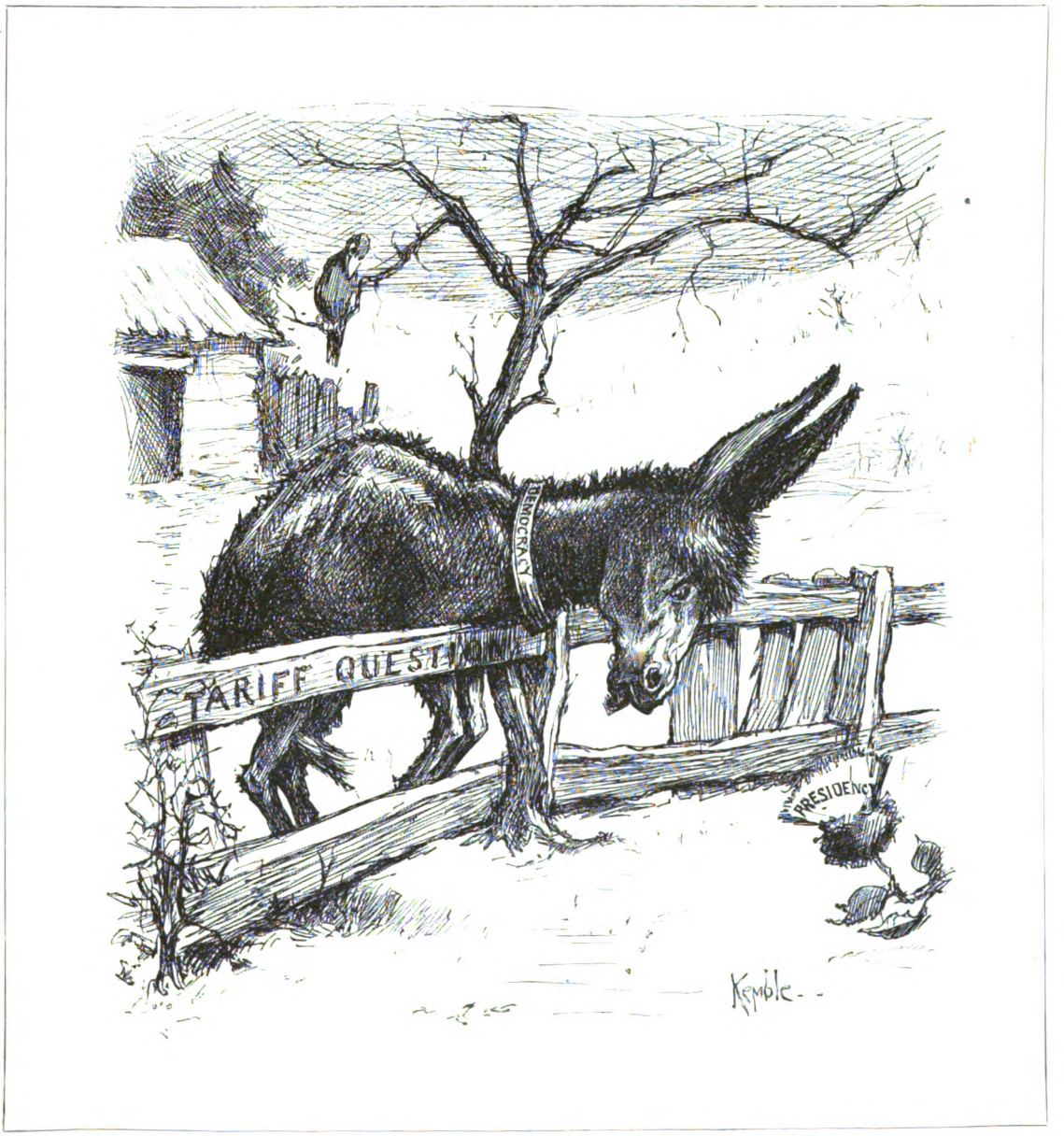

THE ANGUISH OF A BREAKING HEART.

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VOL. III. JANUARY 24TH, 1884. NO. 56.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

"IN a recent lecture, Mr. JOHN B. GOUGH said: 'Neuralgia reaching with fingers of fire for every nerve in your face, is bliss to delirium tremens.' This is a beautiful simile, but if Mr. GOUGH had seen me in the agonies of my New Year's poem, he would have invented a new one. D. T. was nowhere."

C. A. D.

* * *

MISS BERTHA E. CLEAR, who is described with that journalistic exuberance peculiar to Philadelphia as a "bewitching blonde with roguish eyes and a Gainsborough hat," recently became addicted to museums in that city, particularly those of the dime variety. As time went on it was observed that she denied herself marsh-mallows and other necessaries of life, in order to be able to gratify her appetite for curiosities and pay the necessary car fare involved in her search for them. About two weeks ago a Mr. GARRISON dawned upon her sympathetic gaze. Mr. GARRISON was a professional skeleton of great skill and reputation. To a connoisseur of phthisical development he was a beauty. His arms were no thicker than slate-pencils, his legs were invisible save against a black background, his chest was scooped like a saucer, and he had the most bewitching little pulmonary cough in the world. To a museum enthusiast like Miss CLEAR, these fascinations were irresistible, and at the end of six ten cent interviews which she obtained at wholesale rates for half a dollar, she found herself hopelessly enslaved. A week later, with many Pennsylvania blushes, she confessed the secret of her soul to the emaciated object of her affections, and, it being leap year, proposed and was accepted. A few days later they were married.

It is very strange, after this romantic prelude, to read in the *Philadelphia Bulletin* the statement that after living 48 hours with her anatomical love, the bride "fell into a raging delirium and went home to her father's house." At first sight this looks more like Chicago vacillation than Philadelphia constancy. But later advices show that it was not because the bride wavered that she went to her home. The true reason was this, on arriving at his house after the wedding, the skeleton removed the spangled suit which had garnished him in the museum. His beauty instantly disappeared from the wife's gaze, and he presented the semblance of a mysterious head floating aimlessly around the room, apparently connected with the carpet only by a trailing white linen string. This unpleasant apparition threw the bride into a convulsion, with the sad consequence above narrated. If the end had been here, it would have been miserable enough. But it was not. While the landlady, attracted by the bride's bell-pulls and hysterics, was endeavoring to soothe her by kind words and salvolatile, her little girl, seeing what she supposed to be her long lost balloon, seized it by the string and ran out to join her playmates. Since then the skeleton has not been heard from, and both the bride's family and the museum are in black.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *Sun*, says:

Dr. CARTER MOFFAT recently delivered a lecture in Glasgow to a large audience, mainly composed of professional men and musical critics, on voice training by chemical means. Dr. MOFFAT maintained that the presence of peroxide of hydrogen in the air and dew of Italy had some connection with the beauty of the Italian vocal tone. A series of illustrations by persons taken from the audience who inhaled a chemical compound made to represent Italian air, are said to have been very satisfactory—a full, clear, rich, mellow tone being produced by one application.

Here is undoubtedly opened up a great field of musical culture. If the simple presence of peroxide of hydrogen in Italian air, combined, perhaps, with the active principle of maccaroni, evolves Campaninis and Scalchis, what might not be accomplished by subjecting young and susceptible tenors and sopranos to the highly carbo-hydrogenated breezes of Hunter's Point, or the nitrogenous dews of Hoboken? It is to be doubted that a richer atmosphere exists anywhere on the globe than that frequenting Long Island and New Jersey. Compressed by powerful pumps, frozen and chopped into blocks, it has almost entirely superseded guano in European markets, while in liquid form it has proved superior to stomach pumps and ipecac in cases of acute poisoning. We have always held that the chemical properties of the atmosphere surrounding New York were undervalued. Now, however, their utilization as a means of musical culture seems probable, and as their chemical power is boundless, Italy will soon be left far behind.

* * *

AN anaylsis of the bumble end of a bumble bee by a profound and German scientist shows that the venom consists of 1 part serum, 2.3 parts formic acid, .7 parts albumen and the balance of a something which has a temperature of about 9,000,000 in the shade.

* * *

THE London *Lancet* points with pride to the fact that medical men are the longest lived of any in the world. Now we see where the rooted hatred of one doctor for another bears fruit.

* * *

SHELLFISH are said to be dying out on the English coast. Probably from starvation. It is known that British oysters pawn their young.

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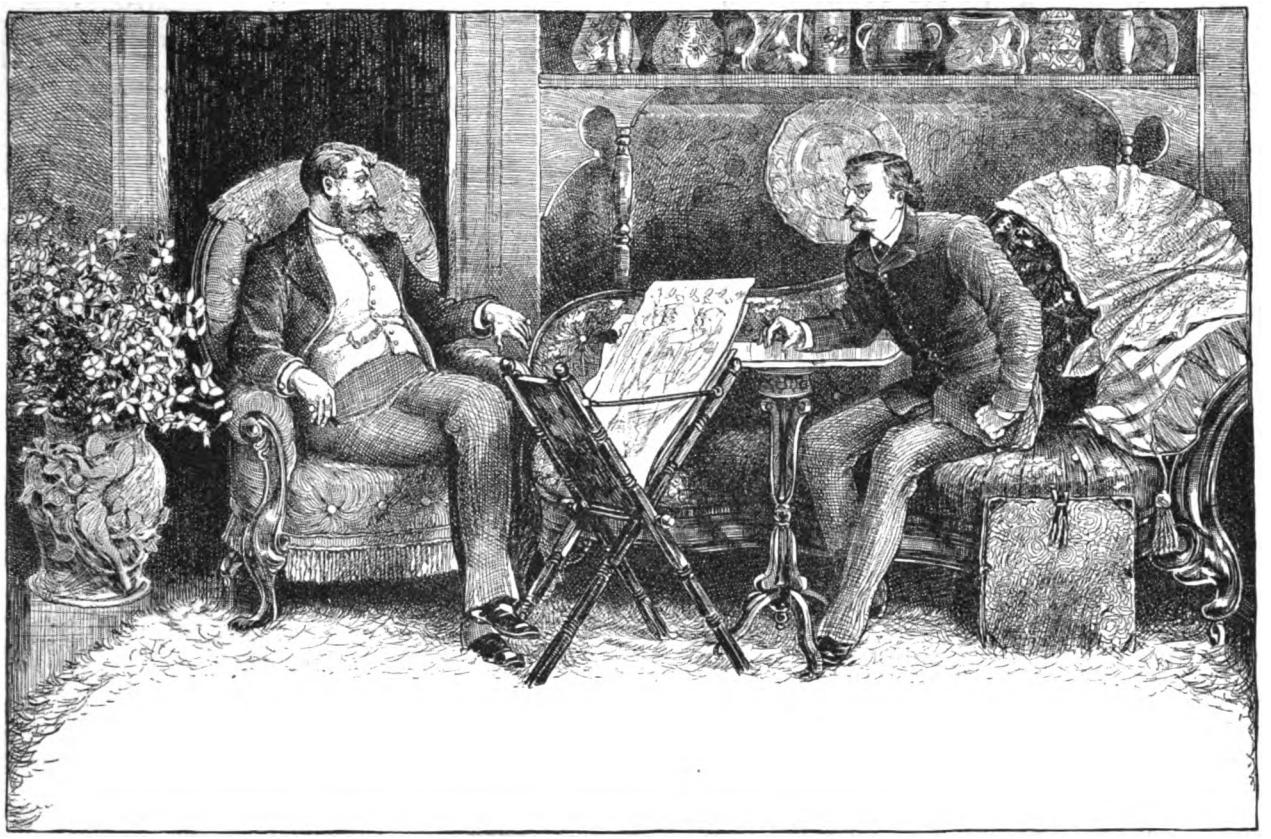

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Mr. Silvercamp (who is looking over some sketches for a scriptural frieze for his new house): WHO ARE THESE?

Artist: THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

Mr. Silvercamp: HAS N'T JIM JONES GOT THE TWELVE APOSTLES IN HIS HOUSE?

Artist: YES, SIR.

Mr. Silvercamp: NOW, LOOK-A HERE, MISTER PAINTER,—JIM AIN'T GOIN' TO GET AHEAD O' ME ON ANYTHING—YOU PUT FOURTEEN IN MINE!

TO BETTY.

(VILLANELLE.)

WHEN Betty's dimples come and go
And laughter loiters in her eyes,
Who cares which way the wind may blow?

For Cupid's self is fain to strew
His way with sweet enamored sighs
When Betty's dimples come and go.

And watching beauty's piquant show
Youth, puffed with bold presuming, cries
Who cares which way the wind may blow?

Enchanted age becomes a beau
And pays his court with new emprise
When Betty's dimples come and go.

Let coquetry a smile bestow—
Wisdom, beguiled, in haste replies,
"Who cares which way the wind may blow?"

But who is wise? Ah, who can know
That cruelty puts on disguise
When Betty's dimples come and go?
Who cares which way the wind may blow?

M. E. W.

IT is proper that marriage records should be kept by "double" entry.

A LARGE dog attacked a blind man on Broadway last Saturday and nearly threw him over by springing upon him. He probably wanted to "pull down the blind."

IT is to be presumed that Marwood's successor is beginning to get the "hang of the thing" by this time.

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"A PHILISTINE IN AMERICA."

(Sir Tiffin Whelpe, S. I. C. K., in the last number of the Forthcoming Review.)

WHETHER the discovery of America by Sydney Smith has been a gain or loss to the spuriously civilized peoples of the Old World may be questioned. To me personally it is a gain, however, because it enables me to lift myself into transient notice by abusing the United States. Mr. Andrew Carnegie thinks England would be benefited by "the purifying influences of equality." But just let him pay a visit to Boss Kelly, and then tell us what he 's going to do about it. Everything good in American institutions is of English origin; everything bad is indigenous—*i. e.*, Irish, of course. We all know that the Irish sprang from that soil. There are some few things going wrong—decidedly wrong—in England, just now; but our feudal institutions have been on trial something over eight centuries only; a mere trifle. Republicanism has been on trial for a period of one hundred years, and its failure is therefore complete. What I especially dislike about Americans is their "depreciatory attitude towards all things English." It 's dem'd irritating, you know. Not that I would allow any small national vanity to make me sensitive, but, hang it! we are the best people in the world, and why should these vulgar Americans pass any criticisms upon us? On the continent we are treated with a "hostile respect," which is deuced flattering, after all; but in America they actually tell us that our manners are sometimes objectionable and our ideas stale! They do n't like our noble lords to go on free railway excursions and then "gobble up" (as they grossly express it) a whole railway coach, inconveniencing everyone else. Fancy their presumption! It would be inconceivable, had we not the fact, and were it not for the recent temerity of Mr. R. White Grant, who published a philosophical romance purporting to satirize England, in an obscure American periodical, and is indebted to the *Saturday Review* for the circumstance that I came to hear of his work. It is evident that Mr. W. Grant never crossed the ocean. *

But, if he did, he came back again, which is sufficient to condemn him, and he has since brought out a scathing article on the affectations of the Americans as to "Class Distinctions." This folly of theirs is also indigenous. We have no such follies in England. What puzzles me is, if he objects to some foibles of his own countrymen, why he does n't fall down and worship us English, who have no foibles, no imperfections whatever. Nevertheless, whatever absurdities Mr. White Grant may commit, "English imperturbability," as has well been remarked, "will remain unshaken." We know that we are good, splendid and invincible. Eight hundred years of victory in war back us up. If we were ever whipped, we never admitted it: hence we have always been victorious.....The beauty of American women has been absurdly exaggerated. I found few women in the States who could be called beautiful, except those who came from Canada or England. It is impossible that this should have been owing to my prejudices. I 'm sorry for the men. Not having been trained in England, they do n't know beauty when they see it. Ours is a painful training as to female beauty—but then how broad, how compassionate and forgiving we are when we 've gone through it!.... The English are the most disagreeable race extant. No! I did n't mean to say that. Only, if they are so, the Americans are just as disagreeable. You see, I am liberal.... Americans seem to derive most of their traits from us. It is not always flattering to look at ourselves in a mirror. Still, it is very lovely to think that in a few Eastern cities of the States the fashionable class imitate us slavishly as to manners, distorted pronunciation and amusements. The "remnant" of which Matthew Arnold speaks is hopefully represented by a revolutionary organization known as The Dudes. Let us trust that they will triumph.... I am haunted by the fear that I may have been inconsistent in my remarks. Never mind. The English constitution will save me. It is the tinkling symbol of liberty everywhere, from the throne to the cottage, etc..... Bluff 's your game with the Americans; only do n't tell 'em so..... Let us be "slashing".... Bow, wow!

G. P. L.

* I have this moment learned that he *did* cross the ocean, and wrote a book on England, which was remarkably well received there. I forbear, and will not further mortify him.—*Tiffin Whelpe.*

Of course a glacial region has plenty of moisture. There is moraine there than any where else.

A Life policy from Jan. 1st, 1884.—No rejected articles returned.

A MIRROR FOR MILLIONAIRES.

IT is announced in London, that the author of *Blackwood's* latest anonymous novel, "The Millionaire," is Mr. Louis J. Jennings, at one time managing editor of the New York *Times* and later the London correspondent of the *World*, before its Pulitzerization. An American edition of the book has appeared in cheap form, so that it might be within reach of our millionaires—price twenty-five cents. In Mr. Dexter File they may recognize some of their own lineaments. On his own confession he was "richer than any American ought to be." He had solved the problem of legislation at Washington; he had weighed the effect of $10.000 on the average congressional conscience and had supplemented his knowledge with the less expensive discovery that "with canvas-backs and unlimited champagne, much may be done with an Illinois congresman." He knew how to appear before investigating committees, for "although he answered all their questions, they never found out what they wanted to

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know." All this is wonderfully realistic, and so one is not surprised to read a little further on that "he knew some judges who were marvellously accommodating." We are not, however, burdened with the details of the Westbrook investigation.

As a story the book is weak, but as a series of character sketches the work is admirably done, especially the portrait of Sally Peters, the beautiful American widow who, though still young, had "passed through some of the vicissitudes of married life, including the death of her husband."

* * *

PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON is one of the younger English poets whose lines catch faint echoes of Shelley, but resound with the sensuous music of Rossetti and Swinburne. Yet there is no servile imitation; he is a worthy disciple of eccentric and brilliant masters. The undertone which pervades his latest volume, "Wind-Voices," is fully characterized in his own lines as

"A Voice, most like the wind's voice when it says
Some sorrowing word within a pine-thronged place."

The gem of the volume is "Thy Garden," which is almost as delicate, beautiful and sad as the Shelley's "Sensitive Plant,"—but without the sustained power and unmatched fancy there displayed. This stanza, perhaps, represents best its qualities:

"My sad heart in thy garden strays alone,
My heart among all hearts companionless;
Between the roses and the lilies thrown,
It finds thy garden but a wilderness."

It is all the more a disappointment to find amid pages of graceful verses such exaggeration of sentiment as the following:

"I have been weary for your voice, your touch,
The desperate sweetness of your kiss—
The joy which almost thrills me over-much,
Oh sweet, my heart, so sweet it is."

The "Desperate Sweetness of Your Kiss" suggests Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion," and what a certain Buffalo dramatic critic would probably term "the incarnate delirium of a whirlwind." It will probably require the "incarnation of a blizzard" to cool down the American imitators of the Rossetti school to the temperature of respectable passion.

* * *

IT is reported in Washington that a new portraiture of society in that city will soon appear in a novelette, to be published in Boston, which will take the form of letters written by a Washington belle to friends in New York. It is to be a vindication of society at the capital from the charges of that vulgar book "A Washington Winter." The report does not mention Ex-Senator Tabor or Col. Ochiltree as the probable author.

* * *

A PERUSAL of "Beyond the Gates" has convinced Lilian Whiting that in the "power of bringing the heavenly mysteries to the earthly comprehension no man or woman in any age has done the work that distinctively characterizes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps." Lilian's "earthly comprehension" is probably more accustomed to color symphonies and celestial marriages than the average mortal's.

DROCH.

A FALSE PROFIT.—Ill-gotten gains.

"HALF a loaf is better than no leisure" remarked the tramp as he settled himself for a nap on a park bench.

ALWAYS GETTING INTO SCRAPES.—Nutmegs.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL EPISODE,

OR,

METAMORPHOSES AT MUGGINS' MISERY:

A CO-OPERATIVE NOVEL.

BY

BRET JAMES AND HENRY HARTE.

I.

IDNIGHT among the Sierras. The moon reels remorselessly through the cloud-betattered sky. The wild cry of the coyote sounds from the recesses of the pine-clad mountain-side. And more to the same effect.

The moonlight glitters fantastically upon the rotting shingles of Muggins' Misery. From the curtainless windows broad sheets of light are thrown out over the roadway, and through the chinks in the walls there comes a sound of revelry by night.

Within the *Miserables* are all assembled; miners, Chinese, cowboys, Mormons, half-breeds,— anything, everything. "Old Muggins' gal," as they call her, is the center of an admiring group. Observe her. The fire and ferocity of an Indian mother gleams from her wild black eyes. A glittering bowie-knife is skewered through her rank and raven tresses. She is dancing a double shuffle among the mugs and bottles that litter the bar. She drinks—this girl—she chews, she gambles, she curses; she is a terror. But she can love, and she can suffer; she is one of us, after all. I salute thee, Calamity Jane Muggins, noble type of Western womanhood.

The dance goes on and joy is unconfined. But amidst the rasping rhapsodies of the O-Be-Joyful band, the caustic remarks of the ever-present revolver, and the resounding Ri-yi of more than one transported reveler, the old man keeps one ear on the main chance, and presently he speaks:

"Drop that, Calamm! Don't ye here the stage? Go and see who 's comin'!"

"Go yourself, you old gopher," replies Calamity, and flings a beer-bottle at her father's head.

Enter the new comer.

"Another blank tenderfoot," says Red-top Jim.

"You 're blank right," says Sassafras Charley.

A palid and thin young man with a cut-away coat, a single eyeglass and a natty little valise.

Calamity is on to him in an instant. She strides toward him

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" SHE IS DANCING A DOUBLE SHUFFLE."

and brings down her grimy paw with tremendous force upon his shoulder.

The young man shrinks visibly, and his glass clatters noisily down the button of his cut-away.

" What 's your name, pard?" demands Calamity with a wide and comprehensive wink.

" Permit me ; my-ah card."

Calamity stretches at the pasteboard.

" Well, I 'm blanked . . . C-E-C—Oh blank ! we ain't none of us scholars. What 's yer name, I say ; out with it ! "

" Cecil Winthrop, please," stammers the young man.

" Ce-cil Win-throp ! " she echoes scornfully. " Why, you blank little cuss, do you think we 've got any use for Cecil Winthrops out here ? You 're One-Eyed Win,—that 's who *you* are ! "

" YOU 'RE ONE-EYED WIN—THAT 'S WHO YOU ARE ! "

II.

CECIL Winthrop was a son of the modern Athens; his honored father was one of the biggest potatoes—as the phrase is—in the biggest of its three highly-cultivated hills. Cecil was a child of the modern civilization ; he was immensely thoughtful ; he was tremendously imaginative. He had lived much abroad ; he frankly acknowledged that, *en effet*, travel had done much to make him what he was. When one day he impulsively gathered together a few things—he rarely had a fixed plan—and flitted toward the Sierras, it was vaguely understood in the West Cedar Street circle that a consciousness of certain social duties still unperformed called him to the Sunset-land. None of his " set," as they say, knew the precise nature of his occidental ties ; I alone can tell. In brief, Cecil was an *entrepreneur*, a *commis voyageur* (*vous-comprenez parfaitement, n'est ce pas ?*) in the line of boots and shoes, and this was his first Western trip. He had established a very good connexion, as we express it, in the rich and mellow Old World, where his accurate dressing, his air of suave dignity, and his unimpeachable accent in all the Continental tongues had done more for him than they could do in the cruder life of the land in which he had unfortunately been born. His Roman *clientèle* he especially valued. In that city he had once, with some adequate sense of reserve and privacy, opened up a choice stock in a certain dusky old palazzo in the Corso. In his own graceful and spontaneous fashion he quickly convinced the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the city that Shodliness was next to Godliness, and within a week the pope and the entire college of cardinals were wearing—if these low-bred details may be permitted—his five dollar Congress gaiter. It was shortly after this that his—his *controle* (demme if I can recall the precise English for this), charmed by his success, opened before him a still wider field of usefulness in the wide, untrammeled wilds of the western wilderness. (Indulge me this weakness ; I caught it from the *New York Weekly*, which I read—privately—with real avidity.)

"HE IMPULSIVELY GATHERED TOGETHER A FEW THINGS—"

On the evening following the events chronicled by my distinguished *collaborateur*, Cecil met Calamity in the garden of the ranch,—though if there is any penalty attached to styling "garden" that which consists solely of a cactus, a cabbage and three tomato-cans I should prefer not to incur it. She sat there alone ; " So very American," as he murmured to himself. The cold morn shone in a crude and perfunctory way from an unsympathic and impersonal sky ; the ruggedness and rawness of his environment wore upon the cultured nature of the young man. Of all the surrounding *objets*, animate and inanimate, this young girl, and she only, seemed capable of filling the aching void within him. She sat alone, lost in thought; she was not the same young girl as on the night before. If I had plenty of elbow-room, I could show you the why and wherefore of all this; plainly enough, there is a psychological problem here that don't turn up every day ; as it is I must ask you to take the final result, trusting that my figuring is correct. As I say, she was not the same.

She interested him ; she touched him ; she would have moved

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him to emotion if a well-bred and well-connected young gentleman were ever known to emote.

"She is a *type*," he murmured; "and all the more interesting for being in transition."

He approached her softly.

"HE APPROACHED HER SOFTLY."

"You are commensurate," he whispered; "you are analogous."

She gazed at him like one in a dream.

"*Vous êtes très charmante,—très adorable*," he went on with repressed feeling.

She came to with a shudder; it was her first Boston French.

"You bet your sweet life I am," she murmured in turn. "That 's what ails me to a T."

Love had touched her heart, but not improved her speech.

He gazed at her in pity; it was patronizing pity, but he could n't help his superiority. He glanced about him.

"Your *entourage* is deplorable," he said; "your *relations* are most undesirable. Be no more Calamity Jane; be Ginevra Infelice,—Genevieve the Unfortunate."

He smiled once more upon her, and tip-toed softly away.

III.

WHEN our heroine rose next morning her head held but one thought. Some of us would be lucky with even one; but no matter. This thought dominated the day, and soon became the guiding-star of her whole existence. "He called me Ginevra," she murmured ever and anon. "A leetle gilt-edged, mebbe, but I 'll live up to it or bust in the attempt." Twenty-four hours previous she would have expressed herself in a less printable way; but love had begun its wondrous transformation.

The morning was wet and gloomy. Outside the doorway she encountered her father in a pair of new boots. He was enraged; the air around him was blue. "The —— —— bilk has vamoosed, bag and baggage," he howled, "and I 'm thirteen sixty out."

A responsive rage enkindled itself in his daughter's face. "Do n't you call him no names," she cried fiercely.

"Not call him no names! What is it to you? Sweet on him, hey?"

What was he to her, indeed? She felt the hot blood mount to her cheeks; tears of shame and anger sprang to her eyes; she turned and fled. And then she knew she loved him.

"Come back here, Calamm!" her father shouted. "What you goin' to do? Come back, I say."

"HIS FEET WERE STUCK FAST IN THE MUD."

He attempted to follow her, but his feet were stuck fast in the mud."

He saw her rush to the corral, and fling herself on Broken-backed Mag. He writhed and turned and twisted; he cursed and howled. As Calamity and Mag struck the eastward trail, he put all his energies into one herculean wrench. He set himself free, but his boot soles remained in the mud where he had stood. Oh, glue, glue, glue! (These are my remarks, not his.)

He should not have expected too much for a dollar seventy-five.

Ginevra roamed the mountains day and night for a week; at the end of that time she put into the Misery for repairs.

She resumed her accustomed duties at the ranch. She whooped it up as well as she could for the old man's gang. But she was not the same girl as before; she left off smoking and drinking, and day and night she murmured softly, "He will come back; he will come back. And when he does, I must be up to the mark."

A week later she struck the old man for the price of a seal-skin sacque.

How did she happen to know anything about seal-skin sacques? To inform her mind she had subscribed to *Harper's Bazar*—Oh, woman, woman!

[*To be concluded.*]

"SHE STRUCK THE OLD MAN FOR THE PRICE OF A SEAL-SKIN SACQUE."

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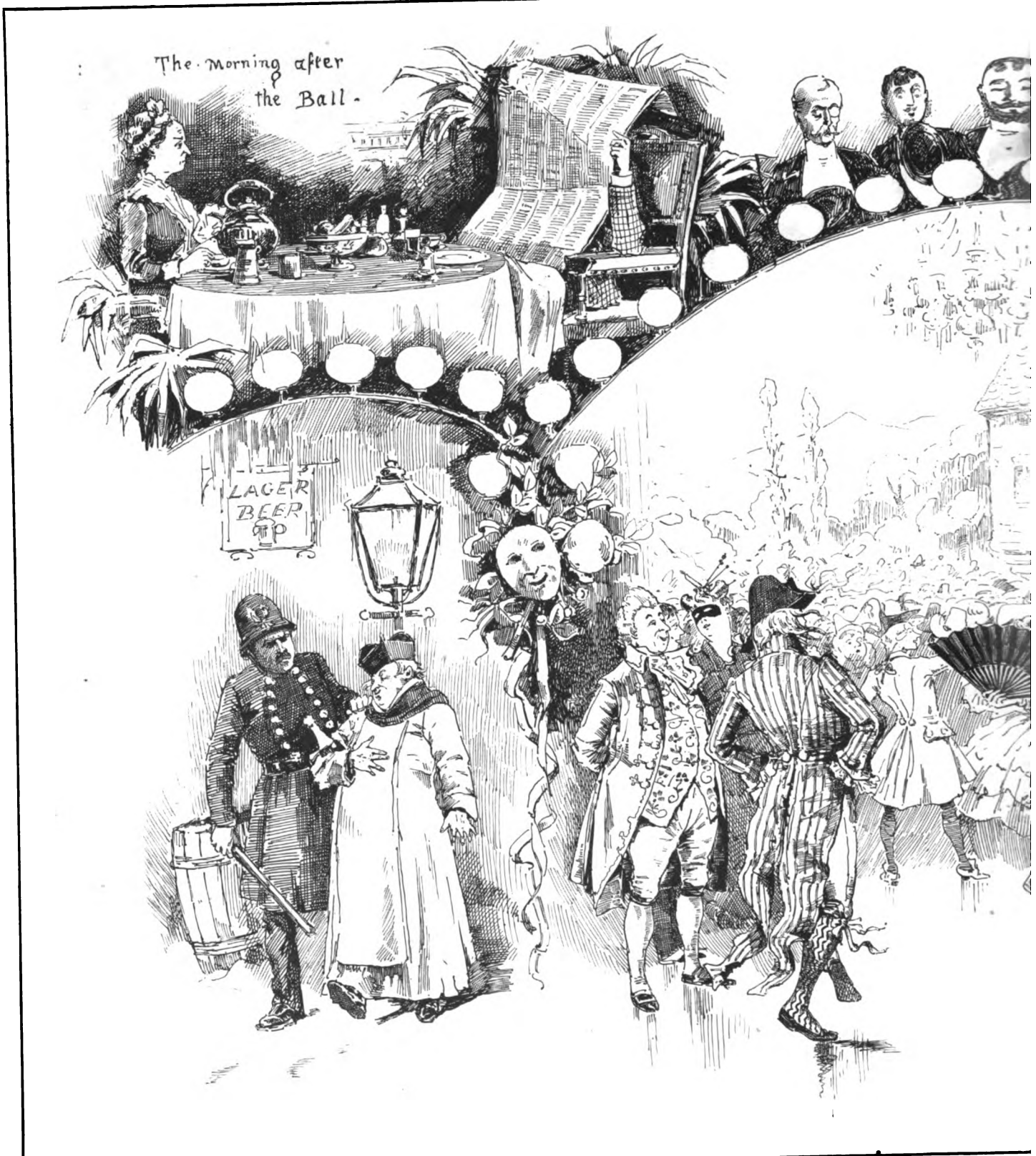

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FROM THE BALL OF THE CER

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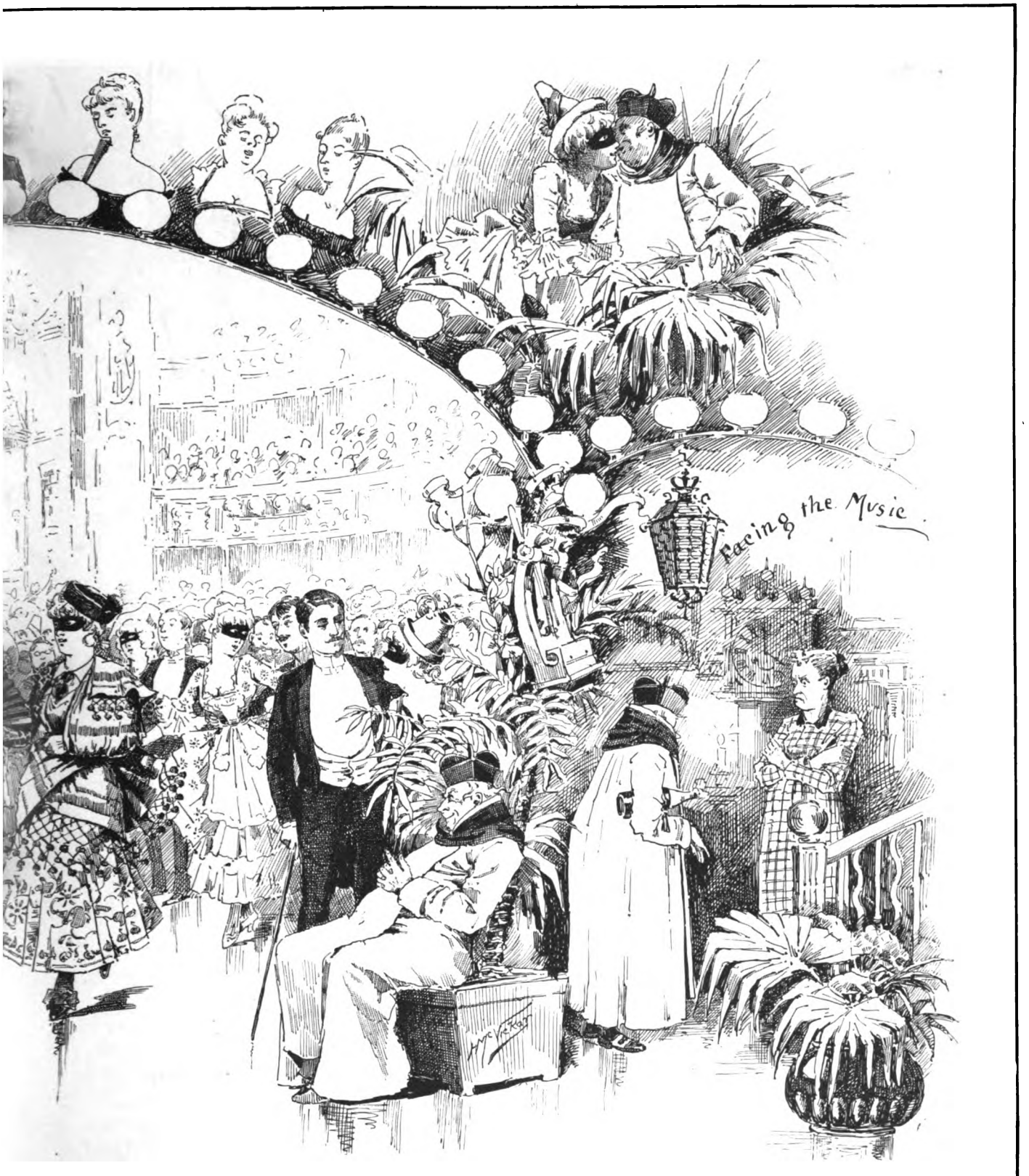

E FRANÇAIS DE L'HARMONIE.

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LAYING PIPE THROUGH A HOSTILE CAMP.

After the honest manner of William Penn.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

Lesson XVII.—The Train Boy.

WHAT is this?

This, darling, is that perambulating and inexhaustible depot of supplies known as the train boy.

And that quiet little gentleman who seems to be so uncomfortable?

He is a director of the road.

Why, I thought he was a literary person. Where did he get all those books?

They were given to him.

By whom?

The train boy.

What are they?

The "Biography of Jesse James;" "Red Handed Bill, or the Terror of Texas;" "How to Win at Cards, or the Gambler's Scrap Book;" "Bunco Steering Made Easy;" "How to Mix Drinks;" "The Slums of New York" in 9 volumes, and "Every Man His Own Burglar."

Why! What a nice lot of books?

Very.

And does the kind train boy give these books away to everybody?

Oh, yes.

And what do the grateful passengers do?

They look at the pictures, dog's-ear the corners, and give them back again.

Then what does the good train boy do?

He hands round the antediluvian bananas.

And then?

He passes the Louis Quatorze gingerbread.

Next?

The peanuts of the renaissance.

And then?

The Pompeiian sandwiches and the figs which were brought over in the Ark.

Gracious! what will the passengers do with the figs?

They tie a string to each of them.

Why?

To keep them from running away before the train boy gets back.

But if the train boy does not come back soon?

They will picket them out on the coal box, until they get warmed up and active.

And then?

Run them up and down the aisle.

My! that is good fun.

Very good fun.

Are not the passengers grateful to the good train boy for all these books and good intentions, figs and civilities, bananas and amusements?

Oh, yes; they are so grateful they cannot think.

Will they not take up a collection for him?

No; he will take up the collection.

What will it be?

The novels, bananas and sandwiches he distributed.

Oh! then he does not give them away?

Certainly not.

Why?

Because nobody would take them as a gift.

But in course of time the sandwiches will get earmarked, and the bananas get too soft and rich, and the figs too active by constant handling?

Yes, dear.

Then the good train boy will lose his little all?

Not much.

What will he do with his stock in trade?

Sell it to a church fair.

But you said the bald-headed gentleman whom the good train boy has so loaded up is a director of the road!

Yes, darling.

Why, then, does he not stop this bombardment of the passengers with bad literature and bananas!

Simply because he is a director.

Then the road makes money out of it?

Certainly.

Did the director ever eat one of the train boy's sandwiches?

I am certain he never did.

What makes you so certain?

He still lives.

Did the director ever sample any of the train boy's gingerbread?

Oh, yes.

When?

In 1849.

Well, it is not going to kill him?

He does not yet know.

Why?

Because his stomach is still struggling with it.

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"LET ME DREAM AGAIN!"

Judge (to Prisoner): SO YOU WERE ARRESTED AND FINED YESTERDAY FOR BEING DRUNK AND DISORDERLY, AND HERE YOU ARE AGAIN TO-DAY FOR THE SAME OFFENCE!

Prisoner (who has been pumped on): YES, JUDGE, BUT CAN YOU ARREST A MAN TWICE ON THE SAME CHARGE?

Judge: CERTAINLY NOT.

Prisoner: THEN LEMME GO, JUDGE, THIS IS THE SAME OLD DRUNK!

A BUNCH OF ROSES.

I.

SWEET rose, in thee the Summer bides;
Thy deep, red breast a secret hides,
Which none may know but that dear she
Whose eyes are stars lit up for me.

II.

Red rose, unto her sweetly speak
And glow against her burning cheek—
Breathe this into her shell-like ear: *
"Thou makest it Summer all the year."

III.

(*On receiving bill from florist.*)
Great Scott! List to my heart's dull thud!
Those Jacks a dollar cost a bud;
And she is now my rival's bride.
I still must wear that ulster tried!

[* We must remind Mr. Perkins that a rose is not a waiter, and will not "breathe into her shell-like ear;" especially if, like the jacqueminot, it be a high-bred rose.—EDS. LIFE.]

RAYMOND.—THE AMATEURS.

MR. JOHN T. RAYMOND has, undoubtedly, found a new character, in General Josiah Limber. Mr. Raymond has, in one sense, found several new characters. He won his spurs in Sellers—the irrepressible, voluble, good-hearted Sellers—and, when "The Golden Age" began to wane in popular favor, he produced various plays, each of which was meant to take the place of "The Golden Age." Among his experiments were "Wolfert's Rest," "Fresh," and "In Paradise." These pieces were as trivial as possible, though "Fresh" was at least amusing. But Mr. Raymond soon came to the end of his tether with "Fresh." "In Paradise" was not especially amusing. It would be a useless task to chronicle all that Mr. Raymond has not done well with. On the whole, he is remembered chiefly as Sellers. But he may be remembered hereafter as Limber.

General Josiah Limber is a character. There can be no question about that. He is distinct, individual. He is intensely funny. I may remark that Limber is the hero of Mr. David D. Lloyd's play, "For Congress." This, a crude, rough work, in which extravagant force, improbability, and solemn melodrama are mixed up in a singular manner. Why do the American playwrights insist upon this kind of inharmonious combination? "Our Boarding House" has the sad and pathetic Beatrice Manheim; "The Golden Age" is crammed with plaintive sensation, not to speak of a fury; other pieces of a like class, which start out as jokes, have an equally tragic element. In "For Congress" there is a deep, dark villain, who tries to ruin the youthful and indiscreet son of an Illinois farmer-gentleman, Peter Woolley, and who falls gracefully at the end into the hands of sympathetic detectives. Pray, what is the use of these detectives, this villain, this unfortunate and unlucky young man? Can we not have downright farce, without melodramatic rubbish thrown in as a dyspeptic antidote?

As a picture of manners, of life, as a play in a word, "For Congress" has no value whatever. Imagine the home of a millionaire into which everyone pushes himself as though there were no barrier to a man's doorway. The fashion in which Limber takes hold of old Woolley—dear and ingenuous old Woolley, who can't tell the Democratic party from a hand-saw—is ridiculous. But all this is not really to the point. Limber is a very amusing person, and Raymond's performance is full of broad and telling humor.

"The Romance of a Poor Young Man" was given not long ago at the little Madison Club Theatre by a company of fashionable amateurs, and for the golden purpose of charity. The play was repeated three times, and attracted the whole of swelldom to Madison Avenue and Twenty-sixth Street. The same play was presented again, and in a still more interesting and brilliant manner, at the Music Hall, Orange, on one evening last week. A train-full of New Yorkers went to Orange to see this performance (and perhaps to be seen, like Hamlet the observed of all observers) and came back at midnight. The weather was frigid, and the Hoboken boat crunched the white ice with dreary mono-

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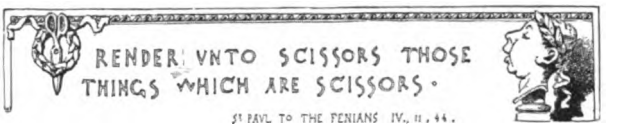
tone, under a pale and glittering snow. But it was worth while shivering a little for such a good cause. The Music Hall is a spacious and pretty theatre. It was crowded with handsome and well-dressed women on this occasion, and with men who could appreciate the women. Amateurs—especially the fashionable amateurs—seem to work very hard for the pleasure of appearing upon the stage. Some of them act a dozen times during the winter, and many oftener. They are always getting up some new theatrical enterprise. However, the business amuses them, it provides amusement for their friends, and it does a great deal for charity. It is a singular fact, however, that they are not necessarily bad actors. "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," for instance, was presented with fine taste and intelligence by this particular company—Mr. Hill, Mr. Bird, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Cunard, Mr. Townsend, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Speiden, Mrs. Potter, Mrs. Teall and Miss Davenport. This is what would be called, in serious criticism of the theatre, a strong cast. Mrs. Potter is a charming and sympathetic woman, and her Marguerite was an interesting performance; Mrs. Teall was not less successful, in a very different way, as Nellie Helouin. But it is impossible in this brief space to distribute praise to all these bright performers. No one, I am sure, was bored by this amateur presentation of Feuillet's gushing romance.

G. E. M.

* * *

THE revival of the "Love Chase" took place at the Star Theatre on Monday evening, January 21, under the direction of Harry Edwards, stage manager. The company which supported Miss Emma Latham, the young Calfornian actress, who made her New York *debut*, are mainly drawn from Wallack's Theatre. Effie Germon essayed the Widow Green, and Wilmot Eyre, Waller. Barton Hill appeared as Wildrake, one of Lester Wallack's favorite parts in his younger days. The performance was creditable and the young *debutante* was favorably received.



A NEW YORK plumber has married a milliner. Everything tends to consolidation and monopoly these days.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE man who began keeping a diary at the first of the year is still keeping it, but he now uses the pages as cigarette papers.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

DON'T think, young man, that just because it is leap year you are going to be snapped up right away. The girls want a chance before they leap.—*Lowell Citizen.*

OUT of 955 samples of French wines recently analyzed only ninety-five were found to be genuine, the rest being more or less adulterated with unwholesome drugs. We challenge an analysis of 955 American hogs that would not show a more favorable comparison.—*Hartford Post.*

A NEW YORK man paid a big price for the first copy of Columbier's "Sarah Barnum," expecting to find in it something very improper. Before he had read a dozen pages he threw down the volume with an air of disgust, and resumed the perusal of a Chicago paper.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN old Negro and his son called on the editor of a newspaper.

"I wants my son ter work in yer office, sah."

"What can he do?"

"Oh, at fust he kaint do nuthin' but edick yer paper; but arter a while, when he learns mo' sense, he ken black yer boots an' sweep de flo'."—*Arkansas Traveler.*

A LITTLE four-year-old boy in Hartford, says the *Times*, was asked once by his uncle if he wanted some flowers, and replied: "I do n't care if I do." The uncle said: "I never give flowers to boys who 'do n't care.'" Whereupon the urchin responded: "I do n't care if I do—but I do care if I do n't." *He* was more than four years old.—*New York Graphic.*

"No," said the young man to the ticket seller. "I do n't want an end seat; I want one in the middle of the row. I usually go out two or three times during the performance and always between acts, and half the pleasure I get at the theatre is in the sensation I make in passing in and out, you know. No, no; no end seat for me; a fellow might go out and come in a dozen times and nobody would notice him."—*Boston Transcript.*

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JOHN L. SULLIVAN is said to be drinking himself to death. And yet some orators say that whiskey is an enemy to the human race.—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE gentleman who is engaged in resuscitating frozen English sparrows is going to the country next week to warm up some snakes.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THE singer who understands the management of his breath is considered a great artist. It ought to be the same way with a barber.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

EL MAHDI'S brother-in-law has been captured. Every turn of the war seems to be in El Mahdi's favor. He is now getting rid of his wife's relations. —*Boston Post.*

THE New York *Tribune* does n't tackle kindly to the word "ovated." It is barely possible that it also objects to the word "excurshed." Some papers are so very hard to please.—*Norristown Herald.*

A WOMAN named Kane in Mississippi has just presented her husband with three boy babies, each one of which has a heavy growth of red hair on the head. This is the most extensive gold-headed Kane presentation on record.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

MATTHEW ARNOLD had but 150 listeners to his lecture in Baltimore. It is not strange that Mr. Arnold should say that the majority is usually in the wrong, when it is the majority that neglects to buy tickets to his lectures.—*Boston Transcript.*

A WOMAN in Michigan, being dangerously ill, her husband ordered a coffin, when she immediately began to recover. It was a little more expensive, perhaps, than if he had summoned a physician; but the coffin can be used as a dough-trough. For sale by all respectable undertakers.—*Norristown Herald.*

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have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

The H. W. COLLENDER COMPANY,
768 Broadway, New York. 241 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 113 S. 9th St., Philadelphia.
84 and 86 State St., Chicago 367 W. Baltimore St. Baltimore.

Sure Cure for Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Headache, Dyspepsia, Heart Burn, all Bilious and Gastric Affections of the Stomach, Whitens Teeth to perfection. Chemically prepared from young shoots of the willow. Guaranteed to be perfectly pure. Price only 25 cts. per box sent by mail.
DITTRAN'S PHARMACY, Broadway and Barclay Street, New York

ELLA WHEELER is getting more advertising done for her by the newspapers than ever Lydia Pinkham did. And she gets it for nothing, while the latter always paid well. But Ella is red-headed, which may account for the apparent willing generosity of the editors.—*Lowell Citizen.*

"AT our meeting to-night, why can't we get up something new—something, I don't care what, so long as it is n't music?" "A good idea, Banger!" cried Fogg; "a splendid idea. We have had a little too much music, as you say, and it is time we had something new. Suppose you sing for us, Banger."—*Boston Transcript.*

"WHY, how do you do?" exclaimed a gossiping lady to Mr. and Mrs. Rattler, as they paused on the church steps; "do you know that Miss Highsee, our soprano, is going to marry our first bass." "What ball club does he belong to?" innocently queried Rattler. The ladies continued the conversation without his assistance.—*Boston Courier.*

A COUNTRY clergyman who recently preached in an Austin church was an admirer of the writings of Charles Dickens, and quotes from his novels almost as often as he does from the Bible. He surprised his congregation by winding up a gorgeous peroration with: "It is thus you see, my brethren, as the Scriptures say: 'Barkis is willin', but the flesh is weak.'"—*Herald and Presbyter.*

IF I were a Lumti-tum-lum-titum-too
In the land of the olive and fig,
I'd sit all the day on the trolle-lol-loo
And play on the thingee-ne-jig,
And if in the Rumde-dum battle I fall,
And what 's-it's-name 's all that I crave—
But bury me deep in the what-you-may-call,
And plant thing-um-bobs over my grave!
Chicago Inter-Ocean.

"YES," he said, looking out from underneath the brim of his hat into the clear atmosphere, where he could apparently see various clews to past crimes flitting in the air, "I will undertake the case in the interest of humanity and $14 per day." A pale man, who twirled an anxious mustache, said: "The case seems to me to be a very difficult one to unravel." The detective said, as he again looked into space, and pointed his finger at the man with the anxious mustache: "You say the deed was done at night, and the murder was not discovered until morning; there were four red hairs found near the body of the victim. I have every reason to believe the murderer wore blue overalls and was cross-eyed!" "But how do you account for that?" asked the pale man, looking into the detective's eyes for consolation. "Ah!" said the detective, "that remains a secret with the detective; that alone the detective can tell. Rely upon me; I will undertake the case."—*Puck.*

AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK,
Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.
Centrally and Conveniently Located.
Open daily. Open Tuesday and Saturday evenings. Interest at 4 per cent. is declared on sums entitled, to 1st January. Accounts opened by 10th January will draw interest from 1st January.

TRUSTEES:

Hon. HENRY H. VAN DYCK, late Bank Superintendent.
William L. Strong, John Roach,
Joseph W. Drexel, Walter S. Gurnee,
Elliott F. Shepard, Richard A. McCurdy,
Hon. John R. Brady, E. D. Morgan,
Augustus D. Juilliard, Robert Lenox Belknap,
Herman O. Armour, Isaac Newton Seligman,
Hon. John D. Crimmins, Loomis L. White,
William Irwin, Charles MacRae,
Hon. Jacob Hess, Henry B. Barnes,
Henry E. Russell, James A. Striker,
Frederick Billings, Russell Raymond,
William H. Fogg, Benjamin S. Walcott,
Granville B. Smith.

THE FINEST
CLOTH OF GOLD
"Straight Mesh" Cigarette
NOW READY.
WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.
Address, C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner.
78 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

"Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.
"Common Sense" Lunch Room,
135 BROADWAY (cor. Cedar St.),
JAMES P. WHEDON, Manager.

THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY
GOOD NEWS TO LADIES!
Greatest inducements ever offered. Now 's your time to get up orders for our celebrated Teas and Coffees, and secure a beautiful Gold Band or Moss Rose China Tea Set, or Handsome Decorated Gold Band Moss Rose Dinner Set, or Gold Band Moss Decorated Toilet Set. For full particulars address
THE GREAT AMERICAN TEA CO.,
P. O. Box 289. 31 and 33 Vesey St., New York.

VOLUME I. OF · LIFE ·
Durably bound, for sale at the publication office. Price, postage free, $5. To subscribers returning a complete set of Volume I, the same will be forwarded for $2.50.
Address,
Office of LIFE,
1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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WALL PAPER.

Decorate and Beautify your Homes, Offices, &c.

QUAINT, RARE AND CURIOUS PAPERS BY EMINENT DECORATIVE ARTISTS.

Close Figures given on Large Contracts.

If you intend to sell your house, paper it, as it will bring from $2000 to $3000 more after having been Papered. Samples and Book on Decorations mailed free.

H. BARTHOLOMAE & CO.,

MAKERS AND IMPORTERS,

124 & 126 W. 33D ST., (near B'way,) N. Y.

Artistic Presents.

MESSRS. M. KNOEDLER & CO. invite attention to their fine collection of

Modern Oil Paintings, Water Color Drawings, Engravings,

and other art products suitable for Holiday presents.

The list of paintings comprises the works of all the best known artists of the day.

GOUPIL GALLERY,

OPEN EVENINGS.

34TH ANNUAL REPORT.

MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

156 AND 158 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Net assets, Dec. 31, 1882 ..... $10,265,632 60

INCOME FOR THE YEAR 1883.

Premiums received	$1,008,421 55	
Interest received on mortgage loans	170,516 29	
Interest received on bonds owned by company	49,790 00	
Interest received on other securities, rents, &c.	407,321 35	
Add interest and rents due and accrued	96,994 27	
Premiums deferred and due and unpaid	131,921 64	
Market value of stocks over cost	215,764 84	
		3,080,729 94
Total		$12,346,362 54

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid claims by death, matured endowments, and payment of annuities	$823,012 06	
Paid dividends	236,122 47	
Paid purchased policies	137,866 29	
Paid salaries, office, agency, real estate, and other expenses	138,347 12	
Taxes	9,888 02	
Medical department	8,349 32	
Commissions and advertising	121,593 03	
		1,475,178 31
Balance		$10,871,184 23

ASSETS.

Cash on hand		$3,935 93
Cash in bank and trust company		557,811 32
Bonds and mortgages secured by real estate worth double the amount loaned, and protected by fire insurance policies held by the company		2,781,162 76
Loans on policies in force (The legal reserve on the policies on which loans exist exceeds the amount of note on the same.)		1,286,745 76
United States and New York State stocks, market value		1,392,810 00
Real estate at cost		962,895 94
Quarterly and semi-annual premiums deferred, and premium and interest in course of collection and transmission		131,921 64
Loans on stocks and bonds (Market value of the securities, $4,467,052.)		3,656,906 61
Interest due and accrued and all other property		96,994 27
Gross assets		$10,871,184 23
Adjusted claims not yet due	$101,382 00	
Reported claims awaiting proof, &c.	77,760 00	
Dividends unpaid and other liability	87,752 64	
Reserve on existing policies estimated by the New York rule	8,214,739 00	
		8,481,633 64
Surplus by above rule		$2,389,550 59

HENRY STOKES, President.

J. L. HALSEY, First Vice-President.
H. B. STOKES, Second Vice-President.
H. Y. WEMPLE, Secretary.
S. N. STEBBINS, Actuary.

PLACE IT IN YOUR SAFE.

Invest $10 for $10,000 Accident Policy with $50 Weekly Indemnity in the

UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION,

320 and 322 BROADWAY,

NEW YORK,

and place it in your safe. Twenty-six dollars a year will carry this insurance and should misfortune overtake you in the way of fatal or disabling injury, there will never be cause to regret your forethought and prudence. European permits without extra charge.

LENOX PENS.

A COMPLETE SERIES IN TWELVE NUMBERS

From which every writer can select

THE BEST PEN

For his or her peculiar style of Penmanship.

Sold by stationers ; or sent by mail, in gross boxes, postpaid, for $1.00 per gross.

A TRIAL TRIP.—To enable you to test all the numbers of the series, we will send a compartment box containing one gross of Lenox Pens,—assorted, twelve each of the twelve numbers (144 pens), by mail, post-paid for $1.00, or a handsome nickle-plated, covered case containing two of each number (24 pens) for twenty-five cents.

TAINTOR BROS., MERRILL & CO.,
18 & 20 Astor Place, New York City.

CHAMPAGNES
OF
BOUCHE FILS & COMPANY,

WINE GROWERS, MAREUIL SUR-AY (Champagne).

BRANCH HOUSES: 23 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris ; 37 Beaver Street, New York.

Are now shipping their Cuvees of 1878 Wines, the quality of which will make them rank among the finest ever imported into the United States.

MAXIMUM, Very Dry.
NAPOLEON'S CABINET, Extra Dry.
DRY VERZENAY.

FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE STATES.

PRESS OF GILLISS BROTHERS, 75 & 77 FULTON STREET, N. Y.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JANUARY 31, 1884. NUMBER 57.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

050
L72

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY
Ten Cents a Copy

AFTER ALL, WHOSE BUSINESS IS IT?

IF THIS OLD LADY THINKS HIM CHEAP AT THE PRICE, AND IS HAPPY IN HIS COMPANY, WHY NOT LET HER ENJOY HIM IN PEACE?

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VOL. III. JANUARY 31ST, 1884. NO. 57.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE following intelligence was cabled to our esteemed contemporary, the *World*, at enormous expense, and published Jan. 25th:

WILLIAM III.

BERLIN, Jan. 24.—The emperor William is suffering from a cold in his head, in consequence of which the opera ball at which His Majesty intended to be present to-night has been postponed. Emperor William's hoarseness has abated.

Not to be considered lacking in enterprise, LIFE has secured the following reports through special facilities granted by the Eastern Union Telegraph Co.:

S. S. COX.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26th.—The Hon. Sunset Cox, who has been suffering for some time from free trade paralysis, complicated with political debility, was able to sit up to-night and take his medicine.

BENJAMIN WATTERSON.

LOUISVILLE, Jan. 26th.—The consultation of physicians to-day resulted in the discovery that Mr. Watterson is suffering from Bourbon pyæmia. Fatal symptoms of enlargement of self-esteem have been present for some time, and his Presidential glands were found to be completely atrophied.

MR. HOLMAN.

INDIANAPOLIS, Jan. 26th.—Mr. Holman has not yet recovered from the congestive chill resulting from his having incautiously looked at the picture of himself in the New York *Sun*.

KING THEEBAW.

BURMAH, Jan. 26th.—It was reported that His Majesty had toothache. The rumor has been officially denied.

POPE LEO XIII.

ROME, Jan. 26th.—Ecclesiastical circles have been much moved of late over the painful rumor that the infallible wart on the right side of the papal nose is increasing in size. If this is warts truly the matter, the German difficulty will be seriously complicated.

LATER.—It is true.

SECRETARY CHANDLER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26th.—The friends of Secretary Chandler were much alarmed this evening at the report that he had suffered another attack of dizziness, weakness of the lower limbs, confusion of ideas, and disposition to introduce distinguished persons. The last attack, it will be remembered, occurred on the night of the Arnold lecture. Mr. Chandler has already been violently put to bed and is now in a semi-comatose condition, breathing heavily through his nose. Dr. Bliss has prescribed *spiritus vini gallici*, combined with Seltzer, to be given him as soon as he becomes conscious, followed by a couple of hairs of the same dog. There is hope.

GENERAL HANCOCK.

ST. LOUIS, Jan. 26th.—General Hancock, a good man, was weighed here to-day. He tipped the beam at 251 lbs. This satisfactorily nails a lie.

KING ALFONSO.

MADRID, Jan. 26th.—King Alfonso dined heartily with the German Ambassador this evening. The courses consisted of sauerkraut, dobe, Berlin sausage, kirschwasser, pretzels, bock beer, Limburger bucks, Sweitzerkase, Kartofel salad, and Johanisberger. The Court physicians fear that his Majesty will bave a headache in the morning. Telegrams have been received from all the crowned heads, inquiring into his Majesty's condition

THE annual upheaval at Yale is now taking place. The *Yale Literary Magazine*, a powerful journal devoted to foot-ball, amateur poetry and other colossal interests, is as usual the bone of contention. Its editorial corps is as imposing a body as the Congress of Powers. There is the Board of Senior Editors, the Board of Junior Editors and the Board of Intermediate and Sub-junior Editors; then there are four Editors-in-chief, seven Managing Editors, nineteen Associate Editors; one hundred and forty-six Assistant Associate Editors; twenty News Editors, nine Art Editors, a Base-ball Editor with nine Assistants—Editors of course; sixteen Foot-Ball Editors and seven hundred and thirty Assorted Editors in charge of other departments of the great organ of Yale. It can naturally be seen therefore that the annual election of these important officers is an affair not only affecting Yale, but the entire civilized world, and the outcome of the present complication must necessarily be watched with interest.

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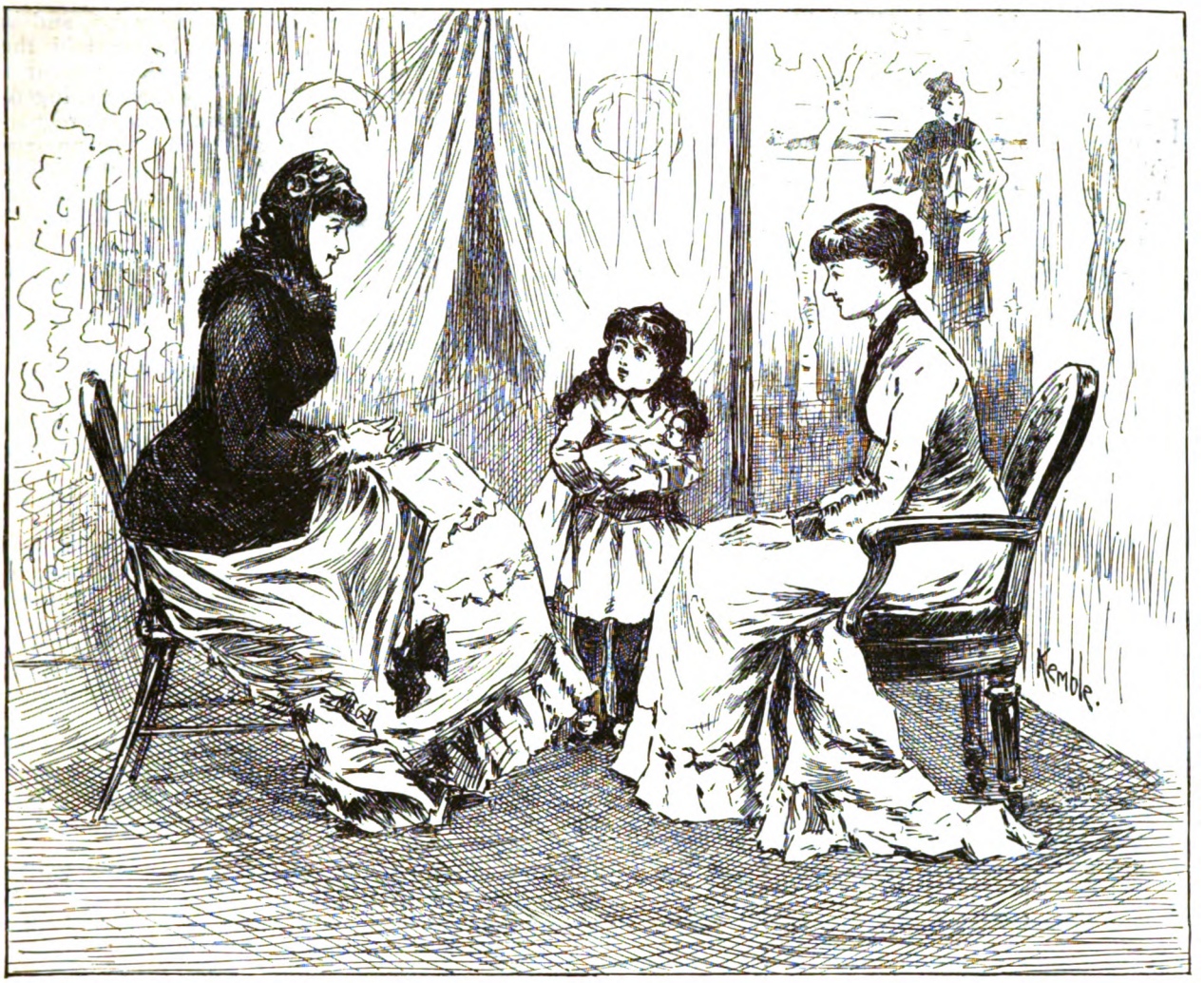

CRUEL.

Effie (to Mrs. Belweather, who has just been speaking of Mr. B.): WHY, MRS. BELWEATHER, I THOUGHT YOU HAD N'T ANY HUSBAND!

Mrs. B.: WHY, OF COURSE I HAVE, EFFIE. DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU DO N'T KNOW MR. BELWEATHER?

Effie: YES, BUT I DID N'T SUPPOSE HE WAS YOUR HUSBAND. I THOUGHT YOU HAD N'T ANY. PAPA SAID YOU MARRIED FOR MONEY, AND THAT WAS ALL YOU GOT.

ANGÈLE.

"A DAUGHTER of the gods!" you say;
Gods strong in youth and fire were they;
Instinct with grace to stir the blood
And deathless surely, since they could
Transmit to us of later days
The beauty of *La Bordelaise.*

Clear-blooded, supple-limbed and straight,
Robust and *riante* and elate;
Like some fresh breath of strong sea-air,
Like some rose tropic-warm and rare,
Exalts the sense, enthralls the gaze,
The beauty of *La Bordelaise.*

Through glad Thessalian olive groves
A Dryad, as I fancy, roves;
I seem to see a Mænad dance
Upon the sea-washed cliffs of France,
And dream-born homage bids me raise
A pæan to *La Bordelaise.*

Too feeble is our Saxon speech;
The grand Greek words with force could reach
All hearts of such as worship well.
"Βοῶπις πότνιᾶ Ἥρα" fell
On ears that would not hear dispraise
Of queens like *La Belle Bordelaise!*

JOHN MORAN.

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FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LECTURE VIII.—*Injuries caused by electricity.*

1. INJURIES caused by electricity were formerly confined to cases where persons were struck by lightning.

2. They are now made numerous by the frequency with which absent-minded people shake hands with dynamos or grasp the wires of electric lights.

3. Lightning occasionally strikes a man "below the belt." It is useless, however, to appeal to the "Marquis of Queensbury Rules" in such a case.

4. If "Jersey lightning" strikes a man, he generally suffers partial paralysis of his lower limbs.

5. Should two electric-light wires lie exposed on the sidewalk, never attempt to put out the light by stepping on them.

6. In case a man should climb an electric-light pole and seize one carbon in each hand, he would be subjected to the action of the electric currents. These are almost as fatal in their effect as green currants.

7. According to Sunday-school literature, four-fifths of the people who are killed by lightning are struck while out gunning on Sunday.

8. When hunting on the Sabbath, always use a bow and arrow or a lassoo, so as to avoid attracting the electric fluid.

9. When a man is struck by lightning he is usually exceedingly shocked at its behavior. H. L. S.

A CO-OPERATIVE NURSERY.

SOME books are epoch-making, and perhaps Mrs. Melusina Fay Peirce's little volume on "Co-operative House-keeping" may some day claim at least an epoch-let for itself. Potentially it is a great work, as we shall show. The possibilities of the theory here advanced are wonderful. Mrs. Peirce's scheme only embraces a co-operative store, bakery, sewing-room and laundry—the result of which is to be "that promised woman, clothed with the sun of her own achievements, crowned with the stars of her own fascinations." If the scheme as here set forth is to make such a wonderful change in the female wardrobe, and reduce all expenses for satin dresses and head-gear to the minimum, what amelioration of woman-kind, and indirectly mankind, may not be anticipated when Co-operative Housekeeping is pushed into other equally legitimate and useful fields? Imagination staggers in contemplation of the economical and social reform which would result from a CO-OPERATIVE NURSERY. Yet we hope to convince the most sceptical that such a scheme is practical and eminently desirable.

By co-operation, one nurse-girl is to be made to do the work of twelve, and twelve indulgent but impecunious fathers will each week put eleven-twelfths of a nurse's wages into the bank for a rainy day, and in after years will credit LIFE with having laid the foundation of their fortunes. The equipments for a Co-operative Nursery should be simple and yet ingenious. The first stock in trade must be twelve regulation babies, of assorted sizes and ages. The nursery may be any large, well-ventilated room in the neighborhood of the proprietors of the above mentioned stock in trade. The expense for rent will be lessened if one of the rooms in the building devoted to the co-operative store, laundry, etc., is used. It will be impossible to more than suggest the appliances with which this room should be fitted out, but LIFE is prepared to furnish designs giving details.

First in importance is the combined infant's chair, crib, toy-holder, and milk-bottle, with paregoric and spanking attachment. Twelve of these admirable chairs are arranged on the circumference of a large wheel, revolving in a parallel plane with the floor. The nurse sits at one side of the room and by turning a delicately-adjusted crank can bring the chair of any infant around to her position. If the rosy-cheeked darling is sleepy it is only necessary to pull a lever to convert the chair into a comfortable crib, the same motion closing the toy-table and changing it into a pillow. The co-operative milk-bottle hangs supported from the ceiling in the centre of the circle of infants, after the manner of the lump of sugar at Washington Irving's Dutch tea-parties. One dozen rubber tubes, acting on the siphon principle, dangle just out of reach of the omnivorous babies. The nurse, by a system of pulleys, is able to swing any tube into place, ready for action, or she can apply the cut-off with equal facility.

The paragoric bottle is an annex to the milk bottle, but it is only provided with one siphon, and it is necessary to wheel the afflicted infant into position by the crank above mentioned. An automatic attachment regulates the size of the dose in accordance with the intensity of the baby's yells.

But the gem of the invention is the Spanker. The art by which Nature is here so closely imitated will command the admiration of all mothers. A broad-soled slipper delicately adjusted to an arm-like lever lies harmlessly upon the floor, near the circumference of the revolving wheel. Suddenly No. 6 indulges in unseemly rage and refuses to succumb to paregoric or milk. The placid nurse turns the crank and No. 6's chair is wheeled into close proximity to the slipper; she touches an electric button and the roaring infant takes position; button No. 2 is touched; the slipper quickly rises from the floor and executes its mission; then there is peace and silence for the space of half an hour.

Space will not permit a description of the Lulluby Calliope, driven by steam from the laundry; the co-operative baby-carriage forever perambulating on the roof; the lightning bath-tub, or rather sponge-tub, through which the infant is shot head first, emerging at the other end clean and dry, with its hair combed and a smile upon its shiny face.

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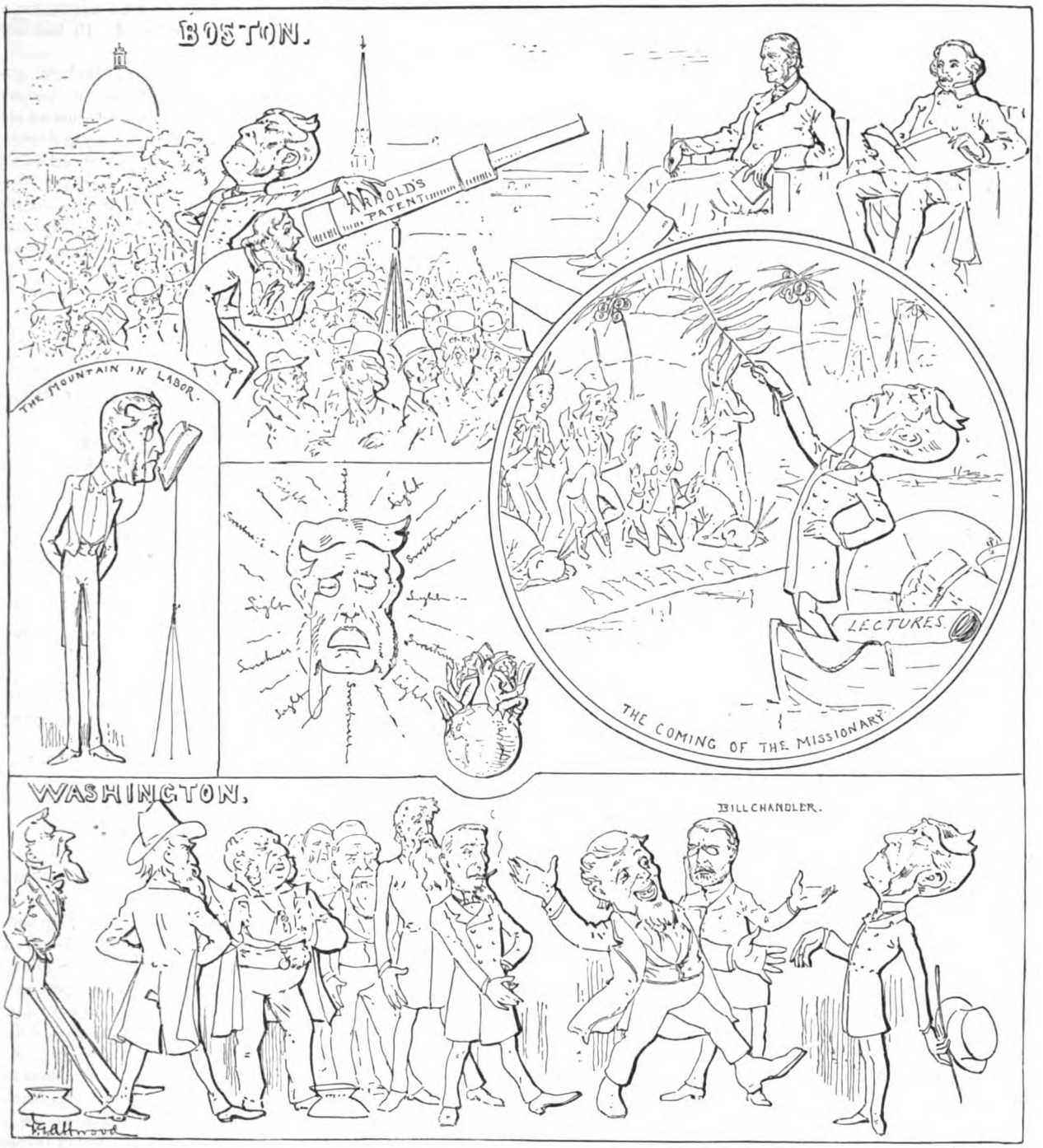

A SOUVENIR FOR MR. ARNOLD.

Lest there may be complaints of the inhumanity of a system which would separate children from their parents, we will add that a Co-operative Delivery Wagon should be attached to every such nursery, in which, at all seasons, the babe may be safely conveyed to its parents on summons by telephone. This wagon has its prototype in those now employed by a catering company of this city which are kept warm by steam in

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winter and refrigerated in summer. It will be evident from this that the child can be served hot or cold, according as the parents may desire to rear it for a torrid or frigid climate.

In conclusion we can only call the attention of Mrs. Peirce to the originality of our suggestions, and ask for one acknowledgement thereof in the next edition of her admirable work. DROCH.

THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

"One by one the sands are falling."

O! and O! cried a merry maid,
To-day I am just eighteen!
And I am the fairest maiden
That the world has ever seen!

Of course I never can marry
Anything less than an Earl,
For it would be very wicked
To cast before swine this pearl!

ON a hot day: "Drink to me only with thine ice."

ON the "Stranglers of Paris" man wants but little here Belot.

"BETWEEN you and me and the Post, I am tired of newspaper work."—*Schurz.*

A CHEMICAL definition applied to a follower of Voltaire: "The quantivalence of a radical depends on the number of its unsatisfied bonds."

JANUARY.

O, MY! January, how you howl!
And your clouds droop like a cowl
O'er your cheeks;
And you moan, and wail, and rave
In a solitary stave
Of mad shrieks. R. E. J.

And besides, January, you have made my nose red and my eyes water, and you twisted my hair so that I look like a fright, and if you can't behave better, you need n't come over and play in our yard any more. *There*, now!

A TRANS-CONTINENTAL EPISODE,

OR,

MATAMORPHOSES AT MUGGINS' MISERY:

A CO-OPERATIVE NOVEL.

BY

BRET JAMES AND HENRY HARTE.

IV.

WHEN Cecil took so sudden and so unexpected a departure, he too had but one thought. "She called me One-Eyed Win," he constantly said to himself; "I must live up to the name. Never let me present myself before her until I can be all that her fondest dream might wish. If I rightly apprehend the case in all of its bearings I have but to lapse from the too-concrete back towards the elemental. I can do that, I guess."

He stopped; he bit his lip: he blushed with mortification He looked around to see if he had been overheard. He had said "guess."

I do not broadly say that Cecil loved Calamity. He held, and properly enough, that all emotion was crude and all passion brutal; but he had an exquisite and highly-trained sense of the eternal fitness of things—of *les convenances*, as we say in France. His vivid imagination acting upon an organization most delicately and sensitively constructed—but it may be that I weary you. Let me simply say here, he perceived and expressed the full duality of a great potent reverse, the truth. "Travel makes the man," he said, "Travel has improved me; now it must unimprove me.

WITHIN A MONTH HE WAS SELLING RUBBER BOOTS TO THE BEDOUIN ARABS AND CORK INSOLES TO THE BASHI-BAZOUKS.

But I must not neglect *les affaires*. My intellectual and pecuniary purposes must be made to gibe"—oh, *ciel!* not "gibe;" rather, "coincide."

Within a month he was selling rubber boots to the Bedouin Arabs and cork insoles to the Bashi-Bazouks.

V.

BY BOTH AUTHORS.

SUMMER at Muggins' Misery—if that can still be Muggins' Misery which bears not the least resemblance to the same locality as it existed a year back. The then dilapidated dwelling-house has blossomed out gaily in reds and browns and saffrons, and parades a brave array of dormer-windows and bed-posty piazzas. The once raw and sodden earth is covered with a neat expanse of trim turf, and is symmetrically set with tubs of close-cropped trees. Furthermore, it is adorned with a great net tightly drawn between two upright stakes, and enlivened with the antics of a company of white-flannelled young gentlemen, among whom the Red-top Jim and the Sassafras Charley of other days may be distinguished by a careful eye. For Muggins' Misery is *en fête* to-day (is that O. K., Henry?), and the peerless Ginevra Infelice holds court on her ancestral acres. The old man has been boxed up for the day, and no discordant element mars the serenity of the occasion.

Ginevra Infelice stands at the half-drawn door of her marqueetent; she is the very picture of a gracious lady. She is robed in shining satin, a superb tiara of—yes, of—crowns her flaxen tresses, and ten-button kids adorn her shapely arms. She has been to a bankrupt sale, and she murmurs beneath her breath,

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GINEVRA INFELICE STANDS AT THE HALF-DRAWN DOOR OF HER MARQUEE TENT.

"'T is better to be gloved at cost
Than never to be gloved at all."

She has been reading Tennyson, too.

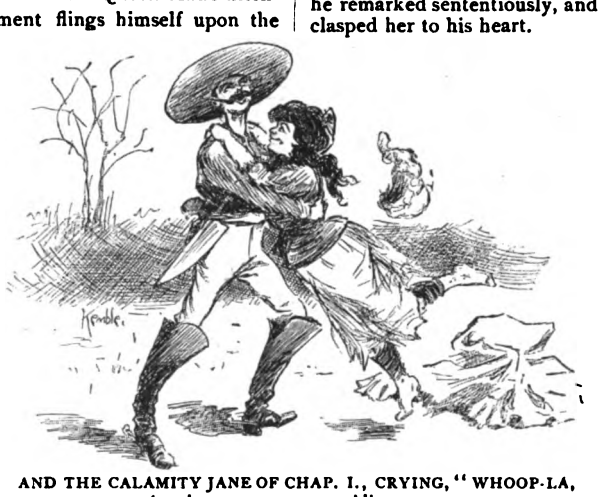
But what is her chief thought, after all? I will boil down a page of my justly-celebrated analysis and find that she is thinking of her Cecil. She holds a cablegram in her gloved hand, and, "He is coming, coming, coming," she softly sings in a throbbing threnody of joy. "And he shall find me ready." She glances about her. "Queen Anne; lawn tennis;—what shall move his heart if these things fail. But they 'll *not* fail?" she concludes with vehement energy.

Heaven help her! She had been attending some parlor readings of Shakspeare.

She is remiss in none of the duties of hospitality, but hers are the first ears that hear the approach of clattering hoofs, and hers the first eyes that catch sight of the solitary horseman drawing nigh. ("Solitary horseman" is all right, Bret; quite in a family way.)

The newcomer draws up sharply before the Queen Anne hitching-post, and with a superb movement flings himself upon the ground. He is clad in a red shirt and a broad sombrero, his belt is stuck full of bowie-knives and revolvers. He advances toward the bar, flings down with a lordly air a fifty-rouble piece and a double handful of mixed Mongolian silver, and cries in a bold brash voice, "Gentlemen, the drinks is mine!"

Ginevra, spite his present guise, has recognized him. Faint and dizzy she clings to her tent door for support. And as he emerges from the house, wiping his moustache upon his elbow, he sees and recognizes her. One swift, mutual glance and then—and then—



AND THE CALAMITY JANE OF CHAP. I., CRYING, "WHOOP-LA, PARD! I 'M ALL ON DECK!" FLUNG HER ARMS AROUND HER CECIL'S NECK.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.—A difficulty not altogether unforeseen here occurs! Our two authors are unable to agree upon a suitable termination; each wants to end the story in his own way. We can only print the two versions side by side; you pay your money and you take your choice.

Weep, weep, all weep; so near together, and yet as far apart as ever.

"Calamm!" he said, a thick sob choking his utterance.

"Cecil!" she moaned, and wrung her gloved hands. "Oh!" she went on, "and is it thus we meet?" (She had been taking lessons in ballad singing.) "Must all our mutual sacrifices count for naught?—Heaven forbid. You have returned to me expecting to find me ready, and so you shall." The fire of her aboriginal ancestors began to blaze in her dark eyes, and the rude speech of her unreclaimed childhood rose to her lips. "Strike up that there music!" she shouted to the Be-Joyful band encamped upon the lawn; "I 'm going to peel off!"

In three quick yanks the work was done and the fine feathers of an effete civilization were stripped off and fluttered unheeded away. Beneath the sheeny satin appeared the old familiar calico, greasy and torn; from under the flaxen wig her midnight tresses once more came into view; the white gloves that concealed her dirty hands were for once and all cast aside; and the Calamity Jane of Chap. I., crying, "Whoop-la, pard! I 'm all on deck!" flung her arms around her Cecil's neck.

Ready with the "tag" now and the "drop."

"Two of a kind, at last!" he remarked sententiously, and clasped her to his heart.

I do not invite your tears; I would rather be ambiguous than pathetic any day in the week.

At last they stood face to face—as a novelist of the old school would say.

"*C'est bien malheureux*," said Ginevra. Nowadays, when she wanted to place her embarassments on other shoulders she used French.

"It 's a d—d shame!" brutally blurted out the enraged and disappointed young man. (He had left his French accent behind and was obliged to use common English.)

"Fie, fie, for shame!" Such language before ladies! The question is, how is this extremely awkward state of affairs to be remedied? The concessions that I myself can make will be very slight. I have tasted the sweet delights of culture, and cannot renounce them now."

"Let the sacrifice, then, be mine," rejoined Cecil with the well-bred intonation that the word "culture" seemed to bring back to him. He cast aside his sombrero and began to pull his trousers out of his boot-legs.

"Desist, if you please," she said; "I dislike all scenes. Sweet are the sacrifices of love. Let the nobility of all this mutual anguish consist in a sweet and utter—ah—um."

"Do you mean to marry me, or not?" he cried in a voice of bewildered, agonized entreaty.

"*Cela dépend*," she murmured softly to the slow waving of her swan's-down fan.

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—The continuation of this deeply interesting story will be furnished subscribers on application at my office, for their personal and confidential use. Also full analyses to accompany the present installment, which have been unavoidably crowded out.

B. F.

A RUSSIAN Nihilist said recently that it was his ambition to be the "check reign" of the Russian Government. This is said to be the sentiment of the whole N. G.—Nihilist Gang.

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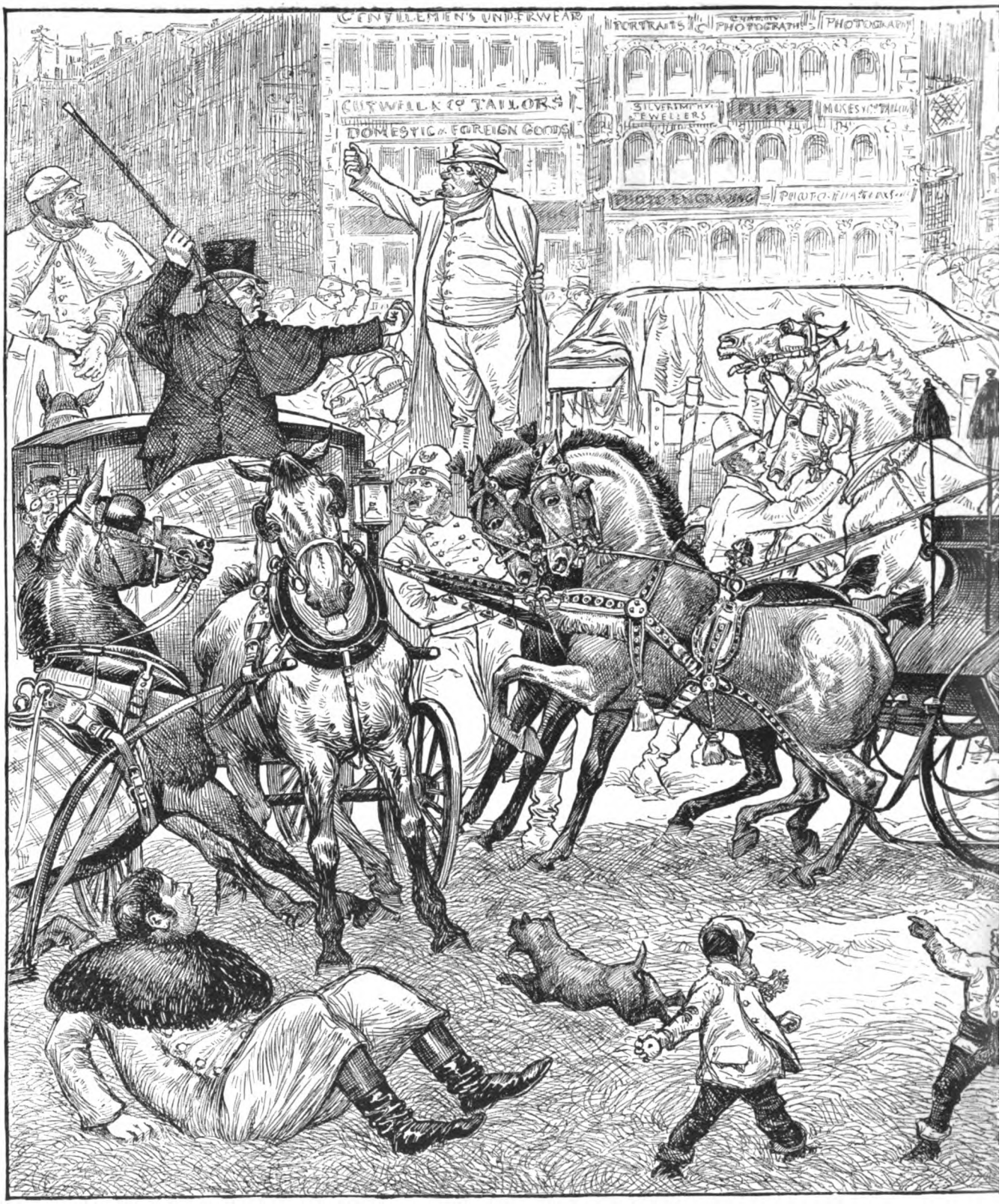

SLEIGHING

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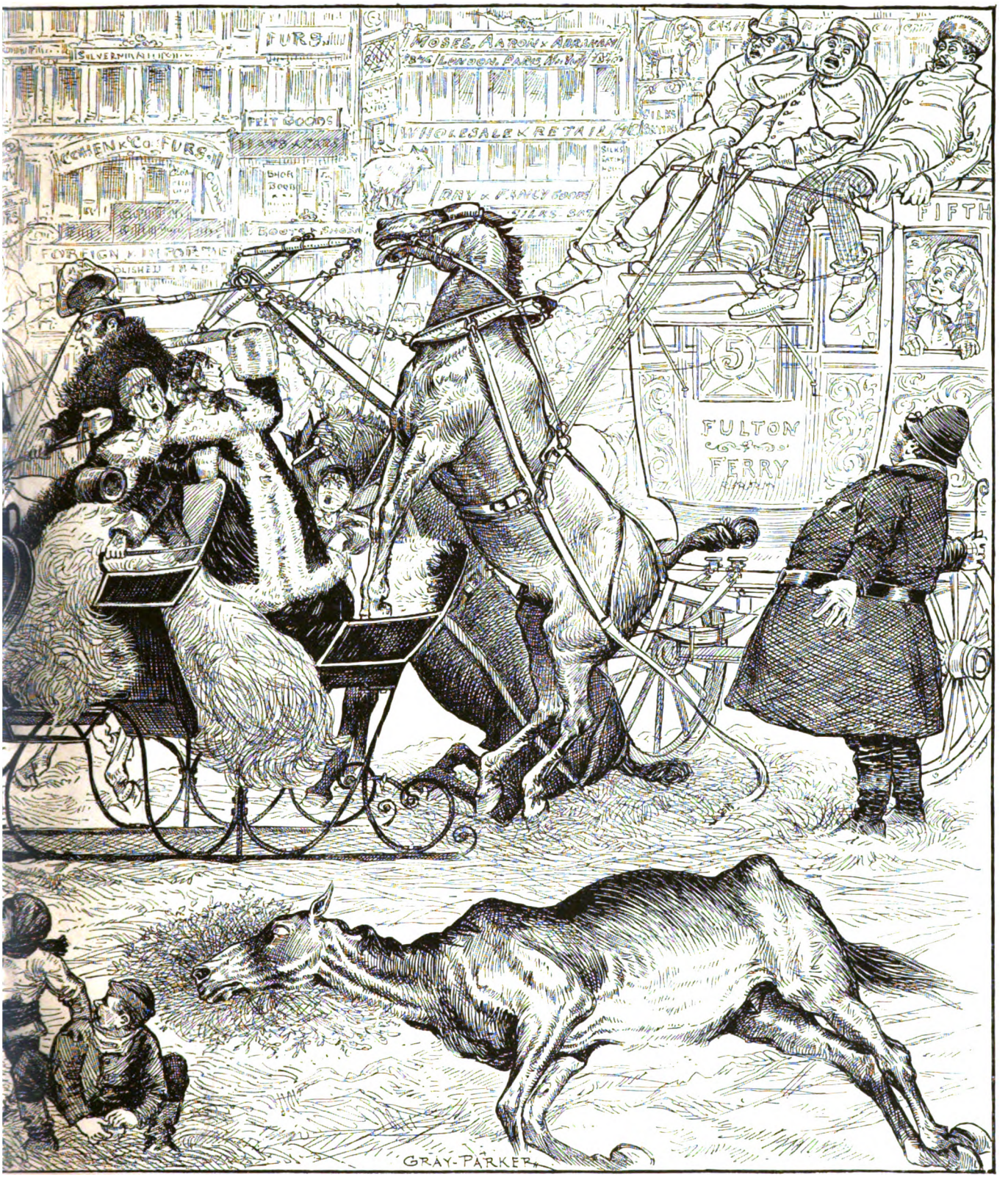

IN THE CITY.

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"IT 'S A WAY WE HAVE IN—SOCIETY."

I.

I DANCE three sweet, successive dances
With one fair girl;
She gives me most bewitching glances
As round we whirl.

II.

We dance, we sup, we talk together;
I did not know
So interesting was the weather,
So fair the snow.

III.

By chance next morning with her meeting,
I bow my head.
I might have spared my cordial greeting;
She cuts me dead!

IV.

My senses quickly come together—
And now I know
How wretched is this beastly weather,
How vile the snow!

ARISTOPHANES.

IT will bring comfort to many a sorrowing heart to know that Mr. Fitzgerald, in his "Essays on Self-Consciousness," asserts that "Love is but the clinging sense of mutual correlation for dependence." To translate into the vernacular for "correlation" read "admiration," for "dependence" read "ice-cream."

OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS AND MR. RICHELIEU ROBINSON.

MR. ROBINSON has been foaming at the mouth again, and has arisen in Congress to inquire whether it be true that "Lord Lowell" kept an American citizen cooling his heels in an ante-room for an hour while his Lordship put on that undemocratic garment, a dress coat? "Richelieu" also asked our national talking-machine to investigate our foreign ministers, in order to find out whether they have complied with the law, which requires them to wear the "dress of an American citizen" at the levees, balls, and banquets of effete potentates and mildewed aristocracy. Let the investigation be had, by all means, and let the ministers be immediately recalled who have transgressed the law. Still, it will first be necessary that the Supreme Court of the United States shall construe the law, for it is not quite settled what the dress of an American citizen really is. It is the plain duty of Congress to settle by a resolution the proper dress of an American citizen, and to annex to the resolve a plate which will illustrate it.

PLATE I.

PLATE II.

To aid Congress in this important matter, it is LIFE's pleasure and duty to give a few plates of American costumes:

PLATE I.—*The American Statesman.*

Stove-pipe hat of the vintage of 1867, brushed the wrong way; long, double-breasted frock coat of shiny broadcloth (this must be covered with grease spots and innocent of a whisk-broom); low-cut vest and pants of same material; soiled shirt, dribbled with tobacco-juice; brass collar-stud in lieu of necktie*; paste breastpin; cow-hide boots. (This costume may be, and commonly is, worn upon all occasions, *and it may be slept in, boots and all, if desired.*)

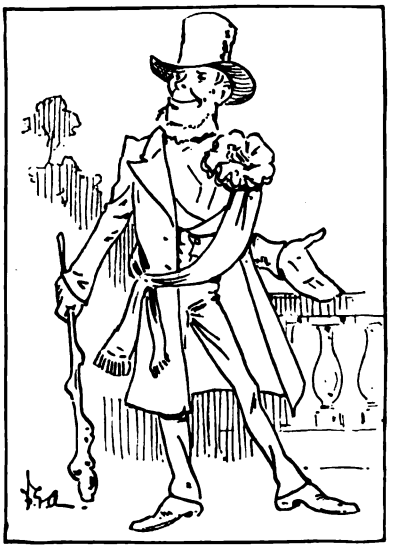

PLATE III.

PLATE II.—*The Horny-handed Farmer.*

Blue overalls; cow-hide boots, which sing of the barn; old coat, bottle green; very bad hat; hair to be worn long and shaggy, and sprinkled with hay seed. (Picturesque and national.)

PLATE III.—*The Hibernio-American.*

Same as Plate I, with the addition of a broad, green sash across the belt and a green rosette with a gold

* A white lawn necktie, if soiled, may be worn at state dinners.

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harp across it in the left button-hole. (To be worn by the Minister to the Court of St. James.)

PLATE IV.

PLATE IV.—*The Drummer.*

Linen duster, fur collar, lavender pants; checked vest. (All to be scented with the odor of bad cigars.)

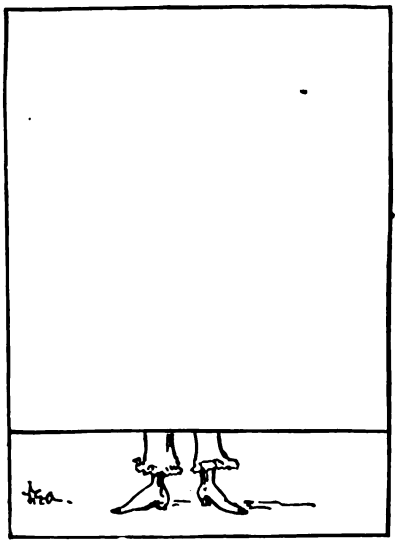

PLATE V.

PLATE V.—*The Dr. Mary Walker.*

Description unnecessary and improper.

As there are many million American citizens, of all sizes, tastes, colors, and previous conditions of servitude, one might give many more plates. It will be a comfort when Congress decides what the costume of an American citizen really should be.

IDYLS OF BEACON STREET.

No. 2.

Fiat justitia, ruat Salem.

CHAPTER I.

"WHO is he?"

Mrs. Vernon Bunkerill smiled as she heard her daughter, Theodosia Maude, ask this question. It was so purely Boston—so ancestral. She caught her impulsively to her heart, but instantly recovering her Salem self-possession, said calmly:

"Let us go to luncheon."

Theodosia Maude hesitated a moment. "Do we have beans or ber-rd to-day, mummer?" she inquired, wistfully.

"Both, my darling, if you desire them," said the indulgent mother, for the Bunkerills were able to gratify these simple tastes in their only child.

They were wealthy, but although this fact has been well known for years, it had not appreciably injured their social position.

CHAPTER II.

DRYDITCH ST. BOTOLPH had just completed his twenty-fifth year. He had nobly fought his way from Deputy 3rd Assistant Substitute Full-Back in the Harvard Eleven, in charge of the lemonade pail, to Worthy Grand Magnifico and Custodian of the Black Ball in the Medfac. He had also slightly applied himself to the law—that is, he had a $45 office on Court street, to which he intended going should he ever have a client.

By the death of his great-uncle he had inherited the acres in Salem, and that *retroussé* nasal expression, of which all the St. Botolophs were justly so proud.

He was therefore looked upon as a young man of great talent. Talent tells in Boston.

CHAPTER III.

AFTER toying with her third plate of beans, and having fondled her second ber-rd, Theodosia Maude felt refreshed.

She was delicate, and wore No. 34 glasses, hence her diet, exclusive of Longfellow and Emerson, was light.

"Now, mummer," she said, pushing back her chair and gazing dreamily at the pyramids of crumbs she had heaped up beside the ruins of the beanpot—"tell me, *who* is he?"

Mrs. Bunkerill was secretly pleased. But she gave no outward sign.

No true Bostonian ever does.

"Do you love him, then?" she asked, with studied indifference, but watching Theodosia Maude narrowly.

The beautiful girl threw back her head proudly. "How can I tell, mummer, until you have answered my question?"

"His parents, my dear," said the gratified mother, "were born in New York."

"New York?" exclaimed Theodosia Maud; "New York? Where is New York, mummer? Is—is it near Salem?" she asked, a faint blush creaming through the alabaster of her cheek, yet with a half tender Back Bay smile.

"No, my precious," said the fond mother. "It is very, very far from Salem."

"That settles it, then," replied the girl, coldly selecting a toothpick from the *repoussé* porcupine upon the table.

"But his mother's father was a Van Wrestler," pursued Mrs. Bunkerill, with that triangular smile characteristic of Bostonians when certain of ultimate success.

Theodosia Maud arched her brows slightly but spoke not.

"A Van Wrestler," continued the happy mother. "*And*, I may add, *not* from the wrong side of the river."

The young girl sat with downcast eyes, apparently intent upon her pick. Still with the sharp eyes of maternal love, Mrs. Bunkerill thought she detected a change. She went on placidly:

"His *father*, my dear, *was* from"—here she made one of those skilful pauses for which Boston mothers are so celebrated.

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"I BELIEVE IN THE HORSE-SHOE THEORY," SAYS BOGGS, "EVERYTHING SEEMS TO GO BETTER; BUSINESS SEEMS BRIGHTER, YOU 'RE MUCH HAPPIER."

BUT A SUDDEN LURCH OF THE STEP-LADDER SOMEWHAT MODIFIED HIS VIEWS ON THE SUBJECT.

"Salem, mummer?" Theodosia Maude blushed as she said these words, and then, recollecting herself, sank breathlessly back into her chair.

"Yes, my own, from Salem," continued the delighted mother. "And e-*nor*-mously rich."

In another instant Theodosia Maude was clasped in her arms. "O, mummer," she whispered, rapturously, "I am so, *so* happy. *And*"—here she looked up shyly—"I can love him just as truly as though he were not wealthy—can't I—or rather"—here she blushed again—"can I not?"

"Yes, my love, you can, nay—you must. Let it not be said that your true heart turned from a good man because he happened to be a millionaire. But tell me—has—has he proposed yet?"

The noble girl looked straight into her mother's eyes. "I will not try to deceive you, mummer. He has not."

CHAPTER IV.

DRYDITCH ST. BOTOLPH, on the afternoon succeeding the stirring events narrated in the last chapter, dined at the Somersault Club. It is a way with Boston men when they have any important undertaking on hand. Then he smoked a cigar, while seated in the leather chair on the right hand side of the bay window. His mind was made up. He arose and examined himself stealthily but carefully in the mirror. His hair was not sufficiently *negligé*. He gave it two wipes, four rubs and a pull, and it was becomingly tangled. Then he assumed his goloshes and silently glided down the hill, leaning to the proper angle as he swiftly rounded the curve.

Ten minutes later there was music in the ears of Theodosia Maude.

The door bell had been rung.

CHAPTER V.

"YOU must really ask Popper."

This was all she said.

But it was volumes.

CHAPTER VI.

AT eleven o'clock that same night Maltravers Papyrus sat in the Somersault Club, secretly sipping a pint of Cordon Rouge.

Maltravers Papyrus was frugal.

He had loved Theodosia wildly for thirteen years.

For eleven years he had been studying up his pedigree with a

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view to providing her with comfort, at least, when they should be wed.

Seven of these years had been spent in tracing up the family history of the stepmother of his fourth cousin's great-uncle.

Love and perseverance had at last accomplished their work, and now his pent-up passion could no longer contain itself.

He determined to go on the following morning and declare his love.

Hitherto he had worshiped Theodosia Maude from afar off.

It is a way Boston men have.

CHAPTER VI.

AT midnight precisely, Dryditch St. Botolph entered the Club with a firm step, and ordered a double golden buck for one. His eyes encountered those of Maltravers Papyrus.

Maltravers felt like slightly starting.

But he contained himself.

Still he knew that the die had been cast, and that Theodosia was another's.

CHAPTER VII.

SIX months later they were cutting cake at the Bunkerills. It was Theodosia's wedding-cake.

Her maiden aunt had made it with her own hands. Hence Dryditch St. Botolph knew it was rank poison. He sent a piece to Maltravers Papyrus at the Somersault Club.

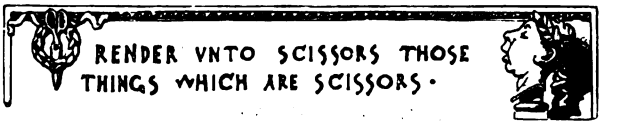
But Maltravers never got it. He had committed suicide a month before. That is to say, he had moved to the South End.

He was soon forgotten.

G. C.

THE death roll—The boarding-house biscuit.

A MAN with lots of "sand"—Dennis Kearney.



EGYPT is one thousand miles long and only six miles wide. Must look something like Sarah Bernhardt.—*Philadelphia Call.*

ROBERT SINNICKSON, of Trenton, N. J., sends us a slip of his poem entitled "Pity the Poor Millionaire." It is a comfort to know that there is one man at least who pities us.—*Norristown Herald.*

A TEXAS steer was loose in the street of the West End, in Boston, the other day, and it is unnecessary to say more of the way things were going on. A sick man in the house heard the disturbance, and looking up wearily to his nurse, said: "I do wish that Harvard student would go home."—*The Present Age.*

THERE is one engagement in high life that appears to be off. Mary Anderson, at great expense, sends word over to the Associated Press that she will *not* marry the duke. The duke at equally vast expense, telegraphs that he will NOT marry Mary. Dr. Gilpin (is n't that his name?) telegraphs at the same outlay that Mary and the duke will NOT marry each other. The doctor pays for all these messages. The free "ad." goes booming around the papers. Mary remains Miss Anderson and the duke continues to be the duke with undiminished enthusiasm, and everybody is happy. What, ho! without there! Another row of chairs for the centre aisle!—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

AN old horse attached to a still older ash wagon was left standing on Larned street, west, yesterday, when the dumping of a load of coal started him off on the run. When the owner returned to the spot where he had left his rig, a boy informed him of what had occurred. "Ran away! Do you say my horse ran away?" "Yes, sir." "Did he strike into a galop?" "He did." "And people were excited?" "Yes, sir. There was quite a crowd around." "And after he turned the corner he broke the wagon, you say?" "Smashed it all to pieces, sir." "Well, by George! I was off trying to find some one who'd give me $10 for that horse, but now I won't take a cent less than $25! Actually struck a galop and ran away, eh? I believe I won't sell short of $30!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

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"A BEAUTIFUL Woman's Suicide.—Dr. Potter's New Powers as Bishop.—The Rev. Mr. Kerr called to Philadelphia.—A Game of Poker on Brooklyn Heights.—Both Killed in a Street Fight."—This really looks like the skeleton of an interesting item, but it is only an excerpt from the New York *Times'* bulletin board of Jan. 25th.

"Do you know," said an infatuated youth to a young lady who preferred his room to his company—"do you know that the comet of 1812, now visible, is travelling away from us at the rate of many millions of miles a day?" "No, I didn't know it; but I wish a certain young man would imitate the comet and travel off at the same rate." He travelled—but not quite so rapidly as the comet.—*Norristown Herald.*

THE New Haven *Morning News* insists that advertising pays. In a late issue it says the following advertisement was printed in the *Morning News* a couple of days ago:

BOY WANTED—GOOD REFERENCE required: steady employment. Apply to
G. D. R. HUBBARD,
Printers' Warehouse, 379 State Street.

The *Morning News* received the following notice last night:

BORN.—In this city, January 4, a son, to Mr. and Mrs. G. D. R. Hubbard.

WHEN the ancient building on the corner of Washington and Bromfield streets was razed three years ago, there were thousands of Bostonians who sadly missed Loring's bookstore. Hundreds of professional and business men whose offices or counting-rooms are north of Franklin and Bromfield streets had for years called there daily to obtain their supply of current literature. Mr. Loring appeared smiling, and to all outward appearances as happy as ever in a store opposite the Boston theatre, but for many of his old customers he was too far out of their accustomed walk. All these will be glad to hear that he is coming back. On and after Feb. 1st he will be found in the new marble building just round the corner on Bromfield street, and A. K. Loring will be himself again as he hangs his magenta sign close by the spot where he won a world-wide reputation as a publisher and bookseller.—*Boston Paper.*

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Seven-Twenty-Eight
Seven-Twenty-Eight

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"Laughter literally incessant."—*Herald.*

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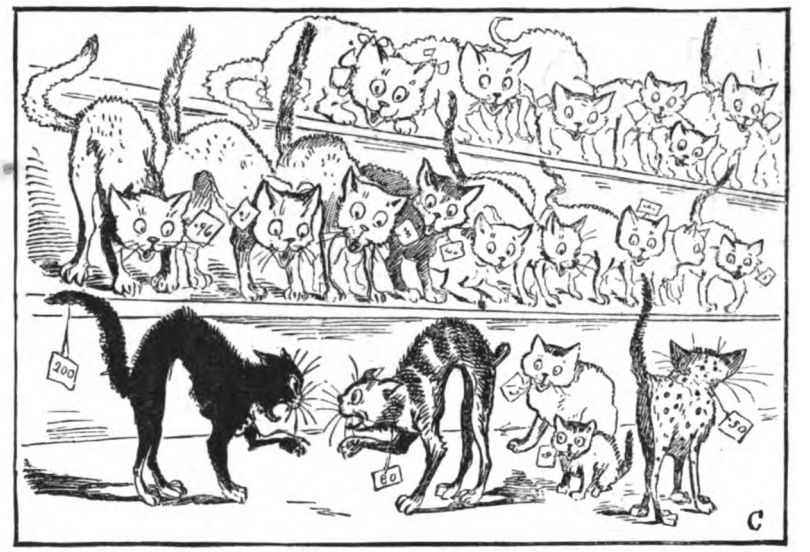


THE CAT SHOW.

"THE STOUT CAT."

Come, get your hats and coats, boys,
and let us all go
To see the funny creatures at the
great cat show!
Scratch-cats, Thomas-cats, pussy-
cats, and all
Yellow cats and cats that shriek upon
the garden wall;
Cats that sing in alto notes, which
pierce the listening ear,
Loud enough for people half a mile
away to hear;
Pet cats and tabby-cats, and cats that
love to fight—
Cats that wander around the streets very late at night;
Big cats, stout cats, cats that fiercely squall,
Little kits that seem to be almost no cats at all;
Maltese and tortoise-shells, and cats with green eyes;
Fat cats, lean cats, and cats so wondrous wise;
Speckled cats, striped cats, with coats sleek and nice;
Sly cats, of rare skill at catching rats and mice;
Bob-tailed, squirrel-tailed,
bow-legged beasts
Cats that make of stolen meat
the most majestic feasts;
Cats with fur like Buffalo, or
hair fine as silk,
And cats that fatten cheerfully on rich condensed milk.

"VERY LATE AT NIGHT."

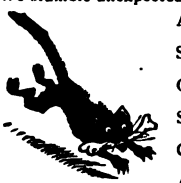
"THE LEAN CAT."

What a strange, elastic beast our ordinary
cat!
Drop him from the house-top and you'd
think he'd fall flat;
See him light so gracefully, on all his four
feet,
And scamper like a lightning flash away
down the street!
Whatever woful accidents this animal
befall,
You can't hurt a Thomas cat by any means
at all.
You hit him with a shovel or a poker on his head,
And leave him stretched upon the ground, appearing to be
dead;
Soon he gathers up himself and calmly walks away,
And goes to play with other cats and spend a happy day.

On knocks and blows and kicks and
cuffs the creature simply thrives,
For every cat, as well is known, has
just nine lives.

"CATS SO WONDROUS WISE."

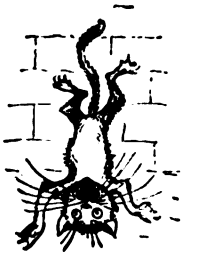
But, oh! how different it is with us
poor mortal men!
For accidents befall us, no matter how
or when,
And sad it is to study with what immense facility
A healthy man becomes a case of total disability!
We stumble unexpectedly on bricks or paving stones,



"STOLEN MEAT."

And dislocate our elbow-joints or
badly break our bones;
Sometimes knocked in the water from
overloaded boat,
Or sometimes tossed by angry bull,
or horned by billy-goat;
Sometimes, alas! we find ourselves
with bruised or broken head,
Confined at home for weeks or months
and stowed away in bed;
And then, in pain and suffering,
what wond'rous comfort is it
To have the consolation of a pleasant weekly visit
Of the man with fifty dollars from the ACCIDENT INSURANCE,
Who comes to keep our courage
up and help our brave endurance.
Then just ten thousand dollars,
on the U. S. Mutual plan,
Awaits the stricken widow of the
thrifty, prudent man
Who, killed
by sad disaster, was
thoughtful
to provide
Cash comfort
for his family in time,
before he
died.

"CATS THAT FATTEN CHEERFULLY."



"DROP HIM FROM THE HOUSETOP."

JAMES R. PITCHER,
Secretary.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 7, 1884. NUMBER 58.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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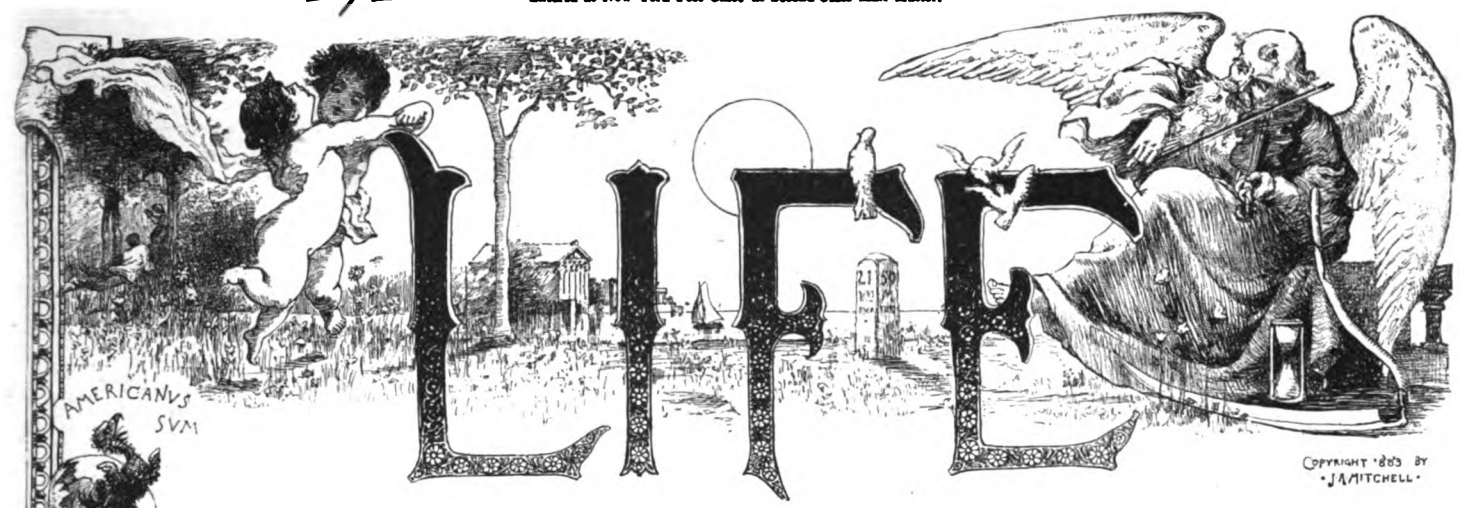

NO LONGER A WELCOME VISITOR.

Paterfamilias: KEEP OUT, SIR! IF MY WIFE AND CHILDREN CAN NOT HAVE THE NEWS OF THE DAY WITHOUT YOUR RECORD OF CRIME AND FILTH THEY SHALL DO WITHOUT IT.

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VOL. III. FEBRUARY 7TH, 1884. NO. 58.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

O NOW, forever, farewell the tranquil glue.
Farewell repairs, farewell the blind Trustees
Who made archæology easy. O, farewell!
Farewell the patched-up warrior and gummed priest,
The wood-tailed pigeon and the Hercules
Of heterogeneous, unrelated parts;
The six-toed Venus, and all quality,
Pride, pomp and circumstance of this museum!
And O, ye mortal lawyers, whose rude throats
Have proved these bogus and all counterfeit,
Farewell! ta, ta! See you much later!
CESNOLA'S occupation 's gone?

* * *

"ME and MARY is having a real jolly time over here with the JUKES, and we will play it for all we is worth."—*Griffin.*

* * *

THE Chinese and their co-workers in blind faith, the Roman Catholics, had a tilt last week. The Chinese exploded crackers while a priest was saying mass. Priest objected. Preferred noise of his own tom-toms and Latin. Police arrested Chinamen. Chinamen plead that it was their New Year. Judge discharged them and they discharged more crackers. Priest baffled. All forms of idolatry have equal rights here.

* * * *

IT is very unfortunate that the members of Mr. ARTHUR'S Female Cabinet are so inharmoniously excited that dinners and other important affairs of Government are being neglected.

The most important diplomatic matter now before the nation is undoubtedly the relative position of each member of the Female Cabinet in the Blue Room. By special act of Congress, April 27th, 1868, the territory of axminister gillyflowers, bounded by the reps sofa on the north, the etagere with china dogs on the east, and Mrs. FRELINGHUYSEN on the south, was ceded to the wife of the Speaker. But as this grant conflicts openly with the provisions of the Constitution, pp. 219, par xi, which declares that the neutral ground lying between the satin ottoman and the door mat shall be inalienably under the immediate control of Mrs. MCELROY, the Supreme Court has considered the act null and void.

Now, however, that Mrs. CARLISLE, Speaker of the House, lays claim, by virtue of her position and new bonnet, to the territory bounded on the north by the rocking-chair, on the east by Mrs. LINCOLN, Secretary of War, and on the south by the lemonade table, it can be seen that the question is one which may involve our treaty with Great Britain, and perhaps seriously affect our diplomatic relations with Hoboken and Oconomowoc. To complicate matters still further, Mrs. MILLER, Senior Chief Justice, has issued a writ of mandamus on Marshal MCMICHAEL, to show cause why he should not vacate the government reservation lying between the sandwiches on the west, and the cuspidor with its several tributaries on the south and east.

Mrs. FRELINGHUYSEN, Secretary of State, is naturally opposed to this, but cannot legally cross the MCELROY boundary without special powers of Congress, while on the other hand, Mrs. MCELROY, Senior Chief Justice, has issued injunctions covering most of the Persian rug and not a little of the mohair sofa. It is not improbable that Mr. ARTHUR will be compelled to submit the intricate questions involved to the arbitrations of the Congress of Foreign Powers.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporory, the New York *Times*, referring to a recent entertainment in this city, says: "All the people of rank in the city were present." This is glorious news, especially as our esteemed contemporary subjoins a list of the rank persons who, to use the words of the happy but bewildered reporter, "graced the occasion." There have been a great many rank dinners given in the metropolis, one way or another, but the fact has never been so cheerfully stated before.

* * *

MADAME GERSTER has refused to sing any longer with Col. MAPLESON. The confirmation of this terrible news must appal the stoutest heart. What, with Mr. ARNOLD'S lectures, the Chicago criticisms on Mr. IRVING and the prospect of another operatic war, it really seems as though the country was doomed.

* * *

THE Stock Exchange wishes to move to Union Square; but RUFUS HATCH is opposed to it. The Exchange seems to have insurmountable obstacles thrown in the way of its project.

* * *

THE remark of Captain WRIGHT, extensively quoted, that "God only knows the cause of the accident to the City of Columbus," is very soothing to the friends and relatives of the hundred dead. Still, it is believed that a little human knowledge on the night of the disaster might have robbed both sea and ice of their victims. Sympathy with such brutal carelessness is clearly out of place.

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3 A. M.

Deacon S. (who would not allow his wife to attend the fancy dress ball, has returned unexpectedly): PLEASE BE QUIET, GENTLEMEN, AS MY WIFE IS NOT WELL, AND—

End Reveller: NOT WELL (*hic*); MUST BE SOMETHING SUDDEN! P'RAPS SHE *did* OVERDO IT A LITTLE TO-NIGHT. SHE (*hic*) SAILED RIGHT IN.

Gentleman in Bear Skin (soliloquizing): YES, SHE 'S A TEARER.

N. B.—The Deacon's wife is twenty-eight years his junior.

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SIR LEFEL GRIFFIN, K. C. O. S.*

KNIGHT Commander of the Order of the Star
Of India, you scintillate, you scar
Philistia, where late a guest you were,
But where your advent made no special stir ;
We scarcely knew that in our chair you 'd been
Until therein we found your treacherous pin
Most cunningly contrived to make us grin.

But let the smartish libel serve its aim :
To sound an obscure, bureaucratic name,
And scare a bigger than your jungle game.
Small wonder that a swinger of the lash
O'er Indian shores should think us social hash
" Despair of Statesmen," worshipers of Cash ;
That British " enterprise " should contemplate as bane
Our sordid souls, our low, mean love of gain.

You call us Russian—that 's a compliment,
Although we hope some subtle sneer was meant.
'T would almost seem a doubtful courtesy
To liken us in any other way
To England's great and mortal enemy,
Flushing with youth, and eager in her might
To give the Lion his full of Eastern fight.

In puling infancy we felt his paw,
Yet managed, some way, to escape his maw ;
For which he 'll hold us ever in disgrace—
No more will switch his tail across our face,
Or give the cheaper guerdon of a growl :
We 're left to fight his insects with a towel.

But since your quill has pricked the Western fraud,
No longer squirm, if oft ourselves we laud.
You call us " Scum of Europe ;" you expose
Our women—" *All* are not so fair as those
Who dazzle princes," in your humid clime,
Yet—wonder !—'scape suspicion of a crime.
And while we strive to be as churlish, mean,
As you insist you are, " when closer seen
We 're small in soul and only great in size "—
A hollow spectre frightening British eyes :
Perhaps our fault is that our scare-crow play
Has dread enough to keep a lion at bay.

C. C. BUEL.

* See " A Visit to Philistia," in the January *Fortnightly*.

THE BEST GARDEN GAIT.—A walk.

A CHURCH FAIR.—The " daisy " in the choir.

A RING leader.—The conductor of a troupe of bell-ringers.

CRÉPUSCULOUS.

Amateur Tenor (just from Paris): AND HAVE YOU NEVER HEARD OF GOUNOD'S "CRÉPUSCULE"?

Unmusical Young Lady: O DEAR! NO, HOW DREADFUL; IS IT ANYTHING LIKE SPINAL MENINGITIS?

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

UNDER the auspices of the Hon. the Secretary of her Majesty's bedroom and chambers,

A few eldest sons of the first families of the United States will be received as pages in the lower benches of St. Andrew-on-the-Strand School.

Terms, £80 for the first year of 11 months.

Every boy must bring a certificate signed by the English minister in Washington, or a sworn affidavit of the American ambassador in London.

No son of a Northern Democratic politician actually engaged in politics will be admitted.

Apply in handwriting of father to the Hon. H. B. B. K., Clarkenwell station, P. O., Windsor, England.

AN English lady of unquestionable position, living in a Cathedral town will consent to receive into her family a young American girl desirous of finishing her education.

Great pains will be taken to correct her American accent, and the want of true polish of her American manners.

Use of carriage and footman included.

A very high price will be asked, and indubitable references of the American family will be required.

Address, Rector of N. L. B. Academy, P. O. box 213, *East Stratford, near Burlingham, England.*

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BELLA.

HARDLY old enough to read!
Never mind, there 'll come a need—
Waste no fears;
Perhaps some lover will be glad
To copy verses that you had
At six years.

"Softest eyes of changing blue,"
"Where the light of love peeps through,"
He will say,
And "that your curls are tipped with gold,"
And "that the sunbeams are too bold"
In their play.

He will kiss your hands and hair
And discover here and there
Beauties new.
Then he 'll tell you last of all
What I tell you while you 're small:
"I love you."

What your charms were in the ore,
What a lover said before,
You can show.
And surely he can have no fears
Of what I told you at six years,
Long ago! H. P. C.

"WHAT 's in an aim?" remarked Jones as he fired at a burglar and put a bullet through the hall clock.

IT is not strange that a young Englishman who plays cricket becomes a well-bread man since he begins as batter.

Meum et tuum—"Me too."

DIVERTISSEMENT A L'HARVARD.

MR. PHILIP DELPHIA was the only scion of an old and aristocratic Pennsylvania family and had been sent to Harvard in the nineteenth year of his age with many maternal misgivings which were not the less horrible because they were vague. An era in Madame Delphia's younger days had been marked by a fortnight's visit to Boston and what she had seen and heard during those bewildering weeks had inspired her Quaker soul with a curious distrust of the customs and manners of Massachusetts women. How could she resign her unsuspecting Philip into the hands of the superfluous seventy thousand, without many a qualm of anxiety and suspense? The problem was a source of more reasoning than had ever interrupted her secluded life before; but since Philip must needs acquire an education and that *eclat* which a Harvard degree bestows upon its fortunate possessor, she nerved herself to make the sacrifice, and the young scion of the house of Delphia set foot in Cambridge on a fine September day, armed *cap-a-pie* against the dreaded feminine Philistines with a thousand well-instilled prejudices.

His Freshman year went quickly by, and at its close he returned to his fond mamma heart-whole, and thoroughly scornful of the few uninteresting girls whom he had met. "You were right, mamma," he cried with energy, "Boston girls are all that you warned me I should find them; plain, blunt in manner, and yet with a designing slyness about them which, thanks to your dear caution, I observed and fought shy of at once. Do not fear for me; I scoff at romance and sentiment, and my heart is as stone!" And Madame Delphia lifted up her be-jeweled fingers in thanks to the gods that they had spared her only son.

But autumn came about again, and Philip returned to his college haunts, a gay and jolly Sophomore. He was a handsome, graceful fellow, with a fanciful turn of thought and a picturesque manner of saying what he had to say, and he grew daily in social popularity until his presence at a german or tea became necessary to stamp it as *au fait*. Here he fell in with those older, more experienced Cambridge belles, who having been handed on like traditions from class to class for some years, knew well which trump to play to take a trick, and counted their transient victims by the score. But shrewd young Philip, with his mother's oft-repeated warnings ringing in his ears, laughed at their charms and coolly defeated every manœuvre with a *nonchalence* that only increased the number of his admirers. Alas! there was a day—a luckless day—when he met with the lovely Miss Nougât, and his fate was sealed. He was walking. She was walking, with that peculiar grace of motion which in olden times was considered an attribute of divinity. He passed her. She turned a bewitching face full upon him, and Mr. Delphia felt a convulsive happiness down to the very pointed toes of his shoes. He sought her acquaintance, and she, in her turn, plied him with little attentions; gave teas, that she might sip a cup of orange Pekoe by his side, and germans, that she might lead with him in the intricate figures of the dance. He drove with her in a jolting village cart, and gracefully parried the pretty conversational thrusts that she gave him now and then. For Miss Nougât was all accomplished. She touched the banjo with skilful fingers; she quoted bits of French and German verse with the most enticing accent in the world; she even perpetrated little poems of her own now and then; and talked cleverly enough in a voice which had hardly a *soupçon* of the American twang. Her epigrams were things to be remembered, and her *bon mots* were talked of weeks after their spice had fled. Altogether, she was brilliant enough to have turned the head of Lycurgus himself; and Philip Delphia, in his youth and inexperience, afforded her a capital opportunity for experiment. Day after day she sought to attract his interest and affection, and felt a thrill of gratification when she saw the quick color in his cheek and his firm lips tremble when she uttered soft, sentimental nothings and met his brown eyes with a glance of violet mischief from her own. At last, the climax came. It was on a miraculous Tuesday, and the air was filled with the perfume of drifting blossoms

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A. D. 3904

STATUE FOUND IN THE RUINS OF NEW YORK, AND RESTORED BY GEN. FRASCATI DI MACCARONI.

IT THROWS MUCH LIGHT UPON THE COSTUMES OF AMERICAN WARRIORS OF THE XIX. CENTURY.

---

and rose leaves. Philip had been playing tennis with Miss Nougât in the sunny court, and, after a closely-contested love-set, they had strolled aside to rest for a while in a little vine-covered arbor, rackets in hand. Miss Nougât had never looked more beautiful. Her head, which strikingly resembled that on the new five-cent piece in the exquisite grace of its poise, was sharply defined against the green background of leaves, and the wind had blown her soft hair into delicate curls about her face. Philip, too, was handsome as a god; his clear, brown cheek was flushed with the warmth of exercise, and his eyes shone with unwonted fire. Miss Nougât could restrain herself no longer, and drawing closer to him, she murmured, gently: "A love-set! Ah me! And yet I do n't know that I mind playing love-sets with you, Mr. Delphia. There is something delightfully typical about it—suggestive of Cupid and that sort of thing, you know. O dear, Mr. Delphia! sometimes in my wildest, dreamiest musings I have dared to think that you do not look upon me unfavorably; that the sweet vibrations of my heart are correspondent to similar vibrations of your own; that the affection I have for you may not be unreciprocated. Mr. Delphia! Philip! Look at me! Speak! May I hope?" And Miss Nougât caught in her own the ivory fingers of that aristocratic Delphia hand, and waited eagerly for a reply to her impassioned appeal. All the subdued coquetry of Philip's nature was roused to life; and as he withdrew his hand from the fond Nougât grasp, and sought to hide his blushes behind his racket, he felt a thrill of delight and was about to steal a shy glance at the fair wooer, when suddenly the clock in the distant church tower told forth the hour of four, P. M. The charm was broken—he remembered to have heard a clock in his own home strike that hour, years before, and he seemed to see his doting mother, and to hear her imploring voice as she cautioned him against the wickedness of Massachusetts girls. Heavens! He was saved, but by what a narrow chance! He rose, and looking steadily at the lovely creature who sat awaiting his reply in keen suspense, he said: "Dear Miss Nougât, do not think me lost to all sense of modesty and manliness when I tell you that I have long suspected the tendency of your attentions, and have wished, O, so heartily, to be able to respond as you could wish, but my dear Mamma who foresaw the dangers to which my innocent inexperience would be exposed, and dreaded my being snapped up by a Massachusetts harpy, entreated me not to yield to any misguided affection and pledge my hand without her consent. My dear Miss Nougât, believe me, I feel for you as a sister, and must confess that a purely platonic friendship with you would be most agreeable—but I cannot marry you! I adore you; I shall never forget you; but matrimony, alas! is a Paradise we cannot enter together. Adieu! Farewell! Dear Mamma! I have been guided by your advice, but my heart is torn with anguish!" and with these words Philip Delphia cast one last, long look at Miss Nougât, who was sobbing in grief and broken spirit, and, seizing his racket, flung out of the garden and tore down the street.

Presently Miss Nougât rose, and walked with hesitating steps to the gate, and saw of her lost Philip only the soles of a pair of tennis shoes, and those, too, in perspective. She gazed and gazed until her great violet eyes were filled with tears, and her rosy lips just parted as she murmured softly, "I wonder if he knew that Grandpapa Cordonier left me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in Government bonds?"

* * * * * *

Just a year after this painful and affecting scene had occurred in Cambridge, a fair June sun was shining in Southern Pennsylvania, and a gentle June breeze was blowing through the pleasant quiet of a cemetery. In a dim, rose-perfumed corner there rose a granite shaft, and at its foot a gray-haired woman in the costliest of crape and Henrietta cloth was bowed in grief. She mourned a son, an only son;—and finally stumbling to her feet, she leaned to trace with tear-dimmed eyes and a long, thin finger of black undressed kid the carved inscription on the monument, which ran as follows:

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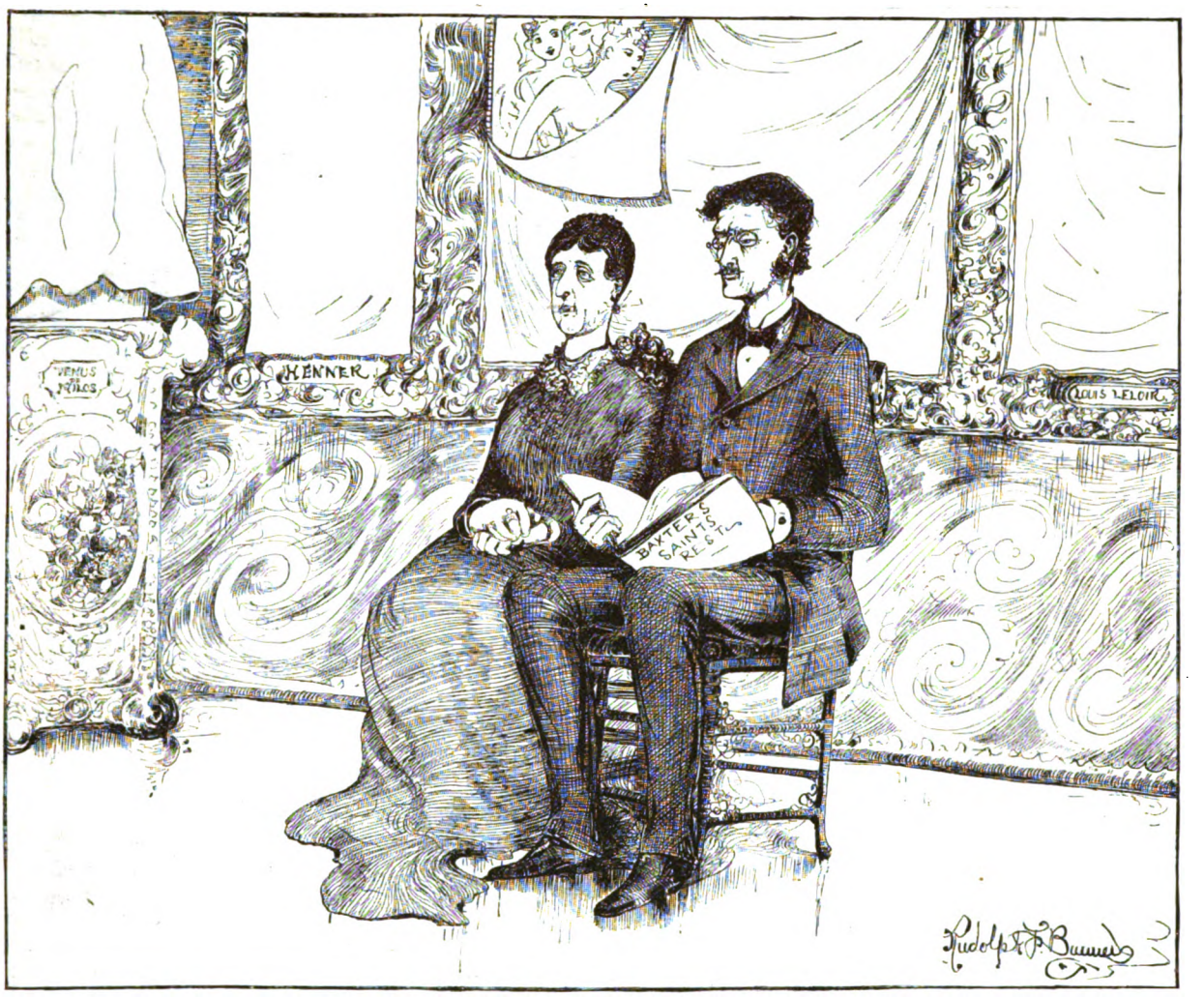

QUERY.

DO THOSE SAINTLY SPIRITS WHO OBJECT TO OPENING THE ART MUSEUMS ON SUNDAY CARRY OUT THEIR PRINCIPLES IN THE PRIVACY OF THEIR OWN HOMES?

PHILIP,
LAST HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF DELPHIA,
Departed July 4, 18—,
In Massachusetts.
He was proposed to by
One of 70,000 Superfluous Women,
Succumbed to the Shock,
and
D I E D
Two Weeks After.
O, Reader,
Go not to Massachusetts,
Lest ye too
Do Likewise!

* * * M. E. W.

O! AND O! cried a pensive maid,
To-day I am twenty-one;
Affairs are looking gloomy now,
Something will have to be done!

I think I almost could marry
A man of some lower rank—
A millionaire, or a viscount,
Or the owner of a bank!

A YOUNG tyro in literature writes to ask if a Poets' corner tends to raise the price of poetry. Decidedly NO.

INCOMPATIBILITY is often alleged as the cause of marital infelicity. In such cases incompatibility generally means no ability as regards income.

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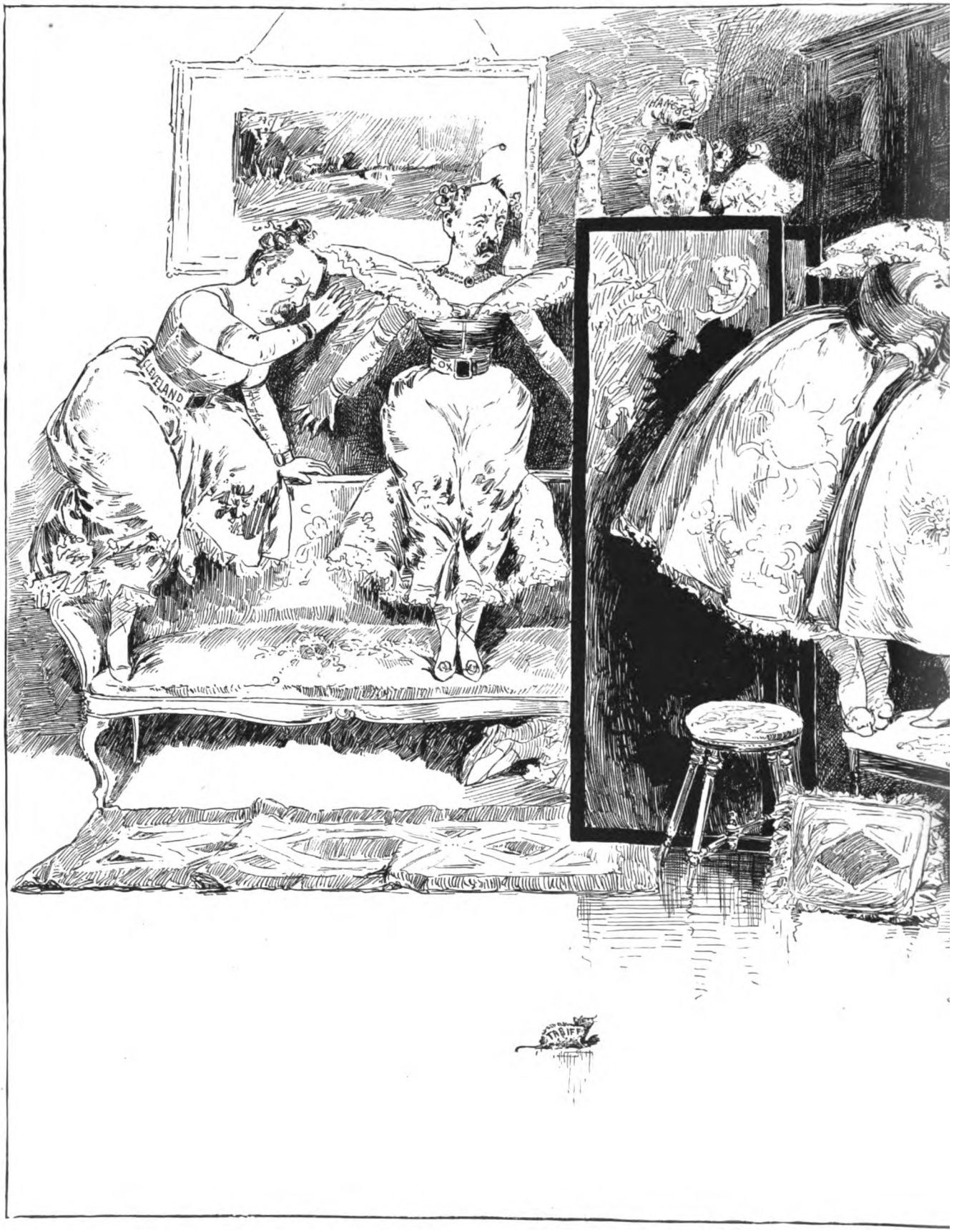

A SLIGHT FLURRY

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Y IN THE PARTY.

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YOUNG Roger de Coverly Green
Loved a maiden of blushing sixteen;
No wonder she blushed,
By mendacity crushed,
She was born in 1813.

But Roger was taught to believe
That a nice girl could never deceive;
Caught first in her mesh,
He declared her quite fresh,
And vowed he would unto her cleave.

Now Roger is reckoned a sage,
For she died, did his bride of old age;
And she left him a pile,
Which her Pa made in "ile,"
And her parrot preserved in a cage.

OVER-EDUCATION.

THE danger of trying to teach young children more than one thing at a time was recently illustrated by little Horace whose Aunt Jane was endeavoring to teach him his prayers, while another aunt was teaching him a popular song; with the result that at night Horace prayed:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
'But for goodness' sake do n't say I told you.'"

"E'en tho' it be."
She spread her bread with oleomargar
She oiled her nose with vasel
She fixed her hair with bandol
She fried her cakes in butter
She filled her lamp with keros
ine.
Exit Carol

A MAN of means.—The moderate man.

THE mourning star.—The actor who has lost his popularity.

THE Government intends sending out another north-polar expedition, to consist of one man in a tub with a broomstick for a propeller. There will be no supplemental orders.

"WE never speak as we pass by." We have exchanged cooks.

"STOLEN kisses sweetest are" is a favorite song in Flushing, L. I.

ARTHUR DOVELY (*presenting his girl a plate and fifty cards on her birthday*): "After you have used the cards you can have some more struck off. The plate ought to last you all your life!"

ASTRONOMICAL STUDY FROM "THE AVERAGE MAN," CHAP. V: "She (Isabel) sat with her eyes on her lap, and fingered thoughtfully the roses in her bouquet. She carried but one now (eye?); the other had been long since consigned to the table as too handsome."

N. Y.

IF the citizens of this city cannot spare the money for a pedestal to the Bartholdi statue it is certainly time for an appeal to the country at large. If that fails we can try England. We already have a world-wide reputation for wealth and vulgarity, and a general passing around of the hat would lend an air of humility that might do much toward improving our good name. As a city we have no good name to lose, and Public Spirit is not our besetting sin. Neither are we over sensitive, but it requires a thick hide to ignore the impression we are making in this affair. The following extract from a Montreal paper was reprinted in the *Boston Transcript* and needs no comment:

A disgusting spectacle is this rich people too mean and too ill-bred to conduct themselves with common decency on such an occasion. Americans even carry their cynicism and ingratitude so far that they do not hesitate to jeer at their benefactress. One of their journals declares that "this affair is somewhat ridiculous, and that the statue, if put up, might not satisfy the artistic taste of the country." And so France has simply rendered herself ridiculous in the eyes of these people, who are largely indebted to her for the foundation of their country, because she has offered them a present! And they have the indecency to criticise the gift itself, which "may not satisfy the artistic taste of the country."

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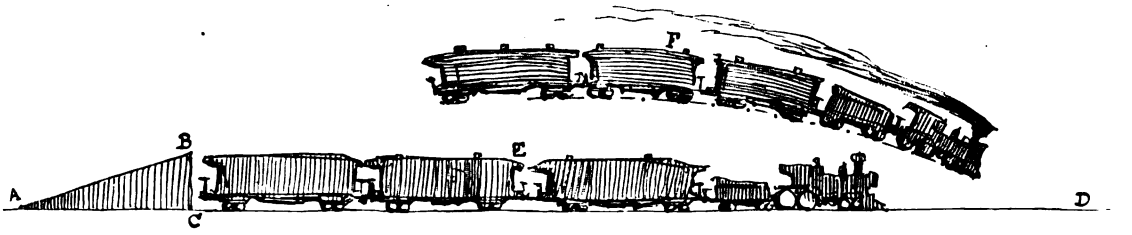
SCIENTIFIC

THE following device, designed by our special railway engineer, will be found vastly superior to the double track method of collision employed on most roads now operated in this country.

E (see accompanying plate) is the accommodation train—let us say for Morristown, New Jersey—and moving at the rate of 20 miles an hour. F is the limited theatrical express, conveying excited persons to—let us say Orange, N. J., to see the Romance of a Poor Young Man. It is behind time, and is moving at the rate of 58 miles an hour. By the old system, it will be at once seen, a collision and a coroner's jury would be



he inevitable result when train F caught up with train E on the track D. But by the proposed system, train F strikes the inclined platform A B C, and by its momentum, which according to Ohm's law is inversely as to the square of the distance to Hoboken, and on the well-known principle that the angle of incidents in the next day's paper is quite equal to the angle of accidents on the road, moves rapidly from A to B, and thence, describing a trajectory, strikes the track D at a certain point not exactly determined, and arrives in Orange on time. The superior angle of the inclined plane A B being made of vulcanized rubber embedded in a mass of chilled steel springs, the requisite amount of bounce will be given to train F, enabling it to clear the train E without disturbing the gentlemen in train E, who are struggling for a jack-pot in the smoker. Patent applied for, and local rights for sale in Europe, Asia and Milwaukee.

A PRIZE PROBLEM IN NAVIGATION.—Given: One Devil's Bridge, one cold captain, one lookout who does n't look out, a mate who does not comprehend an order, and a warm state-room; mix with three light houses, one steamship and 120 passengers; add a fresh gale and a supply of ignorance or stupidity, or both, sift out the intelligence supposed to exist in every pilot-house, head the steamer for the nearest reef and calculate the result.

THE terror which has struck to the heart of France on hearing that twenty-seven citizens of Greenburg, Pa., met on the 29th and formed a secret brotherhood resolved not to buy French goods until the embargo on pork is removed, can only be equaled by the humiliation of Great Britain over the terrible news that Henry Irving will not be received socially in Milwaukee if he goes there. He is not going, but the fact remains that Milwaukee society will have none of him. We may be a people slow to wrath and vengeance, but, once moved, our vendetta is curdling.

RECIPE for Cypriote Glue: Take one verbal commission in the United States Army, given for services never rendered, dissolve in one quart of tears of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, filter, and simmer one-third. Add an Italian title, or, if this may not be genuine, two cubic feet of wind, and apply immediately.

"The water of the holy well at Mecca has been analysed and found to be largely impregnated with foreign substances."—*London Lancet.*

The official analysis is given as follows:

	PARTS.
Bi-borate of Bedouin	3.6
Oxide of Mahomet	17.3
Ferro-cyanide of dirt	371.0
Tartrate of camel	9.4
Sub-nitrate of backsheesh	3.1
Bromide of Turk	109.4
Protiodide of pilgrim	78.7
Saracenic acid	231.1
Silicate of Sultan	a trace
Water	176.3
Total	1000.0

IT is proposed to lay the telegraph wires under ground. This appears to be a waste of usefulness. At present the system serves as a municipal sunshade and umbrella. Now, if only a million or two of the wires running down any one thoroughfare were laid on the surface, they would form a corduroy road of much beauty and strength, which would recommend itself to the praise of every citizen. It is said that the Western Union, however, is opposed to this plan. The stock finds more moisture higher up.

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TO KILL COCKROACHES.—Take one pound of beeswax, two ounces of best shellac, melt together, and when at a temperature of 312°, add one ounce of Paris green, and pour in your roaches.

A MAN's berthright.—His sleeping-car ticket.

A BOOTLESS enterprise.—Walking barefoot.

BARON HONOR.

I TELL you, Mrs. Tennyson—Your Ladyship, I mean—
There are certain things that can't be done, yes, even for the Queen!
I've written up her family, dear knows, from A to Z,
Or to B, to be exact, but she is growing much too free!

I'm sure I've earned my salary, and pretty hard sometimes.
Just think of all the names I've had to fit into my rhymes!
And I've never made objections, when she kept within the bond,
But the last two things she's asked of me are very far beyond!

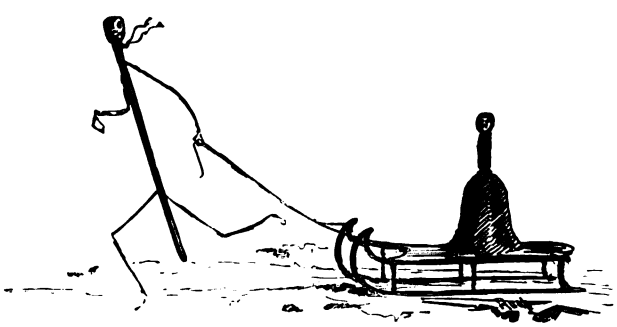
She made believe she thought I could not find a rhyme for Brown—
I have more than half-a-dozen, but I'd scorn to write them down!
She could really go no farther, I thought, than she went then,
But it seems I was mistaken—she's been after me again!

I declare, I blush to mention what she's tried to set me at—
She wants a sonnet-epitaph for her Angora cat!
She gave me the particulars, its name, and age, and ways,
And she said I could n't possibly say too much in its praise.

I half took off my coronet to throw it on the floor,
But I thought, suppose she should n't let me have it any more?
So I curbed my fiery temper—it's hereditary, too—
And I calmly said, "Your Highness, that's a thing I *cannot* do.

"I will rhyme for all your children, be it marriage, be it death,
And I'll rhyme for you, my Empress, with my last remaining breath,
And I'll even rhyme your grandchildren, though I bargained not for that,
But how dare you ask a Laureate to write about a cat?"

She quailed; she begged my pardon; she withdrew her bold request;
But the scene was too exciting. I must have a little rest.
I wish you'd take my coronet—you can hold it in your lap—
And if any of them call, just say I've gone to take a nap.



CANE SLEIGHING A BELL.

NOTES OF A WEEK.

THERE was revelry by night on Monday of last week. The theatres blazed with new splendor. Several American plays were fired off simultaneously, and a very good British farce—with a burlesque of two British actors thrown in—was given with unlimited spirit. At the same time a tragic actor from the West made himself visible.

Mr. Bartley Campbell is well known as a distinguished American dramatist. He won his spurs with "My Partner." That is a vigorous, striking play, which, nevertheless, goes to pieces in the closing acts. You know as well as I do how popular it has been; but do you know how irrational it is? Mr. Campbell is, in fact, the least rational of play-writers. So long as he possesses a situation, a character, a subject, he gives little thought to the logic of the thing. He wrote, a few years ago, the clever and interesting drama called "Fairfax." He put much honest talent into that work. Yet "Fairfax" was an incomprehensible arrangement of personages and events. It was based upon a broad impossibility. Mr. Campbell has learned little from rough knocks. A friend of mine assures me that several men and women wept copiously over Mr. Campbell's new play, "Separation," at the Union Square Theatre. At times I too was inclined to weep or laugh. There is humanity in the play. There are bright touches of character, humor and action; there is pathos at moments; but there is no logic, no judgment.

In "Separation" a husband deserts his wife because this poor creature has a taste for amateur concerts. She sings well, and she likes to sing in public for charity. The two have a quarrel, and, while the wife is absent from home, the husband disappears with their infant. On this nonsensical motive Mr. Campbell builds a strained and incoherent play. The husband goes to Europe; the infant reaches the blooming age of sweet sixteen; the husband and wife meet at Trouville, Normandy. The husband seems to believe that his wife has been unfaithful to him. The wife, it is shown, has been exceedingly faithful to him, though she has exhibited herself as an operatic singer. Yet, in spite of the fact that she has done nothing to cause shame, this wife bows her head when her husband defies her to make herself known to their child. The fourth and fifth acts of Mr. Campbell's play repeat the dramatic intention of the third act. Mr. Campbell has one situation—which, by the way, is taken from Sardou's "Odette"—and he makes the most of it. The husband in this piece is a Puritanical prig. The wife is uncommonly fatuous. It is impossible to understand two human beings who are obstinately stupid, wrong-headed, and extravagant. Nevertheless, Mr. Campbell would like to have us sympathise with them. "Separation" is finely acted at the Union Square Theatre by Mr. Chas. Coghlan, Mr. Parselle, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Stoddart, Miss Ellsler, Miss Harrison, and other excellent players. Miss Eleanor Carey, who does the part of the mother, is less satisfactory.

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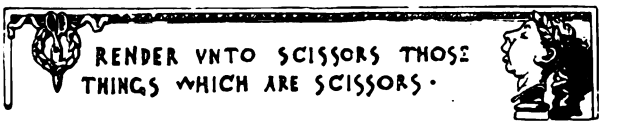
Mr. John Stetson got out his Derrick last week. That is to say, he produced the popular play, "Confusion," which was written by an Englishman, named Joseph Derrick. Who this particular Joseph is I cannot tell you. But "Confusion" is an amusing piece, in which a baby and a pug dog have impressive parts. It is a mild farce, and is acted with joyous, brilliant spirit. But "Confusion" is not alone upon the bill of the Fifth Avenue Theatre. This farce is preceded by a burlesque, in which Mr. Henry E. Dixey gives a remarkably bright imitation of Irving as Shylock, while Miss Florence Gerard—a charming little English actress—imitates Miss Terry.

Celia Logan relieved her mind again by producing "That Man" at the New Park Theatre. That particular man against whom Miss Logan bears a severe grudge is a villainous Belgian, who marries an American girl and disappears gaily, only to turn up again in his own comedy, as the husband of a Belgian woman. There is some lively action when the three characters meet. Finally, when the complication begins to be painful, "That Man" kills himself—and it is felt that he is singularly just to himself. This is not a bad play of its kind, and Mrs. Agnes Booth acted the part of the American wife with abundant vigor.

Mr. Tom Keene, who came and went suddenly at Niblo's, is by no means a "wild Western actor," as some have called him. He has certainly made a reputation for himself in the West, and I suppose that he can act many parts as badly as most men can act them. But his Richard III. is a thoughtful, strong performance, exceedingly picturesque, rather subtle, and always interesting.

G. E. M.



TO the boy with a toy pistol—It's a wise child that knows its own popper.—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE mirthful if somewhat malicious satire which Mr. Attwood applies to the preacher of "sweetness and light" is admirably drawn. LIFE, by the way, grows more sparkling with every number, and proves, if any proof were needed, that it is entirely possible to be amusing and decent at the same time. The two conclusions given this week of the burlesque on "Bret James and Henry Harte" are exceedingly good.—*The Tribune.*

THE good things of LIFE are appreciated by the journalists of the daily press, and are freely set forth, with due credit, for the delectation of the general company. LIFE is a good thing—a success, so far as the execution of the design of its founders goes. We trust it is holding its own, and getting forehanded in a financial way. "*Ars longa; vita brevis est*"—Life is short, Art is long—says the poet. But when LIFE and Art join hands and pull together, it is a strong partnership, and one that has earned a long lease of public favor.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

THE "Desperate Sweetness of Your Kiss," an expression in one of Philip Burke Marston's poems, reminds LIFE of Ella Wheeler's "Poems of Passion," and "what a certain Buffalo dramatic critic would probably term the incarnate delirium of a whirlwind. It will probably require the incarnation of a blizzard to cool down the American imitators of the Rossetti school to the temperament of respectable passion."—*Buffalo Commercial.*

LIFE has entered upon the second year of its existence under most favorable auspices. It is really a model of a humorous journal. Its pictures are always very good, and its humor is the brightest and gayest and pleasantest of the day. It is always refined, and never coarse or vulgar, and its success is matter for congratulation. Ask your newsdealer for LIFE, and if he does n't keep it, ask him to send for it. —*Burlington Free Press and Times.*

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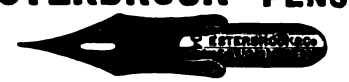

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UNHAPPY is the young man whose overcoat is with his uncle.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A PRIVATE "secretary"—The one in which the bottle is kept.—*Boston Star.*

LIFE is funnier than ever. Nearly every picture is a satire, and stale jokes are unknown in its pages. The New Year's cartoons are sharp, and the burlesques are of the raciest sort.—*Newark Journal.*

ONE of Wilkie Collins's latest popular tales is entitled "She Loves and She Lies." Wilkie would have shown more familiarity with human nature if he had put it "She Loves and He Lies."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

LIFE, New York. This week is proof that *Punch* has no monopoly of the humor that speaks in English. Its engravings are good, and the satire they contain is sharp. In droll prose and solemn sneering, and witty touches and whimsical verses, LIFE excels. Ten cents a number.—*Memphis Appeal*, Tenn.

A CANDIDATE for the Legislature in one of the Western States jumped about fourteen feet when a stump speaker who was electioneering for him observed that the eyes of his country were upon him. The candidate was subsequently arrested for embezzling trust funds in the East.—*Texas Siftings.*

LIFE, which is a very clever weekly publication in the humorous line, and widely copied throughout the land, has a cartoon this week representing about how Bartholdi's statue of Liberty will look when the pedestal is completed. Instead of a buxom damsel the statue is represented as a weazened, wrinkled old hag, whose scrawny arm can scarcely sustain the weight of the torch. In the background is seen the wreck of the East River bridge—worn out. There is a full measure of originality about the cartoon and a keen sarcasm which, as it affects no one in particular and everybody in general, will be duly appreciated.—*Newark Register.*

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"FINE morning, your Honor," affably remarked the man who was arrested the night before for being drunk and disorderly.

"Yes, indeed," heartily responded the Justice; "quite a fine morning; in fact, a ten-dollar fine morning."

After this little pleasantry, the gentleman was booked for the "Black Maria," and the business of the court went on as usual.—*Detroit Free Press.*

HERON COURTSHIP.

AN observant young man while in Florida was struck with the human-like courtship of the heron. The females stand in a row and look unconcerned, while the males strut and dance and prance around on the sand like Saratoga dudes. Finally, one of the fair herons would smile on a dude heron, and away the pair would fly. All those left invariably began to cackle and chatter as soon as a match was announced, and sometimes a rival would pounce upon the lucky swain to wring his neck.—*Troy Times.*

THE absence of the telephone was appreciated by some people in Boston. One man said:

"About once in two or three rings I get something like this:"

"Hello, George, dear!"

"Well, hello!"

"Baby just said 'goo, goo,' four times, and I know he wants you to come home to supper."

"Baby? Who in thunder do you think I am?"

"Are n't you No. 11,701?"

"Certainly not!! Good day!"

"Now you see that is an interruption to business."—*Boston Globe.*

WESTERN ETIQUETTE.

When asked to take something, never refuse.——If you shoot a man by mistake for some one else, it is positively required that you call on the family immediately after the funeral and apologize.——It is not polite to crack jokes at the expense of a man who carries a self-cocking pistol.——Never carry a handkerchief in your hip pocket. Reaching for it may lead to misunderstandings.——At lynching bees the master of ceremonies has the exclusive right to designate those who are to help pull on the rope.——When suddenly stopped by road agents, and asked to hold up your hands, it is considered the height of impoliteness to refuse.——Strict etiquette now requires that at five o'clock teas all weapons shall be concealed under the coat or in the boots, the latter course being preferred, as bootlegs are handier to get at.——When invited to a party which you do not wish to attend, a card of regrets with C. A. O. on one corner will be sufficient. C. A. O. stands for "cartridges all out."——If you wish a man's permission to pay your addresses to his daughter, it is allowable to invite him to see you throw a bottle into the air and shoot a hole through the bottom without breaking the bottle before making your errand known.——When at church it is always—but it is not worth while to waste space giving this rule until the churches are built.—*Philadelphia Call.*

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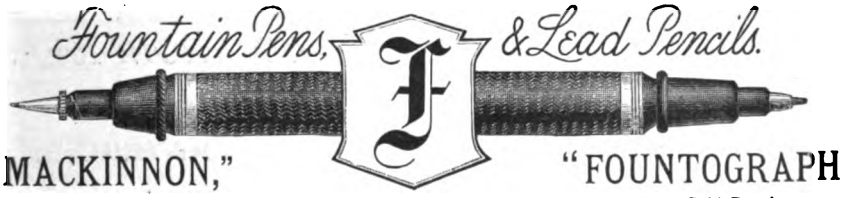

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HINDSIGHT AND FORESIGHT.

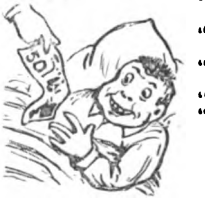
"*If I had only known!*"
Said Bachelor Bobbs, with sorrowful groan,
As he writhed with the pain of his fractured bone,
And turned in his bed with many a moan—
"What a fool I was! I must sadly own
"I must stay in this boarding-house all alone.
"Though the landlady's heart is as hard as stone,
"Fifty dollars a week would be
"Solid comfort for suffering me."

"*If I had only thought!*"
Said Negative Nibbs:—"To be sure I ought!
"An Accident Policy I would have bought.
"But a lasting lesson I have been taught;—
"This time I certainly have been caught.
"As I lie in bed
"With a broken head,
"And hear it said
"I was nearly dead,
"Oh! how I wish that I could see
"Fifty dollars a week for me!"

"*If I had only gone!*"
Said Troubled Tiggs, with a sigh forlorn,
"For that Accident Policy yester-morn
"Which I thought, as sure as I was born,
"I would get; but now I 'm laughed to scorn
"By the fellows who say,
"*Aha! Oho!*
"*Did n't you know*
"*Enough to go?*
"*Could n't you see*
"*The worth of an Accident Policy?*"
"Oh! for something to guarantee
"Fifty dollars a week for me!"

"*If I had only got!*"
Said Griggs in his grief—"But alas! I did not—
"An ACCIDENT Policy;—sad is my lot!
"No comfort for me: I wonder what
"I can do when I 'm well to make it hot
"For the rascally driver
"Who ran over me
"And laid me up
"With this twisted knee!
"Of luck it would be a pleasant streak
"If I now had fifty dollars a week."

"*Hurrah! I was wise in time!*
Says Julian Jack, with a joy sublime.
"Though I 'm hurt, I can't help thinking it 's prime
"To recover thus, with an easy time.
"I tried the UNITED STATES ACCIDENT plan,
"A capital scheme for a thrifty man;
"For now that I 'm laid up here in pain
"I have all the comforts a man can ask,
"And getting well is a pleasant task.
"And very happy am I to speak
"Of my regular fifty dollars a week.
"And I say to you
"That the best you can do
"Is to go to-day
"To 320 Broadway
"And the premium pay
"For an Accident Policy—rich delight
"For the thrifty men with a clear foresight.



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The Sun

NEW YORK, 1884.

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If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all THE SUNS printed and sold last year, you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common-sense, wisdom, sound doctrine and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House Square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House Square, and three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 14, 1884. NUMBER 59.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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"THIS TIME I'LL COOK MY GOOSE FOR SURE."

DESPERATE EFFORT TO GET UP A FIRE IN THE OLD STOVE.

* * * * * * * * NOV. 4TH, 1884—*Please omit Flowers.*

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VOL. III. FEBRUARY 14TH, 1884. NO. 59.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

FOR three weeks, until last Saturday, the Thompson Street POKER CLUB had had no session. This was partly due to the fact that the proprietor of the building had sordidly closed the room and kicked Mr. GUS. JOHNSON, the treasurer, down stairs on learning that, owing to some inexplicable phenomenon not understood by the Club, the kitty had not yielded enough to pay for the kerosene, much less the rent.

As a regular rake on two pairs and upward had been made, for a month, this delinquency amazed the Club. Various scientific theories were advanced, among them one involving a search of Mr. JOHNSON'S private pockets and bootleg, but investigation had shown them to be false. An inspection of the table drawer was then made. It was shown that a knot-hole existed in the bottom thereof, large enough to admit of the insertion of two fingers or the abstraction of three dollars, which was the amount of the missing kitty. It was also demonstrated that the knot-hole had been in perihelion, so to speak, with Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS. Therefore, while it was clear that the money was hopelessly gone, it was impossible to account for its absence upon any other theory than that offered by Mr. WILLIAMS himself that "de mice done smell dat las' welch rahbit offen Mr. JOHNSON'S fingahs on de bills, an' run off wid it." This explanation was received in lieu of a better; the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH paid the rent and assumed charge of the kitty until he should be reimbursed; Mr. JOHNSON magnanimously forgave the gentleman who had kicked him down-stairs. Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS expressed his belief in Mr. JOHNSON'S integrity as Treasurer, and all was again harmony.

Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES, for a moderate percentage, had volunteered to steer his brother-in-law against the game, and, to use a technical expression, blow him in for all he was worth. The gentleman in question was a Hoboken barber with a steady income, a total ignorance of draw-poker, a child-like confidence and other advantages of mind and person which impressed Mr. WILLIAMS favorably.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH instructed the neophyte in those fundamental principles known as "coming in," "straddling," "rising," and "sweetnin' de jacker," and by tacit consent he was allowed to win some small successive pots and thus got himself into a glorious humor. Then Mr. WILLIAMS winked at Mr. GUS JOHNSON, and that gentlemen dealt.

Mr. WILLIAMS had straddled the blind and the Rev. Mr. SMITH straddled him. All came in, and drew three cards apiece except the stranger, Mr. HIGHLAND DILSEY, who only wanted one. Mr. WILLIAMS bet a dollar. Mr. SMITH raised him two.

Professor BRICK called, as did also Mr. WHIFFLES. All eyes were upon Mr. DILSEY, and the silence was so profound that Mr. JOHNSON could hear his hair grow.

"Does yo' jess — jess call, Mistah DILSEY," inquired Mr. WILLIAMS with a sweet smile, "or does yo' rise it?"

Mr. DILSEY passed his cards in review, hesitated, and said:

"Kin I rise it?"

"Certainly," replied Mr. WILLIAMS, who had a great deal of benevolence and also three kings. "Rise it all yo' want."

Thus encouraged, Mr. DILSEY raised the pot six dollars. Everybody breathed hard with suppressed excitement, and Mr. JOHNSON'S eyes might have served for a hat rack. Mr. WILLIAMS raised back and Mr. SMITH raised him. The others, according to previous agreement, fled.

Mr. DILSEY called. Whad yo' got to beat two par?" he inquired.

"Is sev'ral big, fat smilin' kings any good?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS, kindly. "Kin a spade flisk, queen high, do nuffin?" queried the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

"Shome up," said Mr. DILSEY, apparently nursing his left foot.

Mr. WILLIAMS unfolded his private collection of royalty, and Mr. SMITH exhibited a panorama of spades which reflected great credit upon Mr. JOHNSON'S dealing.

"Ise sorry, Mistah DILSEY," observed Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Dad 's de way wif cyards," remarked the Rev. Mr. SMITH, sententiously. "Gamblin 's onsartin."

Mr. DILSEY spoke not, but began to count up the pot.

"Wha—whad yo' doin' wif de spondles?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Leggo my pot!" commanded Mr. SMITH.

Mr. DILSEY coolly rolled up the bills and inserted them in an abyss under his vest, and then swept the coppers and Mr. WHIFFLES' plated watch chain into his pocket.

"Look hyar, niggahs," he said, in a tone which made Mr. JOHNSON feel like a refrigerator, "I 'se from Hoboken, an' I 'se a barbah. When a Hoboken barbah comes ter Thoms'n street, he kerries his profession wif him. I 'se got bofe boot legs an' a hip pocket full er de implements ob de craff. Yo' hear me?"

All signified by silence that they heard. Then Mr. DILSEY laid down three jacks and a pair of sixes, and coldly jammed Mr. WHIFFLES' hat down over his eyes and quitted the room.

The Club sat striken for three minutes. Then the door slowly reopened and Mr. DILSEY'S voice sounded sepulchrally:

"Dar 's no suckahs in Hoboken."

With that, he vanished.

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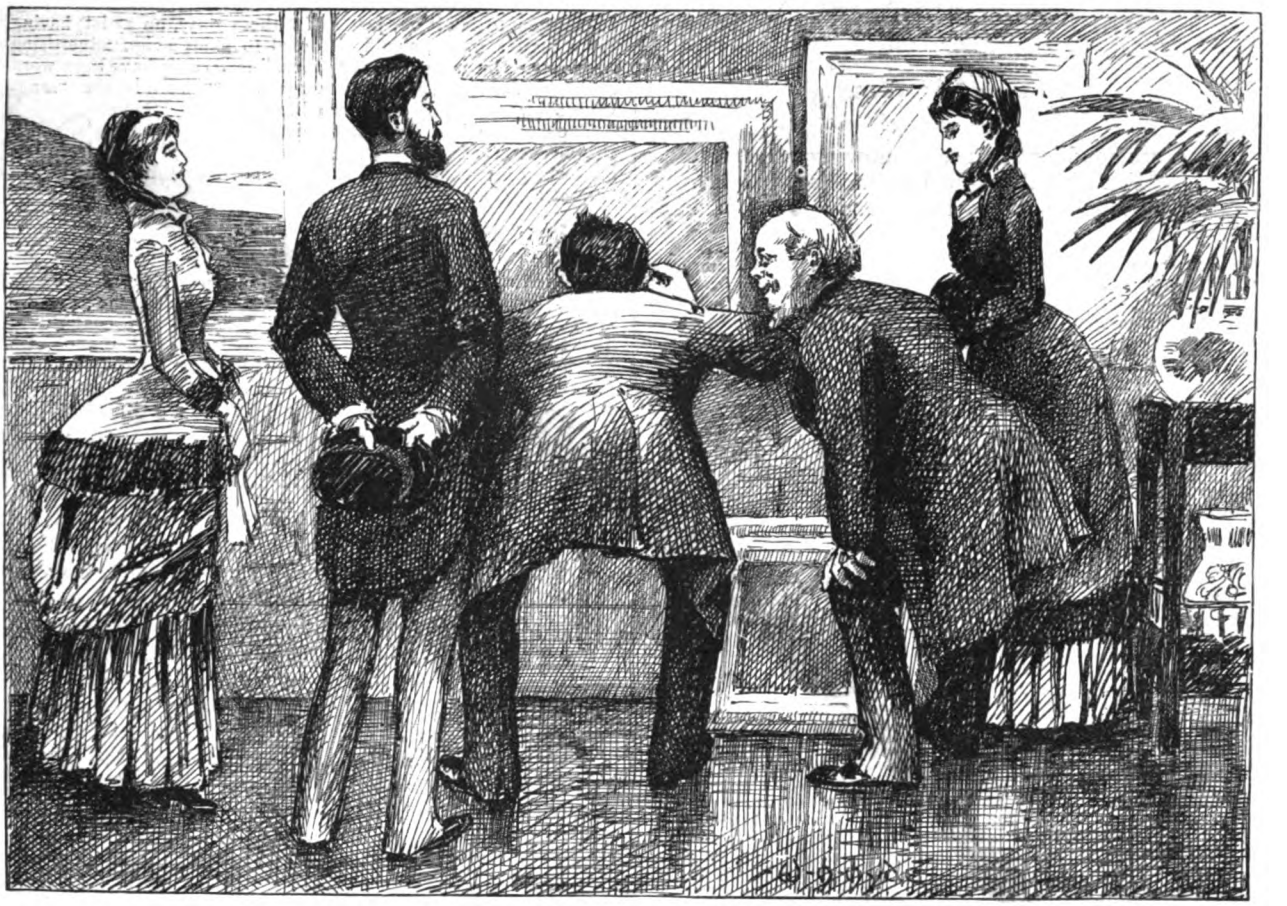

MR. DOUBLEDOLLAR AS A PICTURE COLLECTOR.

Mr. D. (triumphantly showing his new $50,000 *Meissonnier to celebrated Art Critic):* YOU MIGHT NOT THINK IT, BUT THAT PICTURE IS ALL HAND-PAINTED! MR. NODDLEBOX GUARANTEES IT.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

SURELY the gods are gracious. They design
Sweet Arabella for my valentine,
And to that end seductively rehearse
Within my ears her many charms of purse.
Why should I flout her that she is not fair?
Her fortune's ample and she has to spare;
And though she boasts, instead of grace and youth,
Some glaring falsities of hair and tooth,
What man could help but love her—if he knew
That she is worth a million, maybe two?

Then, Arabella, listen to my prayer.
Behold me! On my bended knees I swear,
That as the constant needle towards the pole,
So turns to you my hope, my heart, my soul.
Without you, life is poverty and prose—
The cruel thorn without the tender rose.
With you, a dream of love and peace and sense
(And dollars, too. Her income is immense.)
Sweetheart, smile on me. Let me call you mine,
And own me (in your will) your valentine!

M. E. W.

A CHECK book—"Don't."

A SLAY ride—The Charge of the Light Brigade.

"THE Equine Paradox"—that top speed cannot long be maintained without bottom.

"THE city must put its foot down on such corruption," shrieks an excited contemporary. But it can't, you know. Corporations have no soles.

IS LIFE WORTH LIVING? "That depends on the liver." No, it does n't. That answer is too Elizabethan for this day and generation. It depends on the editor.

IT is said that a pretzel eleven years old is just as eatable as when it is fresh baked. Well, we should think so; we do n't suppose the difference of a hundred years in the age of a pretzel makes a particle of difference in its excellence as an article of food.

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HAPPY ANGLOMANIACS.

A CONGENIAL SPORT.

WE are confident that the following account of a "Fox Hunt," clipped from a daily paper, will cause our readers a thrill of admiration—or of something else:

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 2.—The little Jersey village of Williamstown is wrathfully excited over the torturing of a fox by some so-called sportsmen, a brief account of which was published in the *Times* this morning. The story as told by trustworthy witnesses, is almost too cruel for belief.

* * * * * * * * *

A steel trap at Mays Landing caught a fox. It broke the hind leg of the fox at the same time, but that was of no consequence. Elmer Hurff, one of the sportsmen of Williamstown, caught him, and the animal was sent to Williamstown and lodged in a pen behind the Washington House. He couldn't walk. Below the knee joint the trap had lacerated the flesh and exposed the bones and tendons. Two weeks' quiet recuperation put the fox on his feet, but with his legs still unhealed. That leg was useless. Wednesday was the day fixed for the great hunt, and a large crowd from the surrounding towns and villages was present.

* * * * * * * * *

The hunting party halted in Squankin Meadow, Batcheler put down the bag, the horses began to get restive, the hounds struggled in the leash—the fox stood still. Cowering down upon his haunches, the poor animal looked bewilderingly from side to side, dazed and helpless. His brush was shaven to a stump "to facilitate his movements," explained the whip. The sight was pitiable, but the hunters grew impatient. "Stir her up," they yelled, and some one pulled out a flask and covered the animal with turpentine. Then he broke for cover. The hunters yelled, the horses sprang forward, the fox ran with a curious, sidelong lope, dragging his broken leg in sheer helplessness. Before reaching the brush he stopped again and rolled himself as if in agony on the sere winter grass. A storm of howls expressed the disappointment of the crowd, but the fox was obstinate. He wouldn't budge. The hunters yelled and swore. Smarting under another application of the biting turpentine, the fox broke again, and, springing down an embankment, went loping into the thicket. In a moment the hounds were loosed and plunged into the brush, followed by the army of horsemen. The wounded fox brought to bay faced the yelping hounds that followed him. With a rush the dogs were upon him. A short, sharp struggle, a sound of tearing flesh and crunching bones, and the little chase lay dead and mangled. The barbarous occurrence has excited wide-spread indignation. Those who were engaged in it are making haste to deny the story, but it is abundantly established by eye-witnesses.

TO the Editor of LIFE: I observe that some of your contemporaries are vexing the old question as to the meaning of the couplet:

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

Several great critics have before now endeavored to give meaning to the lines by suggesting other readings of them. Among these variants, the following have been proposed:

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which he picked, naked, from his grandsire's son.'

This is Dr. Johnson's version, and it certainly makes sense; meaning simply that, when the Prince stole his father's (his grandsire's son's) painted vest, he, the Prince, was naked, and, of course, was earnestly desirous of procuring some clothing, however slight. The Prince's conduct may have been unfilial, but, under the circumstances, it cannot be looked upon as wholly inexcusable.

Another variant, suggested by Saint Simon, is subjoined:

"A vest of paint Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

At first blush this seems somewhat obscure, although there is this to be said in its favor—namely, that, inasmuch as we speak of "a coat of paint," there is no good reason why we should not speak also of a "vest of paint;" and, indeed, in old times what we now call a coat, was known as a vest. A vest, therefore (or a coat), of paint might easily have been won in a game of euchre from a naked Pict, who would then, by the terms of the wager, be obliged to lay it on, just as in these days, an artist, having lost a similar wager, would be forced to paint a sign advertising the winner's business. Such a "vest" may easily have been worn by Prince Vortigern, as similar things are now worn by the "sandwiches" who walk up and down Broadway.

The last version that I shall give is Lord Macaulay's, and it will be seen that, contrary to his usual practice, his Lordship lets his feeling for sense run away with his sense for rhyme. This variant is as follows:

"A painted vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked one his grandsire picked."

"It is indeed difficult," says Lord Macaulay, "to imagine how it would be feasible to pick the pocket of a naked one; but we are not forced to believe that such an act was here committed. The vest may have been picked from under the naked one's arm as he was running away with it. It must be noticed also that, like the ancient Thyrsagetæ and Sogdianians, the Danes and Picts were a light-fingered gentry." JAMES DAVIS.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL.

AT a recent meeting of a club of distinguished and literary persons in this city, Monsignor Capel gave a very profound exposition of the dogmas upon which the Church of Rome rests.

It was a nineteenth century discourse. From him we must learn that the Church of Rome is possessed of a most convenient memory. It is protean, chameleon, evanescent, elusive—if we are to judge it by its famous expounder. On this occasion it was nineteenth-centurial and progressive, liberal and assumptive.

It was expected that the Monsignor would tread gingerly upon the subject of reason. As a rule, the Œcumenical Councils have been somewhat at war with thought, and violently at loggerheads with progress. The Monsignor, with a grasp which did credit to his hand, and an audacity which certainly glorified his heart, said:

"The Catholic Church holds that every man is endowed with reason and with the right to use that reason in the working out of his salvation." Later on he said: "She is the Mother of Science."

The beautiful consistency of this is best shown by a reversion to history, and the exhibition of the few brief facts following.

Among the canons promulgated by the Vatican Council of 1870 were these:

I. "*Let him be anathema*, who shall say that human sciences ought to be pursued in such a spirit of freedom that one may be allowed to hold as true their assertions, even when opposed to revealed doctrine.

II. "*Let him be anathema*, who shall say that it may at any time come to pass, in the progress of science, that the doctrines set forth by the Church must be taken in another sense than that in which the Church has ever received and yet receives them."

To apply these lovely and progressive principles, which, be it remembered, were formulated by dear MOTHER CHURCH not fourteen years ago, and made articles of faith, let us burrow into history a little further.

In the 2d Century, Ptolemy gave to the world his "Syntaxis," a profound, lucid and most scientific work, which set forth brilliantly the fact that the earth was a flat, fixed body, around which the sun, moon, stars and planets revolved once in 24 hours. This doctrine—which lately has been re-formulated by the Rev. Mr. Jasper, of Virginia, who asserts that "de sun do move"—was at once accepted by Mother Church as nicely suited to her geocentric views and her doctrines of the vast claim of earth, man and herself upon divine attention.

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AT THE CLUB.

Young Pilkins (to visiting country cousin who has waxed confidential under champagne): AND SO YOU SAY SHE IS TWENTY-EIGHT, BUT YOU DON 'T THINK SHE 'LL HAVE YOU, EH? WELL, YOU *have* BEEN BROUGHT UP IN THE COUNTRY!

For fourteen hundred years this doctrine was proudly held by this Mother of Science, and all disputes concerning it were promptly settled with a quotation or two from Lactantius or Augustine, two beatified gentlemen, whose notions of all matters pertaining to Rome and the Universe were compulsorily regarded as the correct wrinkle.

Three wicked men then arose—Christopher Columbus, Copernicus and Galileo. Christopher Columbus held that the earth was round. Copernicus expressed a belief that the earth and planets circled around the sun. Galileo is said to have invented that impious instrument known as the telescope, and certainly did discover the moons of Jupiter, the rings of Saturn, the phases of Venus and Mars and other unscrupulous and heretical phenomena. What did the Mother of Science do? The Council of Salamanca condemned Columbus's views as irreligious and heretical, and proved by the Pentateuch and Gospels, by Sts. Chrysostom and Jerome, Basil and Ambrose that the earth was flat. Galileo was tortured by the Inquisition and compelled on bended knees to swear that his writings were lies and his discoveries humbugs, and the book of Copernicus—he fortunately died before it was published— was by the Inquisition declared to be heretical, and the Congregation of the Index forbade its use as "that false Pythagorean doctrine utterly contrary to the Holy Scriptures."

This is calm, unbiassed, irrefutable history.

The next upstart was Giordano Bruno, an Italian, born under the twin influences of Catholicism and maccaroni, and who therefore should have known better. Now, what did Bruno do? Why Bruno went to work and actually said he believed Copernicus was right—Bruno did—and then Bruno tackled the stars with a telescope, and wrote about the infinity of the Universe, hinted there were other worlds than ours, and was brazen enough, in addition to all this impiety, to observe and comment upon the flaming sun which appeared in Cassopeia in 1572. That's what Bruno did. And what did the Mother of Science do? Why the Mother of Science had him properly dragged to Rome in chains, charged him with heresy, said his doctrine of other worlds was opposed to the Scripture and subversive of the plan of salvation, aud then, by way of showing her appreciation of his researches and to encourage others to follow in his footsteps, she burned him at the stake in Rome, February 16th, 1600.

In the face of all this, it is useless to deny that the Church of Rome has done a great deal for Science. She claims to have warmed Science into life. She certainly warmed it.

When Monsignor Capel lightly tossed off his claim for the Mother of Science, therefore, he instructed us in some startling novelties. He quoted Secchi, an eminent living Jesuit astronomer, as an instance of the devotion of the Church to Science. But Secchi lives in the 19th century. Suppose Secchi had lived in 1600? We instinctively shudder for Secchi at the bare thought.

Is Monsignor Capel a heretic himself? Does he not know that in saying that man's reason was given him to work out his salvation he gives an accolade to agnosticism, and flies in the face of that dogma, promulgated not fourteen years ago, which damns him who says that "the doctrines of the Church must be taken in another sense than that in which the *Church has ever received them?*" How has the Church received astronomy, until recently, except according to Ptolemy? How interpreted Genesis, except literally, and *not* according to the revelations of geology and other blasphemous sciences? Has she ever accepted evolution? Yet these, submitted to unbiassed human reason, are ever accepted according to modern formulæ. Is the Church then schismatic to her old self? Is she finding out that Basil and Chrysostom, Gregory and Augustine, Jerome and Ambrose were not inspired doctors after all, but mere human twaddlers, and is she now endeavoring to reconcile her past with the march of progress and promulgate new doctrines?

Ah, large and episcopal expounder—you are in deep water—you and your Church. You have been compelled to repudiate your dear Inquisition, an institution sanctioned by your infallible popes and solemn councils, and which with holy scourges tortured three hundred thousand human beings for exercising their reason, and burned thirty-three thousand at the stake. What a savory burnt offering for God's nostrils! You have been forced, step by step, from your geocentric doctrines to a belief in the infinity of the Universe. How it has belittled you!—you writhe under it. Your clutch has been torn from the throat of France, of Spain, of Portugal, of Italy itself. Your pontiff, from dictator of kings is sunk to the level of alms-taker. Where you once commanded —you now beg. Where you threatened, you plead. Your thunders of the Vatican—are weak and pitiful yelps now. Your Papal bulls are all oxen in these days. Yet you cry, "Lo, we are strong as ever." Are you? Where is your spiritual or your temporal power? Sway you the destinies of nations as you did four centuries ago? Call you kings to Rome in sackcloth and ashes? Where be your anathemas now? your Torquemada? your pragmaticas? Where, your Inquisition? Who fears your anger or courts your pleasure? Did not you, yourself, in all your bravery of purple, meet the Jew, the heretic and the infidel on the ground of debate, and thus recognize their equality. Pah, Monsignor. Come not to America to prate of the Mother of Science, the Church of Roman Reason and the Divine Institution of Faith. Try not with us to identify yourself with progress. If you are indeed the Church of Rome, you are the Church of the Dark Ages—and we want none of you. If not that Church—you are a modern institution and we want none of you still. We prefer Mr. Jasper's doctrine that "the sun do move." We move.

C.

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TO WINDWARD.

A Cosmopolitan Romance. By Mary Ann Crowfoot.

Chapter I.

THE Marchese Bibuloso Macaroni derived his descent unbroken from Quintius Curtius. He inherited from his father a gift for languages, a palace in the most expensive part of "the two Romes," and a well-filled family tomb. His uncle was a rich Cardinal and wore a red berretta. The Marchese was not married, but he had given his sister somewhat reluctantly, to be sure, to a Russian diplomat, whose ancestors on his mother's side were children of Rurik, and on his father's a Tartar Khan, a Georgian Tsar, and a Persian Shah, and who bore the proud name of Prince Alexei Alexandrovitch Kherubimovski. The prince, when he happened to be particularly hard up, sent his wife, with their children, governesses, servants and horses to occupy the abundant room afforded by the Macaroni palace.

On the January afternoon which is forever distinguished by the beginning of this story, the Marchese sat with his sister in his private boudoir.

"Go West, young man," the Princess was saying. "Forget this fancy! Come back heart whole and then marry a woman worthy of you."

"But," the Marchese retorted, "we are not bound by caste. We are not Hindoos, and you must offer some other inducement to make me change my mind. My mind is made up."

Donna Dianamaria rose abruptly and yawned as she went to the window, "Your American Hypatia has red hair and black eyes and the temper of an Iguanodon."

"I deny it; but even if she has, she once attended a course at the Concord School of Philosophy, and she knows how to control it. I shall offer her my hand this very evening."

The Princess was inclined to be angry with her brother, but she resolved not to break with him yet.

Chapter II.

MISS Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta Tomson was suffering from a fit. It had came on gradually, like the effects of a mad dog's bite, which, physicians say, may lurk in the blood until death. She kept repeating the classic phrase: "When the mind is izzing then it is thinging thingness."

Her madness took that form. She had declined breakfast, and had shut herself in her gorgeous room. Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta was no ordinary girl. Her father was a naturalized Scotch-Irish American, who had emigrated to Canada, married a Creole who was visiting her grandmother in Montreal, and having speculated rashly in New York, and embezzled in Boston, came to the conclusion that discretion was the better part of valor and took his daughter to Rome.

SHE HAD DECLINED BREAKFAST.

Marietta's fit was disturbed by the entrance of two girls. One was a Hungarian who pirouetted about the room, singing gaily the familiar song, "Jerölembe kisbabám." The other was a Swede, whose name, translated into English, signified Miss Emptiness. No one knows why they came in. Nevertheless, after discussing space and time and a mutton chop, she confided to their single-hearted ears the astonishing news that the Marchese Bibuloso Macaroni had proposed to her father. "Oh, yes, he accepted him at once," she said, in reply to their eager inquiries: "When the mind is izzing, then it is thinging thingness." The two girls went out together expressing their jealousy in a bitter mixture of Hebrew, Norwegian, Magyar, French, Italian and English, and the curious thing about it is, that they were never seen again.

Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta took out a photograph of the Marchese. "Yes, he 'll do, but he ain't half so pretty as—as—you know who." This was an aside to herself. And she giggled.

Chapter III.

THE heavy, semi-asphyxiated air of the ball-room was full of lint from the ruffled carpet. Tuberoses, heliotrope and Carnations vied with the perfumery of half a thousand handkerchiefs. A fiddle-string snapped, fit symbol of human affection, or the human heart, or china plates, or any thing else frangible. Still, the dance went on. None heeded.

The Princess Dianamaria saw her brother come in with Marietta Tintoretta Tetteretta Tomson on his arm. She resolved to be magnanimous. She made herself happen to look the other way and thus saved her the pain of feeling that she was purposely cut. The Marchese waltzed M. T. T. Tomson into an ante-room. Blessed waltz! When King David, perhaps, setting the custom even for ladies' costumes, danced before the ark, he undoubtedly danced the diagonal.

No one but servants were in the ante-room. No one heeded. "Mademoiselle," he said in low and earnest French, as they seated themselves in the shade of an umbrageous palm, "I have proposed and been accepted by Monsieur, your paterfamilias. Will

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you name the day?" M. T. T. Tomson examined in thought the state of her father's funds. She did not love the swarthy Italian, but he was rich, and it occurred to her that as his uncle had been a Cardinal, Bibuloso might rise to be Pope. "Next week, Wednesday—as Wednesday is a good day for wed'n's," she weakly murmured. Bibuloso kissed her icy finger tips. A man resting a moment from the labor of dancing saw that something was up. His experience told him what it was.

"MADEMOISELLE," HE SAID IN LOW AND EARNEST FRENCH.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Cardinal, with much pains, having invoked a Papal dispensation, since the bride was a Swedenborgian buddhist, married the young couple in a chapel in the Vatican. The Marchese immediately took a furnished villa at Sorrento, because Marietta had once been interested in wood-carving.

At sunset they were walking on the terrace. "How green it is," said Marietta, trying to overcome a secret half-acknowledged repugnance to macaroni. "What is green, *caramia?*" he whispered. "Why! cheese." "What should have suggested cheese?" "Oh," said Marietta, with a half blush, "it must have been your name."

From this moment she began to feel that the Italian did not appreciate her jokes. Life grew stale.

AT SUNSET THEY WERE WALKING ON THE TERRACE.

(*To be Concluded.*)

A VALENTINE.

A VALENTINE to you, my love,
The urchin, Cupid, brings,
O'erflowing with the longings of
The heart of him who sings.
'T is full of tenderness you 'll find,
And very sentimental;
But, pray you, to its faults be blind,
And to its pleading, gentle.

Love lurks in every letter, true!—
The day forgives the crime—
And then, remember, love, 't is you
Who make the rhymester rhyme.
So do n't blame Cupid if I scrawl,
In fashion, stylography,
A sentence very sweet, and call
It "admirable taffy."

I know he wears a gauzy mask,—
This strategy is mine,
Who am too timid, love, to ask
You—"Be my Valentine!"
But if your guesses fail to hit
My name, do n't let that fret you!
If you 'll be mine, that settles it!
I 'll call around and get you! F. D. S.

THE Stamp Act—A clog dance.

AN onkneesy position.—Tying a girl's shoe.

THE Vassar girl's favorite Roman hero.—Marius.

TRIUMPH of matter over mind—A disobedient child.

THE patron saint of the modern parlor stove.—St. Nicholas.

IT was a fireman's parade headed by a brass band. As they turned the corner, Gus Cæsar, who was holding up a hitching-post, spelled out the letters, "E. P–l–u–r–i–b–u–s U–n–u–m," painted on the head of the big drum. "Now, Jake, now, wha-what 's that?" he asked of a lank negro standing under the awning with his mouth open. "Do n't yer know nuffin?" was the reply. "Can 't yer read? Dat 's de name ob de man wot made de drum."

UNFORGOTTEN.

A YEAR ago I promised thee
White rosebuds, for a valentine.
Dear, through thy slumber canst thou see
(A year ago I promised thee!)
That now I lay them, reverently,
In those fair, folded hands of thine?
A year ago I promised thee
White rosebuds for a valentine.

E. G. S.

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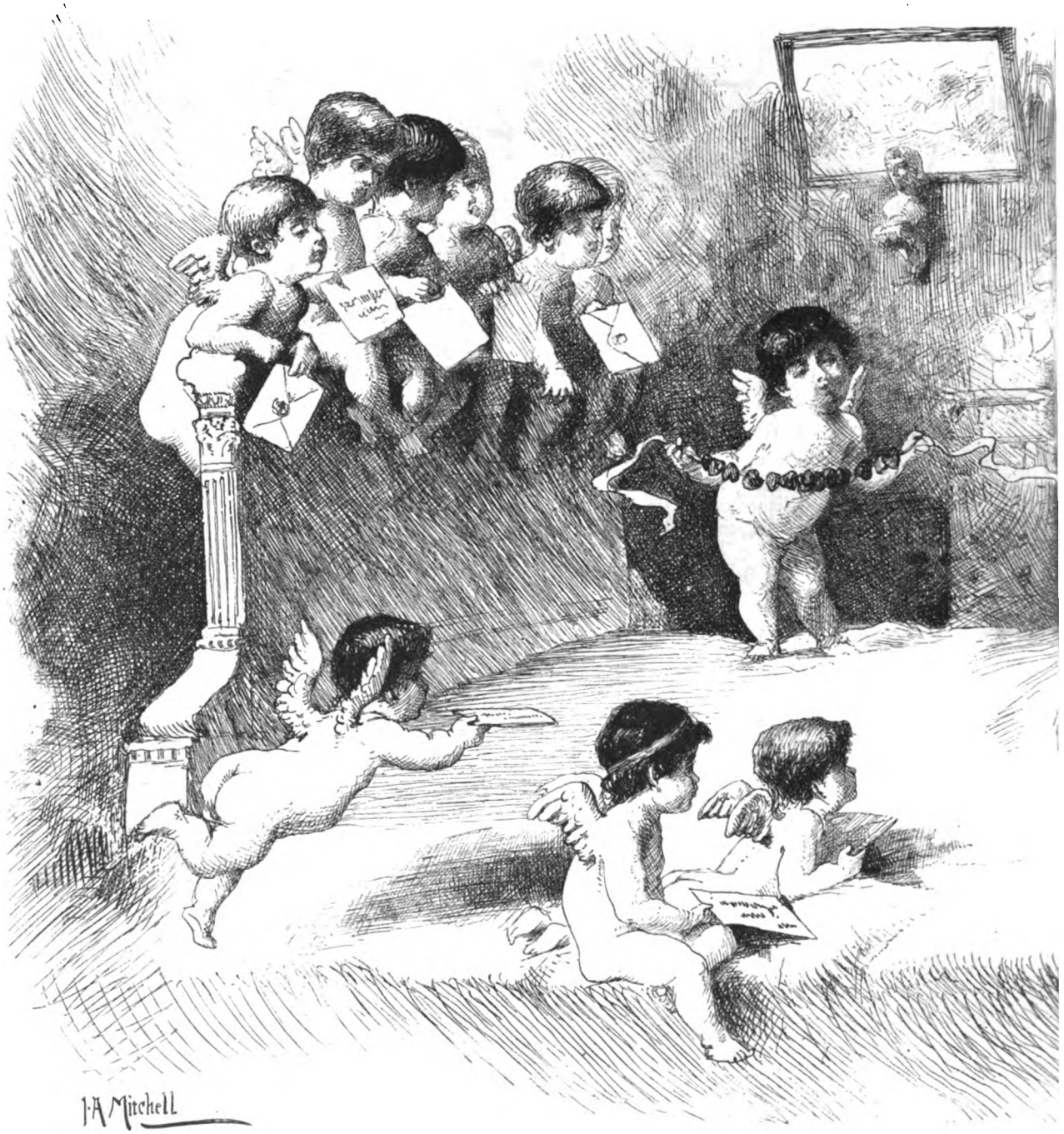

ST. VALENTIN

AN EMBASSY TO THE

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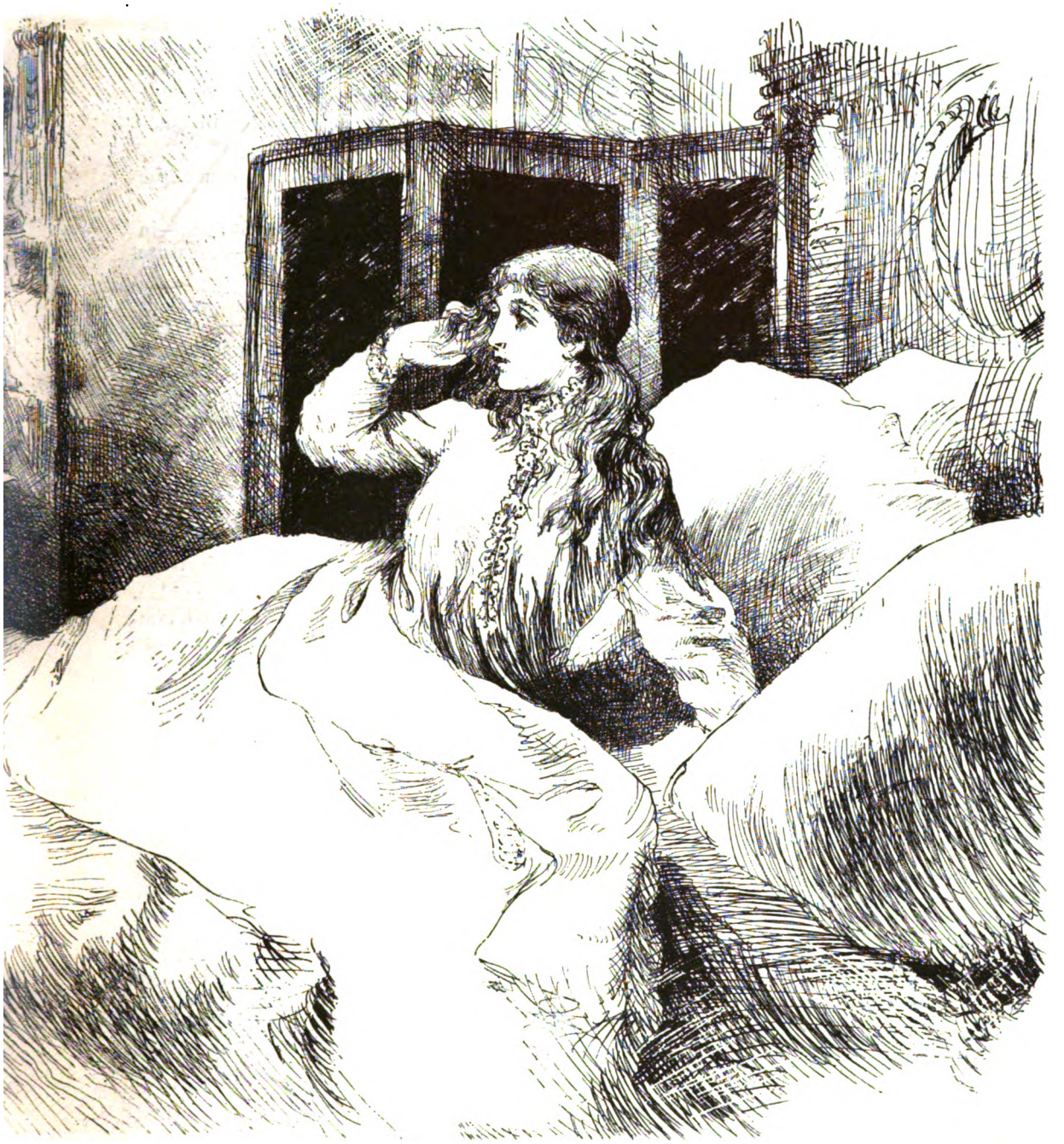

'S MORNING.

IRL WHO READS LIFE

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RETRIBUTION.

AS we journey through life let us live by the way,
Was the motto of cynical bachelor Gray.
Devoted to yachting and partial to men,
A rubber of whist and a bite after ten.

His bachelor rooms were a picture of ease,
A place to be happy and go as you please,
A place where the boys would drop in for a call
'Till he was the father confessor of all.

For they feared not a rival in one of his style
Who said, with a calm little cynical smile,
"Collectively, woman is almost divine;
Individually, thank you, not any in mine."

In her crib-age sweet Daisy De Lancy St. Clair
Was a laughing-eyed lassy, bewilderingly fair;
From her *début* she reigned, a society queen,
On her launch in the swim at that sauce-age, sixteen.

She swung through her cycle, the rage for a day,
A banged, bangled goddess, *distingué, au fait*,
Endowed with the gifts that the gods can impart,
But one thing was lacking—she needed a heart.

'T is true, they were laid at her feet by the score;
Possession created a passion for more
'Till weary of conquest she eagerly sought
For a fellow who would n't, or could n't be caught.

The mystical, magical, soft summer moon
Is tinting the shingle one evening in June,
When bachelor Gray saunters in on the scene,
Cool, calm and collected, and blandly serene.

At last she has found him, the mythical knight,
Supremely indifferent, amusing, polite.
Piqued, puzzled, defeated, she does not despair,
But goes for his scalp with an innocent air.

The cynic believes, as the days follow fast,
That dotage is creeping upon him at last;
For really he dotes, on the quiet, you know,
On the girl with the bang, and her bangles, and beaux.

He scolds himself roundly, grows nervous and blue,
And, after resolving that marriage won't do,
Goes up like a rocket, comes down like a stick,
Says, wilt thou? she wilts, and becomes Mrs. Dick.

No, not at the moment, but later, you know,
With fuss, fixings, flowers, and smuggled *trouseau*,
By a clerical gent in the orthodox way,
In a church with a parsonage down on Broadway.

JAY B. JUNIOR.

L'ENFANT TERRIBLE.

SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER (to bright boy): "Now, Tommy, what is the outward and visible sign in baptism?"

BRIGHT BOY: "The baby, marm." (Sunday School Teacher blushes, and boys snigger.)

"A WINK is as good as a nod" to the boy at a soda fountain.

A MAN skilled in forging.—A blacksmith.

FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

LESSON IX.—Hysteria.

1. YOUNG ladies are the most frequent sufferers from this malady. As a general rule, the appearance in the room of an able-bodied mouse, or the discovery that a peripatetic caterpillar is promenading over their person will produce hysterics.

2. When affected, they alternately indulge in automatic laughter and spasmodic weeping.

3. After the removal of the immediate cause, the patient should be soothed and quieted.

4. In order to prepare for the most violent form—in which a straight-jacket must be resorted to—a measure should be taken of the patient's waist.

5. To do this, a man ought to nave a previous knowledge of the exact length of his arm. The measurement can then be easily made without the use of a tape-line.

6. It is well to take this measure several times, as absolute accuracy is indispensable.

7. This generally begins to soothe her.

8. If her big brother is present, send him for the doctor before beginning treatment.

9. Statistics prove that twice as many cases of hysteria occur in church as occur at the minstrels. There is an instructive moral somewhere in this.

10. If a *man* apparently has the hysterics, leave him alone. He has probably heard that Tilden and Hendricks are the Democratic candidates for next November, and won't stop laughing until he gets tired.

H. L. S.

A MAN born to rule.—A measurer.

A WICK-ED thing.—A lamp.

TAFFY FOR MASSACHUSETTS.

A TOMBSTONE, and a very thin one at that, in a cemetery at Berkshire, Mass., bears the inscription—"To the memory of J—— S——, erected gratuitously by his brother. It is n't very often that a Massachusetts man does anything for nothing, and when he does he does n't propose to hide his subscription under a bushel. Not much. As a general thing, it he hid it under a thimble, he 'd have to grope around half a day before he found it.

Z. Y.

[We have a suspicion that Z. Y. is not a Massachusetts man.—ED.]

A CAUGHT beauty—One who marries a bogus English lord.

A PROOF of the triumph of mind over matter—That a mason can make a brick-walk.

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TOMMY.

LITTLE Tommy, the kid,
Was gentle and kind,
Just an innocent baby
As ever you 'd find ;
He frisked and he jumped,
And whatever he 'd do
Was thought wondrous funny ;
But Tommy—he grew.

Big Tommy, the Goat,
No longer a snoozer—
Had horns long and sharp,
Which he knew how to use, sir ;
He ruined the clothes,
He ate up the cabbages,
And the neighbors at last
Sued his master for damages.

HE was a prisoner in the police court.

"He limped, your honor, pretending he was lame, and was begging," said the policeman.

He was fined five dollars by the Justice, who remarked that his limpid ways were too transparent.

THE DARWINIAN'S VALENTINE.

WHEN you and I were monkeys,
A million years ago,
We lived amid the nutmeg trees
On the coast of Borneo.

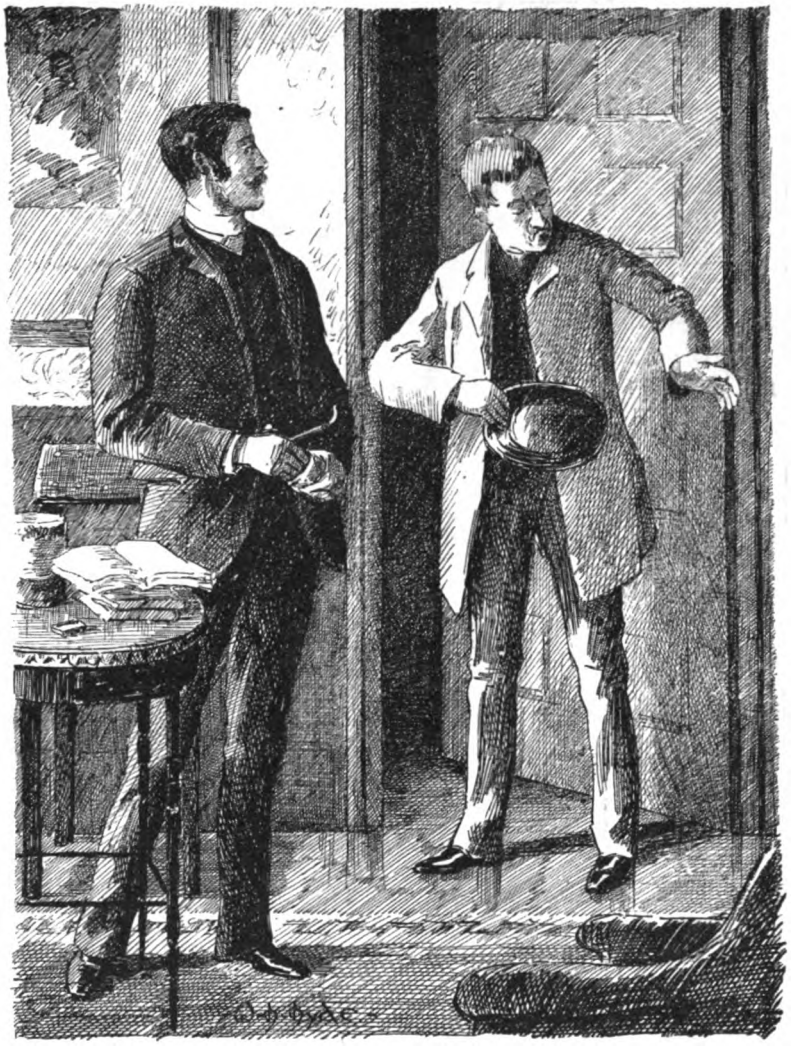
So many other things we did,
My recollection fails ;
But where we could n't use our paws,
We hung on with our tails.

But since we 've shuffled off these tails,
Have hands instead of paws ;
We must, like human bipeds, live
Obedient to the laws.

Ape, monkey and chimpanzee !
Love led us from your line,
And bids us choose each other
For a life-long valentine.

A. A. W.

HE who bloweth his own trumpet awakeneth the sweetest echoes.—*Joseph Cook.*



(*Not*) A TOUCHING STORY.

His new French valet: "O, M'SIEUR, SUCH A MALHEUR! I PUT ZE PARCEL UNDER MY ARM AND I GO VERRA QUICK AS M'SIEUR INSTRUCTED ME, TO FIFTY-SEVENTH STREET AND I COME TO ZE HOUSE, AND I LOOK UNDER MY ARM AND ZE PARCEL VAS GONE!! !! !!"

ALPINE ROSES.

MR. H. H. BOYESEN is a clever and accomplished literary man. At any rate, he was clever and accomplished until a few nights ago, when—inspired by a fatal ambition—he produced his first play, "Alpine Roses," at the Madison Square Theatre. His purpose was harmless, undoubtedly ; the play was meant as a simple, unpretentious, bright little thing, nothing more ; what is also to the point, this was Mr. Boyesen's single indiscretion in writing for the stage. On the morning after the production of his piece, however, Mr. Boyesen must have looked upon himself with new eyes. If he had posed as an iconoclast of the stage, with the egotism and pomposity of a reformer, he could not have been considered with more solemnity than he was by several esteemed but excited contemporaries. Most of the theatrical critics seemed to take it for granted that Mr. Boyesen's aspiration o'erleapt itself. They handled him with sapient profundity. The play, they found, was not the ultimatum of genius. It was not great, original, nor powerful. It told an old story. Its motive was inadequate and *rococo*. Its characters were unreal. Its dialogue was monotonous and colorless. One journal, which attacked it with savage levity ; which, as it were, raised poor Boyesen's scalp and then whooped lustily, described

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SPORT.

Visitor from the city (who has been missing game all the morning): "DID I HIT ANYTHING THAT TIME?"
Disgusted Host: "YOU HAVE, SIR; A COW IN THE NEXT FIELD, AND THE OWNER IS COMING THIS WAY WITH A COUPLE OF DOGS."

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the play as a "symphony in skim-milk." It might as well have been described as an adagio in red, white, and blue.

It goes without saying that Mr. Boyesen is "a damned literary feller." That settles him. He can not, of course, write a play. The persons who discovered that Mr. Bartley Campbell's feeble, strained and ridiculous drama, "Separation"—ridiculous in spite of its merits, which were frankly pointed out here last week—is a fine and thoughtful play, have pounced upon Mr. Boyesen with forcible agility. Nothing could be more conventional, more untruthful than the motive in "Separation." It has been slashed to death by play-mongers for the last century. Moreover, Mr. Campbell had not courage enough to attack this motive himself. He built on an improbability. He has one situation, and this had been used before with better effect. Finally, the third and fourth acts of "Separation" are useless pudding. Yet "Saparation" is thought an admirable work, and "Alpine Roses" is what certain linguistic experts call an "artistic failure." Well, I should be glad to set myself on record with a failure that is artistic.

Again, it was said that Mr. Boyesen's play was brilliantly acted, that the acting was better than the play. Nonsense. The acting was uncertain and misdirected, for the most part. At least four of the chief characters were done without spirit and understanding. The only successsul performers in the cast were Mr. Lemoyne, Mr. Clarke, Miss Cayvan, and Miss Burroughs. Yet even Mr. Clarke straddled vaguely between tragedy and farce; while Miss Burroughs, a charming though inexperienced actress, was unable to express the real spirit of a young girl who is at once light-hearted and true-hearted, frivolous and womanly. It was acknowledged at the theatre, after the first performance of "Alpine Roses," that this play had not been given fairly by the actors. The acting now is by no means what it was then. If it had been in the right spirit at first, would it have been modified substantially?

But, as a matter of fact, Mr. Boyesen has written something better than a "skim-milk" symphony, with an inadequate motive and unreal characters. His play, it is true, starts from a conventional ground-plan. We have all heard of the trim and well

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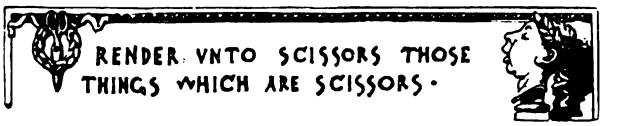
spoken Alpine maids who meet romantic young noblemen and, as a rule, marry them or are betrayed by them. Nevertheless, in spite of his conventional starting-point, Mr. Boyesen has carried his play forward with freshness and vigor. The romantic nobleman in this case is an entertaining and humorous fellow, who is not sure whether he loves one sister or the other. The sisters are charming realities, though unnecessarily idealized for the Alpine business. The intrigue into which they fall is not especially extravagant in a romantic play. There is honest, outdoor passion in the strong love episode of the play. The devotion of Ilka to Hansel, and the spontaneous warmth of this savage mountaineer, are entirely genuine, Irma, the other sister, is buoyant and gay, but capable of self-sacrifice and deep love. Finally, Mr. Boyesen's story, with its drawbacks and charms, is coherently and picturesquely shown in action, and its situations are imagined rationally. The characters strike one as human characters of the average sort, chiefly because they are composed of various elements. An absolute character, of the average sort, is not apt to be an abstraction of virtue or vice. There is, of course, romantic exaggeration, as there is romantic conventionalism, in Mr. Boyesen's play. No one would call this an original or lasting work. But it is a clear, interesting work from its own point of view, and it is written with discrimination and fancy. The poetic earnestness which is given to the speed of Hansel and Ilka is certainly unlike the flippant good-humor of Dornfeld, the vulgar candor of Hahn, the worldly talk of Steinegg, or the stately utterance of Countess von Dornfeld. Mr. Boyesen has made a good beginning. He has not been unsuccessful.

G. E. M.



DUDETIC LEAP YEAR.

He.

THE jigjog swings on the cradleberry bough,
The mollycod pines on the lea;
The tittlebat squirbles his love-born vow,
So, so, dearest maid, love I thee.

She.

Down where the crocodile smiles in the sun,
There, there, darling kid, should we flee;
And oh! like the winkywunk when the day is done,
I skittle if I tottle not to thee.

He.

The felis bug gurgles his song in the air,
The organ lugger trills for you and me;
The perrygram skiddles the old armchair,
Thus, thus, Dalmanutha, love I thee.

She.

And oh! Onesiphorus, the old brown mare
Is spavining for love, as also we;
And up where the minister waits in his lair,
I shall giggle if I skedaddle not with thee.

"DID you put it in with tacks or putty?" asked a merchant traveler for a Pittsburgh glass house, as he gazed, in an absent-minded way, at the hotel clerk's diamond.—*Merchant Traveler.*

AN Indian named "Man-Afraid-of-Nothing" married a white woman in Montana recently, and in one week after the wedding applied to his tribe to have his name changed.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS was one of the first men to "go West."—*Texas Siftings.*

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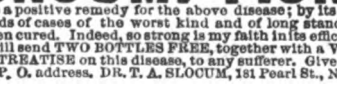

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LOST ARTHUR AINSLEIGH.

[From the *Chicago Tribune*.]

"Yes, papa," Beryl began. "I am in love—nay, more than that, I have pledged my troth."

"How much did you get on it?" asked the banker.

"You misunderstand me," replied Beryl. "I have pledged myself to become the bride of the only man I can ever love—Arthur Ainsleigh."

"What?" almost shouted the banker, "that dry goods clerk?"

"Yes," was the reply in clear, resonant tones. "I love him, and despite your sneers I shall marry him. It is no crime for a man to be a dry goods clerk."

"No," said Mr. Setback, thoughtfully, "but it ought to be," and for a moment silence fell between them.

The father was the first to speak. "I do not care for wealth," he said, "when the subject of your future husband is considered, and I could overlook his paper-on-the-wall pants, but Arthur Ainsleigh is a debauchee."

"T is false," cried the girl. "Prove your words to be true, and I will renounce him forever; but should you not do so, I will fulfill my promise to him at once."

"I accept the test," was the reply, and kissing his daughter fondly, Harold Setback left the house.

* * * * * *

"So I can have the detective?"

"Yes. One of our best man will ingratiate himself with this young man of whom you have spoken, and if he has the slightest tendency to dissipation he is lost."

"Very well," said the banker. "Good day."

"Good day."

* * * * * *

"Enough! This is horrible."

Beryl Setback speaks almost appealingly to her father as she stands with him in front of a gilded haunt of vice and beholds Arthur Ainsleigh leaning against the bar in a state of beastly intoxication—he whom she had loved with such a passionate fervor that at times she forgot about her corn. "Let us go away, papa," she said in tones that were almost a sob, "I shall never see him again."

* * * * * *

"How much is your bill?"

The detective stood by the banker's desk. "Five dollars for my time," he said.

"But were there no other expenses? He seemed very far gone when I saw him."

"Oh yes," replied the detective, "forty cents for that part of it. I had to buy two lemonades and a package of cigarettes before he was full enough to have the young lady see him."

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MISS-CONSTRUCTION—Whalebone, cotton and paint. —*Pretzel's Weekly.*

"IF there 's anything I love, it 's roast goose," remarked Fenderson, as he passed up his plate for a second helping. "It does you credit," said Fogg; "there 's nothing so beautiful as affection amongst the members of a family."

SHE went into a store to buy some toilet soap, and when the clerk was expatiating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase; but, when he said "it would keep off chaps," she remarked that she did n't want that kind.—*Dispatch.*

AT A RESTAURANT. *Particular One:* "Hum—aw! Where 's the liver with this cod steak?"

Waiter (jocularly): "This cod do n't seem to 'ave 'ad any liver, sir; leastways I 'ave n't seen one."

Particular One: "Hum—aw! Happy cod." —*Moonshine.*

DURING some recent festivities in Scotland, Count Herbert Von Bismarck, while out shooting with the Prince of Wales, peppered 'is roil 'ighness' legs with shot, doing very small damage. The trouble with these great men when they go out to shoot, is that they load too heavily. Their guns? Oh, no; not exactly. No, the guns are straight enough.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

DUMLEY had taken the landlady's daughter to the theatre and, as usual, had business outside between the acts.

"Do you see young Brown over there?" he said to the young woman.

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, he is a man I expect to paralyze some day."

"Are you going out to see another man at the conclusion of this act?" she asked.

"Yes," Dumley said, reluctantly, "I am afraid I shall have to; he is waiting for me now."

"Well," said the landlady's daughter, "I do n't like Mr. Brown very much either, and I will tell you what to do. When you return from seeing the gentleman outside who is waiting for you, just step over to where Mr. Brown is sitting and breathe on him. That will paralyze him."—*Scientific American.*

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The United States Mutual Accident Association,

It would be necessary by a like reasoning to infer a case of Universal Insurance,

And that every man, woman and child in the United States were members of said Association, in which case a loss of

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THE UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION had no risks upon that ill-fated steamer or in the "Crested Butte Mine," although it has fifteen thousand policy-holders residents of twenty-five hundred different towns and cities in the United States. The most intelligent insurance experts in the United States agree that by such a system of general average, liability to great losses in any one calamity is reduced to the minimum, thus indicating the sound and conservative business management of this Association.

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JOSEPH M. GOODHUE, Merchant	ST. LOUIS, MO.	5,000 00
JAMES H. SLEDGE, Commercial Traveler	LA GRANGE, GA.	5,000 00
CHAS. S. BOYD, Merchant	PHILADELPHIA, PENN.	5,000 00
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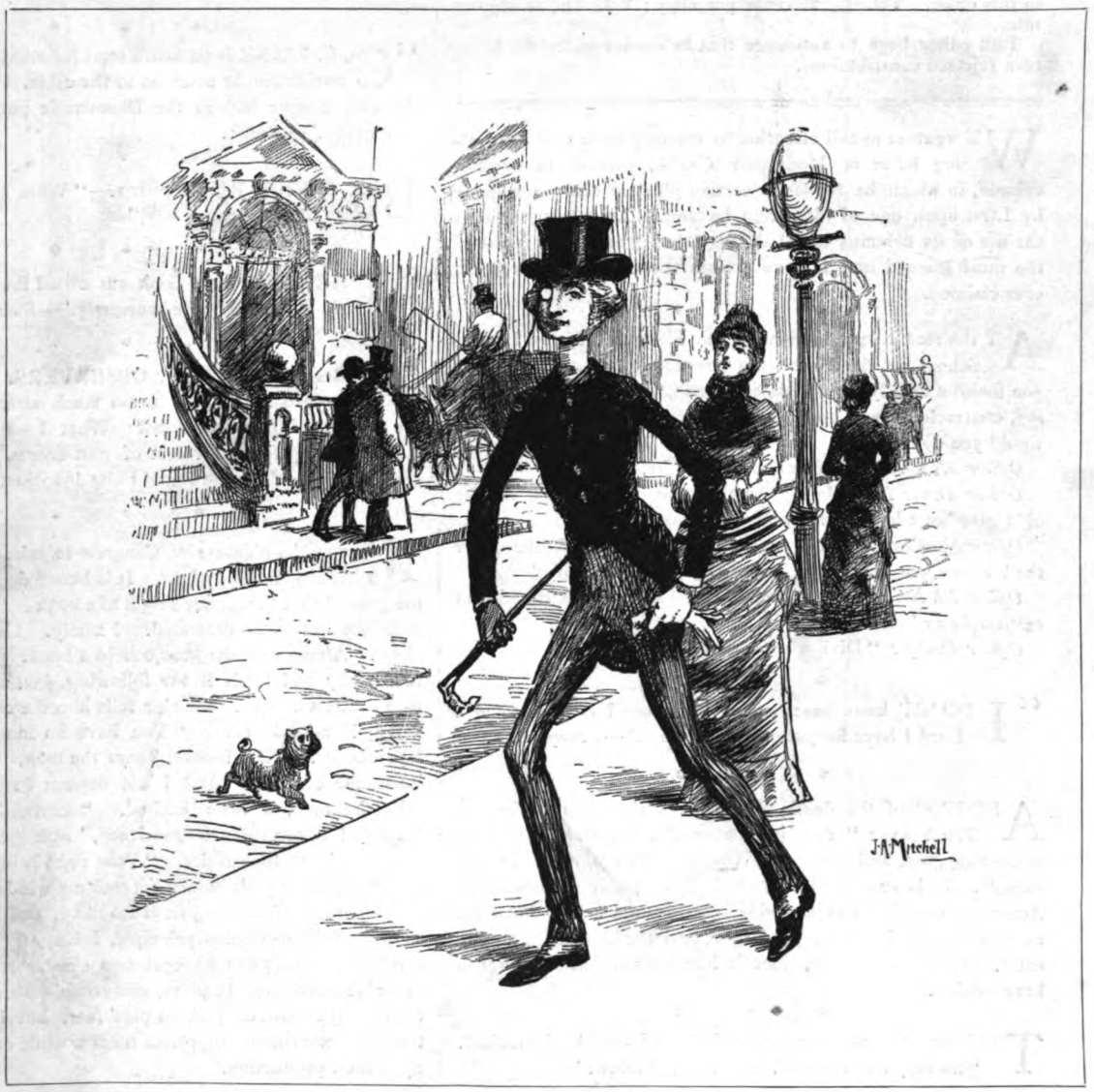

FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND.

IF INSTEAD OF BEING THE 152D THIS WERE THE 25TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH, IS IT POSSIBLE HE WOULD HAVE APPEARED THUS?

WE REFUSE TO BELIEVE IT.

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VOL. III. FEBRUARY 21ST, 1884. NO. 60.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

WE venture to call attention to the very clear and interesting letter of Monsignor CAPEL, printed in another column, in which he replies to certain pleasant comments made by LIFE upon one of his recent lectures. LIFE freely tenders the use of its columns to its distinguished guest, who is one of the most learned and famous divines the Catholic Church has ever claimed.

* * *

AT the recent examination in the First Aid to the Injured School for the Police, the question was put: "Suppose you found a man lying in a state of coma, with stertorous breathing, contracted pupils and other symptoms of congestion, what would you do?

Officer McKeon: "Begorra, oi 'd rhun 'im in."

Officer Denis McSorley: "Av the pore divil cuddent shpake oi 'd give 'im a kipple av inwhigoratin tumps."

Officer Hoolihan: "Oi 'd throi the flavyer av his breath, an' av the ividince waz for or agin 'im, oi 'd jug 'im anny how."

Officer Phelim: "Phwat wud *oi* do? Sure, an' oi 'd make an exthample av 'im."

Officer Dooley: "Divil a know oi know."

* * *

"I DON'T know exactly why, but since I have become a Lord I have forgotten how to write."—*Tennyson.*

* * *

APROPOS of the death of CHARLES DELMONICO, London *Truth* says: "The family evangelized America in so far as cooking goes, and taught the Americans how to eat." Thanks awfully. It is so seldom that an English paper acknowledges American superiority in anything, that instances like the above are refreshing. We have good food, and the knowledge how to eat it. That is a blessing, since it is notorious that the English have neither.

* * *

THE recent pea-soup weather delighted the Anglomaniacs. "So very like Lunnon, deah f'lah, y' know."

THERE will shortly be given in this city under the patronage of several of the most prominent ladies an entertainment for the purpose of providing a home for the 700 destitute blind in our streets, who have neither friends, home nor asylum. We commend it most heartily to public consideration.

* * *

IMPOVERISHED persons desiring to commit suicide can now rejoice. Cucumbers are quoted at only 50 cents apiece.

* * *

"COL. PAINE is on a still hunt for another grip which will enable him to catch on to the cable. Perhaps he will find the grip I once had in the Democratic party. I have lost it somewhere."—*Butler.*

* * *

BOX OFFICE RULE No. 1.—"What the speculators refuse the public may buy,"

* * *

"I HEAR there is a book out called the "Coming Race." Is my name spelled correctly."—*Holman.*

* * *

TO SIGNAL SERVICE OBSERVERS. GEN. ORDER No. 3196.—"There is too much attempt at precision in the reports of this department. What I want is a hazy generality, a sort of foggy forecast of past events, as it were, which cannot be picked up and found to be inaccurate."—*Hazen.*

* * *

IT is now the pleasure of Congress to take up the question of International Copyright. It is being vigorously opposed on the ground that the author's right to a book is "incorporeal," and therefore not to be protected. Exactly. Let us appeal to analogy. A man deposits $100,000 in a bank. The bank receives the money and lends it the following day. A week later, the man draws a cheque. Cashier tells him the cheque is worthless. "Why?" asks the man. "You have no money in this bank," says cashier. "But I have," says the man. "I know better," smiles the cashier. "Did I not deposit $100,000 last week?" asks the man, a little excited. "Certainly," says cashier. "Then, I have a right to draw it out," says the man. "No, you have not," says the cashier. "Your right is incorporeal, and was lost the moment your money entered my window."

We have been stealing from England, and England has been thieving from us on this principle, for nearly a century. It is time the pilfering was brought to a close. It may be that our scientific works, novels, plays, essays and poems are less valuable than dried codfish or pickled pigs' feet, but it would be an interesting experiment to protect them a while and watch the effect upon their production.

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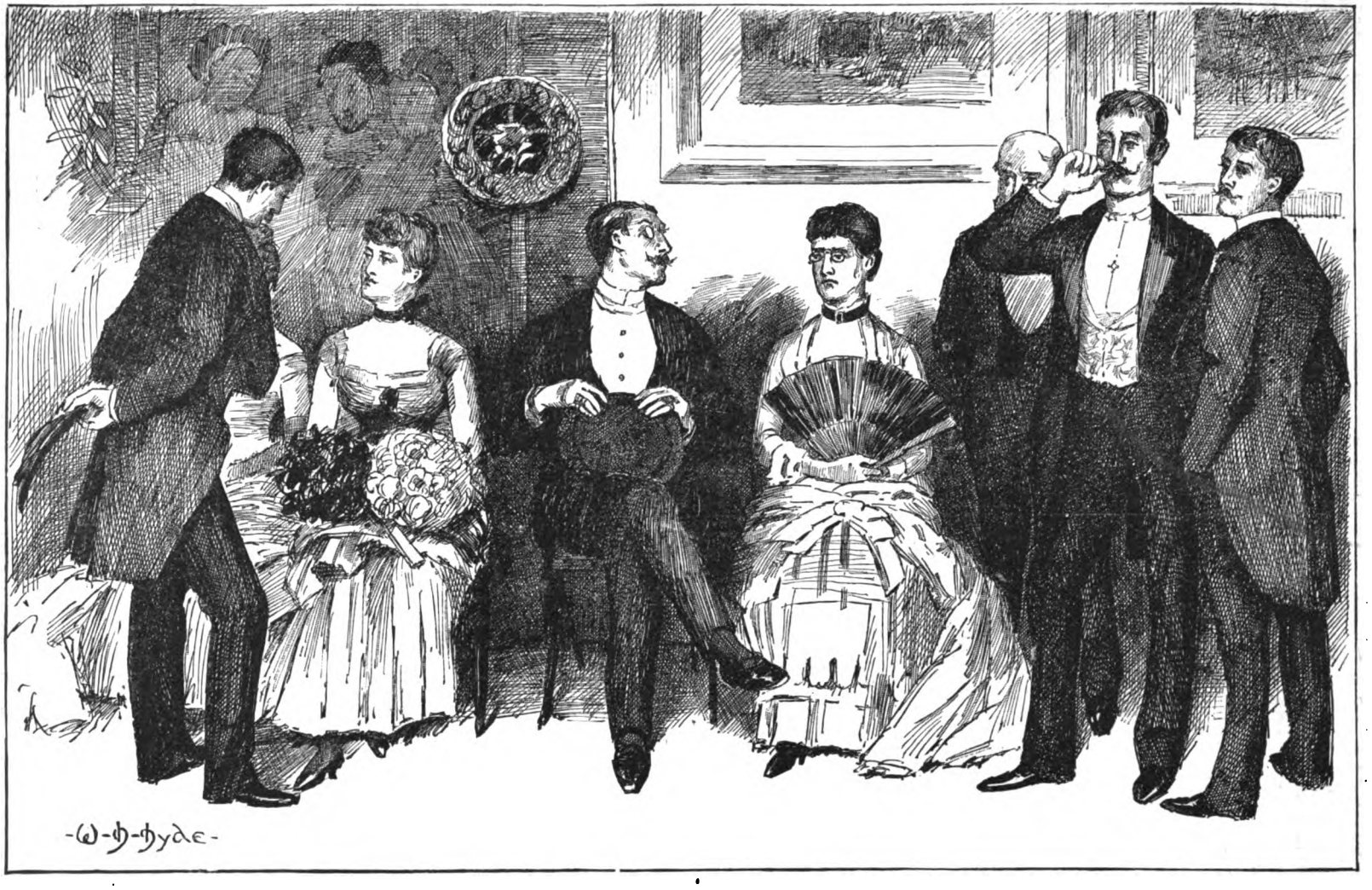

ONE FOR BOSTON.

New Yorker (who has been "stuck" more than an hour with intellectual Young Lady from Boston): YOU SAY YOU DESPISE NEW YORK MEN. THEN WHY DO YOU COME TO NEW YORK, AND WHY DO YOU GO TO NEW YORK PARTIES?

Young Lady from Boston: FOR A COMPLETE INTELLECTUAL REST.

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MONSIGNOR CAPEL'S REPLY.

WE acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of the following letter from Monsignor Capel. The numbers inserted between brackets are our own, and bear reference to comments below.—[ED. LIFE.]

TO the Editor of LIFE.—In your issue of the 14th inst. there appears an article signed "C" referring to statements said to be made by me before the 19th Century Club, Tuesday the 5th.

1. This anonymous [1] writer is pleased to say that I called the Church the "Mother of Science" and hangs thereon opinions which too evidently he wishes to air before the public. But, Mr. Editor, the Church is not the Mother of Science, nor did I ever think or say so. [2] The Church is not even the Mother of Faith. The Church is the divinely commissioned Teacher of Revelation and its duly appointed Guardian. [3] She was not appointed to teach Science. [4] She has to guard her deposit of Revelation.

But while the Church is not appointed to teach Science, nor is the Written Word she possesses a text book of Science, she by the nature of her teaching lends a strong helping hand to Science, and has ever proved herself a zealous protectrice of Science. [5] Nature and Revelation are both, says the Church, emanations from the same God of truth and cannot therefore be in contradiction and opposition. If then scientific theories be opposed to the doctrines of Revelation, these latter resting on divine and therefore infallible authority, while the former are the product of human investigation ever prone to error, then says the Church, must such scientific theories be rejected. [6] A wider and more profound examination of Nature will show that Revelation is right. Truth cannot be opposed to itself. [7] The God of Nature is the God of Revelation and in Him there can be no contradiction, but one and the same undivided infinite truth, therefore Reason and Revelation must be in accord.

The Council of the Vatican but fourteen years ago proclaimed: "Not only can faith and reason never be opposed to one another but they are of mutual aid one to the other; for right reason demonstrates the foundations of faith and enlightened by its light, cultivates the Science of things divine; while faith frees and guards reason from errors, and furnishes it with manifold knowledge. So far therefore is the Church from opposing the cultivation of human arts and sciences, that it in many ways helps and promotes it. For the Church neither ignores nor despises the benefits of human life which result from the arts and sciences, but confesses that as they came from God, the Lord of all Science, so, if they be rightly used, they lead to God by the help of His grace. Nor does the Church forbid that each of these Sciences, in its sphere should make use of its own principles and its own methods; but while recognizing this just liberty it stands watchfully on guard lest sciences setting themselves against the divine teaching or transgressing their own limits should invade and disturb the domain of faith." [8]

This explicit statement made by the unanimous voice of 664 Bishops in assembled General Council of the Church is pitted against the *ipse dixit* of your anonymous contributor "C." [9]

The latter ought to know the church makes its doctrinal statements only through the Pope as head of the Church acting singly, or through General Council, presided over by the Pope [10]. Of Popes there have been 263, and of General Councils 20. Let "C" give us chapter and verse wherein one or other of these has proclaimed as false any truth or law of nature. Till then "C" is out of court in accusing the Church of using false scientific theories, and his many questions [11] referring to the conduct of lesser ecclesiastical tribunals in dealing with scientific discoveries are but so much dust thrown into the air. Kepler, who established his theory on solid principles [12], was expelled from Protestant universities on account of his teaching, and then was favored by the Catholic Prince Julius de Medicis, and finally was offered a chair in the University of Padua by the Catholic Republic of Venice. Allow for a moment I were therefore to conclude that Protestantism is the enemy of science, what would be thought of my logic? Is not this the very procedure of your anonymous correspondent "C" [13]?

2. In my speech before the 19th Century Club I asserted, as reported in the leading New York daily papers, that "the Catholic Church maintains that man is endowed with *intellect to know truth* [14] and with will to do good. He is gifted with reason which among other capabilities *can know* by its own power and light of the existence of God, of the immortality of the soul, and of man's responsible dependence on God." This plain statement is perverted into "Does not Monsignor Capel know that in stating that man's reason was given him to work out his salvation, he gives an accolade to agnosticism?" Commentary is unnecessary [15].

3. "C" is much exercised that the Church should insist by the Vatican decisions that her doctrines are never to be interpreted otherwise than they have been, notwithstanding anything science either now or at any time may say. "C" implies this is an insuperable obstacle to progress created by the Church [16]. Does "C" not realize that the mathematician may say whatever discoveries science may make, the propositions of Euclid and the principles of Algebra will ever bear the same signification? This prevents not the progress of science. In like manner the doctrines of Revelation must ever be the same under the Christian dispensation [17].

As "C" does not report accurately formal statements which he heard, as he confounds *the Church* with local organizations [18], as he is not conversant with such a simple fact of our own day as that the distinguished astronomer Padre Secchi no longer lives [19], it is not surprising that his historic knowledge concerning the aid rendered by the Church to men of Science and to scientific investigation should not only be hazy but inaccurate and prejudiced. A little research in Hallam's Middle Ages, in Dr. Lingard's Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church, in Ranke's History of the Popes, in Whewell's History of the Inductive Sciences, in Macaulay's Essays, in Roscoe's Life of Leo X., and similar will show "C" that thoughtful men hold very different opinions to his as to what the Church has done for Science [20].

A remembrance of Macaulay's words may be useful to "C," "It is thus we ought to judge of the events of the men of other times. * * * It is the fundamental law of the world in which we live that truth shall grow—first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. A person who complains of the men of 1688 for not having been men of 1835 might just as well complain of projectiles for describing a parabola, or of quicksilver for being heavier than water. I have the honor to be, sir,

Yours respectfully,

T. J. CAPEL.

EAST CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 14, 1884.

The following brief comments embody the only reply it is possible for us to make at this late hour. The numbers correspond to points made above.—ED. LIFE.

1. The Monsignor may not be aware that editorials and editorial comments are by a journalistic rule left unsigned, or are merely signed with an initial. They are the utterances of the journal, for which the editor is responsible. The article in question, therefore, can not be considered anonymous.

2. The quotation was made from the Monsignor's speech before the 19th Century Club, as reported by more than one of his auditors. We are glad to know, however, that he repudiates it, and does justice to the pedigree of Science.

3. There seems to have been at various times a little difference of opinion on the subject.

4. We are glad to learn that the Church has come to this conclusion. A few years ago she was trying to assert her divine right in this city to control the public schools and teach everything.

5. Here we might be involved in an argument with the Monsignor. If the Church is disposed to lend a "strong helping hand to Science," and if she is "a zealous protectrice of Science——

Why did she burn Vanini at Toulouse in 1629 for having written a treatise called "Dialogues concerning Nature"

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Why did the infallible Pope, Paul the IV, in 1559 institute the Congregation of the Index?—

To "Examine all books and manuscripts intended for publication and decide whether the people be permitted to read them; to correct those books of which the errors are not numerous, and which contain certain useful and salutary truths, *so as to bring them into harmony with the doctrines of the Church;* to condemn those of which the principles are heretical and pernicious."

Why did said Congregation of Index denounce Copernicus' book "De Revolutionibus," a purely scientific treatise, and forbid its use? Why did it prohibit Kepler's "Epitome"? Kepler's reply shows what was done to encourage him by the "Protectrice." He said:

"Now that new testimony is discovered in proof of the truth of the doctrines of Copernicus—testimony which was not known to the spiritual judges—ye would prohibit the promulgation of the true system of the structure of the universe."

How does MONSIGNOR reconcile this with his above endeavor to show that Kepler was sheltered and protected by Catholicism?

Why upon the Index Expurgatorius of the Church to-day, stand the names of Darwin, Hæckel, Tyndall, Huxley and Herbert Spencer—the great apostles of modern Science? Why are their works forbidden to Catholics, if the Church really wishes to extend the "helping hand?"

Why did the Council of Salamanca condemn the views of Christopher Columbus on the rotundity of the earth as irreligious and heretical?

Why, by an infallible Pope, and by an Inquisition instituted by an infallible Pope and sanctioned by infallible Popes and infallible Councils for many generations, was that venerable discoverer and philosopher Galileo dragged to Rome, tortured, and compelled to abjure his own scientific writings, and then cast into prison—finally to die of a broken heart and be denied Christian burial? He had merely affirmed Science, not attacked Religion.

Why did the infallible Pope likewise cause another great scientist, Giordano Bruno, to be burned at the stake in Rome, in 1600, for having ventured the opinion that the Scriptures were only intended to teach morals and not Science? You yourself would have been genially toasted, MONSIGNOR, had you in those days said, as you say now with such unction, that the Church was not appointed to teach Science. The Inquisition would have fondled you, and by its simple but earnest method, might have convinced you that you were wrong.

Why did the Inquisition torture 360,000 human beings and burn over 33,000 at the stake for exercising their reason?

6. Again we beg to differ with you, MONSIGNOR. The more we examine into nature, the more irrational appears the revelation you interpret.

How do you reconcile Genesis with geology? The testimony of the rocks sets aside the Deluge. The records of Prehistoric man, written upon adamantine pages, give the lie direct to the Septuagint. Astronomy makes your immense claim upon the regard of the Creator as absurd as it is impious. Modern investigation has shown that your ancient miracles were either natural phenomena or silly jugglery, which any intelligent person of the present day can explain and reproduce. You have tried, as a forlorn hope, to reconcile the two; and claim now that the Scriptures are "figurative." But how does Evolution strike you? Will you answer Newton's Principia? Can you dispose summarily of the facts Science has revealed to us in regard to the existence and gradual development of prehistoric races?

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

"WHY, MY DEAR MRS. LOVELACE, YOU SEEM SO *much* THINNER! HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?"

"OH, NO, BUT I HAVE A MORE MUSCULAR MAID."

---

7. Certainly. Science is in perfect harmony with fact.

8. Herein is precisely where humanity suffered. The Church held that Copernicus and Galileo, Bruno and Kepler were disturbing the domain of faith. They were. If you could, you would crush Darwin, Hæckel, Tyndall, Huxley and Spencer, Miller and Lyell for similar reasons. Their works, purely scientific, have very thoroughly upset your dominion.

9. A decided compliment.

10. Then the whole hierarchy of the Church may be instructed by a pope to crush Science and torture its votaries, and still you can crawl out of it and disavow responsibility? That is a quibble, MONSIGNOR.

11. The bulls of Leo X (infallible), referring to the Inquisition; the proceedings of the Lateran Council (infallible), against the philosophy of AVERROES, in 1512; the bull of PAUL IV, above referred to; the records of the Index Expurgatorius, and of the Inquisition; the action of the Council of Salamanca against Columbus; and a hundred and one other examples may be cited of the Church denying scientific facts and truths of nature.

12. See note 5.

13. We are not defending Protestantism.

14. The MONSIGNOR'S address, as delivered before the nine-

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teenth Century Club, was somewhat different from the syllabus with which he thoughtfully provided the reporters. We quoted from the address.

15. Decidedly.

16. If convenient, MONSIGNOR will please stand corrected. The Catholic Church is offering no insuperable obstacle to science, but science *does* seem to be interfering a little with the progress of the Church.

17. Why then have each of the 263 infallible Popes and 20 infallible councils found it necessary to formulate new articles of faith and modify or set aside others?

18. To call the Inquisition, which was instituted by infallible Pope Innocent IV, in 1243, granted plenary powers by infallible Popes Leo X., Innocent III. and others, and flourished over 400 years, a "local organization," shows that the MONSIGNOR is darkly and deliciously facetious.

19. Here the MONSIGNOR certainly has the writer on the hip. He *did* forget that Father Secchi was dead. But there have been a great many deaths, one way or another, during the past ten years.

20. "Thoughtful" men are sometimes in error. But Macaulay is certainly not violently prejudiced in favor of the Church of Rome, and assuredly the life of Leo X. does not reflect much credit upon the Monsignor's statement. It was Leo X. who gave plenary powers to the Inquisition.

Monsignor Capel's peroration is beautifully apt.

"Truth *shall* grow." It has grown despite your prunings and cutting, despite the fires of persecution and the ice of bigotry. It has shot up beyond your shadow. It tops your loftiest spires and makes them insignificant. *Men* of 1688 were not men of 1835. True. But you, Monsignor, claimed for your Church a diviner degree. You once held it to be God's own work, unchangeable and incorruptible, infallible and illuminated by the intelligence of the Holy Ghost. Do you now recant? Do you admit it is human? Ah, Monsignor, it is well that the Inquisition is a thing of the past. How it would have enjoyed getting hold of you!

We thank Monsignor CAPEL for his courteous communication. If this hurried reply satisfies him not, it only remains to say that our columns are always at his disposal.

Knee plus ultra—the ballet girl's skirt.

THE golden mean—a stingy millionaire.

A GREEN peach—an Irish "Informer."

TO WINDWARD.

A Cosmopolitan Romance. By Mary Ann Crowfoot.

CHAPTER V.

THE next morning they were suprised by a visit from Augustus Whatincom. They were still at breakfast. Whatincom was the man who, in the ball-room, had seen that something was up. He was making a voyage around Africa in an open boat, pulled by six brigands, and had put into Sorrento on his way.

THE NEXT MORNING THEY WERE SURPRISED BY A VISIT FROM AUGUSTUS WHATINCOM.

Whatincom was a Cosmopolitan. He was only thirty-five years old, yet he had been for ten years connected with the daily newspapers of eight different countries, as he spoke and wrote all languages with equal facility. He had been a Buddhist in India, a sun worshipper among the Shamans of Persia; he had belonged to all the secret societies of the North American Indians; he had dug gold in Australia, had gambled in Leadville, had bought telephone stock when it was 900, and sold it at par, and now, after all these experiences, he had written a Sabbath-school novel and made a fortune. He had only one affliction—no lady ever saw him without throwing herself into his arms. He always tried to beat to windward, but he never escaped. The lee shore was too much for him. He had once almost eloped with Donna Dianamaria, but the Marchese had spoiled their little game, forgiven his sister and forgotten Augustus. So he invited Augustus to spend a week at the villa. He himself went up to Rome to help his uncle, the Cardinal, write his will. When he came back he persuaded the Princess, his sister, to make one of the party. "We can play whist," he said to himself, and rubbed his hands with glee.

CHAPTER VI.

AUGUSTUS ought to have "beat to windward," but he put it off one day too long. Besides, he could not raise the wind. When the Marchese came back he had been to church several times with Marietta. She was beginning to feel the wonderful spell exerted by Augustus's strength of body and mind.

Even as a child—his father was a gipsy and his mother a Spanish lady, with basque blood in her veins—he had strangled two bull dogs in his cradle. In the Soudan he had killed a rhinoceros with the flat of his hand. He had also read Joseph Cook's lectures, and was inclined to the Bramo Somaj (which he pronounced Somash).

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The Princess was the only person who had any real influence over Augustus. She still kept a warm spot in her heart for him, though she could whisper in her husband's ear truly enough the words, "*Ia liubli tui.*" She always spoke to him in Russian at night, devoting an hour a day to each of the European languages, so as to keep him in practice for his diplomatic profession.

"YOU MUST LEAVE IMMEDIATELY," SHE SAID.

As soon as she came to Sorrento she "smelt a rat." She knew that Augustus was erratic and she took him aside. "You must leave immediately," she said. "I shall fall in love with you again if you do n't."

Augustus, however, was drifting with the tide. Marietta was the tied. He answered Donna Dianamaria in Romany. She understood his meaning and determined to tip over her inkstand when it was time to give the alarm. That was a partially Lutheran measure, and her brother would thus get an inkling. There were no carpets on the floor. The servants could wash it up afterwards.

Chapter VII.

AUGUSTUS saw that Marietta was not happy with her husband. He was a philanthropist, at least so far as the feminine portion of humanity was concerned. He persuaded himself that if Marietta wanted to elope, it was Kismet that he should help her. So he made all his arrangements. He left the Marchese's villa, and the Princess went home. The Marchese Macaroni was not by nature suspicious. He kept two dogs and a cat. The cat was named Hiddigeigeichtoxtolil-xtochitl Kia-li Chateau.*

"TO ALLAY SUSPICIONS, SANG FIRST A CREOLE SONG."

On the night chosen by Augustus for the elopement, Marietta, to allay suspicions, sang first a Creole song, then a duet entitled, "*Guarda che bianca luna*," and at exactly eleven o'clock she said in French, "*Dormez beang Biboloise.*" She always spoke French when she was affectionately disposed. Bibuloso soon afterwards heard the cat mew, but he thought nothing of it.

*The author was personally acquainted with a cat who bore that polyglot name in 1824. Kia-li is the Chinese for cat. Chateau naturally means what a cat!

Chapter VIII.

IT was a happy thought of Marietta to give the cat to the two dogs. It occupied their attention while she escaped to the boat which Augustus had waiting for her at the wharf. It was the cat's mew that the Marchese had heard. He was not fond of anything but opera, and Bark's passion *mewsic* touched no kindred chords. He should have remembered Shakspere's

"Thrice the brindled cat hath mewed."

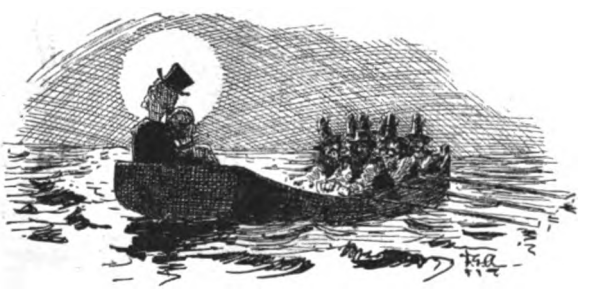
But his cat was not brindled.

The lovers meantime sped across the moonlit sea in a boat rowed by six brigands. Augustus had provided ham sandwiches, since he knew from previous experiences of the sort that Marietta would bring nothing but heaps of handkerchiefs and hairpins and Cologne water. "What would you like now?" he asked, after she had fainted for the first time. "O," said she, "I hanker chiefly for a handkerchief."

They landed at Casamicciola. It was the day of the earthquake. They went to the theatre together. They would have sat in a box if Augustus could have afforded a box. Just as the play was about to begin they saw the Marchese enter, with a sallow cheek and a blood-shot eye. They fancied that they saw the gleam of a pistol in his eye. They slipped out and came to America. The Marchese got so interested in the play that he forgot his vengeance. He was not killed by the earthquake. What is the moral?

Ask it of that black-haired old man who drives daily on the Pincio with a young Italian bride by his side. Ask it of the Princess who is now married for the third time, to an English lawyer.

Ask it of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Whatincom, who might be living in Chicago together if they had not quarreled before they got there. They all will answer there is none.



"THE LOVERS MEANTIME SPED ACROSS THE MOONLIT SEA."

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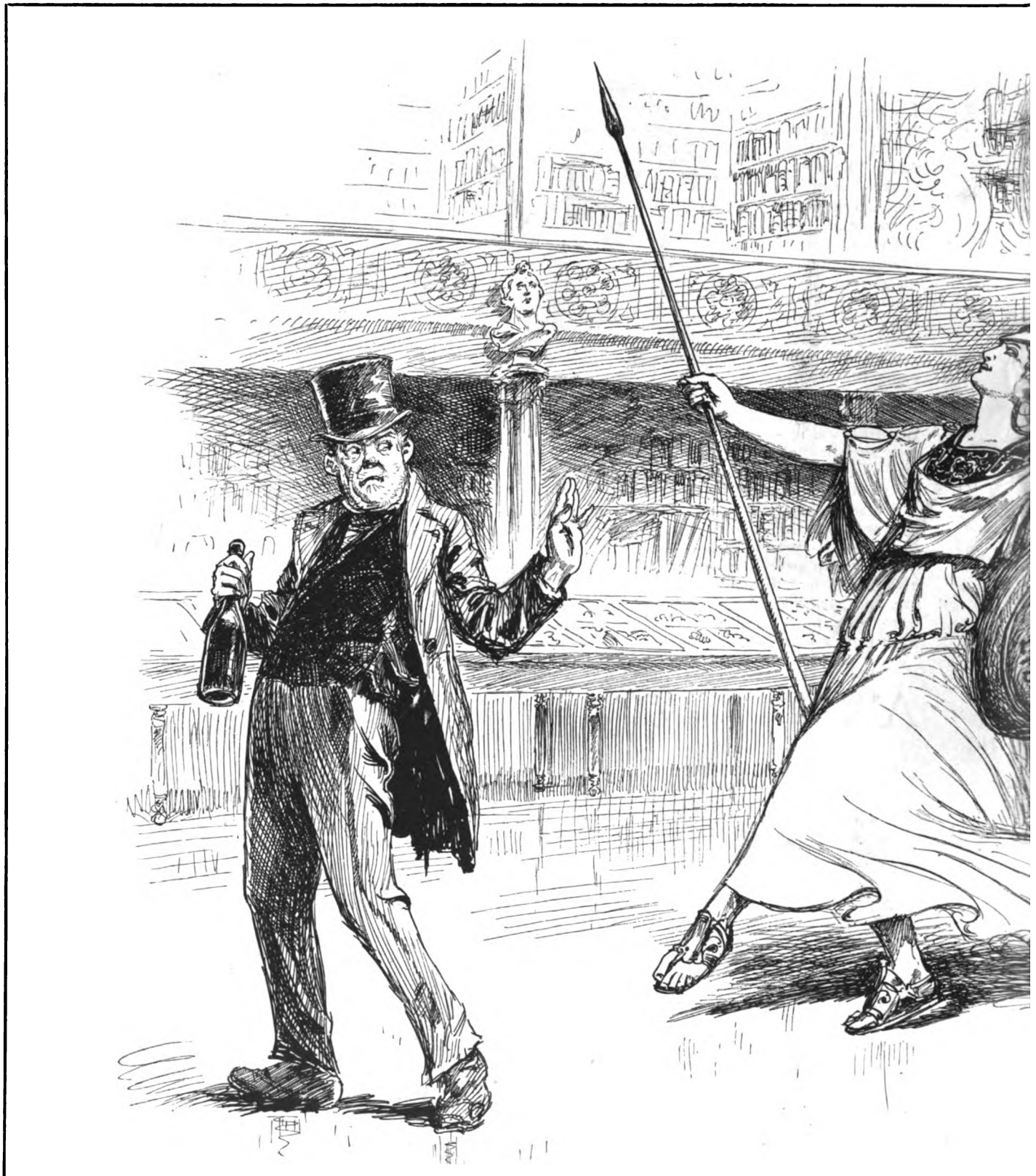

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THAT LIBRARIES AND MUSEUMS MAY TE
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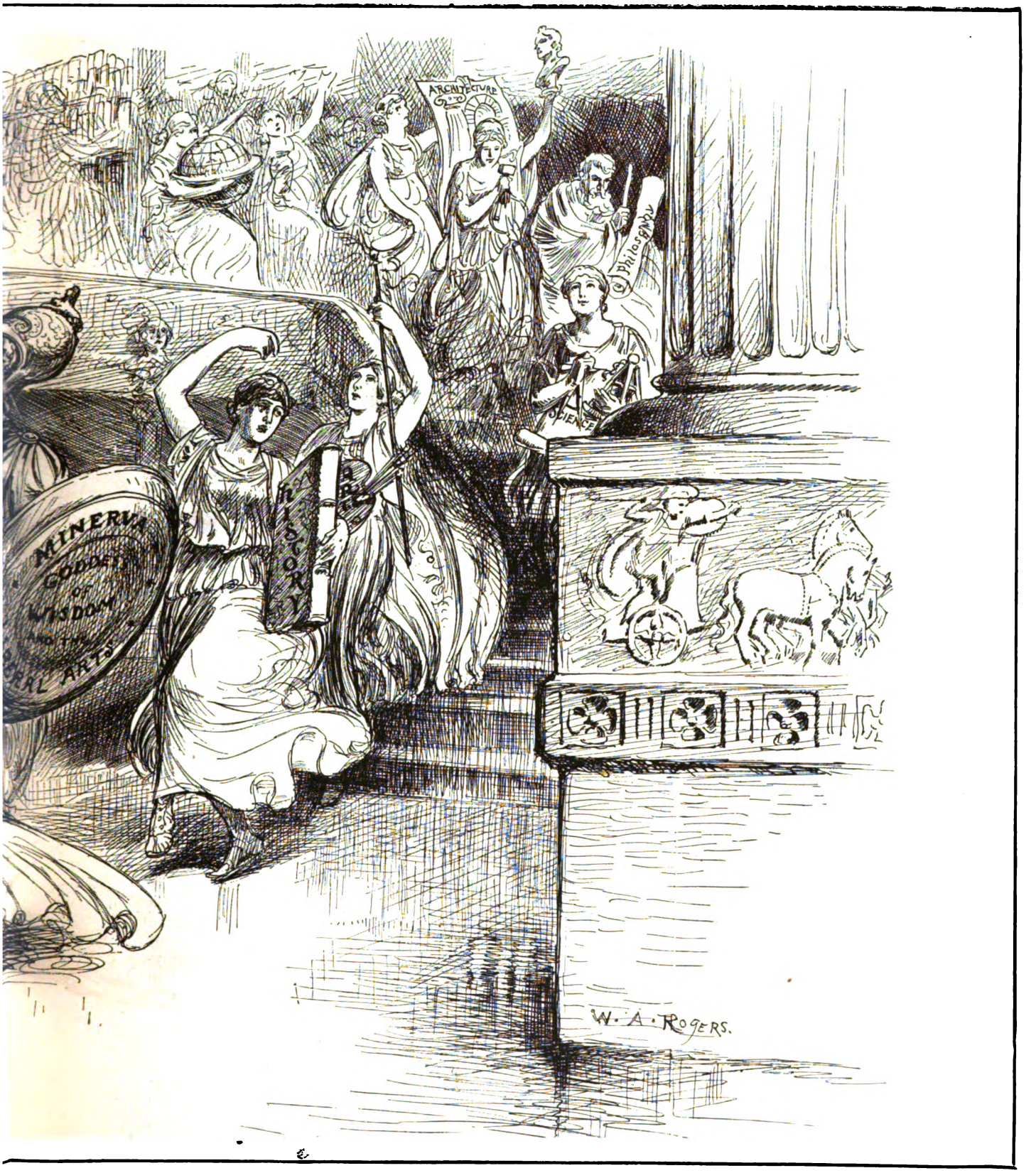

E DANGER?

T THE WORKING MAN ON SUNDAY FROM THE
DISREPUTABLE COMPANY AS THIS.

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TO A "NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE."

MAIDEN, whose most lovely eyes—
Lovely eyes of midnight hue—
A beguiling spirit tries
To get through!
Tell me, maiden most divine,
If you were my valentine,
Could those eyes, as sweet as sin,
Take some other fellow in?

Maiden, o'er whose rosy lips—
Rosy lips to love so dear—
A bewitching spirit trips
To my ear!
Tell me, maiden, almost mine,
If, indeed, my valentine,
Would those lips of perfect mould
Ever open for a scold?

Maiden, whose most dainty hands—
Dainty hands of shapely make—
All my spirit hold in bands
Hard to break!
If you were my valentine
And those hands were really mine;
Tell me, could they without hurt,
On occasion, mend a—garment?

Maiden, whose most tender heart—
Tender heart, but tempered still—
Bends my reason's nobler part
To its will!
When I stopped these taffied lines,
Dropped from life its valentines,
Would that heart remain my own,
Beat for love and me alone?

EDWARD A. CHURCH.

BOOKISHNESS

THE RISE AND FALL OF A PHILADELPHIA FLIRT.

FROM the days when Addison dissected a coquette's heart, and "observed in it a certain salamandrine quality, that made it capable of living in the midst of fire and flame, without being consumed or so much as singed," until the later era of the "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," the foibles of womankind have furnished rich materials for satirist and wit. Another volume has just been dug out of this mine and labeled "A Latter Day Saint." It is the first of a series of American novels and possesses some admirable qualities which should make it popular. It is not pretentious; it aims at being a simple satirical sketch, and succeeds.

Ethel Jones narrates frankly the episodes in her career as a brilliant society belle of the city of propriety and pedigrees, Philadelphia, where brilliancy of any kind is generally considered, if not a sin, at least a serious misdemeanor. You must be as conventional as the monotonous brick fronts and marble door-steps of that very proper city, or run the risk of being snubbed by descendants of the plain but exceedingly acute Quaker who purchased the site of the whole town from the Indians for a pack of prize candy. It is not surprising to read, therefore, that Ethel's sins were very mild. Her Philadelphia conscience certainly caused her much unnecessary remorse. Ethel plunged from an aristocratic boarding-school where she had been kept by the rigid economy of her mother, into a whirl of society—the "whirl" consisting of a tea-party where she first sinned by talking to two men at once, and thus depriving a weak sister of her share; an "Assembly," which is the height of Philadelphia social dissipation, and a summer at Narragansett, where she allowed a handsome young man to kiss her while they sat upon the sands in the moonlight. The depravity of this latter act was not *per se* but potential. What must be thought of the moral ballast of a girl who would allow such a thing, when she was at the very moment plotting to marry "a man whose habits as well as his birth were gentlemanly, and who was too little accustomed to slowness in his daily life to object to a trifle of rapidity in mine?"

The second stage of her degeneracy was reached when she married this amiable gentlemen of pedigree. The mild dissipation of Narragansett gave way before the allurements of that gilded palace of crime, Newport, where Ethel fell, seemingly past redemption, by getting in with the New York set, including several Anglomaniacs. She became known as "Mrs. Charter, the fashionable, the dashing, the daring, the unrestrained." Her fall was accelerated; she even played at totem on the deck of a yacht, smoked a cigarette, and sipped mixed drinks. The catastrophe was reached when she continued her gaieties in Philadelphia, by flirting with one of her Newport friends to the extent of allowing him occasionally to accompany her to a ball or theatre. The old lover who kissed her in the moonlight at Narragansett took courage from this evidence of wifely laxity. He acted as her escort to a Maennerchor mask ball where she flirted desperately with her own slightly-inebriated husband, who never suspected her identity. He followed her to a restaurant where in utter recklessness she proposed to round off the evening's dissipations with an oyster fry, to be paid for by her Narragansett lover. Her mask falls off; her husband is horrified and flees to Europe; she faints, and ultimately drifts into typhoid fever, from which she emerges repentant, but obliged to wear more false hair than ever before. In time her husband returns and forgives her. But he can't love false hair as he did the real article; she only has his "respect and confidence." "Henceforth," she says, "my life is practical. I go to church, I take a just interest in parish work," and adds by way of admonition, "Girls be careful. Do not be led away by your desires for racketing amusements and careless enjoyment. You cannot defy society"—especially if you live in the city of Brotherly love.

DROCH

RHYME AND REASON (Macmillan & Co.), a series of short poems by Lewis Carroll, of "Alice in Wonderland" fame, is an extremely entertaining little volume. It is profusely illustrated by Arthur B. Frost, and the drawings are full of the most delightful humor from beginning to end. It requires pretty good text to "live up to" Mr. Frost's illustrations.

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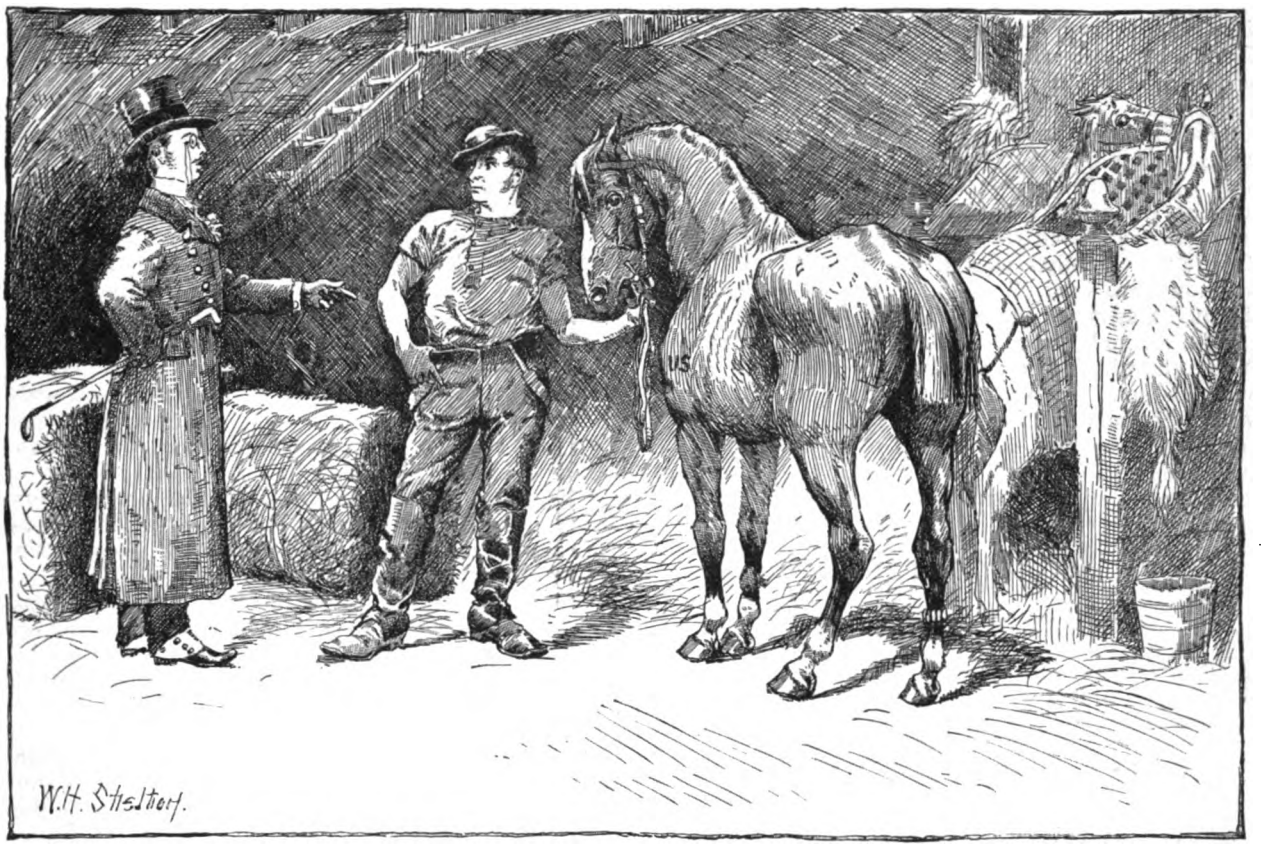

SIGNS OF BREEDING.

Stableman: 'Ere 'e be, Sir! A regular himported Hinglish hanimal. 'E 's a bit thin, Sir, but hall the Lunun bloods rides 'um that way, Sir.

Dude Purchaser: But those howid letters on his side?

Stableman: On his shoulder, Sir. That 's why we 'olds 'im so 'igh, Sir. U. stands for 'unter, and Hess for Lord Stapleton, wat bred 'im, Sir. They honly puts them on winners. It costs a "fiver" at the 'Orse Guards to get the letters done, Sir.

"BIRCH BARK POEMS" is the title of a very attractive little volume which we have just received from Mr. Charles F. Lummis, a well known contributor to LIFE. It is very interesting in that it is printed on birch bark, but we also find in the poems, though they are not quite as original as the binding, a delicate fancy and some bits of charming imagery. They are quite worthy of being printed in a more substantial form, tho' the tiny pages of bark—

> Shot thru' with sunny gleams,
> Soft threads of amber light;
> Fair as are summer dreams
> When all is bright,

to quote from the book itself—are very attractive.

He had been ridiculing her big feet, and to get even with him she replied that he might have her old seal-skin sacque made over into a pair of ear-muffs.

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE APPLE."

A WAS the apple so rosy and red, that lay all alone on the shelf. B was the boy, the wicked boy, who wanted that apple himself. C was the chair he determined to climb, and reach for the coveted pelf. D was the door, slightly ajar, through which mama came in stealth. E was the ear, suddenly seized, as sudden the blow she dealt. F was the fright, the awful fright, the boy, the wicked boy felt. G was the grin, from the little sister who had wanted that apple to take. H was the hand that administered the blow as well as the shake. I was the ire that filled mama's soul as the boy his intentions did own. J was the joy the little sister experienced at having left that apple alone. K was the knuckle the boy rubbed in his eyes, as tears both his cheeks ran down. L was the laughter another boy indulged in, as he stood and looked in from outside. M was mama who had arrived just in

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time her predatory urchin to chide. N was the neighbor passing along who wondered why the boy cried. O was the oration delivered by mama to the penitent boy at her feet. P was the pic-nic that took place in a room somewhat back from the street. Q was the question mama debated, with what her dear boy she should beat. R was the resolve and the boy was bade the instrument of torture to get. S was the slipper so delicate and small and the cause of his eyes being wet. T were the tears that wicked boy shed, as he felt he was not mama's pet. U was the unrest he experienced that night, as at the supper table he sat. V was the vow he solemnly swore to take it all out on the cat. W was the whaling he got from papa, when he heard what his son had been at. X were the excuses the wicked boy made all in vain. Y the youth's promises never to do so again. Z was the zeal with which the father laid on the cane. &c. was the apple, so rosy and red, that still lay all alone on the shelf.

CAR-FARE—the train-boy's stock in trade.

THAT VALENTINE.

PATRICIUS DE VERE O'DOWD loved the fragile Amarylis McGettigan. P. De Vere O'D. revelled 'midst silks, satins and fine laces; in short he was surrounded by all that money could buy or the heart yearn for—he was a clerk in a Broadway dry-goods store. But he was not happy. He was poor but Irish.

The high-born Amarylis was the only daughter of a retired millionaire politician who had fortunately been contemporary with the late Wm. Tweed. Patricius and Amarylis had met, murmured and mutualized. For three consecutive months had they lived on caramels and love's young dream. For three months had Patricius' laundry bill ramained unpaid, and for three did he and Ama. McG. float upon an expensive sea of periodic opera nights and *bon-bons*.

On the fated evening upon which our story opens Patricius was informed by his laundress that certain indispensable articles of clothing necessary for his presentable appearance in public would not be forthcoming until his long-standing ablutionary debt had been liquidated.

The laundress was Hibernically mad and could not be cajoled into any compromise; so Patricius wended his way linenless and sad.

He was sadder when his inexorable boarding mam politely but peremptorily demanded her weekly stipend for furnishing indigestible board and adamantine bedding. The residue of his not munificent weekly "salary" he invested in an elaborate valentine for his *amorette*.

* * * * * *

From force of habit Patricius glided towards the domicile of his love. He had just rang the bell when like a thunder-clap it broke upon him that upon this very night he promised to take her to the opera; before he had time to make his escape down the stoop, the front door was opened and he was ushered in by a footman. Weak and fainting, he dropped into a chair and blankly stared into space. He hears the rustling of a dress upon the stairs; shall he make his escape by jumping from the window? Shall he throw himself upon her clemency when she enters and passionately whisper into her ears those burning words she has been so ardently waiting for? And then shall he conclude by revealing his humble condition in life, the many difficulties he had to surmount to purchase tickets for the opera and the hiring of the necessary dress suit—shall he tell her? She enters in full evening dress with an enchanting smile upon her lips, but when she beholds him without his evening dress suit she knows her dream of opera is o'er for that evening, and with an icy courtesy she sinks upon an opposite chair. That icy bow congealed the forthcoming revelation and he told not how his manly heart was throbbing.

The frigidity continued between the proud lovers during the evening to such an extent that had the Hudson river been between them it would have been frozen to its lowest depths.

The patrician spirit of Patricius De Vere O'Dowd was too proud to stoop to explain to his Amarylis why on that eve the opera knew them not. He smiled as he thought of the following week when he would send that gorgeous valentine, how he would explain all and be received forever into her bosom.

That night as Amarylis abstractedly hung her teeth on a peg and dropped her bangs in a glass of water she musingly murmured, "Is he going to give me the G. B. ?"

* * * * * *

Amarylis had a little brother. The little brother had a little chum. They met and resolved themselves into a committee of the whole with closed doors. Between Amarylis and her little brother there was a social chasm—cause, incompatibility of temper which could only be bridged over by the frequent votive offerings of pennies on the part of Amarylis. During the past three months the soul of the sister had been too much absorbed in love to think of such sordid emotions as pennies. Thus the chasm widened.

Patricius De Vere O'Dowd had a bad habit of using polysyllabic words, and in the presence of his prospective diminutive brother-in-law quoted Swinburnian couplets with adolescent recklessness.

These were, to the brother of Amarylis and his chum, unpardonable crimes. Now these juveniles were young in worldly wisdom, and to them valentines had no other significance than such as were conducive to practical jokes, termed by them "rackets."

The brother and his chum invested all their weekly allowance of pennies in the purchase of valentines.

* * * * * *

On Tuesday as Patricius was about to send his gorgeous valentine to its destination the postman delivered to him an envelope. With trepidation he opened it: an ugly cartoon of a baboon attired as a dude met his gaze; it bore the unnecessary title "A Brainless Idiot."

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Patricius De Vere O'Dowd did not faint, but heroically crumpling up the offensive missive he hissed between his incisors, "Heartless girl." And going out he exchanged the gorgeous valentine for a pack of cigarettes. And all was o'er.

About this same time as Amarylis McGettigen was absorbed in the weekly instalment of the thrilling story of "Slashing Sarah, the Seraphic Slugger," an envelope was presented to her. "Ah," she murmured, eagerly snatching it, "he loves me still and has sent the valentine which he hinted at." "Alas for human hopes." (She did n't say this, but it comes in parenthetically appropriate.)

She opened the envelope. It *was* a valentine representing an angular female in undress, minus teeth, hair, etc., etc.

It bore the simple legend, "A Fright."

"Oh, the brute!" she shrieked, and fainted.

Her brother and his chum viewed the scene through the keyhole.

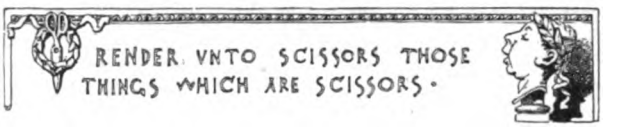
To our hero and heroine there is now a touching personal application about the song "We never speak as we pass by."

D. DINWIDDY.

THE Maltese cross—an ill-natured cat.

Fulmen brutum—drunken men are brutes.

THOUGH a kerosene burner may be very heavy, the oil will make the lamp light.



A MONUMENT to Wendell Phillips is already talked of in Boston. Lucky that he won't be alive to criticise it when it is erected.—*Hartford Post.*

Now that Tennyson is a real British peer, the aristocratic circles of this country will not receive his name with such a vacant stare.—*The Judge.*

"PAPA, what is meant by 'an anomaly?'" "An anomaly, my son," replied the father, "is a man who pays his gas bill without referring to the company as a thief."—*Philadelphia Call.*

IN all ages and all countries the scales have been the emblem of justice. From this it is painfully evident that the fellows whose business it has been to get up emblems have never traded much at groceries and provision stores.—*Lowell Citizen.*

IN a glove fight at Cleveland, on Tuesday night, one of the bruisers received such a terrible blow under the ear that he was knocked senseless, and it required ten minutes for a physician to resuscitate him. There should be a law fining a physician $50,000 for being present at a prize fight.—*Norr. Herald.*

THE public are mighty particular about trifles. It was reported, some time ago, that Mr. Barnum was to have a sacred white elephant from Siam. Instead of accepting this statement without question, as every statement made by Mr. Barnum should be accepted, the public went to nosing around; but they did n't find out anything; that is to say, nothing of importance. To be sure, they ascertained that the elephant is not white, is not sacred, and that sacred elephants, white, black, blue or gray, are unknown in Siam; but with these trifling exceptions, Mr. Barnum's coming attraction is beyond peradventure a sacred white elephant from Siam. The veteran showman is to be congratulated upon his success in establishing the animal's character in the face of hostile criticism.—*Boston Transcript.*

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The price of Tickets for the Dinner, including Wine, is Six Dollars. The Club, as usual, pays the additional cost of the Dinner. It is desirable that the Committee should promptly receive notice from those intending to be present. Tickets may be obtained of any member of the Committee, or of

CHARLES C. BEAMAN, President,
52 Wall Street.

NATHANIEL S. SMITH, Secretary,
95 Nassau Street.

Or, WILLIAM MONTGOMERY, Jr., Treasurer,
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DINNER COMMITTEE:

EDMUND WETMORE,

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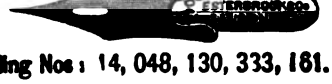

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THE LATEST INVENTION.

EVERY effort to invent a cotton picking machine has proved unsuccessful. The last machine, invented by an Arkansaw man, tore off the operator's clothes, threw him over a fence, and then hobbled off like a wounded grasshopper.—*Arkansas Traveller.*

THE United States at last has a President whose pantaloons do not bag at the knees.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

IT is believed that in the coming summer the great showman will give "Sacred Elephant Sunday Afternoon Exhibitions," to which Sunday schools will be invited to adjourn at half price.

SPECIAL CARS FOR NUISANCES.

"ALL passenger trains should have one cattle car, and compel every man who chews tobacco to ride in it."

"And they should also haul one flat car," said the cross passenger, "for the fresh air woman who always insists on keeping the car window open. She should sit on a slab seat on an open grated car and breathe ashes and cinders to her soul's content."

"And a dark and lonely box car," said the tall, thin passenger, for the man who whistles. The whistlers could all get together in there and sit and drum on the sides of the car with their fingers and whistle all the tunes they did n't know, and the rest of the train would be happy."

"And a Kalamazoo velocipede," said the fat passenger, "for the man who drums on the floor with his feet every time the train stops." Here the man on the wood box suddenly ceased pounding his favorite overture with his heels. "By the time he had worked his knees on express time forty-five miles," continued the fat passenger, without appearing to notice anything, "he might be able to give his feet a vacation of two or three hours."

"And occasionally," the man on the wood box said, leaning forward to gaze earnestly into the stove, "they might put on Barnum's Jumbo car for the man who always has to ride over the trucks for fear of springing the car."

There was an embarrassing silence of a minute or two, when the fat passenger said something about refrigerator cars for the man who was too fresh to keep in a day coach, and then everybody began to fear the conversation was takiag on a Congressional aspect, and so the committee rose, and shortly after the house adjourned.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

The Harvard Club has wisely selected Thursday evening next, the night of the Arion Ball, for its regular annual dinner. Washington's Birthday following, everybody will have a chance to sleep it off.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

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And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

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ECONOMIZING IN LIVING.

SAID a railroad magnate:

"Times are getting close, and I must economize."

"Not in your living, I trust?" queried a friend.

"Ah, no," replied the large shareholder: "not in my living, but in the living of my employes."—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

A NEAT REPAIRER.

AT a grand dinner.

A very heedless gentleman who talks a great deal forgets that his neighbor, a young lady, is prematurely large, and cries out:

"I do not like large women."

The lady bites her lips; the gentleman sees he has made a blunder, and to repair it as gallantly as possible he adds:

"When they are young, madam!"—*French Fun.*

A NIGHT or two ago, just as the Hon. John L. Sullivan left his dressing-room to appear upon the stage, a messenger boy rushed hastily in and handed him a telegram.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, as his eye caught the contents. "Wendell Phillips dead! Is it possible?" And he leaned against a "super" for support.

"What's the trouble? Is something wrong with the Hon. John?" was the anxious whisper. And out in front the audience, wild with impatience and delay, howled and hooted and hissed.

"Gents," said the eminent Bostonian, recovering himself with an effort, "is the snoozer ready? If he is, I'll knock him silly both ways." Then he added, under his breath: "Another one of us gone, and I'm not feeling very well myself. I must get back to Boston."—*Philadelphia Call.*

REGARD FOR NUMBER ONE.

"FATHER," said a youth of tender years and sympathetic nature, as he paused for a moment before dipping into the bread pudding which formed the dessert of his dinner yesterday; "father, I wish the cook would n't use the bread to make it up into puddings; why do n't she crumble it up and throw it out to the poor birds?"

"But," responded his more practical sire, "that would prevent you from having any bread pudding, which you like so much."

"But the poor birds," said the the tender-hearted boy; "I am afraid they will starve."

"Yes," returned the parent, "but if you have no pudding you may starve yourself. If you should throw away your food to the birds and then find that you were hungry yourself, what would you do?"

The boy was silent for a moment, then his face brightened, a touch of his father's practicality illumined his eye: 'Why, then," he said softly, "could n't we go out and kill the birds?"—*Boston Journal.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 28, 1884. NUMBER 61.

Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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AN ERROR.

Hostess (*to gentleman her husband has brought home to dinner*): How well you speak English, Mr. ——.

Mr.—— (*not understanding*): Yes, I "ought to."

Hostess: But you speak remarkably well.

Mr.——: I ought. I have lived here all my life. In fact, I was born in New York.

Hostess: Why, how strange! I am sure my husband told me that you were a Bohemian.

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VOL. III. FEBRUARY 28TH, 1884. NO. 61.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

M. MEISSONIER is a very clever artist, but he is not a wise business man. Mrs. JOHN MACKEY ordered him to paint her portrait. The artist saw only the real Mrs. MACKEY before him, and faithfully set her down on the canvas. The business man should have seen an ideal Mrs. MACKEY, and painted her as she is not. When the real Mrs. MACKEY saw her counterfeit in the frame, mole, wrinkles, nutmeg and all, she promptly burned it, and Mr. MEISSONIER'S bill of 75,000 francs went begging for payment. There doesn't seem to be much encouragement for art in this, but there is a powerful business moral somewhere.

* * *

THE Thompson Street POKER CLUB met as usual last Saturday evening, the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH in the chair. There were present Professor BRICK, Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES and Elder JUBILEE ANDERSON, whom Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS, as an act of courtesy, had volunteered to steer against the game. A note of regrets was received from Mr. GUS. JOHNSON. Owing to a slight misunderstanding in relation to the ownership of an overcoat, he had a temporary engagement with the municipal authorities.

The game was spirited, the jack-pots frequent and exciting, and the luck for two hours ran steadily against the Elder.

Mr. TOOTER WILLIAMS had been to a stag dinner in the early evening, and the heating influence of the maccaroni compelled him about every fifth hand to seek the outer air and cool himself. Each time he returned, however, he would indulge in such a reckless burst of chips and flushes as to mislead his guest into the supposition that it would be wiser for him to go home and sleep it off. But as he steadily won it was useless to make the proposition.

At eleven o'clock the Elder had lost six dollars and drew out of the game. Mr. WILLIAMS was nine dollars and Mr. WHIFFLES' ulster ahead. The Rev. Mr. SMITH was gloomy and Professor BRICK seemed to be deliberating what form of suicide would be cheapest and most effective. Mr. WILLIAMS, from being musically uproarious, had become incoherent and abusive. He drew three cards against Mr. WHIFFLES' pat flush and got him four dollars in debt, and he bounced the Rev. Mr. SMITH out of a jack-pot with two miserable fives, which he gleefully showed down. He was then again attacked by maccaroni and vanished for a breath of fresh air.

"Kin I play yo' han', Toot?" inquired the Elder, as Mr. WILLIAMS rose.

"Cern'ly," replied that gentleman. "An' when yo' ketch 'em, kyarve Smith—kyarve 'im!" With two lurches and this truculent request, he quitted the room.

The Elder smiled across at the Rev. Mr. SMITH, and that gentleman winked at Mr. WHIFFLES, who dealt.

"I bets yo' a dollah," observed the Elder.

"I rises dat fo'," retorted the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

"I calls. Gimme a cyard," said the Elder.

"Me too," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

"Fo' dollahs," said the Elder, making a cavern in Mr. WILLIAMS'S pile.

"Fo' mo'," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

At that moment a door slammed, and Mr. WHIFFLES knew that trouble and Mr. WILLIAMS was coming.

"Fo' mo'n yo'," was the Elder's reply, as he shoved up the last of Mr. WILLIAMS' chips and Mr. WHIFFLES' ulster.

"Rise dat fo'," replied the Rev. Mr. SMITH. At that moment Mr. WILLIAMS entered. His practiced eye took in the situation at once.

"Wha—whadjer doin'?" he asked of the Elder.

"Playin' yo' han'," replied that gentleman, giving him the cards.

"Who—who done do all dat risin'?" was Mr. WILLIAMS'S next inquiry.

"*I* did; *dat's* who," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH.

Mr. WILLIAMS ran his hand over. It held two trays, a pair of nines, and a king.

"'Spose—sposen I rise yo' back?" he said to the Rev. Mr. SMITH, in tones which he hoped would fill him with terror."

"Rise away," was that gentleman's imperturbable reply.

Mr. WILLIAMS, for a moment, was plunged in profound thought. Then he threw up his hand. The Elder slowly drew in the pot, buried it in his pocket, tried the fit of Mr. WHIFFLES'S ulster, found it too small, gave it back to its owner, and then, with the Elder, and a somewhat fiendish chuckle, quitted the room. There was silence for a minute, and then Mr. WILLIAMS said, impressively:

"Niggahs, *dad's* what er genelmen gits fer takin' his eye offen de pack. Dat speeyunce done cos' me jess—jess six dollahs a minit—dat fresh air was jess sixty cents a breff, while I was outen de room. Dad's not pokah. Dad's triflin' wif prov'dence."

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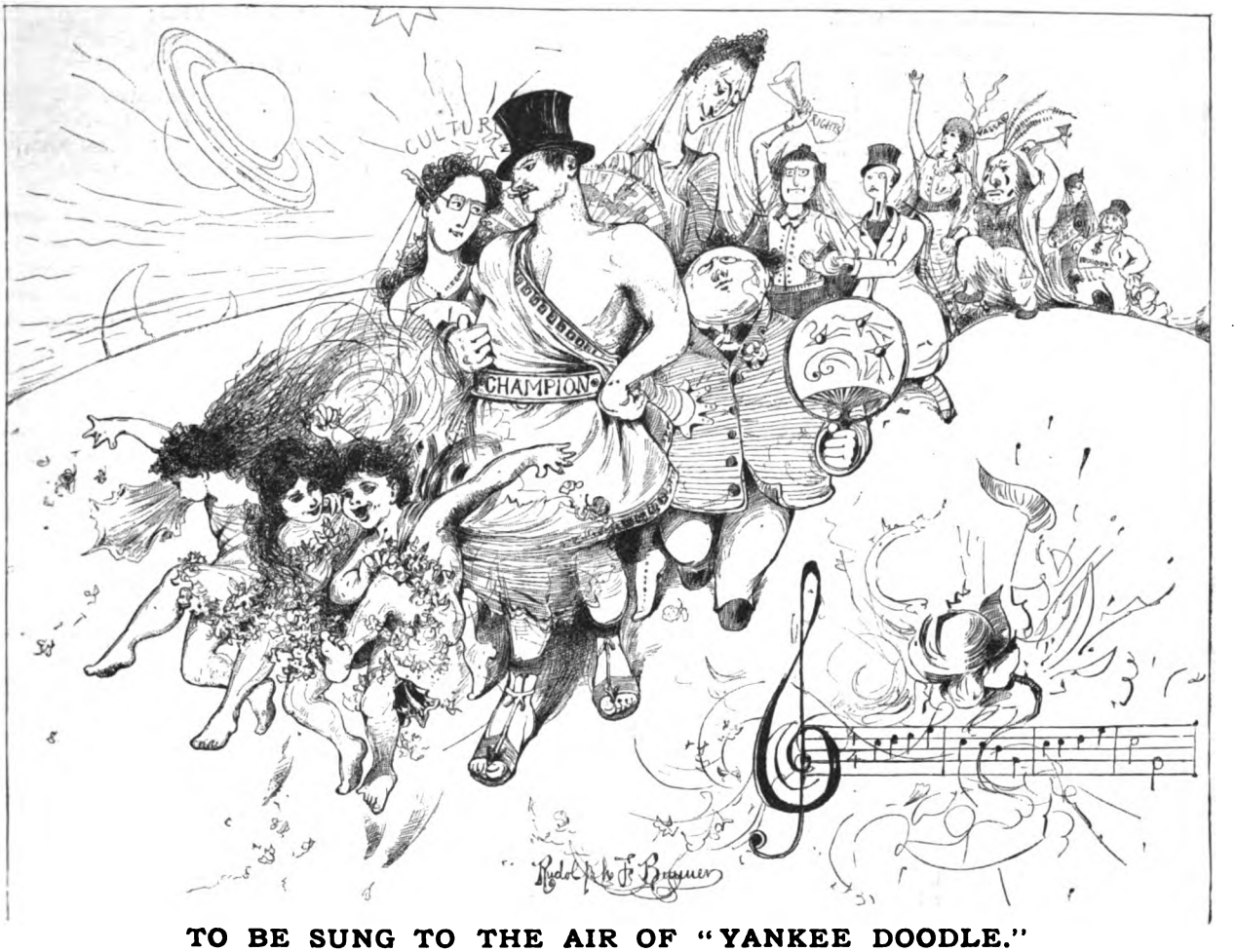

TO BE SUNG TO THE AIR OF "YANKEE DOODLE."

A new society, the College of Heredity, desires to regulate the marriages of the future according to the fitness of the contracting parties, mentally, morally and physically, expecting that the descendants of such unions will be an improvement on the original stock, and that such a system carried out would produce a superior article to the specimens of humanity at present on exhibition in this or any other country.

SHOUT with joy, ye peoples all!
Hail our coming glory!
Let your thirsty ears drink in
Our ecstatic story!

Vanish from the sated earth
Crime, disease and passion;
In the new regime we found,
Science sets the fashion!

Marriage vows no more shall be
Things of fancy flighty;
We 'll theorize, and analyse,
And found a people mighty.

We 'll stamp each college graduate
"Superlatively super"
And guarantee the style of each
Hereditary whooper.

Shakspeares turned out by the cord!
Johnny Miltons furnished!
Leave your orders in advance;
Soiled escutcheons burnished!

Scoop 'em in, rake 'em in,
Crank and dude and sinner,
While the ranks of crime and woe
Thinner grow and thinner;

While the chorus of a clan,
Fashioned on this pattern,
Thunders through the cosmic space
And shakes the rings of Saturn!

"Glory to our lofty aims,
And our wealth of knowledge!
Glory to the perfect man,
And glory to our college!

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TELEGRAPHIC.

OPERATIONS IN TONQUIN.

[*By Special Cable.*]

PARIS, 41st inst.—Minister Ferry has just received official advices from Hue, stating that the French forces will not bombard Bac Ninh. The price of fire-crackers, therefore, remains unchanged.

Yesterday the rebels displayed a black flag bearing the words: "No washee. Heap fightee." From this the Admiral presumes that they will make a determined resistance.

The city is in a turmoil of excitement over these tidings and a new constitution has been adopted.

NATIONAL CAPITAL TOPICS.

WASHINGTON, Yesterday.—The President dined last night with the Hon. Mr. Freelunchinghuysen. Among the guests were Secretary Chandelier, Mrs. Jacobsile, the Hon. Mr. B. Rooster and Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker.

On Thursday next Senator John A. Blowgun will give a dinner to the President.

Postmaster General Fresham will entertain a few friends at dinner on Friday evening, in honor of the President, who will sit on his right.

To-day being the anniversary of young Allah Norther's birthday, his father presented him with a beautifully engraved portrait of George Washington, inscribed with the motto: "United States Postage—Two (2) cents."

President Arthur will attend a large diplomatic dinner on Saturday. He expects to dine with Mr. West on Sunday.

It is reported that Congress is in session.

CRIME ON LONG ISLAND.

Another Outrage.

At an early hour yesterday morning an aged colored man stealthily entered the police station at Flushing. He frightened nine detectives to death, and two policemen, who escaped over the back fence and were seriously injured. The sergeant courageously locked himself in a cell and used his pocket pistol vigorously.

The miscreant finding nothing of value beyond an old euchre deck and a case of empty beer bottles went down to the Town Hall to pay his taxes. The entire police force is searching for him.

DEFINITIONS.

A RICH joke—the one I played on Brown.

A FOOLISH and witless piece of folly—the one that Brown played on me.

AN obstinate cuss—the man who will not yield to me.

PROPER and self-respecting firmness—my refusal to yield to him.

A WELL-TRAINED child—the one that belongs to me.

AN ill-mannered brat—the one that belongs to my neighbor.

A CRANK—the man whose views do not coincide with my own.

A VERY intelligent person—the man who agrees with me in everything.

NYMPHS AND SATYRS;

OR

THE DEFORMED TRANSFORMED.

PYGMALION stood in rapture on the statue,
A nymph not long exhumed, a pure antique.
"My beauty, I could swear," he murmured, "that you
Would almost deign, if wooed aright, to speak
To the poor mortal that perforce stares at you,
And fain would charm to life your pulseless cheek.
To my deft fingers such a task were simple;
It needs but the suggestion of a dimple."

Her wistful lips exhaled a vague faint fragrance,
As half reluctant to confess their stone,
And yet condoned the artist's ardent flagrance
That pressed their tender curves against his own.
Of course he played the part of all such vagrants—
He stole the nymph—he called it but a loan,
And calmed his conscience by the apt reflection,
The catalogue called it a Loan Collection.

At length he pegged away in desperation,
Until he saw that something was the matter—
"By all the bulls of Ireland or of Bashan"
(Antiquity no doubt affects the latter)
Your perfume 's paint; yourself, a restoration,
And my sweet nymph is but a ragged satyr.
So when his ravished eyes had failed to see her,
He sadly dropped—o'er his poor Gal-a-tear.

J. J. DUFFIELD.

IN THE BALLROOM.—Mrs. Crœsus (to Mr. C.)—"For goodness' sake, John, go and take off your Arctics!"

DR. RECIEVEIER.

BY GEORGE CAPEL.

I.

THE main road to wealth in New Orleans lies along Common street. Whoever remembers that thoroughfare before Poydras and other streets did not vie with Tehonpitontas in importance will recall the fact, that number 3½, second floor front, was the office of Dr. Recieveier. On the one side was the Charity Hospital, on the other the Delphine Cemetery. On the right his means of livelihood, on the left the receptacle of his patients.

"These are our failures," he would say, with his grim humor. Dr. Recieveier stood upright in his pure, austere integrity. To demolish evil as well as disease was his aim. He was tender and stern in judgment by turns. "Time is money," said a friend. "Money is a great deal more—it 's life," he replied. He delighted, as the reader observes, in epigrams.

II.

AMONG his other patients one morning there came a young man from the North and without a dialect.

"Dr. Recieveier?" he inquired.

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"That is the combination," replied the doctor, kicking over the waste paper basket.

"My wife is ill. Will you visit her?"

"I would do so on no other condition," snarled the doctor.

"I do n't know your terms," continued the younger of the two, "but I suppose there are—"

"Cash," interrupted the doctor, "I keep no slate."

The doctor's dyspepsia was gnawing him that morning.

III.

IN 1856, the gala day of the Creole was over, the famous quadroon balls were shunned. Madame A'erle or Madame Delphine or who not, kept boarding-houses, where they furnished fried ham for breakfast, sturdy beefsteaks for dinner, and tea or coffee for supper, at four dollars a week, invariably in advance.

It was to one of these houses that Dr. Recieveier followed his late acquaintance. A pair of solid green gates in a dull façade of red brick, a garden wall, over which a passer-by might see hanging the fruit of the banana tree, orange tree, and vine-covered almonds, etc., etc., etc.

The door was opened by Madame Zenobia, a quadroon, of course. She led them, conversing in her French patois, which is spelt as it is pronounced, and is about as easy to decipher as Sanskrit or Josh Billings, to the room of the patient. The patient was a girl, nineteen years of age, and deeply in love with her husband, both of which characteristics she would eventually outgrow. The doctor treated his patient and withdrew with the quadroon.

"How do these people pay up?" he inquired.

"Good. All a l'ight. I haz seende der trunk," smiled the quadroon.

"But how do they live?"

"Dey live on love foh de pwesent."

"Bah!" remarked the doctor.

IV.

TWO weeks later the doctor called for Narcissus. Narcissus put on his coat and threw away his cigarette.

"Narcissus, go to this address, ask for the Poorlings and present their bill. See you are paid."

"Yesseh. All a l'ight. 'Ave you evva yeah dat maxim, 'A nod is juz as good as a kick f'om a bline hoss.' You ah fon' of maxims, doctah? Me, I 'm very fon' of dem. They is one you may 'ave 'eard, 'A bird in ze buz is moah as one in ze han'. Bud I do my bezz." After changing his coat and lighting a cigarette, Narcissus departed. In three-quarters of an hour he returned.

"Well, sir," roared Dr. Recieveier.

"Yesseh, all a l'ight. I go to ze houz. I knock az de doah. 'Misser Poorling live heah?' 'Noa, 'e is gone. I doan know wheah.' 'E is skipped by de light of de moon, Doctah."

"But I will find him," said the doctor; "I will be paid!"

IV.

AFTER the young couple had jumped their board twice by means of a rope-ladder and nerve, Dr. Recieveier met Poorling on the street.

"Oh!" exclaimed the doctor, "when will I be paid?"

"As soon as I find work, doctor. You do n't happen to know anyone who wants their pavement cleared, do you?"

"It seldom snows in Louisiana, and then very lightly. Come, that won't do!" angrily replied the doctor.

"Well, there is my residence," said Poorling, pointing to a tumble-down house beside which a garden containing orange trees, bananas, etc., etc., etc. "I am always in from six to six by the twenty-four hour a day system."

"How is Mrs. Poorling?" inquired the doctor.

"Poorly!" and the young man smiled sweetly as the doctor lashed his horse and whirled his cabriolet around the corner.

A day later Dr. Recieveier drove up to Poorling's abode. "Is Mr. Poorling in?" he inquired of the pleasant-faced creole that opened the door.

"Noa, sah, 'e left lass night wizoud payin' 'is bill."

"Did he leave nothing behind him?" groaned the doctor.

"Nozzing bud me—I am left."

This interesting game of hide and seek will be continued in the forthcoming numbers of the *Century*. While Poorling will continue to lend his last dollar, change his boarding house, the low comedy element will be supplied by Narcissus. The same attention to detail and dialect will continue to characterize this plotless production. For sale by all newsdealers.

R. D.

POET AND LORD.

GOD makes the poet; touches soul and sight,
And lips and heart, and sends him forth to sing;
His fellows hearing, own the true birthright,
And crown him daily with the love they bring.

The king a lord makes, by a parchment leaf,
Though heart be withered and though sight be dim;
With dullard brain and soul of disbelief—
Ay, even so—he makes a lord of him.

What, then, of one divinely kissed, and sent
To fill the people with ideal words;
Who, with his poet's crown is discontent,
And begs a parchment title with the lord's?

J. B. O'B.

"My dear," said Mrs. —— to her husband, "I wish you would meet me to-day in front of Morrison's Book Store, about four o'clock."

"Yes, love," replied her husband.

"And, Henry," continued Mrs. ——, "in case you should get there before me, you can make a chalk mark on the pavement, and if I get there before you I will rub it out, that you may know I was there."

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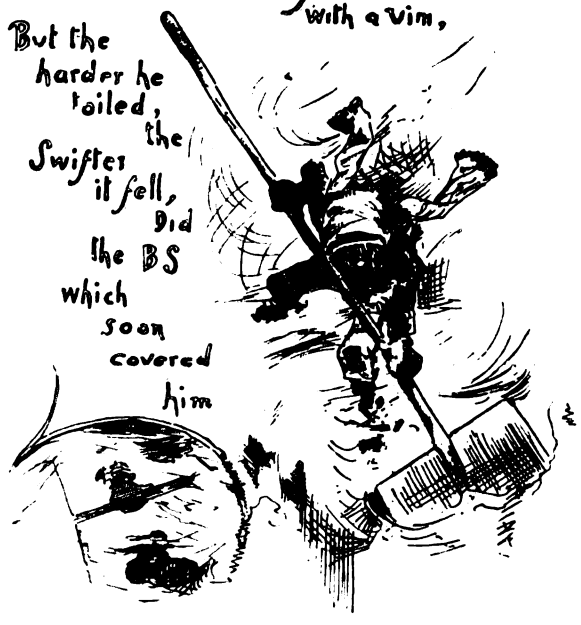
The B S.

A Winters Tale

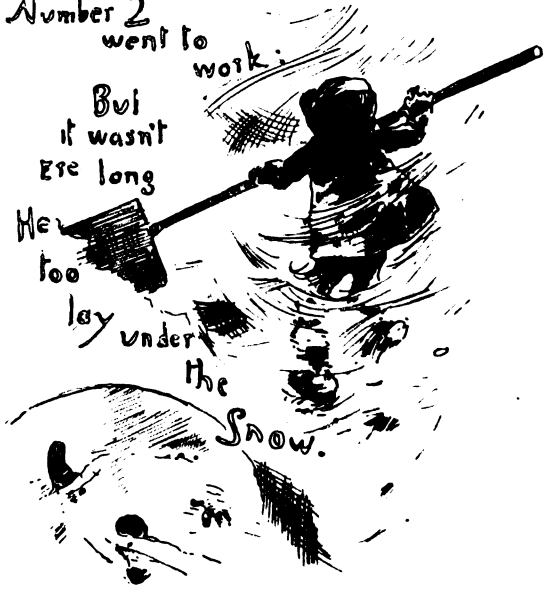
The beautiful Snow!
In profusion it fell;
One cold, cold winters day.
And the little boy
came with his
Shovel
to
clear
The B S
from
the
Sidewalk
away.

The beautiful Snow!
So silent, so deep;
Another small boy
sought a
Job,
"Fur 23 cents
He'd
"bounce
the whole
lot,
He would,
So help
Him
Bob"

The beautiful Snow!
So white and so soft:
And the little boy worked
with a vim,
But the
harder he
toiled,
the
Swifter
it fell,
Did
the B S
which
soon
covered
him



The beautiful Snow!
Still faster it fell:
("I said YES, an hour ago,")
Number 2
went to
work;
But
it wasn't
ere long
He
too
lay under
the
Snow.



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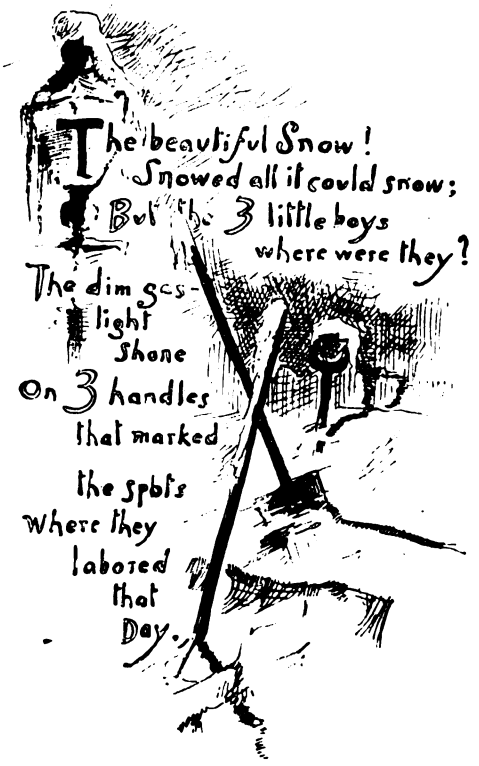
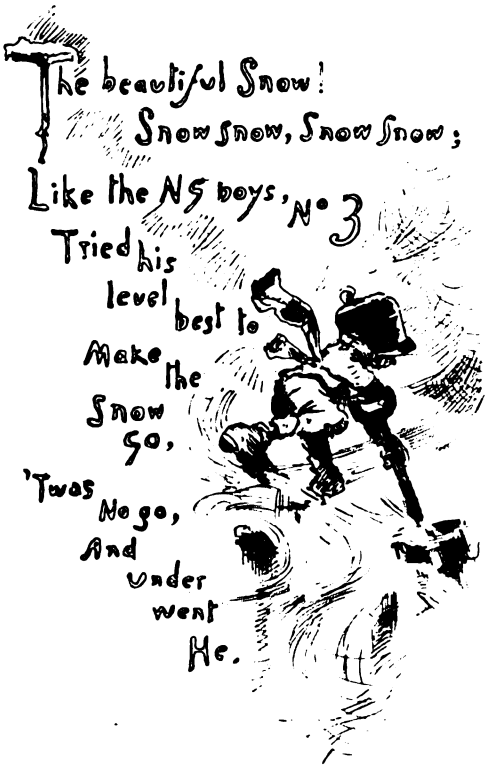
The beautiful Snow!
Profuser it fell:
Along came small boy No 3
"Shuvl yer walk 'n?
No it aint ben teched,
Them other boys'
SLID,
They's
N S.



The beautiful Snow!
Snowed all it could snow;
But the 3 little boys
where were they?
The dim gas-
light
Shone
On 3 handles
that marked
the spots
where they
labored
that
Day.

The beautiful Snow!
Snow Snow, Snow Snow;
Like the N S boys, No 3
Tried his
level best to
Make the
Snow
Go,
'Twas No go,
And
under
went
He.



The beautiful Rain!
In profusion it fell
That night, and lo!
the next
day
The thaw
told the
tale
of 3
Missing
small
boys
As it melted
the B S
Away

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COLUMBIA'S N

IT BEING LEAP YEAR, THERE

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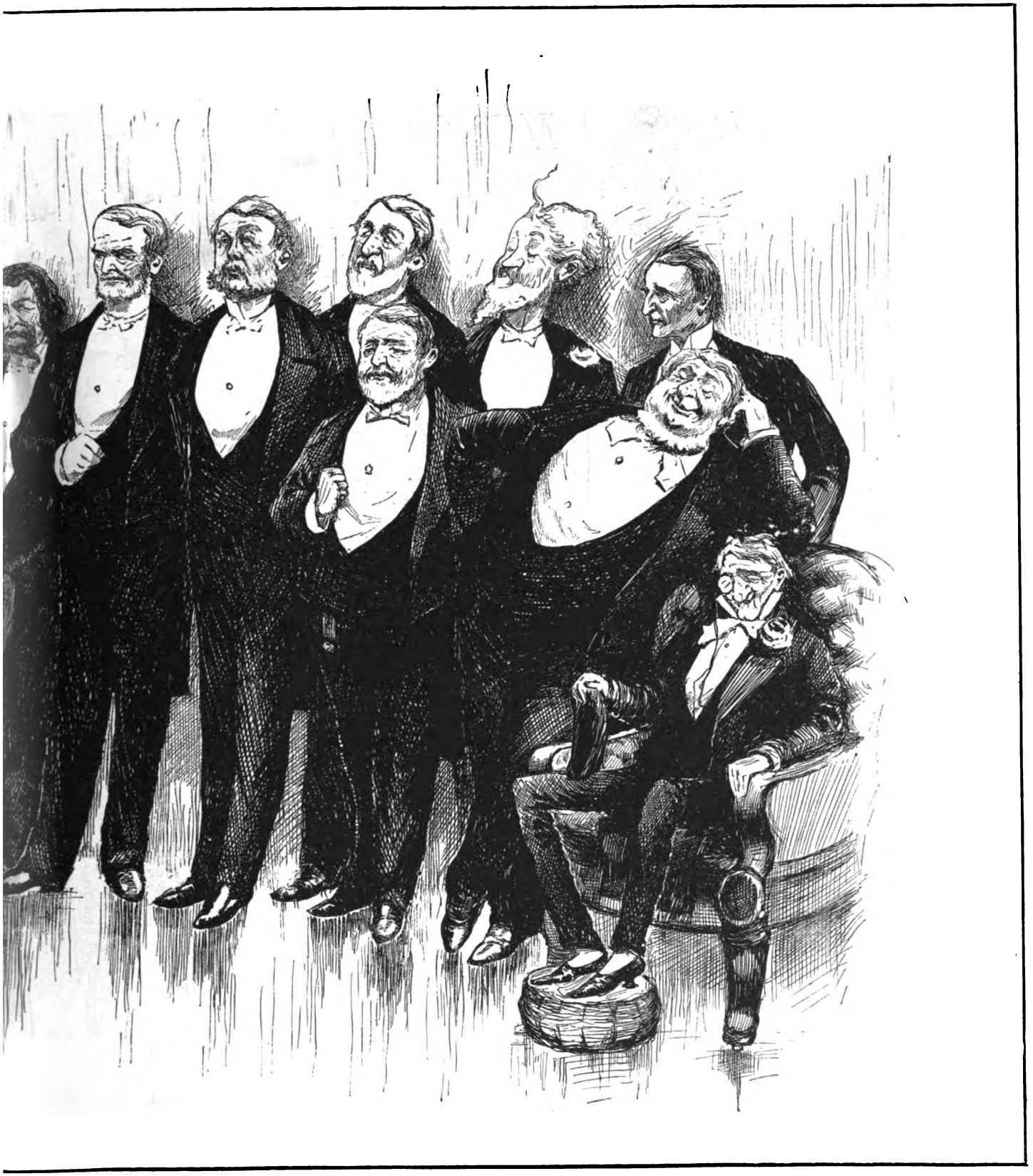

XT PARTNER.

NATURALLY SOME ANXIETY.

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"OUR SET" ON "WOMEN'S RIGHTS."

DEAR MADAM,

You 've written, as head of your faction,
To me to inquire what is thought of the action
Of "Women's-Rights" women by "our set" in society,
More noted for flirting than political piety.
Well, frankly, we 're not much in common with girls
Who look with contempt upon frizzes and curls,
Feathers, frills and flirtations (those thousand small things
That are strings for our bows and add beaux to our strings);
Who wear bloomers; would like to be Members for Congress;
And try to reform both our manners and dress;
In short, who come at one with hammer and tongs
To demand as our "rights" what would only be wrongs.
We do n't want to make laws, nor to march to the polls
With a vote in our hands and our gloves full of holes;
(For if oars in the "Galley of State" we 're all rowing
There won't be much time left for mending and sewing.)
Our idea of our rights, and our power, as well,
In a couple of lines I can easily tell:
'T is to get as much fun from each day as we can
And leave all the voting and business to—man.
We like unequal rights; we won't seek to molest
The present arrangement—it 's every way best;
And if, in some years, 't is decreed by the Fates
That *you* run for Presidentess of these States,
Ask no help from "our set," for we 'll vote for a *man*;
And until then, believe me

Yours, cordially,
FAN.

A SUM in multiplication—*homo sum.*

Coram non judice—the civil service examinations.

De minimis non curatur—Nobody cares for Homeopathy.

BOOKISHNESS

THREE RECENT NOVELS.

THE author of "Kismet" who masquerades as George Fleming, but who is in reality Miss Fletcher, appeals to her many readers again with a novel of Italian life called "Vestigia," the title being a part of the Latin phrase *Nulla Vestigia retroreum.* As a story it will not rank with her former successes. The characters are all out of sympathy with English or American life—and the common bond of humanity is not enough to span the gulf between the races. These Italian peasants are interesting characters—that is all; we cannot shed our tears over their love affairs, nor will any one be likely to postpone a shopping expedition or be late to the theatre because she is uncertain as to whether Dino De Rossi, the hero, will shoot the King or not. The unquestionable literary skill of Miss Fletcher is shown in her discriminating and realistic portrait of Andrea, the Italian fisherman. He stands firmly on the ground among those men we might have known. There are epigrammatic sentences, here and there, in the book which one will stop to think about, and this is among them:—"A woman loves what she can evoke; but what she marries in a man is, not his best, but his average self."

* * *

WHEN Julian Hawthorne retires from the broad sunlight of the common world, into the "clear, brown twilight atmosphere" of romance where his great father reigned as king, he displays to a peculiar advantage his inherited genius. His almost forgotton book "Idolatry" is a brilliant illustration of this. But when he tries to graft the method of the modern school of society novelists on this tree which has heretofore blossomed in dream-land he produces a literary hybrid which is as amusing as a mule without the latter's useful characteristics. "Beatrix Randolph" is one of the off-shoots of this unfortunate experiment. To picture an impressario and prima donna with all the realism of a two-cent journalist, and then to involve them in a plot as improbable as any romancer ever imagined, is as grotesque as the performance which Col. Mapleson will give of "Lohengrin" where that glittering and resplendent character sailed into view in a boat drawn by an antediluvian and moth-eaten old swan. And yet originality, poetical expression, and keen observation are shown on every page of the story.

* * *

"DIANE CORYVAL," the latest No Name novel, is an idyllic story of faithful love long thwarted by fate and circumstance. A sketch of simple, unaffected life amid the comforts of an old French farm house, the two bachelor brothers and their maiden sister who lived there, the dreamy and affectionate Diane who was transplanted from Paris among them, and a tale of marriage and jealousy, forgiveness, death and a reunion with the old love—these are the features of the story. It is told in language as simple and chaste as the ideas portrayed.

* * *

CLARENCE DEMING, a gentleman of education and a journalist of experience, has collected the best of his newspaper letters, written during the past three years, into a volume called "By-ways of Nature and Life." The fruits are here garnered of 80,000 miles of travel on two continents by a keen observer who has wandered off the beaten track.

DROCH.

THE road to rue in—The way of the transgressor.

WHAT is the best color for a lady's party-cloak?—Parti-colored, of course.

"LET me alone," said the flat to its owner, "if you can 't let the whole building."

"How can I bear to part," was what the converted Indian said when he felt of his thick head of hair.

J. J. J.

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SCIENTIFIC

COMBINATION.

THE WESTERN ROTARY ANTI-TORNADO VILLA AND PNEUMATIC ASCENSIONAL SAFETY APARTMENT.—*Patented Feb. 29th*, 1884.

THIS ingenious and self-acting device will be found to fill a long felt Western want. For airiness and beauty of construction it takes precedence of the Queen Anne species of cottage, and at the same time is durable and absolutely safe. Plate I. represents the apparatus complete, as designed for protection against either cyclones or floods. The vertical shaft is of granite or iron, thoroughly morticed and cut with the grain. It is erected on a foundation of polished red marble 71 feet under ground. The figures shown are both useful and ornamental, exhibiting at any moment the stage of the water. The dwelling-house is of corrugated sheet iron, lined with fire-brick and cork. It is water tight, and is supplied with pumps, bowling-alleys, a shooting gallery and saloon. Tiers of life preservers for the hogs are ranged around the pantry, and wire hen-coops are provided abaft —so to speak—in which the most fastidious poultry may be accomodated and made happy.

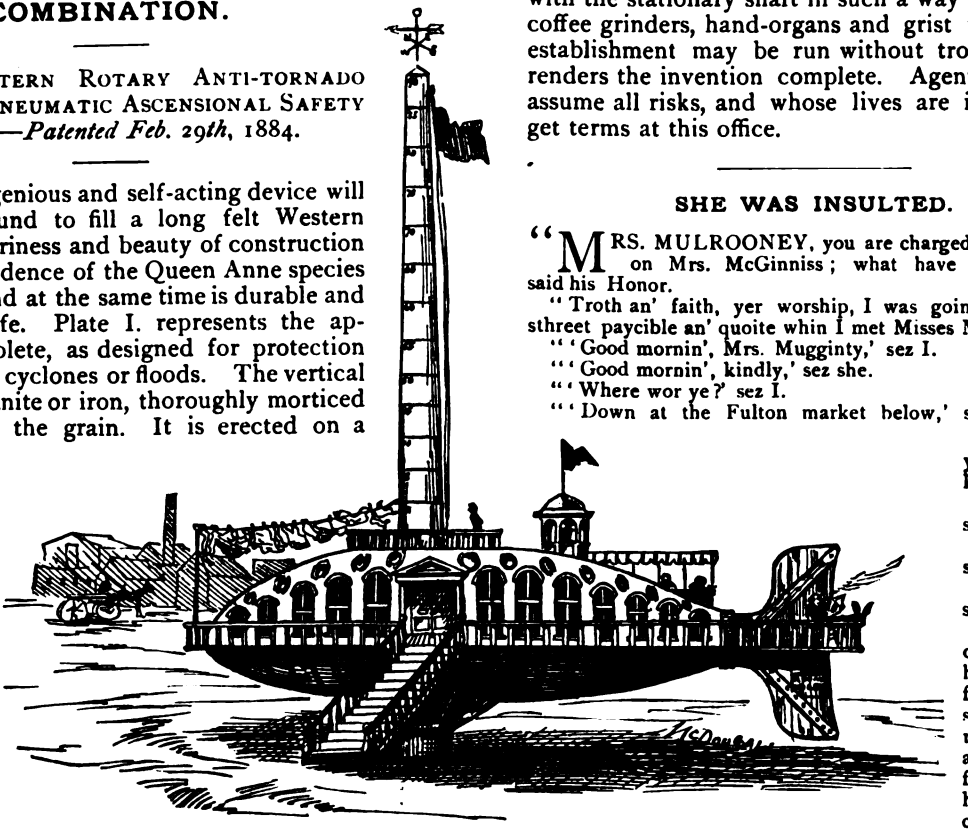

PLATE I.

The action of the apparatus is simple and effective. The shaft referred to, being carefully buttered, slips easily through its grooves, and enables the structure to rise in case of a flood, or revolve with great smoothness and rapidity during a cyclone, as shown in Plates II and III. Brakes are provided, which may lessen the momentum after the cyclone has passed, so that the structure will automatically cease from revolving within 10 hours after a change in the weather. The rudder is reversible, and by it the direction of rotation may be instantly reversed while the dwelling is making 2500 revolutions a minute, thus avoiding all possibility of monotony. At the same time gearing is connected with the stationary shaft in such a way that all the coffee grinders, hand-organs and grist mills in the establishment may be run without trouble. This renders the invention complete. Agents willing to assume all risks, and whose lives are insured, can get terms at this office.

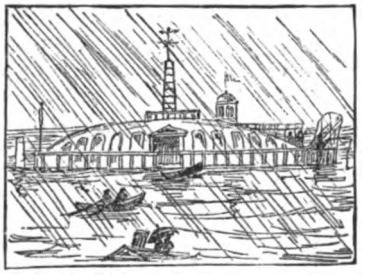

PLATE II.

SHE WAS INSULTED.

"MRS. MULROONEY, you are charged with assault on Mrs. McGinniss; what have you to say?" said his Honor.

"Troth an' faith, yer worship, I was goin' down Perril sthreet paycible an' quoite whin I met Misses Mugginty.

"'Good mornin', Mrs. Mugginty,' sez I.

"'Good mornin', kindly,' sez she.

"'Where wor ye?' sez I.

"'Down at the Fulton market below,' sez she.

"'Pfat hev ye in the bashket?' sez I.

"'Fish,' sez she.

"'It shmells,' sez I.

"'Ye lie,' sez she.

'Wid that I dhrun off an' hit her a welt for sphakin' such an unmannerly word to a Mulrooney, from Ballynahinhiskin; bad cess to her."

SCRABBLES has come back disgusted, from Florida. Among the repellent things, he says he was driven out of his hotel by a young lady, weighing two hundred and twenty-two pounds avoirdupois, who came there for health, and getting possession of the drawing-room piano, continually did sing, "Do they miss me at home?" Scrabbles saw her at dinner, and thought they did.

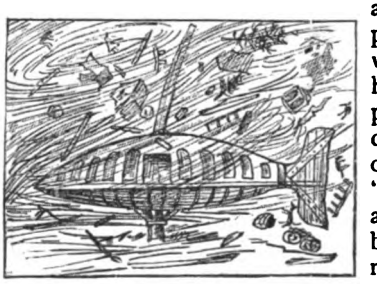

PLATE III.

NIBLETTS:—"Aw, mi boy, how did you like the opwaw?"

Hobletts:—"The dewce, mi good fellah. How do think a fellah can listen to an opwaw, when all the glasses in the house, aw! are on him?"

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WHAT WE SAW AT THE LAST MASQUERADE BALL.

WE SAW SOME DANCING.

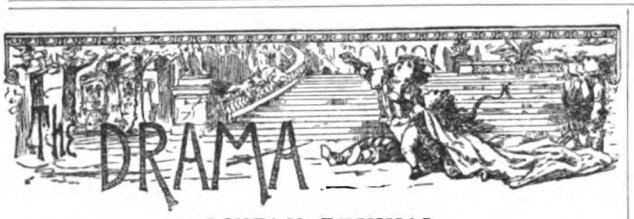
AND SOME CHAMPAGNE.

ALSO A GREAT DEAL OF GENERAL HILARITY.

WE SAW SOME SUPPER.

ON THE WAY HOME WE SAW—NOTHING.

THE NEXT MORNING. — YES, THAT'S MY HAT, BUT HOW SMALL IT HAS GROWN!



A LIVELY REVIVAL.

WYCHERLY lives again in the newest revival at Daly's Theatre and in the sprightly Ada Rehan. That is to say, Wycherly lives—in a modified sense. He was, apparently, quite dead until yesterday. To-day, it is found, there is some vitality left in him. In the eighteenth century, David Garrick, who was by no means a prude, took hold of Wycherly's "Country Wife." He wanted to produce that remarkable show of licentious foolery, sharp wit, and gay incident. But he was wise enough to see that the eighteenth century was not the seventeenth century. His patrons and contemporaries would have stood aghast at the unbridled and obscene buffonery of the filthmonger, Wycherly; also, by the way, a delightful and brilliant dramatist. Therefore, with commendable prudence, Garrick reset the old play to the new age. The resetting was not perfunctory work. "The Country Girl"—Garrick's version of the piece—is innocence itself, compared with "The Country Wife."

Yet there is a good deal of Wycherly in "The Country Girl," as this is seen now at Daly's Theatre. There is also much of Garrick, and a respectable amount of Daly. Garrick turned Peggy Thrift into a jolly and pleasant sort of girl; he cut out Wycherly's obscenities and characters like the Fidgets and their bad lot; Mr. Daly has changed the piece, as it was shaped in the Garrick version, into a tolerably virtuous three-act comedy. One may observe "The Country Girl" without blushing too violently. And there is the charming, breezy, wholesome Rehan, who is a devil of a little fellow in boy's clothes.

Mr. Daly knows how to look at the past through the spectacles of contemporaneous human interest and morality. Some persons were horrified when they learned that Mr. Daly intended to revive "The Country Girl." But they were in too much of a hurry to be horrified. "The Country Girl" at Daly's Theatre is not "The Country Wife" which was done at the Theatre Royal in 1675. Take all your children to Daly's, and do n't quake with terror at the thought. Even the Rev. Mr. Fulton, of Brooklyn, could afford to watch the sprightly gamboling of Ada Rehan, the clean-shaven faces of Drew and Stephens, the severity of Miss Dreher, the promenading of Parkes, the foppish extravagance of Sparkish, and the impurturbable ill-humor of Moody—and remain what he thinks he is, though he is probably mistaken, a Christian.

The original play, the play given at the Theatre Royal nearly two centuries ago, was a rakish and wicked affair. Wycherly

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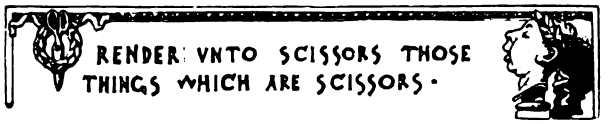
was a queer combination of talent and filthiness. He coddled his own disgusting fancy, yet not, one is inclined to say, because he loved disgusting things. He tried to present, it appears, a profligate world from his own point of view. He saw the very depths of his badness; and he was even apt to find badness where it did not exist. He was a cynical, cruel, heartless observer, who merged day into night with mocking levity. He depicted licentious men and women licentiously—evidently in the belief that he was true to Nature. That is why it is now almost impossible to read his play with any kind of patience. His inventive faculty was not remarkable. When he needed a plot or a suggestion, he went usually to Molière. Even Peggy—wanton and wild and coarse—is a reproduction in his own way of Molière's Agnes, just as Pinchwife is a reproduction of Arnolphe. But the wit and humor of Wycherly, and especially his sense of character, gave solidity to his work. "The Country Wife," in spite of all that can be said against it, is a play for the stage, one of the best "acting plays" included in the Restoration comedy, and one of the most salient illustrations of character.

Somebody has said that Miss Rehan does not resemble a seventeenth century girl. Perhaps she does n't. I never saw a seventeenth century girl. But, for all that, she is wonderfully bright and an irresistible Peggy. Why, however, does Miss Rehan persist in wearing baby-dresses and tow-colored wigs? Why does she make mouths at her audience? She is right enough when she has her blue and cardinal boy's dress on. The young men wear their toggery with grace, and their swords do n't fall often between their legs.

G. E. M.



"WHERE shall we find our teachers?" asks an educational exchange. Well, many of our sweet girl teachers may be found sitting on sofas with nice young men, any time after eight o'clock P. M. —*Boston Transcript.*

THE Casket, the organ of the undertakers, complains of depression in the coffin industry, and the *Philadelphia Record* quietly remarks that "overproduction is not the trouble in this case. What is needed is more consumption."

IN one of our Indian languages the word "woman" is rendered "kewanojawjaw," with marked and earnest emphasis on the last two syllables. Even the savages understand the vile and wicked arts of the lying slanderer.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

AN exchange says there are always more women than men in an insane asylum. It did n't seem to have time to look up the statistics and explain who sends them there.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A WOMAN who invaded West Bend, Wis., and claimed to be the proprietor of the town and the whole conntry, was declared to be crazy, and taken care of by the town officials. This furnishes a precedent for locking up the railroad men who labor under the delusion that they own the earth.—*Boston Globe.*

OFFERING in detail: Mother—"I am afraid Mr. Crisscross is not serious in his attentions!" Daughter—"He is awful bashful, you know; but he 's offering himself piecemeal. Last night he wanted me to take his arm."—*N. Y. Graphic.*

"I WOULD like to get this young man on the stage," said Mrs. de Splurge, presenting her son to a theatrical manager, wearied of applicants for histrionic honors. "Very sorry, madam; but the stage 's just gone by; however there 's a horse car coming around the corner, and you can put the lad on it presently."—*The Judge.*

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FEWER hung juries and more hung criminals is a demand of the times.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

NO judge will enforce the statute against the massacre of Spring poets.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

"THIS month is going to be a dry one," remarked a convivial fellow to a companion in the Bowery, yesterday. "How can you tell?" asked the dependent friend. "My money has given out," was the glum reply.

THE SPECTACULAR DRAMA.

"OH," exclaimed the lady, turning to her husband, "is n't it beautiful? I never saw such lovely scenery!"

"Yes," he replied, with equal enthusiasm, "it certainly is. Such colors and shades and stripes and checks, and every pair of 'em silk, and all clocked on both sides—"

"Why, what do you mean?" she demanded sternly. "I was referring to the scenery."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he responded in some confusion. "The scenery—yes, indeed, it 's elegant."—*Philadelphia Call.*

"NEARLY all the hotel men," says the New York *Mail*," are now willing to admit that flats are hurting their business." And we had always supposed that they made the most of their money off the flats. Well, well! What sha' n't we learn next?—*Boston Transcript.*

SHE pressed her hand on her hair,
And her cheek as red as a rose,
And drew it over her forehead fair,
And toyed with her Grecian nose,
And no smile on sunny wing,
Its flight o'er her features took,
Because on her dazzling engagement ring
Her sisters would n't look.—*Puck.*

The cut of George Washington used by the Mutual Accident Association in another column is from a pen and ink sketch by Benjamin Henry Latrobe, a native of Yorkshire, England, drawn at General Washington's dinner-table, and was pronounced by Washington's contemporaries as an accurate and faithful likeness.

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THE Boston *Post* man has been down here and says that "New York is famous for sitting up all night." This is in order that we may get to business early in the morning.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

DRINKS DEFINED.

A GERMAN physician defines the main difference in the effects of whiskey and beer to be: "Viskey makes you kill somebody else; mit peer you only kills yourself."—*Toledo Blade.*

A PHYSICIAN says that the hot water cure is just as good if a little lemon juice, with just enough sugar to make it palatable be added. We begin to see this cure is no new thing. It used to be called hot lemonade, and was usually flavored with something the name of which we forget.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A HYDE Park (Ill.) girl screamed so loudly at a mouse that the poor little creature turned over on its back and turned up its toes—frightened to death. But that is no way to kill a mouse. What is the use of letting off a Krupp gun at a midget?—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A LEAP-YEAR DARE.

THE following story of a quick leap-year courtship and marriage comes from Milton Junction, Rock County, Wis. A young man twenty-three years old was taking a lady of thirty-eight out to a party, or rather the lady was "taking" the young man, when in the course of a frivolous conversation the lady asked her companion why he did not get married. He replied that he did not know of any one who would have him. She remarked that she "did n't know but what she might be willing to," whereupon he said that he would marry her and suggested that they drive directly to a minister's. The lady "dared" him to execute his plan. He did as she dared him and they were married. After the party both were so frightened at what they had done that they separated and did not meet for several days, when friends prevailed upon them to take up their habitation together.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

CHANGING HIS SHIRT.—A Frenchman traveling by railway in England was very anxious to change his shirt in order to make a visit after the train had arrived at its destination, without taking the trouble to go to a hotel. His guide-book indicated a tunnel on the road, and he asked the guard how long the train would be in the tunnel. The guard mistook his question, and, supposing he asked how long before the train would reach the tunnel, answered briefly: "Half an hour." The carriage in which the Frenchman was traveling contained several ladies and gentlemen. The traveler got down his valise, unlocked it, and made everything ready for a change of apparel while they were in the tunnel. As soon as they entered it he pulled off his shirt and prepared to put on a clean one; but imagine his surprise on discovering that the train remained only three minutes in the tunnel instead of thirty! As they came out into open daylight he was standing in their midst in a condition quite unfit for a mixed company of ladies and gentlemen.—"Underground; or, Life Below the Surface," Knox.—*Times, Feb. 18th.*

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BORN FEB. 22, 1732.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MARCH 6, 1884. NUMBER 62.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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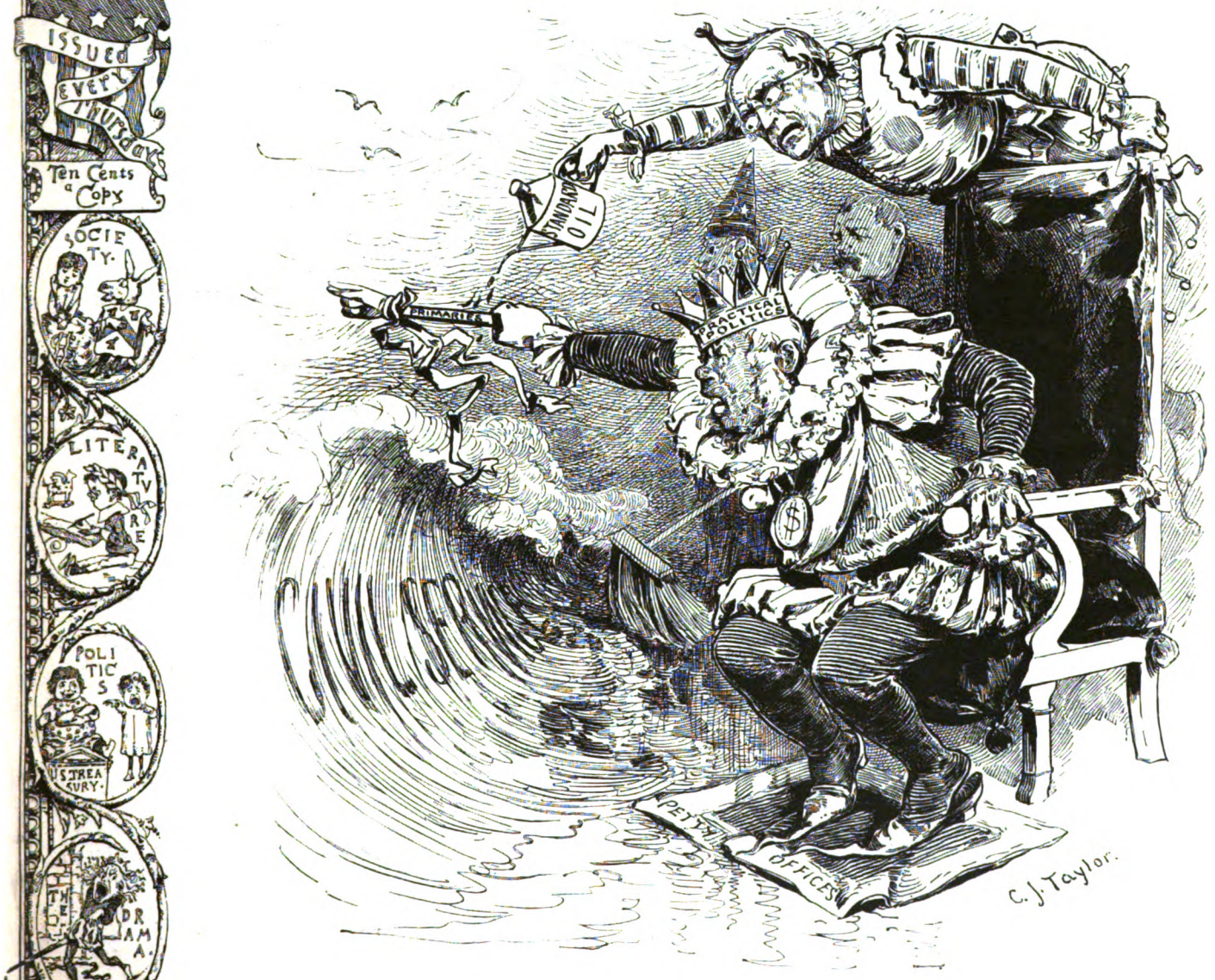

KING CANNOT.

The King :—Back, I say. By this mighty wand, back, or I ll balk thine appropriation and try ——

The Jester :—Oil ! !

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VOL. III. MARCH 6TH, 1884. NO. 62.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL sent a dispatch to this office eight days ago asking space for a reply to the few notes appended to his letter in LIFE. A telegram was sent in return, to welcome the distinguished theologian's screed, but up to the hour of going to press no word has been received from him. We are led to infer that either the MONSIGNOR's time has been too much engrossed to admit of his resuming the lance in our petty tourney, or that his most valuable promised letter has gone astray. In justice to him, this notice becomes necessary.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT of our sagacious contemporary, *The Boston Post*, is led to believe that the wreck of the "City of Columbus" was due to the standard variation of the compass. This is no doubt true, but there is some scientific ground for the belief that if the vessel had been in charge of men who knew a lighthouse from the full moon, the compass might not have varied quite so disastrously. To attempt to cover up the recklessness which caused such terrible loss is to be accessory to a crime.

* * *

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS had a bad eye and several kings when the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH opened the first jack-pot at the regular meeting of the Thompson Street POKER CLUB, Saturday evening. Mr. GUS JOHNSON saw that a powerful brew of mischief was at hand, and prudently laid down two pair; while Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES, who had a severe cold, a pair of eights, and very little horse sense, came in.

"I rise dat two dollahs," said Mr. WILLIAMS, quietly, but with truculence of intent.

"Yo' 's gittin' too brash," rejoined the Rev. Mr. SMITH, testily. "Ef yo' tinks yo' 's de Vandybilk er dis pahty, jess—jess stack 'em up. I rise yo' six dollahs."

Mr. WILLIAMS considered for a moment, during which time he thoughtfully examined the cards which with great foresight he had previously pinned to the leg of the table.

"I calls," he said, at length. "Gimme two cyards."

Mr. WHIFFLES fled.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH dealt Mr. WILLIAMS two cards, and conscientiously helped himself to the last ten-spot remaining in the pack. He then banged the honored wallet on the table and said:

"'Leven dollahs."

"I calls yo'," said Mr. WILLIAMS, secretly unpinning the hidden hand, and counting out the money.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH swept the pot into his pocket.

"Wha—whadjer doin'?" gasped Mr. WILLIAMS, aghast at this unparliamentary proceeding.

"Fo' tens," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH, showing down that remarkable hand. "How many freckles yo' got on yo' han'?" he inquired.

"I'se—I'se jess—jess clum over yo' tens," said Mr. WILLIAMS, with an effort to be calm and look honest.

"Shome up," said the reverend gentleman.

Mr. WILLIAMS unfolded four jacks. They were all there.

"Wharjer get um?" was the next point in the Rev. Mr. SMITH's catechism.

"Outen de pack, er course," said Mr. WILLIAMS, breathing hard.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH's reply was to reach over and weave his fingers firmly through the roots of Mr. WILLIAMS's hair. Then he thrashed around the room with him for a few excited minutes and then sat down upon him. Mr. WILLIAMS still breathed heavily.

"Wharjer get dem jacks?"

"Outen de pack," again responded Mr. WILLIAMS, making a feeble effort to get up.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH butted his head nineteen times against the floor with great rapidity and violence, and again inquired softly:

"Wharjer gettum?"

"Outen de pack. Leggo my kinks," urged Mr. WILLIAMS, still breathing heavily. Again his head was butted violently against the floor until the landlord on the floor above was impressed with the idea that the Club was refreshing itself with a solo on the bass drum.

"Whar—jer—git—dem—jacks?" inquired the Rev. Mr. SMITH, emphasing each word with a double butt.

"Outen—de—" here Mr. WILLIAMS faltered.

"Outen de what?" asked the Rev. Mr. SMITH with a temporary cessation of hostilities.

"De bug," said Mr. WILLIAMS, doggedly. "Lemme up."

The Rev. Mr. SMITH unloaded himself from Mr. WILLIAMS' abdomen, rose, crossed the room and possessed himself of the extra cards pinned to the table.

"*Dis* whadjer call de *bug?*" he asked.

"Yezzah," said Mr. WILLIAMS, gloomy but respectful.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH assumed his overcoat. Then he replied to Mr. WILLIAMS.

"TOOT, by de prowishuns of rule sixty fo', yo am suspended till de next meetin', an' doan yo' work de bug no mo'. Mistah CYANIDE WHIFFLES an' GUS JOHNSON will now come down ter de s'loon an rassle wif a sassenger an' some beer."

The Club then adjourned.

Mr. WILLIAMS breathed heavily.

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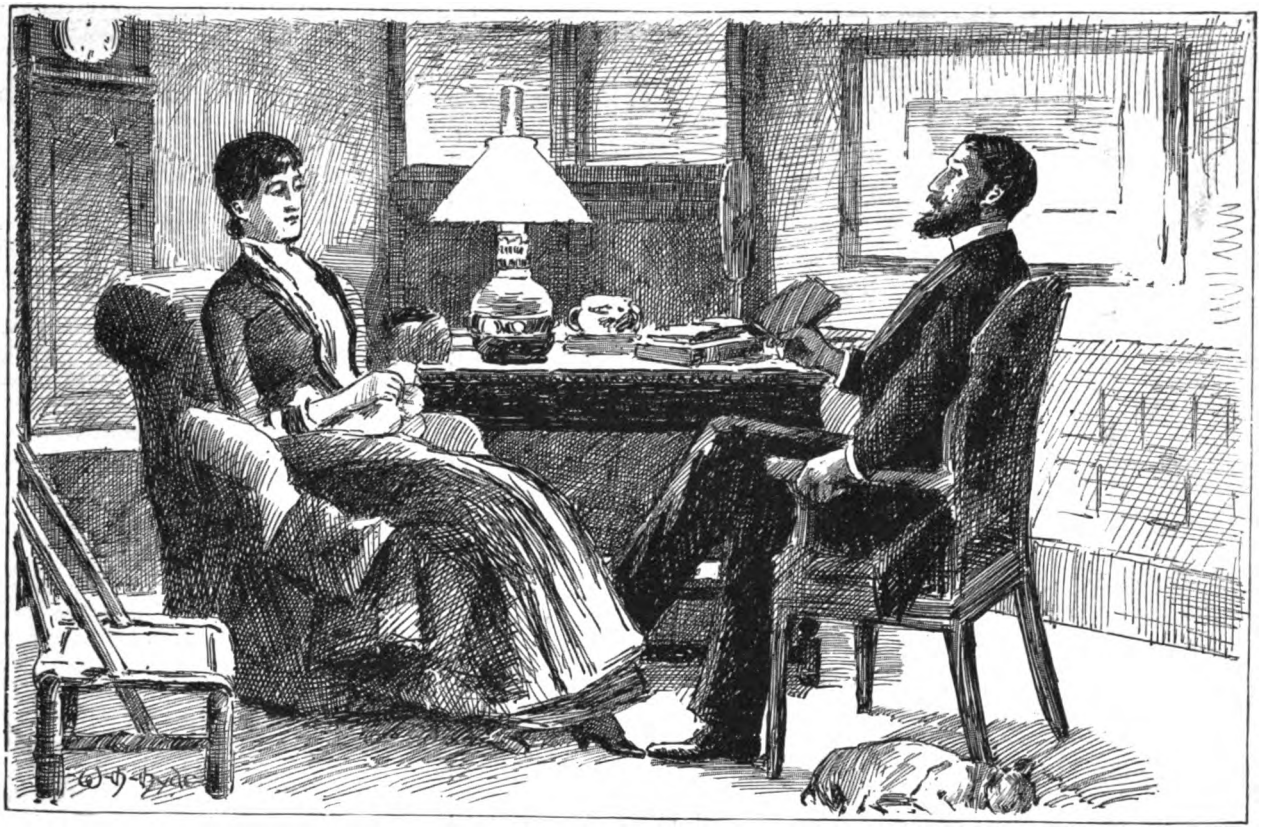

ANXIOUS TO PLEASE.

Mr. Dudley Villiers (*who writes poetry "just for relaxation, you know"*): I SEE YOU HAVE MY VERSES, MRS. GREEN; HAVE YOU READ THEM?

Mrs. G.: OH! YES, I ALMOST KNOW THEM BY HEART.

Mr. D. V. (*with a little thrill*): REALLY!

Mrs. G.: YES, INDEED! I READ THE CHILDREN TO SLEEP WITH THEM EVERY NIGHT.

AT THE CONFESSIONAL.

(RONDEAUX).

I.

IN priestly guise he sat to hear
Confession, he whose lips austere
Once laughed below a long mustache,
What time he swung a sabretâche
And swaggered as a cavalier!

He donned this garb once when his ear
Heard, at a masked ball, troth-plight clear.
'T was one who marked the soldier's sash
In priestly guise.

Later his sword upon love's bier
He laid; left all life held most dear,
Curbing his froward blood's hot dash,
Till, mortified by fast and lash,
What carnal onslaughts need he fear
In priestly guise?

II.

There, to the stall, one eve she came,
A lady free of outward blame;
Heart-heavy, heart-sore, none the less,
For all her rustling, silken dress
And diamonds in the dusk aflame!

He heard that voice absolvement claim,
Whose tones of old—dear Lord, the same!—
Made, at the opera, gallants press
There to the stall.

He heard her whisper but one name—
He, whose strong love years failed to tame.
Vain had been all his strife and stress!
He strangled as he strove to bless,
Feeling how sure was fate's last aim
There to the stall!

JOHN MORAN.

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SYMPATHY.

POOR THINGS! HE 'S SO DREADFULLY THIN I 'M SURE THERE 'LL NEVER BE ENOUGH TO GO AROUND.

BOOKISHNESS

A PROTEST AGAINST PHILISTINISM.

THERE are books which should be punctuated throughout with interrogation marks, and "The Pagans," by Arlo Bates, is one of them. Perpetual conundrums, born of doubt and disgust with the accepted order of things, are uncomfortable reading. It is not conducive to the happiness of the average man to be forced to mentally comment on every page, "I give it up." Perhaps the best motto for this story would have been :

"An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry."

It suggests the desirability of some mental and moral paregoric or soothing syrup as a cure for the trouble.

The Pagans were a band of Boston artists and literary men who "represented the protest of the artistic soul against shams. They stood for sincerity above everything ; for utter honesty in art, in life, in manners and morals alike. To them Philistinism was the substitution of convention for conviction." They, therefore, had no tolerance for dogma or authority. One may sympathize with these iconoclasts, but when he looks around for the new and fairer gods which they would have him worship he sees only the unsightly fragments of the old statues which have been hurled from their pedestals. Slavery to a creed may be bad enough, but it won't help matters to believe that "art is the universal, where religion is the provincial," or that "a man's soul is a matter of very little moment as compared to his imagination." On the latter principle Col. Sellers or Eli Perkins might be canonized.

The chief characteristic of the book is its epigrams. It may be said of them as once was said of Emerson's, some are "true and not new," others are "new and not true." Among the best of them are the following : "New York is the home of barbarism and Boston of Philistinism ; while Cincinnati is a chromo imitation of both." "The subtlest form of hypocrisy often consists in what we call being honest with ourselves." "The whole history of mankind is a protest against death." "Principle is only formulated policy." Among the worst of them are : "Emerson lacked the loftiness of vice ; he was eternally narrow." "A lie is only the truth agreeably and effectively told." "I should never be satisfied with anything short of omnipotence and omniscience, and annihilation is the only refuge for a nature like that."

DROCH.

IT has been said by Cobden that we must remain ignorant of the social condition of Turkey because it is indescribable. Some little glimpse, however, into the inner life of the people is afforded us in the book before us, "A Tragedy at Constantinople," written by Leïla-Hanoum—hanoum being the title given to Turkish ladies, and meaning madam or lady. This little story is strictly historical, and of our own times. Some of the characters are still living, and the translator assures the reader that he will find in the book a faithful and graphic delineation of Moslem society. There is a pleasant Oriental, "Arabian-Nights" flavor about the tale which enables us to read, without flinching, of horrors that ought to freeze our blood. Somehow the horrors and the houris get mixed up in our minds, so that in the end we do not care very much about either.

The book is worth reading. The revolution of 1870, ending in the deposition and subsequent suicide of the Sultan (Abdul-Aziz) is well described.

H. S. H.

A WORLD women live in, is a world of trouble.

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Unreasonable Old Party: THOUGHT I HAD GOT THROUGH WITH YOU, EH? JUST COME DOWN HERE A WHILE LONGER.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE HOME JUMBLE.]

LAST Monday evening a wedding that had been eagerly anticipated by others as well as the contracting parties, came off in the new and fashionable church of St. Olaff, where a few more unrented pews may now be secured at prices ranging from one to two thousand dollars per year, and Mr. Slim, a *habitué* of the most exclusive society, was united in the holy government bonds of matrimony to Miss Minnie Flash, only daughter of the well-known billionaire. Miss Flash is a charming brunette, seventeen years and six months old, stands fourteen hands high in her dancing slippers, and has a record of fifty thousand a year. She was educated abroad, and is a remarkable linguist, being proficient in all modern languages, including even her mother tongue. Many of our fashionable people will remember the magnificent and brilliant entertainment that marked her entrance into society four winters since.

The bride wore a dress entirely of lace, trimmed with the same material, costing, it is said, a square twenty-five thousand dollars, and the *chef d'œuvre* of Mad. Donavan. In lieu of the ordinary bouquet, she carried in her hand a check for one million dollars, the gift of her father. Orange blossoms, from Plunder, and in fact all flowers having lately been voted by the best society, as being entirely too inexpensive for these occasions, she wore instead a superb tiara of gems of the clearest water, procured from the well-known firm of Tiffin & Co., who keep constantly on hand a large stock of ornaments, which can be rented on very reasonable terms, with moderate security. A notable feature of the ceremony was the presence in the church of a whole company of the Seventh Regiment, in full uniform, with accoutrements, who escorted the bridal party to the altar and back. This is a new wrinkle of society, and is bound to become very popular. The reception at the home of the bride was a grand affair, and the crush was tremendous, as there were more than five thousand invitations issued, nearly all of which were responded to. Moreices furnished an elegant supper, and has kindly promised to furnish us with a copy of the bill, the items of which we will have the pleasure of shortly publishing. Mr. and Mrs. Slim have chartered the entire first cabin of one of the White Star steamers, and will sail for Europe next week.

BE thou as solemn as a pump and as silent as a tombstone, and thou wilt be called full of wisdom.

TRUTH is stranger than friction.

COMMENTS ON "THE NEXT PRESIDENCY."

(*N. Y. Half-Breed Gazette.*)

THE Hon. Wayne MacVeagh, in a recent article in the *Century* magazine, gives an able review of the political situation. It is easy to see that in drawing the ideal President, the eminent lawyer has had in view the familiar form of the Hon. J. G. Blaine, of Maine.

(*The Shiner.*)

Ex-Attorney-General MacVeagh has drawn an exceedingly graceful picture of Hon. W. S. Holman, of Indiana, as the coming President of the United States in an able article in the last number of the *Century*.

(*The N. Y. Tammanycrat.*)

Mr. John Kelly's boom for the next Presidency is assuming majestic proportions. In a paper on the "Next Presidency" in the last issue of the *Century*, even the most superficial reader will at once recognize the "liniments" of our great leader.

(*An Interview with John Sherman.*)

"Have you seen Mr. MacVeagh's paper on the "Next Presidency?"

"Yes, sir, and I may say that it is exceedingly gratifying to me to have that gentleman come out with such material aid for my advancement."

(*How President Arthur Regards It.*)

"He has drawn a very vivid picture, but this 'boom,' as you newspaper men call it, is too premature, and may ruin my chances. I was fishing off Fire Island one Sunday afternoon with some of the boys, and was having immense luck trolling, when just as I was hauling in a twenty-pound blue, we took a tack and the boom floored me. I fear this is MacVeagh's intention. I must leave you now, as Mr. Ochiltree's dinner to Bismarck is at eight. Alick, I'm going to eat lobster salade to-night, so you 'd better have the Secretary of the Interior here when I come home."

Here the President put a full-blown Jacqueminot in his lappel and skipped airily away.

(*Ex-Hon. Roscoe Conkling.*)

"It is very evident that Mr. MacVeagh's mind was upon me when he wrote that article."

(*Ditto Platt.*)

"Me too."

(*Mrs. Hayes' Husband.*)

"She says it's me and I dassent say 't aint!"

J. K. B.

THE many are called (candidates) but one is chosen.

I HAVE N'T no idea.—The remark of the blind man to the girl who wanted him to admire the scenery.

EUPHEMISMS are all very well in their way, but when it comes to saying that St. Stephen was "rocked to sleep," it is carrying the thing a little too far.

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THE SPRING POET.

WHEN the sun has thawed the snow,
When once more the flowers blow;
When the birds begin to sing,
Blythe at the return of Spring,
Then the poet in his den,
Seizing on a brand-new pen,
Inks it gayly, murmuring,
"Let me, too, begin to sing!"

Hours doth the poet toil,
Wasting quarts of midnight oil;
Till his work complete he sees,
Full of blossoms, lambs and trees,
Birds, and brooks, and April skies—
Joyously the poet cries:
"I must do but one thing more,
Send it to the editor!"

Waits the poet anxiously
For the editor's reply.
Smiles the poet, full of hope,
As he breaks the envelope.
It contains a printed slip—
Dies the laughter from his lip,
As it dawns upon his mind
That his poem is declined!

SOPHIE ST. G. LAWRENCE.

THE ESTIMABLE CONVICT.

EZRA BELKINSOP was the son of most excellent and religious parents. He passed his childhood in an atmosphere of Bible texts and admirable precepts, and surrounded by companions of such exemplary goodness that they were always lurking in ambush for an opportunity to forgive some one. Yet Ezra Belkinsop was thoroughly bad. There was no soft spot in his heart, no good side to his character.

The village clergyman said that everybody had their good points if we would only go about in the right way to find them. So the worthy man would take Ezra into his study, and with tears in his eyes plead with him and entreat him to give his virtuous inclinations a chance. Once when the good clergyman had tried many ways of touching Ezra's heart in vain, he bethought himself of another expedient. He brought his sweet, cooing little daughter—a tender, innocent thing—for Ezra to look at and be softened; but Ezra gleefully set her clothes on fire and ran.

As Ezra grew up he became worse and worse, and finally he was sentenced to twenty years' hard labor in the state prison. No sooner was he shut up in jail than he changed most suddenly and completely. He became oppressively good. He spent most of his nights in praying, and often in the daytime he would beg the overseer in the workshop to give him a short respite for prayer and thanksgiving. Time and again on Sundays, and in odd moments of leisure, the warders would find him sitting in his cell with his eyes filled with tears. When they asked him why he was so sad, he would only sob "Mother, Mother!"

One day a sweet little girl came through the prison, and when Ezra saw her he broke out into an agony of convulsive sobs. The turnkeys, the overseers, and warders all resigned in turn. They said they were too sinful to be the keepers of such a man, and they individually asked his blessing when they went away.

The attention of the Governor was soon called to the beautiful character of Ezra Belkinsop, and a pardon was easily secured after Ezra had been confined but five months. Ezra prayed for several hours and wept silently a long time the night before his departure. No sooner had he left the prison, however, than he became even more maliciously wicked than he had been before he went in. On the most trying occasions he refused to give any evidence of possessing a single good point. The little child that crept into bed with him one night, and confidingly threw its soft, round arms about his neck and pressed its warm, smooth cheek against his hairy face, did not make him resolve for a moment to be a better man in the future. He simply strangled the child. Ezra used to keep looking anxiously around for a chance to be wicked.

After a short time Ezra went back to prison on a life sentence, and immediately he became the uncomfortably good man he had been before. He was so very good that his fellow convicts were infected with goodness through him. Praying became so prevalent on all sides that the prison might well have been mistaken for a European monastery. Of course, the prison officers could n't stand this; they begged leave to go away somewhere and repent.

Inside of a year Ezra was again pardoned by a well-meaning but ignorant Governor, and again he went and wallowed in a career of crime. He is now returned to prison, and I am daily expecting to hear of his pardon; but really I cannot understand why, when a man makes a good convict, the whole community, headed by the Governor, should conspire to turn him into a bad citizen.

ERNEST L. THAYER.

IN MEMORIAM.

HE is dead! He is dead!
Struck on the head
By a brick from a chimney descending.
And oh! we are sadder,
But we know up the ladder
Our dear little Willie's ascending.

No flowers. *Philadelphia Ledger please copy.*

IT is probable that beef tea was invented about the time Henry VIII. dissolved the Papal bull.

WHY is a convert to the Catholic Church like a virtuous goose?—Because she sticks to the Propaganda.

A FURNITURE dealer in this city advertises cradles at bed rock prices.

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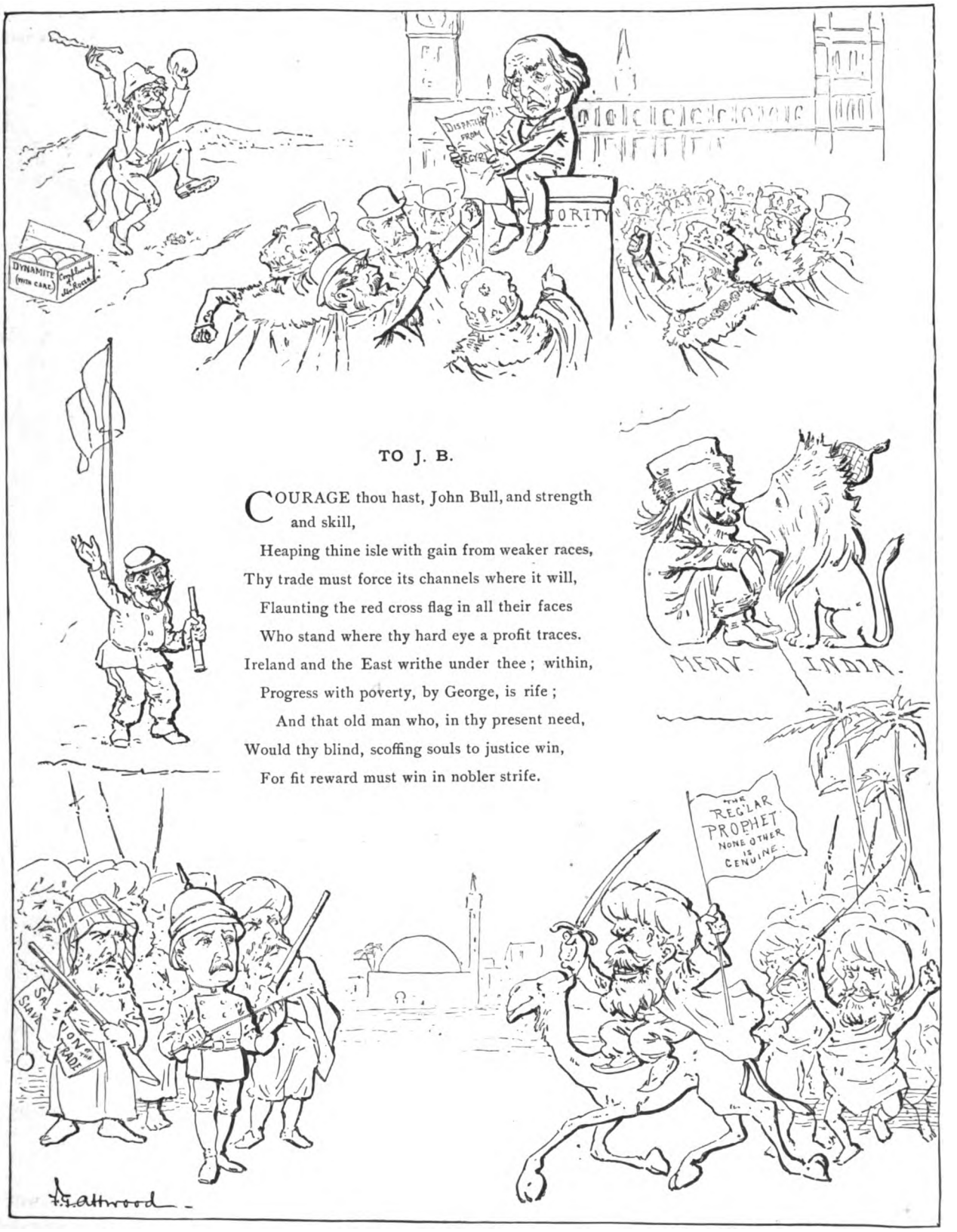

TO J. B.

COURAGE thou hast, John Bull, and strength and skill,
Heaping thine isle with gain from weaker races,
Thy trade must force its channels where it will,
Flaunting the red cross flag in all their faces
Who stand where thy hard eye a profit traces.
Ireland and the East writhe under thee; within,
Progress with poverty, by George, is rife;
And that old man who, in thy present need,
Would thy blind, scoffing souls to justice win,
For fit reward must win in nobler strife.

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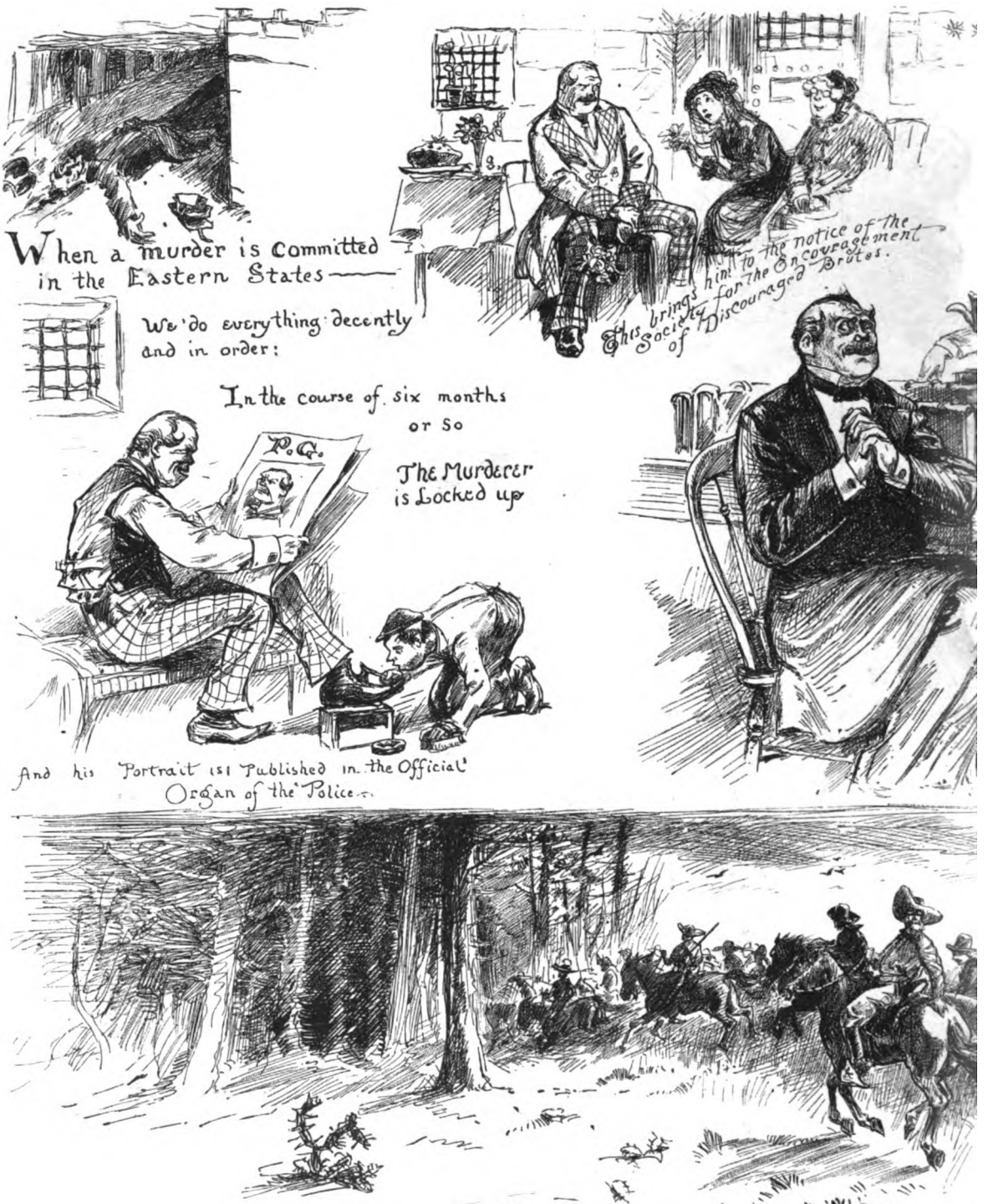

ENCOURAGEMENT

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AND SUPPRESSION.

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THE CAT BATTERY.

(PATENTED APRIL 1, 1883.)

AS early as 2306 B. C., Sarcophagus, the Egyptian philosopher, accidentally discovered the electric energy of the cat. Having accidentally sat upon his private cat one evening, while that pampered animal was taking a nap in the arm-chair, he was surprised to find himself enriched with a violently galvanic sensation, together with a sudden desire to stand up and say something. Subsequent investigations led him to the conclusion that the energy of the cat, like latent heat, might be developed by sudden compression. He gave this theory to the world in a celebrated treatise which he wrote that night on the mantel-piece; but eventually died without discovering the true nature of the phenomenon. But after this the domestic Egyptian cat was never sat upon—a fact which gave rise to the modern belief that it was a sacred animal. Two centuries later, Obeliskus Mummi, the famous metaphysician of Memphis, while experimenting with two cats suspended from a clothes-line, observed that a strong repulsion existed between them, but was ignorant of its cause. Various other philosophers commented upon cats, and endeavored to explain this phenomena, but it remained for Benjamin Franklin to reveal the long hidden secret. Franklin's attention was called to the subject in a curious way. To weight his electrical kite, he had suspended to it, by the tail, his cook's cat. A thunder-cloud was passing at the time, and Franklin noticed the hairs of the animal's continuation separate and stand on end. This, he knew, was a sign of excitement, and he at once concluded that the excitement was electrical.

The results of his subsequent investigations are too well known to need reference; and the Franklin Theory of Cats is that great man's chiefest glory.

With this brief introduction we come now to practical elucidation of the principle upon which the Cat Battery works.

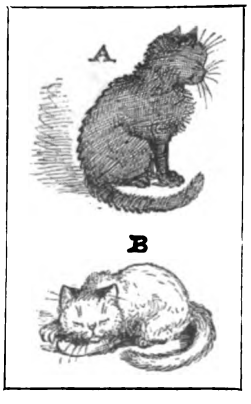

PLATE I.

Cats, according to Tyndall, are either electro-positive or electro-negative. When in the neutral state (see Plate I.) both fluids are combined, and the most sensitive galvanometer can detect no current. Thus insulated, neither A nor B exhibits either attraction or repulsion for surrounding objects, excepting for a hot stove or a piece of fish. But this affinity, according to the recent investigations of Siemens and Halske, is the result of chemical and not electrical attraction.

Now, however, let us submit electro-positive cat A and electro-negative cat B to exciting influences (see Plate II).

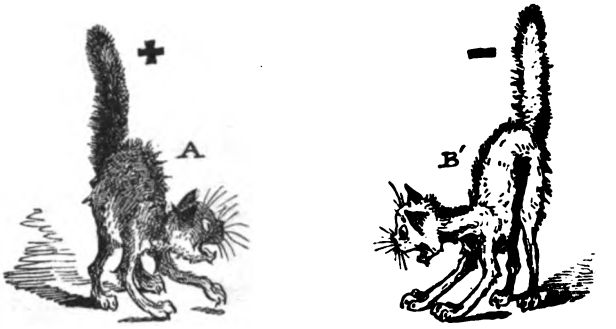

PLATE II.

Instantly we observe the development of electrical energy—A being strongly positive that he is the better cat, while B is as violently negative. This, as has been proved by the experiments of Prescott, Edison, and others, is due to induction; each cat trying to induce the other to believe he is n't afraid.

This electrical state of activity is accompanied by all the well-known electro-static phenomena. The hairs of each cat stand on end, and surrounding objects—such as bootjacks, soap, cough-medicine bottles, and crockery—may be attracted with great velocity from distances of 100 to 250 feet.

Cats are absolute non-conductors. This fact was discovered in 1876 by Gerritt Smith, while vainly endeavoring to conduct a cat out of the coal cellar. It might be urged, therefore, that they had high internal resistance. This is not true. The external resistance (again glance at Plate II) is very high, but the internal resistance is never over one Ohm ("'ome" or "home," to give German, English and American terms), while in many cases it is less, as is witnessed by the fact that there are 1,317,009 ohmless cats in this city alone. But while the internal resistance is surprisingly low, the intensity is so high that by inductive influence alone two cat elements can maintain a whole neighborhood in a state of electrical excitement for hours.

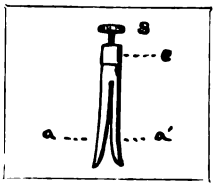

PLATE III.

To utilize the currents generated by the action of the Cat Battery, and at the same time make it more constant, we resort to a simple contrivance, invented by the assistant electrician of the Eastern Union Telegraph Company. It consists simply (see Plate III) of a bifurcated metallic spring-jack pin with a 20 lb. grip at *a - - a*, provided with a binding screw *s* and hole to insert wire at *e*. It is applied as shown in Plate IV—the spring-jack gripping the tail *T* at *b* and the conductor being inserted and bound by the spring *s*.

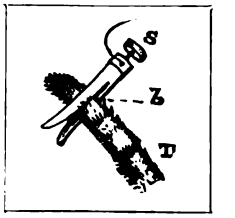

PLATE IV.

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One complete set or couple of cat elements having, according to Haskins, a potential of 47 volts, the simplest form of medical battery is that shown in Plate V. The metallic tub is filled with hot or cold water or both from the faucets *M M*. The elements *A B* are thus excited, and the continuous current passes from the spring-jacks *c c* to *F* and *B*, forming a complete circuit through the patient, as shown.

PLATE V.

As the cat elements reverse themselves very often during the action of the battery, no pole changer is required. The pressure of the spring-jacks *c c* is found to keep the current constant for a considerable time, although Bunnell recommends that both elements, *A* and *B*, be well amalgamated with turpentine while setting the battery up.

Uniting a high electro-motive force with a quantity of many farads, the cat battery is found useful for the production of the arc light. Tillotson's arrangement is probably the best of these, and is shown in Plate VI. The electro-positive element is connected by stout copper wire to the lamp *S* by the binding post *B*, and the electro-negative element similarly to B^1. The sum of battery resistance at *F* will be found to exactly balance that of the arc *N*, hence no regulator is required, and a constant current is thus maintained until the battery wears itself out.

For batteries of high tension and immense quantity, four or more couples may be connected for intensity,

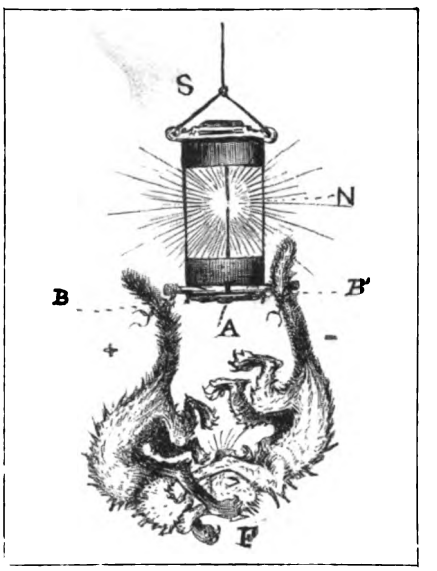

PLATE VI.

as shown in Plate VII. The couplings C C C C are of No. 18 copper, wound very tightly, and moistened with mustard. The terminal spring jacks S S^1 are of extra power, and convey the current to the discharger *X*, between the poles of which a vivid torrent of sparks will pass as long as the battery is in action. Sterns' recent investigations show that four such complete sets will develope a current whose energy is 9,000 volts and whose quantity is 640 farads. The only drawback to the Cat Battery is found in the wear and tear of material, but as the supply in New York and Hoboken is practically inexhaustible, the Eastern Union Telegraph Company has found it to be the most economical in use.

H. G. C.

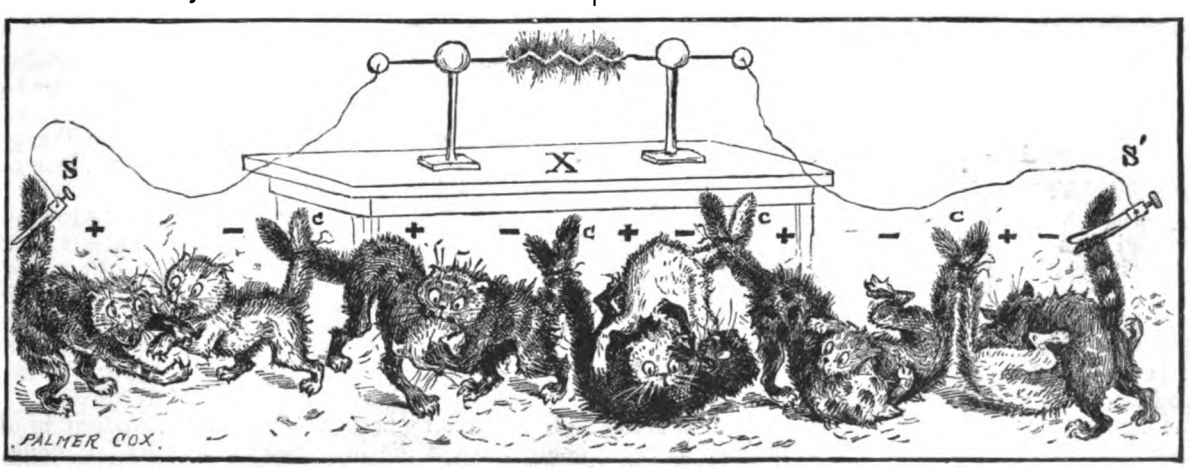

PLATE VII.

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THE THOMPSON ST. COTERIE, BY PARTICULAR REQUEST, VISITS THE PARK. MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS UNDERTAKES TO SHOW THEM WHAT CRACK SKATING REALLY IS.

POPULAR DISEASES AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

IV.—RHEUMATISM.

RHEUMATISM is said to be somewhat chronic when a person has enjoyed it for forty-three years and dies before the last medicine taken could produce its legitimate effect. This argues in favor of rheumatism as a desirable disease.

It is a spicy disease; for, like LIFE, it has many varieties, which are too numerous to mention.

It is not found in sacred or profane history by a person who does not search the authorities.

Among the easiest ways to obtain rheumatism is to sit in a draft without a coat, to bet the limit on an ace flush and get into a perspiration. The other fellow then produces his royal straight flush. This produces comment upon Miss Blazes (given name Helen), which rheumatism does also.

Diatomes never have rheumatism; but as the general reader is not presumed to know what a diatome is, this is not a fact of popular moment.

A fairly good way to obtain rheumatism is to read a newspaper fresh from the press, while the morning dew still hangs around it.

Another means is to "take cold." The person from whom it is taken rarely objects and never prosecutes.

Rheumatism can also be secured by persons who have a talent for it, who get wet in a rain or otherwise and allow the clothes to dry on the body.

It is good to have a stock of rheumatism in the house when a life insurance agent calls. If none is on hand it can be obtained by carrying said agent

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bodily to the fourth story, dropping him out of the window, and then drinking nine iced lemonades without sticks.

A daisy rheumatism, so to speak, is found in the green sward, if the applicant will turn out to lie—on the grass in December.

Short-breathed persons can get a good, substantial rheumatism by processionizing on each centennial of Evacuation Day, which usually occurs on a rainy 24th of November.

As there is nothing particularly funny about rheumatism, it will be dropped here, with the reminder that it is "fun for the druggist but hardly for the patient."

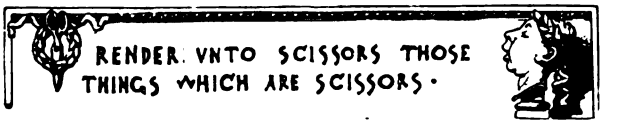
FRED. C. VALENTINE.

LINES

NOT BY A PROHIBITIONIST.

IF it be as we are told,
"In *vino veritas*,"
He should n't be blamed
Who taketh a glass.
For who should be blamed
When perhaps, forsooth,
He 's only engaged
In seeking the truth.

EVERY inch a-ching—A man the day after he first puts on skates.



"ELLA" wants to know if we can tell her what the Knights of the Bath are? Usually Saturday nights, dear.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"OH, dear!" exclaimed Miss Flight, "how dizzy I am! my head spins round like a top." "A very happy simile," remarked Fogg; "for everybody's head, you know, is atop.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is reported that amateur theatricals are becoming so popular that a theatre designed especially for that purpose will be erected in this city next season. It ought to be called "The Langtry."—*Daily Graphic.*

THE MEANNESS OF THE LONG ISLAND POLICE.

"SURE, man, your police take the biscuit for meanness," said Bryan McSwyny, O'Leary's bootmaker, to a friend from Long Island City.

"How do you make it out, Bryan!" asked the Long Island man.

"Sure, man, did n't they take a Rugg from a church!" was the reply.—*N. Y. Sun.*

TWO old negroes become acquainted in a way that shames formality. Meeting for the first time, they look at each other. Then one remarks so the other can hear him:

"Doan' belebe I knows dat man, but his face is mighty 'miliar."

Then the other one says: "Seed dat man somewhar, but I kain't place him. Howdy do, generman?"

"Porely; how is it wid yesse'f?"

"Porely, thank yer. Whar does yer lib?"

"On de Pryor place. Whar does yerse'f 'zide?"

"On de Avery place. How 's all yer folks?"

"Porely, thank yer; how 's all wid yesse'f?"

"Porely, 'bleeged ter yer."

After this they are old acquaintances, and never fail to greet each other as friends.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A (NOT QUITE HARMONIOUS) SYMPOSIUM OF CRITICS.

From **The Critic and Good Literature's** notice of A LATTER DAY SAINT:

"*When a story so worthless in all respects as A LATTER DAY SAINT appears with the imprint of reputable publishers, one hesitates whether to ignore or to denounce it. The book is not only naughty, but poor; not only wicked, but silly; not only unjust and unjustifiable, but uninteresting; not only bad, but stupid. The critic who is obliged to read a novel of Zola's does not feel himself seriously contaminated. But the reader of A LATTER DAY SAINT feels contaminated through and through with the low, petty, mean, base views of life that it presents. You may throw the book into the fire, but you cannot shake the dust of it from your soul.*"

From the **Nation's** notice of the same book:

"*Opens happily a new series of American novels. Utters philosophy and sarcasm with a piquancy and good temper which recalls Thackeray's lighter manner without echoing it. The amusement afforded by the frank recital of a career glorious or inglorious, according to the point of view, is heightened in that of the conversation.*"

From the N. Y. **Tribune's** notice of the same book:

"*It is deftly put together, its points are well made, and its implied satire is good. The cold and debased glitter which becomes such a story and such a heroine is well preserved throughout. There is not a little art in the consistency with which Ethel's heart of stone and forehead of brass are kept to the fore.*"

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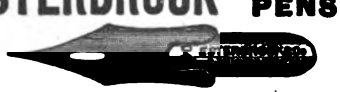

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A RECENT London Despatch says that three hundred Christians have been murdered in Tonquin. We knew long ago that the race hereabout was getting extremely scarce. So it seems they all went to Tonquin. And now they are all murdered. This is sad, very sad.—*Boston Transcript.*

"YES," she said to her escort as they glided around the rink, "I do so love roller skating. When we are sailing around this way my soul seems to be floating away toward heaven, and ——." By some mistake in the programme at this point both of her soles floated away toward heaven while the rest of her smote the earthly floor with a mighty smite.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A MEMBER of the New York Phonetic Club writes to this able and influential journal, asking us to "drop the final ue in words so ending, and spell dialog, epilog, etc., etc." Well, we kick. We are willing to drop the ue to a limited extent, but when the New York language club asks us to spell glue gl, we protest.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

MR. GEORGE RIDDLE
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And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.
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"Now, darling, will you grant me one favor before I go?"

"Yes, George, I will?" she said, drooping her eyelashes and getting her lips in shape. "What is the favor I can grant you?"

"Only a little song at the piano, love. I am afraid there is a dog outside waiting for me, and I want to scare him away."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A HARD SIGN TO PAINT.

"I SAY, Mr. Painter, can you do a job for me today?"

"Certainly, certainly; what is it?"

"I want a sign painted."

"All right; what kind of a sign?"

"A sign of rain."

[Exit, dodging a paint pot.]—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

HARD TO SATISFY.

"PLEASE, sir," said the bell boy to a Texas hotel clerk, "No. 46 says there ain't no towel in his room." "Tell him to use one of the window curtains." "He says, too, there ain't no pillers." "Tell him to put his coat and vest under his head." "And he wants a pitcher of water." "Suffering Cyrus! but he 's the worst kicker I ever struck in my life." "Carry him up the horse pail." "He wants to know if he can have a light." "Here, confound him! Give him this lantern, and ask him if wants the earth, and if he 'll have it fried on only one side or turned over?"—*Ex.*

THERE is precisely one cure for snoring, and it is to Sir Humphrey Davy that we owe its discovery. That eminent scientific person ascertained that snoring is due to an abnormal vibration of the chords of the larynx, and that this vibration occurs only when the surface of the larynx has become dry. A man who sleeps with his mouth open until his larynx has become dry by contact with the atmosphere is sure to snore. Sir Humphrey saw at once that in order to cure a snorer his larynx must be kept moistened or relaxed. He found by a series of experiments upon a Methodist preacher of unusual snoring powers that a piece of Castile soap inserted in the open mouth of the snorer effected an instant cure and warded off any further attack of snoring for at least twenty-four hours. Repeated applications of soap broke up the habit of snoring, and thus effected a permanent cure.

According to Sir Humphrey Davy, castile soap, which is composed of olive-oil and soda, is decomposed the moment it comes in contact with the human tongue, which has a wonderful affinity for oxygen. The olive-oil being thus set free, lubricates and relaxes the larynx, while the sodium is forcibly expelled in the shape of strongly alkaline language by the snorer, who awakes the moment the decomposition of the soap begins. It is seldom necessary to administer castile soap more than three or four times; and the most obstinate case of snoring known to medical men was cured with six doses.—Solemn editorial by W. L. ALDEN in N. Y. *Times.*

BILLIARDS.

The Collender Billiard and Pool Tables

have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

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"Straight Mesh" Cigarette

NOW READY.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,

SPENCERIAN PENS

These famous Steel Pens combine the essential qualities of Elasticity, Durability and real Swan Quill action, and are suited to all styles of writing. For sale everywhere.

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Hand-Made

Sour Mash Whiskeys.

OLD CROW RYE.

HERMITAGE, MAYFIELD.

4 TO 12 YEARS OLD.

Sold absolutely pure, uncolored, unsweetened. None sold until four summers old. $3.50 to $9.00 to families. To the trade, at trade prices. Finest Wines and Liquors.

H. B. KIRK & CO., 69 FULTON ST., NEW YORK. 1158 B'WAY, COR. 27TH ST.

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OF

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WINE GROWERS, MAREUIL SUR-AY (Champagne).

BRANCH HOUSES: 23 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris; 37 Beaver Street, New York.

Are now shipping their Cuvees of 1878 Wines, the quality of which will make them rank among the finest ever imported into the United States.

MAXIMUM, Very Dry.
NAPOLEON'S CABINET, Extra Dry.
DRY VERZENAY.

FOR SALE BY ALL THE BEST WINE MERCHANTS AND GROCERS THROUGHOUT THE STATES.

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Treatment For

And Diseases of the HEAD, THROAT & LUNGS!

Can be taken at home. No case incurable when our questions are properly answered. Write for circulars, testimonials, etc., REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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It is a standard remedy with all physicians who treat mental or nervous disorders.

It strengthens the intellect, restores lost energy, develops good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years. It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation, and proves "the survival of the fittest" to the next.

Brain Workers need Brain Food.

For sale by Druggists, or mail $1 *to F. Crosby Co., 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.*

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The Good Old Fashioned Remedy. 25 cts. a box.

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In producing a seal sea bath at home send for circular.

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MILLS AT MECHANIC FALLS, - - MAINE.

Messrs. L. Prang & Co. are about to issue Carols of Ye Olden Time, a series of Easter Cards of quaint design.

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A

POSITIVE CURE

for every form of

SKIN & BLOOD DISEASE.

FROM

PIMPLES to SCROFULA

ITCHING, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous, Inherited, Contagious, and Copper Colored Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, are positively cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, cleanses the blood and perspiration of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, instantly allays Itching and Inflammation, clears the Skin and Scalp, heals Ulcers and Sores, and restores the Hair.

CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50 cents; Soap, 25 cents; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

SOHMER

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in stock accident insurance companies should bear in mind that they can procure in

The United States

Mutual Accident Association

$10,000 Accident Insurance and $50 Weekly Indemnity

at the same Annual Cost they are now carrying the smaller amount for.

HOW TO BECOME A MEMBER: Write for Circular and application Blank and when received fill out your application, inclose $4, and forward it to the Secretary at New York on receipt of which a policy will be promptly mailed to you.

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PRESS OF GILLIS BROTHERS, 75 & 77 FULTON STREET N. Y.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MARCH 13, 1884. NUMBER 63.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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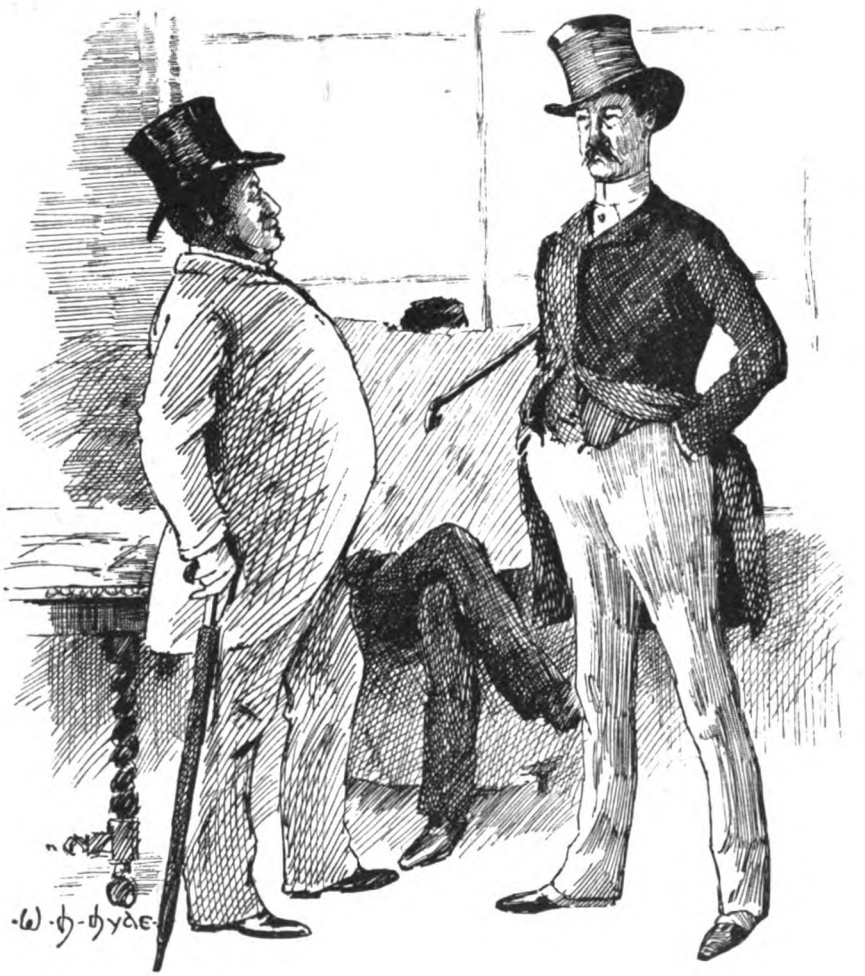

PONEYS?

HELLO! JACK, YOU LOOK LIKE DEATH ON A PALE HORSE.
WELL, I DO N'T KNOW ABOUT THAT, BUT I'M DEATH ON PALE BRANDY.

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VOL. III. MARCH 13TH, 1884. NO. 63.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

AN entertainment to provide a home for the destitute blind will shortly be given in this city, under the patronage of many distinguished ladies. The time, place, and programme are given elsewhere in these columns. No worthier object can be found towards which society can give its mite.

* * *

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD says that the great public has not wholly comprehended what he is after; and, so far as it has comprehended, has not liked it. This, we take it, is a terrible and demolishing revenge for the late unpleasantness in Boston.

* * *

"YES, it is quite true I have gone into the chicken business, and I may be allowed to further remark that it is not the first time I got in on a fowl."—*R. B. Hayes.*

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the New York *World*, has joined the noble army waging war upon news pirates. This is very good—excellent good. But what the country really needs is a Society for the Prevention of Piracy of Humor. It is sad to see so great a contemporary as one of those we have mentioned clip joke after joke from these columns without giving a line of credit. Consistency is a jewel; but exactly how our contemporary looks upon the piracy question is yet not clear.

* * *

WE are daily growing in our knowledge of nature in general, and of white mice in particular. Hitherto white mice have heen regarded as somewhat inferior in ferocity to the Bengal tiger, but useful to the small boy as a means of making home uninhabitable and chaotic. The chief characteristics of the white mouse are pink eyes, an enormous appetite, a searching odor, and a large family. In his tin cage he runs up ladders, slides down strings, spins his treadmill with an agony of squeaks, and fills the air with a knowledge of his presence, Beyond this he is of no earthly use except as bait for impoverished bull-frogs. It is due, therefore, to Cleveland to chronicle a new and important white mouse discovery. It seems that a Mr. John N. Lee, a wealthy contractor of that city, was standing recently in front of a bird store, when a woman stepped up to him and offered to show him some white mice. Being deeply interested in white mice, he entered the store. His wife saw him, went home, packed up, and sought sanctuary with her mother, and began proceedings for a divorce. Exactly the part played by the white mice in the matter is difficult to see, except on the general principle that mice and women, oil and water, are hostile properties. It is, however, shortly to be investigated by the Cleveland Academy of Sciences, and the secret will soon be known.

* * *

SWIFTLY following the tidings of the upheaval of dangerous white mice in Cleveland, comes the news, through our esteemed contemporary, the *Tribune*, of a raid by depraved Maltese cats on the residences of some of the "best people" in Brooklyn. It seems that some malevolent joker inserted an advertisement in an innocent Brooklyn paper, offering, in the name of a Miss Jenny Lynch, seven good dollars for a Maltese cat. The following morning, promptly at 7 o'clock, a small boy appeared with a cat, and softly rang the bell. He was dismissed politely, and set his cat at liberty. At 7:03 another boy and cat appeared, and before he had a chance to put in a bid, two more boys and three cats. Then more cats and also boys. Still they came. The street was a moving river of boys and cats in chancery, breaking into eddies in front of the Lynch mansion, and dissolving in a whirlpool of free fights among the disappointed boys, and a cascade of escaping cats pouring over Mr. Lynch's fence. Within, Miss Lynch sat in tears and an arm chair. Still came cats. Black cats, white cats, gray cats, brown cats, young cats and old cats, striped cats, spotted cats, mangy cats, cats with and without a tail, cats Maltese and aristocratic, cats moth-eaten and plebeian, cats on barn, barrel, fence and housetop, settling difficulties of a year's standing with vigor and zeal, and filling the air with whirlwinds of yells and fur. Detachments of the Cleveland police were ineffectual, and the neighborhood was practically surrendered to small boys, cats and despair.

There is something startling in this. Cats in Brooklyn and white mice in Cleveland. Let the two be brought into conjunction.

* * *

THE growth of the Bartholdi fund is another proof that development is a matter of age.

* * *

FORNEY'S *Progress* complains that Mr. Irving has been given too much prominence in the magazines. This may be true. The same might be said of Mary Anderson and the newspapers. This is a strange world, and the lunatic asylums get only a tithe of what is due them. But what really excites curiosity is how the Prince of Wales manages to get so much gratuitous advertising out of notices of the peripatetic profession. He is almost as widely known now as Eliza Pinkham.

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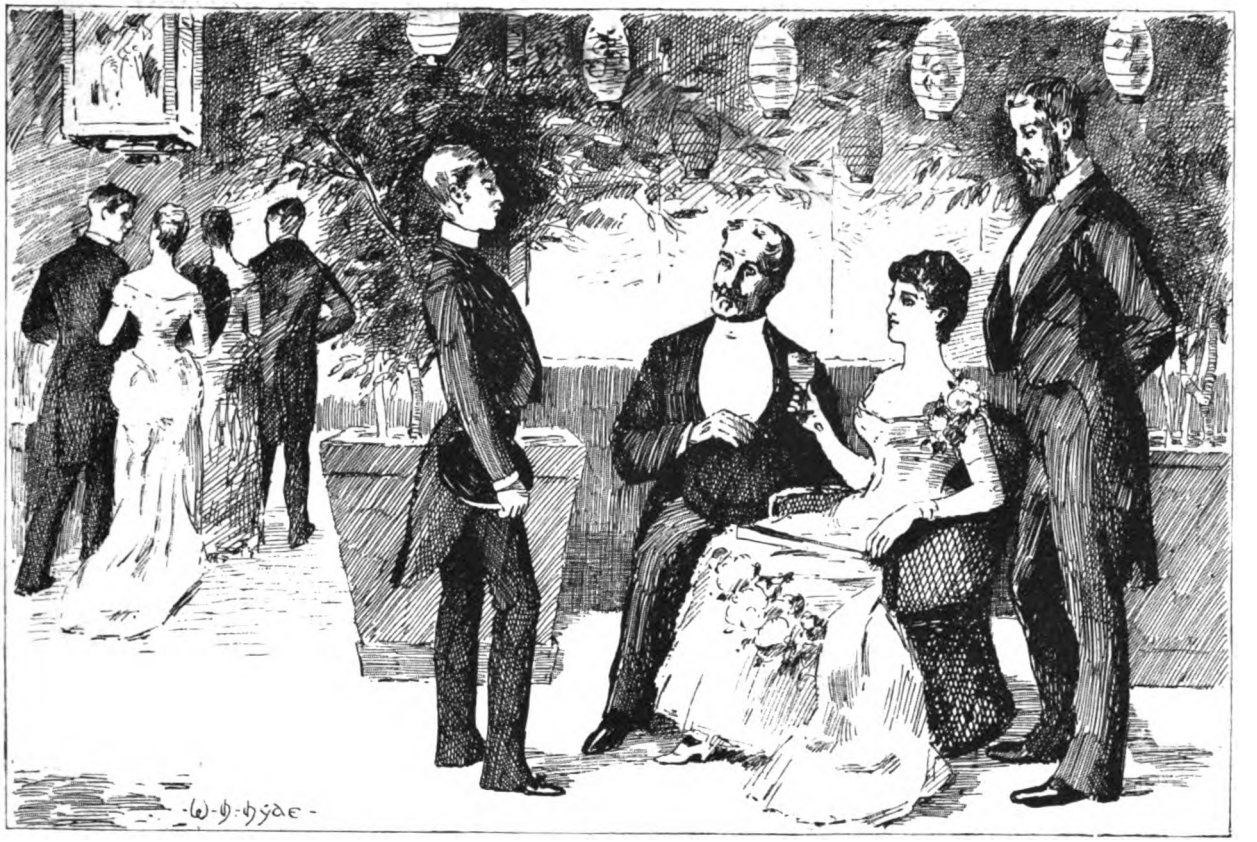

FROM THE NURSERY.

Dude (*posing for a bold, bad man*): How does water taste, Miss Belasys?
Miss B.: You do n't mean to say they 've brought you up all this time on milk!

ACROSS THE WASTE.

SHE.

HAVE you hated me well and held me cruel,
Lover of mine, whom I left so long?
Have you thought with pain I contemned the jewel
Of love so loyal and faith so strong?

HE.

Sweet, should I take what I once had given,
Your militant right to rule and reign?
Let silence have doomed me or speech have shriven,
I prized the pardon or bore the pain.

SHE.

The years and the fates have been very grievous
To you, my lover; as well to me,
They bind us in love, then only leave us
That I both your judge and your scourge must be.

HE.

Darling, I heed not if they but leave me
The dream of your face and the by-gone bliss;
I would never exchange for my lot most lonely
The promise of aught that would kill your kiss!

J. M.

UNIVERSITIES AS ADVERTISING AGENCIES.

THE graduates of Columbia College have recently received the following communication from its President.

No. 63 *East* 49*th Street, New York, February*, 1884.

Dear Sir:

I very cordially commend the Columbia Bank, (Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street), for your personal, family and business accounts.

It has been named in honor of Columbia College, the Alma Mater so dear to her sons, and it would be only a suitable reciprocity to acknowledge the compliment in a practical way.

It is for the interest of up-town residents, to build worthy up-town institutions.

The active Bank directors controlling its management are among the most experienced and successful financiers in the city, and every one dealing with the Bank may do so with the utmost confidence. Very Truly Yours,

F. A. P. BARNARD.

The credit of suggesting this letter is doubtless due to one of President Barnard's colleagues upon the board of direction, Mr.

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Elliott F. Shepard; upon whose style it is evidently modeled. And unless Mr. Shepard immediately takes out a patent for his invention, it will be imitated far and wide. Hitherto, the sole connection between advertisements and universities has been manifested by the zeal with which some of our college presidents have sought to attract the attention of the public to the merits of their respective institutions of learning. This was most conspicuous on the occasion when President Eliot is said to have been seen perched near the summit of a steep White Mountain precipice, painting in large white letters upon the virgin rock: "Send your Sons to Harvard." That, however, occurred several years ago. The times have changed, and our colleges with them. It is rumored that, already, the Havard faculty are discussing the feasibility of forcing upon the other universities an additional athletic rule, providing that, henceforth, each race-boat shall carry at its prow a banner with a legend, advising the spectators to use a particular kind of soap. The advance agents of New York managers hope, soon, to close a contract with President Porter authorizing them to transform some of the windows of the Battell Chapel into stained glass bill-boards; through which the glowing sun will display to the rapt worshippers the forms, more attractive than those of hermaphroditic angels, of Miss Sadie Martinot and Mrs. Lillie Langtry; and in place of scenes from the parables, tableaux from plays first produced at Niblo's Garden and the Bijou Theatre. President Varter is expected soon to largely increase the revenues of Williams College by varying the monotony of his examination papers with advertisements of the works of Zola. And ere long the slogan of Princeton will be changed from Pst—Boom—Ah, to S.—T.—1860—X. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that Professor Dwight will resign his position before he will consent to insert in his lectures upon law puffs of the annotated edition of the Civil Code, which will be published immediately after the Governor has signed the bill this Winter.

HER GLOVE.

I HAVE found such a dear little glove,
So daintily scented and free,
That I 've sent it away to my love.
Will a mitten come back to me?

For a message I 've placed within—
Its meaning she surely must see;
Will she find the words sweet that I wrote,
Or send back a mitten to me?

To-night I will follow the glove,
To know what my fate may be;
Shall I kiss the hand that it fits,
Or bring back a mitten with me?

B. W. G.

SOLILOQUY of a thief, professionally occupied.—"My pals have called me a bird. So I am, I 'm a robin."

IMPECUNIOUS debtor.—"I 've been haunted by ghosts all day.—As Robinson enters with his little bill—And here comes another spectre."

Robinson.—"There 's where you 're mistaken, my boy, I 'm an expecter."

A SNOW bawl—"Excelsior."

AN ECHO OF BOSTON.

NOW true it is that misfortunes never come singly, for not only are my half-sister's children momentarily expected for a visit of goodness only knows how long, but in addition, to-day is my birthday, and I cannot but realize that the time is fast approaching when I shall be spoken of as "a lady of an uncertain age."

I have been busy this morning looking through the garret for some Bibles to lay about on tables and bureaus, as I think they would tend to impress our visitors with a sense of our respectability, although they have lived all their lives in Paris, and for aught I know may be Mohammedans or Buddhists. We, that is, papa and I, are Unitarians, but so many people in our very first society are now Episcopalians that I have somehow drifted into the habit of going to Phillips Brooks's. Papa does not go to church at all; he says he is too old and too tired.

We live of course in the back-bay district; it is "made land," to be sure, and the houses settle and drains break, and we have considerable malaria and typhoid fever about us, but then when one considers the respectability of the situation, these drawbacks dwindle into nothingness.

Our means are quite limited—I fully realize this, as I am papa's housekeeper, but fortunately Boston is the one place where money is subservient to mind and culture, and where there is a certain style and dignity in being poor.

I have never married—we seldom do marry in Boston, as it is such a commonplace thing to do, and interferes seriously with our German studies, which we place before everything; for, to be able to translate Heine is to have an assured position in Boston society.

My niece and nephew have arrived; they are older than I expected, both look to be fully twenty. I must confess they are quite handsome, although very, *very* un-Boston like. They have light hair, and Jack seems rather English, although, like his sister Helen, he is much too demonstrative; in fact, Helen on arriving was

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WHY DO THINGS BY HALVES?

THE PRESENT FASHION OF SWEETENING AFTER-DINNER COFFEE WITH ROCK CANDY IS ALL VERY WELL, BUT WHY NOT HAVE AN HONEST REVIVAL AND GO BACK TO THE ORIGINAL COSSACK CUSTOM? HAVE A LUMP OF THE MATERIAL ATTACHED TO A STRING AND LET EACH GUEST PUT THE END OF IT IN ONE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH AND DRINK FROM THE OTHER.

---

for taking me by both hands and kissing me, and I was therefore obliged to receive her quite coldly, at which she seemed so hurt that I had to explain that in Boston we never show any feeling or enthusiasm under any circumstances whatever, at which Jack seemed immensely amused and said he would immediately have his trousers and overcoat trimmed with crape and try his best to be properly solemn.

The more I see of my niece and nephew the more I fear they will not "take" in Boston society. Their means are quite narrow, and they have brought us letters with them, and seem to be under the delusion that I will introduce them! Just as though I had never learned the folly of doing people favors!

Jack has come over here with the ostensible purpose of going into business, and has just invested his little all in a mine or some such insane thing, the result of which will be of course that we shall have to support them entirely. Helen's object in coming over is only too apparent, and I cannot but blush at such a bare-faced scheme. In addition she dresses so like a respectable French actress (if there ever was such a thing) that I am really shocked,—no bright colors, to be sure, but then, to be four years in advance of the fashions is simply outrageous, and makes everbody else look so dowdy. Just fancy her with a large bustle and all the rest of us just as straight and smooth behind as Bunker Hill Monument!

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Altogether I feel convinced that there is no hope of their ever being any credit to us or any help in strengthening our position, so the sooner I drop a hint for them to move to a boarding house the better it will be in the end.

We went last evening to a dinner party at the Clarendons', who I know but slightly, but as they are quite at the head of things, socially, I was exceedingly glad to have the opportunity of seeing more of them. It seems that Helen and Jack were quite intimate in Paris with their cousin old General Clarendon, and it was through him that we were invited.

Helen was dressed for the occasion in an extraordinary and indescribable dress, and, with her yellow hair, looked more like an actress than ever,—of course I could not tell her so as it was through her that I had been invited.

After we were seated at table there came that little pause so usual at the beginning of Boston dinners. It is caused I think partly by our heavy burden of respectability combined with the solemnity of the occasion. Helen, however, did not seem to be in the slightest impressed and coolly broke the silence by saying:

"I thought my dear old friend, the General, was coming to night?" whereat General Clarendon peered over the center-piece of flowers that had completely hidden him, and laughing said:

"*Je suis arrivé, ma chère!*"

"*Et le ciel a visité la terre!*" laughed back Helen with a little bow of half surprise, half welcome.

Of course everybody was shocked at this, for it seemed so like *opera-bouffe*, and it was really too bad for a young girl to deliberately chaff an old gentleman in that rowdy manner.

After dinner, to make matters worse, Master Jack must needs sing. He selected an Italian song and sang it just like a professional, with great sentiment and expression, and of course there was perfect silence when he had finished, for nothing so shocks Bostonians as an exhibition of feeling of this kind. On our way home I took the opportunity to explain to Jack that in Boston we never tolerate anything but Franz and Schumann, and also that he must sing quietly, almost sleepily in order to be in good form.

I am afraid that Helen did not like my telling her that she must tone down her manner of dressing, for she replied that on the morrow she would get some green chintz and red Turkey cotton and make herself a regular Boston dress.

Young Mr. Clarendon's card has just been brought to me. This is really being quite attentive, for he was exceedingly polite to me the other evening. He is some years my junior, to be sure, but that is of but small importance. I think my hair will do as it is, and I will put on my plum-colored silk as the day is so dark that it will not be noticed that the two front breadths are new. I think I will make believe that I did not know he was there, and so stroll into the palor humming "*Für Einen*" and then blush and be very much surprised to see him,—I don't think I have forgotten how to blush.

It seems that it was Helen that he called on; I cannot but regret it, as he has the name of being rather fast, and I doubt if he is a proper person to be calling on a very young girl, and I positively decline to take any responsibility in the matter—not that I have a word to say against Helen—but I am very glad on all accounts that they are going to a boarding house tomorrow, for after their exhibition of the other evening I feel absolutely certain that they will never be received into society here,—they are altogether too cosmopolitan and demonstrative.

Several months have passed since I have written in this journal, months of trouble and suffering, for Papa has died and left almost nothing, and I have had to retire to the Old Ladies' Home; this last is hard to bear, it seems such a disrespect to Beacon street.

I hear that Jack has made a large fortune from his mine, and that Helen is engaged to young Clarendon: have Fate, Providence, and the higher powers lost all sense of right, wrong and common decency? R. K.

TWO IDLE EYES.

(RONDEAU.)

TWO idle eyes where soft romance
Shows in each sudden, girlish glance
Are looking straight at me, and stir
The sentimental messenger
To string his bow and set his lance.

Down in their depths the love-lights dance
And tease me in a happy trance
Where drowsy Cupids gave me her
To idolize.

Beloved, in the wide expanse
Where rhymsters roam look not askance,
Lest some grave doubt bid you infer
These sentimental stanzas were
Inspired by you. They are, perchance,
Two idle lies.

F. D. S.

IF a man gets his nose pulled once, it 's apt to make him think of next (t) week.

BOOKISHNESS

MISS Blanche Willis Howard in her last work cannot be said to have improved much upon her first novel. "One Summer" gave her fame, and was an earnest of her power. "Gwenn" is much more pretentious, and to those who read fiction for mere pastime and amusement will prove extremely disappointing, contrasted with the brightness, freshness and originality of the former work. Novels are the books read most to-day, and while there is a vast difference between a good novel and a bad one, the latter has frequently more success, as it awakens general interest, becomes popular, sells rapidly, and by the time we realize that we have been imposed upon by trash its success is a "*fait accompli*" and the author's and publisher's objects are gained.

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The scene of Miss Howard's last story is a fishing village on the coast of Brittany.

Gwenn is a daughter of the people; although bold, quarrelsome and profane, she is also beautiful, refined and innocent! She falls deeply in love with Everett Hamor, a young American painter who is spending the summer at Plouvenec, and whom she serves as a model. Hamor regards her merely from an artistic standpoint, and takes no notice of her except to lecture her occasionally in a fatherly manner. Much incident is supplied by Rodellec, Gwenn's father, and two friends who are continually and for no reason whatever hatching dark plots for the destruction of Hamor. They spend much valuable time in this manner, but are invariably discovered by Nannie, the little hunchback, an uncanny child, who is supposed by the superstitious Breton fisher-folk to be endowed with supernatural qualities. One day, as might be expected, Hamor leaves the country with pictures and luggage, never to return, and Gwenn, grief-stricken, rushes to the shore, puts off in a boat, and is forthwith drowned. A young curé, Thymert, who has been in love with Gwenn, on her death instantly leaves Brittany forever, which we wish he might have done at an earlier stage of the proceedings, as of all these personages he is the most gloomy and unnatural.

Altogether "Gwenn," with the exception of a few spirited descriptions, is dismal and unsatisfactory in the extreme, and we are tempted to wish that the warmth of Miss Howard's "One Summer" had not waned so soon.

OUR first impression on reading "A Daughter of the Gods" is that the author is quite mad. On deeper research, however, we are led to suppose that it has a meaning, though we have been unable to grasp it.

The story is a cheerful combination of earthquakes, magic, and shipwreck, and begins on a desert island where the Daughter of the Gods (who, by the way, is a most unpleasant person) is cast away with several other survivors of a terrific storm. Here she becomes possessed of a magic stone by aid of which she makes earthquakes, converses with the elements, and behaves generally in a most eccentric and startling manner.

Her friends do not seem to consider her at all a dangerous person. This is greatly to their credit, as there could be nothing more trying than being locked up by the sad sea waves with a girl addicted to earthquakes and other violent phenomena; and most intelligent and unbiased persons would much prefer the society of a limited number of savages.

After several months spent on the island, and many remarkable performances of a mystic nature, the Daughter and her companions are rescued by a passing ship and conveyed to England, where several new characters are introduced, and the story ends in great confusion after becoming hopelessly mixed and jumbled together.

The reader may be compared to one who, having lost his way in the woods, finds a path at last, which finally runs up a tree. H. S. H.

[*Special Despatch to the London Times.*]

FROM THE SOUDAN.

ENGLAND'S HEROES.

A Battle near Trikifan.

Three Englishmen Injured!!!

CAPT. WATKINS SHOT IN THE FINGER!

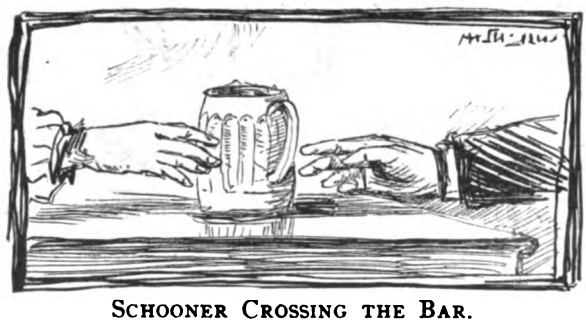
SEVEN THOUSAND NATIVES KILLED.

TOO MUCH TRUTH.

THE following comes to us as true: The Hon. ——, recently killed in a railroad accident, was so well known in the State of Vermont, that we refrain from giving his name. He was fond of style, spent a great deal of money, and when he died about a month ago left his wife and daughters without a cent.

At his funeral the officiating clergyman pronounced a discourse of the most eulogistic description, and as he sat down amid the sobs of those present, Col. S—— arose. Now the Col. had never hesitated to express his opinion of the deceased, even in the latter's presence, and when he stood up in the solemn silence of the dimly-lighted parlor with a broad smile upon his rugged old face a feeling akin to terror took possession of the mourners.

"That's all rubbish, Brother H——," observed the Col., "and you know it as well as the rest of us. He was a bully in his family and a toady outside." Here the Col. raised his voice as he changed over on to the other foot and looked sternly upon the faces of his breathless auditors. "And instead of whining over his disgusting old body in this way we had better be offering thanks to the Rock Valley Railroad for putting an end to him, and to the Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, for the twelve thousand dollars they have sent his widow. If such men as that are going to heaven, Brother H——, why, count me in for the other place," and with a little grunt of satisfaction he resumed his seat.



Schooner Crossing the Bar.

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AFTER THE BALL.

BY THE NIGHT WATCHMAN.

AND so you 've come back to the ball-room
Long after the dancing is o'er !
Could n't sleep—yes, I know the sensation,
For I 've been there myself before.

And so you climbed in at the window !
(I am glad there are no more spies)
And you go straight back to that corner
Where she looked up into your eyes !

And there, where she sat in the corner,
You are looking with eager face,
In the hope that she dropped a rosebud,
Or a ribbon, or a bit of lace !

But, alas ! your search will be fruitless,
For the place has been just swept clean ;
So good-bye to the dingy ball-room,
With its odor of kerosene.

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IT IS NOT DE RIGEUR

TO make a fool of yourself—if you can help it. The habit is not countenanced in England, except among professional beauties.

Or to enter a drawing-room with your vest unbuttoned, trying thereby to give the impression that you have dined well. This habit is as old as the English language, but is not considered *distingué* by most epicures.

Or to drop the gravy in your neighbor's lap. If you have so deposited it, do n't look self-conscious, and above all, do n't snicker or make remarks about it.

Or to stand with your mouth open. It will make you look like a fool, and you 'll catch flies.

Or to ask a young lady to meet you at 135th street, and then fail to go there. It shows a lack of sincerity. You may feel all right, but she feels left.

Or to eat cloves. It gives the impression that you 've been drinking. Eat onions. Then there will be no mistake about it.

Or to put your hand in another man's pockets when reaching for a nickel in a street car. Under some circumstances explanations are awkward.

Or to hit your wife on the head, either with your cane or umbrella because she talks too loud. Practice economy. Use a steel poker, and she won't talk again.

Or to say "turble" for "terrible," or "spurted" for "spirited," and remember never to say "I be" for "I am," or "um fit" for "they fought," or "um gummed it mighty" for "they were very affectionate," or "he busted him in the smeller" or similar expressions which are not used in England.

Or to say "ding it" or "dot dern it" when you mean "dash it."

Or to sit more than four in a hammock—it might break down and spoil the fun.

Or to wish a bride "many happy returns" on her wedding day. Just kiss her. That 's enough.

Or to ask which end is his head when holding a lady's poodle. Pick him up gently but firmly by either end. This gives the lady an opportunity to open the conversation.

Or to write love letters on postal cards.

Or to sit with your foot on the table and play with the mustard.

Or to eat soup with a fork. It is more elegant to use a spoon, and you get more soup.

Or to eat peas on your knife, as it has been tried for centuries in Germany and been found to injure the back teeth.

Or to drop your fork at table. If you do, quickly secure it by placing your foot on it, thus hindering all others from getting ahead of you.

Or to come to breakfast in your night-cap—especially if you have invited friends.

Or to wear evening dress in morning—and never wear mourning in the evening.

Or to wear your right eye cocked over your hat.

Or to wear bangles, ear-rings or artificial flowers during business hours.

Or to read a friend's private correspondence because he leaves you alone for five minutes in his library. It has a bad effect on your nose when the friend gets back.

MAHONEY'S MULE.

OF all the mules that e'er you saw,
The greatest on the kick or draw,
Is one that lives on blue stone raw,
Mahoney's bob-tail mule.

He lived when Adam went to spark,
And in the time of Noah's ark,
He kicked when he was made embark—
Mahoney's fearless mule.

In Pharoah's chariot he was hitched,
And at the Jews his tail he switched,
The Red Sea out his carcass pitched,
Mahoney's deathless mule.

He kicked Tom Asten's modest cheek,
And now they pass and never speak,
He limped on three legs half the week,
Mahoney's maddened mule.

W. J. D.

So the "Dignity of the Senate" has been offended! And how could it be otherwise? It is merely the natural result of filling our legislative halls with sensitive and over-educated scholars, who are too refined and pure for the rough contact of the coarser world.

LOVE-LORN youth hoping to excite sympathy in the bosom of his adored Arabella.—"Do you know, my angel, that I cannot bear the slightest excitement, not even to be spoken harshly to, for I am subject to heart disease, and might drop dead at a moment's notice."

Adored Arabella.—"Oh! dear, dear! Mr. Caramel, please go away, now, right off; go home, or out in the street. It would be so inconvenient to have you die here. Do go, or I 'll be obliged to call ma." Rapid exit of Caramel.

ON THE POLARISATION OF THE INSANE.

WE consider the Polar System a mistake. If patients throughout the land were allowed to go wherever they wished in special steamers fitted out for them at government expense, the increase of insanity would be something apalling. The general belief among unscientific people seems to be that the Arctic mania is simply a desperate resort for achieving notoriety. Now if the victims of this fatal ambition were confined in some well guarded asylum, instead of being shipped to the North Pole, it would be infinitely better for them, although, perhaps, a disappointment to the newspapers and a few Polar bears. By allowing them to sleep in the ice house, and limiting their diet to decayed meat and old boots they could freeze a few noses and feet, develop a fair amount of scurvy and consumption, and, in fact, experience many of the delights of Arctic travel, with the immense advantage of being able to give it up when they had had enough.

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A TALE OF A JOKE.

BOUCICAULT AND McCULLOUGH.

MR. DION BOUCICAULT is never entirely himself save when he is in troubled water. He is a lively fighter, and he is shrewd enough to know that his fighting is an excellent kind of self-advertisement. Occasionally, he has thrust his billious spirit upon others. But it has happened on many occasions that others have thrust their billious spirit upon him. Mr. Boucicault came to the city last week. He had been absent from us so long and he reappeared so quickly, that the world hardly knew that Dion Boucicault was again in the town that, only a few years ago, set him up as a kind of idol. Mr. Boucicault was to act in "The Shaughraun" at the new Park Theatre. Few persons, comparatively, knew that he was to act either in "The Shaughraun" or any thingelse. Suddenly, on the Sunday preceding the first day of his engagement, a Catholic priest undertook to tell his brethren that their souls would be more or less in danger if they consented to see "The Shaughraun." Father Larkin had come to the conclusion, by means of sapient deductions, that "The Shaughraun" was an attack upon the Christian religion and the great Irish people. This was too much for Boucicault, whose Celtic soul rose at once in arms. "I am an Irishman of the best stripe, and I wear the green," quoth Boucicault in effect. Then he sat down, and, after his hot blood had cooled a little, he wrote an impressive note to the venerable Cardinal McCloskey.

Father Larkin must be an exceedingly good man, and it is likely that he has never seen Mr. Boucicault's play. He bears some resemblance, spiritually and mentally, to the famous Brooklyn fulminator, Dr. Fulton, who rather than recognize the theatre would be willing to gnaw his inwards for the rest of his life on an iceberg. I am not sure that I am presenting Dr. Fulton's desire as he presented it; but I am not far away as to the iceberg. Now, would it not be a good thing for Father Larkin to join Dr. Fulton on some iceberg? They might float together down to the tropic seas and amuse themselves meanwhile by talking over the wickedness of the theatre. It is certain that Father Larkin would convince Dr. Fulton that "The Shaughraun" is a sinful and irreligious thing. In the normal neighborhood and in the community where they now find themselves, both eloquent doctors of Christianity—Irish and Brooklyn—are merely superfluous.

"The Shaughraun" is, of course, a harmless and clever play. It presents a series of quaint, humorous, or dramatic scenes, which have an entirely moral and conventional purpose. The wake-scene is copied fairly from real life, and exhibits simply the curious custom of a curious people. Boucicault has always been a sound Irishman—few have been sounder—and he may be trusted to avoid anything anti-Irish in his plays. His own performance of Conn is a deliciously droll work. This man, who seemed to be an antiquity in years gone by, and whose celebrated comedy, "London Assurance," was forty-three years old last week, preserves his youth with the utmost self-confidence. His performance of Conn is as lively now as it ever was, and I advise Father Larkin to see it.

Mr. McCullough is at the Star Theatre, though his engagement, like the recent engagement of Booth, does not seem to be as prosperous as it should be. McCullough deserves public support, for he has worked patiently and bravely for the public. He is invariably conscientious; he could not be careless, as Booth was. Sickness has, without doubt, told upon him. He lacks his old energy and impulse. He was never light on the foot or

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in the limbs; but now he is painfully slow and deliberate. On the other hand, his method is better than it was. This was noticed with satisfaction last week in his performance of "Virginius," which was, at moments, and particularly in the camp and forum scenes, extremely tender and pathetic. Mr. McCullough will be followed at the Star Theatre within three weeks by Mr. Irving.

G. E. M.

AN INSUPERABLE BARRIER

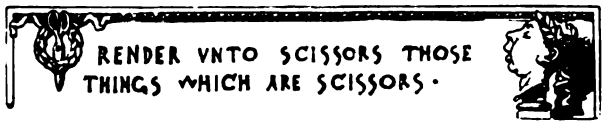
TO A UNION OF HEARTS AND HANDS.

I WEEP and I wail in my wild despair;
Ah, me! but my heart is sore;
I pull out the locks of my raven hair,
And thirst for some red-hot gore.
Why?
The land of the West holds a maiden sweet,
And the fairest face has she;
But, oh! she has also Chicago feet,
And that 's what besorrows me.

WM. J. DUGGETT.

OUR friend, MacSwilter, has left New York, the cause being loneliness, as he is a bachelor. He advertised for a wife, meaning one with a little money. Age no detriment. In two days he received seventeen thousand answers from husbands offering theirs.

LAUGH, and grow fat. How can levity produce gravity.



MASHER: "Ah would you—Ah, just set my watch to time, as I have forgot my key."
Jeweller: "Yes, sir—no charge."
Masher: "Oh, ta; awfully ta!"—*Moonshine.*

THE "Western Art of America," which has just made its first appearance, contains an article entitled "The Correct Medium Touch on the Piano." If this new publication can bring musicians in the West to the belief that it is not necessary to jump on a piano with both feet it will fill a felt want.—*Drake's Travellers' Magazine.*

"How I pity the poor such a night as this!" said Blande, as he sat in his comfortable apartment. "Then why," asked Bluff, "do n't you put on your coat and go out and see if you cannot render assistance to some of them?" "Ah!" replied Blande, "then I should n't be so comfortable as I am now, and I might forget the poor and begin to pity myself. That would be selfish, you know."—*Boston Transcript.*

WHEN Tennyson has time it would perhaps be as well for him to revise his famous "Charge of the Light Brigade," so as to make "six hundred" read "twelve hundred." Fully six hundred survivors of that gallant assault have since died, and there are at least as many more ready to make affidavit that they were there and still alive. Let the true figures be handed down to posterity.—*Lowell Citizen.*

SADDENED AGAIN.

"Boy," he asked, as he stood at the foot of Woodward avenue and looked across to the Canadian shore, "what is the depth of water off the dock here?"

The boy looked him all over with careful eye, and then slowly answered:

"That 's the way it 's allus been! If a feller wants to commit suicide it 's allus some one so big that his clothes won't begin to fit me! I won't tell you nuthin' about it!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

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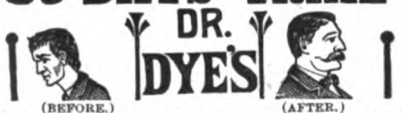

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A VOLUBLE chromo-peddler, who was bragging of his acquaintance with prominent men, was asked if he knew the Marquis of Bute. "The marks of boot?" he echoed, feelingly. "Well, I should rather think I did." And no one disputed his word.—*Norristown Herald.*

GUS (with paper)—"Heard the news about Jowler, of the—th? Bolted with Simpson's wife. We sha'n't see him again in a hurry." JACK—"Whew! he owed me ten pounds." GUS—"Worthless woman. Yet Simpson, the idiot, goes and cuts his throat." JACK (relieved)—"Then I come out right, after all. I owed Simpson twenty."—*Moonshine.*

PNEUMONIA?

"ME husband can't come to work to-day, sorr," said a lady, addressing the boss of the street-laborers.

"Ah, indeed, Mrs. Murphy. Then there must be something serious the matter with him, for he is not the kind of a man to loaf."

"Thrue for you, sorr; he's not afraid of work. He's very sick, sorr."

"I 'm sorry to hear it. What's the trouble?"

"A very bad complaint, sorr. He 's got the New Mahoney."—*Somerville Journal.*

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IN AID OF THE

"Home for the Destitute Blind,"

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This Institution has been at work for about fourteen years, and is the only one in the city which aids the adult destitute blind. There are about seven hundred of these unfortunate people in the City. This Institution can reach but forty. The enormous need of a larger building has induced the friends of the "Home" to propose the erection of a new building, in which charitable intent the following ladies take an interest. To help, in a small way, so meritorious a charity, they have arranged for some Theatricals, which will take place on the 16th, 17th and 18th of April, at the Madison Square Theatre, at three o'clock P. M.

Tickets can be obtained from the following ladies (with the exception of those whose names are marked with an asterisk):—

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THE god of the beau—Cupid.

WHY was Jupiter like one of the political parties of to-day? Because he wanted a Leda.

THE boss Fenian in Mythology—the Head Centaur.

THE Golden Fleece of old was sought by Jason. The Golden Fleece of to-day will be inherited by Jay's son.

PARIS green—the fellow that eloped with Helen.

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THE PSYCHIC: Earnest and soulful.

THE BACCHIC: Somewhat "beery."

THE JUNONIAN: A wife's kiss—mostly for "looks."

THE ARTEMISIAN: Very cold and "moon-beamy"—mostly a caress with the eyes.

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THE APOLLONIAN: Graceful and correct; never rumples or disarranges.

THE MARTIAL: Rough and rude, with an aroma of macerated clove.

THE PAPHIAN: Kiss of love—"Flatbush style" goes strictly by favor.

THE VESTAL: Kiss on the forehead or hair—not known in this country—somewhat obsolete.

THE ORPHIC: Kiss given by intense men, poets and composers, generally preceded by facial extortion and heaving chest.

THE NEPTUNIAN: Bluff and hearty; the lips being first wiped on the back of the hand.

THE ÆSCULAPIAN: Kiss from your doctor, not valued very highly; generally given as an encouragement to take a pill.

"DO I UNDERSTAND that your cashier is an embezzler, Mr. Goldust?" asked a friend of the banker. "Yes," replied Goldust, "and we had every confidence in him." "Did he drink?" "Yes." "Chew and smoke?" "Yes." "Gamble and drive fast horses?" "Yes; and, so far as can be learned, was never a church member, nor Sunday-school teacher. In fact, he inspired implicit trust, and it only goes to show how hard it is to discern a man's true character by his habits."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

THE TROUBLE.

"THEN you love me truly, Elvira?"
"Yes, yes, my darling; truly, most truly."
"And in spite of my poverty?"
"What matters mere wealth, when compared to the bliss of your noble love?"
"Thanks, thanks, my beloved; you have rendered me unspeakably happy."
"I would rather be your wife and live in a cottage, than dwell in the palace of a prince."
"Bless you, bless you, my own—but——"
"But what?"
"But I have n't the cottage!"—*Philadelphia Call.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MARCH 20, 1884. NUMBER 64.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy

PATIENTS AND PATIENCE.

WHY, COUSIN CHARLEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? I SUPPOSE I MUST CALL YOU DOCTOR, NOW, AND HOW ARE THE PATIENTS, BY THE WAY?

I DON'T KNOW HOW THEY ARE BY THE WAY. I KNOW NONE OF THEM EVER GET AS FAR AS MY OFFICE.

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VOL. III. MARCH 20TH, 1884. NO. 64.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

MR. HAYES is writing a book on the compaign of 1876, and devout Ohio persons are praying for cholera.

* * *

I RECENTLY stood a visit and an interview from a Chicago man. This shows I am not very far gone, does n't it?—*S. J. T.*

* * *

"SIXTEEN years with Madame PATTI," is the title of a book soon to be published by "PATTI'S husband." Another author veiling himself in impenetrable darkness for the sake of exciting public attention.

* * *

"ALKALAY vs. Alkalay," is the title of a very exciting divorce case now pending. Considering the progress chemistry has made, it seems strange to find so much caustic in trouble when just a little acid would neutralize it.

* * *

"HE will not come, though I should cry to him," said Miss MINNIE BALLARD, in the columns of our esteemed contemporary the *Graphic*. Of course he won't, MINNIE. Why should he? Still, perhaps you have already tried singing to him.

* * *

THE following extract, from an interview with a Princeton student in the columns of our esteemed contemporary the *Sun*, reflects great credit upon that same body:

"Charley," said an athletic young man on rowing weights, "your letter busts us. It 's bad 'cause some of the boys will think you were cajoled by Billy Sloane. It knocks the middle leg out of our table, and puts ridicule upon us. Most of the things we're kickin' against are alive, but when we look for real evidence the faculty get us on the hip."

* * *

THE Rev. Mr. JEREMIAH S. COLLINS, was for a long time a permanant resident of Sandusky, Ohio. One year ago he became possessed of the idea that he had a call to Texas, where he could cheerfully combine soul-saving with the culture of cattle on that blooming section of the boundless West known as the Pecos.

The Rev. Mr. COLLINS started for Texas with a trunk full of bibles, a heart full of hope and a bootleg full of pistols, whose maker believed in a light and frolicsome snapper. After seven days' journey by rail and four by stage he arrived at Blizzard, a small settlement situated where the Pecos ran swiftest, the cattle were wildest, the whiskey cheapest and most effective, and the moral character of the cowboy most thoroughly Texan. On the night of Mr. COLLINS' arrival, the hotel was enlivened by a game of draw-poker wherein one gentleman held four aces, the other a revolver, and the coroner an inquest. An hour later, after refreshing itself with an abundant flow of that frontier beverage in whose distillment the tarantula is supposed to play a prominent part, the multitude swarmed out to amuse itself with a moonlight lynching. The following day was Sunday, and Mr. COLLINS undertook to get in some fine evangelical work. The dining room of the hotel was put at his disposal, and a large and enthusiastic but somewhat restless congregation assembled. Mr. COLLINS intoned a hymn. The congregation listened. He gave out a text. The coroner nudged the marshal, and the coroner winked at the mayor.

Mr. COLLINS faltered. There was a double barreled shot-gun at the end of the room, and the Rev. gentleman fancied he could hear the buckshot whispering together and discussing the relative tenderness of his vital organs. He bethought him of the Decalogue. The first two commandments were listened to in silence. Then uprose Judge BERRY, who had one eye and a private graveyard. "Mis—ter COLLINS," said he, slowly and impressively, "no personal reflections, *if* you please." Again Mr. COLLINS faltered. He gave out another hymn and sang it himself. The coroner approached on tiptoe and whispered in his ear.

"But I 'm a Minister of the Gospel," said Mr. COLLINS.

"Where 's the lay-out?" asked the coroner again.

"I do not comprehend you," said Mr. COLLINS.

"Faro—rooge et nore—bunco—chuck-a-luck—what is it?" asked the coroner.

"My friend, I—we—there is some mistake," said Mr. COLLINS.

"P'raps it 's policy," said the coroner.

"What policy?" asked Mr. COLLINS.

The coroner looked puzzled. "*What* is it, then?" he asked. "What d' ye do, anyway?"

"I pray—preach—teach the Gospel," meekly replied Mr. COLLINS.

"How much are the chips?" queried the coroner, feeling in his hip pocket.

"I fail to see what you mean?" said Mr. COLLINS, in desperation.

The coroner shook his head and walked slowly down the aisle. One by one the boys filed out after him. There was a long consultation, with closed doors, in the saloon. Then a boy brought Mr. COLLINS the following note:—

"DEER SIR—The Kummittee uv publik morils hez dropped on your little game. Thar is a good trail over the hill and a good larryut in the hands uv the Kummittee. Awl flesh are grass."

Mr. COLLINS has returned to Sandusky.

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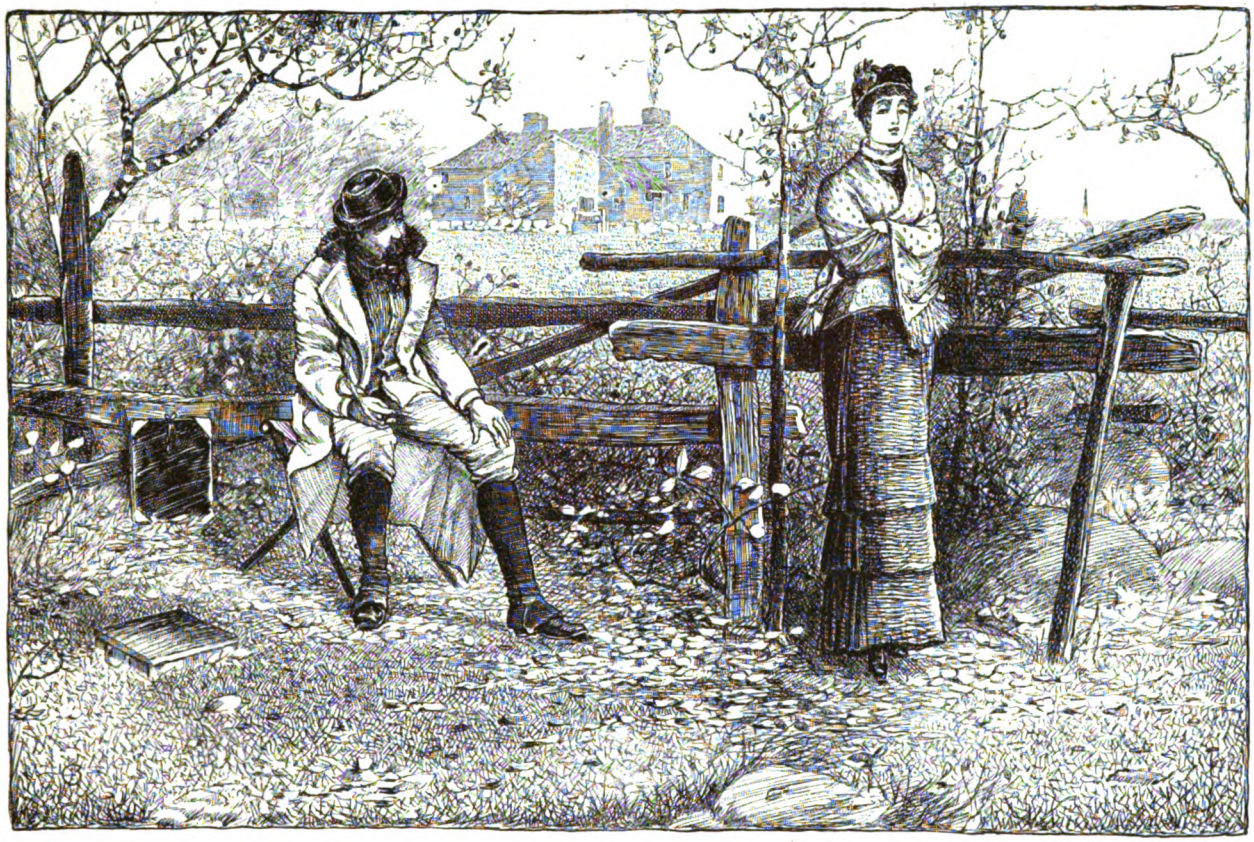

PORK AND PAINTING.

Aspiring Artist: I MUST SAY IT IS VERY INCONSIDERATE OF YOUR FATHER. (*Sarcastically*) I SUPPOSE IF I WERE A PORK-PACKER LIKE HIMSELF HE WOULD NOT OBJECT TO OUR MARRIAGE.

Dutiful Daughter: VERY LIKELY NOT. HE *says* HE PREFERS GOOD PORK TO BAD PICTURES.

A BAS LE MASQUE!

RONDEAU.

A BAS le masque! O, tell me why
Your charms are hidden from the eye!
I guess the charms you will not show—
I see but two, yet still I know
That those I see still more imply.

Those saintly fingers cannot lie;
Your form gives promise—bye-and-bye—
Of loveliness; if that be so
A bas le masque!

The time to doff disguise is nigh;
Let us advance it, you and I.
The crowd goes heedless to and fro;
The boon of just one peep bestow!
Consent is meant by no reply—
A bas le masque!

ARISTOPHANES.

THE REPORTER IN CHURCH.

(*A Soliloquy, Saturday, March* —, 188—).

"CONFOUND my luck! Have just received orders from headquarters to take in Church of the Holy Holocaust to-morrow and report Rev. Luther Hardshell's heresies. This knocks all my plans. Had intended writing up next week's double hanging to-morrow morning. Sermons! Bah! Why they never give more than a quarter of a column to a sermon, while that hanging will require at least three columns. At eight dollars a column that's just $22 dead loss! —— —— —— !!!"

(*A Transcript from the Reporter's Notes*).

"CHURCH of the Holy Holocaust—deuce of a name! Big congregation. Rev. Luther on deck. * * * Looks mad as * * * * * * Nervous old maid in pew with me. Passed me hymn-book. * * * Text: Did n't quite catch. Something like 'Look before you leap.' Guess it 's somewhere in Proverbs. * * * Bald-headed man in front objects to my breathing on his head. * * * Rev. Luther says something about jaw-bone of an ass. Could n't make out in what connection. Probably that old Balaam story resurrected. Ah, I have it! Luther says Balaam never slew that gang with the

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jaw-bone. Look up authorities! *Rank Heresy!* Can make a column on this. Did n't hear the last sentence Luther uttered. Think he said 'Moses did n't write the book of Proverbs!' Audacious assertion. Query: is it consistent with Rev L. Hardshell, D. D.'s ordination vows to say that about Moses? Print this in double lead! * * * * Sleepy."

Here there are evidences that the reporter temporarily dropped his pencil and fell asleep. He waked in time to hear the words, "is not inspired of God." These words are taken in short hand and are followed by: "Did not catch what is not inspired, but they say Rev. L. H., D. D., is a heretic and he must mean the Bible. We 'll just boom him out the middle aisle to-morrow."

(*What the Concluding Words of the Sermon Really Were.*)

"AND no man can stand in a Christian pulpit to-day and say the Holy Bible is not inspired of God!"

(*From the New York Busybody.*)

HERESY.

THE REV. LUTHER HARDSHELL, D. D., SAYS:
THE BIBLE IS NOT INSPIRED OF GOD.
He casts doubt also upon the story of Balaam,
And denies also that Moses Wrote Holy Scripture.
[*Special to the Busybody.*]
etc.

(*The Consequences.*)

"THE Rev. L. Hardshell is insane."—N. Y. *Gazette.*

"The Rev. Luther Hardshell should be expelled from the Church."—N. Y. *Sensationalist.*

"The Rev. Luther Hardshell is reported to be sick at home, but this is only another phase of his hypocrisy. It was told us in confidence a few days since that his parishioners had requested his resignation."—The N. Y. *Lyre.*

"I deny that I have made any such statements in public as those imputed to me by a journal of this city."—*Rev. Dr. Hardshell.*

"A question of veracity has arisen between a reporter of our journal and Dr. Hardshell, the heretic. We leave the public to judge which is worthy of belief."—N. Y. *Busybody.*

The public, knowing that the Rev. Dr. Hardshell is naught but a minister of the Gospel, while his opponent is a disciple of truth on a New York newspaper, unanimously decide that

Dr. Hardshell must Go!

J. K. BANGS.

ONE advantage of electric railways will be that we shall have good conductors.

FOR the small boy—It never pains but he roars.

BENEFIT OF CRITTENDEN

VERSUS

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

BLESSED be that devoted Kentucky jury which has spoken the word the world so long waited for, and has told us what we shall call it, the—er—removing to a happier sphere of a black human being by a white human being. Of course we all know it could in *no case* be murder.

A white man CANNOT, no matter how hard he tries (and he tries pretty hard sometimes), murder a black man south of Mason and Dixon's line. What does he do then? This heroic band of twelve, after an hour's deliberation, arrive at this great conclusion: The crime (*sic*) is VOLUNTARY MANSLAUGHTER! They work no pretext of accident or humbug about self-defense; they confess that the prisoner did it on purpose; nevertheless it is not murder. Delightful and delicate distinction!

The report of this remarkable trial says, "The prisoner's family connection made it impossible to convict him of murder"—solacing thought to those who long for an aristocracy! It appears that we have one in the matter of crime. Even as a King can do no wrong, so a Crittenden can do no murder. In old times, if a man who could read or write committed a crime, he could plead benefit of clergy in extenuation, and his sentence was thereby mitigated. Benefit of Clergy has long been obsolete, but now we have "Benefit of Crittenden," by which, if a man can but plead that he belongs to a "fast family," he need never fear hanging. How charming the logic of this must be, to the lower classes!

A man of wealth, good birth, and education, commits a crime. A poor and ignorant man, who has lived always in an atmosphere of vice and struggle and hardship, does likewise. Thoughtless people might blame the educated man more than the other, but what a superficial view they must take of the matter! It is clearly impossible that a man so well brought up could mean to do wrong. We all know how virtuous money or power make a man or a family. Clearly the "Benefit of Crittenden" is an excellent thing, only let us have all these doctrines plainly stated on our statute-books, or better still, in the Constitution. As thus: Murder, the voluntary killing of a white man (other than a Republican or a horse-thief). Voluntary manslaughter the same crime, when the man-slayer is white and the slain is black.

CALCIMINE FOR WASHINGTON SOCIETY.

WASHINGTON Society has been much satirized by novelists, amateurs and professionals, of late, and its back fence has been plentifully bespattered with mud of many shades. The white-washing process has now begun; "Her Washington Season," by Jeanie Gould Lincoln, is a pail of exceedingly thin and colorless calcimine. Though spread on bountifully with a wide brush, we fear that the disfigurements on Washington palings, for which the authors of "Democracy," "Through one Administration," and "A Washington Winter" are responsible, will still shine through to the regret of loyal Americans and the delight of Anglomaniacs. This novel is devoid of plot, incident or crisp dialogue. Its form—epistles to and from the various characters—is the surest and best

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PARIS is nothing if not sensational. M. Meissonier paints Mrs. Mackay's portrait; $65,000—a bagatelle. Lady does n't like picture; cremates it. Tableau; red fire. Grand chorus of Mahlsticks. *Gaulois* man pitches in; calls Meissonier a dodo. Great painter objects to dodo; wants to fight, but too old. *Gaulois* man ready to fight all the family. Agony of Meissonier. Fine old Roman father: Sacrifice my cheeild! Never! I apologize. Shake. Music. Grand *pas de deux*, Meissonier, and *Gaulois* man. *Ballet d'action* (whatever that is), Mahlsticks and Fabers. Calciums. Tableau all round. At back Mrs. Mackay sits upon the ashes and glares. Curtain.

OUR friend Mrs. Malaprop hopes Lord Tennyson D'Eyncourt won't make his maiden speech in the House of Lords and Commons in examiner verse, unless he has plenty of dactyls and spondulics on hand

---

BREECHES of promise—"Trousers in six hours."

FAST and loose—The man about town.

Is the caterpillar the *prop*agator of the butterfly?

Charles Montague de Poorville: WILL YOU TELL YOUR SISTER I AM HERE?

Maud: WELL, I 'D LIKE TO OBLIGE YOU, ONLY SHE 'S IN THE BACK PARLOR WITH MR. BATCHELOR CRŒSUS, AND MAMA SAYS IF I INTERRUPT THEM I MUST GO TO BED WITHOUT MY SUPPER.

---

mould is which to cast dull narrative. Aldrich once made a great success of a story written in the form of letters—but mediocre talent should beware of it. It must be admitted, however, that the letters of *Miss Dolly Oglethorpe* in this novel are bright and entertaining, though frothy reading. She and her friends move in the Empyrean of Washington society, and through their eyes no glimpse is caught of vulgar lobbyists, Bonanza Senators or Texas Congressmen. The only plebeian introduced to us is redeemed from her station by marrying a Count, of the Austrian Legation. Perhaps the optimism of this novel is one of the indirect effects of Civil Service Reform.

* * *

THE latest Leisure-Hour novel is "Called Back," by Hugh Conway. The titles of the chapters would make a Chicago head-line editor green with envy. Can the melodramatic West equal these?—"Drunk on Dreaming;" "A Black Lie;" "A Hell Upon Earth;" "A Terrible Confession"? If it can, we will read the novel as a penalty for our lack of faith in Chicago talent.

* * *

AS a model of the head-line art, we would refer Mr. Conway and our Western friends to an exciting volume just published, called "A Manual of Revivals: Practical Hints and Suggestions from Histories of Revivals and Biographies of Revivalists." Among the gems of this collection are the following: "The Management of Disturbers and Rioters;" "The Intrusions of the Feeble-Minded and the Insane;" "Some of the Evils Incident to True Revivals;" "Shall we join the Reapers or not?" These themes are now under careful consideration by LIFE's depraved Scientific Editor, the cruel inventor of the "Cat-Battery."

* * *

JOAQUIN MILLER is about to issue a novel on the manifold plan, which will be published simultaneously by a number of papers under the title "Sealed unto Him." It deals with Mormon Life.

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The Poet of the Sierras has recently been one of the picturesque features of Washington Society. Perhaps he may be induced to engage in the Spring white-washing also. Mr. Henry T. Finck, the musical critic of the *Evening Post*, has prepared with great care a "Wagner Hand-Book," designed especially for the pleasure and instruction of those who expect to attend the coming Wagner Concerts in this and other cities. It contains biographical and critical notices of the leading artists who will take part in these concerts, with analytical programmes, critical reviews and rhapsodies on Wagner. "There is but one Wagner and Finck is his prophet." The Appletons have published a beautiful edition of the "Vicar of Wakefield," with an introduction by Austin Dobson, in their neat and rich Parchment Library. "Hans Breitmann's Ballads" have at last been collected in one volume, and adorned with full gilt edges and stamped sides.

DROCH.

CLORINDA.

WHEN Lent to revels put the check,
Clorinda sought religious rest;
Yawned just a trifle, and confessed:
"I 'm nearly, dear, a total wreck."

But now, to windward of flirtation,
She skims away from dangerous ground,
And, thro' the Graces, thus has found
Relief from total recreation.

H. L. D.

BARON TENNYSON'S ROBES STOLEN.

LONDON, March 12.—Baron Tennyson took his seat in the House of Lords last evening. He was compelled to borrow robes of Lord Coleridge, his own having been recently stolen.—*Tribune.*

THE real age of a politician, is patronage.

HOME, Sweet Home.—A refuge for regrets.

MYSTIC MEANDERINGS.

BY HER ROYAL NIBS.

JAN. 1st.—This is the first day of the year and Beatrice reminds me it is New Year's Day. What a beautiful coincidence! We had cream toast and muffins for breakfast and I had two helps to each. Brown said he was delighted to see my old appetite for muffins returning.

Jan. 2nd.—It is snowing. Brown said that the snow was beautiful. It is. Beatrice says that some poet once expressed the same opinion. I will ask Mr. Tennyson about it. Brown came up at two o'clock to announce Mr. Gladstone, who wanted to see me about some horrid affair in Egypt or somewhere. Sent down word I was out. Am very busy knitting a pair of ear muffs for the Duke of Connaught and have n't time to bother about Egypt. Brown says that Egypt is old enough to take care of itself.

* * *

March 8th.—Brown has a cold. I made him four mustard plasters, which were applied by the Royal College of Surgeons. He is better. I ordered Dean Stanley to sing a Te Deum. He sent back word that, personally, he would prefer to whistle it. Wanted Mr. Tennyson likewise to change Locksley Hall so as to bring Brown in. He replied that he would be delighted to, but the only rhymes he could find for Brown were syntax, delirium and meningitis, and he did n't think any of these would do.

* * *

March 20th.—Brown says it is raining. Mr. Gladstone called. I was not at home. I *do* wish Albert Edward would n't worry me so with free tickets to American theatricals. It is frugal, but the boy will drive me wild yet. Brown says, however, that he will outgrow all these freaks. I trust Brown is right.

March 21st.—Brown got wet to-day, standing out in the rain telling Mr. Gladstone that I could n't see him. I do not see why I am to be bothered about those wars in India and Egypt and other horrid affairs. Beatrice has a pet kitten of which we are all of us very fond. I must really get Mr. Tennyson to write a poem about it.

* * *

April 1st.—Brown came in this morning with a large placard on his back, which bore the initials "N. G." When I called his attention to it he was real angry, and said he supposed it was done by the Prime Minister or somebody. I shall ask Mr. Gladstone about it. The cat had a fit this morning, which quite upset us all. The College of Surgeons was in attendance, and said it was meat. Brown says it is likely to die if it had more than a dozen. Dear me!

April 10th.—I sent for Brown, and read him this journal for a year. He sat with closed eyes, nodding his head whenever I came to a favorite passage. He then said that he did not think any distinguished woman had ever written anything like it. I chided Brown for flattery, but he assured me it was honest truth. I will read it to Mr. Gladstone.

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HOME RULE.

Brown (looking after one of the city fathers): I TELL YOU WHAT, ROBINSON, I THINK THAT I SHOULD LIKE TO LIVE IN IRELAND.

Robinson: GREAT SCOTT! WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

Brown: OH, IT'S THE ONLY PLACE I KNOW OF WHICH IS N'T GOVERNED BY THE IRISH!

April 12th.—Mr. Gladstone called. I read it to him.

April 13th.—Mr. Gladstone is very ill.

April 14th.—I wanted to read nineteen more chapters of my journal to Brown, but he said he really could not think of letting me tire myself. Said he would take the book and read it in his study.

April 15th.—Beatrice and I went out for a walk. Brown accompanied us. We walked up a hill and then we walked down.

* * *

May 2nd.—Brown said this morning that Mr. Gladstone should settle that Egyptian matter at once. I sent for Mr. Gladstone and told him. He said that Brown ought to mind his own business. Poor Brown! I am sure he means well.

May 4th.—We went out for a drive. Brown sat on the high seat in front. After driving awhile we came back.

May 7th.—Mr. Tennyson called. Beatrice showed him the cat, and I suggested the poem. Mr. Tennyson changed the subject. I read him some of my journal.

May 8th.—Brown says Mr. Tennyson is quite ill. I wanted to read some of my journal to Brown, but he said it was very enervating for an author to read her own work. I find this literary life indeed wearisome, and I sometimes wonder how Mr. Tennyson stands it. It killed poor Mr. Disraeli. I suppose it will kill me too some day.

May 9th.—I spoke to Brown about publishing the journal. He said if I did it would create a sensation. To know the workings of the sovereign's heart, and see just how much interest she takes in the affairs of the nation, which is so spendthrift in her honor, is a boon for the people. Brown says it will show them just what kind of a ruler they have. Brown is right. I will publish the book.

WITH all the murders committed about New York, it would be strange if somebody does not get the hang of it.

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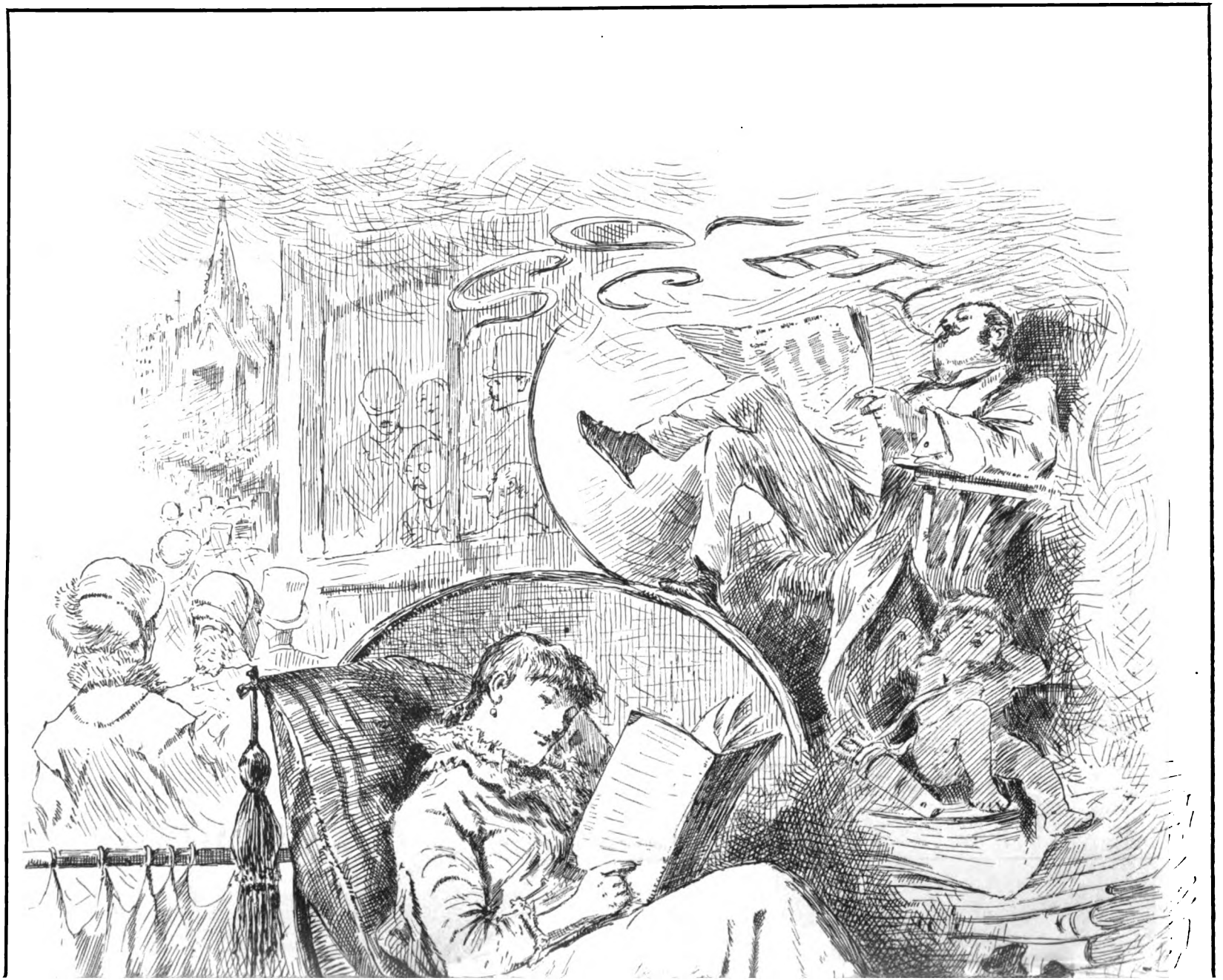

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PERIODICAL PIETY.

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BREAKING THE ICE.

I FASTENED the polished steel
On the snug little boot she wore,
As we watched the bold skaters curl and reel
O'er the frozen tide from the shore.
On her head was a fez, and a tippet of fur
Nestled under her dimpled chin;
And we skimmed and we glided
And curved and—collided,
Kersplash! and both tumbled in.

My fairy was fat and fair
And she clung to me like a vise—
A soused and tousled and dripping pair,
How we clutched at the cracking ice!
Her arm squeezed my throat like a hangman's rope,
Her matted hair mopped my face;
At the bottom the ooze
Got into my shoes,
And I longed for a change of base.

They came with a hickory pole
And pickets torn from the fence,
And threw us a rope near our death-trap hole
With a loop in the end immense.
In a trice I had slipped the noose over our heads
And pulled both her chubby arms through;
With a tug and a roar
They towed us ashore,
And we stuck to each other like glue.

I combed the ice out of my hair
And she wrung her petticoats dry,
And all that they did was to ogle and stare,
The men and the boys that stood by.
Erstwhile she'd been timid and shy as a roe,
But now she was ever so nice,
And chatted all day
In her poll-parrot way,
For you see, we had broken the ice!

H. V. S.

Dolce far niente.—Swinging your best girl in a hammock and tickling her nose.

CAR-TOON.—The driver's whistle.

IT IS NOT DE RIGEUR

TO apologize to a man because he has stepped on your favorite toe. Let him speak first and then sail in.

Or to let a lady stop you in the street to talk to you. Invite her to take a drink with you.

Or to stand talking to a friend in the middle of the street, thus impeding pedestrians, but move off to the gutter with him, and sail down the stream with the tide.

Or to sit in a lady's lap in a crowded omnibus without saying "With your kind permission" first.

Or to keep an elderly lady's fare because she happens to be alone in the omnibus with you, but divvy with the driver.

Or to say "I am full" when leaving the dinner table. People will notice it, anyway.

If you're a Miss, get Mrs. printed on your visiting cards as soon as you can.

Or to borrow a friend's wig, but if you do, be sure to return it before he notices that it has been taken.

Or to tell all the truth, when a little of it will do as well, and don't tell a little if you can convey the opposite by saying nothing.

Or to subscribe too much to the Bartholdi Pedestal or some one might call you "patriotic" or "generous."

Or to be late to dinner. You may lose the soup, which is often the best part.

Or to put your feet on the table unless you have on new boots.

Or to eat soup with the handle of your spoon. Do not ask for a second help, but save your appetite for what comes after.

Or to eat with your knife, unless it be a silver one. You may cut your mouth.

Or to remove your false teeth while eating, unless you can do so unobserved.

Or to throw pellets of bread across the table. You are liable to be hit in return.

Or to chew tobacco at the table. It will spoil your appetite.

Or to press food upon a guest. You will lose valuable eating time by so doing.

Or to drink too much wine when it is expensive, unless you are dining away from home.

Or to fee the waiter when dining at a private house. It is always best to be economical.

Or to invite your host or hostess to dinner if you can pay your obligation just as well by a call.

LENT.—The season to make up shortage by borrowing.

A BOSOM friend.—The plaster that sticks.

SOME good man has invented a machine for killing trichinæ in sausage. It will be discouraging to the acanthopterygious race, but may restore the *entente cordiale* between the Hon. Mr. Ochiltree and the German Empire.

FROM WALL STREET.

THESE are the bulls with the crumpled horns,
That tossed the little bears all forlorn;
That played with the tickers from night till morn,
And bucked against stocks and shares and corn,
And everything else that ever was sawn;
And wished when they'd done it they'd never been born,
They felt so wan and weary and worn,
Ragged and jagged, and tattered and torn,
Looking for margins all vanished and gawn
Where the woodbine twineth, and prickly thorn
Leaves the dear little lambs so cruelly shorn
Of the fleece so easy to sell or pawn.

THE departure of Irving is wrapped in Miss-Terry.

IT is a matter of dispute whether giving a piece of one's mind secures peace of mind.

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I.

II.

III.

IV.

WHO WROTE THE BREAD-WINNERS?

WE acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of the following letters, which limit the question of the authorship of the Bread-winners:

I.

[*Letter accompanying Photograph No.* 1.]

NEW YORK, March 12.

EDDITER OF LIFE.

DEER SIR: I am 14 yeers of age being took from the subfreshmen Class where we studded orthigraphfy and Moril philossophfy and was 2 base in our base Ball 9 whot likced the stuffen out of the Hobboken Tearers last sumer but perhaps you dont remember it Becos the Edditer forgot to Put no notice in But we whaled them 27 to Forteen, which was the Best they could do I am Clerkking in a Wholsail Grozery But my Pa says I am of a littery turn and so I write to say I am the auther of the Breadwiners.

Yours afectiontly,

WILLIAM TOMKYNS JR.

Ps. I think that is the title of the book My Pa wont be home from the horspital for a weak being took with shakes, but Ma says she is sure that is the Name.

W. T. JR.

II.

[*Letter enclosing Photograph No.* 2.]

Jessamine Bower,
Murphy Flats,
New York City, March 13th.

Dear, *dear* Mr. Editor!

How can I *ever* begin this note, and *what* can I say! You are a *total* stranger to me and yet——but then, the sweet, sweet bond of literature binds our souls as one and——but what am I saying! You will see by the enclosed sun-kissed picture of myself what I am. It was taken by *particular* request of the Sorosis only last week, and Mama says it is perfect. What would Mama say if she knew I had sent it to you or to *any* gentleman! But I feel that I *must* send it. But for *worlds* do not show it to *any* one. It would break Mamma's heart, for she *always* says her little Blossom must not be exposed to the rude, chilling blasts of the world until the sweet spring of her youth buds into summer. Still, the moss rose cannot help exhaling its perfume, and O, I *must* write you the *secret* of my *heart*. I often feel the inspiration to sit down in quiet hours and put down the thoughts which come to me. In one of these quiet hours I thought I would write a *novel*, and I dashed it off that same week. It has been published, and is called the "Breadwinners." Now, dear Mr. Editor, unless you are *forced* to, do not betray my secret. If you are *obliged* to, put in your dear paper a long editorial saying that conclusive evidence has been shown us that this powerful story is the first fruit of the genius of Miss Maria Annabel Parkyns, who modestly tried to withhold her true name. But do not say that *I* told you to do it. Please send me a *few* marked copies of the paper with the editorial—say a hundred, and *do* put it in your next. I am dying to see it. Mamma has just come in. In haste.

MISS PARKYNS.

P. S.—Do n't tell *any* one.

ANNABEL.

P. S.—Make the editorial *very* strong.

A.

P. S.—You *might* send me 200 copies.

BLOSSOM.

P. S.—That is what Mamma calls me.

B.

P. S.—Do not forget. I shall write to you very soon again.

B.

P. S.—I shall be home *all* Sunday.

B.

III.

(*Letter accompanying Photograph No.* 3.)

Mr. Ed. Life:

DR. SIR: I enclose photo I am the orther of the B. Winners which is now running in some magasine I hear from Mr Bill Sawyer wh is my refferance SW cor 3 av near the Eleviated Road. He says if there is any money in it I sh'd get some, as I have had some softnin trobble with my hed and just came off the Iland which is hard lines for a poplar riter. If this mater is not settled you will hear from me again

Very rsptfully yrs

THOS JULLYBEE.

IV

(*Letter accompanying Photograph No.* 4.)

N. YORK, March 12.

MISTER EDDITUR: Me frend Dinnis Gooligan, a nevvy of Pete McSorley writes this fer me ter say that av anny more av thim fellys sez oi rote anny book about the Bread winners oil wipe up de flure wid em. Oi sind a fotty graff of the last man what said *oi* wrote it. He kin be inwhestigated at belvew.

MIKE DOONY.

THIS IS THE MAN IN BELLEVUE.

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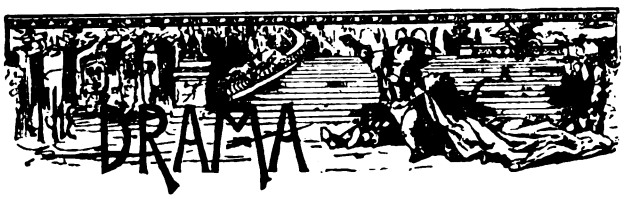
RENEWED ACTIVITY OF "THE FINEST."

THE POLICE SUCCEED IN BREAKING UP ANOTHER GAMBLING ESTABLISHMENT.



THE CIRCUS.

THE circus is upon us once more. We lay our æsthetics aside and glorify Barnum; Barnum the arch-prophet of sawdust and of hippodromic, mastodonic advertising. It is useless to say that the circus is not an *object de vertu*, or that it does not represent high art. Our fathers have sworn that it is immoral, the enemy of peace and of the Sunday-school; our intellectual friends regard it with disdain. But we have, all the same, our own opinion about the circus. We gaze fondly once a year at the lovely Miss Gazelle in pink tights, balancing herself on the chalked back of a carefully-trained steed; or at the clown who, now-a-days, is good enough not to crack his stale jokes; or at the famous Japanese juggler from Cork; or at the nonchalant young creature who permits herself to be blown gracefully from the mouth of a cannon. When we see these things again, we are thrilled with roseate recollections of our childhood, and we recall our youthful depravity with unmixed satisfaction.

But the old-fashioned circus has disappeared with the old-fashioned clown. The old-fashioned circus was a simple affair. I need not describe it to you, since you know all about it. The old-fashioned clown, a wit and humorist in his manner, a predecessor of the comic journals, has given place to the tumbling buffoon and pantomimist. Yet, oddly enough, the career of Barnum covers nearly the whole career of the American circus, a fact which exhibits the progressive spirit of this incomparable showman. Barnum has never lagged behind his time. There has never been anything too new for him. There are few corners of the earth that he has not ransacked. I am almost convinced now that Barnum is a permanent fixture in this mundane life, and that his imagination is projecting itself at the present moment into the next generation and into an unheard-of world of phenomena.

Barnum is not, of course, in active business. His young partners attend to his enterprises and make liberal use of his name and photograph. When you observe the beaming visage of Barnum glowing on you from a brick wall, you are, so to speak, inspired; for you are assured at once that Barnum has made ample preparations for your comfort and entertainment. He may be a humbug; but, although this may sound paradoxical, he is not a deceiver. That is to say, he gives you the worth of your money, and that is more than most persons who are not humbugs do. I have referred to Barnum as a great advertiser. It is hard

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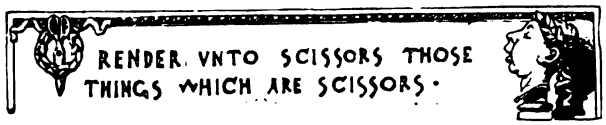
to believe that any brain but his own conceived the advertisements which have appeared recently in the daily papers. These advertisements are simply irresistible. They are cannonading by means of the vocabulary, words used with prodigious liberality and destructiveness. Match this, if you can: "Royally and transcendentally magnificent opening of the fourth year of the great and mighty compact uniting nine monster shows. Nine monster, massive, and colossal shows in one, and each show increased to astounding proportions." Bigness goes for everything in these advertisements, which are therefore, fairly proportioned to the "greatest show on earth" itself.

The show is certainly arranged with unlimited enterprise. The long and ample Madison Square Garden contains three rings, and a platform for expert roller skaters. Four performances are given simultaneously, which leave a broad margin for individual taste. There is a regiment of clowns—fat and lean, small and full, and one dude. Mr. Barnum could not resist the dude. The baby elephant, Jumbo, is, I feel confident, the most brilliant personage in Mr. Barnum's company. He is a singularly graceful, courteous, and well-bred performer. His most successful rival seems to be a fashionably dressed pig, who is driven in one of the rings by a skillful monkey. However, the performers are not chiefly elephants and pigs. There are many young women in satin and spangles, and there is a fine array of men with startling muscular development,

Well, I have been to the circus, and I am in a mood to hear some one sing "The Old Oaken Bucket," which bucket belonged to the golden era of stolen hours and fragrant sawdust.

G. E. M.



A TIGHT place—a saloon.—*Temperance Advocate.*

ROSEBUD dinner parties are all the rage. The rosebuds make the din, not the dinner.—*Philadelphia Call.*

IT is one of the inconsistencies of life that we throw bouquets at the soprano and bootjacks at the tom cat.—*Boston Gazette.*

A GEORGIA paper tells of a daddy who listened for two hours while his daughter and her dudelet occupied one corner of the sofa, and this was the sole conversation: He—"If lovie die, what ud dovie do?" She—"Dovie die, too."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

THEY were taking in the art emporium, when little Nell called her mother's attention to a figure of Venus de Milo.

"O, mamma! how I pity that beautiful woman!"

"Why, Nellie?" asked the astonished mother.

"Don't you see, mamma? She's all broken up."—*London Times.*

A LECTURER on the Indians says there are no swear words in the Indian language. They are not necessary. If an Indian can't do justice to his feeling when he kicks a hat with a brick in it by making use of an eight cornered, barbed wire sort of a word found in his own language he deserves to suffer the tortures of the condemned for a space of period.—*Norristown Herald.*

A WRITER in the *London Truth* cries down the wearing by ladies of their hats in public halls, on account of their size. And this recalls to the editor a story of Père Bateman. He had an assertive head of hair that stuck up like "quills upon the fretful porcupine." One day he came into a place of amusement with his hat on. Some one behind him tapped him on the shoulder. "Oblige me, sir, by taking off your hat." Off went Bateman's hat, and up went the hair like a Jack-in-the-box. So there was another tap on the shoulder. "Thank you, sir. Very much obliged. But please, as a personal favor, put your hat on again."

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.,

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LIFE AND POEMS OF THEODORE WINTHROP.

Edited by His Sister, 12mo, with portrait, $1.50

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A fascinating novel, by Hugh Conway, 16mo. *Leisure Hour Series*, $1.00; *Leisure Moment Series*, 25 *cts.*

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By ARLO BATES. 16mo, $1.

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CLOTH OF GOLD

"Straight Mesh" Cigarette

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Are now exhibiting their choicest importations of

Silk, Satin, and Velvet Novelties, with appropriate combinations for street and evening wear.

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EASTER FLOWERS.

Exquisite colored plates of Easter Lilies, Trailing Arbutus, Violets, and Pink and White Clover, illustrating

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We are just opening a fine assortment of High Class Spring Novelties in Satin Soulé, Bourrettes, Velvet Frisé, Embroidered Nun's Veiling and Drap d'Albatross, together with a large line of Tweed Suitings suitable for Tailor-made Garments, &c.

Broadway & 19th st.

THE breeches of promise, young man, are the ones you have n't paid for yet.—*Hawkeye.*

IT is rumored that Bob Ingersoll, on inquiring at the hotel desk as to whether they had a fire-escape, was furnished with a revised edition.—*N. Y. Observer.*

"CAN a mule driver be a Christian?" is a recent conundrum. He might if he tried very hard, but he would have to give up driving mules.—*Philadelphia Call.*

LEADVILLE claims that chronic disease is unknown in that vicinity. The fact is people do n't live long enough there to die of chronic diseases.—*London Lancet.*

IT may be interesting for mothers with marriageable daughters to know that the oldest and largest match-making factory in the world is in Sweden.—*Scientific American.*

"TWO hours to the next train out!" ejaculated the man who had got left. "How in thunder shall I be able to kill the time until then?" But he readily accomplished this by entering a barber-shop and waiting his turn to be shaved.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"I SHOULD be glad to hear you sing some day," remarked a gentleman to a young lady who was studying music. "I shall be delighted. I have the song with me now, and will sing it for you." "What song?" "Why, 'Some Day'." "Ah! yes. I meant some other day when I shall have more leisure."—*Musical Record.*

"I REGRET to inform you," said a railroad superintendent to one of the conductors of the line, "that after the first of the month all salaries will be reduced ten per cent." "Ah, indeed," replied the conductor indifferently, "and will your salary be subjected to the same reduction?" "Certainly." "Well, I feel feel sorry for the engineers and brakemen, poor fellows, but you and I—we can stand it, eh! old boy?" and the light-hearted puncher of tickets poked the superintendent playfully in the ribs.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
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Greatest Show on Earth, perpetually united with the GREAT LONDON CIRCUS and SANGER'S ROYAL BRITISH MENAGERIES, MONDAY AFTERNOON, March 10, at 2 P. M. Nine Monster Shows in one Mighty Entirety.
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1 Magnificent Roman Hippodrome. 1
1 Enormous Museum of Living Curiosities. 1
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From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address We advise any one wishing a cure to address

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NERVOUS DEBILITY in MEN quickly cured FRENCH HOSPITAL METHOD. New to America. Civiale Remedial Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.

"THE BREAD WINNERS."

Jones—"I notice that the author of the "Bread Winners" intimates that he is a mechanic and a master of his trade. Wonder what he can be?"

Smith—"As it must be some trade which highly cultivates the imaginative faculties, he must be a plumber."

Jones—"Why, where does a plumber find exercise for his imagination?"

Smith—"In making out bills."—*Philadelphia Call.*

TOOK IT IN CRACKERS.

A COLORED man with his right foot bound up with numerous rags and cloths yesterday entered a grocery on Woodward avenue and asked for a cash contribution of twenty-five cents towards the erection of a new colored people's church edifice.

"Where is it to be located?" asked the grocer.

"Wall, that has n't bin dun decided on yet."

"What is it to cost?"

"Haint figured on dat, sah."

"Who is the pastor?"

"Dun forgit, but I reckon we kin find one."

"Who is the head man in this enterprise?"

"De head man! Wall, Ize 'bout de head man, I reckon."

"I am not satisfied with your explanations," said the grocer. "How can I be certain that you won't appropriate the money to your own purposes?"

"Am dat what bodders you?"

"I confess it is."

"Well, sah, we kin git ober dat purty easy. Instead of making a cash contribution just weigh me out two pounds of crackers wid instrukshuns to turn 'em ober to de Buildin' Committee. Ize cheerman ob dat committee if I ain't nobody else!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

(FROM "TIT-BITS.")

"MR. JONES," said little Johnny to that gentleman, who was making an afternoon call, "can whisky talk?" "No, my child; however can you ask such a question?" "Oh! nothing; only ma said whisky was beginning to tell on you."

MEXICAN editors do not care about an extended circulation. The fewer subscribers they have the fewer times they are shot at.

WHEN George III. was told that General Wolfe was quite unfit to command, and was, in fact, a madman, the monarch replied, "M—mad—mad! Wolfe mad! Wish he 'd bite some of the other generals!"

A NEW way of collecting bad debts was most effectively tried a few weeks ago in the Rue de la Seine, in Paris, before the lodgings of a somewhat dissipated student. A man was observed walking up and down before the house, having upon his back a large placard with the words, "Monsieur C—— owes me for thirty bottles of *vin rouge;* I am waiting until he pays for them." He did not wait very long.

BILLIARDS.

The Collender Billiard and Pool Tables

have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

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And Diseases of the HEAD, THROAT & LUNGS! Can be taken at home. No case incurable when our questions are properly answered. Write for circulars, testimonials, etc., REV. T. P. CHILDS, Troy, Ohio.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

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It is a standard remedy with all physicians who treat mental or nervous disorders.

It strengthens the intellect, restores lost energy, develops good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years. It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation, and proves "the survival of the fittest" to the next.

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For sale by Druggists, or mail $1 *to F. Crosby Co., 666 Sixth Avenue, New York.*

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INFANTILE and Birth Humors, Milk Crust, Scalled Head, Eczemas, and every form of Itching, Scaly, Pimply, Scrofulous and Inherited Diseases of the Blood, Skin and Scalp, with Loss of Hair, cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES. *Absolutely pure and safe.* Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, 50 cts.; Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and only Medicinal Baby Soap, 25 cts., and Cuticura Resolvent, the new Blood Purifier, $1, are sold by druggists. Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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PRESS OF GILLISS BROTHERS, 75 & 77 FULTON STREET N. Y.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MARCH 27, 1884. NUMBER 65.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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AMERICANVS SVM

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy

THE WAIL OF THE MARTYR.

"THERE IS NO GETTING O-ON WITH LO! ALL I DID WAS TO WITHHOLD HIS FOO-FOOD AND BLANKETS, KICK HIM OUT OF HIS RESER-V-VATION, SELL HIM SAND FOR FLOUR, KEEP HIM DRUNK ON CHEAP WHI-HISKEY, AND NOW, JUST BECAUSE HIS PEOPLE ARE STARVING AND THERE IS NO REDRESS, HE GETS MA-MAD AND THER-REATENS TO STRIKE ME!"

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VOL. III. MARCH 27TH, 1884. NO. 65.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE following opinions will be received with great enthusiasm :—

Dallas, Tex., March 21st.—Mr. HANS ZWEIBLITZEN, keeper of the most prominent ten-pin alley in this city, to-day expressed the opinion that if Mr. ARTHUR were nominated and received most votes he would be elected.

Oshkosh, Wis., March 21st.—The ARTHUR boom has created great excitement here. Many persons seem to be anxious to know who he is.

Sedalia, Mo., March 20th.—If nine-tenths of the Federal patronage can be secured to them, there is no doubt but that local politicians will go strongly in favor of Mr. ARTHUR.

Salem, Ala., March 21st.—A club of colored citizens was formed here last night for the purpose of giving pic-nics to discuss Mr. ARTHUR and watermelons. The Hon. EPHRAIM BOMBSHELL, a prominent artist and kalsominer, was elected chairman. The club already numbers fourteen and six more names are promised, if funds can be raised to provide them with uniforms.

Brownsville, Tex., March 21st.—The post-office and custom house officials have unanimously declared for Mr. ARTHUR.

* * *

A CHEERFUL practice is undermining the cemeteries of San Francisco. The price of cadavers having advanced steadily for four years, the medical colleges found a scarcity of good reliable subjects. The sawbones therefore clubbed together and hired a venal sexton to make a midnight raid upon the graveyards lining San Francisco's favorite drive, and anticipate the day of reckoning for a small consideration. Things ran smoothly until last month, when an able-bodied savant was buried. A burst of thunder sound startled the citizens the following night; there was a patter of buttons and coffin nails upon roofs far and wide, and the sexton's wife awoke next morning to find herself a widow. It seems that the savant, a doctor himself, had directed a quantity of dynamite and fulminating silver to be interred with him, and the unsuspecting caterer to the college was thus trapped. The simple ingenuity and effectiveness of the invention seems to have tickled the San Franciscans, and the cemetaries are now being honeycombed with torpedoes and blasting powder, fuses and percussion caps to such an extent that the science of anatomy is practically brought to an end.

* * *

"WHY should the song die in thy throat?" inquires Ella Wheeler in the Chicago *Tribune*. Because it is natural. The song could n't die in his pocket or his boots. The only place it can curl up conveniently and go to rest is just where you have mentioned. And, if you have any rightful emotion in your soul, let it stay dead, just where it is, and pray against resurrection.

* * *

OUR esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, has abandoned its beautiful pursuit of the fierce, fictitious bear, and taken to cats. In a recent issue it sets forth that a gentle and Staten Island cat was decoyed from her home by ruthless boys and set adrift in a skiff. That a cruel wind arose and blew the skiff into the channel, where, clasped in the arms of the tide, the frail bark drifted out with its burden of despair and cat to the boundless sea. For nine days the merciless *Sun* keeps the cat afloat, tossing tempestuously and seventy miles from land. To slake its thirst the *Sun* invents a bailing pan into which the pitying clouds weep, and to feed it, a limited number of unselfish flounders are persuaded by the *Sun* to leap from their briny home into the boat, thrice daily and at proper hours. Thus nourished by a frugal diet of fish, the cat is ripe for rescue, and on the ninth day the *Sun* has a convenient schooner heave to, pick up the boat and cat and return them to Staten Island and happiness. The Republican party must go.

* * *

SEVENTEEN men were smoking cigarettes in a car last week. Three other men entered. In four minutes one of them died and the other two were insensible. There is doubtless a deep and searching moral in this, but the fact that all the smokers escaped shows how inscrutable are the ways of Providence.

* * *

THE malice of some men is beyond understanding. The editor of the Philadelphia *Sunday Transcript* announces that all poems sent to his paper will hereafter be published just as written.

* * *

MR. ARTHUR has the approval of Tom Ochiltree. The Republican party has tried to hush it up, but the fact remains, and it really seems now that the country will have to fall back on Mr. Blaine.

* * *

IT is said that but 15,000 copies of QUEEN VICTORIA'S book have been sold, but that they have been noticed to an extent not equaled since the days of the Sweet Singer of Michigan.

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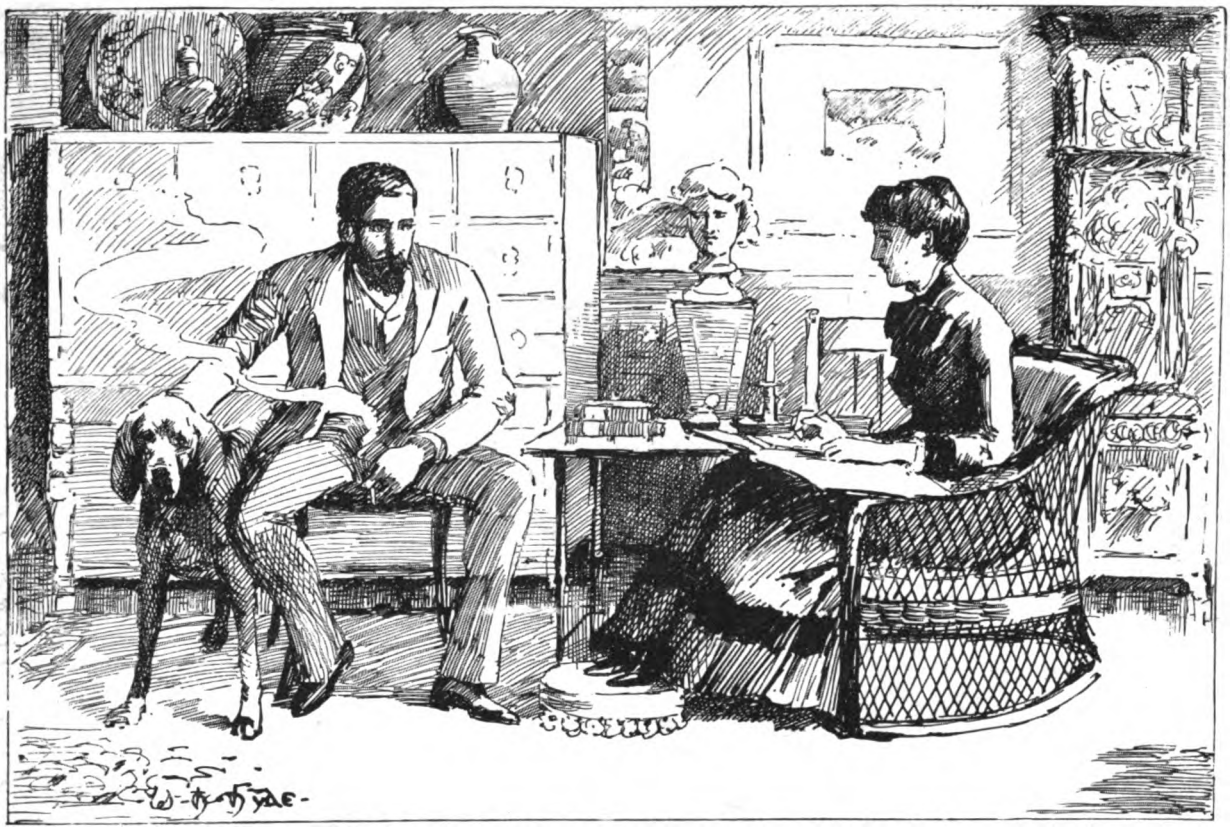

AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

She: "ONLY GIVE UP SMOKING FOR ONE YEAR, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH TOBACCO AGAIN."

He: "WELL, I DO N'T KNOW, I DID NOT SMOKE ONCE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, AND THEN I BEGAN AND ENJOYED IT HUGELY."

She: "FOR FIFTEEN YEARS! YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VERY YOUNG WHEN YOU BEGAN."

He: "I WAS FIFTEEN."

SMILE FORTUNE!

"Geld ist rund und rollt weg."
HEINE.

ALL vows of thrift my soul abjures
While my cup is full to the brim:
The world, the flesh or the devil lures,
And though Poverty lurks like a goblin grim,
I 'll stint and save some other day,
For money is round and rolls away.

The clinking coin gathers rust and mold
When hoarded by itching palms;
Blue eyes are brighter than discs of gold,
And I girdle the glad earth in my arms.
If love is true, true love will stay,
But money is round and rolls away.

In the spheres above let my spirit roam,
Where there 's nothing to win or lose;
While I live in the world I am never at home,
And light my pipe with my "I. O. U.'s."
When my ship comes in all debts I 'll pay,
For money is round and rolls away.
HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

A YOUNG lady who attempts to capture more than seven beaus, always tries to fascinate. There now!

THE RETURN OF MR. ARNOLD.

OUR distinguished foreign guest, Mr. Matthew Arnold, has left us. We have treated him as well as we knew how, and it is no fault of his friends here if the Philistine, that hobgoblin of a poet's dreams, pats himself self-complacently on the breast, as before, and Emerson sits as serenely on his throne as ever. In his forthcoming book Mr. Arnold may propitiate the rash judgments, delivered on the lecture platform, of our literary idols by dilating on the merits of the American cocktail and the urbanity of newspaper reporters. We await the book with great interest. The day may yet come when it shall be asked, "Who reads an English book?" But just now we are eager to read any book that strips off our masks and reveals us as we are in the searching light of criticism.

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Grandpapa: "BE CAREFUL, SIR, IF YOU BREAK ANOTHER DISH, I SHALL HAVE TO WHIP YOU AGAIN, AND NOW THAT YOU ARE GETTING OLDER, I HOPE THESE WHIPPINGS MAY BE DISCONTINUED."

Tommy: "YOU BET! AS I GET OLDER, I SHALL GET BIGGER AND YOU MAY GET WALLOPED YOURSELF."

THE humanity of the pork butcher is superior to that of the physician, in that the physician must either kill or cure; while the butcher may kill and cure both.

THE virtuoso in pipes may always be suited if he will invest in a stove-pipe.

A GOOD test of insolvency—Protest.

FALLING dew—A ten days' note.

LETTERS of credit—I. O. U.

"HAVE you anything against Brother Watson?"

"Nuffin', boss; not de fust thing. Only he 's a clergyman. But he *may* be an hones' man for all dat."

THE lost chord—A missing woodpile.

GOETHE was the first Philistine to crave "More light," and he might also have tasted of sweetness and lucidity had he poked his nose into the efflorescence of the nineteenth century and read my books.—Matthew Arnold.

We do not wince under the playful taps of the schoolmaster's rod on our bump of self-esteem. If there is a note of provincialism in our literature, or false taste is debasing our standards of art, it is time the fact was pointed out by men who are competent to decide for us.

But our main interest in Mr. Arnold's book will centre in a nice differentiation of the various types of Philistinism. Our literary taste is not so hopelessly bad but that we may become good judges of the merits of a cook-book; and as Dickens left it on record that the American cocktail is a nectar with which the gods may not be ashamed to wet their whistles, it were folly for Mr. Arnold to dispraise either. The Philistine, however, is a product of the soil here as well as in England. When Heine, in his *Reise Bilder*, invented the term Philistine, it was meant to include the Berliners, whom he spurned and hated next to Englishmen. The poet might have hurled the epithet at Mr. Arnold himself had he appeared before him incognito at *table d'hôte* in the inn at Cassel. Whether this would have been at all deserved it is not becoming in us to say; for Philistinism is an elastic phrase, when we consider how many types there are; and to call men Philistines is a courageous act, inasmuch as they may retort with withering sarcasm by saying that they have been attacked with the same weapon as that with which Samson slew the enemy. Mr. Arnold is not lacking in courage, and if he thinks the American Philistine a lower product of civilization than his British prototype, he will not hesitate to say so. He has already said that, in accessibility to ideas, we have the advantage of the British Philistine; but he may see fit to reverse the judgment. No effort has been spared to acquaint Mr. Arnold with Philistinism in this country. Nor have the Philistines sought to evade the apostle of sweetness and light and hide their ears under a Phrygian cap. Secretary Chandler's exhibition at Washington may not have been highly creditable to our national resources and taste, but Mr. Arnold has lectured in Chicago and Boston; and though we are all fated to be leashed and bound in one category, we may indulge in the faint hope that, among the higher caste, a select few are tasting of sweetness and seeking the light, and may thus take courage in the pursuit of perfection. H. V. S.

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BOOKISHNESS

MR. BUNNER'S VERSES, AND THE IDEAL GIRL.

IT is as pleasant as a reunion of friends whom we have met in many places, at home and far away, to sit down, for an hour's sociability, with H. C. Bunner's "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere" as a companion. Many of these verses are old friends of ours, which, perchance, we feared were hopelessly scattered over the world in magazines and papers. This dainty little volume, with its beautiful typography, neat binding and gilt top, appeals to us doubly through memory and anticipation. Who does not remember the coquettish verses called "Candor," which were copied in the poet's corner of almost every paper in the country? And who would not feel pleasure in reading them over again? And here are the verses called "The Hour of Shadows," which are still on their journey across the continent or, possibly, are just now fresh on the pages of some paper at the Golden Gate. Perhaps Mr. Bunner has made more friends by the laughter he has caused, but those who like him best listen for the sigh which follows the smile. And these will turn oftenest to the sad poem called "Triumph," or to the best of the whole volume, the four lines "To a Dead Woman":

> Not a kiss in life; but one kiss, at life's end,
> I have set on the face of Death in trust for thee.
> Through long years keep it fresh on thy lips, O friend!
> At the gate of Silence give it back to me.

* * *

"BACHELOR BLUFF" has serious designs on the brotherhood of celibates. No lonely tenant of a cheerless hall bed-room can read Mr. O. B. Bunce's "My House: An Ideal" without some sober thoughts of breaking away from the allurements of a gas stove, green cottage furniture and the prize chromos, "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep," and of building on the wide plains of New Jersey a local habitation where taste, comfort, order and good-will may reign, despite the ravages of malaria, mosquitos and two hours a day in a suffocating car. That which calls for highest praise in this book is a vigorous protest against every kind of sham in house building or furnishing. The first condition for an ideal house is that everything should be what it appears. There should be a sequel to this book, "My Wife: An Ideal." How entirely out of place would the modern girl be in a house utterly devoid of shams! Thousands are waiting, Mr. Bachelor Bluff, for the Ideal Girl.

* * *

READERS of those fascinating stories, "John Brent," "Cecil Dreeme," and "The Silver Skates," will welcome, now more than twenty years since their author's untimely death, the "Life and Poems of Theodore Winthrop," edited by his sister. The story of his life is told mainly by extracts from his journal and letters.—The author of "Helen's Babies" appeals to his constituency again with a novel of village life, spiced with a country commotion and a plot, called "The Bowsham Puzzle."

DROCH.

* * *

THE "Beacon," an entertaining weekly, recently started in Boston, comes to us every Saturday and is full of good reading. We find it rather too much like a daily paper in size and shape, but one gets more than his money's worth, both in quantity and quality, and we wish it every success.

SOME DAY.

(REVISED EDITION.)

I.

I KNOW not when the day shall be,
I know not where our paths may part;
How soon you 'll have forgotten me,
How soon I 'll win another's heart.
It may not be until our vow
Is broken in another way;
But courts are so obliging now,
I 'm sure to shake you off some day.

II.

I know not what the world will think,
I care not what our set may say;
But what it costs to break the link,
If only comes that happy day.
And when Justitia 's winked her eye,
And I am { master / mistress } of my fate,
I 'll bid you a relieved "Good-bye,"
And nestle with another mate.

Chorus.

Some day, some day, some day I shall shake you,
Though I know not when nor how, though I know not when nor how;
Only this, only this, this—that once you loved me;
Only this—you pleased me once, but tire me now, but tire me now.

B. F.

A PLEDGE of Affection.—Pawning the wedding ring.

AN ill wind that blows nobody good.—A fellow in love spooning his blasted hopes into a trombone.

"WHY, my gracious!" exclaimed old Mrs. Simpson, looking up from the newspaper, "if they hain't got them sparrers out in San Francisco. And they 're fightin' thar jist as bad as they do here. They 're bad birds, though they do call 'em by pet names. One of 'em 's called Sullivan, and was brought all the way from Boston. Law!"

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VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

YES, volunteers are wanted! Volunteers for a jovial little excursion to a climate somewhat cooler than our own, and where there are no mosquitos; where frozen limbs, scurvy, starvation, and consumption can be had for the asking—and often without it.

Men are preferred who can rise superior to our own effeminate modes of life, and appreciate the luxuries of an Arctic career.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," O gentle explorer! and when your nose and both feet are frozen and you finally give up all hope of ever tasting food again your heart will be sicker than sickness itself.

But the papers will be full of you, and other excursions will be fitted out for your relief. If you never return there are many (about sixty millions) who will say "Why weep? It was his own choosing."

In certain obscure towns and remote villages, however, there are tender-hearted old people who will swallow the oft repeated statement that you went there in the cause of science.

But they are rapidly dying out.

Far be it from us to make light of human suffering. We only regret that such an expensive and painful form of suicide should be officially recognized and encouraged by the Government.

WM. H. —— is to have a bust in the new Eden Musée in Twenty-third street. It seems a strange place to have a bust; but W. H. V. knows best. May be he, having tried it at home, thinks he will now try it somewhere else. Who pays the score?

A HIGH old time—The sun.

THE RADIATOR.

A STUDY IN THE MODERN STYLE OF COLLOQUIAL FICTION.

SCENE, the chamber of Mr. and Mrs. Ellston in an apartment hotel. Time, three A. M. The silence of the night is unbroken save by the regular breathing of the sleepers, until suddenly from the steam-radiator bursts a sound like the discharge of a battery of forty-pound guns.

Mrs. E. (springing up in bed): "Oh! eh? what is that?"

Her husband moves uneasily in his sleep, but does not reply. The noise of the sledge-hammer score of the Anvil Chorus rings out from the radiator.

Mrs. E: "George! George! Something is going to happen! Do wake up, or we shall be murdered in our sleep!"

Mr. E. (With mingled ferocity and amusement): "There is small danger of anybody's being murdered in his sleep, my dear, where you are. It's only that confounded radiator; it's always making some sort of an infernal tumult. It can't do any harm."

Mrs. E: "But it will wake baby."

Mr. E: "Well, if it does, the nurse can get him to sleep again, I suppose."

From the room adjoining is heard a clattering din, as if all the kettles and pans in the house were being thrown violently across the floor.

Mrs. E: "There! The nursery radiator has begun. I must go and get baby."

Mr. E: "Let baby alone. If the youngster will sleep, for heaven's sake let him. The steam-pipes make noise enough for this time of night, one would think, without your taking the trouble to wake baby."

Mrs. E. (With volumes of reproach in her tone): "Your own little baby! You never loved him as his mother does."

The disturbances now assume the likeness to a thoroughly inebriated drum corps practising upon sheet-iron air-tight stoves.

Mr. E: "Of all unendurable rackets—"

A sudden and sharp boom interrupts him. Mrs. Ellston screams, while her husband indulges in language which although somewhat inexcusably forcible, is yet to be regarded as not unnatural under the circumstances.

Mrs. E: "Oh, George, don't swear. It always seems so much worse to swear in danger; like tempting Providence, and I know there's going to be an explosion!"

Mr. E. (severely): "Don't talk nonsense! The engineer has gone to sleep and left the drafts open, that's all. Don't be so absurd."

There is another fusillade from the radiator, reinforced by the reverberations from the nursery, where a regiment of artillery seem to have begun target practice.

Mrs. E: "I *will* go and get my baby! I know—Oh, George, just hear it crash! Do get up and put the screen in front of it; that may turn off the pieces so they won't come this way."

Mr. E. (scornfully): "Pieces of what? Noise?"

Mrs. E: "How can you make fun! If the engineer has gone to sleep, he's sure to blow up the whole hotel. I'm going to get up and dress myself and take baby over to mother's!"

Mr. E. (With calm but cutting irony): "At three o'clock in the morning? Shall you walk or call a carriage?"

Mrs. E. (Beginning to sob in a dry and perfunctory fashion): "Oh, you are too cruel! You are perfectly heartless. I wonder you don't take that dear little innocent baby and hold him between you and the radiator for a shield."

Mr. E.: "That might be a good scheme, my dear, only the little beggar would probably howl so that I haven't really the moral courage to wake him."

The indignant reply of Mrs. Ellston is lost in the confused sound of the brays of a drove of brazen donkeys which appear to be disporting themselves in the radiator. The noise of mighty rushing waters, the clanking of chains, the din of a political convention, the characteristic disturbances of a hundred factories and machine shops, with the deafening whirr of all the elevated railways in the universe follow in turn.

Mrs. E.: "I *will* go and get my baby, and I will *go* to mother's; and, what is more, we will never, never come back!"

Mr. E.: "Oh, just as you please about going, my dear; only you know that if you desert my bed and board, the law gives the boy to me."

Mrs. E.: "I don't believe it's any such thing; and if it is, it is because men made the law. Women wouldn't take a baby away from its mother."

Mr. E.: "Have what theories you choose, my dear, only please let me get a few crumbs of sleep now the radiator has had the mercy to subside."

Mrs. E.: "You are a brute, and I won't ever speak to you again!"

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A WARNING TO MAIDENS,

PARTICULARLY TO THOSE WHO MARRY FROM A LOVE FOR THEOLOGY, MUSIC, LITERATURE OR ART, AS THE CHANCES ARE THAT THEY WILL BECOME

AN AMANUENSIS,

AN ORGAN BLOWER,

A NIGHT EDITOR,

SOLE agent—the shoe-maker.

Soul agent—the minister.

Sol agent—General Hazen.

"WE sat by the river, you and I," and both went home and had chills.

A PAWNBROKER is deserving of sympathy. He is a lone creature.

SUGGESTIONS to the North River Tunnel Company. Engage President Arthur or any other celebrity, for a week, and a score of reporters. Place them at either end, and your boring will be accomplished.

OR AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

THE Old Bey State—Turkey.

A CATCH question—Will he muff it?

A NEGRO can keep a secret—that is, he always keeps dark.

IF you wish to avoid a blow, do n't go out in the wind.—*Sullivan.*

A MAN good at putting too and too together.—Oscar Wilde.

WHAT a police magistrate said to a pair of would-be duellists. "I 'll let you off this time, but by Jove! if you 're brought before me again, I 'll bind you both over to fight."

She firmly assumes a stony silence, and the radiator, after a few concluding ejaculations and metallic objurgations, also relapses into comparative stillness. Mr. Elkton's breathing begins to give strong indications that slumber has re-descended upon his weary frame.

Mrs. E. (starting up with the inspiration of an entirely new and startling idea): George! George! George!

Mr. E. (with less good humor than might be desired): "Eh?"

Mrs. E.: "Was n't it wonderful for baby to sleep through it all?"

Mr. E. (Drowsily): "Yes; droll little beggar. His mother was n't in the nursery to wake him, though."

Mrs. E.: "You do n't suppose there is anything the matter with him? George; George, I say; you do n't suppose the reason he sleeps so soundly is because he 's sick?"

To this conundrum Mr. Ellston offers no solution, and equally passes in silence queries in regard to the probability of the nurse's being awake, alive, well-disposed and able to take care of baby in case of emergency. Mrs. Ellston sighs with the desperation of long-suffering anguish, and once more stillness reigns in the chamber. The lady again arouses herself, however, from an apparently sound nap, to ask in penetrating tones:

"George, *do* you think it will begin all over again?"

To which her brutal worser half grumbles out the reply:

"No; and that 's where it is more endurable than a woman!"

At which the radiator gives a chuckle so apt as to suggest the possession of a sinister consciousness on the part of that noisy instrument of torture. Mrs. Ellston groans with the discouraged conviction that she is but one against two, and upon this theory at length consents to resume her interrupted slumbers.

ARLO BATES.

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VOLUNTEER

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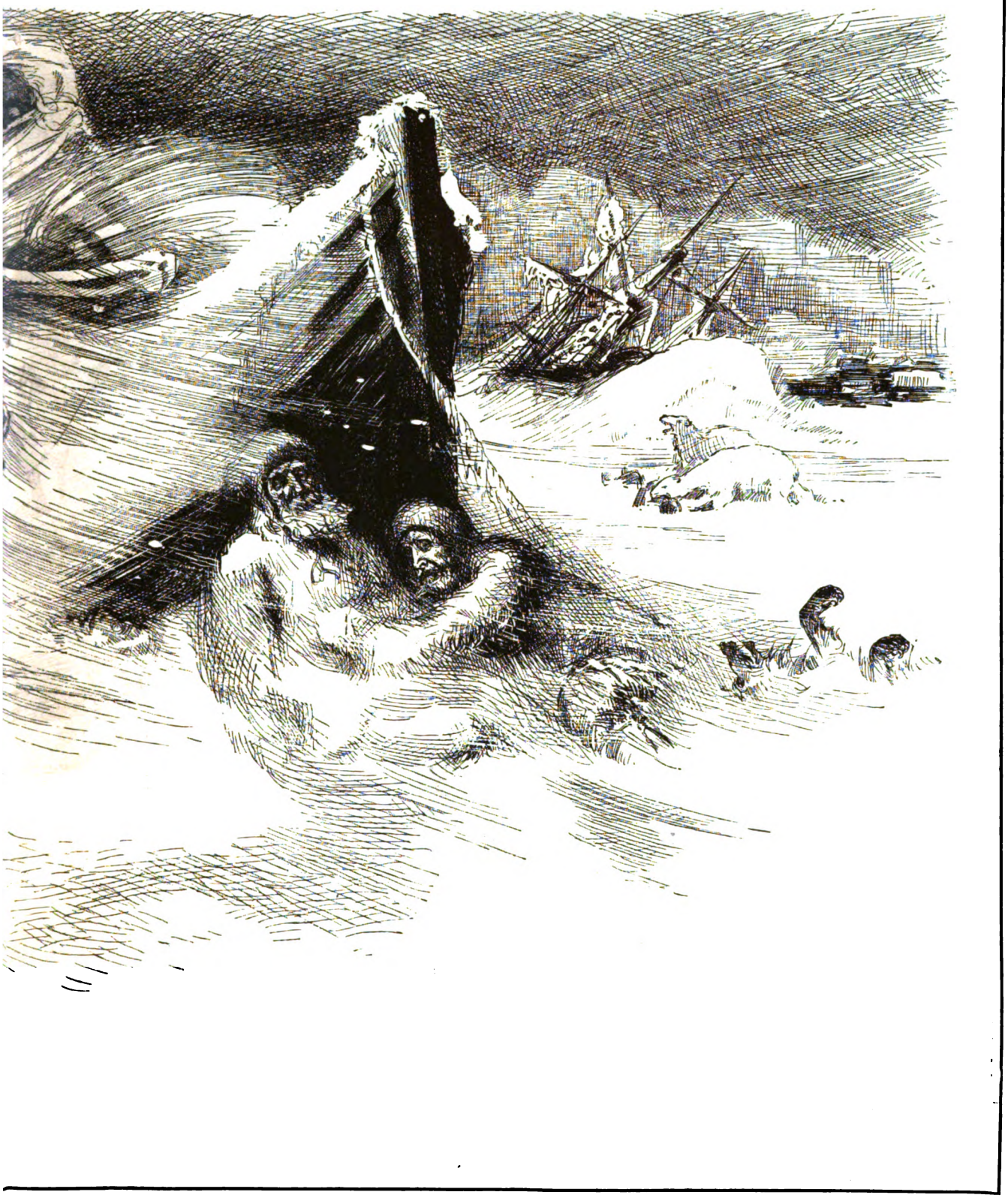

S WANTED !

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SNOW-TRACK.

"*Ou sont les neiges d'antan!*"—FRANCOIS VILLON.

IT seems to-night as though I walked
The olden, snow-clad way with you;
It seems this hour as though I talked
Of what the stars withheld from view.

I feel again the white flakes crisp
And yield beneath our loitering feet;
I hear the Winter's sere leaves lisp
Suggestions of a Spring complete.

Your clinging pressure binds my arm,
Your blonde hair blows across my face;
Around me lingers all your charm,
My soul responds to all your grace;

And then, lost love, the lights burn low,
The chill is here, my pulses slack;
The way we two no more may know
Has lost all memory of our track.

J. M.

THE Charge of the Light Brigade.—The gas-bill.

DAMAGING to the tiles.—Cricket on the Hearth.

A "JOB" lot—Tammany heelers.

MRS. MALONEY KEEPS LENT.

"'TIS foine wheather we 're afther havin' this Lint, Missus Maloney!"

"Thrue far ye, Missus McCarthy. Barrin' the wit wheather, it 's bin a dhry saysin."

"Have ye bin kapin Lint with arl yer accoostomed consisthency, Missus Maloney?"

"Wil, Missus McCarthy, Dinnis an' me thought the quistion ovher an' oi sez, 'Dinny, darlint, phwat 'll we shwear off this year?' 'Shwear off,' sez he; 'phwat far?' 'Lint,' sez oi. 'So 't is,' sez he. ''T is phwat?' sez oi. 'Lint,' sez he. 'How many toimes hev ye bin ter the theayter?' sez he. 'None,' sez oi. 'Did ye go ter the Ould Gyard Ball?' sez he. 'Divil a wan,' sez oi. 'Have oi tuk ye ter Dilmonico's?' sez he. 'Niver, sez oi. 'Thin,' sez he, 'we 'll shwear off goin' nophwere an' commince goin' somephwere.' An' with that he tuk me ter see Edwin Boots, the imminint trajoodian, play Boucicault in the Fool's Revinge. That 's how oi 'm kapin Lint."

"Moi luv ter yer hoosband, Missus Maloney."

"The same ter yours. Wan fayre shwap ain't no burglhary. Gudday!"

And the two daughters of Erin parted.

J. K. B.

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A MISCHIEVOUS BOY

3. COMBINATION

POPULAR DISEASES AND HOW TO ACQUIRE THEM.

V. Dyspepsia.

THIS charming and lucrative disease is so popular and recommendable that a discussion of its side-issues may be omitted, except that it is distinguished from piety by those who know both.

Only the best modes of acquiring it will be discussed.

The aspirant for dyspeptic pleasures must retire late on his or her own full stomach. Archæological cheese is a good article to eat at night, preferably in the form of Welsh rare-bits, followed by fried sausage.

On awakening in the morning the person who seeks dyspepsia must devote thoughts to everything that is disagreeable—the iniquities of a disreputable relative, for instance. Then it will be found easy to cultivate a whining voice and a disdain for nutritious food and exercise.

Great care must be given to avoid all semblance of enjoyment of life, as it is vulgar and avoids dyspepsia.

"Soft and rich" things, such as chocolate marrengues, slate-pencils and artificial vinegar alone or together are highly recommended in place of beef, eggs and milk. After a hearty meal of them a sensational novel with plenty of chewing gum and a cigarette or two, will help materially.

Ample exercise should be given the tongue; the other parts of the body should enjoy continual rest.

Coffee and tea, both very strong and very hot, should be taken copiously and immediately followed by large draughts of ice-water.

Garments should be worn very tight about the waist. A steam derrick or pile-driver may be advantageously employed to fasten clothing and thus improve nature's designs.

All varieties of dyspepsia are equally desirable. Their names almost indicate how they can be acquired and no one need complain of inability to radically reform the human race, which dyspepsia is sure to do.

In summarizing the principal forms, it must be borne in mind that a diet of cold pumpkin-pie 1 lb., pop-corn ¾ lb., and cold water 1 gallon, each morning on rising will help the cause.

Moral dyspepsia can be rapidly acquired by carefully disregarding the ten commandments and chewing cheap tobacco. When the latter article is not obtainable, a dear one may be substituted.

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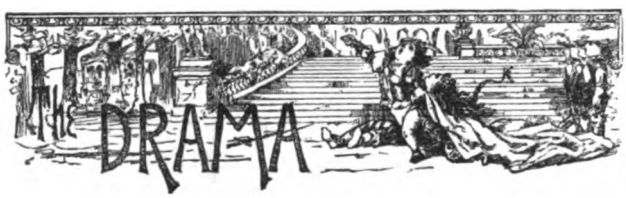
DISCOURAGING.

Son (*exultantly*): WELL, PA, I CALLED ON JENKINS & BIGBEE, THE TEA MERCHANTS, AND, D'YE KNOW, THEY TOOK ME FOR AN ENGLISHMAN.

Father (*disconsolate*): THEN, OF COURSE, THEY DID N'T TAKE YOU FOR ANYTHING ELSE. I DID HOPE THEY COULD USE YOU FOR A TEACUP WASHER, AT LEAST.



SOME NOTES.

MR. AUGUSTIN DALY is the great American localizer—if I may be permitted to use that expression. Moreover, when Mr. Daly has a good idea, he does not give it up until he has exhausted it. At the old Fifth Avenue Theatre, years ago, he won success chiefly out of pieces adapted from the French, and he followed this line of adaptation in the most persistent and brilliant way. At the end, perhaps, it led him into trouble; but that was, I think, because Mr. Daly, who has the eccentricities of very clever men, made some rash and useless experiments. Since his new theatre has been established, he has taken up German farce and has turned many tolerably stupid plays into bright local skits, managed with admirable theatrical knowledge and always acted with triumphant spirit. It is really difficult to find any suggestion of sauerkraut and Bismarck in pieces like "Needles and Pins," "An Arabian Night," "Dollars and Sense," and "Seven Twenty-eight." They are trifles light as air, yet with effective touches of satire, humor, and American character in them. They are bright trifles, at any rate, and the public here take pleasure in them. What is more to the point, they bring out the talent of Mr. Daly's fine, lively, well-balanced company of actors.

"Red Letter Nights" is the latest of Mr. Daly's German-American farces. It is in five acts, or, as the programme puts it, in four acts and a kirmess. The kirmess which was given last year, and which was exceedingly popular, so popular indeed that it will be repeated this year after Lent, inspired Mr. Daly's local *flaire* at once. He observed a fresh opportunity in the kirmess. Unluckily, the kirmess, as it is seen in "Red Letter Nights," is the least entertaining part of his new farce. There is too much variety-hall jingle in it, too much outlandish buffoonery. At the first performance of the piece, the audience was bored by this spectacular excrescence. However, the excrescence has been refitted judiciously, and the play, as it stands, is sprightly and amusing. The plot is an oft-told tale and is not worth thinking over. Miss Rehan, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Drew, Mr. Parker, Miss Fielding, Miss Dreher, Mr. Fisher, Mrs. Gilbert, and other members of the company furnish all the fun that is in "Red Letter Nights," and put a good deal of their own fun into it.

It is understood that "Red Letter Nights" is the last play that Mr. Daly will offer during the present season, and that he will take his company to England in July. I have no doubt that his frolicsome and light-hearted players will amuse the foggy Londoners.

Meanwhile, as a sort of *trait-d'union*, Mr. Barrett has gone to London and will bring forward at Mr. Irving's theatre that strong and original play, "Yorick's Love." The fact that Mr. Howells, who is a popular novelist on the other side, arranged this play from a Spanish drama and wrote the simple, nervous English in which it is expressed, will probably command attention for it.

Mr. Campbell's weak and shallow play, "Separation"—weak and shallow in spite of its good intentions, which were commented upon philosophically in this column more than a month ago—shows no staying power at the Union Square Theatre. Various persons have cried it up, as they cry up Mr. Campbell's wares invariably. But "Separation" is like a man who starts to run around a block and is soon found clinging to the nearest lamp-post, exhausted and panting. "Separation" has already run itself out. It is only clinging to the stage. At the fiftieth performance the theatre was about half filled. Mr. Campbell might make a more vigorous play out of "Separation" by rewriting it and by giving some vague purpose at least to the fourth and fifth acts.

The festive Max Freeman, whose libretto for "Orpheus and Eurydice" was worse than the chills, is at his tricks again. He has undertaken, I am told, to improve Mr. Farnie's version of Meilhac and Halévy's "La Vie Parisienne." This version, which is known as "La Vie," was produced last week at the Bijou Opera House. But, before it was given, Mr. Freeman added a few ornamental scollops to it. Farnie was bad enough—a beef-eating librettist who vulgarized the French piece with unkind perversity—but Farnie and Freeman together would not fail to snuff the light of the moon if they could get near enough to that celestial orb. "La Vie" is wretched drivel, though it is shown in good scenery and makes some display of ripe womanhood. The music is by Offenbach, and is, for the most part, badly sung.

At the Metropolitan Opera House there is the customary exhibition of satins and silks on three nights of the week, and some of our first families are not afraid to dazzle us with their alabaster necks and arms. Mr. Abbey also gives performances on these nights.

G. E. M.

ENJOYMENT.

Charming Young Lady, loq.:—"Oh, I have had *such* a lovely time with Grace this afternoon; we were so delighted to see each other that we both talked so fast the other could n't get in a word!"

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

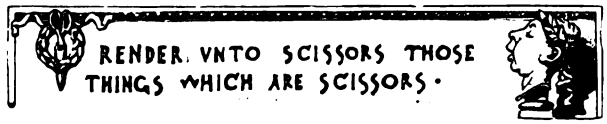
REV. J. P. N–N.—If our memory serves us it was not Moses who wrote "Numbers," but Matthew Arnold.

BARON TENNYSON.—Your poem on "Spring" will parse, but at present we are not paying more than five dollars a line for poetry, and accordingly it is declined with thanks.

ANTHONY C——K.—We heartily approve of your suggestion to drape the statues of Venus in our museums and picture galleries with crinoline and balbriggans. The height of art is to conceal art.

MR. RICHARD G——T W——E.—It seems probable that the slang phrase, "I'll knock the spots out of you," has a classical origin and significance. Literally, to knock the spots out of a man is to annihilate him. Annihilate is derived from *nihilum*, and *nihilum* is compounded of *ni* and *hilum*, the latter meaning almost anything you please. Enough is now known to enable Macaulay's schoolboy to discover the logical nexus between the colloquialism, "I'll knock the spots out of you," and the word *nihilum*, from whence we get the expression.

U. S. G——T.—It is hardly credible that the leaning tower of Pisa is the tower of Babel; and, if so, we do not know what machinery the ancients employed in removing it to its present site. We cannot verify the quotation from the *Sagan af Agli Skallagrimssyni* or enlighten you in regard to the original form and attributes of the living antecedent of the protoplasm. We refer you to Joseph Cook.



A CHICAGO man got hold of the wrong jug the other day and took a big drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whiskey and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

"YES, you may come again next Sunday evening; but"—and she hesitated. "What is it, darling? Have I given you pain?" he asked, as she still remained silent. "You didn't mean to, I'm sure," she responded; "but next time please don't wear one of those collars with the point turning outward."—*Amherst Student.*

M. DAUDET takes his notebook everywhere. Once it is related he had a sentimental and dramatic scene with his wife, concerning which he remarked: "This seems, my dear, like a chapter that had slipped out of a novel." "It is more likely, Alphonse," was the reply, "to form a chapter that will slip into a novel."—*The Tribune.*

DANIEL WEBSTER once proved that he was the handsomest man in New England. "Boston," said he, "is the handsomest town in New England. Tremont is the handsomest street in Boston, Scollay's are the handsomest buildings in Tremont street, Christopher Gore's office is the handsomest room in Scollay's building, and I am (now) the handsomest man in Christopher Gore's office—ergo, I am the handsomest man in New England."—*Free Press.*

NOT IN THE SERVICE.

SOME heartless wretch caught two cats, tied them by the tails, and flung them into the cellar of a Connecticut church. They kept pretty quiet till about the middle of the sermon, when they began to complain, and the pastor sternly remarked: "Will the choir please wait till its services are required?" And the choir denied making any noise; and finally, after long search, the sexton found and removed the cats. And everybody is laughing at the choir, and the way the members thereof are mad at the pastor goes ahead of the wrath of the maiden ladies who owned the cats.—*Boston Post.*

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UNTRUE, OF COURSE.—Boston journalism is rising a little above the dead level. *The Baltimore American* man recently wired *The Boston Post* man to know if he wanted a special about the birth of a tattooed baby. Electricity flashed back in the twinkle of a lamb's lail. "No; we keep an able liar of our own."—*Lincoln (Neb.) State Journal.*

TWO young ladies of literary tastes in Clinton were discussing their reading, when one of them remarked: "I have been engaged with a delightful work for a week past." "Indeed! What is it?" "Anthony Trollope's autobiography." "Who is the author?" "Really, I do n't know. I have looked over the title-page and through the preface, but I can't find any reference to the author at all. Whoever it is, is a charming writer and seems to have known the novelist very intimately." "I'll get it and read it; but it is too provoking, is n't it? that so many delightful authors of late are writing anonymously."—*Merchant Traveler.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, APRIL 3, 1884. NUMBER 66.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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SIMON SAYS WIGGLE WAGGLE!

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VOL. III. APRIL 3RD, 1884. NO. 66.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

MR. KEELY announces that his motor is finished, and that he will exhibit it sometime in April to the directors. April is a most suitable month, and the 1st its most appropriate day.

* * *

"WHOOP! the day is coming. I may also remark that I am devilish sly."—*S. J. T.*

* * *

A DISTINGUISHED young scientist of Philadelphia conducted some interesting experiments in aeronautics, the other day, which, although somewhat unsatisfactory, were after a method which deserves notice. He secured two goose wings during the cook's absence from the kitchen, and secured them with beeswax to his little sister's arms, and then fastened an open umbrella to her neck, and invited her to leap from the second story window and fly like a bird. She leaped; but the only flying done was that performed by the servant in going for the doctor, and by the boy himself when his father came home with a cane. It was in vain that the young inventor pleaded the fact that his broken-legged sister did not flop her wings enough, and that the family umbrella was just one size too small; there was a scene of unparalleled activity between father and son for ten minutes. With a whirlwind of rattan and howls the subject of aeronautics was dismissed from that boy's mind forever; and it is more than probable that the world has lost a promising young scientist forever.

* * *

HERR MOST desires the Socialists to "press on with the black flag of famine." Exactly. Let the famine stride forward, and let Herr Most be the first to enjoy it. Messrs. Most and Rossa resemble the brigadier-general whose boast it was to have been, in some battles, where the bullets were thickest. Investigation showed that he had barricaded himself behind the ammunition wagon.

* * *

"I AM glad to see it stated that Barnum's white elephant is not white. It naturally gratifies me to know that I am unique of my kind."—*Carlisle.*

MR. HENRY WARD BEECHER says that he has only read one of his sister's books—"Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mr. Beecher is a great man, but we are all of us the same, after all.

* * *

AS the Greely Relief Expedition is almost ready to go, it is now about time for Congress to pass an appropriation for the expedition which will have to go next year and look up the relievers? These things should be attended to in time.

* * *

"WHO will vote for Logan now?"—*Old quotation revised.*

* * *

"PARSON NEWMAN is a sort of ecclesiastical mugwump."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Here our esteemed contemporary has a chance at definitions seldom accorded. We do not desire to fight Mr. Newman's battles, but insist upon knowing what a mugwump is. But perhaps it signifies a party that ought to go, but won't. Ha!

* * *

IT is a touching instance of human gratitude that of the thirty-three physicians and forty-two nurses who died of yellow fever in Memphis, while battling the epidemic of 1878, not one has yet been honored with a headstone to his grave.

* * *

BENEVOLENT associations are proverbially far-sighted. They are too apt to devote their energies to the alleviation of distress in foreign lands, while they entirely overlook abuses that lie nearer home. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, for instance, exerts itself to stop dog-fights in distant Williamburgh, when every day scores of innocent flies—unnoticed and uncared for—drown in the very presence of its officers. Something should be done to prevent this ruthless waste of life. Flies cannot be taught to swim and when they fall overboard, invariably lose their presence of mind and forget to "tread water" or turn on their backs and float. Mr. Bergh should immediately start a fund for the purpose of providing cork jackets for flies. A statute ought to be pushed through the Legislature compelling housekeepers to place a certain number of jackets on the rim of every milk pitcher and cream jug, where they would be easily accessible. A card of instructions, telling how to adjust these life-preservers should be posted on the butter dish and milk pitcher, and Mr. Bergh should see that all slippery bald heads are properly sanded, to keep the poor things from breaking their legs.

* * *

HAVE things come to such a pass that we cannot go to the opera and talk as loudly as we please in our own boxes? If the benighted rabble who occupy the rest of the theatre prefer other voices to ours it is time they were taught better. Annoy them, indeed! Who owns this world anyway?

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A SURPRISE.

(*Van Trupper, who is taken to Cadmium's studio by his wife and sister as they have a little surprise for him. Mrs. Van Trupper having had her portrait painted on the sly.*)

EXCELLENT, MR. CADMIUM, EXCELLENT! IT IS N'T SO EFFECTIVE A PAINTING AS I LIKE MYSELF, BUT I KNOW IT MUST BE A GOOD LIKENESS. WHO IS IT?

(*Cadmium mutters something.*)

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A FAIR GRIEVANCE.

SHE was waltzing with me,
Yet she smiled o'er my shoulder
At Billie McGee.
She was waltzing with me,
Yet the gossips agree
Ne'er was "yes" given bolder
Than while waltzing with me
She gave him o'er my shoulder!

ELEANOR PUTNAM.

AN UNSATISFACTORY INTERVIEW.

A BENEVOLENT old lady met a scrubby-looking little colored girl on Sixth Avenue, the other day, and stopped to say a kind word to her.

"What 's your name, little girl?" asked the old lady.

"Dat ain't none o' yo' bithness," replied the brunette.

"Oh, that is n't at all polite," said the old lady, looking reprovingly over her spectacles. "Perhaps I will give you something if you tell me. What is it, now? Is it Jane or Maria?"

"No 't ain't. It 's jeth plain Lillie Langtry Smiff. Whatcher goin' ter gimme?"

"Oh, I 'll see," said the old lady evasively. "Have you any sisters, Lillie?"

"Yeth 'm. Got two; bofe bigger 'n me."

"Do you ever say your prayers?" pursued the old lady.

"No 'm. Do n't never thay no pra'rs."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the old lady in a shocked tone. "When you go to bed at night, do n't you pray to be taken care of until morning? Are n't you afraid something will happen to you, if you do n't?"

"No; wot 's de use. I ain't 'fraid o' nuffin. I thleep in de middle, I do. Where 's whatcher goin' ter gimme?"

But the old lady had sorrowfully continued on her way, and was intently calculating the number of pounds of veal it would take to make chicken salad for the Sunday-school Sociable.

BOOKISHNESS.

THE WHITE ELEPHANT AND DYNAMITE IN FICTION.

ONE humbug leads to another as naturally as weddings follow each other in June. The sign of the zodiac this month is the White Elephant. Mr. Forepaugh's sand-papered animal has already been microscopically inspected by the press; Mr. Barnum's pie-bald, and more or less sacred quadruped, has just been given an enthusiastic welcome; and Mr. Charles Reade's old story, "Jack-of-all-Trades," has been Barnumized, and is sold on the streets as "The White Elephant." It is a good thing to have such a fine, workman-like and honest specimen of story-writing brought afresh to the public attention, even under a new name suggested by the sensation of the hour. In these days of literary embroidery and tailoring it is a pleasure to read a tale which is told so graphically, so humanly, so naturally. This plain, rough-speaking elephant-keeper has looked at life closely, has jostled over its rough ways, and tells us of its ups and downs, with no excess of sentiment, but so truly as to appeal to the heart and lead us to acknowledge him a brother-man, though a vagabond showman.

OUR admiration for this story-writer of the older school is not lessened by his latest effort, "The Picture." Mr. Reade has been accused of borrowing the idea and form of this tale, but, whatever its source, it is admirable. The ingenious construction, the air of romance, the tragedy of it all—these are the characteristics which one appreciates most, because so seldom met with in our latter-day fiction.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S dynamite novel of the Ireland of to-day resembles his infernal machines; it was probably constructed to do some injury and to make a sensation, but the clock-work missed fire. "Edward O'Donnell" is such stupid trash that it will neither excite sympathy with the oppressed, or indignation at the oppressors. The morality of the book is damnable. If any one should read it through, he would find that it aimed to make an agrarian murder justifiable, and a dynamite campaign a respectable necessity.

DROCH.

THE formal announcement, on March 24th, that a company, with Mr. Parke Godwin at its head, had taken control of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, gave pleasure to all admirers of clean, honest and intelligent journalism; for the long and honorable career of Mr. Godwin is a guarantee that henceforth the *Commercial* will exemplify those characteristics in its columns. The gentlemen who are associated with him in the enterprise will coöperate in making the journal one of authority and wide influence in literature, politics and art.

There is not a particle of doubt of its becoming, and becoming at once, "a thoroughly good newspaper which, by its enterprise, ability, vigilance, cleanliness and its self-respect, as well as its respect for others, shall prove itself worthy of the confidence and esteem of all good citizens."

This is direful news to many of its former readers, but if they do n't like it, they can—make other arrangements.

HENRY HOLT & CO. have just issued a unique volume of the life and poems of Theodore Winthrop, edited by his sister, which will be found interesting, and will freshen our memories of that wandering and seemingly aimless traveler, who laid down his life for his country in the warm air of that summer of 1861.

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NAPHTHA.

THE STORY OF NAPHTHA:

A TALE OF CULTURE, FASHION AND DUPLICITY.

BY ELIZABETH HODGSON PHELPS AND FRANCES STUART BURNETT.

I.

NAPHTHA is in her garden; the hour is five o'clock in the morning. A clinging robe of white dimity drapes her slender figure, and a light that never shone on land or sea illumined her pale, pure face. She is treating her flower-bed to a fresh coat of paint, and repeating from memory, backwards, the first page of Plato's "Republic." This dual occupation gives the key to our heroine's perfect life; Art and Philosophy together form the guiding-star of her existence and its aspirations. She lives on symphonies, and grapples daily with the Not-to-Be.

But why comes she forth at this weird and dawn-wooing hour? For two reasons, each of which would alone be sufficient. In the first place, this is the only time in all the day that she can call her own. Dependent on the cold charity of a flinty-hearted aunt, who is herself dependent on the capricious and uncertain summer boarder, the life of poor Naphtha is far from being a happy one. Washing and cooking for twenty-five roomers, to say nothing of her efforts toward satisfying a dozen or so odd mealers besides, leaves her but scant opportunity for the prosecution of that self-culture without which existence is but an empty desolation.

A young painter who was numbered among the boarders gave her the necessaiy instruction in the "use of oil," and toward the end of the season she was far enough advanced to enter with him upon a great co-operative work; they combined to high-art the entire premises. In one day they did the whole house and three sides of the barn. This last, however, they never finished; a thunder-storm came along that night, and the lightning completed the work of demoralization.

On beholding the ruin next morning, Philip (Philip was his name) fled away in a mad despair. Naphtha had never beheld him since that fatal hour, and had long mourned him as dead.

"I'll run up and see him, though, as soon as I can get a chance," she murmurs, tremulously, to herself, and a single pearly tear falls with a light splash into her bucket of burnt sienna.

"See who?" asks a mellow, musical, manly voice. And a lithe and graceful figure comes bounding over the garden wall and alights fair and square in the middle of the flower-bed.

Naphtha utters a scream—a wild, piercing scream of intense, rapturous, soul-thrilling joy.

"'T is Philip, P–h–i–l–i–p!" are the words that cleave the blue vault of heaven.

The veil I draw here is all wool and several yards wide.

As I lift it again, we hear the voice of Naphtha.

"Do you know what you said just as you came flying over?" she asks him, fondly. "You said 'who' instead of 'whom.' Dear boy, how your neglection has been educated."

But Philip is not thinking of grammar; he is thinking of his new seven-dollar trousers. And Naphtha divines his thought.

"Your—ah—um, you know," she says. "If you—ah—that is, do n't you know?"

"What is it, my love?" he asks, with a lover's ardor.

"Your — your — p – pants," she stammers, blushingly; "if I am not too bold, I—I have something that will remove the stain."

"YOUR—AH—UM, YOU KNOW," SHE SAYS.

"Too bold!" he echoes in fervent protestation, as he rolls up his eye-balls in ineffable adoration." "Too bold! Angel of purity!"

Then he brings them down again.

"I accept your offer," he says, gratefully. "To tell the truth, I would n't like to have benzine like this; nor do I quite see my way to another pair just now."

A pained look came over Naphtha's face, and she led him to her studio without another word.

She did not chide him; we can forgive much in those we love.

II.

NEXT day's mail brought Naptha a letter from another aunt of hers in Washington. It was an invitation for our heroine to spend the winter in the nation's capital.

(One word of protest right here against the course which my associate has seen fit to adopt in the opening chapter. After having herself introduced the heroine, common courtesy should have prompted her to leave to me the privilege of presenting the hero. The way in which I should have done this will presently appear; the reader shall choose between us.)

A month or two later Naphtha was fully established in her aunt's palatial residence in Washington, and swimming for dear life in the mad whirlpool of society. She made her *debut* at the White House, under the chaperonage of her aunt, at a ball given especially in her honor. Indeed it was owing altogether to this admirable woman that Naphtha scored such a triumph as she did. For about fifteen minutes before their departure for the Executive Mansion Naphtha presented herself to her aunt in the

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drawing-room for inspection. Her aunt glanced at her, gave one gasp, and sank back speechless on the sofa.

Naphtha took a timid look at herself in the long mirror.

"I am afraid I am not just like other women," she said, turning with a dubious smile to her aunt.

Her aunt looked at her again, her slim and bony frame, her awkward pose, her antique coiffure, her velvet-trimmed gown of white piqué.

"I should say not," she observed.

She took Naphtha by the hand and ascended with her to her own dressing-room. She took from out her closet a robe of priceless point lace, she then collected together from various quarters a pair of ———, a dozen or so of ———, a bottle of ———, a full and complete set of ———, and a large, extra-sized ———. Then without a word she returned down stairs and awaited developments.

Some minutes later the developments developed. There was a gliding and a rustling down the long staircase, the sound of a dainty foot-fall on the threshold and Naphtha appeared.

The transformation was complete, Naphtha was a woman after all, and her woman's intuitions had plucked out the heart of all those mysteries.

"Naphtha, my child, you are divine!" cried her aunt in rapture. "You are magnifique! You are utterly *O-qué!*"

And this devoted woman then and there stripped herself of her whole array of glittering gems to shower them on her blushing *protégée*.

"Woman can sympathize with woman."

"Aunt Lydia," cried Naphtha, bursting into tears, "you are too good—too kind. How shall I ever thank you?"

"Dry your tears, foolish child. By recommending me to all your friends."

The point lace and diamonds acted on Naphtha like magic—like brandy—like an electric shock. For the first time in her life she experienced the bliss of good clothes—the rapture of acknowledged belleship. The essential non-Is-ness of her get-up soon ceased to incommode her. Her grace, beauty, *chic*, and *esprit* carried all before her; she danced every dance and was taken in to supper six times. The embassies and legations capitulated at the outset. She went through the first quadrille with the Minister from Kamtschatka (who, curiously enough, was not married to his wife), and, later on, tripped a measure with a young attaché from Bohemia (whose own country had become too hot to hold him). With the latter she had quite a little chat. Having not yet altogether got over her New England peculiarity of thinking, she entered upon a scheme for the reformation of Washington. Her idea was to banish all the corrupt natives and fill their places with immaculate foreigners. At this juncture the young Bohemian suddenly asked her how she liked the city.

"I hardly know what to say," she replied. "I have n't traveled enough to be able to make comparisons. Except Washington, I have never visited any place but heaven."

"Well, how does Washington compare with heaven?"

"It is quite different," answered Naphtha briefly.

It was with this same young Bohemian that Naphtha danced the final quadrille—the lancers. During the last grand right-and-left, when the whole vast apartment was one immense kaleidoscope of light, motion and color, when Naphtha was tripping blithely and brilliantly through her own particular set with shining eyes and smiling lips and many a coquettish glance and nod—something happened. There was a sound of crashing timbers, the ceiling over her head suddenly gave way, the floor beneath her feet swayed and trembled, and three hundred pounds of manly beauty, clad in the full uniform of a major of the U. S. A., stood within their gay and joyous circle. It was Philip.

(There, Lizzie! How do you think you feel now?)

Naphtha gave a little cry of astonishment and delight. Philip gazed at her with a silent and sorrowful reproach.

He conducted her to the conservatory. It was here that her amazement first found words.

"Philip," she cried, "what does all this mean? Why are you, an artist, arrayed in such toggery as this? And where, oh where, have you gained these hundred and fifty pounds?"

"I am an artist (an amateur), it is true," he responded gravely, "but I am a soldier as well." His modesty would not allow him to tell her how he had reached his present proud position; he had cleaned out, with his own strong right hand, the Indians (cigar-store Indians) that once infested Pennsylvania Avenue. "And as a soldier, a Washington soldier, the accumulation of avoirdupois has been, of course, my chief occupation. I have answered your questions; now you may answer mine. How does it happen that I find the child of my oldest friend, the

* * * * * IT WAS PHILIP!

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A PRE-RAFFLE-ITE: One who lived in the days of the Havana lottery.

ONE society lady to another.—"They tell me that the reason Fitz Nubbs is n't more liberal, is because he puts his money all in bank."

Second lady.—So my husband says. He calls it the Faro Bank."

TRAVELLING *in cog*.—The wheels of a clock.

THE equipotence of planets is due to the voices of great men. God has given me a voice.—Joseph Cook.

"YES," sighed old Mrs. Gumbo, "that accident was horrible. When I read about it, it exaggerated me so that I could n't decompose myself for several hours."

Old Gentleman (excitedly): DID N'T YOU KNOW THAT WAS A FIFTY CENT PIECE I GAVE YOU, THAT YOU PUT IN THE BOX?

His Vis-à-vis (calmly): OH, YAS! BUT SUCH A BORE TO MAKE CHANGE.

daughter of eight generations of Puritan ministers, a leading figure in this great sink of iniquitous frivolity?"

Naphtha burst into tears, covering her wan and haggard face with her thin and trembling little hand.

"Philip," she sobbed, "do not chide me. And do not for a moment imagine that I am happy. No; I am thoroughly, wretchedly miserable. I am fast becoming a t. r.,—a total wreck. Philosophy has altogether undermined my constitution. I am nothing but a skeleton. Only look at this!"

She held up her poor little hand; it was perfectly transparent.

The bangle on her wrist began to softly chime and tinkle; it was playing "O ye tears!"

She laid aside her fan, picked up the train of her gown, and executed a neat spasm for him then and there.

The strong man sobbed responsively, and trundled her off home at once.

(*To be concluded.*)

"WHAT kind of a looking man was it, that called Jones a liar?" asked Mrs. Bangle of her husband.

"Oh! He was short and stout, with blue eyes, light hair and a *nez repoussé*—"

"*Nez retroussé*, my dear," corrected Mrs. B. "*Repoussé* means hammered or pounded."

"Thank you, love," rejoined Bangle. "Then that is just the word to describe it when Jones got done with him."

WHY is a U. S. Treasury note like a caterpiller? Because it is hard to counterfeit. (Count-her-feet.)

Ad captandum vulgus—an "ad" catches the rabble.

WOMEN ornament their dresses behind because they like to have nice things said about them when their backs are turned.

MIDSUMMER MADNESS.

A MEMORY OF LONG BRANCH.

DID I hold her fairy hands, and look into her eyes,
Fleck'd with brown, and with gold, and of wonderful size—
She would open them wide with most ardent surprise,
And with languishing looks, and ineffable sighs,
With red lips apart, and in tones of soft sadness,
Say sweetly, "Dear Tom, this is midsummer madness."

Did I sit at her feet, in the wan evening light,
When the sea-gods came trolling their vespers at night;
When her voice it grew tender—her eyelids drooped low,
And her cheek took a roseate, beautiful glow,—
She would look down on me, with infinite sadness—
And whisper, "Ah! this is but midsummer madness."

The wind it blew hot, and the wind it blew cold—
And the depth of my love was but half untold,
Though I clothed it in phrases far richer than gold,
In words that were tender, and words that were bold—
When she rose from my side, as proud as you please,
And drew on her gloves, with nonchalant ease—
Then turning to me, with farewells of the saddest—
Said, "Of midsummer madness, Tom, yours is the maddest."

A. B.

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STOP THIEF!

THAT Mr. Brander Matthews should be accused of stealing his play, "Margery's Lovers," from Mr. H. P. Stephens's manuscript of "Hearts" is so amusing when one gets at the facts that the readers of LIFE should know something about it.

The following despatch, with accompanying letters and extracts, evidently place Mr. Stephens in rather an awkward position :

ASSOCIATED PRESS DESPATCH, PRINTED IN NEW YORK PAPERS OF FEBRUARY 26, 1884.

London, February 25th.—Letters have been published accusing Mr. Brander Matthews of gross literary theft. Mr. Henry Stephens, the playwright, says that "Margery's Lovers" is a copy of his manuscript of the drama "Hearts," which was submitted to the American managers, Messrs. Daly and Arthur Wallack.

A LESSON IN GRAMMAR.

Sylvie : OH! ISN'T HE LOVELY?
Paul : WHERE DID HE COME FROM?
Sylvie : PAPA BRUNG HIM HOME THIS AFTERNOON.
Paul : YOU SHOULDN'T SAY "BRUNG," SYLVIE, YOU SHOULD SAY "BRANG."

LETTER FROM MR. AUGUSTIN DALY.

DALY'S THEATRE. UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF AUGUSTIN DALY. MANAGER'S OFFICE.

New York, February 21, 1884.

MY DEAR MR. MATTHEWS :

It must certainly be four years since I read your piece called "Breakers Ahead," which you have since named "Margery's Lovers." It is scarcely two years since Mr. Stephens (one of the "Billee Taylor" authors), who was then on a visit to New York, sent me a play of his to read. My present recollection is that I examined this piece immediately, and returned it with my answer within thirty-six hours after its receipt. This is all I have to say to-day on the subject of the cable despatch, in which it would seem that Mr. Stephens seeks to connect his charge of plagiarism against you with a manuscript which he sent me. At another time, when the particulars of the charge are fully known, I may have something further to recall. Very truly yours,

AUGUSTIN DALY.

LETTERS FROM AND TO MR. CHARLES COGHLAN.

121 EAST EIGHTEENTH STREET,
New York, March 5, 1884.

DEAR MR. COGHLAN :

I learn that Mr. H. P. Stevens accuses me of having stolen my play, "Margery's Lovers," from a play of his called "Hearts." I shall be much obliged if you will drop me a line stating that you read "Margery's Lovers" (then called "Breakers Ahead") in June, 1881, and that you sent the manuscript to Mr. Edgar Bruce, in August, 1881, and that Mr. Bruce lost the manuscript, which has never yet turned up. Yours, truly,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

P. S.—I shall take it as a favor if you will give me an immediate reply.

UNION SQUARE THEATRE,
New York, March 6, 1884.

DEAR MR. MATTHEWS :

Your statement is correct. Early in the Autumn of 1881 I submitted your play to Mr. Bruce, and the manuscript has never been returned to me. Yours, truly,

CHARLES F. COGHLAN.

MOY THOMAS, Esq., *Daily News*, London, England.

DEAR SIR*** To-day I have received the paper containing Mr. Stephens's correspondence with Mr. Cecil, Mr. Clayton, and Mr. B. C. Stephenson; and I write now to deny Mr. Stephens's accusation absolutely and emphatically. I have never seen Mr. Stephens's play; I know nothing about it; I never heard of it before, and I was quite unaware of its existence. If a denial can be framed more sweeping than this, I am ready to subscribe to it. ***I should like to know when this play was written? If his play in any way resembles mine, I should like him to explain the similarity. He declares that there is only one MS. of "Hearts;" unfortunately there are several MSS. of "Margery's Lovers," and one of these was lost, strayed, or stolen, in England, late in the Summer of 1881. I append a note from Mr. Charles Coghlan, showing that he read my play in June, 1881; that he sent it to Mr. Edgar Bruce in August, 1881, and that neither he nor I have ever seen that MS. since.

It is needless to dwell on the difficulty of meeting an outrageous accusation like this when I am three thousand miles away, and when four weeks must elapse between the charge and the answer. I expect to be in London in June, but I hope to receive before then an apology from Mr. Stephens, and a formal withdrawal of his wanton accusation. Until I do receive these, I shall not rest satisfied. Your obedient servant,

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

New York, March, 7, 1884.

There is a clearness and decision in the latter which is simply delightful, and we cannot help feeling that Mr. Stephens is somewhat in the position of the gentleman who, in walking away with a new umbrella in place of his old one, suddenly feels the cold fingers of the proprietor between his shirt collar and his neck.

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"IN DAYS OF CANDLELIGHT."

"Jokes came in with candles."
—CHARLES LAMB.

AS dims the day its garish glare
And silken curtains screen the night,
A mellow music lulls the air
In dreamy glow of candlelight.
The heart is young, and roguish wiles
Beset the madcap, frolic brain;
A song allures, a catch beguiles,
And humor holds its merry reign.

Bright tapers light the gilded scene
In shining sconces on the wall;
The trumpet peals a lusty pæan,
The harp-string echoes in the hall.
On nimble toes the dancer glides;
Anent the jest, the goblets clink,
As lords and ladies shake their sides
At banter, and their bumpers drink.

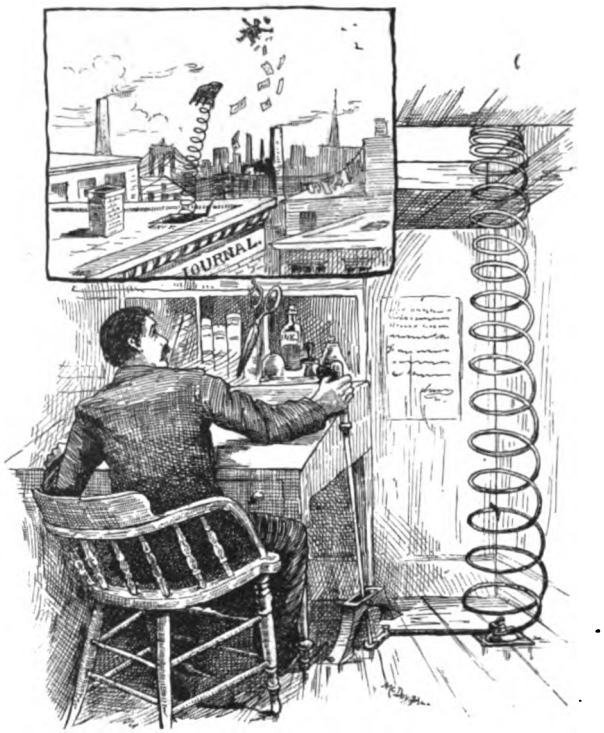
SCIENTIFIC

THE AUTOMATIC BOUNCER.

THIS ingenious apparatus is designed, not to fill a long-felt want, but to create it.

There is in every well-regulated household in this country a small green box with a blue stripe and a crank, which says "br-r-r-r-r-r!" when anybody fools with it. After an interval more or less exasperating, according to the weather, this phenomenon is succeeded by the sudden apparition of a small but vigorous boy freckled with confluent buttons, and possessed of a horny palm, a red ticket, and a ribald eye which is watchful for dimes. A mental calculation of the distance between the parcel and its destination is easily arrived at. A cursory examination of the boy's legs gives an approximate forecast of the time probably to be consumed, and a glance at the tariff book would convince the average sceptical pauper that the price of the errand was not beyond his reach. The boy's garments are tunneled in all directions with pockets. Into one of them goes the parcel. A hurried blessing is muttered. He vanishes.

Time passes. Anon it is noon. The night draws again her pall. A week glides by. A month is laid away forever. One year—two—three—a quarter of a century. Life's struggle is nearly over. The past alone lives. What of yon wrinkled sage with leathern cheek and hopeless eye? Why stares he so? Sees he the ashes of dried love, the ruins of ambition, the wreck of hope and the shard-strewn field of his wasted life? No. Backward, O backward, he goes to a parcel, and a boy. What of that parcel? Where, that boy? The fire of life has waned. The embers are chilling fast. One more moment and—— Ah! the boy is back.—No, not the poor, despised boy; but what was once the boy, now grown to superb manhood—a millionaire and a power in the land—all because he had thoughtfully walked the distance and put the dime given him for car fare out at compound interest. He



comes in joyously to tell his old patron that the parcel—but see! it was too much—the eye has glazed—the jaw dropped—the man is dead.

[*Note by the Editor-in-chief:* The above picture is realistic, but perhaps a trifle overdrawn.]

But to return to the Bouncer. It consists simply of a chilled steel spring compressed by a portable hydraulic ram into a space 4 x 9 and skillfully concealed beneath the office chair, the seat of which is provided with artful and deceptive springs. The boy being loaded, is asked to sit upon the chair, where anything from a sandwich to a cigarette may be employed to amuse him. By aid of a small volume of Euclid, a transit and a book of logarythms, computation of the proper angle is swiftly and silently made, a stealthy adjustment of the Bouncer is effected ere the boy is aware, and then, with a touch upon the trigger and a wild yell, he goes. It is simple, cheap and beautiful. Special terms for nickel-plated springs and cushions trimmed with plush. Agents apply at this office.

ON a self-evident truth expressed as a novelty: "Right, quite trite."

"YES, my boy," said Mr. Malaprop, to his son, "animals that eat meat are carboniferous, while those like ourselves, that eat both flesh and vegetables, are amphibious."

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ALL IN A NUTSHELL.

From over the fence: "S'POSE YOU 'SE GOT ALL DE NEWS DIS MORNIN', BRER PEWTER?"

Brer Pewter: "YAAS, PRETTY MUCH ALL. DEY IS HAVIN' GREAT TIMES DOWN IN AFRICA. YOU KNOW, DE ENGLISH FOLKS WANTS TO HAB A CHINESE NAMED GORDON MADE PRESIDENT OF A TOWN DAR CALLED SKINCAT AND DE DEMOCRATS BEING STRICTLY OPPOSED TO DE CHINESE, WANTS A FALSE PROPHET, CALLED EL TILDEN, SO THE FRENCH IS STEPPED IN AND DEY IS HABING SOM PRETTY SEVERE FIGHTIN' IN DAT LOCALITY."

TWO IDLE EYES

(RONDEAU.)

TWO idle eyes I watch her raise
To mine in sweet, coquettish ways;
The white lids on their velvet hinges
Lift slowly, and beneath the fringes
A pair of brilliant love-lights blaze.

A happy moth am I, that plays
About these flames with longing gaze;
I love the fire, my wings that singes,
To idolize.

Muse, teach me in befitting phrase
To speak, while this illusion stays,
The truth, and banish guilty tinges
That burn my cheeks.
My conscience twinges
While I confess this paltry praise—
Two idle lies!

F. D. S.

"WHY does the moon rise?" The reason is scientific: It comes up in the yEast.

BENEATH contempt—the man whose arguments I cannot answer.

THE report that the Czar of Russia eats large quantities of arsenic for his complexion is said to be discouraging to the Nihilists.

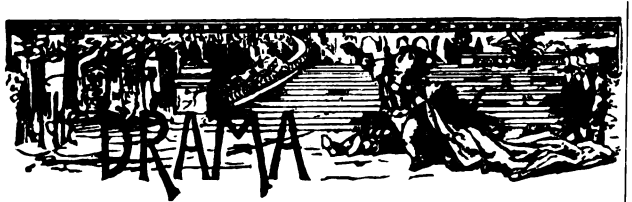
THE way of the transgressor is—Canada.

FOR rent—A needle and thread.

MOTTO for the poker-player—None so "blind" as those who won't "see."

Ad astra per aspera—"Jordan am a hard road to trabbel."

"THERE's a divinity doth shape our end, rough-Hewitt as we may."—Member from New York.



HYSTERICAL PLAYS.

IF there is one thing that is more irritating than another, it is the hysterical play. The hysterical play is a work compounded of unlimited emotion—emotion by the hogshead—and a half-gill of logic. When a woman bursts into tears, though she ought to be placid and self-possessed, you know that she is ridiculous. You say to yourself, "This creature has no sense." Possibly you say to yourself, if you like emphatic Saxon, "This fool is an idiot." Now, a woman who has salt in her eye, when she might smile with propriety, is like the hysterical play in which characters do precisely what they would not do in actual life. I have observed—not without that peculiar sensation that learned philosophers describe as "sitting on pins and needles"—many hysterical plays, extravagant pieces in which various persons torture themselves uselessly, and turn practical matters into deep mysteries. The average hysterical heroine is one of the penalties of theatre-going. She was evolved from a colorless sentimentalism, and she is now the weeping and wriggling exponent of wretchedness. One is inclined to laugh at her, because she seems to be immensely happy in the midst of her agony. She has the art of blubbering at her finger-ends,

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or, perhaps, I should say at the ends of her eyelashes. What is certain is that she is never at her ease, and is always in a state of snuffing and snivelling. She has, of course, no mind to speak of. At any rate, she makes up her mind on very rare occasions. If a coherent person should say to her: "Now, come to the point. What do you mean? What are you troubled about?" She would reply in a demi-shriek: "Ah, heaven! what a wretch I am. I cannot tell you what you want to know. My secret is buried in my heart. Do not ask me to speak. Forgive me, oh! forgive me. Boo-hoo!" And she would continue to "boo-hoo" through five long and melancholy acts. That is the hysterical heroine. She is the heroine who, according to our dramatists, represents the ordinary girl and woman. Perhaps she does. She represents, I know, mental and physical debility, and one turns from her with delight to the woman of sense, candor, and humor.

A conspicuous example of the hysterical heroine is shown in the brilliantly hysterical play called "Her Sacrifice," which is now visible at the New Park Theatre. The sacrifice, in this case, is made principally by those who visit the theatre. As to *her* sacrifice, that is an odd thing. The young and lachrymose woman in the play happens to know that her father murdered a certain countess and stole this countess's will. It is natural, at first, that she should not want to make her father's guilt known, but she marries an estimable man, whom she loves desperately and whom she drags through four acts of misery because she is unwilling to quiet his mind by revealing her secret to him. Nothing could be more exasperating and unreal than a piece like "Her Sacrifice," which is, by the way, a rehash of stale French melodrama.

G. E. M.

RENDER UNTO SCISSORS THOSE THINGS WHICH ARE SCISSORS.

"ARE you sick?" asked the old physician of his eldest son, who appeared dispirited and ill at ease.

"Not exactly," said the young man; "only an eastern house has drawn on me unexpectedly for $400."

"How often have I cautioned you," said the angry father, "not to expose yourself to a draft."—*Health Journal.*

AFTER chattering a long while to the exchange girl, they connected him with the doctor's.

"Doctor," said he, "I've got a bad case of chills. How soon can you come up and see me?" And he gave him his number.

"Be up in twenty minutes," came the reply over the wire.

"Yes, but what shall I do in the meantime?"

"Shake!" was the reply.

And he shook.—*Medical Review.*

DAVITT'S "LECTURE OF THE FUTURE."

SCENE: Interior of a hall. Platform fitted up with bastions. Lecturer's rostrum made of three-inch armor plating lined with a foot of teak. Audience, armed with rifles, etc., on the look-out for lecturer. Enter that individual, cautiously crawling on his hands and knees. Upon discovery, he is received with some cheers and a shower of bullets.

Lecturer (having reached his rostrum, raising his head): "Ladies" (shell; he ducks his head to avoid it) "and gentlemen" (puts up hand-screen to ward off the balls of a Gattling battery which has just got his range), "it is my desire to set before you this evening"—"No you do n't!" (is attacked by a party of political opponents armed with cutlasses. He repulses them with great slaughter) "to set before you this evening"—"Ah! would you?" (Is assailed by a strong body of enthusiasts carrying bowie-knives. He dispatches several with his revolver). "As I was saying when I was interrupted, it is my desire to set before you this evening" (charge of political opponents with battering-ram). "Come, I see that I can expect no courtesy this evening, so" (losing his temper) "I defy you!"

[Terrible battle, ending with annihilation of the audience and death of the lecturer. Curtain.]—*Punch.*

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"YOUR fare, young lady," said the stage driver, as a pretty miss stepped from his vehicle, and was about tripping away. "Oh, thank you!" responded the absent minded little beauty; "I think your moustache becomes you real well, too." She got her ride free.—*Burlington Free Press.*

A DUTIFUL HUSBAND.—At a recent trial in which a young actress in Buda-Pesth sought to recover damages from a local paper for libel and defamation of character, while the numerous witnesses were being examined a juryman got up and addressed the bench as follows: "Would the Herr President be good enough to send word home to my wife that I am not coming home to dinner to day?"—*Bærsen Zeitung.*

"It is stated," said a New York girl to a Philadelphia young lady as they gazed with awe and admiration at the towering form of Jumbo, "that three times around an elephant's foot is exactly the measure of his height." "So I understand." "Do you think a similar measurement around my foot would equal my height?" asked the New York girl. "I certainly do; but the calculation would show that you are taller than Jumbo."—*New York Morning Journal.*

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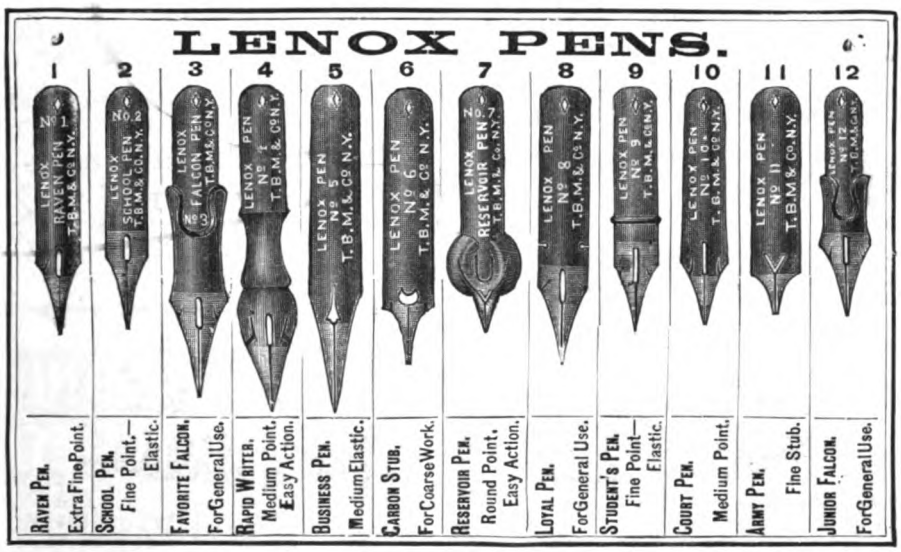

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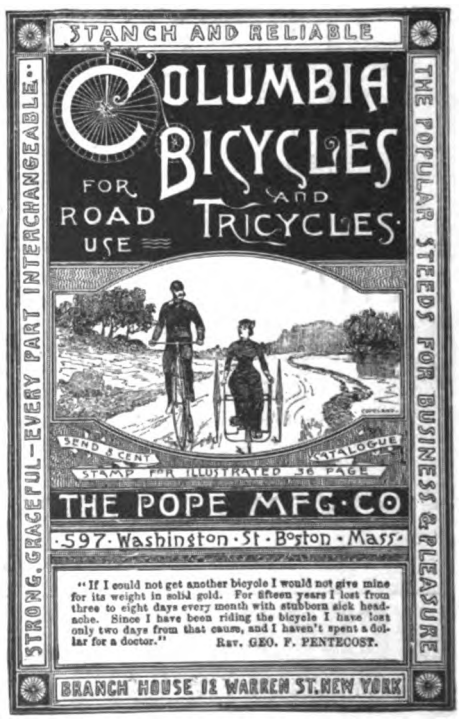

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VOL. III. APRIL 10TH, 1884. NO. 67.

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Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE most wonderful discovery of modern times is that made recently by *The Shoe and Leather Reporter* that no brass band can play as many airs as a drum major can put on.

* * *

WON'T Mr. DANA come out and tell us whether he really wants ARTHUR or BLAINE? It 's clear he 's not for any Democrat.

* * *

IT is said that Mr. BEECHER, we mean the Reverend HENRY WARD BEECHER, is to head the delegation from this State to the Republican Convention at Chicago. Is he to reiterate his Cooper Institute free trade speech for the edification of protectionist Republican brethren?

* * *

"I SEE that Mr. TILDEN has declined to run for President because he is seventy years old. Permit me to observe that that is not my reason for not running. Do you not think the weather remarkably cold?"—*Roscoe.*

* * *

BY cable the Western Hemisphere was again informed several days ago that Emperor WILLIAM was hoarse. This, in addition to the Cincinnati riots, made the misery of the American people complete. Providence was merciful, however, and a later dispatch brought the cheering news that he had tied a red flannel poultice around his imperial throat, and would be better unless his condition remained the same or changed for the worse. It is gratifying, by-the-way, to know that in view of the great demand for daily bulletins regarding the dyspepsia of Prince BISMARCK, the bone felon troubling the Duke ALEXIS, the sprain which the youngest son of Emperor JOSEPH suffered last week while skating, together with the minute history of MARY ANDERSON'S life in London, there are to be three new cables laid.

* * *

"MR. E. L. CUSHING has been secured as Pitcher for the Milwaukee Base-Ball Club at a salary of $3,000. Ha! Now how do the maligners of Harvard feel?"—*Elliott.*

THERE seems to linger in the Western mind a fond remembrance of the days of the Vigilance Committee in California; the days when the strong and honest men of a young and lawless community took the law into their own hands, and in the name of Judge Lynch stamped out crime by giving the criminal short shrift and an equally short rope. This may have been the only practical method of eradicating crime in a new country, which by accidental circumstances was suddenly filled by desperate characters, before the usual machinery of the criminal law had been set up; but in Cincinnati, where such terrible events have taken place, how different are the circumstances. There, by the neglect of the community, the machinery had been allowed to grow rusty, so that criminals went unwhipped of justice. There was, of course, much public indignation, and a great meeting was called by "influential citizens." The public mind was in so inflamed a state, that the great hall was a storehouse of the most dangerous elements.

If the laws had not been properly executed, it was the fault of the people of Cincinnati; for from them the jurors came and from them the court officials derived their power. But the mob rushed at the jail, filled with those awaiting trial, as if it were the Bastile crammed with the victims of *lettres de cachet.* Baulked of their purposes, they attacked the Court House and destroyed the public records upon which their and their children's property rested.

There certainly should be a happy mean between burning down a court house because a jury does not bring in a satisfactory verdict and neglecting political duties, while the cities are being mismanaged and plundered by scoundrels.

* * *

"I NOTICE that that very satirical journal, the *New York Times*, says: 'A Saratoga man set a steel trap for skunks and caught an eagle.' Of course the word 'Saratoga' is but a delicate substitute for the party, and the *Times* takes good care not to name the eagle, but what I want to know is who the others are. I have my suspicions."—*Kelly.*

* * *

BY a recent decision of the Treasury Department, dried lizards are now subject to an import tax of 40 per cent. *ad valorem.* This shows more than ever the wisdom of selecting Mr. CARLISLE. In less than four months has come about this important result. Native dried lizards are now virtually protected and the country may be congratulated. It is hinted that within a year Mr. CARLISLE will be able to secure a removal of the present exorbitant tax on crystallized osmium, which at least four colleges in this country want to show the boys occasionally. This tariff question has hitherto seemed formidable, but it really looks now as though the clouds were rolling by.

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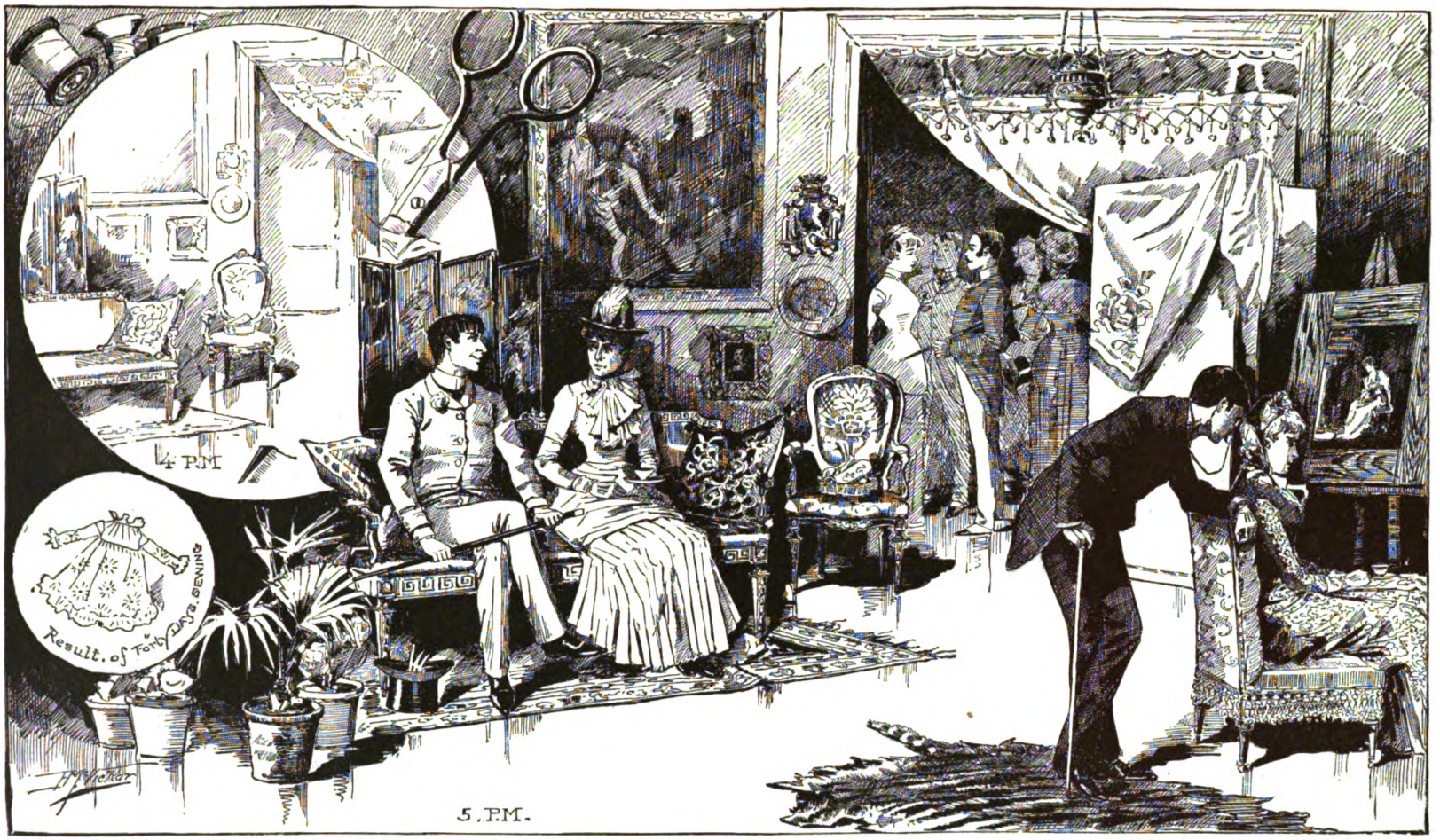

LENTEN LABORS.

The Society are supposed to meet at four and sew until five, when gentlemen are admitted.
SO, SO, IS GOOD; VERY GOOD, VERY EXCELLENT GOOD—AND YET IT IS NOT; IT IS BUT SO SO.—"*As You Like It.*"

IF the Roosevelt high license law does not succeed, then let temperance reformers go at once for aid to the primitive power of the wind. We have Virgil's authority for asserting that Aeolus "*Mollitque animos et temperat iras,*" which, being interpreted, means that that pneumatic personage can "quiet any muss, and make even the Irish temperate."

APROPOS of the Parson Newman trouble: Ought any man whose back is up to be expected to look with favor upon a back down?

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is now reserving his strength in order to be able to perform his off-fish-al duties next summer.

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WATTS AND SELECT HYMNS.

I.

"BIRDS in their little nests agree,
And 't is a shameful sight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide and fight."

But when the families are two,
A different thing is that;
'T is then a sight excelled by few
To see tit answer tat!

II.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gathers honey all the day
From every opening flower!"

But well the lazy farmer knows
A trick by far more shrewd;
Off with the gathered sweets he goes,
And leaves the insect Jewed!

III.

"'T is the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again;
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy head."

But being too lazy to turn his heels too,
He gets a bad twist that half breaks his back through;
And the moral is patent: when one is in bed,
Turn the whole body over, or do n't twist the head.

MORS VIVENS.

UNBALANCED BIDS—Tipsy servant girls.

WE see it going the rounds of the press that the doctors have pronounced roller skating unhealthy. Of course, it is. We can cite several cases within our own knowledge. Our friend, McWhirter, is an enthusiast, and in three months his legs have grown twelve inches longer, while he has not increased in height; the fact being only that he is gradually splitting himself, so that in six months more he will be forked to the neck. Then look at the case of Miss Glider: She lost all her hair in one night, leaving her as bald as a jug, by a single fall. Unhealthy! Certainly! Did n't Mockturtle go into it weighing two hundred, and lose ten pounds in two weeks? Why, if he had gone on, at that rate, he would n't have weighed a pound in less than a year. And only one more case: that of the lovely Miss Euphonia Digitalis; she was so immense at the grand roll. She took four rolls, hot ones, at breakfast, and put on the skates; but in less than half an hour had to take them off. She has not got over it yet, though it is a week ago. The rolls were too heavy. Of course, roller skating is unhealthy.

NOT one woman in ten can tell you how wide the Atlantic Ocean is, or what city is the capital of New York State; but every one of them knows to a speck exactly how many freckles that blessed baby has on its cunning little nosey. Directly in the face of this, "Sorosis" clamors for the higher education of women.

TOTAL REX—An absolute sovereign.

"WHO BUYS A BRITISH STATUE?"

SIDSMITH.

THE editor of the London *Standard* leaves off discussing the white elephant to wonder why, after twenty-five years, "the English Academy of Arts in Rome is a failure without results, while the Academies of other nations in Rome are more successful?" We should say that the reason is, that English art will not grow out of England. You may plant a hair-brush in a pot, but it will take no prizes at any show.

Of English art production the general foreign verdict is,

Sunt bona, sunt mala, sunt mediocria plusa.

The works of German, French, Danish, American, of even modern Italian chisels, are bought and seen all the world over, but did anyone ever hear of any foreigner buying an English statue?

The *Standard* naïvely closes with this admission: "A long workmanship in London, as more than one example has shown, undoes all the good obtained by a long studentship in Rome." Exactly. Especially when the two ships are dull sailers, with a cargo of marble.

The *Standard* thinks that "a Public Dinner," or "an Artists' Ball in Carnival Time," might redeem their academy's inferiority. This is cheerful, if not strictly æsthetic, and "The British Sculptor on a Bust" would adorn the *Graphic* much. It is, however, unlucky that the French can both cook and dance better, if the rival academies come to depend on supremacy in these accomplishments. The *Standard* and its readers have a more congenial topic in Barnum than in M. Angelo, just now, and the wealthy Britons in Rome will escape being victims to the *dexterity* which would make them "contribute *somewhat*" to the fortunes of their academy.

WE.

BOOKISHNESS

ANOTHER HIGH PRESSURE NOVEL.

THE latest high-pressure novel, with patent morality safety-valve, is "Bethesda," by Barbara Elbon. Mr. F. Marion Crawford has, heretofore, taken several medals for surprisingly high register on the gauge of hysterical passion, but for sustained and torrid emotion at one hundred pounds to the square inch he must yield to the author of "Bethesda." This novel is filled with exaggerated sentiment made still more grotesque by the turgid and gaudy rhetoric with which it is decorated. It is not enough to say of the heroine "She loved him"—the *him* being an unhappily married, and impossibly perfect and fascinating French diplomat—but, we are informed that "the whole world might marvel; they stood side by side, above the world, above circumstances, above men and the devil." When once this ecstatic and elevated condition of the high-pressure lovers is comprehended it is easier to under-

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stand that for them "the sunshine danced, and the wind was full of thrilling melody, and every atom was quivering with joy like the air on a heated hill-top."

For the average reader who does not dwell on the "heated hill top," but down in the valley of common sense, there is something ridiculous in this picture of a really lovable American girl, with American training and morality, yielding first to the fascination and then to the love of a man she believes to be already married; the man is such a conceited prig, forever putting his admirable emotions and heroic deeds on dress parade. And the most ludicrous thing is that the author believes she has drawn him as a very attractive and altogether lovable fellow. If he is a type of the ideal man from a feminine standpoint, then men are to be congratulated on so frequently disappointing the hopes of admiring women.

The patent morality safety-valve, to which allusion has been made, is the second part of the book wherein, through much tribulation, the heroine conquers her love and sends her lover back to his wife, even when he and she have discovered that there was a technical flaw in his marriage which gave him freedom. In spite of it, however, this highly colored picture of the origin and growth of a dominating and morbid passion in an innocent girl is a more insidious poison for immature minds than a positive revelation of crime.

There is too much fiction at the present day which needs to be disinfected and refrigerated.

DROCH.

THE STORY OF NAPHTHA:

A TALE OF CULTURE, FASHION AND DUPLICITY.

BY ELIZABETH HODGSON PHELPS AND FRANCES STUART BURNETT.

III.

NAPHTHA returned to South Farmfield a sadder and a wiser girl. With broken health and an accusing conscience she came back to a severe regimen of plain living and high thinking. "But never mind," she said to herself, "it 'll be all right in the spring. Then I 'll go over to Concord and take my degree, and that 'll make it square, I guess."

She was serving a novitiate in the Summer School of Philosophy.

So one June night, at the full of the moon, Naphtha entered the sacred grove, prepared to pass her examination and to become a member in full and regular standing. At the entrance of the grove she encountered a guide-post, inscribed with mystic characters which baffled all her lore. If she had but stood on her head, she would have seen that the inscription was in plain English upside down, and read simply:

"All sense abandon, ye who enter here."

Within she found the entire school drawn up in awful array. Many a more robust girl than our poor, failing Naphtha might have been appalled when called upon to confront so august an assembly, the terrible inquisitors with their sweeping white beards and high conical caps, and the long train of tough, green-goggled priestesses. But Naphtha did not quail. She was primed with Kant and Schopenhauer to her very finger-tips, and felt that, if bad came to worse, she could easily talk the whole crowd down.

But this emergency did not arise; she passed her ordeal satisfactorily—even triumphantly.

Then the Grand High Priest arose and said:

"Welcome, sister, to our circle. It is now for thee to propose some deep problem to the collective wisdom of this assembly."

"Oh, it is, is it?" she said to herself. "Well, then, I 'll just give 'em a sticker now, and no mistake."

She advanced to the centre of the mystic circle; the moon shone down on her white-robed figure.

"Who," she said in deep, earnest and thrilling tones, "who shall poss the Impossible? or which of us shall scrute the Inscrutable? I pause for a reply."

The Grand High Priest looked at the Supreme and Most Worshipful Inquisitor. He in turn looked at the Most Woebegone and Contentious Head Reasoner. The latter spoke:

"Let the youngest, and dullest, and least experienced of all the neophytes come forth and answer."

A male figure, slender, graceful, white-robed, advanced within the circle.

"Who shall poss the Impossible and scrute the Inscrutable?" he repeated. "Why, the possimentation of the Impossible and the scrutinacity of the Inscrutable is the precise business of this shop."

"Now ask us something hard," said the Grand High Priest.

But Naphtha was dumb. She was about to swoon from shame and mortification when the youth caught her in his arms.

"Naphtha," he whispered, "do n't you know me?"

It was Philip.

She gave a little gurgle and nestled in his breast.

The assembly immediately broke up. Philosophy left, at once and forever, the spot that had been profaned by hope, love, beauty and human passion. Its shrine was henceforth in the outskirts of Peoria.

"Philip," asked Naphtha when they were left alone together, "*Why* are you training with this crowd; and *what* has so reduced your weight?"

"I am here," he responded, "because you once told me that my education had been neglected; and I have grown thin through love of you."

"But why did you go to work and mortify me before all these people?"

"So as to be boss when we are married."

"And so you shall," she murmured in rapturous ecstasy; "Philip, my King!"

And Philip Oleander imprinted a chaste kiss on young Naphtha's brow.

(Well, Fannie!—I care not who sensationalizes my characters so long as I can marry them.)

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IV.

ALONG toward the autumn Naphtha retired to the mountains of Virginia, to see what a change of air and climate could do for a constitution so dreadfully ravaged by the Over-Soul and the Non-Ego. (But the reader need not infer from the conclusion of my associate's last chapter that she went as Oleander's bride —whoever "Oleander" may have been—or that she ever became his bride at all. I mean to put a spoke in somebody's wheel before I get through.)

One morning, as Naphtha was reclining on her couch in her pretty little parlor a shadow darkened the door, and Philip, in full regimentals, stood on the threshold. Not Philip Oleander, —for I recognize no such person; but Philip St.-Denis,— St.-Denis.

"Ha! I have found you at last," he exclaimed. He looked as if he meant business. "Whose kids were those?" he demanded abruptly.

"Kids, Philip? Why, what do you mean?" she asked in a weak tone.

"Youngsters,—children. I heard their voices; what does it mean? Whose children are they?" he repeated insistently.

Naphtha started in to scream, but by a great effort controlled herself.

"They belong to one of the neighbors," she gasped faintly. "How can you be so brutal, Philip," she went on, "when I am so low?"

"All right," he said, "the explanation is satisfactory."

He always believed whatever a woman told him,—poor flat.

"Naphtha," he went on after regarding her gravely for a moment, "I have something rather particular to say to you, and have come a long way to say it.—Can you bear it?"

Something to say to her?—Something unpleasant and disagreeable enough, no doubt,—for whenever had he said anything to her that was n't?

She glanced pathetically at her coquettish little morning-gown of white muslin. Could she listen to his words in that?

"Let me change my dress first," she wheezed, and staggered out of the room.

She was pretty far gone, but not so far gone that she could n't make her toilet.

An hour later she appeared outlined against the *portières* that hung between the parlor and the library. She wore a sombre and tragic robe of crimson brocaded velvet. Her attenuated hand grasped one of the curtains for support; the bangle began to play "Fading, Still Fading."

"This style, two for a quarter," she gasped, with a ghastly attempt at hilarity.

"Naphtha," cried Philip, "you wring my heart! To see you thus,—you whom I would have asked to be my bride,—whom I *do* ask to be my bride. Only say yes, my love, and all may yet be well."

Naphtha gave one scream,—like that described in the first chapter, though of anguish rather than joy. It was heard through half the counties in the state. Faint echoes of it reached even Washington, and next day rumors of another Southern outrage fired the Northern heart.

In the immediate vicinity the consequences were of the most startling description, for three young children at once rushed into the room, crying "Mamma, mamma!" and hiding their terrified faces in Naphtha's skirts.

(Will Oleander marry Naphtha now? I—think—not.)

An awful look came into the Major's face. Without a word he took his knife from his pocket, removed the top-knots of the three children, and threw their mangled remains out of the window.

"I have sworn to possess you," he yelled, "and nothing shall stop me now! So perishes every other creature that may come between us!"

"Have you such a thing as a scalp about you?" shrieked Naphtha hysterically, and dropped in a dead swoon to the floor.

V.

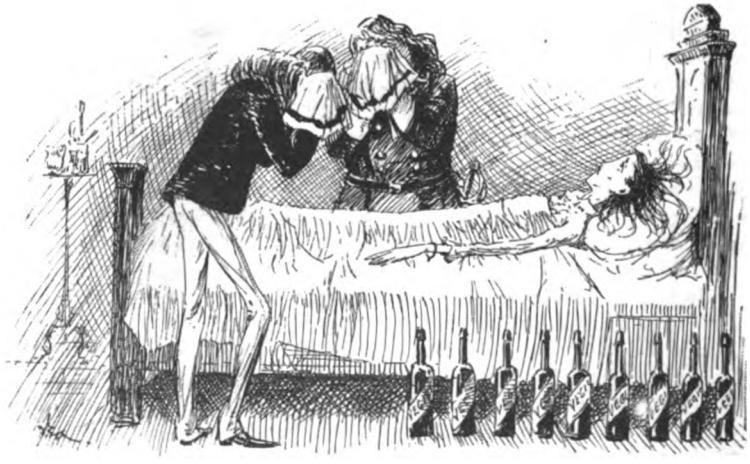
NOTE.—We, the undersigned, members of the Metropolitan press, appointed as a commission to wind up the affairs of the deeply-involved firm of Phelps & Burnett, declare that, to us, the only possible way out of all their complications is the one herewith presented.

A. SCRIBBLER.
A. N. OTHER.
A. THIRD.

THE last scene of this strange, eventful history is laid in the Metropolis; we are about to test the availability of "New York as a Field for Fiction."

On a stately bed in the darkened bed-chamber of a sumptuous apartment in Fifty-seventh Street reposes all that remains of the once brilliant, cultured, captivating, soulful, frivolous, beauteous Naphtha. On each side of her couch stands the disconsolate Philip (that is to say, one-half of him stands on one side and half on the other), on the right the artistic Philip Oleander, and on the left the martial Philip St.-Denis. Her shadowy hands lie crossed upon the coverlet, and the familiar bangle, now a dozen sizes too large, adorns her dwindled wrist.

Who, they have been asking her, has really held the first place in her affections all this time, and who, they desire to know, shall be permitted the exclusive privilege of enshrining her memory in his heart when she herself shall be no more? They await her answer.



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LENT, AS IT IS KEPT AT YONKERS.

Ethel: "MAMMA, WILLIE SAYS, BIRDIE KENT IS HIS GIRL."
Willie (*aged seven*): "NO, SHE IS NOT."
Ethel: "WHY! WILLIE, YOU SAID SHE WAS, ONLY THE OTHER DAY."
Willie: "WELL! I HAVE GIVEN HER UP FOR LENT."

When it comes it is hardly more than a whisper—"Philip, always Philip."

"Philip who?" they ask together. "Philip which? Name the man who is to be your inconsolable widower!"

In the silence that intervenes, the bangle begins to play "Going Home."

Again her voice sounds, but fainter and weaker:

"Philip—always, Phi——"

Suddenly there is a click and a creak. Then the invalid disappears—bed-clothes, bangle, and all—and two disconsolates stand confronting in amaze the blank and inexpressive panels of an ornate black walnut book-case.

Naphtha had "gone home."

* * * * *

A week or so after the events above narrated, a graceful and jaunty female figure, carrying a number of brown paper parcels, might have been seen emerging from the main entrance of Macy's. It was Naphtha.

The promised bride of one man and the object of the dogged and devoted affection of another, while all the time the grass-widow of a mysterious and shadowy third, she had contrived a plan to rid herself of the whole trio and to begin her life anew. A folding bed and a sliding secret panel did the job. True, that, on emerging through the panel, her heels were higher than her head. . . . . .

Well?

Well. She walked off on her ear.

BLAKE FULLER.

IN the philosophy of youth there is no such word as Kant.

WHY should a cow make a good steer?—Because of her Udder.

"DID you buy it at auction?" asked Jones, as he pointed to Brown's crushed finger.

"What do you mean?" said Brown.

"Oh! I merely noticed that it had been under the hammer," said Jones facetiously.

A REJOINDER.

I HEARD a preacher, apt of speech
And ripe with cultured dogma, say
That time effects in love a breach,
And faith departs as charms decay.

"Look at your lovely wife," he said—
"When twenty years have touched her brow,
"When color, curve, and grace have fled!
"Will she be then as dear as now?"

Well, take true women of all lands,
Take men of brave and gentle race!
They know if time endow's Love's bands
With added and vicarious grace.

I hold that Love cannot grow old—
His counterfeit presentment may.
I know that Memory casts a mould
Of lineaments beyond decay.

I hold that, though the rush for gain
And press of life make men less fine,
Yet knightliest natures still retain
The legends that make love divine.

JOHN MORAN.

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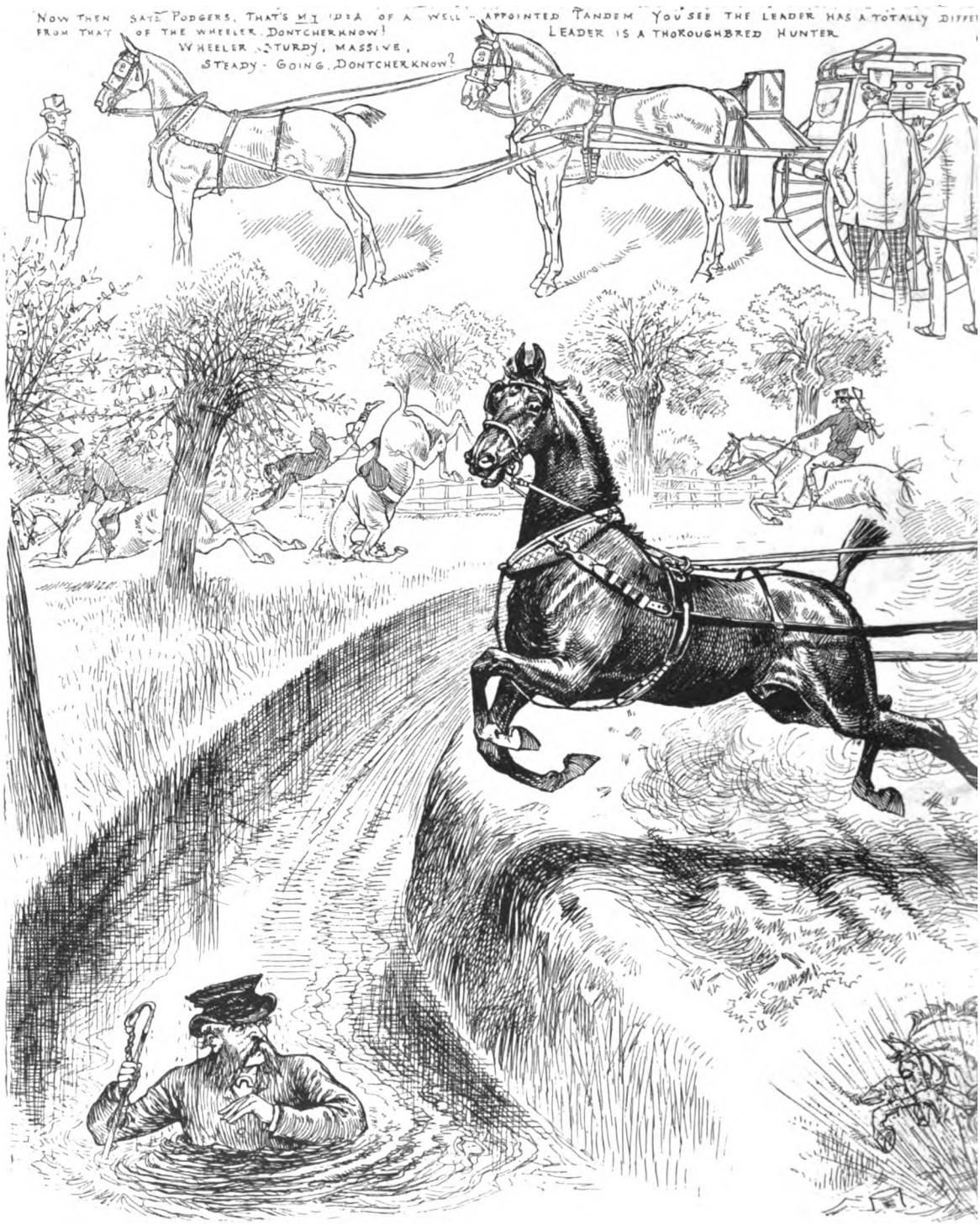

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ANDEM DRIVE.

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THE RINKER'S PSALM OF LIFE;

OR, WRINKLES FOR RINKERS.

LIFE tell not that thou affordest
Nothing but a tiresome dream,
That our dolls are stuffed with sawdust
And things are not what they seem.

Lent is slow, but this thou learnest,
Tho' the rink should be thy goal—
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,
Should'st thou strive on wheels to roll!

Let us have no cause for sorrow,
Never fall or break our shins;
Let us strive that each to-morrow
Finds us steadier on our pins.

Rinks are smooth, and skates deceive us,
If we 've never rinked before;
Strongest legs may slip and leave us
Sprawling on the dusty floor.

As our shaky feet we rattle
With all eyes upon us fixed,
Do n't we feel like driven cattle?
Do n't our feet get somewhat mixed?

Try no flyers—'t is not pleasant
On the floor your length to spread;
Only keep your pins at present,
Ankles stiff, and steady head.

Jolly rinkers all remind us
Never was such sport before—
We departing leave behind us
Deep dents on the cold, hard floor.

Deep dents—that perhaps another
Striving ease and grace to gain—
Some forlorn, half-shipwrecked brother
Meeting may fall down again.

Let us then be up and doing—
Take the outer edge with care,
Warily our course pursuing,
Learn to fall, and not to swear!

H. W. SHORTBOY.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

The column will be devoted entirely to the interests of ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING. *Reliable information for the guidance of young mothers and housekeepers will be supplied by a lady of experience and ability.*

THE most efficacious and inexpensive method in which to rid a house of rats is to rent it for a few months to a Chinese boarding-house keeper.

There is no prettier way to serve an unsightly piece of corned-beef than to cover it with chicken croquettes or boned turkey, and flank the platter with a bottle of champagne on each side.

Do not tell a green cook that you always like "dropped eggs" for breakfast, without explaining your remark. Unless you give more explicit directions, the dish may not prove to be what you expected.

If your carpets wear out, do n't try to have the breadths reversed or pieces put in, but take them up entirely, and have parquet flooring laid down or a new axminster. It will look much better than a patched ingrain.

Never be inflicted with cold, white walls in the parlor or nursery. It should be the effort of the housewife to give color and brightness to every room. Thirteen cents' worth of colored chalk, in the hands of the children, will transform the bleakest panel into a maze of bewildering designs, in one morning.

A lady informs us that a novel way to make tomato soup is to pour the milk of three cocoa-nuts on a teacupful of nice white codfish; add to this three pints of water, a tablespoonful of butter, and a can of baking-powder; then boil for half an hour.

Always see that the drinking-water which is set before your husband is absolutely pure. It should never contain a straw or chip. Many men, however, are fond of their lemonade with a stick in it.

Do n't take old black-walnut picture frames, etc., to the shop to be renovated, as you can easily varnish them yourself. Use a varnish made of gum shellac, dissolved in alcohol, tinted with burnt umber. You will probably upset some of this on the carpet or the baby will drink it (cost for repairs $10.00), but you should practise economy in small matters as well as in large ones.

The old button-basket should not be put in the fire when Christmas brings a new one. Fifteen cents worth of gold paint (which can be purchased at any toy-store), two yards of red velvet and a twenty-dollar ostrich feather will change it into an Easter bonnet, and your husband is sure to be delighted at your thriftiness and pleased with the becoming and elegant effect produced.

Never throw away the boys' old trousers when they have outgrown them. There are many methods of utilizing them effectively. One sensible and decorative idea (borrowed from "The House Beautiful") is to sew up the legs at the ankles, add heavy curtain tassels and nail the trousers by the waist-band to the wall, in the front entry. They thus make charmingly con-

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venient cane and umbrella pockets, and are sure to attract attention. A monogram or bunch of flowers can be embroidered in bright worsted at each knee, if desired.

When the sofa-cushion becomes frayed and worn-out, it can be brightened up and changed in appearance by employing a very little ingenuity and a few spare minutes. Take three pieces of blue ribbon the length of the cushion, put lace insertion of the same width between the strips of ribbon, trim the edge with narrow lace, and sew it to the top of the cushion. In the centre of this arrangement, deftly secrete a cunning little pin, so that when your Uncle David wearily rests his cranium on its tempting surface, he will scratch an Egyptian war map on the top of his bald head.

H. L. S.

JAY GOULD'S chief ends—Divid-ends.

A CASE OF COZEN.

OH pshaw, now, old boy do n't be silly !
She is only a cousin of mine—
This dear little, sweet little Millie—
Nothing more than a cousin of mine.

So why should n't I speak of her beauty ?
Her winning and amiable ways ?
She 's my cousin ; 't is really my duty
To say all I can in her praise.

And what though I show her attention ?
Though regard and esteem I should show ?
Why surely, 't is scarcely worth mention ;
It is all in the family so.

" First cousin ?" Well, no, not precisely ;
Our great-grandfathers—now—let—me—see—
We 're cousins, to state it quite nicely,
In about—the eleventh degree.

J. P. L.

VARIOUS WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT.

(*Associated Press Telegram.*)

LEADVILLE, March —, 188–.—Horrible murder. Joseph Jellaby shoots John Smith. Trouble, politics. Smith dead. Jellaby lynched.

(*The same reported by the N. Y. Jibboom* [*Rep.*].)

ANOTHER political outrage has been perpetrated in Leadville. Joseph Jellaby, one of Leadville's most respected citizens, and a member of the Republican Campaign Committee, was shot and instantly killed last evening by a Democratic Ward Politician. With a sort of poetic justice, the criminal offender was immediately executed by the outraged community.

(*Reported by the N. Y. Shiner* [*Dem.*].)

TELEGRAPHIC TICKS.

LEADVILLE, March —, 188–.—A horrible murder was committed here yesterday. One Smith, a Democrat, and ex-Mayor of Leadville, was shot at a caucus by a Republican heeler, Jellaby by name. The latter was lynched.

(*Reported by the N. Y. Whirled* [*Dem.*].)

[SPECIAL TO THE WHIRLED.]

HON. JOSEPH JELLABY, ex-Mayor of Leadville, died here last night of apoplexy. He was one of the most prominent Democrats of the town, and was highly esteemed by the whole community. The apoplectic stroke was caused by the excitement of a meeting of the primaries, over which Mr. Jellaby presided, and at which a low character, Smith by name—a Republican, by-the-way—created much disturbance. Mr. Jellaby, a Southerner by birth, actuated by a spirit of chivalry which, thank Heaven, is not dead yet, endeavored to bring the disturbance to order by pointing his revolver at him. The weapon, which was most unfortunately loaded, a fact unknown to its owner, was discharged, and Smith was shot through the lungs. Death was instantaneous. A committee of Leadville's citizens shortly after waited upon Mr. Jellaby at his home, and that gentleman was so overcome by their kind attention, that he became hysterical, which hysterics led by easy stages to the fatal stroke.

(*Reported by the N. Y. Hairoiled* [*Independent*].)

HORRIBLE BUTCHERY IN THE WEST.

A POLITICAL FEUD RESULTS IN THE DEATH OF TWO PROMINENT POLITICIANS—SMITH SHOOTS JELLABY AT LEADVILLE, AND SACRIFICES HIS OWN LIFE TO THE BLOODTHIRSTINESS OF LEADVILLE'S ARISTOCRACY.

[*By Cable to the Hairoiled.*]

The editor regrets that lack of space prevents his giving his readers the full text of the *Hairoiled's* six column report.—ED. LIFE.

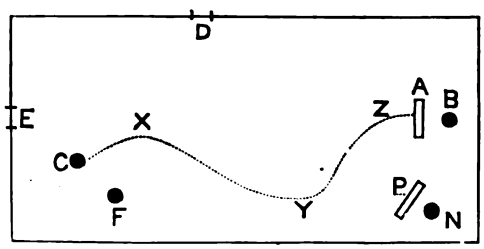
(*Reported by the N. Y. Daily Flippant* [*Dem.-Rep.*].)

SMITH SHOOTS !

Jellaby Shuffles off the Coil.

[*Express to the Flippant.*]

LEADVILLE is a marvellously beautiful town, and seems the last place in the world for the perpetration of murder most foul. * * * * * In a pretty little Queen Anne cottage not far from the main street lives the family of Mr. Jellaby. * * * * * Two blocks to the north is a handsome brick dwelling, the house of ex-Mayor Smith. * * * * There has been a feud of long standing between the two men. * * * * * They met * * * and * * Jellaby died almost instantly. * * * * The following diagram * * * *



A. Smith's desk. B. Smith. C. Where Jellaby sat. D. Exit to Gambler's Alley. E. Exit to Smiler's Retreat. F. Where Jellaby lay after the shooting. N. FLIPPANT REPORTER. X, Y, Z. Track of the bullet. P. Packing-box.

* * * * The infuriated populace * * * * * threw one end of the rope over the limb of a handsome elm, under whose genial shade Smith and Jellaby had played together in their happy childhood days * * * and fastening the other end to the wretch's neck * * * left him dead.

(*Public Opinion.*)

Yes, cheap Journalism is a priceless boon, but who killed who, and which was lynched ?

J. K. B.

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MR. DILSEY IN HOBOKEN.

After his swarry with the Thompson Street Poker Club, Mr. Dilsey returns to Hoboken and astonishes the natives.

DAT'S DE WRINKLE, NIGGAHS! AN' DAR'S NO USE TALKIN', WE'SE GOT FO' TER 'TAIN DAT DAR STANDARD FO' WE KIN IMPROVE DE SASSIETY OB DIS YER TOWN.

ONE OF THE LOST MILESIAN TALES.

SCENE, Rittenhouse Square, Philadelphia; time, 11 A. M. Enter first French bonne in a towering cap and large apron holding the two little snoblings by the hand, who chatter cheerfully in shrill, nasal voices, and appeal constantly to her as "Marie." They cross the park and come upon second French bonne in an even taller cap and more voluminous apron, sitting on a bench, reading the "Catholic's Banner," and presiding incidentally over a tiny baby almost completely swallowed up in gorgeous robes and wraps in a perambulater. They exchange greetings in the well-known dialect of Paris.

2d F. B.—"Well, Marggie, sure is it you? How are ye the morn?"

1st F. B.—"Oi 'm all roight, thank ye, Bridget Malony, hopin' y 're the same."

2d F. B.—"Take a sate, thin, and till me about the foine doin's Oi 'm hearin' av ye givin'. It 's Mary O'Flaherty that was sayin' it was a grand soight all them loights in the windies; she sorm comin' home from her mother's who 's down wid a fayver."

1st F. B. (taking a seat.)—"Yis, andade, it was illigint. And this is how it come to be done. She says to me, the Monday when I come home from Mass, 'Marry, Oi 'm goan to put a cap and aprin on ye now, and you 'll wear them all the toime. And to-noight ye 're to attind in the dressin'-room, and moind you 're not to open your lips except to say 'Wee madame' and 'Toot sweet, madame,' and made me say thim words over and over again."

2d F. B.—"It 's quare words they is, Marggie. What do they mane?"

1st F. B.—"Sure, I do n't know, but Oi promised to remimber 'm. When the noight av the sworry came, O! but Oi dressed mysilf nate! and stud inside the door takin' the cloaks and shawls. All the hoigh and moighty quality av the city av Philadelfy was there, Bridget, and kept pushin' and crowdin' in, and the music av the chunes came crowdin' up, and Oi looked over the railin' and seen the gintlemin promenadin'! And this is thrue, Bridget Malony, as sure as there 's saints above. If Oirland had the governmint av this country it would be the flower av Ameriky! And it 's livin' in big houses and wearing foine close, *we 'd* be!"

2d F. B.—"Yer spakin' sinse, now, Marggie Dolan."

1st F. B.—"Well, in the dressin'-room Oi was, whin a grand

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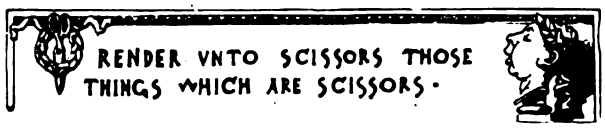
lady in a splinded dress, with a long thrain and jools like the Quane's, stipped up to me and began talkin' some gibberidge, and Oi said 'Wee madame,' and she wint on. And Oi said 'Wee madame' again. And she wint on, and wint on. And Oi said 'Sweet toot.' And she burst out laughin' and says she, 'O! it 's *Oirish* ye are?' And Oi was brought up wid good manners, and Oi says, 'From Cark, af yer plaze 'm, and it 's proud Oi 'm av it.' And I looked round and there was the misthress! And she says, 'Dear Mrs. Long Azure, Oi 'm so glad to see ye! Whin did ye come back from Parry, dear, darlin' Parry! Oi heerd ye talkin' to the maid. She 's picked up a few Frinch words from the childthren and loikes to air thim.' There 's a serpint fur ye, Bridget Malony! But it 's moyself that got even wid her, fur Oi says, 'And who but yerself taught 'm to me yisterday to have me pretind to be a Frinch maid, which Oi 'm no more 'n you 're a lady, lyin' about a poor gurl loike that!' 'It 's drunk ye are!' she cried, and if you 'll belave me it 's but two glasses of the claret punch Oi 'd had below and not so much as a buthered muffin! Whin the lady had gone down, holdin' her handkerchief up to her mouth, the misthress came back in a juice av a rage wid her eyes sparklin' loike annything and she says to me 'Damn ye! Ye 're an Oirish idiot! Ye 'll go to-morrow.' Oi'm goin' the day. Not for twinty toimes the money would Oi stay wid the loikes av *her*, descindin' to that langwidge! Where 's thim blessed childthren gone to? They 're swate little darlints and it 's sorry Marggie Dolan is to lave 'm."

(Exeunt French bonnes and children.)

A SATIN dress.—The telegraph operatrix's.



A LITTLE fellow with a tall, stalwart wife was asked by a friend if the contrast between them did n't often expose him to mortifying remarks. "Oh, I do n't mind that," he said, cheerfully, "but since Sarah 's grown near-sighted, I have to look sharp for fear she 'll step on me."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"DO TAKE some more of the vegetables, Mr. Blood, for they go to the pigs, anyway."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

TIMID lady going up the Washington monument elevator: "Conductor, what if the rope breaks that holds us?" Conductor: "Oh, there are a number more attached as safety ropes." Timid lady: "But if they all break, where shall we go?" Conductor: "Oh, well, m'm, that all depends on what kind of life you have been living before."—*Phila. News.*

DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES has undeniably written some very good verses in his time, "but the best poems I have ever produced," he says, "are the trees I planted on the hillside." If the majority of the current poets would take this hint, and instead of grinding out verses go to planting trees somewhere, the effect could hardly fail to be wholesome, both in an arboreal and literary sense.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

A STRANGER strolling through the cemetary at Fremont, O., accosted a grave-digger with the remark:

"Nice, cosy little plantin' ground you 've got here."

"Yes," replied the spadesman, without interrupting his work; "it is sorter quiet and retired like."

"Can you tell me where Hayes is buried?" continued the stranger.

"What Hayes?"

"Rutherford B. Hayes."

"If you mean him as was onc't a President, he ain't buried at all."

"Not buried!" exclaimed the visitor, in astonishment. "Great ducks, what do they want to keep him so long for?"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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"MY dear," said a Mormon wife to her husband. "I should think that you would be ashamed of yourself, flirting with that Miss B. as you did in church today."

"Flirting with her?" he replied in astonishment; "why we have been engaged for more than three months. It 's all over town."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said his wife indifferently. "If you are engaged to her, I suppose it is all right. When does the happy event occur?"—*Philadelphia Call.*

JIM WEBSTER, a hard-looking colored man, was brought to a justice in Austin for stealing some money from the house of Col. Jones, one of the most respectable citizens.

Said the judge very impressively to Jim:

"Did n't you know that no good can come from stolen money—that there is a curse on it?"

"Boss, I did n't know Col. Jones stole dat money. I allus 'spected him ob bein' an hones' man. White folks am gettin to be mighty onreliable nowadays."—*Texas Siftings.*

"I DON'T think any one ever fooled you, Mr. Crimsonbeak!" exclaimed that gentleman's wife this morning, who was a trifle provoked because her husband refused to be caught in a little trick she had concocted for his benefit.

"Oh yes I was, Mrs. Crimsonbeak," returned the husband softly.

"I should like to know when," Mrs. C. continued.

"Have you forgotten that we were married fifteen years ago to-day," answered the celluloid-hearted Crimsonbeak as he dodged just in time to escape the tender touch of the family sugar bowl.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"I WANT to give you a pointer," said a man to a friend from the country the other day.

"I don't want a pointer," was the countryman's reply.

"It is n't going to cost you a cent."

"You had better sell the pointer to some one," suggested the yokel, with great emphasis.

The man who was to give the pointer looked at his corn-husking friend in astonishment, when the latter said:

"I mean just what I say. I don't want your pointer for a gift. I had one last spring, and he tore up all the plants and raised ructions, and I ain't got no room for dogs on my place!"

And the professional financier commenced to thrust his head between the uncut pages of his morning paper, that the bean-raiser might not see the smile that was floating across his features.—*Puck.*

A careful and exact computation of the payments to policy-holders of the old "Travelers" of Hartford, give many curious results. During the last year, for instance, they gave the dead and disabled members of its great family $1,154,000, or at the rate of $154 per hour to the widows and orphans, and an aggregate of $9,000,000 since their establishment.

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THE small boy who hangs around the parlor and makes faces at his sister's beau should be punished for contempt of court.—*Yale News.*

WE have received a map of Paris from the American Exchange in that city. We shall have no use for it, however. When we wish to go to a wicked city, we shall take in Cincinnati instead.—*Lowell Citizen.*

NO MISTAKE IN HERS.

AT noon a girl about 19 years old, and wearing a somewhat faded costume, came up to the delivery window of the postoffice, threw down a letter and said to the clerk:

"Is that air stamp all squee-gee?"

"Yes, it seems to be all right."

"An' is the address writ so 's thar kin be no show of its gettin' off 'n the trail an' monkeyin' all 'round the country afore it gits to whar' it 's addressed?"

"Oh, I guess so. The small boys can manage to"—

"I don't want no guess work about it, for that 's a matter o' life and death. If that letter 'll go straight say so, and if it won't just unlimber your tongue and give me square music."

"I 'll guarantee that it will find the person to whom it is addressed," said the clerk, who had deciphered the hieroglyphics on the envelope.

"Then that 's all right, but if it don't get thar' on time I 'll have you took up for murder. That letter 's fur my feller back in Illinoy, an' he writ that if I would n't marry him right off he 'd kill hisself, an' I 've writ back that he kin come on an' double up jest as soon as he wants ter. If that letter do n't get thar straight Jim 's just fool enough to swaller a dose of pizen or somethin', an' mind, young man, that you are liable to be pulled any minute for murder if he does. My name 's Rhoda Lumly, an' anybody that knows the Lumlys 'll tell you that we 're not to be fooled with when human life is at stake.

And she shook a warning finger at the clerk and walked out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE CONTINENT FOR APRIL.

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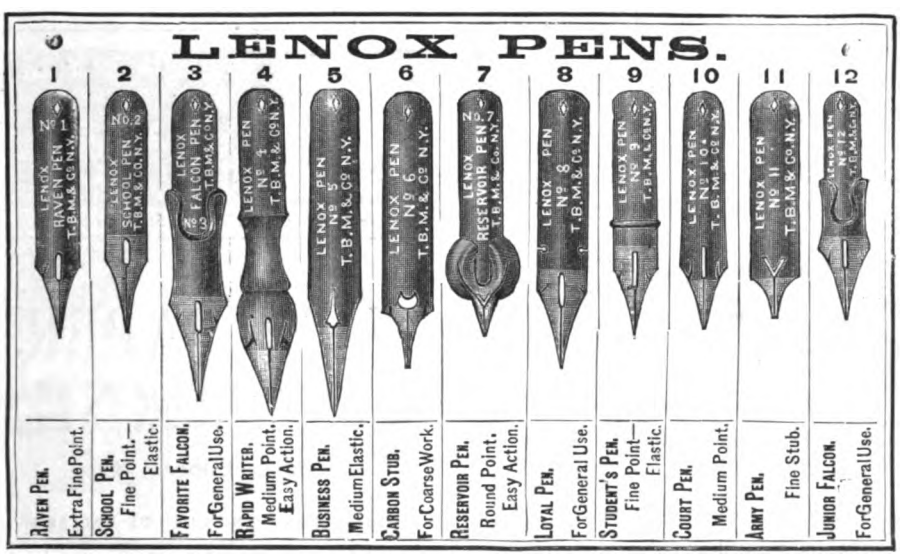

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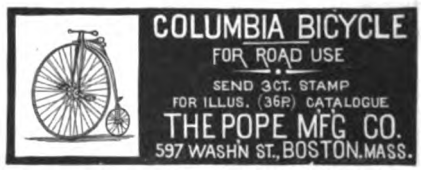

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, APRIL 17, 1884. NUMBER 68.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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L72
Dr Damance.

LIFE

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SOCIETY

LITERATURE

POLITICS

THE DRAMA

TWO OF A KIND.

First Creature: WELL—AW—YOU KNOW, I SUPPOSE, MY COUNTRY IS THE HOME OF LIBERTY, AND ALL THAT SORT OF THING, BUT YOURS IS THE ONLY ONE WHERE THEY MAKE CLOTHES FIT TO WEAR.

Second do.: WELL—AW—YOU KNOW, I SHOULD PUT IT JUST THE OTHER WAY, BY JOVE; MY COUNTRY IS FREE ENOUGH, BUT I NEVER GOT ANY DECENT BAGS EXCEPT IN LONDON.

First do.: LONDON! ARE N'T YOU AN ENGLISHMAN?

Second do.: NO, ARE N'T YOU? *Tableau!*

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VOL. III. APRIL 17TH, 1884. NO. 68.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THERE seems to have been something envious about the burning of the St. George Flats. They were strictly fireproof, being built after the approved principles upon which ninety-five per cent. of the other fireproof apartment houses in this city are constructed. In these the walls are at least four inches thick and made of celluloid rendered incombustible by being dipped in kerosene; the partitions are of the most indestructible varity of tinder and matchwood, sheathed in punk and lined with shavings, asphalt, guncotton, nitro glycerine and turpentine; the chimneys are made of the most obstinate variety of pitch-pine well saturated with saltpetre, and to make the thing still better protected, a safety fuse radiates from the office to each room, so that in case of fire no one apartment can get in its fine work ahead of another. Then, as a final precaution, a ton or so of gunpowder is stowed in the cellar and a supply of blue lights in the garret, ready to assist. The comfort of the occupants is assured by the knowledge that they have not to think at all, in case of an alarm, about fire-escapes, for there is no fire-escape to think of. The simplest mode of exit is by way of the windows, and a row of iron halberds and pikes, well barbed, is provided below, so that the sufferers who jump will not be able to get away until the arrival of the ambulance. Considering all these precautions are taken, it is somewhat surprising to hear that the St. George Flats not only burned up effectively and burned down with promptness, but that its meagre populace barely escaped with its lives in broad daylight. The populace, by the way, lost everything but its several salvations; but with those intact, it is to be supposed it is ready to remove into another fire-proof flat.

* * *

"I READ the other day that Mt. Dshebel Naibo, in Algeria, was slowly sinking into the earth. Without being at all an Algerian I may state that I have private reason for thinking the phenomenon not only not unique, but not confined to mountains."—*Roscoe.*

* * *

SO Mr. CONKLING is going for Mr. BLAINE. Why not? Mr. BLAINE used to go for Mr. CONKLING.

THE Washington *Evening Star* of recent date contains the following:

"A *Star* reporter was informed this afternoon, by authority entitled to credit, that a dispatch had been received from Mr. OLIVER PAYNE denying the statement imputed to him that his father would not accept the Democratic Presidential nomination as a 'pure fabrication.' It is understood that the dispatch was sent to representative Page of Ohio."

This news being almost too good to be strictly true, we emitted inquiries and gathered in the following:

COLUMBUS, OHIO, April 4, 1884.

To the Editor of LIFE:

It is true. But who is Payne? PAIGE.

7, Collect.

OSHKOSH, April 4, 1884.

To the Editor of LIFE:

I did send the dispatch, and I will not refuse it if it is offered to me. By the way, can you give me any idea of my chances? I have never been struck by lightning in my life, but am willing. The postmaster here can answer all necessary inquiries as to my fitness and ability. PAYNE.

56, Collect.

BOSTON, April 5, 1884.

To the Editor of LIFE:

Never heard of the man and do n't want to. BUTLER.

9, Paid.

GREYSTONE, April 5, 1884.

To the Editor of LIFE:

So far as I know, there is nothing against him. If you find out who he is, let me know. By the way do you mind saying that yesterday I threw four back somersaults and a hand spring, sawed a cord of wood, and walked nine miles? Let it not be forgotten, too, that I have a bar'l. S. J. T.

47, Paid.

WASHINGTON, April 6, 1884.

To the Editor of LIFE:

Really, my own little boom is taking all my spare time, and you must excuse my ignorance. C. A. A.

17, Paid.

* * *

"THE question of the hour now is the Government proposal to regulate the storage of whiskey in various States."—*Liquor Dealer.*

We had supposed that there was no need of Government doing anything of the kind so long as Kentucky continued to be so populous, and Col. Ochiltree was still alive.

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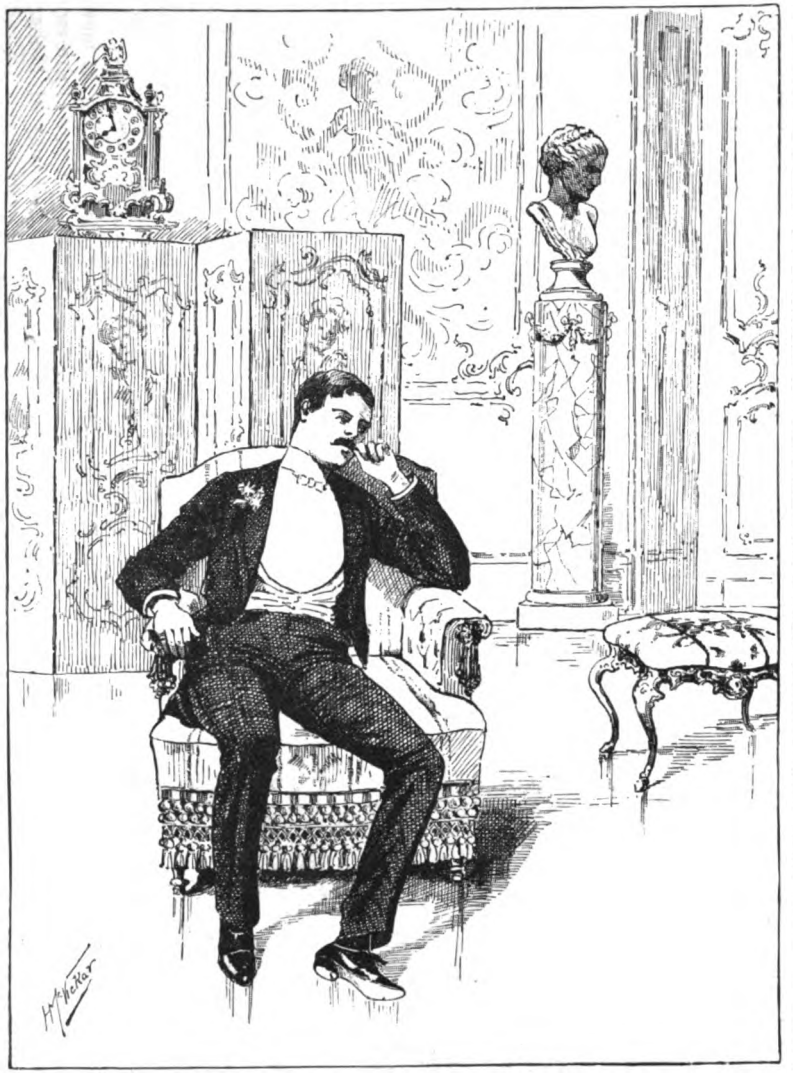

HOW ABOUT THIS?

WE ARE INVITED TO DINE AT THE A——'S AT SEVEN O'CLOCK. ARRIVING PROMPTLY AT THAT HOUR, WE WAIT PERHAPS TWENTY MINUTES FOR SOME ONE TO APPEAR.

PROFITING BY PAST EXPERIENCE WE ARRIVE AT THE B——'S THIRTY MINUTES LATE AND FIND THEY HAVE GONE IN TO DINNER. VERILY, THIS IS A HARD WORLD!

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SOME IMPRESSIONS.

MAY we not look forward half a century or less and expect to read and compare extracts somewhat as follows :

From Mlle. Marie Colombier's "Tour Through America."

America is far more pleasant than I had anticipated ; the people are genial and enthusiastic.

After all, American audiences are cold, and one misses the nerve and elan of a genuine Parisian public.

The Americans are boors, and I have not yet met a single gentleman or lady. Their manners are all simply atrocious.

From Mathew Arnold's Aftermath.

With an uncanny and almost regretful hesitation I plucked up my courage to explore the wilds of America and to mix with the uncultured throngs that bid fair to drown the sweetness and light of letters with the hum and grime of new and tirelessly busy factories.

* * * * *

I thank the Giver of Light for America ! The keen appreciation of its in-dwellers for all that is broad and fine, the calm reflection over adverse criticism, the majestic breadth and generosity even of their Philistinism, and their graceful habit of ascribing to me all that any Arnold ever wrote, are traits enough to challege even an Englishman's respect and love.

From the "Private Diary of the Late Mlle. Colombier."

M. Grau promises an increased salary, and that my name shall be on the posters in type as large *almost* as Sara's.

Sara has insisted on much of my best by-play being suppressed because it detracts from her applause.

In the provinces we have played to miserable houses. Expenses scarcely paid. Salaries are to be reduced for all but Sara.

From "The Private Diary and Business Correspondene of the lamented Matthew Arnold."

Mr. D'Oyle Carte has guaranteed me a round sum for a lecturing tour in America. I do not feel quite satisfied with his financial responsibility, but he is certainly good for all expenses, at least, so I shall have a free excursion—shall advertise my books, and peep at the ultra-marine, double-dyed Philistines.

* * * * *

The Rubicon is passed. Our expenses were light. I spent 112 days in America, and was invited to 197 dinners and receptions. Accepted 148 and live to tell the tale. I met but one Englishman—alas! his mal addresse—and he was a tallow-Chandler. Deposited in bank £4008 17*s*. 4*d*. as the net profits of the trip.

From Henry Irving's "Notes on America."

There is no place I would rather live in than England, except America ; and, in fact, when America becomes a trifle more English it will be the choicer place of the two.

Bostonians have far more tact and a more correct estimate of the claims of talent than have the citizens of other places.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious by the Sun of York." What intelligence ! What fine and delicate perceptive faculties ! What an utter absence of prejudice !

The Americans are truly a grand and noble nation.

From Henry Irving's Private Diary.

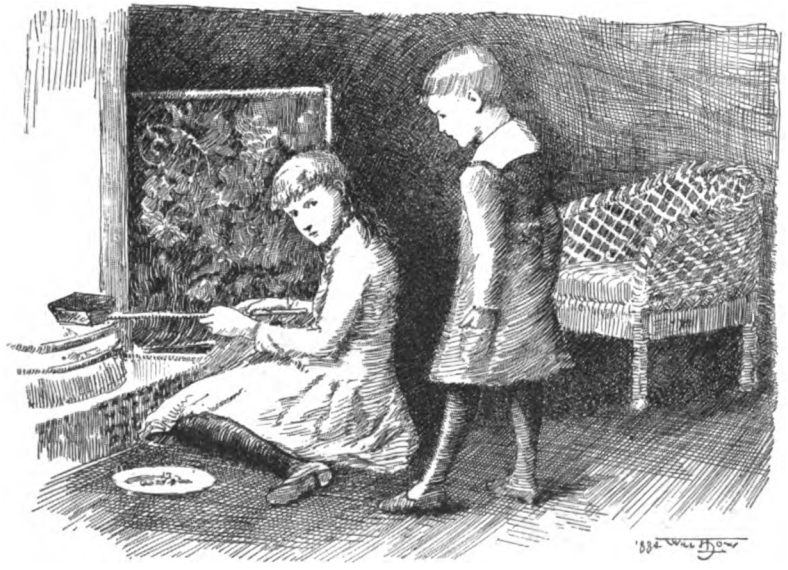
My *début* was an immense success, and in my speech I worked in a good word for Ellen.

I was received in great state at Boston, and was given a banquet at the Paperers' Club—and *mirabile dictu*—Ellen was also invited, and, what is more, *went*.

Abbey is getting double prices everywhere. The family circle reserved seats (1*s*. in London) are going off rapidly at $1.50 (or 6*s*.), and orchestra stall at $3. Whew !

Our sucess is so great that we are coming again.

749 critics have talked about my mannerisms. 'T is well ; without them 't would be for the critics "Othello's occupation 's gone !"



POPPING A QUESTION.

Tom : DID YOU KNOW, ETHEL, THAT YOU HAD TWO PAPAS?
Ethel (*surprised*) : WHY, NO!
Tom : YES; YOU HAVE YOUR REAL PAPA AND YOUR CORN-POPPER.

THE INCONSTANT MUSE.

"A goddess, yet a woman still,
She flies the more that we pursue her."—*Dobson.*

LIKE all her sex the Muse is fickle,
For when in summer-time I show
A tendancy to turn a nickel
By singing of the golden glow,
She whispers only of the snow ;
And when the winter winds, rapacious,
Across the white drifts bitter blow,
And I again beg her be gracious,
That I may sing of want and woe
And misery, etcetera,
She 's like the girl who, when you go
To ask permission of Mama,
Discovers still another beau,
And welcomes your return with "No !"

F. D. SHERMAN.

A CHANCE acquaintance—The man who runs a faro-bank.

THE Rev. Heber Newton is mentioned as the possible new Professor of Enigmatical Theology at Hobart College.

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BOOKISHNESS

THE SWEET SINGER OF CLINTON.

THE poet's remark about the sad fate of those blossoms which waste their sweetness and light on the desert air never had a better illustration than the career of Lillian E. Curtis, a hitherto unhonored Child of Song. In 1872 a well-known Albany firm printed, at her request, a little volume of verses called "Forget-Me-Not." As is often the case, the world was not ready for its new genius; through all these years "Forget-Me-Not" has been forgotten. By mere accident a stray copy has fallen into appreciative hands, and LIFE is enabled to do tardy justice to a neglected poet.

These verses are redolent of the country. The true poet is not the product of French flats or brown-stone fronts. There is something almost Wordsworthian in the poem on "The Potato," of which the following verses give but a glimpse:

What on this wide earth
That is made, or does by nature grow,
Is more homely, yet more beautiful
Than the useful Póta*tó*?

On the whole it is a very plain plant,
Makes no conspicuous show,
But the internal appearance is lovely,
Of the unostentatious Póta*tó*.

A practical and moral lesson
This may plainly show,
That, though homely, our heart *can be*
Like that of the homely Póta*tó*.

The art with which the soft vowels of this melodious word "potato" are given their full effect would do credit to Swinburne, the master of melody. That Miss Curtis is also the mistress of those irregular metres, which Walt Whitman glories in, is shown by the following:

To those who are contemplating
Connubial bliss,
A word of kind advice is offered—
It is this:
Consider the step you 're about to take,
And be sure you 're wide awake;
And above all things beware! beware!
Of taking the stepmother's chair.

One of the most pathetic ballads, which illustrates also the high moral tone of this writer, and her great desire to inculcate good lessons by her work, is called "Only One Eye."

I loved the gentle girl,
But, oh! I heaved a sigh,
When first she told me she could see
Out of only one eye.

An! you need not pity her,
She needs not your tear and sigh;
She makes good use, I tell you,
Of her *one* remaining eye.

In the home where we are hastening
In our Eternal Home on High,
See that you are not rivaled
By the girl with only *one* eye.

When all are so good it is hard to make selections. We would like to give "The Rainbow," if space permitted. A prefatory note explains that these verses would probably never have been written "had it not been for a dream my mother had. She thought a certain person asked her if I ever had written on the rainbow. That reminded me of the subject." There is a touching allusion to this in the last stanza:

Other subjects than this to write upon
To me far easier seem,
And of this one I should not have thought,
But for *my mother's dream*.

There are obituary poems in this volume which George Washington Childs might be proud to own; there are "poems of passion" which Ella Wheeler might praise; there are lyrics which the Sweet Singer of Michigan might have sung. It should be a matter of congratulation to all citizens of this State to know (as we are creditably informed) that this newly-discovered star in the firmament of Song first shone out upon the village of Clinton, famous as the seat of Hamilton College and countless young ladies' seminaries, but hereafter to be more famous as the one time home of Genius.

DROCH.

A BLOW AT THE ENEMY.

MR. WILLIAM ASTOR has won a glorious victory over the Custom House in securing a decision of the United States Supreme Court to the effect that the exemption of wearing apparel from duty does not require that the apparel shall have been actually worn.

This will probably do much toward saving the souls of travelers, for a lie, even when told to a Custom House officer, is a wicked thing. The *Commercial Advertiser* in a recent issue very happily delivers itself as follows:

Hereafter ladies landing in August will not have to go ashore clad in furs enough for an Esquimaux in mid-winter, nor will they find it necessary during their passage to appear at table in a new outfit every day, dressing successively for all seasons, in order to wear all their new gowns before falling into the clutches of the customs officers. Ocean travellers will no longer be delighted with the variety furnished by gentlewomen who come to dinner one day in a rich dressing gown and the next in bridal toilet. But there are limits to the liberty of free importation in baggage, even yet, and it will be worth while for ladies who spend "six consecutive weeks without stopping, in one continuous round of shopping" at Paris, after the manner of Miss Flora MacFlimsy, to study well the exact terms of the decision.

CHANGE for a Sovereign.—A Republic.

THE Girdle of Venus.—A coat sleeve.

FINE fall weather.—The skating season.

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EXTRACTS FROM THE TRIAL OF A MURDERER.

DEDICATED TO THE QUEEN CITY OF THE WEST.

[Closing Remarks of the Prisoner's Counsel.]

IT only remains for me to suggest to your honor that the Jury be charged to acquit my client on the following grounds: First, he acknowledges the crime with which he stands charged. Second, this is the fourth crime of a similar nature of which he is guilty. Third, he expresses his intention of walking ever hereafter in the paths of vice. Fourth and last, he is a leading member of the political organization which, now having the upper hand in our city, will decide the question as to whether your honor shall continue in the position which you now occupy after the date of the next election.

[From the Judge's Charge.]

The Court is embarrassed. According to the strict principles of the law it is my duty to charge the Jury to find our friend at the bar guilty of murder in the first degree. My position, however, is of such a nature, having been elected to it by the party of which the accused is a leading member, that I cannot conscientiously fly in the face of the direct wishes of my constituents. I therefore, gentlemen, leave the matter to your own consciences. I would state, however, that the gentleman now to be adjudged is of a doubtful character, and an old-established legal maxim provides that the prisoner should have the benefit of the doubt.

[The Verdict.]

We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree, but in view of the extreme heinousness of his crime, the nearness of the elections, and embarrassed by financial relations with the prisoner's counsel, do hereby express our *fixed* determination to acquit him of the charge.

[Consequences.]

Riot. Militia called out. Decent citizens shot. Records burned, and general defiance of law and order.

J. K. B.

FOR a vegetable dinner: Cauliflower by any name 't would smell as cabbage.

A SCIENTIFIC New Yorker who drank too much Piper Sec. said that he was not tight, but only "harmonized with his environment."

A SPECIAL dispatch says that there was a "snow slide" last week in a Colorado town, and that two of the oldest citizens were injured, but no one was killed. There is nothing very sensational in this. During the winter, there have been over two thousand "snow slides" in this city—made by schoolboys on the sidewalks—and hundreds of people were injured daily. The reason that no one was killed in this particular "snow slide" out West is explained by the fact that the citizens were very old, and when they had regained their feet, probably could not run fast enough to catch the boys.

IN A GOOD CAUSE.

AN entertainment in aid of the "Home for the Destitute Blind" is to be given on the 16th, 17th and 18th of April, at the Madison Square Theatre, at three o'clock P.M. It will consist of the comedy of "The Moonlight Marriage," to be played by Mrs. James Brown Potter, Mr. Robert Sale Hill, Mr. Edward F. Coward and many others, and it is safe to anticipate a most brilliant affair. There is no worthier charity in the city.

This institution has been at work about fourteen years, and is the only one here which aids the adult destitute blind. There are about seven hundred of these unfortunate people in the city. This institution can reach but forty, and the enormous need of a larger building has induced the friends of the "Home" to propose the erection of a new building, in which charitable intent the following ladies take an interest. Reserved seats are three dollars, and can be obtained of those whose names are not marked with an asterisk:

Mrs. August Belmont, 109 Fifth Avenue.
Mrs. Bradley Martin, 22 West 20th Street.
Mrs. Charles H. Berryman, 8 East 9th Street.
*Mrs. John G. Heckscher, 143 Madison Avenue.
*Mrs. Charles Leland, 162 Madison Avenue.
*Miss Mary Harvey, 15 West 21st Street.
*Miss Susan O. Hoffman, 270 Madison Avenue.
*Mrs. Wm. W. Tompkins, 68 Fifth Avenue.
*Mrs. Henry A. Coster, 232 West 14th Street.
*Mrs. H. A. C. Taylor, 12 East 35th Street.
*Mrs. John Sherwood, 18 West 32d Street.
Miss Dehon, 273 Fifth Avenue.
*Mrs. John C. Peters, 83 Madison Avenue.
*Mrs. Eastburn Benjamin, 51 West 39th Street.
*Miss Walton, 70 Fifth Avenue.

SPECIAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Mrs. August Belmont,	Mrs. John C. Peters,
Mrs. Bradley Martin,	Mrs. John G. Heckscher,
Mrs. Charles H. Berryman,	Miss Dehon.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

This column will be devoted entirely to the interests of ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING. *Reliable information for the guidance of young mothers and housekeepers will be supplied by a lady of experience and ability.*

THE usual codfish steak for Sunday's breakfast can be made more palatable by substituting shad with watercresses or salmon and cucumbers.

Have you a room in the house that you cannot afford to furnish? Just hang a few engravings on the wall, put a grand piano in it, and use it for a music-room.

"Beefsteak hash is a most delicious compound, and can be eaten with relish, three times a day." This recommendation was written by a Burmese dictionary-maker who had never tasted it in his life.

If you are annoyed by the racket which the old Stilton cheese makes, scrambling around in its tin case, procure a wooden starch box, line it with Canton

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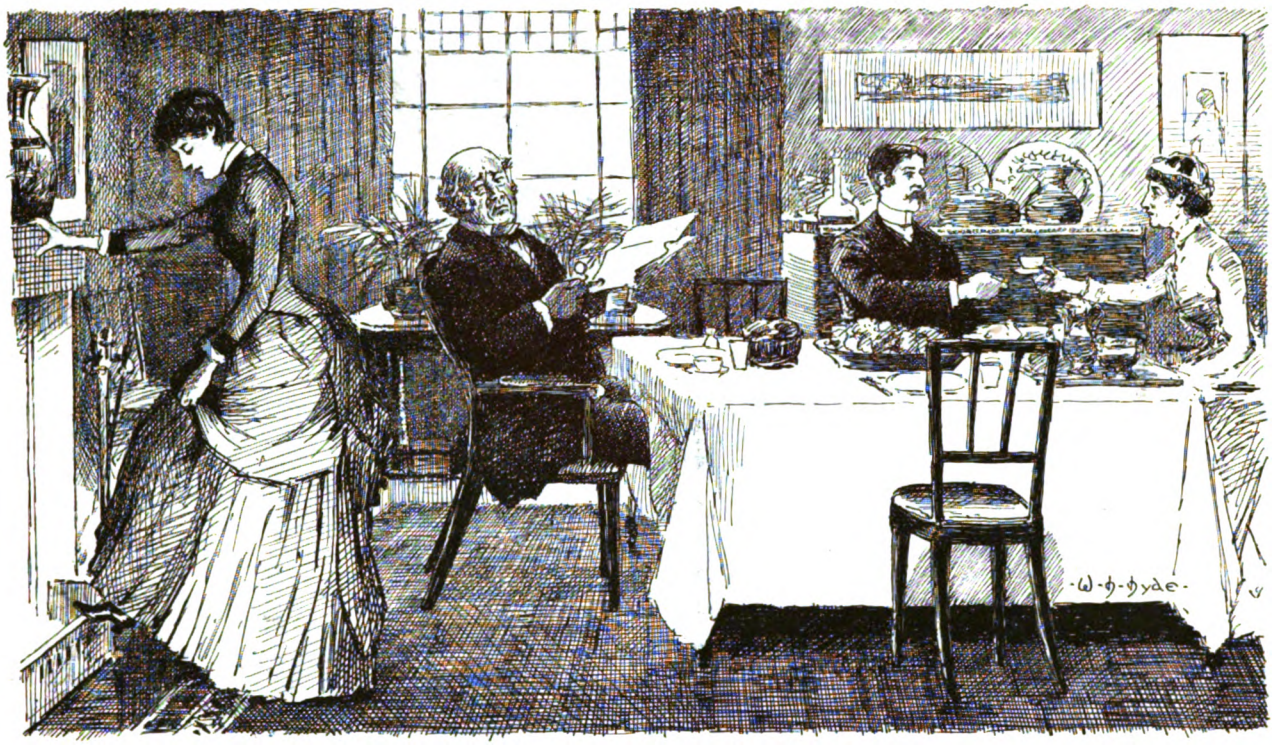

VAULTING AMBITION.

Paterfamilias: WELL, JANE, ARE N'T YOU COMING TO BREAKFAST AT ALL? YOU 'RE AN HOUR LATE NOW.
Jane: IT WAS SO COLD IN MY ROOM I COULD N'T DRESS. I WISH I WAS A FIRE ENGINE HORSE; IT ONLY TAKES THEM TWO SECONDS TO DRESS, AND THERE 'S A FIRE ALWAYS READY FOR THEM.

flannel, and keep a brick on the cover. This will avoid any further trouble.

Great care should be taken in the choice of pictures for the baby's bedroom. A dear little girl, in her second year, was once scared into epileptic fits by waking up in the night and catching sight of General Butler's portrait which hung on the wall opposite her crib.

Many housekeepers do not understand the cause of the mysterious brown stains which so often disfigure their handsome tablecloths, and the origin of these has occasioned much conjecture. After studying this matter long and carefully we have come to the conclusion that they generally appear after a near-sighted person has helped himself to the gravy, or an enthusiastic novice has been carrying the roast duck.

Economical husbands who are compelled to polish their own shoes every morning will be thankful to learn of something which will spare them blackened fingers and aching arms. It has often been suggested to use milk instead of water when moistening the blacking paste; but even then, polishing is a slow and disagreeable task. All trouble and inconvenience can be avoided simply by wearing patent-leather shoes and none other.

CHEZ GUBBINS.

IT was the sweet Spring time, and the hail beat against the window panes and the wind howled so that Mr. and Mrs. Gubbins felt more than usually contented and placid as they sat before their bright, cheerful fire.

Mr. Gubbins was deep in the politics of the New York *Herald*, while his wife, who was reading in one of the other sheets of that circus-tent-like daily a column headed "The Drama," at last looked up with a puzzled expression and said:

"John, here 's an extract from an English paper criticising the Yankee pronunciation of Mary Anderson, and it says that she makes the word 'yonder' rhyme with the name of the male goose; now how under the sun can she twist '*yonder*' into anything like '*drake*'?"

Mr. Gubbins looked thoughtfully over his spectacles into the fire, shook his head slowly, and answered:

"It must be a mistake, my dear, or a misprint; those literary fellers and compositors are an ignorant, careless set, you know."

A FASHIONABLE writing-stick—The stylograph.

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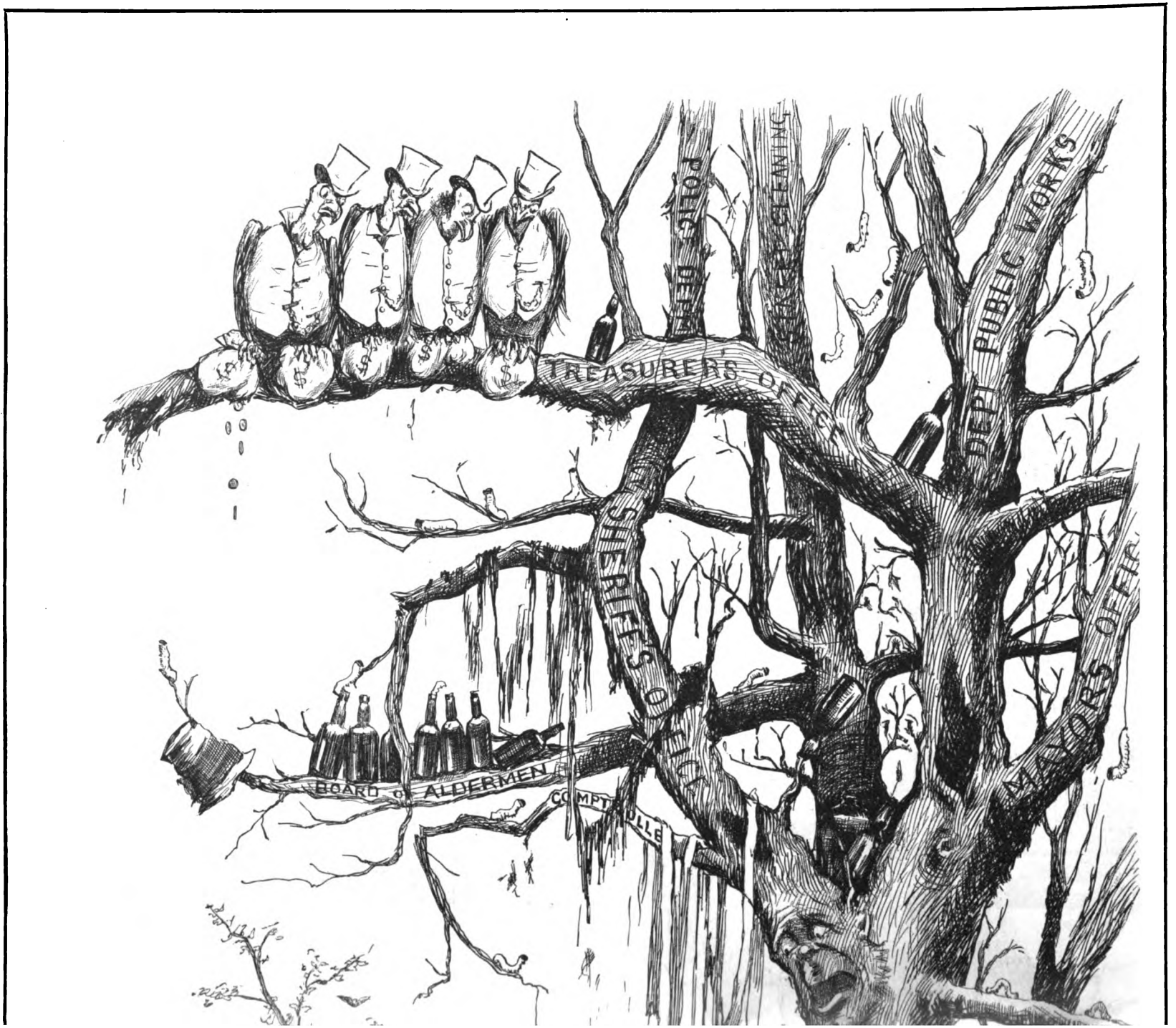

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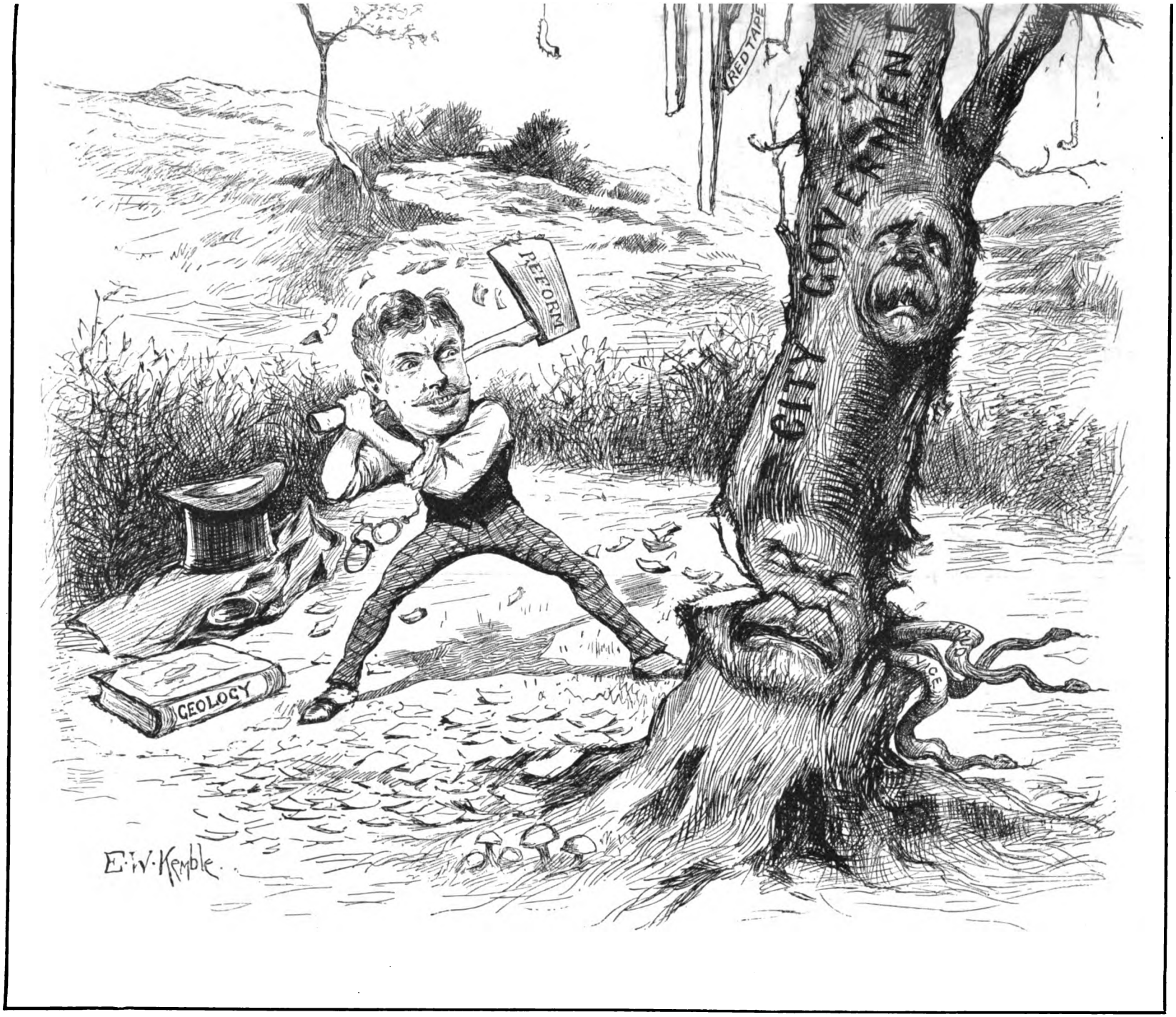

BRAVO!

MR. ROOSEVELT GETS IN SOME FINE WORK ON THE DEADLY UPAS.

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PASS IT ON.

An Arab came to the river side
With a donkey bearing an obelisk ;
But he would not try to ford the tide
For he had too good an *

—*Boston Globe.*

So he camped all night by the river side,
And remained till the tide had ceased to swell;
For he knew should the donkey from life subside,
He would never find its ‖

—*Salem Sunbeam.*

In the morning he sought to ford the tide;
When the donkey stopped of the water to quaff,
The rider fell off, let the obelisk slide,
Thus affording a newspaper ¶

—*Rome Sentinel.*

But in the eve when the tide was low
And the sun had set on the vegetation,
He stirred up the mule and made it go,
Nor was he stopped by an ?

—*Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.*

Soon they reached their journey's end,
The mule was frisky under the lash,
And while the girls looked brightly on
The mule and master cut a ——

—*Phil. Evening News.*

And a very good *impression* made ;
Thus filling their hearts with bliss,
For girls have often donkeys admired,
But this is said in ( )

—*Chicago Specimen.*

And in all the journey the donkey made
He did not seem to be weari-ed ;
But the girls were nevertheless afraid
He was not the mule of the .

—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

But he was cold, this wise old mule,
Though wise was he as Solon ;
For though his load was kindling wood,
He did not put the :

EASTER EGGS IN THE KITCHEN.

SCIENTIFIC

THE EDEN MUSÉE.

ARTEMAS WARD with his highly moral kangaroo, Madam Tussaud with her collection of horrors, and Di Cesnola with his Cypriote repairations* must take a back seat. The *Eden Musée* is with us.

For the past six months the frequenters of Twenty-third street between Broadway and Sixth avenue have wondered at the marvellously handsome building which has been in course of erection on the north side of that street. Upon inquiry passers-by were informed that it belonged to the *Eden Musée Company*, which piquant name, when pronounced by an Irish contractor who invariably gave the information, conveyed as clear an idea as to its eventual use as the refusal of a nomination by a Democratic candidate for the Presidency conveys as to his inmost purpose. The company could hardly have hit upon a better way of advertising their venture than by this same method of mystery, for there are to-day hundreds of people who will go there, impelled primarily by a feeling of curiosity rather than by any desire of seeing the "highly moral waxworks."

On entering the building, the first thing to meet the visitor's eye is a group representing the baptism of the great-grandson of the Emperor of Germany. Here we have an exceedingly high-toned assemblage, comprising one emperor, three kings, three emperors *in futuro*, a real duke and an angel. So much for the aristocracy. There is likewise a chaplain, who is supposed to be blessing the infant, but who, one would suppose by the expression of his countenance, was endeavoring to frighten the poor thing into a conniption fit. If the child were anything but wax, he would probably die. As it is, our only wonder is that he does not melt with fear.

In cruel contrast to this tableau there is on the opposite side of the room the scene of the death of the young Prince Imperial at the hands of the Zulus. The catalogue claims this to be "a truthful and vivid portrayal of this melancholy episode." This leads us to infer that with unprecedented enterprise the *Eden Musee* had its representative on hand, then and there, to take down this event of thrilling interest in shorthand. Beside this tableau is another representing Napoleon the Third lying in state. The catalogue fails to say what State, but then in "wax figgers" much is left to the imagination.

We then pass on to the centre room where in one grand ethnological congregation we find the rulers of the world. There is President Arthur, looking as

* A new archæological term coined to remove the disturbing differences between repairs and restorations.

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ONE EFFECT OF CHEAP CABS IN NEW YORK.

THIS GENTLEMAN IS NOT INTOXICATED. NEITHER IS HE SUBJECT TO FITS. HE HAS MERELY BEEN TOLD THAT HIS FARE IS ONLY FIFTY CENTS.

if he were undecided whether to go fishing or write a message; there is Queen Victoria, with an expression of countenance much resembling our New England friend Mrs. Pinkham; Pope Leo is gazing with rapt admiration at Sara Bernhardt across the way, who holds in her hand a copy of Sara Barnum and "wax-eth" exceeding wroth thereat; the Prince of Wales regards Mary Anderson intently; there are others too, equally remarkable, but none more so than a figure which resembles John Kelly, Gambetta and Keifer, being a whole show in itself and well worth the half dollar required for admission. In the centre of the room are grouped the renowned painters, musicians and actors of a limited sphere of the world. Edwin Booth is easily distinguished from Mrs. Langtry, the latter wearing a blonde wig; Washington is making his one hundredth (more or less) appearance in his trip across the Delaware.

Having wearied of this room we go down into the crypt, where most delightful horrors are pleasantly served.

J. K. B.

Aller bride en main—to allow your wife to go to Maine.

THE THOMPSON ST. POKER CLUB.

MR. TOOTER WILLIAMS opened the first jack-pot with a little hesitation and four white chips, Saturday evening. Deacon TROTLINE ANGUISH, who had strayed in under the chaperonage of Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES, and who apparently had jacks-up and a very superficial knowledge of Mr. WILLIAMS, came in. Mr. RUBE JACKSON felt a strong temptation to put a plaster on the back of the wall-eyed king he had caught, hold him up with the deuces and try and pull something, but the studied indifference with which Mr. WILLIAMS gazed into space, made him lay down his hand and wish he were dead. Mr. CYANIDE WHIFFLES borrowed a blue chip from the Deacon "jess—jess till de nex' han'," and came in and kept the change. Then all eyes naturally centred on the Rev. Mr. THANKFUL SMITH, who, in addition to a barricade of chips which made Mr. WHIFFLES's mouth water, had a four flush and a cheerfulness of demeanor which boded no good.

"Ez my fren' TOOT 's done open dat jacker," he began, sweetly, "I rises hit." So saying, he put up such a stack of blue chips that Mr. WHIFFLES nearly fainted.

"Whad yo' go do dat for, Brer THANKFUL?" in-

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"TREAD SOF'LY, NIGGAHS—TREAD OUT SOF'LY."

quired the Deacon, in wild remonstrance. "Dat 's not de speret ob de Gospil."

"Whar—whar yo' fin' draw-poker in de Gospil?" testily rejoined Mr. SMITH. "Does yo' tink de Possles 'n de 'Vangelists writ de Scripter after rasslin' wid a two-cyard draw agin a flush?" he sarcastically inquired. "*No*, Brer ANGUISH. Less ten' ter business. Dis ain't no prar meetin'—ceptin' Brer WILLIAMS seems to be on de anxious seat."

"Who—*who's* on de anxious seat?" asked Mr. WILLIAMS, hotly. "Yo' jess come on; I rises yo' fo' dollahs."

The Deacon sadly ran over his hand. "De Gospil, Brer THANKFUL," he began; "de Gospil."

"Cheese dat," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH. "Is yo' goin' ter pray or poke?"

"I 'se gwine ter poke," he replied; "I 'se gwine ter see yo' rise"—here he shoved up a stack of blues—"an' Brer TOOT's rise"—here he shoved up another stack—"an' I 'se gwine ter rise it jess a leetle, 'cordin' ter de speret ob de good book"—here he shoved up six dollars.

Mr. WHIFFLES fled.

Mr. JACKSON was breathing still, but that was all.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH glared defiance. "I rise yo' back."

"*I* rise *yo'*," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

"An' I rise TOOT," said the Deacon.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH was aghast. He was dealing, and knew by intuition that he would catch his fifth club, but there was a serenity on the other side of the table which affrighted him.

"I jess—jess calls," he said.

"I calls," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Help de genelmen," said the Deacon, with the benevolence which invariably accompanies a pat hand.

Mr. WILLIAMS broke his two pair and drew to his club.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH got his club.

"Six dollahs," said the Deacon, after Mr. WILLIAMS had timidly ventured one chip.

"I calls," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH, sullenly.

"I rise dat six mo'," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

"I rise yo' six," said the Deacon.

"I calls," gasped Mr. SMITH, shoving up his last chip and his snuff-box.

"Six mo'," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Six mo'," said the Deacon.

Mr. SMITH shucked off his overcoat and added to it his spectacles. "I calls," he said, as though speaking from the tomb.

"Six mo'," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Six mo'," said the Deacon.

"I—I hain't got nuffin' mo'," said the Rev. Mr. SMITH, faltering.

"Shove up dat watch," said Mr. WILLIAMS.

"Soak dem new boots," urged the Deacon.

"An' dat golhedded cane," suggested Mr. JACKSON, who, of course, however, had no business to speak, and was accordingly suppressed.

The Rev. Mr. SMITH hesitated. Then he sighed and threw up his hand. To his great astonishment Mr. WILLIAMS did the same. The elder softly hummed a hymn, tried the focal length of Mr. SMITH's spectacles,

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assumed Mr. SMITH's ulster, thoughtfully inserted Mr. SMITH's watch-chain in his vest-pocket, collared the bank and counted it, and then, with a cheerful smile at Mr. WILLIAMS, left the room. The silence for several minutes was sepulchral. Then Mr. JACKSON said:

"I 'se 'fraid——"

"Yo' 'se 'fraid ob what?" asked the Rev. Mr. SMITH, savagely.

"Dad TOOT 's played yo'."

"Wha—whad?" gasped Mr. SMITH.

"Dad was a sawbuck," said Mr. JACKSON.

"Whad 's a sawbuck?"

"Why, dad pious niggah's TOOT's cust fuzzin—TOOT's dad's nevvy," said Mr. JACKSON.

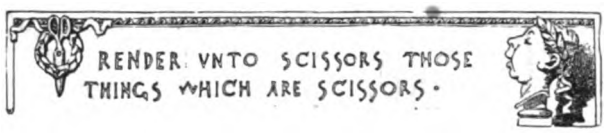
A light broke upon the Rev. Mr. SMITH. "Dey was risin' an' risin'—ter—ter knock de tar outen *me?*" he inquired, in a voice which froze Mr. WHIFFLES' marrow.

"Yezzah," said Mr. JACKSON, keeping the table well between them.

Mr. SMITH turned over Mr. WILLIAMS' hand. It contained two jacks. He examined the Deacon's. It held just three hearts, a spade and a club. He then re-examined his own flush. It was still perfect.

"Niggahs," he said, with the calmness of despair, "go out sof'ly, and lemme alone. I want er rassle wif de dickshunary an' de angel ob wrath er while, an' den git de mos' feasible words an' club I kin fine, ter spress my feelin's ter Brer TOOT and Brer ANGUISH. Tread sof'ly, niggahs—tread out sof'ly."

They trod.



HERE is a specimen of the beautiful poetry to be found in Western newspapers, which so often ridicule Eastern culture:

"Tell me, mother, tell your daughter,
Tell me truly, do not scoff.
Tell me if you think I oughter
Take these derned old flannels off."
—*Commercial Advertiser.*

I 'SE looked eroun' ober dis lan' a heep, an' ef I 'se eber found any use fur de grasshopper I doan know it; but den I doan know dat de grasshopper hab eber foun' any use fur me.—*Arkansaw Traveller.*

DOCTOR: "Have you got the better of the ague yet?"
Patient: "No, sor. Me and me wife is as bad as ivir, sor."
Doctor: "Did you get that whiskey and quinine I prescribed?"
Patient: "Yis, sor; but it did no good at all, at all."
Doctor: "That is strange! You took it according to the directions, I suppose?"
Patient: "Yis, sor; ye know a man and his wife are one."
Doctor: "What has that to do with it?"
Patient: "Well, ye see, sor, bein' as we are one flesh, I tuk the whiskey and gave Biddy the quinine."—*Philadelphia Call.*

THE Boston *Post* says that "it is now fashionable to snore." This ought to boom the Baltimore newspapers.—*Philadelphia Call.*

PATTI cake, Patti cake,
Mapleson man;
Pat it and pat it
As fast as you can.
Make all the money the fools will pay.
Never restrain them, but give them their way—
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The red flag will flutter o'er many a door.
—*San Francisco Argus.*

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Hed ake,
Bellie "
Tooth "
—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

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"Sh-h-h! you jack donkey," said the assistant, "ton'd gif avay yourselluf."

"Vell, I know I am der author of der Preadvinners; dwo of em—a curl and a poy," said the proprietor, "pud it ain'd der preat vot dey vin vich I gare apowd so much as der bair uf shoes vonce a veek und der dickets py der time museum und such dings. But vot is der choke apowd der Preadvinners alretty?"

"It ain'd a choke. As a cheneral ding von man wrides a pook; und der mosd beople read it; but in dis case nopoddy reats it, und der mosd people wrode it."

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Wonders will never cease. A special despatch to our enterprising contemporary the *World*, announces this morning the discovery of the original manuscript of the Mosaic books of the Old Testament. "The scrolls," says the despatch, "are said to have been found in Arabia on the route that the Israelites must have taken after their flight from Egypt towards Palestine, and have been brought to St. Petersburg, where they are now being examined by Dr. Harkavy." We are glad to announce, through a private, but equally trustworthy, source, that other deeply interesting relics have since been found, including a number of silver spoons, of a curious fiddle pattern, and stamped with the initials "M. and A.;" a neatly printed *menu* of a dinner given by Pharaoh on the day before the flight through the Red Sea; three work-baskets made of bulrushes stained in æsthetic colors, and which evidently had been used, in the hurry of their owners, to carry sandwiches; a flask with "1860—X" blown in the bottle, and a robe worked in cabalistic figures that able archæologists have already declared to have been Moses's dressing gown. Further particulars will be anxiously awaited, and at present we see no insurmountable reason to doubt they will be forthcoming.—*Com'l Advertiser.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, APRIL 24, 1884. NUMBER 69.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

ACCORDING to that estimable sheet the *Baltimore American*, the Czar of Russia chops wood, talks five languages, hears Greek Mass, gets up at five A. M., and crushes gold vases between his fingers as a pastime. This is no doubt intended to please the Nihilists, and so we let it pass without comment.

* * *

A GERMAN in Philadelphia, says our esteemed contemporary the *Tribune*, played the hand organ every fifteen minutes for four months to track a canary Yankee Doodle. The Philadelphia *Call* recently invited attention to an alarming increase in the number of insane in that city. Somehow there seems to be a coincidence in this; nothing can make such a German insane. Perhaps it was the canary.

* * *

THE terrible and destructive blasphemy indulged in by a Brooklyn manager by omitting from the programme the name of Signor TROMBONI VIOLINI, a fifth class leader, was visited by a prompt and terrible retribution. Signor VIOLINI refused to play. Let this be a warning.

* * *

"WHEN I read of all those subscriptions, I really wish I were Abbey."—*Bartholdi's Liberty.*

* * *

OUR esteemed but disrespectful contemporary, the *World*, now alludes to him as "Hen-raising HAYES."

* * *

"THE angels shall weep and the seraphim skip for joy when the convert is worth millions."—*Revised Edition.*

* * *

COL. MAPLESON is to sue the *Tribune* for libel, our esteemed contemporary having stated that the noble warrior conspired with the ticket speculators to defraud the San Francisco public. The *Tribune* is in a box. If it fails to prove that Col. MAPLESON was in league with the speculators it will lose money to him, and if it does prove it, the speculators might have good cause for libel in the accusation that they consorted with the Colonel.

CHINESE generals have incentives to success not to be found in the effete armies of civilization. When a Chinese general loses a battle, he is promptly beheaded.

* * *

"I NOTICE that the census sets down the number of idiots in this country at 75,865. I think this a vast underestimate. I confidently expect to be returned by at least 600,000 majority."—*Payne.*

* * *

HARVARD COLLEGE will not produce a Greek play this year. Harvard has just had one of her men appointed pitcher in the Milwaukee team, and there 's honor enough for one season.

* * *

THE recent statement of a medical journal that wearing tight trousers causes apoplexy among our young men has caused great alarm. The pressure of the trouser upon the brain, constricting the blood vessels, and causing—— But this subject can be much more ably handled by a scientific journal.

* * *

"I HAVE the honor to state that since VAN SANTVOORD stepped down and out, the *entente cordiale* between Mr. BERGH and myself has been entirely renewed."—*Roscoe.*

* * *

MR. ARNOLD may have entranced Boston, but the delirious whirlwind of enthusiasm he has awakened in Chicago must ever be one of his most delightful recollections.

* * *

IN Siam, men pawn their wives in order to meet their gambling debts, the creditor holding the pledge until it has been redeemed. This is probably the reason that gambling has never obtained more than a feeble foothold in Siam.

* * *

"ALL in all, HERBERT SPENCER is the greatest visitor America has ever had from England."—*Courier-Journal.* This may be true, but is it not inconsiderate of the feelings of Jumbo and MATTHEW ARNOLD?

* * *

THERE are cheerful prognostications for 1884. Kansas is to have grasshoppers; Louisiana, a flood; California, earthquakes; Texas, the cattle pest and yellow fever; New York, the cholera; Michigan, drought; Ohio, another series of riots, and the entire country a Presidential election.

* * *

OTHELLO furnishes a text for sacred elephants:

"Speak of me as Siam:
Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught
In malice."

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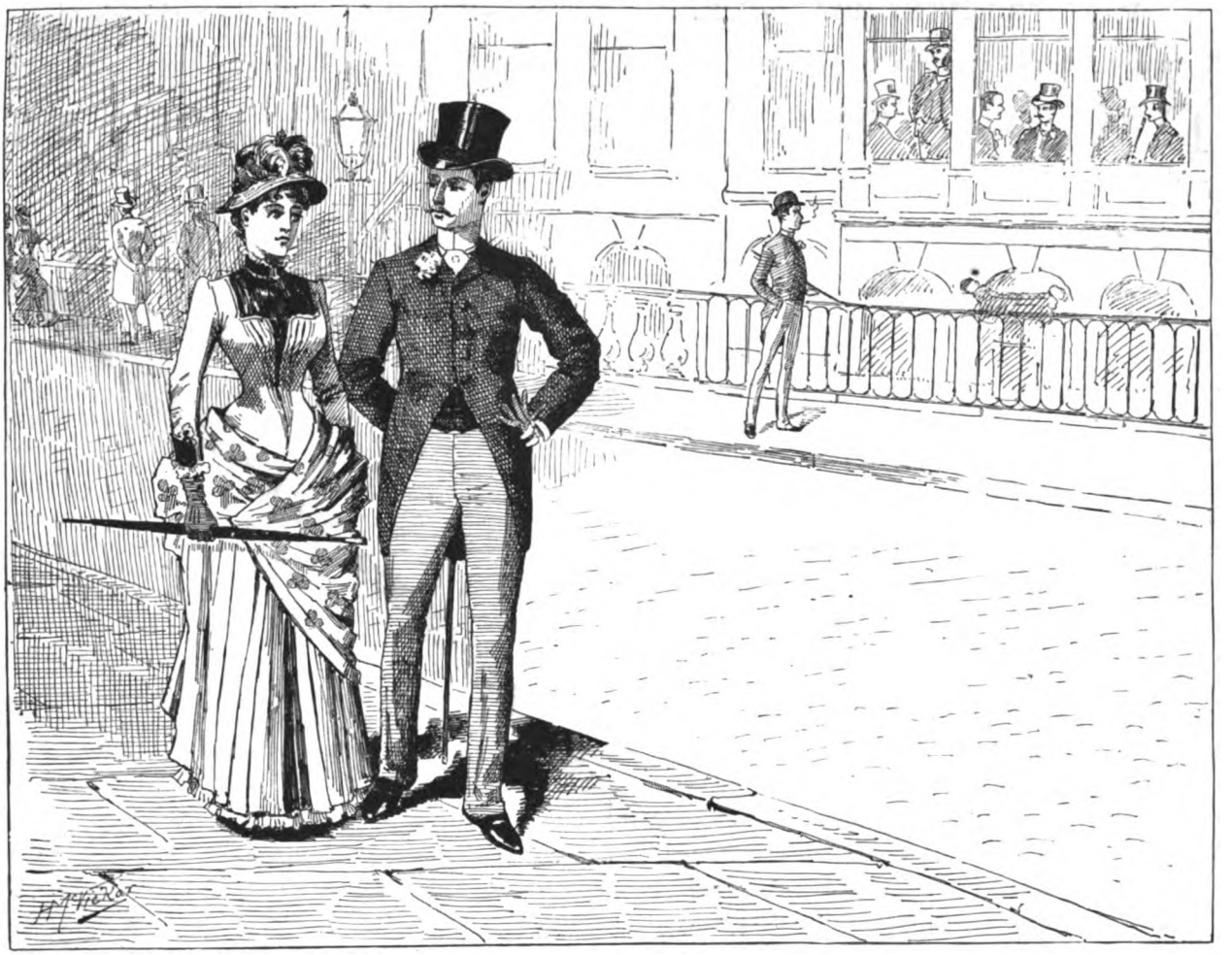

A FACT.

Young Lady (gazing for the first time upon the windows of the Knickerbocker Club): WHAT A LARGE FAMILY OF BOYS THERE IS IN THAT HOUSE!

CHARLES READE.

BRAVE, simple Christie; kind, capricious Reg;
Margaret, purest gold 'mid heaps of dross;
Perils of sea vanquised by David Dodd;
Perils by land under the Southern Cross;
Madhouses forced to sun the wrong they hid;
Prisons compelled their tortures to abate;
Heroes and scoundrels, and the deeds they did;
Driven by love, ambition, avarice, hate—
Such men, such women, through such scenes have I
Followed with quickened pulse and eyes grown bright,
While dwindling hours have slipped unheeded by
Till dawn made visible the loss of night.
Bold heart, keen mind that gave these joys to me,
Surely thy rest is earned. God send it thee!

I SHALL never be satisfied with the nature of my conceptions.—Capel.

IN THE CHOIR.

(*This kind given away free.*)

DURING the sermon, one of the quartette fell asleep.

"Now 's your chants," said the organist to the soprano. "See if you canticle the tenor."

"You would n't dare duet," said the contralto.

"You 'll wake hymn up," suggested the bass.

"I could make a better pun than that, as sure as my name 's Psalm!" remarked the boy that pumped the organ; but he said it solo that no one quartet.

APROPOS OF OUR CARTOON.

Miss Budd: "Mama, are these really the manners of *gentlemen?*"

Mama: "My dear, you are inexperienced. This is New York, you must remember."

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PATER'S DIVINE DIALOGUE.

INTERLOCUTORS—PROFESSOR AND DAUGHTER (18).

D.—Is not Mr. Arnold a great teacher and leader in thought?

PROF.—Yes! He assumes to be—or it is assumed for him—that he is a modern Moses in literature, leading his people out of the bondage of ignorance into a land of culture. He is especially the apostle of sweetness and light.

D.—Why did he come to America?

PROF.—Probably to make money!

D.—Then the curse of the money-getting spirit fell on him too?

PROF.—It would seem so.

D.—Does he want to found a chair of sweetness and light—or perhaps a college?

PROF.—Not exactly, my dear! He wants to pay off the debts made by his son, who has been sowing a crop of uncivilized oats—at the university.

D. (pauses)—Oh, I see. Was he invited to come, just as Dr. Waldstein was to deliver his lectures on Greek Art, by some professors and literary men who wanted to know more about sweetness and light?

PROF.—No! A popular manager of English Opera Bouffe brought him out.

D.—And placarded him all around like a circus clown?

PROF.—Well—yes!—No!—Perhaps!—Not exactly! But something in that line, only in a more refined and gentlemanly way.

D.—Then people went to see him as they do Jumbo, who is also large and English? out of curiosity, did they?

PROF.—Oh, no! They went to hear him lecture!

D.—Ah! I see. He told them all about his theories of life, and his beautiful thoughts of sweetness and light, and gave them a grand new doctrine and noble ideas. He availed himself of this opportunity to unfold the rich treasures of his intellect, and he made it the occasion of teaching this great and growing young nation his lovely new philosophy, and, true to his principles, he has left behind him a glorious inheritance of thought for them to ponder over and enrich their lives with. He told them how to study and what to study. He pointed out a shining new path, where it would be ecstacy to tread. Oh! I see it. I see it all. How superbly proud and happy an intellectual giant must feel to give of his strength to the world, and to know that at every turn he has left behind him rays of sunshine. How I yearn to do that! And all this he did, papa, did he not?

PROF. (hesitating)—Well, hardly.

D.—What did he tell them, then? Certainly very much. Perchance more and better things than my poor wits can suggest.

PROF.—Well, he delivered for the most part one lecture on Mr. Emerson, the gist of which was to say that he ought not to be placed on a very high pedestal.

D. (with vigor)—Oh, impossible! For shame! And he preached about *nothing else?*

PROF.—No! I might justly say, nothing else!

D.—But, papa, does not that derogate immensely from his name as a great thinker and leader in thought?

PROF.—Perhaps it does.

D.—And will he not lose all prestige as a man of letters after he has been willing to lower himself, just for a few paltry dollars to the level of a Punch and Judy show?

PROF.—I do not know that we have all looked at it in that light, my dear.

D.—Then his American tour was a total and disastrous failure?

PROF.—Intellectually and morally speaking, I suppose we must admit that it was, but financially it was a success.

D.—Well, for my part I would rather play five-finger exercises before 5,000 people and play them well, than to be a man of such calibre, and present such a spectacle to the world, and I am going now to the library to turn all his books with their backs in, and I am going to pin a paper over them in the shape of a headstone, and write on it, "Sacred to the memory of £ *s.* and *d.*, one who was killed by the curse of the money-getting spirit."

E. A. C.

A TALE.

AN orange rind on the pavement
Sent the Lawyer head over heel.
He split his doeskin trousers—
He shook up his morning meal,
While the wreck of his new "Prince Albert"
Would n't tempt a tramp to steal.
So he sadly said to his tailor:
"I 've lost a suit on appeal."

IN despair of any other way of solving the Egyptian problem, Mr. Gladstone might do worse than to send to the Dark Land a detachment of the Salvation Army.

Anxious Dude—We believe it was King Solomon who first introduced the idea of parting the heir in the middle.

MUTATION.

HER eyes were stars that kept Love's sky
In bright, perpetual brilliancy;
Her lips were nest-born birds of song,
That, soaring, bore the soul along;
Her thoughts that guarded stores of bliss
Revealed them in a glance or kiss!

Her eyes are now like sun-left seas,
Devoid of promise, fain of ease;
Her lips are like the petals blown
From some rose, frost-chilled and alone;
Her thoughts!—Ah me, none e'er shall say
Until, perchance, God's final day!

JOHN MORAN.

FOR a man who follows his wife from the dinner table: "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings; thy better portion trace."

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Editor of LIFE:

I notice the statement in a recent issue of your versatile paper that "it is probable that beef-tea was invented about the time Henry VIII. dissolved the papal bull."

Does not this overlook, however, the fact that Godfrey de Bouillon lived some four hundred years earlier?

DAVID WILLCOX.

CHEERING SIGNS.

OUR prospects are brightening hourly, and if the war of rates between the public cabmen and the Cheap Cab Company continues much longer at this rate, it will soon be cheaper to ride than to walk in New York City. The new vehicles quickly forced the cabmen to come down in their prices, and they have painted their cabs to resemble their rivals'. These moves have now been met by further concessions from the company. With these results it seems more remarkable than ever that the public should have submitted so long and so quietly to the extortions of the hackmen.

THE other letters have their value, but O is always good for nothing.

THE best way to make a bargain—Sell bad spirits at good prices.

THE ALBINO ELEPHANT.

A TALE OF LOVE, JEALOUSY AND GREEN PAINT.

CHAPTER I.

MR. HORATIO BOKER was evidently very sad. His expression, his manner, and even his attitude betrayed great mental distress. But what caused his unhappiness? Was he not well clothed and comfortably seated on an elevated platform? Were there not crowds about him gazing admiringly at his red waist-coat and brass buttons, and did he not weigh four hundred and twenty-eight pounds? Yes, all these facts were indeed true, and he was, moreover, the "Champion Fat Boy in this or any other country," but yet the heart which fluttered two feet beneath the surface of his expansive shirt-front was wrenched with agony. Any one who had followed Mr. Boker's glance could have at once divined the reason—the Siamese High Priest who attended the "Imperial Holy Albino Elephant" was wearing a ring which belonged to Vivienne Spangleton! This meant a great deal more than is at first sight apparent.

Suddenly, as Mr. Boker gazed, his eye caught that of the High Priest, and his look of anguish changed to one of wrath, while the Siamese assumed a sinister expression, and his brown hands clenched in a very significant manner. It was obvious that Horatio hated the High Priest. It was equally clear that the High Priest hated Horatio. They detested each other because Mlle. Vivienne Spangleton, "The Lady with the Iron Jaw," was the object of their mutual affections. With what interest they daily watched her hang by her teeth. forty feet above the ring! How proudly they saw her dangle by one foot from a trapeze, while she fired off a cannon with one hand, waved an American flag in the other, and by sheer strength of jaw lifted an elephant clear of the sawdust! And with what suppressed emotion they saw her bite pieces out of a two-inch spruce plank! And yet they begrudged each other the mere pleasure of looking at her, and on several occasions they would have had a personal encounter, but for the timely interference of Mr. Bayrum, the ring-master. On that especial evening, Horatio for the first time was made aware of the true state of his emotions—he saw all clearly. He realized that he adored Vivienne, and that he was frightfully jealous of the High Priest.

Long and thoughtfully he pondered that night as to what he should do, and by morning he had determined upon a mode of action. In order to win his heart's idol, he must first get rid of his rival. Two ways of accomplishing this occurred to him. At the outset, a murderous spirit fired his heart, and he planned to catch the High Priest asleep some evening after the show, and then to softly and suddenly sit down on him. Of course he would struggle a little, but unaided, he could not extricate himself from beneath such a ponderous mass, and in a few minutes all would be over. On second thought, he resolved not to take his life, but simply to bring him into disfavor with Mr. Hindpaugh, the manager, and cause him to be discharged from the troupe. This would be easy to do. The High Priest who watched at the side of the Holy Elephant was *not* a High Priest. He was, moreover, not a Siamese; he was from New Jersey. Lastly, the Imperial animal was not white, and it was the High Priest's duty to give him a coat of white paint twice a day, once at noon time and again in the evening, just before he was led into the ring. This process was done in the most secret and guarded manner. Each night while the opening procession dragged its glittering length slowly around the circle, the elephant was removed from his temple to an unlit apartment in the innermost dressing tent, and there, in pitchy darkness, the High Priest carefully daubed his leathery hide, and then completely covered him with regal trappings. He made his grand *entrée*, concealed beneath gold embroidered rugs, and after his wonderful characteristics had been fully explained, the coverings were removed, and he stood revealed in the full grandeur of his dazzling whiteness. The responsibility for his condition rested entirely upon the High Priest, and the latter's position in the circus had thus far been one of honor and confidence.

CHAPTER II.

IT did not take long for Horatio to put his plan into execution. The outlay of a few dollars at the apothecary's, and a stealthy visit to the dark chamber where the elephant's complexion was retouched, completed his preparations.

The next evening, after the cavalcade of knights had retired, and the band had ceased thundering forth its brazen notes, Mr. Bayrum advanced to the centre

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SOME IMPRESSIONS.

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of the ring. Behind the red curtain the Albino Elephant swayed to and fro. Secretly and in darkness the High Priest had given him his coat of paint; in darkness, he had covered him with his hangings, and now he was ready to come forth.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN," announced Mr. Bayrum, as the elephant entered, "You have now before you the *Imperial Holy Albino Elephant;* the *only one* in the world outside of Siam. Mr. Hindpaugh brought him to this country at an expense of over $300,000. He has been the *pet* and *daily companion* of King Seesaw of Siam; has been *worshipped* by 2,000,000 people, and is usually called 'The Sunflower of the Orient,' 'The Trampler of the Universe,' etc. It has been said that his hide is *artificially colored*, but this is an OUTRAGEOUS FALSEHOOD. The holiness of the animal is established *beyond dispute* by the fact that the hairs in the tuft on the end of his tail, grow *horizontally* with his body, and you can all see his *whiteness* for yourselves. As the attendants remove the trappings, he will stand before you in his *true and natural* SNOWY SKIN!"

The coverings fell from the elephant's sides and he loomed up beside the High Priest resplendent with a coating of emerald hue. He had been painted green, instead of white.

"Well, I swan!" ejaculated the Priest.

"Howly Moses! But wud ye luk at the baste!" said the Chinese Giant.

"Golly, somefin' de matter dar, suah!" muttered the Zulus, while the roar that went up from the multitude so scared the little dwarf that he forgot to sell his photographs. If it had not been that at this critical moment a boy shouted "Fire" and the audience stampeded wildly for the exits, it is impossible to predict what would have happened.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning at rehearsal, the High Priest was missing. He had fled. Horatio did not say much about the phenomenal color of the elephant, but he quietly stole off to the monkey cage and got one of its occupants to give him a congratulatory pat on the back. His plan had been successful and his chance to speak to Vivienne came soon after.

In a secluded corner of the circus tent, as she sat perched on the pole of the tigers' wagon, Horatio knelt at her feet and declared his tender passion.

"Miss Murphy—Susan," he pleaded (for that was the young lady's real name), "do you think that you could ever learn to love me? Do you care for me in the least, at present?"

"Yes," she almost whispered, coyly hanging her head, "I think you are the nicest curiosity I ever met."

"Really?" gasped Horatio. "But were you not fond of the Siamese High Priest?"

"No," replied Miss Murphy, as she stroked her iron jaw reflectively; "I don't think I was."

"Why did you lend him your ring, then?"

"Because—" and she paused in a hesitating manner—"because—I thought you were flirting with the Electric Girl."

"Nonsense," he cried. "She shocks me and I detest her. I love you, and you only. For you, I have braved a great danger, have taken a tremendous risk. I care for no one in the world but yourself. My passion for the 'Bearded Lady' is long since dead. I hate the sight of the 'Two-headed Nightingale,' and I positively loathe the 'Four-legged Blonde.'"

In return for these protestations, Miss Murphy assured Horatio that she reciprocated his unalloyed affection, and loved every pound of him. She had once smiled on Mr. Bayrum, and had sometime before carried on a desperate affair with a bare-back rider, but that was all of the past.

"Do you know what has become of the High Priest?" she asked.

Horatio was silent.

"You have not murdered him?" she cried, as she detected a guilty expression stealing over his face.

"No," he replied, "and I don't know where he is."

"Tell me," she said, searchingly, "what was the cause of the elephant's turning green? I am sure you know."

"Jealousy," he responded. "He turned green through jealousy. But answer, dearest, will you be mine for ever?"

"Jawfully," she murmured. Then suddenly stooping, she seized his coat in her teeth and lifted him to his feet. He clasped her to his breast and pressed her iron jaw against his cheek—she was his at last.

CARLSBAD.

CIGARETTES FOR SENORITA.

THE incense rises and the ashes fall,
For lovely lips we perish one and all.

In smoke and ashes these shall pass away,
The lips that kiss shall waste them in a day.

Think you the something that we dare not name
Would burn as warmly if you sipped the flame?

Think you the perfume would be half as sweet,
The ashes lie as lightly at your feet?

JACQUES DANET

AT THE ACADEMY.

ON the opposite page we have the honor of presenting to our readers a few sketches which, to many who have already "done" the Academy, will serve as pleasant souvenirs of their visit, while those who have not yet seen the exhibition will gain a more or less vigorous idea of the delights which await them. There are those who think American art still in its infancy; but be that as it may, we certainly know what we wish to paint, and are wise enough not to feel ashamed when we have made ourselves ridiculous. Providence, in this respect, has been very kind to our academicians.

FROM Doddridge: "Olives while you live the epicure would say."

Omnia vincit labor—hard work gets away with all of us.

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MANNERS AND CUSTOMS

THE HOSTESS AND THE YOUNG LADY FOR WHOM THE PARTY IS GIVEN ARE A
THIS METROPOLIS, EASILY DISTINGUISHED BY THEIR DIGNITY AND EXQUISITE BREED

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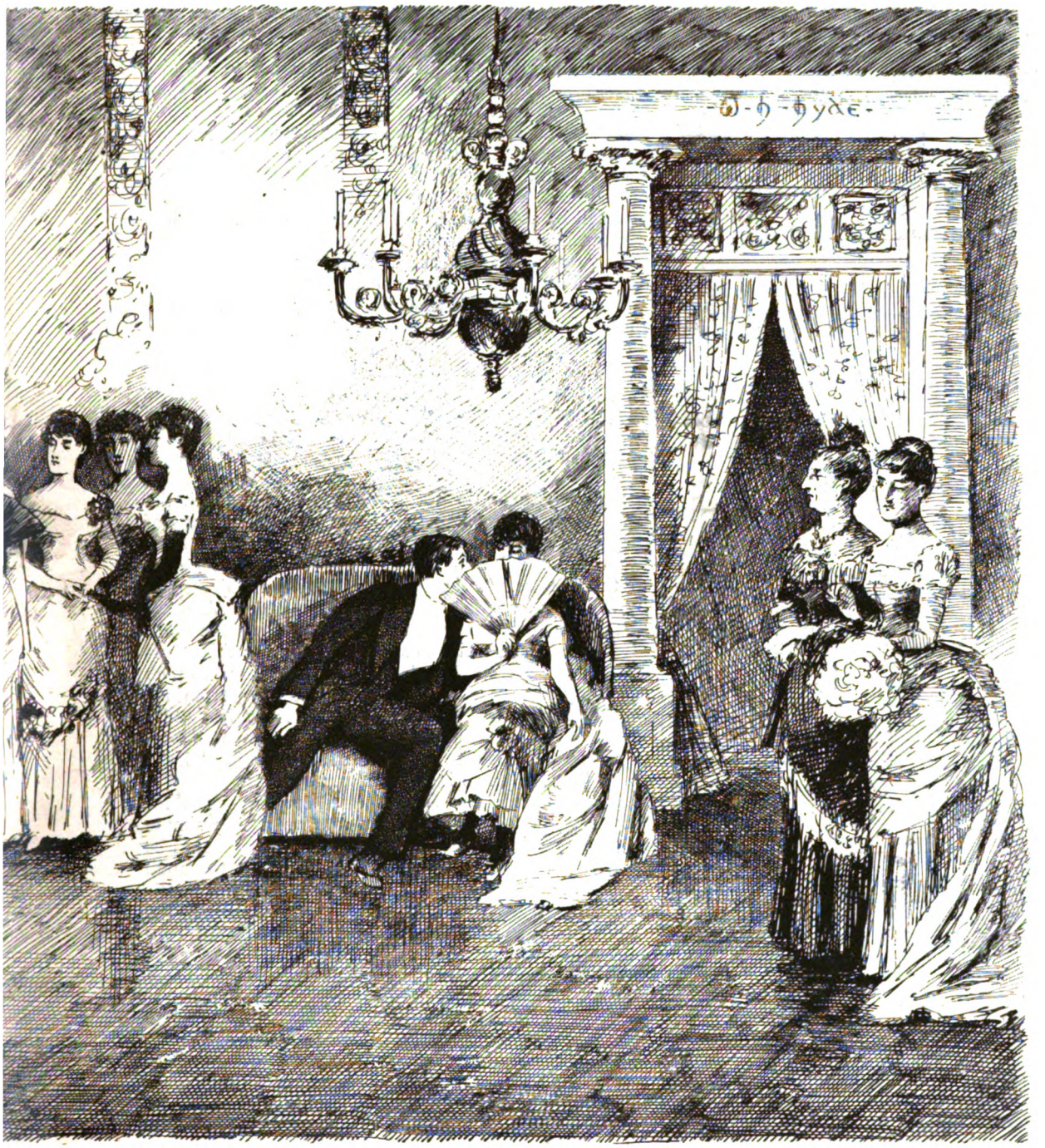

OF THE GILDED YOUTH.

T THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE. REPRESENTATIVES OF THE JEUNESSE DORÉE OF NG, MAY BE SEEN SCATTERED ABOUT THE ROOM IN CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDES.

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WHICH?

MY curses be upon you,
You fickle April sky;
For while your rain drips down my neck
Your sun shines in my eye.
I know not which I ought to do,
To laugh with you or cry.

To take my Summer duster
And Summer palm-leaf fan,
Or buy a rubber overcoat—
Which is the better plan?
Each morning have I tried to guess;
Alas! I never can. O. O. O.

THE PROPOSED IMMORTALS.

Editor LIFE:

DEAR SIR—Seeing that you have postponed conferring your boon of immortality (at wholesale) for another week, I am emboldened to send you my own list, which I hope you will find it possible to include in your final count. Strictly speaking, there is, to my mind, but *one* literary "Immortal" in this country; still I am liberal, and send enough names to complete the batch. Here they are:

Myself,	P. T. Barnum,	Tony Pastor,
The Sweet Singer of Michigan,	Miss Keller (of Louisiana),	Mrs. Ann L. Stephens,
Sylvanus Cobb, Jr.,	Proctor Knott,	Myself,
Editor *Saturday Night*, *ex-officio*,	Hon. W. F. Cody,	H. V. Poor,
Augusta J. Evans,	Ella Wheeler,	Bartley Hubbard,
Author of "Do n't,"	Harrigan (and Hart),	T. B. Arthur,
Uncle Remus,	Author of "Beautiful Snow,"	Monsieur Cazauran,
Bartley Campbell,	Geo. W. Peck,	Sammy Cox,
Oliver Optic,	A. R. Cazauran,	Hostetter,
Mrs. Southworth,	Myself,	M. Quad,
Josh Billings,	Bob Ingersoll,	Miss S. Banthony,
E. P. Roe,	Mrs. Holmes,	Myself,
Lydia Pinkham,	Talmage,	Myself,
		Myself.

Yours fraternally,
THE AUTHOR OF "THE BREADWINNERS."

P. S.—If there should be a few less than forty, after all, you are at liberty to use my name three or four times more. B. W.

THE Connecticut legislature has settled it. A bill was introduced a short time ago to tax geese and bachelors, and was opposed by a Mr. Harrison, who said that there already was a bill taxing geese, and a man who had lived a bachelor to the age of thirty would come under it.

MOTTO of the Elevated Railroad—*Carpe dime.*

MADAM (in horror): "Mercy on us, Bridget, what have you been doing?"

Bridget (returning from the cellar with her hands full of lobsters' claws: "Howly Virgin protect us! I have just killed one of the biggest cockroaches, a-crawlin' over yez cellar-bottom, that I iver see in me life!"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

This column will be devoted entirely to the interests of ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING. *Reliable information for the guidance of young mothers and housekeepers will be supplied by a lady of experience and ability.*

CHILDREN should never be allowed to criticise what is put before them to eat. If they call their Oolong "Chinese wash," or remark "Darn that stuff!" simply because the boiled rice makes its ninth successive appearance on the table, give them nothing else to eat or drink for a week. At the end of that time even bread pudding will be hailed with delight, and you will be able to work off any amount of it on them without hearing a murmur.

A very comfortable arm chair can be made out of an old flour barrel. Saw the barrel half through, at almost the middle, remove the staves, and fit in a nice round seat; then add two arms. You will thus have a chair-like arrangement, with a solid body and low back. Then get the upholsterer to cushion and tuft it for you, and cover the whole with red silk plush. The edges can be ornamented with large gilt-headed tacks or tasseled fringe. In this way you can utilize empty barrels and economically add to your stock of easy chairs.

Some mothers do not know what to do with the baby on the nurse's "evening out." Various plans of disposing of him have been suggested to us. One way is to put the kitten to bed with him, and then go to the theatre. This, however, has been objected to by Mr. Bergh, as being cruel to the kitten. Another method is to let his papa walk up and down the nursery while he sings him to sleep in his arms; this, however, is bad for the baby's morals as he is apt to pick up many strange and curious interjections from his father. The most popular method is to leave him alone up stairs with the door shut, while you drown any possible noise he might make by playing "Baby Mine" on the piano in the parlor.

A correspondent, "C. T.," asks for directions for "bruising" a fowl. This seems to us a very simple matter. An inexpensive and home-like way would be to hold him firmly by one wing while you thumped him with a tack-hammer. If "C. T." desires to be especially elegant, she might secure him with the sugar-tongs, and do the bruising with a copy of Tennyson's poems. It would be more effectual to let the ambitious fowl challenge John L. Sullivan to three rounds, Marquis of Queensbury rules. These are but three of the forty different methods which occur to us. Use your brain, "C. T.," use your brain.

There is nothing more cheerless or distressing than an ill-kept and untidy back-yard, and now that spring is here they can all be transformed into flower-beds. In the first place, instead of having the house-painter give the fence a plain coat of white or gray, employ an artist to paint a landscape on it with trees, cliffs, streams, etc., and mountains in the distance. You have no idea how much larger this will make the yard

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OUR ANGLOMANIACS AT WORK.

HUNTING (!) THE FOX.

look. Next, plant the centre bed and borders with rose, lilac and syringa bushes. If you bury at the roots of each bush a handful of charcoal and a bald-headed, back-fence Thomas cat, the blossoms will be more numerous and the neighborhood more peaceful. Should you not care to spend much money on it, the charcoal may be omitted.

H. L. S.

A PREHISTORIC jester—The dry(o)pithecus.

IF a man weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, one hundred and eleven pounds of that weight will be water. DIO LEWIS.

This is undoubtedly true of New Yorkers; but in Boston about one hundred and ten pounds of that weight will be beer.

THE spirit of the age—Whiskey.

MOTTO for kissing parsons—*E pluribus unum.*

THE ST. PATRICK CLUB SECURES TEMPORARY HEADQUARTERS.

AFTER much preliminary correspondence between the leading members of the Irish Colony of Ashtown, the St. Patrick Club had been organized with Jimmie McGarrity as President. The supporters of Contractor Bragen had compromised with the McCue party, and after several coat-tails had been trodden upon with more or less disastrous results McGarrity was chosen. The compromise candidate was placed in a very uncomfortable position, as he was the choice of no one, although ostensibly the choice of every one, and he always felt when in the chair as if one of Rossa's mysterious dynamited valises slumbered beneath it.

Owing to the demoralized condition of Mr. McCue's residence, the first meeting of the association was held in a vacant lot sheltered from the winds which blew across from Guttenberg by the projecting ruggedness of Goat Cliff.

Mrs. McCue appeared on the scene just as her lord and master rose to speak on the advantages of Tipperary Alley over McGarrity Hall as a place of meeting. The lady, with a haughty toss of her head, walked into the middle of the assembly and said:

'Talkin' aboot a matin'-house is it yez are? Bad luck to yez! Whin Oi seen the lasht wan av yez shkippin' deon the front shtoop av moi house lasht moonth, afther havin' such a kaloory, Oi sez to Barney, sez Oi, 'Thim kyar droivers an' poipe workers wul niver git anoother phwack at moi bricky-brack.' The lasht toime yez met in moi parlyer yez wazent satuswhied wid smashin' the piany an' Frinch goold clock an the boofay, but had ter busht in the whole soide av the manshun, so that the pig phwat shlept in the dhrawin' room tuk the nooralgy that bad that he doid widin sivin days afther. Besoides that, shmall Jakey, me darlint bye, the terror av ivery goat in the disthrict, waz sint ter Glory boi the picther av Misther Parnell which waz afther fallin' an 'im fram arf the peg whayre it hoong an the wall abuv the dear bye's crib. Bad cess ter these cloobs, onyhow, Oi sez. The pig waz worrth sivin dolliars, ivery cint, an' it carst foive dolliars more far marnin' close, the bye bein' dead, ter say nothin' av the fun'ral axpinses. Ah, but phwat a fun'ral that waz! Thayre waz me an' Barney an' the bye in the box perceded the percession; thin came little Jake's two goats led wid a sthring boy a Nagur, hoired far fifty cints; thin the rilatives in foor kyaridges, an' thin tin impty kyaridges fram the luvery shtable. Faith, phwen Oi saw Biddy Bragen lukin' out av her winder, that invious that she broke a blud vissil, Oi arlmost fargave the Cloob far thayr fraydom wid moi fam'ly, so Oi did. But Oi did n't fargive yez, nor Oi won't as long as the mimory av that sivin'-dolliar pig remains to comfort me ould age. As far ye gintlemin, ye 'd betther go home wid yez an' be afther betther biznis than

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A LEAP YEAR FRAGMENT.

Hermia: "MY AIM IN LIFE HAS BEEN PHILANTHROPY; NOW I FALL BACK ON MAN AS MY ONLY HOPE. BE MINE, LYSANDER HIGGINS, OR—"

Lysander: "GENTLY, MADAME; IF YOU DO N'T SUCCEED IN HITTING MAN BETTER THAN YOU AIM AT HIM, YOU 'LL HAVE TO RECORD ANOTHER FAILURE."

A WALTZ.

THAT *tour de valse*, that *tour de valse*—
It turns my head to dreaming,
That she through just a single waltz
Was mine, at least in seeming;

My lips so near her golden hair
I really could have kissed it;
Made richer by a joy so rare,
While she would not have missed it;

Her hand so softly, lightly laid
Upon my shoulder duly,
Uplifting me as though she said—
"I bless thee, bless thee," truly.

That whirling, whirling, whirling dance—
I wonder if a pleasure
Exists, that could the boon enhance
Of it, in endless measure!

Her gauzy gown of floating blue—
A hazy cloud—infolding,
From all the curious world, us two,
Each other closely holding.

In *tour de valse* across the floor—
One wavy pulse—as ocean
Has pulsed forever, o'er and o'er,
In faultless rhyme of motion!

As crested waves the winds obey—
Some spheric law their master—
We swept adown the tuneful way,
Now slower and now faster.

Nor step nor note of music false;
'T was harmony completed,
The breathless rapture of that waltz—
In dreams alone, repeated.

M. B. D.

"IT 'S *long lain that has no turning*," sighed the sick man, as he rolled over in his bed for the first time in two months.

---

dippin' into polutucs. Barney, yer arrum." And taking the unwilling Barney beneath her wing she walked majestically off.

Barney gone, Tipperary Alley lost its sole supporter, and McGarrity Hall was chosen as the *locus operandi*. The owner of the hall caused an article to be inserted in the constitution in effect that: "A foine av two dolliars be imposed upan ony gintleman, or otherwoise, who parpusly inflicts injoory an any pase av furnitoor in the manshun av the donator av the Hall. All such foines ter be appropriated to the sinkin' foond far hoirin' a hall whayre the matin's may be held permanintly, subsiquint to the disestablishmint av the timperary arginization."

At this point a dog fight on the cliff detracted from the quorum to such an extent that the meeting adjourned.

J. K. BANGS.

LOW CASTE—"Double twos."

KICKING against the *prix*.—Objecting to the price.

"MY! but you 're a strapping fellow!" the dull razor remarked to the barber, as it was being sharpened.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HENRY I——G.—It was simply hypercritical in the dramatic critics to refer to your legs. An actor's legs are entirely independent of his mind. They should be judged as an entity, not as attributes.

TOM O——E.—(1) We believe the German mission is still vacant. (2) We do not know how to advise you; but you might apply for it, and if appointed, B. would feel more disgruntled than ever.

J. G. B——E.—(1) If your book do n't sell, advertise for canvassers. It is handsomely bound and a fair specimen of typography. We have not yet found time to read it. (2) Any physician will prescribe a remedy for chill-Blaines, if you are left out in the cold this Fall.

THEODORE T——S.—(1) We cannot ascertain who the author of "Sweet Violets" is, or whether he is living or dead. If still living, his friends keep him in close retirement. (2) People of culture prefer Beethoven with beer.

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WALT W——N.—Inspiration comes in rapt moments. Horace mentions a man who could write poetry while standing on one leg. It takes the Sweet Singer only twenty minutes to compose a poem full of heart-break. We are afraid you dawdle too long over your verses. Try again and we may print it.

S. J. T——N.—(1) We would prescribe dumb-bells and beef tea. The dumb-bells should be light; but the tea may be made very strong. (2) Troy weight is not the recognized standard for such ponderables as bone and muscle. In avoirdupois, we believe, there are sixteen ounces to the pound.

WORDS OF GREAT MEN.

"I KEEP my eye on the Maine chance." How, James G.?

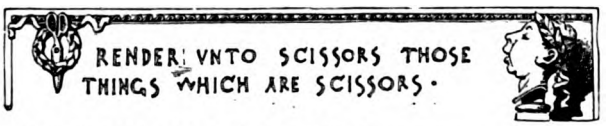
"WHO will care for Logan now?" The Senator from Illinois.

"IF they will pack greatness on my back."—Hon. Samuel J. Tilden.

"OH that all the girls had but one mouth."—Gen. W. T. Sherman.

"JOHNNIE," dear," said his mother, through the crack of his bedroom door, "you know we have dinner an hour earlier on Sundays."

"Then I need n't get up quite yet," replied the gilded youth as he turned over and dropped off again.



CHESTERFIELD Cheek, '84—"Is this seat engaged?" She—"Yes, sir, I am keeping it for a gentleman." C. C. (bowing politely)—"Madame, he is here." (Sits down).—*Harvard Lampoon.*

DUMAS *fils* is sometimes severe: The conversation had turned upon Mrs. X., who had been very beautiful. "She has something of a goddess," said a faithful admirer. "Yes," said Dumas, "antiquity."—*French Paper.*

"HERE is a poem which you may publish in your paper," said a young man, with eyes in a fine frenzy rolling, as he entered the editorial door. "I dashed it off rapidly in an idle moment, and you will find it in a rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."

"Ah, much obliged," said the editor. "I will give you a check for it at once."

"You are very kind," said the contributor. "I will be delighted."

"There you are," said the editor, handing him the check.

"Many thanks," exclaimed the young man. "I will bring you some other poems."

When he got to the door he suddenly paused, then came back.

"Excuse me," he said, "but you forgot to fill up the check. You have not written the date nor the amount, nor have you signed your name."

"Oh," said the editor, "that is all right. You see I have given you a check in its rough state, as it were. You can make such corrections as you think necessary."—*People's Paper.*

THE reports have failed to inform us what part the toy pistol played in Cincinnati, but it is pretty certain that it got in its work, as several people were killed.—*Boston Times.*

"WOULD I like to live my life over?" remarked the sober-faced man. "No, sir; it's bad enough to *think* it over."—*Boston Transcript.*

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"I LIVE for those that love me," writes a poetess for the first line of a poem entitled "What I live for." Here the inconsistency of works of the imagination is apparent. She lives for those who love her, yet insists on writing poetry.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A MORNING paper asks, "Shall the ticket speculator go?" No, let him stay. Give him a club and uniform and let him have a chance. The ticket speculator is one of the things we need in this world to make us appreciate the next."—*Daily Graphic.*

A CHICAGO man got hold of the wrong jug the other day and took a big drink of a mixture of kerosene oil and muriatic acid. Then he accused the servant girl of stealing his whiskey and pouring water in the jug to conceal the theft.—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A DRUMMER, with a package of samples under his arm, determined to attend a concert in St. Louis without having to pay a cent. Just as he was passing the man at the door that gentleman detained the commercial traveler and said "Ticket." "I have n't got any." "Then you will have to pay or you can 't go in." "All right, the performance can come off this evening without my solo on the flute." "Beg your pardon—did n't know you were a performer. Go right on in."—*Texas Siftings.*

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"Ah, very. I dote on it."
"You like Shakespeare, I dare say?"
"Ah, very much. Do you?"
"Very fond of him; I like Burns, too."
"So do I, very much indeed."
"Do you like Goldsmith?"
"Very, very much. Do you like Byron?"
"Think he's grand. Do you like Pope?"
"Oh, *very* much. Do you like Shelley?"
"Oh, yes, he's good. Tell you a good writer."
"Who?"
"Milton."
"Yes, he is very good, indeed."

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768 Broadway, New York. 241 Tremont St., Boston.
15 South Fifth St., St. Louis. 113 S. 9th St., Philadelphia.
84 and 86 State St., Chicago 367 W. Baltimore St. Baltimore.

PRESS OF GILLISS BROTHERS, 75 & 77 FULTON STREET N. Y.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MAY 1, 1884. NUMBER 70.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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AMERICANVS SVM

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy

NO SEATS AT THE BOX OFFICE.

AND THERE NEVER WILL BE WHILE SPECULATORS CAN "DIVVY" WITH MANAGERS AND CONTINUE TO BULLY AN ASININE PUBLIC.

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VOL. III. MAY 1ST, 1884. NO. 70.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

ONE gentleman, being drunk, makes certain uproarious comments upon a lady. A second gentleman restrains his seething valor until the first gentleman is being trundled home in a *Coupé* and then says that the first gentleman is no gentleman. This occurring in a club parlor, the first gentleman is made the subject and object of a lurid committee meeting, and is summarily bounced as a gentleman who is paradoxically not a gentleman. The first gentleman, thus bounced, turns a zealous attention toward the second gentleman, and, by the aid of a third gentleman, discovers that he too is not a gentleman. Communicating this fact to the bouncing committee, the first gentleman who was proved not a gentleman, has the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing the second gentleman also bounced. Honors are thus easy. But now the first gentleman, although acknowledging that he was temporarily not a gentleman, seeks balm by endeavoring to force the club to readmit him and thus virtually to retract the bounce. In this cheerful endeavor to make his future social life smooth and genial he is supported by a great lawyer, and, if not a jury of his peers, the majesty and paraphernalia of the law. Much joy can come of all this. If he can prove he is still as much of a gentleman as any one of his former fellow-members, he certainly will gain for them a name and fame seldom accorded to members of good society. If on the other hand he fails in this charitable undertaking, it will be difficult to see what balsam his wounded honor can further obtain. Some clubs are born great, some achive greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them.

* * *

MR. IRVING departs for England with praise and good will attending him. The prophecies were loud and many that he would not be a success on this side of the pond. He was a *poseur*, and no right-minded critic could admire him; he was a trickster, and none but Anglomaniacs would applaud him. Thus the carpers. His coming was the event of the season. Judgment waited upon curiosity. There was a flurry among the ticket speculators, but predictions were strong that he would fall far short of his aim. Well, he has closed his season. It has been the most artistic, brilliant and worthy in the history of our stage. His reputation as an actor is as great here as in England, and his audiences more enthusiastic. His great singularities, where condemned, are more than counterpoised by his strength. But more than this. He has set a new standard for the mounting and movement of plays. American audiences will now be less satisfied than ever with the way some of our lurking but frugal actors shovel tawdry tragedy and cheap comedy upon the stage. In this, Mr. Irving has conferred a lasting favor. His success has been genuine, and it has been great. That of Miss Terry is unquestionable. Next season we claim Mr. Irving again. His welcome will be warm. He is well approved.

* * *

A SCIENTIFIC paper announces that in its next issue will appear an elaborate article, entitled, "How to Handle Bees." Now a bee is not a difficult thing to handle. He is as easily picked up as a strawberry, and is reasonably light and compressible. To handle him is therefore a mere song. Any man can do it. In fact, the more ignorant of bees a man is, the more easily he can handle one. The main difficulty seems to lie in quieting the man down after he has handled a small but frolicsome bee. There have been men known to race around a ten-acre lot, and eventually lose their salvation, after handling one bee for the tenth part of a second. The scientific journal means well, no doubt; but what the country really needs is an article on how to avoid handling bees.

* * *

"MRS. CAROLINE DALL, the authoress, has her Winter home at Georgetown, D. C."—*Boston Globe.* And Julia Moore, the poetess, is in Oshkosh; and Mary Walker, the lawyeress, is in Washington; Eliza Pinkney, the advertiseress, is dead; and Susan B. Anthony, the workeress, is abroad, and we only have a singeress, a couple of painteresses, a rideress, and several walkeresses to make things cheerful for us at home.

* * *

PROFESSOR WIGGINS has broken loose again, long enough to make the pleasant announcement that a peripatetic earthquake will shortly make a tour through this country, trimmed with Asiatic cholera and cyclones. But considering that this is Election year, only the most liberal advertising can make the thing a success.

* * *

"I SEE that Prof. Maspero has discovered quite a number of mumies in upper Egypt. I wish him joy, but I am not inclined to believe there is any eligible vacancy for a mummy on this side of the water."—S. J. T.

* * *

BROOKLYN spent $359,000 for water last year, $960,000 for churches and $3,197,000 for whiskey and beer. Where upon the devil does n't know whether to sing or howl.

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TWO BIRDS AT ONE SHOT.

1st Philadelphia Male Cynic, aged 18: I AM GETTING AWFULLY TIRED OF SOCIETY. NOTHING BUT CONVERSATION AND DANCING.
2d P. M. C., aged 17: YA-A-S.—AWFUL TIRESOME.
Girl from the West: I SUPPOSE IT IS N'T WELL FOR YOU TO TALK TOO MUCH, BUT YOUR *legs* OUGHT TO BE STRONG AT YOUR AGE.

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TO A LADY.

(In answer to a question concerning Mr. H. C. Bunner's Airs from Arcady.)

ANOTHER herald, strong of wing,
Hath pressed his plumes and soared to sing
Bright lays of youth, and love, and spring.

"Pshaw!" you assail me, "how absurd
To call a book of songs a bird!"
Well, Homer, not I, *winged* the word.

This linnet, then, hath breathed the air
Of Arcady, and eke elsewhere—
Lands where but favored feet may fare:

Because these tracts of *Weiss-richt wo*,
Girt by parched sands and bitter snow,
Within are passing fair to know.

But this I whisper you, my dear,
Go, list these notes so sweet and clear,
Since you have sense and soul to hear;

And you will learn such occult lore
As may unlock the guarded door
Of glad Arcadia's precious store. J. M.

"MAN wants but little ear below, nor wants that little long," murmured the dude, as he carefully cut out places for his aural appendages in his new three-inch collar.

IN the blizzard country. Man, pointing musingly over the hills and far away: "Yes, I came West to look after my property. I am looking after it now. There go the house and barn!"

A PILLER of the church.—A pious apothecary.

Policeman: DON'T YOU SEE THAT NOTICE, SIR?
Young Swell: YA-AS.
Policeman: WELL—CAN 'T YOU READ?
Young Swell: OH, YA-AS!—BUT MY DOG IS—AW—SUCH A CONFOUNDEDLY IGNORANT BRUTE HE DOES N'T EVEN KNOW HIS ALPHABET.

SOCIETY ITEM FROM THE TOMBS GAZETTE.

Quoted for the Benefit of the Ladies of New York Society, whose Kindly Sympathy and Floral Offerings Rendered the Closing Hours of a Late Murderer so Exceedingly Pleasant.

MR. PINSUTI STILLETO, the condemned assassin of his wife and five children, gave the last of his enjoyable In-jails on Friday last. Mr. Stilleto takes his departure for his hereafter at the hands of the Sheriff on Monday next, and it is expected that this will be the most *recherché* execution of the season.

There were present at the reception many leaders of society; more prominent among whom were the Misses Hardcase, who are about to leave the city for a summering at their delightful residence at the Island, East River; the Hon. Pink Charley, the celebrated banker; Rev. Joe Woolpuller, cracksman and missionary-extraordinary of the United States, and Dr. Penn, whose recent operation on a hundred-dollar cheque has gained him so much notoriety.

The guests began to arrive at seven o'clock, and by eight the *corridor murderaire* was jammed. The affair was opened by a prayer from the Rev. Woolpuller, and a hymn sung with much effect by a few members of the Salvation Army, who arrived a few days since.

Mr. Stilleto announced with tears in his eyes that this was his last opportunity to receive his friends. He stated that the Governor, with whom he is most intimate, being a correspondent of his, had expressed regret at being unable to meet him this side of Jordan. In a neat speech Mr. Stilleto went on to thank the many ladies of the city for the kind attention they have shown him in the shape of flowers, jelly and other delicacies of the season. He also thanked the Sheriff and Wardens of the Tombs for their consideration in allowing him the best suite of cells at their disposal, and stated that he fully appreciated their kindness in not permitting such low characters as vagrants and *petit* larceners to interrupt him in his daily meditations.

The speaker expressed himself on the whole as satisfied with his treatment by the press, but was somewhat indignant at the statement of one prominent journal that he had only killed his wife and three children.

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He wished it distinctly understood that his artistic crime comprised six distinct deaths, five of which were his children. He also denied that he had merely stabbed his victims. He was no every-day stereotyped Italian cut-throat. His performance consisted first of scalping his family, second of jumping on them, and finally of stabbing them. He then sat down amid great applause.

We may say here that the habitual misrepresentation of these poor, harmless murderers on the part of the daily press is a crying disgrace to our civilization.

The prisoner was looking extremely well, and was attired in a neat fitting coat of bed-ticking cut *à la* horizontal. His trousers were of the same material cut *à la* perpendicular. He wore his hair *au shave*.

At eleven o'clock a banquet was served by Sherrifi, consisting of Croton and *Pain a la Française*, H_2O and Bread Patties, with a final course of *Crust à la Tombs*, a favorite dish with the inhabitants of this settlement.

Shortly after the guests took their leave, and were soon locked up in sleep. The host, before retiring, revised the galley-proof of the execution reports of several of our daily papers, to be published the morning after his departure.

Mr. Stilleto will be greatly missed by his many friends and admirers, to whom his good qualities and bright conversation have endeared him, and it will be a long time before such a pleasing occupant of the condemned cell will be found to take his place. We wish him a *bon voyage*.

J. K. B.

AN EXPLANATION.

HE came to ask for something? Yes!
A trifle! He could not express
Himself exactly, so . . . . he staid
Some time. You wondered what delayed?
You see . . . . I know it 's childishness
To stand here blushing at my dress;
But—but it was a foolishness
That I 've been trying to evade.
He came to ask!
'T was very simple; can 't you guess?
It had a "y" and "e" and "s."
He 's so resolved, I can 't dissuade
Him any longer. I 'm afraid.
I 'm here, Mamma, dear, to confess—
He came to ask!

MR. BARNUM'S LATEST ACQUISITIONS.

THERE are some who consider Mr. Peter Barnum an impostor and a humbug. The thinking majority, however, regard him as an enterprising, and, menagerie-cally speaking, honest showman of extraordinary genius. But his staunchest friends will feel that he insults their intelligence and does wrong to his own reputation when he announces the following additions to his stock of curiosities:

A male Nooyokka under twenty-six years of age who can talk of something beside his friends and himself.

An Englishman with tact.

A Bostonian who is not a snob, and

A jolly Philadelphian.

BOOKISHNESS

A NOVEL WITH A FINE BACKGROUND.

THE author of the anonymous novel, "Stratford-by-the-Sea," has touched life deeply and truly at many points, and has faithfully chronicled the impressions. The first fifty pages of the story are almost as monotonous as the long stretch of level country, "bordered on the edge by the sea," where Stratford was situated. It is only as the work progresses that it flashes upon your perception how artistically perfect, how almost photographically correct are the dull gray background, the Puritanical old town, and the uninteresting and disagreeable characters who dwell there. Probably it seemed stupid while you were ignorant of its purpose; for the time being the author was so thoroughly provincial.

But the book is full of surprises. With the same fidelity, a man of the world is painted for us. The author's provincialism vanishes, and worldly cunning and cynicism penetrate and lay bare the motives of this character of mingled good and ill. All the while you have scarcely given a thought to the figure of a plain, modest, uninteresting country girl somewhere there in the dull background by the sea. There is a flash of passion—a glow in the sky reflected in her face; love illuminates it, and another charm is added to the picture.

Bye-and-bye the storm breaks; jealousy, disappointed love, intrigue and unholy passion are piled like lurid clouds along the sky. The bolt falls suddenly and unexpectedly from the clouds; but after the catastrophe, the sun breaks slowly through and peacefully smiles on the dead gray level of Stratford-by-the-Sea.

All these things combine to make this novel a very artistic piece of literary work. Yet it must be added that the characters are only very accurate and suggestive sketches; they lack completeness; we know just enough of them to wish to know much more.

* * *

THE Scribners have certainly hit upon a popular idea in their collection of "Stories by American Authors." Our best fiction has first appeared in the magazines, and some of the choicest of it has been short stories worthy to be rescued from the obscurity of old files. The two volumes already issued contain such notable pieces as "Who Was She?" by Bayard Taylor; "The Documents in the Case," by Brander Matthews and H. C. Bunner (who, by the way, are the joint authors of a story in the current number of the *Manhattan*); and "The Transferred Ghost," by Frank R. Stockton.

* * *

ONE of the finest books of the week is the American edition of "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice" (two vols. Scribners), a biography which has attracted much comment in England.——Mr.

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Conkling should read the "Memoirs of Rufus Choate," and, after comparing it with the stenographic reports of the Hoyt will case, it might dawn upon him that there is a tremendous chasm between an arrogant demagogue and a great advocate.——Trollope's posthumous novel, "An Old Man's Love," is an admirable specimen of story-writing. Mrs. Baggett will take her place in the gallery among the finest of character portraits. DROCH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

IN THE TENNESSEE MOUNTAINS. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

PINE NEEDLES, or SONNETS AND SONGS. Illustrated. By Héloïse Durant. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

STORIES BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Vols. I. and II. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

BEFORE the fight—Mustapha Khan.

A GOOD hand at cribbage.—A thief pegging away at your watch chain.

"IT 's so quiet in Philadelphia," said Jones, "that I 've often lain awake at night and listened to the bed-ticking."

SHE was young and had a pretty face and a Gainsborough hat, but when she asked if an apiary was not a place where they kept monkeys the spell was broken and the charm vanished.

IT is not true that language was given to us in order that with it we might conceal our thoughts. I, for example, employ language to an utterly different end, for with it I conceal my lack of thought.

JOSEPH C——K.

WHO'S THIS?

A CHAP called O'Donovan Rossa,
A famous hot cannon-ball tossa.
He chaws dynamite,
And spoils for a fight,
But endanger his life will he? Nossa.

W. J. D.

OUR NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE most melancholy feature of the melancholy exhibition now going on at what is satirically called the National Academy of Design, is that such a mortifying display is entirely unnecessary. If the academicians and their committees would but regard their own miserable daubs as warnings to students, and not as sources of revenue for their individual pockets, decent pictures might be hung where the public could see them, and a little encouragement be given to those who have some talent for their profession. As it is the places of honor are given up to such painters as Tait, Beard, Hart, Cropsey, and Stearns.

The result is a chamber of horrors that is a disgrace to the city and an insult to our intelligence.

We advise those who are interested in American art to stay away as a visit would be fraught with cruel surprises.

We mention a few of the paintings. As a rule the weakest efforts occupy the posts of honor.

No. 23, Mr. Winslow Homer's "Life Line," is a strong picture. If he had made his ocean of water instead of zinc it would have been stronger still.

No. 43 is a landscape by William Hart, N. A., and no one but an N. A., would have so little pride as to allow that particular work to be hung in such a conspicuous position. Mr. Hart has certain tricks at his finger's ends, but they are old tricks, tricks that we outgrew and left behind us about thirty years ago—and to most of us they are both pitiful and offensive.

Mr. James D. Smillie's "The Pond's Outlet" is a delightful bit of color. It is broadly done, fresh, strong and "out of doorsy." It is a relief to the eye.

Mr. Eastman Johnson's portrait of Secretary Folger is a fine piece of work.—Strong, lifelike and full of repose. It is a striking contrast to the fiery daubs which surround it. If the National Academy were composed of Eastman Johnsons, American art would find itself on a very different footing.

In No. 49 Mr. Jerome Ferris found his leopard was too much for him. The picture is rich in color, however, and one of the best things in the exhibition.

No. 179, "The Courtin'", by Thomas P. Anshutz, is an excellent fire light effect and one of the best compositions at the academy. It tells its story in a delightfully simple way.

In 382 Mr. Cropsey gives to a long suffering public another of his schoolgirl daubs. Mr. Cropsey can get more color into less space than any of his rivals.

Mr. David S. Pope must be a son-in-law of every member of the hanging committee.—From his painting No. 199, we should say he might be from six to eight years of age, but in that case he never could have managed to get his canvas on the line.

In No. 188 Mr. E. Wood Perry gives us some conscientiously painted furniture, *bric-à-brac* and lace, the effect of which is very much marred by the presence of a shapeless, red-haired woman who occupies the greater part of the picture.

No. 336 is pretty bad even for an Academician;

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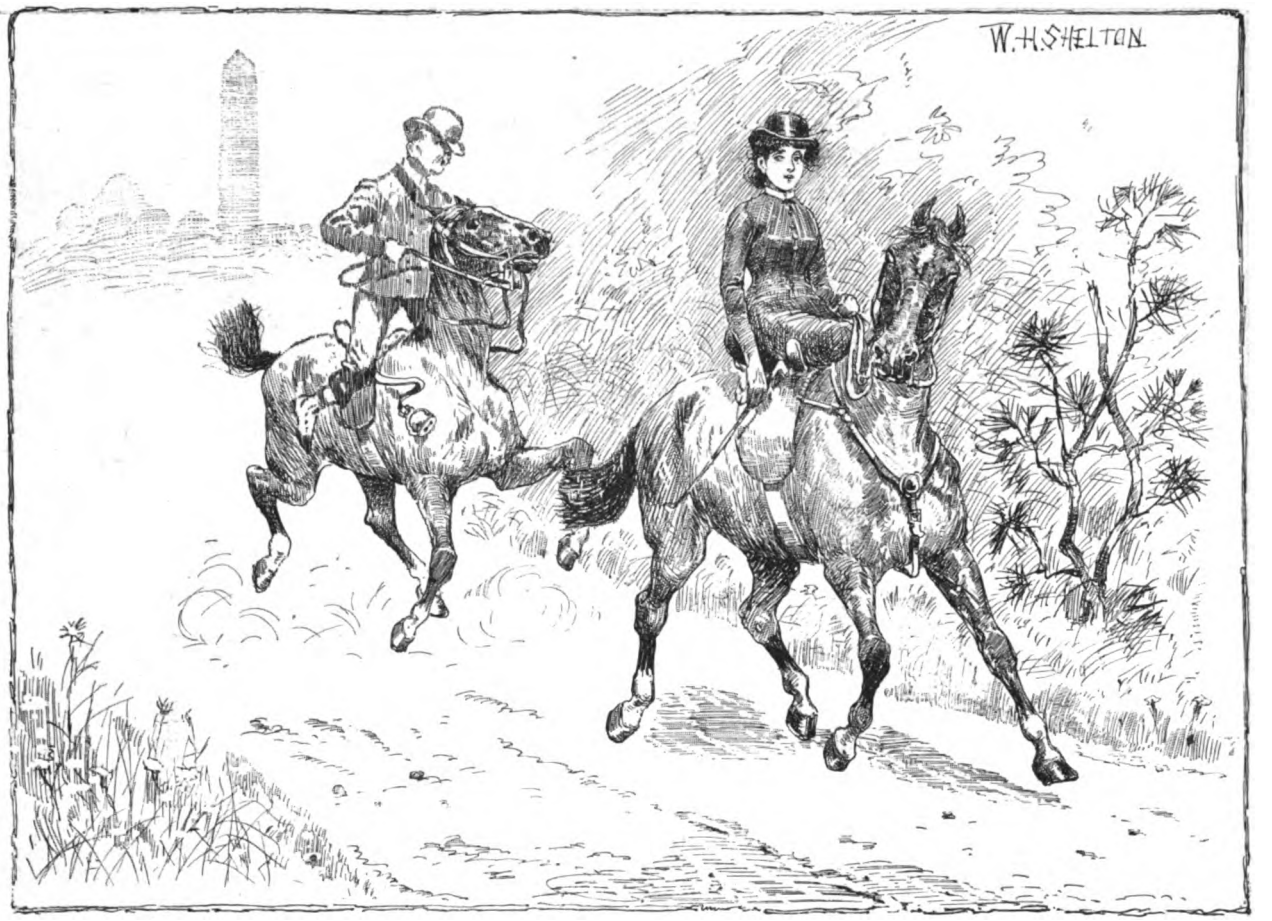

IN THE PARK.

Jenny: THERE IS NOTHING LIKE IT, FRED.
Fred: WELL, I SHOULD HOPE NOT.

for Thomas Hicks *is* an Academician or that portrait would have never been hung where it is.

Mr. Percy Moran's "Old Time Melody," No. 353, is a delightful work, fresh, luminous and decisively painted. The color is more than pleasing.

Mr. F. S. Church's "Retaliation" is a charming idea.

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" is a technical success, and if Mr. Turner had given a little more thought to the story he was telling his picture would have been the success of the year. It is a little cold in color, but a charming work nevertheless.

No. 287 is given in the catalogue as a "A Lady in White and Red." Chalk and muddy pink would have described it better, but Mr. Huntington's portraits are all *so* sweet and pretty that we ought never to complain. Some day he may learn something about the technique of painting, and then his portraits will be better still.

451. How atrociously Mr. Bierstadt can paint when he tries—and he seems always to be trying. This also would be a good scene for the door of an omnibus if it were a little less crude in color.

421. Mr. Wm. H Beard has courage. If his pictures are as amusing to himself as they are mournful to the public he is an intensely happy man.

No. 569, Mr. Jerome Thompson's "Lone Fisherman," is of course hung on the line. If Mr. Thompson is under ten years of age there is hope for him.

In No. 547, "Telling the Bees," Mr. W. H. Low, gives us an imitation of Bastien Lepage. Aside from its having no values and being rather offensive in color it is almost a success.

621. One of E. T. Henry's nightmares. When Mr. Henry has grasped the first rudiments of color he may produce something that resembles horses and wagons and clothes. People he can never represent.

In No. 615, "Mr. Jefferson as Bob Acres," Mr. Alexander has evidently tried to show us what he could do if he only would. It looks, however, more like what he would like to do if he only could.

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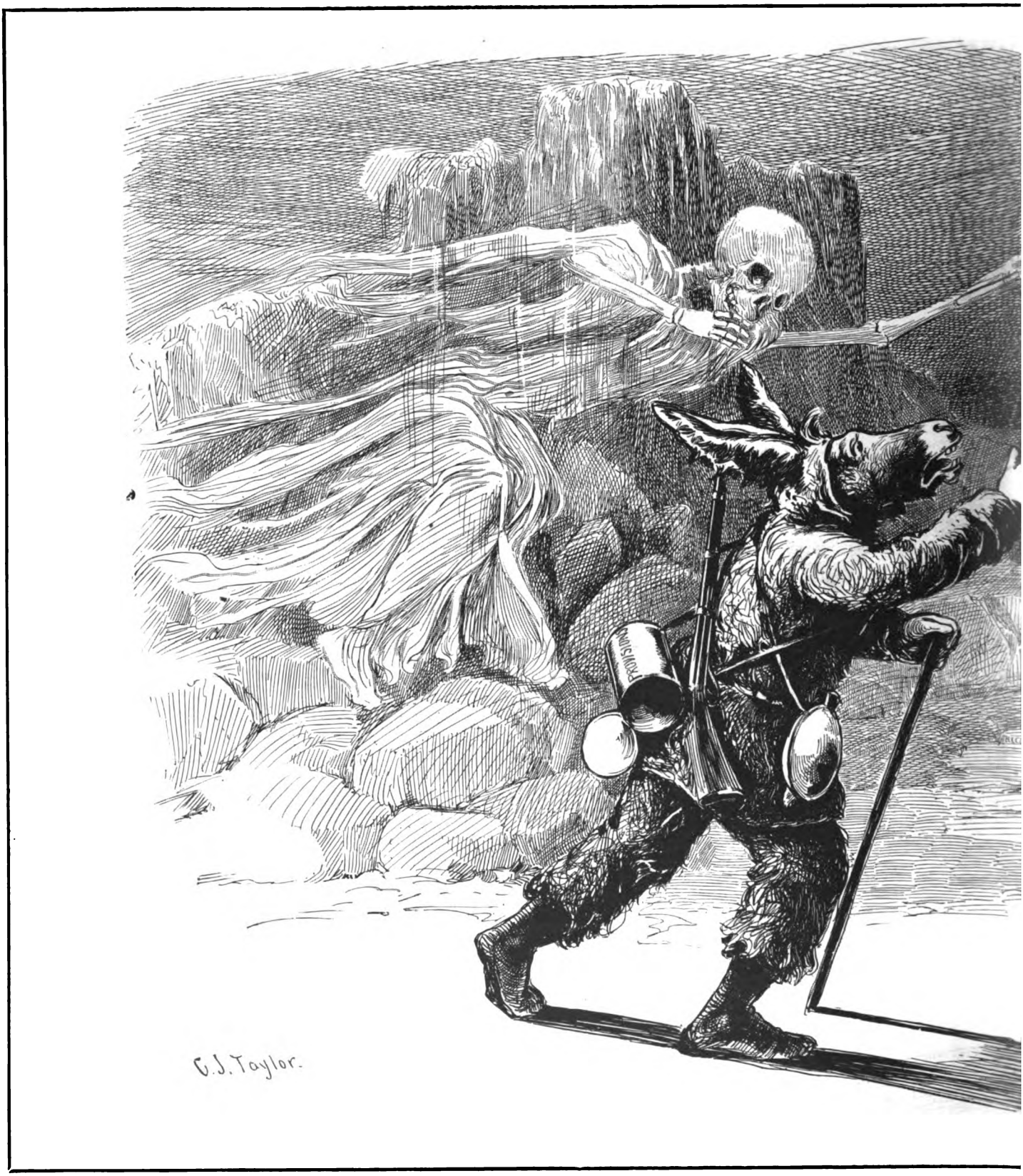

IN THE CAUS

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SEASODABLE.

OH, dever go a Bayi'g
Uddil the bodth of Jude.
Despite the poeds' sayi'g,
You 'll fide id is too sood.

The daffodil and padsy
Your eye will dever spy.
The wild sage and the tadsy
Are sdill a liddle shy.

Although the ladscape pleases,
You 'd bedder sday ad hobe,
And save a week of sdeezes
From bordi'g to the gloab.

Thed dever go a Bayi'g
Uddil the bodth of Jude.
Despite the poeds' sayi'g,
You 'll fide id budge too sood. C. C. S.

IN the education of the children of the period, fathers and mothers are apparently applying the principles of Mr. Blaikie's book, "Sound Bodies for Boys and Girls." Our most vivid recollections lead us to conjecture that the advice which *our* parents must have followed was "Sound Spankings for our Boys and Girls," and published in weekly instalments at that.

AT THE BALL (time midnight). — Mr. Crœsus (soliloquising).—"If I 'd known it was going to be anything like this I 'd have brought some lunch with me."

ABDUL AZIZ should be known to fame as Abdul Aziz n't.

A TOUCH OF PURITANISM.

THE *Sun*, in a recent issue, thus comments on a hideous and vice-provoking evil which seems to be gaining a foothold in our midst :

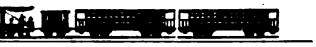
"There is much crime and of many sorts in this town, but perhaps none is more dangerous to the public morals or can cause more fractures of the public peace than the heinous and deadly variety which has lately been exposed by the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Persons who take the air, either for secular amusement or on their way to church, of a Sunday, have noticed with horror that flowers are for sale by venders, some of whom, we regret to say, are pretty, on the Fifth avenue and upper Broadway. There is something about flowers which is offensive to many virtuous and well-disposed citizens, or we may be sure that nobody in the Society for the Prevention of Crime would have complained to the Police Department about the flower sellers. It is dispiriting to notice that the Police Department is not inclined to put down Sunday flowers and flower sellers. The Society for the Prevention of Crime should publish a pamphlet showing the noxious and demoralizing effect of flowers. The public is not educated on the subject as yet."

TWO-FOR-MYSELF-AND-ONE-FOR-YOU'S VACATION EXCURSIONS.

TWO GRAND SPRING TRIPS.

A Sojourn of Two Months at the Elegant, Health and Pleasure and Profit and No-Expense-Spared Resort, the Hotel Free Monte ; including the Sans-Souris at Santa Barbara ; the Couvertures-Courtes at Bloody Gulch ; the Puces-Curienses at Painted Post, or the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. Return tickets may be used or not at the option of the purchaser.

SO much is already known of these famous tours that we will devote a small octavo volume to a minute explanation of them.



WESTWARD HO!

THE RAILWAY JOURNEY.

1. Each person will have a double sleeping-berth wholly to himself or herself, or *vice versa*. The same berths will be retained throughout the journey, and unpleasant changes will thus be prevented. Over a large portion of the route, west of the Missouri River, the trains will be run at a rate of speed calculated to operate favorably upon those of the passengers afflicted with insomnia. On the other side of the Rocky Mountains the rate of speed will be increased according to the degree of convalescence of the passengers. In all cases where stops for meals are made orthodox clergymen and deacons will be provided with corkscrews.

FROM BOSTON TO CHICAGO.

The preliminary part of the journey will lie through a snow storm and the Hoosac Tunnel. Supper will be furnished in beans and lined with pie at Greenfield. Breakfast will be had on the Suspension Bridge, the idea being to get the meals and the sight-seeing as much mixed up as possible.

CHICAGO, FROM THE EAST.

CHICAGO.

The party will arrive at Chicago Saturday ; the Boston passengers will not know the next day is Sunday, because Prof. Swing will lecture and all the beer saloons will be open. All the horse-car lines, omnibuses, cable railways and suburban trains will radiate from the hotel where the party stops.

FROM CHICAGO TO KANSAS CITY.

The gorgeous scenery will continue as usual. From this time on E. E. Hale's Double will hold reviews each Sunday in the wash room at the end of the car ; there will be room for all. At this stage of the journey another magnificent new roller towel will be placed near the mirror at the end of the car and coupons will be detached for its use as per order.

BOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

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KANSAS CITY, MO.

More gorgeous scenery. Persons from the East will be given a day off under the charge of an experienced guide. No Indians nor Buffaloes yet! Be patient!

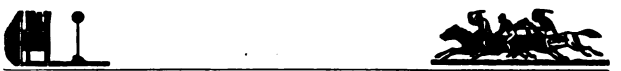
COLORADO.

Of this great State, one-third is rolling prairie, carpeted with nutritious buffalo grass. The train will stop in the middle of the State to allow persons from the East to look around. Indians, buffaloes, prairie-dogs and samples of the atmosphere will be furnished passengers to send home, for which coupons will be detached as per order.

A PRAIRIE.

NEW MEXICO.

The home of Aztecs, Toctees or Tezucans; samples furnished as before. As the party ascends through the "Swing-'em-up" Pass the charming idyl associated with this region and known to all persons from the East, viz.: "Boost-me-up's Last Twirl," will be read aloud by a consumptive conductor who travels with us for his board. Along the valley of the Rio Grande agriculture is carried on in the most primitive ways by Mexicans and Indians, *i. e.*, the Mexicans raise a little wheat, the Indians steal it, the Mexicans kill the Indians, and then the Indian chiefs have their expenses paid to Washington, where they are prayed with by Commissioner Price. For which information coupons will be detached as per order.



A HORSE-RACE IN NEW MEXICO.

ARIZONA

Comprises 113,916 sq. miles, 421 sq. ft. and 16⅛ sq. inches. We stop a sufficient time to breakfast at Yuma. Here many specimens of the Indian races are to be seen (coupons detached as per order). The Yumas preserve their primitive style of dress, which is a cross between that of Lydia Thompson and Oscar Wilde Sick clergymen who have their wives with them will be given further information in the baggage car when the train starts.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Debilitating atmosphere becomes more so, and the price of whiskey rises. Gorgeous scenery. We are gradually approaching "the loveliest region of the whole wide world, Hoop-la! We speed through orange groves, vineyards, glorious sunsets, rarified atmospheres, herds of gazelles, dirty Indians, invalids, Trappers of the Far West, and many other interesting objects imported for this party, for which coupons will be detached as though nothing were happening. At this stage of the trip another magnificent new roller-towel will be placed near the mirror in the wash-room. For the rest of the trip Philips Brooks' sermons can be heard by telephone in the smoking car. Breakfast will be served while in Southern California.

By the Author of "BETTER THINGS THAN THIS," etc., etc.

FOREST SCENE IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

LIFE Insurance.—A game at which you can only win with death for a partner.

DURING the afternoon and evening of April 29th there is to be a "Kirmess" at the Metropolitan Opera House, for the benefit of patients in the New York Skin and Cancer Hospital.

It is an excellent cause; the names connected with it are among the best known in the city and there is no doubt of its being a most brilliant affair. It is seldom New Yorkers have a better opportunity of doing good than in the one which is here offered them; to say nothing of its being a most delightful way of showing oneself a philanthropist.

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NOTES ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.

YOUR correspondent called upon his excellency Rutherford B. Hayes a few days ago and found him in his usual state of hilarity. He seemed pleased to welcome me and upon my asking whether he intended to enter the lists in the coming campaign, replied, that he would not go home until morning.

"When you speak of Home, Mr. Hayes, do you refer to the White House?"

"Heaven is his home!" said a deep bass voice, of undoubted female origin, at my side, and turning to see whence it came I recognized the lineaments of the only lady who has ever occupied our Presidential Chair. She, with a glance at the tired but happy ex-statesman, advised him to "walk it off," which he, after enquiring as to the whereabouts of his "next-morning-extra-sized-derby," proceeded to do, leaving a parting injunction to the landlord to fill the flowing bowl until it did run over.

Rutherford gone, I was about to interview the lady, but an uproar without caused her to hasten away. Rutherford had unconsciously been drawn into an unseemly wrangle with a lawn-mower, much to the detriment of his personal appearance.

In the absence of better material I inquired of a promising youth of tender years who happened to be present, whose father he was.

He replied: "Pa says I 'm a son of a Gambolier, but I ain't; I'm Ma's boy, and she ain't any Gambolier. I 'm named after Pa's Cabinet, I am. They do n't call me by my full name, though. Ma says life 's too short to rattle off that old crowd every time she wants me, so she calls me Salvation Army Hayes one day and Anything-To-Beat-Grant Hayes the next."

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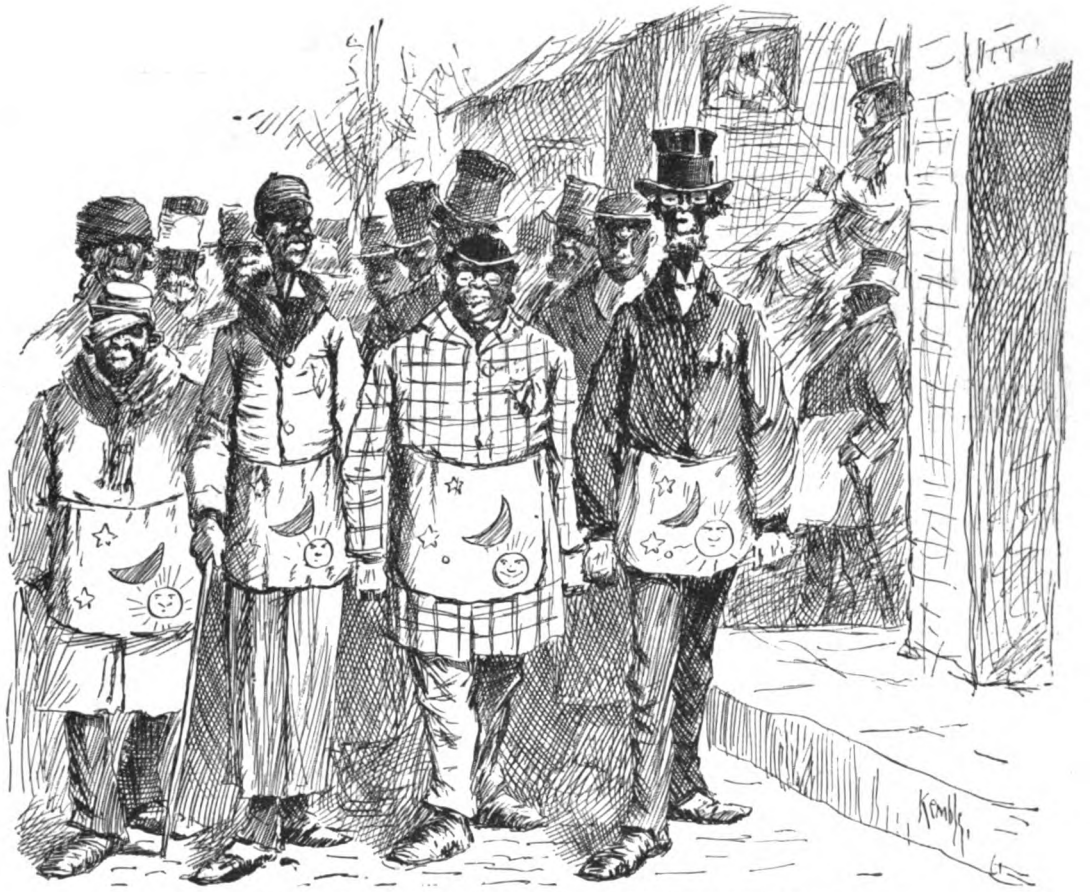


THAT FUNERAL IN MOKEVILLE.

"Does your father expect to run for the Presidency this year?" I asked.

"I heard Pa tell a man who called here to sell a book called 'Blaine on Ins and Outs' that he'd give all his old boots to get there again. Then when Pa comes down to breakfast he looks at Ma and says 'Shall,' but Ma takes him up short and freezes him out by saying 'Shan't.' They keep this up until we kids strike for our breakfast. I think it's kinder low down in Ma not to let Pa run if he wants to."

"I see," said I, "but how does your father seem to feel about the other candidates?"

"Well, we dassen't say anything about them. I asked Pa once who Samuel J. Tilden was and Ma put me up in the attic on bread and water for three days. Pa said there never was any such man as Sam Tilden. Say, was n't there, truly?"

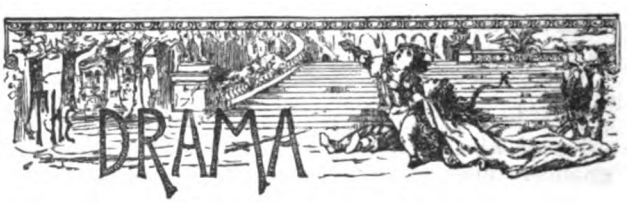
"Yes, my boy," said I; "there never was a time when there was not such a man, if the Republican papers speak truly when they tell his age. He and your Pa had a race once, and no one ever knew which won. Your father got the gate-money, however, and that was all he wanted."

The boy's mother came in at this point, and I deemed it best to withdraw. As I strolled down the gravel walk I heard from the topmost regions of the house, the rich, mellow voice of R. B. H. himself saying: SHALL!

Immediately thereafter, as if in echoing response, came a deep bass voice of undoubted female origin, saying: SHAN'T!

The chances are that of the two the deep bass voice of undoubted female origin spoke the more truly.

[Note to the Editor—It is due to my reputation for me to state that the muddled appearance of this interview is caused by the ignorance of some people as to where hospitality ceases and intemperance begins.] CARLYLE SMITH.



MAY BLOSSOM.

AT last the boards of the Madison Square Theatre have given place to a play where the movement is that of men and women of flesh and blood, and not that of jointed and heterogeneous marionettes. "May Blossom," by David Belasco, is a virile play of the right sort. Its story is simple, straightforward and earnest; its range is wide; its incidents constrained and yet dramatic; its purpose good; its dialogue bright; its coloring

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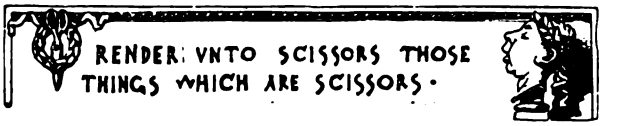
strong and full of contrast. It is human and it is poetic. It is not a great play in originality of motive; it is sublime in no part; it is quiet throughout, and yet full of human interest and rich in moments of deepest pathos and passion. Its story is simply that of a wife whose idea of her husband's honor has been shattered, and who drives him from her in scorn, to learn in after years, through trial, that she loves him still, forgiving his fault for that it was done for love of her. The theme is trite, and has been handled in a hundred works, but in this play it has received a treatment so full of poetry, delivery and subtlety as to seem quite new. It was quite a triumph for so young a man, in a double sense, for not only is the play itself effective, but it is enriched by a harmony of movement seldom seen upon our boards.

It is good to see such playwrights and plays arising. We have had enough of the reign of the bumptious Gunther and the sebaceous Boyesen as architects of the American drama. We like proofs that it is not necessary to have a pair of scissors, plenty of impudence and a French dictionary in order to write good plays for our stage. We are secretly pleased to see worthy actors let out of the narrow limits of a pulpit, and given a little room to caper and frolic, and be earnest and weep by turns, as men and women do in real life. We are comforted to see such steps taken at last by a management whose facilities are second to none in the world. There is nothing to hamper the Madison Square Theatre if it hampers not itself. It has refuted the charge of a leaning to weakness by producing Mr. Belasco's strong play, and presenting to the public one of the most interesting performances of many years. H. G. C.



"WHAT makes you look so sad, old man?"

"I 've just received a despatch to the effect that my uncle has met with a terrible accident."

"Well, that ought not to make you feel very much distressed. you are his heir, are n't you?"

"Yes, but you see the despatch states that hopes are entertained of his recovery."—*Philadelphia Call.*

A CLERGYMAN married a lady with whom he received a substantial dowry of $10,000 and a fair prospect for more. Soon afterward, while occupying the pulpit, he gave out a hymn, read four stanzas, and was reading the fifth,

Forever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,

when he hesitated and exclaimed, "Ahem! the choir will omit the fifth verse," and sat down. The congregation, attracted by his apparent confusion, read the remaining lines:

Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.

—*Roxbury Advocate.*

"AND so Jack was sentenced to be hanged?" "Yis, surr, but the byes saved him, do n't you know; they proved an alibi." "Proved an alibi! What do you mean?" "Phi, do n't yer see, we jist knocked down the ould calaboose, and tuk Jack out beyant the town and hung him on a limb nice and quiet loike, and whin they come to execute the sintence onto him, do n't yer see, he 'd a foine alibi all riddy for um. He was n't there intirely."—*Boston Transcript.*

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A WASHINGTON physician, says an exchange who has been studying the effect of different professions on longevity, discovers that the average life of female chorus singers is one hundred years; but he omits to say that, so far as general observation goes, they rarely begin singing until after they have passed the critical period of female existence. Perhaps if they started in earlier they would not last so long.—*Commercial Advertiser.*

A FACT.

"UNLESS your son has some decided bent," observed the Rev. Timothy Larkspur the other day to a parishioner, "he will always be a burden to his friends."

"And why?" asked Mr. Muggs.

"Because," quoth the parson, "unless he has some decided bent, he will always be in straitened circumstances."

"True!" assented Mr. Muggs, with a sigh. Nor was he ever seen to smile again.—*Moonshine.*

SCENE in a railroad office: "Mr. Secretary," said the President, "Have you prepared the advertisement asking for bids for the construction of two hundred freight cars?" "I have." "Did you include fourteen new locomotives?" "I did." "And eighty flat cars?" "Yes, sir." "And three hundred tons of steel rails?" "Yes, sir." "That's right; but while we are about it we might as well ask the contractors to figure on six new iron bridges and three or four station houses." The next day the force is cut down ten per cent., wages reduced fifteen, and the engineers have their oil measured out by the spoonful. —*Wall Street News.*

At a regular meeting of the HARVARD CLUB, of New York, held April 19th. 1884, it was voted "That the Harvard Club, of New York, cordially recommend CHARLEMAGNE TOWER to the Alumni as a suitable person for Overseer."

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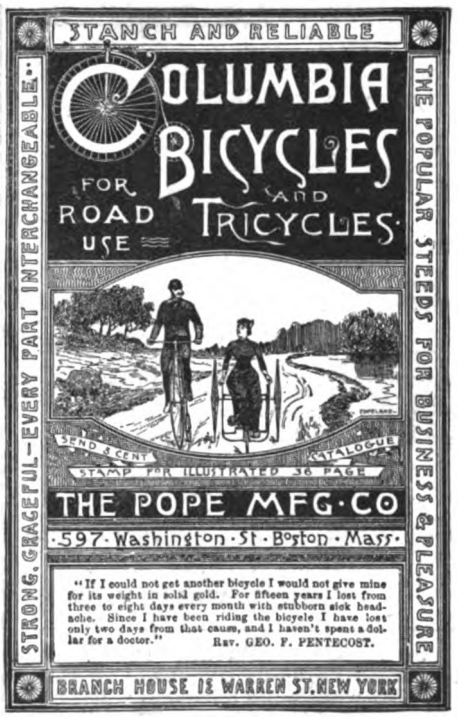

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AN *Arizona episode:* Two drinks. Two more. A friendly game of poker. More drinks. Jack-pot. More drinks. Four tens. Lively betting. Four aces. Seventeen pistol shots. One inquest. Much public enthusiasm. A lariat. One posse of citizens. A battering ram. A neck-tie party. Editorial in local paper on "Strides of Civilization."

* * *

THE strides being made in journalistic telegraphy are marvelous. Five years ago it was considered quite wonderful for a newspaper to contain a two-column account of a recent cabinet meeting in St. Petersburg, cabled to it at an enormous expense by a correspondent in Harlem. Now, however, this ceases to surprise when compared with the new system by which our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, is enabled to cable from Paris, not only minute particulars of the Art Exhibition now in progress in that city, but even electrical reproductions of the pictures exhibited there by American artists. The mechanism by which this is accomplished is almost as peculiar as the effect produced upon the public. It consists of a compound differential polar relay, wound to 740,000 ohms, and operated by a three-ply, double back action induced current, which, after passing through four rheostals, a Wheatstone bridge, and a tangent galvanometer, passes again into a Faure cell, and is stored up ready for static discharge, thus obviating the necessity for a cuspidor. It is thus seen that the instrument is automatically adjustible. The work of operation is this: The chief operator in New York, hearing by mail that the Salon has opened, sends out a private detective to ascertain which American artists have contributed. This he is readily enabled to do by sending a man to visit the National Academy Exhibition, and, after the man has partially recovered his reason, taking his dying deposition. Having a list of the pictures exhibited by the N. A., it is easy to get a list of those which were refused, and this, presumably, is a list of those sent to the Salon. The next point in the working of the apparatus is the securing of nineteen apprentices at engraving, and placing them before the receiver. Each has his specialty. The line is then adjusted. Operator in Paris now sends over the title, for example,—"The Bath, Bridgman." The chief operator judges this must be a water color, and with an experienced eye instantly singles out the apprentice who looks most familiar with the rudiments of bathing and bath paraphernalia. Operator in New York now cables at enormous expense the sign "O K., G A.," which the Paris operator, with quick French intelligence, understands to signify either "All right; go ahead," or, "Oh, Kome (off): go away." He now sends the word "Foreground beat in bath." This costs 32 cents a word, gold, at special rates. The chief operator shows it to the apprentice, who, seizing at once the artist's idea, proceeds to draw a bath-tub closely resembling a cross between a wrecked opera hat and a custard dish, from the centre of which rises the rear view of a corpulent and wrinkled infant. This is accomplished by nineteen strokes of the graver and seventeen elaborate movements of the apprentice's tongue. Paris operator now sends: "Background, colored nurse." This, of course, leaves some scope for the private workings of imagination. Apprentice No. 2, who, from his extreme youth, is supposed to be most familiar with nurses, and apprentice No. 13, who is strong on color, having had scarlet and yellow fevers, and being at present a sufferer from the blues, are called up, and combine effectively their enormous talents on the colored nurse. The engraving is thus finished in nine minutes, is electrotyped in twelve more, and then goes by a messenger boy to the composing room, where it is thoughtfully inserted in the wrong place by the foreman. Too much praise cannot be given our esteemed contemporary for this enterprise. It conveys to the American public a fair idea of the sufferings of the French, and instills a feeling of devout gratitude that there is an ocean between us and the Salon.

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BOTH SIDES OF A QUESTION.

Eligible Bachelor (*to host*): MARRY, INDEED! DO YOU THINK ANY SENSIBLE MAN WOULD MARRY A GIRL WITH SUCH A WAIST AS THAT ONE UP STAIRS?

That Girl Up Stairs (*to hostess*): YES, IT IS VERY SILLY AND MY WAIST IS TERRIBLY UNCOMFORTABLE, BUT I SUPPOSE I SHALL HAVE TO DO IT UNTIL I AM MARRIED.

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A RAIN FANTASY.

AGAINST the pane the dripping rain
A quick tatoo is keeping,
Awakening an endless train
Of thoughts, which in my idle brain
Have long been softly sleeping.

The gaslight's flare, the fire's bright glare
Where wood-coals snap and scatter,
Like golden nuggets, here and there,
Transport me to a realm that 's fair,
Far from this dreary patter.

A girlish face whose modest grace
Makes me supremely happy;
Another fire whose slim flames chase
The slow smoke up the chimney place,
And light the velvet *tapis*.

* * * *

Dear heart, do you remember, too,
This nook where we together
Exchanged a sentimental view
That bound our hearts forever true—
In just such rainy weather?

The dreary drips, the star's eclipse,
All these remind me of you:
And now and then in drowsy dips
My eyes are watching two red lips
That quaver back "I love you."

F. D. S.

WHY is an empty whiskey barrel like Hades? Because it is the place of departed spirits.

A WISE PRECAUTION.

IT is rumored in literary circles that proofs of the Imperial Dictionary are submitted for inspection to that large family of boys on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-second Street before any decided steps are taken.

THE oldest inhabitant.—The spring chicken.

BOOKISHNESS

GATH'S ENTAILED HAT.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND has heretofore published a great deal of fiction in the guise of newspaper correspondence and interviews. Even his enemies have recognized in these the fruits of a prolific imagination. Occasionally he has refrained from making his fantasies masquerade as facts, and his wide circle of readers have been allowed to judge of "Tales of the Chesapeake" and "Bohemian Days" as works of the imagination. Now "Gath" continues this highly moral and reformatory scheme by publishing an avowed romance, called "The Entailed Hat."

There is none of the affectation and pretty writing of the modern *bric-à-brac* school about this book. Originality sparkles on every page—in character, dialogue, episode and scene. This is an unfarmed territory in fiction—the quaint old "Eastern Shore," between the Chesapeake and Delaware. "Gath" has been over every foot of it; he was reared there, and the readers of his letters know that he has been a frequent visitor there of late years. The time of his tale is about 1825; the incidents cluster around a band of kidnappers of free negroes which the notorious Patty Cannon made famous for its wickedness and daring. Altogether, the material for the romance is excellent.

The author is prodigal in creating characters. They troop across the pages with a well defined individuality, but their number is almost bewildering. From among the crowd, Milburn, the eccentric owner of the Entailed Hat, and Vesta, his wife, stand forth as remarkable creations. The shadow of the Hat falls across the book with something of the same fanciful effect which attends the Scarlet Letter in a much greater romance.

There is an equal prodigality of incidents. Murders are as plentiful as in the current melodrama. But, withal, they are introduced skillfully and with dramatic effect. The flight and death of the quadroon girl, Virgie, is a thrilling narrative.

With all these things in its favor, it must still be recorded that the story lacks coherence. It is overloaded with events, which do not all logically lead up to the culmination. So many of these incidents are brutal that even the art with which they are handled scarcely saves them from being repulsive. Occasionally, also, there is a bit of realism which is a little too sensual for wholesome literary art.

Let it be spoken in praise of this romance that its author has found in the history and tradition of his own country fruitful suggestions for his fancy. There is no trans-Atlantic gilding about it.

DROCH.

A WORD OF JUSTICE.

WHILE others are working like beavers and struggling like acrobats to attain more or less prominence in the Democratic National Convention, General Hancock keeps the even tenor of his way, taking no part in any intrigues, asking nothing of the people or the party, but performing his whole duty with wisdom and dignity.

A tribute of hearty admiration is due to this eminent and patriotic public servant. We congratulate him on his absence from the crowd of toilsome and anxious aspirants.

In war no American has gained a more solid or more lasting distinction than General Hancock; in peace he will ever occupy a place of high honor in the affectionate appreciation of his fellow citizens.—*The Sun*.

Yes, he was a very good man, but he weighed *two hundred and fifty pounds*.

EXPENSIVE profanity—The big dam is to cost $10,000,000.

APRIL showers bring May scours.

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A FICTITIOUS WOMAN.

I.

WITH a tense grasp of the string, Clara tied up her bundle and prepared to leave the house.

"I do not wish to look like a tramp," thought she; "I will be taken, rather, for a wash-woman"

"I am no longer a child of yours," said she to her mother, condignly; "the gold that you refuse shall yet be mine. Good-bye."

She sought the house of her rich but vulgar friend, Sophia Buchmann.

"Sophia," said she, "can you give me a job of work?"

"No," answered Sophia, intuitively perceiving her friend's desires; "but I will put you in a soft snap."

At this brutal language Clara fainted. She accepted the snap, however, and soon became very intimate with a Mr. Thirsty, who visited the house—so much so that Maria projected charts of impossible seeming wedding garments for Clara's benefit.

"I want," said Clara, one night to Thirsty, "to stand on the top rung of the ladder and flap my wings and scream."

"You may do so," he answered, hoarsely, "as my wife. I am well-born, handsome and amiable. My heart is noble, if my head is bald. I keep a bank account" ——

"No, no!" she cried. The words were ejaculated with so much nervous energy as to shatter the crystal globes of the solid silver (Tiffany & Co, 925) chandelier. Thirsty fled. She had never been so glad as when she saw him go.

II.

THEY soon went to Coney Island. Here Clara met one evening—no matter how—a stockbroker named Hollinger.

"What a lovely evening," said she.

He laughed heartily at the jest; he had so quickly learned to appreciate her salient wit.

"It is, indeed," he responded cordially. He spent that night and every succeeding night that week at the hotel—under the porch. The next week he struck luck and began to board within the hotel. He was in love with Clara, and proposed.

"I do not love you," said she, with sweet calm; "but I can see no other objection." So they were married. The Buchmanns immediately went to Europe; this was Clara's wedding trip.

The ladies of the *beau monde* staying at the hotel noticed Clara pointedly. There was a quality about her that arrested their attention, possibly the quality of her dress, a thirteen-cent Macy costume. They did not speak to her.

"They shall yet do so," said she. Her accent was pure and sweet; she felt like a fight.

THIS IS NOT A CINCINNATI RIOT; IT IS IN RESPONSE TO AN INVITATION ASKING THE AUTHOR OF THE "BREAD WINNERS" TO A DINNER.

III.

ONE morning Clara did effect an acquaintance with one of these ladies, Mrs. Tammany Briggs. Mrs. Briggs fled to New York, pursued by Clara, who visited her, and secured introductions to Mr. Smart Goldsmith, Mrs. Van Korn and Mrs. Hedgway Flea.

Mrs. Briggs was an ardent young thing, bounded by straight lines, and babbling English *à la Française*. She doted upon Clara; indeed she did. Clara, with her delicate sense of the ridiculous, used her as a "Do n't" and as a cat's-paw generally.

Smart Goldsmith was externally a Crichton; his heart, however, was too hideously black for any self-respecting freak. Clara, with her keen insight, at once understood his underlying characteristics, and engaged his affections.

Mrs. Van Korn was a corpse galvanized into motion. Mr. Thirsty was her brother. She hated Clara.

Mrs. Hedgway Flea was far from destitute of beauty. She suggested a turtle, an aligator, a garden hose. She affected the cant of a Sister of Charity, the poses and costumes of a ballet-girl. Her poses were her *cult;* she was at times beautiful. She adored Smart Goldsmith and she hated Clara, against whom she and Mrs. Van Korn made a plot.

IV.

AMONG these people Clara bore herself like a queen. Indeed, there was about her carriage a quality that few queens could hope to possess. Some one tried to examine the carriage, to learn more about the quality, but was ordered off by the footman. The vehicle appeared to be an ordinary first-class Brewster landaulette. Her husband had bought it; he was able to pay the bill, too. Think of that!

Suddenly, however, Hollinger failed. With that presence of mind which was never absent from her, Clara decided to celebrate by giving a ladies' Lunch. Mrs. Van Korn had a headache, and could not come.

Mrs Hedgway Flea, however, came. There was about her a certain charm of face and person. She posed and surveyed Clara with malice in her eyes.

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THE WAGNERIAN FESTIVAL.

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Both Clara and Mrs Briggs observed the malice, which was of a pink hue.

"I smell a mice," whispered Mrs. Briggs; she alluded to the plot. Clara did not faint at the slang. Such were Mrs. Brigg's voice and configuration that her drolliers struck the ear like the tinkling of a triangle.

"Cheese it," whispered Clara. A waiter brought her a white object, apparently a note. Opening it, she exclaimed, "Well, that 's a great note!" It was an earthquake. Mrs. Hedgway Flea now stood upon her elbows and drank from a glass held between her feet. To certain persons she was a most attractive woman.

V.

REACHING the reception room, Clara stood face to face with the author of the earthquake—her own long-lost mother.

"Heavens!" thought she hoarsely. She believed herself left cold, and the chill brought upon her catarrh of the mind; hence her thoughts were hoarse.

"Go to bed," said she, with firm urbanity.

"It 's too early. I came to lunch with the ladies," was the reproachful reply.

"Come, then," said Clara, elevating her train. Her mother was cowed.

"Put me in my little bed," said she humbly. Clara returned to the lunch table, pallid from the terrible scene just enacted. Mrs. Hedgway Flea assumed an attitude suggesting a Louis Quatorze iguana. She was possessed of flexile curves of singular sweetness. She was defeated; the plot had failed. The ladies now took their leave.

Left alone, Clara's rare appreciation of the true relation of things did not desert her. Her mother was a drug on the market; she could obtain nothing more from her bankrupt husband. She saw one good end to be served by remaining at home, and therefore wrote Mr. Smart Goldsmith that she did not love him, but that she could see no objection to his obtaining for her a divorce, and taking her to Paris.

VI.

MR. SMART GOLDSMITH entered Mrs. Hedgway Flea's drawing-room with an air which she at once detected; it was the draught which blew him in. She was robed in sulphur and red, and suggested a bonfire, uniquely fascinating.

He drew from his pocket a white Thing, which he handed her; he was giving her back her letters. She took it; thus he gave her back her letters:

"I have given you back your letters," said he. Turning, he strode to the door.

"Smart! my smartie!" cried she. She loved him and endeavored to detain him by coiling herself about his waist. He, eluding her lithe length, closed the door knellwise behind him.

He had given her back her letters. Aha! aha! There was among them another letter (on a string). Mrs. Hedgway Flea addressed another letter to Clara's husband.

Hollinger read the letter; it was Clara's to Goldsmith. He mentioned it to her.

"Please do n't go," said he, "until I have had sixteen minutes and twelve seconds to think."

She consented to remain, and he returned punctually.

"I will yet save you," said he. There was about him a quality never before observed by her; this quality pertained to his cheek, which he had nickel-plated during his absence, and rendered harder even than hers.

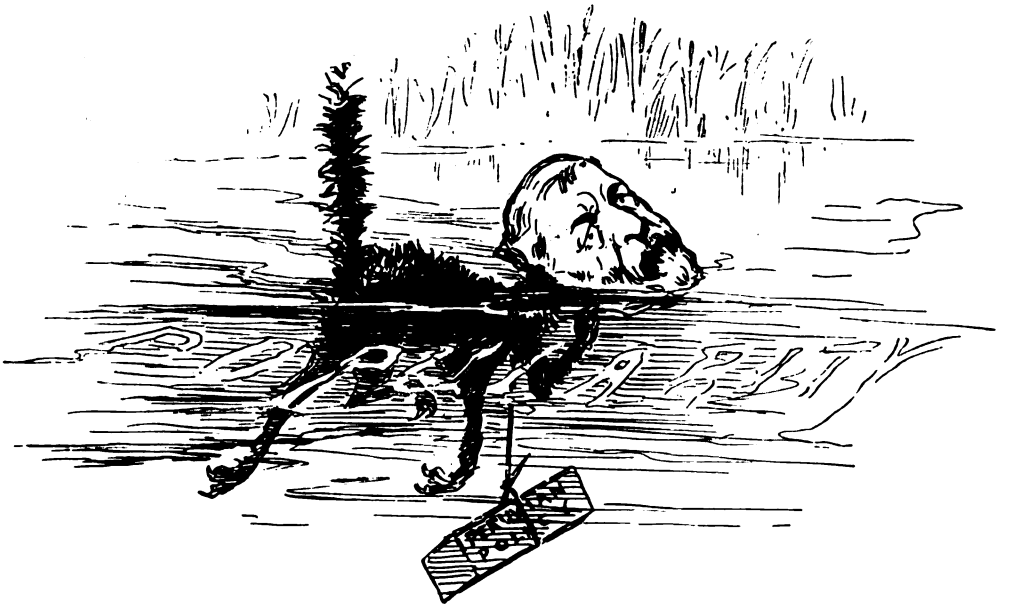
"The house is in your name," he continued, "and Thirsty will lend me money if you ask him. We shall not be so rich as we were, but we can spend about as much."

Under the circumstances she could see no objection to remaining at home.

"I love you," said she. Then and then only did she introduce him to his mother-in-law. He laughed heartily at the jest.

Eight years later Clara had a baby whom she kept quite nice and tidy.

"Oh, I assure you," said she sweetly to Mrs. Briggs, "I am a very fictitious woman." EMERY STONE.



IS THIS A BOOM?

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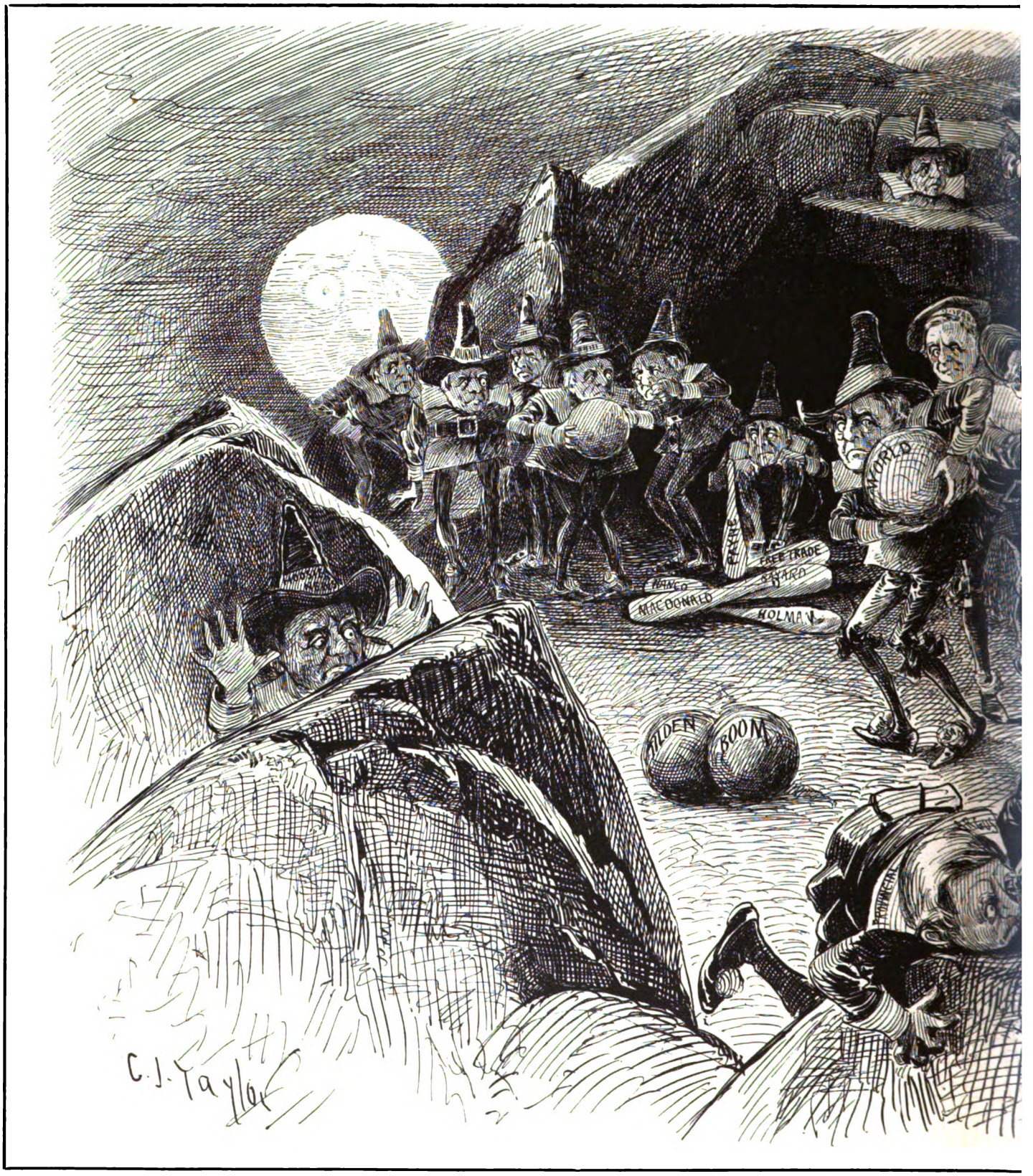

R.

Jefferson Dana (just back from the land of the Aztecs)
(Chorus of a

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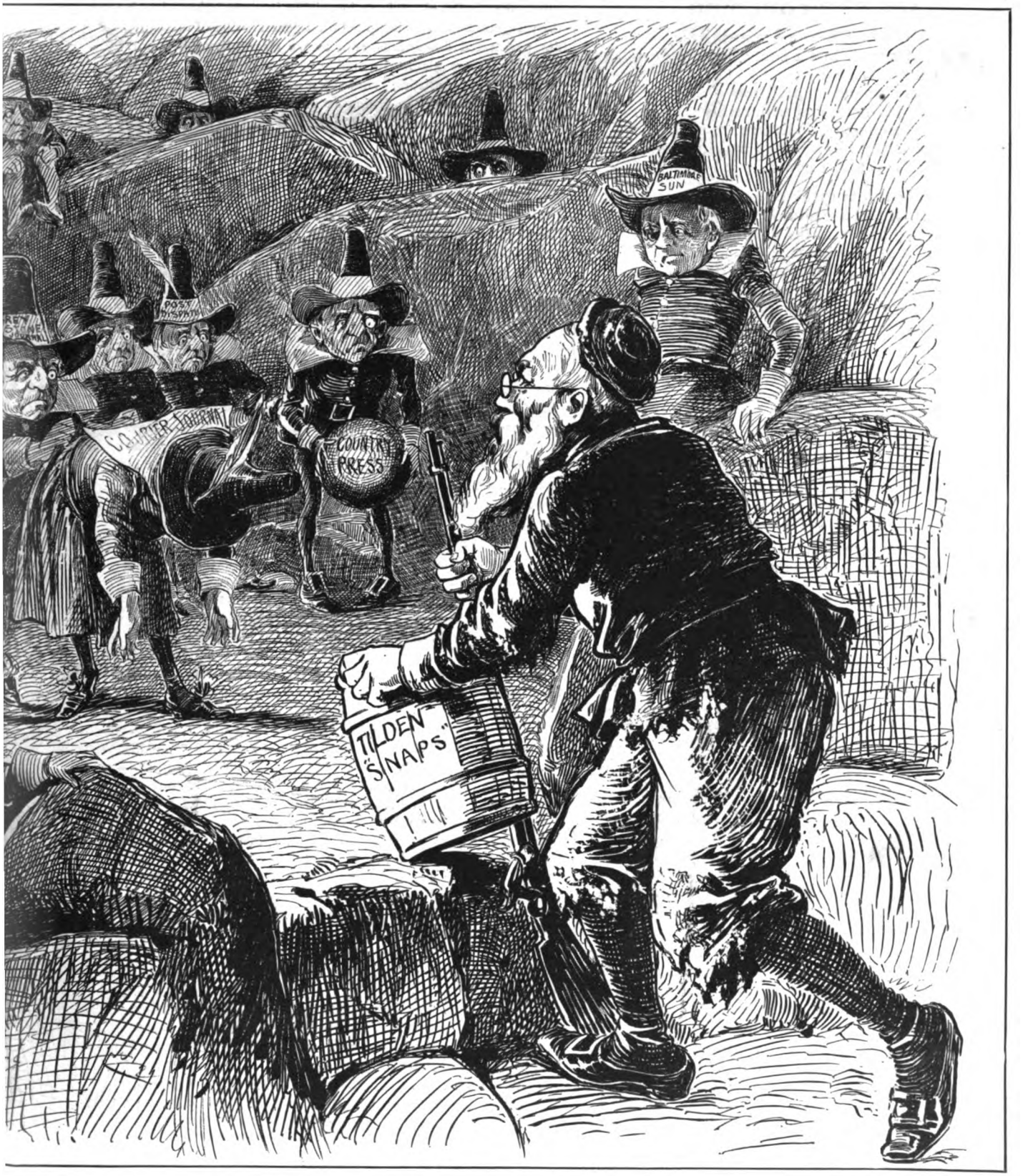

. P.

ARE YOU ANOTHER BROTHER—ALL BROTHERS?!!
nks and nods.)

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ALL SHE COULD DO.

WHEN he first came courting me,
It was all that I could do
To receive him civilly ;
He was old, and homely, too—
Old, and bald, and with an air
So presumptive, I declare
I abhorred him through and through—
It was all that I could do !

Why, to hear him speak of love,
It was all that I could do
Not to slap him with the glove
That he bent in homage to ;
And to have him touch his lips
To the crumpled finger-tips,
Kept me silent—though he knew
It was all that I could do !

When he dared to press my waist,
It was all that I could do—
Thus to find myself embraced—
To restrain a sob or two.
Swooningly my forehead fell
On the rose in his lapel,
As I murmured, " My ! Oomh-oh ! !"—
It was all that I could do !

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

WHAT the hungry fish said to the angler—" If you 're not too busy, drop me a line !"

ADVICE to the Seventh Regiment—If you wish to be good marksmen, study your Creed-moor.

SWEET LAND OF LIBERTY.

IT hardly seems fair to the poor murderer whom we have always treated as a martyr, and who has ever been a pet with the ladies, that we should suddenly turn about and try to hang him. If we prefer to encourage crime by not punishing it, whose business is it?

There are stony-hearted brutes who think it better that a criminal should be hanged than that two or more peaceable citizens should be murdered.

The London *Spectator*, in an article headed " Crime in America," gives a few facts which reflect much credit upon us ; and it is evident from Mr. Mulhall's statistics that we are marching bravely on to a murderer's Millenium.

It is asserted with too much truth that, in many of the States of the Union, the established method of defence in a capital case is this: The guilty man appeals to some known " criminal lawyer," well versed in the practice of the courts, who demands that a certain sum shall be placed at his discretion. If the demand is complied with, the lawyer manages to discover in advance the names of the jurymen, and bribes one or more of them to hold out either for acquittal or against the graver verdict. Last year, for example, more than fifteen hundred convictions for murder were recorded in the Union, and only ninety-three criminals were hanged. The penalty of death may be said to be informally abolished, and, as invariably happens when that is the case, murders have multiplied till a general sense of insecurity has penetrated downwards even to the classes living by labor. The details are almost incredible, but Mr. Mulhall, in his " Dictionary of Statistics," shows that murder is more than three times as common in the Union as in England, France, or Germany. We give the figures. Murder is a cause of death :

	PER 10,000,000.
In England	to 237
In Belgium	to 240
In France	to 265
In Scandinavia	to 266
In Germany	to 279
In Ireland (1879)	to 294
In Austria	to 310
In Russia	to 323
In Italy	to 504
In Spain	to 533
In United States	to 820

Of course, the degree of the evil varies in every State, and rises and falls from time to time, and in Ohio it has for some time past reached its maximum. The State is one of the most " respectable " in the Union, rich, orderly, and full of Germans who, whenever lager beer or Sunday observances are not in question, are disposed to support the law. Death sentences, however, are not attainable ; in Cincinnati alone twenty known murderers are lying in jail, and at the very latest trial the murderer, a mere murderer for money, fully confessed his crime, and was then found guilty only of manslaughter. The common people therefore declare, and apparently with reason, that in Cincinnati money secures either impunity or light sentences for the worst of crimes.

MR. DANA has recently returned from the land of the Aztecs, where he succeeded, after great research, in discovering conclusive evidence that S. J. T.'s pedigree runs directly back to that royal race. He also discovered that a genuine Aztec seldom dies. He sometimes dries up and blows away. The average weight of adult males of the race is forty-seven pounds; S. J. T. actually turns the scale at forty-nine and a-half pounds. Mr. Dana has kindly furnished us with quite a number of portraits of the ancestry of S. J. T. We have reproduced them in our cartoon, and the striking similarity of features which runs through the family will be readily noticed. The S. J. T. boom may be now said to be under full head, and he will be landed in the White House on March 4th, 1885, or the *Sun* has lost its shine.

CUSTOMER : " How much do you want for the coat ? "

Levi Moses : " Fifteen tollar ; it 's vort de money. Yoost veel of der linin' vunce ! "

" Customer : " I 'll tell you what I 'll do, old man ; I 'll give you three dollars, cash."

Levi Moses : " Tree tollar ?" (Reflecting) " Vell, you take him ; dot 's near enough."

A PRIVATE tutor—An amateur flutist.

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"WELL, JACK, DID YOU HAVE A NICE TIME AT DANCING SCHOOL?"
"PRETTY GOOD, ONLY THE TEACHER WOULD N'T GIVE ME A PARTNER, AND THERE WERE TWO OR THREE EMPTY GIRLS ALL THE TIME!"

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

This column will be devoted entirely to the interests of ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING. *Reliable information for the guidance of young mothers and housekeepers will be supplied by a lady of experience and ability.*

THE requsites for the best kind of a "batter" oan be ascertained by carefully reading the base-ball news.

If you have any tapioca pudding left over from dessert, do n't throw it away. Save it to paste pictures into the scrap-book with.

Try to teach your laundress or washerwoman not to starch the handkerchiefs more stiffly than the shirt bosoms if you would make home happy.

One of the most satisfactory coverings for a piano-stool is a covering of dust, as it proves that no one in the house is learning to sing "In the Gloaming."

"How can I make rye bread rise in the morning, in time for breakfast?" writes "YOUNG WIFE." Why, that 's easy enough. Put in plenty of yeast the night before. The trouble that young wives generally have is in making their husbands rise in the morning in time for breakfast.

"SLUMMING."

SHE.

OH, let us go a-"slumming"
In the gentle month of May,
When all the bees are humming,
And the children are at play.

HE.

Oh, pri' thee, what is "slumming"
In the sunlit month of May,
When the honey bees are humming
And the children laugh at play?

SHE.

Well, it 's something really novel,
Is this "slumming" in the May:
You must go to every hovel,
And with all the poor folk pray.

HE.

Yes, that is a trifle novel;
But there 's one thing I would say:
Can the prayer support the hovel
In the blooming month of May?

SHE.

Oh, no, we take them peaches,
And some flowers and peas and plums;
And with these our praying reaches
To the great heart of the slums.

HE.

Well, it certainly is pretty,
Is this "slumming," in its way;
But it seems to me a pity
That you do n't give steak—in May.

SHE.

Oh, how can you be so horrid?
Charles, you do n't know what you say;
Why, you know the weather 's torrid,
And—well—steak is steak—in May.

HE.

Well, I never go a-"slumming"
In the sunlit month of May,
When the honey bees are humming
And the children laugh and play.

In the winter oft I tarry
'Mid the poor of whom you speak;
And the rare old beef I carry
Drives the tear from many a cheek.

But I 'll never go a-"slumming"
For the fashion of a day,
When the honey bees are humming
In the sunlit month of May.

SHE.

Very well, sir, you may tarry
With your steak till Judgment day!
I will go and look for Harry:
He 'll go "slumming" in the May.

W. J. HENDERSON.

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A RISING POLITICIAN ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.

II.

ACTING in accordance with that old time saying that we go from one extreme to the other, I visited Greystone and Mr. Tilden after leaving the house of intemperance at Fremont, Ohio.

I found Mr. Tilden busily engaged in ploughing up his back-yard, looking the picture of health, happiness, and virtue. He greeted me with a smile, and lifting the plough from one furrow to another enquired my business with him. When informed that I was a hireling of LIFE he smiled again, showing a superb set of teeth, and replied:

"Ah! Glad to see you. In spite of the statements of a reptile press to the contrary I wish it distinctly understood that I have taken an extra lease of you. When people charge me with being in my second childhood they strike it right to a certain extent. I'm still young and getting younger every week, and ready as you see to sow some more wild oats!" pointing to the furrows.

The modern Cincinnatus here tossed a five hundred pound boulder into the Hudson with apparently little effort, and started his oxen in a new direction.

Feeling somewhat tired, I mounted one of the team and facing the driver, engaged him in conversation as follows:

"How do you regard the political situation, Mr. Tilden?"

"Well, it depends on the thermometer entirely," he replied. "Some days seem cold, others warmer. Generally speaking, however, I think it is."

"You think it is?"

"Yes, but if it is n't, of course it won't be. You see the Democratic party can hardly afford to do it, while the Republicans have no such idea."

"I hardly catch your meaning, Mr. Tilden," said I; "to what do you refer?"

"The Political situation, sir. People say that I am too old to run, but I am old enough to know better. How this affects the Tariff you can see for yourself, but in other respects we are doing quite well. John," this in a loud stentorian voice to a laborer at work in an adjacent field some five hundred yards away, "have you fed '76?"

"No, sir, I hain't had no chance to yet, sir!"

"No chance, you idiot? Make chance. The Union must and shall be preserved. Go feed that beast immediately."

With this the ex-governor struck the servant with his left arm and felled him to the earth. The stricken man rose and walked away muttering,

"I 'll ruin him yet just so sure as my name 's John L. Sullivan, and do n't you forget it!"

Mr. Tilden again turned to me and said, "Seventy-six is my pet horse. Threw me once, but I may ride him again. As for Sullivan he 's a bad man to tackle ordinarily, but when he gets involved with the head of the old ticket he goes down every time. By the way, you might mention that I got a letter from Jimmy Husted this morning, which coming from a Republican of his prominence is encouraging."

He handed me the letter, which read:

"MAY 3d, 1884.

"MY DEAR SAM:

"I have sworn never to cut my hair until the wrong of which hayes was guilty is righted.

Y'rs, JIMMIE."

"You see," said Mr. Tilden, "he won't cut his hair and spells Hayes with a little h. I always said Husted was a man of brains. *Won't cut his hair until I'm President!* Think of that!"

"Yes, but Mr. Tilden, Husted is bald!"

Perhaps I shouldn't have said it, but it was pure thoughtlessness on my part. The grand old man wavered a moment and clutching my arm said in an agonized whisper:

"My Heavens, I never thought of that. He 's the Bald Eagle of Westchester! This is base deception."

He fell back fainting in my arms.

I gently laid him down with his head on a stone and covered him gently with a few upturned sods and left.

Having a few hours of leisure I walked over to Illinois to see Mr. Logan. He was at home, but in the absence of Mrs. Logan refused to be interviewed.

As for Tilden, some say he is better. Some say he is worse.

For my part I think it likely. CARLYLE SMITH.

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CHOCOLATE-CREAMS.

BY MISS M. H. OLMSTEAD.

SHE stands with dimpled elbows bare,
Her eye with merry mischief gleams,
And I sit here and worship her,
While she makes chocolate-creams.

The chocolate brown she scrapes and stirs,
As soft and dark her brown hair seems;
No hands as fair and white as hers
As she makes chocolate-creams.

She stirs my foolish heart as well:
I see her in my deepest dreams.
I wonder if she 'll marry me
And make *my* chocolate-creams?

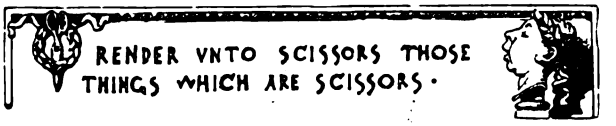
THE PARTY CALL.

"DON'T you think 'germans' are an awful bore?" asked young Pilkins, after a silence of ten minutes' duration.

"Sometimes," sighed Miss Cotillion, with an oh-do-take-him-away look in her deep blue eyes. "Have you been to many?"

"I 've, ah, led about sixteen this Winter," answered Pilkins, in an off-hand way.

"How appropriate," said Miss Cotillion, drowsily "Just one for every year of your age;" and then there ensued another long, delicious pause, while the young man regarded his patent leather shoes and the clock deliberately counted eleven.



EL MAHDI has eighteen wives, and says he went to war for a little quiet and rest—*Bismarck Tribune.*

A STORY comes from St. Paul stating that a $20 gold piece was recently found in a roll of butter in that city. If this lottery business keeps on, the next thing we know they will be making butter out of cream. A stringent law should be enforced against this adulteration of butter.—*Peck's Sun.*

AN exchange, speaking of the cruelty of pigeon-shooting, asks: "Do these men ever think whether it is right to kill anything that God has made for sport?" No doubt they do; but the question arises right here: Did God "make pigeons for sport?" We think not.—*Norristown Herald.*

OLD Chaucer foreshadowed the coming of the New England maiden who was to sing in meeting with a considerable degree of accuracy when he wrote:

"Ful well she sange the service divine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely."

—*Commercial Advertiser.*

"YOU needle little woman to do that for you," the chambermaid remarked, as, hearing a volley of terrific profanity from the commercial traveler's room, she looked in and saw him sewing a suspender button to his thumb.

"Sew it seams," the wretched man replied. "Button the hole I think I 've cotton to it myself."

"Eye, eye," quoth the chambermaid; "but you've tuck more time now than"——

"Knot sew," replied the missionary; "for a needle hath but one eye."

And longer had they sung, but just then the porter shouted: "En train for de seat of war! Buttoner, buttoner, rise!" And he rose, and with dispatch threaded his way to the train.—*The Argonaut.*

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A WIFE: "Oh, yas, you promise; it is easy to promise, but promises are like pie crusts, you know."

Husband: "Yes, my dear—like *some* pie crust."—*Moonshine.*

"WHY did you stop lecturing on temperance?" asked the Governor of Arkansaw addressing a well-known reformer.

"Well, you see, I went up into the Dry Fork neighborhood and did my best, but the distilleries were too thick."

"Audience got drunk, I suppose?"

"No, not particularly."

"Why did you stop, then?"

"Well, you see, I got drunk."

Arkansaw Traveller.

IN the brroker's office. "I understand that I can subscribe here for stock in the Meagre Railroad?" said a stranger, whom the hay-seed in his hair and the mud upon his brogans indicated as belonging in the country. "Yes, sir," replied the broker. "Let 's see; this is a safe investment?" "Perfectly safe." "And you have had twice the entire amount offered by leading capitalists?" "Yes, sir." "But the projectors chose to give the people an opportunity to make a good thing?" "That 's it exactly." "Well," remarked the country inquirer, "I guess I 'll be generous, too. I ain't no hog. I 'm willing to give somebody else a chance. So long." And out he went, accompanied by a chuckle in his throat and a twinkling in his eye.—*The Transcript.*

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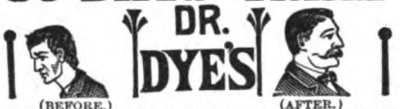

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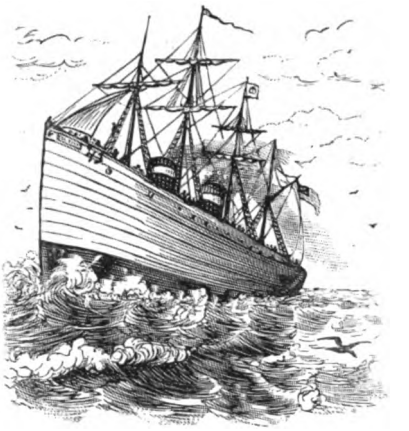

Whether on business or on pleasure bent
You go from home, or stay there well content;
Whether the season be from arctic regions sent,
Or Summer gayly spreads her flower-walled tent,
The bravest, wisest, best may suffer accident.
'T is wisdom, then, while fate doth yet relent,
To pluck the flower safely ere fate such grace repent.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1884. NUMBER 72.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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L72
Dr. Donance

LIFE

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IF

IT GETS IN HOW WILL IT COME OUT?

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VOL. III. MAY 15TH, 1884. NO. 72.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

THE editor begs to announce that he cannot undertake to return rejected contributions.

THE graveyard at Sedalia, Mo., contains the remains of 191 members of the Higgins family.—*Courier-Journal.* Among them, we presume, is the last of the Mo. Higgins, as it were.

* * *

"I SOMEHOW wish I were a dog show. I could catch the public."—*Blaine.*

* * *

MR. RUGG, the colored gentleman who figured prominently in several recent Long Island tragedies, and who is under an engagement with the Sheriff to appear shortly at a necktie party, says he trusts in God and hopes to get a new trial. At the same time, two artists visited him and made a plaster cast of his head for exhibition. This leaves room for doubts whether true greatness is a gift or an achievement.

* * *

"I HEAR that at a recent fair, the most popular dude received 284 votes, and got a nice gold-headed cane. I do not want a cane; but, in regard to those votes, I would like to know how I can become a popular dude."—*S. J. T.*

* * *

ARE the consumers, the great mass of the people, of no account? inquires our esteemed contemporary, *The Boston Transcript.* Of course they are, man, certainly. And, Lord bless you, if they were not, where would the gas companies get their money from?

* * *

THAT popular Southwestern substitute for fox-hunting, called "niggering," had so strong a hold on a select company of Kentucky gentlemen that they recently hanged a negro lad who had stolen $150. It is not our desire to wave the bloody shirt and claim this as a political burst, but only as a generous effusion of that playful Kentucky spirit which will not down. Mr. Watterson recently, in two columns of the *Courier-Journal*, called for "civilization—give us civilization!" It seemed at the time—Mr. Watterson was writing from our effete capital—that he had his eye upon the national menagerie, but this late Kentucky incident brings the prayer a little nearer his home.

NEW ORLEANS is proud and happy over her million dollars given by Congress for her Cotton Exposition. She now proposes to brace up and do big things, beginning with a fair so large as to require a roof of 10,000,000 square feet to cover it. This is very nice. For 20 years this capital of the South has been sitting with folded hands, talking about the glorious days "befo' de wah," and—doing nothing. She has had her fill of Creole pride.

* * *

IT is said that the late Charles Reade once declared that he had studied American humor and had found nothing in it. Many Americans would like to study English humor—but where?

* * *

ANOTHER heiress-coachman elopement. Some girls do have to be driven into love.

* * *

AT the Windsor.

"You 're a liar!"

Whack!

[No further particulars up to the hour of going to press.]

* * *

POLITICS are booming again. That is to say, Secretary Lincoln and General Sheridan are going fishing.

* * *

AS a sort of post-lenten expiation, Boston is indulging in a baby show. It was proposed to make the editors-in-chief of the Boston papers umpires, but an important engagement called every blessed one of them to Canada, and the managers of the show had to fall back on the toughest deacons that the Back Bay could furnish.

* * *

THE *Cleveland Leader* is in ashes because the Cincinnati papers gave three columns to an account of a hanging and only forty-seven lines to a review of a great music festival. "This," says the *Leader*, naïvely, "is the tendency of modern art."

* * *

MR. EATON, in his recent great speech on the tariff, inquired generally, "Where shall I go?" And now 940 editors all over the country want to tell Mr. EATON, only it would n't look well in type, do n't you see.

* * *

THE mystery surrounding the embassy from Siam and the reticence of Mr. BARNUM are coincidences which may mean something. It begins to look dark for the White Elephant.

* * *

"THE *Sun* reports an iceberg three miles long was seen off the coast of Newfoundland. There! I knew I would be beaten some day."—*C. F. Adams.*

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AT THE NINETY-NINTH CENTURY CLUB,

AN ASSOCIATION TENDING TO THE MORE COMPLETE FUSION OF FASHION WITH INTELLECT.

Miss Blowsenbury (admiringly): OH! IS THIS *the* MR. NORRIDGEWOOD?

Mr. Norridgewood, whose setter has taken a prize at the recent Dog Show, and who drives a dog cart (modestly): WELL, A—AHEM—A—YES!

(*Disgust of the real* the *Mr. Norridgewood standing near by, who has written a book on Suppositious Generalities in their Bearing on Hypothetical Relativities" and expects to address the Club at the next meeting.*)

TO A VASSAR GRADUATE.

LITTLE Bas-bleu, do n't blow your horn;
You can 't make a pudding, I dare to be sworn.
It 's not for a housewife—so to speak—
To flunk at dinner through reading Greek.

GRAMERCY, and marry come up! Why should an aged and unwedded Sage seek to become a Presidential candidate?

HIGH art—The labors of the hanging committee.

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WAITING HIS CUE.

IN her flossy hair a sparkling jewel
Shone like a star in the evening mist;
A rosebud her needle had wrought in crewel
As I watched the play of her gleaming wrist;
And the pout of her lip, as a flower uncloses
Its petals when moist with the morning dew,
Was sweet as the blush of a blooming rose is,
If sweeter rose in her garden grew.

The poise of her head, as her snow-white fingers
Bent o'er the buds with a loving care,
In my memory now in a day-dream lingers.
O the light of her eyes in the gaslight's glare!
Gardez bien, the eyes to my heart had spoken.
I hung in her web like a blundering fly;
But her lips were mute, and no light love's token
Escaped in a word, or a look, or sigh.

The hour grew late; must not love grow bolder?
"'T is leap-year," I whispered; her love-lit eyes
Met my own, and her head nestled nearer my shoulder;
She looked at me now in a coy surprise.
"'T is leap-year," I said, "and the maiden proposes."
I waited my cue without fear or dread;
O her cheeks were as dimpled and red as her roses!
"I love you! I love you!" was all she said.

HAROLD VAN SANTVOORD.

THE Lost Cord.—A rope dancer missing his tip.

MATRIMONIAL Bureau.—A match factory.

Said Hendricks in terror: "I FIND
MY SUPPORT NOT AT ALL TO MY MIND.
TO THE WHITE HOUSE I 'D STEER,
BUT I 'D RATHER, MY DEAR,
BE SITTING BEFORE THAN BEHIND."

GUANO BLAINE.

THE following observations concerning a certain "statesman" we reprint from the New York *Weekly Herald*. There is much truth in little space, and a suspicion may steal over the reader that the author of the article has not that confidence which many politicians would like to see.

During all these years Senator Edmunds has been the terror of that whole gang of jobbers with whom Mr. Blaine, during his own six years service as Speaker, held such intimate relations that at the close of his last term he did not even reject or resent the public gift, from the "King of the Lobby" (or "Rex Vestibuli," as the title was shrouded in hog-Latin), of a silver cup presented in the presence of the whole Republican House of Representatives. We venture to say that no speaker of a legislative body in this or any other country ever before smilingly received under such circumstances what to a man of only a common sense of decency would have seemed a most bitter and galling insult.

But Mr. Blaine's career had blunted his susceptibilities. In his explanation of the notorious Mulligan letters he admitted that his first experience in Washington was, before he was elected to Congress, as a lobbyist (or "agent" as he shrinkingly preferred to say) for a rifle company whose arms he got accepted by Mr. Simon Cameron, then Secretary of War. That was in 1862. In the same year he was elected to Congress. In 1869 he became Speaker, and in that year he wrote to Mr. Warren Fisher: "Your offer to admit me to a participation in the new railroad enterprise is in every respect as generous as I could expect or desire. * * * * I do not feel that I shall prove a deadhead in the enterprise." In 1875, at the close of six years in the Speaker's chair, he received the lobby's acknowledgments, as above mentioned, in a silver cup which bore the following inscription:

JACOBO G. BLAINE.
Personæ populi, gerentium moderatoriter designato, virtutis, sapientiæque expertæ viro, D.D.D.
S. W. Vestibuli Rex.
CALENDIS MARTH IV., 1875.

And a few days afterward His Majesty S. W., "Vestibuli Rex," or "King of the Lobby," referring to his services in the Speaker's chair, remarked of him approvingly, "Our subject, Blaine, is a live man, and has shown himself a true one."

Here are the beginning, the middle, and the close of Mr. Blaine's Congressional career as public history, as his own letters and admissions exhibit them.

From a man like Mr. Edmunds Mr. Blaine knows that he has nothing to hope. There will be no jobbery if Mr. Edmunds is elected President; there will be no room for Shepherd and Peruvian Company intrigues in the State Department with Mr. Edmunds in the White House.

ON the down grade—Feathers.

A LEGAL *billet doux*—A writ of attachment.

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RHYME STRUCK.

MY friend was a pleasant fellow once
And smart, as the species run,
Until he thought he could write in verse
And tried, as he said, for fun.

He wrote some lines with an easy rhyme,
Like these that I write for you;
And sent them forth to the great Mogul,
Who snubs whom the Muses woo.

The printed lines with his name attached,
Was more than his mind could stand;
He raves all day of Polhymnia now,
And thinks he 's a German band!

W. J. D.

WE wish to correct a somewhat erroneous statement that seems to have found its way into the columns of several of our contemporaries. Mr. Carleton's retirement from the literary editorship of LIFE is, we are happy to say, but a partial withdrawal, as his contributions, which have done much toward our success, will continue as heretofore. Other work of great moment, of which the public will hear anon, demands so much of his time that he feels this step a duty to himself and to the labors he has undertaken.

The invaluable services Mr. Carleton has rendered this journal are too well known to need any eulogy from us.

PATIENT waiters—Young doctors.

AN al(l)manac(t)—A stag party.

WHERE ARE WE?

THE attitude of political parties and of the partisan press, to say the least, is peculiar. The *Sun*, the *World* and their followers are vigorously denouncing any agitation of the tariff question, and warning the Democracy of certain defeat unless that subject is ignored. The *Times*, the *Post*, and such Republican journals declare that the people demand a reduction of the tariff duties and of the revenue, and caution Republicans against disregarding the public demand. Conventions adopt Protectionist platforms and elect Free Trade delegates or elect Protection delegates and adopt Free Trade platforms. It seems that being a Democrat or Republican is no test of a man's views on these questions. It may be safely argued that both parties will try to frame national platforms which mean anything or nothing, except to mislead the people and catch votes. The issues will not be clearly drawn upon any questions of political economy or public policy. Under such circumstances great importance will attach to the personal character and fitness of the respective candidates. Let the Chicago conventions both remember this, and present clean, intelligent, experienced and high-minded statesmen, and it may not make much difference which is elected. As the Republican convention is to be held first, it must exercise great caution, or the Democrats will have an opportunity which they will not be likely to fail to improve.

BOOKISHNESS

A POET WHO HAS LOST HER SONG-VOICE.

AN entertaining, though not discriminating biography of Emily Brontë, which A. Mary F. Robinson gave to the public a few months ago, showed a degree of literary skill and taste which should have prevented her publishing such prosy and inartistic verses as appear in "The New Arcadia and Other Poems." In striving to teach poetical simplicity, she has frequently been compelled to stop at rhymed silliness, of which the following is an eloquent example:

"Within the boat she took her stand;
He followed her unquestioningly.
Got in, sat down, at her command.
She pushed the boat off from the land,
And with the current sought the sea."

After attempting to read a hundred or more pages of equally entrancing doggerel, it is with delight and profound thankfulness that one reads in the Epilogue:

"I have lost my song-voice;
My heyday 's over.
No more I tell my cares and joys,
But keep them under cover."

It is to be hoped that the "cover" is fire and burglar-proof, with a patent safe-lock, of which the combination is irrevocably lost.

* * *

IN "Public Life in England," a most graphic and entertaining description is given, by a Frenchman, Philippe Daryl (who spent ten years in that country), of the British literature, journalism, theatre and instruments of government at the present day. The book is not satirical, like "John Bull and his Island," though it is critical and frequently witty. It contains just those facts which every well-informed man probably knows if he lives in England, and ought to know if he does not.

* * *

SCRIBNER'S have published a third volume of their "Stories by American Authors," and the selection has been as wise as in the previous books. Fitz James O'Brien's "Spider's Eye," Mrs. Burnett's "Story of the Latin Quarter," G. P. Lathrop's "Two Purse Companions," and Brander Matthews's "Venetian Glass," are features of the collection.—The anonymous novel "Trajan," begun in the May *Manhattan*, has attracted the praise of a Boston critic. It is ascribed to a Philadelphia journalist.—P. Marion Crawford's "Roman Singer," and Edgar Fawcett's "Tinkling Cymbals," both magazine serials, are soon to appear in book form.

DROCH.

* * *

DELICACY forbids our saying too much about it, but "The Thompson Street Poker Club" was published less than a week ago, and the first edition of two thousand is already exhausted.

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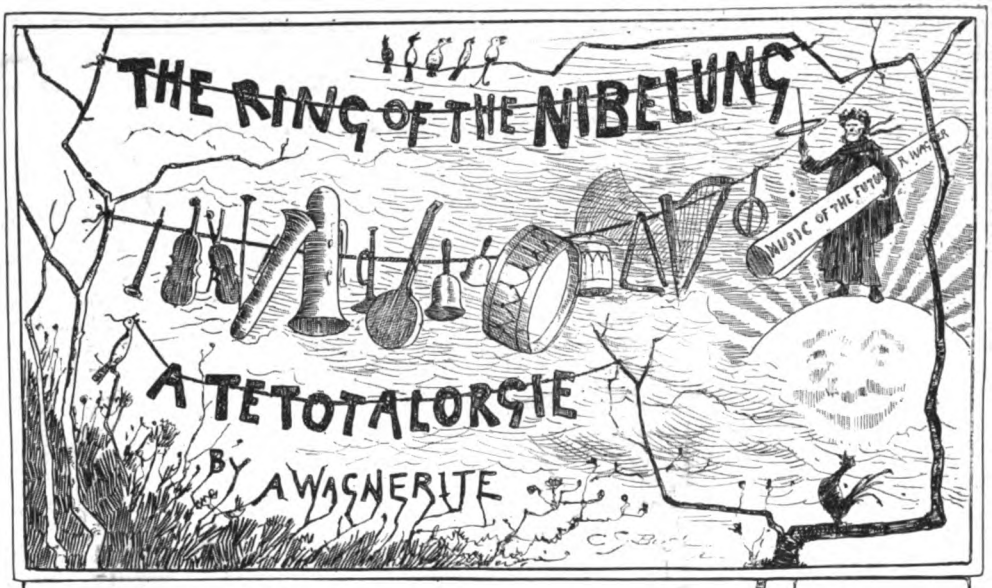

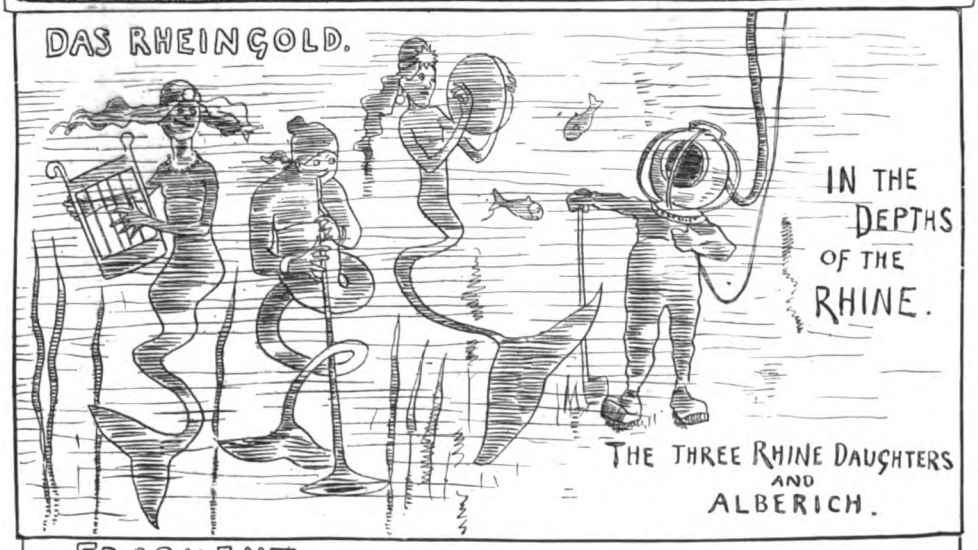

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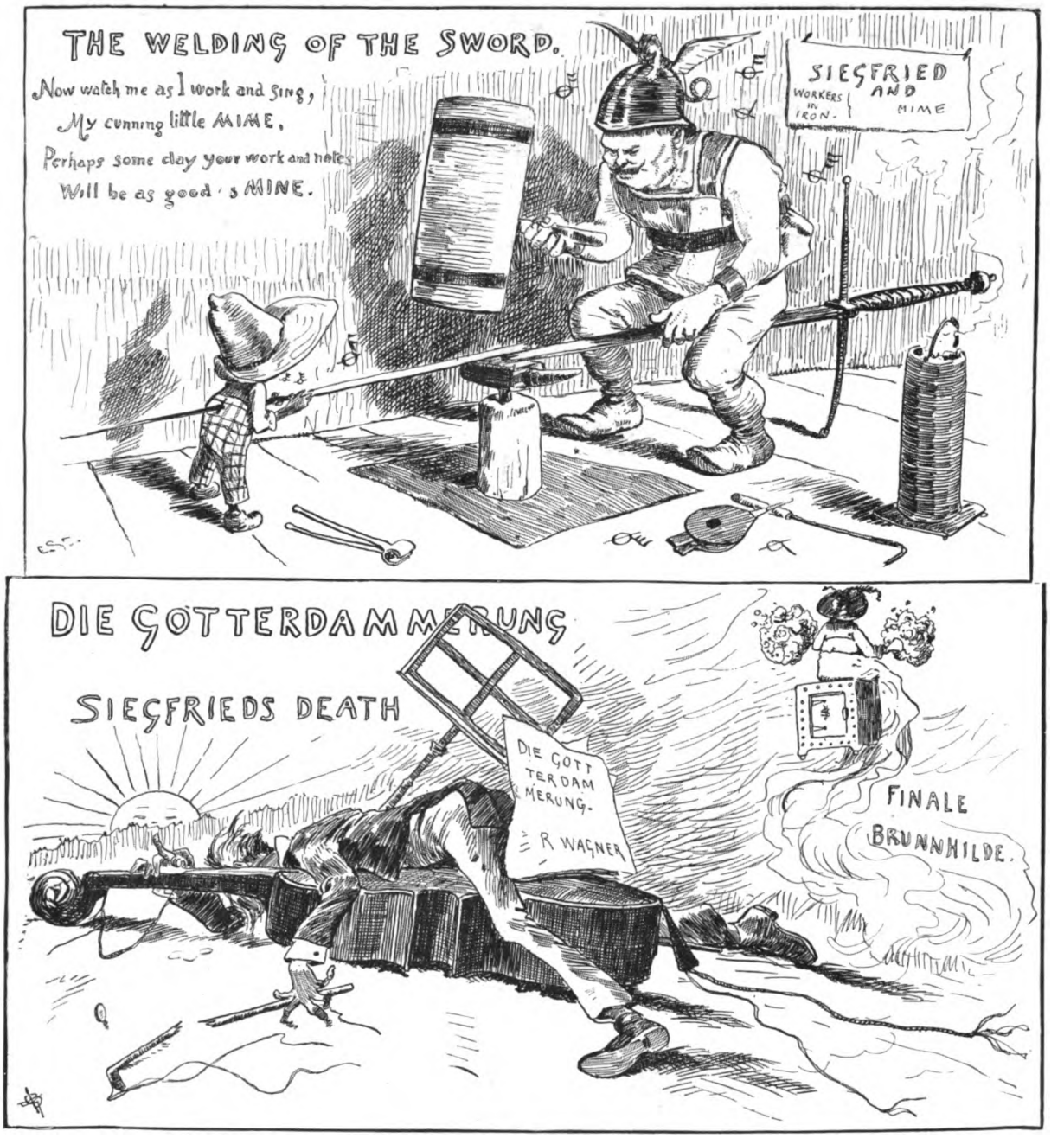

ADVICE TO THE NATIVES.

PUTTING it roughly there are about forty thousand young Englishmen "doing" this country at present, and ninety per cent of them are surprised at finding us with no feathers in our hair. This, of course, is a disappointment and excuses to a certain extent their somewhat offensive bearing. Do not be ruffled by their condescension, for they cannot help it. They are so with all "foreigners." It occasionally happens however, that it is absolutely necessary to snub them, and in such cases do not flatter yourself that a sarcastic remark will produce any effect. Anything like *finesse* is wasted. An American can take a hint, but with a true Briton, and especially the Briton travelling in America, the plainest Anglo-Saxon must be used.

Do not be afraid of hurting his feelings; he left those at home. If you treat him civilly he will take you for a shop-keeper and snub you. This is the fault of his education. At heart he is an excellent fellow, but his heart is in England.

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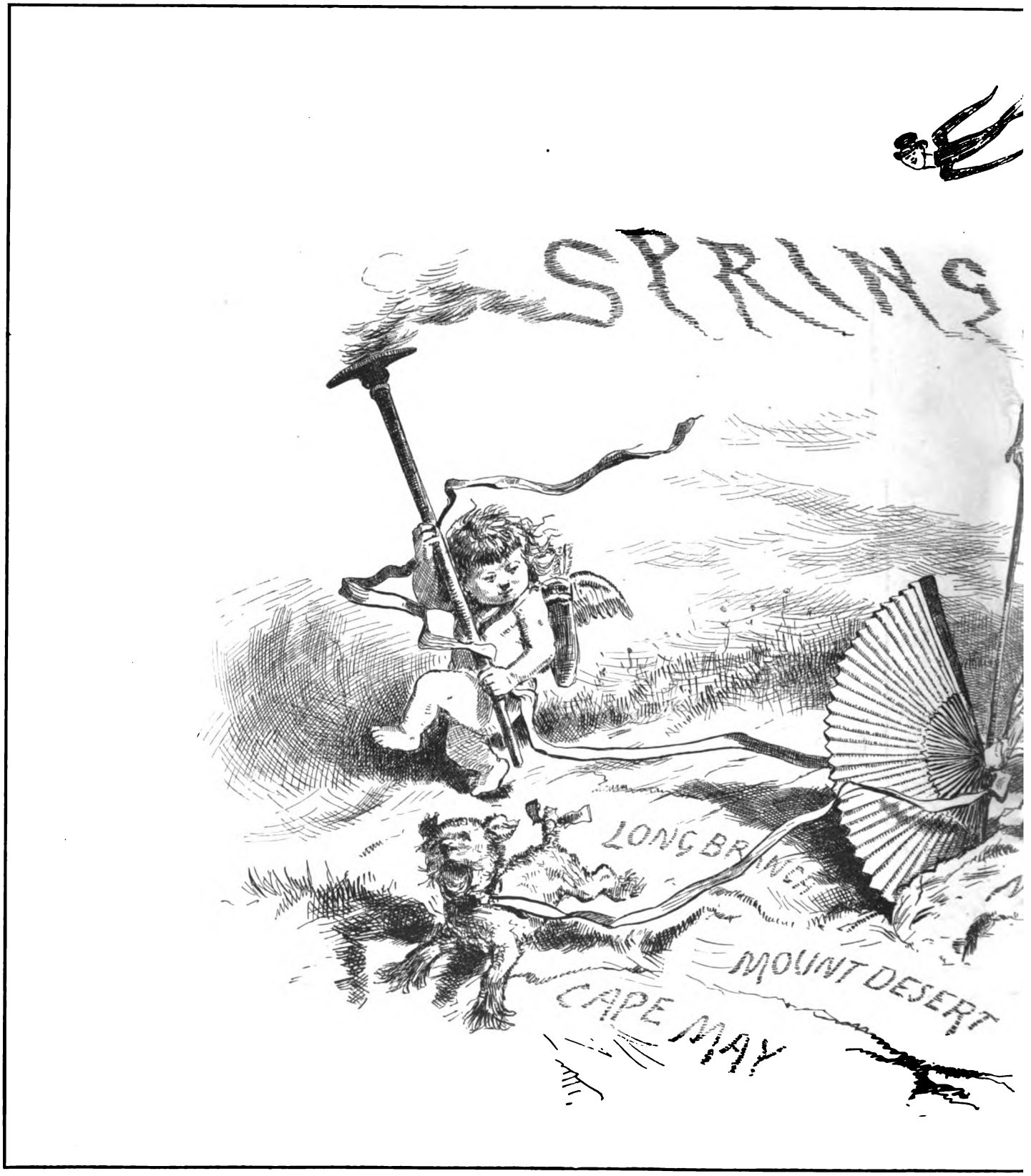

"WHEN A YOUNG MAN'S F

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ANCY LIGHTLY TURNS ——"

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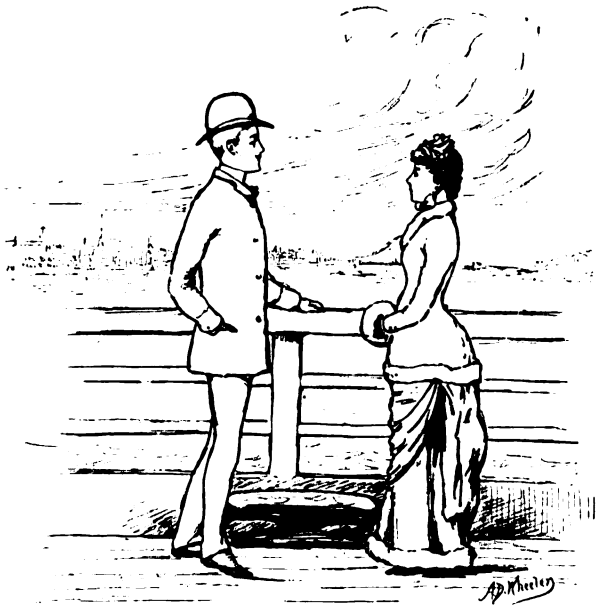

He: I FEEL AS THOUGH I HAD EXTRACTED THE INVITATION TO CALL WITH A CORKSCREW.

She: WELL, I HOPE YOU WILL ENJOY IT AS MUCH AS YOU DO OTHER THINGS YOU EXTRACT WITH A CORKSCREW.

A CHEST-PROTECTOR—Lock and key.

DOROTHEA.

IT was all long, long ago,
For our heads are white as snow ;
And her children ! how they grow !
Ah ! I wonder do they know ?

It all seems so sad and queer—
Ah ! a blot made by a tear !
And the story 's told, I fear ;
So good-bye to—Dorothea ? R. K.

AMERICAN MEN AND WOMEN.

Extract from the London Royal Journal, May 2d, 1884.

IT is not generally known in England that almost all American ladies become entirely bald at an early age, and also lose their upper front teeth at the age of 18, but these are well-attested facts, and are the results of the peculiarly unhealthy climate and the wide-spread practice of opium-eating, and in many cases tobacco-chewing. The ladies openly frequent bar-rooms, such as the Hoffman House in 6th Avenue, at all hours. They invariably appear dressed in extremely bad taste, with ugly and plain features, a pretty American woman being indeed a *rara avis*, and wear large silver or gold *vinaigrettes* attached to their belts. These are supposed, by the uninitiated, to contain smelling-salts, but in reality are filled with liquor, generally rye or Bourbon whiskey. Every fashionable woman carries a pack of cards, gambling for high stakes being all the rage. The clergymen are particularly addicted to this vice. I know of one who lost, in one night, at poker, $50,000, his entire yearly salary. Most of the American clergy are hard drinkers, many of them own and run race-horses, and are proprietors of distilleries, concert-halls and dime-museums. I have heard of gambling-hells being located in the basements of fashionable churches, and of the same being managed by the church trustees, with the full knowledge of the police. During nearly three weeks which I spent in America I repeatedly saw dice thrown for choice of seats in church, even during services, and the bottle passed from hand to hand in the choir. A peculiar custom obtains there which is met with nowhere else in the civilized world. Although the wealthy class are pew-owners and pay the ministers immense salaries, they rarely enter a church, but fill their pews with persons who are hired for the purpose ; worshipping by proxy, as it were. . . . . .

The houses of the rich have regular bar-rooms, with bar-tenders, and whiskey is drunk at every meal, especially at breakfast, with mince-pie. Babies are frequently weaned upon applejack, which is made in immense quantities at Hoboken, the capital of New Jersey.

Cocking-mains form a regular feature of the "afternoon teas," so called, at which ladies congregate to imbibe mixed liquors and smoke cigarettes, while in the country towns the "sewing circle," ostensibly a religious order, is but the pretext for the most depraved orgies, and furnishes a fitting illustration of the depth to which the people have sunk.

The women have but little education, few being able to read or write ; are completely under the domination of their husbands and appear broken in spirit and weak in mind, wife-beating being in high life a frequent occurrence.

The New York ladies have extremely large feet, are greatly troubled with corns, and walk with a very ungraceful carriage. They are very fond of prize fights which are of daily occurrence and to which they throng in great numbers. They also attend all the public hangings and whippings in Union Square. Their boasted liberty has degenerated from the noble ideal of their English forefathers into vulgar license, the young girls wandering about at night unattended, sometimes in male costume, to the concert halls and dives on the Battery, and the young men indulging in wildest excesses—smashing lamps, robbing hen-roosts and clothes-lines in mere malicious mischief, and knocking down and clubbing inoffensive policemen into a senseless condition, even fracturing their skulls in some cases.

The press of the country is debased, mercenary, and weak—especially the comic papers which are but pitiful imitations of *Punch*, which, by the way, has an immense circulation in America, and is the source of all their humor.

HON. D. LUSHINGTON CODDER, M. P.

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MR. JAMES G. BLAINE ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.

ON Sunday last your correspondent went to Washington to interview the Maine statesman on the coming campaign, and found him hard at work on the second volume of his historical boom, writing with both hands, steadying his manuscript with his chin, and at the same time dictating a few dozen extra chapters to a like number of stenographers. After much conversation on such abstruse topics as the weather, and the effects of sunstroke on a man's political p ospects, I asked Mr. Blaine what he thought of the political situation.

"I have n't any," he replied.

"Have n't any what?" said I.

"Any political situation. I have several ex-situations, however, and plenty of status, but for the present I am out of politics." Here the speaker winked at a bust of Fortune over the door. "You see," he continued, "I 'm too busy on my book to dip into politics. By-the-way, who are the candidates this year? I 'm very ignorant on the subject, you know, as I never read the papers."

"Well," said I, "they 're substantially the same as the last time."

"Who 's this Tariff I hear so much about?"

"Well, Mr. Blaine, that 's one of those things no fellow can find out. Gen. Hancock says he 's a local issue," said I.

"Sort of John L. Sullivan in the political arena? Now, my idea on the Presidency is that some quiet, inoffensive sort of person like myself should be chosen. Of course I would not consent to my name being seriously thought of in the Convention. *That's not the way to get into the White House.* So I 'm just working along quietly on my little book. I 'm going to give in full the history of those Mulligan Letters and my South American policy."

"Yes, Mr. Blaine, in the event of your running for the Presidency, many would like to thoroughly understand those little matters."

"I think so. And then the young men in politics will find the chapter I 'm writing on how to go to Congress without a cent, get a salary of $5,000 per annum, spend $15,000 per annum, and

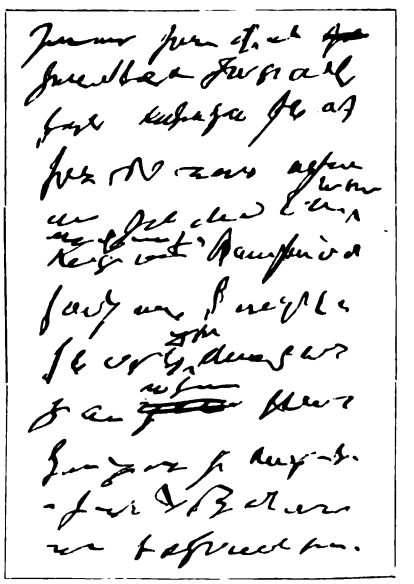

FIG. I.

retire with several millions of dollars in hard cash, not to mention Fort Smith and Little Rock Railroad bonds, and other insecurities to a large amount, very interesting indeed."

"Who will you take for a model, Mr. Blaine?"

"Modesty, sir, forbids me to go further."

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This was so pointed that I immediately changed the subject, and remarked that I had seen it reported that Gail Hamilton wrote his book.

"That 's a natural mistake," said Mr. Blaine. "You see, those politicians I 've shown up in my book feel as if they 'd been struck by a cross between a blizzard and a cyclone, so they attribute it to Gail!" Here the great historian paused to laugh heartily at his witticism. As soon as the paroxysm ceased he continued: "Do you see this manuscript page?" showing Figure 1.

"That," said he, "is the way the matter leaves me. It is sent to the printer, and he sends it back in this form," showing Figure 2.

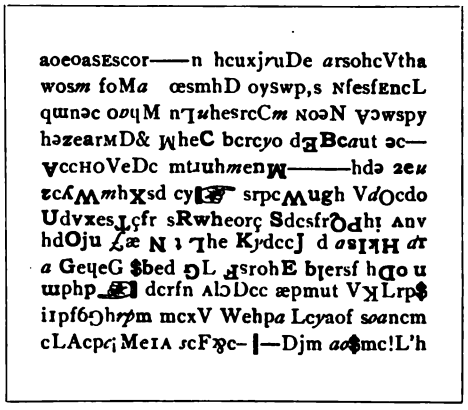

FIG. II.

"This second, or page-proof, is sent to Gail Hamilton to revise, as I am entirely too busy to attend to it. She makes sense out of it, and that 's how this misunderstanding has arisen."

"I understand," said I, making ready to take my departure. "Before I go, Mr. Blaine, I would like to ask what policy you would pursue if the Presidency were forced upon you?"

"Well, if I were compelled to accept the position, I would take the first year to get my hand in, and would hardly move from the line of my predecessor. In the second year I 'd monkey with the Interior Department, and would give those poor Indians, for whom my heart bleeds, more whiskey and guns, so as to give 'em a better chance to fight their oppressors; I 'd hang every Mexican caught in Texas, and let every Texan who got caught in Mexico go the way of all flesh. We must be equitable with the Mexicans. For my foreign policy I 'd take time. Bill Chandler should go to Germany to look after Bismarck. He 's about as short on manners, you know, as the old Chancellor himself. Schurz, being a German, should go to Paris. O'Donovan Rossa and Richelieu Robinson should be our Missionaries to the Russian and English courts. I 'd appoint John Kelli as Minister to his native land, Italy, and Henry Bergh could gratify his inordinate love of bull-fights as Minister to Spain.

"By the time I 'd get to my third year my vigorous foreign policy would be ready for work. In my third year I 'd insist upon a marriage between the Pope and Queen Victoria. I 'd instruct Chandler to conciliate the Kaiser and Bismarck by giving a grand dinner, at which nothing but American pork should be served. Yes," thundered the ex-Secretary, "I 'd get the American hog in Berlin if I had to start a new national debt to pay corkage on it. You see, by my vigorousness I 'd be in a muss with all Europe. Asia, Africa, South America, and Boston would be treated in the same manner, so that by my fourth year every known nation in the world would be at my feet, armed to the teeth, and ready to remove the United States from the face of the earth."

"That 's the quiet kind of an inoffensive President I 'd be," said Mr. Blaine.

"Yes, but what would become of the country in the fifth year after your election?"

"To Texas with the country in the fifth year. *I would n't be President then!*"

Mr. Blaine was called away at this point to kiss a little colored baby in the hall, and your correspondent withdrew.

I think that this country, with Mr. Blaine as President, would have almost as good a time as the parrot and monkey are reported as having when enjoying each other's undivided attention.

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE DIFFERENCE.

TILDEN would be a stronger candidate than President. Edmunds would be a stronger President than candidate.

A BOOK-REST—Vacation.

THE TICKET SPECULATOR.

AN OFFENSIVE PLANT, AND *so* HARD FOR THE MANAGERS TO GET RID OF.

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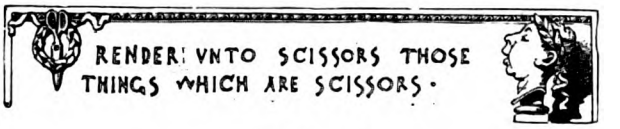
A RAP AT ROYALTY.

WHEN the editor of an influential English journal, who is also a member of Parliament, favors his readers with a tid-bit like the following, his fellow-countrymen must feel they have something to think about. The following calculations with comments thereon are by Henry Labouchere, and it comes as near a slap in the face for the Royal family, as it is possible to administer in printer's ink :

"Our interference in Egypt has cost us in round figures £5,000,000. This invested in consols would give £150,000 per annum. At one penny per meal this sum would enable 86,666 children to have a meal on 300 days of each year forever. The royal family costs, all told, about £1,000,000 per annum. This would give a meal to 600,000 children on 300 days of the year. Heaven forbid that I should say that it would be better that 600,000 children should have a good meal every day that they attend school than that we should enjoy the blessings of royalty. I am not so lost to all sense of the fitness of things as even to suggest such a heresy. I merely state a statistical fact."

THE boom booms loud, and the boom booms clear,
And the boom goes off with a bang,
And the boomiest boom of all, my dear,
Is never a boomerang.

WOULD sucking a lemon be called an assiduous task? No, but a man's taste may be Vichy-ated by drinking mineral water.



BETWEEN THE ACTS.

HE.

I WISH to speak with Tom, dear,
About the great campaign,
And when the curtain rises, love,
I 'll sure be back again.

SHE.

Be sure and eat some cloves, love,
With the friend you 're going to see;
For wherever there 's a Tom, sweet,
A Jerry 's sure to be. —*Lehigh Burr.*

"I AM thinking of getting a new piece," said Buskin, the sensational actor, to Quill, the critic; "what can you suggest?"

And he was not at all pleased when the other answered that perhaps a new headpiece would be the best thing for him.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE SAME OLD STORY.

One morning in the spring of 1791, General Washington hopped out of bed and began to rummage in the wardrobe.

"What are you seeking, George, dear?" queried Mrs. Washington.

"Why, those light trousers of mine," said the Father of his Country, a little testily.

"They are on the mantelpiece, my dearest," said Mrs. Washington, slyly.

"On the mantelpiece!" repeated George. "You are mistaken; I do not see them."

"Oh, yes, they are—in substance, at least," returned the Ma of her Country, with a gurgle of laughter. "I traded them off for those lovely blue vases and that red match-box."

With a groan of despair George Washington covered his nakedness with his old winter clothes, and went out into the hot, hot world.—*Hatchet.*

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BITTER.

A WIFE: "Oh, yas, you promise; it is easy to promise, but promises are like pie crusts, you know."

Husband: "Yes, my dear—like *some* pie crust."—*Moonshine.*

"WHY did you stop lecturing on temperance?" asked the Governor of Arkansaw addressing a well-known reformer.

"Well, you see, I went up into the Dry Fork neighborhood and did my best, but the distilleries were too thick."

"Audience got drunk, I suppose?"

"No, not particularly."

"Why did you stop, then?"

"Well, you see, I got drunk."

Arkansaw Traveller.

IN the broker's office. "I understand that I can subscribe here for stock in the Meagre Railroad?" said a stranger, whom the hay-seed in his hair and the mud upon his brogans indicated as belonging in the country. "Yes, sir," replied the broker. "Let 's see; this is a safe investment?" "Perfectly safe." "And you have had twice the entire amount offered by leading capitalists?" "Yes, sir." "But the projectors chose to give the people an opportunity to make a good thing?" "That 's it exactly." "Well," remarked the country inquirer, "I guess I 'll be generous, too. I ain't no hog. I 'm willing to give somebody else a chance. So long." And out he went, accompanied by a chuckle in his throat and a twinkling in his eye.—*The Transcript.*

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are closing out the following lines of Dress Goods at the low price of 50 cts. per yard.

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Have also 20 pieces of White Royal Yachting Cloth, $1.00 per yard, suitable for Tennis or Seaside, either for Ladies' or Men's Wear.

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BALLS AND BATS.

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Will hold 26 numbers. Mailed to any part of the United States for $1.
Address, office of "LIFE," 1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

A NEW fashion paper is called the *Sewing Circle*. From the title one might suppose it was entirely devoted to news.—*Norristown Herald.*

A MISSISSIPPI man advertises a runaway wife as follows: "High cheek-bones, with upper front teeth out, crippled in one foot, cross-eyed and quick-spoken." That man do n't know when he is well off. —*Burlington Free Press.*

"YA'AS," said young Smythe, "I suppose everything created has some use, but 'pon me honah it 's deuced hard to believe it, do n't cher know?"

"Yes," replied the young lady, looking him over intelligently, "it is, indeed."—*Free Press.*

"EVERYBODY must grow old, you know," said Mrs. Bass to her husband, who had been remarking upon the rapid ageing of one of Mrs. B.'s dear friends. "Not everybody, dear," replied Bass; "everybody who lives long enough, you mean," adding, pathetically, "I should grieve to think that my sweet wife would ever grow old." It is whispered that the Basses are not living on the best of terms just now.—*The Transcript.*

Oakley's Extract—Lily of the Valley.
Oakley's Extract—Corylopsis.
Oakley's Queen Cologne.
Oakley's Florida Water Soap.

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QUAINT, RARE AND CURIOUS PAPERS BY EMINENT DECORATIVE ARTISTS.

Close Figures given on Large Contracts.

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From Am. Journal of Medicine.

Dr. Ab. Meserole (late of London), who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any other living physician. His success has simply been astonishing; we have heard of cases of over 20 years' standing successfully cured by him. He has published a work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his wonderful cure free to any sufferer who may send their express and P. O. Address We advise any one wishing a cure to address
Dr. AB. MESEROLE, No. 96 John St., New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY in MEN quickly cured
FRENCH HOSPITAL METHOD. New to America.
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CAMPOBELLO ISLAND,

NEW BRUNSWICK,

Already so well known as one of the most popular summer resorts on the Atlantic Coast, lies in Passamaquoddy Bay, about seventy miles northeast of Mt. Desert, and is distant about two miles from Eastport, Maine.

The HOTELS "OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," are acknowledged to be the most unique and charming in the country. They will be opened July 1, 1884, and under the management of Mr. T. A. BARKER, who has had charge of them for the past two seasons.

The island is ten miles long and from two to three miles wide, and the drives are delightful. The interior abounds in lofty and densely wooded hills. The shores are rock-bound and giant cliffs overhang the sea for many miles. Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-equipped saddle-horses, steam-launches, rowboats, canoes with Indian guides, and some of the famous Quoddy sail-boats will always be at the command of guests.

The fine steamer Frances, 1,200 tons, formerly of the Stonington Line, will make three trips per week, to and from Mt. Desert—the entire season.

Applications for rooms may be made to T. A. BARKER, office of the Campobello Co., No. 12 Sears Building, Boston.

Applications for land and for general information may be made to

ALEX. S. PORTER,
General Manager,
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And health on both."—SHAKESPEARE.

"Common Sense" Lunch Room,

135 BROADWAY (cor. Cedar St.),

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It is a standard remedy with all physicians who treat mental or nervous disorders.

It strengthens the intellect, restores lost energy, develops good teeth, glossy hair, clear skin, handsome nails in the young, so that they may be an inheritance in later years. It amplifies bodily and mental power to the present generation, and proves "the survival of the fittest" to the next.

Brain Workers need Brain Food.

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These famous Steel Pens combine the essential qualities of Elasticity, Durability and real Swan Quill action, and are suited to all styles of writing. For sale everywhere.

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Testimonial of a Boston lady.

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CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier and Toilet Requisite, prepared from CUTICURA, is indispensable in treating Skin Diseases, Baby Humors, Skin Blemishes, Chapped and Oily Skin.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Blood Purifiers and Skin Beautifiers.

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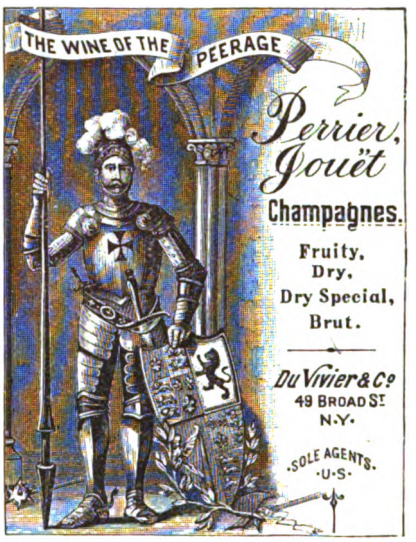

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NATURAL BITTER-WATER.

Cures constipation, headache, indigestion, hemorrhoids, chronic catarrhal disorders of stomach and bowels, gravel, gout, contion, diseases peculiar to females, and impurities of the blood.

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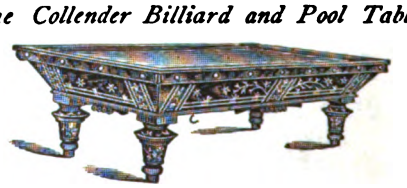

have received the first premiums, the latest Triumphs being the Grand Medal—the highest premium over all nations—awarded to the Collender Billiard Tables, and Combination Cushions, Balls, Cues, &c., at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. At the Centennial Commission, Philadelphia, in 1876, the combination cushions were reported the only ones scientifically correct in the angles of incidence and reflection. New and second-hand billiard tables, in all designs, at the lowest prices.

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1884. NUMBER 73.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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472

LIFE

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AMERICANVS SVM

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY

Ten Cents a Copy

THE REFINEMENT OF CRUELTY.

Mr. Jenkins Masher, having sent up his card and received word that Mrs. R. will be down in a moment, steals a kiss from the pretty maid.

Mrs. R., entering unexpectedly: JANE, HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU TO ALWAYS RECEIVE YOUR VISITORS IN THE KITCHEN?

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VOL. III. MAY 22D, 1884. NO. 73.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

IT seems to us slightly out of season for a sanctimonious snuffle about the national honor taking the angel shape of an appropriation for our great captain, until the ways and means by which fourteen millions of honestly acquired money disappeared in the direction of that bourne known technically as a hole-in-the-ground. We may be blind, but the interest on a quarter of a million, added to the generous gifts made him by corporations, governments and individuals, is to our feeble and commercial eye a tolerably weighty testimonial for the services rendered. There is no lack of patriotism in those who wish that the nation's defender had rested on his martial laurels and civic wealth, and contented himself with the honorable and honor-compelling life of a private citizen whose record was his most precious fortune. Slender, indeed, must be the sympathy which can be extended to one who, after proving victor on the greatest field ever fought for, descended to the joust for dollars in the Wall Street pit. It was at best the very pitiful ambition of the gambler who hazards all upon a die.

Our general had more to lose than money. He had the reputation of the greatest soldier of his time in the cast. It is sad to think that he placed it in the hands of two reckless sons and a scapegrace partner to play ducks and drakes with. Men's hearts are in their pockets these days, and the loss of fourteen millions makes a gap in nature. It is to be fervently trusted, for the sake of history, for the sake of the nation, for the sake of the shining example we all of us hoped would pass down to generations yet to come, that the honor of this great soldier is still untarnished, and that the blame for that misdeed by which colossal fortunes were swept away by trickery, will not be found to rest upon the shoulders where once rested the safety of the nation. But, meantime, let us not play at catch-penny, nor prate of an appropriation.

* * *

IT is a common thing for man to kick a sufferer. When the Seventh Regiment passed Wall Street during the height of the excitement, Mr. Gilmore ordered the band to play "Wait Till the Clouds Roll By."

OUR alarming contemporary, the *Sun*, publishes a terrible telegram with the following head:

"EXPLOSIONS AT WOOLWICH ARSENAL."

Now, in the name of everything combustible, what harm is there in explosives being in an arsenal? Is an arsenal a refrigerator, or a place to store cheese or mackerel, or is it not, of all places on earth, just *the* place for explosives? But we read further:

"LONDON, May 14.—A Shrapnel shell filled with shot, with fuse attached but without powder, was found to-day at Woolwich."

Great Scott! O'Donovan has turned loose again, and the skirmishing fund has found a vent. Whurroo! But is all this rubbish worth the present rates charged for news by cable?

* * *

"I NOTICE that a man has invented a machine for counting votes, which he says is absolutely reliable. This may all be true, but I should like to see it work. I have had some experience."—*S. J. T.*

* * *

IT would appear, from the brief mention given in the daily papers, that there has been some little trouble in Wall Street. Some thirteen firms, with an aggregate capital of $7,720,000, have announced that their combined liabilities are $37,050,000. The discrepancy between the two represents the difference between a bird in the hand and two birds in the bush. There is a powerful moral in Wall Street just now, but exactly how to frame it puzzles the will and makes bankrupts of us all.

* * *

"I TELL you, boys, there is nothing like a clear head and a partial loss of memory. That's Ward's the matter in Wall Street."—*U. S. G.*

* * *

"WHERE am I now? Does any one speak of me? Am I mentioned? No. Why? Give it up. Anything wrong? No. I am simply dead."—*Butler.*

* * *

GENERAL GRANT has been in his day a great wire puller, but of late he has failed to manage even one Ward.

* * *

A CANADIAN divine has had a vision in which he saw clearly the coming of the Day of Wrath on the 13th of August, 1887. Before this great event is to come the gathering of the Jews to either Jerusalem or Saratoga, the annihilation of the Pope, the burning of London, the destruction of New York by an earthquake, and the complete depopulation of the United States by cholera. This cheerful forecast was made from the pulpit, and the Canadians are now gathering their asbestos underclothing and salvations ready.

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THE FRESHNESS OF YOUTH.

Old Gent: I AM DELIGHTED TO HAVE MET YOU, MISS BONNIFACE; I KNEW YOUR GRANDMOTHER, A CHARMING WOMAN! YOU CAN FORM NO CONCEPTION OF HER GRACE AND BEAUTY.

Miss Bonniface: OH, YES, I CAN! PEOPLE CONSTANTLY TELL ME I AM HER LIVING IMAGE.

Utter collapse of Old Gentleman.

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TWO PAIRS.

A PAIR of brown eyes—no matter where,
In quiet street or crowded thoroughfare—
Call up the image of your face to me.
All others vanish, only you I see;
Above the din of trade your voice I hear,
And merry laughter, ringing sweet and clear,
That fades into a smile away:
Thus are you with me, everywhere and every day.

SIX MONTHS LATER.

Brown eyes? Oh, no; another hue
Now lures my errant fancy;
Those melting orbs are heavenly blue,
Which with their light entrance me.
She must say Yes—I love her so,
I wonder why I 've tarried?
Too long I grieve.—Three months ago
The brown-eyed girl was married.

DROCH.

ALBANY, April 7. '84.

Editors LIFE—DEAR SIRS:

CAN the line "Dives eram *dudum*"—I would not dare say from memory to which ancient Roman it belongs—be taken as a confession on the part of Dives that he was a dude?

Yours,
JAS. SMITH.

QUITE LIKELY.

Mr. Stroke (of the champion crew): I SUPPOSE YOU WILL ATTEND THE REGATTA, MISS VESTA?

Miss Vesta: OH NO! I NEVER GO TO BOAT RACES. THE SCANTY COSTUME OF THE OARSMAN IS REALLY TOO SHOCKING FOR ANYTHING!

SHARPS AND FLATS.

MR. FERDINAND WARD reflects much credit upon his country.

And the gentlemen who lost their hundreds of thousands through his assistance are not likely to be overwhelmed by the pity or respect of their more scrupulous brethren. They placed their money blindly in his hands and placidly awaited the abnormal dividends which they patriotically supposed were to be derived from "government contracts." The leader had worthy followers, and it is simply a case of the biters bitten.

Mr. Ward enjoys the distinction of having brought irretrievable disaster upon men, women, children and institutions, and he has done it knowingly, with malice aforethought, and what is his punishment?

The papers are full of him and he has made himself famous. In less than three years he will be on his legs again and living in the handsomest style with the additional advantage of being an object of interest. The lesson herein taught to the young men of the country is this:

"Don't be a fool and make money slowly; go in for big sums by fair means or foul and may the D——l take the hindmost!"

We Americans are terribly "smart" and may discover within another century that one way of checking crime is to punish it.

THE names of Mme. Pompadour and Marie Antoinnette are associated with peculiar styles of ladies' dress, *and that of Mrs. Langtry, the Jersey Lily, with a tight-fitting waist now worn by ladies, called the jersey.* The New Jerseys were jerseys before Mrs. Langtry was born.

LABOR AGITATOR.—"The bloated capitalists will not, my fellow workmen, allow even that the laborer is worthy of his hire. But I tell you, that in this ninteenth century, and in this free land, the laborer is worthy not only of his hire, but of his higher wages!"

WHAT IS THE "TRIBUNE" SAYING?

THIS is a distressing rumor that reaches the great sympathetic heart of the nation from Louisville. It is whispered in the country where the grass is nearly as blue as the Free Traders' spirits, that Mr. Watterson's interesting *protégé*, known in select circles as The Starry-Eyed Goddess of Reform, has taken to drink, taken to it with all the unreserve of a generous nature. Ever since the defeat of the Morrison bill, so the painful story goes, she has been at it. Her telephone keeps ringing day and night, and the messenger boy that answers the call receives from her ever the same order: "Fetch me a quart bottle of the sour mash known as gall and wormwood." When last heard from she was sitting in her boudoir—in dress of sackcloth with ashes *au naturel* overskirt—imbibing the baneful beverage between drinks, and remarking to her devoted guardian and boon companion: "Henry, set 'em up again." The moral to be drawn from her sad fate would seem to be that it is the part of prudence for a Starry-Eyed Angel of Reform to keep out of the Democratic party.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

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BOOKISHNESS

WHO'S WHO?

UNDER this charmingly alliterative caption, one Mr. Hylande-MacGrath, a hyphened gentleman, dwelling remotely in Maiden Lane, has floored our haughty and exclusive coteries with brilliant dodgers. He proposes, say the dodgers, to include, in a gorgeous and two-dollar-and-a-half book, "all those who hold any definite position or have a recognized right to position in *Metropolitan Society* as the result of :

1. "High official station in the Executive, Judicial, or Legislative branches of the National, State, or Municipal Government." (N. B.—This takes in the Aldermen.)

2. "Superior rank in the Church, Army, Navy, or National Guard" (see Jerry Macauly).

3. "Conspicuous public services—patriotic, political, or diplomatic" (including John Kelly, Pop Whittaker, Hubert O'Thompson, Roscoe Conkling, and Billy McGlory).

4. "Eminent philanthropy" (this means Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Jay Gould, Cyrus Field, and Gallows Isaacs). "Public spirit" (this again means the aldermen, who certainly own nine-tenths of the public spirit), "or personal worth" (this last may possibly signify Mr. V. again).

5. "Notable achievements in Science, Art, or Literature" (here will appear Keely, the National Academicians, G. W. Childs, and possibly G. Francis Train).

6. "The founding or support of religious, charitable, or educational institutions or associations" (this will probably be a paragraph).

7. "The promotion of scientific, historical or literary research" (embracing, of course, the trustees of the Lenox Library).

8. "Prominence in the professions, or in the monetary, commercial or social world" (ahem! here we will have some really fine work).

9. "Distinguished Ancestry, connection or alliance." [Beautiful! beautiful! nothing could be so rich in promise, and—only think of it!—all for two dollars and a half, bound in morocco.]

10. "The Representatives of Foreign Governments, Potentates, Peoples, Institutions and Orders." [This should include G. W. Childs and the local agent for John L. Sullivan, but it probably wont.]

Here follows this delicious and enthusiastic burst :

"The plan of WHO'S WHO is similar in essential respects to that of the well-known *Debrett*, dealing with titled British Society, and the famous *Almanach de Gotha*, dealing with the ruling families of Europe.

In the annual task of preparing and revising these European publications, their Editors have the *personal assistance* of the nobility. *A similar coöperation has already been graciously accorded to the preparation of this Annual* by prominent citizens, and a still larger collaboration is promised, insuring a completeness otherwise unattainable.

The "Assistance of the Nobility" is good. Where every gentleman or lady may write up his or her own pedigree, biography and history, with qualities and accomplishments set down in full, we may expect a great deal for two dollars and a half. For, as our enthusiasic contemporary, the *Home Journal*, naïvely remarks :—

"Dr. HYLANDE-MACGRATH, a gentleman favorably known for his genealogical researches, is preparing for publication a work of the above significant title. Its scope will be beyond the directories of people of wealth and fashion which have been issued of late years, the intention being not simply to give an alphabetical list of persons distinguished by their position in society, but to add in each case a succint biographical notice. * * * That the editor may be accurate in his statements of fact, he follows the example of Debrett and Sir Bernard Burke, and appeals directly to those who are concerned to aid him in the preparation of his manuscript."

And so we are to have it. Shall we also have the coats of arms and grandfathers? But, no! Let us not expect or pray for too much. The coats of arms are easy, but the grandfathers —— good heavens, our nobility must draw the line somewhere.

UNCLE 'SI'S MUSINGS.

HAM AND EGGS.

EGGS.

NOTHING that pegs
Around on legs
Is more than dregs
To Eggs.

HAM.

Neither Yam
Nor nice spring-lamb
Is worth a—clam
Side o' Ham.

COMBINED

We do find
They fill the rind
Of all mankind—
Ham and Eggs!

THE PRESIDENCY.

FOLLOWING in the footsteps of the *Herald*, LIFE recently sent out a circular letter to the Governors of all the States in the Union, as well as to some of the more prominent officers of the United States, asking for answers to the three following questions :

1. Whom do you consider the best man for President to-day?

2. What platform would you suggest on which to elect a President?

3. What are your views on the tariff?

The following is the text of the various letters received at the hour of going to press :

[*Ex-Governor Butler.*]

BOSTON, May 15th, 1884.

Editor of LIFE :

Your letter to Gov. Robinson came by mistake to me. By sheer force of habit I opened it. Robinson must be very busy just at present. I know I was last year about this time, getting ready for the Harvard degree, which for some reason or other I did not receive, I hardly know why; perhaps they did n't put enough postage on it.

In answer to your questions, I would say that my idea of the platform is "one that will hold the candidate." My ideas on the tariff I could hardly state in so limited a scope as this letter. Finally, as to who is the best man to-day for the Presidency, I would state that I am Very truly yours,

BENJ. F. BUTLER.

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[*Gov. Patterson, of Pennsylvania.*]

Editor of LIFE:

I am so busy in ferreting out the mystery which enshrouds the dastardly assault upon my illustrious relative William, that I cannot give your letter the attention it deserves.

Y'rs, ROB'T E. PATTERSON.

[*From the Territories.*]

LIFE:

Your leters to the Guvners of the Teritorys has fell into our han's. The male was found by us in a gully, ware the train had fell over a embankment, by whom caused modistie forbids we to menshun. We would say that the present gang is good enuff for us. As for the tariff, wile we live free traid is our mottu, wile them as has skruples ag'in our traid clamers fer protection.

Yoors,

BILLY, THE KID,
TEXAS TOM,
BILL COLLINS,
} *Kermity for the Territoryal Bandits' Association.*

[*John Kelly.*]

LIFE *Editor:*

In my capacity of private secretary to Gov. Cleveland and as him to whom he looks in all such matters, I would answer your questions, viz:

1. The Governor thinks some New York man should be chosen, and a Democrat at that. Tilden 's too old, and all the rest are too young, except the Governor himself. He refuses to commit himself further on this point.

2. After consultation with his private secretary, whom I have the honor to be, he has concluded that a platform constructed of "deal" boards would set the Democrats on the inside of the Treasury.

3. The Governor considers your question in regard to the tariff as premature. Yours truly, JOHN KELLY.

[*A telegram received at a late hour last night.*]

"We have instructed our private Governor to report favorably on our boom, in answer to your circular.

WM. WALTER PHELPS."

[*Private note from Mr. Blaine.*]

"Your circular came to hand. Of course you know my answer to the first question. As to the second, I think a platform constructed of Peruvian Bark and Jingo tacks would about suit the common herd. I will send you my chapter on the tariff when Gail lets me have it, as an answer to your last question. As it is in volume III., you must not expect it for some time."

The above are the more important communications received. We have been showered with others from all parts of the country, as many as three thousand four hundred and thirty coming from Texas Colonels and Tennessee Majors, whose views were based entirely upon their personal chances for Postmasterships and Pension Agencies.

Our conclusions are that the best man for the Presidency is a very various person. The winning platform is still too shadowy a substance for anyone to stand on firmly; and as for the Tariff, it seems to be the conundrum of the age, to be left unsolved until volume three of Mr. Blaine's book is published.

At the present rate of publication of that work this will occur when Mr. Blaine is elected President.

Somewhere in the fortieth century—if Mr. Blaine lives.

J. K. BANGS.

THE FACTS ABOUT THIS NEW SCHEME.

IT is all very well for the press to try to swear down our enterprise and decry its merits, but it is about time to give the public the actual facts of the case.

The population of Ireland is by emigration, assassination, judicial hanging and other causes being so reduced that the year 1891 will see that fair land vacant.

The drain upon it for the supply of statesmen and politicians for the United States alone would empty the country of all but police and garrisons by 1924 at the worst.

Now, our Association deals with facts.

We take these statistics and the following considerations affecting this country for our basis:

The unoccupied land of the United States (adopted for agricultural purposes) will by the summer of 1892 be owned entirely by railway corporations.

The cities are, if not owned, controlled by foreigners.

What then is the American element going to do. It must either go into railroads or emigrate. Now, do not let us jump at conclusions rashly. This matter requires more than hasty generalizations. It affects ourselves directly, our descendants less directly, and our ancestors remotely.

If the American chooses to try the railroads and stop here what is his chance?

First, he has to buy stock—and (an important fact) he has got to buy it of the makers who are heavily protected. Time need not be wasted to show that this means beggary sooner or later.

Our plan, therefore, is to purchase land in Ireland, quietly, but so as gradually to absorb the fee-simple of the entire soil.

This we count upon costing the association £3,500,000. As Ireland contains 32,393 square miles this is but a trifle over £100 per square mile (say $500), or 78 cents per acre. This appears very low as to price, but with the island depopulated it really is the full value.

At present a population of barely 5,000,000 people exists there—roughly speaking, 4 to the acre.

Hence there is reason for all the Americans likely to be alive in 1891 to live on the island.

Presumptively every American could well afford to pay $10 per *capita* for his small holding—that is, $40 per acre on the present basis.

Now figure up the gross profit on that.

But—don't let us be over sanguine, let us keep to facts, even to depressing facts.

To build a wall about the island is going to cost a large sum—that is, to build it so that no Americanized Irish can get back again.

But, even with this deduction, we feel sure of paying 5 per cent. on our construction bonds.

It is true that these bonds are not "listed" on the Stock Exchanges, but it is equally true that less marketable bonds are listed. Here we have hope.

Another feature of the association may be mentioned—although we are not parading it as an inducement to subscribers:

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ADVICE TO TOO PROLIFIC POETS.

ONE perfect line,
To live and shine,
Is worth far more
Than pages score
That live a day,
Then pass away.
— *Youth's Companion.*

Yes, but——

One perfect line,
To live and shine,
Admired of scholars,
Would be too high
For those who buy,
If worth $2.

For pages *five*,
That only live
A day, as stated,
They 'd be, who sell,
Ten times as well
Remunerated!

A MAN of "means" must be one of those who help to pave Hades.

SHALL we go
To Mexico?
I dunno!
Yours
J. T. W.

THE MODERN ORACLE.

Ruined Customer (to smart broker): GOOD HEAVENS, TICKER, YOU TOLD ME YESTERDAY THAT O. & T. WAS A GOOD BUY. I BOUGHT A THOUSAND SHARES AT 40, AND HERE IT IS DOWN TO 17¼.

Smart Broker (with a bland smile): VERY TRUE; I DID TELL YOU THAT IT WAS A GOOD BUY; AND SO IT WAS A GOOD BYE TO YOUR MONEY!

(*Ruined Customer rushes home and punishes his children.*)

Before our bonds mature they are convertible into an issue, to be made of securities covering land in the present United States which the committee count upon as being by that epoch clear of Irish by the natural law originally codified by Malthus under the theory of Kilkenny catism, or the non-survival of those who fit.

We are not asking public subscriptions, and we only claim for our enterprise immunity from the scandalous and scurrilous press articles inspired doubtless by the terrors of our Irish rulers at the threatened expatriation of the tax-paying element.

To the mere American, who simply wishes to live in peace and to be spared the horrors of war with Great Britain because the British Government insists on hanging murderers, and who does not in his Protestant conscience believe that the Constitution of the United States is faulty because the saloon-keeping, hod-carrying element failed to sign it, our enterprise offers the only hope of an asylum where City Halls, and Tammany Halls, and Irving Halls—to say nothing of the hauls of funds out of our treasuries—may not rule.

Our young men might, under a British form of government, become dudes, but that is an infantile disease and curable. Our young women might develop large feet, but longer skirts would hide even that crime. But our people would thrive quite as well under British tyranny in 1892 as they do under Irish tyranny in 1884.

For the Board of Directors,
G. WASHINGTON PERKINS.

THAT BOOK.

THE latest estimate is that Mr. Blaine's book has reached a sale of 5,000,000 copies, and his profits on it are about $25,000,000. Those who doubt this can be convinced by the statement that in Augusta, Maine, alone 2,700,000 copies have been sold. As the population of Augusta is 12,000, there is an average of 225 copies to each inhabitant. Yet the sad fact remains that not a single copy has been seen in New York.

THE showman's sickness.—Sacred elephantiasis.

"JUPITER," said the editor, "look at that sentence! Fourteen lines! Too long, too long!"

"Well," sighed the undertaker, "I thought it might do. It was made up for LIFE!"

When the interview closed the undertaker occupied one of his own coffins.

BAKER PASHA says that it was "Battle, murder and Soudan death."

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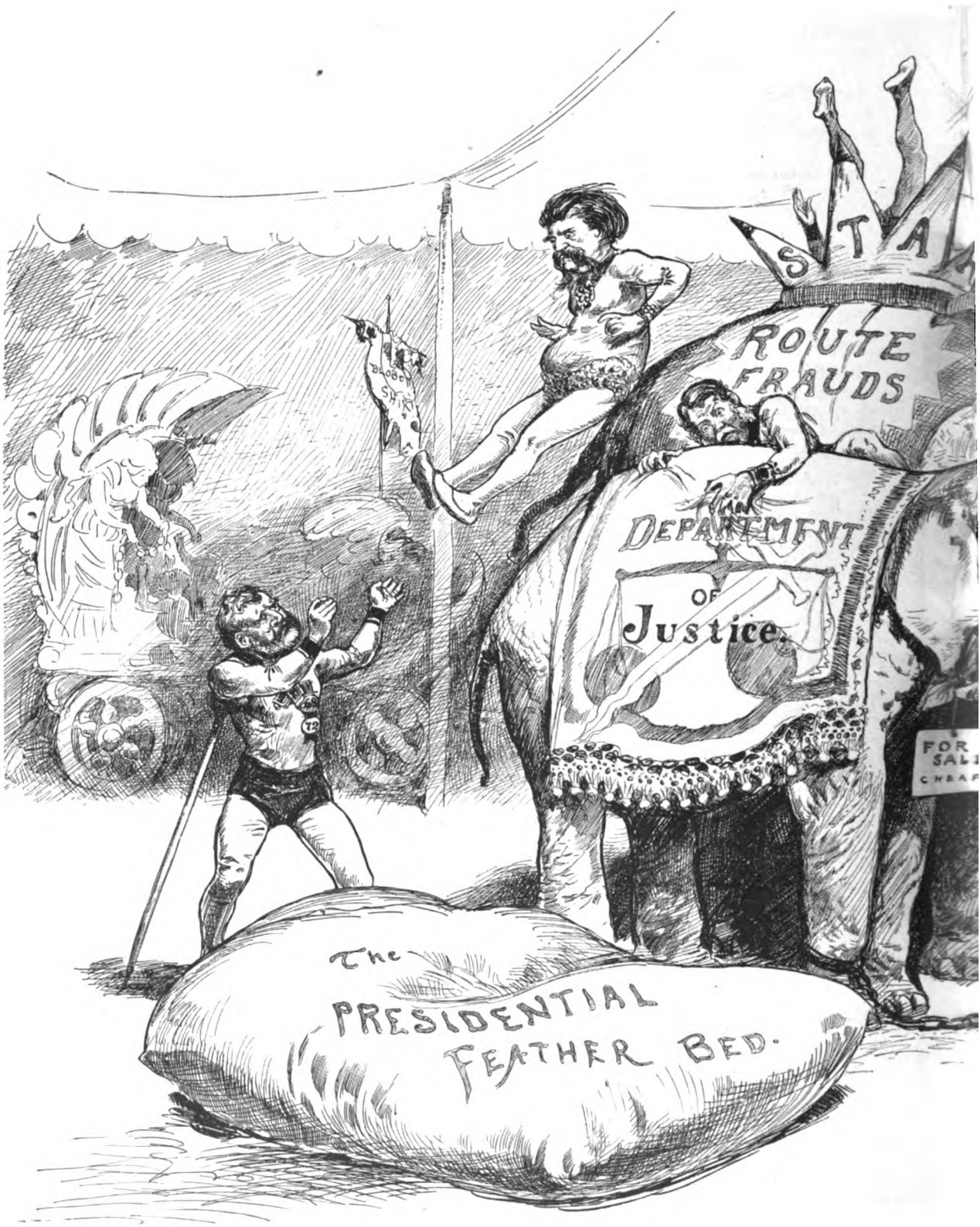

DISCOURAGING TO THE

WITH EVERY NEW CAMPAIGN THEY FIND A

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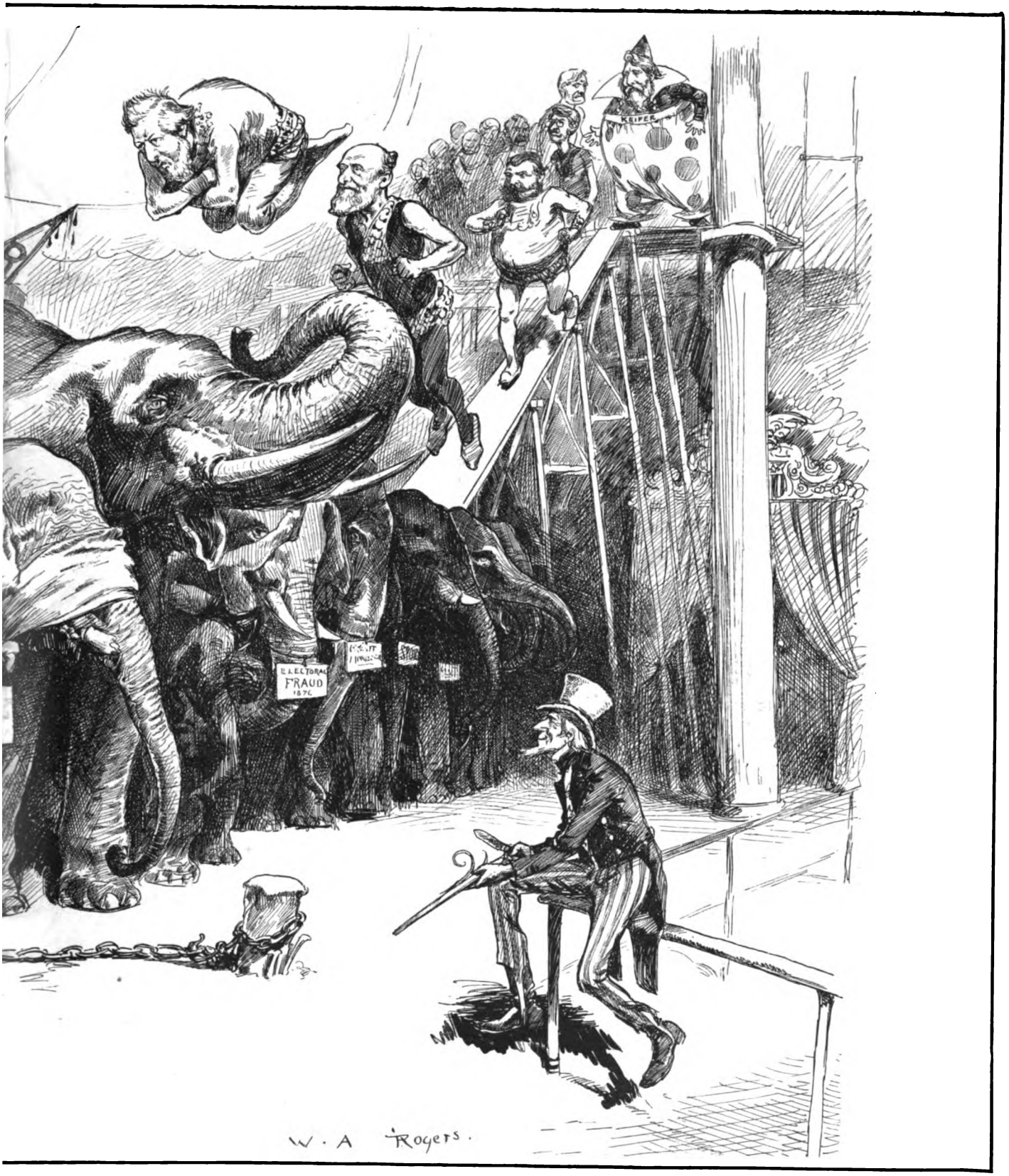

"GRAND OLD PARTY."

ELEPHANT OR TWO MORE ON THEIR HANDS.

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A CONTRAST.

I HAVE seen two natures grow
From a tender mother-love;
I watched them in their virgin youth,
Simple children, born to truth,
And dreamed I knew them as I knew
Earth and the bright hope thereof.

After years had gone, I saw
These two—and one was like the Spring
Whose skies are deeply soft and blue;
She was beautiful and true:
I looked upon her with an awe
That made her seem a holy thing.

And one was hard, and cold, and fair,
Bleak as the winter when our lands
Sleep under barren fields of ice;
Hate crushed her stubborn heart, and vice
Laid her bitter passion bare:
Ah! she could kill with her white hands.

These, I have thought, were like two flowers
That draw their color from the sun,
That bloom together, wild and sweet;
Yet one has not the other's heat,
And there are subtle, unseen powers
That life has given to only one.

G. E. M.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

This column will be devoted entirely to the interests of ECONOMICAL HOUSEKEEPING. *Reliable information for the guidance of young mothers and housekeepers will be supplied by a lady of experience and ability.*

TO MAKE A GOOD JAM.—Place one finger in the crack of a door. Shut the door slowly but firmly, and keep it closed for at least ten seconds. Then open the door and remove the finger, and add plenty of interjections. Never use your own finger if you can avoid it.

One is generally advised to soak codfish in cold water for several hours before cooking. This is just what the codfish has been used to all his life, and does him no sort of good. Wrap his throat in red flannel and set him up by the fire, instead; that would at least be a new experience for him.

Some of the peaches which were canned for last year's consumption were almost flavorless, and they have not improved in that respect by keeping. If, when you open the can, you find that they are not eatable, put them in glass jars and send them around to the church fair to be raffled for. Get some nice raspberry preserves for home use.

"PATIENCE" writes: "The other day I attempted to make some cocoanut pudding, but failed, although I followed a reliable recipe. According to directions, I took among other things four cocoanuts, and boiled them for three hours. At the end of that time the cocoanuts were just as hard as when I began. They would n't melt. What was the matter?" Any old cook could have solved the difficulty at once. You forgot to put in a dash of cinnamon and a teacupful of soda. Do that next time, and boil 'em some more.

CONCERNING WAGNER.

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

WHY, if the olive branch is held out to us with one hand, must the sword be so fiercely brandished in the other? If we willingly adore, why must we burn what we have adored hitherto? In other words, why, because Wagner has written fine music, must all music by previous masters be laid aside, and not only that, but abused and hooted at as worthless, and even reprobated as vile? Such and no other is the attitude of the Wagnerian critics.

* * *

WHAT they abominate is melody, tune; anything which has a beginning and an end; anything sweet, pretty, catching; anything that can be sung in the twilight and whistled in the street and understood of the people. The music of the new school flows continuously like a dark and solemn sea. No man can tell whence it comes, nor whither it goes, nor why it rises in terrific power, nor why it sinks into awful stillness. Wave succeeds wave, and he who hopes to follow and rejoice in one current of the dread expanse is forever disappointed.

* * *

SAY as much as you like that the English—and by consequence the Americans—are not a musical people; we love a good tune, we have written good tunes, and we are not ready to relinquish "Home, Sweet Home," nor "Tom Bowling," nor "The Old Folks at Home," nor a hundred others—not yet. All this is music which has awakened tenderness, and quieted pain, and given voice to love, and added something accessible and tangible to the not too numerous blessings of thousands of anxious lives.

* * *

ITALIAN music is before all things beautiful, and no theories, which have yet been framed have succeeded in persuading mankind to relinquish that love of the beautiful which is instinctive, and comes before the knowledge of any kind of art.

* * *

BUT the question before us here in New York is not this but another—shall we keep what we have got or throw it away? Shall we not only have no new Italian operas, but shall we cease to perform the old? Are our lives so happy that we can give up the most perfect expression of joy and content which the race has achieved? Are our manners so refined that we no longer require the choicest and most delicate of all entertainments? Do our people all speak and sing so well that we no longer need the unconscious lessons which the Italians have been giving us these hundred years? And, finally, have we become at once so coarse and so cold that we desire to hear no more that expression of human emotion, the most passionate and the most restrained, the warmest and the most tender, the simplest and the most heroic, the saddest and the loveliest that the world has known?

* * *

WE may multiply strings and abound in brass, and make our orchestras as complicated and overpowering as our business and our machinery; but we ourselves are still individuals—men and women with cares we would forget and sorrows we must not speak of; and we feel a solace in the expression of human love and human woe, refined by art, exalted by beauty, fired by passion, which never has and never can come so truly home to us as in Italian music.

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THE NATIONAL MASTODONS.

THE NATIONAL MASTODONS.

THIS performance was the greatest show on earth. The traditional cork of the minstrel was omitted. The records of some of the performers and successful smirching of others by the Press rendered cork unnecessary.

The programme was varied in the extreme, comprising many new features. The music was especially fine. Mr. Cold Day Tilden rendered "Box is empty, Ballot's gone" with much effect. Mr. Sun-Struck Holman amused the audience with his original ballad, "Oh, Dana, How Could You?" Mr. Blaine threw much soul and expression into a medley of the Mulligan series, and for an *encore* gave an exhibition of Political Jugglery, in which the ex-Secretary is an adept. Ex-Gov. Butler's by-play and song, "Holding the Silver Tops Fast by the Hair," created some amusement. Mr. Butler failed to receive an *encore*, however. The others acquitted themselves equally as well, especially Mr. Carlisle, whose conundrum, "What is Tariff," stumped everyone, including himself.

The programme was brought to an abrupt close by Mr. Blaine, who propounded the conundrum :

"Whad's de diffunce between Brudder Tambo Butler and de cyurly-headed Brudder Bones Conkling?"

"One *is* Ben and de udder *has* been!" squealed Tilden. Mr. Tilden was counted out.

"Dat's not de answer!" said Blaine.

"We gibs it up," said Mr. Middleman Grant.

"Why, Ben's a cock-eye Turk, an' Conk's a Turkeye-cock," replied Blaine, amid roars of laughter.

Mr. Conkling endeavored to open a debate with a razor, but was prevented. He consoled himself with resigning from the company and declining to join Mr. Blaine in their advertised duet, "We are Two Jolly Brothers." In response to repeated calls from the audience, however, he consented to sing "We Never Speak as We Pass By" with Mr. Blaine, and the curtain was rung down upon the ensuing confusion.

The *ensemble* was capital, as taking them altogether there is enough of good quality in the performers to make one fairly respectable actor, but also enough of bad to run a successful penitentiary.

Unfortunately, the popular tastes lead to a unification of the good and absence of the bad in a single performer. It is therefore safe to assume that the engagements at the White House Star Theatre for the coming season will not include any of the above gentlemen.

CARLYLE SMITH.

THE longest reign in history.—The deluge.

APPOINT of honor—Civil Service Reform.

Multum in parvo—a woman's tongue.

"MARIE LE BRUN"—The Black Maria.

AN EXHORTATION TO SOLEMNITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.

Fellow Worm: I have seen a copy of your journal, dated February 7, and, although it was mainly characterized by levity, yet it contained one illustration (see p. 77) which has proved so eminently profitable to me that I am moved to address you. This illustration represents a godly pair engaged in the consideration of the "Saints' Rest," of Baxter, as one of the pleasures of their Sabbath. You very properly designate such people as "saintly spirits," and this

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Young Upperten: DO YOU KNOW, MY FATHER DROVE ONE OF THE FIRST DOG CARTS EVER USED ABOUT HERE?

HERE IS THE FATHER.

circumstance gives me strong hopes of your future; for *you*, too, may prove a "chosen vessel."

I suggest, then, that a very important aid in securing seriousness in future generations may be found in solemnizing the young children of the present day. Small boys and girls, as the necessary result of original sin, are addicted to laughter for slight causes. In all schools for little children, I would have these outbreaks diligently watched and promptly punished; to this end, whenever merriment is shown by a child, it should be made to take a conspicuous place, wearing a large piece of pasteboard inscribed

"TOTAL DEPRAVITY."

Then I would have them taught the Westminister Catechism, as well as the illustrated couplets which accompany it. A new edition, however, should be published, with a transposition of the couplets (or triplets, as the case may be), so that vital truths might be preceded by mere secular verities. Instead of rousing their apprehensions by commencing the verses (as they now stand) with the alarming announcement,

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all,"

I would first set down a few everyday facts. Thus:

"An easy boot
Will guard the foot."

"Mice in a cheese
Are quite at ease."

"Crows will steal corn
As sure 's you 're born."

And then the solemnities might be brought in with a crash. Thus:

"In Adam's fall
We sinned all."

"A glass of gin
May lead to sin."

"Through Korah's sin
Earth sucked him in.
His "troop" also
To pot did go."

"Sapphira's lie
Knocked her sky-high
In twink of eye."

THE longest reign in history.—The deluge.

"THE Glass of Fashion"—Brandy and Soda.

SOME LETTERS TO A POLITICIAN.

SINCE the nomination of H. H. Warner, from the Thirtieth District, as one of the Congressional delegates to the Chicago Convention, that gentleman has received the following letters:

WASHINGTON, May 1st, 1884.

MR. H. H. WARNER,—

Dear Sir:—Ever since the defeat of Judge Folger in our State I have been troubled with sleeplessness and loss of appetite, until last week, when I was fortunate enough to try your "Warner Safe Bitters." Since using it I have felt like a different man. I shall recommend it strongly to my Cabinet and all addicted to lobster salad.

Very truly yours,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

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WASHINGTON, May 5th, 1884.

MR. H. WARNER,—

Dear Sir:—A few evenings ago I read your advertisement in the New York *Evening Post*, which I was just finishing perusing, accompanied with a sensation of goneness, but by procuring a bottle of your bitters the feeling one often has after railroading passed off. It is an excellent thing. Do the druggists in Chicago have it? Yours truly,

JAMES G. BLAINE.

U. S. SENATE, May 4th, 1884.

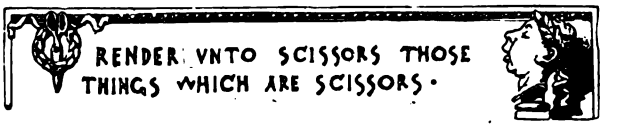
MY DEAR WARNER:—At the request of Mrs. Logan I write to tell you what a benefactor you are to me. I have for many years been troubled with a loss of memory, which is especially troublesome in my use of English and in spelling. Having tried almost everything, I finally *bot* a bottle of your Bitters and feel now equal to talking to wide, wide world. I shall recommend it to the G. A. R. Yours, etc.,

JOHN A. LOGAN.

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1884.

DEAR WARNER:—The other day, as Barney, Steve and I were on our way from Utica feeling rather weak, we decided on seeing your advertisements to try your Bitters. Barney took two bottles and Steve and I took one each; it was foine! away ahead of quinine; but do n't let Tilden have any of it or he will run again. If you wish any policemen's certificates as to benefits derived, I will supply them. Yours respectfully,

MIKE CREGHAN.



APROPOS.

O VOT is all dis earthly bliss,
And vot is man's sooccess?
And vot is various oder dings,
And what is habbiness?

We make deposits in a pank,
Straightway the pank is preak;
We fall and smash our outsides in,
Vere we a den sdrike make.—*Hans Breitman.*

LOVE MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND.

"I do n't want to interfere in your family matters, my dear friend; but I would advise you to watch carefully your oldest daughter and your coachman."

"What have you seen," he asked, anxiously, "to arouse your suspicions?"

"Nothing tangible," was the reply; "but you had better keep a sharp eye out."

"Great St. Denis!" murmured the old gentlemen, "is it possible that Maria has found a lover at last? It seems too good to be true."—*Phil. Eve. Call.*

"DID you see this shooting?" asked His Honor.

"Yes, sir; I did."

"Well, how was it?"

"Well, Judge, this gentleman and I were going along, and the young man who was shot was whistling 'Sweet Violets,' when, suddenly remembering himself, he exclaimed, 'Shoot me!' And my friend, being a very obliging person, shot him."

"And are you sure the man was whistling 'Sweet Violets' at the time?"

"Yes, Judge."

"The prisoner is discharged."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

"A NOVEL OF GENUINE POWER and VITALITY."

Says the *Christian Union* of

Stratford-by-the-Sea.

16mo., (*American Novel Series*), $1.00.

HENRY HOLT & CO., N. Y.

No one can furnish

"Old Crow" Rye Sour-Mash Whiskey

unless purchased from us. We have taken every barrel made since January, 1872.

We have also HERMITAGE three to seven years old, all sold absolutely pure, uncolored, unsweetened.

H. B. KIRK & CO.,

69 Fulton St. & Broadway and 27th St.

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Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of thirty years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure the preparation is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient):—"As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. MME. M. B. T. GOURAUD, Sole Prop., 48 Bond St., N. Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canadas and Europe. Beware of base imitations. $1,000 Reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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Gentlemen's Outfitting Department.

New Spring Styles in Fancy Flannel Travelling and Negligée Shirts and Pajamas. Woven Boating and Lawn Tennis Shirts. A varied stock of the latest styles in London and Paris Neckwear. Spring and Summer Made-up Underwear. High-Class Dress Shirts, Collars and Cuffs ready made or to order. French, English and American Suspenders. Dress, Street and Driving Gloves. Cloth Lap Robes in every variety.

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Adm ssion to all, 50 cents. Children, 25 cents.

CANDY Send one, two, three or five dollars for a retail box, by express, of the best Candies in the world, put up in handsome boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Try it once.
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BOSTON, MASS.

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EDWARD O. PUNCHARD.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express & P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

A FEW days ago a man in Detroit was fined one dollar for "maliciously injuring a lamp-post." If he was intoxicated at the time, he richly merited the punishment, as the deed was one of unusual atrocity. A drunken man ought to realize that the lamp-post is his best friend.—*Lowell Citizen.*

ISN'T the trans-Atlantic news dispatch cable in working order? Nearly a week has elapsed without any tidings of Mary Anderson rejecting a fresh offer of marriage from some Lord or Earl. Isn't it early in the season for Father Griffin to let up on sensational society advertising?—*Chicago Sun.*

A WOMAN aged seventy-seven years has sued a man aged seventy-nine in Belfast, Me., for breach of promise. It is pretty rough when a woman is jilted at the age of seventy-seven. Her chances of obtaining a husband after that are very slim indeed. But the man said he discovered that their tempers were incompatible, and blamed if he was going to have the many years of his life clouded by an unhappy marriage!—*Norristown Herald.*

HOW TO express a number of papers when the name of one of them is *Life*: A thoughtful friend lent us a file of *Life*, and many of us being engaged with one or another of them, I finally asked, "Are these all the *Lifes—Lives?*" Must we take prim refuge in a periphrasis? Can we call for *Punches*, *Calls*, *Suns*, *Transcripts*, and give *Life* no plural at all? Perhaps we should never have more than one

"Flower of the peach,"

sings Mr. Browning,

"Death for us all and his own life to each."
—*San Francisco Wasp.*

If you have Toothache, Headache or Neuralgia, get McGraw's Electric Fluid. It will drive it away. C. N. Crittenton, Wholesale Agent, New York.

Lundborg's Perfume, Edenia.
Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
Lundborg's Perfume, Lily of the Valley.

Send a 2 cent stamp to pay postage on a Handsome Lithographed Razor. It will pay. Address The Clinton M'f'g Co., 20 Vesey st., New York.

GEORGE MATHER'S SONS,
PRINTING INK,
60 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK.

This paper is printed with our cut ink.

AMERICAN PHOTO-ENGRAVING CO.,
13 & 15 VANDEWATER ST., NEW YORK.
Make Type Metal Plates for illustrating Catalogues, Books, Papers, etc. From Drawings in Pen and Ink, Pencil or Crayon, Wood or Steel Engravings, Lithographs and Photographs, same size, reduced or enlarged. See Illustrations of this Paper.

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would draw public attention to the facilities they extend to purchasers to procure dry goods from their

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT,

which is one of the most perfectly organized concerns on this continent.

Expert Clerks are employed to fill every description of orders whether large or small, and goods are sent by return of mail or express according to instruction on receipt of remittance or C. O. D.—Subject to approval.

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Please mention this paper.

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MANUFACTURERS OF
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"Father, what is politics?"

"Just now, my son, it is an everlasting, immeasurable, incomprehensible, unlimited, unmitigated, incoherent, irresponsible and irrepressible mux, without wisdom or the spirit of understanding."—*The Hatchet.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1884. NUMBER 74.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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THE PRINCIPLES OF FINANCE.

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VOL. III. MAY 29TH, 1884. NO. 74.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

M. LOUIS PASTEUR, the celebrated savant, claims to have discovered an antidote for hydrophobia by inoculating the patient with virus from a rabid animal. His experiment is thus described by himself:

"My method was as follows: I took the virus direct from the brain of a dog that had died from acute hydrophobia. With this virus I inoculated a monkey. The monkey died.

"Then with the virus—already weakened in intensity—taken from this monkey I inoculated a second monkey. Then with the virus taken from the second monkey I inoculated a third monkey, and so on until I obtained a virus so weak as to be almost harmless. Then with this almost harmless virus I inoculated *a rabbit, the virus* being at once increased in intensity."

With this last virus he inoculated human beings, and found that they were absolutely free from symptoms of hydrophobia.

It is a singular coincidence that a similar series of experiments has been conducted by an eminent psychologist of this city, with a view to obtaining a preventive for anglomania, a species of rabies which has been epidemic in New York for several years. He thus describes his experiments and their result:

"I took the virus direct from the brain of a dude, who had died of acute constriction of trousers and general waste of gray matter. With this I inoculated a monkey. The monkey died of imbecility that same night.

"Then with the virus already weakened in intensity, taken from this monkey, I inoculated a second monkey. He died also, of general feebleness, complicated with acute idiocy, and an inability to comprehend what was passing around him. Then with virus taken from this second monkey, I inoculated a third monkey, and so obtained a virus so weak as only to induce in a fourth monkey a fondness for sucking silver knobs and a confusion of ideas. With virus from this monkey I now inoculated a young New Yorker, who had already developed large checker-board designs in his garments, and that desire to parenthesize his arms and legs which characterize the first approach of the insidious malady we are trying to combat. In less than a week the checks disappeared from his clothing, his limbs became straight and supple, his eye gave evidences of being able to notice surrounding objects, and his virility so increased that he was able to take two lemonades without becoming intoxicated."

It thus appears that M. Pasteur has a powerful rival on this side of the water. If now only some species of inoculation can be found which can prevent stock brokers from going mad—no, it is the customers who get mad—but, anyway, it would be a good subject for science to work upon.

* * *

AGAIN the hospitable doors of the Ludlow Street mansion have been thrown open to admit as the city's guest that great financier, Mr. Ferdinand Ward. He occupies the same suite of bomb-proof apartments once honored by that other great financier, Mr. William M. Tweed. Exactly how long Mr. Ward will consent to accept the entertainment gratuitously offered him is not known, but we may congratulate ourselves upon the fact that he will not desert us for Canada for at least several weeks. There has been a great deal of financiering lately which has drawn the respectful admiration of the civilized world to our moneyed institutions. The feat performed by Mr. Ward of borrowing fourteen millions upon that accessible collateral known technichally as "wind;" the difficult act of his partner, who, though a partner, managed to remain in Cimmerian darkness of the "business" methods employed by his firm; the enterprise of a Bank President in managing $4,000,000 cash into a rat hole; the tact of a great millionaire in buying at fifty cents on the dollar paper which the honor of his name demanded should be worth its full value; these are exhibitions in monetary legerdemain of which we can justly be proud. It also adds to the security felt by foreign investors to know that beyond a few worthless remarks nothing has been offered these noble gentlemen, and that only Mr. Ward has yet been honored by an invitation from the city.

* * *

MISS BECKY JONES threatens to become the heroine and the wonder of the nineteenth century. It will be interesting to know if the law or the woman will prove the better. If bananas and sympathy can enable her to withstand the siege, the court which committed Miss Jones will have to adjourn.

* * *

THE most delightful event succeeding the panic, has been the congenial fusing, blending, amalgamation and union of those two eminent philanthropists, Mr. Jay Gould and Mr. William H. Vanderbilt. They have swopped cablegrams of tremendous lengths, they have expressed unbounded esteem and reverence each for the other, they have exchanged congratulations and fallen upon each other's necks and wept copiously. A long and interesting, if somewhat painful experience, has taught the American public that when crocodiles weep and jays are confidential and Sweet Williams smile all over with blossoms, something may soon after be expected to drop. It is funny, therefore, to see these cablegrams gravely applied like porous plasters to the spine of a market already invaded by financial meningitis. It is likewise funny to see gladiators, after a ten year tussle, scrape the sand out of each other's eyes and shake hands as a preliminary to another round. But we do not think it will work. It is Spring, to be sure, but the crop of lambs seem to be unusually short.

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BITTER SWEET.

Miss Montague Tayleure (to Miss Capulet Smythe): I WANT TO INTRODUCE TO YOU MR. NAILSLEY, BACK THERE, WHO THINKS YOU ARE SO AWFULLY HANDSOME. YOU KNOW OF HIM, DON'T YOU? HE IS VERY AMUSING AND ECCENTRIC—NEVER THINKS AS ANY ONE ELSE DOES.

TWO PARTINGS.

"GIVE me a kiss, that going home
My footsteps fall on air;
Give me the red-tipped mountain rose
That nestles in your hair."
Her cheek upturned took the flower's hue
At the touch of her lover's lips;
The rose unbound, as it swept her face,
Caught the blush on its petals' tips.

"Give me a kiss, I am going home;
The links in my life's chain break.
A kiss and a flower, my love, from you
Will the pain from my parting take."
Her lover bent low, as an angel light
Came into her closing eyes.
A kiss—the rose at her cheek he placed,
But its petals, alas, were white.

EDWARD B. CLARK.

A QUESTION for Mr. Matthew Arnold.—Is Kant anything like Dont?

THE LATE "FLURRY."

"SPEAKING of the panic," remarked the man with the white hat, on the Fifth Avenue Hotel porch, "why is ex-President Jno. C. Eno of the Second National Bank like a looking-glass?"

"Because the directors did n't see through him?" suggested the Senator from the West.

"Because his duties were *light*, so to speak," remarked the man in blue flannel.

"Because he 's now got time for reflection," confidently answered the broker.

"Because he 's framed in g(u)ilt?"

"Easily broken, eh?"

But the man with the white hat only shook his head.

"We give it up!" said the Senator.

"Because—" remarked the propounder with deliberation, "because he had quick-silver to back him."

No further assignments reported.

A BAD habit for a man to get into.—A riding-habit

MEN who hate long sentences.—Criminals.

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A FABLE.

THE N. Y. *Tribune* says that Wayne McVeagh's letter on President Arthur is considered the most acrid document the campaign has thus far produced.

The Organ and the Crank.

There was once a Hand-organ, which played such beautiful airs that it speedily became a favorite in the land. Among other things it possessed a Crank, who considered himself *par excellence* the essence of all that is truly good and virtuous, and was accustomed to assume to himself more airs than all the rest of the Organ put together.

By a melancholy accident the Organ was destroyed, and a new one having been chosen, the Crank was shifted to it. Thinking that in the new as in the old he was to run matters to suit his own convenience, the crank turned, "Wait till the Clouds Roll By," when the owner wished to play "Everything is Lovely, and the Goose Hangs High," and in all other respects was quite a failure. So much so, in fact, that the Organ discarded him entirely.

For a time he lay still and nursed his wrath, but when the Organ and its Owner began to grow in popular favor, the Crank whirled himself around in his vinegar of sarcasm and endeavored to bespatter his former connection.

So weak was his vinegar and so miserable his failure, that the people merely smiled pitifully and said:

"Do n't mind him. He 's only a Crank."

Moral.

Disappointment lendeth a ready pen, but the sarcasm thereof is more humorous than dangerous.

F. MARION CRAWFORD'S BEST NOVEL.

DURING the appearance in the *Atlantic* of "A Roman Singer" as a serial, the verdict found a very general expression that in it F. Marion Crawford had done his best work. This opinion will certainly be acquiesced in by those who read it in book form, for it is a coherent story which logically advances to a climax, and, therefore, gains in force by being read as a complete work.

"To Leeward," which was written after "A Roman Singer," is a very disagreeable book, and LIFE's highly sensitive moral olfactory was much offended by it; but the story of this impetuous Italian tenor, whose wooing is so passionate and yet so honorable, is sweet incense to the injured organ. The happy ending, too, of all this love and sighing in a satisfactory marriage, rather than in seduction, or suicide, or murder, is a delightful contrast to some recent fiction, and even to some of Mr. Crawford's high-pressure moods.

There is admirable art in the telling of this story by Professor Grandi, the tender-hearted old man, and unworldly yet acute philosopher. His genial optimism falls like a mellowing light, even upon the incidents which are disagreeable. The humor with which he confesses his own very pardonable failings, and excuses greater faults in others, is continually cropping out at unexpected places. He is just such a character as John Gilbert has made us all acquainted with, and in our hearts we love him for his gentle humor, sincerity and good will to men.

Of course Mr. Crawford's limitations become more apparent with each story that he writes. As to scene and incident, we see no end to his fertility. He is a thorough cosmopolitan, equally at home in India, Italy or the United States. His characters, however, are easily reduced to a few general classes. The men show much individuality; the novelist understands the psychology of the masculine mind of certain types generally, but they are all men of wonderful genius—great merchant, great writer, great singer. The few average men introduced are even more wooden than the average man is apt to be in real life. As for the women of these novels, they are all moonshine or all fire.

DROCH.

THE best guide book for mountain tourists is, beyond question, Cardinal Newman's "Grammar of Ascent."

AMONG the prominent illustrations of the June number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will be an engraving of Mrs. Siddons, from Gainsborough's well known picture in the English National Gallery, and a design by George Du Maurier, under the title of "Der Tod als Freund." Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards contributes to the same number an interesting article on drawing-room dances, with illustrations after Watteau and Hugh Thomson.

UNRECORDED SAYINGS OF GREAT MEN.

EMERSON—"If all means of producing fire here on earth should become suddenly lost and extinct, and, like Prometheus, you were permitted to steal fire from Heaven, to what use would you put it first—in cooking food for the starving poor, or affording the world heat and light?"

CARLYSLE—"Guid faith! I 'd burn heretics, mon."

H. V. S.

AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. GALLIFLOWER: I was very sorry not to see you at our ball last week, Sir Blunt. I suppose circumstances over which you—and so forth, and so forth, *n' est pas?*

SIR PERCEIVEALL BLUNT: Circumstances over which I had no control, Madam!—I never permit circumstances over which I have no control to have any control over me. Egad, Madam, it 's a poor rule won't work both ways. Demme, 't was rheumatism kept me at home.

O. O. O.

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A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.

OUR Lowell correspondent last week picked up, as it fell from an express wagon, a large paper roll directed to Gen. B. F. Butler. As our correspondent's only moral attribute is fidelity to his newspaper, he at once forwarded to us his prize, the contents of which proved to be proof sheets of the following circulars :—

COMRADES IN ARMS!!!

RALLY round your old commander! Fall in behind the Hero of Great Bethel, Fort Fisher and Dutch Gap!

TO THE MOURNERS OF THE LOST CAUSE.

A WORD in your ears : Remember who supported Jeff. Davis at the Charleston Convention.

TO THE TINTED POPULATION.

BROTHERS, vote for old Uncle Ben! I alone "abolished slavery with a word." [See works of the late W. Phillips.]

TO THE UPPER CLASSES

SUPPORT RESPECTABILITY! Benjamin F. Butler *never* appears on the platform *except in a dress-suit!*

CONFIDENTIAL.

TO Murderers, House-breakers and pickpockets : Vote for the grand old criminal lawyer—the cracksman's last refuge—the greatest Legal Bully since Jefferies!

PERSONAL.

TO Mill Owners and Manufacturers : — Stand by your class! Vote for the old conservative monopolist, Benj. F. Butler, of Lowell, who pays the lowest wages in New England!

TO THE DOWN-TRODDEN SONS OF TOIL.

LET the "Plain People" stand by the unfaltering and disinterested friend of Horny-handed Labor! Fiat money in sums to suit.

PRIVATE.

TO Politicians of all Parties :— Vote for the engineer of the Salary-grab. [☞ *We 'll try it again when I 'm in.*]

TO REVENUE REFORMERS.

VOTE for Honest Old Ben! Trust him to dispose of the surplus revenue!

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MATRIMONIAL.

I WAS talking to a candid Englishman the other day, who professes to see much more in Victoria's advocacy of the bill than her valiant desire to secure the Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt a second time for a son in-law.

"You cannot conceive," he said, "with what hostility an American marriage is regarded in England. It has become a sort of bugbear, and when an Englishman sets out upon his travels, his friends bid him an almost funereal farewell, with the fear that he will bring home an American wife. I am afraid my compatriots look upon you—with modifications, of course—very much as you look upon the Chinese. They think you resistless in point of number, wonderfully intelligent, shrewd and wide-awake, but with ideas, manners and customs foreign to theirs. In their heart of hearts they regard an American marriage as almost miscegenation. Her Majesty, as every one knows, is a great advocate of marriage. She knows the closeness of home ties in England, and how surely out of this closeness marriages are brought about. Hundreds of these marriages will take place close upon the passage of this bill. It is a good kind of marriage from the business point of view. The Jews, who are the best marriers in the world, frequently marry in this way as a simple business proposition to prevent a division of property. And our Queen, as you know, is an excellent woman of business. But, more than all, if a widower falls in love with his consoling sister-in-law, he will not be obliged—as some have done—to flee to America with an illegal wound in his falling heart, and let an American girl catch it in the rebound. I may add," said my English friend, with a twinkle in his eye, "that no country is so much dreaded for wandering heirs as California."

In this connection, it is interesting to observe that the question of a titled English girl marrying an American man is rarely advanced. Henry James, in his new novel, "Lady Barberina," has turned up entirely new ground. It is a bold experiment to marry the daughter of an English earl to an American doctor, even in a book, no matter how many American eagles clink in his pockets. Can any one recall such an instance even among his most extraordinary acquaintances? What in the world can he be going to do with them?—what outcome can he give his plot?—how can he end the book? There is little satisfaction in asking. Mr. James will evade these questions with his usual skill. He never has any plot, and he never ends his books. They break off abruptly.—*Argonaut.*

WHAT 's the difference between Mr. Blaine and Geo. Washington? Why, George Washington was made President, and could not lie, and Mr. Blaine never was President, and—well, his friends say he can do anything.

TECHNICAL.

INNOCENT wife: "What do they mean, Charlie, by 'straddling a blind?' I should think it would be so much easier to ride a rail, if that is a way you have of initiating men at the club."

FILE NO. 41144.

A Tale in French and English—The former by a young American of considerable note; the latter by Emile Jaboriau.*

"ONE KILLED THERE COMES OF TO BE, *chez me!*"

PART I.

Forty Years Previous.

IT was of the time-ball twenty minutes *apres* Tuesday of the *Cinq Mars.* In a street of much smallness and deserted of Paris, called by its name Rue de Twobeer, was the mansion humble of the Duc-de-Chize, Henri Roquefort.

At the date and hour said, a shriek *terrible* became apparent through the door-front and *immediatment* a young man of appearance dishevelled, and of his face *pleine de perturbation*, betook himself with much of haste from therein. He removed himself along the street deserted as with the wings to a dove until he became at the prefecture of the policeman. Taking out his voice he threw him at the *Chef*, thus:

"One killed there comes of to be, *chez me.* By who I do not have acquaintance, but the cadaverous is of much blood there. Please to get there one policeman quick. *Et sacré* quick, *s'il-vous plait.*"

"HA-A-H! LA PINAFORE!"

All this on one breath did he enunciated.

"Is the killed *bien mort?*"

"I have not an understanding!"

"*Est-ce-que la* coil shuffled *tout?*"

"*Oui, tout!*"

"*Quoi, tout?*"

"*Bien! Presque tout!*"

"Ha-a-ah! La Pinafore! C'est suspicieuse" was heard to say to itself by a small short man of visage smooth and shiny eye who at this moment had come to himself *à la chambre.* "My shiny eye it will keep on his step *et nous verrons ce que nous verrons!*"

A policeman in the society with him of small shortness and shiny eye went with himself until he was brought to the house wherein was the killed.

"*A quelle heure est-ce-que-ca qu'il occurrey?*" was said by the shortness at a girl of female beauty.

[* Promissory note.—ED.]

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"*Donnez moi un plus facile.* Do you take me for to be what? *Un dictionnaire* unabridge?

Avec severité:

"R. S. V. P. Madame. *Que pensez vous?*"

"Oh! *C'est un cheval rouge d'un autre couleur.* I think him to have left his life at ten hours!"

"*Temps Philadelphe?*"

"*Non! Jerz Cité!*"

"*Bien.* The dust of one gramme accumulates per heure. The cuckoo has of himself just rendered forth twelve cucks. Two of hours. The dust on him is that of four hours. *Quelque 'un a lied.* Ha!"

The smallness here bended himself above the ear of the cadaverous and perceived under the wound whereof the killed had died himself the letters like these:

MIL-KE-EER VG-LS

into the skin of the cadaverous had made an impression. Into his note-book was this *jottee bas* by the small who resembled as if he of something was aware.

* * * * * *

Henri Roquefort, Duc de Chize was made to bring himself before the tribunal of justice on the charge of to kill the cadaverous in his house. The charges of proof were much of strength. There had been of snow quite a number fallen. There was no mark of foots thereon. Henri was a duke and with an absence of the gold. He contained in his stable no carriage. The small brought proof that he was of the family royal. That he was the foot-prince. Therefore the killer. Through much of weary trial he dragged, and *enfin* was found of guilt and for life was evacuated for the prison. With a protestation of his cleanness he was removed, and the small wrote him on the book: File 41144.

Comme il va a son vendre (sell) *le prisonnier dit a le petit.*

"*Who etes vous?*"

"*Je suis Le Boq le Detectif!*"

Henri Roquefort, *Duc de Chize* se faint.

(*To be concluded.*)

"JE SUIS LE BOQ LE DETECTIF."

THE HORSE SHOW.

STYLOGRAPHED BY STELLA.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—You remember that you asked me to write something for LIFE about the Horse Show. I imagine it *is* rather a big subject to describe in a little space, but you always said I was so concise and wrote directly to the point. I never waste any words. That 's because I write truthfully. Do n't you remember, you said that poem I sent you called—"On Receiving a Present of Some Violets from a Former Lover"—was too truthful to print? I 've changed its name and added forty more lines to it, and I 'm going to send it to the *Century*. Are n't you just a *little bit* sorry you did n't take it, now?

At any rate, I went with Reginald Topper, and he looked just too lovely for anything. He does wear the most *perfect* clothes. He had a large "Jac," in his button-hole, and to complete the picture, just the sweetest derby I almost ever saw. It was a very light fawn color, bound with ribbon two shades darker; I can't quite describe it to you, but it looked like a white one that had had coffee spilled on it. We were in a box with George Rangeman, Pinky Rosebud, and Pinky's mother. She 's awful! Everybody says so. I 've been told in confidence that she was engaged to her second husband before her first one was dead. Was n't that horrid? Pinky 's awfully horsey this spring, simply because she spent last summer at Far Rockaway. She had a little pony down there and a village cart. Now, she talks about "riding to hounds," "coming croppers," "lunging" her horse at fences, and "larking him over timber." She kept telling us all about the kennels, and hunts and things, while we watched the crowd.

Every now and then, we could see a man riding a horse out in the ring, or a boy leading a little donkey among the people, but I only made one attempt to go down and look at the brutes. The ponies were too coy for words, but one great monster of a horse turned around in his stall and sort of growled at me, so that I was afraid he would kick, and went back to the box. I had quite a long talk with Mr. Rangeman. He 's a very nice fellow and all that, but I do n't quite think I like him. He is n't very well off, you know, and he refers to it, every once in a while, just as if he was n't a bit ashamed of it, and that is n't considered good form, nowadays. He went out West to make some money and has been on a ranch for the last year or two. He says he has been riding, and driving cattle out there, and branding them. He told me they had to brand a letter on them with a red-hot iron, or else they would get all mixed up, and a man could n't tell which were his and which were not. I think branding is very cruel, so I asked him why they did n't tie bows of different colored ribbon on their horns. That would distinguish them. He said it would take too much ribbon, but I offered to let him have all my old German favors.

Oh, dear! The ink in my stylograph is all giving out, but I 'm sure that by this time you 've heard enough about the Horse Show. If you think this account is too horsey and monotonous, let me know, and I will send you a description of what some of the girls wore. Did you see me on the afternoon of the coaching parade?

. *Pars Adversa*—The governor won't consent.

POKER: He is obliged to show the entire hand, whether called or not, after having opened a jackpot.

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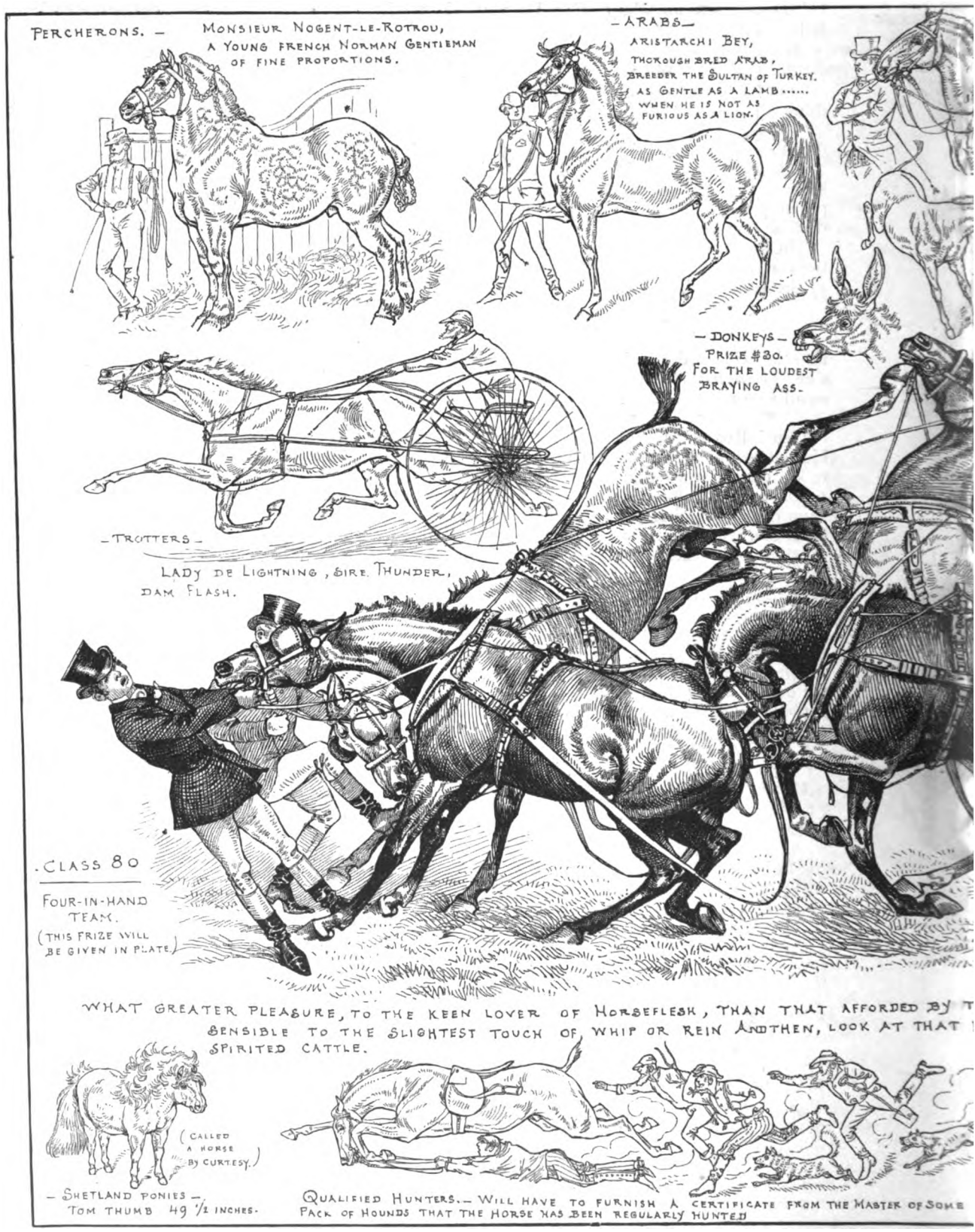

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FE ·

E HORSE SHOW.

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OH!!

MY name is "Jacobus" G. Blaine!
I hail from the backwoods of Maine!
Of my boom there is lots!!
I 'm a good man—in spots!
I 've an eye on the coming campaign!

OH

They say I 've just written a book!
('T was put up complete by my cook!!)
And I tell you all now,
That I 'll kick up a row,
When the White House by me has been took,

FOR

I 'm a most intense old man,
Both sides of the fence old man,
Take all I can gettery,
Mulligan lettery,
Solid for Blaine old man!

FOR the Whist Player—When in doubt, take it.

FOR the Editor—When in doubt, do n't take it.

I HAVE long believed Mr. Richard Grant White to be the boss snob of his time. When he wrote his last article on Shakespeare I wavered in my allegiance to Joseph Cook, whom I consider the premium wild ass of the century. However, it was only a waver—I still stick to Cook. But White is the boss snob. He perpetually stands in awe-stricken admiration of everything and everybody English. He cannot talk of, to, or concerning an Englishman without an attitude of enthusiastic humiliation. And he is always wishing that he were not American, but English. And I wish he were, too.—*Argonaut.*

THE ART OF SKATING.

SINCE the insertion of that popular pastime known as the Festina Lente, there has been a general thirst for information upon the subject of roller skating, which it is the purpose of this treatise to satisfy.

There is no doubt but that the idea of skating occurred to the ancients. Suetonius (*De slipupibus in Iceum, pp.* 240–276) relates how Pompey the Great, stepping once on a banana-skin in front of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, glided with great rapidity down seventeen steps, landing in such a manner as to suggest to his retainers the propriety of carrying him home on a shutter. He then cut a hole in his hat to accommodate the bump of wisdom he had gained by the episode, and wrote upon his mantelpiece the now celebrated treatise on the efficacy of arnica in cases of acute tumble. A century later, we are informed by Pliny, a philosopher of Herculaneum discovered that ice and a sedentary position were perfectly in harmony with the principles of gravitation, as understood in those days.

Sir Isaac Newton was impressed by the falling of an apple from a seventeen-foot limb upon his chin, while lying asleep under his favorite tree, but not until he had determined the velocity with which a pedestrian upon a frozen river will pause and sit down to study vivid constellations, did he arrive at an exact idea of the law which made him immortal.

Certain divines have recently, after trying the invention, decided that the roller-skate is a clear and concise invention of the devil, which must be a forerunner of the day of wrath. Without touching upon the merits of this question, we come to a discussion of the apparatus, as used and misused at the present day.

The roller-skate consists simply of a piece of wood shaped like a casket, and mounted on four wheels like a hearse. It goes "br-r-r-r!" when all is well, and you are pleased. Then it goes "*bzt!*"—and you sit down to admire the scenery.

It is fastened to the foot by two buckles. When you sit down, it is your duty to adjust these buckles with a cheerful countenance, and make believe that it was due to their looseness that you stopped to rest.

Sometimes, before sitting down, you kick out violently at nothing with great rapidity, and the skate says "*Klacketty! slam bang! dum klicketty bang!*

HOW TO DO IT.

WHOOF!!" Then you lie down, and it is a bad case. It is very imprudent for beginners to do the backward or cross-cut roll. Plain movements are more suitable. Those which by their simplicity are best adpated to beginners are the following:

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THE START.

I.—The Start.

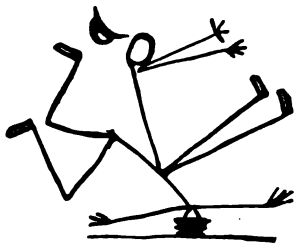
1. Having well oiled and buckled on your skates, grasp the guardrail firmly with the left hand, and totter feebly toward the floor. 2. Glance approvingly at the old and corpulent gentleman trying to pick himself up from the middle of the floor. 3. Let both feet roll suddenly out. 4. Sit down. This evolution is very easy, and is generally acquired the first lesson.

II.—The Plain Fall.

THE PLAIN FALL.

This movement is deservedly popular with those who have not yet mastered the fancy steps.

1. Strike out boldly, as with determination to go a mile in 2:30. When fairly under way, 2, throw up both hands, at the same time cutting a flab dab with the left foot in the rear. 3. Let the body incline rapidly backward until the main portion of the weight is sustained by the back of the head. 4. Lie there until everybody has seen you and laughed.



THE FANCY FALL.

III.—The Fancy Fall.

This requires a partner, but he or she need not be an acquaintance. Choose any one not much more skillful than yourself, and

1. Approach him or her rapidly. 2. Throw out your left foot so as to lock with his or her right. 3. Both claw convulsively at the air and at each other. 4. Sit or lie down. 5. Pile other skaters over you, three deep.

IV.—The Nasal Glide.

THE NASAL GLIDE.

This beautiful movement is easy, and cannot fail to attract attention. It is best performed when going a high rate of speed, and when turning a corner.

1. Let both feet glide suddenly outward in opposite directions. They will soon reach their limit, and then, 2, throw the body rapidly forward, hands and arms well elevated, until the bridge of the nose is firmly in contact with the floor. 3. Skate quickly without changing this position, until friction of the nose diminishes the momentum.

V.—The Sedentary Surprise.

This simple figure always excites pleasurable emotions in those who behold it well done.

1. While conversing with a friend in the middle of the floor, bring both feet suddenly to the level of the head, so that the entire body assumes the shape of a V. 2. Let gravitation get in its fine work, fetching up on the floor with a bump like a bass drum.

THE SEDENTARY SURPRISE

VI.—The Amateur's Smile.

This really difficult feat is one which must be acquired before any of the foregoing evolutions can be successful. Unless a skater smile as he sits or lies down suddenly, there are those who will think or say he did it accidentally. Such is the perversity of human nature. The smile therefore is a necessary safeguard against invidious comment, which no skater should be without. It is considered difficult to smile when the eyes are full of water and the soul full of grief, but practice renders it possible. The best way to acquire the Amateur's smile is to sit down suddenly on an Indian club while it is being swung vigorously by an athlete, and then draw up the corners of the mouth until the proper expression is obtained. A small hand mirror will enable you to see when the exact smile plays upon the mouth. Standing on a railway and letting an express train steal softly over you while you keep the lines of the smile unaltered, is also most excellent practice.

THE AMATEUR'S SMILE.

Altogether, roller skating is a healthful exercise, for, as long as a man is able to skate, he is able to stand anything from a tunnel collision to a dynamite misunderstanding.

ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

'TWAS years and years ago,
When thou, without a thought,
Unto the chamber of my heart didst flee;
And then—dost thou not know?
Art still as yet untaught?
The doors I locked, and threw away the key.

"Look at that doggie with the long nose!" said young Miltiades at the menagerie. "What 's that called?"

"That," replied his mother, "is an ant-eater."

"An ant-eater," he repeated thoughtfully. "Then, I wish they 'd feed him on Uncle Jack's wife, 'cause she did n't give me any birthday present."

Almost everybody has seen a cat nip, but few have heard a lamb poon.

A BILL of lading.—A bill of fare.

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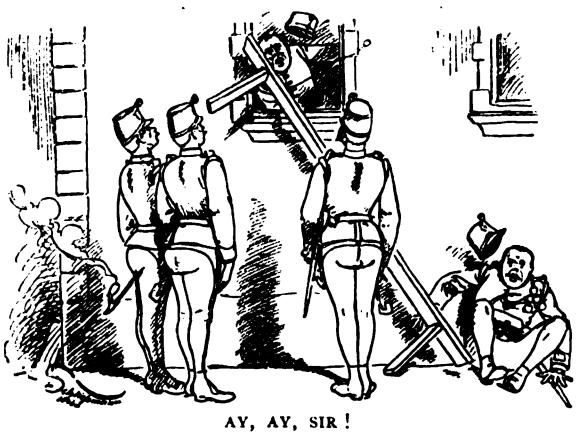
[FROM *Fliegende Blätter.*]

HI! THERE!

ATTENTION!



AY, AY, SIR!

MR. MACVEAGH is not a great man, but he possesses to a delightful extent that tact and good taste for which so many of our politicians are justly famous. In his recent effusion concerning President Arthur, he delivers himself in this wise:

"At the threshold I ought to warn you that while nobody envies Mr. Arthur the great prize, as far beyond his expectations as his deserts, which he drew in the lottery of assassination, yet nobody has forgotten the pregnant fact that Guiteau was the original Arthur man, that he killed President Garfield expressly to make Mr. Arthur President, and that he did make him President by that act for nearly four years."

What could be more subtle or delicate?

A GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

Wall Street News.

THE janitor of the 'Steenth National Bank reports that on going his rounds before closing for the night on Friday last he entered the President's private cell, and found that that gentleman had managed to loosen his bonds—we refer to the iron bonds by which the President was chained to his desk—and had made his escape through the barred window to the floor below, and thence to the street. Fearing lest a general defalcation had been perpetrated, the janitor, an old and respected veteran of the panic of '84, promptly suspended the Bank and rang the fire alarm. Upon the arrival of the engines a pair of four-ply hose were stationed at the front door of the Bank, with a good reserve force of water to nip any anticipated run in the bud. These precautions were well taken, for the news of the President's escape had spread like wild-fire, and in less than an hour the street in front of the building was thronged with anxious depositors. At the sight of the engines and hose, confidence was in a measure restored, and some of the reserve water force having been brought into requisition, the depositors become much cooler A band of Italian emigrants, who were disposed to be riotous, were fired upon by the militia in charge of the hose; and some of them, being hit by the water, were utterly annihilated. The rest fled. This is good for the Bank, as the funds of the dead depositors, by a rule of the Bank, are turned over to the sinking fund.

In the meantime the Directors, who by a recent act of Congress were confined to padded rooms on the top floor of a seventeen-story flat near by, and from whence there are no staircases nor fire-escapes, were brought down by means of scaling ladders, and double lines of policemen having been placed along the route from the flat to the bank, were marched into the counting room. A speedy examination of the bank's assets was had, and as only $10,000,000 in specie was missing, together with $14,000,000 of Governments, no uneasiness was apprehended and a committee of one was appointed to go down to the U. S. Fire-Proof Extra Heavy Bank President Intelligence Office and get a new self-registering President. Unfortunately the demand for this brand has been so great that there were none to be had, but the company loaned a temporary capitalist, the whole of whose body was encased in a burglar-proof safe excepting his head, which came up through the top. He will be kept until the company can furnish a more satisfactory occupant for the position.

LATER.

The President of the 'Steenth National Bank was apprehended this morning in Wall street and was im-

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mediately filed away in a vault at the Safe Deposit Company until he can account for his mysterious actions. Upon his person were found the missing Government bonds, while the $10,000,000 specie was discovered in the lining of his coat which he had left at his broker's.

The ex-President states that he merely went out for a walk and wanted some car-fare, a complex statement which carries *conviction* on the face of it.

His actions have had a very depressing effect on the market, as Presidents were quoted this morning at 71, while this afternoon the stock ran down to 20 and no takers.

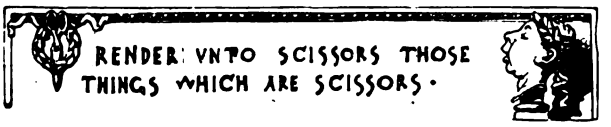
The bank has resumed.

The question now arises: What has the bank resumed? J. K. BANGS.

STILL ANOTHER.

RED-HEAD CHARLEY, the millionaire burglar who has just rendered New York society inconsolable by leaving the city for twenty years on a State appointment, sent a cheque for $10,000 to the New York Asylum for blind watchmen, before taking his departure. Mr. Charley thus adds another name to the honored list of criminal philanthropists.

"HEIGH-HO!" said Mrs. Spriggins, "I see that poor old Mr. Wilkins has died intestate. I allus said high livin' would ruin his innards."



HIS FIRST CIGAR.

THAT little boy was awful sick,
Weknow for we 've been "thar,"
And more than that, his mother quick,
Called in for help his "par."

His "pap" was made of sterner stuff,
'T was years since he was young,
And when the boy cried, "hold! enough!"
The blows the harder stung.

—*Chicago Sun.*

First Cabman—"What did you charge that stranger for driving him around the corner to the hotel?"

Second Cabman—"I charged $4.97."

"4.97? That is a queer figure. Why did n't you make it an even $5?"

"Because $4.97 was all he had."—*Phil. Eve. Call.*

WASHINGTON'S EXAMPLE TO HIS COUNTRY.

"Johnnie," said a girl to her bashful company, as they occupied remote ends of the sofa, the other night, "I see that a lady in New Jersey, 104 years old, boasts of having been kissed by Washington."

"Yes," said Johnnie, "I saw it, too."

"Suppose you were to become a great man like Washington?"

"Well?" said Johnnie.

"And I were to live to be 104 years old?"

"Well?" said Johnnie.

"I could n't say of you what the old lady said of Washington, could I?"

Then he kissed her.—*Chicago Tribune.*

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"In confidence."—Dining-room, Apelles Club: Diner—"Thompson, do the members ask for this wine?" Head waiter (*sotto voce*)—"Not twice, sir!"—*London Punch.*

THE question which agitates the fashionable housewife at present is not so much "Where shall we go this summer?" as it is "Where shall we make the neighbors think we have gone?"—New York *Graphic.*

DAVID Davis says that if he should ever do anything wrong, he would not try to get out of it, but would throw himself on the mercy of the court. If such a thing should happen the court wonld have our sympathy.—*Boston Post.*

"Do we want Mexico?" asks a newspaper correspondent just returned from that section. We do; we do. Several letters which we have read lately from that place state that the girls down there don't know anything about kissing, but are anxious to learn.—*Chicago Sun.*

ODD, WAS N'T IT?

Father: "I never imagined that your studies cost me so much money."

Student: "Yes, and I do n't study much, either."—*Free Press.*

"WHERE is the bar?" asked a gentleman hurriedly, as he registered at a Chicago hotel.

"Just around to the left, sir."

"Where is the bar?" asked another gentleman at the same place a moment later.

"Just around to the left, sir."

"Where is the ba——"

"Just around to the left, sir. By Jove," the clerk continued, "the delegates are beginning to come in."—*Philadelphia Call.*

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"No, my friend," remarked a solemn-visaged individual, when invited to kiss the wine cup, "I drink nothing but water. Water is the best drink ever given to man." "Very true," replied the other, watching the bubbles in his glass; "but is n't it rather selfish for a man always to be wanting the best?"—*Boston Transcript.*

"How do you like the new minister?"

"I don't like him at all," replied the deacon.

"Is it possible? Why I thought he preached a very eloquent sermon."

"That's the trouble, it was too eloquent. I couldn't catch a wink of sleep through the whole of it."—*Phila. Eve. Call.*

He: In what respect does billiards change my usual disposition?

She (naively): Does it change your disposition?

He: Yes; in billiards I never "kiss" when I can help it, whereas ordinarily——

She: You never kiss if anybody else can help it?—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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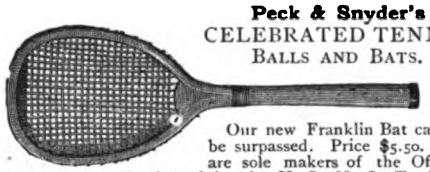

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JUNE 5, 1884. NUMBER 75.
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LIFE

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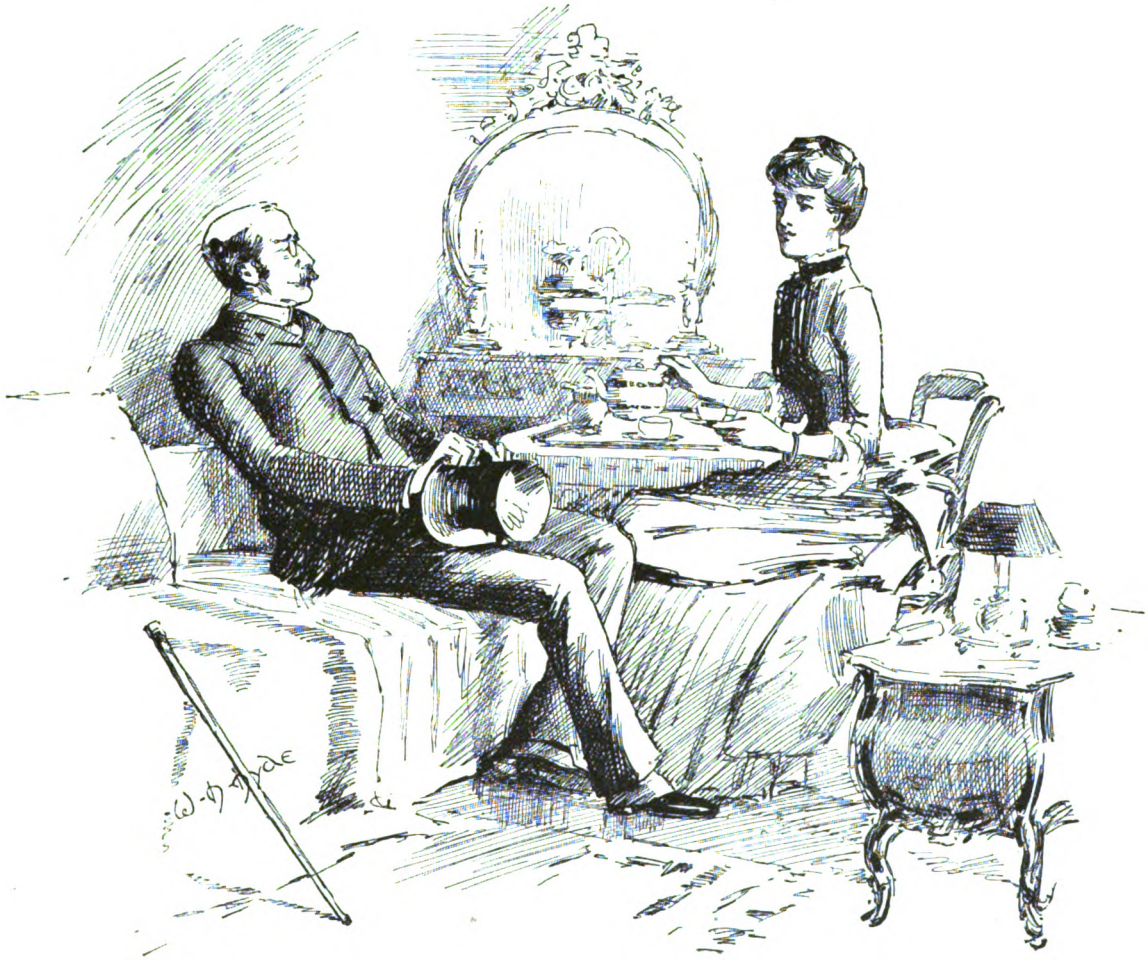

She: Will you join me in a cup of tea, Mr. Simpkins?
Mr. Simpkins: Ah, thank you; but would n't it be rather crowded?

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VOL. III. JUNE 5TH, 1884. NO. 75.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE inhabitants of Oak Creek, which is an umbrageous suburb of that city of bad poets and good beer, Milwaukee, are evidently of a cheerful and frugal mind. One Mr. Horace Baldwin, who was six feet four in his stockings on occasions when he wore them, unexpectedly died on the 25th of May, and left his property to two nephews. Now very certainly a man's last bequeathal is a thing sacred and memorable, and should be carefully guarded, or at least devoted to noble uses. We are confidently told by travellers who visit the fastnesses of Milwaukee, that there are only two legitimate purposes to which money is devoted in that city—to the encouragement of female poets and the consumption of local beer—the quality of the one offsetting the lack of it in the other. What more natural, then, than that the gratified legatees of the deceased Baldwin should determine to do his fortune proud by blowing it in, so to speak, against both good beer and bad verse, as is the custom of natives to that manner born? But herein a difficulty arose. The legacy amounted to $127 and a mule. The mule was undividable property and not very salable, owing to a trick with his heels which had robbed him of the friendship of every one but the local coroner and undertaker, and the $127 was not large as estates are reckoned at present. A serious question presented itself as to the expenses of Mr. Baldwin's funeral, which necessarily had to come out of the $127, since they could not, without serious inconvenience, be eked out of the mule. The undertaker, a grasping and sordid man, wanted $30 for a No. 13 1-2 coffin, which was the late Mr. Baldwin's size. The nephews held a consultation. Thirty dollars meant 600 beers or fifteen volumes of Milwaukee poetry, or 400 beers and 6 volumes of poetry, just as one chose to look at it. On the other hand, a second-hand No. 7 coffin, which the undertaker had left on his hands on account of a misfit at the funeral of a twelve-year-old boy who had blown his head off while emulating the hero of Mr. Peck's book, was to be had at the exceedingly low rate of $8—a saving of 440 beers or 11 volumes of poetry. The nephews therefore purchased the coffin, and, as it was only 5 feet and 1 inch in length, proceeded to insert Mr. Baldwin into it by the simple and cheap method of sawing his legs off and thus trimming him down to the desired length. Whereupon they buried him with becoming honors, and proceeded to drown the grief natural to the occasion in long draughts of the beer and perusals of the long-coveted verse. All this was recently telegraphed to our esteemed contemporary, the *Sun*, and is as proud evidence of the advancing civilization of the West as could reasonably be hoped for after the contest of poets which has so recently devastated her borders.

* * *

THE N. Y. *Sun* prints the following:

1876—RECORD OF HISTORY, 1884.

Living:—Samuel J. Tilden, Thomas A. Hendricks, and the issue of the fraud of 1876.

Dead:—Zach. Chandler, Oliver P. Morton, James A. Garfield, E. W. Stoughton, James E. Anderson, and Eliza Pinkston.

Under a Cloud:—George F. Hoar, George F. Edmunds, Joseph P. Bradley.

Forgotten:—R. B. Hayes, William A. Wheeler.

To this LIFE offers the following amendments:

Left:—Samuel J. Tilden and Thomas A. Hendricks.

Played out:—The Issue of the Fraud of 1876.

Under a Cloud:—The Democratic Party.

Never Forgotten while the Sun Lives:—Rutherford B. Hayes.

Dead:—Well, we leave it to papers of the *Sun* stamp to malign those who cannot defend themselves.

* * *

"I NOTICE my good friend DANA remarks in his quiet editorial way that HENRY B. PAYNE is looming up grandly as my successor. I am real glad to hear it. I did n't know before that I had anything to succeed to."—*S. Y. T.*—"N. B.—I still have the bar'l."

* * *

OUR clergymen are evidently waking up to the fact that it is leap year. Following is a personal from the religious columns of our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald:*

"CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, 34TH STREET, PARK AVE. Rev. Robert Collyer, pastor, will preach, morning, 11. Subject: 'Wanted—A Man.'"

* * *

WE sincerely hope that Gen. Grant's third term will not be spent in—but, pshaw! That is too absurd.

* * *

A CONGREGATION of Middlesex was dreadfully shocked last Sunday at seeing the oldest deacon, who had been sitting in the clover-patch in front of the church, begin to throw back somersaults, and go through a most violent series of gymnastics. The sympathy was general when it was known that the first bumble-bee of the season had mistaken the leg of the good man's trousers for its nest.

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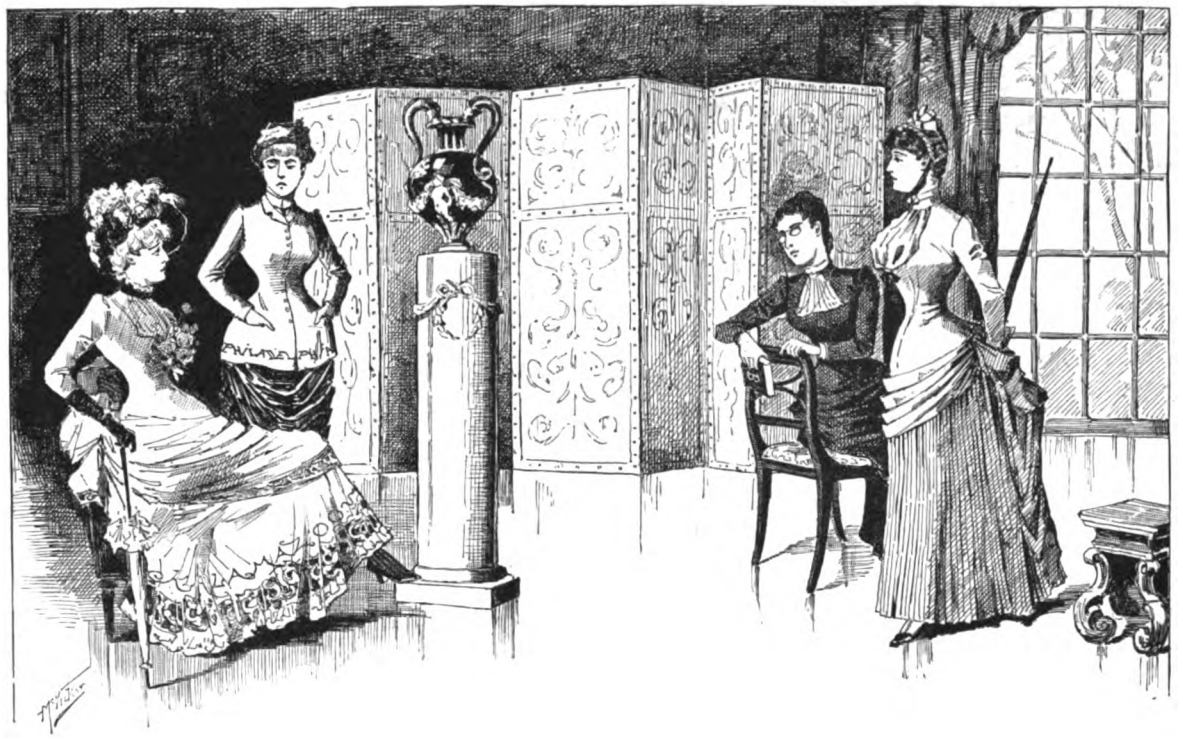

THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

* * * * * * *

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who, blushing said: "What a lovely vase."

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'T is, indeed, a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the house of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grandpapas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

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BOOKISHNESS

BLAINE'S BOOK.

THE first volume of Mr. Blaine's long-looked-for and much-talked-about book has at last been issued, and the expectant world is temporarily satisfied. The panicky feeling has subsided and we have not yet been plunged in a foreign war. LIFE can *hardly* be called a "Blaine organ," and, as some of our readers may have surmised, we are not an especial admirer of him as a politician, but, nevertheless, as a writer he will receive from us the ready recognition of merit which his work really deserves. Newspaper interviewers have of late given us the impression that the Senator from Maine was expending a great deal of time on his book, but we are not disappointed in the result. The volume bears evidence of most conscientious labor and diligent research, while the author's intimate knowledge of the motives which led to the historical events recorded by him, lends to his narrative a peculiar interest.

The title—"Twenty Years of Congress"—is descriptive, and suggests a sequel which would doubtless be called "Four Years of the White House;" however, we are not notified that this is yet in press. The scope of the complete work will be from the administration of Lincoln to that of Garfield, and the first volume contains a review of the events which led to the political revolution of 1860, and the first chapters of the political history of the war.

Mr. Blaine omits the "dedication" and his work is unprefaced. He treats his subject in a comprehensive and interesting manner, and his arrangement is methodical and chronologically accurate. While most of the histories of the war that have been given to us have been military histories, in the present work are chronicled the social, financial and political incidents which necessitated or followed the actual campaigns. Few were in better positions to learn the "inside" affairs of the Government than the author, and his narrative, written in retrospect, is far more thoughtful and impartial than would have been the case had it been written in the form of a journal. He has aimed to handle his material in a popular way and has not been unsuccessful.

Those who expected to find on his pages about seventy-five capital I s to the square inch are mistaken, although Mr. Blaine honors himself with an engraved portrait as a frontispiece, and allows Lincoln alone to share with him the privilege of a full page picture. Other less famous men, such as Stephen A. Douglas, Charles Sumner, John Sherman, and the like, are given small vignettes and crammed together seven on a page. Of course, this is as it should be—the man with the largest reputation should have the biggest portrait. We can only be thankful that the Honorable James G. did not have his own likeness made life-size and bound between the leaves on a folding-sheet like a map.

The statistical appendices form a valuable addition to the book from the fact of their conciseness. They are fifteen in number and all are well chosen.

If "Twenty Years of Congress," was written for campaign purposes, the first volume does not betray it—at any rate it is well that the author is ambitious, for the book is worthy of its existence. It, however, is a strong argument against Mr. Blaine's nomination, for a man is rarely successful at more than one thing, and it would be unfortunate to spoil a good historian in order to create a poor president.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Three Villages. By W. D. Howells. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

A Midsummer Madness. By Ellen Olney Kirk. James R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

What is to be done! A handbook for the nursery. By Robert B. Nixon, M.D. Lee & Shepherd, Boston; Charles T. Dillingham, New York.

The Son of Monte-Christo. Sequel to the wife of Monte-Christo T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

The Olla Podrida, Vol. XXVI. Published by the Junior class, Wesleyan University. Press of Peter & King, Middletown, Conn.

"DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN?"

"I'M him what folks call Logan;
I'm workin' up a boom!
Perhaps you think they ain't none here
And that it's in the tomb.
With tuneful tones the air I rend
From evenin' until dawn.
My boom is big; 't aint got no end.
I've got it—in a horn.
I've worked this boomlet up myself,
The treasure of my life!
And now—toot-toot—I run the thing
To suit —— Great Scott! My wife!
I must be walkin'!
She does the talkin'."

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VOUS N' AVEZ PAS LE SOU.

I FAIN would buy me flowers fair,
To weave within her sunny hair,
Enhancing thus her beauty rare,
While proving service true—
These words before me sullen stare :
Vous n' avez pas le sou !

When wishes in her eyes appear
I would obey their message clear ;
For am I not her cavalier,
Fast sworn her will to do ?
Dame Fortune answers with a leer :
Vous n' avez pas le sou !

Such hopeless homage as I pay,
My glances fond, my sallies gay,
Are all but trifles of a day,
And nothing may accrue—
For at the last I can but say :
Ah ! Je n' ai pas le sou !

—R. E. B.

ART CRITICISM.

First Critic—"Yes, Pennsylles is a good enough artist, but his figures are not pronounced."

Second Critic—"Well, you know he always had trouble with his palate."

ALAS ! too often is a lover's adoration mere lip worship.

"Lord Randolph Churchill's *breeches* of discipline." (Heading of London letter in Sunday *Tribune*.)

Does this refer to some new substitute for the straight jacket ?

YE BANKS AND BREAKS.

First Bank Breaker : SAY, D' YER KNOW WHERE THERE 'S A SOUND BANK ?

Second Broke Banker : YUS.

First Bank Breaker : WHERE IS IT ?

Second Broke Banker : AIN'T A GIVIN' OF IT AWAY 'S MORNING.

First Bank Breaker : 'CAUSE WHY ?

Second Broke Banker : S-E-C-R-E T.

BOOMLETS.

THE general opinion now seems to be that Wayne MacVeagh's boom was a boomerang.

* * *

THE difference between the Tilden of '76 and the Tilden of to-day is that the former was weighed and found wanting while the latter according to the latest bulletins is wanted and found waiting.

* * *

FLOWER ! What a name for a candidate. How gloriously could the paragrapher revel in such an one with remarks concerning a "boom nipped in the bud ;" or a "Well-bread President," with a running discourse upon his strength with the yeast-ern part of the country. The Democratic Party would confer a priceless boon upon poor and needy journalists by nominating Rose Well Pea Flower on the first ballot.

* * *

"I JUST want the Republican Party to understand that if they do n't nominate me this time they 'll never get another chance."—*J. G. Blaine.*

THANKS ! Small favors thankfully received. Larger ones in proportion.—*Butler to the Anti-Monopolists.*

* * *

EVERY cloud has its silver lining. Peele slipped up on getting into Congress while his opponent, English, got in. A little more English won't hurt our noble orators of the House of Representatives, and the retaliatory spirit in the breast of every true man who has accidentally trodden upon the exterior of a banana with the usual results causes universal rejoicing when the news goes forth that a Peele has slipped up and fallen on himself.

* * *

DID any one hear anything drop ? It seems to me that some of my boom is missing.—*J. G. Blaine.*

* * *

HOW would it do to nominate Arthur for President with Blaine as Vice-President, and let them fight it out between themselves as to who should run the country ? Arthur has shown that he has good Presidential stuff in him while Blaine's career in the past eminently qualifies him for the position of Vice !

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MR. Butler has just been house-cleaning. It is said that when he was putting his booms in order he cleared away some old *debris* for his new boom with the song: "Benny, Make Room for Your Anti."

* * *

"YES, we 've swung out for Tilden. You might say that I always was partial to crow. My favorite game."—*John Kelly.*

* * *

DO the men who support Blaine's candidacy reflect that two-thirds of his initials are exactly the same as Jay Gould's? Ha! You shudder.

Never thought of it before perhaps!

Beware! ! !

* * *

MR. JAMES BUCKEYE, of Kansas City, while on a convivial visit to Waco, Texas, recently, undertook to amuse himself by that frontier pastime known as painting the town red. Four days later his widow received his remains, neatly boxed and labeled as follows:

"RITE SIDE UP, WITH KARE this certifies that diseased was full ez a tick with Waco jooce, w'ich not bein' accustom to spiled his ame ez DUKE WILLIAMS got the drop on him Age 44 years Of such are the Kingdum Kolect on dilevry. SAM W. PERKINS, "*Koroner.*"

RETRIBUTION for Mr. Billy Edwards is near at hand. Mr. Sullivan is announced to hold a grand festival at the Madison Square Garden in honor of Mr. Mitchell late in this month. One whole week will be devoted to preliminary skirmishes, the champion appearing on each occasion, and the closing performance will terminate with a friendly bout on scientific points between the champions. We New Yorkers are indeed fortunate!

THE complete success of the American Lacrosse team in England is gratifying. A few more repetitions of this kind will doubtless convince our English cousins that after all we have a little sport in our veins.

IN less than a month Harvard and Yale will again meet in their annual contest at New London. Yale's regeneration of the English stroke is said to be doing much for her. Should Ben. Butler, however, again steer the Harvard crew Yale's chances are *nil.*

THE result of the Derby in a dead heat between Harvester and St. Gatien was not altogether satisfactory. Where was the spirit that was possessed of their grandfathers when, in 1828, the Duke of Rutland's Cadland ran a dead heat with Mr. Petre's The Colonel, afterward beating the Colonel in a deciding heat? The stakes were divided.

FILE NO. 41144.

A Tale in French and English, the former by M. Jaboriau; the latter by a young American Author of some note.

PART II.

Forty Years Behind.

THE Notre Dame bell had given forth the peals of the half-day. In the Café Morgue, immediately the round of the corner, two men had sat himself in front of a bar and one half-john of cognac.

"One more drunk, M'sieu?" was asked by the one of whom there was a tallness.

"*Ce n'est rien a moi, et vous?*" was the respond of the companion, a short.

At this converse the half-john was inverted and the short and the tall, sipped the whole at one sparrow.*

"This thread M'sieu, of to what will be made the ending?"

"*Bien,*" was the replying to the short, "the Duc de Chize perhap is of the innocent. The Marquis de Strédogue perhap is also of the innocent, and mayhap altogether of the rest of the same crime convicted may be of the innocent."

"How many of this crime M'sieu have there been that they were guilt?"

"Three for this kill have hung of the neck. Five have until to now been jailed. Seven of these also to now have been there to their die. *Un autre* half-john?"

"*Oui!*"

The garçon at this moment was brought to himself by a pop to the fingers, and the half-john was prompt of repetition.

"*Ah! Comme il est bon, ce cognac,* M'sieu," was the say of the Tall, as he gave himself a sparrow of some length.

"*Quand vous avez fini, mon ami,* I will make you a present of my verdiction on the excellence."

"Pardon! I had lost rememberance of you."

"Natural! One drowns recollection of a confrere when one has the half-john to himself. To promenade with the memoir. I think I may yet have for my eye the glory of to see the real man of guilt. See," removing a volume of notes from the vest and making apparent the lettering.

MIL—KE-EER VG-LS.

"The chin to the kill had upon him a hairy redness, and the letters there too were imprint. One hair from the redness had gone! *Voyez? Bien!* At the Exposition Universelle, it was to me to regard the exhibit Amerique. One barrel was under my notice. I had thirst, and there too was the bung. What! Then what did I see? Ah M'sieu the letters fired in the barrel,

'MILWAUKEE BEER,
V GALS.'

* Note by the American Author; M. Jaboriau is ornithologically mixed. He refers to the "Gulp" or "Swallow."

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Said I, '*Singulaire! Tres familiaire!* where was it heretofore to be seen by me?' Then of a hurry was to me the remembrance of the Cadaverous and his lettering. I compare. 'Ha' was my ejaculation to me. 'The same were they as themselves.' I hunt for the clue and what! To find him, then, was it to be my work. I had ears that in Amerique was living a noble family to whom these letterings was motto. I go to Amerique. I fox them out by the small degree and *finalement*, what had the discovery."

"THE TALL AT THIS MOMENT WAS OBSERVED TO PALE.'

Here the speak stopped himself until there was a haul at the half-john. He then promenaded thus:

"There was the discovery to a iron bar for the heat carrying the letterings for burning on the barrel—"

The Tall at this moment was observed to pale.

"The iron had upon him—what! *Regardez*, M'sieu! The hair! The hair was of redness. To find the man of ownership to the iron! What do I do? My form was disguised. As a barrel. Then I attend. The man to whom was the ownership came to me—as barrel, he fill me up with some beer. 'Ah,' say he, as he into me pours, 'what extra large must have been this kag! He hold more than of five *galons*.' There! Voyez! He was not known that the barrel was M. Le Boq—"

At the naming the Tall gives himself a leap of nervousness.

"*Du cognac?*"

"*Non!*"

"Ah, *M'sieu do Cognac! Mais*, that we walk on in the history. The man to whom was the iron burned me with motto and was gone to New York. To thither he was followed. Having covered me with a yellowness, and by a pair of the rolling-skates I was disguised to him as the cab for the little money. He took the ferry for London. I was making myself his steamer-chair by the name of him painted upon my back and by the being not there when he demanded me. From the London to the Paris he is come. And——"

"*Oui! Oui! Allez vous en.* Et?" gave out the voice of Tall with shriek.

"And you are the bird of my net, which has been caught! The proofs for you have strongness!"

"*Mais, Monsieur*, you of me are not wholly to be acquainted. You do not know me whom I am!"

"What! Whom then have you to be?"

"*I am the cadaverous himself.*"

"*Non, c'est impossible.* You?" wept the aghast Le Boq.

"Aye! I!" was the response to him. "I am the cadaverous of the Rue Twobeer of the killness to whom is the confinement of Henri Roquefort, Duc de Chize, and the muchness more of no guilt. *Voyez!*" elevating to him his hairy redness of chin.

There to be seen were the letters of fate!

"Not dead then have you been at all?" gasps Le Boq.

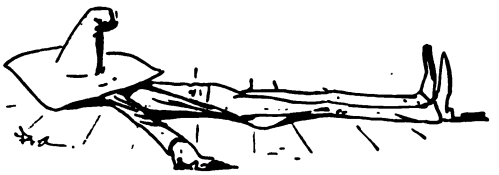
"*Oui*, M'sieu Le Boq. *Ja'i mort!* I was to myself the suicide!"

At this proclamation M. Le Boq felled himself dead of the remorse.

The Tall then evacuated afresh the half-john.

He spoke thus:

"File No. 41144 is of the avenged. *Le Cognac vous pouvez* put *sur la* slate!"



"M. LE BOQ FELLED HIMSELF DEAD OF THE REMORSE."

There was the noise as of a base-drum.

The street gave himself a quake.

A cloud upon the Café descended.

When the cloud had rolled himself by the tall had absented.

So had all the silverware in the establishment.

J. K. BANGS.

A DEATH invocation—Di-o Lewis.

BANK IS BUSTED, PREXY'S GONE.

THE bank is bust—
In God we trust;
Farewell, my own, to thee.
On foreign trip,
I now must skip;
The cops are on to me.

WHEN General B. F. Butler was a young man, two girls, dwelling in the same boarding house, were simultaneously in love with him. Both ladies were sitting in the parlor one evening and Ben was making violent love to one of them, much to the chagrin of the other, who suddenly flounced to the piano, and sang "Rock of Ages" at the top of her voice, laying particular stress on the line,

"Simply to thy cross-eye cling."

THREE things in which the most impecunious women indulge themselves without stint—Bonnets, foreign missions, and patent medicines.

Nec id clam—A "half-shell."

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WHERE *IS I*

AND BY CHANCE A CERTAIN PROTECTIONIST WAS GOING DOW
SIDE. AND IN LIKE MANNER A RANDALLITE ALSO, WHEN HE CAM

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IE SAMARITAN?

THAT WAY, AND WHEN HE SAW HIM HE PASSED BY ON THE OTHER
TO THE PLACE, AND SAW HIM, PASSED BY ON THE PROTECTION SIDE.
Devised Version.

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SKETCH OF THE NATURAL BRIDGE,

MADE BY THE HON. JAS. G. BLAINE DURING HIS RECENT VISIT.

ODE TO SPRING.

THOU art to me so dear.
(I think this line is Poe's,
But never mind, it goes.)
Thou art to me so dear!
(So is thy lamb
At fi:ty cents a pound.)
Thou art so sweetly green,
(I likewise am—
I bought a summer ram
For vernal mutton and forthwith found
The truth of goody Whittier's "Might have been.")

TARIFF Bill—Bill Morrison.
NAVAL Bill—Bill Chandler.

THE "drop" of oil is not calculated to smooth the troubled waters of finance.

CORNETTI HORNBLOWER—No, a trombone player cannot be called professor. He is only a tutor.

A ROULETTE WORKS BOTH WAYS.

"I HAVE noticed these peculiar hieroglyphics," said a lecturer on the Shopira manuscripts, "as far as I have read, and even on the middle column—"

"Red and even, on the middle column?" shouted a suddenly awakened member of his audience, "Then pay me eight chips!"

PARAGRAPHS A LA MODE.

BANKING synonym—No cashier—no cash here.

CAPITAL crime—Defalcation.

LUDLOW STREET—No; he is not a Ward in Chancery.

A TOPIC of passing interest—Erie second consolidated.

THE Penn Bank has suspended again. His nibbs the President is worse.

MR. E. C. BURT, the eminent shoemaker, is dead. He could not re-soul himself.

A PROMINENT member of the Erie Railroad Investigating Committee, which decided to withhold the July dividend, rejoices in the name of R. Suydam Grant. Many prefer to say D—n Ward.

WALL STREET comfort—The other fellow's losses.

CRUSHED strawberry and elephant's ear must give way as popular colors. Cheap cab ochre is now on the ascendent.

PRESIDENT MOORE, of the West Side Bank, gets off this unconscious sarcasm, in speaking of the defaulting teller, Hinckley: "He had our entire confidence. He was not a church member, so far as I know."

"THERE, Spriggins," said Mrs. S. to the light of her life, "read that!" pointing to the following paragraph in the *Tribune*:

"'A crematory will undoubtedly be built very shortly within a few miles of Philadelphia. There is a new organization for the purpose, which includes a number of prominent citizens, and there will be a regular stock company.'

"If some of you magnets would start one of them things right here, we'd get more milk and less water!"

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IN AID OF THE SOCIETY FOR

DISTRESSED POLITICIANS.

EXHIBITION (CHICAGO) BUILDING.

THREE WEEKS' PERFORMANCE. BEGINNING JUNE 3, 1884.

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2. BALLAD—"Last Farewell" . . . . . MR. C. A. ARTHUR.
3. SONG—"Pretty as my Picture" . . . . . MR. W. S. HOLMAN.
4. PASTORAL—"Do not Wake Me, Let Me Slumber" MR. R. B. HAYES.
5. ROMANZA—"My Wife and I" . . . . . MR. J. A. LOGAN.
6. MELODY—"The Old Home Ain't What it Used to Be" MR. U. S. GRANT.
7. DUET—"We Sat by Salt River, You and I" MESSRS. TILDEN & HANCOCK.

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RHYTHMICAL REBUS AND CANTATORIAL CONUNDRUM (on sale in the lobby) MUSICALLY PRESENTED TO THE AUDIENCE BY MR. B. F. BUTLER;

Air—The well-known Bar—Carol.

——"A BOOM, BEN? AH! D—N!!!"——

FOLLOWED BY

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RECITATION BY MR. JAMES G. BLAINE.

Johnson's "Vanity of Human Wishes."

"Let observation with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru."

AT ITS CLOSE

☞ MR. BLAINE MAKING HIS GRAND POLITICAL TUMBLE. ☜

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THE STANDARD

——§* O[I]LIO; *§——

OR,

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R. **THE RIVAL R's.** R.

ROBESON AND **ROACH.**

IN THEIR (K)NAVAL SKETCH.

Introducing the Latter in his Pathetic Ballad—"When Age *Steals* On."

Ulysses. **FOR WARD MARCH!** Ferdinand.

WILL PRESENT THEIR EVANESCENT ENTERTAINMENT,

THE FINANCIAL CHROESI;

OR,

PAN-IC AND OLD NICK.

During this Entr' Acte, the two sweet lyrics will be rendered:

"I KNOW A BANK" . . . . . ULYSSES.
"I'LL MEET YOU AT THE BARS" . . . . . FERDINAND.

NEXT!!

THE SHERMAN BROTHERS,

WILLIAM & JOHN

THE FORMER REPEATING HIS GREAT HIT IN THE TOUCHING ARIA,

"TAKE, OH, TAKE THOSE LIPS AWAY."

THE LATTER RENEWING HIS OLD-TIME SUCCESS IN

HOOD'S "SONG OF THE [BLOODY] SHIRT."

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IN THEIR EX-QUISITE EX-TRAVAGANZA.

RURAL RETIREMENT.

In which Mr. Hayes will sing [at reduced rates for the round trip], PATTI'S FAVORITE FUGUE—"THE LAST ROWS OF SUMMER."

THE PERFORMANCE TO CONCLUDE WITH

THE

REALISTIC RAGOUT,

ENTITLED,

CONVENTION CASUALTIES,

OR,

Death on the Dark Horse.

BY

MESSRS. LINCOLN, CARLISLE, HAWLEY, MORRISON, LOGAN, RANDALL, HARRISON, BAYARD, ETC., ETC.

The management beg to state that no expense has been spared, and they venture to hope that so deserving an object will be supported generously by the public.

WE read in a daily paper that at one of the diplomatic dinners, "General Sheridan sat on President Arthur's right hand." We are in doubt as to whether this is a specimen of journalistic mendacity, or whether the Washington air has caused an enlargement of that useful member. Chester's hands never were small, but as for General Sheridan's sitting on either of them! —we paws.

MR. EDMUNDS' VIEWS ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

BY OUR SPECIAL CANDIDATE REPORTER.

OUR correspondent has been quite ill from an attack of malaria brought on by contemplation of the country with Mr. Blaine as President. He promises, however, never to do so any more, a promise which seems likely to be kept, so far below par is the stock in the Blaine boom at this writing.

As Mr. Edmunds looms into prominence the public naturally desires to know more about him than the present limited facilities will permit, and your correspondent ventured to call upon him and obtain that insight into his private life which has heretofore been restricted to Mr. Wm. Walter Phelps, Mr. James G. Blaine and the favored reportorial staff of a New York Democratic Daily which gives Mr. Edmunds' canvass untold aid by opposing him.

The gentleman was found in his vice-presidential chambers trying on a new bell-topped halo which had been presented to him by the lobby as the most virtuous man the world had ever known, not even excepting Mrs. Hayes' husband. The room was tastefully decorated with appropriate Scriptural texts, and here and there were to be seen little emblems of virtue and truth which the eminent gentleman from Vermont has received from various Christian Associations. On the walls were hung portraits of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John, appropriately grouped about Mr. Edmunds himself, who, as the central figure, shone out pre-eminently.

He bowed stiffly to me when I entered and excusing himself for a moment left the room by a back door the key of which he kept hanging on his watch chain. Presently he returned, smacking his lips in a very unmistakable fashion. I suggested to him that I occasionally indulged behind the bar, but he said that his conscience would afflict him if he put wine before such a promising youth as I. Consequently, Mr. Editor, the interview was dry.

"Mr. Edmunds," said I, "what do you think of the political outlook?"

"Well," he replied, "that depends upon where you stand

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when you look out. If I was a Democrat—but then I 'm too holy for that, so we won't take any such hypothesis. I, of course, have my opinions on the subject of politics, but really as I-ahem-expect so little from it that I have n't paid much attention to the subject. From what my friend Blaine writes me I hardly think there is much doubt that if the Republicans nominate the right man they will run the Bank for the next four years. Arthur seems to think about the same, and Logan, as far as I can understand his exceedingly broken English, gives me to understand that his wife is hopeful."

"Whom do you consider the right man?"

"Now, sir, you come to the part that stumps Mrs. Logan, Blaine and myself in the worst way. We've met half a dozen times and have never been able to agree. To be sure Mrs. Logan being of the fair sex, Jim and I only get in an occasional word and that endwise. Mrs. Logan's candidate, whom she calls Jack, has all the qualifications. He 's a dark horse in every sense of the word; has a bar'l; his personal appearance would poll a large cow-boy vote; he 's got about as much idea of the English language as the average voter in the country, and will only be too glad of the chance to board and lodge at the White House and cut $50,000 worth of coupons every year.

"In addition, this gentleman, according to Mrs. L., has a wife who has much personal magnetism, and who, if Mrs. L. is to be believed, can talk like chain lightning, putting more grammar in a single word than her husband could get in the Congressional Record in four weeks.

"Jim and I invariably looked in at a little place around the corner and had 'lookin' at each other' after these conferences.

"Jim says he has a man in his mind who will make the country hum.

"Now I feel just the same way about it, but I swore I would n't tell who it was until Jim gave his man away.

"H-m. Young man you do n't happen to have any-er-a-well, excuse me for a moment, please."

Mr. Edmunds here went out again by the same back door, and I then noticed that the carpet was very badly worn away in a straight line from the Senator's desk to the door, and when I mentioned the fact to him he replied that all his visitors called at the rear door and that he spent most of his day going out to see a man. The Senator shows the effects of this constant hard labor which devolves upon him, and for this reason alone has declined all offers of advancement from the Prohibitionists who wish to use his name—probably for an example.

As it grew late I withdrew about this time. He accompanied me to the gate and as we passed some flower beds I noticed the flowers perceptibly droop, and when I finally left the Vermont Senator I noticed for the first time that I was nearly frozen.

Mr. Edmunds is not of a comfortable temperament.

He registers about zero—a few degrees above the level of his presidential chances as measured upon the thermometer of popular favor—excepting college-men, of course.

I forgot to mention the fact that I asked Mr. Edmunds:

"Would you accept the presidency yourself?"

"Well, you may say if you wish that I would n't get up at six in the morning to get it, but if it was brought me on a plate with all charges prepaid, I might accept."

Mr. Edmunds may be a good man, but he 'd be a poor candidate in a hot fight.

CARLYLE SMITH.

AN EPISODE.

From *Fliegende Blätter.*

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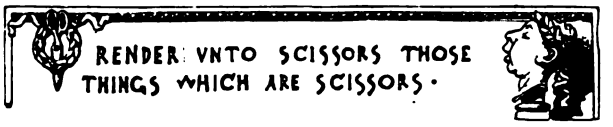
A SANDWICH—An African belle.

DISSOLVING views—those of the uninstructed delegate when the political managers get hold of him.



WALL STREET, 1884.

"COBWEBS for little flies are spread,
And laws for little folks are made,
But if an insect of *renown*,
Hornet or beetle, wasp or drone,
Be caught in quest of sport or plunder
The flimsy fetters fly asunder."—*N. Y. World.*

A PARIS young lady, who is engaged to a gambler, calls him her beau high-deal.—*Paris Beacon.*

THE United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England, and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of Doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?—*Boston Transcript.*

ONE OF ARTEMUS'S BEST.

OF the countless good stories attributed to Artemus Ward, the best one, perhaps, is one which tells of the advice which he gave to a Southern railroad conductor soon after the war. The road was in a wretched condition, and the trains, consequently, were run at a phenomenally low rate of speed. When the conductor was punching his ticket, Artemus remarked:

"Does this railroad company allow passengers to give it advice, if they do so in a respectful manner?"

The conductor replied in gruff tones that he guessed so.

"Well," Artemus went on, "it occurred to me that it would be well to detach the cowcatcher from the front of the engine and hitch it to the rear of the train, for you see we are not liable to overtake a cow, but what's to prevent a cow from strolling into this car and biting a passenger?"—*N. Y. Herald.*

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Broadway & 19th st.

IT is said that Japanese women have never seen and do not know the use of pins. A Japanese young man must feel comparatively safe in sitting on the same sofa with the young lady in that country.—*Boston Post.*

"HAVE you planted anything yet, Johnnie?"

"Yessur!"

"What have you planted, Johnnie?"

"Couple o' dead cats and a few spring chickens that died of the pip; but if the cats had lived a little longer, they 'd saved me the trouble o' plantin' the chickens."—*Yonkers Gazette.*

"OH, we 'll be so happy when we marry, won't we, Robert?"

"Yes, dearest."

"And we 'll have a nice cottage, and we 'll take mamma along to live with us, and——"

"Hold on, Sis; if you 're going to take your mother along, we must have two cottages."—*Kentucky State Journal.*

SENDING HIS REGARDS.

"How long do you expect to be in New York?" asked Jones, as Smith was about to take the train.

"Only a few days. This is a pleasure trip, you know, and I can 't keep it up very long."

"No, pleasure trips cost a good deal of money. By-the-way, you will probably see Jenkins. Just remember me to him."

"Jenkins!" exclaimed Smith. "Why, Jenkins has been arrested, and is now in jail there."

"Yes; I heard about it. You will doubtless meet him. Just give him my regards, please."—*Phila. Call.*

If you have Toothache, Headache or Neuralgia, get McGraw's Electric Fluid. It will drive it away. C. N. Crittenton, Wholesale Agent, New York.

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FRED GRANT says his father needs $1,000,000 to set him straight again. All right. Have patience. The Ithaca *Journal* is hard at work, and has already raised $3.—*Philadelphia Call.*

FASHIONABLE society has now a smelling bottle craze. The vinaigrettes are gold mounted, set with jewels, and cost from $40 to $100 apiece. It is needless to add that in high life fainting has been revived with all the old-time abandon.—*Lowell Citizen.*

HE was a Chinaman, and his name was Hong Kee. He was on a tear.

"Me bustee town wide open, alle samee Melican man!" he cried.

There was silence, and they allowed him the right of way of the streets.

"Balkeepee, setemup dlinks. Alle samee Melican man." It was done.

"Balkeepee, chargee up. Alle samee Melican man." And he was bounced. The Chinese must go.—*Denver Opinion.*

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Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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KNOCKING OUT MATCH BETWEEN "JUSTICE," BETTER KNOWN AS THE "BLIND SLUGGER," AND PREX THE BUSTER, ALIAS "CASHIER THE CRIBBER."

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VOL. III. JUNE 12TH, 1884. NO. 76.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

RED Dog, Arizona, is a town which boasts of frontier saloons, a graveyard, a justice of the peace, nine Egyptian or Pharaoh banks, and a hotel. There was once a church, but the Rev. Mr. Silas Brown, who ran it, incautiously undertook one day to hold four aces against the Justice of the Peace, while that gentleman was somewhat overheated, and as a result of his rashness, was made a real estate owner under the weeping willow in the lot adjoining. His flock was scattered, and the scene of his labors drifted gradually into decay and contempt and finally passed under the sheriff's hammer and became a barn.

Four weeks ago Mr. Elisha Perkins, a celebrated revivalist of Peoria, Illinois, was delegated by the Conference to evangelize Arizona, and selected Red Dog as the initial point of his campaign. His coming was the signal for bonfires and other exuberant tokens of border enthusiasm; the Justice of the Peace had a speech written and only failed to deliver it because it was found impossible to prop him up when the hour came; the local band was uproariously seranadeful, and when the Rev. Mr. Perkins disheveled himself for the night, he had reason, indeed, to feel certain that the cohorts of Satan were in wild dismay. Now, it so happened that the only mention of Mr. Perkins on the dodgers which profusely announced his coming to Red Dog, was the single line:

"PERKINS, REVIVALIST."

There were no dictionaries in Red Dog; the hotel-keeper thought that revival meant either a prize-fight or a species of circus; the doctor was impressed with recollections that it signified a scheme run somewhat on the principle of a lottery; and the justice of the peace was convinced it was a renaissance of cock-fighting, of which sanguinary sport he was particularly fond. The adherents of each theory wrangled until the midnight was far gone, and then retired with their boots on to wait the issue. When the Rev. Mr. Perkins met the assembled company in the hotel dining-room next morning, he was somewhat surprised to be greeted with three vigorous cheers, and to behold a twenty-four foot ring with liberal sawdust pitched in the centre of the room, while in one corner were sponges, vinegar and coops containing the justice's gamest poultry. On the wall the doctor had arranged a blackboard, to be in readiness for the lottery, and along one end of the room ran a temporary bar, so arranged that the guests might be supplied without taking their eyes off the entertainment, whatever it might be.

Somewhat startled by his lusty reception, and certainly at a loss to understand the elaborate preparations which had been going forward, the Rev. Mr. PERKINS took his position in the centre of the ring, and, amid breathless silence and expectation, gave out the opening hymn.

It was met with open-mouthed wonder and silence, save from one of the coops in the corner, where one of the justice's pets shrilled a vigorous defiance.

"Thet 's him," said the justice, hoarsely; "wip'd BILL TWIGGSES brown yisterd'y, colder 'n p'ison."

The Rev. Mr. PERKINS gave out another verse. Then the doctor leaned over the ropes.

"There 's four tenderfoots yar," he whispered. "Spread the lay-out, 'n clean 'em."

"Dearly beloved brethren," faltered the Rev. Mr. PERKINS.

"Kin ye knock out JIM BAGGS?" queried the hotel-keeper.

"I fear there has been some mistake here, my good friends," began the Rev. Mr. PERKINS, the cold beads of anxiety standing out on his brow.

Mr. JIM BAGGS leaped into the ring. He had but one eye, but the badness of it could have been divided with propriety.

"Put up your dukes," he said. Then he led out with his left. The Rev. Mr. PERKINS contemplated the ceiling. When thirty seconds had passed, the justice called time. The Rev. Mr. PERKINS was still suffering, and did not rise.

"Gimme the stakes," said Mr. BAGGS. The hotel-keeper passed over $67.50, which had been thoughtfully collected at the door. Then Mr. BAGGS went through the convivial ceremony known as setting them up, and departed.

Half an hour later the Rev. Mr. PERKINS arose, and had a long and confidential talk with the hotel-keeper.

Last Sunday he again addressed the conference in Peoria.

* * *

OUR esteemed brindle contemporary the *Telegram*, says that Mr. Booth, the actor, is going to take up his residence for the summer near Purgatory. There is only one place near Purgatory, but it is not generally known as a summer resort. Our contemporary can ill afford to be ambiguous in such a case, and as Mr. Booth has many warm friends both in this country and Europe, we feel that an explanation would not be out of place.

* * *

THAT howl for Blaine seemed to be settling down into a sort of Peruvian bark.

* * *

IT is reported that the next Arctic expedition will be entirely composed of those who have become acclimated while working the boom for Mr. EDMUNDS.

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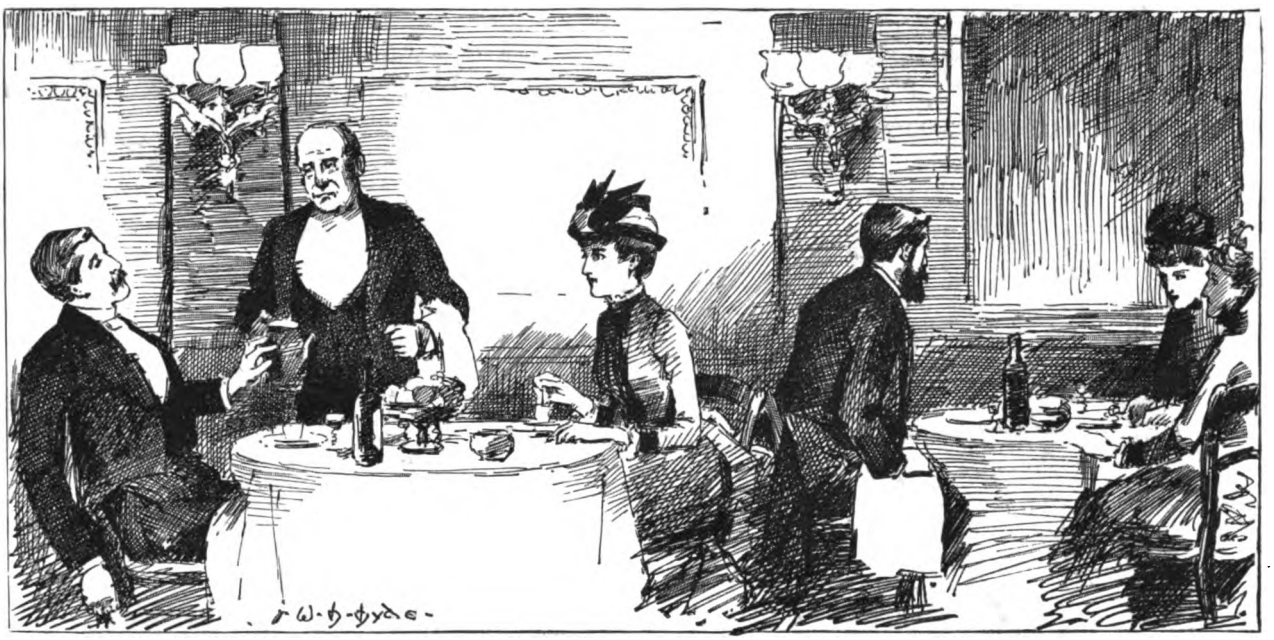

THE WANING OF THE HONEYMOON.—*Scene, Richfield Springs.*

Wife (to husband who has promised to spend the evening at home): DO TAKE SOME COFFEE.
Hubby: NO, IT KEEPS ME AWAKE.

BEGGARS' HORSES.

I WISH that altitude of tone,
The waist-band's due expansion,
The faculty to hold one's own
In this and t' other mansion;
And shirts and shoes and moral force,
Top-coats and over-gaiters,
Were things that always came of course
To philosophic waiters.

I wish that not by twos and threes,
In squads, and plural numbers,
Young women would destroy one's ease
Of mind, and route one's slumbers;
But that, if by a poor heart's squirms
Their pleasures know accession,
They 'd hold it for successive terms
In several possession.

I wish I had been changed at birth,
And in my place maturing
Some infant of surpassing worth,
Industrious past curing,
Had grown up subject to my share
In Father Adam's blunder,
And left me free to pile up care
For him to stagger under!

I wish that some things could be had
Without foregoing others;
That all the joys that are not bad
Were not weighed down with bothers.
We can but wonder as we test
The scheme of compensations—
Is happiness with drawbacks best,
Or grief with consolations?

BOOMLETS.

A FACETIOUS New York daily announces the arrest of Jas. D. Fish thus:

FISH HOOKED!

It really looks as if he did; but what is the use of this slangy reiteration?

* * *

GENERAL GRANT is evidently not versed in Ward politics.

* * *

AH me! I was too beautiful to last.—*Roscoe Conkling.*

* * *

I NOW spell my last name with a K.—*John C. Keno.*

* * *

Grant to Fish: "I intend to fight it out on this line!"

Fish to Grant: "It will probably take all summer. Go ahead!"

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AN IDEA

WHICH WE ARE SURE WILL MEET THE APPROVAL OF OUR PUBLIC SPIRITED BRETHREN.

A maximis ad minimis—from maxims to squibs.

A cuspide corona—a cuspidore for the coroner.

In the multitude of counsellors there is safety—for the other side.

"Have n't any Government contract, eh? Well, I 'd like to know at whose expense I 'm living just now. Anybody who says I have n't any Government contract behind me must be daft!"—*Ferdinand Ward.*

WRITTEN FOR AN AUTOGRAPH ALBUM BY A BANKER.

My dear, get out your polonaise
And weep for my moustache;
Get all the boodle you can raise,
Your bonds turn into cash.

Your hubby 's got to jump the town,
He 's busted up his bank;
So, deary, fix a quiet gown,
Befitting to his rank.

I made a turn the other day
Of million dollars four;
My house and lot and new coupé
Are unto you made o'er.

For I must unto Europe sail,
Or else, my dearest love,
They 'll have your own shut up in jail,
And maybe sent above.

So meet me at the dock, my sweet—
The steamer sails at eight;
Beware the cop-let on the street!
Resign thee to thy fate.

J. K.

BOOKISHNESS

There is a brindle volume now floating about under the seductive but somewhat curious title —"Henry Irving's Impressions of America. Hatton."

Now of course we all know that impressions are generally reciprocal, and as America had a very distinct and very delightful, if expensive, impression of Mr. Irving, it is but a natural deduction that Mr. Irving had some sort of an impression of America. On opening the book, therefore, it is reasonable to expect to find the great Henry's impressions linked with that ego of which we have almost become fond. We are pleased with the anticipation that the lines will end "I thought this; I consider that," and "I told you this, that or the other." How great and painful the surprise when we remark that every "I" stands for Hatton—through which the impressions are, as it were, filtered, and that the only mention made of the winsome Henry is made in the third person, he being apparently a very irrelevant piece of baggage.

During Mr. Irving's triumphal tour with what is really the Greatest Show on Earth, it was remarked that there was an adjunct, an appendage, a streamer, a side-show, worth a quarter of the money at double the price. It was not exactly understood what relation the little tail bore to the self-balanced kite that flew so nobly, but it was taken for granted, on the principle of Dr. Watts, that it had its use. This was the sudden and satisfying Hatton, who, while we were so densely ignorant, was busy as busy could be, following the Impressions. Well, he followed them. He is just—this Hatton. Having been a side-show to the great Henry for seven weary and flitting months, he now makes Henry a side-show forever.

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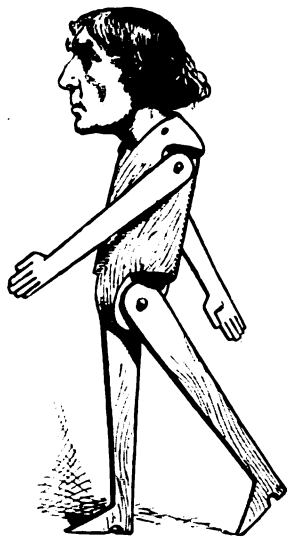
The Impressions read beautifully. We learn—from Hatton, not Henry—how horrid it is to be side tracked and snow-bound on an American railway. We learn a deal, too, of the feelings and sentiments which work in the Hatton midriff on the occasion of a Boston supper at which Henry, being elsewhere employed, is not present in the flesh. We learn how murders are committed in Texas, how car-porters fall asleep; how the ticket speculators play the devil with American pockets; how Hatton likes this or does n't like that; a little how Hatton can be funny, and a great deal how he can 't; I, Hatton, myself, Hatton, me and Irving; me some more, me every time, with a little Henry every now and then like a dash of Tobasco to disguise the natural flavor. Oh, yes, certainly, we get considerable of an Impression. But it can scarcely, without undue enlargement of truth, be justly called "Irving's Impression of America," except on the pivot and hole principle by which this could be taken as



AMERICA'S IMPRESSION OF IRVING.

"FARE five cents," said a man in an inquiring tone, as he pushed a coin through the ticket-seller's window at an Elevated station.

"Yes," replied the agent, as he examined the spurious nickel.. "Your five cents is fair, but unmistakably false!" and the two gazed at each other with a look of bewildering sadness, as they parted—perhaps for ever.

"DID you notice the age and size of the man who drew this check, Mr. Waddle?" said the bookkeeper to the head of the firm, trying to identify the document.

"Did n't notice," answered the head. "Can 't you tell by the check?"

A NESTOR—A setting hen.

HOW LONG SHALL WE STAND THIS?

From the Ludlow St. Home Journal.

ANOTHER outrage has been committed in the name of the law. Mr. John C. Keno, who was until recently the president of the Xteenth National Bank, and whose term expired with much profit not to say honor to himself, has had to submit to an outrageous interference on the part of a United States Marshall and his deputies, who presumed to enter the ex-President's house for the purpose of laying hands on him.

We offer our solemn protest against this infringement upon the sacred rights of a citizen of our free land. Are our Bank Presidents to have no immunity from this reckless administration of so called justice? What has Mr. Keno done that he should forfeit his right to judicial consideration?

True the gentleman misappropriated some four million of dollars, which by the iniquitous hoarding on the part of depositors had accumulated in his bank, but can anyone conscientiously regard this as anything but an error of judgment?

We think it showed the presence of a large amount of moral courage on the part of Mr. Keno, that he left untouched the remaining few billion dollars in the vaults of his bank, and in leaving the building, the office desks, chairs, cushions and other chattels of the bank, intact the gentleman has evinced a surprising amount of personal integrity.

If Mr Keno had been a common thief or a poor man guilty of the heinous crime of stealing bread for his starving family, outraged justice would have demanded his instant incarceration, and the Marshal might today be sustained by some public sentiment for his actions. But no, Mr. Keno was not of this low order, and the Marshal must be brought to answer for his officious conduct.

It is a matter of regret that Mr. Keno was absent, unavoidably of course, when the incident occurred, for we feel sure that the innate sense of moral chivalry in a man of his character, would have impelled him to take personal measures to wipe out the stain on his hearth.

We agree with the ex-President's relatives in saying that Mr. Keno has done nothing for which *he* should blush, and has acted all along in accordance with the strictest moral principles as laid down in the Revised code for Bank Presidents.

Concerning the actions of the Canadian authorities in allowing a free-born American embezzler to be interfered with while peacefully preparing to leave the country, we have nothing to say, as Canada is outside of our pale. It is none the less undignified, however, in so great a power as Canada to sanction any such interference, and we take great pleasure in thus stating our mind.

We wish Mr. Keno a profitable trip in Europe, and trust he will not return until he has quite recovered from the wounds which the untold occurrences of the past two weeks must have inflicted upon his honor,—that is, if he goes to Europe. J. K. B.

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A ROAMING SINGER.

BY F. MARRY'EM CRAWFISH.

I.

I, CORNMEALIO BRANDI, who tell you these things, have a tale of my own about Mimo, of whom a few of you have undoubtedly heard. To begin with, I was not always as old as I am, but I have always been candid and frank in the extreme. You will find that out as you go along. I acknowledge that I am garrulous and cowardly, but I am more vain than either, and, above all, I am mean. Yes, I am stingy; there is no doubt about it. But Marianna (an apoplexy seize upon her!), she is extravagant; she eats a whole soda biscuit for tea! I love my cigar and Mimo—my dear boy, Mimo! If you will listen patiently I will tell you a story about him. It is an improbable story, and so I will omit the details. Details are hard to manage when the plot is unnatural, and then—Corpo di Bacco!—I have no time to waste. I have to write three more stories this year!

Mimo is not my own son, and this is how he came to me: The carrier brought him; and a dirtier little boy you never saw. All he had on was one shoe and a battered hat, and he was always singing at the top of his voice, upsetting his soup, and throwing his bread down the well. In a word, he was not well-bred. Moreover, he was an ugly child, with great black eyes with ink-saucers under them. He is just the same now, only his eyes are bigger and the saucers are almost dinner-plates. But he was always as ugly as his voice was beautiful. Dio Mio! How that boy could sing!

HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND SANG. "DO-O-O-O!"

One Sunday (I remember it was Sunday, because Marianna gave me two sardines for supper), while Mimo was still little, Signor Charcole de Pronis, the great musician, came to see me. Mimo had learned several songs, but his voice had cracked some months before.

"Come here to the piano and sing," said the Maestro, and he went through several airs himself; but Mimo hung back and said it was too late in the evening.

"See, we will try a scale." De Pronis struck a chord. "Now, open your mouth—so. Do-o-o-o!" He uttered a long, loud note.

Mimo could not resist it. He opened his mouth and sang.

"Do-o-o-o" (as he heard the sound of his own voice, he gained confidence and forgot himself) "Do-o-o n't you make a noise or else you 'll wake the ba——"

"Diavolo!" cried the musician. "A pest upon the boy! He sings like a nightingale. His fortune is made. He can be the first tenor of the age. He can sing with Patti and go to London and Boston, and be a great man."

"No, no," I said. "I will make a philosopher of him, like myself."

"Diamini!" the Maestro ejaculated. "You are mad! His lower register is superb, and with the aid of the Buon Dio and the man who plays the flageolet he can sing the highest note ever heard behind the foot-lights! Leave him to me. I will give him lessons and train him for nothing."

So it was settled. Mimo was to be a singer.

II.

IT was really not so long ago—only one year. Up and down the streets the sirocco was blowing, hats were flying, and men were calling on the Diavolo to take the wind. Mimo and I went to St. Peter's to hear Signor Charcole sing. It was very crowded inside, as a great many had come in to get warm, and I found myself pushed against a tall man, who wore a fierce gray mustache—yellowish it was, almost ash color.

When the people sank down for the prayer, I saw that on the other side of him sat a young lady. She was dressed all in black, and her features stood out wonderfully clear and bright against the darkness. Her face looked as if it was made of ice-cream, it was so cold. Her complexion was vanilla and strawberry mixed, while her eyes were large and blue, and her hair was red. Then I caught sight of Mimo. He had one hand over his eyes, but was looking at her between his fingers as if he would devour her.

When the service was over we waited for de Pronis to come down from the organ-loft, and while the foreigners were standing at one side near a pillar, we saw the maestro stop and speak to them. In a moment he joined us.

"Who are they? What are their names? Where do they live?" asked Mimo of him.

"Salvini!" ejaculated de Pronis. "I believe you love her! She is a contessina and the old party's daughter. He is a Prussian and a count. His name is von Fira. And she? Her name is Redvigia—Redwig, the Germans call it—and she is a pupil of mine."

"Redwig von Fira," murmured the boy. "Ah, but she is beautiful! I am determined to marry her."

"Body of Diana! *You* marry her! You are a donkey." I could call him this truly because he was in love.

"We will see. El siembro tomato vermicelli," he said, in our strong, honest Italian. I believed him. Mimo means what he says.

By the next day he had devised a plan for making her acquaintance. He determined to disguise himself as a professor of Italian literature and if possible give her lessons. The disguise was easy. By dropping a few spots on his coat, crushing in his hat a little and scenting himself with one of my most villainous cigars, he was sufficiently disreputable. He sought the count's apartments. Ascending the steps of the palazzo, he crossed the pi-

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zarro and entering the porto-rico, agitated the tintinnabulator. The liveried footman took up his card, and showed him into the salon. Mimo was nervous, but he remembered that the count was a Prussian officer and friend of Bismarck, and he knew enough not to mention American pork. The way I know all about this is because Mimo told me afterwards. I am a safe person to confide in. I never give anything away—to give away is extravagant.

"EL SIEMBRO TOMATO VERMICELLI!"

When Mimo made known his errand, the count bowed low.

"Signore," he said, "before I my daughter to the hands of a man—proposing—to teach commit, I desire to be satisfied that you this literature know."

"I perceive," replied the young lover. "Examine me, Signor Conte."

After he had creditably answered numerous difficult questions he was installed as Redwig's instructor, and thenceforward he saw her three times a week. Meanwhile he studied hard at his art, because he was soon to make his appearance in the opera.

"You will be sorry for what you have done," I said to him. "She will never care for you. She is too cold. How can you fall in love with an ice-cream image? Diavolo! You are, moreover, deceiving the count. When you make your *début* he will find out that you are not a professor at all, and it will fare ill with you. You think he is so old he will not realize the state of affairs. He is lame, but he is vigorous and wide-awake. Andamo! I tell thee there are no flies on the count!"

(I would like to go into details here and waste two or three pages in describing to you my feelings and what I would have done had I been young and in love like him, but—Bigolli!—you are in haste to hear how it all turned out, and I will tell you that in another chapter.)

A MUSICAL cognomen—Doremus.

TRIOLETS.

Jeunesse et Vielesse.

I.

HE.

"WILL you have me, Jeanette,
Though I ain't an Apoller?
I'm old, too, and yet
Will you have me, Jeanette?
My money you'll get,
And you have n't a dollar.
Won't you have me, Jeanette,
Though I ain't an Apoller?"

II.

SHE.

"My answer is—yes,
And I blush when I say it;
But still, I confess,
My answer is, yes;
For gold will redress
Distaste and allay it.
So my answer is—yes,
Though I blush when I say it."

THE American Jockey Club is to be congratulated upon having completed the most brilliant and successful meeting, both in point of attendance and racing, that has ever been held at Jerome Park. To be sure, the long winter respite from the enjoyment of racing served to bring out many, but the accessibility of the place and its natural beauties make it most pleasing and refreshing. The better element, such as is not seen at any other course, was in constant attendance.

YACHTSMEN are eagerly awaiting the first annual regatta of the New York Yacht Club, which is announced for Thursday, the 12th inst., and will doubtless prove successful. The annual Corinthian match of the Seawanhaka Corinthian Club is to take place on Saturday, the 14th.

THE struggle at base-ball for the League championship is becoming interesting. Boston and Providence are still in the van, with New York a very good third. The base-ball fever seems to be greater than ever, by the way. Scarcely a town of five hundred inhabitants is unable to boast of its nine.

IT is rumored that there was much underhand jockeying during the race for the National Prize at Chicago last week.

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TS IN THE PARK.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XVIII.—*The Financier.*

WHAT is this?
This, darling, is a financier.
What does a financier do for a living?
He finances.
What is it he finances?
Finance.
Oh! that is very funny, is n't it?
Very.
But what is really his business?
Managing other people's money.
But does he never manage his own?
Oh, yes.
When?
When he has got through managing other people's.
Then whom do the poor neglected people get to manage their money?
Nobody.
Why?
Because they have no money left to manage.
Why! where did it all go?
That is what they would like to find out.
Do they never find out?
Hardly ever.
But how, if the poor financier spends all his time managing other people's money, can he make any money himself?
That is what *he* is trying to find out.
He? Who?
The District Attorney.
Will he have much trouble in finding out?
That depends.
On what?
The evidence.
Gracious! do they bring the poor financier to trial?
Sometimes.
What for?
For financiering.
But is it it a crime to manage other people's money, even if it gradually gets managed into a hole?
Certainly not.
Then what is all the fuss about?
To try and manage some of it out of the hole.
But why didn't the poor financier manage his own money in the first place, and let other people's alone?
Because he had none of his own to manage.
But you said that after managing other people's, he managed his own?
Yes.
How then did he make it?
That is what they would like to know.
Who?
The other people.
But did the poor financier make much out of the management?
Yes, about that much.
About how much?
About as much as the other people put in.
My! financiering must be a very profitable profession?
It is.
Are there many financiers?
Lots.
What do they do after they have made their money?
They salt it.
Why do they salt it?
Because the people they made it out of were too fresh.
But I should think they would take little trips, and vacations and all that sort of thing?
They do, generally.
But you spoke of financiers being tried?
Yes.
Are they ever convicted?
That depends.
On what?
The amount of money they managed.
How if the amount be very, very large?
They are never tried.
How if it be moderately large?
They are tried.
And sentenced?
Oh, no!
But if the amount be only large?
They get six months.
Six months' what?
Vacation.
Where?
In Ludlow street.
But how if the amount be small?
They go up for twenty-five years.
Where?
Sing-Sing.
This short-haired gentleman in the funny striped clothes?
His amount was very small.
Was he convicted of financiering?
Only in the sixth degree.
And what is financiering in the sixth degree?
Burglary.

How time does change things! Four years ago I liked conventions because they attracted the public's attention toward me. This year I love them because they turn the people's attention away from me. But I *must* write that letter!!—*U. S. G.*

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THE CONVENTION.

Special Pneumatic Tube to LIFE.

JUNE 2d, 1884.

WHEN your correspondent arrived in Chicago last night the excitement had risen to fever heat, and the delegates were wild with delirium. Booms continue to pour in from all sides, the latest being one for Hayes as a dark horse. This is to conciliate the New York *Sun*, whose opposition to Blaine is so uncompromising.

A prominent lawyer here tells me that the outlook for the bar was never so promising as at the present, which seems an exceedingly plausible statement, as all the leading candidates have employed the eminent barristers of the Palmer House and other homes of virtue to look after the interests of their canvass.

Mr. Blaine has furnished a *carte blanche* for the delegates at a handsome hall in the city. Why the eminent gentleman whose late literary efforts show such marvellous control over the resources of the English language should call it anything but an "unlimited slate" is beyond my ken; but those who are more intimately acquainted with the inside workings of Mr. Blaine's canvass state that it is a bid for the French vote. This is probably the truth, although it lacks semblance thereof by coming from the Blaine side of the contest.

The delegation of Indiana arrived yesterday in a large soap wagon furnished by Spriggins. The sides were covered with bunting inscribed:

"For President—CHESTER A. ARTHUR.
Vice-President—S. W. DORSEY.
Platform—Cleanliness is Next to Godliness.
Use Spriggins's German Laundry Soap."

Beneath these words were two large portraits of Mr. Arthur—one as Collector of the Port and the other as President. These were labeled respectively:

"BEFORE USING" and "AFTER USING."

This had a great effect upon the people. Soap generally does; but it is feared that it will hurt the President's chances in the Italian quarters, where such a platform is not popular.

Secretary Chandler has not arrived. By a topographical error in the construction of the country, the United States man-of-war "Tallapoosa" could not be used to transport the Secretary of the Knavey from Washington to Chicago, and, as Mr. Chandler had hypothecated all his next year's salary on some dark horse, he had to stay in Washington or walk to the Convention. Owing to an infirmity of his feet which sometimes attacks him—at the same time affecting his eyes with delusions of a duplex nature—he was afraid to attempt the walk, as the roads would be more than usually forked, and he might be lost. However it would affect the happiness of the rest of the world, it would be a bad thing for Mr. Chandler, personally, if he got lost. Hence his absence. To give the gentleman his due, we must say his absence is sincerely felt, as he was unequivocally pledged to support all of the five leading candidates.

Mr. Edmunds has just arrived.

The thermometer has fallen several degrees.

By Cheap Cab Special to LIFE.

JUNE 3d, 1884.

THE Police Court held an early session to accommodate the delegates this morning. Mr. Blaine's managers were on hand, and all fines were paid by them. Mr. Arthur's salary not being due yet, he was unable to be on hand to prevent the minions of the law from locking up a few of his "touters," as they are called, and his boom has received a serious set back, and indications now point to the nomination of Mr. Blaine on the xteenth ballot.

A telegram was received from Mrs. Logan last evening stating that if it was true that Mr. Blaine had given the delegates a *carte blanche* for all the resolution they wanted, she wished her managers to order two of them at her expense, and give them to the Convention as a Logan Memorial. They were ordered. The excitement is getting up again by degrees.

The Convention was called to order at ten this morning by Senator Sabin, who made a very fine speech. In the course of his remarks he said: "I wish the gentlemen (*cheers and applause by the Arkansas delegation*), and furthermore, in the words of General (*more applause*), let us have more (*rapturous cheering, waving of handkerchiefs*, and *cries of Blaine! Blaine!! Blaine!!!*). But, fellow Republicans, what shall I say concerning the tariff?"

At this point some one in the gallery yelled fire, and every one in the building made a rush for the doors, and in a short time the great hall was empty. Hundreds of spectators were injured, and one Hayes delegate was killed. All the rest of the delegates had previously left the building upon the invitation of Mr. Edmunds, who is beginning to thaw.

This kills the Hayes boom.

When the delegates had been coaxed back to the hall again, Mr. Sabin finished his speech, and the Convention proceeded to organize. Mr. Powell Clayton, an eminent politician from Arkansas, a gentleman of much polish and of exceedingly accommodating principles, was nominated by the Blaine faction, much to the disgust of the Arthur, Edmunds and dark horse contingent, who speedily threw their candidate, Mr. John R. Lynch, in the face of the Blainites, defeating them badly. This is regarded as a black eye for the Blaine boom.

It is not wonderful that it should be so regarded, for Mr. Lynch is a colored man, and made a very personal speech when intimating that he did n't want the honor, although his teeth shone out like a Sozodont advertisement at every vote he polled.

Personal business became so pressing at this point, that the Convention adjourned until eleven o'clock to-morrow.

A bulletin has just been exhibited in front of the *Tribune* office announcing that Mr. Hayes has decided not to run, while Mr. Edmunds, after an interview with a prominent police justice, has left town for ten days.

[Private telegram, *not from our correspondent.*]

JUNE 3d, 1884.

Your correspondent was mistaken for a delegate by the Logan forces yesterday.

He was heard indulging in song at a late hour last night, and has not yet (7 P. M.) made his appearance.

Therefore you need not expect any news to-day, except that one of the Logan *Carte's Blanche* has "gin out" and his chances are diminishing.

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THE NEXT MORNING.

MOS' EXTRONNARY! SHLATS 'PEER A' RIGHT, BUT WHA 'S BECOME THE MATTRESS?

Mr. Edmunds escaped from his temporary managers and returned to town this morning. He is still somewhat thawed.

Indications point to the nomination of Arthur on the third ballot. He has gained additional strength from a report that Blaine was *Sun*-struck again while indulging in indifference in his garden at Augusta.

The town presents a lurid appearance.

Quite a number of delegates are absent unavoidably. They went out for a sail in a schooner on the invitation of Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut.

Owing to their inability to steer straight they were stranded on the bar!

Out of respect to their memory the Convention adjourned without transacting much business and proceeded to pray for rain, although it is not a dry season.

Your correspondent has just appeared and I resign my pen to him. Send cheque to Burial Committee of Arkansas delegation.

By Private Pigeon to LIFE.

JUNE 4th, 1884.

The Convention adjourned to-day.

It is raining very hard and lightning rods are in demand.

Mr. Edmunds is the only candidate here who is not provided with a rod.

They cost money, and besides it is not likely that Mr. Edmunds will be struck.

The mortality among Booms is increasing.

By Echo to LIFE.

JUNE 5th, 1884.

Business was resumed at ten o'clock this morning. Rumors of deals are rife. The Blaine men claim to have won over 10 votes from Arthur. Mr. Edmunds has captured five more from Blaine and has lost seven to Logan. Mr. Arthur has gained twenty from Logan.

The Blaine men are jubilant over this and Edmunds seems disposed to congeal again.

The names of candidates were presented this evening with more or less ability.

Mr. Blaine's name was presented by Hon. Mr. West. The speaker praised the Plumed Knight and stated that there were none more fitted for the position in the country. He could see no blemishes in the immaculate hero of the field of Mulligan,

This remark created quite a sensation in the Convention and many were inclined to agree with the speaker.

It is proper to remark that Mr. West is blind!

The Convention then adjourned.

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By Early Spring Tramp to LIFE.

JUNE 6th, 1884.

The balloting commenced this morning at ten o'clock amidst great excitement. The storm was raging without, and the Edmunds-Independent forces were raging within.

On the first ballot the assembled delegates came to the conclusion, not unanimous, however, that four years of financial depression was necessary to the country's welfare, and Mr. Blaine polled a very large vote, leading the other candidates. Mr. Edmunds then left for home in an ice-box.

The second ballot, polled at 11.30, showed that in the minds of many the peaceful relations between the United States and other nations ought to be ruptured, and the leading light of this new school of thought, Mr. James G. Blaine, received more votes than any other candidate.

A telegram was received at this point from Senator Hawley, stating that "indications pointed to the nomination of a d minus n-e-d lively wooden Indian."

When the roll was called for the third ballot, it became evident that a still larger number of delegates than in any preceding ballot were for the hero of the Mulligan letters, and desired to give the country another dose of humiliation in the shape of James G. Blaine, of Maine.

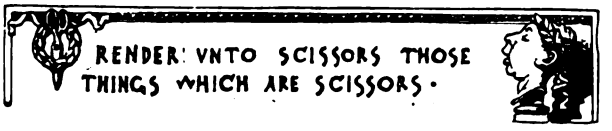
Gen. Logan, Senator Sherman, Secretary Lincoln and President Arthur became excessively preoccupied at this stage, and informed the Convention that they were only "foolin', anyhow," and would n't take the nomination at any cost.

At this announcement demoralization swept ruthlessly over the Convention, and a majority of the delegates cast their votes for corruption and Jingoism.

They arose *en masse*, and assassinated the party to which they owed allegiance.

They nominated James G. Blaine for President.

Thus ends the Republican Convention of '84, and thus ends the Republican Party! CARLYLE SMITH.



THE SILVER LINING.

MRS. BLANK—"Ah, Jim, our——"
Mr. Blank—"Oh, Mary, the news is——"
Mrs. Blank—"Why, who told you?"
Mr. Blank—"I saw it in the paper; the bank has——"
Mrs. Blank—"The bank; why what has that to do with——"
Mr. Blank—"Why you know the panic will——"
Mrs. Blank—"Who 's talking about panics? Who cares for panics? Baby's cut a tooth."—*Philadelphia Call.*

The United States has nearly three times as many doctors as England and nearly four times as many as France in proportion to the population. Does this redundancy of Doctors in the United States account for the small proportion of the population?—*Boston Transcript.*

IT is estimated by those who think they know, that an Episcopal clergyman can put one little idea into more words than any other person on the footstool.—*Transcript.*

A MISER'S SCHEME.

"YES," said one of the company, when the conversation turned upon misers, "Smith was the most miserly man I ever saw."

"Indeed!"

"Oh, he was dreadful. He always got drunk when he was going to count his money."

"What for?"

"So that he would see double, you know."—*Somerville Journal.*

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Waiter: "Codfish and cream—fifteen cents."

I. A.: "And how much for the codfish, ah, plain?"

Waiter: "Same price, sir."

I. A.: "Waitah, bring me some, ah, cream."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

THE BITER BITTEN.

AUSTERE PEDAGOGUE (to small boy): "Boy, you speak very indistinctly. Do n't your friends ever tell you so?"

Small Boy: "No, sir; they 're not so rude!"—*Moonshine.*

RECIPROCITY.

"Vat? You have never been in France, meess? Zen 'ow are you arrived at so vell speaking ze French?"

"Oh, well, monsieur, at school, you know, the girl who sat next to me at dinner used to eat my fat, and I used to do her French exercise for her; so I got lots of practice!"—*Punch.*

THERE is more theology and logic on tap in the brain of the small boy than in that of the dignified D.D., and it is n't every man who wears a seven and a quarter hat that gets the best of him.

"The lions did n't like Daniel, did they?" asked "Shavey Head" of his well-posted papa.

"Oh, yes, they did. The Lord made the lions like him, so they would n't hurt him."

"Well, when God makes me like anything, I eat it, I do."

"Yes, yes. Go away, child. He made the lions hate Daniel."

"Then why did n't they bite him?"—*Hartford Post.*

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AN infant found in the street in New York the other night, was named John Kelly Samuel Tilden Cox. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children in New York, too!—*Norristown Herald.*

A CROWDED horse car. Enter Mrs. Mulcahey with a jug. Mr. Mahoney, who is seated, facetiously—"Wud I hould the whiskey for yez, Misthress Mulcahey?" Mrs. M. (with withering sarcasm—)"Thank yez kindly sor; but yer have all ye can hould now, I 'm thinkin'."—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

THE BARTHOLDI STATUE.

In the ages to come, in the ages
When our grandchildren are all grown,
In the last of decrepitude's stages
Our Statue will stand on its stone.

And one item should not be neglected—
Hence *Puck* suggests raising a hoard—
By the time the pedestal 's erected,
The statue had best be restored. —*Puck.*

"DO YOU play very much nowadays, Miss Smith?" he asked, as they seated themselves after a waltz.

"Only occasionally," she replied. "I have neglected my music shamefully of late, and am getting quite out of practice."

"I was passing your house last evening," he went on, "and stood at the gate for a moment to hear you play. Instead of getting out of practice, I think you are improving—if any improvement is possible," he added, politely.

"Last evening?" she asked.

"Yes; about nine o'clock."

"You are mistaken. I was at the opera last evening," she said, in a strained voice, as she accepted an invitation to dance from another gentleman. "It was the man tuning the piano you heard."—*Drake's Travelers' Magazine.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JUNE 19, 1884. NUMBER 77.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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L72
Dr. Donaldson

LIFE

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AMERICANVS SVM

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MORE KILL THAN CURE.

THIS PILL WILL MAKE HIM FRIGHTFULLY SICK IN NOVEMBER, BUT HE MUST BE PURIFIED.

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VOL. III. JUNE 19TH, 1884. NO. 77.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

WE wanted Mr. James Blaine of Maine badly—we and the Grand Old Party—and we got him. That is a triumph of which we can scarcely be too proud. It was lightly won, but none the less are we disposed to enthusiasm.

* * *

WE wanted a man with a record. We got him. There is both a good deal of man and a good deal of Record in Mr. James Blaine of Maine. We assert boldly, that no man ever chosen by the Grand Old Party had such a Record. There are few such records anywhere as that in the private possession of Mr. Blaine. There is no Record, we believe, that will bear as much investigation, or furnish more food for the admiring press in the fretful days to come.

* * *

IN Mr. Blaine we find the Statesman. A man who has been so well known a diplomat in Peruvian circles, in Pacific Railway settlements and other financial negotiations, can scarcely fail to comprehend the matters which usually tangle the minds of the unsophisticated in Washington. Every patriot who votes for Mr. Blaine will feel that there will lie no dollar in the United States Treasury so humble that Mr. Blaine will not look after it. In fact Mr. Blaine's Record shows that for some years—no doubt in anticipation of the glorious event we now celebrate—he has taken a kindly interest in the United States Treasury and its contents—especially the contents, for the Treasury itself is, as most of our readers know, not movable.

* * *

MR. BLAINE, too, is a man on whom we can depend for instant recognition of any rascality which may go on in Washington during his term of office. We will back Mr. Blaine against any man in the country to gain first knowledge of any scheme to pillage the nation by means of legislation. Mr. Blaine's eye for this business is and has been for years trained, and we do not believe his superior can be found. There will be no more grand combinations against our great common vaults, therefore, without Mr. Blaine's being at once in possession of the facts. Mr. Blaine's letters to Mr. Mulligan have long since shown this.

It is lamentable to see in our esteemed contemporary, the New York *Times*, a slight lack of enthusiasm over Mr. Blaine's nomination. If the Grand Old Party had chosen a pickpocket to bear its standard, we do not believe our esteemed contemporary could have maintained a more icy aspect, or spoken with more severity. If it were not for the fact that respectable Republican journals all over the country have followed suit, the *Times* might be looked upon as somewhat unfavorable to our choice.

For the first time in our history, a Republican nomination has delighted the Democratic Party. This alone shows what a Record Mr. Blaine has when even his party's foes rejoice at his success.

No man knoweth what the 4th of November will bring forth. It will depend largely upon the selection to be made by our hideous foe, the Democratic Party. If it gets a man with a Record, we can feel sure of Mr. Blaine. If not, we will mourn. One thing is certain, however: Mr. Blaine is not a candidate about whom there can be two opinions. Those who have read the leaders published East, North, South, and West, *apropos* of his nomination, can but feel that only violent partizanship has swayed such journals as have swerved from the verdict which the nation at large has pronounced upon Mr. Blaine's nomination.

* * *

PRIVATE: "P. S.—I want it distinctly to be understood, however, that I still have the Bar'l. You will observe that I decline early in the season. This gives my estimable 'rural friends,' the editors, a chance to work on the feelings of the boys and whoop up the sentimental. It will also show the impossibility of enlisting anybody else. Then there can be a sort of pilgrimage, do n't you see? I will coyly consent—the patriot sacrificing himself for his country and all that sort of thing, do n't you see? And then?——but, pshaw, you see exactly how it goes. I think I can depend on you to put it right to the boys."—*S. J. T.*

* * *

GENERAL Order, No. — In all the newspaper offices in the country: Put these galleys on Edmunds, Sherman, Arthur and Logan, away in the room devoted to obituary columns. You may leave the Lincoln, Hawley and Gresham galleys stand over under Candidates for four years. Distribute Hayes! Clean off Blaine and put him in first column to-morrow. Get his picture if you can. If impossible, use Conkling.

Blank Blink,
Night Editor.

* * *

MR. MILLS and I think of changing the name of our paper to the New York *Tryblaine*.

Whitelaw Reid.

* * *

THE Convention to Chandler: Willy, we have missed you.

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Patient: DOCTOR, I WANT YOU TO PRESCRIBE FOR ME.
Doctor (after feeling of her pulse): THERE IS NOTHING THE MATTER, MADAME. ALL YOU NEED IS REST.
Patient: NOW, ARE N'T YOU MISTAKEN, DOCTOR? PLEASE STUDY MY CASE CAREFULLY. JUST LOOK AT MY TONGUE.
Doctor: THAT NEEDS REST, TOO.

A SONGE OF MISTRESSE PEG. HER CRUELTIE.

WHENNE Mistress Peggy Walkes Abroade
Toe Shew her Brave Attyre,
She Setts her Image inne ye Hearte
Of Any yt maie Spye Her,
& Hastening Gallants Bow & Begge
Yt She will Chuse A Squire,
Till Envious Maides Putt onne Disdayne
& Push a-Poutinge by Her.

Butt Mistresse Peg Trippes onne Her Waie
Wth everie Ribbon Flyinge,
& will have None of Fop or Beau
For alle Theyre Prayers & Sighinge.
Alack, yt She Sholde Be Soe Bolde
(Ye Gallants Joyne inne Cryinge),
Toe Toss Her Head atte everie Swaine
& Give Him harsh Denyinge!

M. E. W.

O TEMPORA, ETC.

IT was a beautiful Sunday morning in the month of June; the birds sang and the flowers lifted up their heads in the soft sunlight, and poor tired humanity was very grateful for a day of rest, and wended its way through the soft air to church, there to be comforted and have its sins forgiven.

And Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson's heart was full of gladness as she put on her new bonnet and suit and sailed down the Avenue to church, knowing full well that every women she met would turn round the moment they had passed her and examine carefully her costume, and in consequence their souls would be filled with bitterness and envy.

Therefore, Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson went joyously on her way, and when she had reached the church

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Mr. Churchpillar: DO YOU KNOW WHERE LITTLE BOYS GO TO WHO PLAY BALL ON THE SABBATH DAY?

Small Boy: BETCHER LIFE WE DO. DEY GOES OVER TER HOBOKEN, CASE DE COPS NAB 'EM IF DEY PLAY HERE. IF YER WANT TER SEE A RATTLIN' GOOD GAME, COME OVER WID US, AND BE UMPIRE.

---

she found that the congregation consisted of a multitude of ladies and two old gentlemen asleep with their mouths open. And so she passed a delightful hour studying the bonnets of the other ladies, and the clergyman got through the service as quickly as ever he could, for the spring medicine he was taking was too strong for him and made him feel "heady."

And so when the service was over and the congregation was slowly passing adown the aisles, Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson espied an old friend, and they took one another by both hands and "Oh, you dear," and "where *have* you been?" and "I'm *so* delighted!" and "Why have n't you called?" and no end of cooing and gurgling, and then Mrs. Van Dyke-Robertson fell a step behind in order to get a good look at her friend's costume, and then a hard glitter came into her eye, and her face became set and drawn, and her heart was filled with jealousy and envy as she realized that her friend's suit had a style—a certain "Paris touch"—that her own had not.

And so she went home to lunch, and "had it out" with her husband as to whether or no she was to patronize the French Mecca, and she got worsted in the encounter, and went up-stairs and wept and spanked the children all around, and finally settled down to a novel, with no end of lovely murders in it.

And Mr. Van Dyke-Robertson went off to his club, and from thence to a sacred concert, where they played and sang the music of one Offenbach. And so the holy day was ended. R. K.

BOOMLETS.

THE N. Y. *World* would do well to preserve the picture of Mr. Blaine which ornamented its first page the morning after that gentleman's nomination.

In the event of Mr. Blaine's election, it will come handy three years hence as a map of the seat of war.

* * *

The Philadelphia *Call* prints the following:

HIS PECULIARITY.

FIRST Delegate (in Palmer House dining room)—Do you know George William Curtis by sight?

Second Delegate—No, I do not. I should like very much to see the old gentlemen.

Just then a voice from the opposite table said:

"Waiter, bring me a glass of water." And the two delegates exclaimed with one accord:

"That must be Mr. Curtis."

* * *

DIED, Friday, June 6th, 1884, of Prematurity, Boom, only chance of Chester A. Arthur. Funeral private.

Friends are kindly requested to let it drop.

* * *

"THE Bob-o-Link must give way to the Roaring Eagle.
Robert T. L–n–ln."

* * *

TO all whom it may concern: By Act of Convention I have changed my name and shall be hereafter known as Too-Too Platt. Yours Toorooly, Me Too.

* * *

WOULD N'T some respectable ice-company like to buy me? I feel considerably below par and am willing to sell out cheap. *G. F. Edmunds.*

* * *

MR. BLAINE and his friends do n't like to boast, so they tell us, but they feel certain that even if Mr. Blaine loses New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, the South, North, East and West, he still has personal magnetism enough about him to shoot him head first into the White House.

* * *

THIS talk about Blaine and Gould is too absurd; of course Gould approves of Blaine. Why, it is easy enough to see.

Mr. Gould wants some of Mr. Blaine's magnetism for his Telegraph Company.

* * *

BESIDES Mr. Gould being a rich man can afford to hold a large amount of stock in so cheap a corporation as the Plumed Knight. We forget exactly how much it was, but Mr. Blaine sold out pretty cheap some years ago.

* * *

THOSE old lines should be changed to read:

I come from Fable Mountain
And my name is lootful James!

* * *

A READER of the N. Y. *Tribune* says he now knows what "intense enthusiasm" means. It consists of four men, two boys and a spitz-dog around a stock ticker.

At least that was the size of the "intense enthusiasm" at the Fifth Avenue Hotel when the recent nominations were announced.

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BOOKISHNESS

THE UNDERDONE COLLEGE GRADUATE IN FICTION.

EVERY university graduate, during the few years which immediately follow taking his degree, goes through the "underdone" or "half-baked" period of life. He is (as has been said of a hypocrite) like an unturned cake—the one side roasted and the other raw. The collegiate griddle has imparted a well-browned culture to one side of his susceptible nature; and when he is suddenly tossed, on the raw and inexperienced side, upon a red-hot world the "sizzling" and sighing which ensue are interesting but not always agreeable phenomena. Mr. Robert Grant's novel, "An Average Man," depicts, with all the skill of a literary caterer, the underdone period in the career of two Harvard graduates, tossed upon a New York griddle. If we may be allowed the expression, it is generally in this stage of its existence that some highly sympathetic female "takes the cake" for life. Mr. Grant is equally successful in describing this operation.

Much of the criticism which this book has received has been due to the fact that few people have any sympathy with a man in long coats who talks to emotional women about "ideals in life," "struggles for success," "professional honesty," "codes of morals," and all the other stock in trade of a B.A. who is having the conceit taken out of him by practical life. One of the characters in this novel gives an exact diagnosis of the case when he says: "When one feels debilitated and in a state of collapse there is a tendency to grope after sympathy, just as one takes a tonic."

This is only one phase of the book. It must be noted by any reader that there is a good, strong purpose throughout the story; that the development of character is skillful; that Miss Crosby is a very lovable girl; that Woodbury Stoughton is a well-drawn type; and that the style is rapid and bright.

We are not, however, spared the prevailing epidermis of fiction—the love of a married man for another's wife.

* * *

THERE is a delicate humor and pathos in "Mingo and other Sketches in Black and White," by Joel Chandler Harris, which cannot be surpassed in the "Uncle Remus" stories. The dialect of poor and middle-class whites in Georgia is here treated as artistically as the Negro dialect which Uncle Remus spoke.

* * *

ADMIRERS of Mr. Bunner's verses will find in "From Grave to Gay," by H. Cholmondeley-Pennell, specimens of what an Englishman has done in a similar vein.——R. D. Blackmore's latest novel, "Tommy Upmore," is an incongruous and clumsy political satire, which is mostly Greek to an American reader.——The serial story now being published in the *Commercial Advertiser*, called "The Basset Claim," is a tale of life at the Capital, by H. R. Elliott, a Yale man, and for a number of years a skilled Washington correspondent. It gives an accurate picture of phases of life there which other novelists have overlooked because ignorant of it by experience. DROCHE.

More majorum—more majors.

Medium tenuere beati—"chassay down the middle."

HAIL!

BY WILT WHARTMAN.

HAIL thee's, Oh, mighty two! yet not too mightful.
Thou 'rt not the double-barreled twin,
Him of Siam.
Not thee's.
Thou 'rt the Father and the *Sun*, the weak-limned Father and evershining, much-suffering, all-for-two-cent *Sun* of the Democratic Party.
Him to the right, to him I sing.
Him, once a Republican, I shout to.
All praise be to him who wast not Collector of the Port.
Glory to thee, Oh, C. A. D.! that from thenceforth thou didst see the sinfulness of the ways of Republicans, and reform thine own even at the cost of thine in-ness.
And thou other thee,
Thou left thee! and verily the leave 't was cold;
To thee I toot.
Democrat to the full,
Even unto the 18 carats.
Thou 'rt a true man. Yea, and a good,
For thou weighest nigh unto an Hundred.
To thee be glory.

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MEN OF THE TIME.

There was a young fellow named Ward,
Who got into the man of the Sword ;
He did it so well
The General, they tell,
Said, "Now I am busted by—Thunder !"

There was a young man named Eno,
Who played neither poker nor keno ;
But dabbled in stocks,
So lost the bank's "rocks,"
And now he is not to be seen-o.

There was an old codger named Fish,
Who had ducats and held high "posish ;"
Till one morning in May
His bank stopped to pay
With assets amounting to "Dish."

—"GOLDEY."

A ROAMING SINGER.

BY F. MARRY'EM CRAWFISH.

(*Continued.*)

III.

OH, it was a great night—the night of Mimo's *début!* He sang as he had never sung before. He almost drowned the conversations in the boxes; it was a triumph indeed. He caught nothing but smiles and a bad cold. Not a single hiss, not a cabbage cleft the air ; naught but storms of bravos and a sea of waving handkerchiefs from the rio janeiro to the cupola. Beyond all, the contessina was in a prominent box with her father and a Russian baronessa. Redwig recognized in the primo tenore her professor of literature, and she heard his voice only to adore him. As for the count he retired to the foyer. He was disgusted with himself. He had been duped, and had allowed an opera singer to become intimate with his daughter. The count also used a number of highly ornamental German oaths, which I am unable to reproduce—now, if they had only been Italian expletives—Martinelli !—I know *dozens* of them by heart.

The next morning Mimo went to call on the Russian baronessa, whose acquaintance he had made some time previously. The baroness was one of those dark, passionate, panther-like women, who is intense in everything. She was jealous of Redwig, because she herself worshipped Mimo, and she was bound to make him love her in return.

"Caro Mimo," she said, "sing for me. Then I will be perfectly happy."

She sank into a chair near a table on which lay a broad-hafted Persian knife. Mimo guessed her affection for him and wished to test it. He sat down at the piano, ran his fingers over the keys, and began to sing, meanwhile watching her carefully. At the first words of the air—"Wait till the cloud rolls by, Jenny" —the baroness turned pale.

"Not *that*," she involuntarily gasped. "Oh, *please*, not that ! I can stand *anything* else."

Cruelly, mercilessly Mimo sang on. The baroness sat with tearful eyes and clenched hands, gazing longingly at the Persian knife. And yet she did not move. She could stand anything from this man, because she loved him. When he had finished the third verse, he arose and came over to her. He knew her secret.

"Cara Baronessa," he said, as he stood before her, "where does a cloud buy rolls?"

"In the yEast?" ventured the Baroness, timidly.

"C'rect," said Mimo ; "and what 's the yeast used for?"

"Lightning," she replied.

"Mist that time," he said with a shrug. "Viva sassafrato rumjelli."

She had risen to her feet, but at his last words she swooned and fell heavily to the floor. Mimo touched a bell and the servant entered.

"MIST THAT TIME," HE SAID WITH A SHRUG.

"Oh, cara—" moaned the wretched woman in her delirium—"cara miouta."

The servant bore her senseless form from the room.

IV.

THE baroness is in a bad predicament. Now, she is not only no longer necessary to the story, but she is even crossed in love. Obviously, to such a difficulty, there is but one solution—a solution of opium. An overdose from a small phial, and the baroness dies a phialent death. Meanwhile I continue to smoke my cigars, and Mimo goes off to serenade Redwig. He groped around the dark streets, with his guitar under his arm, until he perceived what apparently was the palazzo of the von Firas.

Very patiently he strummed his instrument and warbled forth his love. At last he heard a window open above him, and a weighted note fell at his feet. She had been listening. He picked up the paper and rushed to the nearest lamp to read it, covering it with kisses as he ran. When he tore it open, a piece of money fell out. He read : "There is a sick lady here. Enclosed find 10 cents. No music. Move on." Garibaldi ! He had struck the wrong house. At last he found the right street and number, and again strummed and warbled patiently, but got no sign. Redwig did not hear him ; but the count did. It was then that the count made up his mind to leave the city. The next morning he departed, taking his daughter with him, and left no word as to his destination.

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HE RUSHED TO THE NEAREST LAMP.

The same night, also, Mimo scraped acquaintance with a Jew named Baron Bernardino. Bernardino was too eccentric a character to be natural, and too malicious to be interesting, so his only claim on one's attention was a certain air of mystery about him. This he effected by hinting that he was the "Wandering Jew," but he is a brute—is Bernardino, and, Pio Bancho! we will skip him.

When Mimo discovered that the count had carried off Redwig, he resolved to seek her and rescue her. To this end he started out to search all the capitals of Europe—never to rest until he found her. So he became a roaming singer, and left Marianna and I; but there was a bright side to his going, too—it saved me some expense.

V.

MIMO had been gone for some time, and he had searched Paris and even London, but had found no trace of his Redwig. He was beginning to despair. It was in this emergency that I determined to find her for him, myself; and after several days of travel and numerous adventures, I had accomplished my object. Her father had locked her up in the old castle at Sorrentino, and now Mimo had joined me, and he was going to carry her off. The Count was unsuspicious and felt secure. He never dreamt of a runaway match. That very morning he had said to Bernardino: "My daughter is carefully guarded and watched. She is like a musk-melon."

"How so?" asked Bernardino.

"She cantalope," replied Count von Fira.

Upon hearing this classic pun, the Jew said nothing, but gave a long, low whistle.*

Near midnight all was prepared. Redwig was waiting in her room for the signal. She had a few jewels, some old tin-types, and a volume of the "No Name Series" done up in a neat bundle. In the dining hall an old man sat at the table, eating. In the shadow of the donjon door stood the young singer, holding a long knife. Twelve o'clock sounded—above, the Count still eat on—beneath, the lover, stilletto.

On a sudden the door was unlocked, and Redwig came forth. Mimo sheathed his knife and caught her in his arms.

"Campanini!" he cried, "you are mine at last."

"Mimo mio!" murmured she, yielding to his embrace. For either of those two, there was no one else in the universe but the other. She was without a fear. No care disturbed the tranquillity of her joy; she knew that her hat was on straight, and gave her whole soul up to her affection.

Meanwhile, I was sitting on my jackass, waiting up the mountain for them, and it was very dark. Madonna mia, how frightened I was! In a little while I discerned them approaching with a guide.

"I see a man," ejaculated Redwig, as she caught sight of me.

"I see a donkey," said the guide.

"It is Signor Brandi," explained Mimo.

"Well, then, who is the man?" asked Redwig.

She has a faculty of being flippant under the most trying cir-

MIMO SHEATHED HIS KNIFE AND CAUGHT HER IN HIS ARMS.

cumstances. How Mimo could ever fall in love with such an ice-cream image I can not imagine. Allegretti! She could n't have *me*.

At all events Mimo *did* marry her, at last, and they went off together a few days afterwards. The day before they departed we had two unpleasant visitors. Bernardino dropped in to tell us he was an escaped lunatic, and the Count called in order to break up the furniture with me. I was too much for him, though. As he would not leave, I lit one of my cigars. The Count is a brave man and can stand cannon smoke, but—Lonejacchoto Bacco!—one of my cigars—*never!*

This is all there is to Mimo's story; and I have told it to you not because it was true, but because I am so loquacious. I will not offer you a cigar, for I need all my own for myself; but if you wish to know what has become of those two loving hearts and where they have gone, I will simply tell you what an old Italian proverb says: "*Tu ella quarto ne tutti frutti*"—now you know.

CARLSBAD.

THE END.

* From the character of Bernardino we should judge that the whistle was about nine and a quarter inches long, and as low as they make them.—ED. LIFE.

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RIVAL DESIGNS FOR T

Columbia: WHAT A FINE MONUMENT THAT ATLAS WIL

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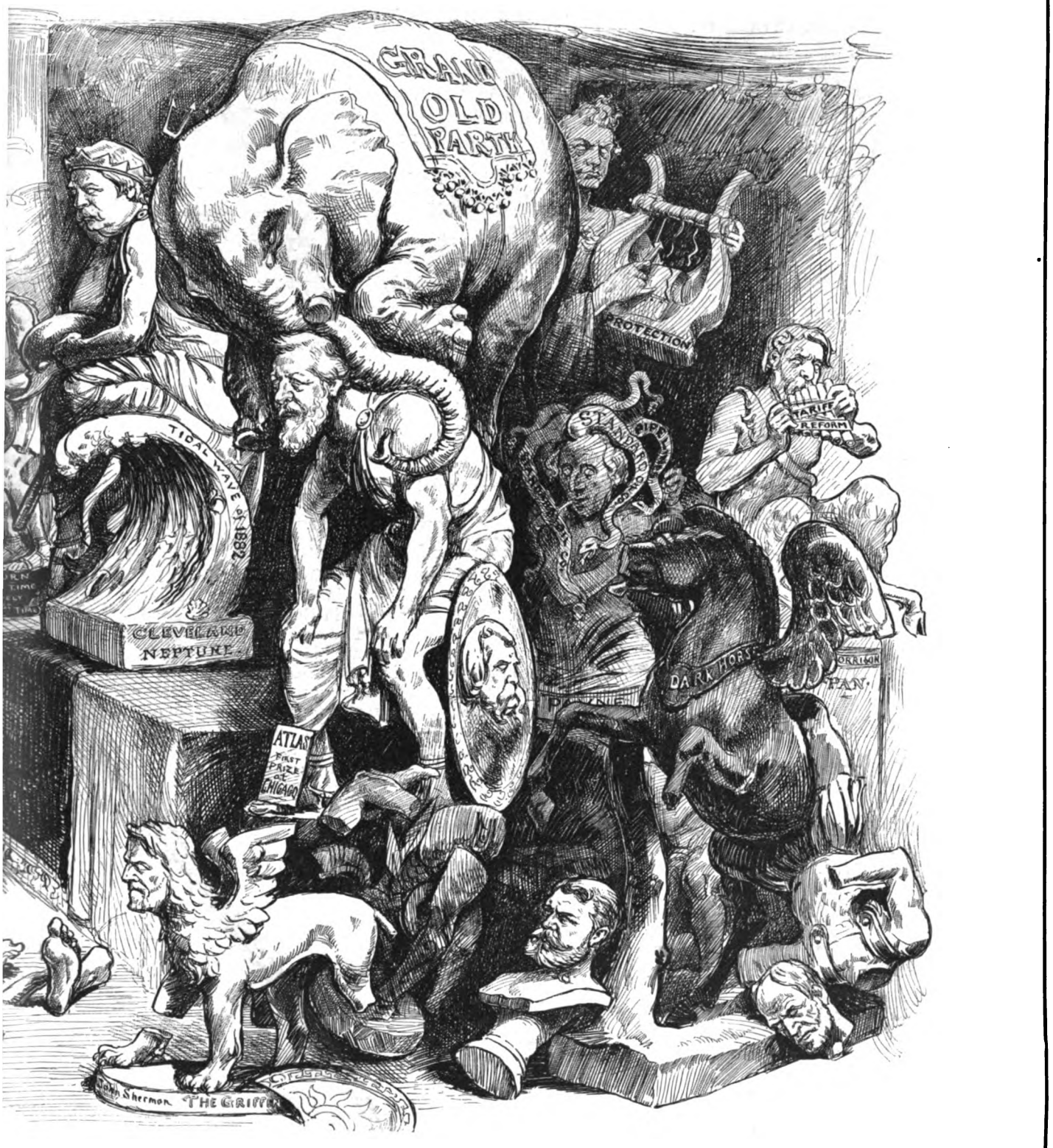
FE ·



PRESIDENTIAL NICHE.

LAKE FOR THE REPUBLICAN GRAVEYARD IN NOVEMBER.

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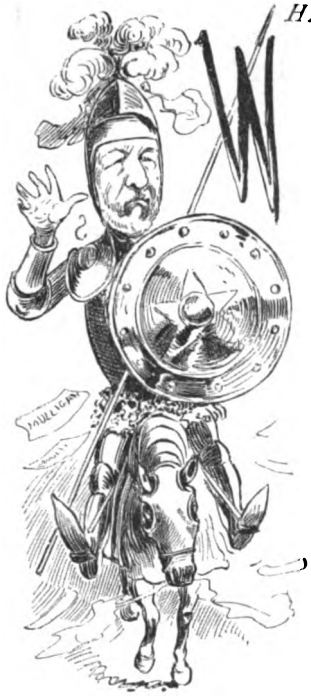
POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XIX.—The Candidate.



WHAT is this?

This, dear, is our great candidate for the Presidency of the United States of America.

By whom was this nice gentleman put up?

By the grand old party.

What is his name?

The Plumed Knight.

Oh! I am so glad the grand old party has n't put up a bad man.

Yes, dear.

Suppose they had put up a well-known thief—would n't that be just too awful?

Certainly.

Or a ring master?

Yes, love.

Or a guano shark? That would have been dreadful?

Dreadful.

Or just suppose they had nominated some one favorable to Star Route, and other astronomical forms of swindling the tax payers?

It would have been bad.

Or suppose it was a man who had been mixed up with bad bonds, or Mulligans, or any other of those horrid things?

Yes, dear.

It would have given the grand old party a black eye?

Unquestionably.

But in the case of a gentleman who has been square from wayback—

Yes.

And who has never connived at rascality, consorted with pirates or treasury rats, or been steeped in villainy all his political life—that is just the man?

Just.

For, otherwise, his nomination would sort of blister the boys?

Yes.

And be nuts for the Democratic party—would n't it?

Oh, yes.

Honest men like to feel, when they vote, that they are not voting for a man who ought by rights to be fertilizing Government land with guano on the Dry Tortugas?

They do.

And if such a man were put up, he would need a zinc shirt and tin trousers to protect him—would n't he?

He would, indeed.

The grand old party never makes a mistake—does it?

Hardly ever.

But if it should,—why it would give us a chance to see a little fun?

Certainly.

I am glad the grand old party has selected such a nice, clean, well-built, and honorable gentleman.

So say we all.

Are not all Knights very honorable?

Very.

They would n't steal any hot stoves—would they? At least, not in this weather?

No.

Or lie, unless there was some money in it?

Certainly not.

Or write letters which would disgrace a pickpocket, unless they thought it would be all entre nous, so to speak?

No.

Then I am real glad for the grand old party—are n't you?

Certainly.

Otherwise, would n't the grand old party experience what the vulgar call a cold day?

Yes, dear.

DOWRY.—The dot which the bereaved widow brings to your successor.

LISTEN, YE MERRIE MAIDENS!

WE are indebted to the *Commercial Advertiser* for the following "points," which are derived from the experience of a certain English lady of good social position, but limited means, who for several years has been taking "clients" in need of husbands to watering-places during the season. In ten years she scores twenty-three successes and nine failures, this fisher of men. It appears that dark girls go off best in spring and autumn, and blondes at midsummer; that the market is apt to be dull at the beginning of the season and to grow brisk toward its close; that very young fair men like brunettes best, but veer slowly toward their lighter sisters as the fair men grow older, and that the converse is as true of very young dark men; that brunettes almost as invariably prefer fair men irrespective of age; and that the predeliction of blondes is as commonly an opposite one; that blonde girls work off very ill in raw, coldish weather; that to couple a fair and dark girl in walking, driving, etc., is generally, but not always, good policy, since the intended victim sometimes falls in love with each in succession, and ends by taking neither; and, finally, that, while mountains and lakes prove lively incentives to flirtation at earlier periods, the seaside was decidedly stronger in the way of landing the fish as the leaves turn and the days grow shorter.

Simplicity in dress is, as a rule, an encouraging factor in her business, and that either loquacity or self-assertion is decidly otherwise. Melodious voices, again, tell with more effect than accomplishments, and a ten-

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dency to free-thinking is uniformly repulsive even to men of the same inclining themselves. By the same odd rule, habits of carelessness and disorder hurt the trade, whatever the ways of possible customers, and to dwell unduly, in the presence of those customers, on dress, trinkets, and the faults of others, would sometimes depress the market two or three points in a day.

WE are in receipt of a new contemporary from California, entitled "Kind Words." We suppose the title was chosen to insure everlasting life, as kind words can never, etc.

ODE TO THE WHITE ELEPHANT.

I.

O MIGHTY Tongue Too Long
(If such should be thy true orthography),
To thee I pipe a song
Of zoölogic fancy and geography.

II.

I knew thy sire,
A pink-eyed, palsied brute
Of some ability,
Whom wassail and forbidden fruit
Had changed from manhood's virile fire
To fat senility;
Thy worthy dam,
A frisky maid of scarce a ton,
Whose happy heart was set upon
A tusker from Siam.
But Burmah's despot, in his pride,
To irritate and rough her,
Did tear her from her lover's side
And made her the heart-broken bride
Of the old detested duffer.

III.

Thou wert the fruit,
Unhealthy brute,
Of that unnatural marriage.
Thy father's vice
Accursed thee thrice—
In color, cast and carriage.
Thy pinkish eyes and splotches red,
Thy leprous feet and swollen head,
A head most macrocephalous,
Proclaim thee, Tongue,
The victim young
Of scrofula and hydrocephalus.

IV.

Yet thou may'st serve a mission, beast!
And in thy work may be a priest!
Thou 'rt fabled to bring woe
Wherever thou may'st go.
If thou 'lt annihilate and make a corse
Of What-is-it and woolly horse,
Of caravan and peanut man,
Steam organ, calliope and their clan
Of humbugs, vile and coarse—
We 'll hail thee, hideous thing,
Of elephants, the King.

—W. E. S.

Said Benjamin Franklin Butler, "I
'D give my old boots for the Presidencye,
And wiggle my thumb in the national pie,
But I 'm destined to sit and destined to sigh,
And woefully wink my double cockt eye.
Coz why?
My boom 'll be nix in the coming July;
Some dark horse 'll scoop up the Presidencye.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

By our Special Heeler.

AS soon as your correspondent became himself again after the nomination of the Plumed Knight, he began the round of interviewing the would-be President and those who were left on the frigid side of the fence at Chicago.

General Grant, who up to the time of his recent Wall Street operations was regarded as a dark horse, and who is still, according to some benighted people, somewhat under a cloud, was the first one upon whom I called. I was met at the door by the General's son, who informed me that there was no use of sending up my name, inasmuch as his father was feeling so small these days, that while he might see me, he had serious doubts of my being able to see him. I deemed it best, however, not to rely too much on young Grant's statements, and sent up to the General to ask what he thought of the situation. He sent down word that "Ward ought to be hung," and he wished me *Au revoir*. I then left his house, meeting one of his counsel on the way out, who informed me in confidence that the General contemplated emigrating into a hole and then exporting it. He thought the chances of the General for getting through his present difficulties were good, as the great soldier has put up his silence, which, I was reminded, is golden, among his assets. Public opinion, however, on the other hand, demands a little small change in the way of silver, and the General would do well to put some in circulation.

From Mr. Grant I went to see my old friend Steve Elkins, Boomer of the Blaine Boom. Shortly after my arrival there, James himself came in, looking the picture of health, wealth and happiness.

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AT THE WAXWORKS.

Chorus of Bystanders: SHOCKING! BUT HOW LIFE-LIKE? AND WHAT A WARNING TO THE INTEMPERATE!

(*N. B.—Jones is a strict prohibitionist, and when he awoke he was heard to state very emphatically what he 'd be before he 'd go to the waxworks again, and what he 'd do if he caught the wretch who slipped an empty whisky bottle into his pocket while he was asleep.*)

Mr. Blaine's countenance lighted up when his eyes rested upon me, and remarked that he remembered me well, was awfully glad to see me, and was there anything he could do for me.

It is marvellous how accommodating these men are when they are candidates.

"How do you feel in regard to the nomination?" I asked.

"Nomination? What nomination?" he replied.

"Why, your nomination by the Chicago Convention?"

"I fail to perceive your drift, young man. Convention? Has there been one? And at Chicago?"

"Why, Mr. Blaine, you certainly know that there has been a Convention, and that you were nominated."

"I have heard nothing of the kind. Steve," turning to Mr. Elkins, "what is all this twaddle this young man is talking. What does he mean by 'nomination' and 'Convention at Chicago?'"

"Nothing, Jim; nothing. You were nominated by the Republican Party—or rather by a lot of Republican delegates—to run for President next fall. That 's all. I did n't like to mention it to you, because I knew you would n't like it."

"Well, I declare! this is shameful!" said Mr. Blaine.

"It is! it is!!" said I, and I really thought so.

"After all my protestations to you that I did n't want it. Was that what you showed me in Saturday's *World*?"

"Yes, Jim; that was it," responded the faithful Steve.

"Well, if I had known that picture was intended for me, by Jupiter! I 'd ——" Here Mr. Blaine got excited, and said words which, if put on paper, would ruin his chances forever.

"What did you think it was, you old ranter?" said Elkins, getting mad, and in an undertone.

"'Pon my word, Steve, I thought it was a map of the war in Soudan! But, oh, Steven, or Stephen, however you spell your blamed name, *why on earth* did you let them go for to do it!!!"

Here Mr. Blaine broke down entirely, and was led weeping away. When Elkins returned, I said:

"Look here, Steve; is Blaine knocked silly by the result, or what is the matter?"

"'Pon my word, Smith, it 's only his supreme indifference, that 's all."

I was so overcome that I withdrew.

On my way down Broadway, who should I see but the President himself, walking with a few choice spirits. He recognized me at once, and introduced me to his companions, Mr. "Johnnie" and Mr. "Billie," if I correctly caught their names.

"Why, Chester, I thought you 'd dropped all this?" said I.

"Well, I did for a while, but Blaine got the call on me, and here I am. Still never say die! I 've been President, and Jim can't say as much. I 'd rather be able two years hence to say, 'I've been President of this glorious nation,' than 'This blink-blanked ungrateful country laid me out beyond redemption.' The latter 's what Jim will say, and do n't you forget it. Besides, I do n't give a HM for any HM man that do n't give a HM for me. Ta-ta!"

And his excellency skipped.

I called also upon Messrs. Logan, Edmunds and Hawley, all of whom refused to see me. Mr. Logan was studying up enough grammar to run in his letter of "exceptence" of the nomination; Mr. Edmunds had been out all the night before, and was too thawed for conversation, and Mr. Hawley sent me word that he had nothing whatever to say; the Convention would n't let him play wooden Indian, and he therefore "wooden" converse on the subject. After the perpetration of the above, I allowed my private Hawley boom to cool off and retired.

CARLYLE SMITH.

HOW HE LOST THEM.

"YES," said the sad-eyed, legless stranger, who sat off in one corner of the room at the last meeting of the Liar's Club, "mine has been a terrible experience. I passed my youth cultivating my brain and utterly neglected my poor legs until I lost them by a most untoward accident."

"Run over by a horse-car?" suggested the red-haired man who held the medal as champion prevaricator of the club.

"No!" sighed the afflicted one.

"Had 'em shot off, perhaps?" said the dude visitor.

"No, they was n't shot off, neither," replied the stranger, as a tear trickled down his nose. "They was n't shot off, nor they was n't run off, nor they was n't amputated off. They was n't none of them, neither no more was they dropped off. They was bit off!"

"Bit off, how?" eagerly asked the whole assemblage.

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"Well, I was a sittin' by a trout stream off in the country one day with them legs a danglin' in the water."

"Yes!"

"Yes, an' 'long came a brook trout an' he up an' bit 'em off!"

"H-how did he c-come to d-d-do it?" asked the red-haired man aghast.

"He thought they was angle worms!" replied the stranger as he wiped his eyes and left the room.

He was voted the medal. J. K. B.

INCOGNITA.

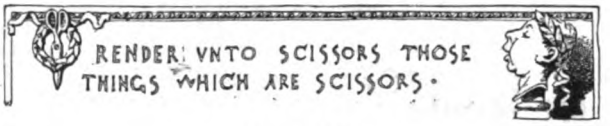
(RONDEAU.)

INCOGNITA, what *is* your name?
Your beauty gives you right to claim
Gladys, Maud, Violet or Clarice,
To sign yourself so Love's caprice
Assign you vestal o'er his flame!

Sweetheart, hold me not quite to blame
That o'er my sense your beauty came
With Memory's pangs to wound my peace;
Incognita!

Gray eyes, gold hair, so much the same,
The low fires flared to sudden flame;
The love I deemed had run its lease
At sight of you defied surcease,
Incognita!

JOHN MORAN.



IDENTIFIED.

MR. H.—"I most humbly beg your pardon, my dear madam. You have the advantage of me. Although your face is very familiar, I cannot quite place you. Where was it we met?"

Mrs. B.—"When the vista of recollection is brought within the focus of the mental vision, and——"

Mr. H.—"Oh, now I know. We met in Boston."—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN umbrella carried over a woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings, it indicates marriage.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

SPITEFUL.—Good Samaritan (to friend with "hot coppers"): "What's the matter, old chappie?" Sufferer: "Oh, my dear boy, my brain is on fire! What would you advise me to do?" G. S.: "Well, if your brains were on fire, if I were you I should, er—blow them out!"—*Judy.*

TWO FOR A NICKEL.

During a large dinner party given at Montreal by a gentleman, a young braggart, who sat next to the poetess Phœbe Cary, chose to deride his host, and said, "Miss Cary, 't is very true that 'fools make feasts and wise men eat them.'" "And it is equally true," responded Miss Cary, "that 'wise men say smart things, and fools repeat them.'"—*New York Truth.*

CAPT. P—— sat in a restaurant eating his breakfast, when a little cur of a dog came sniffing around his legs. The captain gave the dog a kick, whereupon a snobbish youth arose and exclaimed:

"Are n't you ashamed to kick such a small dog?"

"No, sir," retorted Capt. P——, "and I can kick big dogs, too."

"Try it on, if you dare," cried the snob.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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So very shabby.—Algernon: "I 'm awfully dusty; but I thought you 'd like to know how I got on." Gertrude: "O, yes. Did your horse win?" Algernon: "No; but I pulled a sovereign off a 'sweep.'" Gertrude: 'A sweep! Oh, Algy, how *could* you take the *poor man's money?*"—*Funny Folks.*

WHITEWASHING THE SEA SERPENT.

WHATEVER the sea-side hotel-keepers may want, this country does not long for a zeuglodon. It would prefer a plain, respectable whale to the most brilliant and dashing zeuglodon that the combined hotel-keepers of the nation could produce. Even were it to be proved that the sea-serpent is a zeuglodon, its character would not be a particle better than it now is.

That the animal called a sea-serpent does exist there can be little doubt, but it is idle to pretend that he is anything but a serpent. Of course, he differs from other serpents, but he is distinctly a reptile, and not even Mr. Phelps, much less Mr. Wood, can convince the public that this corrupt and time-serving animal is a spotless magnetic zeuglodon left over from a prehistoric geologic period.—*N. Y. Times.*

NEVER TOO LATE TO TAKE.

JUST after the bank had suspended, the president was standing on the steps when a man came up and asked:

"Bank busted?"

"Yes," sadly replied the president.

"Won't pay any more money out, I suppose?"

"No."

"Well, I did n't want to draw any out. Thought that if the bank was n't too far gone I would make a deposit."

"Certainly, sir, certainly!" unlocking the door. "Step right in and I can accommodate you."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

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A GRAY VETERAN'S GLORIOUS DEATH.

THE LAST CHARGE OF MORRISANIA'S ANCIENT GOAT, SAMUEL J. TILDEN.

Samuel J. Tilden, a gray and decrepit goat, who many years ago, in the summertide of his life, swayed the destinies of all the small boys and peanut dealers in Morrisania, is no more. He was elected by an uprising of the authorities to the Public Pound, and he bore ever afterward on his venerable flank the direful marks "P. P." Sammy had become so old that his friends had counted him as out of the gay and innocent society of other Morrisania billies until last Saturday night, when the elderly and horned goat developed such a mine of wickedness that the police of the Thirty-third Precinct went gunning for him with army revolvers.

Antonio Perugoni Sporza, the sole proprietor of an apple and banana stand at the junction of the Southern Boulevard and Third ave., has customers who have the evil habit of throwing banana skins on the sidewalks. Sammy has often found a delectable repast on the skins, and has eyed the tempting bunches of the rich red fruit with a covetous eye. On Saturday A. P. Sporza found it necessary to leave his stand and enter into converse with the bridge-keeper. He returned in ten minutes and found Samuel J. Tilden demolishing the stem of a bunch of bananas which had been appraised by Mr. Sporza at $1.85. Sammy was reasoned with by means of a bale-stick, which induced him only to charge upon Mr. Sporza and to land him finally on the top of his peanut stand. Then Sammy proceeded to masticate the banana stem. The cries from the midst of the stand brought Officer Mulcahy to the scene of the conflict and Sammy was confronted with the majesty of the law. Nothing daunted, the veteran goat charged Mulcahy and put him to rout, chasing him until the policeman took refuge within the bridge round-house. Then Sammy sat on the door-sill wagging his horns at the officer until "the limb of the law" unlimbered his revolver and discharged seven half-ounce bullets into his body.

Bananas and lead did not seem to mix well, for Samuel J. Tilden suddenly died. But the fame of his heroic deeds will be noised abroad and the onslaught of Samuel J. Tilden on the majesty of the law will remain a by-word of courage in the annals of Morrisania.—*The Tribune.*

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VOLUME III. NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1884. NUMBER 78.
Entered at New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter.

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LIFE

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OF THE CITIZEN WHO HAS BEEN TRYING TO RECONCILE MR. BLAINE'S RECORD WITH SOME RECENT EDITORIALS IN THE N. Y. TRIBUNE.

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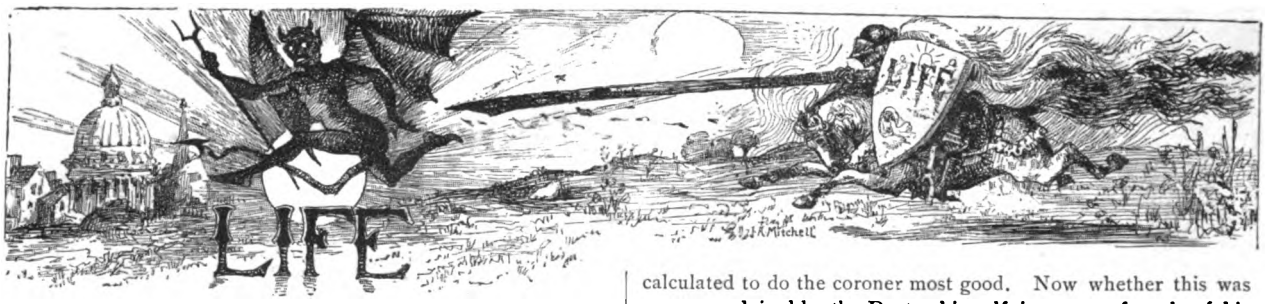

VOL. III. JUNE 26TH, 1884. NO. 78.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, $5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents. Back numbers can be had by applying to this office. Vol. I., 20 cents per copy; Vol. II., at regular rates.

Rejected contributions will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

DOCTOR TWO LUNG, of this city, an eminent Chinese practitioner, and presumably a specialist in pulmonary complaints, is connubially in trouble. A graduate of the Royal Pig-Tail College, of Chow-chow, the literary centre of the province of Ki-yi, he is learned in the therapeutics of the Flowery Kingdom, and well worthy of the confidence and fees bestowed upon him. When a patient calls upon a graduate of the Chinese School of Medicine, he is rigorously examined. His tongue is scraped, his nostrils tickled, his ears blown into and his eyelids turned wrong side out. If any of these proceedings disturb the nerve centres, it is a sign that he is ill. The next point is the diagnosis. The method is very simple. The doctor is possessed of a species of roulette-wheel, on the circumference of which are painted the names of all the maladies to which flesh celestial is heir. This wheel is set spinning by the patient, and whichever disease is then indicated by the pointer, is the one for which he must be treated. This being done, the path is clear. The Chinese Materia Medica is simplicity itself. Under each disease stand the remedies, thus:

"LIVER COMPLAINT (*Choo-long-sing-tee*).

Remedies—1. Dried lizard, boiled owl, pulverized rat-tail—each a tablespoonful six times a day. If any nausea ensues, give——

2. Powdered back teeth, cat fur, dried eel-skin and chicken feathers, one-half pound in one quart of tea. If this fails to relieve the nausea, repeat No. 1 at regular intervals until death."

It is here to be casually noted that liver complaint is regarded in Chinese circles as invariably fatal.

Dr. Two Lung's name inspired great confidence in his phthisical patients, who deserted his rival, Dr. Wun Lung, immediately after his arrival. Among these was Mr. Wing Hock, a gentleman of so great pulmonary destitution as not even to be worthy of relation with the Lung family at all. Mr. Hock had tried all the remedies, from dried finger-nails up, but had steadily got thinner and thinner until even the most skillful of treatment failed to produce any effect. At this juncture he went to visit Dr. Two Lung. By an unfortunate error he happened in while the Doctor was out, and saw instead Mrs. Two Lung, and as a result of his interview had a bullet inserted between his ribs in a locality calculated to do the coroner most good. Now whether this was a course advised by the Doctor himself in cases of such of his patients as would naturally resist milder forms of treatment, or whether it was merely a humane experiment designed by the lady herself, will never be known, but the fact remains that Mr. Wing Hock is now in a Melican hospital, while the Chinese population of our city is threatened with a renewed lease of life, owing to the fact that both Dr. Two Lung and his wife are in durance vile. Now a competent jury will ascertain if Mr. Hock's present condition is worse than it would have been had he undergone the doctor's treatment, and thus make clear what has hitherto been a very knotty point in the practice of Chinese medicine.

* * *

AFTER an engagement of only twenty-seven years, she married another man and he, the faithful, just returned from the Wild West, blew out his poor brains.

* * *

CERTAIN gentlemen, whose names for the present are withheld, have fallen into the reprehensible practice of shooting themselves in Central Park, and then lying around until discovered. Scarcely a day passes but we hear of some offense of this kind. Others, with hardly greater sense of propriety, drown themselves in the Hudson, where a day or two later it is certain that they can mar the scenery. Discourtesy can never be made criminally penal, of course, but the public comfort now demands that a suitable building be erected, say in Madison Square, to be devoted exclusively to the wants of suicides. Razors, pistols, Paris green, ropes, chloral, vitriol, morphine—all these ways and means could be served by polite attendants for a nominal fee, and the suicide enabled to do his work neatly, and without jarring the nerves of the public. Pen, ink and paper might be kept for political suicides. The scheme has already attracted some of our philanthropic capitalists, and it is understood that plans have been already submitted.

* * *

"NOT that I feel at all uneasy or that sort of thing, but Jack and I would like to know if a first-class A 1 Boom can be insured." *Blaine.*

* * *

MR. COX is really doing good work in introducing a bill prohibiting the dumping of filth into New York harbor. Passengers to Brooklyn and New Jersey will now be required to keep their newspapers at least till they get on dry land.

* * *

AT the recent Vassar exercises it was shown that the Senior class was thoroughly grounded in the "Ethics of Nihilism," "Imagination in Mathematics," "Correlation of Synthetic Ideas," and "Biological Metempsychosis." The Sub-Freshgirl class on "Architecture of the Modern Muffin," "Evolution of the Buckwheat Cake," and "Chemical Constituents of Soup," was found deficient.

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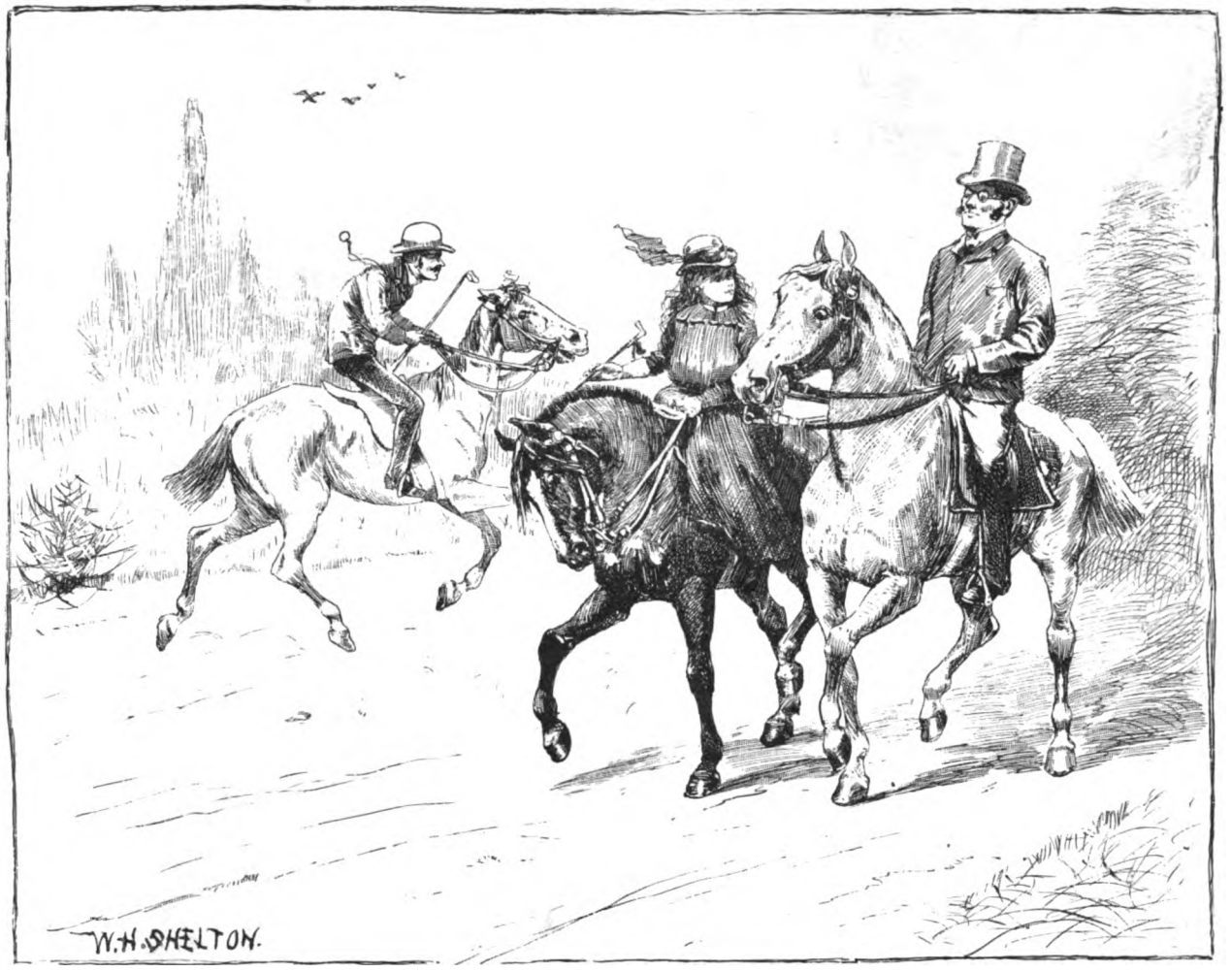

HAS THE GENTLEMAN A PAIN, PAPA?
OH NO, MY DEAR, HE IS LEARNING TO RIDE.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

BY A NEW YORK MAN—AFTER AN ENCOUNTER.

A COMMON-SENSE boot,
And a tailor-made suit,
And a veil to the tip of her nose;
Though a pink of propriety,
And of sober sobriety,
The gods only guess what she knows.
I give it up!

WARD'S next Thanksgiving turkey will be spelled with an "n."

No, Amarantha, "P. P. C." does not mean "Private, Personal, and Confidential." It is rather a symbol explanatory of the action of the Republican party on the 4th of next March.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

OUR issue of LIFE for February 14 contained a paragraph wherein a teacher asks: "What is the outward and visible sign in baptism?" to which a pupil promptly answers: "The baby."

We notice that our esteemed British contemporary, *Punch*, has reprinted the dialogue and emphasized it with an appropriate illustration. These little testimonials on the part of our E. B. contemporary of its appreciation of American humor are very gratifying.

The softer sex—the dude.

Nota bene—A Boston famine.

Ad utrumque paratus—"parasites" for two.

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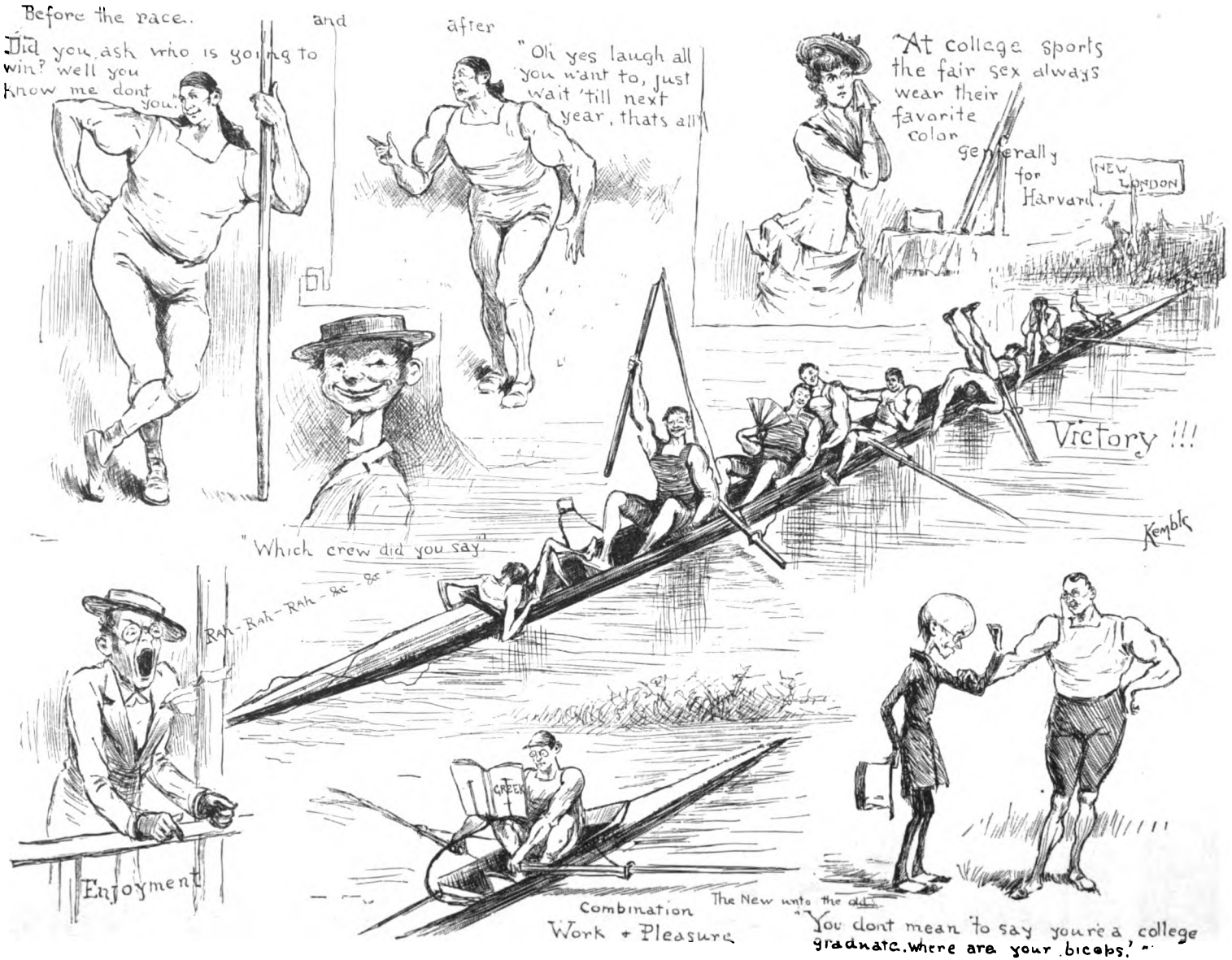

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE BOAT RACES AT NEW LONDON.

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BOOMLETS.

THE *Tryblaine* now compares Blaine to Washington. Verily the Father of his country has fallen low!

* * *

MR. TILDEN fully realizes the truth of the Scriptural remark, "Except a man be born again," etc.

* * *

AH, me! How the follies of one's youth come back on a fellow in his old age. I've been hit hard by that '61 speech of mine over and Dover again! *T. F. Bayard.*

* * *

I'M used to playin' second fiddle to home and it comes kinder easy now. *J. A. Logan.*

* * *

IF Mr. Blaine is the particularly shining light of Republicanism, it is not to be wondered at that he starts for the White House on the Star Route.

* * *

I RECOMMEND those beautiful lines,

"The saddest of words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: You might have Ben,"

to the attention of the Democratic Party. *B. F. Butler.*

* * *

THE developments of the past two weeks show that in spite of all protestations to the contrary, Mr. Tilden's health is on the decline!

* * *

YES, I've seen Mr. Tilden's letter. There's another good man gone wrong. *Roscoe Conkling.*

* * *

EXPOSED.

THE following telegrams were picked up a few days since in the courtyard of Ludlow Street Jail, where they were dropped, it is supposed, by a prisoner:

I.

F. Ward, Ludlow Street Hotel.

Will you accept a position in my Cabinet? Salary good. Pickings fine. Treasury!! *J. G. B.*

II.

J. G. B., Augusta, Maine.

Wait till you get your Cabinet. *F. W.*

Comment is unnecessary.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The American Horsewoman. By Mrs. Elizabeth Karr. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; 11 East 17th Street, New York.

Stage-Struck; or, She Would Be an Opera-Singer. A novel. By Blanche Roosevelt. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; Samson, Low & Co., London.

Fly-Fishing in Maine Lakes; or, Camp Life in the Wilderness. By Charles W. Stevens. Illustrated. Cupples, Upham & Co., Boston.

Martin Luther: A Study of the Reformation. By Edwin D. Mead. Geo. H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston.

Buffalo Address Book and Family Directory. Peter Paul & Brother, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Country Doctor. A novel by Sarah Orne Jewett. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York.

The Mistress of Ibichstein. A novel by Fr. Henkel. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

A NEW ENGLAND IDYL.

I.

MISS MAMIE LOVELACE resided in Cambridge. She dwelt almost under the shadow of the great tower of Memorial Hall, and all Harvard worshipped at her shrine. She was so pretty, said the freshmen; so lovely, said the sophomores; so entertaining, said the juniors; so sisterly, said the seniors; so charmingly and captivatingly illiterate, declared the entire University. And it was her illiteracy, after all, that constituted her chief charm; the dear girl had received scarcely any education whatever. What could be more agreeable than to leave the Integral Calculus for the society of a maid who could n't foot up a column of figures, or to temporarily escape the toils of Cicero and Sophocles to discuss *con amore* the salient points in dear old Ouida's latest? Mamie was indeed a daughter of New England, but of New England in its deep degeneracy.

Many called but few were chosen, and the chief competitors for the honor of her hand at length narrowed down to two. These two were Mr. Tommy Shorthand, who frequented the law-courts and lecture-halls of Bostonia, and Mr. Willy Longhand, who was with the well-known firm of So & So, in High street.

Tommy was the most expert stenographer in the town; he could take down with equal facility in all languages—English, Spanish, Platt-Deutsch, Choctaw—and was the only known individual who could follow the rhadamantine rumblings of Joseph Cook. Willy was the most finished penman that the business colleges of his city had ever turned out, and as for figuring, why he could give you the footings of interminable columns of numbers almost before they were put to paper. Each was a pride to his town and an integral part of its culture.

"Willy, old man," said Tommy in rather a patronizing tone, "do n't you ever feel lonesome Sundays, all alone and friendless in a great city? I know a real nice little girl out in Cambridge, now: come out with me to-morrow afternoon and I 'll make you acquainted with her."

"Tommy, me boy," returned Willy, with rather a superior smile, "do n't you ever feel lonesome Sundays, all—alone—and friendless—in—a—great—city yourself? I know a real nice little girl out in Cambridge, too; suppose *you* come out there to-morrow with *me*."

"Ah?" says Tommy; "quite a coincidence. Mine 's a blonde; yours is a brunette, I suppose?"

"No," says Willy; "mine 's a blonde, too. Blue eyes, golden hair, and *such* a figure!"

"Ha!" says Tommy, in surprise. "*Mine* has blue eyes, golden hair, and *such* a figure! Her name is Mamie," he added fondly.

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"THEN THERE WERE TWO FROWNS OF ANGER."

"Ho!" says Willy, rather taken back; "*mine* is Mamie. She wears bangs," he concluded shyly.

"What!" cries Tommy in amaze; "bangs!"

A silence followed. Then there were two glances of suspicion. Then there were two frowns of anger.

Then Tommy burst forth fiercely with, "Does your Mamie live on ——" and stopped abruptly.

Simultaneously Willy cried out savagely with, "Is your Mamie's father a ——" and pulled up short.

In the moment of silence that intervened there came over the face of each a most wily and guileful smile.

"Willy, my dear fellow," cried Tommy, cordially seizing the other's hand, "not to-morrow, I'm afraid. I have a beloved maiden aunt out in Brighton whom I have not called npon for full fifteen years. I feel that it were impious to neglect her longer. Name another day and I shall be glad to accompany you."

"Tommy, my good friend," rejoined Willy, affectionately returning the other's pressure, "we will make it another day—some other to-morrow, as it were—for duty calls me, too. I mind me of my dear old invalid grandmother out in Somerville, who expects me to-morrow to tea. And can I have the heart to disappoint her?"

They parted with all the demonstrations of friendship. At two on the afternoon of the morrow Willy passed through Mamie's front gate just as Tommy was pulling at Mamie's front door bell. They both spent the afternoon with her. They both took tea with her. After tea was over they both settled down in the parlor to sit each other out, and only tore each other away as the church-bells chimed midnight.

II.

LATE on the next evening the two rivals encountered each other at Parker's; the clock said 11:20. Tommy had come around to recuperate after taking down the address of a distinguished Hindoo convert at Tremont Temple; Willy had dropped in to keep an appointment with a Philadelphia boot and shoe man after the theatres were out. They met at the door of the reading room. Demonstrations of friendship were conspicuously absent. The time for dissimulation was past. At the present juncture only an icy glare would about fill the bill, and an icy glare they accordingly exchanged.

Some inexplicable impulse prompted both to write a letter; they sat down at opposite sides of the same table. Just when one had written "My dear Sir," and the other, "Dear old fellow," each looked up and caught the other's eye. Simultaneously the same thought flashed through both brains—"He is writing to *her*. If it should be a *proposal!*" Each immediately started in on another sheet with the words, "My darling Mamie." Then they both stopped short. Why trust to pen, ink and paper? Why not make a gallant dash and speak to "darling Mamie" face to face? Ah, no; impossible. It was quite beyond the hour for making evening calls; besides, Tommy had all his notes to write out, and Willy was held by an engagement that he dared not break. Clearly, the thing must be done by letter; and as Tommy jerked out his pencil-case with a triumphant air the full horror of the situation burst upon his unfortunate rival. Clear and rapid penman though he was, what show had he against the most expert stenographer in Boston? His pen shook in his hand and a clammy perspiration started upon his brow. Defeat stared him in the face.

Meanwhile the valiant Tommy, quick and confident, had by means of a dozen or so careless twirls, twists and twitches jotted down an elaborate and carefully graduated introduction. Now, smiling sarcastically on the agitated and despairing Willy, and murmuring under his breath, "Poor devil! His goose is cooked!" he made another dozen or so of his mystic symbols, added a thirteenth for his signature, and so brought his note to a gracefully-

"POOR DEVIL! HIS GOOSE IS COOKED!"

rounded close. The clock stood at 11:27 when he grabbed a passing messenger, thrust a dollar bill into his hand, and hissed into the ear of the astonished boy, "Hie thee in hot haste to Bowdoin Square, board there the Cambridge car, search out the maid whose name this missive bears, and place it in her hands. Thy life is on it!" Well Tommy knew and well the wretched Willy knew that after 11:30 there was no other car for Cambridge till past midnight.

Tommy picked up his hat and turned to go. He cast one glance of contemptuous pity on his agonizing rival, said tauntingly, "So long, old fel; better late than never!" and skipped out. And twenty minutes later, when Tommy's note was blithely bounding through the Port, poor Willy was vainly searching the corridors of the hotel for a boy who might deliver his.

At midnight — that same midnight — Mamie, attired in a dainty white *peignoir*, sat on her balcony concerned in star-gazing and maiden meditation.

"This business had better be brought to an end before long," she murmurs to herself; "I shall never see my s'teenth birthday again, and I can't expect to remain above par many years more. Dear Tommy, dear Willy. I love them equally well, and which-

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"SO, WITHOUT ANY DELAY, SHE TURNED UP THE LIGHT IN HER BOUDOIR AND FELL TO WORK."

ever of them comes to the scratch first shall have this poor little Mamie for his own. And yet——"

Here the front gate slammed, the door bell jangled, and a moment later a letter was placed in her hand.

Mamie had studied shorthand three months. With time and care and a dictionary she could make out other people's stenographic notes very nicely, provided they had been slowly and carefully written. So without any delay she turned up the light in her *boudoir* and fell to work.

Half an hour later, when our poor heroine's face wore a look of weary perplexity and hope deferred most sad to see, the front gate slammed again, the door bell jangled once more, and a second note was put into her hands.

It was a blotted, tear-stained scrawl, but as her eyes ran down its lines a smile of relief, of gratification, of delight illumined her face. "Let the boy wait," she called, and immediately sat down to her *écritoire*.

III.

"DON'T say that I am too late!"

The time is the next evening; the place, the little parlor in Cambridge; the speaker, Mr. Tommy Shorthand, who, after a day of torment on the anxious seat, has come out in person to see what the trouble is; the speaker, Miss Mamie Lovelace, who stands before him just under the chandelier with her entire *répertoire* of emotions playing over her lovely face.

"Not too late, but just late enough!" comes in a manly voice from the dim and unexplored recesses of the bay-window, and a figure but too well known thrusts aside the curtain and advances toward him.

Great Cæsar's ghost! It is Willy Longhand—no other. And great Cæsar's grandmother! how triumphantly he smiles! "Read that!" he says.

Tommy clutches the extended note. And this is what meets his eye:

MONDAY EVENING.

MY DARLING WILLY:—Your favor of even date received, and contents noted. In reply I would say that I accept with pleasure the kind offer therein conveyed and would suggest to-morrow eve, at 7 P. M. as the fittest time to conclude the preliminaries of the transaction. Ever your own and only MAMIE.

Willy pulls out his stem-winder. "Well," he says, with the brevity of scornful triumph, "it is 7:03, just; and," catching and extending Mamie's left hand, "behold the preliminary!"

"Mine was a—a—proposal too," is all that the crushed and dumbfounded Tommy can find to say.

"Oh, it was, was it?" rejoins Mamie, with cold impatience, "How could *I* tell what such a mess meant? I thought perhaps your washerwoman had attached your effects."

All was now clear to the miserable Tommy. She had got his note first, but had not been able to read it. For the poor fellow, exhausted by his long tussle with the polysyllabic Hindoo and over-excited by his unique contest with Willy Longhand, had produced something that even he himself could not have deciphered ten minutes after the writing. A dazed look came over his colorless face, and a few faint sounds dribbled through his ashy lips.

"I see—I understand. Oh, had I but followed Gaskell with the same devotion that I have pursued Graham, I should ne'er have been—o'ertaken—by as—cold a day as this!"

He swooned. Mamie lightly touched the bell.

"Please remove it," she said to the astonished menial.

* * * * * * * * *

Willy and Mamie are now domiciled together in a pretty little dove-cote in Dorchester; Tommy is keeping bachelor's hall in the South Boston Institution for Idiotic and Feeble-minded Youth.

The race is not always to the swift.

That is the long and the short of it. BLAKE FULLER.

EN PASSANT.

THEY were sitting at the club window watching the rain as it pelted down. At last the bald-headed man said to the old bachelor:

"Teddy, old chap, why have you never married?"

"Well," answered Teddy, "you see the trouble was that the ones *I* wanted didn't want me, and the ones that wanted *me* were a pretty tough lot. And now, if I do not seem too inquisitive, may I ask why you have persisted in playing the psalm of life on a one-stringed fiddle?"

"Well, with me it has been a principle. As a disciple of Schopenhauer, I realize that the awful miseries of this world will continue as long as people persist in marrying and perpetuating the race, and as a matter of duty I indulge in a solo instead of a duet."

A few days later, Teddy happening into a chemist's, found the bald-headed man buying a bottle of "Ayer's Hair Vigor."

"Going to renew your youth and start all over again, eh?"

"Well, to tell the truth, old man, I 'm engaged—be married next Autumn, and ——"

"Suffering Moses! and it was only last week you were preaching me such a sermon on the wickedness of the whole business and how it was a matter of principle ——"

"Yes—yes—I know," interrupted the bald-headed man. "But you can't imagine what an awful difference it makes whether she 'll have you or not!"

And then the shop clerk broke in with, "Can 't I sell you some 'Ayer's Pills'? They 'll start your liver up and do your complexion a world of good."

And the bald-headed man said he believed he would take a box, and then leaned up against the counter and tried to look as if he did n't care about anything anyway. R. K.

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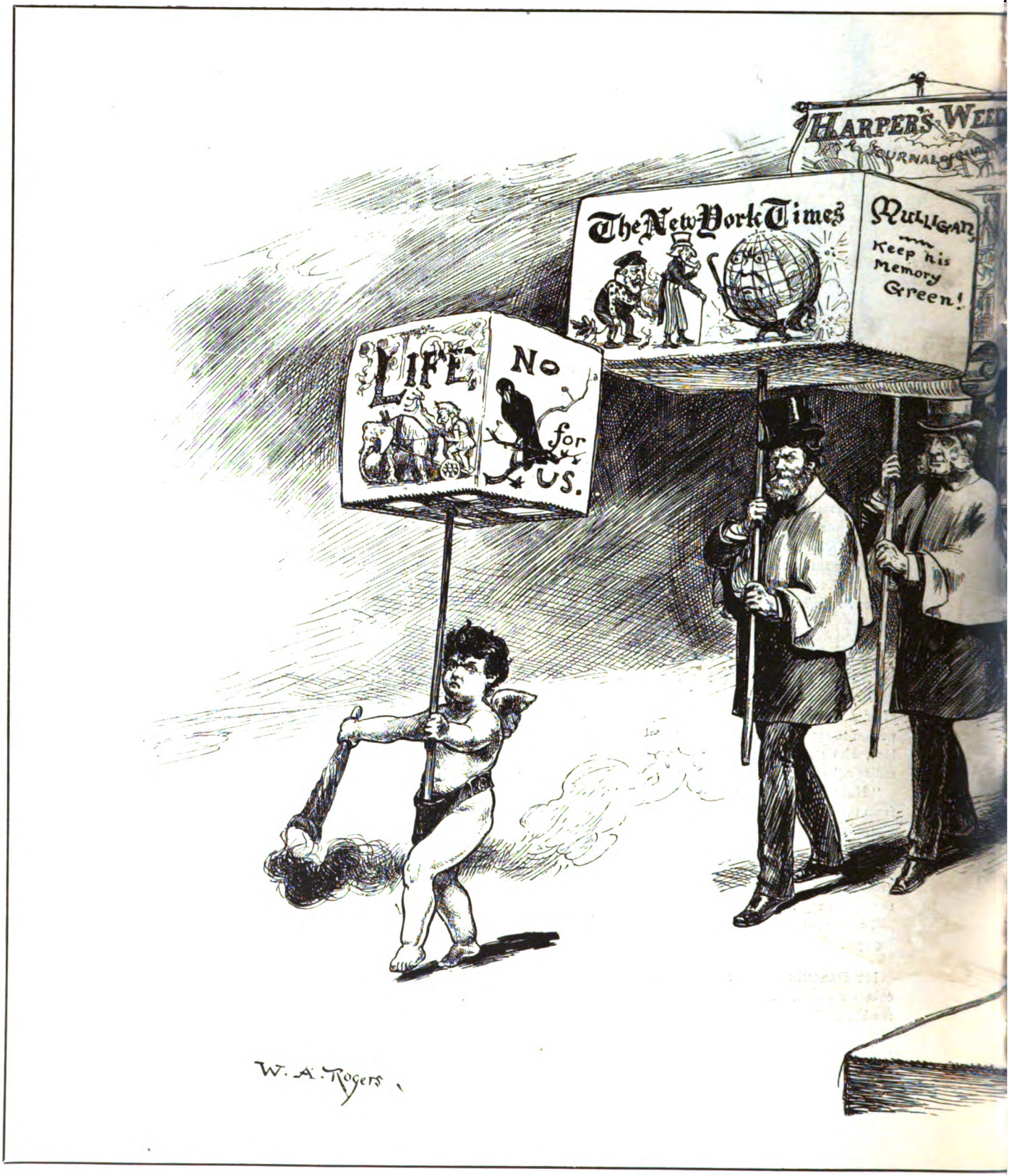

"UNBOUNDED

MR. BLAINE REVIEWING

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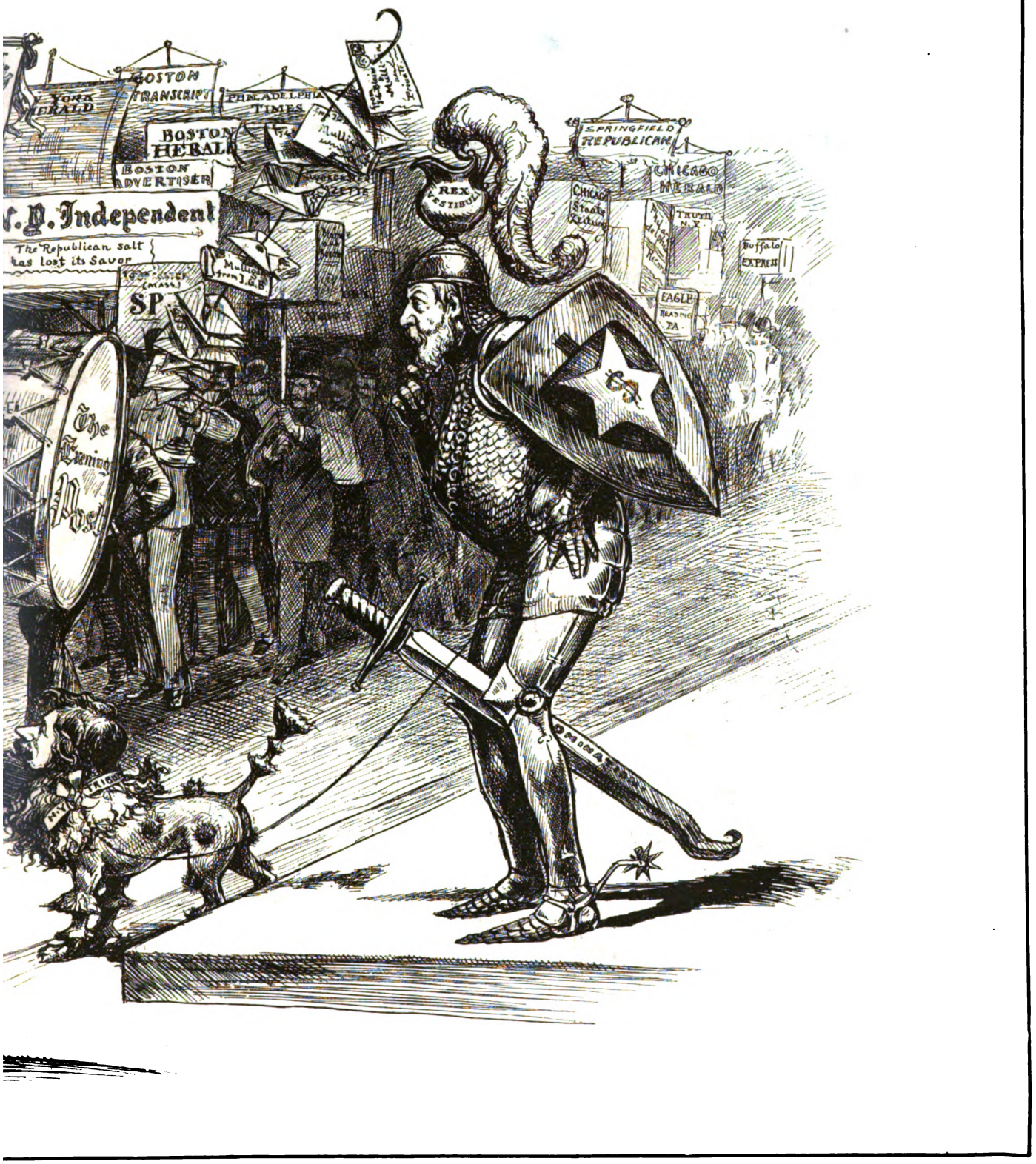

NTHUSIASM."

PUBLICAN PROCESSION.

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POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON XX.—The Editor.

WHAT is this?

This, dear, is that suffering animal, the editor.

But what is the editor?

He is the man, darling, who runs the paper.

My! I thought the paper ran itself!

That is the popular impression.

But not correct?

Not entirely so.

I thought the talented contributors wrote the stories?

They do.

And that the funny man built the jokes?

He does.

And that the dyspeptic genius wrote the poems?

Certainly.

And the poor compositor; I thought he put the things into type?

Yes.

And that the printer—he worked off the edition?

You are right.

Then what in the name of goodness does the editor do?

He talks.

With whom?

With people who come in to help him pass away the time.

Oh! then the editor has plenty of time to waste?

Lots.

Who is that long-haired lunatic with the roll of paper?

He is the gifted poet.

What does he want?

He wants to know what became of that "Ode to a Whithered Violet," in forty-seven stanzas, which he sent in last Spring.

What did become of it?

It was filed away in the stove.

Does the editor say that?

Oh, no.

What does he say?

He says that he sent it back.

My! but is n't that a twister?

Yes, dear.

What does the poet say?

He says that he is *so* sorry, because the *Century* offered him $65 for it.

And what is that?

A lie.

And who is that gentleman with the club?

He is the "Constant Reader."

And he wants——

To inquire why his last communication was not answered.

And why was it not?

Because it was seven columns long and only in the interest of one person.

Who was that?

Himself.

And that fashionable gentleman sucking his cane?

He is the delight of the editorial room.

What is his business?

He has none.

Why then does he come?

Because it is too late for luncheon and too early to walk on the avenue.

But I do not understand.

Neither does the editor.

How long will he stay?

A couple of hours.

And that last man, the undertaker?

'S-h-h! dear. That is not an undertaker.

Who is it, then?

The funny man.

Oh! What does he want?

He wants to read the editor his last joke.

Where did he get it?

From a work on the "Tombs of the Early Egyptian Kings."

My! Then this is the way the editor spends his time?

Principally.

One long, delightful reception.

Yes, dear.

Then the editor has nothing in the world to wish for or pray for?

Oh, yes—one thing.

And what is that?

Death.

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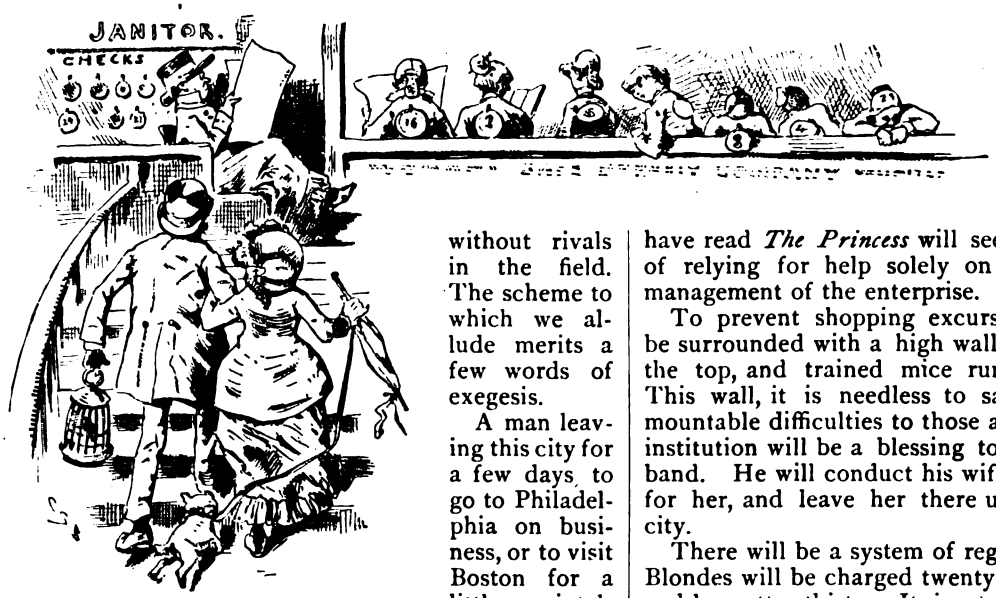
THE WIFE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY.

WE understand that a project has been formed for the establishment of a corporation with the name which appears above. From the prospectus, which has been sent us, we see no reason why the plan should not meet with favor, and obtain complete success. It surely is something entirely novel, and is without rivals in the field. The scheme to which we allude merits a few words of exegesis.



A man leaving this city for a few days to go to Philadelphia on business, or to visit Boston for a little intellectual ozone, is often at loss to know just what to do with his wife. Incidentally to his business in the Quaker City, the home of motors that do not mote, he may have opportunities for cultivating the society of friends who would like to entertain him. If he takes his wife with him, his expenses are doubled, and he has to do the entertaining himself. It is difficult to know just when a musical festival, or a manager's benefit with the cheapest tickets placed at six dollars each, is to occur. Of course your wife would desire to attend. Thus after a weary day at work (massé shots barred), you are deprived of your natural rest at night. For you can get but little rest even in the most secluded box at the opera, warranted to afford positively no view of the stage.

If you go to Boston alone, and your friend talks transcendentalism to you, slumber is sweet and refreshing and prompt. But if you have your wife with you, she thinks it proper to go and call on your uncle who lives in Uncommon-wealth-avenue, so that he may remember her in his will. The uncle on the avenue is rich. Thus you are placed between the horns of a delemma, and the horns of a dilemma are not exhilarating. But a way out of these difficulties is provided by the Wife Safe Deposit Company.

The building secured by the company is ten stories in height, with no fire escapes. This will recommend it at the outset. The custodians, door-keepers, clerks, in fact the entire *personnel* of the establishment will be women. Those who have read *The Princess* will see the perfect feasibility of relying for help solely on the softer sex in the management of the enterprise.

To prevent shopping excursions, the building will be surrounded with a high wall, with broken glass on the top, and trained mice running along its edges. This wall, it is needless to say, will present insurmountable difficulties to those attempting escape. The institution will be a blessing to the impecunious husband. He will conduct his wife thither, get a check for her, and leave her there until his return to the city.

There will be a system of regular rates for lodgings. Blondes will be charged twenty-five dollars per week, and brunettes thirty. It is stated in the prospectus that this excess of charge for brunettes will explain itself. But we confess it is enigmatical to us.

Caramels, fashion-papers, and parrots, extra. Parrots instructed in English by sailors or members of the Union Club are excluded. Pianos in every room. This will give unprecedented opportunities for getting up the music that so promptly was dropped with the maiden name. A new lease of life may be afforded Chopin's Opus 69, or some similar gem, which was so largely instrumental in securing that greatest of all prizes — a good husband. Thus the romance of early days will return.

Among other advantages of the institution, the following may be remarked: No house-furnishers, milliners, modistes, coiffeurs, manicures, church-mortgage-raisers, nor diamond merchants will be admitted

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under any pretense. Audiences will not be allowed with family visitors. In this way attention will not be distracted from the cultivation or rehabiliation of music, and the embroidery of deferred conjugal slippers. There is no insurance. But, then, wives are not given up until the storage is paid. When you return to town you may, if desired, present your check (both kinds) and get your wife. It is expected that married men will by this arrangement lessen their expenses by one-half.

Messrs. Toofunny and other prominent jewelers and decorators have petitioned the Assembly against the establishment of this institution as prejudicial to their business interests. But the public will have it.

C. C. S.

ANXIOUS READER:—The initials you saw on the banner may have various meanings. For instance, "Jay Gould's Boom," or "Jim's Grand Bounce," or "Jorge Geones' Boy."

Your question is hard to answer, certainly. Perhaps it may refer to the next President, but we rather opine it do n't, as that gentleman is not likely to sign his name with a James.

EMIGRANT.—"One of the Finest" before his wings sprout.

PASSING through Union Square Mr. Gubbins' eye was attracted by the sign "Lincrusta Walton." "Why?" he exclaimed, "that must be where that man they call the 'Plunger' lives."

A PROMINENT EX ON THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

WHILE I was in Boston last week engineering the bolt I met ex-Governor Butler hobnobbing with his life-long friend, Senator Hoar. He greeted me cordially and invited me to dine with him, which invitation I, as your own experience will teach you, accepted at once. The ex-Governor sets a very fine table for his guests, his silver service presented to him as a token of admiration by a Southern City during the war, being one of the handsomest I have ever seen.

A peculiarity of the ex-Gubernatorial feast is the entire absence of game of any sort. The anti-monopoly champion apologized for this, explaining that he has never allowed game on his table since an eventful day in 1883 when he ate crow out of season.

Mr. Butler seemed loath to enter into a discussion concerning politics, but after a few gentle hints with straws in them he became more than usually loquacious.

"What do I think of Blaine?" said he, repeating the question I put to him. "Well, my opinion of James is that, all modesty aside, he is only second in pure cussedness and general kickuparowativeness to Mr. Benjamin Franklin Butler, Esq., late Governor of Massachusetts, LL.D. from Williams College, and owner of a large collection of small but select booms. In other words, Blaine 's a hummer, but I 'm——" Here he went into an adjoining room, and donning a Brigadier's full uniform, returned, saying, "But I 'm a corker!!"

He seemed delighted at my silent acquiescence, and continued:

"I 'm everybody's friend, and my friends will all vote for me. The only trouble is I 'm the friend of more people than there are people who are friends of mine, whereby I may get left. But we 'll see; we 'll see.

"Why, do you know how many candidates I am? In the words of the poet, young man, 'I are seven!' If all my parties vote for me, I can carry *in toto* two States and a lunatic asylum, and if in addition to this I can scoop a solid South, where do I land! There 's my card, young man.

B. F. BUTLER,
White House.

"That 's me next year *IF!!*"

"Mean little word, is n't it, Mr. Butler!"

"I can see exactly how things are going to be next year. You fellows who attend to the whooping-up part of the campaign, love to dwell on the diversity of my eyes. It 's true, I can see round a corner without any trouble, and to stab a man in the back with a glance when he is on the other side of a pine fence is the work of a moment. And yet I cannot see through a millstone when there 's a hole in it, and Boston people say I do n't know beans!"

Here the great man wept! And as he wept I noticed a most peculiar phenomenon. The tears which emanated from his right eye coursed down his left cheek, and those from his left eye moistened the bald spot over his brain!

Verily, he is a wonderful man!

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"Still," said Mr. Butler, "it has its advantages! I can see both sides of a controversy at once, and there ain't a man living can tell which side I'm on. That scoops the independent vote!

"Do you really think the Democrats will thrust the nomination on you?" I asked.

"Well, if they don't choose some one else, I think they are sure to light on me. I have a theory, that of alternation, that I'm the coming man. You see they want the right man for the place! Now you may remember that last year I was the 'left man' in this State! Perhaps you may catch my drift?"

"I do, but suppose you slip up on the nomination?"

"Run for Governor!"

"In case you don't get that?"

"Mayor of Boston?"

"Is n't the present Mayor a good one?"

"Alderman!"

"Yes, but—"

"Tax Commissioner!"

"But the Commissioners of Taxes hold over, do n't they?"

"True. Well, then I'll run for the—"

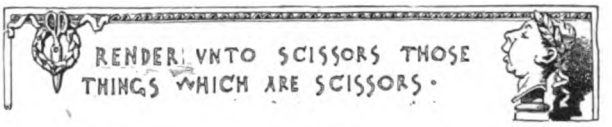
"What!"

"Salt River boat! It's a cold day when I don't run for something."

Mr. Butler was at this point called away to receive a nomination from the Reform Prohibitionists on a platform holding a temperance plank for six days of the week, and another providing for a good old-fashioned convivium on Sunday.

It is needless to say he accepted, and while he was doing so I withdrew.

CARLYLE SMITH.



A DELEGATE returning from the late Chicago convention sings this pathetic song:

The jolliest man in the crew,
As the train o'er the gleaming rails flew,
Was brilliant and young,
With a double-geared tongue—
A drummer from Kalamazoo.

—*St. Paul Sunday Herald.*

—"I HEAR that Blaine will get some of the Irish vote. How is that, Paddy?"

"He 'll not get moine. I'd niver vote for a man that went back on a Mulligan."

"Are you a Republican or a Democrat?"

"I 'm an Oirishman, an' the Mulligans is me mayternal cuzzens on me fayther's side.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

BLAINE'S LUCKY STROKE.

FIRST PUBLISHER—"The best thing Blaine ever did for his party was in writing a book."

Second Publisher—"How do you make that out?"

"Why, you know that authors always stick to one another."

"Yes, I have noticed they are somewhat clannish."

"Well, that makes Republican success assured."

"How in creation do you figure that?"

"Easy enough. All the authors of 'The Bread Winners' will vote for him."—*Phila. Eve. Call.*

"DEAR me, what bold creatures," exclaimed Mrs. Blimber after reading an announcement that fifteen Massachusetts girls were about to undertake a pedestrian tour through the Adirondacks. "I should think they 'd be afraid of tramps." "That shows your ignorance, Sarah," said Mr. Blimber. "When a man meets a Massachusetts girl, it 's always the man who is afraid."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

THAT donkeys have brayin's is simply an ass-umption.—*Home Mail.*

A PHILADELPHIA paper says that lemon juice in water makes a healthful and invigorating drink. Now what 's the matter with putting a little lemon juice in lemonade occasionally?—*Oil City Derrick.*

LOGAN AND ENGLISH.

"What a contrast there is between Logan and English," suggests the Norristown *Herald*. Between Logan and Bill English, yes; between Logan and the Queen's English, yes, again.—*Philadelphia Times.*

"WHAT a beautiful girl that is!" exclaimed Fogg. "Such a rare complexion!" "You may call it rare," muttered Mrs. F.; "it certainly is not well done." Husband and wife may be one in every other regard; but when they begin discussing another woman's good looks, you will find two opinions.—*Boston Transcript.*

THEIR SCHEME.

Barnum: "I 've got a good scheme."
Forepaugh: "Let 's have it."
Barnum: "I'll paint an elephant white."
Forepaugh: "Well?"
Barnum: "And you 'll paint an elephant white."
Forepaugh: "Well?"
Barnum: "And I 'll say yours is a fraud."
Forepaugh: "Well?"
Barnum: "And you 'll say mine is a swindle."
Forepaugh: "Well?"
Barnum: "And I 'll say you 're a liar."
Forepaugh: "And I 'll say you are another."
Barnum: "And I 'll prove it."
Forepaugh: "And *I 'll* prove it."
Barnum: "And we 'll get the biggest lot of free advertising ever seen in America."
Forepaugh: "Good idea; we 'll do it."
They shake hands. And even so it came to pass.—*Oil City Derrick.*

Jordan, Marsh & Company,

would draw public attention to the facilities they extend to purchasers to procure dry goods from their

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Lundborg's Perfume, Alpine Violet.
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"YES, my boy," said Mr. Malaprop to his son, "animals that eat meat are carboniferous, while those like ourselves, that eat both flesh and vegetables, are amphibious."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

SENATOR EDMUNDS was informed that the students of Oberlin College had by vote declared their preference for him for President, and on the 9th inst. expressed his gratitude for the compliment and said, "This and similar expressions of respect and confidence are far more agreeable than the holding of the office referred to."—*N. Y. Times.* Hm, yes; ha! ha!

A CONTRAST.

Soon will the little clerkling sigh
For mountain, beach, or country side,
And from his weakly pay lay by
Just cash enough to barely tide
him o'er vacation.

And when at last on mountain peak,
Or by the sea or in the clover,
You 'd surely think to hear him speak
That he was lord and ruler o'er
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—*The Judge.*

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